

**THE LIGHT OF ASIA**  
**OR**  
**THE GREAT RENUNCIATION**  
**(MAHABHINISHKRAMANA)**  
**BEING**  
**THE LIFE AND TEACHING OF GAUTAMA**  
**(As Told in Verse by an Indian- Buddhist)**

**BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD**  
**M. A. K. C. I. E. C. S. I.**

**Chapters VI-VIII**

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**PUBLISHER'S PREFACE**

Considering that in some countries reached by our publications, Edwin Arnold's great poem may not be easily available, we offer here to the readers of "The Wheel" series the last three chapters of *The Light of Asia*. These chapters were chosen for prior publication since they are the culmination of the poem, describing the Buddha's enlightenment, and giving the poet's inspiring rendering of the Teaching.

**BUDDHIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY**

## BOOK THE SIXTH

THOU, 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,  
Nilájan and Mohana; follow them,  
Winding beneath broad-leaved mahua-trees,  
'Mid thickets of the sansár and the blr,  
Till on the plain the shining sisters meet  
In Phalgu's bed, flowing by rocky banks  
To Gaya and the red Barabar hills.  
Hard by that river spreads a thorny waste,  
Uruwelaya named in ancient days,  
With sand hills broken; on its verge a wood  
Waves sea-green plumes and tassels thwart the sky,  
With undergrowth where through a still flood steals,  
Dappled with lotus-blossoms, blue and white,  
And peopled with quick fish and tortoises.  
Near it the village of Senani reared  
Its roofs of grass, nestled amid the palms,  
Peaceful with simple folk and pastoral toils.  
There in the sylvan solitudes 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 sate in the wood,  
So meditating these that he forgot .  
Oft times the hour of food, rising from thoughts

Prolonged beyond the sunrise and the moon.  
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 paroquet. 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 sál-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 Siddhártha 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 low caste, he, by touching, wrong 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 of 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 deed  
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’erslack 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 sate 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—  
“Senáni.” Pleasant and in peace he lived,  
Having for wife Sujáta, loveliest  
or 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  
Lukshmi; and many nights at full-moon gone  
Round the great Lingam, nine times nine, with gifts  
Of rice and jasmine wreaths and sandal oil  
Praying a boy; also Sujáta, 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 Sujáta'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—Sujata drew  
Tremblingly nigh, and kissed the earth and said,  
With sweet face bent, “Would that the Holy One  
Inhabiting this 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 made as new-carved ivory !”  
Therewith into the golden bowl she poured  
The curds and milk, and on the hands of Buddh  
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 Sujáta 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 Buddh said, -What is it thou dost bring me?"  
"Holy One!"

Answered Sujáta "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 lotus, 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 worlds, he said, "Long be thy bliss !  
And lightly fall on him the load of life !  
For thou hast helpen 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, bath 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 Sujáta, "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 bearing him this boy whose tiny band  
Shall lead his soul to Swarga, if it need?  
For holy books teach when a man shall plant  
Trees for the travellers' shade, dig a well  
For the folks' comfort, and beget a son,  
It shall be good for 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 this hour should come.  
But if Death called Senáni, 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 bast 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 Buddh—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 Bodhi-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 Buddh;  
Which now the Master knew; wherefore he went  
With measured pace steadfast, majestic,  
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 roof  
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 has given thyself,  
Pass, to the Tree! The sad world blesseth thee  
Who art the Buddha 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 sate  
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—Attáváda 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 Buddh," she said, "let others grope  
Lightleas; it is enough that Thou art Thou  
Changelessly; rise and take the bliss of gods  
Who change not, heed not, strive not." But Buddh spake,  
"The right in thee is base, the wrong a curse;  
Cheat such as love themselves." Then came wan Doubt,  
He that denics—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 paramása, 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 from which passes, but the free Truth stands;  
Get thee unto thy darkness.”. Next there drew  
Gallantly nigh a braver Tempter, he,  
Káma, 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 Buddh  
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 wanton 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 Siddhártha! I am thine,  
Taste of my mouth and see if youth is sweet!”  
Also, when nothing moved our Master’s mind,  
Lo! Káma 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 Yasodhara.  
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 yaers I weep for thee?  
Return, Siddhártha! ah! return. But touch  
My lips again, but let me to thy breast  
Once, and these fruitless dreams will end! Oh, 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 vaporious robes.  
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 Rúparága—Lust of days—  
That sensual Sin which out of greed for life  
Forgets to live; and next him Lust of Fame,  
Nobler Arúparága, she whose spell Beguiles the wise, mother of daring  
deeds,  
Battles and toils. And haughty Máno came,  
The Fiend of Pride; and smooth Self-Righteousness  
Uddhaccha; 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 Buddh heeded not,  
Sitting serene, with perfect virtue walled  
As is a stronghold by its gates and ramps;  
Also the Sacred Tree—the Bodhi-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 *Samma-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 at 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 our Lord 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  
Frist 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—sets those snares,  
Loves life no longer, but ensues escape.  
The eyes of such a one are wide, he sees  
Delusion breeds Sankhára, Tendency  
Perverse; Tendency, Energy—Vidnnan-  
Whereby comes Námarúpa, 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 Vedaná grows -  
Sense-life—false in 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 Upádánas -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,  
Bleseed Nirvana—sinless, stirless rest,  
That change which never changes!  
Lo! the Dawn  
Sprang, with Buddh's victory!- lo! in the East  
Flamed the first fiers 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 brightest 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-elouds 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 sunbirds 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 Yasodhara,  
Sitting forlorn at Prince Siddhārtha'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 Bhuta  
Foreseeing Buddh; 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 happed 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;  
' Tho snake sunned all his jewels in the beam  
With deadly fangs in sheath; the shrike let pass  
The nestling-finch; the emerald halcyon  
Sate 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 Bodhi-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:-

*Aneka jatisangsarang  
Sandhawissang anibhisang  
Gahakarakangawesanto,  
Dukkha jati punappunang.  
Gahakuraka dithosi;  
Puna gehang nakahasi;  
Sabba te phasuka bhagga,  
Gahakutang wisangkilitang;  
Wisangkaragatang chittang;  
Janhanangk hayama jhaga.*

### **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 I NEVER SHALT THOU BUILD AGAIN  
THESE WALLS OF PAIN,  
NOR RAISE THE ROOF-TREE OF DECEITS, NOR LAY  
FRESH RAFTERS ON THE CLAY;  
BROKEN THY HOUSE IS, AND THE RIDGE-POLE SPLIT?  
DELUSION FASHIONED IT!  
SAFE PASS I THEN—DELIVERANCE TO OBTAIN.

