

(From SGGS Page 1107 line 1 to page 1110 line 1).

ਤੁਖਾਰੀ ਛੰਤ ਮਹਲਾ ੧ ਬਾਰਹ ਮਾਹਾ

tukhaaree chhant mehlāa 1 baarah maahaa

Tukhaari Chhant, First Mehl, Baarah Maahaa ~ The Twelve Months:

ੴ ਸਤਿਗੁਰ ਪ੍ਰਸਾਦਿ ॥

ik-o^Nkaar satgur parsaaḍ.

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

ਤੂ ਸੁਣਿ ਕਿਰਤ ਕਰੰਮਾ ਪੁਰਬਿ ਕਮਾਇਆ ॥ ਸਿਰਿ ਸਿਰਿ ਸੁਖ ਸਹੰਮਾ ਦੇਹਿ ਸੁ ਤੂ ਭਲਾ ॥

too sun kirat karammaa purab kamaa-i-aa. sir sir sukh sahammaa deh so too bhalaa.

Listen: according to the karma of their past actions, each and every person experiences happiness or sorrow; whatever You give, Lord, is good.

ਹਰਿ ਰਚਨਾ ਤੇਰੀ ਕਿਆ ਗਤਿ ਮੇਰੀ ਹਰਿ ਬਿਨੁ ਘੜੀ ਨ ਜੀਵਾ ॥

har rachnaa tayree ki-aa gat mayree har bin gharhee na jeevaa.

O Lord, the Created Universe is Yours; what is my condition? Without the Lord, I cannot survive, even for an instant.

ਪ੍ਰਿਅ ਬਾਝੁ ਦੁਹੇਲੀ ਕੋਇ ਨ ਬੇਲੀ ਗੁਰਮੁਖਿ ਅੰਮ੍ਰਿਤੁ ਪੀਵਾਂ ॥

pari-a baajh duhaylee ko-ay na baylee gurmukh amrit peevaa^N.

Without my Beloved, I am miserable; I have no friend at all. As Gurmukh, I drink in the Ambrosial Nectar.

ਰਚਨਾ ਰਾਚਿ ਰਹੇ ਨਿਰੰਕਾਰੀ ਪ੍ਰਭ ਮਨਿ ਕਰਮ ਸੁਕਰਮਾ ॥

rachnaa raach rahay nirankaaree parabh man karam sukarmaa.

The Formless Lord is contained in His Creation. To obey God is the best course of action.

ਨਾਨਕ ਪੰਥੁ ਨਿਹਾਲੇ ਸਾ ਧਨ ਤੂ ਸੁਣਿ ਆਤਮ ਰਾਮਾ ॥੧॥

naanak panth nihaalay saa Dhan too sun aatam raamaa. ||1||

O Nanak, the soul-bride is gazing upon Your Path; please listen, O Supreme Soul. ||1||

ਬਾਬੀਹਾ ਪ੍ਰਿਉ ਬੋਲੇ ਕੋਕਿਲ ਬਾਣੀਆ ॥

baabeehaa pari-o bolay kokil baanee-aa.

The rainbird cries out, "Pri-o! Beloved!", and the song-bird sings the Lord's Bani.

ਸਾ ਧਨ ਸਭਿ ਰਸ ਚੋਲੈ ਅੰਕਿ ਸਮਾਣੀਆ ॥

saa Dhan sabh ras cholai ank samaanee-aa.

The soul-bride enjoys all the pleasures, and merges in the Being of her Beloved.

ਹਰਿ ਅੰਕਿ ਸਮਾਣੀ ਜਾ ਪ੍ਰਭ ਭਾਣੀ ਸਾ ਸੋਹਾਗਣਿ ਨਾਰੇ ॥

har ank samaanee jaa parabh bhaanee saa sohagan naaray.

She merges into the Being of her Beloved, when she becomes pleasing to God; she is the happy, blessed soul-bride.

ਨਵ ਘਰ ਥਾਪਿ ਮਹਲ ਘਰ ਉਚਉ ਨਿਜ ਘਰਿ ਵਾਸੁ ਮੁਰਾਰੇ ॥

nav ghar thaap mahal ghar oocha-o nij ghar vaas muraaray.

Establishing the nine houses, and the Royal Mansion of the Tenth Gate above them, the Lord dwells in that home deep within the self.

ਸਭ ਤੇਰੀ ਤੂ ਮੇਰਾ ਪ੍ਰੀਤਮੁ ਨਿਸਿ ਬਾਸੁਰ ਰੰਗਿ ਰਾਵੈ ॥

sabh tayree too mayraa pareetam nis baasur rang raavai.

All are Yours, You are my Beloved; night and day, I celebrate Your Love.

