

you come to me dearest, leaving eternal rest

Beloved Baba

My dust ^{is} now crying

from head to foot I feel now pain

fire itself brings me pain

Loss itself is my gain

From weakness I force regain

I feel the worse is best, gives rest all unrest

Beloved Baba

My dust is now crying.

What is left ^{in book of} ~~here in~~ the account

I can not possibly count

Mind is working now very slow

Pain is showing me its glow

Now pain is my guest, to which I love best

Beloved Baba

My dust is now crying.

Bhan