

APPENDIX

Prayers

Miscellaneous and Brief Specimens

IT WILL not be out of place to give below some specimen prayers for the benefit of the readers, with a few introductory remarks in this behalf.

Man is an ensouled body, or in other words soul plus body; and of the two, soul is the more precious because it is the active and live-principle that enlivens the body. In fact, body has no value apart from the soul.

The great souls or Mahatmas are of varied types. There are Mahatmas who ask of God such necessities of life as may keep their body and soul together, so that after satisfying their physical needs they may spend their time in meditation on God. Jesus in his prayer asked for "daily bread" to satisfy Nature's foremost need—"Give us this day our daily bread." Such souls regard everything as of God and ask Him for the fulfillment of their primary needs from day to day and then engage in uninterrupted devotion for the rest of the time. The physical body is the vehicle of the soul and has, as such, to be fed for the higher purpose of life, to wit, the advancement of soul. Hunger, says Kabir, is a great handicap in the path of devotion.

O Kabir! the dog of hunger spoils meditation by snarls,
Just throw a crumb to it and then sit at ease.

In the beginning the Satguru teaches a disciple to pray for his needs, as would appear from the following prayers of Kabir:

One cannot meditate with hunger gnawing within,
Take thou the rosary away from me, O Lord.¹

Grant unto me flour, ghee and salt besides some pulse,
That I may have a day's ration to live upon.
A cot, a pillow with a bed and a quilt,
That I may meditate on Thee undisturbed.
I have not been greedy in my demands,
For I love nothing better than Thy Word.²

Give unto me as much as I may live on in peace,
And none turns away hungry from my door.

Bhagat Dhanna likewise prayed:

O Lord! I pray unto Thee,
Thou dost supply the needs of thy devotees.
Furnish me with pulse, flour and butter,
That I may happily live in comfort.
Give me clothes and a pair of shoes to wear,
And a good supply of wheat and cereals,
And milch cattle for the supply of milk,
Besides a fine mare to ride on,
And a homely obedient mate in the house;
This is all Dhanna asks for.³

In the Lord's Prayer of Jesus Christ, we have a beautiful example of all that one need ask:

Our Father who art in Heaven, Holy is Thy Name,

Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done, on Earth as it is in Heaven.

Give us this day the Bread of Life, and forgive us our offenses as we forgive those who offend us.

By Thy Spirit lead us out of all temptation, and deliver us from evil.

For Thine, Thou Everlasting Lord, is the Kingdom, the Power, and the glory forever.⁴

Similarly we have a beautiful prayer from the Lord to the Earthly Mother:

Our Mother which art upon earth, hallowed be thy name. Thy Kingdom come, and thy will be done in us, as it is in thee. As thou sendest every day thy angels, send them to us also. Forgive us our sins, as we atone all our sins against thee. And lead us not into sickness, but deliver us from all evil, for thine is the earth, the body, and the health.⁵

ESSENE GOSPEL OF JOHN

The disciples of Buddha, without considering the necessity for formal prayers, have always wished well for all humanity; and this in fact is the highest type of prayer, whether we call it prayer or not. Whenever after self-ablution, they sit in meditation in the morning and evening, they express these thoughts:

I wish to have universal love for all. I wish that all creation on all sides—above me and below, on my right and left—may live in peace. I wish well unto

all, living either in this world or in heaven or in hell.
Let there be peace everywhere.

In the Rig Veda (Hindu Scriptures) there are prayers invoking God for the fulfillment of physical and other worldly needs. In Sukat 53 of Mandal 6, we have:

O Lord of valor, we pray for all the gifts of God: for success in our endeavors and the gift of food, and all such things that are desirable. O God of Love, let there be nothing in one's way to gain food in abundance, and have our wishes fulfilled.

In their daily Sandhya, the Hindus recite:

Brahm, the eye of the three regions and the Devas, is in front of us. We wish to have him before us for a hundred years, and may we live a hundred years to see him, to hear him, to sing of him, and live for him happily and in prayer, for a hundred years and more.

