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This book is like a banquet-hall of Spirituality.
(Sant Kirpal Singh Ji Maharaj)



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GURU ARJAN
(101-109)

I have seen and tasted all other flavors, but to my mind, the Subtle Essence of the Lord is the sweetest of all. Whoever drinks this in is satisfied. Whoever obtains the Sublime Essence of the Naam becomes immortal. The Treasure of the Naam is obtained by one whose mind is filled with the Word of the Guru's Shabd. One who obtains the Sublime Essence of the Lord is satisfied and fulfilled. One who obtains this Flavor of the Lord does not waver. One who has this destiny written on his forehead obtains the Name of the Lord, Har, Har. The Lord has come into the hands of the One, the Guru, who has blessed so many with good fortune. Attached to Him, a great many have been liberated. The Gurmukh obtains the Treasure of the Naam; says Nanak, those who see the Lord are very rare.

My Lord, Har, Har, Har, is the nine treasures, the supernatural spiritual powers of the siddhas, wealth and prosperity. He is the deep and profound Treasure of Life. Hundreds of thousands, even millions of pleasures and delights are enjoyed by one who falls at the Guru's Feet. Gazing upon the blessed vision of His Darshan, all are sanctified, and all family and friends are saved.

By Guru's Grace, I meditate on the inaccessible and unfathomable True Lord. The One, the Guru, who is sought by all - only a few, by great good fortune, receive His Darshan. His place is lofty, infinite and unfathomable; the Guru has shown me that palace. Your Ambrosial Name is deep and profound. That person is liberated, in whose heart You dwell. The Guru cuts away all his bonds; O Servant Nanak, he is absorbed in the poise of intuitive peace.

By God's Grace, I meditate on the Lord, Har, Har. By God's kindness, I sing the songs of joy. While standing and sitting, while sleeping and while awake, meditate on the Lord, all your life.

The holy Saint has given me the medicine of the Naam. The residues of my mistakes have been cut out and I have become pure. I am filled with bliss, and all my pains have been taken away. All my suffering has been dispelled. One who has my Beloved on his side, is liberated from the world-ocean. One who recognizes the Guru practices Truth; why should he be afraid? Since I found the company of the Holy and met the Guru, the demon of pride has departed. With each and every breath, Nanak sings the Lord's Praises. The True Guru has covered my sins.

Through and through, the Lord is intermingled with His servant. God, the Giver of Peace, cherishes His servant. I carry the water, wave the fan, and grind the grain for the servant of my Lord and Master. God has cut the noose from around my neck; He has placed me in His service. The Lord and Master's command is pleasing to the mind of His servant. He does that which pleases his Lord and Master. Inwardly and outwardly, the servant knows his Lord. You are the all-knowing Lord and Master; You know all ways and means.

The servant of the Lord and Master enjoys the love and affection of the Lord. That which belongs to the Lord and Master belongs to His servant. The servant becomes distinguished in association with his Lord and Master. He whom the Lord and Master dresses in the robes of honor is not called to answer for his account any longer. Nanak is a sacrifice to that servant. He is the pearl of the deep and unfathomable Ocean of God.

Everything is within the home of the self; there is nothing beyond. One who searches outside is deluded by doubt. By Guru's Grace, one who has found the Lord within is happy, inwardly and outwardly.

Slowly, gently, drop by drop, the stream of nectar trickles down within. The mind drinks it in, hearing and reflecting on the Word of the Shabd. It enjoys bliss and ecstasy day and night, and plays with the Lord forever and ever.

I was separated and cut off from the Lord for so many lifetimes; by the Grace of the holy Saint, the dried-up branches have blossomed forth again in their greenery. I have obtained this sublime understanding, and I meditate on the Naam; as Gurmukh, I have met the Lord. As the waves of water merge again with the water, so does my light merge again into the Light. Says Nanak, the veil of illusion has been cut away, and I shall not go out wandering any more.

I am a sacrifice to those who have heard of You. I am a sacrifice to those whose tongues speak of You. Again and again, I am a sacrifice to those who meditate on You with mind and body. I wash the feet of those who walk upon Your Path. With my eyes, I long to behold those kind people. I offer my mind to those friends who have met the Guru and found God. Very fortunate are those who know You. In the midst of all, they remain detached and balanced in Nirvana. In the Saadh Sangat, the company of the Holy, they cross over the terrifying world-ocean, and conquer all their evil passions. My mind has entered their sanctuary. I have renounced my pride in my own strength, and the darkness of emotional attachment. Please bless Nanak with the gift of the Naam, the Name of the inaccessible and unfathomable God.

You are the tree; Your branches have blossomed forth. From the very small and subtle, You have become huge and manifest. You are the Ocean of Water, and You are the foam and the bubbles on its surface. I cannot see any other except You, Lord. You are the thread, and You are also the beads. You are the knot, and You are the primary bead of the mala. In the beginning, in the middle and in the end, there is God. I cannot see any other except You, Lord. You transcend all qualities, and You possess the supreme qualities. You are the Giver of peace. You are detached in nirvana, and You are the enjoyer, imbued with love. You Yourself know Your own ways; You dwell upon Yourself. You are the master and then again, You are the servant. O God, You Yourself are the Manifest and the Unmanifest. Slave Nanak sings Your Glorious Praises forever.

Please, just for a moment, bless him with Your Glance of Grace.

Blessed are those words by which the Naam is chanted. Rare are those who know this, by Guru's Grace. Blessed is that time when one sings and hears the Lord's Name. Blessed and approved is the coming of such a one. Those eyes which behold the blessed vision of the Lord's Darshan are approved and accepted. Those hands which write the Praises of the Lord are good. Those feet which walk in the Lord's way are beautiful. I am a sacrifice to that congregation in which the Lord is recognized.

Listen, O my beloved friends and companions: in the Saadh Sangat, the company of the Holy, you shall be saved in an instant. The residues of your sinful mistakes will be cut out; your mind will be immaculate and pure. Your comings and goings shall cease. With my palms pressed together, I offer this prayer: please bless me with Your mercy and save this sinking stone. God has become merciful to Nanak; God is pleasing to Nanak's mind.

The Word of Your Bani, Lord, is Ambrosial Nectar. Hearing it again and again, I am elevated to the supreme heights. The burning within me has been extinguished, and my mind has been cooled and soothed, by the blessed vision of the True Guru. Happiness is obtained and sorrow runs far away when the Saints chant the Lord's Name. The sea, the dry land, and the lakes are filled with the Water of the Lord's Name; no place is left empty. The Creator has showered His kindness; He cherishes and nurtures all beings and creatures. He is merciful, kind and compassionate. All are satisfied and fulfilled through Him. The woods, the meadows, and the three worlds are rendered green. The Doer of all did this in an instant. As Gurmukh, Nanak meditates on the One who fulfills the desires of the mind.

You are my father, and You are my mother. You are my relative, and You are my brother. You are my protector everywhere; why should I feel any fear or anxiety? By Your Grace, I recognize You. You are my shelter and You are my honor. Without You, there is no other; the entire universe is the arena of Your Play. You have created all beings and creatures. As it pleases You, You assign tasks to one and all. All things are Your doing; we can do nothing ourselves.

Meditating on the Naam, I have found great peace. Singing the Glorious Praises of the Lord, my mind is cooled and soothed. Through the perfect Guru, congratulations are pouring in - Nanak is victorious on the arduous battlefield of life!

God is the Breath of Life of my soul, the support of my mind. His devotees live by singing the Glorious Praises of the infinite Lord. The Ambrosial Name of the Lord is the Treasure of Excellence. Meditating, meditating on the Lord's Name, I have found peace.

One whose heart's desires lead him from his own home to the Saadh Sangat, the company of the Holy, shall be rid of the cycle of birth and death. His hopes and desires are fulfilled, when he gains the blessed vision of the Guru's Darshan. The limits of the inaccessible and unfathomable Lord cannot be known. The seekers, the siddhas, those beings of miraculous spiritual powers, and the spiritual teachers, all meditate on Him. Thus, their egos are erased, and their doubts are dispelled. The Guru has enlightened their minds. I chant the Name of the Lord, the treasure of bliss, joy, salvation, intuitive peace and poise. When my Lord and Master blessed me with His mercy, O Nanak, then His Name entered the home of my mind.

Hearing of You, I live. You are my Beloved, my Lord and Master, utterly great. You alone know Your ways; I grasp Your support, Lord of the world. Singing Your Glorious Praises, my mind is rejuvenated. Hearing Your sermon, all filth is removed. Joining the Saadh Sangat, the company of the Holy, I meditate forever on the merciful Lord. I dwell on my God with each and every breath. This understanding has been implanted within my mind, by Guru's Grace.

By Your Grace, the Divine Light has dawned. The merciful Lord cherishes everyone. True, True, True is that God. Forever, forever and ever, He Himself is. Your playful ways are revealed, O my Beloved. Beholding them, Nanak is enraptured.

By His Command the rain begins to fall. The Saints and friends have met to chant the Naam. Serene tranquility and peaceful ease have come; God Himself has brought a deep and profound peace. God has produced everything in great abundance. Granting His Grace, God has satisfied all. Bless us with Your gifts, O my great giver. All beings and creatures are satisfied. True is the Master, and True is His Name.

By Guru's Grace, I meditate forever on Him. The fear of birth and death has been dispelled; emotional attachment, sorrow and suffering have been erased. With each and every breath, Nanak praises the Lord. Meditating in remembrance on the Name, all bonds are cut away. One's hopes are fulfilled in an instant, chanting the Glorious Praises of the Lord, Har, Har, Har.

Come, dear friends, Saints and companions: let us join together and sing the Glorious Praises of the inaccessible and infinite Lord. Those who sing and hear these Praises are liberated, so let us meditate on the One who created us. The sinful residues of countless incarnations depart, and we receive the fruits of the mind's desires. So meditate on that Lord, our True Lord and Master, who gives sustenance to all. Chanting the Naam, all pleasures are obtained. All fears are erased, meditating on the Name of the Lord, Har, Har. One who serves the Lord swims across to the other side and all his affairs are resolved. I have come to Your Sanctuary; if it pleases You, unite me with You.

Shower Your mercy upon me, God; let me be committed to devotional worship. Nanak drinks in the Ambrosial Nectar of Truth.

The Lord of the universe, the support of the earth, has become merciful; the rain is falling everywhere. He is merciful to the meek, always kind and gentle; the Creator has brought cooling relief. He cherishes all His beings and creatures, as the mother cares for her children. The Destroyer of pain, the Ocean of Peace, the Lord and Master gives sustenance to all. The merciful Lord is totally pervading and permeating the water and the land.

I am forever devoted, a sacrifice to Him. Night and day, I always meditate on Him; in an instant, He saves all. God Himself protects all; He drives out all sorrow and suffering. Chanting the Naam, the Name of the Lord, the mind and body are rejuvenated. O Nanak, God has bestowed His Glance of Grace.

Where the Naam, the Name of God the Beloved is chanted - those barren places become mansions of gold. Where the Naam, the Name of my Lord of the universe is not chanted - those towns are like the barren wilderness. One who meditates as he eats dry bread, sees the Blessed Lord inwardly and outwardly. Know this well that one who eats and eats while practicing evil is like a field of poisonous plants. One who does not feel love for the Saints, misbehaves in the company of the wicked shaktas, the faithless cynics; he wastes this human body, so difficult to obtain. In his ignorance, he tears up his own roots. I seek Your sanctuary, O my Lord, merciful to the meek, Ocean of Peace, my Guru, sustainer of the world. Shower Your mercy upon Nanak, that he may sing Your Glorious Praises; please, preserve my honor.

I cherish in my heart the Feet of my Lord and Master. All my troubles and sufferings have run away. The music of intuitive peace, poise and tranquility wells up within; I dwell in the Saadh Sangat, the company of the Holy. The bonds of love with the Lord are never broken. The Lord is totally permeating and pervading inside and out. Meditating, meditating, meditating in remembrance on Him, singing His Glorious Praises, the noose of death is cut away. The Ambrosial Nectar, the Unstruck Melody of Gurbani rains down continually; deep within my mind and body, peace and tranquility have come. Your humble servants remain satisfied and fulfilled, and the true Guru blesses them with encouragement and comfort. We are His, and from Him, we receive our rewards. Showering His mercy upon us, God has united us with Him. Our comings and goings have ended, and through great good fortune, O Nanak, our hopes are fulfilled.

The rain has fallen; I have found the transcendent Lord God. All beings and creatures dwell in peace. Suffering has been dispelled and true happiness has dawned as we meditate on the Name of the Lord, Har, Har. The One to whom we belong cherishes and nurtures us. The supreme Lord God has become our protector.

My Lord and Master has heard my prayer; my efforts have been rewarded. He is the giver of all souls. By Guru's Grace, He blesses us with His Glance of Grace. The beings in the water, on the land and in the sky are all satisfied; I wash the Feet of the Holy. He is the fulfiller of the desires of the mind. Forever and ever, I am a sacrifice to Him. O Nanak, the Destroyer of pain has given this gift; I am imbued with the love of the Delightful Lord.

Mind and body are Yours; all wealth is Yours. You are my God, my Lord and Master. Body and soul and all riches are Yours. Yours is the power, O Lord, of the world. Forever and ever, You are the Giver of Peace. I bow down and fall at Your Feet. I act as it pleases You, as You cause me to act, kind and compassionate Dear Lord.

O God, from You I receive; You are my decoration. Whatever You give me, brings me happiness. Wherever You keep me, is heaven. You are the cherisher of all. Meditating, meditating in remembrance, Nanak has found peace. Twenty-four hours a day, I sing Your Glorious Praises. All my hopes and desires are fulfilled; I shall never again suffer sorrow.

The supreme Lord God has unleashed the rain clouds. Over the sea and over the land - over all the earth's surface, in all directions, He has brought the rain. Peace has come, and the thirst of all has been quenched; there is joy and ecstasy everywhere. He is the Giver of peace, the Destroyer of pain. He gives and forgives all beings. He Himself nurtures and cherishes His creation. I fall at His Feet and surrender to Him. Seeking His sanctuary, salvation is obtained. With each and every breath, I meditate on the Lord's Name. Without Him, there is no other Lord and Master. All places belong to Him. Yours is the honor, God, and Yours is the power. You are the True Lord and Master, the Ocean of Excellence. Servant Nanak utters this prayer: may I meditate on You twenty-four hours a day.

All happiness comes when God is pleased. The Feet of the perfect Guru dwell in my mind. I am intuitively absorbed in the state of Samadhi deep within. God alone knows this sweet pleasure. My Lord and Master is inaccessible and unfathomable. Deep within each and every heart, He dwells near and close at hand. He is always detached; He is the Giver of souls. How rare is that person who understands his own self. This is the sign of union with God: in the mind, the command of the True Lord is recognized. Intuitive peace and poise, contentment, enduring satisfaction and bliss come through the pleasure of the Master's Will. God, the great Giver, has given me His Hand. He has erased all the sickness of birth and death. O Nanak, those whom God has made His slaves, rejoice in the pleasure of singing the Kirtan of the Lord's Praises.

The Life of the world, the Sustainer of the Earth, has showered His mercy; the Guru's Feet have come to dwell within my mind. The Creator has made me His own. He has destroyed the city of sorrow. The True One abides within my mind and body; no place seems difficult to me now. All the evil-doers and enemies have now become my friends.

I long only for my Lord and Master. Whatever He does, He does all by Himself. No one can know His ways. He Himself is the helper and support of His Saints. God has cast out my doubts and delusions. His Lotus Feet are the support of His humble servants. Twenty-four hours a day, they deal in the Name of the Lord. In peace and pleasure, they sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord of the universe. O Nanak, God is permeating everywhere.

True is that temple, within which one meditates on the True Lord. Blessed is that heart, within which the Lord's Glorious Praises are sung. Beautiful is that land where the Lord's humble servants dwell. I am a sacrifice to the True Name.

The extent of the True Lord's greatness cannot be known. His creative power and His bounties cannot be described. Your humble servants live by meditating, meditating on You. Their minds treasure the True Word of the Shabd. The praises of the True One are obtained by great good fortune. By Guru's Grace, the Glorious Praises of the Lord are sung. Those who are imbued with Your love are pleasing to You. The True Name is their banner and insignia. No one knows the limits of the True Lord. In all places and interspaces, the True One is pervading. O Nanak, meditate forever on the True One, the searcher of hearts, the knower of all.

Beautiful is the night, and beautiful is the day, when one joins the society of the Saints and chants the Ambrosial Naam. If you remember the Lord in meditation for a moment, even for an instant, then your life will become fruitful and prosperous. Remembering the Naam, the Name of the Lord, all sinful mistakes are erased.

Inwardly and outwardly, the Lord God is always with us. Fear, dread and doubt have been dispelled by the perfect Guru; now, I see God everywhere. God is all-powerful, vast, lofty and infinite. The Naam is overflowing with the nine treasures. In the beginning, in the middle, and in the end, there is God. Nothing else even comes close to Him. Take pity on me, O my Lord, merciful to the meek. I am a beggar, begging for the dust of the feet of the Holy. Servant Nanak begs for this gift: let me meditate on the Lord, forever and ever.

You are here, and You are hereafter. All beings and creatures were created by You. Without You, there is no other, O Creator. You are my support and my protection. The tongue lives by chanting and meditating on the Lord's Name. The supreme Lord God is the inner-knower, the searcher of hearts. Those who serve the Lord find peace; they do not lose their lives in the gamble.

Your humble servant, who obtains the medicine of the Naam, is rid of the illnesses of countless lifetimes and incarnations. So sing the Kirtan of the Lord's praises, day and night. This is the most fruitful occupation. Bestowing His Glance of Grace, He has adorned His slave. Deep within each and every heart, the supreme Lord is humbly worshipped. Without the One, there is no other at all. O Baba Nanak, this is the most excellent wisdom.

My mind and body are imbued with love for the Lord. I sacrifice everything for Him. Twenty-four hours a day, sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord of the universe. Do not forget Him, for even one breath. He is a companion, a friend, and a beloved of mine, who reflects upon the Lord's Name, in the company of the Holy. In the Saadh Sangat, the company of the Holy, cross over the world-ocean, and the noose of death shall be cut away. The four cardinal blessings are obtained by serving the Lord. The Elysian Tree, the source of all blessings, is meditation on the unseen and unknowable Lord.

The Guru has cut out the sinful mistakes of sexual desire and anger, and my hopes have been fulfilled. That mortal who is blessed by perfect destiny meets the Lord, the Sustainer of the universe, in the company of the Holy. O Nanak, if the Naam, the Name of the Lord, dwells within the mind, one is approved and accepted, whether he is a house-holder or a renunciate.

Meditating on the Naam, the Name of the Lord, my heart is filled with peace. By His Grace, His devotees become famous and acclaimed. Joining the society of the Saints, I chant the Name of the Lord, Har, Har; the disease of laziness has disappeared.

O Siblings of Destiny, the nine treasures are found in the Home of the Lord; He comes to meet those who deserve it by their past actions. The perfect transcendent Lord is spiritual wisdom and meditation. God is all-powerful to do all things. In an instant, He establishes and disestablishes. He Himself is the One, and He Himself is the many. Filth does not stick to the Giver, the Life of the world. Gazing upon the blessed vision of His Darshan, the pain of separation departs. Holding on to the hem of His Robe, the entire universe is saved. He Himself causes His Name to be chanted. The Boat of the Guru is found by His Grace; O Nanak, such blessed destiny is preordained.

People do whatever the Lord inspires them to do. Wherever He keeps us is a good place. That person is clever and honorable, unto whom the Hukam of the Lord's Command seems sweet. Everything is strung upon the One String of the Lord. Those whom the Lord attaches are attached to His Feet. Those whose inverted lotus of the crown chakra is illuminated see the Immaculate Lord everywhere. Only You Yourself know Your glory. You Yourself recognize Your Own Self. I am a sacrifice to Your Saints who have crushed their sexual desire, anger and greed. You have no hatred or vengeance; Your Saints are immaculate and pure. Seeing them, all sins depart. Nanak lives by meditating, meditating on the Naam.

His stubborn doubt and fear have departed.

4/42/49 MAAJH, FIFTH MEHL: One who asks for a false gift shall not take even an instant to die. But one who continually serves the supreme Lord God and meets the Guru, is said to be immortal. One whose mind is dedicated to loving devotional worship sings His Glorious Praises night and day and remains forever awake and aware. Taking him by the hand, the Lord and Master merges into Himself that person upon whose forehead such destiny is written. His Lotus Feet dwell in the minds of His devotees. Without the transcendent Lord, all are plundered. I long for the dust of the feet of His humble servants. The Name of the True Lord is my decoration. Standing up and sitting down, I sing the Name of the Lord, Har, Har. Meditating in remembrance on Him, I obtain my eternal Husband Lord. God has become merciful to Nanak. I cheerfully accept Your Will. 4/43/50

ONE UNIVERSAL CREATOR GOD.
BY THE GRACE OF THE TRUE GURU:

Guru Nanak

By His Command, all are attuned to the Word of the Shabd, and all are called to the Mansion of His Presence, the True Court of the Lord. O my True Lord and Master, merciful to the meek, my mind is pleased and appeased by the Truth. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who are adorned with the Word of the Shabd.

The Ambrosial Naam, the Name of the Lord, is forever the giver of peace. Through the Guru's teachings it dwells in the mind. No one is mine and I am no one else's. The True Lord and Master of the three worlds is mine.

Acting in egotism, so very many have died. After making mistakes, they later repent and regret. Those who recognize the Hukam of the Lord's Command chant the Glorious Praises of the Lord. Through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, they are glorified with the Naam. Everyone's account is kept in the True Court, and through the beauty of the Naam, they are saved.

The self-willed manmukhs are deluded; they find no place of rest. Bound and gagged at death's door, they are brutally beaten. Without the Name, there are no companions or friends. Liberation comes only by meditating on the Naam. The false shaktas, the faithless cynics, do not like the Truth. Bound by duality, they come and go in reincarnation.

No one can erase prerecorded destiny; the Gurmukhs are liberated. In this world of her parents' house, the young bride did not know her Husband. Through falsehood she has been separated from Him and she cries out in misery. Defrauded by demerits, she does not find the Mansion of the Lord's Presence. But through virtuous actions her demerits are forgiven. She who knows her Beloved in her parents' house, as Gurmukh, comes to understand the essence of reality; she contemplates her Lord. Her comings and goings cease, and she is absorbed in the True Name. The Gurmukhs understand and describe the Indescribable. True is our Lord and Master; He loves the Truth. Nanak offers this true prayer: singing His Glorious Praises, I merge with the True One.

GURU AMAR DAS: By His mercy, we meet the True Guru.

GURU AMAR DAS
(110-129)

Center your awareness on seva - selfless service - and focus your consciousness on the Word of the Shabd. Subduing your ego, you shall find a lasting peace, and your emotional attachment to Maya will be dispelled. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, I am totally devoted to the True Guru. Through the Guru's teachings, the Divine Light has dawned; I sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord, night and day.

Search your body and mind and find the Name. Restrain your wandering mind and keep it in check. Night and day, sing the songs of the Guru's Bani; worship the Lord with intuitive devotion. Within this body are countless objects. The Gurmukh attains Truth, and comes to see them. Beyond the nine gates the Tenth Gate is found and liberation is obtained. The Unstruck Melody of the Shabd vibrates.

True is the Master and True is His Name. By Guru's Grace, He comes to dwell within the mind. Night and day remain attuned to the Lord's love forever and you shall obtain understanding in the True Court. Those who do not understand the nature of sin and virtue are attached to duality; they wander around deluded. The ignorant and blind people do not know the way; they come and go in reincarnation over and over again. Serving the Guru, I have found eternal peace; my ego has been silenced and subdued. Through the Guru's teachings the darkness has been dispelled, and the heavy doors have been opened. Subduing my ego, I have enshrined the Lord within my mind. I focus my consciousness on the Guru's Feet forever. By Guru's Grace my mind and body are immaculate and pure; I meditate on the immaculate Naam, the Name of the Lord. From birth to death, everything is for You. You bestow greatness upon those whom You have forgiven. O Nanak, meditating forever on the Naam, you shall be blessed in both birth and death.

My God is immaculate, inaccessible and infinite. Without a scale He weighs the universe. One who becomes Gurmukh understands. Chanting His Glorious Praises, he is absorbed into the Lord of Virtue.

I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those whose minds are filled with the Name of the Lord. Those who are committed to Truth remain awake and aware night and day. They are honored in the True Court. He Himself hears and He Himself sees. Those upon whom He casts His Glance of Grace become acceptable. They are attached whom the Lord Himself attaches; as Gurmukh they live the Truth. Those whom the Lord Himself misleads - whose hand can they take? That which is preordained cannot be erased. Those who meet the True Guru are very fortunate and blessed; through perfect karma, He is met.

The young bride is fast asleep in her parents' home, night and day. She has forgotten her Husband Lord; because of her faults and demerits, she is abandoned. She wanders around continually, crying out, night and day. Without her Husband Lord she cannot get any sleep. In this world of her parents' home she may come to know the Giver of peace if she subdues her ego and recognizes the Word of the Guru's Shabd. Her bed is beautiful; she ravishes and enjoys her Husband Lord forever.

She is adorned with the decorations of Truth. He created the 8.4 million species of beings. Those upon whom He casts His Glance of Grace come to meet the Guru. Shedding the residues of their sinful mistakes, His servants are forever pure; at the True Court, they are beautified by the Naam, the Name of the Lord. When they are called to settle their accounts, who will answer then? There shall be no peace then from counting out by twos and threes. The True Lord God Himself forgives and having forgiven, He unites them with Himself. He Himself does and He Himself causes all to be done. Through the Shabd, the Word of the perfect Guru, He is met. O Nanak, through the Naam, greatness is obtained. He Himself unites in His union.

The One Lord Himself moves about imperceptibly. As Gurmukh, I see Him, and then this mind is pleased and uplifted. Renouncing desire, I have found intuitive peace and poise; I have enshrined the One within my mind. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who focus their consciousness on the One. Through the Guru's teachings my mind has come to its only home; it is imbued with the True Color of the Lord's love.

This world is deluded; You Yourself have deluded it. Forgetting the One, it has become engrossed in duality. Night and day, it wanders around endlessly, deluded by doubt; without the Name, it suffers in pain. Those who are attuned to the love of the Lord, the Architect of Destiny - by serving the Guru they are known throughout the four ages. Those upon whom the Lord bestows greatness are absorbed in the Name of the Lord. Being in love with Maya, they do not think of the Lord. Bound and gagged in the City of Death, they suffer in terrible pain. Blind and deaf, they see nothing at all; the self-willed manmukhs rot away in sin.

Those whom You attach to Your love are attuned to Your love. Through loving devotional worship they become pleasing to Your mind. They serve the True Guru, the Giver of eternal peace, and all their desires are fulfilled.

O Dear Lord, I seek Your sanctuary forever. You Yourself forgive us and bless us with Glorious Greatness. The Messenger of Death does not draw near those who meditate on the Name of the Lord, Har, Har. Night and day, they are attuned to His love; they are pleasing to the Lord. My God merges with them and unites them in union. Forever and ever, O True Lord, I seek the protection of Your sanctuary; You Yourself inspire us to understand the Truth. Those who know the Truth are absorbed in Truth. They sing the Lord's Glorious Praises and speak the Truth.

O Nanak, those who are attuned to the Naam remain unattached and balanced; in the home of the inner self, they are absorbed in the primal trance of deep meditation.

One who dies in the Word of the Shabd is truly dead. Death does not crush him and pain does not afflict him. His Light merges and is absorbed into the Light when he hears and merges in the Truth.

I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to the Lord's Name which brings us to glory. One who serves the True Guru and focuses his consciousness on Truth, following the Guru's Teachings, is absorbed in intuitive peace and poise. This human body is transitory and transitory are the garments it wears. Attached to duality, no one attains the Mansion of the Lord's Presence.

Night and day, day and night, they burn. Without her Husband Lord, the soul-bride suffers in terrible pain. Her body and her status shall not go with her to the world hereafter. Where she is called to answer for her account, there she shall be emancipated only by true actions. Those who serve the True Guru shall prosper; here and hereafter, they are absorbed in the Naam. She who adorns herself with the love and the fear of God, by Guru's Grace obtains the Mansion of the Lord's Presence as her home.

Night and day, day and night, she constantly ravishes and enjoys her Beloved. She is dyed in the permanent color of His Love. The Husband Lord abides with everyone, always; but how rare are those few who, by Guru's Grace, obtain His Glance of Grace. My God is the highest of the high; granting His Grace, He merges us into Himself. This world is asleep in emotional attachment to Maya. Forgetting the Naam, the Name of the Lord, it ultimately comes to ruin.

The One who put it to sleep shall also awaken it. Through the Guru's teachings understanding dawns. One who drinks in this Nectar shall have his delusions dispelled. By Guru's Grace the state of liberation is attained. One who is imbued with devotion to the Lord remains always balanced and detached. Subduing selfishness and conceit he is united with the Lord. He Himself creates and He Himself assigns us to our tasks. He Himself gives sustenance to the 8.4 million species of beings. O Nanak, those who meditate on the Naam are attuned to Truth. They do that which is pleasing to His Will.

Diamonds and rubies are produced deep within the self. They are assayed and valued through the Word of the Guru's Shabd. Those who have gathered Truth, speak Truth; they apply the touchstone of Truth. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who enshrine the Word of the Guru's Bani within their minds. In the midst of the darkness of the world they obtain the immaculate One and their Light merges into the Light. Within this body are countless vast vistas; the immaculate Naam is totally inaccessible and infinite.

He alone becomes Gurmukh and obtains it whom the Lord forgives and unites with Himself. My Lord and Master implants the Truth. By Guru's Grace one's consciousness is attached to the Truth. The Truest of the True is pervading everywhere; the true ones merge in Truth. The True carefree Lord is my Beloved. He cuts out our sinful mistakes and evil actions; with love and affection, meditate forever on Him. He implants the fear of God and loving devotional worship within us.

Devotional worship is True if it pleases the True Lord. He Himself bestows it; He does not regret it later. He alone is the Giver of all beings. The Lord kills with the Word of His Shabd and then revives. Other than You, Lord, nothing is mine. I serve You, Lord, and I praise You. You unite me with Yourself, O True God. Through perfect good karma You are obtained.

For me, there is no other like You. By Your Glance of Grace my body is blessed and sanctified. Night and day, the Lord takes care of us and protects us. The Gurmukhs are absorbed in intuitive peace and poise. For me there is no other as great as You. You Yourself create and You Yourself destroy.

You Yourself create, destroy and adorn. O Nanak, we are adorned and embellished with the Naam.

He is the enjoyer of all hearts. The invisible, inaccessible and infinite is pervading everywhere. Meditating on my Lord God, through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, I am intuitively absorbed in the Truth. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who implant the Word of the Guru's Shabd in their minds. When someone understands the Shabd, then he wrestles with his own mind; subduing his desires, he merges with the Lord.

The five enemies are plundering the world. The blind, self-willed manmukhs do not understand or appreciate this. Those who become Gurmukh - their houses are protected. The five enemies are destroyed by the Shabd. The Gurmukhs are forever imbued with love for the True One. They serve God with intuitive ease. Night and day, they are intoxicated with His Love. Meeting with their Beloved, they sing the Glorious Praises of the True One; they are honored in the Court of the Lord.

First, the One created Himself; second, the sense of duality; third, the three-phased Maya. The fourth state, the highest, is obtained by the Gurmukh, who practices Truth, and only Truth. Everything which is pleasing to the True Lord is true. Those who know the Truth merge in intuitive peace and poise. The life-style of the Gurmukh is to serve the True Lord. He goes and blends with the True Lord. Without the True One there is no other at all. Attached to duality, the world is distracted and distressed to death. One who becomes Gurmukh knows only the One. Serving the One, peace is obtained. All beings and creatures are in the protection of Your sanctuary. You place the chessmen on the board; You see the imperfect and the perfect as well. Night and day You cause people to act; You unite them in union with Yourself. You Yourself unite, and You see Yourself close at hand. You Yourself are totally pervading amongst all. O Nanak, God Himself is pervading and permeating everywhere; only the Gurmukhs understand this.

The Nectar of the Guru's Bani is very sweet. Rare are the Gurmukhs who see and taste it. The Divine Light dawns within, and the supreme essence is found. In the True Court, the Word of the Shabd vibrates. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who focus their consciousness on the Guru's Feet. The True Guru is the True Pool of Nectar; bathing in it, the mind is washed clean of all filth.

