

**One Universal Creator God. The Name Is Truth.  
Creative Being Personified. No Fear. No Hatred. Image  
Of The Undying, Beyond Birth, Self-Existent. By Guru's  
Grace.**

**Jap.**

**True In The Primal Beginning. True Throughout The Ages.  
True Even Now. O Nanak, He Shall Be True Forever. ||1||**

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By thinking, He cannot be comprehended, even by thinking hundreds of thousands of times. By remaining silent, inner silence is not obtained, even by remaining constantly absorbed. The hunger of the hungry is not appeased, even by gathering loads of worlds. Hundreds of thousands of clever tricks are of no avail, for not even one goes along with you. How can one become truthful? And how can the veil of falsehood be torn away? By obeying the Hukam of the Commander, O Nanak, it is written that you shall walk on the Path.

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By His Command, bodies are created; His Command cannot be described. By His Command, souls come into being; by His Command, glory and greatness are obtained. By His Command, some are high and some are low; by His Written Command, pain and pleasure are obtained. Some, by His Command, are blessed and forgiven; others, by His Command, wander aimlessly forever. Everyone is subject to His

Command; no one is beyond His Command. O Nanak, one who understands His Command, does not speak in ego.

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Some sing of His power, of who has the power. Some sing of His gifts, and know them as His Signs. Some sing of His glorious virtues, and His great excellence. Some sing of His knowledge, and difficult intellectual analysis. Some sing that He creates the body and then reduces it to dust. Some sing that He takes life away, and then gives it back again. Some sing that He seems so far away. Some sing that He watches over all, ever-present. There is no end to His description. Millions upon millions have spoken of Him. The Great Giver keeps on giving, while those who receive grow weary of receiving. Throughout the ages, consumers consume. The Commander, by His Command, leads us to walk on the Path. O Nanak, He blossoms forth, carefree.

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True is the Master, True is His Name - speak it with infinite love. People beg and pray, "Give to us, give to us", and the Great Giver gives His Gifts. So what offering can we place before Him, by which we might see the Darbaar of His Court? What words can our mouth utter, listening to which His Love is gained? In the Ambrosial period, dwell upon His True Name and praises. With good past karmas, this robe is obtained, By His Grace, the Gate of Liberation is found. O Nanak, know this well:

Everything is in the Righteous Lord!

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He cannot be established; By doing it cannot be done. He Himself is Immaculate and Pure. Whoever serves Him receives honor. O Nanak sing – “Only Lord has endless Virtues”. Sing, listen, and keep your mind humble. For your pains, take home every peace. The Guru's Word is the Sound-current, wisdom of the Vedas and remains the ultimate protector.

The Guru is Shiva, Gorakh and Brahma; the Guru is Paarvati and Lakhshmi. Even knowing Him, I cannot describe Him; He is beyond description in words. The Guru has extinguished this doubt: All creatures have only the one God – May I never forget this!

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If by bathing at holy places, He could be obtained, Without His Blessing one cannot get there. I gaze upon His Creation: without good karmas, what will they receive? Within the mind are gems, jewels and rubies, when the Sikh listens to the One Guru. The Guru has extinguished this doubt: All creatures have only the one God – May I never forget this!

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Even if you could live throughout the four ages, or even ten times more, and even if you were known throughout the nine continents and followed by all, and had a good name and reputation, and gained the applause of the world – still, if the Lord does not bless you, no one would even care for you. He would be considered a worm among worms, and even sinners would condemn him. O Nanak, God bestows virtues upon the virtueless, and to the virtuous, He gives even more. No other seems to be able to do this, but if He does it, He alone knows how.

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Listening – the Siddhas, the spiritual teachers, the heroic warriors and the yogic masters. Listening – the earth, its support and the sky.

Listening – the oceans, the lands of the world and the nether regions.

Listening – Death cannot even touch you. O Nanak, the devotees are forever in bliss. Listening – pain and sin are erased.

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Listening – Shiva, Brahma and Indra. Listening – even the mouths of the evil praise Him. Listening – the way of Yoga and its mysteries. Listening – the Shaastras, the Simritees and the Vedas. O Nanak, the devotees are forever in bliss. Listening – pain and sin are erased.

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Listening – truth, contentment and spiritual wisdom. Listening – bathe at the sixty-eight holy places. Listening – reading and reciting, honor is obtained. Listening – one attains sure dedication. O Nanak, the devotees are forever in bliss. Listening – pain and sin are erased.