The Vedantins also think of, dwell upon and meditate on the Mahavakyas (their traditional aphorisms) "Aham Brahm Asmi" (I am Brahm) and "Tat Twam Asi" (I am as Thou art).

The Gayatri—the most sacred Mantra—is a prayer to the Lord to lead us to Him, the Sun of all Light.

Khawaja Hafiz Shirazi, in a state of Divine intoxication, prayed to his Master thus:

Helpless I am and Thou art helpful,
Separated are we for myriads of ages.

In sheer compassion, take me to Thy abode,
 Attracted by Thy wondrous beauty, I follow Thee.
 Else could I not budge an inch from my place,
 Fortunate was Ayaz, the slave of Mahmud,
 For having won the kingly favor.
 It is a proud privilege to serve at Thy door,
 With Thy glance of Grace, make me worthy of it.

Shamas Tabrez prayed to his preceptor as follows:

O Cup-bearer, serve Thou the wine of the other world,
 That may give a vision of the Invisible.
 A draught whereof may give Divine Intoxication,
 And close the critical eyes of the flesh,
 And open the mystic eye within.

O Master! ostrich lives on the Kaaf Mountain,
 Thou art the true abode of the bird of my soul.
 As candle is the altar for the moth,
 My life is a thousand times sacrificed on Thee.
 Throw down the sluice gates of the waters of life,
 And make manifest the fabled spring of *Kausar*.
 Grant me the intoxication of love,
 And keep my wandering wits at anchor.
 My only prayer is that Thou enter and occupy Thy seat
 in the mosque of my body:
 And sanctify my poor abode with Thy holy presence.

The set prayer among the Muslims runs:

In the name of God, Most Gracious, Most Merciful.
 Praise be to God, the Cherisher and Sustainer of the
 Worlds;

Most Gracious, Most Merciful;
 Master of the day of Judgment.
 Thee do we worship, and Thine aid we seek.
 Show us the straight way, the way of those on whom
 Thou hast bestowed Thy Grace,
 Those whose portion is not wrath, and who go not
 astray. Amen!

PRAYERS FROM KABIR

With folded hands I pray: hear, O Ocean of Mercy!
 Grant me the gifts of compassion, humility, knowledge
 and happiness, in the company of the saints.
 Kabir with thoughts fixed on Thy lotus feet prays,
 O Guru! tell me about the True Path of the saints.

What should I ask of Thee? for I feel greatly ashamed,
 I commit sins of which Thou art a veritable witness:
 how then can I please Thee?
 While I have all the faults in me, Thou art all goodness,
 If I may forget Thee, I pray that Thou mayest not
 forget.

O Lord! May I never forget Thee even in the midst of
 millions,
 You can have many like me, but for me there is none
 beside Thee,
 If I were to forget Thee, where should I get shelter?
 I cannot give my heart to others—*Siva, Virancha* or
 Narda.

With all my faults, do not get angry with me, the
 Master doth forgive the lapses of his servant;

Forgetful Kabir is all tainted vile,
But the Master has a loving heart.

I am steeped in sins, sins without number,
It is for Thee to forgive me or to kill me,
Forgive, forgive and again forgive, O Forgiver Divine,
An ever erring child I am, but I depend on the Father's
Grace.

Thou art the abode of infinite virtues with no vice what-
ever,

But when I search my own self, I find myself full of all
ills.

There is not a single virtue in me, listen O Master
Divine!

It is through the Power of Thy Word that I am honored
everywhere.

I am all false, while the Lord is Sterling Truth,
Full of sins as I am, O save me if Thou wilt.

Born with a thistle in my flesh, full of all evils I am,
Thou art the great Donor and Savior, O save me right.
O save me right for I am caught in a great whirlpool,
And shall be carried away by the strong current if Thou
dost not take hold of me.

