

ugvai soor gurmukh har boleh sabh rain sam<sup>H</sup>aalih har gaal

pBwqI mhl w 4 ] (1335-13)	parbhaatee mehlaa 4.	Prabhaatee, Fourth Mehl:
agvYsthu gurmik hir bd ih sB rIn smel ih hir gwI ]	ugvai soor gurmukh har boleh sabh rain sam <sup>H</sup> aalih har gaal.	With the rising of the sun, the Gurmukh speaks of the Lord. All through the night, he dwells upon the Sermon of the Lord.
hmrYpIB hm I c I gwel hm krh pBU hir Bwl ]1]	hamrai parabh ham loch lagaa-ee ham karah parabhoo har bhaal.   1	My God has infused this longing within me; I seek my Lord God.   1
myrw mnuswDUDir rvwl ]	mayraa man saaDhoo Dhoor ravaal.	My mind is the dust of the feet of the Holy.
hir hir nmu idWieE gir mITw gir pg Jwrh hm bwl ]1] rhwau ]	har har naam darirh-aa-i-o gur meethaa gur pag jhaarah ham baal.   1   rahaa-o.	The Guru has implanted the Sweet Name of the Lord, Har, Har, within me. I dust the Guru's Feet with my hair.   1  Pause
swkq kauidnrIn ADwrl moh PwQymieAw j wI ]	saakat ka-o din rain anDhaaree mohi faathay maa-i-aa jaal.	Dark are the days and nights of the faithless cynics; they are caught in the trap of attachment to Maya.
iKnu pl uhir pBuir dIn visE irin bWdy bhu ibiD bwl ]2]	khin pal har parabh ridai na vasi-o rin baaDhay baho biDh baal.   2	The Lord God does not dwell in their hearts, even for an instant; every hair of their heads is totally tied up in debts.   2
sqslyiq imil miq biD pwel hau Clymmqw j wI ]	satsangat mil mat buDh paa-ee ha- o chhootay mamtaa jaal.	Joining the Sat Sangat, the True Congregation, wisdom and understanding are obtained, and one is released from the traps of egotism and possessiveness.
hir nwmw hir mIT I gwnw gir kleysbid inhwl ]3]	har naamaa har meeth lagaanaa gur kee-ay sabad nihaal.   3	The Lord's Name, and the Lord, seem sweet to me. Through the Word of His Shabad, the Guru has made me happy.   3
hm bwir k gir Agm gswel gir kir ikrpw pIqpwl ]	ham baarik gur agam gusaa-ee gur kar kirpaa partipaal.	I am just a child; the Guru is the Unfathomable Lord of the World. In His Mercy, He cherishes and sustains me.
ibKu Baj I fibdy kwiF I ju pIB gir nwnk bwl gpwl ]4]2]	bikh bha-ojal dubday kaadh layho parabh gur naanak baal gupaal.   4  2	I am drowning in the ocean of poison; O God, Guru, Lord of the World, please save Your child, Nanak.   4  2