

The Bhagavad Gita

Full Text of Sir Edwin Arnold's Translation

Bhagavad-Gita Or Song Celestial
Translation: Arnold, Sir Edwin Date: 400 BCE
Source: [Indian History Sourcebook](#)

Chapter I

Arjun-Vishad or "The Book of the Distress of Arjuna"

Dhritirashtra:

Ranged thus for battle on the sacred plain On Kurukshetra - say, Sanjaya! say What wrought my people, and the Pandavas?

Sanjaya:

When he beheld the host of Pandavas Raja Duryodhana to Drona drew, And spake these words: "Ah, Guru! see this line, How vast it is of Pandu fighting-men, Embattled by the son of Drupada, Thy scholar in the war! Therein stand ranked Chiefs like Arjuna, like to Bhima chiefs, Benders of bows; Virata, Yuyudhan, Drupada, eminent upon his car, Dhrishtaket, Chekitan, Kasi's stout lord, Purujit, Kuntibhoj, and Saivya, With Yudhamanyu, and Uttamaúj Subhadra's child; and Drupadi's; - all famed! All mounted on their shining chariots! On our side, too, - thou best of Brahmans! see Excellent chiefs, commanders of my line, Whose names I joy to count: thyself the first, Then Bhishma, Karna, Kripa fierce in fight, Vikarna, Aswatthaman; next to these Strong Saumadatti, with full many more Valiant and tried, ready this day to die For me their king, each with his weapon grasped, Each skilful in the field. Weakest - meseems Our battle shows where Bhishma holds command, And Bhima, fronting him, something too strong! Have care our captains nigh to Bhishma's ranks Prepare what help they may! Now, blow my shell!"

Then, at the signal of the aged king, With blare to wake the blood, rolling around Like to a lion's roar, the trumpeter Blew the great Conch; and, at the noise of it, Trumpets and drums, cymbals and gongs and horns Burst into sudden clamor; as the blasts Of loosened tempest, such the tumult seemed! Then might be seen, upon their car of gold Yoked with white steeds, blowing their battle-shells, Krishna the God, Arjuna at his side: Krishna, with knotted locks, blew his great conch Carved of the "Giant's bone;" Arjuna blew Indra's loud gift; Bhima the terrible Wolf-bellied Bhima - blew a long reed-conch; And Yudhisthira, Kunti's blameless son, Winded a mighty shell, "Victory's Voice;" And Nakula blew shrill upon his conch Named the "Sweet-sounding," Sahadev on his Called "Gem-bedecked," and Kasi's Prince on his. Sikhandi on his car, Dhrishtadyumn, Virata, Satyaki the Unsubdued, Drupada, with his sons, (O Lord of Earth!) Long-armed Subhadra's children, all blew loud, So that the clangor shook their foemen's hearts, With quaking earth and thundering heav'n. Then 'twas

Beholding Dhritirashtra's battle set, Weapons unsheathing, bows drawn forth, the war Instant to break - Arjun, whose ensign-badge Was Hanuman the monkey, spake this thing To Krishna the Divine, his charioteer: "Drive, Dauntless One! to yonder open ground Betwixt the armies; I would see more nigh These who will fight with us, those we must slay To-day, in war's arbitrament; for, sure, On bloodshed all are bent who throng this plain, Obeying Dhritirashtra's sinful son."

Thus, by Arjuna prayed (O Bharata!) Between the hosts that heavenly Charioteer Drove the brightcar, reining its milk-white steeds Where Bhishma led, and Drona, and their Lords. "See!" spake he to Arjuna, "where they stand, Thy kindred of the Kurus:" and the Prince Marked on each hand the kinsmen of his house, Grandsires and sires, uncles and brothers and sons, Cousins and sons-in-law and nephews, mixed With friends and honored elders; some this side, Some that side ranged: and,

seeing those opposed, Such kith grown enemies - Arjuna's heart Melted with pity, while he uttered this:

Arjuna:

Krishna! as I behold, come here to shed Their common blood, yon concourse of our kin, My members fail, my tongue dries in my mouth, A shudder thrills my body, and my hair Bristles with horror; from my weak hand slips Gandiv, the goodly bow; a fever burns My skin to parching; hardly may I stand; The life within me seems to swim and faint; Nothing do I foresee save woe and wail! It is not good, O Keshav! nought of good Can spring from mutual slaughter! Lo, I hate Triumph and domination, wealth and ease, Thus sadly won! Aho! what victory Can bring delight, Govinda! what rich spoils Could profit; what rule recompense; what span Of life itself seem sweet, bought with such blood? Seeing that these stand here, ready to die, For whose sake life was fair, and pleasure pleased, And power grew precious: - grandsires, sires, and sons. Brothers, and fathers-in-law, and sons-in-law, Elders and friends! Shall I deal death on these Even though they seek to slay us? Not one blow, O Madhusudan! will I strike to gain The rule of all Three Worlds; then, how much less To seize an earthly kingdom! Killing these Must breed but anguish, Krishna! If they be Guilty, we shall grow guilty by their deaths; Their sins will light on us, if we shall slay Those sons of Dhritirashtra, and our kin; What peace could come of that, O Madhava? For if indeed, blinded by lust and wrath, These cannot see, or will not see, the sin Of kingly lines o'erthrown and kinsmen slain, How should not we, who see, shun such a crime We who perceive the guilt and feel the shame Oh, thou Delight of Men, Janardana? By overthrow of houses perisheth Their sweet continuous household piety, And - rites neglected, piety extinct Enters impiety upon that home; Its women grow unwomaned, whence there spring Mad passions, and the mingling-up of castes, Sending a Hell-ward road that family, And whoso wrought its doom by wicked wrath. Nay, and the souls of honored ancestors Fall from their place of peace, being bereft Of funeral-cakes and the wan death-water.¹ So teach our holy hymns. Thus, if we slay Kinsfolk and friends for love of earthly power, Ahovat! what an evil fault it were! Better I deem it, if my kinsmen strike, To face them weaponless, and bare my breast To shaft and spear, than answer blow with blow.

