

Onset of the season of good cheer

ਤੁਖਾਰੀ ਮ: ੧ .

ਚੇਤੁ ਬਸੰਤੁ ਭਲਾ ਭਵਰ ਸੁਹਾਵੜੇ ॥

ਬਨ ਫੁਲੇ ਮੇਝ ਬਾਰਿ ਮੇ ਪਿਰੁ ਘਰਿ ਬਾਹੁੜੇ ॥

ਪਿਰੁ ਘਰਿ ਨਹੀ ਆਵੈ ਧਨ ਕਿਉ ਸੁਖੁ ਪਾਵੈ ਬਿਰਹਿ ਬਿਰੋਧ ਤਨੁ ਛੀਜੈ ॥

ਕੋਕਿਲ ਅੰਬਿ ਸੁਹਾਵੀ ਬੋਲੈ ਕਿਉ ਦੁਖੁ ਅੰਕਿ ਸਹੀਜੈ ॥

ਭਵਰੁ ਭਵੰਤਾ ਫੁਲੀ ਡਾਲੀ ਕਿਉ ਜੀਵਾ ਮਰੁ ਮਾਏ ॥

ਨਾਨਕ ਚੇਤਿ ਸਗਜਿ ਸੁਖੁ ਪਾਵੈ ਜੇ ਹਰਿ ਵਰੁ ਘਰਿ ਧਨ ਪਾਏ ॥੫॥

Guru Nanak's hymn in Raag Tukhari®(Tr by Khushwant Singh) (TUKHARI MAHALA 1)

It is the month of Chet

It is spring. All is seemly,

The beauty of the butterflies,

The woodlands in flower;

But there is a sorrow in my soul.

The Lord my Master is away.

If the husband comes not home, how can the wife

Find peace of mind?

Sorrows of separation waste away her body.

The Koel calls in the mango grove,

Its notes are full of joy

But there is a sorrow in my soul.

The honey-bee hovers about the blossoming bough

A messenger of life and hope

But O Mother of mine, 'tis like death to me

For there is a sorrow in my soul.

How shall I banish sorrow and find blessed peace?

Says the Guru:

Welcome the Lord in your soul

As a wife welcomes her master when she loves him. [SGGS:1107-08]

@ The practice of composing the ode of Twelve Months was once common amongst folk poets of Northern India: It gave them the opportunity to describe nature, human moods, and moralise at the same time. Several such odes exist in the Panjabi language of which Guru Nanak's in Tukhari Raag is the most beautiful. It is believed to be amongst the last of his compositions.