

Classic Poetry Series

**Swami Parmanand**  
**- poems -**

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## Swami Parmanand(1791 - 1879)

Swami Parmananda (original name 'Pandit Nand Ram') was a prominent saint-poet of Kashmir, whose poems reflect a blissful blending of poetry and mysticism. He was born 1791 AD at Seer, a village near the town of Mattan, the site of the ancient temple Martand.

Parmananda received his early education in Persian (the then court language of Kashmir) in his own village. He also learned Sanskrit from Sadhus who occasionally used to visit and stay at the Martand temple. His teachers and schoolmates were greatly impressed by his ability and devotion for learning and his inborn knowledge regarding spiritual matters. Parmanand attained mastery over Persian and wrote verses in that language under the pen-name "Gareeb".

Parmanand rose to enviable eminence not only as a saint, but also as a poet articulating spiritual insights. Born in the family of a village Patwari he was named Nanda or Nanda Ram, and his persistent endeavour transformed him into Parmanand (Parma Ananda, i.e. Supreme Bliss) His father, Krishna Pandit, belonged to the village Seer, about three kilometers away from Mattan where he was working as Patwari. His mother, Sarswati, was a pious lady thoroughly conversant with the spiritual heritage of the community, despite her illiteracy.

Parmanand received his formal 'schooling' in a Maktab where he was given a smattering of rudimentary Sanskrit with a working knowledge of the Persian courses deemed essential for a prospective patwari. Persian was, those days, not only the language of administration but also the language of cultural transmission of even the Sanskritic lore, including religion and philosophy, astrology and ritualistic tracts. Parmanand availed of this traditional facility too as is obvious from the copy of the (Persian) Upanikhat left by him. Yet, it was the live contact of Nand Ram with the saints and spiritual aspirants at Mattan and around that deepened his longing for self-realization notwithstanding the demands of his profession, and the resentment of his ambitious wife Maalded. She was the daughter of a successful patwari and naturally expected her husband to make hay while the sun shone.

Parmanand braved the stress and strain of the times, and persisted in his Sadhana under competent guidance of a genuine Paramahamsas. His admirers like Saleh Ganai, the Zailder of Mattan, looked after his material needs and provided him a congenial atmosphere for spiritual preoccupation, so that he could articulate his aspiration as well as realization. In his utterance we therefore, find the unfolding of a variety of spiritual layers. During the Amarnath

pilgrimage days he had witnessed the multidimensional manifestation of spiritual quest at Mattan and had realized the need to "proceed from the (external) cave to the personal cave (within)' and to face the selfless Self, meditate on the Sahaja (In boro Truth)." The interplay of the individual Soul and the Cosmic Soul was for him a Leelaa (sport of the Spirit) which he presented variously in his verse, particularly in his three Leelaa poems, Shiva-Lagan (Siva's Wedding), Raadaa-Svayamvar (Radha's Choice of Her Own Man) and Sodaam- Tsareth (Sudama's Story).

The allegorical nuance has all through remained unobtrusive yet significant, within the convincing depiction of personal and interpersonal contours of social behaviour such as: parental solicitude to see the daughter suitably married away, and the girl's ambition to secure the boy of her own choice Parmanand has thus achieved remarkable success weaving the Pauranic legends into contemporary realities of pervasive import artlessly harmonized with the allegorical significance, such as in the following rendering:

"Gokul is my heart wherein thrives the pasture of your kine;  
O Lord, shining in consciousness !  
Mindways are the Gopi's running reckless after you;  
maddened by the call of Krishna's flute,  
Losing sentience and feeling, forgetting self and non-self...."

Parmanand's Raasleelaa (in his Raadaa Svayamvar) symbolizes the universal dance of cosmic consciousness, integrating the secular with the spiritual:

"Wandering all around they find him at no point,  
they hear from far away the flute alone.  
None plays there with anyone else,  
none but Krishna there; Krishna alone, cowherd lads and lasses,  
men, women, none is there who is not He  
.... Trees and plants and stones with eyes agape unravel secrets of the inner  
depth."

The Shiva-Lagan, similarly signifies the union of Shiva and Shakti at both the immanent and the transcendental levels; while the Sodaam-Tsarete reflects the unshakable ties between the Oversoul and the individual soul, in the ideal friendship of Krishna and Sudama. Similar concern with the essential rather than the ephemeral reverberates in the smaller poems of Parmananda, and quite a number of them sound as spiritual rhapsodies over-flowing with spontaneous lyricism. He left the Kashmiri language positivity richer than he had found it.

# Abstract Truths Revealed

(a) To die while living is a gamble,  
It is to forget the-self.  
And seek the Truth  
It is to study  
And contemplate on  
The innateness  
Of actions and feelings.

(b) Some may call it Shakti (energy)  
Some Shiva.  
He is born of nothing nor  
Is his existence dependent on  
Cause and effect;  
During day, and at night, he  
Is all bliss and,  
All light and light and light;

(c) He is all above duality,  
There is no  
I or you or he in Him,  
He is, because He is;  
And all that, which  
Appears real  
In spite of being.  
Unreal,  
Also is He;

Swami Parmanand

# Glued To Thy Darshan

1. Bindraban itself has become a Paradise !  
Where, in which of the woods, hast He  
Chosen to stay ?

2. With closed fists I had  
Arrived from there, but  
Opened both my hands here !  
Opening their hands, they repented !  
Bindraban has turned into a Paradise !  
Where;\_\_\_\_\_ in which woods, hast He  
Chosen to stay ?

3. In quest of Thee  
I had come here from there !  
Would Mahakaal spare anyone  
Whom would the hands of Death  
Leave behind ?  
Bindraban has turned into a Paradise !.  
Where\_\_\_\_\_ in which woods hast He  
Chosen to stay?

4. For a few days feasting I've come:  
A rich place for mad merriment's  
This world !  
What's there to give and what to get ?  
What's to be carried along ?  
Bindraban has turned into a Paradise !  
Where-----in which woods, hast He  
Chosen to stay ?

