

mil maaṭ piṭaa pind kamaa-i-aa

m̄w̄r̄l̄m̄h̄l̄ w̄ 1] (989-10)	maaroo mehlaa 1.	Maaroo, First Mehl:
imil̄ m̄w̄q̄ ipq̄w̄ ip̄l̄f̄uk̄m̄w̄ieĀw̄]	mil maaṭ piṭaa pind kamaa-i-aa.	The union of the mother and father brings the body into being.
iqin̄ kr̄q̄Ȳl̄ K̄ūil̄ K̄w̄ieĀw̄]	ṭin̄ kart̄aī layk̄h̄ lik̄h̄aa-i-aa.	The Creator inscribes upon it the inscription of its destiny.
il̄ K̄ud̄w̄iq̄ j̄ īq̄ vif̄Āw̄el̄]	lik̄h̄ ḍaaṭ̄ joṭ̄ vadi-aa-ee.	According to this inscription, gifts, light and glorious greatness are received.
imil̄ m̄w̄ieĀw̄ s̄riq̄ gv̄w̄el̄]1]	mil maa-i-aa suraṭ̄ gavaa-ee. 1	Joining with Maya, the spiritual consciousness is lost. 1
m̄l̄K̄ mn̄ k̄īh̄ȳk̄rs̄ih̄ m̄w̄x̄w̄]	moorak̄h̄ man̄ kaahaȳ karseh̄ maṅnaa.	O foolish mind, why are you so proud?
aīT̄ cl̄ x̄w̄ K̄sm̄ȲB̄w̄x̄w̄]1] rh̄w̄aū]	uth̄ chal̄naā k̄has̄maī b̄haanaa. 1 rahaa-o.	You shall have to arise and depart when it pleases your Lord and Master. 1 Pause
qij̄ s̄w̄d̄ sh̄j̄ s̄K̄ūh̄el̄]	ṭaj̄ saad̄ saḥj̄ suk̄h̄ ho-ee.	Abandon the tastes of the world, and find intuitive peace.
Gr̄ Cf̄xȳrh̄Ȳn̄ k̄el̄]	ghar̄ ch̄had̄ṅaȳ rahaī na ko-ee.	All must abandon their worldly homes; no one remains here forever.
ik̄CūK̄w̄j̄ Ȳik̄CūDir̄ j̄ w̄el̄AȲ]	kich̄h̄ k̄haajaī kich̄h̄ D̄har̄ jaa-ee-ai.	Eat some, and save the rest,
j̄ ȳb̄ūhīV̄ d̄n̄l̄AȲ Āw̄el̄AȲ]2]	jaȳ baahur̄h̄ ḍunee-aa aa-ee-ai. 2	if you are destined to return to the world again. 2
s̄j̄ ūk̄w̄ieĀw̄ p̄t̄ūh̄F̄w̄eȳ]	saj̄ kaa-i-aa pat̄ had̄h̄aa-ay.	He adorns his body and resses in silk robes.
P̄ir̄m̄w̄ieis̄ b̄h̄ḍ̄ūcl̄ w̄eȳ]	furmaa-is̄ bahuṭ̄ chalaay.	He issues all sorts of commands.
kir̄ s̄j̄ s̄K̄ūl̄ l̄ s̄w̄Ȳ]	kar̄ sayj̄ suk̄h̄aaleē sovai.	Preparing his comfortable bed, he sleeps.
h̄Q̄l̄ p̄aḍ̄l̄ k̄īh̄ȳr̄w̄l̄]3]	hatheē pa-udeē kaahaȳ rovai. 3	When he falls into the hands of the Messenger of Death, what good does it do to cry out? 3
Gr̄ Ḡh̄x̄v̄w̄xl̄ B̄w̄el̄]	ghar̄ gh̄umman̄vaaneē b̄haa-ee.	Household affairs are whirlpools of entanglements, O Siblings of Destiny.
p̄w̄p̄ p̄Q̄r̄ q̄rx̄ūn̄ j̄ w̄el̄]	paap̄ pathar̄ ṭaran̄ na jaa-ee.	Sin is a stone which does not float.
B̄aūb̄Ȳw̄ j̄ lāūc̄V̄w̄al̄]	b̄ha-ō bayr̄h̄aā jee-ō char̄h̄aa-oo.	So let the Fear of God be the boat to carry your soul across.
k̄h̄ūn̄w̄nk̄ ḍ̄j̄Ȳl̄ k̄w̄h̄J̄]4]2]	kahō naanak̄ ḍ̄ayvaī kaahoo. 4 2	Says Nanak, rare are those who are blessed with this Boat. 4 2