

Soul's Secret Door

BY SWAMI PARAMANANDA

- The Vigil. Poems.** Handsome flexible binding \$2.00.
Cloth binding \$1.50. Postage 10 cts.
- Soul's Secret Door. Poems.** Handsome flexible binding \$2.00. Cloth \$1.50. Postage 10 cts.
- The Path of Devotion.** (Sixth Edition.) Cloth \$1.25
Postage 10 cts.
- La Voie De La Devotion.** French translation of The
Path of Devotion. Cloth \$1.25. Postage 10 cts.
- The Way of Peace and Blessedness.** (Third Edition.)
Cloth \$1.25 Postage 10 cts
- Vedanta In Practice.** (Third Edition.) Cloth \$1.00.
Postage 10 cts.
- Reincarnation and Immortality.** (New.) Cloth \$1.00.
Postage 10 cts.

PRACTICAL SERIES

75 cts. each. Postage 10 cts.

- Self-Mastery
Concentration and Meditation
Spiritual Healing
Creative Power of Silence
Faith as a Constructive Force
Secret of Right Activity

COMPARATIVE STUDY SERIES

75 cts. each. Postage 10 cts.

- Plato and Vedic Idealism
Emerson and Vedanta
Christ and Oriental Ideals
The Great World Teachers

-
- The Problem of Life and Death.** Paper 35 cts. Postage
3 cts.
- Power of Thought.** Paper 25 cts. Postage 2 cts.
- Universal Ideal of Religion.** Paper 25 cts. Postage
2 cts.
- Principles and Purpose of Vedanta.** Paper 25 cts. Post-
age 2 cts
- Science and Practice of Yoga.** Paper 20 cts. Postage
2 cts.
- Yoga and Christian Mystics.** Paper 20 cts. Postage
2 cts.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE SANSKRIT

- Bhagavad-Gita.** (Third Edition.) Flexible cloth \$1.25.
Postage 10 cts.
- The Upanishads.** With Commentary. (Second Edition.)
Flexible blue silk cloth. Gilt top, \$1.75. Postage
10 cts.
Flexible fawn silk cloth. Without gold, \$1.50.
Postage 10 cts.
-
- The Message of the East.** Issued monthly. Edited
by Swami Paramananda. Annual subscription
\$2.00. Single copies 25 cts.

PUBLISHED BY

THE VEDANTA CENTRE, 1 Queensberry St., Boston, Mass.
ANANDA ASHRAMA, La Crescenta, Los Angeles Co., Calif.

Soul's Secret Door

POEMS

BY

SWAMI PARAMANANDA

AUTHOR OF "THE WAY OF PEACE AND BLESSEDNESS,"

"PLATO AND VEDIC IDEALISM."

"THE PATH OF DEVOTION, ETC."

SECOND EDITION



PUBLISHED BY
THE VEDANTA CENTRE
BOSTON · MASS · U · S · A

K. MAHADEVAN BOOKSELLER, MYLAPORE.

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY
SWAMI PARAMANANDA

All rights reserved for publication and translation

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
PLIMPTON PRESS · NORWOOD · MASS

Contents

	PAGE
DEDICATION	9
UNCEASING GIVER	11
SANCTITY	13
SILENCE	15
UNQUENCHABLE FLAME	17
ISLAND OF ETERNAL JOY	19
LIFE OF MY LIFE	20
BE THOU PATIENT	22
MY HEART IS OPEN	23
WORSHIP	25
UNSEEN COMRADESHIP	26
LOVE'S LIGHTNING	27
MY LOWLY COTTAGE	28
MERCIFUL ONE	30
I BLESS MY FATE	32
WONDER OF WONDERS	33
THY VOICE	35
UNLIGHTED LAMP	37
THY HOLY TOUCH	39
UNKNOWN LAND	40
THY SONG	42
THE CAVE OF MY HEART	44

Contents

	PAGE
HOLY LAND	46
A VOICE AT DAWN	47
FREEDOM	49
THY HOLY LAMP	50
SOUL	52
CASTING OFF SELF	53
EGO	55
MY SOUL IS AT PEACE	57
ADORATION TO THEE	58
LIFE'S CONSUMMATION	60
THY CAPTIVE	61
PLAYMATE OF MY SOUL	63
THY WHISPER	64
THE GIFT	65
SHOWER OF THY BLESSING	66
SOUL'S PHYSICIAN	67
LOVE'S LIFE LINE	68
SAFE IN THY HAND	69
THY HEAVENLY SMILE	70
STAY THOU NEAR ME	71
HARVEST	72
ECSTASY	73
WORDLESS SONG	74
UNWRITTEN BOOK	75
PERENNIAL SPRING	76
LANGUAGE OF THE SOUL	77
ECHO OF THY VOICE	78

