



THE

BHAGAVAD GITA

in Songs



THE SONG OF THE LORD SET TO VERSE

PUNIT OZA



*The
Bhagavad Gita
in Songs*

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Introduction

Two years ago, it was truly God's blessing to have my first book, "Geeton Mein Gita" published by the Inner Search Foundation. This was my attempt to summarize each of the chapters of Bhagavad Gita into a simple Hindi poem. It was an absolute delight to see the reception that this book received.

I would once again like to reiterate that the poems that I composed are akin to lighting a small matchstick to light up bigger candles. These poems can be a great starting point to understand the essence of the Gita and raise curiosity about the Gita, which can be satisfied by reading the amazing commentaries of great scholars from Adi Shankaracharya to Sri Aurobindo.

Over the past two years, I have had a lot of people reach out to me to translate the "Geeton Mein Gita" into English and also other Indian languages. I must be honest that translating the Gita into English poems does not fully capture the depth that Sanskrit and

other Indian languages bring to its meaning. Thus, the Hindi poems could capture the depth and were my first preference.

However, I have tried my level best to capture the essence of the Gita and translate the “Geeton Mein Gita” into English and am blessed to present the “Bhagavad Gita in songs”. I truly hope and pray that the message of the Gita reaches the maximum number of people across the globe, as the message is truly universal and life changing. With this English translation, this message will hopefully spread and reach a wider audience.

Finally, God is the power behind all the actions, and I am truly blessed to be able to present the Gita’s message in two languages and with His blessings, in many more in the future.

Preface

All credit for “The Bhagavad Gita in Songs” belongs to God, and this collection of poems is dedicated wholly to that God. It is by His boundless grace that these poems have been composed through me, His humble instrument. The first poem, “My Learning from the Gita,” reflects my own thoughts and thereafter, there is a simple poem on each chapter. The beginning and the end of every poem are in essence the same.

For the Gita, and for my interest in it, I owe my gratitude to my father, Late Shri B.M. Oza. Many years ago, he gave me Sri Aurobindo’s “Essays on the Gita” and wrote within it, “A time will come when you will read this.” That time arrived, and the Gita became, for both of us, a subject of joyful discussion and an offering of devotion.

The members of my “Gita Family” in Singapore also deserve credit for this interest of mine. The spiritual

growth that has come through the guidance of Aseemji and Sunitaji is beyond imagination. To them all, my heartfelt salutations!

For my love of poetry, the credit goes to my maternal grandfather, Late Shri Manubhai Trivedi. He was a judge, and also a poet of the highest order, who wrote ghazals under the pen-name “Gaafil” and devotional songs under the name “Sarod.” It is my misfortune that I never had the chance to meet him, but God has surely placed within me a small measure of his gift for composing verse.

Another person who deserves my gratitude is my mother, the late Smt. Bharti Oza. She was a lawyer, and a poet too. I am proud that a little of her gift lives on in me in form of these poems.

This collection is also dedicated to my life companion, Chetna, and to my dear son, Aditya, who walk this journey alongside me, and who are also my firmest support. The credit for the publication of this book

(both the Hindi and English versions) belongs to Dr. Poonam Kapoorji, Shri Pawan Kapoorji, and all their colleagues at the Inner Search Foundation, through whose tireless labour and devotion this work has been presented in its present form. For their support, I shall always remain grateful.

How are we to describe the glory of that God? In the well-known Hindi film “Boond Jo Ban Gayi Moti,” poet Bharat Vyas’s words can be translated like this:

*Upon the green earth, beneath this blue sky,
Across which the wind drifts the palanquin of clouds,
Which poet’s imagining is this wondrous work of art?
Who is this painter — who is this painter?*

It is to that very Painter, of whom we ourselves are but the paintings, that these poems are dedicated!

Punit Oza

Singapore, 2026

My Learning from the Gita

As I sat pondering,
What life-learnings has the Gita imparted,
Least of all, a journey of self-discovery,
In me, it has started.

A realization that I too, like all others,
Am an offspring of the Lord,
And this human life is a devotional adventure,
A journey to his Abode.

Life and death are but events of the body,
In God does the eternal soul rest,
The path leading out of the jungle of Maya,
Goes right through that very forest.

Our world collapses not due to its construction,
But its weak foundation,
With bad karmas, to expect good results,
Will simply lead to frustration.

In race for Results, Attachments and Grudges,
A hollow win is same as a loss.
Unattached Actions with Knowledge, Devotion,
Is the only way to get across.

Desires, Anger and Greed, these three,
Gita says, lead you straight to hell.
Self-Introspection, Chanting, Interaction with good
souls,
Are the only ways that these evils will quell.

As each day of Gita sinks into me,
These eyes are slowly opening to the Divine.
Years of false learning are washing away,
Just like a mirror cleaned begins to shine.

A fearlessness has entered into me,
Knowing that my Lord is with me at all times.
The actions are yours while the results are His,
Just as you don't control the sound of wind chimes.

A steadfastness has dawned on this path,
A will never to deviate from the Divine destination.
It may take one life or several to fulfil this,
Patience and perseverance are key, without sorrow or
trepidation.

Let us remove the ideas of “good” and “bad”,
From our hearts and mind.
If we did not get something, it is His will,
And if we did, it is because He is the most kind.

Chapter 1

Arjun Vishada Yoga - The Yoga of Arjuna's Grief

It feels as though this life has passed in darkness,
blind and deep,
Where ignorance has ruled the waking hours and
haunted sleep.

Yet shining through the ages comes a light, both true
and bright,
The Bhagavad Gita's wisdom, born on Kurukshetra's
night.

The first chapter opens with a flourish, drums and
banners high,
Then slowly dims to sorrow as the moment draws
nearby.

For on this sacred dialogue, this grief, this doubt, this
pain,
Rests every word that Krishna spoke, again, and yet
again.

The blind king Dhritarashtra turned to Sanjay, seer of
sight,
"Tell me what unfolds upon that field where dharma
meets the fight.

What do my hundred sons do there? What do the
Pandavas seek?"
Sanjay, gifted with divine vision, began to speak.

Then proud Duryodhana strode before his master,
Drona, bold,
Naming warriors on each side, their stories proudly
told.

He counted heroes, mighty bows, the fearless and the
brave,
As if by naming them aloud, he'd march them to the
grave.

Old Bhishma raised his conch shell high and split the
morning air,
The sound of war rolled over the field and river,
earth laid bare.

Then Krishna blew the Panchajanya, Arjuna
answered too,
And divine conchs thundered back across the sky of
Kurukshetra's blue.

With arrogance upon his brow, Arjuna called to
Krishna then,
"Drive me forth between these armies, let me look
upon these men.

I wish to see who dares to stand for that foolish
Duryodhana's claim,
Who raises arms against the Pandavas — let me learn
their name."

The chariot moved between the lines, and there
before his eyes,
Stood fathers, sons, and brothers dear beneath the
open skies.

His teachers, grandsires, dearest friends arrayed in
battle's thrall,
And something in the warrior broke at the sight of
them all.

His bow slipped from his trembling hand, his knees
began to shake,
His mouth ran dry, his heart grew cold, his very soul
would break.

He sank into the chariot seat, his armour weighing
like stone,
A great and mighty warrior undone — confused and
alone.

"What need have we of victory?" he cried into the air,
"What need of thrones or kingdoms won if death
must take us there?"

To slay these men I love so well — what joy could
that bestow?

No crown is worth the blood of those I cherished
long ago."

"Not all the earth, not all three worlds could fill the
hollow place,
Left by the killing of these kin, these faces, this
embrace.

We would become mere sinners then, consumed by
guilt and shame,
Devouring the fruits of war and bearing all its
blame."

"The ruin of the clan brings forth a darkness none
can mend,
Where *dharma* crumbles into dust and righteousness
must end.

Our ancestors, our children's children, all would bear
the cost,
And generations yet unborn would find themselves
forever lost."

So, saying, "I shall not fight this war," he fell into the
deep,
Of weakness, grief, and helplessness — a warrior's
restless sleep.

The bow lay still, the arrows cold, the chariot hushed
and bare,
And Krishna watched in silence as sorrow filled the
air.

Yet hear this final truth, O heart, and let it set you
free,
Release this love, release this hate, this good, this
enmity.

If what you sought has come to pass — call it *His*
Grace,
And if it has not — *His Will* — accept with peaceful
face.

