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THEISTIC HYMNS.



125  
HYMN BOOK

OF THE

ARYA SAMAJ.

COMPILED BY

BABOO LAKSHMI NARAYANA, F.A.S.

*Hon. Secretary to the London Arya Samaj.*

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

OR EIGHT ANNAS.

LONDON, 1886.

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BABOO LAKSHMI NARAYANA, F.A.S.

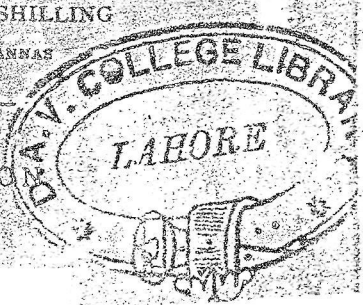
HON. SECRETARY TO THE LONDON ARYA SAMAJ

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OR EIGHT ANNAS

LONDON

1886



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LONDON

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## PREFACE.

**I**T was evident from the very beginning that the movement of the Aryá Samāj could not be successful in London unless the proceedings of the Samāj were carried on, mostly in English. Consequently, first of all, the Principles of the Samāj were translated and circulated in English, and had, by the grace of God, the desired effect.

Secondly, as English ladies and gentlemen joined our meetings, the need of a Hymn Book in English made itself felt. For although effort was made to have the sermons, lectures, and other proceedings of the Samāj, as far as possible, in the English language, to make them both interesting and instructive to the English audience, who it is our wish and prayer should also make themselves acquainted with the Vedic religion of the Aryans; yet, there being no suitable Hymn Book in English, hymns were sung entirely in the Hindi language. To supply this important want, the undersigned has collected some select hymns, addressed to the Common Father of all, and *the only* adorable Being, thus enabling us all to sing His praises with one voice.

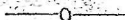
As these hymns have nothing sectarian about them, the compiler hopes they will not only be useful to the Aryá Samājes, but acceptable universally, and serviceable alike to the Theistic Churches in England and Brahmó Samājes in India, and in fact to all men generally whose minds are animated with a fervent love of the Lord.

In conclusion, the compiler begs to say that in the present edition the attempt has only been made to supply an immediate want; but he hopes to improve it greatly in the second edition.

LAKSHMI NARAYANA,

*Hon. Secretary to the London Arya Samaj.*

49, CHESTERTON ROAD,  
NORTH KENSINGTON, W.



N.B.—*The book may be obtained from the following addresses:—*

- |                           |             |
|---------------------------|-------------|
| 1. The Compiler.          |             |
| 2. London Aryá Samaj.     |             |
| 3. Lahore   "   "         | } In India. |
| 4. Bombay  "   "          |             |
| 5. Calcutta  "   "        |             |
| 6. Meeruth  "   "         |             |
| 7. Ajmeer   "   "         |             |
| 8. Vedic Press, Allahabad |             |



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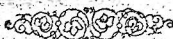
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# GAYATRI MANTRA.

(Rig Veda, Mandalum 3, Sukta 92, Mantra 10.)

—o—

*Om Bhur Bhuvah Sovah Tat Savitur Varainyam  
Bhergo Devassyá Dhimahi Dhiyo yo nah  
Parchodayát.*

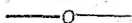
## EXPLANATION.

O Thou, the Light of the Universe ; the Omniscient and Omnipresent ; the All-containing, in whose womb move all the orbs of heaven ; Thou the Almighty, the Self-effulgent from whom the sun and stars derive their light ; Thou whose knowledge is immutable ; whose glory is superlative ; Thou deathless ; Thou whose knowledge is perfect ; Thou the Life of life, and dearer than life ; Thou who givest bliss to those really desirous of it, and saveth Thy genuine devotees from all calamities, and giveth them peace and comfort ; Thou All-Intelligence, who keepeth in order and harmony, obedient to Thy laws all and each, by permeating all things ; Thou whose dependent is all that exists ; Thou the Creator and Giver of all glory ; Thou the Illuminator of all souls, and Giver of every bliss ; Thou who is the only Being worthy to be embraced ; Thou All-Knowledge and All-Holiness, to Thee I humbly approach, in love and in faith, to entertain Thee in my mind, that Thou mayest enlighten my intellect and conscience.





# H Y M N S



## I.

**A**LMIGHTY God, in (our) humble prayer  
To Thee our souls we lift ;  
Do Thou our waiting minds prepare  
For Thy most needful gift.