Contents

	PAGE
GARLAND FLOWERS	79
THY CHASTISEMENT	80
THY CUP BEARER	81
SECRET OF THE MAGIC CUP	83
RESTORATION	84
THE DREAMER	85
SURRENDER	86
THE DRIFTING VESSEL	87
HOLY WATERS	88
MY DYING LAMP	89
MY SLEEP IS ENDED	90
JOY OF THY COMING	91
TRANSCENDENT LIGHT	92
THE SOUL'S SECRET DOOR	93

SONGS OF NATURE

COMING OF THE MORN	97
SPIRIT OF ROSE	98
WELCOMING HOST	100
AWAKE, BROTHER	101
HAPPY CHORUS	102
THE LOST VEIL	103
THE GREY SKY	104
SONG OF THE WIND	106

HYMN OF ADORATION

INSPIRATION	109
-----------------------	-----

DEDICATION



O THEE Whose holy hand
kindled my heart with
this fire of love,

I consecrate my soul's out-
pouring.

I lay at Thy tender Feet Whose sa-
cred touch fills my whole being
with ecstasy, this, my inmost
secrecy.

This gift of holy rhyming is Thine,
For Thou didst plant an immortal
seed in this field of mine.

Do Thou accept the blossoming: the
harvest is Thine;

Yea, all this life's fruition is forever
Thine!

UNCEASING GIVER



THOU unasked, unceasing
Giver,
Thou hast given me Thy
endless blessing,
Thou hast drawn me close to Thy
heart.
Thy bounty runs through my life to
overflowing.
Yea, tender Lord, by Thy magic
charm Thou hast driven away all
my past wretchedness.
Can we with all our might, offer Thee
aught worthy in Thy blessed
sight?

[continued]

Soul's Secret Door

Can we ever make our heart so free of
earthly stain that Thy light of
love may shine and glow unceas-
ingly?

Thou art ever merciful to the lowly;
We bring Thee our humble hearts.
No merit have we save our faith in
Thine infinite compassion.

Do Thou make of us Thy tools that
at all hours, in work and play,
We may revolve in Thy safe-keeping.

SANCTITY



DO NOT touch the altar flowers with unwashed hands.

Hast thou no feeling of sanctity?

Brother, why dost thou so rudely approach the Lord of such infinite tenderness?

He will heal thy wounds if thou but askest once with all thy heart.

Bathe thyself in the water of life;
The earth water cannot cleanse thy stains.

[*continued*]

Soul's Secret Door

Adorn thyself with the garb of simplicity,
Anoint thy heart with selfless love:
Thus do thou enter the shrine with
soft and gentle tread.

SILENCE



HUSH! This is the hour of
silence
When soul seeks its refresh-
ment

Turbulent mind, thou art ever restive
for sport and gain;
Thou art ever mad for new sensation
and art in feverish plight.

Wouldst thou rob me of my true
happiness?
Be still, that thou mayest not miss
this new and blessed joy.

[*continued*]

Soul's Secret Door

How sweet is the sound of silence!
How tender is its touch!
How fragrant is its breathing!
How lovely is its form!
O be still yet awhile that my soul may
 see and feel, hear and touch its
 own in this realm of peace divine.

UNQUENCHABLE FLAME



THY flame of love touched
my garment,
I was startled and af-
frighted lest all my
possessions and cherished hopes
be burned to nothingness.

I fled for fear of life, but Thy un-
quenchable fire ever followed me.
With troubled heart and misgiving I
opened my eyes only to find
That Thy bright and blazing flame
was not of destruction.
It burned, yet destroyed it naught.

[*continued*]

Soul's Secret Door

O Thou effulgent Spark, I fear Thee
no more.

I love Thy presence; my soul delights
in Thy presence;

Thy presence is my supreme joy!

ISLAND OF ETERNAL JOY



RIEND, when Thou art near
me I am filled with ir-
repressible joy.

