

Shabad Collection – 1 – English Translation

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Aaj Divas Leoon Balihaara

Today is the day I celebrate and rejoice –
the beloved of the Lord has arrived at my home!
The courtyard, the house,
the entire dwelling has been sanctified;
the lover of the Lord sits and extols the glory of the Lord.
I prostrate myself before him and wash his feet
and offer my body, mind and wealth in his service.
He delivers discourse and explains the texts;
he himself is emancipated and liberates others.
Says Raidas, this slave has met his Master;
the fetters of many births are rendered asunder.

Aaj So Belo Suhaavano

O how auspicious and joyful today is –
my Satguru has revealed himself!
The fragrance of sandalwood and incense fills the air
the sanctified yard is decorated with pearls.
With the soul's faculties of surat and nirat
I behold my Satguru seated graciously on the white throne.
The company of the Saints is exalted indeed
it blessed me with the darshan of the divine Satguru.
Inundated with bliss
my soul revels within its home and courtyard.

Incessant showers of rare nectar come down
for the Lord is near not far.
One who looks within the twelfth plane,
realizes that he is of the same essence as the Lord.
Behold the throne in Trikuti, O soul,
no external repetition can take one there.
One who perceives the inaccessible and profound state
becomes one with the Lord.
Says Kabir to Dharamdas: Go unite with your Beloved!

Aisi Deekhiya Jan Syon Manga

O Lord, I ask your devotee for instruction
so that I may meditate on you,
be absorbed in your love,
serve you and become one with you.
May I serve your devotees, talk with them,
and forever abide in their company.
May the dust of the feet of his devotees
touch my face and forehead
and fulfil the countless waves of my desire.
Pure is the glory of the supreme Lord's devotees;
their feet are holier than a million pilgrimages
to the holy Ganges.
Nanak has bathed in the dust of their feet
and washed away the sins of myriad lives.

Alaf Allah Chambe Di Booti

My Master has planted in my heart
the jasmine of Allah's Name.
Kalma (nafi isbaat) has nourished the seedling down to its core.
When the buds of mystery unfolded
into the blossoms of revelation,
my entire being was filled with God's fragrance.

May the perfect Master
 who planted this jasmine in my heart
 be ever blessed, O Bahu!

You have read the name of God over and over,
 you have memorized the holy Qur'an verbatim,
 but this has still not unveiled the hidden mystery.

Instead, your learning and scholarship
 have sharpened your greed for wealth and riches.

None of the countless books you've read in your life
 has destroyed your brutal ego.

Indeed, none but the Saints can kill this inner thief,
 that ravages the very house in which it lives.

If a master does not end your pain of separation,
 he is not worth being called a Master.

If he cannot inculcate spiritual guidance,
 who would need such a master?

Why even go to the kind of teacher
 who is incapable of giving proper instruction?

If you can reach God by sacrificing your head,
 do not be afraid of that death, O Bahu!

They have read thousands of books,
 they have come to be known as great scholars,
 but the one word, 'love', they could not grasp –
 so helplessly they wander in delusion.

A lover, with but one glance of love,
 can carry millions to their deliverance.

But a million glances cast by a scholar
 will not ferry a soul across to salvation.

Vast is the gulf between love and intellect.

Those who have not purchased love
 in the marketplace of this life, O Bahu,
 will be losers in this world and the next.

Be steadfast in your faith, bold in your step;
 only then will you find God.

Every pore of your body will repeat the Name of Allah,
 with every breath of your life.

Both within yourself and without
you will then hear the reverberating strains of *Hu*.
Only they may be called faqirs, O Bahu,
whose very graves breathe Life.

Allah Parrhiya Parrh Haafiz Hoya

You have read the name of God over and over,
you have memorized the holy Qur'an verbatim,
but this has still not unveiled the hidden mystery.
Instead, your learning and scholarship
have sharpened your greed for wealth and riches.
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Vast is the gulf between love and intellect.
Those who have not purchased love
in the marketplace of this life, O Bahu,
will be losers in this world and the next.
My Master taught me a lesson:

Any moment you are negligent
in remembrance of God
is a moment spent in denial of God.

My inner vision opened when I heard the divine melody;
my consciousness was absorbed in the Lord.

I surrendered my soul unto him
as my love for him intensified.

Thus, I died before death—to live in him.

Only then did I attain the goal of life, O Bahu!

People who pine to merge with God
do not get a wink of sleep at night.

As a gardener watches over the fruit-bearing trees,
the Master always tends and protects his disciples;
from his own court, he nourishes them
with his merciful glance.

It is only appropriate to use the name ‘Master’
for someone who shows you the Lord
within your own body, O Bahu!

Everyone recites the Kalma with his lips;
rare is the person who recites it from the heart.

Where the Kalma of the heart is practised,
the spoken word has no access there.

Only mystics know this Kalma of the heart.

What do they know, who only sing and preach?
My Master has revealed the secret of Kalma to me;
I am now forever united with my Lord.

Endless fasts, prayers and worship,
and acts of prostration have worn me out.

Many times have I gone on pilgrimage to Mecca,
but that did not end the wanderings of my mind;
nor did my penances and retreats to the seclusion of the forest
bring me the enlightenment I had sought.

But all the objectives of life are met, O Bahu,
when the Master bestows a merciful glance!

Hear my plea, O Master of Masters –
listen intently to my supplication.

My ship is caught in perilous seas
 where even mighty whales dare not venture.
O Shah Jilani, beloved of God,
 make haste and come to my rescue!
Those who have Meeran as their Master and saviour, O Bahu,
 will safely swim across the ocean of existence.
Listen to my supplication, O Master of Masters!
 to whom should I relate my tale of woe?
For me, there is no one like you,
 but there are millions like me for you.
Do not read the scroll of my evil deeds;
 pray, do not push me away from your door.
Says Bahu: had I not been such a blatant sinner,
 whom would you have forgiven, O Master?
Only when my Master initiated me into the Kalma
 did I truly understand its meaning.
Alas! The life I had spent before my Master showed me the way
 had been wasted as a non-believer.
But now, in the manner of Hazrat Ali, the lion of God,
 Kalma has slain the demon of my non-belief.
Only when Kalma has saturated every pore of your being
 will your heart be purified, O Bahu.
In the nectar of Kalma I bathed and purified myself;
 to the Kalma I was joined in marriage.
Kalma, in the end, performed my last rites.
It was Kalma that made even my death pleasing to me.
With the Kalma I will go to heaven;
 through the Kalma I am cleansed of my sins.
Those who are called by the Lord himself
 find it hard to turn their backs on him.

Are Ai Taqi

O Taqi, fix your gaze on the Master
 who has offered you his hand.
Do not be neglectful or give up
 if you wish to behold the splendour of your Beloved.

His mercy will protect you till you arrive at his court;
where worry and fear find no place.

March ahead and reach there,
for this is the Master's decree.

Mansur, Sarmad, Bu-Ali, Shams and Maulana –
all reached by the same path;
ones who make a firm resolve in their heart
will realize their objective from this path alone.

Love is the destination of this path
but reaching there is not difficult;
for the one who removes all difficulty
stands before you and has given you (the support of) his hand.

Says Tulsi, Listen, O Taqi!

The inner secret is beyond all you can imagine.

Guard it carefully –
you have been given the sign to the most High.

Bhaaven Jaan Na Jaan Ve

Whether you acknowledge me or not,
pray, walk into my courtyard!

I am a sacrifice unto you –
pray, walk into my courtyard!

There is no one else for me like you;
I have searched forests, jungles and deserts.

Indeed, I have searched the whole world –
pray, walk into my courtyard!

For other people you are a herdsman;
I call you Ranjha in the presence of others.