ਨਾਨਕ ਪ੍ਰਿਉ ਪ੍ਰਿਉ ਚਵੈ ਬਾਬੀਹਾ ਕੋਕਿਲ ਸਬਦਿ ਸੁਹਾਵੈ ॥੨॥

naanak pari-o pari-o chavai babeehaa kokil sabaḍ suhaavai. ||2||

O Nanak, the rainbird cries out, "Pri-o! Pri-o! Beloved! Beloved!" The song-bird is embellished with the Word of the Shabad. ||2||

ਤੂ ਸੁਣਿ ਹਰਿ ਰਸ ਭਿੰਨੇ ਪ੍ਰੀਤਮ ਆਪਣੇ ॥

too sun har ras bhinnay pareetam aapnay.

Please listen, O my Beloved Lord - I am drenched with Your Love.

ਮਨਿ ਤਨਿ ਰਵਤ ਰਵੰਨੇ ਘੜੀ ਨ ਬੀਸਰੈ ॥

man tan ravat ravannay gharhee na beesrai.

My mind and body are absorbed in dwelling on You; I cannot forget You, even for an instant.

ਕਿਉ ਘੜੀ ਬਿਸਾਰੀ ਹਉ ਬਲਿਹਾਰੀ ਹਉ ਜੀਵਾ ਗੁਣ ਗਾਏ ॥

ki-o gharhee bisaaree ha-o balihaaree ha-o jeevaa gun gaa-ay.

How could I forget You, even for an instant? I am a sacrifice to You; singing Your Glorious Praises, I live.

ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਮੇਰਾ ਹਉ ਕਿਸੁ ਕੇਰਾ ਹਰਿ ਬਿਨੁ ਰਹਣੁ ਨ ਜਾਏ ॥

naa ko-ee mayraa ha-o kis kayraa har bin rahan na jaa-ay.

No one is mine; unto whom do I belong? Without the Lord, I cannot survive.

ਓਟ ਗਹੀ ਹਰਿ ਚਰਣ ਨਿਵਾਸੇ ਭਏ ਪਵਿਤ੍ਰੁ ਸਰੀਰਾ ॥

ot gahee har charan nivaasay bha-ay pavitar sareeraa.

I have grasped the Support of the Lord's Feet; dwelling there, my body has become immaculate.

ਨਾਨਕ ਦ੍ਰਿਸਟਿ ਦੀਰਘ ਸੁਖੁ ਪਾਵੈ ਗੁਰੁ ਸਬਦੀ ਮਨੁ ਧੀਰਾ ॥੩॥

naanak drisat deeragh sukh paavai gur sabdee man Dheeraa. ||3||

O Nanak, I have obtained profound insight, and found peace; my mind is comforted by the Word of the Guru's Shabad. ||3||

ਬਰਸੈ ਅੰਮ੍ਰਿਤ ਧਾਰ ਬੂੰਦ ਸੁਹਾਵਣੀ ॥

barsai amrit Dhaar boond suhaavanee.

The Ambrosial Nectar rains down on us! Its drops are so delightful!

ਸਾਜਨ ਮਿਲੇ ਸਹਜਿ ਸੁਭਾਇ ਹਰਿ ਸਿਉ ਪ੍ਰੀਤਿ ਬਣੀ ॥

saajan milay sahj subhaa-ay har si-o pareet banee.

Meeting the Guru, the Best Friend, with intuitive ease, the mortal falls in love with the Lord.

ਹਰਿ ਮੰਦਰਿ ਆਵੈ ਜਾ ਪ੍ਰਭ ਭਾਵੈ ਧਨ ਉਭੀ ਗੁਣ ਸਾਰੀ ॥

har mandar aavai jaa parabh bhaavai Dhan oobhee gun saaree.

The Lord comes into the temple of the body, when it pleases God's Will; the soul-bride rises up, and sings His Glorious Praises.

ਘਰਿ ਘਰਿ ਕੰਤੁ ਰਵੈ ਸੋਹਾਗਣਿ ਹਉ ਕਿਉ ਕੰਤਿ ਵਿਸਾਰੀ ॥

ghar ghar kant ravai sohagan ha-o ki-o kant visaaree.

In each and every home, the Husband Lord ravishes and enjoys the happy soul-brides; so why has He forgotten me?

ਉਨਵਿ ਘਨ ਛਾਏ ਬਰਸੁ ਸੁਭਾਏ ਮਨਿ ਤਨਿ ਪ੍ਰੇਮੁ ਸੁਖਾਵੈ ॥

unav ghan chhaa-ay baras subhaa-ay man tan paraym sukhaavai.

The sky is overcast with heavy, low-hanging clouds; the rain is delightful, and my Beloved's Love is pleasing to my mind and body.

ਨਾਨਕ ਵਰਸੈ ਅੰਮ੍ਰਿਤ ਬਾਣੀ ਕਰਿ ਕਿਰਪਾ ਘਰਿ ਆਵੈ ॥੪॥

naanak varsai amrit banee kar kirpaa ghar aavai. ||4||

O Nanak, the Ambrosial Nectar of Gurbani rains down; the Lord, in His Grace, has come into the home of my heart. ||4||

ਚੇਤੁ ਬਸੰਤੁ ਭਲਾ ਭਵਰ ਸੁਹਾਵੜੇ ॥

chayt basant bhalaa bhavar suhaavrhay.

