

Kirtan Sohilaa

Sohilaa ~ The Song Of Praise. Raag Gauree Deepakee, First Mehl:

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

In that house where the Praises of the Creator are chanted and contemplated

-in that house, sing Songs of Praise; meditate and remember the Creator Lord.

||1||

Sing the Songs of Praise of my Fearless Lord.

I am a sacrifice to that Song of Praise which brings eternal peace. ||1||Pause||

Day after day, He cares for His beings; the Great Giver watches over all.

Your Gifts cannot be appraised; how can anyone compare to the Giver? ||2||

The day of my wedding is pre-ordained. Come, gather together and pour the oil over the threshold.

My friends, give me your blessings, that I may merge with my Lord and Master.

||3||

Unto each and every home, into each and every heart, this summons is sent out; the call comes each and every day.

Remember in meditation the One who summons us; O Nanak, that day is drawing near! ||4||1||

Raag Aasaa, First Mehl:

There are six schools of philosophy, six teachers, and six sets of teachings.

But the Teacher of teachers is the One, who appears in so many forms. ||1||

O Baba: that system in which the Praises of the Creator are sung

-follow that system; in it rests true greatness. ||1||Pause||

The seconds, minutes and hours, days, weeks and months,

and the various seasons originate from the one sun;

O Nanak, in just the same way, the many forms originate from the Creator.
||2||2||

Raag Dhanaasaree, First Mehl:

Upon that cosmic plate of the sky, the sun and the moon are the lamps. The stars and their orbs are the studded pearls.

The fragrance of sandalwood in the air is the temple incense, and the wind is the fan. All the plants of the world are the altar flowers in offering to You, O Luminous Lord. ||1||

What a beautiful Aartee, lamp-lit worship service this is! O Destroyer of Fear, this is Your Ceremony of Light.

The Unstruck Sound-current of the Shabad is the vibration of the temple drums.
||1||Pause||

You have thousands of eyes, and yet You have no eyes. You have thousands of forms, and yet You do not have even one.

You have thousands of Lotus Feet, and yet You do not have even one foot. You have no nose, but you have thousands of noses. This Play of Yours entrances me. ||2||

Amongst all is the Light-You are that Light.

By this Illumination, that Light is radiant within all.

Through the Guru's Teachings, the Light shines forth.

That which is pleasing to Him is the lamp-lit worship service. ||3||

My mind is enticed by the honey-sweet Lotus Feet of the Lord. Day and night, I thirst for them.

Bestow the Water of Your Mercy upon Nanak, the thirsty song-bird, so that he may come to dwell in Your Name. ||4||3||

Raag Gauree Poorbee, Fourth Mehl:

The body-village is filled to overflowing with anger and sexual desire; these were broken into bits when I met with the Holy Saint.

By pre-ordained destiny, I have met with the Guru. I have entered into the realm of the Lord's Love. ||1||

Greet the Holy Saint with your palms pressed together; this is an act of great merit.

Bow down before Him; this is a virtuous action indeed. ||1||Pause||

The wicked shaaktas, the faithless cynics, do not know the Taste of the Lord's Sublime Essence. The thorn of egotism is embedded deep within them.

The more they walk away, the deeper it pierces them, and the more they suffer in pain, until finally, the Messenger of Death smashes his club against their heads. ||2||

The humble servants of the Lord are absorbed in the Name of the Lord, Har, Har. The pain of birth and the fear of death are eradicated.

They have found the Imperishable Supreme Being, the Transcendent Lord God, and they receive great honor throughout all the worlds and realms. ||3||

I am poor and meek, God, but I belong to You! Save me-please save me, O Greatest of the Great!

Servant Nanak takes the Sustenance and Support of the Naam. In the Name of the Lord, he enjoys celestial peace. ||4||4||

Raag Gauree Poorbee, Fifth Mehl:

Listen, my friends, I beg of you: now is the time to serve the Saints!

In this world, earn the profit of the Lord's Name, and hereafter, you shall dwell in peace. ||1||

This life is diminishing, day and night. Meeting with the Guru, your affairs shall be resolved. ||1||Pause||

This world is engrossed in corruption and cynicism. Only those who know God are saved.

Only those who are awakened by the Lord to drink in this Sublime Essence, come to know the Unspoken Speech of the Lord. ||2||

Purchase only that for which you have come into the world, and through the Guru, the Lord shall dwell within your mind.

Within the home of your own inner being, you shall obtain the Mansion of the Lord's Presence with intuitive ease. You shall not be consigned again to the wheel of reincarnation. ||3||

O Inner-knower, Searcher of Hearts, O Primal Being, Architect of Destiny: please fulfill this yearning of my mind.

Nanak, Your slave, begs for this happiness: let me be the dust of the feet of the Saints. ||4||5||