

SRI GURU GRANTH SAHIB

Part I

Revealed to Prophet Nanak

Publisher Sebastiano Vottari

NOTE ON THE CUSTODY AND RESPECT OF THE WORK

The volume you hold in your hands contains the first part of the Sri Guru Granth Sahib, a text that the Sikh tradition considers not a mere literary artifact, but the "Living Guru," the embodiment of Eternal Wisdom. For centuries, these pages have been treated with the same deference reserved for a sovereign or spiritual master.

To honor the sacredness of the content and to fully experience the spiritual experience it offers, we invite the reader to observe some ancient customs of respect (Maryada):

- **Purity:** It is recommended to wash your hands before touching or leafing through the volume, approaching reading with a clean body and mind.
- **Placement:** The book should never be placed on the floor. It is recommended to store it in a clean, elevated area of the home, preferably on a dedicated shelf or lectern, covered with a clean cloth (or Rumala) when not in use.
- **Environment:** It is customary not to consume food, drink, or tobacco while reading or in the immediate vicinity of the open text.
- **Respect:** In tradition, the reading is done with the head covered as a sign of humility before the Divine. Although left to the reader's sensitivity, this gesture helps create an atmosphere of inner recollection.

Treating this work with care is not just a formal act, but the first step to attuning to the deep spiritual vibration that it emanates.

PREFACE

THE ETERNAL WORD: Introduction to the Sri Guru Granth Sahib

Approaching the Sri Guru Granth Sahib is not simply opening a book. It means crossing the threshold of a wallless sanctuary, immersing oneself in an ocean of wisdom that transcends time, geography, and human divisions. The work you hold in your hands represents one of the absolute pinnacles of world mystical literature, a spiritual monument that, for over four centuries, has served as a beacon for millions of souls.

In this monumental edition, we offer the Western reader the opportunity to explore not only a religious text, but a true "technology of the spirit."

The Nature of the Living Guru

The first thing the reader must understand is that, for the Sikh tradition, this is not a volume of paper and ink. In 1708, the tenth and final human master, Guru Gobind Singh, ended the line of succession of flesh-and-blood Gurus, investing this text with the authority of the Eternal Guru. Therefore, the Guru Granth Sahib is considered the "Living Guru": his word is not a historical memory, but a present voice, vibrant and current. Each verse, or Shabad, is designed to awaken dormant consciousness and connect the individual with the One Divine (Ik Onkar).

A Musical Architecture

Unlike many other scriptures organized chronologically or by narrative themes, the Guru Granth Sahib is structured according to a musical logic. Here, revelation becomes sound. The text is

divided into ragas (classical Indian melodic scales), each chosen to evoke a specific emotional and spiritual state suited to receiving the message.

Reading this work, therefore, is like listening to a cosmic symphony. It is pure poetry, designed to be sung, where theology merges with aesthetics to penetrate the defenses of the ego and reach directly to the heart.

Universality and Dialogue with the Great Revelations

What makes the Guru Granth Sahib a revolutionary work—and more necessary than ever in our fragmented times—is its intrinsic pluralism. First compiled in 1604 by the fifth Guru, Guru Arjan Dev, it contains not only the hymns of the Sikh Gurus, but also incorporates the voices of Hindu saints and Muslim Sufi mystics (such as Sheikh Farid and Kabir).

In an age of rigid dogma, the Guru Granth Sahib delivered a bold message: Truth is not the exclusive property of any nation or sect. The Light is one, though the lamps are many.

In this doctrinal context of supreme synthesis, the work stands as a theological keystone. The text seeks not conflict, but essential harmony. With a vision that encompasses the entirety of monotheistic revelation, the Guru Granth Sahib **confirms and honors the spiritual truthfulness contained in the Torah and the Quran**. It recognizes that the voice that spoke to the prophets in the desert and the wisdom that descended in the Arabian nights spring from the same Divine Source. There is no denial of the Semitic sacred scriptures, but rather a ratification of their divine essence: the Guru Granth Sahib invites Muslims to be "true Muslims" and Biblical believers to follow the Law with a pure heart, reminding them that the sacred books are

truthful and that error lies only in those who fail to deeply understand them or use them to divide rather than unite.

The Value of This Edition

Why present this work in such a valuable and valuable format? Because form is the guardian of substance. In a world dominated by the ephemeral and the digital, we felt the urgency to give "body" to the Word.

This edition isn't meant to be simply read and put away. It's meant to be studied, meditated upon, and passed down. It's a family and spiritual legacy. A necessary amount of care, translation, and production has been undertaken to bring the "Lord of Books" into your homes with the majesty it deserves.

We invite you to approach these pages with respect and openness. Whether you are a spiritual seeker, a scholar of comparative theology, or a collector of rare beauty, you will find in the Guru Granth Sahib a clear mirror in which the soul can finally recognize itself and, through it, the Infinite.

Have a good journey towards the Truth.

SRI GURU GRANTH SAHIB

ONE GOD, UNIVERSAL CREATOR. THE NAME IS TRUTH. CREATOR BEING PERSONALISED. WITHOUT FEAR. WITHOUT HATRED. IMAGE OF THE IMMORTAL, BEYOND BIRTH, SELF-EXISTING. BY THE GRACE OF THE GURU ~

SING AND MEDITATE:

TRUE IN THE PRIMORDIAL BEGINNING. TRUE THROUGH ALL AGES. TRUE HERE AND NOW. O NANAK, FOREVER AND ETERNALLY TRUE. || 1 ||

By thought, He cannot be reduced to thought, even if one thinks a hundred thousand times. By remaining silent, one does not attain inner silence, even by remaining lovingly absorbed in the depths. The hunger of the hungry is not quenched, even by accumulating mountains of worldly goods. One may have a hundred thousand wives, but not one of them will accompany one to the end. How then can one become truthful? And how can one tear away the veil of illusion? O Nanak, it is written that you must obey the Hukam, His Command, and walk in the path of His Will. || 1 ||

By His Command, bodies are created; His Command cannot be described. By His Command, souls come into being; by His Command, glory and greatness are obtained. By His Command, some are exalted and others humbled; by His written Command, pain and pleasure are received. Some, by His Command, are blessed and forgiven; others, by His Command, wander aimlessly forever. All are subject to His Command; none is outside His Command. O Nanak, he who understands His Command does not speak with ego. || 2 ||

Some sing of His Power: who possesses that Power? Some sing of His Gifts, and know His Signs and Insignias. Some sing of His

