

tayray darsan vitahu k<sup>h</sup>anee-ai van<sup>j</sup>aa tayray naam vitahu kurbaano

vfHmhl w 1 Gru2 ] (557-13)	vad-hans mehlaa 1 g <sup>h</sup> ar 2.	Wadahans, First Mehl, Second House:
mrl rlx Jlx l wleAw Bkysvwxu AwleAw ]	moree run j <sup>h</sup> un laa-i-aa b <sup>h</sup> ainay saavan aa-i-aa.	The peacocks are singing so sweetly, O sister; the rainy season of Saawan has come.
qrymD ktwryj yfw iqin l Bl l B l BwleAw ]	tayray munD <sup>h</sup> kataaray jayvdaa t <sup>in</sup> lob <sup>h</sup> ee lob <sup>h</sup> lub <sup>h</sup> aa-i-aa.	Your beautiful eyes are like a string of charms, fascinating and enticing the soul-bride.
qrydrsn ivthu KhlAl vMw qry nm ivthu kirbwxo ]	tayray darsan vitahu k <sup>h</sup> anee-ai van <sup>j</sup> aa tayray naam vitahu kurbaano.	I would cut myself into pieces for the Blessed Vision of Your Darshan; I am a sacrifice to Your Name.
j w qlqw ml mxu kIAw hY qDuibnu kjh myw mxo ]	jaa too taa mai maan kee-aa hai tuD <sup>h</sup> bin kayhaa mayraa maano.	I take pride in You; without You, what could I be proud of?
cVw Bhu pl G isau mDy sxu bwhl sxu bwhw ]	choor <sup>h</sup> aa b <sup>h</sup> ann palang <sup>h</sup> si-o munD <sup>h</sup> ay san baahee san baahaa.	So smash your bracelets along with your bed, O soul-bride, and break your arms, along with the arms of your couch.
eqy vjs krdley mDy shu rwoq Avrhw ]	aytay vays karaydee-ay munD <sup>h</sup> ay saho raato avraahaa.	In spite of all the decorations which you have made, O soul-bride, your Husband Lord is enjoying someone else.
nw mnlAwrun cVIAw nw sy vhwVIAhw ]	naa manee-aar na choor <sup>h</sup> ee-aa naa say vangoor <sup>h</sup> ee-aahaa.	You don't have the bracelets of gold, nor the good crystal jewelry; you haven't dealt with the true jeweller.
j osh kllT n l glAw j l nuis bwhVIAhw ]	jo sah kanth na lagee-aa jalan se bahr <sup>h</sup> ee-aahaa.	Those arms, which do not embrace the neck of the Husband Lord, burn in anguish.
siB shIAw shu rwoix gelAw hau dwDI kydir j vw ]	sabh sahee-aa saho raavan ga-ee- aa ha-o daaD <sup>h</sup> ee kai dar jaavaa.	All my companions have gone to enjoy their Husband Lord; which door should I, the wretched one, go to?
Alhw l hau Krl scj l q'sh ejk n Bvw ]	ammaalee ha-o k <sup>h</sup> aree suchjee tai sah ayk na b <sup>h</sup> aaavaa.	O friend, I may look very attractive, but I am not pleasing to my Husband Lord at all.
mwlT g <sup>h</sup> weDl ptIAw BriAY mwg sDhy ]	maath gu <sup>N</sup> daa-ee <sup>N</sup> patee-aa b <sup>h</sup> aree-ai maag sanD <sup>h</sup> ooray.	I have woven my hair into lovely braids, and saturated their partings with vermillion;
AgYgel n mlhIAw mrauisv ivshy ]	agai ga-ee na mannee-aa mara-o visoor visooray.	but when I go before Him, I am not accepted, and I die, suffering in anguish.

mYrvWl sBuj gur nW rthVyxhu pIKyU ]	mai rovan <u>dee</u> sab <u>h</u> jag runaa runnr <u>h</u> ay van <u>h</u> u pan <u>h</u> ayroo.	I weep; the whole world weeps; even the birds of the forest weep with me.
iekun r nW myrqn kW ibrhW ij in hauiprhuvCWl ]	ik na runaa mayray <u>tan</u> kaa birhaa jin ha-o pirahu vich <u>h</u> or <u>h</u> ee.	The only thing which doesn't weep is my body's sense of separateness, which has separated me from my Lord.
spnYAwieAw Bl gieAw mYj l u BirAw rie ]	supnai aa-i-aa <u>b</u> hee ga-i-aa mai jal <u>b</u> hari-aa ro-ay.	In a dream, He came, and went away again; I cried so many tears.
Awie n skW qW kin ipAwryBjj n skW kte ]	aa-ay na sakaa <u>t</u> uj <u>h</u> kan pi-aaray <u>b</u> hayj na sakaa ko-ay.	I can't come to You, O my Beloved, and I can't send anyone to You.
AwaisBwgl nldVley mqu shudKw sie ]	aa-o sab <u>h</u> aagee need- <u>r</u> hee-ay mat saho <u>d</u> ay <u>h</u> aa so-ay.	Come to me, O blessed sleep - perhaps I will see my Husband Lord again.
qYswhb kl bWq ij AwKYkhu nWnk ikAw dlj Y ]	<u>t</u> ai saahib kee baat je aak <u>h</u> ai kaho naanak ki-aa <u>d</u> eejai.	One who brings me a message from my Lord and Master - says Nanak, what shall I give to Him?
slsuvFykir bSxudlj Yivxuisr syv krlj Y ]	sees vad <u>h</u> ay kar baisan <u>d</u> eejai vin sir sayv kareejai.	Cutting off my head, I give it to Him to sit upon; without my head, I shall still serve Him.
ikaun mrlj Yj IAVW n dlj Yj W shu BieAw ivfWxW ]1]3]	ki-o na mareejai jee-ar <u>h</u> aa na <u>d</u> eejai jaa saho <u>b</u> ha-i-aa vidaanaa.   1  3	Why haven't I died? Why hasn't my life just ended? My Husband Lord has become a stranger to me.   1  3