

# Japji Sahib

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 ~

Chant And Meditate:

True In The Primal Beginning. True Throughout The Ages.  
True Here And Now. O Nanak, Forever And Ever True. ||1||  
By thinking, He cannot be reduced to thought, even by thinking  
hundreds of thousands of  
times.

By remaining silent, inner silence is not obtained, even by  
remaining lovingly absorbed  
deep within.

The hunger of the hungry is not appeased, even by piling up  
loads of worldly goods.  
Hundreds of thousands of clever tricks, but not even one of them  
will go along with you in  
the end.

So how can you become truthful? And how can the veil of illusion  
be torn away?

O Nanak, it is written that you shall obey the Hukam of His  
Command, and walk in the Way  
of His Will. ||1||

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. ||2||

Some sing of His Power-who has that Power?

Some sing of His Gifts, and know His Sign and Insignia.

Some sing of His Glorious Virtues, Greatness and Beauty.

Some sing of knowledge obtained of Him, through difficult  
philosophical studies.

Some sing that He fashions the body, and then again reduces it  
to dust.

Some sing that He takes life away, and then again restores it.

Some sing that He seems so very far away.

Some sing that He watches over us, face to face, ever-present.

There is no shortage of those who preach and teach.

Millions upon millions offer millions of sermons and stories.

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 and Untroubled. ||3||

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 we speak to evoke His Love?

In the Amrit Vaylaa, the ambrosial hours before dawn, chant the  
True Name, and

contemplate His Glorious Greatness.

By the karma of past actions, the robe of this physical body is  
obtained. By His Grace, the  
Gate of Liberation is found.

O Nanak, know this well: the True One Himself is All. ||4||

He cannot be established, He cannot be created.

He Himself is Immaculate and Pure.

Those who serve Him are honored.

O Nanak, sing of the Lord, the Treasure of Excellence.  
Sing, and listen, and let your mind be filled with love.  
Your pain shall be sent far away, and peace shall come to your  
home.

The Guru's Word is the Sound-current of the Naad; the Guru's  
Word is the Wisdom of the  
Vedas; the Guru's Word is all-pervading.  
The Guru is Shiva, the Guru is Vishnu and Brahma; the Guru is  
Paarvati and Lakhshmi.

Even knowing God, I cannot describe Him; He cannot be  
described in words.

The Guru has given me this one understanding:  
there is only the One, the Giver of all souls. May I never forget  
Him! ||5||

If I am pleasing to Him, then that is my pilgrimage and cleansing  
bath. Without pleasing

Him, what good are ritual cleansings?

I gaze upon all the created beings: without the karma of good  
actions, what are they given  
to receive?

Within the mind are gems, jewels and rubies, if you listen to the  
Guru's Teachings, even  
once.

The Guru has given me this one understanding:  
there is only the One, the Giver of all souls. May I never forget  
Him! ||6||

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,

with a good name and reputation, with praise and fame  
throughout the worldstill,

if the Lord does not bless you with His Glance of Grace, then who  
cares? What is the  
use?

Among worms, you would be considered a lowly worm, and even  
contemptible sinners  
would hold you in contempt.

O Nanak, God blesses the unworthy with virtue, and bestows  
virtue on the virtuous.

No one can even imagine anyone who can bestow virtue upon  
Him. ||7||

Listening-the Siddhas, the spiritual teachers, the heroic warriors,  
the yogic masters.

Listening-the earth, its support and the Akaashic ethers.  
Listening-the oceans, the lands of the world and the nether  
regions of the underworld.

Listening-Death cannot even touch you.

O Nanak, the devotees are forever in bliss.

Listening-pain and sin are erased. ||8||

Listening-Shiva, Brahma and Indra.

Listening-even foul-mouthed people praise Him.

Listening-the technology of Yoga and the secrets of the body.

Listening-the Shaastras, the Simritees and the Vedas.

O Nanak, the devotees are forever in bliss.

Listening-pain and sin are erased. ||9||

Listening-truth, contentment and spiritual wisdom.

Listening-take your cleansing bath at the sixty-eight places of  
pilgrimage.

Listening-reading and reciting, honor is obtained.

Listening-intuitively grasp the essence of meditation.

O Nanak, the devotees are forever in bliss.

Listening-pain and sin are erased. ||10||

Listening-dive deep into the ocean of virtue.

Listening-the Shaykhs, religious scholars, spiritual teachers and  
emperors.

