

Soulful Songs of Kabir

(Selected Songs)

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Visit us : www.kabirparakh.com

E-mail : kabirparakh@yahoo.com

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Soulful Songs Of Kabir : *Translated by Lakhi. N. Paryani*

Sadgurve Namah

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OF
KABIR**

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Translated by **Lakhi N. Paryani**

INTRODUCTION

I have ventured to translate in English, the psalms and poems of the highly illumined and illustrious, the great spiritual Master Kabir Saheb on the intuitive directions of my holy spiritual Master, Saint Shri Abhilash Saheb, the propounder of the spiritually permeated organization, popularly known as the Kabir Parakh Sansthan, Allahabad (U.P.—India); who relinquished his earthly frame and remained eternally established in his own Self-essence on the 26th September, 2012. This humble presentation of the work is, as such, a magnificent gift from my holy spiritual Master, who produced a candid commentary of the five hundred and one selected songs of Kabir Saheb under the title “**Kahat Kabir— Sayeth Kabir**” without which I could not have justified this presentation. This pious task of translation is, therefore, the outcome of the deep inspiration of my holy spiritual Master and the minute guidance bestowed upon me by the present holy spiritual Master, Saint Shri Dharmendra Saheb, who is not only spiritually permeated but is also gifted with the scholarly endowments.

As a messenger of light, Kabir carries the Lamp of Love, wisdom and freedom to the suffering society. A number of poems are composed explicitly as riddles and from the riddling poems, it is a leap to “**Ulatvasis**”, the upside-down language of paradoxes and enigmas. Such poems greatly fascinate, while those perplex the readers. He rather produces the effective devices, sometimes a matrix of verbal impossibilities in which lies a transpired truth. Sometimes his poems are composed on anaphora – repetition of a word at the beginning or end of each line. His songs are rhythmical, lyrical, sonorous, melodious and memorable. He has used various metaphors, metonymies and vice-versa, symbols, rhetorical questions, exclamations, epithets,

personifications etc., with a superbly and astonishing skill. Kabir's writings include the Bijak, Sakhi Granth and Kabir Granthawali. Adi Guru Granth Sahib, the holy text of Sikhism contains as many as 225 bhajans (hymns/psalms), 69 Vanis (Stanzas) and 238 Shlokas of the Saint Kabir Saheb which are regularly and ceremoniously being sung and read over with a great devotion, throughout the world. His greatest work is the Bijak, fundamental and most authentic work which was translated by me in English versicular form in the year 2005.

Kabir was a great scientist of the soul, researching the means of the Self-realisation by shedding off the body-centric-ego, the wanderings of the mind and the allurements of the sense-organs. Identifying with body, mind and senses is ignorance as it takes away attention from the inner-Self. The moral tone is quite strong in Kabir's hymns. Kabir's extempore outpourings of songs and couplets numbering thousands have been widely hailed for their deep spiritual fervour and poetic quality and are sung with great rapture by old and young alike in India and abroad. His poetry is considered as rich gems for its spiritual message and worldly wisdom. Any conscientious reader can realize the truth in his inner chamber of his own being. He staunchly preached freedom from fear. Through his **"Jhulana and Rekhta"** hymns, Kabir has artistically and melodiously depicted the picture of a swing of the illusion and delusion which takes away Jiva, the soul from one birth to another based on the theory of 'cause and effect'.

I must bring home a unique feature of Kabir. He remains totally distinguished from Sur, Tulsi, Mira, Rahim etc., who are primely addressing to God, whereas Kabir talks directly to man. In all his poems he uses the phrase like **"Sayeth Kabir, Listen O, saints! Listen O, sadho!"**. In fact, this has been Kabir's trademark. He seizes the audience attention by addressing—"O, saints; O, brother; O, pundit; O, man; O, Jiva; even O, fool etc. etc." The sadho or saint of Kabir is not a sadhu in ochre; he is a common man, a common seeker or an aspirant. The listener and reader is the centre in Kabir's poems. He passionately appeals to listen to his sermons.

The following few excerpts will elucidate to glorify the poetic skills, replete with the sanity and wisdom of Kabir :—

i. Creeper without root, gourd without a creeper (riddle).
ii. The fruit blooms without flower (riddle). iii. Buffalo becomes

the damsel and mouse as the lover (ulatvasi). iv. Elephant is in her lap, hanging camel in her hand (ulatvasi). v. I shall not die, the worlding will die (immortality). vi. Neither comes nor goes, neither born nor dies (eternity). vii. The wondrous weaver has woven the covering (metaphor). viii. O, sadho! This is the land of the dead (dispassion).

It is an indisputable fact that Kabir has won world-wide acclamations of being a great poet and saint, symbolic of the true secularism, a great promoter of the Universal Religion or the Religion of Humanity. He has revolutionized in the social, religious and spiritual planes. He avouches every soul (Jiva, sentient-self, chaitanya) as the Parmatama, Rama, Hari, Brahm, Khuda, God etc.. Rama of Kabir is not the son of king Dasharatha but the Self, chaitanya being, the soul.

A conscientious reader will find in these songs that Kabir has spoken a great number of the poems on morality, ethics, condemnation of the slandering, hatred, anger, greed and so forth; he rather exhorts the listeners and readers to replace those by the human qualities of love, compassion, mercy, forgiveness, self-continenence etc. Kabir has a great skill to candidly bring home the subtlest human intricacies in a most humorous and ridiculous manner and in such a lyrical rhythm of poems as are melodiously sung in ecstasy by every common man, devotees, singers and musicians, wandering monks and mendicants etc., with a great zeal and zest, mirth and gaiety, festivity and fervour.

Through these lyrical poems of Kabir, it is evident that he has forcefully assaulted at delusions, touch-orthodoxies, and false religious practices by throwing uncompromising challenges to all individuals, particularly the pundits and maulivis in order to shake off their webs of hypocrisies, pseudoism, orthodoxies, casteism, misleading tendencies and wrenching ritualism.

I must confess that I have, at some places, slightly departed from or added to this literal work, just to convey the clear meaning *per se*, with special reference to the Parakh Philosophy of the Great Master, Kabir Saheb. It is of course not possible to transfer the full vigour and terse vitality of the original to an English translation. Notwithstanding, I am sanguinely hopeful that this feeble effort will prove a great source of spiritual illumination to the English knowing seekers and aspirants.

I offer my reverential gratitudes to the saints, S/Shri Gurubhushan Saheb, Vivek Saheb and Devendra Saheb of the Kabir Parakh Sansthan, Allahabad (U.P), Professor Raghubirsingh Tak, Shri Amolak Gambhir, Shri Kamal Tejuja, Madam Nandita from the Punjab, Prof. Om Prakash Juneja from Vadodara (Gujarat), Dr. Vimal Dhawan from New Delhi, Shri G.C. Verma of Lucknow (U.P.); all these wellversed scholars have contributed a lot by wholeheartedly extending their expertise to their best to make this script worth.

I shall be grateful and glad to receive suggestions and even criticism from the esteemed readers so that the next edition may be an improvement on this one. I shall consider myself a blessed one if the readers feel themselves gratified with the spiritual gems and develop spiritual strength within themselves through these Soulful Songs of Kabir.

In humility
At the lotus feet of my Master,
Lakhi. N. Paryani
09426 353638
Email:paryanilakhin@gmail.com

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Soulful Songs of Kabir

(Selected Songs)

1.

मोको कहाँ ढूँढ़े बन्दे,
मैं तो तेरे पास में ॥टेक ॥

ना तीरथ में ना मूरत में,
ना एकान्त निवास में।
ना मंदिर में ना मस्जिद में,
ना काशी कैलाश में ॥ 1 ॥

ना मैं जप में ना मैं तप में,
ना मैं बरत उपास में।
ना मैं क्रिया कर्म में रहता,
नहीं योग संन्यास में ॥2 ॥

नहीं प्राण में नहीं पिंड में,
ना ब्रह्माण्ड अकाश में।
ना मैं भृकुटि भँवर गुफा में,
नहिं तम नहिं परकाश में ॥3 ॥

खोजी होय तुरत मिल जाऊँ,
एक पल की ही तलाश में।
कहहिं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
सब स्वाँसों की स्वाँस में ॥4 ॥

1.

Moko kahan dhoonde bande...

O, man! Where are you searching for me?
I am innately close to you! (Refrain)

I am neither in pilgrim place nor idol in,
Nor even solitary habitation in.
I am neither in temple nor mosque in,
Nor in Kashi nor Kailash in.

I am neither in holy repetition nor penance in,
Nor even in fasting nor abstinence in.
I am neither in rituals nor rites in,
Nor in yogas nor asceticism in.

I am neither in vital-force nor body in,
Nor even in cosmos nor space in.
I am neither in eye-centre nor whirlcave in,
Nor in darkness nor luminosity in.

To an earnest seeker, I am accessible in an instant,
Even within a search of a moment.
Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
I am in the breath of all the breaths.

2.

तेरे घट में राम तू काहे भटके ॥टेके ॥

जैसे अग्नि बसत पथरी में,
चमकत नहीं बिनु पटके ॥1 ॥

जैसे माखन रहत दूध में,
निकसत नहीं बिनु झटके ॥2 ॥

जैसे मधुर रस बसत ऊख में,
निकसत नहीं बिनु कटके ॥3 ॥

कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
हरि न मिले बिनु अटके ॥4 ॥

2.

Tere ghat mein Ram, tu kaahe bhatake...

Rama abides within your heart, why wander then? (Refrain)

As fire abides within stone,
It manifests not sans striking.

As butter abides within milk,
It extracts not sans churning.

As sweet juice abides within sugarcane,
It extracts not without crushing.

Saith Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
Hari is realised not, sans stillness.¹

1. Gist : Without abdicating the horse-race of the mind, perfect state of the Self-essence cannot be attained.

3.

रहना नहिं देश बिराना है ॥टेक॥

यह संसार कागद की पुड़िया,
बुन्द परे घुल जाना है ॥1॥

यह संसार काँटे की बाड़ी,
उलझ उलझ मरि जाना है ॥2॥

यह संसार झाड़ औ झाखड़,
आग लगे बरि जाना है ॥3॥

कहहिं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
सद्गुरु ज्ञान ठिकाना है ॥4॥

3.

Rahanaa nahein desh biraanaa hai...

Momentary is the stay, alien the abode! (Refrain)

This world is a pack of paper,
It has to dissolve, on the fall of a drop of water.

This world is a thorny fencing,
One has to perish, tangled and wobbling.

This world is a thorny thicket,
It has to burn with a fire spat.

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, saintly folk!
Light of holy Master is your haltage last.

4.

मत कर मोह तू,
हरि भजन को मान रे ॥टेक॥

नयन दिये दरशन करने को,
श्रवण दिये सुन ज्ञान रे ॥1॥

बदन दिये गुरु गुण गाने को,
हाथ दिये कर दान रे ॥2॥

कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
कंचन निपजत खान रे ॥3॥

4.

Mat kar moh tu Hari bhajan ko maan re...

Be attached nowhere; mindfully absorb within Hari¹ (Refrain)

We are blessed with eyes, to have the holy vision,
We are bestowed with ears, to hear the talks of wisdom.

We are blessed with mouth, to sing the glory of Master,
We are bestowed with hands, for the alms to offer.

Sayeth Kabir : O, brother saints! Listen,
Gold¹ is produced from the mine within.

1. The Self-benediction.

5.

एक अचंभा देखा रे भाई,
ठाढ़ा सिंह चरावै गाई ॥टेक ॥

पहले पूत पाछे भई माई,
चेला के गुरु लागे पाई ॥1 ॥

जल की मछरी तरवरि ब्याई,
पकड़ि बिलाई मुरगै खाई ॥2 ॥

बैलहि डारि गूनि घरि आई,
कूता कुँ लै गई बिलाई ॥3 ॥

तलि करि साषा उपरि करि मूल,
बहुत भाँति जड़ लागे फूल ॥4 ॥

कहैं कबीर या पद को बूझै,
ताकू तीनों त्रिभुवन सूझै ॥5 ॥

5.

Ek achambaa dekhaa re bhaai...

O, brother! A wonder I have beheld,
A lion¹ stands, making the cows² graze. (Refrain)

First is born son,³ after born mother,⁴
Preceptor⁵ is bowing at the feet of disciple.⁶

Fish⁸ of water⁷ was laying eggs¹⁰ in the tree,⁹
Catching hold of cat,¹¹ the cock¹² devoured it.

Carrying bullock,¹³ the bag¹⁴ left it at its house,
The cat¹⁶ seized and took away the dog.¹⁵

Below are branches of tree,¹⁷ above its roots,¹⁸
Variegated flowers¹⁹ bloom on the roots.

Saith Kabir, the one who comprehends this version,
Tangible to him are all the three regions.²⁰

1. Mind. 2. Physical organs. 3. Man. 4. Maya. 5. Ego. 6. Modesty. 7. Sensuous passions. 8. Mental propensity. 9. Self-realization. 10. Fosters virtues. 11. Craving. 12. Wisdom. 13. Body. 14. Internal organ. 15. Fickle Chitt. 16. Concentration. 17. Sense organs. 18. Brain, the centre of thoughts. 19. Of liberation. 20. The sense organs, brain and heart.

6.

बोलो साधो अमृत बानी,
बरसे कंबल भीजै पानी ॥1 ॥

नौका डूबे सिल उतराय,
मछली धरि के बगुलहिं खाय ॥2 ॥

धरती बरसे सूर्य नहाय,
ओरौनी के पानी बड़ेरी जाय ॥3 ॥

तर भौ घड़ा ऊपर पनिहारी,
लड़का के गोद खेलै महतारी ॥4 ॥

चले बटोही थाके बाट,
सोवनहार के ऊपर खाट ॥5 ॥

या दुनिया की उलटी रीत,
तर भई छानि ऊपर भई भीत ॥6 ॥

कहहिं कबीर सुनो नर लोई,
यह पद बूझे बिरला कोई ॥7 ॥

6.

Bolo saadho amrit baani...

O, sadho! Speak essential and sweet words,
The blanket¹ rains, the water² gets soaked.

The boat³ sinks, the stone⁴ floats,
The fish⁵ catches heron⁶ and devours.

The earth⁷ rains, the sun⁸ drenches,
The water at low end⁹ goes up the roof.¹⁰

Below is the pitcher,¹¹ above is the water-woman,¹²
The mother¹⁴ sports in the lap of the son,¹³

The wayfarer¹⁵ proceeds, the path¹⁶ gets tired,
The cot¹⁸ is upon the sleeping person.¹⁷

Reverse is the mode of this world,
The roof²⁰ is below, upon is the wall.¹⁹

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, human folk!
Only a rare one comprehends this truth.*

1. Perversions like lust, anger, greed, attachment etc. 2. Innately cool, the soul. 3. The human body in the ocean of sensual pleasures. 4. Maya, the illusion. 5. Sense organs. 6. The mind. 7. Illusions, attachment. 8. Sentient soul. 9. Malicious mentality. 10. Deluding the right intellect. 11. Body. 12. Mental proclivity. 13. Jiva. 14. Maya. 15. Seekers. 16. Religious sects. 17. Man under Maya. 18. Six perversions like lust, anger, greed, attachment, ego and pride. 19. The feeble knowledge. 20. Modest living.

*Just the reverse action.

7.

नयना नारायण को देख,
बंगला बना एक दरवेश ॥टेक ॥

इस बंगला में दस दरवाजे,
बीच पवन का खम्भा।
आवत जात कोई नहीं देखा,
यह भी बड़ा अचंभा ॥1 ॥

पाँच तत्व की भीत उठाई,
तीन गुणन का गारा।
रोम-रोम की छान छवायी,
मन की चलावै दारा ॥2 ॥

पाँच पचीस पतुरिया नाचै,
मनुआ ताल लगावै।
सुरति निरति का मिरदंग बाजै,
राग छतीसों गावै ॥3 ॥

कहैं कबीर मन ताना बीने,
जाल सबै परखावै।
जो यह जाल को समुझि विचारे,
भवसागर तर जावै ॥4 ॥

7.

Nayanaa Narayan ko dekh...

O, darvesh! Perceive Narayan¹ with inner eyes,²
Who abides within this unique mansion.³ (Refrain)

There are ten doors⁴ in this mansion,
In the centre stands a pillar of vital air.
None perceived that, coming and going,
This too is a great wonder indeed.

The wall of five elements⁵ was erected,
The mortar of three attributes⁶ was applied.
The roof⁷ was spread, each and every pore upon,
The mind reigns supreme there upon.

The five,⁸ twenty-five* harlots dance therewithin,
The mind provides rhythm therewithin.
#Tabor of the *Surati*⁹ *Nirati*¹⁰ resounds therewithin,
The thirty-six musical modes¹¹ are sung therewithin.

Sayeth Kabir, the mind weaves the warp,¹²
Holy Master gets the webs tested well.
The one who discreetly assays the web,
He swims across the mundane ocean well.

1. Atman, the Parmatman. 2. Of thought and discernment. 3. Unique human body.
4. Two ears, two nostrils, two eyes, mouth, anus, penis and centre of the skull.
5. Earth, water, fire, air and sky. 6. Sat, raj and tam. 7. Of skin. 8. Sense objects : sound, touch, form, taste and smell 9. Mind, the mental propensity. 10. Absorption. 11. Variegated expanse of the mind. 12. Of Karmas (deeds). # The process of absorption within the Self. *The twenty five Natures /Attributes : 1. Of earth : Bones, skin, flesh, nerves and pores. 2. Of water : saliva, urine, semen, blood and sweat. 3. Of fire : hunger, thirst, indolence, sleep and yawning. 4. (i) Of flickering air : force, contraction, expansion, speech and motion. (ii) Steady air : lust, anger, greed, attachment and fear. These are the twenty-five attributes. First twenty are doubtlessly the natures, but the last five, the lust, anger, greed, attachment and fear are the mental perversions which were assumed of the sky, but the sky is not an element like the earth, water, fire and air as the sky is bereft of the properties like action, combination, energy, quality, form etc. These are annihilated through spiritual practices. The nature cannot be obliterated.

8.

तोहि रोकन वाला कौन, मगन से जाव चली ॥१॥
 चिंउटी चाली सासुरे, नव मन काजल लाय ॥२॥
 हाथी वाकी गोद में, ऊँट लिया लटकाय ॥३॥
 अंडा था तब बोलता, बच्चा बोलत नाहिं ॥४॥
 षड् दर्शन संशय पड़ी, जीवों को गम नाहिं ॥५॥
 पहिले दही जमाइए, पीछे दुहिये गाय ॥६॥
 बछड़ा वाके पेट में, माखन हाट बिकाय ॥७॥
 पहिले तो मैं जनमिया, पीछे बड़ा भाई ॥८॥
 धूमधाम से बाबा जनमे, पीछे मोरी माई ॥९॥
 कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो, यह पद को अर्थाओ ॥१०॥
 यहि पद को जो बूझि चलत है, वही मोक्ष पद पाओ ॥११॥

8.

Tohi rokan waalaa kaun...

Who is to obstruct you,¹ proceed with pleasure within,
 Ant² proceeds to in-laws,³ applying nine maunds collyrium.⁴
 Elephant⁵ is in her lap, hanging camel⁶ in her hand.
 When egg,⁷ used to talk; when hatched,⁸ babbling it stopped.
 Knowers of six scriptures fell in delusion, Jivas were unaware.
 First curdle the milk,⁹ milk the cow¹⁰ thereafter.
 Calf¹¹ was in her womb, in the market was sold, the butter.¹²
 First I¹³ was born, elder brother¹⁴ was born thereafter.
 With pomp was born grandpa,¹⁵ my mom¹⁶ was born thereafter.
 Saith Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints; import this version.
 Only he, who discreetly follows, attains the status of liberation.

Here addresses the benevolent propensity.

1. Mental propensity, the mind-set 2. Mental propensity. 3. Abode of Sentient being, the state of Self-realisation. 4. A lot much vices and abundance of the sensualities of the five senses. 5. Lustful passions. 6. Ego. 7. Infatuating state of Jiva, Jiva shrouded under attachment. 8. To unveil the illusion and attachment. 9. Righteous intellect. 10. Spiritual learning. 11. Thoughtfulness. 12. Fragrance of divine living. 13. Right tendency. 14. Conscience. 15. Self-awareness. 16. Liberation.

9.

तेरे भवन घुसल कोइ चोर,
पड़ोसिन जागु हो जागु ॥टेक ॥

आवै पड़ोसिन जाय पड़ोसिन,
जागत है सब कोय।
पहरा वाला है मतवाला,
रहे निशा में सोय ॥1 ॥

यही काया में दोय वस्तु है,
एक साधु एक चोर।
वही टहलुवा वही पहरुवा,
वही फिरे चहुँ ओर ॥2 ॥

आठ-आठ के ताला बनाये,
कुंजी कठिन कठोर।
कवन कदर के चोरवा पैठल,
रतन हरि लै ले मोर ॥3 ॥

कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
यह माया बरजोर।
जो माया के लखे लखाये,
सो चले फंदा तोर ॥4 ॥

9.

Tere bhawan ghusal koi chor...

Some thief¹ has entered into your mansion,
O, female neighbour!² Just awake soon. (Refrain)

Female neighbours keep on coming and going,
Everyone all around may be awaking.
The guard is crazy and careless,
He keeps sleeping in night hours.

In this body dwells the two,
One³ is saint another⁴ is thief.
The same is servant, the same is guard,
The same wanders around all the directions.

Eight locks⁵ each, were applied there,
Those were locked with hard and strong key.⁶
By any means, the thief made entry within,
He managed to steal away the gems⁷ mine.

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
This Maya⁷ is highly potent.
The one who tests and gets tested,
Tearing apart ties, he departs liberated.

1. Thieves like lust etc. 2. Egoist mind. 3. Pure mind. 4. Impure mind. 5. Truth, modesty, patience, thought, contentment, devotion, knowledge and dispassion. 6. Consciousness, awareness and tranquility. 7. Illusion.

10.

ना मैं धर्मी नाहिं अधर्मी,
 ना मैं जती न कामी हो।
 ना मैं कहता ना मैं सुनता,
 ना मैं सेवक स्वामी हो ॥टेक॥

ना मैं बंधा ना मैं मुक्ता,
 ना मैं विरत ना रंगी हो।
 ना काहू से न्यारा हुआ,
 ना काहू के संगी हो ॥1॥

ना हम नरक लोक को जाते,
 ना हम स्वर्ग सिधारे हो।
 सबहीं कर्म हमारो किया,
 हम कर्मन ते न्यारे हो ॥2॥

या मत को कोई बिरला बूझै,
 सो अटल हो बैठा हो।
 मत कबीर काहू को थापै,
 मत काहू को मेटा हो ॥3॥

10.

Naa main dharmi nahin adharmi...

I am neither religious nor irreligious,
 I am neither ascetic nor licentious.
 I neither say nor do I hear,
 I am neither servant nor master. (Refrain)

I am neither bonded nor liberated even,
 I am neither nonchalant nor sensuous even.
 I am neither different from anyone,
 Nor associated with anyone.

I neither go to the region of hell,
 Nor do I proceed to the heaven.
 I have myself performed all the deeds,
 I am different from the deeds.

Only a rare one comprehends this state,
 He remains ever steady in that state.
 Kabir : Neither eager to vouch this state,
 Nor wishes to rebut anyone else.

11.

काहे रे नलिनी, तू कुम्हिलानी,
तेरे ही नाल सरोवर पानी ॥टेक ॥

जल में उतपति जल में बास,
जल में नलिनी तोर निवास ॥1 ॥

ना तल तपति न ऊपर आगि,
तोर हेतु कहु कासनि लागि ॥2 ॥

कहैं कबीर जे उदक समान,
ते नहिं मुये हमारे जान ॥3 ॥

11.

Kahe re Nalini, tu kumihlaani...

O, Lily! Why have you got withered,²
Your stalk remains within the pond's water!³ (Refrain)

Your creation is in water, you abide in water,
O, Lily! You ever dwell within water.

Your base is without heat,⁴ up above is no fire,
Just say, what has made you withered then?

Sayeth Kabir, those who remain cool like water,
Methinks, they have not succumbed to death.

12.

हम न मरब मरिहैं संसारा,
हमका मिला जियावन हारा ॥टेक ॥

साकट मरैं संत जन जीवैं,
भरि-भरि राम रसायन पीवैं ॥1 ॥

हरि मरिहैं तो हम हूँ मरिबै,
हरि न मरै तो हम काहेक मरिबै ॥2 ॥

कहैं कबीर मन मनहिं मिलावा,
अमर भये सुखसागर पावा ॥3 ॥

12.**Ham na marab marihain sansaaraa...**

I¹ shall not die, the worldlings² will die,
I have got that, who has vitality to vivify. (Refrain)

The indiscreet do die, the saintly folk survive,
They drink the elixir of Rama, full to the brim.

If Hari dies, I too will die,
If Hari does not die, why should I die?

Saith Kabir : When the mind becomes one with the mind itself,
Having become immortal, I have attained the ocean of bliss.

1. 'I', the 'Atman and Parmatman' is one and the same. 2. Those who are the 'BMP' (body, mind and intellect)-centric.

13.

धोबिया जल बिच मरत पियासा ॥टेक ॥

जल में ठाढ़ पिवै नहिं मूरख,
अच्छा जल है खासा।
अपने घर का मर्म न जानै,
कर धोबइनि की आशा ॥1 ॥

छिन में धोबिया रोवै धोवै,
छिन में होत उदासा।
आपै बरै कर्म की रस्सी,
आपन गर के फाँसा ॥2 ॥

सच्चा साबुन ले नहिं मूरख,
है सन्तन के पासा।
दाग पुराना छूटत नाहीं,
धोवत बारह मासा ॥3 ॥

एक रती को जोर लगावै,
छोड़ि दियो भरि मासा।
कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
आछत अन्न उपासा ॥4 ॥

13.

Dhobiyaa jal bich marat piyaasaa...

Washerman¹ suffers from thirst even within water!² (Refrain)

Silly one does not drink, standing in water,
Though clean and pure is the water.
He does not know the secret of his own house,
He rather aspires for the washerwoman³ spouse.

Within a moment, weeps and wails the washerman,
Within a moment, he remains in melancholy mood.
He himself twists the rope of his own deeds,
He himself tightens the noose in his own neck.

This fool does not acquire the real soap,
That ever remains with the holy saints.
The old stains do not get wiped off,
Though keeps washing all the twelve months.

If applies pressure a little pinch,
He bounces back a lot much.
Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
Though grain is there, hungry he remains.

1. The mind. 2. Ocean of knowledge and tranquility. 3. Illusory mundane objects.

14.

नर तुम झूटे जनम गमाया ॥टेक॥

झूटे के घर झूटे आया,
 झूटे ते परिचाया।
 झूठी थारी झूठा भोजन,
 झूटे ले सब खाया ॥1॥

झूटे के घर झूठा आया,
 झूटे ब्याह रचाया।
 झूठा दूल्हा झूठी दुलहिन,
 झूटे ब्याहन आया ॥2॥

झूटे नर सब झूठी नारी,
 झूटे बालक आया।
 झूठी छाती झूठी कोखी,
 झूठा दूध पिलाया ॥3॥

साँच कहूँ मैं झूठ न बोलूँ,
 साँचे को झुठलाया।
 कहैं कबीर सोई जन साँचा,
 अपने माहिं समाया ॥4॥

14.

Nar tum jhuthe janam gamaayaa...

