

आजु सखि, ह्वै गये नैना चार ।  
 हौं दधि बेचन जात वृन्दाबन, देख्यो नन्दकुमार ।  
 सो छबि लखत बनत, नहिं बरनत, रूप-माधुरी-सार ।  
 तन-मन-प्रान निछावर करि मैं, लियो मोल रिझवार ।  
 पुनि पुनि कह्यौ “हमारी प्यारी”, सुनि सुनि गइ बलिहार ।  
 कत ‘कृपालु’ बलि जात नन्दको, कै गयो बन्टाद्वार ॥

### Āju Sakhi, Hwai Gaye Nainā Chār.

Āju sakhi, hwai gaye nainā chār.	(A <i>Gopi</i> says:) O <i>sakhi</i> ! Today I exchanged glances with Him.
Haṅ ḍaḍhi bechan jāṭ Vrindaban, ḍekhyon Nandkumār.	I was going to sell my curds in Vrindaban when I saw Nandkumar Krishn.
So ḥabi lakhaṭ banaṭ, nahiṅ barnaṭ, roop- mādhuri-sār.	I cannot express into words how beautiful He was. He was like the nectar of the sweetness of the ocean of the Divine beauty. You have to see it to understand.
Ṭan-man-prān niḥāvar kari maiṅ, liyo mol rijhvār.	I sacrificed my whole being, body, heart, soul and everything, on His beauty and bought Him forever.
Puni puni kahyau ‘hamāri pyāri’, suni suni gai balihār.	He then came close to me and said, “O my sweetheart, O my loving one,” and I felt so thrilled with the sweetness of those words that I just adored it.
Kaṭ ‘Kripālu’ bali jāṭ Nandko, kai gayo bantādhār.	(The <i>Gopi</i> friend who was listening to her love talks, said in a loving taunt, “You are rejoicing your meeting with Nandkumar so much, but do you know that He has also given you the deep pangs of His separation?”

