

LORD'S PRAYER



SRI SRI THAKUR ANUKULCHANDRA

FOREWORD

These prayers have come out spontaneously from the divine lips of our most beloved Lord Sri Sri Thakur Anukulchandra originally in English. They have the unique charm, sweetness, grandeur and depth of the Vedic chants of India, perhaps superseding them—as they are fully in tune with both the past and the present. They are classic and at the same time romantic, both ancient and modern—old and new !

The Lord, the son of God, comes in different ages to remove the sorrows and sufferings of man, and He teaches us to pray to God the Father. With a naked sincerity of heart He pours forth in His unique appeal the real hankerings of the aching hearts of men. The prayers are again come in this twentieth century in Bengal in this far East. We fervently hope the disciples of Sri Sri Thakur Anukulchandra in India, America and in Europe, will find, in His prayers, echoes of their own hearts and will use these devoutly in their daily service and act in their everyday life in tune with the Infinite that can be perceived only through our intimate touch with the living Lord, may we be imbued with the inspiration of our Lord, may we be charged with the enthusiasm of our Lord, may we be invigorated with the activities of a divine life through prayer, meditation, service and love in the midst of the deadening and deteriorating din of Satan and Satanic ways of the modern times !

KRISHNA PRASANNA BHATTACHARYYA

Deoghar, Bihar
15th June, 1949

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

At long last the new Edition of “Lord’s Prayers” containing prayers given to us by Sri Sri Thakur Anukulchandra is being Published. It’s late publication due to unforeseen circumstances is deeply regretted. The price of the book in being increased to the minimum in spite of the astronomically high rise in the price of paper and printing for the benefit of the devotees who may use the book in their daily prayer service.

PUBLISHER

Deoghar, Bihar.
28th February, 1990

LORD’S PRAYER

MY FATHER !

My Father !
The Supreme, the omnipotent,
all-pervading !
My heavenly heart !

The Becoming !
The Being that hath manifested !
My God,
Oh Thou revealed in Flesh and blood !
A Child of Thyself
to wash off
the sorrows and sufferings
with begotten blood !—
Let Thy blessing flush
the dirt that is onerous
and make me pure
and able
with a tilt of blissful joy !

SUCKLE ME !

My Father !
Oh my Good !
the God !
The Beginning !
Thy water—
Thy property that has come forth
as manifestation of Thyself
nourishing me,
quenching the thirst,
that makes life
disgusted and precarious
with choking chafe !

Cheer me up !
Suckle me
With Thy vitalizing fluid
As mother does her child !

Oh Thou—
the manifestation
of supreme affection !

Elate me up
in service of welfare
that enables me with a cheerful
sympathetic heart,
to uplift with thy elixir the beings
who suffer from
ignorant, obnoxious, distressing thirst !

SO AM I THY SON EVER SOLEMN !

Thy Beacons

descends
illuminating beings into life
with sympathy and apathy—
whence the booming uphill shower
scatters around
as manifestations—
the universe, the phenomena,
with sun, moon and stars
graced, beautiful and illuminated—
that I behold !

I am also one of them
though unlike in embodiment—
the child of Supreme Father
as they are !

The harm, the sin, the betrayal
that dwindles and deceives life
taking away far—afar
from Beloved Father,
dives into forgetful ignorance !
Never can they touch
nor look at me !—
So am I thy son
ever solemn, ever pure, ever affectionate—
and serviceable—
as my Father in heaven !

SAVE ME FROM THE SINS !

Oh Thou the Sun,
the enlivening kiss
that irradiates from Heavenly father !

Oh Thou Service,
the expression, the affection in action
of the Supreme Being !
and Thou the Servant,
the Master of services,
Crown of Bliss !

Save ye all myself
from the sin of unfulfilment
that recurs
from ignorance in serving my environment !

Oh Night !—
the rest that is ordained

by Supreme Law !

Save me from the sins I do
with mind, with word, with hands
and feet and other limbs !

