

*Śrī Śrī Guru-gaurāṅga Jayataḥ*

# *Śrī Padyāvalī*

*An Anthology of Poetry*

*Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī*

Sevā Kuṅja Publications  
Vṛndāvana



Gauḍīya Maṭha logo designed by Śrīla Sarasvatī Ṭhākura

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by Śrī Jayadeva Gosvāmi

with commentary by  
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*Śrī Paḍyāvalī*

An Anthology of Poetry

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Dedicated to my Beloved Gurudeva

*yugācārya nitya-līlā praviṣṭa om viṣṇupāda*  
Śrī Śrīmad Bhaktivedānta Nārāyaṇa Gosvāmī Mahārāja



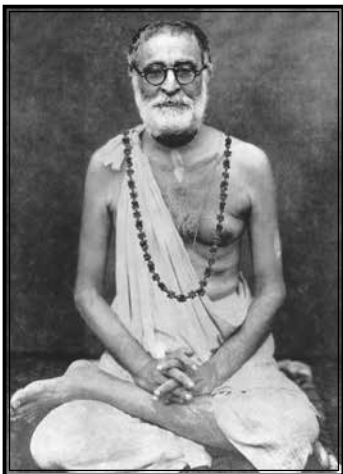
*jīyān-nārāyaṇa-svāmī viśva-pracāraka-prabhu*  
*yena mahodayenaiva samsthāpitā ceyam sabhā*

That *mahā-puruṣa* who has established this *tīrobhāva* festival and who is the best of world preachers, Śrī Nārāyaṇa Gosvāmī Mahārāja – all glories to him!

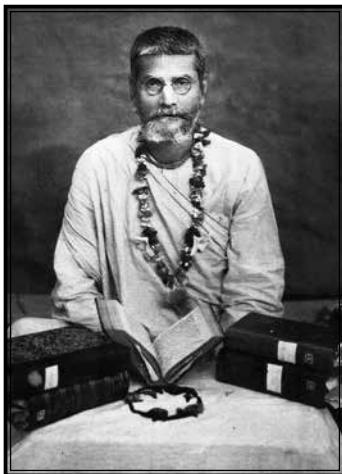
*nārāyaṇaṁ namaskṛtya narottamam-anusmaran*  
*sarasvatīm tato vyāsaṁ rūpaṇyam udīrayet*

Before we begin our glorification of Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī's sublime books, which are the very means of conquest, we remember and offer obeisances to Śrī Nārāyaṇa Svāmī, who is the best of *sannyāsīs*, who is non-different from Śrīla Vyāsadeva, and who has been blessed by *parā-vidyā* Sarasvatī, Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī.

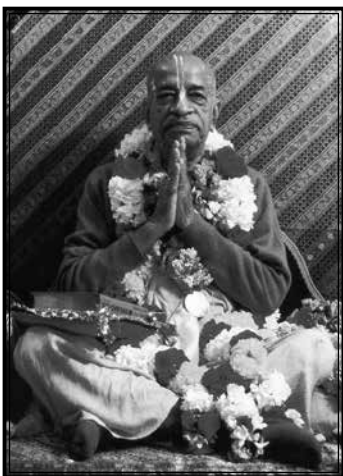
Composed by Śrī Bhakti Sarvasva Govinda Mahārāja  
for the Rūpa Gosvāmī Tīrobhāva Mahotsava  
held at Rūpa-Sanātana Gauḍīya Maṭha, Vṛndāvana, 2014



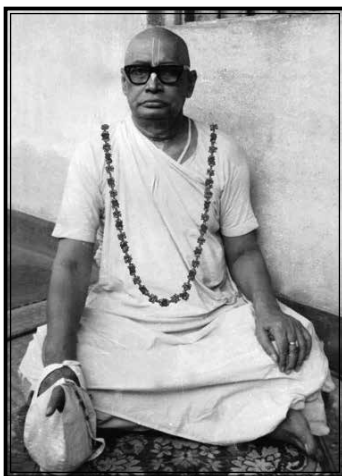
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THĀKURA PRABHUPĀDA



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GOSVĀMĪ MAHĀRĀJA



ŚRĪ ŚRĪMAD BHAKTIVEDĀNTA SVĀMĪ  
MAHĀRĀJA



ŚRĪ ŚRĪMAD BHAKTIVEDĀNTA VĀMANA  
GOSVĀMĪ MAHĀRĀJA

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**Rādhā-Govindajī in Jaipur**



# Preface

By the blessings of our Gurupāda-padma, *nitya-lilā praviṣṭa om viṣṇupāda* Śrī Śrīmad Bhaktivedānta Nārāyaṇa Gosvāmī Mahārāja, we are presenting a new English translation of Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī's *Śrī Padyāvalī*. This book is an anthology of verses written by many different poets who lived in different centuries and in different parts of India. Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī gathered all these poems and wove them together, creating an extraordinarily rich brocaded tapestry. The result is a treasury of unending delight that sheds light on the highest, most confidential moods of Vraja. *Padyāvalī* is one of Rūpa Gosvāmī's earlier books, and is considered by some to be his most important one. Why? Because herein is the first recording of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu's *Śrī Śikṣāṣṭakam*, and Śrī Kṛṣṇadāsa Kavīrāja took it from here for his *Śrī Caitanya-caritāmṛta*.

Recently, Śrī Bhakti Kamala Govinda Mahārāja, the *ācārya* of Śrī Bhakti Siddhānta Sarasvatī Gauḍīya Maṭha in Kharagpur, related a story regarding the origin of *Śrī Padyāvalī*. This story was told to him by his *sannyāsa-guru*, *nitya-lilā praviṣṭa om viṣṇupāda* Śrī Śrīmad Bhakti Jīvana Janārdana Mahārāja. One time Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmīpāda was in the Govindajī Temple when a Māyāvādī *sannyāsī* came, singing nicely in front of the Deity. After appreciating the singing, Govindajī gave him His garland – the Deity's garland automatically fell down on the neck of the *sannyāsī*. Then the *sannyāsī* went away. Rūpa Gosvāmī asked Govinda, “*He Rādhā-Govinda*, what is this? He's a Māyāvādī and does not respect Your form, Your face, or the *sac-cid-ānanda* deities. But how You showed love for Him! Why did You give Your garland to him?” Govindajī answered, “I like *saṅgītam*. I am very pleased with his singing.” From that day Govinda was called Saṅgīta Priya Mādhava, Mādhava who is very, very interested to hear sweet songs. “And Rūpa, you should write songs. You should also sing.” Up to this time Rūpa Gosvāmī was always chanting only *mahā-mantra*; on this day he started writing *Padyāvalī* – on the order of Govindajī.

Inspiration for our book came three years ago when Śrīpāda Bhaktivedānta Viṣṇu Daivat Mahārāja spent a few months in

Vṛndāvana. Every day he read to us from a Hindi edition of *Śrī Padyāvalī*, and then translated into English. We found this book so charming that Śrīmātī Vraja Sundarī dāsī and I decided to capture his English translations on paper for the pleasure of the English-speaking devotees. After some time a Bengali translation of *Śrī Padyāvalī* came into our hands. The Hindi edition, translated by Śrī Vanamāli dāsa Śāstrījī and party, was published by Śrīpāda Rāghava Caitanya dāsa for Gopīnātha Gauḍīya Maṭha, by the desire of Śrī Śrīmad Bhakti Pramoda Purī Mahārāja. The Bengali edition, published by Śrī Śrīmad Bhakti Kusuma Śramaṇa Mahārāja from Śrī Caitanya Maṭha, was translated by Ānanda Gopāla Vedantācārya. It also contains a Sanskrit commentary by Viracandra Gosvāmī, called *Rasika Raṅgāda Tikā*. We incorporated the best from both books in this present edition. We also included a few commentaries taken from our Gurudeva's Hindi edition of *Śrī Ujvala-nīlamanī*. Throughout the book we took help from Śrīpāda Kuśa Kratha prabhu's translation of *Padyāvalī*, and took the liberty of using some of his language for a couple of verses, because his expressions were so excellent.

We pray that our Gurudeva, Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī and the assembly of devotees will accept our humble offering and bless us to enter deeply the Vraja moods cradled within these pages. *Śrī Padyāvalī* is a wonderful tool to enliven our *bhajana*, and as Śrīpāda Bhaktivedānta Viṣṇu Daivat Mahārāja said, each one of these verses is like an *anartha*-bursting medicine! May this book bring joy to all the devotees on their march back home, back to Godhead.

Many thanks to the other devotees who helped in preparing this volume: Śrīpāda Bhakti Sarvasva Govinda Mahārāja, Śrīpāda Bhakti Kiṅkor Śrīdhara Mahārāja, Śrīpāda Bhakti Vidagdha Bhagavat Mahārāja, Śrīmātī Savitā dīdī and Śrīmātī Rādhikā dāsī for helping clarify some of the verses; Śrīmātī Śyāmarāṇī dāsī, Śrīmātī Kṛṣṇa Priya (Paṇḍita) dāsī, and Śrīmātī Savitrī dāsī for proofreading; Giridhārī dāsa and Kuṅja-kalika dāsī for the layout; and Kāliya-damana dāsa and Śāradā dāsī for the cover design.

Praying to serve Hari, Guru and Vaiṣṇavas  
Vicitrī dāsī (editor)

January 2015, Sevā Kuṅja, Vṛndāvana

*Śrī Padyāvalī*  
*An Anthology of Poetry*





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### Verse 1

*padyāvalī viracitā rasikair mukunda  
sambandha-bandhura-padā pramadormi-sindhuh  
ramyā samasta-tamasāṁ damanī krameṇa  
saṅghyate kṛti-kadambaka-kautukāya*

[He whose mind is resolutely absorbed at the lotus feet of Rādhā-Mādhava (the Monarchs of the all-opulent Vṛndāvana), he who is celebrated as the crown-jewel of the topmost *rasika* poets, and who bestows mountains of pleasure to the devotees – that selfsame supremely glorious Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī is saying:]

**“This *Padyāvalī* is a collection of supremely enchanting verses describing Śrī Hari. These stanzas were written by the very best of the *rasika* devotees, and I have gathered them together for the delight of the wise and the virtuous who are alert to their spiritual welfare. This lyrical anthology removes ignorance and is an ocean flowing with waves of bliss.”**

–Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī



## Granthārambhe maṅgalācaraṇam

Auspicious Invocations

### Verse 2

*namo nalina-netrāya  
veṇu-vādya-vinodine  
rādhādhara-sudhā-pāna-  
śāline vana-māline*

Whose eyes are like two blossoming lotuses, who ever amuses Himself by playing the flute (for the pleasure of His devoted ones), who is accomplished in drinking the ambrosia of Śrī Rādhikā's lips, and who is adorned with a garland of forest flowers – to that Vanamāli we offer *praṇāma* again and again.

–Author unknown

### Verse 3

*bhakti-prahva-vilokana-praṇayinī nilotpala-spardhinī  
dhyānāmbanātām samādhi-niratair nīnte hita-prāptaye  
lāvanyaika-mahā-nidhī rasikatām rādhā-dṛṣos tanvatī  
yuṣmākaṁ kurutām bhavārti-samanam netre tanur vā hareḥ*

[Here the poet is giving blessings to the devotees.]

The compelling loving glances of Śrī Kṛṣṇa's eyes shower mercy on the humble, saintly devotees. To attain their ultimate benefit *yogīs* meditate on these enticing eyes and on Hari's most charming blue form, both of which rebuke the beauty of blue lotuses. His blue eyes and blue form are the supreme abode of all beauty, giving great happiness to the eyes of Śrīmatī Rādhikā and filling Her mind with His charms. O dear devotees, these enchanting eyes and enchanting form destroy your sufferings arising from the cycle of repeated birth and death, sufferings that have been going on from time immemorial.

–Śrī Sāraṅga

#### Verse 4

*ye govardhana-mūla-kardama-rasa-vyādr̥ṣṭa-barhāṅgadā  
ye vṛndāvana-kukṣiṣu vraja-vadhū-nūlopadhānāni ca  
ye cābhyaṅga-sugandhayaḥ kuvalayāpīḍasya dānāmbhasā  
te vo maṅgalam ādiśantu satataṁ kaṁsa-dviṣo bāhavaḥ*

**May the lotus arms of Śrī Kṛṣṇa-candra, the enemy of Kaṁsa, always bestow auspiciousness upon you all – arms that are decorated with golden armlets and peacock feathers, arms that are smeared with the mineral pigments of Govardhana Hill, arms that become the two blue pillows for the supremely enchanting *gopīs* in the *nikuñjas* of Śrī Vṛndāvana, arms that are now anointed with the fragrant liquid flowing from the cranial globes of the maddened elephant Kuvalāyṣṭa.**

–Śubhāṅka

#### Verse 5

*sāyaṁ vyāvartamānākhūla-surabhī-kulāhvāna-saṅketa-nāmāny  
ābhūri-vṛnda-ceto-haṭha-haraṇa-kalā-siddha-mantrākṣarāṇi  
saubhāgyaṁ vaḥ samantād dadhatu madhu-bhūdaḥ kelī-gopāla-mūrteḥ  
sānandākṛṣṭa-vṛndāvana-rasika-mṛga-śreṇayo veṇu-nādāḥ*

**The destroyer of the Madhu demon – Gopāla, who is the quintessence of playful cowherd boys – forever revels in playing His famed flute. In the evenings His flute music is the magic spell that calls the widely scattered cows by name and brings them back to the *gośala*. This flute’s music is the mystic *mantra* that artfully robs the *gopīs* of their hearts; and it allures the hosts of Vṛndāvana’s supremely *rasika* deer, filling them with bliss. O my dear devotees, may this irresistible *veṇu-nāda*, the magical sound of the flute, bring you every type of good fortune.**

–Śrī Hara

...  
**Śrī kṛṣṇasya mahimā**  
Śrī Kṛṣṇa's Glories

**Verse 6**

*ambhodhiḥ sthalatām sthalam jaladhitām dhūli-lavaḥ śailatām  
śailo mṛt-kaṇatām tṛṇam kuliśatām vajram tṛṇa-kṣīnatām  
vahnīḥ śītalatām himam dahanatām āyātī yasyecchayā  
līlā-durlalitādbhuta-vyasanine kṛṣṇāya tasmai namaḥ*

I offer my obeisances millions of times to that astonishing, roguish Kṛṣṇa, who is an ocean of inconceivable qualities. By the power of His desire (*icchā-śakti*) alone, an ocean can become dry land, and dry land can turn into an ocean; by His desire alone, a particle of dust can become a whole mountain, and a huge mountain can transform into one speck of dust; by His desire alone, a blade of grass can become a thunderbolt, and a thunderbolt can be reduced to a powerless blade of grass; by His desire alone, fire can become icy cold, and snow can assume the hot nature of fire. His *līlā-śakti*, His internal pastime potency, is indeed most difficult to fathom.

—Author unknown

**Verse 7**

*vātsalyād abhaya-pradāha-samayād ārtārti-nirvāpaṇād  
audāryād agha-śoṣanād agaṇita-śreyah-prāpaṇāt  
sevyaḥ śrī-patir eṭa sarva-jagatām ete yataḥ sākṣiāḥ  
prahlādaś ca vibhīṣaṇaś ca karī-ratḥ pāñcāly ahalyā dhruvaḥ*

He displays parental affection, He promises fearlessness, He removes the sufferings of the afflicted, He is magnanimous, He destroys the sins of the miscreants, and He grants unlimitedly auspicious positions to those who take His shelter. Because Bhagavān Śrī-pati, the husband of the Goddess of Fortune, possesses these characteristics, He is, beyond a doubt, the one and only object of worship for the whole world. Prahlāda,



**Vibhīṣaṇa, Gajendra, Draupadī, Ahalyā and Dhruva respectively are direct proof of these virtues of the Lord.**

–Author unknown



He showed fatherly affection to Prahlāda by saving him from the extremely wicked Hiraṇyakaśipu.

*sakṛd eva praṇanno yas  
tavāsmṛti ca yācate  
abhayaṁ sarvadā tasmai  
dadāmy etad vrataṁ mama*

(Rāmāyaṇa, Yuddha-kāṇḍa 18.33)

“If one comes to Me and just once shouts, ‘O Lord, O You who are most affectionate to the surrendered, I am Yours! Please protect me always,’ I immediately defend that living entity from all types of fear.”

This is what Śrī Rāmaḥ promised to Vibhīṣaṇa, and He saved him from the wicked Rāvaṇa’s persecution. Rāvaṇa had kicked his brother in the chest and had driven him out from the kingdom. When he went to meet Rāma, the Lord accepted him and later appointed him as the king of Laṅkā.

He relieves the distressed from their suffering. He rescued the anguished Gajendra, the king of elephants, from the crocodile’s jaws as soon as He heard him cry out.

“*He* Dvārakā-nāṭha, save me from this cruel Duhśāṣana!” Hearing Draupadī’s piteous cry coming from the Kauravas’ assembly hall, Śrī Kṛṣṇa-candra became very magnanimous – He took the form of cloth and wrapped Himself around Draupadī, thus protecting her by becoming her inexhaustible *sāri*.

Just by giving His *darśana*, He destroys unlimited sins. Due to being cursed by her husband Gautama Ṛṣi, Ahalyā was transformed into a rock and was lying in a remote forest in an invisible form that only Śrī Bhagavān could see. Śrī Rāghavendra (Rāmacandra), the stealer of sins, liberated her from her grievous sin simply by the touch of His sacred foot, and restored her back to her original position.

The heart of Śrī Dhruva Mahārāja was pierced by the words of his stepmother. Following Nārada's instructions he went to the Madhuvana forest in Mathurā to perform severe austerities. Pleased with the boy's austerities, Śrī Kṛṣṇa-candra gave him the unlimitedly auspicious planet, Dhruva-loka (the Polestar), which is never annihilated. In this way Bhagavān spread His moon-like glories, which exist for eternity.



**Bhajana-māhātmya**  
The Glory of Internal Worship

**Verse 8**

*vyādhasyācaraṇaṁ dhruvasya ca vayo vidyā gajendrasya kā  
kubjāyāḥ kim u nāma rūpam adhikaṁ kiṁ sudāmno dhanam  
vaṁsaḥ ko vidurasya yādava-pater ugrasya kim pauruṣaṁ  
bhaktyā tuṣyati kevalaṁ na ca guṇair bhakti-priyo mādhabaḥ*

[Śrī Mādhava, the lover of *bhakti*, is only pleased by the pure, unalloyed devotion of surrendered souls, not by any good qualities devoid of *bhakti*.]

**Some say He is pleased only with virtuous behavior, but what piety was there in the hunter Dharmā, who spent his whole life killing innocent animals? Others say that one must be mature to please the Lord, but Dhruva was only five years old. Some say that Bhagavān is most impressed with erudition, but was the elephant king Gajendra a great scholar? If Prabhu is attracted by beauty, then how did Kubjā charm Him? If Bhagavān is happy with wealth, then what about the impoverished Sudāmā? If high birth is the only means to please Bhagavān, then what would have happened to Vidurājī? And if Prabhujī is attained by strength, then how did the weak Ugrasena, incarcerated in Kamsā's prison, get His favor? Such is Mādhava's affection for His devotees.**

—Śrī Dākṣiṇātya



The *Mahābhārata* tells about the hunter named Dharma, who used to maintain himself by selling meat, which was his work according to his caste. But he worshiped his parents as God. Indeed, he took such excellent care of his parents that even the *brāhmaṇa* Kauśika, who was proud of his austerities, learned from the hunter Dharma the duty of serving one's parents. Bhagavān understood the pure love of this hunter for his parents and gave him a good destination.

Was Kubjā very beautiful? No, but the Lord accepted her sentiments. Vidurajī's mother was a *śūdrāni*. Seeing Ugrasena's internal *prema-bhakti*, Bhagavān liberated him from Kamsā's prison-house and established him as emperor of the entire world, while Kṛṣṇa Himself served as his minister.

#### Verse 9

*anucitam ucitaṁ vā karma ko 'yaṁ vihāgo  
bhagavatī param āstām bhakti-yogo draddhīyān  
kīratī viṣam ahīndraḥ sāndra-ṭīyūṣam indur  
dvayam aṇi sa maheśo nirviṣeṣam bibharti*

**Due to my past *karma* – whether good or bad – I may be engaged in some proper conduct (*nitya/naimitka karmas*) and some improper conduct, such as eating foodstuffs condemned in the scriptures. I don't care about what reactions I reap, because I am completely dedicated to Śrī Vraja Rāja-kumāra, the prince of Vraja. I follow the example of the very merciful Lord Śiva, the crest-jewel of all Vaiṣṇavas. He carries both the moon, which always showers nectar, and the king of snakes, who emits poison from his mouth, without discriminating between them.**

–Śrī Viṣṇu Purā

#### Verse 10

*yadi madhu-mathana tvad-aṅghri-sevām  
hṛdi vidadhātī jahātī vā vivekī*

*tad-akḥilam aṅgi duṣkṛtaṁ triloke  
kṛtam akṛtaṁ na kṛtaṁ kṛtam ca sarvaṁ*

**O Madhu-mathana, killer of the Madhu demon! For a discriminating person who previously performed every possible sinful activity, and now without personal desire performs unconditional *manasī-sevā* for You in his heart, his every sin is wiped out. But an ignorant person who stops worshiping You and devotes himself to fruitive activities, even if he has not performed so many sins, will suffer the results of having committed every sinful deed imaginable.**

–Author unknown

### Verse 11

*kāśāyan na ca bhōjanādi-niyammān no vā vane vāsato  
vyākhyānād athavā muni-vrata-bharāc cittodbhavaḥ kṣiyate  
kintu sphūta-kalinda-śāila-tanayā-tīreṣu vikrīḍato  
govindasya padāravinda-bhajanārambhasya leśād aṅgi*

**One may wear saffron cloth, one may perform all acts in moderation including eating foodstuffs in the mode of goodness, one may live in solitude, one may be absorbed in the powerful explanations of the scriptures, one may observe a vow of silence, or one may go on pilgrimage to all the holy places – still, one will not be successful in reducing the material desires overwhelming the heart. But when one just begins to worship of the lotus feet of Govinda-deva, who enjoys with the *gopas* and *gopīs* on the broad, immaculate banks of the Yamunā, lusty desires are completely rooted out.**

–Author unknown

### Verse 12

*alam alam iyam eva prāṇinām pātakānām  
nīrasana-viṣaye yā kṛṣṇa kṛṣṇeti vāṇī  
yadī bhavatī mukunde bhaktir ānanda-sāndrā  
vilutṭhatī caranābje mokṣa-sāmrājya-lakṣmīḥ*

If one calls out, “O Kṛṣṇa, O Kṛṣṇa!” – these words alone are capable of purging the whole mountain of one’s sins. One who is endowed with the vastly blissful *prema-bhakti* for the lotus feet of Śrī Mukunda Bhagavān, the giver of *mukti*, is the king of devotees. The empress of the Kingdom of Liberation rolls on the ground at the lotus feet of such a person and begs, “Please accept me. Please accept me.”

–Śrī Sarvajña

### Verse 13

*nānopacāra-kṛta-pūjanam ārta-bandhoḥ  
premaiva bhakta-hṛdayam sukha-vidrutam syāt  
yāvat kṣud asti jaṭhare jaraṭhā pipāsā  
tāvat sukhāya bhavato nanu bhakṣya-peye*

One may worship Śrī Kṛṣṇa-candra *ārta-bandhu* Bhagavān, the friend of the distressed, with sixteen types of paraphernalia, but if *prema* has not yet sprouted, supreme bliss will not arise in the worshiper’s heart. Only when Bhagavān is worshiped with love will the devotee’s heart melt with joy. One enjoys eating and drinking in equal measure to one’s thirst and hunger. In the same way, the level of one’s *anurāga* for Bhagavān’s lotus feet determines the amount of *premānanda* one will attain. When one experiences this grace, one’s heart automatically breaks into pieces.

–Śrī Rāmānanda Rāya

### Verse 14

*kṛṣṇa-bhakti-rasa-bhāvitā matiḥ  
krīyatām yadi kuto ’pi labhyate  
tatra laulyam aṇi mūlyam ekalam  
janma-koṭi-sukṛtair na labhyate*

O saintly persons, if one finds the consciousness that is saturated and fragrant with the nectar of *kṛṣṇa-bhakti* anywhere, one should purchase it immediately. There is only one price to acquire it – ardent greed for serving Kṛṣṇa.

**Without this transcendental greed, even vast spiritual merits accumulated over millions of lives will not suffice to obtain it.**

–Śrī Rāmānanda Rāya

**Verse 15**

*jñānam astī tulitaṁ ca tulāyām  
prema naiva tulitaṁ tu tulāyām  
siddhir eva tulitātra tulāyām  
kṛṣṇa-nāma tulitaṁ na tulāyām*

**Dry knowledge devoid of devotion for Kṛṣṇa and mystic perfections can be placed on a scale to determine their weight. But *prema* for Bhagavān and *śrī kṛṣṇa-nāma* are beyond material measure; their value can never be calculated.**

–Śrī Śrīdhara Svāmī



**Nāma-māhātmya**

The Glories of the Holy Name

**Verse 16**

*aṁihaḥ samharad akhilaṁ  
sakraḍ udayād eva sakala-lokasya  
taraṅir iva timira-jaladhinī  
jayatī jagan-maṅgalaṁ harer nāma*

**With the rising of the sun, darkness is completely dissipated. In the same way the utterance of only one name of Śrī Hari destroys all of one’s sins. Hence, all glories to Śrī Hari’s holy name, which bestows all auspiciousness.**

–Śrī Lakṣmīdhara

**Verse 17**

*caturṅāṁ vedānām hṛdayam idam ākṛṣya hariṅā  
caturbhir yad varṇaiḥ sphuṭam aghatī nārāyaṇa-padam*



O devotees, Kṛṣṇa's holy name can grant all material wealth, and spiritual wealth as well in the form of *bhakti*. Being the source of all good fortune, the holy name can bestow all auspiciousness upon you. It destroys the contamination of Kalī-yuga. It is the crucial element in purificatory practices like sacrifices and mystic *yoga*; in other words, if there is some imperfection in the execution of sacrifices and *yoga*, that fault is overcome by the chanting of the holy name. In this way, the holy name purifies other means of purification. It is the nourishment for the devotees treading the royal road to Bhagavān; it is the resting place for the sterling words of the best of the poets like Śrī Valmīki, Vyāsa and Śuka; that is, when the poets become tired after giving so many instructions, they finally repose by glorifying Bhagavān's name. It is the life of saintly persons and it is the seed of the tree of *dharma*.

—Author unknown

## Verse 20

*vepante durtitāni moha-mahimā sammoham ālambate  
 śataṅkam nakha-rañjanīm kalayati śrī-citraguptaḥ kṛtī  
 sānandam madhu-parka-sambhṛti-vidhou vedhāḥ karoty udyamanam  
 vaktum nānni taveśvarābhilaṣṭe brūmah kim anyat param*

If someone simply desires to chant Your name, all sins start to tremble; the bewilderment arising from attachment to children, grandchildren, family members and servants itself gets bewildered and runs away; Yamarāja's accountant and prime minister Citragupta, who records the sins of every living entity, happily lifts up his pen and wonders what to do. He thinks, "I have recorded the name of this person who wants to chant. Now I have to strike his name from the list of sinners and transfer it to the list of the pious. Otherwise, Śrī Yamarāja, the expert knower of the glories of the holy name, will be angry with me." Hence, he grabs his pen and crosses out that name. Brahmājī also is thinking, "This person who wants to chant will quickly pierce the eight layers of the universe on his way to the Spiritual Sky," so Brahmā happily collects the ingredients for *madhu-parka* and other paraphernalia



to worship him. **He Prabhu, what more can I say about the glories of Your auspicious name?**

–Author unknown

**Verse 21**

*kaḥ pareta-nagari-purandaraḥ  
ko bhavad atha tadīya-kiṅkaraḥ  
kṛṣṇa-nāma jagad-eka-maṅgalaṁ  
kaṅṭha-piṭham urarī-karoti cet*

**Śrī Kṛṣṇa's holy name is the one and only abode of all auspiciousness in this world. If one enthrones it in one's throat, then what harm can Yamarāja, the king of the netherworld, and his servants do to you?**

–Śrī Ānandācārya



Hence, in the Sixth Canto of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* Yamarāja says to his messengers, “O my dear servants, you should not go to people who are absorbed in *nāma-saṅkīrtana* – even by mistake – because they are all protected by Bhagavān's club, Kaumodakī. My superior, the time factor (*kāla*), and I myself have no right to punish them.”

**Verse 22**

*ceto-darpana-mārjanaṁ bhava-mahādāvāgni-nīrvāpanaṁ  
śreyaḥ-kairava-candrikā-vitaranaṁ vidyā-vadhū-jvanam  
ānandāmbudhi-varadhanam prati-padam pūrṇāmṛtāsvādanaṁ  
sarvātma-snapanaṁ param vijayate śrī-kṛṣṇa-saṅkīrtanam*

[The deliverer of Kali-yuga, Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya Mahāprabhu, is broadcasting the topmost glories of the holy name.]

**In this illusory world *śrī-kṛṣṇa-saṅkīrtanam* is always victorious:**

**(1) it cleanses the mirror of the consciousness and heart;**

(2) it extinguishes the conflagration of material existence; (3) its radiating moonbeams cause the white night lily of auspiciousness to blossom; (4) it is the very life of true knowledge, which is likened to a new bride; (5) it increases the waves in the ocean of bliss; (6) it bestows the taste of full nectar at every step; (7) it bathes the heart inside and out, eradicating all the sins of the living entity.

–Bhagavān Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu  
(Śrī Śikṣāṣṭakam 1)



Śrī-kṛṣṇa-saṅkīrtanam performs these seven functions. The holy name is completely victorious because even a fallen person like a dog-eater can reach these seven high levels very quickly. If one follows the paths of *karma* or *jñāna*, his progress will be much slower. With the phrase *param vijayate*, Mahāprabhu is teaching us that *jñāna*, *karma* and other practices are weak and are not able to give full results without the help of *bhakti*. On the other hand, the seed of *bhakti* – *śrī-nāma-saṅkīrtanam* – is fully independent; it does not rely on *jñāna* or *karma* for its success.

### Verse 23

*brahmāṇḍānām koṭi-saṅkhyādhikānām  
aiśvaryaṁ yac cetanā vā yad-amśaḥ  
āvirbhūtaṁ tan-mahaḥ kṛṣṇa-nāma  
tan me sādhyān sādhanam jīvanam ca*

The most effulgent Śrī Kṛṣṇa is the source of all the opulences of billions upon billions of universes, and all the conscious living entities emanate from Him. That Śrī Kṛṣṇa has appeared in this world in the form of His holy name. This name is my worshipable object, the goal of my life, the means to achieve my goal, and my very life itself.

–Author unknown

## Verse 24

*viṣṇor nāmaiva puṁsaḥ śāmalam āpaharat puṇyam utpādayac ca  
brahmādi-sthāna-bhogād viratim atha guroḥ śrī-pada-dvandva-bhaktim  
tattva-jñānam ca viṣṇor iha mṛti-jananā-bhrānti-bijam ca dagdhvā  
saṁpūrṇānanda-bodhe mahatī ca puruṣaṁ sthāpayitvā nivr̥ttam*

**Viṣṇu's sacred name destroys sin; it generates spiritual merits favorable for devotional service; it brings about detachment from all the enjoyments of heaven and beyond, all the way to Brahmaloaka; it increases *bhakti* for the lotus feet of Śrī Gurudeva; it automatically causes all *tattva-jñāna*, knowledge about Bhagavān, to blossom in the heart; it burns to ashes all ignorance, which is the root cause of repeated birth. Eventually this holy name will transport one to the lotus feet of *saccidānanda* Bhagavān, placing him there forever to serve eternally.**

—Śrī Vyāsa



When the holy name sees that all these tasks have been accomplished and nothing remains to be done, then He (*bhagavān-nāma*) will retire and rest peacefully.

## Verse 25

*nāma cintāmaṇiḥ kṛṣṇaś  
cāitanya-rasa-vigrahaḥ  
pūrṇaḥ śuddho nitya-mukto  
'bhinnatvān nāma-nāminoḥ*

**Śrī Kṛṣṇa's name is *cintāmaṇi*, a spiritual wish-fulfilling jewel. It is the embodiment of all mellows; thus it attracts everyone, including Kṛṣṇa Himself. It is complete, containing all majesty and all sweetness; it is supremely pure and eternally liberated. There is no difference between the name of Kṛṣṇa and Kṛṣṇa Himself, who has descended in the form of His holy name. Śrī Kṛṣṇa incarnates to fulfill all of the devotees' desires, and His name comes for the same purpose.**

—Śrī Vyāsa (from *Padma Purāṇa*)

Verse 26

*madhura-madhuram etan maṅgalaṁ maṅgalānām  
sakala-nigama-vallī-sat-phalaṁ cit-svarūpam  
sakṛd api pariḡitaṁ śraddhayā helayā vā  
bhṛgu-vara nara-mātraṁ tārayet kṛṣṇa-nāma*

**O best of the Bhṛgu dynasty! Kṛṣṇa's name is the sweetest of the sweet and the most auspicious of all that is auspicious. It is the fully ripened, sweet fruit of the flourishing creeper of the Vedas (*Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*) and the embodiment of transcendental knowledge. Even if someone chants the holy name just once – with deep sentiment, without any feeling, or even with disdain – he will easily cross over the ocean of birth and death.**

–Śrī Vyāsa

Verse 27

*svargārthīyā vyavasitir asau dīnayatī eva lokān  
mokṣāpekṣā janayatī janaṁ kevalaṁ kleśa-bhājam  
yogābhyāsaḥ parama-virasas tādṛśaiḥ kiṁ prayāsaiḥ  
sarvaṁ tyaktvā mama tu rasanā kṛṣṇa kṛṣṇeti rauti*

**Any practices for attaining Svarga render the living entity wretched [because in Svarga there is no opportunity to perform devotional service]. Liberation also does not afford the relishable flavor of *bhakti*; therefore, hard labor is the only reward for one striving for *mokṣa*. Yogic practices are absolutely dry and tasteless. Hence, I have no use for any of those endeavors. Rather, my tongue should give up everything and continuously call out with love, “*Hā Kṛṣṇa, hā Kṛṣṇa!*”**

–Author unknown

Verse 28

*sadā sarvatrāste nanu vimalam ādyaṁ tava padam  
tathāpy ekam stokaṁ na hī bhava-taroḥ pātram abhinat*

*kṣaṇaṁ jihvā-grastaṁ tava tu bhagavan nāma nikhilam  
sa-mūlaṁ saṁsāraṁ kaṣāti katarat sevyaṁ anayoḥ*

**He Bhagavān, the *brahmajyoti*, the effulgence emanating from Your transcendental body, is very pure, free from any contamination, formless, without cause, and all-pervading. Still, meditation on the *brahmajyoti* has not cut off even one small leaf from the tree of material existence. But Prabhu, if someone utters Your auspicious name even for a moment, or rather if the holy name by its own causeless mercy appears on the tip of one's tongue, it will completely uproot the whole tree of repeated birth and death. So tell me, Kṛṣṇa, of these two which one should I serve?**

–Śrī Śrīdhara Svāmī

#### Verse 29

*ākṛṣṭiḥ kṛta-cetasāṁ sumanasāṁ uccātaṇaṁ cāṁhasāṁ  
ācaṇḍālam amūka-loka-sulabho vaśyaś ca mukti-śrīyaḥ  
no dīkṣāṁ na ca sat-kriyāṁ na ca pūraścaryāṁ manāg iḥṣate  
mantra 'yam rasanā-sprg eva phalati śrī-kṛṣṇa-nāmātmakah*

Śrī Kṛṣṇa's name, the *mahā-mantra*, is so wonderfully powerful that as soon as it touches the tongue, it bestows results. This is the best *mantra* for subjugating Kṛṣṇa and also the pure *ātmārāma* and *āptakāma* devotees [like Śukadeva]. If one has committed some very heinous sins, those sins will not be reduced by fire sacrifice, *yoga*, austerities, charity, etc.; but just the utterance of this astonishing *mahā-mantra* will drive out those big, big sins. And it is so easy to execute – there are no restrictions regarding time and place. Even a dumb person, in his mind, and a dog-eater can chant. By its unconditional grace, it comes under the control of someone who just desires to do *kīrtana*. *Jñānīs* are searching for the very rare wealth of liberation, but this liberation is running behind the holy name. Some *mantras* require *dīkṣā* from the *guru*, good conduct in accordance with regulative principles,

and observance of special purificatory rites before initiation, but the *mahā-mantra* does not demand any of these.

