

सखी! सब, है गयो लालहिं लाल ।
ऐसो रंग चल्यो पिचकारिन, ऐसो उड्यो गुलाल ।
लाली लाल लाल भए लालहुँ, लाल भई ब्रजबाल ।

तरुवर लाल लाल भये सरवर, शुक पिक बाल मराल ।
धेनु लाल ब्रज रेनु लाल भई, लाल भये सब ग्वाल ।
बाहर लाल 'कृपालु' फाग को, भीतर लाल गुपाल ॥

Sakhi! Sab, Hwai Gayo Lālahiṅ Lāl.

Sakhi! sab, hwai gayo
lālahiṅ lāl.

(A *Gopi*, seeing the view of *holi* in
Vrindaban, says to her close friend:) O
sakhi! Each and everything in
Vrindaban, has become red.

Aiso rang chalyo
pichkārīn, aiso udyo gulāl.

So much *gulal* was thrown and so much
color was spurted from the *pichakaris*
of Radha Krishn and the *Gopis* that
(animate and inanimate, ground and
sky) everything became red.

Lāli lāl, lāl bhaye Lāla-
hūṅ, lāl bhayīṅ Brajbāl.

Radha became red, Krishn became red
and the *Gopis* too became red all over.

Ṭaruvar lāl, lāl bhaye
sarvar, shuk pik bāl
marāl.

Trees became red, ponds became red,
and the parrots, cuckoos and *hans* also
became red.

Dhenu lāl Braj renu lāl
bhaee, lāl bhaye sab Gwāl.

Cows became red, the soil of Braj became
red and all the *Gwalbals* became red.

Bāhar lāl 'Kripālu' phāg
ko, bheetar Lāl Gupāl.

From outside, everyone was wet with
red color, and from inside everyone was
filled with the Bliss of the colorful love
of Lal Gopal Krishn. 