

**BELOVED
BABA**



Bhagwandas Nandusingh

Here is a young graduate with the make up of a mystic. He pours out his soul in songs. Shy, gentle, a social engineer, this quiet builder of St. Mira's Schools in Rohri is yet a lonely soul. But his "SONGS" give courage in the face of fate.

Krishta Kunj
Karachi 14-9-43

T. L. VASWANI.

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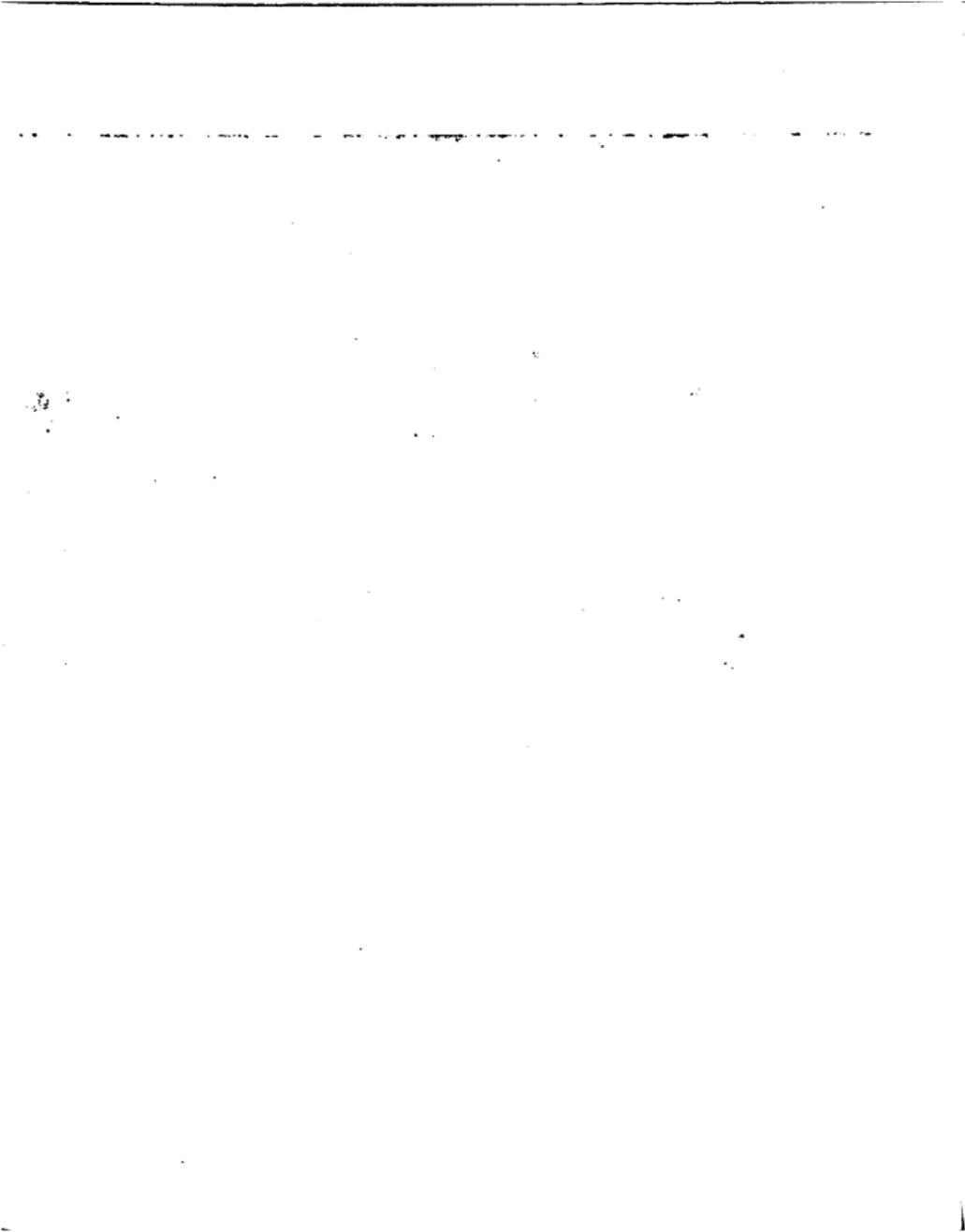
Published by Bhagwandas Nandusingh
11 Rajmahal Hotel, Poona-1.
Printed by D. D. Gangal, Lokasangraha Press,
1786, Sadashiv Peth, Poona 2.