[Footnote 1: Some repetitious lines are here omitted.]

So speaking, in the face of those two hosts, Arjuna sank upon his chariot-seat, And let fall bow and arrows, sick at heart.

Here endeth Chapter I. of the Bhagavad-Gita, entitled "Arjun-Vishad," or "The Book of the Distress of Arjuna."

Chapter II

Sankhya-Yog or "The Book of Doctrines"

Sanjaya:

Him, filled with such compassion and such grief, With eyes tear-dimmed,
despondent, in stern words The Driver, Madhusudan, thus addressed:

Krishna:

How hath this weakness taken thee? Whence springs The inglorious trouble,
shameful to the brave, Barring the path of virtue? Nay, Arjun! Forbid thyself to
feebleness! it mars Thy warrior-name! cast off the coward-fit! Wake! Be thyself!
Arise, Scourge of thy foes!

Arjuna:

How can I, in the battle, shoot with shafts On Bhishma, or on Drona-oh, thou Chief!
Both worshipful, both honorable men?

Better to live on beggar's bread With those we love alive, Than taste their blood in
rich feasts spread, And guiltily survive! Ah! were it worse - who knows? - to be Victor
or vanquished here, When those confront us angrily Whose death leaves living
drear? In pity lost, by doubtings tossed, My thoughts - distracted - turn To Thee, the
Guide I reverence most, That I may counsel learn: I know not what would heal the
grief Burned into soul and sense, If I were earth's unchallenged chief A god - and
these gone thence!

Sanjaya:

So spake Arjuna to the Lord of Hearts, And sighing, "I will not fight!" held silence
then. To whom, with tender smile (O Bharata!) While the Prince wept despairing
'twixt those hosts, Krishna made answer in divinest verse:

Krishna:

Thou grieveest where no grief should be! thou speak'st Words lacking wisdom! for the
wise in heart Mourn not for those that live, nor those that die. Nor I, nor thou, nor
any one of these, Ever was not, nor ever will not be, For ever and for ever
afterwards. All, that doth live, lives always! To man's frame As there come infancy
and youth and age, So come there raisings-up and layings-down Of other and of
other life-abodes, Which the wise know, and fear not. This that irks Thy sense-life,
thrilling to the elements Bringing thee heat and cold, sorrows and joys, 'Tis brief and
mutable! Bear with it, Prince! As the wise bear. The soul which is not moved, The
soul that with a strong and constant calm Takes sorrow and takes joy indifferently,
Lives in the life undying! That which is Can never cease to be; that which is not Will
not exist. To see this truth of both Is theirs who part essence from accident,
Substance from shadow. Indestructible, Learn thou! the Life is, spreading life
through all; It cannot anywhere, by any means, Be anywise diminished, stayed, or
changed. But for these fleeting frames which it informs With spirit deathless,
endless, infinite, They perish. Let them perish, Prince! and fight! He who shall say,
"Lo! I have slain a man!" He who shall think, "Lo! I am slain!" those both Know
naught! Life cannot slay. Life is not slain! Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall
cease to be never; Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are dreams!
Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit for ever; Death hath not
touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems!

Who knoweth it exhaustless, self-sustained, Immortal, indestructible, - shall such
Say, "I have killed a man, or caused to kill?"

Nay, but as when one layeth His worn-out robes away, And, taking new ones,
sayeth, "These will I wear to-day!" So putteth by the spirit Lightly its garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit A residence afresh.

I say to thee weapons reach not the Life, Flame burns it not, waters cannot
o'erwhelm, Nor dry winds wither it. Impenetrable, Unentered, unassailed, unharmed,
untouched, Immortal, all-arriving, stable, sure, Invisible, ineffable, by word And

thought uncompassed, ever all itself, Thus is the Soul declared! How wilt thou, then, Knowing it so, - grieve when thou shouldst not grieve? How, if thou hearest that the man new-dead Is, like the man new-born, still living man One same, existent Spirit - wilt thou weep? The end of birth is death; the end of death Is birth: this is ordained! and mournest thou, Chief of the stalwart arm! for what befalls Which could not otherwise befall? The birth Of living things comes unperceived; the death Comes unperceived; between them, beings perceive: What is there sorrowful herein dear Prince? Wonderful, wistful, to contemplate! Difficult, doubtful, to speak upon! Strange and great for tongue to relate, Mystical hearing for every one! Nor wotteth man this, what a marvel it is, When seeing, and saying, and hearing are done! This Life within all living things, my Prince! Hides beyond harm; scorn thou to suffer, then, For that which cannot suffer. Do thy part! Be mindful of thy name, and tremble not! Nought better can betide a martial soul Than lawful war; happy the warrior To whom comes joy of battle - comes, as now, Glorious and fair, unsought; opening for him A gateway unto Heav'n. But, if thou shunn'st This honorable field - a Kshatriya If, knowing thy duty and thy task, thou bidd'st Duty and task go by - that shall be sin! And those to come shall speak thee infamy From age to age; but infamy is worse For men of noble blood to bear than death! The chiefs upon their battle-chariots Will deem 'twas fear that drove thee from the fray. Of those who held thee mighty-souled the scorn Thou must abide, while all thine enemies Will scatter bitter speech of thee, to mock The valor which thou hadst; what fate could fall More grievously than this? Either - being killed Thou wilt win Swarga's safety, or - alive And victor - thou wilt reign an earthly king. Therefore, arise, thou Son of Kunti! brace Thine arm for conflict, nerve thy heart to meet As things alike to thee - pleasure or pain, Profit or ruin, victory or defeat: So minded, gird thee to the fight, for so Thou shalt not sin!