Chapter 2

Sāṅkhya Yoga - The Yoga of Knowledge

It feels today as though this life has passed in
ignorance's shadow deep,
The Bhagavad Gita is the truest teacher of
knowledge life should keep.

The second chapter holds the essence, the fullness of
the Gita's core,
He who truly absorbs its wisdom, finds his vessel
safely to the shore.

To despairing Arjuna, the Lord held up a mirror,
clear and bright,
"From where has this weakness come upon you, this
cowardice taking flight?"

Arjuna said, "How can I slay my beloved ones, my
gurus, those I so revere?
Better that I myself should perish, before I spill the
blood of those so dear."

"All wealth and kingdoms and their pleasures will
only lead me into grief,
And in this state of sorrow, these hands cannot lift a
sword for war's relief."

He confessed to Lord that he was lost and beyond
his own repair,
Becoming His disciple, he sought a path one he could
walk with certainty there.

Hearing this cry, from the Lord flowed the Gita's
wisdom like a stream,
The wise grieves for none - living or dead, such is the
enlightened theme.

There was never a time when we did not exist, for
the soul is forever immortal,
The body changes and changes again, but the
steadfast man fears not this portal.

These outer changes are fleeting and impermanent,
bear them with grace,
Equanimity and mastery of senses is the true
liberation, our true resting place.

Untruth never comes into existence, and truth can
never cease to be,
The wise see through the falsehood — beyond
illusion, only truth they see.

That which dwells all over universe and in us all —
none can destroy it ever,
Those to be slain in battle are but bodies; the soul,
the sovereign within, dies never.

One who thinks the soul kills or is killed does not
know what is true,
The wise know the soul as unborn, eternal, ancient,
and ever new.

The knower of this truth: how could he cause death
or be moved to slay?
The soul merely changes its body, as worn-out
clothes are shed for garments fresh that day.

Soul is what no weapon can cut, no fire burn,
no water soak, no wind dry,
Indestructible, imperishable, everlasting,
all-pervading, unmoving — this is why.

Beyond the senses and the mind, it is unmanifest,
inconceivable, beyond the grasp of thought,
Even if death is real, why grieve? After death comes
rebirth, and death again is brought.

This soul, manifest in bodies, becomes unmanifest,
what then is there to mourn?
So profound is this knowledge that neither the senses
nor the mind can grasp what it has borne.

What duty greater than this righteous war, what
fortune greater for a warrior of your name?
And if you flee this field today, your honour, your
glory, all will drown in shame.

Win, and you shall enjoy the earth's abundance; fall,
and heaven's gates shall open wide,
Fight, holding gain and loss, joy and sorrow, victory
and defeat as equal tide.

Then the Lord revealed the path of Karma Yoga,
where man is freed from action's chain,
Selfless action has no ill effect — a single step drives
away all fear and pain.

On this path, the wisdom of the sage is focused,
resolute, and clear as light,
While wisdom scattered in many directions belongs
to those bound in desire's night.

Therefore Arjuna, become desireless, rise beyond the
dualities, beyond attachment's snare,
For the knower of Brahman, the Vedas are as a small
pond when a great ocean waits out there.

Only on action — never on its fruit — is your right,
and never abandon your duty's call,
Renounce attachment, remain equal in success and
failure — this is the essence of all.

Before this wisdom of equanimity, selfish action is
utterly small — so speaks the Lord,
It is through this yoga alone that one is freed from
merit and sin, and cuts the bondage's cord.

The wise with steady intellect, renouncing fruit, are
freed from birth and death's long night,
Free from delusion, with their mind fixed in the
Supreme, they are united in yoga's light.

Now a question arose in Arjuna's mind, and to the
Lord he sent his earnest prayer,
"What are the marks of the steadfast sage, and how
does he move in the world out there?"

One who abandons all desires and finds contentment
within the self alone,
The Lord declares such a wise one, as the steadfast
sage fully grown.

One in whom no craving, hatred, or anger stirs,
unshaken by sorrow, not tempted by delight,
Unattached, who sees the good and ill with
equanimity; such a sage is "Steady in Insight".

Like the tortoise who draws its limbs inward, away
from the world's alluring calls,
When one beholds the Supreme, even the taste for
objects fades and falls.

Despite his best efforts, the turbulent senses carry
away even the wisest mind like a tide,
But one who masters the senses and walks the path
of God, his wisdom stands firm inside.

From a restless mind comes brooding on objects;
from brooding, attachment grows,
Then comes desire, and when desire is thwarted,
anger inevitably flows.

From anger comes delusion, then the memory slips
away,
Then comes the ruin of intellect — and in that ruin,
the man is lost to the day.

Without detachment, where is wisdom? Without
wisdom, no contemplation of that self so swell,
Without that contemplation, no peace — and without
peace, what happiness can dwell?

The senses chasing objects drag the wandering mind
into the swell,
Like a boat upon the water, helpless in the wind's
compelling spell.

Therefore, one whose senses are fully mastered and
under his command is called truly still,
What is night for the ignorant is day for the wise —
and their day, the wise find dark and nil.

As the ocean stays unmoved when rivers pour into its
vast expanse,
The steadfast one remains unmoved by pleasures —
undistracted in his stance.

Who abandons all desires, free from ego, attachment,
and the thought of mine,
His spirit finds no agitation — his is a peace
supremely divine.

This is the state of one who is never deluded,
established in the knowledge of Brahman's way,
Attaining this even at life's end — he reaches
Brahman — and this is what the scriptures say.

Come, let us wipe from mind this love and hate, this
“good” we crave, this “bad” we shun,
If what we asked for comes — “the Lord’s sweet
grace”; if not — “the Lord’s will be done”

Chapter 3

Karma Yoga - The Yoga of Action

Today it seems this life was spent in the dark of
unknowing night,
The Gita is life's true teaching — of knowledge and
of wisdom's light.

In the third chapter the Lord unfolds the path of
Karma Yoga clear,
That, through the yoga of action comes release — He
says it plain, sincere.

First in Arjuna's mind a natural question rose and
would not cease:
If knowledge stands above all deeds, why think of
war, not peace?

On one hand, action, on the other knowledge, why
should mind not stray?
Command me one sure path to walk, that I may find
my saving way.

The Lord replied: both roads alike lead surely up to
Me,
The yoga of knowledge for the wise, of action for the
yogi to be.

Know this: Karma Yoga is neither idle rest nor the
renouncing of all deed,
For nature's *gunas* work on their own — each
moment awakes some act indeed.

Who chains the flesh but feasts within is a fraud —
an indulger in disguise,
Who reins the mind and acts unbound — he is the
true yogi, the wise.

To walk your own dharma by the scripture is best,
for live you must, and therefore act;
Detached, as but the Lord's own instrument — no
karmic bond will hold you, that's the fact.

Prajāpati shaped the sacrifice of deeds, by which all
beings grow and thrive;
We nourish the gods through worship, and by their
grace our wishes come alive.

Through sacrifice the gods give all unasked; who
feasts ungiving is a thief outright;
The noble eat the offering's blest remains — who
eats for flesh alone devours dark blight.

All beings rise from food, food springs from rain,
rain born of sacrifice, and that from deed;
Who lives outside this wheel, against the scriptures,
for pleasure alone — in vain indeed.

He rises past all duty who loves the Self, and there
alone finds peace,
For action and inaction are one to him- selfless, his
works in world never cease.

The Lord declares it plain: through duty done
unbound we surely reach His shore,
Acting for the welfare of the world, we walk King
Janaka's path of yore.

The path the great ones tread, behind their steps the
rest will surely wend,
Bound by neither duty nor desire, Krishna walks
action's road to the end.

Should Krishna let action's pathway go, world would
sink toward sloth and night,
Men would corrupt, confusions multiply, the people
drift toward ruin's blight.

As the unknowing act in attachment's hold, the wise
should act with none at all,
Let the wise do all for God so well that even the
unknowing heed his call.

The proud and ignorant thinks himself the doer, and
so by delusion is bound,
The wise one knows it's nature's *gunas* at play — and
thus unattached is found.

The wise, though knowing, should not strive to turn
the foolish bound one from his way,
Fixing mind on God, all deeds surrendered, hope and
“mine” cast off — let him act each day.

