

# Section 26 - Raag Tukhaari

Exported from Holy-Writings.com on 2026-06-20 — 1 clipping

[Sacred Texts](#) [Sikhism](#) [Index](#) [Previous](#) [Next](#)

Shri Guru Granth Sahib: Raag Tukhaari

Section 26 - Raag Tukhaari - Part 001

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

In each and every home, the Husband Lord ravishes and enjoys the happy

soul-brides; so why has He forgotten me?

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.

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

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

Section 26 - Raag Tukhaari - Part 002

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

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.

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

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

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||

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O Nanak, I have given this mind to Him; death and life rest with God. ||8||  
In Saawan, be happy, O my mind. The rainy season has come, and the clouds have burst into showers.

My mind and body are pleased by my Lord, but my Beloved has gone away.  
My Beloved has not come home, and I am dying of the sorrow of separation. The lightning flashes, and I am scared.

My bed is lonely, and I am suffering in agony. I am dying in pain, O my mother!  
Tell me - without the Lord, how can I sleep, or feel hungry? My clothes give no comfort to my body.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In Assu, come, my Beloved; the soul-bride is grieving to death.

She can only meet Him, when God leads her to meet Him; she is ruined by the love of duality.

If she is plundered by falsehood, then her Beloved forsakes her. Then, the white flowers of old age blossom in my hair.

Section 26 - Raag Tukhaari - Part 003

Summer is now behind us, and the winter season is ahead. Gazing upon this play, my shaky mind wavers.

In all ten directions, the branches are green and alive. That which ripens slowly, is sweet.

O Nanak, in Assu, please meet me, my Beloved. The True Guru has become my Advocate and Friend. ||11||

In Katak, that alone comes to pass, which is pleasing to the Will of God.

The lamp of intuition burns, lit by the essence of reality.

Love is the oil in the lamp, which unites the soul-bride with her Lord. The bride is delighted, in ecstasy.

One who dies in faults and demerits - her death is not successful. But one who dies in glorious virtue, really truly dies.

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.

Nanak: please open the shutters of Your Door, O Lord, and meet me. A single moment is like six months to me. ||12||

The month of Maghar is good, for those who sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord, and merge in His Being.

The virtuous wife utters His Glorious Praises; my Beloved Husband Lord is

Eternal and Unchanging.

The Primal Lord is Unmoving and Unchanging, Clever and Wise; all the world is fickle.

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

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.

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

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

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

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.

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

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.

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

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

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

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.

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.

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||

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

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

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

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

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

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||

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.

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

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

savor His Love.

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.

Section 26 - Raag Tukhaari - Part 004

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

Tukhaari, First Mehl:

In the first watch of the dark night, O bride of splendored eyes, protect your riches; your turn is coming soon.

When your turn comes, who will wake you? While you sleep, your juice shall be sucked out by the Messenger of Death.

The night is so dark; what will become of your honor? The thieves will break into your home and rob you.

O Saviour Lord, Inaccessible and Infinite, please hear my prayer.

O Nanak, the fool never remembers Him; what can he see in the dark of night?

||1||

The second watch has begun; wake up, you unconscious being!

Protect your riches, O mortal; your farm is being eaten.

Protect your crops, and love the Lord, the Guru. Stay awake and aware, and the thieves shall not rob you.

You shall not have to go on the path of Death, and you shall not suffer in pain; your fear and terror of death shall run away.

The lamps of the sun and the moon are lit by the Guru's Teachings, through His Door, meditating on the True Lord, in the mind and with the mouth.

O Nanak, the fool still does not remember the Lord. How can he find peace in duality? ||2||

The third watch has begun, and sleep has set in.

The mortal suffers in pain, from attachment to Maya, children and spouse.

Maya, his children, his wife and the world are so dear to him; he bites the bait, and is caught.

Meditating on the Naam, the Name of the Lord, he shall find peace; following the Guru's Teachings, he shall not be seized by death.

He cannot escape from birth, dying and death; without the Name, he suffers.

