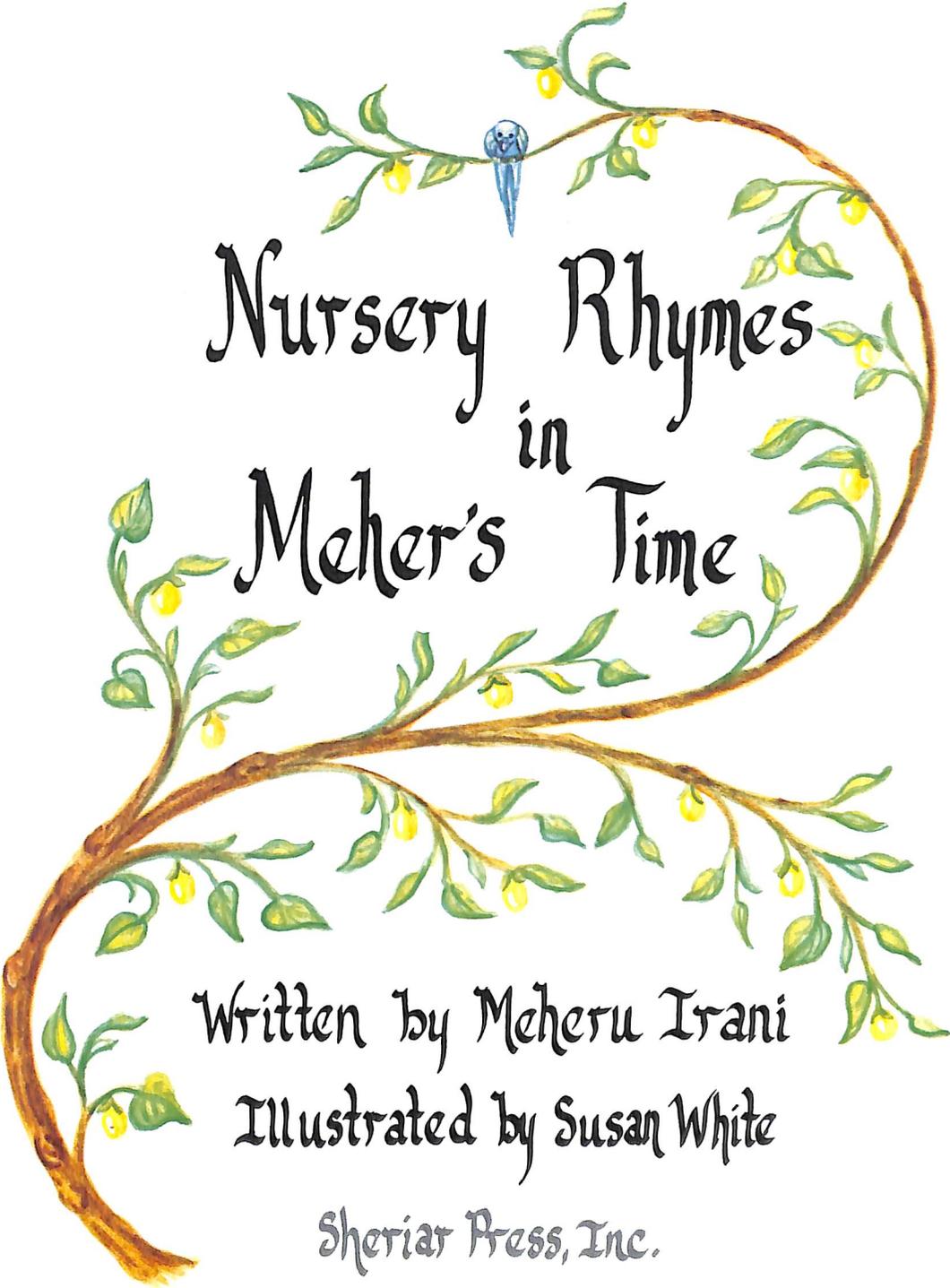


Nursery Rhymes
in
Meher's Time

Written by Meheru Irani
Illustrated by Susan White



Nursery Rhymes
in
Meher's Time

Written by Meheru Irani
Illustrated by Susan White

Sheriat Press, Inc.