### **BOOK THE SEVENTH**

SORROWFUL dwelt the king Suddhodana  
All those long years among the Sákya Lords  
Lacking the speech and presence of his Son;  
Sorrowful sate the sweet Yasodhara  
All those long years, knowing no joy of life,  
Widowed of him her living Liege and Prince.  
And ever, on the news of some recluse  
Secular away by pasturing camel-men

Or traders threading devious paths for gain,  
Messengers from the King had gone and come,  
Bringing account of many a holy sage  
Lonely and lost to home; but nought of him  
The crown of white Kapilavastu's line,  
The glory of her monarch and his hope,  
The heart's content of sweet Yasodhara,  
Fat-wandered now, forgetful, changed, or dead.  
But on a day in the Wasanta-time,  
When silver sprays swing on the mango-trees  
And all the earth is clad with garb of spring,  
The Princess sate by that bright garden-stream  
Whose gliding glass, bordered with lotus-cups,  
Mirrored so often in the bliss gone by  
Their clinging hands and meeting lips.  
Her lids Were wan with teats, her tender checks had thinned,  
Her lips' delicious curves were drawn with grief;  
The lustrous glory of her hair was hid,  
Close-bound as widows use; no ornament  
She wore, nor any jewel clasped the cloth—  
Coarse, and of mourning-white—crossed on her breast.  
Slow moved and painfully those small fine feet  
Which had the roe's gait and the rose-leaf's fall  
In old years at the loving voice of him.  
Her eyes, those lamps of love,—which were as if  
Sunlight should shine from out the deepest dark,  
Illumining Night's peace with Daytime's glow—  
Unlighted now, and roving aimlessly,  
Scarce marked the clustering signs of coming Spring,  
So the silk lashes drooped over their orbs.  
In one hand was a girdle thick with pearls,  
Siddartha's—treasured since that night he fled—  
(Ah, bitter Night! mother of weeping days!  
When was fond Love so pitiless to love,  
Save that this scorned to limit love by life?)  
The other led her little son, a boy

Divinely fair, the pledge Siddártha left—  
Named Rahula—now seven years old, who tripped  
Gladsome beside his mother, light of heart  
To see the spring-blooms burgeon o'er the world.

So, while they lingered by the lotus-pools,  
And, lightly laughing, Rahula flung rice  
To feed the blue and purple fish; and she  
With sad eyes watched the swiftly-flying cranes,  
Sighing, "Oh! creatures of the wandering wing,  
If ye shall light, where my dear Lord is hid,  
Say that Yasodhara lives nigh to death  
For one word of his mouth, one touch of him!"—  
Thus, as they played and sighed—mother and child—  
Came some among the damsels of the Court  
Saying, "Great Princess! there have entered in  
At the south gate merchants of Hastinpúr,  
Tripusha called and Bhalluk, men of worth,  
Long travelled from the loud sea's edge, who bring  
Marvellous lovely webs pictured with gold,  
Waved blades of gilded steel, wrought bowls in brass,  
Cut ivories, spice, simples, and unknown birds,  
Treasures of far-off peoples; but they bring  
That which doth begger these, for He is seen!  
Thy Lord,—our Lord,—the hope of all the land—  
Siddártha! they have seen him face to face,  
Yea, and have worshipped him with knees and brows,  
And offered offerings; for he is become  
All which was shown, a Teacher of the wise,  
World-honoured, holy, wonderful; a Buddh  
Who doth deliver men and save all flesh  
By sweetest speech and pity vast as Heaven:  
And; lo! he journeyeth hither, these do say."

Then-while the glad blood bounded in her vein:  
As Gunga leaps when first the mountain snows

Melt at her springs—uprose Yasodhara  
And clapped her palms, and laughed, with brimming tears  
Beading her lashes. “Oh! call quick,” she cried,  
”These merchants to my purdah, for mine ears  
Thirst like parched throats to drink their blessed new:  
Go bring them in,—but, if their tale be true,  
Say I will fill their girdles with much gold,  
With gems that Kings shall envy: come ye too,  
My girls, for ye shall have guerdon of this  
If there be gifts to speak my grateful heart.”

So went those merchants to the Pleasure-House,  
Full softly pacing through its golden ways  
With naked feet, amid the peering maids,  
Much wondering at the glories of the Court.  
Whom, when they came without the purdah’s fold  
A voice, tender and eager, filled and charmed  
With trembling music, saying, “Ye are come  
From far, fair Sirs! and ye have seen my Lord—  
Yea, worshipped—for he is become a Buddh,  
World-honoured, holy, and delivers men,  
And journeyeth hither. Speak! for, if this be.  
Friends are ye of my House, welcome and dear.”

Then answer made Tripusha, “We have seen  
That sacred Master, Princess! we have bowed  
Before his feet; for who was lost a Prince  
Is found a greater than the King of kings.  
Under the Bodhi-tree by Phalgú’s bank  
That which shah save the world hath late been wrought  
By him,—the Friend of all, the Prince of all—  
Thine most, High Lady! from whose tears men win  
The comfort of this Word the Master speaks.  
Lot he is well, as one beyond all ills,  
Uplifted as a god from earthly woes,  
Shining with risen Truth, golden and clear.

Moreover as he entereth town by town,  
Preaching those noble ways which lead to peace,  
The hearts of men follow his path as leaves  
Troop to the wind or sheep draw after one  
Who knows the pastures. We ourselves have heard,  
By Gaya in the green Tchirnika grove,  
Those wondrous lips and done them reverence:  
He cometh hither ere the first rains fall.”  
Thus spake he, and Yasodhara, for joy,  
Scarce mastered breath to answer, “Be it well  
Now and at all times with ye, worthy friends  
Who bring good tidings; but of this great thing  
Wist ye how it befell?”

Then Bhalluk told  
Such as the people of the valleys knew  
Of that dread night of conflict, when the air  
Darkened with fiendish shadows, and the earth  
Quaked, and the waters swelled with Mara’s wrath.  
Also how gloriously that morning broke  
Radiant with rising hopes for man, and how  
The Lord was found rejoicing ‘neath his Tree.  
But many days the burden of release—  
To be escaped beyond all storms of doubt,  
Safe on Truth’s shore-lay, spake he, on that heart  
A golden load; for how shall men—Buddh mused—  
Who love their sins and cleave to cheats of sense,  
And drink of error from a thousand springs,  
Having no mind to see, nor strength to break  
The fleshly snare which binds them—how should such  
Receive the Twelve Nidánas and the Law  
Redeeming all, yet strange to profit by,  
As the caged bird oft shuns its opened door?  
So had we missed the helpful victory  
If, in this earth without a refuge, Buddh,  
Winning the way, had deemed it all too hard

For mortal feet and passed, none following him.  
Yet pondered the compassion of our Lord;  
But in that hour there ran a voice as sharp  
As cry of travail, so as if the earth  
Moaned in birth-throe,  
“*Nasyami aham bhū Nusyati Ioka!*” SURELY I AM LOST,  
I AND MY CREATURES: then a pause, and next  
A pleading sigh borne on the western wind,  
”*Sruyatam dharma, Bhagwat!*” OX, SUPREME!  
LET THY GREAT LAW BE UTTERED! Whereupon  
The Master cast his vision forth on flesh,  
Saw who should hear and who must wait to hear,  
As the keen Sun gilding the lotus-lakes  
Seeth which buds will open to his beams  
And which are not yet risen from their roots;  
Then spake, divinely smiling, “Yea! I preach!  
Whoso will listen let him learn the Law.”

