Rehraas Saahib

so dar raag aasaa mehlaa 1
So Dar ~ That Door. Raag Aasaa, First Mehl:

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

Where is That Door of Yours, and where is That Home, in which You sit and take care of all?

The Sound-current of the Naad vibrates there for You, and countless musicians play all sorts of instruments there for You.

The Righteous Judge of Dharma sings at Your Door.

Shiva, Brahma and the Goddess of Beauty, ever adorned by You, sing of You.

Indra, seated on His Throne, sings of You, with the deities at Your Door.

The celebates, the fanatics, and the peacefully accepting sing of You; the fearless warriors sing of You.

The Pandits, the religious scholars who recite the Vedas, with the supreme sages of all the ages, sing of You.

The celestial jewels created by You, and the sixty-eight sacred shrines of pilgrimage, sing of You.
The brave and mighty warriors sing of You. The spiritual heroes and the four sources of creation sing of You.

They alone sing of You, who are pleasing to Your Will. Your devotees are imbued with Your Sublime Essence.

So many others sing of You, they do not come to mind. O Nanak, how can I think of them all?

He is the King, the King of kings, the Supreme Lord and Master of kings. Nanak remains subject to His Will.

Hearing of His Greatness, everyone calls Him Great.

Just how Great His Greatness is—this is known only to those who have seen Him.

His Value cannot be estimated; He cannot be described.

You are the Ocean of Excellence.
No one knows the extent or the vastness of Your Expanse.

All the intuitives met and practiced intuitive meditation.

All the appraisers met and made the appraisal.

All Truth, all austere discipline, all goodness,

all the great miraculous spiritual powers of the Siddhas

They are received only by Your Grace. No one can block them or stop their flow.

What can the poor helpless creatures do?

Your Praises are overflowing with Your Treasures.

Those, unto whom You give-how can they think of any other?

O Nanak, the True One embellishes and exalts.

Aasaa, First Mehl:

Chanting it, I live; forgetting it, I die.
saachay naam kee laagai bhookh.
If someone feels hunger for the True Name,

that hunger shall consume his pain. ||1||

so ki-o visrai mayree maa-ay.
How can I forget Him, O my mother?

saachaa saahib saachai naa-ay. ||1|| rahaa-o.
True is the Master, True is His Name. ||1||Pause||

Trying to describe even an iota of the Greatness of the True Name,

people have grown weary, but they have not been able to evaluate it.

Even if everyone were to gather together and speak of Him,

He would not become any greater or any lesser. ||2||

That Lord does not die; there is no reason to mourn.

This Virtue is His alone; there is no other like Him.

There never has been, and there never will be. ||3||

As Great as You Yourself are, O Lord, so Great are Your Gifts.

The One who created the day also created the night.

Those who forget their Lord and Master are vile and despicable.

O Nanak, without the Name, they are wretched outcasts. ||4||3||
Raag Goojaree, Fourth Mehl:

हर कराय जिरे इतिहास सातया तिन्हूँ त्रस्त मानी ||

I am a mere insect, a worm. O True Guru, I seek Your Sanctuary. Please be merciful, and bless me with the Light of the Naam, the Name of the Lord. ||1||

मेरे दोस्त ब्रजवंश में कर हर सत्य पवित्र भक्ति ||

O my Best Friend, O Divine Guru, please enlighten me with the Name of the Lord.

सुकृति हर हर निम्न सत्यती कह दीवीत ताली देवनाम ||

Through the Guru's Teachings, the Naam is my breath of life. The Kirtan of the Lord's Praise is my life's occupation. ||1||

हर हर सत्य विद्वेद विगुर संगत कर तिलक तिलक भक्ति ||

Those who have not attained the Sublime Essence of the Name of the Lord, Har, Har, Har, are most unfortunate; they are led away by the Messenger of Death.

जिन हर हर हर रस नाम के पलिके हर क्राँजली नम भक्ति ||

Those who have not sought the Sanctuary of the True Guru and the Sangat, the Holy Congregation, their virtues shine forth. ||2||

हर हर हर हर रस हर सत्य नाम न पा-ई भागी नाम जीवा नाम जीवाः ||

Those humble servants of the Lord who have attained the Company of the True Guru, have such pre-ordained destiny inscribed on their foreheads.

हर सात तिनी दस महाकाल सातयी अग्नि घन तेज देवनाम ||

Those who have not obtained the Name of the Lord, Har, Har, are most unfortunate; they are led away by the Messenger of Death.

