

THE EAST-WEST GATHERING

Song Book

THE OCEAN

The Ocean, level and unending;
the Wave curls up, threatening, extending;
before the Wave, the swirl of bubbles--
and bubbles is but toils and troubles.

The drop back towards the Ocean yearns,
its rainbow is its silent cry--
a seven-toned flame in which it burns--
and burning, singing, longs to die.

The Wave is Ocean's whim out-shaking
galactic drops, each ever aching;
the aching thrives on toils and troubles--
that's why the drops dress up as bubbles.

The drop back towards the Ocean yearns,
its rainbow is its silent cry--
a seven-toned flame in which it burns--
and burning, singing, longs to die.

The Ocean's heart all-comprehending
reckons the time of drops' back-blending
into Itself, drops minus bubbles--
the end at last of toils and troubles.

The drop back towards the Ocean yearned,
its rainbow was its silent cry--
a seven-toned flame in which it burned--
and burning, singing, learnt to die.

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OBEY ME

Obey me and ask me for no thing;
to ask is to make me your plaything.
Be brave--and accept yourself as
but one drop of my Ocean's spray-fling.

Stop craving now for so and so thing--
just leave it to me--and all day sing
my Name--and with brave heart accept
your drop-ness of my Ocean's spray-fling.

Mark how the bright stars at night low swing
on their way up to man--thus obeying
the Word of my love--for they too
are all drops of my Ocean's spray-fling.

I speak my fair words for your knowing,
drop-lover of mine-I the way sing
so that you yourself one day will
become the Ocean and its spray-fling.

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TAKE, O TAKE MY EYES AWAY

Take, O take my eyes away,
memory be erasing--
or myself I'll surely slay
by on Meher gazing.

He came for our sake, you say,
God with Manhood blending--
but I call him Break-of-Day
where night has its ending.

Take, O take my ears away
that his words are hearing--
as myself I cannot stay
if his love I'm bearing.

He is Peace and Love, you say,
Godhood to Man bending--
dawn is fair, let it delay--
or what of Sun's ascending?

ON THE TOP OF THE HILL

On the top of the hill stands the King's Castle.
Leaning up towards it are battalions of
flowers weeping--
for the King is in a dungeon sleeping.

On the top of the hill the Castle seems to be
dreaming--
dreaming of the King's past lordship and
his future glory
when in each heart is sung his matchless story.

On the top of the hill the Castle sparkles
like a jewel.
Its dream and the flowers' grief is broken--
For the King is preparing to speak the Word
that is to be spoken.

THE CASTLE

The castle was built on a hill, and the view from the top was magnificent. The walls were made of stone, and the towers were built of wood. The castle was surrounded by a moat, and the moat was filled with water. The castle was built in the year 1000, and it was the first castle of its kind in the world.

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WHAT IS THIS GAY SCENE TO ME?

What's this gay scene to me?

I saw him there.

Though you say, him I see,
not him, I swear.

What you see is your own
image of him
cut in a block of stone
by your eyes' whim.

What's this love warm as rain

on all being shed?

Under a hill of pain
he's buried.

What you see is your own
begotten smile
cut as a flower of stone
that blooms awhile.

What's this bright throng to me
without his Song?

Though you say, him I see,
I say you're wrong.

What you see is your own
reflecting tear
cut as a precious stone
you dare to wear.

O MAN

O Man, who are you singing songs at night
outside my window?

Bidding me leave all in shameless flight
and you to follow.

If you love me do not bring me sorrow,
but ask my father for my hand tomorrow.

O Man, who are you lighting up my room
with your bright face

wondrous as some golden lily bloom
sculptured in grace?

If you love me do not bring me sorrow,
but ask my father for my hand tomorrow.

O Man, who are you having won my kiss
and now would leave me
saying that the dawn is here--is this
the way to grieve me?

If you love me do not bring me sorrow
but ask my father for my hand tomorrow.

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THEY SING HIS PRAISE

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MEHER BABA NOW IS HERE

Meher Baba now is here,
loud sing his praise!
Heart, she starteth, spirit laugheth--
sing all his days.
Sing! sing his days.

Now again is time of cheer
and friendship's ways.
His eye glances, each heart dances,
footing his praise.
Sing! sing his days.

His blossom-words gladden ear,
tongue speaks his praise.
Seed he soweth, crop it groweth
green, green always.
Sing! sing his days.