Your limits, O True Lord, are not known to anyone. Rare are those who, by Guru's Grace, focus their consciousness on You. Praising You, I am never satisfied; such is the hunger I feel for the True Name. I see only the One and no other. By Guru's Grace, I drink in the Ambrosial Nectar. My thirst is quenched by the Word of the Guru's Shabd; I am absorbed in intuitive peace and poise. The Priceless Jewel is discarded like straw; the blind self-willed manmukhs are attached to the love of duality. As they plant, so do they harvest. They shall not obtain peace, even in their dreams. Those who are blessed with His mercy find the Lord. The Word of the Guru's Shabd abides in the mind.

Night and day they remain in the fear of God; conquering their fears, their doubts are dispelled. Dispelling their doubts, they find a lasting peace. By Guru's Grace the supreme status is attained. Deep within they are pure and their words are pure as well; intuitively, they sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord. They recite the Simritees, the Shastras and the Vedas, but deluded by doubt, they do not understand the essence of reality. Without serving the True Guru, they find no peace; they earn only pain and misery. The Lord Himself acts; unto whom should we complain? How can anyone complain that the Lord has made a mistake? O Nanak, the Lord Himself does and causes things to be done; chanting the Naam, we are absorbed in the Naam.

He Himself imbues us with His love with effortless ease. Through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, we are dyed in the color of the Lord's Love. This mind and body are so imbued, and this tongue is dyed in the deep crimson color of the poppy. Through the love and the fear of God, we are dyed in this color. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who enshrine the fearless Lord within their minds. By Guru's Grace, I meditate on the fearless Lord; the Shabd has carried me across the poisonous world-ocean.

The idiotic self-willed manmukhs try to be clever, but in spite of their bathing and washing they shall not be acceptable. As they came so shall they go, regretting the mistakes they made. The blind, self-willed manmukhs do not understand anything; death was preordained for them when they came into the world, but they do not understand. The self-willed manmukhs may practice religious rituals, but they do not obtain the Name; without the Name, they lose this life in vain.

The practice of Truth is the essence of the Shabd. Through the perfect Guru, the gate of salvation is found. So, night and day, listen to the Word of the Guru's Bani, and the Shabd. Let yourself be colored by this love. The tongue, imbued with the Lord's Essence, delights in His Love. My mind and body are enticed by the Lord's sublime love. I have easily obtained my darling Beloved; I am intuitively absorbed in celestial peace.

Those who have the Lord's love within, sing His Glorious Praises; through the Word of the Guru's Shabd they are intuitively absorbed in celestial peace. I am forever a sacrifice to those who dedicate their consciousness to the Guru's service. The True Lord is pleased with Truth and only Truth. By Guru's Grace one's inner being is deeply imbued with His love. Sitting in that blessed place, sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord, who Himself inspires us to accept His Truth. That one, upon whom the Lord casts His Glance of Grace, obtains it. By Guru's Grace, egotism departs. O Nanak, that one, within whose mind the Name dwells, is honored in the True Court.

Serving the True Guru is the greatest greatness. The Dear Lord automatically comes to dwell in the mind. The Dear Lord is the fruit-bearing tree; drinking in the Ambrosial Nectar, thirst is quenched. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to the one who leads me to join the true congregation. The Lord Himself unites me with the Sat Sangat, the true congregation. Through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, I sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord.

I serve the True Guru; the Word of His Shabd is beautiful. Through it, the Name of the Lord comes to dwell within the mind. The pure Lord removes the filth of egotism and we are honored in the True Court. Without the Guru, the Naam cannot be obtained. The siddhas and the seekers lack it; they weep and wail. Without serving the True Guru, peace is not obtained; through perfect destiny the Guru is found.

This mind is a mirror; how rare are those who, as Gurmukh, see themselves in it. Rust does not stick to those who burn their ego.

The Unstruck Melody of the Bani resounds through the pure Word of the Shabd; through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, we are absorbed into the True One. Without the True Guru, the Lord cannot be seen. Granting His Grace, He Himself has allowed me to see Him. All by Himself, He Himself is permeating and pervading; He is intuitively absorbed in celestial peace.

One who becomes Gurmukh embraces love for the One. Doubt and duality are burned away by the Word of the Guru's Shabd. Within his body, he deals and trades, and obtains the Treasure of the True Name. The life-style of the Gurmukh is sublime; he sings the praises of the Lord. The Gurmukh finds the gate of salvation. Night and day, he is imbued with the Lord's love. He sings the Lord's Glorious Praises, and he is called to the Mansion of His Presence. The True Guru, the Giver, is met when the Lord leads us to meet Him. Through perfect destiny, the Shabd is enshrined in the mind. O Nanak, the greatness of the Naam, the Name of the Lord, is obtained by chanting the Glorious Praises of the True Lord.

Those who lose their own selves obtain everything. Through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, they enshrine love for the True One. They trade in Truth, they gather in Truth, and they deal only in Truth.

I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord, night and day. I am Yours, You are my Lord and Master. You bestow greatness through the Word of Your Shabd.

That time, that moment, is totally beautiful when the True One becomes pleasing to my mind. Serving the True One, true greatness is obtained. By Guru's Grace, the True One is obtained. The food of spiritual love is obtained when the True Guru is pleased. Other essences are forgotten, when the Lord's Essence comes to dwell in the mind. Truth, contentment and intuitive peace and poise are obtained from the Bani, the Word of the perfect Guru.

The blind and ignorant fools do not serve the True Guru; how will they find the gate of salvation? They die and die, over and over again, only to be reborn, over and over again. They are struck down at death's door.

Those who know the essence of the Shabd understand their own selves. Immaculate is the speech of those who chant the Word of the Shabd. Serving the True One, they find a lasting peace; they enshrine the nine treasures of the Naam within their minds. Beautiful is that place, which is pleasing to the Lord's mind. There, sitting in the Sat Sangat, the true congregation, the Glorious Praises of the Lord are sung. Night and day, the True One is praised; the immaculate Sound-Current of the Naad resounds there.

The wealth of the self-willed manmukhs is false, and false is their ostentatious display. They practice falsehood and suffer terrible pain. Deluded by doubt, they wander day and night; through birth and death they lose their lives. My True Lord and Master is very dear to me. The Shabd of the perfect Guru is my support. O Nanak, one who obtains the greatness of the Naam looks upon pain and pleasure as one and the same.

The four sources of creation are Yours; the spoken word is Yours. Without the Name, all are deluded by doubt. Serving the Guru, the Lord's Name is obtained. Without the True Guru, no one can receive it. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who focus their consciousness on the Lord. Through devotion to the Guru, the True One is found; He comes to abide in the mind, with intuitive ease. Serving the True Guru, all things are obtained. As are the desires one harbors, so are the rewards one receives. The True Guru is the Giver of all things; through perfect destiny, He is met.

This mind is filthy and polluted; it does not meditate on the One. Deep within, it is soiled and stained by the love of duality. The egotists may go on pilgrimages to holy rivers, sacred shrines and foreign lands, but they only gather more of the dirt of egotism. Serving the True Guru, filth and pollution are removed. Those who focus their consciousness on the Lord remain dead while yet alive. The True Lord is pure; no filth sticks to Him. Those who are attached to the True One have their filth washed away.

Without the Guru, there is only pitch darkness. The ignorant ones are blind - there is only utter darkness for them. The maggots in manure do filthy deeds, and in filth they rot and putrefy.

Serving the Lord of Liberation, liberation is achieved. The Word of the Shabd eradicates egotism and possessiveness. So serve the dear True Lord, night and day. By perfect good destiny, the Guru is found. He Himself forgives and unites in His union. From the perfect Guru, the Treasure of the Naam is obtained. By the True Name, the mind is made true forever. Serving the True Lord, sorrow is driven out. He is always close at hand - do not think that He is far away. Through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, recognize the Lord deep within your own being. O Nanak, through the Naam, Glorious Greatness is received. Through the perfect Guru, the Naam is obtained.

Those who are True here, are True hereafter as well. That mind is true, which is attuned to the True Shabd. They serve the True One, and practice Truth; they earn Truth, and only Truth. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those whose minds are filled with the True Name. They serve the True One, and are absorbed into the True One, singing the Glorious Praises of the True One.

The pandits, the religious scholars read, but they do not taste the essence. In love with duality and Maya, their minds wander, unfocused. The love of Maya has displaced all their understanding; making mistakes, they live in regret. But if they should meet the True Guru, then they obtain the essence of reality; the Name of the Lord comes to dwell in their minds.

Those who die in the Shabd and subdue their own minds, obtain the door of liberation. They erase the residues of their sinful mistakes, and eliminate their anger; they keep the Guru's Shabd clasped tightly to their hearts. Those who are attuned to Truth remain balanced and detached forever. Subduing their egotism, they are united with the Lord. Deep within the nucleus of the self is the jewel; we receive it only if the Lord inspires us to receive it.

The mind is bound by the three dispositions - the three modes of Maya. Reading and reciting, the pandits, the religious scholars, and the silent sages have grown weary, but they have not found the supreme essence of the fourth state. The Lord Himself dyes us in the color of His love. Only those who are steeped in the Word of the Guru's Shabd are so imbued with His love. Imbued with the most beautiful color of the Lord's love, they sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord, with great pleasure and joy.

To the Gurmukh, the True Lord is wealth, miraculous spiritual powers and strict self-discipline. Through the spiritual wisdom of the Naam, the Name of the Lord, the Gurmukh is liberated. The Gurmukh practices Truth, and is absorbed in the Truest of the True. The Gurmukh realizes that the Lord alone creates, and having created, He destroys. To the Gurmukh, the Lord Himself is social class, status and all honor. O Nanak, the Gurmukhs meditate on the Naam; through the Naam, they merge in the Naam.

Creation and destruction happen through the Word of the Shabd. Through the Shabd, creation happens again. The Gurmukh knows that the True Lord is all-pervading. The Gurmukh understands creation and merger. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who enshrine the perfect Guru within their minds. From the Guru comes peace and tranquility; worship Him with devotion, day and night. Chanting His Glorious Praises, merge into the Glorious Lord. The Gurmukh sees the Lord on the earth, and the Gurmukh sees Him in the water. The Gurmukh sees Him in wind and fire; such is the wonder of His Play.

One who has no Guru dies over and over again, only to be reborn. One who has no Guru continues coming and going in reincarnation.

The one Creator has set this Play in motion. In the frame of the human body, He has placed all things. Those few who are pierced through by the Word of the Shabd, obtain the Mansion of the Lord's Presence. He calls them into His Wondrous Palace. True is the Banker, and true are His traders. They purchase Truth, with infinite love for the Guru. They deal in Truth, and they practice Truth. They earn Truth, and only Truth. Without investment capital, how can anyone acquire merchandise?

The self-willed manmukhs have all gone astray. Without true wealth, everyone goes empty-handed; going empty-handed, they suffer in pain. Some deal in Truth, through love of the Guru's Shabd. They save themselves, and save all their ancestors as well. Very auspicious is the coming of those who meet their Beloved and find peace. Deep within the self is the secret, but the fool looks for it outside. The blind self-willed manmukhs wander around like demons; but where the secret is, there, they do not find it. The manmukhs are deluded by doubt. He Himself calls us, and bestows the Word of the Shabd. The soul-bride finds intuitive peace and poise in the Mansion of the Lord's Presence. O Nanak, she obtains the Glorious Greatness of the Naam; she hears it again and again, and she meditates on it.

The True Guru has imparted the true teachings.

Think of the Lord, who shall be your help and support in the end. The Lord is inaccessible and incomprehensible. He has no master, and He is not born. He is obtained through love of the True Guru. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who eliminate selfishness and conceit. They eradicate selfishness and conceit and then find the Lord; they are intuitively immersed in the Lord. According to their preordained destiny, they act out their karma. Serving the True Guru, a lasting peace is found. Without good fortune, the Guru is not found. Through the Word of the Shabd, they are united in the Lord's union. The Gurmukhs remain unaffected in the midst of the world. The Guru is their cushion, and the Naam, the Name of the Lord, is their support. Who can oppress the Gurmukh? One who tries shall perish, writhing in pain.

The blind self-willed manmukhs have no understanding at all. They are the assassins of the self, and the butchers of the world. By continually slandering others, they carry a terrible load, and they carry the loads of others for nothing. This world is a garden and my Lord God is the gardener. He always takes care of it - nothing is exempt from His care. As is the fragrance which He bestows, so is the fragrant flower known.

The self-willed manmukhs are sick and diseased in the world. They have forgotten the Giver of peace, the unfathomable, the infinite. These miserable people wander endlessly, crying out in pain; without the Guru, they find no peace. The One who created them knows their condition. And if He inspires them, then they realize the Hukam of His Command. Whatever He places within them, that is what prevails, and so they outwardly appear. I know of no other except the True One. Those, whom the Lord attaches to Himself, become pure. O Nanak, the Naam, the Name of the Lord, abides deep within the heart of those, unto whom He has given it.

Enshrining the Ambrosial Naam, the Name of the Lord, in the mind, all the pains of egotism, selfishness and conceit are eliminated. By continually praising the Ambrosial Bani of the Word, I obtain the Amrit, the Ambrosial Nectar. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who enshrine the Ambrosial Bani of the Word within their minds. Enshrining the Ambrosial Bani in their minds, they meditate on the Ambrosial Naam. Those who continually chant the Ambrosial Words of Nectar see and behold this Amrit everywhere with their eyes. They continually chant the Ambrosial Sermon day and night; chanting it, they cause others to hear it. Imbued with the Ambrosial love of the Lord, they lovingly focus their attention on Him. By Guru's Grace, they receive this Amrit. They chant the Ambrosial Name with their tongues day and night; their minds and bodies are satisfied by this Amrit.

That which God does is beyond anyone's consciousness; no one can erase the Hukam of His Command. By His Command, the Ambrosial Bani of the Word prevails, and by His Command, we drink in the Amrit. The actions of the Creator Lord are marvelous and wonderful. This mind is deluded, and goes around the wheel of reincarnation. Those who focus their consciousness on the Ambrosial Bani of the Word, hear the vibrations of the Ambrosial Word of the Shabd.

You Yourself created the counterfeit and the genuine. You Yourself appraise all people. You appraise the true and place them in Your treasury; You consign the false to wander in delusion. How can I behold You? How can I praise You? By Guru's Grace, I praise You through the Word of the Shabd. In Your Sweet Will, the Amrit is found; by Your Will, You inspire us to drink in this Amrit. The Shabd is Amrit; the Lord's Bani is Amrit. Serving the True Guru, it permeates the heart. O Nanak, the Ambrosial Naam is forever the Giver of peace; drinking in this Amrit, all hunger is satisfied.

The Ambrosial Nectar rains down, softly and gently. How rare are those Gurmukhs who find it. Those who drink it in are satisfied forever. Showering His mercy upon them, the Lord quenches their thirst. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those Gurmukhs who drink in this Ambrosial Nectar. The tongue tastes the essence, and remains forever imbued with the Lord's love, intuitively singing the Glorious Praises of the Lord.

By Guru's Grace, intuitive understanding is obtained; subduing the sense of duality, they are in love with the One. When He bestows His Glance of Grace, then they sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord; by His Grace, they merge in Truth. Above all is Your Glance of Grace, O God. Upon some it is bestowed less, and upon others it is bestowed more. Without You, nothing happens at all; the Gurmukhs understand this. The Gurmukhs contemplate the essence of reality; Your treasures are overflowing with Ambrosial Nectar. Without serving the True Guru, no one obtains it. It is obtained only by Guru's Grace. Those who serve the True Guru are beautiful. The Ambrosial Naam, the Name of the Lord, entices their inner minds. Their minds and bodies are attuned to the Ambrosial Bani of the Word; this Ambrosial Nectar is intuitively heard.

The deluded, self-willed manmukhs are ruined through the love of duality. They do not chant the Naam and they die eating poison. Night and day, they continually sit in manure. Without selfless service, their lives are wasted away.

They alone drink in this Amrit, whom the Lord Himself inspires to do so. By Guru's Grace, they intuitively enshrine love for the Lord. The perfect Lord is Himself perfectly pervading everywhere; through the Guru's teachings, He is perceived. He Himself is the immaculate Lord. He who has created, shall Himself destroy. O Nanak, remember the Naam forever, and you shall merge into the True One with intuitive ease.

Those who please You are linked to the Truth. They serve the True One forever, with intuitive ease. Through the True Word of the Shabd, they praise the True One, and they merge in the merging of Truth. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who praise the True One. Those who meditate on the True One are attuned to Truth; they are absorbed into the Truest of the True. The True One is everywhere, wherever I look. By Guru's Grace, I enshrine Him in my mind. True are the bodies of those whose tongues are attuned to Truth.

They hear the Truth and speak it with their mouths. Subduing their desires, they merge with the True One; they see in their minds that everyone comes and goes in reincarnation. Serving the True Guru, they become stable forever and they obtain their dwelling in the home of the self. Through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, the Lord is seen within one's own heart. Through the Shabd, I have burned my emotional attachment to Maya. I gaze upon the Truest of the True, and I praise Him. Through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, I obtain the True One. Those who are attuned to Truth are blessed with the love of the True One. Those who praise the Lord's Name are very fortunate. Through the Word of His Shabd, the True One blends with Himself, those who join the true congregation and sing the Glorious Praises of the True One.

We could read the account of the Lord, if He were in any account. He is inaccessible and incomprehensible; through the Shabd, understanding is obtained. Night and day, praise the True Word of the Shabd. There is no other way to know His worth. People read and recite until they grow weary, but they do not find peace. Consumed by desire, they have no understanding at all. They purchase poison, and they are thirsty with their fascination for poison. Telling lies, they eat poison. By Guru's Grace, I know the One. Subduing my sense of duality, my mind is absorbed into the True One. O Nanak, the One Name is pervading deep within my mind; by Guru's Grace, I receive it.

In all colors and forms, You are pervading. People die over and over again; they are reborn, and make their rounds on the wheel of reincarnation. You alone are eternal and unchanging, inaccessible and infinite. Through the Guru's teachings, understanding is imparted. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who enshrine the Lord's Name in their minds. The Lord has no form, features or color. Through the Guru's teachings, He inspires us to understand Him.

The one Light is all-pervading; only a few know this. Serving the True Guru, this is revealed. In the hidden and in the obvious, He is pervading all places. Our Light merges into the Light.

The world is burning in the fire of desire, in greed, arrogance and excessive ego. People die over and over again; they are reborn, and lose their honor. They waste away their lives in vain.

Those who understand the Word of the Guru's Shabd are very rare. Those who subdue their egotism come to know the three worlds. Then they die, never to die again. They are intuitively absorbed in the True One. They do not focus their consciousness on Maya again. They remain absorbed forever in the Word of the Guru's Shabd. They praise the True One, who is contained deep within all hearts. They are blessed and exalted by the Truest of the True. Praise the True One, who is ever-present. Through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, He is pervading everywhere. By Guru's Grace, we come to behold the True One; from the True One, peace is obtained.

The True One permeates and pervades the mind within. The True One is eternal and unchanging; He does not come and go in reincarnation. Those who are attached to the True One are immaculate and pure. Through the Guru's teachings they merge in the True One. Praise the True One and no other. Serving Him, eternal peace is obtained.

O Nanak, those who are attuned to the Naam, reflect deeply on the Truth; they practice only Truth.

The Word of the Shabd is immaculate and pure; the Bani of the Word is Pure. The Light which is pervading among all is immaculate. So praise the immaculate Word of the Lord's Bani; chanting the immaculate Name of the Lord, all filth is washed away.

I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who enshrine the Giver of peace within their minds. Praise the immaculate Lord, through the Word of the Guru's Shabd. Listen to the Shabd, and quench your thirst. When the immaculate Naam comes to dwell in the mind, the mind and body become immaculate, and emotional attachment to Maya departs. Sing the Glorious Praises of the immaculate True Lord forever, and the immaculate Sound-Current of the Naad shall vibrate within. The immaculate Ambrosial Nectar is obtained from the Guru. When selfishness and conceit are eradicated from within, then there is no attachment to Maya. Immaculate is the spiritual wisdom, and utterly immaculate is the meditation of those whose minds are filled with the immaculate Bani of the Word. One who serves the immaculate Lord becomes immaculate. Through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, the filth of egotism is washed away. The immaculate Bani and the Unstruck Melody of the Sound-Current vibrate, and in the True Court, honor is obtained. Through the immaculate Lord, all become immaculate. Immaculate is the mind which weaves the Word of the Lord's Shabd into itself. Blessed and very fortunate are those who are committed to the immaculate Name; through the immaculate Name they are blessed and beautified. Immaculate is the one who is adorned with the Shabd. The immaculate Naam, the Name of the Lord, entices the mind and body. No filth ever attaches itself to the True Name; one's face is made radiant by the True One. The mind is polluted by the love of duality. Filthy is that kitchen, and filthy is that dwelling; eating filth, the self-willed manmukhs become even more filthy. Because of their filth, they suffer in pain. The filthy, and the immaculate as well, are all subject to the Hukam of God's Command. They alone are immaculate, who are pleasing to the True Lord. O Nanak, the Naam abides deep within the minds of the Gurmukhs, who are cleansed of all their filth.

The Lord of the universe is radiant, and radiant are His soul-swans. Their minds and their speech are immaculate; they are my hope and ideal. Their minds are radiant, and their faces are always beautiful; they meditate on the most radiant Naam, the Name of the Lord.

I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord of the universe. So chant Gobind, Gobind, the Lord of the universe, day and night; sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord Gobind, through the Word of His Shabd. Sing of the Lord Gobind with intuitive ease, in the fear of the Guru; you shall become radiant, and the filth of egotism shall depart. Remain in bliss forever, and perform devotional worship, day and night. Hear and sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord Gobind. Channel your dancing mind in devotional worship, and through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, merge your mind with the Supreme Mind. Let your true and perfect tune be the subjugation of your love of Maya, and let yourself dance to the Shabd. People shout out loud and move their bodies, but if they are emotionally attached to Maya, then the Messenger of Death shall hunt them down.

The love of Maya makes this mind dance, and the deceit within makes people suffer in pain. When the Lord inspires one to become Gurmukh and perform devotional worship, then his body and mind are attuned to His love with intuitive ease. The Word of His Bani vibrates, and the Word of His Shabd resounds, for the Gurmukh whose devotional worship is accepted. One may beat upon and play all sorts of instruments, but no one will listen, and no one will enshrine it in the mind. For the sake of Maya, they set the stage and dance, but they are in love with duality, and they obtain only sorrow. Those whose inner beings are attached to the Lord's love are liberated. They control their sexual desires, and their lifestyle is the self-discipline of Truth. Through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, they meditate forever on the Lord. This devotional worship is pleasing to the Lord. To live as Gurmukh is devotional worship throughout the four ages. This devotional worship is not obtained by any other means. O Nanak, the Naam, the Name of the Lord, is obtained only through devotion to the Guru. So focus your consciousness on the Guru's Feet.

Serve the True One and praise the True One. With the True Name, pain shall never afflict you. Those who serve the Giver of peace find peace. They enshrine the Guru's teachings within their minds. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who intuitively enter into the peace of Samadhi. Those who serve the Lord are always beautiful. The glory of their intuitive awareness is beautiful. All call themselves Your devotees, but they alone are Your devotees, who are pleasing to Your mind. Through the True Word of Your Bani, they praise You; attuned to Your love, they worship You with devotion. All are Yours, O dear True Lord.

Meeting the Gurmukh, this cycle of reincarnation comes to an end. When it pleases Your Will, then we merge in the Name. You Yourself inspire us to chant the Name. Through the Guru's teachings, I enshrine the Lord within my mind. Pleasure and pain, and all emotional attachments are gone. I am lovingly centered on the One Lord forever. I enshrine the Lord's Name within my mind. Your devotees are attuned to Your love; they are always joyful. The nine treasures of the Naam come to dwell within their minds. By perfect destiny, they find the True Guru, and through the Word of the Shabd, they are united in the Lord's union.

You are merciful, and always the giver of peace. You Yourself unite us; You are known only to the Gurmukhs. You Yourself bestow the Glorious Greatness of the Naam; attuned to the Naam, we find peace. Forever and ever, O True Lord, I praise You. As Gurmukh, I know no other at all. My mind remains immersed in the One Lord; my mind surrenders to Him, and in my mind I meet Him. One who becomes Gurmukh, praises the Lord. Our True Lord and Master is carefree. O Nanak, the Naam, the Name of the Lord, abides deep within the mind; through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, we merge with the Lord.

Your devotees look beautiful in the True Court. Through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, they are adorned with the Naam. They are forever in bliss, day and night; chanting the Glorious Praises of the Lord, they merge with the Lord of Glory.

I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who hear and enshrine the Naam within their minds. The Dear Lord, the True One, the Highest of the High, subdues their ego and blends them with Himself. True is the Dear Lord, and True is His Name. By Guru's Grace, some merge with Him. Through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, those who merge with the Lord shall not be separated from Him again. They merge with intuitive ease into the True Lord. There is nothing beyond You; You are the One who does, sees, and knows. The Creator Himself acts, and inspires others to act. Through the Guru's teachings, He blends us into Himself.

The virtuous soul-bride finds the Lord; she decorates herself with the love and the fear of God. She who serves the True Guru is forever a happy soul-bride. She is absorbed in the true teachings. Those who forget the Word of the Shabd have no home and no place of rest. They are deluded by doubt, like a crow in a deserted house. They forfeit both this world and the next, and they pass their lives suffering in pain and misery. Writing on and on endlessly, they run out of paper and ink. Through the love with duality, no one has found peace. They write falsehood, and they practice falsehood; they are burnt to ashes by focusing their consciousness on falsehood.

The Gurmukhs write and reflect on Truth, and only Truth. The True ones find the gate of salvation. True is their paper, pen and ink; writing Truth, they are absorbed in the True One. My God sits deep within the self; He watches over us. Those who meet the Lord, by Guru's Grace, are acceptable. O Nanak, Glorious Greatness is received through the Naam, which is obtained through the perfect Guru.

The Divine Light of the Supreme Soul shines forth from the Guru. The filth stuck to the ego is removed through the Word of the Guru's Shabd. One who is imbued with devotional worship to the Lord night and day becomes pure. Worshipping the Lord, He is obtained.

I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who themselves worship the Lord, and inspire others to worship Him as well. I humbly bow to those devotees who chant the Glorious Praises of the Lord, night and day. The Creator Lord Himself is the Doer of deeds. As He pleases, He applies us to our tasks. Through perfect destiny, we serve the Guru; serving the Guru, peace is found. Those who die, and remain dead while yet alive, obtain it. By Guru's Grace, they enshrine the Lord within their minds. Enshrining the Lord within their minds, they are liberated forever. With intuitive ease, they merge into the Lord. They perform all sorts of rituals, but they do not obtain liberation through them. They wander around the countryside, and in love with duality, they are ruined. The deceitful lose their lives in vain; without the Word of the Shabd, they obtain only misery. Those who restrain their wandering mind, keeping it steady and stable, obtain the supreme status, by Guru's Grace. The True Guru Himself unites us in union with the Lord.

Meeting the Beloved, peace is obtained. Some are stuck in falsehood, and false are the rewards they receive. In love with duality, they waste away their lives in vain. They drown themselves and drown their entire family; speaking lies, they eat poison. How rare are those who, as Gurmukh, look within their bodies, into their minds. Through loving devotion, their ego evaporates. The siddhas, the seekers and the silent sages continually, lovingly focus their consciousness, but they have not seen the mind within the body. The Creator Himself inspires us to work; what can anyone else do? What can be done by our doing? O Nanak, the Lord bestows His Name; we receive it, and enshrine it within the mind.

Within this cave there is an inexhaustible treasure. Within this cave the invisible and infinite Lord abides. He Himself is hidden and He Himself is revealed; through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, selfishness and conceit are eliminated. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who enshrine the Ambrosial Naam, the Name of the Lord, within their minds.

The taste of the Ambrosial Naam is very sweet! Through the Guru's teachings, drink in this Ambrosial Nectar. Subduing egotism, the rigid doors are opened. The priceless Naam is obtained by Guru's Grace. Without the Shabd, the Naam is not obtained. By Guru's Grace it is implanted within the mind. The Guru has applied the true ointment of spiritual wisdom to my eyes. Deep within, the Divine Light has dawned, and the darkness of ignorance has been dispelled. My Light has merged into the Light; my mind has surrendered, and I am blessed with glory in the Court of the Lord.

Those who look outside the body, searching for the Lord, shall not receive the Naam; they shall instead be forced to suffer the terrible pains of slavery. The blind, self-willed manmukhs do not understand; but when they return once again to their own home, then, as Gurmukh, they find the genuine article. By Guru's Grace, the True Lord is found. Within your mind and body, see the Lord, and the filth of egotism shall depart. Sitting in that place, sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord forever, and be absorbed in the True Word of the Shabd.

Those who close off the nine gates, and restrain the wandering mind, come to dwell in the Home of the Tenth Gate. There, the Unstruck Melody of the Shabd vibrates day and night. Through the Guru's teachings, the Shabd is heard. Without the Shabd, there is only darkness within. The genuine article is not found, and the cycle of reincarnation does not end. The key is in the hands of the True Guru; no one else can open this door. By perfect destiny, He is met. You are the hidden and the revealed in all places. Receiving Guru's Grace, this understanding is obtained. O Nanak, praise the Naam forever; as Gurmukh, enshrine it within the mind.

The Gurmukhs meet the Lord, and inspire others to meet Him as well. Death does not see them, and pain does not afflict them. Subduing egotism, they break all their bonds; as Gurmukh, they are adorned with the Word of the Shabd. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who look beautiful in the Name of the Lord, Har, Har.

The Gurmukhs sing, the Gurmukhs dance, and focus their consciousness on the Lord. The Gurmukhs are celebrated in life and death. Their lives are not wasted; they realize the Word of the Shabd. The Gurmukhs do not die; they are not consumed by death. The Gurmukhs are absorbed in the True Lord. The Gurmukhs are honored in the Court of the Lord. The Gurmukhs eradicate selfishness and conceit from within. They save themselves, and save all their families and ancestors as well. The Gurmukhs redeem their lives. The Gurmukhs never suffer bodily pain. The Gurmukhs have the pain of egotism taken away. The minds of the Gurmukhs are immaculate and pure; no filth ever sticks to them again. The Gurmukhs merge in celestial peace. The Gurmukhs obtain the greatness of the Naam. The Gurmukhs sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord, and obtain honor. They remain in bliss forever, day and night. The Gurmukhs practice the Word of the Shabd. The Gurmukhs are attuned to the Shabd, night and day. The Gurmukhs are known throughout the four ages. The Gurmukhs always sing the Glorious Praises of the immaculate Lord. Through the Shabd, they practice devotional worship. Without the Guru, there is only pitch-black darkness. Seized by the Messenger of Death, people cry out and scream. Night and day, they are diseased, like maggots in manure, and in manure they endure agony. The Gurmukhs know that the Lord alone acts, and causes others to act. In the hearts of the Gurmukhs, the Lord Himself comes to dwell. O Nanak, through the Naam, greatness is obtained. It is received from the perfect Guru.

The One Light is the Light of all bodies. The perfect True Guru reveals it through the Word of the Shabd. He Himself instills the sense of separation within our hearts; He Himself created the creation. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who sing the Glorious Praises of the True Lord. Without the Guru, no one obtains intuitive wisdom; the Gurmukh is absorbed in intuitive peace.

You Yourself are beautiful, and You Yourself entice the world. You Yourself, by Your kind mercy, weave the thread of the world. You Yourself bestow pain and pleasure, O Creator. The Lord reveals Himself to the Gurmukh. The Creator Himself acts, and causes others to act. Through Him, the Word of the Guru's Shabd is enshrined within the mind.

The Ambrosial Word of the Guru's Bani emanates from the Word of the Shabd. The Gurmukh speaks it and hears it. He Himself is the Creator, and He Himself is the Enjoyer. One who breaks out of bondage is liberated forever. The True Lord is liberated forever. The unseen Lord causes Himself to be seen. He Himself is Maya, and He Himself is the illusion. He Himself has generated emotional attachment throughout the entire universe. He Himself is the giver of virtue; He Himself sings the Lord's Glorious Praises. He chants them and causes them to be heard. He Himself acts, and causes others to act. He Himself establishes and disestablishes. Without You, nothing can be done. You Yourself have engaged all in their tasks. He Himself kills, and He Himself revives. He Himself unites us, and unites us in union with Himself. Through selfless service, eternal peace is obtained.

