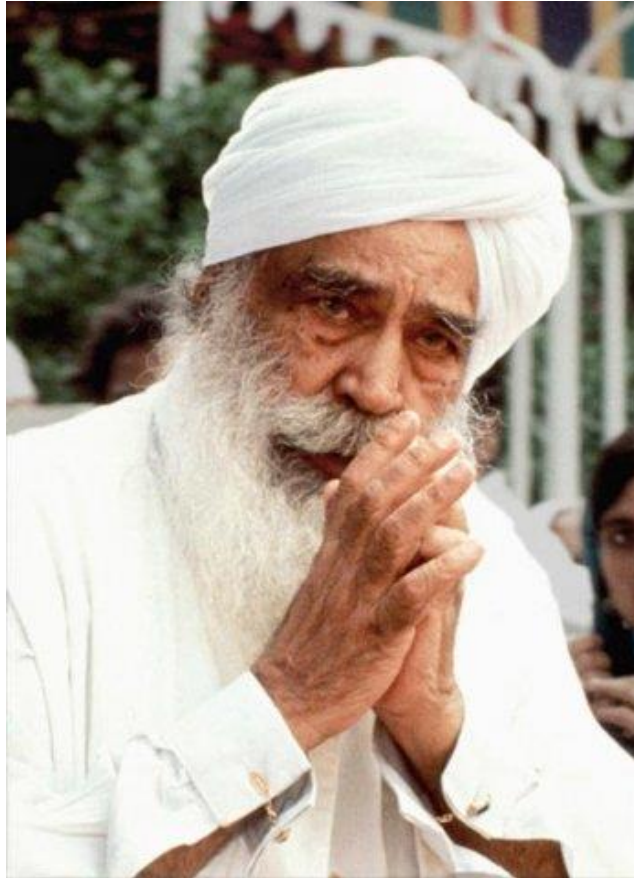


Prayers to
Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj
Based on *The Book of Psalms*



The Master is like a father to his children, tender and compassionate.
For he knows how weak we are; he remembers we are only dust.
Our days on earth are like grass; like wildflowers, we bloom and die.
The wind blows, and we are gone — as though we had never been here.
But the love of the Master remains forever with those who love him.

(Psalm 103)



Introduction

The Book of Psalms is a collection of five sets of books that were combined into a single biblical book. The psalms are primarily praises and prayers for temple worship or personal devotion.

The 150 psalms were composed over a period of about 1,000 years, starting in the time of Moses (1,400 BC) and stretching all the way to the Babylonian exile (586 BC). It seems that the Israelites were collecting and organizing individual psalms from the beginning of their organization as a nation.

Many of the psalms are linked to the name of David but his authorship is not universally accepted by modern Bible scholars. In total, at least eight authors are named, and other anonymous writers certainly would add to this total.

New Testament references show that the earliest Christians used the psalms in worship, and the psalms have remained an important part of worship in most Christian Churches. The psalms are popular for private devotion among many Protestants and still used in many churches for traditional worship.

It has been said that the psalms are “a school of prayer.” They not only provide us with models to follow, but inspire us to voice our own deepest feelings and aspirations.

(<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Psalms>;<http://www.usccb.org/bible/psalms/0> <https://www.toughquestionsanswered.org/2015/11/06/commentary-on-psalms-23-27-psalms-of-david/>)



The translators of the New Living Translation set out to render the message of the original texts of Scripture into clear, contemporary English. As they did so, they kept the concerns of both formal-equivalence and dynamic-equivalence in mind. On the one hand, they translated as simply and literally as possible when that approach yielded an accurate, clear, and natural English text. Many words and phrases were rendered literally and consistently into English, preserving essential literary and rhetorical devices, ancient metaphors, and word choices that give structure to the text and provide echoes of meaning from one passage to the next.

