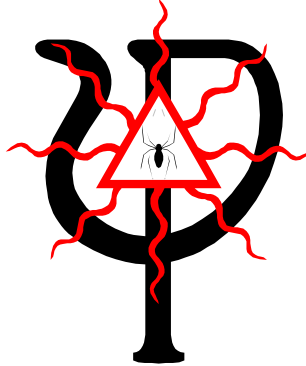


ॐ इन्द्र तद्योऽइन्द्रो
(भगवद्गीता)

PUT INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY
EDWIN ARNOLD



Unspeakable Press

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[*The Song Celestial* was originally published in England in the late nineteenth century (a “new edition” was issued in London in 1899). The following e-text was prepared from a plaintext in Internet circulation scanned and proofread from an edition issued in New York in 1900. Accents and indentation have been restored based on a 1993 reprint by Dover Publications, New York, of an unspecified edition. This document is in the public domain.]

**THE
SONG CELESTIAL.**

or

Bhagavad-Gîtâ

(From the Mahâbhârata)

*Being a Discourse Between Arjuna,
Prince of India, and the Supreme Being
Under the Form of Krishna*

Translated from the Sanskrit Text

by

Sir Edwin Arnold,
M.A., K.C.I.E., C.S.I.

Dedication

TO INDIA

So have I read this wonderful and spirit-thrilling speech,
By Krishna and Prince Arjun held, discoursing each with each;
So have I writ its wisdom here, — its hidden mystery,
For England; O our India! as dear to me as She!

EDWIN ARNOLD

Preface

This famous and marvellous Sanskrit poem occurs as an episode of the *Mahâbhârata*, in the sixth—or “Bhishma”—Parva of the great Hindoo epic. It enjoys immense popularity and authority in India, where it is reckoned as one of the “Five Jewels,”—*pancharatnani*—of Devanâgiri literature. In plain but noble language it unfolds a philosophical system which remains to this day the prevailing Brahmanic belief, blending as it does the doctrines of Kapila, Patanjali, and the Vedas. So lofty are many of its declarations, so sublime its aspirations, so pure and tender its piety, that Schlegel, after his study of the poem, breaks forth into this outburst of delight and praise towards its unknown author:

“Magistrorum reverentia a Brachmanis inter sanctissima pietatis officia refertur. Ergo te primum, Vates sanctissime, Numinisque hypopheta! quisquis tandem inter mortales dictus tu fueris, carminis hujus auctor, cujus oraculis mens ad excelsa quaeque, quaeque, æterna atque divina, cum inenarrabilis quiddam delectatione rapitur—te primum, inquam, salvere jubeo, et vestigia tua semper adore.”

Lassen re-echoes this splendid tribute; and indeed, so striking are some of the moralities here inculcated, and so close the parallelism—ofttimes actually verbal—between its teachings and those of the New Testament, that a controversy has arisen between Pandits and Missionaries on the point whether the author borrowed from Christian sources, or the Evangelists and Apostles from him.

This raises the question of its date, which cannot be positively settled. It must have been inlaid into the ancient

epic at a period later than that of the original Mahâbhârata, but Mr Kasinath Telang has offered some fair arguments to prove it anterior to the Christian era. The weight of evidence, however, tends to place its composition at about the third century after Christ; and perhaps there are really echoes in this Brahmanic poem of the lessons of Galilee, and of the Syrian incarnation.

Its scene is the level country between the Jumna and the Sarsooti rivers—now Kurnul and Jheend. Its simple plot consists of a dialogue held by Prince Arjuna, the brother of King Yudhisthira, with Krishna, the Supreme Deity, wearing the disguise of a charioteer. A great battle is impending between the armies of the Kauravas and Pandavas, and this conversation is maintained in a war-chariot drawn up between the opposing hosts.

The poem has been turned into French by Burnouf, into Latin by Lassen, into Italian by Stanislav Gatti, into Greek by Galanos, and into English by Mr. Thomson and Mr Davies, the prose transcript of the last-named being truly beyond praise for its fidelity and clearness. Mr Telang has also published at Bombay a version in colloquial rhythm, eminently learned and intelligent, but not conveying the dignity or grace of the original. If I venture to offer a translation of the wonderful poem after so many superior scholars, it is in grateful recognition of the help derived from their labours, and because English literature would certainly be incomplete without possessing in popular form a poetical and philosophical work so dear to India.

There is little else to say which the "Song Celestial" does not explain for itself. The Sanskrit original is written in the Anushtubh metre, which cannot be successfully reproduced for Western ears. I have therefore cast it into our flexible blank

verse, changing into lyrical measures where the text itself similarly breaks. For the most part, I believe the sense to be faithfully preserved in the following pages; but Schlegel himself had to say: "In reconditoribus me semper poetafoster mentem recte divinasse affirmare non ausim." Those who would read more upon the philosophy of the poem may find an admirable introduction in the volume of Mr. Davies, printed by Messrs Trübner & Co.

EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

Contents

I.	THE DISTRESS OF ARJUNA	I
II.	THE BOOK OF DOCTRINES	6
III.	VIRTUE IN WORK	15
IV.	THE RELIGION OF KNOWLEDGE	20
V.	RELIGION OF RENOUNCING WORKS	25
VI.	RELIGION BY SELF-RESTRAINT	29
VII.	RELIGION BY DISCERNMENT	35
VIII.	RELIGION BY SERVICE OF THE SUPREME	39
IX.	RELIGION BY THE KINGLY KNOWLEDGE AND THE KINGLY MYSTERY	43
X.	RELIGION BY THE HEAVENLY PERFECTIONS	48
XI.	THE MANIFESTING OF THE ONE AND MANIFOLD	53
XII.	RELIGION OF FAITH	66
XIII.	RELIGION BY SEPARATION OF MATTER AND SPIRIT	69
XIV.	RELIGION BY SEPARATION FROM THE QUALITIES	74
XV.	RELIGION BY ATTAINING THE SUPREME	78
XVI.	THE SEPARATENESS OF THE DIVINE AND UNDIVINE	82
XVII.	RELIGION BY THE THREEFOLD FAITH	85
XVIII.	RELIGION BY DELIVERANCE AND RENUNCIATION	89

Chapter I

Dhritirashtra:

Ranged thus for battle on the sacred plain—
On Kurukshetra—say, Sanjaya! say
What wrought my people, and the Pandavas?

Sanjaya:

When he beheld the host of Pandavas,
Raja Duryôdhana to Drona drew,
And spake these words: "Ah, Guru! see this line,
How vast it is of Pandu fighting-men,
Embattled by the son of Drupada,
Thy scholar in the war! Therein stand ranked
Chiefs like Arjuna, like to Bhima chiefs,
Benders of bows; Virâta, Yuyudhân,
Drupada, eminent upon his car,
Dhrishtaket, Chekitân, Kâsi's stout lord,
Purujit, Kuntibhôj, and Śaivya,
With Yudhâmanyu, and Uttamauj
Subhadra's child; and Drupadi's;—all famed!
All mounted on their shining chariots!
On our side, too,—thou best of Brahmans! see
Excellent chiefs, commanders of my line,
Whose names I joy to count: thyself the first,
Then Bhishma, Karna, Kripa fierce in fight,
Vikarna, Aśwatthâman; next to these Strong Saumadatti, with
full many more
Valiant and tried, ready this day to die
For me their king, each with his weapon grasped,
Each skilful in the field. Weakest—meseems—

Our battle shows where Bhishma holds command,
 And Bhima, fronting him, something too strong!
 Have care our captains nigh to Bhishma's ranks
 Prepare what help they may! Now, blow my shell!"

Then, at the signal of the aged king,
 With blare to wake the blood, rolling around
 Like to a lion's roar, the trumpeter
 Blew the great Conch; and, at the noise of it,
 Trumpets and drums, cymbals and gongs and horns
 Burst into sudden clamour; as the blasts
 Of loosened tempest, such the tumult seemed!
 Then might be seen, upon their car of gold
 Yoked with white steeds, blowing their battle-shells,
 Krishna the God, Arjuna at his side:
 Krishna, with knotted locks, blew his great conch
 Carved of the "Giant's bone;" Arjuna blew
 Indra's loud gift; Bhima the terrible—
 Wolf-bellied Bhima—blew a long reed-conch;
 And Yudhishthira, Kunti's blameless son,
 Winded a mighty shell, "Victory's Voice;"
 And Nakula blew shrill upon his conch
 Named the "Sweet-sounding," Sahadev on his
 Called "Gem-bedecked," and Kasi's Prince on his.
 Sikhandi on his car, Dhrishtadyumn,
 Virata, Satyaki the Unsubdued,
 Drupada, with his sons, (O Lord of Earth!)
 Long-armed Subhadra's children, all blew loud,
 So that the clangour shook their foemen's hearts,
 With quaking earth and thundering heav'n.

Then 'twas—

Beholding Dhritirashtra's battle set,
 Weapons unsheathing, bows drawn forth, the war
 Instant to break—Arjun, whose ensign-badge

Was Hanuman the monkey, spake this thing
 To Krishna the Divine, his charioteer:
 "Drive, Dauntless One! to yonder open ground
 Betwixt the armies; I would see more nigh
 These who will fight with us, those we must slay
 To-day, in war's arbitrament; for, sure,
 On bloodshed all are bent who throng this plain,
 Obeying Dhritirashtra's sinful son."

Thus, by Arjuna prayed, (O Bharata!)
 Between the hosts that heavenly Charioteer
 Drove the bright car, reining its milk-white steeds
 Where Bhishma led, and Drona, and their Lords.
 "See!" spake he to Arjuna, "where they stand,
 Thy kindred of the Kurus:" and the Prince
 Marked on each hand the kinsmen of his house,
 Grandsires and sires, uncles and brothers and sons,
 Cousins and sons-in-law and nephews, mixed
 With friends and honoured elders; some this side,
 Some that side ranged: and, seeing those opposed,
 Such kith grown enemies — Arjuna's heart
 Melted with pity, while he uttered this:

Arjuna.

Krishna! as I behold, come here to shed
 Their common blood, yon concourse of our kin,
 My members fail, my tongue dries in my mouth,
 A shudder thrills my body, and my hair
 Bristles with horror; from my weak hand slips
 Gandîv, the goodly bow; a fever burns
 My skin to parching; hardly may I stand;
 The life within me seems to swim and faint;
 Nothing do I foresee save woe and wail!

It is not good, O Keshav! nought of good
 Can spring from mutual slaughter! Lo, I hate
 Triumph and domination, wealth and ease,
 Thus sadly won! *Aho!* what victory
 Can bring delight, Govinda! what rich spoils
 Could profit; what rule recompense; what span
 Of life itself seem sweet, bought with such blood?
 Seeing that these stand here, ready to die,
 For whose sake life was fair, and pleasure pleased,
 And power grew precious:—grandsires, sires, and sons,
 Brothers, and fathers-in-law, and sons-in-law,
 Elders and friends! Shall I deal death on these
 Even though they seek to slay us? Not one blow,
 O Madhusudan! will I strike to gain
 The rule of all Three Worlds; then, how much less
 To seize an earthly kingdom! Killing these
 Must breed but anguish, Krishna! If they be
 Guilty, we shall grow guilty by their deaths;
 Their sins will light on us, if we shall slay
 Those sons of Dhritirashtra, and our kin;
 What peace could come of that, O Madhava?
 For if indeed, blinded by lust and wrath,
 These cannot see, or will not see, the sin
 Of kingly lines o'erthrown and kinsmen slain,
 How should not we, who see, shun such a crime—
 We who perceive the guilt and feel the shame—
 O thou Delight of Men, Janârdana?
 By overthrow of houses perisheth
 Their sweet continuous household piety,
 And-rites neglected, piety extinct—
 Enters impiety upon that home;
 Its women grow unwomaned, whence there spring
 Mad passions, and the mingling-up of castes,

Sending a Hell-ward road that family,
 And whoso wrought its doom by wicked wrath.
 Nay, and the souls of honoured ancestors
 Fall from their place of peace, being bereft
 Of funeral-cakes and the wan death-water.¹
 So teach our holy hymns. Thus, if we slay
 Kinsfolk and friends for love of earthly power,
Ahovat! what an evil fault it were!
 Better I deem it, if my kinsmen strike,
 To face them weaponless, and bare my breast
 To shaft and spear, than answer blow with blow.

So speaking, in the face of those two hosts,
 Arjuna sank upon his chariot-seat,
 And let fall bow and arrows, sick at heart.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER I OF THE
 BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,
Entitled "Arjun-Vishâd,"
Or "The Book of the Distress of Arjuna."

1. Some repetitious lines are here omitted.

Chapter II

Sanjaya.

Him, filled with such compassion and such grief,
With eyes tear-dimmed, despondent, in stern words
The Driver, Madhusudan, thus addressed:

Krishna.

How hath this weakness taken thee? Whence springs
The inglorious trouble, shameful to the brave,
Barring the path of virtue? Nay, Arjun!
Forbid thyself to feebleness! it mars
Thy warrior-name! cast off the coward-fit!
Wake! Be thyself! Arise, Scourge of thy Foes!

Arjuna.

How can I, in the battle, shoot with shafts
On Bhishma, or on Drona—O thou Chief!—
Both worshipful, both honourable men?

Better to live on beggar's bread
With those we love alive,
Than taste their blood in rich feasts spread,
And guiltily survive!

Ah! were it worse— who knows?— to be
Victor or vanquished here,

When those confront us angrily
Whose death leaves living drear?

In pity lost, by doubtings tossed,
My thoughts—distracted—turn

To Thee, the Guide I reverence most,
That I may counsel learn:

I know not what would heal the grief
 Burned into soul and sense,
 If I were earth's unchallenged chief—
 A god—and these gone thence!

Sanjaya.

So spake Arjuna to the Lord of Hearts,
 And sighing, "I will not fight!" held silence then.
 To whom, with tender smile, (O Bharata!)
 While the Prince wept despairing 'twixt those hosts,
 Krishna made answer in divinest verse:

Krishna.

Thou grievest where no grief should be! thou speak'st
 Words lacking wisdom! for the wise in heart
 Mourn not for those that live, nor those that die.
 Nor I, nor thou, nor any one of these,
 Ever was not, nor ever will not be,
 For ever and for ever afterwards.
 All, that doth live, lives always! To man's frame
 As there come infancy and youth and age,
 So come there raisings-up and layings-down
 Of other and of other life-abodes,
 Which the wise know, and fear not. This that irks—
 Thy sense-life, thrilling to the elements—
 Bringing thee heat and cold, sorrows and joys,
 'Tis brief and mutable! Bear with it, Prince!
 As the wise bear. The soul which is not moved,
 The soul that with a strong and constant calm
 Takes sorrow and takes joy indifferently,
 Lives in the life undying! That which is
 Can never cease to be; that which is not
 Will not exist. To see this truth of both
 Is theirs who part essence from accident,

Substance from shadow. Indestructible,
 Learn thou! the Life is, spreading life through all;
 It cannot anywhere, by any means,
 Be anywise diminished, stayed, or changed.
 But for these fleeting frames which it informs
 With spirit deathless, endless, infinite,
 They perish. Let them perish, Prince! and fight!
 He who shall say, "Lo! I have slain a man!"
 He who shall think, "Lo! I am slain!" those both
 Know naught! Life cannot slay. Life is not slain!

Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to be never;
 Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are dreams!
 Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit for
 ever;
 Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it
 seems!

Who knoweth it exhaustless, self-sustained,
 Immortal, indestructible,—shall such
 Say, "I have killed a man, or caused to kill?"

Nay, but as when one layeth
 His worn-out robes away,
 And taking new ones, sayeth,
 "These will I wear to-day!"
 So putteth by the spirit,
 Lightly its garb of flesh,
 And passeth to inherit
 A residence afresh.

I say to thee weapons reach not the Life;
 Flame burns it not, waters cannot o'erwhelm,
 Nor dry winds wither it. Impenetrable,
 Unentered, unassailed, unharmed, untouched,
 Immortal, all-arriving, stable, sure,

Invisible, ineffable, by word
 And thought uncompassed, ever all itself,
 Thus is the Soul declared! How wilt thou, then,—
 Knowing it so,—grieve when thou shouldst not grieve?
 How, if thou hearest that the man new-dead
 Is, like the man new-born, still living man—
 One same, existent Spirit—wilt thou weep?
 The end of birth is death; the end of death
 Is birth: this is ordained! and mournest thou,
 Chief of the stalwart arm! for what befalls
 Which could not otherwise befall? The birth
 Of living things comes unperceived; the death
 Comes unperceived; between them, beings perceive:
 What is there sorrowful herein, dear Prince?

Wonderful, wistful, to contemplate!
 Difficult, doubtful, to speak upon!
 Strange and great for tongue to relate,
 Mystical hearing for every one!
 Nor wotteth man this, what a marvel it is,
 When seeing, and saying, and hearing are done!

This Life within all living things, my Prince!
 Hides beyond harm; scorn thou to suffer, then,
 For that which cannot suffer. Do thy part!
 Be mindful of thy name, and tremble not!
 Nought better can betide a martial soul
 Than lawful war; happy the warrior
 To whom comes joy of battle—comes, as now,
 Glorious and fair, unsought; opening for him
 A gateway unto Heav'n. But, if thou shunn'st
 This honourable field—a Kshatriya—
 If, knowing thy duty and thy task, thou bidd'st
 Duty and task go by—that shall be sin!

And those to come shall speak thee infamy
 From age to age; but infamy is worse
 For men of noble blood to bear than death!
 The chiefs upon their battle-chariots
 Will deem 'twas fear that drove thee from the fray.
 Of those who held thee mighty-souled the scorn
 Thou must abide, while all thine enemies
 Will scatter bitter speech of thee, to mock
 The valour which thou hadst; what fate could fall
 More grievously than this? Either — being killed —
 Thou wilt win Swarga's safety, or — alive
 And victor — thou wilt reign an earthly king.
 Therefore, arise, thou Son of Kunti! brace
 Thine arm for conflict, nerve thy heart to meet —
 As things alike to thee — pleasure or pain,
 Profit or ruin, victory or defeat:
 So minded, gird thee to the fight, for so
 Thou shalt not sin!

Thus far I speak to thee
 As from the "Sânkhya" — unspiritually —
 Hear now the deeper teaching of the Yôg,
 Which holding, understanding, thou shalt burst
 Thy Karmabandh, the bondage of wrought deeds.
 Here shall no end be hindered, no hope marred,
 No loss be feared: faith — yea, a little faith —
 Shall save thee from the anguish of thy dread.
 Here, Glory of the Kurus! shines one rule —
 One steadfast rule — while shifting souls have laws
 Many and hard. Specious, but wrongful deem
 The speech of those ill-taught ones who extol
 The letter of their Vedas, saying, "This
 Is all we have, or need;" being weak at heart
 With wants, seekers of Heaven: which comes — they say —

As "fruit of good deeds done;" promising men
 Much profit in new births for works of faith;
 In various rites abounding; following whereon
 Large merit shall accrue towards wealth and power;
 Albeit, who wealth and power do most desire
 Least fixity of soul have such, least hold
 On heavenly meditation. Much these teach,
 From Veds, concerning the "three qualities;"
 But thou, be free of the "three qualities,"
 Free of the "pairs of opposites,"¹ and free
 From that sad righteousness which calculates;
 Self-ruled, Arjuna! simple, satisfied!²
 Look! like as when a tank pours water forth
 To suit all needs, so do these Brahmans draw
 Text for all wants from tank of Holy Writ.
 But thou, want not! ask not! Find full reward
 Of doing right in right! Let right deeds be
 Thy motive, not the fruit which comes from them.
 And live in action! Labour! Make thine acts
 Thy piety, casting all self aside,
 Contemning gain and merit; equable
 In good or evil: equability
 Is Yôg, is piety!

Yet, the right act

Is less, far less, than the right-thinking mind.
 Seek refuge in thy soul; have there thy heaven!
 Scorn them that follow virtue for her gifts!
 The mind of pure devotion—even here—
 Casts equally aside good deeds and bad,
 Passing above them. Unto pure devotion
 Devote thyself: with perfect meditation

1. Technical phrases of Vedic religion.

2. The whole of this passage is highly involved and difficult to render.

Comes perfect act, and the right-hearted rise—
 More certainly because they seek no gain—
 Forth from the bands of body, step by step,
 To highest seats of bliss. When thy firm soul
 Hath shaken off those tangled oracles
 Which ignorantly guide, then shall it soar
 To high neglect of what's denied or said,
 This way or that way, in doctrinal writ.
 Troubled no longer by the priestly lore,
 Safe shall it live, and sure; steadfastly bent
 On meditation. This is Yôg—and Peace!

Arjuna.

What is his mark who hath that steadfast heart,
 Confirmed in holy meditation? How
 Know we his speech, Kesava? Sits he, moves he
 Like other men?

Krishna.

When one, O Pritha's Son!
 Abandoning desires which shake the mind—
 Finds in his soul full comfort for his soul,
 He hath attained the Yog—that man is such!
 In sorrows not dejected, and in joys
 Not overjoyed; dwelling outside the stress
 Of passion, fear, and anger; fixed in calms
 Of lofty contemplation;—such an one
 Is Muni, is the Sage, the true Recluse!
 He who to none and nowhere overbound
 By ties of flesh, takes evil things and good
 Neither desponding nor exulting, such
 Bears wisdom's plainest mark! He who shall draw
 As the wise tortoise draws its four feet safe
 Under its shield, his five frail senses back

Under the spirit's buckler from the world
 Which else assails them, such an one, my Prince!
 Hath wisdom's mark! Things that solicit sense
 Hold off from the self-governed; nay, it comes,
 The appetites of him who lives beyond
 Depart,—aroused no more. Yet may it chance,
 O Son of Kunti! that a governed mind
 Shall some time feel the sense-storms sweep, and wrest
 Strong self-control by the roots. Let him regain
 His kingdom! let him conquer this, and sit
 On Me intent. That man alone is wise
 Who keeps the mastery of himself! If one
 Ponders on objects of the sense, there springs
 Attraction; from attraction grows desire,
 Desire flames to fierce passion, passion breeds
 Recklessness; then the memory — all betrayed —
 Lets noble purpose go, and saps the mind,
 Till purpose, mind, and man are all undone.
 But, if one deals with objects of the sense
 Not loving and not hating, making them
 Serve his free soul, which rests serenely lord,
 Lo! such a man comes to tranquillity;
 And out of that tranquillity shall rise
 The end and healing of his earthly pains,
 Since the will governed sets the soul at peace.
 The soul of the ungoverned is not his,
 Nor hath he knowledge of himself; which lacked,
 How grows serenity? and, wanting that,
 Whence shall he hope for happiness?

The mind

That gives itself to follow shows of sense
 Seeth its helm of wisdom rent away,
 And, like a ship in waves of whirlwind, drives

To wreck and death. Only with him, great Prince!
 Whose senses are not swayed by things of sense—
 Only with him who holds his mastery,
 Shows wisdom perfect. What is midnight-gloom
 To unenlightened souls shines wakeful day
 To his clear gaze; what seems as wakeful day
 Is known for night, thick night of ignorance,
 To his true-seeing eyes. Such is the Saint!

And like the ocean, day by day receiving
 Floods from all lands, which never overflows
 Its boundary-line not leaping, and not leaving,
 Fed by the rivers, but unswelled by those;—

So is the perfect one! to his soul's ocean
 The world of sense pours streams of witchery;
 They leave him as they find, without commotion,
 Taking their tribute, but remaining sea.

Yea! whoso, shaking off the yoke of flesh
 Lives lord, not servant, of his lusts; set free
 From pride, from passion, from the sin of "Self,"
 Toucheth tranquillity! O Pritha's Son!
 That is the state of Brahm! There rests no dread
 When that last step is reached! Live where he will,
 Die when he may, such passeth from all 'plaining,
 To blest Nirvana, with the Gods, attaining.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER II OF THE
 BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,
 Entitled "Sânkhya-Yôg,"
 Or "The Book of Doctrines."

Chapter III

Arjuna.

Thou whom all mortals praise, Janardana!
If meditation be a nobler thing
Than action, wherefore, then, great Keśava!
Dost thou impel me to this dreadful fight?
Now am I by thy doubtful speech disturbed!
Tell me one thing, and tell me certainly;
By what road shall I find the better end?

Krishna.

I told thee, blameless Lord! there be two paths
Shown to this world; two schools of wisdom.

First

The Sâmkhya's, which doth save in way of works
Prescribed¹ by reason; next, the Yôg, which bids
Attain by meditation, spiritually:
Yet these are one! No man shall 'scape from act
By shunning action; nay, and none shall come
By mere renouncements unto perfectness.
Nay, and no jot of time, at any time,
Rests any actionless; his nature's law
Compels him, even unwilling, into act;
[For thought is act in fancy]. He who sits
Suppressing all the instruments of flesh,
Yet in his idle heart thinking on them,
Plays the inept and guilty hypocrite:
But he who, with strong body serving mind,

1. I feel convinced sankhyanan and yoginan must be transposed here in sense.

Gives up his mortal powers to worthy work,
 Not seeking gain, Arjuna! such an one
 Is honourable. Do thine allotted task!
 Work is more excellent than idleness;
 The body's life proceeds not, lacking work.
 There is a task of holiness to do,
 Unlike world-binding toil, which bindeth not
 The faithful soul; such earthly duty do
 Free from desire, and thou shalt well perform
 Thy heavenly purpose. Spake Prajâpati—
 In the beginning, when all men were made,
 And, with mankind, the sacrifice—“Do this!
 Work! sacrifice! Increase and multiply
 With sacrifice! This shall be Kâmaduk,
 Your ‘Cow of Plenty,’ giving back her milk
 Of all abundance. Worship the gods thereby;
 The gods shall yield thee grace. Those meats ye crave
 The gods will grant to Labour, when it pays
 Tithes in the altar-flame. But if one eats
 Fruits of the earth, rendering to kindly Heaven
 No gift of toil, that thief steals from his world.”

Who eat of food after their sacrifice
 Are quit of fault, but they that spread a feast
 All for themselves, eat sin and drink of sin.
 By food the living live; food comes of rain,
 And rain comes by the pious sacrifice,
 And sacrifice is paid with tithes of toil;
 Thus action is of Brahmâ, who is One,
 The Only, All-pervading; at all times
 Present in sacrifice. He that abstains
 To help the rolling wheels of this great world,
 Glutting his idle sense, lives a lost life,
 Shameful and vain. Existing for himself,

Self-concentrated, serving self alone,
 No part hath he in aught; nothing achieved,
 Nought wrought or unwrought toucheth him; no hope
 Of help for all the living things of earth
 Depends from him.² Therefore, thy task prescribed
 With spirit unattached gladly perform,
 Since in performance of plain duty man
 Mounts to his highest bliss. By works alone
 Janak and ancient saints reached blessedness!
 Moreover, for the upholding of thy kind,
 Action thou should'st embrace. What the wise choose
 The unwise people take; what best men do
 The multitude will follow. Look on me,
 Thou Son of Prithâ! in the three wide worlds
 I am not bound to any toil, no height
 Awaits to scale, no gift remains to gain,
 Yet I act here! and, if I acted not—
 Earnest and watchful—those that look to me
 For guidance, sinking back to sloth again
 Because I slumbered, would decline from good,
 And I should break earth's order and commit
 Her offspring unto ruin, Bharata!
 Even as the unknowing toil, wedded to sense,
 So let the enlightened toil, sense-freed, but set
 To bring the world deliverance, and its bliss;
 Not sowing in those simple, busy hearts
 Seed of despair. Yea! let each play his part
 In all he finds to do, with unyoked soul.
 All things are everywhere by Nature wrought
 In interaction of the qualities.
 The fool, cheated by self, thinks, "This I did"
 And "That I wrought;" but—ah, thou strong-armed Prince!—

2. I am doubtful of accuracy here.

A better-lessoned mind, knowing the play
 Of visible things within the world of sense,
 And how the qualities must qualify,
 Standeth aloof even from his acts. Th' untaught
 Live mixed with them, knowing not Nature's way,
 Of highest aims unwitting, slow and dull.
 Those make thou not to stumble, having the light;
 But all thy dues discharging, for My sake,
 With meditation centred inwardly,
 Seeking no profit, satisfied, serene,
 Heedless of issue—fight! They who shall keep
 My ordinance thus, the wise and willing hearts, Have quittance
 from all issue of their acts;
 But those who disregard My ordinance,
 Thinking they know, know nought, and fall to loss,
 Confused and foolish. 'Sooth, the instructed one
 Doth of his kind, following what fits him most:
 And lower creatures of their kind; in vain
 Contending 'gainst the law. Needs must it be
 The objects of the sense will stir the sense
 To like and dislike, yet th' enlightened man
 Yields not to these, knowing them enemies.
 Finally, this is better, that one do
 His own task as he may, even though he fail,
 Than take tasks not his own, though they seem good.
 To die performing duty is no ill;
 But who seeks other roads shall wander still.

Arjuna.

Yet tell me, Teacher! by what force doth man
 Go to his ill, unwilling; as if one
 Pushed him that evil path?

Krishna.

Kâma it is!
 Passion it is! born of the Darknesses,
 Which pusheth him. Mighty of appetite,
 Sinful, and strong is this!—man's enemy!
 As smoke blots the white fire, as clinging rust
 Mars the bright mirror, as the womb surrounds
 The babe unborn, so is the world of things
 Foiled, soiled, enclosed in this desire of flesh.
 The wise fall, caught in it; the unresting foe
 It is of wisdom, wearing countless forms,
 Fair but deceitful, subtle as a flame.
 Sense, mind, and reason—these, O Kunti's Son!
 Are booty for it; in its play with these
 It maddens man, beguiling, blinding him.
 Therefore, thou noblest child of Bharata!
 Govern thy heart! Constrain th' entangled sense!
 Resist the false, soft sinfulness which saps
 Knowledge and judgment! Yea, the world is strong,
 But what discerns it stronger, and the mind
 Strongest; and high o'er all the ruling Soul.
 Wherefore, perceiving Him who reigns supreme,
 Put forth full force of Soul in thy own soul!
 Fight! vanquish foes and doubts, dear Hero! slay
 What haunts thee in fond shapes, and would betray!

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER III OF THE
 BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,
Entitled "Karma Yôg,"
 Or "*The Book of Virtue in Work.*"

Chapter IV

Krishna.