Thus far I speak to thee As from the "Sankhya" - unspiritually Hear now the deeper teaching of the Yog, Which holding, understanding, thou shalt burst Thy Karmabandh, the bondage of wrought deeds. Here shall no end be hindered, no hope marred No loss be feared: faith - yea, a little faith Shall save thee from the anguish of thy dread. Here, Glory of the Kurus! shines one rule One steadfast rule - while shifting souls have laws Many and hard. Specious, but wrongful deem The speech of those ill-taught ones who extol The letter of their Vedas, saying, "This Is all we have, or need;" being weak at heart With wants, seekers of Heaven: which comes - they say As "fruit of good deeds done;" promising men Much profit in new births for works of faith; In various rites abounding; following whereon Large merit shall accrue towards wealth and power; Albeit, who wealth and power do most desire Least fixity of soul have such, least hold On heavenly meditation. Much these teach, From Veds, concerning the "three qualities;" But thou, be free of the "three qualities," Free of the "pairs of opposites."¹ and free From that sad righteousness which calculates; Self-ruled, Arjuna! simple, satisfied!² Look! like as when a tank pours water forth To suit all needs, so do these Brahmans draw Texts for all wants from tank of Holy Writ. But thou, want not! ask not! Find full reward Of doing right in right! Let right deeds be Thy motive, not the fruit which comes from them. And live in action! Labor! Make thine acts Thy piety, casting all self aside, Contemning gain and merit; equable In good or evil: equability Is Yog, is piety!

[Footnote 1: Technical phrases of Vedic religion.]

[Footnote 2: The whole of this passage is highly involved and difficult to render.]

Yet, the right act Is less, far less, than the right-thinking mind. Seek refuge in thy soul; have there thy heaven! Scorn them that follow virtue for her gifts! The mind of pure devotion - even here Casts equally aside good deeds and bad, Passing above them. Unto pure devotion Devote thyself: with perfect meditation Comes perfect act, and the right-hearted rise More certainly because they seek no gain Forth from the

bands of body, step by step, To highest seats of bliss. When thy firm soul Hath shaken off those tangled oracles Which ignorantly guide, then shall it soar To high neglect of what's denied or said, This way or that way, in doctrinal writ. Troubled no longer by the priestly lore Safe shall it live, and sure; steadfastly bent On meditation. This is Yog - and Peace!

Arjuna:

What is his mark who hath that steadfast heart, Confirmed in holy meditation? How Know we his speech, Kesava? Sits he, moves he Like other men?

Krishna:

When one, O Pritha's Son! Abandoning desires which shake the mind Finds in his soul full comfort for his soul, He hath attained the Yog - that man is such! In sorrows not rejected, and in joys Not overjoyed; dwelling outside the stress Of passion, fear, and anger; fixed in calms Of lofty contemplation: such an one Is Muni, is the Sage, the true Recluse! He, who to none and nowhere overbound By ties of flesh, takes evil things and good Neither desponding nor exulting, such Bears wisdom's plainest mark! He who shall draw, As the wise tortoise draws its four feet safe Under its shield, his five frail senses back Under the spirit's buckler from the world Which else assails them, such an one, my Prince! Hath wisdom's mark! Things that solicit sense Hold off from the self-governed; nay, it comes, The appetites of him who lives beyond Depart, - aroused no more. Yet may it chance O Son of Kunti! that a governed mind Shall some time feel the sense-storms sweep, and wrest Strong self-control by the roots. Let him regain His kingdom! let him conquer this, and sit On Me intent. That man alone is wise Who keeps the mastery of himself! If one Ponders on objects of the sense, there springs Attraction, from attraction grows desire, Desire flames to fierce passion, passion breeds Recklessness; then the memory - all betrayed Lets noble purpose go, and saps the mind, Till purpose, mind, and man are all undone. But, if one deals with objects of the sense Not loving and not hating, making them Serve his free soul, which rests serenely lord, Lo, such a man comes to tranquillity; And out of that tranquillity shall rise The end and healing of his earthly pains, Since the will governed sets the soul at peace. The soul of the ungoverned is not his, Nor hath he knowledge of himself; which lacked, How grows serenity? and, wanting that, Whence shall he hope for happiness? The mind That gives itself to follow shows of sense Seeth its helm of wisdom rent away, And, like a ship in waves of whirlwind, drives To wreck and death. Only with him, great Prince! Whose senses are not swayed by things of sense Only with him who holds his mastery, Shows wisdom perfect. What is midnight-gloom To unenlightened souls shines wakeful day To his clear gaze; what seems as wakeful day Is known for night, thick night of ignorance, To his true-seeing eyes. Such is the Saint! And like the ocean, day by day receiving Floods from all lands, which never overflows; Its boundary-line not leaping, and not leaving, Fed by the rivers, but unswelled by those; So is the perfect one! to his soul's ocean The world of sense pours streams of witchery; They leave him as they find, without commotion, Taking their tribute, but remaining sea. Yea! whoso, shaking off the yoke of flesh, Lives lord, not servant, of his lusts; set free From pride, from passion, from the sin of "Self," Toucheth tranquillity! O Pritha's son! That is the state of Brahm! There rests no dread When that last step is reached! Live where he will, Die when he may, such passeth from all 'plaining, To blest Nirvana, with the Gods, attaining. Here endeth Chapter II. of the Bhagavad-Gita, entitled "Sankhya-Yog," or "The Book of Doctrines"

