

Track 77: lines 277 to 324

Now the dusk shadowy trees stood close around
Like dreaming spirits and, delaying night,
The grey-eyed pensive evening heard their steps,
230 And from all points the cries and movements came
Of the four-footed wanderers of the night
Approaching.

Then a human rumour rose
Long alien to their solitary days,
Invading the charmed wilderness of leaves
235 Once sacred to secluded loneliness
With violent breaking of its virgin sleep.

Through the screened dusk it deepened still and there neared
Floating of many voices and the sound
Of many feet, till on their sight broke in
240 As if a coloured wave upon the eye
The brilliant strenuous crowded days of man.

Topped by a flaring multitude of lights
A great resplendent company arrived.

Life in its ordered tumult wavering came
245 Bringing its stream of unknown faces, thronged
With gold-fringed headdresses, gold-broidered robes,
Glittering of ornaments, fluttering of hems,
Hundreds of hands parted the forest-boughs,
Hundreds of eyes searched the entangled glades.

250 Calm white-clad priests their grave-eyed sweetness brought,
Strong warriors in their glorious armour shone,
The proud-hooved steeds came trampling through the wood.

In front King Dyumatsena walked, no more
Blind, faltering-limbed, but his far-questing eyes
255 Restored to all their confidence in light
Took seemingly this imaged outer world;
Firmly he trod with monarch step the soil.

By him that queen and mother's anxious face
Came changed from its habitual burdened look
260 Which in its drooping strength of tired toil
Had borne the fallen life of those she loved.

Her patient paleness wore a pensive glow
Like evening's subdued gaze of gathered light
Departing, which foresees sunrise her child.

265 Sinking in quiet splendours of her sky,
She lives awhile to muse upon that hope,
The brilliance of her rich receding gleam
A thoughtful prophecy of lyric dawn.

Her eyes were first to find her children's forms.

270 But at the vision of the beautiful twain

The air awoke perturbed with scaling cries,
And the swift parents hurrying to their child,—
Their cause of life now who had given him breath,—
Possessed him with their arms.

Then tenderly
275 Cried Dyumatsena chiding Satyavan:
“The fortunate gods have looked on me today,
A kingdom seeking came and heaven's rays.
But where wast thou?
Thou hast tormented gladness
With fear's dull shadow, O my child, my life.

280 What danger kept thee for the darkening woods?
Or how could pleasure in her ways forget
That useless orbs without thee are my eyes
Which only for thy sake rejoice at light?

285 Not like thyself was this done, Savitri,
Who ledst not back thy husband to our arms,
Knowing with him beside me only is taste
In food and for his touch evening and morn
I live content with my remaining days.”

290 But Satyavan replied with smiling lips,
“Lay all on her; she is the cause of all.
With her enchantments she has twined me round.
Behold, at noon leaving this house of clay
I wandered in far-off eternities,
Yet still, a captive in her golden hands,
295 I tread your little hillock called green earth
And in the moments of your transient sun
Live glad among the busy works of men.”

300 Then all eyes turned their wondering looks where stood,
A deepening redder gold upon her cheeks,
With lowered lids the noble lovely child,
And one consenting thought moved every breast.

“What gleaming marvel of the earth or skies
Stands silently by human Satyavan
To mark a brilliance in the dusk of eve?

305 If this is she of whom the world has heard,
Wonder no more at any happy change.

Each easy miracle of felicity
Of her transmuting heart the alchemy is.”

310 Then one spoke there who seemed a priest and sage:
“O woman soul, what light, what power revealed,
Working the rapid marvels of this day,
Opens for us by thee a happier age?”

Her lashes fluttering upwards gathered in

315 To a vision which had scanned immortal things,
Rejoicing, human forms for their delight.

They claimed for their deep childlike motherhood
The life of all these souls to be her life,
Then falling veiled the light.

Low she replied,
320 "Awakened to the meaning of my heart
That to feel love and oneness is to live
And this the magic of our golden change,
Is all the truth I know or seek, O sage."

Wondering at her and her too luminous words
Westward they turned in the fast-gathering night.