

GURU NANAK'S  
**JAPJI**  
O  
(The Morning Meditation)  
AND  
**SOHILA-ARTI**  
(Bed-Time Prayer)

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## Publisher's Note

The Japji is a revelation, which springs from the God-illuminated heart of Guru Nanak, in direct and constant touch with the Eternal Reality, the One-in-all and All-in-one.

Guru Nanak—the Divine Master, was born in the Punjab (India) in the year 1469 A.D. He lived upto an age of three scores and ten, travelled far and wide, spreading his message of love and universal brotherhood. He gave light and new life to the suffering humanity. Those who endeavour to follow his way are known as Sikhs.

“The day of the disciples of the Master begins with Japji. The melody breaks forth in our ears with the strain of the ‘First dawn of Creation’. Our eyes close and as if in a dream, we stand listening to the music that rings through eternity. I feel at times that with Japji I am as one transported to the Land of the Immortals. I am as one apart from the body listening in wonder to a voice reciting Japji.”

Thus represents, Prof Puran Singh, a Sikh mind. He translated this Japji into English for his Master's devotees.

The disciples of the Master live on his hymns. The Guru's Word is the voice of God arousing the soul to spiritual efforts. Whenever the worldly troubles encompass us, we go to Japji. And as we rise in the rhythm of Japji there is no more distress or dust. The sore melancholy of our heart and mind is made whole by Japji. It imparts the Spark of Life. The soots on our faces burn up and they begin to glow like roses. This hymn

gives us joy, it vitalises the whole of our spiritual being and elevates and ennobles us. Its touch cools down all fires of desires and the peace of the Infinite comes to the disciples to both men and women as they chant the Guru's song. It is a charmed hymn. In its repetition is life.

In this brochure is also included Sohila-Arti—(Sikh's Bed Time Prayer).

It is difficult to translate the Divine Poetry in prose and to convey the charm and beauty of the original. Prof. Puran Singh, the translator himself writes, "Having translated it once, in another mood one is impelled to translate it again. At least I wish to translate it endlessly. And it is for ever impossible to translate it." Yet in the accompanying translation of this transcendental poem, one soon becomes aware of its living charm and of a rare sense of delight it involves. The closer thought one brings to bear upon it, the profounder is the effect.

## Guru Nanak's

### JAPJI

#### I

He is One. He is the First. He is all that is.

His name is Truth.

He is the Creator of all.

Fearing naught, striking fear in naught; His Form, on lands  
and waters, is Eternity; the One Self-existent.

Through the Grace of His true servant, continually repeat His  
Name.

#### II

He was in the beginning; He is through all ages, He shall be  
the One who lives for ever.

Beyond thought, no thinking can conceive Him, not even if the  
minds of men should think for ages and ages.

Nor silence can see him, even if the minds of men meditate on  
Him for ages and ages.

Nor can He be known by gaining the worlds : for man's desire  
is never satiated, even though all the worlds laden with  
gold fall to his share.

Nor human thoughts can carry man far.

The movements of his mind, the thousand acts of wisdom of  
the world, leave him dark; nothing avails.

Vain are the ways of men.

How then to find Him ?

How then to get rid of the dark pall ?

One way there is,—to make His Will our own. No other way,  
naught else.

## JAPJI

### III

Great is His Will !!

All manifest things are forms of His Will.

His Will is indefinable !

Of His Will is made all sentient life ;

It is His will that some are great, some are small.

All existence is bound by His Supreme Will.

Nothing is outside the sphere of His Will; such is truth !

Seek His Will,—this is to live.

If one sees the Universal Will at work, then one can never say  
“ 'Tis I ”.

The bards have chanted hymns in praise of Him. His Power  
and His Great Gifts, and sung His Signs.

### IV

He who builds and unbuilds the Universe,—in whom All Being  
is, coming forth from Him, and returning back to Him,—  
seems so far, yet so near; Omnipresent, Omniscient, Him  
have ages adored !

Countless millions have sung of Him, yet He still remains,  
unknown and unsung !

For ages and ages, have men sat at His Feet, for ages and ages  
they ate from His Hands, for ages and ages they have  
drunk of His Inspiration, and in such abundance that the  
vessels could never be enough to hold it all.

They are powerless to receive what He gives !

By Him are ordained many paths of life; men and things go  
whither He wills them to go.

And everywhere the Creator smiles in His Glory, in Eternal  
Repose, Undaunted, Undisturbed, the Infinite, the whole  
creation's Lord !

His *Nam* is the Substance of which all life is made. His *Nam*  
enlarges the heart and makes it limitless.

## JAPJI

His creatures beg their daily needs from Him, He gives all things to men.

Naught is our own; all is His that we possess, this life and all is His !