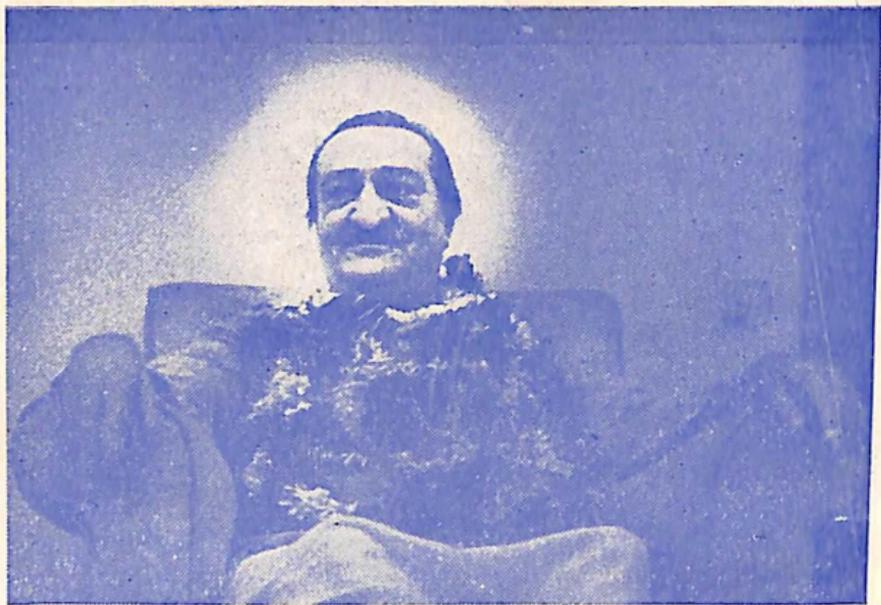
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Real happiness lies in making others happy.

—Baba.

INTRODUCTION

Long back in my little town of Rohri, I heard his holy name, "Avatar Meher Baba". Perhaps I, also, perused some pamphlets regarding his life and message. But I was not yet fortunate to be drawn to him. It was only a few years back, when in an especially prepared pandal, in Shivaji Nagar, his Darshan was declared open to the public that God guided my steps to that holy corner to see him, to behold his wondrous beauty, to gaze on his golden forehead, to bow before him and be blessed. This Darshan united my heart to him. And after this, came another chance, a golden chance to see him in St. Mira's High School, where his meeting with dear Dadaji (Shri T. L. Vaswaniji) was a sight beyond the power of pen to paint. Then came the happy occasions

when I had his momentary glimpses on the roadside. His car would pass by me and his face would look into my face ! “ Providence”, I said to myself, “ is preparing me to sing his praise”. Before I wrote these poems, God gave me the great privilege to translate two English booklets on Baba into my mother tongue, the sweet Sindhi language. The Sindhi translations were widely circulated by one of Baba’s true lovers, Shri K. K. Ramkrishnan, and many of our sisters and brothers were drawn to Baba and his message.

On the 80th birthday of dear Dadaji (25th November 1959) appeared my little booklet in English verse, under the title of “ Answers of Almustafa”. It was followed by another booklet “ Voice of Baha’u’llah on Mahatma Gandhi’s martyrdom day (30th January 1960).

On 25th February 1960, Baba’s birthday, I sent him a poem as my humble offering. The poem, his Secretary Shri Adi wrote from

Ahmednagar, was read out to Baba, who graciously sent me his blessing and love in the following words :—

“I have great pleasure in acknowledging your beautiful poem sent by you vide your post card received on 27th. The poem “Baba’s Birthday –25th Feb. 1960” was read out to Baba. He was very pleased. He wishes me to send you His Love-Blessings.”

Thus my enthusiasm grew all the more. And poem after poem on Baba flowed from my pen. Some of them are brought together in this booklet. May it inspire some of the readers to persue with devotion and zeal, reverence and earnestness, a silent, meditative study of “Avatar Meher Baba ! His supreme silence ! It sings what no tongue can tell, no pen can write, no brush and colour can paint !

Bhagwandas Nandusingh

Date 3-4-1960

18, Rajmahal Hotel,
POONA-1.

BABA'S BIRTHDAY (25-2-60)

What may I sing
 To thee, O Baba ?
 I wish, you got
 A song from dear Dada !
 For he is saint,
 A sufi too !
 A mystic,
 A lover too !
 Still I place
 At your feet, one flower,
 A little leaf !
 Bless us all
 That we may hear
 Your Call !
 That all may awake
 To the new Light
 Of love and joy,
 Of service and secrifice,
 Of peace and truth
 Beyond compare !”