But you are my very faith and honour –
pray, walk into my courtyard!

O my beloved King Inayat, I left my parents
to take your shelter.

Now honour this bond of our love –
pray, walk into my courtyard!

Bhajo Gobind Bhoor Mat Jaao

Consider this human birth fruitful
only if it has been utilized
in the service and devotion to the Master.
Even gods and deities desire the human form;
utilize this body in devotion to the Lord.
Devote yourself in the worship of the Lord, forget him not –
this is the sole advantage of human birth.
Until you are not ravaged by old age and disease
and you have not fallen prey to *Kal*;
until your speech is not impaired,
meditate upon the Lord, O Mind!
If you do not meditate now, O brother,
when would you meditate?
When your end draws near, you will not be able to meditate.
Only the meditation you do now, will be meaningful
else, you will repent when you are unable to go across.
He alone is a true devotee who is absorbed in the service of the Master;
only he will attain the immaculate One.
He who meets the Master, his inner door is flung open
then he does not traverse the path of birth and death again.
This is your only opportunity, your only chance;
reflect on it within your heart.
Says Kabir, you have been explained and cautioned;
now, it is up to you whether you win or lose this chance.

Bin Satgur Seve Ji Ke Bandhana

Without the true Guru's service,
all the deeds which one does are chains for the soul.
Without serving the true Guru, man finds no place of rest.
He dies to be born again and continues coming and going.
Without serving the true Guru, one talks insipidly
and Nam is enshrined not in his mind.
Nanak without the service of the true Guru,
the mortals depart with the blackened faces
and after being bound down are beaten in the city of death.

Bulleh Nu Samjhaavan Aaiyaan

Sisters and sisters-in-law came to reason with Bullah:

"Heed us, O Bullah!

Forsake the *Arain's* company.

Why do you bring disgrace

to the Prophet and to the progeny of Ali?"

Those who call me Sayed

shall be punished with the tortures of hell;

and they shall enjoy the swings in heaven

who address me as an *Arain*.

Arain, my Master, is everywhere;

such is Lord's whim that he has cast away the fair ones

and embraced the meritless ones.

If you seek the pleasures of the spring

then become a slave of the *Arain*.

Why ask Bullah his caste, be content in the Lord's will.

Charan Kamal Tere Dhoye Dhoye Peevaan

The Satguru is the Supreme Being and the primal Lord;

he himself is the Creator.

Your devotee begs for the dust of your feet

and sacrifices himself to your darshan.

I live the way you keep me, O my divine King;

we remember your Nam if it be your will

and attain peace if it is granted by you.

Salvation, all comforts of life

and all manner of devotion come to the devotee

whom you inspire to your service.

Heaven is where your praises are sung,

and you yourself inspire faith and devotion.

In constant remembrance of your Nam

I find life, and my body and mind are blessed.

In submission I drink the water used to wash your feet,

O my Satguru, merciful to the meek.

I sacrifice myself to the blissful moment
when I submitted myself at your door.
The Lord has become merciful to Nanak –
he has found the Satguru.

Dhanvante Dukhiye Sabhi

The wealthy are all unhappy,
the poor are in a wretched state;
only the Saints are happy, says Sahjo,
they have realized the One beyond compare.
There is no happiness in mere reading of religious texts,
nor in discussions or debates;
the Saints are ever in bliss, says Sahjo,
as they remain in the profound meditative state.
Just as, iron tongs are put in fire at one moment
and immersed in water at the very next,
so are the pains and pleasures of this world,
says Sahjo, do not be affected by them.
Says Sahjo, live in this world
like the tongue in the mouth;
even if it consumes large amount of butter,
it does not acquire its grease.
When no one remains, death is definitive
and the departure is firmly assured,
why do you adorn your hair, O Sahjo,
just for transient wedded bliss?
By the grace of the Master,
O Sahjo, I have come to realize:
there is no surety of the next breath
and death certainly awaits ahead.
Just as a woman visiting her parent's house
has her attention always in her husband,
similarly, while living in this world
devotees do not ever forget the Master.
Continually committing bad deeds
one collects a bundle of poison;
but when one comes in the refuge of the Master,
one's countless karmas are obliterated in a moment.

Those who became enraptured in the love of the Lord,
their mind is totally decimated;
intoxicated and absorbed, they go about, O Sahjo,
perceiving the Master within.

Those who become enraptured in love of the Lord
are dyed in the hue of the Beloved;
they lose all awareness of mind, O Sahjo,
and even become oblivious of their bodies.

The ones enraptured in the Lord's love, O Sahjo,
their speech becomes babbled;
sometimes their faces are filled with laughter,
and at other times their eyes shed tears.

The ones who are enraptured in the love of the Lord,
their whole demeanor becomes transformed;
they do not perceive any difference, O Sahjo,
between a prince and a pauper.

The ones enraptured in the love of the Lord,
rise above the discrimination of colour and creed;
the world considers them crazy, O Sahjo,
and people stay away from them.

The ones enraptured in the love of the Lord,
rise above all rites and rituals;
men and women laugh at them,
but they remain in a state of bliss.

Those who are intoxicated in the love of the Lord,
their bodies sway and stagger;
wherever they may tread, says Sahjo,
the Lord takes care of them.

Their mind is in a state of bliss,
and every part of their body is ecstatic,
neither are they (their mind) in the company of anyone,
says Sahjo, nor do they let anyone be with them.

It was with a great good fortune
that I met with my Master;
he gave me love and made me humble,
he bestowed me the Divine secret.

The honour of a disciple lies in his obedience to the Satguru,
even if the Guru rebukes him a million times.

Never leave his door, says Sahjo,
keep this firmly entrenched in your mind.

Absorb the vision of the Master within your heart
and contemplate on his form, says Sahjo;
dedicate yourself in the service of the Guru,
forsaking the pride of your clan.

Do not hide anything from the Guru,
never tell him any lies;
whether good or bad, true or false,
reveal it all, before the Guru.

The Guru will protect you, says Shajo,
he will eradicate all your suffering and strife.

How can you hide anything from the Guru, O blind one?
He knows everything, even the secrets of your mind!

One cannot complete even the worldly tasks
without the help of a teacher;

Then reflect on this in your mind, says Sahjo,
how can one attain the Lord without the Guru?

The Guru is greater than the Supreme Lord,
even the Vedas and the Puranas proclaim that;
says Sahjo, by worshipping the Lord one attains salvation,
but by devotion to the Guru, one merges with the Lord.

When one meets the Satguru, says Sahjo,
one gets totally transformed;
the crow metamorphoses into a swan
and attains its long forgotten home.

The Master is pleased with me, O Sahjo,
he dispelled all doubts from my mind;
every pore of mine is suffused with love –
my whole body is inundated with it.

My Guru showered his grace upon me,
how am I to describe it, asks Sahjo?

Every pore of my body is inundated with bliss
and I am rendered totally speechless!

The Master is pleased, O Sahjo,
he revealed a secret to me;
the tendencies of my mind and body got reversed
and I was dyed in the hue of love.

Let your eyes be imbued with the Master's darshan, O Sahjo!

The three fevers of passions
will flee away from you
leaving your body calm and tranquil.
Says Sahjo: I would sacrifice my life
for a glimpse of my Master
with whose blessings one attains
a state of fearlessness and eternal bliss.
In the company of the saints and meeting the Master
all doubts were erased;
says Sahjo, all has become the same
whether one lives at home or in seclusion on mountains.
On meeting with the saints,
all desires of the countless births were fulfilled.
Sahjo found what she longed for
in the true company of the saints.
With the grace of my Guru Charandas
all my doubts have disappeared,
all argument and debate has vanished,
and I am blessed with the state of Sahaj.

