

Ten Favorite Love Poems  
Dedicated to the Beloved Master  
Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj



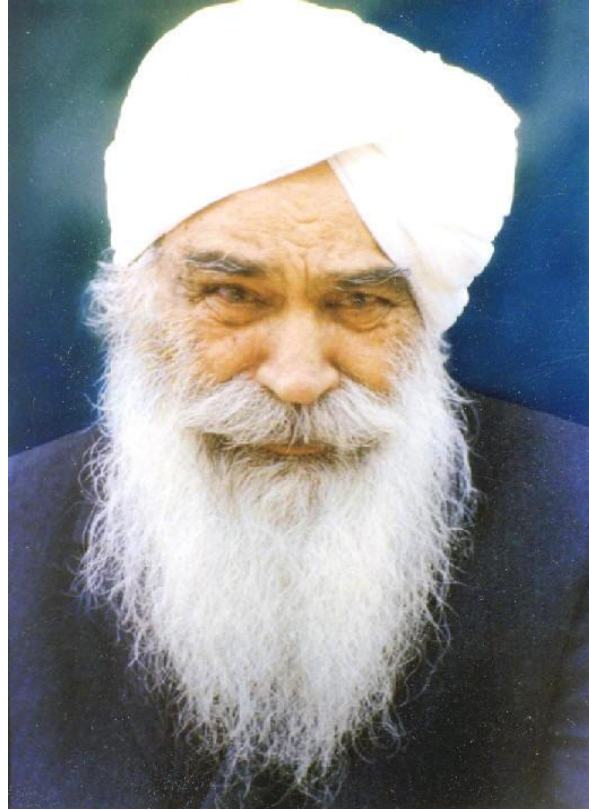
I have found He whom my heart loves,  
I have seized Him and will not let Him go.  
I am my Beloved's and my Beloved is mine.  
(Song of Solomon)



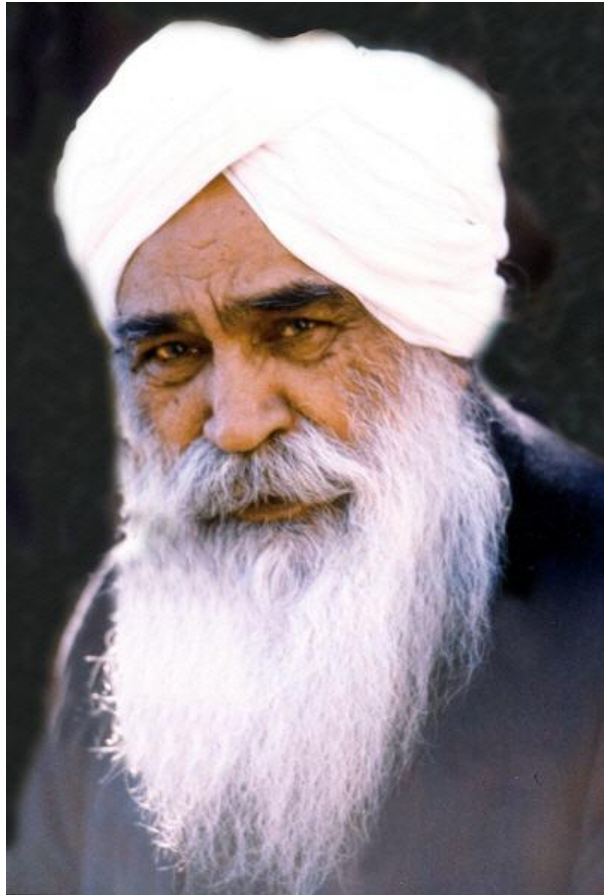
O Lord - You have seduced me.  
I was seduced.  
(Carthusian Liturgy)



Just to see Thy face again, I once more took the physical form.  
Thy face draws my heart out with its beauty.  
Just to see that reflection of God I came again to this world.  
(Bhai Nandlal)



Your love, from before the beginning of time,  
is my soul – it's my very self.  
Your love is the treasure of my weak, begging heart.  
Perhaps your beauty has been far from me –  
but the vision of your face has stayed with me always.  
(Sultan Walad)