BELOVED BABA!

O, who can sing the praise
Of prophets and saints ?
—Their innumerable qualities !
Who can count ?
O who can count ?
They have sanctified the earth
They have saved civilizations
They have served the humanity,
The broken bleeding ones !
The blessed ones take birth
For sake of sufferers and the slain,
For the sinners and the fallen,
For the lowly and the lost !
No country is left,
No nation is ignored;
Ah ! He the Compassionate One
Sends His Friends everywhere
And in every Age !
And blessed is the man

Simple, pure and free
 Who meeting such Superman
 Bows, bends and breaks !
 —Surrendering himself
 Completely unto him,
 Follows his Message
 In every way !
 One such from Him,
 Today with the Torch
 Is our beloved Baba !
 Long Live, Long Live
 Our mystic Meher Baba !

BABA CALLETH !

I am the Ancient One !
Not to teach or preach,
But to awake ye, O sleeping ones
Have I come in your midst !
For centuries, have prophets come
And opened tongue,
But ye have listened not
To their wisdom word !
So, this time is my silence
To influence your daily life;
I radiate divine forces
To bring ye out to Light !
What evil forces have come,
They had their place in the Plan
And what is yet destined
Will also come to be !
Listen to me,
For in love I look at ye,
Turn to me,

And I will make ye free !
This is the last for me
To come to ye as Avatar,
Then lose not opportunity,
Come to me from near and far !
-This is the Baba's Call
-The call of Compassion
And blessed are they
Who listen and love
And unto him, all dedicate !

BLESSED ARE YE !

Blessed are ye,
Who serve Baba's Cause,
Who turn to him
And fill their hearts with joy !

Blessed are ye
Who belong to Baba's Circle
For he radiates love
And ye get truly warm !

Blessed are ye
Who listen to Baba's Call
And in daily life
Answereth it !

Blessed are ye
Who allow no gloom
To gather round ye
But in Baba's love do bloom !

Blessed are ye
Who sing and sing again !
" Baba ! Meher Baba !

Be with us in storm and rain !”
Blessed are ye
O little ones and humble ones,
Who have caught the hem
Of Baba's garment !
For he will wake ye up
And lead ye on
To the City of Light
-The City of supreme Peace !

WONDERS !

When of Keshub's life, I learnt
 I said, "Wonder !"
 When Jamshed's face beheld,
 I said; "Wonder !"
 When sat at feet of Saii Rochaldas
 I said, "Wonder !"
 Earlier, far earlier,
 When one line from Dada
 Reached me in my room,
 Tears would not cease to flow: !
 And late, so late,
 A glance at Baba's face
 A look at his holy hands
 Has made my heart a spring
 And poems would not
 Cease to come !

BABA'S VISIT TO ROHRI

Where Parushah did live and pray,
 On mountains moved and did meditate;
 Where Vasanram served the broken ones
 And sang the Name of Beloved;
 Ah ! Where Bedil bent and broke
 His heart in love of Him,
 And Bekas had his being in Him,
 —This little Sufis' land,—Rohri
 Where forty years back
 Dada came and spoke
 Words, which thrilled thousands-fold
 And made many weep,
 Where in every house was heard:
 “Sadhu Vaswani ! Sadhu Vaswani ! !”
 There he too came
 To bless us all!
 Baba came and met
 A mystic, —an *Almust*
 —Baba Nebhraj !

This little town of Rohri,
 Where Sufis had their birth
 Where Dada also built
 A little Mira School !
 Baba visited long ago !
 And made Rohri rich
 With his blessings and his love !

NEW TOMORROW

Too deep for words,
 Too rich to describe,
 Too high to touch,
 When two saints meet !
 Beautiful is nature, her gardens green,
 Beautiful are stars in the midnight,
 Beautiful is bird singing near waterfall
 Ah ! but none will compare,
 With, when two saints meet !
 Such two I saw before Partition
 When Jamshed and Dada met!
 Again such blessed sight
 Was, when Baba and Dada met !
 Methinks, Meher Baba
 And our dear Dada
 In meeting and mutual greeting
 Unveil atleast partly
 The Great Mystry !
 The world has still a hope !

No man will long remain
 In suffering and sorrow,
 The mystics, martyrs, prophets
 Will bring New Tomorrow !
 If Baha'u'llah brought the bricks
 Cement, sand and iron
 To build the New Temple,
 Ah ! Have not Dada, Baba and such
 Come to furnish and finish ?