5. Glistens He in the livers of the living:  
Said a being from his heart:  
I saw, what I was told !  
Glued, to Thy darshan.  
I would ever like to be !  
Bindraban has turned into a Paradise !  
Where, in which woods, hast He  
Chosen to stay?

6. With the intensity of love, I would  
Sacrifice myself, as a moth,  
On the burning candle !  
With the sickle of vairag, lead me to  
Renunciation.... or else,  
Arn't thee mad of mind ?  
Bindraban has turned into a Paradise !  
Where in which woods, hast He  
Chosen to stay?

7. O, Thee, my very life,  
Tell me,  
At every, early dawn,  
'Who ever can overcome  
The angel of DEATH' ?  
Does he ever sit to rest anywhere ?  
turned into a Paradise !  
Where \_\_\_\_\_ in which woods, hast He  
Chosen to stay?

8. Peevishly, 'Parma-Ananda' has parted  
In protest against himself !  
Pray exhort him back home,  
Chanting 'SUHUM' moment by moment !  
Bindraban has turned out to be a Paradise !  
Where, \_\_\_\_\_ in which woods, hast He  
Chosen to stay!

Swami Parmanand

# Gokul Is My Heart

1. Gokul is my heart where  
here's thy milk shop.  
Recollect and contemplate I  
The lure of thy flute,  
And the haloed Light,  
O, Lord, my God;  
My senses are thy Gopies, who  
Run after thee: -  
Mad after the sweet call  
Of thy flute-tunes;  
Unconscious of strangers  
And the self,  
Dead are their nerves !

2. Hand in glove with thee, they  
Dance in the dancing ring  
Where Vyas and  
Narad, too, are present  
In obeisance;  
Where Radha, in submission  
Is telling the beads  
'Radha Krishna Radha Krishna';  
Gods and Goddesses also keep  
In attendance there  
Waiting and pining  
To meet- THEE....;  
Weeping and singing,  
They tire not !

2. Flowers take colour and bloom  
At the sight of thee, and,  
Wear a smiling face, as thee !  
Soothed and solaced, as they feel  
In the magnetism of thy  
Presence;  
Garlands would we thread  
For thee and, shower thy path  
With colourful petals !

3. Omnipresent that  
Thou art indeed, and yet,  
Separate art not thee from  
Mundane life;  
Though thy Maya, shadows us out  
From Thee !

or

In love for thee, I see you  
Everywhere and yet,  
Separate aren't thee  
From Mudane life;  
In elusive Maya, thou seem to be  
Out shadowed from us;  
C/P L.V. No. One, N. Shruk No. One.

7. In thy illusive void  
And unlimited existence  
Thou looketh like the starry dome  
That serene light:  
The sublime Vision!  
Thou god of gods, and  
Life of the living!

6. As one conceiveth, so one  
Seeth thee.  
Pray grace me too  
With thy Darshan, O, Narayana !  
Too impatient am !  
To wait any more!

7. 'As one wisheth, so one geteth  
The fruit of Karma.'  
Sayth thee, O. Lord,  
The giver of all !  
All, 'give and take', is  
Thy own Maya, and yet,  
Why is man jealous of man?

8. The wise forgive the unwise and,  
Suffer no loss for it!

O, yee unwise, realise that  
Right action is more precious than  
Empty prayer!

9. Could I? i would proclaim  
The truth but,  
None being receptive'  
Whom should I reveal  
My heart?  
Singular truth seeps only  
Into deep, sober minds!

10. Does a sun-and-moonless earth  
Sparkle?  
Or would a godless soul halved be?  
A godless life is no life:  
Garlands would I offer HIM  
Without fail,  
Would that He were ever  
To remain before me !

11. Slaves shine as we are,  
Why do not thee  
Accept our plea?  
Shouldst thou treat shine own  
As strangers?  
Aren't we suppliants at thy feet,  
Seeking Compassion ?

12. Dumb of tongue, how can I speak?  
How does one understand  
The depth of feeling of another?  
One, who realises the truth,  
Why's he unable to reveal it  
To others?

13. Even on bitter weeping,  
Too atrophied's my tongue  
To utter a cry !  
Friendly He's not as  
Elusive He is  
Injured is my liver and

The wounds don't heal!

14. In search of HIM, I go  
From country to country, but  
Not a trace of HIM, I find anywhere.  
I wait and wait, yet  
He doesn't oblige !  
Too weary are my feet:  
I weep and weep.....and,  
My tears fill pails deep !

15. Greatly complex is god's Maya.  
Too many embark on fathoming  
The mystery, but  
Realising the truth once.  
They lose the thread,  
Time and again, time and again!

16. Wary aren't we in varied play,  
I would pray to Thee, O, Narayan!  
All too suddenly  
Be consistently in play with me:

17.O, Krishna, Thou seeth us sin,  
Pray wash off our sins,  
Unwise that we are:  
Be merciful now that  
We acknowledge our lapses!  
..... strain.

18. None comprehendth, Bhagwath Mazda  
To everyone  
It is like the one.  
As one conceiveth it  
To be!  
Unmindful of egoistic self and,  
Regardless of 'You and I'  
Come let us accept it  
s we conceive it

19 He, who isn't born of anyone,  
And, of whom none is born,

Whom the living precisely know is such:  
One, who knows, contemplates  
And yet,  
Few know him thus !

20. A mere figment of imagination too  
He is not . for,  
With four VEDAS, He  
Reaches where ever necessary,  
And with his thousand tongues,  
Even Sheshnag also is  
Dumbfounded!

21. To one, He grants to the extent  
Of one's devotion and desire  
.....  
.....  
I surrender to Thee, that Thou art my own !

22. Leaving behind all their wealth,  
They die.  
Blessed are those who have none:  
Pray I to Thee,  
O, Lord, my God,  
For contentment and,  
That II be millions and billions  
For me!

23. Let my mind be dyed in composure  
And that 'II be my wealth and pelf.  
Quench my search for Truth  
And, Divine knowledge:  
Always to find Thee  
In my company !

