

Chapter 10 (Of Religion by the Heavenly Perfections)

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Krishna. Hear farther yet, thou Long-Armed Lord! these latest words I say —

Uttered to bring thee bliss and peace, who lovest Me alway —

Not the great company of gods nor kingly Rishis know

My Nature, Who have made the gods and Rishis long ago;

He only knoweth — only he is free of sin, and wise,

Who seeth Me, Lord of the Worlds, with faith-enlightened eyes,

Unborn, undying, unbegun. Whatever Natures be

To mortal men distributed, those natures spring from Me!

Intellect, skill, enlightenment, endurance, self-control,

Truthfulness, equability, and grief or joy of soul,

And birth and death, and fearfulness, and fearlessness, and shame,

And honour, and sweet harmlessness, and peace which is the same

Whate'er befalls, and mirth, and tears, and piety and thrift,

And wish to give, and will to help, — all cometh of My gift!

The Seven Chief Saints, the Elders Four, the Lordly Manus set —

Sharing My work — to rule the worlds, these too did I beget;

And Rishis, Pitris, Manus, all, by one thought of My mind;

Thence did arise, to fill this world, the races of mankind;

Wherefrom who comprehends My Reign of mystic Majesty —

That truth of truths — is thenceforth linked in faultless faith to

Me:

Yea! knowing Me the source of all, by Me all creatures wrought,

The wise in spirit cleave to Me, into My Being brought;

Hearts fixed on Me; breaths breathed to Me; praising Me, each to

each,

So have they happiness and peace, with pious thought and speech;

And unto these — thus serving well, thus loving ceaselessly —

I give a mind of perfect mood, whereby they draw to Me;

And, all for love of them, within their darkened souls I dwell,

And, with bright rays of wisdom's lamp, their ignorance dispel.

Arjuna. Yes! Thou art Parabrahm! The High Abode!

The Great Purification! Thou art God

Eternal, All-creating, Holy, First,

Without beginning! Lord of Lords and Gods!

Declared by all the Saints — by Narada,

Vyasa Asita, and Devalas;

And here Thyself declaring unto me!

What Thou hast said now know I to be truth,

O Kesava! that neither gods nor men

Nor demons comprehend Thy mystery

Made manifest, Divinest! Thou Thyself

Thyself alone dost know, Maker Supreme!

Master of all the living! Lord of Gods!

King of the Universe! To Thee alone

Belongs to tell the heavenly excellence

Of those perfections wherewith Thou dost fill

These worlds of Thine; Pervading, Immanent!

How shall I learn, Supremest Mystery!

To know Thee, though I muse continually?

Under what form of Thine unnumbered forms

Mayst Thou be grasped? Ah! yet again recount,
Clear and complete, Thy great appearances,
The secrets of Thy Majesty and Might,
Thou High Delight of Men! Never enough
Can mine ears drink the Amrit of such words!
Krishna. Hanta! So be it! Kuru Prince! I will to thee unfold
Some portions of My Majesty, whose powers are manifold!
I am the Spirit seated deep in every creature's heart;
From Me they come; by Me they live; at My word they depart!
Vishnu of the Adityas I am, those Lords of Light;
Maritchi of the Maruts, the Kings of Storm and Blight;
By day I gleam, the golden Sun of burning cloudless Noon;
By Night, amid the asterisms I glide, the dappled Moon!
Of Vedas I am Sama-Ved, of gods in Indra's Heaven
Vasava; of the faculties to living beings given
The mind which apprehends and thinks; of Rudras Sankara;
Of Yakshas and of Rakshasas, Vitesh; and Pavaka
Of Vasus, and of mountain-peaks Meru; Vrihaspati
Know Me 'mid planetary Powers; 'mid Warriors heavenly
Skanda; of all the water-floods the Sea which drinketh each,
And Bhrigu of the holy Saints, and OM of sacred speech;
Of prayers the prayer ye whisper; of hills Himila's snow,
And Aswattha, the fig-tree, of all the trees that grow;
Of the Devarshis, Narada; and Chitrarath of them
That sing in Heaven, and Kapila of Munis, and the gem
Of flying steeds, Uchchaisravas, from Amritwave which burst;
Of elephants Airavata; of males the Best and First;

Of weapons Heav'n's hot thunderbolt; of cows white Kamadhuk,
From whose great milky udder-teats all hearts' desires are strook;
Vasuki of the serpent-tribes, round Mandara entwined;
And thousand-fanged Ananta, on whose broad coils reclined
Leans Vishnu; and of water-things Varuna; Aryam
Of Pitris, and, of those that judge, Yama the Judge I am;
Of Daityas dread Prahlada; of what metes days and years,
Time's self I am; of woodland-beasts — buffaloes, deers, and bears —
The lordly-painted tiger; of birds the vast Garud,
The whirlwind 'mid the winds; 'mid chiefs Rama with blood imbrued,
Makar 'mid fishes of the sea, and Ganges 'mid the streams;
Yea! First, and Last, and Centre of all which is or seems
I am, Arjuna! Wisdom Supreme of what is wise,
Words on the uttering lips I am, and eyesight of the eyes.
And "A" of written characters, Dwandwa of knitted speech,
And Endless Life, and boundless Love, whose power
sustaineth each;
And bitter Death which seizes all, and joyous sudden Birth,
Which brings to light all beings that are to be on earth;
And of the viewless virtues, Fame, Fortune, Song am I,
And Memory, and Patience; and Craft, and Constancy:
Of Vedic hymns the Vrihatsam, of metres Gayatri,
Of months the Margasirsha, of all the seasons three
The flower-wreathed Spring; in dicer's-play the conquering
Double-Eight;
The splendour of the splendid, and the greatness of the great,

Victory I am, and Action! and the goodness of the good,
And Vasudev of Vrishni's race, and of this Pandu brood
Thyself! — Yea, my Arjuna! thyself; for thou art Mine!
Of poets Usana, of saints Vyasa, sage divine;
The policy of conquerors, the potency of kings,
The great unbroken silence in learning's secret things;
The lore of all the learned, the seed of all which springs.
Living or lifeless, still or stirred, whatever beings be,
None of them is in all the worlds, but it exists by Me!
Nor tongue can tell, Arjuna! nor end of telling come
Of these My boundless glories, whereof I teach thee some;
For wheresoe'er is wondrous work, and majesty, and might,
From Me hath all proceeded. Receive thou this aright!
Yet how shouldst thou receive, O Prince! the vastness of this word?
I, who am all, and made it all, abide its separate Lord!

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER X OF THE

BHAGAVAD-GITA,

Entitled "Vibhuti Yog,"

Or "The Book of Religion by the Heavenly Perfections."