We ask not golden streams of wealth  
Along our path to flow ;  
We ask not undecaying health,  
Nor length of years below.

We ask not honours, which an hour  
May bring and take away ;  
We ask not pleasure, pomp and power,  
Lest we should go astray.

We ask for wisdom—Lord, impart  
True knowledge how to live ;  
A wise and understanding heart  
To all before Thee give.

The young remember Thee in youth,  
Before the evil days :  
The old be guided by Thy truth  
In wisdom's pleasant ways.

N.B.—The above hymn very much corresponds to  
Gayatri Mantrá.

## II.

ALMIGHTY God, to Thee we pray,  
 Thou great and Holy One ;  
 Keep our frail steps in wisdom's way,  
 And let " Thy will be done."

Oh, put it in our hearts and minds  
 To know Thou 'rt " Lord of all,"  
 Who rides the storm and rules the winds,  
 Yet sees a sparrow fall.

With plenteous hand Thou dost dispense  
 Thy gifts on all around ;  
 For such unfailing Providence  
 Let grateful hearts be found.

Oh, God ! the Source of heavenly love,  
 That precious boon bestow,  
 Which—drawn from living founts above,  
 Will never cease to flow.

## III.

ONE prayer I have—all prayers in one—  
 When I am wholly Thine ;  
 Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,  
 And let that will be mine.

All wise Almighty, and all good !  
 In Thee I firmly trust ;  
 Thy ways, unknown or understood,  
 Are merciful and just.

Is life with many comforts crowned,  
 Upheld in peace and health,  
 With dear affection twined around ?—  
 Lord, in my time of wealth,

---

May I remember that to Thee  
Whate'er I have I owe ;  
And back in gratitude for me  
May all Thy bounties flow.

Thy gifts are only then enjoyed  
When used as talents lent :  
Those talents only well employed  
When in Thy service spent.

#### IV.

*An exquisite Sonnet on "Prayer."*

LORD, what a change within us one short hour  
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make !  
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take !  
What parched grounds refresh as with a shower !  
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower ;  
We rise, and all—the distant and the near—  
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear ;  
We kneel, how weak ! we rise, how full of power !  
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,  
Or others—that we are not always strong :  
That we are ever overborne with care,  
That we should ever weak or heartless be,  
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,  
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee !

#### V.

MY God, my Father, blissful Name !  
O may I call Thee mine ?  
May I with sweet assurance claim  
A portion so divine ?

This only can my fears control  
And bid my sorrows fly ;  
What harm can ever reach my soul  
Beneath my Father's eye ?

---

Whatever Thy Providence denies  
I calmly would resign ;  
For Thou art just and good and wise,  
O bend my will to Thine.

Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,  
O give me strength to bear ;  
And let me know my Father reigns,  
And trust His tender care.

Thy Sovereign ways are all unknown  
To my weak, erring sight :  
Yet, let my soul, adoring, own  
That all Thy ways [Thy Vedas] are right

## VI

*"Thou art love, and love alone."*

LORD and Father, great and holy,  
Fearing naught we come to Thee ;  
Fearing naught, though weak and lowly,  
For Thy love has made us free.  
By the blue sky bending o'er us,  
By the green earth's flowery zone,  
Teach us, Lord, the angel chorus—  
"Thou art love, and love alone."

Though the words in flame should perish,  
Suns and stars in ruin fall,  
Trust in Thee our hearts should cherish—  
Thou to us be all in all ;  
And though heavens Thy name are praising  
Seraph hymns, no sweeter tone  
Than the strain our hearts are raising—  
"Thou art love, and love alone."

## VII.

SUPREME and Universal Light,  
 Fountain of reason, Judge of right!  
 Parent of good, whose blessings flow  
 On all above, and all below :

Without His kind directing ray  
 In everlasting night we stray,  
 From passion still to passion tossed,  
 And in a maze of error lost :

Assist me, Lord, to act, to be  
 What nature and Thy laws decree ;  
 Worthy that intellectual flame  
 Which from Thy breathing Spirit came.

May my expounded soul disclaim  
 The narrow view, the selfish aim ;  
 But with a human view embrace  
 Whatever friendly to my race.

O Father, grace and virtue grant ;  
 No more we wish, no more we want ;  
 To know, to serve Thee, and to love,  
 Is peace below, is bliss above.

