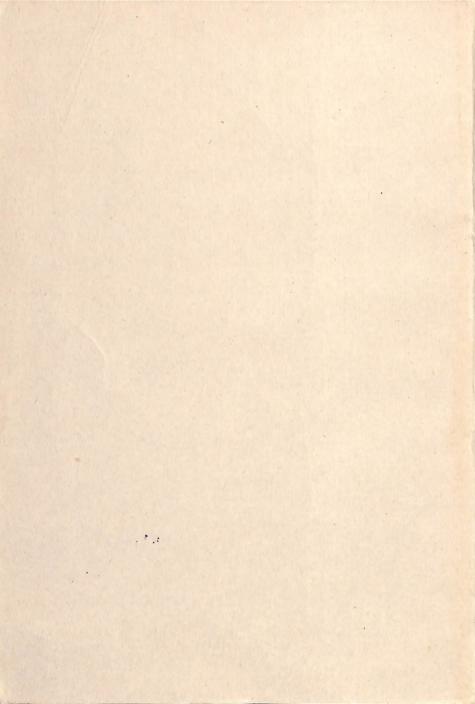
Let Us The People Sing

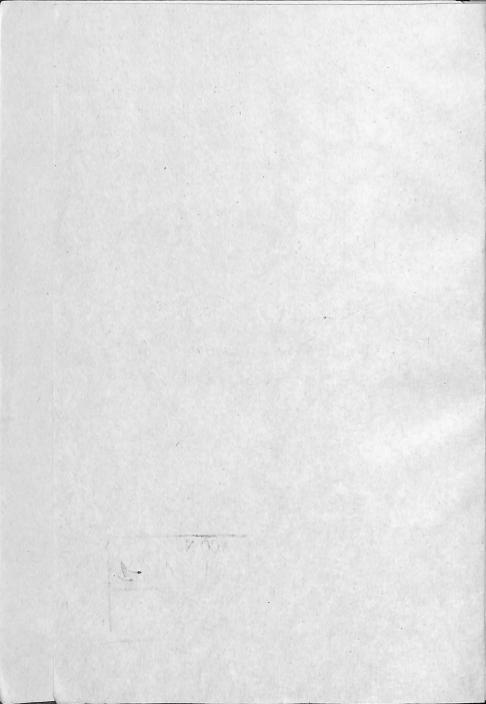
by

Francis Brabazon



Donatod by Sister Manija S. Drani Metrerazad





LET US, THE PEOPLE, SING

BY THE SAME AUTHOR EARLY POEMS 7 STARS TO MORNING PROLETARIANS - TRANSITION CANTOS OF WANDERING SINGING THRESHOLD STAY WITH GOD -

Let Us The People Sing

by FRANCIS BRABAZON

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C Francis Brabazon

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Published by Meherjee A. Karkaria, 7, Gidney Park, Poona 1 Printed by J. S. Tilak, Kesari Press, 568, Narayan Peth, Poona (India) Through His Song of Creation God came to know Himself;

And by singing His praise men come to know who He is—Whole-God-Perfect-Man.

Let us, the people, sing.

PREFACE

The business of real art has always been to entertain God with praise of God as Man and with tales of the love-relationships of men to God. The absorption of the artist with Man as Man is a recent aberration.

As the Goal of every man and woman is to realize God as Self, Man unrelated to God is as meaningless as life unrelated to breath.

The composition of these songs began as an instruction in true relationship for children, and then was widened in scope to a general entertainment. Having no models in contemporary English to work from, no body of work from which to draw inspiration, it being several hundred years since we have made songs directly in God's praise, they are necessarily raw : beginnings always are—but they *are* beginnings.

Some of the children who hear and sing these songs will, when they grow up, make better ones—and so on for seven hundred years when God-Man will again visit us, and there will be Master-singers among us who will entertain Him and so ease for a moment the burden He bears. After His conversations with His saints there is nothing God loves more than good entertainment.

