

har din rain keertan gaa-ee-ai

sriT mhl w 5] (623-14)	sorath mehlāa 5.	Sorat'h, Fifth Mehl:
gūr p̄hYcrnl I w̄ieAw]	gur poorai charnee laa-i-aa.	The Perfect Guru has attached me to His feet.
hir s̄līg sh̄iel p̄w̄ieAw]	har sang sahaa-ee paa-i-aa.	I have obtained the Lord as my companion, my support, my best friend.
j h j w̄elA'qhw̄ sh̄h̄y]	jah jaa-ee-ai t̄ahaa suhaylay.	Wherever I go, I am happy there.
kir ikrp̄w̄ p̄B̄ m̄y]1]	kar kirpaa parab̄h maylay. 1	By His Kind Mercy, God united me with Himself. 1
hir ḡx̄ ḡw̄vhu s̄d̄w̄ s̄B̄iel]	har gun̄ gaavhu sad̄aa sub̄h̄aa-ee.	So sing forever the Glorious Praises of the Lord with loving devotion.
mn ic̄h̄y s̄gl̄ yPI p̄w̄vhu j IA k̄l̄ s̄līg sh̄iel]1] rh̄iaw̄]	man chind̄ay saglay fal paavhu jee- a kai sang sahaa-ee. 1 rahaa-o.	You shall obtain all the fruits of your mind's desires, and the Lord shall become the companion and the support of your soul. 1 Pause
n̄w̄w̄iex p̄lx̄ AD̄w̄w̄]	naaraa-in̄ paraan̄ aD̄haaraa.	The Lord is the support of the breath of life.
hm̄ s̄k̄ j n̄w̄ r̄ȳw̄w̄]	ham sant̄ janaa ^N raynaaraa.	I am the dust of the feet of the Holy people.
piqq̄ p̄nlq̄ kir I Iny]	paṭiṭ̄ puneet̄ kar leenay.	I am a sinner, but the Lord made me pure.
kir ikrp̄w̄ hir j s̄ud̄Iny]2]	kar kirpaa har jas deenay. 2	By His Kind Mercy, the Lord blessed me with His Praises. 2
p̄w̄rb̄h̄m̄u kry p̄l̄q̄p̄w̄ w̄]	paarbarahm karay paṭipaalaa.	The Supreme Lord God cherishes and nurtures me.
s̄d̄ j IA s̄līg r̄K̄v̄w̄ w̄]	sad̄ jee-a sang rakh̄vaalaa.	He is always with me, the Protector of my soul.
hir id̄n̄ur̄In̄ k̄lr̄q̄n̄u ḡw̄elA']	har <u>din</u> rain keertan gaa-ee-ai.	Singing the Kirtan of the Lord's Praises day and night,
b̄h̄iV̄ n̄ j n̄l̄ p̄w̄elA']3]	bahurh̄ na jonee paa-ee-ai. 3	I shall not be consigned to reincarnation again. 3
ij s̄ud̄ȳl̄ p̄r̄Kūib̄D̄w̄q̄w̄]	jis <u>dayvai</u> purakh̄ biD̄haat̄aa.	One who is blessed by the Primal Lord, the Architect of Destiny,
hir rs̄ūiq̄n̄ hl̄ j w̄q̄w̄]	har ras t̄in̄ hee jaat̄aa.	realizes the subtle essence of the Lord.
j m̄k̄l̄kr̄un̄j̄V̄ n̄ Aw̄ieAw̄]	jamkankar nayrh̄ na aa-i-aa.	The Messenger of Death does not come near him.
s̄k̄ūn̄w̄nk̄ sr̄xl̄ p̄w̄ieAw̄]4]9]59]	sukh̄ naanak sar̄nee paa-i-aa. 4 9 59	In the Lord's Sanctuary, Nanak has found peace. 4 9 59