Gun Gobind Gaayo Nahi

You have not sung the praises of God –
you have rendered your life fruitless.
Says Nanak: be devoted to God, O my mind,
as a fish is to water.
Why are you so engrossed in evil passions
that not even for a moment do you cease from them?
Says Nanak: meditate on God, O my mind,
lest you be caught in Yama's noose.
Your youth has gone by in vain
and old age has weighed down your body.
Says Nanak: meditate on God, O my mind –
life is ebbing away!
You have grown old, yet do not realize
that Death is knocking at your door.
Says Nanak: O foolish one, why do you not meditate on God?

You deem wife, wealth and all possessions
to be your own.
But know this for a fact, O Nanak,
that none of these is your real companion.
God is the redeemer of sinners, destroyer of fear
and guardian of the destitute.
Says Nanak: know the Lord,
who always abides with you.
You never loved the Lord,
who gave you the human form and wealth.
Says Nanak: O foolish one,
why do you feel shaken and helpless now?
Listen, O mind, says Nanak:
why do you not engage in the simran of God,
who gave you a human form, wealth, property,
all comforts and beautiful dwellings?
The Lord is the giver of all comforts –
there is no one other than God!
Listen, O mind, says Nanak:
his simran brings liberation.
My friend, repeat the Nam of God,
whose remembrance brings salvation.
Listen, O mind, says Nanak:
your life is constantly ebbing away.
Understand, O wise, clever one,
that your body was created from five elements.
Accept the fact, O Nanak,
that it will finally blend with the same elements.
God dwells in all hearts,
proclaim the Saints!
Says Nanak: meditate on him, O my mind,
so that you sail across the ocean of existence.

Guru Ke Darshan Kaarne Ham Aaye

Now, for a glimpse of the Guru,
I have come from afar;

I have come from a great distance,
and walked a long way to come here.
Wretched orphan I am, a beggar at his door;
came begging for my primal abode;
only the Guru can unite me with the true essence.
With no hope on others
I have no faith in anyone else;
I have surrendered at the feet of the Guru,
only he will relieve me from delusion.
With the cord of my consciousness tied to the holy feet of my Satguru;
restlessness of my mind has vanished,
now only he can connect me with the inner melody of *Toor*.
Anahad melody resounds in the firmament;
Ascending, my soul has become in tune with it
and now I perceive inner refulgence.
Now, my mind has become fearless
and my soul is constantly attuned to Shabd;
even Kal is afraid of Guru – the brave saviour.
Leaving *Sahskamal* behind, the soul reached *Trikuti*,
then, beyond *Sunn* it ascended to *Maha-Sunn*;
the secret to attain this was taught by the true Guru.
After breaking open *Bhanwar-gupha*
and arriving at Eternal abode,
the soul reached the realm beyond death;
and became one with the True radiance.
Steeped in the love of *Alakh purush*;
the soul soared to *Agam Lok* and established itself there –
it became pure by the radiant form of the Guru.
I gaze with reverence the radiance of Radha Soami;
He is extremely dear to me now.
I perform his *aarti* with complete devotion.

Guru Ki Mauj Raho Tum Dhaar

Live in the will of the Master, my friend,
and hold it dear to your heart.

Consider as kindness whatever the Master does
and accept with an open heart
whatever the Master says.

Learn the meaning of gratitude, O thoughtless one!
He will give you happiness or pain
as he in his wisdom thinks fit.

Your indulgence in sense pleasures is a perversion
for which, out of his love for you,
he might punish and chastise you.

I cannot stress this enough:
thank him every moment,
for without the Master no one can help.

Be not overjoyed in moments of happiness,
accept your pains without bitterness.

Do not forget him even for a moment,
in happiness or pain rely only on him for support.

The Master and Shabd – these are your friends.
Hold them in your heart – nothing else matters.
They are the true Lord, they are the Creator,
one day they will take you across the ocean.

Sacrifice yourself to them mind and soul –
no one else exists for you in this whole world.

The Master and Shabd
constantly look after your best interests –
they are the protectors of your body and mind.

Be grateful and keep them always in your heart,
they will drive away all pain from your life.

But what can they do? Your mind is unworthy,
you keep on drifting with the currents of poison.

You don't accept their advice,
again and again you plunge into sensual pleasures.

That is why you undergo punishment,
and yet, in your foolishness, you do not listen.

You must endure whatever befalls you now,
but you can go to the Master and beg for his help.

Be quick, hold fast to him,
for he alone will save you.

Be alert and seek protection at his feet,
your only haven.
Day and night you committed all kinds of sins
and ignored the Master's advice.
So now you suffer agonies
from which only the beloved Master can save you.
Stay in the company of Radha Soami
so you may again catch the Shabd of Agam.

Guru Main Gunaahgaar Ati Bhaari

O Master, I am a terrible sinner –
lust, anger, deceit and craftiness are my allies.
While desiring praise and fame,
I have embraced greed, attachment, vanity and jealousy.
Addicted to hypocrisy and lies, lust and violence,
I have committed many sins.
Pain and dishonour I cannot bear;
pleasure and honour I crave.
I hunger for delectable delicacies;
my mind is obsessed with the flavours of the palate.
My mind is preoccupied with wealth and women
and filled with expectations of wife and sons.
This sinner has to undergo various miseries,
and even then he does not renounce his transgressions.
This wicked mind, the agent of Kal,
has become fearless and constantly deludes me.
When it suffers the blows of misfortune,
only then, out of fear, does it meditate.
Look at the grace and mercy of the Master –
he accepts even this meditation!
Intellectual cleverness, ostentatious display
and discussions of winning and losing keep me engaged.
I am boastful and lack inner love;
I have cheated innocent devotees.
Having subjugated many men and women,
I savour honour and applause.

Based partly in fear, my love for the Master
is merely a facade – at times it waxes, at times it wanes.
I cannot recount all my faults; my memory betrays me –
how many should I list?
I am a thief and a gossip, and am absorbed in sensual pleasure;
all my thoughts stem from self-interest.
Egoistic, cruel and conceited,
I have subjected many to humiliation.
Innumerable sins have I committed –
what can I say, there is no end to them!
O Master, have mercy on me now –
with what face can I implore you?
I have no faith or love,
but please redeem me somehow.
There is no one as devious as me in this world –
O Master, reform me now!
All my efforts are worthless; thoroughly defeated,
I have finally taken refuge in you.
But this surrender too is mere words –
real surrender is a formidable task.
Even my claim to have taken your refuge is not valid –
my words prove false even as I say them.
You alone know your splendour and magnitude –
save me, no matter what it entails.
I am ignoble, confounded by doubt
and unable to nurture deep love for your feet.
I am full of incurable maladies –
who except you can remove them?
Wondrous is your willingness to grant mercy and grace;
the moment you will it, you bestow liberation.
Again and again I beg you and offer my prayers.
I perceive no one other than you –
you are my sole protector.
I am bad, awfully bad and deplorable I remain;
regardless, I have come and fallen at your door.
Now my honour lies in your hands –
O Radha Soami, ferry me through my troubles.

Guru Mere Jaan Piran

The Master is the breath of my life, my very life;
 he has bestowed the gift of Shabd to me.
The Shabd is my support,
 I have realized the profound mystery of Shabd.
How can I extol the glory of Shabd?
Shabd emanates from the inaccessible realm;
 without Shabd, all beings wander in delusion.
They linger on, worshipping waters and stones,
 and remain hindered by the texts and scriptures.
The ones who suffer blows from the dictates of mind
 are cast into the wheel of the eighty-four.
One has to endure many types of miseries
 if he does not listen to Shabd within;
 and one cannot find eternal peace without serving the Master.
What say could an ignorant one have?
Without the Master, he could not find the secret of Shabd,
 his mind and the senses are not under his control,
 therefore, he falls prey to Kal.
Seek refuge in the Radhasoami,
 he will save you in every way;
 with his grace, he grants the untold wealth
 of the inaccessible treasure within an instant.