Oft am I held speechless as
I gaze on Thy unformed beauty.
Thou art ever silent, yet Thy voice
resounds the sweet music of the
universe.

My heart grows bold with faith as I
know Thy protecting love.

I shall weep no more for sadness if
Thou but stayest near me.

I know that Thy blessed presence
alone is life complete, unbroken
peace, an island of eternal joy.

LIFE OF MY LIFE



WHY do they call Thee inscrutable,
O Thou Life of my life?
Why do they call Thee unknowable,
O Thou Soul of my soul?
Why do they call Thee unthinkable,
O Thou Heart of my heart?
Is it for my lack of knowledge that
Thou art come to me in this garb
of simplicity?
Is it to help the helpless that Thou
hast made Thyself known to this
lowly heart? .

Soul's Secret Door

I think of Thee not as unthinkable
and vast, but as my own, before
Whom I am not in fear, but full
of tender love.

BE THOU PATIENT

BROTHER, thy load is heavy
and thou art weary;
But One Who has placed the
load upon thy head will
also give thee strength to carry it.
Be thou patient then and uncom-
plaining;
For when thou dost complain, thou
raisest thy voice against Him
Who is thy Keeper.
He knows both thy strength and
failing;
His gift is just and right-proportioned.
Bear thou then with unruffled mind
joy and sorrow, loss and gain.

MY HEART IS OPEN



WILL sing to Thee now
with my whole voice
and lose myself utterly.

When Thou didst ask me
first I was shy and self-conscious,
But now through Thy patient and
unchanging love, my heart is
open.

I was sad to think of all my lost
opportunities;

But Thou, divine Forgiver, hast called
me again to sing before Thee.

My heart is full of gladness!

[*continued*]

Soul's Secret Door

Strange that my mind knew not it
was Thy voice that sang in me,
and Thy music gave its rhythmic
chord.

Thought of "me" and "mine" tied
me to this prison of life,
But Thy gentle touch has broken the
inexorable chain of self.

Let me stay near Thee till my soul
is filled.

Make me bound to Thee forever and
ever more.

WORSHIP



WOULDST thou worship the
High, the Holy?
Then strip thyself of this
garment of self and put
on a fresh vestment of humility.
Why art thou fearful and trembling?
He is not a God of revenge.
Cast off thy false belief and let Him
fill thee anew.

UNSEEN COMRADESHIP



THEY call me again and
again when I sit by
Thy side;
They think I am lonely and
unloved; how they pity my state!
They offer me much, but I smile —
For they know not the secret of this
unseen comradeship.

LOVE'S LIGHTNING



THY love's lightning struck
me;
I was dazed and motionless.
The fear of death, like a
dark shadow, hung over me;
But Thy lightning danced and glowed
and in its flash I found life again.
For this new gift I am more wholly
Thine than I am mine.
O Thou infinite Life, dost Thou count
even a lowly grain of dust as
Thine own?
For this revelation my heart is speech-
less!

MY LOWLY COTTAGE



MY HEART is full to-day, O
Lord of my life, now
Thou art come.

I was lonely and desolate;
I dared not ask Thee to this
lowly cottage;
But Thou, wondrous Lover, gavest
me courage.
Since Thou hast told me Thou
wouldst enter my home, I have
cleansed it and decked it with
wild flowers.
My house was bare — Oh, how full
it is now!

Soul's Secret Door

My flowers were unscented — now
they are fragrant.

I would not exchange this cottage of
mine for all the palaces of the
world!

MERCIFUL ONE



THEY all left me behind, my
fellow-pilgrims.

They were eager to reach
Thee and forgot me in
their haste.

I knew I was undeserving, yet my
soul too longed for Thee.

They sensed my unworthiness and
could not risk their blessing.

But Thou, Friend of the poor, didst
come to me when my heart was
heavy with helplessness.

Soul's Secret Door

Now I am drowning in a river of joy!
Tell me, O Thou merciful One, ere I
 am swept by this current of bliss:
What can I do to repay such love?

I BLESS MY FATE



SHALL always remain ignorant, that Thou, all-wise One, may ever guide me;

I shall always remain a helpless child, that Thou, mighty Spirit of the universe, may ever protect me.

I thank my fate that keeps me ignorant of many things, so I may know naught else but One.

I bless my fate that keeps me un-grown, so I may cling to Thee alone.

WONDER OF WONDERS



WOULDST Thou dwell in this
house of mine,
O Thou King of the great
universe?

