

Sri Charane

At the Holy Feet

This translation, from the original publication of Bhaiji dated 1st November 1928, does not retain the original lyrical style. Priority is given to the exact meaning rather than to the format and syntax. Bhaiji's Bengali is difficult to render into English accurately, so the result will not flow fluently, as is usually the case with poetry. The reader may bear this in mind when going through the text.

Sri Charane.

Drite Dringha ma mitreasy ma chakshusha
sarovani bhutani samikshantam.
mitreasyahang chakshusha sarvani bhutani samikshe.
Mitreasya chakshusha samikshamahe
shukla Yayurveda 36/18

O the Mother of the universe, even if the body is emaciated, make me so strong so that all the sentient beings see me with a friendly look; I may also look at all sentient beings with a friendly eye. And we attain the power to look at each other like friends.

Introduction to 1st Edition.

The impurities in the mind are removed when the mind becomes eager to protect the Truth. Ma's revelation happens when the mind becomes sacrosanct – there is attainment of Ma's grace. Maya indeed is Ma. Performing one's own duty is the great *dharma*. *Maya* should have to be everywhere without leaving it – then only you will attain Mahamaya. As long as you do not attain Ma *sadhana* and worship are needed. One who has a place on Ma's lap, what else does he need? My Ma is the *Brahman* indeed, again She is also Dayamayi, and Anandamayi Ma. In principle She is without form, and in the hearts of devotees She is with form. She is with attributes, She is attributeless as well. Brahman and the *Shakti* are no different. Siva without *Shakti* is a corpse. “*Sarvam shakti mayam jagat.*” (in totality the universe is permeated with *Shakti*).

One who is dipped into that principle of the endless ocean of *Shakti*, he only could recognise Ma. Ma indeed is everything for him. He wants nothing but Ma. With the view that Ma is everywhere he becomes entranced, forgetting all and sundry.

The consciousness of the Supreme Brahman, that means the Soul, is Ma.

Shakti is formless everywhere. Verily the sequential will of that great Matrishakti revealed three images in accordance with the three *gunas* (*sattva, rajas, tamas.*) That formless primordial energy which, assuming form, creates with *rajas*, sustains with *sattva*, and in *tamas* converting the powerless Siva to powerful, does the play of destruction. In fact It is neither female nor male, but the word synonymous to Mother-principle is the wish-fulfilling wine, the giver of the fruits of all actions, the giver of accomplishments to all purposeful spiritual practices.

With the tears during worship, by calling Ma, I feel peace in the heart. It indeed is a hard task to do *sadhana* of the unmanifest Brahman. There is no way to recognise the Father if Ma does not give power and does not introduce Him. Ma indeed is the nectar of immortality. As long as birth and death are ended, until that time, Ma is everything that I call my own in life.

Only Ma, Ma, Ma. With a Ma-permeated vision the beautiful image of Ma, the Mahamaya, worship

as the sustainer of life.

14th Kartik 1305 Bengali era.

Bhaiji.

Short introduction to Bhaiji.

Jyotish Chandra Ray was born on 16th July Friday, 1880 (1287 Bengali era, 2nd Shravan) it was the *dashami tithi* of the light fortnight at the village Paraikoda (Chattagram District, now in Bangladesh). His birth Zodiac sign is Taurus and the star sign is Bishakha.

His father's name is late Govinda Chandra Ray.

Govinda was a person of good conduct, *sattvic*, an adherent of his own dharma and a devoted spiritual aspirant. He had been doing an ordinary government job in the legal court. Every Saturday, after finishing the official work he used to go to a lonely place and engage in spiritual practices and worship all through the day and night on Saturday and Sundays. His predecessor Sadananda Dash came to Chattagram from the place Rad.(the western part of undivided Bengal). Here is the current family tree.

Joynarayan-Durgavati

I

Dewan Vrindavan

I

Tarinishankare

I

Pitamvar

I

Govinda Chandra Ray

Govinda Babu has three sons and three daughters. The names of the sons are Durgakinkar, Satish and Jyotish; the names of the daughters are Rasamayi, Anandamayi and Satyamayi. Durgakinkar died at an early age. The eldest son Satish, was three years older to Jyotish. He was working in the office of the District Sub-Registrar. He died in the town of Bardhaman in 1935.

After Jyotish passed the entrance examination he took up a job as a clerk in the Agriculture Department of the Government of Bengal. In 1903 he married a bright and religious girl Shakuntala Devi. Her religious devotion to her husband was exemplary in the household life. In the professional life, by dint of his skill and merit, he rose to the highest post in the Office of the Agriculture Department. For devoted service in his professional life he attained the honour of ISO (Imperial Service Order). His sacrifice and service to the country during his working life, were beyond any comparison. He had employed many youths of helpless families in Government jobs. His house always remained fully crowded with orphans and poor seeking refuge.

At the end of the year he came in contact with Sri Sri Ma Anandamayi. From then on his way of life had changed radically. He was known as Bhaiji while he had been travelling in Northwest India along with Sri Sri Ma.

In the first half of 1937 he went on a pilgrimage to Kailas with Sri Sri Mataji. On the way back he

embraced the life of a *sannyasi* and was known as Mounananda Parvat. At that time he attained eternal rest on the lap of his heart's goddess of worship Sri Sri Mataji Anandamayi on the lunar light fortnight Jhulan Dwadashi. Establishing his samadhi temple in Almora an ashram was constructed. It is expected that in the course of time it will be transformed into a place of *sadhana*.

Introduction to the second edition.

When Sri Sri Ma, after leaving Shabhag residence in Ramna area, came to the first *ashram* Uttama Kutir, which is opposite to Dhakeshwari Temple, Bhajji along with other followers, seeing Sri Sri Ma's advent as a disposition of *bhava*, with emotional eagerness of mind and the heart molten by respect and devotion, offered at the beautiful feet in the form of a book titled Sri Charane.

In the language of each of the lyrics her stream of causeless grace and pure devotion are overwhelming. The guru of the poets, Rabindranath, after reading the book, made a prediction, "aiming at whom these lyrics are written, she indeed will pull you to her beautiful feet and give you peace." In fact in his last moments Sri Sri Ma giving the touch of her fearless beautiful feet by naming him Mounananda Parvat, put a successful end to his *jiva* life.

