

gagan mai thaal rav chand deepak banay taarikaa mandal janak motee

Dnwsrl mhl w 1 Awrql (663-5)	<u>D</u> hanaasree mehlaa 1 aartee	Dhanaasaree, First Mehl, Aartee:
ggn mYQwl uriv cMudlpk bny qwirkw mIFI j nk moql]	gagan mai thaal rav chand <u>deepak</u> banay <u>taarika</u> a mandal janak motee.	In the bowl of the sky, the sun and moon are the lamps; the stars in the constellations are the pearls.
Dpuml Awnl opvxucvrokry sgl bnrwie Pl p j ql]1]	<u>D</u> hoop mal-aanlo pavan chavro karay sagal banraa-ay foolant jotee. 1	The fragrance of sandalwood is the incense, the wind is the fan, and all the vegetation are flowers in offering to You, O Luminous Lord. 1
kSI Awrql hie Bv Klfnw qrl Awrql]	kaisee aartee ho-ay <u>bhav</u> <u>khandnaa</u> tayree aartee.	What a beautiful lamp-lit worship service this is! O Destroyer of fear, this is Your Aartee, Your worship service.
Anhqw sbd vwj h Brl]1] rhau]	anhaataa sabad vaajant <u>bhayree</u> . 1 rahaa-o.	The sound current of the Shabad is the sounding of the temple drums. 1 Pause
shs qv nh nn nh hYqih kau shs mlriq nww ek qhl]	sahas tav nain nan nain hai tohi ka-o sahas mooraat nanaa ayk tohee.	Thousands are Your eyes, and yet You have no eyes. Thousands are Your forms, and yet You have not even one form.
shs pd ibml nn ek pd gD ibnshs qv gD iev cl q mhl]2]	sahas pad bimal nan ayk pad ganDh bin sahas tav ganDh iv chalaat mohee. 2	Thousands are Your lotus feet, and yet You have no feet. Without a nose, thousands are Your noses. I am enchanted with Your play! 2
sB mih j iq j iq hYsae]	sabh meh jot jot hai so-ay.	The Divine Light is within everyone; You are that Light.
iqs kYcnix sB mih cwnxuhie]	tis kai chaanan <u>sabh</u> meh chaanan ho-ay.	Yours is that Light which shines within everyone.
gur swkl j iq prgtuhie]	gur saakhee jot pargat ho-ay.	By the Guru's Teachings, this Divine Light is revealed.
j oiqsuBwYsuAwrql hie]3]	jo tis <u>bhaavai</u> so aartee ho-ay. 3	That which pleases the Lord is the true worship service. 3
hir crx kml mkrM I iBq mno Anidnomih Awhl ipAww]	har charan kamal makrand <u>lobhit</u> mano andino mohi aahee pi-aasaa.	My soul is enticed by the honey-sweet lotus feet of the Lord; night and day, I thirst for them.
ikp j l udjh nwnk swirh kau hie j w qyqrYnwim vsw]4]1]7]9]	kirpaa jal deh naanak saaring ka-o ho-ay jaa tay tayrai naam vaasaa. 4 1 7 9	Bless Nanak, the thirsty song-bird, with the water of Your Mercy, that he may come to dwell in Your Name. 4 1 7 9