

Thakura Haridasa

Oh born of Moslem parents Haridas!
And trained in youth in Moslem creed
Thy noble heart to Vaishnava truth did pass
Thy holy acts thy candor plead!

Is there a soul that cannot learn from thee
That man must give up sect for God
That thoughts of race and sect can ne'er agree
With what they call Religion broad

Thy love of God and brother soul alone
Bereft thyself of early friends
Thy softer feelings oft to kindness prone
Led on thyself for higher ends!

I weep to read that Kazis and their men
Oft persecuted thee, alas!
But thou didst nobly pray for th' wicked then!
For thou wert Vaishnava Haridas!

And God is boundless grace to thee, Oh man!
United thee to one who came
To save the fallen souls from Evil's plan
Of taking human souls to shame

And He it was who led you all that came
For life eternal, holy, pure!
And gave you rest in Heaven's endearing Name
And sacred blessings ever sure!

Thy body rests upon the sacred sands
Of Svargardvar near the sea,
Oh, hundreds come to thee from distant lands
T' enjoy a holy, thrilling glee!

The waters roar and storming winds assail
Thy ears in vain, ah, Vaishnava soul!
The charms of Vrindavan thy heart regale,
Unknown the wheel of time doth roll!

He reasons ill who tells that Vaishnavas die
When thou art living still in sound
The Vaishnavas die to live and living try

To spread the holy name around!

Now let the candid man that seeks to live
Follow thy way on shores of time,
Then posterity sure to him will give
Like one song in simple rhyme!

(A poem originally written by the Thakura in the early 1870's. Unedited by Sri Guru Vandana.)