

# **BUDDHA WALKS**

## **CHORUS 6: BEYOND THE PALACE**



“Delicate. So very delicate was I.” Thus spoke the Buddha many years later, in talking about his long sheltered life inside the palaces of the king.

He was 29 years old and still had never seen a peasant’s hovel or a crowded sidewalk. He had never heard the cries of an animal at butchering or the din of a teaming marketplace. He had never seen a back bent in pain or sweat on the brow of a common laborer toiling `til his work was done.

He had never felt the scorch of the noonday sun burn his feet or his fine boned face. Nor known the bite of the cruel north wind when a fire was nowhere near to warm him. He had never haggled with a fishmonger to find a fair price, nor gone without the slightest thing for lack of money to pay.

He had never been betrayed by a friend, nor tricked by a thief, nor cheated by a wily tradesman in search of handsome profit. He had never seen neighbors quarreling, nor settled a business dispute, nor resolved a matter of law. In fact , never had he suffered the slightest indignity, nor seen any other person suffering so.