In the month of Chayt, the lovely spring has come, and the bumble bees hum with joy.

ਬਨ ਫੂਲੇ ਮੰਝ ਬਾਰਿ ਮੈ ਪਿਰੁ ਘਰਿ ਬਾਹੁੜੇ ॥

ban foolay manjh baar mai pir ghar baahurhai.

The forest is blossoming in front of my door; if only my Beloved would return to my home!

ਪਿਰੁ ਘਰਿ ਨਹੀ ਆਵੈ ਧਨ ਕਿਉ ਸੁਖੁ ਪਾਵੈ ਬਿਰਹਿ ਬਿਰੋਧ ਤਨੁ ਛੀਜੈ ॥

pir ghar nahee aavai Dhan ki-o sukh paavai bireh biroDh tan chheejai.

If her Husband Lord does not return home, how can the soul-bride find peace? Her body is wasting away with the sorrow of separation.

ਕੋਕਿਲ ਅੰਬਿ ਸੁਹਾਵੀ ਬੋਲੈ ਕਿਉ ਦੁਖੁ ਅੰਕਿ ਸਹੀਜੈ ॥

kokil amb suhaavee bolai ki-o dukh ank saheejai.

The beautiful song-bird sings, perched on the mango tree; but how can I endure the pain in the depths of my being?

ਭਵਰੁ ਭਵੰਤਾ ਫੂਲੀ ਡਾਲੀ ਕਿਉ ਜੀਵਾ ਮਰੁ ਮਾਏ ॥

bhavar bhavantaa foolee daalee ki-o jeevaa mar maa-ay.

The bumble bee is buzzing around the flowering branches; but how can I survive? I am dying, O my mother!

ਨਾਨਕ ਚੇਤਿ ਸਹਜਿ ਸੁਖੁ ਪਾਵੈ ਜੇ ਹਰਿ ਵਰੁ ਘਰਿ ਧਨ ਪਾਏ ॥੫॥

naanak chayt sahj sukh paavai jay har var ghar Dhan paa-ay. ||5||

O Nanak, in Chayt, peace is easily obtained, if the soul-bride obtains the Lord as her Husband, within the home of her own heart. ||5||

ਵੈਸਾਖੁ ਭਲਾ ਸਾਖਾ ਵੇਸ ਕਰੇ ॥

vaisaakh bhalaa saakhaa vays karay.

Baisakhi is so pleasant; the branches blossom with new leaves.

ਧਨ ਦੇਖੈ ਹਰਿ ਦੁਆਰਿ ਆਵਹੁ ਦਇਆ ਕਰੇ ॥

Dhan daykhai har du-aar aavhu da-i-aa karay.

The soul-bride yearns to see the Lord at her door. Come, O Lord, and take pity on me!

ਘਰਿ ਆਉ ਪਿਆਰੇ ਦੁਤਰ ਤਾਰੇ ਤੁਧੁ ਬਿਨੁ ਅਢੁ ਨ ਮੋਲੇ ॥

ghar aa-o pi-aaray dutar taaray tuDh bin adh na molo.

Please come home, O my Beloved; carry me across the treacherous world-ocean. Without You, I am not worth even a shell.

ਕੀਮਤਿ ਕਉਣ ਕਰੇ ਤੁਧੁ ਭਾਵਾਂ ਦੇਖਿ ਦਿਖਾਵੈ ਢੋਲੇ ॥

keemat ka-un karay tuDh bhaavaa^N daykh dikhaavai dholo.

Who can estimate my worth, if I am pleasing to You? I see You, and inspire others to see You, O my Love.

ਦੂਰਿ ਨ ਜਾਨਾ ਅੰਤਰਿ ਮਾਨਾ ਹਰਿ ਕਾ ਮਹਲੁ ਪਛਾਨਾ ॥

door na jaanaa antar maanaa har kaa mahal pachhaanaa.

I know that You are not far away; I believe that You are deep within me, and I realize Your Presence.

ਨਾਨਕ ਵੈਸਾਖੀ ਪ੍ਰਭੁ ਪਾਵੈ ਸੁਰਤਿ ਸਬਦਿ ਮਨੁ ਮਾਨਾ ॥੬॥

naanak vaisaakhee^N parabh paavai surat sabad man maanaa. ||6||

O Nanak, finding God in Baisakhi, the consciousness is filled with the Word of the Shabad, and the mind comes to believe. ||6||

ਮਾਹੁ ਜੇਠੁ ਭਲਾ ਪ੍ਰੀਤਮੁ ਕਿਉ ਬਿਸਰੈ ॥

maahu jayth bhalaa pareetam ki-o bisrai.

The month of Jayt'h is so sublime. How could I forget my Beloved?

