

**Track 5, Section 3, lines 241 to end**

As yet unlinked with the broad human scene,  
In a small circle of young eager hearts,  
285 Her being's early school and closed domain,  
Apprentice in the business of earth-life,  
She schooled her heavenly strain to bear its touch,  
Content in her little garden of the gods  
As blooms a flower in an unvisited place.

290 Earth nursed, unconscious still, the inhabiting flame,  
Yet something deeply stirred and dimly knew;  
There was a movement and a passionate call,  
A rainbow dream, a hope of golden change;  
Some secret wing of expectation beat,  
295 A growing sense of something new and rare  
And beautiful stole across the heart of Time.

Then a faint whisper of her touched the soil,  
Breathed like a hidden need the soul divines;  
The eye of the great world discovered her  
300 And wonder lifted up its bardic voice.

A key to a Light still kept in being's cave,  
The sun-word of an ancient mystery's sense,  
Her name ran murmuring on the lips of men  
Exalted and sweet like an inspired verse  
305 Struck from the epic lyre of rumour's winds  
Or sung like a chanted thought by the poet Fame.

But like a sacred symbol's was that cult.  
Admired, unsought, intangible to the grasp  
Her beauty and flaming strength were seen afar  
310 Like lightning playing with the fallen day,  
A glory unapproachably divine.

No equal heart came close to join her heart,  
No transient earthly love assailed her calm,  
No hero passion had the strength to seize;  
315 No eyes demanded her replying eyes.

A Power within her awed the imperfect flesh;  
The self-protecting genius in our clay  
Divined the goddess in the woman's shape  
And drew back from a touch beyond its kind  
320 The earth-nature bound in sense-life's narrow make.

The hearts of men are amorous of clay-kin  
And bear not spirits lone and high who bring  
Fire-intimations from the deathless planes  
Too vast for souls not born to mate with heaven.

325 Whoever is too great must lonely live.  
Adored he walks in mighty solitude;  
Vain is his labour to create his kind,  
His only comrade is the Strength within.

Thus was it for a while with Savitri.

330 All worshipped marvellingly, none dared to claim.  
Her mind sat high pouring its golden beams,  
Her heart was a crowded temple of delight.  
A single lamp lit in perfection's house,  
A bright pure image in a priestless shrine,

335    Midst those encircling lives her spirit dwelt,  
      Apart in herself until her hour of fate.

**End of Canto 2**