With what offerings, could we enter His Temple ?

With what virtue, His Presence ?

What words have we on our lips to win His Delight ?

### V

Meditate on his *Nam* at Morn, wet with the ambrosia of the day-break !

Our doings make this vesture of our body.

The Heaven shall cover our shame with honour, and by the light of His Glance we shall go free.

The Dawn of Divine Knowledge cometh from within, and man sees God as the Light Revealing.

High above all things is the Revealed Infinite, in Himself Self-resplendent, Glorious !

Great are they and honoured of Heaven who serve His will, He is the Treasure House of all Goodness and Beauty.

### VI

Sing, ye men, His Greatness !

Be wise in Him; believe in Him !

Fill your hearts with His Love and His Greatness,

Thus ye shall go free of pain and illusion,

Thus ye shall be released, gaining the joy of Freedom in Him, who is all-Beatitude !

It is the Master who can implant the seed of Faith in man, the Master is the inspirer of *Hari Nam*.

This divine illumination, he achieves in man.

Through His Good Will and Love, one sees the presence of God in all things and everywhere.

## JAPJI

It is the Master's gift, this life of holy inspiration and love of *Nam*.

All gods are contained in the Master—*Shiva, Vishnoo, Barhma* and the goddesses *Parvati, Lakshmi* and *Sarasvati*, and the *Vedas* are in Him and all song : He is the music of the Infinite !

The All-Sustainer of souls, the All-Nourisher is But One !  
Thus has the Master proclaimed.

Understand but one fact of all facts—Forget Him not ?

In thy own mind is all, thou hast in it the gems and jewels of thought and virtue of all power, goodness and beauty.

But at the feet of the master, learn one lesson :—Forget not thy Maker, the All-Giver, the All Sustainer, the Creator !

(This is *Simran* / This is repetition of *Nam* !)

### VII

If ye do His Will, it is enough *Tirath*<sup>1</sup> for ye to bathe in holiness and joy.

If ye do not His Will, naught else availeth !

If a man live *yugas* four, or tens of *yugas*<sup>2</sup> more, have fame spreading all over the nine continents and all men to follow him, giving him the praise and renown of the world,

Let him be as rich and as great as this, yet without the light of His Glance beaming on him, he is unseen, he is counted but a worm amongst worms; he shall envy even the fate of sinners !

But wondrous are the ways of the Maker, He makes the disabled able, the able abler.

Great is His All-bestowing Mercy !

1. Holy rivers and places of pilgrimage.

2. Yuga is a cycle of ages.



## JAPJI

He adds unto all out of His Own Store, no second such as  
can add unto him.

(He is the Infinite Supreme, above all)

### VIII

By Thee informed, O Lord, standeth the earth,

The stars hang in space and sky is above,

Inspired by Thee are the lower regions, the continents of men,  
the adepts, guides and gods.

They die not who are thus informed.

Distress and sin to death and dust return.

Thou informest all gods angels and heavens.

The light of Thy inspiration makes the beggar noble, his  
raiment worthy of all praise.

Inspiration reveals the secrets of life and self; and one knoweth  
all, knowing Thee

Information of Thee contains All-peace, All-truth, All-  
knowledge; all learning is noble thereby,

The mind of man itself concentrates in Self, attained is the  
Unattainable, the Unknowable is known, the blind finds  
out his path, secure from sin and sorrow.

Thus bathed in the bliss of holiness, Thy saints are for ever as  
full-blown blossoms of Peace.

### IX

What words can tell the state of those who live in faith and  
trust, who make His Will their own ?

The Soul mounts high, reason and mind grow clear; Fates wait  
with bated breaths,

They are freed of pain of flesh, of the dreadful grasp of *Yama's*  
Noose, and lost in Self, straight is the path of life of them.

Great is His *Nam*.

## JAPJI

The path of faith, nothing can bar nor mar nor change ; they  
speed to Higher Regions beyond Death and decay,  
unhindered on, and gain the Seats of Honour hereafter.  
The journey over, the men of faith have reached the goal !!  
Saved are they and their kith and kin.  
Their life gains its freedom of the Infinite.  
No more, desire-pulled, it wanders a-begging.  
They know Thy Will as their own ; together both the Guru  
and the Disciples are saved !  
All Glorious is His *Nam* !  
The door of life opens up to those who have forgone them-  
selves in faith and love.  
Men whom He appoints and to whom He gives authority are the  
true teachers of men, they guide and lay for man the path.  
They are honoured of the Kingdom of God.  
They are the stars that make this earth a shining spot.  
The chosen of God live in the Guru.  
Their one fixed *Dhyan*<sup>1</sup> is His person.  
(Their breath is His Breath, their life is His Life. Their mind  
wanders not, nor their heart strays from the sphere of  
the Love of the Master !!)

