

## BOOK THE SIXTH

**T**hou who wouldst see where dawned the light at last,  
North-westwards from the "Thousand Gardens" go  
By Gunga's valley till thy steps be set  
On the green hills where those twin streamlets spring  
Nilājan and Mohāna; follow them,  
Winding beneath broad-leaved mahūa-trees,  
'Mid thickets of the sansār and the bir,  
Till on the plain the shining sisters meet  
In Phalgú's bed, flowing by rocky banks  
To Gayā and the red Barabar hills.  
Hard by that river spreads a thorny waste,  
Uruwelaya named in ancient days,  
With sandhills broken; on its verge a wood  
Waves sea-green plumes and tassels 'thwart the sky,  
With undergrowth wherethrough a still flood steals,  
Dappled with lotus-blossoms, blue and white,  
And peopled with quick fish and tortoises.  
Near it the village of Senāni reared  
Its roofs of grass, nestled amid the palms,  
Peaceful with simple folk and pastoral toils.

There in the sylvan solitude once more  
Lord Buddha lived, musing the woes of men,  
The ways of fate, the doctrines of the books,  
The lessons of the creatures of the brake,  
The secrets of the silence whence all come,  
The secrets of the gloom whereto all go,

The life which lies between, like that arch flung  
 From cloud to cloud across the sky, which hath  
 Mists for its masonry and vapoury piers,  
 Melting to void again which was so fair  
 With sapphire hues, garnet, and chrysoprase.  
 Moon after moon our Lord sat in the wood,  
 So meditating these that he forgot  
 Ofttimes the hour of food, rising from thoughts  
 Prolonged beyond the sunrise and the noon  
 To see his bowl unfilled, and eat perforce  
 Of wild fruit fallen from the boughs o'erhead,  
 Shaken to earth by chattering ape or plucked  
 By purple parakeet. Therefore his grace  
 Faded; his body, worn by stress of soul,  
 Lost day by day the marks, thirty and two,  
 Which testify the Buddha. Scarce that leaf,  
 Fluttering so dry and withered to his feet  
 From off the *sāl*-branch, bore less likeliness  
 Of spring's soft greenery than he of him  
 Who was the princely flower of all his land.

And once at such a time the o'erwrought Prince  
 Fell to the earth in deadly swoon, all spent,  
 Even as one slain, who hath no longer breath  
 Nor any stir of blood; so wan he was,  
 So motionless. But there came by that way  
 A shepherd boy, who saw Siddhārtha lie  
 With lids fast-closed, and lines of nameless pain  
 Fixed on his lips—the fiery noonday sun  
 Beating upon his head—who, plucking boughs  
 From wild-rose, apple trees; knitted them thick  
 Into a bower to shade the sacred face.

Also he poured upon the Master's lips  
 Drops of warm milk, pressed from his she-goat's bag,  
 Lest, being of low caste, he do wrong to one  
 So high and holy seeming. But the books  
 Tell how the jambu-branches, planted thus,  
 Shot with quick life in wealth of leaf and flower  
 And glowing fruitage interlaced and close,  
 So that the bower grew like a tent of silk  
 Pitched for a king at hunting, decked with studs  
 Of silver-work and bosses red gold.  
 And the boy worshipped, deeming him some God;  
 But our Lord, gaining breath, arose and asked  
 Milk in the shepherd's *lota*. "Ah, my Lord,  
 I cannot give thee," quoth the lad; "thou seest  
 I am a *Sudra*, and my touch defiles!"  
 Then the World-honoured spake, "Pity and need  
 Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood  
 Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,  
 Which trickle salt with all; neither comes man  
 To birth with *tilka-mark* stamped on the brow,  
 Nor sacred thread on neck. Who doth right deeds  
 Is twice-born, and who doeth ill deeds vile.  
 Give me to drink, my brother; when I come  
 Unto my quest it shall be good for thee."  
 Thereat the peasant's heart was glad, and gave.