This deathless Yoga, this deep union,
I taught Vivaswata,¹ the Lord of Light;
Vivaswata to Manu gave it; he
To Ikshwaku; so passed it down the line
Of all my royal Rishis. Then, with years,
The truth grew dim and perished, noble Prince!
Now once again to thee it is declared —
This ancient lore, this mystery supreme —
Seeing I find thee votary and friend.

Arjuna.

Thy birth, dear Lord, was in these later days,
And bright Vivaswata's preceded time!
How shall I comprehend this thing thou sayest,
"From the beginning it was I who taught?"

Krishna.

Manifold the renewals of my birth
Have been, Arjuna! and of thy births, too!
But mine I know, and thine thou knowest not,
O Slayer of thy Foes! Albeit I be
Unborn, undying, indestructible,
The Lord of all things living; not the less —
By Maya, by my magic which I stamp
On floating Nature-forms, the primal vast —
I come, and go, and come. When Righteousness
Declines, O Bharata! when Wickedness
Is strong, I rise, from age to age, and take

1. A name of the sun.

Visible shape, and move a man with men,
 Succouring the good, thrusting the evil back,
 And setting Virtue on her seat again.
 Who knows the truth touching my births on earth
 And my divine work, when he quits the flesh
 Puts on its load no more, falls no more down
 To earthly birth: to Me he comes, dear Prince!

Many there be who come! from fear set free,
 From anger, from desire; keeping their hearts
 Fixed upon me—my Faithful—purified
 By sacred flame of Knowledge. Such as these
 Mix with my being. Whoso worship me,
 Them I exalt; but all men everywhere
 Shall fall into my path; albeit, those souls
 Which seek reward for works, make sacrifice
 Now, to the lower gods. I say to thee
 Here have they their reward. But I am He
 Made the Four Castes, and portioned them a place
 After their qualities and gifts. Yea, I
 Created, the Reposeful; I that live
 Immortally, made all those mortal births:
 For works soil not my essence, being works
 Wrought uninvolved.² Who knows me acting thus
 Unchained by action, action binds not him;
 And, so perceiving, all those saints of old
 Worked, seeking for deliverance. Work thou
 As, in the days gone by, thy fathers did.

Thou sayst, perplexed, It hath been asked before
 By singers and by sages, "What is act,
 And what inaction?" I will teach thee this,
 And, knowing, thou shalt learn which work doth save
 Needs must one rightly meditate those three—

2. Without desire of fruit.

Doing, — not doing, — and undoing. Here
Thorny and dark the path is! He who sees
How action may be rest, rest action — he
Is wisest 'mid his kind; he hath the truth!
He doeth well, acting or resting. Freed
In all his works from prickings of desire,
Burned clean in act by the white fire of truth,
The wise call that man wise; and such an one,
Renouncing fruit of deeds, always content.
Always self-satisfying, if he works,
Doth nothing that shall stain his separate soul,
Which — quit of fear and hope — subduing self —
Rejecting outward impulse — yielding up
To body's need nothing save body, dwells
Sinless amid all sin, with equal calm
Taking what may befall, by grief unmoved,
Unmoved by joy, unenvyingly; the same
In good and evil fortunes; nowise bound
By bond of deeds. Nay, but of such an one,
Whose crave is gone, whose soul is liberate,
Whose heart is set on truth — of such an one
What work he does is work of sacrifice,
Which passeth purely into ash and smoke
Consumed upon the altar! All's then God!
The sacrifice is Brahm, the ghee and grain
Are Brahm, the fire is Brahm, the flesh it eats
Is Brahm, and unto Brahm attaineth he
Who, in such office, meditates on Brahm.
Some votaries there be who serve the gods
With flesh and altar-smoke; but other some
Who, lighting subtler fires, make purer rite
With will of worship. Of the which be they
Who, in white flame of continence, consume
Joys of the sense, delights of eye and ear,

Forgoing tender speech and sound of song:
And they who, kindling fires with torch of Truth,
Burn on a hidden altar-stone the bliss
Of youth and love, renouncing happiness:
And they who lay for offering there their wealth,
Their penance, meditation, piety,
Their steadfast reading of the scrolls, their lore
Painfully gained with long austerities:
And they who, making silent sacrifice,
Draw in their breath to feed the flame of thought,
And breathe it forth to waft the heart on high,
Governing the ventage of each entering air
Lest one sigh pass which helpeth not the soul:
And they who, day by day denying needs,
Lay life itself upon the altar-flame,
Burning the body wan. Lo! all these keep
The rite of offering, as if they slew
Victims; and all thereby efface much sin.
Yea! and who feed on the immortal food
Left of such sacrifice, to Brahm pass,
To The Unending. But for him that makes
No sacrifice, he hath nor part nor lot
Even in the present world. How should he share
Another, O thou Glory of thy Line?

In sight of Brahma all these offerings
Are spread and are accepted! Comprehend
That all proceed by act; for knowing this,
Thou shalt be quit of doubt. The sacrifice
Which Knowledge pays is better than great gifts
Offered by wealth, since gifts' worth—O my Prince!
Lies in the mind which gives, the will that serves:
And these are gained by reverence, by strong search,
By humble heed of those who see the Truth

And teach it. Knowing Truth, thy heart no more
 Will ache with error, for the Truth shall show
 All things subdued to thee, as thou to Me.
 Moreover, Son of Pandu! wert thou worst
 Of all wrong-doers, this fair ship of Truth
 Should bear thee safe and dry across the sea
 Of thy transgressions. As the kindled flame
 Feeds on the fuel till it sinks to ash,
 So unto ash, Arjuna! unto nought
 The flame of Knowledge wastes works' dross away!
 There is no purifier like thereto
 In all this world, and he who seeketh it
 Shall find it—being grown perfect—in himself.
 Believing, he receives it when the soul
 Masters itself, and cleaves to Truth, and comes—
 Possessing knowledge—to the higher peace,
 The uttermost repose. But those untaught,
 And those without full faith, and those who fear
 Are shent; no peace is here or other where,
 No hope, nor happiness for whoso doubts.
 He that, being self-contained, hath vanquished doubt,
 Disparting self from service, soul from works,
 Enlightened and emancipate, my Prince!
 Works fetter him no more! Cut then atwain
 With sword of wisdom, Son of Bharata!
 This doubt that binds thy heart-beats! cleave the bond
 Born of thy ignorance! Be bold and wise!
 Give thyself to the field with me! Arise!

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER IV OF THE
 BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,
 Entitled "*Jñana Yôg*,"
 Or "*The Book of the Religion of Knowledge.*"

Chapter V

Arjuna.

Yet, Krishna! at the one time thou dost laud
Surcease of works, and, at another time,
Service through work. Of these twain plainly tell
Which is the better way?

Krishna.

To cease from works
Is well, and to do works in holiness
Is well; and both conduct to bliss supreme;
But of these twain the better way is his
Who working piously refraineth not.

That is the true Renouncer, firm and fixed,
Who—seeking nought, rejecting nought—dwells proof
Against the “opposites.”¹ O valiant Prince!
In doing, such breaks lightly from all deed:
‘Tis the new scholar talks as they were two,
This Sânkhya and this Yôga: wise men know
Who husbands one plucks golden fruit of both!
The region of high rest which Sânkhyans reach
Yôgins attain. Who sees these twain as one
Sees with clear eyes! Yet such abstraction, Chief!
Is hard to win without much holiness.
Whoso is fixed in holiness, self-ruled,
Pure-hearted, lord of senses and of self,
Lost in the common life of all which lives—
A “Yogayukt” —he is a Saint who wends

1. That is, “joy and sorrow, success and failure, heat and cold,” &c.

Straightway to Brahm. Such an one is not touched
 By taint of deeds. "Nought of myself I do!"
 Thus will he think—who holds the truth of truths—
 In seeing, hearing, touching, smelling; when
 He eats, or goes, or breathes; slumbers or talks,
 Holds fast or loosens, opes his eyes or shuts;
 Always assured "This is the sense-world plays
 With senses." He that acts in thought of Brahm,
 Detaching end from act, with act content,
 The world of sense can no more stain his soul
 Than waters mar th' enamelled lotus-leaf.
 With life, with heart, with mind,-nay, with the help
 Of all five senses—letting selfhood go—
 Yogins toil ever towards their souls' release.
 Such votaries, renouncing fruit of deeds,
 Gain endless peace: the unvowed, the passion-bound,
 Seeking a fruit from works, are fastened down.
 The embodied sage, withdrawn within his soul,
 At every act sits godlike in "the town
 Which hath nine gateways,"² neither doing aught
 Nor causing any deed. This world's Lord makes
 Neither the work, nor passion for the work,
 Nor lust for fruit of work; the man's own self
 Pushes to these! The Master of this World
 Takes on himself the good or evil deeds
 Of no man—dwelling beyond! Mankind errs here
 By folly, darkening knowledge. But, for whom
 That darkness of the soul is chased by light,
 Splendid and clear shines manifest the Truth
 As if a Sun of Wisdom sprang to shed
 Its beams of dawn. Him meditating still,
 Him seeking, with Him blended, stayed on Him,

2. *i.e.*, the body.

The souls illuminated take that road
 Which hath no turning back—their sins flung off
 By strength of faith. [Who will may have this Light;
 Who hath it sees.] To him who wisely sees,
 The Brahman with his scrolls and sanctities,
 The cow, the elephant, the unclean dog,
 The Outcast gorging dog's meat, are all one.

The world is overcome—aye! even here!
 By such as fix their faith on Unity.
 The sinless Brahma dwells in Unity,
 And they in Brahma. Be not over-glad
 Attaining joy, and be not over-sad
 Encountering grief, but, stayed on Brahma, still
 Constant let each abide! The sage whose soul
 Holds off from outer contacts, in himself
 Finds bliss; to Brahma joined by piety,
 His spirit tastes eternal peace. The joys
 Springing from sense-life are but quickening wombs
 Which breed sure griefs: those joys begin and end!
 The wise mind takes no pleasure, Kunti's Son!
 In such as those! But if a man shall learn,
 Even while he lives and bears his body's chain,
 To master lust and anger, he is blest!
 He is the *Yukta*; he hath happiness,
 Contentment, light, within: his life is merged
 In Brahma's life; he doth Nirvâna touch!
 Thus go the Rishis unto rest, who dwell
 With sins effaced, with doubts at end, with hearts
 Governed and calm. Glad in all good they live,
 Nigh to the peace of God; and all those live
 Who pass their days exempt from greed and wrath,
 Subduing self and senses, knowing the Soul!

The Saint who shuts outside his placid soul
All touch of sense, letting no contact through;
Whose quiet eyes gaze straight from fixed brows,
Whose outward breath and inward breath are drawn
Equal and slow through nostrils still and close;
That one-with organs, heart, and mind constrained,
Bent on deliverance, having put away
Passion, and fear, and rage;—hath, even now,
Obtained deliverance, ever and ever freed.
Yea! for he knows Me Who am He that heeds
The sacrifice and worship, God revealed;
And He who heeds not, being Lord of Worlds,
Lover of all that lives, God unrevealed,
Wherein who will shall find surety and shield!

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER III OF THE
BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,
Entitled "Karmasanyâsayôg,"
Or "The Book of Religion by Renouncing Fruit of Works."

Chapter VI

Krishna.

Therefore, who doeth work rightful to do,
Not seeking gain from work, that man, O Prince!
Is Sânyasi and Yôgi—both in one
And he is neither who lights not the flame
Of sacrifice, nor setteth hand to task.

Regard as true Renouncer him that makes
Worship by work, for who renounceth not
Works not as Yôgin. So is that well said:
"By works the votary doth rise to faith,
And saintship is the ceasing from all works;
Because the perfect Yogin acts—but acts
Unmoved by passions and unbound by deeds,
Setting result aside.

Let each man raise
The Self by Soul, not trample down his Self,
Since Soul that is Self's friend may grow Self's foe.
Soul is Self's friend when Self doth rule o'er Self,
But Self turns enemy if Soul's own self
Hates Self as not itself.¹

The sovereign soul
Of him who lives self-governed and at peace
Is centred in itself, taking alike
Pleasure and pain; heat, cold; glory and shame.
He is the Yôgi, he is *Yûkta*, glad
With joy of light and truth; dwelling apart

1. The Sanskrit has this play on the double meaning of *Atman*.

Upon a peak, with senses subjugate
 Whereto the clod, the rock, the glistering gold
 Show all as one. By this sign is he known
 Being of equal grace to comrades, friends,
 Chance-comers, strangers, lovers, enemies,
 Aliens and kinsmen; loving all alike,
 Evil or good.

Sequestered should he sit,
 Steadfastly meditating, solitary,
 His thoughts controlled, his passions laid away,
 Quit of belongings. In a fair, still spot
 Having his fixed abode,—not too much raised,
 Nor yet too low,—let him abide, his goods
 A cloth, a deerskin, and the Kuśa-grass.
 There, setting hard his mind upon The One,
 Restraining heart and senses, silent, calm,
 Let him accomplish Yôga, and achieve
 Pureness of soul, holding immovable
 Body and neck and head, his gaze absorbed
 Upon his nose-end,² rapt from all around,
 Tranquil in spirit, free of fear, intent
 Upon his Brahmacharya vow, devout,
 Musing on Me, lost in the thought of Me.
 That Yôgin, so devoted, so controlled,
 Comes to the peace beyond,—My peace, the peace
 Of high Nirvâna!

But for earthly needs
 Religion is not his who too much fasts
 Or too much feasts, nor his who sleeps away
 An idle mind; nor his who wears to waste
 His strength in vigils. Nay, Arjuna! call

2. So in original.

That the true piety which most removes
 Earth-aches and ills, where one is moderate
 In eating and in resting, and in sport;
 Measured in wish and act; sleeping betimes,
 Waking betimes for duty.

When the man,
 So living, centres on his soul the thought
 Straitly restrained—untouched internally
 By stress of sense—then is he *Yûkta*. See!
 Steadfast a lamp burns sheltered from the wind;
 Such is the likeness of the Yogi's mind
 Shut from sense-storms and burning bright to Heaven.
 When mind broods placid, soothed with holy wont;
 When Self contemplates self, and in itself
 Hath comfort; when it knows the nameless joy
 Beyond all scope of sense, revealed to soul—
 Only to soul! and, knowing, wavers not,
 True to the farther Truth; when, holding this,
 It deems no other treasure comparable,
 But, harboured there, cannot be stirred or shook
 By any gravest grief, call that state "peace,"
 That happy severance *Yôga*; call that man
 The perfect *Yôgin*!

Steadfastly the will
 Must toil thereto, till efforts end in ease,
 And thought has passed from thinking. Shaking off
 All longings bred by dreams of fame and gain,
 Shutting the doorways of the senses close
 With watchful ward; so, step by step, it comes
 To gift of peace assured and heart assuaged,
 When the mind dwells self-wrapped, and the soul broods
 Cumberless. But, as often as the heart

Breaks—wild and wavering—from control, so oft
 Let him re-curb it, let him rein it back
 To the soul's governance; for perfect bliss
 Grows only in the bosom tranquillised,
 The spirit passionless, purged from offence,
 Vowed to the Infinite. He who thus vows
 His soul to the Supreme Soul, quitting sin,
 Passes unhindered to the endless bliss
 Of unity with Brahma. He so vowed,
 So blended, sees the Life-Soul resident
 In all things living, and all living things
 In that Life-Soul contained. And whoso thus
 Discerneth Me in all, and all in Me,
 I never let him go; nor looseneth he
 Hold upon Me; but, dwell he where he may,
 Whate'er his life, in Me he dwells and lives,
 Because he knows and worships Me, Who dwell
 In all which lives, and cleaves to Me in all.
 Arjuna! if a man sees everywhere—
 Taught by his own similitude—one Life,
 One Essence in the Evil and the Good,
 Hold him a Yôgi, yea! well-perfected!