### X

The works of the Architect of this Universe are above all  
reckoning; they speak foolishly who say they can  
conceive God.  
They say this earth is borne on the horns of the Bull.  
But there is earth beyond earth, planets on planets beyond,  
heavy indeed is the load on the horns of the Bull.  
It is not the Bull, it is *Dharma*, sprung from love, who bears  
the weight of the worlds.

1, Meditation, Subject of meditation,

## JAPJI

### XI

Ah ! who count the countless forms of life with which teems  
this world below and above, their names or species  
of hues ?

They are the letters writ by His Flowing Pen ; who now can  
write, count or reckon that which the Maker has made ?

How fair are forms made by the Creator !

How Mighty Thou ! O Lord !

How enchantingly sweet is Thy emanation !

How great is the kingdom of Nature that Thou hast given  
to Man !

Thou didst create all this but by one word.

From one word of Thy Lips is made this thousand-rivered  
Nature !

How shall I praise Thy Miracle of Nature ?

I am filled with the sweetness of its beauty !

At its altar, I fain would lay myself as a sacrifice, but too poor  
am I to gain my heart's desire, ah ! even but once !!

Thy Will, O Beautiful ! is good.

Thy pleasure is all !

### XII

O Formless One ! Thou art for ever ! How various Thy  
mankind !!

Myriads of men in myriad ways of life !

Some name Thee and some are in pious penance engaged,

Myriads recite from memory the Holy Books,

And myriads are lost in deep *Yog-Smadhi*<sup>1</sup> with their hearts  
full of sadness for the evanescence of the *Maya*, they  
are those who have grown indifferent to the world.

Myriads more are Thy devotees who meditate on Thy Know-  
ledge and Beauty.

1. Trance of Union.

## JAPJI

Myriads have taken the vow of Right.

Generous myriads who take delight in giving themselves and theirs away !

Myriads are the mighty Heroes Brave who bear the brunt of steel in war with joy.

Myriads are vowed to Silence with their mind fixed on the Eternal !

And myriads there are who are fools, blind mind and heart, thieves and those that live on plunder.

Myriads, such as bind their fellow-men by their might.

Myriads, such as live the life of sin, and spread falsehood, lies and scandals.

### XIII

O Infinite, how can I come to know Thy Nature !

Intoxicated with its Beauty, I fain would lay myself at its altar as a sacrifice, but too poor to do my heart's desire, ah ! even but once !

Thy Will, O Beautiful, is good !

Thy Pleasure is all !

O Formless One ! Thou art for ever !

### XIV

Beyond the reach of our senses and thought,

Myriads are Thy world-systems, myriads the spheres, and various are the descriptions that the mighty thinkers give of them.

This world is Thy writing !

This manifested emanation, these objects are the Alphabets of Thy Word,

Through these letters we name Thee, by their aid we praise Thee, by them is all our knowledge of Thee, with their aid we sing of Thy Beauty.

## JAPJI

Magic are these letters, we write and speak.

These letters are forms of human destiny writ on every man's forehead !

The Forehead of Him who wrote all this is without these lines of form and shape and Fates.

He is free, He can never be writ !!

As He ordaineth so His creatures are !

Great is His Make and great is His Glory !

There is no place where His Glory is not.

Thy Will, O Beautiful ! is good !

Thy Pleasure is all !

O Formless One ! Thou art for ever.

## XV

The hands and feet and skin when mud-besmeared are washed free of dirt by water, our vestures when soiled are cleaned by washing ;

But when the dirt of sins makes dark our mind naught else but Thy *Nam* can restore to it its fair transparency,

It needs be washed with the love of Thy *Nam*, O Lord !

## XVI

The man reaps as he sows.

It is His Will, men come and go on the Wheel of Birth and Death.

Small indeed is the honour won outside of Self by making pilgrimage and penance, or being kind and giving charity to others, if one has not been within himself and bathed in the Ambrosial River within, if one has not felt Holy Inspiration within, if the seed of faith is not put in the soil of the heart, if love has yet not sprung !

## JAPJI

### XVII

All kinds of Beauty are Thine, O Lord !

No beauty whatever I have, how can I aspire to Love Thee  
if Thou makest me not beautiful of heart and wakest  
me not to see Thy Beauty everywhere !

O Self-Existent, Eternal, Beauty !

From Thee has emanated the Holy *Nam*-life !

What was the name of the Day and what was the time, what  
season and what month was it, when Thou first made  
the world ?

The Pundits know naught of the dawn of Thy Creation to  
record it in the *Puranas*,<sup>1</sup>

Nor have the *Qazis*<sup>2</sup> seen that time to put it down in the,  
*Quran*,<sup>3</sup>

Nor do the Yogis know of that season, hour, date, nor the  
day.

