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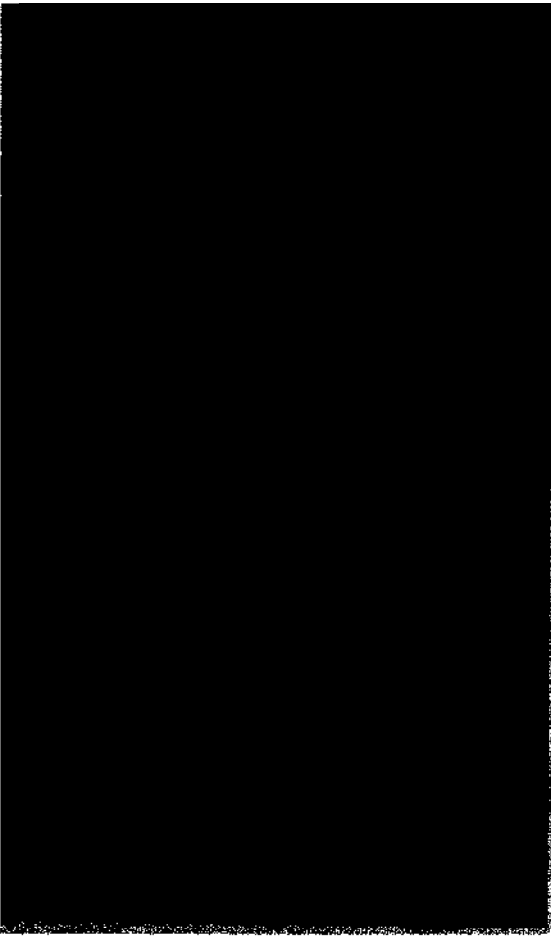
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# The Vigil

## POEMS

BY  
SWAMI PARAMANANDA

AUTHOR OF "SOUL'S SECRET DOOR,"  
"REINCARNATION AND IMMORTALITY,"  
"PATH OF DEVOTION," "SELF-MASTERY,"  
"EMERSON AND VEDANTA," ETC.



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*To Him*

*The memory of Whose sacred life  
Sheds light of hope and cheer upon  
my lonely path  
Even in the darkest hour of night.*



## *Preface*

When "Soul's Secret Door," Swami Paramananda's first book of poems, was given to the public a foreword seemed only an impertinence, an intrusion into the communion of a soul with God. The pure beauty of these poems, their unsullied mysticism, their unique simplicity called for no commentary, and this is equally true of "The Vigil." It has the same Scriptural quality as the first volume, the same permeating spiritual atmosphere; but it has in addition a more sacred sense of intimacy, a more dynamic vitality, an ultimate profundity not to be analyzed but to be felt in the secret places of the heart.

## *Preface*

Indeed, "The Vigil" springs from the first volume like a flower from its branch. Therefore, he who would enjoy its full flavor must know "Soul's Secret Door" which is an open door to the meaning of these later poems.

True poetry should have three beauties,—beauty of form, beauty of thought and beauty of spirit. Most of the poets do not go beyond beauty of thought, for the third or mystical beauty is possible only to the one who has experienced Divinity. When that realization comes and with it the power of expression, we have the inspired prophet, the singer of eternal songs. It is in this sense that the Swami's poems are Scriptural, for they contain the third beauty. This is not the opinion of one individual merely; from around the world simultaneously the judgment has

## *Preface*

come. In the West with one voice critics far removed from each other have compared the poems of "Soul's Secret Door" to the Psalms of David and The Imitation of Christ. This is peculiarly significant, for in the Occident there is no conscious distinction made between the great poets and the saintly poets. In India it is otherwise. The Hindu heart may reverence the master of literature, but it has a special hallowed place set apart for those simple, illumined souls whose words spring as pure poetry from union with the Divine. "Now I sing only one song, the song that Thou has taught me." This song of the Swami's is an ever fresh song for it flows from that One Who maketh all things new. India understood. Once again she had given birth to a singer of the Spirit and with-

## *Preface*

out hesitation she placed Swami Paramananda's name side by side with that of Kabir, Tulsi Das, Ram Prasad, Tukaram—the poet saints of India.

The fact that the Swami's poems should fulfill in this way the mystical ideals of both East and West would seem to be an answer to those who hold Eastern and Western mysticism to be divergent. Swami Paramananda proves by this intimate revelation that he **has** given us, the universality of true mysticism. It is the reaction of the human heart to God, and after a certain point of vision is reached all differences melt away. "The Vigil," the opening poem, from which the book takes its name, might have come from the lips of some rapt Christian mystic quite as well as from the heart of a Hindu devotee, as could "Pure Prayer," "**Compassionate**

## *Preface*

Spirit," and many other poems in this rare volume.