Free of blame, in faith, who tread God's road are
freed from action's chain,
But those who, full of fault-finding, spurn His path,
their lives are lost in vain.

Each man acts swayed by his own nature, be he a
fool or sage in name,
Beware the love and loathing within, from these
springs our fall's first flame.

In no condition let your own dharma go, though an-
other's path allure and call,
Now Arjuna asks: how does a man, even knowing,
fall to sin at all?

The Lord replied: it is desire and wrath — these two,
the greatest foes and sin,
As smoke will cloak the fire from sight, so lust draws
a veil on the light within.

In senses, mind and intellect it dwells — desire
whose aim is to delude us whole,
The cure: to rein the senses, and tear this knowledge-
slaying lust out, root and soul.

Beyond body are the senses, past them mind, past
mind the intellect — past all, the Soul;
With the mighty Self subdue the intellect, then mind
— slaying this foe, you are whole.

Let us wipe from mind this love and hate, “good” we
crave, “bad” we shun,
If what we asked for comes — “the Lord’s sweet
grace”; if not — “the Lord’s will be done”!

Chapter 4

Jñāna-Karma-Sannyāsa Yoga

- The Yoga of Knowledge, Action, and Renunciation

Today it feels this life within the dark of ignorance
has slipped away,
For the Gita is life's true teaching — of knowledge,
and of wisdom's living ray.

In the fourth chapter is woven knowledge, action,
and renunciation in one thread,
From this endless coming and going all may be freed
— sinner, wretched, long-misled.

This yoga the Lord first taught the Sun, and down it
was passed from host to host,
Yet after many generations, through time, from this
earth the wisdom was somehow lost.

“You who stand before me lived an age ago” —
Arjuna's heart would not believe it true;
The Lord replied: “Many births are mine and yours
— these you never knew.”

Imperishable, unborn, the Lord is— yet by His own
maya takes on form and name;
In every age He descends, when unrighteousness
swells and perishing is dharma's flame.

To shield the good and raise the righteous, and slay
the evil, His coming must be so;
And whoever knows this truth entire — beyond
death they need not come and go.

On this path, casting off all longing, and fear, the true
devotees have reached His shore;
As the worship, so the grace returned — knowing
this, the wise walk this road ever more.

The ignorant, thirsty for fruit, worship the lesser gods
and swiftly gain their prize;
Behind the fourfold ranks of trait and deed, an
actionless Doer abides, unseen by eyes.

Deed done without attachment cannot bind, in this
the Lord and the truth-seer are one;
Yet what is action, what is inaction — at times not
even the wise have known.

Hard, yet needful, to grasp the secret of action,
inaction, and the deed forbidden;
To see inaction in action and action in inaction, there
the yogi's art lies hidden.

Who, free of craving, does each deed in truth's light
—even the wise will name a sage;
Who rests in God alone and does his duty, with ego
laying no claim upon his page.

Mastering mind and body, renouncing every desire,
such soul no sin of deed shall stain;
Content with life, equal in joy, grief, gain and loss —
and free of envy he shall remain.

Unattached, with a firm mind, offering sacrifice, the
freed one's deeds dissolve away;
For oblation, fire, the means, the gift — all is
Brahman alone, in truth, every day.

Some yogis worship gods; some offer into Brahman's
fire, the rite itself made whole;
Some still their hearing, some still their speech —
such is the offering of the soul.

And some pour every sense and every breath of life
into the kindled fire of self-restraint;
Some by vows, by penance, by the eightfold path, by
breath, by study, become a saint.

Some make austerity of breath — the inward and
outward flow, the holding of the vital air;
Some curb their food and offer it up; and all these
rites burn the sins to none, laid bare.

Who tastes the hallowed remnant of the rite attains
that Brahman; who offers none finds no world, near
or far;
For every sacrifice, born of action, to Brahman is
given — and knowing this, freed from all bonds they
are.

Yet first among all rites is the sacrifice of knowledge,
for every deed in wisdom finds its end;
By reverence and service to the guru, by honest
asking, the seers of truth this knowing lend.

With this once won, delusion wholly dies, and in each
grain of dust the Supreme stands clear and shown;
Such is its power — even the gravest sinner, on the
boat of knowledge, crosses sin's wide sea alone.

As blazing fire turns all its fuel to ash, so knowledge
burns our every deed away, none purer than its light;
And the perfected soul, when its hour is ripe, finds
this holy wisdom dawning in its own inner sight.

The faith-filled, master of mind and sense, his
thought held still, he is the knower, and peace is his
to hold;
The faithless soul, brimming with doubt, finds joy in
no world at all — only unrest, and a comfort never
told.

Who, freed of deeds through karma-yoga, cleaves his
doubt with wisdom's sword, by action is bound no
more;
So, sever the doubt that ignorance has bred — rise,
fight your rightful war: this is your dharma, this your
law and core.

Come, wipe away from the mind this longing, this
loathing, this “this is ill” and “this is fair”;
If what you sought is granted — “Hari's grace”; and
if denied — “Hari's will”: so leave it there!

Chapter 5

Karm Sannyasa Yoga - The Yoga of Action and Renunciation

Today it seems this life has slipped through
ignorance's night;
The Gita is life's truest school of wisdom and of
light.

Is to abandon action the renouncer's sacred art,
Or must one shed all pride and ego — *sannyas* of the
heart?

In the fifth chapter Krishna speaks, and to the seeker
shows,
The meaning of true renunciation, all its depth He
knows.

Arjuna asked the question plain: renunciation, or the
path of deed.

Which of these two roads is better for a soul to heed?

Both, the Lord replied, are roads that to freedom lead
the soul,

Yet beside renunciation, action's yoga is the nobler
goal.

The one who neither hates nor craves, know him a
renouncer still,

Though his hands move through the world and
labour at their will;

Beyond the pull of opposites, for such a tranquil
mind,

Release from action's binding chains comes easy,
sweet, and kind.

The wise who see that Sankhya's thought and Yoga
are but one,
They may lean on either road and find their freedom
fully won;

Who sees that knowledge and right action spring
from one same source,
That yogi gains the highest truth of Brahman's
boundless force.

To pass within the gate of Brahman, this the seeker
must learn:
The key of action's yoga in renunciation's lock must
turn;

Who, with a heart made pure, with sense and mind
held in command,
Beholds the Lord in everything — there true karma-
yogis stand.

The God-joined yogi, through his every deed,
perceives the whole:
“This is but Nature's play; no act is wrought by my
own soul.”

As water finds no resting place upon the lotus leaf,
No deed can bind the unattached, nor bring him
bond or grief.

Casting off attachment, working with the body, mind,
or sense,
The yogi's every action serves the soul's own
cleansing, hence

The Brahman-joined receive a blissful, clear, and
steady mind,
While craving doers, far from God, in their own
bondage grind.

Mastering Nature, in his mind renouncing all he
wrought,
The yogi reigns, content, the lord of his nine-gated
fort;

Not God creates the deed, the doer, nor the fruit
thereof,
All this is Nature weaving past and present, time to
come.

The all-pervading Lord stands clear of merit and of
sin;
It is the veil of ignorance that dims and snares within.

But those who find the rising sun of self-knowledge
bright,
Shall watch its radiance burn away the inner cloak of
night.

Who hold the Supreme as their one goal and walk the
path of light,
Return no more from that high home, that dwelling
pure and bright;

Such sages, robed in learning, gentle, humble, calm,
and free,
In Brahmin, cow, in dog, in outcaste, the same soul
self can see.

These even-hearted souls become creation's lords
while still they live,
For whosoever rests in perfect balance, in Brahman
comes to live;

Who is not lifted by the pleasant, nor cast down by
the ill,
That steady, undeluded yogi dwells in Brahman,
tranquil, still.

Who turns from outer objects, drinking deep the
inner Self's own bliss,
That Brahman-joined one finds a joy that time can
never miss;

And wise is he who understands all outer joys that
rise and cease,
They are fleeting, born to fade, and bring but sorrow,
never peace.

The man who, even as he lives his mortal, earthly
span,
Who can bear the strike of lust and wrath — he is
the blessed man;

Who finds within him bliss and peace and light's own
steady flame,
He becomes the Brahman, crosses safe, beyond all
loss and shame.

Whose sins are washed to dust, whose every doubt
has slipped away,
Who, master of himself, brings good to all who pass
his way,

Who stand released from lust and wrath, their mind
beneath their sway,
Such sages reach the Brahman whole, and there
forever stay.

