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**MESSAGE OF THE EAST**


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Ananda-Ashrama, La Crescenta, Los Angeles Co., Calif.
Swami Paramananda

My Creed
POEMS

BY
SWAMI PARAMANANDA


PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE BY
THE VEDANTA CENTRE
BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

ANANDA-ASHRAMA
LA CRESCENTA, LOS ANGELES CO., CALIF.
DEDICATED TO ALL WHO LOVE HIGH IDEALS AND BREADTH OF VISION
FOREWORD

The poems in this new volume by my dear friend, the Swami Paramananda, will, I am sure bring to many other readers the same stimulus and inspiration which they have given me.

The breadth of view and the depth of spiritual perception in "My Creed" characterize all these offerings of a richly idealistic and singularly ardent poetic gift:

Now I bow before Thee, neither to the east nor to the west,
Neither to the north nor to the south;
But to all quarters I make my obeisance;
For I see Thee in all . . .
And knowing how my finite life is contained in Thine infinite majesty,
My soul is at peace.

To be capable of ecstasy seems ever more clearly to be the indispensable endowment of the true poet. I find this capacity in
My Creed

this singer. He adores with rapture the manifestation of Divine Love in human faces and in the "sapphire sky," in birds and flowers, sunrises, and moon-wakes on sea and placid rivers. For the sake of the Great Revealer he loves "those that dance with joy" and "those that are crushed by sorrow." He knows himself encircled by the very sweetness and glory of eternal Love; how can he then but feel and sing such ecstasy? And we who hear are kindled by the healing fire of his inspiration.

The spiritual daring of the piece "Be Thou Mad for Me," calling for greater intensity and what the blind of heart will even term "insanity," in the outgoing passion for God, is notable in poetic venture.

The conquering power of gentleness and tenderness over all hardness is exquisitely
set forth in "Friend, Make Not Your Heart Like Stone." And in "Lowly Jesus" there breathes a tribute and comprehension which surely the Son of Mary accepts with joyful heart. Would that the whole Church which bears His Name might feel and live in radiance the beauty of vision and adoration that ennable this wonderful psalm of love!

I have read these poems with responding heart, and gratitude for the shining treasure they have brought me, and I am sure they will prove a spiritual "Open Sesame" to many others also, admitting to a wealth of inspiration and delight. I consider it a high privilege to pen a Foreword to such precious contributions to our enrichment and gladness of spirit.

Eliot White.

New York City.
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[14]
MY CREED

ABIDING Presence, Spirit of the universe, Breath of our life,
In temples and chapels did I seek to worship Thee.
On pilgrimage I sought Thee;
In seclusion I craved to find Thee by quiet meditation.
Many long roads have I followed with eager spirit;
In many turns I thought I almost touched Thee.
Now I find Thee here—here in this nearest space that is not space.
I see Thee everywhere.
Thus the holy truth of Scriptures, known to all seers,
I see with my naked eye:
That Thou art ever present, pervading and permeating all.

[ continued ]

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Now I bow before Thee neither to the east nor to the west,
Neither to the north nor to the south;
But to all quarters I make my obeisance,
For I see Thee in all.

Is my worship in my sacred shrine ended?
My intimate communion before the chosen altar, will it be no more?
Nay, I find Thee there still;
Yet art Thou manifest in all without.
Thus I worship Thee in forms of infinite vastness.

In Thy unfathomed glory the atom of my life is magnified;
In this unfolded vision my soul is expanded;
And knowing how my finite life is contained in Thine infinite Majesty,
My soul is at peace.
THOU WHO GIVEST THY BOUNTY

O Thou who givest Thy bounty
With ceaseless love
And tender blessing,
Alas, how oft we come to Thee,
Our hands and hearts already filled
With fear, doubt, and all this world’s endless possessions.
Thou who givest Thy bounty,
We pray that Thou dost give us power of sanctity
To receive Thy blessing.
We pray that Thou dost open our sight of understanding;
And place us in Thy kingdom of safety
Where conflict of doubting life hath no entry.
We pray unto Thee for this—and this alone.
THOU dost lift me up
So far above this rank and file
My feet do not touch
Nor hand hold aught
That hinders my soul's flight.
To this sphere I rise
When Thy love fills my heart;
When Thy love fills my soul
I am light, and in light I float.
THINK ON ME

When thou hast reached glory's heights.
Think on Me
When thou hast fallen to misery's uttermost depths.
Think on Me
When thou hast spoke or done aught to wound thy brother.
Think on Me, O think on Me
When thou art drowned in despair.
I will purge thy heart of grief;
I will heal thy wounded soul
And plant a new seed of life to redeem thy dead hope.

Why dost thou wander away from Me?
Why dost thou shut thy door and brood in darkness?

