

Classic Poetry Series

Bulleh Shah
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Bulleh Shah(1680 - 1758)

Bulleh Shah Qadiri Shatari, often referred to simply as Bulleh Shah (Punjabi: ਬੁੱਲھ شاہ, bulleh shāh, Hindi: बुल्ले शाह) whose real name was Abdullah Shah, was a Punjabi Sufi poet, a humanist and philosopher.

Early Life

Bulleh Shah is believed to have been born in 1680, in the small village of Uch, Bahawalpur, Punjab, now in Pakistan.

When he was six months old, his parents relocated to Malakwal. There his father, Shah Muhammad Darwaish, was a preacher in the village mosque and a teacher. His father later got a job in Pandoke, about 50 miles southeast of Kasur. Bulleh Shah received his early schooling in Pandoke, and moved to Kasur for higher education. He also received education from Maulana Mohiyuddin. His spiritual teacher was the eminent Sufi saint, Shah Inayat Qadiri, from Arain tribe of Lahore Punjab.

Little is known about Bulleh Shah's direct ancestors, except that they were migrants from Uzbekistan. However, Bulleh Shah's family was directly descended from the Prophet Muhammad.

Life

A large amount of what is known about Bulleh Shah comes through legends, and is subjective; to the point that there isn't even agreement among historians concerning his precise date and place of birth. Some "facts" about his life have been pieced together from his own writings. Other "facts" seem to have been passed down through oral traditions.

Bulleh Shah practiced the Sufi tradition of Punjabi poetry established by poets like [Shah Hussain](http://www.poemhunter.com/shah-hussain/), [Sultan Bahu](http://www.poemhunter.com/sultan-bahu/), and Shah Sharaf.

Bulleh Shah lived in the same period as the Sindhi Sufi poet, Shah Abdul Latif Bhatai. His lifespan also overlapped with the Punjabi poet Waris Sha, of Heer Ranjha fame, and the Sindhi Sufi poet Abdul Wahab, better known by his pen-name, Sachal Sarmast ("truth seeking leader of the intoxicated ones"). Amongst Urdu poets, Bulleh Shah lived 400 miles away from Mir Taqi Mir of Agra.

 Poetry Style

The verse form Bulleh Shah primarily employed is called the Kafi, a style of Punjabi, Sindhi and Siraiki poetry used not only by the Sufis of Sindh and Punjab, but also by Sikh gurus.

Bulleh Shah's poetry and philosophy strongly criticizes Islamic religious orthodoxy of his day.

 A Beacon of Peace

Bulleh Shah's time was marked with communal strife between Muslims and Sikhs. But in that age Baba Bulleh Shah was a beacon of hope and peace for the citizens of Punjab. While Bulleh Shah was in Pandoke, Muslims killed a young Sikh man who was riding through their village in retaliation for murder of some Muslims by Sikhs. Baba Bulleh Shah denounced the murder of an innocent Sikh and was censured by the mullas and muftis of Pandoke. Bulleh Shah maintained that violence was not the answer to violence. Bulleh Shah also hailed the ninth Sikh Guru, Guru Tegh Bahadur as a Ghazi, or "religious warrior", which caused controversy among Muslims of that time.

 Humanist

Bulleh Shah's writings represent him as a humanist, someone providing solutions to the sociological problems of the world around him as he lives through it, describing the turbulence his motherland of Punjab is passing through, while concurrently searching for God. His poetry highlights his mystical spiritual voyage through the four stages of Sufism: Shariat (Path), Tariqat (Observance), Haqiqat (Truth) and Marfat (Union). The simplicity with which Bulleh Shah has been able to address the complex fundamental issues of life and humanity is a large part of his appeal. Thus, many people have put his kafis to music, from humble street-singers to renowned Sufi singers like the Waddali Brothers, Abida Parveen and Pathanay Khan, from the synthesized techno qawwali remixes of UK-based Asian artists to the rock band Junoon.

Bulleh Shah's popularity stretches uniformly across Hindus, Sikhs and Muslims, to the point that much of the written material about this philosopher is from Hindu and Sikh authors.