—Śrī Lakṣmidhara

### Verse 30

*viceyāni vicāryāni vicintyāni punaḥ punaḥ  
kṛpaṇasya dhanānīva tvan-nāmāni bhavantu naḥ*

A miser, considering his wealth more dear to him than his very life, wholly absorbs himself in how to increase his precious possessions as he goes on accumulating more and more. And at the same time he hides his riches from his friends and family members out of fear that they will steal them. O merciful Lord, You should be kind to me, and in the same way, I should collect Your innumerable, supremely enchanting names from the treasure of the scriptures, and always be completely submerged in deliberating on this invaluable wealth of Your precious names.

—Śrī Bhavānanda



Without Your mercy, how can my material tongue chant Your transcendental name? Hence the scriptures declare:

*ataḥ śrī-kṛṣṇa-nāmādi na bhaved grāhyam indriyaiḥ  
sevonmukhe hi jihvādau svayam eva sphuraty adaḥ*

(*Bhakti-rasāmṛta-sindhu* 1.2.234)

“The transcendental nature of Śrī Kṛṣṇa’s holy name cannot be understood through one’s material senses. Only when one’s senses and mind have become purified by chanting and serving Hari, *guru*, Vaiṣṇava are the transcendental name, form, qualities and pastimes revealed to him. Automatically the holy name will manifest on his tongue.”

### Verse 31

*nāmnām akārī bahudhā nija-sarva-śaktis  
tatrārṇvīṇā nīyamītaḥ smarāṇe na kālaḥ*

*etādṛṣī tava kṛpā bhagavan mamāpi  
durdaivam īdṛśam ihājāni nānurāgaḥ*

**He Bhagavān, to reciprocate with the propensities of the different living entities You have assumed a great variety of names like Mukunda, Mādhava, Govinda, Dāmodara, Ghanaśyāma, Śyāmasundara and Yaśoda-nandana. You have endowed each of these names with Your complete potency; and for remembering them You have not set any restrictions regarding time, place and cleanliness. O my Lord, You have showered this causeless mercy on the living entities, but I am so unfortunate that I have not developed any attachment for Your sacred names.**

–Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu

(Śrī Śikṣāṣṭakam 2)



### **Nāma-kīrtana**

The Method for Chanting the Holy Names

#### **Verse 32**

*ṭṛnād api sunicena taror api sahiṣṇunā  
amāninā mānadena kīrtaniyaḥ sadā hariḥ*

**Understanding oneself to be lower than a blade of grass, becoming more tolerant than a tree, not expecting any honor for oneself, and giving respect to others – in this mood one will be able to chant Bhagavān’s holy names continuously.**

–Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu

(Śrī Śikṣāṣṭakam 3)

#### **Verse 33**

*śrī-rāmeti janārdaneti jagatām nātheti nārāyaṇety  
ānandeti dayāpareti kamalākānteti kṛṣṇeti ca  
śrīman-nāma-mahāmṛtābdhi-lahari-kallola-magnaṁ muhur  
muhyantam galad-aśru-netram avaśam mām nātha nityam kuru*

*He Śrī Rāma, He Janārdana (who destroys the distress of the living entities), He Jagannātha, He Nārāyaṇa, He Ānandamaya (blissful Lord), He Dayāpara (most merciful one), He Kamalā-kānta (husband of Lakṣmī), He Kṛṣṇa, He Nātha (my Master)! Your names are a vast ocean of nectar. Kindly submerge me in its waves of love and give me the same attachment to Your names as a materialist has for his children and grandchildren. While chanting, tears should flow non-stop from my eyes, and I should become completely helpless as I drown in the bliss of kīrtana. O Prabhu, by Your mercy I should be in this condition forever.*

–Śrī Lakṣmīdhara (the godbrother of Śrīdhāra Svāmī)  
(from *Śrī Bhagavān Nāma Kaumudī*,  
'The Moonshine of Bhagavān's Names')



Alternatively, Rāma is He who gives pleasure to all living beings, especially the *gopīs*. Kamalā-kānta is the beloved of Rādhā; Nātha (meaning 'promised') is He who promised the *gopīs* who were performing Kātyāyanī *vrata* that He would meet with them in the next *rāsa-līlā*.

#### Verse 34

*śrī-kānta kṛṣṇa karuṇāmaya kañja-nābha  
kaivalya-vallabha mukunda murāntaketi  
nāmāvaliṁ vimala-mauktika-hāra-lakṣmī  
lāvaṇya-vañcana-kariṁ karavāṇi kañthe*

Śrī-kānta (beloved of Lakṣmī), Kṛṣṇa, Karuṇā-maya (most merciful one), Kañja-nābha (lotus-veiled one), Kaivalya-vallabha (master of unalloyed devotion), Mukunda (bestower of liberation), Murāri (deliverer of the Mura demon) – we should collect Your immaculate names and string them together into a wonderful garland that defeats the beauty of a spotless pearl necklace. Kindly shower Your mercy upon us so that the garland of Your names always adorns our necks.

–Śrī Lakṣmīdhara





Alternatively, Kaivalya-vallabha can be understood as the hero who is exclusively full with unalloyed *madhura-rasa*. Mukunda is He who bestows liberation to the demons and *prema-rasa* to His devotees. Murāri is He who removes dangers.

### Verse 35

*kṛṣṇa rāma mukunda vāmana vāsudeva jagad-guro  
matsya kacchaṣa nārasinḥa varāha rāghava pāhi mām  
deva-dānava-nāradādi-munindra-vandya dayā-nidhe  
devakī-suta dehi me tava pāda-bhaktim acañcalām*

**He Kṛṣṇa, He Balarāma, He Mukunda, He Vāmana, He Vāsudeva, O Master of the whole world, He Matsya, He Kūrma, He Nṛsinḥa, He Varāha, He Rāmacandra, please protect me. You are worshipable for the demigods, demons, Nārada and other great sages. O Ocean of Mercy, O Son of Devakī, please give me unwavering *bhakti* for Your lotus feet.**

–Author unknown

### Verse 36

*he goṣālaka he kṛpā-jala-nidhe he sindhu-kanyā-pate  
he kaṁsāntaka he gajendra-karuṇā-pāriṇa he mādḥava  
he rāmānuja he jagat-traya-guro he puṇḍarikākṣa mām  
he goṣijana-nātha pālāya param jānāmi na tvām vinā*

**He Gopālaka (cowherd boy), He Kṛpā-jala-nidhī (ocean of mercy), He Sindhukanyā-patī (husband of the daughter of the ocean, Lakṣmī), He Kaṁsāntaka (killer of Kaṁsa), He Gajendra-karuṇa-pariṇa (merciful savior of Gajendra), He Mādḥava (husband of Lakṣmī), He Rāmānuja (younger brother of Balarāma), He Jagat-traya-guro (spiritual master of the three worlds), He Puṇḍarikākṣa (lotus-eyed one), He Goṣijana-nātha (beloved of the *gopīs*)! I do not know anyone but You – please protect me.**

–A Śrī Vaiṣṇava (from the Rāmānuja Sampradāya)

Verse 37

*śrī-nārāyaṇa puṇḍarīka-nayana śrī-rāma sītā-pate  
govindācyuta nandanandana mukuṇḍānanda dāmodara  
viṣṇo rāghava vāsudeva nṛhare devendra-cūḍāmaṇi  
saṁsārārṇava-karṇadhāraka hare śrī-kṛṣṇa tubhyaṁ namaḥ*

**O Śrī Nārāyaṇa, O Puṇḍarīka-nayana (lotus-eyed one), O Śrī Rāma, O Sītā-patī, O Govinda, O Acyuta, O Nanda-nandana, O Mukunda, O Ānanda, O Dāmodara, O Viṣṇu, O Rāghava, O Vāsudeva, O Nṛharī, O Devendra-cūḍāmaṇi (crest-jewel of the demigods), O Saṁsārārṇava-karṇadhāraka (captain of the ship for crossing the ocean of birth and death), O Hari, O Śrī Kṛṣṇa – I reverentially bow down to You**

–Same Śrī Vaiṣṇava from previous verse

Verse 38

*bhāṇḍīreśa śikhāṇḍa-maṇḍana vara śrīkhaṇḍa-liptāṅga he  
vṛndāraṇya-purandara sphurad-amandendīvara-śyāmala  
kāḷindī-priya nanda-nandana parānandāravindekṣaṇa  
śrī-govinda mukunda sundara-tano mām dīnam ānandaya*

**He Bhāṇḍīreśa (O Lord of Bhāṇḍīravana), He Śikhāṇḍa-maṇḍana (O You who are decorated with peacock feathers), He Vara (O You who are the greatest), He Śrīkhaṇḍa-liptāṅga (O You whose whole body is anointed with sandalwood paste), He Vṛndāraṇya-purandara (O ruler of Vṛndāvana), He Sphurad-amandendīvara-śyāmala (whose dark complexion is like a blooming blue lotus), He Kāḷindī-priya (O You who love the Yamunā River), He Nanda-nandana (O Son of Nanda Mahārāja), He Parānanda (O blissful Lord), He Aravindekṣaṇa (O lotus-eyed Lord), He Śrī Govinda, He Mukunda, He Sundara-tanu (O handsome one) – please bestow bliss upon this wretched and miserable person.**

–Śrī Gopāla Bhaṭṭa



**Śrī Kṛṣṇa-kathā-māhātmya**  
The Glories of Śrī Kṛṣṇa's Pastimes

**Verse 39**

*śrutam apy aupaniṣadam dūre hari-kathāmṛtāt  
yan na santi dravac-citta-kampāśru-ṅṅlakādayaḥ*

**I have heard a lot about the impersonal *nirviśeṣa brahma*, which is the subject matter of the Upaniṣads, but it was very far away from the nectarean descriptions of Śrī Hari. What is the use of hearing about that *brahma*? Such discussion will not cause the heart to melt, tears to flow, the body to tremble, the hairs to stand on end, or any other *sattvika-bhāvas*.**

–Śrī Bhagavān Vyāsapada (Vedavyāsa)

**Verse 40**

*naiva divya-sukha-bhogam arthaye  
nāpavargam api nātha kāmaye  
yāntu karṇa-vivaram dine dine  
kṛṣṇa-keli-caritāmṛtāni me*

**O Kṛṣṇa, I do not want to enjoy the sense pleasures of the heavenly planets. Nor do I hanker for liberation. I pray at Your lotus feet for only one thing – that every day I get the chance to hear about Your wonderful, nectarean adventures.**

–Śrī Kaviratna

**Verse 41**

*aho ahobhir na kaler vidūyate  
sudhā-su-dhārā-madhuram pade pade  
dine dine candana-candra-śītalam  
yaśo yaśodā-tanayasya gīyate*

**Ah, how astonishing! One who regularly broadcasts the glories of Yaśodā-nandana, which are more cooling**

than the moon and sandal paste, will not be plagued by the inauspiciousness of Kali-yuga. At every step he is submerged in a flow of supreme sweetness, which is sweeter than the sweetest nectar.

–Śrī Kāvīratna

#### Verse 42

*nandanandana-kaiśora-līlāmṛta-mahāmbudhau  
nimagnānāṁ kim asmākaṁ nirvāṇa-lavaṅgāmbhasā*

We are always diving into the vast nectarean ocean of Śrī Nanda-nandana’s beautiful adolescent pastimes, so why will we bother with the salty water of *sāyujya-mukti*, which is devoid of the happiness of serving Bhagavān?

–Śrī Yādavendra Purī

#### Verse 43

*tvat-kathāmṛta-pāthodhau viharanto maha-mudaḥ  
kurvantī kṛtinaḥ kecic catur-vargaṁ tṛṇoṣanam*

*He* Bhagavān, some pious souls and those who are able to discern what is actually of value, happily roam in the ocean of Your nectarean pastimes. They understand that the four *puruṣārthas* – *dharmā*, *artha*, *kāma* and *mokṣa* – are as petty as a blade of grass.

–Śrī Śrīdhara Svāmī

#### Verse 44

*tatraiva gaṅgā yamunā ca tatra  
godāvarī tatra sarasvatī ca  
sarvāṇi tīrthāni vasanti tatra  
yatrācyutodāra-kathā-ṭṛasaṅgaḥ*

Wherever the infallible Bhagavān Acyuta’s special *kathā* is being narrated, auspicious rivers – like Śrī Gaṅgā, Yamunā, Godāvarī, Sarasvatī – and all the holy places are present. So no

need to go to many holy places. Just sit in one place and hear *hari-kathā*.

–Author unknown

Verse 45

*yā bhukti-lakṣmīr bhuvī kāmukānāṃ  
yā mukti-lakṣmīr hṛdī yoga-bhājām  
yānanda-lakṣmī rasikendra-mauleḥ  
sā kāpi lilāvatu mādhasya*

Lusty persons find their happiness in sense enjoyment, and the pleasure of the *yogīs*' hearts is liberation. But these are pale next to the bliss the *rasika* devotees derive in hearing about Mādhava's indescribably sweet and fantastic pastimes. May Bhagavān Mādhava's *līlās* protect you all.

–Śrī Śaṅkara (Lord Śiva)



Śrī kṛṣṇa-dhyāna

Meditation on Śrī Kṛṣṇa

Verse 46

*phullendīvara-kāntim indu-vadanam barhāvataṃsa-priyam  
śrīvatsaṅkam udāra-kaustubha-dharam pītāmbaram sundaram  
gopīnām nayanotpalārcita-tanum go-gopā-saṅghāvrtam  
govindam kala-veṇu-vādana-param divyāṅga-bhūṣam bhaje*

I worship Śrī Govinda, whose wonderful bodily luster resembles a fully blossomed blue lotus, whose face is like the moon, who really loves wearing peacock feather ornaments, whose chest bears the mark of Śrīvatsa and is decorated with the beautiful Kaustubha gem, who wears flashy yellow garments, whose handsome form the *gopīs* worship with thousands and thousands of sidelong glances, who is surrounded by multitudes of cows and *gopas*, who plays sweet melodies on

**His flute audible only to those He's calling, and whose *sac-cid-ānanda* body is adorned with fabulous ornaments.**

–Śrī Śāradākāra

**Verse 47**

*aṁśālambīta-vāma-kuṇḍala-dharaṁ mandonnata-bhrū-lataṁ  
kiñcit-kuñcita-komalādhara-putaṁ sāci-prasāreṣaṇam  
ālolaṅguli-pallavair muralikāṁ āpūrayantaṁ mudā  
mūle kalpa-taroṣ tri-bhaṅga-lalitaṁ dhyāye jagat-mohanam*

**He whose splendid earrings hang to the shoulders, whose eyebrows are slightly arched, whose soft lips are somewhat puckered for playing the flute, whose large eyes are shooting crooked glances, whose leaf-like fingers are moving swiftly on the flute, who is blissfully standing in a charming three-fold bending posture under a *kalpa-vṛkṣa* – this *jagat-mohana* Bhagavān, Śrī Kṛṣṇa-candra, who attracts all the worlds, should always be remembered.**

–Author unknown

**Verse 48**

*adhare vinihitaṁ vāṁsaṁ  
campaka-kusumena kalpitottaṁsam  
vinatam dadhānaṁ aṁsaṁ  
vāmaṁ satataṁ namāmi jita-kaṁsam*

**A flute held to His lips, His crown and earrings made of *campaka* flowers, and His left shoulder slightly lowered as He plays the flute – to that beautiful Śrī Kṛṣṇa who conquered Kaṁsa, I bow down over and over again.**

–Śrī Puruṣottama-deva

**Verse 49**

*vyatyasta-pāda-kamalaṁ lalita-tri-bhaṅgi--  
saubhāgyam aṁsa-viralī-krta-keśa-pāśam*

*piñchāvataṁsam urarī-kr̥ta-vaiśā-nālam  
avyāja-mohanam upāimi kṛpā-viśeṣam*

With His right foot in the lead, He crosses His lotus feet as He moves along in His supremely charming, carefree and winding gait. His disheveled hair hanging over His left shoulder, His head decorated with a wonderful peacock-feather crown, and holding the flute to His lips, He increases the good fortune of those who see Him. I worship this guileless Kṛṣṇa, who is an ocean of mercy.

–Śrī Nārada



### **Bhakta-vātsalyam**

Love for the Devotees

#### **Verse 50**

*atandrita-camūpati-prahīta-hastam asvī-kr̥ta-  
prañīta-maṇi-pādukaṁ kim iti viśmṛtāntaḥpuram  
avāhana-paraṣkṛiyam̐ pataga-rājam ārohataḥ  
kari-pravara-br̥nhīte bhagavatas tvarāyai namaḥ*

When the elephant Gajendra was in the grip of the crocodile and piteously prayed to Bhagavān for help, the Lord, feeling great urgency to rescue His devotee, immediately jumped on Garuḍa’s bare back, without even taking the help of His commander’s ready hand to mount His carrier. Nor did He have the time to accept the jeweled sandals brought by the servant. “Oh, who is calling Me in such desperation? I will go there this very instant.” Saying this and forgetting His wives Śrī, Bhū and Līlā, and the rest of His family in the inner chambers of the palace, He quickly reached the king of the elephants and saved him. I am bowing down again and again to Bhagavān’s eagerness aroused by His *bhakta-vātsalya* to save His distressed devotee. And I pray, “*He* Bhagavān, the king of the elephants was grasped by only one crocodile. But look at my condition – I am being swallowed up by lust, anger, greed,

madness, pride, envy and more. O merciful one, please come quickly and save me.”

—Śrī Dakṣiṇātya



### **Draupadī-trāṇe tad-vākyam** Draupadī’s Appeal for Protection

#### **Verse 51**

*tamasi ravir ivodyan majjatām āplavānām  
plava iva tṛṣṭātānām svādu-varṣiva meghah  
nidhir iva nidhanānām tūvra-duḥkhāmayānām  
bhiṣag iva kuśalam no dātum āyāti śauriḥ*

[When the Pāṇḍavas were in exile in Kāmyavana and Durvāsā came to them with his 60,000 disciples demanding to be fed, they feared that Durvāsā might curse them. Draupadī piteously called out for protection to Śrī Kṛṣṇa, who arrived instantaneously. Śrī Vyāsa describes Draupadī’s feeling at that moment:]

**“He is coming just like the early morning sun to dissipate the darkness, like a boat to rescue a drowning person, like a sweet raincloud to save one dying of thirst, like great treasure found by a penniless person, like an experienced doctor for one afflicted with a serious disease. Like this, Śrī Kṛṣṇa-candra has come to protect us.”**

—Śrī Vyāsa



### **Bhaktānām māhātmyam** The Glory of the Devotees

#### **Verse 52**

*prahlāda-nārada-paraśara-puṇḍarīka-  
vyāsāmbariṣa-śuka-śaunaka-bhīṣma-dalbhyān  
rukṃāṅgadoddhava-vibhīṣaṇa-phālgunādīn  
puṇyān imān parama-bhāgavatān namāmi*



Prahlāda, Nārada, Parāśara, Puṇḍarīka, Vyāsa, Ambarīṣa, Śuka, Śaunaka, Bhīṣma, Dalbhya, Rukmāṅgada, Uddhava, Vibhīṣaṇa and Arjuna – to these virtuous *mahā-bhagavats* I reverentially offer my homage.

–Śrī Dakṣiṇātya

#### Verse 53

*śrī-viṣṇoḥ śravaṇe parīkṣid abhavad vaiyāsakīḥ kīrtane  
prahlādaḥ smaraṇe tad-aṅghri-bhajane lakṣmīḥ pṛthuh pūjane  
akrīras tu abhivandane kapi-ṣatir dāsye 'tha sakhye 'rjunah  
sarvasvātma-nivedane balir abhūt kṣṣṇāptir eṣāmi paraṁ*

[By focusing on just one of the nine limbs of *bhakti*, each of these great personalities attained Bhagavān:]

***śravaṇam*** – Śrī Parīkṣitī heard ***śrī bhagavat-kathā***; ***kīrtanam*** – Śukadeva Gosvāmī recited ***Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam***; ***smaraṇam*** – Śrī Prahlāda always remembered the Lord; ***pāda-sevanam*** – Lakṣmījī served the Lord's lotus feet; ***arcanam*** – Mahārāja Pṛthu worshiped the Deity; ***vandanam*** – Akrūra offered prayers to the Lord; ***dāsyam*** – Hanumānjī always served Lord Rāma; ***sakhyam*** – Arjuna was Kṛṣṇa's friend; and ***ātma-nivedanam*** – Śrī Balī Mahārāja is celebrated for full surrender.

–Author unknown

#### Verse 54

*tebhyo namo 'stu bhava-vāridhī-jīrṇa-ṣaṅka-  
sammagna-mokṣaṇa-vicakṣaṇa-pādukebhyaḥ  
kṣṣṇetī varṇa-yugala-śravaṇena yeṣāṁ  
ānandathur bhavati nartita-roma-vṛndah*

I offer *praṇāma* again and again to those great devotees for whom, as soon as they adorn their ears with the two syllables “Kṛ-ṣṇa,” the bliss of *prema* manifests in their hearts, and their hairs start dancing. The wooden sandals of these personalities are very expert in delivering the living entities who, from time immemorial, are stuck in the mud of ignorance, or sense gratification.

–Śrī Autkala



## Verse 57

*mīmāṃsā-rajāsā malīmasa-dṛśām tāvan na dhīr īsvare  
garvodarka-kutarka-karkaśa-dhiyām dūre 'pi vārtā hareḥ  
jānanto 'pi na jānate śruti-sukham śrī-rāngi-saṅgād rte  
su-svādum pariveśayanty api rasam gurvī na darvī spṛśet*

One whose eyes of knowledge have been contaminated by the dust of *karma-khaṇḍa* (*karma-mīmāṃsā* – pious activities, sacrifices, charity, etc., for elevating oneself to the heavenly planets) cannot see reality and cannot direct his intelligence to the Supreme Lord. Having accepted faulty logic, such a person becomes hard-hearted and proud. For him discussions about Hari are very far away; indeed, he does not even find it pleasant to hear about the Supreme Lord. Such a person may be expert in the Vedas but, having no attachment for Śrī Kṛṣṇa, he does not understand the real truth of the Vedas. He is just like a ladle serving out very tasty nectar but not knowing the sweet taste of the nectar himself.

–Śrī Mādhava Sarasvatī

## Verse 58

*jñānāvalambakāḥ kecit kecit karmāvalambakāḥ  
vayanī tu hari-dāsānām pāda-trāṇāvalambakāḥ*

In this world some follow the path of speculative knowledge and some take to *karma*, or fruitive activities. We, on the other hand, only take shelter of the wooden sandals of the servants of Bhagavān Hari.

–Author unknown



## Atha bhaktānām dainyoktiḥ The Humble Words of the Devotees

## Verse 59

*nāmāni praṇayena te sukṛtinām tanvanti tuṅḍotsavam  
dhāmāni prathayanti hanta jalada-śyāmāni netrāñjanam*

*sāmāni śruti-śaṣkulīm muralikā-jātāny alaṅkurvate  
kamānīvr̥ta-cetasām iha vibho nāśāpi naḥ śobhate*

**He Bhagavān, for the devotees who chant with *prema*, their mouths become the stage for a jubilant festival of Your all-auspicious names. Your dark blue luster, like a fresh raincloud, is the mascara decorating their eyes. And Your charming flute song and the sound of Your sweet words ornament their ears. But Prabhu, our minds are disturbed by material desires – we are not interested in seeing Your dark bluish form, in hearing Your flute song, or in taking Your holy name – so how will we ever attain the condition of these devotees? You are merciful and affectionate to those who take Your shelter, so please shower us with Your unconditional grace and deliver us.**

–Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī

#### Verse 60

*samsārāmbhasi sambhṛta-bhrama-bhare gambhīra-tāpa-traya-  
grāheṇābhigrhītam ugra-gatinā krośantam antar-bhayāt  
dīpreṇādyā sudarśanena vibudha-klānti-chidākariṇā  
cintā-santatati-ruddham uddhara hare mac-citta-dantiśvaram*

**O Hari, my heart is like an elephant drowning in the ocean of material existence, being sucked down in the whirlpools of enchanting wife, children and grandchildren, and caught in the rapacious jaws of the crocodile-like threefold miseries. I am weeping at the top of my voice, “He Hari, help me, help me. Release Your Sudarśana *cakra*, which destroys the sufferings of the demigods, and rescue the elephant of my weak heart.”**

–Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī

#### Verse 61

*vivr̥ta-vividha-bādhe bhrānti-vegād agādhe  
balavati bhava-pūre majjato me vidūre  
aśaraṇa-gaṇa-bandho hā kṛpā-kaumudīndo  
sakerd akṛta-vilambam dehi hastāvalambam*

Dear Lord, this ocean of material existence, filled with many obstacles, is so forceful, and the strong undercurrents of illusion have pulled me into the deep waters far away from the shore. O savior of the shelterless, O moonlight of mercy, please extend Your lotus hand this time and lift me out of the ocean of birth and death. Otherwise I will surely go under.

–Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī

### Verse 62

*nṛṭyan vāyu-vighūrṇitaiḥ sva-viṭapair gāyann alinān rutair  
muñcann aśru maranda-bindubhir alaṁ romāñca-vānānkuraiḥ  
mākando 'pi mukunda mūrchatī tava smṛtyā nu vṛndāvane  
brūhi prāṇa-samāna cetasi katham nāmāpi nāyāti te*

**He Mukunda, see how this mango tree in Vṛndāvana, just by remembering You, is bewildered in *prema*. It is dancing in ecstasy, its branches swaying in the breeze. It is sweetly singing Your glories through the humming of these bees; it is weeping through the *rasa* dripping from its flowers; and its newly sprouted leaves are its hairs standing on end. This unconscious tree is melting in love for You. O Kṛṣṇa, You are dearer to me than my own life, so why am I so unfortunate that even Your name does not come in my heart?**

–Śrī Iśvara Purī

### Verse 63

*yā draupadī-ṭparitrāṇe yā gajendrasya mokṣaṇe  
mayy arte karuṇā-mūrte sā tvarā kva gatā hare*

**O Hari, remover of distress, O embodiment of compassion! You ran quickly, with great eagerness, to protect Draupadī and to liberate Gajendra from the crocodile. Similarly, this miserable, pathetic person is weeping and calling out to You, “Where are You, Lord?” What has happened to Your sense of urgency now?**

–Śrī Autkala

Verse 64

*dīna-bandhur iti nāma te smaran  
yādavendra patito 'ham utsahe  
bhakta-vatsalatayā twayi śrute  
māmakaṁ hṛdayam āśu kampate*

**He Yādavendra, Lord of the Yādavas, I am most fallen, and to deliver me is not an easy task. But when I remember that You are *dīna-bandhu*, the friend of the wretched, I get excited, feeling assured that I will be delivered. And then, when I hear that You are *bhakta-vatsala*, extremely affectionate to Your devotees, immediately my heart starts trembling.**

–Śrī Jagannātha Sena

Verse 65

*stāvakās tava caturmukhādayo  
bhāvakās tu bhagavan bhavādayaḥ  
sevakāḥ śatamakhādayaḥ surāḥ  
vāsudeva yadi ke tadā vayam*

**He Bhagavān, the four-headed Brahmā and others are always ready to glorify You; Śaṅkara and his followers are always meditating on You; and Indra and other demigods are serving You. O Vāsudeva, please tell me what service I can perform. Next to these persons, who am I?**

–Śrī Dhanañjaya

Verse 66

*parama-kāruṇiko na bhavat-paraḥ  
parama-śocyatamo na ca mat-paraḥ  
iti vicintya hare mayi pāmare  
yad ucitam yadu-nātha tad ācara*

**He Hari, there is no one as merciful as You. And there is no one who is as despicable as me. Therefore, O Yādunātha, do as You like with this wretched person.**

–Author unknown

Verse 67

*bhavodbhava-kleśa-kaśā-śatāhataḥ  
paribhramann indriya-kāpathāntare  
niyamyatām mādharma me mano-hayas  
tvad-aṅghri-śaṅkai dṛḍha-bhakti-bandhane*

**He Mādhava, my mind is like a horse, racing along on the path of the senses. And every day a thousand whips of material miseries are lashing this horse. Still, this horse is so stubborn that it will not listen. O Lord, please take the rope of Your devotion and tie his neck to the pillar of Your lotus feet.**

–Author unknown

Verse 68

*na dhyāto 'si na kīrtito 'si na manāg ārādhito 'si prabho  
no janmāntara-gocare tava padāmbhoje ca bhaktiḥ kṛtā  
tenāham bahu-duḥkha-bhājanatayā prāpto daśām īdrśim  
tvam kārūṇya-nidhe vidhehī karuṇām śrī-kṛṣṇa dīne mayi*

**He Prabhu, in this life I have not meditated on You, glorified You or worshiped You – not even the slightest bit. And in my previous life, I did not establish any relationship with Your lotus feet. Therefore, I am in such a precarious position that I am eligible only for unlimited suffering. O ocean of mercy, O Śrī Kṛṣṇa, cast Your merciful glance towards this wretched person so that Your maidservant Māyā, Your illusory energy, will leave me alone.**

–Śrī Śaṅkara

Verse 69

*śaraṇam aśi hare prabho murāre  
jaya madhusūdana vāsudeva viṣṇo  
niravadhī kaluṣāuḡha-kāriṇam mām  
gati-rahitam jagadīśa rakṣa rakṣa*

**He Hari, He Prabhu, He Murāri, You are my only shelter and only protector. He Madhusūdana, He Vāsudeva, He Viṣṇu, all**

glories unto You! I have continuously engaged in uncountable sins, so I don't know what will be my destination. Therefore, Jagadīśa, You must protect me. Please protect me.

—Author unknown

#### Verse 70

*dinādau murāre niśādau murāre  
dinārdhe murāre niśārdhe murāre  
dinānte murāre niśānte murāre  
tvam eko gatir nas tvam eko gatir naḥ*

O Murāri, in the early morning and in the evening, at midday and at midnight, at the end of the day and at the end of the night, everywhere, at every moment, You are the only aim and object of our life.

—Śrī Dakṣiṇātya

#### Verse 71

*ayi nanda-tanuja kiṅkaraṁ  
patitaṁ mām viśame bhavāmbudhau  
kṛpayā tava pāda-pankaja-  
sthita-dhūli-sadṛśaṁ vicintaya*

*He Nanda-nandana, O son of Nanda Mahārāja, in reality I am Your eternal slave, but due to my past actions I have fallen into the material ocean of sense objects. In this ocean the many crocodiles of lust, anger, envy, etc., are coming to devour me, the waves of unsavory desires are pulling me under, and the strong wind of unfavorable association is bewildering me. In such a condition there is no other shelter than You. The bunches of grass of karma (fruitive action), jñāna (impersonal knowledge), yoga (mystic perfections), tapa (mundane austerities), etc., are floating on the surface of the water, but can anyone take their shelter and cross over the ocean? Sometimes a drowning person will catch hold of a bunch of that grass, and he sinks with it. Your mercy is the only shelter, and Your name the safe boat by which the*



living entity can cross this ocean of material existence. To board that boat also depends on Your mercy. But You are very kind to the surrendered souls. Other than Your mercy I have no means for crossing this ocean of birth and death. I am bereft of spiritual practice and I am an orphan. Please allow this shelterless person to dwell as a speck of dust at Your lotus feet.

–Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu  
(Śrī Sikṣāṣṭakam 5)



**Bhaktānām niṣṭhā**  
The Devotees' Faith

**Verse 72**

*na vyaṁ kavayo na tarkikā  
na ca vedānta-nitānta-pāragāḥ  
na ca vādi-nivārakāḥ paraṁ  
kapaṭābhīra-kiśora-kiṅkarāḥ*

**We are not poets, logicians, scholars fully conversant in Vedānta, or skilled debaters. We are simply the eternal servants of the prince of Vraja, that trickster cowerd boy.**

–Śrī Sārvabhauma Bhaṭṭācārya

**Verse 73**

*parivadatu jano yathā tathāyaṁ  
nanu mukharo na vyaṁ vicārayāmāḥ  
hari-rasa-madīra-madāti-mattā  
bhuvī viluthāma natāma nirviṣāma*

**If the criticizers condemn us, let them. We will never worry about their disapproving comments, because we are completely intoxicated from drinking the wine of love for Hari. And in ecstasy we will roll about on the ground, dance and sometimes swoon in *prema*.**

–Śrī Sārvabhauma Bhaṭṭācārya

Verse 74

*nāhaṁ vipro na ca nara-patir nāpi vaiśyo na śūdro  
nāhaṁ varṇī na ca gr̥ha-patir no vanastho yatir vā  
kintu prodyan-nikhīla-paramānanda-pūrṇāmṛtābdher  
gopī-bhartuḥ pada-kamalayor dāsa-dāsānūdāsaḥ*

I am not a *brāhmaṇa*, a *kṣatriya*, a *vaiśya* or a *śūdra*. Nor am I a *brahmacārī*, a householder, a *vānaprastha* or a *sannyāsī*. By constitution I am simply the eternal servant of the servant of the servant of the lotus feet of Śrī Kṛṣṇa, the master of the *gopīs*. He is an ocean of nectar and is brimming over with supreme bliss.

—Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu

Verse 75

*dhanyānām hṛdi bhāsatām girivara-pratyagra-kuṅṅjaukasām  
satyānanda-rasaṁ vikāra-vibhava-vyāvṛttam antar-mahaḥ  
asmākaṁ kila ballavī-rati-raso vṛndāṭavi-lālaso  
gopaḥ ko 'pi mahendranīla-ruciraś citte muhuḥ kṛḍatu*

The great personalities who stay in the bowers of the grand, majestic mountains may be endowed with knowledge of the non-differentiated Brahman. They are very fortunate and honorable because some indescribable mellow of true bliss – which is like a festival for the heart and which is free from all the material agitation, ego and transformations – may be manifesting their hearts. Let them enjoy their realization. Indeed, for our part, we have no interest in this because in our heart permanently dwells the best of cowherd boys, whose complexion is more enticing than a blue sapphire, and who eagerly enjoys loving pastimes in Vṛndāvana with the *gopīs*.

—Śrī Iśvara Purī

Verse 76

*rasaṁ praśamsantu kavitva-niṣṭhā  
brahmāmṛtaṁ veda-śīro-niviṣṭāḥ*

*vayaṁ tu guṅjā-kalitāvataṁsaṁ  
grhīta-vaṁśaṁ kaṁ aṅī śrayāmaḥ*

Persons devoted to mundane poetry may praise the mellows of lyrical verses, and those committed to Vedānta may glorify the nectar of impersonal Brahman. Let them do so, but we will only take shelter of a *gopā-kumāra* who decorates Himself with a *guṅjā-mālā* and who holds a flute to His blossoming lips.

—Śrī Yādavendra Puri

#### Verse 77

*dhyānātūtaṁ kim aṅī paramaṁ ye tu jānanī tattvaṁ  
teṣāṁ āstāṁ hṛdaya-kuhare śuddha-cin-mātra ātmā  
asmākāṁ tu prakṛti-madhuraḥ smerā-vaktrāravindo  
megha-śyāmaḥ kanaka-paridhiḥ paṅkajākṣo 'yam ātmā*

For the great personalities who have realized the impersonal aspect of the unimaginable Supreme Truth, awareness of the pure soul arises in their hearts. Good for them! But in the courtyard of our hearts naturally resides the God of Sweetness, whose lotus face is adorned with a mild smile, whose complexion is the color of a fresh, dark raincloud, who wears yellow garments and whose eyes are like lotuses.

