dure? If there be ignorance, then knowledge must die.
If there be lust, how can love be there?
Where there is love, there is no lust.

Lay hold on your sword, and join in the fight. Fight, O my brother, as long as life lasts.
Strike off your enemy's head, and there make an end of him quickly: then come, and bow your head at your King's Durbar.
He who is brave, never forsakes the battle: he who flies from it is no true fighter.
In the field of this body a great war goes forward, against passion, anger, pride, and greed:
It is in the kingdom of truth, contentment and purity, that this battle is raging; and the sword that rings forth most loudly is the sword of His Name.
Kabir says: "When a brave knight takes the field, a host of cowards is put to flight. It is a hard fight and a weary one, this fight of the truth-seeker: for the vow of the truth-seeker is more hard than that of the warrior, or of the widowed wife who would follow her husband. For the warrior fights for a few hours, and the widow's struggle with death is soon ended: But the truth-seeker's battle goes on day and night, as long as life lasts it never ceases."

XXXVIII
I. 50. bhram kā tālā lagā mahal re

The lock of error shuts the gate, open it with the key of love: Thus, by opening the door, thou shalt wake the Beloved.
Kabir says: "O brother! do not pass by such good fortune as this."

XXXIX

I. 59. sādho, yah tan ṭhāṭh tanvure kā O FRIEND! this body is His lyre; He tightens its strings, and draws from it the melody of Brahma. If the strings snap and the keys slacken, then to dust must this instrument of dust return: Kabir says: "None but Brahma can evoke its melodies."

XL

I. 65. avadhū bhūle ko ghar lāwe

HE is dear to me indeed who can call back the wanderer to his home. In the home is the true union, in the home is enjoyment of life: why should I forsake my home and wander in the forest?
If Brahma helps me to realize truth, verily I will find both bondage and deliverance in home.
He is dear to me indeed who has power to dive deep into Brahma; whose mind loses itself with ease in His contemplation.
He is dear to me who knows Brahma, and can dwell on His supreme truth in meditation; and who can play the melody of the Infinite by uniting love and renunciation in life.
Kabir says: "The home is the abiding place; in the home is reality; the home helps to attain Him Who is real. So stay where you are, and all things shall come to you in time."

XLI

I. 76. *santo, sahaj samādhi bhalī*

O SADHU! the simple union is the best.
Since the day when I met with my
Lord, there has been no end to
the sport of our love.

I shut not my eyes, I close not my ears,
I do not mortify my body;
I see with eyes open and smile, and
behold His beauty everywhere:
I utter His Name, and whatever I see,
it reminds me of Him; whatever
I do, it becomes His worship.
The rising and the setting are one to
me; all contradictions are solved.
Wherever I go, I move round Him,
All I achieve is His service:
When I lie down, I lie prostrate at His
feet.

He is the only adorable one to me: I
have none other.

My tongue has left off impure words,
it sings His glory day and night:
Whether I rise or sit down, I can never
forget Him; for the rhythm of
His music beats in my ears.
Kabir says: "My heart is frenzied, and I disclose in my soul what is hidden. I am immersed in that one great bliss which transcends all pleasure and pain."

XLII

I. 79. *tīrath men to sab pānī hai*

**THERE** is nothing but water at the holy bathing places; and I know that they are useless, for I have bathed in them.

The images are all lifeless, they cannot speak; I know, for I have cried aloud to them.

The *Purana* and the *Koran* are mere words; lifting up the curtain, I have seen.

Kabir gives utterance to the words of experience; and he knows very well that all other things are untrue.
XLIII

I. 82. pānī vic mīn piyāsī

LAUGH when I hear that the fish
in, the water is thirsty:
You do not see that the Real is in your
home, and you wander from forest
to forest listlessly!
Here is the truth! Go where you will,
to Benares or to Mathura; if you
do not find your soul, the world is
unreal to you.

XLIV

I. 93. gagan math gaib nisān gađe

THE Hidden Banner is planted in
the temple of the sky; there the
blue canopy decked with the moon
and set with bright jewels is spread.
There the light of the sun and the
moon is shining: still your mind
to silence before that splendour.
Kabir says: "He who has drunk of this nectar, wanders like one who is mad."