O, man! You have lost your life in falsehood. (Refrain)

The false one came in the house of a false,
 He got himself acquainted with the false.
 The dish is false, the food is false,
 The false took it and consumed the food.

The false one came in the house of a false,
 The marriage performed is also false.
 The bridegroom is false, the bride is false,
 The processionists are also false.

All males are false, females are false,
 The child born is also false.
 Breast is false, womb is false,
 Milk caused to drink is also false.

I speak the truth, do not tell a lie,
 The truth has been falsified a lot.
 Sayeth Kabir, only that person is true,
 Who has absorbed himself within the Self.

15.

साधो यह तन ठाठ तम्बूरे का ॥टेक॥

ऐंचत तार मरोरत खूँटी,
निकसत राग हजूरे का ॥1॥

टूटे तार बिखरि गई खूँटी,
हो गया धूरम धूरे का ॥2॥

या देही का गर्ब न कीजै,
उड़ि गया हंस तम्बूरे का ॥3॥

कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
अगम पंथ कोई सूरे का ॥4॥

15.

Sadho yah tan thaath tamboore kaa...

O, sadho! This body is the structure of a tambour. (Refrain)

The strings¹ are tightened by pulling the peg,²
The tune Self-divine, then comes out well.

When the strings got broken and the peg was dislocated,
It then tumbled down and just became the dust.

³Do not feel proud of this body,
Swan of the tambour will fly away one day.

Saith Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
The inaccessible path⁴ is for some chivalrous one.

1. Of breathings. 2. Physical organs. 3. Addressing Jiva, the sentient being.
4. Of the Self-establishment.

16.

साधो जीवत ही करु आशा।
 मुये मुक्ति गुरु कहैं स्वारथी,
 झूठा दै विस्वासा ॥१॥टेक ॥

जीवत समझे जीवत बूझे,
 जीवत मुक्ति निवासा।
 जियत कर्म की फाँस न काटी,
 मुये मुक्ति की आशा ॥१॥ ॥

तन छूटे जिव मिलन कहत है,
 सो सब झूठी आशा।
 अबहुँ मिला तो तबहुँ मिलेगा,
 नहिं तो यमपुर बासा ॥२॥

दूर-दूर दूँदें मन लोभी,
 मिटै न गर्भ तरासा।
 साधु संत की करै न सेवा
 काटै यम की फाँसा ॥३॥

सत्य गहै सदगुरु को चीन्है,
 सत्य ज्ञान विश्वासा।
 कहैं कबीर साधुन हितकारी,
 हम साधुन के दासा ॥४॥

16.

Sadho jeevat hee karu aashaa...

O, sadho! Aspire,¹ only while living.
 'Liberation after death'—preach only the selfish teachers,
 They render only the false assurances. (Refrain)

Know while living, comprehend while living,
 The abode in liberation is only while living.
 When noose of actions has not been severed while living,
 How can then one aspire for liberation after death?

'Devotion at the time of death yields liberation',
 Such a teaching is but a false assurance.
 That which is attained now, will be attained ahead,
 Or else the stay will be in the abode of death.

This greedy mind searches at the places far and distant,
 This will not yield redressal of the pains of conception.
 Such a person serves not the saintly folk,
 Through whom alone, he can sever the noose of death.

Hence, one should adopt the truth and know the holy Master,
 He should also develop trust within the essential knowledge.

Saith Kabir : The saints alone are the benefactors,
 As such, I am a humble servant of the saintly folk.

17.

साईं बिन दरद करेजे होय ॥टेक॥

दिन नहीं चैन रात नहीं निंदिया,
कासे कहूँ दुख रोय ॥१॥

आधी रतिया पिछले पहरवा,
साईं बिन तरस तरस रही सोय ॥२॥

पाँचों मारि पचीसों बस करि,
इनमें चहै कोई होय ॥३॥

कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
सतगुरु मिले सुख होय ॥४॥

17.

Saain bin darad kareje hoy...

Sans Lord, my heart suffers agonizing pangs. (Refrain)

The day passes not with ease, the night without sleep.
Whom to narrate my sorrow by wailing!

In the midnight state and the last duration of age,
I have felt agog and kept longing sans the Lord.

Smiting the five¹ and subjugating the twenty-five,²
Out of these, there may be a rare one to attain.

Saith Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
When true holy Master meets, the bliss dawns.

1. Sense organs. 2. Natures and uncountable habits.

18.

तोर मन चाहे नजर मोसे जोड़ ले ॥टेक॥

पाँच तत्त्व की तोहरी चुनरिया,
सतगुरु सगरा में एक दाईं बोर ले ॥1॥

सब सुख मिलिहैं राम भजन में,
चाँई चुगलाई कुटिलाई सब छोड़ दे ॥2॥

जब मन चाहे राम मिलन को,
ज्ञान की कुरिया अमरित रस बोर ले ॥3॥

कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
माया ठगिनिया से ई नाता तोड़ ले ॥4॥

18.**Tor mann chaahe najar mose jor le...**

If your mind permits, atune your eyes with mine. (Refrain)

Your covering is composed of the five elements,
Immerse it into the ocean of holy Master for once at least.

You shall attain beatitude in contemplation of Rama, the Self,
Give up the entire ruse, backbiting and crookedness.

If you wish to meet Rama, the Self,
Immerse your mind into the hovel of nectareal elixir.

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
Part this alliance with Maya, the swindress.

19.

संतो सो निज देश हमार॥
जहाँ जाय फिर हंस न आवे,
भवसागर की धारा ॥टेक॥

सूर्य चंद्र नहीं तहाँ प्रकाशित,
नहीं नभ मंडल तारा।
उदय न अस्त दिवस नहीं रजनी,
बिना ज्योति उजियारा ॥1॥

पाँच तत्त्व गुण तीन तहाँ नहीं,
नहीं तहाँ सृष्टि पसार।
तहाँ न माया कृत प्रपंच यह,
लोक कुटुम्ब परिवारा ॥2॥

क्षुधा तृषा नहीं शीत उष्ण तहाँ,
सुख दुख को संचार।
आधि न व्याधि उपाधि कछू तहाँ,
पाप पुण्य विस्तार ॥3॥

ऊँच-नीच कुल की मर्यादा,
आश्रम वर्ण विचार।
अधर्म धर्म तहाँ कछू नहीं,
संयम नियम अचारा ॥4॥

अति अभिराम धाम सर्वोपरि,
शोभा जासु अपार।
कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
तीन लोक से न्यारा ॥5॥

19.

Santo so nij desh hamaaraa...

O, saints! That is our own land,
Where the swan reaches, returns never again,
In the swift current of the mundane ocean. (Refrain)

No light of the sun and the moon is there,
Nor is the light of the stars in the celestial sphere there,
Neither the rise nor the set, nor the day nor the night is there,
Radiance without the light is there.

Neither the five elements nor three attributes are there,
Nor is the expanse of the creation there.
Nor is the mess of the mundane illusion there,
Nor are the worldly family and clan there.

Neither the hunger nor thirst nor the cold and hot is there,
Nor is the access of the pain and pleasure there.
Neither mental nor physical affliction nor mundane toils are there.
Nor are any of the expanse of the virtues and vices there.

No distinction of high and low of any traditional caste and clan is there,
Nor even any sort of feeling of class, colour and religious order is there.
Neither any sort of the unrighteousness nor the righteousness is there,
Nor any scope of continence, tenets and precepts of conduct are there.

Extremely beatific abode, and is the supreme most,
Whose grandeur is beyond description.
Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
That is unique and beyond all the inert worlds.

20.

संतो सहज समाधि भली ॥
गुरु प्रताप भयो जा दिन ते,
दिन दिन अधिक चली ॥टेक ॥

जहाँ जहाँ डोलौं सो परिकरमा,
जो कुछ करौं सो पूजा।
जब सोवौं तब करौं दंडवत,
भाव मिटाओं दूजा ॥1 ॥

आँख न मूंदों कान न रूँधों,
काया कष्ट न धारों।
खुले नैन हँसि हँसि पहिचानों,
सुन्दर रूप निहारौं ॥2 ॥

शब्द निरंतर मनुवा राता,
मलिन वासना त्यागी।
ऊठत बैठत कबहुँ न छूटे,
ऐसी तारी लागी ॥3 ॥

कहत कबीर सहज यह रहनी,
सो परगट करि गाई।
सुख दुख से इक परे परम पद
सो पद है सुखदाई ॥4 ॥

20.

Santo sahaj samaadhi bhali...

O, saints! Spontaneous trance is ever gratifying.
Since the day, holy Master has showered his grace,
Day by day, I have been immersing more and more. (Refrain)

Wherever I move, it is, as if, the circumambulation,
Whatever I do, it is, as if, the worship and dedication.
Whenever I sleep, it is, as if, I prostrate,
I keep away from the feelings other than the Self-gratification.

I do not close the eyes nor obstruct the ears,
Nor do I agonise my body through austerity vigorous.
I rather perceive pleasingly with the open eyes,
I behold beauty of the Self-essence in all the beings.

The mind remains permeated with the Essence-word.
It has given up the malicious passions in all manners.
It remains steady and gets disturbed in no way,
Such is the steadiness of the spiritual trance all the way.

Sayeth Kabir : Spontaneous is this living benign,
The same has been revealed here and well defined.
One eternal status is beyond the pain and pleasure,
That status is blissful ever.

21.

संतो भाई! आई ज्ञान की आँधी।
 भ्रम की टाटी सबै उड़ानी,
 माया रहे न बाँधी ॥टेक ॥

दुचिते की दोउ थूनी गिरानी,
 मोह बडेरा टूटा।
 तृष्णा छाँनि परी घर ऊपरि,
 कुबुधि का भांड़ा फूटा ॥1 ॥

जोग जुगति करि संतौ बाँधी,
 निरचु चुये नहिं पानी।
 कूड़ कपट माया का निकस्या,
 हरि की गति जब जानी ॥2 ॥

आँधी पीछे जो जल वर्षा,
 प्रेमे हरि जन भीना।
 कहैं कबीर मनि भया प्रकाशा,
 उदै भान तम खीना ॥3 ॥

21.

Santo bhai! Aaee gyaan kee aandhi...

O, brother saints! The tempest of knowledge has blown up.
 The veil of all the delusions has been blown out,
 There remain no more ties of the illusion stout. (Refrain)

Both¹ the props of scepticism were extricated,
 The beam-shaft of attachment got broken.
 The thatch of cravings tumbled down upon the abode,
 The vessel of perverted intellect was cracked.

The saints erected the abode² by yogic practices and devices,
 The water of worldliness is never to drip thereinto thence.
 The falsehood and ruse of the illusion got exited,
 When the state of Hari, the Self was known.

The rain that showered after the tempest,
 The saintly folk got drenched within the love exulted.
 Sayeth Kabir : The gem of Self-awareness was illumined,
 With the rise of the sun,³ the darkness⁴ was dispelled.

1. The mind was diverted from illusion to common benevolence. 2. Of eternal peace after attaining spiritual awareness. 3. The gem of Self-awareness. 4. Ignorance; worldly attachment

22.

सतगुरु है रंगरेज चुनरि मोरि रंग डारी ॥टेक॥

स्याही रंग छुड़ाय के रे,
दियो मजीठा रंग।
धोये से छूटे नहीं,
दिन दिन होत सुरंग ॥1॥

भाव के कुण्ड नेह के जल में,
प्रेम रंग दई बोर।
चसकी चास लगाई के रे,
खूब रंगी झकझोर ॥2॥

सतगुरु ने चुनरी रंगी रे,
सतगुरु चतुर सुजान।
सब कुछ उन पर वार दूँ रे,
तन मन धन और प्रान ॥3॥

कहैं कबीर रंगरेज गुरु है,
मुझ पर हुए दयाल।
सीतल चुनरी ओढ़ि के रे,
भये हैं मगन निहाल ॥4॥

22.

Satguru hai rangrej chunri mori rang daari...

Sadguru is a dyer, he has dyed my covering.¹ (Refrain)

Removing the dark black colour,²
He has applied the dark red colour.³
It does not fade away even on washing,
It becomes more glamorous day by day.

In the basin of devotion, pouring the water of love,
There into is tinged the colour of love.
Arousing flair of the Self-contemplation,
It was dyed with all vigour then.

Sadguru has dyed the covering well,
Sadguru is sagacious and adept one.
I sacrifice everything unto him,
My body, mind, wealth and even the vital-air.

Sayeth Kabir : Dyer is the Sadguru,
He has showered his grace upon me.
By wearing the covering devoid of passions,
I am Self-gratified and Self-satiated one.

23.

मैं केहि समझावों या जग अन्धा ॥१॥टेक ॥

एक दुई होय उन्हें समझावों,
सबहिं भुलाने पेट के धन्धा ॥१॥

पानी के घोड़ा पवन असवारा,
ढरकि परै जस ओस क बुन्दा ॥२॥

गहिरी नदिया अगम बहे धारा,
खेवनहारा पड़ि गयो फन्दा ॥३॥

घर की वस्तु निकट नहिं आवत,
दियना बारि के दूँढत अन्धा ॥४॥

लागी आग सकल बन जरिगौ,
बिनु गुरु ज्ञान भटकि गौ बन्दा ॥५॥

कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
इक दिन जाइ लँगोटी झार बन्दा ॥६॥

23.

Main kehi samajhaavon, yaa jag andhaa...

Whom to persuade; the whole world is blind. (Refrain)

If there were one or two, I may persuade sincerely,
All have gone astray in the means of filling belly.

The horse of water,¹ the vital air is rider,
This will tumble down like a drop of dew water.

Deep is the river;² therein flows the unfathomable stream,³
The rower has fallen into the trapping snare.

The essence of own, draws not nigh,
The blind one searches, lighting the lamp.

The fire⁴ broke out, the entire forest⁵ burnt away,
Sans knowledge of preceptor, man goes astray.

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
The man will depart one day, sweeping off his loincloth.⁶

1. Physical body, the product of semen and menstruation. 2. Of passions.
3. Of cravings. 4. Of Self-awareness. 5. Of mental perversions. 6. Leaving everything behind.

24.

मन समुझ के लादौ लदनियाँ हो ॥टेक॥

काहेक टटुवा काहेक पाखर,
काहे के भरी गौनिया हो ॥1॥

मन के टटुवा सुरति कै पाखर,
भरी पुत्र पाप गौनिया हो ॥2॥

घर के लोग जगाती लागे,
छीन लेय करधनिया हो ॥3॥

सौदा करु तो यहीं कर भाई,
आगे हाट न बनिया हो ॥4॥

पानी पी तो यहीं पी भाई,
आगे देश निपनिया हो ॥5॥

कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
सत्तनाम का बनिया हो ॥6॥

24.

Mann samajh ke laad ladaniyaa ho...

Lade the load, reflecting deep within your mind. (Refrain)

What is the mule, what is the saddle?
With what is the gunny bag* filled?

Mind is the mule; proclivity is the saddle,
Filled bag is of the virtues and vices indeed.

Your own people stand ready to recover tax,
They would snatch away even your waistlet.

If you wish to strike bargain, do it here, O, brother!
Ahead is neither the mart nor the trader.

If you wish to drink water, drink it here, O, brother!
Ahead is the region without any water.

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
Meet the trader of holy **Nam**, the true-essence.

25.

मन ना रंगाये जोगी कपड़ा रंगाये।
मन ना फिराये जोगी मन का फिराये ॥टेक ॥

आसन मारि गुफा में बैठे,
मनुवा चहुँ दिशि धाये।
भवतारक घट बीच बिराजै,
खोजन तीरथ जाये ॥1 ॥

पोथी बाँचे यज्ञ करावै,
भक्ति कहुँ नहिं पाये।
मन का मणका फेरे नाहीं,
तुलसी माला फिराये ॥2 ॥

जोगी होके जागा नाहीं,
चौरासी भरमाये।
जोग जुगत सों दास कबीरा,
अलख निरंजन पाये ॥3 ॥

25.

Mann naa rangaaye jogi, kaparaa rangaaye...

Many of the yogis get dyed their garbs but not their minds,
Those yogis turn not their minds, but make their minds wander. (Refrain)

They sit in the caves in the fixed postures,
They make their mind wander in all the four directions.
Redeemer from mundane ocean, abides within the body itself,
They roam about to search in the pilgrim places.

They read the holy books, perform yagnas various,
But they attain not, even the tinge of devotion.
They tell not the beads of the gems of mind,
They rather tell the beads of rosary of basil.

Even being yogis, they have not awakened,
In the cycle of eighty-four, they remain wandered.
Through the yogic practices and devices, the servitor Kabira,
Attained repose in the invisible and immaculate essence.

26.

मन तू क्यों भूला रे भाई,
तेरी सुध बुध कहाँ हेराई ॥टेक ॥

जैसे पंछी रैन बसेरा,
बसे वृक्ष पर आई।
भोर भये सब काज आपको,
जहाँ-तहाँ उड़ि जाई ॥1 ॥

स्वप्न में तोहि राज मिलो है,
हाकिम हुकुम दुहाई।
जागि पड़ो तब सबै हेरायो,
पलक खुले सुधि आई ॥2 ॥

मात पिता सुत बंधू तिरिया,
नाती सगे सगाई।
यह तो सब स्वारथ के संगी,
झूठी लोक बड़ाई ॥3 ॥

सागर माहिं लहरि उठतु है,
गिनती गिनी न जाई।
कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
दरिया लहर समाई ॥4 ॥

26.

Mann tu kyon bhoolaa re bhaai...

O, brother mind! Why have you gone astray?
Where have you lost your sagacity and wits? (Refrain)

As the birds find their night-perch,
They fly and settle their sojourn in trees.
As the day dawns, in search of their food,
They fly hither and thither to get the food.

In your dream, you have acquired kingdom,
All the governors stand ready at your mandate.
When awakened, you lost all those possessions,
With the opening of eyes, you realised the truth.

Mother, father, sons, brothers and wife,
Grand kids and all other kith and kin.
All these are the companions of their own interest,
The entire opulence, fame and pride are but false.

In the ocean, perpetually rise the waves,
The number of these cannot be counted thence.
Saith Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
The waves are merged into the ocean itself.

27.

बिन जागे न पइहौ सजन सखिया ॥टेक ॥

क्या तुम सोवो मोह खोह में,
कामिन ऐसी लगाये अँखिया ॥1 ॥

चोरी हिंसा नशा सब छोड़ो,
लख चौरासी से छुटिहैं जिया ॥2 ॥

गुरु न किहौ साधु न सेयौ,
लख चौरासी में बोयो बिया ॥3 ॥

पाँच विषय की सुख मानंदी,
भोगि भोगि नर ह्वै गयो कियाँ ॥4 ॥

झूठी मूरति साँच पुजारी,
आपुहि कर्ता होइ गयो तिया ॥5 ॥

जीव पराया निज सम जानो,
नर जीवन तब सफल किया ॥6 ॥

कहहिं कबीर यह मन वश करिके,
अपने में खोजि लेव आपन पिया ॥7 ॥

27.

Bin jaage na paihau sajan sakhiyaa...

O, friend! Without awaking, you can't meet Beloved. (Refrain)

What are you sleeping within the abyss of infatuation for!
As an amorous woman fixes her eyes, the aliens at!

Give up theft, violence, intoxication and all the ills,
You shall get released from the eighty-four lacs.

You have not sought shelter in holy Master nor service to saints,
You have rather sown the seeds to wander in the eighty-four lacs.

Man has assumed pleasure in the five sense-objects,¹
Over and over enjoyments, he has become worm thence.

Idol is the false deity; priest, the man is true deity,
Being himself the self-doer, has become bride.

Consider the alien Jivas as your own Self,
Only then the human life becomes success.

Sayeth Kabir : Upon this mind, hold your own sway,
Then search your own Beloved² within your ownself.

1. Sound, touch, form (beauty), taste, odour. 2. The Self.

28.

जे को मरे मरन है मीठा,
गुर प्रसादि जिनहीं मरि दीठा ॥टेक॥

मूवा करता मुई ज करनी,
मुई नारि सुरति बहुत धरनी ॥1॥

मूवा आपा मूवा मान,
परपंच लेई मूवा अभिमान ॥2॥

राम रमें रमि जे जन मूवा,
कहैं कबीर अबिनासी हूवा ॥3॥

28.**Je ko mare maran hai meethaa...**

Whoever wishes to die, let him; to die is but a blessing!
Blessed by the Master are those, who have known how to die. (Refrain)

His doership has died; his binding-living too has died,
His woman-proclivity, with galore passions too has died.

His ego has died, pride too has died,
His vanity with the mess of perversions, too has died.

The person who has died, abiding within Rama, the Self,
Sayeth Kabir : Such a one has become immortal in himself.

29.

साधो दिल से राम न भूल ॥टेक॥

स्याही गई सफेदी आई,
चलना है बड़ी दूर।
डार पात में तुमहिं रंगीले,
सब फूलन में फूल ॥1॥

हरि हुजूर नहिं दूर विराजै,
दिल की दर मति मूर।
कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
आपहि आप हुजूर ॥2॥

29.**Sadho dil se Ram na bhool...**

O, sadho! Do not forget Rama¹ from your heart within. (Refrain)

The dark² disappeared, the grey³ advented,
You have a long way to go ahead.
Only your own radiance permeates the branches and leaves,⁴
You are the bees⁵ of all the flowers and leaves.

Hari, the Lord is not seated afar,
Do not shut the door of your heart.
Sayeth Kabir : Listen; O, brother saints!
The Self of one's own is the Lord himself.

1. Jiva, Atma, pervading in every being. 2. Of hair. 3. Old age. 4. This body and its demeanour. 5. Fragrance (of knowledge).

30.

कोई राम रसिक रस पीयहुगे,
पीयहुगे युग जीयहुगे ॥१ ॥

फल लंकृत बीज नहीं बकला,
शुक पन्छी तहाँ रस खाई ॥२ ॥

चुवै न बुन्द अंग नहीं भीजै,
दास भँवर सब संग लाई ॥३ ॥

निगम रसाल चारि फल लागे,
तामें तीनि समाई ॥४ ॥

एक दूरि चाहें सब कोई,
जतन जतन काहु बिरले पाई ॥५ ॥

गये बसन्त ग्रीषम ऋतु आई,
बहुरि न तरिवर तर आवै ॥६ ॥

कहैं कबीर स्वामी सुखसागर,
राम मगन होय सो पावै ॥७ ॥

30.

Koe Ram rasik ras peeyahuge...

Will any amorist of Rama drink the ambrosial juice?
If drinks, he will live in eternal bliss.

The fruit is adorned, without seed¹ and peel,²
The parrot³ bird feeds on its juice with zeal.

It attracts the large black-bees,⁴
Who do not ooze nor wet their bodies.

Mango tree of the Vedas bear four fruits,⁵
The first three are just the ephemeral ones.

The fourth one is very far and desired by all,
By constant strivings, only the rare one attains it all.

The spring⁶ has departed; the summer season⁷ has arrived,
Now, that⁸ has not to come under the tree again.

Says Kabir : The lord is the ocean of bliss,
He, who dives deep within Rama,⁹ will attain it.

1. The material passions. 2. The veil of Maya. 3. The seekers. 4. The devotees.
5. Wealth, righteousness, desire and liberation. 6. Of passions. 7. Knowledge,
Spritual wisdom. 8. Liberted soul. 9. The Self.

31.

जा दिन मन पंछी उड़ जैहैं ॥टेक ॥

ता दिन तेरे तन तरुवर के,
सबै पात झरि जैहैं।
या देही का गर्व न कीजै,
स्यार काग गिध खैहैं ॥1 ॥

तन गति तीन विष्टा कृमि है,
ना तर खाक उड़ैहैं।
कहँ बड़ नैन कहाँ वह शोभा,
कहँ वह रूप दिखैहैं ॥2 ॥

जिन लोगन से नेह करत है,
तेई देखि घिनैहैं।
घर के कहत सबेरे काढ़ो,
भूत होय धरि खैहैं ॥3 ॥

जिन पूतन को बहु प्रतिपाल्यो,
देवी देव मनैहैं।
ते लइ बाँस दियो खोपरि में,
शीश फोर बिखरैहैं ॥4 ॥

अजहूँ मूढ़ करै सतसंगति,
सन्तन में कछु पैहैं।
कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
आवागमन नशैहैं ॥5 ॥

31.

Jaa din mann panchhi ur jaihain...

The day, mind the bird, will fly away! (Refrain)

On that day of your body*tree,
All the leaves will fall off.
Do not feel proud of this body,
The jackal, crow and vulture will eat it.

Corpse crosses three phases — night soil by worms, #
If burnt, it converts into ashes.
Where to find those big eyes, where that glamour!
Where that form, the buoyant and sober!

The people you have nourished with love,
Those very persons will abhor seeing it.
Your own members say to remove the dead soon,
Or else, it will become a ghost to devour them.

The sons, you sustained with a great care,
You endeavoured to appease deities for their welfare.
Those persons will strike your skull with bamboo stick,
Those will disperse your head to small pieces.

O, stupid! Even today, engage yourself in holy association,
You shall gain solace only from the holy saints.
Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
By such means, your transmigration will cease.

Dead body has to meet one of the three phases : looting, burning and burying.

32.

जाग पियारी अब का सोवै,
रैन गयी दिन काहे को खोवै ॥टेक ॥

जिन जागा तिन माणिक पाया,
तैं बौरी सब सोय गँवाया।
पिय तेरे चतुर तू मूरख नारी,
कबहुँ न पिय की सेज सँवारी ॥१ ॥

तैं बौरी बौरापन कीन्हीं,
जीवन भर पिय अपनो न चीन्हीं।
जाग देख पिय सेज न तेरे,
तोहि छाँड़ि उठ गये सबेरे ॥२ ॥

पिय बिन सून सेज लगे तेरे,
सोच-समझ तू अजहुँ न हेरे।
कहैं कबीर सोई जन जागे,
शब्द बाण उर अंतर लागे ॥३ ॥

32.**Jaag pyaari ab kaa sovai...**

O, darling!¹ Wake up; what are you sleeping for, even now?
The night has passed; why are you losing the day now? (Refrain)

Those who have woken up, have attained the ruby,²
You, the silly one, have lost everything in slumber deep.
Your beloved is sagacious; you are the woman stupid,
You have never adorned the bed³ of your beloved.

You, the insane woman, have committed insanity,
You have never known your own beloved through the life.
⁴Wake up and behold; your beloved is not your bed on,
Forsaking you, he left away early in the morn.

Without the beloved, your bed looks desolate,
You have not reflected to know as yet.
Sayeth Kabir : Only such a person gets awakened,
Whose heart is pierced with arrow of Essence-word.

1. Mental propensity. 2. Self-awareness, Self-tranquility. 3. Of the Self-state.
4. You are not established within the Self.

33.

गुरु ने पठाया चेला नियामत लाना ॥टेक॥

पहली नियामत आटा लाना,
ग्राम नगर के पास न जाना।
कूटा पिसा छाड़ि के चेला,
झोली भर के लाना ॥1॥

दूसरी नियामत जल ले आना,
कुआँ बावली के पास न जाना।
नदी नाला बचाय के चेला,
तुम्बा भर के लाना ॥2॥

तीसरी नियामत कलिया लाना,
जीव जन्तु के पास न जाना।
मूवा जीवा छाड़ि के चेला,
हंडी भर के लाना ॥3॥

चौथी नियामत लकड़ी लाना,
जंगल झाड़ के पास न जाना।
गीली सूखी बचाय के चेला,
गाँठी बाँध के लाना ॥4॥

कहहिं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
यह पद है निर्बाना।
जो यह पद का अर्थ लगावै,
सोई सन्त सुजाना ॥5॥

33.