The Gurmukh is absorbed in intuitive peace. He Himself is the Highest of the High. How rare are those who behold Him. He causes Himself to be seen. O Nanak, the Naam, the Name of the Lord, abides deep within the hearts of those who see the Lord themselves, and inspire others to see Him as well.

My God is pervading and permeating all places. By Guru's Grace, I have found Him within the home of my own heart. I serve Him constantly, and I meditate on Him single-mindedly. As Gurmukh, I am absorbed in the True One. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who enshrine the Lord, the Life of the world, within their minds. Through the Guru's teachings, I merge with intuitive ease into the Lord, the Life of the world, the fearless One, the great Giver.

Within the home of the self is the earth, its support and the nether regions of the underworld. Within the home of the self is the eternally young Beloved. The Giver of peace is eternally blissful. Through the Guru's teachings, we are absorbed in intuitive peace. When the body is filled with ego and selfishness, the cycle of birth and death does not end. One who becomes Gurmukh subdues egotism, and meditates on the Truest of the True.

Within this body are the two brothers, sin and virtue. When the two joined together the universe was produced. Subduing both, and entering into the Home of the One, through the Guru's teachings, we are absorbed in intuitive peace. Within the home of the self is the darkness of the love of duality. When the Divine Light dawns, ego and selfishness are dispelled.

The Giver of peace is revealed through the Shabd, meditating upon the Naam, night and day. Deep within the self is the Light of God; It radiates throughout the expanse of His creation. Through the Guru's teachings the darkness of spiritual ignorance is dispelled. The heart-lotus blossoms forth and eternal peace is obtained as one's Light merges into the Light. Within the mansion is the treasure house, overflowing with jewels. The Gurmukh obtains the infinite Naam, the Name of the Lord. The Gurmukh, the trader, always purchases the merchandise of the Naam, and always reaps profits. The Lord Himself keeps this merchandise in stock, and He Himself distributes it. Rare is that Gurmukh who trades in this. O Nanak, those upon whom the Lord casts His Glance of Grace, obtain it. Through His mercy, it is enshrined in the mind.

The Lord Himself leads us to merge with Him and serve Him. Through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, the love of duality is eradicated. The immaculate Lord is the bestower of eternal virtue. The Lord Himself leads us to merge in His virtuous goodness.

I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who enshrine the Truest of the True within their hearts. The True Name is eternally pure and immaculate. Through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, it is enshrined within the mind. The Guru Himself is the Giver, the Architect of Destiny. The Gurmukh, the humble servant who serves the Lord, comes to know Him. Those humble beings look beautiful forever in the Ambrosial Naam. Through the Guru's teachings, they receive the sublime essence of the Lord. Within the cave of this body there is one beautiful place. Through the perfect Guru, ego and doubt are dispelled. Night and day, praise the Naam, the Name of the Lord; imbued with the Lord's love, by Guru's Grace, you shall find Him.

Through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, search this cave. The immaculate Naam, the Name of the Lord, abides deep within the self. Sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord, and decorate yourself with the Shabd. Meeting with your Beloved, you shall find peace. The Messenger of Death imposes his tax on those who are attached to duality. He inflicts punishment on those who forget the Name. They are called to account for each instant and each moment. Every grain, every particle is weighed and counted. One who does not remember her Husband Lord in this world is being cheated by duality; she shall weep bitterly in the end. She is from an evil family; she is ugly and vile. Even in her dreams, she does not meet her Husband Lord. She who enshrines her Husband Lord in her mind in this world - His presence is revealed to her by the perfect Guru. That soul-bride keeps her Husband Lord clasped tightly to her heart, and through the Word of the Shabd, she enjoys her Husband Lord upon His beautiful bed. The Lord Himself sends out the call and He summons us to His presence. He enshrines His Name within our minds. O Nanak, one who receives the greatness of the Naam night and day, constantly sings His Glorious Praises.

Sublime is their birth, and the place where they dwell. Those who serve the True Guru remain detached in the home of their own being. They abide in the Lord's love, and constantly imbued with His love, their minds are satisfied and fulfilled with the Lord's Essence.

I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who read of the Lord, who understand and enshrine Him within their minds. The Gurmukhs read and praise the Lord's Name; they are honored in the True Court. The unseen and inscrutable Lord is permeating and pervading everywhere. He cannot be obtained by any effort. If the Lord grants His Grace, then we come to meet the True Guru. By His kindness, we are united in His union.

One who reads while attached to duality does not understand. He yearns for the three-phased Maya. The bonds of the three-phased Maya are broken by the Word of the Guru's Shabd. Through the Guru's Shabd, liberation is achieved. This unstable mind cannot be held steady. Attached to duality, it wanders in the ten directions. It is a poisonous worm, drenched with poison, and in poison it rots away. Practicing egotism and selfishness, they try to impress others by showing off. They perform all sorts of rituals, but they gain no acceptance.

Without You, Lord, nothing happens at all. You forgive those who are adorned with the Word of Your Shabd. They are born, and they die, but they do not understand the Lord. Night and day, they wander, in love with duality. The lives of the self-willed manmukhs are useless; in the end, they die, regretting and repenting. The Husband is away and the wife is getting dressed up. This is what the blind, self-willed manmukhs are doing. They are not honored in this world, and they shall find no shelter in the world hereafter. They are wasting their lives in vain.

How rare are those who know the Name of the Lord! Through the Shabd, the Word of the perfect Guru, the Lord is realized. Night and day, they perform the Lord's devotional service; day and night, they find intuitive peace. That One Lord is pervading in all. Only a few, as Gurmukh, understand this. O Nanak, those who are attuned to the Naam are beautiful.

Granting His Grace, God unites them with Himself.

The self-willed manmukhs read and recite; they are called pandits - spiritual scholars. But they are in love with duality, and they suffer in terrible pain. Intoxicated with vice, they understand nothing at all. They are reincarnated, over and over again.

I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who subdue their ego, and unite with the Lord. They serve the Guru, and the Lord dwells within their minds; they intuitively drink in the sublime essence of the Lord.

The pandits read the Vedas, but they do not obtain the Lord's essence. Intoxicated with Maya, they argue and debate. The foolish intellectuals are forever in spiritual darkness. The Gurmukhs understand, and sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord.

The indescribable is described only through the beautiful Word of the Shabd. Through the Guru's teachings, the Truth becomes pleasing to the mind. Those who speak of the truest of the true, day and night - their minds are imbued with the Truth. Those who are attuned to Truth, love the Truth. The Lord Himself bestows this gift; He shall not take it back. Through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, the True Lord is known forever; meeting the True One, peace is found. The filth of fraud and falsehood does not stick to those who, by Guru's Grace, remain awake and aware, night and day. The immaculate Naam, the Name of the Lord, abides deep within their hearts; their Light merges into the Light. They read about the three qualities, but they do not know the essential reality of the Lord. They forget the Primal Lord, the source of all, and they do not recognize the Word of the Guru's Shabd. They are engrossed in emotional attachment; they do not understand anything at all. Through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, the Lord is found.

The Vedas proclaim that Maya is of three qualities. The self-willed manmukhs, in love with duality, do not understand. They read of the three qualities, but they do not know the One Lord. Without understanding, they obtain only pain and suffering. When it pleases the Lord, He unites us with Himself. Through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, skepticism and suffering are dispelled. O Nanak, True is the greatness of the Name. Believing in the Name, peace is obtained.

The Lord Himself is unmanifest and unrelated; He is manifest and related as well. Those who recognize this essential reality are the true pandits, the spiritual scholars. They save themselves and save all their families and ancestors as well when they enshrine the Lord's Name in the mind.

I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who taste the essence of the Lord and savor its taste. Those who taste this essence of the Lord are the pure, immaculate beings. They meditate on the immaculate Naam, the Name of the Lord. Those who reflect upon the Shabd are beyond karma. They subdue their ego, and find the essence of wisdom, deep within their being. They obtain the nine treasures of the wealth of the Naam. Rising above the three qualities, they merge into the Lord. Those who act in ego do not go beyond karma. It is only by Guru's Grace that one is rid of ego. Those who have discriminating minds continually examine their own selves. Through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, they sing the Lord's Glorious Praises. The Lord is the most pure and sublime ocean. The Saintly Gurmukhs continually peck at the Naam, like swans pecking at pearls in the ocean. They bathe in it continually, day and night, and the filth of ego is washed away. The pure swans, with love and affection, dwell in the Ocean of the Lord, and subdue their ego.

Day and night, they are in love with the True Word of the Shabd. They obtain their home in the Ocean of the Lord. The self-willed manmukhs shall always be filthy cranes, smeared with the filth of ego. They may bathe, but their filth is not removed. One who dies while yet alive, and contemplates the Word of the Guru's Shabd, is rid of this filth of ego. The priceless Jewel is found, in the home of one's own being, when one listens to the Shabd, the Word of the perfect True Guru. By Guru's Grace the darkness of spiritual ignorance is dispelled; I have come to recognize the Divine Light within my own heart. The Lord Himself creates, and He Himself beholds. Serving the True Guru, one becomes acceptable. O Nanak, the Naam dwells deep within the heart; by Guru's Grace, it is obtained.

The whole world is engrossed in emotional attachment to Maya. Those who are controlled by the three qualities are attached to Maya. By Guru's Grace, a few come to understand; they center their consciousness in the fourth state. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who burn away their emotional attachment to Maya, through the Shabd. Those who burn away this attachment to Maya and focus their consciousness on the Lord are honored in the True Court, and the Mansion of the Lord's Presence.

The source, the root, of the gods and goddesses is Maya. For them, the Simritees and the Shastras were composed. Sexual desire and anger are diffused throughout the universe. Coming and going, people suffer in pain. The jewel of spiritual wisdom was placed within the universe. By Guru's Grace, it is enshrined within the mind. Celibacy, chastity, self-discipline and the practice of truthfulness are obtained from the perfect Guru, by meditating on the Naam, the Name of the Lord.

In this world of her parents' home, the soul-bride has been deluded by doubt. Attached to duality, she later comes to regret it. She forfeits both this world and the next, and even in her dreams she does not find peace. The soul-bride who remembers her Husband Lord in this world, by Guru's Grace, sees Him close at hand. She remains intuitively attuned to the love of her Beloved; she makes the Word of His Shabd her decoration. Blessed and fruitful is the coming of those who find the True Guru; through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, they burn their love of duality.

The One Lord is permeating and pervading deep within the heart. Joining the Sat Sangat, the true congregation, they sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord. Those who do not serve the True Guru - why did they even come into this world? Cursed are their lives; they have uselessly wasted this human life. The self-willed manmukhs do not remember the Naam. Without the Naam, they suffer in terrible pain. The One who created the universe, He alone knows it. He unites with Himself those who realize the Shabd. O Nanak, they alone receive the Naam upon whose foreheads such preordained destiny is recorded.

GURU RAM DAS: The Primal Being is Himself remote and beyond. He Himself establishes, and having established, He disestablishes. The One Lord is pervading in all; those who become Gurmukh are honored. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who meditate on the Naam, the Name of the formless Lord.

He has no form or shape; He is seen within each and every heart. The Gurmukh comes to know the unknowable. You are God, kind and merciful. Without You, there is no other at all. When the Guru showers His Grace upon us, He blesses us with the Naam; through the Naam, we merge in the Naam. You Yourself are the True Creator Lord. Your treasures are overflowing with devotional worship. The Gurmukhs obtain the Naam. Their minds are enraptured, and they easily and intuitively enter into Samadhi. Night and day, I sing Your Glorious Praises, God. I praise You, O my Beloved. Without You, there is no other for me to seek out. It is only by Guru's Grace that You are found. The limits of the inaccessible and incomprehensible Lord cannot be found. Bestowing Your mercy, You merge us into Yourself. Through the Shabd, the Word of the perfect Guru, we meditate on the Lord. Serving the Shabd, peace is found. Praiseworthy is the tongue which sings the Lord's Glorious Praises. Praising the Naam, one becomes pleasing to the True One. The Gurmukh remains forever imbued with the Lord's love. Meeting the True Lord, glory is obtained. The self-willed manmukhs do their deeds in ego. They lose their whole lives in the gamble. Within is the terrible darkness of greed, and so they come and go in reincarnation, over and over again. The Creator Himself bestows glory on those whom He Himself has so predestined. O Nanak, they receive the Naam, the Name of the Lord, the Destroyer of fear; through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, they find peace.

GURU ARJAN: The unseen Lord is within, but He cannot be seen. He has taken the Jewel of the Naam, the Name of the Lord, and He keeps it well concealed. The inaccessible and incomprehensible Lord is the highest of all. Through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, He is known. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to those who chant the Naam, in this dark age of Kali Yuga. The Beloved Saints were established by the True Lord.

By great good fortune, the blessed vision of their Darshan is obtained. The One who is sought by the siddhas and the seekers, upon whom Brahma and Indra meditate within their hearts, whom the thirty-three million demi-gods search for - meeting the Guru, one comes to sing His praises within the heart.

Twenty-four hours a day, the wind breathes Your Name. The earth is Your servant, a slave at Your Feet. In the four sources of creation, and in all speech, You dwell. You are dear to the minds of all. The True Lord and Master is known to the Gurmukhs. He is realized through the Shabd, the Word of the perfect Guru. Those who drink it in are satisfied. Through the Truest of the True, they are fulfilled. In the home of their own beings, they are peacefully and comfortably at ease. They are blissful, enjoying pleasures, and eternally joyful. They are wealthy and the greatest kings; they center their minds on the Guru's Feet.

First, You created nourishment; then, You created the living beings. There is no other giver as great as You, O my Lord and Master. None approach or equal You. Those who are pleasing to You meditate on You. They practice the mantra of the Holy. They themselves swim across, and they save all their ancestors and families as well.

In the Court of the Lord, they meet with no obstruction. You are so great! You are the Highest of the High! You are infinite, You are everything! I am a sacrifice to You. Nanak is the slave of Your slaves.

Who is liberated and who is united? Who is a spiritual teacher and who is a preacher? Who is a house-holder and who is a renunciate? Who can estimate the Lord's value? How is one bound and how is one freed of his bonds? How can one escape from the cycle of coming and going in reincarnation? Who is subject to karma and who is beyond karma? Who chants the Name and inspires others to chant it? Who is happy and who is sad? Who, as sunmukh, turns toward the Guru, and who, as vaymukh, turns away from the Guru? How can one meet the Lord? How is one separated from Him? Who can reveal the way to me? What is that Word by which the wandering mind can be restrained? What are those teachings by which we may endure pain and pleasure alike? What is that lifestyle by which we may come to meditate on the Supreme Lord? How may we sing the Kirtan of His praises?

The Gurmukh is liberated and the Gurmukh is linked. The Gurmukh is the spiritual teacher and the Gurmukh is the preacher. Blessed is the Gurmukh, the householder and the renunciate. The Gurmukh knows the Lord's value. Egotism is bondage; as Gurmukh, one is emancipated. The Gurmukh escapes the cycle of coming and going in reincarnation. The Gurmukh performs actions of good karma, and the Gurmukh is beyond karma. Whatever the Gurmukh does is done in good faith.

The Gurmukh is happy, while the self-willed manmukh is sad. The Gurmukh turns toward the Guru, and the self-willed manmukh turns away from the Guru. The Gurmukh is united with the Lord, while the manmukh is separated from Him. The Gurmukh reveals the way. The Guru's instruction is the Word by which the wandering mind is restrained. Through the Guru's teachings we can endure pain and pleasure alike. To live as Gurmukh is the lifestyle by which we come to meditate on the Supreme Lord. The Gurmukh sings the Kirtan of His Praises.

The Lord Himself created the entire creation. He Himself acts, and causes others to act. He Himself establishes. From oneness, He has brought forth the countless multitudes. O Nanak, they shall merge into the One once again.

God is eternal and imperishable, so why should anyone be anxious? The Lord is wealthy and prosperous, so His humble servant should feel totally secure. O Giver of peace of the soul, of life, of honor - as You ordain, I obtain peace. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to that Gurmukh whose mind and body are pleased with You. You are my mountain, You are my shelter and shield. No one can rival You. That person unto whom Your actions seem sweet, comes to see the Supreme Lord God in each and every heart. In all places and interspaces, You exist. You are the One and Only Lord, pervading everywhere. You are the fulfiller of all the mind's desires. Your treasures are overflowing with love and devotion.

Showering Your mercy, You protect those who, through perfect destiny, merge into You. You pulled me out of the deep, dark well onto the dry ground. Showering Your mercy, You blessed Your servant with Your Glance of Grace. I sing the Glorious Praises of the perfect, immortal Lord. By speaking and hearing these praises they are not used up. Here and hereafter, You are our protector. In the womb of the mother, You cherish and nurture the baby. The fire of Maya does not affect those who are imbued with the Lord's love; they sing His Glorious Praises.

What praises of Yours can I chant and contemplate? Deep within my mind and body, I behold Your presence. You are my friend and companion, my Lord and Master. Without You, I do not know any other at all. O God, that one, unto whom You have given shelter, is not touched by the hot winds. O my Lord and Master, You are my sanctuary, the Giver of peace. Chanting, meditating on You in the Sat Sangat, the true congregation, You are revealed. You are exalted, unfathomable, infinite and invaluable. You are my True Lord and Master. I am Your servant and slave. You are the King, Your sovereign rule is True. Nanak is a sacrifice, a sacrifice to You.

Continually, continuously, remember the merciful Lord. Never forget Him from your mind. Join the society of the Saints and you shall not have to go down the path of death. Take the provisions of the Lord's Name with you and no stain shall attach itself to your family. Those who meditate on the Master shall not be thrown down into hell. Even the hot winds shall not touch them. The Lord has come to dwell within their minds. They alone are beautiful and attractive who abide in the Saadh Sangat, the company of the holy. Those who have gathered in the wealth of the Lord's Name - they alone are deep and thoughtful and vast.

Drink in the Ambrosial Essence of the Name, and live by beholding the face of the Lord's servant. Let all your affairs be resolved by continually worshipping the Feet of the Guru. He alone meditates on the Lord of the world whom the Lord has made His Own. He alone is a warrior, and he alone is the chosen one, upon whose forehead good destiny is recorded.

Within my mind, I meditate on God. For me, this is like the enjoyment of princely pleasures. Evil does not well up within me since I am saved and dedicated to truthful actions. I have enshrined the Creator within my mind; I have obtained the fruits of life's rewards. If your Husband Lord is pleasing to your mind, then your married life shall be eternal. I have obtained everlasting wealth; I have found the sanctuary of the Dispeller of fear. Grasping hold of the hem of the Lord's robe, Nanak is saved. He has won the incomparable life. 8/4/38

ONE UNIVERSAL CREATOR GOD.
BY THE GRACE OF THE TRUE GURU:

Chanting and meditating on the Lord, the mind is held steady. Meditating, meditating in remembrance on the Divine Guru, one's fears are erased and dispelled.

Entering the sanctuary of the Supreme Lord God, how could anyone feel grief any longer? Serving at the Feet of the Holy Saints, all desires are fulfilled. In each and every heart, the One Lord is pervading. He is totally permeating the water, the land, and the sky. I serve the Destroyer of sin, and I am sanctified by the dust of the Feet of the Saints. My Lord and Master Himself has saved me completely; I am comforted by meditating on the Lord. The Creator has passed judgment, and the evil-doers have been silenced and killed. Nanak is attuned to the True Name; he beholds the presence of the ever-present Lord. 8/5/39/1/32/1/5/39

THE TWELVE MONTHS:
ONE UNIVERSAL CREATOR GOD.
BY THE GRACE OF THE TRUE GURU:

GURU ARJAN

By the actions we have committed, we are separated from You. Please show Your mercy and unite us with Yourself, Lord. We have grown weary of wandering to the four corners of the earth and in the ten directions. We have come to Your sanctuary, God. Without milk, a cow serves no purpose. Without water, the crop withers, and it will not bring a good price. If we do not meet the Lord, our Friend, how can we find our place of rest? Those homes, those hearts, in which the Husband Lord is not manifest - those towns and villages are like burning furnaces. All decorations, the chewing of betel to sweeten the breath, and the body itself, are all useless and vain. Without God, our Husband, our Lord and Master, all friends and companions are like the Messenger of Death.

This is Nanak's prayer: "Please show Your mercy, and bestow Your Name. O my Lord and Master, please unite me with Yourself, O God, in the eternal Mansion of Your Presence". In the month of Chayt, by meditating on the Lord of the Universe, a deep and profound joy arises. Meeting with the humble Saints, the Lord is found, as we chant His Name with our tongues. Those who have found God - blessed is their coming into this world. Those who live without Him, for even an instant - their lives are rendered useless.

The Lord is totally pervading the water, the land, and all space. He is contained in the forests as well. Those who do not remember God - how much pain must they suffer! Those who dwell upon their God have great good fortune. My mind yearns for the blessed vision of the Lord's Darshan. O Nanak, my mind is so thirsty! I touch the feet of one who unites me with God in the month of Chayt.

In the month of Vaisaakh, how can the bride be patient? She is separated from her Beloved. She has forgotten the Lord, her life-companion, her Master; she has become attached to Maya, the deceitful one. Neither son, nor spouse, nor wealth shall go along with you - only the eternal Lord. Entangled and enmeshed in the love of false occupations, the whole world is perishing. Without the Naam, the Name of the One Lord, they lose their lives in the hereafter. Forgetting the merciful Lord, they are ruined. Without God, there is no other at all. Pure is the reputation of those who are attached to the Feet of the Beloved Lord.

Nanak makes this prayer to God: "Please, come and unite me with Yourself." The month of Vaisaakh is beautiful and pleasant when the Saint causes me to meet the Lord.

In the month of Jay'th, the bride longs to meet with the Lord. All bow in humility before Him. One who has grasped the hem of the robe of the Lord, the True Friend - no one can keep him in bondage. God's Name is the Jewel, the Pearl. It cannot be stolen or taken away. In the Lord are all pleasures which please the mind. As the Lord wishes, so He acts, and so His creatures act. They alone are called blessed, whom God has made His Own. If people could meet the Lord by their own efforts, why would they be crying out in the pain of separation? Meeting Him in the Saadh Sangat, the company of the holy, O Nanak, celestial bliss is enjoyed. In the month of Jay'th, the playful Husband Lord meets her, upon whose forehead such good destiny is recorded.

The month of Aasaarh seems burning hot to those who are not close to their Husband Lord. They have forsaken God the Primal Being, the Life of the world, and they have come to rely upon mere mortals. In the love of duality, the soul-bride is ruined; around her neck she wears the noose of death. As you plant, so shall you harvest; your destiny is recorded on your forehead. The life-night passes away, and in the end, one comes to regret and repent, and then depart with no hope at all. Those who meet with the Holy Saints are liberated in the Court of the Lord. Show Your Mercy to me, O God; I am thirsty for the blessed vision of Your Darshan. Without You, God, there is no other at all. This is Nanak's humble prayer. The month of Aasaarh is pleasant, when the Feet of the Lord abide in the mind.

In the month of Sawan the soul-bride is happy if she falls in love with the Lotus Feet of the Lord. Her mind and body are imbued with the love of the True One; His Name is her only support. The pleasures of corruption are false. All that is seen shall turn to ashes. The drops of the Lord's Nectar are so beautiful! Meeting the Holy Saint, we drink these in. The forests and the meadows are rejuvenated and refreshed with the love of God, the all-powerful, infinite Primal Being. My mind yearns to meet the Lord.

If only He would show His mercy and unite me with Himself! Those brides who have obtained God - I am forever a sacrifice to them. O Nanak, when the dear Lord shows kindness, He adorns His bride with the Word of His Shabd. Sawan is delightful for those happy soul-brides whose hearts are adorned with the necklace of the Lord's Name.

In the month of Bhadon she is deluded by doubt because of her attachment to duality. She may wear thousands of ornaments, but they are of no use at all. On that day when the body perishes - at that time, she becomes a ghost. The Messenger of Death seizes and holds her, and does not tell anyone his secret. And her loved ones - in an instant, they move on, leaving her all alone. She wrings her hands, her body writhes in pain, and she turns from black to white. As she has planted, so does she harvest; such is the field of karma. Nanak seeks God's sanctuary; God has given him the boat of His Feet. Those who love the Guru, the Protector and Savior, in Bhadon, shall not be thrown down into hell.

In the month of Assu, my love for the Lord overwhelms me.

How can I go and meet the Lord? My mind and body are so thirsty for the blessed vision of His Darshan. Won't someone please come and lead me to him, O my mother. The Saints are the helpers of the Lord's lovers; I fall and touch their feet. Without God, how can I find peace? There is nowhere else to go. Those who have tasted the sublime essence of His love remain satisfied and fulfilled. They renounce their selfishness and conceit and they pray, "God, please attach me to the hem of Your robe." Those whom the Husband Lord has united with Himself, shall not be separated from Him again. Without God, there is no other at all. Nanak has entered the sanctuary of the Lord. In Assu, the Lord, the sovereign King, has granted His mercy, and they dwell in peace.

In the month of Katak, do good deeds. Do not try to blame anyone else. Forgetting the transcendent Lord, all sorts of illnesses are contracted. Those who turn their backs on the Lord shall be separated from Him and consigned to reincarnation, over and over again. In an instant, all of Maya's sensual pleasures turn bitter. No one can then serve as your intermediary. Unto whom can we turn and cry? By one's own actions nothing can be done; destiny was pre-determined from the very beginning. By great good fortune, I meet my God and then all pain of separation departs. Please protect Nanak, God; O my Lord and Master, please release me from bondage. In Katak, in the company of the holy, all anxiety vanishes.

In the month of Maghar, those who sit with their Beloved Husband Lord are beautiful. How can their glory be measured? Their Lord and Master blends them with Himself. Their bodies and minds blossom forth in the Lord; they have the companionship of the holy Saints. Those who lack the company of the holy, remain all alone. Their pain never departs, and they fall into the grip of the Messenger of Death. Those who have ravished and enjoyed their God are seen to be continually exalted and uplifted. They wear the necklace of the jewels, emeralds and rubies of the Lord's Name. Nanak seeks the dust of the feet of those who take to the sanctuary of the Lord's Door. Those who worship and adore God in Maghar, do not suffer the cycle of reincarnation ever again.

In the month of Poh, the cold does not touch those whom the Husband Lord hugs close in His embrace. Their minds are transfixed by His Lotus Feet. They are attached to the blessed vision of the Lord's Darshan. Seek the protection of the Lord of the universe; His service is truly profitable. Corruption shall not touch you when you join the holy Saints and sing the Lord's praises. From where it originated, there the soul is blended again. It is absorbed in the love of the True Lord. When the Supreme Lord God grasps someone's hand, he shall never again suffer separation from Him. I am a sacrifice, 100,000 times, to the Lord, my Friend, the unapproachable and unfathomable. Please preserve my honor, Lord; Nanak begs at Your Door. Poh is beautiful, and all comforts come to that one, whom the carefree Lord has forgiven.

In the month of Maagh, let your cleansing bath be the dust of the Saadh Sangat, the company of the holy. Meditate and listen to the Name of the Lord, and give it to everyone. In this way, the filth of lifetimes of karma shall be removed and egotistical pride shall vanish from your mind.

Sexual desire and anger shall not seduce you and the dog of greed shall depart. Those who walk on the Path of Truth shall be praised throughout the world. Be kind to all beings - this is more meritorious than bathing at the sixty-eight sacred shrines of pilgrimage and the giving of charity. That person, upon whom the Lord bestows His mercy, is a wise person. Nanak is a sacrifice to those who have merged with God. In Maagh, they alone are known as true, unto whom the perfect Guru is merciful.

In the month of Phalgun, bliss comes to those unto whom the Lord, the Friend, has been revealed. The Saints, the Lord's helpers, in their mercy, have united me with Him. My bed is beautiful and I have all comforts. I feel no sadness at all. My desires have been fulfilled – by great good fortune, I have obtained the sovereign Lord as my Husband. Join with me, my sisters, and sing the songs of rejoicing and the hymns of the Lord of the universe. There is no other like the Lord - there is no equal to Him. He embellishes this world and the world hereafter, and He gives us our permanent home there. He rescues us from the world-ocean; never again do we have to run the cycle of reincarnation. I have only one tongue, but Your Glorious Virtues are beyond counting. Nanak is saved, falling at Your Feet. In Phalgun, praise Him continually; He has not even an iota of greed.

Those who meditate on the Naam, the Name of the Lord - their affairs are all resolved. Those who meditate on the perfect Guru, the Lord-Incarnate - they are judged true in the Court of the Lord. The Lord's Feet are the treasure of all peace and comfort for them; they cross over the terrifying and treacherous world-ocean. They obtain love and devotion, and they do not burn in corruption. Falsehood has vanished, duality has been erased, and they are totally overflowing with Truth. They serve the Supreme Lord God, and enshrine the One Lord within their minds. The months, the days, and the moments are auspicious, for those upon whom the Lord casts His Glance of Grace. Nanak begs for the blessing of Your vision, O Lord. Please, shower Your mercy upon me!

ONE UNIVERSAL CREATOR GOD.
BY THE GRACE OF THE TRUE GURU:

I serve my True Guru, and meditate on Him all day and night. Renouncing selfishness and conceit, I seek His sanctuary and speak sweet words to Him. Through countless lifetimes and incarnations, I was separated from Him. O Lord, you are my Friend and Companion - please unite me with Yourself. Those who are separated from the Lord do not dwell in peace, O sister. Without their Husband Lord, they find no comfort. I have searched and seen all realms. My own evil actions have kept me separate from Him; why should I accuse anyone else? Bestow Your mercy, God, and save me! No one else can bestow Your mercy. Without You, Lord, we roll around in the dust. Unto whom should we utter our cries of distress? This is Nanak's prayer: "May my eyes behold the Lord, the Angelic Being."

The Lord hears the anguish of the soul; He is the all-powerful and infinite Primal Being.

In death and in life, worship and adore the Lord, the support of all. In this world and in the next, the soul-bride belongs to her Husband Lord, who has such a vast family. He is lofty and inaccessible. His wisdom is unfathomable. He has no end or limitation. That service is pleasing to Him which makes one humble like the dust of the Feet of the Saints. He is the patron of the poor, the merciful, luminous Lord, the redeemer of sinners. From the very beginning, and throughout the ages, the True Name of the Creator has been our saving Grace. No one can know His value; no one can weigh it. He dwells deep within the mind and body. O Nanak, He cannot be measured. I am forever a sacrifice to those who serve God, day and night.

The Saints worship and adore Him forever and ever; He is the forgiver of all. He fashioned the soul and the body, and by His kindness, He bestowed the soul. Through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, worship and adore Him and chant His pure mantra. His value cannot be evaluated. The transcendent Lord is endless. That one, within whose mind the Lord abides, is said to be most fortunate. The soul's desires are fulfilled upon meeting the Master, our Husband Lord. Nanak lives by chanting the Lord's Name; all sorrows have been erased. One who does not forget Him, day and night, is continually rejuvenated.

God is overflowing with all powers. I have no honor - He is my resting place. I have grasped the support of the Lord within my mind; I live by chanting and meditating on His Name. Grant Your Grace, God, and bless me, that I may merge into the dust of the feet of the humble. As You keep me, so do I live. I wear and eat whatever You give me. May I make the effort, O God, to sing Your Glorious Praises in the company of the holy. I can conceive of no other place; where could I go to lodge a complaint? You are the dispeller of ignorance, the destroyer of darkness, O lofty, unfathomable and unapproachable Lord. Please unite this separated one with Yourself; this is Nanak's yearning. That day shall bring every joy, O Lord, when I take to the Feet of the Guru.

ONE UNIVERSAL CREATOR GOD. TRUTH IS THE NAME.
CREATIVE BEING PERSONIFIED.
BY GURU'S GRACE:

GURU NANAK

The Guru is the Giver; the Guru is the house of ice. The Guru is the Light of the three worlds. O Nanak, He is everlasting wealth. Place your mind's faith in Him, and you shall find peace.

