

AT THY LOTUS FEET

Original by

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in Gujarati

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Surat

Who taught me in Life what Love is,
How shall I repay that Beloved's debt?
Can Love be ever repaid by anything?
That Love is my Life's Prime Force, Adhya Shakti.

Let me know in Life with Love Love's every emotion,
One after another every facet of Love in Life;
If there can be any repayment of Love
It is only by whole transformation of Life.

Keeping that beloved in my heart as my great Ideal,
If I can offer my whole Life with Love
And feel that Love in my Being as Blessedness,
In that fulfillment of Love Life will be gratified.

Who has nurtured this Heart's Flower
Tenderly and watered it with fervour,
To Him I offer fondly at His Feet,
This Fragrant Flower of Self with Love,
Its perfume and all; accept, I pray.

Many prostrations to Thee from this poor soul,
Naught else have I to offer,
Give me Thy Heart's deepest Blessings
And showering on me the healing waters of Love
Assuage my grieving, pining Heart.

AT THY LOTUS FEET

Whom the high Himalayas, attired in all white, adore
And piercing the blue high heavens aspire to reach,
Whom the river offers tribute with her own hands,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my humble head I bow.

Whom, like a forlorn Lover seeks
The river eagerly flowing fast,
Yearning impatiently to merge into Thee, her
Beloved,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my humble head I bow.

To discover Whom in their hearts embrace austerity,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Giving up the love of all relations and dear ones,
Smearing white ash over their bodies, keeping not
a penny,
To merge into Whom they give up their whole world,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Renouncing all desires who worship only Thee in
their hearts,
And love Thee wholly, united with Thee in Thy Being,
Them dost Thou help and save in their hour of need,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Drawn by greed one risks his all for riches,
And dives into the deep sea for its treasures,
Holding his life in the palm of his hand in his attempts,
Such an one dost Thou reward so munificently,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

The Thinker who ever thinks of Thee with Love and
Devotion,
Having for his support heart's Love and Reverence
for Thee,
O merciful Lord by that Union with Thee Thou dost
grant him Liberation,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Who single mindedly dedicates all his actions to Thee
And with his whole intelligence performs Yoga of
Devotion,
You will assuredly break all his past bondage,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Who is born to perform actions, but is not attached
To those actions, whosoever thus worships Thee,
His cycle of births and deaths Thou wilt end,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Who with his being and intelligence cogitates on
Thee,
Who is ever absorbed in it with an undivided mind,

He is blessed with the taste of Thy Divine Nectar,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

The mind's various options and choices
Who every moment dedicates at Thy Feet,
Thou wilt make him Thy own close companion,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

With Love endless who so offers his heart, mind and
being,
The root cause of all his fears and restlessness,
You will free him from slavery to this vast world,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Who controlling all his senses sees all with equal vision,
And in all matters in his intelligence has equality,
Him You help in realizing Thee so spontaneously,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Offering all Religions at Thy Feet
Who in thought, word and deed rests at Thy Feet,

Freed of all fear, verily Thou dost free him from all
evil,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Whoso kindling deep Love in his heart,
With one pointed devotion offers
The waters of that Love at Thy Feet,
Him wilt Thou give a place at Thy Feet,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Whoso offers Thee a flower, a fruit, a leaf and water
poured forth
With heart's deepest Love, that You accept so joyfully,
You Who are not even appeased by world's greatest
wealth,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

The ecstatic Yogins are intoxicated with Thee in their
hearts,
Thou again art the source of delight, embodiment of
knowledge,

Thou again world's witness, spotless and all
pervading,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thou art the Life of all Thy devotees,
Self-contentment of Yogins, Nectar of Delight,
And of Thy beloved renouncers their happy rest-
house,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

The great Yogins, the saints, kings, the perfect ones,
The seekers, the struggling souls, all the other devotees,
In Whom all these ultimately merge and find their
final rest,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

As thou art ever in Yogin's mind,
And dwell in the hearts of the devotees,
Even so art Thou in saints, Thou art their very life-
breath,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Enjoying delight of life, knowing equality of soul,
Dwelling in Whom and offering at Whose feet
mind's whole attention,
Such know Oneness of Life with Thee in Thy Being,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thou indwelling in every being, Thou in all beings,
Those rare great yogins ever search for Thee,
How they all fail to get even a glimpse of Thee!
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Whom the devotees as well as great saints worship
And seek through endless efforts of their beings,
Even they fail to know the Essence of Thy Being,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

He who has experience of Thee in his particular way,
Verily only as that he knows Thee in his being,
Thou hast never appeared uniformly same to all,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thou Lord of all Existence dwelling in all beings,
Thou dost run this world by Thy Triple Action,
Thou again the source of creation and destruction,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