Afterwards passed he, said they, by the hills  
Unto Benares, where he taught the Five,  
Showing how birth and death should be destroyed,  
And how man hath no fate except past deeds,  
No Hell but what he makes, no Heaven too high  
For those to reach whose passions sleep subdued.  
This was the fifteenth day of Vaishya  
Mid-afternoon, and that night was full moon.

But, of the Rishis, first Kaundinya  
Owned the Four Truths and entered on the Paths;  
And after him Bhadraka, Asvajit,  
Basava, Mahanāma; also there  
Within the Deer-park, at the feet of Buddha,  
Yasad the Prince with nobles fifty-four,  
Hearing the blessed word our Master spake,  
Worshipped and followed; for there sprang up peace  
And knowledge of a new time come for men

In all who heard, as spring the flowers and grass  
When water sparkles through a sandy plain.

These sixty-said they—did our Lord send forth,  
Made perfect in restraint and passion-free,  
To teach the Way; but the World-honoured turned  
South from the Deer-park and Isipatan  
To Yashti and King Bimbisára's realm,  
Where many days he taught; and after these  
King Bimbisára and his folk believed,  
Learning the law of love and ordered life.  
Also he gave the Master, of free gift,—  
Pouring forth water on the hands of Buddha in  
The Bamboo-Garden, named Weluvana,  
Wherein are streams and caves and lovely glades;  
And the King set a atone there, carved with this:—  
Ye dharma hetuppabhawa  
Yesam hetun Tathagato;  
Aha yesan cha yo nirodho  
Ewan wadi Maha Samano.  
“What life's course and cause sustain  
These Tathagato made plain;  
What delivers from life's woe  
That our Lord bath made us know.”  
And in that Garden—said they—there was held  
A Itieh Assembly, where the Teacher spake  
Wisdom and power, winning all souls which heard;  
So that nine hundred took the yellow robe—  
Such as the Master wears,—and spread his Law;  
And this the gáthá was wherewith he closed:-  
Sabba papassa akaranan;  
Kusalassa upasampada:  
Sa chitta pariyodapanan;  
Etan Budhanusasanan.  
“Evil swells the debts to pay,  
Good delivers and acquits;

Shun evil, follow good; hold sway  
Over thyself. This is the Way.”  
Whom, when they ended, speaking so of him,  
With gifts, and thanks which made the jewels dull,  
The Princess recompensed. “But by what road  
Wendeth my Lord?” she asked: the merchants said,  
Yojans threescore stretch from the city-walls  
To Rajagriha, whence the easy path  
Passeth by Sona hither, and the hills.  
Our oxen, treading eight slow koss a day,  
Came in one moon.”  
Then the King hearing word,  
Sent nobles of the Court—well—mounted lords,  
Nine separate messengers, each embassy  
Bidden to say, “The King Suddhodana—  
Nearer the pyre by seven long years of lack,  
Wherethrough he hath not ceased to seek for thee—  
Prays of his son to come unto his own,  
The Throne and people of this longing Realm,  
Lest he shall die and see thy face no more.”  
Also nine horsemen sent Yasodhara  
Bidden to say, “The Princess of thy House—  
Rahula’s mother—craves to see thy face  
As the night-blowing moon-flower’s swelling heart  
Pines for the moon, as pale asoka-buds  
“Wait for a woman’s foot: if thou hast found;  
More than was lost, she prays her part in this,  
’Rahula’s part, but most of all thyself’.”  
So sped the Sákya Lords, but it befell  
That each one, with the message in his mouth,  
Entered the Bamboo-Garden in that hour  
When Buddha taught his law; and—hearing—each  
Forgot to speak, lost thought of King and quest,  
Of the sad Princess even; only gazed  
Eye-rapt upon the Master, only hung  
Heart-caught upon the speech, compassionate,

Commanding, perfect, pure, enlightening all,  
Poured from those sacred lips. Look! like a bee  
Winged for the hive, who sees the mogras spread  
And scents their utter sweetness on the air,  
If he be honey-filled, it matters not;  
If night be nigh, or rain, he will not heed;  
Needs must be light on those delicious blooms  
And drain their nectar; so these messengers  
One with another, hearing Buddha's words,  
Let go the purpose of their speed, and mixed,  
Heedless of all, amid the Master's train.  
Wherefore the King bade that Udayi go—  
Chiefest in all the Court, and faithfullest,  
Siddhartha's playmate in the happier days—  
Who as he drew anear the garden, plucked  
Blown tufts of tree-wool from the grove and sealed  
The entrance of his hearing; thus he came  
Safe through the lofty peril of the place,  
And told the message of the King, and hers.  
Then meekly bowed his head and spake our  
Lord Before the people, "Surely I shall go!  
It is my duty as it was my will;  
Let no man miss to render reverence  
To those who lend him life, whereby come means  
To live and die no more, but safe attain  
 blissful Nirvana, if ye keep the Law,  
Purging past wrong and adding nought thereto,  
Complete in love and lovely charities.  
Let the King know and let the Princess hear  
I take the way forewith". This told, the folk  
Of white Kapilavastu and its fields  
Made ready for the entrance of their Prince.  
At the south gate a bright pavilion rose  
With flower-wreathed pillars, and the walls of silk  
Wrought on their red and green with woven gold.  
Also the roads were laid with scented boughs

Of neem and mango, and full mussuks shed  
Sandal and jasmine on the dust; and flags  
Fluttered; and on the day when he should come  
It was ordained how many elephants  
With silver howdahs and their tusks gold—tipped—  
Should wait beyond the ford, and where the drums  
Should boom “Siddhártha cometh!” where the lords  
Should light and worship, and the dancing girls  
Where they should strew their flowers, with dance and song,  
So that the steed he rode might tramp knee-deep  
In rose and balsam, and the ways be fair;  
While the town rang with music and high joy.  
This was ordained, and all men’s ears were pricked  
Dawn after dawn to catch the first drum’s beat  
Announcing, “Now he cometh!”  
But it fell.

