

GURU-GIVEN-BLISS SERIES--METRICAL TRANSLATION.

Sri Guru Amar Dev Ji's

SRI ANAND SAHIB

OR

THE  
HOLY SONG

OF

BLISS ETERNAL

BY

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KASHMIR

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PROLOGUE  
TO  
SRI ANAND SAHIB

THE ANAND ! THE ANAND !  
THE BEGININGLESS ENDLESS—END

Bubbling Joy !  
Without alloy !

Glory UNVEILED !  
*Maya* all-prevailed !

Welling E'er !  
Stilling Ne'er !

Bliss, Bliss Bliss !  
The-Sweetest Kiss !

Sugarine-Gold !  
Young, Ne'er Old !

How Silky-Soft ?  
The-Divine-Dart !

Rainbow-Dyed !  
Peacock-Eyed !

*Houris* beloved !  
The Flowerly-Bed !

All Heaven-enrapt ?  
Eternlty-Enclaspt !

This is Thou, O Bible sweet !  
Heavenly, Holy, Untouched-Meat !

Guru-Nanak-Made !  
All-Nectar Cavalcade !

The Philosopher's Stone !  
Thine Own !— Mine Own !!

Ha ! This is the ANAND  
The Glorious Endless-End !



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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 the 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 the Holy Gospels is ever and ever an echo of the Divine Symphony which is the Living Word—hence, 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 Balmik 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 Master, but at the same time, I have not taken wide liberties as poets do. I have tried to keep before me the Balance of Truth and Spirit: the two in endless Equilibrium, the propelling Force being the 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 translations and should be referred to first.

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, as 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 the yawning chasm between the East and the West as also between the 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 at first. I am thankful to the Nishat 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 *Sikh Ghost* will follow as the latter are far too deep to be compressed into little monographs such as these.

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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

**SHER SINGH**

*Srinagar Kashmir.*



## I THE HOLY BIAS & SRI GOINDWAL !

Rivers! Rivers! Rivers! They are the source of life and the soul of the regions which they fertilise with their cool water. Whether you turn to the Nile in the West or to the Ganges in the East, it is the same story told in different words: rivers are to tracts of land what soul is to the life of man. All myths, all beautiful anecdotes, all life-giving songs centre round such streams. This is particularly true of the Ganges which has exercised an infatuation on the minds of the Indians such as is rare to find in the folklore of any other country. Even the River of Rivers in the Celestial Regions beyond, is also a *Ganga*, although it be the Celestial Ganges. These rivers have their counterparts: sisters and brothers! Such sisters sweet are the Jumna in the north, and the Godavri in the south, and perhaps Brahmputra is a brother or at least a son of these Holy Maids which come streaming like the Milky Way from the Holy Regions near about Mansrowar ...! But the infatuation which the Holy River Bias exercises, in my imagination is

tremendously greater than what these other streams exercise all together. It is as if they are screaming little children, while the bearded-Bias is their great Grandfather. It is on the blessed banks of this Holy River that the Great Grandfather of the Sikh World lived, moved and passed his days—days which lengthened into years, years which slipped into centuries, centuries which flew up into infinity, infinity which gave way at last to Endless-Eternity!

On the banks of this blessed River Byas lived and moved the Holy Guru Amar Dass, Guru Nanak III, who was head and shoulders above others in sanctity and age, for he was an Octogenarian when he came to the *Guru-Gadi* and he was well over a Century old when he shuffled off the mortal coil. The Holy Town where this great Guru lived and which, indeed He brought into being, is GOINDWAL—the Lord's OWN Town! and such, indeed it is, for it is on the bank of that holy river which is the Pineal Gland of the Holy Panjab. I must return to the sweet infatuation of this river; the

Ganges at Rikhikesh is still rowdy; it jingles and clatters which metallic sounds still have their faint echo at Hardwar down below, but the hoary-headed Byas is silver-tongued, mellowed-sweet through and through! It is, therefore, that it is the RIVER OF MEDITATION where seers and saints have clustered together from ages past. It is, indeed, the Nursery of Nurseries: the Spiritual Nursery of the World. The blessed Guru gave birth to this Holy Town and in its wake have followed many another holy habitation—Sparklets from the Selfsame Refulgent Fire! All hail, all hail, therefore, to this blessed Byas: which is to Panjab and the world, as the sage Vyas, the compiler of the Vedas, is to other saints!

## SRI KHADUR & SRI GOINDWAL: TWO POLES OF GOLDEN ELECTRICITY!

Khādur, the City of *Khand*, sugarine Town where the Torch of Guru Nanak burnt was in the hinterland-- a little behind the Holy Bias. A few miles these, but miles precious which were to become the scene of holy peregrinations, between the love-lorn soul and the love-loaded soul to make their daily love-exchanges. O Sweet Master, this is Thy Way ever: Thou splittest Thyself into two; one is the Proton seated immovably within, the other is the mobile Electron, moving round and round--in endless rounds! In This Holy Play Thine, is caught up Today this Old Man, rich in years, yet still vacu-n-ridden in soul!--this Anar Dass who had grown grey in his yearly rounds to the Ganges but yet was far off from the Holy Flame. The infatuation of the Holy Bias --Ha!--this Comet-like Soul: Sri Anar Dass is caught up in this Blaze of Light that emanates from Khadur, whose brick-walls are even up to today surcharged with



Unseen Electricity ! The Master sits hidden behind and the Disciple of disciples runs like a shuttlecock between this end and that river-end, for every day he must bring the pitcher full of water wherewith the Elder must wash his body so that the youngers may drink the Nectar that out-streams from the Surcharged Soul !

But this Journey from Khadur to Byas and back must be done in the only way that it can be done—the Guru-oriented Soul must ever and ever face the Master--no turning back, no tarrying, no twisting, no wriggling. And so the disciple does every morning, every day without intermission, for rains may fall, lightning flicker, and clouds may frown, yet the Master must bathe and the disciple must bring the love-becarried Load. On one cloud-begirt, heart-tingling Night—but the HAPPY NIGHT, as it turned out to be—the hoary-headed Baba fell, and crash ! crash ! came the thudding voice from the reeling, rocking aged feet ! What could this be ? this sound early in the morning, when the dark clouds forbade all movements of idle souls, still snugly sleeping in their comfortable beds. "It must be

Amru" said the weavers whose pits dug, here, there and everywhere, in that eventful area, were the cause of this crash, "The Amru who sleeps not, who is tired never—who runs like a shimmering shuttle, between this-end and that-end of the Guru's Trail."—And Amru—Sri Amru, the Golden-Man, Sri Amar Dass He verily was! That was the turning point in the Life of this blessed soul—the Master sitting at Khadur felt the twitch, He ran down, came down to the Pit of pits: the Pit of Life! The Two souls met, as never before, and out came the blessing spontaneously: 'This homeless, soulless Amru would henceforth be the Home of the homeless ones, the Soul of souls, the Fount of founts, the Fount of Life!'

**THE MASTER & THE WOULD-BE  
MASTER MEET! BIBI AMRO AS THE  
GOLDEN LINK!**

The Old Man had grown older. He had been to Hardwar many a time. He had been to other Tiraths and had met many a saint, but the Lamp in him had not been lighted. He felt himself to be as dry as lifeless body. One blessed morn when he rose early in the morning, a sweet Voice, surcharged with Life-aroma, fell into his ears: it was the voice from the neighbouring house, but the atmosphere in between was one and the hymn ended thus:

“The sered, scarred soul, dry as dust,  
Becometh whole again! when the Guru is met!”

Do they, the dead ones, rise? Do old rotten, tottering bones swing back into life? Where did this joy-laden tidings come from? It was Bibi Amro, the daughter of Guru Nanak II, who sang this sweet song, the song which had in it

the living-Blaze, for it descended somehow from the father to the loving daughter!—O old Man of the Punjab, here is the Burning-Ember which is come all the way to turn thee again into a living-Lal: the Ruby of rubies! The Old Man ran to the Nightingale-hidden and the Melody that came in his ears, sat encurdled in the heart of this bearded-baby. "O daughter mine" said Sri Amar Dass" between thee and me, there are more links than one: thy name is the same as mine—Amro and Amar are one—we are one, we are interlocked by close bonds of family circle, but it is thy sweet-lullaby that has stirred me, and I feel that I am like a little child in thy hands and that thou art my sweet mother! Indeed, it was a soul surcharged with Electricity that had come next door to this elderly man—the Spark tingle in him, it darted forth Light; more, it pointed to its Origin, for that is the function of light. "O daughter dear, whose blessed word, is this hymn of good news? I am burnt from top to toe. I need the Living-Touch of the Master to burst forth again into Life. Take me, take me to the Fountain of Light."

Thus muttered the would-be Master in whom a Niagra Fall of sweet-sentiments overflowed, panting as he was for union with the Master.

The Bibi took this elderly man to her Father; Guru Angad Dev ji at Khadur. As soon as the elderly Baba beheld the love-lit-Golden Face, his mind melted, like snow in summer sun. The Baba ran to the Lotus Feet of the Master—the Master came down, impelled to this hoary man—The Two met! No talk, at first, not a word uttered or said—but it appeared as if mountains-in-between had disappeared like dew, had evaporated! Ha! the Road was already clear! Days passed in this sweet spell unending  
But end it must!

When the preliminaries were over and the Road was clear, the curtain of heart was withdrawn. “O Master of masters heavenly” said the hoary, heaven-seeking soul, ‘I have been to this, that and every blessed place to seek the Gleam of Light; I have been to Hardwar many a time, as many times as there are months in a year, nay more; I have been to Jawala-

-mukhi; I have been to every nearby Tirath. But the soul in me is unbathed; it is unwashed and every outer dip, in so-called holy places, drives the filth downwards, inwards. And I feel that I am unworthy even to touch your blessed Lotus Feet. Notwithstanding, touch them I must.... I did; and Lo! already there is flood of Light all around! But the Light flickers, the Light plays the will-o'-the-wisp with me; I catch it, I clutch at It, but it is spilled out like squeezed-sponge every time that I handle It. O fill me, O Noontide Flood of Glory. Fill me!"

The Master embraced the *Chatrik*-soul athirst for Light. Happily, a mirror, a looking glass, lay close by. It reflected the lamplight within the closed doors. It was gloaming outside, but a subtle sweet Light pervaded the dark depths within. The Master said: "Dost thou see the flame reflected in this clear plate of glass." 'Break it' said the Master 'and then see again'. The mirror was broken into a hundred pieces. but still all conjoined. "Look in!" Sri Anar Dass looked and said "Now hundred and one

lights!....tiny little sparks, as many as the, pieces, my Master Dear " .....

" Even so, even so " said the Master " Is That Flood of Light that you seek, and of which you saw but one little ray before at this, that and all the *Tiraths* you frequented in the past, and the so called lights resident therein, " Yea, my Lord I saw but tiny little sparks infinitesimal, receding, revolving, then disappearing all together like wisps of wind " rejoined this hungry soul.

' If thou must have it all ' said the Master 'thou must reunite all these broken little pieces into One!—the Universal One, so that the Sun-Supreme may be wholly reflected therein ' thus said the Master.

' 'Tis for this, I pant, O Master Dear, 'tis for this, that I drew to Thee near.... yea, that is the malady, O Physician of soul, who hath diagnosed it aright " said Sri Amar Dass.