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Listening – the depths of the oceans of virtue. Listening – the Siddhas, the spiritual teachers, and the emperors. Listening – the blind find the Path. Listening – the unfathomable becomes accessible. O Nanak, the devotees are forever in bliss. Listening – pain and sin are erased.

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The state of the faithful cannot be described. One who tries to describe it shall regret it later. No paper, no pen, no scribe can record it. The state of the faithful is to be meditated upon in the mind. Such is the Name of the Immaculate Lord. Only one who believes it can know it in his mind.

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The faithful have intuitive awareness and intellect in their minds. The faithful have knowledge of all the worlds and realms. The faithful do not suffer blows to the face. The faithful do not go with the Messenger of Death. Such is the Name of the Immaculate Lord. Only one who believes it can know it in his mind.

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The faithful do not encounter obstacles on their path. The faithful depart with honor and glory. The faithful do not follow any specific sect or path. The faithful are linked to righteousness. Such is the Name of the Immaculate Lord. Only one who believes it can know it in his mind.

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The faithful find the Door of Liberation. The faithful uplift and redeem their family and relations. The faithful are saved, together with the Sikhs of the Guru. The faithful, O Nanak, do not wander around begging. Such is the Name of the Immaculate Lord. If one mind understands another's mind.

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The accepted ones, the chosen ones, are the panch. The panch are honored in the Court of the Lord. The panch are radiant in the courts of kings. The panch focus their meditation on the One Guru. If someone tries to describe and reflect upon the Lord, there is no limit to His creation. The bull of righteousness is the son of compassion. Contentment is maintained by its thread. If anyone understands this, they are truthful. How much burden is there on that bull? There are earths beyond earths, and still more beyond. What power supports the

weight beneath them? The various species, colors and names of beings. All are written by the ever-flowing pen. Who can write this account? How

vast is the account to be written? How great is His power, how beautiful

His form? Who knows the extent of His gifts? He created the vast expanse with one Word. From that, hundreds of thousands of rivers began to flow. What is His power? How can I describe it? I cannot even express myself once. Whatever pleases You is the only good deed. You are eternally stable, O Formless One.

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Countless are the repetitions of His Name, countless are the acts of love. Countless are the worships, countless are the austerities. Countless are the holy scriptures and vocal recitations of the Vedas. Countless are the Yogis, whose minds remain detached. Countless are the devotees, who reflect upon His virtues and wisdom. Countless are the givers, countless are the truthful. Countless are the brave and heroic warriors, who face steel in battle. Countless are the silent sages, who remain absorbed in constant meditation. What is His power? How can I describe it? I cannot even express myself once. Whatever pleases You is the only good deed.

You are eternally stable, O Formless One.

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Countless are the utterly foolish and ignorant. Countless are the thieves and embezzlers. Countless are those who rule by force. Countless are the cutthroats and murderers. Countless are the sinners, who commit sins. Countless are the liars, who wander around speaking falsehoods. Countless are the wretched, who eat filth. Countless are the slanderers,

who carry the weight of their sins on their heads. O Nanak, this humble person speaks his thoughts. I cannot even express myself once. Whatever pleases You is the only good deed. You are eternally stable, O Formless One.

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Countless are His Names, and countless are His places. Unreachable, unapproachable, countless are His worlds. To speak of them is to carry a burden on the head. In the letters is the Name, in the letters is His praise. In the letters is knowledge, the hymns and the depths of His virtues. In the letters are writing, speaking and words. Over the letters, destiny is described. One who writes them has no head. As He commands, so do we meditate. As much as He has created, so much is His Name. Without His Name, there is no place. What is His power? How can I describe it? I cannot even express myself once. Whatever pleases You is the only good deed. You are eternally stable, O Formless One.

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When the hands, feet and body are soiled, water washes away the dirt. When clothes are stained by urine, soap washes them clean. But when the mind is filled with sin, it is cleansed by the Name of the Lord. The virtuous and the sinner are not just words. What you sow, you shall reap. You yourself plant the seeds, and you yourself eat the harvest. O Nanak, by His Command, we come and go in reincarnation.