And on another day there passed that road  
 A band of tinselled girls, the *nautch-dancers*  
 Of Indra's temple in the town, with those  
 Who made their music—one that beat a drum  
 Set round with peacock-feathers, one that blew  
 The piping *bānsuli*, and one that twitched

A three-string *sitar*. Lightly tripped they down  
 From ledge to ledge and through the chequered paths  
 To some gay festival, the silver bells  
 Chiming soft peals about the small brown feet,  
 Armlets and wrist-rings tattling answer shrill;  
 While he that bore the *sitar* thrummed and twanged  
 His threads of brass, and she beside him sang—

*"Fair goes the dancing when the sitar's tuned;  
 Tune us the sitar neither low nor high,  
 And we will dance away the hearts of men.*

*The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies;  
 The string o'er slack is dumb, and music dies;  
 Tune us the sitar neither low nor high."*

So sang the *nautch-girl* to the pipe and wires,  
 Fluttering like some vain, painted butterfly  
 From glade to glade along the forest path,  
 Nor dreamed her light words echoed on the ear  
 Of him, that holy man, who sat so rapt  
 Under the fig-tree by the path. But Buddha  
 Lifted his great brow as the wantons passed,  
 And spake: "The foolish oft times teach the wise;  
 I strain too much this string of life, belike,  
 Meaning to make such music as shall save.  
 Mine eyes are dim now that they see the truth,  
 My strength is waned now that my need is most;  
 Would that I had such help as man must have,  
 For I shall die, whose life was all men's hope."

Now, by that river dwelt a landholder  
 Pious and rich, master of many herds,

A goodly chief, the friend of all the poor;  
 And from his house the village drew its name—  
 "Senàni." Pleasant and in peace he lived,  
 Having for wife Sujāta, loveliest  
 Of all the dark-eyed daughters of the plain;  
 Gentle and true, simple and kind was she,  
 Noble of mien, with gracious speech to all  
 And gladsome looks—a pearl of womanhood—  
 Passing calm years of household happiness  
 Beside her lord in that still Indian home,  
 Save that no male child blessed their wedded love.  
 Wherefore, with many prayers she had besought  
 Lakshmi, and many nights as full-moon gone  
 Round the great Lingam, nine times nine, with gifts  
 Of rice and jasmine wreaths and sandal oil  
 Praying a boy; also Sujāta vowed—  
 If this should be—an offering of food  
 Unto the Wood-God, plenteous, delicate,  
 Set in a bowl of gold under his tree,  
 Such as the lips of Devs may taste and take.  
 And this had been: for there was born to her  
 A beauteous boy, now three months old, who lay  
 Between Sujāta's breasts, while she did pace  
 With grateful footsteps to the Wood-God's shrine,  
 One arm clasping her crimson *sari* close  
 To wrap the babe, that jewel of her joys,  
 The other lifted high in comely curve  
 To steady on her head the bowl and dish  
 Which held the dainty victuals for the God.

But Radha, sent before to sweep the ground  
 And tie the scarlet threads around the tree,

Came eager, crying, "Ah, dear Mistress! look!  
There is the Wood-God sitting in his place,  
Revealed, with folded hands upon his knees.  
See how the light shines round about his brow!  
How mild and great he seems, with heavenly eyes!  
Good fortune is it thus to meet the gods."

So,—thinking him divine,—Sujāta drew  
Tremblingly nigh, and kissed the earth and said,  
With sweet face bent, "Would that the Holy One  
Inhabiting his grove, Giver of good,  
Merciful unto me his handmaiden,  
Vouchsafing now his presence, might accept  
These our poor gifts of snowy curds, fresh made,  
With milk as white as new-carved ivory!"

Therewith into the golden bowl she poured  
The curds and milk, and on the hands of Buddha  
Dropped *attar* from a crystal flask—distilled  
Out of the hearts of roses; and he ate,  
Speaking no word, while the glad mother stood  
In reverence apart. But of that meal  
So wondrous was the virtue that our Lord  
Felt strength and life return as though the nights  
Of watching and the days of fast had passed  
In dream, as though the spirit with the flesh  
Shared that fine meat and plumed its wings anew,  
Like some delighted bird at sudden streams  
Weary with flight o'er endless wastes of sand,  
Which laves the desert dust from neck and crest.  
And more Sujāta worshipped, seeing our Lord  
Grow fairer and his countenance more bright:

"Art thou indeed the God?" she lowly asked,  
"And hath my gift found favour?"

But Buddha said,

"What is it thou dost bring me?"

"Holy one!"

Answered Sujāta, "from our droves I took  
Milk of a hundred mothers, newly-calved,  
And with that milk I fed fifty white cows,  
And with their milk twenty-and-five, and then  
With theirs twelve more, and yet again with theirs  
The six noblest and best of all our herds.  
That yield I boiled with sandal and fine spice  
In silver *lotas*, adding rice, well grown  
From chosen seed, set in new-broken ground,  
So picked that every grain was like a pearl.  
This did I of true heart, because I vowed,  
Under thy tree, if I should bear a boy  
I would make offering for my joy, and now  
I have my son and all my life is bliss!"