" But this is not a one-day-miracle; Rome was not built in a day nor can the Inner Temple

be reared in a fleeting little moment ” said the Holy Master.

“ O Master mine, I have already grown grey, I have wandered to fresh fields and pastures new, but time has always played the trick, I will have no more of that trickery; I must have what I need forthwith.” Thus said Sri Amar Dass all-athirst.

“ Thou art already near It ” said the Holy Master Sri Guru Angad Dev ” It is this thirst, this *Chatrik*-like wail that brings the soul near, near the Hidden Light, but!—”

“ Master, but me but no more! I am Thine, wholly thine .. no more Me and Thee ” lisped the bearded Baby sweet.

“ In Sweet Presence, live thou ever and ever ! by SIMRAN ...by SIMRAN ...by SIMRAN!” Outburst the Master.

\* \* \* \* \*

Days passed, months passed!  
The Baby grew-the Old Man became baby-like!  
*Simran, Simran, Simran*—a love-lit Simran ...



this flushed his soul, this flushed his body and mind, and on one BLESSED DAY, THE HOLY SPRING UPWELLED IN HIM....  
Ha! Ha! Ha! THE ALL-HOLY NAME!!

\* \* \* \* \*

The doors are again closed. The Master and the Seeker are again closetted together. But the scene hath changed. There is on both the blessed Faces Light 'that ne'er was on sea or land', the Holy, all-Holy Light of NAM of which the Milky Way is but a faint echo.!

"What are the news, O Master-Seeker" said the Master.

"All is well, all is well!—eternally well! O Master dear. O Soul of my soul! O Light of my light! Thou dwellest here, there and everywhere!—" With these jerky little emotions, this Master fell at the Lotus Feet, of That Master—who knows how much time passed? ....it seemed as if aeons had flown past, in the twinkling of an eye! Pearl-like drops fell from bedimmed eyes of Sri Amar Dass & these washed the Lotus Feet. The Guru picked him up. The

two breasts met, met to part never! The Change, the change! far too subtle, far too deep for words to tell, for ears to hear, for even x-rays to seek and explore!

“The Master of masters” exclaimed Sri Amar Dass ji “I am WHOLE, at last!— at long last!...by Thy Gift: Simran! Yea, ALL IS ONE! ALL IS THEE! ALL IS ME!”

The Great Guru pressed him further to his heart—the last little grain of egoism, if any, there was, melted, evaporated, and the TWO WERE ONE!!

\* \* \* \* \*

When years passed, and the Guru Himself became a Troubadour-sublime, He sang thus referring to this Change:—

'O WONDER OF WONDERS!  
FROM ONE GURU ANOTHER!  
THE TWO ONE! ETERNALLY ONE!!'

How that happened? What Upwelled? That is described in what follows. FOR THAT IS THE BURDEN OF SRI ANAND SAHIB! TO THAT we turn therefore.

## IV.

SRI ANAND SAHIB! A PEEP WITHIN,  
INTO PROFOUND DEPTHS!

O Holiest, Heavenliest, Blissful-Song  
 Ringing e'er, Stopping ne'er : *ding-dong* !  
 The Divinest Symphony Thou dost churn,  
 Like a Living Flame, Thou dost e'er burn !  
 Thy Holy Blaze, like Milky Ways millions!  
 Shineth forth in sparklets by the trillions !  
 A little spark from Thy Foundry, O Dear,  
 Picked me, tricked me, made me crystal-clear !  
 Through Thee, I see to the Heavens above,  
 And There is my Bridegroom! soaked in love !  
 Windows open, at last, now wide apart—  
 This is *O Anand Sahib*, Thy love-lit Dart !  
 In Thee, I live and move and breathe,  
 Thou art I, I am Thou! O blissful-Mead !

\* \* \* \* \*

The *Anand Sahib* is one of the holiest, and heavenliest Songs found in the world literature. It is a sustained Soliloquy—the mind talking to *itself*, and unravelling all hidden

secrets in one endless Blaze of Light! No Sikh service, any day, is considered to be complete unless it ends with This!—No more reading will suffice, it *must be* sung in a chorus, by one and all. For, such is its heavenly rhythm, that it has only to be sung to awaken in us countless melodies which come in pouring from the ethereal regions above.

The *Anand Sahib* is the Song of Bliss—of Bliss-ebullient, Bliss soaked with love, love that has borne its sweet fruition. Ha! It is Effervescent Peace that bubbled out in an endless-Stream from the Heart of our Grandfather: Sri Guru Amar Dass ji, Nanak III, which He captured and congealed, for all time in this Song of songs. It is the Song that upwelled in Him when all veils were withdrawn at last, and thus He sang:—

*Parbrahm Prabh Paiya!*

THE SUPREME ONE MET!

“ Found, found, found, at long last,  
Hidden in heart, hidden in my heart,  
Is This Being, Unseen!  
This Presence-Supreme!

O Joy of joys! O Bliss of Bliss!  
 All Heavens centred in ONE SWEET KISS!!  
 This Kiss-sublime o'er-reaching the end of Time  
 In WORD-UNENDING, now mine, wholly mine!

Who can describe, who can tell this Super-Charged Peace-Celestial? Imagine to yourself, Dear Reader, the old Archimedes coming out from his tub in bath-room exclaiming; "Found, found, found ...!" Yea, Joy of that kind, but millions of times more transcendent, purer and love-surcharged! That ancient scientist still had IFS of his own—"if I have a big lever, I can turn the whole earth!", said he—these IFS surround and keep tie-bound, scientists, one and all. But here, at last, we find all fetters dissolving, all limits, all complications receding, ....no more IFS, no more WHENS and WHYS! The Goal: Infinity, h a d, at last!—Eternity, condensed and crystallised, in us! I and Thou all coalesced into One!

*Read it and Note:* A great Veil has lifted somewhere in the depths of heart: Time and Space have crumbled, dissolved like big bubbles pricked! The Satguru—the Master of Masters,

WAHIGURU HIMSELF, hath come down to instruct Sri Guru Amar Dass! Yea, his 'Master' is no earthly Master, although Sri Guru, Angad is His full-bodied Image-- the 'Master' is He who is here, there, and everywhere (*Satgur rahia bharpure*)! And the 'Mother' with whom, he talks in Joy is no other than the Maya: the World-Mother, who gave us birth, but who kept the Beloved hidden from our eyes, for some time--to release His Film, the Vision, in one Blaze of Transcendent Glory--like Niagara Fall somehow interrupted, now suddenly allowed to leap, with accelerated 'velocity!! We pick up at random some of the great grand glorious Scenes from this Song of songs: the Drama- Eternal:

BLISS—ETERNAL!

" Bliss, bliss, O Mother :

Ha ! there is Transcendent Bliss!

The Great Satguru's Lotus Feet;

Do I, do I, verily today kiss ! "

( *Anand bhiya meri Maye!* )

" There is Joy, Peace, Bliss upsoaring e'er,

The Soul-Bride hath heard

The Blissful Tread of the Bridegroom's Sweet  
Steps,

Ha ! the magic patter of the Dew drops dripping,  
O sisters, mine, O comrades, sing, sing, one and all !

This frail body, this earthen-pot,

Hath turned into the Holy Temple, the Pearline-  
Palace !

O sing, sing, sing!—do lustily sing, Darlings mine,

No more pains! no more heart-aches!

I kiss the Lotus Feet ever and evermore,

And Lo ! a New Heaven and a New Earth is  
revealed !

Ha ! the Day-bright, Day-unending——!! ”

(*Man chao bhiya—meri Maye !—XXXIV.*)

Yea, the Bridegroom hath descended from  
the Ruby-red Clouds, and all, all, is now  
eternally Golden ! This is, then, the sweet burden  
of Sri Anand Sahib: Values transvaluated! earth  
and heavens transfigured! the Eye of eyes re-  
vealed & trans-illumined ! No flickering, shimm-  
ering Vision This—but, Vision that is with  
the Seer evermore. It is in this: ETERNITY  
that lies the very heart and soul of the New  
Revelation.—Time kicked out at last!—and

Eternity ushered within!

Here is the Secret of secrets, the prime secret  
—which the blessed Master reveals in His Own  
Sweet Words :—

### THE NAM AS FOUNT OF JOY!

“Peace of peace, the Bliss of bliss,  
Lieth in This—in This Sweet Eternal Kiss!  
And when, O Nanak, It upwelleth : this Holy  
Symphony,  
'Tis there, Peace-abiding in love-lit mind—  
ETERNALLY!” V

A Ray of Light-Unending pours into the  
heart, and It remains there to end of time!  
It is This which is the Hidden Ferment which  
changes all, which transforms the lead-in-man  
into glowing-Radium! Who can picture the  
change, the whole change? Picture the Guru  
Himself first in Slough of Despond, on the  
banks of the Hardwar—which we may describe  
in words of Tennyson as under :—





Acme of Beauty and Love! Before Him, now stands unrolled, a great Grand Vision: the Serpent of Time is trampled underfoot, angels hover over Him, and *Apsaras* shower Music-laden Flowers on His head, uplifted into clouds, and He sings Hallelujahas:—

### TRANSFIGURATION!

O bedarkened Eyes! of late, ye considered this earth  
Venom-bitten, gall and wormwood, through and  
through,

Look ye now! All is changed, all is transfigured!  
This earth is today a Rainbow-Image of the  
Supreme Beloved!

The Guru hath waved the Magic Wand,  
given me the MAGIC WORD—

The Word of Life, the Word of Light—and Lo!

All is One! All is He! All is Me! One  
Indivisibly - One!

Than Him, there is naught, indeed naught,  
verily naught,

These eyes benighted, saw at first different, as  
they were dull,

Heavly covered were they! now no more,  
that veil!

The Guru drew up my lids sunken, ope my lips,  
Lo, Lo, Lo!!! All is LIGHT. Ha! the Eye  
of Eyes, how Golden!"

*Ih 'vis sansar—XXXVI*

Lo! There is change on earth, as in the heavens above! Up there: the Enjewelled Ones, the Heavenly Muses, one and all, hover over the Guru! He sings hosannas in response to their Unstruck Rhythmic Music above:—

### FARIES COME!

“The Heavenly Muses all, yea; the Enjewelled  
 One,  
 Did descend into me, bringing the Holy Word  
 Divine,  
 Sing, sing ye This Symphony of the Lord,  
 Singing which heart is suffused, 'tis in Holy  
 Concord”

### *Rag Ratan parwar parian—1*

It is this wonder-working, soul-engulfing, Holy  
 WORD—the SABAD—which is the Source  
 of illumination ever. For This do the mortals,  
 and even the angels thirst ever:—

### MAGIC WORD!

“Angels, also all angelic souls,  
 Yea, ali the Self-illuminated ones,  
 All their life are a-tiptoe,  
 For, This Holy Life-giving Nectar;  
 This Nectar of Nectars, I got, from my Master!”

This Holy Music is the Music which reverberates in the hidden depths of soul, not in the, outer Nine Gates, but in the Tenth-Abyss where Time and Space gain their identity ! dissolving into Eternity !—the abyss of abysses,—sweet, glorious, in the innermost Cave of Heart :—

### DASAM DUAR ! THE TENTH DOOR

'Sitting behind, out of sight, in the back  
 Is the Supreme One, who is the Father of Breath,  
 Setting the Breath in harmonious vibration :  
 The Nine Gates are open, wide open,  
 But the Tenth is hidden, by rare ones seen,  
 Through the Grace of the Master ever,  
 There ! there, upwelleth, uproareth the NAME-  
 The Multi-Garbed, Million-Splendered-One!  
 The Fount of fountains ! the harbinger of Days  
 Which poureth Bliss over soul oppressed ;  
 Nor earth, nor heaven, nor any Footrule,  
 Nor Gauge can measure Its Splendour-badazzling!