If this be Thy pleasure, I shall keep
it clean, untouched and apart.
Tell me, O Thou wondrous Being,
why dost Thou choose the lowly
hearts?

Is it to make them bright with Thy
footprints?

Is it to comfort the comfortless Thou
comest down so low?

[*continued*]

Soul's Secret Door

Thy countenance of compassion has
transfixed me.

All my wants are forgot; I am lost
yet fixed in Thee.

Lost am I in this wonder of wonders!

THY VOICE



AM dumb with amazement
since I heard Thy
voice.

I have lost my taste for all
other music; my soul longs only
for Thy sweet melody.

I can speak no more, for all sounds are
harsh and dissonant since I heard
Thy unbroken harmony.

Strange, I recall Thou didst speak
before but it was distant-far
and obscure;

Yea, Thy gentle note was drowned in
this world's gross tumult;

[*continued*]

Soul's Secret Door

But now my ears have grown deaf to
all other sounds save Thine.
Speak again then, Beloved; Thou
art my soul's ecstasy;
My being melts in Thee!

UNLIGHTED LAMP



SINCE in the dark I stood
alone, aimless but expectant.

The vast expanse offered
me naught, — neither entrance
nor exit;

But an unlighted lamp appeared;
whence, I knew not.

It was vivid and clear but ungrasped.
Its unkindled flame led me on, forward,
ever onward; up or down,
I knew not, for space was no
more.

[*continued*]

Soul's Secret Door

Vast yet intimate, this new sphere
of life; unsensed, yet enjoyed!
O Thou mysterious light, He Who
sent thee to guide me, I am His
forevermore.

THY HOLY TOUCH



SINCE Thy holy touch, I
have lost all craving
for sense-pleasure;
Things of this great world
please me no more.
Life's momentum may carry me on
through passages old, new and
unknown;
But amidst it all, my heart yearns for
Thee alone.

UNKNOWN LAND



COME hither, O friend, I shall tell thee the secret of this unknown land.

Let us shut the outer gates and the inner doors.

Have no fear or doubt, for the strange Guide to this unknown land is marvellous wise.

He knoweth our unacted acts, nay, even our unformed thoughts, our life's pulsation and every heart-string in His grasp.

Soul's Secret Door

So be thou sober, yet not cunning,
for He loves the guileless most
and it is the helpless that He
helps.

This perfect land of unbroken life, so
near to the inward sight, yet far
removed from mortal light!

I close my eyes in utter trust:
Lead me on, Thou Guide divine,
To where lies that inmost shrine!

THY SONG



THE last note of Thy song
was lost to my ear;
It was the noise — they all
spake in so many
voices!

My soul craved no other than Thy
gentle strain, yet they paid no
heed to my inmost wish.

I told them of Thy song, but they
heard it not, for their own voices
were loud; they laughed and
mocked me.

I sat alone with streaming eyes, yet
these drops were not from sad-
ness;

Soul's Secret Door

They were through fulness that Thou,
merciful One, hadst given me
hearing for Thy precious song.

THE CAVE OF MY HEART



FT have I sought secluded
spots for our unbroken
union;
I built houses on removèd
ground;
I entered forests' untravelled depths;
But alas! stillness was not there.
In deep despair I gave up struggling
for this, my cherished hope;
At last my heart sank in submission
and my eyes shut their gates to
all outer trails.
Lo! a perfect cave in the utmost
depths of my heart was awaiting,
ever ready and ever still.

Soul's Secret Door

It was afar, yea, out of reach of all
our ills.

Now I sit with Thee in unbroken
peace — in rain, storm and wind.

They come and beat against my outer
life, but have no access to where
my heart's treasure lies.

HOLY LAND



HE shower of Thy blessing
Fell on this parchèd ground
Which was barren as a
desert.

At first I did not believe
That aught could soften it;
But Thy miracle hath changed
This waste to a flower land.
I sit in this garden of mine
Speechless and wonder-struck;
I walk in it gently with bare feet,
For it is now holy land.

A VOICE AT DAWN



HEARD a voice call me at
early dawn.

It was strange, unknown,
yet familiar;

At first I thought it was a dream, —
It was unlike voices I had heard be-
fore,

Yet it was distinctly familiar.

I stopped and listened;

I strained my hearing;

My mind stretched its wings but
with no avail.

Now I have surrendered.