### XVIII

That Beautiful Hour when He made this world He Himself  
alone doth know,

Beyond our speech, our praise, our description and knowledge  
is the Beautiful Maker !

Still they speak of Him, each and all according to their mite,  
as one is wiser than another.

### XIX

He is the Great and the Infinite one : and great is His *Nam*  
What He wills cometh to pass.

He knows whatever is.

1. Sacred books of the Hindus.

2. Mohanmedan Scribes,

3. The Koran.

## JAPJI

If anyone else says he knows Him, he is but a fool in the eyes  
of the dwellers of higher regions,  
There are skies above skies and earths below earths and man's  
mind is tired of this great search,  
It cannot reach the end of His Vastness.  
All knowledge of man and his thousand books proclaim but  
One Truth, that there is but One Substance of which all  
this is made.  
There is but One Metal in all. None else ! None else !  
How can the Infinite be reduced to the Finite ? All attempts  
to describe Him are lost.  
The Infinite knows the Infinite.

### XX

Ours is to lose ourselves in worship and adoration, nor need  
we ask, Why ?  
No need to fathom the Unfathomable : As the rivers flow to  
the sea with their song, let us flow on to the Infinite,  
not knowing how wide is the ocean's flood.  
Like an ocean is the Lord Almighty.  
If one has wealth-heaps as high as pyramids,  
Let him be ever so rich, yet is he less than the little ant, the  
ant that forgets not its Maker.  
(The small man that enshrines the Sultan within is all great.)  
No end to Thee, O Infinite ! nay, those who worship and love  
thee have no end;  
No end to Thy Forgiveness, endless are Thy Gifts.  
Thy Vision and Inspiration are infinite and endless is Thy  
Purpose !!

### XXI

Endless is Thy Creation, we see neither Thy Near nor Thy  
Far, Thou hast neither this, nor that shore.

## JAPJI

For touching either end of Thine, serious minds almost cry  
with pain.

Thy secret is the pang of their souls, but they cannot touch  
Thy limits at any point.

The more we say, the more is our ignorance !

Exalted is the Owner of the spheres !

Higher than our senses is High abode;

One must gain those heights before one catches a glimpse.

It is He whose glance can lift us up, to see Him.

His glance is a gift of Heaven.

Abundant is His Mercy, as great as Himself.

He giveth and giveth, taketh not even a mustard seed from  
aught else.

The great warriors beg their might from Him and numberless  
wrecks of sin wait at His Door.

There are others who receive His Plenty and eating His  
Bread deny Him, fools think not on his mysteries.

### XXI

In Thy courtyard die thousands of hunger and of the ills of  
flesh.

O Almighty giver ! This too is Thy Mercy, this too is Thy  
Love.

By Thy Will the chains of the prisoner drop.

The bound are freed and the free are bound, who else could  
divine Thy Purpose, who else could say aught ?

If any dare go against Thy will, he will know for himself  
how painful to him is his pride.

He knows us all better than we know ourselves.

He gives what is best for us; few are those who believe and  
bow to this truth.

Those on whom He bestows His song are greater than kings,



## JAPJI

Those who have worship in their hearts are nobler by far than the great ones of this earth.

The poet's heart is rich !

### XXIII

Priceless and precious, Oh Lord, Thy Beauty !

How Thy Worth reposes on its infinite glory, in price and in value one and the same !

Pricelessly precious are the wares of *Nam*,

Thou art the Eternal Merchant !

Thy stores are infinite, too precious to be priced !

Precious beyond measure is what Thou givest and what Thou takest away, the exchange is pricelessly precious.

The rate at which Thou dealest in love is of limitness worth, and how infinitely sweet the hour Thou bestowest love !

Thy delicate balance is priceless, Thy weights and weighings !

How common and how precious are Thy Signs !

Pricelessly precious is the word from Thy Lips,

Pricelessly precious is Thy Forgiveness !

How common and how precious art Thou !

Too common to be felt as preciousness itself, there is no other value; all descriptions stutter and are lost in a silence which wonders and fixes its gaze on Thee for ever.

### XXIV

Though the *Vedas* speak of Him, and the *Puranas*,

Though the learned discourse on Him, and *Indra* and *Brahmas* expound His Law, *Krishna* and His *Gopis* speak of Him, *Shiva* and the adepts tell about God and all the *Budhas* proclaim Him,

Though millions have spoken thus; though millions came and sat and left their seats and have gone,

## JAPJI

And if there come as many more creations and speak of Him,  
yet, He shall for ever remain The Undescribed !  
And Thou, O Lord, art more than our minds can comprehend !  
Thou art as Great as Thou canst be !  
Thou art as the Verity, Thou art the One reality;  
Thou alone knowest Thyself.