Arjuna.

Slayer of Madhu! yet again, this Yôg,
 This Peace, derived from equanimity,
 Made known by thee—I see no fixity
 Therein, no rest, because the heart of men
 Is unfixed, Krishna! rash, tumultuous,
 Wilful and strong. It were all one, I think,
 To hold the wayward wind, as tame man's heart.

Krishna.

Hero long-armed! beyond denial, hard

Man's heart is to restrain, and wavering;
 Yet may it grow restrained by habit, Prince!
 By wont of self-command. This Yog, I say,
 Cometh not lightly to th' ungoverned ones;
 But he who will be master of himself
 Shall win it, if he stoutly strive thereto.

Arjuna.

And what road goeth he who, having faith,
 Fails, Krishna! in the striving; falling back
 From holiness, missing the perfect rule?
 Is he not lost, straying from Brahma's light,
 Like the vain cloud, which floats 'twixt earth and heaven
 When lightning splits it, and it vanisheth?
 Fain would I hear thee answer me herein,
 Since, Krishna! none save thou can clear the doubt.

Krishna.

He is not lost, thou Son of Pritha! No!
 Nor earth, nor heaven is forfeit, even for him,
 Because no heart that holds one right desire
 Treadeth the road of loss! He who should fail,
 Desiring righteousness, cometh at death
 Unto the Region of the Just; dwells there
 Measureless years, and being born anew,
 Beginneth life again in some fair home
 Amid the mild and happy. It may chance
 He doth descend into a Yôgin house
 On Virtue's breast; but that is rare! Such birth
 Is hard to be obtained on this earth, Chief!
 So hath he back again what heights of heart
 He did achieve, and so he strives anew
 To perfectness, with better hope, dear Prince!
 For by the old desire he is drawn on

Unwittingly; and only to desire
 The purity of Yôg is to pass
 Beyond the *Sabdabrahm*, the spoken Ved.
 But, being Yôgi, striving strong and long,
 Purged from transgressions, perfected by births
 Following on births, he plants his feet at last
 Upon the farther path. Such an one ranks
 Above ascetics, higher than the wise,
 Beyond achievers of vast deeds! Be thou
 Yôgi Arjuna! And of such believe,
 Truest and best is he who worships Me
 With inmost soul, stayed on My Mystery!

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER VI OF THE
 BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,
Entitled "Atmasantamayôg,"
 Or "*The Book of Religion by Self-Restraint.*"

Chapter VII

Krishna.

Learn now, dear Prince! how, if thy soul be set
Ever on Me—still exercising Yôg,
Still making Me thy Refuge—thou shalt come
Most surely unto perfect hold of Me.
I will declare to thee that utmost lore,
Whole and particular, which, when thou knowest,
Leaveth no more to know here in this world.

Of many thousand mortals, one, perchance,
Striveth for Truth; and of those few that strive—
Nay, and rise high—one only—here and there—
Knoweth Me, as I am, the very Truth.

Earth, water, flame, air, ether, life, and mind,
And individuality—those eight
Make up the showing of Me, Manifest.

These be my lower Nature; learn the higher,
Whereby, thou Valiant One! this Universe
Is, by its principle of life, produced;
Whereby the worlds of visible things are born
As from a *Yoni*. Know! I am that womb:
I make and I unmake this Universe:
Than me there is no other Master, Prince!
No other Maker! All these hang on me
As hangs a row of pearls upon its string.
I am the fresh taste of the water; I
The silver of the moon, the gold o' the sun,
The word of worship in the Veds, the thrill

That passeth in the ether, and the strength
 Of man's shed seed. I am the good sweet smell
 Of the moistened earth, I am the fire's red light,
 The vital air moving in all which moves,
 The holiness of hallowed souls, the root
 Undying, whence hath sprung whatever is;
 The wisdom of the wise, the intellect
 Of the informed, the greatness of the great.
 The splendour of the splendid. Kunti's Son!
 These am I, free from passion and desire;
 Yet am I right desire in all who yearn,
 Chief of the Bhâratas! for all those moods,
 Soothfast, or passionate, or ignorant,
 Which Nature frames, deduce from me; but all
 Are merged in me—not I in them! The world—
 Deceived by those three qualities of being—
 Wotteth not Me Who am outside them all,
 Above them all, Eternal! Hard it is
 To pierce that veil divine of various shows
 Which hideth Me; yet they who worship Me
 Pierce it and pass beyond.

I am not known
 To evil-doers, nor to foolish ones,
 Nor to the base and churlish; nor to those
 Whose mind is cheated by the show of things,
 Nor those that take the way of Asuras.¹
 Four sorts of mortals know me: he who weeps,
 Arjuna! and the man who yearns to know;
 And he who toils to help; and he who sits
 Certain of me, enlightened.

1. Beings of low and devilish nature.

Of these four,
 O Prince of India! highest, nearest, best
 That last is, the devout soul, wise, intent
 Upon "The One." Dear, above all, am I
 To him; and he is dearest unto me!
 All four are good, and seek me; but mine own,
 The true of heart, the faithful—stayed on me,
 Taking me as their utmost blessedness,
 They are not "mine," but I—even I myself!
 At end of many births to Me they come!
 Yet hard the wise Mahatma is to find,
 That man who sayeth, "All is Vâsudev!"²

There be those, too, whose knowledge, turned aside
 By this desire or that, gives them to serve
 Some lower gods, with various rites, constrained
 By that which mouldeth them. Unto all such—
 Worship what shrine they will, what shapes, in faith—
 'Tis I who give them faith! I am content!
 The heart thus asking favour from its God,
 Darkened but ardent, hath the end it craves,
 The lesser blessing—but 'tis I who give!
 Yet soon is withered what small fruit they reap:
 Those men of little minds, who worship so,
 Go where they worship, passing with their gods.
 But Mine come unto me! Blind are the eyes
 Which deem th' Unmanifested manifest,
 Not comprehending Me in my true Self!
 Imperishable, viewless, undeclared,
 Hidden behind my magic veil of shows,
 I am not seen by all; I am not known—
 Unborn and changeless—to the idle world.

2. Krishna.

But I, Arjuna! know all things which were,
 And all which are, and all which are to be,
 Albeit not one among them knoweth Me!

By passion for the "pairs of opposites,"
 By those twain snares of Like and Dislike, Prince!
 All creatures live bewildered, save some few
 Who, quit of sins, holy in act, informed,
 Freed from the "opposites," and fixed in faith,
 Cleave unto Me.

Who cleave, who seek in Me
 Refuge from birth³ and death, those have the Truth!
 Those know Me BRAHMA; know Me Soul of Souls,
 The ADHYÂTMAN; know KARMA, my work;
 Know I am ADHIBHÛTA, Lord of Life,
 And ADHIDAIVA, Lord of all the Gods,
 And ADHIYAJÑA, Lord of Sacrifice;
 Worship Me well, with hearts of love and faith,
 And find and hold me in the hour of death.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER VII OF THE
 BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,
Entitled "Vijnâmayôg,"
 Or "*The Book of Religion by Discernment.*"

3. I read here janma, "birth;" not jara, "age."

Chapter VIII

Arjuna.

Who is that BRAHMA? What that Soul of Souls,
The ADHYÂTMAN? What, Thou Best of All!
Thy work, the KARMA? Tell me what it is
Thou namest ADHIBHÛTA? What again
Means ADHIDAIVA? Yea, and how it comes
Thou canst be ADHIYAJÑA in thy flesh?
Slayer of Madhu! Further, make me know
How good men find thee in the hour of death?

Krishna.

I BRAHMA am! the One Eternal GOD,
And ADHYÂTMAN is My Being's name,
The Soul of Souls! What goeth forth from Me,
Causing all life to live, is KARMA called:
And, Manifested in divided forms,
I am the ADHIBHÛTA, Lord of Lives;
And ADHIDAIVA, Lord of all the Gods,
Because I am PURUSHA, who begets.
And ADHIYAJÑA, Lord of Sacrifice,
I—speaking with thee in this body here—
Am, thou embodied one! (for all the shrines
Flame unto Me!) And, at the hour of death,
He that hath meditated Me alone,
In putting off his flesh, comes forth to Me,
Enters into My Being—doubt thou not!
But, if he meditated otherwise
At hour of death, in putting off the flesh,
He goes to what he looked for, Kunti's Son!

Because the Soul is fashioned to its like.

Have Me, then, in thy heart always! and fight!
 Thou too, when heart and mind are fixed on Me,
 Shalt surely come to Me! All come who cleave
 With never-wavering will of firmest faith,
 Owning none other Gods: all come to Me,
 The Uttermost, Purusha, Holiest!

Whoso hath known Me, Lord of sage and singer,
 Ancient of days; of all the Three Worlds Stay,
 Boundless,—but unto every atom Bringer
 Of that which quickens it: whoso, I say,

Hath known My form, which passeth mortal knowing;
 Seen my effulgence—which no eye hath seen—
 Than the sun's burning gold more brightly glowing,
 Dispersing darkness,—unto him hath been

Right life! And, in the hour when life is ending,
 With mind set fast and trustful piety,
 Drawing still breath beneath calm brows unbending,
 In happy peace that faithful one doth die,—

In glad peace passeth to Purusha's heaven.

The place which they who read the Vedas name
 AKSHARAM, "Ultimate;" whereto have striven
 Saints and ascetics—their road is the same.

That way—the highest way—goes he who shuts
 The gates of all his senses, locks desire
 Safe in his heart, centres the vital airs
 Upon his parting thought, steadfastly set;
 And, murmuring OM, the sacred syllable—
 Emblem of BRAHM—dies, meditating Me.

For who, none other Gods regarding, looks

Ever to Me, easily am I gained
By such a Yogi; and, attaining Me,
They fall not—those Mahatmas—back to birth,
To life, which is the place of pain, which ends,
But take the way of utmost blessedness.

The worlds, Arjuna!—even Brahma's world—
Roll back again from Death to Life's unrest;
But they, O Kunti's Son! that reach to Me,
Taste birth no more. If ye know Brahma's Day
Which is a thousand Yugas; if ye know
The thousand Yugas making Brahma's Night,
Then know ye Day and Night as He doth know!
When that vast Dawn doth break, th' Invisible
Is brought anew into the Visible;
When that deep Night doth darken, all which is
Fades back again to Him Who sent it forth;
Yea! this vast company of living things—
Again and yet again produced—expires
At Brahma's Nightfall; and, at Brahma's Dawn,
Riseth, without its will, to life new-born.
But—higher, deeper, innermost—abides
Another Life, not like the life of sense,
Escaping sight, unchanging. This endures
When all created things have passed away:
This is that Life named the Unmanifest,
The Infinite! the All! the Uttermost.
Thither arriving none return. That Life
Is Mine, and I am there! And, Prince! by faith
Which wanders not, there is a way to come
Thither. I, the PURUSHA, I Who spread
The Universe around me—in Whom dwell
All living Things—may so be reached and seen!

.¹

Richer than holy fruit on Vedas growing,
 Greater than gifts, better than prayer or fast,
 Such wisdom is! The Yôgi, this way knowing,
 Comes to the Utmost Perfect Peace at last.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER VIII OF THE
 BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,
Entitled "Aksharaparabrahmayôg,"
 Or "*The Book of Religion by Devotion to the One Supreme God.*"

1. I have discarded ten lines of Sanskrit text here as an undoubted interpolation by some Vedantist

Chapter IX

Krishna.

Now will I open unto thee— whose heart
Rejects not— that last lore, deepest-concealed,
That farthest secret of My Heavens and Earths,
Which but to know shall set thee free from ills,—
A royal lore! a Kingly mystery!
Yea! for the soul such light as purgeth it
From every sin; a light of holiness
With inmost splendour shining; plain to see;
Easy to walk by, inexhaustible!

They that receive not this, failing in faith
To grasp the greater wisdom, reach not Me,
Destroyer of thy foes! They sink anew
Into the realm of Flesh, where all things change!

By Me the whole vast Universe of things
Is spread abroad;—by Me, the Unmanifest!
In Me are all existences contained;
Not I in them!

Yet they are not contained,
Those visible things! Receive and strive to embrace
The mystery majestic! My Being—
Creating all, sustaining all—still dwells
Outside of all!

See! as the shoreless airs
Move in the measureless space, but are not space,
[And space were space without the moving airs];
So all things are in Me, but are not I.

At closing of each Kalpa, Indian Prince!
 All things which be back to My Being come:
 At the beginning of each Kalpa, all
 Issue new-born from Me.

By Energy
 And help of Prakritî my outer Self,
 Again, and yet again, I make go forth
 The realms of visible things—without their will—
 All of them—by the power of Prakritî.

Yet these great makings, Prince! involve Me not
 Enchain Me not! I sit apart from them,
 Other, and Higher, and Free; nowise attached!

Thus doth the stuff of worlds, moulded by Me,
 Bring forth all that which is, moving or still,
 Living or lifeless! Thus the worlds go on!

The minds untaught mistake Me, veiled in form;—
 Naught see they of My secret Presence, nought
 Of My hid Nature, ruling all which lives.
 Vain hopes pursuing, vain deeds doing; fed
 On vainest knowledge, senselessly they seek
 An evil way, the way of brutes and fiends.
 But My Mahatmas, those of noble soul
 Who tread the path celestial, worship Me
 With hearts unwandering,—knowing Me the Source,
 Th' Eternal Source, of Life. Unendingly
 They glorify Me; seek Me; keep their vows
 Of reverence and love, with changeless faith
 Adoring Me. Yea, and those too adore,
 Who, offering sacrifice of wakened hearts,
 Have sense of one pervading Spirit's stress,
 One Force in every place, though manifold!

I am the Sacrifice! I am the Prayer!
 I am the Funeral-Cake set for the dead!
 I am the healing herb! I am the ghee,
 The Mantra, and the flame, and that which burns!
 I am-of all this boundless Universe—
 The Father, Mother, Ancestor, and Guard!
 The end of Learning! That which purifies
 In lustral water! I am OM! I am
 Rig-Veda, Sama-Veda, Yajur-Ved;
 The Way, the Fosterer, the Lord, the Judge,
 The Witness; the Abode, the Refuge-House,
 The Friend, the Fountain and the Sea of Life
 Which sends, and swallows up; Treasure of Worlds
 And Treasure-Chamber! Seed and Seed-Sower,
 Whence endless harvests spring! Sun's heat is mine;
 Heaven's rain is mine to grant or to withhold;
 Death am I, and Immortal Life I am,
 Arjuna! SAT and ASAT,¹ Visible Life,
 And Life Invisible!

Yea! those who learn
 The threefold Veds, who drink the Soma-wine,
 Purge sins, pay sacrifice—from Me they earn
 Passage to Swarga; where the meats divine
 Of great gods feed them in high Indra's heaven.
 Yet they, when that prodigious joy is o'er,
 Paradise spent, and wage for merits given,
 Come to the world of death and change once more.
 They had their recompense! they stored their treasure,
 Following the threefold Scripture and its writ;
 Who seeketh such gaineth the fleeting pleasure
 Of joy which comes and goes! I grant them it!

i. [Approx, "being" and "non-being."]