*Har jio gufa andar. Nao Darwaje—*

*Anik-rup Nao !—*

This NAM is the Key to the Kingdom of Heaven. The Key to the Vedas and all Holy Bibles verily is This! And it is This Master-Key which is the Burden of the Japji also. It is This which the Master gives—gratis to souls panting for this Gift-Divine.

This is the far-famed Philosopher's Stone for which kings and alchemists are in endless quest:—

### THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

“ The Guru-Given WORD is the Philosopher's  
Stone verily,  
In which many a million Diamond are inset !  
Whosoever hath touch with This is absorbed—  
The spark-disparted, into the Unparted-Whole ! ”  
*SABAD Ratan hai, hire jit jarao ! XXV.*

The Ultimate Cause—the *Ultima Thule*—  
the Cause of causes This, knowing which the  
ever-questioning intellect is stilled and asks no  
more How or Why? for it sees the primal-Urge  
bubbling up and up-swinging! Ha! the unending,  
Tireless, Wonder-worker the NAM:—

“ The Eternal Expressive WORD I imbibed,  
When the Guru passed It on, yea, the Word-endless

This is the Staff of Life! unearthly-Manna This—  
 The Cause of causes—the Ordainer Himself—  
 The Fount of Golden-Dye depthless! XXX.V.

*Anhat bani gur-Sabd iani ...karan-karan jogo*

This Word is Source of Light—It is now  
 no little light spark, this Sabad, nor strain  
 of music-earthly, no ray of light-ordinary;  
 —It is the very NOONTIDE INFLUX OF  
 LIGHT, the Sun of Suns-golden! the Moon of  
 moons! the Source of Illumination!! When It  
 upwelleth, It turns the FACE—from our little-  
 self to the SELF-Universal! The Lever of  
 Levers This! Soul-Engine-Turning Mechanism  
 verily, This! No more *bemukh* but *Gurmuk*,  
*its seer*! Ha! the Sunflower faces the Bright Un-  
 hidden Sun at last!--an inward Miracle, indeed!  
 The Word takes Form of Symphony rather  
 than of Vision, at first, as Vibration is the very  
 Essence of existence. The Twentieth Century  
 is at last near this Goal—no more matter!  
 for, all matter is now electricity! all electricity is  
 vibration of this or that kind—a multi-phased  
 Vibration! Heat, Light, Sound and all that is,  
 is This!--Once known as Symphony, It is

no longer That alone; for it is the Soul of soul, the Essence of all essences!—the Quintessence Itself. Indeed, It is very Life and Soul of the Universe. When NAM presents itself to human Vision, all is drenched, enveloped with This Holy Colour-Incarnadine! The sunset with its rosiest-*Sari* is but a radiance of *This* Sun-Hidden! The the purple glow that plays on the hill-tops is but its second or third reflection, a pale reflection, of the all-Holy Radiance Divine. MAM's first place is, in the Cave of Heart, whereby is meant inward meditation undisturbed by outer uproar, but once It is mastered, It is with us ever and evermore, even in the most rowdy and most boisterous earthly engagements The Burning Bush or Holy Flame which Moses saw, which dispelled his darkness and disquietude, is also This verily the—LIVING WORD!

How is it and why is that *Karmas* alone cannot take us up to this Golden Realm? *Karmas* are good as far as they go indeed good actions are footstools on which we rise heaven-wards. No progress is possible, without being wedded to righteousness and piety. Hypocritical-





But that of the SABAD: the Symphony-sublime!  
 Conferred ever and ever, as it is, by Holy Touch,  
 An act of Grace, from the Master to a Disciple,  
 O Nanak, 'tis thus that Illusion is gone—  
 And we sparkle in the Bliss-Transcendent!

*Karm: Sahaj na upje—iv sahsa jae* XIX

### THE SAHAJ !!

What is SAHAJ? This is the highest Pinnacle of Glory to which disciples rightly aspire. It is the Acme of sun-lit glory i. e. glory which comes from the Word-within when mind is surcharged, supersaturated with the Radiance of Nam! When, *this* is realized then the whole world is transformed—it becomes pure like a Virgin-lily! No more, no more, the blemishes which bedarkened its Face before. The Disciple now learns to love the world, and yet remain detached therefrom, like a lotus living in a pool of water unwetted. This State of Supreme Equipoise, when both sides of the Balance are equally weighted: Duty and Truth, workaday-life wedded with Holy-Nam, that is the Consummation to which we are drawn by SAHAJ, the Revelation of revelations! Here

another Miracle is enacted—this Consummation, so difficult to visualise by the Eye-piece of Reason is, then, by the Divine-Name, brought about SPONTANEOUSLY! Imagine, the whole Himalaya somehow brought into the palm of one's hand!—the distant Goal made thoroughly immanent!—The inspiring Ideal self-enacted—with all natural ease!! How difficult?—yet, how easy? It is, therefore, that *Sahaj* is called the Super-Centre *i.e* where all extremes meet! It is the essence of Sahaj that it carries its own weight, and it does not feel cumbersome. It is like a pitcher full of water, having no weight, so long as it is plunged in water-stream—take it out, and then alone it has weight and inertia! This upward pull of water, this countervailing force, is the concomitant of SAHAJ. Hence, all Sikhs are, by implication, SAHAJDHARIS, although they are AMRITDHARIS too, for the One leads to the other!—From NAM to SAHAJ!

The above Goal remains hidden, wrapt in clouds-golden, and not until the Key is found in the human heart, that this cloud-kissed Fort is captured. This Key—the Key to Vedas, as



And hear, hear, hear—for 'tis, therefore,  
Thou wert sent—!

(*Sache sunnane no pathae, suno Sach-bani.*)

*Hariz hoia XXXVII)*

NAM'S first place is the heart rather than head. The heart feels this sweet Symphony,—the hand outpours what it receives in an overflow-Divine. Then the intellect, once limited, and hence barren, becomes the holiest of all Muses, for it no longer sees—it foresees! This is no longer *buddhi*—it is *Sidhi* i.e. intellect wedded with intuition! It is Transfiguration!

This SOLILIOQUY then deals with each and every organ that is found in the mechanism we call Man. Let every organ be fertilised with this Holy Dew.Mist! Let no sense remain semi-starved any longer! All senses, yea, one and all, must be innundated with THIS WORD OF LIFE!

ALL SENSES!

It is appeal to individual organs that bestirs to us in the *Anand* Note the appeals how silken-soft? how ending with mellow soul-healing remarks? intending to heal each and every organ

everlastingly. Let us take some of the opening remarks in each case:—

*O Tongue*, thou art infatuated with earthly savours,  
The more thou tasteth these, the more thou  
art athirst,

Thy thirst shall never be quenched by aught else,  
Not until thou hast the Heavenly Nectar!

*Hai rasna tuanras rach rahi XXXII*

“O mine *Eyes*-befogged, the Lord lighted ye :  
these crysal goblets!

See naught but the Beatific Vision. all-spread ;

But one little glimpse of This,

Will transport thee into raptures unending !

*Eh neitro merio Har tum mai jot rakhi XXXII.*

“O mine *Ears* deaf, ye were sent to hear—hear  
the Troth,

Hear ye It—gathering rays, all beams into one,

For, by so hearing thou shalt be transformed—

Transformed into Burnished Gold, e'er !

*Eh sravno merio Saché suron nu pathae XXXVII*

And then over the top of these all, comes the  
Sense-common: the Mind; the arch-rogué this, yet  
the instrument of Vision-sublime when it is tamed  
at last, by the Holy Name.

“O my mind-fickle, not by astuteness is He had,  
 Yea, not by cleverness, cunningness ne'er ne'er ;  
 Live, live, in the Sweet Presence of the Lord e'er,  
 Thus thy heart aches and bruises shall be healed  
 And all that thou pantest for shall be given—  
 Given in one brimful, dripping-Whole:

*Bh man chanchala—Tu raho sada Har nala*  
 XXI & X

Thus, each organ is addressed, one and all, and so also the Body finally, wherein all of these are seated like bees on a beehive:--

“O Body mine lifeless, what didst thou do  
 Descending into this world? having come all the  
 way  
 Thou didst forget Him who sent thee on this errand.  
*Eh sarira meria—kia tudh karan kamaia-XXXV*

Each entrapped organ is taken up singly—then in its enchanted surroundings. And finally comes the Question of questions which haunts us, like a skeleton hidden in human heart and we ask why this forgetfulness?— the Sins of all sins! Do we will it or it is a preordained item in this Play-Divine? Even as the chess and all other games have their hard and fast ordinances which



us earth-tied has to be snapped. To do this, steps into Arena Sweet Trickster: the WORD-DIVINE, who by one flourish of the love-tipt Dart pierces Maya through and through. We call It a Trickster as it plays a Divine Trick, clearing, like Hercules, the Augean Stables in the twinkling of an eye, which our hardworked, over-calculated Sisters: Science and Mathematics cannot do even to the end of Time! How holy? heavenly, This Essence inpouring into Saints, welling up, brooding, simmering, and then bursting, like a Vesuvius, in Commotion-Cosmic

Who are these souls in which It dawns?  
The Dawn *Usha*-dyed! They are heaven-turned  
GURMUKHS, as the Guru calls them—the  
Quaint Ones—if we may so call them:

THE GURMUKHS!

Quaint, quaint, sweetly quaint are these.  
Eating little, possessing little,  
Yet, King of Kings!  
Speaking little, saying little,  
Yet the very Ocean of Eloquence!  
Sharper than the Sword-blade,



and finer far than the little hair  
Is the Path of paths they tread!

*Khanioh tikhi walon niki et marg jans* XIV

### EXTRA-ORDINARY ONES!

There are no two *faces* with them—same  
within same without, eternally the same—

Pure, within pure without

Yea, irreversibly pure in and out.

Untouched e'en by the Echo of Evil -

Wedded e'er with Truth”

*Jia nirmal bahron nirmnl* XX

—Such are the Sweet Nightingales singing  
ever the Sweet Symphony of the WORD!

V

### KING AKBAR COMES TO THE MASTER!

Time wears out, as wear it must. The Guru  
sits on this-Gadi and Akbar the King-Emperor  
sits on that the Delhi throne. The Two are  
contemporaries. Seeker as Akbar was after  
Truth, he came all the way to Goindwal and  
wanted to see the Holy-Master. Yea, the Pea-  
cock-Throne Owner wants to see Him who sits

low on the hand-made little *Peerha*! Even Akbar the King must abide by the Rules that the Master has made—the rules of practical Equality, of which there is no better nor more acid test than that of dining in the same Kitchen-Common! The Emperor is taken to the courtyard where simple *dal* and hand-ground *atta* is served—no dainties to attract his eyes, nor flavours to whip his tongue into appetite. The King sits low with others and has stomachful of this sweet pearline-*Dal*. The more he has it, the more he needs it. There must be, he thinks, something magical in the Gurus Kitchen—something mysteriously sweet which the King feels, but which he cannot describe in words. The preliminaries being over, this-king goes to that-King seated on *Khadar*-covered cushion.