## VIII.

TELL me not in mournful numbers  
 Life is but an empty dream,  
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! life is earnest !  
 And the grave is not its goal ;  
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,  
 Is our destined end or way ;  
 But to act that each To-morrow  
 Find us farther than To-day.  
 Art is long, and time is fleeting,  
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
 Funeral marches to the grave.  
 In the world's broad field of battle,  
 In the bivouac of life,  
 Be not like dumb driven cattle—  
 Be a hero in the strife !  
 Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant,  
 Let the dead Past bury its dead !  
 Act—act in the living Present,  
 Heart within, and God o'erhead  
 Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime ;  
 And, departing, leave behind us  
 Footsteps on the sands of time.  
 Footsteps that perhaps another,  
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
 Seeing, shall take heart again.  
 Let us then be up and doing,  
 With a heart for any fate,  
 Still achieving, still pursuing,  
 Learn to labour and to wait.

## IX.

**O** LORD ! Thy heavenly grace impart,  
 And fix my frail, inconstant heart ;  
 Henceforth my chief desire shall be  
 To dedicate myself to Thee :  
 To Thee, my God ! to Thee.



Whate'er pursuits my time employ,  
 One thought shall fill my soul with joy ;  
 That silent, secret thought shall be,  
 That all my hopes are fixed on Thee :  
     On Thee, my God ! on Thee.

Thy glorious Eye pervadeth space ;  
 Thou 'rt present, Lord, in every place ;  
 And wheresoe'er my lot may be,  
 Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee :  
     To Thee, my God ! to Thee.

Renouncing every worldly thing,  
 Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,  
 My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,  
 That all I want I find in Thee :  
     In Thee, my God ! in Thee.

## X.

**M**Y God, my Father, while I stray  
 Far from my home on life's rough way,  
 O teach me from my heart to say,  
     Thy will be done !

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
 Let me be still, and murmur not,  
 Or breathe the prayer, divinely taught—  
     Thy will be done !

What though in lonely grief I sigh  
 For friends beloved, no longer nigh,  
 Submissive still would I reply—  
     Thy will be done !

If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
 What most I prize — it ne'er was mine—  
 I only yield Thee what is Thine ;  
     Thy will be done !

Should grief or sickness waste away  
 My life in premature decay,  
 In life or death, teach me to say—  
     Thy will be done!

Renew my will from day to day,  
 Blend it with Thine, and take away  
 Whate'er now makes it hard to say—  
     Thy will be done!

Let but my inmost heart be blest  
 With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
 My God, I leave to Thee the rest—  
     Thy will be done!

## XI.

LORD, while for all mankind we pray,  
 Of every clime and coast,  
 O hear us for our native land,  
 The land we love the most.

Our fathers' sepulchres are there,  
 And there our kindred dwell,  
 Our children, too;—how should we love  
 Another (a foreign) land so well?

O guard our shores from every foe,  
 With peace our borders bless;  
 With prosperous times our cities crown,  
 Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love  
 Of knowledge, truth, and Thee,  
 And let our hills and valleys shout  
 The songs of liberty.

Lord of the nations, thus to Thee  
 Our country we commend;  
 Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,  
 Her everlasting Friend.

## XII.

*An Ode to the Aryas.*

WE are the sons of brave Aryas of yore,  
 Those sages in learning, those heroes in war;  
 They were the lights of great nations before,  
 And shone in that darkness like morning's bright star,  
 A beacon of warning, a herald from far.

Have we forgotten our Rāma and Arjun,  
 Yudlushtar, or Bhisham, or Drona the wise?  
 Are not we the sons of the mighty Duryodhan?  
 Where did Shankar and great Dayanand arise?  
 In India, in India, the echo replies.

Ours the glory of giving the world  
 Its science, religion, its poetry and art;  
 We were the first of the men who unfurled  
 The banner of freedom on earth's every part,  
 Brought tidings of peace and of love to each heart.

## XIII.

O GOD, our Help in ages past,  
 Our Hope for years to come,  
 Our Shelter from the stormy blast,  
 And our Eternal Home!  
 A thousand ages in Thy sight  
 Are like an evening gone,  
 Short as the watch that ends the night  
 Before the rising sun.