THE MOON WAS LOW

The moon was low
a silver sickle on a field of blue
when I met you
and loved you with a love I could not know
would break my heart.
All I knew was that I would go
with you to world's end,
for I was your shadow.

The night was clear
your eyes were stars within two drops of dew
when I met you
and loved you with a love that had no fear
though it broke my heart.
All I knew was I had to bear
journey to world's end
should you so choose to steer.

Meher, my love. Meher, my love.

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MEHER, JOY OF OUR DESIRING

Meher, Joy of our desiring,
listen to our happy choring,
to our song that you're inspiring--
Meher, Lord and Friend.

Truth beyond all our inquiring,
loveliness beyond admiring,
love that is ever untiring--
our broken hearts to mend.

Love that is but love requiring,
soul for whom we are suspiring,
hear our song before retiring--
hard-earned rest to spend.

O GLORIOUS

O glorious, eternal Ancient One
your face is a bright, transcendental sun--
lighten this dark world and the tears I weep;
my heart, Meher, I give to you to keep.

Creator, yet creationless you are--
Truth and Truth's Body, divine Avatar
who, through compassion the three worlds maintains--
destroy this Ignorance that life sustains.

These five lights are the whirling spokes of breath
of the world-wheel that bears me on to death
unless you, who are infinitely kind
break the wheel's hub which is conditioned mind.

This incense is my love, these fruits my art
which to please you I have shaped from my heart;
accept them as you would a simple flower
that has no use beyond its shining hour.

You are my Self. I sing to you in praise
and beg your love to bear me through the days
til you, the Everliving Perfect One,
illumine my darkness with your shining Sun.

WHEN ISRAEL WAS IN MISERY

When Israel was in misery
and Lord Moses broke Egypt's yoke,
he did no more than you for me
when you, Meher, in kindness spoke.
Meher, you are my soul's delight,
my water-brooks and pastures ever green;
I feed among your lilies through the night
until the dawn, the rosy dawn, is seen.

When Prahlad was to pillar bound
and Lord Narayan set him free,
he did not more than I have found
that you, Meher, have done for me.
I feed among the lilies white
that borrow from your cheek their lovely sheen,
while you, Meher, are ever in my sight,
for in this place, my heart, no foe is seen.

When Abraham in fire was thrown
and the Master gave him a charm,
his love was no more than you've shown,
Meher, in keeping me from harm.
The only sound heard through the night
is that of water's gentle murmuring keen
in counter-melody to my delight
that praises your Beauty and Truth serene.

I ROSE AT DAYBREAK

I rose at daybreak and went on my way.
The dawn breeze whispered, and I heard it say:
Meher Baba, my Lord and Friend sweet,
with my perfumed breath I worship your Feet.

Then presently I heard as I rode along
the birds sing in gladness, and this was their song:
Meher Baba, our dear Friend and Lord,
with our simple songs we praise your great Word.

And then soon up came the great shining sun
who scatters the dream-mists that night has spun:
Meher Baba, he cried in huge delight,
I proclaim and adore your holy Might.

I said, Meher Baba--and who might that be?
They said, The One Person who embodies Three--
Love, Knowledge and Power, each absolute,
creation's Creator and its Perfect Fruit.

