

parabh tayray pag kee Dhoor

tfl mhl w 5] (716-13)	todee mehlaa 5.	Todee, Fifth Mehl:
pB qrypg kl Dųr]	parabh tayray pag kee Dhoor.	O God, I am the dust of Your feet.
dIn dieAwl plqm mnmhñ kir ikrpw myrl l cw plųr] rhwau]	deen da-i-aal pareetam manmohan kar kirpaa mayree lochaa poor. rahaa-o.	O merciful to the meek, Beloved mind-enticing Lord, by Your Kind Mercy, please fulfill my yearning. Pause
dh ids riv rihAw j suqmrw Aųrj wml sdw hj ųr]	dah dis rav rahi-aa jas tumraa antarjaamee sadaa hajoor.	In the ten directions, Your Praises are permeating and pervading, O Inner-knower, Searcher of hearts, O Lord ever- present.
j o qmrw j sugwih krqy syj n kbhu n mrqy Jųr]1]	jo tumraa jas gaavahi kartay say jan kabahu na martay jhoor. 1	Those who sing Your Praises, O Creator Lord, those humble beings never die or grieve. 1
DųD bųD ibnsymieAw kyswųų sųiq imtyibsr]	DhanDh banDh binsay maa-i-aa kay saaDhoo sangat mitay bisoor.	The worldly affairs and entanglements of Maya disappear, in the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy; all sorrows are taken away.
sK sųbiq Bg iesuj lA kyibnu hir nwnk j wnykųr]2]4]23]	sukh sampat bhog is jee-a kay bin har naanak jaanay koor. 2 4 23	The comforts of wealth and the enjoyments of the soul - O Nanak, without the Lord, know them to be false. 2 4 23