

GESANGSTEXTE

Herr, gehe nicht ins Gericht mit deinem Knecht (BWV 105)

I. CHOR

Mein Gott, verwirf mich nicht,
Indem ich mich in Demut vor dir beuge,
Von deinem Angesicht,
Ich weiß, wie groß dein Zorn und mein Verbrechen ist,
Dass du zugleich ein schneller Zeuge
Und ein gerechter Richter bist,
Ich lege dir ein frei Bekenntnis dar
Und stürze mich nicht in Gefahr,
Die Fehler meiner Seelen
Zu leugnen, zu verhehlen.

3. ARIE – SOPRAN

Wie zittern und wanken
Der Sünder Gedanken,
Indem sie sich untereinander verklagen
Und wiederum sich zu entschuldigen wagen,
So wird ein geängstigt Gewissen
Durch eigene Folter zerrissen.

4. REZITATIV – BASS

Wohl aber dem, der seinen Bürgen weiß,
Der alle Schuld ersetzt,
So wird die Handschrift ausgetan,

Wenn Jesus sie mit Blute netzet,
Er heftet sie ans Kreuze selber an,
Er wird von deinen Gütern, Leib und Leben,
Wenn deine Sterbestunde schlägt,
Dem Vater selbst die Rechnung übergeben,
So mag man deinen Leib, den man zum Grabe trägt,
Mit Sand und Staub beschütten,
Dein Heiland öffnet dir die ewgen Hütten.

5. ARIE – TENOR

Kann ich mir Jesum nur zum Freunde machen,
So gilt der Mammon nichts bei mir.
Ich finde kein Vergnügen hier
Bei dieser eitlen Welt und irdschen Sachen.

6. CHORAL

Nun, ich weiß, du wirst mir stillen
Mein Gewissen, das mich plagt,
Es wird deine Treu erfüllen,
Was du selber hast gesagt,
Dass auf dieser weiten Erden
Keiner soll verloren werden,
Sondern ewig leben wohl,
Wenn er nur ist Glaubens voll.

„The Passion of Ramakrishna“

Prologue

CHOR

Who is this Woman who lights the field of battle?
Her body gleams darker than even the darkest storm-cloud,
And from Her teeth there flash the lightning's blinding flames!
Disheveled Her hair flies behind as She rushes
Undaunted in this war between the gods and the demons.
Laughing Her terrible laugh, She slays the fleeing asuras,
And with Her dazzling flashes She lays bare the horrors of war.

How beautiful on Her brow the drops of moisture appear!
About Her dense black hair the bees are buzzing in swarms;
The moon has veiled her face, beholding this Sea of Beauty.
Tell me, who can She be, this wonder of wonders!
Shiva Himself lies like a corpse vanquished at Her feet.
Kamakanta has guessed who She is, She with the elephant's gait;
She is none other than Kali, Mother of all the worlds.

Part 1

THE MASTER:

God can be seen.
One can talk to Him
As I am talking to you.

It was not merely a vision of Him.
We talked together day and night.
Yes, He talked to me.
Under the banyan tree
I saw Him coming from the Ganges.
We laughed so much!

Then He talked, yes, He talked to me.
For three days I wept without stopping.
And He revealed to me what is in the scriptures:
The Vedas, the Puranas,
The Tantras and all the other scriptures.
He showed me the Maya of Mahamaya.
A small light in a room began to grow;
At last it enveloped the universe.

In those days of God-vision
I felt I was passing through a hurricane,
Everything had blown away from me.
No trace of my old self was left.
I am like a cast-off leaf before a storm.
The wind blows the leaf where it wants.

The Divine Mother revealed to me in the Kali temple
That it is She who had become everything.
The Image was Consciousness,
The water-vessels were Consciousness,
The door-sill was Consciousness,
I myself was Consciousness,
I found everything soaked in Bliss –

Then like a madman I began
To showerflowers in all directions.
Whatever I saw, I worshipped.
Men, animals and other living beings
– all Pure Consciousness.

You know I am a fool.
I know nothing.
Then who is it
Who says all these things?
O Mother, I am the machine
And You are the Operator.
I am the house
And You dwell within.
I am the car
And You are the Driver.
I am asleep;
You make me conscious.

It is not I! It is all You!
It is all not I! It is all You!
Hers is the glory;
We are Her instruments.

God alone is the Doer.

Nothin exists but the One.
Mother, here is Your knowledge and here is Your ignorance.
Take them both, and give me pure love.
Here is Your holiness and Your unholiness.
Take them both, and give me pure love.

Here is Your righteousness and here is Your unrighteousness.
Take them both, Mother, and give me pure love.

Mother, here is Your truth.
And here Your falsehood
Take them both.
I gave up everything at Her Feet
But could not bring myself to give up truth.

Part 2

THE MASTER:

My Mother! Who is my Mother?
Ah, She is the Mother of the Universe.
It is She who creates and preserves the world
And who always protects her children,
And who grants whatever they desire.
A true son cannot be far from his mother.
The mother knows everything.
The child doesn't worry
About the things of the world.

SARADA DEVI:

He taught me everything.
I always used to feel
As if a putcher full of bliss
Was placed in my heart.
That joy cannot be described.