Come then, O mysterious One!

Hide Thou no more from me.

[*continued*]

Soul's Secret Door

I am distracted; I have no heart in
this mundane game.

Tell me, why didst Thou call me?

I must know Thy Will.

FREEDOM



WHAT avails wailing if thou art bound to the stake of self?

Thou art not born a bondman.

Why then dost thou make thyself a slave of thyself?

What avails quarrelling for thy freedom if thy heart remains selfish and vain?

Cast off the chain from thy neck, thou freeman,

And be free as the air of heaven!

THY HOLY LAMP



WITH Thy holy lamp in my hand, I stood at the corner of the street of life a long, long time.

At first I thought that no one would ever see my precious light; My heart grew anxious and I called aloud.

They turned and looked but saw no light nor understood my voice. They moved on and said to their fellow-travellers that it was but illusion, — fantasy.

I was sad at heart, most doubtful of my thankless task,

Soul's Secret Door

But I stood firm, obedient to Thy
Will.

At last a few came and paused and
asked me what manner of light
was this that burned without
oil or wick.

I told them that it was Thy unfailing
lamp that needs no aid of human
hand;

I begged them to kindle their own,
but they were afraid and hesitant.

I plead with them with all my might,
But they would not leave their ac-
customed ways of darkness and
of shadow, the enemies of life.

O unhappy fate that leads the weary
travellers from light to dark!

SOUL



HENCE my soul? What
my soul?

I know not all its profound
mysteries;

But I know that Thou art in my soul.

I know this in my dreaming;

I know this in my sleeping;

I know this in my waking, —

That Thou art my very life

To-day, to-morrow, aeons hence

And forevermore!

CASTING OFF SELF



FIRST when I came my feet
were heavy
And my hands were full of
many things;
Hence I could not take Thy gift
Which must ever remain unmixed.
Now I have emptied my hands
And my feet are light and free.
I am come now bereft, ungarbed, un-
accompanied;
I shall take whatever Thou givest;
Do Thou command me to do Thy
Will.

[*continued*]

Soul's Secret Door

Since Thy asking I have emptied my
heart of self.

Now it is full! Yea, it is full of the
inexpressible.

At Thy Will, I have cast off self, yet
I am!

I have given up life, yet I live!

Yea, I live now, not separate

But in wholeness of Thy life.

EGO



COME thou no more into this
house of mine, nor do
thou bring thy com-
panions;

This is now my King's dwelling.
Henceforth stay thou out of this
land, for it is guarded by His
sentinels.

When thou didst first enter my home
as a friend I trusted thee, also
thy companions;

But thou art no friend of mine.
Thou hast wrought me pain by thy
harsh dissonant tone.

[*continued*]

Soul's Secret Door

Thou hast brought me vanities of
self-love, pride and possession.
Henceforth enter thou no more this
house of mine;
This is His dwelling;
This is a sacred shrine.

MY SOUL IS AT PEACE



MY SOUL is at peace since the
dawn.

A cool breeze of new hope
hath soothed my trou-
bled heart —

Yea, the weight of life hath fallen
from me.

I am bathed; I am refreshed in this
new life that Thou hast merci-
fully shed upon me, Thy unde-
serving child.

ADORATION TO THEE



TO SHOW us the way of light
Thou art come to this plane
of life

As love and wisdom incar-
nate in flesh.

Free of ego, free of stain art Thou.

My adoration to Thee, great One!

It was Thy mighty hand that broke
the chain

Which held me bound upon the shift-
ing sands of life.

My adoration to Thee, Thou heroic,
compassionate heart,

Soul's Secret Door

Who dost lift the distressed from their
woeful state!

Thou giver of superabundant life,
My soul's adoration to Thee alone,
Thou incarnate Spirit of light and
love.

LIFE'S CONSUMMATION



THOU art my life's consum-
mation,
My abode of unbroken rest;
I lay at Thy transcendent
feet
My weary heart, for its peace.

THY CAPTIVE



SEEKING for my soul's freedom I have wandered far.

Oft in my haste have I embraced far greater fetters than those I sought to break.

In search of happiness oft have I plunged into the unenduring glamour of life,

Like the foolish moth in the flame.

In vain have I struggled;

In vain have I sought my liberation apart from Thee.

But now Thou hast bound me with Thy subtle thread of love.

[*continued*]

Soul's Secret Door

I bless this fetter that binds me to
Thee.