Now his final, eternal and peaceful rest is in the domain of the beautiful feet of Sri Sri Ma.

It is the second edition of the book Sri Charane by Bhajji.

Let all these songs be meaningful in the hearts of the children of Ma. During the great fire sacrifice in Benares continued for 3 years, with the fire which was continuously kept alive for 24 years, let this fire prepare us to make us fit for the final oblation of self-sacrifice. This is our prayer at the beautiful feet of Ma.

In the afternoon of the inaugural ceremony of Ramna Ashram in Dhaka (in 1336 Vaishak, the last day of Sri Sri Ma's birthday celebrations) the first song was sung loudly together and the song numbers 1-15 were sung all through that night for Ma to hear. Along with those songs another 9 songs of Bhajji are published again in this edition after a long period of 21 years.

Brahmachari Yogesh
Brahmachari Kamalakanta
Prakashak (Publisher)
15 Agrahayan 1356
Anandamayi Ashram
Bhadaini
Varanasi.

(1)

Happiness is there in the ocean blue.
The sky is filled with joy, the waves of air dance in joy.
Happiness is there in the flow of the air,
the whole world is permeated by happiness.

Happiness is there in groves and gardens,
happiness is with the shore.
In the humming of the honey bees
the heart becomes mad in delight.

Birds are singing in joy,
branches dance in joy,
opening the eyes in joy,
flowers are smiling sweetly.

Dancing and laughing, laughing and dancing,
forgetting sorrow,
with arms upraised in bliss, in love's ecstasy,
play with the Beloved
- sing "Glory to Anandamayi."

In joy losing the self
melting in joyous song
embracing, clasping,
rolling on the sandy soil,
forgetting the heaven, forgetting the earth,
forgetting untruth, forgetting the truth,
forgetting the difference in all actions, sing
always at dawn and dusk.
(Think) the joyous creation, destruction (say) "Glory to Anandamayi."

-Ma-

(2)

Because (You) Anandamayi, have come the world is felicitated in joy
by enjoyment, pleasure, love, delight, happiness.
A new heaven created upon the earth.

The air is fervent with happiness,
the river flows dancing,
the ocean sings songs,
the sky has become fair, blue and clear.

In whose song, in whose melody,
in whose exploration of love,

in whose eager mind,
(She) who has the hue of the hibiscus,
restless feet, the sun smiles,
tying the rising sun at the end of her cloth,
binding dawn's hue at Her restless feet!

Today the earth is the pilgrimage of love,
the eternal truth,
the joyous heaven,
it has become the abode of immortality forever,
by touching the gem which is (Your) feet.
O Mother because you have come, forget not your mercy.
Make life overflow with bliss,
by accepting the worshipping of (Your) feet.

-Ma-

(3)

For whom there is causeless lamenting on this earth?
Mother Anandamayi has opened the door of her abode.
By opening her hand in blessing
she came forward to offer fearlessness.
Joy cannot be contained;
it floods the soul of this joyless world.

The bliss is showering from eyes,
bliss is flowing from the lips.
The stone-like heart melts in the joy of Her love.
As a result of many *sadhanas*, we met at the feet of Ma.
Being united in brotherhood
let us rob Her treasury of affection.

Forgetting differences and argument,
raising two hands with love,
let us mingle in the name of Ma, putting our hearts as one
in the great temple of the earth, by taking Her holy feet as
sole objective, with faith and hope
we chant the name unceasingly.

-Ma-

(4)

Your worship, Your meditation —
let these be the last resort of my life.

In your hymns, in thinking of you,
let my heart overflow with joy.

I shall gaze toward the sky, seeking only You,
With unblinking eyes
I shall not ask anything, shall not speak,
only lie prostrate at Your feet,
with my eyes overflowing with tears.

I shall move around within Your infinity
singing songs of Your glory.
In Your joy I shall remain, ever-blissful,
raising waves of Your sacred name.
All my deeds, all my faith—
are for your worship.

Casting far away my intelligence and judgment,
I shall take refuge only at Your crimson feet.

To You I bow - to You I salute.
Forgive me – O, You forgive me
I am calling You, O Mother, again and again;
Once I find the shadow of Your feet,
all my doubts will break apart,
and my weary heart will cool down.

Printed at Shahbagh, 1303 [Bengali Era], under the title "Pagola Gaan" ("The Madman's Song").

-Ma-

(5)

With hope to worship Your feet,
I have brought a flat basket filled
with heaps of incomparable beautiful flowers.
I string a garland with tears in my eyes.
With flowers and gems,
with blossoms and ornaments,
I shall adorn Your gem-like
feet. I shall yearn for,
be mad to touch that pair of feet.
I shall offer my chest, bow my head,
surrender my body and mind;
kissing the nectar of Your feet,
I shall cool the blaze of my life.

-Ma-

(6)

Smearing the pollen (dust) of Your feet upon my body,
I wish to be fortunate.
In heart of hearts in life and death;
let me become totally Yours.

Cool my threefold afflictions by placing your hundred petals lotus of your
feet on my hundred petals lotus heart.
Make me pure, stainless—
So (that) day and night I may find You.

O Ever-desired One, O Ever-kind,
let my heart be engrossed in You.
You are permeated in me and I am permeated in You,
So that I lose myself at the Holy Feet.

-Ma-

(7)

In glory, in humiliation,
in poverty, in plenty
I shall offer my heart to You.
While still alive and even beyond death
I shall worship your feet.

You awaken me in grief by shattering my sweet dream.
You wash away my smile in tears,
in thorns and flowers,
in enjoyment and grief
I shall remain at Your feet desperately.

Stay bright shining in the heart of my heart,
let all else drift far away,
only You — only You shall I bind
in the chains of love the (your) heart within my heart.

-Ma-

(8)

Being always busy in the clutter of the world —
Where is the time to call as “Ma” O Ma?
I delay by considering about proper and improper time,
and think not today but tomorrow.

The day goes by, the day comes back,
Every day I become tarnished by desires.

When will you give that day
to this (me), poor and dependent?
I am looking at that path of hope.

The afternoon sun bowing its head low
I see it prepared for invoking its departure.
By which illusive delusion I stay unprepared?
I remain oblivious, lost on the path.

When with love, smearing the dust of Your feet
my mind-bird will be sacrosanct within my unholy body.
Calling all the time Thee "Ma," O Ma
and bow down at your feet a hundred times.

