

parabh jee too mayro sukh-daata

sriT mhl 5] (626-7)	sorath mehlaa 5.	Sorat'h, Fifth Mehl:
gur kw sbdwrKviry]	gur kaa sabad rakhvaaray.	The Word of the Guru's Shabad is my Saving Grace.
cakl caigrd hmry]	cha-ukee cha-ugirad hamaaray.	It is a guardian posted on all four sides around me.
rwm nwim man laaga]	raam naam man laagaa.	My mind is attached to the Lord's Name.
j mu l j wie kir Bwg]1]	jam lajaa-ay kar bhaagaa. 1	The Messenger of Death has run away in shame. 1
pB j l qlmyro sKdiq]	parabh jee too mayro sukh-daata.	O Dear Lord, You are my Giver of peace.
bDn kwit krymnu inrml upln pirKuibDiq] rhau]	banDhan kaat karay man nirmal pooran purakh biDhaataa. rahaa-o.	The Perfect Lord, the Architect of Destiny, has shattered my bonds, and made my mind immaculately pure. Pause
nwnk pBuAibnisl]	naanak parabh abhinaasee.	O Nanak, God is eternal and imperishable.
qw kl sy n ibrQl j wsl]	taa kee sayv na birthee jaasee.	Service to Him shall never go unrewarded.
And krih qry dws]	anad karahi tayray daasaa.	Your slaves are in bliss;
j ip pln hel Aisw]2]4]68]	jap pooran ho-ee aasaa. 2 4 68	chanting and meditating, their desires are fulfilled. 2 4 68