Softly our Lord drew down the crimson fold,  
And, laying on the little head those hands  
Which help the world he said, "Long be the bliss!  
And lightly fall on him the load of life!  
For thou hast holpen me who am no God,  
But one thy Brother; heretofore a Prince  
And now a wanderer, seeking night and day  
These six hard years that light which somewhere shines  
To lighten all men's darkness, if they knew!  
And I shall find the light; yea, now it dawned  
Glorious and helpful, when my weak flesh failed  
Which this pure food fair Sister, hath restored,

Drawn manifold through lives to quicken life  
 As life itself passes by many births  
 To happier heights and purging off of sins.  
 Yet dost thou truly find it sweet enough  
 Only to live? Can life and love suffice?"

Answered Sujāta: "Worshipful! my heart  
 Is little, and a little rain will fill  
 The lily's cup which hardly moistens the field.  
 It is enough for me to feel life's sun  
 Shine in my Lord's grace and my baby's smile,  
 Making the loving summer of our home.  
 Pleasant my days pass filled with household cares  
 From sunrise when I wake to praise the gods,  
 And give forth grain, and trim the tulsi-plant,  
 And set my handmaids to their tasks, till noon  
 When my lord lays his head upon my lap  
 Lulled by soft songs and wavings of the fan;  
 And so to supper-time at quiet eve,  
 When by his side I stand and serve the cakes.  
 Then the stars light their silver lamps for sleep,  
 After the temple and the talk with friends.  
 How should I not be happy, blest so much,  
 And hearing him this boy whose tiny hand  
 Shall lead his soul to *Swarga*, if it need?  
 For holy books teach when a man shall plant  
 Trees for the travellers' shade, and dig a well  
 For the folks' comfort, and beget a son,  
 It shall be good such after their death;  
 And what the books say, that I humbly take,  
 Being not wiser than those great of old  
 Who spake with gods, and knew the hymns and charms,

And all the ways of virtue and of peace.  
 Also I think that good must come of good  
 And ill of evil—surely—unto all—  
 In every place and time—seeing sweet fruit  
 Groweth from wholesome roots, and bitter things  
 From poison-stocks; yea seeing, too, how spite  
 Breeds hate, and kindness friends, and patience peace  
 Even while we live; and when 'tis willed we die  
 Shall there not be as good a 'Then' as 'Now'?  
 Haply much better! since one grain of rice  
 Shoots a green feather gemmed with fifty pearls,  
 And all the starry champak's white and gold  
 Lurks in those little, naked, grey spring-buds.  
 Ah, Sir! I know there might be woes to bear  
 Would lay fond Patience with her face in dust;  
 If this my babe pass first I think my heart  
 Would break—almost I hope my heart would break!  
 That I might clasp him dead and wait my lord—  
 In whatsoever world holds faithful wives—  
 Duteous, attending till his hour should come.  
 But if Death called Senāni, I should mount  
 The pile and lay that dear head in my lap,  
 My daily way, rejoicing when the torch  
 Lit the quick flame and rolled the choking smoke.  
 For it is written if an Indian wife  
 Die so, her love shall give her husband's soul  
 For every hair upon her head a crore  
 Of years in *Swarga*. Therefore fear I not.  
 And therefore, Holy Sir! my life is glad,  
 Nowise forgetting yet those other lives  
 Painful and poor, wicked and miserable,

Whereon the gods grant pity! But for me,  
 What good I see humbly I seek to do,  
 And live obedient to the law, in trust  
 That what will come, and must come, shall come well."

Then spake our Lord: "Thou teachest them who teach,  
 Wiser than wisdom in thy simple lore.  
 Be thou content to know not, knowing thus  
 Thy way of right and duty: grow, thou flower  
 With thy sweet kind in peaceful shade—the light  
 Of Truth's high noon is not for tender leaves  
 Which must spread broad in other suns, and lift  
 In later lives a crowned head to the sky.  
 Thou who hast worshipped me, I worship thee!  
 Excellent heart! learned unknowingly,  
 As the dove is which flieth home by love.  
 In thee is seen why there is hope for man  
 And where we hold the wheel of life at will.  
 Peace go with thee, and comfort all thy days!  
 As thou accomplishest, may I achieve!  
 He whom thou thoughtest God bids thee wish this."

