rwgu siriT bwxl Bgq BIKn kl (659-12)	raag sora <u>th</u> ba <u>n</u> ee <u>bh</u> aga <u>t</u> <u>bh</u> ee <u>kh</u> an kee	Raag Sorat'h, The Word Of Devotee Bheekhan Jee:
n hhun Irubhiqnu Kinnu BeykysdiD ∨nun l]	nainhu neer bahai <u>t</u> an <u>kh</u> eenaa <u>bh</u> a-ay kays <u>d</u> u <u>Dh</u> vaanee.	Tears well up in my eyes, my body has become weak, and my hair has become milky-white.
rDw kMusbdunhl acr¥Ab ikAw krih prwnl]1]	roo <u>Dh</u> aa kan <u>th</u> saba <u>d</u> nahee uchrai ab ki-aa karahi paraanee.   1	My throat is tight, and I cannot utter even one word; what can I do now? I am a mere mortal.   1
rwm rwie hih bö bn∨wrl ]	raam raa-ay hohi bai <u>d</u> banvaaree.	O Lord, my King, Gardener of the world-garden, be my Physician,
Apnyskih I huabwrl ]1] rhwau]	apnay san <u>t</u> eh layho ubaaree.   1   rahaa-o.	and save me, Your Saint.   1  Pause
mwQyplr srlir jlin hYkrk krjy mwhl]	maathay peer sareer jalan hai karak karayjay maahee.	My head aches, my body is burning, and my heart is filled with anguish.
A'sl bydn appij Krl Bel vw kw AakCDunwhl ]2]	aisee bay <u>d</u> an upaj <u>kh</u> aree <u>bh</u> a-ee vaa kaa a-u <u>kh</u> a <u>Dh</u> naahee.   2	Such is the disease that has struck me; there is no medicine to cure it.   2
hir kw nwmu Allmiq jluinrmluiehu AalKDujig swrw]	har kaa naam amri <u>t</u> jal nirmal ih a- u <u>kh</u> a <u>Dh</u> jag saaraa.	The Name of the Lord, the ambrosial, immaculate water, is the best medicine in the world.
gır prswid khYj nuBlKnupwvau mK dıAwrw ]3]1]	gur parsaa <u>d</u> kahai jan <u>bh</u> ee <u>kh</u> an paava-o mo <u>kh</u> <u>d</u> u-aaraa.   3  1	By Guru's Grace, says servant Bheekhan, I have found the Door of Salvation.   3  1