

PRAYERS GIVEN BY SATHYA SAI BABA

WILL YOU, O LORD, LET GO THE HOLD?

Will you, my Lord, let go the hold?

*You will not, you will not,
You will not let go,
However bad I be.*

Will you my Lord, let me waste my years?

*You will not, you will not,
You will not let me waste,
However dull I be.*

Will you my Lord, let me run to ruin?

*You will not, you will not,
You will not let me run,
However wayward I be.*

Will you my Lord let me escape Your eye?

*You will not, you will not,
You will not let me escape,
However wanton I be.*

*You cannot but rush to rescue Your own,
You cannot delay for weighing pro and con;
You cannot stay unconcerned when we weep;
You cannot but respond to the prayers of the poor.*

*Prayer written by Baba and given to Kasturi,
New Year's Day, 1959*

I FIRMLY BELIEVE

*I firmly believe there is none kinder than You,
to shower Grace on me.*

Tell me, is this not the reason why

*I am at your Lotus Feet?
I firmly believe You will respond quick*

*when I do pray and plead.
Tell me, is this the reason why
I am crying aloud for you?
I firmly believe You are ever beside me
to guide my steps aright.
Tell me, is this not the reason why
I am Yours thro' day and night.
I firmly believe You can never say 'No'
Whatever I ask from You.
Tell me, is this the reason why
I long for a glance from You?*

*What have you designed for me this time?
Why this dire delay to offer boons?
However long you make me wait and wail
I will not leave, I'll be standing still
Until your loving eyes do turn on me.*

*Prayer written by Baba and given to Kasturi,
New Year's Day, 1960*

DEAR FATHER MINE

*Hoping You'll guide me-
this day or the day after-
I await your call from day to day.
Hoping You'll give darshan
but afraid you may not,
I'm all alert from hour to hour.*

*Hoping You'll come to me straight
This very instant
I'm watching and praying ever anon.
Hoping You'll smile at me
at last, though not at first,
I'm longingly gazing with thirsty eyes.*

*I shall stand and stay, in deep distress
Until my day of bliss does dawn*

*I am Yours, Your own, though exiled far.
Dear Father mine! Do heal Your child.*

*Prayer written by Baba and given to Kasturi,
23 November 1962*