

Track 15: Section 2a, lines 107 to 304

Even as he sang and rapture stole through earth-time
And caught the heavens, came with a call of hooves,
As of her swift heart hastening, Savitri;
110 Her radiant tread glimmered across the floor.

A happy wonder in her fathomless gaze,
Changed by the halo of her love she came;
Her eyes rich with a shining mist of joy
As one who comes from a heavenly embassy
115 Discharging the proud mission of her heart,
One carrying the sanction of the gods
To her love and its luminous eternity,
She stood before her mighty father's throne
And, eager for beauty on discovered earth
120 Transformed and new in her heart's miracle-light,
Saw like a rose of marvel, worshipping,
The fire-tinged sweetness of the son of Heaven.

He flung on her his vast immortal look;
His inner gaze surrounded her with its light
125 And reining back knowledge from his immortal lips
He cried to her, "Who is this that comes, the bride,
The flame-born, and round her illumined head
Pouring their lights her hymeneal pomps
Move flashing about her? From what green glimmer of glades
130 Retreating into dewy silences
Or half-seen verge of waters moon-betrayed
Bringst thou this glory of enchanted eyes?
Earth has gold-hued expanses, shadowy hills
That cowl their dreaming phantom heads in night,
135 And, guarded in a cloistral joy of woods,
Screened banks sink down into felicity
Seized by the curved incessant yearning hands
And ripple-passion of the upgazing stream:
Amid cool-lipped murmurs of its pure embrace
140 They lose their souls on beds of trembling reeds.

And all these are mysterious presences
In which some spirit's immortal bliss is felt,
And they betray the earth-born heart to joy.

There hast thou paused, and marvelling borne eyes
145 Unknown, or heard a voice that forced thy life
To strain its rapture through thy listening soul?
Or, if my thought could trust this shimmering gaze,
It would say thou hast not drunk from an earthly cup,
But stepping through azure curtains of the noon
150 Thou wast surrounded on a magic verge
In brighter countries than man's eyes can bear.

Assailed by trooping voices of delight
And seized mid a sunlit glamour of the boughs
In faery woods, led down the gleaming slopes
155 Of Gandhamadan where the Apsaras roam,
Thy limbs have shared the sports which none has seen,
And in god-haunts thy human footsteps strayed,
Thy mortal bosom quivered with god-speech
And thy soul answered to a Word unknown.

160 What feet of gods, what ravishing flutes of heaven
Have thrilled high melodies round, from near and far
Approaching through the soft and revelling air,
Which still surprised thou hearest? They have fed
Thy silence on some red strange-ecstasied fruit
165 And thou hast trod the dim moon-peaks of bliss.

Reveal, O winged with light, whence thou hast flown
Hastening bright-hued through the green tangled earth,
Thy body rhythmical with the spring-bird's call.

The empty roses of thy hands are filled
170 Only with their own beauty and the thrill
Of a remembered clasp, and in thee glows
A heavenly jar, thy firm deep-honied heart,
New-brimming with a sweet and nectarous wine.

Thou hast not spoken with the kings of pain.

175 Life's perilous music rings yet to thy ear
Far-melodied, rapid and grand, a Centaur's song,
Or soft as water plashing mid the hills,
Or mighty as a great chant of many winds.

Moon-bright thou livest in thy inner bliss.

180 Thou comest like a silver deer through groves
Of coral flowers and buds of glowing dreams,
Or fleest like a wind-goddess through leaves,
Or roamst, O ruby-eyed and snow-winged dove,
Flitting through thickets of thy pure desires
185 In the unwounded beauty of thy soul.

These things are only images to thy earth,
But truest truth of that which in thee sleeps.

For such is thy spirit, a sister of the gods,
Thy earthly body lovely to the eyes
190 And thou art kin in joy to heaven's sons.

O thou who hast come to this great perilous world
Now only seen through the splendour of thy dreams,
Where hardly love and beauty can live safe,
Thyself a being dangerously great,
195 A soul alone in a golden house of thought
Has lived walled in by the safety of thy dreams.

On heights of happiness leaving doom asleep
Who hunts unseen the unconscious lives of men,
If thy heart could live locked in the ideal's gold,
200 As high, as happy might thy waking be!
If for all time doom could be left to sleep!"

He spoke but held his knowledge back from words.

