



THE MIND THAT MAKES THE WORLD

Twelve Songs of the Supreme Yoga

LIBRETO

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY LUIS MIGUEL GALLARDO

WORLD HAPPINESS PRESS



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LIBRETO — THE LITTLE BOOK OF THE SONGS

Music and Lyrics by

LUIS MIGUEL GALLARDO

*Companion to the album, to the book The Mind That Makes the World:
The Supreme Yoga, the Healing Trance, and the Path to Fundamental
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and the Science of Suggestion (WHF Research Lab, DOI 10.68220/
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WORLD HAPPINESS PRESS



Yatha drishti, tatha srishti.

As the seeing, so the world.



A WORD BEFORE THE MUSIC

Every album is a house of doors. This one was built from a book, which was built from a paper, which was built from a text nearly a thousand years old — and that text says of itself that it is a story inside a story, told so that the listener may wake inside the telling.

The Yoga Vāsiṣṭha does not argue you into freedom. It sings you there. Its sixty-four tales are not illustrations of the teaching; they are the teaching — the oldest and gentlest technology of transformation we have, the story that slips past the guards of the mind and plants its seed in the dark, where seeds belong. A millennium before anyone spoke of the healing trance, this text already knew: the imagination that binds us is the imagination that frees us. The dream runs both ways.

These twelve songs continue that method by the most honest means available — melody, breath, and mantra. Each song gives a voice to one of the great figures of the text: the poet who writes the world, the prince who sees through it, the sage who answers him, two queens, two kings, a Brahmin, an immortal crow, a ladder of light, a river coming home, and — at the end — peace itself. The album's crown is the eighth song, which belongs to Cūḍālā: the queen who awoke first, and who became, disguised as a young sage, the tradition's own healer.

And running beneath all twelve, like the tanpura beneath the melody, is the book. Each song is a door into one of its rooms. This libreto tells you which door, and what waits inside.



HOW TO LISTEN

Listen the way you would enter water: slowly, and all the way.

The songs are in order — they trace the arc of the text, from a prince's despair to fundamental peace — but any door opens the same house. You may begin anywhere. You may stay anywhere.

Let the mantras do what mantras do. They are not decoration. They are the oldest suggestions in the world, polished by millions of mouths across thousands of years until nothing is left of them but light. When a mantra returns in a song, breathe with it. Let it say you, instead of you saying it.

You are allowed to close your eyes. You are allowed to sing. And at the end of each entry in this libretto you will find a single line in italics — a seed to carry into your day. Take it the way the text intends every one of its stories to be taken: not as information, but as *bhāvanā* — an imagining held long enough, and kindly enough, to become true.

THE SHAPE OF THE JOURNEY

The album walks the book's three great movements.

Songs 1–10 live in **Part One — the stories**: the frame, the prince and the sage, Līlā, Lavaṇa and his sister-tale Gādhi, Bhuśuṇḍa, Cūḍālā and Śikhidhvaja, and the ladder of the seven stages. - **Song 11** crosses into **Part Two — the healing trance**: the forgotten lineage of Faria, Bengal, and the yogi under the winter ground, and the act of returning a science to its source. - **Song 12** opens **Part Two's summit and all of Part Three**: Fundamental Peace, the Four Gifts, the forty-day path — liberation not from life, but into it.



TRACK ONE

The Story Within the Story

Vālmiki, the poet of the frame



Before the teaching, the telling. A poet closes his eyes at daybreak and writes a river, a mountain, a prince with heavy eyes, a sage whose voice is morning — and then does the thing only the greatest tellers dare: he steps inside his own sunrise. The Yoga Vāsishṭha opens this way, as a story handed from teller to teller like a lamp passed down a dark stairway, each hand adding no light and losing none.

This first song is the threshold. A drone, a bell, a low voice close to your ear — and the quiet revelation the whole tradition rests on: you are not outside the story, listening in. You are in it. You always were. The ocean is singing itself as wave, and one of its waves is wearing your name.

IN THE BOOK. The Prologue — where the book confesses its own method. It, too, is a nested tale: a companion that takes your hand at the door and walks you inward, room by room, until the house turns out to be you.

THE MANTRA. *Om* — the seed-syllable, the door standing open; and *Om Shanti Shanti Shanti*, peace spoken three times: for the body, for the mind, for the world they share.



Carry this: You are the story, and the one it is being told to.