Guru Mohe Deeje Apna Dhaam

Admit me into your primal home, O Master!
I am worthless, I live in the grip of delusion,
 but you are merciful – please hold me tight.
I know not what sins I have committed
 which keep my soul from attaching to Nam.
What should I do – I am powerless
 and my mind does not find lasting peace.

Be merciful to me now, dear Master –
 day and night I live in anguish.
My soul does not rise nor does my mind hold still;
I cannot put my faith in the greatness of Shabd.
Having heard of its supreme worth,
I adopted the path of the Saints –
I wonder why they do not help me on this path.
It would bring discredit to the path
 should I fail to accomplish my goal.
I can only pray to you with my limited intellect –
I do not know what your will is.
So time and again I cry out in supplication:
 please give me your true Nam,
 as and when it pleases you.
Radha Soami, bestower of the true Nam, says:
 anyone who suffers the pain of separation shall be comforted.

Guru Parmesar Karnaihaar

The Guru himself is the Lord-Creator.
He gives support to the entire universe.
Meditate on the Guru's lotus feet in your mind.
Anguish and pain shall thus flee from this body of yours.
The true Guru saves the drowning man from the awful world-ocean.
He unites those, separated since many births.
Serve the Guru, day and night.
Your soul shall thus obtain pleasure, poise and peace.
By great good fortune, one obtains the dust of the true Guru's feet.
Nanak is ever a sacrifice unto the Guru.

Ham Maile Tum Oojal Karte

We are defiled, O Lord, and you purify us;
 we are meritless and you are the bestower of merit.
We are ignorant; you are wise and enlightened,
 a master of all skills.

We are what we are, O Lord,
and you are what you are.
We are sinners and you are the destroyer of sin;
O Lord, beautiful is your abode.
Having created all, you have blessed everyone
with life, body and breath.
We are meritless and without any qualities –
bless us with the boon of merits, O merciful Lord.
You do us good but we fail to recognize it,
yet you are forever and ever merciful.
You are the bestower of peace, O Creator –
please save us, your children.
You are the eternal king, our treasure,
and all living beings beg you for your grace.
Says Nanak: such is our condition, O Lord –
help us follow in the footsteps of Saints.

Hansani Kiyon Peeve Tu Paani

Why do you drink water, O swan soul?
There is an ocean of nectar within you,
which you can drink
just by withdrawing your consciousness inside.
Burn away the world, push your way into the inner sky
and recognize the palace by inner signs.
Enshrine the image of the Master in your heart –
why degrade yourself wandering around
in the company of the mind?
Keep listening to the never-ending melody of Shabd
and the Master will accomplish everything for you.
People of the world go crazy
with rituals and superstition –
why should you go along with them?
Take charge of your soul
and keep the company of Saints –
why mix poison with nectar?

Your home, dear soul, is in the inner regions,
so why tie yourself down to the physical?
Quick, rise to the higher planes of consciousness,
so says Radha Soami.

Har Ju Raakh Leho Pat Meri

Save my honour, dear Lord!
The dread of Yama has gripped my heart,
so I have taken refuge with you, O merciful Lord.
I am a great sinner, thoughtless and greedy,
but I am now weary of my heinous deeds.
I am unable to get over the fear of death
and that apprehension is consuming me.
Many means have I tried, venturing in all ten directions
in pursuit of liberation.
Still I could not unravel the mystery
of the immaculate Lord, who abides in my own heart.
I have not acquired any virtues,
nor engaged in contemplation or austerities –
I am at a loss to figure out what to do now!
Thus, exhausted and defeated, I have taken refuge in you.
Prays Nanak: O Lord, please grant me the gift of fearlessness.

He Ri Main To Prem Deevaani

O friend, I am madly in love; no one knows my agony.
How can I get any sleep on a bed of nails?
In higher realms is my Beloved's seat –
alas, how can I meet him?
Only the wounded know the agony of the wounded.
Only one who has committed *jauhar* herself
can know the state of a *jauhari*.
Tormented by pain, I wander in the wilderness
unable to find a physician who can cure my affliction.
O Lord, Mira will be relieved of her suffering
only when the Lord himself becomes her healer.

Jagat Gaafil Para Sota

The unmindful world is in deep slumber
 passing days and nights lost in stupor.
Even as death arrives, they think not about fear of the Yama.
Intoxicated by maya they continue to wander
 and forget Kal, the hunter, hovering within the body.
Just as a lion traps a cow on its way,
 similarly, Kal lies in wait along the way.
Only a rare one gets saved by taking refuge in a Saint
 attaining liberation and immortality in his shelter.
O brother, none can attain peace any other way,
 all Saints proclaim this with certainty.
Without Saints one remains in transmigration,
 and goes astray in the ocean of existence.
For eons one pays for one's karmas
 and pride enhances his sins many-fold.
Intoxicated with the pride of their wealth
 are the ones who herald tyranny;
 first, Yama catches and thrashes them,
 and then casts them in hell repeatedly.
You are engrossed in your family affairs,
 listen! You won't get human form easily again.
Understand! You are in wicked company,
 and will end up with Kal dragging you by the hair.
Being stuck in the noose of attachments,
 helplessly, you have suffered through many lives of filth.
Your body is ephemeral like a dew-drop;
 likewise, you should know that your existence fleeting.
Nobody will go with you;
 then why do you always endure such punishment.
Says Tulsi, your life is almost spent,
 the whole world leaves here empty-handed.

Je Bhuli Je Chuki Saaeen

Even as I have gone astray and faltered, O Lord,
still I am known as your bride.

Those who entertain love of duality
are the abandoned lot who die repentant.

I shall not leave my Husband's side;
always charming and youthful,
my Beloved is my sole support.

You are my friend and my true relation, O Lord,
and in you I take immense pride.

When you manifest yourself within me I am at peace –
you are the honour of this helpless one.

If you are pleased with me, O Lord,
do not make me look to another.

Bless me with the boon
that I may always cherish you in my heart.

Let my feet walk on your path, O Lord,
and my eyes have your darshan.

O Lord, if the Guru showers his mercy,
let my ears hear stories about you.

O beloved Lord, millions upon millions of the virtuous
cannot equal a hair on your body.

You are the king of kings, O Lord,
and your virtues I am unable to express.

Countless are your brides, O Lord – all better than me.

Bless me with a glimpse of your merciful glance;
give me your darshan and let me enjoy your love.

O mother, why should I forget the Lord,
who pervades all, whose sight brings peace to the mind
and who drives away sins.

In utter humility I have fallen at the Lord's feet,
and without any effort on my part
he has revealed himself to me.

With the help of the Saints, Nanak has received
what was recorded in his destiny.

Jorro Ri Koi Surat Naam Se

Let there be someone to merge his soul with Nam.
This body and this wealth would be of no use to you
 when you have to fight with Yama.
The opportunity you have received now is truly splendid,
 attain eternal peace and escape from the intense heat of the world.
Extricate your mind from the worldly cravings
 do your simran and serve the Master.
Maintain some control over the mind and the senses
 and sip the nectar of love from the Master's cup.
Free yourself from the clutches of the mind
 then, you would find place to rest and attain your destination.
Completely relinquish indolence and persevere in your meditation;
 extricate yourself from the domain of Kal.
Plead with the Master with every breath;
 only he can save you from the bonds of this mortal frame.
There is no other recourse, O dear,
 except doing incessant *simran*, day and night.
With love remain always in the company of the saints
 and refrain from all the entanglements of this world.
Radhasoami has explained the facts,
 follow and merge yourself with *Satnam*.