—Śrī Kaviratna

#### Verse 78

*jātu prārthayate na pārthiva-padaṁ naindre pade modate  
sandhate na ca yoga-siddhiṣu dhiyaṁ mokṣaṁ ca nākaṅkṣati  
kāḷindī-vana-sīmani sthira-taḍin-megha-dyutau kevalaṁ  
śuddhe brahmaṇi vallavi-bhuja-latā-baddhe mano dhāvati*

Our mind is not attracted to having the position of emperor, it is not interested to occupy the post of Indra, nor does it care for yogic perfections or liberation. It only races after the indescribable pure Brahman who is locked in the embrace of a *gopī's* creeper-like arms, who together appear like fixed

**lightning flashing against a dark raincloud on the banks of the Yamunā in Śrī Vṛndavāna.**

–Śrī Kaviratna

**Verse 79**

*sandhyā-vandana bhādrām astu bhavato bhoḥ snāna tubhyaṁ namo  
bho devāḥ pitaras ca tarpaṇa-vidhau nāhaṁ kṣamaḥ kṣamyatām  
yatra kvāpi niśadya yādava-kulottamasya kaṁsa-dviṣaḥ  
smāraṁ smāraṁ aghaṁ harāmi tad alaṁ manye kim anyena me*

**O my morning and evening prayers, all auspiciousness to you! O my bath, farewell to you. O demigods and forefathers, please forgive me – I am unable to offer you any more oblations. Now, to become free from sins, I only want to sit in a secluded place and constantly remember the crown-jewel of the Yādava dynasty, Kaṁsari Śrī Kṛṣṇa. I consider the constant remembrance of Śrī Kṛṣṇa quite satisfactory for me. What is the need of any other practices?**

–Śrī Mādhavendra Purī

**Verse 80**

*snānaṁ mlānam abhūt kriyā na ca kriyā sandhyā ca vandhyābhavad  
vedaḥ khedam avāpa śāstra-paṭalī sampūṭitāntaḥ-sphuṭa  
dharmo marma-hato hy adharmo-nicayaḥ prāyaḥ kṣayaṁ prāptavān  
cittam cumbati yādavendra-caraṇāmbhoje mamāhar-niśam*

**My practice of bathing has dried up; my religious duties are undone; repeating *mantras* at the three junctures of the day has been bidden farewell; the four Vedas are forlorn, having been forgotten; all the other scriptures have been confined in a chest in my heart, as there is no time to look at them; material piety is wounded at the very core. Even so, O my brother, a multitude of sins are rooted out because my heart, like a bumblebee, is always licking the honey flowing from the beautiful lotus feet of Yādavendra Śrī Kṛṣṇa.**

–Author unknown

### Verse 81

*devakī-tanaya-sevakī-bhavān  
yo bhavāni sa bhavāni kiṁ tataḥ  
utpāthe kvacana sat-pāthe 'pi vā  
mānasam vrajatu daiva-deśitam*

**Even if I take birth as an animal, bird, human or any other species by the desire of the Supreme Lord, I don't mind. And if He induces my mind to walk the right path or stray off, I do not care as long as I can become the servant of Devakī-nandana.**

–Author unknown

### Verse 82

*mugdham mān nigadantu nīti-nīṇā bhrāntam muhur vaidikāḥ  
mandam bāndhava-saṅcayā jaḍa-dhiyam muktādarāḥ sodarāḥ  
unmattam viveka-caturāḥ kāmam mahā-dāmbhikam  
moktum na kṣāmate manāg api mano govinda-pāda-sprhām*

**Let the impeccable moralists accuse me of being illusioned, let the Vedic scholars repeatedly slander me as being misled, and let my brothers, relatives and friends call me dull-witted and stop respecting me, let the worshipers of money label me as insane, let the learned say I am arrogant. Even so, my mind is not about to give up the intention to serve the lotus feet of Bhagavān Śrī Govinda, though I am not able to do so.**

–Śrī Mādhavendra Purī

### Verse 83

*śyāmam eva param rūpaṁ purī madhu-purī varā  
vayaḥ kaiśorakam dhryeyam ādya eva paro rasaḥ*

**In my opinion, out of all beautiful forms Śyāmasundara is the most stunning, out of all cities Mathurā is the ultimate, out of all ages Bhagavān's fresh adolescence is the only object for meditation, and the amorous mellow is the crown of all.**

–Śrī Raghupati Upādhyāya

Verse 84

*purataḥ sphuratu vimuktis  
ciram iha rājyaṁ karotu vairājyam  
paśupāla-bālaka-pateḥ  
sevām evābhivañchāmi*

Let the five types of liberation personified – *sārṣṭi*, *sālokya*, *sārūpya*, *sāmīpya* and *sāyujya* – dance in front of me to please me. Let the eight types of perfection – *aṇimā*, *laghimā*, *mahimā*, *prākāmya*, *prāpti*, *īśitva*, *vaśitva* and *kāmāvasāyitā* – come before me. I will say to them, “Stay put on your own royal throne. I have no need for you, because I only want to serve Nanda-lāla, the best of the cowherd boys.

–Śrī Surottamācārya

Verse 85

*keṣaunī-patitvam athavaikam akiñcanatvam  
nityaṁ dadāsi bahu-mānam athāpamānam  
vaikuṅṭha-vāsam atha vā narake nivāsam  
hā vāsudeva mama nāsti gatis tvad-anyā*

O Bhagavān, You may make me the emperor of the whole Earth or You may keep me penniless. You may send my way great honor or contempt. You may give me a place in Vaikuṅṭha or throw me to hell. He Vāsudeva, regardless, You are my only means of success. Apart from You I have no shelter.

–Śrīgarbha Kavīndra

Verse 86

*dīśatu svārājyaṁ vā  
vitaratu tāpa-trayaṁ vāpi  
sukhītam duḥkhitam api mām  
na vimuñcatu keśavaḥ svāmī*

Keśava Bhagavān may give me the kingdom of heaven or the three-fold miseries (*adhyātmika*, *adhidaivika* and

***adhibautika***); He may send me comforts or distress. Regardless,  
may He not remove me from His service.

–Śrī Kavirāja Miśra



**Bhaktānām sautsukya-prārthanā**  
The Devotees' Earnest Prayers

**Verse 87**

*nandanandana-padāravindayoḥ  
syandamāna-makaranda-bindavaḥ  
sindhavaḥ parama-saukhya-samṣadānī  
nandayantu hṛdayaṁ mamānīśam*

**The drops of honey (the nectar from the flowers) dripping  
from Śrī Nanda-nandana's lotus feet are oceans of supreme  
bliss. May this flow of honey make my heart always joyful.**

–Śrī Karācārya

**Verse 88**

*iha vatsān samacārayad iha naḥ svāmī jagau vaṁśīm  
iti sāsraṁ gadato me yamunā-tīre dinaṁ yāyāt*

**With tears in my eyes, I should spend my days on the bank  
of the Yamunā remembering that this is the place where our  
master Śrī Kṛṣṇa-candra tended the cows and played the flute.**

–Śrī Raghupati Upādhyāya

**Verse 89**

*anūsīlita-kuñja-vāṭikāyām  
jaghanālabhita-pīta-śāṭikāyām  
muralī-kala-kūjite ratāyām  
mama ceto 'stu kadamba-devatāyām*

**The God who resides under the *kadamba* trees is always  
wandering from one *kuñja* to the next enjoying confidential**

**pastimes, wearing a yellow garment around His waist and playing a sweet melody on His flute to call His sweetheart. Let my mind always be absorbed in the lotus feet of this kadamba-devatā.**

–Śrī Govinda

**Verse 90**

*arakta-dīrgha-nayano nayanābhirāmaḥ  
kandarpa-koṭi-lalitām vapur ādadhānaḥ  
bhūyāt sa me 'dya hṛdayāmburūhādhivartī  
vṛndāṭavi-nagara-nāgara-cakravartī*

**Whose large eyes are slightly reddish from having stayed awake all night with some *gopī*, who is very charming to behold, who is more splendid than billions of Cupids – that emperor of all enjoyers, from the town of Vṛndāvana, should come and enthrone Himself on the lotus of my heart.**

–Śrī Bhavānanda

**Verse 91**

*lāvanyāmṛta-vanyā madhurima-lahari-paripākāḥ  
kārunyāṇām hṛdayam kapaṭa-kiśoraḥ pariṣphuratu*

**Śrī Kṛṣṇa is a river of ambrosial beauty flowing with high sweet waves, and His heart is full of compassion. May that Nanda-kiśora, that cheeky young boy, be visible to my eyes.**

–Śrī Sārvabhauma Bhaṭṭācārya

**Verse 92**

*bhavantu tatra janmāni yatra te muralī-kalāḥ  
kaṛṇa-ṭṭeyatvam āyāti kim me nirvāṇa-vārtayā*

**My dear Lord, if I have to take birth again and again, in whatever species, let it be in a place where Your mellifluous flute song will flow into my ears. What is the need to speak to me about dry liberation?**

–Śrī Sārvabhauma Bhaṭṭācārya



### Verse 93

*āsvādyam pramadā-radacchadam iva śravyaṁ navam jalpitaṁ  
bālāyā iva dṛśya uttama-vadhū-lāvanya-lakṣmī iva  
prodghoṣyaṁ cira-viṭprayukta-vanītā-sandeśa-vāṇīva me  
naivedyaṁ caritaṁ ca rūpam anīṣaṁ śrī-kṛṣṇa nāmāstu te*

**He Śrī Kṛṣṇa, Your *prasāda*, Your transcendental activities, Your beautiful body that enchants the whole universe, and Your many names like Nanda-nandana – may these four things become most relishable to me. I pray to be able to honor Your *mahā-prasāda* with the same gusto of a lusty person who never tires of savoring the nectar of an enticing woman's lips. I pray that I can give importance to attentively hearing about Your auspicious activities the same way an ardent husband lovingly keeps his ears perked to catch the sweet words of his shy young bride. I pray I should be eager to behold the unparalleled beauty of Your full form, from head to toe, the same way the wedding guests and neighbors anxiously wait to catch sight of the face of the very beautiful new bride. I pray to perform the sweet *kīrtana* of Your names with Your one-pointed *rasika* servants, and also hear the *nāma-kīrtana* from their lotus mouths, just as a chaste lady never tires of reading again and again the letter from her long-absent husband. Graciously accept this humble prayer at Your lotus feet.**

–Author unknown

### Verse 94

*nayanam galad-aśru-dhārayā  
vadanam gadgada-riddhyā girā  
pulakair nicitam vapuḥ kadā  
tava nāma-grahaṇe bhaviṣyati*

**He Prabhu, when will a stream of tears flow from My eyes, My voice choke up and My bodily hairs rise up in joy as I chant Your holy name?**

–Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu  
(Śrī Śikṣāṣṭakam 6)

Verse 95

*na dhanam na janam na sundarim  
kavitam va jagadisa kamaye  
mama janmani jamanisvare  
bhavatad bhaktir ahaituki tvayi*

**He Jagadisa, I do not need wealth, I do not need a beautiful wife and followers, nor mundane knowledge expressed in poetic language. My only desire, O Prāṇeśvara, is that birth after birth I may have *ahaitukī-bhakti*, causeless devotion, unto Your lotus feet.**

–Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu  
(Śrī Śikṣaṣṭakam 4)

Verse 96

*govardhana-prastha-navāmbuvāhaḥ  
kālinda-kanyā-nava-ñila-padman  
vṛndāvanodāra-tamāla-śākhī  
tāpa-trayaśyābhibhavaṁ karotu*

**May Śrī Kṛṣṇa – that fresh raincloud manifested over the meadows at Govardhana, that new blue lotus in the Yamunā, and that very magnanimous *tamāla* tree in Vṛndāvana – remove our threefold miseries.**

–Śrī Gauḍīya

Verse 97

*anaṅga-rasa-cāturī-caṇḍala-cāru-netrāñcalaś  
calan-makara-kuṇḍala-sphurita-kānti-gaṇḍa-sthalah  
vrajollasita-nāgarī-nikara-rāsa-lāśyotsukah  
sa me śapadi mānase sphuratu ko 'pi goṣālakah*

**Whose beautiful eyes are restless with *anaṅga-rasa*, the amorous mellow, whose swinging *makara* earrings reflect on His radiant cheeks, and who is always excited to enjoy *rāsa-***

***līlā* with the blissful *gopīs* of Vraja – may this indescribable *gopāla* come at once within the temple of my heart.**

–Śrī Mādhavendra Purī



**Bhaktānām utkaṅṭhā**  
The Devotees' Yearnings

**Verse 98**

*śrutayaḥ palala-kapaḥ*  
*kim iha vayanāṁ sāmpratam cinumaḥ*  
*āhriyata puraiva nayanair*  
*ābhīribhiḥ param brahma*

The Śrutis (the Vedas) are now like empty, dry husk. So why should we study the Vedas – what can we glean from them? The object of the Śrutis, which is Brahman, has already been removed by the *gopīs* with their eyes. What is the use of dry, empiric knowledge (*brahma-jñāna*), because it will not lead us to *parama-brahma*, the Supreme Truth. That can be attained only by accepting the guidance of the *gopīs*.

–Śrī Raghupatī Upādhyāya



The *gopīs* have looted the Vedas; they have kidnapped Śrī Kṛṣṇa and are keeping Him hidden away as their private property.

**Verse 99**

*kaṁ prati kathayitum iše samprati ko vā pratītim āyātu*  
*go-pati-tanayā-kūṅje goṇa-vadhūṭī-viṭam brahma*

To whom shall I reveal this secret? Who will believe me? Only someone who has enough passion for *bhakti* will believe me when I say that the goal of the all the Vedas – Parabrahma

– is always enjoying in the *kuñjas* on the banks of the Yamunā with Rādhikā, the young wife of another *gopa*.

–Śrī Raghupati Upādhyāya

**Verse 100**

*jñātām kāṇabhujām matām paricitaivānvikṣikī śikṣitā  
mīmāṃsā viditaiva sāṅkhya-saraṇir yoge vitirṇā matih  
vedāntaḥ pariśīlitaḥ sa-rabhasam kintu sphuran-mādhuri-  
dhārā kācana nandasūnu-muralī mac-cittam ākarṣati*

I know the precepts of Vaiśeṣika’s atomic science contributed by Kaṇāda Ṛṣi. I am very well acquainted with the logic of Gautama Muni’s *nyāya-sāstra*. I have delved into the teachings of Jaimini Ṛṣi’s *pūrva-mīmāṃsā* philosophy. I have mastered the path of *sāṅkhya* illuminated by Kapila-deva. I have applied my intelligence to Patañjalī Maharṣi’s *yoga-sāstra*. And I have also tried to understand the commentaries on Bhagavān Śrī Vedavyāsa’s *Vedānta-sutra*. Even after I minutely scrutinized all these six branches of philosophy, my mind was not attracted to any of them. But now, the sweetness flowing from Nanda-sūnu’s *muralī* is forcefully grabbing my heart.

–Śrī Sārvabhauma Bhaṭṭācārya

**Verse 101**

*amarī-mukha-sīdhu-madhurīṇām  
laharī kācana cāturī kalānām  
taralī-kurute mano madīyam  
muralī-nāda-paramparā murāreḥ*

Bhagavān Murāri’s sweet flute song, which flows like waves of nectar, is so powerful that, upon hearing it, the celestial damsels reject the heavenly nectar of immortality. And the artistry of His *muralī-nāda* rebukes the cleverness of the sixty-four arts, so much so that it causes one who is expert in all sixty-four to forget his skills. So electrifying is this flute music that it makes my mind feverish.

–Śrī Sārvabhauma Bhaṭṭācārya

### Verse 102

*apaharati mano me ko 'py ayaṁ kṛṣṇa-cauraḥ  
praṇata-durita-cauraḥ pūtanā-prāṇa-cauraḥ  
valaya-vasana-cauro bāla-gopī-janānām  
nayana-hṛdaya-cauraḥ paśyatām saj-janānām*

**He who steals the sins of His surrendered devotees, He who snatched Pūtanā's life force, He who stole the five-year-old girls' clothes and bangles, He who robs His saintly audience of their eyes and hearts – this dark-complexed crown-jewel of thieves has suddenly pilfered my heart and is running away.**

–Author unknown

### Verse 103

*alaṁ tri-dīva-vārtayā kim iti sārva-bhauma-śriyā  
vidūratara-vārtinī bhavatu mokṣa-lakṣmīr api  
kalinda-giri-nandinī-taṭa-nikuñja-puñjodare  
mano harati kevalaṁ nava-tamāla-nīlaṁ mahāḥ*

**What do discussions about the heavenly planets have to do with me? What is the use of being the sovereign of the Earth? The opulence of liberation should stay far away from me – I cannot tolerate hearing the word *mukti*, because my mind has been abducted by the dazzling blue effulgence resembling a young *tamāla* tree in the *nikuñjas* on the Yamunā's shore.**

–Śrī Haridāsa

### Verse 104

*avalokitam anumoditam  
aliṅgitam aṅganābhir anurāgaiḥ  
adhi-vṛndāvana-kuñjaṁ  
marakata-puñjaṁ namasyāmaḥ*

**I prostrate before the mass of sapphires upon whom the *gopīs* gazed with intense passion, lovingly embraced and delighted to His heart's content within the sacred love bowers of Vṛndāvana.**

–Śrī Sarva-vidyāvinoda

**Verse 105**

*kadā drakṣyāmi nandasya bālakaṁ nīpa-mālakaṁ  
pālakaṁ sarva-sattvānām lasat-tilaka-bhālakaṁ*

**When will I see the son of Nanda Mahārāja, who is decorated with a garland of *kadamba* flowers, who is the protector and maintainer of all the living entities, and whose forehead is adorned with wonderful *kastūrī tilaka*.**

—Śrī Mādhavendra Purī

**Verse 106**

*kadā vṛndāraṇye mihira-duhituḥ saṅga-mahite  
muhur bhrāmaṁ bhrāmaṁ carita-laharīm gokula-pateḥ  
lapaṇaṁ uccair nayana-payasām veṅḍibhir ahaṁ  
kariṣye sotkaṇṭho nividam upasekaṁ viṭapinām*

**When, while wandering about Śrī Vṛndāvana, which is worshipable due to the presence of the Yamunā, will I sing out the wonderful, unlimited pastimes of Śrī Gokula-nātha as tears of longing stream from my eyes and sprinkle the trees?**

—Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī

**Verse 107**

*durārohe lakṣmīvati bhagavatīnām api paḍaṁ  
dadhānā dhammille naṭatī kathine yoṇiṣadām  
rutir vaṁśī-jaṇmā dhṛta-madhurimā sā madhu-riṇor  
akasmād asmākaṁ śruti-śikharam āroḥṣyati kadā*

**The Upaniṣads, which are the summit of the Śrutis, and whose meanings are very remote and hidden, are filled with great beauty. In their personified forms these precious and rare scriptures reverentially worship Madhu-riṇu's sweet flute melody, which places its feet upon their tightly braided buns and dances. When, oh when will this extremely mellifluous music suddenly step on the peaks of my ears, which have been hearing mountains of mundane sounds for so many births?**

—Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī



The Upaniṣads, which speak of the four *puruṣārthas*, the mundane goals of life, namely, *dharma* (religiosity), *artha* (economic development), *kāma* (sense gratification) and *mokṣa* (liberation), can take one up to Vaikuṅṭha. But the *vanṣī-dhvani*, the sound of the flute, bestows *parama-puruṣārtha*, the supreme goal of life, that is, *kṛṣṇa-prema* and beyond.

### Verse 108

*utphulla-tāpīñcha-manorama-śrīr  
mātuḥ stana-nyasta-mukhāravindaḥ  
sañcālayan pāda-saroruhāgram  
kṛṣṇaḥ kadā yāsyatī drk-patham me*

**Whose luster is like a blossoming *tamāla* tree, whose lotus mouth is resting on the breast of Śrī Yaśodā Mā, and who wiggles His toes as He drinks her milk – when will that baby Kṛṣṇa place His lotus feet on the path of my eyes?**

–Author unknown

### Verse 109

*rohiṇī-ramaṇa-maṇḍala-dyuti-  
drohiṇīm vādāna-kānti-santatim  
kṛṣṇa nūtana-tamāla-komalām  
ko 'malām tava tanuin ca vismaret*

**He Bhagavān Śrī Kṛṣṇa, the beauty of Your lotus face defeats millions and millions of moons, and Your body is even softer than a newly sprouted *tamāla* leaf. Who can forget that brilliant form?**

–Author unknown

### Verse 110

*barhāpīḍam maulau bibhrad vanṣī-nādān ātanvan  
nānākālpa-śrī-sampanno gopa-strībhīḥ samvūtaḥ*

*netrānandaṁ kurvan kṛṣṇa tvam ced asmān vikṣethāḥ  
sarve kāmāḥ saṁpadyerann asmākaṁ hṛdy asīnaḥ*

**He Śrī Kṛṣṇa, adorned with a crown of peacock feathers, transmitting the sound of the flute, looking very beautiful with Your many ornaments, and surrounded by *gopīs*, You give so much happiness to our eyes. If You would mercifully just glance our way, then all desires present in our hearts since time immemorial will be fulfilled.**

–Śrī Sārvabhauma Bhaṭṭācārya



### **Mokṣānādarah**

Contempt for Liberation

#### **Verse 111**

*bhaktiḥ sevā bhagavato muktis tat-pada-laṅghanam  
ko mūḍho dāsatām prāpya prābhavaṁ padam icchati*

**To serve Śrī Bhagavān is called *bhakti*. To neglect serving Him is called *mukti*. How can anyone who has engaged in Bhagavān’s service be so foolish and give it up for impersonal liberation?**

–Śrī Śivamauni

#### **Verse 112**

*bhava-bandha-cchide tasyai sprhayāmi na muktaye  
bhavān prabhur aham dāsa iti yatra viluṇyate*

**He Rāma, O my Lord, I do not desire *mukti*, which cuts the bondage of material life, because that would eliminate our master/servant relationship. It affords no chance for service, and it abrogates one’s personal existence.**

–Śrī Hanumān



### Verse 113

*hanta citrīyate mitra smṛtvā tām mama māhasam  
vivekino 'pi ye kuryus tṛṣṇām ātyantike laye*

**O my friend, it is such a shame that some apparently discerning persons thirst after *sāyujya mukti*, impersonal liberation. I am dumbstruck just to think about their folly.**

—Author unknown

### Verse 114

*kā tvam muktir upāgatāsmi bhavatī kasmād akasmād iha  
śrī-kṛṣṇa-smaraṇena deva bhavato dāsī-padam prāpitā  
dūre tiṣṭha manāg anāgasi katham kuryād anāryam mayi  
tvad-gandhān nija-nāma-candana-rasālepaśya loṇo bhavet*

[A devotee who has *niṣṭhā* in *nāma* is asking:]

**“Oh, who are you?”**

**“I am *mukti*. I am at your service. I have come to serve you.”**

**“Why have you suddenly come here?”**

**“O divine one, by the influence of your remembering Śrī Kṛṣṇa, I have been assigned as your *dāsī*. Therefore, engage me in your service.”**

**“O my God! Stay far away from me! I am offenseless. For no reason you will make me lose my service to Bhagavān. Why are you attacking me with your axe? Just your smell destroys the fragrant *candana* of my good name as Bhagavān's servant and my qualification for *sevā*. What more need I say? I am chanting the auspicious, sweet names of my worshipful Śrī Kṛṣṇa. The joy of that chanting will also be reduced to dust. Therefore, you should please go far away from me.”**

—Author unknown



## Śrī Bhagavad-dharma-tattvam

Fundamental Truths Regarding Devotion to the Lord

### Verse 115

*ārcye viṣṇau śilā-dhīr guruṣu nara-matir vaiṣṇave jāti-buddhir  
viṣṇor vā vaiṣṇavānām kali-mala-mathane pāda-tīrthe 'mbu-buddhiḥ  
śrī-viṣṇor nāmnī mantrē sakala-kaluṣa-he sabda-sāmānya-buddhir  
viṣṇau sarveśvare tad-itara-sama-dhīr yasya vā nārakī saḥ*

**A person who thinks that the deity of Bhagavān is made of common stone; who sees Gurudeva as an ordinary human being; who considers the Vaiṣṇava to be a part of the caste system; who understands the *caraṇāmṛta* of Śrī Viṣṇu and the Vaiṣṇavas to be just water, when indeed it actually removes the filth of Kalī-yuga; who accepts Bhagavān's name, which is really the *mantra* to destroy all sins, as mundane sound vibration; and who believes Bhagavān Viṣṇu, the Lord of all lords, to be a demigod – that person is surely from the hellish planets.**

–Śrī Dakṣiṇātya

### Verse 116

*hātyam hānti yad-aṅghri-saṅga-tulasī steyam ca toyam pador  
naivedyam bahu-madya-pāna-duritam gurv-aṅganā-saṅga-jam  
śrīsādhina-matiḥ sthitir hari-janais tat-saṅga-jam kilbiṣam  
śālagrāma-śilā-nṛsiṃha-mahimā ko 'py eṣa lokottaraḥ*

**Accepting the *tulasī* offered to the lotus feet of the Nṛsiṃha Śālagrāma-śilā absolves the sin of murdering a *brāhmaṇa*, His *caraṇāmṛta* destroys the sin of stealing gold, His *praśāda* counteracts the sin of taking intoxication, one-pointed surrender to Him removes the sin of adultery with the *guru's* wife, and association with His devotees purifies the offense of mixing with persons who have committed the above-mentioned sins. These five items are the unparalleled glories of the Śrī Nṛsiṃha Śālagrāma-śilā.**

–Śrī Agama



## Naivedyārpaṇe vijñaptiḥ

Prayers for Offering Foodstuffs to the Deity

### Verse 117

*dvija-strīṇām bhakte mṛduni vidurānne vraja-gavām  
dadhi-kṣire sakhyuḥ sphuṭa-cipita-muṣṭau mura-ripo  
yaśodāyāḥ stanye vraja-yuvati-datte madhuni te  
yathāsīd āmodas tam inam upahāre 'pi kurutām*

**He Mura-ripu, O enemy of the Mura demon, You were overjoyed when You ate the rice offered by the wives of the Mathurā brāhmaṇas, when You accepted the spinach presented by Vidurājī, when You took the milk and yogurt of the cows in Vraja, when You ate the broken rice from Your friend Sudāmā, when You drank Mother Yaśodā's breast milk, and when You took the sweets prepared by the Vraja gopīs. With that same eagerness You should enjoy the offering I now place before You.**

—Śrī Rāmānuja

### Verse 118

*yā prītir vidurārpīte madhu-ripo kunty-arpīte yādṛśī  
yā govardhana-mūrdhni yā ca pṛthuke stanye yaśodārpīte  
bhāradvāja-samarpīte śabarikā-datte 'dhare yoṣitām  
yā vā te muni-bhāminī-vinihīte 'nne 'rāpi tām arṇaya*

**He Madhu-ripu, O enemy of the Madhu demon, the way You showed pleasure in accepting the rice offered by Vidura, the food offered by Śrī Kuntī, the many preparations offered by the Vrajavāsīs at the time of Govardhana pūjā, the chipped rice brought by Sudāmā, the breast milk of Mother Yaśodā, the fifty-six preparations offered by Śrī Bhāradvāja Muni, the berries bitten by Śabari, the nectar from the lips of the Vraja gopīs, and the many preparations brought by the wives of the Mathurā brāhmaṇas – with the same gusto may You accept what I am offering You now.**

—Author unknown

## Verse 119

*kṣīre śyāmalayārpīte kamalayā viśrāṇīte phāṇīte  
datte laḍḍūni bhadrāyā madhu-rase somābhayā lambhīte  
tuṣṭīr yā bhavatas tataḥ śata-guṇam rādhā-nideśān mayā  
nyaste 'smin puratas tvam arṇaya hare ramyoṇhāre ratim*

**O Hari, You tremendously relished the evaporated milk presented by Śyāmalā Sakhī, the sweet, cold, condensed cane juice brought by Kamalā, the *laḍḍus* prepared by Bhadrā, and the honey liquor offered by Candrāvalī. Now I am offering You these delicious foods and because they were prepared under Śrī Rādhikā's direction, You should enjoy them a hundred times more than what the other *sakhīs* made for You.**

—Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī



## Śrī Mathurā-mahimā The Glories of Mathurā

## Verse 120

*he mātār mathure tvam eva niyataṁ dhanyāsi bhūmi-tale  
nirvyājam natayaḥ śataṁ sa-vidhayas tubhyaṁ sadā santu naḥ  
hitvā hanta nitantam adbhuta-guṇam vaikuṅṭham utkaṅṭhaya  
tvayā ambhoja-vilocanaḥ sa bhagavān yenāvatiṅṅo hariḥ*

**O Mother Mathurā, on this Earth you are especially fortunate. We sincerely bow down to you many times and pray that you always accept our *praṇāmas*. The reason for your good fortune is that the lotus-eyed Bhagavān, the master of Vaikuṅṭha, gave up His amazing Vaikuṅṭha and eagerly descended to your domain, where He stole away the sufferings of all His devotees. Thus He is called Hari.**

—Author unknown

## Verse 121

*atrāsīt kīla nanda-sadma śakaṭasyātrābhavad bhañjanam  
bandha-ccheda-karo 'pi dāmabhir abhūd baddho 'tra dāmodaraḥ  
itthaṁ māthura-vṛddha-vīgalat-pīyūṣa-dhārām pibann  
ānandāṣru-dharaḥ kadā madhu-purīm dhanyaś carīṣyāmy aham*

**“Here was Śrī Nanda-rāya’s palace. This is the place where the cart was broken. And here Śrī Dāmodara, who cuts the bondage of the conditioned souls, was Himself bound to the grinding mortar by the ropes of Śrī Yaśodā’s love.” Filling the bowls of my ears with these ambrosial words, I will drink this nectar flowing from the lotus mouths of the distinguished devotees steeped in the moods of Vraja as I shed tears of bliss. In this state, considering myself most fortunate, I will roam throughout Śrī Mathurā.**

–Śrī Kaviśekhara

## Verse 122

*yatrākhilādi-gurur ambuja-sambhavo 'pi  
stambātmanā janur anusṛṅhayām babhūva  
cakra-dhvajāṅkuṣa-lasat-pada-rāji-ramyā  
sā rājate 'dya mathurā hari-rājadhānī*

**Where lotus-born *adi-guru* Śrī Brahmā prayed to take birth as a blade of grass, bush or any other plant – that Mathurā, the capital city of Śrī Hari, at the time of His manifested pastimes must have been most beautiful, being decorated with His footprints marked with the *cakra*, flag and elephant goad.**

–Author unknown



In the Fourth Canto of the *Bhāgavatam* Śrī Nāradaḥ told Dhruva, “Go to Madhuvan in Mathurā, where Bhagavān is always present, and perform your austerities.” Today also, this Mathurā is as effulgent as ever, still inspiring the devotees who are filled with *prema*.

## Verse 123

*bijaṁ mukti-taror anartha-patalī-nistārakaṁ tārakaṁ  
dhāma prema-rasasya vāñchīta-dhūrā-sampārakaṁ pāraḥ  
etaḍ yatra nivāsinām udayate cic-chakti-ṛṭti-dvayaṁ  
mathnātu vyasanāni mātūra-ṭurī sā vaḥ śrīyaṁ ca kriyāt*

Within the hearts of the residents of Mathurā arise two potencies of the *cit-śakti* – *tāraka* and *pāraka*. *Tāraka*, the seed of the tree of *mukti*, easily grants liberation and delivers the *jīva* from a long chain of *anarthas*. And *pāraka* bestows one’s desired goal, *bhakti*, which is the abode of *prema-rasa*, or transcendental ecstasy. May that Mathurā Purī remove all your sufferings and grant you the wealth of *prema*.

–Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī



This is also confirmed in the *Padma Purāṇa*:

*tārakāt-jāyate muktiḥ prema-bhakti-stu-pārakāt.*

“The *tāraka* potency bestows liberation and *pāraka* confers loving devotional service.”

## Verse 124

*vitaraṁ mura-mardanaḥ prabhus te  
na hi bhajamāna-janāya yaṁ kadāpi  
vitarasi bata bhakti-yogam etaṁ  
tava mathure mahimā girāṁ abhūmiḥ*

O Mathurā, your master, Bhagavān Mura-mardana, declines to bestow *prema-bhakti* to the devotees, but you easily grant this *bhakti-yoga* to the practicing devotees [even if they stay just one night within your boundaries]. Therefore, there are no words to express your glories.

–Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī

Verse 125

*śravaṇe mathurā nayane mathurā  
vadane mathurā hṛdaye mathurā  
purato mathurā parato mathurā  
madhurā madhurā mathurā mathurā*

**May my ears hear the name Mathurā. May my eyes behold Mathurā. May my mouth utter the name Mathurā, and may my mind meditate on Mathurā. In front of me – Mathurā, and behind me – Mathurā. Indeed, Mathurā is sweet, Mathurā is sweet.**

–Śrī Govinda Miśra



**Śrī Vṛndātavī-vandanam**  
Adoration of Vṛndāvana

Verse 126

*tvam bhaja hiraṇyagarbham  
tvam api haraṁ tvam ca tat paraṁ brahma  
vinīhita-kṛṣṇānandam  
aham tu vṛndātavīm vande*

**O my brother, you can worship Hiraṇyagarbha (Brahmā), you can worship Śrī Śaṅkara and you can also worship the Supreme Brahman. But for myself, I will worship Śrī Vṛndāvana, where every speck of dust and every blade of grass is filled with the bliss of love for Kṛṣṇa. By the mercy of its dust, one easily attains that bliss of serving Kṛṣṇa.**

–Author unknown



## Śrī nanda-praṇāmaḥ

Obeisances to Nanda Mahārāja

### Verse 127

*śrutim āpare smṛtim itare  
bhāratam anye bhajantu bhava-bhitāḥ  
aham iha nandam vande  
yasyālinde param brahma*

**Being fearful of repeated birth and death in the material realm, some people take shelter of the Śrutis, some worship the Śmṛtis, and others the *Mahābharata* – let them. But for me, I eulogize Śrī Nanda Mahārāja, in whose courtyard the Supreme Brahman is playing like an ordinary child.**

–Śrī Raghupatī Upādhyāya

### Verse 128

*bandhūkāruṇa-vasanam  
sundara-kūrcam mukunda-hṛta-nayanam  
nandam tundila-vaṣuṣam  
candana-gaura-tviṣam vande*

**I glorify again and again Śrī Nanda Mahārāja, whose garments are pink as a *bandhūka* flower, whose bodily parts are most handsome, whose eyes are captivated by Mukunda, whose belly is stout, and who shines like golden sandalwood paste.**

–Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī



## Śrī yaśodā-vandanam

Glorification of Mother Yaśodā

### Verse 129

*aṅkaga-pankajanābhām  
navya-ghanābhām vicitra-ruci-sicayām*



*viracita-jagat-pramodāṁ  
muhur yaśodāṁ namayāmi*

**I bow down again and again to Śrī Yaśodājī, who holds Padmanābha Śrī Kṛṣṇa-candra on her lap. Her bodily luster is like a fresh raincloud; her colorful clothes are most enchanting; and she gave joy to the whole world by manifesting the Lord with her *prema*.**

–Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī

...  
  