Bind Thou me more: my hands, my
feet, my hearing and sight, my
mind and heart; yea, bind them
all by Thy magic thread of love.

I seek freedom no more.

Henceforth I am Thy captive.

To Thee I surrender my all!

PLAYMATE OF MY SOUL



WHEN Thou art not near
I am desolate with loneli-
ness;

I want no playmate but
Thee.

They do not understand my simple
games;

They have no need of me, for they
have many others.

I have no other than Thee; yea, I am
lonely and sad;

But I await Thy pleasure with humble
submission.

THY WHISPER



THY whisper hath filled my
soul with an unending
song.

In noise and stillness, in
crowd and alone, Thy gentle
tone is always in my ear.

Thy breath like sweet perfume hath
soothed all my sense-cravings.
The touch of Thine immortal hand
is ever upon me.

I am filled! Filled am I from all sides!

THE GIFT



WOULDST Thou receive this
unworthy gift of mine?
Then let me lay it pros-
trate at Thy blessed

Feet.

I came with an eager heart,
Though courage had I none to ap-
proach Thee.

But Thou, All-seeing, didst know my
heart's yearning and didst call me
to Thy side.

I am wonder-struck at this, Thy
mercy!

SHOWER OF THY BLESSING



THE blessing of Thy love, like
a heavy shower, fell
upon me unaware.

It washed me of all dross
clean and free.

In this freshness of bareness my soul
is happy.

For it hath found the Hidden,
And hath attained the Unattainable!

SOUL'S PHYSICIAN



MY LIFE'S wounds are healed
at Thy touch,
O Thou, my soul's Physi-
cian!

Never had I hoped for such benedic-
tion,

But Thou, divine Healer, knowing my
heart's prayer didst come of
Thine own compassion.

My spirit was broken, — it is mended
now;

I am made whole at Thy approach;
I have no life apart from Thee;

I am bound to Thee now and for-
evermore!

LOVE'S LIFE-LINE



THE warring sea of life hath
torn my garment in
its wild fury;

It tossed me by its mighty
waves into a whirlpool of despair;
But Thy thread of love like a life-
line fell over me.

Wind Thou this single thread of love
all about me;

I need no other shielding for my life.

SAFE IN THY HAND



IT IS best that Thou dost
hold my hand and lead
me where'er Thou
deemest.

I shall follow Thee now with un-
faltering faith.

How oft in my searchings have I been
distracted and delayed!

Do Thou hold me now by Thy gentle
hand;

I am always safe in Thy holy keeping.

THY HEAVENLY SMILE



MY SOUL is happy with an
inexpressible joy
Since I saw His smiling face
turned towards me.

I can never forget that radiant smile;
Where'er I go it haunts me by day
and it haunts me by night.

When in grim despair of life, it
brightens my path with hope and
love.

O Thou heavenly smile of strength
and cheer,

Thou art my soul's sunshine!

Thou art my heart's ecstasy!

Thou art the consummation of my
life!

STAY THOU NEAR ME



THOU hast vanquished my
formidable foe by Thy
coming;

He fled before Thee as
night before the day.

I feel safe now that Thou art come —
Stay Thou always near me,
For I have no strength apart from
Thee.

HARVEST



WOULDST thou pluck a
flower in its budding?
Wouldst thou trample a
newly planted seed?
Patient waiting and care bring them
to ripening.
Our life's unfinished work and un-
expressed thoughts
All have their season of harvesting.

ECSTASY



LOSE all power of speech
Whene'er I am before Thee;
My heart sings lyrical songs
Yet my tongue gives no
 sound
Whene'er I am before Thee.

WORDLESS SONG



MY HEART sings a strange,
unknown song,
But never can I hear the
words.

Its music soothes my soul to rest
Yet the words remain ever unheard.
My heart sings it alone in stillness,
this the wordless song.

UNWRITTEN BOOK



IN THE flash-light of my
soul,
As I read this unwritten
book of Thine,
My life's unseen, intricate mysteries
are unfolded.
All veils are dropped.
I sit speechless, marvelling, in awe
and wonder,
As I read and re-read this unwritten
book of Thine.

PERENNIAL SPRING



HAVE found a perennial
spring hidden in my
inner garden.

I have bathed in it; I am
drunk with its ethereal, sparkling
drops.