जिन हर हर हर रस नाम के पलिके हर क्राँजली नम भक्ति ||

Blessed, blessed is the Sat Sangat, the True Congregation, where the Lord's Essence is obtained. Meeting with His humble servant, O Nanak, the Light of the Naam shines forth. ||4||

Raag Goojaree, Fifth Mehl:

काहे हैं उस विद्वेद द्रुष्य ना प्राप्ति लोक नील पवित्र ||

Why, O mind, do you plot and plan, when the Dear Lord Himself provides for your care?

साइ पार सत्यार्थी तिन रस हर पवित्र तिन रस जीवन ||

From rocks and stones He created living beings; He places their nourishment before them. ||1||
O my Dear Lord of souls, one who joins the Sat Sangat, the True Congregation, is saved.

By Guru's Grace, the supreme status is obtained, and the dry wood blossoms forth again in lush greenery.

Mothers, fathers, friends, children and spouses-no one is the support of anyone else.

For each and every person, our Lord and Master provides sustenance. Why are you so afraid, O mind?

The flamingoes fly hundreds of miles, leaving their young ones behind.

Who feeds them, and who teaches them to feed themselves? Have you ever thought of this in your mind?

All the nine treasures, and the eighteen supernatural powers are held by our Lord and Master in the Palm of His Hand.

Servant Nanak is devoted, dedicated, forever a sacrifice to You, Lord. Your Expanse has no limit, no boundary.

All living beings are Yours-You are the Giver of all souls.

Meditate on the Lord, O Saints; He is the Dispeller of all sorrow.

The Lord Himself is the Master, the Lord Himself is the Servant. O Nanak, the poor beings are wretched and
You are constant in each and every heart, and in all things. O Dear Lord, you are the One.

Some are givers, and some are beggars. This is all Your Wondrous Play.

You Yourself are the Giver, and You Yourself are the Enjoyer. I know no other than You.

You are the Supreme Lord God, Limitless and Infinite. What Virtues of Yours can I speak of and describe?

Unto those who serve You, unto those who serve You, Dear Lord, servant Nanak is a sacrifice. ||2||

Blessed are they, blessed are they, who meditate on their Dear Lord. Servant Nanak is a sacrifice to them. ||3||

Devotion to You, devotion to You, is a treasure overflowing, infinite and beyond measure.

Your devotees, Your devotees praise You, Dear Lord, in many and various and countless ways.

For You, many, for You, so very many perform worship services, O Dear Infinite Lord; they practice disciplined meditation and chant endlessly.

For You, many, for You, so very many read the various Simritees and Shaastras. They perform rituals and religious rites.
Those devotees, those devotees are sublime, O servant Nanak, who are pleasing to my Dear Lord God. ||4||

You are the Primal Being, the Most Wonderful Creator. There is no other as Great as You.

Age after age, You are the One. Forever and ever, You are the One. You never change, O Creator Lord.

You Yourself created the entire universe, and having fashioned it, You Yourself shall destroy it all.

You Yourself separate them from Yourself, and You Yourself reunite with them again. ||1||

You are the River of Life; all are within You.

There is no one except You.

All living beings are Your playthings.
The separated ones meet, and by great good fortune, those suffering in separation are reunited once again.

They alone understand, whom You inspire to understand;

They continually chant and repeat the Lord's Praises.

Those who serve You find peace.

They are intuitively absorbed into the Lord's Name.

You Yourself are the Creator. Everything that happens is by Your Doing.

You created the creation; You behold it and understand it.

O servant Nanak, the Lord is revealed through the Gurmukh, the Living Expression of the Guru's Word.

In that pool, people have made their homes, but the water there is as hot as fire!

In the swamp of emotional attachment, their feet cannot move. I have seen them drowning there.

In your mind, you do not remember the One Lord—you fool!

In your understanding, you do not know the truth.

You have forgotten the Lord; your virtues shall wither away.

I am not celibate, nor truthful, nor scholarly. I was born foolish and ignorant into this world.
Prays Nanak, I seek the Sanctuary of those who have not forgotten You, O Lord! ||2||3||

Aasaa, Fifth Mehl:

This human body has been given to you.

This is your chance to meet the Lord of the Universe.

Nothing else will work.

Join the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy; vibrate and meditate on the Jewel of the Naam. ||1||

Make every effort to cross over this terrifying world-ocean.

You are squandering this life uselessly in the love of Maya. ||1||Pause||

I have not practiced meditation, self-discipline, self-restraint or righteous living.

I have not served the Holy; I have not acknowledged the Lord, my King.

Says Nanak, my actions are contemptible!

O Lord, I seek Your Sanctuary; please, preserve my honor! ||2||4||