Guru ne pathaayaa chelaa nyaamat laanaa...

Master asked disciple to fetch the relishing food¹ (Refrain)

The first relishing is the flour² to bring,
But do not draw nigh to any town or village then.
Leaving the pounded and pasted material, O, disciple!
* Bring the bag full of the stuff to the brim.

The second relishing is the water³ to bring,
But do not draw nigh to any well or pond then.
Sparing the river and rivulet, O, disciple!
Bring the gourd-vessel full of water to the brim.

The third relishing is the boiled meat⁴ to bring,
But do not draw nigh to any creature, O, disciple!
Neglecting the dead creature, O, disciple!
Bring the earthen pot full of stuff to the brim.

The fourth blessing is the firewood⁵ to bring,
But do not draw nigh to any shrub or forest then.
Sparing the wet or dry wood, O, disciple!
Bring the bundle of the firewood to the pack.

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!

This verse is the salvation-bestowing.
He who expounds the essence of this verse,
That alone is the sagacious saint.

1. Spiritual intake. 2. Self awareness. 3. Discerning versions of essence and non-essence. 4. Benevolent status, fearlessness, and tranquil state. 5. Detachment; dispassion.

* To the fullest satiety.

34.

ऋतु फागुन नियरानी,
कोई पिया से मिलावै ॥टेक ॥

सोई सुन्दर जाके पिय को ध्यान है,
सोई पिया के मन मानी।
खेलत फाग अंग नहिं मोड़े,
सतगुरु से लिपटानी ॥1 ॥

एक एक सखिया खेल घर पहुँची,
एक एक कुल अरुझानी।
एक एक नाम बिना बहकानी,
हो रही ऐंचा तानी ॥2 ॥

पिया को रूप कहाँ लग बरनों,
रूपहि माँहि समानी।
सो रंग रंगे सकल छबि छाके,
तन मन सभी भुलानी ॥3 ॥

यों मत जान याहि रे फाग है,
यह है अकथ कहानी।
कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
या गति बिरले जानी ॥4 ॥

34.

Ritu phagun niyaraani, koi piyaa se milaavai...

Spring season and '*Phagun*'¹ have drawn nigh,
Let someone get me to my Beloved. (Refrain)

Only she² is pretty who contemplates upon the Beloved,
Only that one is pleasing to the mind of the Beloved.
Let not one² twist the organs while playing 'Phag',
Let that one³ remain engrossed in the holy Master.

Each and every friend reached the playing spot,
Each and everyone remained infatuated in her kin own.
Each and everyone got strayed sans Self-realisation,
The tug-of-war continued there within.

How far to narrate the grandeur of Beloved, the Self!
⁴Just remain fully absorbed in the Self-essence.
That remains drenched in the hue, enjoys brimful ecstasy,
That forgets even the body, mind and the all.

O, seekers! Do not take this as a mere 'Phaag',
This is the tale that defies description.
Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
Only a rare one knows such a state.

1. The state of youth befitting to spiritual practices. 2. Pretty and pure mental propensity. 3. State of the Self-absorption 4. Self-awareness.

35.

आवै न जावै मरे नहिं जनमे,
 सोइ निज पीव हमारा हो।
 ना कोई जननी ने जन्मो,
 ना कोई सिरजनहारा हो ॥टेक॥

साध न सिद्ध मुनि ना तपसी,
 ना कोई करत अचारा हो।
 ना षट दर्शन चार वर्ण में,
 ना आश्रम व्यवहारा हो ॥1॥

ना त्रिदेवा सोहं शक्ति,
 निराकार से पारा हो ॥
 शब्द अतीत अचल अविनाशी,
 क्षर अक्षर से न्यारा हो ॥2॥

ज्योति स्वरूप निरंजन नाहीं,
 ना ओम हंकारा हो।
 धरणि न गगन पवन ना पानी,
 ना रवि चन्दा तारा हो ॥3॥

है प्रगट पर दीसत नाहीं,
 सतगुरु सैन सहारा हो।
 कहैं कबीर सब घट में साहेब,
 परखो परखनहारा हो ॥4॥

35.

Aavai na jaavai mare nahin janame...

Neither comes nor goes, neither born nor dies,
 That one alone is my beloved Lord.
 Neither any mother begot,
 Nor is there any Creator at all. (Refrain)

Neither saint nor accomplished one, neither hermit nor recluse,
 Nor anyone performing the traditional rites.
 Neither in the six scriptures, nor in the four classes,
 Nor related to any of the four religious orders.

Neither the trinity, nor **'Soham'** nor **'Shakti'** even,
 Beyond the **'Niraakar'** even.
 Beyond the word, is the ever-steady and immortal,
 Distinct from the 'perishing' and 'undecaying'.

Neither is the essence of Light, nor even the **'Niranjan'**,
 Nor is the **'Om'**, nor its ego reflection.
 Neither the earth, nor the sky, nor the air, nor the water,
 Nor is the sun, nor the moon, nor even the stars.

That remains revealed but is invisible,
 A sane sign¹ from the true preceptor is the prop.
 Sayeth Kabir : Lord abides within every pot,
 O, Connoisseurs! Just sift and know that.

1. Wise hints of preachings.

36.

अवधू! सो जन हमको भावे,
 भूले को घर लावै ॥टेक॥
 घर में भोग जोग घरहि में,
 घर तजि बन नहिं जावै।
 घर में युक्ति मुक्ति घरहि में,
 जो गुरु अलख लखावै ॥1॥
 सहज शून्य में रहे समाना,
 सहज समाधि लगावै।
 उन्मुनि रहे ब्रह्म को चीन्हे,
 परम तत्त्व को ध्यावै ॥2॥
 सुरति निरति को मेला करके,
 अनहद नाद बजावै।
 घर में बसत वस्तु भी घर है,
 घर ही वस्तु मिलावै ॥3॥
 खोज थके बहु दूर-दूर तक,
 घट बीच आप समावै।
 कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
 ज्यों का त्यों ठहरावै ॥4॥

36.

Avadoo! So jan hamko bhaave...

O, ascetics! I like such a one as brings the strayed back home.

Enjoyment within the home,¹ yoga too in the home itself,
 Abdicating the home, no need to set out for the forest.
 Means of salvation lies within the abode itself.
 If holy Master has manifested, the imperceptible Self.

That² remains ever absorbed in the innate void of the Self,
 That ever remains contemplated in the spontaneous trance.
 That remains nonchalant, and has known Brahmā, the Self,
 That ever contemplates, Supreme Essence, the Self.

That absorbs³ the mental proclivity⁴ within the Self,
 He hears within, the melody of Unstruck Sound.
 The Self-essence dwells within the home itself.
 As such, the Self-realisation is attained in the home itself.

All are tired of searching for the essential Self, far and wide,
 That Self remains absorbed while in the home itself.
 Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
 That is vouched precisely the same, as that is.

37.

अवधू ऐसा ज्ञान बिचार।
भरें चढ़े सो अद्धर डूबे,
निराधार भये पार ॥टेक ॥

औघट चले सो नगरी पहुँचे,
बाट चले सो लूटे।
एक जेवड़ी सब लपटाने,
के बाँधे के छूटे ॥1 ॥

मंदिर पेसि चहुँ दिशि भीगे,
बाहर रहे तो सूखा।
सरि मारे ते सदा सुखारे,
अनमारे से दूखा ॥2 ॥

बिन नैनन के सब जग देखें,
लोचन रहते अंधा।
कहैं कबीर कछु समझ परी है,
यह जग देखा धंधा ॥3 ॥

37.

Avadhu aisaa gyaan bichaar...

O, ascetics! Reflect upon such a knowledge;
One who mounts the boat,¹ gets drowned in the mid-stream,
That who sails without support,² goes across the ocean! (Refrain)

That, who walks on the impervious path,³ reaches the town,
That, who treads the beaten path,⁴ is plundered down!
One twisted-cord⁵ is surrounded through all the beings,
Who can then be said as tied, who as a released being?

If lives within temple,⁶ from all the sides he gets drenched,
If lives outside, he rather remains dried!
That, who completely dies,⁷ remains happy and pleased,
That, who is undead, remains in sorrows varied!

Without eyes,⁸ he perceives the entire world,
While with the eyes, he behaves as a blind.
Sayeth Kabir : I have somewhat come to know,
I have perceived the complexities of the world so.

1. I-ness and mineness of the gross and subtle Maya. 2. Dispelling ego and my-ness. 3. Path of renunciation. 4. Path of sensuality. 5. Passions and mundane desires. 6. Siege of mental assumptions. 7. Beyond mind and sense organs. 8. To perceive through power of discernment – not external organs.

38.

अरे कोई सफा न देखा दिल का ॥टेक ॥

बिल्ली देखी बगुला देखा,
सर्प जो देखा बिल का।
ऊपर ऊपर सुन्दर लागे,
भीतर गोला पत्थर का ॥1 ॥

काजी देखा मौला देखा,
पण्डित देखा छल का।
औरन को बैकुण्ठ बतावैं,
आप नरक में सरका ॥2 ॥

पढ़े लिखे नहीं गुरु मन्त्र को,
भरम गुमान कुमति का।
बैठे नाहिं साधु संगत में,
करे गुमान वरण का ॥3 ॥

मोह की फाँसी परी गले में,
भाव करै कामिन का।
काम क्रोध दिन रात सतावै,
लानत ऐसे तन का ॥4 ॥

सत्य ज्ञान को मूठ पकड़ ले,
छाड़ि कपट सब दिल का।
कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
पहिर फकीरी खिलिका ॥5 ॥

38.

Are Koi saphaa na dekhaa dil kaa...

Ah! I have not seen any pure-hearted person! (Refrain)

I saw cat, I saw heron,
I saw snake living in hole.
All those look pretty externally,
But they sustain the ball of stone internally.

I saw Qazi, saw Maullah too,
I saw pundit, sustaining deception within.
They show others the path of paradise,
But themselves keep slipping to inferno.

They do not read and brood the precepts of preceptor,
Delusion, ego and indiscretion creep within them rather.
They keep away from the company of saints,
As feel proud of their own caste and class.

The noose of infatuation keeps hanging around their necks,
They always think lustfully of the women-race.
Lust and anger keep on tormenting them day and night,
Fie upon such a life!

Firmly catch hold of the true Self-essence,
Wipe away from heart, all the malicious conceits
Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints
Don the guise of mendicant's cloak.

39.

साधो यह मन है बड़ जालिम।
जाको मन से काम परो है,
तिसही है है मालूम ॥टेक ॥

मन कारन जो उनको छाया,
तेहि छाया में अटके।
निरगुन सरगुन मन की बाजी,
खरे सयाने भटके ॥1 ॥

मन ही चौदह लोक बनाया,
पाँच तत्त गुन कीन्हें।
तीन लोक जीवन बस कीन्हें,
परै न काहू चीन्हें ॥2 ॥

जो कोउ कहै हम मन को मारा,
जाके रूप न रेखा।
छिन छिन में कितनौ रंग ल्यावै,
जे सपनेहु नहिं देखा ॥3 ॥

रसातल इकइस ब्रह्मंडा,
सब पर अदल चलावै।
षट रस में भोगी मन राजा,
सो कैसे के पावै ॥4 ॥

सब के ऊपर नाम निहच्छर,
तहँ लै मन को राखै।
तब मन की गति जान परै यह,
सत कबीर मुख भाखै ॥5 ॥

39.

Sadho yah mann hai bad jaalim...

O, sadho! This mind is a great tyrant!
That who bears concern with the mind,
He alone knows intricacies of the mind. (Refrain)

Dominance to the mind—its shadow hovers over him,
That shadow, he remains confounded within.
'*Nirguna*' and '*Saguna*' are but the trickeries of mind,
Even the known-wise go astray there within.

The mind itself has imagined of the fourteen regions,
It has infatuated within the five elements, the three attributes.
It has subjugated all the beings of the three worlds,
None of those have ever been able to know it well.

The one who claims, he has subdued the mind,
That has no shape, no markings or outlines even.
It produces such variegated hues at every moment,
As one has not found even in his dream.

The nether world, the twenty-one universes,
It exercises its sway all over these.
Mind acts as the king in all the six tastes,
How such a one can be subdued thence?

That, that is beyond all, whose name is without syllable,
When the mind remains absorbed within that,
The functioning of mind is revealed then,
Kabir vouches this truth from his mouth own.

40.

सन्तो बोले ते जग मारे।
 अनबोले ते कैसेक बनि है,
 शब्दहि कोइ न बिचारे ॥टेक ॥

पहले जन्म पुत्र का भयरु,
 बाप जन्मिया पाछे।
 बाप पूत की एकै नारी,
 ई अचरज कोई काछे ॥1 ॥

दुन्दुर राजा टीका बैठे,
 विषहर करै खवासी।
 श्वान बापुरा धरिन ढाकनो,
 बिल्ली घर में दासी ॥2 ॥

कार दुकार कार करि आगे,
 बैल करे पटवारी।
 कहहिं कबीर सुनो हो सन्तो,
 भैसे न्याव निबेरी ॥3 ॥

40.

Santo bole te jag maare...

O, saints! If I speak out, the world beats me.
 How can it be, not to speak a word?
 No one deliberates on the word. (Refrain)

The son¹ was born first,
 The father was born afterwards.
 The father and the son have the same woman,²
 Who can comprehend this wonder then?

The toad³ is installed as king,
 The venomous snakes⁴ attend on him.
 The poor dog⁵ covered the earth with its tail!
 The cat⁶ has become maidservant in the house!

Pronouncing duties and non-duties as the duties,
 The bullocks⁷ act as revenue deities.
 Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, saints!
 The buffaloes⁸ deliver justice.

1. First son is born and with the passage of time he becomes a father. 2. Both are born of the same woman race. 3. A passionate and babbling person. 4. Perverted people. 5. Persons with a bad conduct. 6. Licentious persons. 7. Indiscreet teachers. 8. Passionate persons with perverted nature.

41.

माया महा ठगिनि हम जानी।
 त्रिगुणी फांस लिये कर डोले,
 बोले मधुरी बानी ॥टेक॥

केशव के कमला है बैठी,
 शिव के भवन भवानी।
 पण्डा के मूरति है बैठी,
 तीरथ हूँ में पानी ॥1॥

योगी के योगिन है बैठी,
 राजा के घर रानी।
 काहू के हीरा है बैठी,
 काहू के कौड़ी कानी ॥2॥

भक्ता के भक्तिनि है बैठी,
 ब्रह्मा के ब्रह्मानी।
 कहहिं कबीर सुनो हो सन्तो,
 ई सब अकथ कहानी ॥3॥

41.

Maya mahaa thagini ham jaani...

I have known the 'Maya' as a super swindler.
 She roams with the threefold noose in her hands,
 She speaks lilted words. (Refrain)

Kamla for Keshava, she becomes,
 In the house of Shiva, Bhavani she becomes.
 An idol for Panda, she becomes,
 In the pilgrim place, water she becomes.

Yogin for Yogi, she becomes,
 In the palace of king, queen she becomes.
 To some, diamond she becomes,
 To other, paltry shell she becomes.

A female-devotee for the devout, she becomes,
 Brahmani for Brahma, she becomes.
 Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, saints!
 This is a tale that none can tell.

42.

संतन के संग लाग रे,
तेरी अच्छी बनेगी ॥टेक ॥

हंसन की गति हंसहि जानै,
क्या जाने कोइ काग रे ॥1 ॥

संतन के संग पूर्ण कमाई,
होय बड़ो तेरो भाग रे ॥2 ॥

ध्रुव की बनी प्रह्लाद की बन गई,
गुरु सुमिरन बैराग रे ॥3 ॥

कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
राम भजन में लाग रे ॥4 ॥

42.**Santan ke sang laag re...**

Engage yourself with the saintly association,
That will bring you, your benediction. (Refrain)

Gait of a swan,¹ only a swan can know,
What can any crow² know!

You shall attain spiritual earning³ in saintly association,
Your fortune will shine over you then.

Dhurva attained, Prahlada too attained his own beatitude,
Devotion to Master with dispassion brings blessedness.

Sayeth Kabir : O, brother saints, listen!
Engage yourself in Rama's devotion.

43.
रेखता

दया बिनु जोग ओ जग्य जप तप करे,
दया बिनु पण्डित पुस्तक पढ़ावे।

दया बिनु धर्म व्यापार कासो लहे,
दया बिनु नाम हृदये न आवे॥

दया बिनु व्रत एकादसी निर्जला,
दया बिनु तीर्थ सब भर्म आवे॥

दया बिनु वेद मुख अग्र चारो पढ़े,
दया बिनु तीर्थ सुरत श्रोता न पावे।

कहैं कबीर चल दया के महल में,
जहाँ के गये फिर नाहिं आवे॥

43.

REKHTAA

Dayaa binu jog o jagya jap tap kare...

Futile are yoga, yajna, recitation, austerity sans compassion,
Futile is study of holy scriptures by pundits sans compassion.

How righteous demeanour is possible sans compassion!
Holy **Nam** can't penetrate within heart sans compassion.

Fast of '**Nirjala Ekadashi**' is of no use sans compassion,
Visiting all pilgrim places is of no avail sans compassion.

What use in memorizing all the four Vedas sans compassion,
Listner's memory-meditation can't be steady sans compassion.

Sayeth Kabir : Enter the mansion of compassion,
Where one returns not, once entered there.

44.

रे सुख अब मोहि बिष भरि लागा ॥१॥

इनि सुख डहके मोटे-मोटे,
केतिक छत्रपति राजा ॥२॥

उपजै बिनसै जाइ बिलाई,
संपति काहु कै संगि न जाई ॥३॥

धन जोबन गरब्यौ संसारा,
यहु तन जरि बरि है है छारा ॥४॥

चरन कैवल मन राखि ले धीरा,
राम रमत सुख कहै कबीरा ॥५॥

44.**Re sukh ab mohi bish bhari laagaa...**

O, mundane pleasure! I feel, you are now full of poison.

These pleasures have duped the high and mighty,
A lot many crowned kings have been lost in naught.

Mundane objects get created, modified and dissolved at last,
Mundane wealth accompanies not anyone in the end.

The worldlings are inflated of the wealth and youth,
This body burns away and becomes ashes on death.

O, steady one! Absorb your mind in the holy feet of Master,
Absorption within Rama bestows bliss, sayeth Kabira.

45.

बाबा जोगी एक अकेला,
जाके तीर्थ ब्रत न मेला ॥टेक ॥

झौली पत्र विभूति न बटवा,
अनहद बेन बजावे ॥1 ॥

माँगि न खाइ न भूखा सोवे,
घर अंगनाँ फिरि आवे ॥2 ॥

पाँच जनों की जमाति चलावे,
तास गुरु मैं चेला ॥3 ॥

कहैं कबीर उनि देस सिधाये,
बहुरि न इहि जगि मेला ॥4 ॥

45.

Baabaa jogi ek akelaa...

O, Sire! Only that yogi is unique by himself,
Who concerns not with pilgrim places, fastings or fanfares.

The bag, bowl, ashes nor the purse is he holding,
The flute of Unstruck Sound, does he keep on playing.

He never lives on begging nor does he ever sleep hungry,
In the courtyard of his home, he eventually makes entry.

He commands the assembly of the five ones,¹
I am a disciple of such a Master of continence.

Sayeth Kabir : He remains steady in his own native Self,
He never makes entry into this mundane fair again.

1. Five sense organs.

46.

सुगवा पिंजरवा छोड़ि भागा ॥टेक॥

इस पिंजरे में दस दरवाजा,
दस दरवाजे किवरवा लागा ॥:1॥

अँखियन सेती नीर बहन लाग्यो,
अब कस नहीं तू बोलत अभागा ॥:2॥

कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
उड़िगा हंस टूटि गयो तागा ॥:3॥

46.**Sugavaa pinjarvaa chhodi bhaagaa...**

The parrot¹ fled away, leaving behind the cage.² (Refrain)

This cage contains ten doors,³
Hinged with shutters, are all the doors.

Tears started shedding out of the eyes,
O, ill-fated! How can't you speak now?

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
The swan⁴ flew away, the strings gave way.

1. Jiva. 2. Body. 3. Two eyes, two nostrils, two ears, mouth, and two lower apertures—these are nine doors and the tenth is the centre of the skull. 4. Sentient Jiva.

47.
रेखता

चाम के महल में भूल मत बावरे,
स्वपन का संग है बूझि रहना।
साँच सो प्रीतिकर स्वप्न धोखा तजो,
चाम अरु राम को चीन्ह गहना॥

जासु का खोज सब रोज तुम करत हो,
मुकुर की छाह में नाहिं लेना।
देखले आपना आपको आपही,
कहैं कबीर यों सत्य कहना॥

47.
REKHTAA

Chaam ke mahal mein bhool mat baavare...

Do not get strayed within this palace of skin¹, O, crazy!
This is just a contact in a dream; tread heedfully.
Truth is worth love; give up the delusion of dream,
Discern deeply between the skin¹ and Rama serene.

The truth you have been searching for, all the times,
As an image in the mirror, it prevails not in ideation.
Perceive the Self within your own Self.
Kabir vouches this as true, in such a way.

1. Physical body.

48.

अमरपुर ले चलु हो सजना ॥टेक॥

अमरपुरी की साँकर गलिया,
अड़बड़ है चलना।
ठोकर लगी गुरु ज्ञान शब्द की,
उधर गये झपना ॥1॥

वही अमरपुर लागि बजरिया,
सौदा है करना।
वही अमरपुर सन्त बसत हैं,
दरशन है लहना ॥2॥

सन्त समाज सभा जहाँ बैठी,
वही पुरुष अपना।
कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
भव सागर तरना ॥3॥

48.

Amarapur le chalu ho sajanaa...

O, Beloved Master! Take me to the abode of eternity. (Refrain)

The lanes of eternal abode are narrow enough,
To tread there, is hard enough.
With the stroke of Master's wise word,
The illusion of my eyes has wiped off.

In the same eternal abode, the mart is set,
I have now to strike the bargain there.
In the same eternal abode, dwell the saints,
I have to get their holy darshan.¹

Where there is the assembly of saintly folk,
There itself, the Self-realisation does prevail,
Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
The mundane ocean has to be crossed across.

1. Holy vision, glimpse, sight of saints.

49.

पढ़ि ले काजी बाँग निमाजा,
एक मसीद दसों दरवाजा ॥टेक ॥

मन करि मका कबला करि देही,
बोलनहार जगत गुरु येही ॥1 ॥

उहाँ न दोजख बिहिस्त मुकामा,
यहाँ ही राम यहीं रहिमाना ॥2 ॥

बिसमिल तापस भ्रम के दूरी,
पंच भषि ज्यों होय सबूरी ॥3 ॥

कहैं कबीर मैं भया दिवाना,
मनुवाँ मुसि-मुसि सहज समाना ॥4 ॥

49.

Padi le kaazi baang nimaaz...

O, Qazi!¹ Let you call out the Baang,² offer the Namaaz,³
Here is one mosque,⁴ which contains the ten doors.⁵ (Refrain)

Make the mind Mecca,⁶ make the body Kibla⁷ as such,
The speaking one himself is the preceptor of universe.

Up above, there is neither hell nor heavenly abode,
Here itself is Rama, here itself is Rahiman.

Commence sacrificing⁸ the delusion passionate,
Devour and digest the five,⁹ as should bring contentment.

Sayeth Kabir : I have become crazy and much excited,
Gradually, my mind has immersed into spontaneity.

1. Mohammedan judge. 2. The call of Mohammedans to worship. 3. Mohammedan form of prayer (to God). 4. Body. 5. Two nostrils, two ears, two eyes, mouth, anus, genital organ and tenth, the center of the skull. 6. Holy city in Arabia where Mohammedans go on pilgrimage. 7. The western direction to which Mohammedans turn their faces during prayer. 8. Bismillah : to commence/begin in the name of God. (Bismil = Bismillah=b+ism+Allah; b=with, ism=name, Allah=God i.e. with the name of God). 9. Lust, anger, greed, attachment and fear.

50.
रेखता

काम की अग्नि में जीव यों जलत है,
 ग्यान बिचार कछु नाहिं सूझै।
 खोया परतीत अरु बोय बाजी दई,
 सब्द मानै नहीं काल बूझै ॥

झूठ को थापि के साँच को ना थापै,
 झूठ की पक्ष फिर गहै गाढ़ी।
 कहैं कबीर अन्ध चेतै नहीं,
 काल की चोट यों खाय ठाढ़ी ॥

50.
REKHTAA

Kaam kee agni mein Jeev yon jalat hai...

Man has been burning in the fire of lust in such a way,
 As has he gone out of wits, bereft of thoughts sane.
 He has lost the self-confidence and sown the seeds of deceit,
 He practises not the essential word; the *Kaal* trawls him.

Such a one installs falsehood, keeps away from the truth,
 He then supports strongly, the side of falsehood.
 Sayeth Kabir : The blind¹ do not awake,
 They stand receiving the *Kaal's*² deadly buffet

1. Indiscreet persons. 2. Death.

51.**रेखता**

एक समसेर इकसार बजती रहे,
 खेल कोई सूरमा संत झेले।
 काम दल जीत करि क्रोध पैमाल करि,
 परम सुख धाम तहँ सुरत मेले ॥

सील से नेह करि ज्ञान की खड्ग ले,
 आय चौगान में खेल खेलै।
 कहैं कबीर सोइ संत जन सूरमा,
 सीस को सौंप करि करम ठेले ॥

51.**REKHTAA**

Ek samaser iksaar bajatee rahe...

Let the sword keep on brandishing uniformly,
 Only a heroic saint can bear this game valiantly.
 They conquer legion of lust; trample anger beneath their feet,
 They transmit their proclivity to the eternal blissful abode.

They love modesty and holding the sword of awareness,
 They play the game on the ground with perseverance.
 Sayeth Kabir : Only those are the heroic and valorous saints,
 Who, at the stake of their head, sail off from their deeds.

52.

बलम संग सोई गई दोउ जनी ॥टेक॥

इक ब्याही इक अरधी कहावै,
दूनों सुमग सुहाग भरी ॥1॥

ब्याही तो उजियार दिखावै,
अरधी लै अँधियार खड़ी ॥2॥

ब्याही तो सुख निंदिया सोवै,
अरधी दुख-सुख माथे धरी ॥3॥

कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
दूनों पिया की पियारि रही ॥4॥

52.

Balam sang soee gae dou janee...

Both of them sleep together with the husband. (Refrain)

One is the wedded;¹ another is the moiety one,²
Both are blessed adeptly to tread their path own.

The wedded one rather remains enlightened always,
The moiety one keeps on wandering in the darkness.

The wedded one enjoys the blissful sleep sound,
The moiety carries burden of weal and woe on her head.

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
Both of them have been the beloved of the husband same.

53.

रेखता

अन्ध रे अन्ध संसार सब धुन्ध है,
 काल के फन्द की खबर नहीं।
 करत उन्माद विष स्वाद संसार का,
 मगन मस्तान है तासु माहीं ॥

नैन मद अन्ध अरु बैन मुख छार है,
 चलन गुमान में छाँह देखै।
 कहैं कबीर नर नारि सब एक से,
 काल चपेटि हैं नाहिं पेखै ॥

53.