**Śrī kṛṣṇa-śaiśavam**  
Śrī Kṛṣṇa's Childhood

**Verse 130**

*ati-lohita-kara-caraṇam  
mañjula-gorocana-tilakam  
haṭha-parivartita-sakaṭam  
mura-riṣum uttana-śāyinaṁ vande*

**I offer my respects to that Murāri, whose hands and feet are very red, whose forehead is decorated with captivating golden *gorocana tilaka*, and who, while lying on His back and kicking His feet, suddenly overturned the cart with great force.**

–Author unknown

**Verse 131**

*ardhonmīlita-locanasya pibataḥ paryāptam ekaṁ stanam  
sadyaḥ prasnuta-dugdham-digdham aparam hastena sammārjataḥ  
mātrā cāṅguli-lālitasya vadane smerāyamāne muhur  
viṣṇoḥ kṣīra-kaṇora-dhāma-dhavalā danta-dyutiḥ pātu vaḥ*

**His eyes half open, Kṛṣṇa is drinking His mother's breast milk. While sucking one breast, which is quite sufficient to satisfy His hunger, He fondles the other, from which some drops are already oozing due to His mother's affection. Yaśodā lovingly pulls at His chin, causing Him to smile and show His**

tiny milk teeth, which are whiter than her breast milk. May the wonderful effulgence coming from Viṣṇu's teeth protect you from all darkness and evil.

—Śrī Maṅgala

Verse 132

*gopeśvarī-vadana-phūtkṛti-lola-netraṁ  
jānu-dvayena dharaṇīm anu sañcarantam  
kañcin nava-smīta-sudhā-madhurādhārābhaṁ  
bālaṁ tamāla-dala-nīlam ahaṁ bhajāmi*

To protect her baby from any evil influence, Mother Yaśodā blows on Kṛṣṇa's face, causing Him to repeatedly close His eyes. As He crawls on His hands and knees on the ground, He looks very sweet with a fresh nectarean smile anointing His lips. I worship that wonderful baby, who is bluish like a *tamāla* leaf.

—Śrī Raghunātha dāsa

Verse 133

*kvānanaṁ kva nayanam kva nāsikā  
kva śrutīḥ kva ca śikhetī deśitāḥ  
tatra tatra nihitāṅguli-dalo  
ballavī-kulam ānandayat prabhuh*

Loving little Śrī Kṛṣṇa, the *gopīs* asked Him, “*He Lālāji, O dear boy, where is Your face? Where are Your eyes? Where is Your beautiful nose? Where are Your ears? Where is the top of Your head?*” In reply, the Lord, the darling of Śrī Nanda, touched each spot with His petal-like finger, and thus made the *gopīs* happy.

—Śrī Kavī Sārvabhauma

Verse 134

*idānīm aṅgam akṣali racitaṁ cānulepanam  
idānīm eva te kṛṣṇa dhūli-dhūṣaritaṁ vapuḥ*

Yaśodājī lovingly scolds, “O Kṛṣṇa, I just now gave You a bath, anointed and decorated You. And already You are again covered with dirt.”

—Śrī Sārvabhauma Bhaṭṭācārya

**Verse 135**

*pañca-varṣam ati-lolam aṅgane  
dhāvamānam alakākulekṣaṇam  
kiṅkīni-valaya-hāra-nūpurai  
rañjitaṁ namata nanda-nandanam*

All of you worshipers of *vātsalya-rasa* perpetually offer obeisances to Nanda Mahārāja’s five-year-old son, who, as He runs about in Śrī Yaśodā’s courtyard, gets flustered by the curly locks that keeps falling in His eyes, and who is decorated with tinkling waist-bells, bracelets, necklaces and ankle-bells.

—Śrī Agama



**Śaiśave 'pi tāruṇyam**

Adolescence Manifested in Childhood

**Verse 136**

*adharam adhare kaṅṭham kaṅṭhe sa-cātu dṛṣau dṛṣor  
alīkam alīke kṛtvā gopījanena sa-sambhramam  
śīśur iti rudan kṛṣṇo vakṣaḥ-sthale nihitaṁ ciran  
nibhṛta-pulakaḥ smerah pāyāt smarālasa-vigrahaḥ*

[According to the aspect of Bhagavān that His devotees meditate on, He mercifully gives them *darśana* in the same form. Some devotees want to witness His display of adolescence in His baby form – Bhagavān shows them that mood. Śrī Divākara describes this:]

Seeing little Kṛṣṇa crying like a baby, the *gopīs* desired to caress Him. They lovingly placed their lips on His, their necks on His, their eyes next to His eyes, and their foreheads against His forehead. As they held Him to their bosoms, Kṛṣṇa’s entire body began to ripple with rapture. A gentle smile graced His

face and lethargy overtook Him as He lounged against their breasts for a long time, not wanting to leave their embrace. Thus, He came completely under the impetus of amorous sentiments. May that small Kṛṣṇa protect us.

—Śrī Divākara



The *Bhaviṣya Purāṇa* mentions that Bāla Kṛṣṇa sometimes manifests His *kaiśora-rūpa*. *Bhakti-rasāmṛta-sindhu* also tells us the same thing. The *gopīs* mentioned here are in *madhura-rasa*, and may be anywhere up to 16 years old. They pick up baby Kṛṣṇa and embrace Him right in front of Yaśodā and her friends. When Kṛṣṇa connects with them in this hidden way, they smile mysteriously and covertly horripilate. The *rasa* tasted in this exchange is not full *śṛṅgāra-rasa*. This verse demonstrates how Kṛṣṇa’s behavior is thoroughly astonishing.

#### Verse 137

*brūmaḥ tvac-caritaṁ tavābhi jananīm chadmāti-bālākṛte  
tvam yādṛg giri-kandareṣu nayanānanda kuraṅgī-dṛśam  
ity uktaḥ parilehana-cchalatayā nyastāṅgulīm ānane  
gopībhiḥ purataḥ punātu jagatim uttāna-supto hariḥ*

**“O Kṛṣṇa, outwardly You display the body of a child, but we know what You are doing in the caves of Govardhana – there You are partaking of pleasure with the doe-eyed *gopīs*. We will openly expose Your double-dealing rascaldom to Your mother. Then You will forget about Your cheating business.” When the *gopīs* said this to Him, He started sucking His thumb and peacefully dozed off in His cradle. May that Śrī Hari purify the whole world.**

—Śrī Vanamālī

#### Verse 138

*vane-mālīni pitur aṅke  
racayati bālyocitaṁ caritam*

*nava-nava-gopa-vadhūti-  
smīta-paripāṭī parisphurati*

**When Bhagavān Śrī Vanamālī was playing like a child in His father’s lap, the young *gopīs*, knowing about His nocturnal pastimes, were snickering in amusement.**

–Śrī Mukunda Bhaṭṭācārya

**Verse 139**

*nītaṁ nava-navanūtaṁ  
kiyad iti kṛṣṇo yaśodayā prātaḥ  
iyad iti guru-jana-savidhe  
vidhṛta-dhaniṣṭhā-payodharaḥ pāyāt*

**Once, Śrī Yaśodā asked Śrī Kṛṣṇa, “O *lālā*, O my son, how much fresh butter have you taken?” In front of His elders, He took hold of Dhaniṣṭhā’s breast and said, “This much.” May that Kṛṣṇa protect us.**

–Śrī Sāraṅga



The purport is that in every stage of His life (babyhood, childhood and adolescence) He always feeds the particular moods of His different types of devotees.

**Verse 140**

*kva yāsi nanu caurike pramuṣitaṁ sphuṭaṁ dṛṣyate  
dvitīyam iha māmakaṁ vahaṣi kañcuke kañḍukam  
tyajati nava-gopikā-yugaṁ nimathnan balāl  
lasat-pulaka-maṇḍale jayati gokule keśavaḥ*

**One time little Kṛṣṇa caught a young *gopī* and questioned her, “O thief, where are you running off to? I can clearly see what you have stolen. You have taken My two toy balls and hidden them in your blouse. Hand them over!” Saying this, Śrī Hari forcefully grabbed that young *gopī*’s two breasts and His**

whole body broke out in horripilation. All glories to that Śrī Keśava who enjoys such pastimes in Gokula.

—Śrī Dīpaka

...  
**Gavya-haraṇam**  
Stealing Milk Products

**Verse 141**

*dūra-dṛṣṭa-navanīta-bhājanam  
jānu-caṅkramaṇa-jāta-sambhramam  
mātṛ-bhīti-parivartitananam  
kaiśavam kim api śaiśavam bhaje*

**I am worshipping Śrī Kṛṣṇa's astonishing babyhood pastimes. One time Bāla Kṛṣṇa saw a pot of freshly churned butter in the distance and crawled over to it. Fearing His mother, He looked all around to make sure that she was not there.**

—Author unknown



He thought, “If Mother sees Me stealing, she will surely beat Me.”

**Verse 142**

*sammusṇan navanītam antika-maṇi-stambhe sva-bimbodgaman  
dṛṣṭvā mugdhatayā kumāram aparam saṅcintayan śaiṅkayā  
man-mitraṁ hi bhavān mayātra bhavato bhāgaḥ samaḥ kalpito  
mā māṁ sūcaya sūcayety anunayan bālo hariḥ pātu vah*

**While Bhagavān Śrī Hari was stealing butter in His own house, He saw His reflection in a nearby jeweled pillar and thought it was another boy. In His childish innocence He got worried and tried to make friendship with the boy in the reflection. “O My dear brother, You are My old friend, and I have already put aside half of the butter for you. Take it and eat**

it without making any noise. And do not tell Maiyā that I am stealing. Otherwise she will give Me a good beating.” May this Bhagavān, who is repeatedly pleading in this way, protect us.

—Author unknown

### Verse 143

*dadhi-mathana-ninādais tyakta-nidraḥ prabhāte  
nibhṛta-padam agāraṁ ballavīmām praviṣṭaḥ  
mukha-kamala-samirair āśu nirvāpya dipān  
kavalita-navanūtaḥ pātu mām bāla-kṛṣṇaḥ*

Woken up by the sound of butter being churned, Bāla Kṛṣṇa slipped out of His bed, and furtively entered a *gopī*'s house. Blowing out the lamps with His lotus mouth, He slyly stole some butter and quietly ate it. That Bhagavān Bāla Kṛṣṇa should protect us.

—Author unknown



Śrīla Bhakti Rakṣaka Śrīdhara Mahārāja, in his *Śrī Praṇaṇa-jīvanāmṛtam*, attributes this verse to Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu.

### Verse 144

*saṁye pānāu niyamīta-ravaṁ kiṅkinī-dāma dhṛtvā  
kubjī-bhūya praṇada-gatibhir manda-mandaṁ vihasya  
akṣṇor bhaṅgye vihasita-mukhīr vārayan sammukhinā  
mātuḥ pāścād aharata harir jatu haiyāṅganam*

Śrī Hari, with His left hand holding His sash of bells tightly to keep them from ringing, bent over and quietly tiptoed along with a smile on His face. With His eyes warning the smiling *gopīs* to be silent, He came behind His mother's back and stole her butter.

—Śrī Śrīmān

**Verse 145**

*pada-nyāsān dvārāñcala-bhuvi vidhāya tri-caturān  
samantād ālolaṁ nayana-yugalaṁ dikṣu vikiraṇ  
smītaṁ bibhrad vyaktaṁ dadhi-haraṇa-lilā-caṭula-dhīḥ  
sa-saṅkam gopīnām madhu ripur agāraṁ praviśati*

**Advancing a few steps in the doorway, Madhu-ripu Śrī Kṛṣṇa anxiously peeps in all directions. Smiling and intent on stealing yogurt, He cautiously enters the gopīs' houses.**

—Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī

**Verse 146**

*mṛdnan kṣīrādi-cauryān maśṇa-surabhiniḥ sṛkkanī pāṇi-gharṣair  
āghrāyāghrāya hastaṁ sapadi paruṣayān kiṅkini-mekhalāyām  
vāraṁ vāraṁ viśāle diśi diśi vikiral-locane lola-tāre  
mandam mandam jananyāḥ parisaram ayate kūṭa-gopāla-bālah*

**Due to eating the stolen milk, yogurt and butter, Kṛṣṇa's lips are shiny and fragrant. To wipe away any signs of the butter He cleans His lips with His hands. Then, smelling His hands again and again, He rubs them on His sash of bells to remove any last trace of fragrance. His large restless eyes scanning all the directions, that smart Bāla Gopāla slowly walks up to His mother.**

—Author unknown

...  ...  
**Hareḥ svapnāyitam**  
Śrī Hari Talks in His Sleep

**Verse 147**

*sambho svāgatam āsyatām ita ito vāmena padmodbhava  
krauñcāre kuśalam sukham sura-pate vittaśa no dṛṣyase  
ittham avapna-gatasya kaiṭabha-ripoḥ śrutvā jananyā girāḥ  
kim kim bālaka jalpasīty anucitam thūthū-kṛtam pātu vaḥ*



One day in His dream, Śrī Hari was saying, “*He Śambhu, welcome, welcome. Come sit here on My right side. He Brahmā, I also welcome you. Sit on My left side. O Lord Kārttikeya, are you well? He Indra, are you happy? O Kuvera, I have not seen you for a long time. What have you been doing?*” Amazed at hearing Hari talking like this in His dream, Śrī Yaśodā asked Him, “*O lālā, my dear boy, what wild things are you saying? Hearing Your words gives pain to the ear. Alas, alas! In His sleep my lālā gets possessed by ghosts.*” Thereupon, His Mother, out of affection, pronounces, “*Thū thū,*” as if spitting on Him. Kṛṣṇa is the protector of millions of universes, but Mother Yaśodā protects Him by this *thū thū* sound. May Her words protect all of us.

—Śrī Mayūra

#### Verse 148

*dhīrā dharitri bhava bhāram avehi śāntam  
nanṅ eṣa kaṁsa-hatakam viniṣṭāyāmi  
ity adbhuta-stimīta-gopa-vadhū-śrutāni  
svapnāyitāni vasudeva-śīṣor jayanti*

“O Mother Earth, be patient. Understand that your burden will shortly be removed. Very soon I will destroy the wicked Kaṁsa.” Hearing these words of Vasudeva’s son in His dream, the young *gopīs* were struck with wonder. All glories to the words Kṛṣṇa spoke in His sleep.

—Śrī Vāsudeva



**Pitror vismāpana-śikṣaṇādi**  
Instructions and Other Pastimes  
that Fill Kṛṣṇa’s Parents with Wonder

#### Verse 149

*kālīndī-ṣṭhalī mayā na na mayā śailopaśālye na na  
nyāgrodhasya tale mayā na na mayā rādhā-ṣṭhalī praṅgane  
dṛṣṭaḥ kṛṣṇa itūrite sa-niyamaṁ gopātr yaśodā-pater  
vismerasya puro hasan nija-grhān nīryan hariḥ pātu vaḥ*

One *sakhā*, not seeing His friend Kṛṣṇa in the cowshed, immediately came to Śrī Nanda Mahārāja and asked Him, “Bābā, has Kṛṣṇa come home?” Śrī Nandajī replied, “He has not arrived yet. All of you go and search for Him on the bank of Yamunā.” Hearing this, one *sakhā* said, “Bābā, I was at the Yamunā and I swear that I did not see Him.” A second *sakhā* testified, “I did not see Him at Govardhana or in the surrounding area.” A third *sakhā* said, “Bābā, I assure you that I searched everywhere at Bhāṇḍira-vaṭa and I never saw Him.” A fourth *sakhā* declared, “I am coming from Barsānā, and I did not see Him in Śrī Bṛṣabhānu’s courtyard.” Hearing the cowherd boys’ testimonies, Śrī Nanda’s face showed some apprehension. Right then, Śrī Kṛṣṇa emerged from the house. May that Kṛṣṇa protect you.

—Śrī Umāpatidhara

#### Verse 150

*vatsa sthāvāra-kandareṣu vicaran dūra-pracāre gavām  
himsrān vikṣya puraḥ puraṇa-puruṣaṁ nārāyaṇaṁ dhyāsyasi  
ity uktasya yaśodayā mura-riṣor vavyāj jaganti sphurad-  
bimboṣṭha-dvaya-gāḍha-piḍana-vaśād avyakta-bhāvam smitam*

Śrī Yaśodā is giving instructions: “O my child, when You go far away, deep into the Vṛndāvana forest and to the caves of Govardhana for grazing the cows, You may see ferocious animals like lions and tigers. At that time You should remember our worshipable Lord, Śrī Nārāyaṇa, the most ancient Supreme Person, and He will protect You from all dangers.” Hearing Yaśodā’s words, Kṛṣṇa tried to stifle a smile by pressing His *bimba*-fruit lips together. May that suppressed smile protect the whole world.

—Śrī Abhinanda



“Even after seeing Me kill Pūtanā and other demons, Mother still does not comprehend My powers. And because of her motherly love, she is giving Me these instructions.” Hence, Śrī Kṛṣṇa pursed His lips and smiled.

## Verse 151

*rāmo nāma babhūva huṁ tad-abalā sīteṭi huṁ tām pitur  
vācā pañcavatī-vane nivasatas tasyāharad rāvaṇaḥ  
kṛṣṇayetī purātanīm nija-kathām ākarṇya mātṛeritani  
saumitre kva dhanur dhanur dhanur iti vyagrā girah pāntu-vaḥ*

[One day Kanhaiyā said, “Maiyā, tell Me a story of yore that will put me to sleep.” Maiyā replied, “O my son, when You fall asleep, then who will listen?” Kanhaiyā answered, “Maiyā, I will not sleep. As long as you continue narrating your story, I will keep on saying, ‘*Hu(ṅ) hu(ṅ)* (yes, yes).’]

**Yaśodājī said, “My child, in Tretā Yuga there was a king called Rāma.”**

**Kṛṣṇa responded, “*Hu(ṅ)*.”**

**Yaśodā continued, “His wife’s name was Sītā.”**

**Kṛṣṇa sounded, “*Hu(ṅ)*.”**

**Yaśodā went on, “By the order of His father, Śrī Rāma went to the forest with His wife for fourteen years. From their residence in Pañcavatī, Sītājī was kidnapped by Rāvaṇa.”**

**Hearing this story of His previous incarnation, Śrī Kṛṣṇa in the mood of Rāma called out, “*He* Lakṣmaṇa, where is My bow? Where is My bow? Where is My bow?”**

**May these words uttered by Śrī Hari with great excitement protect you.**

–Author unknown

## Verse 152

*śyāmocandra svapiṣi na śiśo naiti mām adya nidrā  
nidrā-hetoḥ śṛnu suta kathām kām apūrvām kuruśva  
vyaktaḥ stambhān naraharir abhūd dānavam dāraḥṣyam  
ity uktasya smitam udayate devakī-nandanasya*

**Śrī Yaśodājī said, “O my child, it is already quite late, and the moon is high up in the sky. Why aren’t You sleeping? ”**

**Kṛṣṇa replied, “Maiyā, today I can’t fall asleep.”**

Yaśodājī said, “Son, I will tell You a very nice bedtime story to put You to sleep.”

Śrī Kṛṣṇa responded, “Maiyā, I am ready to listen.”

Maiyā said, “Lālā, there was a famous devotee named Prahlāda. When his father Hiraṇyakaśipu kept threatening him, Nṛsimha Bhagavān – to protect His devotee and to substantiate His devotee’s words – burst out from the pillar and killed the demon.”

When Śrī Yaśodā-nandana heard this story, a gentle smile appeared on His face.

–Śrī Sarvānanda



In the verse the word ‘Devakī-nandana’ indicates Yaśodā-nandana. *Dve nāmnī nandabhāryāyā yaśodā devakīti ca* – Śrī Nandarāṇī Yaśodā had two names.



### Go-rakṣādi-līlā

Protecting the Cows and Other Pastimes

#### Verse 153

*deva tvam eka-jaṅghavālayita-lāguḍī-mūrdhmī vinyasta-bāhur  
gāyan go-yuddha-gītir uparacita-śiraḥ-śekharaḥ pragraheṇa  
darpa-sphurjan-mahokṣa-dvaya-samara-kalābaddha-dīrghānubandhaḥ  
krīḍā-gopāla-mūrtir mura-riṣur avatā atta-go-rakṣa-līlāḥ*

Resting His arm on the head of His cow-herding stick and wearing a crown made from the ropes used for tying the cows, Śrī Murāri sings songs to incite the bulls to fight. Hearing the battle songs, two strong, arrogant bulls come and engage in a long, artful skirmish, which Kṛṣṇa especially loves to watch. May this Lord of lords – who takes the form of a playful cowherd boy – protect you.

–Śrī Yogeśvara

## Verse 154

*yāvad gopā madhura-muralī-nāda-mattā mukundaṁ  
manda-sṁdair ahaha sakalair locanair āpibanti  
gāvas tāvan maśṇa-yavasa-grāsa-lubdhā vidūram  
yātā govardhana-giri-darī-droṇikābhyañtareṣu*

**Hearing the sweet sound of Śrī Mukunda’s flute, all the cowherd boys became completely maddened and with unblinking eyes simply gazed upon their friend Gopāla with great love. While this was going on, the unattended cows, looking for tender grass, wandered far off to the caves of Śrī Govardhana.**

–Śrī Keśavacchatrī



## **Gopīnām premoṅkaṣaḥ** The Exalted Love of the Gopīs

## Verse 155

*dhairyam māna-paraḡrahe 'pi jaghane yac cāmśukālabanam  
gopīnam ca vivecanam nidhuvanārambha raho-marganam  
sādhvī-sac-caritam vilāsa-viratau paṅyur gṛhāñveṣanam  
tat-tad-gaurava-raḡṣanam mura-riḡor vañśī-ravāḡeṣanam*

**As long as the gopīs have not heard the sound of Mura-riḡu’s flute, they peacefully engage in carrying out their household chores. But as soon as they hear the flute song, they lose their composure and throw everything to the wind. They forget about protecting their in-laws’ respectability and their own, their vows to their husbands, and the location of their houses. They even forget their māna towards Kṛṣṇa; and not caring that their dresses are falling off, that their reputations may be blemished, or whether they meet Him in private or not, they run off to enjoy with Him.**

–Śrī Sarva-vidyāvinoda

## Verse 156

*vilokya kṛṣṇam vraja-vāma-netraḥ  
sarvendriyānām nayanatvam eva  
ākarnya tad-veṇu-nināda-bhaṅgim  
aicchan pūnas tāḥ śravaṇatvam eva*

When the fair-eyed girls of Vraja had *darśana* of Śrī Kṛṣṇa, they wished that all their senses were eyes. They thought, “Two eyes are not sufficient to behold Kṛṣṇa. The Creator should transform all our other sense organs into eyes so that we can gaze upon our hero to our full satisfaction.” And when they heard the sound of the flute, they wished that all their senses were ears. “If all our senses had the power to hear, then we would be fully gratified.”

—Author unknown



## Gopībhiḥ saha līlā Pastimes with the Gopīs

## Verse 157

*kālindī-jala-keli-lola-taruṇīr āvīta-cināṁśukā  
nirgatyaṅga-jalāni sārītavatīr ālokya sarvā diśaḥ  
tīropanta-milan-nikuṅja-bhavane gūḍhaṁ cirāt paśyataḥ  
śaureḥ sambhramayann imā vijayate sākūṭa-veṇu-dhvaniḥ*

The young *gopīs*, donning very thin cloth, played in the Yamunā’s water with great zeal. Scanning all the directions to make sure no one was around, they came out of the water and dried their bodies. The dashing Kṛṣṇa, spying on them from a nearby *nikuṅja* for quite some time, suddenly played the flute, inducing the *gopīs* to quickly put on their clothes. May that cunning flute song be victorious.

—Śrī Puruṣottamadeva



**Tasu kṛṣṇasya bhavaḥ**  
Kṛṣṇa's Love for the Gopīs

**Verse 158**

*svedāplāvita-pāṇi-padma-mukula-prakrānta-kampodayād  
visrastam avijānato muralikām pādāravindopari  
līlā-vellita-ballavī-kavalita-svāntasya vṛndāvane  
jīyāt kaṁsa-riṣoṣ tri-bhaṅga-vapuṣaḥ śūnyodayā phut-kṛtiḥ*

When in Vṛndāvana the *gopīs*, with their playful dancing gait, stole the jewel of Śrī Kṛṣṇa's mind, Kṛṣṇa perspired and trembled. Hence, the flute slipped from His wet lotus hands and fell at His lotus feet. Absorbed in watching the *gopīs*, He did not realize that His flute had dropped. He continued to blow, thinking that the flute was still in His hands, but no sound came. All glories to that soundless blowing of Kaṁsāri-riṣu, the enemy of Kaṁsa, who stands in His *tri-bhaṅga* form, and who is *prema-pujārī*, the high priest of love.

—Śrī Cirañjīva



**Śrī-kṛṣṇasya prathama-darśane śrī-rādhā-praśnaḥ**  
Śrī Rādhā's Inquiry on First Seeing Śrī Kṛṣṇa

**Verse 159**

*bhrū-valli-tāṇḍava-kalā-madhurānana-śrīḥ  
kaṁkelli-koraka-karambita-karṇa-pūraḥ  
ko 'yam navīna-nikaṣopala-tulya-deho  
vaṁśī-raveṇa sakhi mām avaśī-karoti*

O My dear *sakhī* Lalitā, who is this astonishingly handsome fellow whose beautiful face is sweetened by artfully dancing eyebrows, whose ears are decorated with *aśoka* buds, and

**whose beautiful dark form is like a black testing stone for gold?  
The sound of His flute has left Me helpless.**

—Author unknown

**Verse 160**

*indīvarodara-sahodara-medura-śrīr  
vāso dravat-kanaka-vṛndā-nibhaṁ dadhānaḥ  
āmukta-mauktika-manohara-hāra-vakṣaḥ  
ko 'yaṁ yuvā jagad anaṅga-mayaṁ karoti*

**O sakhī Lalitā, who is that boy whose complexion dazzles like the inside of a blue lotus, whose dress is the color of molten gold, and whose stunning broad chest is decorated with a pearl necklace? By His unparalleled beauty He fills the whole world with amorous desire.**

—Śrī Sarva-vidyāvinoda



### **Sakhya uttaram**

The Reply of Rādhā's Gopī-Friend

**Verse 161**

*asti ko 'pi timira-stānandhayaḥ  
kiñcid añcita-padam sa gāyati  
yaṁ manāg api niśamya kā vadhūr  
nāvadhūta-hṛdayopajāyate*

**Then Lalitā Sakhī said, “O Rādhikā, He must be the son of the darkness.” Rādhā replied, “O friend, don't joke with Me. Does the darkness really have sons?” Lalitā replied, “No, but His complexion is dark like the darkness. The darkness does not sing, but this son of darkness sings some bewitching songs. Is there any new bride whose heart would not tremble at hearing just a few notes?”**

—Author unknown





**Śrī-rādhāyāḥ pūrva-rāgaḥ**  
The Beginning of Śrī Rādhā's Love

**Verse 162**

*mano gatam manmatha-bāṇa-bādham  
āvedayanīva tanor vikāraiḥ  
dīnānanā vācam uvāca rādhā  
tadā tad āli-jana-sammukhe sā*

**With a dejected face Rādhā told Her friends, “My heart has been pierced by Kāmadeva’s arrows, and now so many transformations of love (*kāma-vikāra*) are ravaging My body.”**

–Śrī Puruṣottamadeva

**Verse 163**

*yad-avadhi yamunā-kuñje  
ghana-rucir avalokitaḥ ko 'pi  
nalini-dala iva salilam  
tad-avadhi taralāyate cetaḥ*

**Arī sakhī, O My friend! O dear Lord, ever since I have seen a wonderful boy, dark as a raincloud, in a *kuñja* on the bank of Śrī Yamunā, My heart has been quivering like a drop of water tottering on a lotus leaf.**

–Śrī Kavicandra

**Verse 164**

*akasmād ekasmin pathi sakhī mayā yāmuna-tatam  
vrajantye dṛṣṭo 'yam nava-jaladhara-śyāmala-tanulī  
sa drg-bhaṅgyā kim vākuruta na hi jāne tata idam  
mano me vyālolam kvacana grha-kṛtye na balate*

**He sakhī, O friend, while I was going along the path to the bank of the Yamunā the other day, I suddenly saw a youth whose**

body was dark like a fresh raincloud. I don't know what He did to Me with His crooked glance, but since then, My mind has been so restless that I am unable to do My household chores.

-Śrī Jayanta

### Verse 165

*puro nīla-jyotsnā tad anu mṛganābhi-ṣarimalas  
tato līlā-veṇu-kvaṇitam anu kāñci-kala-ravaḥ  
tato vidyud-vallī-valayita-camatkāra-lahari-  
tarāṅgal lāvaṇyam tad anu sahañānanda udagāt*

Now Lalitāji inquired, “How did He appear to Your eyes?” Śrī Rādhikā opened Her heart, “*Arī sakhī*, O My goodness, friend! First I beheld a blue radiance, then the fragrance of musk touched My nose. After that, an inviting flute melody entered My ear. Next I heard the sweet jingling of waist-bells. Then I saw a winding creeper of lightning billowing into wonderful waves from which beauty personified sprang out in front of Me. And finally bliss spontaneously arose all around.”

-Author unknown

### Verse 166

*adya sundarī kalinda-nandinī-  
tira-kuñja-bhuvi keli-lampāṭaḥ  
vādayan muralikāṁ muhur muhur  
mādhavo harati māmakaṁ manaḥ*

*He Sundarī*, O beautiful Lalitā, how much of My heart should I reveal to You? Today in the *kuñja* on the bank of the Yamunā, that playful rake Mādhava, sounding His flute for a long time, abducted My heart.

-Author unknown

### Verse 167

*yad-avadhi yamunāyās tira-vānīre-kuñje  
murariṣu-pada-līlā locanābhyām aloki*

*tad-avadhi mama cittam kutracit kārya-mātre  
na hi lagatī muhūrtam kim vidheyam na jāne*

Ever since I saw Murāri's charming gait when He was walking past the *vetasi kuñja* on the bank of the Yamunā, My mind has been so restless that I cannot focus for even a moment on My household tasks. I am completely lost; I do not know what to do now.

–Śrī Kavicandra

### Verse 168

*yad-avadhi yadunandanānanenduḥ  
sahacari locana-gocarī-babhūva  
tad-avadhi malayānile 'nale vā  
sahaja-vicāra-paraṇmukham mano me*

O my dear friend, since Śrī Yadu-nandana's moon-like face has taken possession of My eyes, I am not able to distinguish between the refreshing wind coming from the Malayan Hills and a blazing conflagration. For persons in separation, the cooling Malayan breezes burn like fire.

–Śrī Sañjaya Kaviśekhara

### Verse 169

*asamañjanam asamañjasam asamañjasam etad āpatitam  
ballava-kumāra-buddhyā hari hari harir iṅṣitaḥ kutukāt*

Rādhikā said, “*He sakhī*, it's not fair, it's not fair! A very great injustice has been made against Me. I was curious to know how beautiful the Prince of Vraja is, so I looked at Him just once. Alas, alas! Now I am in trouble – I don't know what spirit has possessed Me.”

–Śrī Śaraṇa

Verse 170

*śuśyati mukham uru-yugam  
puśyati jaḍatām pravepate hṛdayam  
svīdyati kapola-pāli  
sakhī vana-māli kim aloki*

**Arī sakhī, O My dear friend, why did I ever look at Vanamālī? If I had known before what would happen by seeing Him, I would never have cast My eyes His way. As soon as I saw Him, My mouth dried up, My thighs got stuck and I was unable to walk, My heart shook, and in the heat of separation My cheeks were drenched with perspiration.**

–Śrī Mukunda Bhaṭṭācārya

Verse 171

*uṣari tamāla-taroḥ sakhī  
parinata-sarad-indu-maṇḍalaḥ ko 'pi  
tatra ca muralī-khuralī  
kula-maryādām adho nayati*

**Śrī Rādhā said to Lalitā, “Arī sakhī, O My dear friend, I want to tell you something wonderful. I saw on the top of a *tamāla* tree an indescribable full autumn moon. But this *tamāla* tree was playing a flute that emitted a bewitching melody. The surprising thing, My friend, is that the sound of this flute was expert in pulling down the standard of chaste women.”**

–Śrī Sañjaya Kaviśekhara

Verse 172

*hanta kāntam api taṁ didrṣate  
mānasam mama na sādhu yat-kr̥te  
indur indumukhī nanda-mārutas  
candanam ca vitanoti vedanam*

**He Indumukhī, O moon-faced girl, My mind hankers to see My *prāṇa-pyāre*, the love of My life, and therefore I have become very restless. The moon, the gentle breeze and sandalwood paste – ordinarily cooling – are increasing the heat of My separation. I am requesting you: somehow or other help Me to meet with My *prāṇa-nātha*, the lord of my life's breath; otherwise I may lose My life. I will be ever so grateful to you.**

–Author unknown

**Verse 173**

*guru-jana-gaṅjanam ayaśo  
grha-ṭati-caritam ca daruṇam kim api  
vismārayati samastam  
śiva śiva muralī murārāteḥ*

**He *sakhī*, the chastisements of my in-laws and other elders, My tarnished reputation and the harsh behavior of My husband are all making My life miserable. But I have one happiness – all this distress vanishes from My heart as soon as I hear Murāri's flute.**

–Śrī Sarva-vidyāvinoda

**Verse 174**

*draviṇam bhavanam apatyam  
tāvan mītram tathābhijātyam ca  
upayamunam vana-mālī  
yāvan netre na nārtayati*

***Arī sakhī*, O friend, what else can I tell you? As long as Vanamālī, who is standing on the bank of Yamunā, does not shoot one a sidelong glance with His dancing eyes, one remains attached to wealth, home, children, friends and family. You, too, will forget everything the moment He casts His sidelong glance at you.**

–Śrī Sarva-vidyāvinoda

Verse 175

*tuṣyantu me chidram avāpya śātravaḥ  
karotu me śasti-bharaṇi grheśvaraḥ  
maṇis tu vakṣoruha-madhya-bhūṣaṇam  
mamāstu vṛndāvana-kṛṣṇa-candramāḥ*

**O My friend, let My enemies delight in finding fault with Me, and the master of My house can chide Me as much as he likes. I am not bothered. Whatever happens, Śrī Kṛṣṇa-candra of the Vṛndāvana forest will always be the precious jewel adorning My bosom.**

—Author unknown

Verse 176

*svāmī nihantu vihasantu puraḥ śapatmyo  
bhārtur bhajantu guravaḥ pītaraś ca lajjām  
etāvataḥ yadi kalanki-kulam tathāstu  
rāmānuje mama tanotu mano 'nurāgam*

**He sakhī, I don't care if My husband beats Me. I don't mind if My rivals laugh at Me and if My in-laws and elders are ashamed of My behavior. Let My family's name be tarnished. Regardless, the passion in My heart for Baladeva's younger brother will continue to grow.**

—Author unknown

Verse 177

*svāmī kuṇḍyati kuṇḍyatām parijanā nindantī nindantu mām  
anyat kim prathatām ayaṁ ca jagati prauḍho mamopādravaḥ  
āśāsyam pūnar etad eva yad idaṁ caḅsuś ciraṁ vardhatām  
yenedaṁ pariṇīyate mura-riṇoḥ saundarya-sāraṁ vaṇuḥ*

**If My husband is angry, let him be angry. And if My friends criticize Me, no harm. The whole world can turn against Me; any catastrophe can fall on My head – I don't mind. I have only one desire in My heart – that I can behold Śrī Kṛṣṇa, who is the**

essence of all beauty for the eyes. My eyes should develop more and more capacity to absorb Mura-ripu's beauty.