Listening-even the blind find the Path.

Listening-the Unreachable comes within your grasp.

O Nanak, the devotees are forever in bliss.

Listening-pain and sin are erased. ||11||

The state of the faithful cannot be described.

One who tries to describe this shall regret the attempt.

No paper, no pen, no scribe

can record the state of the faithful.

Such is the Name of the Immaculate Lord.

Only one who has faith comes to know such a state of mind.

||12||

The faithful have intuitive awareness and intelligence.

The faithful know about all worlds and realms.

The faithful shall never be struck across the face.

The faithful do not have to go with the Messenger of Death.

Such is the Name of the Immaculate Lord.

Only one who has faith comes to know such a state of mind.

||13||

The path of the faithful shall never be blocked.

The faithful shall depart with honor and fame.

The faithful do not follow empty religious rituals.

The faithful are firmly bound to the Dharma.

Such is the Name of the Immaculate Lord.

Only one who has faith comes to know such a state of mind.

||14||

The faithful find the Door of Liberation.

The faithful uplift and redeem their family and relations.

The faithful are saved, and carried across with the Sikhs of the  
Guru.

The faithful, O Nanak, do not wander around begging.

Such is the Name of the Immaculate Lord.

Only one who has faith comes to know such a state of mind.

||15||

The chosen ones, the self-elect, are accepted and approved.

The chosen ones are honored in the Court of the Lord.

The chosen ones look beautiful in the courts of kings.

The chosen ones meditate single-mindedly on the Guru.

No matter how much anyone tries to explain and describe them,  
the actions of the Creator cannot be counted.

The mythical bull is Dharma, the son of compassion;  
this is what patiently holds the earth in its place.

One who understands this becomes truthful.

What a great load there is on the bull!

So many worlds beyond this world-so very many!

What power holds them, and supports their weight?

The names and the colors of the assorted species of beings  
were all inscribed by the Ever-flowing Pen of God.

Who knows how to write this account?  
Just imagine what a huge scroll it would take!  
What power! What fascinating beauty!  
And what gifts! Who can know their extent?  
You created the vast expanse of the Universe with One Word!  
Hundreds of thousands of rivers began to flow.  
How can Your Creative Potency be described?  
I cannot even once be a sacrifice to You.  
Whatever pleases You is the only good done,  
You, Eternal and Formless One! ||16||  
Countless meditations, countless loves.  
Countless worship services, countless austere disciplines.  
Countless scriptures, and ritual recitations of the Vedas.  
Countless Yogis, whose minds remain detached from the world.  
Countless devotees contemplate the Wisdom and Virtues of the  
Lord.  
Countless the holy, countless the givers.  
Countless heroic spiritual warriors, who bear the brunt of the  
attack in battle (who with  
their mouths eat steel).  
Countless silent sages, vibrating the String of His Love.  
How can Your Creative Potency be described?  
I cannot even once be a sacrifice to You.  
Whatever pleases You is the only good done,  
You, Eternal and Formless One. ||17||  
Countless fools, blinded by ignorance.  
Countless thieves and embezzlers.  
Countless impose their will by force.  
Countless cut-throats and ruthless killers.  
Countless sinners who keep on sinning.  
Countless liars, wandering lost in their lies.  
Countless wretches, eating filth as their ration.  
Countless slanderers, carrying the weight of their stupid mistakes  
on their heads.  
Nanak describes the state of the lowly.  
I cannot even once be a sacrifice to You.  
Whatever pleases You is the only good done,  
You, Eternal and Formless One. ||18||

Countless names, countless places.  
Inaccessible, unapproachable, countless celestial realms.  
Even to call them countless is to carry the weight on your head.  
From the Word, comes the Naam; from the Word, comes Your  
Praise.  
From the Word, comes spiritual wisdom, singing the Songs of  
Your Glory.  
From the Word, come the written and spoken words and hymns.  
From the Word, comes destiny, written on one's forehead.  
But the One who wrote these Words of Destiny-no words are  
written on His Forehead.