O Nanak, in the third watch of the three-phased Maya, the world is engrossed in attachment to Maya. ||3||

The fourth watch has begun, and the day is about to dawn.

Those who remain awake and aware, night and day, preserve and protect their homes.

The night is pleasant and peaceful, for those who remain awake; following the Guru's advice, they focus on the Naam.

Those who practice the Word of the Guru's Shabad are not reincarnated again; the Lord God is their Best Friend.

The hands shake, the feet and body totter, the vision goes dark, and the body turns to dust.

O Nanak, people are miserable throughout the four ages, if the Name of the Lord does not abide in the mind. ||4||

The knot has been untied; rise up - the order has come!

Pleasures and comforts are gone; like a prisoner, you are driven on.  
You shall be bound and gagged, when it pleases God; you will not see or hear it coming.

Everyone will have their turn; the crop ripens, and then it is cut down.

The account is kept for every second, every instant; the soul suffers for the bad and the good.

O Nanak, the angelic beings are united with the Word of the Shabad; this is the way God made it. ||5||2||

Tukhaari, First Mehl:

The meteor shoots across the sky. How can it be seen with the eyes?

The True Guru reveals the Word of the Shabad to His servant who has such perfect karma.

The Guru reveals the Shabad; dwelling on the True Lord, day and night, he beholds and reflects on God.

The five restless desires are restrained, and he knows the home of his own heart. He conquers sexual desire, anger and corruption.

His inner being is illuminated, by the Guru's Teachings; He beholds the Lord's play of karma.

Section 26 - Raag Tukhaari - Part 005

O Nanak, killing his ego, he is satisfied; the meteor has shot across the sky.

||1||

The Gurmukhs remain awake and aware; their egotistical pride is eradicated.

Night and day, it is dawn for them; they merge in the True Lord.

The Gurmukhs are merged in the True Lord; they are pleasing to His Mind. The Gurmukhs are intact, safe and sound, awake and awake.

The Guru blesses them with the Ambrosial Nectar of the True Name; they are lovingly attuned to the Lord's Feet.

The Divine Light is revealed, and in that Light, they achieve realization; the self-willed manmukhs wander in doubt and confusion.

O Nanak, when the dawn breaks, their minds are satisfied; they pass their life-night awake and aware. ||2||

Forgetting faults and demerits, virtue and merit enter one's home.

The One Lord is permeating everywhere; there is no other at all.

He is All-pervading; there is no other. The mind comes to believe, from the mind.

The One who established the water, the land, the three worlds, each and every heart - that God is known by the Gurmukh.

The Infinite, All-powerful Lord is the Creator, the Cause of causes; erasing the three-phased Maya, we merge in Him.

O Nanak, then, demerits are dissolved by merits; such are the Guru's Teachings.

||3||

My coming and going in reincarnation have ended; doubt and hesitation are gone.

Conquering my ego, I have met the True Lord, and now I wear the robe of Truth.

The Guru has rid me of egotism; my sorrow and suffering are dispelled.

My might merges into the Light; I realize and understand my own self.

In this world of my parents' home, I am satisfied with the Shabad; at my

in-laws' home, in the world beyond, I shall be pleasing to my Husband Lord.

O Nanak, the True Guru has united me in His Union; my dependence on people has ended. ||4||3||

Tukhaari, First Mehl:

Deluded by doubt, misled and confused, the soul-bride later regrets and repents.

Abandoning her Husband Lord, she sleeps, and does not appreciate His Worth.

Leaving her Husband Lord, she sleeps, and is plundered by her faults and demerits. The night is so painful for this bride.

Sexual desire, anger and egotism destroy her. She burns in egotism.

When the soul-swan flies away, by the Command of the Lord, her dust mingles with dust.

O Nanak, without the True Name, she is confused and deluded, and so she regrets and repents. ||1||

Please listen, O my Beloved Husband Lord, to my one prayer.

You dwell in the home of the self deep within, while I roll around like a dust-ball.

Without my Husband Lord, no one likes me at all; what can I say or do now?

