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## GOD.

BY GABRIEL R. DERZHAVIN.

[Derzhavin's famous Ode To God written 150 years ago is one of the best poems in the Russian language. This poem has been translated into scores of foreign languages. Derzhavin who lived from 1743 to 1816, was the founder of Russian Poetry. This poem is bound to appeal specially to all hearts in India. We are thankful to Mr. Vladimir A. Shibayeff, Secretary of the Roerich Museum in India, for sending us this English translation.—Ed., E.R.]

THOU eternal One! whose presence bright  
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;  
Unchanged thru time's all-devastating flight;  
Thou only God! There is no God beside!  
Being above all being! Mighty One!  
Whom none can comprehend, and none  
explore;  
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone;  
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er;  
Being whom we call God—and know no more!  
In its sublime research, philosophy  
May measure out the ocean deep, may count  
The sands or the sun's rays—but God! For  
Thee  
There is no weight nor measure! none can  
mount  
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,  
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would  
try  
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;  
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so  
high;  
E'en like past moments in eternity.  
Thou from primeval nothingness didst call  
First chaos, then existence; Lord, in Thee  
Eternity had its foundation; all  
Sprang forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony,  
Sole origin, all life, all beauty, Thine.  
Thy word created all, and doth create;  
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine.  
Thou art, and wert, and shall be! Glorious,  
Great,

Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!  
Thy chains the unmeasured Universe sur-  
rounds,  
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath;  
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,  
And beautifully mingled life with death!  
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,  
And as the spangles in the sunny rays  
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry  
Of Heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.  
A million torches lighted by Thy hand,  
Wander unwearied thru the blue Abyss!  
They own Thy power, accomplished Thy  
command,  
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss,  
What shall we call them? Pyres or crystal  
light,  
A glorious company of golden streams,  
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright,  
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?  
But Thou to these art as the moon to night,  
Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,  
All this magnificence in Thee is lost—  
What are ten thousand worlds compared to  
Thee?  
What am I, then? Heaven's unnumbered host,  
Tho' multiplied by myriads, and arrayed  
In all the glory of sublimest thought,  
Is but an atom in the balance weighed  
Against Thy greatness—is a cipher brought  
Against Infinity! What am I, then—naught

Naught but the effluence of Thy light divine,  
 Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom, too;  
 Yes, in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,  
 As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.  
 Naught! but I live, and on Hope's pinions fly  
 Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee  
 I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,  
 Even to the eternal throne of Thy divinity,  
 I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!  
 Thou art directing, guiding all, Thou art!  
 Direct my understanding, then to Thee;  
 Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart,  
 Tho' but an atom midst immensity,  
 Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand;  
 I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,  
 On the last verge of mortal being stand  
 Close to realm where angels have their birth,  
 Just on the boundary of the spirit land!  
 The chain of Being is complete in me;  
 In me is matter's last gradation lost,  
 And the next step is spirit-Deity!  
 I can command the lightning, and am dust!  
 A monarch and a slave; a worm, a God!  
 Whence came I here, and how? So  
 marvellously

Constructed and conceived? Unknown? this  
 clod  
 Lives surely thru some higher energy;  
 From out itself alone it could not be!  
 Creator, Yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word  
 Created me! Thou source of life and good!  
 Thou, spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!  
 Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plentitude,  
 Filled me with an immortal Soul, to spring  
 Over the abyss of Death, and bade it wear  
 The garment of eternal day, and wing  
 Its heavenly flight beyond the little sphere,  
 Even to its source, to Thee, its author there.  
 O thought ineffable! O vision blest,  
 Though worthless our conception all of Thee  
 Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our  
 breast,  
 And waft its homage to Thy Deity  
 God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;  
 Thus seek Thy presence--Being, wise and good;  
 Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore!  
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more,  
 The soul shall speak in tears its gratitude.