

parabh jee mohi kavan anaath bichaaraa

siirg mhl w 5] (1220-3)	saarag mehlaa 5.	Saarang, Fifth Mehl:
pB j l mih kvnu AnwQuibcwrw]	parabh jee mohi kavan anaath bichaaraa.	O Dear God, I am wretched and helpless!
kvn ml qymwnkukirAw iehu prqwpughrw]1] rhwa]	kavan mool tay maanukh kari-aa ih partaap tuhaaraa. 1 rahaa-o.	From what source did you create humans? This is Your Glorious Grandeur. 1 Pause
j IA plix srb kydwqygk khyn j iih Apwrw]	jee-a paraan sarab kay daatay gun kahay na jaahi apaaraa.	You are the Giver of the soul and the breath of life to all; Your Infinite Glories cannot be spoken.
sB kypilqm sb plqpw k srb GtW AwDwrw]1]	sabh kay paretam sarab partipaalak sarab ghataa ^N aaDhaaraa. 1	You are the Beloved Lord of all, the Cherisher of all, the Support of all hearts. 1
kie n j wxlqmr l giq imiq Awpih ek pswrw]	ko-ay na jaanai tumree gat mit aapeh ayk pasaaraa.	No one knows Your state and extent. You alone created the expanse of the Universe.
sD nrv bTvwvhu nwnk Bv sigru pwr auqwrw]2]58]81]	saaDh naav baithaavahu naanak bhav saagar paar utaraa. 2 58 81	Please, give me a seat in the boat of the Holy; O Nanak, thus I shall cross over this terrifying world-ocean, and reach the other shore. 2 58 81