



Nirtan

of

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Nirtan
(Nirtan: Dance)

Alankaras
(Alankara: The fanciful expression of an idea)

Thou changest thy place, but not thyself, O Light.

Unfold Thy secret through nature, and reveal Thy mystery through my heart.

Thou art my spirit, I am Thy body, my Holy One.

Let the sun of Thy divine spirit rise from my heart, that morning may break out of the darkness of life.

I shall penetrate through the black heart of the clouds to reach Thee, my Lord.

My life is a wave of the ocean of Thy eternal life.

Let my soul become Thy life.

Through the darkness of night my soul seeks for Thee.

Waken me, Lord, through Thy Warner, while I am asleep in the arms of error.

It is Thy spirit of Risalat which is divinity.

Thine own desire I see fulfilled, O God, in the perfection of Rassoul.

I hold an ear to the depth of Thy blessing when the storm breaks through life's sea.

Let me recognize Thy divine visage in the image of Thy Message-bearer.

My heart is no more mine, it is thine own, my spiritual Guide.

Heal my soul by the all-sufficient power that comes from the glance of Thy Messiah.

O, your rising waves of favor,
And your raging flames of wrath!
On the rose they are like dew-drops,
On the flame just like the moth.

My spiritual Guide, thou bearest in thyself the spirit of Rassoul.

The dark clouds brought romance between Thee, my Beloved, and me.

Let my heart reflect the spirit of the Holy Ones. Let my self turn into Thy being.

My vanity! It amuses me to see thee dance at the sight of my limitation.

The rapture of my heart shows the mark of Thy kiss.

Let Thy perfection be mine, and my imperfection be cleared away as the mist in the sun.

My heart! At times one moment is as a year, and at times one year is as a moment to thee.

I cry and shed tears when clouds gather round my heart, and when the light of my soul is covered from my sight.

Mother's arms receive me when I come to the earth; Father's arms lift me up at the moment when I depart hence.

Heart

The heart has its head on its own palm,
The face of the heart is veiled;
The heart's hands are bound with iron chains,
The feet of the heart are nailed.

The eyes of the heart are never dry,
The heart speaks only through tears.
The ears of the heart are so keen
That the voice from a distance it hears.

The voice of the heart is silent,
Yet far-reaching is heart's cry.
The heart has no question nor answer,
The heart is expressed in a sigh.

The ways of the heart are mysterious,
The heart has the mind of a child.
The heart's breath is full of tenderness,
The heart's expression is mild.

The ideal alone is heart's deity,
A constant yearning its life.
The heart's not concerned with life or death,
The heart stands firm through all strife.

Beauty is heart's only object,
Its inspirer, its all.
The heart is all power that there is,
The angels attend its call.

The heart is itself its own medicine,
The heart all its own wounds heals.
And none can ever imagine
The pain that the loving heart feels.

The path of the heart is thorny,
But leads in the end to bliss.
Hope is the staff the heart holds in hand,
And the goal heart shall not miss.

Truth

The face of truth is open,
The eyes of truth are bright,
The lips of truth are ever closed,
The head of truth is upright.

The breast of truth stands forward,
The gaze of truth is straight,
Truth has neither fear nor doubt,
Truth has patience to wait.

The words of truth are touching,
The voice of truth is deep,
The law of truth is simple:
All that you sow you reap.

The soul of truth is flaming,
The heart of truth is warm,
The mind of truth is clear,
And firm through rain or storm.

Facts are but its shadows,
Truth stands above all sin;
Great be the battle in life,
Truth in the end shall win.

The image of truth is Christ,
Wisdom's message its rod;
Sign of truth is the cross,
Soul of truth is God.

Life of truth is eternal,
Immortal is its past,
Power of truth will endure,
Truth shall hold to the last.

Nirtan

Suras

(Sura: God speaking through the kindled soul)

There is no reason that man should know God because he is born on earth; it is only the birth of his soul that makes him entitled to that knowledge.

Life is reality, death is its shadow; but as the shadow is seen and yet non-existent, so is death.

Death opens a door between life here and hereafter. Death is a silent voyage to the port of eternity.

Death is no more death to those who have once experienced its sting.

Death is but the turning of a page of life; to the eyes of others it is death, but to those who die it is life.

Tanas

(Tana: The soul speaking with nature)

Glorious sun, are you setting?

— Yes, to rise again.

Sublime nature, my ears did not hear your music.

— Your heart has heard it, your soul has danced to it.

Trees to the clouds:

— With raised hands we pay you our homage.

Clouds:

— In tears we grant your request.

Nature, where do you borrow your sublimity?

— From your loving spirit.

Rain, why do you not come in the desert?

— I keep away from where I am not welcome.

When once passing through the mountains,

I saw rocks, some resting on their knees, some bending, some standing.

I asked, "O hard-hearted monsters, what secret is there in your charm?"

They answered in a silent voice, "That we do not assert ourselves."

Rocky mountains, what are you?

— We are the tombs of the world's past.

Crystal, what are you?