For other sinners Thou art a well of refreshing waters,
but I am an ocean of sins,

I only depend on the Word of the Master, hear O
Merciful One,

I know not what love is, nor have I any other virtue,
I wonder, how will I have the love of my Beloved?

If I meet the Master, I shall cry out my anguish,

With my head on His feet, I shall speak out my mind.
 Permeating all, Thou art immanent in every form,
 If I have to leave Thee off, who else will ferry me across?

The ocean of life is too deep to be measured and
 sketched,

With thy mercy, O merciful One, I may get a footing.
 Full of all evil, I have nothing to boast of and am hard
 of heart,

But perfect as my Master is, He can land me ashore.

O my perfect Master! take a firm hold of me,

And lead me to the goal with no break on the way.

Grant me the gift of devotion, O my Munificent One!

I wish for naught, save a ceaseless service unto Thee.

Master! Thou art generous and merciful,

I am drowning in mid-stream, take me over to the shore.

How can the love between Thee and me sever!

As the leaf of the lotus abides in the water, so dost Thou
 in Thy servant;

As the night-bird *chakor* gazes at the moon all the
 night o'er,

So do I my Lord, thy servant;

From the beginning of time until the ending of time,
 there is love between Thee and me,

How can such love be extinguished?

Kabir therefore says: As the river plunges into the ocean,
 so doth my heart in Thee.

ODE TO THE SATGURU

Long and dreary has been the struggle of the mind but
 all in vain,

All potent art Thou and can do aught, then why this
 delay?
 Wandering up and down in the wheel of life, I have
 never had a success,
 O Munificent Lord, have mercy, free the spirit and
 concentrate it all,
 The arch enemy of the mind is but a waste, O sow in it
 the seeds of love,
 Enamored of false delights, it knows not true happiness,
 Hankering after the pleasures of the world, it has never
 tasted the sweetness of the Word,
 What should I do? How should I try to set it right?
 For it does not take to the Word of the Master,
 This mind is a curious medley and has no interest in the
Shabd:
 How can it save itself from the vicious cycle of births
 and deaths,
 When it does not practice the Word given by the Master?
 It shall keep tossing in the world and remain in the
 clutches of *Yama* (the God of Death).
 Forgetful of the Word of the Master, it shall suffer
 terribly,
 O Master! immanent in every heart, why dost Thou not
 lead me out?
 When there is none else whom I can call mine own,
 O take me to the Heaven above,
 Have mercy on me now, and take me to Thy Heavenly
 House as Thou may.

 Entangled in evil thoughts, I am an utter stranger in a
 strange land,

Reform me this time and I shall lovingly think of Thee
all the time.

I feel repentant and sad as I know not how to contact
my Beloved,

He lives in the High Heavens while I am a creature of
the earth and miserable without Him.

O Satguru! attend to my tale of woe and take me out
of the domain of Death;

In sheer helplessness I cry unto Thee, O hear,
Thou, the Gracious and the Merciful to all but this
unfortunate wretch.

How may I tell Thee of my pain? for I am lying on a
bed of thorns,

Thou, O beloved! hast encouraged me to fly to the
heavens with the wings of love,

Thy Grace has enabled me to meet my Beloved, and
to escape from all toils and miseries.

O Master! just listen to my prayer, I bow unto Thee
again and again:

Drive the evil out of me and grant me proximity to Thy
lotus feet;

Ferry me safely ashore for my barque is in the midst
of an eddying whirl,

None save Thee is my own, save me as Thine own,
O Master!

With all my ills I am yet Thine, and Thou art Donor
beyond all limitations.

I am in great pain, sorrow and affliction, rescue me at
Thy pleasure,

I worship Thee with all my heart and soul, and make
a sacrifice of all unto Thee.

Now I have a powerful sheet anchor though I know not
Thy worth,

Thou hast explained the mystery of the inner Sound
Current but the devil of the mind listens to It not.
Wandering in the ups and downs of life, it runs after
name and fame;

How may I turn its direction without Thy loving Grace,
O Master?

