

GURU-GIVEN-BLISS SERIES ---METRICAL TRANSLATION.

Guru Arjan Dev Ji's
SRI SUKHMANI SAHIB

THE
PERFECT MAN
&
PEACE-ETERNAL

By
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FOREWORD.

The object of this Guru-Given-Bliss Series is to present the Bliss-Laden Living-Word of the Masters in a *living* way. The older I grow, the more I feel that in this Twentieth Century, the Holy Word has suffered from the Midas' Touch—it has become petrified and soulless in translations which men untouched by the Holy Flame have attempted in the past. A concrete instance is that of Macauliffe translations which though well-intentioned and involving, as they do, a whole lifetime of patient research and labour, yet they have failed to stir us, much less to unveil the Isis or Holy Saraswati of *Brahmgyan*. The Divine Word which is written in poetry, in many Holy Gospels, is ever an Echo of the Divine Symphony which is the Living Word—and, in order to reproduce the selfsame Symphony translations must also be in poetry, otherwise they fail to set in motion the sympathetic chords hidden in human heart. Hence, a Shelley or a Pope is required to translate Virgil or Homer, and a Tulsidass or Kalidass to translate Valmik or Vyasa ! But, as already stated, the Twentieth Century is now on the downward path ; it is sinking more and more into the mire of materialism, of which there is no better proof than the World Wars to which this century has become a recurring prey. All the more need, therefore, to return to the Spring of Life which is the *Bani* or the Word of the Masters.

In the Translation, I have tried to stick to the spirit of the Masters, I have not taken wide liberties, as poets do. I have tried to keep before me the Twins of Truth & Spirit: the two marching in endless-equilibrium, the propelling Force being Urge-Spontaneous which is innate-Joy, from which source these Translations have sprung up.

In the Introductory portion, I have given all about the Life of the Master, as also the Pith of the *Gurbani*. Hence, the Introduction is an essential part of the Translation, and should be referred to first. In a few places, I have given the *Gurbani* in original, in its untranslatable splendour.

The Series includes not only the *Gurbani*, but Selections from all World Bibles, including the Vedas, the Qoran, and the Holy Bible—as also the Papyrus of Ani of Egypt. All of these Bibles teach us the Same Lesson, for RELIGION itself is One ; it is because we see it with different eyes that we split it into many 'religions.' The object of this Series is to abridge this yawning Chasm between the East and the West, and between all creeds.

This Series was projected and written mostly, a decade back, when I was far away from towns i.e. at Ramban. Ever since my papers have remained tied up, and when last winter, I had the opportunity to open this bundle, I found that it had received the best attentions of the rats and moths. Hence, two of the oldest written parts are printed. I am thankful to the Normal Press of Srinagar which was kind enough to print this in about a month. The *Sri Sukhmani* and the *Anand Sahib* are published first, and the *Japji* and the *Sidh Ghost* will follow as the latter are far too deep to be compressed into little monographs such as these.

Parts of the above Series have been already published by the Sikh Religious Tract Societies : Tarn Taran, Lahore, and Calcutta, and a part was sent to the World Fellowship of Faiths, America. The remaining parts will, I hope, be published sometime after I retire, as it is a Life Task.

1st Baisakh 1999 }
Srinagar, Kashmir }

SHER SINGH
Kashmir.



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***** EPILOGUE *****

To Sri Sukhmani Sahib!

PROLOGUE!

HEAVEN-EMERGING!
PEACE-RESURGING!

Holy, Heavenly, Honeyed, Thou, how Saccharine-sweet?
The Sun of suns! O SUKHMANI, to Thee do I greet!

PEACE-ABYSMAL!
O JOY-ETERNAL!

When world is cold and my mind in Cimmerian Dark!
Then I turn to Thee, O Concentrated Heavenly Spark!

BEAUTY-WONDROUS!
BLISS-THUNDEROUS!

Ha! Blaze of Light! Noontide Influx! Rainbow-dyed!
Enveloping Time and Space in NAM: Heaven's Child!

LIGHT O'ERPOWERING!
ALL-EVIL DEVOURING!

Millions of Suns, nay, many millions of Moons-Golden!
Coruscate, O SUKHMANI, in Thy Blaze-lit Monsoon!

WINGS UPSOARING!
MEAD-INPOURING!

Effervescing! E'er-Ebullient! Ha! the Fount of Joy!
Gold of First Water! Unrusting, Radium-lit Alloy!

SYMPHONY-SUBLIME!
YEA, CHURNING TIME!

Holiest Music, inwardly and outwardly Nectar sur-charged!
The Axle of Axles! E'er-Young Polestar! Aurora-Garbed!

VIRGINLY WHITE!
HEAVENLY SPRITE!

The Balm of Balms! Panacea-Universal! Most Ancient Hoary!
The Apsara of old! Thrice-hidden, loveliest Virgin-Fairy!

GURU ARJAN'S MIRROR!
HA! UNDIMMED-METEOR!

Guru Arjan conceived, Arjan born, yea, Guru Nanak's Own!
By gods and goddesses loved, by Indra, King of Heaven, stolen!

THE HEAVEN'S EARNEST!
GLORY-LADEN NAM-CREST!

Here at last is Peace-Eternal, Concentrated Heavenly Bliss!
The Crown of Glory—descending in ONE Unending-Kiss!

THE HEAVENLY FRUIT!
SRI KRISHNA'S FLUTE!

Gods and demons gathered together churned salty-Ocean of old,
Thou, O Master mine, Arjan Dear, didst churn Soul-Juice; Behold!

THIS BIBLE ALL-HOLY!
THRICE-SEALED SOLELY!

The Bible of Bibles Thou! The Sumeru of Spirit, made of Gold!
The Pool of Immortality! Kamdhenu, the Cow of Plenty, of old!

ALL-HOLY, BLESSED NURSERY!
NAM'S BLESSED MASTER-KEY!

Of Perfect Men, Of Supermen, of BRAHMGYANIS the tried Nursery!
Nectar-laden, Nectar-surcharged, the holiest, Guru-given Sanctuary!

OBEISANCE TO THEE EVER!
BLISS-ETERNAL, E'ER-ASTIR!

No more words: black, white or golden! Master mine, O Father-Divine,
My soul the Tambourine! let Thou be the Troubadour-Hidden!!

HA! HEAVEN ITSELF DESCENDED ON EARTH!
THIS IS SUKHMANI! PEACE-ETERNAL, GOLDEN-MIRTH!!

I

SRI GURU ARJAN DEV JI:--

[1563 - 1606 AD .]

A Bird's Eye View !

Sri Guru Arjan Dev Ji, Guru Nanak V, is to me head and shoulders above other saints that were contemporary to him in life. He is to others as the Great Himalaya is to the dwarf hills that we call Siwaliks, which bask in the shade of this Spiritual Sumeru. Indeed, look at Him from any point of view, here was a Consummation rarely attained, once in a *yuga*, or an aeon of time. The more I try to sit at the Feet of this Master, the more I feel that He is incomparably the greatest of our saints and sages that we have had in our living memory. Comparisons are odious. Nor is any comparison intended. But even as a Triton stands out among the minnows, or as a leviathan among shrimps, so also Sri Arjan Dev is a Super-Saint Whom no foot-rule of intellect can measure, nor any Camera of Comparative Philosophy capture or present to our eyes. The Guru Granth that He compiled is a Herculean Work, and of This much the greatest part is His Own! Had He liked He could have made the Whole Composition entirely His Own, for He had the colossus-like genius before which modern encyclopedia writers shrink in insignificance; if He added the compositions of others, it was because He wanted to bring to common focus the Message of the Nam—and this could best be done by bringing in one cover, this central message of all the the saints. That He had no place for verbiage or for weighing-stuff will be evident from the fact that one of the saints, namely Sur Dass Ji, receives but half-verse in This, the Oceanic-Bible, where the contribution of this saint does not amount even to one little drop! Consider Him from any angle: from his contributions to Holy Psalms or His sacrifice, or from His organization, He is verily a spiritual Hercules, before Whom my imagination reels back in solitary flight ending somewhere in vacuity! It is, therefore, with the greatest hesitation and with the greatest diffidence that I take up my pen about this Super-Himalayan Personality!

Although greatness is not a product of any particular factor—it is inborn and inbred—yet, heredity has its play in certain cases. In this case, His grandfather on the maternal side was no less a person than Sri Guru Amar Dass Ji in whose lap many a time this baby new-born had sat. Many a time this Child used to pull out the sweet-bread served to the Elder Master, many a time, he would run and take his pen and ink, many a time he would disturb him in his meditations, and on one sweet occasion, the old

Grandfather in a tremor of Joy exclaimed:—

**"Dohita Sansar Bahita!"
The Raft For The World-Ocean is Born!**

This spontaneous blessing coming from the Grandfather had its way: a twofold-Raft was born, raft in Person, and Raft in the Holy-Body that he was to bring into existence: Sri Guru Granth Sahib!

Tales have descended to us of the unending rivalry between this Master and His elder brother: Prithia, who persecuted Him like Satan-incarnate. Indeed, many a time, we have wept when we read how this elder brother stood like a dark curtain between the loving Child and the saintly Father Guru Ram Dass, and how he intercepted a series of letters, one after the other—Letters-Golden which have ever since become the A. B. C. of our spiritual knowledge—which we treasure, and shall keep in the hidden Casket of our Heart unto the end of time. Here are the letters—the opening and the closing ones only—written while the Master was yet in His teens:—

"My soul is athirst, my soul is mouth-watering,
O Holy Master, for Thee, O Father-sublime;
It panteth and craveth as the Chatrik doth for rain!
This Thirst unquenchable!
No Peace, no rest, without Thy Sight Holy!
A sacrifice, a loving sacrifice, love-dipped sacrifice,
Am I, to Thee—O Master, eternally!"

The Thirst rises in a crescendo as the love-loaded letters are kept back by the jealous-elder, but at last the rivulet must flow down and find its rest in the bosom of the Ocean, and so it does, at long last. Then Hallelujahs well forth spontaneously from the heart of this loving Child when the God-Father is met:—

"Great Good Fortune! great beyond earthly measure, mine!
The Lord, the Lord--Master, in my heart, did I enshrine!
The Immortal One, the Limitless, was, encamped into my heart!
From Thee, from Thee, O Master, how can I now part?
Tendril-like I cling to Thee—eternally, eternally,
Not a moment, not a flickering instant, can I now flee—
I in Thee, and Thou in me!
One, One, One! everlastingly!"

This is the first, and in my opinion, the foremost love-letter ever written by a Disciple to a Master! Consider this relationship: between the son and the Father, no longer what it generally is, it is transfigured by the Holy Light which the Son-deserving hath already seen and gleaned, and which, in course of time, must descend from the Father to the Son! Ha! the Son-pearline on one side, and the pigmy-soul Prithia, on the other, two constellations of Light: one like the blessed-Orion, the Heavenly Hunter—and the other little more than the Dogstar attached thereto! We are often annoyed at the barking of this Dog-soul, but annoyed we should not be—for the Drama is laid—

is ordained Up, high up in the vault of Heaven, and it must be acted, enacted before our eyes in order that we may see how Light is eternally dogged by darkness, and how out of the conflict must be born the great Warrior Soul which sets the Equilibrium aright again! We will, therefore, accept the antagonism as inevitable, as a vanguard of the Khalsa Spirit which must soon come into being, as a result of these sacrifices!

* * * * *

A few decades more, and we see the Master sitting on a red-hot plate of iron: many maunds of hard-wood are burning below the plate. The whole air around is in throes of violent convulsion, but over the burning pile sits a Rishi in undisturbed equilibrium, as if not an atom of air had stirred!

There are violent earthquakes all round—the ground seems to be creaking, yielding under the pressure of the iniquities!

Who could it be? the soul unburnt by fire—undisturbed by the most unearthly cataclysms? It is Guru Nanak V!

The *Jalads*, (for this is the Indian-equivalent of jealousy-ridden tormentors) are themselves scorched by the sweltering heat that emanates from this volcano in furious display. But they are petrified without and within, hence they know not what they do.....!...In one corner of the concourse, that is witnessing the tragedy, is standing one of the holiest contemporary souls, writhing in pain.

"*Zulum!* undiluted-*Zulum!*" said Mian Mir, for it was he who was writhing in agony. "Heavens will fall, yea, kingdoms will reel, will be blown up like scraps of bomb-shell burst—stay! stay, stop!" said the Saint, bruised with holy-passion!

But who listens? who cares.....?

The wheels move in irresistible might. The Master is no more! But with Him is also blown to atoms the while Might of the Mughals—blown like a bladder burst!

The steel structure that the sovereign-sage Akbar had reared by spilling his blue blood, had been thus ruined, *to-day* by his libertine-son: Jehangir, in the twinkling of an eye.....! Aurangzeb merely added with his hand the last nail to the Coffin! The old Moghul, was already dead—dead, before the eyes of Holy Mian Mir!

* * * * *

This is a faint picture of the thrice-holy Master whom no ink can delineate, whose glory no photo-plate can conjure. The Master is gone but He left His Imprint, here, there and everywhere, in the blessed pages of Sri Guru Granth. I feel that his best mirror is His Sweet Symphony, we call the *Sukhmani*, and It is to this, therefore, to which we must turn—if we want to know the Heart of the Master.

All hail, all hail to this transcendent-Soul, Sumeru verily, among the earthlings! The whole Milky Way is condensed and congealed in this sacred soul-stream we call the *Sukhmani*!

II

The Sukhmani in a Nutshell!

Ha! The BLAZE Of Glory! Bismān-Bism Bhaie Bismad!

What is *Sukhmani*? Who can describe? Who can tell? It is Joy-infinite which is beyond the span of words, for words are volatile, but the Joy which emanates from this Song of songs is eternal. In few words, it is:—

TRANSCENDENT JOY!

Peace, Peace, Peace, Peace-Eternal!
Peace - everlasting, Peace-abysmal!
The Joy of joys simmering e'er and e'er,
Coming down from above, like Heavenly Shower;
The Song of songs, Ha! Saccharine-Sweet,
Nectar-condensed! — Nectar-congealed!
Holy Light This—set aflame by the NAM—
All-healing, All-Holy, the Universal-Balm!
A Flame of Light, that Eyes do smell!
Blaze of Colour, wherein Ear doth dwell!
Moon-like cold, yet wholly Golden,
Joy-upwelling from depths un beholden!
Greenest-Memory! Gold-tipt! Gold-crowned!
This is *Sukhmani*—Heaven's Own Sweet Sound! 1

Symphony rare, by the Master heard,
Within received, but outside-upswelled!
Winged words, falcon-like soaring,
Roaring, Roaring, Heaven-exploring!
Deepest-depths brought to Noontide Light!
Highest-heights scaled, without sight!
Noblest words e'er uttered or sung—
Rubies all, Diamonds by the million, astrung!
Twilights all, turned into Sunlight-bright,
At midnight—the Noontide Sun! Inwardly-Alight!
This is *Sukhmani*, Heavenly-Light incondensed—
Filtered in head, heart,—in the Spirit tinged! 2

When all is dull and all is cold,
E'en the sun is like withered-gold,
Then, in that dark, dreary Night chill,
I turn to Thee O *Sukhmani*'s Sweet Thrill!
No more worries, no more aching night-sweat!
Then all is Gold!—yea, e'en this trodden-earth!
This Alchemy of alchemies, O *Sukhmani*, Thine,
In this I swim, I sleep,—herein, do I shine!

Golden! Golden! Golden! within, without,
This is *Sukhmani*, Ha! the Heavenly - Sprout!

3

The older I grow, the sweeter art Thou!
On earth descended—the Golden Rainbow!
But for Thee, I am dross—nay, grimy lead!
The Midas' Touch Thine, O Radium Red-Unsaid!
Through and through, Thou! My Warp and Woof!
Within us all, O NAM, yet how sweetly-alooof?

Symphony-sublime!
The Unstruck Chime!
The Golden Rhyme!
Joy-lit—Timeless - Time!

This is Thou, O *Sukhmani*, Dearest Dear!
By Guru Arjan given, by the sageliest-Seer!

4

Who can tell? Who can so much as Thee sing?
From Thee, *Brahmgyanis* do eternally spring!
Their Dust I touch—in That do I lave!
O Heavenly Ocean! —how sweet Thy Wave?
A Nursery Thou, O *Sukhmani*—sublime!
Millions reach, in Thee, their Soul's Prime!
The Mirror Thou—herein, we do see the SELF,
Crystal-clear! Golden! Satarated with all Pelf!
A *Brahmgyani* alone, O Master Dear,
Can see through This: Thy *Sukhmani* clear:
For, Circles within circles, whirl here e'er,
They wheel, in Thee, in endless number!
Thou, the Golden Master-key!
O *Sukhmani*! O *Sukhmani*!

5

Lo! All is Thee! All is Thee!
Yea, In NAM everlastingly!

Ban tin parbat hai Parbrahm :

Ha! lead e'en, in Thee, is Golden!

We need the Eye—Yea, the Eye-Divine!
To see This Vision! The Golden Sunshine!
A million Suns, many million constellations
Confront the reader here, in endless Ovarions!
O Beauty's Lane! O Beauty's Centre Hidden!
This is Thou, O *Sukhmani*: Spirit Divinely-ridden!
Golden Daydawn setting ne'er!
Eerie! Endless! the sweetest-Stir!

6

Honey-bedewed, Manna-paved Ha! Thine Path!
'Tis This that Thou revealest unto my heart!

To me, to thee—to one and all—
 The Heavenly Torch! of big and small!
 Without Thee, without Thee, O *Sukhmani*!
 How can I live e'en a day? How can I?
 Nectar-laden, Nectar-surcharged, Nectar-dripped,
 Thy Halo of haloes!—with millions of Suns tipt!
 This Veilless Light, Ha! Noontide-Bright,
 Is Thy Gift: Midnight-Madness! White-Alight!
 How Golden-green?
 Thy Heavenly-sheen!
 This is Thee, Ha!—This is Thee!
 Golden, Ambrosial, Sweet—*Sukhmani*!

7

A Ray from Thy Sun, O Arjan Dear,
 Gave flood of Light—to these eyes-blear!
 And now I see—
 Thee Everlastingly!
 All is One—yea, all is Me!
 No more I—O Heavenly Glee!
 Wah! Wah! *Sukham - Parbrahm*!
 In me, In Me, Thou art hidden!
 Thou art Me, verily O Being-Supreme!
Brahmah jan, jan mah Parbrahm!
 This, This, the Revelation—how Golden?
 Streameth e'er from Thee, O Guru Arjan!

8

The Ocean Thou, I am but Thy minnow
 Drown me, O Darling, In Thine Billow!
 A Fish little I, by the dust overladen,
 Thou didst pick me—madest me Golden!
 Croaking no more—this love-lit soul
 Nightingale-like, doth sing now, and troll!
Kal tati—thanda Har Nao:
 In summer-heat, icy-cold Thy Glow!
 No will-o'-the-wisp do I worship, or wis,
 I see Thee, feel Thee—Ha! Thy Nam's Kiss!
 A wayside wanderer picked by Thee,
 Guru Arjan's *Sukhmani* made him free!

9

This is my Refrain, O Master-Dear,
 I sing, I lisp, I do chanticleer:
 Glory! Glory! from Begnining to End!
Brahmgyan kai Ghar sada Anand!
 Holy, Heavenly, how Unearthly—this VISMAD!
 By great good fortune from the Master had!
 The only way This:
 NAM: Thy Sweetest Kiss!

By the Living-Word, if ye are touched—
 Then all is Gold! Nay, no more lead!
 Ho! Sweet Holy *Sukhmani*
 Thou art, Living-Symphony!

10

Symphony be-dyed, but Truth-beskeletoned,
 This is my WAHIGURU—in all hearts enthroned!
 Time is only Thy footstool that we see!
 Thou ridest on the Pegasus of Eternity!
 O bat-like man, born wholly blind!
 Why not dive? Thy SELF within to find!
 Of That SELE-Supreme in-ward Hidden,
 This *Nam* is the Master Key-Golden!
Nam tul kachu avar no hoie!
 Why not find This Bedrock-Gay!
 The Key of Keys This—of Wisdom solid,
 Without This, O man, thou art squalid!

11

In NAM'S Golden Electricity, all - Holy, all-spread!
 Sit, stand, move, breathe, worlds without any end!
Nam ka dhare khand Brahmand!
 In Nam endless-worlds do descend!
 Ho! the Pillar-upright, hidden from the Eye,
 Extendest Thou from the earth to the sky!
 Thee I enclasp, Prahlad-like, tho' it be fiery-red,
 Thou art There Ringing e'er, the WORD-Unsaid!
 E'er sunny, ne'er dimmed or dark!
 Golden, glistening Dewy-Spark!
 This is Thee, O NAM, yea This is Thee!
 Golden *Sukhmani* is Thy HIDDEN Key!

12

Sweet Heavenly Shower!
In Soul: The Bridal-Bower!

The Angel-Making Ichor!
At Wahiguru's Own Door!

O *Sukhmani*!—O *Sukhmani*!!
Sweetest, Holiest, Sanctuary!!

III

The Heart & Soul Of The Sukhmani! Simran, NAM & Brahmgyanis-Sweet!!

—:0:—

O Sweet *Sukhmani*! I have tried to describe Thee in the only Way that Thou couldst be described—in words which are surcharged by Thy Dulcet-Echo! But there is something within which wants the same to be resaid in silvery letters—a pale reflection of the poetic colours golden. And this still small Voice within, has to be obeyed!

I ask myself, even as Pilate asked Christ, What is Truth? And the reply comes in the sweet words of my Master: Truth is Beauty—and Beauty can not be without Truth, hence my *Isht* is not this or that lustreless-Being but He, on beholding Whom, spontaneously burst forth golden praises: WAH! WAH! WAH!—This is my Wahiguru—WAH+GURU!!

But to that Love-Lit, Beauty-Gilded Person who can lead us? Nay, no one but the Master-Divine, a Sparklet from the Selfsame-Fire—not an image for image is other than the Reality; the Master has to be a replica, a reproduction of the Supreme Being! To Him, to this Eternal Master—who is no other than the Supreme One Himself, come down from the Clouds-Golden—we call as our Master. Hence, the Sukhmani opens with obeisance to This 'Master'—the Master-Eternal—not he who is born, dies, and is reborn but He who lives from aeons to aeons everlastingly. He may be incarnate in this or that Form, in Nanak and His descendants, but the Master of masters to Whom my blessed Guru refers, is no other than the Wahiguru Himself, Who Himself sets the Torch of Light aflame! All Hail, all hail, therefore, unto Him who is the Locus of all Loci, Who is, above all Time, the Master of Excellences, the Master-Perfect, for if He were not to put us on the right Track Himself, who else could? To this Guru, our obeisance ever!

Though man is born in the very image of God, yet he has come with his Comet-like Tail of Light cut—so that all is dark behind him! He knows not whence he came—he knows not he is going whither. In this wilderness, which we call the world, many an aeon is lost—we are born, to die, to be reborn again and again, and this Weary Wheel of Coming and Going continues, almost without any interruption or end. Tongue-tied & ear-closed we come, and blindfold we go back in this Maze of mazes! Call the Tricksteress that plays the fool with us, by any name: feminine, as Maya, or masculine as Mammon, or by any other name—the fact remains that we are somehow lost, we are dead—we are like embers that are wholly burnt out. It is in that unlicked-form that we are born—and in that unwashed-form we die. The unholyest Sudras are we—Untouchable Ones we—one and all!

By great good fortune, we meet a refracted Ray—from the Master: an echo of the *Gurbani* comes to us "*Sajan Des-badesarie!*—the Bridegroom is not here, He is somewhere else—hidden from our eyes!" We prick up our ears and hear—then, follows again deep draught of sleep. The whirlwind of the sweet *Bani*: the Gurn-given-Word comes again, and on some lucky day, ha! the Day, we do *feel* the pangs of separation. These pangs are not like ordinary tremors—they are like earthquakes, deep, siesmic—waves which convulse us through and through. We feel Vacuum in our souls—we feel the need for the Master, and the Master is there, Lo! in the *Guru Granth Sahib*, for that is the Living-Fire come down from the Heavens, congealed in words, vibrant with new Life! Then the Master speaks to us, the Master prescribes sure remedy for the fatal disease. It is this: Live in the Presence of the Lord!—from morn to even, and from even to morn! This practise of living in the Holy Presence is called *SIMRAN*. Remember the Lord in any way you like, Dear Reader, by stringed beads, or by your heart-beats be-rhythmed with memory, so quickened—No idle-exercises are enjoined by the Master! The real *Simrin* is that rhythmic-remembrance which knows no abatement, which heaves like a surge of holy love, which follows the Cosmic-Dance ever, in order that the potentiality in man may awaken and come into real Life. It is in this love-evergreen, in *Simrin*, that the *Sukhmani* opens. But who knows where it ends? At every step, it kicks against all pricks—it kicks against Time and Space, until one Day, *Simrin* hath transcended all limits;—

" *Prabh kai Simrin Anhad-Jhunkar!*

Sukh Prabh Simrin Ka Ant Na Par! 1, 7

Ha! The Endless-One Come! What is here indicated merely is described in full in the penultimate-*Astpadi*, where Consciousness-Divine in-pours on the Disciple like a Heavenly Shower. Then, in the heart, the Lamp is Lighted and upwells Joy-spontaneous, Holy-Joy, exclaiming:

" *Jai jai Sabad Anahad Waje!*

Sun Sun Anand Kare Prabh Gaje!" XXIII. 3

Without this Master-Key, the Endless-NAM, man wanders in utter darkness. Other means there are, but they are at best indirect—they merely serve to inflate the ego, making it heavier and weightier than it ever was before. But once This Golden-Possession is had, the ego becomes Light and in-filtered—It is like the beaming-Sun, Noonday-bright! This NAM is the Key to all books-revealed—and those books that do not deal in this Commodity are dealing in little more than tinsel or gimcrack!

There are books and books--and there are also grades of Knowledge Divine. The Vedas also deal in this Hidden Possession, but the so-called popular variety of Vedanta (not the real-Vedant) is devoid of This Holy

Master-Key, hence what is, so uttered, falls flat on the minds of the hearers. It was for this reason, if for not for others, that the Bani of Bhagats Pilo, Kahna, Chhaju and many an other so-called saints could not be incorporated in the Guru Granth. A sure test for this abiding Possession is humility, overflowing humility, which is the very essence of all Godliness. This humility is different from its substitutes or its misnomers. The humility of saints springs from inward-unity with one and all, realised in the Name, whereas its misnomers, having no such Lamp for guidance, amount to abject toadyism or vapid-poverty. The greatness of souls, Nam-possessed, lies in their Infinite Expansion—greatness which involves automatic levelling, with all that is ! This is the acid test of Godliness.

The Golden State Ultimate, reaching which, all is One—eternally One is described in the XXIst Ashtpadi. Those who think that this describes the Nirankar Phase only, i.e. before the evolution of the world, misunderstand this, the very heart and soul of the Sukhmani. This State of Divine Consciousness is not only pre-time; it is Eternally with the true devotees, as it transcends all Time. In that Supreme Phase—above all dualities—is the Supreme One Himself. So also are all His devotees everlastingly;—

'Jah abigat bhagat tah Ap!' 8. XXI.

Thou and I in Selfsame Lap !

Who can describe this Golden State? In this the Seer feels:—

Thou and I in Selfsame Lap !

Ha ! All is well ! yea, all is e'er well,
No more Heaven ! No more Hell !

Pain and pleasure, yea, weal and woe,
Cut by the root ! How Radiant Glow ?

No more Coming ! no more Going !
Resting in Thee—yet, e'er-flowing !

In Light-Holy, O Darling, e'er-absorpt,
Thy streamlets all, in Thy Ocean lost !

I live and dwell, in Thee, O Timeless-Akal !
Time, no more ! No more any other Blackwall !

Here, there Ha ! everywhere,
Thou ! Thou ! Thou ! O Master-Dear !

Those who rise to this Superu-peak of Golden Consciousness are men no longer, they are the Lord's Own, Brahmgyanis, as the Guru calls them. Ha ! these Seers of the SELF—One Self-Common in this, that, and all ! Who can describe their glory ? The Master alone could accomplish this seemingly impossible task. The Ashtpadi of Ashtpadis, which is the very soul of the Sukhmani, the VIII, deals with these Master-souls !—the Self-Seers ! I

will not attempt this impossible task here, but I would be false to my assigned task, if I did not point my Finger in that direction for all to run to that Ashtpadi, to fly with wings of gold at once thereto ! O Golden Ashtpadi, written in Sikh hearts, in letters of Radiant-Gold ! Glow, glow, glow, Thou, there eternally !—for Thee man was made verily !

To a Brahmgyani Soul !

Golden ! Golden ! Golden ! how honeyed sweet ?
 Manna-loaded, Virgin-White ! Thy Milky-Sheet !
 The Seer of the Self ! e'er pure, Evergreen !
 To the Empyrean raised by the WORD-Unseen :
 Above all time, yet in Time's Depths hid !
 These Live ! on top of Time's Lofty Pyramid !
 These Heavenly Ones, yea,—God's Own !
 The Seed of SELF reap !—in Nam selfsown !
 Rainbow-Garbed These, Ha ! crystal-souled,
 In Nam bedyed—Living-Burnished-Gold !
 A *Brahmgyani* alone, may feel, or describe
 This earth-inhabiting, but Heavenly-Tribe !