–Śrī Puṣkarākṣa

**Verse 178**

*kiṁ durmīlena mama dūti manorathena  
tāvanti hanta sukṛtāni kayā kṛtāni  
etāvad eva mama janma-phalaṁ murārīr  
yan netrayoḥ paṭhi bibharti gatāgatāni*

**He dūti, O messenger friend, I'm not even hoping to meet with Murāri – what is the use of desiring the unattainable? Only a most pious woman is fortunate enough to achieve that. But if I could just see Him when He comes and goes from cow-grazing, My life would be successful.**

–Author unknown

**Verse 179**

*sakhī mama niyati-hatāyās  
tad-darśana-bhāgyam astu vā mā vā  
punar aṅgi sa veṇu-nādo  
yadī kaṇṭha-pathe patet tad evālam*

[Feeling very wretched due to separation, Rādhārāṇī laments:]

**“He sakhī, I am so unfortunate. I do not care if I am lucky enough to see Śrī Kṛṣṇa. If I can just hear the sound of His flute, that would be enough for Me.”**

–Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī

**Verse 180**

*tārābhisāraka caturtha-niśā-śaśaṅka  
kāmbūburāśi-parivardhana deva tubhyam  
ardho namo bhavatu me saha tena yinā  
mīthyāpavāda-vacasāpy abhīmāna-siddhiḥ*

[Śrī Rādhikā, unable to meet with Śrī Kṛṣṇa, humbly prays to Candramā:]

**“O moon surrounded by stars on the fourth night in the month of Bhadrā, O moon who increases the ocean of amorous desires. O lord, I bow down to you and offer you *arghya*<sup>1</sup> so that You will fulfill My desire. I yearn to become the sweetheart of Nanda Mahārāja’s young son. And even if I am ostracized for this, no harm.”**

—Author unknown



If anyone will look at the moon on the fourth day in the month of Bhadrā, they will meet defamation. But Rādhā is intentionally praying to that very moon, “I bow down to you. Please bestow upon Me the disgrace of being labeled ‘Kṛṣṇa Kalañkinī’ (condemned for being connected with Kṛṣṇa).”



### **Anya-catura-sakhī-vitarkaḥ**

The Conjecture of Another Clever Gopī-friend

#### **Verse 181**

*siddhantayati na kiñcid  
bhramayati dṛṣam eva kevalam rādhe  
tad avagatam sakhī lagnam  
kadamba-taru-devatā-marutā*

[Seeing Śrī Rādhā’s desolation, one of Her *sakhīs* said:]

**“O friend, I don’t know what has happened to Rādhā – all She does is roll Her eyes around. Hence, I have reached the conclusion that She has been possessed by the breeze blowing off of the god of the *kadamba* tree. [In other words,**

1. Sanctified water – a drink or a liquid for sprinkling on the head – meant for highly respectable persons upon greeting them; composed of water, milk, *dūrva* grass, yoghurt, unboiled paddy, rice, sesame seeds, white mustard seeds, barley, etc.



the black ghost playing the flute under the *kadamba* tree  
has captured Her.]”

–Śrī Raṅga



**Rādhām prati sakhī-praśnaḥ**  
A Gopī-friend’s Question to Rādhā

**Verse 182**

*kāmanī yapuḥ pulakitānī nayane dhṛtāśre  
vācaḥ sa-gadgada-padaḥ sakhī kāmṇi vakṣaḥ  
jñātānī mukunda-muralī-rava-mādhurī te  
cetaḥ sudhāmśu-vadane taralī-karoti*

**O moon-faced friend Rādhā, Your whole body is rippling  
in rapture, Your eyes are brimming with tears, You are  
stammering, and Your breast is heaving. Seeing all these signs,  
I can understand that the sweet sound of Mukunda’s *muralī* is  
agitating Your mind.**

–Śrī Raṅga

**Verse 183**

*gatānī kula-vadhū-vratānī viditānī eva tat-tad-vacas  
tathāpī taralāśāye na viratāsi ko durgrahaḥ  
karomī sakhī kim śrute danuja-vairi-vamśī-rave  
manāg api mano na me sumukhi dhairyam ālambate*

**“O fickle-hearted girl, You have broken Your marriage vow.  
Everyone knows how Your family members are criticizing You,  
but still You stubbornly persist in seeing that fellow. What is  
the difficulty in giving Him up?”**

**Rādhā replied, “He Sumukhi *sakhī*, O beautiful-faced  
friend, what can I do? As soon as I hear the first sound of the  
flute of the killer of the Danuja demon, I lose all composure; I  
am simply unable to restrain Myself.”**

–Author unknown

### Verse 184

*astam tāvad akīrtir me tvayā tathyaṁ tu kathyatām  
cittam katham ivāsīt te hari-vanśī-rava-śrutau*

**If I am defamed for loving Hari, no harm. But, My dear friend Lalitā, let Me ask you something, and tell Me the truth. When you heard the melody from Hari's flute, do you remember what you felt? What did it not do to your heart? So why are you condemning Me?**

—Author unknown

### Verse 185

*satyaṁ jalpasi duḥsahā khala-giraḥ satyaṁ kulam nirmalam  
satyaṁ niṣkaruṇo 'py ayaṁ saha-carāḥ satyaṁ sudūre sarit  
tat sarvaṁ sakhī nismarāmi jhaṭiti śrotrātithir jāyate  
ced unmāda-mukunda-mañju-murali-nisvāna-rāgodgatīḥ*

**He sakhī, everything you are saying is correct. It is true that it is very hard for Me to tolerate the condemning words of our elders. It is true that I come from a highly prestigious family. It is true that My beloved is heartless. It is true that the Yamunā is very far away. But even so, the moment the maddening mellifluous sound of Mukunda's flute comes to My ears, I simply forget all of this and go running.**

—Śrī Govinda Bhaṭṭa



### Śrī-rādhām prati sakhī-narmāśvāṣaḥ

A Gopī's Joking Words of Encouragement to Śrī Rādhā

### Verse 186

*nīśā jalada-saṅkulā timira-garbha-līnam jagad  
vayas tava navam navam vapur apūrva-līlā-mayam  
alam sumukhī nidrayā vraja-grhe 'pī naktāncarī  
kadamba-vana-devatā nava-tamāla-nīla-dyutiḥ*

[Seeing Rādhā so eager, Her *sakhī* encourages Her:]

“O friend Rādhā, the night sky is filled with clouds, and the whole world has been immersed in the womb of darkness, so no one will see You. You are a fresh young girl, full of energy, and ready to enjoy wonderful play. Therefore, Sumukhī, O beautiful-faced girl, don’t sleep now. This house is not Your real home. You are at home in the *kuñjas* in the dark forest where the *devatā* of the *kadamba* forest roams about at night. That Lord, who is lustrous like a fresh blue *tamāla*, is already there waiting for You. Go to Him and He will fill You with pleasure.”

–Śrī Sarva-vidyāvinoda



### Śrī kṛṣṇaṁ prati śrī-rādhānurāga-kathanam

Śrī Rādhā’s Love is Described to Śrī Kṛṣṇa

#### Verse 187

*tvām añjanīyati phalāsu vilokayantī  
tvām śṛṇvati kuvalayīyati karnaṇpūram  
tvām pūrṇimā-vidhu-mukhī hṛdi bhāvayantī  
vakṣo-nilīna-nava-nīlamanīm karoti*

[A *sakhī* goes to Śrī Kṛṣṇa and describes how much Rādhā loves Him,]

“**He Kṛṣṇa, when the full moon-faced Rādhā gazes upon Your picture, You become the black *kajjala* anointing Her eyes. When She hears Your glories, they become the blue lotuses decorating Her ears. And when She beholds You in Her heart in Her meditation, You become a new blue sapphire adorning Her bosom [just as You lovingly wear the *kaustubha-maṇi* on Your chest].**”

–Author unknown

#### Verse 188

*ghṛtaṁ tāmbūlaṁ parijana-vacobhīr na sumukhī  
smaraty antaḥ-śūnyā murahara gatāyām api nīśi  
tathāvāste hastaḥ kalita-phaṇi-vallī-kīśalayam  
tathāvāsyam tasyāḥ kramuka-phala-phālī-paricitam*

**He Murahara, O killer of the Mura demon, the beautiful-faced Rādhā is in a thorough stupor. Her attendant gave Her *tāmbūla*, but She cannot remember if She ate it, if it is still in Her hand or if it is sitting in Her mouth.**

—Śrī Harihara



The *sakhīs* have made some *tāmbūla* for Rādhikā and placed it in Her hand to give to Kṛṣṇa. Rādhikā was waiting for Him in the *kuñja* but He did not come. So in the morning one *sakhī* went to Kṛṣṇa and told Him:

“*He Murahara, O killer of the Mura demon, when I went to the beautiful-faced Rādhā this morning, I saw that the same tāmbūla She was supposed to offer You last night was still in Her hand. We had also put some tāmbūla filled with betelnuts in Her mouth to make Her lips red and attractive. But because You did not come to meet Her, She became stunned, frozen to the spot. That tāmbūla is still sitting in Her mouth unchewed and She is still waiting in the kuñja with Your tāmbūla in Her hand.*”

**Verse 189**

*prema-pāvaka-līḍhāṅgī  
rādhā tava jagat-pate  
śayyāyāḥ śkhalitā bhūmau  
pūnas taṁ gantum akṣamā*

[Again the *sakhī* described Rādhā’s condition to Kṛṣṇa:]

**“He Jagat-pati, O Lord of the universe, Rādhā’s body is so consumed by the fire of love for You that She became unconscious. Lying on the bed She fell to the ground and did not have the strength to climb back onto the bed. [You are known as Jagat-pati, so it is Your duty to protect the poor girl.]”**

—Śrī Kavicaṇḍra

**Verse 190**

*murahare sahasa-garimā  
katham iva vācyaḥ kuraṅga-savākṣyaḥ*

*khedārṇava-patitāpi*  
*prema-dhūraṁ te samudvahati*

[When Śrī Rādhā was at the stage of *kalahāntarītā*, Her *priya-sakhī* Viśākhā went to Śrī Kṛṣṇa to inform Him of Her pangs of separation and deep love for Him.]

**“He Murāri, how can I begin to describe the courage and strength of the doe-eyed Rādhā, who gave up Her family for You and incurred their condemnation? Now separated from You, She is drowning in an ocean of misery, but still She continues to carry the heavy weight of Her deep love for You in Her heart. So go to Her without delay and accept Her.”**

–Śrī Kavicandra

#### Verse 191

*gāyati gīte śamsati vaiṣṇe vādayati sa vipaṅciṣu*  
*pāṭhayati pañjara-śukam tava sandeśākṣaram rādhā*

**He Kṛṣṇa, You sent a message to Rādhā the other day, and when She read it, You know what She did? She put Your message to melody and began to sing it over and over again. Next She took a flute and played that message on the flute. Then She took a *vīṇā* and twanged Your message on its strings. Still She was not satisfied, and She taught that message to Her pet parrot and had it recite Her beloved’s words.**

–Śrī Govardhanācārya



**Śrī-rādhām prati śrī-kṛṣṇānurāga-kathanam**  
Śrī Kṛṣṇa’s Love is Described to Śrī Rādhā

#### Verse 192

*keli-kalāsī kuśalā nagare murārer*  
*ābhīra-nīraja-dṛśaḥ kati vā na santi*  
*rādhe tvayā mahad akāri taṇo yad eṣa*  
*dāmodaras tvayi param paramānurāgaḥ*

A *sakhī* said: “*He Rādhe*, in this *Vraja* there are so many lotus-eyed *gopīs* who are expert in amorous play but they cannot attract *Murāri*. So what austerities did You perform that *Dāmodara* has eyes only for You, not for anyone else?”

—Author unknown

### Verse 193

*vatsān na cārayati vādayate na veṇum  
āmodate na yamunā-vana-mārutena  
kuñje nīḷya śīthilam valittottamāṅgam  
antas tvayā śvasiti sundarī nanda-sūnuḥ*

*He Sundarī*, O beautiful one, *Nanda-sunu* is devastated in separation from You. He has stopped taking the calves out for grazing, and no longer plays His flute. The cool breezes blowing from the *Yamunā* through the woods give Him no pleasure. He is not doing anything, just sitting alone in a *kuñja*, and holding His head between His knees, He is simply sighing for You.

—Śrī *Daityāri* Paṇḍita

### Verse 194

*sarvādhikaḥ sakala-keli-kalā-vidagdhaḥ  
snigdhaḥ sa eṣa mura-śātrur anargha-rīpaḥ  
tvam yācate yadi bhaja vraja-nāgarī tvam  
sādhyam kim anyad adhikam bhuvane bhavatyāḥ*

*He Vraja-nāgarī*, O intelligent girl of *Vraja*, the enemy of *Mura* is superior to all other men, He is thoroughly expert in all aspects of amour, He is supremely affectionate, and He is the most handsome of all. If that *Murāri* comes begging for You, You should happily comply with Him. What greater goal is there for You in the three worlds than attaining He who is the overflowing vessel of all good qualities?

—Śrī *Raṅga*



## Śrī-rādhābhisārah

Śrī Rādhā Goes to Meet Her Beloved

### Verse 195

*mandam nidhehi caraṇau paridhehī nīlam  
vāsaḥ pīdhehī valayavalim añcalena  
me jalpa sāhasini śārada-candra-kānti-  
dantāmsavas tava tamānsi samāpayanti*

[A *sakhī* is giving instructions to Rādhikā, who is ready to go for *abhisāra*, to meet with Her lover:]

**“He Rādhe, watch Your step – don’t make a sound. Wear a dark blue dress. If You wear white, then You will be caught. Cover Your jeweled bracelets with Your veil to hide their dazzle. O impetuous girl, on the way don’t even speak with Your companion; if you do, the moonrays shining from the autumn moons of Your teeth will destroy the darkness of the night.”**

–Śrī Śaṅmāsika



There are eight types of *nāyikās*, or heroines:

- 1) *abhisārikā*, 2) *vāsaka-sajjā*, 3) *utkaṅṭhitā*, 4) *vipralabdā*
- 5) *khaṅḍitā*, 6) *kalahāntarītā*, 7) *proṣita-bhartṛkā*, and
- 8) *svādhīna-bhartṛkā*.

1) *Abhisārikā* – the *nāyikā* who goes to meet her lover in the appointed place. She dresses according to the phase of the moon – white dress on the full moon and dark dress for the new moon. Being shy, she moves along hesitantly. She wears ornaments without bells so that they do not make any noise, and she covers herself with a cloak. Taking a close friend with her, she goes to meet her beloved.

2) *Vāsaka-sajjā* – the ladylove who, while waiting for her beloved in the *kuñja* designated by him, decorates herself and the

place. She meditates on amorous play, watches the path for her lover's arrival and enjoys chatting with her friends.

3) *Utkaṇṭhitā* – the *nāyikā* whose enthusiasm to meet with her lover increases by the moment, but he, for no apparent reason, fails to arrive. Her heart burns in anguish, and she trembles. In her mind she examines all the possible reasons for his delay. She feels sorry for herself and cries.

4) *Vipralabdhā* – the heroine whose sweetheart, by the will of Providence, does not keep his appointment. Neglected by her lover and now hopeless, the disappointed *nāyikā* experiences a broad spectrum of emotions as fretful thoughts plague her mind. Constantly feeling the crippling pangs of separation, she broods without pause, is full of remorse, weeps bitterly, sighs heavily, and may even swoon.

5) *Khaṇḍitā* – the *nāyikā* whose lover finally reaches the appointed rendezvous place in the wee hours of the morning, covered with the signs of having enjoyed with another girl. Her heart broken, she expresses anger by releasing long sighs and, turning her face away from her beloved, sulks in silence.

6) *Kalahāntarītā* – the heroine who angrily denounces her *prāṇa-vallabha* as he falls at her feet in front of all her friends. She dismisses him in a rage and later bereaves for having treated Him so harshly.

7) *Proṣita-bhartṛkā* – the *nāyikā* whose lover has gone to a far-off land. She fills the emptiness left by her lover's absence by glorifying Him. She feels lonely and humble, grows thin, becomes pale with melancholy, worries deeply and becomes inert. She is unable to sleep, does not change her clothes and fails to keep herself clean.

8) *Svādhina-bhartṛkā* – the *nāyikā* whose *prāṇa-nātha*, now submissive to her, follows her every order. Controlled by her *prema*, he cannot leave her side for even a moment.

(We have briefly described symptoms of the different types of *nāyikās*, because it is helpful in understanding the verses under discussion here. For a more detailed explanation one can see *Sahitya Darpana*, *Ujjvala Nīlamanī* and other such literatures. The examples of the *nāyikās* are found in this book in verses 210, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 221, 230 and 252.)



## Verse 196

*kim uttīrṇaḥ paṅthāḥ kuṇḍita-bhujati-bhoga-viṣamo  
viśodhā bhūiyasyāḥ kim iti kula-pāli-katu-giraḥ  
iti smāraṇi smāraṇi dara-dalīta-śītadyuti-rucau  
sarojākṣī śoṇaṁ dīśi nayana-koṇaṁ vikirati*

[On the sixth night of the dark moon, Śrī Rādhikā laments on Her way to meet Her beloved:]

**“Alas! For what have I traversed this forest path that is so full of thorns? When I step on one, it hurts like the bite of an angry female serpent. And for what have I tolerated the harsh words of the respectable ladies?” Thinking like this, Śrīmatī Rādhikā, from Her lotus eyes now red with anger, shot a sharp, menacing glance at the thin, faint moon, as if warning him, “Don’t you dare rise any further. If somebody will detect Me, then My roaming in this dark, thorny forest and My having tolerated the abuse of the self-righteous housewives will all have been in vain.”**

–Śrī Sarva-vidyāvinoda

## Verse 197

*citrokrīṇād api visadharād bhūti-bhājo rajanyām  
kiṁ vā brūmas tvad-abhisaraṇe sāhasaṁ mādhavāsyaḥ  
dhvānte yāntyā yad ati-nibhṛtaṁ rādhāyātma-prakāśa-  
trāsāt pāṇiḥ paṭhī phaṇi-phaṇā-ratna-rodhī vyadhāyi*

[A *sakhī* escorted Śrī Rādhikā to meet Kṛṣṇa, and when they reached there, Her *sakhī* said:]

**“O Mādhava, Rādhā is usually very scared of snakes. Even if She just sees a picture of one in the daytime, She becomes terrified. But how can I convey how brave She was tonight?! When She was coming secretly in the pitch dark to meet You, many ferocious, poisonous serpents with effulgent jewels on their hoods were stationed along the path. To block the light coming from their jewels, She placed Her hand on their hoods so that the light would not reveal Her presence.”**

–Author unknown



**Śrī-rādhām prati sakhī-vākyam**  
A Gopī-friend's Statement to Śrī Rādhā

**Verse 198**

*manmathonmathitam acyutaṁ prati  
brūhi kiñcana samullasat-smitam  
kiñca siñca mṛgaśāva-locane  
locaneṅgīta-sudhaugha-nirjahaṛaiḥ*

**O fawn-eyed Rādhā, just smile a little at Acyuta, who is so beautiful that He agitates even Cupid, and say something to Him. Okay, if You can't manage that, no harm. But at least flood Him with the nectar streaming from Your sidelong glance.**

—Author unknown

**Verse 199**

*govinde svayam ākarohi saroja-netre  
premāndha vāra-vapur-arpanam sakhī tvam  
kārpaṇyam na kuru darāvaloka-dāne  
vikrīte kariṇi kim aṅkiṣe vivādaḥ*

**He Padmākṣi, O lotus-eyed girl, being blinded by love, You offered Your entire body to Govinda. So now, why are You so miserly, refusing to cast Your sidelong glance at Him? After selling an elephant, why haggle over the goad? Why not just give it along with the elephant?**

—Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī

**Verse 200**

*paramānurāga-ṭarayāthā rādhāyā  
pārīrambha-kauśala-vikāsi-bhavāya  
sa tayā saha smara-sabhājanotsavam  
niravahāyāc chikhi-śikhaṇḍa-śekharaḥ*

Śrīmatī Rādhikā, who is wildly in love with Kṛṣṇa, communicates Her unlimited feelings for Him through Her expert embraces. Together, peacock-feather crowned Śrī Kṛṣṇa and His beloved Rādhikā initiated a festival to honor the arrival of Kardarpa.

–Śrī Kavirāja Miśra

### Verse 201

*asmin kuñje vināpi pracalat pavanam vartate ko 'pi nūnam  
paśyāmaḥ kiṁ na gatvety anusarati gaṇe bhūta-bhūte `rbhakānām  
tasmin rādhā-sakho vaḥ sukhasya vilasan kṛḍayā kaiṭabhārir  
vyātanvāno mṛgāri-prabala-ghuraghura-rāva-raudrocca-nādāḥ*

[While grazing the calves, the small cowherd boys were talking amongst themselves:]

“O my brothers, there is no wind blowing but this *kuñja* is shaking so much. Certainly there must be someone inside. Let's go and see.” Feeling apprehension, they approached the *kuñja* to check. They suddenly heard a ferocious roaring coming from the *kuñja*, and becoming terrified, they ran away, not knowing that Rādhā's friend Kṛṣṇa, enjoying with His sweetheart inside the bower, was roaring loudly like a lion to frighten them off. May that Śrī Kṛṣṇa, the enemy of the Kaiṭabha demon, bestow happiness upon all.

–Author unknown



### Kṛīḍānantaram jānatīnām sakhīnām narmoktiḥ

Joking Words of Gopī-friends Aware of  
The Divine Couple's Intimate Pastimes

### Verse 202

*iha nicula-nikuñje madhyam adhyasya rantur  
vijanam ajani śayyā kasya bāla-pravālaiḥ  
iti nigadati vṛnde yoṣitām pāntu yuṣmān  
smīta-śabalita-rādhā-mādhavālokitāni*

“Who were the passionate lovers who made this couch of fresh flower petals in the middle of this lonely bower of *nicula* trees?” Hearing the words spoken by the large gathering of *sakhīs*, Śrī Rādhā-Mādhava looked at each other knowingly and smiled. May these love-filled glances protect us.

—Śrī Rūpadeva



### Mugdha-bāla-vakyam

The Words of an Innocent Child

#### Verse 203

*kṛṣṇa tvad-vanamālayā saha hṛtaṁ kenāpi kuñjodare  
gopī-kuntala-arha-dāma tad idaṁ prāptaṁ mayā grhyatām  
itthaṁ dugdha-mukhena gopa-śīsunākhyāte trapā-namrayo  
rādhā-mādhavayor jayanti valita-smerālasā dṛṣṭayaḥ*

[By the will of Providence, a young, innocent *gopa*, while grazing the calves in the morning, stumbled upon the *kuñja* where Śrī Rādhā-Mādhava had met for rendezvous the night before.]

**This little boy went to Kṛṣṇa and said, “He Kṛṣṇa, someone must have stolen Your forest-flower garland and this peacock feather with some *gopī*’s hair tangled in it and thrown them in a *kuñja*. I found them while grazing the calves this morning. So please take them back.”**

**Hearing this innocent child’s words Śrī Rādhā-Mādhava smiled sheepishly and looked down. Triumph unto Their embarrassed glances**

—Śrī Lakṣmaṇa Sena



This incident must have happened when Śrī Rādhā was called by Śrī Yaśodā for cooking.



## Śrī-rādhāyā saha dināntara-keliḥ tatra sakhī-vākyam

A Gopi-friend Alludes to Śrī Rādhā's Amorous Play  
on the Previous Day

### Verse 204

*adhunā dadhi-manthanānubandham  
kuruṣe kiṁ guru-vibhramālasāṅgi  
kalasa-stani lalāsīti kuñje  
muralī-komala-kākalī murāreḥ*

[Rādhā, fully muddled due to deeply ruminating on Her *nikuñja-vilāsa* with Kṛṣṇa, was doing everything topsy-turvy. Seeing this, Her *sakhī* said:]

**“O languid girl, You are confused – this is not the time of day to churn yogurt, and not only that You are placing the churning rod upside down in the pot. He full-breasted girl, from Your muddled behavior I can understand that You are attracted by Murāri’s gentle sweet flute melody wafting from the *nikuñja*.”**

–Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī



## Tasyāḥ sākūta-vākyam

Her Meaningful Words

### Verse 205

*śvaśrur iṅgita-daivatam naṣayanayor ihā-liho yātarah  
svāmī niḥśvasite 'py asūyati mano-jighrahḥ sapatnī-janaḥ  
tad dūrād ayaṁ añjaliḥ kim amunā dṛg-bhaṅgi-bhāvena te  
vaidagdhi-vividha-ṭṭrabandha-rasike vyartho 'yam atra śramaḥ*

[One day Śrī Kṛṣṇa was praying to Śrīmatī Rādhikā to come for *abhisāra*. She replied:]

“Oh, You are the crest-jewel of enjoyers, expert in all types of delights. But Your requests for Me to meet You in a secret place are all useless, because My harsh mother-in-law Jaṭilā is clever like a demigod in figuring out all kinds of signals. My sisters-in-law, just by looking at My eyes, can deduct My intentions. And My husband – if I take a deep breath, He starts criticizing and questioning Me why I’m breathing so deeply. And on top of that, Padmā and all My other rivals are like psychics and can read My mind. Therefore, forget about meeting. Don’t give Me those inviting glances – they won’t work today. I offer You *praṇāmas* from the distance. I simply can’t get away.”

–Author unknown

### Verse 206

*saṅketa-kṛta-kokilādi-ninadam kaṁsa-dviṣaḥ kurvato  
dvāronmocana-lola-śaṅkha-valaya-kvāṇaṁ muhuḥ śṛṇvataḥ  
keyaṁ keyaṁ iti pragalbha-jarati-vākyena dīnātmano  
rādhā-prāṅgaṇa-koṇa-koli-viṭapi-kroḍe gatā śarvārī*

[Vṛndāji is speaking to Paurṇamāsī:]

“O devī! One night Kaṁsa-dviṣa, the enemy of Kaṁsa, came to Rādhārāṇī’s courtyard and was cooing like a cuckoo to lure Her for *abhisāra*. Hearing the sound, Rādhikā came out of Her bedroom, and when She tried to open the door, Her conchshell bangles jingled. Kṛṣṇa became very joyous at this sound, but old Jaṭilā, also hearing it, woke up and called out, ‘Who’s there? Who’s opening the door?’ Immediately Rādhārāṇī froze. After awhile They thought that the old lady must have fallen asleep. Kṛṣṇa cooed a second time and Rādhārāṇī again tried to open the door. Once more old Jaṭilā shouted out, ‘Who’s at the door? Who is there?’ This went on the whole night. Rādhikā and Kṛṣṇa were wondering when the old lady would fall asleep. Every time They heard the shout ‘Who is there? Who is there?’ They quietly retreated to Their own places. Thus, Śrī Kṛṣṇa, greatly distressed at hearing Jaṭilā’s harsh voice, passed the entire night hiding in the lap of the jujube tree in the corner of Rādhā’s courtyard.”

–Śrī Hara



This verse illustrates *pracchanna kāmukatā* – how Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa have to hide Their amorous desire. They stay awake the whole night in anxiety attempting to meet. When Śrīmatī Rādhikā first hears Kṛṣṇa’s signal, Her heart becomes elated; next Śrī Kṛṣṇa is overjoyed hearing the sound of Her conchshell bangles. But then, every time the old lady shouts out, both Their hearts shrivel in anxiety. In this way the paramour (*upapati*) and his beloved encounter many obstacles in their attempts to meet. Occurring only in *parakiya-rasa*, paramour love, such impediments bring the lovers’ pleasure to greater and greater heights when meeting finally takes place. This verse illustrates that *śṛṅgāra-rasa* (the delightful emotion that manifests in amorous pastimes) is supreme in Śrī Kṛṣṇa’s exchanges with the damsels of Vraja.

(From Śrī Śrīmad Bhaktivedānta Nārāyaṇa Gosvāmī Mahārāja’s commentary in *Ujjvala-nīlamanī*)

### Verse 207

*āhūtādya mahotsave niśi grhaṁ sūnyam vimucyāgatā  
kṣīvaḥ preṣya-janaḥ katham kula-vadhūr ekākinī yāsyati  
vatsa tvam tad imām nayālayam iti śrutvā yaśodā-giro  
rādhā-mādhavayor jayanti madhura-smerālasā dṛṣṭyāḥ*

**Śrī Yaśodā said to Kṛṣṇa, “Upon my invitation, Rādhā left Her empty house tonight and joined our festival. Now it’s time for Her to return home. All our servants have become intoxicated, enjoying the party, and do not respond to my calls. How can we allow a virtuous young wife to go home alone? Therefore, my child, You accompany Her to Her house and come back in the morning.”**

**Hearing Mother Yaśodā’s words, Rādhā-Mādhava smiled at each other and exchanged glances. May Their sweet smiles and sweet glances be forever victorious.**

–Śrī Lakṣmaṇa Sena

## Verse 208

*gacchāmy acyuta darśanena bhavataḥ kiṁ trptir utpadyate  
kint evaṁ vijāna-sthayor hata-janaḥ sambhāvayaty anyathā  
ity āmantraṇa-bhaṅgi-sūcīta-vṛthāvasthāna-khedālasam  
āśliṣyan pūlakotkarāñcīta-tanur goṣim hariḥ pātu vaḥ*

[One Sunday when Rādhā was in the forest with Her friends picking flowers for Suryā-pūjā, Kṛṣṇa approached them. Her *sakhīs* moved away, leaving Rādhā alone with Him. When He cleverly moved right in front of Her, She protested,]

**He Acyuta, don't touch Me. I am a chaste married woman. Do You think meeting with You like this will quench My thirst? Or will You be satisfied? Furthermore, if we are seen alone in this secluded place, My reputation will be ruined, so better I go home."**

**Remaining motionless, She subtly beckoned Him to enjoy with Her without wasting another moment. Hari quickly hugged Rādhā, thus causing His hairs to bristle in rapture. May that Hari protect us.**

—Author unknown



## Sakhī-narma

A Gopī-friend's Joking Words

## Verse 209

*sakhī pūlakinī sa-kampā bahiḥ-sthalitas tvam ālayam prāptā  
vikṣobhītāsi nūnam kṛṣṇa-bhujaṅgena kalyāṇi*

**He sakhī, You have come running into the house from outside, trembling and hairs standing on end. He Kalyāṇi, O beautiful girl, You appear to have been frightened by a black snake. Aren't You lucky that it didn't bite You!**

—Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī





**Punar anyedyur abhisārikā tatra sakhī-vakyam**  
A Gopī-friend's Encouraging Words to Go for Abhisāra

**Verse 210**

*aklānta-dyutibhir vasanta-kusumair uttamsayan kuntalān  
antaḥ khelatī khañjarīta-nayane kuñjēna kañjekṣaṇaḥ  
asmān mandīra-karmatas tava karau nādyāpi viśramyataḥ  
kim brūmo rasikāgrañir asi ghaṭī neyam vilamba-kṣamā*

**O You whose eyes are restless like a *khañjana* bird, the lotus-eyed Hari, whose curly hair is decorated with a mass of charming spring flowers, is surrounded by the *gopīs*, enjoying with them in the *nikuñja* on the bank of the Yamunā. You are the topmost of *rasika* maidens, so why are You still keeping Your hands in Your household chores? Don't waste another moment. Go to Him right now.**

–Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī



**Parīkṣaṇa-kāriṇīm sachem prati śrī-rādhā-vākyam**  
Śrī Rādhā's Reply to a Questioning Gopī-friend

**Verse 211**

*lajjaivodghaṭitā kim atra kuṭīśodbaddhā kapāta-sṭhītir  
maryādaiva vilāṅghitā pathi punaḥ keyam kalindātmaḥ  
ākṣiptā khala-dṛṣṭir eva sahasā vyālāvalī kīdṛṣī  
prāṇā eva samarpitaḥ sakhī ciraṁ tasmaī kim eṣā tanuḥ*

**One *sakhī*, wondering whether her *prāṇa-sakhī* Rādhā would be able to come out for *abhisāra* in the daytime or not, asked Her, “What can we do? Today we face many obstacles – our door is locked, the Yamunā is flooded and the path is lined with snakes.” Rādhā replied, “*He sakhī*, the first obstacle for**

a virtuous young wife to meet with Her lover is her chastity. I have already passed through that, so what is the difficulty to open a tightly bolted door? When I have already crossed over all social restrictions, why won't I be able to cross the Yamunā? If I no longer care for people's disapproving glances, then how can the snakes along the path harm Me? I have offered My very being to My lover, so what can stand in the way of presenting My body to Him?"

—Author unknown

### Verse 212

*dvi-traiḥ keli-saroruham tri-caturair dhammilla-mallī-srajam  
kañṭhān mauktika-mālikā tad amī ca tyaktvā padaiḥ pañcaśaiḥ  
kṛṣṇa-prema-vighūrnitāntaratayā durābhisārāturā  
tanv-aṅgī nirupāyam adhvani param śroṇī-bharam nindati*

[Śrī Kṛṣṇa was waiting in the *saṅketa-kuñja* (secret meeting bower) for Śrīmatī Rādhā to arrive. Knowing this, Śrīmatī Rādhikā left for *abhisāra* to meet Him. Seeing Her exertion generated from the journey, the *sakhīs* are telling Śrī Kṛṣṇa:]

**“As Rādhā was on Her way to meet You, Her heart was dancing with *prema*. Burdened by the weight of Her ornaments, She walked two or three steps and threw away the toy lotus in Her hand. After a few more steps, She removed the jasmine-flower garland in Her hair and tossed it down on the path. She took another five or six steps, and took off Her pearl necklace. After removing all these and still having a long distance to walk, the slender-waisted Rādhā, greatly agitated by Your mutual love for each other, cursed Her hips for being too heavy. Not able to toss them away and unable to walk further, She sorely lamented, ‘Alas, Alas! Why has the Creator made My hips so large? They are a great burden, making Me tired. Fie on those big hips, fie on them.’”**

—Author unknown



### Vāsaka-sajjā

The Heroine Who Enthusiastically Decorates the Kuñja  
While Waiting for Her Beloved

#### Verse 213

*talpaṃ kalpaya dūti pallava-kulair antar latā-maṇḍape  
nirbandham mama puṣpa-maṇḍana-vidhau nādyāpi kim muñcasi  
paśya kriḍad-amandam andha-tamasam vṛndātavim tastare  
tad gopendra-kumāram atra milita-prāyaṃ manaḥ śaṅkate*

**O my dear messenger friend, why are you insisting on decorating Me with more flowers? Stop! Immediately prepare the bed with tender *aśoka* leaves and petals in this *kuñja* of blossoming *mādhavī* vines. The love of My life is coming and the bed should be ready so that He will have a comfortable place to lie down. Look! The darkness is now slowly covering the charming Vṛndāvana forest. I suspect that Gopendra-kumāra is already on His way here to meet with Me. Therefore, quickly get the bed ready.**

–Śrī Raghunātha dāsa



### Utkañṭhitā

The Heroine Who Anxiously Ponders  
Why Her Lover Is Late

#### Verse 214

*sakhī sa vijito vīṇā-vadyaiḥ kayāpy apara-striyā  
pañitam abhavat tābhyāṃ tatra kṣapā-lalitām dhruvam  
katham itarathā śephālīṣu skhalat-kusumāsv 'api  
prasarati nabho-madhye 'pīndau priyena vilambyate*

[Eagerly waiting for Her sweetheart to come, Rādhā said to Her friend:]

“O *sakhī*, I can just imagine that My beloved entered a competition for playing the *vīṇā* today with some enchanting *gopī*, and she defeated Him. The loser was obliged to celebrate the night with the winner. For that *gopa-ramaṇī* who is so expert at *vīṇā*, the night must have become very beautiful. I'm sure that this is what happened. It is so late – the moon is now high in the sky and all the *śephālī* flowers have fallen to the ground [*śephālī* flowers fall just after midnight]. What else could have delayed His arrival?”

–Author unknown

### Verse 215

*aratir iyam upaiti mām na nidrā  
gaṇayati tasya guṇaṅ mano na doṣān  
viramatī rājanī na saṅgamāśā  
vrajati tanus tanutām na cānurāgaḥ*

[Rādhā said to Her *sakhī*]

“I'm so unhappy that My beloved has not come; and to make things worse, sleep also does not come to give Me any relief from My misery. Still, I count only His virtues, I never consider His shortcomings. The night is ending, but My hankering to be with Him does not end. My body has become weak and frail, but My all-consuming love for Him has not weakened in the slightest.”

–Śrī Kaṅka



### Vipralabdā

The Disappointed Heroine Whose Lover Did Not Come

### Verse 216

*uttiṣṭha duti yāmo yāmo yātas tathāpī nāyātaḥ  
yātaḥ param api jivej jivita-nātho bhavet tasyāḥ*

**He *dūtī*, O messenger friend, get up. Let us go. The appointed time has come and gone, and My sweetheart never arrived. I**

am smoldering in separation. If any girl can live through this,  
her dearly beloved will surely become hers.