ਥਲ ਤਾਪਹਿ ਸਰ ਭਾਰ ਸਾ ਧਨ ਬਿਨਉ ਕਰੈ ॥

thal taapeh sar bhaar saa Dhan bin-o karai.

The earth burns like a furnace, and the soul-bride offers her prayer.

ਧਨ ਬਿਨਉ ਕਰੇਦੀ ਗੁਣ ਸਾਰੇਦੀ ਗੁਣ ਸਾਰੀ ਪ੍ਰਭ ਭਾਵਾ ॥

Dhan bin-o karaydee gun saaraydee gun saaree parabh bhaavaa.

The bride offers her prayer, and sings His Glorious Praises; singing His Praises, she becomes pleasing to God.

ਸਾਚੈ ਮਹਲਿ ਰਹੈ ਬੈਰਾਗੀ ਆਵਣ ਦੇਹਿ ਤ ਆਵਾ ॥

saachai mahal rahai biraagee aavan deh ta aavaa.

The Unattached Lord dwells in His true mansion. If He allows me, then I will come to Him.

ਨਿਮਾਣੀ ਨਿਤਾਣੀ ਹਰਿ ਬਿਨੁ ਕਿਉ ਪਾਵੈ ਸੁਖ ਮਹਲੀ ॥

nimaanee nitaaanee har bin ki-o paavai sukh mahlee.

The bride is dishonored and powerless; how will she find peace without her Lord?

ਨਾਨਕ ਜੇਠਿ ਜਾਣੈ ਤਿਸੁ ਜੈਸੀ ਕਰਮਿ ਮਿਲੈ ਗੁਣ ਗਹਿਲੀ ॥੭॥

naanak jayth jaanai tis jaisee karam milai gun gahilee. ||7||

O Nanak, in Jayt'h, she who knows her Lord becomes just like Him; grasping virtue, she meets with the Merciful Lord. ||7||

ਆਸਾੜੁ ਭਲਾ ਸੂਰਜੁ ਗਗਨਿ ਤਪੈ ॥

aasaarh bhalaa sooraj gagan tapai.

The month of Aasaarh is good; the sun blazes in the sky.

ਧਰਤੀ ਦੁਖ ਸਹੈ ਸੋਖੈ ਅਗਨਿ ਭਖੈ ॥

Dhartee dookh sahai sokhai agan bhakhai.

The earth suffers in pain, parched and roasted in the fire.

ਅਗਨਿ ਰਸੁ ਸੋਖੈ ਮਰੀਐ ਧੋਖੈ ਭੀ ਸੋ ਕਿਰਤੁ ਨ ਹਾਰੇ ॥

agan ras sokh_hai maree-ai Dhokh_hai b_hee so kirat_h na haaray.

The fire dries up the moisture, and she dies in agony. But even then, the sun does not grow tired.

ਰਥੁ ਫਿਰੈ ਛਾਇਆ ਧਨ ਤਾਕੈ ਟੀਡੁ ਲਵੈ ਮੰਝਿ ਬਾਰੇ ॥

rath firai chh_haa-i-aa Dhan taakai teed lavai manj_h baaray.

His chariot moves on, and the soul-bride seeks shade; the crickets are chirping in the forest.

ਅਵਗਣ ਬਾਧਿ ਚਲੀ ਦੁਖੁ ਆਗੈ ਸੁਖੁ ਤਿਸੁ ਸਾਚੁ ਸਮਾਲੇ ॥

avgan baaDh chalee dukh aagai sukh tis saach samaalay.

She ties up her bundle of faults and demerits, and suffers in the world hereafter. But dwelling on the True Lord, she finds peace.

ਨਾਨਕ ਜਿਸ ਨੋ ਇਹੁ ਮਨੁ ਦੀਆ ਮਰਣੁ ਜੀਵਣੁ ਪ੍ਰਭੁ ਨਾਲੇ ॥੮॥

naanak jis no ih man dee-aa maran jeevan parabh naalay. ||8||

O Nanak, I have given this mind to Him; death and life rest with God. ||8||

ਸਾਵਣਿ ਸਰਸ ਮਨਾ ਘਣ ਵਰਸਹਿ ਰੁਤਿ ਆਏ ॥

saavan saras manaa ghan varseh rut aa-ay.

In Saawan, be happy, O my mind. The rainy season has come, and the clouds have burst into showers.

ਮੈ ਮਨਿ ਤਨਿ ਸਹੁ ਭਾਵੈ ਪਿਰ ਪਰਦੇਸਿ ਸਿਧਾਏ ॥

mai man tan saho bhaavai pir pardays siDhaa-ay.

My mind and body are pleased by my Lord, but my Beloved has gone away.

ਪਿਰੁ ਘਰਿ ਨਹੀ ਆਵੈ ਮਰੀਐ ਹਾਵੈ ਦਾਮਨਿ ਚਮਕਿ ਡਰਾਏ ॥

pir ghar nahee aavai maree-ai haavai daaman chamak daraa-ay.