### XXV

Where art Thou, O Lord ? Where is Thy Door ? Where is  
Thy Tower-House from where Thou carest for all, on  
whose walls breaks the music of the Universe in its  
Endless Song ?

How many are the instruments !

How countless are the tunes and chants of this World-Music !

How countless are the voices that sing, countless are their  
undulations !

O Lord, the winds and waters and fires sing thee : the king of  
Right and Wrong and his angels;

*Ishwara* and *Brahma* and the goddesses Thou hast clothed  
with Thy Beauty, sing Thee;

*Indra* the owner of the three worlds with His Court of gods,  
sings the same chorus !

The silence of the Adepts and Saints sings !

The Heroes of self-control, of patience, of celibacy, of  
learning, are a Song of Thee !

The Seers pass with prophecy along the ages, singing; and  
the Goddesses, that invest the air, the sky and earth,  
with music of their limbs and eyes, their robes and  
gems, their life and joy, are a Song.

### XXVI

The Holy Lands and Rivers roll in music, the crystal-jewels  
of men roll in thy Song.

## JAPJI

The mighty and all-heroic are made of Song;  
The Kingdoms Four sing Thee !  
And Thy vast solar systems. Thy planets and their satellites  
whom Thou art holding in Thy Hands, raise the music  
of Thy praise !  
Only those whom Thou admitest, can enter into the Song,  
Thy poets, divinely led, whose souls are dyed with the red  
dye of Thy Lips, are in Thy Song Eternal !  
There is music in music. aye ! music beyond music. Transcendental is Thy Song !

### XXVII

The same and the same and the Eternally True is My Master !  
He forever subsists. His *Nam* is True.  
He is : He shall be ; He cannot be thought away, nor doth  
He depart.  
He made this world of diverse shapes and colours, fold on  
fold, embryo within embryo, that new to newer grows  
and watches my Lord and His in Glory !  
All moves by His will.  
He wills as He Wills.  
None can undo His will.  
My Lord is the King of Kings, the Absolute !

### XXVIII

Of what avail are thy ear-rings, O Yogi ?' better adorn thy  
mind with peace.  
Have no desires pulling at thy heart; mind not what happens.

1. This is evidently addressed to a Yogi of the Ai Sect. They bore their ears and put in thick ear-rings of Jade or wood. They have a wallet like a bag of cloth swung round their shoulders in which they keep the alms. They besmear their bodies with ashes. They wear a long gown made of shreds of cloths. They also have a staff.

## JAPJI

Of what use the Yogi's *Jholi* that thou wearest? Make  
retirement within the chambers of thy soul thy *Jholi*!

Be self-contained and centred in thy own Self.

This *Bhibut*<sup>1</sup> doth not help thee to forget thy body, make  
*Dhyan* thy *Bhibut*, by *Dhvan* this body will be that  
raiment which death can touch not.

Wear, O Yogi the *Khintha*<sup>2</sup> of new Youth that fades not.

Make Faith thy Staff.

Take the middle path and be patient.

Thou canst not be of *Ai* Sect of *Yoga* by roaming with the  
so-called Yogis; but only if thou sharest the goodness  
in company with the whole world.

### XXIX

The Conquest of the world is but the Conquest of thy Self.

Bow to Him Who is the beginning of all and Who Himself is  
without beginning. Primal, the Pure, Immutable, Eternal,  
Who is the One Life unchanging from age to age!

\* \* \* \* \*

Thy Bread be knowledge of God.

And be kind to all; there is the same throb of life in all  
hearts.

All things are strung in the string of one life.

All powers on the Earth and Heaven are His.

\* \* \* \* \*

Things are made and unmade, the Wheel of Creation whirls  
around this change.

To each one is measured out nor less nor more but what is  
writ in his own destiny!

1. Ashes besmeared on the body.

2. The gown of shreds.

## JAPJI

Bow to Him Who is the Beginning of all and Who Himself is without beginning — the Pure, the Immutable, the Eternal, Who is the One Life unchanging from age to age! The three children of *Maya*<sup>1</sup> revolve round the affairs of the world.

One produces, the other nourishes, the third destroys, but these Regents work as He bids them, they move as He commands, He sees them, though they see Him not.

Salute the Beginningless Beginning, The colourless Purity, the Deathless Verity, the Changing Permanence, which is same through ages and ages !!

God makes, and sees what He has made.

He is the Lover of Beauty ; the art of God transcends our senses.

No need of sitting in one posture, O Yogi !

XXX

The Fair God is everywhere !

He feedeth us in all the spheres ; allotted to us is our share, even before our birth !