Banish them as thou banisheth the visible
with Thy darkening devour !

I surrender that me—the sin-touched
unto the radiant,
illuminating energy
of my Supreme Father
that enlivens the being !

FLOW IN AND ENLIVEN ME TOO !

Oh Thou Word !
Thy radiant ray
carrying the sun uphill
to expose the universe
with Thy beautiful varieties
raises up the amazing effulgence,
the sun—
the source of the fluids,
the atmosphere and fire—
enlightening with fulfillment
the welkin and the earth—
quickenning in life the mobile and the
immobile ;

Flow in
and enliven me too
with the flood of Thy light !

I pray unto Thee—
may I bow down to them
who know you,
salute them who teach to worship Thee,—
the seers and the sacred—
my obeisance unto the
accumulated experiences of man !
--unto the breath of life !

Let me salute Death
that ceaseth my becoming—
to be off from him !

My salutation to thee—

the all-pervading,
the Lord Beloved !

RAISE ME UP UNTO THEE !

Thou Word—
the quickening thrill
that invigorates the life
and light of being,—
the diffused Bliss
that floods into earth,
atmosphere and welkin high—
that unfolds all that hath been
with a radiance,
bestowing a luminous life—
accelerating talents to move and do !

Let me meditate on Thee—
Thy shine !

Raise me up unto thee
sparkling with Thy heavenly
shower !

PILOT US ACROSS !

Thou Fire Divine,
Thou the property of Supreme Being
that infuses heat and warmth !

Burn thou entirely
the harmful intentions
of the jealous foe
and rescue us
from distress and disgrace
and from all the sins !

Pilot us across—
burning the disasters—
into Thy blissful becoming !

I SALUTE THEE !

Oh thou the Becoming,
the Being,
the existence that is beyond the vast—
darkening-yellow,
tending towards the Cause !

Thou—the Frowning Apathy

that tends to take all away
from their manifestations—
transmuting Thyself into the universe

Oh Thou !
my salutation to Thee !

I salute The—
the creative force !
the all-pervading !
the all-destroying !
the source of the fluids
that envelop !

MY OBLATIONS UNTO THEE !

Oh Thou the Sun
that shineth with bliss,
the Radiant,
the energy that pervades all—
salutation to Thee !

Thou—the sacred creator of worlds
That inspires us
into activities,—
My oblations unto Thee !

MY OBEISANCE TO THEE !

Thou the Sun,
the bliss,
the Energy that hath proceeded
from the grace of divine soul,
the scarlet-red
with the wine of life and vigour !

Thou the enemy of darkness,
elator of
darkening, sinful depression,
My obeisance unto Thee !

Let me invoke thy push of Energy
with a stimulus
in the way of my Becoming
that enables me by the grace
of Thy infused uplift—
Thy enlivening embrace—
to adore my Beloved with restless,
wistful service and acquisition
in a concord with the environment !

**PEACE, PEACE, PEACE—BE YE
PEACEFUL !**

Be ye whatever—
regret not what has happened
by the impulse of your blind misfortune,
let not be feared by the
taunting insult of your actions
that have occurred by the enticement
of the ignorant, dull, depressing
environment ;
shout, cheer up—
be unquivered and
attached
by your tendrils of passion
to the Ideal, the Beloved—
whose love enters unquestionably top
to bottom
whatever ye may be—
saint, rogue, sufferer, criminal or sinner—
pervading all !
Install Him with all your purpose,
with all your service,
with all your love and emotion,
with all the resources you have ;
Neglect to fulfill the narrow sordid interests
from the universe in which you dwell ;
only think of Him,
think how to fulfill His interests,—
Move on doing and dealing accordingly—
elating everyone with the message
of love, hope, charity and service
that exalts !
Put thine ear to the throbbing
Impulse of

Environment and hear attentively
The lingering music
of the inner microcosm
with a rolling peaceful concert,
a singing thrill—
Peace, Peace, Peace—Be Ye Peaceful !

* * * * *