“Obeisance to Thee, O Master Dear” Said the King-Emperor.

The Guru rose to embrace the King, but the King melted down and fell like half-molten snow at the Feet of the Master. How long

he remained there, who knows? But the Guru uplifted the King and seated him nearby, and said "I am mightily pleased to see thee, O King, in this little hamlet of mine. Had I known that thou wouldst come, I would have arranged for a befitting reception—for Kings are kings, and must be treated accordingly—they are so ordained from 'Above.'"

"O Master Dear, I had no idea, in the least, that I was coming—I crossed the Beas, as I used to do every year—but this year, I had an unknown sweet twitch—some Hidden Force drew me to this side, and I could not resist it; here I am at Thy Feet at last—" Thus said the King Emperor.

"It is the inward-Electricity that does all this unbidden. Well met, well met! O Emperor, what can I do for thee?"

"I need your prayers, your Good wishes, O Master, more than ever. My task becomes more difficult the older I grow as I see the sands slipping off my feet. My sons are already infatuated with worldly tastes, the old tinge of





Leaps up into the Flame-Hidden; the Two  
 long to be one—One e'er!  
 The only obsequy that I order is holy, All-  
 holy Song—

My *Anand*, to be sung in sweet accompaniment  
 with sweet Music

.....As said the Master, so did they comply!

And Lo! a New Master was enthroned:

Guru Ram Dass, the Man of men—the Master  
 who descends from Clouds Golden so Bidden:

(THE SADD—Summarised)

That is the last Testament of the Master  
 —but by no means the only Gift. There  
 are two more which deserve our pointed atten-  
 tion here. Of one I must speak with a tetered  
 tongue, as I have not had the good luck to  
 see it so far: it is the Holy-BAOLI with a  
 Flight of Steps running the Full Round of life,  
 (84 Steps) the Round we come and go in the  
 endless Cycle until the Blessed Amrit is  
 in sight! Bawa Budh Singh ji, Executive  
 Engineer, who was rightly proud of calling  
 this Great Sikh Master as His Own, by well-  
 marked heredity, goes as far as to state that this

Baoli's Hard Bedrock was pierced, sobetimed that it coincided exactly with Akbar's march on Chitur. Akbar prayed and prayed to This Master until the impregnable Fort was so broken by the Mercy of the Master! However that may be, the fact remains that the Guru has left behind Him a structure more solid, and more imposing than the cunning skill of all marble-workers can leave behind in the shape of a Taj Mahal. There only one soul peeps through the Shahi Window but in this Baoli we have the Window of Windows through which all humanity may peep into the Hidden SELF *i. e.* the Soul!—Supreme beyond the Phantasmagoria of this world—A True TELESCOPE of Life!

Even as the Guru hath left His soul-imprint behind in that blessed-Baoli which peeps through the *maya*-glrt Curtains to hidden Essence behind, so also we have in the Gurbani the Soul of our Master. In particular, *Gujari-ki-var* is endless Blaze, an outspread Peacock-Tail of Glory! Mark the reiterated emphasis on WAH! WAH WAH! We plunge into it, never to leave the "Holy Intoxication, that is ours ever after:—

"HA, HA, HA! WAH! WAH! WAH!  
Holy, Heavenly, Golden, New-ERA !"..... .

And thus it goes on, thus it mounts from one step of Soul-Baoli to another in a Crescendo. Note one thing more: No sky-scrappers, nor Towers were made by the Master who was Humility personified.—He made this downward-going-Baoli, which leads to *Amrit* in the End!

Well might the Bards sing of the Master as the 'Great Grandfather of the world!' And yet He who was but a 'grandson' to the Master of Masters: Guru Nanak!

All hail, all hail unto Him: the Master-Sweet, the Master-sublime, the hoary-headed Master who founded the Byas Colony: Sri Goindwal and the Baoli-Eternal! The Rishi of Rishis, the Guru of Gurus, Guru Golden, Nanak III. This is the Holy author of the Eternal Bliss: the ANAND!

Fare-it is so sweet, so honey-befilled, that I feel I may eat of it without end. May I



to that End add this little line, to mark my sense of indebtedness to you, to let it continue—this little Jagir as a token of my love and my attachment with Thee.”

“We have enough” replied the Master “We have more than enough, the Guru sends more than we can ever consume—thou needest it more than I”

“True, true my Lord and Master 'tis terribly true, but I have tasted the Sweet Nectar of Thy Kitchen, and I feel, I must proffer my humble mite too—to add to its Circle of usefulness all-spreading,” mumbled the King Emperor, somewhat puzzled.

“Nay, there is enough there is more than enough in the Guru's Kitchen—” continued the Master.

“Your daughter and my daughter are one” said the Emperor Let me learn the Lesson of Unity that Thou didst give here—from now on—I see them all as my daughters and my sons, and this little Jagir will be the earnest of

my Promise to see all, one and all, with equal eye" Said the King with hands folded.

"Alright, alright—as thou wishest O king Akbar the Great. Not for me nor for the Guru's Kitchen but for the widows and orphans at large will be this contribution of thine of which Bibi Bhani the sweetheart of the poor and lonely souls, will be the Treasurer" said the Guru.

× × × ×

A holy blessed Scene this—the Two Kings one of the outer world, the other of the Inner World both closetted together and trying to build Empires founded on Bed-rock of Truth!

We skip over a few decades and what do we see? We see what Old Akbar felt while confessing before the Master has become true; Jahangir has turned out to be the blacksheep, as he ~~was~~ the livelong day, he passed in debauchery—and when the Holy Successor of the Master was on the selfsame Throne to which Akbar came, he called it this 'Shop of Villainy' and ordered this Shop ( for so he writes in *Tazuk-i-Jahangiri* ) should be closed!....and the Guru

to be bound and put in an hermetically sealed leather bladder!—A tragedy most tragic!

Who that sees this difference will not feel and say that Akbar was verily a King and that Jehangir was his Black Shadow ! a barbarous image of the sweetsouled Monarch.—But we pass on !



## I

## BLISS TRANSCENDENT !

Bliss, bliss, O Mother, Ha ! there is Transcendent Bliss !  
 The Great Satguru's Lotus-Foot, do I today kiss !  
 I found the True Master, with all ease, yea, spontaneously,  
 And my heart is over-flooded with gratulations, verily !

The Heavenly Muses all, yea, the Enjewelled One,  
 Did descend into me, bringing the Holy WORD Divine !  
 Sing, sing ye this Symphony of the Lord,  
 Singing which the heart is suffused, 'tis in Holy Concord !

This, this, O Nanak, verily is,  
 Joy Ecstatic and Holy Rapture,  
 This dawned on me—It dawneth on all,  
 Who discovereth the True Hidden Master !

## II

## LIVE IN THIS HOLY PRESENCE EVER !

O my soul ! live thou, live in This Presence ever,  
 In This Presence-Enchanted, no more sin, sorrow, never !  
 If thou dost abide in This Presence, evermore,  
 Thou art accepted, then, All is well ; O Dear !

Omnipotent, my Lord, in all things, Perfect ?

O my soul, why lose That Contact, Him e'er forget ?

O my mind, O Time-tossed mind, mine,

Live thou, O Nanak, in sweet Presence Divine !

## III

O LORD OF LORDS, TREASURE OF TREASURES!

O Lord of Lords, O Treasure of treasures full!  
Is there aught that doth not, in Thy House, dwell?  
Yea, in That House, there is all, that is,  
But he alone getteth whom Thou dost espouse!

Thy memory evergreen in what-soever heart doth dwell!  
In him the HEAVENLY SYMPHONY HOLY doth upwell!  
Yea, his effort is crowned with the Divine Laurel,  
In whose heart, O Nanak, abideth the Name-eternal!

## IV.

BY THY NAME, I'M APPEASED E'ER!

This Word-Divine, this Heavenly Word,  
Is Staff of my life, my soul's Support;  
No more hunger, no more the twitching thirst!  
In This, in This, my heart doth rest!

All peace, all rest, all joy is mine,  
I've all; I swim in Bliss Divine!  
To Thee, to Thee, O my Master, I'm a sacrifice e'er,  
Who art of all Excellences the Treasure!

O souls, heavenward-bent, lend ye the ear,  
This Divine Word is the veritable Treasure,  
This rapturous, upwelling, Holy Word  
Is, Nanak, my Support, Life's Own Chord!

## TIME UNDER THE HEELS OF ETERNITY!

This Blessed, Thrice-blessed, Holy Word Divine  
 Upwelleth in Heart of Heart Incarnadine;  
 Yea, It dwelleth in that hidden Tabernacle  
 Which is suffused with Thy love, like a crystal!

With This, yea, with this Sword Hidden,  
 The Five Enemies of mankind are smitten,  
 Yea, e'en the Enemy of enemies: the Time-Sly,  
 Is trodden underfoot: under Heels of Eternity!

They discover This Haven, this Consummation,  
 This WORD of words, the Name Hidden,  
 On whom descendeth the Manna unbidden,  
 As preordained, in the Eternal Design!

Peace of peace, the Bliss of bliss,  
 Lieth in This.....in the Sweet-Eternal-Kiss!  
 And when, O Nanak, It upwelleth: the Holy Symphony,  
 'Tis there, in that love-lit mind, ETERNALLY!

## VI

WITHOUT THY SPIRIT, THE BODY IS A  
DEN, O DEAR!

Without the Thread of the Spirit: the WORD,  
 This Tabernacle mine is dead, 'tis unhonoured;  
 Yea, without the Living Strand, 'tis but a skeleton;  
 'Tis little more than a dungeon, a prison, a den!

But for Thee, Who is, who e'er is Omnipotent?  
 Man hath no other Refuge than Thy blessed Word,  
 Rain down, Rain down Thy Grace, O Being-Benevolent,  
 By its Magic Touch, man is to the Heavens wafted!

Without This, O Nanak, without the Hidden-Word,  
 Man is by illusion, e'er and e'er, begirt,  
 Yea, without This Holy Healing Link,  
 Life is wretched; the Eye doth but blink!

## VII

BLISS, BLISS.....ALL TALK, FEW REALIZE!

Every one, every one talketh of Bliss-hidden!  
 The man in the street, yea, he e'en,  
 This Consciousness-Blessed he doth fully trace,  
 On whom the Holy Master sheddeth His Grace!  
 E'er and e'er 'tis the Holy Guru's Treasure  
 A free Gift This...from the True Master:  
 No more darkness, no more taint of sin!  
 The Salve of Wisdom! Ha! the Eye-Divine!!

A sharp break now with past, with illusion,  
 Right-about-turn from Hell straight to Heaven;  
 On this Holy Rung, the Embellished-World,  
 The devotee soareth upwards—Heavenward!!

O Nanak, This, this is verily Bliss,  
 The Goal of goals, the Eternal-Kiss!  
 This Secret of Secrets is revealed  
 By Magic Glimpse of the Master-Concealer!!

## VIII

SOME DISCOVER IT, OTHERS WANDER EVER!

Our Father in Heaven, 'tis Thy Gift,

Yea, Thine alone for us, to uplift.

Whom Thou lovest, Thou givest free,

Thou, O Lord, yea, none but Thee!