O come to Me with guileless heart.
I will not fail thee;
I will grant thee peace.
I SHALL CALL ON THEE EVER

WHEN thrown I will lie at Thy feet prostrate;
When lifted I will cling to Thy hand of might;
When in dark I shall pray for Thy light;
When in light I shall pray for its staying.
In honor I shall be humble,
In censure I shall be of gentle heart,
And in safety or danger
I shall call on Thee ever.
SPIRIT OF LOVE

SPIRIT of Love, open Thy gate!
I wait here on Thy threshold,
gasping for life.
O Spirit of Love, breathe into my soul
Thy breath of love,
else I live no more.
Verily Thou art life—all joy—all peace!
Spirit of Love, fill me anew;
Be Thou, Thyself, my all.
Rule Thou my body, mind and heart.
Let Thy voice speak,
Let Thy breath breathe
And Thy pulse pulsate my whole being.
Let Thy music resound and fill my soul.

O Spirit of Love, open—open Thy gate.
I am waiting on Thy threshold!
SOAR MY SOUL

SOAR, my soul, to high sphere
Where air is pure and free.
Soar, my soul, where sight and sound are still.
Soar, my soul, soar, soar
And breathe the breath of life.
THE LIGHT WILL SHINE

The light will shine, yea, the light will shine
Amid all ungenial sight and sound;
Over all dark and dreary place,
The light will shine, yea, the light will shine.
The moon dances in the rose garden
And casts its gleam on a rubbish pile;
Yet it ever remains the same moon,
Lovely and divine.
The fire burns the dross,
The fire burns the gold;
Yet fire ever remains bright and shining.
Like unto the light of the soul
It will shine,
Ever and ever it will shine.
TALISMAN

O THOU carry Me as a talisman
Ever hid deep in thy heart.
Keep me there well hid,
And keep Me ever in thy thought.
If thou dost not have Me in thy thought,
Thou canst not carry Me in thy heart.
Think of Me at all times,
Keep watch, keep watch.
They can never keep Me
Whose mind and mouth are not one.
KINGFISHER MY SOUL

The pearl of great price is hid.
Dive deep, dive deep,
Kingfisher, my soul,
Dive deep, and seek.

Perchance thou findest nothing first;
Kingfisher, my soul,
Persist, persist;
Dive deep, dive deep and seek.

They who know not the secret will laugh
And will make thee sad;
But lose not thy courage,
Kingfisher, my soul.
The pearl is there, hid.
Faith will find the treasure,
And what is hid will reveal.
Dive deep, dive deep,
Kingfisher, my soul,
And seek and seek.
DO THOU COME UNTO ME

IVING up all other thoughts,
Seeking no other aid,
Do thou come to Me.
Unto Me do thou come,
I shall save thee—
From all sin shall I save.
Do thou take thy shelter here.
Have no other thought or care;
Only do thou think on Me.
Be rid of all fear, all fear.
THE WHEEL OF LIFE

WRONG turn of the wheel of life
Doth bring us even to a point of dangerous fall;
And yet but a slight turn of the selfsame wheel to the right, rights our wrong.
Let us right our wrong to the end;
To the end let us right all wrong.
I AM AN IMMORTAL SOUL

AM an immortal soul.
Ne’er was I bound to flesh,
Nor will I be bound now.
I am an immortal soul, ever free,
One with First Cause, Great Immensity.
To this Truth will I anchor my thought.
Let storm of doubt and disease blow,
Ever will I stay fast;
To Truth will I cling.
I am an immortal soul;
Imperfection have I none.
Wisdom, unwisdom, virtue, and sin,
These have I none.
None, none of these have I.
Immortal soul am I,
Ever free, ne’er bound.
ALL WILL I FORSAKE

ALL will I forsake to have Thee as mine.
All will I forget with thoughts of Thee alone.
All will I leave behind
To hear Thy music day and night.
And if perchance I sleep,
I shall dream of Thee in my dreaming.
When Thou art with me I feel lack of nothing.
Love, joy, wisdom and strength,
Faith and prayer—surge in my soul;
All will I forsake to have Thee as mine.
HARBOR OF SAFETY

NEVER was I happy with reasoning;
Never was I myself with thoughts of conjecture.
Only in simple faith did I find
A stillness,
A marvelous depth
Where soul being drowned,
Itself became its mistress.
Freedom, joy, and detachment,
Detached of all terrestrial chain
And yet bound with unbreakable union,
Like a ship anchored in the harbor of eternal safety.
ALOHA

ALOHA! I love you.
Aloha! I greet you,
I greet you with love—
A fair greeting with music of
thought
Touched tenderly on one universal chord,
On music of thought!
Drown all discord from hearts of men.
Let man's rhythmic being sing
Aloha! Anandam!
Song of love and song of joy.
BE THOU MAD FOR ME

BE THOU mad with thought of Me,
Be thou mad with love of Me,
Be thou mad with joy,
Be thou mad with yearning.
In this mad world be thou ever mad for Me.