The Ambrosial Naam, the Name of the Lord, is the sweetest nectar of nectars.

Through the Word of the Guru's Shabad, with my tongue, I drink in this nectar.

Without the Name, no one has any friend or companion; millions come and go in reincarnation.

Nanak: the profit is earned and the soul returns home. True, true are Your Teachings. ||2||

O Friend, You have travelled so far from Your homeland; I send my message of love to You.

I cherish and remember that Friend; the eyes of this soul-bride are filled with tears.

The eyes of the soul-bride are filled with tears; I dwell upon Your Glorious Virtues. How can I meet my Beloved Lord God?

I do not know the treacherous path, the way to You. How can I find You and cross over, O my Husband Lord?

Through the Shabad, the Word of the True Guru, the separated soul-bride meets with the Lord; I place my body and mind before You.

O Nanak, the ambrosial tree bears the most delicious fruits; meeting with my Beloved, I taste the sweet essence. ||3||

The Lord has called you to the Mansion of His Presence - do not delay!

Section 26 - Raag Tukhaari - Part 006

Night and day, imbued with His Love, you shall meet with Him with intuitive ease.

In celestial peace and poise, you shall meet Him; do not harbor anger - subdue your proud self!

Imbued with Truth, I am united in His Union, while the self-willed manmukhs continue coming and going.

When you dance, what veil covers you? Break the water pot, and be unattached.

O Nanak, realize your own self; as Gurmukh, contemplate the essence of reality.

||4||4||

Tukhaari, First Mehl:

O my Dear Beloved, I am the slave of Your slaves.

The Guru has shown me the Invisible Lord, and now, I do not seek any other.  
The Guru showed me the Invisible Lord, when it pleased Him, and when God  
showered His Blessings.

The Life of the World, the Great Giver, the Primal Lord, the Architect of  
Destiny, the Lord of the woods - I have met Him with intuitive ease.

Bestow Your Glance of Grace and carry me across, to save me. Please bless me  
with the Truth, O Lord, Merciful to the meek.

Prays Nanak, I am the slave of Your slaves. You are the Cherisher of all souls.

||1||

My Dear Beloved is enshrined throughout the Universe.

The Shabad is pervading, through the Guru, the Embodiment of the Lord.

The Guru, the Embodiment of the Lord, is enshrined throughout the three worlds;  
His limits cannot be found.

He created the beings of various colors and kinds; His Blessings increase day  
by day.

The Infinite Lord Himself establishes and disestablishes; whatever pleases Him,  
happens.

O Nanak, the diamond of the mind is pierced through by the diamond of spiritual  
wisdom. The garland of virtue is strung. ||2||

The virtuous person merges in the Virtuous Lord; his forehead bears the  
insignia of the Naam, the Name of the Lord.

The true person merges in the True Lord; his comings and goings are over.

The true person realizes the True Lord, and is imbued with Truth. He meets the  
True Lord, and is pleasing to the Lord's Mind.

No one else is seen to be above the True Lord; the true person merges in the  
True Lord.

The Fascinating Lord has fascinated my mind; releasing me from bondage, He has  
set me free.

O Nanak, my light merged into the Light, when I met my most Darling Beloved.

||3||

By searching, the true home, the place of the True Guru is found.

The Gurmukh obtains spiritual wisdom, while the self-willed manmukh does not.

Whoever the Lord has blessed with the gift of Truth is accepted; the Supremely  
Wise Lord is forever the Great Giver.

He is known to be Immortal, Unborn and Permanent; the True Mansion of His  
Presence is everlasting.

The day-to-day account of deeds is not recorded for that person, who manifests  
the radiance of the Divine Light of the Lord.

O Nanak, the true person is absorbed in the True Lord; the Gurmukh crosses over  
to the other side. ||4||5||

Tukhaari, First Mehl:

O my ignorant, unconscious mind, reform yourself.

O my mind, leave behind your faults and demerits, and be absorbed in virtue.

You are deluded by so many flavors and pleasures, and you act in such  
confusion. You are separated, and you will not meet your Lord.

