

***The Flute Player***

12/2/27

I heard Him as he wandered through the fields.  
(O, heart, be still!)  
Melodious ragas flowing from His pipe,  
A heavenly thrill.  
To dance, to sing, to bask within His shadow—  
(Love, thou dost kill.)  
Or have His smile greet mine but for an instant,  
Death be no ill.

I saw Him as He danced amid His herd,  
(O Beauty rare!)  
The ecstasy of bliss was all I knew  
When He was there.  
Even Nature's fairest children to Him  
Could not compare.  
Both life and death forgot when He did play.  
(My heart, beware!)

I knew Him in all forms, seen and unseen—  
(He is Divine).  
His Love is Universal, rich and pure,  
Would it were mine;  
O Krishna, let this body be thy flute,  
For Thee I pine,  
Would I melt in Thee forever, self forgot,  
My all is Thine.