Those who were privileged to be with the Swami during the writing of these poems, know how spontaneously they flowed from his soul. They came to him even as the Psalms must have come to David out under the stars, in tremendous aloofness of spirit with no thought of any ear that was to hear them save the ear of God. They came as pictures to the Swami, and when they were written down it was seldom that even a word or line had to be altered. It was as if a spring of inspiration had somehow been unsealed deep within his heart. Its flow has been continuous. Sometimes as many as six poems have come in a day. Often a poem would bring with it an exaltation of spirit that seemed to burn visibly within the

## *Preface*

Swami, like a leaping flame. He had never written poems before, although he had long been a writer of poetic prose. This new gift came with the suddenness of revelation. What called it forth? By what power was this untried poet able to clothe his vision in such majestic rhythm, in such lovely form? Was it the light within his soul suddenly overflowing all barriers? Who can answer? When a flower is crushed it gives forth the soul of its fragrance, the essence of its being. This is all that we know: out of stress and pain and well-nigh crushing circumstances these poems were born. They are of the pure spirit; not a tinge of dogma mars any one of them. In both volumes devotion is the keynote, or what in India is called *Bhakti*,—the intense love of the soul for the Divine, taking voice as the

## *Preface*

cry of the child for the Mother, of the lover for the Beloved; but in "The Vigil" this is blended with the tremendous note of monism which is and must always be the undertone in all yearning for God. A single poem, a line even, read with an understanding heart is equal to a meditation. It stays with one in one's hours of work, calming, strengthening, vivifying, giving as a critic said, an almost tonic sense of repose.

That which girds the spirit to action, that which stabilizes the soul can never be pushed aside as empty dreams,—a mere Oriental negation of life. Swami Paramananda's mysticism is that practical mysticism which contains in it the healing of the nations. It is vibrant with power. Many of his poems are like bugle-calls, while the closing poem,

## *Preface*

"The March of Life," has been well termed a spiritual Marseillaise. In it the voice of the active West meets and mingles with the deep call of ancient India to the souls of men: "Arise! Awake! Having found the Great Ones, gain understanding."

DAYA.

*Boston, December, 1923.*

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## THE VIGIL

---

### THE VIGIL



IN THE glow of my sacred  
lamp  
I caught a glimpse of Thy  
countenance,  
Which hath roused in me an all-con-  
suming longing to see Thee again.  
I keep vigil,—  
My altar-light burns day and night  
with the hope of Thy coming.  
I know in my inmost depth that no  
mortal light can reveal Thy im-  
mortal face;  
Thou art seen only in Thine own efful-  
gence.  
Yet with yearning hope in my heart,  
I keep my little altar-lamp  
Day and night, burning—burning!

## The Vigil

---

### WHO ART THOU?



MAN or woman art Thou, I  
know not;

Child or grown art Thou, I  
know not;

Matter or Spirit art Thou, I know not.  
Art Thou in air or ether, in fire or  
water?

Hast Thou a form or art Thou form-  
less?

Art Thou finite?

Art Thou infinite?

I know not Thy vastness,

Nay, I crave not such knowledge.

This only I know through Thy grace,

That Thou art my all, —

Yea, my all-in-all.

## The Vigil

---

### WHAT I AM



AM the Spirit of eternal  
youth.

I am form in infinite space.

I am unchanging beauty.

I am undying life.

Endless time am I.

I am order in chaos.

I am lull in the storm.

I am fury of the wind.

I am calm of the deep.

I am flash of the lightning.

I am dark of the wild.

I am crash of the thunder.

I am stillness of the night.

Perfume of the flowers am I.

Majesty of the mountains am I.

The quiet solitude of thy soul is my  
home.

The peace of thy heart is my **rest.**

## The Vigil

---

### VOICE OF INFINITE



IT IS not the wind alone that  
speaketh to our ears;  
It is the voice of the Infinite  
that speaketh to our soul  
with many tongues.

The Infinite speaketh to us through  
earth and water, rock and river,  
beast and bird, tree and flower:

Through all—through all!

At dawn It speaketh to our soul

Through the rays of the rising sun.

## The Vigil

---

### POOR PILGRIM



IN THE lonely trail of **my**  
life as I walk alone  
How oft I feel distressed **and**  
desolate.

Stranded and helpless I look for my  
course.

Only the trailing light of Thy garment  
ever leads me on to follow Thee.

Alas, I follow Thee but with frail and  
faltering feet.

Wilt Thou not show me mercy,

Thou Friend of the lowly,

And halt Thy march a little **moment?**

Have pity on this poor pilgrim

And let him once worship Thy **holy**  
**feet.**

## The Vigil

---

### NOISELESS TREAD



NO ONE can hear His footsteps  
save those whose sanc-  
tuary-door is open;  
His noiseless tread is heard only by  
those whose outer ears are closed.

## The Vigil

---

### SILENT WHISPER



WORD, I called unto Thee in  
agony of soul, but Thou  
didst not hear me.

I sought Thee with heavy  
heart, but Thou didst not come.

My child, I came, but thine eyes were  
blinded by grief;

Thou couldst not see me.

And thy heart was senseless with sor-  
row;

Hence thou couldst not feel my touch.

I am always near thee.

Thou needst never call me aloud,

I hear the silent whisper of thy soul.

## The Vigil

---

### THE VEIL OF UNKNOWING



T IS not death that robs our  
life,

Nor is it the dark of night  
that bars our inward  
sight;

Nay, it is the Veil of Unknowing.

Behold how the sky of our fair heart is  
darkened by the rising mist of  
jealousy and anger, suspicion and  
doubt,

These Powers of blackness by their  
quick alliance, form this Veil of  
Unknowing.

Shall we not keep the sky of our heart  
clear and fair like the polished  
mirror, to reflect the truer image  
of our inmost soul?

## The Vigil

---

One speck of this doubting dust lodged  
on our heart, draws another and  
yet another

Till no longer our vision is true.