On the other hand, the NLT translators rendered the message more dynamically when the literal rendering was hard to understand, was misleading, or yielded archaic or foreign wording. They clarified difficult metaphors and terms to aid in the reader's understanding. The translators first struggled with the meaning of the words and phrases in the ancient context; then they rendered the message into clear, natural English. Their goal was to be both faithful to the ancient texts and eminently readable. The result is a translation that is both exegetically accurate and idiomatically powerful.

More than 90 Bible scholars, along with a group of accomplished English stylists, worked toward that goal. In the end, the NLT is the result of precise scholarship conveyed in living language. (<https://www.biblestudytools.com/nlt/>)



The following selections have been slightly modified from the original in order to address them to the Beloved Master. In most cases, this means the only change is the substitution of the word “Lord” with “Master” or “Satguru” or “Beloved”.

O Master, hear me as I pray; pay attention to my groaning. Listen to my cry for help, my God, for I pray to no one but you. Listen to my voice in the morning, Beloved. Each morning I bring my requests to you and wait expectantly. (Psalm 5)

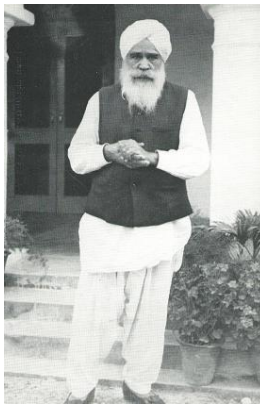
O Beloved Master, don't rebuke me in your anger or discipline me in your rage. Have compassion on me, for I am weak. Heal me, O Divine Guru, for my bones are in agony. I am sick at heart. How long until you restore me? Return, Beloved Master, and rescue me. Save me because of your unfailing love. (6)



I will praise you, Master, with all my heart. I will tell of all the marvelous things you have done for me. I will be filled with joy because of you. I will sing praises till the day I die. (9)

The Satguru is a shelter for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble. Those who know your Name trust in you, for you, Beloved, do not abandon those who search for you. (9)

Keep me safe, O Satguru, for I have come to you for refuge. I said to the Beloved, "You are my Master! Every good thing I have comes from you." (16)



I know the Master is always with me. I will not be shaken, for he is right beside me. No wonder my heart is glad, and I rejoice. My body rests in safety. For you will not leave my soul among the dead or allow your holy one to rot in the grave. You will show me the way of life, granting me the joy of your presence and the pleasures of being with you forever. (16)

I love you, Beloved Master; you are my strength, my rock, my fortress, and my savior in whom I find protection. You are my shield, the power that saves me, and my place of safety. (18)

You, Beloved Master, keep my lamp burning; you turn my darkness into Light. (18)

My God, my Master, why have you abandoned me? Why are you so far away when I groan for help? Every day I call to you, my God, but you do not answer. Every night I lift my voice, but I find no relief. (22)

O Master, how long will you forget me? Forever? How long will you look the other way? How long must I struggle with anguish in my soul, with sorrow in my heart every day? (13)



O Master, I give my life to you. I trust in you, my Beloved! Do not let me be disgraced, or let the five dactos rejoice in my defeat. No one who trusts in you will ever be disgraced, but disgrace comes to those who try to deceive others. Show me the right path, O Master; point out the road for me to follow. Lead me by your truth and teach me, for you are the God who saves me. All day long I put my hope in you. Remember your compassion and unfailing love. Do not remember the rebellious sins of my youth. Remember me in the light of your unfailing love, for you are merciful, O Divine Satguru. The Master is good and does what is right; he shows the proper path to those who go astray. He leads the humble in doing right, teaching them his way. The Master leads with unfailing love and faithfulness all who keep his covenant and obey his demands. For the honor of your name, O my Master, forgive my many, many sins. (25)

