

From my eyes, and my throat will refuse to utter
Its prayers, choking and stammering with ecstasy,
When all the hairs of my body will stand on end with joy!

Ah, how I long for the day
When an instant's separation from thee, O Govinda,
Will be as a thousand years;
When my heart burns away with its desire,
And the world without thee is a heartless void.

Prostrate at thy feet let me be, in unwavering devotion,
Neither imploring the embrace of thine arms
Nor bewailing the withdrawal of thy presence
Though it tears my soul asunder.
O Thou, who stealest the hearts of thy devotees,
Do with me what thou wilt—
For thou art my heart's beloved, thou—and thou alone.

FROM THE UPANISHADS

सर्वे वेदा यत्पदमामनन्ति तपांसि सर्वाणि च यद्वदन्ति।

यदिच्छन्तो ब्रह्मचर्यं चरन्ति तत्ते पदं सङ्ग्रेहेण ब्रवीमि ॐ इति एतत्॥

sarve vedā yatpadam āmananti tapāṁsi sarvāṇi ca yad vadanti |
yad-icchanto brahmacharyaṁ caranti tat te padaṁ saṅgrahaṇa bravīmi
om iti etat ||

एतद्ध्येवाक्षरं ब्रह्म एतद्ध्येवाक्षरं परम्।

एतद्ध्येवाक्षरं ज्ञात्वा यो यदिच्छति तस्य तत्॥ १६॥

etaddhyevākṣaraṁ brahma etaddhyevākṣaraṁ param |
etaddhyevākṣaraṁ jñātvā yo yadicchati tasya tat || 16 ||

The goal which all the Vedas declare, which all austerities aim at and
which men desire when they lead the life of continence, I will tell you
briefly: it is Om.

This syllable Om is indeed Brahman. This syllable is the Highest.
Whosoever knows this syllable obtains all that he desires. *KU* 1.2.15-16

प्रणवो धनुः शरो ह्यात्मा ब्रह्म तल्लक्ष्यमुच्यते। अप्रमत्तेन वेद्धव्यं शरवत्तन्मयो भवेत्॥

praṇavo dhanuḥ śaro hyātmā brahma tallakṣyam ucyate |
apramattena veddhavyaṁ śaravat-tanmayo bhavet ||

OM is the bow; the ātman is the arrow; Brahman is said to be the
mark. It is to be struck by an undistracted mind. Then the ātman
becomes one with Brahman, as the arrow with the target. *MU* 2.2.4

THE HOLY NAME

(A VEDANTA RETREAT)

चेतोदर्पणमार्जनं भवमहादावाग्निनिर्वापणं

श्रेयःकैरवचन्द्रिकावितरणं विद्यावधूजीवनम् ।

आनन्दाम्बुधिर्वर्धनं प्रतिपदं पूर्णामृतास्वादनं

सर्वात्मस्नपनं परं विजयते श्रीकृष्ण सङ्कीर्तनम् ॥ १ ॥

cetodarpaṇam ārjanaṁ bhava-mahādāvāgni-nirvāpaṇaṁ

śreyaḥ-kairava-candrikāvitarāṇaṁ vidyā-vadhū-jīvanam ।

ānandāmbudhi-varhdhanam pratipadam pūrṇāmṛtāsvādanam

sarvātma-snapanaṁ paraṁ vijayate śrīkṛṣṇa saṅkīrtanam ॥1॥

नाम्नामकारि बहुधा निजसर्वशक्तिस्तत्रार्पिता नियमितः स्मरणे न कालः ।

एतादृशी तव कृपा भगवन् ममापि दुर्दैवमीदृशमिहाजनि नानुरागः ॥ २ ॥

nāmnāmakāri bahudhā nijasarvaśaktis-

tatrārpitā niyamitaḥ smaraṇe na kālaḥ ।

etādṛśī tava kṛpā bhagavan mamāpi

durdaivam idṛśam ihājani nānurāgaḥ ॥ 2॥

तृणादपि सुनीचेन तरोरपि सहिष्णुना ।

अमानिना मानदेन कीर्तनीयः सदा हरिः ॥ ३ ॥

trṇādapi sunīcena tarorapi sahiṣṇunā ।

amāninā mānadena kīrtanīyaḥ sadā hariḥ ॥ 3॥

न धनं न जनं न सुन्दरीं कवितां वा जगदीश कामये ।

मम जन्मनि जन्मनीश्वरे भवताद् भक्तिरहैतुकी त्वयि ॥ ४ ॥

na dhanam na janam na sundarīm kavitaṁ vā jagadīśa kāmaye ।

mama janmani janmanīśvare bhavatād bhaktir-ahaitukī tvayi ॥4॥

अयि नन्दतनूज किङ्करं पतितं मां विषमे भवाम्बुधौ ।

कृपया तव पादपङ्कजस्थितधूलीसदृशं विचिन्तय ॥ ५ ॥

ayi nandatanūja kiṅkaraṁ patitaṁ māṁ viṣame bhavāmbudhau ।

kṛpayā tava pāda-paṅkaja-sthita-dhūlisadṛśam vicintaya ॥5॥

नयनं गलदश्रुधारया वदनं गद्गदरुद्धया गिरा ।

पुलकैर्नित्तं वपुः कदा तव नामग्रहणे भविष्यति ॥ ६ ॥

nayanam galadaśrudhārayā vadanam gadgadaruddhayā girā ।

pulakair-nicitam vapuḥ kadā tava nāmagrahaṇe bhaviṣyati ॥ 6॥

युगायितं निमेषेण चक्षुषा प्रावृषायितम् ।

शून्यायितं जगत् सर्वं गोविन्दविरहेण मे ॥ ७ ॥

yugāyitam nimeṣeṇa cakṣuṣā prāvṛṣāyitam ।

śūnyāyitam jagat sarvaṁ govinda-virahaṇa me ॥7॥

आश्लिष्य वा पादरतां पिनष्टु मामदर्शनात् मर्महतां करोतु वा ।

यथा तथा वा विदधातु लंपटो मत्प्राणनाथस्तु स एव नापरः ॥ ८ ॥

āśliṣya vā pādaratāṁ pinaṣṭu mām adarśanāt marmahatāṁ karotu vā
yathā tathā vā vidadhātu lamṭaṭo mat-prāṇa-nāthas-tu sa eva nāparaḥ ॥

“Eight Verses of Instruction,” by Sri Chaitanya Mahāprabhu

Chant the name of the Lord and his glory unceasingly

That the mirror of the heart may be wiped clean,

And quenched that mighty forest fire, worldly lust,

Raging furiously within.

O name, stream down in moonlight on the lotus heart,

Opening its cup to knowledge of thyself.

O self, drown deep in the waves of his bliss,

Chanting his name continually,

Tasting his nectar at every step, bathing in his name,

That bath for weary souls.

Various are thy names, O Lord,

In each and every name thy power resides.

No times are set, no rites are needful,

For chanting of thy name, so vast is thy mercy.

How huge then is my wretchedness

Who find in this empty life and heart,

No devotion to thy name.

O my mind, be humbler than a blade of grass;

Be patient and forbearing like the tree;

Take no honor to thyself, give honor to all;

Chant unceasingly the name of the Lord.

O Lord and Soul of the universe,

Mine is no prayer for wealth or retinue,

The playthings of lust or the toys of fame.

As many times as I may be reborn,

Grant me, O Lord, a steadfast love for thee.

A drowning man in this world's fearful ocean

Is thy servant, O Sweet One.

In thy mercy, consider him as dust beneath thy feet.

Ah, how I long for the day

When, in chanting Thy Name, the tears will spill down