Since, nowdays, few people own a musical instrument, and scarcely anyone can read notation without the aid of one, there is no point in increasing the cost of this book by printing the tunes that I have used in presenting these songs to God-Man. Any tune that fits the words and does not *cover* them and is within one's voice range will do.

F. B.

Ahmednagar, India. 1962.

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MY SONG

I sang a song in early spring, a song each lover sings. Then summer came with its hot flame and burnt my young song's wings.

I sang again—a smoldering tune in a new key and fashion— Till summer's heat changed to winter's sleet, and with it died my passion.

And from the ashes of my song arose a Phœnix singing— A song of flame of Meher's Name : to you this song I'm bringing.

A song of flame, yet very cool, as is an evening sky : A song that leaps, yet love's seal keeps imprisoned in a sigh.

A song of flame? No, a few drops from His Flood of Compassion That have over-spilled and my cup filled and drowned me in its ocean.

So listen kindly to my song it's all I have to give you : These drops of flame of Meher's Name when I have done I'll leave you.

2

THE GOD-MAN

I'll tell you the latest story, the most astonishing tale of all— God in all His great glory has come to this little Earth-ball : And He's looking for a home within your heart.

He's looking for a home He's looking for a home Just a little place to live within your heart.

His name is Meher Baba, He is the Christ God-Man; You don't need look no further—all others are "also-ran": And they're looking for a home in this Man's heart. They're looking for a home They're looking for a home Everyone of them is looking for a home in His great heart.

He don't heal the sick, He don't give sight to the blind, He don't make the dead quick—

He reckons it's much more kind To give them a home in His dear heart. To give them a home To give them a home A real secure home in His dear heart.

He heals you of ignorance, gives you eyes the Truth to see, He makes you dead to falsehood and alive in Reality Which is your true home within your heart.

Which is your true home Which is your true home Your own eternal home within your heart. He preaches no religion, except your own true love; He don't make you out a sittin' pigeon,

but an eagle that soars above Strait to its home within your heart. Straight to its home Straight to its home

Its lofty mountain home within your heart.

He asks you no hard questions about the life you've led, He hasn't any suggestions about a heaven when you're dead : He says just live God's Truth in your heart.

> Just live God's Truth Just live God's Truth

Live God's Truth as much as you can in your heart.

He don't ask you are you sinner,

and promise your ways to mend; He don't make you feel a rank beginner—

but His own dear cherished friend. Who will invite Him home to his own heart. Who will invite Him home Who will invite Him home

Who will invite Him home to His own heart.

To Him no one is great, to Him no one is small, For Him no one is late—and none is saint at all Unless God has made His home in that man's heart. Unless God has made His home Unless God has made His home Unless God Himself has made His home in that man's heart. I don't tell you a fable, and I don't tell you no lies-There isn't anyone not able to love God if he tries And makes Him a home within his heart. Makes Him a home Makes Him a home A clean and quiet home within his heart. are lotty mountain home within you Now I don't give no advice, but I can give you a clue-Stop thinking you're mighty "nice" and admit you're in a helluva stew; And beg God-Man to make His home in your heart. Beg Meher to make His home Beg Meher to make His home Beg Meher Baba to make His home in your heart. For you'll never know Him at all, and you'll never see His face In heaven or on this Earth-ball, except you make Him a place In your own heart to be His home. In your dear heart and fail of the offer In your dear heart In your flower-bordered heart to be His home. Who will invite Him home to H And the only way to do this is to start and repeat His Name-Then may be you'll earn His Kiss, and your heart will become all flame In the midst of which you will find Him at home. You will find Him at home You will find Him at home All comfortable and cool at home in your heart.

THE FRIEND

Alone I left my house one night And took the road to Journey's End. And well I knew I would meet One Who would be my true trusty Friend. My true and trusty Friend.

And soon I met Him on the road When I had gone a little way; And oh, I felt so very glad That I could only laugh and say, Meher Baba, my true Friend.

He said to me, "Where are you going?" I said, "To search for and find you." He said, "Nowhere may I be found But in your own heart trusty true." Said Meher Baba, my true Friend.