XLV

I. 97. sādho, ko hai kānh se āyo

WHO are you, and whence do you come?
Where dwells that Supreme Spirit, and how does He have His sport with all created things?
The fire is in the wood; but who awakens it suddenly? Then it turns to ashes, and where goes the force of the fire?
The true guru teaches that He has neither limit nor infinitude.
Kabir says: "Brahma suits His language to the understanding of His hearer."
XLVI

I. 98. sādho, sahajai kāyā sodho

O SADHU! purify your body in the simple way.
As the seed is within the banyan tree, and within the seed are the flowers, the fruits, and the shade:
So the germ is within the body, and within that germ is the body again.
The fire, the air, the water, the earth, and the aether; you cannot have these outside of Him.
O Kazi, O Pundit, consider it well: what is there that is not in the soul?
The water-filled pitcher is placed upon water, it has water within and without.
It should not be given a name, lest it call forth the error of dualism.
Kabir says: "Listen to the Word, the Truth, which is your essence. He
speaks the Word to Himself; and He Himself is the Creator.”

XLVII

I. 102. *tarvar ek mūl vin ṭhāḍā*

There is a strange tree, which stands without roots and bears fruits without blossoming; It has no branches and no leaves, it is lotus all over.

Two birds sing there; one is the Guru, and the other the disciple:
The disciple chooses the manifold fruits of life and tastes them, and the Guru beholds him in joy.

What Kabir says is hard to understand:
“The bird is beyond seeking, yet it is most clearly visible. The Formless is in the midst of all forms. I sing the glory of forms.”
XLVIII

I. 107. *calat mansā acal kīnhī*

I HAVE stilled my restless mind, and my heart is radiant: for in That-ness I have seen beyond That-ness, in company I have seen the Comrade Himself.

Living in bondage, I have set myself free: I have broken away from the clutch of all narrowness.

Kabir says: “I have attained the unattainable, and my heart is coloured with the colour of love.”

XLIX

I. 105. *jo dīsai, so to hai nāhīn*

THAT which you see is not: and for that which is, you have no words. Unless you see, you believe not: what is told you you cannot accept.

He who is discerning knows by the word; and the ignorant stands gaping.
Some contemplate the Formless, and others meditate on form: but the wise man knows that Brahma is beyond both. That beauty of His is not seen of the eye: that metre of His is not heard of the ear.

Kabir says: "He who has found both love and renunciation never descends to death."

L

I. 126. *muralī bajat akhaṇḍ sadāye*

THE flute of the Infinite is played without ceasing, and its sound is love:

When love renounces all limits, it reaches truth.

How widely the fragrance spreads! It has no end, nothing stands in its way.

The form of this melody is bright like
a million suns: incomparably
sounds the vina, the vina of the
notes of truth.

LI

I. 129. sakhiyo, ham hūn bhāī rāla-
māśī

DEAR friend, I am eager to meet
my Beloved! My youth has
flowered, and the pain of separa-
tion from Him troubles my breast.
I am wandering yet in the alleys of
knowledge without purpose, but I
have received His news in these
alleys of knowledge.

I have a letter from my Beloved: in
this letter is an unutterable mes-
' sage, and now my fear of death is
done away.

Kabir says: “O my loving friend! I
have got for my gift the Deathless
One.”
LII

I. 130. sāīn vin dard kare je hoy

When I am parted from my Beloved, my heart is full of misery: I have no comfort in the day, I have no sleep in the night. To whom shall I tell my sorrow?

The night is dark; the hours slip by. Because my Lord is absent, I start up and tremble with fear.

Kabir says: “Listen, my friend! there is no other satisfaction, save in the encounter with the Beloved.”

LIII

I. 122. kaum muralī śabd śun ānand bhayo

What is that flute whose music thrills me with joy?
The flame burns without a lamp;
The lotus blossoms without a root;
Flowers bloom in clusters;  
The moon-bird is devoted to the moon;  
With all its heart the rain-bird longs for the shower of rain;  
But upon whose love does the Lover concentrate His entire life?

LIV

I. 112. ṣuntā nahī dhun kī khabar

HAVE you not heard the tune which the Unstruck Music is playing? In the midst of the chamber the harp of joy is gently and sweetly played; and where is the need of going without to hear it?