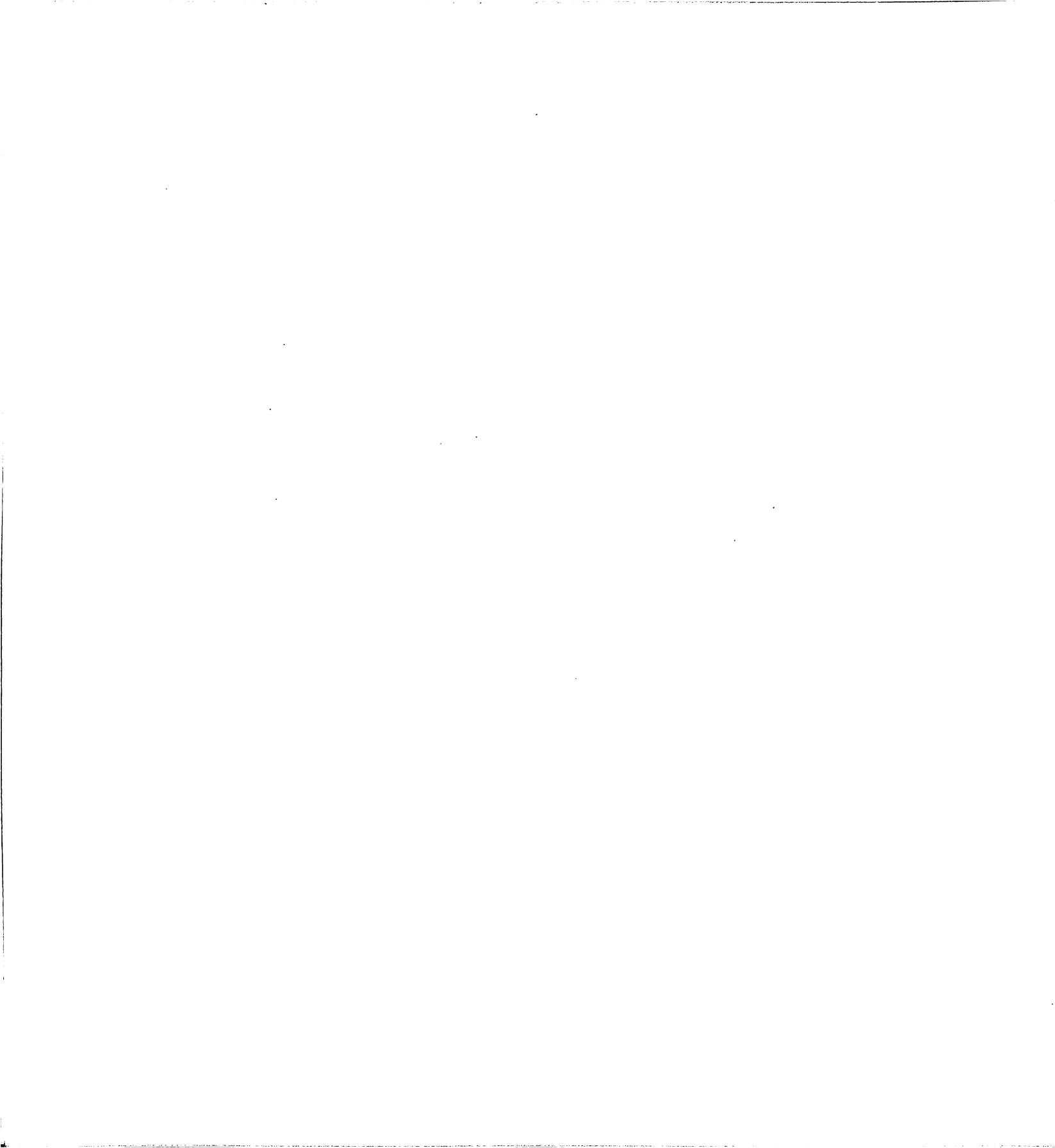




Age after age the Avatar or God-Man
comes on earth as man to fulfill His spiritual mission
for the upliftment of all mankind.

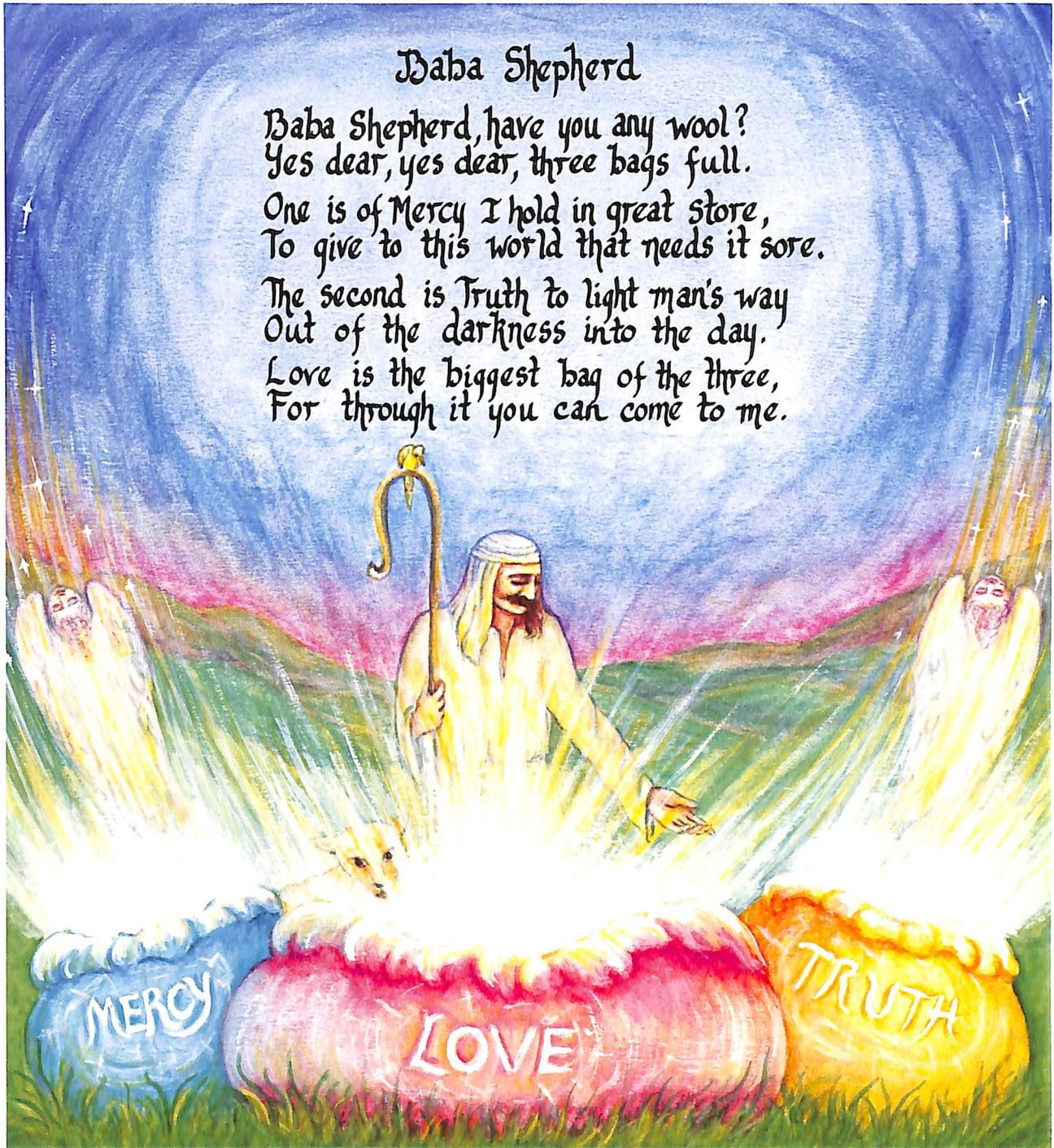
Avatar Meher Baba
whose name means "Compassionate Father,"
loves each soul in creation.