Salute the Beginningless Beginning, the Colourless Purity, the Deathless Verity, the Changing Permanence, which is the same through ages and ages !!

If one tongue of man were as myriads, these myriads made myriads more again ; and if one single utterance were as if a wheel of sound—whose echoes again a myriad had moved, — reverberated through leaves of the forest and blades of grass, so that the sacred sound

1. It evidently refers three dynamic principles that keep creation going.
2. The idea is quite clear, that the three principles of *Maya* are all of the objective, while God is the subject, the Absolute.

## JAPJI

'bound with its spell all nature with its countless threats  
and voices:

With such a tongue and with such a sound when man says  
Hail, Lord !

Each pore of his skin sending forth a strain with the music of  
His *Nam*.

Then is the man at one with his Maker, then man mounts  
high, and is one with God ; there is no other way !

### XXXI

We have heard the whispers of gods on high ; the worm of  
the earth begins to vie with those whose souls are lit by  
the glances of God, who beam with Beatitude Eternal !

The Man plays the fool in thinking so much of himself.

What are his resolves, his ideas and efforts, labour and pain ?

Are not his deeds as fates combined against him ?

Is not his past self his own undoer ?

No way of escape from the wheel of birth and death but His  
Saving Mercy, His Grace and Glance !

O Lord ! throw me not on myself, of my will I can not speak  
nor observe silence.

Throw me not on my own strength ; of my will I can not  
pray nor give myself to Thee !

Nor I can follow life nor even death !

Not by my own power can I a beggar be, or a king ; throw  
me not on myself, for by myself I can not gain my  
soul nor the knowledge of Thyself.

Throw me not on myself, for I am unable to cross the Sea  
of change.

I cannot, O Lord !

Let him who has strength in his arms try, but man is weak  
for all that.

## JAPJI

All men are the same, nor more nor less, when seen from the  
Eternal.

### XXXI

Day and night He made.

He made the seasons, He made the winds and waters and  
fires and nether regions.

In mid-air is put this earth and held firm ; this is the land of  
Duty.

It is the temple of God.

This earth is flower-dyed with diverse species of life, the earth  
teems with their infinitude,

As we do here, so shall we be judged,

The Court of God separates chaff from wheat, there shall be  
measured unto us our raw and ripe.

Each man shall stand alone : his own deeds shall avail after  
the life of this earth.

### XXXIII

Honour is there for the Chosen of God and they shall be  
received by Him with kindness and love and He shall  
look at them, such is the way of the *Dharma-khand*,  
the Region of Action.<sup>1</sup>

The Spirit of Judgement rules over the Realm of Action !  
Great God is merciful !

But the way of the Region of the mind<sup>2</sup> is another.

The Spirit of Divine Knowledge reigns here !

In the mind roll winds and waters and fires,

In the mind are *Krishnas*, *Shivas*, *Brahmas* by thousands and  
an endless variety of name and form and dress.

1. The reference is to the Realm of Limitation where the embodied  
souls have to work out their destiny—The *Jiva Srishti*—The  
man-world.

2. This is the Region of Liberation—*Ishwar Srishti*, the God-world.

## JAPJI

And in it are contained thousand Regions of Duty, countless stars, moons and suns.

In it are countless Heavens, and countless again are the countries and lands and homes.

In it are adepts, *Buddhas*, Yogis, gods and demons.

In it are saints.

### XXXIV

In the mind surge the seas, and in it are jewels and precious gems.

In it are the sources of life, and in it are countless languages and countless lines of Kings.

In it are the Masters of Divine Knowledge and in it are those who worship.

There is the infinite in the infinite !!

The Region of Mind is lit with God's light.

The music is endless, there is bliss untold.

Then comes the higher Realm of Ecstasy !

There is the holy Rapture, here is naught but Beauty.

Here are the Titans at work, making idols of beauty, and here in the Realm of Ecstasy are made intellect and understanding, wisdom and power of men and gods.

Beyond all words is this Sphere of Ecstasy as subtle as a Trance.

Its reigning Deity is Beauty !!

### XXXV

Higher than the Region of Ecstasy is the Realm of Grace.

The Gods of power rule over this Realm,—

Great masters who lift man by force as he toils to it through the three other Realms of Duty, Knowledge and Ecstasy.

Incomparable, the dwellers of the Realm of Grace ;

They are mighty heroes full of God's Power !



## JAPJI

One understandeth only when he sees this Realm, no word-  
paintings can picture it for us.

Here are many Queens as *Sitas* in Glory, whose beauty is  
what no one can tell another who hath seen it not.

Nor death nor delusion is for them any more, in whose heart  
He liveth !

### XXXVI

Here are congregations of saints in bliss, whose minds and  
hearts are inebriate with God.

