THE SECRET OF DEATH (FROM THE SANSKRIT): WITH SOME COLLECTED POEMS

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The secret of death (from the Sanskrit): with some collected poems by Edwin Arnold

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EDWIN ARNOLD

THE SECRET OF DEATH (FROM THE SANSKRIT): WITH SOME COLLECTED POEMS

Trieste

TO AMERICA.

Thou new Great Britain! famous, free, and bright l West of thy west sleepeth my ancient East; Our sunsets make thy noons ! Daytime and Night Meet in sweet morning-promise on thy breast.

Fulfil the promise, Queen of boundless lands ! Where, as thine own, an English singer ranks. I, who found favor at thy sovereign hands, Kiss them; and at thy feet lay these, for thanks.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE

SECRET OF DEATH

(from the Sanshrit)

WITH SOME COLLECTED POEMS

B¥

EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT OF ASIA," "PRARLS OF THE FAITH," "INDIAN IDVLLS," "THE INDIAN SONG OF SONGS, AND POEMS "

BOSTON ROBERTS BROTHERS

1885

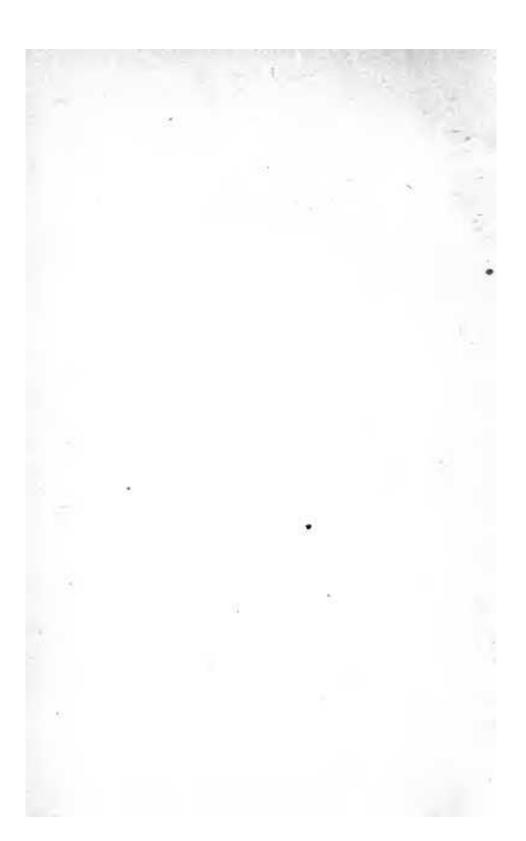
Dedication.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

Because I know my verse shall henceforth live On lips to be, in hearts as yet unbeating; Because the East and West will some day give — When Faith and Doubt are friends, at some far meeting— Late praise to him who dreamed it, — therefore, here, As one that carves upon a growing willow The word it is to keep for many a year; As one that paints, before she breasts the billow, A dear name on his vessel's prow; as one That, finishing a fane, makes dedication With golden letters on the polished stone, Crowning his toil by loving celebration,— Here, while these last, our love I celebrate, For thy sake and thy Mother's, — writing "KATE."

EDWIN ARNOLD.

Christmas, 1884.



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INTRODUCTION.

You ask me, Dear | what perfect thing I find in all my wandering These ancient Sanskrit scrolls amid, Where India's deepest heart is hid? Nothing, I answer, half so wise As one glance from your gentle eyes ! Nothing so tender or so true As one word interchanged with you ! Because, two souls conjoined can see More than the best philosophy. Yet, wise and true and tender lore Waits him who will those leaves explore, Which, plucked from palm or plaintain-tree, Display, in Devanâgari, The grand, sonorous, long-linked lines Wherethrough that "Light of Asia" shines.