REKHTAA

Andh re andh sansaar sab dhundh hai...

There are the blind and blind only, the world is all hazy,
 People remain unaware of the noose of Kaal crazy.
 Under the palate of mundane pleasures, they remain frenzy,
 There within, they remain drowned with the frolic crazy.

Eyes are blinded in vanity; mouth pours out the bitter words,
 They move unto the elusive pride, they delude for shady joys.
 Sayeth Kabir : Both men and women are all alike,
 They perceive not, they are in the *Kaal's*¹ grip.

1. In attachment and sensuality, mundane passions.

54.

तेरो काँच महल में डेरा ॥टेक ॥

काँचे साज काँचे तेरो बरतन,
पक्का बोलनहारा ॥1 ॥

भाई भतीजा कुटुंब कबीला,
इनमें कोई नहीं तेरा ॥2 ॥

होहु दयाल दया करो सतगुरु,
सिर पर यम का फेरा ॥3 ॥

कहहिं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
सुमिरन सांझ सबेरा ॥4 ॥

54.**Tero kaanch mahal mein deraa...**

Your stay is within the glass-palace.¹ (Refrain)

Raw are the equipments, unbaked is your vessel,
The speaker² there within is the lasting ever.

Brothers and nephews, family and community,
Among them all, none belongs to thee.

O, Merciful Holy Master! Take pity upon me,
Discus of Yama is hovering over my head.

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
Remain in Self-contemplation from dusk to dawn.

1. Ephemeral physical body. 2. Sentient being.

55.
रेखता

बुरा भी अपना आप करता है,
भला भी अपना आप सारै।
आपही आपको पार ले ऊतरे,
आपही आपको बोरि मारै ॥

आपहि उलझि करि बहै विषधार में,
आपही सुलझि कर नाव लागै।
कहैं कबीर यह भाव सब अपना,
आपहि सोयकर आप जागै ॥

55.

REKHTAA*

Bura bhi apanaa aap karataa hai...

Man himself commits evil deeds,
He himself commits good deeds.
He himself takes himself across,
He himself drowns himself into the ocean.

Himself unravelled up, sweeps away in the sensuous stream,
Himself gets unravelled, takes his boat over to the shore.
Sayeth Kabir : This is the outcome of one's own disposition,
He himself falls into slumber and himself awakes.

* Rekhataa is a kind of a musical strain, passing through the immaculate thoughts through the sieve of discernment.

56.

संतो नैन बाण है गाढ़े।
जा तन लगे सोइ तन जाने,
परे चैन नहिं ठाढ़े ॥टेक ॥

मन से व्याकुल फिरत रैन दिन,
काम काल सो बाढ़े ॥1 ॥

आगे समुझ परेगी तुमको,
जब यम होइहैं ठाढ़े ॥2 ॥

कहत कबीर मिले गुरु पूरे,
भवसागर सो काढ़े ॥3 ॥

56.**Santo nain baan hai gaade...**

O, saints! Arrows of amorous glances are intensely piercing.
Only the inflicted know, where those are pinching;
All the time, have been writhing in the pangs agonizing. (Refrain)

Day and night, they wander about with their mind in distress,
Their sexual crafts keep on increasing at a great pace.

O, man! With the passage of time, you will come to realise,
When you find the Yama of passions standing beside.

Sayeth Kabir : When you come across a perfect Master,
He alone will be able to lift you from the ocean mundane.

57.

राम नाम बिनु राम नाम बिनु,
मिथ्या जन्म गमायो हो ॥टेक ॥

सेमर सेइ सुवा ज्यों जँहड़े,
उन परे पछिताई हो।
जैसे मदपी गाँठि अर्थ दै,
घरहु की अकिल गमाई हो ॥1 ॥

स्वादे वोद्र भरे धौं कैसे,
ओसै प्यास न जाई हो।
दर्बहीन जैसे पुरुषारथ,
मनहीं माहि तवाई हो ॥2 ॥

गाँठी रतन मर्म नहिं जाने,
पारख लीन्हा छोरी हो।
कहहिं कबीर यह अवसर बीते,
रतन न मिले बहोरी हो ॥3 ॥

57.

Ram Nam binu Ram Nam binu...

Without adoration of Rama, the Self,
You have lost your life, all in vain. (Refrain)

As a parrot pecks its beak into the semul fruit,
Finding the sapless cotton, it rues a lot.
As a drunkard spends money of his own girdle,
He loses in vain, all his own sane skill.

How can the belly be filled by mere a taste?
Thirst can't be quenched with a dew droplet.
As penury keeps on planning too much,
He remains contriving and ruing within.

He is unaware of the secret of the gem in his girdle,
He comes to know with the power of his discernment.
Sayeth Kabir : On the loss of this precious opportunity,
The gem cannot be attained again with certainty.

58.

जो तू भक्ति करन को चाहत हो,
निन्दा से नहिं डरिहो जी ॥१॥

पाँच छड़ी कोई सिर पर मारे,
सहत बने तो सहियो जी ॥२॥

मूर्ख आगे ग्यान न कथियो,
मौनी होके रहिहो जी ॥३॥

परतिरिया से नेह न करिहो,
देखत दूरि से डरिहो जी ॥४॥

यह संसार विषय के काँटा,
निरखि परखि पगु धरिहो जी ॥५॥

कहैं कबीर यह निर्गुन बानी,
महरम होके बुझिहो जी ॥६॥

58.

Jo tu bhakti karan ko chaahat ho...

If you wish to be absorbed in devotion,
Never get scared of the slurs of condemnation. (Refrain)

If someone strikes your head with the sticks,
Better bear those, if you can do so.

Do not talk of the spiritual knowledge before a fool,
Better remain mum and keep quite cool.

Never be amorous of a woman another's,
Feel scared in looking at her, even from a distance.

This world is full of the thorns of sensual pleasures,
Place your steps with utmost care and vigilance.

Sayeth Kabir : This version is attributeless,
Discretely solve it, as an adept discreet.

59.**झूलना**

पाप पुत्र के बीज दोऊ,
 बिज्ञान अगिन में जारिये जी।
 पाँचों चोर बिबेक से बस करि,
 बिचार नगर में मारिये जी॥

चिदानंद सागर में जाइये,
 मन चित दोऊ को डारिये जी।
 कहैं कबीर इक आप कहा,
 कितने को पार उतारिये जी॥

59.**JHULANAA*****Paap punn ke beej dou...**

Both the seeds of virtue and vice together,
 Burn those into the fire of Self-knowledge altogether.
 Subjugate all the five thieves¹ with discernment,
 Slay them into the hamlet of reasoning then.

The ocean of Self-gratification, you should enter,
 Abdicating both the mind and chitt together.
 Sayeth Kabir : Not to talk of only one's ownself,
 He will take across the mundane stream many others.

1. Lust, anger, greed, attachment and fear.

* *Jhulanaa* means a swing. It is a swing of delusions which takes Jiva, the soul from one birth to another.

60.

पानी में मीन पियासी,
मोहि सुन सुन आवत हाँसी ॥टेक ॥

आतमज्ञान बिना नर भटके,
कोइ मथुरा कोइ काशी।
जैसे मृगा नाभि कस्तूरी,
बन बन फिरत उदासी ॥1 ॥

जल बिच कमल कमल बिच कलियाँ,
तापर भँवर निवासी।
सो मन बस त्रैलोक भयो है,
यती सती संन्यासी ॥2 ॥

जाको ध्यान धरे विधि हरिहर,
मुनि जन सहस्र अठासी।
सो तेरे घट माहिं बिराजे,
परम पुरुष अविनाशी ॥3 ॥

है हाजिर तेहि दूर दिखावे,
दूर की बात निरासी।
कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
गुरु बिन भरम न जासी ॥4 ॥

60.

Paani mein meen piyaasi...

*The fish¹ is thirsty in the water!
Hearing this, I ridicule and bust into laughter. (Refrain)

Unaware of the Self-knowledge, man wanders in vain,
Someone rushes forth to Mathura, someone to Kashi then.
#As the deer for the aromatic musk in his navel,
Keeps on despairingly searching from forest to forest.

Lotus² amid the water,³ buds⁴ amid the lotus,²
There within itself, a black-bee⁵ dwells.
Thus, under the yoke of mind, the whole universe lies,
Irrespective of the yatis, satis and sanyasis.

That who is contemplated upon by Brahma, Vishnu, Mahesh,
As also the eighty-eight thousand Muni⁶folk.
That himself abides within your body itself,
The Supreme, Immortal, Eternal Self.

He is ever present; they beacon Him to you as afar,
A far cry is nonetheless a matter of despair.
Sayeth Kabir : O, brother saints! Listen,
Delusion can't be dispelled sans holy preceptor.

* In essence Jiva is pure; suffers sorrows under ignorance.

Essence of Jiva is the absolute peace yet wanders outside.

1. Jiva, the soul. 2. Heart. 3. Body. 4. Mental tendencies. 5. Jiva, the soul. 6. Jiva, the essence, eternal soul pervading within every being.

61.

नैहरवा हमका नहिं भावै ॥ टेक ॥

साँई की नगरी परम अति सुन्दर,
जहाँ कोई जावे न आवै।
चाँद सूरज जहाँ पवन न पानी,
को संदेश पहुँचावै।
दरद यह साँई को कौन सुनावै ॥१ ॥

आगे चलो पंथ नहिं सूझै,
पीछे दोष लगावै।
केहि विधि ससुरे जाव मोरी सजनी,
बिरहा जोर जनावै।
विषय रस नाच नचावै ॥२ ॥

बिन सद्गुरु अपनो नहिं कोई,
जो यह राह बतावै।
कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
अपने में प्रीतम पावै।
तपन यह जिय की बुझावै ॥३ ॥

61.

Naiharavaa hamakaa nahin bhaavai...

I¹ have no flair for my parental house.² (Refrain)

The abode of my Lord is extremely beautiful ever,
It is nothing like going and coming there.
There is no moon and sun nor even the air and water,
Who will then carry my supplication there?
Who will convey my this agony to the Lord then?

If I proceed, the path is beyond comprehension,
If I retreat, it is then the self-defamation.
O, my friends! How to go to the abode of my in-laws?³
Pangs of separation are highly agonizing thence,
The sensual pleasures make me dance to their tunes.

There is none other than the true preceptor as our own,
Who can lead to this righteous path alone.
Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
That¹ will find the beloved Lord within own Self.
This will put out the mundane burning thence.

1. Blessed mental proclivity. 2. Ignorance and sensuality. 3. My Lord's (Soul's) home.

62.

तोरी गठरी में लागे चोर,
बटोहिया का सोवे ॥टेक ॥

पाँच पचीस तीन है चोरवा,
यह सब कीन्हा सोर ॥1 ॥

जागु सबेरा बाट अनेरा,
फिर नहीं लागे जोर ॥2 ॥

भवसागर इक नदी बहतु है,
बिन उतरे जा बोर ॥3 ॥

कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
जागत कीजै भोर ॥4 ॥

62.

Toree gatharee mein laage chor...

The thieves are on the look out for your package,
O, wayfarer! Why are you lying in sleep then? (Refrain)

The five,¹ the twenty-five² and the three³ are the thieves,
All these have made a noise and turmoils.

Wake up at once, the path is unknown,
It will be out of your control then.

The mind-flux⁴ is a river of the mundane ocean,
If you do not cross over, you will be drowned.

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
Descend into the dawn with all awareness.

1. Sense organs. 2. Natures. 3. Attributes (temperaments). 4. The current of the worldly attachments.

63.

भँवरवा के तोरे संघवा जाई ॥टेक ॥

आवे की बेरिया बड़ा खुश होला,
दुअरा पे बाजे बधाई।
जात की बेरिया बड़ा दुख होला,
हंस अकेला जाई ॥1 ॥

डेहरी पकड़ि के मेहरी रोवे,
बाँह पकड़ि सग भाई।
अंगना के बिचवा पिता जी रोवै,
बबुआ के होंगे बिदाई ॥2 ॥

कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
यह पद है निर्बानी।
जो ई पद का अर्थ लगावे,
जगत पार होइ जाई ॥3 ॥

63.

Bhanwaraa ke tore sanghavaa jaaee...

O, black¹bee! What is to accompany you? (Refrain)

At the time of birth, all remain in gaiety,
Musical instruments start playing at the entry.
At the time of departure, height of pang is suffered,
The swan has to depart from here all alone.

Holding the barn-edge, the housewife mourns,
Holding the arm, the real brother laments,
At the centre of courtyard, the father cries,
“Last adieu to my little beloved child!”

Saith Kabir : Listen! O, brother saints,
This verse is to bestow the salvation.
That who reads between the lines of this verse,
He will certainly go across the mundane ocean.

64.

मन लागो मेरो यार फकीरी में ॥टेक ॥

जो सुख पायो राम भजन में,
सो सुख नाहिं अमीरी में ॥1 ॥

भली बुरी सब की सुन लीजै,
करि गुजरान गरीबी में ॥2 ॥

प्रेम नगर में रहन हमारी,
भलि बनि आई सबूरी में ॥3 ॥

हाथ में कुण्डी बगल में सोंटा,
चारों दिशा जगीरी में ॥4 ॥

आखिर में तन खाक मिलेगा,
कहाँ फिरत मगरूरी में ॥5 ॥

कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
साहब मिले सबूरी में ॥6 ॥

64.

Mann lago mero yaar faqiri mein...

O, friend! My mind is absorbed in Faqiri.¹ (Refrain)

The bliss I attain in Rama's devotion,
That bliss is not found in the richness.

Good or bad, I do upbear from everyone,
I sustain myself within the penury even.

I ever dwell in the land of love-divine,
I preserve within, patience and contentment.

I hold bowl in the hand, a cudgel in the armpit,
All the four directions are bestowed in fiefdom.

The body will merge into dust in the end,
Where are you wobbling inflated in pride?

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
Lord, the Self is attained within contentment.

65.

हंसा सुधि करो आपन देश ॥टेक॥

जहाँ से आयो सुधि बिसरायो,
चले गयो परदेश ॥१॥

वहि देशवा में जोते न बोवै,
मोती फरे हमेश ॥२॥

वहि देसवा में मरै न बिगड़े,
दुख न पड़त कलेश ॥३॥

चलो हंसा बसो मानसरोवर,
मोती चूगो हमेश ॥४॥

कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
अजर अमर वह देश ॥५॥

65.

Hansa sudhi karo aapan desh...

O, Swan!¹ Recollect your own land. (Refrain)

The land² you come from, you have lost memory thereof,
You have rather departed afar, an alien land for.

In that land, without ploughing and sowing,
There flourishes the gem³ glowing.

In that land, there is neither death nor decay,
There befalls neither pain nor any worry.

O, Swan! Let you set out and settle at the Mansarovar⁴ gracious,
There, always enjoy picking up the gems precious.

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
Undecaying and undying is that land.

1. Jiva, Soul. 2. The abode of soul, the Self-establishment. 3. Blissful and indivisible Self-treasure. 4. Association of holy persons.

66.

हमका ओढ़ावे चदरिया, चलती बेरिया ॥टेक ॥

प्राण राम जब निकसन लागे,
उलट गई दोऊ नैन पुतरिया ॥1 ॥

भीतर से जब बाहर लाये,
छूटि गई सब महल अटरिया ॥2 ॥

चार जने मिलि खाट उठाइन,
रोवत ले चले डगर डगरिया ॥3 ॥

कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
संग चली बस सूखी लकरिया ॥4 ॥

66.**Hamkaa odhaave chadariyaa, chalati beriyaa...**

We get covered with shroud at the time of departure. (Refrain)

When Rama the vital air, starts departing,
The lids of both eyes start upturning.

When dead body is taken from inside to outside,
All the mansions and attics are then left behind.

Four persons together lift the wooden bier,
Carry it weepingly through the lanes and bylanes.

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
Only the dry wood accompanies in the end.

67.

भक्ति का मारग झीना रे।
 नहीं अचाह है नहीं चाहना,
 चरणन है लौलीना रे ॥टेक ॥

साधन केरी रसधारा में,
 रहे सो निशदिन भीना रे ॥1 ॥

राम में सुधी बसी रे,
 जैसे जल मीना रे ॥2 ॥

संत शरण में देख ले,
 कुछ विलम नहीं कीन्हा रे ॥3 ॥

कहैं कबीर मत भक्ति का,
 परगट करि दीन्हा रे ॥4 ॥

67.

Bhakti ka maarag jheena re...

The path of devotion is extremely subtle!
 He is beyond desirelessness, nor has any desire,
 He remains ever absorbed in the holy feet of Sire. (Refrain)

In the ambrosial stream of spiritual practices,
 He remains drenched, all the days and nights.

He imbibes his awareness within Rama, the Self,
 As remains happy, a fish within the waters.

Just cherish the bliss at the holy feet of saints,
 Make not even the least of delay in any case.

Sayeth Kabir : The glorious doctrine of devotion,
 The saints have brought into manifestation.

68.

हंसा प्यारे सरवर तजि कहाँ जाय ॥टेक॥

जेहि सरवर बिच मोतिया चुगत होते,
बहु बिधि केलि कराय ॥१॥

सूखे ताल पुरइन जल छाँड़े,
कमल गये कुम्हिलाय ॥२॥

कहहिं कबीर जो अबकी बिछुरे,
बहुरि मिलो कब आय ॥३॥

68.

Hansaa pyaare saravar taji kahaan jaay...

O, Dear Swan! Where shall you go forsaking your pond?¹ (Refrain)

The pool¹ within which, you were picking up pearls,²
You were engaged there in various amorous sports.

When the pond dries,³ lotus leaves⁴ emit the water,
The lotus then gets away soon withered.

Sayeth Kabir : the one, who departs now,
Who knows, when will that come again to meet?

1. Body. 2. Sensual pleasures. 3. Senility advents 4. Physical organs get weakened.

69.

साधो सो सतगुरु मोहि भावै ॥टेक ॥

सत्य प्रेम का भरि भरि प्याला,
आप पिये और प्यावै ॥1 ॥

परदा दूर करे अँखियन का,
ब्रह्म दरश दिखलावै ॥2 ॥

जिस दरशन को सब जन तरसे,
घट बीच ताहि दिखावै ॥3 ॥

एक ही सब सुख दुख दिखलावै,
शब्द में सुरति समावै ॥4 ॥

कहत कबीर ताको भय नाही,
निर्भय पद परखावै ॥5 ॥

69.

Sadho, so Satguru mohi bhaavai...

O, sadho! Only that holy Master contents me. (Refrain)

Who, filling up the cup of true love,
Drinks himself and makes others drink.

He removes the veil of nescience from the eyes,
He manifests Brahm, the Supreme essence.

The holy vision, that everyone yearns for,
He manifests that, within the body itself.

The same one displays all the pains and pleasures,
Absorb your own propensity within the word essence.

Sayeth Kabir : That has now no fear left,
Who has manifested, the undaunted essence.

70.

साधो ये मुरदों का गाँव ॥टेक॥

पीर मरे पैगम्बर मरिहैं,
मरिहैं जिन्दा जोगी।
राजा मरिहैं परजा मरिहैं,
मरिहैं वैद और रोगी ॥1॥

चंदा मरिहैं सूरज मरिहैं,
मरिहैं धरणि अकाशा।
चौदह भुवन के चौधरी मरिहैं,
इनहूँ की क्या आशा ॥2॥

नौ हूँ मरिहैं, दशहूँ मरिहैं,
मरिहैं सहस्र अठासी।
तैंतीस कोटि देवता मरिहैं,
पड़ी काल की फाँसी ॥3॥

नाम अनाम अनंत रहत हैं,
दूजा तत्त्व न होई।
कहहिं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
भटक मरो मत कोई ॥4॥

70.

Sadho ye murdon kaa gaanv...

O, sadho! This is the land of the dead. (Refrain)

*Here die the pirs, the paigumbers die too,
The reverend ones and the yogis die too.
Here die the kings, the subjects die too,
The physicians die, the patients die too.

The moon may disperse, the sun may disperse,
The earth and the sky may disperse too.
The chieftain of the fourteen worlds dies too,
Why then hope for the life of the common too?

Morsel of death are the nine,¹ same is of the ten² too,
The eighty-eight thousands³ do perish too.
Subject to death are the thirty-three crore deities too,
The noose of death hangs over all the beings too.

That, with or without name, is alone the endless eternal,
There is no other alien element to repose in.
Sayeth Kabir : Listen; O, brother saints,
Let no one die of wanderings.

1. Nine Naths. 2. Ten Incarnations. 3. Rishi-Muni.

* Pir is a muslim saint and Paigumber is prophet.

71.

मेरे सदगुरु दर्ई बताय,
दलाली लालन की ॥टेक ॥

लाल पड़ा मैदान में,
कीच रहा लपटाय।
निगुरे-निगुरे लख गये,
सुगरा लिया उठाय ॥1 ॥

सबके पल्ले लाल है,
सबहीं साहूकार।
गाँठ खोल परखा नहीं,
या विधि या व्यवहार ॥2 ॥

उधर से अंधा आवता,
इधर से अंधा जाय।
अंधे को अंधा मिला,
रस्ता कौन बताय ॥3 ॥

मक्खी बैठी शहद पर,
पंख रही लिपटाय।
उड़ने की आशा करे,
लालच बुरी बलाय ॥4 ॥

ज्यों मेंहदी के पात में,
लाली लखे न कोय।
लाली लखी कबीर ने,
लाल लाल कै होय ॥5 ॥

71.

Mere Sadguru daee bataay, Dalaali laalan kee...

I am manifested by my holy Master,
The precious ruby,¹ as a broker. (Refrain)

A ruby was lying on the ground,
It was covered with the slushy mud.
The ignoramus passed by, overlooking it,
A wise sifter could however, pick up it.

Everyone is blessed with the ruby,
All are, as such, the highly rich.
None has unfolded the girdle to sift,
This is but a routine practice in vogue.

One blind person comes from there,
One blind person goes from here.
One blind meets the blind other,
Who will then show the path there?

A fly comes and sits the honey upon,
It coheres its wings there into.
It endeavours hard to fly away,
No vice like avarice hence.

As within the myrtle leaves,²
The ruddiness,³ none perceives.
Kabir alone could perceive the ruddy of the ruby,
He was permeated all over, with ruddy and ruddy.

72.

मोर हीरा हेराइगा कचरे में ॥टेक॥

कोई पूरब कोई पश्चिम खोजे,
कोइ पानी कोई पथरे में ॥१॥

पाँच पचीस तीन के भीतर,
लाग रहे बहु फिकरे में ॥२॥

सुर नर मुनि यति पीर औलिया,
उरझ रहे बहु नखरे में ॥३॥

कहैं कबीर परख जिन पाया,
बाँध लियो है अँचरे में ॥४॥

72.

Mor heera heraigaa kachare mein...

My diamond¹ is lost in the rubbish!² (Refrain)

Someone searches in the east, someone in the west,
Someone searches in the water, someone in the stone.

Enmeshed within the five,³ twenty-five⁴ and the three,⁵
Man is lost within the anxiety and worry,

Gods, men, munis, yatis, pirs and auliyas,
All are lost within the multi-coquetries.

Sayeth Kabir : The one, who has known himself,
He has tied that in the girdle ownself.

1. Soul. 2. The worldly attachments; numerous passions. 3. Sense organs.
4. Nature; numerous passions. 5. Attributes (sat, raj, tam)

73.

साईं मिलना नहीं आसान का॥टेक॥

साईं का मिलना बरतक चढ़ना,
चित चूके किस काम का॥1॥

सती का सत सूर का रण है,
सम्मुख घाव सह बान का॥2॥

कहे सुने कछु काम न आवे,
भ्रम न मिटे जिव जान का॥3॥

कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
कठिन पन्थ गुरु ज्ञान का॥4॥

73.

Sain milanaa nahin aasaan kaa...

To attain the Lord is not an easy task. (Refrain)

Attainment of the Lord is an acrobat's rope to ascend,
If the mind skips, what will be the fate then?

Firmness of a chaste woman, combat in battle of the warrior,
Who confronts the assaults with courage and bravery!

Mere saying and hearing is of no avail,
Unless delusion of the mind is redressed well.

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
Path of the Master's wisdom is but tedious.

74.

मोरे लगी गौ बाण सुरंगी हो ॥टेक॥

धन सद्गुरु उपदेश दियो है,
होय गयो चित भृंगी हो ॥1॥

ध्यान पुरुष बनी है तिरिया,
घायल पाँचो संगी हो ॥2॥

घायल की गति घायल जानै,
क्या जानै जात पतंगी हो ॥3॥

कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
निशि दिन प्रेम उमंगी हो ॥4॥

74.

More lagi gao baan surangi ho...

I am pierced well with the arrow of wisdom. (Refrain)

Glory to the holy preceptor, who has bestowed his precepts,
My mind is influenced with the gaiety of black-bee's¹ buzzings.

* Man is the meditation, woman the speech,
All the five companions² get wounded³ as such.

It is the sufferer alone, who knows the fate!
What can the breed of moth⁴ know it?

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, saintly brothers!
Days and nights are passed in love and fervour.

1. Converts the other insect into its own form through its buzzings.
2. Eyes, nose, ears, tongue and skin. 3. With the assault of continence.
4. Sensuous persons.
* Transcending the speech, the seeker remains absorbed in the Self.

75.

बिना रे खेवैया नैया,
कैसे लागे पार हो ॥टेक ॥

केते निगुरा खड़े किनारे,
केते खड़े मँझधार हो।

केते निगुरा कर्म के चूके,
बाँधे यम के द्वार हो ॥1 ॥

भव जल के सगरवा में,
महरवा मेरे यार हो।

पछिला डाड़ सम्हारो यारो,
लहर उठे विकरार हो ॥2 ॥

संतन जहाज लादै,
हंसन केरा भार हो।

नाम फरहरा बाँध कै,
नर उतरो भवजल पार हो ॥3 ॥

सन्तन की बोली बानी,
रहनि अपार हो।

दास कबीर यह कहरा गावै,
काया में करतार हो ॥4 ॥

75.

Binaa re khevaiyaa, naiyaa kaise laage paar ho...

How can the ferry,¹ sans sailor,² be ferried across? (Refrain)

Many uninitiated are standing at the shore,
Many are standing in wait at the mid-stream.
Many uninitiated are deprived of the pious deeds,
They stand tied at the door of Yama dread.

On the way to the mundane ocean,
There stands my dear friend,² the rower.
O, my seeker-friends! Take hold of the rear oar,³
Ferocious tides are rising up more and more.

The saintly folk lade their ships,
With the load of the seeker-swans.
Raising the sail of holy **Nam**,
O, man! Go across the ocean mundane.

Speech and conversation of the saintly folk,
As also their living are pious and blissful,
The modest Kabir sings this **Kahara**⁴ song,
There abides the Lord within the body itself.

1. Life. 2. Holy Master. 3. Efface the past vices with the sagacious discernment. 4. This song is sung rhythmically and hummily by the Kahaar community, the palanquin carriers, sometimes depicting Jiva in a saddened mood.

76.

कोइ पियत राम रस प्याला ॥टेक॥

रसना कटोरी भरि-भरि पीवे,
झुकत फिरे मतवाला ॥1॥

सत मत अमल चढ़ाव मगन मन,
निर्मल विमल विसाला ॥2॥

रहे अदंड दंड नहीं जुग-जुग,
पार न पावे काला ॥3॥

अनमिलि रहे मिले नहीं जग में,
तिरछी उनकी चाला ॥4॥

कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
छाड़ि दिया भ्रम जाला ॥5॥

76.**Koee piyat Ram ras pyalaa...**

Only a rare one drinks the cupful elixir of Rama. (Refrain)

He¹ drinks with the bowl of tongue, filling it to the brim,
The tipsy keeps on loitering with all humility within.