— I am the shadow of Christ's heart.

What quality do you possess?

— I am empty of self, so that by gazing, one sees in me His heart reflected.

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Desert to the rain-clouds:

— You are passing over us, why not be our guest?

Rain-clouds:

— We have no longer trust in the hard-hearted.

Glorious nature, wonderful picture, where shall I keep you?

— In the frame of your heart.

Wilderness, why does your cry touch me so deeply?

— Because it rises from the bottom of my heart.

Wilderness, what is in you that is so overwhelming?

— The expansion of my heart.

Good-bye, nature's vision, shall I ever see you again?

— Yes, whenever you open the album of your heart.

Gamakas

(Gamaka: A feeling in the Poet's heart, keyed to various notes)

Why was I born, O God, if not to find Thee? Why do I die, O God, if not to come to Thee?

When the unreality of life pushes against my heart, its door opens to the reality.

The past was my dream, the present is my play, and the future will be my plan.

I reach Thee before my feet can reach Thy dwelling place, and I see Thee before mine eyes can reach Thy spheres.

I was perfected by heaven, but am limited by the earth.

Can anyone break me? No. By doing so, he may as well prepare to break God. Neither I nor God can be broken; but the one who would wish to break me, he is broken.

I draw all my strength from my humility.

A tongue of flame rises from every wound of my heart, illuminating my path through life and guiding my way to the goal.

The rapidity of my walk the imagination cannot follow.

People often ask me questions which I cannot very well answer in words, and it makes me sad to think they are unable to hear the voice of my silence.

By every hurt or harm one causes me, he only makes me know him better.

I came as I was made to come; I live as life allows me to live; but I will be what I wish to be.

With every pinprick a drop of blood comes out of my heart, and that drop becomes the Wine of Sacrament.

I have not come to teach those who consider themselves teachers; I have come to learn from the teachers and to teach my pupils.

When my heart is perturbed it upsets the whole universe.

When my heart is asleep, then both worlds fall into a deep slumber.

The whole creation wakes up with the wakening of my heart.

When the shell of my heart breaks, pearls are scattered around.

My heart attains self-sufficiency by eating its own flesh and by drinking its own blood.

I tremble at the sight of the task that has been given to me, and I feel confounded when I weigh my ideal with my limitations.

What the world calls success, is to me like a doll's wedding.

I am the Wine of the Holy Sacrament; my very being is intoxication; those who drink of my cup and yet keep sober will certainly be illuminated; but those who do not assimilate it, will be beside themselves and exposed to the ridicule of the world.

My heart drinks its own tears and puts them forth as pearls.

I prefer failure to success gained by falsehood.

I am what I am; you make me what you will make me; but I become what I wish to become.

The true exaltation comes to me from the insults I have to endure in life rather than from the respectful attitude of my mureeds.

Many underestimate the greatness of the Cause, seeing the limitation through which I have to work my way out.

The Message is a call to those whose hour has come to awake, and it is a lullaby to those who are still meant to sleep.

How can a man claim to be a teacher and at the same time be sane? His teaching must prove him a teacher, not his claim.

The essence of today's Message is balance.

Nirtan

You are my life, it is in you that I live,
From you I borrow life and you do I give;
O my soul and spirit, you I adore,
I live in you, so do I live ever more.
You are in me and in you do I live,
Still you are my King and my sins you forgive.
You are the Present and Future and Past;
I lost myself, but I have found you at last.

Why, O my feeling heart
Do you live and die? What makes my feeling heart
To laugh and to cry? Death is my life indeed;
I live when I die. Pain is my pleasure; when
I laugh, then I cry.

Some did say that I knew nothing,
Some still held that I knew all.
Some did turn their back to me, and
Some quickly answered my call.

Some on hearing my words exclaimed,
"Nothing he said that was new."
Some said, "I have always thought this;
That is my own point of view."
Some asked, "What mystery he revealed?
What wonder did he perform?"
Some answered, "We ask no wonder,
So long as his heart is warm."
Some said, "He is a man as we are,
What difference in him do you see?"
Some answered, "It is not to know;
What is needed, is to be."

Before you judge my actions,
Lord, I pray, you will forgive.
Before my heart has broken,
Will you help my soul to live?
Before my eyes are covered,
Will you let me see your face?
Before my feet are tired,
May I reach your dwelling-place?
Before I wake from slumber,
You will watch me, Lord, I hold.
Before I throw my mantle,
Will you take me in your fold?
Before my work is over,
You, my Lord, will right the wrong.
Before you play your music,
Will you let me sing my song?

Nirtan

Boulas
(Boula: A kindled word)

The saints are forgiveness itself.

In the influence that controls a situation the hand of God is seen.

The more one can bear, the more one is given to bear.

If one wants to know life, one can best know it by one's own life.

No beloved has ever known the depth of the lover's heart.

Sometimes success is a defeat and defeat is a success.

The greater the responsibility, the greater the person.

Man unconsciously pays happiness in order to buy pleasure.

Life is interesting with friends and enemies both.