24. Magnanimously, the Lord  
Was heard saying:  
'All the virtuous suppliants  
Whose hearts bubble with  
The love of right action.  
Are ferried across great spans  
By the Ferryman !

Of His Own !

25. No one, awake and  
God- conscious,  
Is without Him:  
He is the speaker and,  
The listener, all by Himself !  
He is the force behind  
Every action and,  
Every action is  
His doing !

26. Sweet as honey, in speech  
We approach Thee,  
With love and affection:  
For identification !  
Ever thinking of and concerned,  
Are we about Him as,  
He is we and  
We are He !

27. Parmanand is blessed with  
The bliss of Param Anand (Supreme bliss)  
As, smeared is he and his  
Every nerve with  
Lord Shiva's balm of ashes !  
For:  
RADHA is his mother and  
Lord KRISHNA,  
His Father !

Swami Parmanand

# Gopies, Like, Fairies Dance

1. Let us form a ring
2. Flowers would we offer In prayer: Trust we not The strangers!
3. Jostled with Him in dance
4. Pearls for tears, They shed ! In measured steps and, rhythmic movement
5. Receptive mind's and shaky feet, He may Stabilize !
6. Bewitched by the bright lamp The butterfly O, When'll we be mad after The madman (The Lord!)
7. Bare-footed in woods in blazing heat and Blistered over---Hot roads
8. How hard is to Speak the Truth (This much) revelation Even after self - realisation The desire to probe, What else is said', Still persists!

And dance like Fairies bright

Lord Krishana to awaken From Slumber! And dance like Fairies bright.

Solaced and soothed is He And dance like Fairies bright!

Piles of emeralds they build!

May we dance like Fairies bright.

Induce compassion in Krishna, It may! And dance like Fairies bright

Dances around and Gives its life in the dance!

And merge like it with Him.

In the ecstasy of the dance Around Him! Weary and Exhausted'ld those Krishna Bhakhta become May we dance like Fairies bright! Who has's been blessed with The Parma Ananda?

And dance like Fairies bright!

Swami Parmanand

# Guru's Amrit

1. May Thee open Thy august mouth of wisdom  
To make me drink the Amrit of knowledge:  
My Sat Guru, take me out of  
Darkness into light !

2. To begin with, mayst Thee make me  
Contemplate on my Sat Guru !  
Moment after moment, would I  
Pine to kneel before Thee !  
Day and night, not for a moment  
Would I suffer separation from Thee  
May Thee open Thy august mouth of wisdom  
And make me drink the Amrit of Thy knowledge !

3. My Guru, solve the problems of my life  
Now that I am born !  
Humble me not among saints;  
Subdue the thieves of  
My emotive senses by  
Strengthening the power of my will !  
May Thee open Thy august mouth of wisdom  
And make me drink the Amrit of Thy knowledge !

3. Subduing my emotions, break the lustful elephant  
Of my pugnacious conceit  
Guide me, only on one  
..... of the eleven paths !  
Keep me not off from  
The word, SUHUM  
(I m Thee).  
May Thee open Thy august mouth of wisdom  
And make me drink the Amrit of Thy knowledge

5. Make me wash myself clean  
In the Sheshrum Nag lake;  
Look not at my sinful life !  
Ferry me too across, as Thou did  
Mohini Sada Guru.  
May Thee open Thy august mouth of wisdom

And make me drink the Amrit of Thy knowledge !

6. Moment by moment, let me  
Meditate on Thee  
Make me think of and do, only that  
Which's right to think and do !  
O, Kamadeva, Shyam Sundara  
Let me not come and go  
Come and go (Shuttle between life and death)  
May Thee open Thy august mouth of wisdom  
And make me drink the Amrit of Thy knowledge !

7. O, Bishambara, grace me with Thy presence  
Stay awhile.  
Listen to my tale:  
Revive my old memories !  
May Thee open Thy august mouth of wisdom  
And make me drink the Amrit of Thy knowledge !

8. Grace me with Thy presence in graceful garlands  
And, show me Thy haloed aura, luster light !  
My day has passed by, mayst Thee not  
Make me wait any longer !  
Mayst Thee open Thy august mouth of wisdom  
And make me drink the Amrit of Thy knowledge.

Swami Parmanand

## If The Lord...

1. Whence'll a Bhakta be gifted with  
Love and Dedication, if  
The Lord, in whose quest,  
He has embarked, doesn't  
Bless him with what he  
Asks for ?  
If the Lord.....

2. Blessed is he, who is experienced !  
Devoid of sight, what use is  
A lamp to the blind, in darkness?  
Only he sees whom,  
He Asks to open his eyes !  
If the Lord.....

3. Wide open are the doors and windows  
Of HEAVEN!  
Protecting your eyes, enter  
And just, dance therein !  
What can he do, whose  
Bloom of youth is too withered  
To enjoy the fruit ?  
If the Lord.....

4. Who's there that has understood  
The ways of fate and  
The decrees of God?  
Who's there that has been able  
To reveal the mystic secrets and,  
To whom?  
The winds in the rough seas  
Won't ferry the boat across !  
If the Lord....

5. Bereft of his own, is he,  
Whom gods don't give:  
A cringing miser accumulates,  
Nor has he enough to eat!  
How can cooked rice depict to him

The process of steaming food?  
If the Lord.....

6. We destroy what we achieve ourselves  
By jealousy and enmity !  
Do the times deserve  
Such dispensation?  
If one gets entangled in  
he maze of wrong action,  
What complaint can one make  
Of what hinders one's path?  
If the Lord.....

7. Parmanand, tell us of Sudama's:  
Would buds open on rotten trees,  
Dry and dusty?  
Pray,  
Restore glow on Autumn Brown!  
If the Lord.....

Swami Parmanand

# In Reverential Prostration

1. At Radha's, Radika's of Sri Krishan Muraryi's feet,  
Would we kneel in reverence and,  
Lay prostrate !

2. Riding a 'Garuda', Sri Krishna Maharaj  
Looks like a grand, green Parrot !  
Childlike smatterings of His, hear  
O, Ye, Wild mynas !  
In reverence, would we kneel and,  
Lay prostrate at Their feet.