As He ordains, so do we receive.  
The created universe is the manifestation of Your Name.  
Without Your Name, there is no place at all.  
How can I describe Your Creative Power?  
I cannot even once be a sacrifice to You.  
Whatever pleases You is the only good done,  
You, Eternal and Formless One. ||19||  
When the hands and the feet and the body are dirty,  
water can wash away the dirt.  
When the clothes are soiled and stained by urine,  
soap can wash them clean.  
But when the intellect is stained and polluted by sin,  
it can only be cleansed by the Love of the Name.  
Virtue and vice do not come by mere words;  
actions repeated, over and over again, are engraved on the soul.  
You shall harvest what you plant.  
O Nanak, by the Hukam of God's Command, we come and go in  
reincarnation. ||20||  
Pilgrimages, austere discipline, compassion and charity  
-these, by themselves, bring only an iota of merit.  
Listening and believing with love and humility in your mind,  
cleansing yourself with the Name, at the sacred shrine deep within.  
All virtues are Yours, Lord, I have none at all.  
Without virtue, there is no devotional worship.  
I bow to the Lord of the World, to His Word, to Brahma the  
Creator.  
He is Beautiful, True and Eternally Joyful.

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, the religious scholars, cannot find that time, even if  
it is written in the  
Puraanas.

That time is not known to the Qazis, who study the Koran.  
The day and the date are not known to the Yogis, nor is the  
month or the season.

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, one who claims to know everything shall not be  
decorated in the world hereafter.

||21||

There are nether worlds beneath nether worlds, and hundreds of  
thousands of heavenly  
worlds above.

The Vedas say that you can search and search for them all, until  
you grow weary.

The scriptures say that there are 18,000 worlds, but in reality,  
there is only One Universe.

If you try to write an account of this, you will surely finish  
yourself before you finish writing  
it.

O Nanak, call Him Great! He Himself knows Himself. ||22||  
The praisers praise the Lord, but they do not obtain intuitive  
understanding

-the streams and rivers flowing into the ocean do not know its  
vastness.

Even kings and emperors, with mountains of property and oceans  
of wealth



-these are not even equal to an ant, who does not forget God.

||23||

Endless are His Praises, endless are those who speak them.

Endless are His Actions, endless are His Gifts.

Endless is His Vision, endless is His Hearing.

His limits cannot be perceived. What is the Mystery of His Mind?

The limits of the created universe cannot be perceived.

Its limits here and beyond cannot be perceived.

Many struggle to know His limits,

but His limits cannot be found.

No one can know these limits.

The more you say about them, the more there still remains to be said.

Great is the Master, High is His Heavenly Home.

Highest of the High, above all is His Name.

Only one as Great and as High as God

can know His Lofty and Exalted State.

Only He Himself is that Great. He Himself knows Himself.

O Nanak, by His Glance of Grace, He bestows His Blessings.

||24||

His Blessings are so abundant that there can be no written account of them.

The Great Giver does not hold back anything.

There are so many great, heroic warriors begging at the Door of the Infinite Lord.

So many contemplate and dwell upon Him, that they cannot be counted.

So many waste away to death engaged in corruption.

So many take and take again, and then deny receiving.

So many foolish consumers keep on consuming.

So many endure distress, deprivation and constant abuse.

Even these are Your Gifts, O Great Giver!

Liberation from bondage comes only by Your Will.

No one else has any say in this.

If some fool should presume to say that he does, he shall learn, and feel the effects of his folly.

He Himself knows, He Himself gives.

Few, very few are those who acknowledge this.

One who is blessed to sing the Praises of the Lord,  
O Nanak, is the king of kings. ||25||  
Priceless are His Virtues, Priceless are His Dealings.  
Priceless are His Dealers, Priceless are His Treasures.  
Priceless are those who come to Him, Priceless are those who buy  
from Him.

Priceless is Love for Him, Priceless is absorption into Him.  
Priceless is the Divine Law of Dharma, Priceless is the Divine  
Court of Justice.

Priceless are the scales, priceless are the weights.  
Priceless are His Blessings, Priceless is His Banner and Insignia.  
Priceless is His Mercy, Priceless is His Royal Command.  
Priceless, O Priceless beyond expression!  
Speak of Him continually, and remain absorbed in His Love.

The Vedas and the Puraanas speak.  
The scholars speak and lecture.  
Brahma speaks, Indra speaks.  
The Gopis and Krishna speak.  
Shiva speaks, the Siddhas speak.  
The many created Buddhas speak.  
The demons speak, the demi-gods speak.  
The spiritual warriors, the heavenly beings, the silent sages, the  
humble and serviceful  
speak.

Many speak and try to describe Him.  
Many have spoken of Him over and over again, and have then  
arisen and departed.

If He were to create as many again as there already are,  
even then, they could not describe Him.

He is as Great as He wishes to be.