Eager to be before—Yasodhara  
Rode in her litter to the city-walls  
Where soared the bright pavilion. All around  
A beauteous garden smiled—Nigrodha named—  
Shaded with bel-trees and the green-plumed dates,  
New-trimmed and gay with winding walks and banks  
Of fruits and flowers; for the southern road  
Skirted its lawns, on this hand leaf and bloom,  
On that the suburb-huts where base-borns dwelt  
Outside the gates, a patient folk and poor,  
Whose touch for Kshatriya and priest of Brahm  
Were sore defilement. Yet those, too, were quick  
With expectation, rising ere the dawn  
To peer along the road, to climb the trees  
At far-off trumpet of some elephant,  
Or stir of temple-drum; and when none came,  
Busied with lowly chares to please the Prince;  
Sweeping their door-stones, setting forth their flags,  
Stringing the fluted fig-leaves into chains !’  
New furbishing the Lingam, decking new ,

Yesterday's faded arch of boughs, but aye  
Questioning wayfarers if any noise  
Be on the road of great Siddhārtha. These  
The Princess marked with lovely languid eyes,  
Watching, as they, the southward plain, and bent  
Like them to listen if the passers gave  
News of the path. So fell it she beheld  
One slow approaching with his head close shorn,  
A yellow cloth over his shoulder cast,  
Girt as the hermits are, and in his hand  
An earthen bowl, shaped melonwise, the which  
Meekly at each hut-door he held a space,  
Taking the granted dole with gentle thanks  
And all as gently passing where none gave.  
Two followed him wearing the yellow robe,  
But he who bore the bowl so lordly seemed,  
So reverend, and with such a passage moved,  
With so commanding presence filled the air,  
With such sweet eyes of holiness smote all,  
That, as they reached him alms the givers gazed  
Awestruck upon his face, and some bent down  
In worship, and some ran to fetch fresh gifts,  
Grieved to be poor; till slowly, group by group,  
Children and men and women drew behind  
Into his steps, whispering with covered lips,  
"Who is he? who? when looked a Rishi thus?"  
But as he came with quiet footfall on  
Nigh the pavilion, lo! the silken door  
Lifted, and, all unveiled, Yasōdhara  
Stood in his path crying, "Siddārtha ! Lord !"  
With wide eyes screaming and with close-clasped hands,  
Then sobbing fell upon his feet, and lay.

Afterwards, when this weeping lady passed  
Into the Noble Paths, and one had prayed  
Answer from Buddha wherefore—being vowed

Quit of all mortal passion and the touch,  
Flower-soft and conquering, of a woman's hands,  
He suffered such embrace, the Master said:  
"The greater beareth with the lesser love  
So it may raise it unto easier heights.  
'Take heed that no man, being 'scaped from bonds, '  
Vexeth bound souls with boasts of liberty.  
Free are ye rather that your freedom spread  
By patient winning and sweet wisdom's skill.  
Three eras of long toil bring Bodhisáts—  
Who will be guides and help this darkling world—  
Unto deliverance and the first is named  
Of deep 'Resolve', the second of 'Attempt',  
The third of 'Nomination'. Lo! I lived  
In era of Resolve, desiring good,  
Searching for wisdom, but mine eyes were sealed.  
Count the grey seeds on yonder castor-clump,  
So many rains it is since I was Ram,  
A merchant of the coast which looketh south  
To Lanka and the hiding-place of pearls.  
Also in that far time Yasōdhara  
Dwelt with me in our village by the sea,  
Tender as now, and Lukshmi was her name.  
And I remember how I journeyed thence  
Seeking our gain, for poor the household was  
And lowly. Not the less with wistful tears  
She prayed me that I should not part, nor tempt  
Perils by land and water. 'How could love  
Leave what it loved?' she wailed; yet, venturing,  
I Passed to the Straits, and after storm and toil  
And deadly strife with creatures of the deep,  
And woes beneath the midnight and the noon,  
Searching the wave I won therefrom a pearl  
Moonlike and glorious, such as Kings might buy  
Emptying their treasury. Then came I glad  
Unto mine hills, but over all that land

Famine spread sore; ill was I stead to live  
In journey home, and hardly reached my door—  
Aching for food—with that white wealth of the sea  
Tied in my girdle. Yet no food was there;  
And on the threshold she for whom I toiled  
More than myself—lay with her speechless lips  
Nigh unto death for one small gift of grain.  
Then cried I, ‘If there be who hath of grain,  
Here is a kingdom’s ransom for one life;  
Give Lukshmi bread and take my moonlight pearl’.  
Whereat one brought the last of all his hoard,  
Millet—three seers—and clutched the beauteous thing.  
But Lukshmi lived, and sighed with gathered life,  
‘Lo! thou didst love indeed!’ I spent my pearl  
Well in that life to comfort heart and mind,  
Eise quite uncomforted; but these pure pearls,  
My last great gain, won from a deeper wave—  
The Twelve Nidánas and the Law of Good  
Cannot be spent, nor dimmed, and most fulfil  
Their perfect beauty being freeliest given.  
For like as is to Meru yonder hill  
Heaped by the little ants, and like as dew  
Dropped in the footmark of a bounding roe  
Unto the shoreless seas, so was that gift  
Unto my present giving; and so love  
Vaster in being free from toils of sense—  
Was wisest stooping to the weaker heart;  
And so the feet of sweet Yasōdhara  
Passed into peace and bliss, being softly led”.

But when the King heard how Siddártha came  
Shorn, with the mendicant’s sad-coloured cloth,  
And stretching out a bowl to gather orts  
From base-borns’ leavings, wrathful sorrow drave  
Love from his heart. Thrice on the ground he spat,  
Plucked at his silvered beard, and strode straight forth

Lackeyed by trembling lords. Frowning he clomb  
Upon his war-horse, drove the spurs, and dashed,  
Angered, through wondering streets and lanes of folk  
Scarce finding breath to say, "The King! bow down!"  
Ere the loud cavalcade had clattered by:  
Which—at the turning by the Temple-wall,  
Where the south gate was seen—encountered full  
A mighty crowd; to every edge of it  
Poured fast more people, till the roads were lost,  
Blotted by that huge company which thronged  
And grew, close following him whose look serene  
Met the old King's. Nor lived the father's wrath  
Longer than while the gentle eyes of Buddh  
Lingered in worship on his troubled brows,  
' Then downcast sank, with his true knee, to earth  
In proud humility. So dear it seemed  
To see the Prince, to know him whole, to mark  
That glory greater than of earthly state  
Crowning his head, that majesty which brought  
All men, so awed and silent, in his steps.  
Nathless, the King broke forth, "Ends it in this  
That great Siddártha steals into his realm,  
Wrapt in a clout, shorn, sandalled, craving food  
Of low-borns, he whose life was a God's?  
My son! heir of this spacious power, and heir  
Of Kings who did but clap their palms to have  
What earth could give or eager service bring?  
Thou should'st have come appavelled in thy rank,  
With shining spears, and tramps of horse and toot.  
Lot all my soldiers camped upon the road,  
And all my city waited at the gates;  
Where hast thou sojourned through these evil years  
Whilst thy crowned father mourned? and she, too, there  
Lived as the widows use, forgoing joys;  
Never once hearing sound of song or string,  
Nor wearing once the festal robe, till now