He smiled : the clouds were swept away And all the stars, too, disappeared : For His smile was the morning Sun Which lit the world and all things cheered. Meher Baba, my true Friend.

It turned the dark night into day— A lovely day in early June; It turned my heart into a spring That bubbles forth in a wild tune, Meher Baba, my true Friend. He said to me, "Now I must go, But mark my words, I'll never leave You now that once we have so met And you must never, never grieve for Meher Baba, your true Friend.

"But turn your gaze within your heart And keep it trusty, pure and true, And you will find we're not apart, But that I really live in you." Said Meher Baba, my true Friend.

How true this is I can affirm— He is my true and trusty Friend : And so all day I sing His Name And care nought now for Journey's End. But just for Meher Baba, my true Friendt.

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CRADLE SONG

The great sun that makes all things grow so green, Whose lovely light in the flowers is seen, Has gone to his rest; it is time for you to Sleep, little one, while Meher watches o'er you.

Sleep, little one, in the quiet of love, Sleep, sweet one, fanned by the wings of a dove; Meher Baba, Bliss, Knowledge and Power Holds and enfolds you till the waking hour.

All things are asleep and now falls the dew Bathing the earth, making diamonds for you Which in the morning will hang on the grass : So sleep, little one, for the night will soon pass.

Sleep, little one, in the quiet

Tomorrow again the dear sun will rise, Lighting the world, giving light to our eyes : Sleep, till then, sweet one in Meher's care, Growing, in His love, for Him strong and fair.

Sleep, little one, in the quiet

I met him by the five-rail gate That is the stave-lines of heart's tune I said, "I am sorry I'm late." He said, "It is I who came soon.

THE MEETING

Now I will tell you about One Who is so handsome and so free— His face is a glorious sun, His eyes are a deep melody.

Meher Baba is his name : He is the Highest of the High, Stars and hearts are his loving game : For him is my song and my sigh.

I met him when I was asleep And dreaming that I was awake; I met him as young Dawn did creep From Night's skirts a new day to break.

I met him by a silver stream That ran through a paddock of flowers; I met him in love's moment's dream That had escaped from the dull hours.

I met him in a valley cool That was way above the blue skies; I met him by a shady pool That was within my own two eyes.

I met him by the five-rail gate That is the stave-lines of heart's tune : I said, "I am sorrry I'm late." He said, "It is I who came soon. "I came soon because you are dear, Dearer to me than you could know." I saw in his eye a bright tear Which in my heart started to glow.

It glowed till it burst into flame, A flame that was so bright and pure— Which formed itself into his Name : It was more than I could endure.

Now you know why I sing all day, And sometimes I laugh, sometimes weep: He stole my poor heart all away— And left me his Image to keep.

We'll ere streams in deserts flowing

THE JOURNEY

I know where I'm going, And you may come along too If your heart is knowing Much, much more than you do.

If you will never regret And remain staunch and true, If you will keep the secret Of what your heart tells you.

> We will ride a goat That's faster than an airplane To ends of earth remote— Yet where we are remain.

We'll see streams in deserts flowing For many and many a mile, And lovely flowers in dust growing Because of Someone's smile.

The journey is a long one— From here to the most distant star : And it's finished right now— For love is where you are.

You don't have to go any further To find your heart's bright cheer— For love is Meher Baba, And He's not There but *Here*.

18

And oh, He is so bonny, And oh, He is so fine : Who loves Him not is a ninny,-And though has eyes is blind.-

He is so very bonny, So winsome—that one sigh Of mine for Him has broken My heart : oh, I would die.

that he bears the burden of all

For him oft I lie hwake listening, hstenio's fistemng, fisteniog, Many nights I lie awake listening in my heart for his footfall.

His name is Moner Baba, Baba, Baba, Baba, His name is Meher Baba --Cod-Man and the Friend of us all

SOMEONE

Listen now, and I'll tell you of Someone, Someone, Someone, Someone, Listen carefully, I'll tell you of Someone and he is the best one of all.