The Master is my Light and my salvation— so why should I be afraid? The Master is my fortress, protecting me from danger, so why should I tremble? When evil temptations come to devour me, when my enemies and foes attack me, they will stumble and fall. Though a mighty army surrounds me, my heart will not be afraid. Even if I am attacked, I will remain confident. The one thing I ask of the Master — the thing I seek most — is to live in the house of the Master all the days of my life, delighting in the Master's perfections and meditating in his Temple. For he will conceal me there when troubles come; he will hide me in his sanctuary. He will place me out of reach on a high rock. Then I will hold my head high above my enemies who surround me. At his sanctuary I will offer sacrifices with shouts of joy, singing and praising the Satguru with music. Hear me as I pray, O Beloved. Be merciful and answer me! My heart has heard you say, "Come and talk with me." And my heart responds, "Beloved, I am coming." Do not turn your back on me. Do not reject your servant in anger. You have always been my helper. Don't leave me now; don't abandon me, O God of my salvation! Even if my father and mother abandon me, the Master will hold me close. Teach me how to live, lead me along the right path, for my enemies are waiting for me. Do not let me fall into their hands. I am confident I will see the Master's goodness while I am here in the land of the living. Wait patiently for the Friend. Be brave and courageous. Yes, wait patiently for the Beloved. (27)

My Master is my shepherd; I shall not want. He lets me rest in green meadows; he leads me beside peaceful streams. He renews my strength. He guides me along right paths, bringing honor to his name. Even when I walk through the darkest valley, I will not be afraid, for you are close beside me. Your rod and your staff protect and comfort me. You prepare a feast for me in the presence of my enemies. You honor me by anointing my head with oil. My cup overflows with blessings. Surely your goodness and unfailing love will pursue me all the days of my life, and I will live in the house of the Master forever. (23)



I will exalt you, Master, for you rescued me. You refused to let my enemies triumph over me. O Master, my God, I cried to you for help, and you restored my health. You brought me up from the grave. You kept me from falling into the pit of death. Sing to the Master, all you godly ones! Praise his holy name... Weeping may last through the night, but joy comes with the morning. (30)

I will praise the Master at all times. I will constantly speak his praises. Let all who are helpless take heart. Come, let us tell of the Guru's greatness; let us exalt his Name together. I prayed to the Master, and he answered me. He freed me from all my fears. Those who look to him for help will be radiant with joy; no shadow of shame will darken their faces. In my desperation I prayed, and the Master listened; he saved me from all my troubles. For the Master is a guard; he surrounds and defends all who take refuge in him! (34)

Oh, what joy for those whose disobedience is forgiven, whose sin is put out of sight! Yes, what joy for those whose record the Master has cleared of guilt, whose lives are lived in complete honesty! (32)

You are my hiding place; you protect me from trouble. You surround me with songs of victory. The Master says, "I will guide you along the best pathway for your life. I will advise you and watch over you. Do not be like a senseless horse or mule that needs a bit and bridle to keep it under control." Many sorrows come to the wicked, but unfailing love surrounds those who trust the Master. So rejoice in the Satguru and be glad! Shout for joy, all you who have been selected! (32)



I pray to you, O Satguru, my rock. Do not turn a deaf ear to me. For if you are silent, I might as well give up and die. Listen to my prayer for mercy as I cry out to you for help, as I lift my hands toward your holy sanctuary. (28)

Have mercy on me, Beloved, for I am in distress. Tears blur my eyes. My body and soul are withering away. I am dying from grief; my years are shortened by sadness. Sin has drained my strength; I am wasting away from within. (31)



We put our hope in the Master. He is our help and our shield. In him our hearts rejoice, for we trust in his Holy Name. Let your unfailing love surround us, Beloved, for our hope is in you alone. (33)

How precious is your unfailing love, O Beloved! Your disciples find shelter in the shadow of your wings. You feed them from the abundance of your own house, letting them drink from your river of delights. For you are the fountain of life, the light by which we see. Pour out your unfailing love on those who love you! (36)

Trust in the Master and do good. Then you will live safely in the land and prosper. Take delight in the Master, and he will give you your heart's desires. Commit everything you do to the Master. Trust him, and he will help you. He will make your innocence radiate like the dawn, and the justice of your cause will shine like the noonday sun. Be still and wait patiently for him to act. (37)

I said to myself, "I will watch what I do and not sin in what I say. I will hold my tongue when the ungodly are around me." But as I stood there in silence - not even speaking of good things - the turmoil within me grew worse. The more I thought about it, the hotter I got, igniting a fire of words:

"Lord, remind me how brief my time on earth will be. Remind me that my days are numbered, and that my life is fleeing away. You have made my life no longer than the width of my hand. My entire lifetime is just a moment to you; at best, each of us is but a breath."

