

MORNING PRAYERS

HYMN OF SRI CHAITANYA

Chant the name of the Lord and his glory unceasingly
That the mirror of the heart may be wiped clean,
And quenched that mighty forest fire, worldly lust,
Raging furiously within.

O name, stream down in moonlight on the lotus heart,
Opening its cup to knowledge of thyself.
O self, drown deep in the waves of his bliss,
Chanting his name continually,
Tasting his nectar at every step, bathing in his name,
That bath for weary souls.

Various are thy names, O Lord,
In each and every name thy power resides.
No times are set, no rites are needful,
For chanting of thy name, so vast is thy mercy.
How huge then is my wretchedness
Who find in this empty life and heart,
No devotion to thy name.

O my mind, be humbler than a blade of grass;
Be patient and forbearing like the tree;
Take no honor to thyself, give honor to all;
Chant unceasingly the name of the Lord.

O Lord and Soul of the universe,
Mine is no prayer for wealth or retinue,
The playthings of lust or the toys of fame.
As many times as I may be reborn,
Grant me, O Lord, a steadfast love for thee.

A drowning man in this world's fearful ocean
Is thy servant, O Sweet One.
In thy mercy, consider him as dust beneath thy feet.

Ah, how I long for the day
 When an instant's separation from thee, O Govinda,
 Will be as a thousand years;
 When my heart burns away with its desire,
 And the world without thee is a heartless void.
 Prostrate at thy feet let me be, in unwavering devotion,
 Neither imploring the embrace of thine arms
 Nor bewailing the withdrawal of thy presence
 Though it tears my soul asunder.
 O Thou, who stealest the hearts of thy devotees,
 Do with me what thou wilt—
 For thou art my heart's beloved, thou and thou alone.

Salutation Hymn

sarva-dharma-sthāpakas-tvaṁ sarva-dharma-sva-rūpakaḥ |
 ācāryāṇām mahācāryo rāmakṛṣṇāya te namaḥ ||
 yathāgner dāhikā śakti rāmakṛṣṇe sthitā hi yā |
 sarva-vidyā-svarūpām tām sārādām praṇamāmy-aham ||
 para-tattve sadā līno rāmakṛṣṇa-samājñayā |
 yo dharma-sthāpanarato vīreśaṁ taṁ namāmy-aham ||
 kālindī-phulla-kamale mādhavena kṛḍārata |
 brahmānanda namas-tubhyaṁ sad-guro loka-nāyaka ||
 yogānandaḥ premānandaś-cānye vai ye ca pārśadāḥ |
 rāmakṛṣṇa-gata-prāṇāḥ sarvāns-tān praṇamāmy-aham ||

You, the establisher of all dharmas, you are the very
 embodiment of all dharmas, the great Teacher of
 teachers; to you, Ramakrishna, do we bow.

Just as the burning power of fire dwells within fire, does
 she dwell in Ramakrishna. To her, the embodiment of all
 wisdom, Ma Sarada, do we bow.

Ever merged in the supreme truth, yet by the command of Ramakrishna, he was dedicated to establishing dharma; to him, the Lord of heroes, to Vivekananda, do we bow.

On a lotus, floating in the Yamuna, you are playing with Mādhava; Brahmananda, we bow to you, the sad-guru, guide of all.

To Yogananda, Premananda, and all the inner circle of the master, whose lives are utterly dedicated to Ramakrishna; to all of them do we bow.

Chanting

gurur-brahmā gurur-viṣṇur-gurur-devo maheśvaraḥ |
gurur-eva paraṁ brahma tasmai śrī gurave namaḥ ||

akhaṇḍa-maṇḍalākāraṁ vyāptaṁ yena carācaram |
tat-padaṁ darśitaṁ yena tasmai śrī gurave namaḥ ||

ajñāna-timirāndhasya jñānāñjana-śalākayā |
cakṣur-unmīlitaṁ yena tasmai śrī gurave namaḥ ||

The Guru is Brahma, the Guru is Vishnu, the Guru is the Lord Shiva, the Guru is verily the Supreme Brahman. To that Guru do we bow.

To the one who has made it possible to realise Him by whom this entire universe of movable and immovable objects is pervaded; to that Guru do we bow.

To him who, with the collyrium stick of Knowledge has opened the eyes of one blinded by the disease of ignorance, to that Guru do we bow.

Monday	·	Shiva Chants
Tuesday	·	Chandi/Divine Mother
Wednesday	·	Ramakrishna
Thursday	·	Chandi/Divine Mother
Friday	·	Holy Mother
Saturday	·	Chandi/Divine Mother
Sunday	·	Gita

om śantiḥ śantiḥ śantiḥ
hariḥ om̐ tat sat
śrī rāmakṛṣṇārpaṇam astu ॥

Om peace, peace, peace
May this be an offering to Sri Ramakrishna.
(śrī + rāmakṛṣṇa + arpaṇam + astu)