"Mayest thou achieve," she said, with earnest eyes  
 Bent on her babe, who reached its tender hands  
 To Buddha—knowing, belike, as children know,  
 More than we deem, and reverencing our Lord;  
 But he arose—made strong with that pure meat—  
 And bent his footsteps where a great Tree grew,  
 The Bōdhi-tree (thenceforward in all years  
 Never to fade, and ever to be kept  
 In homage of the world), beneath whose leaves

It was ordained the Truth should come to Buddha:  
 Which now the Master knew; wherefore he went  
 With measured pace, steadfast, majestical,  
 Unto the Tree of Wisdom. Oh, ye Worlds!  
 Rejoice! our Lord wended unto the Tree!

Whom—as he passed into its ample shade,  
 Cloistered with columned dropping stems, and roofed  
 With vaults of glistening green—the conscious earth  
 Worshipped with waving grass and sudden flush  
 Of flowers about his feet. The forest-boughs  
 Bent down to shade him; from the river sighed  
 Cool wafts of wind laden with lotus-scents  
 Breathed by the water-gods. Large wondering eyes  
 Of woodland creatures—panther, boar, and deer—  
 At peace that eve, gazed on his face benign  
 From cave and thicket. From its cold cleft wound  
 The mottled deadly snake, dancing its hood  
 In honour of our Lord; bright butterflies  
 Fluttered their vans, azure and green and gold,  
 To be his fan-bearers; the fierce kite dropped  
 Its prey and screamed; the striped palm-squirrel raced  
 From stem to stem to see; the weaver-bird  
 Chirped from her swinging nest; the lizard ran;  
 The *koil* sang her hymn; the doves flocked round;  
 Even the creeping things were 'ware and glad.  
 Voices of earth and air joined in one song,  
 Which unto ears that hear said, "Lord and Friend!  
 Lover and Saviour! Thou who hast subdued  
 Angers and prides, desires and fears and doubts,  
 Thou that for each and all hast given thyself,  
 Pass to the Tree! The sad world blesseth thee

Who art the Buddh that shall assuage her woes.  
 Pass, Hailed and Honoured! strive thy last for us,  
 King and high Conqueror! thine hour is come;  
 This is the Night the ages waited for!"

Then fell the night, even as our Master sat  
 Under that Tree. But he who is the Prince  
 Of Darkness, Mara—knowing this was Buddha  
 Who should deliver men, and now the hour  
 When he should find the Truth and save the worlds—  
 Gave unto all his evil powers command.  
 Wherefore there trooped from every deepest pit  
 The fiends who war with Wisdom and the Light,  
 Arati, Trishna, Raga, and their crew  
 Of passions, horrors, ignorances, lusts.  
 The brood of gloom and dread; all hating Buddha,  
 Seeking to shake his mind; nor knoweth one,  
 Not even the wisest, how those fiends of Hell  
 Battled that night to keep the Truth from Buddha:  
 Sometimes with terrors of the tempest, blasts  
 Of demon-armies clouding all the wind,  
 With thunder, and with blinding lightning flung  
 In jagged javelins of purple wrath  
 From splitting skies; sometimes with wiles and words  
 Fair-sounding, 'mid hushed leaves and softened airs  
 From shapes of witching beauty; wanton songs,  
 Whispers of love; sometimes with royal allures  
 Of proffered rule; sometimes with mocking doubts,  
 Making truth vain. But whether these befell  
 Without and visible, or whether Buddh  
 Strove with fell spirits in his inmost heart,  
 Judge ye:—I write what ancient books have writ.