But to those blessed ones who worship Me,
Turning not elsewhere, with minds set fast,
I bring assurance of full bliss beyond.

Nay, and of hearts which follow other gods
In simple faith, their prayers arise to me,
O Kunti's Son! though they pray wrongfully;
For I am the Receiver and the Lord
Of every sacrifice, which these know not
Rightfully; so they fall to earth again!
Who follow gods go to their gods; who vow
Their souls to Pitris go to Pitris; minds
To evil Bhûts given o'er sink to the Bhûts;
And whoso loveth Me cometh to Me.
Whoso shall offer Me in faith and love
A leaf, a flower, a fruit, water poured forth,
That offering I accept, lovingly made
With pious will. Whate'er thou doest, Prince!
Eating or sacrificing, giving gifts,
Praying or fasting, let it all be done
For Me, as Mine.² So shalt thou free thyself
From *Karmabandh*, the chain which holdeth men
To good and evil issue, so shalt come
Safe unto Me—when thou art quit of flesh—
By faith and abdication joined to Me!

I am alike for all! I know not hate,
I know not favour! What is made is Mine!
But them that worship Me with love, I love;
They are in Me, and I in them!

Nay, Prince!

If one of evil life turn in his thought

2. [cf. I Corinthians XI. 31.]

Straightly to Me, count him amidst the good;
 He hath the high way chosen; he shall grow
 Righteous ere long; he shall attain that peace
 Which changes not. Thou Prince of India!
 Be certain none can perish, trusting Me!
 O Pritha's Son! whoso will turn to Me,
 Though they be born from the very womb of Sin,
 Woman or man; sprung of the Vaiśya caste
 Or lowly disregarded Sudra,—all
 Plant foot upon the highest path; how then
 The holy Brahmans and My Royal Saints?
 Ah! ye who into this ill world are come—
 Fleeting and false—set your faith fast on Me!
 Fix heart and thought on Me! Adore Me! Bring
 Offerings to Me! Make Me prostrations! Make
 Me your supremest joy! and, undivided,
 Unto My rest your spirits shall be guided.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER IX OF THE
 BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,
Entitled "Rajavodarajaguhyayôg,"
Or "The Book of Religion by the Kingly Knowledge and the
Kingly Mystery."

Chapter X

Krishna.¹

Hear farther yet, thou Long-Armed Lord! these latest words I
say—

Uttered to bring thee bliss and peace, who lovest Me alway—

Not the great company of gods nor kingly Rishis know

My Nature, Who have made the gods and Rishis long ago;

He only knoweth—only he is free of sin, and wise,

Who seeth Me, Lord of the Worlds, with faith-enlightened
eyes,

Unborn, undying, unbegun. Whatever Natures be

To mortal men distributed, those natures spring from Me!

Intellect, skill, enlightenment, endurance, self-control,

Truthfulness, equability, and grief or joy of soul,

And birth and death, and fearfulness, and fearlessness, and
shame,

And honour, and sweet harmlessness,² and peace which is the
same

Whate'er befalls, and mirth, and tears, and piety, and thrift,

And wish to give, and will to help,—all cometh of My gift!

The Seven Chief Saints, the Elders Four, the Lordly Manus
set—

Sharing My work—to rule the worlds, these too did I beget;

And Rishis, Pitris, Manus, all, by one thought of My mind;

Thence did arise, to fill this world, the races of mankind;

Wherefrom who comprehends My Reign of mystic Majesty—

1. The Sanskrit poem here rises to an elevation of style and manner which I have endeavoured to mark by change of metre.

2. Ahinsa.

That truth of truths—is thenceforth linked in faultless faith to
 Me:
 Yea! knowing Me the source of all, by Me all creatures
 wrought,
 The wise in spirit cleave to Me, into My Being brought;
 Hearts fixed on Me; breaths breathed to Me; praising Me, each
 to each,
 So have they happiness and peace, with pious thought and
 speech;
 And unto these—thus serving well, thus loving ceaselessly—
 I give a mind of perfect mood, whereby they draw to Me;
 And, all for love of them, within their darkened souls I dwell,
 And, with bright rays of wisdom's lamp, their ignorance
 dispel.

Arjuna.

Yes! Thou art Parabrahm! The High Abode!
 The Great Purification! Thou art God
 Eternal, All-creating, Holy, First,
 Without beginning! Lord of Lords and Gods!
 Declared by all the Saints—by Narada,
 Vyâsa Asita, and Devalas;
 And here Thyself declaring unto me!
 What Thou hast said now know I to be truth,
 O Keśava! that neither gods nor men
 Nor demons comprehend Thy mystery
 Made manifest, Divinest! Thou Thyself
 Thyself alone dost know, Maker Supreme!
 Master of all the living! Lord of Gods!
 King of the Universe! To Thee alone
 Belongs to tell the heavenly excellence
 Of those perfections wherewith Thou dost fill
 These worlds of Thine; Pervading, Immanent!

How shall I learn, Supremest Mystery!
 To know Thee, though I muse continually?
 Under what form of Thine unnumbered forms
 Mayst Thou be grasped? Ah! yet again recount,
 Clear and complete, Thy great appearances,
 The secrets of Thy Majesty and Might,
 Thou High Delight of Men! Never enough
 Can mine ears drink the Amrit³ of such words!

Krishna.

Hanta! So be it! Kuru Prince! I will to thee unfold
 Some portions of My Majesty, whose powers are manifold!
 I am the Spirit seated deep in every creature's heart;
 From Me they come; by Me they live; at My word they depart!
 Vishnu of the Âdityas I am, those Lords of Light;
 Marîtchi of the Maruts, the Kings of Storm and Blight;
 By day I gleam, the golden Sun of burning cloudless Noon;
 By Night, amid the asterisms I glide, the dappled Moon!
 Of Vedas I am Sama-Ved, of gods in Indra's Heaven
 Vasava; of the faculties to living beings given
 The mind which apprehends and thinks; of Rudras Śankara;
 Of Yakshas and of Rakshasas, Vittesh; and Pâvaka
 Of Vasus, and of mountain-peaks Meru; Vrihaspati
 Know Me 'mid planetary Powers; 'mid Warriors heavenly
 Skanda; of all the water-floods the Sea which drinketh each,
 And Bhrigu of the holy Saints, and OM of sacred speech;
 Of prayers the prayer ye whisper;⁴ of hills Himala's snow,
 And Aswattha, the fig-tree, of all the trees that grow;
 Of the Devarshis, Narada; and Chitrarath of them
 That sing in Heaven, and Kapila of Munis, and the gem
 Of flying steeds, Uchchaisravas, from Amrit-wave which burst;

3. The nectar of immortality.

4. Called "The Jap."

Of elephants Airāvata; of males the Best and First;
 Of weapons Heav'n's hot thunderbolt; of cows white Kâmadhuk,
 From whose great milky udder-teats all hearts' desires are
 strook;
 Vâsuki of the serpent-tribes, round Mandara entwined;
 And thousand-fanged Ananta, on whose broad coils reclined
 Leans Vishnu; and of water-things Varuna; Aryam
 Of Pitris, and, of those that judge, Yama the Judge I am;
 Of Daityas dread Prahlada; of what metes days and years,
 Time's self I am; of woodland-beasts—buffaloes, deers, and
 bears—
 The lordly-painted tiger; of birds the vast Garûd,
 The whirlwind 'mid the winds; 'mid chiefs Rama with blood
 imbrued,
 Makar 'mid fishes of the sea, and Ganges 'mid the streams;
 Yea! First, and Last, and Centre of all which is or seems
 I am, Arjuna! Wisdom Supreme of what is wise,
 Words on the uttering lips I am, and eyesight of the eyes,
 And "A" of written characters, Dwandwa⁵ of knitted speech,
 And Endless Life, and boundless Love, whose power
 sustaineth each;
 And bitter Death which seizes all, and joyous sudden Birth,
 Which brings to light all beings that are to be on earth;
 And of the viewless virtues, Fame, Fortune, Song am I,
 And Memory, and Patience; and Craft, and Constancy:
 Of Vedic hymns the Vrihatsâm, of metres Gayatrî,
 Of months the Margasirsha, of all the seasons three
 The flower-wreathed Spring; in dicer's-play the conquering
 Double-Eight;
 The splendour of the splendid, and the greatness of the great,
 Victory I am, and Action! and the goodness of the good,
 And Vâsudev of Vrishni's race, and of this Pandu brood

5. The compound form of Sanskrit words.

Thyself! — Yea, my Arjuna! thyself; for thou art Mine!
 Of poets Usana, of saints Vyâsa, sage divine;
 The policy of conquerors, the potency of kings,
 The great unbroken silence in learning's secret things;
 The lore of all the learned, the seed of all which springs.
 Living or lifeless, still or stirred, whatever beings be,
 None of them is in all the worlds, but it exists by Me!
 Nor tongue can tell, Arjuna! nor end of telling come
 Of these My boundless glories, whereof I teach thee some;
 For wheresoe'er is wondrous work, and majesty, and might,
 From Me hath all proceeded. Receive thou this aright!
 Yet how shouldst thou receive, O Prince! the vastness of this
 word?
 I, who am all, and made it all, abide its separate Lord!

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER X OF THE
 BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,
Entitled "Vibhuti Yôg,"
Or "The Book of Religion by the Heavenly Perfections."

Chapter XI

Arjuna.

This, for my soul's peace, have I heard from Thee,
The unfolding of the Mystery Supreme
Named Adhyâtman; comprehending which,
My darkness is dispelled; for now I know —
O Lotus-eyed!¹ — whence is the birth of men,
And whence their death, and what the majesties
Of Thine immortal rule. Fain would I see,
As thou Thyself declar'st it, Sovereign Lord!
The likeness of that glory of Thy Form
Wholly revealed. O Thou Divinest One!
If this can be, if I may bear the sight,
Make Thyself visible, Lord of all prayers!
Show me Thy very self, the Eternal God!

Krishna.

Gaze, then, thou Son of Pritha! I manifest for thee
Those hundred thousand thousand shapes that clothe my
Mystery:
I show thee all my semblances, infinite, rich, divine,
My changeful hues, my countless forms. See! in this face of
mine,
Adityas, Vasus, Rudras, Aświns, and Maruts; see
Wonders unnumbered, Indian Prince! revealed to none save
thee.
Behold! this is the Universe! — Look! what is live and dead
I gather all in one — in Me! Gaze, as thy lips have said,
On GOD ETERNAL, VERY GOD! See Me! see what thou prayest!

1. "Kamalapatraksha"

Thou canst not! — nor, with human eyes, Arjuna! ever mayest!
 Therefore I give thee sense divine. Have other eyes, new light!
 And, look! This is My glory, unveiled to mortal sight!

Sanjaya.

Then, O King! the God, so saying,
 Stood, to Pritha's Son displaying
 All the splendour, wonder, dread
 Of His vast Almighty-head.
 Out of countless eyes beholding,
 Out of countless mouths commanding,
 Countless mystic forms enfolding
 In one Form: supremely standing
 Countless radiant glories wearing,
 Countless heavenly weapons bearing,
 Crowned with garlands of star-clusters,
 Robed in garb of woven lustres,
 Breathing from His perfect Presence
 Breaths of every subtle essence
 Of all heavenly odours; shedding
 Blinding brilliance; overspreading —
 Boundless, beautiful — all spaces
 With His all-regarding faces;
 So He showed! If there should rise
 Suddenly within the skies
 Sunburst of a thousand suns
 Flooding earth with beams undeemed-of,
 Then might be that Holy One's
 Majesty and radiance dreamed of!

So did Pandu's Son behold
 All this universe enfold
 All its huge diversity
 Into one vast shape, and be

Visible, and viewed, and blended
 In one Body—subtle, splendid,
 Nameless—th' All-comprehending
 God of Gods, the Never-Ending
 Deity!

But, sore amazed,
 Thrilled, o'erfilled, dazzled, and dazed,
 Arjuna knelt; and bowed his head,
 And clasped his palms; and cried, and said:

Arjuna.

Yea! I have seen! I see!
 Lord! all is wrapped in Thee!
 The gods are in Thy glorious frame! the creatures
 Of earth, and heaven, and hell
 In Thy Divine form dwell,
 And in Thy countenance shine all the features

Of Brahma, sitting lone
 Upon His lotus-throne;
 Of saints and sages, and the serpent races
 Ananta, Vasuki;
 Yea! mightiest Lord! I see
 Thy thousand thousand arms, and breasts, and faces,

And eyes,—on every side
 Perfect, diversified;
 And nowhere end of Thee, nowhere beginning,
 Nowhere a centre! Shifts—
 Wherever soul's gaze lifts—
 Thy central Self, all-wielding, and all-winning!

Infinite King! I see
 The anadem on Thee,
 The club, the shell, the discus; see Thee burning
 In beams insufferable,
 Lighting earth, heaven, and hell
 With brilliance blazing, glowing, flashing; turning

Darkness to dazzling day,
 Look I whichever way;
 Ah, Lord! I worship Thee, the Undivided,
 The Uttermost of thought,
 The Treasure-Palace wrought
 To hold the wealth of the worlds; the Shield provided

To shelter Virtue's laws;
 The Fount whence Life's stream draws
 All waters of all rivers of all being:
 The One Unborn, Unending:
 Unchanging and Unblending!
 With might and majesty, past thought, past seeing!

Silver of moon and gold
 Of sun are glories rolled
 From Thy great eyes; Thy visage, beaming tender
 Throughout the stars and skies,
 Doth to warm life surprise
 Thy Universe. The worlds are filled with wonder

Of Thy perfections! Space
 Star-sprinkled, and void place
 From pole to pole of the Blue, from bound to bound,
 Hath Thee in every spot,
 Thee, Thee! — Where Thou art not,
 O Holy, Marvellous Form! is nowhere found!

O Mystic, Awful One!
 At sight of Thee, made known,
 The Three Worlds quake; the lower gods draw nigh Thee;
 They fold their palms, and bow
 Body, and breast, and brow,
 And, whispering worship, laud and magnify Thee!

 Rishis and Siddhas cry
 "Hail! Highest Majesty!"
 From sage and singer breaks the hymn of glory
 In dulcet harmony,
 Sounding the praise of Thee;
 While countless companies take up the story,

 Rudras, who ride the storms,
 Th' Âdityas' shining forms,
 Vasus and Sâdhyas, Viśwas, Ushmapas;
 Maruts, and those great Twins
 The heavenly, fair, Aswins,
 Gandharvas, Rakshasas, Siddhas, and Asuras,²—

 These see Thee, and revere
 In sudden-stricken fear;
 Yea! the Worlds, — seeing Thee with form stupendous,
 With faces manifold,
 With eyes which all behold,
 Unnumbered eyes, vast arms, members tremendous,

 Flanks, lit with sun and star,
 Feet planted near and far,
 Tushes of terror, mouths wrathful and tender;—
 The Three wide Worlds before Thee
 Adore, as I adore Thee,
 Quake, as I quake, to witness so much splendour!

2. These are all divine or deified orders of the Hindoo Pantheon.

I mark Thee strike the skies
 With front, in wondrous wise
 Huge, rainbow-painted, glittering; and thy mouth
 Opened, and orbs which see
 All things, whatever be
 In all Thy worlds, east, west, and north and south.