 Modern Renderings

In the 1990s Junoon, a rock band from Pakistan, rendered such poems as Aleph (Ilmon Bas Kareen O Yaar) and Bullah Ki Jaana. In 2004, Rabbi Shergill performed the unlikely feat of turning the abstruse metaphysical poem Bullah Ki Jaana into a Rock/Fusion song, which became hugely popular in India and Pakistan. The Wadali Bandhu, a Punjabi Sufi group from India, also released a version of Bullah Ki Jaana on their album Aa Mil Yaar...Call of the Beloved. Another version was performed by Lakhwinder Wadali titled Bullah. Bulleh Shah's verses have also been adapted and used in Bollywood film songs. Examples include the songs "Chaiyya Chaiyya" and "Thayya Thayya" in the 1998 film Dil Se. The 2007 Pakistani movie Khuda Kay Liye includes Bulleh Shah's poetry in the song "Bandeya Ho". The 2008 film, A Wednesday, included a song titled "Bulle Shah, O Yaar Mere". In 2009, Episode One of Pakistan's Coke Studio Season 2 featured a collaboration between Sain Zahoor and Noori, "Aik Alif". In June 2010 Coke Studio 3 Episode One featured "Na Raindee Hai" performed by Arieab Azhar. His tomb is located in Kasur, Pakistan.

At This One Point, All Talk Ends

At this one point, all talk ends.

Hold tight to this point, forget your calculations,
Leave the miserable state of unbelief,
Do not torment yourself with the fear of death and hell,
For these are imaginary fears.
Only into such a house will the truth enter.
At this one point, all talk ends.

For no reason you abrade your forehead on the ground,
You display reverence at the mehraab,
You recite the Kalma to entertain a listener.
But knowledge does not enter your heart.
Can the truth ever remain hidden?
At this one point, all talk ends.

Many return from Mecca as hajjis,
Blue shawls across their shoulders.
They profit from the merit earned by haj.
Who can admire such behavior?
Can the truth ever remain hidden?
At this one point, all talk ends.

Some withdraw to the forest,
Eat a single grain a day.
Bereft of understanding, they exhaust the body,
And return home in bad shape,
Their life sucked dry with useless fasting and prayer.
At this one point, all talk ends

Hold fast to your murshid
Become a devotee of all creation,
Intoxicated, carefree,
Without desire, indifferent to the world.
Let your heart be fully clean.
Bulla asks, can the truth then be stopped?

At this one point, all talk ends

Banish The Timekeeper, My Beloved Has Come Home

Banish the timekeeper, my beloved has come home, my precious one!

Again and again the time keeper strikes the gong,
Diminishing this night of our union.
Were he to look into my heart,
Himself, he would fling it away.

The unheard music plays majestically.
The singer accomplished in rhythm and measure.
Forgotten are my prayers
As the distiller gives me plentiful wine.

At the wondrous sight of his face,
All my sorrows vanished.
The night marches on. How can I extend it?
O build a wall against the day!

I have lost myself.
I can not remember when I was wedded.
It is not possible to hide,
This complete grace that is upon me.

Many magic spells were cast,
Magicians came, big and small.
Now that my beloved is home,
I will remain with him for a hundred thousand years.

Says Bulle Shah, in this beloved bed
I have crossed over to the other side.
Finally, my turn came,
Separation is no longer possible.

Banish the timekeeper, my beloved has come home, my precious one.

Bulleh Shah

Bulla! I Know Not Who I Am

Bulla! I know not who I am

Nor am I a believer of the mosque,
Nor am I in rituals of the infidel
Nor am I the pure inside the impure.

Nor am I inherent in the vedas,
Nor am I present in intoxicants.
Nor am I lost nor the corrupt.

Nor am I union, nor grief,
Nor am I intrinsic in the pure/impure
Nor am I of water, nor of land.

Nor am I fire nor air.
Bulla! I know not who I am

Nor am I Arabic, nor from Lahore,
Nor am I the Indian city of Nagour.
Nor hindu or a turk from Peshawar.

Nor did I create differences of faith,
Nor did I create Adam and Eve
Nor did I name my self.

Beginning or end, I just know the self,
Do not acknowledge duality.
There's none wise than I.

Who is this Bulla shah
Bulla! I know not who I am.

Nor am I moses, nor Pharoah
Nor am I fire nor wind.
I do not stay in Nadaun city. (City of innocents)
Bullashah, who is this man standing?

Bulla! I know not who I am
Bulla! I know not who I am.