We pray unto Thee, Thou Destroyer  
of darkness,

Help us to keep our heart pure, clear  
and free from this Veil of Un-  
knowing.

## The Vigil

---

### DOUBT



LET thee gone, thou foul disease of mind!

Doubt is thy name, thou dweller in darkness.

Pestilent thoughts are thy creation.

Thou dost cloud our mind and by strange distortion hide our soul's effulgent light.

Depart from me!

Thou potent illusion, get thee hence!  
I defy thee with all the power of my soul.

## The Vigil

---

### KINGDOM OF PURE THOUGHT



OUR thoughts lift us up to  
vision's lofty heights,  
Where we stand upright and  
strong,  
As if out of evil's ominous reach.  
Then again our own thoughts,  
Blinding our mind by false persuasion,  
Lead us downward to a narrower  
sphere,  
Enchaining us to a world of endless  
conflict.  
Here we struggle, carrying heavy loads,  
And our dejected hearts bend down  
with broken faith.  
Greed, ambition, self-love and pride  
drag us on through this mire of  
ignorance.

*[continued]*

## The Vigil

---

"Help us! Help us!" we cry in agony  
of soul,

"Give us again our lost kingdom of  
pure thought;

"Restore unto us our peace.

"We ask no more for the vanities of  
this world.

"Master of Fate! O Lord of Light!

"Save us! Save us!

"With helpless heart we pray unto  
Thee."

## The Vigil

---

### THINK NOT OF SELF



THINK not of self,  
But let thy love encompass  
other hearts.  
True love hath no boundary  
lines;  
Like the infinite sky it covers all space.

## The Vigil

---

### THY HAND OF MERCY



HIS, my house, grows dark  
and cold when Thou art  
absent from it.

The light of my soul is lus-  
terless without Thee;  
The pulse of my life is silent  
When Thou, Life of my life, art not in  
my dwelling.  
I pray unto Thee with all the powers  
Thou hast bestowed upon me,  
That Thou wilt never abandon me.  
I know now that in storm or calm, in  
light or dark,  
The passage of my life without Thee is  
ever fraught with danger.  
I need Thy hand of mercy to guide  
me every hour of day and night.

## The Vigil

---

### BE STILL



Didst thou not come naked  
from thy mother's  
womb?

Didst thou not have thy soul  
in safety even before thy body's  
birth?

Why art thou then fretful and anxious?  
One Who watched over thee then,  
watches over thee now;  
One Who loved thee then, loves thee  
now.

My mind remember this and be still.

## The Vigil

---

### SWEET BLOSSOM OF PEACE



AMID chaos Thou dost create  
divine beauty;

Amid dire disorder Thou  
dost plant the seed of  
harmony that beareth the sweet  
blossom of peace.

Verily Thou art the Master of miracle!  
Thy approach filleth our soul with light  
of gladness.

Where Thou dwellest the gloom of  
darkness can never be.

Thou art the perpetual sun that feed-  
eth my soul with ever fresh life.

## The Vigil

---

### SPEECH IS POWERLESS



HAT I feel now I cannot say;  
The words are not yet made  
for its utterance.

Speech is powerless to speak  
of That which hath given it power  
to speak.

Thus it is, friend, so oft I keep silent  
when thou wouldst have me speak.

## The Vigil

---

### CHOIR-MASTER



WONDROUS Choir-master of  
the great universe!

I want to keep my gaze fixed  
on Thee.

Whene'er my eyes are turned away  
from Thee, I fall out of rhythm.  
My song apart from Thee lacks har-  
mony—

Help me to keep my gaze fixed on Thee  
now and always.

THE COSMIC DRUM



WHEN all is still  
I hear Thee speak;  
When all nature blends in  
harmony, I hear Thee  
sing.

Thy music, pulsating the heart of the  
universe, is ever sounding its  
rhythmic drum;

But lo! how deaf are our ears!  
Only now and then we catch its roll  
And our feet fall with its beat.

SOUL OF MY SONG



WHEN I brought Thee my  
broken *vina* it was un-  
strung and dumb:  
Music had it none,—  
Discordant and harsh were the sounds  
in its desolate heart.  
Now I know not whether this be the  
same that was once broken and  
mute,  
Or a new one Thou hast given me to  
finish my life's unfinished song.  
It is renewed and refreshed;  
It is revived by the touch of Thy hand.  
The touch of Thy hand is ever fresh  
life.  
Heart of my *vina*, its voice and music  
art Thou;  
Verily Thou art the Soul of my song.

MY LIFE'S FULFILLMENT



MY LIFE'S broken harmony is  
restored,  
The unfinished song is complete

Since I have found my place at Thy  
sacred feet.

Thy beckoning hath saved me from  
falling into the snare of deception;  
Contact with Thy holy being hath re-  
filled my ebbing life.

Verily Thou art my life's fulfillment;  
The cause of my joy and sorrow, laugh-  
ter and grief;

My soul's sunshine and heart's rain-  
cloud.

*[continued']*

## The Vigil

---

I have nothing apart from Thee;  
I am nothing apart from Thee;  
I want nothing other than Thee.  
Wilt Thou not stay with me who am  
    so dependent on Thee?  
Wilt Thou not take me who have no  
    other than Thee?

AS PERFUME IN FLOWER



ART Thou in me or am I in  
Thee?