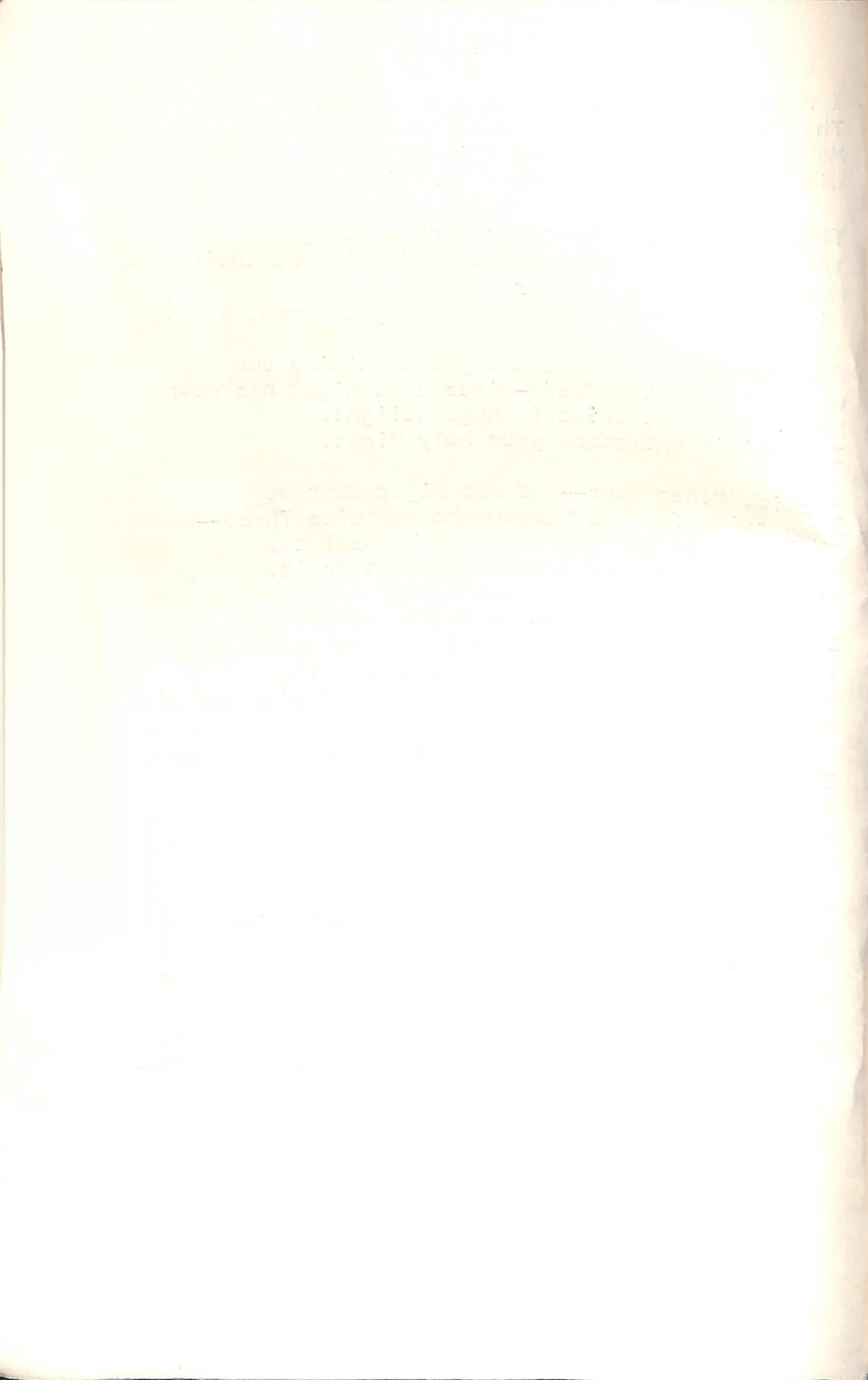
I asked, Where is he--how may he be found?
To meet him I'd measure my length on the ground.
He is, as I see it, the truly great King
for whome a knight bold always should ride and sing.

They said, He lives in the fair land called Heart--
but you for another have kept him apart.
He is the true King for that one so bold
who with his two hands his dear Feet would hold.

Your lady is fairest in all the wide land,
go now to her father and seek her white hand;
make her your dear bride and loving wife
but always for God-Man ride out and seek strife.

God-Man is the true Man, the Perfect, the Pure,
the Light and the Love that shall always endure--
the Same as was Jesus, the Root and the Bough,
but Meher Baba is He called by men now.

(continued on next page)



I ROSE AT DAYBREAK (contd.)

Meher Baba, Friend and Brother of all,
the Ocean of Mercy to whom all things call--
the worm in its blindness, the saint with sight sure,
yourself when you sing of your lady pure.

These sayings enthralled me and filled me with bliss
more than had ever my sweet lady's kiss.
I prayed for a vision of Baba's dear Feet,
and in dream he told me his Name to repeat.

I repeated his Name wherever I went
and then came the day when a Message he sent;
come, dear one to me and have my embrace--
then go forth and tell men of my Truth and Grace.

Now ever I journey the same road I came,
and on my bright shield is written his Name.
And either you accept Him whom I proclaim,
or suffer defeat and depart in shame.

AS A THIRSTY SHEEP

As a thirsty sheep in summer
wanders with head hung and bleating,
so I sought, Beloved, the stream
of fair friendship's smile and greeting;
now I know that only in dust
at your feet is true friends' meeting.

As a goat upon the mountain
seeks sweet herbs in highest places,
so I sought, Beloved, your form
in shy beauty's shadow faces;
now I know that only in the shape of your
of your footprints love's grace is.

