

Let Us the People Sing

By Francis Brabazon

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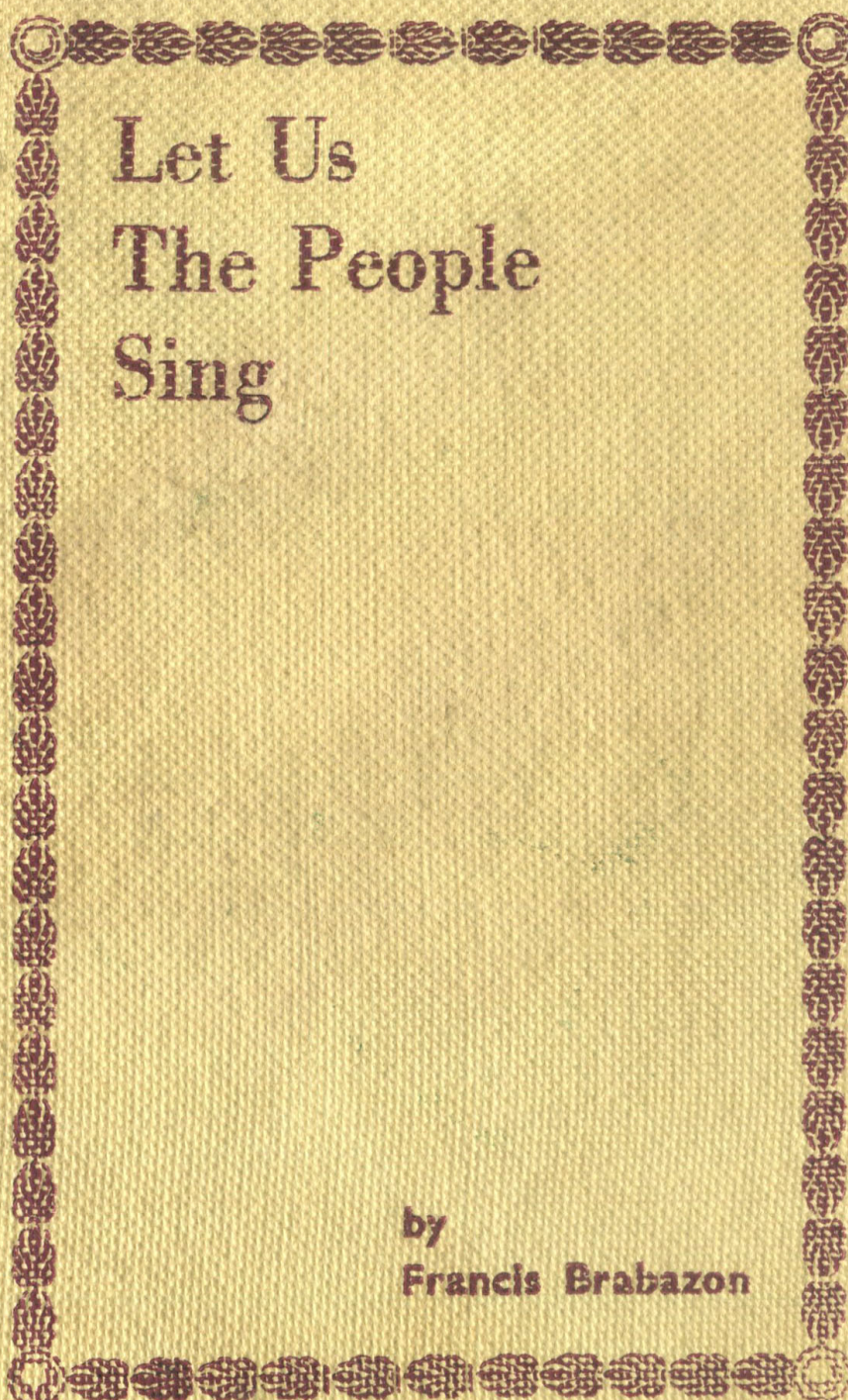
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Let Us
The People
Sing

by
Francis Brabazon

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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and is limited to 500 copies.

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*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, nowadays, 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 Phoenix 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.

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 arid 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.

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.

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
 In your dear heart
In your flower-bordered heart to be His home.

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 Friend.

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

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 sorry 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.

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*.

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.

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, 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 aJarm!"

"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 category?"

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 journey."

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 bobbed 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 uncharted river.
It's as wide as a lake—why this way did I take?
The like of it I 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 canyon—
so 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 quiet 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?

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-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.

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:
Tra-la-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.

All sing:
Tra-la-la-la..... ..

One says:

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..... ..

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—
look at all His children there are—
All us men and women and the most distant star:
And He likes havin' us all around.

THE DINKUM O1L

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.

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.

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.

"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 regrettable):
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.

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 hummed:
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.

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**

Register of Editorial Alterations

Page 22, stanza 2, line 4, catagory changed to category

Page 24, stanza 6, line 2, unchartered changed to uncharted

Page 43, stanza 3, line 2, its changed to it's