Karoon Benati Dou Kar Jori

With my hands joined in prayer
I beseech you, Radha Soami: listen to my supplication!
You are the true Lord, my benevolent Master –
 you are the father and mother of all beings.
Be merciful to me, accept me
 and set me free from the snare of Kal.
The three yugas – Satyuga, Treta and Dwapar – have passed
 and no one understood the method of Shabd practice.

Now in Kaliyuga Radha Soami in his mercy
has openly proclaimed the secret of Shabd.
Radha Soami has come to this world
for the benefit of souls –
to carry them across the ocean of existence.
Passing by the first three realms,
he takes them to the fourth,
where they realize that the status of the Master
is that of the true Lord, Satnam.
The refulgence of a resplendent flame
brightens one's heart within;
then a moon is seen in Daswan Dwar.
Further on, a magnificent white throne is set up
under an elegant canopy, and there the hidden melody
of the boundless Shabd resounds.
Beyond the regions of Trikuti, Sunn and Maha Sunn
your devotee stands in humble supplication.
Give me protection at your feet, O Lord,
so that I may find peace in this world and in the world beyond.

Lakh Khushiyaan Paatshaaiyaan

I receive all the commodities (joys), if him alone I obtain.
The invaluable human life becomes fruitful,
if the true Shabd be repeated.
He, whose, brow bears such a writ,
obtains Lord's presence through the Guru.
O my mind! fix your attention on the one Lord.
Without One God, all else is but entanglement
and emotional attachment to illusory maya.
If the true Guru casts his merciful glance,
I enjoy the happiness of lakhs of empires.
Were he to bless me with his Nam even for a trice,
my mind and body will become cool.
They, who are so pre-ordained, hold fast the feet of the true Guru.
Fruitful is the moment and fruitful the time
when love for the true Lord is embraced.

Suffering and sorrow do not touch him,
 who has the support of God's Nam.
Whom the Guru takes out, seizing by the arm
 he crosses the sea of life.
Embellished and immaculate is the place
 where the Saints gather.
He alone, who has found the perfect Guru,
 obtains the place of protection.
Nanak has founded his house on that ground
 where there is no death, birth and old age.

Maadho Mohe Ek Sahaaro Tora

You are my only support, O Lord!
You alone are my mother, my father and my Master;
I am helpless and extremely ignorant.
If you abandon me, who would protect me
 and who else would consider my entreaties?
Outward appearances I do not understand;
 my attention is fixed only at your lotus feet.
I know that both your manifest and unmanifest forms
 are the same, O Lord;
I perceive you everywhere, in all directions.
I do not care in the least for the philosopher's stone;
 my worldly entanglements are already too many.
Says Ravidas: I have forsaken all desires
 and my mind is focused solely at the Lord's holy feet.

Maan Karoon Tudh Oopare Mere Preetam Pyaare

Show your grace, O Lord,
 and keep me under your protection –
I am low and ignorant and know not how to serve you.
In you lies my confidence, O my beloved Lord;
 for we are sinners, always erring,
 and you are ever forgiving.

We go on committing innumerable sins
yet you are benevolent to us meritless ones.
Forsaking God, we associate with his servant Maya –
such are our actions.
In your compassion you grant us all boons,
but we remain unappreciative.
We become attached to your gifts
but forget the Master who bestows them.
Nothing exists outside of you,
O terminator of the cycle of birth and death.
Says Nanak: I have come to your refuge, O merciful Guru –
please redeem this ignorant one.

Main Andhale Ki Tek Tera Naam Khundkaara

Your Nam is the mainstay of this blind one;
O Lord, poor and helpless as I am,
your Nam is my only support.
You are the benevolent,
merciful and compassionate Lord,
all-pervading and ever-present before me.
You are the ocean, you are the giver,
you are the infinitely bountiful Lord.
You alone give, you alone take back –
other than you, no one can do so.
You are all-knowing and all-seeing –
how can I comprehend you,
O ever-forgiving Lord of Namdev?

Main Kyon Kar Jaavaan Kaabe Nu

Why should I go to the Ka'ba
when my heart pines for *Takht Hazara*?
People prostrate themselves before Ka'ba –
my prostrations are to my Beloved.
Do not forsake me for my sins, O Ranjha –
recall to mind that covenant!

I am a novice and know not how to swim:
 my drowning will be your shame!
I have searched the whole world
 but have not found anyone like you.
O Bullah, unique is my Lord's love;
 he redeems all sinners like me.

Main Udeekaan Kar Rahi

I am eagerly awaiting you –
 pray, come sometime soon!
I plead with you to send me a message –
 come, rest in my eyes
 and dwell in my heart.
Come with your swaying gait, my King Inayat –
 who can give you this message?
I am your slave –
 what fault is there in me?
Do not break my heart –
 who is mine but you?
I have searched the whole city –
 whom should I send as my messenger?
Riding in the palanquin of love,
 my heart beats faster;
 come, Inayat Qadiri –
 my heart yearns for you!
The first rung of love is like the Sirat Bridge;
 the hajjis go on pilgrimages to Mecca,
 but it is your face that I seek.
Come, Inayat Qadiri, come and hold my hand,
 come and hold my hand!
I heave sighs, consumed in your love,
 but you have a heart of stone.
Casting your hook of love,
 you pulled my heart.
There is nothing but your own veil
 that comes between us.

Adorning my arms with bracelets
and my wrists with bangles,
I put on a brand-new dress,
but I have been tricked by Ranjha
and am left forsaken.
New sorrows have besieged me
like a garland of thorns.
I thought only I was in trouble,
but my friends were affected as well.
Every head was ablaze
and everyone left, consumed in fire.
Now that misfortunes have befallen me,
my quarrels with others are over.
Those who are honoured at their husbands' house
are accepted at their parents' house too.
The one whom the bridegroom favours
sleeps blissfully in his bed.
Empty is that courtyard
where the husband does not speak.
O Bullah, in longing for my Beloved,
fires blaze in my heart.
Difficult is the path of love;
it does not end.
My heart throbs;
my boat is tossed in a storm.
I am eagerly awaiting you –
pray, come sometime soon!

Man Chit Chaatrik Jyon Rahe

Just as the rain-bird in its thirst constantly calls for rain,
Dadu's mind and heart, cries for your darshan, O Beloved,
Pray, fulfill my yearning.
The Lord does not respond to the pleas,
the disciple is overwhelmed by sadness;
this pain agonizes his heart
and the slave Dadu is immersed in grief.
None is so unhappy as I in this world, says Dadu.

For the sake of meeting my Beloved,
I cry floods of tears.
My heart is afflicted with pain, says Dadu;
 this ache in my heart never leaves me.
I am yearning for your darshan;
 reveal yourself, O merciful Lord.
Dadu is a beggar, a pauper;
 grant your darshan, O merciful Lord.
You are the giver, the destroyer of misery;
 please take care of me.
The yearning for your darshan
 afflicts me day and night.
Torment no more this poor one;
 reveal yourself to me, O Lord.
I ask for nothing else –
 give me only your darshan.
O Beloved! let me gaze at you unblinkingly,
 for as long as you are, says Dadu.
Irresistible and limitless is my longing
 for your darshan, says Dadu;
I know not when I shall meet my Beloved,
 the sustenance of my life.
In the agony of a deep desire to meet you
 and the ache of yearning for you,
 the slave Dadu is crying bitterly,
 reveal yourself to me, O Lord.
The pangs of separation are unbearable,
I cannot bear the separateness anymore,
O someone tell my Beloved:
 pray, come and give me your darshan.
This crying constantly prevails day and night –
 it does not stop even for a moment;
 in this persistent crying, Dadu merged into the Lord
 and became one with him.