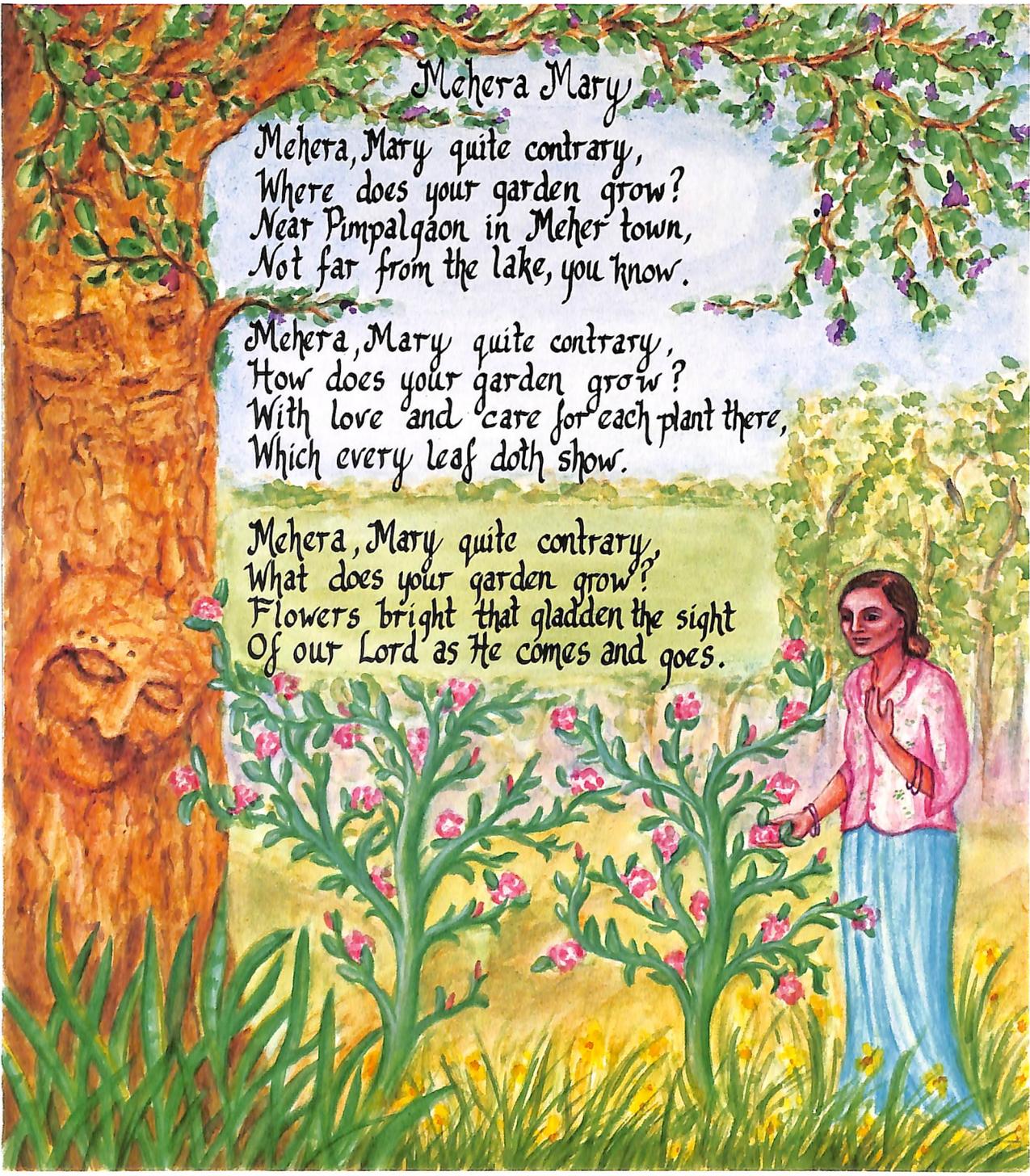
This book is for Baba's children of all ages
especially for the little ones...
so innocent of heart.



Baba Shepherd

Baba Shepherd, have you any wool?
Yes dear, yes dear, three bags full.
One is of Mercy I hold in great store,
To give to this world that needs it sore.
The second is Truth to light man's way
Out of the darkness into the day.
Love is the biggest bag of the three,
For through it you can come to me.