When in her cloth of gold she welcomes home  
A begger-spouse in yellow remnants clad. Son! why is this?"  
"My Father!" came reply, "It is the custom of my race."  
"Thy race,"  
Answered the King, "counteth a hundred thrones  
From Maha Sammát, but no dead like this."  
"Not of a mortal line," the Master said,  
"I spake, but of descent invisible,  
The Buddhas who have been and who shall be  
Of these am I, and what they did I do,  
And this, which now befalls, so fell before,  
That at his gate a King in warrior-mail  
Should meet his son, a Prince in hermit-weeds;  
And that, by love and self-control, being more  
Than mightiest Kings in all their puissance,  
The appointed helper of the Worlds should bow—  
As now do I—and with all lowly love  
Proffer, where it is owed for tender debts,  
The first-fruits of the treasure he hath brought:  
Which now I proffer."  
Then the king amazed Inquired  
"What treasure?" and the Teacher took  
Meekly the royal palm, and while they paced  
Through worshipping streets—the Princess and the King  
On either side—he told the things which make  
For peace and pureness, those Four Noble Truths  
Which hold all wisdom as shores shut the seas,  
Those eight right Rules whereby who will may walk  
Monarch or slave—upon the perfect Path  
That *hath* its Stages Four and Precepts Eight,  
Whereby whoso will live—mighty or mean,  
Wise or unlearned, man, woman, young or old—  
Shall, soon or late, break from the wheels of life,  
Attaining blest Nirvana. So they came  
Into the Palace porch, Suddōdana  
With brows unknit drinking the mighty wards,

And in his own hand carrying Buddha's bowl,  
Whilst a new light brightened the lovely eyes  
Of sweet Yasōdhara and sunned her tears;  
And that night entered they the Way of Peace.

## BOOK THE EIGHTH

A BROAD mead spreads by swift Kohána's bank  
At Nagara; five days shall bring a man  
In ox-wain thither from Benares' shrines  
Eastward and northward journeying. The horns  
Of white Himála look upon the place,  
Which all the year is glad with blooms, and girt  
By groves made green from that bright streamlet's wave.  
Soft are its slopes and cool its fragrant shades,  
And holy all the spirit of the spot  
Unto this time: the breath of eve comes hushed  
Over the tangled thickets, and high heaps  
Of carved red stones cloven by root and stem  
Of creeping fig, and clad with waving veil  
Of leaf and grass. The still snake glistens forth  
From crumbled work of lac and cedar—besms  
To coil his folds there on deep—graven slabs;  
The lizard dwells and darts o'er painted floors  
Where Kings have paced; the grey fox litters safe  
Under the broken thrones; only the peaks,  
And stream, and sloping lawns, and gentle sirs  
Abide unchanged. All else, like all fair shows  
Of life, are fled—for this is where it stood,  
The city of Suddhōdana, the hill  
Whereon, upon an eve of gold and blue,  
At sinking sun Lord Buddha set himself  
To teach the Law in hearing of his own.

Lo! ye shall read it in the Sacred Books  
How, being met in that glad pleasaunce-place—  
A garden in old days with hanging walks,

Fountains, and tanks, and rose-banked terraces  
Girdled by gay pavilions and the sweep  
Of stately palace-fronts—the Master sate  
Eminent, worshipped, all the earnest throng  
Watching the opening of his lips to learn  
That wisdom which hath made our Asia mild;  
Whereto four thousand lakhs of living souls  
Witness this day. Upon the King's right hand  
He sate, and round were ranged the Sákyá Lorda  
Ananda, Devadatta—all the Court;  
Behind stood Seriyut and Mugallan, chiefs  
Of the calm brethren in the yellow garb,  
A goodly company. Between his knees  
Rahula smiled, with wondering childish eyes  
Bent on the awful face, while at his feet  
Sate sweet Yasōdhara, her heartaches gone,  
Foreseeing that fair love which doth not feed  
On fleeting sense, that life which knows no age,  
That blessed last of deaths when Death is dead,  
His victory and hers. Wherefore she laid  
Her hand upon his hands, folding around  
Her silver shoulder-cloth his yellow robe,  
Nearest in all the world to him whose woe  
The Three Worlds waited for. I cannot tell  
A small part of the splendid lore which broke  
From Buddha's lips: I am a late-come scribe  
Who love the Master and his love of men,  
And tell this legend, knowing he was wise,  
But have not wit to speak beyond the books;  
And time bath blurred their script and ancient sense,  
Which once was new and mighty, moving all.  
A little of that large discourse I know  
Which Buddha spake on the soft Indian eve;  
So, too, I know it writ that they who heard  
Were more—lakhs more—crores more-than could beseen'  
For all the Devas and the Dead thronged there,

Till Heaven was emptied to the seventh zone  
And uttermost dark Hells opened their bars;  
Also the daylight lingered past its time  
In rose-leaf radiance on the watching peaks,  
So that it seemed Night listened in the glens  
And Noon upon the mountains; yea! they write,  
The Evening stood between them like some maid  
Celestial, love-struck, rapt; the smooth-rolled clouds  
Her braided hair; the studded stars the pearls  
And diamonds of her coronal; the moon  
Her forehead-jewel, and the deepening dark  
Her woven garments. 'Twas her close-held breath  
Which came in scented sighs across the lawns  
While our Lord taught, and, while he taught, who heard—  
Though he were stranger in the land, or slave,  
High caste or low, come of the Aryan blood,  
Or Mlech or Jungle-dweller—seemed to hear  
What tongue his fellows talked. Nay, outside those  
Who crowded by the river, great and small,  
The birds and beasts and creeping things—'tis writ—  
Had sense of Buddha's vast embracing love  
And took the promise of his piteous speech;  
So that their lives—prisoned in shape of ape,  
Tiger, or deer, shagged bear, jackal, or wolf,  
Foul-feeding kite, pearled dove, or peacock gemmed,  
Squat toad, or speckled serpent, lizard, bat;  
Yea, or of fish fanning the river-waves—  
Touched meekly at the skirts of brotherhood  
With man who bath less innocence than these,  
And in mute gladness knew their bondage broke  
Whilst Buddha spake these things before the King:—  
OM, AMITAYA ! measure not with words  
Th' Immeasurable; nor sink 'the string of thought  
In to the Fathomless. Who asks doth err.  
Who answers, errs! Say nought I  
The Books teach Darkness was, at first of all,