Bulleh Shah

Come My Love

Come my love take care of me,
I am in great agony.

Ever separated, my dreams are dreary,
Looking for you, my eyes are weary.
All alone I am robbed in a desert,
Waylaid by a bunch of way words.

The Mullah and Qazi show me the way,
Their maze of Dharma that is in sway.
They are the confirmed thieves of time,
they spread their net saintly crime.

Their time-worn norms are seldom right,
With these they chain my feet so tight.
My love cares not for caste or creed,
To the rituals faith I pay no heed.

My Master lives on yonder bank,
While I am caught in the gale of greed.
With boat of anchor, He stands in wait,
I must hasten, I can't be late.

Bulleh Shah must find his love,
He needn't have the last fright.
His love is around, yet he looks for Him,
Misled in the broad daylight.

Come my love take care of me,
I am in great agony.

Bulleh Shah

Do Come To Me

You may not take notice of me
But do come to me

I am a sacrifice unto you
Do come to me

I've looked around in fields and forest
There is none like you
Do come to me

Cowherd you are to others
You are my faith, my beau
Do come to me

Leaving my parents, I am tied to you,
Oh Shah Inayat, my beloved teacher
Do come to me

Bulleh entered the great palace
And had a splendid treat
What have we gained in the world
A black face and blue feet?

Bulleh Shah

Enough Is Enough

Enough is enough
Talk to me with smile

You live in my heart
And yet you me beguile
I am charmed with your name on my lip
You try as usual and give me a slip
Enough is enough

You killed the ones who was already dead
Tossed like a ball with your baton on head
You choked my words in my throat
Your arrow hit the quarry and smote
Enough is enough

Trying to hide, I've caught you
Tied you with the lock of my hair
You are yet trying to flee
This time I'll allow no plea
Enough is enough

Says Bulleh, I am your slave, my Master
I long to have a glimpse of you
I plead with you time and again
Make ky heart your shell of an oyster
Enough is enough

Bulleh Shah

Enough Of Learning, My Friend!

Enough of learning, my friend!
An alphabet should do for you
To it there is never an end
An alphabet should do for you
It's enough to help you fend.
Enough of learning, my friend!

Enough of learning, my friend!

You've amassed much learning around
The Quran and its commentaries profound
There is darkness amidst lighted ground
Without the guide you remain unsound

Enough of learning, my friend!

Learning makes you Sheikh or his minion
And thus you create problem trillion
You exploit others who know not what
Misleading them with wild opinion

Enough of learning, my friend!

You meditate and you say your prayers
You go and shout at the top of the stairs
You cry reaching the high skies
It's your avarice which ever belies

Enough of learning, my friend!

The day I learnt love's lesson
I plunged into the river of divine passion
An overwhelming gale. I was confused and lost
When Shah Inayat cruised me across

Enough of learning, my friend!

Bulleh Shah

Going To Makkah Is Not The Ultimate

Going to Makkah is not the ultimate
Even if hundreds of prayers are offered

Going to River Ganges is not the ultimate
Even if hundreds of cleansing (Baptisms) are done

Going to Gaya is not the ultimate
Even if hundreds of worships are done

Bulleh Shah the ultimate is
When the "I" is removed from the heart!

Bulleh Shah

He Who Is Stricken By Love

He who is stricken by Love
Sings and dances out of tune.

He who wears the garb of Love
Gets blessings from above.

Soon as he drinks from this cup
No questions and no answers remain.

He who is stricken by Love
Sings and dances out of tune.

He who has the Beloved in his heart,
He is fulfilled with his Love.
No need he has for formality,
He just enjoys his ecstasy.

He who is stricken by Love
Sings and dances out of tune.

Bulleh Shah

Hide Not Behind The Veil, My Love

Hide not behind the veil, my love,
I long to have a glimpse of you.

Without my love, I feel like mad,
People around me laugh at me.
He should come and cheer me up,
This alone remains my plea,

Hide not behind the veil, my love,
I long to have a glimpse of you.

Your slave is being auctioned free
Come my love and rescue me
No longer can I perch elsewhere
I am the Bulbul of your tree

Hide not behind the veil, my love,
I long to have a glimpse of you.