Before I end, I must refer to the Making of the Perfect Man : the *Brahmgyani*, for this is the soul-Ape to which the *Sukhmani* carries us, yea, one and all.

The Guru defines Self-Seers, Saints and Sat Gurus lest we may take counterfeit coin in place of gold. The Self-Seer is he who sees the SELF (atman) here, there and everywhere ! The saint is one who, seeing this Universal Self in one and all, does deeds which are pure—within and without "*Sadh Nam Nirmal Ta ke Karam* ! 8. XXIV

The Sat Guru is he who carries the Torch of Light, of Nam, which sets the dead souls awake. Finally, the Supreme One : Wahiguru is defined to be that Formless Being who is above all Qualities—and yet, somehow, all that is, is His manifestation, His image, as it were—the truest Mirror of God being the MAN—PERFECT ! The Saint, the Self-seer and the Sat Guru are all one—being phases of the Selfsame Golden Man !

IV

The Perfect Man! The Self-Seer!

— (0) —

A FORETASTE!

It is well-nigh impossible to describe the BRAHMGYANI: the Self-Seer. Here is but a foretaste of what we find in a Glorious Blaze in the all-holy Ashtpadi, VIII—a faint echo of My Master's Sweet Symphony!

RAINBOW-DYED MAN!

The Perfect Man! The Perfect Man!
Who can tell Him? Who can scan?
Heaven and earth do meet in Him,
Boundaries melt! Time and Space swim!
Heaven-high this being low,
Spirit-Bedewed—born-anew!
Nor sun, nor moon can measure His glow,
The Milky Way covereth His Brow!

1

The Man of men descended from clouds,
Rainbow-Turbanned! Nectar-drowned!
Seeing all, knowing all: how Ominiscient?
The Diamond - in - Him e'er iridescent!
Ever-green, blossoming e'er,
River of Fire! Raining Nectar!
Mellowed-sweet, within, without,
The Root of roots! With Silky Sprout!

2

Angels all in chorus do sing:
BRAHMGYANI, Ha!—With Heavenly - Wing!
Dieing ne'er, aging ne'er!
Of sweetest tidings the Harbinger!
"Kal Yug is at an end!" saith He,
"The Millenium hath dawned! Look up—see!"
"Dark clouds, like the demons, chased!"
"Ailments all from the earth erased!"

3

Cloud-begirt Thou! How Pearline-eyed?
Every breath Thine in the NAM bedyed!
Seeing all as Thy SELF-blessed,
Serving all, spontaneously, so urged!

None so low as to be beyond Thy ken,
 The Ant and the Elephant Thy brethren!
 The lamb and the lion do drink together
 Nectar-Fount that Thou dost bestir!

The Creator Thou! The Master of all,
 In Thy Self emerging: the big and small!
 The Fount of Love, the Fount of Joy!
 Gold of first water, without alloy!
 The warp Thou! Thou also the Golden-Woof!
 In Thee is upraised the World's Roof!
 Holy, thrice-holy, Thy Nectar-Word!
 The Balm of Balms: the Elixir-distilled!

Rapt e'er in Golden Mists radiant,
 Thy face flushed with Glow-transcendent!
 Robed in Eternity from top to toe,
 Glistening, gleaming, like the Rainbow!
 Purple, incarnadine, virgin-souled:
 NECTAR-RAINING, NECTAR-AUREOLED!
 When all is tip-top, all creation, all evolution,
 Then is born the Superman: Ha! the Consumation!

Not stiff-necked, nor outwardly-magnanimous,
 For these are fruits of Ego-treacherous!
 Seedless Thy ego, wholly unsoiled,
 In this is the Egg of Wisdom boiled!
 When 'thee' and 'me', no more, they be,
 Then is the Superman born, verily!
 Spontaneosly-sweet, spontaneously-virtuous!
 This is the Perfect One, in soul most beauteous!

This dissolving Cauldron of 'I' and 'Me'
 Is Nam-Golden, yea, NAM—eternally!
 This Word-Heavenly, hidden from the eye,
 Dwelleth in the Self-Seer continually!
 The Fount This! The Mount This—the Sumeru!
 Herein Thou livest, O the Eagle among the sparrow!
 Where Myrmidons of Time do hide & slink—
 There is Thy Pool of Immortality e'er a-brim!

In Amrit-sweet, Thou dost live and move,
 The Nectar-Nam is thine Treasure-trove!

On the Wings of Nam, thou dost soar above,
 There to rest in Peace—in *Nandan-Grove*!
 Peace, Peace, Peace everlasting!
 Upward-soaring! upward-marching!
 This is the Secret of secrets, of Life-hidden.
 The SELF-SEER, is Its Mirror golden!

My Master alone hath the Camera-telescopic,
 Wherein Midnight-Madness is awhirl gyroscopic!
 Gyrating e'er thus, from shelf to shelf,
 Mounts the NAM, to Most Infinite-SELF! 9
 This, This, is the Master-Key!
 The Holy Nam—eternally, verily;
 Focus This, the Lens in-mounted
 See there! the SELF horizon-painted!
 In those Depths, so hidden, so golden,
 Is enwrapped the Man—the Superman! 10

Sweet, Sweet, how saccharine-sweet,?
 Honeyed, honeyed: This WORD-secrete!
 In the heart of heart, Lo! 'tis there
 I see It pulsating—far and near!
 The Pulse of world, the Blue-Blood rare!
 The Ichor of Gods—The FOUR-SQUARE!
 Ha!, This is Thy Palace-e'er Golden!
 Where Thou, BRAHMGYANI-BABA, ART BEHOLDEN! 11

In the following chapter we will describe in all its details the constitution of the Superman, the Fruit of fruits!—to produce whom all creation is in travail. Although modern conception of evolution is, by itself, incomplete in that it posits endless growth in Time which has no end—yet, this consummation is miraculously achieved when Time's Own Father: Eternity is discovered, for then Time becomes a mere footstool, a pedestal, while the Perfect One soars to Heaven on Wings of Eternity, enthroned on the Golden NAM! To Him, therefore, we turn.

V

To Infinity — To Eternity By Holy Touch !!

— : 0 : —

Pita ka janam ki jane Put ?

The Saints receive the highest honour in the Sukhmani. The calumny of the saints is the greatest possible, most heinous, sin. Why is this so? It is because the saints are Living Lamps of Light, and to malign them or to run away from them is like living underground, away from the source of light. This owl-like, or bat-like existence is one of the greatest punishments to which man can fall a prey. It is instinctive even with the child to turn towards light, how much more should it be with man? And yet, alas! the owl-in-man not only shuns Light but blasphemes the same. This is undiluted Devilry—were it not for the fact that the saints bless even these unrepentant and petrified souls. Each last strophe of the (XIII) Ashtpadi ends with this assurance that in the hands of the saints lies the Holy Elixir which turns even a sinner into a saint. Thus was Ahlaya-petrified restored to life by Ram. Thus is AJA-MAL, who is all soiled with filth through and through, enabled to become clean through an unexpected source! This mythical Aja-mal, in my opinion, stands for all those who are yet (*aja*) soiled with filth (*mal*)—and thus the assurance is held to one and all! This is the burden of the Sukhmani!

There is no end nor limit to the praises of the saints—to their Holy Touch Divine! For, this Service of theirs is spontaneous, without give-and-take, business-mentality. Indeed, it is stated that even the revealed books are incompetent to fully describe the mysterious inwardness of the Masters:

Sadh ki Mahma Ved na Janeh ! 8, VII

How is it and why is it that even the revealed books cannot fully describe their praises? It is because the saints revel in INFINITY; they live, die, and are reborn in this Life-everlasting—while all that is written or transcribed is confined within fourwalls of Time and Space, and it has to be so confined; the Saints alone soar above!

To Infinity—to Eternity! This is the Goal to which the Sukhmani-sublime leads us. Who can describe the limits of Infinity?—This is unthinkable, for Infinity is negation of all limits. How beautifully, how sweetly, is this limitless-Limit described in words so sweet that they ring again and again in the ears of the reader: "KAI-KOT"—Endless-Millions! Endless millions this, endless millions that—endless-millions Moons, endless-millions Suns—endless-millions sinners, no doubt, but endless millions also Saints!—nay, endlessly-endless also those who know the NAME—the hidden Secret Divine!

*Kai Kot tat ke beta !
Sada Nihareh Eko Netre ! 7. X*

And as regards the World and its evolution, the Master tells us that there is not one, cut and dried Plan, but even these are endlessly-endless—although the Name is the Common Thread of Life, running through *all* of these plans, for it is This which winds the worlds back—to re-evolve them endlessly, in endless-Rhythm, which is the very Essence of the Nam:---

*Kai Jugat kino Bisthar !
Kai Bar Pasrio Pasar !
Sada Sada Ek-ankar ! 7. X*

To this Endless-Eternity the Sukhmani drives us, carries us on its Wings !

Where is the Goal Hidden? In that world-uplifting, soul-uplifting Essence: in the Pillar of the Heart, as the Guru tells us, in the NAME ! The Name is not merely what is uttered and sung, it is the Divine Essence Eternal, the Hidden Magnet which Itself draws us like unseen Tendrils, of Which the reflected rays are words chanted and sung. In other words, the Name is God-Living and when we reach that Highest-Height, the Highest-Spiritual-Level, then alone it is that we reach what is called the Level of Levels: SAHAJ ! This is Infinity, more, it is Eternity !

We must distinguish between Infinity and Eternity—two words so seemingly alike, yet as different as the two poles asunder. These words are negative and positive: Infinity is negative, in that it involves negation of the two Limits-supreme, viz. Time and Space. The word Eternity is positive—it refers not only to transcendence of the above limits, but their Synthesis, their Hypostasis, their melting into One, which is the Living-Name ! We call the former i. e. Infinity as *Akal, Nirankar*—and the latter as *Ekankar* (sometimes only as *Onkar*, more often the two conjoined), as in the *Mulmantar* ! It is to this Consummation, to this Exaltation, to this Zenith: the Sahaj that the Sukhmani refers in its last of two Definitions viz:—

Sukhmani Sahaj Gobind gun Nam ! 5. XXIV.

This SAHAJ is described in detail in the second Monograph of this Series, viz. Anand Sahib, hence, it is not described any more here. Suffice it to say that the Sahaj is the Goal: Highest Spontaneity, unencumbered, inertia-less, complete freedom, which is the Goal of Goals !

Reaching this Consummation, there is no end, nor limit, nor duality any longer. It is Mysterious-Mystery: *mystery tremendum* ! Nor intellect, nor pen, nor ratiocination can reach It—the Nam alone knoweth It, as It abides in It everlastingly, without distinction, in this ETERNITY:—

*Ta ki gat mit kahi na jae,
Dusar Hoie ta Sojhi pae ! 6. XVIII*

Millions of Encyclopedias will be required to explain THIS—ONENESS !

VI

The Making Of Perfect Man !

The Brahmgyani Or Superman !!

"The most important man on earth" wrote G. K. Chesterton, "is the Perfect Man who is not there." This is a very dismal reading of the destiny of Man. Though such Beaconlights of Truth are few and far between yet they are there—scattered here, there, and everywhere, hidden maybe, from the human eye, yet there, for the Seed of Nam sows them eternally! The Divine Master sees them: the Brahmgyanis, as we see the rainbow in the sky, and even as we count its colours, so does my Master give the multi-millioned Colours, in which those, the Perfect Ones, are bedecked!—Millions of colours these, yea, the Golden Blaze that no eye hath seen; no sun hath outshone—the Colour of colours that is *up there*, impurpled and iridescent! Who can describe each shade of This Colour? Who can describe the infinite depths hidden behind each chord of the Seer's heart-Vina? The Superman! The *Brahmgyani*, Ha! the most important Being, most difficult to describe!

The Divine Master gives in broad outlines the Physiognomy of the Heavenly One thus:—

"The Man of God ! The Man of men !
Seeing naught but Thee, O Perfect ONE!
True in word, in thought and deed !
This is, O Nanak, BRAHMGYANI, indeed ! "

True within and true without—rooted in righteousness throughout: such is the Godly One about whom my Master refers in detail in the Sukhmani. But Truth is one of the most difficult terms to define—it is like a little Circle, when we come across it in Mathematics or in Logic; pursue this Circle in Philosophy or Religion and it goes on widening, until its ever-widening radius touches the farthestmost limits—transcending all limits—and then dissolving into Eternity which is its very essence! Eternity again is a very slippery word: we usually think that it is tied to the Chariot Wheels of Time which it does somehow outfly—Eternity is all this, yet it is more than Infinity: it is the deepest-Depth, crammed into the minutest interval of Time! This may appear to be enigmatical and yet it is this which is the Essence of all Eternity! The Godly One, the Superman, is born in this Holy, thrice-Holy Environment and it is this Ichor that sustains Him, from aye to aye, to endless time!

Ho! the Heavenly One !
In Eternity Born !
By Eternity suckled !
By Time up-truckled !

The Golden Man !
Ha ! Eternity's Span !

The *Brahmgyani par excellence* is Sri Guru Arjan Dev Ji Himself, the Master Divine, who describes thus in words which are the very crux and the apex of the Sikh Bible:—

GOLDEN EQUALITY !

" Thou dost not die, O my Dear,
Nor do I the Death-angel fear !
For Thee, O Lord, no decay nor dissolution !
For me, O Dear, no wavering nor irresolution !
Thou, O Lord, art Full, the fullest-Treasury !
Thy Servant also, O Dear, is ne'er hungry !
No pain to Thee, O Lord of Lords mine,
No travail to this soul—to servant Thine !
No entanglement to Thee, nor e'en to me,
Unburdened Thou, untrammelled I—e'er free !
Stainless Thou, stainless also this humble-I !
In Bliss e'er Thou ! Thy servant also happy !
No care for the morrow to Thee, nor to me !
Purest-pure Thou ! So also I, without impurity !
E'er full Thou !—without any hunger !
Thy servant also needeth no provender !
I am naught, yea, Thou art all !
Past ! Present ! Future !—Thou, Overall !
None but Thee, mayest this life recall !
This Life o'erflew from Thy Life's Stall !
Doubts no more ! Ha ! Certitude full !
We are One ! O Nanak, One-ETERNAL ! "

(Asa V P 391 G. Granth ji)

It is this Certitude of Oneness with the Eternal that constitutes the very heart and soul of the Perfect One. We know full well the old formula: 'Do unto others as thou wouldst be done by'—we read this holy formula in many a Bible and Shastar, but the Guru goes a step further and dissolves the last partition between 'Me' and 'Thee'; the Brahmgyani beholds all as ONE!—the ETERNAL-ONE—in Whose Bosom all are submerged: it is, *therefore*, that we must needs do unto others as to ourselves, for, we are One, parts of One TREMENDOUS WHOLE ! Rising to that high pedestal, to the Sumeru Peak-Golden, who does not sing, with my Master, the sweetest of all Holy Songs as under:—

Anando Anando Ghana, main so Prabh ditha Ram !
" Bliss ! Bliss ! Bliss-Eternal wholly mine !
The Sweetest I saw—in my heart's Shrine !

Tasted, Ha ! tasted NAM ! how Saccharine Sweet ?
It rained from Above, from My Master's Feet !

Sweetest-Sweet This, the Manna-Holy !
Indrenching me—each fibre—solely !

In Calm-Equilibrium, do I now rest !
SAHAJ This, Ha ! ETERNITY'S EARNEST ! "
(Asa V P 452 G. Gr. ji)

Who can describe the glorious Vision-Beatific which unveils itself to the eyes of the Perfect One ? As soon as the NAME in-pours into the heart of a Seer so soon does the thickest of all partitions, that of *Avidya*, disappear. Something comes in—the Golden Sun—and Lo ! all around is Life, Light, Light-everlasting ! No faint, flickering, shimmering image this—but it is the Reality itself, marching onwards like a victorious general and trampling underfoot troops of vexations worries ! The highest of certitudes is this, namely the SELF-*within*, meeting the SELF-COSMIC, in rounds of eternal jubilation :—

Aps kao Ape Ades !
Obeisance ! Obeisance ! Obeisance !
From Self-in-man to the Self-in-Cosmos ! !

In this State of Divine consciousness seeing all as One—their SELF—Godly Seers live ever. They are the Highest of the High, Most Excellent Ones, yet, as the Guru tells us, they are the lowest of the low !—for are they not level with the Living Dust ? Most Golden is this State of states—State of inebriation ! State surcharged with Holy Glory ! State sublime, transcending all Time ! From Timelessness emerging, to Timelessness progressing and converging ! The State wherein Joy is unending—because it is a *natural* possession innate to the SELF or *Atman*-within ! Even as Sun is ever accompanied by its light-radiant so is this Consciousness ever ebullient with inborn joy. Hence, its most characteristic feature is SPONTANEITY, joy-upwelling itself endlessly :—

Brahmgyani ka iho gunao !
Nanak jio pawak ka Sahaj-Subhao !

Most mysteriously sweet is this Possession, namely the Spontaneity-sublime !—Sentiments ever-welling, upwelling, sky-high ! propelled by the inborn-Momentum and engulfing the two : man and God, into One, endlessly !

This SPONTANEITY unburdened, untrammelled, unloaded, in all that the seers do or say, is the Possession of possessions for which even gods thirst. Man is more than gods in that he can transcend all limits imposed on him. Man hath this spontaneity when he hath the Living Divine Essence : the Name ! Unless this Name is attained, all talk about Unity with God is verbiage or meaningless—'tis wholly vapid ! For it is well said :—

Pharoah said: "I am the Truth" and was laid low,
 Mansur said "I am the Truth" and escaped free...
 Because Pharoah was a stone, and Mansur a Ruby!
 Pharoah an enemy of God, Mansur a friend of Light!

It is this Consciousness-abiding, the Vac-Living, which took possession of Vedic Seers when they chanted the hymns recorded in the Vedas. It is this consciousness which illumined Jesus the Christ—for the 'Christ' is one, who is so anointed with Holy Spirit or the Name! It is this NAM which was the very heart and soul of the Brahmgyani Gurus. In whosoever heart this Living Essence upweilth, he sees the same SELF common in all. Then, *all* is knit up before Him in One Golden File, of which the Tieing-Thread is this Silken Name. No more, no more for a Seer enemies or friends—for are they not Mysterious Phases of the Selfsame One? Indeed, all things are same to Him:—

Tesa Svan, tesa us mati!
Tesa Amrit, tesa bikh khati!

"A Nugget of gleaming-Gold!
 To him same! as earthen-clod!

The Nectar-Sweet, Hallowed Possession!
 Same, same—as the bitterest Poison!

Praise same, Dispraise also alike!
 The King and the Beggar both belike!

Is it so, that to the Seer, all Values are lost? No, rather things are seen *now*, as never before: they are One—one in the Eternal Substratum-Golden! The Values are there, only they are transformed—Divinely transvaluated! Even as leaden clouds, in evening, are dyed purple-red by the parting Kiss of the setting Sun, so also the soul, reborn, hath this glory, from aye to aye, for is not the Name the soul of Eternity? Most Holy Vision this!—that dawns to set never! Glorious-glory, knitting the Seer with the Being Most-Ancient Hoary! No more differences that keep mortals eternally sundered! No more the whirlpool of ego wherein we all do sink! No more the high and the low—for to the Seer they have, one and all, the same Divine Glow! The Seer, thus Spirit-Born, liveth from aye to aye! He is one with the Creator-Himself:—

Brahmgyani sabh srishit ka karta!
Brahmgyani sad jive nahin marta!

Death conquered, Ha! nailed at last!
 Golden, Golden! all Future and Past!

From Death to Life!—to Life-Eternal!
 The Creator Thou! Thy Voice Prophetical!

No picture hand-painted can describe the glory of the Seers! Even the

glory of *Usha*, the Heavenly Maid of the Morn, pales into insignificance before the Holy Lustre of these Souls bedyed rich in Nam! Unsoiled they, yea, like the waters flowing! Untouched they, like the Lotus glowing! Untrammelled they like the winds blowing! Unperplexed they, like high Heavens in-growing! Indeed, a hundred and one similies, are used by the Master to express the unfathomed Deeps of such Heavenly Ones. I will put in here merely a few of those golden Rubies, in their untranslated, untranslatable splendour:—

The Seers are like unto Thee, O Supreme One, even as:—

- (1) *Jaise jal mah kamal alep!* As the Lotus in water is unwetted,!
- (2) *Jaisa Sur Sarb kao sokh!* As the Sun is the Stove-common!
- (3) *Jaisa tul phawan!* Like the sweet Zephyr blowing to one and all!
- (4) *Jaisa Dhar upar akas!* Like Heavenly Sky, the Umbrella of one and all!
- (5) *Jio basudha!* Even as the Mother-Earth, trodden, yet loving!

These Gems are scattered here, there, everywhere in the Infinite Depths of the Soul of a Superman inflooded with the Light Divine. See Him, from any angle, you like, you find that he is a New Man: *Intellectually* gauged, a Seer hath what is called Light, Truth, Insight, Illumination, Gnosis—sublime; *emotionally* expressed, He hath Joy-ebullient, Joy-unending, peace, bliss, certitude; *volitionally*, we witness in Him: fullest-freedom, self-mastery, divinest-activity unattached!—The head, the heart and the will all transfigured!! More, a Seer wields Sword and Pen alike: the Saint and the Warrior meet in him! The crown and the meeting point, however, of all these glories, found in the Seer, is Sweet-Mellowness, which the Guru calls *Maskini* (Humility). This is at once the test and the fruit of Self-Possession. From this do flow all currents of Service. This service is of the Self, by the Self, hence un-advertised:—

“The greatest serves, most great is he
Who maketh no show for men to see!”

A sweet corollary of this same Consciousness-Divine is outflowing Mercy—mercy to one and all, without any distinction of caste, colour or creed. The Merciful Seer considers all as His Own Children, each child growing up in his own way, each working in his own line, all pre-destined for the highest Possession, many though the obstacles in their path, Mercy welling up spontaneously is the very touchstone of the Perfect Ones:—

Brahmgyani kai Garibi Smaha!
Brahmgyani Parupkar UMAHA!

Even as light outpours from sun of itself so also mercy outflows naturally from the heart of a Self-Seer. It is constitutional with a Seer, to do

Good—good to one and all, irrespective of what others do. The Sikh history is fragrant with many sweet stories in which we see Brahmgyanis ever astir—living and moving! One of the sweetest instances we know of is that of Brother Kanahiya serving cool drinking water to fighting armies, during a battle in which the fighter, on one side, is no less a Person than the Guru Himself (Guru Govind Singh Ji) who is pitched against the Mughals. Brother Kanahiya is reported against, and is brought to the Master. He is charged for helping the enemy, in this critical moment. What is the explanation of the Water-carrier?

“O Master mine” said the Brother “It is Thee I see!—Thee, here, there, and everywhere!—this is the Lesson that Thou didst give, and I live up to that hence, I serve with water, one and all, that do thirst in this tropical heat—THEE!” “Thou, my Son, art right, Kanahiya!” said the Master “Serve them well, serve them all,—give them drinking water—more, here is a cooling-balm, apply this also to their wounds, to those who are distressed.” Concluded the Master, giving him a little box from his own pocket. The Master a Brahmgyani *par excellence*!—so also His Beloved Disciples!

To take another case, we know of Brother Bir Singh, the Warrior Saint, who was sitting with a Chorus-party singing Songs, when he was attacked by a party of seceders. Shots were fired, shells poured in from without, but the Brother did not shoot back in return, for as he said: “They know not what they do, We know better! They are flesh of our flesh, soul of our soul!” Instances need not be multiplied for the Sikh History is full of them.

Guru Arjan Dev Ji Himself had to face many such difficulties, awkward moments, throughout His Life, ending as we know, with the last Scene, when He was boiled alive in a Caldron of molten-fires. We know the Master's Holy words when so treated: “Peace, Peace, Peace! *Tera Bhana Mitha lage!* Sweet is Thy Will, O Lord!” Thus He bore it all—He rose above all weal and woe! In this sweet resignation to the Will-Divine lies the very essence of the teachings of the Master. Than this Resignation no further revelation is ever made: All For The Best! The Divine Urge convulses the Whole World—there are innumerable ups and downs, we see these and are startled i.e. if we look superficially only, but if we see the Heart of Things, there we will discover that the Urge comes from the Bosom of Joy and proceeds on to Joy! A mystery this, which is all the more sweet, as it is so mysterious. Hence, saith the Master:—

Jo Wartae sai jugat!

Nanak, Oh Purkh kahie Jiwan-mukat!

“Yea, All is well! All is for the Best!—’Tis so willed by Supreme One!—”
So saith the Master.

What then of Evil? Does it exist for a Seer? It exists no more, for

Evil is but a shadow of egotism, and as soon as ego is swallowed by the Divine Whole, there is no place for Evil, *per se* in that all-absorbing Whole! Whatever is done by That Wave of Divine-Consciousness is right, upright, eternally right!—for it is done spontaneously, involuntarily, naturally—and in that Highest-Spontaneity there is no whirlpool of evil or darkness, even as there is no darkness in the sunlight itself! Evil is a frontier-phase, a transitory phase, a necessary stage, through which we grow, as the butterfly passes through the chrysalis stage but it is no more when the Whole is discovered, when Perfect Man is born! Saith the Master:—

Brahmgyani ki sabh upar miya!

Brahmgyani te kachh bura na bhiya!

Hence, no Evil emanates from the Perfect One; it cannot, even as no darkness can come from the sun! These terms Good and Evil—'Frontier-Tribes'—disappear as soon as all frontiers are invaded by Nam and conquered, when there is the One-Ruler-Universal of the whole Cosmos—without and within, then, there are such frontiers no longer!

Last but not least, the Perfect One is ever *innocent*, like unto a baby—radiantly - innocent! A sweet baby captures our heart by his unawakened innocence, for he is like a flower just born—but the innocence of a Brahmgyani is of another type: it is both innocent as also radiant, for this innocence is no longer in slumber, it is the very Plentiude of power, which has come all the way round and become innocent as extremes have met! The Child-Like Seer, Divinely Sublime, is ever awake:— *Brahmgyani sada sada jagat!* Sleep no longer for him, nor Cosmic Illusion for Seer Sees eternally! The Seer's innocence is catching, it is heart-opening, it is door-devouring. Who among the Sikhs does not know? the sweetest of all stories that has come to us from the earliest times as to how the Great Guru: Granth Sahib was composed—brought into being. Many difficulties had to be faced, Himalayan Ones, for whosoever stepped into the shoes of the Master—the Guru Gaddi—became a centre of opposition! Thus was the bearded-Baba Sri Amar Dass kicked by the descendants of the second Nanak. The descendants of the third Guru kept a strong, solid, steel-lock on the *Gurbani* of their Master-Parents, which no one could wrench from their hands. The Master needed those Holy Manuscripts. Who could go and get them from locked hearts? Brother Gurdass, the Holy Scribe, went and failed; the Oldest Man, then living among the Sikhs, went and came back disappointed. Then went the Master Himself, with a tambourine in his Hand. This is the Ditty He sang, at the Doors thrice-shut of Mohan Ji, who had the precious manuscripts. The address was so made as to appeal to him and to the Universal-Mohan

also, i. e. the Lord:—

SESAME OPEN! O MOHAN!!

"O Heart-enchanting Mohan!
How lofty Thy Mansion sky-high!
Thy Palace so pearline!
Thy sweet-Door, O Mohan mine,
Is today the Mart of Righteousness!
This Mart Divine!
Ha! Infinity's Shrine!
Here, do I sing, here they all do sing;
Eternal, Eternal, Eternal! Thy Music Spring!....."

There is a sweet Urge in the Master's Melody—the ascetic-Mohan also pricks up his ears and hears; Lo! a part of his Heart's Door is already ajar. Here comes the second fusillade from the Master's Battery of Music:—

"O Mohan, how holy thy words?
Thy sweetly-studied mysterious gait;
Preserve, preserve the *Paij*: honour mine"

This hath opened the Door of his heart half-open. And now comes the third Volley;

"O Mohan, the Holy *Sangat* looketh up
To Thee, To Thee—in meditation verily—
No more Death! No more Worry!"

This brings down Mohan from the attic to the Master's Feet, when the *Pothis*, the Bibles, are handed over to Him—Who is the true Owner thereof. He owns them to hand them to thee, to me—to one and all! Then upswells the following Song of Joy from the Master:—

"O Mohan, thou art saved—
Thou, thy children, one and all!
We also are saved, thy brethren—
Yea, the whole world, O Nanak!"

The innocence of the Master hath worked wonder, a miracle!—For the Seer hath the Holy Voice whereby even stone-hearted ones melt—melt due to hidden Nectar-Heavenly! There is Magic ever in the sweet speech of a Seer!