For him every day the sun rises, rises, rises, rises, Every day the sun gladly rises,

and to him the birds sing and call.

He comes only every so often, often, often, He comes only every so often—

and he comes for both big and small.

Oh, he is so very loving, loving, loving, loving, so extraordinarily loving

that he bears the burden of all.

For him oft I lie awake listening, listening, listening, listening, Many nights I lie awake listening in my heart for his footfall.

His name is Meher Baba, Baba, Baba, Baba, His name is Meher Baba—

God-Man and the Friend of us all.

THE LION-CUB

There was a baby lion who All day with lambs did play and leap He did not know his parents true— But thought he was a little sheep.

One day a great full-grown lion Happened to pass where the sheep grazed, And as this scene he cast his eye on He was astonished and amazed.

Straightway he dashed amongst the flock And caught the lion-cub in his great Jaws, roared, "Why do you make mock-Ery of your true high estate ?

"You are a lion, yet you play With silly sheep and even eat Grass! Don't you know you're not as they?" The cub straightway began to bleat,

"O great and terrifying lion You fill me with dread and dismay, I greatly fear your jaws of iron— Please let me go and live and play.

"For I am just a little sheep Who never does anyone harm But all day-long does graze and leap. Oh, how you fill me with alarm !" "Oh! Oh!" the lion gave great roars As though he was in awful pain. And with the lion-cub in his jaws He galloped off across the plain;

Till they came to a waterhole, And said the lion, "Look down and see To which belongs your noble soul The lion's or the sheep's catagory?"

The cub peered in the water's glass, "I see a great lion and a small— To think I have been eating grass "When I was not a sheep at all !"

The lion said, "O my dear son For long I searched you on the plain. From thinking you were sheep, you've won To your lion's estate again."

THE TALE OF THE HORSE AND THE RABBIT

A Horse and a Rabbit who were in the habit of talk over cups of tea,
Discussed and decided they had too long resided in the midst of the great, teeming city.

Said, Rabbit, "The confusion on peace is intrusion." Said, Horse, "Yes, that is the great pity.The only conclusion is that the world is illusion : together let us to God jouney."

They prepared for the way, then the Rabbit did say,
"Though as friends we will travel together,
It is best that I lead—we will then make speed and successful will be our endeavour."

The Horse gave a cough that was just enough to cover and smother his laughter. They started away and travelled all day— Rabbit leading and Horse trotting after.

And thus all the day they travelled that way and camped that night under the stars, Some way from the road so that they should not be run over by cars.

The stars were so bright, it was a delight to be sleeping out in the open. And when the day broke they straightway awoke, stretched, and ahead the Rabbit went lopin'.

Alopin' along with a chatter and song, and behind him the Horse clop-clop-clopped—
Till they came to a creek ten feet wide and two deep and the Rabbit abruptly stopped.

He became quite pale and bobbled his tail oh, it was a sad sight to see.His nostrils quivered, his body shivered, and he became also weak in one knee.

Said the Horse, "O Rabbit! it is not your habit to suddenly stop on the way;

You're always so sprightly and chatter so brightly what's causing you now such dismay?

"How pale you've become, and so strangely'dumb— Great Leader who needs no counsel !Oh, why at this hour have you lost your power and are rooted like a bit of groundsel."

"Oh, me—this great flood—it freezes my blood it must be some unchartered river.

It's as wide as a lake—why this way did I take? The like of it have seen never. "

"O Leader !" said Horse, "let's not stop on our course and be dismayed by a mere creek. Some way you must find, while I follow behind till we reach the Goal that we seek." "O Horse, dear Companion, it's surely a canyonso wide and deep-it's no mere river.

You are mighty and strong, oh, please take me along on your back and I'll boast again never."

"Hop up," said the Horse, "and feel no remorse, but take this good lesson to heart : Do not others deceive, but obey and believe till God gives you the Leader's part."

CRADLE SONG

Close your eyes, little one, sleep : Day has gone—sleep till another Over the East's rim does peep, Your two bright eyes to discover. Sleep, sleep, sleep. Sleep, sleep.