My Beloved has not come home, and I am dying of the sorrow of separation. The lightning flashes, and I am scared.

ਸੇਜ ਇਕੇਲੀ ਖਰੀ ਦੁਹੇਲੀ ਮਰਣੁ ਭਇਆ ਦੁਖੁ ਮਾਏ ॥

sayj ikaylee kharee duhaylee maran bha-i-aa dukh maa-ay.

My bed is lonely, and I am suffering in agony. I am dying in pain, O my mother!

ਹਰਿ ਬਿਨੁ ਨੀਦ ਭੂਖ ਕਹੁ ਕੈਸੀ ਕਾਪੜੁ ਤਨਿ ਨ ਸੁਖਾਵਏ ॥

har bin need bhookh kaho kaisee kaaparh tan na sukhaava-ay.

Tell me - without the Lord, how can I sleep, or feel hungry? My clothes give no comfort to my body.

ਨਾਨਕ ਸਾ ਸੋਹਾਗਣਿ ਕੰਤੀ ਪਿਰ ਕੈ ਅੰਕਿ ਸਮਾਵਏ ॥੯॥

naanak saa sohagan kantee pir kai ank samaav-ay. ||9||

O Nanak, she alone is a happy soul-bride, who merges in the Being of her Beloved Husband Lord. ||9||

ਭਾਦਉ ਭਰਮਿ ਭੁਲੀ ਭਰਿ ਜੋਬਨਿ ਪਛੁਤਾਣੀ ॥

bhaada-o bharam bhulee bhar joban pachhutaanee.

In Bhaadon, the young woman is confused by doubt; later, she regrets and repents.

ਜਲ ਥਲ ਨੀਰਿ ਭਰੇ ਬਰਸ ਰੁਤੇ ਰੰਗੁ ਮਾਣੀ ॥

jal thal neer bharay baras rutay rang maanee.

The lakes and fields are overflowing with water; the rainy season has come - the time to celebrate!

ਬਰਸੈ ਨਿਸਿ ਕਾਲੀ ਕਿਉ ਸੁਖੁ ਬਾਲੀ ਦਾਦਰ ਮੋਰ ਲਵੰਤੇ ॥

barsai nis kaalee ki-o sukh baalee daadar mor lavantay.

In the dark of night it rains; how can the young bride find peace? The frogs and peacocks send out their noisy calls.

ਪ੍ਰਿਉ ਪ੍ਰਿਉ ਚਵੈ ਬਬੀਹਾ ਬੋਲੇ ਭੁਇਅੰਗਮ ਫਿਰਹਿ ਡਸੰਤੇ ॥

pari-o pari-o chavai babehaa bolay bhu-i-angam fireh dasantay.

"Pri-o! Pri-o! Beloved! Beloved!" cries the rainbird, while the snakes slither around, biting.

ਮਛਰ ਡੰਗ ਸਾਇਰ ਭਰ ਸੁਭਰ ਬਿਨੁ ਹਰਿ ਕਿਉ ਸੁਖੁ ਪਾਈਐ ॥

machhar dang saa-ir bhar subhar bin har ki-o sukh paa-ee-ai.

The mosquitoes bite and sting, and the ponds are filled to overflowing; without the Lord, how can she find peace?

ਨਾਨਕ ਪੂਛਿ ਚਲਉ ਗੁਰ ਅਪੁਨੇ ਜਹ ਪ੍ਰਭੁ ਤਹ ਹੀ ਜਾਈਐ ॥੧੦॥

naanak poochh chala-o gur apunay jah parabh tah hee jaa-ee-ai. ||10||

O Nanak, I will go and ask my Guru; wherever God is, there I will go. ||10||

ਅਸੁਨਿ ਆਉ ਪਿਰਾ ਸਾ ਧਨ ਝੂਰਿ ਮੁਈ ॥

asun aa-o piraa saa Dhan jhoor mu-ee.
In Assu, come, my Beloved; the soul-bride is grieving to death.

ਤਾ ਮਿਲੀਐ ਪ੍ਰਭ ਮੇਲੇ ਦੂਜੈ ਭਾਇ ਖੁਈ ॥

taa milee-ai parabh maylay doojai bhaa-ay khu-ee.
She can only meet Him, when God leads her to meet Him; she is ruined by the love of duality.

ਝੂਠਿ ਵਿਗੁਤੀ ਤਾ ਪਿਰ ਮੁਤੀ ਕੁਕਹ ਕਾਹ ਸਿ ਫੁਲੇ ॥

jhooth vighutee taa pir mutee kukah kaah se fulay.
If she is plundered by falsehood, then her Beloved forsakes her. Then, the white flowers of old age blossom in my hair.

ਆਗੈ ਘਾਮ ਪਿਛੈ ਰੁਤਿ ਜਾਡਾ ਦੇਖਿ ਚਲਤ ਮਨੁ ਡੋਲੇ ॥

aagai ghaam pichhai rut jaadaa daykh chalaṭ man dola.
Summer is now behind us, and the winter season is ahead. Gazing upon this play, my shaky mind wavers.