Glorious Virtues, His Greatness and His Beauty. Some sing of the knowledge of Him, gained through arduous philosophical studies. Some sing that He shapes the body and then grinds it back to dust. Some sing that He takes life and then restores it. Some sing that He appears so far away; others sing that He watches over us, face to face, omnipresent. There is no shortage of those who preach and teach; millions upon millions offer millions of sermons and stories. The Great Giver continues to give, while those who receive grow weary of receiving. Through the ages, the consumers consume. The Commander, by His Command, guides us along the Path. O Nanak, He flourishes, carefree and serene. || 3 ||

True is the Master, True is His Name: pronounce it with infinite love. People beg and pray, "Give us, give us," and the Great Giver bestows His Gifts. What offering can we then make to Him, that we may behold the Darbar of His Court? What words can we utter to evoke His Love? In the Amrit Vela, the ambrosian hours before dawn, chant the True Name and contemplate His Glorious Greatness. By the karma of past actions one receives the robe of this physical body; by His Grace one finds the Door of Liberation. O Nanak, know this well: the True Lord Himself is All. || 4 ||

He cannot be installed, He cannot be created: He Himself is Immaculate and Pure. Those who serve Him receive honor. O Nanak, sing the Lord, Treasure of all Excellence. Sing and listen, and let your mind be filled with love: your sorrow will be dispelled and peace will come to your abode. The Word of the Guru is the Sound Current of the Naad; the Word of the Guru is the Wisdom of the Vedas; the Word of the Guru pervades everything. The Guru is Shiva, the Guru is Vishnu and Brahma; the Guru is Parvati and Lakshmi. Even if I knew Him, I could not describe Him: He cannot be described in words. The Guru has given me this one understanding: there is only One, the Giver of all souls. May I never forget Him! || 5 ||

If I please Him, this is my pilgrimage and my purification bath; without pleasing Him, what is the use of ritual ablutions? I look at all created beings: without the karma of good deeds, what are they given to receive? In the mind there are gems, jewels, and rubies, if you listen to the Guru's Teachings even once. The Guru has given me this one understanding: There is only One, the Giver of all souls. May I never forget Him! || 6 ||

Even if you were to live for all four ages, or even ten times as long; even if you were known in the nine continents and followed by all, with good name and reputation, with praise and fame throughout the world—if the Lord does not bless you with His Glance of Grace, who will care for you? You would be considered a worm among worms, and even the most despicable sinners would despise you. O Nanak, God blesses with virtue those who are devoid of it, and bestows virtue on the virtuous. No one can even imagine anyone capable of bestowing virtue on Him. || 7 ||

Listening: The Siddhas, the spiritual masters, the heroic warriors, the masters of yoga. Listening: The earth, its support, and the Akashic ethers. Listening: The oceans, the lands of the world, and the nether regions of the underworld. Listening: Death cannot even touch you. O Nanak, the devotees are forever in bliss. Listening: Pain and sin are erased. || 8 ||

Hearing: Shiva, Brahma, and Indra. Hearing: even impure mouths utter praises. Hearing: the ways of Yoga and the secrets of the body. Hearing: the Shastras, the Simritis, and the Vedas. O Nanak, the devotees are forever in bliss. Hearing: sorrow and sin are erased. || 9 ||

By listening: truth, fulfillment, and spiritual wisdom. By listening: the purifying bath at the sixty-eight places of pilgrimage. By listening: through reading and reciting, one gains honor. By listening: one intuitively grasps the essence of meditation. O Nanak, the devotees are forever in bliss. By listening: sorrow and sin are erased. || 10 ||

By listening: one immerses oneself in the ocean of virtue. By listening: to Sheikhs, religious scholars, spiritual masters, and emperors. By listening: even the blind find the Way. By listening: the Unattainable comes within reach. O Nanak, the devotees are forever in bliss. By listening: sorrow and sin are erased. || 11 ||

The state of one who has faith cannot be described; whoever attempts to describe it will regret it. There is no paper, no pen, no scribe that can record the state of the faithful. Such is the Name of the Immaculate Lord: only those who have faith come to know such a state of mind. || 12 ||

The faithful possess intuitive awareness and intelligence; the faithful know all the worlds and realms. The faithful will never be struck on the face; the faithful will not have to go with the Messenger of Death. Such is the Name of the Immaculate Lord: only those who have faith come to know such a state of mind. || 13 ||

The path of the faithful will never be blocked; the faithful will depart with honor and fame. The faithful does not follow empty religious rites; the faithful is firmly bound to the Dharma. Such is the Name of the Immaculate Lord: only those who have faith come to know such a state of mind. || 14 ||

The faithful find the Door of Liberation; the faithful uplift and redeem their family and relatives. The faithful are saved and ferried across, along with the Guru's Sikhs. The faithful, O Nanak, do not wander begging. Such is the Name of the Immaculate Lord: only those who have faith come to know such a state of mind. || 15 ||

The elect, the self-elect, are accepted and approved; the elect are honored in the Court of the Lord. The elect shine in the courts of kings; the elect meditate, with collected minds, on the Guru. However one tries to explain and describe them, the Creator's works cannot be counted. The mythical bull is Dharma, the son of compassion: it is he who patiently holds the earth in its place.

Whoever understands this becomes truthful. What a burden weighs on the bull! There are so many worlds beyond this world, so many! What strength holds them and supports their weight? The names and colors of the manifold species of beings were all traced by the Eternal Pen of God. Who could write the account? Imagine what an immense parchment would be needed! What power! What enchanting beauty! And what gifts! Who can know their measure? With a single Word You created the vast expanse of the Universe, and hundreds of thousands of rivers began to flow. How can one describe Your Creative Power? I cannot, even once, be a sacrifice to You. All that pleases You is the only good done, O You, Eternal and Formless! || 16 ||

Countless are the meditations, countless are the loves. Countless are the worship services, countless are the austere disciplines. Countless are the scriptures and ritual recitations of the Vedas. Countless are the yogis, whose minds remain detached from the world. Countless are the devotees who contemplate the wisdom and virtues of the Lord. Countless are the saints, countless are the donors. Countless are the heroic warriors of the spirit, who endure the brunt of battle. Countless are the silent sages, who strike the chord of His love. How can one describe Your creative power? I cannot, even once, be a sacrifice to You. All that pleases You is the only good done, O You, Eternal and Formless. || 17 ||

Countless are the fools, blinded by ignorance. Countless are the thieves and profiteers. Countless are those who impose their will by force. Countless are the cutthroats and the ruthless murderers. Countless are the sinners who do not cease sinning. Countless are the liars, wandering lost in their own lies. Countless are the wretched, who feed on filth. Countless are the slanderers, who carry on their heads the burden of their own foolish errors. Nanak describes the condition of the humble. I cannot, even once, be a sacrifice to You. All that pleases You is the only good done, O You, Eternal and Formless. || 18 ||