Higher than all is the Realm of My Lord,—

The Realm Absolute ! here reigns The Formless One !

Here His glance is my soul's Beatitude !

In this Realm are contained all Regions, and all the starry  
Heavens without end.

Out of the Formless Infinite come the forms and finite beings,  
never hastening, never resting.

### XXXVII

They whom He seeth, on whom He raineth the Light of His  
Smiles and pours the showers of the Life Eternal,

They on whom the Kind One by one glance maketh happy,  
toil hard at their craft as smiths :

Chastity of thought and speech and deed is their Furnace.

Understanding is the Anvil on which they ply their craft  
through the world of self and woe.

Divine Wisdom serves as tools for those toilers at life !

The devout awe of the Presence of God, and reverence serve  
them as bellows, and sufferings of vow of poverty as fire.

They make the Heart of love the vessel in which melts the  
Gold of *Nam* and thus they cast and recast their being  
in Love.

## JAPJI

True is this Mint where Man is cast in the Image of God,  
where Man is the Word and the Word is Man :

On such as these, He showers His Grace !

### S L O K A

Born of the waters, we children of great Earth learn our lesson  
from the winds.

And we spin in the arms of Day and night ; they nurse us well.

Before the Great Judge will be read our Actions, good or bad.

By our own Actions we shall be nearer Him or farther off !

Those who fix their *dhyān* on *Nam* shall pass above the pain  
of labour.

Their task is done.

Bright are their faces !

And in joy of one liberated soul shall many more be, through  
His great Love, made free !

## Sohila-Arti

(Bed Time Prayer)

### I

Sing ye, my comrades, now my wedding song !  
In the Temple House where saints sing His Nam, where saintly  
    hearts glow all day and night with His Love.

Sing ye, my comrades, now the song of His Praise !  
Sing the song of my Creator !

I fain would be a sacrifice for the harmony divine that giveth  
    everlasting Peace !

My Lord careth for the smallest life,  
The Bounteous Giver meets the needs of each,  
No arithmetic can count His gifts,  
Naught is it that we can render unto Him.

The Auspicious Day has dawned !  
The Hour is fixed for my wedding with my Lord !

Come, comrades ! assemble and make rejoicings,  
Anoint the Bride with oil and pour—on her your blessings !!  
Comrades ! pray, the Bride may meet her Lord !

This message is to every human being !

This call is for all.

O Man ! Remember Him who calls !

### II

The Day too is coming fast !

Many are the tabernacles, many the Teachers and many the  
    lessons they give.

Remember there is but one Guru, the Master of Masters,  
    that meeteth man in thousand forms !!

O Father ! keep Thy Hand on that tabernacles, make it

## SOHILA-ARTI

Thy own, where thy man melts into the song of Hail, Lord!  
not because I pray, but because Thou art so great  
As moments and hours and days, each with its own distinct  
import, make but one month,  
And as months, each with its own distinct effect, make seasons,  
each again with its own distinction ! and the cause of  
this all is the Shining Sun !  
So is the Play of the One Maker in the Diversity of Forms !

### III

The sky is my Azure Salver where the Sun and Moon,  
Thy lamps, illuminate Thy songs of Praise.  
The stars are as pearls set in my Salver ! O Light of Lights !  
My incense is the fresh fragrance blown on southern winds  
from sandal forests, frank-incense and cloves and a  
hundred spices,  
All the herbs of the earth rise with their flowers in Thy  
Temple and lay their offerings at Thy Feet !  
The breezes blow cool from East and South in Thy Temple  
high ; they wave the Heavenly Fans in Thy Honour !  
Such is Thy Arti !  
O All-kind Creator ! The Breaker of the Wheel of Karma,  
great Deliverer !  
Thou hast a million eyes yet no eyes !  
Thou hast a million light-white feet, yet not feet !  
Thou hast a million forms ! yet no form is Thine, O Lord !  
Thy presence sheds a thousand perfumes and yet Thou hast  
no incense !  
This Vision of the Invisible is my utmost richness !!  
O Light of Lights ! Thou art the light of all hearts !  
By Thee is kindled both Heaven and Earth.  
The Lord maketh the Invisible Visible to man.

## SOHILA-ARTI

To wait for the Coming about of Thy Will is our best worship!  
I thirst for Thy Lotus Feet all day and night.

I long for Thy Fragrance Presence as the bee longs for the  
flowers.

Grant me, O Lord, the Nectar of Thy Grace ! I am a-thirst  
like the Sarang !

Pour in me Thy Heavenly Drop and let me repose in  
Thy Holy, Holy Nam.

### IV

The human frame is filled with love's desire and passions of  
all kinds !