The ten chief Sins came—Mara's mighty ones,  
 Angels of evil—Attavāda first,  
 The Sin of Self, who in the Universe  
 As in a mirror sees her fond face shown,  
 And crying "I"; would have the world say "I,"  
 And all things perish so if she endure.  
 "If thou be'st Buddha," she said, "let others grope  
 Lightless; it is enough that thou art Thou  
 Changelessly; rise and take the bliss of gods  
 Who change not, heed not, strive not," But Buddha  
 spake,  
 "The right in thee is base, the wrong a curse;  
 Cheat such as love themselves." Then came wan Doubt.  
 He that denies—the mocking Sin—and this  
 Hissed in the Master's ear: "All things are shows,  
 And vain the knowledge of their vanity;  
 Thou dost but chase the shadow of thyself;  
 Rise and go hence, there is no better way  
 Than patient scorn, nor any help for man,  
 Nor any staying of his whirling wheel."  
 But quoth our Lord, "Thou hast no part with me,  
 False Visikitcha, subtlest of man's foes."  
 And third came she who gives dark creeds their power,  
 Silabbat-paramāsa, sorceress,  
 Draped fair in many lands as lowly Faith,  
 But ever juggling souls with rites and prayers;  
 The keeper of those keys which lock up Hells  
 And open Heavens. "Wilt thou dare," she said,  
 "Put by our sacred books, dethrone our gods,  
 Unpeople all the temples, shaking down

That law which feeds the priests and props the realms?"  
 But Buddha answered, "What thou bidd'st me keep  
 Is form which passes, but the free Truth stands;  
 Get thee unto thy darkness." Next there drew  
 Gallantly nigh a braver Tempter, he,  
 Kāma, the King of passions, who hath sway  
 Over the gods themselves, Lord of all loves,  
 Ruler of Pleasure's realm. Laughing he came  
 Unto the Tree, bearing his bow of gold  
 Wreathed with red blooms, and arrows of desire  
 Pointed with five-tongued delicate flame which stings  
 The heart it smites sharper than poisoned barb:  
 And round him came into that lonely place  
 Bands of bright shapes with heavenly eyes and lips  
 Singing in lovely words the praise of Love  
 To music of invisible sweet chords,  
 So witching, that it seemed the night stood still  
 To hear them, and the listening stars and moon  
 Paused in their orbits while these hymned to Buddha  
 Of lost delights, and how a mortal man  
 Findeth nought dearer in the three wide worlds  
 Than are the yielded loving fragrant breasts  
 Of beauty and the rosy breast-blossoms,  
 Love's rubies; nay, and toucheth nought more high  
 Than is that dulcet harmony of form  
 Seen in the lines and charms of loveliness,  
 Unspeakable, yet speaking, soul to soul,  
 Owned by the bounding blood, worshipped by will  
 Which leaps to seize it, knowing this is best,  
 This the true heaven where mortals are like gods,

Makers and Masters, this the gift of gifts  
 Ever renewed and worth a thousand woes.  
 For who hath grieved when soft arms shut him safe,  
 And all life melted to a happy sigh,  
 And all the world was given in one warm kiss?  
 So sang they with soft float of beckoning hands,  
 Eyes lighted with love-flames, alluring smiles;  
 In dainty dance their supple sides and limbs  
 Revealing and concealing like burst buds  
 Which tell their colour, but hide yet their hearts.  
 Never so matchless grace delighted eye  
 As troop by troop these midnight-dancers swept  
 Nearer the Tree, each daintier than the last,  
 Murmuring, "O great Siddhārtha! I am thine,  
 Taste of my mouth and see if youth is sweet!"  
 Also, when nothing moved our Master's mind,  
 Lo! Kāma waved his magic bow, and lo!  
 The band of dancers opened, and a shape  
 Fairest and stateliest of the throng, came forth  
 Wearing the guise of sweet Yasōdhara.  
 Tender the passion of those dark eyes seemed  
 Brimming with tears; yearning those outspread arms  
 Opened towards him; musical that moan  
 Wherewith the beauteous shadow named his name,  
 Sighing, "My Prince! I die for lack of thee!  
 What heaven hast thou found like that we knew  
 By bright Rohini in the Pleasure-house,  
 Where all these weary years I weep for thee?  
 Return, Siddhārtha! ah, return! But touch  
 My lips again, but let me to thy breast  
 Once, and these fruitless dreams will end! Ah, look!



Am I not she thou lovedst? But Buddh said:  
 "For that sweet sake of her thou playest thus  
 Fair and false Shadow, is thy playing vain;  
 I curse thee not who wear'st a form so dear,  
 Yet as thou art, so are all earthly shows.  
 Melt to thy void again!" Thereat a cry  
 Thrilled through the grove, and all that comely rout  
 Faded with flickering wafts of flame, and trail  
 Of vaporous ropes.