Countless are the names, countless are the places. Inaccessible, unapproachable, countless are the heavenly realms. Even to call them countless is to carry their burden on one's head. From the Word comes the Naam; from the Word comes Your Praise. From the Word comes spiritual wisdom, which sings the Songs of Your Glory. From the Word come the written and spoken words, and the hymns. From the Word comes destiny, written on everyone's forehead. But He who wrote these Words of Destiny bears no word written on His forehead. As He ordains, so we receive. The created universe is the manifestation of Your Name; without Your Name there is no place. How can I describe Your Creative Power? I cannot, even once, be a sacrifice to You. All that pleases You is the only good done, O You, Eternal and Formless. || 19 ||

When the hands, feet, and body are dirty, water can wash away the dirt. When the clothes are dirty and stained, soap can cleanse them. But when the intellect is stained and contaminated by sin, only the Love of the Name can purify it. Virtue and vice are not mere words: actions repeated again and again become engraved on the soul. You will reap what you sow. O Nanak, by the Hukam of God's Command, we come and go in reincarnation. || 20 ||

Pilgrimages, austere disciplines, compassion, and charity—in themselves, they bring barely a shred of merit. Listening and believing, with love and humility of mind, purify yourself with the Name, in the sacred sanctuary within. All virtues are Yours, Lord; I possess none. Without virtue, there is no devotional worship. I bow to the Lord of the World, to His Word, to Brahma the Creator. He is Beautiful, True, and Eternally Joyful. What was the time, what the moment? What the day, what the date? What the season, what the month, when the Universe was created? The Pandits, the religious scholars, cannot find that time, though it is written in the Puranas. That time is not known to the Qazis, who study the Quran. Nor does the Yogi know the day and date, nor the month or season. Only the Creator who created this creation

knows. How then can we speak of Him? How can we praise Him? How can we describe Him? How can we know Him? O Nanak, all speak of Him, each wiser than the others. Great is the Master, great is His Name: what happens, happens according to His Will. O Nanak, he who claims to know everything will not be honored in the hereafter. || 21 ||

There are lower worlds beneath the lower worlds, and hundreds of thousands of heavenly worlds above. The Vedas say you may search and search until you are weary. The scriptures say there are eighteen thousand worlds; but in reality there is only one Universe. If I were to attempt to write an account of it, you would finish before you could finish writing it. O Nanak, call Him Great! He alone knows Himself. || 22 ||

Praisers praise the Lord, but they do not gain intuitive understanding of Him; just as streams and rivers flowing into the ocean do not know His vastness. Even kings and emperors, with mountains of possessions and oceans of wealth, are not worth an ant that does not forget God. || 23 ||

Infinite are His Praises, infinite are those who utter them. Infinite are His Works, infinite are His Gifts. Infinite is His Vision, infinite is His Hearing. His limits cannot be perceived. What is the Mystery of His Mind? The boundaries of the created universe cannot be perceived; His limits, here and there, cannot be perceived. Many yearn to know its limits, but His limits cannot be found. None can know these limits. The more one speaks of them, the more remains to be said. Great is the Master, high is His Heavenly Abode. Highest among the high, above all is His Name. Only one as great and exalted as He could know His Sublime and Exalted State. He alone is so Great: He alone knows Himself. O Nanak, with His Glance of Grace, He bestows His Blessings. || 24 ||

His Blessings are so abundant that no account of them can be written. The Great Giver withholds nothing. So many great and heroic warriors beg at the Gate of the Infinite Lord. So many

contemplate Him and abide in Him that they cannot be counted. So many waste away to death, immersed in corruption. So many take and take back, and then deny that they have received. So many foolish consumers do not cease consuming. So many endure anguish, deprivation, and constant indignities: these too are Thy Gifts, O Great Giver! Liberation from bondage comes only by Thy Will: no one else has a say in this. And if a foolish man should pretend to have it, he will learn, and feel the effects of his folly. He Himself knows, He Himself gives: few, very few, are those who recognize this. He who is blessed with the gift of singing the Lord's praises, O Nanak, is the king of kings. || 25
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Priceless are His virtues, priceless are His commerce. Priceless are His merchants, priceless are His treasures. Priceless are those who come to Him, priceless are those who draw from Him. Priceless is love for Him, priceless is absorption in Him. Priceless is the Divine Law of Dharma, priceless is the Divine Court of Justice. Priceless are the scales, priceless are the weights. Priceless are His blessings, priceless are His banner and insignia. Priceless is His mercy, priceless is His royal command. Priceless, oh, priceless beyond words! Speak of Him ceaselessly, and remain immersed in His love. The Vedas and the Puranas speak; the scholars speak and teach. Brahma speaks, Indra speaks; the Gopis and Krishna speak. Shiva speaks, the Siddhas speak; The many created Buddhas speak. The demons speak, the demigods speak; the spiritual warriors, the celestial beings, the silent sages, the humble and the helpful speak. Many speak and try to describe Him. Many have spoken of Him again and again, then risen up and gone away. If He were to create as many as there are already, even then they could not describe Him. He is as Great as He wants to be. O Nanak, the True Lord knows this. And if anyone presumes to describe God, let him be called the greatest fool of fools! || 26 ||

Where is that Gate, where is that Abode, where You sit and take care of everything? The sonorous current of the Naad vibrates

there, and countless musicians play all manner of instruments. How many ragas, how many harmonies, how many minstrels sing there! Wind, water, and fire sing; the Just Judge of Dharma sings at Your Gate. Chitra and Gupta sing, the angels of the conscious and subconscious who record actions, and the Just Judge of Dharma who judges that register. Shiva, Brahma, and the ever-adorned Goddess of Beauty sing. Indra sings, seated on his Throne, with the deities at Your Gate. The Siddhas in Samadhi sing; the Sadhus in contemplation sing. The chaste, the fervent ascetics, the serene in acceptance, and the fearless warriors sing. The Pandits, the scholars who recite the Vedas, sing with the supreme sages of all ages. They sing the Mohinis, the enchanting celestial beauties who seduce hearts in this world, in heaven, and in the netherworld of the subconscious. They sing of the celestial jewels created by You and the sixty-eight sacred places of pilgrimage. They sing of the valiant and mighty warriors; they sing of the heroes of the spirit and the four sources of creation. They sing of the planets, solar systems, and galaxies, created and arranged by Your Hand. Only those who are pleasing to Your Will sing—Your devotees, imbued with the Nectar of Your Essence. How many more sing: I cannot think of them all. O Nanak, how could I count them all? That True Lord is True, eternally True, and True is His Name. He is, and ever will be; He will not pass away, not even when this Universe He created passes away. He created the world, with its many colors, species of beings, and the variety of Maya. Having created creation, He Himself watches over it in His Greatness. He does what He pleases; no order can be given to Him. He is the King, the King of kings, the Supreme Lord, and the Master of kings. Nanak remains submissive to His Will. || 27 ||