ਦਹ ਦਿਸਿ ਸਾਖ ਹਰੀ ਹਰੀਆਵਲ ਸਹਜਿ ਪਕੈ ਸੋ ਮੀਠਾ ॥

dah dis saakh haree haree-aaval sahj pakai so meethaa.
In all ten directions, the branches are green and alive. That which ripens slowly, is sweet.

ਨਾਨਕ ਅਸੁਨਿ ਮਿਲਹੁ ਪਿਆਰੇ ਸਤਿਗੁਰ ਭਏ ਬਸੀਠਾ ॥੧੧॥

naanak asun milhu pi-aaray satgur bha-ay baseethaa. ||11||
O Nanak, in Assu, please meet me, my Beloved. The True Guru has become my Advocate and Friend. ||11||

ਕਤਕਿ ਕਿਰਤੁ ਪਇਆ ਜੋ ਪ੍ਰਭ ਭਾਇਆ ॥

katak kiraṭ pa-i-aa jo parabh bhaa-i-aa.
In Katak, that alone comes to pass, which is pleasing to the Will of God.

ਦੀਪਕੁ ਸਹਜਿ ਬਲੈ ਤਤਿ ਜਲਾਇਆ ॥

deepak sahj balai tat jalaa-i-aa.
The lamp of intuition burns, lit by the essence of reality.

ਦੀਪਕ ਰਸ ਤੇਲੋ ਧਨ ਪਿਰ ਮੇਲੋ ਧਨ ਓਮਾਰੈ ਸਰਸੀ ॥

deepak ras taylo Dhan pir maylo Dhan omaahai sarsee.
Love is the oil in the lamp, which unites the soul-bride with her Lord. The bride is delighted, in ecstasy.

ਅਵਗਣ ਮਾਰੀ ਮਰੈ ਨ ਸੀਝੈ ਗੁਣਿ ਮਾਰੀ ਤਾ ਮਰਸੀ ॥

avgan maaree marai na seejhai gun maaree taa marsee.
One who dies in faults and demerits - her death is not successful. But one who dies in glorious virtue, really truly dies.

ਨਾਮੁ ਭਗਤਿ ਦੇ ਨਿਜ ਘਰਿ ਬੈਠੇ ਅਜਹੁ ਤਿਨਾੜੀ ਆਸਾ ॥

naam bhagat day nij ghar baithey ajahu tinaarhee aasaa.
Those who are blessed with devotional worship of the Naam, the Name of the Lord, sit in the home of their own inner being. They place their hopes in You.

ਨਾਨਕ ਮਿਲਹੁ ਕਪਟ ਦਰ ਖੋਲਹੁ ਏਕ ਘੜੀ ਖਟੁ ਮਾਸਾ ॥੧੨॥

naanak milhu kapat dar kholahu ayk gharhee khat maasaa. ||12||
Nanak: please open the shutters of Your Door, O Lord, and meet me. A single moment is like six months to me. ||12||

ਮੰਘਰ ਮਾਹੁ ਭਲਾ ਹਰਿ ਗੁਣ ਅੰਕਿ ਸਮਾਵਏ ॥

manghar maahu bhalaa har gun ank samaav-ay.
The month of Maghar is good, for those who sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord, and merge in His Being.

ਗੁਣਵੰਤੀ ਗੁਣ ਰਵੈ ਮੈ ਪਿਰੁ ਨਿਹਚਲੁ ਭਾਵਏ ॥

gunvantee gun ravai mai pir nihchal bhaav-ay.
The virtuous wife utters His Glorious Praises; my Beloved Husband Lord is Eternal and Unchanging.

ਨਿਹਚਲੁ ਚਤੁਰੁ ਸੁਜਾਣੁ ਬਿਧਾਤਾ ਚੰਚਲੁ ਜਗਤੁ ਸਬਾਇਆ ॥

nihchal chaṭur sujaan biDhaataa chanchal jagat sabaa-i-aa.
The Primal Lord is Unmoving and Unchanging, Clever and Wise; all the world is fickle.

ਗਿਆਨੁ ਧਿਆਨੁ ਗੁਣ ਅੰਕਿ ਸਮਾਣੇ ਪ੍ਰਭ ਭਾਣੇ ਤਾ ਭਾਇਆ ॥

gi-aan Dhi-aan gun ank samaanay parabh bhaanay taa bhaa-i-aa.

By virtue of spiritual wisdom and meditation, she merges in His Being; she is pleasing to God, and He is pleasing to her.

ਗੀਤ ਨਾਦ ਕਵਿਤ ਕਵੇ ਸੁਣਿ ਰਾਮ ਨਾਮਿ ਦੁਖੁ ਭਾਗੈ ॥

geet naad kavit kavay sun raam naam dukh bhaagai.

