From the entangling verges freed they came
Into a dimness of the sleeping earth
And travelled through her faint and slumbering plains.

Murmur and movement and the tread of men
Broke the night's solitude; the neigh of steeds

Rose from that indistinct and voiceful sea
Of life and all along its marchings swelled
The rhyme of hooves, the chariot's homeward voice.

Drawn by white manes upon a high-roofed car
In flare of the unsteady torches went

With linked hands Satyavan and Savitri,
Hearing a marriage march and nuptial hymn,
Where waited them the many-voiced human world.

Numberless the stars swam on their shadowy field
Describing in the gloom the ways of light.

Then while they skirted yet the southward verge,
Lost in the halo of her musing brows
Night, splendid with the moon dreaming in heaven
In silver peace, possessed her luminous reign.

She brooded through her stillness on a thought

Deep-guarded by her mystic folds of light,
And in her bosom nursed a greater dawn.

The End