Make contentment your earrings, humility your begging bowl, meditation the ashes you smear on your body. Let the memory of death be the patched cloak you wear, the purity of chastity your path in the world, faith in the Lord your walking staff. Consider the brotherhood of all humanity as the highest order of yogis: conquer your mind, and you will conquer the world. I bow to

Him, humbly I bow: the Primordial One, the Pure Light, without beginning, without end. In all ages, He is One and the Same. || 28 ||

Let spiritual wisdom be your food and compassion your dispenser; the sound current of the Naad vibrates in every single heart. He Himself is the Supreme Master of all; miraculous spiritual riches and powers, and every other external taste and pleasure, are like pearls strung on a necklace. Union with Him and separation from Him occur by His Will: we come to receive what is written in our destiny. I bow to Him, humbly I bow: the Primordial One, the Pure Light, without beginning, without end. In all ages, He is One and the Same. || 29 ||

The One Divine Mother conceived and gave birth to the three deities: one the Creator of the world, one the Sustainer, one the Destroyer. He causes all things to happen according to the Pleasure of His Will: such is His Celestial Order. He watches over all, yet no one sees Him: how wondrous! I bow to Him, humbly I bow: the Primordial One, the Pure Light, without beginning, without end. In all ages, He is One and the Same. || 30 ||

In world after world are His Seats of Authority and His Repositories: that which was placed there, was placed there once and for all. Having created the creation, the Lord Creator watches over it. O Nanak, Vera is the Creation of the True Lord. I bow to Him, humbly I bow: the Primordial One, the Pure Light, without beginning, without end. In all ages, He is One and the Same. || 31 ||

If I had a hundred thousand tongues, and they were multiplied by twenty, with each of them I would repeat, hundreds of thousands of times, the Name of the One, Lord of the Universe. On this path to our Lord and Husband, we climb the rungs of the ladder to merge in Him. Hearing of the heavenly realms, even the worms yearn to return home. O Nanak, by His Grace He is obtained: false are the boasts of the false. || 32 ||

No power to speak, no power to be silent. No power to ask, no power to give. No power to live, no power to die. No power to reign, with riches and occult powers of the mind. No power to gain insight, spiritual wisdom, and meditation. No power to find the way to escape the world. He alone holds the Power in His Hands: He watches over all. O Nanak, no one is high or low. || 33 ||

He created the nights, days, weeks, and seasons; the wind, water, fire, and the nether regions. In the midst of these, he established the earth as the abode of Dharma. On it he placed the various species of beings: countless and infinite are their names. By their actions and deeds they will be judged. God Himself is True, and True is His Tribunal. There, in perfect grace and serenity, sit the self-chosen, the accomplished Saints. They receive the Mark of Grace from the Merciful Lord. There will be judged the mature and the immature, the good and the bad. O Nanak, when you return home, you will see it. || 34 ||

This is the righteous life in the realm of Dharma. Let us now speak of the realm of spiritual wisdom. How many winds, waters, and fires; how many Krishnas and Shivas! How many Brahmas, fashioning forms of great beauty, adorned and clothed in a thousand colors! How many worlds and lands in which to perform karma; how many lessons to be learned! How many Indras, how many moons and suns, how many worlds and lands! How many Siddhas and Buddhas, how many yoga masters! How many goddesses of every kind! How many demigods and demons, how many silent sages! How many oceans of jewels! How many ways of life, how many languages! How many dynasties of rulers! How many intuitive beings, how many selfless servants! O Nanak, His limit is limitless! || 35 ||

In the realm of wisdom, spiritual wisdom reigns supreme; there the sonorous current of the Naad vibrates, amid sounds and visions of bliss. In the realm of humility, the Word is Beauty: forms of incomparable beauty are formed there. These things cannot be described; whoever attempts to speak of them will

regret the attempt. There intuitive awareness, intellect, and mental understanding take shape; there the consciousness of the warriors of the spirit and the Siddhas, the beings of spiritual perfection, are forged. || 36 ||

In the realm of karma, the Word is Power: none other dwell there except the warriors of great might, the heroes of the spirit, entirely filled and permeated with the Essence of the Lord. Myriads of Sitas dwell there, cool and serene in their majestic glory: their beauty cannot be described. Neither death nor deception reaches those in whose minds the Lord dwells. The devotees of many worlds dwell there: they rejoice, their minds imbued with the True Lord. In the realm of Truth dwells the Formless Lord. Having created creation, He watches over it; with His Glance of Grace He bestows bliss. There are planets, solar systems, and galaxies: to speak of them, there is no limit or end. There are worlds upon worlds of His Creation: as He commands, so they exist. He watches over all and, contemplating creation, rejoices. O Nanak, to describe Him is as hard as steel! || 37 ||

Let self-discipline be your forge, and patience your goldsmith; let understanding be your anvil, and spiritual wisdom your tools. With the Fear of God as your bellows, fan the flames of tapa, the inner heat of the body. In the crucible of love, melt the Nectar of the Name, and mint the True Coin of the Shabad, the Word of God. Such is the karma of those upon whom He has cast His gracious Glance. O Nanak, the Merciful Lord, by His Grace, uplifts and exalts them. || 38 ||

SHALOK: Air is the Guru, water is the Father, and earth is the Great Mother of all. Day and night are the two nurses, in whose lap the entire world plays. Good and bad deeds: the account is read in the Presence of the Lord of Dharma. According to their deeds, some are brought near, others are driven away. Those who have meditated on Naam, the Name of the Lord, and have departed after toiling in the sweat of their brow—O Nanak, their faces are radiant in the Court of the Lord, and many are saved along with them! || 1 ||

SO DAR ~ THAT DOOR.

