

ੴ ਸਤਿਗੁਰ ਪ੍ਰਸਾਦਿ ॥

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

ਸਿਰੀਰਾਗੁ ਮਹਲਾ ੧ ਘਰੁ ੧ ਅਸਟਪਦੀਆ ॥

Siree Raag, First Mehl, First House, Ashtapadees:

ਆਖਿ ਆਖਿ ਮਨੁ ਵਾਵਣਾ ਜਿਉ ਜਿਉ ਜਾਪੈ ਵਾਇ ॥

I speak and chant His Praises, vibrating the instrument of my mind. The more I know Him, the more I vibrate it.

ਜਿਸ ਨੇ ਵਾਇ ਸੁਣਾਈਐ ਸੋ ਕੇਵਡੁ ਕਿਤੁ ਥਾਇ ॥

The One, unto whom we vibrate and sing-how great is He, and where is His Place?

ਆਖਣ ਵਾਲੇ ਜੇਤੜੇ ਸਭਿ ਆਖਿ ਰਹੇ ਲਿਵ ਲਾਇ ॥੧॥

Those who speak of Him and praise Him-they all continue speaking of Him with love. ||1||

ਬਾਬਾ ਅਲਹੁ ਅਗਮ ਅਪਾਰੁ ॥

O Baba, the Lord Allah is Inaccessible and Infinite.

ਪਾਕੀ ਨਾਈ ਪਾਕ ਥਾਇ ਸਚਾ ਪਰਵਦਿਗਾਰੁ ॥੧॥ ਰਹਾਉ ॥

Sacred is His Name, and Sacred is His Place. He is the True Cherisher.
||1||Pause||

ਤੇਰਾ ਹੁਕਮੁ ਨ ਜਾਪੀ ਕੇਤੜਾ ਲਿਖਿ ਨ ਜਾਣੈ ਕੋਇ ॥

The extent of Your Command cannot be seen; no one knows how to write it.

ਜੇ ਸਉ ਸਾਇਰ ਮੇਲੀਅਹਿ ਤਿਲੁ ਨ ਪੁਜਾਵਹਿ ਰੋਇ ॥

Even if a hundred poets met together, they could not describe even a tiny bit of it.

ਕੀਮਤਿ ਕਿਨੈ ਨ ਪਾਈਆ ਸਭਿ ਸੁਣਿ ਸੁਣਿ ਆਖਹਿ ਸੋਇ ॥੨॥

No one has found Your Value; they all merely write what they have heard again and again. ||2||

ਪੀਰ ਪੈਕਾਮਰ ਸਾਲਕ ਸਾਦਕ ਸੁਹਦੇ ਅਉਰੁ ਸਹੀਦ ॥

The Pirs, the Prophets, the spiritual teachers, the faithful, the innocents and the martyrs,

ਸੇਖ ਮਸਾਇਕ ਕਾਜੀ ਮੁਲਾ ਦਰਿ ਦਰਵੇਸ ਰਸੀਦ ॥

the Shaikhs, the mystics, the Qazis, the Mullahs and the Dervishes at His Door

ਬਰਕਤਿ ਤਿਨ ਕਉ ਅਗਲੀ ਪੜਦੇ ਰਹਨਿ ਦਰੂਦ ॥੩॥

-they are blessed all the more as they continue reading their prayers in praise to Him. ||3||

ਪੁਛਿ ਨ ਸਾਜੇ ਪੁਛਿ ਨ ਢਾਹੇ ਪੁਛਿ ਨ ਦੇਵੈ ਲੇਇ ॥

He seeks no advice when He builds; He seeks no advice when He destroys.
He seeks no advice while giving or taking.

ਆਪਣੀ ਕੁਦਰਤਿ ਆਪੇ ਜਾਣੈ ਆਪੇ ਕਰਣੁ ਕਰੇਇ ॥

He alone knows His Creative Power; He Himself does all deeds.

ਸਭਨਾ ਵੇਖੈ ਨਦਰਿ ਕਰਿ ਜੈ ਭਾਵੈ ਤੈ ਦੇਇ ॥੪॥

He beholds all in His Vision. He gives to those with whom He is pleased. ||4||

ਥਾਵਾ ਨਾਵ ਨ ਜਾਣੀਅਹਿ ਨਾਵਾ ਕੇਵਡੁ ਨਾਉ ॥

His Place and His Name are not known, no one knows how great is His Name.

ਜਿਥੈ ਵਸੈ ਮੇਰਾ ਪਾਤਿਸਾਹੁ ਸੋ ਕੇਵਡੁ ਹੈ ਥਾਉ ॥

How great is that place where my Sovereign Lord dwells?

ਅੰਬੜਿ ਕੋਇ ਨ ਸਕਈ ਹਉ ਕਿਸ ਨੋ ਪੁਛਣਿ ਜਾਉ ॥੫॥

No one can reach it; whom shall I go and ask? ||5||

ਵਰਨਾ ਵਰਨ ਨ ਭਾਵਨੀ ਜੇ ਕਿਸੈ ਵਡਾ ਕਰੇਇ ॥

One class of people does not like the other, when one has been made great.

ਵਡੇ ਹਥਿ ਵਡਿਆਈਆ ਜੈ ਭਾਵੈ ਤੈ ਦੇਇ ॥

Greatness is only in His Great Hands; He gives to those with whom He is pleased.

ਹੁਕਮਿ ਸਵਾਰੇ ਆਪਣੈ ਚਸਾ ਨ ਢਿਲ ਕਰੇਇ ॥੬॥

By the Hukam of His Command, He Himself regenerates, without a moment's delay. ||6||

ਸਭੁ ਕੋ ਆਖੈ ਬਹੁਤੁ ਬਹੁਤੁ ਲੈਣੈ ਕੈ ਵੀਚਾਰਿ ॥

Everyone cries out, "More! More!", with the idea of receiving.

ਕੇਵਡੁ ਦਾਤਾ ਆਖੀਐ ਦੇ ਕੈ ਰਹਿਆ ਸੁਮਾਰਿ ॥

How great should we call the Giver? His Gifts are beyond estimation.

ਨਾਨਕ ਤੋਟਿ ਨ ਆਵਈ ਤੇਰੇ ਜੁਗਹ ਜੁਗਹ ਭੰਡਾਰ ॥੭॥੧॥

O Nanak, there is no deficiency; Your Storehouses are filled to overflowing,
age after age. ||7||1||