

Hushed is the sound of feasting and the clash  
Of bright swords lifted to salute the king.  
Hushed is the brilliant pageant of the court,  
The magic spell is on them and they sleep.

So lay the world at rest, no sign of life  
Save for the honey-hunting moths that hung  
On quiv'ring wings, to sip from jewelled cups  
That clung like lovers' arms round harbour walls;  
A paradise of flowers, symbol fair  
Of the first garden of the human race.  
So passed I on, until at length I came  
To where the ivory gates whose carved scrolls  
A barrier placed betwixt the world without  
And the bright world of love and joy within.  
Most beautiful they looked, those fair white walls,  
Lit by the moonbeams, and I gazed with awe  
Upon the wonders that men's hands had wrought  
In finest traceries and bold designs;  
Carvings of long-dead kings, their wars, the chase.  
Looked down upon me from the palace wall;  
And then, as urged by force invisible,  
The mighty barriers moved on noiseless hinge,  
Slowly they opened outwards to the night  
And at the palace gate there stood a man.  
And then I knew that god-like form that stood  
One foot within the palace, one the wild,  
Was that great Prince who freely gave his all,  
Wife, child and kingdom for the dying world;  
Siddhartha, Prince of India, that blessed name  
That o'er the toiling millions of our race  
Has cast the radiance of immortal love.

Two voices falling through the Indian night,  
Two voices striving for the soul of man,  
The voice of gold, the still small voice of love.  
The echoes ringing from old Sinai's crags  
Still ring across the battlefield of life;  
The many hear the brazen voice of gold,  
But to the few the ear attuned to catch  
The love note from the sky, the voice of God.