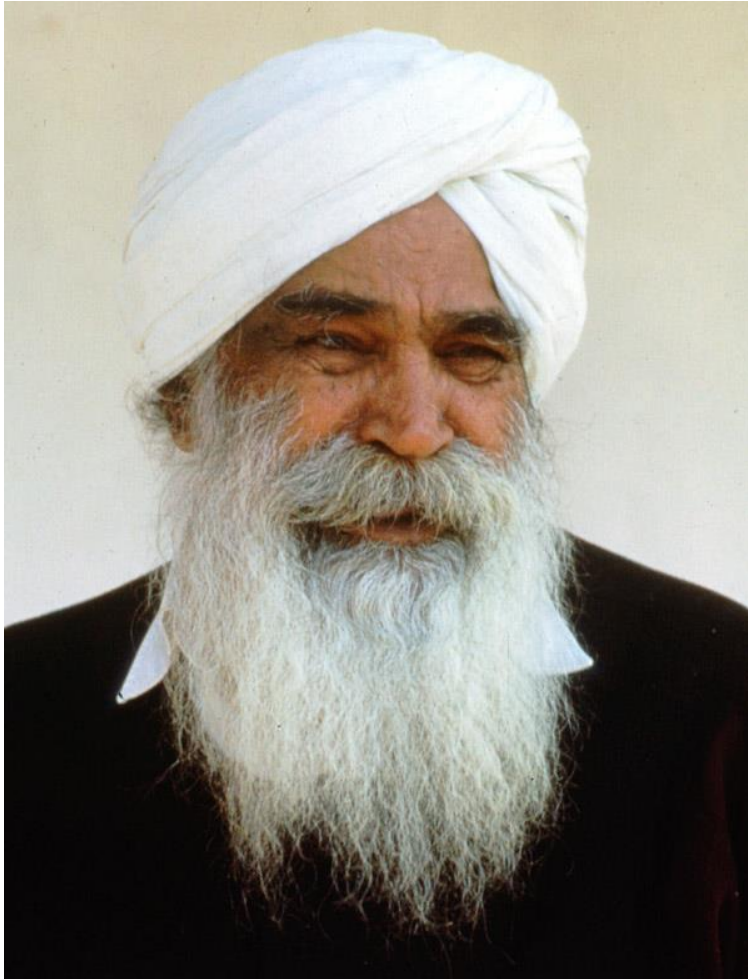
Who am I along your way that in my abode  
flowers should sprout in my soil from your glance?  
And beyond even this, I have received, from your bounty,  
the adornment of your love upon my heart!  
(Sharafuddin Maneri)



The world is full of beautiful things until an old man with a beard came into my life and set my heart aflame with longing and made it pregnant with love.

How can I look at the loveliness around me, how can I see it,  
if it hides the face of my Beloved?

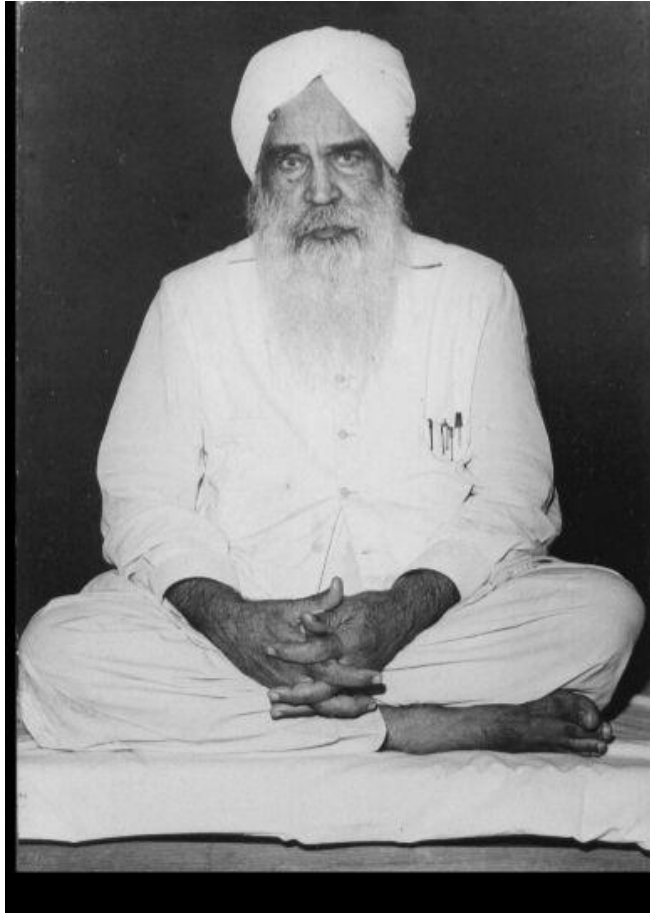
(Persian song)



Rise early at dawn, when our storytelling begins.  
In the dead of the night, when all other doors are locked,  
the door for the lovers to enter opens.

Be wide awake in the dark  
when lovers begin fluttering around the Beloved's window,  
like homing pigeons arriving with flaming bodies.