As a hare across the paddock
avoids death by dodging, swerving,
so I sought, Beloved, safety
from time's sickle shining, curving;
now I know that safety only
is in your feet's shelter serving.

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NOW LONGS THE HEART

Now longs the heart for nakedness
and longs the soul to die
and as the least and finest dust
under your feet to lie.

For heart tires of its gaudy dress,
and soul has no reply
to your sweet love and sweeter trust
than beneath your feet to lie.

Now longs the heart for emptiness
and soul it would deny
itself forever as it must
under your feet to lie.

Then heart will mightily rejoice
and soul with gladness sigh
at the impress of your feet just
as you are passing by.

REST, BELOVED

Rest, Beloved, where flowers are sleeping--
my breast kept for yourself alone.
Rest, give your pain into my keeping,
give me one short night as my own.

There is no sound of the world's weeping
amidst the lilies of my breast
whose fragrant freshness I've been keeping
against the time of your sweet rest.

The fanning of the ocean-breezes
disturbs with love his ringlets now;
my soul from prison, heart releases
to dream upon his lovely brow.

Even the night gazes in wonder
with all its eyes upon his face.
Sleep til the time, Love, of the thunder
of your great Word's bestowing Grace.

And the first and sleeping--
A sweet and simple, sweet and
In the my sleeping, in the
A light and simple--

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And the first and sleeping--
A sweet and simple, sweet and
In the my sleeping, in the
A light and simple--

THE WORLD IS BUT A SEEMING

The world is but a seeming,
a sea-gull's wind-blown cry--
and I all day on you Meher am dreaming;
at night awake I lie.
 And I all day on you Meher am dreaming;
 and all night long I sigh.

The world is but a shining,
a dewdrop soon to die--
and I all day for you Meher am pining;
and all night long I sigh.
 And I all day for you Meher am pining;
 all night the stars wheel by.

I FOUND A WHITE DOVE

I found a white Dove, as white as the foam
on the blue Pacific wave;
I made him a golden cage for his home
so that he would never leave.

A golden cage for my Dove white as foam
on the blue Pacific wave,
a beautiful cage so he would not roam
and I his dear sight should have.

My lovely white Dove his bright feathers shed
and sang his sweet song no more;
my Joy and my Love fell and lay as one dead,
and so I opened the door.

My lovely white Dove fell and lay as one dead
because he was wounded sore;
his breast was crimson from where his heart bled,
and so I opened the door.

My lovely white Dove arose with a cry
and sped like a shaft of light
O beautiful Dove return from the sky
and comfort me with your sight.

Return, O return, my Love from the sky,
for you are my whole delight;
return, O return, with your sweet glad cry
and comfort me in my night.

Return, O my Dove, and pluck out the dart
of love, or else I must die;
return, O my Love, for I've made my heart
pure space in which you can fly.

Return, O my Love--for to be apart
means I must surely die;
return, O my Dove to the sky of my heart--
there you can in freedom fly.

O Meher, my Love, my Soul.

SING, O SING MEHER'S NAME!

Sing! O sing Meher's Name;
ring, heart-bells, his boundless fame.
He is God and he is Man,
at his Nod the world began.
He is Truth and All-beauty,
he is true Infinity.

Cling! O cling to Meher's Name;
spring soul lightly in his game.
He is Giver, he is Friend;
love's great River, Journey's-end;
divine Sun that shines for all,
the Same One for great and small.

Swing! O swing on Meher's Name;
fling away all praise and blame.
He is love's immortal Flower
that illumines the lover's hour;
he is the proud Nightingale
listening to his own sweet tale.

Bring! O bring Meher's Name;
sling in It the halt and lame.
He is Journey, he is Goal,
sweet Companion to the soul;
he his banner has unfurled,
it floats over all the world.

Wing! O wing on Meher's Name;
string the jewels of his fame.
He is Grace and Compassion,
his face shines on each station;
he is Power, Knowledge, Bliss,
he can give Truth with one Kiss.

CRADLE SONG FOR GOD

Somewhere within the dark
Are the seeds of singing.
Sleep, little Krishna, sleep -
We are not ready yet to hear 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 ready yet for our own glory.

My dear friend,
I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am
glad to hear from you. I am well and hope this finds you
the same.

I am sorry to hear that you are
not feeling well. I hope you will
soon be better.

I am sure you will be
able to get on your feet again.
I am very sorry to hear of your
illness.

I am sure you will be
able to get on your feet again.
I am very sorry to hear of your
illness.

I am sure you will be
able to get on your feet again.
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