We are merely moving shadows, and all our busy rushing ends in nothing. We heap up wealth, not knowing who will spend it. And so, Beloved Master, where do I put my hope? My only hope is in you. Rescue me from my rebellion. (39)

Master, don't hold back your tender mercies from me. Let your unfailing love and faithfulness always protect me. For troubles surround me — too many to count! My sins pile up so high I can't see my way out. They outnumber the hairs on my head. I have lost all courage. Please, Beloved Master, rescue me! Come quickly and help me. (40)

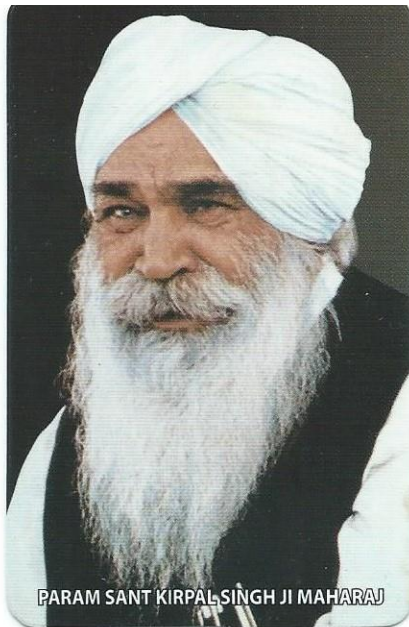
As a deer longs for flowing streams, so my soul longs for you, O God. My soul thirst for God, the living God. When can I go and stand before him? Day and night I have only tears for food, while my enemies continually taunt me, saying, "Where is this God of yours?" (42)

Each day the Master pours his unfailing love upon me, and through each night I sing his songs, praying to my Beloved Guru who gives me life. "O Master, my rock," I cry, "Why have you forgotten me? Why must I wander around in grief, oppressed by the five dactots?" (42)

Do not banish me from your presence, and don't take your Holy Spirit from me. Restore to me the joy of your salvation, and make me willing to obey you. (51)

I wait quietly before the Master, for my victory comes from him. He alone is my rock and my salvation, my fortress where I will never be shaken. (62)

O Master, you are my God; I earnestly search for you. My soul thirsts for you; my whole body longs for you in this parched and weary land where there is no water. I have seen you in your sanctuary and gazed upon your power and glory. Your unfailing love is better than life itself; How I praise you! I will praise you as long as I live, lifting up my hands to you in prayer. You satisfy me more than the richest feast. I will praise you with songs of joy. I lie awake thinking of you, meditating on you through the night. Because you are my helper, I sing for joy in the shadow of your wings. I cling to you; your strong right hand holds me securely. (63)

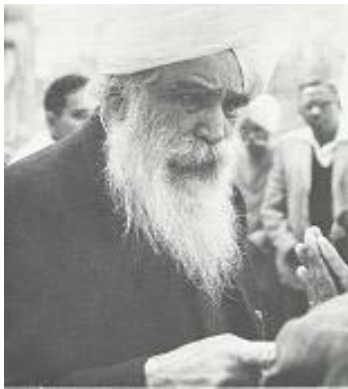


I cry out to the Master; yes, I shout. Oh, that he would listen to me! When I was in deep trouble, I searched for the Master. All night long I prayed, with hands lifted toward heaven, but my soul was not comforted. I think of the Master, and I moan, overwhelmed with longing for his help. You don't let me sleep. I am too distressed even to pray! I think of the good old days, long since ended, when my nights were filled with joyful songs. I search my soul and ponder the difference now. Has the Master rejected me forever? Will he never again be kind to me? Is his unfailing love gone forever? Have his promises permanently failed? Has God forgotten to be gracious? Has he slammed the door on his compassion? (77)