-Ma-

(9)

If you hate me as a sinner,
O Ma, why should I call You as Ma?
Why should I go for exclusive *sadhana*
and why should I worship your feet in vain?
If happiness and pain are the fruit of actions, why should I call you eagerly?
Why time and again, pouring the stream of tears, will create the thirsty ocean. If I do not calm down
by motherly affection
the heart wounded with sin and heat becomes overwhelmed.
Then hoping for whom, with futile desire
I shall worship (You) as Maha Shakti?

If there is so much differentiation between sin and virtue,
Oh Mother, and differentiation in Your affection.
First if You take me, the deserted one, in Your lap,
then I will call you the saviour of the fallen.

-Ma-

(10)

Oh my mind, the mad black bee, drink the honey of the Feet;
offer that immeasurable stream to the thirsty all over the world,
crushing all pride fulfill all the wishes in totality;
being mad, being enchanted, open the closed heart,
smearing the pollen (dust) of the feet of the God of heart,
with affection and love.
By being cleansed and freed, sing the song of freedom.

Being an obedient servant at the Holy Feet

tear apart the bond of illusion with love.
For the cause of others, being forgetful of the self,
rescue the burning ones.

-Ma-

(11)

Is coming to the world futile?
If You do not grant me a place at Your holy feet?
Lost on the path, sinking in the sea water
where the Pole Star smiles and looks back—
whose face shall I turn to.
bearing such pain? Will You be so cruel?

By offering my body, soul and mind
I have made Your crimson feet my refuge.
Please say who but You is my own.
Will (You) take me on the lap by wiping the dust?

Light up this dark dwelling.
Kindle, kindle the light.

O love-permeated heart let me touch the Feet,
which is the touchstone
and I be blessed in this world.

-Ma-

(12)

The more I am in pain, the more I remember You; I
forget You while in pleasing fortune of love.
I die time and time again and tumble to the
ground, I restore to life and look at Your face.

Oh Ma, so selfish, so ignorant, so ungrateful is your child
Yet there is no ego in Your Motherly love,
which I cannot measure.
The worship of Your feet is my only sustaining provision.
In happiness I shall not be overwhelmed and confused.
In pain I shall not feel mean and depressed.
Tell me, when will you give me shelter at Your feet?

-Ma-

(13)

Ma, I shall worship You blowing the great conch with unstruck sound
on the plane of heart.

With rhythmic waving of scented smoke,
with the scent of agarwood and the scent of sandalwood,
with eyes absorbed in samadhi transcending worldly enquiry.

On the *brahmarandhra*, and *sahasrara*,
in the ocean of effulgence,
being bathed in the salvation, I shall offer my love,
holding it in my cupped hands at the holy feet.

Drinking the nectar of love, singing the song of the mantra of love,
I shall awaken the people of the world, by holding the flag of Ma's name.
By uniting the various castes,

by establishing unity between rich and poor, Ma, I shall make them unite
at your feet, the instrument of openness.

-Ma-

14)

Make me a man of the world, through working for the world.
Let this life and the wealth remain purposeful for the cause of others.
By destroying self interest, vanity and ego make me insignificant to others.
Give strength to work in the body, and courage in my life.
Coming again and again in new life
let me take refuge in your worship.
Let me embrace the hard task, duties and the resolution of problem.
On the heart of mine, washed by the tears,
place Your lotus-feet.
Saving (me) from the worldly worries
take the boat (of life) to your shore.

-Ma-

(15)

I work the whole day in the semblance of an impersonator,
I come back at dusk with shame in my mind,
to reign in the desperate mind
I worship the beautiful feet with my tears.
Ma, you are my own, You are my Ma,
I make a garland of my mistakes and faults as flowers.
On wrong day and wrong moment

I offer it again and again at the beautiful feet
by donating the eye to the eyeless blind,
by destroying the ignorance, make learned.
Keep (me) mad with love, day and night, at your beautiful feet.
By giving me courage, dependence on you,
make me progress to win over the six enemies.
Keep me, by cleansing me, make me beautiful at Your feet.

-Ma-

(16)

Ma You are the daughter of stone.
Your interior is made of stone.
(It) is not mercy (but) Your maze
that obviously is an uncrossable ocean.
Whatever practicable action I do
becomes futile, like crying in the forest.
Ma gazes with unblinking stone eyes and remains unresponsive.
By giving the futile hope You increase the thirst day by day.
By washing the tears place Your hand on the head.
Don't mislead with merciless mind.
Give me shelter, O Ma, at Your beautiful feet.
Let the fountain of peace flow by the stone-breaking stream of affection.

-Ma-

(17)

During sunrise at dawn in the loneliness of life
sing the song of Ma's name.
Mother, the ocean of nectar,
is the delight of lives of
the sinner and the despaired.
By Ma's immortal name hundreds of birds
awaken the world from its slumber.
The mind, the black bee, being enchanted,
drinks the nectar.
The ocean engaged in dancing
along with the song of Ma's name.
The heart craves for love.
The rivers and fountain, and the whole world become joyful.
(The name) gives the life the nectar of love.

-Ma-

(18)

I have the life because of you,
I shall offer my life to you.
By taking recourse to Your worship,
I shall adore Your feet.
The sky is adorned with smiles.
You are alone, I am alone.
In silence and loneliness
I shall float in the tears of love.
In the clear sky-bower,
beautified and proud of the moonlight
and adorned by the cluster of stars.

By stitching a garland of union
forgetting the self in dream,
placing the heart in heart,
in the essence of flower of poetry,
in delightful musical notes and sweet rhythm,
by conjoining the life with life,
I shall look at Your eye to eye.
I shall keep the sole of Your feet,
which makes the hundred-petalled (lotus) ashamed,
in my heart.
The eyes become tearful.
I shall tear apart my heart and put the brilliant light
in there day and night.

-Ma-

(19)

Ma, my childhood is dead, youth is gone,
if you deceive me
how many are the days left until I close my eyes ?

Now by raising the hand at the quay of life
I call now where is the sailor?
Yet nobody comes on hearing this.
Being ridiculed I stay apart.
All the companions on the path
went ahead by letting (me) in the net of illusion.
Now, I, the beggar without any means,
whom shall I call from the empty quay?