Come, friend, I will show thee this
spring of unfailing waters;
It will quench thy soul's thirst and
heal thy body's wounds.

LANGUAGE OF THE SOUL



LANGUAGE of the soul is
spoken without tongue;
Its soundless symphony is
heard not by keenness
of ear,
But only by those who are deaf to the
noises of the world.

ECHO OF THY VOICE



THEY think me mad, for now
I sing only one song, —
The song that Thou hast
taught me.

It never grows old to my ear.
At times I catch the echo of Thy
voice in my song,
Then my madness grows with joy
And I sing again and again,
Not to hear my own voice,
But to catch the echo of Thy voice
in my song.

GARLAND FLOWERS



MY HANDS were full of flowers
Which I gathered from my garden
To make a garland for Thee, my Lord.
I emptied my hands to string the flowers,
And placed them on the tablet of my heart.
Now both hands and heart are chained to Thy Feet
By the garland that I made for Thee, my Lord.

THY CHASTISEMENT



THOU hast chastised me by
Thy sad countenance;
I lose all courage when Thy
benign face is turned
away from me.

Thy displeasure is my long night of
living death,

The blessing of Thy smile is my per-
petual day of unbroken life and
bliss.

THY CUP-BEARER



THY exhaustless gift abounding with newness ever fills my cup.

In my ignorance and caprice I have tried to empty it again and again.

Many times have I thought, as I scattered Thy unending gift,
That this vessel was emptied;
But it ever remains full of freshness.
I know neither to fill it nor empty it.
I only know that Thou hast placed
this inexhaustible cup in my
hand.

I carry it where'er I go.

[*continued*]

Soul's Secret Door

'Tis Thou Who givest and keepest,
I only know that I am Thy servant,
Thy humble cup-bearer.

SECRET OF THE MAGIC CUP



HOW I came to possess this
magic cup,

That is a profound secret.

Yet it was hidden only a
little way from me, yea, in my
very house.

Come thou near me, I shall whisper
this hidden secret to thee

In deep silence in my sanctuary.

RESTORATION



WAS lying low like a broken reed devoid of all life and hope,
But the touch of Thy hand hath roused me from my dull stupor;
My whole being is quickened;
An unknown current of life is swiftly flowing upon me.
I am living now with a new life
That Thou hast poured upon me
from Thy eternal store-house.

THE DREAMER



DREAM now in waking,
I see with closed eyes,
I walk without feet
And grasp without hands,
Since Thou hast brought me
To this unearthly and ethereal land.

SURRENDER



SINCE Thou hast given me
refuge and taken me
into Thy safe-keeping
I have lost all fear.

My long night of anxious waking is
forever ended.

I sit now with contentment in my
heart;

I walk with free spirit,

And I sleep with surrender in my soul.

THE DRIFTING VESSEL



IN THE midstream of this
perilous and ever-wind-
ing river of life
My rudderless boat was
swept and set adrift;
But Thy invisible, saving-hand of
mercy
Hath guided this sailless vessel
through rocks and storms
To the shore of safety.

HOLY WATERS



THOU hast cured me
Of my self-intoxication
By pouring out upon me
Thy holy waters.
Thy cool and consecrated blessing
Hath soothed all my inward being;
My fever of anguish is abated;
My restive mind is at peace.

MY DYING LAMP



MY LIFE'S lamp was dim and
dying;
But Thou, unfailing Giver,
didst fill it anew with
Thy fresh oil of life.
Now it burns again with fervent,
steady and luminous glow.

MY SLEEP IS ENDED



THE resonance of Thy voice
roused me

Who was slumbering in idle
dreams.

My waking was only for a moment,
But Thou hast wrought a strange
miracle within my soul.

Now even in sleep I find something in
me always awake and watching.
That which Thou hast roused in me
can sleep no more.

THE JOY OF THY COMING



FOR this madness of mine I
can find no cure;
There is no help save when
Thou art near.

Oft have I thought Thou wert most
near;

Then, of a sudden, I found Thee
gone!

Now at last Thou art come, I am
well,—yea, my spirit is still!

My body, mind and senses all sing in
perfect unison the joy of Thy
coming.

TRANSCENDENT LIGHT



UT of the deep darkness of
night

A light burst upon my soul,
Filling me with serene glad-
ness.

All my inner chambers
Are opened at its touch;
All my inmost being
Is flooded by its radiance.

