<u>bh</u>oolee maalnee hai ay-o

Awsw st kblr j laukyptopdy 9 duquky 5 (479-5)	aasaa saree kabeer jee-o kay panchpa <u>d</u> ay 9 <u>d</u> u <u>t</u> ukay 5	Aasaa, Kabeer Jee, 9 Panch-Padas, 5 Du-Tukas:
pwqlqrYmwilnlpwqlpwqljlau]	paa <u>t</u> ee <u>t</u> orai maalini paa <u>t</u> ee paa <u>t</u> ee jee-o.	You tear off the leaves, O gardener, but in each and every leaf, there is life.
ij supwhn kaupwql qrYsopwhn inrj lau]1]	jis paahan ka-o paatee torai so paahan nirjee-o. 1	That stone idol, for which you tear off those leaves - that stone idol is lifeless. 1
BU I mwl nI hYeyau]	bhoolee maalnee hai ay-o.	In this, you are mistaken, O gardener.
siqgırıj ngqn hYdyaı]1] rhwaı]	sa <u>tg</u> ur jaag <u>t</u> aa hai <u>d</u> ay-o. 1 rahaa-o.	The True Guru is the Living Lord. 1 Pause
bhmupwqlibsnufwrlPUsWkrdyau]	barahm paa <u>t</u> ee bisan daaree fool sankar <u>d</u> ay-o.	Brahma is in the leaves, Vishnu is in the branches, and Shiva is in the flowers.
qlin dıv piqiK qırih krih iks kl sıgau]2]	teen dayv partakh toreh karahi kis kee say-o. 2	When you break these three gods, whose service are you performing? 2
pwKwn giF kYmVriq kIn®dykYCwql pwau]	paa <u>kh</u> aan ga <u>dh</u> kai moora <u>t</u> keen ^H ee <u>d</u> ay kai <u>chh</u> aa <u>t</u> ee paa-o.	The sculptor carves the stone and fashions it into an idol, placing his feet upon its chest.
jyeh mbiq swcl hYqaugVbkhwry Kwau]3]	jay ayh moora <u>t</u> saachee hai <u>t</u> a-o ga <u>rh</u> ^H a <u>n</u> haaray <u>kh</u> aa-o. 3	If this stone god was true, it would devour the sculptor for this! 3
Bwqupihiq Arul wpsl krkrw kwswru]	<u>bh</u> aa <u>t</u> pahi <u>t</u> ar laapsee karkaraa kaasaar.	Rice and beans, candies, cakes and cookies
BignhwryBigAwiesumbriq kymiK Cwru]4]	<u>bh</u> oganhaaray <u>bh</u> ogi-aa is moora <u>t</u> kay mu <u>kh chh</u> aar. 4	- the priest enjoys these, while he puts ashes into the mouth of the idol. 4
mwil in BU I j gu BU wnw hm BU wny nwih]	maalin <u>bh</u> oolee jag <u>bh</u> ulaanaa ham <u>bh</u> ulaanay naahi.	The gardener is mistaken, and the world is mistaken, but I am not mistaken.
khukblr hm rwm rwKyik®w kir hir rwie]5]1]14]	kaho kabeer ham raam raakhay kirpaa kar har raa-ay. 5 1 14	Says Kabeer, the Lord preserves me; the Lord, my King, has showered His Blessings upon me. 5 1 14