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Pilgrimages, austerities, compassion, charity, and giving donations - if these earn even an iota of honor. But listening, believing, and loving Him

in the mind, within, is the true cleansing bath of the sacred shrine. All virtues are Yours, I have none at all. Without virtues, there can be no devotion. Praised be the Creator, who is the source of all good. His Truth is beautiful, and His mind is forever in bliss. What was that time, and what was that moment? What was that day and what was that date? What was that season and what was that month, when the Universe was created? The Pandits (religious scholars) could not find that time, even if it were written in the Puranas. The Qazis (Islamic judges) could not find that moment, even if it were written in the Koran. The Yogis do not know the day, the date, the season, or the month. The Creator who created this creation - only He Himself knows. How can we speak of Him? How can we praise Him? How can we describe Him? How can we know Him? O Nanak, everyone speaks of Him, each one wiser than the rest. Great is the Master, Great is His Name. Whatever happens is according to His Will. O Nanak, anyone who thinks himself to be all-knowing will not be honored in the hereafter.

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There are nether worlds beneath nether worlds, and hundreds of thousands of heavenly worlds above. Scholars have searched and searched, until they are weary, and say that there is only one story. The eighteen Puranas and the Muslim scriptures speak of it. If there were a written account, it would be exhausted. O Nanak, speak of the Great Lord; He Himself knows His own greatness.

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So powerful is His praise, and such is His form. O Nanak, it is difficult to describe Him. Those who praise Him, praise the Great One. He Himself unites with Himself. He Himself is within Himself. He Himself is outside Himself. He Himself acts and He Himself knows. He Himself reveals Himself and He Himself knows. O Nanak, He Himself reflects upon Himself.

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As great as Your creation is, so great You are. Without Your Name, no one can be known. What is His power? How can I describe it? I cannot even express myself once. Whatever pleases You is the only good deed. You are eternally stable, O Formless One.

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His great grace cannot be written. The Great Giver does not desire even a sesame seed. So many powerful warriors beg from Him. Countless are those whose thoughts cannot be counted. Many are destroyed by their corruption. Many take and then deny. Many foolish ones consume and consume. So much suffering, hunger, and constant beatings. These are also Your gifts, O Great Giver. Bondage or liberation comes by Your Will. No one else can say anything. If some fool tries to say something, he will know how many blows he has to suffer. He Himself knows, and He Himself gives. Even those who speak of Him are few indeed. That one, whom He blesses with His praise and glory - O Nanak, he is the King of Kings.

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Priceless are His virtues, priceless is His trade. Priceless are the traders, priceless are His treasures. Priceless are those who come, priceless are those who depart. Priceless is His love, priceless is absorption in Him. Priceless is righteousness, priceless is His court. Priceless is the balance, priceless is the weight. Priceless are His blessings, priceless is His mark. Priceless are His actions, priceless is His Command. Priceless, priceless - He cannot be described. People speak and speak, constantly absorbed.

The Vedas, scriptures and Puranas speak of Him. Scholars read and describe Him. Brahma speaks, Indra speaks. The Gopis and Krishna speak. Shiva speaks, the Siddhas speak. How many created beings speak, and how many wise ones. The demons speak, the gods speak. The silent sages, the devotees, the servants speak. So many speak, and try to speak. So many have spoken and then departed. Even if He created more, they still could not speak. He is Great, and He is praised as Great. O Nanak, He is united with the True Name.

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So beautiful is His form, so great are His gifts. As much as He has created, so much is His provision. Who knows the extent of His gifts? There is one Giver, and hundreds of thousands of miserable, hungry people. The human being gets caught in attachment and Maya; the Guru gives salvation. Whatever happens, happens - only He knows.

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In singleness, there is singleness. As much as He has created, so much is His Name. Without His Name, there is no place. What is His power? How

can I describe it? I cannot even express myself once. Whatever pleases  
You is the only good deed. You are eternally stable, O Formless One.

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His food is spiritual wisdom, and His storehouse is compassion. In every  
heart, the infinite primal sound resounds. He Himself is the Master, and  
all are controlled by Him. Wealth, spiritual powers and other  
attainments. Union and separation are the two ways He operates. Those  
who have such destiny perform their actions. He Himself knows, and He  
Himself gives. Even those who speak of Him are few indeed. That one,  
whom He blesses with His praise and glory - O Nanak, he is the King of  
Kings.

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The One Divine Mother conceived and gave birth to three disciples. One  
is the creator of the world, one is the sustainer, and one brings about  
destruction. As He pleases, so does He direct them, according to His  
Command. He watches over them, but they cannot see Him - such is this  
great wonder. He Himself knows Himself, and He Himself acts. O Nanak,  
the Jap (meditation) frees us from transmigration.