Ma floating on the tears I think that I don't have the habit
of spiritual practice and reverence.
Only I always draw Your crimson feet in the lotus of my heart
with flowers and sandal-paste, with tears only.

In the chariot of clouds the dusk is aggrandized
and my heart trembles with fear.
Will there remain anything when the row of waves
of the great ocean will engulf everything?
O Ma, please tell, when the pupil of my eye vanishes,
what can make me cross over?
If you want to give higher status to the unfit
call for me, the sailor of the world,
by kindling the gem of knowledge.
Take me to the shore so that I stay in your company.

-Ma-

(20)

In separation and union,
in happiness and pain,
my endless desire following which path,
with what end in view
give me eternal suffering?
Let Your will be done.

Whether you keep me in happiness
or don't call me when I am in pain,
I do not have any thought and fear.
You, the wealth of the heart,
the gratifier of hearts,
I shall not allow you to go leaving the heart.
Let Your will be done.
Your feet are the gem of flowers
I worship by offering my life.
I shall do the *sadhana* of life
by churning the ocean
and tearing the hills apart.
Let your will be done.

-Ma-

(21)

Why this illusion,
Oh Great Lady of overwhelming illusion?

I call You all the night
making the ocean with tears,
I sink in it and float on it,
I count the stars in the sky
and the row of waves in the ocean.
Counting ends yet the moon does not set.
O Ma yet with a heart of stone,
with speechless ego,
You sit in your *Mahabhav*
just noticing and just hearing.

Do I come in this world time and again to
receive love in this way?
Repeatedly, Oh destroyer of everything, You put
the rope of the gallows on the neck.
Do the fruits of actions
of so many births not go to abyss ?
What is the use of crying at Your feet?
Should my night end in futility?

-Ma-

(22)

Make (me) whole in You and be blessed in You.
O You, make this incomplete the Whole.
Grind my vanity and my pride,
O You with a kick.

My strength, my vigour, are not my own,
but I am the keeper for You.
In Your work in the world
make me whole.
Give me happiness, make me stainless,
make me bright, overwhelmed with love,
make me mad in Your work and make me praiseworthy.

By accepting my clothes of discernment,
ornaments of dispassion,
ashes of renunciation, the thirst of *sadhana*, and full faith
on Your beautiful lotus-feet,
make me free.

-Ma-

(23)

Ma, I shall adorn Thee with ornaments of flowers,
not with gems, not with gold.
By threading the white garland with malathi and jasmine,
heavy with fragrance, I will hang on (Your) neck.
I shall put on Your hands lotus, white lily and white water lily
and red hundred-petalled lotus at Your feet.
I shall put a bloom of Krishna chura to adorn the crown.

Unique ornaments of gold on Your pierced ears.
Dyeing the clothes with colour of atasi and magnolia
and star-jasmine, and jungle-geranium on Your seat.
I shall give a multi-layered garland made up of blooms of ashoka tree
and the Flame of the Forest, and anklets of midday-flower and hibiscus.
By constantly remembering the unique wonderful beauty
there is astonishment in my eyes.
The morning blossoms smile and fall,
the evening stars smile and float away.
Ma, you are my eternal full-moon,
in the poetic sky of my heart.

-Ma-

(24)

In the closed abode the free heart seeks for whom?
Whom does it seek today in the wilderness, in the deep blue sky,
dipped in the blue ocean?
I thread the garland with whatever desires are there,
with whatever thirsts are there.
I thread a garland as a gift.
If ever I chanced to meet, I shall fall at the feet
and offer the life and mind adorably.
Thinking in dreams I create a pilgrimage.
I notice the heavens in the abode of the heart.
Oh my eternally desired one,
put Your lotus feet on my hundred-petalled lotus of heart.
I came in the extreme solitude today
and calm down the restlessness
with mild sweet touch and with the stream of nectar.
I attain You while forgetting the self, and offer my life,
which is a garland of tears,
at Your feet forever.

-Ma-

(25)

What a riddle, like the mirage in the desert,
this world is the fearsome dense fog.
It indeed is but worthless, in fact shadowy.
I think it as my own that belongs to others.
I wonder noticing the fallacy.
by smearing colour and dressed like a clown,
I make merry amongst friends.
I think always it is futile, what is important,
in the bad company and with wrong mental colour.
Lifespan is shortening day by day
I am powerless and blind.
The sons and the family mock at me.
This is the world I made with love.
O Mahamaya, permeated with delusion,
destroy the demonic illusion and save me O
Ma at Your lotus feet.
Let there be an end to see the mockery.

-Ma-

(26)

Make my heart simple and clean like that of a young boy,
devoid of differentiation and animosity.
No one is different but all are my own.
Make my mind alarmed and ecstatic like that of a lunatic.
Let praise and insult, and the laughter and burden of tears
be always at onement.
Make me like a demon who is unmoved and carefree,
devoid of hatred and shame and full of self-styled action,
free and Lord on my own.

Won't You give Your beautiful feet
to your boy, who is mad and demonic?
Won't those who are sinners and burnt
have Your *darshan* in the beautiful temple?

-Ma-

(27)

Under the roof of the house
with the mind being houseless,
piteously I call Ma, Ma.
With my look of eye I tuned my veena and
my heart gets molten.
The lamp of the sky burns flickering,

the flower-bud smiles softly,
the waves of the Yamuna at the call of the dawn,
sway in intoxicating drowsiness.
So many days have gone by,
so many dawns have passed,
so many aeons have gone away;
how many more times, O stone-hearted mother,
will (You) keep this fallen one being deceived.
In the rays of the sun at dawn ,
in the flow of the soft wind,
Oh Ma, I call You and say
“when will You put the golden lotus-like pair of feet
on my heart?”

-Ma-

(28)

Oh Ma , I am perplexed for not understanding what sin is and what virtue is?
Why is there happiness and why is there sorrow?
Whose ruling are these?
Why do I go, why do I come, and
why do I float on the flow of action?
Where there ends this play of action-
stream? Throughout the dawning of
my so many births Ma, I cry at Your
feet.
With the hope I create the ocean of helplessness.
I wait with hope to see Your footprints.
Whose song of tears drifts in which emptiness.
I jump in the battle of action and die.
remembering Your beautiful feet.
I show uppishness of a poet (and say)
“Let Thy will be done.”
With greed I hope for the fruits (of action)
forgetting the Supreme Power.
I measure the end of the great ocean.
Is it virtue? Is it sin?
Are happiness and sorrow a scourge?
Are birth, death, and struggle for action happening because of that?
In that case my anger is futile because all these are my fault.
O Ma, pardoning this incapable, give (your) shade.