Another miracle, which happened in the life time of the Guru, is worth special mention inasmuch as it shows how the soul of a Brahmgyani remains firm like a Rock in the midst of all calamities, and how tables are turned at last on the evil-doer, sometimes earlier than expected, even in twinkling of an eye! The miracle that happened in the case of Mughal General Sulahi

Khan is such, an object lesson for history, and needs to be written in red letters, as it shows powers latent in all Divine Masters and Brahmgyanis. Instigated by Prithia, the elder brother of the Master, Sulahi Khan came from the Mughal Headquarters, with a large army in order to overawe and to force the Guru to submit to his might, intending to proselytise the Master. Many counsels were given to the Guru: either to write to the Mughal explaining his position, or to send some messenger, but he refused, as he says, to do either—depending, as he did, on the Almighty alone rapt in sweet Meditation uninterrupted. The nearer the Mughal General approached, the darker became the apprehensions of all the disciples. But the Master wavered not, flinched not, quailed not—and when the General was almost at the end of his destination, lo! there came in his way a brick-kiln burning. Seeing the angry flames rise high up in the air, Sulahi's horse bolted, running straight, with the rider, into the heated oven, and behold! he was consumed to ashes in a few minutes! Here is the Thanksgiving Service of the Master which we find in the Guru Granth Sahib:—

AN UNEXPECTED MIRACLE!

"From this Sulahi, the Mughal General,
Thou didst save me, O my Lord!
Sulahi did not so much as even touch me—
He died with his head, heart and hands all soiled!
O Lord Mine, Thy Axe flashed forth from the Emyrean-Blue,
And Lo! the head of Sulahi was smote off, all through!

In the body of the Guru Granth, we find a number of such little Sukhmanis—Autobiographic Hymns—which tell us how miracles happened every day, every second in his Life! Thus Nanak VI is born as a result of such a miraculous blessing—he is poisoned by Prithia's paid agents, but he is saved due to another happy turn of the Wheel of Destiny! At each such turn wells forth a Spring of Joy, and thus the Guru Granth is studded with not a few autobio-graphic experiences, which he who runs may read! The greatest of all miracles is the Divine Name, which is the heart and soul of the Seers. In this sweet Charm-unending, do Brahmgyanis live ever and ever! No one, not even the Satan-hearted ones, are beyond the Sphere of their influence or their blessing. All look up to a Seer and He blesses one and all:—

Brahmgyani anath ka Nath!
Brahmgyani ka sabh upar Hath!

The Perfect Man, the *Superman*—as the Master says, is the very Consummation, the Fruit of all evolution:—

The Divine One! Ha! The Superman!
One with God—one with man!

Aging ne'er, e'er-growing!
Waxing, Waxing, o'er-flowing!

Time's Fruit!—Eternity's own Seed!
The Holiest, Highest, Golden-Mead!

VII

MODERN CIVILIZATION

&

The Gurus!

More about Shri Guru Arjan Dev Ji!

The Gurus. In these days of ant-like men and mole-hill realms, we do not know, much less we can visualise, as to who were those Himalyan personalities whom the world calls and reveres as Masters, Messiahs and the Gurus. Democracy has reduced every one to dust. In trying to bring about superficial equality, it has pulled out the root of real greatness. And thus we are faced today with the terrible spectacle that while there are many pigmy-teachers and Lilliputian-leaders, yet there is no outstanding world-personality. Hero-worship has been driven underground. Genius has taken wings and flown. India has yet to re-produce the sages of whom we are really proud. England has yet to produce another Carlyle or Shakespeare. In dealing with the atoms and molecules, our genius has itself shrunk to the size of a punctured bladder. We know much of the little things of the earth, of the constituents of the air that we breathe, of water that we drink, of the foods we eat, of the vitamins that are said to vitalise, but we do not know what is God, soul and man—matters which are of real consequence to us. Plain living and high thinking are no more. We have piled mountains of wealth and of gold, but in our hearts we are all uneasy, and a tremor of uneasiness convulses the whole world today. We have built sky-scrapers which kiss the clouds, but our souls are yet cramped, etiolated and anaemic. The machines are all working at breakneck speed and with double shifts and yet the poor are unclad; there is so much unemployment in the world and there is the recurring conflict between labour and capital. Indeed, there is something very much wrong with our little world of Denmark!

This really sets us a-thinking as to why modern man with all his labour and sweating has come to such a sorry pass as this? Has not the twentieth century many startling inventions to its credit, such as the wireless, the aeroplane the X-rays which explore heights and depths hitherto shut up to our outer eye? Has not Einstein discovered for us law which tells us that Time and Space are relative like the hand and the glove? Has not Ford given us the secret of duplication whereby automobiles are made and reproduced much as we reprint books and newspapers? All this is true, too true, and yet we do feel a vacuum within our hearts; we feel that with every leap into the dark, another limbo is opened in the closet of our soul. Indeed, the old law of compensation is as active in the realm of discovery as in the realm of

darkness. The greater and the more luminous the scientific achievements of today, the darker the shadow they cast in our mental world. The dragons of science, namely, electricity, magnetism, steam have grown like the Samson and Goliaths of old, but correspondingly man has dwindled into manikin, into hop-o'-my-thumb. If we might express it mathematically, man is composed of two elements, namely, *M* which is his spiritual greatness or Manliness, and *N* which represents the number of his possessions: $MAN = M \text{ (Manliness)} \times N \text{ (number of possessions)}$. Science has increased the last factor of easements and possessions, and has, therefore, correspondingly reduced his Manliness. This is why the modern man is so small despite all his possessions and scientific achievements. The fact of the matter is that the brute-in-man is still at large; although he has changed his outward garb, yet the prowling propensity is still there. It is this which is the root cause of recurring wars, which makes neighbourly nations quarrel like cats and dogs. Will science make us any better? Yes and no; yes, it will bring in its train many other amenities of life, and no, because these amenities are later on found to be no better than the Apple of Sodom which the serpent offered to Eve when she was in the Garden of Eden! Investigations are good as far as they go, but at best they are merely accretions. Our soul which is our choicest possession is no more to be found in the world of matter than can light be discovered in the womb of darkness. Thus our energy has gone astray, our effort has been derailed, and we find ourselves in a deep morass of materialism from which it is becoming increasingly difficult to extricate ourselves. We followed too far the will-o'-the-wisp of materialism, and today we find ourselves lost in arid Sahara of agnosticism, and endless greed, cause of wars.

When man sinks into a depth deeper than this, when he sells his birth-right for a mess of pottage, it is then that a Guru is born to dispel the darkness of ages. Five centuries back in India, the land of seers and saviours, had sunk to abysmal depth. Sanskrit, the language of the intelligentsia, had gradually died and become petrified. The Vedas had either become sealed books or were replaced by other books of doubtful authenticity. The masses were cut off from light and learning. Buddhism, like the sciences of today, had devoted more attention to head than to the heart, and thus the springs of *Bhakti* had become dried. When Buddhism died its natural death in India dry philosophy sprang up like the mushroom growth, and although it derived its inspiration from the Vedas of old, yet without the under-current of heart, this philosophy was as sterile as a tree deprived of its root. The Mohamedans had conquered India and had replaced the Purans by the Qoran. But the Qoran was foreign to the Indian genius and remained as much on the surface as that philosophy of old. Evidently a deep-rooted genius was the pressing necessity of the age and it found its response in Nanak. Guru Nanak was sweet and simple like the Narcissus-lily. This lily springs from the earth and is primarily of the earth, so was Nanak a real son of India and its true exponent. His hymns are redolent with Divine fragrance. He sang like the nightingale, and worked like the bee. He travelled on foot

the length and breadth of India and went as far as Mecca in the west and Tibet in the north and by the time he died, India felt itself rejuvenated as the Guru had injected in its arteries the same vital ichor which it had lost. Guru Nanak did for India what no other leader of mankind did; he left his Self behind! We, therefore, find the happy phenomenon of a long list of *Avatars* each aglow with the same Divine Flame, each working for the stricken *Bharat-varsh*, but changing the medicine to suit the altered needs and requirements of the patient. In the span of one century, no less than four Nanaks had administered to the spiritual needs of India, and now came the turn for the Fifth and the central figure, i.e., Shri Guru Arjan Dev.

The Fifth Guru. Shri Guru Arjan Dev ji is the central-most figure of the Sikh history and is on all accounts a unique personality such as has no parallel. Coming as he did between Guru Nanak, the founder of Sikh Theocracy, and Guru Govind Singh, the creator of the Khalsa Brotherhood, Guru Arjan Dev combined the prophetic qualities of the one with the dynamic personality of the other. The more you read him the clearer becomes the conviction that Guru Arjan Dev was the very head and heart of Nanak. Were it not for him Sikhism would have run to seed, and it would not have been what it is to-day: a mighty *pipul* which has its roots deep in the bowels of Eternity. A worthy son of the worthy father, Guru Ram Das, it was Guru Arjan Dev who first proved in his person that the Guru's son is really the fit person to step into the shoes of his father. Guru Nanak selected Angad in preference to his own sons, but evidently the holy influence of Nanak was as much at work in the lineal line as in the outside world, so that a century of preparation had changed the very Spiritual Seed. The Guru held the *Gadi* for close upon three decades, and these days were certainly the most successful in expansion and consolidation of the Sikh Religion. He laid the foundation of Tarn Taran city which was to become a raft to carry the drowning souls across the Ocean of *maya*. Most of the temples and tanks that are found at Amritsar or Kartarpur were laid in his time. He organised a band of missionaries who carried the Torch of Divine Light to the farthestmost corners of the Punjab. He introduced the *kar-bhet* system which, if well administered, has all the potentialities of good and expansion. He organised a daily service at Durbar Sahib Sri Amritsar. Indeed, his hands were always full with many schemes which aimed at dispelling the forces of darkness, and in ushering in Light into this land of the Five Rivers. This was quite in consonance with the prophecy of his grandfather Sri Guru Amar Dev whose viands he took in both of his hands while yet a child, that Guru Arjan Dev's hands will be always full with matters spiritual. manifold as were his activities in his busy life of about forty years, yet there are three outstanding works connected with him, any one of which, by itself, would be sufficient to make his name immortal; they are: the compilation of the *Ad-Granth*, the construction of the Golden Temple at Sri Amritsar, and last but not least, his own sacrifice for the sake of his cause and the country. We will do well to take each separately.

Compilation of the Ad-Granth. It was an Himalayan task which Sri Guru Arjan Dev ji took on his shoulders when he tried to compile the Granth and yet he carried it through, as he alone could. The *Ad-Granth* is by no means the Sikh Bible, but it is the common-Bible of the whole *Bharath-varsh*. You will find therein the psalms of Kabir side by side with the hymns of the Gurus, of Farid and Bhikham, the Mohammedan saints alongside those of Namdev and Ravidass who were pre-minently Hindus; there is a lyric of the Bengali poet Jaidev, the reputed author of *Gita-Govinda*, and another from Ramanand who was the founder of the Vaishnavite movement in India. Indeed, all those who outpoured their heart in their own mother tongue, the Hindustani, and all those who were inspired by the Divine Voice, found a niche in this immortal Temple of the Spirit. Who that reads this Divine Book can fail to be stirred by the deep surging of the Spirit which animates the whole poetry? Every page sparkles with divine refulgence, each line tingles us with rare joy. There is no human chord that is not struck, there is no depth that is not stirred! Words stutter to give an idea of the labour involved and the value of the Herculean task accomplished!

In the pages of the Guru Granth, you do feel Man come into his own, developed to his full stature of manhood, when man is no longer man but one with the Supreme Self. No longer are elemental forces of Nature the objects of worship, but only the Timeless Spirit whom we call the *Akal-Purakh*. The arid desert of philosophy has been replaced by the mountain-heights of meditation. No longer the cold philosophy of the head but the palpitating warm blood of the heart! Humility, the crown of godliness, has taken the place of bloated egotism! The mother-tongue has displaced the high-stilted Sanskrit. For the first, and perhaps, the last time, you find the whole of India trying to speak a common language, a language understood more or less in all corners of India, and which is the language of the unlettered masses. Herein, is the first concerted attempt to evolve both a common language and a common nationality. In Guru Granth, therefore, lies hidden the seed of India's unity, as also of its salvation.

It is impossible to describe the poetry of the Guru Granth except by stating that it is as grand, simple and varied as Nature itself. In Its verse, the sunshine laughs, birds sing, the *Chatrik* thrists, the *Koel* warbles plaintive notes, rivers dance, snow sparkles; *Basant*, the king of seasons, comes in gala dress; mountains give forth their sonorous echoes; the tide of human heart ebbs and flows; and man, the estranged-bride, is once more in the arms of her Beloved: the Supreme Spouse! All the gold of Indian daybreak is there! All the perfume of the Indian sandalwoods is there! All the pellucid purity of Indian pearls is there! Such is the Sikh Granth the very Quintessence of all essences Divine!!

Each Bible is necessarily a symbol, an hieroglyph of the underlying Spirit. But there are Bibles and Bibles, some that lift the veil, however inadequately.

others that heap curtains on curtains, mystifying the mystery itself, and making confusion worse confounded. In the Guru Granth Sahib, however, there is the first genuine attempt to completely take off the veil from the Spirit. Herein, at last, is the Isis completely unveiled! Herein, the goddess of Saraswati comes to you in her stark nudity! Herein, the goddess Vesta meets the virgins and the matrons alike, with equal hospitality!

Above all, Guru Granth Sahib is the only Bible which gives you complete information about that eerie-possession: the *Nam*, which is the key to the Kingdom of Heaven, and but for which all poetry is verbiage and all philosophy illusory. The Gospel of St. John holds out the hint about the Word which was in the beginning and which came not only from God, but *is* God; but it leaves you there to exercise your ingenuity as to how to ferret it out. The Gitas and Gitanjalis do not even refer to it. In the Guru Granth Sahib, the novice, *i e.*, the Sikh is directly face to face with This weird Reality, and having discovered It first, he slowly builds the temple of the Spirit, laying long perpendicular pillars which having their basis in *Nam*, rear the Dome into the infinite blue! The Sikh begins with This weird-Bedrock first. He is, therefore, firm-footed. Others build only on a foundation of sand. It is this which makes all the difference between success and failure. Guru Granth Sahib is unique as it deals not so much with the metaphysical-*atman*, as with its practical correlate: the *Nam*. While the metaphysician obtains at best a side long glance of Reality, the Sikh mystic experiences This Dazzling Reality first hand!

Guru Arjan Dev's contribution to this Granth is by far the greatest, and it would be no exaggeration to state that his hymns are equal to or greater than the hymns of all other *Bhagatas* combined. From this fact alone the towering personality of the Fifth Guru will be obvious, but you have only to read any one of his psalms to gauge the real inwardness of his genius. In particular, his *Sukhmani* is the choicest of all his spiritual gems, and it is veritably the Koh-i-Noor of the Spirit! Herein you find simplicity turned sublime, art engulfed by artlessness, love maturing into fecundity! This *Sukhmani* stands in the same relation to other Gitas as the Himalayas to their foothills, the Siwaliks. But each psalm of the Fifth Guru is a little *Sukhmani* in itself. The following is typical of his other hymns, and shows the change which comes over the Sikh when he is illumined by the Ghostly-Light of the Name:—

THE EGG OF ILLUSION BURST!

" My mind is illumined ;
 The egg of ignorance hath burst,
 The captive soul is freed,
 The fog of darkness hath dispersed !
 No more endless cycle of life and death,
 No more fretting and fuming
 In steaming cauldron of Time, which cooled
 As soon as the Guru showered the *Nam*-blessing !

The load of Karma is removed off my breast,
 And I soar like a bird, free on its wing,
 No more the irksome restraint of the Law,
 When the Lord himself dost the christening!

From the sea of Becoming I have reached
 The shore of Being and of rest,
 I reached this Haven when I was of the Guru,
 And was, in turn, by the Guru blest!

Truth is now my Resting-ground,
 Truth is my Rock and my Dwelling,
 Truth is my Capital and Stock-in-trade,
 Saith Nanak, yea, I have found my Home!
 (*Maru V*).

Apart from the Guru's compositions, what strikes me as a startling evidence of his genius is the manner of the arrangement of the *Ad-Granth*. The hymns there are not like the unstrung beads, nor are they loosely strung, on the other hand, there is an organic arrangement, such that, not even one hymn can be displaced or removed! There is the deepest significance in the fact that the Guru arranged the hymns in the order of *Rags* or musical scales, for is it not the universe itself planned on the self-same lines? Consider the Music of the Spheres which spins out creation and makes layer after layer of the world-stuff much as the architect lays brick on brick. This is why the Celestial-City of the *Ad-Granth* is also laid on the Cosmic Style. In this City-Celestial the main thoroughfares are the *Rags* which are like so many Milky Ways, resplendent with the diamond-dust of the Spirit; the side-alleys or *Mahallas* are the Gurus or other *Bhagatas*, and groups of psalms are palaces or *Ghars*, while each hymn is like a little room or window of the soul. Such is the Architecture of this *Granth*—a veritable image of the Cosmos!

Construction of the Golden Temple, Amritsar.

While the depth and the beauty of the *Ad-Granth* must necessarily be reserved for the initiates, Sri Guru Arjan Dev left us an image of his Divine mind in that Dream of Dreams which is concentrated for all time at Amritsar. This temple was at first commenced by Guru Ram Dass, but the subsequent modelling and finish is due entirely to the Fifth Guru. Those who look on merely the alabaster and the gold miss the inner Spirit which prevades the whole building and but for which it would be another colourless Durgiana. The whole place is literally crammed with Divine influence, and no one who enters the sacred precincts of the Durbar Sahib can fail to be stirred by that immanent Light which is congealed, as it were, to form the bedrock of this Temple! Guru Arjan Dev sanctified the building by his life-giving *mantras* which he sang in accompaniment with tamboura. His divine voice filled and overflowed the dome, until it was absorbed and re-absorbed by the thirsty lake outside, which has, therefore, become literally an "Ocean of Immortality". That divine voice still

lingers in the folds and the curves of its sky-kissing cupola, and its echo still awakens extinguished souls. It is this Divine influence which took the writer once by surprise, when he was listening to the peals of sacred choir from within, and which has ever since been his life companion and his most cherished possession! It was a moonlit night and the image of the moon was clearly reflected in the blue sheet of glass. My eyes wandered from the golden dome to that far off queen of the heavens, and back again, when all of a sudden, the bonds of my imprisoned soul were let loose, and lo! I was like a nymph ardently circling round the golden dome, like an enchanted seraphim! It was twenty five years back that I had this salutary experience, but I know that heaven has been steadily at work in the hidden depths of soul, until the entire mass was leavened! I also remember vividly how on that eventful night, I felt, I did feel, how the moon itself tarried in its lawful course to pay obeisance to its Guru! for, is He not eternally enshrined in the Music which rings from morn to eve, yea, to all eternity, under that heavenly Dome?

We must consider at some length the Idea or the design which underlies the whole building, and which makes it verily an image of the Living Reality. Consider first its lay out and approach: note how the Temple opens on all the four sides; the four cardinal points are its doors, the heaven itself is its invisible dome! This is a Temple meant not for any particular sect or denomination, but for one and all, as much for the East as much for the West. Before you approach the Temple, you must descend a flight of steps. Have you marked this startling feature, if not go to the Golden Temple and watch the construction; this is an abiding symbol of the Sikh humility! Then scan practically the limitless stretch of the *lapis lazuli* water. Isolated by this stretch of the blue, the temple remains immune from all worldly trouble, and the dust and dirt of the outside world cannot pollute the pearly surface of the Golden Temple. The holy waters wash its walls which remain firm in a sea of *Maya*. Mark the contrast between this tempestuous sea, on the one hand, and the Firm Throne of the *Akal-Purakh* which is poised in the aforesaid lake, like one big lotus! I say mark this carefully, for if you have mastered the underlying Idea—this eternal contrast between *Maya* and *Pursha*, and the Connecting Bridge of *Nam*, then alone you can realise the ground-plan devised by that Supreme Architect who fashioned the Golden Temple on earth, on the self-same lines on which the heavens and the Cosmos itself are built! He who looks deep into this Idea, will realise why the Fifth Guru himself waxed eloquent in singing the praises of this Temple:

"I have seen all temples, here, there, and everywhere,
But This Temple, Ha! none is like unto thee;
The Creator Himself laid the design,
This is why thou art paragon of Beauty!"

(*Punahs*)

Needless to say why the *Panja Sahib* is being modelled on the selfsame design. Here, therefore, is an eternal design which may be copied by all those

who want to transmute stone and mortar into that Virgin Rose which no mortal has touched or defiled!

But the soul of the Golden Temple is deeper and still more beautiful: it is unending, ravishing Music from the *Ad-Granth*! The *Ad-Granth* and the Golden Temple are not two, but indissolubly one, even as are the body and soul. The Golden Temple is the tabernacle where the eternal-Nam resides. How we wish we could see through the outer covering into that Living Presence of which the gold and the alabaster are but symbols? The Golden Temple was once razed to the ground and rebuilt, why? Did not the Supreme Architect know of the fate that was to befall it once? Yes, He knew it well enough but permitted this sacrilege at the hands of the iconoclasts so that the ghastly experience may remain as an eternal reminder to the worshippers that the Soul of the Golden Temple is not its brick and mortar, but that impalpable, yet thoroughly real, *Nam*, of which alone we are the worshippers! We can afford to be deprived temporarily of the outward Tabernacle, but woe befall the day when the Sikhs are weaned from their bosom companion: the *Nam*! The holy choristers inside the Temple always remind us about that priceless Possession, even as the milk-white slabs outside remind us of the virtues of purity. Let us not forget either!

The Guru's Sacrifice. This brings us to the still more eventful part of the Guru's life. From the *Ad-Granth* to the Golden Temple is a slow but arduous journey. He who had laid these two milestones on the march to life had already accomplished his life's task. But the crown of martyrdom was also reserved for this angelic soul, and when the Supreme One offers it to His servants, it must be gladly worn. The enemies of the Guru were already on the look-out. They could not patiently feel the ground sinking from under their feet. Sikhism, a plant of yesterday, had evidently struck root, nay more, it had begun to flourish. The *Ad-Granth* and the Golden Temple were visible signs of the vigour of this creed. Hundreds of thousands of men ran to the feet of the Guru to be initiated into this new Fold. They felt that the Sikh was an entirely new creation, something altogether changed. They saw with their own eyes sparrows changed into hawks, paupers became millionaires in spirit! Evidently, the ferment was at work. The fuse was working slowly but surely, and very soon the Castle of Ignorance was doomed to destruction. News were carried to the Emperor of this silent revolution in the land of the Five Rivers. Monarchs are always suspicious of anything new and startling. With an Akbar or Babar, it would have been different, for the blue blood still coursed in their veins, but Jehangir was a very sordid specimen of humanity. He had sold himself to his beautiful wife, in a fit of passion which clung to him like a shadow, all his life. In this fitful frenzy, he was fanned by wine and other idle engagements which kept him tied like a prisoner in the hands of his wife and her relatives. In fact, Jehangir is the sorriest figure in all Mughal history. All other Mughals were great in one way or the other: Akbar was an empire-builder and peacemaker; Shah-Jehan made that wonder-

ful Taj which is Love crystallised into marble so that all may wonder and see; Babar was an adventurer and a founder, and even Aurangzeb had his redeeming feature for he used to earn his pittance by copying and selling the Qoran; but what was there to the credit of this voluptuary Prince who sold the brightlight of governance in a fit of passion, and who passed all his life as a hen-pecked husband? We can well understand the mentality of a worldly king such as this, as to why he inserted the following lines in his Autobiography, and why Akbar wanted to oust him in favour of Khusroo:—

“On the banks of river Beas there stands a village Goindwal. Here lived a Hindu Master, Arjan. He had quite a number of Hindu simpletons, as also several Mohammedan rustics, as his disciples. There he proclaimed his leadership. He was hailed on all sides as a Guru, and worshippers from all parts of the country rallied round him and paid homage to him. This ‘shop of Gurudom’ had continued for the last three or four generations. I was contemplating since long either to end this trade or to convert the Guru into Islam. In the meantime Khusroo was passing that way, crossing the river near Govindwal. The idiot approached the Guru and laid before him his case imploring for help. The Guru put on the saffron mark (*tilak*) on the forehead of Khusroo in token of his blessing. When I heard all this I ordered the Guru to be brought before me. I conferred all his belongings and children to Murtza Khan, forfeited this property and ordered that he should be tortured to death.”

The details of torture are too well known to need specific mention. Suffice it to say that the Guru was seated on a red-hot plate of iron, and burning sand was poured over his body. The Guru was firm like the Himalayas, and his face was throughout flushed with divine glory. At about the eleventh hour, Saint Mian Mir who was a bosom friend of the Guru learnt of this ghastly tragedy. He ran to the feet of the Master and wished to see the Emperor personally, for as he said: “Master! I cannot bear to witness this torture.” The Guru loved Mian Mir as the father loves his child, and asked him to look up, when lo! the hosts of Heaven were clustered on his head, and each angel was vying with the other, bending from his throne to departing soul, and welcoming the Guru into everlasting habitation!

Tears trickled down the cheeks of aged Mian Mir and thus departed the holiest of holies: Guru Arjan Dev, a martyr to the cause which he espoused all his life! The Guru died when he was still in the prime of his life, for he was only forty-three when he shuffled off the mortal coil. Thus was fulfilled the prophecy of the first Guru and the founder:—

“If thou wishest to play the game of Love,
Place thou, then, thine head on thine palm, and then step forth
into this lane,

Yea, if thou wantest to tread this path
 Fear not to sacrifice thy head!"

All hail to Shri Guru Arjan Dev, the Prince of Martyrs, the Heart and soul of Sikhism!

Conclusion. The Guru is not dead, but is here, there, and everywhere. Indeed, as long as the *Ad-Granth* is there to kindle the Divine Flame in the heart of its worshippers and devotees, so long Shri Guru Arjan Dev is in our midst. In that deathless Form is enshrined the Living Spirit of our Lord. Guru Arjan Dev is a towering personality, head and shoulders above all others. Indeed, he was a spiritual prodigy. While yet a boy, he carried an old head on young shoulders, and with the march of time, his reputation for wisdom remained steadily on the increase. It was he who realised for the first time, and tried to give form to the golden idea of India's spiritual unity and solidity. Although to-day we are cut into many pigeon-holes by communal partitions and although we are more sundered than ever before, yet it will not be long before we run back to the banner which the great Guru Arjan Dev hoisted four centuries ago. The Gurus were as much our political saviours as our spiritual Masters. But they knew that Rome was not built in a day, nor can a nation be evolved in the twinkling of an eye. They, therefore began with constructive work at first. The *Ad-Granth* is the spiritual cement whereby they intended to knit the heterogeneous mass of India. The *Ad-Granth* is our all-India-Bible. The language used is the all-India Hindustani, and not merely the Punjabi. You find therein the principle of give and take, of compromise, already at work. The psalms compiled therein come in form all corners of India. The saints when they sang these hymns, purposely used such expressions as may be understood in all parts of India, so that the whole of India may thrill together, may weep together, may laugh together. But we are fallen on hard times once more; we talk in our separate gibberish, we cherish separate idioms, we build separate Towers of Babel. How can we expect Swaraj to descend upon us from the heavens under such circumstances? If we are really in dead earnest about Swaraj, we must begin where the Gurus left us; we must cherish the Guru Granth as our common-Bible; we must worship the Golden Temple as our common-centre of communion, indeed, we must become true disciples of the Gurus. That way lies our freedom and salvation, otherwise we wander in wilderness of political chaos, or sink in the morass of communal rivalry.

The Sikh Culture aims at reconciliation of the East and the West. The Sikh is intended to abridge the yawning chasm between the Hindus and the Mohammadans. Sikhism is new life; it is awakening in the *Nam*. We can no more cut ourselves off from the Light than we can afford to cut ourselves off from air, by raising wooden partitions of caste, creed and colour. Our salvation lies in breathing the Sikh air more freely, sinking our mutual

differences in common solvent of Sikhism, and worshipping the indigenous god-Gurus who laid down their lives at the common altar of Mother Ind. Five centuries back Nanak pointed us the Way, and his beckoning Finger is still outstretched like a radiant beam of Light, out of those nimbus clouds which begird the impregnable heights of the Kailash with a ring of gold. I repeat: the Guru is still in our midst, only He is uplifted on a throne of eternal snow and silver, if only we have the eyes to see! Let us work as He did. Guru Arjan walked in the footsteps of His Master and became a Guru and Martyr! It is up to us to follow in His footsteps and to be transfigured likewise——for, Sikhism is but another name for the Alchemy of Soul!!

“If thou wishest to play the game of love,
Place thy head on thy palm and step into this lane,
If thou wantest to tread this path
Fear not to sacrifice thy head!

All hail to Brahmgyani Martyr Sri Guru Arjan Dev !

SPARKLETS FROM THE SUKHMANI !!!

**"Wondrous, Wondrous, Inexpressibly-Wondrous!
Bedazzling, Blooming, Thou, Superbly Gorgeous!
Sublimely Refulgent!
Most Resplendent!"**

1

**"Immaculate, Immaculate, Thy Blessed-Word!
Inward-Heard, In Hearts All, but—Outswelled!
E'er Bubbling!
USHA-Colouring!"**

2

**" Blessed, Blessed, Thrice-Blessed Verily He!
Whoso Dwelleth In Nam—Dwelleth Eternally;
His Head, Heart and Soul!
Transfigured, one and all!**

3

Bisman-Bism, bhaie Bismad ! Jin Bujhia Tin Aia Svad !!