Beneath the shadow of Thy throne  
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
 Sufficient is Thine arm above,  
 And our defence is sure.  
 Before the hills in order stood,  
 Or earth received her frame,  
 From eternity Thou wast God  
 To the endless days.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away ;  
 They fly, forgotten as a dream  
 Before the opening day.  
 O God, our Help in ages past,  
 Our Hope for years to come,  
 Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,  
 And our Eternal Home.

## XIV.

*"My God knows all."*

MY God knows all the joy and grief  
 Doth here His child befall ;  
 This one sweet thought brings sure relief—  
 My God knows all !

When billows heave and tempests rise,  
 And deep to deep doth call ;  
 When heaviest night o'erspreads my skies—  
 My God knows all !

When friends are weak and foes are strong,  
 Why then should fears appal ?  
 Still may I raise my holy song—  
 My God knows all !

When pain and sickness e'en invade  
 This frame, which soon must fall,  
 On this my trembling heart is stayed—  
 My God knows

## V.

O WHEREFORE, Lord, doth Thy dear praise  
 But tremble on my tongue ?  
 Why lack my lips sweet skill to raise  
 A full, triumphant song ?

How can this heart divinely glow,  
 So ready to transgress?  
 Thy broken law doth dull me so,  
 My sins Thy praise oppress.

O make me, Lord, Thy Vedas [*statutes*] learn,  
 Keep in Thy ways my feet;  
 Then shall my lips divinely burn,  
 Then shall my songs be sweet.

Each sin I cast away shall make  
 My soul more strong to soar;  
 Each work I do for Thee shall wake  
 A strain divine the more.

My voice shall more delight Thine ear,  
 The more I wait on Thee:  
 Thy service bring my song more near  
 The angelic harmony.

Oh, when shall perfect holiness  
 Make this poor voice divine,  
 And all harmonious heaven confess  
 No sweeter song than mine?

## XVI.

### *Ode to Peace.*

COME, peace of mind, delightful guest,  
 Return and make thy downy nest  
 Once more in this sad heart;  
 Nor riches I, nor power pursue,  
 Nor hold forbidden joys in view,  
 We, therefore, need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell if not with me,  
 From avarice and ambition free,  
 And pleasure's fatal wiles?  
 For whom alas dost thou prepare  
 The sweets that I was wont to share—  
 The banquet of thy smiles?

The great, the gay, shall they partake  
The heaven that thou alone canst make ?

And wilt thou quit the stream  
That murmurs through the dewy mead,  
The grove and the sequester'd shed,  
To be a guest with them ?

For thee I panted, thee I prized,  
For thee I gladly sacrificed  
Whate'er I loved before ;  
And shall I see thee start away,  
And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—  
Farewell ! we meet no more ?

## XVII.

SONGS of immortal praise belong  
To my Almighty God ;  
He has my heart and He my tongue  
To spread His name abroad.

How great the work His hand hath wrought,  
How glorious in our sight !  
And men in every age have sought  
His wonders with delight.

How most exact is nature's frame,  
How wise the Eternal Mind !  
His counsels never change the scheme  
Which His first thoughts designed.

Nature, and time, and earth, and skies,  
Thy heavenly skill proclaim ;  
What shall we do to make us wise  
But learn to read Thy name.

To fear Thy power, to trust Thy grace,  
Is our divinest skill ;  
And he is the wisest of our race  
Who best obeys Thy will.

## XVIII.

*Immortality.*

DEATH blights not, chills not, but awakes  
 The heart's immortal, pure desires ;  
 O'er the dark vale a glory breaks  
 From heaven, to which the soul aspires.  
 I've seen the wife and mother dying,  
 All her fair earthly visions flying ;  
 Yet as her life was ebbing fast,  
 These accents were her last,—  
 "My Father, 'tis a glorious morn—all, all is bright  
 within !"

Let Hope and Joy kindle their fairest rays  
 In all that is lonely here,  
 Faint earnest of a brighter blaze  
 In the celestial sphere.  
 Let pain and sorrow shade the dazzled sight,  
 Unused to such excess of light :  
 Death draws the veil aside  
 Which endless glories hide,  
 And opens to the faithful soul its high, eternal home.

## XIX.

GRACIOUS Power, the world pervading,  
 Blessing all and none upbraiding,  
 We are met to worship Thee !

Not in formal adorations,  
 Nor with servile deprecations,  
 But in spirit true and free.