At times I feel that Thou  
art in me as perfume in  
flower,—

Subtle, imperceptible, yet most real.

Again, in my inmost thought I see

    Thee as vast,

Pervading like the infinite sky.

Then I know that my little life is like  
    an ocean drop contained in Thy  
boundless Self.

## The Vigil

---

### DESTINY



DESTINY, I have followed  
Thy irresistible call  
Through mountains' rocky-  
trails and forests' thorny  
paths;

I have trod deserts' burning sands and  
orchards' cooling shades.

Thou hast led me through fortune's  
bright ascending flights

And misfortune's uttermost depths.

I have drunk life's bitterest and sweet-  
est cups,—

All at Thy bidding.

Through Thy mysterious guiding I  
have known heaven's luminous  
stars shedding their unfailing  
lustre;

## The Vigil

---

Also have I wandered through misery's  
blackest night.

Oft my unbending mind, ignorant of  
Thy beneficent Will, hath rebelled  
and recoiled;

But Thou, with unshakable resolution  
of transforming and up-building,  
Hast fitted me for my life.

## The Vigil

---

### REST WILL COME



HEAR not, my heart,  
even the darkest **night**  
must end at dawn!

Clouds and mist may come  
and go

But they cannot rob sun's radiant glow.  
Look up, mine eyes, keep steady watch,  
For never must ye lose your guiding  
star.

Hold fast! Hold fast!

Faith and courage are His tender bless-  
ings;

He will not hold these from thee when  
He sees thy yearning, struggling  
soul.

Rest will come when thy toil is done.

BLESSED PAIN



AIN, Thou art always at  
work;

Thy hand is ever active, fin-  
ishing our life's unfin-  
ished structure.

Thou art like a Master-builder, trim-  
ming with Thy sharp adamantine  
tool.

Oft in our ignorance and childish fear  
we weep and groan;

But I know that Thou art my true and  
blessed friend.

Thy chisel hath shorn me of my self-  
delusion.

WOUND OF SEPARATION



THE wound of separation from  
Thee remains ever fresh  
in my heart.

I pray not for its healing;  
Its sacred pain doth sanctify my life  
every hour.

Thou art my unfailing blessing.  
Thou hast blessed me by Thy coming;  
Thou hast blessed me by Thy staying,  
And now Thou dost bless me by Thy  
going.

WORDLESS ECSTASY



ONCE I was a rebel and abhorred all subjection, even unto Thee, my Lord!

My haughty heart would not bend.  
Now I smile to think with what whole-souled surrender I lie at Thy blessed feet.

Verily Thou art a transformer!  
Thine unseen touch changes our blemish into beauty,  
Our emptiness into fullness,  
Our life's harshness into sweet tenderness.

The marvel of Thine infinite majesty  
Fills my heart with wordless ecstasy.

## The Vigil

---

### ALL-CONQUERING LOVE



GLORY to Thy all-conquering  
love!

Yea, Thy love is my armor,  
My impenetrable shield,  
My unfailing safe-guard.

I bathe in Thy love and am refreshed;  
I feed on Thy love and my soul-hunger  
is appeased.

What need have I of aught else  
When Thou dost fill me and surround  
me  
With Thy inexhaustible and all-filling  
love?

## The Vigil

---

### BELOVED GUIDE



BELOVED Guide, my soul's  
Safe-keeper,  
Thy firm but gentle hand of  
wisdom hath saved me  
from falling over the precipice of  
life many, many times.

In my childish whims how oft have I  
disregarded Thy pleadings and  
warnings,

Yet Thy tender love and unchanging  
patience have ever shielded me.

Oft my own hope and courage abandon  
me,

But Thou dost never forsake me.

Thou hast given me all; yea, more than  
this small vessel of mine can hold.

Naught have I to offer Thee save this  
unworthy life

Which is already Thine.

## The Vigil

---

### LIGHT OF HOPE



WAITING for Thee, my Love,  
my Life, Soul of my  
life!

Many hours of day and night  
have passed me by,  
Yet faith kindles my hope and in the  
light of hope I see Thy approach  
even in dense dark of night.  
I shall wait for Thee now  
And let me wait for Thee always!

## The Vigil

---

### SWEET COMFORTER



SWEET Comforter, my soul's  
abiding shelter,  
Thou hast saved me by Thy  
look of boundless com-  
passion.

Thy smile hath gladdened my whole  
being;

Touch of Thy hand hath filled me with  
strength;

Glance of Thine eyes hath given me  
new sight of hope;

Fragrance of Thy being hath awakened  
in me pure love.

Verily Thou art the breath of my life,  
Strength of my limbs,  
Solace of my soul!

WING OF THOUGHT



SAILED on the wing of  
thought, crossing many  
deep streams where my  
feet would have sunk in  
weight.

But the wing of thought carried me to  
the unwonted shores of life where  
I found Thee,

And in Thee I found my rest.

Soul in search is never at rest.

Soul in slumber knoweth not the pre-  
cious peace.

Soul in wakeful communion is at rest  
and hath found its peace.

## The Vigil

---

### TREE OF SHELTER



**D**RIVEN by the storm of life  
I have come to Thee,  
Thou eternal Tree of  
shelter!

As I sit under Thy protecting boughs  
My storm-pressed heart sighs with re-  
lief.

Thou hast given me my long-lost peace.