3. Sweet flute-notes would restore to us, life,  
Should Krishna Murari play on His flute:  
Thus'ld lighten the load of sin  
On the earth !  
In reverance'ld we kneel and,  
Lay prostrate at Their feet.

4. Gathered together, Devies and Devatas, all,  
Kneeling low in humility, are  
Submitting their pleas before Him:  
'Be compassionate to us, O, Thee, the merciful !' I  
n reverence'ld we kneel and,  
Lay prostrate at Their feet.

5. Gala guests, rajas and princes, from all sides.  
Have arrived riding,  
Horses, elephants and rathas:  
Vimans they've bedecked  
For Thee, the Rajkumaries !  
In reverence'ld we kneel and,  
Lay prostrate at Their feet.

6. Listening to their words in attention,  
Thy hands are still in henna !  
Sparkling bright that Thy pearls are,  
Who hast fished them out of the sea ?  
In reverence'ld we kneel and,  
Lay prostrate at Their feet.

7. Parmanand turned gray while waiting  
For Thee, for too long !  
Pull him on to the Supreme Self:  
Radha Krishna alone'll listen to  
Every plea through every window !  
In reverence'ld we kneel and,  
Lay prostrate at Their feet.

Swami Parmanand

# In Search Of Him

1. Shower on HIM' the flowers of love;  
Form a ring and dance and sing:

2. As vigilant as Bulbul,  
With Oriole's soul,  
The tree of contemplation  
Has begun to bloom:  
Keep on waiting,  
For HIS message !  
Form a ring and dance and sing !

3. Feelingly, BUMBUR, went (drove)  
Into seclusion  
Deep into the flower garden and,  
Started buzzing unto HIM:  
'Guon, Guon, Guon ':  
Form a ring and dance and sing !

4. Gather slowly, yee girl friends,  
One by one, to  
Shower Petals of Bhakti  
On HIM'.whom  
They call Nand Lal !  
Form a ring and dance and sing !

5. Lured by that inner Moonlight,  
He entered within !  
Amrit was born in  
His graceful presence:  
May He offer us too  
A peg of Shyam Sundara's  
Divine wine !  
Form a ring and dance and sing !

6. Enjoy the charm of Achcha Posh (a wild flower)  
Now that SPRING is come !  
Bulbul is on the move  
In gardens !  
Leave thorny thistle:

Ego, desire and, attachment aside  
Form a ring and dance and sing !

7. He, who saw that lovely bird,  
Right in his presence,  
Come with a necklace of Pearls  
To adore HIM:  
The VISION, unwittingly pushed off  
In a moment,  
A year that passes by !  
Form a ring and dance and sing !

8. With the gain of Practical knowledge  
Make amends, and  
Take care of yourself:  
Concentrate on the currents of  
Contemplation  
Understand, if life is or  
Isn't transitory! "'strain

Swami Parmanand

# Karambhoomi

1. Reinforce the field of action with  
The spirit of duty and devotion,  
The seeds of contentment will then grow  
To bear the fruits of eternal bliss.  
Harness the oxen of twin-breath  
To plough the field day and night,  
Lash them on to work hard  
With the kumbaka whip  
Arise, awake and work on to see  
That not a patch remains unploughed.

2. Make use of the yoke of love  
To plough the field,  
With the help of a long handled block of patience  
Crush thou the hard lumps of earth,  
Lest any moisture of malice remains inside  
Sow thou them the seeds of contentment  
To grow the crops of bliss.

3. Smoothen thou the drains and raise their bunds  
With a heedful mind,  
Cut an outlet and place a blockade against  
The stream of current to make water flow  
Into the field with equanimity and ease,  
Sow thou then, the seeds of contentment  
To grow the crops of bliss.

4. Spring is but a passing phase  
of short-lived beauty, glory and joy,  
Lose thou not a moment  
of this chancing phase.  
Do not wait to sow the seeds of action  
and work for happiness to result.  
These seeds of contentment will then  
Grow the crops of bliss.

5. Do not thou wait to work on each  
of the four corners of thy field  
Repair thou thy leakages all with

The wet rods of contemplation.

The wet rods of contemplation.  
control thou shine indriyas (senses) to  
Kill these rats of destruction and,  
The seeds of contentment will then  
Bear the crops of bliss.

6. With single minded labour of love the fields  
Will grow refreshing green by deweeding and,  
Ripen fruit with finishing-water of Tapa (meditation)  
And then, the composure of mind will bring forth  
Blossoms of lotus expanses.  
Sow thou then the seeds of contentment and,  
Reap the harvest of bliss.

ome thou shine own avarice and greed lest  
They should gnaw away the ripened fields.  
With the feelings of love and affection, keep  
Ungrudging watch over them day and night  
Sow thou then, the seeds of contentment  
To yeild you a harvest of bliss.

8. And as it begins to bear fruit then,  
The time for merriment is come.  
Reap thou it with the sickle of renunciation (Vairag)  
And put it aside in tufts to collect.  
Seek thou then the help of shine kith and kin  
And make it into bundles.  
This then is the fruit of contentment  
Growing into a harvest of bliss.

9. Then tie it with ropes and carry it on  
To collect it in heaps;  
Next call thou all shine friends, kith and kin  
To carry it on with you  
And when you collect it with love and devotion,  
It will bring you peace, plenty and good.  
Sow thou then, the seeds of contentment  
To yield you a crop of bliss.

10. Pile up thy bundles with clear detachment

To build up one big heap;  
Then will thou, unmindful of praise or blame  
Attain shine nirvaana goal and,  
Enter the realms of happiness true.  
Sow thou then, the seeds of contentment  
To grow the crops of bliss.

11. Beat thou ears of corn on the logs of meditation;  
Separate out the grain and then,  
Remove the husk to sift out  
Sound grains of realization.  
Doing this, weigh thou the grain  
In the scales of thy pious heart.  
Sow thou again, the seeds of contentment  
To repeat a harvest of bliss.