Beyond all outer things he draws his gaze and holds it
sure,
The yogi who has stilled his breath sits deep in
thought, secure;

His sense, his mind, his reason reined, set free from
craving's snare,
From fear and wrath, the sage moves on and meets
release, made fair.

The Lord alone receives all sacrifice and penance
done,
Master of all worlds, the friend of everyone.

Who knows this truth within his heart and bows to it
as true,
He is the rightful heir of peace and joy his whole life
through.

So come, and from your inmost mind wipe clean this
love, this hate,
this “good,” this “bad,” and learn at last to rest
within your fate:

If what you sought is granted you, then “by His
grace” rejoice;
and if it is withheld — then say, “His will,” and bless
His voice.

Chapter 6

Dhyāna Yoga - The Yoga of Meditation

Today it feels this life has passed in ignorance's unlit
night;

Yet the Gītā is the truest school of knowledge and of
light.

To gain a thing invaluable demands hard toil and
discipline severe;

Within the sixth chapter Krishna makes the art of
meditation clear.

Who acts but never grasps at fruit is monk and yogi,
true and whole;

Renunciation is yoga's heart — who clings to want
serves a hungering soul.

Desireless action is the ground the climbing yogi rises
by;
Peace and stillness hold the perfected one who nears
the Lord on high.

Acting selflessly, his senses curbed, desire released —
this is the yogi's part;
He lifts the self by self alone, and knows the self is
foe and friend at heart.

When the higher self has tamed the lower, that self
serves him as a friend;
But where the lower self has triumphed, it stands a
foe until the end.

Self-conquered, self-restrained, beyond all opposites,
fulfilled in the highest soul,
Wise, sense-mastered, serene, formless with even-
mind, the yogi is made whole.

He who treats alike the friend, the foe, the righteous
and the doer of wrong is truly great;
Such self-restrained yogi, joined unto his soul, freed
from all bonds, makes solitude his state.

In a holy place, upon a steady seat, with focused
mind and reined control, the yogi turns to pray;
His body straight, his gaze held still, free of fear, the
celibate, calm-minded, melts in God away.

This is the yoga that destroys all grief, where
balanced food and measured sleep are due;
When the mind is reined, desires are dropped, and
stillness comes — his union then is true.

As a lamp within a windless room burns steady, still
and bright,
So rests the yogi's mind — the pure self-seen, all
cravings put to flight.

Before this spirit-bliss all other joys turn pale; once
gained, no sorrow's blow can lay him low;
To win over from grief and reach this joy is yoga's
name. Attain it, and your vessel safely row.

Forsaking all desires, the senses reined, the whole
mind fixed on God above.
Not easy; yet as the restless mind would stray, draw it
back, made still, with love.

Filled with perfect peace, freed from passion, his
soul, full of Brahman, gains highest bliss;
Casting off all lust and wrath, that soul, touched by
the Eternal, finds a joy it cannot miss.

In union, the yogi sees one-self in all, all beings in
that self — and this is his delight;
Who beholds the Lord in all and all in the Lord is
never lost to God, nor God lost from his sight.

Who loves all beings, knowing each the very form of
God, performs the Lord's own deed;
Who, in joy and sorrow, holds all alike as his own self
— him the highest yogi we must heed.

Here arises the question: this yoga of even mind —
can restless folk like us attain its height?
For the mind is fickle, strong and stubborn; to curb it
is harder than to halt the wind in flight.

The answer: the mind is restless and obstinate, yet
practice and detachment bring it under sway;
Hard for one who has not mastered self, but easy for
one who's learned the self-controlling way.

One more question: what fate befalls the yogi on this
path, should he die before he gains the goal?
Does the deluded, unsteady, fallen striver, like a
scattered cloud, lose soul?

The Lord assures: no such good-working yogi meets
destruction here or in the worlds to come;
That soul, content, dwells long in merit-realms, then
takes birth in a pure and prosperous home.

Or else he's born among the wise, the yogis' line;
though such a birth is rare and hard to gain;
Yet gaining this new life, with riches saved from lives
before, he sets down Brahman's road again.

By the strength of that old store, beyond the Vedas
and the Upanishads, he wins a wisdom new;
With toil and practice, free of sin, after many births
he gains release, the highest state, so true.

The Lord declares it plain: the yogi stands above
ascetics, scholars, men of deeds;
And of them, he who worships God with utter faith
and surrender, nearest to God proceeds.

Come, let us wipe from the mind this craving, this
hatred, this “bad” and this “good”;
If what we asked for comes - “Lord’s grace”; and if
not - “Lord’s will,” understood!

Chapter 7

Gyan-Vigyana Yoga - The Yoga of Knowledge and Wisdom

Today it seems this life of mine has passed in
ignorance's night;
The Gita is the truest school of knowledge wed to
insight's light.

Within the seventh chapter's verses the Lord taught
Arjuna alone,
Knowing which and truly grasped, makes wisdom
and great wealth one's own.

Yet such a knowing comes not cheap, and few are
shown the sacred way;
Though troubles meet you by the thousand, let your
yearning lead the way.

Knowing this, the Lord has shaped this eightfold
nature, dense and blind;
But past it lies His unseen realm — the living,
conscious, deathless mind.

Where dead and living natures join, each creature has
its rise and fall;
He strings us, jewel after jewel, upon the garland
holding all.

In all that shines and stirs the heart the Lord Himself
has made His home;
The Sun, the *Vedas*, every mood through which the
threefold qualities roam.
We are one with Him, yet stand apart: mystery it is,
but visible in every form.

For maya is the thing that is not, yet pretends that it
must be;
Ensnared and blinded in her spell, the truth we
cannot see.

Those who sing His name each day and keep Him in
the heart's clear flame;
They have crossed beyond her woven veil to where
no shadows came.

The one who never turns to praise lives foolish, dull,
and unaware;
but true devotees come in kinds, and each one God
will bear:

The grieving soul, the seeker of gain, the mind that
longs to know,
and last, the wise, in whom does the light of
understanding glow.

The wise one holds a place apart, most dear within
the Lord's own breast;
For he has merged into the Lord — no self, no
remnant, nothing left.

And some will bow to lesser gods, to goddess and to
shrine;

The goal is God and God alone, yet sought in forms
divine.

Worship them with honest faith and yes, your wish
may be fulfilled;

But brief will be the joy it brings, for all such fruit is
stilled.

Who hungers after fruits that fade, goes home to
fading gods of clay;

Who loves the deathless bliss of being, walks the
imperishable way.

Know this: what once was living spirit never sinks to
lifeless stone;

A truth the ignorant cannot hold, however it is
shown.

To Him the past lies fully bare, the present, all that is
to come;
But he who walks bereft of faith can never know that
hidden sum.

To see the Lord no eyes will serve - the eye of
knowledge be your guide;
Desireless, freed from love and hate, with steady will,
He stands inside.

Who shapes his living by this lore receives all
wisdom, all its art;
And from the wheel of birth and death that soul at
last may part.

So come, and wipe from heart this clinging, this
disdain, this good, this ill;
For what we asked and gained is “grace,” and what
we lost, “His will.”

Chapter 8

Akshara Brahma Yoga - The Yoga of the Imperishable Absolute

Today it seems this life was spent in the unlit night of
ignorance and pain;
Yet the Gita is life's truest teaching; of knowledge
won and wisdom plain.

The eighth chapter unveils to us the Imperishable,
the Supreme, the Divine;
And clears away the lingering doubt of the road that
leads to that high shrine.

Brahman is that which never dies; the spirit's nature
is the soul's own art,
And the force that shapes creation — gross and
subtle — is karma's part.

The perishable is a fleeting state; the soul, the radiant
inner light;

And He who dwells within as sacrifice — the
Supreme — is the Lord of might.

Who meditates with selfless love shall reach that Lord
when breath departs;

And whatever one longs for at the end — toward
that very thing he starts.

The yogi who, with a tranquil mind and love, between
the brows draws near,

Attains the One past thought and form, the subtlest
of the subtle, ever-clear.

Who reins the senses, holds the mind in the heart,
and chants the sacred Om,

Attains the highest state — and recalling Him always,
finds the road back home.

In every world this wheel of birth and death goes
turning with continuing pain,
But one who finds the Lord, the Soul, returns to
earth no more again.

