

WADAHANS, FOURTH MEHL, SECOND HOUSE:
ONE UNIVERSAL CREATOR GOD. BY THE GRACE OF THE TRUE GURU:

Within my mind there is such a great yearning; how will I attain the Blessed Vision of the Lord's Darshan? I go and ask my True Guru; with the Guru's advice, I shall teach my foolish mind. The deluded mind is instructed in the Word of the Guru's Shabad, and meditates forever on the Lord, Har, Har. O Nanak, one whom my Beloved blesses with His Glance of Grace, focuses his consciousness on the Lord's Feet. || 1 || I dress myself in all sorts of robes for the sake of my Husband, so that my True Lord God will be pleased. But my Beloved Husband Lord does not even cast a glance in my direction; how can I be consoled? For His sake, I adorn myself with adornments, but my Husband is imbued with another. O Nanak, blessed, blessed, blessed is that soul-bride, who enjoys her True, Sublime Husband Lord. || 2 || I go and ask the blessed, happy soul-bride, "How did you attain Him — your Husband Lord, my God?" She answers, "My True Husband blessed me with His Glance of Grace; I abandoned the distinction between mine and yours. Dedicate everything — mind, body and soul to the Lord God; this is the way to meet Him, O sister." If her God gazes upon her with favor, O Nanak, her light merges into the Light. || 3 || I dedicate my mind and body to the one who brings me a message from my Lord God. I wave the fan over him every day, serve him and carry water for him. Constantly and continuously, I serve the Lord's humble servant, who recites the sermon of the Lord, Har, Har. Hail, hail unto the Guru, the Guru, the Perfect True Guru, who fulfills the desires of Nanak's mind. || 4 || Let me meet the Guru, my best friend, O Lord; meeting Him, I meditate on the Lord's Name. I seek the Lord's sermon from the Guru, the True Guru; joining with Him, I sing the Glorious Praises of the Lord. Each and every day, forever, I sing the Lord's Praises; my mind lives by hearing Your Name. O Nanak, that moment when I forget my Lord and Master — at that moment, my soul dies. || 5 || Everyone longs to see the Lord, but he alone sees Him, whom the Lord causes to see Him. One upon whom my Beloved bestows His Glance of Grace cherishes the Lord, Har, Har forever. He alone cherishes the Lord, Har, Har, forever and ever, who meets my Perfect True Guru. O Nanak, the Lord's humble servant and the Lord become One; meditating on the Lord, he blends with the Lord. || 6 || 1 || 3 ||