TRACK TWO

The Prince Who Saw Through the World

Rāma, and the sacred disillusionment

A prince comes home from pilgrimage carrying the strange illness that precedes all wisdom. He has seen too clearly: youth is a guest of morning, wealth is a wave that leaves, and the river swallows kingdoms without chewing. Nothing he can hold will stay held. His court calls it melancholy. The tradition calls it *vairāgya* — dispassion — and honors it as the first rung of the ladder, the ache that empties the hands so the hands can finally open.

The song falls and then turns. Cello and sarangi carry the grief; the voice is young and fragile — and then, in the third verse, something shifts. The emptiness becomes a doorway. The ashes hide a light. Because — and the book is careful about this, as the paper is careful — this is disillusionment with the automatic mind, not with life. The prince is not turning away from the world. He is turning, for the first time, toward what never leaves.

IN THE BOOK. The opening movement of Part One, where Rāma lays his questions at the sage's feet — the questions every reader has carried into the book without knowing it — and where the book makes its quiet promise: the ache itself is a compass, and it points home.

THE MANTRA. *Neti neti* — “not this, not this” — the lantern of subtraction. Not the crown, not the body, not the thought about the thought. Whatever can be watched is not the watcher.



Carry this: Let the ache be a compass.



TRACK THREE

Mind Alone

The Sage's Answer

Vasiṣṭha, the teacher at dawn

— ◆ —

The sage does not comfort the prince. He does something far kinder: he tells him the truth. The world you fear, child of dawn, is woven — and the loom is mind. Every prison you have ever paced was built by the same power that can un-build it. This is the teaching the whole text turns on, older than the text itself: mind alone is the cause of bondage and of liberation. Turn the maker toward the making, and the making changes.

And then the second gift, just as radical: self-effort over fate. What we call destiny, the sage says, is only yesterday's effort wearing a mask; row, and the current answers. The song carries this in a warm baritone over sitar and tabla, sunrise music, a teacher who has all the time in the world because he is no longer in it — and at its center, chanted slow and clear, the ancient shloka itself.

IN THE BOOK. The heart of Part One's teaching, where the book lays out mind as world-maker and self-effort as the oar — quoting the old public-domain renderings, so the reader hears the text in voices a century old. And the bridge of this song is the oldest classroom prayer on Earth: teacher and student asking, together, to be protected together, nourished together, never divided — the same prayer that opens every true transmission, including the one between these pages and you.

THE MANTRA. *Mana eva manushyanam karanam bandha-mokshayoh* — mind alone binds, mind alone frees; and *Om Saha Navavatu* — the vow of teacher and student, sung as one breath.



Carry this: Turn the maker toward the making.



TRACK FOUR

The Universe in a Room

Queen Līlā and the Goddess Sarasvatī

A queen sits beside her husband's stillness and will not let the lamp go out. Instead of mourning, she does the most extraordinary thing in the whole of world literature: she calls the goddess of wisdom by her first name and asks to see where her beloved has gone. And Sarasvatī, who never refuses a sincere question, teaches her to fly — not with wings, but with thought, because thought is the only wing anyone has ever needed.

What Līlā finds is the text's deepest secret, delivered not as doctrine but as a journey: her husband is dreaming an entire creation inside a space smaller than a mustard seed — and that creation is as vast, as solid, as tear-stained and sunlit as her own. Worlds within worlds within a world. A palace folded in a room. Each life as real as any other; each real only as it is believed. The song floats the way she flies: two women's voices, harp and veena, a duet suspended in mid-air, wonder answering wisdom line by line.

IN THE BOOK. The Līlā chapter of Part One — the chapter where the book learns to fly. There the story is told in full, and there its gentle, staggering implication is unfolded: a world is a belief, faithfully kept. Which means the beliefs you keep are quietly building the world you will wake in tomorrow.

THE MANTRA. *Om Aim Saraswatyai Namaha* — salutation to Sarasvatī, wisdom herself; the syllable *Aim* is her seed, the sound of insight arriving.



Carry this: Whatever you believe completely becomes a sky.



TRACK FIVE

A Lifetime in a Moment

King Lavaṇa and the illusionist



A stranger walks into a king's court with peacock feathers and eyes of smoke, raises a wand of woven horsehair — and while the lamp barely flickers, the king lives sixty years. He falls from the throne into famine, weds his sorrow, loses the names he loves to the rain. Then he wakes, on his own throne, in his own moment, and the court has not even finished its indrawn breath. And here the ancient authors add the detail that makes this the most precise pre-modern description of trance ever written: down the road, the other life is there. Real as morning. Warm as bread. It knew his name.