There be some who wander in thirst—

Wandering e'er in the Valley of Shadow of Death,

Yea, by ignorance led to all Directions Ten;

The Lucky Ones, however, the Name do earn!

O Nanak, this Gift of gifts, the Gift-Divine,

'Tis his, 'tis, thine, 'tis also mine

To whomsoever, the Dear One, the Apple of Heart,

In His Supreme Mercy entrusteth, vouchsafeth

## IX

O INEFFABLE ONE!

O saintly souls, listen, come one come all,

Let's consider how to meet the Being -Ineffable!

How shall we, how shall we, find this Blessed-Beloved?

Thus: by being with the Divine Will, in sweet Concord!

This body and soul are wholly Thine,

O Blessed Master, now, naught is mine!

By dedicating the Self to This Truest Word,

O Nanak, The Ineffable One is discovered!



## X

O RESTIVE MIND! EVER FLICKERING,  
EVER FLUTTERING THOU!

O restive Mind, like quicksilver kicked,  
Not by cleverness is Peace-abiding picked!  
Not by cleverness mayst thou Him win,  
O fickle mind, mine, why not, why not, listen?

This Bewitching Maid: the Maya-subtle,  
Hath betrayed this, that, every couple!  
O Artificer Dear, 'tis Thine Own Magic,  
This Thou, 'tis Thou, Who playest the Sweet Trick!

To Thee, to Thee, I am a sacrifice e'er,  
Beguiler Thou, yet so very Dear!  
O restive mind, like quicksilver kicked.  
Not by cleverness is Peace-abiding picked!

## XI

O DEAR ME, O DEAR ME!  
WHY EAT THE HUMBLE PIE!

O Dear Me, O dear Me,  
Remain Thou wedded with Verity!  
This family Circle, encircling thee e'er,  
Doth not go with thee—thither

What doth not accompany thee  
 Why, why, to that, thou dost flee?  
 Do not, do not do, e'er aught,  
 For which thou must repent, at last!

Hearken, hearken, unto the Instruction of the Master,  
 This viaticum thine, thy truest Succour!  
 O dear Me, O Nanak, O dear Me,  
 Remain thou e'er wedded with Verity!

## XII

BEYOND MY KEN, BEYOND THY KEN!  
 YET IN EVERY HIDDEN GLEN!

Beyond my ken, O Dear, beyond every ken!  
 Inaccessible, Mysterious, Thou art e'er hidden!  
 Of Thine End—yea, Thine Endless-End,  
 Who is there that might apprehend?

None attaineth Thee, yea, none comprehendeth,  
 Thine Ins and Outs, Thou Thyself knoweth:  
 These beings big, these beings small,  
 Thine Handiwork, Thy Sport, one and all!

Thyself the Speaking Subject, the Object Thou,  
 In Thee we live, we breathe and move!  
 The Creator Thou, beyond our limited ken,  
 Sweetly-Endless, O Nanak, e'er-Hidden!

## XIII

THY AMBROSIA.....THE LOCUS OF LOCI!  
 THE FOCUS OF FOCI !

Every saintly soul, every blessed Seer,  
 Doth, for Thy Nectar-Ambrosial, e'er huuger  
 This Heavenly-Manna, this Hidden-Nectar,  
 Thou didst give unto me, O Heavenly Master!

Yea, Heavenly, Life-giving Nectar, I did find,  
 'Tis Thy blessing, Thy Gift, O Master-Kind;  
 And thus, the Lord Holy and True  
 Abideth in me, e'er and e'er, yea, e'er-anew!

The beings big, and beings small,  
 Thou, thou, didst make, one and all,  
 And when these are all engulfed in ONE,  
 I did, I did, to Thine Lotus-Feet turn!

No more avarice! no more greed  
 No more egotism: the Seed of seed!  
 And Master mine, how honeyed? how sweet?  
 Thou didst bless me with This veritable Treat!

This Heavenly, Gift, this Eternal-Sunshine,  
 'Tis thine, O Dear 'tis wholly mine—  
 When 'I' and 'Thou' do melt in One,  
 Then the SELF upwelleth, O Nanak, the Consumption

## XIV

## DIVINELY MYSTERIOUS THY SAINTS

Eerie, Eerie unknown, unread,  
 Is the Path of paths, the saints do tread,  
 'Tis a Path Glorious wholly uncharted,  
 Hazardous, difficult, Divinely-parted!

No more avarice, no more egotism!  
 No more, no more, any earthly hankering!  
 E'en loose talk & idle prattling,  
 Go overboard--a voluntary abandoning!

Sharper by far than e'en the razor,  
 Finer, far finer than e'en the hair,  
 Is the Path to which the saints repair,  
 Yea, the Holy, Heavenly Thoroughfare!

The Little-Self in the Higher immersed!  
 'Tis the Fruit, O Nanak, of the Guru served:  
 Eerie, eerie unknown, unread  
 Is the Path Holy, the Saints do tread!

## XV

## IN THY SWEET WILL, I SWIM, O DEAR!

E'en as Thou causeth, O Lord, my Dear,  
 So do I, my Life-Boat steer;  
 They do this, they do so, who do swing  
 On Thy Road of roads, Thy Excellences sing!

Other than this—the Holy Chanting,  
 I know not—I know nothing!  
 Who by Thine Grace, O Lord, Thy Name do earn  
 Are one with Thee, yea, in Endless Union!

To whom, to whom, Thou doth deign,  
 Thy Glorious Story of the Heavenly Name,  
 In Peace and Beatitude dwelleth he,  
 By the Guru's Grace, he is wholly set free!

O Lord of Lords, true, true, e'er  
 Saith Nanak, this at Thine Door:  
 I live and move and swim in Thee  
 As Thou ordainest so it is,—eternally!

## XVI

### SWEET, RINGING, HOLY, WORD-DIVINE!

This Sweet-Singing e'er-Ringing, Holy Word,  
 O Master mine, Thou hast, in me, unfurled;  
 This Song of Songs—of Sweet Holy Rejoicing,  
 Upwelleth in hearts so diestined from the Beginning!

Some wander in, or wander out,  
 Others talk and talk, do babble about,  
 Not by talking, Nanak, is This e'er deciphered,  
 Joy-shedding Word is by the Guru delivered!

**XVII****PURE, PURE, DIVINELY PURE!**

Pure, pure, Divinely Pure are they  
 Who meditate on Thee for ever and a day!  
 By meditating on Thee, O Heavenly Lord,  
 They become pure—wholly in Divine accord!

Pure their family, pure also their parents,  
 Yea, purity all round, also in their associates,  
 Pure they who sing the praises of Thy Word,  
 Also they who hear, or treasure It in their heart

Yea, Pure, pure, O Nanak, eternally  
 Are they, one and all,— verily, verily,  
 Who through This Guru's Gift conferred  
 Meditate on Thee, O Holy Lord!

**XVIII****THE PIVOTAL POINT****SAHAJ or SUPREME EQUILIBRIUM!**

The Pivotal-Point, the Climacteric-State:  
 Not by *Karmas*, thou mayst have or inherit,  
 And not until thou hast the Same,  
 Mayst thou, thy inbred Illusion, tame!

Yea, not by *Karmas* shall thy Doubt depart,  
 Howe'er intense & protracted thy effort,  
 This Doubt of doubts—the Abysmal Illusion,  
 Doth stain the mind, in endless profusion!

How may this Dark Illusion be washed, O Lord ?  
 How may the Soul's Spark be purged, O God ?  
 By Thine all-Holy, Healing, Divine-Word,  
 Whereby the mind is, on Thee, wholly concentrated !

By the Guru's grace, is This Holy Word,  
 O Nanak, on the soul conferred;  
 Thus dawneth e'er Consciousness - Divine,  
 No more, no more, the Discomforting Illusion !

### XIX

#### FOUL WITHIN AND FAIR WITHOUT !

Foul within and fair without,  
 Thus, thy Life-Stream, O man, is spent out,  
 Begirt by avarice & its Mother : Yearning—  
 The evils of evils, is this—o'er-towering !

Death, O mortal, hath slipped out from thy memory,  
 Thou hast forgot the Holy Name: of Vedas, the Key !  
 Thus, Nanak, thou warderest from pillar to post,  
 To falsehood wedded—the Game of games wholly lost !

### XX

#### THE ELECT ! FREE FROM E'EN ECHO OF EVIL.

Fair within, and equally fair without,  
 Doing deeds good, by Thine Gift imbued,  
 Such are the Holy Ones, O Master Dear,  
 Whom e'en the Echo of Evil doth not bestir !

These Vendors Thine, yea, the fortunate one,  
 Win, win, O Lord, the Bejewelled-Sun!  
 Rooted, rooted these in Verity e'er  
 They cling to Thee, O Righteousness, O Dear!  
 Wedded these to purity for good,  
 They are Thy servants Own, O Holy Lord!  
 They dwell in Thee, O Master Dear,  
 The Guru's OWN; yea, e'er & e'er!

### XXI.

SUNFLOWER--SOULS SEEKING THE SOURCE OF  
 LIGHT! THE GURU-ORIENTED ONES!

O Disciple Dear, if thou turn to the Master,  
 Most surely, he will thine heart capture,  
 Then, the Lotus Feet of the Holy Master  
 Will, in thee, the Supreme Spirit bestir!

When no more, no more, is thy bloated-egotism,  
 Willingly thou submittest to Guru's Thumb,  
 And thou seest the Master, here, there, all-spread—  
 Then, then, thou art, O Nanak, truly Guru-oriented!

### XXII

NO LIGHT WITHOUT THE LAMP! THE MASTER  
 IS THE SOURCE OF ILLUMINATION EVER!

The unlucky disciple, howe'er, turneth his back  
 On the Master, and doth for salvation e'er squeak,  
 Without the Master,—Salvation, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er!  
 Go and sound those, who doth the Spirit discover!



In this, that, and in endless births, they wander  
 They come and go—without the Holy Nectar,  
 Yea, without the Guru, no one findeth Goal e'er:  
 Return to the Guru, Lo! All is Divinely Clear!

The Guru doth This Holy, Hidden--WORD bestir,  
 The Ferrying Boat This!—the NAM-NECTAR!  
 O Disciple Dear, do ponder and inwardly reflect,  
 Without Lamp of Light there's no wisdom, in fact!

### XXIII

SING, SING, SING, THE DIVINE SYMPHONY  
 GURU-GIVEN! THE SONG OF SONGS!

Come, come, O Dear Disciples, come,  
 Sing, sing ye all, the Guru--Given Song,  
 The Song of songs This: The Sweet Symphony,  
 Bestowed e'er and e'er by the Master--Holy!

Lucky, most lucky, the heart where It doth abide,  
 Quaff This Nectar: NAM—thou art Eternally--Dyed!  
 Dyed in this Soul--Colour--e'er Divinely--Fast,  
 Thou art, Lo! wholly in the Supreme One absorpt!

Chant thou, love thou, the WORD, as doth  
 The *Chatrik* for the Monsoon! yea, he pantetu!  
 And e'er and evermore, unto end of time, verily,  
 Sing, sing, O Nanak, This Sweet--Psalmody!

