

santān bin avar na daataa bee-aa

sriT mhl w 5] (610-7)	sorath mehlāa 5.	Sorat'h, Fifth Mehl:
qnusltjn kw Dnusltjn kw mnusltjn kw klAw]	tan santān kaa <u>Dhan</u> santān kaa man santān kaa kee-aa.	My body belongs to the Saints, my wealth belongs to the Saints, and my mind belongs to the Saints.
sltj pIswid hir nwnuIDAwieAw srb kisI qb QIAw]1]	sant parsaad har naam <u>Dhi</u> -aa-i-aa sarab kusal tab thee-aa. 1	By the Grace of the Saints, I meditate on the Lord's Name, and then, all comforts come to me. 1
sltjn ibnuAvrun diqwi bIAw]	santān bin avar na daataa bee-aa.	Without the Saints, there are no other givers.
j o j o srix prYswDUkl so pwrgrwml klAw] rhwau]	jo jo saran parai saa <u>Dhoo</u> kee so paagaraamee kee-aa. rahaa-o.	Whoever takes to the Sanctuary of the Holy Saints, is carried across. Pause
kot prwD imtih j n syw hir klrqnuris gwelAY]	kot paraa <u>Dh</u> miteh jan sayvaa har keertan ras gaa-ee-ai.	Millions of sins are erased by serving the humble Saints, and singing the Glorious Praises of the Lord with love.
elhw sKuAwgYmK ajI j n kw sltjvfvBwgl pwelAY]2]	eehaa sukh aagai mukh oojal jan kaa sang vad <u>bha</u> agee paa-ee-ai. 2	One finds peace in this world, and one's face is radiant in the next world, by associating with the humble Saints, through great good fortune. 2
rsnw ek Anjk gx pln j n kl kpk apmw khIAY]	rasnaa ayk anayk gun pooran jan kee kaytak upmaa kahee-ai.	I have only one tongue, and the Lord's humble servant is filled with countless virtues; how can I sing his praises?
Agm Agicr sd Aibnwsl srix sltjn kl I hIAY]3]	agam agochar sad <u>abhina</u> asee saran santān kee lahee-ai. 3	The inaccessible, unapproachable and eternally unchanging Lord is obtained in the Sanctuary of the Saints. 3
inrgin nlc AnwQ AprwDI Et sltjn kl Awl]	nirgun neech anaath apraa <u>Dhee</u> ot santān kee aahee.	I am worthless, lowly, without friends or support, and full of sins; I long for the Shelter of the Saints.
blfq mth igh AID klp mih nwnk I jwinbwhl]4]7]	boodat moh garih an <u>Dh</u> koop meh naanak layho nibaahee. 4 7	I am drowning in the deep, dark pit of household attachments - please save me, Lord! 4 7