## The Vigil

---

### A LITTLE BOON



WERT Thou always so near  
and I hunted for Thee  
so far?

Verily when I ran out to find  
Thee I was going away from Thee.  
Faith have I none in my own wisdom  
or vision.

Since Thou hast come of Thine own  
great compassion for me, who am  
devoid of all merit,

Wilt Thou not vouchsafe a little boon  
to me?

Then place Thy saving hand upon mine  
eyes and cure me of my blindness  
That it may never again hide Thee  
from me.

## The Vigil

---

### REALIZATION



HERE have I seen this face?  
I thought and thought, and  
thought yet again,  
Trying in vain to join the  
fragments of my life's broken  
memories.

I looked with my mind's searching eyes  
both far and near;

But, alas! with no avail.

This strange knowing and not knowing  
kept me stirred day and night with  
fever of longing.

"Be still! Strain thou thy mind no  
more," spake a voice from an un-  
seen depth:

"Close thine eyes, they see not the true;  
come thou with me."

*[continued]*

## The Vigil

---

Thus a gentle hand led me to a noise-  
less land.

Its cooling scented breeze soothed all  
my inner anguish.

Lo! I stood before a crystal lake  
In whose limpid waters I saw—and I  
knew.

MY ONLY DESIRE



IN THE soft light of sanctity,  
As I behold Thy transparent form of divine loveliness,  
My lowly heart is filled with unspeakable gladness.  
Thou art the maker of this life, the giver of my sight.  
Once I was ignorant of all this and sought happiness apart from Thee;  
But now Thou knowest my only desire.

## The Vigil

---

### LOOK NOT BACK



IN THE clamour of the market-place of life I heard a Voice call me aside:

"What thou seekest, child, is not here, it is not found in the crowd.

"Hast thou courage to travel alone yon invisible path?

"Then carry this lamp in thy hand and walk with steadfast gaze —

"Look not back: the past will melt in the dark—

"Follow, follow, follow on by its glow."

## The Vigil

---

### SELF-LUMINOUS




ERILY, Thou art self-luminous, — all is lighted up by Thy Presence!

The luminaries find their lustre in Thee;  
The paths of my inner and outer life lie clear before me;  
I need no other light to find my way out to Thee.  
I shall carry no light save one — the lamp of Thy grace.  
This I can never part with;  
I see by its white radiance, even when mine eyes are closed.

## The Vigil

---

### BE NOT A PUPPET

 BE NOT a puppet in ambition's  
hand, beaten and buf-  
feted!

Wouldst thou be enticed and  
enslaved by a ruthless tyrant?  
Should a child of Eternity stoop so low?  
Nay, be not trapped or befooled by the  
seeming.  
Verily thou art ever free,  
An heir to eternal and omniscient Life.

MAGIC WAND



F THOU wouldst have divine  
    grace,  
Then crave not the favour  
    of man.

If thou wouldst soar heaven's loftiest  
    heights,

Then let not thy feet be chained to  
    earth.

Bear no malice or envy in thy mind,  
For these are heavy loads to carry.  
He lifts those by His magic wand  
Who come free of heart and hand.

## The Vigil

---

### PERFUME OF THOUGHT



NOBLE thoughts are like sweet  
perfume,  
Ever refreshing to our mind  
and heart,  
While impure thoughts rise as noxious  
vapors to poison our soul and para-  
lyze our mind's truer sense.  
Pure thought is more precious far than  
all the diamonds and the rubies of  
this world;  
For it brightens our inner life  
And sheds upon us its precious peace.

COMPASSIONATE SPIRIT



OMPASSIONATE Spirit,  
guide our steps!

Do not let us blunder or be  
led by our self-will.

We know not how to follow nor what  
to follow amid these our life's end-  
less ways.

All our resolutions are but brittle de-  
ceptions

Save when Thou givest us Thy tender  
hand of safety.

Knowing this in my heart of hearts,

I shall banish all unrest of mind,

And wait here at Thy door in peace and  
gladness.

## The Vigil

---

### AWAITING THEE



HOW long I waited for Thee I  
cannot say,

For time was not in my  
thought.

When I watch for Thee my mind is  
merged in Thee.

Time exists not for me when Thou art  
near.

I see naught else but Thee;

I feel naught else but Thee;

I crave no other knowledge.

I only know that Thou art mine,

And I am forever Thine.

## The Vigil

---

### SELF-OBLIVION



WHEN Thou art near me, time  
puts on wings and flies  
speedily;

Space melts into nothingness  
and my life's cares are forgot.

Yea, Thou hast thrown a magic aura  
around me—

I forget myself so wholly when I am  
near Thee.

Oh, how my soul delights in this total  
self-oblivion!

## The Vigil

---

### SORROWLESS LAND



THE blessing of Thy smile hath  
filled my soul with radi-  
ant joy.

When I am in Thy Presence my heart  
is always light and my feet do not  
touch the ground.

Verily, Thou hast transported me to a  
sorrowless land!

## The Vigil

---

### RHYTHMIC DANCE



PLAYMATE of my soul, once  
Thou didst teach me a  
dance

And we both clapped our  
hands with a joyous song in our  
hearts.


To-day my whole life floats in its  
rhythm

And my body sways with its beat.

## The Vigil

---

### SUBSTANCE OF ALL

RILLIANCE of the sun art  
Thou;  
Veil of the twilight art Thou;  
Heat of the fire art Thou.

