

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

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649758043

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

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

EDWIN ARNOLD

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

TO AMERICA.

*Thou new Great Britain! famous, free, and bright!
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 Sanskrit)

WITH SOME COLLECTED POEMS

BY

EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT OF ASIA," "PEARLS OF THE FAITH,"
"INDIAN IDYLLS," "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.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	9
THE SECRET OF DEATH	14
THE EPIC OF THE LION	46
NENCIA.—A Pastoral Poem	66
THE STRATFORD PILGRIMS	89
VERNIER	93
THE RAJAH'S RIDE.—A Punjab Song	105
A BIHARI MILL-SONG	110
HINDOO FUNERAL SONG	115
SONG OF THE SERPENT-CHARMERS	116
SONG OF THE FLOUR-MILL	118
"STUDENTS' DAY" IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY	120
THE KNIGHT'S TOMB AT SWANSCOMBE CHURCH	126
ALLA MANO DELLA MIA DONNA	130
THE HYMN OF THE PRIESTESS OF DIANA	137
TO A SLEEPING LADY	140
TO STELLA	143
INSCRIBED ON A SKULL PICKED UP ON THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS	144
THE NEW LUCIAN	146
ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS ALICE	147
FACIES NON OMNIBUS UNA	148

	PAGE
ARMAGEDDON.—A War Song of the Future	149
THE FOUR CROWNS	153
HAVELOCK IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE	156
OXFORD REVISITED	159
A DUET	160
THE ALTAR OF PITY	162
THE CHOLERA IN ITALY	163
THE FIRST DISTRIBUTION OF THE VICTORIA CROSS	169
THE WRECK OF THE "NORTHERN BELLE"	172
A HOME SONG	186
FOND FANCIES	188
TO H. R. H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES, ON HER FIRST ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND	192
TO F. C. H.	196
ON A DEAD LADY	201
THE THREE STUDENTS	202
SERENADE	204
LYDIA (from Horace)	205
DANTE AND HIS VERSES	207
THE LOST PLEIAD	209
AMADIS OF GAUL TO DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA	223
THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS	224
CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN	231
ON A CYCLAMEN, PLUCKED AT CANA OF GALILEE	234
A DISCOURSE OF BUDDHA	235
THE TWELVE MONTHS	238

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.