Those who do Thee know!
Glow, Glow! E'er do glow!

4

EXTRACTS!

THE GLORIOUS END! (8. *Vide page No. 33.*)

Peradventure one is gifted with the company of the Holy, the Pious,
 There is the Miracle!—No returning from that Hallowed Recess!
 Then, in his heart, the Torch of Wisdom is furiously set aflame,
 That State is SAHAJ: Equilibrium-Eternal, immutably the Same!
 His mind and body are wholly Coloured in this Colour-Divine,
 Thereafter, he dwelleth e'er and e'er with Thee, above all Time!
 E'en as a Running Rivulet is with the Ocean indissolubly mixt,
 So also is this-light in that Light-Transcendent blended, admixt!
 No more the Weary Wheel of Coming & Going, for Peace is won!
 A love-suffused sacrifice am I, O Nanak, to Thee, O Being Supreme!

THE VISION BEATIFIC! (6. *Vide page No. 41.*)

Life, Life, Life-eternal! no more, no more, death!
 In Thine Own Works, O Dear, Thou revellest!
 Coming and Going, the Visible and the Invisible—
 All this—all, all is subject to Thine Sweet Will!
 ALL IS THOU! all is Thou! yea all, verily all that is!
 In countless Ways, Thou establishest—soon to dismiss!
 Imperishable Thou! ne'er in Thee any stop, nor suspense,
 Thou upholdest the Earth, yea, the whole Universe!
 Glorious! Unknowable! Inscrutable! Ha! the Majestic Being Free!
 I know Thee! I know Thee! O Nanak, as Thou didst so decree!

THE HOLY NAME! (5. *Vide page No. 47.*)

O Holy Name! Thou supportest this, that, all creatures, most diverse!
 O Holy Name! Thou supportest continents all, yea, the whole Universe!
 O Holy Name! Thou art the Locus of loci, Focus of foci, of all books-revealed!
 O Holy Name! Thou art the source of Illumination; the Fount of Life-concealed;
 O Holy Name! Thou supportest the Heavens and all Regions-Nether!
 O Holy Name! Thou supportest conformations all, and knittest them together!
 O Holy Name! Thou supportest all Habitations and Heavenly Mansions!
 O Holy Name! Thou savest all who do hear Thee: Thy Divine Revelation!
 Whom, Thou by Thine Grace, vouchsafest the Gift of the Holy Name,
 Transfigured is he! O Nanak, to the Fourth State! by This Heavenly-Flame!

The GOLDEN STATE! (1. *Vide page No. 61.*)

When Forms do melt! Creations crack, creak, and vanish!
 Where is Sin? Where is Virtue?—The Two in Endless Skirmish!
 When all is Thee, yea, all is Thee—Ha! the Introverted-He,
 Then all is well! then, All is well!—No more, no more, enmity!
 When all is One, the Golden One—without marks or colours,
 Then, weal and woe, like mists go!—yea, no more Frontiers!
 When Thou art All! the One Alone! the ALL-IN-ALL!
 Where is then illusion-morbid?—clinging to big and small?
 This Ineffable Play Thine, Thyself the Actor of actors thereof, Supreme,
 Thyself the Maker, O Nanak, of all that is—Ha! the Being-Seen-Unseen!

CANTO I

To The Master-Eternal!
The Living-Lamp of Light and Grace!
Repeated Obeisance and Remembrance!!

I SLOK (Prelude)

*All hail unto the Master, Who is the Being-prime !
All hail unto the Master, Who is above all Time !
All hail unto the Master, Who is rooted in Truth !
All hail unto the Guru, the Light-Eternal, in sooth !*

I ASHTPADI.

1. The Nectarine-Name and Its Blissful-Kiss!

Remember the Lord, bethink thyself of Him, e'er and e'ermore,
Thus, Peace shalt be thine and all earthly ills thou shalt get o'er!
Bethink thyself of Him Who is the sole Anchor of the universe,
Whose Name untold millions do e'er and e'er rehearse;
The *Vedas*, *Puranas*, and *Smritis* do chant, e'er and anon,
The praises of the Name-Ambrosial, yea, of the Ineffable One;
In whose heart It dwelleth, if only for twinkling of an eye,
To him It enricheth and exalteth unto the sky!
For This Vision-Beatific, yea, for one Glimpse, the soul yearneth,
O Nanak, the Nam-Lover alone discovereth and this Bliss bequeatheth!

2. Holy Intoxication and Its First Fruits!

*Peace-Celestial—the Sukhmani, lieth in naught else but the Nam,
Having attained This, the soul is at rest, 'tis eternally calm!*
Bethinking the Lord, the soul is no longer entrapped into the Womb;
Bethinking Him, the soul is freed from the Dungeon of the Tomb;
Bethinking Him, the Angel of Death is set at naught,
Bethinking Him, enemies are vanquished and distraught;
No harm befalleth unto him who bethinkest e'er the Lord,
This Memory-Green keepest him, day and night, on the guard;
Bethinking Him, fear dost not enter into one's soul,
Bethinking Him, distressing aches are wiped off mind's scroll;
This Love-quicken'd is the Fruit of the company of a saint;
O Nanak, in the Lord's love all Heavenly Treasures are attained!

3. The Holy Dip and Fruits of Sanctity!

Bethinking the Lord, all Power and Prowess, Nine Treasures, are mine!
 Bethinking Him, Wisdom, Knowledge and Meditation, the heart do illumine!
 Bethinking Him, the fruits of chanting, austerity, worship are my lot!
 Bethinking Him, all duality—I-ness and My-ness—is wholly dissolv't!
 Bethinking Him, the fruit of ablution at Holy Places is attained!
 Bethinking Him, great honour at the Lord's Threshold is obtained!
 Bethinking Him, one is reconciled to all that cometh to pass!
 Bethinking Him, all fruitful-Fruits thou shalt surely amass!
 They bethink themselves of Him, whom He Himself doth move and swing,
 O Nanak, to such Lotus Feet sublime, let us e'er and e'er cling!

4. The Divine Name unveiling all Mysteries!

Bethinking the Lord surpasseth all other Flights, old or new,
 This Holy Practice hath saved so many—not a few!
 Bethinking Him, all worldly thirsts are set at rest,
 Bethinking Him, all Mysteries of Heaven are undressed!
 Bethinking Him, the fear of the Angel of Death is dispelled,
 Bethinking Him, all desires of heart are wholly fulfilled!
 Bethinking Him, the Mirror of Heart is wiped bright,
 Bethinking Him, the Nectarine-Name illuminest Self, like sunlight!
 The Supreme One dwellest on the tongues of the holy, whom He loves,
 Of such Holy Ones, Nanak, let us be a slave of slaves!

5. The Master-Key to health, wealth and bliss!

Whoso bethinkest the Lord rolls in wealth;
 Whoso bethinkest the Lord is honoured and blest;
 Whoso bethinkest the Lord is the Acceptable One;
 Whoso bethinkest the Lord is a Chief-Born;
 Whoso bethinkest the Lord is in need of naught, feels no want;
 Whoso bethinkest the Lord is Sovereign of all, with wealth unsought;
 Whoso bethinkest the Lord abidest e'er in comfort;
 Whoso bethinkest the Lord is immortal, above death;
 They betake themselves to this Holy Practice, on whom He is merciful,
 O Nanak, seek thou the Lotus Dust of such Blissful People!

6. Gems of humanity these, Lamps of Light!

Whoso bethinkest the Lord is the Benefactor, of one and all!
 Whoso bethinkest the Lord is the Master-Worshipful;
 Whoso bethinkest the Lord hath beaming-Countenance!
 Whoso bethinkest the Lord enjoyeth Life—a real Romance!
 Whoso bethinkest the Lord attaineth the Self—the Spirit!
 Whoso bethinkest the Lord hath spotlessly pure Conduct,
 Whoso bethinkest the Lord enjoyeth Bliss, yea, Eternal-Concord!
 Whoso bethinkest the Lord dwelleth e'er and e'er near the Lord!

By the grace of the Holy Ones, we rise and are e'er awake,
O Nanak, we light the Lamp by this SIMRAN-STAKE!

7. Nam & The Heavenly Music! Resultant Bliss!!

Bethinking the Lord fulfilleth all—yea, our Destiny;
Bethinking the Lord casteth out all aches and worry;
Bethinking the Lord one chanteth spontaneously His glory, e'er;
Bethinking the Lord one attaineth SAHAJ: the Eternal-Lever!
Bethinking the Lord Throne-eternal, Seat-immovable, is won!
Bethinking the Lord the Lotus of Heart is set a-bloom!
Bethinking the Lord we do hear the Music-Unbeaten-Unending!
This openeth the Portals of Joy without limit, & e'er-abounding!
They bethink themselves of Him, to whom the Lord's Grace is decreed,
O Nanak, seek their protection e'er, and follow their lead!

8. The Quintessence is this—the NAME—DIVINE!

THE KEY OF CONTACT!

By this Remembrance, the Lord's devotee becometh manifest in the world,
To this End, the Vedas were churned out of Soul-Ocean's - Bed!
By this Remembrance, *Siddhas*, ascetics and donors get life's worth;
By this Remembrance, the lowly are known in Four Corners of the earth;
By this Remembrance, all that is, dost itself sustain and maintain,
Remember yea, Remember the Cause of causes, Who dost all ordain;
By this Remembrance, all Ideas assume form and existence,
Yea, Remembrance is the Formless One's Own Quintessence!
By the Guru's grace, he knoweth this Secret of Self-Supreme,
O Nanak, who is blessed with the Gift of the Divine Name!

CANTO II

Thine Name is my Rock,
My Raft, My Shelter, O Lord!

II SLOK (Prelude)

*Healer of hearts! O Destroyer of distress of the poor,
The Lord of lowly; Thou art here, there and everywhere!
Thine protection do I, Nanak, seek—, Thine sweet Shelter,
Yea, of Thee, Who art with us, e'er and e'ermore!*

II ASHTPADI

1. O restive self, rest in the Spirit!

Where nor mother, father, son, friend, nor brother shall intervene,
There, O soul, the Holy Name shall be thy Friend-unseen;
Where very terrible Ministers of Death grind thee down,
There the Name alone shalt thy hapless-Self own;
Where the most ghastly Tragedy of tragedies befall thee,
There the Name of the Lord shall instantly set thee free;
Though thou resort to hundreds of expiations, yet thou art doomed within,
The Lord's Name, however, brusheth e'er millions of Sin;
O my soul, if thou turn thy face to the Master and sing Holy Name,
Then, Bliss Eternal, O Nanak, shall deluge thy bodily frame!

2. Even Kings are paupers!

Tho' one were king of whole creation, yet one would have a bleeding heart,
The Lord's Name, however, turnest e'en 'pins and needles' into a Bed of Velvet!
Millions, nay billions, of entanglements may grip thee fast,
By remembering the Lord's Name, they are dispelled at last;
The million-coloured-Maya dost not quench the thirst of soul,
The Lord's satisfying-Name alone can make thee whole!
The Journey where thou must needs go all alone,
There the Lord's Name is thine bosom Companion;
This Ineffable Name, O Soul, should always be meditated upon,
By Guru's grace, O Nanak, it leadest to supreme Emancipation

3. The Gordian Knot snapped!

Where none shall rescue thee—not e'en a million Helping-Hand,
There the Name shall carry thee across, well-caravanned!

Where millions be the ills that the flesh is heir to,
 There the Name shall instantly, all of them, subdue;
 Where one is reborn in an endless chain, in many a womb,
 There the Lord's Name winneth for him the restful-Home;
 The stain of egotism which no 'Pear-Soap' may e'er efface,
 The Lord's Name dost wash, and millions of sins deface;
 O my mind, this Ineffable Name thou must love with all thine heart,
 This blessing, O Nanak, a saint's company alone may impart!

4. Thy Manna in the Desert, O Soul!

The awful-Journey whose infinite miles who can tell?
 There, the Lord's Name shall serve thee as *viaticum*, full well!
 The Road where there is pitch Darkness abysmal,
 There the Lord's Name shall serve thee as Alladin's Lamp-magical!
 The closed-Road where there is none to own or befriend thee,
 There the Lord's Name shall be thine Helper and thine Key;
 Where there is terrible tropical Heat and much sweat of the brow,
 There the Lord's Umbriferous-Name shall, on thee, cool shade bestow;
 Where incendiary-Flames sear thy soul and the heart char,
 There the blissful-Nam, O Nanak, shall rain on thee Holy Nectar!

5. The Holy Ones in Inebriation!

The Devotees' Capital and Stock-in-trade is this Holy Name,
 In their mind is Peace-abiding, yea, in their bodily frame;
 The Name of the Lord is to His slaves the Divine Shelter,
 Therewith are millions licked to Holy Lustre;
 The saints chant the Lord's praises all day and night,
 Thus, the Hidden-Ambrosia the saints do earn and invite;
 The Name of the Lord is the Treasure of His loving people,
 The Supreme one giveth them this Present—the Gift-mystical!
 This Lord's Dye doth empurple their body and soul,
 They abide, thus, in wisdom, O Nanak, in the Heavenly Goal!

6. The Drink of Drinks—the Way of Ways!

The Lord's Name is, to His people, the Key to Salvation,
 The Lord's Name is, to them, the all-satisfying Revelation;
 The Lord's Name is their enchanting Beauty and Splendour,
 The remembrance of the Name avoideth all discomfiture;
 The Lord's Name is exaltation sure, of His creature,
 By the Lord's Name, His People obtain rich lustre;
 The Lord's Name ensureth both: Union, as also enjoyment,
 The Lord's Name endest all separation or dismemberment;
 The devotees who are wedded to the Holy Name,
 Are verily transfigured, O Nanak, by this Holy Flame!

7. The Joy of Joys, of Infinity realized !

O Supreme One, Thou art the Wealth and Treasure of Thy People,
 O Supreme One, Thou showereth Bliss Thyself—the Gift-magical ;
 The Supreme One sheltereth His Devotees under His own Wing,
 But for Thine Majesty, they do not, to aught else, cling ;
 Every fibre, all atoms of their body, are steeped in this Nectarine-Juice,
 They dwell e'er in Divine Ecstasy, Intoxication and Paradise !
 All the Eight Watches, the Devotee recites Thy Name, O Lord,
 The Devotee thus becometh manifest and distinguished ;
 Many there be who resort to this, Thy emancipating Love,
 By their company, O Nanak, many are saved, and soar high up above !

8. THE PINNACLE of PINNACLES—The Holy ZENITH !

The Name of the Lord is the Far-Famed Paradisial-Tree !
 The 'Cow of Plenty' is also This: Singing-Name, verily !
 Higher than all is This: the Supreme One's Name,
 Hearing This, the 'cankerworm of care' is set aflame !
 The Glorious Name and its praise reside in Devotees' heart,
 By their company the sins take wings and do depart ;
 The company of a saint is, verily, a great good Fortune,
 For, it openeth unto the Devotee the Portal of Nam-Union ;
 Yea, naught else is equal, in value, to this Blessed Name,
 O Nanak, rare souls, by Guru's Grace, are irradiated by this Holy Flame !

CANTO III

The One Way and millions of ways!
The Esoteric and Exoteric Path!
NAM—the Supernal Approach!
THE SHORTEST OF ALL SHORT-CUTS!!

SLOK (Prelude)

*Many a Bible written and read
Have I, with due reverence, spread,
Yet, none dost come near the Name,
'Priceless', O Nanak, is the Name, I exclaim!*

III ASHTPADI

1. No mechanical Utterances but the Holy Name availeth!

If one practises muttering or penance, pretends to have Knowledge or meditation,
If one knew Six Systems of Philosophy all, and gave erudite exposition,
If one could practise all exercises of Yoga and religious rites,
If one forsook the world and betook oneself to the anchorites,
Yea, if one felt the Pulse of this, that, and did every good effort,
If one gave away jewels, by way of alms, and made offerings-burnt,
If one cut one's body into shreds and offered them to Sacred Fire,
If one fasted and practised vows, higher and still higher,
Yet, not one of these is equal to the *Nam* and Its contemplation,
O Nanak, let us try It, if but once, this Wonderful Revelation!

2. Mutilations of flesh and wanderings avail not!

Tho' one wander to all Corners of wide earth, and live long,
Tho' one were a far-famed anchorite with the tied-tongue,
Tho' one offered one's whole life, as burnt-offering unto Fires,
Tho' one offered alms of gold, excellent horses, yea, e'en Empires,
Tho' one practised feats of concentrated-sitting and of Internal-Wash,
Tho' one practised severe mortifications, like Jains, of the flesh,
Tho' one died, by inches, being cut into tiny little pieces,
Yet, the Filth of Egoism continueth, 'tis never ceases;
Naught else is equal to the Holy Practice of the Name,
O Nanak, thou art saved, if thy little-self thou dost tame!

3. Ablutions touch the skin, not the Soul!

Tho' one die at a *Tirath*, yet hankering of mind is there still,
 For, pride and conceit continue to pollute one's will,
 If one washed the body again and again, yea, all day and night,
 The filth of mind does not e'en then leave the body quite,
 Tho' the body were put into many a Strait-Waistcoat,
 Yet, the Root of Poison, the rebellious spirit, is never smote,
 Tho' one washed the body with water, over and over again,
 How could it benefit the Unburnt, Raw-Wall? Yea, 'tis all in vain,
 O my mind, Super-excellent and Bedazzling is glory of the Name,
 O Nanak, many a sinner have been Transfigured by this Holy Flame!

4. Reason cannot unveil the Mysteries of Heaven!

Despite much cunning, the fear of Angel of Death quits us not,
 Despite much effort, mind's hankering is not quenched, God wot;
 Despite chameleon-coloured Garbs, the inward fire is not stilled,
 Despite thousands of makeshifts one is no nearer the Threshold;
 Yea, one is not set free e'en if one went to Heaven or Hell!
 For, our spiritual blindness persists—the Maya's Spell;
 All other acts come under the Thumb of the Death Angel,
 Unless by Lord's love, thou mayst storm his Citadel;
 Whoso bethinketh the Lord, his grief must surely go,
 Saith Nanak: I have attained SAHAJ, Eternal Calm: the *staus quo*!

5. The Healing Touch of Holy Men!

If one desireth to have all the Four Boons: the Human Goal,
 Let him serve, with all his heart, the saintly soul;
 If one desireth to kill the cankerworm of care,
 Let him sing the Name, in his heart, for e'er;
 If one desireth a Niche in the Temple of Fame,
 Let him his egotism, in the company of saints, tame;
 If one dreadeth the weary Wheel of Coming and Going,
 Let him betake himself to the saint's Asylum;
 Whoso thirsteth for the Supreme Beatific Vision,
 To him Nanak is a sacrifice, a loving oblation!

6. The Spirit-Born Ones!

He is first and foremost, a Prince amongst men
 Whose egotism hath been extinguished, in a Holy-Pen;
 Whoso considers himself as low and humble,
 Is verily of all eyes, the Apple;
 Whose mind is the Dust of one and all,
 He seeth the same Essence, in big and small;

Whoso nippeth evil in the bud, inwardly
 Looketh on whole creation as friendly,
 Whoso looketh with same Eye on pain and pleasure,
 Is, Nanak, above Good and Evil—a being Singular!

7. Thy Name, the Staff of my Life!

To the poverty-stricken, Thy Name, is a Mine, with Kingly Income;
 To the homeless one, Thy Name is, as it were, a palatial Home;
 To the honourless, O Lord, Thou art honour;
 Of all beings, Thou art the Supreme-Victualler;
 Yea, The Creator and inward Governor art Thou;
 Hidden secrets of all hearts, Thou dost know;
 Thy Expanse! Thy Depth! Thou Thyself knowest,
 Thyself the Lover, Thyself the Beloved, Thyself the Couple-Blest!
 Thine praises, O Lord! Thou Thyself alone mayst sing,
 Thine Prime Secret, O Nanak, no one else from Thee might wring!

8. The Best, the Highest, the Uppermost!

Amongst all religious practices, this, is verily the Best;
 To bethink oneself of the Lord, and in spotless deeds to rest;
 Amongst all religious rites, this is the Highest:
 In the company of the pious, folly's filth to get undressed!
 Amongst all efforts, this is the Foremost:
 To give the Name a place in our hearts the Uppermost;
 Amongst all words the Sweetest and Nectarean are those;
 Hearing which Lord's Praise, out of our tongue, itself overflows;
 Of all Planes and Terraces that is the Highest
 Wherein, O Nanak, the Lord's Name e'er abidest!

CANTO IV

O Ignorant man! How Wondrous thy Maker?
Ah! The Miraculous Creation and yet this Ingratitude of Man

IV SLOK (Prelude)

*O worthless mortal! Thou art penny-wise but pound fool!
Remember, yea, always remember, thine Master-Worshipful;
Bethink thyself of Him Who didst create thee,
For, in the end, O Nanak, He alone shall set thee free!*

IV ASHTPADI

1. Thy Shower of Blessings, O Lord!

O mortal! reflect thou on the Excellences of thy Lord All-pervading,
From what dirty Speck of dust, He made thee so charming?
He made thee, fashioned thee and adorneth thee,
From the womb-Fire He alone setteth thee free;
He giveth thee mother's milk when thou art a little child,
In full youth, He keepst thee by all sorts of enjoyments beguiled;
When thou becomest old, all prop thee up, yea, thy kith and kin,
They gave thee all unasked, as giveth a loving guardian;
O ungrateful wretch, why not these blessings mind?
If Thou wouldst pardon him, O Nanak, then he may see, being blind!

2. Consider the Graces galore, O Ungrateful Man!

By the Lord's Grace, thou dwellest in comfort, on this earth,
Whiling away time with son, brother, friend and wife, in mirth;
By Whose Grace drinketh thou cold Christmas Water?
And enjoyest cool comfort-giving Breezes and Holy Fire;
By Whose Grace enjoyest thou many a savoury dish?
And all accessory necessities are there, to add to thy relish;
Who giveth thee hands, feet, ears, eyes and tongue to boot?
Forsaking Him, why fritter away energy in some idle pursuit?
By his folly the benighted fool is himself entrapped,
O Lord, be merciful and help him, O Nanak, out of the Wood!

3. The Omnipresent Seer and Preserver!

Who preserveth thee in the beginning and in the end,
 To Him, O fool, why dost thou not tend?
 By Whose Grace thou hast Boons all and rich Treasure,
 To him, O Fool, why turnest thou the deaf ear?
 My Lord, thou art here, there and everywhere,
 Yet, the blind one thinketh Thee far off, as nowhere!
 By Whose Grace one mayst obtain Honour at the Threshold
 To Him, the ignorant one turneth his shoulder cold!
 Yea, he is e'er wide of the mark, taking the Shadow for Substance,
 Yet, O Nanak, boundless to him is Thy Protection and Magnificence!

4. The fool throws away the Pearl of Soul!

The fool giveth up the Pearl and clingeth to the shell,
 Having forsaken the True One, in darkness doth he revel;
 These temporary possessions, he mistaketh for the eternal,
 The Being of Beings is cast to the winds—How tragical?
 What, alas! biddeth us adieu, for that he toils and moils,
 From the True Friend and Companion, he inwardly recoils,
 To the Sandal Paste, he applieth the wiping-Sponge,
 Even as the ass loveth the ashes, wherein he doth plunge;
 Yea, the ignorant wretch hath fallen into hideous Blind Well,
 O Merciful One! draw up, Nanak, by Thine Magic Spell!

5. Ape dressed as man!

Outwardly a man yet thou art an ape at heart!
 Thy lifetime is spent, alas! as an idle Flirt!
 O thou Wolf in sheep's clothing!
 It availeth not, this sly masquerading!
 Outwardly wise, thou, so concentrated, so clean,
 Yet, inwardly greedy with the canine mien!
 Yea, Fire is inside, thee, and ashes without,
 How may a leaden-Vessel in Water float?
 In whose heart the Supreme One dwelleth Himself,
 O Nanak, he is re-absorbed into the Higher Self!

6. The tongue-tied and purblind Soul!

Yet, the Blind see, the Deaf hear!!

Tho' having heard of It, yet how may the Blind find the Way?
 By clutching the Master's Hand, he may this stiff Task assay!
 How may the Deaf One solve a Riddle?
 If you say 'Night' he understandth what is its antithetical!
 How may the Dumb One, the Lord's Holy Paeon sing?

Tho' he may make the effort, yet he must go off the Music-Swing!
 How may a Cripple wend his way up an hill?
 Such uphill Task is surely beyond reach of his skill;
 O Merciful Creator, this is the petition of Thine humble slave,
 By Thine uplifting Grace, O Nanak, save us, yea, do save!

7. O Sense-ridden Man, all this is but a Toy!

Thy Companion and thy Friend alas! does not come to thy mind!
 With thine enemy, however, O man, thou art intertwined!
 Thou buildest Thine House on Sand and dwelleth therein,
 The sportive Wheel of Maya, thou dost spin!
 Pinning Thine faith on Her, thou considereth Her durable,
 O fool, thou dost not know that it is but Death Angel's Rattle!
 Enmity, opposition, lust, wrath and spiritual blindness,
 Falsehood, passion, fraud and extreme greediness,
 Intent on such evils, many and many a round of birth is passed,
 I am saved, O Nanak, if Thou extend Thine Helping Hand, at last!

8. My Prayer-Unending, to Thee, O Lord!

Thou art the Lord, to Thee we pray!
 The soul and body to us, Thou gave!
 Father and Mother, Thou! we are Thine children!
 In Thine loving-kindness, we bask in the Sun!
 Of Thine End who knowest aught?
 Higher than high, Thou verily art!
 All beings are held in Thine String!
 What springeth from Thee, hath Thine Sweet Ring!
 Thine Ins and Outs are known to Thee alone!
 Humble Nanak is e'er to Thee, a living Oblation!

CANTO V

VANITY OF VANITIES!

No Peace in this Whirligig of Time!
Rest thou, O Soul, in NAME-DIVINE !!

V SLOK (Prelude)

*Whoso turneth his face away from Thee O Giver; O Lord,
Taketh up shadow instead of Substance, yea, shadow of shade !
He is not accepted, O Nanak, when tested and essayed,
For, he is found wanting, when in the Nam-Scale weighed !*

V ASHTPADI

1. Peace lieth in Resignation, O Soul!

Ten Gifts thou hath already, O man, thou storeth them behind,
Failing to get the Eleventh, thy Teeth thou dost grind !
If the Lord did not give thee this one, e'en took away the Ten,
Say, O fool, what wouldst thou or couldst thou do, then ?
The Lord Almighty from Whom thou canst get aught by force,
To Him thou must e'er worship, yea, as a matter of course !
To whose mind the Lord hath become Spontaneously-Sweet,
On him, all blessings pour in and to him all do greet,
To whom sweet is the Divine Will and the eternal-Decree
Findest, O Nanak, all things, all blessing, verily free !

2. The Banker-Hidden and His Ways Inscrutable!

To man, the Stock-Dealer giveth boundless stock of goods,
Man makes merry, eats, drinks, yea, all sorts of foods and viands ;
If the Wholesale-Merchant called back e'en a tittle of His stock,
The ignorant one becometh angry, feeling a terrible Shock !
Thus, in a way, O man, thou lovest thine own hold,
In future, no one shall take thee, at thine word !
If thou hadst returned the Chattle, back to the Owner,
And, in obedience, kneeled to the Sweet Will of Thy Maker,
He would have made thee happier, yea, Fourfold;
O Nanak, *thus*, doth the Merciful One His Grace unfold !

3. The Passing Shadows and Peace-Eternal !

Many tho' the ways in which the *Maya* keepeth us tied,
 Know! these must needs in the end, be drained, if tried;
 If thou betakest thyself only to the Shade of a Tree,
 Thou courtest disappointment; for, it must flee;
 Aught that we see with our eyes is transitory,
 Whoso clingeth to it is benighted being crazy;
 Whoso falleth in love with a passing traveller,
 Courteth ilusion vain ending in a failure;
 O mind, love of Lord's Name alone is the sweetest Gain,
 This Grace, O Nanak, the Lord Himself doth ordain !

4. Vanitas Vanitatum !

Vanity is all this: the body, wealth, kith and kin !
 Vanity is all this: egotism, I-ness, and all that to it, is akin .
 Vanity is all this: dominions, wealth, property and youth !
 Vanity is all this: lust and the terrifying, all consuming wrath !
 Vanity is all this: chariots, elephants, horses and clothes !
 Vanity is attachment to the *Maya*, and all that it bestows !
 Vanity is all this: pride, spiritual-blindness and deceit !
 Vanity is all this: to labour under the spell of conceit !
 The Lord's love alone abideth O Nanak, for ever and a day,
 In company of Saints, by Holy Remembrance, find thou this Lotus Way !