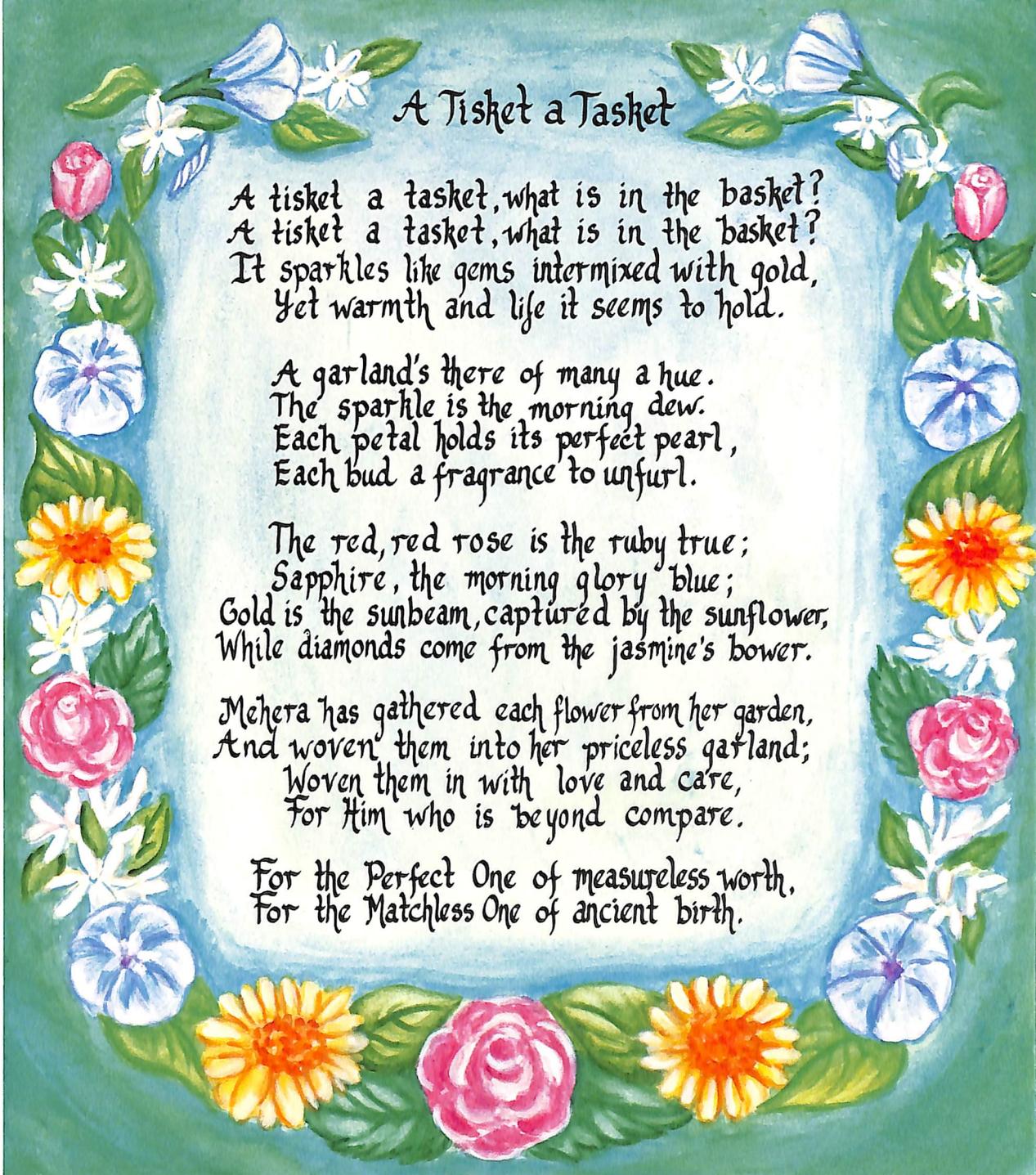


Mehera Mary

Mehera, Mary quite contrary,
Where does your garden grow?
Near Pimpalgaon in Meher town,
Not far from the lake, you know.

Mehera, Mary quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With love and care for each plant there,
Which every leaf doth show.

Mehera, Mary quite contrary,
What does your garden grow?
Flowers bright that gladden the sight
Of our Lord as He comes and goes.



