चलन लागे, ठुमुकि ठुमुकि नन्दलाल।

calan lage, thumuki thumuki nandlal Nandlal has now started walking in a staggering style.

ठड़े होत, पग इक चलत पुनि, गिरि गिरि चलत गोपाल।

thare hot, pag dvaik calat puni, giri giri calat gopāl

He stands up, takes a couple of steps, loses His balance and falls down on the floor.

पुनि घुदुरुवनि गवनि तहँ पहुँचत, जहँ देहरी विशाल।

puni ghuturuvani gavani taham pahumcat, jaham deharī viśal Resuming His crawling, He reaches the main door which has a large door sill.

कर-पद-उदर सबै छल-बल करि, लाँघन चह तत्काल ।

kar-pad-udar sabai chal-bal kari,

lāmghan cah tatkāl

With the help of His hands He gets up. Holding the high sill He tries to put His leg over It, but fails. Then He uses His stomach and leg to roll over the sill, but even this trick does not work.

लाँघि न सकेउ, मचायेउ रोदन, दौरीं मातु बेहाल।

lāmghi na sakeū, macāyeu rodan,

daurīm mātu behāl

In despair He starts crying loudly. Hearing His cry Mother Yashoda comes running In a panic.

बंक भकुटि जेहि प्रलय सोइ कर, लीला बाल रसाल ।

bamka bhrkuti jehi pralay soī kar, līlā bāl rasāl The same Lord who destroys the universe by slightly raising HIs eyebrows, Is performing sweet pastimes of childhood for the pleasure of His devotees.

जिन रोविहंं मेरो लाल कालि हीं, देहरिहिं देउँ निकाल ।

jani rovahim mero lal kali him,

deharihim deūm nikāl

Mother Yashoda says, 'Don't cry, my sweet child! I will have this bad doorsill removed tomorrow."

इमि 'कपालु' कहि हरि दुलरावति, देहरिहिं ताडति ताल ॥

imi 'kṛpālu' kahi hari dularāvati,

deharihim tārati tāl

In the words of Shri 'Kripalu,' 'Mother Yashoda thus rocks the baby In her arms and hits the sill with her hand, as If to show that she Is punishing it for making her child cry."