

NECTAR

TRACK 1: RADHA REMIX

Bolo Radha Ramana Hari Bol

Sing to Lord *Hari*, who is playful and amorous, dear to His beloved consort *Radha*, the embodiment of love and bliss.

Radha, Radha, Radha, Radha Radhe, Radhe, Radhe, Radhe, Bolo Shree Krishna Govinda Hare Murare

Sing to *Krishna*, cow herding boy, incarnation of Lord *Vishnu*, holder of the flute, emanating waves of Supreme Consciousness and Light.

Singing to *Radha*, we become *Radha*, the Goddess, the most intimate companion of lord *Krishna*, the manifestation of divine love. We wear the mantel of *Radha*'s "*Rasa*", or nectar, and envelope ourselves in Her moods of longing and union, longing and union. We meet our beloved late at night in the grove of our heart, and we lose ourselves in that meeting. *Radhe Radhe*. The word resonates from every street corner, every man, and every woman in the town of *Vrindavan*, where *Radha* eternally lives. Forgetting our names, and the bindings of our lives and personalities, upon hearing *Krishna*'s flute we instantly transform into *Radha*, the beloved of our beloved, the secret lover within.

TRACK 2: OPENING THE GATES

Ram Ram Siya Ram Siya Ram Mei Saba Jaga Janee Karahun Pranama Jyoda Juga Pani

Invoking the Divine Couple. Goddess *Sita* and Lord *Ram*;
whose very name is most sacred and pure
Hail to the Divine couple, Goddess *Sita* and Lord *Ram* who dwell in the entire universe and all of creation; eternally luminous and shining as celestial moonlight.
We humbly bow with folded palms at Your lotus feet.

An offering, an invocation, a supplication, that the gates of the holy temple within be opened, and that we may enter. Improvised, usually at the beginning of a *kirtan*, singing *Ram Ram Ram Siya Ram*. The names of the Infinite, all-pervading, God and Goddess, *Ram* and *Sita*, becoming a key to unlock the door of the heart.

TRACK 3: SITA RAM/RAGHUPATI

Raghupati Raghava Raja Ram
Patita Pavana Sita Ram
Eeshwara Allah Tere Nam
Saba Ko Sammati De Bhagavan

Oh King of the Golden Age, Just Ruler of *Ayodhya*.
Savior of the wicked and distressed; Glory to *Ram*, the charming husband of *Sita*.
Oh Lord, may all Your names including *Ishwar* and *Allah*
Be cherished in my thoughts. Oh upholder and sustainer of the universe.

Sita Ram, Sita Ram, Infinite Goddess—Infinite God, *Mahalakshmi*—*Mahavishnu*, microcosm—
macrocosm, human soul (*Atman*)—Cosmic soul (*Paramatman*), perfect devotee—supreme being, wife—
husband, woman—man, feminine—masculine, yin—yang, Soul II Soul, Oneness beyond all duality.

A mantra from before recorded history, sung continuously throughout the ages. There is one temple that I've been visiting for nearly 30 years where the chant "*Sita Ram*" is sung non-stop, night and day, broken only for morning and evening "*puja*"(prayers and offerings). People come and go, stop on their way to and from work, but the core group of *Sadhu*'s remains constant, with the "*mahant*"(head *Baba*) always keeping one eye on the energy meter, jumping in on drums or harmonium to juice it up when the intensity wanes. On my first visit, the temple was very simple, really just a thatched hut, but over the years it has grown to a much more regal affair with marble columns and floor, beautiful *murtis* (statues of *Sita* and *Ram*), and a multi-channeled sound system. But the practice, the *kirtan*, hasn't changed a bit. Even the men there hardly look changed over thirty years, wrapped in their mud colored cloths, big *tilaks* on their foreheads, playing cymbals, beating drums, eyes closed in concentration, sending this never-ending energy of healing prayer out into the universe for the nourishment of all beings. When I remember this place, and all the places like it in India, I feel my own practice enlivened and empowered. Just knowing that somewhere in the world "*Sita Ram*" is ALWAYS being sung amazes and inspires me. We join forces with these amazing beings when we sing...

"*RAGHUPATI*" is a very famous prayer sung all over India with a different, traditional melody. It was Mahatma Gandhi's favorite "*bhajan*" as it emphasizes the oneness of all religions, saying that God is God, no matter what name one uses to call Him/Her/That. This is my version of the song, which can also be heard sung beautifully by Smt. Lakshmi Shankar on my first CD, "Footprints."

One of the most poignant, and powerful sections of the *Ramayana* (the story of *Sita* and *Ram*) tells of *Sita*'s abduction by the 10 headed demon king, *Ravana*, the embodiment of ego and ignorance. Separated from her lord, *Sita* is chained to a tree, surrounded by the most horrific demons and demonesses, and given the choice to either marry *Ravana* or die. Knowing that this is no choice at all, *Sita* fixes her eyes on a blade of grass and begins to chant *Ram*'s name. Quietly at first, then stronger and stronger until all the demons are gone from her consciousness and she is absorbed fully in love and oneness with *Ram*. Shortly after, *Hanuman* arrives at the scene and the story unfolds. But what an image, what an inspiration for our *kirtan*!

TRACK 4: RADHA RAMANA HARI BOL

Bolo Radha Ramana Hari Bol
Radha Radha Radha Radha
Radhe Shyam

Sing to Lord *Hari*, who is most skilled in the sport of love, dear to his beloved consort *Radha*.