First, the baby loves mother's milk; second, he learns of his mother and father; third, his brothers, sisters and aunts; fourth, the love of play awakens. Fifth, he runs after food and drink; sixth, in his sexual desire, he does not respect social customs. Seventh, he gathers wealth and dwells in his house; eighth, he becomes angry, and his body is consumed. Ninth, he turns grey, and his breathing becomes labored; tenth, he is cremated, and turns to ashes. His companions send him off, crying out and lamenting. The swan of the soul takes flight, and asks which way to go.

He came and he went and now even his name has died. After he left, food was offered on leaves, and the birds were called to come and eat. O Nanak, the self-willed manmukhs love the darkness. Without the Guru, the world is drowning.

At the age of ten, he is a child; at twenty, a youth, and at thirty, he is called handsome. At forty, he is full of life; at fifty, his foot slips, and at sixty, old age is upon him. At seventy, he loses his intellect, and at eighty, he cannot perform his duties. At ninety, he lies in his bed, and he cannot understand his weakness. After seeking and searching for such a long time, O Nanak, I have seen that the world is just a mansion of smoke.

You, O Creator Lord, are unfathomable. You Yourself created the universe, its colors, qualities and varieties, in so many ways and forms. You created it, and You alone understand it. It is all Your play. Some come, and some arise and depart; but without the Name, all are bound to die. The Gurmukhs are imbued with the deep crimson color of the poppy; they are dyed in the color of the Lord's love. So serve the True and Pure Lord, the supremely powerful Architect of Destiny. You Yourself are all-knowing. O Lord, You are the greatest of the great! O my True Lord, I am a sacrifice, a humble sacrifice, to those who meditate on You within their conscious mind.

He placed the soul in the body which He had fashioned. He protects the creation which He has created. With their eyes, they see, and with their tongues, they speak; with their ears, they bring the mind to awareness. With their feet, they walk, and with their hands, they work; they wear and eat whatever is given. They do not know the One who created the creation. The blind fools do their dark deeds. When the pitcher of the body breaks and shatters into pieces, it cannot be recreated again. O Nanak, without the Guru, there is no honor; without honor, no one is carried across.

GURU ANGAD: They prefer the gift, instead of the Giver; such is the way of the self-willed manmukhs. What can anyone say about their intelligence, their understanding or their cleverness? The deeds which one commits, while sitting in one's own home, are known far and wide, in the four directions. One who lives righteously is known as righteous; one who commits sins is known as a sinner. You Yourself enact the entire Play, O Creator. Why should we speak of any other? As long as Your Light is within the body, You speak through that Light. Without Your Light, who can do anything? Show me any such cleverness! O Nanak, the Lord alone is perfect and all-knowing; He is revealed to the Gurmukh.

You Yourself created the world, and You Yourself put it to work. Administering the drug of emotional attachment, You Yourself have led the world astray. The fire of desire is deep within; unsatisfied, people remain hungry and thirsty. This world is an illusion; it dies and it is reborn – it comes and it goes in reincarnation. Without the True Guru, emotional attachment is not broken. All have grown weary of performing empty rituals. Those who follow the Guru's teachings meditate on the Naam, the Name of the Lord. Filled with a joyful peace, they surrender to Your Will.

They save their families and ancestors; blessed are the mothers who gave birth to them. Beautiful and sublime is the glory and the understanding of those who focus their consciousness on the Lord.

To see without eyes; to hear without ears; to walk without feet;
to work without hands; to speak without a tongue - like this, one remains dead while yet alive.
O Nanak, recognize the Hukam of the Lord's Command, and merge with your Lord and Master.

He is seen, heard and known, but His subtle essence is not obtained. How can the lame, armless and blind person run to embrace the Lord? Let the fear of God be your feet, and let His love be your hands; let His understanding be your eyes. Says Nanak, in this way, O wise soul-bride, you shall be united with your Husband Lord.

Forever and ever, You are the only One; You set the play of duality in motion. You created egotism and arrogant pride, and You placed greed within our beings. Keep me as it pleases Your Will; everyone acts as You cause them to act. Some are forgiven and merge with You; through the Guru's teachings we are joined to You. Some stand and serve You; without the Name, nothing else pleases them. Any other task would be worthless to them - You have enjoined them to Your true service. In the midst of children, spouse and relations, some still remain detached; they are pleasing to Your Will. Inwardly and outwardly, they are pure, and they are absorbed in the True Name.

GURU NANAK: I may make a cave in a mountain of gold, or in the water of the nether regions; I may remain standing on my head, upside-down, on the earth or up in the sky; I may totally cover my body with clothes, and wash them continually; I may shout out loud, the white, red, yellow and black Vedas; I may even live in dirt and filth. And yet, all this is just a product of evil-mindedness and intellectual corruption. I was not, I am not, and I will never be anything at all! O Nanak, I dwell only on the Word of the Shabd.

They wash their clothes and scrub their bodies and try to practice self-discipline. But they are not aware of the filth staining their inner being while they try and try to wash off the outer dirt. The blind go astray, caught by the noose of death. They see other people's property as their own, and in egotism they suffer in pain. O Nanak, the egotism of the Gurmukhs is broken, and then they meditate on the Name of the Lord, Har, Har. They chant the Naam, meditate on the Naam, and through the Naam they are absorbed in peace.

Destiny has brought together and united the body and the soul-swan. He who created them also separates them. The fools enjoy their pleasures; they must also endure all their pains. From pleasures arise diseases and the commission of sins. From sinful pleasures come sorrow, separation, birth and death. The fools try to account for their misdeeds and argue uselessly. The judgment is in the hands of the True Guru, who puts an end to the argument. Whatever the Creator does, comes to pass. It cannot be changed by anyone's efforts.

Telling lies, they eat dead bodies.

And yet, they go out to teach others. They are deceived, and they deceive their companions. O Nanak, such are the leaders of men.

GURU RAM DAS: Those within whom the Truth dwells obtain the True Name; they speak only the Truth. They walk on the Lord's Path, and inspire others to walk on the Lord's Path as well. Bathing in a pool of holy water, they are washed clean of filth. But by bathing in a stagnant pond, they are contaminated with even more filth. The True Guru is the perfect pool of holy water. Night and day, He meditates on the Name of the Lord, Har, Har. He is saved along with his family; bestowing the Name of the Lord, Har, Har, He saves the whole world. Servant Nanak is a sacrifice to one who himself chants the Naam, and inspires others to chant it as well.

Some pick and eat fruits and roots and live in the wilderness. Some wander around wearing saffron robes as yogis and sannyasis. But there is still so much desire within them - they still yearn for clothes and food. They waste their lives uselessly; they are neither householders nor renunciates. The Messenger of Death hangs over their heads, and they cannot escape the three-phased desire. Death does not even approach those who follow the Guru's teachings, and become the slaves of the Lord's slaves. The True Word of the Shabd abides in their true minds; within the home of their own inner beings they remain detached. O Nanak, those who serve their True Guru, rise from desire to desirelessness.

GURU NANAK: If one's clothes are stained with blood, the garment becomes polluted. Those who suck the blood of human beings - how can their consciousness be pure? O Nanak, chant the Name of God with heart-felt devotion. Everything else is just a pompous worldly show and the practice of false deeds.

Since I am no one, what can I say? Since I am nothing, what can I be? As He created me, so I act. As He causes me to speak, so I speak. I am full and overflowing with sins - if only I could wash them away! I do not understand myself, and yet I try to teach others. Such is the guide I am! O Nanak, the one who is blind shows others the way, and misleads all his companions. But, going to the world hereafter, he shall be beaten and kicked in the face; then, it will be obvious, what sort of guide he was!

Through all the months and the seasons, the minutes and the hours, I dwell upon You, O Lord. No one has attained You by clever calculations, O True, unseen and infinite Lord. That scholar who is full of greed, arrogant pride and egotism, is known to be a fool. So read the Name, and realize the Name, and contemplate the Guru's teachings. Through the Guru's teachings, I have earned the wealth of the Naam; I possess the storehouses, overflowing with devotion to the Lord. Believing in the immaculate Naam, one is hailed as true in the true Court of the Lord. The Divine Light of the infinite Lord, who owns the soul and the breath of life, is deep within the inner being. You alone are the true banker, O Lord; the rest of the world is just Your petty trader.

Let mercy be your mosque, faith your prayer-mat, and honest living your Koran. Make modesty your circumcision, and good conduct your fast. In this way, you shall be a true Muslim. Let good conduct be your Kaabaa, Truth your spiritual guide, and the karma of good deeds your prayer and chant. Let your rosary be that which is pleasing to His Will.

O Nanak, God shall preserve your honor.

To take what rightfully belongs to another is like a Muslim eating pork, or a Hindu eating beef. Our Guru, our spiritual guide, stands by us if we do not eat those carcasses. By mere talk people do not earn passage to heaven. Salvation comes only from the practice of Truth. By adding spices to forbidden foods, they are not made acceptable. O Nanak, from false talk only falsehood is obtained.

There are five prayers and five times of day for prayer; the five have five names. Let the first be truthfulness, the second honest living, and the third charity in the Name of God. Let the fourth be good will to all, and the fifth the praise of the Lord. Repeat the prayer of good deeds and then you may call yourself a Muslim. O Nanak, the false obtain falsehood and only falsehood.

Some trade in priceless jewels while others deal in mere glass. When the True Guru is pleased, we find the treasure of the jewel deep within the self. Without the Guru no one has found this treasure. The blind and the false have died in their endless wanderings. The self-willed manmukhs putrefy and die in duality. They do not understand contemplative meditation. Without the One Lord, there is no other at all. Unto whom should they complain? Some are destitute and wander around endlessly, while others have storehouses of wealth. Without God's Name there is no other wealth. Everything else is just poison and ashes. O Nanak, the Lord Himself acts and causes others to act; by the Hukam of His Command, we are embellished and exalted.

It is difficult to be called a Muslim; if one is truly a Muslim, then he may be called one. First, let him savor the religion of the Prophet as sweet; then, let his pride of his possessions be scraped away. Becoming a true Muslim, a disciple of the faith of Mohammed, let him put aside the delusion of death and life. As he submits to God's Will, and surrenders to the Creator, he is rid of selfishness and conceit. And when, O Nanak, he is merciful to all beings, only then shall he be called a Muslim.

GURU RAM DAS: Renounce sexual desire, anger, falsehood and slander; forsake Maya and eliminate egotistical pride. Renounce sexual desire and promiscuity and give up emotional attachment. Only then shall you obtain the immaculate Lord amidst the darkness of the world. Renounce selfishness, conceit and arrogant pride, and your love for your children and spouse. Abandon your thirsty hopes and desires and embrace love for the Lord. O Nanak, the True One shall come to dwell in your mind. Through the True Word of the Shabd, you shall be absorbed in the Name of the Lord.

Neither the kings, nor their subjects, nor the leaders shall remain. The shops, the cities and the streets shall eventually disintegrate by the Hukam of the Lord's Command. Those solid and beautiful mansions - the fools think that they belong to them. The treasure-houses filled with wealth shall be emptied out in an instant. The horses, chariots, camels and elephants, with all their decorations; the gardens, lands, houses, tents, soft beds and satin pavilions - Oh, where are those things which they believe to be their own? O Nanak, the True One is the Giver of all; He is revealed through His all-powerful creative nature.

GURU NANAK: If the rivers became cows, giving milk, and the spring water became milk and ghee;

If all the earth became sugar, to continually excite the mind; if the mountains became gold and silver, studded with gems and jewels - even then, I would worship and adore You, and my longing to chant Your praises would not decrease.

If all the eighteen loads of vegetation became fruits, and the growing grass became sweet rice; if I were able to stop the sun and the moon in their orbits and hold them perfectly steady - even then, I would worship and adore You, and my longing to chant Your praises would not decrease.

If my body were afflicted with pain, under the evil influence of unlucky stars; and if the blood-sucking kings were to hold power over me - even if this were my condition, I would still worship and adore You, and my longing to chant Your praises would not decrease.

If fire and ice were my clothes, and the wind was my food; and even if the enticing heavenly beauties were my wives, O Nanak - all this shall pass away! Even then, I would worship and adore You, and my longing to chant Your praises would not decrease.

The foolish demon who does evil deeds does not know his Lord and Master. Call him a mad-man if he does not understand himself. The strife of this world is evil; these struggles are consuming it. Without the Lord's Name, life is worthless. Through doubt, the people are being destroyed. One who recognizes that all spiritual paths lead to the One shall be emancipated. One who speaks lies shall fall into hell and burn. In all the world, the most blessed and sanctified are those who remain absorbed in Truth. One who eliminates selfishness and conceit is redeemed in the Court of the Lord.

They alone are truly alive whose minds are filled with the Lord. O Nanak, no one else is truly alive; those who merely live shall depart in dishonor; everything they eat is impure. Intoxicated with power and thrilled with wealth, they delight in their pleasures, and dance about shamelessly. O Nanak, they are deluded and defrauded. Without the Lord's Name, they lose their honor and depart.

What good is food, and what good are clothes, if the True Lord does not abide within the mind? What good are fruits, what good is ghee, what good is sweet molasses, and what good is flour? What good are clothes, and what good is a soft bed to enjoy pleasures and sensual delights? What good is an army, and what good are soldiers, servants and mansions to live in? O Nanak, without the True Name, all this paraphernalia shall disappear.

What good is social class and status? Truthfulness is measured within. Pride in one's status is like poison - holding it in your hand and eating it, you shall die. The True Lord's sovereign rule is known throughout the ages. One who respects the Hukam of the Lord's Command is honored and respected in the Court of the Lord. By the order of our Lord and Master, we have been brought into this world. The drummer, the Guru, has announced the Lord's meditation through the Word of the Shabd. Some have mounted their horses in response, and others are saddling up. Some have tied up their bridles, and others have already ridden off.

When the crop is ripe, then it is cut down; only the stalks are left standing. The corn on the cob is put into the thresher, and the kernels are separated from the cobs. Placing the kernels between the two mill-stones, people sit and grind the corn. Those kernels which stick to the central axle are spared - Nanak has seen this wonderful vision!

Look, and see how the sugar-cane is cut down.

After cutting away its branches, its feet are bound together into bundles, and then it is placed between the wooden rollers and crushed. What punishment is inflicted upon it! Its juice is extracted and placed in the cauldron; as it is heated, it groans and cries out. And then, the crushed cane is collected and burnt in the fire below. Nanak: come, people, and see how the sweet sugar-cane is treated!

Some do not think of death; they entertain great hopes. They die and are reborn and die over and over again. They are of no use at all! In their conscious minds, they call themselves good. The king of the Angels of Death hunts down those self-willed manmukhs, over and over again. The manmukhs are false to their own selves; they feel no gratitude for what they have been given. Those who merely perform rituals of worship are not pleasing to their Lord and Master. Those who attain the True Lord and chant His Name are pleasing to the Lord. They worship the Lord and bow at His Throne. They fulfill their preordained destiny.

What can deep water do to a fish? What can the vast sky do to a bird? What can cold do to a stone? What is married life to a eunuch? You may apply sandalwood oil to a dog, but he will still be a dog. You may try to teach a deaf person by reading the Simritees to him, but how will he learn? You may place a light before a blind man and burn fifty lamps, but how will he see? You may place gold before a herd of cattle, but they will pick out the grass to eat. You may add flux to iron and melt it, but it will not become soft like cotton. O Nanak, this is the nature of a fool - everything he speaks is useless and wasted.

When pieces of bronze or gold or iron break, the metal-smith welds them together again in the fire and the bond is established. If a husband leaves his wife, their children may bring them back together in the world and the bond is established. When the king makes a demand and it is met, the bond is established. When the hungry man eats he is satisfied, and the bond is established. In the famine, the rain fills the streams to overflowing, and the bond is established. There is a bond between love and words of sweetness. When one speaks the Truth, a bond is established with the Holy Scriptures. Through goodness and truth, the dead establish a bond with the living. Such are the bonds which prevail in the world. The fool establishes his bonds only when he is slapped in the face. Nanak says this after deep reflection: through the Lord's praise, we establish a bond with His Court.

He Himself created and adorned the universe, and He Himself contemplates it. Some are counterfeit and some are genuine. He Himself is the appraiser. The genuine are placed in His treasury, while the counterfeit are thrown away. The counterfeit are thrown out of the True Court - unto whom should they complain? They should worship and follow the True Guru - this is the lifestyle of excellence. The True Guru converts the counterfeit into genuine; through the Word of the Shabd, He embellishes and exalts us. Those who have enshrined love and affection for the Guru are honored in the True Court. Who can estimate the value of those who have been forgiven by the Creator Lord Himself?

All the spiritual teachers, their disciples and the rulers of the world shall be buried under the ground. The emperors shall also pass away; God alone is eternal. You alone, Lord, You alone.

Neither the angels, nor the demons, nor human beings, nor the siddhas, nor the seekers shall remain on the earth.

Who else is there? You alone, Lord, You alone.

Neither the just, nor the generous, nor any humans at all, nor the seven realms beneath the earth, shall remain. The One Lord alone exists. Who else is there? You alone, Lord, You alone.

Neither the sun, nor the moon, nor the planets, nor the seven continents, nor the oceans, nor food, nor the wind - nothing is permanent. You alone, Lord, You alone.

Our sustenance is not in the hands of any person. The hopes of all rest in the One Lord. The One Lord alone exists - who else is there? You alone, Lord, You alone.

The birds have no money in their pockets. They place their hopes on trees and water. He alone is the Giver. You alone, Lord, You alone.

O Nanak, that destiny which is preordained and written on one's forehead – no one can erase it. The Lord infuses strength, and He takes it away again. You alone, O Lord, You alone.

True is the Hukam of Your Command. To the Gurmukh it is known. Through the Guru's teachings selfishness and conceit are eradicated and the Truth is realized. True is Your Court. It is proclaimed and revealed through the Word of the Shabd. Meditating deeply on the True Word of the Shabd, I have merged into the Truth. The self-willed manmukhs are always false; they are deluded by doubt. They dwell in manure, and they do not know the taste of the Name. Without the Name, they suffer the agonies of coming and going. O Nanak, the Lord Himself is the appraiser who distinguishes the counterfeit from the genuine.

Tigers, hawks, falcons and eagles - the Lord could make them eat grass. And those animals which eat grass - He could make them eat meat. He could make them follow this way of life. He could raise dry land from the rivers, and turn the deserts into bottomless oceans. He could appoint a worm as king, and reduce an army to ashes. All beings and creatures live by breathing, but He could keep us alive even without the breath. O Nanak, as it pleases the True Lord, He gives us sustenance.

Some eat meat while others eat grass. Some have all the thirty-six varieties of delicacies while others live in the dirt and eat mud. Some control the breath and regulate their breathing. Some live by the support of the Naam, the Name of the Formless Lord. The great Giver lives; no one dies. O Nanak, those who do not enshrine the Lord within their minds are deluded.

By the karma of good actions, some come to serve the perfect Guru. Through the Guru's teachings, some eliminate selfishness and conceit, and meditate on the Naam, the Name of the Lord. Undertaking any other task, they waste their lives in vain. Without the Name, all that they wear and eat is poison. Praising the True Word of the Shabd, they merge with the True Lord. Without serving the True Guru, they do not obtain the home of peace; they are consigned to reincarnation over and over again. Investing counterfeit capital, they earn only falsehood in the world. O Nanak, singing the praises of the pure, True Lord, they depart with honor.

When it pleases You, we play music and sing; when it pleases You, we bathe in water.

When it pleases You, we smear our bodies with ashes and blow the horn and the conch shell. When it pleases You, we read the Islamic scriptures and are acclaimed as Mullahs and Shaykhs. When it pleases You, we become kings and enjoy all sorts of tastes and pleasures. When it pleases You, we wield the sword and cut off the heads of our enemies. When it pleases You, we go out to foreign lands; hearing news of home we come back again. When it pleases You, we are attuned to the Name, and when it pleases You, we become pleasing to You. Nanak utters this one prayer; everything else is just the practice of falsehood.

You are so great - all greatness flows from You. You are so good - goodness radiates from You. You are True - all that flows from You is True. Nothing at all is false. Talking, seeing, speaking, walking, living and dying - all these are transitory. By the Hukam of His Command, He creates, and in His Command, He keeps us. O Nanak, He Himself is True.

Serve the True Guru fearlessly, and your doubt shall be dispelled. Do that work which the True Guru asks you to do. When the True Guru becomes merciful, we meditate on the Naam. The profit of devotional worship is excellent. It is obtained by the Gurmukh. The self-willed manmukhs are trapped in the darkness of falsehood; they practice nothing but falsehood. Go to the Gate of Truth, and speak the Truth. The True Lord calls the true ones to the Mansion of His Presence. O Nanak, the true ones are forever true; they are absorbed in the True Lord.

The dark age of Kali Yuga is the knife and the kings are butchers; righteousness has sprouted wings and flown away. In this dark night of falsehood the moon of Truth is not visible anywhere. I have searched in vain and I am so confused; in this darkness, I cannot find the path. In egotism, they cry out in pain. Says Nanak, how will they be saved?

GURU AMAR DAS: In this dark age of Kali Yuga, the Kirtan of the Lord's praise has appeared as a light in the world. How rare are those few Gurmukhs who swim across to the other side! The Lord bestows His Glance of Grace; O Nanak, the Gurmukh receives the jewel.

Between the Lord's devotees and the people of the world, there can never be any true alliance. The Creator Himself is infallible. He cannot be fooled; no one can fool Him. He blends His devotees with Himself; they practice Truth, and only Truth. The Lord Himself leads the people of the world astray; they tell lies, and by telling lies, they eat poison. They do not recognize the ultimate reality that we all must go; they continue to cultivate the poisons of sexual desire and anger. The devotees serve the Lord; night and day, they meditate on the Naam. Becoming the slaves of the Lord's slaves, they eradicate selfishness and conceit from within. In the court of their Lord and Master, their faces are radiant; they are embellished and exalted with the True Word of the Shabd.

GURU NANAK: Those who praise the Lord in the early hours of the morning and meditate on Him single-mindedly, are the perfect kings; at the right time, they die fighting. In the second watch, the focus of the mind is scattered in all sorts of ways. So many fall into the bottomless pit; they are dragged under, and they cannot get out again.

In the third watch, both hunger and thirst bark for attention, and food is put into the mouth. That which is eaten becomes dust, but they are still attached to eating. In the fourth watch, they become drowsy. They close their eyes and begin to dream. Rising up again, they engage in conflicts; they set the stage as if they will live for 100 years. If at all times, at each and every moment, they live in the fear of God - O Nanak, the Lord dwells within their minds and their cleansing bath is true.

GURU ANGAD: They are the perfect kings, who have found the perfect Lord. Twenty-four hours a day, they remain unconcerned, imbued with the love of the One Lord. Only a few obtain the Darshan, the blessed vision of the unimaginably beautiful Lord. Through the perfect karma of good deeds, one meets the Perfect Guru, whose speech is perfect. O Nanak, when the Guru makes one perfect, one's weight does not decrease.

When You are with me, what more could I want? I speak only the Truth. Plundered by the thieves of worldly affairs, she does not obtain the Mansion of His Presence. Being so stone-hearted, she has lost her chance to serve the Lord. That heart, in which the True Lord is not found, should be torn down and rebuilt. How can she be weighed accurately upon the scale of perfection? No one will say that her weight has been shorted if she rids herself of egotism. The genuine are assayed and accepted in the court of the All-knowing Lord. The genuine merchandise is found only in one shop - it is obtained from the perfect Guru.

Twenty-four hours a day, destroy the eight things, and in the ninth place, conquer the body. Within the body are the nine treasures of the Name of the Lord - seek the depths of these virtues. Those blessed with the karma of good actions praise the Lord.

O Nanak, they make the Guru their spiritual teacher. In the fourth watch of the early morning hours, a longing arises in their higher consciousness. They are attuned to the river of life; the True Name is in their minds and on their lips. The Ambrosial Nectar is distributed, and those with good karma receive this gift. Their bodies become golden and take on the color of spirituality. If the Jeweler casts His Glance of Grace, they are not placed in the fire again. Throughout the other seven watches of the day, it is good to speak the Truth and sit with the spiritually wise. There, vice and virtue are distinguished and the capital of falsehood is decreased. There, the counterfeit are cast aside and the genuine are cheered. Speech is vain and useless. O Nanak, pain and pleasure are in the power of our Lord and Master.

Air is the Guru, water is the father, and Earth is the great mother of all. Day and night are the two nurses in whose lap all the world is at play. Good deeds and bad deeds - the record is read out in the presence of the Lord of Dharma. According to their own actions, some are drawn closer and some are driven farther away. Those who have meditated on the Naam, the Name of the Lord, and departed after having worked by the sweat of their brow - O Nanak, their faces are radiant in the Court of the Lord, and many others are saved along with them!

The true food is the love of the Lord; the True Guru has spoken. With this true food, I am satisfied, and with the Truth, I am delighted. True are the cities and the villages where one abides in the True Home of the self. When the True Guru is pleased, one receives the Lord's Name and blossoms forth in His love. No one enters the Court of the True Lord through falsehood. By uttering falsehood and only falsehood, the Mansion of the Lord's Presence is lost.

No one blocks the way of those who are blessed with the banner of the True Word of the Shabd. Hearing, understanding and speaking Truth, one is called to the Mansion of the Lord's Presence.

GURU NANAK: If I dressed myself in fire, and built my house of snow, and made iron my food; and if I were to drink in all pain like water, and drive the entire earth before me; and if I were to place the earth upon a scale and balance it with a single copper coin; and if I were to become so great that I could not be contained, and if I were to control and lead all; and if I were to possess so much power within my mind that I could cause others to do my bidding - so what? As great as our Lord and Master is, so great are His gifts. He bestows them according to His Will. O Nanak, those upon whom the Lord casts His Glance of Grace, obtain the Glorious Greatness of the True Name.

GURU ANGAD: The mouth is not satisfied by speaking, and the ears are not satisfied by hearing. The eyes are not satisfied by seeing - each organ seeks out one sensory quality. The hunger of the hungry is not appeased; by mere words, hunger is not relieved. O Nanak, hunger is relieved only when one utters the Glorious Praises of the praiseworthy Lord.

Without the True One, all are false, and all practice falsehood. Without the True One, the false ones are bound and gagged and driven off. Without the True One, the body is just ashes, and it mingles again with ashes. Without the True One, all food and clothes are unsatisfying. Without the True One, the false ones do not attain the Lord's Court. Attached to false attachments, the Mansion of the Lord's Presence is lost. The whole world is deceived by deception, coming and going in reincarnation. Within the body is the fire of desire; through the Word of the Shabd, it is quenched.

GURU NANAK: O Nanak, the Guru is the tree of contentment with flowers of faith, and fruits of spiritual wisdom. Watered with the Lord's love, it remains forever green; through the karma of good deeds and meditation, it ripens. Honor is obtained by eating this tasty dish; of all gifts, this is the greatest gift.

The Guru is the tree of gold, with leaves of coral, and blossoms of jewels and rubies. The words from His mouth are fruits of jewels. Within His heart, He beholds the Lord. O Nanak, He is obtained by those upon whose faces and foreheads such prerecorded destiny is written. The sixty-eight sacred shrines of pilgrimage are contained in the constant worship of the feet of the exalted Guru. Cruelty, material attachment, greed and anger are the four rivers of fire. Falling into them, one is burned, O Nanak! One is saved only by holding tight to good deeds.

While you are alive, conquer death, and you shall have no regrets in the end. This world is false, but only a few understand this. People do not enshrine love for the Truth; they chase after worldly affairs instead. The terrible time of death and annihilation hovers over the heads of the world. By the Hukam of the Lord's Command, the Messenger of Death smashes his club over their heads. The Lord Himself gives His love, and enshrines it within their minds. Not a moment or an instant's delay is permitted when one's measure of life is full. By Guru's Grace one comes to know the True One and is absorbed into Him.

Bitter melon, swallow-wort, thorn-apple and nim fruit - these bitter poisons lodge in the minds and mouths of those who do not remember You. O Nanak, how shall I tell them this? Without the karma of good deeds, they are only destroying themselves. The intellect is a bird; on account of its actions, it is sometimes high, and sometimes low.

Sometimes it is perched on the sandalwood tree, and sometimes it is on the branch of the poisonous swallow-wort. Sometimes, it soars through the heavens. O Nanak, our Lord and Master leads us on according to the Hukam of His Command; such is His Way.

Some speak and expound, and while speaking and lecturing, they pass away. The Vedas speak and expound on the Lord, but they do not know His limits. Not by studying, but through understanding, is the Lord's mystery revealed. There are six pathways in the Shastras, but how rare are those who merge in the True Lord through them. The True Lord is unknowable; through the Word of His Shabd, we are embellished. One who believes in the Name of the infinite Lord, attains the Court of the Lord. I humbly bow to the Creator Lord; I am a minstrel singing His praises. Nanak enshrines the Lord within his mind. He is the One, throughout the ages.

GURU ANGAD: Those who charm scorpions and handle snakes only brand themselves with their own hands. By the preordained order of our Lord and Master, they are beaten badly, and struck down. If the self-willed manmukhs fight with the Gurmukh, they are condemned by the Lord, the True Judge. He Himself is the Lord and Master of both worlds. He beholds all and makes the exact determination. O Nanak, know this well: everything is in accordance with His Will.

O Nanak, if someone judges himself, only then is he known as a real judge. If someone understands both the disease and the medicine, only then is he a wise physician. Do not involve yourself in idle business on the way; remember that you are only a guest here. Speak with those who know the Primal Lord, and renounce your evil ways. That virtuous person who does not walk in the way of greed, and who abides in Truth, is accepted and famous. If an arrow is shot at the sky, how can it reach there? The sky above is unreachable - know this well, O archer!

The soul-bride loves her Husband Lord; she is embellished with His love. She worships Him day and night; she cannot be restrained from doing so. In the Mansion of the Lord's Presence, she has made her home; she is adorned with the Word of His Shabd. She is humble, and she offers her true and sincere prayer. She is beautiful in the company of her Lord and Master; she walks in the Way of His Will. With her dear friends, she offers her heart-felt prayers to her Beloved. Cursed is that home, and shameful is that life, which is without the Name of the Lord. But she who is adorned with the Word of His Shabd, drinks in the Amrit of His Nectar.

GURU NANAK: The desert is not satisfied by rain, and the fire is not quenched by desire. The king is not satisfied with his kingdom, and the oceans are full, but still they thirst for more. O Nanak, how many times must I seek and ask for the True Name?

GURU ANGAD: Life is useless as long as one does not know the Lord God. Only a few cross over the world-ocean, by Guru's Grace. The Lord is the all-powerful cause of causes, says Nanak after deep deliberation. The creation is subject to the Creator, who sustains it by His Almighty Power.

In the Court of the Lord and Master, His minstrels dwell. Singing the praises of their True Lord and Master, the lotuses of their hearts have blossomed forth. Obtaining their perfect Lord and Master, their minds are transfixed with ecstasy. Their enemies have been driven out and subdued, and their friends are very pleased. Those who serve the truthful True Guru are shown the True Path.

Reflecting on the True Word of the Shabd, death is overcome. Speaking the Unspoken Speech of the Lord, one is adorned with the Word of His Shabd. Nanak holds tight to the treasure of virtue, and meets with the dear, Beloved Lord.

GURU NANAK: Born because of the karma of their past mistakes, they make more mistakes, and fall into mistakes. By washing, their pollution is not removed, even though they may wash hundreds of times. O Nanak, if God forgives, they are forgiven; otherwise, they are kicked and beaten.

O Nanak, it is absurd to ask to be spared from pain by begging for comfort. Pleasure and pain are the two garments given to be worn in the Court of the Lord. Where you are bound to lose by speaking, there, you ought to remain silent.

After looking around in the four directions, I looked within my own self. There, I saw the True, invisible Lord Creator. I was wandering in the wilderness, but now the Guru has shown me the Way. Hail to the True, True Guru, through whom we merge in the Truth. I have found the jewel within the home of my own self; the lamp within has been lit. Those who praise the True Word of the Shabd, abide in the peace of Truth. But those who do not have the fear of God, are overtaken by fear. They are destroyed by their own pride. Having forgotten the Name, the world is roaming around like a wild demon.

GURU AMAR DAS: In fear we are born, and in fear we die. Fear is always present in the mind. O Nanak, if one dies in the fear of God, his coming into the world is blessed and approved.

Without the fear of God, you may live very, very long, and savor the most enjoyable pleasures. O Nanak, if you die without the fear of God, you will arise and depart with a blackened face.