Bulleh! Who is He?
A queer type friend!
He has the Quran in His hand and
And in the same the holy thread

Bulleh Shah

I Have Been Pierced By The Arrow Of Love

I have been pierced by the arrow of love,
what shall I do?
I can neither live, nor can I die.
Listen ye to my ceaseless outpourings,
I have peace neither by night, nor by day.
I cannot do without my
Beloved even for a moment.
I have been pierced by the arrow of love,
what shall I do?
The fire of separation is unceasing!
Let someone take care of my love.
How can I be saved without seeing him?
I have been pierced by the arrow of love,
what shall I do?

Bulleh Shah

I Have Got Lost In The City Of Love

I have got lost in the city of love,
I am being cleansed,
withdrawing myself from my head,
hands and feet.

I have got rid of my ego, and have attained my goal.
Thus it has all ended well.

O Bullah, the Lord pervades both the worlds;
None now appears a stranger to me.

Bulleh Shah

I Have Learnt A Secre

I have learnt a secret
A secret I've learnt

He is the same
From this end to that.
It's only we
Who fuss like a brat

I have learnt a secret
A secret I've learnt

To win over Sass
He comes as Punnun
I am wedded to Innayat
Who cares not for caste.

I have learnt a secret
A secret I've learnt

Bulleh Shah

I Long For My Beloved

I long for my beloved.

One speaks, laughing in delight,
Another weeps, sobs, dies.
Tell the beautiful, blossoming springtime,
I long for my beloved.

My ablutions have gone to waste,
His heart is hard.
Might as well burn my jewels and adornments!
I long for my beloved.

I have driven messengers crazy,
Encased myself in sorrow.
Come home, dear one, let me see you.
I long for my beloved.

Says Bulla, when my lord comes home.
I will clasp him, my Ranjha, in a tight embrace!
All sorrows flown across the ocean.
I long for my beloved.

Bulleh Shah

I Long For You, This Is So, What Can I Do

I long for you, this is so, what can I do?
I cannot live, I cannot die.
I long for you.

Listen to my plea.
Night or day, I have no peace.
Not another moment can I exist without you.
I long for you, this is so, what can I do?

This separation-torment is unending!
Can somebody stop this pain?
If I do not see him, how will I live?
I long for you, this is so, what can I do?

Says Bulla, I am in dire distress,
O please find a remedy.
How can I endure such pain?
I long for you, this is so, what can I do?

Bulleh Shah

If The Divine Is Found Through Ablutions

If the divine is found through ablutions
surely frogs and fish would find him first
if the divine is hidden in jungles
the cattle would have discovered him by now
O Bulleh, the divine is found by those
with pure and true heart

Bulleh Shah

I'M Going Together With Jogi

Going to Makkah is not the ultimate
Even if hundreds of prayers are offered

Going to River Ganges is not the ultimate
Even if hundreds of cleansing (Baptisms) are done

Going to Gaya is not the ultimate
Even if hundreds of worships are done

Bulleh Shah the ultimate is
When the "I" is removed from the heart

[He] Read a lot and became a scholar
But [he] never read himself

[He] goes enters into the temple & mosque
But [he] never entered into his own heart

He fights with the devil every day for nothing
He never wrestled with his own ego

Bulleh Shah he grabs for heavenly flying things
But doesn't grasp the one who's sitting at home

Religious scholars stay awake at night
But dogs stay awake at night, higher than you

They don't cease from barking at night
Then they go sleep in yards, higher than you

They [dogs] don't leave the beloved's doorstep
Even if they're beaten hundreds of times, higher than you

Bulleh Shah get up and make up with the beloved
Otherwise dogs will win the contest, better than you

O friends, don't call Ranjha a shepherd
I shy away from calling him a shepherd

I am like a thousand Heers to him
Who am I, like countless others

He's the ruler of Hazara's throne
And I am forever the plain Heer

Bulleh Shah may God hear my wail
And I'll become shepherded by the Shepherd

Ranjha became a Jogi and arrived
He exchanged into a unique disguise

He changed his name from Ahad (One God) to Ahmad (Prophet Mohammad
PBUH)
I'm going together with Jogi