12. With the hands of renunciation let  
The corners be beaten aright;  
Sift out and gather coarse and fine grain  
Each in a separate heap.  
Keep up your wits and watch lest  
Thou should face thy negligence.  
Sow thou then, the seed of contentment  
To yield thou the fruit of bliss.

13. Then weigh thou shine harvest and,  
Store it in separate heaps,  
Collect it in 'Sohum' measures  
To pay off your dues.  
Lighten thou shine burden by  
Carrying it to Khanabal.  
Sow thou the seeds of contentment  
To reap the crop of bliss.

14. With prayer and deep meditation  
Carry it on to the ghat, P  
addle on shine boat in  
The calm waters of devotion.  
Relieve thyself of the burden and enjoy  
The refreshing breeze of Mansbal.  
Sow thou the seed of contentment  
To gather the crop of bliss.

15. Now pass on the goods to. the owner  
Nor should you deprive the tiller.  
After all from whom will the balance be due ?  
For whom should the excess be saved ?  
Sow thou then, the seeds of contentment  
To reap the harvest of bliss.

16. Sift out some good grain and  
Deposit it for seed;  
Sow the seed again grain by grain  
When the spring comes.  
This good deed will yield  
Newer and ever newer fruit.  
Sow thou the seed of contentment  
To reap the crop of bliss.

17. Become thou the enjoyer of yoga  
And shunt off your feelings of duality;  
You are given the name 'Sadhu'  
And a Sadhu you should become,  
Sow thou then, the seed of contentment  
To grow the crop of bliss.

18. Thine Guru's word will redeem thou  
From the cycle of life and death;  
Take thou shine past Karma as  
The store of your fate (Prarabdha).  
From a knowledge of Karma Kanda  
Will spark off the lightning flash.  
Sow thou then, the seed of contentment to reap the crop of bliss.

19. Then with the angelic light of Suhum  
Thou w'lt be enlightened to be  
Unmindful of the problems of  
Honour or dishonour.  
And thus wilt thou attain  
Eternal bliss.  
Sow thou the seeds of contentment  
To reap the crop of bliss.

20. Parmanand was a Zamindar.

Paying off his debts, he  
Was no more subjected to insults  
And reminders to pay back dues.  
He was relieved of the burdens and  
Anxiety of changing his rented house (freed from  
The cycle of birth and death  
Day in and day out )  
Sow thou the seed of contentment  
To yield a harvest of bliss.

Swami Parmanand

# Keeping The Vow Commitments

1. Bear with the harshness of your  
Destined conjugal life:  
Neither more, nor less!

2. With the tickling of contemplation 'll.  
Ooze out' Abi-zam-zam' (Amrit) by Zekhir: (loud chanting in quick succession)  
From the springs of the heart !  
After Shirin did Farhad  
Sacrifice his life:  
Bear with the harshness of  
Conjugal life,  
Neither more, nor less !

3. Should you toil till,  
The fallow land,  
Teased and tossed about would you  
No longer, be, for  
Your past lapses:  
Wait not but,  
Self-till the waste lands:  
Keeping your promises.  
Neither more, nor less!

4. Harvesting, O, you grower,  
Beware  
Of tussle, jealousy and turmoil !  
Control emotions and abstain from  
Infectious enmity !  
Harvesting, O, you harvester,  
Cherish'd you, the joy of  
Achievement! S  
ick to your worn,  
Neither more, nor less!

from malice and anger,  
Pay off your dues (revenue)  
In the following meadows, and  
Await your calm and peace !  
Walk in step and at ease,

Sure, you'll reach your goal !  
Keep your balance in your promises,  
, nor less!

6. Melting the steel of ego and conceit,  
Mould it into ornamental border:  
Firmly hold and, keep your calm:  
Waste not a moment,  
Run to master Khar.  
Keep your word,  
Neither more, nor less !

7. Had thought I, that  
Wahab would appreciate  
My plea and,  
Give me a healing touch:  
But those, whom gods love,  
Are called from above !  
Stand by your word,  
Neither more, nor less!

8. What reply can I give  
To the promise, I have made?  
Time is slipping by and,  
The Sun is about to Set!  
Compassionate towards me  
Would He be.....  
Nor would He look to my lapses!  
Keep your vow in view.  
Neither more, nor less !

9. Clean hearted is a free soul,  
But Parmanand is wanting  
In faith and love:  
Pray appreciate his plea and,  
Grant his prayers!  
Be true to your commitment,  
Neither more, nor less!

Swami Parmanand

# Love And Supreme Sada Shiva

1. In a superbly beautiful pose,  
Sweet as honey, is  
Supreme Sada Shiva.....  
Truth, consciousness, bliss  
And, vibrations of science !

2. Thy gift of eight fold Sidhis  
Verily is  
Millions and trillions for those  
that have drunk Thy Amrit  
Gulp by quip, O, Thee  
Creator of all life !  
Truth, consciousness, bliss  
And, vibrations of science !

3. How I kumbha, wish to be  
Ever busy singing hymns unto Thee !  
Fill Thy oceans of wisdom  
Into my tiny pail !  
Grant me the tongue that be  
Ever vibrant in song unto Thee !  
Truth, consciousness, bliss  
And, vibrations of science !

4 Diminished has all hope and trust  
Of my only Hope,  
O, my only Hope!  
I have resigned unto Thee  
O, Shiva, I have pinned  
All my hopes on Thee !  
Truth, consciousness, bliss  
And, vibrations of science !

5. Self with self has to meet,  
Hast a play to play,  
And comments to make !  
Dumb-founded, we become as  
Gold emerges Purified  
from burning fire !

Truth, consciousness, bliss  
And, vibrations of science !

the banishment of ego,  
Will vanish conceit:  
Thence flows clear knowledge  
That kindles the lamp of  
Krishna consciousness for  
Ethereal flights !  
Truth, consciousness, bliss  
And, vibrations of science !