5. Vanity this, Vanity that, but not the NAM !

Vanity is in the Ear if ill of others it doth hear !
 Vanity is in the Hands that the property of others pilfer !
 Vanity is in the Eye that looks amorously on another's wife !
 Vanity is in the Tongue that that enjoys flavours-all but Life !
 Vanity is in the Foot that doth spell another's doom !
 Vanity is in the Mind which greediness doth cousume !
 Vanity is in the Body that is devoid of Spirit of Service !
 Vanity is in Imagination working in directions amiss !
 Yea, all is vanity, until one understood the Truth !
 If intertwined to the NAM, all is well, in sooth !

6. Vain is life without the Divine Essence !

Vain is the life of a mammon-worshipper, in sooth,
 How can one become pure unless wedded to Truth ?
 Without the Luminous-Name, body is wholly ignorant and blind,
 In that mouth, without This, nauseating stench thou shalt find;
 Useless is time spent unless Thou bethinketh the Lord, day and night,
 E'en as without the rains the fields are destined to blight !
 Without Lord's love all works are useless, yea, dubious,

E'en as the miser's wealth serveth no purpose ;
 Blessed, blessed are they in whose heart abidest the Name ;
 Nanak verily is a living Oblation to This Holy Flame !

7. Hollow Pretensions and polished Tinsel !

Thou professeth this, O man, but doeth quite another,
 Thou hath no love at heart ; thou art only a lip-server !
 The All-wise One knowest all, understandest all matters,
 He knoweth full well : all is not gold that glitters !
 What thou instructeth others, thou dost not thyself practise,
 In Coming and Going, the Path of liberty thou dost miss !
 In whose heart, the Formless One findeth a footing,
 His teaching is, to the world, a veritable blessing !
 They knew Thee, O Lord, who are pleasing unto Thee,
 Nanak to their Heavenly Asylum doth e'er flee !

8. All is within Thy Conspectus, O Allseeing-Lord !

Pray unto the Lord, for the Supreme One knoweth all,
 What He ordaineth, He Himself ordereth or doth cancel ;
 He settleth all Himself yea, none other,
 Some, He makes believe, that He is far, others near ;
 He who is from cunning makeshifts and wiles free
 Hath in the Palm of his Hand the Spirit thy Key ;
 Whoso pleaseth Him, He attacheth to His Hem's Corner,
 Lo ! the Blessed One is then here, there and everywhere !
 The worshipper is he on whom He sheddeth the Light of His Grace,
 The Radiance of Name, O Nanak, floodeth every moment, his Face !

CANTO VI

QUID PRO QUO!

Thy Nectar-Shower of Grace!
Thy Multi-Millioned Grace in every Walk of life,
O Gracious Lord !!

VI SLOK (Prelude)

*Five Deadly Sins depart, O Nanak, clinging to man :
Lust, Wrath, Egotism, Greediness and Illusion,
All wither as soon as one seeketh the Lord's asylum,
Thro' the Grace of some Divine One, some Master-Medium !*

VI ASHTPADĪ

1. Thy Full Round of Thirty-Six Dishes, O Entertainer !

By Whose Grace, O man, all Nectarean-Juices thou dost find,
That Lord Gracious thou must needs keep in thy mind ;
By Whose grace the Scents make thine body sweet-smelling,
Remember Him that thou mayest obtain final Emancipation ;
By Whose grace thou dwelleth in thine home, with comfort,
Meditate on Him e'er and e'er, in thine Heart of heart ;
By Whose grace thou dwelleth, with thine kith, in comfort-sweet ;
Remember Him, with thine tongue, all Watches-Eight ; 'tis but meet ;
By Whose grace thou treadest intoxicated on Enchanted Ground,
O Nanak, meditate e'er upon that Divine Lord inward-bound !

2. Soft-Silks and Scented-Satins Thy Gift, O sweet Giver !

By Whose Grace thou donnest satins and silken attire,
Forsaking That Gracious Lord Whom else thou dost desire ?
By Whose grace thou sleepeth in comfort, on a Bed of Roses,
All the Eight Watches, thou must chant His endless praises ;
By Whose grace everybody respecteth thee paying due homage,
Utter His praise with thy mouth and with thy tongue ;
By Whose grace thou art held up aloft in Righteousness,
O Soul, meditate e'er on the Supreme One's Quintessence,
Remembering Him, thou wilt obtain honour at the Lord's Threshold,
Departing, O Nanak, thou wilt go, with a wreath of laurels, crowned !

3. Perfect Health and Sterling Worth, Thy Radiance, O Donor!

By Whose Grace thy body remaineth healthy, like burnished gold,
Meditate on Him, O man, thy Friend, with a firm foothold;
By Whose Grace thine faults are covered, as if with a screen,
Remember Him, O mind; great happiness shall be thine, evergreen;
By Whose favour all of thine blemishes are wholly covered,
O Soul, seek the shelter of that Lord, of God blessed;
By Whose Grace none so much as cometh up to thee,
That Lord, Most High, O Soul, remember unremittingly;
By Whose Grace, thou didst get this body, so difficult to obtain,
Him, O Nanak, do worship, yea, again and again!

4. Beautiful Orchards, Luscious Fields, Riding Elephants, Thine O Giver!

By Whose Grace, many an ornament and jewel thou dost don,
O Mind, why His grateful remembrance thou dost postpone?
By Whose Grace, thou hast horses and elephants to ride,
Let that Lord, O heart, never slip out of thine mind;
By Whose Grace, thou hast gardens, property, all thy hoarding,
Keep Him strung e'er in thine heart's String;
Who made the Delicate Instrument, the Soul, like unto thou,
Sitting or standing, thou must e'er keep Him in view;
Yea, meditate on Him Who is the Ineffable One, Unseen,
Here and Hereafter, O Nanak, He shall thy Honour screen!

5. Thy Sweet Embrace, O Loving Master!

By whose favour, thou bestowest much in alms and in charity,
Meditate on Him, O mind, all the Eight Watches unremittingly;
By whose favour thou performest thy duty and the religious rites,
Remember Him, O mind, at every breath, without respite;
Yea, remember thy Lord Who is in Beauty incomparable,
By whose favour thou art born so charming, so graceful!
Remember Him, remember Him, all day and night,
By Whose favour thou didst get this status so bright;
Your honour, your very existence, lieth in the Lord's Grace,
O Nanak, repeat His praises e'er in the Guru's Embrace!

6. Thine endless favours, O Holy Lord!

Why attach thyself to another and forsake thy Lord God?
Who blesseth thy Ear with Music and with holy Concord!
Who confereth on thee Vision Beatific as reward!
Who fisheth up from thy Tongue, the Ambrosial Word!
By Whose favour, thou dwellest in comfortable world!
By Whose favour, thy both hands work in one accord!
By Whose favour, thou attainest Perfection blessed!

By Whose favour, the Goal of Salvation is discovered !
 Through whose Grace, thou art in SAHAJ absorbed !
 By Guru's Grace, O Nanak, live ye e'er self-illuminated !

7. The Universal Solvent : the Music of the Cosmos !

By Whose Grace, thou art so distinguished in the world,
 O man, never at all forget, that Gracious Lord ;
 By Whose Grace, thou obtainest all earthly glory,
 O foolish mind, remember e'er that Being-Hoary ;
 By Whose Grace, thy effort is, with laurels, crowned,
 Live thou e'er in That Sweet Essence drowned ;
 By Whose Grace, thou discoverest the Truth-eternal
 O my mind, cling e'er to that Being-Sempiternal ;
 By Whose favour, the Universal Panacea is discovered :
 This Solvent O Nanak, of the Cosmos, is e'er to be chanted :

8. Without Thy Grace, we are like collapsed Bubbles, O Dear !

Let us utter that Name which Thou dost unveil,
 Let us sing that Praise which doth not fail ;
 Through the Lord's Grace Divine Consciousness upwelleth,
 Through His Grace, the Lotus of heart bloometh ;
 If it please Thee, Thou dwelleth in the heart,
 If it please Thee, the intellect is transfigured !
 All treasures are mine, by Thine kindness, O Lord,
 Of what avail is human effort, without Thy Support ?
 We work and work as Thou dost ordain, O Dear,
 Without Thy lead, we are naught, yea ; nowhere !

CANTO VII

THE SAINT'S HALO !

Living Lamps of Light !

The Magic Touch of Saintly Souls !!

VII SLOK (Prelude)

*Unfathomable, Incomprehensible is the Infinite He !
Whoso repeateth His Name is verily set free !
Listen, O friend ! the Story of the Saintly people ;
'Tis most strange, saith Nanak, 'tis most wonderful !*

ASHTPADI

1. No more impurity in the company of a Saint !

In the company of the saints the Face becometh bright,
In the company of the saints the filth is removed outright ;
In the company of the saints all conceit is wiped out,
In the company of the saints Divine Knowledge doth sprout ;
In the company of the saints the Supreme One is near at hand,
In the company of the saints all Riddles doth one understand ;
In the company of the saints one findeth the Jewel of the Name,
In the company of the saints all efforts centre on this Selfsame-Aim,
What mortal can describe wholly the great Goodness of a saint ?
O Nanak, the Supreme One Himself may their Inwardness paint !

2. The Infinite Unveiled !

In the company of the saints the Unknowable One is verily known,
In the company of the saints happiness mayest e'er bloom ;
In the company of the saints the Five Enemies are subdued,
In the company of the saints the Nectarine Essence is verily found ;
In the company of the saints one becometh humble : the dust of all,
In the company of the saints one uttereth words that do enthrall ;
In the company of the saints e'en Rolling Stone doth no longer roll,
In the company of the saints the soul findeth out the Fixed Pole ;
In the company of the saints one is beyond the clutches of the Mammon,
In the company of the saints the Lord is pleased, yea, the Supreme One

3. Friends and foes, now, all alike !

In the company of the saints the foe turneth into a friend,
 In the company of the saints one is purified to uttermost end ;
 In the company of the saints one is at peace with all the world,
 In the company of the saints no more hanging by the Thread ;
 In the company of the saints none appeareth ugly or awry,
 In the company of the saints Supreme Joy abideth in memory ;
 In the company of the saints burning-Egotism cometh to an end,
 In the company of the saints the Flame of Egoism is extinguish'd ;
 The Supreme One Himself knoweth the great Goodness of a saint,
 O Nanak, the saint and the Lord are indissolubly knit—Oneness attain !

4. The Gleam of Eternity in Changing World !

In the company of the saints Wind-tossed Vessels come to anchor,
 In the company of the saints one findeth Bliss abiding fore'er ;
 In the company of the saints one findeth What senses may not ken,
 In the company of the saints one is steady e'en in a Filthy Fen ;
 In the company of the saints one dwelleth in Most Exalted Dwelling,
 In the company of the saints is found the Palace of the Supreme Being !
 In the company of the saints one is rooted eternally in Righteousness,
 In the company of the saints one findeth the Supreme Hidden Recess ;
 In the company of the saints one findeth the priceless Treasure of the Name,
 O Nanak, I am a sacrifice unto those lit up by the Divine Flame !

5. The Ever-widening Circle of Holy Service !

In the company of the saints one saveth one's lineage, yea, kith and kin,
 In the company of the saints friends, family, all do freedom win ;
 In the company of the saints one findeth the Divine Wealth,
 Wherewith one floodeth all, with Peace and abiding-Health ;
 In the company of the saints e'en Angel of Justice rendreth service,
 In the company of the saints one is elevated, a veritable Apotheosis !
 In the company of the saints evil is crushed, trampled underfoot,
 In the company of the saints spontaneously upwelleth the Divine Music Absolute !
 In the company of the saints one obtaineth Key to Omnipresence,
 O Nanak, hallowed is the Life attaining this Super-excellence !

6. No more torturing-Ordeals, but a Bed of Roses !

In the society of the saints no more the Sweating of the Brow,
 Their very holy Presence doth eternal Peace bestow ;
 The society of the saints the Primal Evil doth quell,
 The society of the saints doth save us from hell ;
 The society of the saints sheddeth peace, here, there, everywhere,
 The society of the saints restoreth us to His Lap, no more to bestir ;
 Yea, one getteth aught one wisheth: every Divine Fruit,

The society of the saints is never infructuous, in sooth;
 Verily, the Supreme One dwelleth in the heart of a saint,
 O Nanak, thus is one saved and the Supreme Secret attained!

7. O my mind, betake thyself, then, to the Saints!

In the company of the saints discover ye the Lord's Name,
 In the company of the saints utter thou the Excellences of the Same;
 In the company of the saints the Supreme One is no longer out of mind,
 In the company of the saints Freedom thou shalt most surely find;
 In the company of the saints the Holy Presence is felt as sweet,
 In the company of the saints thou shalt Him, in every heart, meet;
 In the company of the saints resignation to His will is learnt,
 In the company of the saints every one's salvation is brought about;
 In the company of the saints we overcome ills that the flesh is heir to,
 O Nanak, the company of the saints is a great good Fortune eternally-new!

8. The Transcendent Glory of Saints!

The great Goodness of a saint is not known fully e'en to a Vedic Seer,
 He putteth into black and white only so much as he doth hear;
 The great goodness of a saint is over and above the Qualities Three,
 The great goodness of a saint is Super-abundant, e'er care-free;
 Of the great goodness of the saints there is no Limit nor End,
 The great goodness of the saints doth all limits transcend;
 The great goodness of the saints is higher than most High,
 The great goodness of the saints is infinitely-almighty;
 A saint alone may describe the overwelling Goodness of a seer,
 Nanak, between the Lord and Saint there is no difference, whate'er O brother!

CANTO VIII

THE SUPERMAN!

Ha! the Seer of the SELF!

THE BRAHMGYANI, THE PERFECT MAN!

VIII SLOK (Prelude)

*The Man of God! The Man of men!
Blessed e'er with the Beatific Vision,
True in word, in thought, and deed,
Ha! Nanak, he is a BRAHMGYANI, indeed!*

ASHTPADI

1. The Living-Lotus in Pool of Fire!

The SELF-SEER is e'er pure and wholly unsullied,
E'en as a lotus in a pond is e'er undefiled;
The SELF-Seer is at peace with the big and the small,
E'en as the sun warmeth equally, one and all;
The SELF-Seer seeth all with the selfsame Eye,
E'en as the wind bloweth uniform, on the low and the high;
The SELF-Seer is all-patience, to each and every one,
E'en as the earth is one, dug or with sandal-powder bestrewn;
The Distinguishing Feature of the Seer of the SELF verily
Is His Natural Spontaneity, O Nanak, like unto Torch of Glory!

2. Irradiated He, with Holy Light Unseen!

The SELF-SEER is purer than e'en the pure,
Underfiled He e'en as is the running water;
The mind of the SELF-Seer is irradiated with Lovely-Light,
E'en as the sky encompasseth the whole earth aright;
To the SELF-Seer, the friend the foe, are one and the same,
For, the SELF-Seer hath no duality, no egotistic aim;
The SELF-Seer is higher than e'en the high,
For, his mind is transfigured with humility;
The Knowledge of the SELF is vouchsafed unto him,
Whom, Nanak, the Supreme One electeth, and doth so ordain!

3. The Fountain-Heads of Spiritual Aroma they !

The SEER of the Self is as humble as the trodden dust,
 For, the Self-Seer hath, yea, tasted the Supreme Spirit;
 The SELF-Seer overfloweth with Milk of Human Kindness,
 The SELF-Seer cannot play the fool; he is above wickedness;
 The SELF-Seer looketh on all things with the Divine Eye,
 The SELF-Seer's Eye raineth Nectar unceasingly;
 The SELF-Seer is free from every entangling bond,
 The SELF-Seer's conduct is spotless and above board;
 The SELF-Seer's Food is naught but the Knowledge Divine,
 O Nanak, the SELF-Seer doth in him, the SELF enshrine !

4. The Fruit of fruits, the Gem of Humanity He !

The SELF-Seer is e'er 'stablished in the Supreme One,
 The Seer of the SELF is ne'er disturbed or overthrown;
 The SELF-Seer is e'er steeped in sweet humility,
 The SELF-Seer overfloweth with benevolence, in all spontaneity;
 The SELF-Seer is unruffled having no Fat worldly in Sea of Fire,
 The SELF-Seer hath bound inwardly, the wandering mind entire;
 The SELF-Seer doth naught but good, being Goodness personified,
 The Fruit of Fruits He, having universal solicitude;
 In the society of the SELF-Seer all are saved, yea, e'ery one,
 O Nanak, the whole world thirsteth for His vision !

5. The Wonder-Being with Ebullient Joy !

The SELF-Seer is e'er and e'er in the self-same State of Mind,
 For, with the SELF-Seer, the Supreme One Himself doth abide;
 The Support-unseen of the SELF-Seer is the Name-Divine,
 The SELF-Seer's Family is this Fruit-incarnadine;
 The Seer of the SELF is e'er-awake, 'stablished in Gnosis,
 The Seer of the SELF, his own egoism extinguishes;
 The SELF-Seer's heart is overflowed with Bliss-Supernal,
 In the SELF-Seer's Home, there is Peace-Eternal;
 Yea, the SELF-Seer is tabernacled in and hath Eternal-Poise,
 O Nanak, such a Seer is above death; naught so much as Him touches !

6. The Seer and the Seen eternally One !

The SELF-Seer knoweth the SELF, the Being-Supreme,
 The SELF-Seer is in love with the Bridegroom-Divine;
 The Seer of the SELF is free from all care,
 The sentiments of the SELF-Seer are e'er pure;
 The SELF-Seer is He whom the Supreme One doth ordain,
 Great is the Glory which the SELF-Seer doth attain;

The sight of the SELF-Seer is verily a great good Fortune,
 To the SELF-SEER, yea, all people are a willing Oblation;
 Those who see the SELF in all are sought by e'en gods in heaven,
 O Nanak, the SELF-Seer is verily Himself the Supreme One!

7. The Boundless Profundity of Brahmgyanis!

The Worth of the SELF-Seer is above the Realm of Values,
 All that is, in the mind of the SELF-Seer, e'er dwells;
 Who knoweth e'er Hidden Depths of the mind of the SELF-Seer?
 Offer unto Him, yea, to the SELF-Seer salutations, e'er and e'er;
 Words stutter and shiver, yea, fall into parts and halves,
 When praising the SELF-Seer---He the Lord of all-Selves;
 The Ins and Outs of the SELF-Seer who can describe?
 This Inwardness, another Seer alone may feel or transcribe;
 There is no end nor limit to the SELF-Seer's Exalted Personality,
 All hail, all hail, unto the SELF-Seer, O Nanak, everlastingly!

8. All-in-Him and He-in-all!

The SELF-Seer! Ha! He is himself the Creator of the universe!
 The SELF-Seer liveth e'er and e'er! and hath no death, or reverse!
 The SELF-Seer hath in his Palm: Mystery of Salvation shedding Life anew!
 The SELF-Seer is the Being Perfect, the Ordainer of all, that is true!
 The Seer of the SELF is the Lord of the helpless!
 His Helping Hand is extended to the Whole Universe!
 All that is, is, verily the SELF-Seer's Own Extension!
 Yea, the Self-Seer is Himself the Formless One!
 The Splendour of the SELF-Seer becometh Him only, none else!
 O Nanak, the SELF-SEER is the Lord of Lords, All-Omnipotence!

CANTO IX

THE HOLY ONES!

Lotus-like Souls in the World's Ocean!

Divinely-Virgin, and Miraculously-Pure!!

Outgrowing Dead Shells and Labels!

IX SLOK (Prelude)

*Divinely Immaculate, O Nanak, is verily he
Who ferrieth others across the World's Sea,
Who loveth the Nam, with all his heart and soul,
Beholding & bowing to All-in-all in the Universal-Whole!*

IX ASHTPADI

1. The Uncontaminated One—the APARAS-A lily—like Soul!

Who doth not utter with his tongue aught that is a lie,
In whose heart, there is yearning for the Vision of the Most High;
Who doth not so much as gaze upon the beauty of another's wife,
Who serveth the saints and to their love dedicateth his life;
Whose ears are wholly deaf to slander and calumny,
Who deemeth himself lowliest among the lowly,
Who by the Guru's grace conquereth the Root of Evil,
Who, the Tempests of Soul, himself doth still,
Who hath conquered all senses, and is free from the Passions Five,
Is verily Immaculate, O Nanak, but hardly one among millions alive!

2. True Vaishnavite---Non-Violence Lover!

Vishnu's-Own is he on whom the Lord is favourably inclined;
Who riseth higher than Vishnu's creation, the SELF to find;
Whoso performeth good, without yearning for the Fruit of the Deed,
Is verily Vishnu's-Own, stablished in true Religion, indeed!
Yea, for the Fruit of his deeds, he yearneth not,
Only in the Lord's glory and praise, he is e'er absorb'd;
Who in his body and mind e'er remembereth the Lord,
Who is merciful to the whole world, his Ward,
Who is himself rooted in the Name and maketh others do the same,
Such an one O Nanak, is verily Vishnu's-Own, winning life's Holy Game!

3. True Bhagauti or Worshipper of Sakti!

Bhagwan's-Own is he who delighteth in the love of the Supreme One,
 Who forsaketh the society of all the wicked men;
 From whose mind the Error of Duality is wholly wiped out,
 Who serveth all, as Lord's Own Self, with mind devout;
 Who in the company of saints washeth off the filth of sins,
 The Bhagwati's Own, thus, his own understanding illumines;
 He serveth the Supreme One e'er and e'ermore,
 His body and soul, he offereth in love, to the Ancient One of Yore,
 Who treasureth the Lotus Feet of the Lord, in his heart,
 Such an one, O Nanak, is with Bhagwan, wholly *en rapport*!

4. True Pandit or Learned One!

True Pandit is he who enlighteneth his own mined,
 Who searcheth the Spirit in his own Self, and *there* doth find;
 Who drinketh the Nectarine Essence of the Superessential-Name,
 Such a Pandit keepeth the world spell-bound, as if in a frame;
 Whoso saturateth his own heart with the Lord's Ineffable Name,
 Such a Pandit doth no longer return unto his mother's Womb;
 Thus, he understandeth the Root Essence of the Books Revealed,
 He findeth the Manifest One in the Formless concealed;
 Knowing, this, he doth, then, instruct all Colours, all Castes Four,
 All hail, all hail, O Nanak, to such a Pandit e'ermore!

5. The Magical Panacea—the Elixir Vitae!

The Seed of seeds, of Divine-Knowledge the Key, is *this* verily:
 If from the Four Colours one betook oneself to the Name only!
 Whoso weddeth himself to the Name is indeed set free,
 In the company of a saint, some rare one discovereth *this* Key;
 If by Lord's Grace, It dwelleth in any lucky soul or mind,
 E'en Beasts, Goblins, Fools, Petrified Ones shall, then, Haven find;
 The Medicine of medicines, *elixir vitae*, is this the Name,
 It conferreth Beauty, Brightness, Bliss and Sterling Fame;
 By no other device, skill or religious practice, may It be had,
 O Nanak, he obtaineth It, to, whom 'tis decreed, pre-ordained!

6. The Slave of Slaves—the King of Kings!

In whose mind, the Unknowable One is inwardly enshrined,
 He is-well named: the Slave of Slaves, of all Mankind!
 The SELF, the Beatific Vision, dawneth on his consciousness,
 By being a 'slave of slaves' he earneth this grand Success;
 Whoso seeth the Supreme One e'er near, yea, under his Eye,
 Such a loving disciple is accepted in the Court of the Most High;

On His disciple, the Lord sheddeth the Light of His Grace,
 The disciple knoweth, keepeth, all, in one Loving Embrace;
 Tho' surrounded by one and all, he in his heart, is All-alone,
 This is the Distinguishing Feature of him who is the Lord's Own!

7. The JIVANMUKAT—Saved Here and Hereafter!

To whom The Lord's Doings are e'er dear, yea, unto whose soul,
 Tho' living on earth yet he findeth the Divine Goal;
 Joy and grief are one, to him, as if Even, in his eye,
 He resteth in peace, never separated from the Being High;
 The Glittering-Gold and Dull-drab-Earth are, to him, one,
 Manna from the Heaven and bitter Poison are, to him, both akin;
 Honour as also Dishonour are to him the same,
 The King and the Beggar, from him, equal attention claim;
 Whatever cometh to pass, is accepted by him, as Heavenly Decree,
 O Nanak, such an one is Emancipated, whilst living, verily!

8 The All-in-all in every Garb!

All places Thine, O Lord, yea, verily, Thine Own;
 As is the Dwelling, so is the Being Resident known;
 The Doer Thou, Thy-self causeth all things to be done,
 What pleaseth Thee that alone happeneth, aught else none;
 Thou Thyself the Ocean spreading in waves without end,
 Thy manifold Appearances who e'er might apprehend?
 E'en as the Light God-given so is the irradiated Mind,
 Imperishable, Unknowable Thou, the Creator of mankind;
 Kind and Compassionate Thou, e'er and yet evermore,
 Remembering Thee continually, Nanak in bliss doth soar!

CANTO X

HA! INFINITY!

Thy Boundless Infinity, O Lord!
Millions upon Millions Thy Scintillations!

X SLOK (Prelude)

*No end, nor limit, to those who sing,
Thy praises in a Multi-millioned Ring;
Thy Creation most Infinite and Endless,
Thou didst make, O Nanak, in diverse Ways mysterious!*

X ASHTPADI

1. Thy Endless End, O Infinite One!

Many millions there be who are absorbed in Devotion,
Many millions there be who are wedded to deeds of Regeneration;
Many millions there be who are attracted to Holy Places of Ablution,
Many millions there be who retire in selflessness to seclusion;
Many millions there be who lend heart and ear to Books Inspired,
Many millions there be who are devoted to penances protracted;
Many millions there be who meditate only on the Spirit,
Many millions there be who sing hymns and on them do reflect;
Many millions there be who contemplate the Name Evergreen,
Thy Endless End, O Nanak, what Eye might e'er gleam?

2. Creation on the Downward Plane!

Many millions there be who are proud—ride the High Horse,
Many millions there be who are sunk in superstition, most gross;
Many millions there be who are miserly, hide-bound,
Many millions there be, unsoakable in Knowledge, tho' so drowned;
Many millions there be who pilfer the property of another,
Many millions there be who inflict pain e'en on their brother;
Many millions there be who work hard for wealth, and do labour,
Many millions there be who, in foreign countries, e'er wander;
E'en as Thou ordaineth so there they are, and that they do,
O Nanak, Thine Own creation, Thou alone doth pass in review!

3. Suns, Moons and Elements by the Millions!

Many millions there be who are seers or ascetics, wholly God-attuned,
 Many millions there be who are Kings, or others, in lust drowned;
 Many millions there be who fly in air or crawl on earth,
 Many millions be the stones and also trees produced;
 Many millions are Winds, Waters and Five Forms,
 Many millions are Countries, Earths and Celestial Regions;
 Many millions are Suns, Moons and Constellations-imbound,
 Many millions are Gods, Demons and their Overlords, Umbrella Crowned;
 The whole creation, O Lord, is threaded in Thine Holy String,
 O Nanak, whosoe'er pleaseth Thee, him Thou doth unsling!

4. Infinite Shades of Thy Creation, O Lord!

Many millions are Strains and Offshoots of the Qualities Three,
 Many millions the Vedas, the Shastras, and Smritis be;
 Many millions are Oceans and their Incontained-Gems,
 Many millions are Kinds and Species of living-beings;
 Many millions are beings and things long-lived,
 Many millions are Hills and Mountains, Gold-ribbed;
 Many millions are *Yakshas*, *Kinnaras* and demons,
 Many millions are hogs, deers, sprites and hobgoblins;
 Near everyone, yet Thou art, from each and all, far-removed,
 Thou pervadeth all creation, O Nanak, untouched, unobserved!

5. The Contrasted Poles also under Thy Eye!

Many millions there be who inhabit the Nether-Region,
 Many millions there be who dwell in Hell or Heaven;
 Many millions there be who are born, live, but are soon no more,
 Many millions there be who in endless wombs do wander;
 Many millions there be who pocket unearned Increment,
 Many Millions there be who labour hard by the Brow's Sweat;
 Many Millions there be born with a Silver Spoon in their mouth,
 Many Millions there be semi-starved who are e'er anxious for wealth;
 E'en as it pleaseth Thee, so Thou keepest them according to Thy wisdom,
 O Nanak, naught is there that is not under Thy Blessed Thumb!

6. They Find Thee who seek Thee, O Dear!

Many millions there be who are detached from the world,
 For, they meditate on the All-pervading, the Blessed Word;
 Many millions there be who are yet, O Lord, in They Quest,
 At last, in their own SELF, they discover this Supreme Spirit!
 Many millions there be who are for the Holy Vision all-athirst,
 They verily find Thee, O Immortal Being Blest;

Many millions there be who seek the society of Men Divine,
Such happy souls are with Thy Colour Dyed-Incarnadine,
To whom, O Lord, Thou openeth Thy Grace-laden Purse-strings,
He is blessed, O Nanak, exalted over all other beings!