RAAG ASA, PRIMO MEHL:

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

Where is that Door of Yours, and where is that Abode, where
You sit and care for all? The sonorous current of the Naad
vibrates there for You, and countless musicians play all sorts of
instruments there for You. How many ragas and how many
musical harmonies for You; how many minstrels sing hymns to
You! The wind, water, and fire sing of You; the Just Judge of
Dharma sings at Your Door. Chitra and Gupta, the angels of the
conscious and subconscious who record actions, and the Just
Judge of Dharma who reads that register, sing of You. Shiva,
Brahma, and the Goddess of Beauty, ever adorned by You, sing
of You. Indra, seated on his Throne, with the deities at Your
Door, sings of You. The Siddhas in Samadhi sing of You; the
Sadhus sing of You in contemplation. The chaste, the fervent
ascetics, and the serene in acceptance sing of You; The fearless
warriors sing of You. The Pandits, the scholars who recite the
Vedas, sing of You, along with the supreme sages of all ages. The
Mohinis, the enchanting celestial beauties who seduce hearts in
heaven, in this world, and in the netherworld of the
subconscious, sing of You. The celestial jewels created by You
and the sixty-eight sacred places of pilgrimage sing of You. The
valiant and mighty warriors sing of You; the heroes of the spirit
and the four sources of creation sing of You. The worlds, solar
systems, and galaxies, created and arranged by Your Hand, sing
of You. Only those who are pleasing to Your Will sing of You—
Your devotees, imbued with Your Sublime Essence. How many
others sing of You: I cannot think of them all. O Nanak, how
could I consider them all? That True Lord is True, eternally True,
and True is His Name. He is, and ever will be; He will not depart,
even when this universe He created departs. He created the
world, with its many colors, species of beings, and the variety of

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maya. Having created creation, He Himself watches over it in His greatness. He does as He pleases; no order can be given to Him. He is the King, the King of kings, the Supreme Lord, and the Master of kings. Nanak remains submissive to His will. || 1 ||

ASA, FIRST MEHL: Hearing of His Greatness, all call Him Great. But how Great His Greatness is is known only to those who have seen Him. His Value cannot be estimated, nor can it be described. Whoever attempts to describe You, Lord, remains immersed and absorbed in You. || 1 || O my Great Lord and Master of the Unfathomable Depth, You are the Ocean of Excellence: none knows the extent nor the vastness of Your Expanse. || 1 || Pause || All contemplatives have gathered together and practiced intuitive meditation; all appraisers have gathered together and attempted appraisal. The spiritual masters, the meditation masters, and the masters of masters: not even they can describe a single iota of Your Greatness. || 2 || All Truth, all austere discipline, all goodness, all the great and miraculous spiritual powers of the Siddhas: without You, no one has ever attained such powers. They are received only by Your Grace: none can block them, nor arrest their flow. || 3 || What can the poor, helpless creatures do? Your praises overflow from Your Treasures. Those to whom You bestow: how could they think of others? O Nanak, the True Lord beautifies and exalts. || 4 || 2 ||

ASA, FIRST MEHL: Singing it, I live; forgetting it, I die. It is so difficult to sing the True Name. But if anyone hungers for the True Name, that hunger will consume his pain. || 1 || How could I forget Him, O my mother? True is the Master, True is His Name. || 1 || Pause || In attempting to describe even a fraction of the Greatness of the True Name, men have grown weary, but they have failed to estimate it. Even if all were to gather together to speak of Him, He would become neither greater nor smaller. || 2 || That Lord does not die: there is no reason to weep. He continues to bestow, and His supplies never fail. This virtue is His alone: there is none like Him. There never

was, and there never will be. || 3 || As Great are You, O Lord, so great are Your gifts. He who created the day also created the night. Those who forget their Lord and Master are vile and contemptible. O Nanak, without the Name, they are miserable outcasts. || 4 || 3 ||

RAAG GUJARI, FOURTH MEHL: O humble servant of the Lord, O True Guru, O True Primordial Being: I offer my humble prayer to You, O Guru. I am a mere insect, a worm. O True Guru, I seek Your Sanctuary: Please be merciful and bless me with the Light of Naam, the Name of the Lord. || 1 || O my best friend, O Divine Guru, please illuminate me with the Name of the Lord. By the Teachings of the Guru, Naam is my life breath; Kirtan of the Lord's praises is the occupation of my life. || 1 || Pause || The servants of the Lord have the greatest fortune: they have faith in the Lord, and a deep yearning for the Lord. By attaining the Name of the Lord, Har, Har, they are fulfilled; by joining the Sangat, the Blessed Congregation, their virtues shine. || 2 || Those who have not attained the Sublime Essence of the Lord's Name, Har, Har, Har, are most unfortunate: they are led away by the Messenger of Death. Those who have not sought the Sanctuary of the True Guru and the Sangat, the Holy Congregation—cursed are their lives, and cursed are their hopes of life. || 3 || The humble servants of the Lord who have attained the Company of the True Guru bear such a preordained destiny engraved on their foreheads. Blessed, blessed is the Sat Sangat, the True Congregation, where the Essence of the Lord is attained. Meeting His humble servant, O Nanak, the Light of Naam shines. || 4 || 4 ||

RAAG GUJARI, FIFTH MEHL: Why, O mind, do you plot and plan, when the Lord Himself provides for you? From rocks and stones He created living beings, and placed their nourishment before them. || 1 || O my dear Lord of souls, one who joins the Sat Sangat, the True Congregation, is saved. By the Grace of the Guru, one attains the supreme state, and dry wood blossoms into lush greenery again. || 1 || Pause || Mothers, fathers, friends,

children, and spouses—none is the support of another. For each, our Lord and Master provides sustenance. Why then are you so afraid, O mind? || 2 || Flamingos fly hundreds of miles, leaving their young behind. Who feeds them, and who teaches them to feed themselves? Have you ever thought about this? || 3 || All the nine treasures and eighteen supernatural powers are held by our Lord and Master in the palm of His Hand. Servant Nanak is devoted and consecrated to You, forever a sacrifice to You, O Lord. Your expanse has no limit, no bounds. || 4 || 5 ||

SO PURAKH ~ THAT PRIMORDIAL BEING.

RAAG ASA, FOURTH MEHL:

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

That Primordial Being is Immaculate and Pure; the Lord, the
Primordial Being, is Immaculate and Pure. The Lord is
Inaccessible, Unattainable, and Unparalleled. All meditate, all
meditate on You, Dear Lord, O True Creator Lord. All living
beings are Yours: You are the Giver of all souls. Meditate on the
Lord, O Saints: He is the Dispeller of all sorrows. The Lord
Himself is the Master, the Lord Himself is the Servant. O Nanak,
without Him the poor beings are wretched and miserable! || 1
||

You dwell constantly in every heart and in everything; O Dear
Lord, You are the One. Some are givers, some are beggars: all
this is Your Wonderful Play. You Yourself are the Giver, and
You Yourself are the Enjoyer of gifts. I know no one other than
You. You are the Lord God Supreme, Unlimited and Infinite. Of
what virtues of Yours can I speak, which can I describe? To
those who serve You, to those who serve You, Dear Lord, the
servant Nanak is a sacrifice. || 2 ||