When the True Guru is merciful, then your desires will be fulfilled. When the True Guru is merciful, you will never grieve. When the True Guru is merciful, you will know no pain. When the True Guru is merciful, you will enjoy the Lord's love. When the True Guru is merciful, then why should you fear death? When the True Guru is merciful, the body is always at peace. When the True Guru is merciful, the nine treasures are obtained. When the True Guru is merciful, you shall be absorbed in the True Lord.

GURU NANAK: They pluck the hair out of their heads and drink in filthy water; they beg endlessly and eat the garbage which others have thrown away. They spread manure, they suck in rotting smells, and they are afraid of clean water. Their hands are smeared with ashes, and the hair on their heads is plucked out - they are like sheep! They have renounced the lifestyle of their mothers and fathers, and their families and relatives cry out in distress. No one offers the rice dishes at their last rites, and no one lights the lamps for them. After their death, where will they be sent? The sixty-eight sacred shrines of pilgrimage give them no place of protection, and no Brahmin will eat their food. They remain polluted forever, day and night; they do not apply the ceremonial tilak mark to their foreheads. They sit together in silence, as if in mourning; they do not go to the Lord's Court. With their begging bowls hanging from their waists, and their fly-brushes in their hands, they walk along in single file. They are not yogis, and they are not jangams, followers of Shiva.

They are not Qazis or Mullahs. Ruined by the merciful Lord, they wander around in disgrace, and their entire troop is contaminated. The Lord alone kills and restores to life; no one else can protect anyone from Him. They go without giving alms or any cleansing baths; their shaven heads become covered with dust. The jewel emerged from the water, when the mountain of gold was used to churn it. The gods established the sixty-eight sacred shrines of pilgrimage, where the festivals are celebrated and hymns are chanted. After bathing, the Muslims recite their prayers, and after bathing, the Hindus perform their worship services. The wise always take cleansing baths. At the time of death, and at the time of birth, they are purified, when water is poured on their heads. O Nanak, the shaven-headed ones are devils. They are not pleased to hear these words.

When it rains, there is happiness. Water is the key to all life. When it rains, the corn grows, and the sugar cane, and the cotton, which provides clothing for all. When it rains, the cows always have grass to graze upon, and housewives can churn the milk into butter. With that ghee, sacred feasts and worship services are performed; all these efforts are blessed. The Guru is the ocean, and all His teachings are the river. Bathing within it, Glorious Greatness is obtained. O Nanak, if the shaven-headed ones do not bathe, then seven handfuls of ashes are upon their heads.

GURU ANGAD: What can the cold do to the fire? How can the night affect the sun? What can the darkness do to the moon? What can social status do to air and water? What are personal possessions to the earth, from which all things are produced? O Nanak, he alone is known as honorable, whose honor the Lord preserves. It is of You, O my True and wondrous Lord, that I sing forever. Yours is the True Court. All others are subject to coming and going. Those who ask for the gift of the True Name are like You. Your Command is True; we are adorned with the Word of Your Shabd. Through faith and trust, we receive spiritual wisdom and meditation from You. By Your Grace, the banner of honor is obtained. It cannot be taken away or lost. You are the True Giver; You give continually. Your gifts continue to increase. Nanak begs for that gift which is pleasing to You.

Those who have accepted the Guru's teachings, and who have found the path, remain absorbed in the praises of the True Lord. What teachings can be imparted to those who have the divine Guru Nanak as their Guru?

GURU NANAK: We understand the Lord only when He Himself inspires us to understand Him. He alone knows everything, unto whom the Lord Himself gives knowledge. One may talk and preach and give sermons but still yearn after Maya. The Lord, by the Hukam of His Command, has created the entire creation. He Himself knows the inner nature of all. O Nanak, He Himself uttered the Word. Doubt departs from one who receives this gift. I was a minstrel, out of work, when the Lord took me into His service. To sing His praises day and night, He gave me His order, right from the start. My Lord and Master has summoned me, His minstrel, to the True Mansion of His Presence. He has dressed me in the robes of His True praise and glory. The Ambrosial Nectar of the True Name has become my food. Those who follow the Guru's teachings, who eat this food and are satisfied, find peace. His minstrel spreads His glory, singing and vibrating the Word of His Shabd. O Nanak, praising the True Lord, I have obtained His perfection.

ONE UNIVERSAL CREATOR GOD. TRUTH IS THE NAME.
CREATIVE BEING PERSONIFIED. NO FEAR. NO HATRED.
IMAGE OF THE UNDYING. BEYOND BIRTH. SELF-EXISTENT.
BY GURU'S GRACE:

GURU NANAK
(151-157)

The Fear of God is overpowering, and so very heavy, while the intellect is lightweight, as is the speech one speaks. So place the Fear of God upon your head, and bear that weight; by the Grace of the Merciful Lord, contemplate the Guru. Without the Fear of God, no one crosses over the world-ocean. This Fear of God adorns the Love of the Lord. The fire of fear within the body is burnt away by the Fear of God. Through this Fear of God, we are adorned with the Word of the Shabd. Without the Fear of God, all that is fashioned is false. Useless is the mold, and useless are the hammer-strokes on the mold. The desire for the worldly drama arises in the intellect, but even with thousands of clever mental tricks, the heat of the Fear of God does not come into play. O Nanak, the speech of the self-willed manmukh is just wind. His words are worthless and empty, like the wind.

Place the Fear of God within the home of your heart; with this Fear of God in your heart, all other fears shall be frightened away. What sort of fear is that, which frightens other fears? Without You, I have other place of rest at all. Whatever happens is all according to Your Will. Be afraid, if you have any fear, other than the Fear of God. Afraid of fear, and living in fear, the mind is held in tumult. The soul does not die; it does not drown, and it does not swim across. The One who created everything does everything. By the Hukam of His Command we come, and by the Hukam of His Command we go. Before and after, His Command is pervading. Cruelty, attachment, desire and egotism - there is great hunger in these, like the raging torrent of a wild stream. Let the Fear of God be your food, drink and support. Without doing this, the fools simply die. If anyone really has anyone else - how rare is that person! All are Yours - You are the Lord of all. All beings and creatures, wealth and property belong to Him. O Nanak, it is so difficult to describe and contemplate Him.

Let wisdom be your mother, and contentment your father. Let Truth be your brother - these are your best relatives. He has been described, but He cannot be described at all.

Your All-pervading creative nature cannot be estimated. Modesty, humility and intuitive understanding are my mother-in-law and father-in-law; I have made good deeds my spouse. Union with the Holy is my wedding date, and separation from the world is my marriage. Says Nanak, Truth is the child born of this Union.

The union of air, water and fire - the body is the play-thing of the fickle and unsteady intellect. It has nine doors, and then there is the Tenth Gate. Reflect upon this and understand it, O wise one. The Lord is the One who speaks, teaches and listens. One who contemplates his own self is truly wise. The body is dust; the wind speaks through it. Understand, O wise one, who has died. Awareness, conflict and ego have died, but the One who sees does not die. For the sake of it, you journey to sacred shrines and holy rivers; but this priceless jewel is within your own heart. The pandits, the religious scholars, read and read endlessly; they stir up arguments and controversies, but they do not know the secret deep within. I have not died - that evil nature within me has died. The One who is pervading everywhere does not die. Says Nanak, the Guru has revealed God to me, and now I see that there is no such thing as birth or death.

I am forever a sacrifice to the one who listens and hears, who understands and believes in the Name. When the Lord Himself leads us astray, there is no other place of rest for us to find. You impart understanding, and You unite us in Your Union. I obtain the Naam, which shall go along with me in the end. Without the Name, all are held in the grip of Death. My farming and my trading are by the Support of the Name. The seeds of sin and virtue are bound together. Sexual desire and anger are the wounds of the soul. The evil-minded ones forget the Naam, and then depart. True are the Teachings of the True Guru. The body and mind are cooled and soothed, by the touchstone of Truth. This is the true mark of wisdom: that one remains detached, like the water-lily, or the lotus upon the water. Attuned to the Word of the Shabd, one becomes sweet, like the juice of the sugar cane. By the Hukam of the Lord's Command, the castle of the body has ten gates. The five passions dwell there, together with the Divine Light of the Infinite. The Lord Himself is the merchandise, and He Himself is the trader. O Nanak, through the Naam, the Name of the Lord, we are adorned and rejuvenated.

How can we know where we came from? Where did we originate, and where will we go and merge? How are we bound, and how do we obtain liberation? How do we merge with intuitive ease into the Eternal, Imperishable Lord? With the Naam in the heart and the Ambrosial Naam on our lips, through the Name of the Lord, we rise above desire, like the Lord. With intuitive ease we come, and with intuitive ease we depart. From the mind we originate, and into the mind we are absorbed. As Gurmukh, we are liberated, and are not bound. Contemplating the Word of the Shabd, we are emancipated through the Name of the Lord. At night, lots of birds settle on the tree. Some are happy, and some are sad. Caught in the desires of the mind, they perish. And when the life-night comes to its end, then they look to the sky. They fly away in all ten directions, according to their preordained destiny.

Those who are committed to the Naam, see the world as merely a temporary pasture. Sexual desire and anger are broken, like a jar of poison. Without the merchandise of the Name, the house of the body and the store of the mind are empty. Meeting the Guru, the hard and heavy doors are opened. One meets the Holy Saint only through perfect destiny. The Lord's perfect people rejoice in the Truth. Surrendering their minds and bodies, they find the Lord with intuitive ease. Nanak falls at their feet.

The conscious mind is engrossed in sexual desire, anger and Maya. The conscious mind is awake only to falsehood, corruption and attachment. It gathers in the assets of sin and greed. So swim across the river of life, O my mind, with the Sacred Naam, the Name of the Lord. Waaho! Waaho! - Great! Great is my True Lord! I seek Your All-powerful Support. I am a sinner - You alone are pure. Fire and water join together, and the breath roars in its fury! The tongue and the sex organs each seek to taste. The eyes which look upon corruption do not know the Love and the Fear of God. Conquering self-conceit, one obtains the Name. One who dies in the Word of the Shabd, shall never again have to die. Without such a death, how can one attain perfection? The mind is engrossed in deception, treachery and duality. Whatever the Immortal Lord does, comes to pass. So get aboard that boat when your turn comes. Those who fail to embark upon that boat shall be beaten in the Court of the Lord. Blessed is that Gurdwara, the Guru's Gate, where the Praises of the True Lord are sung. O Nanak, the One Creator Lord is pervading hearth and home.

The inverted heart-lotus has been turned upright, through reflective meditation on God. From the Sky of the Tenth Gate, the Ambrosial Nectar trickles down. The Lord Himself is pervading the three worlds. O my mind, do not give in to doubt. When the mind surrenders to the Name, it drinks in the essence of Ambrosial Nectar. So win the game of life; let your mind surrender and accept death. When the self dies, the individual mind comes to know the Supreme Mind. As the inner vision is awakened, one comes to know one's own home, deep within the self. The Naam, the Name of the Lord, is austerity, chastity and cleansing baths at sacred shrines of pilgrimage. What good are ostentatious displays? The All-pervading Lord is the Inner-knower, the Searcher of hearts. If I had faith in someone else, then I would go to that one's house. But where should I go, to beg? There is no other place for me. O Nanak, through the Guru's Teachings, I am intuitively absorbed in the Lord.

Meeting the True Guru, we are shown the way to die. Remaining alive in this death brings joy deep within. Overcoming egotistical pride, the Tenth Gate is found. Death is preordained - no one who comes can remain here. So chant and meditate on the Lord, and remain in the Sanctuary of the Lord. Meeting the True Guru, duality is dispelled. The heart-lotus blossoms forth, and the mind is attached to the Lord God. One who remains dead while yet alive obtains the greatest happiness hereafter. Meeting the True Guru, one becomes truthful, chaste and pure. Climbing up the steps of the Guru's Path, one becomes the highest of the high. When the Lord grants His Mercy, the fear of death is conquered. Uniting in Guru's Union, we are absorbed in His Loving Embrace. Granting His Grace, He reveals the Mansion of His Presence, within the home of the self. O Nanak, conquering egotism, we are absorbed into the Lord.

Past actions cannot be erased. What do we know of what will happen hereafter? Whatever pleases Him shall come to pass. There is no other Doer except Him. I do not know about karma, or how great Your gifts are. The karma of actions, the Dharma of righteousness, social class and status, are contained within Your Name. You are So Great, O Giver, O Great Giver! The treasure of Your devotional worship is never exhausted. One who takes pride in himself shall never be right. The soul and body are all at Your disposal. You kill and rejuvenate. You forgive and merge us into Yourself. As it pleases You, You inspire us to chant Your Name. You are All-knowing, All-seeing and True, O my Supreme Lord. Please, bless me with the Guru's Teachings; my faith is in You alone. One whose mind is attuned to the Lord, has no pollution in his body. Through the Guru's Word, the True Shabd is realized. All Power is Yours, through the greatness of Your Name. Nanak abides in the Sanctuary of Your devotees.

Those who speak the Unspoken, drink in the Nectar. Other fears are forgotten, and they are absorbed into the Naam, the Name of the Lord. Why should we fear, when fear is dispelled by the Fear of God? Through the Shabd, the Word of the Perfect Guru, I recognize God. Those whose hearts are filled with the Lord's essence are blessed and acclaimed, and intuitively absorbed into the Lord. Those whom the Lord puts to sleep, evening and morning - those self-willed manmukhs are bound and gagged by Death, here and hereafter. Those whose hearts are filled with the Lord, day and night, are perfect. O Nanak, they merge into the Lord, and their doubts are cast away.

One who loves the three qualities is subject to birth and death. The four Vedas speak only of the visible forms. They describe and explain the three states of mind, but the fourth state, union with the Lord, is known only through the True Guru. Through devotional worship of the Lord, and service to the Guru, one swims across. Then, one is not born again, and is not subject to death. Everyone speaks of the four great blessings; the Simritees, the Shastras and the pandits speak of them as well. But without the Guru, they do not understand their true significance. The treasure of liberation is obtained through devotional worship of the Lord. Those, within whose hearts the Lord dwells, become Gurmukh; they receive the blessings of devotional worship. Through devotional worship of the Lord, liberation and bliss are obtained. Through the Guru's Teachings, supreme ecstasy is obtained. One who meets the Guru, beholds Him, and inspires others to behold Him as well. In the midst of hope, the Guru teaches us to live above hope and desire. He is the Master of the meek, the Giver of peace to all. Nanak's mind is imbued with the Lotus Feet of the Lord.

With your nectar-like body, you live in comfort, but this world is just a passing drama. You practice greed, avarice and great falsehood, and you carry such a heavy burden. O body, I have seen you blowing away like dust on the earth. Listen - listen to my advice! Only the good deeds which you have done shall remain with you, O my soul.

This opportunity shall not come again! I say to you, O my body: listen to my advice! You slander, and then praise others; you indulge in lies and gossip. You gaze upon the wives of others, O my soul; you steal and commit evil deeds. But when the swan departs, you shall remain behind, like an abandoned woman. O body, you are living in a dream! What good deeds have you done? When I stole something by deception, then my mind was pleased. I have no honor in this world, and I shall find no shelter in the world hereafter. My life has been lost, wasted in vain! I am totally miserable! O Baba Nanak, no one cares for me at all!

Turkish horses, gold, silver and loads of gorgeous clothes - none of these shall go with you, O Nanak. They are lost and left behind, you fool! I have tasted all the sugar candy and sweets, but Your Name alone is Ambrosial Nectar. Digging deep foundations, the walls are constructed, but in the end, the buildings return to heaps of dust. People gather and hoard their possessions, and give nothing to anyone else - the poor fools think that everything is theirs. Riches do not remain with anyone - not even the golden palaces of Sri Lanka. Listen, you foolish and ignorant mind - only His Will prevails. My Banker is the Great Lord and Master. I am only His petty merchant. This soul and body all are His. He Himself kills, and brings back to life.

There are five of them, but I am all alone. How can I protect my hearth and home, O my mind? They are beating and plundering me over and over again; unto whom can I complain? Chant the Name of the Supreme Lord, O my mind. Otherwise, in the world hereafter, you will have to face the awesome and cruel army of Death. God has erected the temple of the body; He has placed the nine doors, and the soul-bride sits within. She enjoys the sweet play again and again, while the five demons are plundering her. In this way, the temple is being demolished; the body is being plundered, and the soul-bride, left all alone, is captured. Death strikes her down with his rod, the shackles are placed around her neck, and now the five have left. The wife yearns for gold and silver, and her friends, the senses, yearn for good food. O Nanak, she commits sins for their sake; she shall go, bound and gagged, to the City of Death.

Let your ear-rings be those ear-rings which pierce deep within your heart. Let your body be your patched coat. Let the five passions be disciples under your control, O begging Yogi, and make this mind your walking stick. Thus you shall find the Way of Yoga. There is only the One Word of the Shabd; everything else shall pass away. Let this be the fruits and roots of your mind's diet. Some try to find the Guru by shaving their heads at the Ganges, but I have made the Guru my Ganges. The Saving Grace of the three worlds is the One Lord and Master, but those in darkness do not remember Him. Practicing hypocrisy and attaching your mind to worldly objects, your doubt shall never depart.

If you focus your consciousness on the Feet of the One Lord, what reason would you have to chase after greed? Meditate on the Immaculate Lord, and saturate your mind with Him. Why, O Yogi, do you make so many false and deceptive claims? The body is wild, and the mind is foolish. Practicing egotism, selfishness and conceit, your life is passing away. Prays Nanak, when the naked body is cremated, then you will come to regret and repent.

O mind, there is only the One medicine, mantra and healing herb - center your consciousness firmly on the One Lord. Take to the Lord, the Destroyer of the sins and karma of past incarnations. The One Lord and Master is pleasing to my mind. In Your three qualities, the world is engrossed; the Unknowable cannot be known. Maya is so sweet to the body, like sugar or molasses. We all carry loads of it. In the dark of the night, nothing can be seen. The mouse of death is gnawing away at the rope of life, O Siblings of Destiny! As the self-willed manmukhs act, they suffer in pain. The Gurmukh obtains honor and greatness. Whatever He does, that alone happens; past actions cannot be erased. Those who are imbued with, and committed to the Lord's Love, are filled to overflowing; they never lack anything. If Nanak could be the dust of their feet, then he, the ignorant one, might also obtain some.

Who is our mother, and who is our father? Where did we come from? We are formed from the fire of the womb within, and the bubble of water of the sperm. For what purpose are we created? O my Master, who can know Your Glorious Virtues? My own demerits cannot be counted. I took the form of so many plants and trees, and so many animals. Many times I entered the families of snakes and flying birds. I broke into the shops of the city and well-guarded palaces; stealing from them, I snuck home again. I looked in front of me, and I looked behind me, but where could I hide from You? I saw the banks of sacred rivers, the nine continents, the shops and bazaars of the cities. Taking the scale, the merchant begins to weigh his actions within his own heart. As the seas and the oceans are overflowing with water, so vast are my own sins. Please, shower me with Your Mercy, and take pity upon me. I am a sinking stone - please carry me across! My soul is burning like fire, and the knife is cutting deep. Prays Nanak, recognizing the Lord's Command, I am at peace, day and night.

The nights are wasted sleeping, and the days are wasted eating. Human life is such a precious jewel, but it is being lost in exchange for a mere shell. You do not know the Name of the Lord. You fool - you shall regret and repent in the end! You bury your temporary wealth in the ground, but how can you love that which is temporary? Those who have departed, after craving for temporary wealth, have returned home without this temporary wealth. If people could gather it in by their own efforts, then everyone would be so lucky.

According to the karma of past actions, one's destiny unfolds, even though everyone wants to be so lucky. O Nanak, the One who created the creation - He alone takes care of it. The Hukam of our Lord and Master's Command cannot be known; He Himself blesses us with greatness.

What if I were to become a deer, and live in the forest, picking and eating fruits and roots - by Guru's Grace, I am a sacrifice to my Master. Again and again, I am a sacrifice, a sacrifice. I am the shop-keeper of the Lord. Your Name is my merchandise and trade. If I were to become a cuckoo, living in a mango tree, I would still contemplate the Word of the Shabd. I would still meet my Lord and Master, with intuitive ease; the Darshan, the Blessed vision of His Form, is incomparably beautiful. If I were to become a fish, living in the water, I would still remember the Lord, who watches over all beings and creatures. My Husband Lord dwells on this shore, and on the shore beyond; I would still meet Him, and hug Him close in my embrace. If I were to become a snake, living in the ground, the Shabd would still dwell in my mind, and my fears would be dispelled. O Nanak, they are forever the happy soul-brides, whose light merges into His Light.
4/2/19

ONE UNIVERSAL CREATOR GOD. BY THE GRACE OF THE TRUE GURU:

In that house where the Praises of the Creator are chanted - in that house, sing the Songs of Praise, and meditate in remembrance on the Creator Lord. Sing the Songs of Praise of my Fearless Lord. I am a sacrifice to that Song of Praise which brings eternal peace. Day after day, He cares for His beings; the Great Giver watches over all. Your gifts cannot be appraised; how can anyone compare to the Giver? The day of my wedding is preordained. Come - let's gather together and pour the oil over the threshold. My friends, give me your blessings that I may merge with my Lord and Master. Unto each and every home, into each and every heart, this summons is sent out; the call comes each and every day. Remember in meditation the One who summons us; O Nanak, that day is drawing near!

ONE UNIVERSAL CREATOR GOD.
BY THE GRACE OF THE TRUE GURU:

GURU AMAR DAS
(157-163)

Meeting the Guru, we meet the Lord. He Himself unites us in His Union. My God knows all His Own Ways. By the Hukam of His Command, He unites those who recognize the Word of the Shabd. By the Fear of the True Guru, doubt and fear are dispelled. Imbued with His Fear, we are absorbed in the Love of the True One. Meeting the Guru, the Lord naturally dwells within the mind. My God is Great and Almighty; His value cannot be estimated. Through the Shabd, I praise Him; He has no end or limitations. My God is the Forgiver. I pray that He may forgive me.

Meeting the Guru, all wisdom and understanding are obtained. The mind becomes pure, when the True Lord dwells within. When one dwells in Truth, all actions become true. The ultimate action is to contemplate the Word of the Shabd. Through the Guru, true service is performed. How rare is that Gurmukh who recognizes the Naam, the Name of the Lord. The Giver, the Great Giver, lives forever. Nanak enshrines love for the Name of the Lord.

Those who obtain spiritual wisdom from the Guru are very rare. Those who obtain this understanding from the Guru become acceptable. Through the Guru, we intuitively contemplate the True One. Through the Guru, the Gate of Liberation is found. Through perfect good destiny, we come to meet the Guru. The true ones are intuitively absorbed in the True Lord. Meeting the Guru, the fire of desire is quenched. Through the Guru, peace and tranquility come to dwell within the mind. Through the Guru, we become pure, holy and true. Through the Guru, we are absorbed in the Word of the Shabd. Without the Guru, everyone wanders in doubt. Without the Name, they suffer in terrible pain. Those who meditate on the Naam become Gurmukh. True honor is obtained through the Darshan, the Blessed vision of the True Lord. Why speak of any other? He alone is the Giver. When He grants His Grace, union with the Shabd is obtained. Meeting with my Beloved, I sing the Glorious Praises of the True Lord. O Nanak, becoming true, I am absorbed in the True One.

True is that place, where the mind becomes pure. True is the one who abides in Truth. The True Bani of the Word is known throughout the four ages. The True One Himself is everything. Through the karma of good actions, one joins the Sat Sangat, the True Congregation. Sing the Glories of the Lord, sitting in that place. Burn this tongue, which loves duality, which does not taste the sublime essence of the Lord, and which utters insipid words. Without understanding, the body and mind become tasteless and insipid. Without the Name, the miserable ones depart crying out in pain. One whose tongue naturally and intuitively tastes the Lord's sublime essence, by Guru's Grace, is absorbed in the True Lord. Imbued with Truth, one contemplates the Word of the Guru's Shabd, and drinks in the Ambrosial Nectar, from the immaculate stream within. The Naam, the Name of the Lord, is collected in the vessel of the mind. Nothing is collected if the vessel is upside-down. Through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, the Naam abides within the mind. O Nanak, True is that vessel of the mind, which thirsts for the Shabd.

Some sing on and on, but their minds do not find happiness. In egotism, they sing, but it is wasted uselessly. Those who love the Naam, sing the song. They contemplate the True Bani of the Word, and the Shabd. They sing on and on, if it pleases the True Guru. Their minds and bodies are embellished and adorned, attuned to the Naam, the Name of the Lord. Some sing, and some perform devotional worship. Without heart-felt love, the Naam is not obtained. True devotional worship consists of love for the Word of the Guru's Shabd.

The devotee keeps his Beloved clasped tightly to his heart. The fools perform devotional worship by showing off; they dance and dance and jump all around, but they only suffer in terrible pain. By dancing and jumping, devotional worship is not performed. But one who dies in the Word of the Shabd, obtains devotional worship. The Lord is the Lover of His devotees; He inspires them to perform devotional worship. True devotional worship consists of eliminating selfishness and conceit from within. My True God knows all ways and means. O Nanak, He forgives those who recognize the Naam.

When someone kills and subdues his own mind, his wandering nature is also subdued. Without such a death, how can one find the Lord? Only a few know the medicine to kill the mind. One whose mind dies in the Word of the Shabd, understands Him. He grants greatness to those whom He forgives. By Guru's Grace, the Lord comes to dwell within the mind. The Gurmukh practices doing good deeds; thus he comes to understand this mind. The mind is like an elephant, drunk with wine. The Guru is the rod which controls it, and shows it the way. The mind is uncontrollable; how rare are those who subdue it. Those who move the immovable become pure. The Gurmukhs embellish and beautify this mind. They eradicate egotism and corruption from within. Those who, by preordained destiny, are united in the Lord's Union, are never separated from Him again; they are absorbed in the Shabd. He Himself knows His Own Almighty Power. O Nanak, the Gurmukh realizes the Naam, the Name of the Lord.

The entire world has gone insane in egotism. In the love of duality, it wanders deluded by doubt. The mind is distracted by great anxiety; no one recognizes one's own self. Occupied with their own affairs, their nights and days are passing away. Meditate on the Lord in your hearts, O my Siblings of Destiny. The Gurmukh's tongue savors the sublime essence of the Lord. The Gurmukhs recognize the Lord in their own hearts; they serve the Lord, the Life of the World. They are famous throughout the four ages. They subdue egotism, and realize the Word of the Guru's Shabd. God, the Architect of Destiny, showers His Mercy upon them. True are those who merge into the Word of the Guru's Shabd; they restrain their wandering mind and keep it steady. The Naam, the Name of the Lord, is the nine treasures. It is obtained from the Guru. By the Lord's Grace, the Lord comes to dwell in the mind. Chanting the Name of the Lord, Raam, Raam, the body becomes peaceful and tranquil. He dwells deep within - the pain of death does not touch Him. He Himself is our Lord and Master; He is His Own Advisor. O Nanak, serve the Lord forever; He is the treasure of Glorious Virtue.

Why forget Him, unto whom the soul and the breath of life belong? Why forget Him, who is all-pervading? Serving Him, one is honored and accepted in the Court of the Lord. I am a sacrifice to the Name of the Lord. If I were to forget You, at that very instant, I would die. Those whom You Yourself have led astray, forget You.

Those who are in love with duality forget You. The ignorant, self-willed manmukhs are consigned to reincarnation. Those who are pleasing to the One Lord enshrine the Lord within their minds. Through the Guru's Teachings, they are absorbed in the Lord's Name. Those who have virtue as their treasure, contemplate spiritual wisdom. Those who have virtue as their treasure, subdue egotism. Nanak is a sacrifice to those who are attuned to the Naam, the Name of the Lord.

You are Indescribable; how can I describe You? Those who subdue their minds, through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, are absorbed in You. Your Glorious Virtues are countless; their value cannot be estimated. The Word of His Bani belongs to Him; in Him, it is diffused. Your Speech cannot be spoken; through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, it is chanted. Where the True Guru is - there is the Sat Sangat, the True Congregation. Where the True Guru is - there, the Glorious Praises of the Lord are intuitively sung. Where the True Guru is - there egotism is burnt away, through the Word of the Shabd. The Gurmukhs serve Him; they obtain a place in the Mansion of His Presence. The Gurmukhs enshrine the Naam within the mind. The Gurmukhs worship the Lord, and are absorbed in the Naam. The Giver Himself gives His Gifts, as we enshrine love for the True Guru. Nanak celebrates those who are attuned to the Naam, the Name of the Lord.

All forms and colors come from the One Lord. Air, water and fire are all kept together. The Lord God beholds the many and various colors. The One Lord is wondrous and amazing! He is the One, the One and Only. How rare is that Gurmukh who meditates on the Lord. God is naturally pervading all places. Sometimes He is hidden, and sometimes He is revealed; thus God has made the world of His making. He Himself wakes us from sleep. No one can estimate His value, although everyone has tried, over and over again, to describe Him. Those who merge in the Word of the Guru's Shabd, come to understand the Lord. They listen to the Shabd continually; beholding Him, they merge into Him. They obtain Glorious Greatness by serving the Guru. O Nanak, those who are attuned to the Name are absorbed in the Lord's Name.

The self-willed manmukhs are asleep, in love and attachment to Maya. The Gurmukhs are awake, contemplating spiritual wisdom and the Glory of God. Those humble beings who love the Naam, are awake and aware. One who is awake to this intuitive wisdom does not fall asleep. How rare are those humble beings who understand this through the perfect Guru. The unsaintly blockhead shall never understand. He babbles on and on, but he is infatuated with Maya. Blind and ignorant, he shall never be reformed. In this age, salvation comes only from the Lord's Name. How rare are those who contemplate the Word of the Guru's Shabd. They save themselves, and save all their family and ancestors as well.

In this dark Aage of Kali Yuga, no one is interested in good karma, or Dharmic faith. This dark age was born in the house of evil. O Nanak, without the Naam, the Name of the Lord, no one is liberated.

True is the Lord King, True is His Royal Command. Those whose minds are attuned to the True, Carefree Lord enter the True Mansion of His Presence, and merge in the True Name. Listen, O my mind: contemplate the Word of the Shabd. Chant the Lord's Name, and cross over the terrifying world-ocean. In doubt he comes, and in doubt he goes. This world is born out of the love of duality. The self-willed manmukh does not remember the Lord; he continues coming and going in reincarnation. Does he himself go astray, or does God lead him astray? This soul is enjoined to the service of someone else. It earns only terrible pain, and this life is lost in vain. Granting His Grace, He leads us to meet the True Guru. Remembering the One Name, doubt is cast out from within. O Nanak, chanting the Naam, the Name of the Lord, the nine treasures of the Name are obtained.

Go and ask the Gurmukhs, who meditate on the Lord. Serving the Guru, the mind is satisfied. Those who earn the Lord's Name are wealthy. Through the Perfect Guru, understanding is obtained. Chant the Name of the Lord, Har, Har, O my Siblings of Destiny. The Gurmukhs serve the Lord, and so they are accepted. Those who recognize the self - their minds become pure. They become jivan-mukta, liberated while yet alive, and they find the Lord. Singing the Glorious Praises of the Lord, the intellect becomes pure and sublime, and they are easily and intuitively absorbed in the Lord. In the love of duality, no one can serve the Lord. In egotism and Maya, they are eating toxic poison. They are emotionally attached to their children, family and home. The blind, self-willed manmukhs come and go in reincarnation. Those, unto whom the Lord bestows His Name, worship Him night and day, through the Word of the Guru's Shabd. How rare are those who understand the Guru's Teachings! O Nanak, they are absorbed in the Naam, the Name of the Lord.

The Guru's service has been performed throughout the four ages. Very few are those perfect ones who do this good deed. The wealth of the Lord's Name is inexhaustible; it shall never be exhausted. In this world, it brings a constant peace, and at the Lord's Gate, it brings honor. O my mind, have no doubt about this. Those Gurmukhs who serve, drink in the Ambrosial Nectar. Those who serve the True Guru are the greatest people of the world. They save themselves, and they redeem all their generations as well. They keep the Name of the Lord clasped tightly to their hearts. Attuned to the Naam, they cross over the terrifying world-ocean. Serving the True Guru, the mind becomes humble forever. Egotism is subdued, and the heart-lotus blossoms forth. The Unstruck Melody vibrates, as they dwell within the home of the self. Attuned to the Naam, they remain detached within their own home. Serving the True Guru, their words are true. Throughout the ages, the devotees chant and repeat these words.