Chapter III

Karma-Yog or "The Book of Virtue in Work"

Arjuna:

Thou whom all mortals praise, Janardana! If meditation be a nobler thing Than action, wherefore, then, great Kesava! Dost thou impel me to this dreadful fight? Now am I by thy doubtful speech disturbed! Tell me one thing, and tell me certainly; By what road shall I find the better end?

Krishna:

I told thee, blameless Lord! there be two paths Shown to this world; two schools of wisdom. First The Sankhya's, which doth save in way of works Prescribed¹ by reason; next, the Yog, which bids Attain by meditation, spiritually: Yet these are one! No man shall 'scape from act By shunning action; nay, and none shall come By mere renouncements unto perfectness. Nay, and no jot of time, at any time, Rests any actionless; his natures' law Compels him, even unwilling, into act; [For thought is act in fancy]. He who sits Suppressing all the instruments of flesh, Yet in his idle heart thinking on them, Plays the inept and guilty hypocrite: But he who, with strong body serving mind, Gives up his mortal powers to worthy work, Not seeking gain, Arjuna! such an one Is honorable. Do thine allotted task! Work is more excellent than idleness;

[Footnote 1: I feel convinced sankhyanan and yoginan must be transposed here in sense.]

The body's life proceeds not, lacking work. There is a task of holiness to do, Unlike world-binding toil, which bindeth not The faithful soul; such earthly duty do Free from desire, and thou shalt well perform Thy heavenly purpose. Spake Prajapati In the beginning, when all men were made, And, with mankind, the sacrifice - "Do this! Work! sacrifice! Increase and multiply With sacrifice! This shall be Kamaduk, Your 'Cow of Plenty,' giving back her milk Of all abundance. Worship the gods thereby; The gods shall yield ye grace. Those meats ye crave The gods will grant to Labor, when it pays Tithes in the altar-flame. But if one eats Fruits of the earth, rendering to kindly Heaven No gift of toil, that thief steals from his world."

Who eat of food after their sacrifice Are quit of fault, but they that spread a feast All for themselves, eat sin and drink of sin. By food the living live; food comes of rain, And rain comes by the pious sacrifice, And sacrifice is paid with tithes of toil; Thus action is of Brahma, who is One, The Only, All-pervading; at all times Present in sacrifice. He that abstains To help the rolling wheels of this great world, Glutting his idle sense, lives a lost life, Shameful and vain. Existing for himself, Self-concentrated, serving self alone, No part hath he in aught; nothing achieved, Nought wrought or unwrought toucheth him; no hope Of help for all the living things of earth Depends from him.² Therefore, thy task prescribed With spirit unattached gladly perform, Since in performance of plain duty man Mounts to his highest bliss. By works alone Janak, and ancient saints reached blessedness! Moreover, for the upholding of thy kind, Action thou should'st embrace. What the wise choose The unwise people take; what best men do The multitude will follow. Look on me, Thou Son of Pritha! in the three wide worlds I am not bound to any toil, no height Awaits to scale, no gift remains to gain, Yet I act here! and, if I acted not Earnest and watchful - those that look to me For guidance, sinking back to sloth again Because I slumbered, would decline from good, And I should break earth's order and commit Her offspring unto ruin, Bharata! Even as the unknowing toil, wedded to sense, So let the enlightened toil, sense-freed, but set To bring the world deliverance, and its bliss; Not sowing in those simple, busy hearts Seed of despair. Yea! let each play his part In all he finds to do, with unyoked soul. All things are everywhere by Nature wrought In interaction of the qualities. The fool, cheated by self, thinks, "This I did" And "That I wrought;" but - ah, thou strong-armed Prince! A better-lessoned mind, knowing the play Of visible things within the world of sense, And how the qualities

must qualify, Standeth aloof even from his acts. Th' untaught Live mixed with them, knowing not Nature's way, Of highest aims unwitting, slow and dull. Those make thou not to stumble, having the light; But all thy dues discharging, for My sake, With meditation centred inwardly, Seeking no profit, satisfied, serene, Heedless of issue - fight! They who shall keep My ordinance thus, the wise and willing hearts, Have quittance from all issue of their acts; But those who disregard my ordinance, Thinking they know, know nought, and fall to loss, Confused and foolish. 'Sooth, the instructed one Doth of his kind, following what fits him most; And lower creatures of their kind; in vain Contending 'gainst the law. Needs must it be The objects of the sense will stir the sense To like and dislike, yet th' enlightened man Yields not to these, knowing them enemies. Finally, this is better, that one do His own task as he may, even though he fail, Than take tasks not his own, though they seem good To die performing duty is no ill; But who seeks other roads shall wander still.

