

Shabad Hazaaray

Maajh, Fifth Mehl, Chau-Padas, First House:

My mind longs for the Blessed Vision of the Guru's Darshan.

It cries out like the thirsty song-bird.

My thirst is not quenched, and I can find no peace, without the Blessed Vision of the Beloved Saint. ||1||

I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to the Blessed Vision of the Beloved Saint Guru. ||1||Pause||

Your Face is so Beautiful, and the Sound of Your Words imparts intuitive wisdom.

It is so long since this rainbird has had even a glimpse of water.

Blessed is that land where You dwell, O my Friend and Intimate Divine Guru. ||2||

I am a sacrifice, I am forever a sacrifice, to my Friend and Intimate Divine Guru. ||1||Pause||

When I could not be with You for just one moment, the Dark Age of Kali Yuga dawned for me.

When will I meet You, O my Beloved Lord?

I cannot endure the night, and sleep does not come, without the Sight of the Beloved Guru's Court. ||3||

I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, to that True Court of the Beloved Guru. ||1||Pause||

By good fortune, I have met the Saint Guru.

I have found the Immortal Lord within the home of my own self.

I will now serve You forever, and I shall never be separated from You, even for an instant. Servant Nanak is Your slave, O Beloved Master. ||4||

I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice; servant Nanak is Your slave, Lord.
||Pause||1||8||

Dhanaasaree, First Mehl, First House, Chau-Padas:

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:

My soul is afraid; to whom should I complain?

I serve Him, who makes me forget my pains; He is the Giver, forever and ever.
||1||

My Lord and Master is forever new; He is the Giver, forever and ever.
||1||Pause||

Night and day, I serve my Lord and Master; He shall save me in the end.

Hearing and listening, O my dear sister, I have crossed over. ||2||

O Merciful Lord, Your Name carries me across.

I am forever a sacrifice to You. ||1||Pause||

In all the world, there is only the One True Lord; there is no other at all.

He alone serves the Lord, upon whom the Lord casts His Glance of Grace. ||3||

Without You, O Beloved, how could I even live?

Bless me with such greatness, that I may remain attached to Your Name.

There is no other, O Beloved, to whom I can go and speak. ||1||Pause||

I serve my Lord and Master; I ask for no other.

Nanak is His slave; moment by moment, bit by bit, he is a sacrifice to Him. ||4||

O Lord Master, I am a sacrifice to Your Name, moment by moment, bit by bit.
||1||Pause||4||1||

Tilang, First Mehl, Third House:

One Universal Creator God. By The Grace Of The True Guru:

This body fabric is conditioned by Maya, O beloved; this cloth is dyed in greed.

My Husband Lord is not pleased by these clothes, O Beloved; how can the soul-
bride go to His bed? ||1||

I am a sacrifice, O Dear Merciful Lord; I am a sacrifice to You.

I am a sacrifice to those who take to Your Name.

Unto those who take to Your Name, I am forever a sacrifice. ||1||Pause||

If the body becomes the dyer's vat, O Beloved, and the Name is placed within it
as the dye,

and if the Dyer who dyes this cloth is the Lord Master - O, such a color has
never been seen before! ||2||

Those whose shawls are so dyed, O Beloved, their Husband Lord is always with
them.

Bless me with the dust of those humble beings, O Dear Lord. Says Nanak, this
is my prayer. ||3||

He Himself creates, and He Himself imbues us. He Himself bestows His Glance
of Grace.

O Nanak, if the soul-bride becomes pleasing to her Husband Lord, He Himself
enjoys her. ||4||1||3||

Tilang, First Mehl:

O foolish and ignorant soul-bride, why are you so proud?

Within the home of your own self, why do you not enjoy the Love of your Lord?

Your Husband Lord is so very near, O foolish bride; why do you search for Him
outside?

Apply the Fear of God as the mascara to adorn your eyes, and make the Love
of the Lord your ornament.