Those who meditate on You, Lord, those who meditate on
You—those humble beings dwell in peace in this world. They are
liberated, they are liberated, those who meditate on the Lord: for
them, the noose of death is severed. Those who meditate on the
Fearless, the Fearless Lord, see all their fears dissolve. Those who
serve, those who serve my Dear Lord, are absorbed in the Being
of the Lord, Har, Har. Blessed, blessed are those who meditate
on their Beloved Lord: the servant Nanak is a sacrifice to them.
|| 3 ||

Devotion to You, devotion to You, is an overflowing treasure, infinite and immeasurable. Your devotees, Your devotees praise You, Dear Lord, in many, varied and innumerable ways. For You, many, for You, very many perform worship services, O Dear Infinite Lord; they practice disciplined meditation and chant ceaselessly. For You, many, for You, very many read the various Simritis and Shastras, perform rituals and religious rites. Those devotees, those devotees are sublime, O servant Nanak, who are pleasing to my Dear Lord God. || 4 ||

You are the Primordial Being, the Wondrous Creator: there is none other as Great as You. Age after age, You are the One; forever and ever, You are the One. You never change, O Lord Creator. All happens according to Your Will; You Yourself do all that happens. You Yourself created the entire universe, and having fashioned it, You Yourself will dissolve it. Servant Nanak sings the Glorious Praises of the Dear Creator, the Knower of all. || 5 || 1 ||

ASA, FOURTH MEHL: You are the True Creator, my Lord and Master. All that pleases You is fulfilled; as You give, so we receive. || 1 || Pause || All belongs to You; all meditate on You. Those who are blessed by Your Mercy obtain the Jewel of Naam, the Name of the Lord. The Gurmukhs obtain it, and the stubborn manmukhs lose it. You Yourself separate them from Yourself, and You Yourself reunite them with Yourself again. || 1 || You are the River of Life: all are within You, there is none besides You. All living beings are instruments of Your Play. Those who were separated meet, and by great fortune, those who suffer in separation are reunited once again. || 2 || Only those whom You inspire to understand understand: they ceaselessly sing and repeat the Praises of the Lord. Those who serve You find peace: they are intuitively absorbed in the Name of the Lord. || 3 || You Yourself are the Creator: everything that happens is Your work. There is none other than You. You created creation; You contemplate it and understand it. O servant Nanak, the Lord

reveals Himself through the Gurmukh, the Living Expression of the Guru's Word. || 4 || 2 ||

ASA, FIRST MEHL: In that pool men have made their homes, but the water there is as hot as fire! In the swamp of attachment their feet cannot move: I have seen them drown there. || 1 || In your mind you do not remember the One Lord, O fool! You have forgotten the Lord: your virtues will wither. || 1 || Pause || I am not chaste, nor truthful, nor learned: I was born foolish and ignorant in this world. Pray to Nanak: I seek the Sanctuary of those who have not forgotten You, O Lord! || 2 || 3 ||

ASA, FIFTH MEHL: This human body has been given to you: this is your chance to meet the Lord of the Universe. Nothing else will avail you. Join the Sadh Sangat, the Company of Saints; vibrate and meditate on the Jewel of Naam. || 1 || Make every effort to cross this terrifying ocean of the world: you are wasting this life, uselessly, in the love of Maya. || 1 || Pause || I have not practiced meditation, nor self-discipline, nor self-control, nor a righteous life; I have not served the Saints, I have not recognized the Lord, my King. Says Nanak: My actions are despicable! O Lord, I seek Your Sanctuary: Please guard my honor! || 2 || 4 ||

SOHILA ~ THE SONG OF PRAISE.

RAAG GAURI DIPAKI, FIRST MEHL:

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

In that house where the Creator's Praises are sung and contemplated—in that house sing the Songs of Praise; meditate on and remember the Lord Creator. || 1 || Sing the Songs of Praise of my Fearless Lord. I am a sacrifice to that Song of Praise that bestows eternal peace. || 1 || Pause || Day after day, He cares for His beings; the Great Giver watches over all. Your Gifts cannot be estimated: how could anyone be compared to the Giver? || 2 || My wedding day is appointed. Come, gather, and pour oil on the threshold. My friends, bless me, that I may unite with my Lord and Master. || 3 || To every house, to every heart, this summons is addressed: the call comes daily. Remember in meditation Him who summons us: O Nanak, that day is approaching! || 4 || 1 ||

RAAG ASA, FIRST MEHL: There are six schools of philosophy, six masters, and six doctrines. But the Master of masters is the One, who appears in many forms. || 1 || O Baba: Follow that system in which the praises of the Creator are sung; therein lies true greatness. || 1 || Pause || Seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and the various seasons originate from the one sun; O Nanak, similarly, the manifold forms originate from the Creator. || 2 || 2 ||

RAAG DHANASARI, FIRST MEHL: On the cosmic plate of the sky, the sun and moon are the lamps, and the stars with their constellations are the pearls set in them. The scent of sandalwood in the air is the temple incense, and the wind is the fan. All the plants of the world are the altar flowers offered to You, O Luminous Lord. || 1 || What a splendid Aarti, what wonderful worship by the light of the lamps! O Destroyer of Fear, this is

Your Ceremony of Light. The pristine sound current of the Shabad is the vibration of the temple drums. || 1 || Pause || You have thousands of eyes, yet You have no eyes. You have thousands of forms, yet You have not a single one. You have thousands of Lotus Feet, yet You have not a single foot. You have no nose, yet You have thousands of noses. This Play of Yours enchants me. || 2 || In all there is Light: You are that Light. By this Enlightenment, that Light shines in every being. Through the Teachings of the Guru, the Light is revealed. What is pleasing to Him: this is the true worship service, the lit lamp. || 3 || My mind is seduced by the Lotus Feet of the Lord, sweet as honey; day and night, I thirst for them. Give the Water of Your Mercy to Nanak, the thirsty songbird, that he may come to abide in Your Name. || 4 || 3 ||

RAAG GAURI PURBI, FOURTH MEHL: The village of the body is brimming with anger and desire; they were torn to pieces when I met the Holy of Holies. By preordained destiny I met the Guru, and entered the realm of the Lord's Love. || 1 || Salute the Holy One with folded palms: it is an act of great merit. Prostrate yourself before him: it is indeed a virtuous action. || 1 || Pause || The evil shaktas, the cynical infidels, do not know the taste of the Sublime Essence of the Lord. The thorn of egoism is stuck deep within them; the further they go, the more it pierces them, and the more they suffer, until, finally, the Messenger of Death strikes their heads with his club. || 2 || The humble servants of the Lord are immersed in the Name of the Lord, Har, Har. The pain of birth and the fear of death are eradicated. They have found the Imperishable Supreme Being, the Lord God Transcendent, and are receiving great honor in all the worlds and realms. || 3 || I am poor and meek, O God, but I belong to You! Save me — Please save me, O Greatest of the Great! The servant Nanak receives sustenance and support from the Naam: in the Name of the Lord he enjoys heavenly peace. || 4 || 4 ||

