

## INVOCATION \*

Oh blessed Mother  
Who showerest (upon us) the nectar of Advaita  
In the form of (these) eighteen chapters !  
Thou Destroyer of re-birth !  
Thou loving Mother !  
Thou Bhagavad-Gitâ !  
    Upon Thee I meditate.

Thee, O Vyasa, of lotus-eyes,  
And mighty intellect,  
Who hast lighted the lamp of wisdom  
Filled with the oil of the Mahâbhârata  
    Thee we salute.

Oh Thou who art the Refuge  
Of the (ocean-born) Lakshmi,  
Thou in whose right hand is the shepherd's crook,  
Who art the milker of the divine nectar of the Gita,  
    To Thee, Oh Krishna, to Thee our salutation !

The Upanishads are even as the herd of cows,  
The son of the cowherd as the milker,  
Partha as the sucking-calf,  
And men of purified intellect the drinkers,  
    Of this, the supreme nectar, the milk of the Gita.

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\* Another rendering of the "Meditation."