The song is built like the spell — a rolling, hypnotic groove that slips into dreamlike half-time, a storyteller's voice, time stretching like water. But its heart is the bridge, where the story turns from marvel to medicine: if grief can be dreamt this deeply, then so can grace. The spell that bound can unbind. The dream runs both ways in the night — and knowing this is the beginning of every healing.

IN THE BOOK. The Lavaṇa chapter of Part One, and its long echo in Part Two — because what the illusionist did in the court is what the healing trance does in the clinic: time dissolves, identity loosens, and the mind proves how completely it can inhabit what it imagines. The book's wager, and the paper's, is simply this: let that same power work for us.

THE MANTRA. *So Ham* — “I am That.” Beyond all my lifetimes, dreamt or waking, I am the one in whom the lifetimes rise.



Carry this: If sorrow can be dreamt this deeply, so can grace.



TRACK SIX

The Pool

Gādhī, the Brahmin of the waters

Lavaṇa's sister-story, quieter and closer to the skin. A Brahmin kneels at dusk to make the evening offering — one cupped hand of water — and the surface opens like a doorway. He comes up in other lands, wearing a life that isn't his: he begs, he feasts, he is crowned, he learns the taste of stranger tears. Whole years pass beneath the surface. Then he rises — before the ripples have even closed. And once more the tale insists on its uncanny signature: walking the waking roads afterward, he finds the village that knew his other name.

The ancient authors were not collecting illusions. They were asking the one question that makes them the first clinicians: does what happens in the depths endure? Does change made in absorption hold when we surface? The song answers the way the text answers — with water. Guitar like ripples, a low flute, the sound of the pool itself, and a mantra that is a conversation: the question and its answer sharing a single breath.

IN THE BOOK. Gādhī swims beside Lavaṇa in the same waters — the book's exploration of absorption and its afterlife, where the paper sets the two tales side by side as the tradition's own experiments in the durability of transformation. Two worlds, both stitched of the same seeing; two rivers from a single rain.

THE MANTRA. *Ko Ham? So Ham.* — “Who am I? I am That.” The oldest inquiry and the oldest homecoming, asked and answered on the in-breath and the out.



Carry this: You are the water, not the wearing.



TRACK SEVEN

The Crow at the Edge of Time

Bhuśuṇḍa, the immortal witness



On a tree at the edge of heaven lives a crow who has outlasted everything. He has watched mountains soften and oceans trade their beds; he has counted kingdoms in the thousands and watched suns go out like evening candles. When the deluge comes, he folds his wings inside the Om; when a new dawn draws the outlines, he breathes, and the worlds are drawn back home. Asked the secret of his endurance, he gives the least dramatic and most important answer in the entire text: the breath. Attention riding the breath — in, and out, the only road.

This is the text's own induction procedure, a thousand years before anyone used the phrase: *pṛāṇa* as the anchor by which consciousness is stabilised. The song honors it literally. Fifty beats per minute — the tempo of a resting heart. A voice ancient and warm as weathered stone. The breath itself as percussion, and a mantra paced exactly to your breathing, so that by the second chorus the song is not something you are hearing. It is something you are doing.

IN THE BOOK. The Bhuśuṇḍa chapter of Part One — and, truthfully, all of Part Three, because every practice in the book begins where the crow begins. Before the stories, before the stages, before any suggestion is planted: the swan of breath, *Ham-Sa*, the mantra you have been repeating since your first minute on Earth without ever being taught.

THE MANTRA. *Ham-Sa / So Ham* — the swan of the breath. *Ham* on the in-breath, *Sa* on the out; listen long enough and it reverses into *So Ham* — “I am That” — the breath confessing what you are.



Carry this: In... out... remain.



TRACK EIGHT · THE ALBUM'S CROWN

Queen of Both Worlds

Cūḍālā's Song

The album's crown — the queen who awoke first

Everyone said the truth lives past the river — in caves, on peaks, wherever silent hermits stay. Cūḍālā found it pouring through her mornings: crowned, and in the common day. She is the great scandal and the great glory of the Yoga Vāsiṣṭha — a reigning queen who attains full liberation first, before her husband, before the hermits, without leaving the palace, the council, or the bread. Awake inside her living. Light in every limb. And when the stillness ripens into power, she rises on wings that thought has woven and asks no one's permission to fly.