How can the impassible world-ocean be crossed? The fear of the Messenger of

Death is deadly. The path of Death is agonizingly painful.

The mortal does not know the Lord in the evening, or in the morning; trapped on the treacherous path, what will he do then?

Bound in bondage, he is released only by this method: as Gurmukh, serve the Lord. ||1||

O my mind, abandon your household entanglements.

O my mind, serve the Lord, the Primal, Detached Lord.

Section 26 - Raag Tukhaari - Part 007

Meditate in remembrance on the One Universal Creator; the True Lord created the entire Universe.

The Guru controls the air, water and fire; He has staged the drama of the world.

Reflect on your own self, and so practice good conduct; chant the Name of the Lord as your self-discipline and meditation.

The Name of the Lord is your Companion, Friend and Dear Beloved; chant it, and meditate on it. ||2||

O my mind, remain steady and stable, and you will not have to endure beatings.

O my mind, singing the Glorious Praises of the Lord, you shall merge into Him with intuitive ease.

Singing the Glorious Praises of the Lord, be happy. Apply the ointment of spiritual wisdom to your eyes.

The Word of the Shabad is the lamp which illuminates the three worlds; it slaughters the five demons.

Quieting your fears, become fearless, and you shall cross over the impassible world ocean. Meeting the Guru, your affairs shall be resolved.

You shall find the joy and the beauty of the Lord's Love and Affection; the Lord Himself shall shower you with His Grace. ||3||

O my mind, why did you come into the world? What will you take with you when you go?

O my mind, you shall be emancipated, when you eliminate your doubts.

So gather the wealth and capital of the Name of the Lord, Har, Har; through the Word of the Guru's Shabad, you shall realize its value.

Filth shall be taken away, through the Immaculate Word of the Shabad; you shall know the Mansion of the Lord's Presence, your true home.

Through the Naam, you shall obtain honor, and come home. Eagerly drink in the Ambrosial Amrit.

Meditate on the Lord's Name, and you shall obtain the sublime essence of the Shabad; by great good fortune, chant the Praises of the Lord. ||4||

O my mind, without a ladder, how will you climb up to the Temple of the Lord?

O my mind, without a boat, you shall not reach the other shore.

On that far shore is Your Beloved, Infinite Friend. Only your awareness of the Guru's Shabad will carry you across.

Join the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy, and you shall enjoy ecstasy; you shall not regret or repent later on.

Be Merciful, O Merciful True Lord God: please give me the Blessing of the Lord's Name, and the Sangat, the Company of the Holy.

Nanak prays: please hear me, O my Beloved; instruct my mind through the Word of

the Guru's Shabad. ||5||6||

Tukhaari Chhant, Fourth Mehl:

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

My inner being is filled with love for my Beloved Husband Lord. How can I live without Him?

As long as I do not have the Blessed Vision of His Darshan, how can I drink in the Ambrosial Nectar?

How can I drink in the Ambrosial Nectar without the Lord? I cannot survive without Him.

Night and day, I cry out, "Pri-o! Pri-o! Beloved! Beloved!", day and night.

Without my Husband Lord, my thirst is not quenched.

Please, bless me with Your Grace, O my Beloved Lord, that I may dwell on the Name of the Lord, Har, Har, forever.

Through the Word of the Guru's Shabad, I have met my Beloved; I am a sacrifice to the True Guru. ||1||

When I see my Beloved Husband Lord, I chant the Lord's Glorious Praises with love.

Section 26 - Raag Tukhaari - Part 008

My inner being blossoms forth; I continually utter, "Pri-o! Pri-o! Beloved! Beloved!"

I speak of my Dear Beloved, and through the Shabad, I am saved. Unless I can see Him, I am not satisfied.

That soul-bride who is ever adorned with the Shabad, meditates on the Name of the Lord, Har, Har.

Please bless this beggar, Your humble servant, with the Gift of Mercy; please unite me with my Beloved.