A Tisket a Tasket

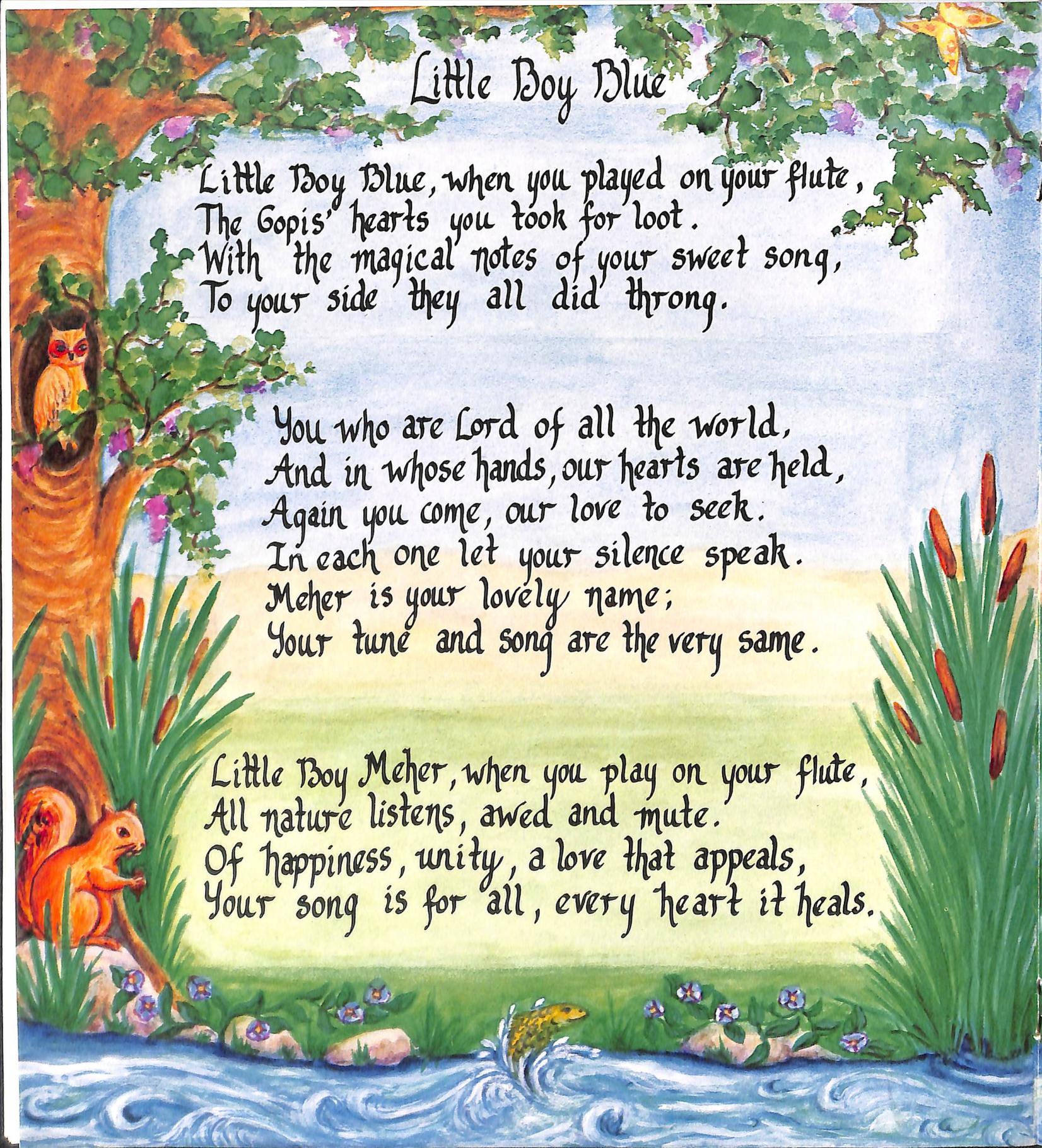
A tisket a tasket, what is in the basket?
A tisket a tasket, what is in the basket?
It sparkles like gems intermixed with gold,
Yet warmth and life it seems to hold.

A garland's there of many a hue.
The sparkle is the morning dew.
Each petal holds its perfect pearl,
Each bud a fragrance to unfurl.

The red, red rose is the ruby true;
Sapphire, the morning glory blue;
Gold is the sunbeam, captured by the sunflower,
While diamonds come from the jasmine's bower.

Mehera has gathered each flower from her garden,
And woven them into her priceless garland;
Woven them in with love and care,
For Him who is beyond compare.

For the Perfect One of measureless worth,
For the Matchless One of ancient birth.