O Eyes of God! O Head!
 My strength of soul is fled,
 Gone is heart's force, rebuked is mind's desire!
 When I behold Thee so,
 With awful brows a-glow,
 With burning glance, and lips lighted by fire

Fierce as those flames which shall
 Consume, at close of all,
 Earth, Heaven! Ah me! I see no Earth and Heaven!
 Thee, Lord of Lords! I see,
 Thee only—only Thee!
 Now let Thy mercy unto me be given,

Thou Refuge of the World!
 Lo! to the cavern hurled
 Of Thy wide-opened throat, and lips white-tushed,
 I see our noblest ones,
 Great Dhritarashtra's sons,
 Bhishma, Drona, and Karna, caught and crushed!

The Kings and Chiefs drawn in,
 That gaping gorge within;
 The best of both these armies torn and riven!
 Between Thy jaws they lie
 Mangled full bloodily,
 Ground into dust and death! Like streams down-driven

With helpless haste, which go
 In headlong furious flow
 Straight to the gulping deeps of th' unfilled ocean,
 So to that flaming cave
 Those heroes great and brave
 Pour, in unending streams, with helpless motion!

Like moths which in the night
 Flutter towards a light,
 Drawn to their fiery doom, flying and dying,
 So to their death still throng,
 Blind, dazzled, borne along
 Ceaselessly, all those multitudes, wild flying!

Thou, that hast fashioned men,
 Devourest them again,
 One with another, great and small, alike!
 The creatures whom Thou mak'st,
 With flaming jaws Thou tak'st,
 Lapping them up! Lord God! Thy terrors strike

From end to end of earth,
 Filling life full, from birth
 To death, with deadly, burning, lurid dread!
 Ah, Vishnu! make me know
 Why is Thy visage so?
 Who art Thou, feasting thus upon Thy dead?

Who? awful Deity!
 I bow myself to Thee,
*Nâmostu Tê, Devavara! Prasîd!*³
 O Mightiest Lord! rehearse
 Why hast Thou face so fierce?
 Whence doth this aspect horrible proceed?

3. "Hail to Thee, God of Gods! Be favourable!"

Krishna.

Thou seest Me as Time who kills, Time who brings all to
doom,
The Slayer Time, Ancient of Days, come hither to consume;
Excepting thee, of all these hosts of hostile chiefs arrayed,
There stands not one shall leave alive the battlefield! Dismayed
No longer be! Arise! obtain renown! destroy thy foes!
Fight for the kingdom waiting thee when thou hast vanquished
those.
By Me they fall—not thee! the stroke of death is dealt them
now,
Even as they show thus gallantly; My instrument art thou!
Strike, strong-armed Prince, at Drona! at Bhishma strike! deal
death
On Karna, Jyadratha; stay all their warlike breath!
'Tis I who bid them perish! Thou wilt but slay the slain;
Fight! they must fall, and thou must live, victor upon this
plain!

Sanjaya.

Hearing mighty Keshav's word,
Tremblingly that helmèd Lord
Clasped his lifted palms, and—praying
Grace of Krishna—stood there, saying,
With bowed brow and accents broken,
These words, timorously spoken:

Arjuna.

Worthily, Lord of Might!
The whole world hath delight
In Thy surpassing power, obeying Thee;
The Rakshasas, in dread
At sight of Thee, are sped
To all four quarters; and the company

Of Siddhas sound Thy name.
 How should they not proclaim
 Thy Majesties, Divinest, Mightiest?
 Thou Brahm, than Brahma greater!
 Thou Infinite Creator!
 Thou God of gods, Life's Dwelling-place and Rest!

 Thou, of all souls the Soul!
 The Comprehending Whole!
 Of being formed, and formless being the Framer;
 O Utmost One! O Lord!
 Older than eld, Who stored
 The worlds with wealth of life! O Treasure-Claimer,

 Who wottest all, and art
 Wisdom Thyself! O Part
 In all, and All; for all from Thee have risen
 Numberless now I see
 The aspects are of Thee!
 Vayu⁴ Thou art, and He who keeps the prison

 Of Narak, Yama dark;
 And Agni's shining spark;
 Varuna's waves are Thy waves. Moon and starlight
 Are Thine! Prajâpati
 Art Thou, and 'tis to Thee
 They knelt in worshipping the old world's far light,

 The first of mortal men.
 Again, Thou God! again
 A thousand thousand times be magnified!
 Honour and worship be—
 Glory and praise,— to Thee
Namô Namastê, cried on every side;

4. The wind.

Cried here, above, below,
 Uttered when Thou dost go,
 Uttered where Thou dost come! *Namô!* we call;
 Namôstu! God adored!
 Namôstu! Nameless Lord!
 Hail to Thee! Praise to Thee! Thou One in all;

For Thou art All! Yea, Thou!
 Ah! if in anger now
 Thou shouldst remember I did think Thee Friend,
 Speaking with easy speech,
 As men use each to each;
 Did call Thee "Krishna," "Prince," nor comprehend

 Thy hidden majesty,
 The might, the awe of Thee;
 Did, in my heedlessness, or in my love,
 On journey, or in jest,
 Or when we lay at rest,
 Sitting at council, straying in the grove,

 Alone, or in the throng,
 Do Thee, most Holy! wrong,
 Be Thy grace granted for that witless sin!
 For Thou art, now I know,
 Father of all below,
 Of all above, of all the worlds within

 Guru of Gurus; more
 To reverence and adore
 Than all which is adorable and high!
 How, in the wide worlds three
 Should any equal be?
 Should any other share Thy Majesty?

Therefore, with body bent
 And reverent intent,
 I praise, and serve, and seek Thee, asking grace.
 As father to a son,
 As friend to friend, as one
 Who loveth to his lover, turn Thy face

In gentleness on me!
 Good is it I did see
 This unknown marvel of Thy Form! But fear
 Mingles with joy! Retake,
 Dear Lord! for pity's sake
 Thine earthly shape, which earthly eyes may bear!

Be merciful, and show
 The visage that I know;
 Let me regard Thee, as of yore, arrayed
 With disc and forehead-gem,
 With mace and anadem,
 Thou that sustainest all things! Undismayed

Let me once more behold
 The form I loved of old,
 Thou of the thousand arms and countless eyes!
 This frightened heart is fain
 To see restored again
 My Charioteer, in Krishna's kind disguise.

Krishna.

Yea! thou hast seen, Arjuna! because I loved thee well,
 The secret countenance of Me, revealed by mystic spell,
 Shining, and wonderful, and vast, majestic, manifold,
 Which none save thou in all the years had favour to behold;
 For not by Vedas cometh this, nor sacrifice, nor alms,

Nor works well-done, nor penance long, nor prayers, nor
 chaunted psalms,
 That mortal eyes should bear to view the Immortal Soul
 unclad,
 Prince of the Kurus! This was kept for thee alone! Be glad!
 Let no more trouble shake thy heart, because thine eyes have
 seen
 My terror with My glory. As I before have been
 So will I be again for thee; with lightened heart behold!
 Once more I am thy Krishna, the form thou knew'st of old!

Sanjaya.

These words to Arjuna spake
 Vasudev, and straight did take
 Back again the semblance dear
 Of the well-loved charioteer;
 Peace and joy it did restore
 When the Prince beheld once more
 Mighty BRAHMA's form and face
 Clothed in Krishna's gentle grace.

Arjuna.

Now that I see come back, Janardana!
 This friendly human frame, my mind can think
 Calm thoughts once more; my heart beats still again!

Krishna.

Yea! it was wonderful and terrible
 To view me as thou didst, dear Prince! The gods
 Dread and desire continually to view!
 Yet not by Vedas, nor from sacrifice,
 Nor penance, nor gift-giving, nor with prayer
 Shall any so behold, as thou hast seen!
 Only by fullest service, perfect faith,
 And uttermost surrender am I known

And seen, and entered into, Indian Prince!
Who doeth all for Me; who findeth Me
In all; adoreth always; loveth all
Which I have made, and Me, for Love's sole end
That man, Arjuna! unto Me doth wend.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER XI OF THE
BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,
Entitled "Viśwarupadarśanam,"
Or "The Book of the Manifesting of the One and Manifold."

Chapter XII

Arjuna.

Lord! of the men who serve Thee—true in heart—
As God revealed; and of the men who serve,
Worshipping Thee Unrevealed, Unbodied, Far,
Which take the better way of faith and life?

Krishna.

Whoever serve Me—as I show Myself—
Constantly true, in full devotion fixed,
Those hold I very holy. But who serve—
Worshipping Me The One, The Invisible,
The Unrevealed, Unnamed, Unthinkable,
Uttermost, All-pervading, Highest, Sure—
Who thus adore Me, mastering their sense,
Of one set mind to all, glad in all good,
These blessed souls come unto Me.

Yet, hard

The travail is for such as bend their minds
To reach th' Unmanifest That viewless path
Shall scarce be trod by man bearing the flesh!
But whereso any doeth all his deeds
Renouncing self for Me, full of Me, fixed
To serve only the Highest, night and day
Musing on Me—him will I swiftly lift
Forth from life's ocean of distress and death,
Whose soul clings fast to Me. Cling thou to Me!
Clasp Me with heart and mind! so shalt thou dwell
Surely with Me on high. But if thy thought
Droops from such height; if thou be'st weak to set

Body and soul upon Me constantly,
 Despair not! give Me lower service! seek
 To reach Me, worshipping with steadfast will;
 And, if thou canst not worship steadfastly,
 Work for Me, toil in works pleasing to Me!
 For he that laboureth right for love of Me
 Shall finally attain! But, if in this
 Thy faint heart fails, bring Me thy failure! find
 Refuge in Me! let fruits of labour go,
 Renouncing hope for Me, with lowliest heart,
 So shalt thou come; for, though to know is more
 Than diligence, yet worship better is
 Than knowing, and renouncing better still.
 Near to renunciation—very near—
 Dwelleth Eternal Peace!

Who hateth nought

Of all which lives, living himself benign,
 Compassionate, from arrogance exempt,
 Exempt from love of self, unchangeable
 By good or ill; patient, contented, firm
 In faith, mastering himself, true to his word,
 Seeking Me, heart and soul; vowed unto Me,—
 That man I love! Who troubleth not his kind,
 And is not troubled by them; clear of wrath,
 Living too high for gladness, grief, or fear,
 That man I love! Who, dwelling quiet-eyed,¹
 Stainless, serene, well-balanced, unperplexed,
 Working with Me, yet from all works detached,
 That man I love! Who, fixed in faith on Me,
 Dotes upon none, scorns none; rejoices not,
 And grieves not, letting good or evil hap

1. "Not peering about," *anapeksha*.

Light when it will, and when it will depart,
 That man I love! Who, unto friend and foe
 Keeping an equal heart, with equal mind
 Bears shame and glory; with an equal peace
 Takes heat and cold, pleasure and pain; abides
 Quit of desires, hears praise or calumny
 In passionless restraint, unmoved by each;
 Linked by no ties to earth, steadfast in Me,
 That man I love! But most of all I love
 Those happy ones to whom 'tis life to live
 In single fervid faith and love unseeing,
 Drinking the blessed Amrit of my Being!

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER XII OF THE
 BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,
Entitled "Bhaktiyôg,"
Or "The Book of Religion of Faith."

Chapter XIII

Arjuna.

Now would I hear, O gracious Kesava!¹
Of Life which seems, and Soul beyond, which sees,
And what it is we know-or think to know.

Krishna.

Yea! Son of Kunti! for this flesh ye see
Is *Kshetra*, is the field where Life disports;
And that which views and knows it is the Soul,
Kshetrajna. In all "fields," thou Indian prince!
I am *Kshetrajna*. I am what surveys!
Only that knowledge knows which knows the known
By the knower!² What it is, that "field" of life,
What qualities it hath, and whence it is,
And why it changeth, and the faculty
That wotteth it, the mightiness of this,
And how it wotteth-hear these things from Me!

.³

The elements, the conscious life, the mind,
The unseen vital force, the nine strange gates
Of the body, and the five domains of sense;
Desire, dislike, pleasure and pain, and thought
Deep-woven, and persistency of being;
These all are wrought on Matter by the Soul!

1. The Calcutta edition of the Mahabharata has these three opening lines.

2. This is the nearest possible version of *Kshetrakshetrajnayojnanan yat tajnan matan mama*.

3. I omit two lines of the Sanskrit here, evidently interpolated by some Vedantist.

Humbleness, truthfulness, and harmlessness,
 Patience and honour, reverence for the wise.
 Purity, constancy, control of self,
 Contempt of sense-delights, self-sacrifice,
 Perception of the certitude of ill
 In birth, death, age, disease, suffering, and sin;
 Detachment, lightly holding unto home,
 Children, and wife, and all that bindeth men;
 An ever-tranquil heart in fortunes good
 And fortunes evil, with a will set firm
 To worship Me—Me only! ceasing not;
 Loving all solitudes, and shunning noise
 Of foolish crowds; endeavours resolute
 To reach perception of the Utmost Soul,
 And grace to understand what gain it were
 So to attain,—this is true Wisdom, Prince!
 And what is otherwise is ignorance!

Now will I speak of knowledge best to know—
 That Truth which giveth man Amrit to drink,
 The Truth of HIM, the Para-Brahm, the All,
 The Uncreated;; not *Asat*, not *Sat*,
 Not Form, nor the Unformed; yet both, and more;—
 Whose hands are everywhere, and everywhere
 Planted His feet, and everywhere His eyes
 Beholding, and His ears in every place
 Hearing, and all His faces everywhere
 Enlightening and encompassing His worlds.
 Glorified in the senses He hath given,
 Yet beyond sense He is; sustaining all,
 Yet dwells He unattached: of forms and modes
 Master, yet neither form nor mode hath He;
 He is within all beings—and without—
 Motionless, yet still moving; not discerned

For subtlety of instant presence; close
 To all, to each; yet measurelessly far!
 Not manifold, and yet subsisting still
 In all which lives; for ever to be known
 As the Sustainer, yet, at the End of Times,
 He maketh all to end — and re-creates.
 The Light of Lights He is, in the heart of the Dark
 Shining eternally. Wisdom He is
 And Wisdom's way, and Guide of all the wise,
 Planted in every heart.

So have I told
 Of Life's stuff, and the moulding, and the lore
 To comprehend. Whoso, adoring Me,
 Perceiveth this, shall surely come to Me!

Know thou that Nature and the Spirit both
 Have no beginning! Know that qualities
 And changes of them are by Nature wrought;
 That Nature puts to work the acting frame,
 But Spirit doth inform it, and so cause
 Feeling of pain and pleasure. Spirit, linked
 To moulded matter, entereth into bond
 With qualities by Nature framed, and, thus
 Married to matter, breeds the birth again
 In good or evil *yonis*.⁴

Yet is this
 Yea! in its bodily prison! — Spirit pure,
 Spirit supreme; surveying, governing,
 Guarding, possessing; Lord and Master still
 PURUSHA, Ultimate, One Soul with Me.