Next, under darkening skies  
 And noise of rising storm, came fiercer Sins  
 The rearmost of the Ten, Patigha—Hate—  
 With serpents coiled about her waist, which suck  
 Poisonous milk from both her hanging dugs,  
 And with her curses mix their angry hiss.  
 Little wrought she upon that Holy One  
 Who with his calm eyes dumb'd her bitter lips  
 And made her black snakes writhe to hide their fangs.  
 Then followed Rugaraga—Lust of days—  
 That sensual Sin which out of greed for life  
 Forgets to live; and next him Lust of Fame,  
 Nobler Arugaraga, she whose spell  
 Beguiles the wise, mother of daring deeds,  
 Battles and toils. And haughty Mano came,  
 The Fiend of Pride; and smooth Self-Righteousness,  
 Uddhachcha; and—with many a hideous band  
 Of vile and formless things, which crept and flapped  
 Toad-like and bat-like—Ignorance, the Dam  
 Of Fear and Wrong, *Avidya*, hideous hag,  
 Whose footsteps left the midnight darker, while  
 The rooted mountains shook, the wild winds howled,

The broken clouds shed from their caverns streams  
 Of levin-lighted rain; stars shot from heaven,  
 The solid earth shuddered as if one laid  
 Flame to her gaping wounds; the torn black air  
 Was full of whistling wings, of screams and yells,  
 Of evil faces peering, of vast fronts  
 Terrible and majestic, Lords of Hell  
 Who from a thousand Limbos led their troops  
 To tempt the Master.

But Buddha heeded not,  
 Sitting serene, with perfect virtue walled  
 As is a stronghold by its gates and ramps;  
 Also the Sacred Tree—the Bōdhi-tree—  
 Amid that tumult stirred not, but each leaf  
 Glistened as still as when on moonlit eves  
 No zephyr spills the gathering gems of dew;  
 For all this clamour raged outside the shade  
 Spread by those cloistered stems.

In the third watch,  
 The earth being still, the hellish legions fled,  
 A soft air breathing from the sinking moon,  
 Our Lord attained *Sammā-sambuddh*, he saw  
 By light which shines beyond our mortal ken  
 The line of all his lives in all the worlds,  
 Far back and farther back, and farthest yet,  
 Five hundred lives and fifty. Even as one,  
 At rest upon a mountain-summit, marks  
 His path wind up by precipice and crag—  
 Past thick-set woods shrunk to a patch; through bogs  
 Glittering false-green; down hollows where he toiled  
 Breathless; on dizzy ridges where his feet

Had well-nigh slipped; beyond the sunny lawns,  
 The cataract and the cavern, and the pool,  
 Backward to those dim flats wherefrom he sprang  
 To reach the blue—thus Buddha did behold  
 Life's upward steps long-linked, from levels low  
 Where breath is base, to higher slopes and higher  
 Whereon the ten great Virtues wait to lead  
 The climber skyward. Also, Buddha saw  
 How new life reaps what the old life did sow;  
 How where its march breaks off its march begins;  
 Holding the gain and answering for the loss;  
 And how in each life good begets more good,  
 Evil fresh evil; Death but casting up  
 Debit or credit, whereupon th' account  
 In merits or demerits stamps itself  
 By sure arithmic—where no tittle drops—  
 Certain and just, on some new-springing life;  
 Wherein are packed and scored past thoughts and deeds,  
 Strivings and triumphs, memories and marks  
 Of lives foregone:

And in the middle watch,  
 Our Lord attained *Abhidjna*—insight vast  
 Ranging beyond this sphere to spheres unnamed,  
 System on system, countless worlds and suns  
 Moving in splendid measures, band by band  
 Linked in division, one yet separate,  
 The silver islands of a sapphire sea  
 Shoreless, unfathomed, undiminished, stirred  
 With waves which roll in restless tides of change.  
 He saw those Lords of Light who hold their worlds  
 By bonds invisible, how they themselves