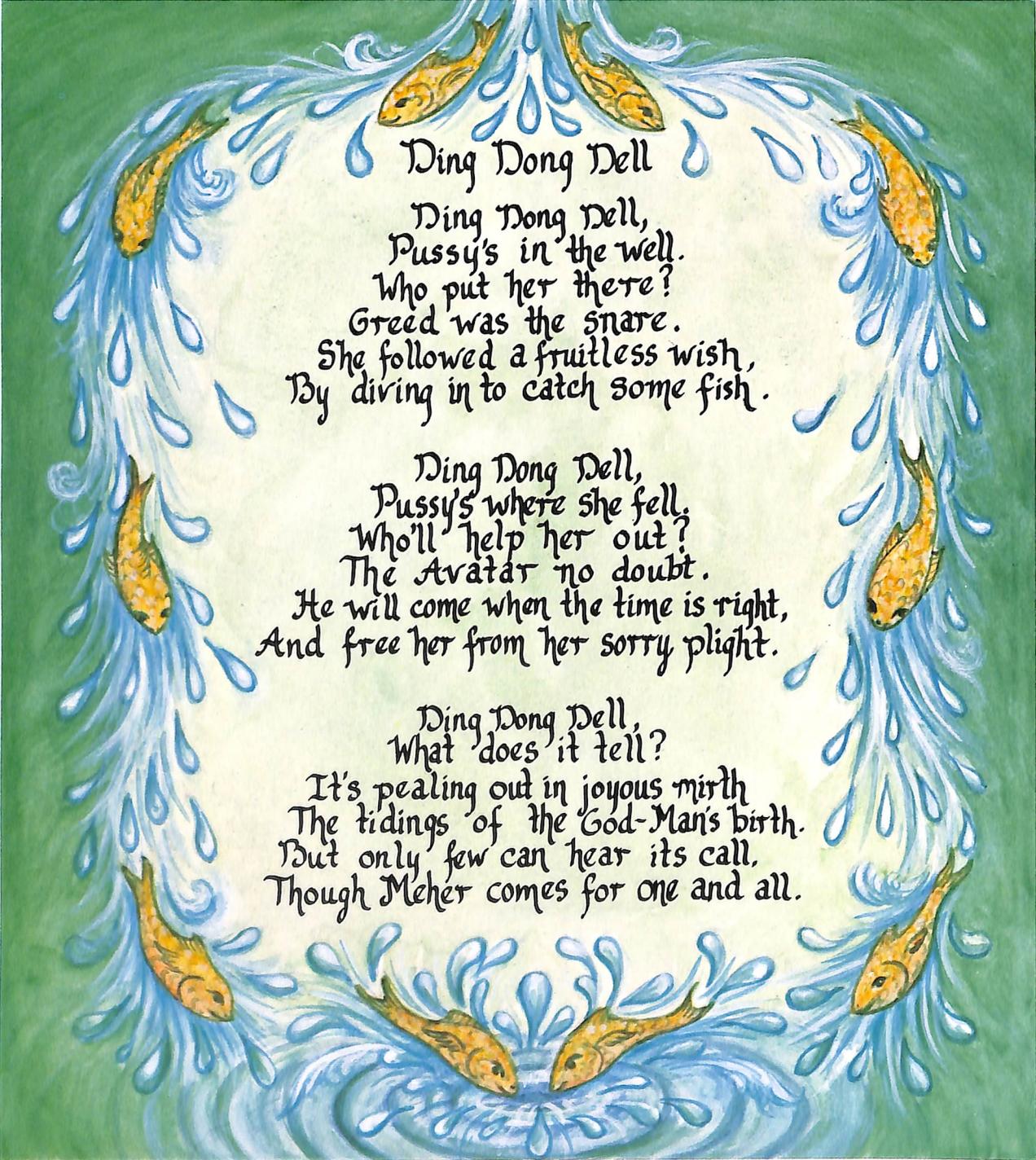
Little Boy Blue

Little Boy Blue, when you played on your flute,
The Gopis' hearts you took for loot.
With the magical notes of your sweet song,
To your side they all did throng.

You who are Lord of all the world,
And in whose hands, our hearts are held,
Again you come, our love to seek.
In each one let your silence speak.
Meher is your lovely name;
Your tune and song are the very same.

Little Boy Meher, when you play on your flute,
All nature listens, awed and mute.
Of happiness, unity, a love that appeals,
Your song is for all, every heart it heals.