A thousand ages make Brahma's day — the
unmanifest then comes to be;
A thousand ages make his night — and back they
fade, set free.

Yet far beyond this day and night, beyond the
unmanifest, abides,
One changeless and immortal Power — where
single-hearted love alone resides.

The yogi who lifts himself toward light shall never
come again to clay;
But he who turns to downward dark, returns once
more to mortal day.

Knowing this truth, the mind grows clear, for he is
joined in yoga whole;
Rising above all worldly things, he grows worthy of
the Supreme Soul.

When Krishna fills each passing breath, and mind
and reason kiss His feet,
No barrier bars the meeting then — when *Giridhar*
alone is sweet;
With steady heart and ceaseless practice, Hari is
found, keep this belief complete.

Come, let us wipe from heart and mind all craving,
hate, all “good,” all “ill”.
If what we sought is granted, “Hari’s grace”; and if
not, then “Hari’s will.”

Chapter 9

Raja-Vidya Raja-Guhya Yoga

- The Yoga of Royal

Knowledge and Royal Secret

Today it seems this life was spent in the unlit night of
ignorance and pain;

Yet the Gita is life's truest teaching — of knowledge
won and wisdom plain.

In the Ninth chapter the Lord lays bare a secret most
profound,

Once known, for no other knowledge does the heart
go searching round.

To win this knowledge, faith and love are what the
soul must bring;

To those who scoff in disbelief it never gives a thing.

God lies beyond your reach and mine — boundless,
past all thought;
Not we in Him, not He in us — a mystery uncaught.

Of all this nature, every soul, the sole sustainer is He,
Yet past illusion's snare and pull, beyond the modes,
is He.

The dull of heart, the demon-souled, can never know
His face,
Who squander life on hollow hopes, vain deeds, vain
knowledge chase.

Some noble souls are ever lost in love for Him alone;
And others, walking wisdom's path, reach oneness
with His throne.

In rites, in mother, father, Om, in every Veda, dwells
the Lord;
The Master, Maker, Friend of all, the deathless seed,
the eternal word.

The sun's warm blaze, the falling rain — their single
cause is He;

The deathless life, the death itself, past truth and
falsehood is He.

Who keep the Vedas, alms and penance — lovers of
desire — to heaven rise,

But spent of merit, chasing cravings still, sink back
below the skies.

To those who love Him, He has given a promise
plain and sure:

The lives of all who turn to Him, He guards and
keeps secure.

In every god and goddess dwells that one Supreme
alone;

Yet these we worship, blind as yet to that great Truth
unknown.

Whatever thing the heart desires, His grace can bring
to be;
So worship Him with love alone; may such love rise
in me.

The deeds remain the very same — only the heart
must turn;
To Him surrender all you do — and let the ego burn.

In God's clear sight there is no far, and there can be
no near;
The sinner too may grow to sage, and lose no path
from here.

This is the secret: the self-poised yogi, tranquil,
balanced, whole;
He lays the fruit of all his deeds within the Supreme's
control.

The yogi who, with steadfast will and love, grows fit
and strong,
Dissolved in Him, finds all the rest is empty,
meaningless, gone.

Come, wipe away this craving, aversion, “bad” and
“good,” from mind’s domain,
If what we asked is granted, “Hari’s grace”; if not,
“Hari’s will” shall reign.

Chapter 10

Vibhuti Yoga - The Yoga of Divine Glories

Today it feels this life has passed in the unlit night of
unknowing;

The Gita is life's truest school, where knowledge and
true science are flowing.

In the tenth chapter the Lord unfolds the glories that
are His to name,

He is the first cause of the gods, the sages, and the
whole world's frame.

Every feeling in every being from that one Lord takes
its rise;

He is the maker of creation, and each life His child
beneath the skies.

And with this truth our Lord bestows a sure and
steady decree:

The yogi joined within His yoga — his whole life is
set free.

Who learns the secret that the Lord is start and
middle and end of all,
For that devotee each day is *Diwali*, and every season
Holi's call.

Devotees absorbed in one another, retelling His
devotion's art,
By grace grow radiant in their being, with wisdom's
yoga in the heart.

He is Supreme Brahman, Supreme Abode, the Purest,
of this no doubt remains;
The Master of all beings and gods alone His own full
self explains.

In what moods, then, in what forms, may we feel that
Highest One made plain?
He dwells in every speck of dust — but where does
His shaped glory reign?

Know once again: the Lord is the end, the middle,
the root of all that thrives;
His cosmic form is past all thought — yet His
seventy-five glories He describes.

In Vishnu, the Sun, the Moon, Marichi, the Sama-
Veda's tone,
In Indra, the Mind, in Consciousness — the form is
His alone.

The Yaksha-lord Kubera, Fire, and Meru's towering
crest,
Brihaspati and Skanda, the Sea — in His own shape
are dressed.

In sage Bhrigu, in sacred Om, in the silent sacrifice of
prayer,
In the Himalayan heights, the peepal — the Lord is
dwelling there.

Chitraratha, Narada, Kapila the seer of old,
Uchchaisravas the steed, Airavata — His living
breath they hold.

In the King, the divine Thunderbolt, in Kamadhenu's
giving grace,
In Kamadeva, in Vasuki, in Ananta's endless space.

Varuna, Aryama, Yama, Prahlada, and Time's own
sweep,
The Lion, Garuda, the Wind — His adorning
splendours keep.

Lord Rama, the river Ganges, the Makara of the
deep,
The science of the Soul, clear Logic, the first letter
we keep.

The Dvandva of the compounds, all- pervading, the
deathless flow of Time,
He is the God in each of these, made manifest and
prime.

In Death and in Beginning, in Fame and Beauty's art,
In Speech, in Memory, in Intellect, in the steadfast,
patient Heart.

In Mercy, the Brihat-Saman, the Gayatri Mantra's
sacred sound,
In all of these the Imperishable, the Lord Himself, is
found.

In Margashirsha's month, in Spring, in the Gambler's
daring play,
In the Strength of all the strong, in Triumph, in
Resolve that will not sway.

In *Sattva's* purest quality His shining trace is shown;
Vasudeva, Arjuna, Vyasa, and Shukra the poet
known.

In the Sceptre of the one who tames, in statecraft's
guiding Creed,
In Silence and in Wisdom's fire — His blaze is there
indeed.

No bound contains the Lord's great glories; the seed
of all is He,
Soul alive in everything that is fair and strong and
wondrous and free.

The Light, the Power, the Spirit in all that is whole
and bright.
So come, let us wipe from the mind this longing, this
loathing, this "wrong" and "right":

If what you sought was given — say "Hari's grace";
And if it came not to your hands — then "Hari's
will," in either case.

Chapter 11

Vishvarupa Darshana Yoga -

The Vision of the Universal Form

Today it seems this life of mine was spent in
ignorance's night;
The Gita is life's truest lore, of knowledge and of
light.

Till now the Lord taught Arjuna by reason, signs, and
word;
Now, through his vast and cosmic form, his proof is
seen, not heard.

The wisdom of the Self has cleared the fog from
Arjuna's mind,
Yet still he yearns to see that form, the boundless, the
unconfined.

And out of grace the Lord prepares to bare his
mighty frame;
How fortunate Arjuna is, who looks on that holy
flame.

To see it is to watch all things, and time itself, grow
dim;
But only eyes the Lord bestows can ever look on
him.

A thousand mouths, a thousand eyes, the Lord of
Yogis shows,
A thousand suns of splendour, gems, fine robes, and
garland-rows.

Within that Supreme Being's frame the whole
creation lay;
Arjuna's every pore awoke in dance, his bowed head
learned to pray.

In Him are Brahma, gods and seers, and arms and
eyes untold,
The wondrous light, the worlds' great home — in
Vishnu's form, behold.

No start, no middle, and no end; from every mouth,
the fire;
He towers like the boundless sky, ablaze and rising
higher.

Toward those mouths the gods advance, struck still in
mid-advance:
Some pressing on in joy, and some in terror's frozen
trance.

Beholding this tremendous form, Arjuna stands
aghast:
Into those flaming mouths the kings and captains
hurtle fast.

The sons of Dhritarashtra, Bhishma, Drona, Karna,
all;
With countless other warriors, they rush toward their
fall.