7. Only he, who pines for Him,  
Will be pined for by Him;  
Only he, who desires to receive HIM  
Would verily be welcomed by Him !  
Yearning to see Him, in good faith  
Let's await His Arrival !  
Truth, consciousness, bliss  
And vibrations of science !

8 Love only begets love,  
Love alone is fondled mutually  
Love, only the LOVE I Cherish  
And rock in the cradle of my lap !  
Truth, consciousness, bliss  
And vibrations of science !

is devoid of love,  
Only love eliminates all-evil  
Let's dispel darkness of the devil  
With the light of Love !  
Truth, consciousness, bliss  
And vibrations of science !

n to LOVE that is sung  
In Bawan ! (Mattan Spring)  
Only love equals fourteen pilgrimages  
To Bawan !  
That sparkling love, would I  
Swing in gentle breeze !  
Truth, consciousness, bliss

And vibrations of science !

has led the world to  
Merriment and boisterous dance;  
Brimming with love are my  
Blood vessels and nerves !  
Would that Love would lead me to  
Param Anand (Supreme Bliss)-!  
Truth, consciousness, bliss  
And Vibrations of science !

nand, listen to  
God's miraculous, mysterious ways:  
Come, shed all castes and creed,  
Don't be mad.  
Listen to me;  
Why then, this hue and cry?  
Truth, consciousness and bliss  
And vibrations of science !

Swami Parmanand

# Makhan Chor

1. Light dispelled darkness  
On thy birth !  
Jai Jai Jai Devki Nandanai !

2. O. Yee smiling son of Vasudeva's,  
On gazing at Thee, again and again,  
What recognition  
Could he retain of Thee?  
Born, and gone to Nanda goor's that  
Thou were, O. Aka Nanda  
Jai Jai jai .....

2. JAMUNA was anxious to touch  
Thy feet in reverence,  
Selflessly with love, O, Balagopal !  
That's why, its waters  
Rose higher and higher  
Jai Jai Jai.....

4. Not knowing that the supreme King  
Had descended to the earth,  
In person, Yashodha Mata  
Blamed Thee of pilfering milk:  
At this, thou opened, Thine mouth  
And showed her the Universe therein!  
Jai Jai Jai.....

5. Bodh Bror\*, the milk thief  
Began to crawl, and  
The milk maids from all sides,  
Came running, to see Him  
Break their pails, one by one:  
Thuck, Thuck, Thuck !  
Jai Jai Jai.....

\* (One of the notorious thieves of Kashmir who mewed, like a cat to cause deluge in their victims)

6. Watching and scanning Thine pranks thus,

They understood shine Omnipresence !  
But, who could reveal Thy secret nature?  
None but one Shukdevni could  
Do so !  
Jai Jai Jai.....

7. The Vedas expounded the Vedanta,  
The ocean of compassion's ever calm  
Springs of Amrit.....  
Truth, Contemplation, Tranquility!  
Jai Jai Jai.....

8. Narada, the world teacher and Swami;  
Even him, the Supreme spirit too,  
Penetrated into the interior of inner-self:  
Loves and regards him but,  
Keeps an eye on and, ever continues  
Keeping him under watch !  
Jai Jai Jai.....

8. With His varied attributes, varying ways,  
Varied facets, moods and modes,  
On gazing at which, again and again,  
Even NARADA too was puzzled, and  
Perplexed !  
Jai Jai Jai.....

10. Missing

's the earth's impressive border!  
He, the beauty and fragrance of flowers,  
Grandeur of gardens, sweetness of ...  
Oriole notes and, musical as bulbul's  
Jai Jai Jai.....

12. To whom even great  
Yogis squalled not  
In contemplation,  
Wealth of knowledge, helps not in  
Making friends !  
Can the eyes bear the glare of  
His glowing glamour

Jai Jai Jai.....

13. O, Yee, Gopinath of the Gopies,  
Waiting I'm at Thy door,  
A helpless soul !  
O, Madhav, Yadavni's darling !  
Jai Jai Jai.....

14. I know no Mantar, Tantar or Peath!  
In the vast bivouac of life:  
Where's the bund and,  
Where the ford?  
Ferry across, my boat now that  
I'm telling the beads on Thy name !  
Jai Jai Jai.....

15. Unlettered I am,  
In devotion and prayers,  
Nor can I recite  
Sahasranama !  
Sudama, with a handful of baked flour  
Have I come to Thee!  
Abashed and sweating, I am  
And repentant !  
Jai Jai Jai.....

16. Overwhelmed by a sinful life,  
Far-off from celibacy that  
I am, a cursed soul !  
Who else other than Thee  
Can do Justice with compassion  
To this abject wretch, Parmanand  
Who lay prostrate at thy feet-  
Jai Jai Jai:.

Swami Parmanand

# O, Thee, The Crowned Flutist

1. Puzzled ! I wonder, royal Flutist,  
Thou brusheth off the strains of  
Trials and tribulations of life,  
O, Thee, the crowned Flutist !

2. Shuttling between birth, rebirth,  
A dreadful, dark shadow of drabness:  
How blinding dark is moonless fortnight !  
Else, on the ethereal path,  
What'll I reveal, what conceal ?  
O, Thee, the crowned Flutist !

3. Crooked and dingy is the load of sin,  
And loose, the sling,  
On my back are twigs and the lamb, and  
Eleven paths leading to the ghat ! (destiny)  
Obstructive, destructive, are the senses  
And, the mind wavering and weak !  
What'll I reveal, what conceal?  
O, Thee, the crowned Flutist !.

4. The sword of Death hangs  
On my neck !  
And, too frightened, I am  
Or else, at the opportune moment,  
I sit posing calm !  
Opened I, the decree of Death  
And, presently He changes  
The decree !  
What'll I reveal, what conceal;  
O, Thee, the crowned Flutist?

5. Devalued got the pearls in  
My state of distress:  
The youth in bloom's robust but  
The merchandise raw !  
With the fading glow of youth  
Ostriched gets old age !  
What would I reveal, what conceal ?

O, Thee, the crowned Flutist!

6. Missing

7. What I sowed, grain by grain,

Will I reap ear by ear.

