

Chant the Name of the Lord

Chant the name of the Lord and His Glory unceasingly,
That the mirror of the heart may be wiped clean,
And quench that mighty forest fire,
Worldly lust, raging furiously within.

Oh Name, stream down in moonlight on the lotus-heart,
Opening its cup to knowledge of Thyself.
Oh self, drown deep in the waves of His bliss,
Chanting His Name continually,
Tasting His nectar at every step,
Bathing in His Name, that bath for weary souls.

Various are Thy Names, Oh Lord,
In each and every Name Thy power resides.
No times are set, no rites are needful, for chanting of Thy Name,
So vast is Thy mercy.
How huge, then is my wretchedness,
Who find, in this empty life and heart,
No devotion to Thy Name!

Oh my mind, Be humbler than a blade of grass,
Be patient and forbearing like the tree,
Take no honour to thyself,
Give honour to all,
Chant unceasingly the Name of the Lord.

Oh Lord and Soul of the Universe,
Mine is no prayer for wealth or retinue,
The playthings of lust or the toys of fame;
As many times as I may be reborn,
Grant me, Oh Lord, a steadfast love for Thee.

Ah, how I long for the day,
When an instant's separation from Thee, Oh Govinda,
Will be as a thousand years,
When my heart burns away with its desire,
And the world, without Thee, is a heartless void.

-Sri Chaitanya (1485-1533)