Sleep, little one, go to sleep In Meher's arms, and no other; Sleep through the night's quilt deep Th't all with a star-sewn quiet does cover. Sleep, sleep, sleep.

Sleep, sleep.

Sleep, little one, sleep, sleep, sleep : Meher is Father and Mother— In His dear arms He will keep You who are His little lover. Sleep, sleep, sleep. Sleep, sleep.

THE STRANGER

I woke early one morning, and the morning was fair, And quickly I dressed me, with a scarf for my hair; And lightly I set out while none were astir Across the flowered paddocks though I did not know where.

Gaily I wandered on, my own whim but my guide, Till I came to a creek which I lay down beside. The day was my lover, I was his fair bride, Together we wandered o'er the whole world so wide.

We wandered together just as free as the breeze And visited countries far over the seas— Till one day, midst laughter and gay pleasantries I thought of my Homeland, its wide skies and tall trees.

I woke from my dreaming and its flattering lies, And there stood a Stranger smiling into my eyes. He was neither so young nor so old as time buys, But he seemed eternal and as pure as the skies.

He spoke no word to me but his silence did greet My innermost longing dear God one day to meet; He spoke no word to me but my joy was complete; And the trees all bent down and kissed his shining feet.

Now my tears fall as rain as my memory brings His dear Face before me, and my heart ever sings And leaps in love toward him as a hare lightly springs, And his Silence sounds in me like deep musical strings.

EARLY ONE MORNING

Early one morning I woke to hear the birds singing. I asked them, "What is your sweet song for it is new to me?"

"We sing of Meher Who has answered our prayer And has come on earth again to set all of us free. "

"Are you not always free?" I said to them. They answered me, "Yes, free to fly and free to die but not dear God to know.

> That is alone for men; We await the time when We will shed our wings, to fly with hearts as white as snow. **

I walked among the flowers In the cool, fresh, dewy hours. I asked, "What is your sweet perfume for it is new to me."

"We breathe Meher's Name, For He has answered our shame Of bondage, and has come again to set all of us free." " Are you not already free ?"
I said to them. They answered me,
" Yes, free to bloom, then mould resume but not dear God to know.

That is for the birds who wing In heaven's blue and to Him sing : Patiently we wait the time

when we, too, wings will grow."

I turned then to the sun Whose daily course had just begun. I asked, "Why is your face so bright it shines more gloriously?"

"I shine for Meher who was Before me and now has In His great Compassion come again to set me free."

" Are you not always free ?" I said to him. He answered me, " Yes, free to turn and free to burn but not dear God to know.

That is alone for flowers Upon whom His Grace He showers : I wait till I may die each year and a new bright face show. "

EILEEN

The moon pales as she sails on her journey nightly, The dawn breaks, Eileen wakes, the sun rises brightly; And her soul to her heart begins a sweet singing : Today is the day which my Darling is bringing.

Meher the most fair, of all Fair the Fairest, The Perfume, the soft Bloom of all singing rarest Has promised this day that Himself will be pacing The petal-strewn path to our house to be gracing.

Then she rose and quick chose the best of her dresses, Spent not long, with soft song, in combing her tresses. He came to the gate, and she flew to him crying; And the flowers inhaled the breath of her sighing.

He held her and told her the one ancient story That ever as a river reflects its first glory. Amidst the bright flowers she left her cares sleeping. I wonder why it is that I now am weeping?

and a new bright face show."

MEHER'S NECKLACE

In the beginningless Beginning You rose and began a lovely Singing : The notes were our hearts which you were stringing Into a necklace for Beauty's gain.

The stars remained around you swinging — But I my own tune started singing And went, as a bird, my own way winging : And my song became my bitter pain.

Now is my song one without a tune A dog's baying at a lifeless moon, A cricket's chirring in a desert-dune, A wildflower thirsting for your Rain.

Sing, again, Meher, your splendid singing,
Faint in my heart is its echo ringing :
I, a dust-grain, to your feet am clinging —
Upon your necklace string me again :
At long last to begin a beginning.