–Śrī Kaṅka



### **Khaṇḍitā**

The Betrayed Heroine

#### **Verse 217**

*lākṣā-lakṣma lalāṭa-ṭaṭṭam abhūtaḥ keyūra-mudrā gale  
vaktre kajjala-kālimā nayanayos tāmbūla-rāgo ghanah  
dr̥ṣṭvā koṣa-vidhāyi-maṇḍanam idam prātaś ciram preyasō  
lilā-tāmarasodare mrga-dr̥śaḥ śvāsaḥ samāptim gataḥ*

**At daybreak doe-eyed Rādhā beheld Her lover decorated with the signs of amour with another – red foot lac on His forehead, impressions of bracelets on His neck, black collyrium on His lips and red tāmbūla stains around His eyes. She buried Her face in the golden pastime lotus in Her hand, loudly breathed Her fury into that *lilā-kamala*<sup>2</sup>, and sulked in silence.**

–Śrī Autkala



### **Tasyā vākyam**

Her Words

#### **Verse 218**

*kṛtam mithyā-jalpaḥ virama viditam kāmuka cirāt  
priyām tām evocair abhisara yadīyair nakha-ṭadaiḥ  
vilāsaś ca prāptam tava hṛdi padam rāga-bahulair  
mayā kim te kṛtyam dhruvam akuṭilācāra-parayā*

[Seeing Rādhā so furious, Kṛṣṇa tried to appease Her with honey-coated words. With the anger of love She retorted:]

<sup>2</sup> *lilā-kamala*: one of Rādhā's sixteen śṛṅgāras, or decorations. She holds a pastime, or play, lotus in Her hand, and when She twirls it, She effectively twists Kṛṣṇa's heart.]

**“You rake! Enough of all Your bogus excuses. Just be quiet. I have finally realized what kind of person You are. You should quickly return to that same beloved who gave You so much pleasure that she has obviously taken over Your heart, having left her nail marks all over Your body. What business can You possibly have with a simple girl like Me?”**

–Śrī Rudra

**Verse 219**

*sārdham manoratha-śatais tava dhūrta kāntā  
saiva sthitā manasi kṛtrima-bhāva-ramyā  
asmākam asti na hi kaścīd ihāvakāśas  
tasmāt kṛtam caraṇa-pāta-vidambanābhiḥ*

**You slick, double-talking cheater! Go back to that new ladylove, whose hundreds of pretentious moods are just like Yours. She has completely possessed Your heart, so there’s no room for honest girls like us. Therefore, why are You making a show of falling at My feet?**

–Śrī Rudra

**Verse 220**

*analañkṛto ’pi mādharma harasī mano me sadā prasabham  
kim punar alañkṛtas tvaṁ samprati nakha-rakṣatais tasyāḥ*

**O Mādhava, You always capture My heart by force, even when You are not wearing ornaments. But now that You are nicely decorated by that *gopa-ramaṇī*’s nail marks, You are much more attractive, so much so that You are driving Me mad. Better You remove Yourself from My sight.**

–Śrī Viśvanātha



## Khaṇḍanāpta-nirvedāyāstasā vākyam

The Lament of the Despondent Heroine  
after Dismissing Her Lover

### Verse 221

*vyatītāḥ prārambhaḥ praṇaya-bahu-māno vīgalito  
durāsā yātā me pariṇatim iyaṁ prāṇitum api  
yatheṣṭam ceṣṭantām virahi-vadha-vikhyāta-yaśaso  
vibhāvā mayy ete pika-madhu-sudhāṁśu-prabhṛtayaḥ*

[Rādhā was sitting in the *nikuñja*, talking to Herself:]

**“Now there is no chance that He will come. I was thinking that My love for Him was the greatest – now that notion has been reduced to ashes. All My hopes have been dashed, so surely I will soon meet My end. Cuckoos, springtime, the moon and other such stimulants for love – famous for killing lovers suffering in separation – are doing their best to bring about My demise.”**

–Śrī Puruṣottama-deva

### Verse 222

*mā muñca pañcaśara pañca-śarīm śarīre  
mā siñca sāndra-makaranda-rasena vāyo  
aṅgāni tat-praṇaya-bhaṅga-vigarhitāni  
nālambitum kṣaṇam api kṣamate 'dye jīvaḥ*

**O Kāmadeva, please do not shoot your five arrows<sup>3</sup> at Me. O Wind, please do not infuse Me with your thick fragrance of flowers. Now that My love is broken, My body no longer functions, so it is impossible to continue living.**

–Śrī Puruṣottama-deva

<sup>3</sup> The five arrows are *sanmohana* (attracting), *mādana* (crazing), *śoṣaṇa* (desiccating), *tāpāna* (inflicting heat or pain) and *stambhana* (immobilizing).



## **Punaḥ sāyam āyātī mādhave sakhī-śikṣā**

When Mādhava Returned in the Evening,  
a Gopī-friend Gave the Following Advice

### **Verse 223**

*kañcana vañcana-cature praṇācaya tvaṁ murāntake mānam  
bahu-vallabhe hi puruṣe dākṣiṇyaṁ duḥkham udvahati*

[Lalitā advised:]

**“He Rādhē, today You should really show Your *māna* to that clever cheater, Murāri. If You deal gently with a libertine, Your only reward will be pain.”**

—Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī



Alternatively: Once a left-wing (*vāmā*) *sakhī* said to a right-wing (*dakṣiṇā*) *yutheśvarī*, “He Sundarī, O beautiful One! You are very clever in deceiving the *nāyaka*. You display *māna* towards Murāri for any flimsy reason. Straight submission (*dākṣiṇya-bhāva*) to one who entertains many sweethearts does not lead to happiness. Rather, it brings constant sorrow, so give up Your simplicity before Him.”



## **Māninī**

The Angry Gopī

### **Verse 224**

*bhavatu viditam cchadmālāpair alam priya gamyatām  
tanur aṅgi na te doṣo 'smākaṁ vidhis tu parāṅmukhaḥ  
tava yadī tathābhūtām prema prāpannam imāṁ daśām  
prakṛti-caṅgale ka na pīḍā gate hata-jīvite*



[Rādhā is saying to Kṛṣṇa:]

**“If she is the object of Your love, let it be. Indeed, I have come to know that You take great delight in dallying with her. Hence, what is the need for making up stories? Understand that Your happiness is My happiness, so go back to her. You are not to be blamed for leaving me and going off with another; it is Providence who is against Me. If You come to Me out of obligation but You feel distressed inside, then I would feel no pain to give up My life. Better I die than cause You suffering.”**

–Śrī Amaru

### Verse 225

*kas tvam tāsū yadṛcchayā kitava yas tiṣṭhanti gopāṅganāḥ  
premaṅgam na vidanti yas tava hare kim tāsū te kaitavam  
eṣā hanta hatāśayā yad abhavam tvayy ekatānā param  
tenāsyāḥ praṇayo dhunā khalu mama prāṇaiḥ samam yāsyati*

**You double-dealing rogue! These *gopīs*, who have come here by chance, do not have such strong love for You; therefore they are happy. O Hari, they do not know the true, self-sacrificing nature of *prema*. So when You cheat on them, they are not so much affected. Alas! I am the only one who really loves You. Hence, when My life force leaves this body, My love for You will go along with it.**

–Śrī Puruṣottama-deva



### **Niṣkramatī kṛṣṇe sakhī-vākyam**

A Gopī-friend's Words as Kṛṣṇa Departs

### Verse 226

*sāci-kandharam amum kim ikṣase  
yātu yātu sakhī pūtanārdanaḥ  
vāma-rīti-caturām hi pāmarīm  
sevatām parama-devatām iva*

[Seeing Rādhikā's *māna* increase to gigantic heights, Śrī Kṛṣṇa got up and departed. When She beheld Her beloved leaving the *kuñja*, Her *māna* slackened. Lalitā said to Her:]

**“O *sakhī* Rādhā, why are You twisting Your neck to look over Your shoulder at Him? Don't look. Let Him go. Don't You know that He is called Pūtanārdana, the killer of Pūtanā? When He was only six days old, He killed her by sucking out her life force. Now He's a full youth and You can imagine how much stronger He is. Therefore, if You want to save Your life, don't look at Him. Let Him go and lounge in the lap of that wretched maiden with whom He spent the night. She has no idea how to show love; her love for Him is artificial. Therefore, let Him go. If He wants to be cheated, why stop Him? Let that crooked *gopī* serve Him as if He is the Supreme Lord.”**

—Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī



### Śrī Kṛṣṇa-dūti-vākyaṁ

Kṛṣṇa Sends a Message of Pacification

#### Verse 227

*premāvagāhana-kṛte  
mānaṁ mā kuru cirāya karabhoru  
nākarni kiṁ nu mugdhe  
jātaṁ pīyūṣa-manthane garalam*

[Kṛṣṇa sent a beautiful messenger named Virā to slacken Rādhā's *māna*. She said to Rādhā:]

**“O girl with lovely thighs, do not continue Your *māna* too much longer, because You yearn to swim in the ocean of *prema*. O innocent maiden, You don't know what distress awaits You if You prolong Your anger and deny Kṛṣṇa's love. Haven't You heard that when the ocean of nectar was churned, a huge amount of poison was produced? Your *prema* is like the ocean of nectar and Your sulky mood is like poison, so beware.”**

—Śrī Raṅga

**Verse 228**

*vidhumukhi vimukhī-bhāvaṁ  
bhāvini mad-bhāṣaṇe mā gāḥ  
mudhe nigama-nigūḍhaḥ  
katipaya-kalyāṇato mīlati*

[Again Virā counsels Her:]

**“O moon-faced girl, You nurture such deep sentiments for Your beloved in Your heart. Do not ignore my good advice. O foolish girl, look! People perform very intense, severe austerities to attain the confidential truth of the Vedas. But You are just sitting in Your home and that secret Truth, the conclusion of all the Vedas – Your beloved Kṛṣṇa – comes right to Your door. So do not neglect Him.”**

–Śrī Raṅga



**Dūtīm prati śrī-rādhā-vākyam**

Śrī Rādhā's Reply to the Gopī-messenger

**Verse 229**

*alam alam aghṛṇasya tasya nāmnā  
punar api saiva kathā gataḥ sa kālāḥ  
kathaya kathaya vā tathāpi dūti  
prativacanam diviṣato 'pi mānanīyam*

**He dūti, that's enough. I've heard quite enough! No need to mention that cruel-hearted person's name. Again and again you are glorifying Him. Stop, I don't want to hear another thing. Gone are the times to hear His glories. But still, O messenger friend, if you have more to say, then go ahead. One should carefully hear out the enemy.**

–Śrī Aṅgada



## Kalahāntarītām tām prati dakṣiṇa-sakhī-vākyaṁ

A Gentle-hearted Friend's Statement to a Gopī  
Who Has Quarreled with Her Lover

### Verse 230

*anālocya preṁṇaḥ pariṇatim anādrtya suhṛdas  
twayākāṇḍe mānaḥ kim iti sarale preyasi kṛtaḥ  
samākṛṣṭā hy ete vīraha-dahanodbhāsura-śikhāḥ  
sva-hastenāṅgārās tad alam adhumāraṇya-ruditaiḥ*

**O simple-hearted girl, You never cared for what might result from falling in love, and You displayed a sulky mood towards Your lover at the wrong time, disregarding the opinion of Your dear friends who were advising You not to do *māna*. Alas, You have brought this calamity on Yourself. You have willingly accepted this *māna* – taking in Your own hands red-hot coals emitting high flames of separation. So now You are suffering. But who will hear Your cries in this remote part of the forest?**

–Śrī Amaru



## Karkaśa-sakhī-vākyaṁ

Harsh Words from a Gopī-friend

### Verse 231

*māna-bandham abhitaḥ ślathayanti  
gauravaṁ na khalu hāraya gauri  
ārjavaṁ na bhajate danujārīr  
vañcake saralatā na hī sādhvī*

[Seeing Rādhārāṇī's *māna* slackening due to the words of Śrī Kṛṣṇa's messenger, Rādhā's *sakhī* instead encouraged Her to maintain Her anger:]

**“He Gaurī, O golden girl, You are too innocent. Do not loosen the knot of Your *māna*, and at all costs keep Your dignity. Kṛṣṇa Himself is not straightforward, but He instructs others to be so. There is no use in being simple with a crooked cheater.”**

–Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī



**Tām prati śrī-rādhā-vākyam**  
Śrī Rādhā's Reply

**Verse 232**

*bhrū-bhaṅgo guṇitaś ciraṁ nayanayor abhyastam āmūlanam  
roddhum śikṣitam ādareṇa hasitaṁ maune 'bhiyogaḥ kṛtaḥ  
roddhum śikṣitam ādareṇa hasitaṁ maune 'bhiyogaḥ kṛtaḥ  
baddho māna-paraigrahe parikaraḥ siddhis tu daive sthitā*

**He *sakhī*, yes, I have all the necessary skills for exhibiting *māna*. From the very beginning I was expert in knitting My eyebrows. I know how to issue a disdainful glance with eyes half-closed. I have trained Myself not to laugh and to control My smile, I have learned to remain silent, and I am determined not to lose My composure. I have vowed to maintain My *māna*, but I do not know how long I can keep it going. My success lies in the hands of Providence.**

–Śrī Amaru

**Verse 233**

*jānāmi maunam alasāṅgi vaco-vibhaṅgī  
bhaṅgī-śataṁ nayanayor api cāturīm ca  
ābhīra-nandana-mukhāmbuja-saṅga-śaṁsī  
vaṁśī-ravo yadi na mām avaśī-karoti*

[Rādhā addresses the *aṣṭa-sāttvika bhāva* ‘*stambha*’ (becoming stunned) as Her friend Alasāṅgī (*alasa* meaning ‘paralysis’)]

“O My friend Alasāṅgī, I know how to display an angry silence. I also know how to drop cynical comments. I know hundreds of ways to move My eyes to express My sulky mood. I am expert in all these tactics. But as soon as I hear the flute melody emanating from Nanda-kumāra’s lotus mouth, you attack Me and leave Me in a state of shock, thus giving Me no chance to employ My stratagems for *māna*.”

–Author unknown

#### Verse 234

*satyaṁ śṛṇomi sakhī nitya-nava-priyo ’asau  
gopas tathāpi hṛdayaṁ madano dunoṭi  
yuktyā kathañcana samaṁ gamite ’pi tasmin  
mām tasya kāla-muralī kavālī-karoti*

*He sakhī*, I have heard from all My friends that Gopa-kumāra always likes fresh, new sweethearts. I know this is true. Still, His *prema* has a tight hold on My heart and burns it. I try to placate it with sound logic, recounting His faults, and even succeed in chasing out His love. But the next moment His *muralī* – like death personified, like a python – swallows Me up.

–Śrīmān Prabhupāda (Śrī Sanātana Gosvāmī)

#### Verse 235

*na jāne sammukhāyāte priyāṇi vadati priye  
prayānti mama gātrāṇi śrotatām kim u netratām*

O My dear friend, as soon as My beloved comes in front of Me and speaks sweet loving words, I do not know if all My limbs turn into ears or eyes. I become very confused and I don’t know what to do. Shall I keep looking at His beautiful form or shall I just hear His sweet words? I am in a dilemma – My senses cannot decide whether to become ears or eyes.

–Author unknown

## Verse 236

*murāriṁ paśyantyāḥ sakhī sakalam aṅgaṁ na nayanam  
murāriṁ paśyantyāḥ sakhī sakalam aṅgaṁ na nayanam  
samān tenālāpaṁ sapadi racayantyā mukhamayaṁ  
vidhātur naivāyaṁ ghaṭana-paraṇāṣi-madhurimā*

**He sakhī, when I gaze upon Murāri with My two eyes, I wish that the Creator would turn My whole body into eyes. When I hear Hari's captivating glories, he should cover My whole body with ears. And when I speak sweet love-talk with My beloved, why doesn't the Creator immediately convert all My limbs into mouths? Alas, My sakhī, the Creator is far from expert – he has not done a proper job in designing a body suitable for drinking Kṛṣṇa's sweetnesses.**

–Śrī Śaraṇa



## **Sakhyāḥ sābhyasūya-vākyaṁ** A Gopī-friend's Jealous Words

## Verse 237

*tvam asi viśuddhā sarale  
muralī-vaktras tridhā vakraḥ  
bhaṅgurayā khalu sulabham  
tad-uraḥ sakhī vaijayantyeva*

**O friend Rādhā, You are simple and pure-hearted. But the person who kisses the flute is very crooked, His body being bent in three places. Only a tortuous woman, like a *vaijayantī-mālā*, will easily find a place on this shifty fellow's chest. Therefore, if You want to be the decoration on His heart, You will also have to be devious.**

–Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī



**Kṣubhita-rādhikoktiḥ**  
Rādhā's Agitated Words

**Verse 238**

*niḥśvāsā vadanaṁ dahantī hṛdayaṁ nirmūlam unmathyate  
nidrā naiti na dṛśyate priya-mukhaṁ rātrindivam rudyate  
aṅgam śoṣam upaiti pāda-patitaḥ preyāṁs tathopekṣitaḥ  
sakhyah kiṁ guṇam ākalayya dayite mānaṁ vayaṁ kāritāḥ*

[After hearing a *sakhī*'s admonishing words, the broken-hearted Rādhā laments:]

**“O My dear friends, this *māna* is My worst enemy – it has brought about My ruin. What good qualities do you find in *māna* that you convinced Me to display a sulky mood towards My beloved? I tell you how it has harmed Me – hot breathing is burning My whole face, My heart is being ripped out at the root, and sleep evades Me. Deprived of seeing My sweetheart's moon-like face, I cry day and night in separation, and My body has dried up. My lover is more precious to Me than thousands of My lives, but because of this insurmountable (*durjaya*) *māna*, I scorned Him when He was falling at My feet, begging to be forgiven.”**

–Śrī Amaru



**Mānaja-virahaṇa dhyāyantūṁ tām  
prati kasyāścid vākyaṁ**

A Gopī's Words to Her Friend,  
Who in Separation Was Lost in Meditation

**Verse 239**

*āhāre viratiḥ samasta-viṣaya-grāme nivṛttiḥ parā  
nāsāgre nayanam yad etad aparam yac caikatānam manaḥ  
maunam cedam idam ca śūnyam akhilaṁ yad viśvam ābhāti te  
tad brūyāḥ sakhī yoginī kim asi bhoḥ kiṁ vā viyoginy asi*



[Śrī Vṛndā Sakhī, seeing Śrī Rādhā absorbed in meditating on Śrī Kṛṣṇa, said:]

**“He sakhī, You are not interested in eating. You have completely renounced all material affairs. Your eyes are focused on the tip of Your nose, and Your mind is absorbed in one thought only. You have not spoken one word; it must be that the whole world is now empty for You. O my sister, tell Me in truth. Are You a mystic *yoginī* or are You *viyoginī*, in separation rapt in thoughts of Your beloved?”**

–Author unknown



**Tām prati śrī-rādhā-vākhyam**  
Śrī Rādhā's Reply

**Verse 240**

*saṅgama-viraha-vikalpe*  
*varam iha viraho na saṅgamān tasya*  
*ekaḥ sa eva saṅge*  
*tri-bhuvanam api tan-mayam virahe*

**O My dear friend Vṛndā, if you ask Me which is better – meeting or separation – I will tell you that separation is by far superior, because in meeting I see only one *prāṇa-nātha*. But in separation it seems that everything in the whole three worlds becomes Him.**

–Author unknown



**Kṛṣṇa-virahaḥ**  
Kṛṣṇa's Feelings of Separation

**Verse 241**

*sañjāte viraha kayāpi hṛdaye sandānīne cintayā*  
*kālīndī-taṭa-vetasī-vana-ghana-cchāyā-niṣaṅgātmanah*  
*pāyāsulḥ kalakanṭha-kūjita-kalā gopasya kaṁsa-dviṣo*  
*jihvā-varjita-tālu-mūrcchita-marud-visphāritā gitayah*

Feeling distraught at heart in separation from *gopī* Rādhā, the cowherd boy Śrī Kṛṣṇa, the enemy of Kaiśa, sat down all alone in the dense shade of a *vetasī* forest on the bank of the Yamunā. Without moving His tongue, He breathed out a series of melancholic songs through His flute. May these melodies, as bewitching as the soft warbling of cuckoos, protect us.

—Author unknown



### Śrī Kṛṣṇānunaya-rādhā-prasādanam

By Kṛṣṇa's Humble Entreaty Rādhā Becomes Pleased

#### Verse 242

*śiraś-chāyām kṛṣṇaḥ svayam akṛta rādhā-caraṇayor  
bhujā-vallī-cchāyām iyam api tadīya-pratikṛtau  
iti kṛiḍā-koṇe nibhṛtam ubhayor apy anunaya--  
prasādau jīyās tām api guru-samakṣam sthitavatoḥ*

[No messenger was able to placate Rādhā's *māna*, so Kṛṣṇa Himself went to Rādhā and pleased Her with His humble entreaty.]

**In front of Their elders Kṛṣṇa positioned His head so that its shadow covered Her feet. Seeing it improper for Her beloved's shadow to touch Her feet, Śrī Rādhā responded by moving Her vine-like arms in such a way that their shadow covered His. In this way, Their elders unaware of what was going on, They terminated Their love-quarrel. Triumph to Kṛṣṇa's supplication and Rādhā's pacification.**

—Śrī Hara



**Śrī Kṛṣṇaṁ prati śrī-rādhā-sakhī-vākyam**  
Rādhā's Gopī-friend Chiding Śrī Kṛṣṇa

**Verse 243**

*sā sarvathaiva raktā  
rāgaṁ guṅjeva na tu mukhe vahati  
vacana-paṭos tava rāgaḥ  
kevalam āsye śukasyeva*

**Rādhā is so much in love with You that Her passion has colored Her red. She is not crimson just on the surface like a *guṅja* berry, but inside, outside, indeed every pore of Her body and Her every action are saturated with love for You. But Your love for Rādhā is only in the mouth, like a parrot – only its beak is red, not the rest of its body. O expert liar, You speak flattering words to express Your love, but it's only lip service.**

–Śrī Govardhanācārya

**Verse 244**

*subhaga bhavatā hṛdye tasyā jvalat-smara-pāvake 'py  
abhiniviśatā premādhikyaṁ cirāt prakāṭi-kṛtam  
tava tu hṛdaye śīte 'py evaṁ sadaiva mukhāptaye  
mama saha-carī sā niḥsnehā manāg api na sthitā*

**O You greatly fortunate fellow, You have taken up eternal residence in my companion's heart, which glows with blazing love for You. But my *sakhī* cannot dwell even for a moment in Your heart, because it is cold and loveless; thus there's no question of Her finding any comfort there.**

–Śrī Rudra



Śrī Rādhikā always keeps You in Her heart through Her meditation, but as You have too many lovers, Rādhikā hardly ever gets the chance to even enter Your heart.

...  
**Dināntara-vārtā**

Narration of Another Day's Pastimes

**Verse 245**

*āgatya praṇipāta-sāntvita-sakhī dattāntare sāgasi  
svairam kurvatī talpa-pārśva-nibhr̥te dhūrte 'nga-samvāhanam  
jñātvā sparśa-vaśāt tayā kila sakhī-bhr̥antye eva vakṣaḥ śanaih  
khinnāsity abhidhāya milita-dṛśā śanandam āropitam*

[Once Śrī Govinda offended Śrī Rādhā, and whatever He did, She would not give up Her *māna*. Then He came up with another idea.]

**Nanda-kīśora disguised Himself as a *sakhī* and came to Śrī Rādhā's home. She was reclining on Her bed with eyes closed, thinking of Her beloved, while Śrī Lalitā was massaging Her lotus feet. He reverentially bowed down to Lalitājī, and through gestures begged her to allow Him to take over her service. Lalitā, being pleased with Him, agreed, and that offender Kṛṣṇa, dressed as a *gopī*, started massaging Rādhā's feet in an attempt to appease Her. As soon as He touched Her, She understood that this '*gopī*' was actually Her sweetheart Śyāma, but, acting as if She did not know, said to Him, "*He sakhī*, you must be brokenhearted in separation from Kṛṣṇa and feeling weak. So massage My feet slowly." Then, with eyes closed, She blissfully pulled Him to Her breast.**

—Author unknown

**Verse 246**

*vastutas tu guru-bhūtayā tayā  
vyañjite kapaṭa-māna-kuḍmale  
peśala-priya-sakhī-dṛśā harir  
bodhitas taṭa-latā-grham yayau*

[Kṛṣṇa came to see Rādhā one day.]

**Genuinely fearing that Her respectable elders who were nearby might catch Them together, Rādhā feigned a mild**

anger. He did not understand that She was just pretending, so Her clever *sakhī* shot Hari a telling glance to inform Him that She was not really sulky and that He should quickly go to the vine-covered *kuñja* on the bank of the Yamunā, where Rādhā would soon join Him.

—Author unknown

### Verse 247

*mādhavo madhura-mādhavī-latā-  
maṇḍape patur aṭan madhuwrate  
sañjagau śravaṇa-cāru gopikā-  
māna-mīna-baḍīśena veṇunā*

Wanting to pacify the *gopīs’ māna*, the very clever Mādhava went to an enchanting *mādhavī-latā kuñja* where swarms of bees were madly humming. He began to play a melodious song on His flute which hooked the fish of the *gopīs’ māna* [the song being the bait and the flute being the fishing rod].

—Author unknown



In the same vein, Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī writes in *Ujjvala-nīlamañi* (10.67):

*atha gītam—  
mānānalām me śamayan samiddham  
gānāmṛtaṁ varṣati kṛṣṇa-meghaḥ  
mā krudhya vātyāsi sakhī prasīda  
dīre nayāmuṁ nija-vibhramaṇa*

[*Kalahāntarītā* Rādhā, after quarreling with Kṛṣṇa and sending Him away, says to Her *sakhī*.]

“O Lalitā, a black cloud has come. My sulky mood is like a forest fire, and Kṛṣṇa is like a black cloud. If torrential rains will come, then the forest fire will be extinguished. Lalitā, that rascal cheater never came. The whole night I was waiting in the *kuñja* for Him, and He came very early in the morning, decorated with

the signs of other *gopīs*. But that cheater is trying to pull another trick. Although My *māna* is like a wild forest fire, He is showering the rain of His flute song, trying to extinguish the forest fire of My *māna*. So, Lalitā, you become like a fierce wind and drive this black cloud away. With choice, stormy words, chastise Him, ‘You cheater, You debauchee! Go away from here.’”



**Puṣpa-cchalena śrī-kṛṣṇam anveṣayantīm  
śrī-rādhā prati kasyāścīd uktih**

Words of a Certain Gopī to Śrī Rādhā, Who Was Searching  
for Śrī Kṛṣṇa on the Pretext of Picking Flowers

**Verse 248**

*panthāḥ kṣemamayo 'stu te parihara pratyūha-sambhāvanām  
etan mātram adhāri sundarī mayā netra-praṇālī-pathe  
nīre nīla-sarojam ujjvala-guṇam tīre tamālāṅkuraḥ  
kuñje ko 'pi kalinda-śaila-duhituḥ puṁs-kokilāḥ khelati*

**He Sundarī, may Your path be auspicious. No need to fear encountering any obstacles along the way; I can see that the path is clear. It leads to the Yamunā where Kṛṣṇa – who is like a splendid blue lotus growing in her waters, and who is dark like a fresh *tamāla* tree on her shore – that male cuckoo, singing in the fifth note, is enjoying Himself in a *kuñja* on her bank. If You want to join His play, go quickly.**

–Śrī Sarvavidyā-vinoda



**Tatra yamunā-tīre gatayā  
śrī-rādhāyā saha hareḥ śaṅkathā**  
Conversation between Śrī Rādhā and Hari  
on the Yamunā's Bank

## Verse 249

*kā tvam mādghava-dūtikā vadasi kim mānam jahīhi priye  
dhūrtaḥ so 'nyamanā manāg api sakhī tvayy ādaram nojjhati  
ity anyonya-kathā-rasaiḥ pramuḍitam rādhām sakhī-veśavān  
nūtā kuñja-gṛham prakāśita-tanuiḥ smero hariḥ pātu vaḥ*

[One day Kṛṣṇa saw Rādhā roaming about on the bank of the Yamunā. He concluded, “My dearest must be looking for Me. I will test Her to see if Her *māna* has subsided or not.” Disguising Himself as a *sakhī*, He approached Rādhā, who asked:]

**“Oh, who are You?”**

**“I am the messenger sent by Mādghava.”**

**“What is His message?”**

**“He says: ‘O beloved, please don’t be angry with Me.’”**

**“That rascal has given His heart to another girl!”**

**“O friend, He never stopped worshipping You for a moment.”**

**Rādhā was delighted with the nectar of this conversation. Then Kṛṣṇa brought this happy Rādhā to the *nikuñja*, where, removing His disguise He revealed His real identity. May this laughing and joking Hari protect you.**

–Śrī Vasava

## Verse 250

*vasantaḥ sannaddho vipinam ajanam tvam ca taruṇī  
sphurat-kāmāveśe vayasī vāyam apy āhita-padāḥ  
vraja tvam vā rādhe kṣaṇam atha vilambasva yadi vā  
sphuṭam jātas tāvac catura-vacanām avasaraḥ*

**Now it is springtime, and this forest is very remote. You are a blossoming maiden, and I am of the age when Cupid has become an active force. *He* Rādhe, better You go home right now! If You stay any longer in this secluded *nikuñja* with Me, then You will be giving Your rival friends the opportunity to gossip about You.**

–Author unknown

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**Tatra śrī-rādhā-vakyaṁ**  
Śrī Rādhā's Reply

**Verse 251**

*svāmī mugdhataro vanam ghanam idam bālāham ekākini  
kṣauṇim āvṛṇute tamāla-malina-cchāyā-tamaḥ-santatiḥ  
tan me sundara kṛṣṇa muñca sahasā vartmeti rādhā-giraḥ  
śrutvā tām parirabhya manmatha-kalāsakto hariḥ pātu vaḥ*

[Seeing Kṛṣṇa's indifference, Rādhā started walking home. Her beloved immediately blocked Her path, to which She replied:]

**“He Śyāmasundara, step aside right now. My so-called husband is very ingenuous. This forest is dense. I am a young girl all alone. Furthermore, night is falling, covering the world with the darkness of a *tamāla* tree. O beautiful dark boy, let Me pass.”** Hearing Rādhā speak like this, Śrī Hari took Her in His arms and enjoyed the amorous arts with Her. May this Hari protect you all.

—Author unknown

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**Svādhīna-bhartṛkā**  
The Gopī Who Controls Her Lover

**Verse 252**

*makarī-viracana-bhangyā  
rādhā-kuca-kalasa-mardana-vyasanī  
rjum apī rekhām lumpan  
ballava-veśo harir jayati*

**Rādhā has ordered Kṛṣṇa to decorate Her breasts with *makarī*, Cupid's dolphin-like carrier. When He observes the beauty of Her ample breasts, His heart shakes and His hand trembles, so much that He can hardly draw a straight line and has to start over again. Even when the lines are properly**



done, He repeatedly rubs them off and purposefully delays just to enjoy the chance to press His sweetheart's breasts. All glories to that cowherd boy Hari who is drawing *makarī* on Śrī Rādhā's breasts.

—Author unknown



### Krīdānantaram śrī-kṛṣṇasya svapnāyitam

After Enjoying Amorous Play, Śrī Kṛṣṇa Takes a Nap and Speaks in His Sleep

#### Verse 253

*ete lakṣmaṇa jānakī-virahiṇām mām khedyayanty ambudā  
marmāñiva ca ghaṭṭayanty alaṁ amī krīraḥ kadambānilaḥ  
ittham vyāhṛta-pūrva-janma-viraho yo rādhāyā vikṣitaḥ  
serṣyam śaṅkitayā sa vaḥ sukhayatu svapnāyamāno hariḥ*

[Śrī Kṛṣṇa, sleeping with Śrīmatī Rādhikā, started speaking in His dream:]

**“O Lakṣmana, look at these black clouds. They are causing Me to feel the anguish of being apart from Jānakī. And these fragrant breezes blowing over the *kadamba* flowers are cruelly piercing My heart.” Hearing these words Rādhikā wondered, “Who is this Jānakī? He must be attached to another *gopī* and has forsaken Me.” Her heart contracted with jealousy, Rādhā looked at Him with angry eyes. May that dreaming Hari bestow bliss upon all.**

—Śrī Śubhāṅka



Rāma's pastimes are full of opulence, so *līlā-śakti* (Kṛṣṇa's pastime potency) manifested this dream pastime to test Śrīmatī Rādhikā – to see if Her *mādhurya-bhāva* will be impaired with the manifestation of *aiśvarya*. But in front of Śrī Rādhā, the embodiment of unlimited sweetness, *līlā-śakti*'s influence disappears, just as a *sūrya-kānta maṇi* is swallowed up in the ocean.

......

**Vaiṁsī-cauryam**  
Theft of the Flute


**Verse 254**

*nīcair nyāsād atha caraṇayor nūpure mūkayanti  
dhṛtvā dhṛtvā kanaka-valayāny utkṣipanti bhujante  
mudrām akṣṇoś cakīta-cakītaṁ śaśvad ālokayanti  
smitvā smitvā harati muralīm aṅkato mādhavasya*

[One day Rādhā told Kṛṣṇa, “You are the very treasure of My existence, but Your *muralī* has robbed us of all our virtues – our chastity, our religiosity and our observance of social etiquette. Indeed, this *muralī* has ruined our lives. If I ever get the chance I will grab that flute and throw it in the Yamunā and You will never see it again.” Always remembering Rādhārāṇī’s threat, Kṛṣṇa would hide the flute under His cloth when He would fall asleep in a *kuñja*. But one time Rādhā got Her chance.]

**She approached Mādhava stealthily like a cat, taking care that Her ankle-bells did not tinkle. She slid Her golden bangles up Her arms lest they jangle, and keeping Her eyes on His, in fear that He might wake up, She slyly stole the flute from His lap.**

–Śrī Daityāri Paṇḍita

......

**Tām muralīm prati śrī-rādhā-vākyam**  
Śrī Rādhā’s Words to the Flute

**Verse 255**

*acchidram astu hṛdayaṁ pariṣṭūrṇam astu  
maukharyam astu mitam astu gurutvam astu  
kṛṣṇa-priye sakhī diśāmi sad-āśiṣas te  
yad vāsare muralī me karuṇāṁ karoti*

[Holding the flute in Her hands, Rādhikā said:]

**“O flute, O dear friend of Kṛṣṇa, I offer you blessings – you should become flawless, without any holes so that the nectar from Kṛṣṇa’s lips will fill your heart; your songs should be sensational; you should become full of love so that you become more dear to Kṛṣṇa than anyone else; you should become highly respectable (not seen as just a light, hollow piece of bamboo) due to being adored by Kṛṣṇa. I will give you all these blessings only if you are kind enough to refrain from calling out My name any time, any place.”**

–Śrī Govinda Miśra

### Verse 256

*śūṇyavatvaṁ hṛdaye sa-lāghavam idaṁ śuṣkatvaṁ aṅgeṣu me  
maukharyam vraja-nātha-nāma-kathane dattam bhavatyā nijam  
tat kiṁ no muralī prayacchasi punar govinda-vaktrāsavam  
yam pītvā bhuvanāṁ vaśe vidadhati nirlajjam udgāyasi*

**O Muralī, enchanter of Madana-mohana! You have generously gifted Me with Your qualities: the hollowness of your heart; your lightness; your dryness; and the glibness of your tongue, always broadcasting the name of Vraja-nātha. O flute, you have happily given Me all these without My even asking, but you have one more thing to give – the nectar from Govinda’s lips. Why haven’t you given Me this? When you drink the nectar from His lips, you become intoxicated and without any shame you sing out loudly, thereby capturing the three worlds.**

–Śrī Govinda Miśra



As soon as I hear you singing, I feel separation from Kṛṣṇa – My heart becomes empty like yours; My limbs feel like light, dry sticks, just like you; and you initiate Me in singing My beloved’s names, just as you do. You are generous in distributing your own riches, but why are you such a miser with other people’s wealth? Every day you are drinking the nectar of Kṛṣṇa’s lips to your full satisfaction; why not share just a drop with us?