Some are mad for pleasure,
Some are mad with pain;
Some are mad for name and glory,
Some are mad through fame;
Some are mad for gain and grandeur,
Some are mad in vain.
Some are mad for woman's love,
Some are mad for wealth;
Some are mad with selfish thoughts,
Some are mad from wits deranged.
In such a world of mad chaos
Be thou mad for Me.
My Creed

THY ABUNDANT GIFT

WHEN Thou gavest me life
Thou gavest abundantly;
But alas, I made myself poor
With thoughts of lack.

When Thou gavest me dwelling
It was full of light;
But alas! I have brought darkness and fear.

That light once so abundant
Now hath become dim and rare.

Giver, Lover, most indulgent Mother,
Tear from me, O tear from me that which hides Thy light!
ALL IS WELL WITH ME

HOU hast given me the word
And I have spoken.
Thou hast given me the voice
And I have sung.

Good or ill, fair or foul,
These have I banished,
Knowing what Thou doest is ever well.

All is ever well with me
When Thou dost dwell in me as my all.
ON WINGS OF INSPIRATION

ON WINGS of inspiration when I float,
I see the fairies winding their golden thread
To weave magic carpets,
And shining devas floating in ether
To watch over those who seek their aid.
All this dense and dreary world
Aflame with light and life!
I hear music and laughter
And I see a light that soothes my sight.
When on wings of inspiration
All is changed to beauty and brightness,
And all is made divine.
Death and despair, hard, sad,
And all sordid facts of life
Are made divine, divine.
I COME TO THIS RIVER BANK

COME to this river bank day after day
To wash this vestment of my heart.
If fortune ever helps me to make it spotless white
I will dip it in the dye of His love.
FRIEND, MAKE NOT YOUR HEART LIKE STONE

FRIEND, make not your heart like stone, hard and unfeeling.
Stone endureth not time nor stroke.
Hard stone doth break and crumble,
But behold the blade of grass!
When thou dost trample o'er it,
It lies in utter humility,
   Yea, and is left unharmed.
In His sweet garden the stones are cast aside,
And the lowly grass adorns the lawn.
MAN LOVES AND MAN HATES

MAN loves and man hates,
But He, the All-loving, ever
loves and never hates.
Man laughs and man weeps;
Man smiles and man frowns;
Man sorrows and man sighs;
Man schemes and seeks revenge
And ever carries an anxious heart,
But He, the All-loving, ever smiles
His unchanging benediction upon all.
MAN OF GOD

MAN of God, move forward on thy path.
Let not thy heart be distressed, nor lose thy courage.
Walk alone, walk on, and weep if thy heart is heavy;
But let not thy spirit sink in grief, nor give up thy march.
O man of God, thou art a stranger here amidst this world's crowd,
Yet thy lonely tread sheds light upon this dark and desolate world.
O thou brave, bleeding heart,
Giver of sweet peace to world-weary souls.
THE CLOCK OF LIFE

MOMENTS of sorrow
And moments of joy,
Moments of sunshine
And moments of cloud,
All are but drops
In the Infinite bosom of Eternity.
Time is but a witness
When the hand of destiny
Winds the clock of life.
MY ETERNAL TREASURE

NOW shall I give thee My eternal treasure,
For thou hast forsaken the wealth of this world.
I held this for thee always in Mine own safe-keeping
And waited for the ripening of thy soul.
Take thou now what is thine own and rejoice at thy blessing.
Let thy soul sing and make other souls sing.
Blessed songster, fill the air with thy song.
It will quicken faith in desolate hearts;
It will awaken strength in weak bodies
And it will infuse new life into all despondent souls.
Sing, O songster, sing thou thy song!
My Creed

BURN THOU STEADILY ON

BURN, burn, burn Thou steadily on;
Consume all, conflagrate all with Thy flame of love!

Burn in my heart,
Burn in my soul,
Burn in my body,
Burn in my mind.

Burn, burn, burn Thou steadily on!

Sin will cease,
Dark will pass,
Doubt will die,
Gloom will fade
Before Thy radiant glow.

Burn, burn, burn Thou steadily on!
Flame of Love,
Flame of Life,
O Thou eternal, undying Flame!
Day and night, sleep and wake,
Burn Thou steadily on!

Burn Thou in,
Burn Thou out,
Burn Thou ever on;
Burn in my heart,
Burn in my soul,
Burn Thou steadily on!
BLESSING SIN AND MISERY

If SIN teach thee humility
   And bring thee nearer to God,
   Oh, bless it!
If misery purify thy heart,
   Oh, bless it
   And welcome it!
If all thy friends abandon thee
   And thou art left alone, helpless,
Be glad!
He will come then,
For He loves those who are alone.
DIVINE ORACLE, SING

DIVINE oracle, sing again and
sing freely with thy voice
of inspiration.
Sing for Him Who hath given
thee thy voice and tongue.
Sing for Him—Him alone.
Pay heed to naught that distracts thy soul.
Sing for Him,
For Him do thou sing.
FEVER OF SELFISHNESS

Oh, THIS burning fever of selfishness—
Consuming thirst of self-love, ambition, and greed,
Envy, pride, and self-pity!
How these evils haunt our life through disease of self.