The absorbed mind² is tipsy in the doctrine of Self-realisation,
It is the immaculate, unsullied and colossal position.

He torments none, himself remains unpunished forever,
He is beyond the scope of time and space ever.

He remains unassociated and is detached to the world,
He moves slantingly with the introvert gait.

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
He has abnegated the web of delusion.

77.

आपन कर्म न मेटो जाई।
कर्म का लिखा मिटै धौं कैसे,
जो युग कोटि सिराई ॥टेक ॥

गुरु वसिष्ठ मिलि लगन सोधायो,
सूर्य मंत्र एक दीन्हा।
जो सीता रघुनाथ विवाही,
पल एक संच न कीन्हा ॥1 ॥

तीन लोक के कर्ता कहिये,
बालि बधे बरियाई।
एक समय ऐसी बनि आई,
उनहूँ औसर पाई ॥2 ॥

नारद मुनि को बदन छिपायो,
कीन्हों कपि को स्वरूपा।
शिशुपाल की भुजा उपारी,
आपु भये हरि टूठा ॥3 ॥

पार्वती को बाँझ न कहिये,
ईश्वर न कहिये भिखारी।
कहहिं कबीर कर्ता की बातें,
कर्म की बात निनारी ॥4 ॥

77.

Aapan karm na meto jaaee...

What is lotted, cannot be blotted.
Well, how can the result of *Karmas*¹ be effaced,
Even though the millions of ages may end! (Refrain)

Guru Vasishtha together, worked out the auspicious moment,
The heliotry incantation, he did grant.
That Sita who was wedded to Raghunath,
She couldn't avail even a moment of peace till last.

That who is called Doer of the three worlds in reality,
He himself slew king Vali clandestinely and deceptively.
Such a situation did arise once,
As he had to repay in the same coin thence.

Having concealed the face of Narada, the sage,
Hari transformed him to the shape of an ape.
He pulled out Shishupal's arms,
Hence, himself became the handless.

Call not Parvati to be the barren,
Call not Shiva to be the beggar.
Sayeth Kabir, the affairs of the doer,
Unique are also the ways of the deeds.

1. The deeds, actions, activities.

78.

भजन बिन तीनों पन बिगड़े।
चेतो रे नर जीवन थोड़ा,
काल करत झगड़े ॥टेक ॥

बालपना खेलन में खोयो,
अरु तरुणाई टेड़े।
वृद्ध भयो तब काल गरासे,
अंध होय निबिड़े ॥1 ॥

मन भुजंग माया को मातो,
बोलत है करड़े।
जबहीं हंसा करत पयाना,
माटी होय पड़े ॥2 ॥

मानुष देह धरी काहे को,
पशु ना भया कहुरे।
कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
संतहि ध्यान धरे ॥3 ॥

78.

Bhajan bin teeno pan bigade...

Without devotion, all the three stages get spoiled.
O man! Beware; the life is very short,
Death stands altercating a lot! (Refrain)

Childhood has been lost sportingly,
Youth has been wasted obliquely.
Death stands to gulp, when grew old,
Having remained blind,¹ the life is consumed.

This mind the snake, is fascinated within illusion,
That speaks harsh, the bitter words.
The moment, swan departs,
The body remains lying as dust.

Why have you assumed the human form?
Why couldn't you come in the animal form?
Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
Only the saintly folk remain contemplated in the Self.

1. Ignorant.

79.

वृक्षन की मति ले रे मना॥
 दृढ़ आसन मनसा नहीं डोलै,
 सुमिरन में चित दे रे मना॥टेक॥

मेघ भिगावै पवन झकोरै,
 हर्ष शोक नहीं ले रे मना॥
 उष्ण शीत सहे शिर ऊपर,
 पक्षिन को सुख दे रे मना॥1॥

काटनहार से बैरभाव नहीं,
 सींचे स्नेह न है रे मना॥
 जो कोई पत्थर फेंक के मारे,
 ऊपर से फल दे रे मना॥2॥

तन मन धन सब परमारथ में,
 लग्यो रहे नित नेह रे मना॥
 कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
 सद्गुरु दर्शन ले रे मना॥3॥

79.

Vrikshan kee mati le re manaa...

O, mind! Adopt the doctrine of trees.
 Steady your posture, let your mind be not in oscillation,
 Absorb your mind in the Self-contemplation. (Refrain)

The clouds drench it, the wind shakes it off,
 The pain and pleasure, it remains unaffected of.
 It bears both the hot and cold equally upon its head,
 It provides comfort and pleasure to all the birds.

It bears no malice towards its cutter,
 It bears no infatuation towards its irrigator.
 If someone strikes it with pebble and stone,
 In return, it yields him with its fruit alone.

Engage all your body, mind and wealth in benevolence,
 Be absorbed in perennial love, with all the senses.
 Sayeth Kabir : O, brother saints! Listen,
 Gratify yourself with the Master's holy vision.

80.

माई मैं दूनों कुल उजियारी ॥टेक ॥

सासु ननद पटिया मिलि बँधलों,
भसुरहि परलों गारी।
जारों माँग मैं तासु नारि की,
जिन सरवर रचल धमारी ॥1 ॥

जना पाँच कोखिया मिलि रखलों,
और दुई औ चारी।
पार परोसिनि करों कलेवा,
संगहि बुधि महतारी ॥2 ॥

सहजे बपुरे सेज बिछावल,
सुतलिउँ मैं पाँव पसारी।
आवों न जावों मरों नहिं जीवों,
साहेब मेट लगारी ॥3 ॥

एक नाम मैं निजु कै गहलौं,
ते छूटल संसारी।
एक नाम मैं बदि के लेखौं,
कहहिं कबीर पुकारी ॥4 ॥

80.

Maaee main doonon kul ujiyaari...

O, mother!¹ I² have illumined both the families.³ (Refrain)

I tied together my husband's mother⁴ and his sister⁵ to my bed,
Profusely hurled abuses at the elder brother of my husband.⁶
I have burnt the partition line of the hair of that lady,⁷
Who has created turbulence in the pond.⁸

I have kept together, the five persons⁹ in my flank,¹⁰
The two¹¹ more, and the four¹² more.
I have taken the far and near neighbours¹³ for my breakfast,
I have kept with me, the mother-intellect fast.

My husband¹⁴ is simple, the bed who has spread,¹⁵
I am sleeping on it, with my legs stretched.
I have not to come nor go, nor die or live,
The true preceptor has eliminated it.

I have stuck myself, only to the one name,¹⁶
For that account, the worldliness is released then.
By the one name, I hold fast,
Kabir calls out loud and hard.

1. Sentient power, the soul. 2. The Self-established mentality. 3. The worldly and spiritual. 4. Doubt and delusion. 5. The perverted mentality. 6. Ego. 7. Nescience. 8. The four-folded internal organ comprising of the mind, chitt, intellect and ego. 9. The five sense organs. 10. Continnence. 11. Good and bad tendencies. 12. The four-folded internal organ. 13. Common vices. 14. The Self-awareness, Jiva. 15. Of the Self-state. 16. The Self-essence.

81.

पानी बीच बतासा सन्तो,
तन का यही तमासा है ॥टेक ॥

क्या ले आया क्या ले जायगा,
क्या बैठा पछताता है।
मूठी बाँधे आये जगत में,
हाथ पसारे जाता है ॥1 ॥

किसकी नारी कौन पुरुष है,
कहाँ से नाता लगता है।
बड़े निहाल खबर न तनकी,
बिरही लहर बुझाता है ॥2 ॥

इक दिन जीना दो दिन जीना,
जीना बरस पचासा है।
अन्तकाल बीसा सौ जीना,
फिर मरने की आसा है ॥3 ॥

ज्यों ज्यों पाँव धरो धरती में,
त्यों त्यों यम नियरता है।
कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
गाफिल गोता खाता है ॥4 ॥

81.

Paani beech bataashaa santo...

O, saints! As a spongy-sugar-cake in the water,
So is the spectacle of this physical frame! (Refrain)

What have you brought, what will you take away,
What for are you burning in repentance then?
You came in the world, with your fists closed,
You will depart from here, with your hands spread.

Who is whose woman, who is whose man?
With whom are you connecting your relations then?
Inflated in delight, you remain oblivious of the body yours,
Pangs of separation—you wish to subside the surging waves!¹

You may live for one day, may live for two days,
You may continue living for fifty years.
Lastly, you may live even for one hundred-twenty years,
It is for granted that you must die here.

As many steps you are placing on the earth,
So much are you drawing nigh to Yama, the death.
Sayeth Kabir : O, brother saints! Listen,
The negligent one gets drowned in mundanity.¹

1. Of sensuous enjoyments.

82.

कैसे समझाऊँ मैं न माने मेरी बात रे ॥टेक॥

यह मन मूढ़ मधुर अमृत तजि,
गटक गटक कटु विष फल खात रे ॥1॥

एक पल भी थिरत न कबहूँ,
सटक-सटक भागे चहुँ दिश जात रे ॥2॥

जो मैं रोकि तनिक कहुँ राखूँ,
पटक-पटक अति अकुलात रे ॥3॥

कहैं कबीर सन्त मेतत हैं,
हटक हटक याके सब उत्पात रे ॥4॥

82.

Kaise samajhaon main...

How should I persuade, it¹ heeds me not! (Refrain)

The silly mind, abandoning the mellifluous nectar,²
Gulping and swallowing, eats poison like fruit³ bitter.

It never remains steady, for a moment even,
Slipping and escaping, rushes forth all the directions.

If I ever wish to stop and hold it steady,
Dashing and writhing, becomes restless.

Sayeth Kabir : The saints do erase,
Restraining and repressing, all its turmoils.

83.

मन राम सुमिर पछतायेगा।
पापी जियरा पाप करत है,
आज कल छुट जायेगा ॥टेक ॥

लालच लागे जनम गँवायो,
माया भरम लुभायेगा।
धन जोबन का गर्व न कीजे,
कागज सा गल जायेगा ॥1 ॥

सुमरन भजन दया नहीं कीन्ही,
ता मुख चाटे खायेगा।
धर्मराज जब लेखा माँगे,
क्या मुँह लेकर जायेगा ॥2 ॥

जीवन भर तू सुख को खोजै,
सुख दुख सब छुटि जायेगा।
कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
संत संग तर जायेगा ॥3 ॥

83.

Mann Ram sumir pachhataayegaa...

O, mind! Contemplate upon Rama, or else you will repent.
Sinning man keeps on committing the sins,
He will lose his everything in a couple of days.(Refrain)

Man is afflicted with avarice, and he loses his life,
Delusion of the illusion keeps on alluring him.
He ought not to sustain pride for the wealth and youth,
All these are to decay like a wet paper piece.

He who is not absorbed within contemplation and compassion,
That will suffer the violent blows on his face.
O, man! Dharamraj¹ calls for your account when,
With what face, will you appear before him then?

Throughout the life, you search for the sense pleasure,
All your pain and pleasure will vanish forever.
Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
That will swim across, who associates himself with saints.

1. Deity of righteousness.

84.

नाम सनेही साधवा,
 मुख पाट न खोलै।
 नाम जपे निर्वान पद,
 बूझै सो बोले ॥१॥

जो बोलै सो सत कहै,
 मुख असत न भाखै।
 कलह कल्पना मेटि के,
 चरणों चित राखे ॥२॥

धुन में ध्यान लगा रहे,
 बिसराम न छाड़े।
 बिनु बूझे जो आप से,
 बकवाद न माड़े ॥३॥

सार शब्द संग्रह करे,
 त्यागे सब छोड़ै।
 कहैं कबीर तिहुँ लोक में,
 तत वेत्ता सोई ॥४॥

84.

Nam sanehi sadhavaa, mukh paat na khole...

The saint enamoured of the *Nam*,¹
 Opens not the door leaf of his mouth.
 He absorbs himself in the state of beatitude,
 He speaks only that what is expedient.

Whatever he speaks, he speaks the truth,
 He never utters from his mouth any untruth.
 Mitigating all the conflicts and imaginations,
 In the holy feet of preceptor, his mind he submits.

He always cogitates upon the Self-realisation,
 He never keeps apart from the Self-reposure.
 He hardly speaks anything unmindfully,
 He does not indulge himself twattingly.

He always reserves the words essential,
 He gives up all that, which is non-essential.
 Sayeth Kabir : In whole of the world,
 Only he is the knower of the truth.

1. Self-realization; "Nam is a group of holy words spoken by a Spiritual Master to a disciple at the time of initiation. This is to be solemnly meditated upon regularly to uplift the soul to the Final Beatitude."

85.

अब कोई खेतिया मन लावै ॥टेक॥

ज्ञान कुदार ले बंजर गोड़ै,
नाम को बीज बोवावै।
सुरत सरावन नय कर फेरै,
ढेला रहन न पावै ॥1॥

मनसा खुरपनी खेत निरावै,
दूब बचन नहिं पावै।
कोस पचीस इक बथुवा नीचे,
जड़ से खोदि बहावै ॥2॥

काम क्रोध के बैल बने हैं,
खेत चरन को आवै।
सुरति लकुटिया ले फटकारै,
भागत राह न पावै ॥3॥

उलटि पलटि के खेत को जोतै,
पूर किसान कहावै ॥
कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
तब वा घर को पावै ॥4॥

85.

Ab koi khetiyaa mann laavai...

Should one now absorb his mind in the farming!¹ (Refrain)

He should pick up a pickaxe of sanity, and hoe the fallow land,²
He should sow the seeds of the *Nam*³ then.
He should take a leveller of contemplation and level it well,
Let there be no clod or pebble⁴ left behind.

He takes the crapper of intellect to extricate and open it,
Let there be not even the least of the green grass⁵ left.
Deep beneath lies one Bathua,⁶ the potherb,
Let him uproot and sweep it away.

There are the cattle like lust, anger and greed,
They enter headlong to graze the field.
He should take the stick of wisdom to drive them away,
Let them take to their heels unaware then.

He should plough and shuffle up the farm,⁷
He will then be known as a thorough farmer.⁸
Sayeth Kabir : O, brother saints! Listen,
He will attain that abode then.

1. Spiritual farming. 2. Of internal-organ, conscience. 3. Holy words infused by a Spiritual Master to his disciple. 4. Mental ties. 5. Perversions, sensual pleasures. 6. Desires and cravings. 7. Of conscientiousness. 8. Spiritual.

86.

खसम बिनु तेली को बैल भयो।
 बैठत नाहिं साधु की संगति,
 नाधे जनम गयो ॥टेक ॥

बहि बहि मरहु पचहु निज स्वारथ,
 यम को दण्ड सह्यो।
 धन दारा सुत राज काज हित,
 माथे भार गह्यो ॥1 ॥

खसमहि छाँड़ि विषय रंग राते,
 पाप के बीज बोयो।
 झूठी मुक्ति नर आश जीवन की,
 उन्ह प्रेत को जूँठ खयो ॥2 ॥

लख चौरासी जीव जन्तु में,
 सायर जात बह्यो।
 कहहिं कबीर सुनो हो सन्तो,
 उन श्वान को पूँछ गह्यो ॥3 ॥

86.

Khasam bin telee ko bail bhayo...

Sans the Lord¹, man has become the bullock of oilman.
 He does not associate himself with the saintly folk,
 His life passes away in harnessing himself to work. (Refrain)

He dies of being swept away and toils in self-interest,
 He suffers affliction of the Yama's club.
 For the sake of wealth, wife, son and public affairs,
 He carries on his head, the cumbersome burden thence.

Abdicating his Lord,² he is drowned in pleasure senses,
 He keeps on sowing the seeds of his sins.
 Man sustains hope in life, for the pseudo liberation,
 He eats the stale leavings of the dead thus.

All living beings in the eighty-four lac species,
 Keeps on sweeping away, in this mundane ocean.
 Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, saintly folk!
³They catch hold of the dog's tail to go across.

87.

क्या देख मन भया दिवाना,
छोड़ि भजन माया लिपटाना ॥टेक ॥

पंचम महल देख मति भूले,
अन्त खाक मिलि जाना।
कफ पित वायु मल मूत्र भरे हैं,
सोई देख नर करत गुमाना ॥1 ॥

राजा राज छोड़ के जैहैं,
खेती करत किसाना।
योगी यती सती संन्यासी,
ये सब काल के हाथ बिकाना ॥2 ॥

मातु पिता सुत बन्धु सहोदर,
ये सब अपने स्वारथ आना।
अन्त समय कोई काम न आवै,
प्राण नाथ जब करहिं पयाना ॥3 ॥

भजन प्रताप अमर पद पाइय,
शोक मोह चिंता नहिं आना।
कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
गुरु चरण पर राखो ध्याना ॥4 ॥

87.

Kyaa dekh mann bhayaa diwaanaa...

The mind has become mad under what fascination!
Forsaking spiritual practices, that has clung to illusion. (Refrain)

Perceiving the five-sheathed palace¹ do not get misled,
That will merge into the dust at the end.
Phlegm, bile, wind and urine are all filled,
Perceiving the same, man feels inflated and puffed!

Abandoning their kingdom, the kings will depart,
Giving up their farming, the peasantry will depart.
The yogis, yatis, chaste women and the recluse,
Death has a hot sale of all these.

Mother, father, son, kinfolk and the real brother,
All these remain engaged in the self-interest rather.
None will come to your rescue in the end,
When the Lord² of life departs for good.

At the strength of Self-absorption, is attained eternal status,
Wherewithin lies the end of grief, worry and infatuation.
Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
Contemplate upon the holy feet of preceptor.

88.

भजन बिन बावरे,
तूने हीरा जनम गँवाया ॥टेक॥

कभी न बैठा साधु संग में,
कभी न हरि गुण गाया।
बहि बहि मरे बैल की नाई,
भोर भयो उठि धाया ॥१॥

यह संसार हाट बनिया का,
सब जग सौदा आया।
काहुन कीन्हा दाम चौगुना,
काहुन मूल गँवाया ॥२॥

यह संसार फूल सेमर का,
लाली देख लुभाया।
मारे चोच रूँवा जब निकस्यो,
सिर धुनि धुनि पछताया ॥३॥

तू बन्दे माया का लोभी,
ममता महल चुनाया।
कहँ कबीर एक राम भजे बिनु,
अन्त समय दुख पाया ॥४॥

88.

Bhajan bin baavare...

O, nitwit! In absence of the spiritual devotion,
You have wasted your diamond-like life precious. (Refrain)

You never associated yourself with the saints,
Nor did you ever sing the glory of Hari, the Self.
Vainly exerting much, you met with the doom of a bullock,
At the daybreak, you rushed out for your work.

This mundane existence is a mart of traders,
All the worldlings come to strike the bargain fair.
Someone raised four-folded, his capital,
Someone lost even the principal capital.

This world is like a flower of Semul sapless,
Perceiving its ruddiness, fascinated one gets.
With the pecking of its beak, when emerged the fuzz,
The parrot rued and bemoaned with deep grief.

O, bondman! You are greedy of Maya, the alluring illusion,
You have raised the mansion of attachment and infatuation.
Sayeth Kabir, without absorption within Rama, the Self,
You will suffer the pangs and sorrows at your zero hour.

89.

ऐसी है दिवानी दुनिया,
भक्ति भाव नहीं बूझे जी ॥टेक ॥

कोई आवै बेटा माँगै,
यही गुसाईं दीजै जी।
कोई आवै दुख का मारा,
हम पर किरपा कीजै जी ॥1 ॥

कोई आवै दौलत माँगै,
भेंट रुपैया लीजै जी।
कोई करावै ब्याह सगाईं,
सुनत गुसाईं रीझै जी ॥2 ॥

साँचे का कोई गाहक नाहीं,
झूठै जगत पतीजै जी।
कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
अन्धों को का कीजै जी ॥3 ॥

89.

Aisee hai diwaani duniyaa...

Such is the crazy worldling!
One knows not the essence of devotion. (Refrain)

Someone approaches and begs for a son,
Bless me with this one alone, O, Sire!
Someone comes inflicted with sorrows,
He begs for the grace to avert the adverse.

Someone comes and begs for becoming wealthy,
He submits some money as offering with humility.
Someone comes for getting engaged and wedded soon,
O, Sire! Be pleased with the adoration and grant that boon.

There is no client for the essence veritable,
The whole world just believes in falsehood.
Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
What to do with those blinded in selfishness!

90.

भजन कर जग में जीवन सार ॥टेक॥

नर देही का गर्ब न कीजै,
जर बर होती छिन में छार ॥१॥

पाँचो मार पचीसों बस कर,
यमराजा की चोट सम्भार ॥२॥

नदिया गहिरी नाव पुरानी,
बिन सतगुरु कस उतरे पार ॥३॥

कहैं कबीर भजन करु गुरु का,
भवसागर से उतरो पार ॥४॥

90.

Bhajan kar jag mein jeevan saar...

Meditate in the Self; this is the essence of life here. (Refrain)

Do not feel puffed of the human form,
This burns away into ashes in a moment.

Subside the five;¹ subdue the twenty-five² natures,
Hold yourself against the Yamaraj's³ assaults.

Deep is the river,⁴ decrepit is the ferry,⁵
How to go across sans the Master holy?

Sayeth Kabir : Devote yourself in the service of Master,
Cross over then, the mundane ocean.

1. Eyes, nose, ears, tongue and skin—the five sense organs. 2. The twenty-five 'Natures' and all the malicious habits. 3. Malicious passions; deity of death. 4. Of passions. 5. The physical body.

91.

या विधि मन को लगावै,
मन के लगावे प्रभु पावै ॥टेक ॥

जैसे नटवा चढ़त बांस पर,
ढोलिया ढोल बजावै।
अपना बोझ धरै शिर ऊपर,
सुरति बांस पर लावै ॥1 ॥

जैसे भुवंगम चरत बन ही में,
ओस चाटने आवै।
कबहुँ चरै कबहुँ मनि चितवै,
मनि तजि प्राण गँवावै ॥2 ॥

जैसे कामिनि भरे कूप जल,
कर छोड़े बरतावै।
अपना रंग सखियन संग राचै,
सुरति गगरि पर लावै ॥3 ॥

जैसे सती चढ़ी सत ऊपर,
अपनी काया जरावै।
मातु पिता सब कुटुम तियागे,
सुरति पिया पर लावै ॥4 ॥

धूप दीप नैवेद्य अरगजा,
ज्ञान की आरति लावै।
कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
फेर जन्म नहिं पावै ॥5 ॥

91.

Yaa vidhi mann ko lagaave...

In this way, if the mind is absorbed in the Self,
With absorption of mind, the Supreme is attained. (Refrain)

As an acrobat climbs the bamboo rope,
The drum-beater beats the drum with roar.
He lades his head with the heavy load,
He concentrates his mind on the bamboo rope.

As a snake searches for its food in forest,
It comes to lick the dew droplets thereat.
At times searches food, at times stares at the gem,
At the stake of its life, it protects the precious gem.

As the maidens fill water from well into the pitcher,
They converse freely, removing their hands from the pitcher.
They go gay, leaving their impression with their friends,
They concentrate their mind solely on the pitcher.

As a chaste woman gets into the funeral pyre,
She immolates herself within the burning fire.
She abandons her parents and the entire family,
She concentrates her mind on her beloved fully.

Incense, lamp, oblation and perfumed ointment are all well,
Ceremonial lamp of the Self-awareness is circularly moved.

Sayeth Kabir : O, brother saints, listen!
That comes never into the circle of birth again.

92.

सो मोरे मन, कब भजिहो सतनाम ॥टेक॥

बालापन सब खेल गमायो,
ज्वानी में व्यापो काम।
वृद्ध भये तन काँपन लागे,
लटकन लागो चाम ॥1॥

लाठी टेकि चलत मारग में,
सह्यो जात नहीं घाम।
कानन बहिर नयन नहीं सूझे,
दाँत भये बेकाम ॥2॥

घर की नारि विमुख होय बैठी,
पुत्र करत बदनाम।
बरबरात है बिरथा बूढ़ा,
अटपट आठो जाम ॥3॥

खटिया से भुईँ पर कर दैहें,
छूटि जैहें धन धाम।
कहैं कबीर काह तब करिहो,
परिहैं यम से काम ॥4॥

92.

So more mann, kab bhajiho satnaam...

O, my mind! When will you be absorbed in *Satnam?*(Refrain)

Childhood is all spent in playing and sporting,
During youth, lustfulness pervades grappling,
During senility, the body starts shaking,
The skin then starts hanging and lapping.

With the support of stick, he walks on the road,
He bears not the beams of scorching heat.
The ears go dumb, the eyes can't see well,
The teeth are broken to no use then.

The wife in house remains disposed indifferently,
The son is involved in condemning and defaming.
The old man is bubbling for purpose without,
He murmurs odd and absurd, day in and day out.

On death, he is shifted from cot to the ground,
All his riches and prosperity are left behind.
Sayeth Kabir : What will you do then,
You have to do with Yama when?

93.

दुलहिन काहे न अँगिया धुलाई।
 बालापने की मैली अँगिया,
 विषयन दाग परि जाई ॥टेक ॥

बिनु धोये पिय रीझत नाहीं,
 सेज से देत गिराई।
 सुमिरन ध्यान के साबुन करिले,
 सत्य ज्ञान दरियाई ॥1 ॥

दुविधा के बन्द खोल बहुरिया,
 मन के मैल धुवाई।
 चेत करो तीनो पन बीते,
 अब गमना नगिचाई ॥2 ॥

चालनहार द्वार है ठाढ़े,
 अब काहे पछिताई।
 कहत कबीर सुनो री बहुरिया,
 चित अंजन दे आई ॥3 ॥

93.

Dulahin kaahe na angiyaa dhulaaee...

O, bride!¹ Why couldn't you wash and cleanse your bodice?²
 This bodice has remained dirty since childhood,
 The stains of sensuality are branded on it. (Refrain)

Beloved³ can't be pleased without cleansing it,
 He will push you down from the cot.⁴
 Apply the soap of meditation and absorption,
 Wash yourself in the river of truth and perception.

O, bride! Unlock the bond of dilemma now,
 Cleanse the filth of your mind now.
 All the three stages have passed away; awake now,
 Decrepitude has come to dawn now.

Death-driver is standing at the door,
 Why then rue and moan now?
 Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, bride pretty!
 Apply collyrium of awareness within, even now.

94.

दुनिया अजब दिवानी,
मोरी कही एक न मानी।
तजि प्रत्यक्ष सद्गुरु परमेश्वर,
इत उत फिरत भुलानी ॥टेक ॥

तीरथ मूरत पूजत डोलै,
कंकड़ पत्थर पानी।
विषय वासना के फन्दे परि,
मोह जाल उरझानी ॥1 ॥

सुख को दुख दुख को सुख मानै,
हित अनहित नहिं जानी।
औरन को मूरख ठहरावत,
आपै बनत सयानी ॥2 ॥

साँच कहौं तो मारन धावै,
झूठे को पतियानी।
कहैं कबीर कहाँ लागि बरणौं,
अद्भुत खेल बखानी ॥3 ॥

94.

Duniyaa ajab diwaani, mori kahi ek na maani...