7. Creation Out-Streaming in Millions of Ways from Thee!

Millions upon millions are Earth-Quarries and Microcosms,
Millions upon millions are Heavens and the Macrocosms;
Millions upon millions are *avtars* who are God-descended,
Millions are Ways and Means whereby creation doth outspread;
Many a time this Creation, from the Formless One, doth spread o'er,
The Creator Thou, the Selfsame One, for e'ermore;
Millions upon Millions are Creations and the Ways they w're formed,
Emanating from Thee, in Thee, are finally re-absorbed;
Of thy creation, no one knoweth the End or Limit,
Thou Thyself knoweth, O Nanak, this prime Secret!

8. The Holy Ones also infinite!

Many millions there be who are, to the Supreme One, truly wedded,
In their heart of heart, the Supreme Spirit standeth fully-revealed;
Many millions there be who do know Thee, the Quintessential-Being,
With their Eyes, they e'er behold Thee, O Being-Supreme!
Many millions there be who do quaff this sweet Name-Nectar,
Thus, becoming immortal, they live for e'er and e'er!
Many millions there be who chant the Excellences of the Name,
Peace, Beatitude: the Spirit's Fruit, overflow their earthly Frame;
Those who remember Thee, O Dear One, at e'ery breath,
Are in turn dear to Thee, O Lord: this Nanak affirmeth!

CANTO XI

THE LOCUS OF LOCI!

The Cause of Causes Thou!

The Ultima Thule of Science and Philosophy!

XI SLOK (Prelude)

*The Cause of causes Thou, O blessed Creator !
Thou art One, without another, yea, the Sole Author !
A Loving sacrifice am I, Nanak, unto Thee,
Thou art in the earth, the Firmament, and the Sea !*

XI ASHTPADI

1. The Primal-Urge, the Holy-Glee, the Cause of Causes, Thou!

The Cause of causes Thou, the Being Omnipotent, the Creative-Glee,
What cometh to pass that Thou dost eternally decree;
Thou mayest establish or disestablish aught in twinkling of eye,
Thy Endless-end and its limits: who may e'er espy?
By Thy command Thou sustaineth what naught else might uphold,
Produced out of Thee, by Thy Command, 'tis all reabsorb'd;
By Thy Command, to the high and the low their lots are assigned,
By Thy command, the Universe is, e'er is Rainbow---Dyed!
Creating all, Thou beholdest all, bedecked in glory,
O Nanak, Thou art everywhere, Ha! the Ancient Being-Hoary!

2. With Thy Magic Touch, O Lord, even stones swim!

If it pleaseth Thee, O Lord, man obtaineth salvation,
If it pleaseth Thee O Lord, e'en a Stone might Swim!
If it pleaseth the Lord, Ebbed-out-Life may recover Lost-Breath,
If it pleaseth Thee, I might wear, of Divine attributes the Golden Wreath!
If it pleaseth the Lord, even the sinner may become perfect,
As it pleaseth Thee, O Lord, so dost Thou e'er act!
Both Ends are joined in Thee, O Thou, the Eternal Reconciler!
Thou sportest and revellest, O Thou the Inward-Governor!
What pleaseth Thee that alone is caused to be done,
But for Thy Bloom, O Nanak, who is e'er Full-Blown!

3. Thou dost pull the Strings from Behind, O Lord!

Consider, art thou competent to do thyself aught, O man?
 Thou dost, what the Supreme One doth want Thee to do, or ordain;
 If man had the power, he would clutch at this, at that, yea all,
 But what Thou ordainst, that alone happeneth--it doth befall;
 In ignorance, one relisheth what is clearly for him a poison,
 He would be saved, O Lord, if this Hidden Fact one had known!
 Led astray by Error, one wandereth--in all Directions Ten,
 In Twinkling of eye, he wandereth to Quarters Four, yet is back again!
 When by Thine Grace, the Secret of Love he doth learn at last,
 Then in Thy Name, O Nanak, he is verily absorpt!

4. O Wonder-Worker, still-born I, yet am whole, in a trice!

Lo! Thou mayest give Dominion in a trice, unto a Little-Worm!
 For, Thou, O Supreme One, art the Cherisher of the humble!
 He who yesterday was nobody--not known to any one,
 May be uplifted at once, being known in all Directions Ten!
 On whom Thou, O Lord, bestowest Spontaneous, Pardon,
 He is never called to account--not by Thee e'er again!
 The soul and body, O sweet One, are Thine Gift,
 In every heart, art Thou Thyself, manifest!
 Thyself this, that, all: both the Maker and the Arranger!
 Seeing Thee, O Nanak, the Life-Current, in me, doth be-stir!

5. The Wheel of Destiny, in Thy Hands, O Lover!

The power that stirreth seemingly in me is really not in my hand,
 For Thou, O Lord, causeth everthing to be done, as originally planned;
 Creature is helpless, and must needs to the Creator agree,
 What pleaseth Thee that alone must e'er be;
 Sometimes one dwelleth in places high, then in low,
 Sometimes one is grieved then happiness in him doth overflow;
 Sometimes one is uselessly occupied with slander or calumny,
 Sometimes one wandereth in thought: to Nether-Regions or flieth to the Sky!
 Sometimes one is very learned--proficient in all Divine Lore,
 At last Thou Thyself bringest about union, O Nanak, e'ermore!

6. Let me swim in Thy Sweet Will, O Lord!

Sometimes one danceth and frisketh, in wiles wanton,
 Sometimes whole night and day is passed in listless sleeping;
 Sometimes one is infuriated, swayed by mighty wrath,
 Sometimes one is as humble as the Trodden-Dust;
 Sometimes one assumeth Royal Airs sitting on Throne,
 Sometimes one is a cast out beggar--of humble origin;

Sometimes one slideth and slippeth into Bad Odour,
 Sometimes one is trumpeted to the world as Being-Superior;
 E'en as Thou willeth, O Lord, so let's live and act,
 The Grace of the Guru, O Nanak, is the Prime-Secret!

7. The Round of Life & Death!

Sometimes becoming a Pandit, one imparteth to others Holy Instruction,
 Sometimes remaining tongue-tied, one is devoted to meditation;
 Sometimes one sitteth on a river's bank or batheth in a Holy Place,
 Sometimes one preacheth Wisdom, being a Seeker, a Striver, or an Ascetic;
 Sometimes the soul is born as big elephant, or as a little worm,
 Thus, one wandereth erratically in many and many a form;
 Like unto an Actor, a Mimic, one changeth many an appearance,
 As it pleaseth Thee, O Lord, so doth man but dance!
 What pleaseth Thee, O Dear, that alone cometh to be,
 There is none, O Nanak, there is none, but Thee!

8. The End—the Magic Touch of the Master!

Per-adventure one is gifted with the company of the Pious,
 There is the Miracle! No returning from that Hallowed Recess!
 Then, in his heart, the Torch of Wisdom is furiously set aflame,
 That State is SAHAJ: Equilibrium-Eternal immutably the Same!
 His mind and body are wholly Coloured in this Colour-Divine,
 Thereafter, he dwellth e'er and e'er with Thee--above all Time!
 E'en as a Running Rivulet is with the Ocean indissolubly mixt,
 So also is this-light in Light--Transcendent blended, admixt!
 No more the the Weary Wheel of Coming & Going, for Peace is won,
 A love--suffused sacrifice am I, O Nanak, to Thee, O Being Supreme!

CANTO XII

HUMILITY!

Blessed are the Lowly!
The Kingdom of Heaven is theirs!

XII SLOK (Prelude)

*In Peace they rest: the humble and the low,
Who learn how their little-self to subdue?
The Purse-Proud Ones and the High-Brow,
In the end, O Nanak, Pill-Bitter swallow!*

XII ASHTPADI

1. The Pride of Authority & of Beauty!

He who is puffed up by Pride of Dominion
Becometh a dog and and is, into the hell, cast down;
He who is proud of Beauty, whom his own youth doth allure,
Becometh a maggot living in worm-ridden ordure;
He who is puffed up by good works, and doth airs assume,
Shall die, be reborn, wandering in many a womb;
He who is proud of his wealth and of landed property,
Is a fool, a blind one--but a Pig-in-Sty!
In whose heart, the Supreme One causeth Humility to dwell,
Is emancipated Here and Hereafter, O Nanak, enjoying Festival-Eternal!

2. The Pride of Wealth and Power!

Being rich, whoso plumeth himself, yea ridest the High-Horse,
Is unaware, that with him shall not go, not e'en a blade of grass;
He who putteth much reliance on his men or his army,
Shall be cast into Shade, in the twinkling of an eye;
Whoso considereth himself very high, as almighty,
Shall be reduced to dust, to say soon the world good-bye;
The conceited one, acknowledging none, the unabashed,
Shall fall a prey to the Death Angel, to become wretched;
By the Grace of the Guru whose pride is wiped out effaced,
Is acceptable, O Nanak, at the Supreme One's Threshold!

3. Even good deeds avail us not, if Ego-centred!

If a man do millions of pious deeds, all inspired by the ego: the 'I',
 He findeth all his works end in smoke; incurring trouble only;
 He who performeth many an austerity all steeped in egotism,
 Is born and reborn, again and again, in Hell or in Heaven;
 Tho' making many an effort, yet not softened within,
 How shall man, thus, the Supreme Threshold win?
 Whoso giveth himself high airs, yea, of extreme unction,
 Near him Godliness shalt not--yea, never come;
 Whose mind becometh, of all men the Dust,
 Shall, O Nanak, in spotless Glory rest!

4. The Web of Illusion!

As long as one thinketh this, that or aught is done by him,
 So long no happiness cometh to him, not in this interim;
 Yea, as long as one thinketh that he doth aught,
 So long he is in the Net of Transmigration caught;
 As long as one considereth others as his friend or foe,
 So long his mind doth not into Steadiness grow;
 As long as one is sunk, by Maya, into Spiritual Illusion,
 So long shall Judgment-Angel subject him to hard-chastening;
 By the Grace of the Supreme One, at last, the Fetter is broken,
 By the Guru's grace, O Nanak, is conquered this Egotism!

5. Not e'en a king is King, without contentment!

Having earned Thousands one craveth for the Million,
 Ah! the pursuit of wealth is eluding? how Sisyphean!
 Tho' one enjoyeth many pleasures wallowing in luxury,
 Yet, he is never satiated, wasting his all to--die;
 Yea, without contentment, not e'en a king e'er is a King,
 Without this all works are vain, illusions of a Dream!
 By union with the Name, all happiness is attained,
 To some rare one, however, is this great good Fortune ordained;
 The Cause of all causes art Thou, O All-in-all!
 Let us sing e'er, O Nanak, Thy Name-Continual!

6. In Thee, we live, move & have our being!

The Cause of all causes art Thou, O blessed Creator,
 In Thy Hand are: Discrimination, Design and Order;
 E'en as Thou ordainest, so doth it become,
 All-in-all art Thou, O the Being Supreme!
 Whatever Thou dost is done by Thy Supreme Will,
 Tho' far from us, yet Thou art, with us, one and all;

Thou comprehendest all, exercisest judgment and dost behold,
Thyself, O Dear, One! Yet Thyself the Multi-Manifold!
Ne'er-dying, ne'er aging, Thou dost not come nor go,
Everlastingly the Same, O Nanak, in Eternal Status Quo!

7. Thy Wondrous Play, O Mysterious Lord!

Thyself the Instructor, Thyself the novice: learning-Disciple!
Thyself the Heart and Soul—of this, that, of one and all!
Thine own Expansion, Thou Thyself dost order,
All this is Thou, Thyself the Supreme Creator!
Think, O man, can aught be beyond His Ken!
When He Himself is, verily is, in every one!
Of Thine blessed Mysteries, Thyself art the Sole Knower,
Thou reeldest in Ways, innumerable, O the Supreme Sporter!
Tho' within the Soul, yet the Soul is mysteriously in Him,
Who can, O Nanak, Mystery Prismatic describe or sing?

8. Where words fail & Music upsoars! Holy Aroma!

True, true, yea, Truth-Personified! art Thou, O Being Supreme!
By the Grace of the Guru, some rare one hath This Gleam!
True, true, yea, Truth-Objectified! is all this, what is made,
To but one in a million is this Blessed Secret revealed!
Splendid, splendid, e'er Splendid! is Thine Form Divine,
Superbly-Magnificent, Ha! Boundless, Incomparably Fine!
Pure, pure, how Pearline-pure! is Thine Holy Word!
Heard in every heart, echoed, re-echoed--from the Inner Chord!
Holy, holy, thrice-holy! is this Symphony e'er-hallowed,
Thy Name so sweet! O Nanak, my loving-heart deciphered!

CANTO XIII

CALUMNY OF SAINTS!

The Lofty Ones, the Himalayan Souls;
The Magic Touch of the Divine Masters!

XIII SLOK (Prelude)

*The Asylum of Saints, with their Wondrous Touch Magical
Conferreth on man Peace-abiding, yea, Life-Eternal!
Detachment from them and their blasphemy
Keepeth agoing the weary Wheel of human Destiny!*

XIII ASHTPADI

1. The Calumny of saints Recoils and Kills!

By blaspheming the saints, one's lifetime is miserably shortened,
By blaspheming the saints, Death Angel's Noose is distressingly tightened;
By blaspheming the saints, all happiness doth depart,
By blaspheming the saints, one is into the Hell Dungeon cast;
By blaspheming the saints, the mind becometh defiled,
By blaspheming the saints, holy lustre is all volatalised;
He who is cursed by the saints, him none doth protect,
By blaspheming the saints, he wandereth from pillar to post;
If, however, tender-hearted saints took mercy e'en on him,
The slanderer also, O Nanak, in saint's company doth swim!

2. The Agony of the Caluminator!

By blaspheming the saints, the mind recoileth in agony's throe,
By blaspheming the saints, man chattereth like a dirty crow;
By blaspheming the saints, man slideth down into the serpent state,
By blaspheming the saints man doth to the Crawling-Forms abdicate;
By blaspheming the saints, man burneth e'er with unappeased thirst,
By blaspheming the saints, is man here, there, everywhere reversed;
By blaspheming the saints, one's strength is wholly lost,
By blaspheming the saints, one becometh of all the lowest;
Yea, the slanderer of the saints findeth no restful-Haven,
If the saint willeth, O Nanak, e'en a sinner may obtain salvation!

3. To all ills he is a prey—the Caluminator!

The slanderer of the saints, is mischievously most abject,
 The slanderer of the saints, hath not e'en a moments' rest;
 The slanderer of the saints, is a murderer of the first water,
 The slanderer of the saints, is so accused by the Supreme Master:
 The slanderer of the saints, is removed from his royal sovereignty,
 The slanderer of the saints, is immersed in most object poverty;
 The slanderer of the saints, is, to all ills and pains, a sure victim,
 The slanderer of the saints, is always separated from Thee, O Being Supreme;
 The slandering of the saints is verily the greatest possible Sin,
 If the saint willeth, O Nanak, e'en this sinner may obtain emancipation!

4. The friendless, accursed soul!

The blasphemer of the saints, is impure, within and without, e'er,
 The blasphemer of the saints, findeth no friend—never;
 The blasphemer of the saints shall be impeached, out in the open,
 The blasphemer of the saints shall be forsaken by all, by everyone;
 The blasphemer of the saints is most selfish, in the extreme,
 The blasphemer of the saints, is carried down by the Maya-stream;
 The blasphemer of the saints is born, e'er reborn—to die,
 The blasphemer of the saints biddeth happiness good-bye;
 The blasphemer of the saints findeth no haven nor rest,
 If it please the saint, O Nanak, e'en the slanderer is re-absorpt!

5. The Tragedy of Tragedies! Fall from the Zenith!

The injurer of the saints, is cut off in his life's Prime,
 The injurer of the saints attaineth naught—no life's aim;
 The injurer of the saints is held up as if in a forest, in distress,
 The injurer of the saints is cast out into the wilderness;
 The injurer of the saints is hollow wholly from within,
 E'en as is the corpse-lifeless, yea, of a dead man;
 The injurer of the saints hath no Root whatsoever,
 What he soweth ill, he himself doth gather;
 Whoso injureth the saints hath no protector whatever,
 If it please the saint, O Nanak, e'en the sinner getteth a saviour!

6. Like fish out of water or like thorny fruitless shrub!

The injurer of the saints writheth in pain, as if severely ill,
 E'en as a fish without water doth flutter and wriggle;
 The injurer of the saints never hath aught to make his pot boil,
 Even as fire is never satiated, with its consignment of fuel;
 The injurer of the saints is desolate, as if left separated,
 E'en as the Seedless Semsame-Stalk is in the field segregated;

The injurer of the saints is devoid of all righteousness,
 The injurer of the saints uttereth words, false and erroneous;
 Such is the dirty function of the slanderer who is so pre-destined,
 What pleaseth Thee, O Nanak, that is done, 'tis all determined!

7. Everlasting Restless-ness is their Doom—of slanderers!

The slanderer of the saints shall become maimed, nay, deformed,
 The slanderer of the saints is severely punished at the Threshold;
 The slanderer of the saints panteth and gaspeth, e'er and e'er,
 The slanderer of the saints is verily like a Moving-Sepulchre;
 The slanderer of the saints is to despair wholly given over,
 The slanderer of the saints, in hopelessness, doth e'er wander;
 The slanderer of the saints satisfieth none, yea no one,
 But as it pleaseth Him, so doth e'ery one become;
 All is fore-ordained, who may his fixed Destiny ignore?
 The True One, O Nanak, knoweth all, yea, knoweth it all o'er!

8. O Mysterious Lover! O Sporter!

Every heart is Thine! and Thou art the blessed Creator;
 O men, worship the Lord, yea, worship the Lord, e'er and e'er,
 Praise the Lord every day and night, from sunrise to sunset;
 Yea, meditate on Him with each morsel of food taken and every breath!
 All that happeneth is done, O Lord, at Thy Bidding!
 As Thou orderst, so do they all become!
 Thine own Sport all this! Thou Thyself executest,
 But for Thee who else, who else, aught knoweth?
 On whom Thou bestowest mercy, Thou givest Thy Loving Name;
 O Nanak, great good Fortune is his—who getteth the Same!

CANTO XIV

THE VISION OF VISIONS!

The Blessed Ones with Vision Vivid!

The VISION BEATIFIC!

XIV SLOK (Prelude)

*No more, no more hollow devices, O goodly men!
Remember, yea e'er remember The Lord of Lords, the Sovereign!
If ye concentrate on Him, yea, on Him, the Being Supreme,
Then, Aches, Errors and Fears, O Nanak, shall slink unseen!*

XIV ASHTPADI

1. Thou art Staff of my Life, O Lord!

Know, know, ye all, reliance on earthly man is vain,
The Lord Almighty, if it pleaseth Him, plenitude doth deign;
By His gift, O man, thou shalt satiated remain,
No more, no more, worldly Thirst for Thee again!
The Killer Thou! the Preserver Thou! O Supreme One!
Naught, naught, is in thy hand, O man;
Comprehending His Will all happiness thou shalt win,
In thy Heart's Rosary, the Divine Name, do thou String!
Remember, remember, yea, e'er remember the Selfsame Lord,
No obstacle! O Nanak, No dis-harmony! No more discord!

2. The Prescription Holy!

O mind mine, chant thou the praises of the Wondrous Formless One,
O mind mine, thy true business is Righteousness: this do own;
O tongue pure, drink thou e'er the Juice - Nectarine,
Thus, Peace-Eternal thou shalt, in thy heart, enshrine;
O Eyes mine, behold only the Splendrous Beauty of the Sweet Lord,
In the society of the pious all, all, thy fears shall depart;
O Feet mine, tread ye, the Path of Paths, the path Eternal,
Thy Sins shall vanish if Holy Name is sung only a little;
O Ears mine, do hear Lord's Glory, and do deeds of righteousness,
Thus, love-lit thine Face shall beam at the Lord's Threshold!

3. Blessed, Thirce-blessed they who realise the Ethereal Bliss!

Most fortunate, most blessed, are they in this world,
 Who sing, e'er sing, the praises of the Holy Lord;
 Yea, they who meditate on glory of the Holy Word,
 Riches Super-abundant, Exhaustless, are their perpetual reward;
 Whoso uttereth, with mind and tongue, Thy praises, O Being-Excellent,
 Dwelleth in happiness and becometh among all men pre-eminent;
 Whoso recogniseth the Lord as All-in-all, yet also the Only One,
 Hath Knowledge Perfect of this world as also of what is unknown!
 Yea, whose mind is satiated by This, the Indwelling-Name,
 Knoweth, O Nanak, the Divine One—hidden in this Divine Flame!

4. Ever at Peace, the Godly ones!

By the Guru's Grace, thou mayest thy own SELF discover,
 Thus, thirst unappeased thou mayest fully conquer;
 Whoso singeth Lord's praises in the company of the pious,
 No more, no more for him, pains, aches nor sickness!
 Whoso singeth day and night praises of the Lord Holy,
 Is from all worldly taints free tho' living in midst of his family!
 Whoso putteth his hopes on Thee, O Lord, O the Supreme One,
 To him Death Angel's Noose is, for all time, forgiven;
 Whoso craveth in his heart for Thee, O Lord, the Unconditioned-One,
 To him, O Nanak, befalleth no suffering whatsoever, no pain!

5. The Vision of Visions! Blaze of Glory!

Whoso bethinkest of the Lord in his heart of heart, always,
 Is steadfast as a rock; he wavereth not, this way or that way!
 If Thou, O Lord, bestowed Thine mercy on me,
 Why should I then be afraid? of this, that, yea, of any!
 As Thou wert, O Lord, e'er so didst Thou Dawn on me!
 Thyself absorbed in Thy creation!—in Endless Glee!
 Seeking Searching, Assaying, Lo! all, yea, all Truth was revealed!
 By Guru's Grace, this humble disciple wa thus fully initiated!
 Look, behold, lo! all is, all is Thee, all is Thee!
 Thyself Transcendent! O Nanak, Thyself Immanent, eternally!

6. The Vision of Visions Life-everlasting!

Life, life, life eternal! no more death!
 In Thine Own Works, O Dear, Thou revellest!
 Coming and Going, Visible and the Invisible—
 All this—all, all is subject to Thine Sweet Will!
 All is Thou! all is Thou! yea all, verily all that is!
 In countless Ways, Thou establishest—soon to dismiss!

Imperishable Thou! ne'er in Thee any stop, nor suspense,
 Thou upholdest the Earth, yea, the whole Universe!
 Glorious! Unknowable! Inscrutable! Ha! the Majestic Being free!
 I knew Thee, I knew Thee, O Nanak, as Thou didst so decree!

7. The Elect!

Glorious, most glorious, they who know Thee, O Lord,
 The whole world is saved by their Spell of spells, blessed;
 These, the Lord's Own, uplift this, that, yea, every one,
 These the Lord's Own, cause all sorrow to be forgotten;
 Thou Thyself, O Merciful One, bringeth about this blissful Union,
 By remembering This: Guru-Given-Word, all beatitude is won
 The service of such Holy ones, falleth unto their lot,
 Whom, This Work, by great good luck, Thou dost allot!
 By uttering the Name one obtaineth fullest tranquility,
 Such are the Elect: Holy Ones, O Nanak, verily.

8. All-in-all Thou!

Whatever Thou dost, that is sweet, for 'tis done by Thy will,
 With Thee, with Thee, O Supreme One, I do e'er and e'er dwell!
 All, all, that cometh to pass happeneth spontaneously!
 The Cause of causes, Thou, O Lord, verily, verily!
 Whatever Thou ordainest, O Lord, that is sweet unto me, unto all,
 As Thou wert, O Dear, so didst Thou unto me reveal!
 From Thou springest all, in Thee all is re-absorbed,
 With Thine Bliss-Quintessential I am, I am in sweet concord!
 Thyself this! Thyself that! shedding honour on Thine Own,
 Thyself & Thy devotee, O Nanak, are verily One!

CANTO XV

MERCHANDISE OF SPIRIT!

The Lamp of Light, Thou, O Refulgent One!
O Knitter of Snapped Ties!

XV SLOK (Prelude)

*Self-Sufficient Thou, O Power-House of all Power,
Of all hidden Secrets, Thou, art the only Knower!
A sacrifice, self-offered, am I, O Nanak, unto Thee,
Remembering Thee, fetters are snapped, Lo! man is free!*

XV ASHTPADI

1. Ties snapped are re-united in Thee, O Dear!

Ties severed, yea, of sundered Souls, Thou art the only Restorer,
Of all beings, Thou art, Thou alone art, the Supreme Cherisher;
Thou feelest for all, one and all, in Thine heart,
From Thee none returneth, without what one doth want;
O my mind, remember the Lord e'er and e'er,
The Being Immortal! All in-all the sole-Arbiter!
By thy free-will, O man, naught cometh to pass,
Hundreds tho' the attempts naught availeth, without *Coup de grace*!
Live in Eternal Wonder! live, live: this alone doth avail,
Thus, Nanak, across the World's Ocean, thou shalt sail!

2. Our Beauty is but a mirror of Thy Beauty!

O Beautiful ones, if ye are beautiful, be ye not thereby inflated,
The Selfsame Light-Heavenly, is, in all beings, reflected!
O rich men, if ye are rich, why need ye be elated?
For all wealth is His Sweet Gift Who hath us created;
O hero, if thou art famed as a seasoned Veteran,
Without the Lord's victorious Spirit how could thou charge or run?
O Donor, plumed in ignorance, as a reputed donor,
Thou will recognise soon that the Lord is the Ultimate Giver;
The Guru's Grace washeth off this fell malady of Egotism,
Thus, O Nanak, man is made healthy—free from all sin;

3. The pillar of my heart ! Thy Buoyant-Blessed-Word !

E'en as a pillar supporteth the roof of a temple,
 So doth the Guru's Word uphold the Heart's Chapel;
 E'en as a dead stone, carried in a buoyant boat, crosseth the river,
 So are mortals saved by falling at the Lotus Feet of the Master;
 E'en as darkness is dispelled by light, and turned into Sunshine,
 So doth the mere Sight of the saints enkindle the Light-Divine;
 E'en as one is elated by finding the lost road in a Wilderness,
 So doth the Divine Flame illumine the heart & en-thrill the pious;
 For the Dust of the Lotus Feet of the saints do I e'er crave,
 Ethereal bliss, O Nanak, is mine, if in This Pond, do I lave !

4. O purblind man, why burn like a Greedy Moth ?

Oh foolish man, why dost thou fret and fume? thus, be e'er grieved,
 'Tis thy fate: the fruit of deeds past, now decreed;
 Pain and pleasure, weal and woe, are by Thee, O Lord dispensed,
 O my mind, abandon others & on Thy Lord alone depend;
 Whatever He doth, let that lead thee on, O man, to rapture,
 O ignorant one, why wander astray in darkness and error?
 Consider, O man, if thou brought aught, with thee in thy Swaddling Cloth,
 Why then thou stickest with delight to this, that, like a Greedy Moth?
 Live in memory-green, keep ye His Flame in thine heart,
 Thus, O Nanak, thou shalt go with honour, when thou dost depart !

5. The Holy-Goods & Sweet Merchandise of Soul !

The Goods-Heavenly for which, O man, thou didst come into this world,
 Yea, the Supreme-Commodity: the Word is in the dwelling of the saints treasured;
 Give up vanity, O man, buy the Dear One, in return for thine mind,
 Thus, in thine heart, His Name shall well up, which thou shalt find;
 O Merchant-Soul, load this Merchandise & accompany the virtuous;
 Give up other petty concerns wordly, for these are poisonous;
 Thus, every one shall hail thee, call thee blessed, twice-blessed,
 Thine Face shall then be radiant at the Lord's threshold;
 Few Merchants there be who deal in this Holy-Merchandise,
 To them, O Lord, Nanak, is e'er a living sacrifice !

6. The Magic Touch of Master-Minds !

Wash the Lotus Feet of saints and drink ye the Nectar,
 Thine life, O restive-self, to the saints do offer;
 Wash well, have ablution in the Dust of the righteous,
 Offer, offer, thyself to the pious, as a living sacrifice;
 In this service, great good Fortune: Bliss-ethereal, is sprung,
 In saints' company, Lord's praises are spontaneously chanted and sung ;

From many an evil, and, yet many the saints do e'er protect us,
By singing Lord's praises, we imbibe the Holy Nectarine-Juice;
Whoso falleth on the asylum of saints cometh straight to the Lord's Court,
Thenceforth, O Nanak, he is with the Divine Bliss wholly *en rapport*!

7. The Dead may rise & walk!

The Dead Ones, O Lord, Thou mayest revive, yea, wholly vivify!
To the hungry, Thou mayest all sweet Victuals supply!
In Thy Glance, O Lord, all Treasures sweet are contained!
Apportioned are these to us all, as by Thee pre-ordained;
All is Thine! Thou mayest give, take, or, aught decree!
Besides Thee, there is none—none shall e'er be!
O man, remember Thy Lord, day and night, e'er and e'ermore,
This practice is higher than most high—purer than pure!
To whom this Edifying Name is vouchsafed by Thine Grace,
He shall, his filth from within his heart, O Nanak, efface!

