

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.