

har kay sakhaa saaDh jan neekay tin oopar haath vaṭaavai

raamkalee mehlaa 4] (881-7)	raamkalee mehlaa 4.	Raamkalee, Fourth Mehl:
hir kysKw sD j n nlkyiqn alp̄ir huQuvqv̄V]	har kay sakhaa saaDh jan neekay tin oopar haath vaṭaavai.	The friends of the Lord, the humble, Holy Saints are sublime; the Lord spreads out His protecting hands above them.
gurmik sD s̄el p̄B Bweykir ikrpw Awip iml v̄V]1]	gurmukh saaDh say-ee parabh bhaa-ay kar kirpaa aap milaavai. 1	The Gurmukhs are the Holy Saints, pleasing to God; in His mercy, He blends them with Himself. 1
raam mo kauhir j n mj̄l min Bv̄V]	raam mo ka-o har jan mayl man bhaavai.	O Lord, my mind longs to meet with the humble servants of the Lord.
Aimau Aimau hir rsuh̄Y mlT̄w imil s̄k̄ j n̄w miK p̄v̄V]1] rh̄wau]	ami-o ami-o har ras hai meethaa mil sant̄ janaa mukh paavai. 1 rahaa-o.	The sweet, subtle essence of the Lord is immortalizing ambrosia. Meeting the Saints, I drink it in. 1 Pause
hir kyl ḡ raam j n alqm̄ imil alqm̄ pdvl p̄v̄V]	har kay log raam jan oot̄am mil oot̄am padvee paavai.	The Lord's people are the most lofty and exalted. Meeting with them, the most exalted status is obtained.
hm hv̄q c̄rl d̄ws d̄wsn kl mȳw T̄wkuK̄sl kr̄v̄V]2]	ham hov̄at̄ chayree daas daasan kee mayraa thaakur khusee karaavai. 2	I am the slave of the slave of the Lord's slaves; my Lord and Master is pleased with me. 2
syk j n syih syvfB̄wgl ird min qin pl̄iq l ḡv̄V]	sayvak jan sayveh say vad̄bhaagee rid man tan pareet̄ lagaavai.	The humble servant serves; one who enshrines love for the Lord in his heart, mind and body is very fortunate.
ibnu pl̄ql krih bh̄u b̄wq̄w k̄l̄u b̄il k̄l̄v̄o Pl̄ up̄v̄V]3]	bin pareeteē karahi baho baṭaa koorh bol koorho fal paavai. 3	One who talks too much without love, speaks falsely, and obtains only false rewards. 3
mo kau D̄wir ik̄p̄w j gj lvn d̄wq̄y hir s̄k̄ p̄gl l y p̄v̄V]	mo ka-o Dhaar kirpaa jagjeevan daat̄ay har sant̄ pagee lay paavai.	Take pity on me, O Lord of the World, O Great Giver; let me fall at the feet of the Saints.
hauk̄wtau k̄wit b̄wiF isru r̄wKau ij qu n̄w nk̄ s̄k̄yuciV Aw̄V]4]3]	ha-o kaata-o kaat baadh̄ sir raakha-o jit̄ naanak sant̄ charh aavai. 4 3	I would cut off my head, and cut it into pieces, O Nanak, and set it down for the Saints to walk upon. 4 3