O Lord of my spirit: listen to my prayer, pull the mind
out from its rut.

I ask of the Master but one gift: make me recognize
the mystic Word,

All my life have I wandered with the mind, O free me
from the bondage of Karmas,

Let my Consciousness recede within and hear the cease-
less Sound, and the mind grow still.

Thus can I escape from all ills and reach the eternal
place of Sat Shabd (the true mystic Word).

Grant unto me the intoxication of the Word so that I
may remain absorbed in It.

Then harm and dishonor shall not affect me, for I shall
always be lost in Thy sweet memory.

Let me not be swept off by the time stream, but grant
the sheet anchor of the Word.

My mind has now grown humble, O Master! let it lose
itself in Thy lotus feet.

O Master! take me to Thy abode:

I am a useless fellow, always entangled in doubts and delusions,

O Thou the Merciful! take me to Thy Abode,

I have no count of the sins I have committed, and my mind does not catch the Word,

What should I do? My strength fails me and my mind finds no rest.

O Satguru! take pity on me, for I remain miserable all the time,

Neither the consciousness recedes within nor the mind gets stilled, and I cannot appreciate the greatness of the Word.

I have taken to the Path of the Masters, a High Road to Spirituality,

Why then O Master dost Thou take no hold of me?

This noble Path of the Masters shall suffer a great setback if I succeed not in my endeavors.

I cry from my egoistic reason, and do not resign myself to Thy Will,

I beg of Thee again and again, O give me the gift of Thy Word.

O Master, Word personified as Thou art, I come to Thee for relief.

How can I liberate myself from the wiles of the mind?

This is the problem of my soul.

It has cast a deadly spell of worldly pleasures, and I am thus separated from my Real Home,

Enmeshed in the ten senses, I find myself in a vicious circle,

Having been expelled from the tenth portal, I am wander-
 ing through the nine gates.
 Caught in the web of worldly pleasure, I find no Way
 out of the bondage,
 Besides the Master I see nobody capable enough to lead
 me out of the wilderness,
 I am all afraid of *Yama* (the Lord of Death), who else
 can free me of this fear?
 I have degraded myself to the life of beasts as I have
 never loved the Master,
 As a branch fallen off the tree, I am cast away from the
 Real Home,
 I beg the Master to get my mind to love His lotus feet.
 Purify my heart with Thy Satsang; for there it will
 separate itself from the body and contact the Mystic
 Sound,
 And then will it drink *Amrit* (nectar) from the fount
 of immortality,
 And then will pains and miseries disappear and the soul
 will have no fear.
 Then will I contact the Sound Principle (Word or
Shabd) and gain the love of my Swami (Lord),
 O Lord! make me thine own: I have come, for I seek
 shelter at Thy feet.⁶

SWAMI SHIV DAYAL SINGH

HYMNS OF MIRA

Herein have I suffered much,
 Drive away my sorrow and scepticism.
 Now I am in search of Thee, O Lord!
 Take me beyond the bounds of affliction,

The whole world is flooding down
 The current of births and deaths,
 O Lord of Mira—*Gidhar Nagar!*
 Rescue her from the giant wheel of births.

I know no peace without seeing Thee, for I know the
 deep anguish in my heart,
 Over and over again I go to the housetop to see if Thou
 art coming; and my eyes have swollen red with
 weeping.

The whole world is false and transitory, and so all the
 friends and relations;
 With folded hands I pray that Thou mayest hear me.
 This mind of mine, a great scoundrel, is ever out like
 an elephant run amuck.

The Master, having explained the secret, has taken me
 in his fold, and I am at rest.
 O Girdhar Nagar—the Lord of Mira! I am now fully
 absorbed in contemplation of Thee,
 Every moment I see Thine immanence everywhere and
 seeing I feel blessed.