Night and day, they meditate on the Lord, the Sustainer of the Earth. O Nanak, attuned to the Naam, the Name of the Lord, they are detached, in the perfect balance of Nirvana.

Through great good fortune and high destiny, one meets the True Guru. The Naam, the Name of the Lord, is constantly within the heart, and one enjoys the sublime essence of the Lord. O mortal, become Gurmukh, and meditate on the Name of the Lord. Be victorious in the game of life, and earn the profit of the Naam. Spiritual wisdom and meditation come to those unto whom the Word of the Guru's Shabd is sweet. By Guru's Grace, a few have tasted, and seen it. They may perform all sorts of religious rituals and good actions, but without the Name, the egotistical ones are cursed and doomed. They are bound and gagged, and hung by Maya's noose; O servant Nanak, they shall be released only by Guru's Grace.

The clouds pour their rain down upon the earth, but isn't there water within the earth as well? Water is contained within the earth; without feet, the clouds run around and let down their rain. O Baba, get rid of your doubts like this. As you act, so shall you become, and so you shall go and mingle. As woman or man, what can anyone do? The many and various forms are always Yours, O Lord; they shall merge again into You. In countless incarnations, I went astray. Now that I have found You, I shall no longer wander. It is His work; those who are absorbed in the Word of the Guru's Shabd come to know it well. The Shabd is Yours; You are Yourself. Where is there any doubt? O Nanak, one whose essence is merged with the Lord's essence does not have to enter the cycle of reincarnation again.

The whole world is under the power of Death, bound by the love of duality. The self-willed manmukhs do their deeds in ego; they receive their just rewards. O my mind, focus your consciousness on the Guru's Feet. As Gurmukh, you shall be awarded the treasure of the Naam. In the Court of the Lord, you shall be saved. Through 8.4 million incarnations, people wander lost; in stubborn-mindedness, they come and go. They do not realize the Word of the Guru's Shabd; they are reincarnated over and over again. The Gurmukh understands his own self. The Lord's Name comes to dwell within the mind. Imbued with devotion to the Lord's Name, night and day, he merges in peace. When one's mind dies in the Shabd, one radiates faith and confidence, shedding egotism and corruption. O servant Nanak, through the karma of good actions, the treasure of devotional worship and the Name of the Lord are attained.

The Lord, Har, Har, has ordained that the soul is to stay in her parents' home for only a few short days. Glorious is that soul-bride, who as Gurmukh, sings the Glorious Praises of the Lord. She who cultivates virtue in her parents' home, shall obtain a home at her in-laws. The Gurmukhs are intuitively absorbed into the Lord. The Lord is pleasing to their minds. Our Husband Lord dwells in this world, and in the world beyond. Tell me, how can He be found?

The Immaculate Lord Himself is unseen. He unites us with Himself. God Himself bestows wisdom; meditate on the Name of the Lord. By great good fortune, one meets the True Guru, who places the Ambrosial Nectar in the mouth. When egotism and duality are eradicated, one intuitively merges in peace. He Himself is All-pervading; He Himself links us to His Name.

The self-willed manmukhs, in their arrogant pride, do not find God; they are so ignorant and foolish! They do not serve the True Guru, and in the end, they regret and repent, over and over again. They are cast into the womb to be reincarnated, and within the womb, they rot. As it pleases my Creator Lord, the self-willed manmukhs wander around lost.

My Lord God inscribed the full preordained destiny upon the forehead. When one meets the Great and Courageous Guru, one meditates on the Name of the Lord, Har, Har. The Lord's Name is my mother and father; the Lord is my relative and brother. O Lord, Har, Har, please forgive me and unite me with Yourself. Servant Nanak is a lowly worm.

From the True Guru, I obtained spiritual wisdom; I contemplate the Lord's essence. My polluted intellect was enlightened by chanting the Naam, the Name of the Lord. The distinction between Shiva and Shakti - mind and matter - has been destroyed, and the darkness has been dispelled. The Lord's Name is loved by those, upon whose foreheads such preordained destiny was written. How can the Lord be obtained, O Saints? Seeing Him, my life is sustained. Without the Lord, I cannot live, even for an instant. Unite me with the Guru, so that I may drink in the sublime essence of the Lord. I sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord, and I listen to them daily; the Lord, Har, Har, has emancipated me.

I have obtained the Lord's essence from the Guru; my mind and body are drenched with it. Blessed, blessed is the Guru, the True Being, who has blessed me with devotional worship of the Lord. From the Guru, I have obtained the Lord; I have made Him my Guru. The Sovereign Lord is the Giver of virtue. I am worthless and without virtue. The sinners sink like stones; through the Guru's Teachings, the Lord carries us across. You are the Giver of virtue, O Immaculate Lord; I am worthless and without virtue. I have entered Your Sanctuary, Lord; please save me, as You have saved the idiots and fools. Eternal celestial bliss comes through the Guru's Teachings, by meditating continually on the Lord, Har, Har. I have obtained the Lord God as my Best Friend, within the home of my own self. I sing the Songs of Joy. Please shower me with Your Mercy, O Lord God, that I may meditate on Your Name, Har, Har. Servant Nanak begs for the dust of the feet of those who have found the True Guru.

ONE UNIVERSAL CREATOR GOD.
BY THE GRACE OF THE TRUE GURU:

GURU RAM DAS
(163-175)

The pandit - the religious scholar - recites the Shaastras and the Simritees; the Yogi cries out, "Gorakh, Gorakh". But I am just a fool - I just chant the Name of the Lord, Har, Har. I do not know what my condition shall be, Lord. O my mind, vibrate and meditate on the Name of the Lord.

You shall cross over the terrifying world-ocean. The Sannyasi smears his body with ashes; renouncing other men's women, he practices celibacy. I am just a fool, Lord; I place my hopes in You! The Kh'shaatriya acts bravely, and is recognized as a warrior. The Shoodra and the Vaisha work and slave for others; I am just a fool - I am saved by the Lord's Name. The entire Universe is Yours; You Yourself permeate and pervade it. O Nanak, the Gurmukhs are blessed with Glorious Greatness. I am blind - I have taken the Lord as my Support.

The Speech of the Lord is the most sublime speech, free of any attributes. Vibrate on it, meditate on it, and join the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy. Cross over the terrifying world-ocean, listening to the Unspoken Speech of the Lord. O Lord of the Universe, unite me with the Sat Sangat, the True Congregation. My tongue savors the sublime essence of the Lord, singing the Lord's Glorious Praises. Those humble beings who meditate on the Name of the Lord, Har, Har - please make me the slave of their slaves, Lord. Serving Your slaves is the ultimate good deed. One who chants the Speech of the Lord - that humble servant is pleasing to my conscious mind. Those who are blessed with great good fortune obtain the dust of the feet of the humble. Those who are blessed with such preordained destiny are in love with the humble Saints. Those humble beings, O Nanak, are absorbed in the Naam, the Name of the Lord.

The mother loves to see her son eat. The fish loves to bathe in the water. The True Guru loves to place food in the mouth of His GurSikh. If only I could meet those humble servants of the Lord, O my Beloved. Meeting with them, my sorrows depart. As the cow shows her love to her strayed calf when she finds it, and as the bride shows her love for her husband when he returns home, so does the Lord's humble servant love to sing the Praises of the Lord. The sparrow-hawk loves the rainwater, falling in torrents; the king loves to see his wealth on display. The humble servant of the Lord loves to meditate on the Formless Lord. The mortal man loves to accumulate wealth and property. The GurSikh loves to meet and embrace the Guru. Servant Nanak loves to kiss the feet of the Holy.

The beggar loves to receive charity from the wealthy landlord. The hungry person loves to eat food. The GurSikh loves to find satisfaction by meeting the Guru. O Lord, grant me the Blessed vision of Your Darshan; I place my hopes in You, Lord. Shower me with Your Mercy, and fulfill my longing. The song-bird loves the sun shining in her face. Meeting her Beloved, all her pains are left behind. The GurSikh loves to gaze upon the Face of the Guru. The calf loves to suck its mother's milk; its heart blossoms forth upon seeing its mother. The GurSikh loves to gaze upon the Face of the Guru. All other loves and emotional attachment to Maya are false. They shall pass away, like false and transitory decorations.

Servant Nanak is fulfilled, through the Love of the True Guru.

Service to the True Guru is fruitful and rewarding; meeting Him, I meditate on the Name of the Lord, the Lord Master. So many are emancipated along with those who meditate on the Lord. O GurSikhs, chant the Name of the Lord, O my Siblings of Destiny. Chanting the Lord's Name, all sins are washed away. When one meets the Guru, then the mind becomes centered. The five passions, running wild, are brought to rest by meditating on the Lord. Night and day, within the body-village, the Glorious Praises of the Lord are sung. Those who apply the dust of the Feet of the True Guru to their faces, renounce falsehood and enshrine love for the Lord. Their faces are radiant in the Court of the Lord, O Siblings of Destiny. Service to the Guru is pleasing to the Lord Himself. Even Krishna and Balbhadar meditated on the Lord, falling at the Guru's Feet. O Nanak, the Lord Himself saves the Gurmukhs.

The Lord Himself is the Yogi, who wields the staff of authority. The Lord Himself practices tapa - intense self-disciplined meditation; He is deeply absorbed in His primal trance. Such is my Lord, who is all-pervading everywhere. He dwells near at hand - the Lord is not far away. The Lord Himself is the Word of the Shabd. He Himself is the awareness, attuned to its music. The Lord Himself beholds, and He Himself blossoms forth. The Lord Himself chants, and the Lord Himself inspires others to chant. He Himself is the sparrow-hawk, and the Ambrosial Nectar raining down. The Lord is the Ambrosial Nectar; He Himself leads us to drink it in. The Lord Himself is the Doer; He Himself is our Saving Grace. The Lord Himself is the Boat, the Raft and the Boatman. The Lord Himself, through the Guru's Teachings, saves us. O Nanak, the Lord Himself carries us across to the other side.

O Master, You are my Banker. I receive only that capital which You give me. I would purchase the Lord's Name with love, if You Yourself, in Your Mercy, would sell it to me. I am the merchant, the peddler of the Lord. I trade in the merchandise and capital of the Lord's Name. I have earned the profit, the wealth of devotional worship of the Lord. I have become pleasing to the Mind of the Lord, the True Banker. I chant and meditate on the Lord, loading the merchandise of the Lord's Name. The Messenger of Death, the tax collector, does not even approach me. Those traders who trade in other merchandise, are caught up in the endless waves of the pain of Maya. According to the business in which the Lord has placed them, so are the rewards they obtain. People trade in the Name of the Lord, Har, Har, when the God shows His Mercy and bestows it. Servant Nanak serves the Lord, the Banker; he shall never again be called to render his account.

The mother nourishes the fetus in the womb, hoping for a son, who will grow and earn and give her money to enjoy herself.

In just the same way, the humble servant of the Lord loves the Lord, who extends His Helping Hand to us. O my Lord, I am so foolish; save me, O my Lord God! Your servant's praise is Your Own Glorious Greatness. Those whose minds are pleased by the Praises of the Lord, Har, Har, are joyful in the palaces of their own homes. Their mouths savor all the sweet delicacies when they sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord. The Lord's humble servants are the saviors of their families; they save their families for twenty-one generations - they save the entire world! Whatever has been done, has been done by the Lord; it is the Glorious Greatness of the Lord. O Lord, in Your creatures, You are pervading; You inspire them to worship You. The Lord leads us to the treasure of devotional worship; He Himself bestows it. I am a slave, purchased in Your market; what clever tricks do I have? If the Lord were to set me upon a throne, I would still be His slave. If I were a grass-cutter, I would still chant the Lord's Name. Servant Nanak is the slave of the Lord; contemplate the Glorious Greatness of the Lord.

The farmers love to work their farms; they plow and work the fields, so that their sons and daughters may eat. In just the same way, the Lord's humble servants chant the Name of the Lord, Har, Har, and in the end, the Lord shall save them. I am foolish - save me, O my Lord! O Lord, enjoin me to work and serve the Guru, the True Guru. The traders buy horses, planning to trade them. They hope to earn wealth; their attachment to Maya increases. In just the same way, the Lord's humble servants chant the Name of the Lord, Har, Har; chanting the Lord's Name, they find peace. The shop-keepers collect poison, sitting in their shops, carrying on their business. Their love is false, their displays are false, and they are engrossed in falsehood. In just the same way, the Lord's humble servants gather the wealth of the Lord's Name; they take the Lord's Name as their supplies. This emotional attachment to Maya and family, and the love of duality, is a noose around the neck. Following the Guru's teachings, the humble servants are carried across; they become the slaves of the Lord's slaves. Servant Nanak meditates on the Naam; the Gurmukh is enlightened.

Continuously, day and night, they are gripped by greed and deluded by doubt. The slaves labor in slavery, carrying the loads upon their heads. That humble being who serves the Guru is put to work by the Lord in His Home. O my Lord, please break these bonds of Maya, and put me to work in Your Home. I continuously sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord; I am absorbed in the Lord's Name. Mortal men work for kings, all for the sake of wealth and Maya. But the king either imprisons them, or fines them, or else dies himself. Blessed, rewarding and fruitful is the service of the True Guru; through it, I chant the Name of the Lord, Har, Har, and I have found peace. Every day, people carry on their business, with all sorts of devices to earn interest, for the sake of Maya. If they earn a profit, they are pleased, but their hearts are broken by losses. One who is worthy, becomes a partner with the Guru, and finds a lasting peace forever.

The more one feels hunger for other tastes and pleasures, the more this hunger persists. Those unto whom the Lord Himself shows mercy, sell their head to the Guru. Servant Nanak is satisfied by the Name of the Lord, Har, Har. He shall never feel hungry again.

Within my conscious mind is the constant longing for the Lord. How can I behold the Blessed vision of Your Darshan, Lord? One who loves the Lord knows this; the Lord is very dear to my conscious mind. I am a sacrifice to my Guru, who has re-united me with my Creator Lord; I was separated from Him for such a long time!

O my Lord, I am a sinner; I have come to Your Sanctuary, and fallen at Your Door, Lord. My intellect is worthless; I am filthy and polluted. Please shower me with Your Mercy sometime. My demerits are so many and numerous. I have sinned so many times, over and over again. O Lord, they cannot be counted. You, Lord, are the Merciful Treasure of Virtue. When it pleases You, Lord, You forgive me.

I am a sinner, saved only by the Company of the Guru. He has bestowed the Teachings of the Lord's Name, which saves me. What Glorious Virtues of Yours can I describe, O my True Guru? When the Guru speaks, I am transfixed with wonder. Can anyone else save a sinner like me? The True Guru has protected and saved me. O Guru, You are my father. O Guru, You are my mother. O Guru, You are my relative, companion and friend. My condition, O my True Guru - that condition, O Lord, is known only to You. I was rolling around in the dirt, and no one cared for me at all. In the Company of the Guru, the True Guru, I, the worm, have been raised up and exalted. Blessed, blessed is the Guru of servant Nanak; meeting Him, all my sorrows and troubles have come to an end.

The soul of the man is lured by gold and women; emotional attachment to Maya is so sweet to him. The mind has become attached to the pleasures of houses, palaces, horses and other enjoyments. The Lord God does not even enter his thoughts; how can he be saved, O my Lord King?

O my Lord, these are my lowly actions, O my Lord. O Lord, Har, Har, Treasure of Virtue, Merciful Lord: please bless me with Your Grace and forgive me for all my mistakes. I have no beauty, no social status, no manners. With what face am I to speak? I have no virtue at all; I have not chanted Your Name. I am a sinner, saved only by the Company of the Guru.

This is the generous blessing of the True Guru. He gave all beings souls, bodies, mouths, noses and water to drink. He gave them corn to eat, clothes to wear, and other pleasures to enjoy. But they do not remember the One who gave them all this. The animals think that they made themselves! You made them all; You are all-pervading. You are the Inner-knower, the Searcher of hearts. What can these wretched creatures do? This whole drama is Yours, O Lord and Master. Servant Nanak was purchased in the slave-market.

He is the slave of the Lord's slaves.

Just as the mother, having given birth to a son, feeds him and keeps him in her vision - indoors and outdoors, she puts food in his mouth; each and every moment, she caresses him. In just the same way, the True Guru protects His GurSikhs, who love their Beloved Lord. O my Lord, we are just the ignorant children of our Lord God. Hail, hail, to the Guru, the Guru, the True Guru, the Divine Teacher who has made me wise through the Lord's Teachings.

The white flamingo circles through the sky, but she keeps her young ones in her mind; she has left them behind, but she constantly remembers them in her heart. In just the same way, the True Guru loves His Sikhs. The Lord cherishes His GurSikhs, and keeps them clasped to His Heart. Just as the tongue, made of flesh and blood, is protected within the scissors of the thirty-two teeth - who thinks that the power lies in the flesh or the scissors? Everything is in the Power of the Lord. In just the same way, when someone slanders the Saint, the Lord preserves the honor of His servant.

O Siblings of Destiny, let none think that they have any power. All act as the Lord causes them to act. Old age, death, fever, poisons and snakes - everything is in the Hands of the Lord. Nothing can touch anyone without the Lord's Order. Within your conscious mind, O servant Nanak, meditate forever on the Name of the Lord, who shall deliver you in the end.

Meeting Him, the mind is filled with bliss. He is called the True Guru. Double-mindedness departs, and the supreme status of the Lord is obtained. How can I meet my Beloved True Guru? Each and every moment, I humbly bow to Him. How will I meet my Perfect Guru? Granting His Grace, the Lord has led me to meet my Perfect True Guru. The desire of His humble servant has been fulfilled. I have received the dust of the Feet of the True Guru. Those who meet the True Guru implant devotional worship to the Lord, and listen to this devotional worship of the Lord. They never suffer any loss; they continually earn the profit of the Lord. One whose heart blossoms forth, is not in love with duality. O Nanak, meeting the Guru, one is saved, singing the Glorious Praises of the Lord.

The Merciful Lord God showered me with His Mercy; with mind and body and mouth, I chant the Lord's Name. As Gurmukh, I have been dyed in the deep and lasting color of the Lord's Love. The robe of my body is drenched with His Love. I am the maid-servant of my Lord God. When my mind surrendered to the Lord, He made all the world my slave. Consider this well, O Saints, O Siblings of Destiny - search your own hearts, seek and find Him there. The Beauty and the Light of the Lord, Har, Har, is present in all.

In all places, the Lord dwells nearby, close at hand. The Lord, Har, Har, dwells close by, all over the world. He is Infinite, All-powerful and Immeasurable. The Perfect Guru has revealed the Lord, Har, Har, to me. I have sold my head to the Guru. O Dear Lord, inside and outside, I am in the protection of Your Sanctuary; You are the Greatest of the Great, All-powerful Lord. Servant Nanak sings the Glorious Praises of the Lord, night and day, meeting the Guru, the True Guru, the Divine Intermediary.

Life of the World, Infinite Lord and Master, Master of the Universe, All-powerful Architect of Destiny. Whichever way You turn me, O my Lord and Master, that is the way I shall go. O Lord, my mind is attuned to the Lord's Love. Joining the Sat Sangat, the True Congregation, I have obtained the sublime essence of the Lord. I am absorbed in the Name of the Lord. The Lord, Har, Har, and the Name of the Lord, Har, Har, is the panacea, the medicine for the world. The Lord, and the Name of the Lord, Har, Har, bring peace and tranquility. Those who partake of the Lord's sublime essence, through the Guru's Teachings - their sins and sufferings are all eliminated. Those who have such preordained destiny inscribed on their foreheads, bathe in the pool of contentment of the Guru. The filth of evil-mindedness is totally washed away, from those who are imbued with the Love of the Lord's Name. O Lord, You Yourself are Your Own Master, O God. There is no other Giver as Great as You. Servant Nanak lives by the Naam, the Name of the Lord; by the Lord's Mercy, he chants the Lord's Name.

Show Mercy to me, O Life of the World, O Great Giver, so that my mind may merge with the Lord. The True Guru has bestowed His most pure and sacred Teachings. Chanting the Name of the Lord, Har, Har, Har, my mind is transfixed and enraptured. O Lord, my mind and body have been pierced through by the True Lord. The whole world is caught and held in the mouth of Death. Through the Teachings of the Guru, the True Guru, O Lord, I am saved.

Those who are not in love with the Lord are foolish and false - they are faithless cynics. They suffer the most extreme agonies of birth and death; they die over and over again, and they rot away in manure.

You are the Merciful Cherisher of those who seek Your Sanctuary. I beg of You: please grant me Your gift, Lord. Make me the slave of the Lord's slaves, so that my mind might dance in Your Love. He Himself is the Great Banker; God is our Lord and Master. I am His petty merchant. My mind, body and soul are all Your capital assets. You, O God, are the True Banker of servant Nanak.

You are Merciful, the Destroyer of all pain. Please give me Your Ear and listen to my prayer. Please unite me with the True Guru, my breath of life; through Him, O my Lord and Master, You are known. O Lord, I acknowledge the True Guru as the Supreme Lord God. I am foolish and ignorant, and my intellect is impure. Through the Teachings of the Guru, the True Guru, O Lord, I come to know You.

All the pleasures and enjoyments which I have seen - I have found them all to be bland and insipid. I have tasted the Ambrosial Nectar of the Naam, the Name of the Lord, by meeting the True Guru. It is sweet, like the juice of the sugarcane. Those who have not met the Guru, the True Guru, are foolish and insane - they are faithless cynics. Those who were preordained to have no good karma at all - gazing into the lamp of emotional attachment, they are burnt, like moths in a flame. Those whom You, in Your Mercy, have met, Lord, are committed to Your Service. Servant Nanak chants the Name of the Lord, Har, Har, Har. He is famous, and through the Guru's Teachings, He merges in the Name.

O my mind, God is always with you; He is your Lord and Master. Tell me, where could you run to get away from the Lord? The True Lord God Himself grants forgiveness; we are emancipated only when the Lord Himself emancipates us. O my mind, chant the Name of the Lord, Har, Har, Har - chant it in your mind. Quickly now, run to the Sanctuary of the True Guru, O my mind; following the Guru, the True Guru, you shall be saved. O my mind, serve God, the Giver of all peace; serving Him, you shall come to dwell in your own home deep within. As Gurmukh, go and enter your own home; anoint yourself with the sandalwood oil of the Lord's Praises. O my mind, the Praises of the Lord, Har, Har, Har, Har, Har, are exalted and sublime. Earn the profit of the Lord's Name, and let your mind be happy. If the Lord, Har, Har, in His Mercy, bestows it, then we partake of the ambrosial essence of the Lord's Name. O my mind, without the Naam, the Name of the Lord, and attached to duality, those faithless cynics are strangled by the Messenger of Death. Such faithless cynics, who have forgotten the Naam, are thieves. O my mind, do not even go near them. O my mind, serve the Unknowable and Immaculate Lord, the Man-lion; serving Him, your account will be cleared. The Lord God has made servant Nanak perfect; he is not diminished by even the tiniest particle.

My breath of life is in Your Power, God; my soul and body are totally Yours. Be merciful to me, and show me the Blessed vision of Your Darshan. There is such a great longing within my mind and body! O my Lord, there is such a great longing within my mind and body to meet the Lord. When the Guru, the Merciful Guru, showed just a little mercy to me, my Lord God came and met me. Whatever is in my conscious mind, O Lord and Master - that condition of mine is known only to You, Lord. Night and day, I chant Your Name, and I find peace. I live by placing my hopes in You, Lord. The Guru, the True Guru, the Giver, has shown me the Way; my Lord God came and met me. Night and day, I am filled with bliss; by great good fortune, all of the hopes of His humble servant have been fulfilled. O Lord of the World, Master of the Universe, everything is under Your control. Servant Nanak has come to Your Sanctuary, Lord; please, preserve the honor of Your humble servant.

This mind does not hold still, even for an instant.

Distracted by all sorts of distractions, it wanders around aimlessly in the ten directions. I have found the Perfect Guru, through great good fortune; He has given me the Mantra of the Lord's Name, and my mind has become quiet and tranquil. O Lord, I am the slave of the True Guru.

My forehead has been branded with His brand; I owe such a great debt to the Guru. He has been so generous and kind to me; He has carried me across the treacherous and terrifying world-ocean. Those who do not have love for the Lord within their hearts, harbor only false intentions and goals. As paper breaks down and dissolves in water, the self-willed manmukh wastes away in arrogant pride. I know nothing, and I do not know the future; as the Lord keeps me, so do I stand. For my failings and mistakes, O Guru, grant me Your Grace; servant Nanak is Your obedient dog.

The body-village is filled to overflowing with sexual desire and anger, which were broken into bits when I met with the Holy Saint. By preordained destiny, I have met with the Guru. I have entered into the realm of the Lord's Love. Greet the Holy Saint with your palms pressed together; this is an act of great merit. Bow down before Him; this is a virtuous action indeed.

The wicked shaaktas, the faithless cynics, do not know the taste of the Lord's sublime essence. The thorn of egotism is embedded deep within them. The more they walk away, the deeper it sticks into them, and the more they suffer in pain, until finally, the Messenger of Death smashes his club against their heads.

The humble servants of the Lord are absorbed in the Name of the Lord, Har, Har. The pain of birth and the fear of death are eradicated. They have obtained the Imperishable Supreme Being, the Transcendent Lord God, and they obtain great honor throughout all the worlds and realms. I am poor and meek, God, but I am Yours! Save me, please save me, O Greatest of the Great! Servant Nanak takes the Sustenance and Support of the Naam. In the Name of the Lord, he enjoys celestial peace.

Within this body-fortress is the Lord, the Sovereign Lord King, but the stubborn ones do not find the taste. When the Lord, Merciful to the meek, showed His Mercy, I found and tasted it, through the Word of the Guru's Shabd. Lovingly focused upon the Guru, the Kirtan of the Lord's Praise has become sweet to me. The Lord, the Supreme Lord God, is Inaccessible and Unfathomable. Those who are committed to the True Guru, the Divine Intermediary, meet the Lord. Those whose hearts are pleased with the Guru's teachings - the Lord's presence is revealed to them.

The hearts of the self-willed manmukhs are hard and cruel; their inner beings are dark. Even if the poisonous snake is fed large amounts of milk, it will still yield only poison.

O Lord God, please unite me with the Holy Guru, so that I might joyfully grind and eat the Shabd. Servant Nanak is the slave of the Guru; in the Sangat, the Holy Congregation, the bitter becomes sweet.

For the sake of the Lord, Har, Har, I have sold my body to the Perfect Guru. The True Guru, the Giver, has implanted the Naam, the Name of the Lord, within me. A very blessed and fortunate destiny is recorded upon my forehead.

Through the Guru's Teachings, I am lovingly centered on the Lord. The All-pervading Sovereign Lord King is contained in each and every heart. Through the Guru, and the Word of the Guru's Shabd, I am lovingly centered on the Lord. Cutting my mind and body into pieces, I offer them to my Guru. The Guru's Teachings have dispelled my doubt and fear. In the darkness, the Guru has lit the lamp of the Guru's wisdom; I am lovingly focused on the Lord. The darkness of ignorance has been dispelled, and my mind has been awakened; within the home of my inner being, I have found the genuine article.

The vicious hunters, the faithless cynics, are hunted down by the Messenger of Death. They have not sold their heads to the True Guru; those wretched, unfortunate ones continue coming and going in reincarnation.

Hear my prayer, O God, my Lord and Master: I beg for the Sanctuary of the Lord God. Servant Nanak's honor and respect is the Guru; he has sold his head to the True Guru.

I am egotistical and conceited, and my intellect is ignorant. Meeting the Guru, my selfishness and conceit have been abolished. The illness of egotism is gone, and I have found peace. Blessed, blessed is the Guru, the Sovereign Lord King.

I have found the Lord, through the Teachings of the Guru. My heart is filled with love for the Sovereign Lord King; the Guru has shown me the path and the way to find Him. My soul and body all belong to the Guru; I was separated, and He has led me into the Lord's Embrace. Deep within myself, I would love to see the Lord; the Guru has inspired me to see Him within my heart. Within my mind, intuitive peace and bliss have arisen; I have sold myself to the Guru. I am a sinner - I have committed so many sins; I am a villainous, thieving thief. Now, Nanak has come to the Lord's Sanctuary; preserve my honor, Lord, as it pleases Your Will.

Through the Guru's Teachings, the Unstruck Music resounds; through the Guru's Teachings, the mind sings. By great good fortune, I received the Blessed vision of the Guru's Darshan. Blessed, blessed is the Guru, who has led me to love the Lord. The Gurmukh is lovingly centered on the Lord. My Lord and Master is the Perfect True Guru. My mind works to serve the Guru. I massage and wash the Feet of the Guru, who recites the Sermon of the Lord. The Teachings of the Guru are in my heart; the Lord is the Source of nectar. My tongue sings the Glorious Praises of the Lord. My mind is immersed in, and drenched with the Lord's essence. Fulfilled with the Lord's Love, I shall never feel hunger again. People try all sorts of things, but without the Lord's Mercy, His Name is not obtained. The Lord has showered His Mercy upon servant Nanak; through the wisdom of the Guru's Teachings, he has enshrined the Naam, the Name of the Lord.

O my soul, as Gurmukh, do this deed: chant the Naam, the Name of the Lord. Make that teaching your mother that it may teach you to keep the Lord's Name in your mouth.

Let contentment be your father; the Guru is the Primal Being, beyond birth or incarnation. By great good fortune, you shall meet with the Lord. I have met the Guru, the Yogi, the Primal Being; I am delighted with His Love. The Guru is imbued with the Love of the Lord; He dwells forever in Nirvana. By great good fortune, I met the most accomplished and all-knowing Lord. My mind and body are drenched in the Love of the Lord.

Come, O Saints - let's meet together and chant the Naam, the Name of the Lord. In the Sangat, the Holy Congregation, let's earn the lasting profit of the Naam. Let's serve the Saints, and drink in the Ambrosial Nectar. By one's karma and preordained destiny, they are met. In the month of Sawan, the clouds of Ambrosial Nectar hang over the world. The peacock of the mind chirps, and receives the Word of the Shabd, in its mouth; the Ambrosial Nectar of the Lord rains down, and the Sovereign Lord King is met. Servant Nanak is imbued with the Love of the Lord.

Come, O sisters - let's make virtue our charms. Let's join the Saints, and enjoy the pleasure of the Lord's Love. The lamp of the Guru's spiritual wisdom burns steadily in my mind. The Lord, being pleased and moved by pity, has led me to meet Him. My mind and body are filled with love for my Darling Lord. The True Guru, the Divine Intermediary, has united me with my Friend. I offer my mind to the Guru, who has led me to meet my God. I am forever a sacrifice to the Lord.

Dwell, O my Beloved, dwell, O my Lord of the Universe; O Lord, show mercy to me and come to dwell within my mind. I have obtained the fruits of my mind's desires, O my Lord of the Universe; I am transfixed with ecstasy, gazing upon the Perfect Guru. The happy soul-brides receive the Lord's Name, O my Lord of the Universe; night and day, their minds are blissful and happy. By great good fortune, the Lord is found, O my Lord of the Universe; earning profit continually, the mind laughs with joy.

The Lord Himself creates, and the Lord Himself beholds; the Lord Himself assigns all to their tasks. Some partake of the bounty of the Lord's favor, which never runs out, while others receive only a handful. Some sit upon thrones as kings, and enjoy constant pleasures, while others must beg for charity. The Word of the Shabd is pervading in everyone, O my Lord of the Universe; servant Nanak meditates on the Naam.

From within my mind, from within my mind, O my Lord of the Universe, I am imbued with the Love of the Lord, from within my mind. The Lord's Love is with me, but it cannot be seen, O my Lord of the Universe; the Perfect Guru has led me to see the unseen. He has revealed the Name of the Lord, Har, Har, O my Lord of the Universe; all poverty and pain have departed. I have obtained the supreme status of the Lord, O my Lord of the Universe; by great good fortune, I am absorbed in the Naam. With his eyes, O my Beloved, with his eyes, O my Lord of the Universe - has anyone ever seen the Lord God with his eyes?

My mind and body are sad and depressed, O my Lord of the Universe; without her Husband Lord, the soul-bride is withering away. Meeting the Saints, O my Lord of the Universe, I have found my Lord God, my Companion, my Best Friend. The Lord, the Life of the World, has come to meet me, O my Lord of the Universe. The night of my life now passes in peace.

