

किशोरी ! तोरे, चरनन की बलि जाऊँ ।
जिन युग-चरण अरुणिमा उपमा, पचि हारी नहीं पाऊँ ।
जपा, गुलाल, प्रबाल आदि की, उपमा देत लजाऊँ ।
मृदुता में गुलाब, नवनी की, समता कैसे पाऊँ ।
जिन चरनन को चापत हरि नित, का महिमा मैं गाऊँ ।
यह 'कृपालु' की चाह रैन दिन, चरनन ध्यान लगाऊँ ॥

Kishori! Tore, Charnan Ki Bali Jāun.

Kishori! tore, charnan ki bali jāun. (A devotee says:) O Kishori Radhey! I love and adore Your lotus feet.

Jin yug-charan arunima upma, pachi hari nahin paun. The glorious prettiness of Your pink lotus feet have no example. I tried hard to find, but failed.

Japa, gulal, prabal adi ki, upma det lajāun. It appears abashing to give the example of pink powder (*gulal*) or new mango leaves, etc. to describe the Divine daintiness of Your pink lotus feet,

Mriduta men gulab, navni ki, samta kaise paun. And also the softness of rose petal and fresh butter etc. is no comparison (to Your delicate, soft and loving lotus feet).

Jin charnan ko chapat Hari nit, ka mahima main gaun. How could I explain the greatness of those feet which are pressed and adored by Krishn (as His soul-loving treasure).

Yah 'Kripalu' ki chah rain din, charnan dhyān lagāun. So, O my Radhey! Now this is my only desire to worship, adore and remember Your lotus feet day and night. 