## XXIV

RAW, RAW, RAW IS ALL BUT GURU'S LAW  
 VAPID ALL BUT THE NAME-HOLY

Raw, Raw, Raw, is the other word,  
 That is not be the True Master utter'd!  
 Raw those who talk, Raw those who hear,  
 Raw, most surely, the babbling-author!  
 Lord, Lord, O Lord, singeth lip-deep tongue,  
 But no particle of fervour from the heart is sprung!  
 Yea, when *Maya*-Mother of illusion--coloreth the Stream,  
 Then, all talk is insipid, vapid-- lifeless, volatile Dream!  
 O Nanak, without the Divine Master,  
 Who is rooted in Verity e'er,  
 Raw, raw, raw, is all the word,  
 That is not by the *Satguru* uttered!

## XXV

THE DIAMOND OF DIAMONDS!  
 THE ALL-HOLIEST GEM OF NAME!

Holy, holy, thrice-holy is the Guru's WORD,  
 The Jewel of jewels! with Diamonds enchased!  
 When This Solvent-Superfine is applied to the heart,  
 Then, then, Disciple is, in the Supreme Spirit, absorpt  
 Absorbed in This Word-Sweet, the Fount of Love  
 From the heart upr'elleth, O Nanak, to Heavens abo'e  
 Ha! the WORD of word! The DIAMOND-TRUE!  
 From the SELF-within, springing forth into view!

## XXVI

THY SWEET WILL, O LORD !  
NO MORE, NO MORE MINE !

Having created Thy Executive : This Conscious Energy,  
Thou dwellest in Thy Handwork—e'er free !  
All that is, is subordinate to Thy Will Sublime,  
Thou beholdest all—few to this Secret climb !

Such an one is like unto Thee, O Master Dear !  
Burst forth are his bonds by the Word e'er;  
Yea, the Holy Word Divine dwelleth in his soul,  
He is absolved, Lo ! he findeth the Goal !

He to whom the Supreme One doth ordain,  
Findeth This--This All-Holy Consummation !  
E'er attuned, he is in Thy Will absorbed,  
The Creator Thou, O Nanak, also Revealer of Word !

## XXVII

THE SECRET OF SECRETS !  
THE QUINTESSENCE OF ALL ESSENCES SWEET  
The *Smirits*, *Shastras* : our current books revealed,  
Deal in Good and Evil—in them, they're, as if, buried !  
They know not, yea, they know not of Thy Holy Essence,  
In Which Good & Evil do melt, at last,—the Quintessence !

Ah ! Without the Magic Touch of the Master--concealed,  
The Quintessential--Essence is ne'er fully revealed !  
This world, the universe, is lost in the Quagmire of THREE  
In this slumbrous-Night, alas ! all are lost—thou, he & me !

When, O Master mine, Thy Living Ambrosial Dart  
 Dwelleth within me—in my heart of heart,  
 Then, Noontide Light everywhere! no more dark Cloud!  
 Such an one, such an one, is in This Light enveloped!

O Nanak, this is, then, the blessed Being free,  
 In whose heart Thou dwellest, O Darling, eternally!  
 From morn to e'en and e'en to morn,  
 He dwelleth in Thee, O Nanak,—the being Reborn!

## XXVIII

## THE SIN OF SINS: FORGETFULNESS!

Why forget Thee? why forget Thee? O Lover Supreme!  
 Who cherisheth me, Who cherisheth thee, in mother's Womb?  
 Yea, why forget Thee? O Blissful, Holy Benefactor,  
 Who giveth us sustenance in that Burning Fire!

Naught can touch him, nay, naught can harm  
 Who liveth rapt in Thy sweet meditation!  
 O Nanak, why forget this great Grand Benefactor?  
 Thou Thyself, O Lover, the Bestower of This Sealing Power!

## XXIX

 THAT INNER FIRE—AND THIS OUTER!  
 THE WORLD-BEWITCHING MAID: MAYA!

As is the Fire within living Womb,  
 So is this Enchantress outside—in World's Tomb!  
 Yea, this Fire and that Fire are one—they're akin,  
 'Tis Thou, 'Tis Thou, O Dear, Who set test the Play a-going

When Thou dost decree, Lo! the infant is out-burn,  
 Forthwith, he is enchanted by the family infatuation,  
 No more, no more, Ah! Thy subtle Thread of Meditation,  
 'Tis snapped, 'Tis lost in Time's Wirligig,—in hankering!

O subtle, sly *Maya*-hidden! What is Thy Essence?  
 'Tis this, 'tis this: Receding, nay, abscission from Living  
 Presence!  
 No more, no more, THOU, but Thine Shadow, O Dear,  
 In this Labyrinth of Thee, and 'me' e'er do we wander!

When by Thy Healing Grace, the Wheel turns—I see Thy  
 Hand,  
 Then, all is well, all is well, O Dear—in Eternal-Brand!  
 No more, no more darkness, O Nanak, Thy Sweet Holy Touch  
 Lo! *Maya* no more!—'tis in my solid, steel-hard Clutch!

## XXX

PRICELESSLY PRÉCIOUS. O DARLING THOU!  
 THE TEAM OF PHILOSOPHERS LOST!

Pricelessly precious, pricelessly precious, Thou, O Sweet Lord!  
 Thy Value of values! Thy Golden Worth! who hath e'er  
 discover'd?  
 This, that and all—all philosophers—do scream,  
 They find Thee not, they find Thee not—this Team!

If by great Good Fortune, do I discover,  
 The Living Lord, the Lamp of Light, the Master,  
 Then all is well, eternally well—no more 'I',  
 This, that, I and Thou, dissolve —in theSelfsame Golden Sky!

Thus, by dedicating the Self, all, all, from top to toe,  
 The Self melts, 'tis transfigured, Ha! the Divine Halo!  
 Pricelessly precious, Thou; blessed e'er Thine Beloved,  
 Who hath, O Nanak, found Thee?—Thy Holy Hem touched!

## XXXI

## MY STOCK-IN-TRADE, THOU, O DARLING!

Thou, Thou, Thou, O Sweet Lord, art my Stock-in-trade,  
 This mind mine the Dealer thereof—for This 'tis made!  
 This Bargain of bargains, This Capital, O Master.  
 'Tis Thou, 'Tis Thou, that didst into me bestir!

E'er and e'er, yet, e'er and e'er more do remember  
 The Sweet Lord; Rich Harvest, thou shalt, O mind, gather!  
 This Wealth of wealth, this Holiest Windfall is Thine,  
 If thou art engulfed, O Dear, by the Grace Divine!

O Nanak, affirm, affirm, yea e'ermore,  
 Of This Holy. Heavenly, Hidden Store!  
 Thou, Thou, O Sweet Lord, art my Stock-in-trade,  
 For Thee, for Thee, art thou, O, my mind, made!

## XXXII

O TONGUE TIED TO TASTES EVIL!  
O HOLY TONGUE BY SYMPHONY E'ER RUNG

O Tongue, parched, sered, withered e'er and e'er,  
 Not thus art thou stilled—by worldly savour!  
 Thy thirst, the thirst-endless, will quit thee ne'er!  
 Not until thou obtaineth the Holy, Heavenly ELIXIR!

If thou obtain This Holy, Heavenly, Hidden Nectar,  
Thou shalt pant not, thirst not, yea, ne'er, ne'er !

By Good Fortune, O Nanak, thou hast to This  
Admittance,  
No more, no more, savour-insipid; they pale into  
insignificance !

## XXXIII

O MIRACLE OF MIRACLES !  
ALL INNUNDATED WITH NOONTIDE OF GLORY !

O Body mine, do un-delving into this earthly Camp,  
Thou didst come as the Lord lighted thine Blessed Lamp,  
The Father He ! the Mother He ! the Two in Embrace-  
Eternal !!!  
Thus, eddying forth the souls come—in ENDLESS-WHIRL !

When by the Guru's Grace, I dip, I dive, I see the Holy Import,  
Then, all is well, yea, all is well, Ha ! the Blessed Sport !  
The Miracle of miracles This ! Noontide Influx of Glory ! !  
Unveiled, unveiled; O Nanak, by This ROOT: the  
Light-Hoary !

## XXX IV

O JOY OF JOYS !—THE BRIDEGROOM COMING !  
THE DAY OF DAYS, HA ! THE DAY !!

O Joy of joys, bubbling, boiling, effervescing e'er !  
There, there is the Bridegroom Coming, yea, THERE !  
Sing, sing, sing, O sisters sweet : sing, sing WELCOME !  
Lo ! Lo ! this body mine, a Blessed TEMPLE hath become !

Sing, sing, sing, ye This Ode of Unending Weicome,  
 No more sorrow, O sisters sweet, no more suffering !  
 Blessèd, Blessèd, the DAY when I fell at the Lotus-Feet.  
 Thus, thus, thus, I ushered in Home, the Bridegroom Sweet !

Endless, endless, how endless? This Holy WORD Divine,  
 By Thy Favour, O Guru, This is mine, wholly mine !  
 Exquisite, exquisite, exquisite Thy Relish, O Sweet Symphony!  
 I met Thee, met Thee, O Nanak, O Cause of causes, eternally !

### XXXV.

O BODY MINE !

SO FAIR, YET SO IDLE !

O body mine, O, body mine, what hast thou accomplished ?  
 Yea, what hast thou done in this workaday world ?  
 Thou didst not, thou didst not, Thy Creator, lend thy heart,  
 But this : Guru's Favour, is a harvest of deeds past !

O Nanak, when the Great Good Master is met,  
 Then head, heart, soul, one and all, are clean swept !  
 Thus, thus, the Body is purged, 'tis crystal-clear,  
 When, Thou, O Satguru mine, Thou art e'er Near !

### XXXVI

O EYES MINE !

POOLS OF LIGHT CONGEALED !

O Eyes mine, Pools of love-lit Light,  
 Why see aught else than the Being Bright ?  
 See not, see not but the Beloved-Immanent,  
 Thus, thou shalt be drenched by Bliss-transcendent !





This world, this world that is seemingly a Poison,  
 Is Thy Image, O Dear—Thy Halo!—Thy Rainbow-Vision !  
 When Thy Grace, O Master, dwellest in me within,  
 Then all is One, yea, All is Thou! O Being Hidden !

Without Thee, Without Thee, lack-lustre this eye mine,  
 The Guru is met, and Lo ! 'Tis now EYE-DIVINE !  
 Yea, all is One, all is One—none there's but Thee !  
 O Guru, 'Tis Thou, giving, Nanak, this Secret free !

### XXXVII

O EARS MINE !  
 O RADIO-RECEIVING SWEET-STATIONS !

O Ears of mine, ye came, yea, ye came to hear the Truth,  
 Why not hear the WORD-TRUE? which down ye brought,  
 Hearing Which man is vivified, — both the body and soul,  
 The tongue lispeeth sweet words of Life,—without control !

Ineffable, Wonderful Thou! O Truth, Inapprehensible !  
 What words, what words, can describe Thy Magic subtle ?  
 Hear, hear This Ambrosial WORD then thou art pure ;  
 To hear 'This, to hear This Truth, Nanak, ye came hither !

### XXXVIII

THE HIDDEN WHOLE : THE SELF  
 IN THE CAVE OF CAVES : THIS BODY

Hidden, hidden, hidden in the Cave of Heart,  
 Is This Self Divine: Symphony's Ethereal Part !  
 Ringing therein, yea, ringing eternally therein--  
 With Nine Gates open, but the Tenth wholly hidden !

To some, to some, by the Guru's blessed Favour,  
 Is unveiled This Trapdoor :--the Secret Door !  
 There, There is the Multi - Garbed Name : the Holy Elixir,  
 The Treasure of treasures This : of Nine Mines the Centre !

