

## Chapter 8 (Of Religion by Devotion to the One Supreme God)

### Chapter 8: Of Religion by Devotion to the One Supreme God

Arjuna. Who is that BRAHMA? What that Soul of Souls,

The ADHYATMAN? What, Thou Best of All!

Thy work, the KARMA? Tell me what it is

Thou namest ADHIBHUTA? What again

Means ADHIDAIVA? Yea, and how it comes

Thou canst be ADHIYAJNA in thy flesh?

Slayer of Madhu! Further, make me know

How good men find thee in the hour of death?

Krishna. I BRAHMA am! the One Eternal GOD,

And ADHYATMAN is My Being's name,

The Soul of Souls! What goeth forth from Me,

Causing all life to live, is KARMA called:

And, Manifested in divided forms,

I am the ADHIBHUTA, Lord of Lives;

And ADHIDAIVA, Lord of all the Gods,

Because I am PURUSHA, who who begets.

And ADHIYAJNA, Lord of Sacrifice,

I — speaking with thee in this body here —

Am, thou embodied one! (for all the shrines

Flame unto Me!) And, at the hour of death,

He that hath meditated Me alone,

In putting off his flesh, comes forth to Me,

Enters into My Being — doubt thou not!

But, if he meditated otherwise

At hour of death, in putting off the flesh,

He goes to what he looked for, Kunti's Son!  
Because the Soul is fashioned to its like.  
Have Me, then, in thy heart always! and fight!  
Thou too, when heart and mind are fixed on Me,  
Shalt surely come to Me! All come who cleave  
With never-wavering will of firmest faith,  
Owning none other Gods: all come to Me,  
The Uttermost, Purusha, Holiest!  
Whoso hath known Me, Lord of sage and singer,  
Ancient of days; of all the Three Worlds Stay,  
Boundless, — but unto every atom Bringer  
Of that which quickens it: whoso, I say,  
Hath known My form, which passeth mortal knowing;  
Seen my effulgence — which no eye hath seen —  
Than the sun's burning gold more brightly glowing,  
Dispersing darkness, — unto him hath been  
Right life! And, in the hour when life is ending,  
With mind set fast and trustful piety,  
Drawing still breath beneath calm brows unbending,  
In happy peace that faithful one doth die, —  
In glad peace passeth to Purusha's heaven.  
The place which they who read the Vedas name  
AKSHARAM, "Ultimate;" whereto have striven  
Saints and ascetics — their road is the same.  
That way — the highest way — goes he who shuts  
The gates of all his senses, locks desire

Safe in his heart, centres the vital airs  
Upon his parting thought, steadfastly set;  
And, murmuring OM, the sacred syllable —  
Emblem of BRAHM — dies, meditating Me.  
For who, none other Gods regarding, looks  
Ever to Me, easily am I gained  
By such a Yogi; and, attaining Me,  
They fall not — those Mahatmas — back to birth,  
To life, which is the place of pain, which ends,  
But take the way of utmost blessedness.  
The worlds, Arjuna! — even Brahma's world —  
Roll back again from Death to Life's unrest;  
But they, O Kunti's Son! that reach to Me,  
Taste birth no more. If ye know Brahma's Day  
Which is a thousand Yugas; if ye know  
The thousand Yugas making Brahma's Night,  
Then know ye Day and Night as He doth know!  
When that vast Dawn doth break, th' Invisible  
Is brought anew into the Visible;  
When that deep Night doth darken, all which is  
Fades back again to Him Who sent it forth;  
Yea! this vast company of living things —  
Again and yet again produced — expires  
At Brahma's Nightfall; and, at Brahma's Dawn,  
Riseth, without its will, to life new-born.  
But — higher, deeper, innermost — abides  
Another Life, not like the life of sense,

Escaping sight, unchanging. This endures  
When all created things have passed away;  
This is that Life named the Unmanifest,  
The Infinite! the All! the Uttermost.  
Thither arriving none return. That Life  
Is Mine, and I am there! And, Prince! by faith  
Which wanders not, there is a way to come  
Thither. I, the PURUSHA, I Who spread  
The Universe around me — in Whom dwell  
All living Things — may so be reached and seen!  
Richer than holy fruit on Vedas growing,  
Greater than gifts, better than prayer or fast,  
Such wisdom is! The Yogi, this way knowing,  
Comes to the Utmost Perfect Peace at last.  
HERE ENDETH CHAPTER VIII OF THE  
BHAGAVAD-GITA;  
Entitled "Aksharaparabrahmayog,"  
Or "The Book of Religion by Devotion  
to the One Supreme God."