A sharp tongue can cut one deeper than a knife.

Sin is a sin, whether thought, said, or done.

There are many dead sins, but to separate two loving hearts is a living sin.

Every difficulty can be made easy by the power of a willing spirit.

Man sees in another his own fault.

Give not nor claim love by force, for love is an affair of mutual willingness.

Silence is an unadmitting consent and an uncommitting refusal.

Walking on the turning wheel of the earth, living under the ever-rotating sun, man expects a peaceful life.

Man's jealousy is woman's vanity.

A consent after refusing is worse than a refusal.

To discover the heart is the greatest initiation.

One's own self has the right to accuse oneself of one's faults, rather than anyone else.

Truth is born of falsehood as light comes from darkness.

A charming personality is great riches.

The mystic perfects himself by making himself empty of himself.

Sorrow enables man to experience joy.

The punishment of the God of Compassion is a reward too.

The Creator, by means of the human heart, experiences life within and without.

Tears of joy are more precious than pearls.

If you avoid wrongdoing, it will avoid you.

A real artist expresses his soul in his art.

Divinity is the exaltation of the human soul.

It is not the action which is a sin; it is the attitude of mind which makes it so.

Silence speaks louder than words.

Reality unfolds with the breaking of the heart.

The vision of nature is the presence of God.

In the heart of sorrow there is a seed of joy.

A sharp tongue is a poisoned sword.

A house is built with matter, but made with spirit.

The one who troubles much about the cause is far removed from the cause.

Righteousness gives strength, and falseness weakens the mind.

No one would do wrong if he knew the wrong of it.

Love in giving and taking is commercialized. In its pure essence love is for its own joy.

The spirit of feeling is lost when a sentiment is expressed in words.

No earth, no water, no fire, no air can ever disunite two hearts that have become one.

Retire from the mundane things of life as much as life will permit you.

Avoid all nonsense.

Nirtan

Accomplishment is more valuable than what is accomplished.

Life is time, and death is its division.

We need not tolerate inharmony, but we can act indifferent to it.

Evil is like a shadow.

He who gives love will receive a thousandfold in return.

It is the separation which is separated, not we.

Nature is born, character is built, and personality is developed.

Time and space are the hands and feet of the mystic; through space he climbs, and through time he accomplishes.

The same thing that may bring pride to one, may cause shame to another.

Man seeks freedom and pursues captivity.

The one who seeks the spiritual path is sought after by the spirit.

To life there is no death, and to death there is no life.

Perfection is to be found in looking for One, in pursuing One, in finding One, in realizing One.

The more you depend upon God, the more God becomes dependable.

Love's reward is love itself.

The essence of reason is the knowledge of God.

Talas

(Tala: The rhythmic expression of an idea)

Befool not, O night, the morn will break; beware, O darkness, the sun will shine; be not vain, O mist, it will once more be clear; my sorrow, forget not, once again joy will arise.

A labor done without wages, a service without thanks, a merit without appreciation, a love without answer have a different value.

It is a weakness to withdraw from struggle; it is foolishness to go through it.

If you are annoyed by any disagreeable experience, it is a loss; but if you have learnt by it, it is a gain.

What feeling it is to ask forgiveness to those who must ask forgiveness of you, and to thank those who must thank you!

Nirtan

It does not matter how hard you labor; it is what you accomplish that counts.

Wickedness that manifests from an intelligent person is like a poisonous fruit springing from a fertile ground.

The life of love is more than innumerable lives, and the death of love is worse than a thousand deaths.

As the birds will never have a lasting attachment to beasts, so it is even with man: the wayfarer of the heavens can never keep constantly attached to the dweller of the earth.

Knowledge ends in no knowledge, learning ends in unlearning.

Sweeter than honey are the results of one's toil; more fragrant than flowers are the words of praise; more delicious than fruit is an obedient child; more precious than a pearl is a congenial mate.

A beautiful sin is a virtue, and an ugly virtue is a sin.

Impulse is intoxicating; action is absorbing; but it is the result of every deed that leads man to realization.

An optimist takes the chance of losing; a pessimist loses the chance of gaining.

When you care for the opinion of others, you are below them; when you do not care, you are above them.

It is the lover's heart that touches the depths of life; it is the godly soul that soars to the highest heavens; it is the seer's eye that penetrates through the wall of matter; and it is the knower's spirit that assimilates all the knowledge.

We experience death by playing life, and we experience life by playing death.

Chalas **(Chala: An iliminated word)**

If a man of principle makes a breach of law, it is to pursue a high ideal.

Raise not dust from the ground; it will enter into your eyes. Sprinkle some water on it that it may settle down and lie under your feet.

A wrongdoer who is sorry for his wrongdoings profits more than the one who has never done wrong.

It does not need courage to be bold and blunt, sharp and rude; one has only to be shameless.

Pick not flowers, for it will detain you in your progress on the path, and as you go, they will only fade away. Look at them, therefore, and admire their beauty, and as you proceed on your journey, they will greet you with smiles all along the way.