

deevaa mayraa ayk naam dukh vich paa-i-aa tayl

Aasw mhl w 1] (358-7)	aasaa mehlāa 1.	Aasaa, First Mehl:
dlvw myrw eku nnumudkuivic pwieAw qj u]	<u>deevaa</u> mayraa ayk naam <u>dukh</u> vich paa-i-aa <u>ṭayl</u> .	The One Name is my lamp; I have put the oil of suffering into it.
ain cwnix EhusiKAw ckw j m isaumj u]1]	un chaanan oh sok <u>hi</u> -aa chookaa jam si-o mayl. 1	Its flame has dried up this oil, and I have escaped my meeting with the Messenger of Death. 1
l kw mq koPkiv pwie]	lokaa maṭ ko fakar <u>h</u> paa-ay.	O people, do not make fun of me.
l K miVAw kir ekTyek rql l y Bwih]1] rhwau]	lak <u>h</u> mar <u>hi</u> -aa kar ayk <u>thay</u> ayk raṭee lay <u>bha</u> ahi. 1 rahaa-o.	Thousands of wooden logs, piled up together, need only a tiny flame to burn. 1 Pause
iplfupqil myrl ksauikirAw scu numu krqwrw]	pind paṭal mayree kaysa-o kiri-aa sach naam kar <u>ṭaar</u> .	The Lord is my festive dish, of rice balls on leafy plates; the True Name of the Creator Lord is my funeral ceremony.
ADY EQY AwgY pwCY ehu myrw AwDwru]2]	aithai othai aagai paach <u>hai</u> ayhu mayraa aaD <u>haar</u> . 2	Here and hereafter, in the past and in the future, this is my support. 2
gḡ bnwris isPiq qmwrl nwl Awqm rwau]	gang banaaras sifaṭ <u>tumaaree</u> naavai aaṭam raa-o.	The Lord's Praise is my River Ganges and my city of Benares; my soul takes its sacred cleansing bath there.
scw nwxuqW QIAy j W Aihinis l wgyBwau]3]	sachaa naavan <u>taa</u> ^N thee-ai jaa ^N ahinis laagai <u>bha</u> a-o. 3	That becomes my true cleansing bath, if night and day, I enshrine love for You. 3
iek l kl hrwCimCrl bḡhm xuvit iplFuKwie]	ik lokee hor <u>chhamichh</u> aree baraahman <u>vat</u> pind <u>kha</u> a-ay.	The rice balls are offered to the gods and the dead ancestors, but it is the Brahmins who eat them!
nwnk iplFu bKsls kw kbhḡ inKṭtis nwh]4]2]32]	naanak pind bak <u>h</u> sees kaa kabahoo ^N nik <u>h</u> ootas naahi. 4 2 32	O Nanak, the rice balls of the Lord are a gift which is never exhausted. 4 2 32