[Footnote 2: I am doubtful of accuracy here.]

Arjuna:

Yet tell me, Teacher! by what force doth man Go to his ill, unwilling; as if one Pushed him that evil path?

Krishna:

Kama it is! Passion it is! born of the Darknesses, Which pusheth him. Mighty of appetite, Sinful, and strong is this! - man's enemy! As smoke blots the white fire, as clinging rust Mars the bright mirror, as the womb surrounds The babe unborn, so is the world of things Foiled, soiled, enclosed in this desire of flesh. The wise fall, caught in it; the unresting foe It is of wisdom, wearing countless forms, Fair but deceitful, subtle as a flame. Sense, mind, and reason - these, O Kunti's son! Are booty for it; in its play with these It maddens man, beguiling, blinding him. Therefore, thou noblest child of Bharata! Govern thy heart! Constrain th' entangled sense! Resist the false, soft sinfulness which saps Knowledge and judgment! Yea, the world is strong, But what discerns it stronger, and the mind Strongest; and high o'er all the ruling Soul. Wherefore, perceiving Him who reigns supreme, Put forth full force of Soul in thy own soul! Fight! vanquish foes and doubts, dear Hero! slay What haunts thee in fond shapes, and would betray!

Here endeth Chapter III. of the Bhagavad-Gita entitled "Karma-Yog," or "The Book of Virtue in Work"

Chapter VI

Atmasanyamayog or "The Book of Religion by Self-Restraint"

Krishna:

Therefore, who doeth work rightful to do, Not seeking gain from work, that man, O Prince! Is Sanyasi and Yogi - both in one! And he is neither who lights not the flame Of sacrifice, nor setteth hand to task.

Regard as true Renouncer him that makes Worship by work, for who renounceth not Works not as Yogin. So is that well said "By works the votary doth rise to saint, And saintship is the ceasing from all works;" Because the perfect Yogin acts - but acts Unmoved by passions and unbound by deeds, Setting result aside.

Let each man raise The Self by Soul, not trample down his Self, Since Soul that is Self's friend may grow Self's foe. Soul is Self's friend when Self doth rule o'er Self But self turns enemy if Soul's own self Hates Self as not itself.¹

[Footnote 1: The Sanskrit has this play on the double meaning of Atman.]

The sovereign soul Of him who lives self-governed and at peace Is centered in itself, taking alike Pleasure and pain; heat, cold; glory and shame. He is the Yogi, he is Yukta, glad With joy of light and truth; dwelling apart Upon a peak, with senses subjugate Whereto the clod, the rock, the glistening gold Show all as one. By this sign is he known Being of equal grace to comrades, friends, Chance-comers, strangers, lovers, enemies, Aliens and kinsmen; loving all alike, Evil or good. Sequestered should he sit, Steadfastly meditating, solitary, His thoughts controlled, his passions laid away, Quit of belongings. In a fair, still spot Having his fixed abode, - not too much raised, Nor yet too low, - let him abide, his goods A cloth, a deerskin, and the Kusa-grass. There, setting hard his mind upon The One, Restraining heart and senses, silent, calm, Let him accomplish Yoga, and achieve Pureness of soul, holding immovable Body and neck and head, his gaze absorbed Upon his nose-end,² rapt from all around, Tranquil in spirit, free of fear, intent Upon his Brahmacharya vow, devout, Musing on Me, lost in the thought of Me. That Yojin, so devoted, so controlled, Comes to the peace beyond, - My peace, the peace Of high Nirvana!

[Footnote 2: So in original.]

But for earthly needs Religion is not his who too much fasts Or too much feasts, nor his who sleeps away An idle mind; nor his who wears to waste His strength in vigils. Nay, Arjuna! call That the true piety which most removes Earth-aches and ills, where one is moderate In eating and in resting, and in sport; Measured in wish and act; sleeping betimes, Walking betimes for duty.

When the man, So living, centres on his soul the thought Straitly restrained - untouched internally By stress of sense - then is he Yukta. See! Steadfast a lamp burns sheltered from the wind; Such is the likeness of the Yogi's mind Shut from sense-storms and burning bright to Heaven. When mind broods placid, soothed with holy wont; When Self contemplates self, and in itself Hath comfort; when it knows the nameless joy Beyond all scope of sense, revealed to soul Only to soul! and, knowing, wavers not, True to the farther Truth; when, holding this, It deems no other treasure comparable, But, harbored there, cannot be stirred or shook By any gravest grief, call that state "peace," That happy severance Yoga, call that man The perfect Yogin!