O Nanak, the True Lord knows.

If anyone presumes to describe God,  
he shall be known as the greatest fool of fools! ||26||  
Where is that Gate, and where is that Dwelling, in which You sit  
and take care of all?

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

So many Ragas, so many musicians singing there.  
The praanic wind, water and fire sing; the Righteous Judge of  
Dharma sings at Your Door.  
Chitr and Gupt, the angels of the conscious and the subconscious  
who record actions, and  
the Righteous Judge of Dharma who judges this record sing.  
Shiva, Brahma and the Goddess of Beauty, ever adorned, sing.  
Indra, seated upon His Throne, sings with the deities at Your  
Door.

The Siddhas in Samaadhi sing; the Saadhus sing in  
contemplation.  
The celibates, the fanatics, the peacefully accepting and the  
fearless warriors sing.  
The Pandits, the religious scholars who recite the Vedas, with the  
supreme sages of all the  
ages, sing.

The Mohinis, the enchanting heavenly beauties who entice hearts  
in this world, in paradise,  
and in the underworld of the subconscious sing.

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

The planets, solar systems and galaxies, created and arranged by  
Your Hand, sing.

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

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

That True Lord is True, Forever True, and True is His Name.  
He is, and shall always be. He shall not depart, even when this  
Universe which He has  
created departs.

He created the world, with its various colors, species of beings,  
and the variety of Maya.

Having created the creation, He watches over it Himself, by His  
Greatness.

He does whatever He pleases. No order can be issued to Him.  
He is the King, the King of kings, the Supreme Lord and Master of  
kings. Nanak remains  
subject to His Will. ||27||

Make contentment your ear-rings, humility your begging bowl,  
and meditation the ashes  
you apply to your body.

Let the remembrance of death be the patched coat you wear, let  
the purity of virginity be  
your way in the world, and let faith in the Lord be your walking  
stick.

See the brotherhood of all mankind as the highest order of Yogis;  
conquer your own mind,  
and conquer the world.

I bow to Him, I humbly bow.

The Primal One, the Pure Light, without beginning, without end.  
Throughout all the ages,  
He is One and the Same. ||28||

Let spiritual wisdom be your food, and compassion your  
attendant. The Sound-current of  
the Naad vibrates in each and every heart.

He Himself is the Supreme Master of all; wealth and miraculous  
spiritual powers, and all  
other external tastes and pleasures, are all like beads on a string.  
Union with Him, and separation from Him, come by His Will. We  
come to receive what is  
written in our destiny.

I bow to Him, I humbly bow.

The Primal One, the Pure Light, without beginning, without end.  
Throughout all the ages,  
He is One and the Same. ||29||

The One Divine Mother conceived and gave birth to the three  
deities.

One, the Creator of the World; One, the Sustainer; and One, the  
Destroyer.

He makes things happen according to the Pleasure of His Will.  
Such is His Celestial Order.  
He watches over all, but none see Him. How wonderful this is!  
I bow to Him, I humbly bow.  
The Primal One, the Pure Light, without beginning, without end.  
Throughout all the ages,  
He is One and the Same. ||30||  
On world after world are His Seats of Authority and His  
Storehouses.

Whatever was put into them, was put there once and for all.  
Having created the creation, the Creator Lord watches over it.  
O Nanak, True is the Creation of the True Lord.  
I bow to Him, I humbly bow.  
The Primal One, the Pure Light, without beginning, without end.  
Throughout all the ages,  
He is One and the Same. ||31||

If I had 100,000 tongues, and these were then multiplied twenty  
times more, with each  
tongue,  
I would repeat, hundreds of thousands of times, the Name of the  
One, the Lord of the  
Universe.

Along this path to our Husband Lord, we climb the steps of the  
ladder, and come to merge  
with Him.

Hearing of the etheric realms, even worms long to come back  
home.  
O Nanak, by His Grace He is obtained. False are the boastings of  
the false. ||32||

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. ||33||

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 self-elect, the self-  
realized Saints.

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. ||34||

This is 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! ||35||

In the realm of wisdom, spiritual wisdom reigns supreme.  
The Sound-current of the Naad vibrates there, amidst the sounds  
and the sights of bliss.

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 the attempt.  
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. ||36||  
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 Essence.  
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 all, and contemplating the creation, He rejoices.  
O Nanak, to describe this is as hard as steel! ||37||  
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 exalts them.  
||38||  
Shalok:

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 farther 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||

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