

## DER KELCH

Das ist dein Kelch — für dich bestimmt von Anfang an.  
Nein, mein Kind, ich weiß, wie viel gemischt ist in den  
dunklen Trank  
Von deinem eigenen Gebräu aus Irrtum und Leidenschaft,  
gesammelt  
In längst verlorenen Jahrtausenden, ich weiß.

Das ist dein Weg — schmerzlich und trüb.  
Die Steine hab ich selbst dir in den Weg gelegt.  
Den Freund setzt ich auf freundlicheren Pfad,  
und ich zieh ihn, wie dich, an meine Brust.  
Doch du, mein Kind, musst diesen Weg begehen.

Das ist dein Werk. Freude und Anmut mangeln ihm,  
doch ist's für dich allein bestimmt,  
und meine Welt kommt ohne dieses Werk nicht aus,  
so nimm es an. Du musst es nicht verstehen.  
Schließ, ich bitte dich, die Augen  
Und erblick mein Angesicht.

## A BLESSING

The Mother's heart, the hero's will,  
The softest flowers' sweetest feel;  
The charm and force that ever sway  
The altar-fire's flaming play;  
The strength that leads, in love obeys;  
Far-reaching dreams, and patient ways,  
Eternal faith in Self, in all,  
The light Divine in great, in small;  
All these and more than I could see,  
Today may "Mother" grand to thee!

*(France, September 1900)*

## PEACE

Behold, it comes in might,  
    The power that is not power,  
The light that is in darkness,  
    The shade in dazzling light.

It is joy that never spoke,  
    And grief unfelt, profound,  
Immortal life unlived,  
    Eternal death unmourned.

It is not joy nor sorrow,  
    But that which is between,  
It is not night nor morrow,  
    But that which joins them in.

It is sweet rest in music,  
    And pause in sacred art;  
The silence between speaking;  
    Between two fits of passion –  
It is the calm of heart.

It is beauty never seen,  
    And love that stands alone,  
It is song that lives un-sung,  
    And knowledge never known.

It is death between two lives,  
    And lull between two storms,  
The void whence rose creation,  
    And that where it returns.

To it the tear-drop goes,  
    To spread the smiling form.  
It is the Goal of Life,  
    And Peace – its only home!

*(New York, September 1899)*

## THE SONG OF THE SANNYASIN

Wake up the note! the song that had its birth  
Far off, where worldly taint could never reach;  
In mountain caves, and glades of forest deep;  
Whose calm no sigh for lust or wealth or fame  
Could ever dare to break; where rolled the stream  
Of knowledge, truth, and bliss that follows both.  
Sing high that note, Sannyâsin bold! Say –  
*“Om Tat Sat, Om!”*

Strike off thy fetters! Bonds that bind thee down,  
Of shining gold, or darker, baser ore;  
Love, hate – good, bad – and all the dual throng.  
Know slave is slave, caressed or whipped, not free;  
For fetters though of gold, are not less strong to bind;  
Then, off with them, Sannyâsin bold! Say –  
*“Om Tat Sat, Om!”*

Let darkness go; the will-o'-the-wisp that leads  
With blinking light to pile more gloom on gloom.  
This thirst for life, for ever quench; it drags  
From birth to death, and death to birth the soul.  
He conquers all who conquers self. Know this

And never yield, Sannyâsin bold! Say –  
*“Om Tat Sat, Om!”*

“Who sows must reap,” they say, “and cause must bring  
The sure effect; good, good; bad, bad; and none  
Escape the law. But whoso wears a form  
Must wear the chain.” Too true; but far beyond  
Both name and form is Âtman, ever free.  
Know thou art That, Sannyâsin bold! Say –  
*“Om Tat Sat, Om!”*

They know not truth, who dream such vacant dreams  
As father, mother, children, wife, and friend.  
The sexless-Self! Whose father He? Whose child?  
Whose friend, whose foe is He who is but One?  
The Self is all in all, none else exists;  
And thou art That, Sannyâsin bold! Say –  
*“Om Tat Sat, Om!”*

There is but One – The Free – The Knower – Self!  
Without a name, without a form or stain.  
In Him is Mâyâ, dreaming all this dream.  
The Witness, He appears as nature, soul.  
Know thou art That, Sannyâsin bold! Say –

*“Om Tat Sat, Om!”*

Where seekest thou? That freedom, friend, this world  
Nor that can give. In books and temples vain  
Thy search. Thine only is the hand that holds  
The rope that drags thee on. Then cease lament,  
Let go thy hold, Sannyâsin bold! Say –

*“Om Tat Sat, Om!”*

Say, “Peace to all: From me no danger be  
To aught that lives. In those that dwell on high,  
In those that lowly creep, I am the Self in all!  
All life both here and there, do I renounce,  
All heavens, and earths and hells, all hopes and fears.”  
Thus cut thy bonds, Sannyâsin bold! Say –

*“Om Tat Sat, Om!”*

Heed then no more how body lives or goes:  
Its task is done. Let Karma float it down;  
Let one put garlands on, another kick,  
This frame; say naught. No praise or blame an be  
Where praiser, praised, and blamer, blamed are – one.

Thus be thou calm, Sannyâsin bold! Say –  
*“Om Tat Sat, Om!”*

Truth never comes where lust and fame and greed  
Of gain reside. No man who thinks of woman  
As his wife can ever perfect be;  
Nor he who owns the least of things, nor he  
Whom anger chains, can ever pass thro’ Mâyâ’s gates.  
So give these up, Sannyâsin bold! Say –

*“Om Tat Sat, Om!”*

Have thou no home. What home can hold thee, friend?  
The sky thy roof, the grass thy bed; and food,  
What chance may bring – well cooked or ill, judge not.  
No food or drink can taint that noble Self  
Which knows Itself. Like rolling river free  
Thou ever be, Sannyâsin bold! Say –

*“Om Tat Sat, Om!”*

*(July 1895)*  
*Swami Vivekananda*