And Brahm, sole meditating in that Night:  
Look not for Brahm and the Beginning there!  
Nor him, nor any light  
Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes,  
Or any searcher know by mortal mind;  
Veil after veil will lift—but there must be  
Veil upon veil behind.  
Stars sweep and question not.  
This is enough That life and death and joy and woe abide;  
And cause and sequence, and the course of time,  
And being's ceaseless tide,  
Which, ever changing, runs, linked like a river  
By ripples following ripples, fast or slow—  
The same yet not the same—from far-off fountain  
To where Its waters flow  
Into the seas. These, steaming to the Sun,  
Give the lost wavelets back in cloudy fleece  
To trickle down the hills, and glide again;  
Having no pause or peace.  
This is enough to know, the phantasms ere;  
The Heavens, Earths, Worlds, and changes changing them,  
A mighty whirling wheel of strife and stress  
Which none can stay or stem.  
Pray not ! the Darkness will not brighten ! Ask  
Nought from the Silence, for it cannot speak !  
Vex not your mournful minds with pious pains !  
Ah ! Brothers, Sisters ! seek  
Nought from the helpless gods by gift and hymn,  
Nor bribe with blood, nor feed with fruits and cakes;  
Within yourselves deliverance must be sought;  
Each man his prison makes.  
Each bath such lordship as the loftiest ones;  
Nay, for with Powers above, around, below,  
As with all flesh and whatsoever lives,  
Act maketh joy and woe.  
What hath been bringeth what shall be, and is,

Worse—better—last for first and first for last;  
The Angels in the Heavens of Gladness reap  
Fruits of a holy past:  
The devils in the underworlds wear out  
Deeds that were wicked in an age gone by:  
Nothing endures: fair virtues waste with time,  
Foul sins grow purged thereby.  
Who toiled a slave may come anew a Prince  
For gentle worthiness and merit won;  
Who ruled a King may wander earth in rags  
For things done and undone.  
Higher than Indra's ye may lift your lot,  
And sink it lower than the worm or gnat;  
The end of many myriad lives is this,  
The end of myriads that.  
Only, while turns this wheel invisible,  
No pause, no peace, no staying-place can be;  
Who mounts may fall, who falls will mount; the spokes  
Go round unceasingly !  
If ye lay bound upon the wheel of change,  
And no way were of breaking from the chain,  
The Heart of boundless Being is a curse,  
The Soul of Things fell Pain.  
Ye are not bound ! the Soul of Things is sweet,  
The Heart of Being is celestial rest;  
Stronger than woe is will: that which was  
Good Doth pass to Better-Best.  
I, Buddh, who wept with all my brothers' tears,  
Whose heart was broken by a whole world's woe,  
Laugh and am glad, for there is Liberty !  
Ho ! ye who suffer ! know

Ye suffer from yourselves. None else compels,  
None other holds you that ye live and die,  
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss  
Its spokes of agony,

Its tire of tears, its nave of nothingness.  
Behold, I show you Truth! Lower, than hell,  
Higher than Heaven, outside the utmost stars,  
Farther than Brahm doth dwell,  
Before beginning, and without an end,  
As space eternal and as surety sure,  
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,  
Only its laws endure.  
This is its touch upon the blossomed rose,  
The fashion of its hand shaped lotus-leaves;  
In dark soil and the silence of the seeds  
The robe of Spring it weaves;  
That is its painting on the glorious clouds,  
And these its emeralds on the peacock's train;  
It bath its stations in the stars; its slaves  
In lightning, wind, and rain.  
Out of the dark it wrought the heart of man,  
Out of dull shells the pheasant's pencilled neck:  
Ever at toil, it brings to loveliness  
All ancient wrath and wreck.  
The grey eggs in the golden sun-bird's nest  
Its treasures are, the bees' six-sided cell  
Its honey-pot; the ant wots of its ways,  
The white doves know them well.  
It spreadeth forth for flight the eagle's wings  
What time she beareth 'home her prey; it sends  
The she-wolf to her cubs; for unloved things  
It findeth food and friends.  
It is not marred nor stayed in any use,  
All Liketh it; the sweet white milk it brings  
To mothers' breasts; it brings the white drops, too,  
Wherewith the young snake stings.  
The ordered music of the marching orbs  
It makes in viewless canopy of sky;  
In deep abyss of earth it hides up gold.  
Sards, sapphires, lazuli.

Ever and ever fetching secrets forth,  
It sitteth in the green of forest-glades  
Nursing strange seedlings at the cedar's root,  
Devising leaves, blooms, blades.  
It slayeth and it saveth, nowise moved  
Except unto the working out of doom;  
Its threads are Love and Life; and Death and Pain  
The shuttles of its loom.  
It maketh and unmaketh, mending all;  
What it bath wrought is better than had been:  
Slow grows the splendid pattern that it plans  
Its wistful hands between.  
This is its work upon the things ye see:  
The unseen things are more; men's hearts and minds,  
The thoughts, of peoples and their ways and wills,  
Those, too, the great Law binds.  
Unseen it helpeth ye with faithful hands,  
Unheard it speaketh stronger than the storm.  
Pity and Love are man's because long stress  
Moulded blind mass to form.  
It will not be contemned of any one;  
Who thwarts, it loses, and who serves it gains;  
The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss,  
The hidden ill with pains.  
It seeth everywhere and marketh all:  
Do right—it recompenseth ! do one wrong,  
The equal retribution must be made,  
Though DHARMA tarry long.  
It knows not wrath nor pardon; utter-true  
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs;  
Times are as nought, to-morrow it will judge.  
Or after many days.  
By this the slayer's knife did stab himself;  
The unjust judge bath lost his own defender;  
The false tongue dooms its lie; the creeping thief  
And spoiler rob, to render.

Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,  
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;  
The heart of it is Love, the end of it  
Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey !  
The Books say well, my Brothers ! each man's life  
The outcome of his former living is;  
The bygone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes,  
The bygone right breeds bliss.  
That which ye sow ye reap. See yonder fields !  
The sesamum was sesamum, the corn  
Was corn. The Silence and the Darkness knew !  
So is a man's fate born.  
He cometh, reaper of the things he sowed,  
Sesamum, corn, so much cast in past birth;  
And so much weed and poison-stuff, which mar  
Him and the aching earth.  
If he shall labour rightly, rooting these,  
And planting wholesome seedlings where they grew,  
Fruitful and fair and clean the ground shall be,  
And rich the harvest due.  
If he who liveth, learning whence woe springs,  
Endureth patiently, striving to pay  
His utmost debt for ancient evils done  
In Love and Truth alway;  
If making none to lack, he thoroughly purge  
The lie and lust of self forth from his blood;  
Suffering all meekly, rendering for offence  
Nothing but grace and good;  
If he shall day by day dwell merciful,  
Holy and just and kind and true; and rend  
Desire from where it clings with bleeding roots,  
Till love of life have end:  
He—dying—leaveth as the sum of him  
A life-count closed, whose ills are dead and quit,  
Whose good is quick and mighty, far and near,  
So that fruits follow it.