As rivers hasten to the sea, as moths fly to the flame,
To self-destruction, one and all, these warriors swiftly
came;

Compelled, against their will they go, and in those
jaws of fire;
The heroes grind to powder on the teeth of cosmic
ire.

At Vishnu's vast and blazing form, the trembling
worlds turn pale,
The scorched earth burns; and Arjuna cries, "Lord,
what does this entail?"

“I am the Time that ends all things, the power that
lays them low;
Whether you strike or stay your hand, their doom
was long ago.

Bhishma and Drona, Karna, and Jayadratha — all of
these,
Already I have struck them down, slain at my own
decrees.

You are but my appointed hand; the means, and
nothing more;
Go win against the men whose loss was sealed long
before.”

And now Arjuna understands: this Lord whom
demons dread,
Whom gods adore — the refuge of all worlds, the
fountainhead;

All-pervading Highest Self, the Person, vast, sublime,
Who stands beyond the real, unreal, beyond all strife
and time.

The single power in all the gods, the wonder spread
around;
A hundred times we bow to him, our brows upon the
ground.

This Krishna — friend and kinsman, Yadu's son —
is God indeed,
Whom, taking as a mere companion, he had jested
with, in word and deed.

Lord of the moving and the still, through all three
worlds alone,
From friend and God, Arjuna begs the pardon, for
sins to atone.

Though wondrous is this form, it strikes Arjuna's
heart with fear;
For peace of mind, he begs the Lord: let Vishnu's
shape appear.

No seeker ever saw before this all-encompassing
sight;
In grace, the Lord resumed for him his Vasudeva
form of light.

Not Vedas, alms, nor sacrifice, nor penance can
reveal,
This form for which the very gods in endless longing
kneel;

He alone may see that Lord, and to his presence
above,
Who travels by the single road of undivided love.

Who offers every act to God, his whole heart to him
bound,
Who, free of hate and clinging both, in the Supreme
is found.

Come, let us wipe from out our hearts this craving
and this hate,
This “good,” this “bad,” and meet with even mind
our every fate;

If what we asked for came to us — then “Hari's
grace,” we say,
And if it did not come at all — then “Hari's will” this
day.

Chapter 12

Bhakti Yoga - The Yoga of Devotion

Today it seems this whole life long in ignorance's
dark I strayed,
For the Bhagavad Gita is life's true lore, where
knowledge and its science are laid.

To behold the Lord, to worship Him, to know His
face as our own;
In the Twelfth chapter is understood, how the truth
of love is shown.

A devotee is one who never feels, even an instant,
from God apart,
Be the Lord to him formed and full of grace, or
formless beyond all art.

The one who, mind absorbed, each day with
reverence bows in prayer;
Of all who serve the manifest Lord, no second can
compare.

And he who reins his every sense and melts in the
formless Vast,
He too attains the imperishable, unmoved,
unthought, at last.

But mark this well: whoever clings each hour to the
body's pride,
Though he heap up prayer and penance high, will
find the Lord denied.

Who lays his every deed at those dear feet and thinks
on Him again and again,
The Lord will draw him from this churning world
and loosen his chain.

Not one but many roads He gives by which to make
the heart His own,
And whichever path you choose to tread, you shall be
wholly born anew, regrown.

One road: to fix your mind and reason firm upon the
Lord alone;
And if not that, then with steady practice let your
soul toward Him be drawn.

Too hard? Then do your every work for Him, and so
you'll come to Him in time;
And if not even that can be, renounce the fruit of all
— that path is thine.

For knowledge outshines mere practice, and to dwell
on Him is better yet,
But best of all is letting go — in surrender, perfect
peace is met.

Dear is the devotee to the Lord who wishes all beings
well, is mild;
Who bears no pride, self-possessed and firm, lays
mind and reason at His side.

In whom no agitation stirs, no glee, no dread, no
envy, and no care,
Who clings to naught, walks in grace, and drops the
binding will that deeds prepare.

Who holds the same through every turn, untroubled
by the fair or foul,
Beyond foe and friend, all praise and scorn, beyond
warring duel of the soul.

Who reckons blame and praise as one, content,
unattached, mind on God;
Yet he who serves Him with selfless, faithful love
wins the Lord's own grace.

Come, let us wipe from off our hearts this craving,
spite, this “fair,” this “ill,”
And if we get the thing we asked, “Hari’s grace”; and
if we don’t, “Hari’s will”!

Chapter 13

Kshetra–Kshetrajna Yoga -

The Yoga of the Field and Its Knower

Today it seems this whole long life was spent in
ignorance's unlit night;

The Gita is the truest school of knowledge and of
inner light.

What is our truth? And who are we? What name can
mark us as our own?

In Thirteenth chapter, Lord makes the Field and its
Knower, fully known.

This body is the Field; the soul that knows it, is the
Knower, dwelling there;
and He who knows all fields at once — the one
unbounded Self, everywhere.

Within this Field: unmanifest force, the mind, the
will, the sense of “I,”
The five great elements, the organs of act and sense,
and the five things they signify.

Pleasure and pain, desire, dislike, these are the Field’s
unquiet swell;
Awareness, will, and body holding them, in these its
outward form will dwell.

As nectar comes only to those who turn the
churning-rod with patient hand,
These are the means for the soul to dissolve in Him,
and come to understand.

Not vain, not proud — but simple, pure, who does
no creature any harm,
With steadfast heart, with mastered sense, and
patience’s forgiving balm;

Unmoved by all the worlds' delights, unserved, who
seeks the wheel of life laid bare,
Who clings not to his home or kin, but meets both
fair and foul with the same care;

Who drowns his being in God's own love, and keeps
with the world but duty's bound
To know this Self, this essence, is wisdom; all else is
dark, unhallowed ground.

That Highest is not "is" nor "is not," with neither a
first nor a final shore;
He alone is worth the knowing; known, you hold the
bliss supreme forever more.

With hands and feet and eyes unnumbered, heads and
faces everywhere displayed,
He fills all things; though Lord of sense and sustainer
of all, by none of them He's swayed.

And more — in all that stirs or stays, He is; the
distant and the close at hand;
Threefold Lord, whose form grants each its separate
sense, as He has planned.

The Light supreme, set in each heart — Himself the
Knower and the known;
Who comes to grasp this Field-and-Knower wins that
Lord, and Lord alone.

Spirit and Nature have no birth; from Nature spring
the gunas three and every alteration;
From Nature rise all acts and organs — which the
Spirit tastes in each incarnation.

Lodged in Nature, Spirit drinks her gunas, and is
born to fortunes high or low;
Yet witness, guide, sustainer, taster — the Supreme
beyond all that we know.

Who knows this truth of Self and Nature slips the
wheel where birth and dying wind;
Some reach it by deep meditation, some by reason,
some by works of selfless mind.

Who cannot grasp it of themselves draw near it by
the faithful word they have been told;
Who sees the Field and Knower fused in all, the
deathless in the dying — truth they hold.

Who sees the Lord in all, and knows the soul can
never die, attains the highest height;
Who knows all action springs from Nature, the soul a
non-doer — these grasp the truth alright.

Who sees the One Lord in the many, and the many
rising from that One,
Knows Brahman well; that guna-free Lord, housed in
flesh, does naught, and taint has none.

The soul in flesh stays unblemished, as space, though
everywhere, is never stained;
The Knower's light reveals the Field, as one sun
floods all worlds, unconstrained.

Whoever knows the Field from Knower, and the way
to cross this changeful Nature's sea,
Those sages reach the Supreme, and through His
grace, with the eye of wisdom, truly see.

So come, erase from heart and mind all longing, all
recoil, all "good" and "ill" we weigh.
What we prayed for, if it comes: "the grace of God";
and if it comes not: "God's own will," we say.

Chapter 14

Gunatraya-Vibhaga Yoga -

The Yoga of the Division of the Three Gunas

Today it seems this life of mine was spent in
ignorance's unlit night;
The truest teaching of all knowledge and all wisdom
is the Gita's light.

Who is the real doer here, and how do all our actions
come to be?

Within Fourteenth chapter, the Lord lays bare the
secret of the gunas three.

No fear of being born once more, no suffering to
dread as death draws near;
Once this knowledge is attained and understood,
both the one and the other disappear.

Each object of this world, each living being, every
shape and kind,
Has God Himself for its first cause, with His illusory
Nature twined.

