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Additional material: Translation of Hardās’s *Pandraha tithi ramaiṃṇī grantha*

**Hardās: The fifteen lunar days**

On the new moon day, reflection teaches the mind: Praise Hari’s excellencies and you will succeed!

You have been distinguished by receiving a human body, so don’t forget your lord!

Don’t forget the lord and go astray! Improve yourself in community with devotees. Reflection teaches the mind: Don’t waste your fine instrument! (1)

You need to love, remembering the ocean of compassion you will be happy.

The guru is the proofstone on which you have to rub to purify your body.

He opens the gates of your eyes so that they may see, he calls you by his speech.

He calls you by his speech, such is the gnosis provided by the guru.

He tells of the inaccessible lying in your body; on this day your mind must meditate on it. (2)

On the second day the sprout appears in the heart. The kettledrum and trumpet of the unstruck sound resound.

At that time, the servant applies himself to service. As he ruminates *‘raraṃ’* confusion takes to flight.

On this day, the city is illuminated, the lord of life (*prāṇanātha*) is beheld in his true form.

Attachment arises from beholding this form, the servant abides in bliss.

Go beyond the scriptures and the Veda, have belief in devotion to the name! (3)

On the third day, darkness is slain. You apply yourself to disicipline at the confluence of the three rivers,

With the waxing moon it grows light, the servant of the innate one ruminates mantras, In this resounds uninterruptedly the innate name; mad, you enjoy perfect bliss in Rām.

You are mad experiencing the lord, the root of perfect bliss.

Tell me, Sants, how will you find the lord without gnosis? (4)

On the fourth day, consciousness increases. You desire to behold Murāri.

His form cannot be described, he pervades every body.

He is many in one, and one in many. You must apply discrimination to understand this immense unity.

Only if you understand, will you be happy, this is the highest wisdom.

Yoga, sacrifice, austerities, and gifting cannot match the word ‘one’. (5)

On the fifth day, one meets the elements. The moment the guru appears, all of them become his disciples.

Five, twenty-five, fifty wise ones, all mad by experiencing that *prāṇa* is the primordial man.

At that stage, many flutes resound. There is a huge congregation, absolutely pure.

There is a hoard of love, behold it with your own eyes!

He is present without form, reflect on the word of the true guru! (6)

On the sixth day, the moon, a king with a royal parasol, spreads its light. Bliss twinkles in the stars.

The six systems of religious views stand in adoration, all has the form of Govinda, there is nothing besides.

He is complete, beyond all, perfect, imperishable. Rare is the one who possesses the light of *brahma* and thereby knows him.

The knower will know him, because his intellect discriminates.

Without applying any means doubt has vanished, he crosses easily to the other side. (7)

On the seventh day, seven lamps are shining. The mind deeply yearns for their bright beams.

At that stage many lights are shining, and there are lots of diamonds, precious stones, and pearls.

If any rare one sees the immortal place, he may regard himself as having made his life fruitful at his very lifetime.

You may consider having made your life fruitful, because all your deeds are brought to fruition by the true guru.

All those gods and men know nothing of the resting place of the Sants. (8)

On the eighth day, the moon has risen in yourself, there is great bliss below, above and in the middle.

From below it has been brought to a standstill above. It has become immovable, experienced directly.

For him whose gaze is fixed on its reflection, coming and going are over.

Coming and going are over, he is absorbed in the ocean of love.

He has become that from which he issued. How can one be distinguished from the other? (9)

On the ninth day, he examines the city, his eyes revel in its sight.

Below there is a residence with no ground underneath; though it is not night, the moon shines.

This moon shines in everyone; all may perish, but this moon does not diminish.

It has no segments and does not diminish, this is the boundless Rām.

He is the maker of everything, but keeps away from it. Sants, reflect on this. (10)

On the tenth day, he sees and touches him in all the ten directions,

Outside and inside there is one moon, in which the mind is blissful.

In recollection of this bliss love speaks about it. At his lifetime, he instals his *jīva* there.

Where you install the *jīva*, there is no idle hope.

Like a drop in the ocean the servant merges in *sahaj*. (11)

On the eleventh day, he has entered the sky, the guru’s word he regards as sandalwood.

He contemplates his lotus-feet, without hands he strings a garland and recollects his excellencies,

He does worship with sandalwood paste, there is only God Nirañjana and no one else.

There is no one else, he is the king of all the worlds,

The wise desiring to meet him are unable to find his palace. (12)

On the twelfth day, he sees an attire that looks like purest gold,

Being the supreme *brahma,* he has no form or contour,

‘Gold’ is just a trope, for he cannot be described; he is without colour, home, or shadow.

Of subtle form, all qualities accumulate in him, the sea of happiness, and bear his own name.

He is the treasure house of all excellencies, capable of doing anything.

You see him everywhere, but how can he who is beyond description be described? (13)

On the thirteenth day, he spreads out in the three worlds, lustrous and boundless,

He is seen in the sky of the body cosmos, but the supreme self has neither form nor contour.

If you speak of him to anyone, he won’t believe it. No one knows his course because he is inaccessible.

If there is one who knows, he is the knower of the truth.

The guru’s devotee has no qualities, he understands the word. (14)

On the fourteenth day, the moon stands high in the sky, it is as if the sun has risen. One bird sports there, flying high up in the sky like the firebird.

He has experienced stability and therefore joins the stable one, he gauges his mind.

When the word merges with the moon, he does not come and go again. (15)

The full moon day has come. The sixteen digits mark the perfect one,

The mind is a *cakor* bird previously in deep pain, but now drinking the *svāti* stream of the elixir of immortality.

This elixir of immortality is the name of Rām. If someone attains this, all his deeds turn out well.

All deeds turn out well, and therefore millions upon millions have become its addicts.

Now Hardās will not forget that his residence is at the feet of Rām[[1]](#endnote-1).(16)

1. The words ‘of Rām’ have been added. [↑](#endnote-ref-1)