If you have not drunk of the nectar of that One Love, what boots it though you should purge yourself of all stains?

The Kazi is searching the words of the Koran, and instructing others:
but if his heart be not steeped in that love, what does it avail, though he be a teacher of men?
The Yogi dyes his garments with red: but if he knows naught of that colour of love, what does it avail though his garments be tinted?
Kabir says: “Whether I be in the temple or the balcony, in the camp or in the flower garden, I tell you truly that every moment my Lord is taking His delight in me.”

LV
I. 73. bhakti kā mārag jhīnā re

SUBTLE is the path of love! Therein there is no asking and no not-asking,
There one loses one’s self at His feet,
There one is immersed in the joy of the seeking: plunged in the deeps of love as the fish in the water.
The lover is never slow in offering his head for his Lord’s service.
Kabir declares the secret of this love.

LVI

I. 68. *bhāī kōī satguru sant kahāwai*

*HE* is the real Sadhu, who can reveal the form of the Formless to the vision of these eyes:
Who teaches the simple way of attaining Him, that is other than rites or ceremonies:
Who does not make you close the doors, and hold the breath, and renounce the world:
Who makes you perceive the Supreme Spirit wherever the mind attaches itself:
Who teaches you to be still in the midst of all your activities.
Ever immersed in bliss, having no fear
in his mind, he keeps the spirit of
union in the midst of all enjoy-
ments.

The infinite dwelling of the Infinite
Being is everywhere: in earth,
water, sky, and air:
Firm as the thunderbolt, the seat of
the seeker is established above the
void.
He who is within is without: I see
Him and none else.

LVII

I. 66. *sādho, šabd sādhnā kījai*

RECEIVE that Word from which
the Universe springeth!
That word is the Guru; I have heard
it, and become the disciple.
How many are there who know the
meaning of that word?

O Sadhu! practise that Word!
The Vēdas and the Puranas proclaim it,
The world is established in it,
The Rishis and devotees speak of it:
But none knows the mystery of the Word.
The householder leaves his house when he hears it,
The ascetic comes back to love when he hears it,
The Six Philosophies expound it,
The Spirit of Renunciation points to that Word,
From that Word the world-form has sprung,
That Word reveals all.
Kabir says: "But who knows whence the Word cometh?"

LVIII

I. 63. pīle pyālā, ho matwālā

EMPTY the Cup! O be drunken!
Drink the divine nectar of His Name!
Kabir says: "Listen to me, dear Sadhu!

SONGS OF KABIR
From the sole of the foot to the crown of the head this mind is filled with poison."

LIX

I. 52. *khasm na cīnhai bāwārī*

O MAN, if thou dost not know thine own Lord, whereof art thou so proud?
Put thy cleverness away: mere words shall never unite thee to Him.
Do not deceive thyself with the witness of the Scriptures:
Love is something other than this, and he who has sought it truly has found it.

LX

I. 56. *sukh sindh kī sair kā*

THE savour of wandering in the ocean of deathless life has rid me of all my asking:
As the tree is in the seed, so all diseases are in this asking.

LXI

I. 48. *sukh sāgar men āike*

WHEN at last you are come to the ocean of happiness, do not go back thirsty.
Wake, foolish man! for Death stalks you. Here is pure water before you; drink it at every breath.
Do not follow the mirage on foot, but thirst for the nectar;
Dhruva, Prahlad, and Shukadeva have drunk of it, and also Raidas has tasted it:
The saints are drunk with love, their thirst is for love.
Kabir says: "Listen to me, brother! The nest of fear is broken.
Not for a moment have you come face to face with the world:
You are weaving your bondage of falsehood, your words are full of deception:
With the load of desires which you hold on your head, how can you be light?"
Kabir says: "Keep within you truth, detachment, and love."

LXII

I. 35. sātī ko kaun śikhāwtā hai

WHO has ever taught the widowed wife to burn herself on the pyre of her dead husband?
And who has ever taught love to find bliss in renunciation?