As it comes and touches the feet of the saint, all is reduced to  
dust.

This colliding of the man of sins with sinless saint is as pre-  
ordained as when two stars collide in Heaven,

It is good fortune of man that meets his Lord and Master  
and his Dhyān is fixed on the Eternal Verity,

Break, break, O man, at the feet of the Saint !

To do the behest of the Saint is thy highest Dharma !

Break, break, O man, at the feet of the Saint !

Mind not the Saktas, men cut off from the Music Divine ;

Mind not those who are out of tune with the Verity of Beauty,  
knowing not the sweet deliciousness of Nam.

There is the thorn of pride in their heart ;

The more they seem to mount, the more is the pricking of this  
thorn within their hearts !

From pain to greater pain they march, they bear the pain of  
Yama's Noose.

Absorbed are God's men in Hari Nam and have laid low at  
their feet the pain of birth and death and fears of  
human lot,

## SOHILA-ARTI

They have realised the Immortal Person of God.  
They have won the Universal Fame in all the Stellar and  
astral systems of creation !

O Lord ! Thou art great and greatest.

Thou art our Prop and Stay !

Thine are we for ever !

Make us Thine, O Lord ! though we are so poor and weak;  
full of misery of soul and woe of thousand kinds,

Make us Thy own slaves and let us repose in Thy Nam.

In Thy Love is the fruiting of our life.

In Thy Nam is our liberation.

### V

Thy slave longeth for the peace of lying at the feet of Thy  
Saints, of being the dust of their holy feet.

Make me, O Lord ! the dust of thy great temple and of Thy  
Saints !!

Look up, ye friends, the Dawn of Death is breaking !

I call ye out of the Love of my heart for ye !!

Awake and up ! it is high time for ye to render up this life at  
the feet of saints !

Rise and earn the Treasure of Hari Nam from the Company  
of the Saints.

Provide for the life hereafter,

Behold, the Dawn of Death is breaking yonder and soon shall  
ye be called !!

God gave ye this life for this divine purpose.

How day and night steal it from you drop by drop and how  
your heart is drained to waste !

O man ! rise and lay thyself at the feet of the saints and win  
thy life, ere it is all lost in folly ;

## SOHILA-ARTI

The man of Divine Knowledge swims across the sea of Maya,  
The world is in the welter deep, it shall thus remain in doubt.  
Rise thou, O brave disciple ! mind not the world and win for  
thyself the Castle of Immortality as the Master bids !  
He knows the unknowable whom Thou wakest with Thy own  
hands & makest to drink the Cup of Thy delicious  
love !!

### VI

Fly, my soul, fly ! from the dust and smoke of life into the  
Pure !  
For this achievement thou didst come.  
Win thy Master's love through which shall the love of God be  
thine.  
He shall then make thy Heart abode !  
Disciple, up ! win this prize of life and lie in sweet repose in  
the arms of God, with thy freedom all gained,  
O Lord, Thou knowest the inmost of our hearts !  
Thou fructifiest our desires and Thou are the Arbiter of our  
fates !  
Sweet one ! make me the dust of Thy Temple,





# GURU NANAK'S FUNDAMENTAL FORMULA

*For*

## *PEACE JOY & BLISS*

Rise in the ambrosial hours of fragrant dawn and meditate upon :-  
There is but One God—Manifested & Unmanifested One,  
SAT-NAM (the Word)—Eternal and All Pervading Divine  
Spirit.

The Creator, The Supreme Being,  
Without fear, Without enmity,  
Immortal Reality,  
Unborn, Self-Existent,  
He can be realized through the Grace of the Guru<sup>2</sup>—the  
Divine Master.

*(Translated)*

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1. This is Proem to the Japji. The Japji is a revelation, which springs from the God-illuminated heart of Guru Nanak, in direct and constant touch with the Eternal Reality, the One-in-All-and-All-in-One.

Guru Nanak—the Divine Master, was born in the Punjab (India) in the year 1469 A.D. He lived up to an age of three scores and ten, travelled far and wide, giving his message full of life, love and light. Those who endeavour to follow his way of life are known as Sikhs. The disciples of the Master live on Guru's Words—incorporated in Guru Granth Sahib—the universal Bible of Man. The Guru's word is the voice of God arousing the soul to spiritual effort.

2. Guru—the Divine Master, gives spiritual Light & shows the Way. He is the Light and Way himself. Being at one-ment with God, he lives for ever in spirit. The Guru—God's Light is eternal, ever-lasting, ever shining and pervades all. Unless the Guru-sun rises in the firmament of a man's soul, he remains in utter darkness and spiritually blind. And those who bask in his Sun-shine they bloom and blossom with flowers of perpetual joy and emit their fragrance far and wide.

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