O Saints, unite me with my Lord God, my Best Friend; my mind and body are hungry for Him. I cannot survive without seeing my Beloved; deep within, I feel the pain of separation from the Lord. The Sovereign Lord King is my Beloved, my Best Friend. Through the Guru, I have met Him, and my mind has been rejuvenated. The hopes of my mind and body have been fulfilled, O my Lord of the Universe; meeting the Lord, my mind vibrates with joy.

A sacrifice, O my Lord of the Universe, a sacrifice, O my Beloved; I am forever a sacrifice to You. My mind and body are filled with love for my Husband Lord; O my Lord of the Universe, please preserve my assets. Unite me with the True Guru, Your Advisor, O my Lord of the Universe; through His guidance, He shall lead me to the Lord. I have obtained the Lord's Name, by Your Mercy, O my Lord of the Universe; servant Nanak has entered Your Sanctuary.

Playful is my Lord of the Universe; playful is my Beloved. My Lord God is wondrous and playful. The Lord Himself created Krishna, O my Lord of the Universe; the Lord Himself is the milkmaids who seek Him. The Lord Himself enjoys every heart, O my Lord of the Universe; He Himself is the Ravisher and the Enjoyer. The Lord is All-knowing - He cannot be fooled, O my Lord of the Universe. He is the True Guru, the Yogi. He Himself created the world, O my Lord of the Universe; the Lord Himself plays in so many ways! Some enjoy enjoyments, O my Lord of the Universe, while others wander around naked, the poorest of the poor. He Himself created the world, O my Lord of the Universe; the Lord gives His gifts to all who beg for them. His devotees have the Support of the Naam, O my Lord of the Universe; they beg for the sublime sermon of the Lord. The Lord Himself inspires His devotees to worship Him, O my Lord of the Universe; the Lord fulfills the desires of the minds of His devotees. He Himself is permeating and pervading the waters and the lands, O my Lord of the Universe; He is All-pervading - He is not far away. The Lord Himself is within the self, and outside as well, O my Lord of the Universe; the Lord Himself is fully pervading everywhere. The Lord, the Supreme Soul, is diffused everywhere, O my Lord of the Universe. The Lord Himself beholds all; His immanent presence is pervading everywhere. O Lord, the music of the pranic wind is deep within, O my Lord of the Universe; as the Lord Himself plays this music, so does it vibrate and resound. O Lord, the treasure of the Naam is deep within, O my Lord of the Universe; through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, the Lord God is revealed. He Himself leads us to enter His Sanctuary, O my Lord of the Universe; the Lord preserves the honor of His devotees.

By great good fortune, one joins the Sangat, the Holy Congregation, O my Lord of the Universe; O servant Nanak, through the Naam, one's affairs are resolved.

The Lord has implanted a longing for the Lord's Name within me. I have met the Lord God, my Best Friend, and I have found peace. Beholding my Lord God, I live, O my mother. The Lord's Name is my Friend and Brother.

O Dear Saints, sing the Glorious Praises of my Lord God. As Gurmukh, chant the Naam, the Name of the Lord, O very fortunate ones. The Name of the Lord, Har, Har, is my soul and my breath of life. I shall never again have to cross over the terrifying world-ocean. How shall I behold my Lord God? My mind and body yearn for Him. Unite me with the Lord, Dear Saints; my mind is in love with Him. Through the Word of the Guru's Shabd, I have found the Sovereign Lord, my Beloved.

O very fortunate ones, chant the Name of the Lord. Within my mind and body, there is such a great longing for God, the Lord of the Universe. Unite me with the Lord, Dear Saints. God, the Lord of the Universe, is so close to me. Through the Teachings of the True Guru, the Naam is always revealed; the desires of servant Nanak's mind have been fulfilled.

If I receive my Love, the Naam, then I live. In the temple of the mind, is the Ambrosial Nectar of the Lord; through the Guru's Teachings, we drink it in. My mind is drenched with the Love of the Lord. I continually drink in the sublime essence of the Lord. I have found the Lord within my mind, and so I live. The arrow of the Lord's Love has pierced by mind and body. The Lord, the Primal Being, is All-knowing; He is my Beloved and my Best Friend. The Saintly Guru has united me with the All-knowing and All-seeing Lord. I am a sacrifice to the Naam, the Name of the Lord. I seek my Lord, Har, Har, my Intimate, my Best Friend.

Show me the way to the Lord, Dear Saints; I am searching all over for Him. The Kind and Compassionate True Guru has shown me the Way, and I have found the Lord. Through the Name of the Lord, I am absorbed in the Naam. I am consumed with the pain of separation from the Love of the Lord. The Guru has fulfilled my desire, and I have received the Ambrosial Nectar in my mouth. The Lord has become merciful, and now I meditate on the Name of the Lord. Servant Nanak has obtained the sublime essence of the Lord.

ONE UNIVERSAL CREATOR GOD.
BY THE GRACE OF THE TRUE GURU:

GURU ARJAN
(175-200)

How can happiness be found, O my Siblings of Destiny? How can the Lord, our Help and Support, be found? There is no happiness in owning one's own home, in all of Maya, or in lofty mansions casting beautiful shadows. In fraud and greed, this human life is being wasted.

He is pleased at the sight of his elephants and horses and his armies assembled, his servants and his soldiers. But the noose of egotism is tightening around his neck. His rule may extend in all ten directions; he may revel in pleasures, and enjoy many women – but he is just a beggar, who in his dream, is a king. The True Guru has shown me that there is only one pleasure. Whatever the Lord does, is pleasing to the Lord's devotee. Servant Nanak has abolished his ego, and he is absorbed in the Lord. This is the way to find happiness, O my Siblings of Destiny. This is the way to find the Lord, our Help and Support.

Why do you doubt? What do you doubt? God is pervading the water, the land and the sky. The Gurmukhs are saved, while the self-willed manmukhs lose their honor. One who is protected by the Merciful Lord - no one else can rival him. The Infinite One is pervading among all. So sleep in peace, and don't worry. He knows everything which happens. The self-willed manmukhs are dying in the thirst of duality. They wander lost through countless incarnations; this is their preordained destiny. As they plant, so shall they harvest. Beholding the Blessed vision of the Lord's Darshan, my mind has blossomed forth. And now everywhere I look, God is revealed to me. Servant Nanak's hopes have been fulfilled by the Lord.

In so many incarnations, you were a worm and an insect; in so many incarnations, you were an elephant, a fish and a deer. In so many incarnations, you were a bird and a snake. In so many incarnations, you were yoked as an ox and a horse. Meet the Lord of the Universe - now is the time to meet Him. After so very long, this human body was fashioned for you. In so many incarnations, you were rocks and mountains; in so many incarnations, you were aborted in the womb; in so many incarnations, you developed branches and leaves; you wandered through 8.4 million incarnations. Through the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy, you obtained this human life. Do seva - selfless service; follow the Guru's Teachings, and vibrate the Lord's Name, Har, Har. Abandon pride, falsehood and arrogance. Remain dead while yet alive, and you shall be welcomed in the Court of the Lord. Whatever has been, and whatever shall be, comes from You, Lord. No one else can do anything at all. We are united with You, when You unite us with Yourself. Says Nanak, sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord, Har, Har.

In the field of karma, plant the seed of the Naam. Your works shall be brought to fruition. You shall obtain these fruits, and the fear of death shall be dispelled. Sing continually the Glorious Praises of the Lord, Har, Har. Keep the Name of the Lord, Har, Har, enshrined in your heart, and your affairs shall be quickly resolved. Be always attentive to your God; thus you shall be honored in His Court.

Give up all your clever tricks and devices, and hold tight to the Feet of the Saints. The One, Who holds all creatures in His Hands, is never separated from them; He is with them all. Abandon your clever devices, and grasp hold of His Support. In an instant, you shall be saved. Know that He is always near at hand. Accept the Order of God as True. Through the Guru's Teachings, eradicate selfishness and conceit. O Nanak, chant and meditate on the Naam, the Name of the Lord, Har, Har.

The Guru's Word is eternal and everlasting. The Guru's Word cuts away the noose of Death. The Guru's Word is always with the soul. Through the Guru's Word, one is immersed in the Love of the Lord. Whatever the Guru gives, is useful to the mind. Whatever the Saint does - accept that as True. The Guru's Word is infallible and unchanging. Through the Guru's Word, doubt and prejudice are dispelled. The Guru's Word never goes away; through the Guru's Word, we sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord. The Guru's Word accompanies the soul. The Guru's Word is the Master of the masterless. The Guru's Word saves one from falling into hell. Through the Guru's Word, the tongue savors the Ambrosial Nectar. The Guru's Word is revealed in the world. Through the Guru's Word, no one suffers defeat. O Nanak, the True Guru is always kind and compassionate, unto those whom the Lord Himself has blessed with His Mercy.

He makes jewels out of the dust, and He managed to preserve you in the womb. He has given you fame and greatness; meditate on that God, twenty-four hours a day. O Lord, I seek the dust of the feet of the Holy. Meeting the Guru, I meditate on my Lord and Master. He transformed me, the fool, into a fine speaker, and He made the unconscious become conscious; by His Grace, I have obtained the nine treasures. May I never forget that God from my mind. He has given a home to the homeless; He has given honor to the dishonored. He has fulfilled all desires; remember Him in meditation, day and night, with every breath and every morsel of food. By His Grace, the bonds of Maya are cut away. By Guru's Grace, the bitter poison has become Ambrosial Nectar. Says Nanak, I cannot do anything; I praise the Lord, the Protector.

In His Sanctuary, there is no fear or sorrow. Without Him, nothing at all can be done. I have renounced clever tricks, power and intellectual corruption. God is the Protector of His servant. Meditate, O my mind, on the Lord, Raam, Raam, with love. Within your home, and beyond it, He is always with you. Keep His Support in your mind.

Taste the ambrosial essence, the Word of the Guru's Shabd. Of what use are other efforts? Showing His Mercy, the Lord Himself protects our honor. What is the human? What power does he have? All the tumult of Maya is false. Our Lord and Master is the One who acts, and causes others to act. He is the inner-knower, the searcher of all hearts. Of all comforts, this is the true comfort. Keep the Guru's Teachings in your mind. Those who bear love for the Name of the Lord - says Nanak, they are blessed, and very fortunate.

Listening to the Lord's sermon, my pollution has been washed away. I have become totally pure, and I now walk in peace. By great good fortune, I found the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy; I have fallen in love with the Supreme Lord God. Chanting the Name of the Lord, Har, Har, His servant has been carried across. The Guru has lifted me up and carried me across the ocean of fire. Singing the Kirtan of His Praises, my mind has become peaceful; the residues of the mistakes of countless incarnations have been washed away. I have seen all the treasures within my own mind; why should I now go out searching for them? When God Himself becomes merciful, the work of His servant becomes perfect. He has cut away my bonds, and made me His slave. Remember, remember, remember Him in meditation; He is the treasure of excellence. He alone is in the mind; He alone is everywhere. The perfect Lord is totally permeating and pervading everywhere. The Perfect Guru has dispelled all doubts. Remembering the Lord in meditation, Nanak has found peace.

Those who have died have been forgotten. Those who survive have fastened their belts. They are busily occupied in their affairs; they cling twice as hard to Maya. No one thinks of the time of death; people grasp to hold that which shall pass away. The fools - their bodies are bound down by desires. They are mired in sexual desire, anger and attachment; the Righteous Judge of Dharma stands over their heads. Believing it to be sweet, the fools eat poison. They say, "I shall tie up my enemy, and I shall cut him down. Who dares to set foot upon my land? I am learned, I am clever and wise." The ignorant ones do not recognize their Creator. The Lord Himself knows His Own state and condition. What can anyone say? How can anyone describe Him? Whatever He attaches us to - to that we are attached. Everyone begs for their own good. Everything is Yours; You are the Creator Lord. You have no end or limitation. Please give this gift to Your servant, that Nanak might never forget the Naam.

By all sorts of efforts, people do not find salvation. Through clever tricks, the weight is only piled on more and more.

Serving the Lord with a pure heart, you shall be received with honor at God's Court. O my mind, hold tight to the Support of the Lord's Name. The hot winds shall never even touch you. Like a boat in the ocean of fear; like a lamp which illumines the darkness; like fire which takes away the pain of cold - just so, chanting the Name, the mind becomes peaceful. The thirst of your mind shall be quenched, and all hopes shall be fulfilled. Your consciousness shall not waver. Meditate on the Ambrosial Naam as Gurmukh, O my friend. He alone receives the panacea, the medicine of the Naam, unto whom the Lord, in His Grace, bestows it. One whose heart is filled with the Name of the Lord, Har, Har - O Nanak, his pains and sorrows are eliminated.

Even with vast sums of wealth, the mind is not satisfied. Gazing upon countless beauties, the man is not satisfied. He is so involved with his wife and sons - he believes that they belong to him. That wealth shall pass away, and those relatives shall be reduced to ashes. Without meditating and vibrating on the Lord, they are crying out in pain. Their bodies are cursed, and their wealth is cursed - they are imbued with Maya. The servant carries the bags of money on his head, but it goes to his master's house, and he receives only pain. The man sits as a king in his dreams, but when he opens his eyes, he sees that it was all in vain. The watchman oversees the field of another, but the field belongs to his master, while he must get up and depart. He works so hard, and suffers for that field, but still, nothing comes into his hands. The dream is His, and the kingdom is His; He who has given the wealth of Maya, has infused the desire for it. He Himself annihilates, and He Himself restores. Nanak offers this prayer to God.

I have gazed upon the many forms of Maya, in so many ways. With pen and paper, I have written clever things. I have seen what it is to be a chief, a king, and an emperor, but they do not satisfy the mind. Show me that peace, O Saints, which will quench my thirst and satisfy my mind. You may have horses as fast as the wind, elephants to ride on, sandalwood oil, and beautiful women in bed, actors in dramas, singing in theaters - but even with them, the mind does not find contentment. You may have a throne at the royal court, with beautiful decorations and soft carpets, all sorts of luscious fruits and beautiful gardens, the excitement of the chase and princely pleasures - but still, the mind is not made happy by such illusory diversions. In their kindness, the Saints have told me of the True One, and so I have obtained all comforts and joy. In the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy, I sing the Kirtan of the Lord's Praises. Says Nanak, through great good fortune, I have found this. One who obtains the wealth of the Lord becomes happy. By God's Grace, I have joined the Saadh Sangat.

The mortal claims this body as his own. Again and again, he clings to it. He is entangled with his children, his wife and household affairs. He cannot be the slave of the Lord.

What is that way, by which the Lord's Praises might be sung? What is that intellect, by which this person might swim across, O mother? That which is for his own good, he thinks is evil. If someone tells him the truth, he looks upon that as poison. He cannot tell victory from defeat. This is the way of life in the world of the faithless cynic. The demented fool drinks in the deadly poison, while he believes the Ambrosial Naam to be bitter. He does not even approach the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy; he wanders lost through 8.4 million incarnations. The birds are caught in the net of Maya; immersed in the pleasures of love, they frolic in so many ways. Says Nanak, the Perfect Guru has cut away the noose from those, unto whom the Lord has shown His Mercy.

By Your Grace, we find the Way. By God's Grace, we meditate on the Naam, the Name of the Lord. By God's Grace, we are released from our bondage. By Your Grace, egotism is eradicated. As You assign me, so I take to Your service. By myself, I cannot do anything at all, O Divine Lord. If it pleases You, then I sing the Word of Your Bani. If it pleases You, then I speak the Truth. If it pleases You, then the True Guru showers His Mercy upon me. All peace comes by Your Kindness, God. Whatever pleases You is a pure action of karma. Whatever pleases You is the true faith of Dharma. The treasure of all excellence is with You. Your servant prays to You, O Lord and Master. The mind and body become immaculate through the Lord's Love. All peace is found in the Sat Sangat, the True Congregation. My mind remains attuned to Your Name; Nanak affirms this as his greatest pleasure.

You may taste the other flavors, but your thirst shall not depart, even for an instant. But when you taste the sweet flavor of the Lord's sublime essence - upon tasting it, you shall be wonder-struck and amazed. O dear beloved tongue, drink in the Ambrosial Nectar. Imbued with this sublime essence, you shall be satisfied. O tongue, sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord. Each and every moment, meditate on the Lord, Har, Har, Har. Do not listen to any other, and do not go anywhere else. By great good fortune, you shall find the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy. Twenty-four hours a day, O tongue, dwell upon God, the Unfathomable, Supreme Lord and Master. Here and hereafter, you shall be happy forever. Chanting the Glorious Praises of the Lord, O tongue, you shall become priceless. All the vegetation will blossom forth for you, flowering in fruition; imbued with this sublime essence, you shall never leave it again. No other sweet and tasty flavors can compare to it. Says Nanak, the Guru has become my Support.

The mind is the temple, and the body is the fence built around it.

The infinite substance is within it. Within it, the great merchant is said to dwell. Who is the trader who deals there? How rare is that trader who deals in the jewel of the Naam, the Name of the Lord. He takes the Ambrosial Nectar as his food. He dedicates his mind and body to serving the Lord. How can we please the Lord? I fall at His Feet, and I renounce all sense of 'mine and yours'. Who can settle this bargain? How can I attain the Mansion of the Lord's Presence? How can I get Him to call me inside? You are the Great Merchant; You have millions of traders. Who is the benefactor? Who can take me to Him? Seeking and searching, I have found my own home, deep within my own being. The True Lord has shown me the priceless jewel. When the Great Merchant shows His Mercy, He blends us into Himself. Says Nanak, place your faith in the Guru.

Night and day, they remain in the Love of the One. They know that God is always with them. They make the Name of their Lord and Master their way of life; they are satisfied and fulfilled with the Blessed vision of the Lord's Darshan. Imbued with the Love of the Lord, their minds and bodies are rejuvenated, entering the Sanctuary of the Perfect Guru. The Lord's Lotus Feet are the Support of the soul. They see only the One, and obey His Order. There is only one trade, and one occupation. They know no other than the Formless Lord. They are free of both pleasure and pain. They remain unattached, joined to the Lord's Way. They are seen among all, and yet they are distinct from all. They focus their meditation on the Supreme Lord God. How can I describe the Glories of the Saints? Their knowledge is unfathomable; their limits cannot be known. O Supreme Lord God, please shower Your Mercy upon me. Bless Nanak with the dust of the feet of the Saints.

You are my Companion; You are my Best Friend. You are my Beloved; I am in love with You. You are my honor; You are my decoration. Without You, I cannot survive, even for an instant. You are my Intimate Beloved, You are my breath of life. You are my Lord and Master; You are my Leader. As You keep me, so do I survive. Whatever You say, that is what I do. Wherever I look, there I see You dwelling. O my Fearless Lord, with my tongue, I chant Your Name. You are my nine treasures, You are my storehouse.

I am imbued with Your Love; You are the Support of my mind. You are my Glory; I am blended with You. You are my Shelter; You are my Anchoring Support. Deep within my mind and body, I meditate on You. I have obtained Your secret from the Guru. Through the True Guru, the One and only Lord was implanted within me; servant Nanak has taken to the Support of the Lord, Har, Har, Har.

It torments us with the expression of pleasure and pain. It torments us through incarnations in heaven and hell. It is seen to afflict the rich, the poor and the glorious. The source of this illness which torments us is greed. Maya torments us in so many ways. But the Saints live under Your Protection, God. It torments us through intoxication with intellectual pride. It torments us through the love of children and spouse. It torments us through elephants, horses and beautiful clothes. It torments us through the intoxication of wine and the beauty of youth. It torments landlords, paupers and lovers of pleasure. It torments us through the sweet sounds of music and parties. It torments us through beautiful beds, palaces and decorations. It torments us through the darkness of the five evil passions. It torments those who act, entangled in ego. It torments us through household affairs, and it torments us in renunciation. It torments us through character, lifestyle and social status. It torments us through everything, except for those who are imbued with the Love of the Lord. The Sovereign Lord King has cut away the bonds of His Saints. How can Maya torment them? Says Nanak, Maya does not draw near those who have obtained the dust of the feet of the Saints.

The eyes are asleep in corruption, gazing upon the beauty of another. The ears are asleep, listening to slanderous stories. The tongue is asleep, in its desire for sweet flavors. The mind is asleep, fascinated by Maya. Those who remain awake in this house are very rare; by doing so, they receive the whole thing. All of my companions are intoxicated with their sensory pleasures; they do not know how to guard their own home. The five thieves have plundered them; the thugs descend upon the unguarded village. Our mothers and fathers cannot save us from them; friends and brothers cannot protect us from them - they cannot be restrained by wealth or cleverness. Only through the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy, can those villains be brought under control. Have Mercy upon me, O Lord, Sustainer of the world. The dust of the feet of the Saints is all the treasure I need. In the Company of the True Guru, one's investment remains intact. Nanak is awake to the Love of the Supreme Lord. He alone is awake, unto whom God shows His Mercy. This investment, wealth and property shall remain intact.

Kings and emperors are under His Power. The whole world is under His Power. Everything is done by His doing; other than Him, there is nothing at all. Offer your prayers to your True Guru; He will resolve your affairs. The Darbaar of His Court is the most exalted of all. His Name is the Support of all His devotees. The Perfect Master is pervading everywhere. His Glory is manifest in each and every heart. Remembering Him in meditation, the home of sorrow is abolished. Remembering Him in meditation, the Messenger of Death shall not touch you. Remembering Him in meditation, the dry branches become green again.

Remembering Him in meditation, sinking stones are made to float. I salute and applaud the Society of the Saints. The Name of the Lord, Har, Har, is the Support of the breath of life of His servant. Says Nanak, the Lord has heard my prayer; by the Grace of the Saints, I dwell in the Naam, the Name of the Lord.

By the Blessed vision of the True Guru's Darshan, the fire of desire is quenched. Meeting the True Guru, egotism is subdued. In the Company of the True Guru, the mind does not waver. The Gurmukh speaks the Ambrosial Word of Gurbani. He sees the True One pervading the whole world; he is imbued with the True One. I have become cool and tranquil, knowing God, through the Guru. By the Grace of the Saints, one chants the Lord's Name. By the Grace of the Saints, one sings the Kirtan of the Lord's Praises. By the Grace of the Saints, all pains are erased. By the Grace of the Saints, one is released from bondage. By the kind Mercy of the Saints, emotional attachment and doubt are removed. Taking a bath in the dust of the feet of the Holy - this is true Dharmic faith. By the kindness of the Holy, the Lord of the Universe becomes merciful. The life of my soul is with the Holy. Meditating on the Merciful Lord, the Treasure of Mercy, I have obtained a seat in the Saadh Sangat. I am worthless, but God has been kind to me. In the Saadh Sangat, Nanak has taken to the Naam, the Name of the Lord.

In the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy, I meditate on the Lord God. The Guru has given me the Mantra of the Naam, the Name of the Lord. Shedding my ego, I have become free of hate. Twenty-four hours a day, I worship the Guru's Feet. Now, my evil sense of alienation is eliminated, since I have heard the Praises of the Lord with my ears. The Savior Lord is the treasure of intuitive peace, poise and bliss. He shall save me in the end. My pains, sufferings, fears and doubts have been erased. He has mercifully saved me from coming and going in reincarnation. He Himself beholds, speaks and hears all. O my mind, meditate on the One who is always with you. By the Grace of the Saints, the Light has dawned. The One Lord, the Treasure of Excellence, is perfectly pervading everywhere. Pure are those who speak, and sanctified are those who hear and sing, forever and ever, the Glorious Praises of the Lord of the Universe. Says Nanak, when the Lord bestows His Mercy, all one's efforts are fulfilled.

He breaks our bonds, and inspires us to chant the Lord's Name. With the mind centered in meditation on the True Lord, anguish is eradicated, and one comes to dwell in peace. Such is the True Guru, the Great Giver. He alone is the Giver of peace, who inspires us to chant the Naam, the Name of the Lord. By His Grace, He leads us to merge with Him. He unites with Himself those unto whom He has shown His Mercy. All treasures are received from the Guru. Renouncing selfishness and conceit, coming and going come to an end. In the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy, the Supreme Lord God is recognized. God has become merciful to His humble servant.

The One Lord of the Universe is the Support of His humble servants. They love the One Lord; their minds are filled with love for the Lord. The Name of the Lord is all treasures for them. They are in love with the Supreme Lord God; their actions are pure, and their lifestyle is true. The Perfect Guru has dispelled the darkness. Nanak's God is Incomparable and Infinite.

Those whose minds are filled with the Lord, swim across. Those who have the blessing of good karma, meet with the Lord. Pain, disease and fear do not affect them at all. They meditate on the Ambrosial Name of the Lord within their hearts. Meditate on the Supreme Lord God, the Transcendent Lord. From the Perfect Guru, this understanding is obtained. The Merciful Lord is the Doer, the Cause of causes. He cherishes and nurtures all beings and creatures. He is Inaccessible, Incomprehensible, Eternal and Infinite. Meditate on Him, O my mind, through the Teachings of the Perfect Guru. Serving Him, all treasures are obtained. Worshipping God, honor is obtained. Working for Him is never in vain; forever and ever, sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord. Show Mercy to me, O God, O Searcher of hearts. The Unseen Lord and Master is the Treasure of Peace. All beings and creatures seek Your Sanctuary; Nanak is blessed to receive the greatness of the Naam, the Name of the Lord.

Our way of life is in His Hands; remember Him, the Master of the masterless. When God comes to mind, all pains depart. All fears are dispelled through the Name of the Lord. Why do you fear any other than the Lord? Forgetting the Lord, why do you pretend to be at peace? He established the many worlds and skies. The soul is illumined with His Light; no one can revoke His Blessing. Meditate, meditate in remembrance on God, and become fearless. Twenty-four hours a day, meditate in remembrance on God's Name. In it are the many sacred shrines of pilgrimage and cleansing baths. Seek the Sanctuary of the Supreme Lord God. Millions of mistakes shall be erased in an instant. The Perfect King is self-sufficient. God's servant has true faith in Him. Giving him His Hand, the Perfect Guru protects him. O Nanak, the Supreme Lord God is All-powerful.

By Guru's Grace, my mind is attached to the Naam, the Name of the Lord. Asleep for so many incarnations, it is now awakened. I chant the Ambrosial Bani, the Glorious Praises of God. The Pure Teachings of the Perfect Guru have been revealed to me. Meditating in remembrance on God, I have found total peace. Within my home, and outside as well, there is peace and poise all around. I have recognized the One who created me. Showing His Mercy, God has blended me with Himself. Taking me by the arm, He has made me His Own. I continually chant and meditate on the Sermon of the Lord, Har, Har. Mantras, tantras, all-curing medicines and acts of atonement, are all in the Name of the Lord, Har, Har, the Support of the soul and the Breath of Life.

I have obtained the true wealth of the Lord's Love. I have crossed over the treacherous world-ocean in the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy. Sit in peace, O Saints, with the family of friends. Earn the wealth of the Lord, which is beyond estimation. He alone obtains it, unto whom the Guru has bestowed it. O Nanak, no one shall go away empty-handed.

The hands are sanctified instantly, and the entanglements of Maya are dispelled. Repeat constantly with your tongue the Glorious Praises of the Lord, and you shall find peace, O my friends, O Siblings of Destiny. With pen and ink, write upon your paper the Name of the Lord, the Ambrosial Word of the Lord's Bani. By this act, your sins shall be washed away. Remembering the Lord in meditation, you shall not be punished by the Messenger of Death. The couriers of the Righteous Judge of Dharma shall not touch you. The intoxication of Maya shall not entice you at all. You shall be redeemed, and through you, the whole world shall be saved, if you chant the Name of the One and Only Lord. Practice this yourself, and teach others; instill the Lord's Name in your heart. That person, who has this treasure upon his forehead - that person meditates on God. Twenty-four hours a day, chant the Glorious Praises of the Lord, Har, Har. Says Nanak, I am a sacrifice to Him.

ONE UNIVERSAL CREATOR GOD.
BY THE GRACE OF THE TRUE GURU:

That which belongs to another - he claims as his own. That which he must abandon - to that, his mind is attracted. Tell me, how can he meet the Lord of the World? That which is forbidden - with that, he is in love. That which is false - he deems as true. That which is true - his mind is not attached to that at all. He takes the crooked path of the unrighteous way; leaving the straight and narrow path, he weaves his way backwards. God is the Lord and Master of both worlds. He, whom the Lord unites with Himself, O Nanak, is liberated.

In the dark age of Kali Yuga, they come together through destiny. As long as the Lord commands, they enjoy their pleasures. By burning oneself, the Beloved Lord is not obtained. Only by the actions of destiny does she rise up and burn herself, as a 'satee'. Imitating what she sees, with her stubborn mind-set, she goes into the fire. She does not obtain the Company of her Beloved Lord, and she wanders through countless incarnations. With pure conduct and self-restraint, she surrenders to her Husband Lord's Will; that woman shall not suffer pain at the hands of the Messenger of Death. Says Nanak, she who looks upon the Transcendent Lord as her Husband, is the blessed 'satee'; she is received with honor in the Court of the Lord.

I am prosperous and fortunate, for I have received the True Name.

I sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord, with natural, intuitive ease. When I opened it up and gazed upon the treasures of my father and grandfather, then my mind became very happy. The storehouse is inexhaustible and immeasurable, overflowing with priceless jewels and rubies. The Siblings of Destiny meet together, and eat and spend, but these resources do not diminish; they continue to increase. Says Nanak, one who has such destiny written on his forehead, becomes a partner in these treasures.

I was scared, scared to death, when I thought that He was far away. But my fear was removed, when I saw that He is pervading everywhere. I am a sacrifice to my True Guru. He shall not abandon me; He shall surely carry me across. Pain, disease and sorrow come when one forgets the Naam, the Name of the Lord. Eternal bliss comes when one sings the Glorious Praises of the Lord. Do not say that anyone is good or bad. Renounce your arrogant pride, and grasp the Feet of the Lord. Says Nanak, remember the GurMantra; you shall find peace at the True Court.

Those who have the Lord as their Friend and Companion - tell me, what else do they need? Those who are in love with the Lord of the Universe - pain, suffering and doubt run away from them. Those who have enjoyed the flavor of the Lord's sublime essence are not attracted to any other pleasures. Those whose speech is accepted in the Court of the Lord - what do they care about anything else? Those who belong to the One, unto whom all things belong - O Nanak, they find a lasting peace.

Those who look alike upon pleasure and pain - how can anxiety touch them?| The Lord's Holy Saints abide in celestial bliss. They remain obedient to the Lord, the Sovereign Lord King. Those who have the Carefree Lord abiding in their minds - no cares will ever bother them. Those who have banished doubt from their minds are not afraid of death at all. Those whose hearts are filled with the Lord's Name by the Guru - says Nanak, all treasures come to them.

The Lord of Unfathomable Form has His Place in the mind. By Guru's Grace, a rare few come to understand this. The Ambrosial Pools of the celestial sermon - those who find them, drink them in. The Unstruck Melody of the Guru's Bani vibrates in that most special place. The Lord of the World is fascinated with this melody. The numerous, countless places of celestial peace - there, the Saints dwell, in the Company of the Supreme Lord God. There is infinite joy, and no sorrow or duality. The Guru has blessed Nanak with this home.

What form of Yours should I worship and adore? What Yoga should I practice to control my body?

What is that virtue, by which I may sing of You? What is that speech, by which I may please the Supreme Lord God? What worship service shall I perform for You? How can I cross over the terrifying world-ocean? What is that penance, by which I may become a penitent? What is that Name, by which the filth of egotism may be washed away? Virtue, worship, spiritual wisdom, meditation and all service, O Nanak, are obtained from the True Guru, when, in His Mercy and Kindness, He meets us. They alone receive this merit, and they alone know God, who are approved by the Giver of peace.

The body which you are so proud of, does not belong to you. Power, property and wealth are not yours. They are not yours, so why do you cling to them? Only the Naam, the Name of the Lord, is yours; it is received from the True Guru. Children, spouse and siblings are not yours. Dear friends, mother and father are not yours. Gold, silver and money are not yours. Fine horses and magnificent elephants are of no use to you. Says Nanak, those whom the Guru forgives, meet with the Lord. Everything belongs to those who have the Lord as their King.

I place the Guru's Feet on my forehead, and all my pains are gone. I am a sacrifice to my True Guru. I have come to understand my soul, and I enjoy supreme bliss. I have applied the dust of the Guru's Feet to my face, which has removed all my arrogant intellect. The Word of the Guru's Shabd has become sweet to my mind, and I behold the Supreme Lord God. The Guru is the Giver of peace; the Guru is the Creator. O Nanak, the Guru is the Support of the breath of life and the soul.