Night and day, I meditate on the Guru, the Lord of the World; I am a sacrifice to the True Guru. ||2||

I am a stone in the Boat of the Guru. Please carry me across the terrifying ocean of poison.

O Guru, please, lovingly bless me with the Word of the Shabad. I am such a fool - please save me!

I am a fool and an idiot; I know nothing of Your extent. You are known as Inaccessible and Great.

You Yourself are Merciful; please, mercifully bless me. I am unworthy and dishonored - please, unite me with Yourself!

Through countless lifetimes, I wandered in sin; now, I have come seeking Your Sanctuary.

Take pity on me and save me, Dear Lord; I have grasped the Feet of the True Guru. ||3||

The Guru is the Philosopher's Stone; by His touch, iron is transformed into gold.

My light merges into the Light, and my body-fortress is so beautiful.

My body-fortress is so beautiful; I am fascinated by my God. How could I forget Him, for even a breath, or a morsel of food?

I have seized the Unseen and Unfathomable Lord, through the Word of the Guru's Shabad. I am a sacrifice to the True Guru.

I place my head in offering before the True Guru, if it truly pleases the True Guru.

Take pity on me, O God, Great Giver, that Nanak may merge in Your Being.

||4||1||

Tukhaari, Fourth Mehl:

The Lord, Har, Har, is Inaccessible, Unfathomable, Infinite, the Farthest of the Far.

Those who meditate on You, O Lord of the Universe - those humble beings cross over the terrifying, treacherous world-ocean.

Those who meditate on the Name of the Lord, Har, Har, easily cross over the terrifying, treacherous world-ocean.

Those who lovingly walk in harmony with the Word of the Guru, the True Guru - the Lord, Har, Har, unites them with Himself.

The mortal's light meets the Light of God, and blends with that Divine Light when the Lord, the Support of the Earth, grants His Grace.

The Lord, Har, Har, is Inaccessible, Unfathomable, Infinite, the Farthest of the Far. ||1||

O my Lord and Master, You are Inaccessible and Unfathomable. You are totally pervading and permeating each and every heart.

You are Unseen, Unknowable and Unfathomable; You are found through the Word of the Guru, the True Guru.

Blessed, blessed are those humble, powerful and perfect people, who join the Guru's Sangat, the Society of the Saints, and chant His Glorious Praises.

With clear and precise understanding, the Gurmukhs contemplate the Guru's Shabad; each and every instant, they continually speak of the Lord.

When the Gurmukh sits down, he chants the Lord's Name. When the Gurmukh stands up, he chants the Lord's Name, Har, Har.

O my Lord and Master, You are Inaccessible and Unfathomable. You are totally pervading and permeating each and every heart. ||2||

Those humble servants who serve are accepted. They serve the Lord, and follow the Guru's Teachings.

All their millions of sins are taken away in an instant; the Lord takes them far away.

All their sin and blame is washed away. They worship and adore the One Lord with their conscious minds.

Section 26 - Raag Tukhaari - Part 009

The Creator makes fruitful the lives of all those who, through the Guru's Word, chant the True Name.

Blessed are those humble beings, those great and perfect people, who follow the Guru's Teachings and meditate on the Lord; they cross over the terrifying and treacherous world-ocean.

Those humble servants who serve are accepted. They follow the Guru's Teachings, and serve the Lord. ||3||

You Yourself, Lord, are the Inner-knower, the Searcher of hearts; as You make me walk, O my Beloved, so do I walk.

Nothing is in my hands; when You unite me, then I come to be united.

Those whom You unite with Yourself, O my Lord and Master - all their accounts

are settled.

No one can go through the accounts of those, O Siblings of Destiny, who through the Word of the Guru's Teachings are united with the Lord.

O Nanak, the Lord shows Mercy to those who accept the Guru's Will as good. You Yourself, Lord, are the Inner-knower, the Searcher of hearts; as You make me walk, O my Beloved, so do I walk. ||4||2||

Tukhaari, Fourth Mehl:

You are the Life of the World, the Lord of the Universe, our Lord and Master, the Creator of all the Universe.

