

### SRI RAMAKRISHNA'S PRAYER

O Mother, I throw myself on Thy mercy; I take shelter at Thy Hallowed Feet. I do not want bodily comforts; I do not crave name and fame; I do not seek the eight occult powers. Be gracious and grant that I may have pure love for Thee, a love unsmitten by desire, untainted by any selfish ends—a love craved by the devotee for the sake of love alone. And grant me the favour, O Mother, that I may not be deluded by Thy world-bewitching māyā, that I may never be attached to the world, to “lust and gold,” conjured up by Thy inscrutable māyā! O Mother, there is no one but Thee whom I may call my own. Mother, I do not know how to worship; I am without austerity; I have neither devotion nor knowledge. Be gracious, Mother, and out of Thy infinite mercy grant me love for Thy Lotus Feet.

### PRAYER OF ST. FRANCIS

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace:  
Where there is hatred, let me sow love;  
Where there is injury, pardon;  
Where there is doubt, faith;  
Where there is despair, hope;  
Where there is darkness, light;  
And where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek  
To be consoled as to console,  
To be understood as to understand,  
To be loved as to love.

For it is in giving that we receive,  
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,  
And it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

### SONG OF THE SANNYASIN

Wake up the note!  
The song that had its birth far off,  
Where worldly taint could never reach,  
In mountain caves and glades of forest deep,  
Whose calm no sigh for lust or wealth or fame  
Could ever dare to break; where rolled the stream  
Of knowledge, truth, and bliss that follows both.  
Sing high that note, Sannyasin bold! Say—  
“Om Tat Sat, Om!”

Strike off thy fetters! Bonds that bind thee down,  
Of shining gold, or darker, baser ore;  
Love, hate—good, bad—and all the dual throng,  
Know, slave is slave, caressed or whipped, not free;  
For fetters, though of gold, are not less strong to bind;  
Then off with them, Sannyasin bold! Say—  
“Om Tat Sat, Om!”

Let darkness go; the will-o'-the-wisp that leads  
With blinking light to pile more gloom on gloom.  
This thirst for life, for ever quench; it drags  
From birth to death, and death to birth, the soul.  
He conquers all who conquers self. Know this  
And never yield, Sannyasin bold! Say—  
“Om Tat Sat, Om!”

“Who sows must reap,” they say, “and cause must bring  
The sure effect; good, good; bad, bad; and none  
Escape the law. But whoso wears a form  
Must wear the chain.” Too true; but far beyond  
Both name and form is Atman, ever free.  
Know thou art That, Sannyasin bold! Say—  
“Om Tat Sat, Om!”

They know not truth who dream such vacant dreams  
As father, mother, children, wife, and friend.  
The sexless Self! whose father He? whose child?  
Whose friend, whose foe is He who is but One?  
The Self is all in all, none else exists;  
And thou art That, Sannyasin bold! Say—  
“Om Tat Sat, Om!”

There is but One—The Free—The Knower—Self!  
Without a name, without a form or stain.  
In Him is Maya dreaming all this dream.  
The witness, He appears as nature, soul.  
Know thou art That, Sannyasin bold! Say—  
“Om Tat Sat, Om!”

Where seekest thou? That freedom, friend, this world  
Nor that can give. In books and temples vain  
Thy search. Thine only is the hand that holds  
The rope that drags thee on. Then cease lament,  
Let go thy hold, Sannyasin bold! Say—  
“Om Tat Sat, Om!”

Say, “Peace to all: From me no danger be  
To aught that lives. In those that dwell on high,  
In those that lowly creep, I am the Self in all!  
All life both here and there, do I renounce,  
All heavens and earths and hells, all hopes and fears.”  
Thus cut thy bonds, Sannyasin bold! Say—  
“Om Tat Sat, Om!”

Heed then no more how body lives or goes,  
Its task is done. Let Karma float it down;  
Let one put garlands on, another kick  
This frame; say naught. No praise or blame can be  
Where praiser praised, and blamer blamed are one.  
Thus be thou calm, Sannyasin bold! Say—  
“Om Tat Sat, Om!”

Truth never comes where lust and fame and greed  
Of gain reside. No man who thinks of woman  
As his wife can ever perfect be;  
Nor he who owns the least of things, nor he  
Whom anger chains, can ever pass thro’ Maya’s gates.  
So, give these up, Sannyasin bold! Say—  
“Om Tat Sat, Om!”

Have thou no home. What home can hold thee, friend?  
The sky thy roof, the grass thy bed; and food  
What chance may bring, well cooked or ill, judge not.  
No food or drink can taint that noble Self  
Which knows Itself. Like rolling river free  
Thou ever be, Sannyasin bold! Say—  
“Om Tat Sat, Om!”

Few only know the truth. The rest will hate  
And laugh at thee, great one; but pay no heed.  
Go thou, the free, from place to place, and help  
Them out of darkness, Maya’s veil. Without  
The fear of pain or search for pleasure, go  
Beyond them both, Sannyasin bold! Say—  
“Om Tat Sat, Om!”

Thus, day by day, till Karma’s powers spent  
Release the soul for ever. No more is birth,  
Nor I, nor thou, nor God, nor man. The “I”  
Has All become, the All is “I” and Bliss.  
Know thou art That, Sannyasin bold! Say—  
“Om Tat Sat, Om!”

—Swami Vivekananda