MEHER BABA BLUES

I looked up the road and the road stretched away, far away towards my heart. I said to myself, You'd better make a start and not waste another day.

I started up the road the long long hot road that shimmered with mirage-lakes. A Voice laughed and mocked, You haven't got what it takes. And the bitter tears flowed.

I looked back down the road down the long long road, the hard road, and it was late. And there stood Meher Baba smiling outside the gate of my heart's abode.

I ran back down the road, the short tree-shaded road and fell crying at His feet. He lifted me up and kissed me with a kiss so sweet. And my heart lay down its load.

MORNING SONG

Awake ! Arise ! Arise ! and open wide your door : The night is gone; the dawn goes marching up the sky. Meher Baba, God-Man, our King and Friend for evermore In Whiteness comes—do not let Him pass by.

He is the infinite, eternal living One, He is the very Sun behind th' soon-rising sun : Awake ! Arise ! Arise ! and open wide your door : The morning streams—Love's banner floating high.

He is the Precious One for whom you have been weeping And have searched your heart and a thousand other eyes. Awake ! His Day is here ! too long you have been sleeping : The Night and Sleep have had their due : arise.

He is the infinite, eternal living One,

He is the very Sun behind this rising sun. He is the Precious One for whom you have been weeping : The morning streams—the time of glad surprise.

Arise ! He is your own true Self in all its glory : Throw wide your door and let His Sun into your soul. In His two eyes are writ the whole Creation's story— Your own Beginning, Journeying, and Goal.

He is the infinite, eternal, living One, He is the very Sun behind this rising sun. Arise ! He is your own true Self in all its glory : The morning streams—the banner of your Soul. Awake ! Arise ! Arise ! and open wide your door : Both night and dawn have fled—the sun is risen high. Meher Baba, the King of love, our Friend for evermore Is here in Brightness—let Him not pass by.

He is the infinite, eternal, living One,

He is the very Sun behind this risen sun :

Come forth, come forth—and behind you throw shut the door: The morning streams—His Banner fills the sky.

SOWING AND REAPING

(A Work Song)

One sings :

You ask where we are going, You ask what is the song we sing : We go to do the sowing, We sing the harvest it will bring.

All sing :

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-ta-la-ta-la, Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-ta-la-ta-la : Meher Baba—you are the Song we sing; Meher Baba—your Song its harvest will bring.

One says :

Sow well—let the seed sleep So that the roots go deep. Sow well—let the seed sleep— Presently the buds will peep.

Yan ask when will be the mowing.

One sings :

You ask what we are hoeing, You ask what is the song we sing : We hoe the crop that's growing, We sing the harvest it will bring. All sing OWING AND REAPING gris IIA

Tra-la-la.....

One says :

Hoe carefully, hoe well— The air let in, the weeds kill. Hoe carefully, hoe well That the roots may drink their fill.

One sings :

You ask what crop is growing, You ask what is the song we sing : The crop is His love flowing In our hearts and in the words we sing.

All sing :

Tra-la-la-la.....

One says :

Flow song—flow deep and true ! Baba alone sings you. Flow song of hueless hue— Love's colour ever new.

One sings :

You ask when will be the mowing, You ask what is the song we sing : His Wind when It is blowing, We sing the harvest it will bring.

Tra-la-la-la.....

One says: sale house and all

Come Wind of Primal Song— Reaper of rights and wrongs : Wind both gentle and strong— To you the crop belongs.

All sing :

Tra-la-la-la.....

look at all His children there are ----

All is mon and women and the most distant star;

And He likes navin' us all around.

THE CREATION HABIT

Creation is a woman, everybody knows— Gives God a lot of trouble, you'd wonder why He chose To have her around, to have her around.

Must be cos He likes her, thinks she's mighty fine; Must be cos He needs her for the old production line— To keep things goin' and the business sound.

Maybe cos she is woman—He never knows how she blows, Keeps God ever guessin' and always on His toes : Maybe that is what He has found.

