

The Cosmic Symphony

(Being a Rendering of Japji Hymn: 27)

HARCHAND SINGH*

* Near Bhat Vir Singh School, Nathuwala West, Dist. Moga, Punjab. Pin 142 038.

What a doorway! What a wondrous abode
Wherein seated Thou looks after all,
Where are played myriad organs and tunes,
And myriads are the players withal!

Myriads of songs and notes are chanted
By myriads of minstrels in Thy presence!
Sing Thee elements - air, fire, water,
Sings the Lord of Justice in Thy attendance!

Sings Thee Chitra, sings Thee Gupta,
Each of whom is an human deed writer,
Their records are viewed by the Dharma,
who indeed is an action arbiter.

By Thee decked, looking graceful ever,
Sing Brahma, Shiva and consort Parvati.
Sitting on their thrones sing all the Indras.
Each along wi' his heavenly community.

Siddhas in concentration, saints in contemplation,
Sing the men of charity, and the celibate;
Sing Thee, O Lord, the men of content,
As well as the souls - gallant and great.

Divines and sages, in all the ages,
Sing as they do Thy Word impart;
In heavens, on earth, in nether worlds,
Sing the lovely maids enchanting (man's) heart.

Sing the jewels of Thy making,
With the holies eight-and-sixty;
Sing Thee, O Lord, four founts of life,
And too, the heroes, bold and mighty.

Yes, sing they, Thou are please'd with,
Stained in Thy love Thy devotees sweet,
Can't recall all, many, many more,
The account by Nanak isn't complete.

The creator of Things does ever last,
True is His glory, oh, True is He.
He is not born, nor does He die,
He is, was, and ever shall be.

Of many a breed, colour and kind,

The beings does He create,
What He creates, He does sustain
As do His wishes dictate.
The Lord always does as he wills,
He takes no orders from outside.
Nanak, He's monarch the king of kings,
if fits if you, by His will, abide.