How devotedly would I plant (or 'How I missed my aim, fumble to say !)

I fumble to say.

Grind you in the grinding Mill,

They'll

Don't you cut your lips

In repentance!

What'll I reveal, what conceal?

O, thee, the crowned Flutist!

8. Duds destroyed this My tree of business:

Laying a tie to foresee

My immediate future:

For sure, the tie, again and again

Turned against me

What shall I reveal, what conceal?

O, Thee, the crowned Flutist !

9. How deep in sweet slumber is

This household: still

You can see, how indifferent to wrath,

I have ever been....else,

Why should it have been, just

The opposite of what it was yesterday ?

What shall I reveal, what conceal ?

O, thee, the crowned Flutist !

10. Neither at home, nor with elders

Was I aggressive, ever;

Much less did I know,

How to complicate matters

Struck by lightning and thunder was I

By self-destructive wrath !

What shall I reveal ? what conceal ?

O, Thee, the crowned Flutist !

11. Ferry me across the bivouac of life, anyhow  
Or else, I may drown !  
Asking for different things at different times  
Disgusted and dull, I've become:  
Praying to Thee for all things together,  
Thou too fulfill my desires in full together !  
What would I reveal, what conceal ?  
O, Thee, the crowned Flutist !

12. Parmanand, listen to and  
Contemplate on Flute tunes always  
Be ready with all that you possess.  
The Flutist and the ash-bismirched  
Still continue to be your concern.  
What shall I reveal ? what conceal ?  
O, Thee, the crowned Flutist !

Swami Parmanand

# Reveal To Me Thy...

1. O, Keshav, may thee not  
Put me to shame, now that  
I'm already grey haired!  
Pray reveal to me,  
Thy godly grace !

2. Waning is my youth  
Prompt me on to the right path  
Otherwise, helpless, I might be  
Misled !  
Pray, hold my hand in old age  
Lest I should go astray  
Reveal to me, Thy godly grace !

3. Too distant yet, seems to be  
My goal Lord,  
Pray, don't yee frustrate  
My mission!  
Was I born to  
Grope in the dark?  
If, it was so,  
What use is my life?  
Mayst Thee not screen me off  
From bewilderment and perplexity?  
Reveal to me, Thy godly grace?

3. Withered in my youth, don't yee  
Disenchant and disillusion me!  
Should I contemplate on my birth,  
What have I gained in life?  
Free me from shackles of evil  
That might evoke public ridicule  
Reveal to me, Thy godly grace!

4. A mountain have I to climb.  
Let the day not end  
Nor the sun set !,  
Where'll I ascend? and  
Where descend, back and forth, back and forth?

Guide and steady me  
Mayst Thee lead me on thy path:  
Reveal to me, Thy godly grace!

5. Don't yee rock me to slumber  
At early dawn, nor  
Waylay me in broad daylight !  
Shed Thy serene light, O, Kamadeva  
To dispel my evening darkness !  
Reveal to me Thy godly grace!

7. In the name of Shri Ram,  
Lead me on to destroy  
Lanka the Evil, lest  
It should induce in me  
Sleepy negligence:  
Awaken me from my Kumbakaran's  
Proverbial sleep  
Reveal to me Thy godly grace!

8. In Thine Testing Pool,  
Make me wash my heart and soul,  
Now that I've fully  
Surrendered and pinned all my  
Hopes on Thee!  
Free from wavering and want,  
Dejection and despair: always  
To keep me company and,  
Never to part for a moment !  
Reveal to me Thy godly grace !

9. Make me not drink the intoxicating drug  
Of attachment and desire.  
Pat me, when I say,  
'I' am Thee!  
Make me weigh,  
In the balance of my mind,  
I hear!  
Reveal to me Thy godly grace!

10. Gradually, open my bud to bloom:  
PARAM ANAND \_\_\_\_\_ Parmanand !

Intimate me with  
The secrets of transcendental mystery !  
Thou, Thyself art the People and.  
The people's mouth-piece,  
Don't yee single me out !  
Reveal to me Thy godly grace !

Swami Parmanand

# Shri Shyam Sundara, The Sweet Flutist

1. Shri Shyam Sundara, the sweet flutist,  
Ethereal, eternal flute-player!  
Know not, Brahma, Vishnu, Maheshwar  
Ethereal, eternal, sweet flutist!  
(Lord Krishna, to Parmanand being three in one)

2. O, Keshav, Keshava,  
Soft, feathered fan, we'll use  
In Obeisance and prayers to Thee  
O, Shiva, I see you everywhere or  
(Shiva, the omnipresent that thou art)  
Reshis found Thee not, anywhere,  
O, Bishambara!  
Ethereal, eternal, sweet flutist!  
C/P LV. Number one, . Number

3. O, thee, the source of seven seas,  
Who hast ferried those that  
Have landed across?  
Fourteen jewels, hath thee,  
Turned out to be,  
O, Shridhara !  
Ethereal, eternal, sweet flutist !

4. Taking Thee for a child among children.  
We play together with Thee, all  
Elegantly draped, groomed and  
Well decorated-O, Rethendar !  
Ethereal, eternal, sweet flutist !

5. O. Thee Shankara in reality amongst  
Angelic fairies,  
Fragrant garlands we have  
Woven for Thee!  
Gandharvas sing for Thee,  
O, beauteous Lord Krishna !  
Ethereal, eternal, sweet flutist !

6. East, West, South and North

Eager eyes gaze with anxious looks:  
Our eyes swollen in the gazing  
Listless, motionless and numb,  
In waiting with focussed minds !  
Ethereal eternal, sweet flutist !

7. Weeping and filling  
Pools with tears,  
We are:  
Hearth thee not these implorings?  
Light's bedimming on pillars:  
Haunting pangs are deepening !  
Ethereal, eternal, sweet flutist !

8. Tumbled down, we have, but  
Stone-hearted have Thee become!  
Havn't we bedecked Thy path  
With our eyeballs clean?  
Grace us with Thy presence before it's  
Too late to save our face !  
Ethereal, eternal, sweet flutist !