-Ma-

(29)

Ma for me only Your advent, Your golden luminous effulgence,
and the transcendent beauty in Your eyes are.

You give everything without being asked. Light, air, clear water are for me.
Your offer these for the cause of my deliverance.
That story is written with the blood of (my) heart,
In Your instrument is Your melody
Praise and insult, downfall and rise,
Are (my) offering at Your feet.
Your work, Your inspiration, are my fire-oblation of the world and it's
remuneration (*dakshina*).
Your emotion and Your direction ultimately end at Your feet.

-Ma-

(30)

You gave me so much and loved (me),
yet speak only of want and want.
How much you give, I want more of that again and again.
Again and again I say I don't have.
You gave Your affection without being asked.
O Mother You gave in abundance,
the smile of stars, the moonlight, in season after season to wear the enchanting outfits;
I find no end thinking of it.
This great hunger is never satiated.
Deluded by emptiness, I rob the ocean

Who are You to me? Who am I to You? I think of this astonishing Supreme love.

Going where shall I attain You?
Please tell when at the root of the wish fulfilling vine
I shall worship the beautiful feet with tears?
I ask for nothing yet I get everything at hand.
All over it is full of light and happiness
and I want to commingle at the feet.

-Ma-

(31)

In my heart and mind, with tearful eyes
I worship Her in my heart.
I search for the hundred-petalled Lotus feet
on the hundred-petalled lotus of my heart.
With thirsty eagerness
I count the stars all through the night, the eyes look,

and the night floats away.
Thinking of me as an insane person,
being helpless during the day and in the dreamy absorption
staying hidden in the heart.
She sometimes comes in the flickering light in the heart
blinding the eyes.
I so much want the One who I love
and if I don't get Her, to my heart's content,
at whose feet shall I offer the basket full of parijat,
the flower in the garden of heaven.

-Ma-

(32)

Ma, when You went away the full heart was emptied, the sacred house became vacant.
The blazing lamp of the moon was extinguished.
Clouds overcast the sky with hundreds of clouds.
The flowery stars closed their eyes by adding dirt to darkness.
The light went off.
Only the shadow remained.
The memories lost their beauty,
the illusions became indifferent.
The destitute one is lifeless,
with the body was left behind
The funeral pyre in the heart is kindled.
The eternal emptiness pervades the world.
Where are You
with both your eyes closed and forgetting everything?
You left without telling; when You will give this
orphan the most desired feet?

-Ma-

(33)

For whom the birds sing,
flowers bloom eagerly,
the wind blows searching,
the streams and rivers flow in a thousand rivulets
piercing the deep forest and the Himalayas?

By whose exaltation the waves of the ocean
end up in limitless eternity?
By whose smile the sun, the moon and the stars, and the stellar orb shine?
Under whose dictate the clouds, wandering in space,
offer the cold rainfall?
By whose inspiration uproar of actions of the vast universe continuously rise up?

Whose shade of feet calms down the mind in separation and in union,
in life and in death?
In whose worship the imperceptible musical tune of Om rises up day and night?
In whose rejoicing rhythm the melodious song all over the world is?
She is my mother, Mother of all.
Roll on Her feet, calling Her Ma, Ma
by floating in tears
filling the life with her divine nectar of love.

-Ma-

(34)

Today in the evening skies, in softly blowing wind in the moonlight
the mind has become depressed.
For whom the eager heart raises the tune of separation
on the fifth note/scale (of music)?
By remembering whose embodiments of tranquility
flows the stream from the eyes, floating both eyes?
To kiss whose feet the life is running eagerly?
Whose mild word and honeyed smile and kindness
awakens the heart?
To forget whom I forget my own?
She indeed is my Goddess - my heart of hearts.

-Ma-

(35)

Where is unhappiness in one who has Anandamayi as Ma?
(Her) heart is ever filled with delight- the wide ocean of bliss.
The birds sing of bliss, the bliss is there in the mild wind.
Bliss is in the fragrance of flowers
the world becomes rhythmic.
The smile of Anandamayi floats from heaven to heaven.
It makes a gift of a garland of delight, with all the pains of the world.
In the abode of joy there is melodious drama.
At the feet of Anandamayi the life is offered as a gift.

-Ma-

(36)

I shall talk to You
and make you hear the heart's pain.
Oh Mother, I shall offer my life
at Your feet as an offering.
In the uproar of actions,
with a curious mind,

I jump on the battlefield day and night.
Victory and defeat, gain and loss,
I shall submit at Your feet,
and ask for Your blessing, and take it.

How much hunger and thirst are there,
will be offered at Your feet
as an oblation in the universal sacrificial fire.

I bow at Your feet repeatedly
in dreams and while awake.
Please accept my *argha* (Ed - one of the offerings during worship)
of selfishness and ego.
All the blaze of thoughts will become a rosary,
and the pains and joy will become the happy-flowers of worship.
Whatever hundreds of actions and efforts are there O Ma,
will become Your *puja* articles.
I shall compose Your prayer with tears.

-Ma-

(37)

If You had come on this world to distribute love
then please tell why is there miserliness?
Why not the ocean of love, after rising high,
and exalted flooding overly?
I drink the nectar while thirsty,
yet why is there no satisfaction day and night?
Singing Your song of love all over the world,
why (I) want nothing but You.

I drink the nectar of love in full cupped hands.
I forget the sense of differentiation in joy of love,
yet why are the unmoved Himalayas molten in love,
not float on the compassionate Ganga? Why
is this deception, the mother of sinners,
burnt and aggrieved?
The sun is setting by saving the hot earth with love.
Now, Ma, give me a place at Your feet.

-Ma-

(38)

When there rises the love-moon
the desert of heart cools down.