No height, no depth, no end nor limit, nor measure,  
 Is to This: the Holiest, Heavenliest, Hidden Treasure !  
 Hidden, Hidden, Hidden in the Cave of Heart lost,  
 Is This, Nanak : Symphony's Sweet, Ethereal Ghost !

### XXXIX

#### THE SONG OF SONGS !

#### EVER SOARING, EVER ROARING !

Sing, sing, sing This Paeon of Praise, in the Temple of Heart,  
 Wherein, wherein upwelleth That Fount of Truth, at last !  
 They are attracted to This : to Unending Meditation some,  
 Who by Guru's Grace are initiated to this Hidden-Wisdom !

O Truth of truths, O Lord of lords—of one and all,  
 He hath this : Holy Symphony,—the end-all and be-all,  
 Whom Thou dost, O Nanak, in Thy Omniscience ordain,  
 This Fount of Life ! This Song of Truth ! —of Gratulation !

## XL

HA HA ! HA ! WAH ! WAH ! WAH !  
 BLISS, BLISS, BLISS !!!  
 THEE I SAW, O DARLING SELF—THEE, !!

Listen, listen, listen, O Godly men,  
 Listen to This Song of Holy Rejoicing !  
 No more, no more, earthly yearning,  
 Peace ! Beatitude ! Fullest-Fruition !

I have seen, yea, I have Seen ;  
 The Unconditioned Being Supreme !  
 No more sorrow, no more suffering,  
 I heard, I heard the WORD-Divine !

The saints and all the holy men  
 By This, from good to better become,  
 Yea, they reach full Manhood : the Best ;  
 Had, had, e'er from the Master Perfect !

Pure, pure, pure they who do This hear !  
 Pure, pure, pure they who do This deliver !  
 Here and there, yea, here and there,  
 O Master-True ! Lo ! Thou Everywhere !

By clinging to Thine Lotus Feet,  
 Unblown Trumpets do ENDLESSLY Beat !  
 O Master mine, O Master Mine !  
 Nanak, Nanak, Nanak—Thine !!

THE WAH WAH ODE!

WAH! WAH! or THE ODE OF THE GOLDEN ERA!

PROLOGUE

Wah ! Wah ! Wah !

Ha , Ha ! Ha !

The Golden Era !

Ha ! Love-lit-Law !

See! All is well!  
Do Ring This Bell!

No more any Dark!  
All Heavenly Spark!

Evergreen : This and That!  
Yea, e'en the dull brickbat!

Rainbow-Dyed all!  
Big and small!

Aurora-coloured e'er!  
Ageing, rusting, ne'er!

All Excellence-excelled!  
Heavens down-delved!

Crystal-clear e'en Night!  
Moon Sun-like Noon-bright!

The whole livelong Day!  
NAM'S Phosph orescent-Ray!

Silvery, All-Holy Streaks!  
From Sumeru's own Peaks!

This art Thou, O Era-Golden!  
Nam-Beholden, Yea, Nam-Molten!

Out from Thee!  
Endless-Eternity!

Ha! Ha! Ha!  
Thy All-holy Aura!

'The WAH-WAH-ODE !  
TIS NECTAR ABODE!



THE WAH-WAH-ODE!

Gujari—Ki—Var, Page 514, Sri Guru Granthji

1

SWEET EXCLAMATION SUBLIME!

*Wah! Wah! Wah! Ha! Ha! Ha!*

The Golden Day—the Golden Era!

This verily upwelleth,

When the Word Indwelleth!

This Fount of Praise—of steadfast Eulogy!

Unveiled, at last, to all saintly souls holy!

*Wah! Wah! Wah!* is this WORD—TRUE

Effectuating Union—e'er and e'er anew!

*Wah! Wah! Wah!* saith Nanak e'er,

Thus Thou art got, by Guru's Favour!

*Wah Wah ap akhainda gur-Sabdi sach soie!*

II

THE KEY TO WORD—PERFECT!

The Tongue is golden if by '*Wah Wah*' gilt,

The Perfect Word, thus, itself infiltrereth!

*Wah! Wah! Wah!*

Lo! Golden-Thaw!

Most Illustrious they, the Acme of men,

Yea, worshipped e'en by the Upper Ten!

The Door Sublime!

The Heavenly Chime!

All unbolted in the twinkling of an eye,

O Nanak, unbared, at last the Holy Mystery!

*Wah Wah Karti Rasna Sabad Suhai*

## III

## THE GOLDEN NIGHT ENDLESS!

The dark, leaden Night no more,  
 'Tis gilded, within—gilded azure!

*Wah! Wah! Wah!*

Nay, No more Awe!

The Key of keys: this Nam, Meditation's Lever!  
 The Fruit of all Arts sweet, e'er and e'er!  
 The Floodgate of Honour opened out wide,  
 Heaven's Glory, O Nanak Its Truest Tide!

*Wah Wah kartian rain Sukh wihaye!*

## IV

## TRUE, TRUE THIS GOLDEN-WORD EVER!

Ha! Ha! Ha!--*Wah! Wah! Wah!*  
 True, true, is this Word! Haw-Haw!  
 Searching, Searching Searching within,  
 The pious do find This: the Gold-Mine!  
 In their heart It dwelleth, there, e'ermore,  
 Upwelling, upheaving, Ha! in Endless-Furore!  
 By this Spontaneous Word of praise  
 That sun-kissed-Cloud did I upraise,  
 Fortunate, fortunate, most fortunate, they  
 Who live in This, O Nanak,—night and day!  
*Wah Wah Bani Sach Hai Gurmukh Ladhi Bhal*

## V

TO THEE, TO THEE : WAH-WAH EVER !

*Wah, Wah, Wah!* to Thee, O my Darling,  
 Truest-true, Deepest-deep, Thou, O Unfathomable !  
*Wah, Wah, Wah!* to Thee, O endlessly Dear,  
 Of wisdom, fortitude, all, Thou art the Giver !  
 Yea, *Wah, Wah, Wah!* my Darling, to Thee !  
 Who art here and There-everywhere, eternally  
*Wah, Wah, Wah,* to Thee, e'er  
 Giving us all—whate'er we desire !  
*Wah, Wah, Wah,* to none but Thee, Thee !  
 Found, at long last, O Nanak, in Eternity !  
*Wah Wah tisno akhie jo sachā Gahar-ganbhir!*

## VI

THE GODLY ONES & THE WICKED ONES !

THEY ARE AS POLES APART !

The Holy Ones, pious ones, sing *Wah Wah*  
 The ungodly ones recede, retract, inward-draw,  
 This Formula of formulae : Praise holy,  
 Is to them gall and wormwood only,  
 The Holy Ones do quaff the Nectar-sweet  
 In *Wah Wah* they live enwrapt, indeed !  
 Pure, pure, spotlessly pure, is he verily  
 Knowing O Nanak, all worlds Three !  
*Wah Wah Gurmukh sada karen !*

VII  
 THIS EXCLAMATION OUTPOURS  
 SPONTANEOUSLY,  
 WHEN WE SEE—SEE THEE O LORD !

Wah Wah Wah ! Ha ! Ha ! the Golden Era !  
 They sing, they sing, who are no more raw.  
 They, yea, they who have thee seen,  
 The SELF of Self, in Bliss supreme;  
 Thus, no more pride, no more egotism,  
 The Fruit of fruits is to them given !  
 Most Beautiful art they, by the Lord embraced  
 Their head and heart by the Nam-englazed !  
 To them, to them, do I give my all,  
 Body and soul, O Nanak,—their kicked Ball !  
**Wah Wah sec jan sada kereh jin kao Am-din bujahe !**

VIII  
 THE FORMULA THAT TRAMPLES TIME AT LAST !

Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Wah : Wah ! Wah !  
 True, True, true, the Lord of Law !  
 Nectar-sweet is Thy Name, O Dear,  
 Who serveth Thee, doth This discover !  
 Of all Excellences, Thou art the Centre-Sweet,  
 Wind and water—all, in Thee do meet !  
 They know, they have, who find Thee near,  
 By the Grace-revealing of the Master e'er !  
 The Guru loves This, the disciples greedily love,  
 This uplifts us, O Nanak,—from Death Myrmidons above  
**Wah Wah Sahib Wach hai Amrit Jaka Nao !**



## IX

## THE FORMLESS—ONE—GOLDEN

## IN THEE, O NAME !

Wah, Wah, wah; Wah, Wah,—Golden !  
 The Formless One in Thee is hidden !  
 None, no one, so great, so great, as Thee,  
 Unfathomable ! Inaccessible ! True-eternally !  
 Unconcerned, Independent, doing as Thou dost list  
 Thy Nectar-Name, a few, very few only, do enlist !  
 By Thy Mercy, by a good acts, O my Lord,  
 In Thee, Nanak, is day and night absorpt !  
**Wah Wah Bani Nirankar hai !**

## X

THY TROUBADOUR, THY *DHADHI*; IS NANAK !

Thy Troubadour, Thy *Dhadhi* only, am I,  
 Who loveth Thee, loveth, yea, Thee mightily !

At Thy Door-Golden

I sing un beholden !

Whoso sings, whoso chants, whoso reflects e'er,  
 To him, Truth is brought—so dear and near,  
 That cloud-kissed Palace, hidden from the eye  
 Is in Thee revealed, O Name,—eternally !  
 This sing, and This, O Nanak do I e'er chant  
 That I may serve Thee, from bottom of my heart !

*Dhadhi tisno akhie jo khasme dhare piar*

THE END!

THE SECRET HIDDEN!

ELEPHANTINE. MIND CUREED. FROM BEHIND!

'This mind mine is an Elephant big'

'Tis whirling e'er—A big WHIRLIGIG!

The Elephant-Driver is the Holy Master-skilled,

By Knowledge Divine is this mind enthralled!

By this Goad-holy, the NAM, mind is trained,

No more wandering, when once 'tis reined!

Without This Goad, Nanak, this Elephant, mine

Goeth astray into the Desert, again and again!

*Man Kunchar. pilak Guru!*


\*EPILOGUE\*



'The Holy-Goad,

The All Happy-Load;

Is Thy NAME-Divine—

'Ha! the Golden-Sunshine!

## III

## THE SAHAJ

HA! HA! CONSUMMATION!

THE SUPREME GOAL: PEACE IN LIFE

DIVINELY ACTIVE! SWEET SAHAJDHARIS!

*Sahaje ne sabh lochadi Sri Rag M. III*

O Sahaj, O SAHAJ, to Thee, to Thee,  
 We seek,—we seek eternally!  
 Without the Living, loving Master,  
 No one, however, findeth Thee ne'er!  
 Many a Pandit and Astrologer  
 In endless research do wander,  
 Dressed in red, yellow and green,  
 They find Thee not, O Being-unseen!  
 Without the Guru, O Brother Dear,  
 Thou art not to Sahaj anywhere near,  
 When the blessed Guru, at last, is met,  
 Lo! upbursteth then this Eternal Rest!  
 From the Hidden, Holy Golden-Word,  
 Upwelleth SAHAJ: this Divine Concord! ...  
 In Sahaj is Life, in Sahaj is song,

Or else, all that is, is utterly wrong !

Yea, Devotion-dear, all crystal-clear

Springeth from Thee, O Sahaj-astir !