Circle obedient round mightier orbs  
 Which serve profounder splendours, star to star  
 Flashing the ceaseless radiance of life  
 From centres ever shifting unto cirques  
 Knowing no uttermost. These he beheld  
 With unsealed vision, and of all those worlds,  
 Cycle on epicycle, all their tale  
 Of *Kalpas*, *Mahakalpas*—terms of time  
 Which no man grasps, yea, though he knew to count  
 The drops in Gunga from her springs to the sea,  
 Measureless unto speech—whereby these wax  
 And wane; whereby each of this heavenly host  
 Fulfils its shining life, and darkling dies.  
 Sakwal by Sakwal, depths and heights he passed  
 Transported through the blue infinitudes,  
 Marking—behind all modes, above all spheres,  
 Beyond the burning impulse of each orb—  
 That fixed decree of silent work which wills  
 Evolve the dark to light, the dead to life,  
 To fulness void, to form the yet unformed,  
 Good unto better, better unto best,  
 By wordless edict; having none to bid,  
 None to forbid; for this is past all gods  
 Immutable, unspeakable, supreme,  
 A Power which builds, unbuilds and builds again,  
 Ruling all things accordant to the rule  
 Of virtue, which is beauty, truth, and use.  
 So that all things do well which serve the Power,  
 And ill which hinder; nay, the worm does well  
 Obedient to its kind; the hawk does well  
 Which carries bleeding quarries to its young;

The dewdrop and the star shine sisterly,  
 Globing together in the common work;  
 And man, who lives to die, dies to live well  
 So if he guide his ways by blamelessness  
 And earnest will to hinder not but help  
 All things both great and small which suffer life.  
 These did Lørd see in the middle watch.

But when the fourth watch came the secret came  
 Of Sorrow, which with evil mars the law,  
 As damp and dross hold back the goldsmith's fire  
 Then was the *Dukha-satya* opened him  
 First of the "Noble Truths"; how Sorrow is  
 Shadow to life, moving where life doth move;  
 Not to be laid aside until one lays  
 Living aside, with all its changing states,  
 Birth, growth, decay, love, hatred, pleasure, pain,  
 Being and doing. How that none strips off  
 These sad delights and pleasant griefs who lacks  
 Knowledge to know them snares; but he who knows  
*Avidya*—Delusion—set those snares,  
 Loves life no longer but ensues escape.  
 The eyes of such a one are wide; he sees  
 Delusion breeds Sankhāra, Tendency—  
 Perverse: Tendency Energy—*Vidnnān*—  
 Whereby comes *Nāmarūpa*, local form  
 And name and bodiment, bringing the man  
 With senses naked to the sensible,  
 A helpless mirror of all shows which pass  
 Across his heart; and so *Vedanā*—grows—  
 "Sense-life"—false in its gladness, fell in sadness,  
 But sad or glad, the Mother of Desire,

*Trishna*, that thirst which makes the living drink  
 Deeper and deeper of the false salt waves  
 Whereon they float pleasures, ambitions, wealth,  
 Praise, fame, or domination, conquest, love;  
 Rich meats and robes, and fair abodes, and pride  
 Of ancient lines, and lust of days, and strife  
 To live, and sins that flow from strife, some sweet,  
 Some bitter. Thus Life's thirst quenches itself  
 With draughts which double thirst, but who is wise  
 Tears from his soul this *Trishna*, feeds his sense  
 No longer on false shows, files his firm mind  
 To seek not, strive not, wrong not; bearing meek  
 All ills which flow from foregone wrongfulness,  
 And so constraining passions that they die  
 Famished; till all the sum of ended life—  
 The *Karma*—all that total of a soul  
 Which is the things it did, the thoughts it had,  
 The 'Self' it wove—with woof of viewless time,  
 Crossed on the warp invisible of acts—  
 The outcome of him on the Universe,  
 Grows pure and sinless; either never more  
 Needing to find a body and a place,  
 Or so informing what fresh frame it takes  
 In new existence that the new toils prove  
 Lighter and lighter not to be at all,  
 Thus "finishing the Path", free from Earth's cheats;  
 Released from all the *skandhas* of the flesh;  
 Broken from ties—from *Upādānas*—saved  
 From whirling on the wheel; aroused and sane  
 As is a man wakened from hateful dreams;  
 Until—greater than Kings, than Gods more glad!—

The aching craze to live ends, and life glides—  
 Lifeless—to nameless quiet, nameless joy,  
 Blessed NIRVANA—sinless, stirless rest—  
 That change which never changes!