Coolness of the earth Thou art;  
Lustre of the moon Thou art;  
Mystery of the dark Thou art.

Thou art the fragrance of the flower,  
Sweet taste of water,  
Life-breath of air;—  
Verily Thou art the essence and sub-  
stance of all!

LIFE-PLANT



**H**OU art the root of **this** life-plant.

Not knowing the secret of **its** being,

It lifted its head to the light,  
Spreading its limbs in space  
As if eager for flight.

But earth held it firm to its root  
While sun, rain and air,  
By their unfailing care,  
Brought it to ripening.

Lo, now, how it bends its head **with**  
fruition,  
As if in grateful submission.

## The Vigil

---

### WHEN THY HEART IS RIPE

*Child*



WHY, Mother! Hast thou been  
here long?

*Mother*

Not long, my child,—but for  
a few passing hours of night.

*Child*

Why didst thou not call me, Mother?  
I am so sad all these hours are lost.

*Mother*

Not only now but oft I sit by thee when  
thou dreamest thy fancies and  
seest me not.

## The Vigil

---

I do not wake thee from thy slumbering,  
but only watch thee with my  
eye of love.

Sweet child, when thy heart is ripe, **thou**  
wilt know there is no waste of time  
either waiting or watching **for love.**

## The Vigil

---

### LOVE IS LIFE



LOVE is a divine essence.

Its inbreathing is life.

What is opposed to love is  
enemy of life.

Those who love truly, they live;  
For love abounds in unending life.

Live and love!

Love and live!

Where love reigns death can never be.

Love is mother of both joy and peace;

From that heart where love always lives  
peace and joy will never part.

LET THY HEART BLOSSOM



SEASON of blossoming is **the**  
time of love.

Heart of the bud bursts with  
the fullness of its love.

The flower speaketh its inmost heart by  
giving us its fragrance.

Let thy heart, like the flower, blossom  
with love

And give to the world peace perpetual  
and abiding joy.

ALTAR—FLOWER



ALTAR-flower, I have watched  
thee with deepest wonderment.

Thou fragrant beauty of delicate loveliness,  
Thou hast given thine all!  
Now thou art fading.  
Art thou dead?  
Nay, thou art risen to thy glory,—  
Thou art ascended!  
Thy immortal soul of sweet perfume  
Hath risen to the throne of thy Lord;  
Thou art no more separate from Him.  
Thy humble heart hath taught me a  
holy secret,—  
Yea, thou hast given thine all!

## The Vigil

---

### IN QUEST



AR have I travelled,  
Long have I struggled,  
Following the impulse of my  
restless will.  
Seeking! Seeking! Seeking!  
In quest of happiness I sought through  
life's mansion, going from chamber  
to chamber;  
But happiness I found not there.  
I found happiness nowhere till my  
self-will was lost in His Will.  
Now I have no will of mine,  
Nor do I want my will again.  
His Will is my will  
And my will is His.  
In His Will is my delight;  
His Presence is my peace.

## The Vigil

---

### ONLY A THOUGHT



MASTER Ferry-man, Thou  
hast saved this desperate  
and helpless wayfarer  
From drowning in the black waters of  
misery.

## The Vigil

---

### OCEAN OF LOVE



CAST off from thy mind all  
base thoughts, and  
plunge—plunge in the  
ocean of love!

Fear not drowning nor death,—

Love is life.

Yea, it is eternal and endless bliss.

COMPANION OF MY LIFE



OMPANION of my life,  
Before I found Thee I was  
an aimless wanderer,  
Roaming alone like a wanton  
child.

Thy divine beauty hath tamed my rest-  
less mind;

Thou hast shielded me by Thy protect-  
ing love.

Now I depend on Thee, nay, I cannot  
live without Thee.

I crave no other blessing than Thy be-  
nign Presence.

## The Vigil

---

### JOY OF MY SOUL



WHEN Thou art near, I feel  
strong and my heart  
sings a happy song.

When I lose Thee, all my  
strength fails me and darkness en-  
shrouds my heart.

Lamp of my life,

Joy of my soul,

Vigor of my spirit art Thou!

SOLACE



NOT knowing the ways of this  
strange world, :  
As I journeyed alone, self-  
dependent,  
My heart was wounded and my body  
was torn.  
But Thy tender touch of brooding love  
hath revived me.  
Thou hast made my wounded heart  
Thy throne;  
Thou hast transformed my pain into  
sweet solace.

## The Vigil

---

### LIFT ME AND LEAD ME



TAKE my hand and lift me to  
that plane where abide  
harmony and unbroken  
union with Thee.

I was not ready when Thou didst give  
me Thy hand of mercy;

Now I come ready to follow Thee.

Lift me and lead me!

I will follow Thee;

I will not look back nor fear.

UNFADING FLOWERS



ANOTHER wreath have I  
made of the blossoms  
that were showered **upon**  
me at Thy coming.

These unearthly and unfading flowers  
ever fill my hands anew,

For they are endless.

Their delicate beauty hath captured my  
gaze;

Their sweet fragrance hath so filled my  
life that I am distracted day **and**  
night.

The charm of the world is broken!

## The Vigil

---

### THE ARTIST



ARE the clouds paintings of  
God?  
Who knows?  
They are what they are,  
Untouched by man's imagination.  
Man can paint pictures on canvas,  
But God alone can put color on the sky.