"Dost thou call this illusion, a passing dream;
All my pain unreal,
My sorrows unfounded?"

Aye, weary soul, verily all this is unreal—
A passing dream sprung of dark night of despair.
Drink thou this nectar of love
Thy fever will cease,
Thine anguish pass,
And thou shalt gain pure sight.
TUNE WITH LOVE

YE IMMORTAL souls, chained
to earth with thousand
fetters,
Do not carry venom in your
hearts.
Resist not evil,
But the same do ye overcome by love.
Age-long riddles of life are never solved
Save when our hearts are tuned with love.
With love tune your heart, hand, body,
and mind.
LOWLY JESUS

JESUS, most tender,
I would not call Thee such,
Thou majestic Being;
But once Thou didst reveal to
me a strange mystery:
I saw Thee, not in Thy dazzling glory,
But as a lowly Being intent on a holy
mission.
Thou didst not stop to receive pompous
worship and loud prayers of men,
But I saw Thee stoop and lift from the
dust a stricken, discarded life,
To revive and redeem.
O Thou Holy Compassion,
Love embodied,
I know Thee now,
I love Thee now;
My heart is full of adoration.
I knew Thee not in Thy dazzling glory.
A MAN AMONG MEN

ONCE I saw Thee walking among men—a man,
Yet wert Thou apart.
Not in Thy dazzling splendor,
But through Thy humble being and mark of heaven's compassion,
Thus did I find Thee and reach Thee.
If Thou wert a king, I could not have reached Thee;
If Thou wert in great splendor, I could not have gazed upon Thee;
If Thou wert in Thy holy might,
I could not have dared approach Thee.
O Thou heavenly Being,
Thou hast cleansed, sanctified and redeemed this abandoned spark of life.
TENDER COMPASSION

HOLY, Holy, Holy,
Thou divine Compassion!
Unearthly on earth,
Thou tender Compassion!
We love Thee, we worship Thee,
we adore Thee,
Thou tender Compassion.
Thou hast healed us,
Thou hast redeemed us,
O Thou most holy, tender Compassion!
We kneel before Thee,
We bend before Thee;
Do Thou enfold us with Thy tender
Compassion.
O Holy, Holy, Holy!

Amen.
GRIEVE NOT, FEAR NOT

TURN thy face to Me; grieve not.
Why dost thou fear, my child?
Fear not, but look to Me;
I will give thee comfort.
I will dry thy tears with My hand of love
And put on thy countenance a radiant smile.
I am the Spirit of joy;
Where I am there is no sadness.
I am the perpetual Springtime;
I am the tenderness of love;
I am the essence of life, residing in all living things.
I am in thee now and evermore.
When wilt thou know this and be free of fear and doubt?
KEEP ME NOT WAITING AT THY DOOR

Oh, KEEP me not waiting at Thy door!
I am weary, yea, I am worn with longing.
Thou knowest my yearning soul,
Why dost Thou keep me waiting?
If it be Thy pleasure to make me weep,
Then shall I weep tears of joy;
If it be Thy pleasure to burn me in anguish,
Then let my heart be a burning fire of anguish.
Oh, Beloved, it is for Thee I am mad,
It is for Thee I am silent,
It is for Thee I am eloquent,
It is for Thee I am sad.
My exuberance leaps like a flame in joy
When I am with Thee.
My love, my life, my soul's passion,
My heart's throb, and all my unknown depths,
Yea, all, all are contained in Thee.
For Thee I live,
With Thee I walk,
In Thee I delight.
My Creed

THY GIFT I CARRY

HOU hast blessed;
Yea, I feel blessed.
Thou hast given;
I have taken in wonder.

In mute silence
Thy gift I carry
Where'er I go.
Land or sea,
Far or near,
In crowd or in seclusion,
I carry, I carry—
I carry only what Thou hast given.
I have not spoken aught
Nor can I speak,
But Thou hast made my tongue to sing
My soul's hiddenmost yearning;
Thus I sing, I sing.