RAAG GAURI PURBI, FIFTH MEHL: Listen, my friends, I beg you: now is the time to serve the Saints! In this world, earn the profit of the Lord's Name, and in the hereafter you will abide in peace. || 1 || This life is being consumed, day and night. By meeting the Guru, your affairs will be resolved. || 1 || Pause || This world is steeped in corruption and cynicism: only those who know God are saved. Only those whom the Lord awakens to imbibe this Sublime Essence come to know the Inexpressible Word of the Lord. || 2 || Acquire only that for which you came into the world, and through the Guru the Lord will come to dwell in your mind. In the abode of your inner being, you will attain, with intuitive serenity, the Palace of the Lord's Presence, and you will no longer be constrained to the wheel of reincarnation. || 3 || O Knower of the inmost, O Searcher of hearts, O Primordial Being, O Architect of Destiny: I pray Thee, grant this desire of my mind. Nanak, Thy slave, implore this happiness: that I may be the dust of the feet of the Saints. || 4 || 5 ||

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

RAAG SIREE RAAG, FIRST MEHL, FIRST HOME:

If I had a palace made of pearls, inlaid with jewels, scented with musk, saffron, and sandalwood, a pure delight to the eyes—seeing it, I could go astray and forget You, and Your Name would not enter my mind. || 1 || Without the Lord, my soul is burned to ashes. I have consulted my Guru, and now I understand that there is no other place. || 1 || Pause || If the floor of this palace were a mosaic of diamonds and rubies, if my bed were studded with rubies, and if celestial beauties, their faces adorned with emeralds, tried to seduce me with sensual gestures of love—seeing all this, I could go astray and forget You, and Your Name would not enter my mind. || 2 || If I were to become a Siddha and perform miracles, conjure up riches, and make myself invisible and visible at will, so that people would look upon me in awe—seeing these things, I might be lost and forget You, and Your Name would not enter my mind. || 3 || If I were to become an emperor and assemble a vast army, and sit on a throne issuing orders and collecting tribute—O Nanak, all this might vanish like a breath of wind. Seeing these things, I might be lost and forget You, and Your Name would not enter my mind. || 4 || 1 ||

SIREE RAAG, FIRST MEHL: If I could live for millions and millions of years, and if the air were my food and drink; if I lived in a cave and never saw the sun or the moon, and if I never slept, not even in dreams—even then, I could not estimate Your Worth. How can I describe the Greatness of Your Name? || 1 || The True Lord, the Formless, dwells in His Place. I have heard, again and again, and so I tell the tale; if it please You, Lord, please instill in me a longing for You. || 1 || Pause || If I

were cut and torn to pieces, again and again, if I were ground like flour, burned by fire and mixed with ashes—even then, I could not estimate Your Worth. How can I describe the Greatness of Your Name? || 2 || If I were a bird, and flew through a hundred heavens; If I were invisible, without eating or drinking anything—even so, I could not estimate Your Value. How can I describe the Greatness of Your Name? || 3 || O Nanak, if I had hundreds of thousands of reams of paper, if I never ran out of ink, if my pen could move like the wind, and if I read and recited, embracing love for the Lord—even so, I could not estimate Your Value. How can I describe the Greatness of Your Name? || 4 || 2 ||

SIREE RAAG, FIRST MEHL: As ordained, men utter their words. As ordained, they consume their food. As ordained, they walk along the path. As ordained, they see and hear. As ordained, they draw breath. Why should I go and question the learned about this? || 1 || O Baba, the splendor of Maya is deceptive. The blind man has forgotten the Name: he is in limbo, neither here nor there. || 1 || Pause || Life and death come to all who are born: here, everything is devoured by Death. He sits and examines accounts, where no one can accompany anyone. He who weeps and laments might as well tie bundles of straw. || 2 || Everyone says that God is the Greatest of the Great: no one calls Him inferior. No one can estimate His Value; by speaking of Him, His Greatness does not increase. You are the One True Lord and Master of all other beings, of many worlds. || 3 || Nanak seeks the company of the humblest of the humble. Why should he compete with the great? Where the humble are cared for, there shower the blessings of Your gracious Glance. || 4 || 3 ||

SIREE RAAG, FIRST MEHL: Greed is a dog; falsehood is a filthy scavenger. Deceit is eating a rotting carcass. Slandering others is putting another's filth into one's mouth. The fire of anger is the outcast that burns corpses in the crematorium. I am trapped in these tastes and flavors, and in the arrogance of self-

glorification. These are my actions, O my Creator! || 1 || O Baba, utter only that which will bring you honor. Only those who are deemed good at the Lord's Gate are good. Those with bad karma can only sit and weep. || 1 || Pause || The pleasures of gold and silver, the pleasures of women, the pleasure of the fragrance of sandalwood, the pleasure of horses, the pleasure of a soft bed in a palace, the pleasure of sweets, and the pleasure of hearty meals—these pleasures of the human body are so numerous; How can Naam, the Name of the Lord, find a home in the heart? || 2 || Acceptable are those words which, once uttered, bring honor. Harsh words bring only pain. Listen, O foolish and ignorant mind! Those who are pleasing to Him are good. What more is there to say? || 3 || Wisdom, honor, and wealth are in the laps of those whose hearts remain permeated by the Lord. What praise can be offered to them? What other ornaments can be bestowed on them? O Nanak, those who are deprived of the Lord's Graceful Glance cherish neither charity nor the Name of the Lord. || 4 || 4 ||

SIREE RAAG, FIRST MEHL: The Great Giver has given the intoxicating drug of falsehood. Men are intoxicated by it: they have forgotten death, and enjoy themselves for a few days. Those who do not use intoxicants are true: they abide in the Court of the Lord. || 1 || O Nanak, know the True Lord as True. By serving Him one obtains peace, and you will go to His Court with honor. || 1 || Pause || The Wine of Truth is not distilled from molasses: it is the True Name that is enclosed in it. They are a sacrifice to those who hear and chant the True Name. Only he who obtains an abode in the Palace of the Lord's Presence is considered truly intoxicated. || 2 || Bathe in the waters of Goodness, and anoint your body with the perfumed oil of Truth: your face will become radiant. This is the gift of a hundred thousand gifts. Tell your sorrows to Him who is the Source of all comfort. || 3 || How can you forget Him who created your soul and prana, the breath of life? Without Him, everything we wear and eat is impure. Everything else is false. Whatever is pleasing to Your Will is acceptable. || 4 || 5 ||