The wind blows in love on the
stream of nectar, permeated with moonlight.
There exists no differentiation, varieties, selfish struggle,
arguments and enmity.
The rise and fall become one, there is glory of love
all over the world.
We call Ma, Ma, to one mother
dancing with eagerness.
In the mantra of union, being open-hearted
the world becomes lively.
The Himalayas dissolve in love.
The earthly plane becomes the heaven.
The ocean is dipped in the tears of love,
and what is insentient becomes conscious.
Everyone being dissolved in the *bhava* of Ma's name
embrace each other in love.
Single musical tune is played on all instruments
by a single player all over the world.

-Ma-

(39)

If you do not grace (me) then
my coming on this world will be futile.
So much of crying, so much spiritual practice,
and the lovable life will be in vain.
In the sky of actions there is the midday sun.
I think being scared of this picture.
With so much work remaining undone
what will be my fate in this world?
Being angry so many times You left me in the net of illusion.
Ma if You do the same this time as well,
what will happen to this orphan?

I sail the boat speedily towards the other shore of
the ocean of the world. Ma, please unload the
burden on my head,
Only then this sinner will be free.
Please make the diamond-dream be over at dawn.
Let my lamp extinguish in the eternal radiance.

-Ma-

(40)

O You, bind my heart with Your feet by the chain of love.
O You make that Your own, wherever and whatever I have as my own.
Your bottomless, vast, shoreless ocean of love

is a solution of molten nectar.

(In it) drown me and mine, O You the beautiful and ever young one.
Break me in shattered pieces, O my dearest lord of life,
so that I may nowhere be seen except in you.

How great are You like a mountain in the Himalayas,
and I am small, very depraved, and without support.
O you, by cooling in Your shade, make me a beggar asking for you
O you, in my happiness and pain,
in life and death, in delight and grief
in dreams and awakening,
give me strength to roll on Your feet.
I boast among my own,
raise the chime in so many wrong notes, lament loudly
and die ashamed in the end.
O You, pull me at Your feet.
Wrongdoing, anger, jealousy, violence, argument
and disagreement are in my nature.
“Pardon and kindness to the *jiva*” is Your will.
Be pleased with me.
To fulfill Your goodwill, rob everything I have.
O you, madden my heart and mind
and give relief to the pain of heart.

-Ma-

(41)

In the tune of the flute I have attained Her heart full with love.
While searching for the true form of my self in the fragrance of flowers,
Imbued with moonlight.
How beautiful, how sweet, how charming
is the mirror like face, Her selfless dedication of self!
I sang the song of Her love with so many wishes, so much love,
faith and assurance, in the frustrated life.
The more I forget the more I get dissolved.
I recollect that hundreds of times in my mind.
I bind, with the chains of memory, the life with life. All these are Her's,
which were mine; I don't have anything left.
Her tune of love is all over.

-Ma-

(42)

Ma my manifestations in so many sad songs, in so much of pains and delight
In so much of laugh and tears of life are only for you.
Hiding where O Mother, You gave me this world to search for the one who is my own.

Knowing everyone else here is not my own
to spread the message in the world, that You are my own.
To attain peace at Your feet all my difficult *sadhana* of life are for.
The more there are inflictions,
the more I call Ma, Ma, floating in tears in the loneliness.
Oh Mother, destroy my ego so that I attain my existence
in Your effulgence.
It is indeed You, only You are the mother of this world
rejoicing in happiness.

-Ma-

(43)

I love You so much in this world, in union and separation,
in loneliness and in the depths of my (heart).
I do *japa* intensively in my mind,

The body does not know.
No one else knows about so much exchange of love, and so much intimacy.
It is there only in my mind,
only in the heart.

For so many days, for so many years,
So much talk, so much pain,
So many nights, many musical notes,
how many stories,
how many poems are only in secrecy?
Only in secrecy.

I am only Yours, I am Yours only in my life
and death, in dream, in compassion, in delight
and when weeping.
You indeed are mine. You indeed are mine.
I am at Your feet.

-Ma-

(44)

Ma , where are You? Who are You to me?
The more I think in mind, the more I forget the world,
and the burden on my heart is relieved.

The nearer You come, the more You love.
What a wonder Your *lila* is!

The more I remember You, removing the burden,
destroying the image, forgetting memories, and worship,

follow the straight path of enjoyment,
abandoning the path of renunciation
and stay forgetting You, the more I notice
that You smile from a place behind and take (me) on Your lap
By extending the arms.

With heart exalted by the wave of love,
You mock at my resolve.
O Ma, by installing *bhakti* Mandakini (the heavenly river of supreme love) in my heart
All day and night, You make me long for love in You,
and go away again and again.

So much eagerness, pain and separation, O Mother, the heart cannot withstand day in, day out.
Please keep me at Your crimson feet by absolving the doubt
or else give me deep darkness for eternity.

-Ma-

(45)

Like the (scattered) heap of night-jasmine,
my heart is spread over all directions.
By picking (them) up, O Ma
keep me engrossed in You.
The time is passing away.
For how many more times, O You, the stone-
hearted, You will mislead me by the illusion of ego?
Now O You, pauperising me, who is eager for love, make
me roll at Your feet.
I end the play before the day ends.
Ma, please tell on which chariot of mind I shall proceed
towards my own land, leaving the alien land,
keeping Your directive in my head.
When should I take refuge on the boat of Your feet,
with tearful eyes, standing on the shore of the ocean at dusk?
When may I, engrossed in the name of Ma,
holding the end of Her cloth,
cross over, with *Shakti mantra*?

-Ma-

(46)

Oh Mother, all my interest, all my wealth and prosperity
is useless without You.
O Ma, my exuberance, luxury of desire
are (only) for Your service.
O You are entangled in my happiness, pain and in all aspects
of my mind and heart.

I look at Your face all the time
and I forget the pains of the world.
Please engage with Your feet my virtuousness,
activities, worship and religious practice.
O You, please pierce the bond of illusion
by revealing the rays of kindness. There is none, no one of my own. Wherever I look it is all Yours.
Now, O You, remove the distance between You and me,
by uniting me with the pollen-dust of Your feet.

-Ma-

(47)

If I am emptiness, you indeed are full.
O You, make this empty-one full.
Being the cloud Yourself, pour the stream of nectar
to the thirsty pie-cuckoo. You are the endless ocean
kindness, I am the smallest dew-drop.
O You, develop me into a man.
You indeed are the great wide sky,
but I am so little a molecule that cannot be measured.
In Your vast heart let me make myself sweet and presentable.
O You, open up, please open up in my heart the steadfast power of dependence on You.
Faith in the singing Your name, and firm conviction,
and give the tears of supreme love flooding the eyes.