LXIII

I. 39. are man, dhīraj kāhe na dharai

WHY so impatient, my heart?
He who watches over birds, beasts, and insects,
SONGS OF KABIR

He who cared for you whilst you were yet in your mother’s womb,
Shall He not care for you now that you are come forth?
Oh my heart, how could you turn from the smile of your Lord and wander so far from Him?
You have left your Beloved and are thinking of others: and this is why all your work is in vain.

LXIV

I. 117.  sāīn se lagan kūthīn hai, bhāī

HOW hard it is to meet my Lord!
The rain-bird wails in thirst for the rain: almost she dies of her longing, yet she would have none other water than the rain.
Drawn by the love of music, the deer moves forward: she dies as she listens to the music, yet she shrinks not in fear.
The widowed wife sits by the body of her dead husband: she is not afraid of the fire.
Put away all fear for this poor body.

LXV

I. 22. jab main bhūlā, re bhāi

O BROTHER! when I was forgetful, my true Guru showed me the Way.
Then I left off all rites and ceremonies,
I bathed no more in the holy water:
Then I learned that it was I alone who was mad, and the whole world beside me was sane; and I had disturbed these wise people.
From that time forth I knew no more how to roll in the dust in obeisance:
I do not ring the temple bell:
I do not set the idol on its throne:
I do not worship the image with flowers.
It is not the austerities that mortify the flesh which are pleasing to the Lord,
When you leave off your clothes and kill your senses, you do not please the Lord:
The man who is kind and who practises righteousness, who remains passive amidst the affairs of the world, who considers all creatures on earth as his own self,
He attains the Immortal Being, the true God is ever with him.
Kabir says: "He attains the true Name whose words are pure, and who is free from pride and conceit."

LXVI

I. 20. man na raṅgāye

The Yogi dyes his garments, instead of dyeing his mind in the colours of love:
He sits within the temple of the Lord, leaving Brahma to worship a stone.
He pierces holes in his ears, he has a great beard and matted locks, he looks like a goat:
He goes forth into the wilderness, killing all his desires, and turns himself into an eunuch:
He shaves his head and dyes his garments; he reads the Gita and becomes a mighty talker.
Kabir says: "You are going to the doors of death, bound hand and foot!"

LXVII

I. 9.  na jāne sāhab kaisā hai

I do not know what manner of God is mine.
The Mullah cries aloud to Him: and why? Is your Lord deaf? The subtle anklets that ring on the
feet of an insect when it moves are heard of Him.
Tell your beads, paint your forehead with the mark of your God, and wear matted locks long and showy: but a deadly weapon is in your heart, and how shall you have God?

LXVIII

III. 102. *ham se rahā na jāy*

I hear the melody of His flute, and I cannot contain myself:
The flower blooms, though it is not spring; and already the bee has received its invitation.
The sky roars and the lightning flashes, the waves arise in my heart.
The rain falls; and my heart longs for my Lord.
Where the rhythm of the world rises and falls, thither my heart has reached:
There the hidden banners are fluttering in the air.
Kabir says: "My heart is dying, though it lives."

LXIX

III. 2. jo khodā masjid vasat hai

If God be within the mosque, then to whom does this world belong? If Ram be within the image which you find upon your pilgrimage, then who is there to know what happens without?

Hari is in the East: Allah is in the West. Look within your heart, for there you will find both Karim and Ram;

All the men and women of the world are His living forms.

Kabir is the child of Allah and of Ram: He is my Guru, He is my Pir.
LXX

III. 9. śīl santosh sadā samadrīṣhti

HE who is meek and contented, he who has an equal vision, whose mind is filled with the fullness of acceptance and of rest;
He who has seen Him and touched Him, he is freed from all fear and trouble.
To him the perpetual thought of God is like sandal paste smeared on the body, to him nothing else is delight:
His work and his rest are filled with music: he sheds abroad the radiance of love.
Kabir says: "Touch His feet, who is one and indivisible, immutable and peaceful; who fills all vessels to the brim with joy, and whose form is love."
III. 13. sādh sangat pītam

Go thou to the company of the good, where the Beloved One has His dwelling place:
Take all thy thoughts and love and instruction from thence.
Let that assembly be burnt to ashes where His Name is not spoken!
Tell me, how couldst thou hold a wedding-feast, if the bridegroom himself were not there?
Waver no more, think only of the Beloved;
Set not thy heart on the worship of other gods, there is no worth in the worship of other masters.
Kabir deliberates and says: "Thus thou shalt never find the Beloved!"
LXXII

III. 26. *tor hīrā hirāilwā kācaḍ men*

The jewel is lost in the mud, and all are seeking for it;
Some look for it in the east, and some in the west; some in the water and some amongst stones.
But the servant Kabir has appraised it at its true value, and has wrapped it with care in the end of the mantle of his heart.