My friends have turned enemies and hate me, one and
 all, but Thou alone art my well-wisher,
 My boat is marooned on the high sea, and I feel restless
 all the day and get no sleep at night.
 By constant waiting and watching have I grown lean
 like a thorn,
 The arrows of love have pierced my heart and I cannot
 for even a moment forget the love pangs.
 Thou regained the accursed *Ahilya* from a stone in the
 wilderness,

O what complaint is there against Mira—O speak to me of that.

The perfect Guru, Ravi Das, came from the Supreme
 Abode to my rescue,
 And He opened up the Way for me, and I became one
 with the Lord.

I am being swept down in a fearful current, save me
 O Lord, if Thou wilt,
 O! none is my own in this world, but Thou alone art
 mine.

All friends and relations: one and all,
 All are attached to me through selfish ends.
 Let the Lord of Mira listen to her supplications.
 Grant her the boon of Thy feet, if Thou wilt.

FROM DHANI DHARAM DAS

Grant unto me, O Master, the gift of devotion, for Thou
 art a great Donor,
 I wish I may not forget Thee all my life and serve Thee
 always,
 Pilgrimages, fasts and vigils attract me not, nor the
 worship of gods;
 I have no desire for anything save Thee;
 Thou art everything to me, O Possessor of all riches!
 I need nothing when I have a Perfect Master by my side;
 I would not like even in dream to think of wife, wealth
 and children, but of Thee and Thy Greatness.
 Listen ye to the prayer of Dharam Das, O the Munifi-
 cent Lord!
 Take me out of the gyres and make me Thine own.

THE PRAYER OF SURDAS

O Lord! have mercy on me,
 Thou Knower of all hearts, I have no virtue in me.
 I cannot get rid of my evil, not even momentarily,
 I have on my head a heavy load of cunning and deceit.
 Entangled amongst wife, son and riches, I have lost my
 very self,
 O, come to the rescue of Sur, as his barque is about to
 sink.

FROM SIKH SCRIPTURES

There are many beautiful prayers in the Adi Granth Sahib, the scriptures of the Sikhs. Some examples follow:

We are severed from Thee through our own deeds:
 show mercy and take us unto Thee again,
 Having wandered in all directions, tired and worn out
 we have come to Thy feet,
 Just as a dry cow is of no consequence and vegetables
 without moisture go stale and become valueless,
 So we, the worthless, have no peace without our Beloved.
 If the Beloved reveals Himself not in the house (body),
 the house, nay the very town where one lives is like
 a desert,
 And all the make-up and ornamentation of the body
 become useless.
 In the absence of the Beloved, all friends and relations
 appear like angels of death (*Yamaduts*),
 Nanak prayeth: kindly grant me the gift of Thy Holy
 Word.
 And unite me with the Lord, who abides forever.⁷

My mind yearns for the sight of the Lord, as doth a
thirsty man for water,

My heart is pierced with the love's dart from my Lord
and He alone knows my miserable state.

Whosoever narrates to me the tales of my Beloved, he
alone is a brother unto me,

Come together ye brothers, accept the Master's Word
and sing songs of my Beloved.

O Lord! fulfill Nanak's desire: Grant him Thy holy
vision, the harbinger of peace.

O mother! how can I find my Beloved, the Lord of my
soul?

I am not beautiful, nor wise, nor strong,

I am a stranger come from afar,

I have no riches, nor am I youthful;

Grant this helpless creature Thy shelter (*Sharan*).

I have become love-stricken from endless seeking.

I am wandering about, thirsty for a vision of the Lord,

Now, O Nanak! the most merciful Lord has quenched
my thirst through contact with the saints.⁸

O Ocean of Mercy! always reside in my heart,

Grant me such wisdom that may make me love the Lord,

I ask for the dust of Thy servant's feet, that I may rub it
over and over again on my forehead;

Fallen as I am to the lowest depths, I am sure that I
will be purified by singing Thy praises.