As a cloud plays with lightnings' vivid laugh,
But still holds back the thunder in its heart,
205 Only he let bright images escape.

His speech like glimmering music veiled his thoughts;
As a wind flatters the bright summer air,
Pitiful to mortals, only to them it spoke
Of living beauty and of present bliss:
210 He hid in his all-knowing mind the rest.

To those who hearkened to his celestial voice,
The veil heaven's pity throws on future pain
The Immortals' sanction seemed of endless joy.

But Aswapati answered to the seer;—
215 His listening mind had marked the dubious close,
An ominous shadow felt behind the words,
But calm like one who ever sits facing Fate
Here mid the dangerous contours of earth's life,
He answered covert thought with guarded speech:

220 "O deathless sage who knowest all things here,
If I could read by the ray of my own wish
Through the carved shield of symbol images
Which thou hast thrown before thy heavenly mind
I might see the steps of a young godlike life
225 Happily beginning luminous-eyed on earth;
Between the Unknowable and the Unseen
Born on the borders of two wonder-worlds,
It flames out symbols of the infinite
And lives in a great light of inner suns.

230 For it has read and broken the wizard seals;
It has drunk of the Immortal's wells of joy,
It has looked across the jewel bars of heaven,
It has entered the aspiring Secrecy,
It sees beyond terrestrial common things
235 And communes with the Powers that build the worlds,
Till through the shining gates and mystic streets
Of the city of lapis lazuli and pearl
Proud deeds step forth, a rank and march of gods.

Although in pauses of our human lives
240 Earth keeps for man some short and perfect hours
When the inconstant tread of Time can seem
The eternal moment which the deathless live,
Yet rare that touch upon the mortal's world:
Hardly a soul and body here are born
245 In the fierce difficult movement of the stars,
Whose life can keep the paradisaic note,
Its rhythm repeat the many-toned melody
Tirelessly throbbing through the rapturous air
Caught in the song that sways the Apsara's limbs
250 When she floats gleaming like a cloud of light,
A wave of joy on heaven's moonstone floor.

Behold this image cast by light and love,
A stanza of the ardour of the gods
Perfectly rhymed, a pillared ripple of gold!
255 Her body like a brimmed pitcher of delight
Shaped in a splendour of gold-coloured bronze
As if to seize earth's truth of hidden bliss.

Dream-made illumined mirrors are her eyes
Draped subtly in a slumbrous fringe of jet,
260 Retaining heaven's reflections in their depths.

Even as her body, such is she within.

Heaven's lustrous mornings gloriously recur,
Like drops of fire upon a silver page,

In her young spirit yet untouched with tears.

265 All beautiful things eternal seem and new
To virgin wonder in her crystal soul.

The unchanging blue reveals its spacious thought;
Marvellous the moon floats on through wondering skies;
Earth's flowers spring up and laugh at time and death;

270 The charmed mutations of the enchanter life
Race like bright children past the smiling hours.

If but this joy of life could last, nor pain
Throw its bronze note into her rhythm'd days!

275 Behold her, singer with the prescient gaze,
And let thy blessing chant that this fair child
Shall pour the nectar of a sorrowless life
Around her from her lucid heart of love,
Heal with her bliss the tired breast of earth
And cast like a happy snare felicity.

280 As grows the great and golden bounteous tree
Flowering by Alacananda's murmuring waves,
Where with enamoured speed the waters run
Lisp'ing and babbling to the splendour of morn
And cling with lyric laughter round the knees
280 Of heaven's daughters dripping magic rain
Pearl-bright from moon-gold limbs and cloudy hair,
So are her dawns like jewelled leaves of light,
So casts she her felicity on men.

A flame of radiant happiness she was born
290 And surely will that flame set earth alight:
Doom surely will see her pass and say no word!

But too often here the careless Mother leaves
Her chosen in the envious hands of Fate:

The harp of God falls mute, its call to bliss
295 Discouraged fails mid earth's unhappy sounds;
The strings of the siren Ecstasy cry not here
Or soon are silenced in the human heart.

Of sorrow's songs we have enough: bid once
Her glad and griefless days bring heaven here.

300 Or must fire always test the great of soul?

Along the dreadful causeway of the Gods,
Armoured with love and faith and sacred joy,
A traveller to the Eternal's house,
Once let unwounded pass a mortal life."