LXXIII

III. 26. *āyau din gaune kā ho*

The palañquin came to take me away to my husband’s home, and it sent through my heart a thrill of joy;
But the bearers have brought me into the lonely forest, where I have no one of my own.
O bearers, I entreat you by your feet, wait but a moment longer: let me go back to my kinsmen and friends, and take my leave of them.

The servant Kabir sings: “O Śadhu! finish your buying and selling, have done with your good and your bad: for there are no markets and no shops in the land to which you go.”

LXXIV

III. 30. _are dil, prem nagar kā 'ant na pūyā_

O MY heart! you have not known all the secrets of this city of love: in ignorance you came, and in ignorance you return.

O my friend, what have you done with this life? You have taken on your head the burden heavy with stones, and who is to lighten it for you?"
Your Friend stands on the other shore, but you never think in your mind how you may meet with Him:
The boat is broken, and yet you sit ever upon the bank; and thus you are beaten to no purpose by the wayes.
The servant Kabir asks you to consider; who is there that shall befriend you at the last?
You are alone, you have no companion: you will suffer the consequences of your own deeds.

LXXV

III. 55. \textit{ved kahe sargun ke age}

THE Vedas say that the Unconditioned stands beyond the world of Conditions.
O woman, what does it avail thee to dispute whether He is beyond all or in all?
See thou everything as thine own dwelling place: the mist of pleasure and pain can never spread there. There Brahma is revealed day and night: there light is His garment, light is His seat, light rests on thy head.

Kabir says: "The Master, who is true, He is all light."

LXXVI

III. 48. \textit{tū surat nain nihār}

Open your eyes of love, and see Him who pervades this world! consider it well, and know that this is your own country. ' When you meet the true Guru, He will awaken your heart; He will tell you the secret of love and detachment, and then you will know indeed that He transcends this universe.
This world is the City of Truth, its maze of paths enchants the heart:
We can reach the goal without crossing the road, such is the sport unending.
Where the ring of manifold joys ever dances about Him, there is the sport of Eternal Bliss.
When we know this, then all our receiving and renouncing is over;
Thenceforth the heat of having shall never scorch us more.

He is the Ultimate Rest unbounded:
He has spread His form of love throughout all the world.
From that Ray which is Truth, streams of new forms are perpetually springing:
and He pervades those forms.
All the gardens and groves and bowers are abounding with blossom; and the air breaks forth into ripples of joy.
There the swan plays a wonderful game,
There the Unstruck Music eddies around the Infinite One;
There in the midst the Throne of the Unheld is shining, whereon the great Being sits —
Millions of suns are shamed by the radiance of a single hair of His body.
On the harp of the road what true melodics are being sounded! and its notes pierce the heart:
There the Eternal Fountain is playing its endless life-streams of birth and death.
They call Him Emptiness who is the Truth of truths, in Whom all truths are stored!

There within Him creation goes forward, which is beyond all philosophy; for philosophy cannot attain to Him:
There is an endless world, O my Brother! and there is the Nameless Being, of whom naught can be said.

Only he knows it who has reached that region: it is other than all that is heard and said.

No form, no body, no length, no breadth is seen there: how can I tell you that which it is?

He comes to the Path of the Infinite on whom the grace of the Lord descends: he is freed from births and deaths who attains to Him.