Meharbaan Hai Saahib Mera

My Master, you are gracious indeed –
 let me behold you to my heart's content!
You are the giver, and ever a beggar am I –
 grant me your darshan; I sacrifice everything unto you.
I pray to you for the opportunity to serve you –
 forgive my faults, O Master,
 and shower me with abundant grace.
A disciple may err a hundred times;
 the benevolent Master saves him every time.
The Master is aware of the disciple's faults,
 yet the Master does not take them to heart.
Dharamdas has taken refuge with you –
 please forgive all his sins.

Mere Saahib Tu Main Maan Nimaani

Supreme bliss lies in remembering you, O Lord,
 and one who forgets you is without life.
One to whom you show grace, O Lord,
 always contemplates on you.
O my Master, you are the honour of the meek;
 I pray to you, O my Lord, that I may live
 constantly listening to your Word.
May I become the dust of the feet of your slaves
 and sacrifice myself to your darshan.
May I enshrine your ambrosial Word in my heart
 and with your grace attain union with you.
I place my inner state before you, O Lord –
 no one is as great as you.
He alone is attached to you, O Lord,
 whom you attach to yourself,
 and he alone becomes your devotee.
With hands joined in prayer I ask for a boon,
 which I can receive only through your pleasure –
 may Nanak meditate on you with every breath
 and sing your praises day and night.

Mere Satguru Pakri Baah

My Satguru caught hold of my arm,
otherwise I would have been swept away!
He reduced my karmas to ashes in the fires of *Brahm*.
Greed, attachments and delusion were burnt down –
my Master is truly merciful.
The false prestige of caste creed and race was erased,
a lowly crow I was; he transformed me into a swan.
With just one glance of mercy
he washed away all my sins.
In ignorance I wandered in delusion
inflated by the vanity of caste and creed;
my Master blessed me with Shabd
and I heard its melody.
All attachments and ego were relinquished
and the grip sensual pleasures lost its hold over me.
Says Kabir, listen, fellow saints,
leaving behind the finite, I have crossed over to the infinite!

Meri Nazar Mein Moti Aaya Hai

A pearl has appeared in my inner vision!
Some say it is trivial, some declare that it is profound
but both assumptions are a delusion – it is beyond description.
Brahma, *Vishnu* and *Mahesh* got exhausted in its quest.
Even though they read and sing its praises repeatedly
Shankar, *Shesh* and *Sharada* also conceded defeat,
It is found in the third speckle within between the two eyes;
only a rare ascetic has been able to obtain it.
The lotus of four petals blooms in *Trikuti*
here, *Onkar* is manifest.
The seat of *Rarankar* is in the *Set Sunn*,
where blooms the lotus of six petals.
The realm of *Parbrahm* lies within *Mahasunn*;
Nih-akshar is the name given to this region.

Bhanwar Gupha is under the reign of *Sohang*,
where melodious tunes of the flute permeate the expanse.
In *Satluk*, *Sat Purush* is ensconced in splendour,
beyond that lie the esoteric realms of *Alakh* and *Agam*;
Anami Purush is the Sovereign Lord of all,
his glory is eternal; no power in *Brahmand* can express it.
All this manifestation lies within the human body (*Pind*).
Pind is the reflection of *And*.
The reflections of *Brahmand*, *And* and *Pind* are false;
the true One is beyond.
Says Kabir, *Satluk* is the eternal reality
whose Lord is peerless and unique.

Nar Ka Janam Milta Nahi

Human birth is rare indeed,
do not be arrogant, O heedless one!
Your stay in this world is very short;
eventually death is a certainty.
Death is hovering about your head, O oblivious one!
It is lying in wait to take aim at you.
Everyone is defeated by Yama,
who is always ready to hunt.
Kal has laid siege, no one can find escape.
There is no end to tyranny in the world
only God can provide protection.
Few are the days left before departure;
each breath is a drum beat heralding its arrival.
Alas! you have shown no mercy to yourself
and paid no attention to Tulsi's counsel.

Patit Udhaaran Birad Tumhaaro

You are renowned as the saviour of the fallen;
O Lord, if this is true, then you must ferry me
across the ocean of existence.

You know everything – all that I have done
in my childhood, youth and old age –
nothing can be hidden from your sight.
Under the sway of the mind I have committed countless sins
and am filled with vice from head to toe.
After wandering from door to door
I have taken refuge in you;
now my honour lies in your hands.
I abandoned the path of virtue
and laziness and sleep have overcome me;
the only good thing is that I am now known as your disciple!
O Sukdev, my Master,
merciful and compassionate sustainer of the universe,
just as you have liberated many other sinners,
so also take hold of Charandas's hand and liberate him.

Prabhu Ji Sangat Saran Tihaari

I seek refuge in your company, O Lord;
you are the sustainer and protector of the world.
When the water flowing from alleys merges into the Ganges,
it also bears the name 'water of the holy Ganges' –
so great is the glory of association!
During the time of the Swati Constellation, the drop of rain
that falls on the head of a serpent adds to its venom,
but the same drop, if it falls into an oyster shell, creates a pearl –
such is the greatness of association!
You are the sandalwood tree, O Lord,
and I am a lowly castor plant that has grown in your vicinity;
from a lowly shrub I have attained this lofty status
because your fragrance now abides in me.
I was born in a low caste – low is my lineage and occupation.
It is only by your grace that I have attained
this exalted status, says Ravidas, the cobbler.

Premi Suno Prem Ki Baat

Listen to the tale of love, O loving soul!
Serve the Guru with love and devotion
 and sacrifice yourself to his darshan again and again.
The words of the Guru captivate the disciple's heart,
 as the sweet babbling of an infant
 thrills a dotting mother.
As a man in love adores his sweetheart,
 a gurmukh is enraptured by the form of his Guru.
Eating or drinking, sleeping or awake,
 or going about the business of life,
 the Guru's form never leaves his mind.
He feels the pangs of love
 as if an arrow were constantly piercing his heart.
A gurmukh who has cultivated such love for the Guru
 will realize the supreme purpose of life.
Until a disciple is inspired
 by this kind of love for the Guru,
 he should be considered worldly and self-indulgent.
The manmukh just drifts through life,
 belonging to no one.
How can he obtain spiritual wealth?
Radha Soami proclaims to one and all:
 hold fast to Guru's hand now – in this very life.

Raakh Leho Ham Te Bigri

Save me, O Lord, I confess my transgressions:
I have not practised piety, righteous conduct,
 devotion or remembrance of your Nam;
 ego-bound, I have followed a crooked path.
Frail like an unbaked pitcher of clay is my body,
 but I nourished it as if it were everlasting.
Forsaking the One who created and adorned me,
 I attached myself to duality.
I am your thief and should not be called a Saint, O Lord;
 I surrender at your feet, seeking your shelter.

Says Kabir: listen to my supplication, O Lord –
let me not be summoned to Yama's court.

Raakh Pita Prabh Mere

Save me, O Lord, my Father –
all virtues are yours, while I have none.
Five are the rowdy adversaries
arrayed against this poor solitary soul.
Protect me from them, O my saviour –
they torment me and cause me great anguish
and I have come seeking your shelter.
I am tired of using various techniques,
but these enemies never relax their grip on me.
I have heard of one way –
that is to seek refuge with the Saints
in whose company the adversaries are destroyed.
Mercifully, the Saints have met me
and from them I have obtained contentment.
The Saints have blessed me
with the mantra of the fearless Lord
and I have devoted myself to the Guru's Shabd.
With the help of the endless sublime Word
I have overcome those great tormentors.
Says Nanak: my mind is illumined
and I have attained the state of deliverance.

