

jab kachh na see-o tab ki-aa kartaa kavan karam kar aa-i-aa

s̥hl̥ mhl̥ w̥ 5] (748-14)	soohee mehlaa 5.	Soohee, Fifth Mehl:
j b kCUn sIE qb ikA w̥ krq w̥ kvn krm kir AwieAw]	jab kachh na see-o tab ki-aa kartaa kavan karam kar aa-i-aa.	When nothing existed, what deeds were being done? And what karma caused anyone to be born at all?
Apn w̥ K̥j̥ u Awip kir d̥k̥Y̥T̥w̥kir rcn urcwieAw]1]	apnaa khayl aap kar daykhai thaakur rachan rachaa-i-aa. 1	The Lord Himself set His play in motion, and He Himself beholds it. He created the Creation. 1
myr̥ r̥m̥ r̥wie m̥w̥ q̥y̥ kCUn h̥el]	mayray raam raa-ay mujh tay kachhoo na ho-ee.	O my Sovereign Lord, I cannot do anything at all by myself.
A w̥py̥ krq w̥ Awip kr̥w̥eysrb inr̥l̥ir̥ sel]1] rh̥w̥au]	aapay kartaa aap karaa-ay sarab nirantar so-ee. 1 rahaa-o.	He Himself is the Creator, He Himself is the Cause. He is pervading deep within all. 1 Pause
gxql̥ gxl̥ n C̥t̥Y̥kq̥hl̥k̥w̥cl̥ d̥h̥ ieAw̥xl̥]	gantee ganee na chhootai kathoo kaachee dayh i-aanee.	If my account were to be judged, I would never be saved. My body is transitory and ignorant.
ik̥p̥ w̥ kr̥h̥up̥B̥ kr̥x̥h̥w̥ry̥q̥rl̥ b̥K̥s̥ inr̥w̥l̥ I]2]	kirpaa karahu parabh karnaihaaray tayree bakhhas niraalee. 2	Take pity upon me, O Creator Lord God; Your Forgiving Grace is singular and unique. 2
j IA j̥ l̥j̥ s̥B̥ q̥ry̥kl̥q̥y̥ Git̥ Git̥ q̥hl̥ iDAw̥el̥AY̥]	jee-a janṭ sabh tayray keṭay ghat ghat tuhee Dhi-aa-ee-ai.	You created all beings and creatures. Each and every heart meditates on You.
q̥ry̥l̥ giq̥ imiq̥ q̥hl̥j̥j̥ w̥x̥ih̥ k̥ud̥riq̥ k̥lm̥ n̥ p̥w̥el̥AY̥]3]	tayree gat mit toohai jaaneh kudrat keem na paa-ee-ai. 3	Your condition and expanse are known only to You; the value of Your creative omnipotence cannot be estimated. 3
inrg̥x̥u̥ mg̥D̥u̥ Aj̥ w̥x̥u̥ Aig̥Aw̥nl̥ krm̥ Dr̥m̥ nhl̥ j̥ w̥x̥w̥]	nirgun mugaDh ajaan agi-aanee karam Dharam nahee jaanaa.	I am worthless, foolish, thoughtless and ignorant. I know nothing about good actions and righteous living.
dieAw̥ kr̥hu̥n̥w̥nk̥ug̥x̥ g̥w̥v̥im̥T̥w̥ I̥ g̥l̥q̥r̥w̥ B̥w̥x̥w̥]4]6]53]	da-i-aa karahu naanak gun gaavai mithaa lagai tayraa bhaanaa. 4 6 53	Take pity on Nanak, that he may sing Your Glorious Praises; and that Your Will may seem sweet to him. 4 6 53