Kabir says: “It cannot be told by the words of the mouth, it cannot be written on paper:

It is like a dumb person who tastes a sweet thing — how shall it be explained?”
LXXVII

III. 60. cal hamsā wā des jahān

O MY heart! let us go to that country where dwells the Beloved, the ravisher of my heart!
There Love is filling her pitcher from the well, yet she has no rope whereby to draw water;
There the clouds do not cover the sky, yest the rain falls down in gentle showers:
O bodiless one! do not sit on your doorstep; go forth and bathe yourself in that rain!
There it is ever moonlight and never dark; and who speaks of one sun only? that land is illuminate with the rays of a million suns.
KABIR says: "O Sadhu! hear my deathless words. If you want your own good, examine and consider them well.

You have estranged yourself from the Creator, of whom you have sprung: you have lost your reason, you have bought death.

All doctrines and all teachings are sprung from Him, from Him they grow: know this for certain, and have no fear.

Hear from me the tidings of this great truth!

Whose name do you sing, and on whom do you meditate? O, come forth from this entanglement!

He dwells at the heart of all things, so why take refuge in empty desolation?
If you place the Guru at a distance from you, then it is but the distance that you honour:
If indeed the Master be far away, then who is it else that is creating this world?
When you think that He is not here, then you wander further and further away, and seek Him in vain with tears.
Where He is far off, there He is unattainable: where He is near, He is very bliss.
Kabir says: "Lest His servant should suffer pain He pervades him through and through."
Know yourself then, O Kabir; for He is in you from head to foot.
Sing with gladness, and keep your seat unmoved within your heart.
LXXIX

III. 66. nā maṁ dharmī nahīn adharmī

I am neither pious nor ungodly,
I live neither by law nor by sense,
I am neither a speaker nor hearer,
I am neither a servant nor master,
I am neither bond nor free,
I am neither detached nor attached.
I am far from none: I am near to none.
I shall go neither to hell nor to heaven.
I do all works; yet I am apart from all works.
Few comprehend my meaning: he who can comprehend it, he sits unmoved.
Kabir seeks neither to establish nor to destroy.
LXXX

III. 69. **satta nām hai sab ten nyārā**

The true Name is like none other name!

The distinction of the Conditioned from the Unconditioned is but a word:

The Unconditioned is the seed, the Conditioned is the flower and the fruit.

Knowledge is the branch, and the Name is the root.

Look, and see where the root is: happiness shall be yours when you come to the root.

The root will lead you to the branch, the leaf, the flower, and the fruit:

It is the encounter with the Lord, it is the attainment of bliss, it is the reconciliation of the Conditioned and the Unconditioned.
LXXXI

III. 74. pratham ek jo āpai āp

In the beginning was He alone, sufficient unto Himself: the formless, colourless, and unconditioned Being.

Then was there, neither beginning, middle, nor end;
Then were no eyes, no darkness, no light;
Then were no ground, air, nor sky; no fire, water, nor earth; no rivers like the Ganges and the Jumna, no seas, oceans, and waves.
Then was neither vice nor virtue; scriptures there were not, as the Vedas and Puranas, nor as the Koran.

Kabir ponders in his mind and says, “Then was there no activity: the Supreme Being remained merged in the unknown depths of His own self.”
The Guru neither eats nor drinks, neither lives nor dies:
Neither has He form, line, colour, nor vesture.
He who has neither caste nor clan nor anything else — how may I describe His glory?
He has neither form nor formlessness,
He has no name,
He has neither colour nor colourlessness,
He has no dwelling-place.

LXXXII

III. 76. kahain Kabir vicār ke

KABIR ponders and says: “He who has neither caste nor country, who is formless and without quality, fills all space.”
The Creator brought into being the Game of Joy: and from the word Om the Creation sprang.
The earth is His joy; His joy is the sky;
His joy is the flashing of the sun and the moon;
His joy is the beginning, the middle, and the end;
His joy is eyes, darkness, and light.
Oceans and waves are His joy: His joy the Sarasvati, the Jumna, and the Ganges.
The Guru is One: and life and death, union and separation, are all His plays of joy!
His play the land and water, the whole universe!
His play the earth and the sky!
In play is the Creation spread out, in play it is established. The whole world, says Kabir, rests in His play, yet still the Player remains unknown.
LXXXIII

III. 84. *jhi jhi jantar bājai*

THE harp gives forth murmurous music; and the dance goes on without hands and feet.

It is played without fingers, it is heard without ears: for He is the ear, and He is the listener.

