

hun nahee sandaysaro maa-i-o

rwgusriT mhl w 5] (624-7)	raag sorath mehlaa 5.	Sorat'h, Fifth Mehl:
dh ids CqRmG Gtw Gt dmin cmik frwieE]	dah dis chhatar maygh ghataa ghat daaman chamak daraa-i-o.	In the ten directions, the clouds cover the sky like a canopy; through the dark clouds, lightning flashes, and I am terrified.
sj ieky I nld nhunhh ipru prdjs isDwieE] 1]	sayj ikaylee need nahu nainah pir pardays siDhaa-i-o. 1	By bed is empty, and my eyes are sleepless; my Husband Lord has gone far away. 1
hix nhl sDjsromwieE]	hun nahee sandaysaro maa-i-o.	Now, I receive no messages from Him, O mother!
ek ksr isid krq I wl uqb cqr pqroAwieE] rhwau]	ayk kosro siDh karat laal tab chatur paatro aa-i-o. rahaa-o.	When my Beloved used to go even a mile away, He would send me four letters. Pause
ikau bsrYiehu I wl uipAwro srb gux sKdwieE]	ki-o bisrai ih laal pi-aaro sarab gunaa sukh-daa-i-o.	How could I forget this Dear Beloved of mine? He is the Giver of peace, and all virtues.
mDir cir kYpQuinhwraunh nlir Bir AwieE] 2]	mandar char kai panth nihaara-o nain neer bhar aa-i-o. 2	Ascending to His Mansion, I gaze upon His path, and my eyes are filled with tears. 2
hau hau Bliq BieE hYblco snq djs inktwieE]	ha-o ha-o bheet bha-i-o hai beecho sunat days niktaa-i-o.	The wall of egotism and pride separates us, but I can hear Him nearby.
BWBrl kypwq prdoibnu pKy dHwieE] 3]	bhaa ^N bheeree kay paat pardo bin paykhay dooraa-i-o. 3	There is a veil between us, like the wings of a butterfly; without being able to see Him, He seems so far away. 3
BieE ikrpwl usrb ko Twkuru sgrodKu imtwieE]	bha-i-o kirpaal sarab ko thaakur sagro dookh mitaa-i-o.	The Lord and Master of all has become merciful; He has dispelled all my sufferings.
khu nwk hamY Bliq gir Kel gaudieAwru bItI opwieE] 4]	kaho naanak ha-umai bheet gur kho- ee ta-o da-i-aar beethlo paa-i-o. 4	Says Nanak, when the Guru tore down the wall of egotism, then, I found my Merciful Lord and Master. 4
sBuriHE ADjsromwieE]	sabh rahi-o andaysro maa-i-o.	All my fears have been dispelled, O mother!
jo chhq sogurDiml wieE]	jo chaahat so guroo milaa-i-o.	Whoever I seek, the Guru leads me to find.
srb gnw iniD rwieE] rhwau dj w] 11] 61]	sarab gunaa niDh raa-i-o. rahaa-o doojaa. 11 61	The Lord, our King, is the treasure of all virtue. Second Pause 11 61