By Thy wisdom mind is lighted,  
 By Thy love the heart excited,  
 Light and love all flow from Thee ;

And the soul of thought and feeling,  
 In the voice Thy praises pealing,  
 Must Thy noblest homage be.

Not alone in our devotion,  
 In all being life and motion  
 We the present Godhead see :

Gracious Power, the world pervading,  
 Blessing all and none upbraiding,  
 We are met to worship Thee.

## XX.

*Human Frailty.*

WEAK and irresolute is man ;  
 The purpose of to-day  
 Woven with pains into his plan,  
 To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring—  
 Vice seems already slain ;  
 But passion rudely snaps the string,  
 And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent  
 Finds out his weaker part ;  
 Virtue engages his assent,  
 But pleasure wins his heart.

It is here the folly of the wise,  
 Through all his art we view,  
 And while his tongue the charge denies,  
 His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length  
 And dangers little known,  
 A stranger to superior strength,  
 Man vainly trusts his own.



But oars alone can ne'er prevail  
 To reach the distant coast ;  
 The breath of heaven must swell the sail,  
 Or all the toil is lost.

## XXI.

*The Patriot's Song.*

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead  
 Who never to himself hath said—  
 This is my own, my native land !  
 Whose heart ne'er within him burned  
 As home his footsteps he hath turned  
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?  
 If such there breathe, go—mark him well ;  
 For him no minstrel-raptures swell ;  
 High though his titles, proud his name,  
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;  
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
 The wretch, concentred all in self,  
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
 And, doubly dying, shall go down  
 To the wild dust, from whence he sprung,  
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

## XXII.

*Confidence in God.*

HOW are Thy servants blest, O Lord !  
 How sure is their defence !  
 Eternal Wisdom is their guide,  
 Their help Omnipotence.  
 In foreign realms and lands remote,  
 Supported by Thy care,  
 Through burning climes I passed unhurt,  
 And breathed in tainted air.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,  
 Thy goodness I'll adore;  
 And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,  
 And humbly hope for more.

My life—if Thou preserv'st my life—  
 Thy sacrifice shall be;  
 And death—since death must be my doom—  
 Shall join my soul to Thee.

## XXIII.

*Casabianca.*

THE boy stood on the burning deck,  
 Whence all but him had fled;  
 The flames that lit the battle's wreck  
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood  
 As born to rule the storm—  
 A creature of heroic blood,  
 A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go  
 Without his father's word;  
 That father, faint in death below,  
 His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud—"Say, father, say  
 If yet my task is done!"  
 He knew not that the chieftain lay  
 Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,  
 "If I may yet be gone?"  
 But now the booming shots replied,  
 And past the flames rolled on!

Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
 And in his waving hair,  
 And looked from that lone post of death  
 In still but brave despair ;

And shouted but once more aloud,  
 " My father, must I stay ? "  
 While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,  
 The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendour wild,  
 They caught the flag on high,  
 And streamed above the gallant child  
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound ;—  
 The boy !—oh, where was he ?  
 Ask of the winds that far around  
 With fragments strewed the sea !—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
 That well had borne their part ;  
*But the noblest thing that perished there*  
 Was that young faithful heart.

#### XXIV.

##### *The Land of my Birth.*

HERE'S a magical tie to the land of our home,  
 Which the heart cannot break, though the  
 footsteps may roam,  
 Be that land where it may—at the line or the pole,  
 It still holds the magnet that draws on the soul.

'Tis loved by the freeman, 'tis loved by the slave,  
 'Tis dear to the coward, more dear to the brave ;  
 Ask of any the spot they like best on the earth,  
 And they'll answer with pride, "'Tis the Land of  
 my Birth."

My country, thy green hills are dearer to me  
 Than all the famed coasts of a far foreign sea ;  
 What emerald can peer, or what emerald can vie,  
 With the grass of thy fields or thy summer-day sky ?  
 They tell me of regions where flowers are found  
 Whose perfume and tints spread a paradise round ;  
 But brighter to me cannot garland the earth  
 Than those that spring forth in the Land of my  
 Birth !

My country, I love thee !—though freely I'd rove  
 Through the western Savannah, or sweet orange-  
 grove,

Yet warmly my bosom would welcome the gale  
 That bore me away with a homeward-bound sail.

My country, I love thee !—and oh, may'st thou have  
 The last throb of my heart, ere 'tis cold in the grave ;  
 May'st thou yield that grave in my own daisied  
 earth,

And my ashes repose in the Land of my Birth !