The worldlings are peculiarly crazy,
They pay no heed to what I say.
Leaving preceptor, the apparent God,
Hither and thither, they keep on straying a lot. (Refrain)

They keep on wandering for pilgrim places, and worship idols,
They are thus lost in the pebbles, stones and the waters.
They fall into the webs of passions for the sense objects,
They get badly twined in the snare of infatuations.

They take pain as pleasure and pleasure as pain,
They do not discern their own loss and gain.
They establish others as the fool and insane,
They take themselves as the wise and sane.

If truth is revealed, they rush to beat,
In falsehood, they do believe.
Sayeth Kabir, how far to narrate!
The worldly spectacle is but strange.

95.

सन्तो सद्गुरु अलख लखाया।
 परम प्रकाशक ज्ञान पुंज,
 घट भीतर में दरशाया ॥टेक॥

मन बुधि बानी जाहि न जानत,
 वेद कहत सकुचाया।
 अगम अपार अथाह अगोचर,
 नेति नेति जेहि गाया ॥1॥

शिव सनकादिक और ब्रह्मा के,
 वह प्रभु हाथ न आया।
 व्यास बसिष्ठ विचारत हारे,
 कोई पार नहीं पाया ॥2॥

तिल में तेल काष्ठ में अग्नी,
 व्रत तप माहि समाया।
 शब्द में अर्थ पदारथ पद में,
 स्वर में राग सुनाया ॥3॥

बीज माँहें अंकुर तरु शाखा,
 पत्र फूल फल छाया।
 त्यों आतम में है परमातम,
 ब्रह्म जीव अरु माया ॥4॥

कहैं कबीर कृपालु कृपा करि,
 निज स्वरूप परखाया।
 जप तप योग यज्ञ व्रत पूजा,
 सब जंजाल छुड़ाया ॥5॥

95.

Santo Sadguru alakh lakhaayaa...

O, saints! Sadguru has revealed the Invisible.
 The supreme illuminator, the mass of knowledge,
 He has manifested that, within body itself. (Refrain)

With utmost bashfulness, the Vedas pronounce,
 That, to be beyond the mind, intellect and speech.
 Inaccessible, infinite, unfathomable and imperceptible that,
 "There is no end, defies description" is sung of that.

Shiva, Sanak et cetra and Brahma too,
 That Lord could not be traced out.
 Vyasa and Vashishtha got tired of contemplating upon,
 No one could reach the end ever.

As oil in sesame, fire in wood,
 Austerity abides abstinence within.
 Meaning in word, essence in verse,
 Melody in voice contains.

Bud in seed; in tree the branches contain,
 Leaves, flowers, fruits and shadow too contain.
 So is the Supreme Lord within Atman,
 Distinction between Brahmn and Jiva is but illusion.

Sayeth Kabir, the compassionate Master with his grace,
 He has made known the Self-essence,
 Recitation, austerity, yoga, yajna, fasting and worshipping,
 He has redressed this entire botheration and fussing.

96.

गुरु से लगन कठिन है भाई।
 लगन लगे बिनु काज न सरिहैं,
 जिव परलय होय जाई ॥टेक ॥

स्वाति बुंद को रटे पपीहा,
 पिया पिया रट लाई।
 प्यासे प्राण जात है अबहीं,
 और नीर नहिं भाई ॥1 ॥

तजि घर द्वार सती होय निकली,
 सत्य करन को जाई।
 पावक देखि डरे नहिं तनिको,
 कूदि परे हरषाई ॥2 ॥

दो दल आइ जुड़े रण सन्मुख,
 शूरा लेत लड़ाई।
 टूक टूक होय गिरे धरनि पे,
 खेत छाड़ि नहिं जाई ॥3 ॥

मिरगा नाद शब्द के भेदी,
 शब्द सुनन को जाई।
 सोई शब्द सुनि प्राण दान दे,
 नेक न मनहिं डराई ॥4 ॥

छाड़हु अपनी तन की आशा,
 निर्भय होय गुण गाई।
 कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
 नहिं तो जनम नसाई ॥5 ॥

96.

Guru se lagan kathin hai bhaai...

O, brother! Ardent devotion to the holy Master is but tough.
 Without devotion, can't be accomplished, the task,
 But for, one's own dire doom, then one meets.(Refrain)

Crested cuckoo craves for 'Swati'¹ droplets,
 It perpetually chants : "Beloved, O, Beloved" thence.
 Writhing in thirst, it may even breathe its last,
 It will not prefer any other water at all.

Forsaking home and hearth, sets out to burn as chaste,
 With the assumption to have adopted the true path thence.
 She fears the least to perceive the fire of burning pyre,
 Rather jumps into, with all the joy and pleasure.

Two armies stand to face each other in fighting,
 The valorous join into, the face to face fighting,
 They may even fall down into pieces on the battlefield,
 They never scare away to desert the battlefield.

The deer is amorous of the melody of sound,
 He rushes forth to hear the musical sound.
 He even gives up his ghost in enjoying the very sound,
 Oblivious of his being, his fear is the least found.

Give up aspirations for your physical pleasure,
 Sing the glory in exultation without the least fear.
 Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
 Or else you shall lose your life in vain.

1. Name of the fifteenth Nakshatra.

97.

गुरु से कर मेल गँवारा,
का सोचत बारम्बारा ॥टेक ॥

जब पार उतरना चाहिये,
तब केवट से मिल रहिये।
जब उतरि जाय भवपारा,
तब छूटे यह संसारा ॥1 ॥

जब दरशन को दिल चाहिये,
तब दर्पण माँजत रहिये।
जब दर्पण लागी काई,
तब दरस कहाँ से पाई ॥2 ॥

जब गढ़ पर बजी बधाई,
तब देख तमासे जाई।
जब गढ़ बिच होत सकेला,
तब हंसा चलत अकेला ॥3 ॥

कहैं कबीर देख मन करनी,
वाके अंतर बीच कतरनी।
कतरनि की गाँठि न छूटे,
तब पकरि पकरि यम लूटे ॥4 ॥

97.

Guru se kar mel ganwaaraa...

O, stupid! Associate yourself with the Master sane,
What are you thinking indecisively, again and again?

When one wishes to go across the ocean,
He ought to ally with the boatman.
When one happens to cross over the ocean mundane,
Then only gets redressed from this mess mundane.

When one wishes to perceive the image better,
He ought to keep on cleansing the mirror.¹
²When the filthy moss clouds the mirror,
How then the image be perceived there?

When ceremonial drums³ are beaten in the castle.⁴
People proceed there to witness the spectacle.⁵
When that⁶ is rolled up from within the castle,
Then alone departs the swan⁷ from that castle.

Sayeth Kabir to perceive the doings of mind within,
That contains the scissors of the conceit within.
Nisi the knobs of nippers are not loosened,
The Yama will thrash and pilfer therewithin.

1. The mind. 2. The veil of ignorance and perversions. 3. Merriments of youth. 4. Body with senility. 5. All the spectacles and merriments. 6. Passions, the death dawns. 7. Jiva.

98.

सुमिरन कर ले मेरे मना ॥टेक॥

हस्ति दन्त बिनु,
पंछी पंख बिनु नारी पुरुष बिना।
वेश्या-पुत्र पिता बिनु हीना,
वैसे प्राणी ज्ञान बिना ॥1॥

देह नैन बिनु रैन चन्द बिनु,
मंदिर दीप बिना।
जैसे तरुवर फल बिन हीना,
वैसे प्राणी ज्ञान बिना ॥2॥

कूप नीर बिनु धेनु क्षीर बिनु,
धरती मेह बिना।
जैसे पंडित वेद बिनु हीना,
वैसे प्राणी ज्ञान बिना ॥3॥

काम क्रोध और लोभ मोह सब,
तृष्णा त्यागै सन्त जना।
कहहिं कबीर एक गुरु की शरण बिनु,
कोई नहीं जग में अपना ॥4॥

98.

Sumiran kar le mere manna...

Engage in the Self-contemplation, O, my mind!

As an elephant without tusk is,
A bird without feather, a woman without man is.
As the son of a whore without father, the unbecoming is,
So a man without the Self-awareness is.

As a body without eyes, a night without the moon is,
A temple without a kindled lamp is.
As a tree without fruit, the discarded is,
So a man without the Self-awareness is.

As a well without water, a cow without milk is,
The earth without rain is.
As a pundit without the Vedas, the inferior is,
So a man without the Self-knowledge is.

Lust, anger, greed, attachment and all vices,
Devoid of all these and cravings, a saint is.
Sayeth Kabir, other than the refuge in a holy Master,
None else in the world, our own one is.

99.

साहब तेरा भेद न जाने कोई ॥टेक॥

पानी लै लै साबुन लै लै,
मल मल काया धोई।
अन्तर घट का दाग न छूटै,
निर्मल कैसे होई ॥1॥

या घट भीतर बैल बँधे हैं,
निर्मल खेती होई।
सुखिया बैठे भजन करत हैं,
दुखिया दिन भर रोई ॥2॥

या घट भीतर अगिन जरत है,
धूम न परगट होई।
कै दिल जाने अपना भाई,
कै सिर बीती होई ॥3॥

जड़ बिनु बेल बेल बिनु तुम्बा,
बिनु फूले फल होई।
कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
गुरु बिनु ज्ञान न होई ॥4॥

99.

Saheb teraa bhed na jaane koi...

O, Lord! Your mystery, none can fathom. (Refrain)

People fetch water, they fetch soap,
Rubbing and massaging, they wash the body.
Until stains of inner conscience are cleansed,
How can then the life be immaculate?

Within this body, are tied the bullocks¹ serene,
Those fetch the cultivation² green.
The introvertly contented are absorbed in meditation,
All the day moan, the disconsolate in lamentation.

Within this body is kindled the fire³,
Smoke does not manifest there.

Only that heart attains gratification,
Which has gone through Self-realisation.

Creeper without root, gourd without creeper,
The fruit⁴ blooms without flower.
Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
Realization sans Master is far apart thence.

1. Discreet thoughts. 2. Spiritual progress. 3. Of consciousness. 4. Of non-attachment and liberation.

100.

भागो मत जारे, तेरी काया में गुलजारे ॥टेक॥
 करनी क्यारी बोय कै,
 रहनी रखु रखवारे।
 कपट को काग उड़ाय के,
 देखो अजब बहारे ॥1॥
 मन माली को बाँधि कै,
 करि संयम की बारे।
 दया वृक्ष सूखे नहीं,
 सींच क्षमा जल ढारे ॥2॥
 गुलक्यारी के बीच में,
 फूल रहा कचनारे।
 खिले गुलाब अजब रंग,
 गुल गुलाब की डारे ॥3॥
 अष्ट कष्ट से होत,
 लीला अगम अपारे।
 कहैं कबीर चित चेत के,
 आवागमन विचारे ॥4॥

100.

Bhaago mat jaare, teri kaayaa mein gulzaare...

O, paramour! Flee not hither and thither,
 Within your body itself, lies the park of bliss. (Refrain)

By sowing the flower bed of the doing,
 Make as a guard, your righteous living.
 Fly away the crow of guile from within,
 You shall find the unique blissful spring.

Fasten well, gardener the mind,
 Erect the hedge of continence then.
 Ensure; the tree of compassion dries not,
 Irrigate it with the water of forgiveness lot.

Amidst the bed of flowers,
 Bloom the '*Bauhinia variegata*' flowers.¹
 Also bloom the roses of variegated colours,
 On the branches of rose and other flowers.

Body of afflictions, the creation of eight constituents,²
 Take place within, the immense and boundless sports.
 Sayeth Kabir, keep awakening your mind within,
 Reflect upon the pangs and sorrows of transmigration.

1. Flowers like modesty, truth, contentment, thought, patience, knowledge, dispassion etc. 2. Five elements and three attributes.

101.

रे दिल गाफिल गफलत मत कर,
एक दिना यम आवेगा ॥टेक ॥

सौदा करने या जग आया,
पूँजी लाया मूल गमाया।
प्रेम नगर का अन्त न पाया,
ज्यों आया त्यों जावेगा ॥1 ॥

सुन मोर साजन सुन मोर मीता,
या जीवन में क्या क्या कीता।
सिर पाहन का बोझा लीता,
आगे कौन छुड़ावेगा ॥2 ॥

परलि पार मोर मीता खड़िया,
उस मिलने को ध्यान न धरिया।
टूटी नाव ऊपर जा चढ़िया,
गाफिल गोता खावेगा ॥3 ॥

कहत कबीर तुम्हें समुझाई,
अन्तकाल तोर कौन सहाई।
चला अकेला संग न कोई,
किया आपना पावेगा ॥4 ॥

101.

Re dil gaaphil gaphalat mat kar...

O, mind negligent! Do not commit negligence,
One day, the death will dawn upon you. (Refrain)

You came in this world to strike a good bargain,
You brought the wealth, but lost the capital origin.
You couldn't cross over the hamlet of infatuation,
As you came, so shall you depart from here again.

Listen, my beloved; listen, my loving mate!
Know; what have you done in this life as yet?
You have laid the burden of stone over your head,
Who will come for your rescue ahead?

Our beloved is standing beyond this side,
To meet him, you have never cared.
You mounted upon the broken boat,
O, negligent! You will suffer the dip, deeply bad.

Sayeth Kabir, I am just expounding you,
At the zero hour, who will come to rescue you?
When you depart, none will accompany you,
You will reap the fruit of your own deeds.

102.

ठठरी छाड़ि चले बनजारा ॥टेक॥

इस ठठरी बिच सात समुन्दर,
कोइ मीठा कोइ खारा ॥1॥

इस ठठरी बिच चाँद सूर्य हैं,
येहि बिच नौ लख तारा ॥2॥

इस ठठरी बिच पाँच रतन हैं,
कोइ कोइ परखनहारा ॥3॥

गिर पड़े ठठरी डिग परे मंदिर,
जामे चिकना गारा ॥4॥

इस ठठरी बिच नौ दरवाजे,
दसवाँ गुप्त विचारा ॥5॥

कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
सद्गुरु शब्द उबारा ॥6॥

102.

Thathari chhaari chale banajaaraa...

Relinquishing the body, the Nomad¹ has departed. (Refrain)

²Seven oceans are amidst this body,

³Some are sweet, some are salty.

⁴The moon and the sun are amidst this body,

Nine lac stars are amidst this body.

Amidst this body are the five rubies,⁵

Only a rare one is the connoisseur indeed.

Tumbles down the temple, when falls the body,

Where within is the mortar sleeky.

Nine doors⁶ are this body amidst,

Tenth one is the reflectively hidden.

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!

Only the essence word of Master redeems.

1. Wandering Jiva, the trader of deeds. 2. Whole universe. 3. The favourable and unfavourable conditions; the mundane ups and downs. 4. The spiritual wisdom and divine light remain manifested within, if the body and mind are controlled. 5. Sense organs. 6. Two eyes, two nostrils, two ears, one mouth and two lower apertures.

103.

राम भजा सो जीता जग में,
राम भजा सो जीता ॥टेक॥

हाथ सुमरनी पेट कतरनी,
पढ़त भागवत गीता।
हृदय शुद्ध किया नहीं बौरे,
कहत सुनत दिन बीता ॥1॥

आन देव की पूजा कीन्हा,
गुरु से रहा अमीता।
धन यौवन सब यहीं रहेगा,
अन्त समय चले रीता ॥2॥

बावरिया ने भाँवर डारी,
मोह जाल सब कीता।
कहहिं कबीर काल धरि खैहैं,
जैसे मृग को चीता ॥3॥

103.**Ram bhajaa so jeetaa jag mein...**

Victor in the world is he, who meditates on Rama,
That alone is victorious, who meditates on Rama. (Refrain)

Rosary in hand, but nippers in the heart,
Though chants the Bhagwat and Gita by heart.
The silly one has not cleansed his heart within,
All the days are passed in babbling and wrangling.

Worships the various alien deities of stone,
But remains disloyal to his Master own.
All the wealth and youth will be left behind here,
At the zero hour, will depart empty-handed here.

Whirling nets, the fool has thrown,
Spreads all the webs of infatuation own.
Sayeth Kabir : Death will pounce upon and devour,
As pounces upon and devours a tiger, the deer.

104.

मन मौला जाने गुजर गये गुजरान ॥टेक॥

कोइ दिन रूखा फीका राँधा,
कोइ दिन दूध मलीदा छाँदा।
कोइ दिन पत्तर पर्वत काँदा,
कोइ दिन बिन जलपान ॥1॥

कोइ दिन शाल दुशाला अंगा,
कोइ दिन फाटे फूटे लंगा।
कोइ दिन दीन कुटुम्ब के संग,
कोइ दिन तोरन तान ॥2॥

कोइ दिन देवल कोइ दिन बारी,
कोइ दिन बाग बगीचा झारी।
कोइ दिन मसजिद मन्दिर भारी,
कोई दिन रहत मैदान ॥3॥

लख चौरासी देख तमासा,
ऊँच नीच घर लेवै बासा।
कहैं कबीर सुनो तजि आसा,
जपना गुरु के नाम ॥4॥

104.

Mann maulaa jaane gujar gaye gujaraan.

Mind the lord, knows how the days have passed by. (Refrain)

On a day, took dry and vapid cooked food,
On a day, consumed milk, dainties and buttered bread.
On a day, took fruits, leaves and hilly roots,
On a day, went without any refreshment.

On a day, adored body with a shawl and a knitted-shawl.¹
On a day, did with a torn and worn out loincloth.
On a day, remained with certain penurious families,
On a day, stretched with pomp and show, the festoons.

On a day, stayed in a temple; on a day in a flower garden,
On a day, stayed in a park, grove and garden.
On a day, stayed in a mosque and a grand temple,
On a day, stayed on a ground open.

Beheld the spectacle of eighty-four lac species,
Just dwelt in the low and high dwellings.
Sayeth Kabir : Listen; forsake the mundane aspiration,
Recite the holy **Nam** in Master's absorption.

1. A Sort of pashmina-woollen covering which is double-sided, knitted with embroidery.

105.

मोरी चुनरी में परि गयो दाग पिया ॥टेक॥

पाँच तत्त्व की बनी चुनरिया,
सोरह सै बन्द लागे जिया ॥१॥

यह चुनरी मोरे मैके से आई,
ससुरे में मनुवा खोय दिया ॥२॥

मलि मलि धोई दाग न छूटै,
ज्ञान का साबुन लाय पिया ॥३॥

कहैं कबीर दाग तब छुटिहैं,
जब साहेब अपनाय लिया ॥४॥

105.

Mori chunri mein pari gayo daag piyaa...

*O, Beloved!¹ My '**Chunri**'² has got tainted!³ (Refrain)

This '**Chunri**' is composed of the five elements,
It is tied with the sixteen hundred of knots.⁴

This '**Chunri**' has come from my paternal house,⁵
I have soiled my mind at my marital house.⁶

I washed it rubbingly, its stains didn't go off,
O, Beloved! Bring me the soap of knowledge.

Saith Kabir : The stains will go off only when,
The holy Sire takes in his refuge then.

* The mental propensity addresses to Jiva.

1. Chaitnya Self. 2. Physical frame and four-folded internal-organ. 3. Stains of perversions. 4. Numberless perversions like lust etc. 5. Abode of ignorance. 6. The present life.

106.

मोरी रंगी चुनरिया धो धुबिया ॥टेक॥

जन्म जन्म के दाग चुनर के,
सतसंग जल से छुड़ा धुबिया ॥1॥

सद्गुरु ज्ञान मिले फल चारी,
सबद के कलप चढ़ा धुबिया ॥2॥

कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
गुरु के चरण चित ला धुबिया ॥3॥

106.

Mori rangi chunariyaa dho dhubiyaa...

Wash my dyed covering,¹ O, washerman!² (Refrain)

The stains of the covering for ages together,
Remove with the water of holy association, O, washerman!

Four fruits³ are had through the Master's wisdom,
Apply the starch of essence word, O, washerman!

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
Meditate on the holy feet of Master, O, washerman!

1. The four folded inner organ (Antahakaran, conscience). 2. Spiritual Master.
3. Wealth, righteousness (duty), desire and liberation.

107.

चलना है दूर मुसाफिर क्यों सोवै रे ॥टेक॥

चेत अचेत नर सोच बावरे,
 बहुत नींद मत सोवै रे।
 काम क्रोध मद लोभ में फँस के,
 उमरिया काहे खोवै रे ॥1॥

सिर पर माया मोह की गठरी,
 संग दूत तेरे होवै रे।
 सो गठरी तेरी बीच में छिन गई,
 मूड़ पकरि कहा रोवै रे ॥2॥

रास्ता तो वह पूर विकट है,
 चलब अकेला होवै रे।
 संग साथ तेरे कोई न चलेगा,
 काकी डगरिया जोवै रे ॥3॥

नदिया गहरी नाव पुरानी,
 केहि विधि पार तू होवै रे।
 कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
 ब्याज धोखे मूल मत खोवै रे ॥4॥

107.

Chalanaa hai dur musaafir...

O, wayfarer! You have to go afar; why sleep then? (Refrain)

O, senseless crazy man! Awake and ponder,
 Do not fall for long hours into slumber.
 Caught in the mess of lust, anger, pride and greed,
 Why are you losing your life in vain?

The bundle of illusion and infatuation is on your head,
 The crafty messenger¹ is closely attached with you.
 Your that bundle is rather snatched away in betwixt,
 Why are you weeping, wailing and moaning then?

The path is rather limitless and formidable,
 One has to tread that, lone and single.
 None will be your companion to accompany you,
 For whom are you keeping on waiting then?

The river is deep, the boat decayed,
 What way can you go across then?
 Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
 Lose not the capital under delusion of interest.

108.

मेरी सुरति सोहागिन जाग रे ॥टेक॥

का सोवै तू लोभ मोह में,
उठ गुरु चरणों लाग रे ॥1॥

चित दै श्रवण सुनो गुरु अक्षर,
उठत मधुर धुन राग रे ॥2॥

का तू अटकी लोभ मोह में,
उठ गुरु शब्दे लाग रे ॥3॥

कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
जगत परा यम जाल रे ॥4॥

108.**Meri Surati sohaagin jaag re...**

Awake, O, my blessed consciousness! (Refrain)

What for are you sleeping in attachment and greed?
Rise up; devote yourself in the Master's holy feet.

Mindfully hearken the Master's essential preaching,
Melodious rhythmic tune within is springing.

Why are you held up in attachment and greed?
Rise up; adhere to the holy Master's word.

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
The world has fallen into the Yama's web.

109.

भजु मन जीवन नाम बसेरा ॥टेक॥

सुन्दर देह देखि जनि भूलौ,
झपट लेत जस बाज बटेरा ॥1॥

या देही को गरब न कीजै,
उड़ पक्षी जस लेत बसेरा ॥2॥

यह नगरी में रहन न पैहो,
कोई रहि जाय न दुक्ख घनेरा ॥3॥

कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
मानुष जन्म न पैहो फेरा ॥4॥

109.

Bhaju mann jeevan naam baseraa...

O, mind! Absorb in the Self; sojourn is the name of life. (Refrain)

Do not get strayed, perceiving the beauty of body,
It is, as swoops a hawk upon a quail gaudy.

Of this body, do not feel proud,
It is, as flies a bird and goes to roost.

You won't be able to stabilise in this town,
The more one stays, the more he suffers pain.

Sayeth Kabir : O, brother saints! Listen,
It is hard to attain the human birth again.

110.

मेरो सैया निकर गयो मैं न लरी ॥१॥टेक ॥

ना मैं बोली न मैं चाली,
ओढ़ी चुनरिया परी रही ॥१॥

शीश महल के दस दरवाजे,
कौन सी खिड़की खुली रही ॥२॥

हमरे संग की सात सहेली,
न जाने कुछ उनसे कही ॥३॥

कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
ऐसी ब्याही से क्वारौ भली ॥४॥

110.

Mero Sainyaa nikar gayo main no lari...

My Lord¹ slipped away, I² didn't conflict. (Refrain)

Neither did I altercation nor created fuss at all,
Simply kept on lying, wearing covering, shawl.³

The glass palace⁴ has doors ten,
Which window was left open!

Seven friends⁵ are together with me,
Know not, who spoke unpleasant to him!

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
Better remain virgin than such a wedded one!

1. Soul, Jiva. 2. Dead body. 3. Befitting to the dead body. 4. Human body. 5. Five sense-organs, and the mental propensity and intellect.

111.

हंसा यह पिंजड़ा नहीं तेरा ॥टेक॥

कंकड़ चुन-चुन महल बनाया,
 लोग कहैं घर मेरा।
 ना घर मेरा न घर तेरा,
 चिड़िया रैन बसेरा ॥1॥

दादा बाबा भाई भतीजा,
 कोई न चले संग तेरा।
 हाथी घोड़ा माल खजाना,
 परा रहै धन घेरा ॥2॥

मात पिता स्वारथ के साथी,
 कहते मेरा मेरा।
 कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
 इक दिन जंगल डेरा ॥3॥

111.

Hansaa yah pinjaraa nahin teraa...

O, Swan!¹ This cage² does not belong to you. (Refrain)

By picking up pebbles, the mansion is built,
 People claim it to be their own abode.
 The abode belongs neither to you nor to me,
 It is like a bird's night perch to rest in.

Grand father, father, brother and nephew,
 None of them will ever accompany you.
 Elephants, horses, wealth and valuables,
 All this will lie behind, with the entire opulence.

Mother and father are compeers in self-seeking,
 Hence, they vouch you as 'mine and mine.'
 Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
 One day your dwelling will be in the woods.

112.

हमन हैं इश्क मस्ताना,
हमन को होशियारी क्या।
रहें आजाद या जग में,
हमें दुनिया से यारी क्या ॥टेक ॥

जो बिछुड़े हैं पियारे से,
भटकते दर-बदर फिरते।
हमारा यार है हम में,
हमन को इन्तजारी क्या ॥1 ॥

खलक सब नाम अपने को,
बहुत कर सिर पटकता है।
हमन गुरु ज्ञान आलिम हैं,
हमन को नामदारी क्या ॥2 ॥

न पल बिछुड़े पिया हम से,
न हम बिछुड़े पियारे से।
हो ऐसी लव लगी हरदम,
हमन को बेकरारी क्या ॥3 ॥

कबीरा इश्क का माता,
दुई को दूर कर दिल से।
ये चलना राह नाजुक है,
हमन शिर बोझ भारी क्या ॥4 ॥

112.

Haman hain ishq mastaanaa...

I am ecstatic in love; what for craftiness then?
Let me remain unbound in this world,
What for attachment with this world then! (Refrain)

Those who are separated from their Beloved,
From door to door, they aimlessly wander.
My Beloved is me within,
Whom to wait for then?

Fame in the world, for one's own,
In various ways, toiling more and more.
I am blessed with the knowledge of Master sane,
Then what have I to do with the material fame?

Let not the Beloved separate from me at any moment,
Nor do I separate from the Beloved even for a moment.
Let such a flair remain ever preserved within,
What for then, uneasiness would peen in?

Kabir is ecstatic in love within,
He has kept apart the alien one.
This is but a delicate path to tread,
What for then to burden the head?

113.