SIREE RAAG, FIRST MEHL: Burn worldly attachment and turn it into ink; turn your intelligence into the purest paper. Make the love of the Lord your pen, and let your conscience be the scribe. Then seek the instructions of the Guru, and write down these reflections. Write the Praises of Naam, the Name of the Lord; write, again and again, that He has no end or limit. || 1 || O Baba, write such an account, that when asked, it may bear the Mark of Truth. || 1 || Pause || Where greatness, eternal peace, and unending joy are conferred, the faces of those whose minds are attuned to the True Name are anointed with the Mark of Grace. If one receives the Grace of God, one obtains such honors—not by words alone. || 2 || Some come, some rise and go; high-sounding names are given to oneself. Some are born beggars, others rule vast courts. Having passed into the hereafter, all will understand that without the Name, all is futile. || 3 || I am terrified by the fear of You, O God. Troubled and confused, my body wastes away. Those who are known as sultans and emperors will eventually be reduced to dust. O Nanak, when one arises to depart, all false attachments are severed. || 4 || 6 ||

SIREE RAAG, FIRST MEHL: By believing, all flavors are sweet. By listening, one tastes salty flavors; by chanting with the mouth, one savors spicy flavors. All these spices are born from the sound current of the Naad. The thirty-six flavors of the ambrosial nectar are in the Love of the One Lord: only he who is blessed with His Glance of Grace savors them. || 1 || O Baba, the pleasures of other foods are false. By eating them, the body is ruined, and evil and corruption enter the mind. || 1 || Pause || My mind is permeated with the Love of the Lord: it is dyed a deep crimson. Truth and charity are my white garments; the blackness of sin is erased by my blue robe, and meditation on the Lotus Feet of the Lord is my robe of honor. Contentment is my belt, Your Name is my wealth and my youth. || 2 || O Baba, the pleasures of other garments are false. By wearing them, the body is ruined, and evil and corruption enter the mind. || 1 || Pause || Understanding Your Way, Lord, is to me horses, saddles, and bags of gold. The pursuit of virtue is my bow and arrow, my quiver, my sword, and

my scabbard. Being distinguished with honor is my drum and my banner; Your Mercy is my rank. || 3 || O Baba, the pleasures of other mounts are false. By wearing such mounts, the body is ruined, and evil and corruption enter the mind. || 1 || Pause || Naam, the Name of the Lord, is the pleasure of homes and palaces. Your Glance of Grace is my family, Lord. The Hukam of Your Command is the pleasure of Your Will, Lord. To say anything more is far beyond the reach of anyone. O Nanak, the True King does not seek advice from anyone else in His decisions. || 4 || O Baba, the pleasure of any other sleep is false. By such sleep the body is ruined, and evil and corruption enter the mind. || 1 || Pause || 4 || 7 ||

SIREE RAAG, FIRST MEHL: With a body of saffron, a tongue a jewel, and the breath of the body a pure, fragrant incense; with a face anointed at the sixty-eight sacred places of pilgrimage and a heart illumined by wisdom—with that wisdom, sing the praises of the True Name, the Treasure of all Excellence. || 1 || O Baba, all other wisdom is useless and vain. Even if falsehood were practiced a hundred times, its fruits would still remain false. || 1 || Pause || You may be worshiped and venerated as a Pir, a spiritual master; you may be celebrated by the whole world; you may assume a high-sounding name and be known for supernatural spiritual powers—and yet, if you are not accepted into the Court of the Lord, all such worship is false. || 2 || No one can overthrow those who have been established by the True Guru. The Treasure of Naam, the Name of the Lord, is within them, and through Naam they are radiant and renowned. They worship Naam, and in Naam they believe. The True Lord is forever whole and intact. || 3 || When the body is mixed with dust, what becomes of the soul? All the devices of cunning will be burned away, and you will go away weeping. O Nanak, those who forget the Naam—what will become of them when they go to the Court of the Lord? || 4 || 8 ||

SIREE RAAG, FIRST MEHL: The virtuous bride overflows with virtue; the one devoid of virtue suffers in misery. If you yearn for your Lord Husband, O soul-bride, know that He is not met with falsehood. No boat, no raft can carry you to Him: your Lord Husband is far away. || 1 || My Lord and Master is Perfect; His Throne is Eternal and Immovable. He who attains perfection as a Gurmukh attains the Immeasurable True Lord. || 1 || Pause || The Palace of the Lord God is beautiful: within it are gems, rubies, pearls, and diamonds without flaw. A fortress of gold surrounds this Fountain of Nectar. How can I ascend to the Fortress without a ladder? Meditating on the Lord, through the Guru, I am blessed and exalted. || 2 || The Guru is the Ladder, the Guru is the Boat, the Guru is the Raft that leads me to the Name of the Lord. The Guru is the Ship that ferries me across the ocean of the world; the Guru is the Sacred Shrine of Pilgrimage, the Guru is the Holy River. If He pleases, I bathe in the Pool of Truth, and become radiant and pure. || 3 || He is called the Most Perfect of the Perfect; He sits on His Perfect Throne. He appears Beautiful in His Perfect Place. He fulfills the hopes of the hopeless. O Nanak, if one attains the Perfect Lord, how can virtues fail? || 4 || 9 ||

SIREE RAAG, FIRST MEHL: Come, my dear sisters and companions in spirit: hold me tightly in your embrace. Let us unite, and tell each other the stories of our Almighty Lord Husband. All Virtues are in our True Lord and Master; we are utterly devoid of virtues. || 1 || O Creator Lord, all is in Your Power. I abide in the One Word of the Shabad. You are mine: what more do I need? || 1 || Pause || Go, and ask the happy soul-brides: "By what virtues do you enjoy your Lord Husband?" "We are adorned with intuitive simplicity, contentment, and sweet words. We meet our Beloved, the Source of Joy, when we listen to the Word of the Guru's Shabad." || 2 || You possess so many Creative Powers, Lord; Your bountiful Blessings are so great. So many of Your beings and creatures praise You day and night; You have many forms and colors, many classes, high and low. || 3 || By meeting the Truth, Truth springs forth; the

truthful are absorbed in the True Lord. One gains intuitive understanding and is welcomed with honor, through the Word of the Guru, filled with the fear of God. O Nanak, the True King absorbs us in Himself. || 4 || 10 ||

SIREE RAAG, PRIMO MEHL: Everything has been resolved: I have been saved, and the selfishness in my heart has been tamed. The evil energies have been...

END PREVIEW