No need bath such to live as ye name life;  
That which began in him when he began  
Is finished: he hath wrought the purpose through  
Of what did make him Man.  
Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins  
Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys and woes  
Invade his safe eternal peace; nor deaths  
And lives recur. He goes  
Unto NIRVANA. He is one with Life,  
Yet lives not. He is blest, ceasing to be.  
OM, MANI PADME, OM! the Dewdrop slips  
Into the shining sea  
This is the doctrine of the KARMA. Learn !  
Only when all the dross of sin is quit,  
Only when life dies like a white flame spent  
Death dies along with it.  
Say not "I am," "I was," or "I shall be,"  
Think not ye pass from house to house of flesh  
Like travellers who remember and forget,  
Ill-lodged or well-lodged. Fresh  
Issues upon the Universe that sum  
Which is the lattermost of lives. It makes  
Its habitation as the worm spins silk  
And dwells therein. It takes  
Function and substance as the snake's egg hatched  
Takes scale and fang; as feathered reed-seeds fly  
O'er rock and loam and sand, until they find  
Their marsh and multiply.  
Also it issues forth to help or hurt.  
When Death the bitter murderer doth smite,  
Red roams the unpurged fragment of him, driven  
On winds of plague and blight.  
But when the mild and just die, sweet airs breathe;  
The world grows richer, as if desert-stream  
Should sink away to sparkle up again  
Purer, with broader gleam;

So merit won winneth the happier age  
Which by demerit halteth short of end;  
Yet must this Law of Love reign King of all  
Before the Kalpas end.

What lets?—Brothers! the Darkness lets! which breeds  
Ignorance, mazed whereby ye take these shows  
For true, and thirst to have, and, having, cling  
To lusts which work you woes.

Ye that will tread the Middle Road, whose course  
Bright Reason traces and soft Quiet smooths;  
Ye who will take the high Nirvána-way,  
List the Four Noble Truths.

The First Truth is of Sorrow. Be not mocked!  
Life which ye prize is long-drawn agony:  
Only its pains abide; its pleasures are  
As birds which light and fly.

Ache of the birth, ache of the helpless days,  
Ache of hot youth and ache of manhood's prime;  
Ache of the chill grey years and choking death,  
These fill your piteous time.

Sweet is fond Love, but funeral-flames must kiss  
The breasts which pillow and the lips which cling;  
Gallant is warlike Might, but vultures pick  
The joints of chief and King.

Beauteous is Earth, but all its forest-broods  
Plot mutual slaughter, hungering to live;  
Of sapphire are the skies, but when men cry  
Famished, no drops they give.

Ask of the sick, the mourners, ask of him  
Who tottereth on his staff, lone and forlorn,  
"Liketh thee life?"—these say the babe is wise'  
That weepeth, being born.

The Second Truth is Sorrow's Cause.

What grief Springs of itself and springs not of Desire?  
Senses and things perceived mingle and light  
Passion's quick spark of fire:

So flameth Trishna, lust and thirst of things.  
Eager ye cleave to shadows, dote on dreams;  
A false Self in the midst ye plant, and make  
A world around which seems;  
Blind to the heights beyond, deaf to the sound  
Of sweet sirs breathed from far past Indra's sky  
Dumb to the summons of the true life kept  
For him who false puts by.  
So grow the strifes and lusts which make earth's war,  
So grieve poor cheated hearts and flow salt tears;  
So wax the passions, envies, angers, hates;  
So years chase blood-stained years  
With wild red feet. So, where the grain should grow  
Spreads the birán-weed with its evil root  
And poisonous blossoms; hardly good seeds find  
Soil where to fall and shoot;  
And, drugged with poisonous drink, the soul departs,  
And, fierce with thirst to drink, Karma returns;  
Sense-struck again the sodden Self begins,  
And new deceits it earns.  
The Third is *Sorrow's Ceasing*. This is peace  
To conquer love of self and lust of life,  
To tear deep-rooted passion from the breast,  
To still the inward strife;  
For love to clasp Eternal Beauty close;  
For glory to be Lord of self; for pleasure  
To live beyond 'the gods; for countless wealth  
To lay up lasting treasure  
Of perfect service rendered, duties done  
In charity, soft speech, and stainless days:  
These riches shall not fade away in life,  
Nor any death dispraise.  
Then Sorrow ends, for Life and Death have ceased;  
How should lamps flicker when their oil is spent?  
The old sad count is clear, the new is clean;  
Thus bath a man content.

The Fourth Truth is *The Way*. It openeth wide,  
Plain for all feet to tread, easy and near,  
The *Noble Eightfold Path*; it goeth straight  
To peace and refuge. Hear !  
Manifold tracks lead to yon sister-peaks  
Around whose snows the gilded clouds are curled,  
By steep or gentle slopes the climber comes  
Where breaks that other world.  
Strong limbs may dare the rugged road which storms,  
Soaring and perilous, the mountain's breast;  
The weak must wind from slower ledge to ledge,  
With many a place of rest.  
So is the Eightfold Path which brings to peace;  
By lower or by upper heights it goes.  
The firm soul hastes, the feeble tarries All  
Will reach the sunlit snows.  
The First good level is *Right Doctrine*. Walk  
In fear of Dharma, shunning all offence;  
In heed of Karma, which doth make man's fate;  
In lordship over sense.  
The Second is *Right Purpose*. Have good-will  
To all that lives, letting unkindness die  
And greed and wrath; so that your lives be made  
Like soft airs passing by.  
The Third is *Right Discourse*. Govern the lips  
As they were palace-doors, the King within;  
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words  
Which from that presence win.  
The Fourth is *Right Behaviour*. Let each act  
Assoil a fault or help a merit grow:  
Like threads of silver seen through crystal 'beads  
Let love through good deeds show.  
Four higher roadways be. Only those feet  
May tread them which have done with earthly things,  
*Right Purity, Right Thought, Right Loneliness,*  
*Right Rapture*. Spread no wings

For Sunward flight, thou soul with unplumed vans !  
Sweet is the lower air, and safe and known  
The homely levels; only strong ones leave  
The nest each makes his own.  
Dear is the love, I know, of Wife and Child;  
Pleasant the friends and pastimes of your years,  
Fruitful of good Life's gentle charities;  
Firm-set, though false, its fears.  
Live—ye who must—such lives as live on these;  
Make golden stairways of your weakness; rise  
By daily sojourn with those phantasies  
To lovelier verities.  
So shall ye pass to clearer heights and find  
Easier ascents and lighter loads of sins,  
And larger will to burst the bonds of sense,  
Entering the Path. Who wins  
To such commencement bath the *First Stage* touched,  
He knows the Noble Truths, the Eightfold Road;  
By few or many steps such shall attain  
NIRVANA'S blest abode.  
Who standeth at the *Second Stage*, made free  
From doubts, delusions, and the inward strife,  
Lord of all lusts, quit of the priests and books,  
Shall live but one more life.  
Yet onward lies the *Third Stage*: purged and pure  
Hath grown the stately spirit here, bath risen  
To love all living things in perfect peace.  
His life at end, life's prison  
Is broken, Nay, there are who surely pass  
Living and visible to utmost goal  
By *Fourth Stage* of the Holy ones—the Buddhs—  
And they of stainless soul.  
Lo! like fierce foes slain by some warrior,  
Ten sins along these Stages lie in dust,  
The Love of Self, False, Faith, and Doubt are three,  
Two more Hatred and Lust.