Someone's with someone else, this one's with that one
I'm together with Jogi

Since I have become Jogi's
I have no "I" left in me

Repeating Ranjha Ranjha
I became Ranjha myself

Call me Ranjha
Nobody call me Heer

It's not me, it's he himself
He amuses his own self

The one with whom I connected my heart
I became just like him, O friends

Jogi is with me
I am with Jogi
I'm going together with Jogi

After putting earrings in my ears
and decorating my forehead with Tilak

Hey he's not [a] Jogi

He's some form of God

He's disguised as Jogi
This Jogi has attracted me

This Jogi has established residence in my heart
I swear by the Quran it's true

Jogi is my belief and faith
This Jogi has marked me

Hey I belong to him
Now I'm not worth any one else (Now there's no other Jogi)

I'm floating, I've drifted across, O people
My eyes inter-meshed with Jogi's, O people

Call me Jogi's female Jogi
Heer is dead, O people

In Khayrray they have deep talks
I have to listen to accusations about

I don't know anything about anyone else
If I know anything, I only know Jogi

No one has attained what he has attained
His shadow is on both worlds

His fame is celebrated in both world
His shoes were kissed by Heaven

This Jogi is full of wonders
In his hand is the rosary of "There is Nothing But One God";

Hey, his name is [Mohammad] "The One With The Shawl";
If Jogi comes to my home

All your fights will end
I will embrace him
And celebrate a million praises

Bulleh Shah a Jogi came
To our door....(...? ...)

He stole away Heer of Sayal
He came in a disguise

Bulleh Shah

Lift This Veil Beloved One

Lift this veil (reveal yourself) beloved one! Why this modesty now?

Your curls ambush me, become poisonous, sting me!
Do you feel no pity when you look at me, a glance that stabs.

Your eyes. Arrows that pierce my helpless chest.
You wounded me, then hid your face. Who taught you such trickery?

You pierced me with the separation-dagger and my heart became heavy.
Not a care did you show for me, all your words were false.

You made me love you, won my heart and never showed your face again.
My wisdom was surely impaired for I drank this poison myself.

Shah Inayat, I cannot speak of this, but I look for your face in every face.
I am complete, why do I stumble? I have been true to my word.

Lift this veil (reveal yourself) beloved one! Why this modesty now?

Bulleh Shah

Look Into Yourself

You have learnt so much
And read a thousand books.
Have you ever read your Self?
You have gone to mosque and temple.
Have you ever visited your soul?
You are busy fighting Satan.
Have you ever fought your
Ill intentions?
You have reached into the skies,
But you have failed to reach
What's in your heart!

Bulleh Shah

Love Is Ever New And Fresh

Love is ever new and fresh

The day I learn the lesson of Love
I was scared of the mosque and dreaded fasts
I looked around and entered a temple
Where sounded many a drum-blast

Love is ever new and fresh

Tired of reading the Vedas and Quran
Kneeling and prostrating my forehead shorn
At Mathura or Mecca He does not dwell
He who has found Him, only he can tell

Love is ever new and fresh

Burn the prayer mat, break the water pot
Quit the rosary, threw away the staff
Lovers say at the top of their voice
Leave the kosher and eat the shot

Love is ever new and fresh

Heer and Ranjha have already met
In vain she looks for him in the orchard
Ranjha lies in the folds of her arms
Having her love, she has gained him hard

Bulleh Shah

Love Springs Eternal

Love springs eternal!
When I learnt the lesson of Love
I dreaded going to the mosque.
Hesitantly, I found a temple
Where they beat a thousand drums.
Love springs eternal! Come!

I am tired of reading holy books,
Fed up with prostrations good.
God is not in Mathura or Mecca.
He who finds Him is enlightened!
Love springs eternal! Come!

Burn the prayer mat, break the beaker!
Quit the rosary, chuck the staff!
Lovers shout at the top of their voices:
Break all rules that tie you down!
Love springs eternal! Come!

Heer and Ranjha are united:
While she searches for him in orchards,
He is in her warm embrace!
She has her love, she is fulfilled!
Love springs eternal! Come!

Bulleh Shah

My Eyes Pour Out Tears

He left me, and himself he departed;
What fault was there in me ?

Neither at night nor in the day do I sleep in peace;
My eyes pour out tears !
Sharper than swords and spears are the arrows of love !
There is no one as cruel as love ;
This malady no physician can cure.
There is no peace, not for a moment,
So intense is the pain of separation !
O Bullah, if the Lord were to shower
His grace, My days would radically change !
He left me, and himself he departed.
What fault was there in me?