They bind the embodied soul so tight, so fast unto
this fleshly dress;
The three strands born of Nature's self: *Sattva*, *Rajas*,
and *Tamas*.

Sattva, being pure and free of flaw, lets a clear and
radiant light arise,
Yet even it will bind the soul with hopes of joy and
growing wise.

From *Rajas*, longing and attachment make their
dwelling deep within,
And by this the soul is bound to crave its deeds and
all the fruits they win.

Tamas is the child of ignorance, the slayer of the
knowing mind;
Beneath its sway the soul lies caught in heedless sloth
and sleep, and blind.

If Nature is indeed the doer, what is left for man to
hold?
This power: by pressing two *gunas* down, to lift the
third and make it bold.

Peace, and light, and inner knowing mark the hour
when *Sattva* grows;
When *Rajas* rises, greed and selfish craving, restless
turmoil flows.

By gloom, and dull delusion, sloth, we know the
surge of *Tamas*' reign;
The dark to beast-worlds fall, the restless rise to men,
the pure to heaven gain.

From *Sattva* move toward light, from *Rajas* toward
the greed you sow,
From *Tamas* toward the dark—so as the *guna* drives
the deed, its fruit you'll know.

The one who comes to know the real doer, who to
no *guna* stays confined,
He is knower of the Truth, who, past all birth and
death, road to God shall find.

Within whose mind no gladness comes from gains,
nor from losing any pains,
That one is wise, who, rising past the *gunas*, *guna-atit*
at last remains.

Who looks upon these *gunas* at their work, a witness
carved in still detachment's art,
Takes grief and joy, the prized and worthless, dear
and unloved, praise and blame, with even heart.

Beyond all honor and disgrace, all friend and foe,
who melts his every pride away;
Such a *guna-atit* devotee, that *Sat-Chit-Ananda*
Brahman draws into Itself one day.

To hold that “we ourselves perform all deeds”—this
is the greatest of illusions known;
The doer, dharma, bliss and deathless nectar,
changeless, endless joy—the Brahman alone.

Come, let us wipe out from our minds this love, this
hate, this “good” and “ill”;
And what we asked for and received is “Hari’s
grace”; what we did not, “Hari’s will.”

Chapter 15

Purushottam Yoga - The Yoga of the Supreme Being

Today it seems this whole life passed in ignorance's
unlit night;

The Gita is the truest school of knowledge and of
inner light.

What is this world? And who am I? And who is the
Supreme, the One?

Fifteenth chapter binds these as one; the highest
knowing, second to none.

The world is that strange tree whose roots reach
upward toward the sky,
Its branches drooping down below — known to the
Veda-knowing eye.

Fresh cravings and the threefold wombs — the three
gunas keep them fed;
The roots of “I,” of “mine,” “for me” draw us
toward the worldly bed.

None know the secret of this tree; the axe of
detachment lays it low,
And he who joins the primal Source to worldly birth
no more shall go.

The undeluded, unattached, beyond all pairs, who in
the Self abide,
Who crave for naught; past sun, moon and fire, in
Lord's high home reside.

Each soul is but the Supreme's own spark, yet bound
by mind and senses five;
It gathers these, then quits one form, and in another
comes alive.

Through eye and ear, through skin and tongue and
nose, the mind drinks the world entire;
But a heart made pure, an eye of wisdom — these,
the soul's true sight require.

In the light of sun and moon and fire, that single
Lord alone abides;
He is the energy of life, the store where all life's
nectar hides.

The fire that digests, the breath that comes and goes,
these too His signs declare;
Memory, knowing, their forgetting — the Vedas' true
Knower, everywhere.

All that decays is “perishable” named; the changeless,
“imperishable,” stands;
Beyond the two, the 'Three Worlds' Lord,
Purushottam holds all in His hands.

To know this Lord is perfect knowing; from it the
fullest love takes birth;
And he who grasps it gains the Vedas' wondrous
power, their boundless worth.

Come, from the mind let us wipe away this love, this
hate, this foul, this fair;
If what we asked is granted: "Hari's grace"; if not,
then "Hari's will" we bear!

Chapter 16

Daivasura-Sampad-Vibhaga

Yoga - The Yoga of the Divine and the Demoniac

Today it seems this life of mine was spent in
ignorance's night;
The Gita is the truest teaching — knowledge wed to
wisdom's light.

The good of gods, the faults of demons — both of
these in us reside;
With Sixteenth chapter, we come to know ourselves
inside.

Divine is fearless, clean and pure, who burns with
discipline, who masters sense, who truly gives,
Acts selflessly, shines, studies the Self, holds his
patience, and in simple plainness lives.

Non-violent, truthful, free of wrath, forgiving,
renouncing, merciful, a peaceful breast,
Who finds no flaw in others, slips past illusion,
gentle, modest, free of malice, pride, and all unrest.

The demon's marks are vanity and rage, hypocrisy,
harsh cruelty, false pride, a darkened mind;
The inner divine nature frees, the false and demon
nature binds — this is the truth to find.

They do not do their duty, nor refrain from deeds
they should not do; unpure, not good, untrue;
Such demon souls hold neither faith nor knowledge,
worldly pleasure is the only thing they pursue.

Drunk on conceit and arrogance, they chase a craving
never to be stilled,
and in that blind pursuit they clutch at every wrong,
by every corruption thrilled.

The demon-natured, all life long, stay bound by
appetite and endless care,
Their heads awhirl with lust and rage to seize a
hundred hopes hung in the air.

“How much I've won, how much I've earned, whom
I have crushed — why, I myself am God!”
Such proud and witless demon souls win only hell's
grim, fiery sod.

These frauds, intoxicated by their gold, wear God
upon the lips, a dagger near the heart;
Hating the good, in pride, conceit, desire and anger,
they let their whole life's span depart.

Such sinners steeped in cruel deeds are born, each
time, in forms the lowest and the worst;
They never reach the Lord at all — the gate of
darkest hell is all they earn, accursed.

Desire and anger, greed — these three fling wide the
very gates of hell;

Who casts them off attains the highest, crosses over,
and is well.

No power, no joy, no highest goal for one who lives
by his own whim alone;

To do one's ordained duty, as scriptures teach; that is
the divine nature shown.

So come, erase from heart and mind this clinging and
this loathing, this “the bad,” this “good”;

If what we asked for comes, “Lord's own grace”; if
not, “Lord's own will,” understood!

Chapter 17

Śraddhātraya-Vibhāga Yoga -

The Yoga of the Threefold

Faith

Today it feels this life has passed through ignorance's
unlit night,

Yet the Gita is life's truest creed of knowledge and of
light.

What is true faith? What rightful food, true sacrifice,
what penance, alms to give?

In Seventeenth chapter, the Lord imparts the deepest
knowing of how to live.

The question: faith left untaught by scripture, has
which *guna* as its base?

The answer: as the inner self, so faith; and as the
faith, so its very face.

The *sattvic* worship the gods; the *rajasic*, the *yaksha* and
the demon's breed,
the *tamasic*, the ghosts; and the proud, attached,
scripture-less fool is a demon indeed.

Beyond all this, the Lord set forth three kinds of
food, of rite, of alms, of fire:
The juicy, kind, that nourish life and strength and
mind, the *sattvic's* true desire.

The *rajasic* crave the bitter and the sour, that bring on
sorrow, fear, and slow disease;
The *tamasic* alone find joy in stale and reeking scraps
that none but they could please.

Selfless duty done by scripture's rule — this is the
sacrifice the wise call *sattvic*, true;
While rites performed for pride and clinging gain —
the *rajasic* offering, through and through.

Where there is no scripture, faith, nor any gift, no
offered fee, no gathered friends to share;
That hollow, lightless rite the sages name the *tamasic*
sacrifice laid bare.

Pure, harmless, fixed on God, with worship paid to
gods and gurus, sages of the way;
This is the body's penance; and of speech: kind,
truthful words, the Veda, God's name to say.

The mind absorbed in thought of God, serene and
glad, with no unrest to bind,
The senses curbed, the self-made pure, are the marks
of penance of the mind.

The *sattvic* penance, wrought with faith and free of
every craving's hold;
The *rajasic*, fleeting — driven on by pride and show,
its acts unfold.

That which through folly and through stubborn will
brings pain to body, speech, and mind,
And works another's hurt and harm — the *tamasic*
penance, that we find.