## XXV.

### *The Lord of all.*

SING forth His high, eternal Name,  
 Who holds all powers in thrall,  
 Through endless ages still the same—  
 The mighty Lord of all.

His goodness, strong and measureless,  
 Upholds us lest we fall ;  
 His hand is still outstretched to bless—  
 The loving Lord of all.

His perfect law sets, metes, and bounds,  
 Our strong defence and wall ;  
 His Providence our life surrounds—  
 The saving Lord of all.

When turning from forbidden ways,  
 Low at His feet we fall ;  
 His strong and tender arms upraise—  
 The merciful Lord of all.

Unwearied He is working still,  
 Unspent His blessings fall ;  
 Almighty, Loving, Righteous One—  
 The only Lord of all.

## XXVI.

*Ode to India.*

INDIA, thou best of the climates of the world,  
 Where victory attended thy banners unfurled.  
 Oh, country of sages ! oh, land of the brave !  
 Thou cradle of poets and the hero's proud grave,  
 The blest of all countries on surface of earth,  
 Where Science, and Art, and Knowledge had birth,  
 Kind heaven and nature protect thee: my land,  
 Thy warriors from nations proud honour command.  
 Thy pages of history are full of brave deeds,  
 How Rajputs had fought on their fiery steeds,  
 How Khalsas and Sikhs did work wonders in war,  
 Exacted their tribute from nations of far.  
 How Mahrattas had conquered the proudest Chagtai,  
 And raised thee, my country, once more to the sky ;  
 But gone are those men whose brave deeds I recount,  
 And stopped is thy glory and honour's sweet fount ;  
 And thou art a land now of cowards and slaves,  
 Thy wise men are fools, and thy heroes turned knaves.  
 Thy men were once upright, brave, generous and  
 kind  
 Their equals on earth we shall scarcely find.  
 Unconquered in war, in great battle and strife,  
 They fought to the sword, and they fought to the  
 knife ;

But never from field of proud battle they fled,  
But mixed their own blood with the dying and dead.  
No ditch and no rampart was needed for thee,  
For thou wast the land of the brave and the free :  
The best and the surest protection was then  
The arms of thy youth, and the brains of thy men !  
That freedom, that courage, that truth is no more,  
Which crowned once with glory our sires of yore.  
Proud freedom has fled from thy mountains and plains,  
And shield of thy honour is darkened with stains.  
Thy temples, once sacred to nymphs and to gods,  
Have fallen, alas ! by the conqueror's swords.  
The robber of Gazni, the lame of Tatar,  
Have deluged thee, my country, with bloodshed and  
war ;

And hushed is the voice of sweet birds on the tree  
That poured forth their hearts when thy children  
were free.

By chance if they raise now once more their old tone,  
It is a dirge for the glory that long since had flown ;  
But why should I grieve, and wherefore should I  
mourn

For the things that are not, and the men that are  
gone ?

But still there is hope, oh, my country, for thee,  
And in the dark future already I see ;  
For the innocence of youth gives me visions of far,  
And I see in the future thy fortune's bright star.  
I see a great nation, from an isle of the west,  
Is bringing thee freedom and comfort and rest ;  
I see their brave ships even now piercing the main,  
And soon shall they reach thy devastated plain.  
So grieve not, thy wound and thy pain shall be healed,  
And peace and rejoicing shall reign in thy field ;  
And once more thy Science and Vedas of yore  
Shall, resuscitated, resound on thy shore.

# ARTI.

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## CONCLUDING SONG OF PRAYER.

(In Hindi Vernacular.)

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Jai deva jai deva,  
Jai tribhawan kartā (Hai Prabhu)  
Jai tribhawan kartā,  
Sab ke ashre datā,  
Sab ke ashre datā;  
Bhay sankat harta  
Jai deva jai deva.

Jar chetan sab jetay  
Mahima tav gāwen, (Hai Pita)  
Mahima tav gāwen,  
Rāja parjā sab hi,  
Rāja parjā sab hi,  
Tujh ko sir nāwen,  
Jai deva jai deva.

Atul tumhāri karuna,  
Varni nahin jai (Hai Prabhu)  
Varni nahin jai;  
Mangal kīrti tumhāri.  
Mangal kīrti tumhari  
Gagan gagan chhāi  
Jai deva jai deva.