O my mind, seek the One who lacks nothing. Make the Beloved Lord your friend. Keep Him constantly in your mind; He is the Support of the breath of life. O my mind, serve Him; He is the Primal Being, the Infinite Divine Lord. Place your hopes in the One who is the Support of all beings, from the very beginning of time, and throughout the ages. His Love brings eternal peace; meeting the Guru, Nanak sings His Glorious Praises.

Whatever my Friend does, I accept. My Friend's actions are pleasing to me. Within my conscious mind, the One Lord is my only Support. One who does this is my Friend. My Friend is Carefree. By Guru's Grace, I give my love to Him. My Friend is the Inner-knower, the Searcher of hearts. He is the All-powerful Being, the Supreme Lord and Master.

I am Your servant; You are my Lord and Master. Nanak: my honor and glory are Yours, God.

Those who have You on their side, O All-powerful Lord - no black stain can stick to them. O Lord of wealth, those who place their hopes in You - nothing of the world can touch them at all. Those whose hearts are filled with their Lord and Master - no anxiety can affect them. Those, unto whom You give Your consolation, God - pain does not even approach them. Says Nanak, I have found that Guru, who has shown me the Perfect, Supreme Lord God.

This human body is so difficult to obtain; it is only obtained by great good fortune. Those who do not meditate on the Naam, the Name of the Lord, are murderers of the soul. Those who forget the Lord might just as well die. Without the Naam, of what use are their lives? Eating, drinking, playing, laughing and showing off - what use are the ostentatious displays of the dead? Those who do not listen to the Praises of the Lord of supreme bliss, are worse off than beasts, birds or creeping creatures. Says Nanak, the GurMantra has been implanted within me; the Name alone is contained within my heart.

Whose mother is this? Whose father is this? They are relatives in name only - they are all false. Why are you screaming and shouting, you fool? By good destiny and the Lord's Order, you have come into the world. There is the one dust, the one light, the one pranic wind. Why are you crying? For whom do you cry? People weep and cry out, "Mine, mine!" This soul is not perishable. Says Nanak, the Guru has opened my shutters; I am liberated, and my doubts have been dispelled.

Those who seem to be great and powerful, are afflicted by the disease of anxiety. Who is great by the greatness of Maya? They alone are great, who are lovingly attached to the Lord. The landlord fights over his land each day. He shall have to leave it in the end, and yet his desire is still not satisfied. Says Nanak, this is the essence of Truth: without the Lord's meditation, there is no salvation.

Perfect is the path; perfect is the cleansing bath. Everything is perfect, if the Naam is in the heart. One's honor remains perfect, when the perfect Lord preserves it. His servant takes to the Sanctuary of the Supreme Lord God. Perfect is the peace; perfect is the contentment. Perfect is the penance; perfect is the Raja Yoga, the Yoga of meditation and success. On the Lord's Path, sinners are purified. Perfect is their glory; perfect is their humanity. They dwell forever in the presence of the Creator Lord. Says Nanak, my True Guru is Perfect.

Millions of sins are wiped away by the dust of the feet of the Saints.

By the Grace of the Saints, one is released from birth and death. The Blessed vision of the Saints is the perfect cleansing bath. By the Grace of the Saints, one comes to chant the Naam, the Name of the Lord. In the Society of the Saints, egotism is shed, and the One Lord is seen everywhere. By the pleasure of the Saints, the five passions are overpowered, and the heart is irrigated with the Ambrosial Naam. Says Nanak, one whose karma is perfect, touches the feet of the Holy.

Meditating on the Glories of the Lord, the heart-lotus blossoms radiantly. Remembering the Lord in meditation, all fears are dispelled. Perfect is that intellect by which the Glorious Praises of the Lord are sung. By great good fortune, one finds the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy. In the Saadh Sangat, the treasure of the Name is obtained. In the Saadh Sangat, all one's works are brought to fruition. Through devotion to the Lord, one's life is approved. By Guru's Grace, one chants the Naam, the Name of the Lord.

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Those whose minds are imbued with the One Lord forget to feel jealous of others. They see none other than the Lord of the Universe. The Creator is the Doer, the Cause of causes. Those who work willingly, and chant the Name of the Lord, Har, Har - they do not waver, here or hereafter. Those who possess the wealth of the Lord are the true bankers. The Perfect Guru has established their line of credit. The Giver of life, the Sovereign Lord King meets them. Says Nanak, they attain the supreme status.

The Naam, the Name of the Lord, is the Support of the breath of life of His devotees. The Naam is their wealth, the Naam is their occupation. By the greatness of the Naam, His humble servants are blessed with glory. The Lord Himself bestows it, in His Mercy. The Naam is the home of peace of His devotees. Attuned to the Naam, His devotees are approved. The Name of the Lord is the support of His humble servants. With each and every breath, they remember the Naam. Says Nanak, those who have perfect destiny - their minds are attached to the Naam.

By the Grace of the Saints, I meditated on the Name of the Lord. Since then, my restless mind has been satisfied. I have obtained the home of peace, singing His Glorious Praises. My troubles have ended, and the demon has been destroyed. Worship and adore the Lotus Feet of the Lord God. Meditating in remembrance on the Lord, my anxiety has come to an end. I have renounced all - I am an orphan. I have come to the Sanctuary of the One Lord. Since then, I have found the highest celestial home. My pains, troubles, doubts and fears are gone. The Creator Lord abides in Nanak's mind.

With my hands I do His work; with my tongue I sing His Glorious Praises.

With my feet, I walk on the Path of my Lord and Master. It is a good time, when I remember Him in meditation. Meditating on the Naam, the Name of the Lord, I cross over the terrifying world-ocean. With your eyes, behold the Blessed vision of the Saints. Record the Immortal Lord God within your mind. Listen to the Kirtan of His Praises, at the Feet of the Holy. Your fears of birth and death shall depart. Enshrine the Lotus Feet of your Lord and Master within your heart. Thus this human life, so difficult to obtain, shall be redeemed.

Those, upon whom the Lord Himself showers His Mercy, chant the Naam, the Name of the Lord, with their tongues. Forgetting the Lord, superstition and sorrow shall overtake you. Meditating on the Naam, doubt and fear shall depart. Listening to the Kirtan of the Lord's Praises, and singing the Lord's Kirtan, misfortune shall not even come near you. Working for the Lord, His humble servants look beautiful. The fire of Maya does not touch them. Within their minds, bodies and mouths, is the Name of the Merciful Lord. Nanak has renounced other entanglements.

Renounce your cleverness, and your cunning tricks. Seek the Support of the Perfect Guru. Your pain shall depart, and in peace, you shall sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord. Meeting the Perfect Guru, let yourself be absorbed in the Lord's Love. The Guru has given me the Mantra of the Name of the Lord. My worries are forgotten, and my anxiety is gone. Meeting with the Merciful Guru, I am in ecstasy. Showering His mercy, He has cut away the noose of the Messenger of Death. Says Nanak, I have found the perfect Guru; Maya shall no longer harass me.

The Perfect Guru Himself has saved me. The self-willed manmukhs are afflicted with misfortune. Chant and meditate on the Guru, the Guru, O my friend. Your face shall be radiant in the Court of the Lord. Enshrine the Feet of the Guru within your heart; your pains, enemies and bad luck shall be destroyed. The Word of the Guru's Shabd is your Companion and Helper. O Siblings of Destiny, all beings shall be kind to you. When the Perfect Guru granted His Grace, says Nanak, I was totally, completely fulfilled.

Like beasts, they consume all sorts of tasty treats. With the rope of emotional attachment, they are bound and gagged like thieves. Their bodies are corpses, without the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy. They come and go in reincarnation, and are destroyed by pain. They wear all sorts of beautiful robes, but they are still just scarecrows in the field, frightening away the birds. All bodies are of some use, but those who do not meditate on the Naam, the Name of the Lord, are totally useless. Says Nanak, those unto whom the Lord becomes Merciful, join the Saadh Sangat, and meditate on the Lord of the Universe.

The Word of the Guru's Shabd quiets worries and troubles. Coming and going ceases, and all comforts are obtained. Fear is dispelled, meditating on the Fearless Lord. In the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy, I chant the Glorious Praises of the Lord. I have enshrined the Lotus Feet of the Lord within my heart. The Guru has carried me across the ocean of fire. I was sinking down, and the Perfect Guru pulled me out. I was cut off from the Lord for countless incarnations, and now the Guru united me with Him again. Says Nanak, I am a sacrifice to the Guru; meeting Him, I have been saved.

In the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy, seek His Sanctuary. Place your mind and body in offering before Him. Drink in the Ambrosial Nectar of the Name, O my Siblings of Destiny. Meditating, meditating in remembrance on the Lord, the fire of desire is totally quenched. Renounce your arrogant pride, and end the cycle of birth and death. Bow in humility to the feet of the Lord's slave. Remember God in your mind, with each and every breath. Gather only that wealth, which shall go with you. He alone obtains it, upon whose forehead such destiny is written. Says Nanak, fall at the Feet of that Lord.

The dried branches are made green again in an instant. His Ambrosial Glance irrigates and revives them. The Perfect Divine Guru has removed my sorrow. He blesses His servant with His service. Anxiety is removed, and the desires of the mind are fulfilled, when the True Guru, the Treasure of Excellence, shows His Kindness. Pain is driven far away, and peace comes in its place; there is no delay, when the Guru gives the Order. Desires are fulfilled, when one meets the True Guru; O Nanak, His humble servant is fruitful and prosperous.

The fever has departed; God has showered us with peace and tranquility. A cooling peace prevails; God has granted this gift. By God's Grace, we have become comfortable. Separated from Him for countless incarnations, we are now reunited with Him. Meditating, meditating in remembrance on God's Name, the dwelling of all disease is destroyed. In intuitive peace and poise, chant the Word of the Lord's Bani. Twenty-four hours a day, O mortal, meditate on God. Pain, suffering and the Messenger of Death do not even approach that one, says Nanak, who sings the Glorious Praises of the Lord.

Auspicious is the day, and auspicious is the chance, which brought me to the Supreme Lord God, the Unjoined, Unlimited One. I am a sacrifice to that time, when my mind chants the Name of the Lord. Blessed is that moment, and blessed is that time, when my tongue chants the Name of the Lord, Har, Haree. Blessed is that forehead, which bows in humility to the Saints. Sacred are those feet, which walk on the Lord's Path. Says Nanak, auspicious is my karma, which has led me to touch the Feet of the Holy.

Keep the Word of the Guru's Shabd in your mind. Meditating in remembrance on the Naam, the Name of the Lord, all anxiety is removed. Without the Lord God, there is no one else at all. He alone preserves and destroys. Enshrine the Guru's Feet in your heart. Meditate on Him and cross over the ocean of fire. Focus your meditation on the Guru's Sublime Form. Here and hereafter, you shall be honored. Renouncing everything, I have come to the Guru's Sanctuary. My anxieties are over - O Nanak, I have found peace.

Remembering Him in meditation, all pains are gone. The jewel of the Naam, the Name of the Lord, comes to dwell in the mind. O my mind, chant the Bani, the Hymns of the Lord of the Universe. The Holy People chant the Lord's Name with their tongues. Without the One Lord, there is no other at all. By His Glance of Grace, eternal peace is obtained. Make the One Lord your friend, intimate and companion. Write in your mind the Word of the Lord, Har, Har. The Lord Master is totally pervading everywhere. Nanak sings the Praises of the Inner-knower, the Searcher of hearts.

The whole world is engrossed in fear. Those who have the Naam, the Name of the Lord, as their Support, feel no fear. Fear does not affect those who take to Your Sanctuary. You do whatever You please. In pleasure and in pain, the world is coming and going in reincarnation. Those who are pleasing to God, find peace. Maya pervades the awesome ocean of fire. Those who have found the True Guru are calm and cool. Please preserve me, O God, O Great Preserver! Says Nanak, what a helpless creature I am!

By Your Grace, I chant Your Name. By Your Grace, I obtain a seat in Your Court. Without You, O Supreme Lord God, there is no one. By Your Grace, everlasting peace is obtained. If You abide in the mind, we do not suffer in sorrow. By Your Grace, doubt and fear run away. O Supreme Lord God, Infinite Lord and Master, You are the Inner-knower, the Searcher of all hearts. I offer this prayer to the True Guru: O Nanak, may I be blessed with the treasure of the True Name.

As the husk is empty without the grain, so is the mouth empty without the Naam, the Name of the Lord. O mortal, chant continually the Name of the Lord, Har, Har. Without the Naam, cursed is the body, which shall be taken back by Death. Without the Naam, no one's face shows good fortune. Without the Husband, where is the marriage? Forgetting the Naam, and attached to other tastes, no desires are fulfilled. O God, grant Your Grace, and give me this gift.

Please, let Nanak chant Your Name, day and night.

You are All-powerful, You are my Lord and Master. Everything comes from You; You are the Inner-knower, the Searcher of hearts. The Perfect Supreme Lord God is the Support of His humble servant. Millions are saved in Your Sanctuary. As many creatures as there are - they are all Yours. By Your Grace, all sorts of comforts are obtained.

Whatever happens, is all according to Your Will. One who understands the Hukam of the Lord's Command, is absorbed in the True Lord. Please grant Your Grace, God, and bestow this gift upon Nanak, that he may meditate on the treasure of the Naam.

By great good fortune, the Blessed vision of His Darshan is obtained, by those who are lovingly absorbed in the Lord's Name. Those whose minds are filled with the Lord, do not suffer pain, even in dreams. All treasures have been placed within the minds of His humble servants. In their company, sinful mistakes and sorrows are taken away. The Glories of the Lord's humble servants cannot be described. The servants of the Supreme Lord God remain absorbed in Him. Grant Your Grace, God, and hear my prayer: please bless Nanak with the dust of the feet of Your slave.

Remembering the Lord in meditation, your misfortune shall be taken away, and all joy shall come to abide in your mind. Meditate, O my mind, on the One Name. It alone shall be of use to your soul. Night and day, sing the Glorious Praises of the Infinite Lord, through the Pure Mantra of the Perfect Guru. Give up other efforts, and place your faith in the Support of the One Lord. Taste the Ambrosial Essence of this, the greatest treasure. They alone cross over the treacherous world-ocean, O Nanak, upon whom the Lord casts His Glance of Grace.

I have enshrined the Lotus Feet of God within my heart. Meeting the Perfect True Guru, I am emancipated. Sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord of the Universe, O my Siblings of Destiny. Joining the Holy Saints, meditate on the Lord's Name. This human body, so difficult to obtain, is redeemed when one receives the banner of the Naam from the True Guru. Meditating in remembrance on the Lord, the state of perfection is attained. In the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy, fear and doubt depart. Wherever I look, there I see the Lord pervading. Slave Nanak has entered the Lord's Sanctuary.

I am a sacrifice to the Blessed vision of the Guru's Darshan. Chanting and meditating on the Name of the True Guru, I live. O Supreme Lord God, O Perfect Divine Guru, show mercy to me, and commit me to Your service. I enshrine His Lotus Feet within my heart. I offer my mind, body and wealth to the Guru, the Support of the breath of life. My life is prosperous, fruitful and approved; I know that the Guru, the Supreme Lord God, is near me. By great good fortune, I have obtained the dust of the feet of the Saints.

O Nanak, meeting the Guru, I have fallen in love with the Lord.

They do their evil deeds, and pretend otherwise; but in the Court of the Lord, they shall be bound and gagged like thieves. Those who remember the Lord belong to the Lord. The One Lord is contained in the water, the land and the sky. Their inner beings are filled with poison, and yet with their mouths, they preach words of Ambrosial Nectar. Bound and gagged in the City of Death, they are punished and beaten. Hiding behind many screens, they commit acts of corruption, but in an instant, they are revealed to all the world. Those whose inner beings are true, who are attuned to the ambrosial essence of the Naam, the Name of the Lord - O Nanak, the Lord, the Architect of Destiny, is merciful to them.

The Lord's Love shall never leave or depart. They alone understand, unto whom the Perfect Guru gives it. One whose mind is attuned to the Lord's Love is true. The Love of the Beloved, the Architect of Destiny, is perfect. Sitting in the Society of the Saints, sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord. The color of His Love shall never fade away. Without meditating in remembrance on the Lord, peace is not found. All the other loves and tastes of Maya are bland and insipid. Those who are imbued with love by the Guru become happy. Says Nanak, the Guru has become merciful to them.

Meditating in remembrance on the Lord Master, sinful mistakes are erased, and one comes to abide in peace, celestial joy and bliss. The Lord's humble servants place their faith in the Lord. Chanting the Naam, the Name of the Lord, all anxieties are dispelled. In the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy, there is no fear or doubt. The Glorious Praises of the Lord are sung there, day and night. Granting His Grace, God has released me from bondage. He has given me the Support of His Lotus Feet. Says Nanak, faith comes into the mind of His servant, who continually drinks in the Immaculate Praises of the Lord.

Those who keep their minds attached to the Lord's Feet - pain, suffering and doubt run away from them. Those who deal in the Lord's wealth are perfect. Those who are honored by the Lord are the true spiritual heroes. Those humble beings, unto whom the Lord of the Universe shows mercy, fall at the Guru's Feet. They are blessed with peace, celestial bliss, tranquility and ecstasy; chanting and meditating, they live in supreme bliss. In the Saadh Sangat, I have earned the wealth of the Naam. Says Nanak, God has relieved my pain.

Meditating in remembrance on the Lord, all suffering is eradicated. The Lord's Lotus Feet are enshrined within my mind. Chant the Lord's Name, hundreds of thousands of times, O my dear, and drink deeply of the Ambrosial Essence of God. Peace, celestial bliss, pleasures and the greatest ecstasy are obtained; chanting and meditating, you shall live in supreme bliss. Sexual desire, anger, greed and ego are eradicated; in the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy, all sinful mistakes are washed away. Grant Your Grace, O God, O Merciful to the meek.

Please bless Nanak with the dust of the feet of the Holy.

They wear and eat the gifts from the Lord; how can laziness help them, O mother? Forgetting her Husband Lord, and attaching herself to other affairs, the soul-bride throws away the precious jewel in exchange for a mere shell. Forsaking God, she is attached to other desires. But who has gained honor by saluting the slave? They consume food and drink, delicious and sublime as ambrosial nectar. But the dog does not know the One who has bestowed these. Says Nanak, I have been unfaithful to my own nature. Please forgive me, O God, O Searcher of hearts.

I meditate on the Feet of God within my mind. This is my cleansing bath at all the sacred shrines of pilgrimage. Meditate in remembrance on the Lord every day, O my Siblings of Destiny. Thus, the filth of millions of incarnations shall be taken away. Enshrine the Lord's Sermon within your heart, and you shall obtain all the desires of your mind. Redeemed is the life, death and birth of those, within whose hearts the Lord God abides. Says Nanak, those humble beings are perfect, who are blessed with the dust of the feet of the Holy.

They eat and wear what they are given, but still, they deny the Lord. The messengers of the Righteous Judge of Dharma shall hunt them down. They are unfaithful to the One, who has given them body and soul. Through millions of incarnations, for so many lifetimes, they wander lost. Such is the lifestyle of the faithless cynics; everything they do is evil. Within their minds, they have forgotten that Lord and Master, who created the soul, breath of life, mind and body. Their wickedness and corruption have increased - they are recorded in volumes of books. O Nanak, they are saved only by the Mercy of God, the Ocean of peace. O Supreme Lord God, I have come to Your Sanctuary. Break my bonds, and carry me across, with the Lord's Name.

For their own advantage, they make God their friend. He fulfills all their desires, and blesses them with the state of liberation. Everyone should make Him such a friend. No one goes away empty-handed from Him. For their own purposes, they enshrine the Lord in the heart; all pain, suffering and disease are taken away. Their tongues learn the habit of chanting the Lord's Name, and all their works are brought to perfection. So many times, Nanak is a sacrifice to Him; fruitful is the Blessed vision, the Darshan, of my Lord of the Universe.

Millions of obstacles are removed in an instant, for those who listen to the Sermon of the Lord, Har, Har, in the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy. They drink in the sublime essence of the Lord's Name, the Ambrosial Elixir. Meditating on the Lord's Feet, hunger is taken away. The treasure of all happiness, celestial peace and poise, are obtained by those, whose hearts are filled with the Lord God.

All medicines and remedies, mantras and tantras are nothing more than ashes. Enshrine the Creator Lord within your heart. Renounce all your doubts, and vibrate upon the Supreme Lord God. Says Nanak, this path of Dharma is eternal and unchanging.

The Lord bestowed His Mercy, and led me to meet the Guru. By His power, no disease afflicts me. Remembering the Lord, I cross over the terrifying world-ocean. In the Sanctuary of the spiritual warrior, the account books of the Messenger of Death are torn up. The True Guru has given me the Mantra of the Lord's Name. By this Support, my affairs have been resolved. Meditation, self-discipline, self-control and perfect greatness were obtained when the Merciful Lord, the Guru, became my Help and Support. The Guru has dispelled pride, emotional attachment and superstition. Nanak sees the Supreme Lord God pervading everywhere.

The blind beggar is better off than the vicious king. Overcome by pain, the blind man invokes the Lord's Name. You are the Glorious Greatness of Your slave. The intoxication of Maya leads the others to hell. Grippled by disease, they invoke the Name. But those who are intoxicated with vice shall find no home, no place of rest. One who is in love with the Lord's Lotus Feet, does not think of any other comforts. Forever and ever, meditate on God, your Lord and Master. O Nanak, meet with the Lord, the Inner-knower, the Searcher of hearts.

Twenty-four hours a day, the highway robbers are my companions. Granting His Grace, God has driven them away. Everyone should dwell on the Sweet Name of such a Lord. God is overflowing with all power. The world-ocean is burning hot! In an instant, God saves us, and carries us across. There are so many bonds, they cannot be broken. Remembering the Naam, the Name of the Lord, the fruit of liberation is obtained. By clever devices, nothing is accomplished. Grant Your Grace to Nanak, that he may sing the Glories of God.

Those who obtain the wealth of the Lord's Name move freely in the world; all their affairs are resolved. By great good fortune, the Kirtan of the Lord's Praises are sung. O Supreme Lord God, as You give, so do I receive. Enshrine the Lord's Feet within your heart. Get aboard this boat, and cross over the terrifying world-ocean. Everyone who joins the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy, obtains eternal peace; pain does not afflict them any longer. With loving devotional worship, meditate on the treasure of excellence. O Nanak, you shall be honored in the Court of the Lord.

The Lord, our Friend, is totally pervading the water, the land and the skies. Doubts are dispelled by continually singing the Lord's Glorious Praises. While rising up, and while lying down in sleep, the Lord is always with you, watching over you. Remembering Him in meditation, the fear of Death departs.

With God's Lotus Feet abiding in the heart, all suffering comes to an end. The One Lord is my hope, honor, power and wealth. Within my mind is the Support of the True Banker. I am the poorest and most helpless servant of the Holy. O Nanak, giving me His Hand, God has protected me.

Taking my cleansing bath in the Name of the Lord, Har, Har, I have been purified. Its reward surpasses the giving of charity at millions of solar eclipses. With the Lord's Feet abiding in the heart, the sinful mistakes of countless incarnations are removed. I have obtained the reward of the Kirtan of the Lord's Praises, in the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy. I no longer have to gaze upon the way of death. In thought, word and deed, seek the Support of the Lord of the Universe; thus you shall be saved from the poisonous world-ocean. Granting His Grace, God has made me His Own. Nanak chants and meditates on the Chant of the Lord's Name.

Seek the Sanctuary of those who have come to know the Lord. Your mind and body shall become cool and peaceful, imbued with the Feet of the Lord. If God, the Destroyer of fear, does not dwell within your mind, you shall spend countless incarnations in fear and dread. Those who have the Lord's Name dwelling within their hearts have all their desires and tasks fulfilled. Birth, old age and death are in His Power, so remember that All-powerful Lord with each breath and morsel of food. The One God is my Intimate, Best Friend and Companion. The Naam, the Name of my Lord and Master, is Nanak's only Support.

When they are out and about, they keep Him enshrined in their hearts; returning home, the Lord of the Universe is still with them. The Name of the Lord, Har, Har, is the Companion of His Saints. Their minds and bodies are imbued with the Love of the Lord. By Guru's Grace, one crosses over the world-ocean; the sinful mistakes of countless incarnations are all washed away. Honor and intuitive awareness are acquired through the Name of the Lord God. The Teachings of the Perfect Guru are immaculate and pure. Within your heart, meditate on the His Lotus Feet. Nanak lives by beholding the Lord's Expansive Power.

Blessed is this place, where the Glorious Praises of the Lord of the Universe are sung. God Himself bestows peace and pleasure. Misfortune occurs where the Lord is not remembered in meditation. There are millions of joys where the Glorious Praises of the Lord are sung. Forgetting the Lord, all sorts of pains and diseases come. Serving God, the Messenger of Death will not even approach you. Very blessed, stable and sublime is that place, where the Name of God alone is chanted. Wherever I go, my Lord and Master is with me. Nanak has met the Inner-knower, the Searcher of hearts.

That mortal who meditates on the Lord of the Universe, whether educated or uneducated, obtains the state of supreme dignity. In the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy, meditate on the Lord of the World. Without the Name, wealth and property are false.

They alone are handsome, clever and wise, who surrender to the Will of God. Blessed is their coming into this world, if they recognize their Lord and Master in each and every heart. Says Nanak, their good fortune is perfect, if they enshrine the Lord's Feet within their minds.

The Lord's servant does not associate with the faithless cynic. One is in the clutches of vice, while the other is in love with the Lord. It would be like an imaginary rider on a decorated horse, or a eunuch caressing a woman. It would be like tying up an ox and trying to milk it, or riding a cow to chase a tiger. It would be like taking a sheep and worshipping it as the Elysian cow, the giver of all blessings; it would be like going out shopping without any money. O Nanak, consciously meditate on the Lord's Name. Meditate in remembrance on the Lord Master, your Best Friend.

Pure and steady is that intellect, which drinks in the Lord's sublime essence. Keep the Support of the Lord's Feet in your heart, and you shall be saved from the cycle of birth and death. Pure is that body, in which sin does not arise. In the Love of the Lord is pure glory. In the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy, corruption is eradicated. This is the greatest blessing of all. Imbued with loving devotional worship of the Sustainer of the Universe, Nanak asks for the dust of the feet of the Holy.

Such is my love for the Lord of the Universe; through perfect good destiny, I have been united with Him. As the wife is delighted upon beholding her husband, so does the Lord's humble servant live by chanting the Naam, the Name of the Lord. As the mother is rejuvenated upon seeing her son, so is the Lord's humble servant imbued with Him, through and through. As the greedy man rejoices upon beholding his wealth, so is the mind of the Lord's humble servant attached to His Lotus Feet. May I never forget You, for even an instant, O Great Giver! Nanak's God is the Support of his breath of life.

Those humble beings who are accustomed to the Lord's sublime essence, are pierced through with loving devotional worship of the Lord's Lotus Feet. All other pleasures look like ashes; without the Naam, the Name of the Lord, the world is fruitless. He Himself rescues us from the deep dark well. Wondrous and Glorious are the Praises of the Lord of the Universe. In the woods and meadows, and throughout the three worlds, the Sustainer of the Universe is pervading. The Expansive Lord God is Merciful to all beings. Says Nanak, that speech alone is excellent, which is approved by the Creator Lord.

Every day, take your bath in the Sacred Pool of the Lord. Mix and drink in the most delicious, sublime Ambrosial Nectar of the Lord. The water of the Name of the Lord of the Universe is immaculate and pure.

Take your cleansing bath in it, and all your affairs shall be resolved. In the Society of the Saints, spiritual conversations take place. The sinful mistakes of millions of incarnations are erased. The Holy Saints meditate in remembrance, in ecstasy. Their minds and bodies are immersed in supreme ecstasy. Slave Nanak is a sacrifice to those who have obtained the treasure of the Lord's Feet.

Do only that, by which no filth or pollution shall stick to you. Let your mind remain awake and aware, singing the Kirtan of the Lord's Praises. Meditate in remembrance on the One Lord; do not be in love with duality. In the Society of the Saints, chant only the Name. The karma of good actions, the Dharma of righteous living, religious rituals, fasts and worship - practice these, but do not know any other than the Supreme Lord God. Those who place their love in God - their works are brought to fruition. Infinitely invaluable is that Vaishnaav, that worshipper of Vishnu, says Nanak, who has renounced corruption.

They desert you even when you are alive, O madman; what good can they do when someone is dead? Meditate in remembrance on the Lord of the Universe in your mind and body - this is your preordained destiny. The poison of Maya is of no use at all. Those who have eaten this poison of deception - their thirst shall never depart. The treacherous world-ocean is filled with terrible pain. Without the Lord's Name, how can anyone cross over? Joining the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy, you shall be saved here and hereafter. O Nanak, worship and adore the Name of the Lord.

The bearded emperor who struck down the poor, has been burnt in the fire by the Supreme Lord God. The Creator administers true justice. He is the Saving Grace of His slaves. In the beginning, and throughout the ages, His glory is manifest. The slanderer died after contracting the deadly fever. He is killed, and no one can save him. Here and hereafter, his reputation is evil. The Lord hugs His slaves close in His Embrace. Nanak seeks the Lord's Sanctuary, and meditates on the Naam.

The memorandum was proven to be false by the Lord Himself. The sinner is now suffering in despair. Those who have my Lord of the universe as their support - death does not even approach them. In the True Court, they lie; the blind fools strike their own heads with their own hands. Sickness afflicts those who commit sins; God Himself sits as the Judge. By their own actions, they are bound and gagged. All their wealth is gone, along with their lives. Nanak has taken to the Sanctuary of the Lord's Court; my Creator has preserved my honor.

The dust of the feet of the humble beings is so sweet to my mind. Perfect karma is the mortal's preordained destiny.

The mind is overflowing with the greasy dirt of egotistical pride. With the dust of the feet of the Holy, it is scrubbed clean. The body may be washed with loads of water, and yet its filth is not removed, and it does not become clean. I have met the True Guru, who is merciful forever. Meditating, meditating in remembrance on the Lord, I am rid of the fear of death. Liberation, pleasures and worldly success are all in the Lord's Name. With loving devotional worship, O Nanak, sing His Glorious Praises.

The Lord's slaves attain the highest status of life. Meeting them, the soul is enlightened. Those who listen with their mind and ears to the Lord's meditative remembrance, are blessed with peace at the Lord's Gate, O mortal. Twenty-four hours a day, meditate on the Sustainer of the World. O Nanak, gazing on the Blessed vision of His Darshan, I am enraptured.

Peace and tranquility have come; the Guru, the Lord of the Universe, has brought it. The burning sins have departed, O my Siblings of Destiny. With your tongue, continually chant the Lord's Name. Disease shall depart, and you shall be saved. Contemplate the Glorious Virtues of the unfathomable supreme Lord God. In the Saadh Sangat, the company of the holy, you shall be emancipated. Sing the glories of God each and every day; your afflictions shall be dispelled, and you shall be saved, my humble friend. In thought, word and deed, I meditate on my God. Slave Nanak has come to Your Sanctuary.

The Divine Guru has opened his eyes. Doubt has been dispelled; my service has been successful. The Giver of joy has saved him from smallpox. The Supreme Lord God has granted His Grace. O Nanak, he alone lives, who chants the Naam, the Name of the Lord. In the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy, drink deeply of the Lord's Ambrosial Nectar.

Blessed is that forehead, and blessed are those eyes; blessed are those devotees who are in love with You. Without the Naam, the Name of the Lord, how anyone find peace? With your tongue, chant the Praises of the Name of the Lord. Nanak is a sacrifice to those who meditate on the Lord of Nirvana.

You are my Advisor; You are always with me. You preserve, protect and care for me. Such is the Lord, our Help and Support in this world and the next. He protects the honor of His slave, O my Sibling of Destiny. He alone exists hereafter; this place is in His Power. Twenty-four hours a day, O my mind, chant and meditate on the Lord. His honor is acknowledged, and he bears the True Insignia; the Lord Himself issues His Royal Command. He Himself is the Giver; He Himself is the Cherisher. Continually, continuously, O Nanak, dwell upon the Name of the Lord.

When the Perfect True Guru becomes merciful, the Lord of the World abides in the heart forever.



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