To Whom all souls are verily one,
In Whom there is neither attraction nor repulsion,
Yet by His very nature loves His devotees dearly,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thou in the forms of the Perfect ones, even of Thy
devotees,
Thou dost shine and art known by their greatness,
Thou giver of liberation, Thou art the Supreme Lord,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thou dwelling in all as their very life and soul,
Again of this Universe as Lord of the movable and
immovable,
Again Thou the primeval God, the Lord of all the
three worlds,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

One who is outside, also well hidden inside,
One who indwells in all as pure consciousness,
Thou art one undivided, unbound, self-existence,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

One without a beginning, middle or end ever known,
One who cannot be fully known, is immeasurable,
One who sports in every atom of the Universe,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

One who has no birth, age or even death,
One who is ever Whole, Absolute, Self-Illumined,
Who is Ineffable, yet Whose reckoning is immaculate,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thou ever present everywhere, Immanent in all,
No space is empty of Thy Presence all pervading,
Thou Delight of Life, Love and Compassion,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

If any feel his life or existence as 'I am',
It is nothing but this consciousness of self-existence,

In Thee is the essence of spirituality, all learning,
Again Thou the seed of the Universe of the moving
and unmoving,
One that never fades with Time, the Eternal Essence
Thou,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

The knowledge of the wise, the ultimate quest of the
devotees,
Thou art Yoga itself, the Beloved of the Yogins,
All is secret in the Veds, even Thou art a secret mystery,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thou art the Living form of the Veds, O Lord,
Thou the seed and Thou again the tree too,
Knowledge, the known and the knower all Thou art,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thou the heat and the rain and all, Lord,
Thou the root cause of all events, occurrences,

Thou in the sentient, the insentient, in death and
immortality,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thou art meditation, charity, Name-chanting, vows
and all,
Thou again knowledge, action, and even in devotion,
Thou again the cardinal original essence of all religions,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thou art Yogin's efforts and struggles perfect,
The intelligence of the intelligent,
Thou again the prime Truth, the most holy
Supreme Lord,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Fire, water, air, earth and ether Thou art,
Thou again the word, touch, form, smell and heart's zeal,
Thou the informing consciousness of the fourteen worlds,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

The love of the money-monger and his desire, Thou,
Thou the Seer, again Thou the Ordainer of the world,
Thou the essence of all existence, good deeds done,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thou the strength, virility and the courage of the warrior,
Thou the victory of the victorious in the battle,
Among the Beautiful Thou art the One Supremely
Beautiful,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thou art the protector of world's all religions,
In all the worlds Thou the Home of Eternal Rest,
Thou the ancient Lord and the ancient scripture too,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

For all the saints and sages Thou art the Eternal Rest,
None can know Thee, Thou art a Mystery indeed
unfathomable,
Thou art the meaning and quintessence of all
scriptures,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

This world's all inspiring Force Thou art,
The pure soul of delight or Ananda again Thou art,
In the whole Universe Thou alone art the Supreme Lord,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thou art the deep Mystery none can comprehend fully,
Thou art the Lord of all the Gods, the ancient Lord,
Thou art the Supreme Lord of Compassion, an ocean
of Compassion,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

In this world Thou art the sap of all vegetation,
Thou art the real relish of life, the juice in all relish,
Thou in all, Thou art all-in-all, in Thee is all,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

As all life Thou dost dwell in its original prime Nature,
Which by Thy will is a seed formed within Thee,
Through which Thou dost create this Universe,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Eternal, unchanging, the ancient Lord Thou,
Thou everlasting and indestructible again,
Thou again art immortal, birth-less and deathless,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thou art the sole and only ruler over the whole Universe,
Thou of manifold forms, none is equal to Thee,
Thou art One, yet Thou hast many Names,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thou art without any quality,
Yet art Thou the repository of all qualities,
Thou art without any colour, yet art of many colours,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thou art at play in Thy Eternal Creation,
Yet uninvolved truly art Thou even in it,
Even in empty space or void Thou dost create,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thou dost all actions remaining forever a non-doer,
Thou dost take away all, yet are free of all doing,

Thou art without a form, yet can assume many forms,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thou art so very far, yet you are one with all,
Yet art Thou so very near, nearest to one,
One cannot conceive that Thou art so far, yet so near,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

One Who cannot be known by sense organs,
One Who cannot be wetted by even a waterfall,
Again One Who cannot be dried by air,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