Maybe cos she is woman and knows just how to please— That's when she's not fussin' or gone into deep-freeze, Or to Everest's peak, or underground.

But sure God loves Creation --

All us men and women and the most distant star : And He likes havin' us all around.

THE DINKUM OIL

I came across a curious bloke Who suddenly into laughter broke. I said, "It must be a mighty joke !" He eyed me off, and then he spoke :

> "Indeed it is very funny— One always *is* what one would be. You think life crook—just take a look At your heart and see what you see."

I said, "I don't know what you mean." He said, "That's pretty easily seen : You have reaped the harvest—yet you glean The paddocks the parrots have picked clean :

> "For you have all true happiness, But you prefer to doubt and guess And have mistook the place to look And your immortal Good possess."

I gaped at him, thought, Stone the crows ! He's loco sure—yet p'raps he knows How the chips fall. Blister my toes ! The going was good—but it always goes.

> I had *said* nothing—and he said, "The chips fall tails, the chips fall heads. The Rose that blows, false and true knows— For it blooms from its own death-bed."

I thought I was right; I know I was wrong : I left him and took my way along The street where all live and none belong. And now I ever hear his song :

> Indeed it is very funny— One always was what one would be ! Only Love *is*, and by its kiss One comes to Truth's eternity.

For you have all true lappiness, But you prefer to doubt and guess And have mistock the place to look And your remorted Good posets

the start and see one tone tone

I caned at him, thought, Stone the 14d's loco sure-yet p'raps he know How the chaps fall, Blister my i The poing was good-but it al

DIVINE LOVE

One day when I was out a-walking I met one where the road was forking. He looked an honest sort of man— I said, "Good-day." We fell a-talking.

> By the roadside we sat and cracked many a joke— We talked of this and that; and then of God he spoke.

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I said, "Can you prove that God *is*?" He answered, "Can *you* prove a kiss?" I said, "Yes, by experience." He said, "The same applies to this.

> " But if you want to try love you have to take a chance; He only can deny love who never knew romance.

"The same applies to love divine— You cannot stand on the side-line And vainly split hairs in debate : Go, beg God for His holy Wine.

4

"For Truth's not found by thinking, but in your Sweetheart's glance— The wine of which, by drinking, you learn Love's sacred dance." "Stranger," I said, "I like your speech. Can you now tell me how to reach To love of God, and so find Him? I give my mind to you to teach."

> He said, "No one can show Him except your own tear's rain— For nohow can you know Him but through your own heart's pain.

"That is, unless you find that One Who's walked this earth since time began— God-Man Meher Baba, who From His love stars and us have spun.

> "And if you want to find Him. you'll have to lose your heart— And if you want to bind Him, from yourself you must part.""

MY GIRL

I met one who was so beautiful. She promised to love and be dutiful. I gave her my very heart and all— But she was not true to her vow.

She met another who was so tall, Handsome, proportioned and rich withal : He looked like a prize-horse in a Show-stall, Or in a Circus making its bow.

> She met another she thought more suitable (If you think I'm jealous its regretable): He danced like a bull-calf at the Ball, That had lost its mother the red cow.

Her name was Maya the First-of-all Who came into existence at God's call; Later she was known as Eve-of-the-Fall. I wonder where my girl is now?

DRINKING SONG

If you wanta go crazy, well that's fine;
Drink the world's liquor—but don't then whine
When you get shicker and the world's unkin':
But if you want Truth, then get in line.

Get in the line to God-Man's door And when you get there DON'T knock and don't implore : For He's a touchy sort of Man And easily gets sore.

If you wanta go crazy,:go right ahead; You'll get there quicker if your manhood you shed, Become a slicker, eat another's bread : But if you want Truth, get in line instead.

Get in the line to God-Man's door. And if He gives you something, DON'T ask for more : But become a proper sort-of-a-man— And with your eyebrows sweep His floor.

If you wanta go crazy, don't delay; Drink plenty liquor—for *that* you earn your pay; But don't then snicker like a pony in a dray : But if you want Truth, line up for the Way.

