

ਗਉੜੀ ॥

Gauree:

ਗਜ ਨਵ ਗਜ ਦਸ ਗਜ ਇਕੀਸ ਪੁਰੀਆ ਏਕ ਤਨਾਈ ॥

Nine yards, ten yards, and twenty-one yards - weave these into the full piece of cloth;

ਸਾਠ ਸੂਤ ਨਵ ਖੰਡ ਬਹਤਰਿ ਪਾਟੁ ਲਗੋ ਅਧਿਕਾਈ ॥੧॥

take the sixty threads and add nine joints to the seventy-two on the loom. ||1||

ਗਈ ਬੁਨਾਵਨ ਮਾਹੋ ॥

Life weaves itself into its patterns.

ਘਰ ਛੋਡਿਐ ਜਾਇ ਜੁਲਾਹੋ ॥੧॥ ਰਹਾਉ ॥

Leaving her home, the soul goes to the world of the weaver. ||1||Pause||

ਗਜੀ ਨ ਮਿਨੀਐ ਤੋਲਿ ਨ ਤੁਲੀਐ ਪਾਚਨੁ ਸੇਰ ਅਢਾਈ ॥

This cloth cannot be measured in yards or weighed with weights; its food is two and a half measures.

ਜੋ ਕਰਿ ਪਾਚਨੁ ਬੇਗਿ ਨ ਪਾਵੈ ਝਗਰੁ ਕਰੈ ਘਰਹਾਈ ॥੨॥

If it does not obtain food right away, it quarrels with the master of the house. ||2||

ਦਿਨ ਕੀ ਬੈਠ ਖਸਮ ਕੀ ਬਰਕਸ ਇਹ ਬੇਲਾ ਕਤ ਆਈ ॥

How many days will you sit here, in opposition to your Lord and Master?
When will this opportunity come again?

ਛੂਟੇ ਕੂੰਡੇ ਭੀਗੈ ਪੁਰੀਆ ਚਲਿਓ ਜੁਲਾਹੋ ਰੀਸਾਈ ॥੩॥

Leaving his pots and pans, and the bobbins wet with his tears, the weaver soul departs in jealous anger. ||3||

ਛੋਛੀ ਨਲੀ ਤੰਤੁ ਨਹੀ ਨਿਕਸੈ ਨਤਰ ਰਹੀ ਉਰਝਾਈ ॥

The wind-pipe is empty now; the thread of the breath does not come out any longer. The thread is tangled; it has run out.

ਛੋਡਿ ਪਸਾਰੁ ਈਹਾ ਰਹੁ ਬਪੁਰੀ ਕਹੁ ਕਬੀਰ ਸਮਝਾਈ ॥੪॥੩॥੫੪॥

So renounce the world of form and substance while you remain here, O poor soul; says Kabeer: you must understand this! ||4||3||54||