With sense of duty, free of want, weighing the place,
the time, the worthy hand,
This is the *sattvic* gift; but alms for praise and clinging
pride, the *rajasic* brand.

The gift flung down with scorn, in time and place
unfit, in graceless space,
To one who steeps in low and sordid deeds, the
tamasic gift bears such a face.

“*Om*,” “*Tat*,” and “*Sat*” — these are the names of
God who shaped the Veda, rite, and seer of old;
With “*Om*” the knowers and the noble ones each gift,
each rite, each penance first unfold.

In "*Tat*" there lives the selfless heart that lays each
rite and gift and penance at God's feet;
In "*Sat*" lies hidden every noble deed where truth and
good and self-surrender meet.

Whatever gift or penance, act, is done bereft of faith
is "*Asat*" — so they tell;
And such an "*Asat*" deed avails us naught, not in this
world, nor in the next as well.

Come, let us wipe the heart of liking, loathing, "this is
bad" and "this is fair";
If what we asked is given: "Hari's grace"; if not:
"Hari's will"; and leave it there.

Chapter 18

Moksha-Sannyasa Yoga -The Yoga of Liberation and Renunciation

Today it seems this life has slipped through
ignorance's unlit night,
Yet the Gita is the truest teaching of all knowledge
and all light.

What is action? What is the secret of release and the
renouncer's part?
In Eighteenth chapter the Lord dissolves every doubt
within the heart.

The question stands — is renunciation but to drop
each selfish aim,
Or is true sacrifice to leave all deeds and every fruit's
claim?

Sacrifice and charity and penance are the duties that
make us pure,
And every noble act, done free of clinging, is right
and good and sure.

The giving-up that, lost in delusion, abandons duty's
call, is dark;
And giving up from fear of bodily toil, bears only
passion's mark.

To know that action is one's duty, ordained as the
scriptures tell,
Performed unattached, fruit renounced, this is pure
renunciation's spell.

He who clings not to the pleasant deed nor loathes
the harsh and grim,
That steady soul, beyond all doubt, drowns wisdom's
light within him.

To leave all action is impossible; the true release is to
leave the fruit;

The craving reaps a mingled yield; the renouncer
goes free, absolute.

In every act of mind and word and body, five full
causes share the load:

The doer, the means, the varied strivings, fate, and
the seat from which all flowed.

Through ignorance and inner stain, we deem the Self
the one who acts;

The wise, though doing every deed, does nothing —
stands beyond all acts.

Knowledge, the knower, and the known — these
three set every act in train;

The doer, the means, the deed itself — these three
each work sustain.

By pure knowing, through all the many, one deathless
Lord is seen;
By passion's knowing, the restless mind keeps the
divided in between.

The knowing that mistakes the body for the Self and
clings to it alone,
Bereft of truth and trivial — as the darkest knowing
it is known.

The ordained deed, free of pride, free of love-and-
hate, is pure and right;
The deed of ego, strain and craving for its fruit is
passion's blight.

The deed begun in blindness, careless of harm, of
loss, of cost, of might,
Heedless of one's own strength — that act is dark,
and lost to light.

Free of ego and of clinging, full of patience, zeal, an
even mind — the pure doer is he;
The passion-doer, proud, attached, impure and
greedy, tossed in joy and misery.

The untaught, the haughty, the cunning, who would
others' lives undo,
Idle, careless, ever-stalling — that doer is the
darkened crew.

The mind knowing outward-inward movements, fear-
fearless, bondage-freedom, is pure;
The mind that cannot sift the right from wrong, nor
task from rest, is passion's lure.

The mind sunk deep in darkness, taking wrong for
right and crooked for the straight;
Is the dark intellect — it earns this life of grief, a
lowly birth its fate.

The will born of meditation, holding mind and
breath and sense in sway, is pure resolve;
The will that clings and longs for fruit, set on gain,
pleasure, duty's pay, is passion's resolve.

The will that rises in the dullard's heart, drawn to
sleep, to fear, to worry, grief and gloom,
That cannot break the maze it spins — that resolve is
dark, sealed in its doom.

That joy is pure which tastes like poison first, then
ripens into nectar's grace;
That joy is passion's — nectar at the lips, till poison
later shows its face.

The joy that, first and last alike, like poison holds the
soul in sleep,
Born of slumber, sloth and folly — the Lord names
that the darkest deep.

None stands beyond the three *gunas* that Maya births
— not earth, not heaven, not the gods above;
From these come every temperament, and the works
of priest and warrior, merchant, server thereof.

To master mind and sense, full purity, true patience,
candor, penance's way,
Faith, the scriptures' learning, the felt one God, these
are Brahmin's work each day.

Valor, splendor, firmness, skill, resolve, the giving
hand, will to lead — the warrior's signs are these;
Farming and all trade are the merchant's lot, and
service is the server's natural ease.

By keeping to one's native work the highest crown of
life is surely won;
This very labor is worship of Lord, the world's own
Father, all-pervading One.

One's own true calling, matched to one's nature, is
best, though alien ways may shine and call;
Hold this fast: never forsake your own, though
within it many a flaw may fall.

The seeker who, freed of attachment and longing,
conquers the heart within,
Reaching, by the path of knowledge, action-less
freedom, beholds the Lord therein.

The knower of truth — pure, discerning, sense-
subduing, dispassionate, beyond all love and hate,
His heart made luminous, lust, wrath and pride cast
off — grows full of Brahman, whole and great.

Serene in all, in Brahman established, free of craving,
free of grief, in love steeped through,
That knower, merged at last in the Supreme, sees
only the Divine in all his view.

So too the man of action, doing all unbound by want,
attains the Lord's own home;
If on God's path, with surrender, even mind and
selfless heart, his every work is done.

The truth is plain: fix your mind on God and you are
released from birth and death's long chain;
But spurn this wisdom through false pride and ego,
and you are wholly undone, in vain.

This too is true - your nature and your bygone deeds
will point you to your work today;
And so the Lord, who dwells in all of us, by His
Maya draws us along our way.

Save utter refuge in that Lord and God, no other
passage will avail;
He is the highest peace, the supreme abode, the one
shelter that will not fail.

The Lord gives this assurance: the devotee who
worships with love undivided, mind held still,
And bows in faith and humble grace, attains that
God whom none can match or fill.

The sum of all — who leaves the refuge of every
creed and deed to rest in the Supreme,
His every grief dissolves away; by grace that soul is
cleansed of sin, redeemed.

Take heed: do not impart this Gita's wisdom to those
with neither penance, faith, nor love;
Who shares it with devotees, selfless and warm —
that soul is true and tested, blessed above.

Such teachers of the truth stand first of all, dear to
the Lord; to read the Gita is sacrifice and prayer;
Who reads it in faith, with no fault-finding eye,
sin-freed, finds a home in worlds most fair.

Gaining this wisdom, Arjuna's delusion died, and he
rose, ready his duty to fulfil;
Fortune, triumph, glory, steadfast right dwell where
Krishna, Arjuna, and the Gita's nectars spill.

Come, wipe away from the mind this craving, this
hate, this “good” and “bad” we weigh;
If what you sought arrives: “the Lord's grace”; and if
it does not: “the Lord's will,” we say!



PUNIT OZA

MARITIME · POETRY · SPIRITUALITY

THE BHAGAVAD GĪTĀ IN SONGS



Punit Oza is a reputed Maritime Industry leader, who is deeply interested in poetry, spirituality and literature. Having studied in Chennai, Delhi, Mumbai & London, his knowledge base is diverse and rich. Originally from Gujarat in India, Punit has been living in Singapore for over 20 years and now pursues his professional life from there. This is his second published book, with the first being the original Hindi version – "Geeton Mein Gita" - of this very book. This book too marks an important milestone in his literary and spiritual path.

One of the key observations with regard to the Bhagavad Gita is that most of the scholars who have read and studied it, have either translated it or written a commentary on it. The beauty of this book is that it lucidly and simply summarizes each chapter of the Bhagavad Gita into a simple poem. With these simple poems, it is not only easier to read the Gita but also absorb its meaning in a simple and easy manner. Presenting the Gita in Songs and Verses allows the reader to enjoy the experience and also encourage introspection at the same time.

This is a novel and entertaining way to study the Gita, understand it and imbibe it into our lives, providing us with new encouragement and joy.



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