Who of these Five is conqueror bath trod  
Three stages out of Four: yet there abide  
The Love of Life on earth, Desire for Heaven,  
Self-Praise, Error, and Pride.  
As one who stands on yonder snowy horn  
Having naught o'er him but the boundless blue,  
So, these sins being slain, the man is come  
NIRVANA'S verge unto.  
Him the Gods envy from their lower seats;  
Him the Three Worlds in ruin should not shake;  
All life is lived for him, all deaths are dead;  
Karma will no more make  
New houses. Seeking nothing, he gains all;  
Foregoing self, the Universe grows "I":  
If any teach NIRVANA is to cease,  
Say unto such they lie.  
If any teach NIRVANA is to live.  
Say unto such they err; not knowing this,  
Nor what light shines beyond their broken lamps,  
Nor lifeless, timeless, bliss.  
Enter the path! There is no grief like Hate!  
No pains like passion, no deceit like sense!  
Enter the path! far bath he gone whose foot  
Treads down one fond offence.  
Enter the Path! There spring the bealing streams  
Quenching all thirst! there bloom th' immortal flowers  
Carpeting all the way with joy! there throng  
Swiftest and sweetest hours !  
More is the treasure of the Law than gems-,  
Sweeter than comb its sweetness; its delights  
Delightful past compare. Thereby to live  
Hear the *Five Rules* aright:—  
Kill not-for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay  
The meanest thing upon Its upward way.  
Give freely and receive, but take from none  
By greed, or force, or fraud; what is his own.

Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie;  
Truth is the speech of inward purity.  
Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse;  
Clear minds, clean bodies, need no Soma juice.  
Touch not thy neighbour's wife, neither commit  
Sins of the flesh unlawful and unfit.  
These words the Master spake of duties due  
To father, mother, children, fellows, friends;  
Teaching how such as may not swiftly break  
The clinging chains of sense—whose feet are weak  
To tread the higher road—should order so  
This life of flesh that all their hither days  
Pass blameless in discharge of charities  
And first true footfalls in the Eightfold Path;  
Living pure, reverent, patient, pitiful;  
Loving all things which live even as themselves;  
Because what falls for ill is fruit of ill  
Wrought in the past, and what falls well of good;  
And that by how much the householder  
Purgeth himself of self and helps the world,  
By so much happier comes he to next stage.  
In so much bettered being. This he spake;  
As also long before, when our Lord walked  
By Rajagriha in the bamboo-grove:  
For on a dawn he walked there and beheld  
The householder Singála, newly bathed,  
Bowing himself with bare head to the earth,  
To Heaven, and all four quarters; while he threw  
Rice, red and white, from both hands. "Wherefore thus  
Bowest thou, Brother?" said the Lord; and he,  
"It is the way, Great Sir! our fathers taught  
At every dawn, before the toil begins,  
To hold off evil from the sky above  
And earth beneath, and all the winds which blow.  
Then the World-honoured spake: "Scatter not rice,  
But offer loving thoughts and acts to all:

To parents as the East, where rises light;  
To teachers as the South, whence rich gifts come;  
To wife and children as the West, where gleam  
Colours of love and calm, and all days end;  
To friends and kinsmen and all men as North;  
To humblest living things beneath, to Saints  
And Angels and the blessed Dead above:  
So shall all evil be shut off, and so  
The six main quarters will be safely kept.”  
But to his Own, Them of the yellow robe—  
Those who, as wakened eagles, soar with scorn  
From life’s low vale, and wing towards the Sun—  
To these he taught the Ten Observances,  
The *Dasa-Sil*, and how a mendicant  
Must know the *ThreeDoors* and the *Triple Thoughts*;  
The *Sixfold States of mind*; the *Fivefold Powers*;  
'The *Eight High Gates of Purity*; the *Modes*  
*Of understanding*; *Iddhi*; *Upekshá*;  
The *Five Great Meditations*, which are food  
Sweeter than Amrit for the holy soul;  
The *Jhánas* and the *Three Chief Refuges*.  
Also he taught his Own how they should dwell;  
How live, free from the snares of love and wealth;  
What eat and drink and carry—three plain cloths,  
Yellow, of stitched stuff, worn with shoulder bare—  
A girdle, almsbowl, strainer. Thus he laid  
The great foundations of our Sangha well,  
That noble Order of the Yellow Robe  
Which to this day standeth to help the World.  
So all that night he spake, teaching the Law;  
And on no eyes fell sleep—for they who heard  
Rejoiced with tireless joy. Also the King,  
When this was finished, rose upon his throne  
And with bared feet bowed low before his Son  
Kissing his hem; and said, “Take me, O Son!  
Lowest and least of all thy Company.”

And sweet Yasōdhara, all happy now,—  
Cried “Give to Rahula—thou Blessed One!  
The Treasure of the Kingdom of thy Word  
For his inheritance.” Thus passed these Three  
Into the Path.

Here endeth what I write Who love the Master for his love of us.

A little knowing, little have I told  
Touching the Teacher and the Ways of Peace.  
Forty-five rains thereafter showed he those  
In many lands and many tongues, and gave  
Our Asia Light, that still is beautiful,  
Conquering the world with spirit of strong grace:  
All which is written in the holy Books,  
And where he passed, and what proud Emperors  
Carved his sweet words upon the rocks and caves:  
And how—in fulness of the times—it fell  
The Buddha died, the great Tathágato,  
‘ Even as a man ‘mongst men, fulfilling all:  
And how a thousand thousand lakhs since then  
Have trod the Path which leads whither he went  
Unto *Nirvana*, where the Silence lives.  
Ah! Blessed lord! Oh, high deliverer!  
Forgive this feeble script, which doth thee wrong,  
measuring with little wit thy lofty love.  
Ah! Lover! Brother! Guide! Lamp of the law!  
I take my refuge in thy name and thee!  
I take my refuge in thy law of good!  
I take my refuge in thy order! Om!  
The dew is on the lotus!—rise, great sun!  
And lift my lfaf and mix me with the wave.  
Om mani padme hum, the sunrise comes!  
The dewdrop slips into the shining sea!