Lo! the Dawn

Sprang with Buddha's Victory! lo! in the East  
 Flamed the first fires of beauteous day, poured forth  
 Through fleeting folds of Night's black drapery.  
 High in the widening blue the herald-star  
 Faded to paler silver as there shot  
 Brighter and brightert bars of rosy gleam  
 Across the grey. Far off the shadowy hills  
 Saw the great Sun, before the world was 'ware,  
 And donned their crowns of crimson; flower by flower  
 Felt the warm breath of Morn and 'gan unfold  
 Their tender lids. Over the spangled grass  
 Swept the swift footsteps of the lovely Light,  
 Turning the tears of Night to joyous gems,  
 Decking the earth with radiance, 'broidering  
 The sinking storm-clouds with a golden fringe;  
 Gilding the feathers of the palms, which waved  
 Glad salutation; darting beams of gold  
 Into the glades; touching with magic wand  
 The stream to rippled ruby; in the brake  
 Finding the mild eyes of the antelopes  
 And saying, "It is day!"; in nestled sleep  
 Touching the small heads under many a wing  
 And whispering "Children, praise the light of day!"  
 Whereat there piped anthems of all the birds,  
 The *koil's* fluted song, the *bulbul's* hymn,  
 The "morning, morning" of the painted thrush,

The twitter of the sun-birds starting forth  
 To find the honey ere the bees be out,  
 The grey crow's caw, the parrot's scream, the strokes  
 Of the green hammersmith, the *myna's* chirp,  
 The never finished love-talk of the doves:  
 Yea! and so holy was the influence  
 Of that high Dawn which came with victory  
 That, far and near, in homes of men there spread  
 An unknown peace. The slayer hid his knife;  
 The robber laid his plunder back; the shroff  
 Counted full tale of coins; all evil hearts  
 Grew gentle, kind hearts gentler, as the balm  
 Of that divinest Daybreak lightened Earth.  
 Kings at fierce war called truce; the sick men leaped  
 Laughing from beds of pain: the dying smiled  
 As though they knew that happy Morn was sprung  
 From fountains farther than the utmost East;  
 And o'er the heart of sad Yasôdhara,  
 Sitting forlorn at Prince Siddhârtha's bed,  
 Came sudden bliss, as if love should not fail  
 Nor such vast sorrow miss to end in joy.  
 So glad the World was—though it wist not why—  
 That over desolate wastes went swooning songs  
 Of mirth, the voice of bodiless *Prets* and *Bhuts*  
 Foreseeing Buddha; and Devas in the air  
 Cried, "It is finished, finished!" and the priests  
 Stood with the wondering people in the streets  
 Watching those golden splendours flood the sky  
 And saying, "There hath happened some mighty thing."  
 Also in *Ran* and Jungle grew that day  
 Friendship amongst the creatures: spotted deer

Browsed fearless where the tigress fed her cubs,  
 And cheetahs lapped the pool beside the bucks;  
 Under the eagle's rock the brown hares scoured  
 While his fierce beak but preened an idle wing;  
 The snake sunned all his jewels in the beam  
 With deadly fangs in sheath; the shrike let pass  
 The nestling-finch; the emerald halcyons  
 Sat dreaming while the fishes played beneath,  
 Nor hawked the merops, though the butterflies—  
 Crimson and blue and amber—flitted thick  
 Around his perch; the Spirit of our Lord  
 Lay potent upon man and bird and beast,  
 Even while he mused under that Bōdhi-tree,  
 Glorified with the Conquest gained for all  
 And lightened by a Light greater than Day's.

Then he arose—radiant, rejoicing, strong—  
 Beneath the Tree, and lifting high his voice  
 Spake this, in hearing of all Times and Worlds:

*Anékajátisangasārang*  
*Sandhāwissang anibbhisang*  
*Gahakārangawesanto*  
*Dukkājātipunappunang.*

*Gahakāraditthōsi;*  
*Punagehang nakāhasi;*  
*Sabhātephāsukhābhaggā,*  
*Gahakūtangwisang khitang;*  
*Wisangkhāragatang chittang;*  
*Tanhānangkhayamajjhagā.*

MANY A HOUSE OF LIFE  
 HATH HELD ME-SEEKING EVER HIM WHO WROUGHT  
 THESE PRISONS OF THE SENSES, SORROW FRAUGHT,  
 SORE WAS MY CEASELESS STRIFE!  
 BUT NOW,  
 THOU BUILDER OF THIS TABERNACLE-THOU!  
 I KNOW THEE! NEVER SHALT THOU BUILD AGAIN  
 THESE WALLS OF PAIN,  
 NOR RAISE THE ROOF-TREE OF DECEITS,  
 NOR FRESH RAFTERS ON THE CLAY,

BROKEN THY HOUSE IS, AND THE RIDGE-POLE SPLIT!  
 DELUSION FASHIONED IT!  
 SAFE PASS I THENCE-DELIVERANCE TO OBTAIN.