sriT rivdus j lau] (659-3	sorath ravidaas jee-o.	Raag Sorat'h, The Word Of Ravi Daas Jee:
jl klBliq pvn kwQMBwrkqbMd kwgwrw]	jal kee <u>bh</u> ee <u>t</u> pavan kaa tham <u>bh</u> aa raka <u>t</u> bun <u>d</u> kaa gaaraa.	The body is a wall of water, supported by the pillars of air; the egg and sperm are the mortar.
hwf mws nwVØ koipŊrupKIbsY ibcwrw]1]	haad maas naa <u>rh</u> ee ^N ko pinjar pan <u>kh</u> ee basai bichaaraa. 1	The framework is made up of bones, flesh and veins; the poor soul-bird dwells within it. 1
p ì ml ik Aw myrw ik Aw qyrw]	paraanee ki-aa mayraa ki-aa <u>t</u> ayraa.	O mortal, what is mine, and what is yours?
j'syqr∨r p W K bsyrw]1] rhwau]	jaisay <u>t</u> arvar pan <u>kh</u> basayraa. 1 rahaa-o.	The soul is like a bird perched upon a tree. 1 Pause
rwKhukDanswrhunl∨W]	raa <u>kh</u> o kan <u>Dh</u> usaarahu neevaa ^N .	You lay the foundation and build the walls.
swFyqlin hwQ qyrl slvW]2]	saa <u>dh</u> ay <u>t</u> een haath <u>t</u> ayree seevaa ^N . 2	But in the end, three and a half cubits will be your measured space. 2
blkybwl pwgisir fyrl]	bankay baal paag sir dayree.	You make your hair beautiful, and wear a stylish turban on your head.
iehuqnuh i egoBsm kl Fyrl]3]	ih <u>t</u> an ho-igo <u>bh</u> asam kee <u>dh</u> ayree. 3	But in the end, this body shall be reduced to a pile of ashes. 3
alcymldr sldr nwrl]	oochay man <u>d</u> ar sun <u>d</u> ar naaree.	Your palaces are lofty, and your brides are beautiful.
rwm nwm ibnu bwjl hwrl]4]	raam naam bin baajee haaree. 4	But without the Lord's Name, you shall lose the game entirely. 4
myrljwiq kmlnlpWiq kmlnlECw jnmuhmwrw]	mayree jaa <u>t</u> kameenee paa ^N t kameenee o <u>chh</u> aa janam hamaaraa.	My social status is low, my ancestry is low, and my life is wretched.
q m srnwgiq rwjw rwm c k l kih rivdws cmwrw]5]6]	<u>t</u> um sarnaaga <u>t</u> raajaa raam chan <u>d</u> kahi ravi <u>d</u> aas chamaaraa. 5 6	I have come to Your Sanctuary, O Luminous Lord, my King; so says Ravi Daas, the shoemaker. 5 6