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.

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 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.

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.
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||

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 Jayth 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 Jayth, 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||

The soul-bride is grieving to death.

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

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.

In Assu, come, my Beloved; the soul-bride is pleasing to God.

The 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.

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.

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.

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