

1. **Giribara (Shiva)**  
When will you go to bring Uma at the Kailash Bliaban next.  
I am wooing not to see bidjiu in my heart,  
How much shall I have to bear this?  
To near the manner of Shiva, fear comes in heart.  
Ghost, phantom are his companion, doesn't he stay in grave-yard?  
What shall I say about his virtue, tire enkindle on forehead.  
He is very fanciful to smoke hemp-leaves. He has no relatives.  
Poor person in destitute, satisfy to Ashutosha, Bring my heart's Gauri,  
I shall die with heart.
2. **(Kali) I am living with penitent heart day by day**  
I die to burn myself with pain of world.  
Be kind to tie with your own virtue, I cannot bear the pain more.  
Don't you meet with me now? Say me, what will you do?  
Please. Tripurari! Meet with this poor.  
I have no power or devotion, Look at me with your own virtue.  
Shelter in destitute on your Sri Charan (leg).
3. **Oh! Kali, Saviour and cadre of three primeval qualities of nature, where are you?**  
Inhabitant in Kailash, divisor of pleasing, divisor of Charming.  
Oh! Mother! Be kind to this poor and virtue less person. Deliverer with own virtue.  
Other birth less, devotion Saviour,  
Star Brahmamayi, devoted to other's interest, wished for inflammation.  
Oh! Mother, who is known that your greatness not to pass,  
Vast virtuous, not to express, unconsciousness fear.  
Many saints sit for worshipping to you attentively day-night think  
About you but able not to meet with you as the mother of whole universe.  
I am poor, knowledge less, chanting less,  
What shall I say about your greatness  
Save me of own virtue to offer the boat like leg.
4. **Oh! Shyama, my mother**  
Only the speech of mouth is the best part.  
You are my all wealth,  
I do not think it with heart.  
I wish to give up all hope to wealth.  
To make best that worship,  
But, nothing has done from work, Mother.

Save me with your own virtue.  
I try to understand, but the mind doesn't be down.  
Destitute shelter to your leg, I can not bear the pain more.

5. **Why I can see the holy beautiful appearance?**

Mother came to the world riding on an elephant's back  
Receiving with hot pearl, Smiling in three eyes,  
How much pearls are in your face.  
The necklace is in your neck of the pearl taken from elephant, weaned the  
bloody cloth.  
Adorned with different ornaments, Three worlds are charmed with beauty.  
Conch shell, arrow and the bow is in her hands.  
Fresh petals of lotus, A Posed the bottom of led.  
But those are clean.  
Claw goes with expressing white beautiful moon.  
I watch that beauty day-night with boys and young's,  
All the men and women become glad to forget sadness.

6. The mind is glad with thought

I worship to mother to give red lotus and china rose,  
Unlimited wealth of beauty is the wealth of heart of worshipper.  
They remove the sin  
Your flows the world with the chaste current,  
You make able to catch the destitute.  
Body and red-leg.  
Who will chant "The name of Hari"?  
Come all to run away.  
(My) Gaur-Roy broadcasts "The name of Hari" in  
Navadwip.  
Gaur and Nitai are two brothers, Should not to be so kind,  
They don't make the proud of World, They distribute the "Name" to call  
(Junior-Senior).  
Nobody has any pain if he says this name in mouth,  
He lives always in the happiness of heaven,  
All the sin runs away so far.  
So the inhabitants of Nadia as boy, child, old, young chant with all to fall in love  
and to drink the nectar juice as "Nama".  
The "Nama" has so virtue, Alls come.  
So fast to the "Nama" for the virtue of it.  
The blind can see, one-legged can walk, and dumb can sing chant with dancing.

This sweet "Nama of Hari" is the place of endless happiness.  
All devotees chant always, They save the life of all with the "Nama".  
The destitute say "Come brother; Let us go to catch the leg of Gora with all to say  
"Hari" ".

7. **Oh! Mind, Why is so much gloom of virtue and sensitiveness**

If you know most, the heart kept not in the body.  
I am, I do, and I am false to do mine.  
I worship for the matter of wealth.  
He is living in the sensitiveness to seem own knowledge.  
To be charmed with the illusion with the members of family and relatives and to  
loss the knowledge in Knowledge less and unsuccessful linking to property and  
honor.  
Oh! Mind, you don't know, whose work is done by whom.  
You are moving not to know the law.  
So, I say virtue gives up the virtue of gloomy.  
Bring- the apathy in heart to do with truth.

8. **Oh! Lord, No more wish in my mind**

Only, this prayer to your legs.  
  
As your gifted wealth. I keep it always in my heart carefully.  
When I do what. Not to forget the "Nama", bless me for keeping my mind to  
your legs.  
Lord! You are kind, Be conscious in own virtue, Bless this destitute.

9. **Bom Bom Vola Shiva wearer with the skin of tiger**

Vola (Shiva) plays with ghost on the grave-yard to smoke lamp leaves and  
denture (thorn apple).  
Vola (Shiva) says "Hare Hare" adorned with rosary of heads in neck and blow  
the horn.  
What Vola (Shiva) does it anybody do that,  
Shiva (Vola) be kind to this destitute and keep few dust in  
your legs always.

10. **Oh! Mother, Kali (Shyma), How much I shall myself  
with the pain of sadness, as motherless boy**

My lire passer with sadness, How much sadness you will

give me,

Say, Oh! my mother

I can not hear the pain.

Oh! Mother, How sadness is in the present son.

I have never heard as same.

Oh! Tara Brahmanlayi; Mother, Whose Brahma is poor kind,

Is so much sadness in his forehead?

This hopeless destitute says - If the sadness of forehead he successful, But, I can not see."

Your kindness for any time.