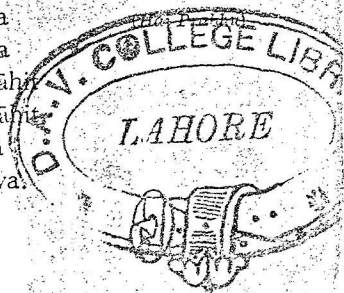


Tum chetan parmeshawar  
 Tum paripuran Swami, (Hai Pita)  
 Tum paripuran Swami  
 Punye pap mam dekho  
 Punye pap mam dekho,  
 Prabhu antaryāmi  
 Jai deva jai deva.

Atul giyan ki chahun dish  
 Tum joti bistāri (Hai Prabhu)  
 Tum joti bistāri  
 Nirakh nirakh hon bismit  
 Nirakh nirakh hon bismit  
 Jag ke nar nāri  
 Jai deva jai deva.

Hai anant tav shakti,  
 Barnan kim kije (Hai Pita)  
 Barnan kim kije  
 Karo garab prabhu churan  
 Karo garab prabhu churan  
 Nij āshre dije  
 Jai deva jai deva.

Bhiksha yahī hamāri  
 Hai mangal deva  
 Hai mangal deva  
 Nish din ho utsāh  
 Nish din ho utsāh  
 Karen teri Sevā  
 Jai deva jai deva.



## EXPLANATION.

O Great, Ever-Victorious Deity! Victory be to Thee who art the Creator of the three\* worlds, Who is the refuge of us all, and constantly wards off all our fears and all our troubles.

All things animate and inanimate proclaim Thy glory. Kings as well as subjects bow before Thee.

Indescribable is Thy infinite mercy; and Thy blissful glory encompasses the heavens.

O Thou Almighty Spirit! O Thou perfect Lord! look at all our virtues and vices. O Lord, Who knoweth everything, even though hidden in our internal selves.

Thou hast spread in all directions that Light of Knowledge, on beholding which the men and women of this world feel quite astonished.

Thy power is unbounded. How can we, then, fully describe it! Crush all our pride, O Lord, and give us a resting place in Thee.

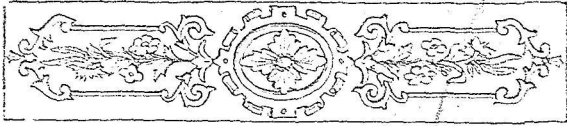
What we beg of Thee, O Blessed Divinity, is that having been encouraged by Thee every day, we may devote ourselves to Thy service.

SEVA RAM, B.A.,

*Member of the London Arya Samaj.*



\* These correspond respectively to our past, present, and future lives.



## PRINCIPLES OF THE ARYA SAMAJ.

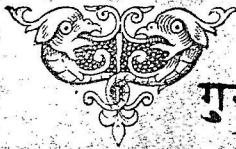
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1. God is the Primary Source of all True Knowledge and of everything known by its means.
2. God is, Truth and Happiness itself, Boundless, Almighty, Just, Merciful, Unbegotten, Infinite, Immutable, Without Beginning, Incomparable, All-supporting, The Lord of All, All-pervading, Omniscient, Imperishable, Immortal, Fearless, Eternal, Holy, and the Cause of the universe. *To Him alone worship is due.*
3. The Vedas are the books of True Knowledge, and it is the duty of all the Aryas to study, teach, and recite them.
4. An Arya should always be ready to accept Truth and reject Falsehood.
5. We should perform every act Righteously, that is, with a careful regard to Right and Wrong.
6. To benefit the world Spiritually, Materially, and Socially, is the chief object of the Arya Samaj.
7. We ought to Act Lovingly and Righteously towards all, having due regard to their merits.
8. We ought to eradicate Ignorance and propagate Knowledge.

9. No one should rest contented with his personal well-being, but everyone should consider his own advantage in the welfare of others.
10. In all that concerns the interests of the Public-weal, persons should frankly subject themselves to the good of others; but all should retain independence in what concerns their personal interests.

N.B.—I hope the above English translation of the Principles of the Samāj will be found a little improved upon what I printed before.

L. NARAYANA.



गुरु धिरजानन्द  
सन्दर्भ पुस्त  
पु पुण्ड्रिहण कमांक ... 3  
दयानन्द महिन्ना मराठि