[ 54 ]
My Creed

Will I forget Thee if perchance
Others look to me for light?
All light is Thine;
This Thou hast shown me oft.
Thou and world, I and mine,
All these thoughts arise;
But when I am alone with Thee
And no thought hinders my soaring soul
I find all, and
All I find in Thee.
UNFAILING LAMP

TRANQUIL, transcendent, un-failing lamp!
Like a star of the far-distant realm
Dost Thou shine with gentle glow at the sanctuary door,
Revealing hidden path and awakening ever-fresh hope in the heart of weary souls.
If perchance my eyes are dimmed or distracted by the world's glamour
Yet do Thou ever show me His compassion
At whose door Thou dost shine.
TAKE ALL

 TAKE all, take all,
Only give me Thy peace.”
Thus did I cry in my sleep,
And great peace did I feel enfolding me.
But on waking did I find in my hand
The things I renounced in my dream!
Oh, let me dream again.
Again let me renounce all
That hinders my soul’s freedom.
SOUL’S HEALING LIGHT

Oh! RADIANT Sun,
MY soul’s healing Light,
Shine upon my life day and night!
Day and night do Thou shed upon my life Thy healing radiance.
My prayer is weak and faltering,
But Thou all-seeing Sun knowest my inmost need.
A SECRET
SECRET have I learned today,
And this will I unfold to thee
in deep silence
And only in a whisper:
It is not our merit that earns us His grace;
Nay, nor is it our strength that gives
power to hold His Hand;
He helps us in our helplessness.
The saints call Him all-loving,
But I find Him all love.
SHINE IN MY SOUL

SHINE in my soul,
O Thou all-effulgent Light!
Do not let me grope in this hideous darkness.
Reveal Thy purpose
And bestow upon me Thy doubt-destroying Light.
Shine Thou upon my soul!
In this, my hour of need, I cry unto Thee.
GIVE ME THY HAND

In EVERY step I invoke Thy grace,
With every breath I crave Thy blessing,
At every glance I yearn for Thy face.
Life is lonely without Thee.
Heart is vacant when Thou art not in it,
And my body throws its weight upon me as if in death.
Oh, let me not grope, but give me Thy hand.
Thy hand is my guide, my sole sustenance;
Thy benign face is my light;
The blessing of Thy smile is my consummation.
THY FOOTSTEPS

THE sound of Thy footsteps awoke me.
This did I dream once in dead of night:
In dream I saw Thee and felt Thy living touch;
In dream didst Thou speak to my ear in silent whisper;
In dream did I follow Thee, enchanted, leaving my body in sleep;
In dream did I see many wondrous sights as I roamed with Thee.
Now my sleep is ended and my dream is gone;
But my heart is quickened by Thy footsteps,
My body made alive by Thy touch,
My eyes purified by Thy sight,
And my ears are ever filled with Thy voice.
Now I can dream no more, for one dream
Has filled my life full, oh, so full!
I stay awake now both day and night.

AS I LOVE THEE

H, WHEN will that day come
When I shall see Thee in all?
And all will I love
As I love Thee.
WAKE THOU NOW

AKE thou, slumbering soul!
Dost thou not know the loved one is waiting at thy door?
Not a moment, nay, not a moment,
But an hour is gone.
How wilt thou redeem thy lost opportunity?
Wake thou now and seek Him.
I AM DREAMING

AM dreaming, dreaming all
day and night;
Dreaming of life in ceaseless
harmony,
Dreaming of sparkling eternity
Like a fountain of undying life-stream.
Oh, this dream of mad exuberance,
Unchecked impetus to attain the pinnacle
of unspoiled beauty
Where souls of men delight in others' happiness,
Where hearts of men sing to awaken other hearts from slumber!
Oh, this dream of my heart—
Be it true or be it false,
I shall dream again and again and forever more.
STAY OR 'GO AT THY WILL

NOT man's urging
Nor fancy's wings
Shall guide my course.
Never shall I walk in safety
Nor find a shelter out of world's concourse
Save when Thou dost dwell in me,
Yea, in my heart of hearts,
And my thoughts fasten to Thee ever.
Stay or go at Thy will;
At Thy will, will I go or stay,
Speak or laugh or weep
Or perchance in deep silence muse on
Thy eternal mystery.
My Creed

THE EVER PURE SOUL

The ever pure soul,
The Shining Spirit, art thou
Who art aware of thy true life.
These garments that we wear
Perchance are stained or torn.
We can mend the tear
And the stain can be cleansed,
If we but think and remember That which
can never change.
THY GRACE

THY grace is my strength.
In waking and sleeping,
In talking and walking,
Make me possess Thy grace.

Thy grace is my safety.
When alone or in crowd,
When abroad or at home,
Oh, let me not walk or sleep
Without Thy grace of safety.

Thy grace is my glory,
Yea, Thy grace is my abiding peace.
When I possess Thy grace my heart sings
with joy,
My body vibrates life
And my soul is exalted.
My Creed

O mind, in world’s confusion
forget not this truth;
My poor, distracted mind,
cling to the holy grace
With all Thy strength.