मुखड़ा क्या देखै दरपन में,
दया धरम नहिं मन में ॥टेक ॥

गहिरी नदिया नाव पुरानी,
उतरन चाहै पल में।
प्रेम की नइया पार उतरि गई,
पापी बूड़े जल में ॥1 ॥

दर्पण देखत मूँछ मरोरत,
तेल चुवत जुलफन में।
एक दिन ऐसा आन पड़ेगा,
धूल उड़े यहि तन में ॥2 ॥

आम की डार कोइलिया बोलै,
सुवना बोलै बन में।
घरवारी घरही में राजी,
फक्कड़ राजी बन में ॥3 ॥

सुन्दर तिरिया बीरा लावै,
सेवा चाहै अंग में।
कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
कोई न जइहैं संग में ॥4 ॥

113.**Mukharaa kyaa dekhai darpan mein...**

What for do you look at your face in the mirror,
If your mind is bereft of piety and mercy ever? (Refrain)

Deep is the river, old the boat,
You wish to go across in a moment!
The boat of love sails across,
In the water, the sinner drowns.

You look in mirror and twist moustaches,
Oil within your hair, you apply as such.
Such a day will soon dawn,
Dust will fly, your body upon.

Cuckoo sings on a mango tree branch,
Parrot sings in the forest stark.
Householders keep involved in their hearth,
A carefree hermit remains contented in forest.

Beautiful woman offers betel to you,
You wish appeasement of organs yours.
Sayeth Kabir : Listen O, brother saints!
None else is to accompany you thence.

114.

चुनरी काहे न रंगाये गोरी पाँच रंग माँ ॥टेक॥

ई चुनरी तोहे सतगुरु दीन्हा,
पहिर ओढ़ कर मैली कीन्हा ॥
जैबो का पहिर गोरी पिया संग माँ
चुनरी काहे न.... ॥1॥

जब पिया अइहैं लेन गवनवा,
एकौ न चलिहैं तोरा बहनवा।
दाग दिखिहैं तोरे अँचरन माँ,
चुनरी काहे न.... ॥2॥

कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
ज्ञान ध्यान का साबुन लाओ।
दाग छुटिहैं तोरे अँचरन का,
चुनरी काहे न ॥3॥

114.

Chunri kaahe na rangaaye, gori panch rang maan...

O, belle!¹ Why couldn't you get dyed,
your '*chunri*'² in five colours³? (Refrain)

The holy Master has bestowed you this '*chunri*',
Though clothed it, you have stained this '*chunri*'.
O, belle! What would you wear, while with the beloved?
Why couldn't the '*chunri*' be dyed.....?

For *Gauna*,⁴ when the beloved comes to take you,
Not even your single excuse will be of any use.
All the stains in your '*chunri*' would be visible to him,
Why couldn't the '*chunri*' be dyed.....?

Sayeth Kabir : Listen O, brother saints!
The soap of knowledge and meditation is applied when,
All the stains of your '*chunri*' would vanish then.
Why couldn't the '*chunri*' be dyed.....?

1. Mental proclivity. 2. The covering; the sermons of Master. 3. Compassion, contemplation, contentment, forgiveness, modesty. 4. To fetch the bride from her parents' home after attaining puberty.

115.

आपन पौ आपुहि बिसर्यो ॥टेक ॥

जैसे श्वान काँच मन्दिर में,
भरमित भूसि मर्यो ॥1 ॥

ज्यों केहरि बपु निरखि कूप जल,
प्रतिमा देखि पर्यो ॥2 ॥

ऐसे ही गज फटिक शिला में,
दशनन आनि अर्यो ॥3 ॥

मर्कट मूठि स्वाद नहीं बिहुरे,
घर घर रटत फिर्यो ॥4 ॥

कहहिं कबीर ललनी के सुवना,
तोहि कवने पकर्यो ॥5 ॥

115.

Aapan paou aapuhi bisaraayo...

You yourself have forgotten your own Self! (Refrain)

As the dog in a temple of glass,
Died of excessive barking under delusion at last.

As the lion perceiving into the water well,
The reflection of his body, jumped into it then.

So too, the elephant on the crystal slab,
Kept on striking its tusk and died at last.

The monkey released not his fist under the spell of taste,
Kept on dancing from door to door to the tunes.

Sayeth Kabir : O, parrot of the spring reel!
Who else has caught you tight?

116.

निसदिन खेलत रही सखियन संग,
 मोहिं बड़ा डर लागे।
 मोरे साहेब की ऊँची अटरिया,
 चढ़त में जियरा काँपे ॥टेक ॥

जो सुख चहो तो लज्जा त्यागे,
 पिया से हिलमिल लागे।
 घूंघट खोल अंग भर भेंटे,
 नैन आरती साजै ॥1 ॥

कहैं कबीर सुनो सखी मोरी,
 प्रेम होय सो जागे।
 निज प्रीतम की आस नहीं है,
 नाहक काजर पारे ॥2 ॥

116.

Nis din khelat rahi sakhiyan sang...

I¹ have kept on playing day and night with my friends²,
 I am feeling highly scared to part with those.
 The attic of my Lord is extremely lofty,
 My mind shudders to ascend that verily. (Refrain)

*If you wish to enjoy bliss, fight shies of shyness,
 Nourish intimate touch with the Beloved yours.
 Take off the veil; meet intimately in bosom,
 Decorate the ceremonial lamp of your eyes.

Sayeth Kabir : Hearken, my friends!
 If you permeate love within, you will awake.
 If you yearn not for your Beloved serene,
 It is worthless to apply collyrium in your eyes then.

1. An aspirant mind. 2. Objects of sense-organs.

* Addresses the holy Master.

117.

तैं तो मेरी लगन लगाय रे फकिरवा ॥टेक॥

सोवत रहा मैं अपने मंदिर में,
शब्द सुनाय जगाय रे फकिरवा ॥1॥

बूड़त रहा भव के सागर में,
बाँह पकड़ि समुझाय रे फकिरवा ॥2॥

एकहि बचन दूसरा नहीं,
मेरा फन्दा छुड़ाय रे फकिरवा ॥3॥

कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
राम नाम गुण गाय रे फकिरवा ॥4॥

117.

Tain to meri lagan lagaay re Fakirvaa...

You have aroused my flair, O, Fakirva*! (Refrain)

I kept on sleeping in my own temple¹,
You awakened me with your essence-word, O, Fakirva!

I was drowning in the mundane ocean²,
Catching hold of my arm, you evoked me, O, Fakirva!

Only a single word – ‘not an alien one’³,
You did release my noose, O, Fakirva!

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
You sung to me, the merits of Rama⁴, O, Fakirva!

* Faqir, a nonchalant mendicant

1. Ignorance-illusion. 2. Of I-ness and mine-ness. 3. None else than the own Self. 4. The own Self; sentient Jiva

118.

अवधू माया तजी न जाई।
 गृह तजके बिस्तर बाँधा,
 बिस्तर तजके फेरी ॥टेक ॥

काम तजे तो क्रोध न जाई,
 क्रोध तजे तो लोभा।
 लोभ तजे अहंकार न जाई,
 मान बढ़ाई शोभा ॥1 ॥

मन वैरागी माया त्यागी,
 शब्द में सुरति समाई।
 कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
 यह गम बिरले पाई ॥2 ॥

118.

Avadhu maya tajee na jaayee...

O, ascetic! It is hard to part with Maya.
 Abdicating their hearth, many pack up to depart,
 Packing off the bed, they just wander in vain. (Refrain)

If lust is given up, anger doesn't go off,
 If anger is vanquished, greed doesn't go off.
 If greed is won over, ego doesn't go off,
 They get clouded around glory and splendour.

That whose mind is detached, is the renouncer of Maya,
 His proclivity remains absorbed within the essence-word.
 Sayeth Kabir : Harken, O, brother saints!
 This wisdom, only a rare one attains.

119.

कुछ लेना न देना मगन रहना ॥टेक ॥

गहरी नदिया नाव पुरानी,
केवटिया से मिले रहना ॥1 ॥

पाँच तत्त्व का बना पींजड़ा,
जामें बोले मेरी मैना ॥2 ॥

तेरा पिया तेरे तन में बसा है,
खोल कर देखो नैना ॥3 ॥

कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
गुरु चरणों से लिपट रहना ॥4 ॥

119.

Kuchh lenaa naa denaa magan rahanaa...

Have no concern with; ever abide in ecstasy. (Refrain)

Deep is the river,¹ decayed the boat,²
Keep associated with the man of boat.

Of the five elements,³ this cage is framed,
There within sings, my beloved blackbird.⁴

Your Beloved⁵ abides, your body within,
Just open the eyes to perceive within.

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
Keep clung to the holy feet of Master sane.

1. Of passions. 2. Human body. 3. The earth, water etc. 4. Soul, Jiva. 5. Soul, the Self.

120.

चदरिया झीनी रे झीनी,
राम नाम रस भीनी ॥टेक ॥

अष्ट कमल का चरखा बनाया,
पाँच तत्त्व की पूनी।
नौ दस मास बुनन को लागे,
मूरख मैली कीनी ॥1 ॥

जब मोरि चादर बन घर आई,
रंगरेज को दीनी।
ऐसा रंग रंगा रंगरेज ने,
लालों लाल कर दीनी ॥2 ॥

चादर ओढ़ शंका मत करियो,
दो दिन तुमको दीनी।
मूरख लोग भेद नहीं जाने,
दिन दिन मैली कीनी ॥3 ॥

ध्रुव प्रहलाद सुदामा ने ओढ़ी,
शुकदेव ने निर्मल कीनी।
दास कबीर ने ऐसी ओढ़ी,
ज्यों की त्यों धरि दीनी ॥4 ॥

120.

Chadariyaa jheeni re jheeni...

The covering¹ is indeed extremely subtle,
Be it saturated in the elixir of Rama's Name! (Refrain)

The spinning wheel² of eight-lotus is framed,
Of the cotton-roll of the five elements.
It takes nine-ten months to weave,
The fool has spoiled it in vain!

³When my covering came weaved in the house,
It was handed over to the dyer wise.
The dyer⁴ dyed it in such a colour valid,
As it became ruddily red.

Wearing the covering, don't get misconceived,
It is bestowed to you, but for two days indeed.
The foolish ones do not know this secret,
Keep on spoiling it, for ever and a day.

Dhruva, Prahlad, Sudama put it on,
Shukdeva made it immaculate one.
Humble Kabir put it on in such a way,
*As took it off precisely the same.

1. Body with mind. 2. Mother's womb. 3. Acquired the stage befitting to spiritual practices. 4. Holy Spiritual Master.

* Kabir led his life innately taintless.

121.

घूँघट का पट खोल रे,
तो को पीव मिलेंगे ॥टेक ॥

घट घट में वहि साईं बसत है,
कटुक वचन मत बोल रे ॥1 ॥

धन जोबन का गर्ब न कीजै,
झूठा पंच रंग चोल रे ॥2 ॥

सुन्न महल में दियना बारिले,
आशा से मत डोल रे ॥3 ॥

जोग जुगत से रंग महल में,
पिय पाये अनमोल रे ॥4 ॥

कहैं कबीर आनन्द भयो है,
बाजत अनहद ढोल रे ॥5 ॥

121.

Goonghat kaa pat khol re, to ko peev milenge...

O, mind! Lift the veil¹ of your face,
You shall have your Beloved thence. (Refrain)

In every pot, abides the same Lord,
Hence, utter not a bitter word.

Sustain no pride for wealth and youth,
The five-coloured cloak² is but false.

Kindle the lamp in the desolate palace,
Stray not under the spell of desires.

By spiritual means, in the voluptuous palace,²
³You are to get your Beloved precious.

Kabir sayeth, exulted state of bliss reigns there,
Melody of the Unstruck Sound resounds there.

1. Of nescience. 2. Physical body. 3. This is an address to the mental propensity.

122.

कौनो ठगवा नगरिया लूटल हो॥टेक॥

चंदन काठ के बनल खटोलना,
ता पर दुलहिन सूतल हो ॥१॥

उठो री सखी मोरि माँग सँवारो,
दुलहा मोसे रूठल हो ॥२॥

आये यमराज पलँग चढ़ि बैटे,
नैनन आँसू छूटल हो ॥३॥

चारि जने मिलि खाट उठाइन,
चहुँ दिस धूँ धूँ उठल हो ॥४॥

कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
जग से नाता छूटल हो ॥५॥

122.

Kauno thagvaa nagariyaa lootal ho...

Some swindler¹ has looted the town!² (Refrain)

Bedstead³ is made of the sandalwood,
Thereon a sleeping bride⁴ is found.

O, friends! Get up, dress my hair and adorn me,
My groom⁵ seems much displeased with me.

Yamaraja appears, and pounces upon the cot,
From the eyes, tears start shedding out.

Four persons together carry the bier,
To and fro, starts spreading the flaming fire.

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
Alliance with the world forever ends.

1. Perverted mind, the nescience-gripped mind. 2. Human heart. 3. Human frame is, as if, an excellent couch made of the sandalwood. 4. Discerning intellect in dormant condition. 5. Chaitanya Purush, Jiva, Atman, Soul.

123.

चादर हो गई बहुत पुरानी,
अब तो सोच समझ अभिमानी ॥टेक॥

अजब जुलाहा चादर बीनी,
सूत करम की तानी।
सुरत निरति का भरना दीनी,
तब सबके मन मानी ॥1॥

मैले दाग परे पापन के,
विषयन में लपटानी।
ज्ञान का साबुन लाय न धोया,
सतसंगति का पानी ॥2॥

भई खराब गई अब सारी,
लोभ मोह में सानी।
सारी उमर ओढ़ते बीती,
भली बुरी नहीं जानी ॥3॥

शंका मानि जान जिय अपने,
है यह वस्तु बिरानी।
कहैं कबीर यहि राखु यतन से,
ये फिर हाथ न आनी ॥4॥

123.

Chaadar ho gae bahut puraani...

The covering¹ has grown very old,
Now at least; think and know, O, arrogant!

The wondrous weaver² has woven the covering indeed,
He keeps on weaving it with the yarn of deeds.
*When '*Surat-Nirat*' gets stuffed within,
Mind of everyone remains ever calm then.

When the malicious stains of sins are inflicted,
Within the vicious sensuality, the mind gets entwined.
You have never fetched the soap of knowledge to wash,
Nor even the water of holy association to cleanse.

It has become impure and fully soiled,
For being drenched in attachment and greed.
Whole life is spent in wearing it as one's own,
What is worth and what not, remains unknown.

Be sure your own heart within,
This is but an alien thing.
Sayeth Kabir, sustain it with a great care,
This is not to be at hand again here.

1. Physical body 2. Mentally subdued Jiva.

* The woof (shuttle of a loom) gets stuffed through the process of the weft and warp. *Surat* (soul, consciousness, mind-set); *Nirat* (absorption, power of perception.) *Surat*, the propensity gets absorbed in the spiritual trance.

124.

गुरु मोहि दीन्हों अजब जड़ी ॥टेक॥

सोइ जड़ी मोहि प्यारी लगत है,
अमृत रसन भरी ॥१॥

काया नगर अजब इक बँगला,
तामें गुप्त धरी ॥२॥

पाँचों नाग पचीसों नागिन,
सूँधत तुरत मरी ॥३॥

या कारे ने सब जग खायो,
सद्गुरु देख डरी ॥४॥

कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
ले परिवार तरी ॥५॥

124.**Guru mohe deeni ajab jari...**

Master has bestowed upon me a unique herb. (Refrain)

To me, this herb is the dear most,
With ambrosial elixir, it is the brimful most.

There is a unique bungalow in the body hamlet,
Therewithin it remains hidden and well secured.

All the five snakes¹ and their twenty-five² mates,
Die in an instant of its sheer smell.

Those black cobras¹ have devoured the world entire,
Those get scared, just at the sight of holy Master.

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, saintly fraternity!
He³ goes across, taking family in entirety.

125.

गुरु बिन कौन बतावै बाट ॥टेक ॥

भ्रान्ति पहाड़ी नदिया बिच में,
अहंकार की लाट ॥1 ॥

काम क्रोध दो पर्वत ठाढ़े,
लोभ चोर संघात ॥2 ॥

मद मत्सर का मेघा बरसत,
माया पवन बढ़ ठाट ॥3 ॥

कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
क्यों तरना यह घाट ॥4 ॥

125.

Guru bin kaun bataave baat.

Who can show the path sans holy Master? (Refrain)

Amidst the hill, a river of delusion flows,
There a lofty dam of ego firmly stands.

Two mountains of lust and anger stand there,
The thief of greed remains attached altogether.

Clouds of pride and jealousy keep on showering,
The wind of illusion is fiercely blowing.

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
How to go across this quay thence!

126.**रेखता**

देह बंदूक और पवन दारू किया,
 ज्ञान गोली तहाँ खूब डाटी।
 सुरत की जाम की मूठ चौथे लगी,
 भर्म की भीत सब दूर फाटी ॥

कहैं कबीर कोइ खेलिहैं सूरमा,
 कायरौं खेल यह होत नाहीं।
 आस की फाँस को काटि निर्भय भया,
 नाम रस रस्स कर गरक माहीं ॥

126.**REKHATAA****Deh bandook aur pavan daaru kiya...**

The seeker made his body a gun; air of thought, the gunpowder,
 He stuffed it full with the bullet of knowledge finer.
 He made mental disposition the hand-lever as the fourth device,
 This made the wall of delusion fall and tumble down thence.

Sayeth Kabir : Only such a heroic valiant combats this battle,
 A licentious coward cannot play this game altogether.
 Valiant becomes dauntless, severing the noose of false aspiration,
 He is immersed within the elixir of **Nam**, the Self-realisation.

127.

हम सम कौन बड़ा परिवारी ॥टेक॥

सत्य है पिता धर्म है भ्राता,
लज्जा है महतारी।
शील बहन संतोष पुत्र है,
क्षमा हमारी नारी ॥1॥

आशा सासू तृष्णा है सारी,
लोभ मोह ससुरारी।
अहंकार है ससुर हमारे,
सो सब में अधिकारी ॥2॥

ज्ञानी गुरु विवेकी चेला,
सदा रहे ब्रह्मचारी।
काम क्रोध दोऊ चोर बसत हैं,
तिनका डर है भारी ॥3॥

मन दिवान सुरति है राजा,
बुद्धि मंत्रि हैं भारी।
सत्य धर्म की बसै नगरिया,
कहहिं कबीर पुकारी ॥4॥

127.

Hum sum kaon baraa parivaaree...

Who else has a large family like mine? (Refrain)

Truth is my father, religion is brother,
Bashfulness is my mother.
Modesty is my sister, contentment is son,
Forgiveness is my woman.

Hope is my mother-in-law, passion my sister-in-law,
Greed and attachment are my in-laws.
Ego is my father-in-law,
Who holds right upon all.

Wise preceptor, discreet disciple,
They ever remain celibate.
Lust and anger, both the thieves abide within,
I am highly scared of them.

Mind is chief executive, *Surati*¹ is king
Intellect is the potent prime minister
I ever abide in the land of righteousness,
Kabir proclaims at the top of his voice.

1. Conscience, consciousness.

128.

यतन बिन मिरगन खेत उजाड़ा ॥टेक ॥

पाँच मिरग पच्चीस मिरगिनी,
तामें एक सिंगारा।
अपने अपने रस के भोगी,
चरते न्यारा न्यारा ॥१ ॥

काम क्रोध दुइ मुख्य मिरग हैं,
नित उठि चरत सबारा।
मारै मरै टरै नहिं टारै,
बिडरत नाहिं बिडारा ॥२ ॥

अति परचण्ड महा दुख दारुण,
वेद शास्त्र पचि हारा।
प्रेम बाण ले चढ़ा पारधी,
भाव भक्ति करि मारा ॥३ ॥

सत की बेड़ धर्म की खाई,
गुरू शब्द रखवारा।
कहैं कबीर चरन नहिं पावै,
अबकी बार सम्हारा ॥४ ॥

128.

Yatan bin mirgan khet ujaaraa...

Sans careful means, the beasts¹ rooted up the field². (Refrain)

The five beasts,³ the twenty-five female beasts,⁴
Amongst them is one beast with the horns.⁵
Each of them is the enjoyer of its own passion,
They all graze their own different pleasures.

Lust and anger, both are the main beasts,
Everyday getting up early they graze.⁶
Die not of beating, drive away not, when driven,
They do not leave off, when made flee even.

They are extremely horrible, highly torturous,
Many are consumed, reading the Vedas and scriptures.
The hunter⁷ chases with an arrow of love,
Set on the bow of devotion and drew them off.

Raises siege of truth, digs ditch of piety,
Alerts the guard of the word of Master holy.
Sayeth Kabir to ensure those graze no more,
Hence onwards remain cautious more.

1. Lust, anger etc. 2. Life sphere. 3. Lust, anger etc. 4. Various perverted habits. 5. Mighty lustfulness. 6. Right conduct of human beings. 7. Seeker.

129.

ठगनी क्या नैना चमकावै ॥टेक॥

कहू काट मृदंग बनाया,
निब्बू काट मजीरा।
पाँच तोरई मंगल गावैं,
नाचै बालम खीरा ॥१॥

रूपा पहिर के रूप दिखावै,
सोना पहिर तरसावै।
गले डाल मोतियन की माला,
तीन लोक भरमावै ॥२॥

भैंस पद्मिनी आशिक चूहा,
मेंढक ताल लगावै।
चोला पहिर के गदहा नाचै,
ऊँट विष्णु पद गावै ॥३॥

आम डार चढ़ि कछुआ तोड़े,
गिलहरि चुन चुन लावै।
कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
बगुला भोग लगावै ॥४॥

129.

Thagani kya Nainaa Chamakaavai...

O, swindress!¹ What are you flashing your eyes for? (Refrain)

Cutting the pumpkin,² *the musical drum was made,
Cutting the lemon,³ *the cymbal was made.
The five luffas⁴ sing the amorous songs,
The beloved cucumber⁵ performs the dance.

Wearing the silver ornaments, she⁶ manifests beauty hers,
Wearing the gold ornaments, she puts to pine for hers.
Wearing around her neck, the string of pearls,
Causes to go astray, the three worlds.

Buffalo⁷ becomes the damsel and mouse⁸ as the lover,
Frog⁹ chimes the musical measure.¹⁰
Wearing the cloak, donkey¹¹ himself dances,
Camel¹² sings the verses Excellence.¹³

Climbing mango tree,¹⁴ tortoise¹⁵ plucks,
Squirrel¹⁶ then picks up and gathers.
Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
Heron¹⁷ just enjoys the offerings!

1. Maya, the illusion; mental nescience. 2. Intellect. 3. Mind. 4. Sense organs. 5. Ignorant Jiva. 6. Maya. 7. Nescience. 8. Mind. 9. Perverted intellect. 10. The mundane ties. 11. Indiscreet person. 12. Ego ridden person. 13. Eternal verses. 14. Excellent human form for Salvation. 15. Perverted persons. 16. Spiritual versions. 17. Conceited persons.

* Instruments of sensuous pleasures.

130.

नाम हरी का जप ले बन्दे,
फिर पीछे पछतायेगा ॥टेक ॥

तू कहता है मेरी काया,
काया का गुमान क्या।
चाँद सा सुन्दर ये तन तेरा,
मिट्टी में मिल जायेगा ॥1 ॥

वहाँ से क्या तू लाया बन्दे,
यहाँ से क्या ले जायेगा।
मुट्टी बाँध के आया जग में,
हाथ पसारे जायेगा ॥2 ॥

बालापन में खेला खाया,
आई जवानी मस्त रहा।
बूढ़ापन में रोग सताये,
खाट पड़ा पछतायेगा ॥3 ॥

जपना है तो जप ले बन्दे,
आखिर तो मिट जायेगा।
कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
करनी का फल पायेगा ॥4 ॥

130.**Naam Hari ka jap le bande...**

O, man! Recite the name of Hari, the Self,
Else, you will repent afterwards. (Refrain)

You say, this is my body,
Why be proud of the body?
Moon-like beautiful is your this body,
This will merge into clay in the end.

O, man! What could you bring from there?
What will you take away from here?
You came in this world with fists closed,
You will depart from here with hands spread.

You enjoyed eating and sporting in childhood,
When youth dawned, in tipsiness you remained.
In old age, maladies tormented a lot,
You will keep repenting, lying on cot.

If you wish, start reciting, O, bonded!
Ultimately, your body will be destroyed.
Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
You will reap the fruit of your deeds.

131.

जानत कौन पराये मन की ॥टेक॥

हीरों की परख जौहरि जाने,
लागत चोट सरासर घन की ॥1॥

जैसे मिरग नाद के भेदी,
लागत बान खबर नहीं तन की ॥2॥

जैसे नारि पुरुष मन लावत,
मूषत चोर खबर नहीं धन की ॥3॥

शूर लड़े और कायर कम्पे,
शूर बिनु लाज रखे को रन की ॥4॥

कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
खोज करो तुम अपने तन की ॥5॥

131.

Jaanat kaun paraaye mann kee...

Who can fathom the alien mind? (Refrain)

Test of a diamond, can sense only a jeweller,
It withstands the forceful strokes of a hammer.

As a deer is amorous of the melody of sound,
It transcends its physical being when an arrow pierces into.

As a male and female are deeply infatuated in lust,
Unaware of the loot of their wealth, when a thief breaks into.

A valiant combats, a coward shudders,
Who can save honour of the battlefield sans the valiant?

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints,
Find out the truth, your body within.

132.

अब तो अमर पद पाया है ॥टेक ॥

दुख न दर्द काल नहीं व्यापे,
आनंद मंगल गाया है ॥1 ॥

मूल बीज बिनु वृक्ष विराजै,
सतगुरु अलख लखाया है ॥2 ॥

कोटि भानु छबि भया उजारा,
हंस सरोवर पाया है ॥3 ॥

कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
आवागमन मिटाया है ॥4 ॥

132.

Ab to amar pad paayaa hai...

I have now attained the eternal status. (Refrain)

Neither sorrow nor pains nor does the *Kaal** pervade,
The songs of ecstasy, now resound well.

The tree¹ without root and seed, stands there,
Holy Master has manifested Imperceptible here.

With the billions suns, the life² is brightened,
Mansarovar; the swan³ has now reached.

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
Such a one has ceded the transmigration.

* Fancies of the pains and pleasures.

1. Of peace. 2. The Self-state, beyond sense-organs. 3. Chaitanya (Soul).

133.

अवसर बार बार नहीं आवै ॥टेक॥

जो चाहो करि लेव भलाई,
जन्म जन्म सुख पावै ॥१॥

तन मन धन में नहीं कहूँ अपना,
छाँड़ि पलक में जावै ॥२॥

तन छूटे धन कौन काम के,
कृपिन काहे को कहावै ॥३॥

सुमिरण भजन करो साहब को,
जासे जिव सुख पावै ॥४॥

कहहिँ कबीर पग धरे पंथ पर,
यम के गण न सतावै ॥५॥

133.

Avsar baar baar nahin aavai...

Opportunity never repeats itself. (Refrain)

If you please, perform benevolent deeds,
For ages together, you will attain bliss.

Body, mind and wealth—nothing belongs to you,
In a moment, everything will be left behind you.

If body is lost, what use of wealth is then!
Why be called a stark miser then?

Meditate and devote yourself to the holy Master,
By this means alone, Jiva will enjoy the bliss ever.

Sayeth Kabir : The one, who steps on the path sane,
The agents of Yama will not oppress him then.

134.