O Dada dear ! O Dada dear !
 You gave your body as gift to me
 You heard my sorrow like a mother
 You lost the sheep when I lost my job
 O Dada dear ! O Dada dear !
 But for your love and compassion
 I would not have so sung at all
 O Animals and Baha'is
 Or praised in poems Meher Baba
 O Dada dear ! O Dada dear !
 In your grace, his gone ahead
 This pen with poems and little songs;

BUT FOR YOUR LOVE

Three decades and three years more
 Have passed since the blessed day,
 When I came and kissed your lotus feet
 O Dada dear ! O Dada dear !
 You touched me with your holy hand
 You looked at me and broke my heart
 Your words were verily wine for me
 O Dada dear ! O Dada dear !
 You gave your books as gift to me
 You heard my sorrows like a mother
 You lost the sleep when I lost any job
 O Dada dear ! O Dada dear !
 But for your love and compassion
 I would not have so sung at all
 On Almustafa and Baha'u'llah
 Or praised in poems Meher Baba
 O Dada dear ! O Dada dear !
 In your grace, has gone ahead
 This pen with poems and little songs;

In your greater grace, yet to come!
 My daily life will be a poem of the Lord !
 O Dada dear ! O Dada dear !

BABA COMES TO POONA

This day of March, the 20th

Is sacred for so many !

Hundreds and thousands

Will rejoice in Poona

For that day, he will come

From Nagar to Poona

To bless us all !

Who ?

Who comes ?

Who comes to fill us

With wondrous joy ?

Ah ! Baba !

Baba,—the Avatar Meher Baba !

—Who has captured

Hearts of millions !

Who has with unuttered word

Touched and transformed many !

Who round the globe has gone

And with smile and love

Uplifted the humanity !
Who has awakened some in sleep
And shall more and more awake !
Who seeing the darkness round,
Radiates Light !
Who seeing us erring ever
Gives his holy helping hand !
Then wait no more
O brothers and sisters,
Ye, who live in or out of Poona
Are getting golden chance
To meet the Master,
—To gaze on his Godly form,
To drink the smile
Dancing on his lips
And be free from sorrow, strife
And enter Peace, beyond compare !

BABA IN POONA

Saints have come and saints have gone,
 Prophets have come and opened new page,
 Mystics and martyrs, sages and seers,
 Their wisdom words have kept away !
 Poets have come with wondrous songs,
 Heroes have come and nations built,
 Ah ! But here today in our midst is he,
 Who speaketh not, yet conquereth !
 For his silence is not silence,
 It far ascends where words will not :
 It expresseth where tongue faileth,
 The supreme Truth, the supreme Love !
 Blessed is the Bund Road
 And blessed the Guruprasad,
 Where Baba has come and stayed
 From Sunday, the 20th March !
 "Three months, will Baba stay !"
 -A news which has travelled wide,
 And on six Sundays in quarter year

Will he give Darshan and dispel night !
The humble ones from whole of Hindustan
Some, perhaps, from far beyond the sea
Will come to Poona on pilgrimage,
With anxious eyes their beloved see !
And on return to their homes
They will keep burning lights
Of sweetest memories of their Master
In all the storms and nights !

BLESSED CHAIN

Beloved has come to break the hearts
And blessed are they, whose hearts, he breaks
For they shall be the flames of love
And they shall see the One in all !
Beloved has come to awake
Some from here and some from there,
And the awakened ones will not stay,
They will go and awake any where !
And they too shall not waste away,
They too shall go in search of humble ones,
Share with them the Baba's love !
And so the Chain will grow and grow,
The blessed Chain ! Who will break away
The chains of pride and vanity;
The heaviest chains of selfishness:
And form New Brotherhood
Of Love and Unity !

SINDHI TRANSLATIONS START

Dr. Dayaram N. M. from Ajmer has sent Rs. 50/- towards the publishing of Sindhi Translation of "Answers of Almustafa." The same is gratefully accepted, the matter will go to Press on 5-4-60—the Ram Navmi Day!

The N. S. A. of Baha'is of India, New Delhi, are publishing the Sindhi translation of "On the Baha'i Faith" in this month. It will be out on 21-4-1960—the sacred day of Idd Ridwan!

At the enthusiastic and earnest advice from Shri N. N. Panjabi, Secretary, L. S. A. of Baha'is, Panchgani, the "Voice of Baha'u'llah" is being translated into Sindhi poems. It will be out on 2-5-1960, the sacred Baha'i Day-Day of Declaration of Baha'u'llah!

God bless these little publications, our humble offering unto Him!



