

## **Makkay Gayan Gul Mukdi Naaheen**

**Bulley Shah**

**(Translation by Syed Ali Abbas)**

Makke gayaan gal mukdi naaheen  
Pahnwe sau sau Jumme parh aiay

Pilgrimage to Mecca would not suffice  
Even if you said a hundred prayers

Ganga gayaan gal mukdi naaheen  
Pahnwe sau sau ghoté khaiay

A trip to Ganges would serve no purpose  
Even if you took a hundred dips

Goa gayaan gal mukdi naaheen  
Pahnwe sau sau pand parhaiay

Going to the Goa temples would not help  
Even if you chanted a hundred mantras

Bulley Shah! Gal tanyo mukdi  
Jadon main nu dilon ganwaiay.

Bulley Shah! The job shall only be done  
When your heart is cleansed of your ego.

Parh parh aalam faazal hoyaan  
Kade apne aap nu parhyaee naeen

Much reading has made you a scholar  
Yet not once have you read your inner self

Ja ja wurdaein mandar masseta  
Kade munn apne wich wuryaee naeen

You frequent every temple and mosque  
But never reach into your own heart

Ainwainee roz shataan nal lardaein  
Kade nafs apne naal laryaee naeen

Crusading against Satan endlessly  
You yield to your temptations without a fight

Bulley Shah! Aasmaani  
Uddiyaan phardaen

Bulley Shah! You hunt for the prey  
Far out in the skies

Jera ghar baitha onhoon  
phariyaee naeen.

But never seek the game  
That lies within you.

Sir te topi te niyyat khoti  
Laina ki topi sir tarh ke

Sporting a turban and a corrupt mind  
What good is that turban on your head

Tasbeeh phiri par dil na phiriya  
Laina ki tasbeeh hath parh ke

Rolling rosaries with a heart unturned  
What use are those beads in your hand

Chille keetay te Rab na miliya  
Laina ki chilyaan wich wur ke

Nights in worship and yet you are astray  
What worth are those nights of worship

Bulley Shah jag bina dudh naeen jamda  
Pahnwe laal huwe karh karh ke.

Ai kutta dar dar phire  
Te dar dar dur dur howe

Jei ik dar da ho ke beh jaaye  
Kaanon dur dur howe

Je to Rab nu manaunaan  
Pehle yaar nu manaa

Rab man jaandaey  
Yaar nu manauna aukha aye

Ban kanjri te Bulley wang  
Ghungroo tu paa

Rab man jaandaey  
Yaar nunmanauna aukha aye.

Bulley Shah! Only rennet can ferment milk  
Endless boiling will merely burn it.

This dog strays from doorstep to doorstep  
And is banished from every doorstep

Should it stay loyal to one home  
It would have to wander no more

If you wish to please God  
First please the beloved

Beware, though: the beloved  
Is not so easily pleased

Go dance madly in the streets  
And jingle your ankle bells like Bulley

For, the beloved  
Is not so easily pleased.