Steadfastly the will Must toil thereto, till efforts end in ease, And thought has passed from thinking. Shaking off All longings bred by dreams of fame and gain, Shutting the doorways of the senses close With watchful ward; so, step by step, it comes To gift of peace assured and heart assuaged, When the mind dwells self-wrapped, and the soul broods Cumberless. But, as often as the heart Breaks - wild and wavering - from control, so oft Let him re-curb it, let him rein it back To the soul's governance! for perfect bliss Grows only in the bosom tranquillized, The spirit passionless, purged from offence, Vowed to the Infinite. He who thus vows His soul to the Supreme Soul

quitting sin, Passes unhindered to the endless bliss Of unity with Brahma. He so vowed, So blended, sees the Life-Soul resident In all things living, and all living things In that Life-Soul contained. And whoso thus Discerneth Me in all, and all in Me, I never let him go; nor looseneth he Hold upon Me; but, dwell he where he may, Whate'er his life, in Me he dwells and lives Because he knows and worships Me, Who dwell In all which lives, and cleaves to Me in all. Arjuna! if a man sees everywhere Taught by his own similitude - one Life, One Essence in the Evil and the Good, Hold him a Yogi, yea! well-perfected!

Arjuna:

Slayer of Madhu! yet again, this Yog, This Peace, derived from equanimity, Made known by thee - I see no fixity Therein, no rest, because the heart of men Is unfixed, Krishna! rash, tumultuous, Wilful and strong. It were all one, I think, To hold the wayward wind, as tame man's heart.

Krishna:

Hero long-armed! beyond denial, hard Man's heart is to restrain, and wavering; Yet may it grow restrained by habit, Prince! By wont of self-command. This Yog, I say, Cometh not lightly to th' ungoverned ones; But he who will be master of himself Shall win it, if he stoutly strive thereto.

Arjuna:

And what road goeth he who, having faith, Fails, Krishna! in the striving; falling back From holiness, missing the perfect rule? Is he not lost, straying from Brahma's light, Like the vain cloud, which floats 'twixt earth and Heaven When lightning splits it, and it vanisheth? Fain would I hear thee answer me herein, Since Krishna! none save thou can clear the doubt.

Krishna:

He is not lost, thou Son of Pritha! No! Nor earth, nor heaven is forfeit, even for him, Because no heart that holds one right desire Treadeth the road of loss! He who should fail, Desiring righteousness, cometh at death Unto the Region of the Just; dwells there Measureless years, and being born anew, Beginneth life again in some fair home Amid the mild and happy. It may chance He doth descend into a Yogin house On Virtue's breast; but that is rare! Such birth Is hard to be obtained on this earth, Chief! So hath he back again what heights of heart He did achieve, and so he strives anew To perfectness, with better hope, dear Prince! For by the old desire he is drawn on Unwittingly; and only to desire The purity of Yoga is to pass Beyond the Sabdabrahm, the spoken Ved. But, being Yogi, striving strong and long, Purged from transgressions, perfected by births Following on births, he plants his feet at last Upon the farther path. Such an one ranks Above ascetics, higher than the wise, Beyond achievers of vast deeds! Be thou Yogi, Arjuna! And of such believe, Truest and best is he who worships Me With inmost soul, stayed on My Mystery! Here endeth Chapter VI. of the Bhagavad-Gita, entitled "Atmasanyamayog," or "The Book of Religion by Self-Restraint"

Chapter XI

Viswarupdarsanam or "The Book of the Manifesting of the One and Manifold"

Arjuna:

This, for my soul's peace, have I heard from Thee, The unfolding of the Mystery Supreme Named Adhyatman; comprehending which, My darkness is dispelled; for now I know O Lotus-eyed¹ - whence is the birth of men, And whence their death, and what the majesties Of thine immortal rule. Fain would I see, As thou Thyself declar'st it, Sovereign Lord! The likeness of that glory of Thy Form Wholly revealed. O Thou Divinest One! If this can be, if I may bear the sight, Make Thyself visible, Lord of all prayers! Show me Thy very self, the Eternal God!

[Footnote 1: "Kamalapatraksha."]

Krishna:

Gaze, then, thou Son of Pritha! I manifest for thee Those hundred thousand thousand shapes that clothe my Mystery: I show thee all my semblances, infinite, rich, divine, My changeful hues, my countless forms. See! in this face of mine, Adityas, Vasus, Rudras Aswins, and Maruts; see Wonders unnumbered, Indian Prince! revealed to none save thee. Behold! this is the Universe! - Look! what is live and dead I gather all in one - in Me! Gaze, as thy lips have said, On God Eternal, Very God! See Me! see what thou prayest!

. Thou canst not! - nor, with human eyes, Arjuna! ever mayest Therefore I give thee sense divine. Have other eyes, new light! And, look! This is My glory, unveiled to mortal sight!

Sanjaya:

Then, O King! the God, so saying, Stood, to Pritha's Son displaying All the splendor, wonder, dread Of His vast Almighty-head. Out of countless eyes beholding, Out of countless mouths commanding, Countless mystic forms enfolding In one Form: supremely standing Countless radiant glories wearing, Countless heavenly weapons bearing, Crowned with garlands of star-clusters, Robed in garb of woven lustres, Breathing from His perfect Presence Breaths of all delicious essence Of all sweetest odors; shedding Blinding brilliance, overspreading Boundless, beautiful - all spaces From His all-regarding faces; So He showed! If there should rise Suddenly within the skies Sunburst of a thousand suns Flooding earth with rays undeeded-of, Then might be that Holy One's Majesty and glory dreamed of!

So did Pandu's Son behold All this universe enfold All its huge diversity Into one great shape, and be Visible, and viewed, and blended In one Body - subtle, splendid, Nameless - th' All-comprehending God of Gods, The never-Ending Deity!