Then, you shall be known as a devoted and committed soul-bride, when you
enshrine love for your Husband Lord. ||1||

What can the silly young bride do, if she is not pleasing to her Husband Lord?

She may plead and implore so many times, but still, such a bride shall not obtain the Mansion of the Lord's Presence.

Without the karma of good deeds, nothing is obtained, although she may run around frantically.

She is intoxicated with greed, pride and egotism, and engrossed in Maya.

She cannot obtain her Husband Lord in these ways; the young bride is so foolish! ||2||

Go and ask the happy, pure soul-brides, how did they obtain their Husband Lord?

Whatever the Lord does, accept that as good; do away with your own cleverness and self-will.

By His Love, true wealth is obtained; link your consciousness to His lotus feet.

As your Husband Lord directs, so you must act; surrender your body and mind to Him, and apply this perfume to yourself.

So speaks the happy soul-bride, O sister; in this way, the Husband Lord is obtained. ||3||

Give up your selfhood, and so obtain your Husband Lord; what other clever tricks are of any use?

When the Husband Lord looks upon the soul-bride with His Gracious Glance, that day is historic - the bride obtains the nine treasures.

She who is loved by her Husband Lord, is the true soul-bride; O Nanak, she is the queen of all.

Thus she is imbued with His Love, intoxicated with delight; day and night, she is absorbed in His Love.

She is beautiful, glorious and brilliant; she is known as truly wise. ||4||2||4||

Soohee, First Mehl:

What scale, what weights, and what assayer shall I call for You, Lord?

From what guru should I receive instruction? By whom should I have Your value appraised? ||1||

O my Dear Beloved Lord, Your limits are not known.

You pervade the water, the land, and the sky; You Yourself are All-pervading. ||1||Pause||

Mind is the scale, consciousness the weights, and the performance of Your service is the appraiser.

Deep within my heart, I weigh my Husband Lord; in this way I focus my consciousness. ||2||

You Yourself are the balance, the weights and the scale; You Yourself are the weigher.

You Yourself see, and You Yourself understand; You Yourself are the trader. ||3||

The blind, low class wandering soul, comes for a moment, and departs in an instant.

In its company, Nanak dwells; how can the fool attain the Lord? ||4||2||9||

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:

Raag Bilaaval, First Mehl, Chau-Padas, First House:

You are the Emperor, and I call You a chief - how does this add to Your greatness?

As You permit me, I praise You, O Lord and Master; I am ignorant, and I cannot chant Your Praises. ||1||

Please bless me with such understanding, that I may sing Your Glorious Praises.

May I dwell in Truth, according to Your Will. ||1||Pause||

Whatever has happened, has all come from You. You are All-knowing.

Your limits cannot be known, O my Lord and Master; I am blind - what wisdom do I have? ||2||

What should I say? While talking, I talk of seeing, but I cannot describe the indescribable.

As it pleases Your Will, I speak; it is just the tiniest bit of Your greatness. ||3||

Among so many dogs, I am an outcast; I bark for my body's belly.

Without devotional worship, O Nanak, even so, still, my Master's Name does not leave me. ||4||1||

Bilaawal, First Mehl:

My mind is the temple, and my body is the simple cloth of the humble seeker; deep within my heart, I bathe at the sacred shrine.

The One Word of the Shabad abides within my mind; I shall not come to be born again. ||1||

My mind is pierced through by the Merciful Lord, O my mother!

Who can know the pain of another?

I think of none other than the Lord. ||1||Pause||

O Lord, inaccessible, unfathomable, invisible and infinite: please, take care of me!

In the water, on the land and in sky, You are totally pervading. Your Light is in each and every heart. ||2||

All teachings, instructions and understandings are Yours; the mansions and sanctuaries are Yours as well.

Without You, I know no other, O my Lord and Master; I continually sing Your Glorious Praises. ||3||

All beings and creatures seek the Protection of Your Sanctuary; all thought of their care rests with You.

That which pleases Your Will is good; this alone is Nanak's prayer. ||4||2||