

Chapter 9 (Of Religion by the Kingly Knowledge and the Kingly Mystery)

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Krishna. Now will I open unto thee — whose heart

Rejects not — that last lore, deepest-concealed,

That farthest secret of My Heavens and Earths,

Which but to know shall set thee free from ills, —

A royal lore! a Kingly mystery!

Yea! for the soul such light as purgeth it

From every sin; a light of holiness

With inmost splendour shining; plain to see;

Easy to walk by, inexhaustible!

They that receive not this, failing in faith

To grasp the greater wisdom, reach not Me,

Destroyer of thy foes! They sink anew

Into the realm of Flesh, where all things change!

By Me the whole vast Universe of things

Is spread abroad; — by Me, the Unmanifest!

In Me are all existences contained;

Not I in them!

Yet they are not contained,

Those visible things! Receive and strive to embrace

The mystery majestic! My Being —

Creating all, sustaining all — still dwells

Outside of all!

See! as the shoreless airs

Move in the measureless space, but are not space,

[And space were space without the moving airs];

So all things are in Me, but are not I.

At closing of each Kalpa, Indian Prince!

All things which be back to My Being come:

At the beginning of each Kalpa, all

Issue new-born from Me.

By Energy

And help of Prakriti, my outer Self,

Again, and yet again, I make go forth

The realms of visible things — without their will —

All of them — by the power of Prakriti.

Yet these great makings, Prince! involve Me not

Enchain Me not ! I sit apart from them,

Other, and Higher, and Free; nowise attached!

Thus doth the stuff of worlds, moulded by Me,

Bring forth all that which is, moving or still,

Living or lifeless! Thus the worlds go on!

The minds untaught mistake Me, veiled in form; —

Naught see they of My secret Presence, nought

Of My hid Nature, ruling all which lives.

Vain hopes pursuing, vain deeds doing; fed

On vainest knowledge, senselessly they seek

An evil way, the way of brutes and fiends.

But My Mahatmas, those of noble soul

Who tread the path celestial, worship Me

With hearts unwandering, — knowing Me the Source,

Th' Eternal Source, of Life. Unendingly

They glorify Me; seek Me; keep their vows  
Of reverence and love, with changeless faith  
Adoring Me. Yea, and those too adore,  
Who, offering sacrifice of wakened hearts,  
Have sense of one pervading Spirit's stress,  
One Force in every place, though manifold!  
I am the Sacrifice! I am the Prayer!  
I am the Funeral-Cake set for the dead!  
I am the healing herb! I am the ghee,  
The Mantra, and the flame, and that which burns!  
I am — of all this boundless Universe —  
The Father, Mother, Ancestor, and Guard!  
The end of Learning! That which purifies  
In lustral water! I am OM! I am  
Rig-Veda, Sama-Veda, Yajur-Ved;  
The Way, the Fosterer, the Lord, the Judge,  
The Witness; the Abode, the Refuge-House,  
The Friend, the Fountain and the Sea of Life  
Which sends, and swallows up; Treasure of Worlds  
And Treasure-Chamber! Seed and Seed-Sower,  
Whence endless harvests spring! Sun's heat is mine;  
Heaven's rain is mine to grant or to withhold;  
Death am I, and Immortal Life I am,  
Arjuna! SAT and ASAT, Visible Life,  
And Life Invisible!  
Yea! those who learn  
The threefold Veds, who drink the Soma-wine,

Purge sins, pay sacrifice — from Me they earn  
Passage to Swarga; where the meats divine  
Of great gods feed them in high Indra's heaven.  
Yet they, when that prodigious joy is o'er,  
Paradise spent, and wage for merits given,  
Come to the world of death and change once more.  
They had their recompense! they stored their treasure,  
Following the threefold Scripture and its writ;  
Who seeketh such gaineth the fleeting pleasure  
Of joy which comes and goes! I grant them it!  
But to those blessed ones who worship Me,  
Turning not elsewhere, with minds set fast,  
I bring assurance of full bliss beyond.  
Nay, and of hearts which follow other gods  
In simple faith, their prayers arise to me,  
O Kunti's Son! though they pray wrongfully;  
For I am the Receiver and the Lord  
Of every sacrifice, which these know not  
Rightfully; so they fall to earth again!  
Who follow gods go to their gods; who vow  
Their souls to Pitris go to Pitris; minds  
To evil Bhuts given o'er sink to the Bhuts;  
And whoso loveth Me cometh to Me.  
Whoso shall offer Me in faith and love  
A leaf, a flower, a fruit, water poured forth,  
That offering I accept, lovingly made

With pious will. Whate'er thou doest, Prince!  
Eating or sacrificing, giving gifts,  
Praying or fasting, let it all be done  
For Me, as Mine. So shalt thou free thyself  
From Karmabandh, the chain which holdeth men  
To good and evil issue, so shalt come  
Safe unto Me — when thou art quit of flesh —  
By faith and abdication joined to Me!  
I am alike for all! I know not hate,  
I know not favour! What is made is Mine!  
But them that worship Me with love, I love;  
They are in Me, and I in them!  
Nay, Prince!  
If one of evil life turn in his thought  
Straightly to Me, count him amidst the good;  
He hath the high way chosen; he shall grow  
Righteous ere long; he shall attain that peace  
Which changes not. Thou Prince of India!  
Be certain none can perish, trusting Me!  
O Pritha's Son! whoso will turn to Me,  
Though they be born from the very womb of Sin,  
Woman or man; sprung of the Vaisya caste  
Or lowly disregarded Sudra, — all  
Plant foot upon the highest path; how then  
The holy Brahmans and My Royal Saints?  
Ah! ye who into this ill world are come —  
Fleeting and false — set your faith fast on Me!

Fix heart and thought on Me! Adore Me! Bring  
Offerings to Me! Make Me prostrations! Make  
Me your supremest joy! and, undivided,  
Unto My rest your spirits shall be guided.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER IX OF THE  
BHAGAVAD-GITA,

Entitled "Rajavidyarajaguhyayog,"

Or "The Book of Religion by the Kingly Knowledge  
and the Kingly Mystery."