But, sore amazed, Thrilled, o'erfilled, dazzled, and dazed, Arjuna knelt, and bowed his head, And clasped his palms, and cried, and said:

Arjuna:

Yea! I have seen! I see! Lord! all is wrapped in Thee! The gods are in Thy glorious frame! the creatures Of earth, and heaven, and hell In Thy Divine form dwell, And in Thy countenance show all the features

Of Brahma, sitting lone Upon His lotus-throne; Of saints and sages, and the serpent races Ananta, Vasuki. Yea! mightiest Lord! I see Thy thousand thousand arms, and breasts, and faces,

And eyes, - on every side Perfect, diversified; And nowhere end of Thee, nowhere beginning, Nowhere a centre! Shifts Wherever soul's gaze lifts Thy central Self, all-willing, and all-winning!

Infinite King! I see The anadem on Thee, The club, the shell, the discus; see Thee burning In beams insufferable, Lighting earth, heaven, and hell With brilliance blinding, glorious, flashing, turning

Darkness to dazzling day, Look I whichever way. Ah, Lord! I worship Thee, the
 Undivided, The Uttermost of thought, The Treasure-Palace wrought To hold the
 wealth of the worlds; the shield provided
 To shelter Virtues' laws; The Fount whence Life's stream draws All waters of all rivers
 of all being: The One Unborn, Unending: Unchanging and unblending! With might
 and majesty, past thought, past seeing!
 Silver of moon and gold Of sun are glances rolled From Thy great eyes; Thy visage
 beaming tender Over the stars and skies, Doth to warm life surprise Thy Universe.
 The worlds are filled with wonder
 Of Thy perfections! Space Star-Prinkled, and the place From pole to pole of the
 heavens, from bound to bound, Hath Thee in every spot, Thee, Thee! - Where Thou
 art not O Holy, Marvellous Form! is nowhere found!
 O Mystic, Awful One! At sight of Thee, made known, The Three Worlds quake; the
 lower gods draw nigh Thee; They fold their palms, and bow Body, and breast, and
 brow, And, whispering worship, laud and magnify Thee!
 Rishis and Siddhas cry "Hail! Highest Majesty!" From sage and singer breaks the
 hymn of glory In holy melody, Sounding the praise of Thee, While countless
 companies take up the story,
 Rudras, who rides the storms, Th' Adityas' shining forms, Vasus and Sadhyas,
 Viswas, Ushmapas, Maruts, and those great Twins, The heavenly, fair, Aswins,
 Gandharvas, Rakshasas, Siddhas, Asuras,
 These see Thee, and revere In silence-stricken fear; Yea! the Worlds, - seeing Thee
 with form stupendous, With faces manifold, With eyes which all behold, Unnumbered
 eyes, vast arms, members tremendous,
 Flanks, lit with sun and star, Feet planted near and far, Tushes of terror, mouths
 wrathful and tender; The Three wide Worlds before Thee Adore, as I adore Thee,
 Quake, as I quake, to witness so much splendor!
 I mark Thee strike the skies With front in wondrous wise Huge, rainbow-painted,
 glittering; and thy mouth Opened, and orbs which see All things, whatever be, In all
 Thy worlds, east, west, and north and south.
 O Eyes of God! O Head! My strength of soul is fled, Gone is heart's force, rebuked is
 mind's desire! When I behold Thee so, With awful brows a-glow, With burning
 glance, and lips lighted with fire,
 Fierce as those flames which shall Consume, at close of all, Earth, Heaven! Ah me! I
 see no Earth and Heaven! Thee, Lord of Lords! I see, Thee only - only Thee! Ah! let
 Thy mercy unto me be given!
 Thou Refuge of the World! Lo! to the cavern hurled Of Thy wide-opened throat, and
 lips white-tushed, I see our noblest ones, Great Dhritarashtra's sons, Bhishma,
 Drona, and Karna, caught and crushed!
 The Kings and Chiefs drawn in, That gaping gorge within; The best of all both armies
 torn and riven! Between Thy jaws they lie Mangled fell bloodily, Ground into dust and
 death! Like streams down driven
 With helpless haste, which go In headlong furious flow Straight to the gulping maw of
 th' unfilled ocean, So to that flaming cave These heroes great and brave Pour, in
 unending streams, with helpless motion!
 Like moths which in the night Flutter towards a light, Drawn to their fiery doom,
 flying and dying, So to their death still throng, Blind, dazzled, borne along
 Ceaselessly, all these multitudes, wild flying!
 Thou, that hast fashioned men, Devourest them agen, One with another, great and
 small, alike! The creatures whom Thou mak'st, With flaming jaws Thou tak'st,
 Lapping them up! Lord God! Thy terrors strike

From end to end of earth, Filling life full, from birth To death, with deadly, burning,
lurid dread! Ah, Vishnu! make me know Why is Thy visage so? Who art Thou,
feasting thus upon Thy dead?

Who? awful Deity! I bow myself to Thee, Namostu Te Devavara! Prasad!² O Mightiest
Lord! rehearse Why hast Thou face so fierce? Whence did this aspect horrible
proceed?

[Footnote 2: "Hail to Thee, God of Gods! Be favorable!"]