## Sāyaṁ harer vrajāgamanam

Hari Returns to Vraja in the Evening

### Verse 257

*mandra-kvāṇita-veṅṅur ahni śīthile vyāvartayan gokulam  
barhāpīḍakam uttamāṅga-racitaṁ go-dhūli-dhūmraṁ dadhat  
mlāyantya vana-mālayā parigataḥ śrānto 'pi ramyākṛtir  
gopa-strī-nayanotsavo vitaratu śreyāṁsi vaḥ keśavaḥ*

**At the end of the day, when Śrī Keśava calls the cows with the deep sound of His flute to bring them back to village, His peacock feather crown is covered with dust raised by the cows; His garland of wild flowers is withered; and His handsome body is tired. May this Keśava – who is a festival for the *gopīs*' eyes – grant auspiciousness to all.**

–Author unknown



## Tatra kasyāścid ukṭiḥ

A Certain Gopī's Entreaty

### Verse 258

*dr̥ṣṭya keśava go parāga-hṛtayā kiñcin na dr̥ṣṭaṁ mayā  
tenādyā skhalitāsmi nātha pātitaṁ kim nāma nālabase  
ekas tvam viśameṣu khinna-manasāṁ sarvābalānām gatir  
gopyaivaṁ gaditaḥ sa-leśam avatād goṣṭhe harir vaś ciram*

**“O Keśava, I ran to greet You when You were returning with the cows. I climbed up on a high platform to get a good view, but then I was blinded by the dust raised by the cows' hooves. I could not see anything and fell off the platform. *He* Nātha, O rescuer of the fallen, You are the only shelter for ladies suffering in the midst of calamities. You are the only shelter for us weak *gopīs* unable to combat Cupid's five flower arrows. I have fallen on Your path, so why not lift me up?”**

I pray that Śrī Hari – who steals away the sufferings of those surrendered to Him and to whom this *gopī* spoke these words – will protect you.

–Author unknown

Verse 259

*nābhideśa-viniveśita-veṇur  
dhenu-puccha-nihitaika-karābjah  
anya-pāni-parimaṇḍita-daṇḍah  
puṇḍarika-nayano vrajam āpa*

With the flute across His navel and tucked into the sash around His waist, one of His lotus hands holding the tail of a cow and the other hand decorated with a staff, Puṇḍarīka-nayana, the lotus-eyed Lord, returned to Vraja from the forest.

–Author unknown



**Tatraiva śrī-rādhikāyaḥ saubhāgyam**  
Śrī Rādhikā's Good Fortune

Verse 260

*bhrū-valli-valanaiḥ kayāpi nayanonmeṣaiḥ kayāpi smita-  
jyotsnā-vicchuritaiḥ kayāpi nibhṛtaṁ sambhāvitasyādhvani  
garvodbheda-kṛtāvahela-lalita-śrī-bhāji rādhānane  
sātaṅkānunayam jayanti patitāḥ kaṁsa-dviṣo dṛṣṭayaḥ*

As Kṛṣṇa was walking along, some *gopīs* raised their vine-like eyebrows, inviting Him for rendezvous; other *gopā-ramaṇīs* drank His ambrosial beauty with blooming eyes; some damsels beamed Him smiles bright as moonlight, and yet others were beckoning Him with discreet, suggestive gestures. All were endeavoring to catch His attention, but Kaṁsa-dviṣa only had eyes for Rādhā's proud, charming lotus face. Victory to Kaṁsa-dviṣa's apprehensive glances begging for Her favor.

–Śrī Umāpatidhara



All the *gopīs*' gestures are very pleasing to Kṛṣṇa. He reciprocates with their signals, smiling at them, thus making their hearts melt. Rādhā, watching Kṛṣṇa's and the *gopīs*' exchanges, knows that the *gopīs*' behavior increases the glories of Kṛṣṇa's *prema*. *Prema*'s movements are crooked. Even though Rādhā knows this, She still does *māna*. "The *gopīs* act like this to attract My beloved. In front of Me He's smiling at all the *gopīs*, but My *prāṇa-nātha* loves Me the best." She is proud of Him that He is loved by all the *gopīs* and at same time She exhibits *māna* and ignores Him. Displaying these two moods together, Kiśorī becomes more beautiful. So Kṛṣṇa becomes hesitant and starts begging Her, asking for pardon. May Kaṁsa-dviṣa's entreating glances be glorified.

#### Verse 261

*tiryak-kandharam aṁsa-deśa-milīta-śrotrāvataṁsaṁ sphurad-  
barhottambhīta-keśa-pāśam anṛju-bhrū-vallarī-vibhramam  
guñjad-veṇu-niveśitādhara-ṭuṭam sākīta-rādhānana-  
nyastāmīlīta-dṛṣṭī gokula-ṭater vaktrāmbujam ṭātu vaḥ*

**May Gokula-ṭatī's handsome lotus face protect you – His neck tilted to play the flute, earrings brushing against His shoulders, hair decorated with a flashy peacock feather, vine-like eyebrows moving playfully, the flute on His lips flowing with sweet melodies, and His expectant glances falling on Rādhā's face.**

–Śrī Lakṣmaṇa Sena

#### Verse 262

*aṁsāsakta-kapola-vaṁśa-vadana-vyāsakta-bimbādhara-  
dvandvodīrita-manda-manda-ṭavana-prārabdha-mugdha-dhvaniḥ  
īśad-vakrīma-lola-hāra-nīkaraḥ ṭratyeka-rokānana-  
nyañca-cañcad-udañcad-aṅguli-cayas tvam ṭātu rādhā-dhavaḥ*

**His left cheek touching His left shoulder to play the flute, He places the flute on His *bimba*-fruit lips and gently blows**

a captivating melody. He stands in His *tri-bhaṅga* pose, His necklaces swaying as His fingers restlessly move up and down the flute, covering its holes. May this Rādhā-dhava, the lover of Rādhā, protect you.

—Śrī Nāthoka



**Go-dohanam**  
Milking the Cows

**Verse 263**

*aṅguṣṭhāgrima-yantritāṅgulir asau pādārdha-niruddha-bhūr  
ārdri-kṛtya payodharāñcalam alam dvi-traiḥ payo-bindubhiḥ  
nyag-jānu-dvaya-madhya-yantrita-ghaṭi-vaktrāntarāla-skhalad-  
dhārādhvāna-manoharam sakhī payo gām dogdhi dāmodaraḥ*

[Viśākhā, pointing at Śrī Kṛṣṇa milking the cows after returning from the pastures in the evening, said to her friend Rādhā:]

**“O *sakhī*, just see how stunning Dāmodara looks while milking the cows. Squatting down with heels lifted and His weight resting on the balls of His feet, He first moistens the teats with two or three drops of milk and then massages them. To start the flow He squeezes the nipples with both thumbs and keeps His other fingers bent. The milk thus streaming into the pot held between His knees makes such a charming, rhythmic sound.”**

—Śrī Śaraṇa



**Śrī kṛṣṇaṁ prati candrāvalī-sakhī-vakyaṁ**  
Words of Candrāvalī's Friend to Śrī Kṛṣṇa

**Verse 264**

*śaṭhānyasyāḥ kāñcī-maṇi-raṇitam ākarṇya sahasā  
yadāśliṣṭann eva praśīthila-bhuja-granthir abhavaḥ*

*tad etat kvācakṣe ghr̥ta-madhu-mayā tvad-bahu-vaco  
viṣeṇāghūr̥nantī kim api na sakhī me gaṇayati*

O cheater, You had locked Candrāvalī in Your embrace, but as soon as You heard the tinkling of another maiden’s jeweled sash, Your arms loosened. Is this Your way of showing love? Is there anyone who will understand my *sakhī*’s distress? Your words drip with ghee and honey – “I love only You, no one else.” You know Yourself how sincere Your words are. My *sakhī* is so simple-hearted that she believed You, but for her Your words were poison. Now she is so dizzy that she cannot function. You have given Her very good venom.

–Author unknown

...  ...  
**Śrī Govardhana-dharaṇam**  
Lifting Govardhana Hill

Verse 265

*sa-trāsārti yaśodayā priya-guṇa-pritekṣaṇam rādhāyā  
nagnair ballava-sūnubhiḥ sa-rabhasam sambhāvītātmorjitaiḥ  
bhītānandita-vismitena viṣamam nandena cālokitaḥ  
pāyād vaḥ kara-padmahī su-sthita-mahā-śailaḥ sa-līlo hariḥ*

When Kṛṣṇa was holding up Govardhana, Yaśodā, due to her overflowing *vatsalya-rasa*, looked at her son with fear and distress in her heart – fear that the mountain would fall down from her Kanhaiyā’s small hand, and mental distress from wondering how her weak little boy could hold up such a huge mountain. Śrī Rādhā beheld Her beloved with eyes full of intense love, admiring His unlimited qualities. The naked little cowherd boys blissfully looked upon their friend, saying, “We can hold up Govardhana,” and showing off their strength, pushed their sticks against the underside of the mountain. Śrī Nandajī, the king of Vraja, looked on with a variety of emotions, including fear, pride and astonishment. “My 7-year-old son is holding up a 7-mile long mountain. I don’t know what will happen.” Therefore he felt fear, but at the same time, he was proud and happy: “O Vrajavāsī, look at how strong my son



is! He has held up this enormous mountain for seven days.” Indeed, he was wonderstruck: “Only Bhagavān can perform such a feat. I don’t know how my little *lālā* could do it.” May that Śrī Kṛṣṇa – who easily held up Girirāja with His left lotus hand [with His pinkie] and at the same time was absorbed in playing the flute – protect you all.

–Śrī Sohnoka

### Verse 266

*ekenaiva cirāya kṛṣṇa bhavatā govardhano 'yaṁ dhṛtaḥ  
śrānto 'si kṣaṇam āssva sāmpratam amī sarve vayaṁ dadhmahe  
ity ullāsita-doṣṇi goṣa-nivahe kiñcid-bhujākuñcana-  
nyañcac-chaila-bharārdite viruvati smero hariḥ pātu vaḥ*

When Śrī Kṛṣṇa was holding up Govardhana Hill, the cowherd boys said to Him, “O brother Kṛṣṇa, You have been holding this Govardhana for a very long time, so You must be tired. Why don’t You rest for awhile? We will hold it for You.” Then, all the boys lifted up their hands to take the load and Kṛṣṇa shifted a fraction of the weight to them. Feeling extreme pain from the weight, they shrieked, “O Hari, help, help! Save us. This is quite impossible.” Seeing their predicament, He smiled. May that Govardhana-dharī protect you all.

–Śrī Śaraṇa

### Verse 267

*khinno 'si muñca śailam  
bibhṛmo vayaṁ iti vadatsu śithila-bhujah  
bhara-bhugna-vitata-bahuṣu  
gopeṣu hasan harir jayati*

“*He* Kṛṣṇa, You look very tired. We are holding Govardhana, so You can let go now.” As soon as the *gopas* said this, Kṛṣṇa lowered His arm just slightly. Immediately being crushed by the weight, the *gopas*’ raised arms started to collapse. Hari smiled to see their plight. Triumph unto that Hari, laughing at His *sakhās*.

–Śrī Subandhu

## Verse 268

*dūram dṛṣṭi-pathāt tirobhava harer govardhanam bibhratas  
tway asakta-dṛśaḥ kṛṣṇodari kara-srasto 'sya mā bhūid ayam  
gopīnam iti jalpitam kalayato rādhā-nirodhāśrayam  
śvāsāḥ śaila-bhara-śrama-bhramakarāḥ kaṁsa-dviṣaḥ pāntu vah*

**“He Kṛṣṇodari, O slender Rādhā, remove Yourself from Hari’s sight. He is so absorbed in gazing at You that Govardhana may fall from His hand.” Hearing the gopī’s words – that Rādhā would move out of His sight – Kṛṣṇa heaved as He suddenly had to struggle to keep Govardhana aloft. May His deep sighs protect you all.**

–Śrī Śubhāṅka



If a powerful person loses his strength, then doing a little hard work he will be breathless. Similarly, Kṛṣṇa started breathing heavily just at the idea of Rādhā, His *hlādhini-śakti*, leaving His sight.



## **Nauka-līlā** Boating Pastimes

## Verse 269

*kuru pāram yamunāyā muhur iti goṣībhir utkarāhūtaḥ  
tari-taṭa-kaṇṭha-śayātur dvi-guṇālasyo harir jayati*

[Kṛṣṇa wanted to enjoy Himself in the Yamunā, so with the help of His Yogamāyā potency He created a boat and began to sport in the water. Hearing about this from one of Her *sakhis*, Rādhā desired to join Her beloved. Thus She came with Her friends to the bank of the Yamunā. The *sakhis* called out to Śrī Kṛṣṇa, who was lazily lying in the boat taking a nap.]

**“O boatman! Take us across the river. Take us to the other side.” Beckoning to Him again and again with raised arms, they**

were unable to rouse Him. May this Hari – pretending to be fast asleep – be victorious!

–Śrī Sañjaya Kaviśekhara

### Verse 270

*uttīṣṭharāt tarau me taruṇi mama taroḥ śaktir ārohane kā  
sāksād ākhyāmi mugdhe taruṇim iha raver ākhyayā kā ratir me  
vāteyaṁ nau-prasaṅge katham api bhavitā nāvayoḥ saṅgamārthā  
vārtāpīti smitāsyāṁ jita-giram ajitam rādhāyārādhāyāmi*

[The *gopīs*' shouting could not stir Kṛṣṇa, but as soon as Rādhā called Him, He brought the boat to the shore. He said to His sweetheart:]

**“He Taruṇi, O beautiful young girl, quickly board My tarī (boat).”  
Rādhā replied (taking tarī as taru, or tree): “I have no strength to climb a tree.”**

**Kṛṣṇa: “He Mugdhe, O foolish girl, I mean taruṇi (boat).”**

**Rādhā (taking taruṇi as ‘sun’): “The sun? I do not even want to climb a tree, and You are talking about going to the sun?”**

**Kṛṣṇa: “I am not talking about the sun. I am talking about nau, the boat.”**

**Rādhā (taking nau to mean ‘Us’): “Don’t even think about the two of Us getting together.”**

**I worship the unconquerable Ajita Kṛṣṇa, who smiled gently as Śrī Rādhā soundly defeated Him in this delightful verbal duel, leaving Him speechless.**

–Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmi

### Verse 271

*muktā taraṅga-nivahena paṭaṅga-putrī  
navyā ca naur iti vacas tava tathyam eva  
śaṅka-nidānam idam eva mamāti-mātram  
tvam cañcalo yad iha mādharma nāviko ‘si*

**What You say is correct – the Yamunā is calm right now and the boat is brand new. But still I have one fear, Mādhava.**

**You are a reckless and unpredictable boatman, so better I don't board Your boat.**

—Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī

**Verse 272**

*jīrṇā tarī sarid atīva-gabhīra-nīrā  
bālā vayanī sakalam ittham anartha-hetuḥ  
nistāra-bijam idam eva kṛṣṇodarīṇām  
yam mādharma twam asi samprati karṇadhāraḥ*

**The boat is old and dilapidated, the river is so deep, and we are helpless young girls. The combination of all these spells disaster. But Mādhava, we slender-waisted maidens have no other prospect. At this time You are the only boatman to ferry us across the Yamunā. [We hope against hope that somehow we will survive this boat ride.]**

—Śrī Jagadānanda Rāya

**Verse 273**

*ambhasi tarani-sutāyāḥ stambhīta-taraṇiḥ sa devakī-sutaḥ  
ātura-virahīta-gopyāḥ kātara-mukham iḅsate smerāḥ*

[All the *gopīs* sat down in the boat, and the boat started moving.]

**When they reached the middle of the Yamunā, Kṛṣṇa-candra stopped the boat and demanded they pay the fare immediately. Watching the *gopīs'* faces fill with anxiety as they had no money, Śrī Hari smiled.**

—Śrī Sūryadāsa

**Verse 274**

*vācā tavaiva yadumandana gavya-bhāro  
hāro 'pi vāriṇi mayā sahasā vikīrṇaḥ  
dūrī-kṛtam ca kuçayor anayor dukūlam  
kūlam kalinda-duhitur na tathāpy adūram*

[Seeing that Rādhā was scared, Kṛṣṇa, acting as if also fearful, said, “O Rādhā, actually I am willing to take You free of charge. But You are carrying so much baggage – milk, yogurt, Your clothes and ornaments – You are making the boat sink. So if You want to reach the other side quickly, throw all Your belongings into the Yamunā.” The *gopīs* complied with His order, and Rādhā said:]

**“He Yadunandana, O crest-jewel of the Yadu dynasty, as You ordered, we have thrown all excess weight overboard – our milk products, our necklaces, even our shawls covering our breasts. Even so, we are not any closer to the Yamunā’s shore.”**

–Author unknown

### Verse 275

*ṣayaḥ-ṣūraiḥ ṣūrnā śapadi gata-ghūrṇā ca śavanair  
gabhire kālindī-śayasi tarir eṣā śraviśati  
aho me durdaivam śarama-kutukākṛānta-hṛdayo  
harir vāram vāram tad aṣi kara tālim racayati*

[Seeing the water coming in the boat Rādhā said:]

**“O friends, the boat is filling with water, and due to the high winds that have come up, the boat is spinning around and is sinking in Yamunā’s deep waters. Alas, alas, today is such an unfortunate day. And on top of all this, this reckless Hari is happily clapping His hands again and again in excitement.”**

–Śrī Manohara

### Verse 276

*śānīya-śecana-vidhau mama naiva śānī  
viśramyatas tad aṣi te śarihāna-vānī  
jīvāmi cet śunar aham na tadā kadāṣi  
kṛṣṇa tvadīya-taraṇau caraṇau dadāmi*

[Then Śrījī and Her friends started scooping the water out with their hands, and Rādhā said:]

“We are exhausted from removing the water from the boat with our hands. And all You are doing is joking. *He Kṛṣṇa*, I tell You, if I reach home alive, I vow that I will never, even by mistake, set foot in Your boat again.”

–Śrī Manohara

Verse 277

*idam uddiśya vāyaśyaḥ| sva-samihita-daiivatam namata  
yamunaiva jānu-daghnū bhavatu na vā nāviko 'stvaparaha*

O My *sakhīs*, what a predicament we are in! All of you bow down and start praying fast to your God that Yamunā’s water becomes shallow, only knee-deep; or that your Lord should send another boatman.

–Śrī Mukunda Bhaṭṭācārya

Verse 278

*tarir uttaralā sarid gabhīrā  
taralo nanda-sutaś ca karṇadhāraḥ  
abalāham upaiti bhānur astam  
sakhī dūre nagarīha kim karomi*

*He sakhī*, the boat is violently tossing in the wind; Yamunā’s water is very deep; the captain, the son of Nanda Mahārāja, is unpredictable; we are helpless maidens; the sun is setting in the west and we are still far away from our village. So tell Me, in this situation what can we do?

–Author unknown

Verse 279

*nāpekṣate stuti-katham na śṛṇoti kākum  
śaśvat-kr̥tam na manute praṇipāta-jātam  
hā kim vidheyam adhunā sakhī nanda-sūmur  
madhye taranginī tarim taralo dhumoti*

Alas, *sakhī*! This reckless Nanda-lāla has brought us mid-stream and is now vehemently rocking the boat. He turns a

deaf ear to My praising Him, He takes no notice of My begging, nor does He heed My repeatedly falling at His feet. O friend, what should I do?

—Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī

**Verse 280**

*eṣottuṅga-taraṅga-laṅghita-taṭosaṅgā pataṅgātmaṅgā  
pūrṇeyam tarir ambubhir na hi hareḥ śaṅkā kalāṅkāḍ api  
kāṭhīnyam bhaja nāḍya sundari vayanī rādhe prasādena te  
jivāmaḥ sphuṭam ātari-kuru giri-droṇī-vinodotsavam*

[Rādhikā speaking to Her *sakhīs*.]

**“The Yamunā is high with turbulent waves that are flowing over her banks, and this dilapidated old boat is filling up with water fast. Even so, Kṛṣṇa does not fear any blemish to our reputation if we do not reach home by nightfall; nor is He afraid of being defamed if anyone sees Him alone in a boat with so many young maidens.”**

**“O beautiful Rādhā, don’t be so hard-hearted. Soften up and be gracious. After all, I am alive only due to Your mercy. For Your boat fare I will accept an easy payment – simply agree to enjoy a festival of amour with Me in a cave at Govardhana.”**

—Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī



[Alternatively, Lalitā and Viśākhā are imploring Rādhikā:]

“The boat is about to sink, and Kṛṣṇa will get the blame for killing innocent women. This is the worst crime a man can commit, but Kṛṣṇa is so restless and intoxicated in *prema* that He is not afraid of being condemned. *Sakhī*, we are alive only due to Your mercy. So let us save our lives – agree to meet with Hari at Govardhana for another festival of love with Him.”

The waves of Śrī Yuga’s amour are so high that They are completely submerged in *prema*. Tossed about in the waves of Rādhā’s love, Kṛṣṇa has lost all sense of shame, so much so that He has become overly reckless and is unconcerned about

the Yamunā’s turbulence. “O My precious darling, I am keeping My life only to please You. Come with Me to Govardhana for a festival of amour.”

### Verse 281

*kākuṁ karoṣi gr̥ha-koṇa-kariṣa-puñja-  
gūḍhāṅga kiṁ nanu vr̥thā kitava prayāhi  
kutrādya jir̥ṇa-taraṇi-bhramaṇāti-bhūta-  
gopāṅganā-gaṇa-vidambana-cāturī te*

[Kṛṣṇa was hiding in a corner of Jaṭīla’s courtyard behind a house of cow-dung patties. One *gopī* spotted Him and boldly confronted Him:]

**“O beautiful, effulgent personality, hiding behind a heap of cow-dung patties! O best of cheaters, why are You begging to be forgiven? Don’t waste Your time. Go home. Just look at You now, pretending to be so humble. Where is the cleverness You showed when You tricked us *gopīs* and frightened us in Your broken old boat?”**

—Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī



Once Śrī Kṛṣṇa entered into Śyāmalā’s lonely *kuñja* with great anxiety, and showed signs of humility. At that time, Padmā raised her forefinger and started scolding Him, reminding Him of how he had frightened all the *gopīs* in His boat during *naukā-vilāsa*:

“Hey Cunning! Why are You trying to hide within this mound of dry cow dung patties in the corner? Leave this place right now. You caused us great hardship when you took all of us *gopīs* for a ride in a small worn-out boat. We were already scared, and when You began vehemently rocking the boat, our fear knew no bounds. What happened to all that cleverness now?”

(From Śrī Śrīmad Bhaktivedānta Nārāyaṇa Mahārāja’s  
*Ujjvala-nīlamanī*)





**Rādhāyā saha harer vāko-vākyam**  
Conversations between Rādhā and Hari

**Verse 282**

*aṅgulyā kaḥ kavāṭam praharati kuṭile mādhaveḥ kiṁ vasanto  
no cakrī kiṁ kulālo na hi dharaṇī-dharaḥ kiṁ dvī-jihvaḥ phaṇḍraḥ  
nāhaṁ ghorā-mardī kim aśī khaga-patir no hariḥ kiṁ kapiśo  
rādhā-vāṅbhir ittham prahasita-vadanaḥ pātu vaś cakra-pāṇiḥ*

**“Who taps on My door with His finger?”**

**“O crooked girl, it’s Me, Mādhava.”**

**“Oh, You are springtime?”**

**“No, no, I am Cakra-dhārī, the holder of the Sudarśana disc.”**

**“Then You must be a potter. Only potters have wheels for making their pots.”**

**“O mad girl, I am Dharaṇī-dhara, the holder of the Earth.”**

**“So You are Ananta Śeṣa, that big snake who holds up the Earth?”**

**“No, I am not a snake. I am He who destroys the pride of dangerous snakes like Kāliya.”**

**“Then You must be Garuḍa, who kills the snakes.”**

**“I am Your enchanting Hari.”**

**“Oh, I understand. You are Hari? That means You must be Hanumān, the king of the monkeys. I am very scared of monkeys. If you are a monkey, then return to the forest. We don’t need monkeys in the house.”**

**May Cakra-pāṇi Śrī Kṛṣṇa – who smiled at Śrī Rādhā’s sweet, clever words – protect you all.**

–Author unknown

**Verse 283**

*kas tvam bho niśi keśavaḥ śirasijaḥ kiṁ nāma garvāyase  
bhadre śaurir ahaṁ guṇaḥ piṭr-gataḥ putrasya kiṁ syād iha  
cakrī candramukhi prayacchasi nu me kuṇḍīm ghaṭīm dohanīm  
ittham goṇa-vadhū-jitottaratayā hrīṇo hariḥ pātu vaḥ*

“Who is coming in the middle of the night?”

“I am Keśava.”

“Oh, You are Keśava? You have beautiful hair on Your head? Why are You so proud of Your hair? Oh, You think that You are the only one with long, beautiful hair?”

“O gracious girl, I am Śauri, born in the dynasty of the great king Śūrasena.”

“What is the benefit for a son coming in a virtuous dynasty if He is immoral?”

“He Candra-mukhī, O moon-faced maiden, My name is Cakrī.”

“If You are the potter who spins a wheel, then You must have come to deliver your cups, pitchers and milk-buckets.”

May that Hari who was embarrassed by the young bride’s clever retorts, protect you all.

–Śrī Cakrapāṇi

#### Verse 284

*vāsaḥ samprati keśava kva bhavato mugdhekṣaṇe nanu idaṁ  
vāsaṁ brūhi śaṭha prakāma-subhage tvad-gātra-samsargataḥ  
yāminyām uṣitaḥ kva dhūrta vitanur muṣṇāti kiṁ yāminī  
śaurir gopa-vadhūm chalaṭiḥ parihasann evam-vidhaiḥ pātu vaḥ*

“He Keśava, where are You living (*vāsa*) these days?”

“He Mugdhe, O innocent girl, this is My cloth (*vāsa*). Can’t You see it?”

“O cheater, I am asking You where is Your place of residence (*vāsa*).”

“O blessed girl, this fragrance (*vāsa*) has come from embracing Your body.”

“O rogue, if You have gotten this fragrance from My body, then where were You this night? You certainly were not with Me, so how did You get this fragrance?” [The exact Sanskrit word used is *yāminyāmuṣitaḥ*. *Yāminyām* means ‘at night’, and *uṣitaḥ* means ‘pass.’ Kṛṣṇa, however, divided it into two separate words, *yāminyā* and *muṣitaḥ*, meaning ‘kidnapped by the night.’]

“O simple-hearted Rādhā, the night has no limbs and no body, so how could it have kidnapped Me?”

May this Kṛṣṇa who delighted *gopa-vadhū* Rādhā, the wife of another *gopa*, with His joking and cheating words protect you all.

–Author unknown

### Verse 285

*rādhe tvam kupitā tvam eva ku-ṅpitā sraṣṭāsi bhūmer yato  
mātā tvam jagatām tvam eva jagatām mātā na vijñō 'paraḥ  
devi tvam pariḥāsa-keli-kalahe 'nanta tvam evety asau  
smero ballava-sundarīm avanama chauriḥ śrīyam vaḥ kriyāt*

“*He Rādhē, why are You angry (kupitā) with Me? Because of My smart joking?*”

[Taking *ku* as ‘Earth’ and *pitā* as ‘father’ Rādhā replied:]

“How can I be the father of the Earth? It is You who are the father – You are the creator of the world.”

“And You are the mother (*mātā*) of the all the worlds.”

“I am not the mother of the whole world, You are the mother. You are the one making the dimensions. You have measured (*mātā*) the whole world – You are *mātā*. You are the supreme omniscient. No one is intelligent like You.”

“*He Devi, there is no end (ananta) to Your joking.*”

“No, not Me. You are *ananta* [*a* means ‘without,’ *nan* means ‘bowing down’ and *ta* means ‘the state of being’]. As no one is more powerful than You, You do not bow down to anyone.”

Hearing Her words Kṛṣṇa smiled and bowed down before the beautiful *gopī* Rādhā. May that Kṛṣṇa bring auspiciousness to you all.

–Śrī Harihara



### Rāsa

The Rāsa dance

### Verse 286

*vṛndāraṇye pramada-sadane mallikā-ṅuṣṭa-mode  
śrī-śubhrāmśoḥ kiraṇa-rucire kokilādyair manoḅṅe*

*rātrau citre paśuṣa-vanitā-citta-dehāpahārī  
kaṁsārāter madhura-muralī-vādya-rājo rarāja*

**It was an astonishingly enchanting autumn night. The fragrance of jasmine saturating the air, the captivating rays from the full moon, the cuckoos singing, the butterflies flitting about, the bees humming – all added to the beauty of the Vṛndāvana forest. In this setting Kaṁsari Śrī Kṛṣṇa played a nectarean melody on His flute, that king of instruments, and captured the hearts and bodies of the *gopīs*.**

–Author unknown

**Verse 287**

*adharāmṛta-mādhurī-dhurīṇo  
hari-līlā-muralī-nināda eṣaḥ  
pratātāna manaḥ-ṣramodam uccair  
hariṇīmāṁ hariṇī-dṛṣāṁ muninām*

**The flute which is filled with the sweet nectar of Kṛṣṇa’s lips and which helps in His pastimes – that flute makes a very captivating sound that instilled an intense bliss in the hearts of the deer, the doe-eyed *gopīs* and the sages in the forest.**

–Śrī Mādhavendra Purī

**Verse 288**

*līlā-mukharita-muralī-  
taralī-kṛta-gopa-bhāvini-nivahaḥ  
tad-adhara-madhuni sa-tṛṣṇaḥ  
kṛṣṇaḥ pāyād apāyato bhavataḥ*

**Making all the *gopīs*’ hearts restless with His sweet flute melody, ever thirsty to drink the nectar of the *gopīs*’ lips – may that Śrī Kṛṣṇa protect you from all obstacles and dangers.**

–Śrī Mādhava Cakravartī

Verse 289

*kāraya nāmba vilambam  
muñca karam me harim yāsi  
na sahe sthātum yad asau  
garjatī muralī pragalbha-dūtīva*

**He sakhī, you are taking too long to dress Me. Let go of My hand. Just half decorated, I will run to Hari. I cannot wait another second. His flute, that brazen messenger, is loudly summoning Me.**

–Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī

Verse 290

*cūḍā-cumbita-cāru-candraka-cayam cāmīkarābhāmbaram  
karṇottaṁsita-karṇikāra-kusumam kandarpa-kallolinam  
vaṁśī-vādana-vāvadūka-vadanam vakrī-bhavad-īkṣaṇam  
bhāgyam bhaṅgura-madhyamaḥ pariṇatam kuñjāntare bhejire*

**His head crowned with stunning peacock feathers, His garments shining like unalloyed gold, His ears decorated with yellow *karṇikāra* flowers, His form the very embodiment of Cupid tossed by waves of amorous desire, His attractive lotus lips expertly playing the flute, His eyes shooting sidelong glances – such was the beauty of that flute player. When the most beautiful, slender-waisted *gopīs* heard Rāsa-bihārī's flute song, they dropped everything and joined Him in the *kuñjas* of Vṛndāvana.**

–Śrī Jīvadāsa Vāhinīpati

..  ..  
**Śrī-kṛṣṇa-vākyaṁ**  
Śrī Kṛṣṇa's Words

Verse 291

*duṣṭaḥ ko 'pi karoti vaḥ paribhavam saṅke muhur gokule  
dhāvantyāḥ skhalad-ambaram niśi vane yūyam yad abhyāgatāḥ*

*āḥ kā bhītir amanda-dānava-vadhū-sindūra-mudrā-hare  
dor-daṇḍe mama bhāti divyata pati-kroḍe kuraṅgī-dṛśaḥ*

**O doe-eyed *gopīs*, the way you have come running to Me in this deep, dark night, stumbling along the forest path and your clothes disheveled, makes Me think that some deadly demon has been attacking you in Gokula. What is there to fear in the presence of My arms, which swiftly turn the wives of ferocious demons into widows? So go back to your husbands and happily enjoy in their arms. I will make quick work of this demon.**

—Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī

**Verse 292**

*dhūtottāpe vahati gahane dharma-ṭṭīre vrajāntaḥ  
kā vas tṛṣṇā balati hrdaye durmadeyam satinām  
śimantinyāḥ sprhayata grhān mā viruddham kurudhvam  
nāyam dṛṣṭau mama vighaṭate hanta puṇyasya panthāḥ*

**O virtuous women, what kind of thirst can be troubling your hearts here in this fully auspicious forest of Vraja, where there is no touch of the three kinds of miseries? It is not proper for a chaste wife to present herself to another man. O ladies, return to your homes. Indeed, I can never allow any transgression of *dharma* in My presence.**

—Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī



Alternatively: What is the overwhelming thirst that troubles your hearts in this pleasant, sacred forest of Vraja? O pious girls, please do not return to your homes. Stay here. Within My sight the path of religion is never broken.



**Vraja-devīnām uttaram**

The Reply of the Goddesses of Vraja

Verse 293

*katham vīthim asmān upadiśasi dharmā-praṇayinīm  
prasīda svāmī śiṣyām ati-khala-mukhīm śādhi muralīm  
harantī maryādām śiva śiva pare puṁsi hṛdayam  
nayantī dhṛṣṭeyam yaduvāra yathā nāhvayatī naḥ*

**He Kṛṣṇa, You have such a crooked nature. How can You be instructing us chaste women about religious behavior? Kindly tell this to Your disciple, that foul-mouthed flute. Alas, alas! This impudent muralī has robbed us of our decency and is attracting our hearts to a paramour. O best of the Yadus, kindly teach her not to summon us.**

–Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī

Verse 294

*gopījanāliṅgita-madhya-bhāgam  
veṇum dhamantam bhṛṣa-lola-netram  
kalevare prasphuṭa-roma-vṛndām  
namāmi kṛṣṇam jagad-eka-kandam*

**I prostrate to Śrī Kṛṣṇa – His waist embraced by the gopīs, His eyes restless, His body blossoming with horripilation as He plays the flute – the only object of adoration for the entire world.**

–Śrī Puruṣottamadeva

Verse 295

*kāḷindiyāḥ pulineṣu keli-kupitam utsrjya rāse rasam  
gacchantīm anugacchato 'śru-kaluṣam kaṁsa-dviṣo rādhikām  
tat-pāda-pratimā niveśita-padaśyodbhūta-romodgatair  
akṣuṇṇo 'nunayaḥ prasanna-dayitā-dṛṣṭasya puṣṇātu vaḥ*

**During the rāsa-līlā Rādhikā saw that Kṛṣṇa was giving the same attention to the other gopīs as Herself. Crying, She left the nectarean rāsa dance in a fit of anger and fled to the sandy bank of the Yamunā. Kaṁsa-dviṣa chased after Her,**

and as He purposefully stepped on Her footprints, His hairs rose up in rapture. Rādhikā turned around and shot Him a merciful glance, being pleased that Her beloved had left all the millions of *gopīs* for Her. May Her gracious glance and His complete dedication to Her protect and nourish your *bhakti*.