-Ma-

(48)

O You, make me praiseworthy by fulfilling Your will.
O You, by destroying forever my ego,
You make me endearing with Your love.
As much pains You give me, I tolerate all that happily.
O you I notice you gleaming during separation and union
I feel myself illumined in Your *sadhana* ,
in Your glory and in Your inspiration.

O You, lending the ear in the
sky I have heard the great song.
After being merged in the wide open ocean of heart,
I receive unfathomable love.
By blending the qualified with the unqualified,
I construct a delightful image with variables and non-variables.
O Ma, you are formless in form, and totally formless; give me the eyes to behold.

-Ma-

(49)

O Ma, accept at Your feet my heart, my world, my life,
smile and the burden of tears as gifts.
Because of You my mind is restless.
By binding me with the tag of *bhakti* (supreme love),
resonate in the veena of my heart – the music note – again and again.
O you, open the two eyes blindfolded by illusion,
so that I behold all-pervasive You in my life and death
to worship You, the All-permeated, sustainer of everything.
Make me oblivious and overwhelmed.
Make me eager and mad to perform Your work.
Let me create my universe permeated by you
attaining the ocean of love.

-Ma-

(50)

Singing the song ends today.
With the cupped hands I am looking for Your guidance.
The language of my heart, the music notes of my life;
I have offered all these at Your beautiful feet, O mother
make me ecstatic with my vacant gaze and sacred dream.

Give me pure *bhakti*, untainted love and unwavering faith at Your feet.
Awaken from the dream of illusion, flooding my eyes with tears
end my play of worldly activities.

In my introspection, in my heart, in my deep dream, being eager,
the mind keen with love,
by smearing the pollen-dust of Your feet,
let my life be praiseworthy at the end.
By wetting the heart with the nectar of Omkar
let there be the end of the days of life.
Take, take everything, make me a pauper,
and give me the very memories as the remnants.

-Ma-

(51)

Swearing on the life in surrendering the self
Sail the body-boat, continually gazing at Ma's face,
leaving the bow, the mainsail and the rudder free.
If on the course comes the wind and clouds,
don't be scared and panicky.
By silencing the tongue and heartbeats, be seated, like an inert.
If ever the ego rises, control it through love and faith,

Keep chanting Ma's name in your heart,
mouth and in your breath, forgetting your wealth,
the people and the house.
Draw the charming and sweet image of Ma
and keep it on the mirror of your heart.

-Ma-

(52)

For how many more days, O Mother, I shall have to cry
with a heart in distress?
When Your notes of music will be played on the instrument of
heart and in rites and rituals?
When in all pains and sorrows shall I be absorbed,
drinking the nectar of love?
(When) opening the eyes and turning the ears back will I hear Your voice?
The sun sets, the day is no more, it appears that the raft of this body will sink.
Who else is there for me except You , the treasure of hearts,
the touch stone?

-Ma-

(53)

Many days passed by, I have been deprived of being at Your beautiful feet.
So much of words of tears have been accumulated within me.
I lend my ear in the stupefied sky.
My heart is thrilled to think of the expected and sudden appearance.
The earth is heated by the silent breath of the scorched heart.
You have taken away everything, take more.
Pull apart all the bondages;
only grant my right to cry at Your feet, day and night.

-Ma-

(54)

Ma, how much more burning pain will You give me,
stuck up in the cobwebs of inflaming and burning?
My life has become annoyed. I am trapped in the puzzle of *maya*.
The more I rip it apart the bigger it gets.
By thinking when You will pull at Your feet, the heart-burnt expands.
All the companions who were along with (me) had left
one by one. Tell me, speak up. Tell me again.
When will my turn come?

-Ma-

(55)

O you all together, clapping the hands
“Glory to Ma Anandamayi,”
whose instructions and spiritual guidance were only to sing
eulogising Hari (The Lord).
Whose core intent is the salvation of the *jiva*,
by remembering whose beautiful feet, flows the fountainhead of *bhakti*
in the cave of heart.
Mother Nirmala is permeated with great power.
She is the bestower of welfare and is affectionate
to the devotees.
The hands are ever extended to give boons and fearlessness
to the Hindus and Muslims.
The complete heart is scorched by the three afflictions,
and by the poison of worldly objects, became emaciated and venomous.
Douse the fire, remove the sorrow by the stream of nectar of Ma’s name.
Making the mind and heart to follow Ma’s rule,
go ahead with compassion and *bhakti*,
fly the flag of Ma’s name, chanting Hari, Hari, Hari
and sing ‘Anandamayeer Jai.’

-Ma-

(56)

Come O brother come.
On this auspicious day today, and sing the song of celebration.
Sing the song, ‘Anandamayeer Jai’ in a unified tune.
Carrying the news of celebration,
the wind of waves of tune is running.
The ripples of the river, the waves of the sea
sing Ma’s song of glory.
Being troubled by the pains on earth
She came down as a mitigator of worldly pains
by showering the pleasing stream of kindness,

She will save the *jiva*.
Sing again, sing again, the song of victory of Anandamayi.
(Her) two eyes float on the light of truth.
The shining forehead, the smiling face,
the hands of boon, the words of blessing
and the simple heart filled up with affection.
Decorate all over the world,
invoke with lamps and smoke of essence of *bhava*,
worship with flowers of *bhakti*
by filling the heart with tears of love,
sing again, sing again,
the song of victory of Ma Anandamayi.
In inhalation and exhalation,
in exaltation, in intense feeling,
take Ma's name, take Ma's name
by bowing down at the crimson feet,
submit repeatedly the body, mind and soul.
Where and who else will give so much love?
Who else and how far one will cry for the beggars?
When the time is still there take the shelter (in Her)
and go forward on the path of benefit.
By shaking vigorously the earth
fly the flag of victory of Ma in the sky.