4. Wombs.

Whoso thus knows himself, and knows his soul
 PURUSHA, working through the qualities
 With Nature's modes, the light hath come for him!
 Whatever flesh he bears, never again
 Shall he take on its load. Some few there be
 By meditation find the Soul in Self
 Self-schooled; and some by long philosophy
 And holy life reach thither; some by works:
 Some, never so attaining, hear of light
 From other lips, and seize, and cleave to it
 Worshipping; yea! and those—to teaching true—
 Overpass Death!

Wherever, Indian Prince!
 Life is—of moving things, or things unmoved,
 Plant or still seed—know, what is there hath grown
 By bond of Matter and of Spirit: Know
 He sees indeed who sees in all alike
 The living, lordly Soul; the Soul Supreme,
 Imperishable amid the Perishing:
 For, whoso thus beholds, in every place,
 In every form, the same, one, Living Life,
 Doth no more wrongfulness unto himself,
 But goes the highest road which brings to bliss.
 Seeing, he sees, indeed, who sees that works
 Are Nature's wont, for Soul to practise by
 Acting, yet not the agent; sees the mass
 Of separate living things—each of its kind—
 Issue from One, and blend again to One:
 Then hath he BRAHMA, he attains!

O Prince!

That Ultimate, High Spirit, Uncreate,
 Unqualified, even when it entereth flesh

Taketh no stain of acts, worketh in nought!
 Like to th' ethereal air, pervading all,
 Which, for sheer subtlety, avoideth taint,
 The subtle Soul sits everywhere, unstained:
 Like to the light of the all-piercing sun
 [Which is not changed by aught it shines upon,]
 The Soul's light shineth pure in every place;
 And they who, by such eye of wisdom, see
 How Matter, and what deals with it, divide;
 And how the Spirit and the flesh have strife,
 Those wise ones go the way which leads to Life!

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER XIII OF THE
 BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,
Entitled "Kshetrakshetrajnâvibhâayôg,"
Or "The Book of Religion by Separation of Matter and Spirit."

Chapter XIV

Krishna.

Yet farther will I open unto thee
This wisdom of all wisdoms, uttermost,
The which possessing, all My saints have passed
To perfectness. On such high verities
Reliant, rising into fellowship
With Me, they are not born again at birth
Of *Kalpas*, nor at *Pralyas* suffer change!

This Universe the womb is where I plant
Seed of all lives! Thence, Prince of India, comes
Birth to all beings! Whoso, Kunti's Son!
Mothers each mortal form, Brahma conceives,
And I am He that fathers, sending seed!

Sattwan, *Rajas*, and *Tamas*, so are named
The qualities of Nature, "Soothfastness,"
"Passion," and "Ignorance." These three bind down
The changeless Spirit in the changeful flesh.
Whereof sweet "Soothfastness," by purity
Living unsullied and enlightened, binds
The sinless Soul to happiness and truth;
And Passion, being kin to appetite,
And breeding impulse and propensity,
Binds the embodied Soul, O Kunti's Son!
By tie of works. But Ignorance, begot
Of Darkness, blinding mortal men, binds down
Their souls to stupor, sloth, and drowsiness.
Yea, Prince of India! Soothfastness binds souls
In pleasant wise to flesh; and Passion binds

By toilsome strain; but Ignorance, which blots
 The beams of wisdom, binds the soul to sloth.
 Passion and Ignorance, once overcome,
 Leave Soothfastness, O Bharata! Where this
 With Ignorance are absent, Passion rules;
 And Ignorance in hearts not good nor quick.
 When at all gateways of the Body shines
 The Lamp of Knowledge, then may one see well
 Soothfastness settled in that city reigns;
 Where longing is, and ardour, and unrest,
 Impulse to strive and gain, and avarice,
 Those spring from Passion—Prince!—engrained; and where
 Darkness and dulness, sloth and stupor are,
 'Tis Ignorance hath caused them, Kuru Chief!

Moreover, when a soul departeth, fixed
 In Soothfastness, it goeth to the place—
 Perfect and pure—of those that know all Truth.
 If it departeth in set habitude
 Of Impulse, it shall pass into the world
 Of spirits tied to works; and, if it dies
 In hardened Ignorance, that blinded soul
 Is born anew in some unlighted womb.

The fruit of Soothfastness is true and sweet;
 The fruit of lusts is pain and toil; the fruit
 Of Ignorance is deeper darkness. Yea!
 For Light brings light, and Passion ache to have;
 And gloom, bewilderments, and ignorance
 Grow forth from Ignorance. Those of the first
 Rise ever higher; those of the second mode
 Take a mid place; the darkened souls sink back
 To lower deeps, loaded with witlessness!

When, watching life, the living man perceives
 The only actors are the Qualities,
 And knows what rules beyond the Qualities,
 Then is he come nigh unto Me!

The Soul,
 Thus passing forth from the Three Qualities—
 Whereby arise all bodies—overcomes
 Birth, Death, Sorrow, and Age; and drinketh deep
 The undying wine of Amrit.

Arjuna.

Oh, my Lord!
 Which be the signs to know him that hath gone
 Past the Three Modes? How liveth he? What way
 Leadeth him safe beyond the threefold Modes?

Krishna.

He who with equanimity surveys
 Lustre of goodness, strife of passion, sloth
 Of ignorance, not angry if they are,
 Not wishful when they are not: he who sits
 A sojourner and stranger in their midst
 Unruffled, standing off, saying—serene—
 When troubles break, “These be the Qualities!”
 He unto whom—self-centred—grief and joy
 Sound as one word; to whose deep-seeing eyes
 The clod, the marble, and the gold are one;
 Whose equal heart holds the same gentleness
 For lovely and unlovely things, firm-set,
 Well-pleased in praise and dispraise; satisfied
 With honour or dishonour; unto friends
 And unto foes alike in tolerance;
 Detached from undertakings,—he is named
 Surmounter of the Qualities!

And such—
With single, fervent faith adoring Me,
Passing beyond the Qualities, conforms
To Brahma, and attains Me!

For I am
That whereof Brahma is the likeness! Mine
The Amrit is; and Immortality
Is mine; and mine perfect Felicity!

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER XIV OF THE
BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,
Entitled "Gunatrayavibhâÿôg,"
Or "The Book of Religion by Separation from the Qualities."

Chapter XV

Krishna.

Men call the Aśwattha, — the Banyan-tree, —
Which hath its boughs beneath, its roots above, —
The ever-holy tree. Yea! for its leaves
Are green and waving hymns which whisper Truth!
Who knows the Aswattha, knows Veda, and all.

Its branches shoot to heaven and sink to earth,¹
Even as the deeds of men, which take their birth
From qualities: its silver sprays and blooms,
And all the eager verdure of its girth,

Leap to quick life at kiss of sun and air,
As men's lives quicken to the temptings fair
Of wooing sense: its hanging rootlets seek
The soil beneath, helping to hold it there,

As actions wrought amid this world of men
Bind them by ever-tightening bonds again.

If ye knew well the teaching of the Tree,
What its shape saith; and whence it springs; and, then

How it must end, and all the ills of it,
The axe of sharp Detachment ye would whet,
And cleave the clinging snaky roots, and lay
This Aśwattha of sense-life low, — to set

New growths upspringing to that happier sky, —
Which they who reach shall have no day to die,

1. I do not consider the Sanskrit verses here—which are somewhat freely rendered—"an attack on the authority of the Vedas," with Mr Davies, but a beautiful lyrical episode, a new "Parable of the fig-tree."

Nor fade away, nor fall—to Him, I mean,
 FATHER and FIRST, Who made the mystery
 Of old Creation; for to Him come they
 From passion and from dreams who break away;
 Who part the bonds constraining them to flesh,
 And,—Him, the Highest, worshipping alway—
 No longer grow at mercy of what breeze
 Of summer pleasure stirs the sleeping trees,
 What blast of tempest tears them, bough and stem
 To the eternal world pass such as these!
 Another Sun gleams there! another Moon!
 Another Light,—not Dusk, nor Dawn, nor Noon—
 Which they who once behold return no more;
 They have attained My rest, life's Utmost boon!

When, in this world of manifested life,
 The undying Spirit, setting forth from Me,
 Taketh on form, it draweth to itself
 From Being's storehouse,—which containeth all,—
 Senses and intellect. The Sovereign Soul
 Thus entering the flesh, or quitting it,
 Gathers these up, as the wind gathers scents,
 Blowing above the flower-beds. Ear and Eye,
 And Touch and Taste, and Smelling, these it takes,—
 Yea, and a sentient mind;—linking itself
 To sense-things so.

The unenlightened ones
 Mark not that Spirit when he goes or comes,
 Nor when he takes his pleasure in the form,
 Conjoined with qualities; but those see plain
 Who have the eyes to see. Holy souls see
 Which strive thereto. Enlightened, they perceive

That Spirit in themselves; but foolish ones,
 Even though they strive, discern not, having hearts
 Unkindled, ill-informed!

Know, too, from Me
 Shineth the gathered glory of the suns
 Which lighten all the world: from Me the moons
 Draw silvery beams, and fire fierce loveliness.
 I penetrate the clay, and lend all shapes
 Their living force; I glide into the plant—
 Root, leaf, and bloom—to make the woodlands green
 With springing sap. Becoming vital warmth,
 I glow in glad, respiring frames, and pass,
 With outward and with inward breath, to feed
 The body by all meats.²

For in this world
 Being is twofold: the Divided, one;
 The Undivided, one. All things that live
 Are “the Divided.” That which sits apart,
 “The Undivided.”

Higher still is He,
 The Highest, holding all, whose Name is LORD,
 The Eternal, Sovereign, First! Who fills all worlds,
 Sustaining them. And—dwelling thus beyond
 Divided Being and Undivided—I
 Am called of men and Vedas, Life Supreme,
 The PURUSHOTTAMA.

Who knows Me thus,
 With mind unclouded, knoweth all, dear Prince!
 And with his whole soul ever worshipping Me.

2. I omit a verse here, evidently interpolated.

Now is the sacred, secret Mystery
Declared to thee! Who comprehendeth this
Hath wisdom! He is quit of works in bliss!

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER XV OF THE
BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,
Entitled "Purushottamapraptiyôg,"
Or "The Book of Religion by attaining the Supreme."

Chapter XVI

Krishna.

Fearlessness, singleness of soul, the will
Always to strive for wisdom; opened hand
And governed appetites; and piety,
And love of lonely study; humbleness,
Uprightness, heed to injure nought which lives,
Truthfulness, slowness unto wrath, a mind
That lightly letteth go what others prize;
And equanimity, and charity
Which spieth no man's faults; and tenderness
Towards all that suffer; a contented heart,
Fluttered by no desires; a bearing mild,
Modest, and grave, with manhood nobly mixed,
With patience, fortitude, and purity;
An unrevengeful spirit, never given
To rate itself too high;—such be the signs,
O Indian Prince! of him whose feet are set
On that fair path which leads to heavenly birth!

Deceitfulness, and arrogance, and pride,
Quickness to anger, harsh and evil speech,
And ignorance, to its own darkness blind,—
These be the signs, My Prince! of him whose birth
Is fated for the regions of the vile.¹

The Heavenly Birth brings to deliverance,
So should'st thou know! The birth with Asuras
Brings into bondage. Be thou joyous, Prince!
Whose lot is set apart for heavenly Birth.

1. "Of the Asuras," *lit.*

Two stamps there are marked on all living men,
 Divine and Undivine; I spake to thee
 By what marks thou shouldst know the Heavenly Man,
 Hear from me now of the Unheavenly!

They comprehend not, the Unheavenly,
 How Souls go forth from Me; nor how they come
 Back unto Me: nor is there Truth in these,
 Nor purity, nor rule of Life. "This world
 Hath not a Law, nor Order, nor a Lord,"
 So say they: "nor hath risen up by Cause
 Following on Cause, in perfect purposing,
 But is none other than a House of Lust."
 And, this thing thinking, all those ruined ones—
 Of little wit, dark-minded—give themselves
 To evil deeds, the curses of their kind.
 Surrendered to desires insatiable,
 Full of deceitfulness, folly, and pride,
 In blindness cleaving to their errors, caught
 Into the sinful course, they trust this lie
 As it were true—this lie which leads to death—
 Finding in Pleasure all the good which is,
 And crying "Here it finisheth!"

Ensnared

In nooses of a hundred idle hopes,
 Slaves to their passion and their wrath, they buy
 Wealth with base deeds, to glut hot appetites;
 "Thus much, to-day," they say, "we gained! thereby
 Such and such wish of heart shall have its fill;
 And this is ours! and th' other shall be ours!
 To-day we slew a foe, and we will slay
 Our other enemy to-morrow! Look!
 Are we not lords? Make we not goodly cheer?
 Is not our fortune famous, brave, and great?
 Rich are we, proudly born! What other men

Live like to us? Kill, then, for sacrifice!
 Cast largesse, and be merry!" So they speak
 Darkened by ignorance; and so they fall—
 Tossed to and fro with projects, tricked, and bound
 In net of black delusion, lost in lusts—
 Down to foul Naraka. Conceited, fond,
 Stubborn and proud, dead-drunken with the wine
 Of wealth, and reckless, all their offerings
 Have but a show of reverence, being not made
 In piety of ancient faith. Thus vowed
 To self-hood, force, insolence, feasting, wrath,
 These My blasphemers, in the forms they wear
 And in the forms they breed, my foemen are,
 Hateful and hating; cruel, evil, vile,
 Lowest and least of men, whom I cast down
 Again, and yet again, at end of lives,
 Into some devilish womb, whence—birth by birth—
 The devilish wombs re-spawn them, all beguiled;
 And, till they find and worship Me, sweet Prince!
 Tread they that Nether Road.

The Doors of Hell

Are threefold, whereby men to ruin pass,—
 The door of Lust, the door of Wrath, the door
 Of Avarice. Let a man shun those three!
 He who shall turn aside from entering
 All those three gates of Narak, wendeth straight
 To find his peace, and comes to Swarga's gate.

.²

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER XVI OF THE
 BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,
Entitled "Daivasarasaupadvibhâgayôg,"
 Or "*The Book of the Separateness of the Divine and Undivine.*"

2. I omit the ten concluding shlokas, with Mr Davis.

Chapter XVII

Arjuna.

If men forsake the holy ordinance,
Heedless of Shastras, yet keep faith at heart
And worship, what shall be the state of those,
Great Krishna! Sattwan, Rajas, Tamas? Say!

Krishna.

Threefold the faith is of mankind and springs
From those three qualities,—becoming “true,”
Or “passion-stained,” or “dark,” as thou shalt hear!

The faith of each believer, Indian Prince!
Conforms itself to what he truly is.
Where thou shalt see a worshipper, that one
To what he worships lives assimilate,
[Such as the shrine, so is the votary,]
The “soothfast” souls adore true gods; the souls
Obeying Rajas worship Rakshasas¹
Or Yakshas; and the men of Darkness pray
To Pretas and to Bhutas.² Yea, and those
Who practise bitter penance, not enjoined
By rightful rule—penance which hath its root
In self-sufficient, proud hypocrisies—
Those men, passion-beset, violent, wild,
Torturing—the witless ones—My elements
Shut in fair company within their flesh,
(Nay, Me myself, present within the flesh!)

1. Rakshasas and Yakshas are unembodied but capricious beings of great power, gifts, and beauty, sometimes also of benignity.