Raakh Sada Prabh Apne Saath

O Lord, keep me ever with you.
You are my soul-captivating Beloved.
Without you my life is all vain.
From a pauper, you make a King in a trice.
You, O my Lord, are the Patron of the patronless.
Your slaves, you make your own,
and save them from the burning fire.
Giving your hand you protect them.
Meditating on God, all my troubles are ended,

I have obtained coolness and peace
and my soul is satiated.
God's service, O Nanak, is the treasure of riches.
Fruitless are all other clevernesses.

Raam Simar Pachhtaahega

Repeat God's Nam, O my mind,
or you will repent in the end.
You are given to avarice, O my sinful mind;
know that tomorrow – if not today –
you will depart from this world.
Beguiled by the illusion of maya,
you squander your life in greed.
Take no pride in your wealth and youth –
you will, one day, crumble like a piece of paper.
The day Yama comes, grabs you by the hair
and dashes you to the ground
you will find yourself utterly helpless.
If you do not practise simran and meditation
nor show compassion to others,
you will be struck in the face.
With what face will you go before Dharmrai,
the divine judge, when he calls you to account?
Listen, O holy people, says Kabir:
through the company of Saints
you will sail across the ocean of existence.

Saahib Main Gulaam Haun Tera

I am your slave, O Master!
Write on a blank piece of paper
that I will be your slave for countless births.
Just as a father protects and nurtures even his wayward son
and, with a heart filled with love and delight,
watches out for his happiness,
so also, look not to my virtues and vices –
my conduct is not worthy of you.

Sitting or standing, I always remember your Nam
and humbly plead and beg for your refuge.
Kindly lend an ear to this humble request:
please do not let my soul miss this opportunity.
Says Dariya: he on whom your Nam is bestowed
always reaps the fruit of salvation.

Sant Sanehi Naam Hai

The Lord's Nam is manifest in the Saints
and the Saints are steeped in Nam.
The Saints are steeped in Nam
and only they can bestow the gift of Nam.
Adept in the practice of Nam,
they show the way to realize it.
Austerities, penances, fasts and pilgrimages
one may perform endlessly,
but without the patronage of the Saint
one can never connect with Nam.
Even if one adopts a million ways,
wandering endlessly one comes to naught.
Only when one knocks at the Saint's door
will one attain the abode of Nam.
Nam is beyond life and death, O Paltu,
it is without a beginning and without an end.
The Lord's Nam is manifest in the Saints
and the Saints are steeped in Nam.

Satguru Deen Dayaal Bin

Without the merciful Master, eons after eons all suffer death.
Eons after eons all suffer death and endure the kicks of Yama;
fools they are, they willingly accompany him.
Hearing scriptures and relying on them they ruin their lives –
the *Smritis*, *Shastras* and *Vedas* are all a creation of Kal.
Without the true company of Saints, O Tulsi,
spinning endlessly, they come to naught.

Without the merciful Master, eons after eons all suffer death.

Satsang Karat Bahut Din Beete

A good part of your life

has been spent in the company of the Saints;
at least now give up
your old habits, your old attitudes.

How long will you keep on trying

to impress the Master with your pretense?

It is time you realized who the Master really is.

Do not think of the Master as a human being –

he is the very life and spirit
of Sat Purush, the true Lord.

Do whatever it takes to persuade your mind

to put its faith in the Master and contemplate on him.

Out of his mercy

he speaks with you, advises you,
for in reality he is the perfect Being,
he is the perfect Lord *Anami*.

The Master has assumed a human form

to set you free, one way or another.

Serve him and devote yourself to him;

he is Guru Nanak, he is Kabir,
he is Satnam, the true Lord,
he is the spirit of all Saints.

Only through your own Master

will you accomplish the goal of life.

So give up pride and put an end to wandering around.

Do not let this opportunity slip away,

for you will find no one greater than him.

If you miss the chance to meet the Guru this time,

there will be no end to your roaming
through the four forms of life.

Never again will you come across such a Master,

believe me, just believe me,
accept my word, at least this time.

Why do you keep inflating your ego
by reading the scriptures, by singing old songs?
This very pride degraded you before
and this very pride is causing you harm.
Therefore I am telling you, beloved soul,
give up apathy; it is doing you no good.
Act fast, stop deluding yourself,
come and strengthen your love and faith.
If all this fails to convince your mind,
then you are on your own – do as you like!
You are under the control of Kal
and that is why your mind fails to respond.
One thing I have learned about you, O brother,
is that you are remarkably dishonest.
Even so, if you continue to keep the Master's company,
your mind may gradually come around.
Radha Soami explains so that everyone will understand,
otherwise, such people will wander in confusion.

Shabad Bina Saara Jag Andha

Without Shabd humanity has gone blind –
who will cut them free of their bonds of attachment?
Without Shabd all activity is futile;
deprived of Shabd the soul is shackled with chains.
Shabd has created the sun and the moon;
without the touch of Shabd the soul remains tainted.
Other than Shabd practice all counsel is bad counsel,
for Shabd itself is the best preacher,
itself the best sermon.
If you practise Shabd, you will receive bliss;
without Shabd all are condemned.
So you should practise Shabd day and night,
and contemplate nothing but Shabd.
Obtain the secret of Shabd from the Master,
then merge yourself into that Shabd.

The light of Shabd shines within –
look into the world of Shabd
through the window of your heart.
Shabd sustains all souls
and yet remains detached.
Know that Shabd is the essence of everything –
adopt the path of Shabd and attain salvation.
My friend, apply yourself to the practice of Shabd
and defeat Kal with the might of Shabd.
Reach the harbour of Shabd in your own heart
and see your Beloved, whose real form is Shabd,
nothing but Shabd.
Shabd will repeal the decree of karma,
Guru's Shabd will unite you with the primal Shabd.
Without Shabd all knowledge is deception,
without Shabd all contemplation is fruitless.
Do not abandon the path of Shabd, O thoughtless one –
so Radha Soami explains to you.

Soee Dhyaiye Jeeyare

O my Soul! meditate on Him
who is the over Lord of kings and emperors.
My mind! Repose hope, in him alone, in whom all have confidence.
Shed all your clevernesses and take to the feet of the Guru.
My Soul! With ease and calmness dwell upon God's Nam.
Through the eight watches of the day, meditate upon the Lord
and ever sing the praises of the world illuminator.
Seek his shelter, O my Soul! Whom none equals in greatness.
By remembering whom great peace is obtained
and pain and distress absolutely touch man not.
Ever and for ever more perform the service of that true Lord Master.
In the company of Saints, the mortal becomes pure
and the noose of death is cut.
Make supplication before him who is the bestower of bliss
and the destroyer of dread.

He, to whom the merciful Master shows his mercy,
has his affairs adjusted forthwith.
The Lord is spoken of as the greatest of the great
and his seat the highest of the high.
God is without colour and mark. I cannot appraise his worth.
Have mercy on Nanak, O Lord! And bless him with your true Nam.

Sunta Nahi Dhun Ki Khabar

The symphony of the ceaseless melody plays on,
why do you remain oblivious to it?
In the temple within the captivating music plays on,
but if you listen to the outward music what do you gain?
You indulge in opium, hashish and marijuana,
and consume alcohol for transient exhilaration;
but if you have not tasted the elixir of love
of what use is your intoxication?
You visit *Kashi*, *Gaya* and *Dwarka*
wandering through all places of pilgrimage;
but if you did not open the knot of deception,
of what use are the pilgrimages you have undertaken?
Reading from the scriptures and holy books
you constantly counsel others;
but if you have not searched for the mansion of *Trikuti* within
of what use is exhausting yourself with idle chatter?
The *qazi* reads books and advises others,
but if he knows not the secret of the divine state
of what use is his being hailed a *qazi*?
Gambling in the game of chess, *chaupar* or cards
in itself is a wrong play;
of what use is playing such games of chance
if you have not played the game of love.
Whether one is a yogi,
or has renounced clothing;
whether one is robed in white or cloaked in red,

of what use is dyeing one's garments
if one is not imbued with that divine hue.
Just as windows exist in all temples and tents;
and flowers exist in a garden
similarly, proclaims Kabir,
the supreme Lord pervades within every heart.