THE SOUL'S SECRET DOOR



SEEK no more for I have
found Him, not by
seeking, —

He came to me when I was
not looking,
Opening my soul's secret door.
Friend, how can I tell thee of this
strange mystery?
He is seen unsought only through this,
the soul's secret door.

Songs of Nature

COMING OF THE MORN



HOW lovely and fragrant is
the coming of the
morn!

How tenderly it wakens the
Lord of day to His dawn!

How sweetly it sings its heralding!
How quietly it opens the mansion of
its King!

How gently it rouses the flowers from
their night's repose!

My soul delights at the coming of
the morn;

My heart sings at the approach of
dawn.

SPIRIT OF ROSE



THY fragrance hath roused in
my slumbering soul a
new sense of sight and
sound.

I sit like a statue, motionless, gazing
at thy super-earthly beauty.

Thy gentle caress is always on my
face,
Shielding me from the rough usages
of life.

Thy sweet perfume hath spoken to
my soul its language of love.

Soul's Secret Door

Spirit of rose, teach me more of thy
subtle and wondrous ways of
love;
I am thine ignorant brother, stranger
to this new world of thine.

WELCOMING HOST



HOW wondrous rich is the opening of this new world of life!

Motionless tree, speaking its welcome with a living tongue to the tired birds at nightfall, offering them shelter.

How silent is its language of love!

How by the gentle fanning of the leaves it soothes its weary guests to their sleep!

How staunch it stands, watchful and firm

In its vow of selfless service!

AWAKE BROTHER



THE tree-tops are glistening
with beaming smile
as they are lightly
touched by rays of the
rising sun.

They rose early to bathe in the pool
of sweet dew-drops,
And awaited eagerly to pay homage
to their Lord.

Now they are greeting all the early
risers with refreshed spirit of joy.
O awake, brother! Linger thou no
more!

Come and see this newness and fresh-
ness of love, life and joy!

HAPPY CHORUS



CHOIR of sweet voices
Awoke me from my dream-
ing.

It was the hymn of praise
of the birds
To Sun, the Lord of Light.
They sang their heart's thanksgiving
For their night's rest and safe-keeping.

THE LOST VEIL



THE Spirit of Night,
Hiding her gloom in her
dark cloak,
Fled before the Lord of
Light.

In her haste she forgot her head-gear;
Lo! the lustre of her star-sewn veil
Fades before the sun!

THE GREY SKY



SUN, Thou coveted light of
the world,
The grey sky tried to hide
Thee;

That she might enjoy Thee alone
In her blind, selfish greed.
But Thou, universal Lover and Light-
giver,
Tearing off her veil of mist,
Came forth to gladden our hearts.

When Thou art absent at night
All nature retires into stillness;
Tree and flower, bird and beast
All close their eye-lids,

Soul's Secret Door

Refusing sight without Thee.
See now, at Thy return,
How happily they sing and rise
To take up their accustomed rôle of
life.

SONG OF THE WIND



THIS strange song was never written, nor was it sung before;

Its words were first spoken in solitude's silent whisper.

Then the voice of wind sang it in low tone and high.

Now all nature, bird and beast, rivers and brooks, bees and butterflies,

Sing together this unending song.

Hymn of Adoration

INSPIRATION



INSPIRATION, Thy coming
is like the falling of
noiseless dew-drops on
unopened flower-buds,
not conscious of their heavenly
heritage.

Thou divine Magician,
Transformer and transmitter of
beauty,
Thou dost change all earth's harsh
notes into heaven's unspeakable
sweetness.

[*continued*]

Soul's Secret Door

At Thy touch a broken reed sounds
divine harmony

And mortal voice sings immortal song.

When all is covered by the blank
sheet of darkness and naught is
seen,

Thou enterest unaware with Thy all-
filling light,

Transforming gloom into brightness.

The touch of Thy holy hand is my
sole adornment.

A glance from Thy smiling eyes hath
poured upon me a shower of
countless blossoms.

Now I gather these scattered flowers
day and night with ecstatic joy,

Soul's Secret Door

For they bear the blessing of Thy
divine fragrance.

Thou art the enchantment of song,
Rhapsody of rhyme,
Intoxication of ecstasy!
Thou art the might of the mighty,
Sanctity of the saint,
Melody of the musician!
Thou all-glorious Spirit of transcen-
dent loveliness,
In awe and dumb wonderment
I adore Thee!

