

moree run jhun laa-i-aa bhainay saavan aa-i-aa

vfHmhl w 1 Gru2 ] (557-13)	vad-hans mehlāa 1 <u>ghar</u> 2.	Wadahans, First Mehl, Second House:
mrI rix Jix I wieAw Bkysivxu AwieAw ]	moree run <u>jhun</u> laa-i-aa <u>bhainay</u> saavan aa-i-aa.	The peacocks are singing so sweetly, O sister; the rainy season of Saawan has come.
qyrmD ktwryj yfw iqin I BI I B I BwieAw ]	<u>tayray</u> mun <u>Dh</u> kataaray jayvdaa <u>tin</u> lob <u>hee</u> lob <u>h</u> lub <u>h</u> aa-i-aa.	Your beautiful eyes are like a string of charms, fascinating and enticing the soul-bride.
qyrdrsn ivthu KthIAy vMw qry nm ivthu kirbwxo ]	<u>tayray</u> <u>darsan</u> vitahu <u>khannee</u> -ai van <u>ja</u> aa <u>tayray</u> naam vitahu kurba <u>no</u> .	I would cut myself into pieces for the Blessed Vision of Your Darshan; I am a sacrifice to Your Name.
j w qllqw mY mwxu kIAw hY qDuibnu kjh mYw mwxo ]	jaa <u>too</u> <u>taa</u> mai ma <u>an</u> kee-aa hai <u>tuDh</u> bin kayhaa mayraa ma <u>no</u> .	I take pride in You; without You, what could I be proud of?
cVw Bthupl jG isaumDy sxu bwhl sxu bwhw ]	choor <u>ha</u> a <u>bhann</u> palang <u>h</u> si-o mun <u>Dh</u> ay sa <u>n</u> baa <u>hee</u> sa <u>n</u> baaha <u>a</u> .	So smash your bracelets along with your bed, O soul-bride, and break your arms, along with the arms of your couch.
eqy vjs krdley mDy shu rwoq Avrhw ]	ay <u>tay</u> vays karay <u>dee</u> -ay mun <u>Dh</u> ay saho ra <u>ato</u> avraaha <u>a</u> .	In spite of all the decorations which you have made, O soul-bride, your Husband Lord is enjoying someone else.
nw mnlAwrn cVIAw nw sy vghVIAhw ]	naa manee-aar na choor <u>hee</u> -aa naa say vangoor <u>hee</u> -aaha <u>a</u> .	You don't have the bracelets of gold, nor the good crystal jewelry; you haven't dealt with the true jeweller.
j osh kIT n I glAw j I nuis bwhVIAhw ]	jo sah kan <u>th</u> na lagee-aa jalan se bahr <u>hee</u> -aaha <u>a</u> .	Those arms, which do not embrace the neck of the Husband Lord, burn in anguish.
siB shIAw shu rwoix gelAw hau dwDI kydir j vvw ]	sab <u>h</u> sa <u>hee</u> -aa saho raavan ga-ee- aa ha-o daa <u>Dh</u> ee kai <u>dar</u> jaava <u>a</u> .	All my companions have gone to enjoy their Husband Lord; which door should I, the wretched one, go to?
AlhwI I hau Krl scj I q'sh ejk n Bvw ]	ammaalee ha-o <u>kharee</u> suchjee <u>tai</u> sah ayk na <u>bha</u> ava <u>a</u> .	O friend, I may look very attractive, but I am not pleasing to my Husband Lord at all.
mwiT gthweDl ptIAw BriAY mwg sDhy ]	maath gu <sup>N</sup> daa-ee <sup>N</sup> patee-aa <u>bh</u> aree-ai maag san <u>Dh</u> ooray.	I have woven my hair into lovely braids, and saturated their partings with vermillion;
AgYgel n mthIAw mrauisvR ivshy ]	agai ga-ee na mannee-aa mara-o visoor visooray.	but when I go before Him, I am not accepted, and I die, suffering in anguish.

mYrvWBI sBuj gur nW rthVyxhu pIKyU ]	mai rovan <u>dee</u> sab <u>h</u> jag runaa runnr <u>h</u> ay van <u>h</u> u pan <u>h</u> ayroo.	I weep; the whole world weeps; even the birds of the forest weep with me.
iekun r nW myrqn kW ibrhW ij in hauiprhuvCWl ]	ik na runaa mayray <u>tan</u> kaa birhaa jin ha-o pirahu vich <u>h</u> or <u>h</u> ee.	The only thing which doesn't weep is my body's sense of separateness, which has separated me from my Lord.
spnYAwieAw Bl gieAw mYj l u BirAw rie ]	supnai aa-i-aa <u>b</u> hee ga-i-aa mai jal <u>b</u> hari-aa ro-ay.	In a dream, He came, and went away again; I cried so many tears.
Awie n skW qW kin ipAwryBjj n skW kte ]	aa-ay na sakaa <u>t</u> uj <u>h</u> kan pi-aaray <u>b</u> hayj na sakaa ko-ay.	I can't come to You, O my Beloved, and I can't send anyone to You.
AwaisBwgl nldVley mqu shudKw sie ]	aa-o sab <u>h</u> aagee need- <u>r</u> hee-ay mat saho <u>d</u> ay <u>h</u> aa so-ay.	Come to me, O blessed sleep - perhaps I will see my Husband Lord again.
qYswhb kl bWq ij AwKYkhu nWnk ikAw dlj Y ]	<u>t</u> ai saahib kee baat je aak <u>h</u> ai kaho naanak ki-aa <u>d</u> eejai.	One who brings me a message from my Lord and Master - says Nanak, what shall I give to Him?
slsuvFykir bSxudlj Yivxuisr syv krlj Y ]	sees vad <u>h</u> ay kar baisan <u>d</u> eejai vin sir sayv kareejai.	Cutting off my head, I give it to Him to sit upon; without my head, I shall still serve Him.
ikaun mrlj Yj IAVW n dlj Yj W shu BieAw ivfWxW ]1]3]	ki-o na mareejai jee-ar <u>h</u> aa na <u>d</u> eejai jaa saho <u>b</u> ha-i-aa vidaanaa.   1  3	Why haven't I died? Why hasn't my life just ended? My Husband Lord has become a stranger to me.   1  3