Surat Karo Mere Saaeeyaan

Pay attention to me, O Master –
I am tossing about in the ocean of existence.
Left by myself, I will be swept away
if you do not take hold of my hand.
With folded hands I pray to you –
hear me, O fountainhead of mercy!
Grant me the blissful company of Saints
and the gifts of compassion and humility.
When my Master meets me this time,
I will cry my heart out to him.
Putting my head at his feet,
I will say what I have always longed to say.
My Master will meet me
and ask about my well-being.
I will tell him the tale from beginning to end
and convey all that is in my heart.
With what face do I pray?
I am ashamed of myself.
You see me sinning all the time –
how then can I win your approval?
Forgetting you, O Satguru,
who could I go to for refuge?
Shiv, Brahma, and muni Narad
do not dwell in my heart.
I am a born sinner
and am filled with vices from head to toe.
You are the beneficent giver, the destroyer of misery –
please take me under your care.

O Father, you are merciful to the meek –
 forgive my faults.
I am an unworthy son;
 only you, O Father, can hide my shame.
I have indulged in countless vices;
 never did I tire of committing misdeeds.
Punish me or forgive me;
 do with this slave as you please.
Please do not take to heart
 what I have spoiled due to my blunders.
The Master in his greatness always forgives,
 even if a servant constantly errs.
O Lord, do not ever forget me
 even if millions are devoted to you.
For you, there are countless people like me;
 for me, there is no one like you.
With folded hands I pray to you –
 boundless is this ocean of existence.
Shower your grace on this servant, O Lord,
 and liberate me from the cycle of transmigration.
You alone are all-knowing
 and you are the support of the soul.
If you let go of my hand, O Lord,
 who will ferry me across?
The ocean of existence is vast,
 deep, impassable and unfathomable.
O Compassionate One, shower your grace –
 only then can I hope to fathom its mystery.
O Master, you alone are merciful;
 it is only to you that I can run for shelter,
 just as a crow flying across the vast seas
 finds no refuge other than a sailing ship.
I have no idea how to get dyed
 in the colour of the Beloved's love.
My mind has no faith or sweet love,
 nor do I have any charm or grace.

Those whom the Lord dyes in the colour of his love
never lose their hue.
Day by day, as Shabd takes hold,
its effect becomes more profound.
I am a sinner bereft of virtues –
totally cold-hearted am I.
Truly mighty is the Satguru,
who ferries even this sinner to the eternal abode.
Truly powerful are you, O Master –
firmly hold my arm.
Take me to the eternal abode,
and do not abandon me on the way.
Entreats Kabir: O Master,
listen carefully!
Show me the path
that leads to the almighty Creator.
Bestow on me the gift of devotion, O Master,
Lord of all the gods.
Nothing else do I seek
except to serve you day and night.

Surat Tu Kaun Kahaan Se Aayi

Soul, who are you?
Where have you come from?
The mind has created worldly entanglements –
why have you strayed into this net?
You are a child of Sat Purush, the true Lord,
and once you were a resident of the eternal home.
But Kal has put his noose around your neck.
Through the Master's grace
and the company of realized souls,
reverse your direction
and you will reach your home.

Listen to the boundless Shabd within.

Radha Soami has said this
for you to understand.

Thir Ghar Baiso Har Jan Pyaare

Remain steady in the home of your own self,

O beloved servant of the Lord.

The true Guru shall resolve all your affairs.

The transcendent Lord has struck down the wicked and the evil.

The Creator has preserved the honor of his servant.

The kings and emperors are all under his power;

he drinks deeply of the most sublime essence of the ambrosial Nam.

Meditate fearlessly on the Lord God.

Joining the saadh sangat, the company of the holy,
this gift is given.

Nanak has entered the sanctuary of God,

the inner-knower, the searcher of hearts;

he grasps the support of God, his Lord and Master.

Tis Gur Ko Simaro Saas Saas

I remember the Guru with each and every breath.

The Guru is my breath of life, the true Guru is my wealth.

Beholding the Blessed Vision of the Guru's Darshan, I live.

I wash the Guru's Feet, and drink this water.

I take my daily bath in the dust of the Guru's Feet.

The egotistical filth of countless incarnations is washed off.

I wave the fan over the Guru.

Giving me His Hand, He has saved me from the great fire.

I carry water for the Guru's household;

from the Guru, I have learned the Way of the One Lord.

I grind the corn for the Guru's household.

By his grace, all my enemies have become friends.

The Guru who gave me my soul, has Himself purchased me,
and made me His slave.

He Himself has blessed me with His Love.

Forever and ever, I humbly bow to the Guru.
My troubles, conflicts, fears, doubts and pains have been dispelled;
says Nanak, my Guru is All-powerful.

Tujh Bin Kavan Hamaara

Other than you, who is mine,
O beloved sustainer of my life!
You alone know my inner state,
as you alone are my friend and source of comfort.
All comforts I have received from you,
O my unfathomable and immeasurable Lord.
I am unable to describe your manifestations,
O treasure of virtues and bestower of peace.
By the perfect Guru's grace you are known,
O inaccessible, unknowable and imperishable Lord.
Ever since my ego was eradicated,
the Lord has eliminated my doubts and fears
and made me pure.
When I had your darshan in the company of Saints, O Lord,
my fear of birth and death disappeared.
I wash the Guru's feet, serve him
and sacrifice myself to him a million times over.
It was through his grace
that Nanak swam across the ocean of existence
and united with the beloved Lord.

Tujh Oopar Mera Hai Maana

I take pride in you; you are my only strength, Lord.
You are my understanding, intellect and knowledge;
I know only what you cause me to know, Lord.
He alone knows, and he alone understands,
upon whom the creator Lord bestows his grace.
The self-willed manmukh wanders along many paths,
and is trapped in the net of Maya.
She alone is virtuous, who is pleasing to her Lord and Master.

She alone enjoys all the pleasures.
You, O Lord, are Nanak's only support.
You are Nanak's only pride.

Tum Gunvant Main Augun Bhaari

You are the fountainhead of virtue
and I am the embodiment of vice.
O beloved Lord, redeemer of the fallen,
while under your shelter I have committed many sins.
Eating, drinking, talking or walking –
at all times I commit bad deeds.
Only your mercy can liberate me;
if you were to judge my actions, I could never be pardoned.
I am controlled and enslaved by maya, O Lord,
but you are free and beyond illusion.
You are the sovereign Lord of all,
dearer than life itself for all beings,
while I am a mere orphan.
Liberate me and ferry me across without delay, O Lord –
terrified am I in the ocean of existence.
It is only by the grace of my Master, Charandas,
that Sahjo has found refuge in you.

Tum Meri Raakho Laaj Hari

Please uphold my honour, O Lord!

O knower of all hearts, you understand everything –

I have not practised any devotion.

None of the vices can I relinquish;

every moment I indulge in them.

I've gathered all my deceits and frauds –

I carry the bundle on my head.

So strong are my attachments to wife, son and wealth

they have rendered me completely indiscriminate.

Prays Surdas: now my boat is overloaded with misdeeds –

O Lord, deliver this fallen one quickly.