8. Truth is Thy Backbone! O Being of beings!

Whoso hath living faith in Thee, O Master Divine,
Shall verily, Thee, O Supreme One, in his heart, enshrine!
The Devotee of devotee is he in this, that, and the world—hereafter,
In whose heart Thou, O Lord, art the e'er-dwelling Holy Resider!
True is are his acts, deeds—true his character,
Truth within; truth also he doth utter!
True is his Vision Beatific! True the Unfolded-Impression!
True the Being of Beings revealed! True This Infinite--Expansion
This Essence-Divine, this Glorious-Entity, when seen as Troth,
Then, O Nanak, the Seer in the Seen is, verily, absorpt!

CANTO XVI

The NIRANKAR!

The Formless One!

Fount of Forms, yet from Forms Free!

XVI SLOK (Prelude)

*From Form, from Outline and Colour free,
Exempt Thou art from the Qualities Three;
This Vision-Blessed Thou Conferrest on him,
With whom, O Nanak, Thou art pleased!*

XVI ASHTPADJ

1. O Being Omnipresent, Omniscient and Merciful one!

The Immortal One alone cherish thou, O man, in thine heart,
Yea, man's morbid love must from thy heart fully depart;
Naught is beyond Thee, O Lord, from Thine Holy Ken,
In all things, Thou art e'er-present—the Eternal One!
All-seeing Thou, All-knowing Thou! O Omniscient One!
O Deepest, Profoundest, All-wise Being!
The Unconditioned One Thou, the Overlord, the Nourisher,
Compassionate One, Forgiving, yea, of mercy the Treasure!
May I fall at the Lotus Feet of Thine saints, O Lord,
This yearning upsoareth today, O Nanak, from my Life-Chord!

2. In all Garbs Thou! O Wondrous One, O Endless One!

Fulfiller of all desires and worthy of all obeisance art Thou verily,
Yea, whate'er Thou decreest, that alone cometh to be;
In the twinkling of an eye, Thou fillest, and then unfillest,
Thy Divine Mystery no one e'er completely knowest!
In Thy Home, there is endless Joy, and Festivities e'er!
Thy Home is full e'er with all things, we know of, or e'er hear;
The King, Thou, in the heart of a king! Supreme-Ascetic, Thou, in a hermit!
Amongst the austere the Chief Ascetic! Also to wedded life Thou art divinely knit!
By meditation the devotees imbibe bliss and, thus, to Thee do ascend,
O Being Infinite, of Thee, saith Nanak, no one findeth the End!

3. **Mystery of Mysteries! All are Resting Stations Thine One and all!**

Sweetly Mysterious this Universe! Its Ins and Outs who might e'er know?
 Even Gods sweated for this, and in the end did they a-weary grow!
 What does a son know aught of the birth of his father?
 The whole creation, Thy Son, is strung in Thee, in Endless—Tether!
 To whom Thou vouchsafest Wisdom, Meditation and Knowledge-Divine,
 Such lucky beings only, to Thee, to Thy Holy Name, do incline;
 Others there be who wander in, and are led astray, by the Qualities Three,
 They are born, to die, to come back again, until they are from this cycle free;
 These places high & low, O Dear, are Thine Resting-Stations sweet,
 E'en as Thou ordainest, O Nanak, so Thou fashionest all this, what is meet!

4. **The Formless One! yet with forms Infinite!**

Multifarious Thine Forms, O Dear! Infinitely multifarious Thine appearances!
 Tho' e'er Colorless, yet multifarious are Thine Sweet Semblances!
 In multifold forms, Thou didst spread Thy creation out,
 Imperishable Thou, One, e'er One! beyond any doubt:
 Multifarious the Mysteries Thou encatest! in the twinkling of an eye,
 Pervading all! E'er-brimful! the Perfect Being Free!
 In multifold Forms, this Universe Thou unfoldest,
 Thine Values mysteriously Infinite! Thou alone knowest!
 All hearts, All hearts are Thine, O Lord! all place are Thine!
 I live! I live! O Nanak, as Thy Name, in my heart, do I enshrine!

5. **The Thread of Life: THE HOLY NAME!**

O Holy Name! thou supportest this, that, all creatures, most diverse!
 O Holy Name! thou supportest continents all, yea, the whole Universe!
 O Holy Name! thou art the locus of all loci, focus of all foci, of all books-revealed,
 The Holy Name is the only source of Illumination; the Fount of Life concealed;
 O Holy Name! thou supportest the Heavens and all Regions—Nether!
 O Holy Name! thou supportest conformations all, and knitteth them together!
 O Holy Name! thou supportest all Habitations and Heavenly Mansions!
 O Holy Name! thou savest all who do hear This Divine Revelation!
 Whom, Thou by Thine grace, vouchsafest the Gift of the Holy Name,
 Transfigured is he, O Nanak, to the Fourth State! by This Heavenly-Flame!

6. **The Ultimate Reality-Truth!**

True, True, is Thine Form! True Thine Residing Level-Eternal!
 True, True, Thy Supreme Spirit! Ha! the Being Ancient—Primeval!
 True, True, is Thy Word! True thy Holy Deed!
 Thy Holy Spirit dwelleth, in one and all, indeed!
 True, True, Thy works! Thy creation also e'er true!
 True, True, the Root of Universe! and what Thereform grew!

True are Thy Doings! sacred e'er spotlessly pure!
 Every thing turneth out well for him, who This Secret doth discover!
 Thy True Name only, O Lord, is the sweetest Source of Bliss,
 They discover It, O Nanak, who the Master's Lotus Feet do kiss!

7. Blessed are they who realise This Holy Essence Divine

True, True, the words! and true the Teaching of the Pious,
 True True, the Heart! in which This Essence-Holy findeth place;
 True, True, the Dance-Cosmic! if only one understood the Same,
 Yea, man is saved if he realiseth This Essence: the Divine Name!
 Thyself True, true also that Thou didst—doth e'er—create,
 Thou alone knowest the Ins and Outs, of This Thy Blessed State!
 Thou didst this Creation make, Thyself its Executive e'er!
 However hard man doth try, yet to This Secret he is a foreigner;
 What is made knoweth not Who made him so?
 As Thou ordainest on high, O Nanak, so doth it happen below!

8. Wonder of Wonders! The Wonder—Eternal!

Wonder of Wonders This! 'tis a Miracle most passing-strange!
 They alone know This, who experience This: the Climacteric Change!
 E'er-steeped are they, in This Holy Colour-Incarnadine!
 By the Guru's Mediating—Word, is obtained This Gift-Divine!
 Great Donors are they, the Removers of all worldly pain!
 In their company many other souls, Holy Freedom do gain!
 Whoso serveth them is very, very, fortunate, indeed,
 Their society doth, verily, to devotion of Supreme One, lead;
 They chant and sing e'er Thy Excellences, O Sweet Lord,
 This Fruit, O Nanak, by Guru's grace, is their Holy Reward!

CANTO XVII

LIVING LIGHT ETERNAL!

The Fount Of Time : The Timeless One !

XVII SLOK (Prelude)

*Thou wert, in the Beginning, yea, Thou wert,
E'en before Time itself had its birth !
Thou art now, and shalt e'ermore be,
For, Thou art True endlessly, eternally !*

XVII ASHTPADĪ

1. True this, true that, Thy Magic Word ! O Truth-Revealed

True, true, thy Lotus - Feet, O Lord ! True also Thy adorer !
True, true, thy worship, O Lord ! as also Thy worshipper !
True, true, the Vision Beatific ! as also those who do Thee see !
True, true, Thy Name Holy ! as also those who meditate on Thee !
Thyself true ! true also Thy subtle Holy Effluence !
The Attributes Holy ! Thyself also the Chanter of Thine Excellence !
True, true, the Divine Word ! as also Thou who utterest the Same ;
True, true, the Hearing Faculty ! Divine also those who Thee acclaim !
To him, who hath a knowing heart, all this is verily Real !
True, true, verily true, art Thou ! O Nanak, O Being Most Primeval !

2. Vanishing Distances & Dissolving Egos ! Oneness !!

Whoso comprehendeth Thy Divine Nature True : Thine Essence, in his heart,
Findeth Thee, O Cause of all causes, yea, of all things—the Root !
In whose heart, Thy living faith is, at last, firmly grounded,
Findeth all Divine Secrets, in his mind, fully revealed !
From fear to Fearlessness—so doth Thy Seeker soar,
Absorbed in Thee, from Whom all doth come e'er !
When this-essence : the ego, is rolled back into That-Quintessence,
Then, Both become One ! yea, there is no difference !
They know 'this Secret of secrets who have discrimination true,
Ha ! Here is Oneness ! O Nanak, Here is Life-anew !

3. Thy Servants, O Lord, find Thee, here, there & everywhere !

Thy worshipper, O Lord, is to Thee e'er obedient,
 Thy worshipper, O Lord, is to Thee e'er reverent ;
 Thy worshipper, O Lord, is at heart e'er confident,
 Thy worshipper, O Lord, doth deeds wholly innocent ;
 Thy worshipper knoweth, O Lord, Thou art with him e'er,
 Thy worshipper, O Lord, is of Holy Name the sweet-Idolater ;
 The Lord cherisheth, in return, His worshippers dear,
 O Thou Formless One, of Thine worshipper, Thou art the best Preserver !
 He is Thy true worshipper, O Dear, whom Thou ordainest Thy grace,
 With every breath, O Nanak, Thy worshipper dost Thee inwardly-embrace !

4. Thy Soft Impervious Veil is over my Head, O Lord !

Over Thine Own : Thy servants, Thou drawest Thy Veil-Heavenly,
 Yea, their honour is safe, e'er safe, under Thy Watchful Eye ;
 On Thine Own servants, verily, great honour is, e'er shed,
 Thine own servant is to Thine Name wholly wed ;
 Of Thine Own servants, Thyself preservest the honour,
 Their deep Profundity ! their Inwardness ! who can discover ?
 No one, no one doth come up, in eminence, to Thy worshipper,
 O Lord ! Thy worshipper verily is of all men most superior ;
 To whom, O Lord, Thou vouchsafest Service by Thine Grace,
 Becometh, O Nanak, most glorious !—yea, in all Time and Space !

5. Even a tiny Ant may turn the Scales of Justice !

E'en the Little Ant, O Mysterious One, is pregnant with Thy Skill Divine,
 Millions of armies may be reduced to ashes, by a worm, Lo ! if 'tis so bidden !
 O Helper ! whose Life-breath Thou dost not want to take away,
 Him, Thou preservest by Thine Hidden Hand's most Efficient Display !
 Tho' many be the efforts which man doth strain,
 Yet, all of them are doomed to naught, for they are vain !
 If Thou dost decree death, none may step in, and may man save,
 But, to all men, Thou Thyself, dost mysteriously, full protection give !
 O man, why art thou worried—e'er so pensive, so thoughtful ?
 Fall back, fall back, O Nanak, on the Being-Unseen, Ha ! Most-Wonderful !

6. The Soul Bestirred & Transfigured !

O man, e'er & e'er remember Thy Lord, again and yet again,
 Thus, thou shalt be satiated, if Nectar-Sweet, thou dost obtain ;
 The devotee who discovereth This Jewel of the Holy Name,
 Seeth naught else, but Thee, O Dear ! e'er and e'er the Selfsame !
 Thy Holy Name is my Wealth, my Beauty my Fruition,
 Thy Name is the source of Bliss—It ensureth Eternal-Communion !

Thy devotees who are satiated by This : by the Nectarine-Name,
Are verily Transfigured, body and soul, by This Divine Flame !
Sitting, sleeping, rising, they chant Thy Divine Name e'er !
Lifelong, every moment, O Nanak, they feel This : the Holy Stir !

7. To live in Thy Presence E'er—This is the Consummation !

O Tongue mine, Utter thou the Lords' praises all day and night,
This--the Lord's Own Gift--shall surely set the devotees right ;
They worship Thee cheerfully, O Lord, moved by Thine Spirit,
Who are, thus, into Thee, O Supreme Lord, are e'er absorpt ;
Thy know all: what has been, and what shall be !
For, all this is Thine, O Lord, Thy Holy Decree !
Thy Endlessly-Infinite Praises who may describe?, O sweet Providence !
When I know not how to describe, but a Ray of Thine Holy Excellence !
They who dwell, day and night, in Thy Living Presence, O Being-Blest,
Find their Consummation in Thee, O Nanak, they are, verily perfect !

8. No more wavering ! No more heart-aches !

O mind mine, seek thou the Asylum of those who have reached the Goal,
Let thy body and mind be offered unto them--to such Holy People ;
The devotee who liveth in Thy abiding Consciousness O Dear My Lord,
Findeth himself the Owner of the whole world ! Ha ! his Heavenly Reward !
In their asylum, O man, all happiness, all weal, thou shalt gain,
In their presence, thou shalt, efface thine Abysmal—Sin ;
Give up, O mind, all crookedness, all sharpness and cunning,
Apply thyself to the service of Such-Love-besoaked Holy Being !
Thine Coming and Going-endless—O man, shall thus surely come to an end,
If thine head, O Nanak, to the Holy Ones' Feet, thou dost bend !

CANTO XVIII
THE SATGURU !
THE HOLY LAMP !
THE LIVING MASTER !

XVIII SLOK (Prelude)

*The Lamp of Lamps ! the Master-Spirit is He,
 Who hath imbibed the Empyrean Light free !
 In His company blessed, O Nanak, a disciple is saved,
 There, e'er and e'er, O Lord Thou art praised !*

XIII ASHTPADI

1. The Devotee pulled out from dark Depth of Ignorance !

The True Master cherisheth his disciple doing him unique, unearthly favour,
 To his devotee, the Master is compassionate, ever and e'er;
 The Filth of Wickedness of his Disciple, is washed clean by the Master,
 By the Master's Instruction, the Disciple, Lord's Name doth utter;
 The True Master saveth the striver from fall & temptation,
 Henceforth the Disciple recoileth from evil and from sin;
 The True Master initiateth his disciple unto the Wealth of Name,
 Very glorious, indeed, is the Disciple whose heart is so set aflame;
 The True Master ameliorates his Disciple—O Life ! Here ! Hereafter !
 The True Master, with all heart, O Nanak, doth his devotee remember.

2. Under the Magic Eye of the Healing Master !

The Devotee who liveth under the Eye of the Master,
 And doth, e'en as the Master unto him dost order,
 He who doth not obtrude himself into any other's notice,
 In his heart, the Lord's Name dwelleth, Ha ! the Heavenly Kiss !
 The disciple who selleth his soul unto his Master,
 Findeth himself released—redeemed from all Error;
 Whoso serveth others without attachment, aught,
 Obtaineth Thee, O Lord, as his Holy Reward !
 On whom Thou, O Lord, sheddest Thy Light of Grace,
 His Master's Instruction, O Nanak, he doth embrace !

3. All Treasures in Thee, O Divine Master!

The Disciple who attuneth his self, yea, every inch, to the Guru's Holy Word,
Findeth the Key of Keys Verily of union with the Divine Lord;
The Master is He Who is Himself wedded with the Living Name,
All hail, all hail, unto such Master—again and again!
All Treasures are in Him, yea, the Giver of Life eternal is He,
Every moment of His life is radiant, with Heavenly, All Holy Glee!
The Lord is in His Own Men and they abide in Him,
These two are wholly One!—without the least distinction!
By a thousand devices, most cunning, He is not won,
O Nanak, the the Master is met—by great good Fortune!

4 The Current of Life upsoaring by Holy Touch!

The Master's Sight how sweetly luscious? energising to life those who to Him come,
A little Touch of the Lotus Feet, and lo! Life and Conduct spotless do become!
Find the Man! and thine is eternally the Song of Glory of the Lord,
Thus, thus, Thou shalt enter the Supreme One's Blessed Threshold;
Hear the Master's Word sublime! Thy ear shall be satiated,
Contentment shall dwell in thy mind—the Spirit also up-welleth!
Perfect the Guru and unfailing His Holy Word,
By His Nectar Glance, e'en a sinner is instantly into a saint turned!
Most Perfect, Endless, are Guru's Excellences! who can their Glory spin?
He is reunited O Nanak, with the Lord whom He Himself doth ordain!

5. O All-Glorious. ! Mysterious One!

My tongue, but one, O Lord! Thy praises, are sweetly - Infinite!
O Supreme Being, how may I describe Thee? with my Knowledge so imperfect?
Words stutter and recoil from Thee! they not do Thee kiss!
Incomprehensible Thou, Mysterious, enjoying Perfect Bliss!
Needing no support, without enmity, O Fountain of peace!
Thy Price priceless! Thy Excellence who may e'er guess?
Countless devotees pay obeisance to Thee, O Lord, e'er and e'er, each day,
Remembering Thine Lotus Feet in their heart of heart, they pray;
I am a sacrifice ever unto Thee O my Master own,
By whose favour, O Nanak, this Fount Mystery I did gain!

6. No more, no more heart-aches—but Life Divine!

This Divine Essence: the Nam is the lot of beings how rare?
Man becometh immortal by arinking This Nectar:
Such person shall waver no longer, nor be thrown overboard,
In whose heart This Treasure of all Excellences is discovered;
All the Eight Watches, doth he the Lord's Name remember,
And unto his own devotee true instruction doth he deliver;

No more, no more, the Filth of Maya, doth him begrime,
 For, his heart is wedded with the One—the Being-Prime;
 Yea in his mind's Darkness Cimmerian, Noontide-Glory is shed,
 Wherefore, O Nanak, error, illusion and sorrow are wholly fled!

7. Peace, Peace, Eternal Sunshine!

Sweltering Summer Heat no more! Ha! 'tis turned into calm Christmas Cold!
 Bliss, Bliss, reigneth, O Brother! all troubles, aches all expell'd!
 No more, no more Coming and Going!—'tis at long last o'er,
 By Thy instruction perfect, O Holy-Master, Dear!
 No more, no more fears! Fearlessness have I embraced,
 All heart aches gone! every affliction, of mindis fully effaced!
 Whose soever I was, He, shed on me the Light of His Grace;
 Thus, did I utter the Lord's Name in the company of the pious;
 Peace! Peace! Equilibrium-Eternal mine! all transmigration is at an end,
 By hearing Thy praises, O Lord, did This Treasure to Nanak descend!

8. Mysterious One! Thy Subtle Skill of Creation!

Formless Thou! yet endowed with so many, sweet Qualities all,
 By Thy Play Mysterious, all creation is fascinated as if with a spell!
 Thine own Mysteries, Thou Thyself dost know or reveal,
 Thy Infinite Values Holy! Thou alone dost feel!
 Without Thee, O Lord, there is none, yea, no one,
 In every heart, Thyself dwelleth, without interruption;
 The Warp Thou! The Woof Thou! In every form and appearance Thou dost rest,
 In the company of the saints, This revelation becomest manifest!
 Thou upholdest Thy created universe, by Thy Fiat Thy Ingenious Turn,
 Nanak is to Thee a loving sacrifice, yea, again again and again



CANTO XIX

THE ALL HOLY NAME!

THY ESSENCE IS NAME-DIVINE!

In Heat-Tropic, Frigid-Cold is this Nectar-Name!

The All-Holiest!

XIX SLOK (Prelude)

*Naught availeth but Thine Devotion, O Being-August,
All else is dross, 'tis dirt, 'tis wholly dust!
O Nanak, the Wealth of wealth is Nam—the Highest!
The Essence This! the Quintessence This! if thou imbibest!*

XIX ASHTPADI

1. Imbibe the Lotus Bloom of the Name!

Live, Live ye in touch with the saints and there do ye reflect,
Remember e'er and e'er the Name, yea, the whole World's Support;
Imbibe ye, the Lotus-bloom of the Holy Feet in your heart,
And let go, let go, other devices, yea, all of them forget;
The Cause of causes Thou, the All-powerful, the One Blest,
Hold fast, Hold fast, to This Essence: the Name—the Super-Best;
Realise, Realise, This Wealth, then thou shalt most fortunate be,
This Holy Word of the saints is spotlessly pure, from all taints free;
Concentrate, yea, concentrate, on This Hidden Essence of the Being One,
Thus, O Nanak, thy Tribulations all, shall be wholly o'er-thrown!

2. The Wealth of Immortality This!

The Wealth of Immortality for which thou cravest in all Directions-Four,
Shalt thou, dost thou, in the Lord's Service alone discover;
The Peace of mind for which thou desirest, O friend, e'er,
Shalt thou, dost thou find, in the society of an Holy Seer;
The Glory—the Star-like Sheen—for which thou dost do deeds good,
Shall be thine, O Dear, if Thou seekest the protection of Thy Lord;
The Travail of Soul, doth not, by any medicine, cease,
Apply thou, the Holy Name, and lo! instantly it flees!
Of all treasures, this is the Best, the Panacea This—the Name!
Chant thou This, O Nanak, thus, thou shalt have thine salvation!

3. The Home - hidden—in the depths of Heaven

The mind that wandereth and wavereth in all Directions—Ten,
Is stilled - is at Peace - when the Holy Name doth it enlighten;
In whose heart, This Supreme Essence of the Lord in-dwelleth,
To him, to him, no harm whatever ever befallerh;
Terribly hot, torrid hot! is this Kal-ridden Time! The Name, Lo! is Xmas-cold,
Live, live, in this Wordrous Charm e'er! Peace-immanent It shall unfold
Fears and apprehensions no more—yea, all is had! all is possessed!
By Thine Love, O Lord, Thine Spirit thus become the manifest!
There, in that Haven, is Immortality! Ha! The Home-Imperishable,
There, O Nanak, Death-Noose no more this—thou shalt unshackle!

4. Thy Devotion O Dear!

The True Ones do meditate on This: yea, the Holy-Quintessence they discover,
Whoso, whoso, meditateth on created beings, is e'er raw, wholly immature;
The incessant Round of Birth & Death is over, if Thou servest Thy Lord,
Thy egotism shalt vanish, if thou fleest to the protection of a Master-Spirit;
Thus, shall shine thy Hidden Star, yea, thy Spirit—the Precious Jewel,
If thou devotest thyself to the Name—of Holy Life the Only Axle!
Many tho' thy devices, yet these would not thee e'er deliver,
Even tho' thou didst read Books—Revealed, thou would not be any better;
Worship yea, yea, worship the Lord, with all thy heart and mind,
Thus, what thou desirest, O Nanak, thou shalt most surely find!

5. These Worldly Pleasures Like Vanishing Dreams!

Thy wealth, O man, shall not go with thee,
Why art thou humming on it, O foolish-Bee?
Thy friends, family, yea, thy beloved wife and son—
In the crucial hour, on whom wilt thou lean on?
Kingly Dominion, Wordly pleasures, all material Opulence,
Say, which of these can lead you on to Deliverance?
Horses, Elephants, Seat - elegant in the State Chariot,
Flippant Pageantry all this!—a mere Stage Effect!
Forgetful of Thee who gave all, yea, to Thee e'er an alien—a stranger,
Cut off from This Divine Name, O Nanak, man wandereth e'er in error

6. The Holy Quintessence of all essences!

O ignorant man, follow the lead of the Holy Master,
Without devotion many are drowned, yea, men most clever;
O friend Dear, in thine heart, do thou Thy Lord implore,
Thus, thy intellect shall be radiant—'t will be—Crystal-clear!
Let the Lotus Feet of the Lord in thine heart in-dwell,
This Consciousness - Holy will all transmigration cancel;

Meditate thyself and make others also meditate on This: the Name,
Hearing, uttering, acting! Thus, thou wouldst thy sleeping-Self inflame;
The Essence of essences is This Name—the Quintessence verily,
Sing thou This, O Nanak, e'er and e'er—spontaneously!

7. All-in-Him, & He-in-all!

Sing His Excellences, O man, thy filth of mind shalt be wholly effaced,
Thy bloated-egotism, e'en seed of wickedness, shalt also be defaced;
Care-free e'er! thou shalt, in this Bliss-eternal dwell,
Remember e'er the Holy Presence, with every breath, with every morsel!
Give up, all crookedness, all cleverness, O crafty mind,
In the company of the saints, this True Wealth do find;
Be a Dealer-Divine, deal in This Merchandise, the Name: Holy-Trade:
Thou shalt be at ease here, hereafter! yea, all round will be Joy's Fusilade!
See e'er This Essence, This Presence, in one and all, This Being One,
From a blessed Destiny, O Nanak, dawneth this All-Holy-Vision!

8. The ONE All-transcending, All-enveloping!

The One alone treasure, the One alone do thou magnify—this All-Inclusive-One!
Him, Him, O man, remember yea, do e'er in thy heart enshrine;
Sing, yea, sing the Excellences of This One, the Excellences endless,
With thy heart and soul, do thou this Music-Master's Glory express;
This One! the All-in-all! ever Alone! the Being-Supreme!
Pervadeth all, the perfect One, yea, full is This to the brim!
Many an Emanation from This One unceasingly do overflow,
Remember Him, This Holy One, O man, and all thy sins shall go;
When imbued with This Quintessential One—yea, within and without,
Then the Blessed One, O Nanak, is by the Guru-given-Grace, found out!

CANTO XX

DEVOTION !

The Weary Wheel Of Coming & Going !
At Thy Lotus-Foot, O Lord, At Last !

XX SLOK (Prelude)

*Tossed and stormed—Ah ! driven from pillar to post,
I sought Thine Protection, at last, O Holy Ghost !
O Heavenly Lord, 'Tis my humble supplication to Thee,
Give me, give me, Thine Gift all-holy, of Devotion, free !*

XX ASHTPADI

1. May I inhale Thy Sweet Aroma, with every breath !

Thy beggar, O Lord, beggeth for Thy Holy Gift,
Give unto me Thy Name's Heavenly Lift !
I crave for the Dust of the Feet of the saintly people,
O Being Supreme, do Thou, do Thou my desire fulfil;
May I, O Lord, sing Thine excellences e'er and e'er,
At every breath, O Dear, may I Thee alone remember;
Yea, Thy Lotus Feet, may I cherish and adore
And serve Thee, O Lord, e'er and e'ermore;
Thou art my Sweet shelter, my invulnerable—Fence,
Thy servant, Nanak, beggeth for Thy Name—The Divine Essence !

2' But One Glimpse of Thy Face, O Bright One !

By Thy Holy Glance, Grace-laden*Glimpse, infinite Bliss is won,
This Holiest Nectar, howe'er, is the fate of some rare one;
Whoso hath tasted This Essence Sweet is satiated to the full,
Vacillation no more ! the Best of men ! Most perfect ! Most worshipful !
Full to the Brim are they with Thy Holy Colour Incarnadine,
This rapturous Love, is a fruit of contact with holy men;
Forsaking all others, they seek Thy asylum, Thy protection,
Day and night, united are they, overflowed with holy Illumination;
Most fortunate are they who realise, O Dear, Thy Name,
Joy pervadeth, O Nanak, their blissful frame !

3. Rolled back into Thee, O Solvent of Solvents!

The soul of the Devotee is appeased, 'tis wholly at rest,
 O True Master, of Thy holy instruction, this is the Fruit;
 To Thy servant, O Lord, Thou art e'er merciful,
 Unto him Thou givest Peace-abiding, life-eternal;
 All bonds snapped, Thou settest him free!
 Coming and Going, pain and illusion, all cease to be;
 Wishes granted all, yearning all Thou dost fulfil!
 With me, O Lord, Thou dost, e'er and e'er, dwell!
 Emanated from Thee, now rolled back into Thee, O Holy One,
 By Thine Name, O Dear, saith Nanak, is This Destination won!

4. Why forget the Unforgettable One?

Why forget Thee, O Dear? Who crowneth my effort with the Laurel-Holy,
 Why forget Thee, O Dear? Who acknowledgeth all efforts mine, openly;
 Why forget Thee, O Dear? Who giveth us this, that, yea, everything,
 Why forget Thee, O Dear? Who is the life of life—the Eternal-Being;
 Why forget Thee, O Dear? Who preserveth me, yea, in Burning-Fire,
 By the Guru's Grace, this Consciousness dawneth, on some being rare;
 How can I forget Thee, O Dear? Who extricateth me out of Stench of Sin,
 Separated in Aenos past, Thou claspeth me, at last—a loving union!
 My Master Perfect did this Secret essential unveil unto me;
 Live, Live, O Nanak, in Lord's meditation e'er, eternally free!

5. The Treasure House of Beatitude—Thy Nam!

O holy saints, O friends mine, aspiring to the Consciousness-Divine,
 Abandoning all else, live, live ye, in This Essence: in Nam-Superfine;
 Sing, sing, sing, yea, chant the praises of This Name e'er,
 Thus Peace-eternal shall be thine; seeing thee, others shall also cross o'er;
 By love-lit devotion, this endless Ocean of Births is covered,
 Without the Light of Love, the body is burnt, to ashes reduced;
 The Depository this, the Treasure-House of Beatitude and Joythe, Name!
 It upholdeth, yea, It upholdeth the sinking, e'en the drowned frame;
 All troubles, all sorrows cease—are rooted out of existence,
 O Nanak, if we repeat the Name, yea, Thine—O All-Excellence!

6. Thy Vision-Sublime! The Urge that hath bubbled up in me;

Love intense love, intoxicated love hath bubbled forth in me!
 Inside and outside, every fibre, is pervaded by the selfsame Glee!
 With these eye mine may I behold Thee, e'er O Shedder of Bliss!
 My soul revelleth in washing the Lotus Feet of the pious;
 Great exultation! Great joy! is in the body and the soul of the Devotee,
 Some rare one, some rare one, experienceth This, in saints' company;

Give me, O give me, One Thing, by Thine Grace, O Lord,
 Thy Sweet Name ! Thy Presence, through the Gurn, is discovered;
 Thy - Glory o'erflowing, who can e'er tell?
 Thou art contained, O Nanak, in one and all !