Let Thy Will be sweet unto me, and whatever Thou
doest be pleasant for me;

Whatever Thou givest I should accept with good grace
and not wish for aught else;

Knowing Thee to be always near me, I wish to be the
dust to Thy servants;

If we get the company of saints, then alone can we attain
the Lord.

We are always Thy boy-servants, and Thou art our
Master,

Nanak saith: I am a child and Thou art my father and
mother,

And Thy Naam in my mouth is just like exhilarating
nectar.⁹

It is through Thee that I live, forsake me not even for
a moment,

O grant me but one gift: remove my doubts and protect
me, my Beloved, Thou the Knower of all secrets;

The wealth of the Word is more than millions of earthly
kingdoms,

The nectar of Thy Glance is the highest honor for me:

O Omnipotent Beloved! grant me the power to sing
Thy praises all the time,

O Benefactor of all souls, I take shelter with Thee,

Nanak lovingly sacrifices himself at Thy feet.¹⁰

Lord, make me the dust of Thy feet, most merciful
Beloved, the Captivator of my heart,

Be Gracious enough to satisfy this craving of mine.

Thy praises are being chanted in all the ten directions,

Thine all-knowing wisdom is present everywhere;

Those who sing Thy praises, my Creator, shall have no
regrets when quitting the world.

The contact of the saints relieves us from all bonds and
pains,

Nanak knows that all pleasures, riches and delights are of no consequence, without the love of the Lord.¹¹

There is none beside Thee, Thou the Creator, and all happens as Thou desireth,
All my strength is from Thee and so the support of my mind;
Nanak always meditates on Thee alone.

O Par Brahm, Thou art the highest Benefactor, and sustaineth all,
Thou art and Thou shalt ever be: Unreachable, Unknowable, the Highest and the Endless.
Those who serve Thee are freed from fear and pain.
Through Guru's Grace, Nanak sings Thy praises.

Whatever we see is evolved from Thee, Thou the Ocean of Goodness, beautiful Lord,
O seeker, remember Him constantly: but the remembrance, O Nanak, cometh only through His Grace.
I am a humble servant of one who meditates on Thee, Company of such a one liberates all the world,
Nanak saith: O Lord! I pray for the luminous dust of the saints: fulfill this craving of mine.¹²

Thou art a most loving Lord with many disciples like me,
Thou art an Ocean of Jewels, with depths immeasurable,
Thou, O Supreme Wisdom! be merciful unto me, and give me understanding to meditate on Thee all the time,

O my self, do not be vain and proud, but humble like
 dust for that is the way to liberation,
 The Lord of Nanak is the highest of all, and many like
 Nanak serve His Will.¹³

Be gracious, my Lord, that my eyes may behold Thy
 Gracious Form,
 Give me millions of tongues, my Beloved,
 That I may sing Thy *Naam*,
 Singing of Thee will save me from the path of *Yama*
 and drive away all pain and sorrow:
 The Lord permeates the water, earth, ether and every-
 thing besides and I see Him everywhere.
 All doubts and delusions having vanished, I see the Lord
 as the nearest of the near,
 O Lord! be merciful to Nanak, that he may have Thy
 blessed vision.

My Beloved Lord, grant me millions of ears that I may
 hear Thy praises forever,
 Hearing it is that purifies the mind and snaps the bond-
 age of time,
 All bondage ends by constantly meditating on the Ever-
 present;
 And then comes in rejoicing and True Knowledge,
 By constantly repeating His Name (*Naam*) we become
 concentrated into an effortless state of Bliss.
 Remembrance of the Lord burns away all sins, and evil
 thoughts fly as by an enchanter driven,
 Nanak prayeth; Lord, be kind, that men may hear the
 Voice of the Ever-present Word.

