

## **The Song Celestial. or Bhagavad-Gita (From the Mahabharata)**

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.  
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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 Mahabharata, 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 Devanagiri 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 bujus auctor,, cujus oraculis mens ad excelsa quaeque, quaeque,, aeterna atque divina, cum inenarrabili 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 Mahabharata, 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 reconditioribus 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 Trubner & Co.

EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

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## **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 Duryodhana 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; Virata, Yuyudhan, Drupada, eminent upon his car, Dhrishtaket, Chekitan, Kasi's stout lord, Purujit, Kuntibhoj, and Saivya, With Yudhamanyu, 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, Aswatthaman; 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, Dhrishtadyumna, 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 Gandiv, 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, Janardana? 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.[FN#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-GITA, Entitled "Arjun-Vishad," Or "The Book of the Distress of Arjuna."

## 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 Kshattriya-- 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 "Sankhya"--unspiritually-- Hear now the deeper teaching of the Yog, 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,"[FN#2] and free From that sad righteousness which calculates; Self-ruled, Arjuna! simple, satisfied![FN#3] 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 Yog, 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 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 Yog--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-GITA, Entitled "Sankhya-Yog," 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 Kesava! 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 Sankhya's, which doth save in way of works Prescribed[FN#4] by reason; next, the Yog, 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, 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 Prajapati-- 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 Kamaduk, 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 Brahma, 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.[FN#5] 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 Pritha! 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!-- 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. Kama it is! Passion it is! born of the Darknenses, 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-GITA, Entitled "Karma-Yog," Or "The Book of Virtue in Work."

#### **CHAPTER IV**

Krishna. This deathless Yoga, this deep union, I taught Vivaswata,[FN#6] 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 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.[FN#7] 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-- 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 Brahma 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-GITA, Entitled "Jnana Yog," 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." [FN#8] O valiant Prince! In doing, such breaks lightly from all deed: 'Tis the new scholar talks as they were two, This Sankhya and this Yoga: wise men know Who husbands one plucks golden fruit of both! The region of high rest which Sankhyans reach Yogins 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 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 un vowed, 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,"[FN#9] 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, 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 Nirvana 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 ENDS CHAPTER V. OF THE BHAGAVAD-GITA, Entitled

"Karmasanyasayog," 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 Sanyasi and Yogi--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 Yogin. 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.[FN#10]

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 Yogi, he is  
Yukta, glad With joy of light and truth; dwelling apart Upon a peak, with senses  
subjugate Whereto the clod, the rock, the glistening 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 Kusa-grass. There, setting hard his mind upon The  
One, Restraining heart and senses, silent, calm, Let him accomplish Yoga, and  
achieve Purenness of soul, holding immovable Body and neck and head, his gaze  
absorbed Upon his nose-end,[FN#11] 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 Yojin, so devoted, so controlled, Comes to the peace beyond,--  
My peace, the peace Of high Nirvana!

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 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 Yukta. 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 Yoga; call  
that man The perfect Yogin!

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 Yogi, yea! well-perfected!

Arjuna. Slayer of Madhu! yet again, this Yog, 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 Yogin 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 Yog is to pass Beyond the Sabdabrahm, the spoken Ved. But, being Yogi, striving strong and long, Purged from transgressions, perfected by births Following on births, he plants his feet at last Upon the farther path. Such as one ranks Above ascetics, higher than the wise, Beyond achievers of vast deeds! Be thou Yogi 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-GITA, Entitled "Atmasanyamayog," 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 Yog, 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 Bharatas! 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.[FN#12]

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. 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 Vasudev!"[FN#13]

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. 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 birth[FN#14] and death, those have the Truth! Those know Me BRAHMA; know Me Soul of Souls, The ADHYATMAN; know KARMA, my work; Know I am ADHIBHUTA, Lord of Life, And ADHIDAIVA, Lord of all the Gods, And ADHIYAJNA, 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-GITA, Entitled "Vijnanayog," Or "The Book of Religion by Discernment."

### **CHAPTER VIII**

Arjuna. Who is that BRAHMA? What that Soul of Souls, The ADHYATMAN? What, Thou Best of All! Thy work, the KARMA? Tell me what it is Thou namest ADHIBHUTA? What again Means ADHIDAIVA? Yea, and how it comes Thou canst be ADHIYAJNA 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 ADHYATMAN 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 ADHIBHUTA, Lord of Lives; And ADHIDAIVA, Lord of all the Gods, Because I am PURUSHA, who begets. And ADHIYAJNA, 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!

.....[FN#14]

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

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER VIII. OF THE BHAGAVAD-GITA, Entitled  
"Aksharaparabrahmayog," Or "The book of Religion by Devotion to the One  
Supreme God."

## **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.

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