7. The Forgiver Thou -the Saviour !

O Pardoner Thou, to the poor e'er compassionate,
 Kind to Thine devotees, yea, e'er benevolent;
 The Friend of the friendless, the Patron-Supreme, the All-Protector,
 Of all creatures Thou the Creator, and withal the Cherisher;
 The Cause of causes Thou, the Divine Male-Primal,
 Of Thine devotees, the heart and soul, their very Life - Axle !
 Whoso uttereth Thy Name, is Whole, yea, he is himself again,
 If heart-felt love for Thee, O Dear, he doth entertain;
 Devoid of virtues, am I, yea, low and ignorant,
 We seek Thy Protection, O Nanak, yea, of the Spirit !

8. A Moment of Eternity Divinely Sweet !

All-heaven, all-deliverance, all salvation do descend unto him
 Who remembereth Thee, O Lord, selflessly, if for but moment one !
 Great enjoyment, kingly dominion and most transcending glory
 Falleth unto his lot who knoweth Thee, is wedded with the Name's Story !
 Whoso continually uttereth Thy Name, O Dear, with his tongue,
 Shall have finest Raiment, Plentiful Food, and Treasury of Holy Song ;
 Good are his deeds, supercharged with all splendour and wealth,
 In whose heart, Thy Word Perfect, O Master, e'er dwelleth !
 O Lord, deign, deign, that I may dwell in the holy company of the pious !
 Wherein, Wherein, O Nanak, is enlightenment e'er, and All-Happiness !

CANTO XXI

THE GOLDEN STATE ULTIMATE !

Where All Empire Meet !

Where There are Frontiers No Longer !

XXI SLOK (Prelude)

*O Manifold One—at least Four Thy Forms, O Lord !
Manifest, Unmanifest, Formless—and the Self-Absorbed !
All that is, emanates from Thee, Nanak, O Dear !
When we know Thee, Lo ! All Differences Disappear !*

XXI ASHTPADI

1. In Golden Cloud-Lands At Last !

When Forms do melt ! Creations crack, creak and vanish !
Where is Sin ? Where is Virtue ?—The Two in Endless Skirmish !
When all is Thee, yea, all is Thee—Ha ! the Introverted - He,
Then all is well ! then, All is well !—No more, no more enmity !
When all is One, the Golden One—without marks or colours,
Then, weal and woe, like mists go !—yea, no more Frontiers !
When Thou art All ! the One alone ! the All-in-all !
Where is then illusion-morbid ?—clinging to big and small ?
This Ineffable, Play Thine, Thyself the Actor of actors thereof Supreme
Thyself the Maker, O Nanak, of all that is, Ha ! the Being Seen - Unseen !

2. Who fears whom ? when Thou art One Common !

When Thou art, O Dear, All-in-all : the Lord of lords Almighty,
No more, then, bondage servile ! all is, all is, then, verily, free !
When thou art One - inaccessible, yet somehow, known,
Then, no more, no more, Hell ! my Dear, No more Heaven !
When Unconditioned Single art Thou : e'er and e'er, spontaneously,
Then where is the Partition between Thee and Thy Blessed Energy ?
When Thine Light is - in centered in Thee, O Formless One !
Then, who fears whom ?—When they are One, in inseparable Union !
This Sweet Mystery Thine—Thyself the Propeller - Endless,
Incomprehensibly sweet art Thou, O Nanak, O Being-Mysterious !

3. Death Conquered! Life Conquered!—Life Endless!!

O Deathless One, when Thy Unmoved - Throne is divulged at last,
 Then, no more life, no more death—no longer this Endless Contrast!
 When Thou art here, Thou art there—full, yea, everywhere!
 Then where, is the Angel of Death?—yea, nowhere!
 When Thou art One, Unknown, Unknowable, the Golden-One,
 Then C. I. D. no more!—no more, no more, any cross-question!
 When all is Thou, pure, unsoiled, unfathomable e'er-free,
 Then who is bond? Who setteth whom? at liberty!
 Wonderful, most Wonderful! e'er wonderful! O Self of self!
 The Divulger Thou, O Nanak, of Thy Hidden might and Pelf!

4. Dissolving Dualities—Endless Unity!

When all is Thee, the unsoiled—He, the King of Men,
 Then who is soiled? Who is unsoiled? who needs Scrubbing?
 When all is Thee, undisturbed, untouched, unmoved—eternally,
 Then where is Pride - bloated?—Where, where is sweet-humility?
 When all is One: all is Thou! yea, the Creator - outspread!
 Then who deceives whom? Who is so much as e'en blemished!
 When Thy Light, O Light - House sublime, is inrolled in Thee,
 Then, where is hunger of the hungry? Where is sodden-satiety?
 The Cause of causes Thou! the First-Impulse, O Nanak, Glorious,
 Thy Ways, O Creator, endlessly sweet, unknown and mysterious!

5. One within and without! The Wonder of wonders!

When Thy Brilliance is inrounded in Thee, in Thine Holy Glory,
 Then Mother no more! Father, son, brothers no more! Thou from all relations free!
 When all Arts and Sciences melt in Thee, coalesce! concentrated,
 Then, no more books written or read, revealed or unrevealed!
 When Thou Thyself decreest, Thyself followest the-One - Mysterious!
 Then, right no more, wrong no more—naught is amiss!
 When Thou art far away High, and Thou art indescribably Near,
 Then, Master no more, no more, no more, the supplicating Prayer!
 O Mystery most mysterious! O Wonder of wonders!
 The Self-in-me, O Nanak, discovereth e'er, the Self-in-others!

6. No more Devil—no more Maya!

O Thou Undeceived! Indivisible, Impenetrable One, O All-in-all!
 In Thee, in Thee, where is the Tempter? and his conspiring call?
 Hail, hail, all hail to Thee! Self-in-me! SELF-in-all!
 In Thee there are no Qualities, yea in Thee: no Big nor small!
 When Thou art One, all-inclusive One, the Only One,
 Then who is care free? who is care free? who is care-ridden?

When Thyself art Thy Assurance-Sweet, Thine Supreme-Support !
 Then who preaches unto whom?—Profoundly Mysterious Thy Purport !
 Infinite, most Infinite—infinite-endlessly Thou, eternally !
 Thou Thyself knowest Thyself, O Nanak—O Highest, Super-High !

7. The Lower World of Duality !

When Thou willest, forthwith stream out, Wondrous Cosmoses many
 Pervaded all by Thy Halo-Multicoloured!—yea, by the Qualities Three !
 Good and Evil then come into being—these begin to be talked,
 Some descend into Hell—others seek Heaven as reward !
 There, the entangling-Net of Maya is cast—'tis then spread out,
 Then follow egotism : illusion, fear, error and doubt,
 Weal and woe, honour and dishonour : these in endless confusion,
 A plethora of these verily !—difficult, too difficult, to explain !
 This, O Sporter, Thy Play Dear ! Thyself dost It behold,
 Switch off the Light ! then all is One!—as of old !

8. The Eternal Equation ! God and Saints in Same State Golden !

Where'er art Thou, O Dear, there also are Thy saints, verily,
 Thy Expansion, O Formless One, is—is unto saint's glory !
 The Manifest and Unmanifest are two sides of One: Thy Golden Shield !
 The Mystery of Saints is also a Reflection Thine ! Thy Glorious Field !
 The Miracles Sweet ! Wondrous-Wonders !—Glory-girt Glee !
 A Sport Thine!—e'er working Thou, yet e'er free !
 Whomsoever Thou lovest, him Thou dost wed to Thy Name,
 Others wander e'er, swayed by Maya—Thy Saccharine Game !
 Incalculable, Unfathomable, Uncountable, Unweighable, Thou, O Lord,
 Thy Slave, Nanak, revelleth—in this, that, all—in Thy accord !

CANTO XXII

The EKANKAR

Ha ! One, The Only One, The Golden One !
This, That, and All, Art Thou, O All-in-All !
Seer & Seen One !

XXII SLOK (Prelude)

*The Lord of Big ! The Lord of Small !
Thou art One—in one and all !
Thou art Far, O Nanak, Thou art Near !
Lo ! Here, There and Everywhere !*

XXII ASHTPADI

1. Thou The Subject ! Thou The Object !

Ho! the Radio Broadcasting Station sweet—Lo! the Hearer thereof also Thou!
One, One, One, indivisibly One!—yet, Thou also the multi-millioned Rainbow!
When it pleaseth Thee, Lo! outcomes the Creation Milky-Way-like bright,
When it pleaseth Thee, O Lord, back, back, 'tis re-absorbed, outright!
Than Thee, than Thee, O Darling mine, there is naught, nay nothing!
All this,—macrocosms all—are strung in Thy Unseen-String!
He whom, to whom, this Consciousness-Divine Thou divulgest !
He is, he is, in Thy Endless-Name-sublime, wholly en-rapt !
The Knower sweet is he—sceing all with the EYE DIVINE !
The Master He, the Master He, O Nanak, of all world Ha ! Superfine !

2. Patron of the Patronless Thou !

All creatures, all creatures: sentient and insentient, in Thy Hand e'er,
Helpful to the helpless, Patron-Universal of the patronless—O Dear, of the poor !
He whom Thou extendest Thy Helping Hand, him who can kill ?
Who liveth cut off from Thee is already dead, without Thy living Thrill !
Giving up Thee, giving up Thee, alas ! where may I go, yea, whither ?
Lord Omnipotent Thou ! Omniscent Thou—over all,—hither and thither !
In Thy Hand, in Thy Hand, O Dear, is the Key of Keys that of Life !
Inside Thou ! Outside Thou ! with me, with me e'en in headlong strife !
Beauteous, Most Wondrous, of all Excellences the Treasure,
Thy slave am I, Nanak, a sacrifice to Thee e'er and e'er !

3. The Fundamental Fact—The Bedrock Common Thou!

Perfect! infinitely full, all-pervading and e'er compassionate,
 Art, Thou Thou art, to one and all, merciful, O Being-Perfect!
 The Knower Thou! the Knower Thou! of Thine Mysteries sweet!
 The Inward Governor Thou! in one and all—yet, never incomplete!
 Thou cherishest, Thou cherishest, O Lord, Thy creatures in ways untold,
 Whatever Thou didst make, looketh up to Thee, yea, Thee doth e'er behold!
 Whoso pleaseth Thee, Lo! He is called back, forthwith, to Thy fold!
 The Miracle hath happened! Thy Excellences, henceforth, he must unfold!
 Certitude! Certitude! Certitude!—no more dark doubts, O Dear!
 The Cause of causes Thou! O Nanak, the Hidden Sweet Impeller!

4. Henceforth!

Henceforth, henceforth, the disciple is wedded with Thy Name, O Dear!
 No more, no more, his earthly hankering: to him all is crystal-clear!
 Henceforth, henceforth the Way is clear: 'tis that of Service,
 Thine Order I feel, Thy Order I obey—herein is eternal-Bliss!
 Than this, than this, is wisdom no higher, no more ethereal,
 That thou dwellest in man—and he in Thee doth dwell!
 Snapped are all fetters: all is One! All is Me! no enemy, ne'er!
 In Thee, in Thee, O Master, I live—I lick Thy Lotus Feet e'er!
 Here and Hereafter—in this world and that—in Peace they dwell,
 O Nanak, Thou Thyself gave them this—This Life-Eternal!

5. Live, Live In Lord's Sweet Presence Eternal!

Live, live ye, in the company of the saints, in Heavenly-Bliss,
 Sing, sing ye, the praises, Excellences of This the Holy Hypostasis!
 Of This: whole World's Quintessence sing, ponder and reflect,
 Thus this priceless being will soar up, making Thee the Elect!
 I Sing, sing in Nectar-laden words, Thy Excellences, O Dear,
 Thus, thus, O man, this Life-Stream thou shalt cross over!
 See, see, see the Holy Presence before thee, every moment, each hour!
 No more darkness! No more illusion—ne'er! ne'er, ne'er!
 Hearken, hearken, hearken to these instructions: treasure these in heart!
 So, so, shalt thou get, O Nanak, all—all that thou dost want!

6. Here and Hereafter Live Ye in Peace!

Here and Hereafter, this Life and that, do sweeten and re-adjust,
 Clasp, clasp thou This Holy Essence, in thy heart of heart!
 Perfect, most perfect, the guidance, this initiation of the Master,
 He realizeth this Truth, whoso treasureth This: the Holy Nectar!
 Remember This, yea, remember with thy heart and soul,
 Pain, sorrow fear mounting high—from and thy heart unroll!

In this Truth—Truth Quintessential, deal, yea deal ye,
 Thus, ye shall be accepted, winning all—Ha! the Immortality!
 Let thy only prop be the Lord Almighty! none but Him!
 No more, no more, O Nanak, thy coming and going!

7. This King Among Men!

Away from Thee, away from Thee, whereto may I—can I—go?
 I am saved, I am saved, O Lord, if to Thee, do I bow!
 Fearlessness, Fearlessness mine, if I love Thee, O Fearless One!
 I am absolved, I am absolved, O Lord, by Thine merciful blessing!
 Whom Thou, whom Thou, protectest, O Lord, him no pain—ne'er!
 By remembering Thee, by remembering Thee, peace,—peace e'er!
 No more worry! no more worry! Not a trace of egotism!
 No one, no one cometh up to him, to this King among men;
 Over his head, over man's head standeth this the Master-Wizard!
 Then O Nanak, all that man aspireth is for e'er accomplished!

8. This Life - Everlasting To Thy Seer!

Perfect in wisdom, O holy One, thou Nectar-sweet thine Glance e'er,
 Seeing thee, millions of souls this world's ocean do cross over!
 Blessed, blessed, life-giving thy Lotus Feet, O Master-Man,
 The Apple of ma's eye thou—Ha! Thy Beatific Vision!
 Accepted, accepted thy service—accepted, accepted art thou at last,
 The Seer thou of sweet Mysteries sublime! the highest thou, the Elect!
 Bliss, Bliss-surcharged in him, in whose heart thou dost dwell,
 No more, no more for him, anywhere—the Death Angel!
 Life, Life, Life-everlasting! 'tis wholly mine,
 In the company of the saints, O Nanak, get ye This Life-Divine!

CANTO XXIII

THE EYE OF EYES!

The Eye Divine! The Salve Of Wisdom!

O Master Mine 'Tis Thy Blessing!

XXIII SLOK (Prelude)

*Ha! The Eye of Eyes—the Eye—Divine!
No more Darkness—yea, the Eternal Sunshine!
By Thy Grace, By Thy Grace, The Master is Met!
Illumination—Illumined! Darkness Dispelt!*

XXIII ASHTPADI

1. Ha! The Holiest Revelation : Thou Within!

Within, within, within I found Thee, O Dear, in company of godly men!
Sweet, sweet, sweet, Thy Holy Name, O Lord, Ha! so saccharine!
All that is, yea, all, is in Thee in-folded-in Thy Idea-Divine,
Most Wondrously Infiinte, out-spread like a Rainbow-superfine!
Ambrosial, ambrosial Thy Nectar Name—worth a million treasures,
In this bodily tabernacle It dwelleth—yea, in this holy Abyss,
Unstruck This UNBEATEN WORD-ENDLESS, Meditation - rapt
The WONDER OF WONDERS! Ineffably Mysterious!—wholly enwrapped!
They behold, they smell, they feel—This Dulcet-Harmony,
On whom Thou rainest; O Nanak, this wisdom-revealing Ecstasy!

2. This Endless One Everywhere!

THIS ENDLESS ONE is without, yet also within,
The Lord of all hearts, in each heart hidden!
In the heavens, the nether regions and the earth,
The Cherisher of all worlds, Ha! the Most Perfect!
In the cloud-kissed mountains, in little blades of grass,
In forests deep—as Thou ordainest, so doth all come to pass!
In wind, in water, and in fire Thou, O Holy Being Divine,
In all the Quarters Four—yea, in all Directions Ten!
Naught, naught is there, without Thee, yea, no place,
By the Guru's Grace, I live, I soar, I swim in bliss!

3. The Consummation !

Behold THIS ENDLESS ONE in all discourses of Books Revealed !
 In sun, in moon, in constellations all—Thou ! Thou art concealed !
 Thy Word, Thy Word - refracted, O ENDLESS ONE, we feel and utter,
 Immovable Thou!—we art all in hopeless muddle and flutter !
 This Play-Mysterious Thou playest—by all fibres, in atoms all,
 Pricelessly precious, pricelessly precious Thou—e'er Ineffable !
 These sparks all—these lamps all—all, Thy Light-Unseen !
 The Warp Thou ! The Woof Thou ! O Holiest, Heavenly-Gleam !
 No more error, no more hallucination, no more illusion,
 By Guru's Grace, O Nanak, mine This everlasting CONSUMMATION !

4. The Holy Ones !

All is Thee ! all is Thee !—here, there, everywhere, eternally !
 In This Consciousness-Divine live Thy saints, in Holy Glee !
 They live, they move, they dwell in Thy Righteous-Word, O Dear,
 They hear Thee ! They live in Thee alone far and near !
 Whoso knoweth Thee, whoso feeleth Thee, this is his Test :
 His Word is True—'tis in Truth born—in Truth doth rest !
 All for the Best ! yea, All is Well—eternally, O Dear !
 Thou, O Lord, are pulling the Strings !—'tis now crystal-clear !
 Inside Thou, Outside Thou, O ENDLESSLY SWEET ONE !
 Ha ! Ha ! Blessed, most blessed, O Nanak, THIS BEATIFIC VISION !

5. Truth, Truth, Truth !.....Bedrock of All !

Truth the Fount, Truth the upwelling-Energy, yea, Truth all !
 From Thee O Truth, came streaming this creation : big and small !
 If it please Thee, Ha ! This Mighty-Film is unrolled !
 If it please Thee, Lo ! All is One—as 'tis inrolled !
 Millions, multi-millions Thy Ways, who can ken ?
 They are drawn in to Thee whom Thou dost so ordain !
 Near and far—far and near is—but an illusion
 Here, there, everywhere Thou Thyself art, in SUPER-SATURATION !
 Diving, delving, discovering Within whoso hath This Vision,
 He knoweth this, O Nanak !, Ha ! This most glorious Revelation !

6. All Eyes Thine !

This, that, yea, every Element is in Thee resident !
 All these Eyes Thine ! O Thou Holy Seer-Refulgent !
 This creation all Thine Foliage, O All-spread Crown-Golden !
 Thy Excellences sweet Thou dost sing—Thou dost also listen !
 This Coming and Going—is an unending-Sport Thine !
 Subservient to Thee is Thy Executive : Maya-Divine !

Within one, within all—yet not so much as touched !
 What is uttered—is by Thee, O Dear—'tis by Thee said !
 By Thine Will Sublime, I come, I go—I 'go, I come !
 When Thou wilt, Lo ! I am in Thee at last—ONE-MEDIUM !

7. The Golden-One-Inborn ! No Gauges Of Infinity !

What This GOLDEN-ONE-INBORN doth, is never amiss !
 But for Thee, but for Thee, what e'er cometh to pass ?
 Excellent, most Excellent Thou—Wondrously Sweet Thy Deed !
 Thou, Thou alone knowest—This Mystery—'tis in Thee, indeed !
 Thou, Thou, the Reality—Ultimate ; Truth Thy Golden-Cast,
 The Warp Thou ! The Woof Thou ! In Thee my-I is inwrought !
 No End, nor Limit, nor Depth, nor Measure to Thee ;
 There could be a Measure—if there were aught of Duality !
 All that is done, so done, is by Thee Done, O Nanak,—what's thus done !
 Is acceptable: IS GOOD, BETTER, BEST, HA; the Guru-Given Lesson !

8. The Truth Of Truth : All Is Thee !

Whoso knoweth This: GOLDEN CONSCIOUSNESS GREEN all is his !
 He is absorbed in Thee—IN SELF-DIVINE—Ha ! the emerging-Bliss !
 Of high pedigree is he, rich and most worthy, verily,
 While living absolved—in Self-absorpt ! yea, eternally !
 All hail, all hail, to this Man of men ! the Golden-One !
 The whole world is laved,—by the Touch of this Beaming-SUN !
 For This, for This, for This alone ye came, O Holy Men :
 To touch, to burnish, to enliven !—leaden souls into Golden !
 Himself saved, The seer saveth other souls, setteth them free,
 All hail, all hail unto them, O Nanak, to these Nightingales—eternally !

CANTO XXIV

THE SUKHMANI!

The Perfect One! Ha! The Perfect One!

The Consummation!

Perfection Perfected!

THE ENDLESS END!

*Perfection Thou! Perfection-Perfected, Ha!
Wah! Wah! Thy Name-Perfect! Wah! Wah!
Thee, Thee, O Perfect One, I Praise Thee, Thee!
Thou Art Mine, Thou Art Mine, O Sweet Eternity!!*

XX ASHTPADI

1. The Living Presence! With Thee Everywhere!

Listen, listen thou to the instructions of Master Perfect, O dear!
Feel, feel the Living Presence near—here, there and everywhere!
With every breath ye breathe, remember Thy Lord, yea, Him remember,
Thus all painful aches in thine heart—all worries—shall disappear!
The cankerworm of care, fleeting waves of desire, no more!
Live, live ye, in the Living Dust of the saints evermore!
Give up, give up the little-self and betake thyself to the Higher,
Thus cross, in the company of the saints, this Ocean of Fire!
Fill up, fill up thine hearts' Stores with the Wealth of the Name,
All hail, all hail, unto the Master Perfect, O Nanak, to the Blessed Flame!

2. Live, Live In Living Presence Evermore!

Bliss, Bliss! Joy o'er-vaulting, Ha! Everlasting Peace!
This dawneth on mind's horizon, in the company of the pious!
No more burning fires of Hell—saved, saved is little soul!
O Nectar-Ambrosial, Thee I imbibe—Thy Excellences do I troll!
I think, I think, in my heart of heart, of Thee, O the Primal One!
Ever One Thou, yet spread out in forms many, yea, many a million!
The Nourisher Thou! The Inertia Supreme! The Shield to the poor!
Most Compassionate, the Destroyer of pains—of all ills the cure!
Live, live in This Living Presence: remember, yea, remember Him e'ermore,
Thus, thus, O Nanak, thou shalt on the wings of Supreme Spirit soar!

3. All Hail! All Hail To This Music-Eternal! The Living Name!!

Highest, Most-uplifting Ha! the Saints words: Songs sweet and hymns!
 Pricelessly-precious, most exquisite these—like unto a ruby or gems!
 Listen unto them, live up to them, and Lo! up to heavens thou shalt soar!
 Save thyself thus, from the clutches of flesh—saving millions others e'ermore!
 Fruitful, magically-vibrant, Life-giving is verily the saints' company!
 Thy are dyed in the Lord's Holy Colour—outwardly and inwardly!
 All Hail! All Hail! The Cosmic Music Lo! Is All-Astir-Endlessly!
 The Lord is Come Down From the Clouds! HA! HA! HA! The Ecstasy!
 Lo! Lo! Lo! the Living Light is manifest on the face of the godly men,
 Thou art saved, thou art saved, O Nanak, in the company of such an one!

4. No more Discord!—Concord - Eternal!

I came Thee, I came to Thee, for Thou canst uplift us eternally,
 By great good fortune, Thou and I art one—ONE, verily!—Thy Mercy!
 No more, no more discord!—I am level with the Living Dust!
 The Name-Ambrosial—Word be-stirring—is had, in the company of the august!
 The Master, the Living Master Divine is pleased with me—over-joyed!
 At last, at long last, all is had!—the devotee's Life Task accomplished!
 No more, no more worldly entanglements, nor begriming - Sin,
 The Name came down! the Name I heard! the Name do I outspin!
 When by Thine Grace, O Master mine, Thou wert so kind unto me,
 Then, then, O Nanak, my Cargo arrived, safe—Ha! the Blessed Delivery!

5. Ha! Ha! Ha! The Glorious SUKHMANI! The Master-Key!

Praise ye, praise ye, the Lord at the back of all Elements, O friend!
 Stablished in Thy SELF-sublime, concentrated—Ha! Self-centered!
 The Master-Key Ha! This The SUKHMANI! To Endless-Life & Tranquillity!
 The Vehicle of Vehicles This! Nam's TREASURE! Life's APOGEE!
 All, all, all accomplished!—verily in the Palm of seekers' hand!
 The Master-Man born!—the Golden One!—Ha! the Superman! Most Grand!
 The Highest Peak! the Zenith! the Bloom of Life is verily His,
 Coming and going no more!—He doth rest in Eternal Bliss!
 Here, at last, is the Fruit of Heart! Sweet Glorious Holy Repast,
 Thine, mine! - mine, Thine! O Nanak, whosoever draweth this Lot!

6. Ridhh! Sidhhh! Budhh! Spiritual Powers All!

Perfect Peace! Perfect Joy! Wealth of Wealth! yea, All Treasures Nine!
 Wisdom! Understanding - Divine! Enlightenment! All, All, All—are mine!
 Knowledge-crowned, mind in Devotion-drowned, Union, lasting, -UNION!
 Divinest Knowledge seeing all—the most excellent Ablution!
 All objects of Desire had: one, two, three, nay FOUR! THE LOTUS-ABLOOM!
 Living in all, yet sweetly apart—like the flowers' fragrant perfume!

Beauty Divinely-ravishing! Wisdom all-seeing! all centred in the ONE!
 Even-eyed, equilibrated eternally—in Beatific - Vision - HALCYON!
 These, these fruits—these Fruits, one and all mine!—all and one!
 Who hear THY WORD, O GURU NANAK, the Word Guru-given!

7. O NAM! Thou Art The Locus of All!

Whoso treasureth This Jewel: the *Nam*, in his body and soul,
 He is absolved, he is absolved in ages all, Ha! the Man - WHOLE!
 Of Thine Excellences, O Lord, This Word Thine is the Master-Key!—
 All *Simrit*, *Shastras*, the Vedas, chant This Name eternally!
 The Be-All This! The End-All This! of Living Faiths all—This Name!
 It abideth in the inmost Cave of Heart in the devotee's heart frame!
 Millions of sins are effaced in the company of saints outright,
 By their grace, no more Death Angel's Noose—nor Time's grip-tight!
 Whosoever is preordained to this Gift of gifts—The Gift Divine!
 He doth come, he alone doth come, O Nanak, to Thy saints' shrine!

8. The SUKHMANI Ends—Peace Everlasting Begins!

The Song of songs This: the NAME— in whosoever heart It dwelleth—
 Saturated with love, surcharged, he findeth the Living Spirit!
 No more, no more the weary Wheel of Coming and Going!
 This body precious is saved—saved forthwith, yea, in a twinkling!
 Raised, raised is he to the Empyrean blue, yea, he is Nectar-crowned!
 Ha! he is verily drowned Ha! in this Essence-Supreme!
 No more sorrow, aches-gnawing! no more fear, nor illusion!
 A Living Lamp of Light is he! the Godly One, with deeds e'er pearline!
 Higher than high! Super-excellent! most exalted, Thrice-blessed verily:
 Is this Is The Living Light, O Nanak, The Nam's Masterkey-The SUKHMANI!

EPILOGUE!

WAH! WAH!! WAH!!!
HA! HA!! HA!!!

Sweetest SUKHMANI!

Divinest Symphony!

Thy Holy-Wings Upward Soaring!
Roaring, Roaring, Depths-Exploring!

Thou Wholly Mine!

Yet Also Thine!

Here, At Last, Treasure Of Treasure!
Deepest - Deep!—yet Ever so Near!

Thy Music Touch!

The Magic Rush!

Flowing, Flowing, Heavenward - Going!
The Boat Of Life e'er Onward - Towing!

How Crystal—Clear?

Thy Rainbow - Sphere!

Soul's SOMA, Thou, by Eagles Kissed!
Heavens - Parted Gave It the Lift!

Peace - Precious!

Juice - Luscious!

Aurora-Golden! NAM Nectar-Dyed!
Peacock-Plumed! Peacock-Eyed!

The Heaven's Gate!

Molten-Marble Made!

Glorious Daydawn, Thou, Setting Never!
Time Rounded In Eternity's Bower!

The Eye Of Eye!

The Golden Dye!

Sympathetic Ink! The Soul's Drink!
Holy, Thrice-Holy, the Blessed Link!

Most Fragrant Ever!

The Myrrh Of Myrrh!

Embracing One, yet Embracing All!
E'er-Enveloping: the Big And Small!

Thy Halo Sweet!

All-Holy Sheet!

The Home Of Homes: SACHKHAND True!
Bliss-Ebullient—Through and Through Thou!

Thy Kingly Kiss!

The Bliss Of Bliss!

The Guru-Given Gift, The Lift-Golden!
Holy, Heavenly, The DOOR-SOVRAN!

Wholly - One, At Last!

In Thee, Present--Past!—

HA! HA! WAH! WAH!!—WAHIGURU!!