2. These are spirits of evil wandering ghosts.

Know them to devils devoted, not to Heaven!
 For like as foods are threefold for mankind
 In nourishing, so is there threefold way
 Of worship, abstinence, and almsgiving!
 Hear this of Me! there is a food which brings
 Force, substance, strength, and health, and joy to live,
 Being well-seasoned, cordial, comforting,
 The "Soothfast" meat. And there be foods which bring
 Aches and unrests, and burning blood, and grief,
 Being too biting, heating, salt, and sharp,
 And therefore craved by too strong appetite.
 And there is foul food—kept from over-night,³
 Savourless, filthy, which the foul will eat,
 A feast of rottenness, meet for the lips
 Of such as love the "Darkness."

Thus with rites;—

A sacrifice not for rewardment made,
 Offered in rightful wise, when he who vows
 Sayeth, with heart devout, "This I should do!"
 Is "Soothfast" rite. But sacrifice for gain,
 Offered for good repute, be sure that this,
 O Best of Bharatas! is Rajas-rite,
 With stamp of "passion." And a sacrifice
 Offered against the laws, with no due dole
 Of food-giving, with no accompaniment
 Of hallowed hymn, nor largesse to the priests,
 In faithless celebration, call it vile,
 The deed of "Darkness!"—lost!

Worship of gods

Meriting worship; lowly reverence

3. Yatayaman, food which has remained after the watches of the night. In India this would probably "go bad."

Of Twice-borns, Teachers, Elders; Purity,
 Rectitude, and the Brahmacharya's vow,
 And not to injure any helpless thing, —
 These make a true religiousness of Act.

Words causing no man woe, words ever true,
 Gentle and pleasing words, and those ye say
 In murmured reading of a Sacred Writ, —
 These make the true religiousness of Speech.

Serenity of soul, benignity,
 Sway of the silent Spirit, constant stress
 To sanctify the Nature, — these things make
 Good rite, and true religiousness of Mind.

Such threefold faith, in highest piety
 Kept, with no hope of gain, by hearts devote,
 Is perfect work of *Sattwan*, true belief.

Religion shown in act of proud display
 To win good entertainment, worship, fame,
 Such — say I — is of *Rajas*, rash and vain.

Religion followed by a witless will
 To torture self, or come at power to hurt
 Another, — 'tis of *Tamas*, dark and ill.

The gift lovingly given, when one shall say
 "Now must I gladly give!" when he who takes
 Can render nothing back; made in due place,
 Due time, and to a meet recipient,
 Is gift of *Sattwan*, fair and profitable.

The gift selfishly given, where to receive
 Is hoped again, or when some end is sought,
 Or where the gift is proffered with a grudge,
 This is of *Rajas*, stained with impulse, ill.

The gift churlishly flung, at evil time,
 In wrongful place, to base recipient,
 Made in disdain or harsh unkindliness,
 Is gift of Tamas, dark; it doth not bless!⁴

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER XVII OF THE
 BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,
Entitled "Sraddhatrayavibhâgayôg,"
 Or "*The Book of the Separateness of the Divine and Undivine.*"

4. I omit the concluding shlokas, as of very doubtful authenticity.

Chapter XVIII

Arjuna.

Fain would I better know, Thou Glorious One!
The very truth—Heart's Lord!—of Sannyâs,
Abstention; and enunciation, Lord!
Tyâga; and what separates these twain!

Krishna.

The poets rightly teach that *Sannyâs*
Is the foregoing of all acts which spring
Out of desire; and their wisest say
Tyâga is renouncing fruit of acts.

There be among the saints some who have held
All action sinful, and to be renounced;
And some who answer, "Nay! the goodly acts—
As worship, penance, alms—must be performed!"
Hear now My sentence, Best of Bharatas!

'Tis well set forth, O Chaser of thy Foes!
Renunciation is of threefold form,
And Worship, Penance, Alms, not to be stayed;
Nay, to be gladly done; for all those three
Are purifying waters for true souls!

Yet must be practised even those high works
In yielding up attachment, and all fruit
Produced by works. This is My judgment, Prince!
This My insuperable and fixed decree!

Abstaining from a work by right prescribed
Never is meet! So to abstain doth spring
From "Darkness," and Delusion teacheth it.

Abstaining from a work grievous to flesh,
 When one saith "'Tis unpleasing!" this is null!
 Such an one acts from "passion;" nought of gain
 Wins his Renunciation! But, Arjun!
 Abstaining from attachment to the work,
 Abstaining from rewardment in the work,
 While yet one doeth it full faithfully,
 Saying, "'Tis right to do!" that is "true" act
 And abstinence! Who doeth duties so,
 Unvexed if his work fail, if it succeed
 Unflattered, in his own heart justified,
 Quit of debates and doubts, his is "true" act:
 For, being in the body, none may stand
 Wholly aloof from act; yet, who abstains
 From profit of his acts is abstinent.

The fruit of labours, in the lives to come,
 Is threefold for all men,—Desirable,
 And Undesirable, and mixed of both;
 But no fruit is at all where no work was.

Hear from me, Long-armed Lord! the makings five
 Which go to every act, in Sâmkhya taught
 As necessary. First the force; and then
 The agent; next, the various instruments;
 Fourth, the especial effort; fifth, the God.
 What work soever any mortal doth
 Of body, mind, or speech, evil or good,
 By these five doth he that. Which being thus,
 Whoso, for lack of knowledge, seeth himself
 As the sole actor, knoweth nought at all
 And seeth nought. Therefore, I say, if one—
 Holding aloof from self—with unstained mind
 Should slay all yonder host, being bid to slay,
 He doth not slay; he is not bound thereby!

Knowledge, the thing known, and the mind which knows,
 These make the threefold starting-ground of act.
 The act, the actor, and the instrument,
 These make the threefold total of the deed.
 But knowledge, agent, act, are differenced
 By three dividing qualities. Hear now
 Which be the qualities dividing them.

There is "true" Knowledge. Learn thou it is this:
 To see one changeless Life in all the Lives,
 And in the Separate, One Inseparable.
 There is imperfect Knowledge: that which sees
 The separate existences apart,
 And, being separated, holds them real.
 There is false Knowledge: that which blindly clings
 To one as if 'twere all, seeking no Cause,
 Deprived of light, narrow, and dull, and "dark."

There is "right" Action: that which being enjoined—
 Is wrought without attachment, passionlessly,
 For duty, not for love, nor hate, nor gain.
 There is "vain" Action: that which men pursue
 Aching to satisfy desires, impelled
 By sense of self, with all-absorbing stress:
 This is of *Rajas*—passionate and vain.
 There is "dark" Action: when one doth a thing
 Heedless of issues, heedless of the hurt
 Or wrong for others, heedless if he harm
 His own soul—'tis of *Tamas*, black and bad!

There is the "rightful" doer. He who acts
 Free from self-seeking, humble, resolute,
 Steadfast, in good or evil hap the same,
 Content to do aright—he "truly" acts.
 There is th' "impassioned" doer. He that works

From impulse, seeking profit, rude and bold
 To overcome, unchastened; slave by turns
 Of sorrow and of joy: of *Rajas* he!
 And there be evil doers; loose of heart,
 Low-minded, stubborn, fraudulent, remiss,
 Dull, slow, despondent—children of the “dark.”

Hear, too, of Intellect and Steadfastness
 The threefold separation, Conqueror-Prince!
 How these are set apart by Qualities.

Good is the Intellect which comprehends
 The coming forth and going back of life,
 What must be done, and what must not be done,
 What should be feared, and what should not be feared,
 What binds and what emancipates the soul:
 That is of *Sattwan*, Prince! of “soothfastness.”
 Marred is the Intellect which, knowing right
 And knowing wrong, and what is well to do
 And what must not be done, yet understands
 Nought with firm mind, nor as the calm truth is:
 This is of *Rajas*, Prince! and “passionate!”
 Evil is Intellect which, wrapped in gloom,
 Looks upon wrong as right, and sees all things
 Contrariwise of Truth. O Pritha’s Son!
 That is of *Tamas*, “dark” and desperate!

Good is the steadfastness whereby a man
 Masters his beats of heart, his very breath
 Of life, the action of his senses; fixed
 In never-shaken faith and piety:
 That is of *Sattwan*, Prince! “soothfast” and fair!
 Stained is the steadfastness whereby a man
 Holds to his duty, purpose, effort, end,
 For life’s sake, and the love of goods to gain,

Arjuna! 'tis of *Rajas*, passion-stamped!
 Sad is the steadfastness wherewith the fool
 Cleaves to his sloth, his sorrow, and his fears,
 His folly and despair. This—Pritha's Son!—
 Is born of *Tamas*, "dark" and miserable!

Hear further, Chief of Bharatas! from Me
 The threefold kinds of Pleasure which there be.

Good Pleasure is the pleasure that endures,
 Banishing pain for aye; bitter at first
 As poison to the soul, but afterward
 Sweet as the taste of Amrit. Drink of that!
 It springeth in the Spirit's deep content.
 And painful Pleasure springeth from the bond
 Between the senses and the sense-world. Sweet
 As Amrit is its first taste, but its last
 Bitter as poison. 'Tis of *Rajas*, Prince!
 And foul and "dark" the Pleasure is which springs
 From sloth and sin and foolishness; at first
 And at the last, and all the way of life
 The soul bewildering. 'Tis of *Tamas*, Prince!

For nothing lives on earth, nor 'midst the gods
 In utmost heaven, but hath its being bound
 With these three Qualities, by Nature framed.

The work of Brahmans, Kshatriyas, Vaiśyas,
 And Śūdras, O thou Slayer of thy Foes!
 Is fixed by reason of the Qualities
 Planted in each:

A Brahman's virtues, Prince!
 Born of his nature, are serenity,
 Self-mastery, religion, purity,
 Patience, uprightness, learning, and to know

The truth of things which be. A Kshatriya's pride,
 Born of his nature, lives in valour, fire,
 Constancy, skilfulness, spirit in fight,
 And open-handedness and noble mien,
 As of a lord of men. A Vaiśya's task,
 Born with his nature, is to till the ground,
 Tend cattle, venture trade. A Śūdra's state,
 Suiting his nature, is to minister.

Whoso performeth—diligent, content—
 The work allotted him, whate'er it be,
 Lays hold of perfectness! Hear how a man
 Findeth perfection, being so content:
 He findeth it through worship—wrought by work—
 Of HIM that is the Source of all which lives,
 Of HIM by Whom the universe was stretched.

Better thine own work is, though done with fault,
 Than doing others' work, ev'n excellently.
 He shall not fall in sin who fronts the task
 Set him by Nature's hand! Let no man leave
 His natural duty, Prince! though it bear blame!
 For every work hath blame, as every flame
 Is wrapped in smoke! Only that man attains
 Perfect surcease of work whose work was wrought
 With mind unfettered, soul wholly subdued,
 Desires for ever dead, results renounced.

Learn from me, Son of Kunti! also this,
 How one, attaining perfect peace, attains
 BRAHM, the supreme, the highest height of all!

Devoted— with a heart grown pure, restrained
 In lordly self-control, forgoing wiles
 Of song and senses, freed from love and hate,

Dwelling 'mid solitudes, in diet spare,
With body, speech, and will tamed to obey,
Ever to holy meditation vowed,
From passions liberate, quit of the Self,
Of arrogance, impatience, anger, pride;
Freed from surroundings, quiet, lacking nought—
Such an one grows to oneness with the BRAHM;
Such an one, growing one with BRAHM, serene,
Sorrows no more, desires no more; his soul,
Equally loving all that lives, loves well
Me, Who have made them, and attains to Me.
By this same love and worship doth he know
Me as I am, how high and wonderful,
And knowing, straightway enters into Me.
And whatsoever deeds he doeth—fixed
In Me, as in his refuge—he hath won
For ever and for ever by My grace
Th' Eternal Rest! So win thou! In thy thoughts
Do all thou dost for Me! Renounce for Me!
Sacrifice heart and mind and will to Me!
Live in the faith of Me! In faith of Me
All dangers thou shalt vanquish, by My grace;
But, trusting to thyself and heeding not,
Thou can'st but perish! If this day thou say'st,
Relying on thyself, "I will not fight!"
Vain will the purpose prove! thy qualities
Would spur thee to the war. What thou dost shun,
Misled by fair illusions, thou wouldst seek
Against thy will, when the task comes to thee
Waking the promptings in thy nature set.
There lives a Master in the hearts of men
Maketh their deeds, by subtle pulling—strings,
Dance to what tune HE will. With all thy soul

Trust Him, and take Him for thy succour, Prince!
 So—only so, Arjuna!—shalt thou gain—
 By grace of Him—the uttermost repose,
 The Eternal Place!

Thus hath been opened thee
 This Truth of Truths, the Mystery more hid
 Than any secret mystery. Meditate!
 And—as thou wilt—then act!

Nay! but once more
 Take My last word, My utmost meaning have!
 Precious thou art to Me; right well-beloved!
 Listen! I tell thee for thy comfort this.
 Give Me thy heart! adore Me! serve Me! cling
 In faith and love and reverence to Me!
 So shalt thou come to Me! I promise true,
 For thou art sweet to Me!

And let go those—
 Rites and writ duties! Fly to Me alone!
 Make Me thy single refuge! I will free
 Thy soul from all its sins! Be of good cheer!

Hide, (the holy Krishna saith,)
 This from him that hath no faith,
 Him that worships not, nor seeks
 Wisdom's teaching when she speaks:
 Hide it from all men who mock;
 But, wherever, 'mid the flock
 Of My lovers, one shall teach
 This divinest, wisest, speech—
 Teaching in the faith to bring
 Truth to them, and offering
 Of all honour unto Me—

Unto Brahma cometh he!
 Nay, and nowhere shall ye find
 Any man of all mankind
 Doing dearer deed for Me;
 Nor shall any dearer be
 In My earth. Yea, furthermore,
 Whoso reads this converse o'er,
 Held by Us upon the plain,
 Pondering piously and fain,
 He hath paid Me sacrifice!
 (Krishna speaketh in this wise!)
 Yea, and whoso, full of faith,
 Heareth wisely what it saith,
 Heareth meekly, — when he dies,
 Surely shall his spirit rise
 To those regions where the Blest,
 Free of flesh, in joyance rest.

Hath this been heard by thee, O Indian Prince!
 With mind intent? hath all the ignorance —
 Which bred thy trouble — vanished, My Arjun?

Arjuna.

Trouble and ignorance are gone! the Light
 Hath come unto me, by Thy favour, Lord!
 Now am I fixed! my doubt is fled away!
 According to Thy word, so will I do!

Sanjaya.

Thus gathered I the gracious speech of Krishna, O my King!
 Thus have I told, with heart a-thrill, this wise and wondrous
 thing
 By great Vyasa's learning writ, how Krishna's self made
 known
 The Yoga, being Yoga's Lord. So is the high truth shown!

And aye, when I remember, O Lord my King, again
 Arjuna and the God in talk, and all this holy strain,
 Great is my gladness: when I muse that splendour, passing
 speech,
 Of Hari, visible and plain, there is no tongue to reach
 My marvel and my love and bliss. O Archer-Prince! all hail!
 O Krishna, Lord of Yoga! surely there shall not fail
 Blessing, and victory, and power, for Thy most mighty sake,
 Where this song comes of Arjun, and how with God he spake.

HERE ENDETH, WITH CHAPTER XVIII.,

Entitled "Mokshasanyâsayôg,"

Or "The Book of Religion by Deliverance and Renunciation,"

THE BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ.