Then comes the part that makes her, in the paper's own words, the tradition's clinician. Her husband Śikhidhvaja, hungry for the truth she already embodies, mistakes the road for leaving — he renounces the kingdom and flees to the forest, giving up the gold but keeping the “I.” She could correct him. She does something wiser. She unbraids her crown and her beauty and walks into his forest as Kumbha, a radiant young sage — meeting him inside his own world, speaking in stories he can hold, testing him gently, letting him burn his hut of holiness to find the gold beyond the gold, and withdrawing the moment his realization stands on its own. Meet the seeker where he stands; teach through story; verify in experience; hand the work back. Every healer who has ever truly healed has walked in her footsteps — most without knowing her name.

Her song is the album's summit: a mezzo-soprano in full flight, drums like thunder over silk, a key change that lifts like her own ascent, and a declaration that needs no witness — Aham Brahmasmi. The sun asks no one leave to shine.

IN THE BOOK. The Cūḍālā chapter of Part One — and then, secretly, all of Part Three. For the eight-phase path of the book’s final movement is her method written down for our hands: the whole YVH protocol takes her as its model. When you walk the forty days, you are walking behind a queen.

THE MANTRAS. *Aham Brahmasmi* — “I am the Infinite,” the mahāvākya spoken as a woman’s own realization; and *Shivo Ham* — “I am peace itself, the auspicious one.”



Carry this: Rule, and be free. Love, and be light.



TRACK NINE

The Gold Beyond the Gold

King Śikhidhvaja, answered by Cūḍālā



He did everything right, and it was not enough. He gave the treasury to beggars and the palace to the wind; he kept a bowl, a mat, a fire — and kept, hidden inside the keeper, the one possession that matters: the little “mine,” the quiet “no,” the renouncer proudly renouncing. Until a young sage with strangely familiar eyes finds him in the forest and asks the question that undoes him: what have you abandoned, if you are still the one who is wise?

The bowl goes into the river. And then the veil drops, and the king’s teacher is wearing his lover’s face — the truth had walked beside him always, patient as dawn, disguised as grace. This is the tenderest recognition scene in world scripture, and the song gives it what it asks for: a duet. His earthy baritone, her soaring voice returning from the previous track, campfire intimacy opening into sunrise. And her invitation, which is the whole teaching of liberation-in-life in two lines: come home — the crown will not defile you; come home — the world is also true. They return. They reign with open hands. Freedom reigns through them.

IN THE BOOK. The same great chapter of Part One, and the final movement of Part Three — the handover. Because Vasiṣṭha’s way and Cūḍālā’s way end identically: the teacher steps back, the practice becomes yours, and the last surrender is not of the kingdom but of the king.

THE MANTRA. *Tat Tvam Asi* — “Thou art That” — the mahāvākya as only a beloved can say it: not instruction, but recognition.



Carry this: The last possession is the “mine.”



TRACK TEN

Seven Rungs of Light

The jñāna-bhūmikās — the ladder of the stages

The text is tender with beginners: it gives us a map. Seven stages of knowledge, seven rungs of one ladder — and the marvelous joke hidden at the top, which the song tells you in its first breath: when you arrive, no climber is left at all.

Shubheccha, the good desire — a longing that wakes before the sunrise. Vicharana, the inquiry — the question carried like a lantern. Tanumanasa — the mind grown thin as morning cloud, old habits loosening thread by thread. Sattvapatti, the dawn of being — the first true awakening, where, the model says, the healing garden grows. Asamsakti — action with honey-fingers, nothing sticking. Padartha-bhavana — the world one taste of shining mind. And Turyaga — the fourth, beyond waking, dream, and sleep: the always, the arrived.

The song climbs as it names them — each stage a step, the energy lifting, a choir turning the seven Sanskrit names into a ladder you can sing — and its chorus carries the ladder's secret physics: climb by resting, rise by releasing. Every rung is made of you.

IN THE BOOK. The ladder chapter of Part One, and the spine of the whole architecture — for this is the left-hand column of the YVH model itself, the seven stages aligned with the depths of the healing trance, with sattvāpatti marked as the garden where most of the work is done. The eight phases of Part Three climb this ladder in practice, one kind step at a time.

THE MANTRA. The seven names themselves — *Shubheccha*, *Vicharana*, *Tanumanasa*, *Sattvapatti*, *Asamsakti*, *Padartha-bhavana*, *Turyaga* — chanted in ascent, resolving into a single Om.



Carry this: Climb by resting; rise by releasing.