Get in the line to God-Man's door. And when you get there don't bellow, don't roar If He whacks you on the head and you drop down dead : He's only wiping off the score. If you wanta go crazy, so you should— Till you're sicka yourself and all falsehood : God-Man's eyes' flicker—when He's in the mood And you're in line—can give you your highest Good.

Get in the line to God-Man's door. Stand silent like the stone you were once before : His Grace can change you from a mere "man" Into your SELF for sure.

anost and bulleding our tears

SEA YARN

We have spent time collecting bones of what Man used to be; We have used time in sorting stones to further geology.

> In the same time, or less, we could have collected our tears And rolled them into a mighty flood and drowned all our fears.

We have spent time discussing purpose as to what Man should be; And dreamed and schemed what would serve us toward greater prosperity.

> In the same time, or less, we might have won to Love's high seat, And attained our souls' true delight as dust at Meher's feet.

Meher Baba the Christ God-Man who's come down from on High, And thrown for us a Rainbow Span from little I to I.

> It takes just as much time to weep as it takes one to sing And praise Him-of-the-fathomless-Deep who our real welfare brings.

CRADLE SONG FOR GOD

Somewhere within the dark are the seeds of singing. Sleep, little Krishna, sleep— We cannot yet endure your Song.

Somewhere within the waters are the buds of speech. Sleep, little Jesus, sleep— We are not ready yet to hear your Word.

Somewhere within the pain is our new beginning. Sleep, little Meher, sleep— We are not prepared yet for our own Glory.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE

I tell you a tale of such sweetness, that when it is quite understood, You'll have Knowledge in completeness and enjoy your own highest Good.

Every seven to fourteen hundred years, counting by our Clod-span, The Silence of God is thundered in the sweet soft Song of God-Man.

He comes from the Nowhere of Heart, that we His Love-Knowledge may share Through His precise, matchless Art and returns to the Heart of Nowhere.

God-Man is Heart's King and Lover, Compassion Lover is He Who will come over and over until all of us are set free.

In love He created Creation when He uttered the Primal Sound : He bears with each one his station; of all life and lives is the Ground.

He is the true Self of each one, the Source and the Course and the Goal; The Love and the Breath and the Sun that sings in the cry of each soul. As Jesus He said, BE you Perfect as God intends you to be. But we did not listen to Jesus and nailed Him upon the Tree.

He came again as Mohammed and taught us the Song of the Free Being God, He God's Song hummèd : but beaten and stoned was He.

Always people say God is lying; they scoff at Him and revile. But ever for us is He sighing though He wears His sigh as a smile.

Now this time God-Man, Meher Baba is as a lion in a cage— Wounded and silent and waiting, while the world prods Him in its rage.

But one day, and that will be soon, the Lion will give a great roar And break through the bars of His cage and the world will rage no more.

His Roar—a sudden wave from the ocean on a teeming holiday-beach— Will be His perfect Compassion, His Song of pure love to each.

49

For otherwise man would slay man —the Hates and the Fears range in pairs— And better to die by His Flood than wipe ourselves out through wars

For then we can blame Another and not bear the guilt and the shame of murdering slowly our brother and burning his seed in a flame.

We will blame—but then we will turn and find in ourselves the wrong; And His love in our hearts will burn as the first notes of our Song.

Come death, stay life—*then* a small thing a changed coat as one goes along The Journey is learning to sing, and the Path is within His Song.

. . .

Be not an expectant looker-on in this path; By God, there is no death worse than expectancy. - Jalalu'ddin Rumi

Errata :

- Page 23, v. 2, 1. 1, ,, 24, v. 5, 1. 4.
 - ,, 26, v. 2. 1. 3.
 - ., 27, v. 3. 1. 4.
 - , 33, second last line
 - ;, 38, last verse, 1. 1,
 - " 50, v. 1, 1. 4.

- journey, not, jouney.
- insert I between "it"
 & "have".
- quiet, not, quite.
- tall, not; all.
- arise, not, arising.
- loves, not, love.
 - full stop at end of line.

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