Bulleh Shah

Neither Hindu Nor Muslim

Neither Hindu nor Muslim,
Sacrificing pride, let us sit together.
Neither Sunni nor Shia,
Let us walk the road of peace.
We are neither hungry nor replete,
Neither naked nor covered up.
Neither weeping nor laughing,
Neither ruined nor settled,
We are not sinners or pure and virtuous,
What is sin and what is virtue, this I do not know.
Says Bulhe Shah, one who attaches his self with the lord.
Gives up both hindu and muslim.

.....

Bullah is neither Rafzi nor Sunni, nor learned
nor an intellectual nor a Jaini.
I have learnt the lesson of love of God alone.
People say: Bulleh is an Infidel (Kafar)
and an idol-worshipper.
But in the Lord's court, both the Momin and Kafar
(Believer and un-believer) are treated alike.

.....

Here was Ramdas [a Hindu] and there Fateh Muhammad [a Muslim]
What an ancient noise between them
But now their quarrel has vanished
And something new has emerged!

Bulleh Shah

O Come And Meet This Separation-Tormented One

O come and meet this separation-tormented one!

Had you loved, you too would shriek and wail aloud.
But how could you know the pain of another?

If you want to receive love,
First of all, give your severed head to your lord.

The intoxicated ones have crossed over,
My fate is in your hands.

This river of sorrow, this unjust torment,
Has flung me into a ruinous darkness.

I left my parents, forgot my friends,
In devotion to your merciful name.

O come and meet this separation-tormented one!

Bulleh Shah

One Point Contains All

One point contains all;
Learn about the One, forget the rest.
Forget hell and the terrible grave;
Leave the ways of sin and purify
Your heart.
That's how the argument is spun:
It's all contained in One!

Why rub your head against the earth?
What point in your vain prostration?
Your Kalimah read, makes others laugh.
You do not grasp the Lord's word!
Somewhere the truth is written down:
It's all contained in One!

Some go to the jungle in vain
And starve and cause themselves some pain;
They waste their time with all this
And come home tired, nothing gained!

Find your master and become God's slave.
In this way you'll be free of care;
Free of desire, free of worry,
And your heart truthful, pure.

Bulleh has discovered this truth alone:
It's all contained in One!

Bulleh Shah

One Thread Only

One thread, one thread only!
Warp and woof, quill and shuttle,
countless cloths and colors,

 a thousand hanks and skeins -
 with ten thousand names
 ten thousand places.

But there is one thread only.

Bulleh Shah

Perverse Times Have Come

Perverse times have come,
I know the mystery of the beloved
crows have begun to hunt hawks,
and sparrows feed on falcons
horses bear the whipping,
while donkeys graze on lush green
no love is lost between relatives,
be they younger or elder uncles
There is no accord between fathers and sons,
Nor any between mothers and daughters
The truthful ones are being pushed about,
the tricksters are seated close by
The front liners have become wretched,
the back benchers sit on carpets
Those in tatters have turned into kings,
the kings have taken to begging
O Bulleh, that which is His command
who can alter His decree.

Bulleh Shah

Remove Duality And Do Away With All Disputes

Remove duality and do away with all disputes;
The Hindus and Muslims are not other than He.
Deem everyone virtuous, there are no thieves.
For, within every body He himself resides.
How the Trickster has put on a mask!

Bulleh Shah

Repeating The Name Of Ranjha

Repeating the name of Ranjha
I have become Ranjha myself.
O call me ye all 'Dhido-Ranjha,'
let no one call me Heer.
Ranjha is in me, I am in Ranjha,
no other thought exists in my mind.
I am not, He alone is.
He alone is amusing himself.

Bulleh Shah

Repeating The Name Of The Beloved

Repeating the name of the Beloved
I have become the Beloved myself.
Whom shall I call the Beloved now?