## The Vigil

---

### MYSTIC REALM OF LIGHT



GOOD deeds and misdeeds are  
like the white and dusky  
clouds:

One reflects the Sun of  
Truth, the other veils Its face.  
But there is a hidden, inner course: a  
clear cloudless sky.  
It is the Spirit's Way,—  
The mystic realm of light.  
Here good and ill, pleasure and pain  
And all the conflict of dual life,  
Fade before the constant sun—  
This Sun of Truth, life of the mystic  
soul,  
His unending joy  
And unfailing peace!

## The Vigil

---

### SONG OF DAWN



IT IS dawn; it is dawn!  
"Behold the glory of morn!  
"Stay thou no more slumbering,—  
ering,—  
"The dark of night is gone.  
"It is dawn; it is dawn!  
"Stay thou no more slumbering,—  
"The veil of night is torn;  
"The dark of night is gone.  
"It is dawn, lovely dawn!  
"Behold the glory of morn!  
"Stay thou no more slumbering,—  
"The mist of night is gone;  
"The dark of night is gone;  
"The veil of night is torn.  
"It is dawn, it is dawn!"

[ *continued* ]

## The Vigil

---

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"Behold the glory of morn!  
"Stay thou no more slumbering,—  
"The mist of night is gone;  
"The dark of night is gone;  
"The veil of night is torn.  
"It is dawn, it is dawn!"

*[continued]*

## The Vigil

---

Thus the voice of air sang at early  
dawn.

The ear heard the call, but the eyes  
paid no heed and closed their lids;  
Body and mind sank to sleep again.  
Do not miss the call of the Awakener,—  
Arise and inhale the life-breath of  
morn!

AWAKENER



AWAKENER, Thy robe of  
many hues  
Hath transformed the **dull**  
sky into a lustre of love-  
liness.

I never tire of Thy wondrous light;  
I am never sated by Thy **ever-fresh**  
beauty.

## HOLY SCRIPT



LET me read this holy script  
without the glare of  
mortal light,  
For I see its subtle beauty  
more vividly by soul's softer glow.  
Let me sing this unaccompanied by all  
other instruments of music,  
For I can follow better the one un-  
mingled note.

LIGHT



THE light that I see yonder  
And the light that shineth  
near  
Is but the same light.

It is soul's light;

It is God's light;

It is the light of love.

This lamp of life may burn dim or it  
may burn bright;

But ever is it undying in dying!

## The Vigil

---

### SYMPHONY OF LIFE



IN THIS great symphony of  
life

Where all is melody **and**  
music, save the voice of  
ego,

Sing, my soul, in harmony!

Pay no heed to voice of ego;

It is false, yea, and always out of **tune.**

Sing thou after the Beloved's voice!

It is divine harmony;

It is sweet melody

And it is perpetual peace.

HIDE AND SEEK



OW long wilt Thou play this  
game of hide and **seek**?  
May we not play another  
that keeps us always to-  
gether?

When I hold Thy hand and look on  
Thy smiling face

My heart is filled with childish confi-  
dence

And I think that Thou couldst never  
hide from me again.

When Thou dost hide from me,  
I am powerless to find Thee.

THE INNER EYE



WHEN Thou dost stand behind  
me, my whole being is  
vibrant with strength;  
Life's upheavals vanish and  
world's onslaughts touch me not.  
Teach me how I may keep Thee with  
me always.

I am ever with thee, but thou knowest  
it not.

Thou dost not look towards me with thy  
inner eye.

## The Vigil

---

### HOLY SANCTUARY



IN SOLITUDE'S inmost stillness there is a sacred shrine.

Divine harmony sings there;  
Peace perpetual reigns there;  
Pure gladness shines there;  
Sweet fragrance permeates the air.  
But none can find access to this holy-  
sanctuary  
Whose inner eyes are closed;  
Nor can one enter there  
Whose footsteps are heavy and hard.

LONELINESS



WHAT makes thee so lonely,  
friend?  
One is always lonely in the  
crowd: yea, and more  
lonely alone, with thought of self.  
But when one's thought is lost in the  
Beloved,  
One is never lonely in crowd or alone.

THOU ART MY PURE PRAYER



IN THIS hour of meditation I  
lift my whole heart to  
Thee.

Fill it, my Lord, else I dwell  
in emptiness!

Charge me with yearning thought;  
Let my heart be filled with Thy all-  
absorbing love;  
Let there be no vacant space in me  
where Thy love hath not entered.  
My Lord, my Love!  
Thus I pray unto Thee with holy joy  
and ecstasy,  
Knowing that Thou enterest my soul as  
pure prayer.

## The Vigil

---

### SACRED WATER



WHY blessing of protecting  
love  
Ever riseth up in my heart  
Like an unfailing spring.  
I am washed, cleansed and made alive  
anew  
By its sacred water.

THOU AND THINE



I WAS I who came to Thee  
seeking for shelter and  
begging sweet fruits  
from my life's barren  
tree.

But lo! what hath chanced since Thou  
didst cast upon me Thy merciful  
glance and fill me with Thy divine  
being?

Naught is left of me, or what I thought  
was "I";

What remains of me is Thou and Thine.  
The thought of self and "I", my desires  
and prayers, are all lost in Thee.