I have heard the songs and the music, and the poems of the poets; but only the Name of the Lord takes away my pain.

ਨਾਨਕ ਸਾ ਧਨ ਨਾਹ ਪਿਆਰੀ ਅਭ ਭਗਤੀ ਪਿਰ ਆਗੈ ॥੧੩॥

naanak saa Dhan naah pi-aaree abh bhagtee pir aagai. ||13||

O Nanak, that soul-bride is pleasing to her Husband Lord, who performs loving devotional worship before her Beloved. ||13||

ਪੋਖਿ ਤੁਖਾਰੁ ਪੜੈ ਵਣੁ ਤ੍ਰਿਣੁ ਰਸੁ ਸੋਖੈ ॥

pokh tukhaar parhai van tarin ras sokhai.

In Poh, the snow falls, and the sap of the trees and the fields dries up.

ਆਵਤ ਕੀ ਨਾਹੀ ਮਨਿ ਤਨਿ ਵਸਹਿ ਮੁਖੇ ॥

aavat kee naahee man tan vasesh mukhay.

Why have You not come? I keep You in my mind, body and mouth.

ਮਨਿ ਤਨਿ ਰਵਿ ਰਹਿਆ ਜਗਜੀਵਨੁ ਗੁਰ ਸਬਦੀ ਰੰਗੁ ਮਾਣੀ ॥

man tan rav rahi-aa jagjeevan gur sabdee rang maanee.

He is permeating and pervading my mind and body; He is the Life of the World. Through the Word of the Guru's Shabad, I enjoy His Love.

ਅੰਡਜ ਜੇਰਜ ਸੇਤਜ ਉਤਭੁਜ ਘਟਿ ਘਟਿ ਜੋਤਿ ਸਮਾਣੀ ॥

andaj jayraj saytaj ut-bhuj ghat ghat jot samaanee.

His Light fills all those born of eggs, born from the womb, born of sweat and born of the earth, each and every heart.

ਦਰਸਨੁ ਦੇਹੁ ਦਇਆਪਤਿ ਦਾਤੇ ਗਤਿ ਪਾਵਉ ਮਤਿ ਦੇਹੋ ॥

darsan dayh da-i-aapat daatay gat paava-o mat dayho.

Grant me the Blessed Vision of Your Darshan, O Lord of Mercy and Compassion. O Great Giver, grant me understanding, that I might find salvation.

ਨਾਨਕ ਰੰਗਿ ਰਵੈ ਰਸਿ ਰਸੀਆ ਹਰਿ ਸਿਉ ਪ੍ਰੀਤਿ ਸਨੇਹੋ ॥੧੪॥

naanak rang ravai ras rasee-aa har si-o pareet sanayho. ||14||

O Nanak, the Lord enjoys, savors and ravishes the bride who is in love with Him. ||14||

ਮਾਘਿ ਪੁਨੀਤ ਭਈ ਤੀਰਥੁ ਅੰਤਰਿ ਜਾਨਿਆ ॥

maagh puneet bha-ee tirath antar jaani-aa.

In Maagh, I become pure; I know that the sacred shrine of pilgrimage is within me.

ਸਾਜਨ ਸਹਜਿ ਮਿਲੇ ਗੁਣ ਗਹਿ ਅੰਕਿ ਸਮਾਨਿਆ ॥

saajan sahj milay gun geh ank samaani-aa.

I have met my Friend with intuitive ease; I grasp His Glorious Virtues, and merge in His Being.

ਪ੍ਰੀਤਮ ਗੁਣ ਅੰਕੇ ਸੁਣਿ ਪ੍ਰਭ ਬੰਕੇ ਤੁਧੁ ਭਾਵਾ ਸਰਿ ਨਾਵਾ ॥

pareetam gun ankay sun parabh bankay tuDh bhaavaa sar naavaa.

O my Beloved, Beauteous Lord God, please listen: I sing Your Glories, and merge in Your Being. If it is pleasing to Your Will, I bathe in the sacred pool within.

ਗੰਗ ਜਮੁਨ ਤਹ ਬੇਣੀ ਸੰਗਮ ਸਾਤ ਸਮੁੰਦ ਸਮਾਵਾ ॥ ਪੁੰਨ ਦਾਨ ਪੂਜਾ ਪਰਮੇਸੁਰ ਜੁਗਿ ਜੁਗਿ ਏਕੋ ਜਾਤਾ ॥

gang jamun tah baynee sangam saat samund samaavaa. punn daan poojaa parmaysur jug jug ayko jaataa.

The Ganges, Jamunaa, the sacred meeting place of the three rivers, the seven seas, charity, donations, adoration and worship all rest in the Transcendent Lord God; throughout the ages, I realize the One.