Bulleh Shah

Sack The Gongman

Sack the gon-gman
My love has come home today

He strike the gong time and again
And shortens my night of dance and song
If he were to listen to me
He would throw away the gong

Sack the gong-man

Here is the unstruck melody
With a master player and a colorful hue
I've forgotten, my prayers and fasts
The barman offering cups of brew

Sack the gong-man

Seeing him is an enchanting sight
One forgets all aches of life
Let the night spread out long
And the morn wait a strife

Sack the gong-man

I have indulge in magic a lot
With necromancers and many a seer
Now that he has comeback home
We'll live together a million years

Sack the gong-man

He has saved me from many a hazard
Bulleh's bed is cosy and warm
After much wait my turn has come
No happenstance may do us harm

Sack the gong-man

Sack the gong-man

My love has come home today

Bulleh Shah

Stay Silent To Survive

Stay silent to survive.

People cannot stand to hear the truth.
They are at your throat if you speak it.
They keep away from those who speak it.
But truth is sweet to its lovers!

Truth destroys shara.
Brings rapture to its lovers,
And unexpected riches,
Which shara obscures.

Those lovers cannot remain silent
Who have inhaled the fragrance of truth.
Those who have plaited love into their lives,
Leave this world of falsehood.

Bulla Shah speaks the truth.
He uncovers the truth of shara.
He opens the path to the fourth level,
Which shara obscures.

Bulleh Shah

The Arrow Of Love

I have been pierced by the arrow of love,
what shall I do ?
I can neither live, nor can I die.
Listen ye to my ceaseless outpourings,
I have peace neither by night, nor by day.
I cannot do without my Beloved even for a moment.
I have been pierced by the arrow of love,
what shall I do ?
The fire of separation is unceasing !
Let someone take care of my love.
How can I be saved without seeing him?
I have been pierced by the arrow of love,
what shall I do?

Bulleh Shah

The Blossoming Of Love Is Strange And Wondrous

The blossoming of love is strange and wondrous!

When I acquired the knowledge of love,
I dreaded the mosque.
I fled to my lord's dwelling,
Where a thousand sounds reverberate.

When love revealed its mystery to me,
The parroted words vanished.
Inside and out, I was cleansed.
I saw my beloved wherever I looked.

Heer and Ranjha are already one.
But Heer, deluded, still searches the woods.
Her Ranjha is with her,
And she doesn't even know it.

I am tired of reading the Vedas and the Koran!
Obeisance has only abraded my forehead .
God was not in Mecca, nor any holy place.
But who ever found him became brightly illuminated.

Burn the prayer rug, break the clay pot,
Divest yourself of rosary, bowl and staff.
Those who love proclaim repeatedly and loudly,
'Eat the forbidden! Forsake halaal!'

You have spent your life in the mosque,
Your heart still filled with filth.
Not once did you declare that god is one!
What is the point of making this racket now?

Your devotion was loveless.
Now your protestations are worthless.
Bulla says, I would have remained silent,
It is love that compels me to speak forcefully.

The blossoming of love is strange and wonderful

The Hajjis Go To Mecca

The hajjis go to Mecca.
My beloved Ranjha is my Mecca.
Yes, I am crazy!

I am wedded to Ranjha.
Still my father pushes me.
Yes, I am crazy!

The hajjis go to Mecca
My bridegroom, within me, is my Mecca.
Yes, I am crazy!

Hajjis and ghazis both lie within us,
Thieves and pickpockets too.
Yes, I am crazy!

The Hajjis go to Mecca
But I am going to Takht Hazara.
Yes, I am crazy!

Wherever is your beloved, there lies Kaaba,
Though you search the four books.
Yes, I am crazy!

Bulleh Shah

The Soil Is In Ferment, O Friend

The soil is in ferment, O friend
Behold the diversity.
The soil is the horse, so is the rider
The soil chases the soil, and we hear the clanging of soil
The soil kills the soil, with weapons of the soil.
That soil with more on it, is arrogance
The soil is the garden so is its beauty
The soil admires the soil in all its wondrous forms
After the circle of life is done it returns to the soil
Answer the riddle O Bulleh, and take this burden off my head.'

Bulleh Shah

There Goes My Love!

There goes my Love!
What do I do, my Lord?

He's already made a move
His staying back is hard
With his wayfarers all packed
What do I do, my Lord?

My heart is afire
Like half-backed shard
What do I do, my Lord?

My love having gone
I am in midstream hauled
Wwhat do I do, my Lord?

Bulleh Shah

There Is A Thief In The Folds Of My Arms

There is a thief in the folds of my arms.
Whom shall I tell?