One Who cannot be burnt by any fire,
One Whom no weapon can cut or cleave,
One beyond duality, beyond all qualities,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Un-manifest, Indestructible, of Status most Supreme,
Attaining Whom there is no return to this world of
birth and death,

Such Thy blessed Abode, O Lord,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Of the great bright men Thou their real light,
Of great men of power Thou their manliness,
Flawless, unblemished and pure – all that, Lord Thou art,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thou without a form, without a stain, sans all qualities,
Beyond all thought, intelligence, choice and speech
Thou,
Thou art the prime source of all delight and joy of
being,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Of Fire, Water, Brahma and of other lesser Gods,
The fourteen worlds, Moon, Sun and Air, nay, this
very Universe,
Their main support and prime source Thou art,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

For the evil doers Thou art the chastising rod,
Thou art the real help of the helpless in life,
Whoso takes refuge at Thy Feet, to him dost Thou
extend a helping hand,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thou dost observe all life's activities,
Of the virtuous and the sinner their well-wisher,
Of all the world's religions the sole support,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

The solvent of all sorrow Thou art Lord,
Again the dispeller of all fears, Lord,
Thou the ever merciful, Thou the Supreme Lord,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

To one who has none for support,
Thou art his whole and sure support,
The ruler of this Universe of movable and
immovable Thou,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thou dost make this world to dance, and Thou too
doth dance,
Thy play like an expert monkey-trainer,
None understands Thy sport; then what will they
comment?
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Of the truly fallen ones Thou art the redeemer,
And of this wide world the sole upholder,
Thou the faithful friend of such poor lonely souls,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

If ever Thou lift a little the veil of Love from off Thy
Sweet Face,
The Yogins will dance in joy inebriated by the
Nectar of Thy Beauty,
Dedicating even a million lives to Thee none can still
measure Thee,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

By Thy power the Sun and the Moon shine,
By Thy influence the Stars twinkle,

And know – Of Whom the sea roars such glories,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Whose greatness is unparalleled, unrivalled,
Whose Love has no boundary, is limitless,
Whose power again none can equal,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

By Whose will all here is manifested on this earth,
By Whose will all is so sustained,
By Whose will in a moment all perish,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

By Whose power the ocean crosses its limits,
That ocean which never overflows,
By Whose Will runs this Universe in perfect order,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

By Whose power Time moves on,
By Whose power this Universe is born out of
empty space,

By Whose power Thy Consciousness pervades the
whole Universe,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

By Whose authority all is lighted, heated,
By Whose authority it rains to quench thirsty land,
This world bears the big burden knowing Whose it is,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thy ire can turn the world to ashes,
By appeasing Thee all three sorrows will be annulled,
None understands Thy strange working,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Whom all the Gods of the elements, the lesser Gods
bow to,
Indra and others worship by singing and chanting hymns,
Whose holy Feet various other gods kiss to appease,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Whose Name they utter remembering in their silent
heart,
Whom they worship with penance and vows sacred,
To please Thee men perform Yagna, lighting the
sacred fire,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Mother, father, brother and friend art Thou,
Learning, enjoyment, wealth, fame and eminence,
Thou,
Thou the real refuge and the heart of all beings,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thou art the sacred Manna on the Supreme path to
Godhood,
To cross over this world safely Thou art the sure
boat,
For vanquishing the evil forces Thou the unfailing
weapon, Lord,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Whatever is impossible shall be done by Thy Grace,
By Thy Grace the lame shall cross the mountain,
The dumb shall talk by Thy Grace,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Thy bright face shines with limitless power and strength,
Thy wonderful deeds who can describe and how?
Wherefrom can he get the comparison to describe it?
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Many poets have composed great poetry in praise of
Thee,
Even the great sages gave up after struggling in vain
to manifest Thee,
Even the saints with a vow to silence could not
measure Thee,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Where the Veds uttering 'Not this, not this', stop short,
Whose glories even Goddess Saraswati soon is
exhausted in singing,

None tells us What and Who Thou truly art,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

In all the three worlds none like unto Thee there was,
Nor will there be in time to come, nor is there even
Greater than Thou who can be? How will he be like?
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Power, youth and wealth are all worthless,
The true wave of divine joy in this world only Thou
The scriptures say the real divine Nectar only Thou
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Beyond human understanding Thou art described
The hidden treasure trove Thou that cannot be looted
fully,

Thy treasure open to all to loot from times
 immemorial has never gone empty,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Beholding the suffering of Thy dear ones at the
 hands of the evil doers,
And observing Religion becoming eclipsed by their
 evil deeds,
To liberate such from their oppressors Thou dost
 condescend to take human birth,
Unto that Lord of my Heart my head I humbly bow.