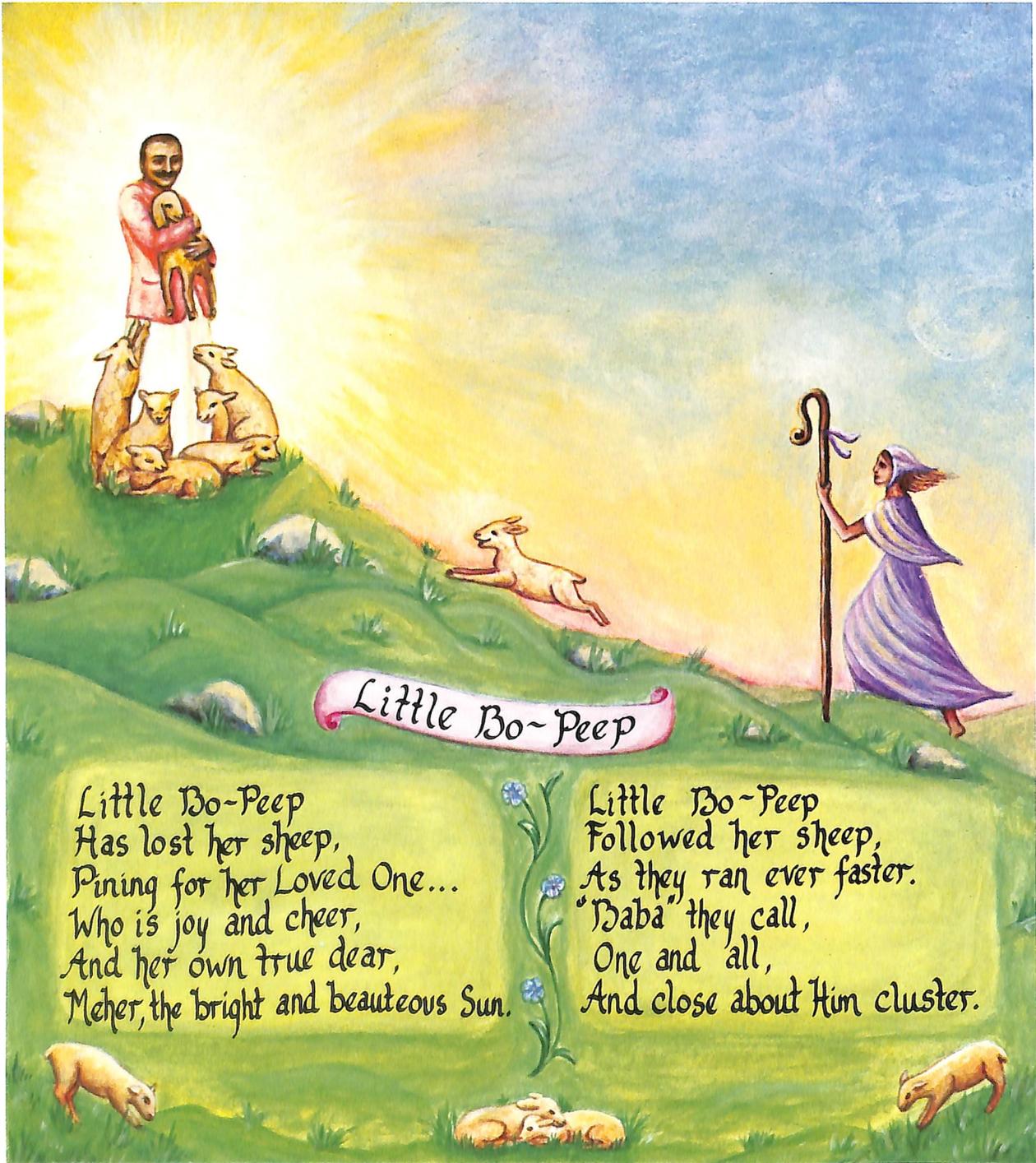


Ding Dong Dell
Ding Dong Dell,
Pussy's in the well.
Who put her there?
Greed was the snare.
She followed a fruitless wish,
By diving in to catch some fish.

Ding Dong Dell,
Pussy's where she fell,
Who'll help her out?
The Avatar no doubt.
He will come when the time is right,
And free her from her sorry plight.

Ding Dong Dell,
What does it tell?
It's pealing out in joyous mirth
The tidings of the God-Man's birth.
But only few can hear its call,
Though Meher comes for one and all.

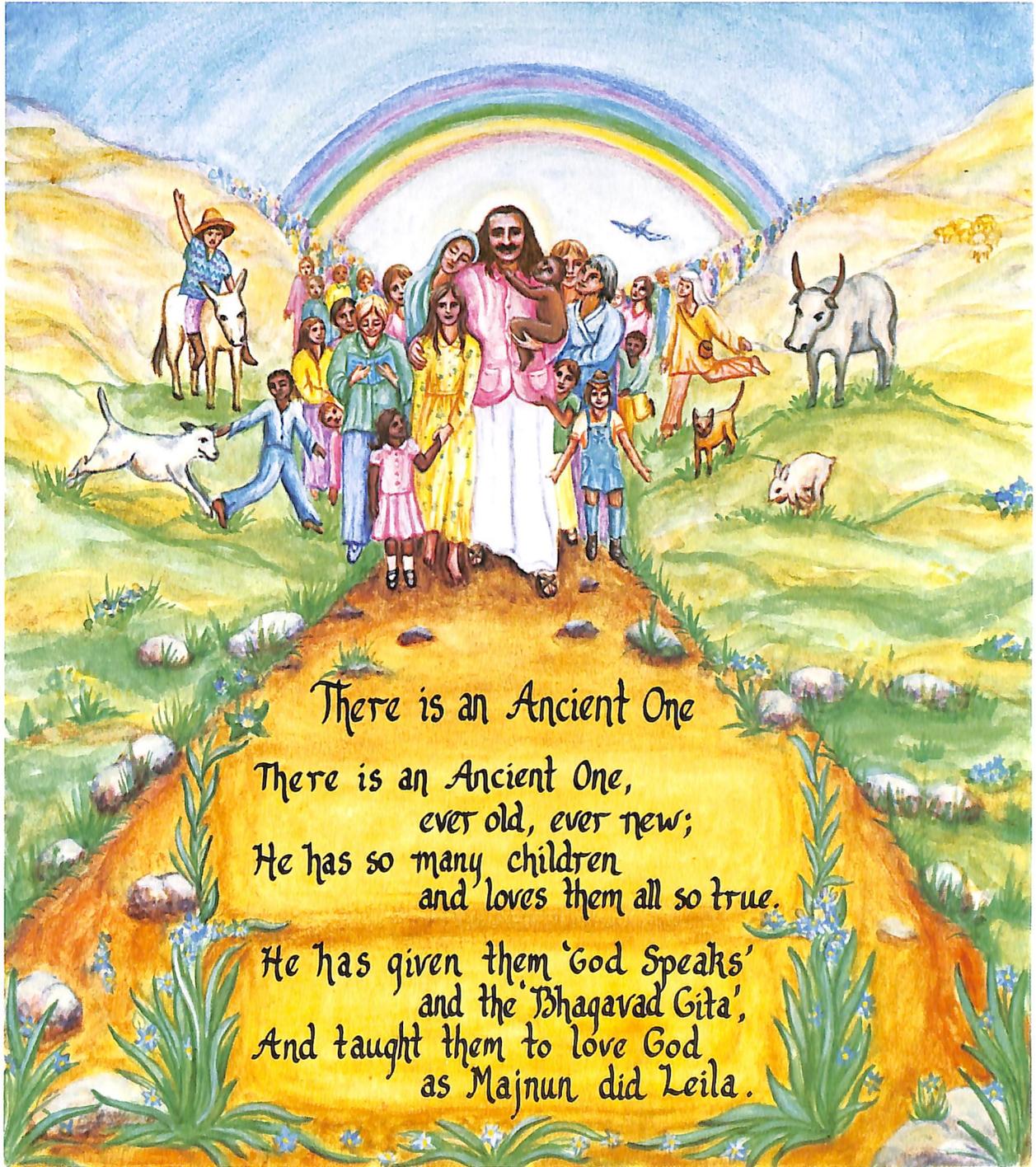




Little Bo-Peep

Little Bo-Peep
Has lost her sheep,
Pining for her Loved One...
Who is joy and cheer,
And her own true dear,
Meher, the bright and beautiful Sun.