The gate is locked, but within there is fragrance: and there the meeting is seen of none.

The wise shall understand it.

LXXXIV

III. 89. *mor phakīrwā māngī jāy*

THE Beggar goes a-begging, but I could not even catch sight of Him:

And what shall I beg of the Beggar?

He gives without my asking.

Kabir says: “I am His own: now let that befall which may befall!”
LXXXV

III. 90. *naihar se jiyarā phāṭ re*

My heart cries aloud for the house of my lover; the open road and the shelter of a roof are all one to her, who has lost the city of her husband.

My heart finds no joy in anything: my mind and my body are distraught.

His palace has a million gates, but there is a vast ocean between it and me:

How shall I cross it, O friend? for endless is the outstretching of the path.

How wondrously this lyre is wrought!

When its strings are rightly strung, it maddens the heart: but when the keys are broken and the strings are loosened, none regard it more.

I tell my parents with laughter that I must go to my Lord in the morning;
They are angry, for they do not want me to go, and they say: "She thinks she has gained such dominion over her husband that she can have whatsoever she wishes; and therefore she is impatient to go to him."

Dear friend, lift my veil lightly now; for this is the night of love.

Kabir says: "Listen to me! My heart is eager to meet my lover: I lie sleepless upon my bed. Remember me early in the morning!"

LXXXVI.

III. 96. jīv.mahal men Śiv pahunwā

SERVE your God, who has come into this temple of life!

Do not act the part of a madman, for the night is thickening fast.

He has awaited me for countless ages,
for love of me He has lost His heart:
Yet I did not know the bliss that was so near to me, for my love was not yet awake.
But now, my Lover has made known to me the meaning of the note that struck my ear:
Now, my good fortune is come.
Kabir says: "Behold! how great is my good fortune! I have received the unending caress of my Beloved!"

LXXXVII

I. 71. gagan ghatā ghaharānī, sādho

CLOUDS thicken in the sky! O, listen to the deep voice of their roaring;
The rain comes from the east with its monotonous murmur.
Take care of the fences and boundaries
of your fields, lest the rains overflow them; Prepare the soil of deliverance, and let the creepers of love and renunciation be soaked in this shower. It is the prudent farmer who will bring his harvest home; he shall fill both his vessels, and feed both the wise men and the saints.

LXXXVIII

III. 118. āj din ke main jaun balihārī

This day is dear to me above all other days, for to-day the Beloved Lord is a guest in my house; My chamber and my courtyard are beautiful with His presence. My longings sing His Name, and they are become lost in His great beauty:
I wash His feet, and I look upon His Face; and I lay before Him as an
offering my body, my mind, and all that I have.

What a day of gladness is that day in which my Beloved, who is my treasure, comes to my house!

- All evils fly from my heart when I see my Lord.

“My love has touched Him; my heart is longing for the Name which is Truth.”

Thus sings Kabir, the servant of all servants.

LXXXIX

I. 100. kōi santā hai jñānī rāg gagan men

Is there any wise man who will listen to that solemn music which arises in the sky?

For He, the Source of all music, makes all vessels full fraught, and rests in fullness Himself.
He who is in the body is ever athirst, for he pursues that which is in part:
But ever there wells forth deeper and deeper the sound "He is this — this is He"; fusing love and renunciation into one.
Kabir says: "O brother! that is the Primal Word."

XC

I. 108. main kā se būjhaun

To whom shall I go to learn about my Beloved?
Kabir says: "As you never may find the forest if you ignore the tree, so He may never be found in abstractions."

XCI

III. 12. samskirit bhāshā padhi-līṅhā

I have learned the Sanskrit language, so let all men call me wise:
But where is the use of this, when I
am floating adrift, and parched 
'with thirst, and burning with the 
heat of desire?

To no purpose do you bear on your 
head this load of pride and vanity. 
Kabir says: "Lay it down in the dust, 
and go forth to meet the Beloved. 
Address Him as your Lord."

XCII

III. 110. carkhā calai surat virahin kā

THE woman who is parted from her 
lover spins at the spinning wheel. 
The city of the body arises in its beauty; and within it the palace of the mind has been built. 
The wheel of love revolves in the sky, 
and the seat is made of the jewels of knowledge:

What subtle threads the woman weaves, 
and makes them fine with love and reverence!
Kabir says: "I am weaving the garland of day and night. When my Lover comes and touches me with His feet, I shall offer Him my tears."