## The Vigil

---

### DRINK MY SOUL



DRINK, my soul! from life's  
perpetual spring  
Where eternity flows in  
rhythmic current;  
Where finite and infinite play in unison  
their game of harmony.

## The Vigil

---

### SUN AND TWILIGHT

#### *Twilight*



WORD of my light,  
I wait with eager heart  
All day and night  
For this blessed moment.

#### *Sun*

Gentle maiden, heralder of evening **and**  
morn,  
Behold how the sky lauds thy approach!  
How all nature breathes stillness at **thy**  
coming!

#### *Twilight*

I am only Thy shadow;  
Thou art the soul of my life,—my pos-  
sessor !

*[continued]*

## The Vigil

---

I go before Thee and behind Thee, at  
Thy will.

Thou wouldst not leave Thine own  
shadow?

### *Sun*

Fair Radiance of Heaven,  
Thou dost carry in thy bosom  
The healing balm of dawn  
And the blessing of the night.  
I can never leave thee,  
For, verily, thou art a part of me!

SILENT COMMUNION



IN THE hour of silent communion  
I taste sweet ecstasy of bliss.  
Thou art the light of my soul,  
This body is only its shade.

## The Vigil

---

### MARVEL OF ENCHANTMENT



MASTER Artist, Thou hast adorned the sky with the color of living and translucent flame.

I cannot turn my eyes away from Thy glowing picture, painted on the background of setting-sun.

Let me look again, ere the curtain of night hides this marvel of enchantment from my sight.

## The Vigil

---

### SPEAK TO MY HUNGRY EAR



**S**PEAK to me now in this **hour**  
of aloofness!

My soul cries out to Thee.

Wilt Thou not hear me **and**  
speak to my hungry ear? \* \* \*

Thy voice of love hath melted my life  
into sweet harmony;

Thy holy compassion hath filled my  
heart with endless song.

My soul breathes now in peace **and**  
music.

ANYTHING OR NOTHING



ANYTHING or nothing—I  
am content if it be Thy  
Will.

When Thou dost dwell in my  
heart I feel no lack of things of  
this world.

Only one thing I ask of Thee :  
That Thou dost abide with me always  
and evermore.

## THOU ART MY SOUL



AM Thy soil,  
Thou art my seed.  
I am Thy body,  
Thou art my soul.

SUPPLICATION



WHEN Thou dost withdraw  
from me, my heart  
grows faint with fear  
and loneliness.

Without Thy grace my life is an empty  
vessel that I carry day and night.

What joy have I when Thou, Source of  
my joy, art far from me?

What peace can I have when Thy ab-  
sence rends my soul with anguish?

Bounty of this world only makes my  
heavy heart heavier.

Now I pray unto Thee with my naked  
soul,--hiding nothing from Thee,—

That Thou dost show me Thy tender  
mercy

And abide with me ever and forever.

## The Vigil

---

### MAN OF VISION



MAN of vision, stand firm!  
Hold fast to thy faith!  
These blinking lights that  
come at the dark hours  
of night,  
These thick clouds that gather round  
the sun to veil its face,  
Are but passing phantoms.  
They are unreal—fleeting illusions to  
distract our minds from high vision.  
Be thou steadfast, unwavering like yon  
mountain.  
The light above, that once shed its  
glow upon thy path,  
Is yet watching over thee from beyond  
the clouds.  
Stand firm in faith:—and never lower  
thy gaze!

## The Vigil

---

### CANDLE OF LIFE



THE dark walls of night stood  
before me as if in grim  
defiance, barring my  
vision.

I searched for light but the face of the  
dark was ever before me.

"Light! Light! My soul cries for  
light!

"Help me to find the light!"

"The light is behind thee;

"When thou dost turn thy face it will  
shine before thee.

"This light,—the ever-burning candle  
of life,—was always with thee;

"But the phantoms of illusion blinded  
thine eyes.

## The Vigil

---

"They are gone now—gone to nothing;  
for they are nothing.

"Nothing at all but dreams are these."

My soul, be thou vigilant!

Keep constant watch o'er this ever-  
burning candle of life.

FLAME OF FAITH



IT IS the flame of faith that  
sheds light upon our  
life's straight and nar-  
row path.

Faith, how oft thou dost come to my  
rescue as I stand in the dark cor-  
ners of life, puzzled and helpless.  
O blessed Faith, thy transcendent glow  
hath filled my life!  
Thy lustre hath brought me new sight.  
I shall walk now with the light of thy  
holy sanctity.

## The Vigil

---

### THE MARCH OF LIFE



ONWARD ever forward in the  
march of life,—  
My soul, onward, ever for-  
ward, March on!

Perchance the flame of thy life burns  
dim

Or flickers in the wind of this world.

Fear not its extinction.

Hold fast with all thy faith.

No power in gale or storm,

Nay, naught in heaven or earth,

Can rob thee of thine immortal flame.

It is assigned thee by Eternal Hand.

It is thine forever, at all times,

With no beginning or end.

When thy feet are tired, rest them.

If mind is weary, refresh it.

*[continued]*

## The Vigil

---

Pause awhile in the still peace of thy  
    inmost cave;  
Then rise again with renewed spirit of  
    faith, hope and courage.  
Onward, ever forward in the march of  
    life,—  
Ever onward, ever forward, my soul,  
    March on! March on!