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In all worlds and realms are His treasures. Whatever He has bestowed,  
He gave it once and for all. The Creator acts and watches over His  
creation. O Nanak, the True Lord is true in His works.

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If I had hundreds of thousands of tongues, and these were multiplied  
twenty times more. And with each tongue, I could repeat Your Name

hundreds of thousands of times. This is the path of the Lord, ascending by steps, becoming one with Him. Hearing these things, the sky does not seem far, O Nanak, but one cannot walk there.

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No power to speak, no power to keep silent. No power to beg, no power to give. No power to live, no power to die. No power to rule, with wealth and occult mental powers. No power to gain intuitive understanding, spiritual wisdom and meditation. No power to find the way to escape from the world. He alone has the Power in His Hands. He watches over all. O Nanak, no one is high or low.

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Nights, days, weeks and seasons; wind, water, fire and the nether regions - in the midst of these, He established the earth as a home for Dharma. Upon it, He placed the various species of beings. Their names are uncounted and endless. By their deeds and their actions, they shall be judged. God Himself is True, and True is His Court. There, in perfect grace and ease, sit the Holy Beings, the Panch. They receive the Mark of Grace from the Merciful Lord. The ripe and the unripe, the good and the bad, shall there be judged. O Nanak, when you go home, you will see this.

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This is the righteous living in the realm of Dharma. And now we speak of the realm of spiritual wisdom. So many winds, waters and fires; so many Krishnas and Shivas. So many Brahmas, fashioning forms of great beauty, adorned and dressed in many colors. So many worlds and lands

for working out karma. So very many lessons to be learned! So many Indras, so many moons and suns, so many worlds and lands. So many Siddhas and Buddhas, so many Yogic masters. So many goddesses of various kinds. So many demi-gods and demons, so many silent sages. So many oceans of jewels. So many ways of life, so many languages. So many dynasties of rulers. So many intuitive people, so many selfless servants. O Nanak, His limit has no limit!

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In the realm of wisdom, spiritual wisdom reigns supreme. The Sound-current of the Naad vibrates there, amidst fascination and rejoicing. In the realm of humility, the Word is Beauty. Forms of incomparable beauty are fashioned there. These things cannot be described. One who tries to speak of these shall regret it in the end. The intuitive consciousness, intellect and understanding of the mind are shaped there. The consciousness of the spiritual warriors and the Siddhas, the beings of spiritual perfection, are shaped there.

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In the realm of karma, the Word is Power. No one else dwells there, except the warriors of great power, the spiritual heroes. They are totally fulfilled, imbued with the Lord's Name. Myriads of Sitas are there, cool and calm in their majestic glory. Their beauty cannot be described. Neither death nor deception comes to those, within whose minds the Lord abides. The devotees of many worlds dwell there. They celebrate; their minds are imbued with the True Lord. In the realm of Truth, the Formless Lord abides. Having created the creation, He watches over it.

By His Glance of Grace, He bestows happiness. There are planets, solar systems and galaxies. If one speaks of them, there is no limit, no end. There are worlds upon worlds of His Creation. As He commands, so they exist. He watches over them, and contemplating the creation, He rejoices. O Nanak, to describe this is as hard as steel!

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Let self-control be the furnace, and patience the goldsmith. Let understanding be the anvil, and spiritual wisdom the tools. With the Fear of God as the bellows, fan the flames of tapa, the body's inner heat. In the crucible of love, melt the Nectar of the Name, and mint the True Coin of the Shabad, the Word of God. Such is the karma of those upon whom He has cast His Glance of Grace. O Nanak, the Merciful Lord, by His Grace, uplifts and ruins them.

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**Air is the Guru, Water is the Father, and Earth is the Great Mother of all. Day and night are the two nurses, in whose lap all the world is at play. Good deeds and bad deeds - the record is read out in the Presence of the Lord of Dharma. According to their own actions, some are drawn closer, and some are driven further away. Those who have meditated on the Naam, the Name of the Lord, and departed after having worked by the sweat of their brows - O Nanak, their faces are radiant in the Court of the Lord, and many are saved along with them! ||1||**

**॥ Waheguru Ji Ka Khalsa ॥ Waheguru Ji Ki Fateh ॥**

Japji Sahib - English