They alone meditate on You, O my Lord, who have such destiny recorded on their foreheads.

Those who are so pre-destined by their Lord and Master, worship and adore the Name of the Lord, Har, Har.

All sins are erased in an instant, for those who meditate on the Lord, through the Guru's Teachings.

Blessed, blessed are those humble beings who meditate on the Lord's Name. Seeing them, I am uplifted.

You are the Life of the World, the Lord of the Universe, our Lord and Master, the Creator of all the Universe. ||1||

You are totally pervading the water, the land and the sky. O True Lord, You are the Master of all.

Those who meditate on the Lord in their conscious minds - all those who chant and meditate on the Lord are liberated.

Those mortal beings who meditate on the Lord are liberated; their faces are radiant in the Court of the Lord.

Those humble beings are exalted in this world and the next; the Savior Lord saves them.

Listen to the Lord's Name in the Society of the Saints, O humble Siblings of Destiny. The Gurmukh's service to the Lord is fruitful.

You are totally pervading the water, the land and the sky. O True Lord, You are the Master of all. ||2||

You are the One Lord, the One and Only Lord, pervading all places and interspaces.

The forests and fields, the three worlds and the entire Universe, chant the Name of the Lord, Har, Har.

All chant the Name of the Creator Lord, Har, Har; countless, uncountable beings meditate on the Lord.

Blessed, blessed are those Saints and Holy People of the Lord, who are pleasing to the Creator Lord God.

O Creator, please bless me with the Fruitful Vision, the Darshan, of those who chant the Lord's Name in their hearts forever.

You are the One Lord, the One and Only Lord, pervading all places and interspaces. ||3||

The treasures of devotional worship to You are countless; he alone is blessed with them, O my Lord and Master, whom You bless.

The Lord's Glorious Virtues abide within the heart of that person, whose forehead the Guru has touched.

The Glorious Virtues of the Lord dwell in the heart of that person, whose inner being is filled with the Fear of God, and His Love.

Section 26 - Raag Tukhaari - Part 010

Without the Fear of God, His Love is not obtained. Without the Fear of God, no one is carried across to the other side.

O Nanak, he alone is blessed with the Fear of God, and God's Love and Affection, whom You, Lord, bless with Your Mercy.

The treasures of devotional worship to You are countless; he alone is blessed with Them, O my Lord and Master, whom You bless. ||4||3||

Tukhaari, Fourth Mehl:

To receive the Blessed Vision of the Darshan of the Guru, the True Guru, is to truly bathe at the Abhaijit festival.

The filth of evil-mindedness is washed off, and the darkness of ignorance is dispelled.

Blessed by the Guru's Darshan, spiritual ignorance is dispelled, and the Divine Light illuminates the inner being.

The pains of birth and death vanish in an instant, and the Eternal, Imperishable Lord God is found.

The Creator Lord God Himself created the festival, when the True Guru went to bathe at the festival in Kuruk-shaytra.

To receive the Blessed Vision of the Darshan of the Guru, the True Guru, is to truly bathe at the Abhaijit festival. ||1||

The Sikhs travelled with the Guru, the True Guru, on the path, along the road. Night and day, devotional worship services were held, each and every instant, with each step.

Devotional worship services to the Lord God were held, and all the people came to see the Guru.

Whoever was blessed with the Darshan of the Guru, the True Guru, the Lord united with Himself.

The True Guru made the pilgrimage to the sacred shrines, for the sake of saving all the people.

The Sikhs travelled with the Guru, the True Guru, on the path, along the road. ||2||

When the Guru, the True Guru, first arrived at Kuruk-shaytra, it was a very auspicious time.

The news spread throughout the world, and the beings of the three worlds came. The angelic beings and silent sages from all the three worlds came to see Him. Those who are touched by the Guru, the True Guru - all their sins and mistakes were erased and dispelled.

The Yogis, the nudists, the Sannyasees and those of the six schools of philosophy spoke with Him, and then bowed and departed.