TRACK ELEVEN

Return the River

The forgotten lineage

This is the album's act of gratitude, and its act of justice. The science of the healing trance did not begin where the textbooks say it began. Its founding insight — that the power sleeps within the sleeper, not in any master's hand or iron wand — crossed the ocean in the coat of a son of Goa, the Abbé Faria, who watched thousands enter lucid sleep and concluded that the door was always on the inside. Its first great harvest of healing was gathered in Bengal courtyards, where trance was medicine and where the hands that helped — hands of the land — were left out of the books that kept the treasure. And the first meeting of the new science with yoga came when a northern surgeon read, astonished, of a yogi's wintered breath, and recognized in that stillness not a miracle but a mastery: attention, gathered to a single point, changing what the body is willing to do.

The song walks this journey in sound — a nylon guitar with a hint of fado longing for the sailor from Goa, baul folk textures for Bengal, harmonium and strings gathering everyone in — and then does what the paper calls restitution as method: it turns the whole history into a homecoming. Not to take, and not to tame. We lay the science on the altar. We bow, and speak the older names. And the chorus becomes the vow: return the river to the mountain, carry the song back to its source — until the final mantra opens into pure kirtan joy, the wish beneath all healing everywhere.

IN THE BOOK. The lineage chapters of Part Two — the forgotten story told in full, Faria and the Bengal wards and the yogi and the doctors, ending where this song ends: with the recognition that bridging the Yoga Vāsiṣṭha and the healing trance is not an importation but a return. The river is coming home along its oldest course.

THE MANTRA. *Loka Samasta Sukhino Bhavantu* — “May all beings everywhere be happy and free.” The oldest form of the mission; the vow the whole work serves.



*Carry this: What healed you came from somewhere. Say thank you by
passing it on.*



TRACK TWELVE

Fundamental Peace

The World Is as You See It

The finale — every voice returns

— ◆ —

The prince asked for one thing that would never leave him, and the sage gave him back his own two eyes. That is the whole journey, and the finale sings it with every voice the album has gathered: the prince, changed and clear; the sage, warm as ever; the two queens interwoven; the choir carrying everyone home. The world I feared was my own weaving. The weaver woke. The fear untied.

And what remains when the fear unties is not blankness, and not a permanent holiday from being human. It is what the book and the paper call Fundamental Peace — the jīvanmukta's secret, made measurable at last. «Fundamental Peace is not the absence of pain... it is the transmutation of its energy into love and compassion.» The chorus sings exactly this: peace is not the end of weather — it is the sky that holds the storm.

The bridge is the album's quietest treasure: the Four Gifts, one voice per line, which are — hidden in plain sight — the four capacities of Fundamental Peace itself. A steady eye that does not grasp: attention, flexible and free of strain. A heart that keeps all seasons whole: emotional coherence across everything you are. A self worn soft as river linen: the loosening of the rigid "I." And kindness watching from the soul: compassionate self-awareness, the gift that binds the other three. Then the great Purnamadah mantra — wholeness taken from wholeness, wholeness remaining — and, whispered over the fading Om, the mission the Foundation carries into the century: ten billion hearts, one seeing. Free. Conscious. Happy. Awake inside the dream.

IN THE BOOK. The summit of Part Two — the Fundamental Peace chapter, where the ancient liberation and the modern measure meet — and all of Part Three: the eight phases, the guided practices, the forty-day path, and the FP20, so that what

this song celebrates, the reader can walk. The epilogue closes where the finale closes: as the seeing, so the world.

THE MANTRAS. *Om Purnamadah Purnamidam* — that is whole, this is whole; take wholeness from wholeness, and wholeness alone remains; *Sarvam Khalvidam Brahma* — all this is the One; and the threefold *Om Shanti*.



Carry this: As the seeing, so the world. See well.



A LAST WORD

Twelve songs, one teaching. A poet steps into his story; a prince sees through the world; a sage hands him the loom. A queen flies through a mustard seed; a king lives sixty years in a breath; a Brahmin surfaces before the ripples close. A crow rides the swan of breath at the edge of time. A queen wakes first and comes back for her beloved; a king throws the last possession in the river. A ladder climbs itself and vanishes. A river returns to its mountain. And peace — fundamental, measurable, singable — turns out to have been the sky the whole time.

The album is the doorway. The book is the house. The paper is the foundation stone, laid in the open for anyone to examine. And the path — the eight phases, the forty days — is the garden behind the house, waiting for your footsteps.

May these songs find you where you stand, as Kumbha found the king: inside your own world, in a voice you can hold, patient as dawn, disguised as grace.

Ten billion hearts. One seeing.



OM SHANTI SHANTI SHANTI.



Music and lyrics by Luis Miguel Gallardo. All mantras traditional and in the public domain.

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Shoolini, in the foothills of the Himalayas — September 2026.