-Ma-

(57)

My spiritual practices and devotion are all (for) You.
Sometimes I see You, or occasionally I see my self,
at times there is neither You nor I am.
Sometimes I see there is no form or shadow,
at times I see You exist. It is but the great
illusion. Where You are, where You are not, I
cannot attain (You) in my search.
O the primordial, eternal, life of the world,
undo the intense cry of heart.
Keep (me) closely connected in union and separation,
Oh Lord, at Your crimson feet

-Ma-

(58)

Dako Ma x7 (call)
Bolo Ma x7 (say)
Gao Ma x7 (sing)
Bhajo Ma x7 (worship)
Japo Ma x7 (chant)

Dako, Bolo, Gao, Bhajo, Japo Ma x3

-Ma-

(59)

In delight and grief, or in happiness and pain
call continuously Ma, Ma, Ma, Ma.

When you are out of the mother's womb,
the Universal Mother lifted (you) on Her lap.

(She) initiated (you) with the *mantra* U'an (child's first cry)
and taught to call Ma, Ma, Ma, Ma.

By being dependent on the own self, You have forgotten
the initial great sound.

That is why you search in the Vedas
and in the Tantras the limit of the endless eternity.

If you want to know the God-Principle
merge all the names and forms in the *bij* (seed) *mantra* 'Ma.'
Float on the tears calling Ma ,Ma, Ma, and make Anandamayi |Ma
as the provisions on the journey.

Remembering the last alms Ma asked for, tag the body, heart and mind aiming at the sacred name.
Laughing and dancing like a child, call ceaselessly Ma, Ma, Ma.

('for me daily and regularly chant the name for a span of 10 mins.' Ma asked for these alms from
the *jiva* for the cause of self-introspection) .

-Ma-

(60)

Jai Hridaya Vasini

Jai Hridaya vasini shuddha sanatani Sri Anandamayi Ma

Jai bhuvana ujvala janani nirmala punya vistarini Ma

Glory to the indweller of the heart, pure eternal Sri Anandamayee Ma

Glory to the illuminator of the universe, mother Nirmala, the spreader of virtues, Ma

Jai raja rajeshvari svaha svadha gouri pranava rupini Ma

Jai soumya soumyatara satya manohara purna paratpara Ma.

Glory to the queen of queens, svaha, svadha (mantras of offerings to the gods and the deceased souls) Gouri,
the Pranava (the supreme reality Om), Ma

Glory to the gentle, gentler, truth, capturer of the mind, the totality, superior to superior, Ma

Jai ravi shashi kundala maha vyoma kuntala vishva rupini Ma

Jai eishvarya bhatima madhurya pratima mahima mandita Ma

Glory to the one with the sun and the moon as the earrings, whose hair is the great sky, who is the
form of the universe, Ma

Glory to the rich and splendoured, image of sweetness, attributed with greatness, Ma

Jai rama manorama shanti shanta kshma sarva devamayi Ma
Jai sukhada varada bhakati jnanada kaivalya dayini Ma

Glory to the delightful, delightful to the mind, the peace, the calm, forgiveness itself, all the gods permeated (permeating all the gods), Ma

Jai vishva prasavini vishva paline vishva samharini Ma
Jai bhakta prana rupa murtimati kripa triloka tarini Ma

Glory to the giver of birth to the universe, the sustainer of the universe, the destroyer of the universe, Ma

Glory to the image of the life force of the devotees, (the) grace animated, the rescuer of the three worlds, Ma

Jai karya karana bhuta bhedbheda parama devata Ma.
Jai vidya vinodini yogijana ranjini bhava bhaya bhanjini Ma.

Glory to the cause of actions, the causal, bereft of differentiation and non-differentiation, the supreme God, Ma

Glory to the knowledge itself, gratifier, pleaser of the yogis, the dispeller of fears of the world, Ma

Jai mantra bijatmika veda prakashika nikhila vyapika Ma
Jai saguna sarupa nirguna nirupa mahabhava mayi Ma

Glory to the soul of the seed-mantra, the revealer of the veda, the pervader of the universe, Ma

Glory to the attributed, form of the self, attributeless, the formless, the one with the supreme inner disposition, Ma

Jai mugda charachara gahe nirantara tava guna madhuri Ma
Mora mili prane prane pranami sri charane jai jai jai.

O the glorified one, the enchanted moving and static universe, sing continuously the sweetness of your qualities,

O the glorified one, we being united with heart to heart amongst ourselves and bow down at the beautiful feet of yours. Glory to you, Glory to you, Glory to you, Ma

(61)

Ma's Dhyana.

Om dhrita sahaja samadhim vibhratim hemkantim nayana
sarasijabhyam sneharashin kirantim

Om, She is always in a state of natural samadhi, emanating golden hues, from the two lotus eyes rays of affection are radiating

Manasi kalita bhaktim bhaktamanandantim smita jita
sharadindum mataram dhimahiha

The supreme love adorning the mind, gives joy to the devotees. Her gentle smile wins over the autumnal Moon.

Tapana shakala kalpam kalpavrikshopamanam
sharanagata jananam tarakam kleshapashat

She is like the sun, in totality, resembling the wish-fulfilling tree, is the savior of those who seek refuge from the leash of afflictions.

Hridaya kamala madhye sthapyitveha matuh vihita vividha kalpam pada pītham bhajami.

By placing Mother on the lotus of the heart,
I worship on the seat of the beautiful feet, with various essentials and rituals.

Om Ma Shri Shri Matri Padapithaya Namah

Gayatri

Om Shri Shri Padapithaya vidmahe
anandamaye dhimahi
tanno Matah prachodayat Om

Om.
We invoke the seat of the feet of Sri Sri Ma,
we meditate upon Anandamayi.
May the Mother enlighten our intellect.
Om.

Prarthana (Prayer)

Om matah praseeda paripalaya bhaktavrindan
samsara duhkha dahanat karuna katakshaih |
durikarotu duritani suduhsahani
tvam padapitham iha nah sharanagatanam ||

Om namaste stu Matah Bhavani praseeda
namaste padamboja pithaya bhuyah |
sharanye tamah para ashmannaya tvam
prapadye param pavanam padapeetham ||

Om.
O Mother, be pleased to foster the devotees from the burns
of the pains of the world with your kind look.
Drive away the most intolerable sinful activities from us,
the surrendered ones here at the seat of Your lotus feet.
Om
Accept the obeisance O Mother, the supreme power of justice and life.
We bow down time and again at the seat of Your lotus feet.
O the provider of shelter and protection, You please lead us beyond darkness.
We surrender at Your supremely sacred seat of Your holy feet.