Millions of hands serve Thee, and millions of feet walk
 in Thy Path,
 Thy Word is the boat to ferry us across the ocean of life
 and death,
 Whoever sits in that boat crosses the *Bhavsagar* (the
 fearful sea of life and death), and is blessed forever,
 with no desire unfulfilled,
 All the deadly sins vanish giving place to Bliss, and the
 Mystic Sound becomes audible,
 Whatever the mind desires that comes to pass,
 The Unstruck Sound of the Word is a priceless gem,
 Nanak saith: Be kind and grant us the boon of treading
 Thy Path all the time.

This is the boon, this the honor, this the treasure of
Naam, and fortunate is he who comes by it;
 This is the greatest delight and the highest enjoyment,
 for one who meditates at His feet:
 Now the mind is absorbed in the contemplation of His
 feet and has taken shelter in Him, the Creator of all,
 Everything is Thine, O Lord! and Thou art mine, O
 Merciful One;
 I am a worthless fellow and Thou an Ocean of Bliss:
 this realization comes through the company of the
 saints.
 Nanak saith: The Lord hath been kind; my mind is now
 absorbed in the sweet contemplation of His lotus feet.

Thou art my Father and Thou art my Mother,
 Thou art my relative and Thou art my brother,
 Thou art my Protector everywhere,

What fear can I have?
 I found Thee out through Thy Merciful Grace:
 Thou art my shelter and also my honor,
 There is none besides Thee,
 Whatever happens is of Thy doing and nothing is of us.¹⁴

Thou art our Lord and to Thee we pray:
 The soul and the body are Thy gifts,
 Thou art mother and father to us, and we are Thy
 children:
 Through Thy kindness we get immense happiness,
 Nobody knows Thy greatness,
 Thou art the Highest Lord of all,
 Thou art the Sustainer of all creation,
 Which is created by Thee and obeys Thy Will.
 Thou alone knowest Thy vastness,
 Nanak is always pouring himself out in Thy love.¹⁵

O Benefactor of this unworthy soul! my life, body and
 mind are all Thine,
 How can one gauge Thy greatness?
 What cleverness can a purchased slave show?
 All my body and soul are Thine: O most beautiful and
 attractive Beloved!
 I shall give all that I have for a glimpse of Thee,
 Thou my Benefactor, O Lord!
 I am a poor beggar at thy door, and Thou art ever
 Gracious.
 There is nothing that I can do.
 O Master! Thou alone art Unreachable and Limitless!
 What service can I render?

What words can I utter to please Thee?
 How can I have Thy *Darshan* (a look at Thee)?
 We cannot know Thy Greatness, nor Thine Existence
 Infinite:
 My mind is yearning just for a glimpse of Thee.
 I persist in begging of Thee without feeling any sense of
 shame,
 The gift that I may have the luminous dust from the
 feet of Thy saints to smear on my face.
 The Master showed His mercy, O Nanak!
 And the Lord liberated me through His Grace.¹⁶

Who is ours besides Thee?
 O my Beloved, the Sustainer of my life breath.
 You only know the inner state of my mind,
 And you alone are the Good Friend:
 I have derived all happiness from Thee,
 O my Master! Unspeakable, Unweighable,
 I cannot describe Thy various plays,
 O Thou, the Ocean of all Goodness and the source of
 real happiness.
 Thou art Unreachable, Ever-Present Lord, but becomest
 known through the Master's Grace.
 Thou hast eliminated all my fears, and have liberated
 me after finishing off my egoism,
 The fear of life and death is also gone in the company
 of the saints;
 I touch the feet of the Guru and serve Him.
 I sacrifice my whole being a million times for Him
 through whose Grace I have crossed the sea of fear;
 Nanak saith: I have now found the Beloved.¹⁷

Thou art my Protector here and hereafter,
 Thou nourished me in my mother's womb:
 The fire of *Maya* cannot affect those who are intoxi-
 cated with Thy love,
 And are absorbed in Thy holy contemplation.
 What qualities of Thine can I describe?
 I realize Thy presence within my mind and body:
 Thou art my Friend and Master,
 I know not anyone else besides Thee.
 Whomsoever Thou takest under Thy Protection, not a
 breath of the scorching air can touch Him.
 Thou art the Lord and in Thy *sharan* (shelter) one gets
 immense happiness.
 Thou makest Thyself known through meditation in the
 company of the saints: Thou the Highest, the Limit-
 less and the Priceless.
 Thou art my True Master and I Thy humble slave:
 Thou art Lord, Thy greatness true,
 Nanak sacrifices his all for Thee.¹⁸

Thou art my boon companion and my Friend,
 Thou art my Beloved and my love goes only to Thee,
 Thou art my spouse, honor and adornment,
 And I cannot live without Thee, even for a while.