Little Bo-Peep
Followed her sheep,
As they ran ever faster.
"Daba" they call,
One and all,
And close about Him cluster.



There is an Ancient One

There is an Ancient One,
ever old, ever new;
He has so many children
and loves them all so true.

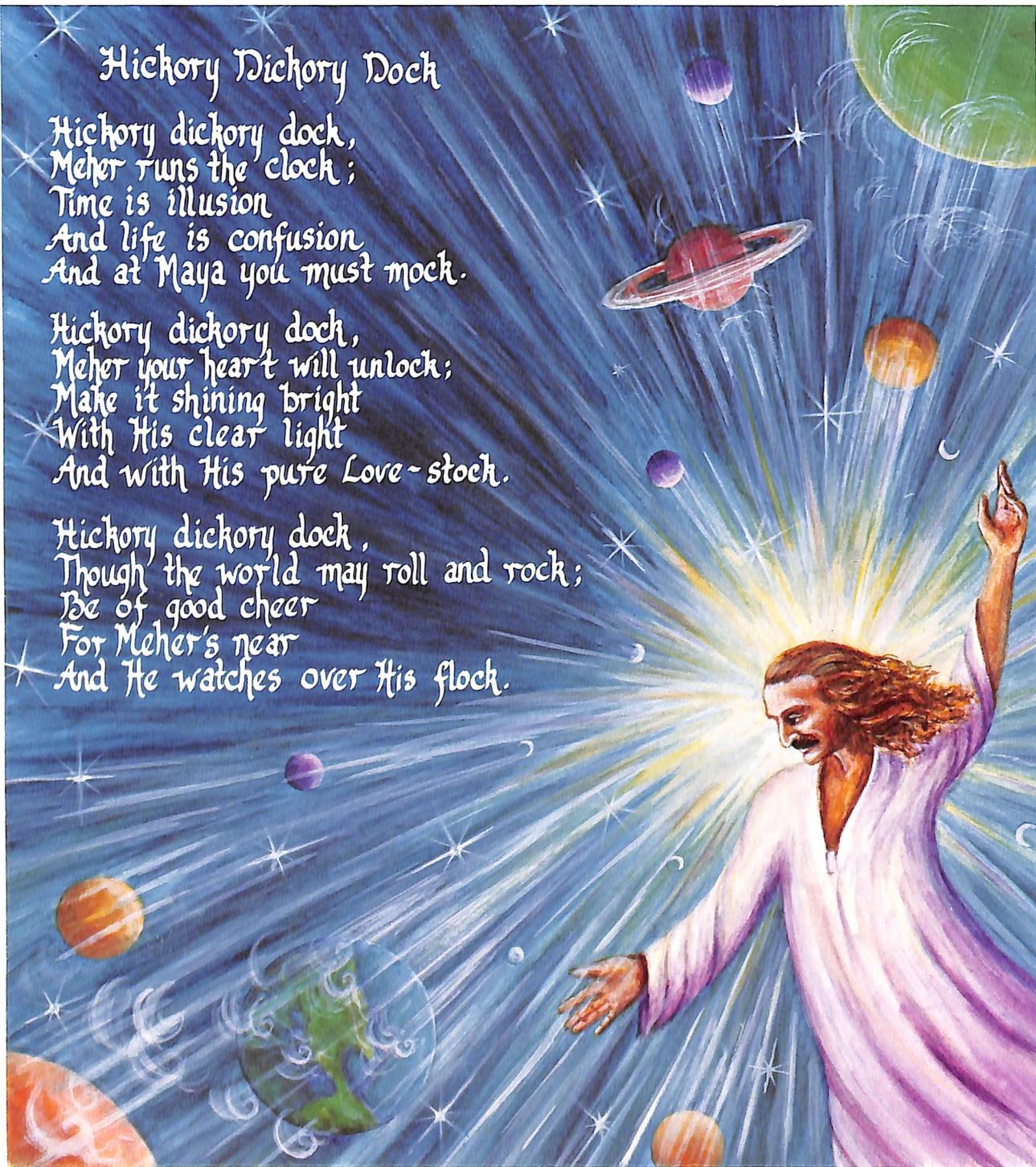
He has given them 'God Speaks'
and the 'Bhagavad Gita',
And taught them to love God
as Majnun did Leila.

Hickory Dickory Dock

Hickory dickory dock,
Meher runs the clock;
Time is illusion
And life is confusion
And at Maya you must mock.

Hickory dickory dock,
Meher your heart will unlock;
Make it shining bright
With His clear light
And with His pure Love-stock.

Hickory dickory dock,
Though the world may roll and rock;
Be of good cheer
For Meher's near
And He watches over His flock.





~ Words to Remember ~

Silence is golden, but words can be sweet,
Especially Meher's name to repeat.

Words such as 'light' and 'radiance' I know,
Poorly describe His beautiful glow.

Surrender and Obedience go hand in hand,
And Love is their encircling band.

God's Love for man is always there;
True Love from man for God is rare.

The priceless gift God gives to earth
Is that here He takes His human birth.

Jack and Jill

Jack and Jill
Climb Seclusion Hill
For to seek their Master.
They hear Him say,
"I'm not far away
But in your songs and laughter."

Jack and Jill
Are on their way.
It might take a lifetime or a day,
To overcome self,
To trample pride,
And reach the home of their own true Guide.

Jack and Jill
Jog along;
The path hath pitfalls, stone and thorn,
But they travel singing
Meher's song,
Feeling His Love around them strong.