(Shaikh Abu-Saeed Abil-Kheir)



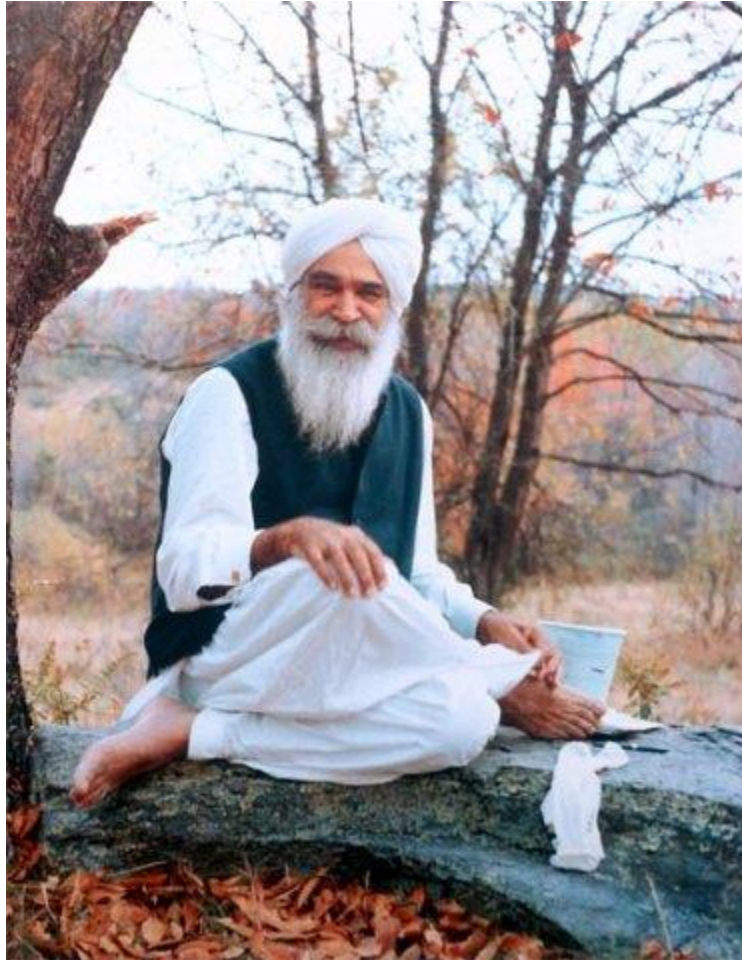
As long as you doubt that I am enamored of Your face,  
regard me as dust clinging to the paw of Your alley dog.  
(Sharafuddin Maneri)



Irene & Sant Kirpal Singh  
Florida, 1972



O Master,  
I've spent my whole life loving You and have no regrets.  
If I die in the dust of Your doorway, dreaming of You,  
I will have lived a full life and will die smiling there.  
(Hafiz)

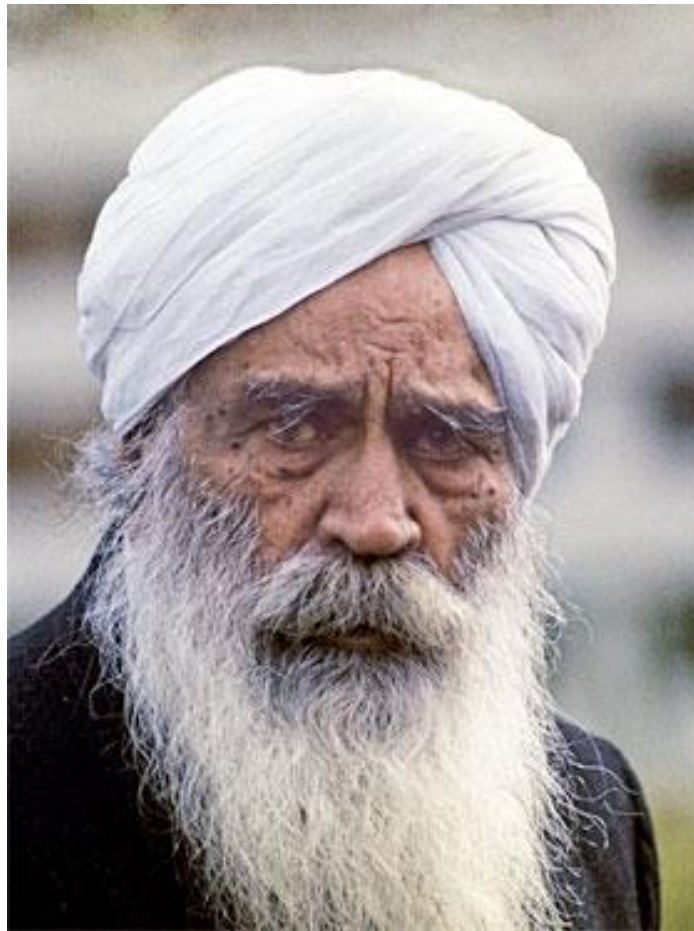


Never again in this world have I beheld beauty like Yours.  
Mira says: My Lord, when shall we meet?  
Great will be the joy of that meeting.  
(Mirabai)



When I go from here let this be my parting word,  
that what I have seen is unsurpassable.

In this playhouse of infinite forms I have had my play  
and here have I caught sight of Him that is formless.  
My whole body and my limbs have thrilled with His touch  
who is beyond touch;  
and if the end comes here, let it come –  
let this be my parting word.  
(Tagore)



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