Praise to the dark cloud-like complexioned form of *Krishna* and His lotus-eyed, moon-like *Radha*, embodiment of beauty.

Wandering through the corridors of *Radhavallabha*, one of the most ancient temples in *Vrindavan*, we hear bells, tuned water bowls, cymbals, drums, and voices rolling like waves in praise of *Sri Radharani* and her beloved Lord *Krishna*. These sounds of antiquity (recorded on a cassette walkman last year) merge into our chant at “Yoga Works”, stepping into the journey at about the half-way point. Like the many modes of a human love affair, the *kirtan* song of Divine love rises and falls in yearning, anguish, passion, fulfillment, and peace, shifting melodies, tempos, colors. Join our singing and dancing. Become *Radha*, the bliss of *Krishna* and sing God’s name (*HARI BOL*) with your heart and soul!

TRACK 5: OM NAMAH SHIVAYA

**Om Namah Shivaya; Shivaya Namaha
Shivaya Parameshwaraya
Shashi Shekharaya Namah Om
Bhavaya Guna Shambuvaya
Shiva Tandavaya Namah Om
Namah Om**

Om; I bow to the highest goodness

Lord *Shiva* is supreme absolute truth and the essence of final beatitude.

Om; I bow To Lord *Shiva* with the auspicious crescent moon in his hair.

Lord *Shiva* is He who liberates the soul from worldly bonds, the perpetual wheel of birth and death, the ocean of mundane existence; O mine of virtues, O Giver of bliss

Om; I bow to Lord *Shiva* sitting in eternal transcendental contemplation.

Om; I take refuge at Thy lotus feet.

Om, I bow to *Shiva*, the energy of transformation, the Lord of the Subconscious Mind, the thoughts beneath the thoughts. I attempt to surrender to that vast fire of change, *Shiva*, the Lord of Dance, the Lord of Death, the Lord of Time, beyond good and evil, beyond light and dark. *Shiva*, the eraser that wipes the slate clean so new writing can be written. *Shiva*, whose dance dissolves the universes so that they can be reborn. *Shiva*, the exhale...that makes way for the inhale. Creation, preservation, destruction in every millisecond...I fall to my face before you. Please clear away the veils that obscure my vision. “He Who Takes Away”, please remove all that keeps me from freedom.

In India, a land where ritual and mystery are still very alive, often devotees will sit before a fire and sing this chant. With each repetition of the mantra they will offer into the fire, in the form of nuts, seeds, oil, etc., some part of themselves that they want transformed. Ritual is a very powerful process that is all but lost in the west. Try this while singing *OM NAMAH SHIVAYA* and see what happens... You never know.

TRACK 6: BIG WHEEL REMIX by the Reverend Brother K

Radha Radha Radha Radha Radha Radha

The wheel of life turns round and round, with us forever caught in its spokes. “Oh my crazy mind,” sings the intoxicated Bengali poet “I KNOW that singing *Radha*’s name will free me. Why, then, don’t I do it?”

This remix is by the Reverend Brother K, bass player in the Pagan Love Orchestra, who plays bass, electric guitar, and trumpet on this track. He’s joined by Jeff Cressman on trombone, creating a uniquely “Pagan” remix.

TRACK 7: BAJRANGI

**Rung Ramayanamah Shreeng Sita Svaha
Jai Sita Ram
Bajarang Balee Hanuman Jai Sita Ram
Mangala Moorati Maruti Nandana
Sakala Amangala Moola Nikandana
Jai Bajrangi, Jai Hanuman
Sankata Mochana Kripali Dham**

Praise be to *Sita* and *Ram*, purifying consciousness
Glory to *Hanuman*, strong and brave, pure servant of *Sita* and *Ram*,
Son of the wind, breath of *Ram*, bestower of auspicious blessings.
Remover of all sorrows and distress
Oh Reliever of Suffering! Oh Ocean of Kindness!
Liberator of danger and difficulty; bestower of Grace.

A prayer to *Hanuman*, the Monkey God, the perfect devotee of *Ram*, the emanation of Lord *Shiva*’s most wrathful form, the Bestower of Grace, the Supreme *Guru*. Praise to *Hanuman*, who carries the “*Bajra*” or club of wisdom, the weapon with which he goes into battle against *Ravana*’s demon armies, to reunite *Sita* and *Ram*. Praise to Lord *Hanuman*, who tears apart his chest and finds *Ram* and *Sita* enshrined in his heart. Oh great monkey, please remove my sufferings and grant me devotion, the key to liberation.

TRACK 8: HANUMAN MANTRA

**Om Hum Hanumate Namaha
Jai Jai Jai Jai Jai Siya Ram**

Om, I bow to *Hanuman* who cuts the ego.
Praise be to *Ram* and His beloved wife *Sita*.

Let the energy of Lord *Hanuman*, the manifestation of devotion, service, humility, and power resonate within my being. Let the son of the Wind God, the life force, the destroyer of ignorance, The bestower of Grace, open the doorway into infinity, *SITA RAM SITA RAM*. May the Golden Monkey, *Hanuman*, take me into his heart, along with *Sita* and *Ram*.

TRACK 9: NAMAHA OM REMIX

**Om Namah Shivaya; Shivaya Namaha
He Natha Narayana Vasudeva**

Om, I bow to the highest goodness
Oh Beloved Lord of the divine play of life.

NAMAHA OM. I bow to the cosmic syllable. I bow to creation, preservation, and destruction.