

jal kee bheet pavan kaa thambhaa rakat bund kaa gaaraa

sriT rivdws j lau] (659-3	sorath ravid ^{aa} s jee-o.	Raag Sorat'h, The Word Of Ravi Daas Jee:
j l kl Bliq pvn kw QIBw rkq bbb kw gwrw]	jal kee <u>bheet</u> pavan kaa thamb <u>haa</u> rakat bund kaa gaaraa.	The body is a wall of water, supported by the pillars of air; the egg and sperm are the mortar.
hwf mws nV0l koipj] ru pIKl bsf ibcwrw]1]	haad maas naar <u>hee</u> ^N ko pinjar pank <u>hee</u> basai bichaaraa. 1	The framework is made up of bones, flesh and veins; the poor soul-bird dwells within it. 1
pInl ikAw myrw ikAw qyrw]	paraanee ki-aa mayraa ki-aa <u>tay</u> raa.	O mortal, what is mine, and what is yours?
j 'syqrwr pIK bsyrw]1] rhwau]	jaisay tarvar pank <u>h</u> basayraa. 1 rahaa-o.	The soul is like a bird perched upon a tree. 1 Pause
rwkhu kD aswrhunlvw]	raak <u>h</u> o kan <u>Dh</u> usaarahu neevaa ^N .	You lay the foundation and build the walls.
swFyqlin hwQ qrl slvw]2]	saadhay teen haath <u>tay</u> ree seevaa ^N . 2	But in the end, three and a half cubits will be your measured space. 2
blkybwl pig isir fyr]	bankay baal paag sir dayree.	You make your hair beautiful, and wear a stylish turban on your head.
iehuqnuhi ^o egoBsm kl Fyr]3]	ih tan ho-igo <u>bhas</u> am kee <u>d</u> hayree. 3	But in the end, this body shall be reduced to a pile of ashes. 3
alcymdr sdr nwr]	oochay mand <u>ar</u> sund <u>ar</u> naaree.	Your palaces are lofty, and your brides are beautiful.
rwmm nwm ibnubwj l hwrl]4]	raam naam bin baajee haaree. 4	But without the Lord's Name, you shall lose the game entirely. 4
myrl j wiq kmlnl pliq kmlnl ECw j nmuhmwrw]	mayree jaat kameenee paa ^N <u>t</u> kameenee och <u>h</u> aa janam hamaaraa.	My social status is low, my ancestry is low, and my life is wretched.
qmm srnwigiq rwj w rwm chd kih rivdws cmwrw]5]6]	<u>tum</u> sarnaaga <u>t</u> raajaa raam chand kahi ravid <u>aa</u> s chamaaraa. 5 6	I have come to Your Sanctuary, O Luminous Lord, my King; so says Ravi Daas, the shoemaker. 5 6