Through mind, body, speech, action, hands, legs,
Eyes and ears I have offended Thee much,
You will forgive me knowing me penitent I come to
 Thy Refuge,
This appeal from my heart penitent I make unto Thee.

The Son can turn away from Mother, but like the Mother
The Guru his disciple out of Love forgets and forgives,
Even so Thou Lord do forgive my mistakes and wrongs,
This appeal from my heart humbly I make unto Thee.

Seeing my short comings if Thou dost ignore me,
Who will save the fallen ones if not Thou,
In the hour of need help this poor being, Thou Lord,
This appeal from deep within my heart I make unto Thee.

All my relations and those whom I consider mine own
In my difficult times will turn away from me then,
Forgetting me not then, take me in Thy care,
This appeal I humbly make unto Thee from the
bottom of my heart.

The nectar taste of Bhakti, devotion, only by large
looting is experienced,
Thee my divine companion, give me holy company,
May my mind firmly ever dwell at Thy Lotus Feet,
Having Thee in my heart I have come to Thee for refuge.

Above me is the ever perfect Lord of my heart,
knowing which,
Carefree I rest in perfect ease and trust in Thee,
Not knowing how to pray unto Thee like one mad
I only blabber my heart out to Thee.

The support and refuge in this world of this helpless self,
Leaving Thy refuge where else can I go?
O Thou merciful Lord I shall never leave Thy Feet,
Let me ever bask in Thy Grace pouring on me.

I shall always call out to Thee without stopping,
Until You give me what I want of Thee,
Feel not wearied by this petitioning of mine,
Considering me Thy little child give me a place in
Thy Heart, Lord.

I had no money on me, yet from childhood
I dreamed deeply of going to that place,
Unto to Him Who fulfilled my desire in a strange way
This prayer-poem unto my God became the means so
wonderful.

You took me on a pilgrimage of the Himalayas,
And solved for me the riddle of life's sorrow,
Showed me the deeper hidden meaning of life;
Let me sing praises of this rare gift of Grace till I tire
and stop.

PRAYER-I pray and bow at Thy Feet

*Lord, ever keep me in the Haven of Thy Holy Feet,
I pray and bow at Thy Feet.*

*O, Beloved, ever indwelling in my heart,
Thou Lord of my heart's precious Lotus,
Thou renowned dear and faithful Lover,
I pray and bow at Thy Feet.*

*I open to you my heart's inner feelings,
My mind still remains intransigent, rebellious,
I pray and bow at Thy Feet.*

*Removing all obstacles from my life,
Take me home into Thee, dear Lord,
And make me mad for Thee only,
I pray and bow at Thy Feet.*

*O, Beloved, I know of no means,
But only the flowers of my heart's pining love,
And these I scatter at Thy Holy Feet,
I pray and bow at Thy Feet.*

*Wherein lies a child's strength?
If there be any it is in his helpless crying,
By that force of crying let me cross over to Thee,
I pray and bow at Thy Feet.*

AARTI

*Om, give me Refuge O Lord, at the Haven of Thy Holy Feet,
Save this fallen soul, lead him by Thy hand, clasp
him to Thy heart,*

*Let my mind, heart and speech be revealed by my action,
May You unify by Thy Grace, my mind, speech and heart.*

*May our heart's love pervade in our dealings with all,
Even where injustice is done, there may only love prevail.*

*May we attempt by Thy Grace, to change our lower instincts
Into nobler ones, so we may be worthy of Thy Holy Feet.*

*May my mind's thoughts and tendencies of the vital
And intellect's all doubts dissolve at Thy Holy Feet.*

*To appear to others as we truly are at heart,
Let our being be open, so others can know us truly and well.*

*Give me the will not to do otherwise, contrary
To what is truly in my heart O Lord.*

*Wherever there are Virtue and Goodness, let my
heart there abide,
May Virtue and Goodness flower and blossom in my heart.*

*May the instincts of the vital and the mind merge
and melt in my love for Thee
And may my adoration for Thee ever dance in
delight and joy.*

*One who has caught hold of Lord's Feet,
Has got everything in life*

*We feel the heat of Sun which is millions of miles away,
Yet we fail to feel the force of that Power, which is all around,
so near to us.*

*When someone gives us a costly present we keep it in a glass
case for all to admire,
But how much do we value this rare and precious Gift of Life
given by God?*

*If there be any shade wherein man can cast off all his
weariness, it is the soothing shade of a saint, the most
benevolent of all trees.*

*Whosoever worships the Lord with Love, his life can be
changed for the better.*