

mayraa parabh raa<sup>N</sup>g ghanou at roorhou

pBwq  mhl w 1 ] (1331-17)	parbhaatee mehlaa 1.	Prabhaatee, First Mehl:
Alqir djK sbid mnuminAw Avrun rlgnhw ]	antar daykh sabad man maani-aa avar na raa <sup>N</sup> ganhaaraa.	Deep within, I see the Shabad, the Word of God; my mind is pleased and appeased. Nothing else can touch and imbue me.
Aihinis j lAw djK smwl yiqs hl kl srkwr ]1]	ahinis jee-aa daykh samaalay tis hee kee sarkaaraa.   1	Day and night, God watches over and cares for His beings and creatures; He is the Ruler of all.   1
myr pBurWig Gx0Aiq rW0]	mayraa parabh raa <sup>N</sup> g ghanou at roorhou.	My God is dyed in the most beautiful and glorious color.
dln dieAw uplqm mnmhnuAiq rs lwl sgW0]1] rhwau]	deen da-i-aal pareetam manmohan at ras laal sagoorhou.   1   rahaa- o.	Merciful to the meek and the poor, my Beloved is the Enticer of the mind; He is so very sweet, imbued with the deep crimson color of His Love.   1  Pause
albir kbuggn pinhwrl Almbku plvxhw ]	ooper koop gagan panihaaree amrit peevanhaaraa.	The Well is high up in the Tenth Gate; the Ambrosial Nectar flows, and I drink it in.
ij s kl rcnw so ibiD j wxY gurmik igAnuvlcw ]2]	jis kee rachnaa so biDh jaanai gurmukh gi-aan veechaaraa.   2	The creation is His; He alone knows its ways and means. The Gurmukh contemplates spiritual wisdom.   2
psrl ikrix ris kml ibgwsy sis Gir slw smwieAw ]	pasree kiran ras kamal bigaasay sas ghar soor samaa-i-aa.	The rays of light spread out, and the heart-lotus joyfully blossoms forth; the sun enters into the house of the moon.
kwl uibDhs mnsa min mwrl gur pBwid pBupwieAw ]3]	kaal biDhuns mansaa man maaree gur parsaad parabh paa-i-aa.   3	I have conquered death; the desires of the mind are destroyed. By Guru's Grace, I have found God.   3
Aiq ris rlg cl ll Yrwql dj w rkgu n kel ]	at ras rang chaloolai raatee doojaa rang na ko-ee.	I am dyed in the deep crimson color of His Love. I am not colored by any other color.
nwnk rsin rswey ruqy riv rihAw pBuseel ]4]15]	naanak rasan rasaa-ay raatay rav rahi-aa parabh so-ee.   4  15	O Nanak, my tongue is saturated with the taste of God, who is permeating and pervading everywhere.   4  15