

His Holy Eyes

Lived and loved I by His Grace,
Helped me He, saw face to face,
Again me helped His merciful sight to come near,
Continued it though year after year.
Kirpal's respectful love mine heart bore,
Heart, tongue stilled and eyes adhore.
Obeying Him never felt I shy,
Loved I, never asked how and why.
His eyes' expression so soft and shine,
Emerged therein lost I me and mine.
Good eyes saw I many, but a holy rare,
Could I look, but never I compare.
Deer-like eyes and rosy lips,
Surging waves of Thine eyes still I dipl.
The radition of His love now comes straight,
My heart since weak cannot bear ist weight.