How lovely is your dwelling place, O Master. I long, yes, I faint with longing to enter your court. With my whole being, body and soul, I will shout joyfully to the living God. O Beloved! What joy for those who can live in your house, always singing your praises. (84)

Bend down, O Master, and hear my prayer; answer me, for I need your help. Protect me, for I am devoted to you. Save me, for I serve you and trust you. You are my God. Be merciful to me, O Beloved, for I am calling on you constantly. Give me happiness, for I give myself to you. O Master, you are so good, so ready to forgive, so full of unfailing love for all who ask for your help. (86)

Teach me your ways, O Satguru, that I may live according to your truth! Grant me purity of heart, so that I may honor you. With all my heart I will praise you, O Master, my God. I will give glory to your Name forever, for your love for me is very great. You have rescued me from the depths of death. (86)



O Beloved Master, come back to us! How long will you delay? Take pity on your servants! Satisfy us each morning with your unfailing love, so we may sing for joy to the end of our lives. Give us gladness in proportion to our former misery! (90)

It is good to give thanks to the Master, to sing his praises. It is good to proclaim your unfailing love in the morning, your faithfulness in the evening. You thrill me, Master, with all you have done for me! I sing for joy because of what you have done. (92)

Let all that I am praise the Master; with my whole heart, I will praise his Holy Name. Let all that I am praise the Master; may I never forget the good things he does for me. He forgives all my sins and heals all my diseases. He redeems me from death and crowns me with love and tender mercies. He fills my life with good things. (103)

The Master is like a father to his children, tender and compassionate. For he knows how weak we are; he remembers we are only dust. Our days on earth are like grass; like wildflowers, we bloom and die. The wind blows, and we are gone — as though we had never been here. But the love of the Master remains forever with those who love him. (103)

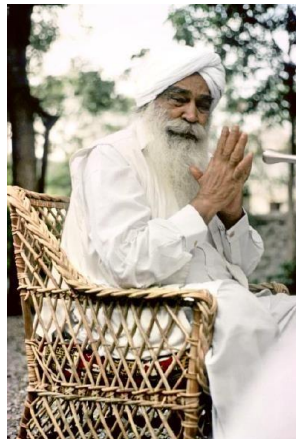
Let all that I am praise the Master. O Satguru, my God, how great you are! You are robed with honor and majesty. You are dressed in a robe of Light. You stretch out the starry curtain of the heavens; you lay out the rafters of your home in the rain clouds. (104)

Beloved Master, my mind is not noisy with desires, and my heart has satisfied its longing. I do not care about religion or anything that is not you. I have soothed and quieted my soul, like a child at its mother's breast. My soul is peaceful as a child sleeping in its mother's arms. (131)

Search me, O Master, and know my heart; test me and know my anxious thoughts. Point out anything in me that offends you, and lead me along the path of everlasting life. (139)

I cry out to the Master; I plead for the Master's mercy. I pour out my complaints before him and tell him all my troubles. When I am overwhelmed, you alone know the way I should turn. Wherever I go, the five dacoits have set traps for me. I look for someone to come and help me, but no one gives me a passing thought! No one will help me; no one cares a bit what happens to me. Then I pray to you, O Beloved. I say, "You are my place of refuge. You are all I really want in life. Hear my cry, for I am very low. Rescue me from my persecutors, for they are too strong for me. Bring me out of this prison so I can thank you." (142)

Praise the Master! Praise the Satguru in his sanctuary; praise him in his mighty heaven! Praise him for his mighty works; praise his unequalled greatness! Praise him with a blast of the ram's horn; praise him with the lyre and harp! Praise him with the tambourine and dancing; praise him with strings and flutes! Praise him with a clash of cymbals; praise him with loud clanging cymbals. Let everything that breathes sing praises to God! Praise the Beloved Master! (150)



Kirpalct@yahoo.com

For more booklets go to: Kirpalsingh.org
(Spiritual Quotations for Lovers of God)