THE VEIL

AMIDST the world’s confusion
Who will give me true sight,
If Thou, Giver of life,
Dost not lift the veil from
mine eyes?
THOU MY COMRADE

T IS easier far to dare
When Thou, my great Friend,
  art near
To shield me from danger
Or to distract my mind from self-reproach.
It is easier far to look upon life with cheer
When Thou art with me as my comrade.
Wealth of life is too heavy with weight,
Yea, too, too heavy with weight,
When Thou art not there to guide my steps.
I am frail, yea, I am weak;
When forgetting Thee I lean on my strength.
Will a day come when Thou and I shall become unsevered and one?
Will a day come when conflict of life will cease
And only Thy countenance shall I behold in all?
HAND OF LOVE WILL WORSHIP

HAND of love will worship,
Heart of love will pray,
Mind of love will soar to the heights
And eye of love will gaze.
Then hand, heart, mind and eye
All will work as one for One.
GIVER OF PURE SIGHT

Holy Light, revealing Light,
Giver of pure sight,
Thou hast removed all my dark confusion;
Thou hast made my heart like unto a cloudless sky.
Glory unto Thee, Thou all-glorious Light.
Do Thou abide with me at all hours of day and night.
Without Thee my soul hath no life;
Without Thee my heart hath no love
And my mind wanders in endless confusion.
O Thou redeeming, revealing Light,
Do Thou stay with me, I pray unto Thee.
I WILL DARE NOW

WILL dare now to suffer
If Thou givest me assurance
That I shall ever find Thee closer.
Suffering hath no sting for me,
Darkness hath no gloom,
Aloneness is not lonely
When Thou art near.
WHEN FORTUNE FROWNS

WHEN fortune frowns, he loves me
Who loves me well.
When fortune hath smiled,
Many have smiled to see me smile;
But when fortune hath frowned,
Only he hath smiled to make me smile
Who loves me well.
THE GREAT GAME OF LIFE

In this great game of life
There is loss and there is gain.
If thou canst not stand the loss,
Then do not ask for gain.
Loss and gain, gain and loss,
Are ever in all games;
But in this great game of life
Look alike on both loss and gain.
This wise counsel of ages long
Will never fail, will never fail.
KINDLE IN MY SOUL

KINDLE in my soul a fire
Whose consuming flame will burn all;
Only Spirit will remain shining alone
Amidst ashes of dross.
Mortal garb will no more hide
Nor hinder its pristine light from shining.
TRAPS OF DELUSION

AM ill or I am well;
I am sad or I am happy;
I am rich or I am poor;
I am great or I am small;
I am mighty or I am weak;
I am this or I am that.
These traps of delusion,
Vanities, subtle snares,
Will I shatter forever.
With Thy strength
Will I break these fetters
That bind my ever-free soul.
If Thou dost grant me strength,
Thy strength I want, not mine.
Nay, never my strength I want
But only Thine—only Thine.
LONE WANDERER

ONE wanderer, rest thy feet;
There is no need of haste.
Refresh thy tired spirit
In the cool shade of surrender.
Do not strain nor run in feverish haste;
He is not far.
Miss Him not through haste
Nor blur thine eyes through strain.
WORK WITHOUT FEAR

WORK without fear, work without greed,
What recompense wilt thou have?
What reward will suffice thee
Save to win His pleasure through thy service?
Work without fear, work without greed.
Look not to praise nor be hindered by blame,
But work without fear and work without greed.
TIRED PILGRIM

TIRED pilgrim, pause awhile;
Pause yet awhile.
Sleep will rest your body and mind,
Thought will nourish your soul.
This dwelling is for pilgrims,
This hearth is for their warmth,
This well is to quench their thirst,
This couch is to rest their limbs.
This dwelling is built for pilgrims,
And only for those who have none—who have none.
MY SOUL BE THOU PATIENT

MY SOUL, be thou patient with those who do not understand,
Be thou loving with those who are harsh,
Be thou kind to those who inflict wounds,
Be thou tender with those who are in pain.
My soul, be thou filled with gladness,
Be thou filled with faith,
Be thou filled with light,
And be thou filled with love.
SOUL'S EFFULGENT LIGHT

WHEN soul's effulgent light shines forth,
Troubles are no more.
Petty worries, fears and all our endless cares
Are no more, are no more,
When soul's effulgent light shines forth.
The dark clouds of thought
That hang over our mind
Are no more—are no more.
AT THE CROSSROAD OF LIFE

SITTING at the crossroad of life
I was musing:
Shall I take this Path or the
other?
Which will lead me there,
This or the other?
Thus I sat and mused a long time,
pondering, pondering;
Then suddenly I heard a silent voice:
"Take neither, take none;
Neither of these will lead thee there.
There is another; seek thou that."

"There is another; seek thou that."
This rang in my ear till all other sounds
Were drowned and forgot.

[ continued ]
Where shall I seek?
What was this voice?
Whence did it come?
This I asked with struggling mind
Restless with longing to find.