When the Guru, the True Guru, first arrived at Kuruk-shaytra, it was a very auspicious time. ||3||

Second, the Guru went to the river Jamunaa, where He chanted the Name of the Lord, Har, Har.

The tax collectors met the Guru and gave Him offerings; they did not impose the tax on His followers.

All the True Guru's followers were excused from the tax; they meditated on the Name of the Lord, Har, Har.

The Messenger of Death does not even approach those who have walked on the path, and followed the Guru's Teachings.

All the world said, "Guru! Guru! Guru!" Uttering the Guru's Name, they were all emancipated.

Second, the Guru went to the river Jamunaa, where He chanted the Name of the Lord, Har, Har. ||4||

Third, He went to the Ganges, and a wonderful drama was played out there.

All were fascinated, gazing upon the Blessed Vision of the Saintly Guru's Darshan; no tax at all was imposed upon anyone.

No tax at all was collected, and the mouths of the tax collectors were sealed.

They said, "O brothers, what should we do? Who should we ask? Everyone is running after the True Guru."

Section 26 - Raag Tukhaari - Part 011

The tax collectors were smart; they thought about it, and saw. They broke their cash-boxes and left.

Third, He went to the Ganges, and a wonderful drama was played out there. ||5||

The important men of the city met together, and sought the Protection of the Guru, the True Guru.

The Guru, the True Guru, the Guru is the Lord of the Universe. Go ahead and consult the Simritees - they will confirm this.

The Simritees and the Shaastras all confirm that Suk Dayv and Prahlaad meditated on the Guru, the Lord of the Universe, and knew Him as the Supreme Lord.

The five thieves and the highway robbers dwell in the fortress of the body-village; the Guru has destroyed their home and place.

The Puraanas continually praise the giving of charity, but devotional worship of the Lord is only obtained through the Word of Guru Nanak.

The important men of the city met together, and sought the Protection of the Guru, the True Guru. ||6||4||10||

Tukhaari Chhant, Fifth Mehl:

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

O my Beloved, I am a sacrifice to You. Through the Guru, I have dedicated my mind to You.

Hearing the Word of Your Shabad, my mind is enraptured.

This mind is enraptured, like the fish in the water; it is lovingly attached to the Lord.

Your Worth cannot be described, O my Lord and Master; Your Mansion is Incomparable and Unrivalled.

O Giver of all Virtue, O my Lord and Master, please hear the prayer of this humble person.

Please bless Nanak with the Blessed Vision of Your Darshan. I am a sacrifice, my soul is a sacrifice, a sacrifice to You. ||1||

This body and mind are Yours; all virtues are Yours.

I am a sacrifice, every little bit, to Your Darshan.

Please hear me, O my Lord God; I live only by seeing Your Vision, even if only

for an instant.

I have heard that Your Name is the most Ambrosial Nectar; please bless me with Your Mercy, that I may drink it in.

My hopes and desires rest in You, O my Husband Lord; like the rainbird, I long for the rain-drop.

Says Nanak, my soul is a sacrifice to You; please bless me with Your Darshan, O my Lord God. ||2||

You are my True Lord and Master, O Infinite King.

You are my Dear Beloved, so dear to my life and consciousness.

You bring peace to my soul; You are known to the Gurmukh. All are blessed by Your Love.

The mortal does only those deeds which You ordain, Lord.

One who is blessed by Your Grace, O Lord of the Universe, conquers his mind in the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy.

Says Nanak, my soul is a sacrifice to You; You gave me my soul and body. ||3||

I am unworthy, but He has saved me, for the sake of the Saints.

The True Guru has covered by faults; I am such a sinner.

God has covered for me; He is the Giver of the soul, life and peace.

My Lord and Master is Eternal and Unchanging, Ever-present; He is the Perfect Creator, the Architect of Destiny.

Your Praise cannot be described; who can say where You are?

Slave Nanak is a sacrifice to the one who blesses him with the Lord's Name, even for an instant. ||4||1||11||

Next: Raag Kaydaaraa