XCIII

III. 111. kotīn bhānu candra tārāgan

BENEATH the great umbrella of my King millions of suns and moons and stars are shining! He is the Mind within my mind; He is the Eye within mine eye. Ah, could my mind and eyes be one! Could my love but reach to my Lover! Could but the fiery heat of my heart be cooled!

Kabir says: "When you unite love with the Lover, then you have love's perfection."
XCIV

I. 92. **avadhū begam deś hamārā**

O SADHU! my land is a sorrowless land.
I cry aloud to all, to the king and the beggar, the emperor and the fakir—
Whosoever seeks for shelter in the Highest, let all come and settle in my land!
Let the weary come and lay his burdens here!

So live here, my brother, that you may cross with ease to that other shore.
It is a land without earth or sky, without moon or stars;
For only the radiance of Truth shines in my Lord’s Durbar.
Kabir says: “O beloved brother! naught is essential save Truth.”
XCV

I. 109.  sāīn ke saṅgat sāsur āī

CAME with my Lord to my Lord’s home: but I lived not with Him and I tasted Him not, and my youth passed away like a dream.

On my wedding night my women-friends sang in chorus, and I was anointed with the unguents of pleasure and pain:

But when the ceremony was over, I left my Lord and came away, and my kinsman tried to console me upon the road.

Kabir says, “I shall go to my Lord’s house with my love at my side; then shall I sound the trumpet of triumph!”
I. 75. *samajh dekh man mīt piyarwā*

O FRIEND, dear heart of mine, think well! if you love indeed, then why do you sleep? If you have found Him, then give yourself utterly, and take Him to you. Why do you loose Him again and again? If the deep sleep of rest has come to your eyes, why waste your time making the bed and arranging the pillows?

Kabir says: "I tell you the ways of love! Even though the head itself must be given, why should you weep over it?"
XCVII
II. 90. sāhab ham men, sāhab tum men

The Lord is in me, the Lord is in you, as life is in every seed. O servant! put false pride away, and seek for Him within you.

A million suns are ablaze with light,
The sea of blue spreads in the sky,
The fever of life is stilled, and all stains are washed away; when I sit in the midst of that world.

Hark to the unstruck bells and drums!
Take your delight in love!
Rains pour down without water, and the rivers are streams of light.
One Love it is that pervades the whole world, few there are who know it fully:
They are blind who hope to see it by the light of reason, that reason which is the cause of separation —
The House of Reason is very far away!
How blessed is Kabir, that amidst this great joy he sings within his own vessel.
It is the music of the meeting of soul with soul;
It is the music of the forgetting of sorrows;
It is the music that transcends all coming in and all going forth.

XCVIII

II. 98.  rītu phāgun niyarānī

The month of March draws near: ah, who will unite me to my Lover?
How shall I find words for the beauty of my Beloved? For He is merged, in all beauty.
His colour is in all the pictures of the world, and it bewitches the body and the mind.
Those who know this, know what is this unutterable play of the Spring.
Kabir says: "Listen to me, brother! there are not many who have found this out."

XCIX

II. 111. Nārad, pyār so antar nāhī

Oh Narad! I know that my Lover cannot be far:
When my Lover wakes, I wake; when He sleeps, I sleep.
He is destroyed at the root who gives pain to my Beloved.
Where they sing His praise, there I live;
When He moves, I walk before Him: my heart yearns for my Beloved.
The infinite pilgrimage lies at His feet, a million devotees are seated there.

Kabir says: "The Lover Himself reveals the glory of true love."
II. 122.  kōī prem kī peng jhulāo re

Hang up the swing of love to-day!
Hang the body and the mind
between the arms of the Beloved,
in the ecstasy of love’s joy:
Bring the tearful streams of the rainy
clouds to your eyes, and cover
your heart with the shadow of
darkness:
Bring your face nearer to His ear, and
speak of the deepest longings of
your heart.
Kabir says: “Listen to me, brother!
bring the vision of the Beloved in
your heart.”