In Sahaj is peace, in Sahaj is joke,

Or else this life, endeth in smoke-

Thee, O Sahaj, do I e'er and e'er invoke—

Key to Contemplation, yea,—the Master-Stroke !

The Sahaj is the Fount of Virtues green,

The Sahaj is the Spring of Life-unseen.

By This WORD Holy is the Lord inborn,

Thus, thus, the Tongue becometh all golden !

By Thy Sanctuary, O Sahaj, verily,

I trampled Time—Ha ! Eternity's Glee !

Thus, the Lord's Name indwelt In me,

And I was wedded to Truth, to Verity !

No rest, no rest e'er, in *Mayx's* Muddle,

For, therein, therein, Duality doth dwell !

Ego-centred all, they live and die,

By Fire of lust they're burnt wholly !

The Wheel of Death and that of Birth,

Of Coming and Going e'er continueth !

Not in these—the Qualities Three, .

Wilt thou find Sahaj's Holy Spree

Of what avail reading, studying, talking ?

Without the First Cause, 'tis endless worrying !

Above the Three, yea, in the Fourth !

There, in That ! do the Pious behold !

From all the Qualities e'er free,  
                     Is This Name, the Seed of Eternity,  
 The Treasure of treasures, is verily, This,  
                     Herein, lieth the Sahaj--Sodden Holy Bliss!  
 The virtuous ones, by the Name refined  
                     Praise Thee, O Righteousness-intwined,  
 And those who are in the mire lost  
                     Shall also find Thee—if in WORD absorpt !  
 Without the Sahaj, all is dark, pitch-dark,  
                     No more, no more, in worldly fog the Holy Spark.  
 By the Golden Word happily, verily,  
                     I was absorbed into Sahaj spontaneously !  
 Thou Thyself didst ordain, O my Dear,  
                     This Holy Consummation so crystal-clear !  
 Spontaneously, then, I knew the Formless One,  
                     The Light of Lights, Ha ! Refulgently-Golden !  
 Of one, all, and of all the men,  
                     The Donor Thou, the Luminous One !  
 By Thy Word perfect which hath no end,  
                     I live in Thee, I do all world transcend !

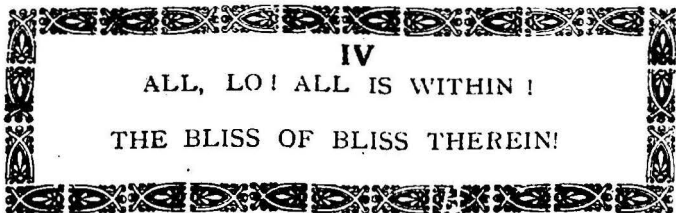
#### THE PITH !

The Name, the Name, the Name Thrice-blessed  
                     Is the Treasure of those who are to Verity wedded !  
 They rest in This, they trade in This,  
                     Endless, exhaustless This Treasure of Bliss !

All day and night from morn to e'en,  
 They deal in This: the Capital-unseen!  
 No end, nor limit, nor any earthly measure,  
 Is to this SAHAJ: Nanak's unearthly Treasure!

## RETROSPECT

The SAHAJ Glorious!  
 Fabulously-Beauteous!  
 Rest-in-Activity!  
 Wedded to Verity!  
 Spontaneous E'er:  
 End to all Endeavour!  
 No more heartache!  
 No quaking-Earthquake!  
 Eternal Peace!  
 All, all, at ease!



IV  
 ALL, LO! ALL IS WITHIN!  
 THE BLISS OF BLISS THEREIN!

*Ghare andar sabh wath Hai bahir kitch nahin, Asa III*  
 In thine Own heart, O Dear,  
 There is Bliss-Bliss so near!

'Tis not outside, my brother,

Open thine Door-Hidden rather,

By the Grace of the Master

The Lord thou mayest discover !

Therein, therein, Lo, is Name-Divine,

The Perfect Master gave It—'tis now mine

He who feeleth this hidden thirst

Findeth This Gem—by Wisdom undrest !

With the Eye of eyes, Eye-Golden !

See Therein the Key to Salvation !

Thererein, therein, yea, in the Cave of Heart

Are many a Chamber—my Darling's own Resort !

Therein, O Dear, is the Fruit-Beloved,

No more, no more then Wheel is bestirred !

The Assayers of Soul do This Unveil, unroll,

They know Its Worth—of the Inward-Scroll !

Pricelessly-precious is This Name Divine,

By the Guru's Grace thou mayest It find !

What availeth it? to seek It hither and thither

'Tis there, 'Tis there!—in the Heart's Litter !

They wander, they wander; in endless error

Who seek Thee outside—they lose their honour !

They leave This Sacred Cave of heart,

They wander astray—in illusion absorpt !

Caught like the thief, by the heel tied,

He is cast into prison, the wheel to grind.

## V

DIVINE SPARK, THOU, O MIND MINE !  
O HOLIEST. HIDDEN, SECRET-OPEN !

*Man Tu jot-sarup hai apna mul Pachhan . Asa. III*

O Mind mine, yea O Mind mine !

A Lamp of Light, Thou ! why not shine ?  
Find thy Root, thy own SELF-hidden

Golden, then, Thou, no more leaden !

Know This Root, nay no more shoot,

Then Thou art ONE—within, without !

Yea, no more life, no more death,

From pillar to post no longer tost !

Gratulations without, gratulations within,

In Peace-everlasting do I swim !

O mind mine, O Light-lit mind !

Shine e'er, O Nanak, thy SELF do find !

RETROSPECT

THE MIND !

Most Holy Heavenly Spark !

Art Thou O Mind in dark !

A Mirror is This !

The Hypostasis !



Saccharine Sweet !

The Virgin Wheat

Do Light this Lamp ! The NAME enclamp !

VI

THE SABAD ! THE LAMP OF LIFE !

*Hem Sabad Moie, Sabad Mar Jiwala Bhai !*

In Thee, I am dissolyed, O Holy Word !

In Thee, I live, Ha ! from Tomb unburied.

O brother mine, O Disciple dear

This is the Way to Salvation clear.

The Word, the WORD made me whole,

No more darkness, -in body or soul !

The Lord, the Lord, indwelleth in I,

He hath descended from that yonder Sky !

The Word, the Word, the Guru-Given Word.

The Source of Love, hath mind engulfed !

Blind and deaf, yea, blind and deaf !

Who see Thee not, O Word-in-chief

Why did they come in mother's womb?

Who found Thee not—This Hidden Glen !

This Nectar Sweet, they do not eat,

They come and go—ever so-incomplete

They are like little worms in ordure hung,

They know not Thy Lustre, O WORD—unseen !

The darksome night of Illusion deep

Keepeth them tied, as if in sleep !

Thou ordainest this, thou ordainest that,  
 Thou puttest us on the Track, at last!  
 The Pen-on-high doth all: no more Why?  
 In Thee, I dwell, O Word sky-high!  
 Lo! here, there and everywhere!  
 Thy Name, O Nanak, is e'er-astir!

VII  
**COME BACK**

THE CALL FROM ABOVE ! THE SADD !  
 AS THE MASTER INSTRUCTED HIS GREAT  
 GRANDSON : SUNDAR—WHAT TO DO &  
 WHAT NOT TO DO ?

I

I HAVE HEARD THE CALL!

Thou art the Lord, the Donor of all, e'er,  
 The Saints are Thine—here, there, everywhere!  
 In all Worlds Three  
 I see Thee, I see Thee!  
 Absorpt in Thy Holy Word, O my Lord,  
 I see but One, no disharmony, no discord!  
 Guru Nanak willed, and Guru Arind gave,  
 They mounted me, Lo ! on the Highest Wave!  
 Now 'tis over, the Clock hath struck,  
 I must, I must to the Other World march!

This Immovable One, the Ineffable One,  
Is had, e'er & e'er, by steadfast devotion !

*Jag Dat r Soi, bhagat wacchal tih loie*

## II

I AM READY TO COME—E'ER-READY !

I bow my head, to Thy Will, O Lord,

I come to Thee—of my own accord !

And this is my prayer !

Uphold me—mine honour !

O good Gracious Lord, give me 'do give me,

Thy Torch of Light: the *Nam—Naranjan* free !

This shall be mine Comforter on this side,

No more Death's Myrmidons, to ride astride !

Thy Prayer is granted: said the Master-hidden :

This dips in to That! Bravo! Bravo! Well-done !!

*Hari bhana Gur bhaia Gur jawa Har Prabh pas. jie*

## III

I, DISSOLVE IN THEE, O BLESSED DEAR !

O disciples dear, O Sons, O Brothern mine,

I have heard, I've heard the Call Divine !

I bow, to thee and Thou dost, O Dear, shower ' Bravo.

Whoso doth so is a devotee of the Satguru, how true ?

Unendingly, unendingly-Struck

Is the Word--Divine upburst !

I embrace Thee, I embrace Thee, O Dear,

No more far—Thou art eternally near !

O sons, O children, all family members mine, !  
 Behold, behold this Sweet Mystery Divine!  
 The Holy Call dip-diving from Most High ab've,  
 Calleth me, Lo! In the Supreme One, do I dissolve!

*Mere Sikh suno, put, bhai!*

## IV

I GO, YET I AM WITH YOU—  
 IN ANOTHER FORM !

Seated e'en then most comfortably  
 The Guru sends for the whole family.  
 No weeping, no yelling, said He, after me,  
 Whoso doth this, is not a Shoot of This Tree!  
 The Friends should exult, the Friends do revel  
 Who wish their Friend in Peace to dwell,  
 A Robe of pure Gold  
 Ha! like Heaven Old!  
 Descendeth from Above, to enwrap me, all in all!  
 Here, Here! is my Successor!—enrobed in purple!  
 O Disciples dear, O Brethern, O my children!  
 Henceforth Ram Dass Ji is the Master Bidden!

*Satgur bhana apne bahi parwar sadaiya!*

## V

THE APOSTOLIC MARK GOLDEN IS THIS:—  
 THE WORD—OLDEN!

And when the End did almost descend,  
 So Said the Guru: all ye do ears lend:

After me, yea, after me,  
Let Love-lit *Kirtan* be!

Let the learned among ye, call upon Keaso-dear  
Sing ye, the holy mythic lore, en-clear!  
Barley rolls, bread-on-leaves, obsequies no more!  
No more carrying bones to Ganges: 'Tis here, e'er more!  
'Tis in This: in Lord's LOVE,!  
My Bier by This, do uplift abo'e!  
In This *Har—Sar*, I dip, I dive, I disappear!  
No more distant Thou!—O Dear, eternally near!  
This Same WORD, O Ram Dass, GOLDEN  
Is Thy Apostolic Mark Unbeholden!

*Ante Satgur bolia, main pichhe Kirtan kario nirban Jio!*

## VI

THE MASTER LIVETH—DOTH NOT DIE!

As Thou didst ordain, O Holy Master-going,  
So did disciples bow to New Era dawning!  
In His Own Presence Unearthly sweet!  
Mohri fell at Ramdass's Lotus Feet!  
Then One and all, yea, one and all, fell  
At His Feet—Where Spirit *new* doth dwell!  
If any one through jealousy did not at first bow,  
Then preternaturally-perturbed, he did, ere now!  
As it pleased the Lord, yea, as preordained,  
Thus was Greatness passed on—ail uncharged!