Thou art my jewel and my very life,
 Thou my Master and my Ruler too,
 I shall ever abide by Thy Will
 And shall do what Thou wilt.
 Wherever I look, I see Thee there in fullness.
 I will recite with my tongue

Thy Word that made me fearless,
 Thou art my great Treasure and *Bhandar* (merchandise).
 Thou art sweetly sweet and the support of my mind,
 Thou art my honor and I am absorbed in Thy love.
 Thou art my shelter and Thou my support,
 I worship Thee in my mind and body after having got
 this secret from the Guru,
 The Guru made me firmly established in the One,
 O Nanak! the servant of Hari is ever sustained by Hari.¹⁹

CHERISHING SALVATION

Pray forget not Thy servant; if for nothing else consider
 my previous love of Thee and possess my heart.
 Thou art Gracious and Uplifter of the fallen and so look
 not to our faults.
 Thou art my soul, my very life breath, and all my riches
 and happiness,
 Kindly burn down the veil of egoism that separates me
 from Thee:
 How can a fish live without water?
 And how an infant without milk?
 Nanak is thirsty for the light of Thy lotus feet:
 A glimpse of Thee brings in all the happiness that one
 needs.²⁰

Blessed is the love which pours itself out on the lotus
 feet of the Beloved;
 When most fortunately I found the Perfect One,
 I obtained the fruit of millions of austerities and meditations,

I am a poor slave of Thine and depend upon Thee alone
with nothing else to depend upon.

The repetition of the Lord's Name has banished all my
fears, and with the collyrium of Thy Word (All wis-
dom), I have been roused from a long drawn sleep of
ignorance,

Thou art fathomless and extremely great, O Lord! the
veritable Ocean of kindness, full of jewels.

Nanak seeks and begs for the Divine *Naam*: he bows at
the feet of the Lord.²¹

Lord be Gracious, and keep me in Thy *sharan* (shelter),
for I know not how to serve Thee, low and ignorant
as I am.

I have the proud privilege to have Thee as my Beloved:
We are all sinners and always commit mistakes, while
Thou art the Benefactor of the worthless.

We run after *Maya* with our back to the Lord for such
are our deeds.

Thou givest us everything in Thy Compassion, while we
are callously ungrateful to Thee,

Entangled in Thy gifts, we forget the Donor Divine.

There is nothing beyond Thee, O my Liberator,

Nanak saith: O I have come to seek Thy shelter, liberate
this muddle-headed one also.²²

O Hari! save me from disgrace, as I am greatly afraid
of *Yama* (Death).

I have come to Thy *sharan*, O Ocean of mercy:

I am foolish and greedy and I have run myself out in
sinning and sinning;

The fear of death haunts me in and out all the time.

Prayer

Kirpal Singh

This is the most specific and helpful manual of mystical prayer written in modern times. All forms and aspects of prayer are discussed, from the most elementary and dualistic to the ultimate stage of "praying without ceasing," where all is a prayer. Its author, who was a world renowned Saint and past President of the World Fellowship of Religions, draws upon the knowledge he has gained both theoretically, as a lifelong student of comparative religions, and practically, at the feet of his great Master, Baba Sawan Singh Ji of Beas. The result is a book that glows with the love and peace of its author.

At the end of the book are collected prayers from all religious traditions, including many from the Adi Granth and other Oriental scriptures largely unknown in the west.