Krishna:

Thou seest Me as Time who kills, Time who brings all to doom, The Slayer Time,
Ancient of Days, come hither to consume; Excepting thee, of all these hosts of
hostile chiefs arrayed, There shines not one shall leave alive the battlefield!
Dismayed No longer be! Arise! obtain renown! destroy thy foes! Fight for the
kingdom waiting thee when thou hast vanquished those. By Me they fall - not thee!
the stroke of death is dealt them now, Even as they stand thus gallantly; My
instrument art thou! Strike, strong-armed Prince! at Drona! at Bhishma strike! deal
death To Karna, Jyadratha; stay all this warlike breath! 'Tis I who bid them perish!
Thou wilt but slay the slain. Fight! they must fall, and thou must live, victor upon this
plain!

Sanjaya:

Hearing mighty Keshav's word, Tremblingly that helmed Lord Clapsed his lifted
palms, and - praying Grace of Krishna - stood there, saying, With bowed brow and
accents broken, These words, timorously spoken:

Arjuna:

Worthily, Lord of Might! The whole world hath delight In Thy surpassing power,
obeying Thee; The Rakshasas, in dread At sight of Thee, are sped To all four
quarters; and the company
Of Siddhas sound Thy name. How should they not proclaim Thy Majesties, Divinest,
Mightiest? Thou Brahm, than Brahma greater! Thou Infinite Creator! Thou God of
gods, Life's Dwelling-place and Rest!
Thou, of all souls the Soul! The Comprehending Whole! Of Being formed, and
formless Being the Framer; O Utmost One! O Lord! Older than eld, Who stored The
worlds with wealth of life. O Treasure-claimed.
Who wottest all, and art Wisdom Thyself! O Part In all, and all, for all from Thee have
risen! Numberless now I see The aspects are of Thee! Vayu³ Thou art, and He who
keeps the prison

[Footnote 3: The wind.]

Of Narak, Yama dark, And Agni's shining spark. Varuna's waves are Thy waves.
Moon and star-light. Are Thine! Prajapati Art Thou, and 'tis to Thee Men kneel in
worshipping the old world's far light,
The first of mortal men. Again, Thou God! again A thousand thousand times be
magnified! Honor and worship be Glory and praise, - to Thee Namō, Namaste, cried
on every side.

Cried here, above, below, Uttered when Thou dost go, Uttered when Thou dost
come! Namō! we call. Namostu! God adored! Namostu! Nameless Lord! Hail to Thee!
Praise to Thee! Thou One in all.

For Thou art All! Yea, Thou! Ah! if in anger now Thou shouldst remember I did think
Thee Friend, Speaking with easy speech, As men use each to each; Did call Thee
"Krishna," "Prince," nor comprehend
Thy hidden majesty, The might, the awe of Thee; Did, in my heedlessness, or in my
love, On journey, or in jest, Or when we lay at rest, Sitting at council, straying in the
grove,

Alone, or in the throng, Do Thee, most Holy wrong, Be Thy grace granted for that witless sin! For Thou art now I know, Father of all below, Of all above, of all the worlds within,

Guru of Gurus, more To reverence and adore Than all which is adorable and high! How, in the wide worlds three Should any equal be? Shall any other share Thy majesty?

Therefore, with body bent And reverent intent, I praise, and serve, and seek Thee, asking grace. As father to a son, As friend to friend, as one Who loveth to his lover, turn Thy face

In gentleness on me! Good is it I did see This unknown marvel of Thy Form! But fear Mingles with joy! Retake, Dear Lord! for pity's sake Thine earthly shape, which earthly eyes may bear!

Be merciful, and show The visage that I know; Let me regard Thee, as of yore, arrayed With disc and forehead-gem, With mace and anedem, Thou who sustainest all things! Undismayed

Let me once more behold The form I loved of old, Thou of the thousand arms and countless eyes! My frightened heart is fain To see restored again The Charioteer, my Krishna's kind disguise.

Krishna:

Yea! thou hast seen, Arjuna! because I loved thee well, The secret countenance of Me, revealed by mystic spell, Shining, and wonderful, and vast, majestic, manifold, Which none save thou in all the years had favor to behold: For not by Vedas cometh this, nor sacrifice, nor alms, Nor works well-done, nor penance long, nor prayers nor chaunted psalms, That mortal eyes should bear to view the Immortal Soul unclad, Prince of the Kurus! This was kept for thee alone! Be glad! Let no more trouble shake thy heart because thine eyes have seen My terror with My glory. As I before have been So will I be again for thee; with lightened heart behold! Once more I am thy Krishna, the form thou knew'st of old!

Sanjaya:

These words to Arjuna spake Vasudev, and straight did take Back again the semblance dear Of the well-loved charioteer; Peace and joy it did restore When the Prince beheld once more Mighty Brahma's form and face Clothed in Krishna's gentle grace.

Arjuna:

Now that I see come back, Janardana! This friendly human frame, my mind can think Calm thoughts once more; my heart beats still again!

Krishna:

Yea! it was wonderful and terrible To view me as thou didst, dear Prince! The gods Dread and desire continually to view! Yet not by Vedas, nor from sacrifice, Nor penance, nor gift-giving, nor with prayer Shall any so behold, as thou hast seen! Only by fullest service, perfect faith, And uttermost surrender am I known And seen, and entered into, Indian Prince!

Who doeth all for Me; who findeth Me In all; adoreth always; loveth all Which I have made, and Me, for Love's sole end, That man, Arjuna! unto Me doth wend.

Here endeth Chapter XI. of the Bhagavad-Gita, entitled "Viswarupdarsanam," or "The Book of the Manifesting of the One and Manifold"