There is a thief in the folds of my arms
He has, of late, escaped on the sky
No wonder there is a stir in the sky
And the world there is a hue and cry.
Whom shall I tell?

The Muslims are afraid of fire
And the Hindus dread the grave
Both of them have their fears
And keep on sharpening their staves.
Whom shall I tell?

Ramdas here and Fateh Muhammad there
This has kept them emitting spleen
Suddenly their quarrel came to an end
When someone else emerged on the scene.
Whom shall I tell?

There was furore in the flushed sky
It reached Lahore, the capital town
It was Shah Inayat who crafted the kite
It's he who moves it up and down.
Whom shall I tell?

He who believes, he alone has known
Everyone else is floundering
All the wrangling came to an end
When Bulleh came to town.
Whom shall I tell?

Bulleh Shah

This Love - O Bulleh - Tormenting, Unique

This love - O Bulleh - tormenting, unique
the face of the idol akin to the divine in heaven
can there be divinity without my beloved
even if I have to contest the scriptures
this love is fearless, marches to death in defiance
dances and whirls like a street prostitute,
to win a single smile from the beloved

Bulleh Shah

Turn Your Face Toward Me

Turn your face toward me, my dear one,
Turn your face toward me!

It is you who inserted the hook in me,
It is you who pulls the cord.
Turn your face toward me!

The call to prayer came from your throne in heaven,
The sound reverberated in Mecca.
Turn your face toward me!

Says Bulla, I will not die,
Though someone else may.
Turn your face toward me!

Bulleh Shah

What A Carefree Game He Plays!

He said, 'Let there be,' and it happened.
He made the latent turn into the manifest,
Out of the formless He created the form.
What a wondrous game He played!
What a carefree game He plays!

When He disclosed the hidden secret,
He lifted the veil from over His face.
Why does He now hide from me?
The Real permeates everyone.
What a carefree game He plays!

He said, 'We have honored mankind;
None has been created like you;
You are the crown of all creation.'
What a proclamation with the beat of drum!
What a carefree game He plays!

He himself indulges in these carefree acts;
He himself feels frightened of himself;
He has taken abode in every house;
And the people keep wandering in delusion.
What a carefree game He plays!

He himself aroused longing to become mad in love.
He himself became Laila to steal Majnun's heart.
Himself He wept, himself consoled himself.
O, what a game of love He plays!
What a carefree game He plays!

Himself the lover, He himself is the Beloved.
Here logic and reason have no part to play.
Bullah rejoices in his union with the Beloved.
Why does He create separation now?
What a carefree game He plays!

Bulleh Shah

Whether Or Not You Know This

Whether or not you know this,
Enter my courtyard.
I adore you (I would sacrifice my life for you),
Enter my courtyard.

For me, there is nobody else but you.
Though I search every forest, plain and desert.
Though I search the entire world.
Enter my courtyard.

People believe you are a lowly cowherd,
Named Raanjha.
But you are my faith, my religion.
Enter my courtyard.

I left my parents for love of you,
My Lord, Shah Inaayat.
Honor this love I bear for you.
Enter my courtyard.

Bulleh Shah

Why Should I Go To Kaaba

Why should I go to Kaaba,
When I long for Takht Hazaara?

People worship Kaaba,
I worship my dearest friend.
I long for Takht Hazaara.

Beloved Raanjha, seeing my defects, do not put me out of mind,
Remember(think of) this worthless one.
I long for Takht Hazaara.

Though I cannot swim,
It will be your shame if I drown.
I long for Takht Hazaara.

I found no one like you,
Though I searched the entire world.
I long for Takht Hazaara.

Bulleh Shah

You Alone Exist

You alone exist; I do not, O Beloved!
You alone exist, I do not!
Like the shadow of a house in ruins,
I revolve in my own mind.
If I speak, you speak with me:
If I am silent, you are in my mind.
If I sleep, you sleep with me:
If I walk, you are along my path.
Oh Bulleh, the spouse has come to my house:
My life is a sacrifice unto Him.
You alone exist; I do not, O Beloved!

Bulleh Shah

Your Love Has Made Me Dance All Over

Your love has made me dance all over.
Falling in love with you
Was supping a cup of poison.
Come, my healer, it's my final hour.
Your love has made me dance all over.

Bulleh Shah