अब मैं भूला रे भाई,
मेरे सद्गुरु जुगत लखाई ॥टेक॥

क्रिया कर्म आचार मैं छाँड़ा,
छाँड़ा तीर्थ नहाना।
सारी दुनिया भई सयानी,
मैं ही एक दिवाना ॥१॥

ना हरि रीझें जप तप कीन्हें,
ना काया के जारे।
ना हरि रीझे धोती छाँड़े,
ना पाँचों के मारे ॥२॥

दया राखि धर्म को पाले,
जग सो रहे उदासी।
अपना सा जीव सबको जाने,
ताहि मिले अविनाशी ॥३॥

सहे कुशब्द बाद को त्यागे,
छाड़े गर्व गुमाना।
आतमराम ताहि को मिलिहैं,
कहैं कबीर सुजाना ॥४॥

134.**Ab main bhoolaa re bhai...**

O, brother! I have now forgotten the mundane mess,
As my holy Master has revealed to me a device sane. (Refrain)

I have now forsaken rituals, rites and formalities,
I have also given up bathing in the pilgrim places.
The entire world has become wise enough,
I alone am left as a crazy one.

Hari is pleased neither by recitations nor austerities,
Nor even by calcining the body through severe austerities.
Hari is appeased neither by doing away with the waist-cloth,
Nor by emaciating all the five organs through penances.

That who preserves compassion and sustains righteousness,
He remains aloof and nonchalant from the worldliness.
He takes all other living beings, akin to himself,
Such a one gets repose in the immortal Self.

He bears bitter words and averts altercation,
He ever gives up haughtiness and delusion.
Sayeth Kabir : O, wise folk!
Such a one gets repose in Rama, the Self.

135.

ऐसनि देह निरालप बौरै,
 मुवल छुवे नहिं कोई हो।
 डण्डवा की डोरिया तोरि लराइनि,
 जो कोटिन धन होई हो ॥टेक ॥

उर्ध निश्वासा उपजि तरासा,
 हँकराइनि परिवारा हो।
 जो कोई आवै बेगि चलावै,
 पल एक रहन न पाई हो ॥1 ॥

चन्दन चीर चतुर सब लेपैं,
 गरे गजमुक्ता के हारा हो।
 चौसठ गीध मुये तन लूटे,
 जम्बुकन वोद्र बिदारा हो ॥2 ॥

कहहिं कबीर सुनो हो सन्तो,
 ज्ञान हीन मति हीना हो।
 एक एक दिना याहि गति सबकी,
 कहा राव कहा दीना हो ॥3 ॥

135.**Aisani deh niraalap baure...**

O, mad man! Body is such a transitory event,
 As none wishes to touch it on death.
 Your waistlet, they break and take,
 Though you be possessing millions of wealth. (Refrain)

When your life breath goes upward, your agony begins,
 You summon your family and kin thence.
 Whosoever comes, makes haste,
 None bears delay, for even a moment.

Those who adore body with sandal and clothes,
 Wear on neck, the strings of pearls and jewels.
 On death, vultures and hawks will loot their body,
 Jackals will tear open and eat their belly.

Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, saints!
 Those perceive not, who are short of wisdom and intellect.
 This day or that, the same fate falls upon everyone,
 Be he a Sovereign or a beggar one.

136.

अब का डरौं डर डरहिं समाना॥
जब तैं मोर-तोर पहिचाना॥टेक॥

जब लग मोर-तोर करि लीन्हा॥
भै भै जनमि जनमि दुख दीन्हा॥१॥

अगम निगम एक करि जाना॥
ते मनवाँ मन माँहि समाना॥२॥

जब लग ऊँच नीच करि जाना॥
ते पसुवा भूले भ्रम नाना॥३॥

कहैं कबीर मैं मेरी खोई॥
तबहि राम अवर नहीं कोई॥४॥

136.**Ab kaa daraon dar darahin samanaa...**

Why now fear; the fear got dissolved within the fear,
Since I knew what consequences the 'mine and thine' bear.

So long, I remained involved in the 'I-ness and mineness,'
Afflicted with fear, I remained inflicted with pain for ages.

All scriptures and Vedas are of unanimous opinion as such,
The seeker remains satiated within his own heart much.

So long, one considers himself high, the others as low ones,
Such a one is like an animal; he undergoes various delusions.

Sayeth Kabir : When the 'I-ness and mineness' is lost,
There remains nothing more to attain, other than Rama, the Self.

137.**रेखता**

कर्म और भर्म संसार सब करतु है,
 पीव की परख कोइ संत जानै।
 सुरत औ निरत मन पवन को पकर करि,
 गंग और जमुन के घाट आनै ॥

पाँच को नाथ करि साथ सौहूँ लिया,
 अधर दरियाव का सुक्ख मानै।
 कहै कबीर सोइ संत निर्भय घरा,
 जन्म और मरन का भर्म भानै ॥

137.**REKHTAA****Karm aur bharm sansaar sab karatu hai...**

The worldlings are all involved in rituals and delusions,
 Only a rare discreet saint knows the beloved Self.
 Restraining mind and breath, they absorb in the Self,
 They anchor at the Ganges and Yamuna wharf.

They subdue the five and keep them abreast,
 They dally amidst the bliss of ocean at best.
 Saith Kabir : That saint reposes in dauntless mansion,
 He gets rid of the labyrinth of birth and death.

138.

कर चलने का साज,
 दम का कौन भरोसा।
 यह संसार असार बताया,
 पालो सील क्षमा अरु तोषा ॥1 ॥

या जग में कोई रहन ना पावे,
 सो निश्चय कर जान।
 तन पिंजर से निकस जायेंगे,
 पल में पक्षी प्रान ॥2 ॥

ऊठत बैठत जागत सोवत,
 कर ले खान रु पान।
 कहैं कबीर सुनो हो साधो,
 गावो पद निर्बान ॥3 ॥

138.**Kar chalane kaa saaj...**

Harness yourself to depart from here,
 Who can rely upon the functioning breath?
 This world is manifested as illusory and vain,
 Adopt modesty, forgiveness and contentment then.

In this world, none is able to stay forever,
 Take this for granted as certain and sure.
 From the cage of body, will fly away,
 The bird of life, in a short while.

While standing and sitting, awaking and sleeping,
 Attain bliss all the times, even while eating and drinking.
 Sayeth Kabir : Hearken, O, saints!
 Extol salvation of the passionless status.

139.

का नर सोवत मोह निशा में,
जागत नाहिं कूच नियराना ॥टेक ॥

पहिला नगारा श्वेत केश भै,
दूजै बैन सुनत नहिं काना।
तीजै नैन देखि नहिं सूझै,
चौथे आइ गिरा परवाना ॥1 ॥

मातु पिता कहना नहिं मानै,
गुरु जन से कीन्हा अभिमाना।
धर्म की नाव चढ़न नहिं जानै,
अब यमराज ने भेद बखाना ॥2 ॥

होत पुकार नगर कसबे में,
रैयत लोग सबै अकुलाना।
चलने की जब होत तैयारी,
अंत भवन बिच प्राण लुकाना ॥3 ॥

प्रेम नगर में हाट लगत है,
जहँ रंगरेजवा है सतवाना।
कहँ कबीर कोइ काम न अइहँ,
माटिक देह माटी मिलि जाना ॥4 ॥

139.**Kaa nar sovat moh nishaa mein...**

O, man! Why are you sleeping in the night of infatuation?
You are not awaking; the departing time has drawn nigh.

The first drumbeat is to growing of the grey hair,
The second is to be hard of hearing with the ear.
The third is to be short of seeing with the eyes,
The fourth is dropping down of the summon of death.

That does not obey the sane word of parents,
That does show haughtiness before the sane teachers.
That does not know how to mount the boat of righteousness,
That death has now exposed all his secrets.

When there was a call from the death in the town,
All the subjects got highly confounded and in frown.
When the preparation for the departure are in motion,
The breathing start hiding itself in the mid of mansion.

The mart is set in the town of love,
Where the holy Master is the dyer truthful.
Sayeth Kabir : No one will be of any use to you,
The body of clay is to merge into the clay then.

140.

काया बौरी चलत प्राण काहे रोई ॥टेक ॥

काया पाय बहुत सुख कीन्हों,
नित उठि मलि मलि धोई।
सो तन छिया छार होय जैहैं,
नाम ना लेहैं कोई ॥1 ॥

कहत प्राण सुन काया बौरी,
मोर तोर संग न होई।
तोहि अस मित्र बहुत हम त्यागा,
संग न लीन्हा कोई ॥2 ॥

लट छिटकाये माता रोवै,
खाट पकड़ के भाई।
आँगन बैठी तिरिया रोवै,
हंस अकेला जाई ॥3 ॥

शिव सनकादिक औ ब्रह्मादिक,
शेष सहस मुख होई।
जो जो जन्म लिया बसुधा में,
थिर न रहो है कोई ॥4 ॥

पाप पुण्य दोऊ जन्म संघाती,
समुझ देख नर लोई।
कहत कबीर अभिअंतर की गति,
जानत बिरला कोई ॥5 ॥

140.

Kaayaa baori chalat praan kaahe roee...

O, crazy body! Why wail at the departure of vital-breath?

Having assumed the body, you have enjoyed a lot,
Getting up every day, you wash, rubbing it well.
That body, worth abhorrence, will turn into ashes then,
There will be none to take its name even.

Saith breathings : O, crazy body! Just listen,
There is no lasting relation between you and me.
I have forsaken a number of friends like you,
I have never taken anyone along with me.

The mother weeps, scattering her open hair,
The brother weeps, catching hold of bedstead there.
The wife weeps, sitting in the courtyard there,
The swan departs all alone at last.

Shiva, Sanaka et cetera, and Brahma et cetera,
Maybe Shesha with one hundred mouths even.
Whoever has taken birth on this earth,
No one has stayed here permanently as such.

Virtue and vice—these two are the companions in life,
O, human folk! Reflect and perceive this very well.
Sayeth Kabir : The state of inner conscience,
Only a rare one knows well.

141.

खलक सब रैन का सपना,
समझ मन कोई नहीं अपना ॥टेक॥

कठिन है मोह की धारा,
बहा सब जात संसारा।
घड़ा जस नीर का फूटा,
पत्र ज्यों डार से टूटा ॥1॥

ऐसी नर जात जिन्दगानी,
अजहुँ तो चेत अभिमानी।
भुलो मति देखि तनु गोरा,
जगत में जीवना थोरा ॥2॥

सजन परिवार सुत दारा,
सभी इक रोज हूँ न्यारा।
निकस जब प्राण जावेगा,
नहीं कोई काम आवेगा ॥3॥

सदा जिन जानि यह देही,
लगा निज रूप से नेही।
कटे यम जाल की फाँसी,
कहै कब्बीर अविनाशी ॥4॥

141.

Khalak sab rain kaa sapanaa...

The whole world is but a night-dream,
O, mind! Know this well; none is your own! (Refrain)

Mighty is the current of attachment,
Entire world keeps on sweeping away.
As water from a broken pitcher leaks,
As a leaf from the branch sheds.

So is the life of a man short-lived,
Awake even now, O, arrogant!
Do not get misled to perceive your pretty body,
Life is but for a few days in this world.

Kin, son, wife and family members,
All are to be parted with once.
When you breathe your last,
None will be of any help to you then.

Do not take this body as everlasting,
Remain absorbed in your own Self.
Sayeth Kabir : By absorbing within eternal Self,
Noose of the web of passions will get loosened well.

142.

झीनी झीनी बीनी चदरिया ॥टेक॥

काहे के ताना काहे के भरनी,
कौन तार से बीनी चदरिया ॥१॥

इँगला पिंगला ताना भरनी,
सुषमन तार से बीनी चदरिया ॥२॥

आठ कमल दल चरखा डोलै,
पाँच तत्त्व गुण तीनी चदरिया ॥३॥

साई को बिनत मास दस लागे,
ठोक ठोक के बीनी चदरिया ॥४॥

सो चादर सुर नर मुनि ओढ़ी,
ओढ़ि के मैली कीनी चदरिया ॥५॥

दास कबीर जतन से ओढ़ी,
ज्यों की त्यों धर दीनी चदरिया ॥६॥

142.

Jheeni jheeni beeni chadariyaa...

Excellently subtle is weaved the coverlet. (Refrain)

With what warp, with what woof,
With what yarn is weaved the coverlet?

Of Ingla and Pingla, the warp and woof,
With the yarn of Sushmana is weaved the coverlet.

Spinning wheel of the eight-lotus-stem activates,
Of the five elements and the three attributes is the coverlet.

*Sai*¹ takes ten months to weave the frame,
With the stuffy care is weaved the coverlet.

Gods, men, munis put on that coverlet,
Those did put on, but soiled that coverlet.

Modest Kabir put it on with such a care,
As laid precisely the same, that coverlet.

143.

जोगी जन जागत रहिये भाई।
जागत रहिये चौकस रहिये,
चोर मूस न पाई ॥टेक ॥

तस्कर रहत साथ तेरे,
मन कंद्रप लेत चुराई।
चित के चले मन चले मुनिन के,
तन के चले ब्रत जाई ॥1 ॥

रस कस लेत चुराय नागिनि,
बुध जन करके खाई।
उखहिते छोई कर डारै,
नेकु न रहे मिठाई ॥2 ॥

शृंगी ऋषि बन भीतर लूटे,
ले गई संग लुगाई।
घृत पावक नर-नारि संग रहु,
बिरला जन ठहराई ॥4 ॥

जोगी जती तपी सब लूटै,
तिहुपुर फिरी दोहाई।
कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
मारत ढोल बजाई ॥4 ॥

143.

Jogi jan jaagat rahiye bhai...

O, ascetic folk! Keep on awaking, brothers.
Keep on awaking, remain vigilant enough,
Lest the thieves should thief your stuff. (Refrain)

Smuggler of lust dwells with you within,
That steals away your stuff within.
When the '*chitt*'¹ stirs, the mind reflects a lot,
When the body acts, the vow of continence is lost.

The serpent steals and squeezes the essence of peace,
That spares not and devours even the wise ones.
The sugarcane is crushed to the saplessness,
That remains devoid of even the least of sweetness.

That looted the rishi Shringi amidst the forest,
That took him to get wedded to a bride.
As butter nigh fire, so is the fate of man and woman together,
Only the rare of the rarest can escape the impact ever.

Jogis, Yatis, Tapis—all are looted,
That reigns supreme in the entire world.
Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
That dashes down openly, at the stroke of drumbeat.

144.

जागु जागु जंजाली जियरा,
 यह तो मेला हाट का।
 धोबी घर के कुत्ता होइहौ,
 नहिं घर के न घाट का॥टेक॥

खानिन भ्रमत अमित दुख पायो,
 मानुष तन यह हाथ का।
 माथे भार धर्यो ममता का,
 मानो घोड़ा भाँट का॥1॥

दुनिया दौलत माल खजाना,
 जामा दरकस पाट का।
 सोने रूप भंडार भरे हैं,
 धरा सन्दूखा काठ का॥2॥

मातु पिता सुत बन्धु सहोदर,
 कुटुम्ब कबीला ठाट का।
 अन्त की बेरिया चला अकेला,
 मानो बटोही बाट का॥3॥

आये सन्त आदर न कीन्हों,
 धन्धा किहो घर घाट का।
 कहहिं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
 भयो किरौना खाट का॥4॥

144.

Jagu jagu janjaali Jiyaraa...

Just awake, O, entangled Jivara!
 This is but a market place in a fair.
 One meets the fate of a dog of washerman's house,
 Who finds his sorry plight both at quay and house. (Refrain)

Wandering in species, you suffered boundless sorrow,
 This human form is at your hand now.
 Your have laden burden of attachment on your head,
 It is, as if, a hired horse.

You have worldly wealth, material and treasure,
 You have stored silken garments in boxes galore.
 You have acquired gold and silver in abundance,
 You have preserved those in the wooden boxes.

Mother, father, son, brother and kin too,
 Grandeur of family and community is with you.
 At the last moment, you will depart all alone,
 As a wayfarer from his path goes off alone.

Whenever a saint visited, you never welcomed,
 In domestic affairs, you were highly engrossed.
 Sayeth Kabir : Listen, O, brother saints!
 The form of a bedbug, such a one assumes.

145.

जब ते मन परतीत भई ॥टेक ॥

तब ते अवगुन छूटन लागे,
दिन दिन बाढ़त प्रीति नई ॥1 ॥

सुरति निरति मिलि ज्ञान जौहरी,
निरखि परखि निज बस्तु लई।
थोड़ी बनिज बहुत है बाढ़ी,
उपजन लागे लाल मई ॥2 ॥

अगम निगम तू खोज निरंतर,
सत्त नाम गुरुमूल दई।
कहैं कबीर साधु की संगति,
हुति विकार सो छूट गयी ॥3 ॥

145.

Jab te man parateet bhace...

The time, self-confidence has started nourishing within mind.

The vices have been redressing right since then,
Day by day, the blooming love has started fostering thence.

When wise connoisseur absorbs his *Nirat*¹ within the *Surat*,²
He attains the Self-essence, introspecting and sifting the same.
Even with a little wealth³, the trade increases much⁴,
The precious rubies start multiplying.

You continue searching in the Inaccessible Vedas and scriptures,
The holy spiritual Master has revealed truth, the Self-essence.
Sayeth Kabir : Through association of the discreet saints,
Whatever vices he had, have all been redressed since.

1. Proclivity. 2. Soul, the Self. 3. Holy association. 4. spiritual upliftment.

146.

संतो सो सदगुरु मोहि भावै,
 जो आवागमन मिटावै।
 डोलत डिगे न बोलत बिसरे,
 अस उपदेश सुनावै ॥१॥टेक ॥

बिन भ्रम हठ क्रिया से न्यारा,
 सहज समाधि लगावै।
 द्वार न रोके पवन न रोके,
 ना अनहद उरझावै ॥१॥

ये मन जहाँ जाय तहाँ निर्भय,
 समता से ठहरावै।
 कर्म करे और रहे अकर्मि,
 ऐसी युक्ति बतावै ॥२॥

सदा आनंद फंद से न्यारा,
 भोग में योग सिखावै।
 तज धरती आकाश अघर में,
 प्रेम मडैया छावै ॥३॥

ज्ञान सरोवर शुन्य शिलापर,
 आसन अचल जमावै।
 कहैं कबीर सतगुरु सोइ साँचा,
 घट में अलख लखावै ॥४॥

146.

Santo so Sadguru mohi bhaavai...

O, saints! Only that holy Master contents me,
 Who erases the circle of transmigration.
 While rambling, I may not wobble; while conversing, may not forget,
 May holy Master impart such sermons to me in all respects!

Let me not sustain any delusion nor involve in 'Hathayogic' practice,
 Let me remain fully absorbed in the spontaneous spiritual trance.
 Such a one has not to shut the doors nor even restrain breath,
 Nor get ravelled up within the Unstruck Sound.

Wherever the mind proceeds, it should remain dauntless,
 It needs be stabilised within the equanimity ever.
 One may perform deeds but should remain non-performer,
 Such an adept device, the holy Master has manifested.

One should ever remain beyond the web of sense pleasures,
 The Master teaches yoga of continence even within sense pleasures.
 Then going beyond mundane level, he ascends the firmament sphere,
 He erects the cottage of the Self-gratification to repose there.

There lies a divine slab of void in the pool of knowledge,
 He establishes thereon, his ever-steady seat of the Self-trance.
 Saith Kabir : Only that is the true holy Master,
 Who manifests the Invisible Self within the body itself.

147.

मेरा तेरा मनुवा कैसे एक होई रे ॥टेक॥

मैं कहता हों आंखन देखी,
तू कहता कागद की लेखी।
मैं कहता सुरझावनहारी,
तू राख्यो उरझाई रे ॥1॥

मैं कहता कि जागत रहियो,
तू रहता है सोई रे।
मैं कहता निर्मोही रहियो,
तू जाता है मोई रे ॥2॥

जुगन जुगन समझावत हारा,
कही न मानत कोई रे।
तू तो रण्डी फिरै बिहण्डी,
सब धन डारे खोई रे ॥3॥

सद्गुरु धारा निर्मल आहै,
वामें काया धोई रे।
कहत कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
तब ही वैसा होई रे ॥4॥

147.

Meraa teraa manuvaa kaise ek hoe re...

How can my mind and yours be one and the same! (Refrain)

I say, what I perceive;
You say as written on paper,
I speak of reasoning,
You keep on ever tangling.

I say, keep on awaking,
You keep on drowsing,
I say, keep unattached yourself,
You keep attaching yourself.

Tired of persuading from ages,
My version none has heeded,
Roaming unruly after harlots,
All your wealth has been lost.

Crystal stream of Master does flow;
Wash your body there within.
Sayeth Kabir, listen, O, brother saints,
Only then you become exactly so.

148.

परम प्रभु अपने ही उर पायो।
 जुगन जुगन की मिटी कल्पना,
 सदगुरु भेद बतायो ॥टेक ॥

जैसे कुँवरि कण्ठ मणि भूषण,
 जान्यो कहूँ गमायो।
 काहू सखी ने आय बतायो,
 मन को भरम नशायो ॥१ ॥

ज्यों तिरिया स्वपने सुत खोयो,
 जानि कै जिय अकुलायो।
 जागि परी पलंगा पर पायो,
 न कहूँ गयो न आयो ॥२ ॥

मिरगा पास बसे कस्तूरी,
 दूँढत बन बन धायो।
 उलटि सुगन्ध नाभि की लीनी,
 स्थिर होय सकुचायो ॥३ ॥

कहैं कबीर भई है वह गति,
 ज्यों गूँगे गुर खायो।
 ताका स्वाद कहै कहु कैसे,
 मन ही मन मुसकायो ॥४ ॥

148.

Param prabhu apane hee ur paayo...

I have attained the Supreme Lord within my own heart.
 Ideation of the ages together has been undone now,
 As the holy preceptor has revealed this secret to me now. (Refrain)

As a necklace bejeweled with the gems of a beautiful damsel,
 Under delusion, she thought to have lost it somewhere else.
 One of her friends came, saw and unfolded the truth,
 Mental delusion for the loss then got effaced forthwith.

As a woman lost her son in her dream,
 Believing this, she suffered the pangs of separation deep.
 Startlingly she woke up, found her son sleeping on cushion there,
 He was lost nowhere, nor did he come from anywhere.

The musk lies within the musk-deer himself,
 He keeps on searching gushingly, from forest to forest itself.
 Perchance, as if, he could smell in his navel, the fragrance,
 He realised, felt shy and became steady at once.

Sayeth Kabir : Same is the state of the Self-realisation,
 As relishes the molasses, a dumb person.
 How can he narrate the experience of that taste?
 He feels delighted within his own heart.

149.

बन्दे जागो अब भइ भोर ॥टेक॥

बहुतक सोये जनम सिराये,
इहाँ नहीं कोइ तोर ॥१॥

लोभ मोह हंकार तिरिसना,
संग है लीन्हे चोर ॥२॥

पछितावहुगे आदि अंत ले,
जइहौ कवनी ओर ॥३॥

बार बार समझाय दिखाऊँ,
कहा न माने मोर ॥४॥

कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
धृग जीवन जग तोर ॥५॥

149.**Bande jago ab bhai bhor...**

O, bondman! Awake, it is now the advent of dawn.¹ (Refrain)

You have slept a long,² and lost the lives numerous,
Here, none is your own and nothing is yours.

Greed, attachment, pride and passion,
You have taken together these thieves often.

You will have to repent from beginning till end,
What way will you rush forth, for your rescue then?

Time and again, I have endeavoured to persuade you,
You pay no heed to my monition and view.

Sayeth Kabir : O, brother saints! Listen,
Fie upon your this existence mundane!

1. Light of knowledge in human frame. 2. In the illusory attachment.

150.

अपने घट में दियना बारू रे ॥टेक॥

घट के भीतर बहुत अंधेरा,
ब्रह्म अग्नि उजियारू रे ॥1॥

जगमग जोत निहारू मन्दिर में,
तन मन धन सब भारू रे ॥2॥

झूठी जान जगत की आशा,
बारंबार बिसारू रे ॥3॥

कहैं कबीर सुनो भाई साधो,
आपन काज सँवारू रे ॥4॥

150.**Apane ghat mein diyanaa baru re.**

O, kindle the lamp of knowledge within your heart. (Refrain)

The pithy darkness pervades the heart within,
Kindle the fire of Brahm, the Self-awareness within.

Perceive the glowing light within the temple of your heart,
The body, mind and wealth, all will appear a burden.

Know as false, the mundane aspiration,
Keep on falsifying the same ever and anon.

sSayeth Kabir: O, brother saints! Listen,
Accomplish your own task¹ within.

1. Self-benediction.

151.

अल्लाह राम जियो तेरी नाँई,
जिन्ह पर मेहर होहु तुम साँई ॥1 ॥

क्या मुण्डी भूईं शिर नाये,
क्या जल देह नहाये ॥2 ॥

खून करे मिस्कीन कहाये,
अवगुण रहे छिपाये ॥3 ॥

क्या वजू जप मंजन कीये,
क्या महजिद शिर नाये ॥4 ॥

हृदया कपट निमाज गुजारे,
क्या हज मक्के जाये ॥5 ॥

हिन्दू बरत एकादशी चौबीस,
तीस रोजा मुसलमाना ॥6 ॥

ग्यारह मास कहो किन टारे,
एक महीना आना ॥7 ॥

जो खुदाय महजीद बसतु है,
और मुलुक केहि केरा ॥8 ॥

तीरथ मूरत राम निवासी,
दुइमा किनहुँ न हेरा ॥9 ॥

पूरब दिशा हरी को बासा,
पश्चिम अल्लह मुकामा ॥10 ॥

दिल में खोजि दिलहि माँ खोजो,
इहै करीमा रामा ॥11 ॥

151.

Allah and Rama are the Jivas like thee,
Whomsoever you become kind, God becomes he.

Why bow your head down to the earth?
Why bathe your body deep in the water?

He kills, yet is called humble indeed,
He hides his vices and misdeeds.

What use of abulations, and repeating names?
What use of kneeling down, in the mosques then.

Preserving deceit in heart, one offers prayers,
What gain by visiting Mecca pilgrimage?

The Hindus observe twenty-four **Ekadashi** fasts,
The Muslims observe thirty '**Roza**' fasts,

Say, who has segregated eleven months as unholy,
Marking only the one month as holy.

Only in he mosque, if God dwells,
The rest of the world, then who owns?

If Rama resides in pilgrimages and images,
Neither of the two, searched the realities.

Hari's dwelling is in the east,
Allah's abode is in the west,

Seek in the heart and in the heart alone,
There abides **Karima Rama** alone.

वेद कितेब कहा किन झूठा,
झूठा जो न विचारे ॥१२ ॥

सब घट एक एक कै लेखे,
भय दूजा के मारे ॥१३ ॥

जेते औरत मर्द उपाने,
सो सब रूप तुम्हारा ॥१४ ॥

कबीर पोंगरा अल्लह राम का,
सो गुरु पीर हमारा ॥१५ ॥

Who says, the Vedas and Kiteb contain lies?
Liar is he, who ponders not wise.

One should perceive the same, in all the bodies,
He should be afraid of killing the others.

Whatever women and men are born,
They are all, thy own form.

Kabir says : All the messengers and sons of Allah and Rama,
They are all venerable to us, like **Pir** and **Guru**.

KABIR PARAKH SANSTHAN
SOME ENGLISH LITERATURE

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Kabir Bijak (Commentary)

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Kabir Amritvani

Life and Philosophy of Kabir

Eternal Life

Art of Human Behaviour

Who am I?

What is Life?

KABIR PARAKH SANSTHAN

Sant Kabir Marg, Pritam Nagar, Allahabad-211011