Again I heard the silent voice:
"Restless mind will never find where I am. I am within, most within. In Thine innermost being."
LET US HALT NOW

FRIEND, companion of my journey,
Let us halt now;
The toil of struggle will cease in surrender.
See thou yon autumn leaf?
Behold how it obeys the mighty wind:
Whirled by the fury of storm, it spins unresisting.
Alas, it is tossed in a crevice
Where it lies now in its shelter unresisting.
LOVE, THOU ART MY GOD

LOVE! Thou art my God,
My Goddess,
My Master and my Mistress,
My Consort,
My Playmate,
My Comrade and Companion—
All these and more art Thou.
Sweet ecstasy of life
I find in Thee.
With Thee I am;
Without Thee I am nothing.
Now Thou hast come to me
I feel secure,
All cares are gone,
My faith and courage
Have blossomed like twin flowers,
My heart is like a green garden
Fragrant after a shower of dewdrops at
dawn.
Love! stay with me, stay on;
Without Thee life is a desolation.
Yet will I not hold Thee
Nor urge Thy staying.
Thou art delicate, most tender;
I will not press,
But only will I invoke, worship, and pray
at Thy shrine.
NONE CAN SING WHOSE VOICE IS NOT UNLOCKED

NONE can sing, yea really sing,
Whose voice is not unlocked.
Only when the goddess of inspiration
Touches the throat with her hand of grace
Can mortal sing.
Not till then, nay, not till then,
Can one sing—really sing.
ALWAYS WE LEARN

WE LEARN, we learn, we learn. Through shame and fame we learn;
Through pain and joy we learn;
Through praise and blame we learn;
Through heat and cold we learn;
Through loss and gain we learn.
We learn, we learn, we learn,
Always we learn.
FLAME OF FAITH

FLAME of Faith, burn Thou in my heart day and night without ceasing.
In Thy glow I shall read this book of life,
And walk my path of destiny without fear.
Flame of Faith, burn Thou without ceasing.
I have no other guide to show my course.
Flame of Faith, let Thy radiant glow
Help me to find those who are in the dark
And bring them to Thy light.
Thou dost put courage in my heart
And quicken my body with new life
And mind with undying vigor.
Thou blessed Flame,
Burn Thou without ceasing in my heart
And let me walk on the path of life
Without fear, doubt, or thought of self.
WHERE THY FEET HAVE TOUCHED

WHERE Thy feet have touched
Will I plant flower seeds to mark with fragrance.
Where Thy laughter hath sounded
Will I make tree-towers for song birds.
This body will I keep clean and untouched
For Thy touch.
Beloved, Love, Lover,
Union, communion, ecstatic reveries:
All these will I keep sealed in my soul
For speechless musing.
HOLY ETERNITY, BOUNDLESS GLORY

HOLY Eternity, boundless Glory!
I crave to invoke Thee,
But my tongue hath no utterance.
I long to follow Thee,
But my feet are fastened to the ground.
Wilt Thou not remove my fetter of self
That I may follow Thee always without hindrance?
My Creed

MY NATURE'S SANCTUARY

ROAM in this, my Nature's sanctuary
Fragrant with perfumed breath,
Shining with living radiance of beauty,
Sacred by its own virtue,
Bestowing beneficence,
Awakening life and ecstasy,
Asking naught, yet giving all to its votaries.
Where would I seek God if I find Him not here?
My body, bend thou now and sing thy song of holy humility.
My heart, rejoice!
Here is enshrined the Maker of all beauty.
My soul, now is the hour of thy fulfillment.

[ 95 ]
BIRD OF SONG

BIRD of song, sing again thy song of bliss!
My soul is stirred;
I feel an unknown depth that was not mine till now.

What note hast thou struck?
What melody hast thou roused in my soul?
What new emotion hast thou awakened in me?

O bird of song, sing again and once again,
That I may learn thy song of bliss.
Thy music hath wrought a miracle.
Behold how I lift my feet and float with the rhythm of thy song.

Sing again and again and again,
Till my eager heart drinks the soul of thy song.

Songbird of divine ecstasy, keep on singing thy joyous song
Till the rhythm of harmony makes us both one.
SPIRIT OF DAWN

The Spirit of Dawn raised the curtain of night. With her gentle hand, she bathed the face of the flowers in soft morning light. She adorned them with beauty, breathing sweet perfume into their souls. Behold how the faces of the flowers smile—expanded with life, love, and joy.
DO THE TREES SING AND DANCE?

Child:

MOTHER, do the trees ever speak like us?
Do they ever sing and dance?

Mother:
Yes, my child, I have seen them smiling, dancing with the sunbeams,
And have heard them sing their supplication with murmuring leaves at dawn;
They make their obeisance by bending their boughs to the rising sun.

Child:
Please, mother, rouse me at dawning.
I should like to sing with the trees
And dance with the sunbeams and bathe my face in the dewdrops that shine upon our lawn.
Please, mother, wake me before the sun rise;
I must learn their dance and song.
My Creed

Mother:
I will call thee; but if thine eyelids are heavy with slumber,
Then thou must wake when thy sleep is gone.