ਨਾਨਕ ਮਾਘਿ ਮਹਾ ਰਸੁ ਹਰਿ ਜਪਿ ਅਠਸਠਿ ਤੀਰਥ ਨਾਤਾ ॥੧੫॥

naanak maagh mahaa ras har jap athsath tirath naataa. ||15||

O Nanak, in Maagh, the most sublime essence is meditation on the Lord; this is the cleansing bath of the sixty-eight sacred shrines of pilgrimage. ||15||

ਫਲਗੁਨਿ ਮਨਿ ਰਹਸੀ ਪ੍ਰੇਮੁ ਸੁਭਾਇਆ ॥

falgun man rahsee paraym subh^haa-i-aa.

In Phalgun, her mind is enraptured, pleased by the Love of her Beloved.

ਅਨਦਿਨੁ ਰਹਸੁ ਭਇਆ ਆਪੁ ਗਵਾਇਆ ॥

an-din rahas bh^ha-i-aa aap gav^haa-i-aa.

Night and day, she is enraptured, and her selfishness is gone.

ਮਨ ਮੋਹੁ ਚੁਕਾਇਆ ਜਾ ਤਿਸੁ ਭਾਇਆ ਕਰਿ ਕਿਰਪਾ ਘਰਿ ਆਓ ॥

man moh chuk^haa-i-aa jaa tis bh^haa-i-aa kar kirpaa gh^har aa-o.

Emotional attachment is eradicated from her mind, when it pleases Him; in His Mercy, He comes to my home.

ਬਹੁਤੇ ਵੇਸ ਕਰੀ ਪਿਰ ਬਾਝਹੁ ਮਹਲੀ ਲਹਾ ਨ ਥਾਓ ॥

bahu^htay vays karee pir baajh^hahu mahlee lahaa na thaa-o.

I dress in various clothes, but without my Beloved, I shall not find a place in the Mansion of His Presence.

ਹਾਰ ਡੋਰ ਰਸ ਪਾਟ ਪਟੰਬਰ ਪਿਰਿ ਲੋੜੀ ਸੀਗਾਰੀ ॥

haar dor ras paat patambar pir lor^hhee seegaaree.

I have adorned myself with garlands of flowers, pearl necklaces, scented oils and silk robes.

ਨਾਨਕ ਮੇਲਿ ਲਈ ਗੁਰਿ ਅਪਣੈ ਘਰਿ ਵਰੁ ਪਾਇਆ ਨਾਰੀ ॥੧੬॥

naanak mayl la-ee gur ap^hnai gh^har var paa-i-aa naaree. ||16||

O Nanak, the Guru has united me with Him. The soul-bride has found her Husband Lord, within the home of her own heart. ||16||

ਬੇ ਦਸ ਮਾਹ ਰੁਤੀ ਥਿਤੀ ਵਾਰ ਭਲੇ ॥ ਘੜੀ ਮੂਰਤ ਪਲ ਸਾਚੇ ਆਏ ਸਹਜਿ ਮਿਲੇ ॥

bay d^has maah rut^hee thit^hee vaar bh^halay. gh^har^hhee moorat^h pal saachay aa-ay sahj milay.

The twelve months, the seasons, the weeks, the days, the hours, the minutes and the seconds are all sublime, when the True Lord comes and meets her with natural ease.

ਪ੍ਰਭ ਮਿਲੇ ਪਿਆਰੇ ਕਾਰਜ ਸਾਰੇ ਕਰਤਾ ਸਭ ਬਿਧਿ ਜਾਣੈ ॥

parabh^h milay pi-aaray kaaraj saaray kart^haa sabh^h biD^h jaan^hai.

God, my Beloved, has met me, and my affairs are all resolved. The Creator Lord knows all ways and means.

ਜਿਨਿ ਸੀਗਾਰੀ ਤਿਸਹਿ ਪਿਆਰੀ ਮੇਲੁ ਭਇਆ ਰੰਗੁ ਮਾਣੈ ॥

j^hin seegaaree t^hiseh pi-aaree mayl bh^ha-i-aa rang maan^hai.

I am loved by the One who has embellished and exalted me; I have met Him, and I savor His Love.

ਘਰਿ ਸੇਜ ਸੁਹਾਵੀ ਜਾ ਪਿਰਿ ਰਾਵੀ ਗੁਰਮੁਖਿ ਮਸਤਕਿ ਭਾਗੋ ॥

gh^har sayj suhaavee jaa pir raavee gurmukh^h mastak bh^haago.

The bed of my heart becomes beautiful, when my Husband Lord ravishes me. As Gurmukh, the destiny on my forehead has been awakened and activated.

ਨਾਨਕ ਅਹਿਨਿਸਿ ਰਾਵੈ ਪ੍ਰੀਤਮੁ ਹਰਿ ਵਰੁ ਥਿਰੁ ਸੋਹਾਗੋ ॥੧੭॥੧॥

naanak ahinis raavai pareet^ham har var thir sohaago. ||17||1||

O Nanak, day and night, my Beloved enjoys me; with the Lord as my Husband, my Marriage is Eternal. ||17||1||