9. Cows and calves have stayed back,  
With faith in Thee !  
In faith, they have stayed back,  
It seems !  
Would that we would go  
Home Along with them all !  
Ethereal, eternal, sweet flutist !  
C/P L.V. 23.

10. The biggest ocean of mercy is  
OMA to us !  
Aren't you the gainer, and  
We, the losers?  
Lord god, the grace of thy Darshan  
Would satiate our Craving !  
Ethereal, eternal, sweet flutist !

11. When the errands from Gokal  
Came, saying:  
Searching Him all around,

They found Him not anywhere !  
'Re-searching Him again  
In and outside Gokal'  
They began a new !  
Ethereal, eternal, sweet, flutist !

12. Seeking thee we go  
From jungle to jungle with faith  
In Thee! Grace us with Thy presence  
And, we'll hold thee to our bosoms !  
O, Jasudha Nandana, darling son  
Of Vasudeva !  
Ethereal, eternal, sweet flutist !

13. Parmanand speaks strangely:  
Naked Thy have come, and  
All Naked'ld they depart:  
Parmanand'll use his own  
Measuring rod to check  
Something!  
Ethereal, eternal, sweet flutist!

or

Paramanand talks in riddles:  
Craving they came and,  
Craving departed !  
Using his own measures, will  
He verify something;  
Ethereal, eternal, sweet flutist!

Swami Parmanand

# Society And Spirituality

1. O, yee, immortal soul, elusive's the world  
Entitled you are to become Adi-Deva  
With free ferrying across the ocean of life (Bawa Sara)  
Contemplate on Truth, friend  
Contemplate on Truth!

2. OMKAR's the first and last word,  
The perennial, primeval sound:  
The conscious or unconscious basic sound of meditation,  
Focus attention on contemplation, friend  
Focus attention on contemplation  
Focus attention on contemplation.

3. Before or after, it's the destiny  
That shapes our ends,  
'To move back or go forth' is not  
Within your ken.  
Kith and Kin, father and mother  
Who'll endure and help you?  
Think friend, think.  
Do good, be good, friend  
Do good!

4. Dependent on others in childhood  
You are, O, you unlettered:  
Blind in lust in youth; and  
Worried of listlessness in old age:  
Be good and do good to others  
Do good to others.

5. Useful's audience with the wise  
Thence free you are to ruminate  
Over the precious words of wisdom:  
Sit in meditation and you'll find Him  
Ready to receive and welcome you,  
And, bless you with His August Presence !

6. Attachment is like a breach in the Bund  
Of river Sindh, as

Sense organs, of bodily calm  
Those, who have crossed the  
Ocean of life, are  
Autars or incarnations of the Lord !  
Control the senses, and servants of yours,  
They'll be !  
Celebrate Dussehra, Celebrate Dussehra !

7. Having found the pearly necklace  
of Bhakti,  
Free you are to wear it !  
Who forbids you?  
Who approves it?  
You are all in all,  
You are all in all !

8. Even a grain wouldn't you get  
Though brimful the stores are, and  
Wide open that your watering mouth is !  
Exhausting the fruits of fate,  
Scared you would be  
Of the turn of events that be  
In the queue of grinding mill,  
In the queue of grinding mill !

's employed and who unengaged ?  
Perplexed and puzzled, in vain, you are:  
Control your mind that's  
What the vedas say.  
That is the key to success.  
That's the way to succeed in life!

10. Superb green is self-renunciation.  
'Shiva, Shiva' mutters itself, the cataract:  
Calm, composed and selflessly, should you sit, and  
Blessed you'll be to see the sight:  
Tranquil, quiet Shalimar !  
Tranquil. quiet Shalimar!

11. Subedar of the mighty city; He's  
With powers of freeing you from  
Lust, duty, action or meanings or

Liberation He's the Lord, He's the Lord'  
Have a chat, share discussion with Him;  
Share discussion with Him!

12. They call me Parma Anand  
A social being though I am,  
With the same duties and functions  
As a common man.  
Knowledgeable about the Devas,  
He's the master of the three worlds:  
All powerful! All Powerful!

Swami Parmanand

## The Relevant Quotation

Thou blessed mother of the universe.  
Shed thou Thine haloed light on us.  
And merge our finite into Thine infinite  
For, are we not sparks of Thy light?

Reinforce thy field of action with  
The spirit of duty and devotion,  
The seeds of contentment will then grow  
And bear the fruits of external bliss.  
Harness the oxen of Twin-breath  
To plough the field day and night.  
Lash them on to work hard  
With the Kumbaka whip;  
Arise awake and work, on to see.  
That not a patch remains unploughed.  
Sow thou the seeds of contentment  
To grow the Crops of bliss!

(a) Sudama, the Jiva, friend of the Lord arrived  
Thither went God Sudharshan to receive him  
And Sudama, the Jiva resigned himself to His care!

(b) Rukhmini takes, Radha to her Palatial home  
And Lord Krishna, Sudama, the Jiva to His!

(c) Parmanand will only relate, what is happening;  
Shiva will free the Devi of her ego and pride.  
And the story is long enough wherein  
Sati gallantly, meekly and innocently  
Consumes herself in the fire;

(d) Presently was heard a sound;  
It was the musical flute-call of His (Lord Krishna)  
Though the note came from afar,  
Yet it seemed to come from near by  
Allured by the musical note, the daughters  
Rushed out bewitched and,  
The mothers followed;

(e) None but the Lord (Krishna) is seen there,  
He is seen alone making love with Himself,  
None but he, and he alone  
Is seen all around;

(f) The Gopies of my mental dynamics  
(Flashes of my desires, aptitudes and likings)  
Are absorbed in Thy thoughts and,  
Maddened by the bewitching lure  
Of the sweet call of Thy flute, they  
Overcome the innateness of  
The pulls and counter pulls  
Of the senses and,  
Forgetting their self and non-self, they  
Run to Thee, O Lord,  
Follow Thee and seek Thee and Thee alone;

Swami Parmanand