PASSWORD OF THE BEE

THE bee gave its password to the flower,
And the flower readily opened its door
To give its heart's treasure.
There is a strange alliance between the flower and the bee.
DESSERT NIGHT

THIS star-strewn canopy o’er-head,
Covering vast expanse of space,
Alluring our gaze to limitless vision;
The play of light and shade,
Seen and unseen;
The strange and mysterious drama of life,
enacted in unspoken words,
Make us dumb with wonder
And our minds still with fathomless thoughts.
Our souls cry out in mute ecstasy:
O wonder of wonders!
O beauty of creation!
O boundless life!
I, a part of Thee,
And Thou, my Origin!
THOU alone hast placed us upon this mountain pinnacle.

Thou alone canst give us sight and hearing
That we may behold the silent rocks in quiet contemplation
And place upon them our humble hands in reverence.
Our purified ears may hear the music of the mountain
That ever falls upon the deaf ear of the unfeeling world.
MEDITERRANEAN MOON

HOU tender goddess of heaven,

Ever radiant with thy benign smile,

Infusing subtle beneficence into all nature,

Awakening amorous thoughts in the hearts of men and beasts,

What hypnotic spell dost thou cast upon us with thy guileless smile?

Behold this majestic, somber, deep blue water

How it doth reflect thy sweet silvery smile.

Thou art tender, yet art thou potent;

Yea, thou dost transform all nature by thy gentle might.

In the heart of music dost thou awaken pathos of love,

Glow of happiness and bitterness of pain;

In the soul of poet dost thou quicken ceaseless longing for thy Maker.

[ 102 ]
My Creed

Thou mysterious, soft, and gentle lamp of
heaven,
In thy gracious light we read this great
book of life—
Some with joyous heart and others in
saddest plight.

I PUT COLOR IN SKY

PUT color in sky through set-
ting sun to capture thy
restive gaze.
I am the light that reveals,
I am the shadow that veils the light,
I am the lustre of scarlet,
I am sombre in black,
I am soft,
I am lovely,
I am the soul of color residing as beauty.
THE DAWN COMES

AFTER night of storm and strain
The dawn comes, the dawn comes.
O dawn of splendor!
Dawn of glory!
Thou hast come, thou hast come!
How glad our heart,
How happy our mind,
How fresh our body,
How vibrant our life.
O dawn of splendor!
Dawn of glory!
Thou hast come, thou hast come!
I smile to think of all the worries,
All the gloom that hung,
All the fearful, roaring winds,
And all the crashing sounds.

[ 104 ]
My Creed

How ominous all things looked!
Surely, thought I, the end is near.
All are gone now Thou art come.
O dawn of glory!
Dawn of splendor!
Thou art come, Thou art come!
TALL TOWERING TREE

ILL the tall towering tree with uplifted head
Say to the root hid in ground:
Thou art low and beneath my gaze.
Behold how majestic I am—
I breathe exalted air,
I am adorned with mighty limbs,
Fair and luscious are my fruits;
But alas thou art low.
Let the mighty tree try to stand severed from its roots
And the man apart from God!
ONLY THEIR SMILE WE SEE

In SILENT adoration, these sweet blossoms
Pour out their heart's devotion to Thee.
In silence they sing their song of joy;
Only their smile we see.
Their song we cannot hear,
Yet the exuberance of their heart's devotion we sense
In their divine fragrance.
SUNSET ON THE GANGES

SUNSET on the Ganges!
Such a color, such a beauty
I have never seen! I have never seen!
Tinted ripples, blue and amber,
Glistening foam as beads of silver
Dancing at sunset on Ganges' bosom serene.
Such a painting is only seen in dream;
Such a calm is only felt within—only within.

Sunset on the Ganges!
Such a color, such a beauty
I have never seen! I have never seen!
Setting sun hath no reflector
so serene, so clean.
Flame and water mixed together
never before have I seen!
never before have I seen!
Sunset on the Ganges is a holy sight.
Never before such wonder have I seen!
THEE I LOVE IN ALL

I love in all, and all I love
for Thee.
Youth and old, rich and poor,
The birds that sing and birds that cry,
Faces that shine and faces in gloom:
In all I love Thee, and for Thee I love them all.
I adore Thee in flowers, I adore Thee in trees—and in grass that grows so low.
I lift my head in worship to gaze upon
Thee in sapphire sky.
As I stand on the river bank and behold
Thy silver gleam on moonlit night,
My heart throbs with delight.

I sing Thy praise with the glory of dawn,
And I chant Thy supplication at the quiet
of setting sun;

[ continued ]

[ 111 ]
I love those that dance with joy,
And I love those that are crushed by sorrow.
For Thee I love them all, and Thee I love in all.
Above and below and on all sides hast Thou encircled me.
It is Thy love I give Thee
As the altar-flower gives its fragrance at Thy feet.
Art Thou not its fragrance and its life?
Art Thou not its beauty and its soul?
Like unto that flower I lie at Thy feet
And offer Thee Thine own gift—my love and my life.