THE MASTER:

When she came to stay with me I said,
„Do you want to drag me down into Maya?“

SARADA DEVI:

Why should I do that?
I've only come to help you.

THE MASTER:

I used to worship my own mother
With flowers and sandal-paste.
The Mother of the Universe
Is embodied as our earthly mother.

SARADA DEVI:

How do you look upon me?

THE MASTER:

As the Blissful Mother who is worshipped in the temple,
The mother who gave birth to this body,
And you who are here with me –
I look upon all as the Divine Mother.
With the ritual required
I worshipped her as the Divine Mother.
I offered to her my rosary and all that I had,
Myself and the fruits of my years of striving.
It was late at night when the worship was over.
All that was mine became hers.

SARADA DEVI:

My own mother said to me,
„You are married to a lunatic.
You will never know the happiness of a mother“

THE MASTER:

Your daughter will have so many children,
She'll grow weary of hearing
The cries of „Mother, Mother!“ night and day.

SARADA DEVI:

And as he was dying he said to me,

SARADA DEVI/THE MASTER:

People live like worms in darkness.
You must take care of them.
Won't you do anything? Am I to do all?

SARADA DEVI:

I am a woman. What can I do?

SARADA DEVI/THE MASTER:

No, no! You have to do much.

SARADA DEVI:

In the fullness of the path you will find
That He Who resides in your heart
Resides in the heart of all others as well.
Learn to make the whole world your own.
No one is a stranger.
The whole world is your own.

Note: the last three lines are her finale teachings before her death.

Part 3 – August 1885

M.:

Since last April the Master has not been well.
The doctors now say the sore in his throat is cancer.

THE MASTER:

I cannot tell the Mother of my illness.
I feel ashamed to talk of it.

FIRST DEVOTEE:

God will cure you.

SECOND DEVOTEE:

Yes, you will be all right.

THE MASTER:

Well, why do I have this illness?

M.:

People are amazed to find that
In spite of your illness
You only think of God.

THE MASTER:

I woke up again covered with perspiration.
I don't understand this illness.
It seems I shall not recover.

FIRST DEVOTEE:

You will soon be cured
If only you say,
„Mother, please make me well“

THE MASTER:

I cannot ask God to cure my disease.
Sometimes I say, „O Mother,
Please mend the sheath of the sword a little.“
But such prayers are less frequent.
Nowadays I do not find my „I“;
I see that it is God alone Who resides in the sheath.
The body is a mere pillow-case.
The only real substance is the Indivisible Satchidananda.

M.:

The Master has trouble swallowing.
He eats farina pudding.

THE MASTER (TO DR. SARKAR):

Please cure my illness.
I cannot chant the name and glories of God.

DR. SAKAR:

You must not talk. It will make your throat worse.

THE MASTER:

I have been coughing and my throat is sore.
In the morning my mouth was filled with water.
My whole body is aching.

M.:

Your suffering is indeed great, but it has deep meaning.
A change is coming over your mind.
It is being directed to the formless aspect of God.

THE MASTER:

True. My teaching of others is coming to an end.
I cannot give more instruction.
And I say to myself,
„Whom shall I teach?“
I saw everything passing from form to formlessness.
I want to tell you the things I saw, but cannot.
This tendency towards the formless
Is a sign of my approaching dissolution.

M.:

The Master asked me by a sign to come closer.
The sight of his suffering was unbearable.
In a soft voice and with great difficulty he said.

THE MASTER:

I have gone on suffering so much
For fear of making you weep if I leave you.
But if you say, „Oh, there is so much suffering“
Let the body die“, then I may give up the body.

M.:

These words pierced our hearts.

FIRST DEVOTEE:

Is this another crucifixion –

Second Devotee:

The sacrifice of the body for the sake of the devotees?

FIRST/SECOND DEVOTEES:

Pray to the Mother. She must listen to you.

THE MASTER:

Mother, I cannot swallow food because of my pain.

Let me eat just a little.

She pointed you all out to me and said,

„What? You are eating through all these mouths.

Isn't that so?“

I was ashamed to utter a word.

M./FIRST/SECOND DEVOTEES:

When the Master said this,

We lost all hope.

Part 5

M.:

On August 15, 1886,

The Master's pulse became irregular.

He had difficulty breathing.

He said he was hungry but could not eat,
then went into deep samadhi.

After midnight he revived

And ate a bowl of porridge.

He said he felt strong again

And leaned up against some pillows.

We fanned him and

Narendra rubbed his feet.

He said to him over and over,

„Take care of the boys.“

Then he asked to lie down.

Three times in a ringing voice

He cried the name of Kali,

His life's Beloved, and lay back.

At two minutes past one

A thrill passed over his body.

His hair stood on end.

His face was lit with a smile.
The final ecstasy had begun,
From which he never returned.
Narendra could not bear it
And ran downstairs.
The next day at noon Dr. Sarkar came
And said the Master had died
A half hour before.

Epilogue

O Mother, O Mother, who has offered these red hibiscus flowers at Your Feet?
I beg of You, O Mother, place one or two upon my head.
Then I shall cry aloud to You, „Oh, Mother! Mother!“
And I shall dance around You and clap my hands for joy,
And you will look at me and laugh, and tie the flowers in my hair.