—Śrī Bhaṭṭa Nārāyaṇa



### Śrī kṛṣṇāntardhāne tāsām praśnaḥ

The Gopīs' Questions When Śrī Kṛṣṇa Disappeared

#### Verse 296

*tulasi vilasasi tvam malli jātāsi phullā  
sthala-kamalini bhṛṅgaiḥ saṅgatāṅgī vibhāsi  
kathayata bata sakhyāḥ kṣīpram asmāsu kasmin  
vasati kapaṭa-kandaḥ kandare nanda-sūmuh*

**He Tulasi, you look very ecstatic. So we think that the son of Nanda must have brushed against you. He malli, O jasmine vine, how is it that you are positively blossoming with bliss? You must have seen Nanda-suno. He sthala-kamalini, O land-lotus, you are looking very beautiful surrounded by bumblebees who are always following Kṛṣṇa. O flower friends, we are very distressed in separation from Kṛṣṇa, so tell us at once in which cave at Govardhana that original rogue Nanda-nandana is hiding.**

— Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī

#### Verse 297

*dr̥ṣṭaḥ kvāpi sa mādhave vraja-vadhūm ādaya kāñcid gataḥ  
sarvā eva hi vañcitāḥ sakhī vyaṁ so 'nveṣaṇīyo yadi  
dve dve gacchatam ity udīrya sahasā rādhām grhītvā kare  
gopi-veṣa-dharaḥ nikuñja-kuharam prāpto hariḥ pātu vaḥ*

**At that time Kṛṣṇa dressed up as a *gopī* and, coming in the midst of the cowherd maidens, said to them: “O My friends, did you see our beloved Mādhava anywhere? He must have**



gone off with some *vraja-gopī* who is especially dear. All of us have been cheated by Him. I know a good strategy to find Him. Let us divide into pairs and search throughout the forest.” Saying this, He immediately grabbed Rādhā’s hand and went off with Her to a secluded *nikuñja*, dark as a cave. May that disguised Hari protect you all.

–Author unknown



**Śrī rādhā-sakhī-vākyaṃ**  
The Words of Śrī Rādhā’s Friend

**Verse 298**

*adoṣād doṣād vā tyajati vipine tām yadī bhavān  
abhadraṃ bhadraṃ vā vraja-kula-pate tvam vadatu kaḥ  
idaṃ tu krīraṃ me smarati hṛdayaṃ yat kila tayā  
tvad-arthaṃ kāntāre kula-tilaka nātmāpi gaṇitāḥ*

[During the *rāsa-līlā* Keśava disappeared in order to remove the pride of the *gopīs*, who had become intoxicated over their good fortune, and to show special favor to the angry Rādhā, who objected to Kṛṣṇa enjoying equally with all. When Śrī Rādhā feigned pride with the intention to teach the other *gopīs*, Kṛṣṇa deserted Her also. Searching for Him all the other *gopīs* came upon Rādhā, who had fallen unconscious from the pain of separation. They brought Her to the bank of the Yamunā, and, desiring to see Kṛṣṇa, all together sang *Gopī-gīta* in a heart-stirring melody. Their piteous singing induced their beloved to appear before them. Later on, one of Rādhā’s *priya-sakhīs* said to Kṛṣṇa:]

**“O Prince of Vraja, You left our beloved *sakhī* all alone in the fearsome forest. Perhaps She was at fault, but perhaps not. O crest-jewel of the Yadus, I cannot tell You whether You were justified or not in leaving Her. But my heart is always remembering that for You, without any concern for Herself, She gave up everything and ventured into the dangerous jungle, and You simply left Her there. Thrown into acute separation She fainted and fell down on the ground. We saw**

**Her condition and consoled Her. How hard-hearted You are –  
You abandoned Your dearest friend and went into hiding.”**

–Śrī Rāmacandra dāsa

**Verse 299**

*lakṣmīm madhya-gatena rāsa-valaye vistārayann ātmano  
kastūrī-surabhīr vilāsa-muralī-vinyasta-vaktrendunā  
kriḍā-tāṇḍava-maṇḍalena parito dṛṣṭena tuṣyad-dṛṣā  
tvām halliśaka-saṅku-saṅkula-padā pāyād vihārī hariḥ*

**Smearred with sandalwood paste fragrant with musk, and  
the flute sitting on the lips of His moon-like face, Hari became  
increasingly splendid as He stood in the center of the *rāsa-  
maṇḍala*. His eyes took pleasure to see the Vraja maidens  
dancing in a circle all around Him, as He moved His feet to the  
rhythm. May that Rāsa-bihārī protect you all.**

–Author unknown



**Tatra khecarāṇām ukṭiḥ**

Words of the Demigods Roaming in the Sky

**Verse 300**

*mukta-munīnām mṛgyam  
kim api phalaṁ devakī phalati  
tat pālayati yaśodā  
nikāmam upabhuñjate goṇyaḥ*

[Watching the *rāsa* dance, the demigods were wonderstruck  
and said:]

**“Śrī Devakī bore the unimaginable fruit sought by *munis*  
like Śrī Śuka. Yaśodā nourished that fruit, and the *goṇīs*, the  
most fortunate of all, freely tasted that ripened, juicy fruit to  
their full satisfaction.”**

–Śrī Dakṣiṇātya

### Verse 301

*taptam tapobhir anyaiḥ phalitam tad goṇa-bālānām  
āsām yat kuca-kumbhe nīla-nicolayati brahma*

[Many have performed hard austerities like Śrī Vasudeva and Devakī, Sutapā and Pṛśni, Aditi and Kaśyapa, but no one ever received the full fruit that the *gopīs* attained.]

**The young cowherd maidens must have performed long, severe austerities so that Brahman, the Supreme Person, pleased them by becoming the blue bodice covering their ample, round breasts.**

—Śrī Raghupatī Upādhyāya



### Verse 302

*jala-kelī-tarāla-kara-tala-  
mukta-ḥṇaḥ pihita-rādhikā-vadanaḥ  
jagad avatu koka-yūnor  
vighaṭana-saṅghaṭana-kautuki kṛṣṇaḥ*

**Eager to see how the young male and female *cakravāka* birds come together to meet and then separate, Kṛṣṇa covered and uncovered Rādhikā's moon-like face with His palms while They were playing in the water. May that Kṛṣṇa protect the whole world.**

—Author unknown



Purport: It is known that the *cakravākas* meet in the daytime and separate at night. While performing water-pastimes, Kṛṣṇa playfully covered and uncovered Rādhikā's moon-like face over and over again. When the *cakravāka* couple saw the moon of Her face, they thought that it was night and thus separated. And when

they could not see Her face because it was covered with Hari's palms, the *cakravākas*, understanding it to be daytime, united. Playing like this, the curious Kṛṣṇa laughed and laughed, and also made Rādhikā laugh. Such is Śrī Hari's *līlā*. Whoever hears this will also laugh, even if he is crying.



**Śrī rādhā-sakhīm̐ prati candrāvalī-sakhyāḥ  
sāsūya-vākyam**

Jealous Words of Candrāvalī's Friend to Śrī Rādhā's Friend

**Verse 303**

*mā garvam udvaha kapola-tale cakāsti  
kṛṣṇa-sva-hasta-likhitā nava-mañjarīti  
anyāpi kiṁ na sakhī bhajanam idṛśinām  
vairī na ced bhavati vepathur antarāyaḥ*

**Don't be so proud that Kṛṣṇa has painted fresh flower buds on your cheeks with His own hand. O *sakhī*, is there any other *vraja-yuvatī* so fortunate that Kṛṣṇa would be able to decorate her as nicely as He has decorated you? When Kṛṣṇa starts drawing on our cheeks, the enemy 'trembling' comes, and we start shivering and horripilating as soon as He touches us. Thus His drawing is ruined. So what can we do? But when Kṛṣṇa touches you, obviously you don't feel any *sattvika-bhāvas*, so you must be made of stone.**

—Śrī Dāmodara



**Śrī rādhā-sakhyāḥ sākūta-vākyam**  
Śrī Rādhā's Friend's Weighty Words

**Verse 304**

*yad-avadhi gokulam abhītaḥ  
samajani kusuma-citāsana-śreṇī*

*pītāmśuka-priyeyam  
tad-avadhī candrāvalī jātā*

**O friend of Candrāvalī, don't talk so much. Just hear what I have to say. When the whole of Gokula was bursting with *priyāra* blossoms, your friend Candrāvalī became beloved to Pītāmbara. It is only recently, in her adolescence, that Kṛṣṇa has fallen in love with her. But our most beautiful *sakhī* Rādhā – Kṛṣṇa loved Her from Their very childhood.**

–Śrī Govardhanācārya



### **Gāndharvām prati sakhī-vākyam**

A Gopī-friend's Words to Gāndharva Rādhārāṇī

#### **Verse 305**

*saujanyaena vaśī-kr̥tā vayam atas tvām kiñcid ācakṣmahe  
kāliṅdim yadi yāsi sundari punar mā gaḥ kadambāṭavīm  
kaścīt tatra nītānta-nirmalātama-stomo 'sti yasmin manāg  
lagne locana-simni notpala-dṛṣaḥ paśyanti patyur grham*

**O friend Rādhā, we are overwhelmed by the sweetness of Your friendship. Therefore, O beautiful one, we want to warn You. If You again go to the Yamunā, make sure that You don't go near the *kadamba* forest, because there, a very grand and dazzling darkness is present in person. If even just a slight smear of that darkness – like a magic ointment – catches the corner of a young maiden's eye, she can never see her husband's house again.**

–Śrī Govinda Bhaṭṭa



The dark Śyāmasundara is present in the *kadamba* forest on the bank of *Kalindī*. So, on the pretext of fetching water, go quickly and meet Him.

### Verse 306

*śyāmo 'yañ divasaḥ payoda-pāṭalaiḥ sāyañ tathāpy utsukā  
puṣpārtham sakhī yāsi yamunā-taṭam yāhi vyathā kā mama  
kint ekañ khara-kañṭhaka-kṣatam urasy ālokya sadyo 'nyathā  
śaṅkam yat kuṭilāḥ kariṣyati jano jātāsmi tenākulā*

**The whole day the sky has been covered over with clouds. Now the sun is going down and it is getting dark. At this hour You are impatient to go to the bank of the Yamunā to gather flowers. So go! Why should I worry? In the dark Your breast may get scratched by thorns. And if any unfavorable persons see these marks, they will suspect that You met with the Supreme Male [*para-puruṣa* – paramour] and that He scratched Your breast. That is why I am anxious.**

–Śrī Karṇapūra

### Verse 307

*gantavyā te manasi yamunā vartate cet tadānīm  
kuñjam mā gāḥ sahaja-sarale vāñjulam mad-vacobhiḥ  
gacches tatrāpy ahaha yadi vā mā murārer udāre  
kutrāpy ekā rahasī muralī-nādam ākarṇayethāḥ*

**O innocent girl, if You are keen to go to the Yamunā, then You may do so. But I strongly advise You not to go to the *aśoka kuñja*. If by chance You do go there, O noble maiden, do not stay alone and listen to the sound of Murāri's flute. Otherwise, like a deer trapped by the hunter's music You will fall into His snare.**

–Śrī Tairabhukta Kavi

### Verse 308

*tarale na kuru vilambam  
kumbham sambhṛtya mandiram yāhi  
yāvan na mohana-mantram  
śaṁsati kamsa-dviṣo vaṁśī*

[Hearing Her *sakhī*'s words, Rādhā went to the bank of the Yamunā with Her friends to fetch water. As She was slow to go back, Her *sakhī* said:]

**“O restless girl, don’t delay. Fill up Your pot and quickly return home. You should safely reach home before Kaṁsa-dviṣa emits a spell-binding *mantra* through His flute.”**

–Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī

### Verse 309

*pr̥sthena nīpam avalambya kalindajāyāḥ  
kūle vilāsa-muralīm kvaṇayan mukundaḥ  
prāk pūraṇāt kalasam ambhasi lolayantyā  
vaktraṁ vivartayati gopa-kulāṅganāyāḥ*

[She did not heed Her *sakhī*'s words and dawdled as She filled Her pot.]

**Standing in His *tribhaṅga-lalita* pose and leaning against a *kadamba* tree on the Yamunā's bank, Mukunda suddenly began playing His *muralī*, causing *gopī* Rādhā to turn Her moon-like face towards Him as She was dipping Her pot in the water.**

–Author unknown

### Verse 310

*sakhyo yayur grham aham kalasīm vahantī  
pūrṇam atīva-mahatīm anulambitāsmi  
ekākinīm sp̥ṛṣasī mām yadi nanda-sūno  
mokṣyāmi jīvanam idaṁ sahasā puras te*

[Upset with Rādhā for not heeding their words, Her *sakhīs* filled up their pots and went ahead, leaving Her behind. Seeing Her alone, Kṛṣṇa approached Her with a mind to court Her. She drew back and said:]

**“O son of Nanda Mahārāja, My friends have already filled their pots and gone home. My pot is so big and heavy that somehow I have fallen behind and have to carry it on**

**My own. I am all alone now, and if You even try to touch Me, I will immediately give up My life right in front of You.”**

–Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī



**Tām prati kasyāścid ukṭiḥ**  
One Gopī’s Words to Her

**Verse 311**

*valgantyā vana-mālayā tava hṛtam vakṣjayoś candanam  
gaṇḍa-sthā makarī-ghaṭā ca makarāndolena vidhvamśitā  
klāntā svaira-taraṅga-kelibhir iyam tanvī ca dhūrte tanuḥ  
satyam jalpasi bhāmujām abhi rase magnādya harṣād abhūḥ*

[Seeing some marks on Rādhā as She was on Her way home, Her *sakhī* jokingly questioned Her:]

**“He Rādhē, how is it that the sandal paste designs on Your raised breasts have been rubbed away? It looks to me like the embrace of a *vana-mālā* erased them.”**

**Rādhikā replied:** “When I went to have a bath in the Yamunā, the waves washed them off.” [According to the Amara Koṣa dictionary, *vana* (forest) also means ‘water.’]

**Again Her *sakhī* questioned Her:** “How is it that the *makara* drawings on Your cheeks have been spoiled? I suspect that some swinging *makara* earrings smudged them with their kisses.”

**Rādhā defended Herself:** “When I dipped My head in the Yamunā’s water, many tiny minnows were flitting against My cheeks.”

**Her *sakhī* retorted:** “You liar, You are telling so many stories to hide the truth. Tell me why Your slender body looks so tired.”

**Rādhā answered:** “I was swimming in the Yamunā’s playful waves for so long. That is why I look exhausted.”

**Sakhī:** “O my friend Rādhā, I know that You are really telling the truth. I can see that You are still joyfully plunged in the deep nectarean waters of the Yamunā.”

–Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī





## Candrāvalīṁ prati tasyā vākyam

A Gopī's Words to Candrāvalī

### Verse 312

*katyāyanī-kusuma-kāmanayā kim artham  
kāntāra-kukṣi-kuharam kutukād gatāsi  
paśya stana-stabakayos tava kaṅṭhakāṅkaṁ  
gopaḥ sukaṅṭhi bata paśyati jāta-kopaḥ*

[When Candrāvalī returned home from picking flowers, her *sakhī* said to her:]

**“O graceful-necked maiden, why were you so eager to go into the deep, dark forest today to gather flowers for Katyāyanī-devī? Your husband has noticed the scratches on your breast and keeps staring angrily at you. So cover yourself.”**

–Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī



## Tad-bhartāraṁ prati sakhī-vākyam

That Gopī-friend's Words to Candrāvalī's Husband

### Verse 313

*subhaga mama priya-sakhyāḥ  
kim iva sa-śaṅkaṁ muhur vilokayasi  
yamunā-pavana-vikīrṇa-  
priyaka-rajah-ṭīṅjarāṁ pṛṣṭham*

**O most fortunate one, why do you keep on staring at my dear friend's back again and again? When she went to the Yamunā to fetch water, a strong wind blew pollen from the *priyaka* flowers on her back and made her yellow. You have no reason to suspect this chaste woman of any infidelity – she loves only you.**

–Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī

Actually, Candrāvalī's back was yellow from having enjoyed with Kṛṣṇa on a bed of flowers.

•••  
**Nitya-līlā**  
Eternal Pastimes

**Verse 314**

*vṛndāvane mukundaśya nitya-līlā virājate  
śpaṣṭam eṣā rahasyatvāj jānadbhir api nocyate*

[In *nitya-līlā* the *gopīs* are never actually separated from Kṛṣṇa. In *prakāṣa-līlā* there is only the shadow of separation and Uddhavajī observed both the eternal and the manifest *līlās*.]

**In Śrī Bhauma-vṛndāvana, Bhagavān Mukunda's eternal pastimes are always going on. These pastimes being very confidential, Śrī Śuka and others do not describe them openly. They know this secret of the *nitya-līlā*, but just give some indication of these pastimes. A qualified devotee understands this.**

\*[Note: Authorship of verses 314 to 316 is not given in the original text]

**Verse 315**

*tābhir nitya-vihāram eva tanute vṛndāvane mādhave  
goṣṭhāmbhoja-mukhūbhir ity abhi manāk proce priyāyāi haraḥ  
līlā-ratna-rahasyatā vraja-pater bhūyasy aho paśya yat  
tattva-jñō 'pi purantare ca gamanaṁ vyācaṣṭa vaiyāsakiḥ*

**Śrī Mahādevajī hinted to his dear consort Pārvatī that Śrī Mādhava eternally enjoys Himself in Vṛndāvana with the lotus-faced *gopīs*. O my brothers, look! These confidential, jewel-like pastimes of the Master of Vraja are highly secret; therefore Vyāsa's son, the enlightened sage Śrī Śukadeva, to conceal the privacy of *vraja-līlā*, has broadcast instead Śrī Kṛṣṇa's going to Mathurā.**

### Verse 316

*tathā hi pādme pārvatyai vyajahāra haro rahah  
go-gopa-gopikā-saṅge yatra krīḍati kamsahā*

This same subject has been described in the *Padma Purāṇa* by Mahādeva to Pārvatī in private: “Devī Pārvatī, the pastimes of the killer of Kāmsa, Śrī Kṛṣṇa-candra, with the cows, cowherd boys and cowherd damsels are going on in Vṛndāvana eternally.”

\*



### Prakaṭa-līlānusāreṇa bhāvini harer mathurā-prasthāne rādhā-sakhī-vākyam

The Words Spoken by Rādhā’s Sakhī in the Prakaṭa-līlā as  
Kṛṣṇa Is about to Leave for Mathurā

### Verse 317

*adyaiva yat pratīpad-udgata-candralekha-  
sakhyaṁ tvayā vaṣur idaṁ gamītaṁ varākyāḥ  
kṛṣṇe gate kusuma-sāyaka tat prabhāte  
bānāvalinī kathaya kutra vimokṣyasi tvam*

[Looking at the sky the *sakhī* is saying:]

**“He Kusuma-sayaka Kandarpa, O Cupid who shoots flower arrows, you have already created friendship between this poor girl, now pale and skinny, and the crescent moon. Pray tell me, after Kṛṣṇa leaves in the early morning, at whom will you shoot your arrows?”**

–Śrī Rudra



“Just hearing the news that tomorrow Kṛṣṇa is going to leave, Rādhā has become wan like the new moon. After He leaves, how will She keep Her life going? If She cannot remain alive, upon

whom will you shower your flower arrows? Thus, kindly let Her keep Her life.”



**Śrī rādhā-vakyaṁ**  
Śrī Rādhā's Words

**Verse 318**

*prasthānaṁ valayaṁ kṛtaṁ priya-sakhair asrair ajasraṁ gataṁ  
dhrtyā na kṣaṇam āsitaṁ vyavasitaṁ cittena gantuṁ puraḥ  
gantuṁ niścita-cetasi priyatame sarve samaṁ prasthite  
gantavye sati jīvita priya-suhṛt sārtham katham tyajyate*

[After Kṛṣṇa left for Mathurā, Śrī Rādhikā said to Her *prāṇa*, Her life-airs: “In separation I’ve gotten so weak and thin and all My companions are leaving Me behind.]

**“My bangles have slipped off and gone running after Him; and My dear friends – My tears – are also gushing on their way. Forbearance doesn’t want to stay with Me even a moment – it immediately started walking with Kṛṣṇa upon His departure. And My heart is already marching in front of His chariot. So what else can I say? As soon as My beloved made up His mind to go to Mathurā, all of My comrades left with Him. O My life-force, if you also desire to join Him, then go. But this body is very near and dear to you, so how can you leave it behind? Take it along with you. It’s so weak that it cannot go on its own. It’s not proper for you to go to Kṛṣṇa without it.”**

–Śrī Amaru



**Harer mathurā-praveśe tatrāyānām autsukyam**  
The Eagerness of the Citizens When Hari Entered Mathurā

**Verse 319**

*chāyāpi locana-ṭhām na jagāma yasyāḥ  
seyam vadhūr nagara-madhyam alaṅkaroti*

*kinī cākalayya mathurā-nagare mukundam  
andho 'pi bandhukara-datta-karaḥ prayāti*

Today Śrī Kṛṣṇa-candra has come to Mathurā. Hearing this news, the upper class, chaste young wives, whose shadows have never even been seen outside the home, are decorating the Mathurā town squares. And what else? A blind man, wanting to see Kṛṣṇa, catches hold of his friend's hand and comes running, thinking, "Mukunda is very kind, so He will surely give me a little mercy to enable Me to see Him." All the Mathurāvāsīs, so excited to have Kṛṣṇa's *darśana*, have adopted unusual behavior.

—Śrī Vāṇivilāsa



**Tatra pura-strīṇām vākyam**  
The Mathurā Ladies' Words

**Verse 320**

*asram ajasram moktum dhiṁ naḥ karnayate nayane  
draṣṭavyam paridṛṣṭam tat kaiśoraṁ vraja-strībhiḥ*

**Fie on our elongated eyes that extend to our ears. They are useless; all they can do is shed tears. But the eyes of the Vraja *gopīs* are fortunate because they have fully relished Kīśora Kṛṣṇa's adolescent pastimes and youthful beauty.**

—Śrī Tairabhukta Kavi

**Verse 321**

*sāndrānandam anantam avyayam ajam yad yogino 'pi kṣaṇam  
sāksāt kartum upāsate pratidinam dhyānaika-tānāḥ param  
dhanyās tā vraja-vāsinām yuvatayas tad brahma yāḥ kautukād  
ālīnganti samālapanti śatadhā karṣanti cumbanti ca*

**The Supreme Brahman – intensely blissful, limitless, eternal and unborn – is daily worshiped and meditated upon**

by the *yogīs* in order to get His direct audience, but they do not even get a glimpse of Him in their hearts. On the other hand, the damsels of Vraja are highly fortunate, because time and again they embrace that Brahman, sweetly cajole Him, lovingly push Him around and kiss Him.

–Śrī Vāhinīpati

**Verse 322**

*priya-sakhī na jagāma vāma-śīlah  
sphuṭam amunā nagare na nanda-sūnuḥ  
adalita-nalinī-dalaiva vāpī  
yad ahata-pallava eva kānanāntaḥ*

[In the hope of seeing Kṛṣṇa, a Mathurā damsel commented to her companion:]

**“He *priya sakhī*, O my dear friend, I can clearly understand that the charming Śrī Nanda-nandana has not yet passed through our city, because the lake is still filled with lotuses and the mango trees in the woods still have all their leaves. If Nanda-suno had come this way, everyone would have picked all the lotuses to make garlands for Kṛṣṇa, and they would have taken all the mango leaves to make festoons to decorate their doorways.”**

–Śrī Kumāra

...  
  
**Śrī rādhāyā vilāpaḥ**  
Śrī Rādhā's Lament

**Verse 323**

*yāsyāmīti samudyatasya vacanam viśrabdham ākarṇitam  
gacchan dūram upekṣito muhur asau vyāvṛtya paśyann api  
tac chūnye punar āgatāsmi bhavane prāṇas ta eva sthitāḥ  
sakhyaḥ paśyata jīvita-praṇayinī dambhād aham rodimi*

[When Kṛṣṇa-candra left for Mathurā, Rādhikā became *proṣita-bhartṛkā*, a heroine whose lover has departed for a distant place.]

**She cried on Her *sakhīs*' shoulders: "O My friends, I heard My sweetheart say, 'I am ready to depart for Mathurā.' I was not the least disturbed to hear this. I never believed He would go; therefore I felt no fear. When He was already some distance away, He kept turning back and looking at Me, as if begging Me, 'If You tell Me not to go, then I will stay.' But I completely ignored Him, thinking He would never leave. Now I have returned to this empty palace and, despite that He is gone, My life-force is still in My body, even though it should have chased after My beloved. My *prāṇa* is so unfortunate that it doesn't want to give up this body and is willingly tolerating the anguish of separation. O My dear *sakhīs*, just see how hard-hearted I am. I didn't go after Him, and now that He is truly gone I am weeping. But these are simply crocodile tears. I love only Myself. If I had real love for Him, I would have immediately died the moment He left for Mathurā."**

—Śrī Rudra

#### Verse 324

*gato yāmo gatau yāmau gatā yāmā gataṁ dinam  
ha hanta kim kariṣyāmi na paśyāmi harer mukham*

**O My *sakhī*, morning has gone, afternoon is gone, evening has also passed! O My friends, I have spent the whole day crying for Kṛṣṇa. Alas, alas! What shall I do? That I have no chance to see Hari's lotus face is a matter of great lamentation.**

—Śrī Śaṅkara

#### Verse 325

*yamunā-ṣulīne samutkṣiṇan  
nata-veśaḥ kusumasya kandukam  
na punaḥ sakhī lokaiṣyate  
kaṇṭhābhira-kiśora-candramāḥ*

**He sakhī, that moon-like Nanda-kiśora, dressed as the best of dancers and tossing a ball of kadamba flowers on the bank of Yamunā – will I ever be able to see that cheater again?**

–Śrī Saṅghī dāsa

**Verse 326**

*yāḥ paśyanti priyam swapne dhanyās tāḥ sakhī yoṣitaḥ  
asmākan tu gate kṛṣṇe gatā nidrāpi vairiṇī*

**O My dear friend, young ladies who can see their sweethearts in their dreams are greatly blessed. But I am not that lucky. From the very day My beloved Kṛṣṇa left for Mathurā, sleep – now My enemy – also abandoned Me; thus there is no chance for Me to see Him even in a dream.**

–Śrī Dhanya

**Verse 327**

*so 'yam vasanta-samayo vipinam tat etat  
so 'yam nikuṅja-viṭapī nikhilam tadāste  
ha hanta kintu nava-nirada-komalāṅgo  
nāloki puṣpa-dhanuṣaḥ prathamāvātārah*

**Sakhī, this is the same beautiful spring season when We would meet together, this is the same Vṛndāvana where We used to roam together, and these are the same vine-covered kuṅjas where We used to enjoy together. Everything is the same; but alas, alas, it is a matter of great distress that the original Kandarpa – whose complexion is like a fresh raincloud and whose body is soft as a lotus – is nowhere to be seen. Without Him, everything looks dreary.**

–Śrī Saṅghya Kaviśekhara

**Verse 328**

*yugāyitam nimeṣena cakṣuṣā prāvṛṣāyitam  
śīnyāyitam jagat sarvaṁ govinda-virahēṇā me*



**O My *sakhī*, in separation from Govinda a blink of the eye is like one millennium, My eyes have taken the form of the rainy season, and the whole universe is empty like a big zero.**

–Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu,  
(Śrī Śikṣāṣṭakam 7)

**Verse 329**

*dalati hṛdayam gādhodvegam dvidhā na tu bhidyate  
vahati vikalaḥ kāyo mūrchaṁ na muñcati cetanam  
jvalayati tanum antar dahaḥ karoti na bhasmasāt  
praharati vidhir marma-cchedī na kṛntati jīvitam*

**My agitated heart is broken, but still does not split in half. If it had, I would have died and been freed from separation and thus become happy. My body is swooning in separation but does not lose consciousness, thus I find no peace. A fire continuously burns in My body, but does not reduce it to ashes. Providence throws lances at My heart, but he is so cruel that he does not take My life.**

–Śrī Bhavabhūti

**Verse 330**

*bhramaya jaladān ambho-garbhān pramodaya cātakān  
kalaya śikhinaḥ kekotkañṭhān kaṭhoraya ketakān  
virahiṇi jane mūrchaṁ labdhvā vinodayati vyathām  
akarūṇa pumaḥ samjñā-vyādhim vidhāya kim ihase*

**O Fate, how cruel you are moving the dark rainclouds around in Vraja, making the *cātaka* birds blissful by showering the rain; exciting the peacocks with the arrival of the dark clouds and inspiring them to call out “Kee-kaw;” and bringing to blossom the *ketakī* flowers that pierce the hearts of the lovelorn. You can do all that, we don’t mind so much. But when lonely lovers get some relief from separation by fainting, O Vidhātā, why are you so brutal as to bring them back to consciousness, renewing their torment? What pleasure do you get from that?**

–Śrī Bhavabhūti

### Verse 331

*dr̥ṣṭam̐ ketaki-dhūli-dhūsaram idam̐ vyoma kramād vikṣitah  
kacchantaś ca śilindhra-kandala-bhṛtaḥ soḍhaḥ kadambānilāḥ  
sakhyaḥ samvṛṇutāśru muñcata bhayam– kasmān mudhāvākulā  
etān apy adhunāsmi vajra-ghaṭitā nūnam sahiṣye ghanān*

[Seeing the raincloud, Rādhikā became overwhelmed with anxiety and said to Her friends:]

**“I have already witnessed the sky densely colored with *ketakī* pollen. I have also noted the plantain trees laden with flowers on the banks of the Yamunā. And I have tolerated the fragrant breeze flowing from the *kadamba* groves. These did not stir Me in the least. So, My dear friends, stop weeping. Why are you uselessly worried? I am made of thunderbolts and am not about to die. I can withstand all of these provocations and even more, but your anxiety I cannot endure.”**

–Śrī Rudra

### Verse 332

*seyam̐ nadī kumudabandhu-karas ta eva  
yad yāmunam̐ taṭam̐ idam̐ vipinam̐ tad etat  
te mallikā-surabhayo marutas tvam̐ eva  
he praṇa-vallabha sudurlabhatām̐ gato 'si*

[Śrī Rādhājī is looking at the sky and lamenting:]

**“This is the same river, the same moon rays, the same banks of the Yamunā, the same forest, and the same breeze fragrant with jasmine. These are all within My reach. In this Vraja, O love of My life, You are the only object beyond My purview.”**

–Śrī Hari Bhaṭṭa

### Verse 333

*yadhunātha bhavantam̐ āgatam̐  
kathayiṣyanti kada mad-ālayaḥ*

*yugapat paritaḥ prādhāvitāḥ  
vikasabhir vadanendu-maṇḍalaiḥ*

**O Yadunātha [after nourishing the Yadu *vanśa*], when, with happy faces blossoming like the full moon, will My friends come running to Me from all four sides to give Me the good news that You have returned? *Hā* Prabhu, when will such an auspicious occasion come?**

–Śrī Tairabhukta Kavi

**Verse 334**

*ayī dīna-dayārdra nātha he  
mathurā-nātha kadāvalokyate  
hṛdayam tvad-āloka-kātarān  
dayita bhramyati kim karomy aham*

**O My Lord, O most merciful to the miserable, O master of Mathurā, when will You grant Me Your auspicious *darśana* again? O My most beloved, in Your absence My agitated heart is lost in grief. What can I do?**

–Śrī Mādhavendra Purī

**Verse 335**

*āśaika-tantum avalambya vilambamānā  
rakṣāmi jīvam avadhir niyato yadi syāt  
no ced vidhiḥ sakala-loka-hitaika-kārī  
yat kālakūṭam asṛjat tad idam kim artham*

**If I just know exactly when My beloved is coming to Vraja, with this one thread of hope I can maintain My life for many more days. But there is no surety of His returning. Why did the Creator make deadly poison? To remove the suffering of the lonely-hearted like us. If My Prāṇeśvara stays away much longer, I will end My life by taking this dangerous poison.**

–Śrī Raghunātha dāsa

Verse 336

*cūtāṅkure sphurati hanta nave nave 'smin  
jīvo 'pi yāsyatitarāṁ tarala-svabhāvaḥ  
kintī ekam eva mama duḥkham abhūd analpaṁ  
prāṇeśvareṇa sahito yad ayaṁ na yātaḥ*

Alas, alas! With the advent of spring, fresh leaves are sprouting on the mango trees, agitating My life-force so much that it will surely depart now. But in My heart there is one great sorrow – if My *prāṇa* wants to go, why didn't it leave along with My Prāṇeśvara, the Lord of My life? It would have been more befitting for it to leave at that time.

–Śrī Raṅga

Verse 337

*prathayati na tathā mamārtim uccaiḥ  
sahacari ballava-candra-viprayogaḥ  
kaṭubhīr asura-maṇḍalaiḥ parīte  
danuja-pater nagare yathāsyā vāsaḥ*

O My friend, separation from the moon of the *gopas* is not that much painful. But how my *prāṇa-kānta*, the love of my life, is managing to stay alive in Kaiśa's city, which is filled with ruthless demons – this is causing Me untold pain.

–Śrī Raghunātha dāsa

Verse 338

*prasara śiśirāmodaṁ kaundaṁ samīra samūraya  
prakaṭaya śaśinn āśāḥ kāmāṁ manoja samullasa  
avadhī-divasaḥ pūrṇaḥ sakhyo vimuñcata tat-katham  
hṛdayam adhunā kiñcit kartum mamānyad ihecchati*

O winter season, spread the fragrance of the jasmine flowers. O fragrant breeze, blow gently. O moon, diffuse your rays in all directions. O Cupid, become happy by shooting us with your arrows of bewilderment. All of you can continue

being stimuli for amour, but know that the day He promised to return has passed. O My *gopī* friends, how can you still trust that liar? Stop talking about Him. Now My heart wants to go somewhere else – it no longer wants to remain in this body.

–Śrī Rudra

### Verse 339

*nayati ced yadu-patiḥ sakhī naitu kāmam  
prāṇam tadīya-virahād yadi yāntu  
ekalḥ param hṛdi mahān mama vajra-pāto  
bhūyo yad indu-vadanam na vilokitam tat*

O My friend, if Yadu-pati does not want to come, so be it. And if My vital air wants to leave out of separation, let it go. But the biggest thunderbolt smiting My heart is that I will never be able to see His smiling moon-like face again.

–Śrī Hari Bhaṭṭa

### Verse 340

*pañcatvam tanur etu bhūta-nivahaḥ svāmṣe viśantu sphuṭam  
dhātāram praṇipatya hanta śirasā tatrāpi yāce varam  
tad-vāpīṣu payas tadīya-mukure jyotis tadīyāṅgaṇa-  
vyomnī vyoma tadīya-vartmani dharā tat-tāla-vṛnte 'nilaḥ*

Let this body perish. Let its elements enter their respective elements of the atmosphere. I bow My head before the Creator and beg of Him this boon: the water of My body should join the lake where Kṛṣṇa bathes; the fire of My body should illuminate His mirror; the ether of My body should enter His courtyard; the earth in My body should spread on the path He treads; and the air of My body should merge into the breeze blowing from the palm-leaf fan that removes His perspiration.

–Śrī Sāṅmāsika

## Verse 341

*āśliṣya vā pāda-ratām pinaṣtu mām  
adarśanān marma-hatām karotu vā  
yathā tathā vā vidadhātu lamṇaṭo  
mat-prāṇa-nāthas tu sa eva nāparaḥ*

[One *sakhī* said: “You renounced all Your social duties for Kṛṣṇa, even knowing that He is a cheater and debauchee, and now Your life-force is about to depart; still You do not give up Your attachment to Him.” To this, Rādhikā replies, showing Her staunch love for Her beloved:]

**“Let that debauchee crush this maidservant in His tight embrace. Or let Him shatter My heart by never showing Me His face again. I am completely attached to serving His lotus feet, so He can do with Me whatever He pleases. Regardless, He is My *prāṇa-nātha*, the master of My heart – there can be no one else”.**

–Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu  
(*Śrī Śikṣāṣṭakam* 8)



## **Mathurāyām yaśodām smṛtvā śrī-kṛṣṇa-vākyam**

Remembering Mother Yaśodā,  
Śrī Kṛṣṇa Spoke these Words in Mathurā

## Verse 342

*tāmbūlaṁ sva-mukhārdha-carcitam itaḥ ko me mukhe niḥṣped  
ummarga-prasṛtaṁ ca cāṭu-vacanaiḥ ko mām vaśe sthāpayet  
ehy ehīti vidūra-sārīta-bhujāḥ svānke nidhāyādhunā  
keli-srasta-śikhaṇḍakam mama pūnar vyādhūya badhnātu kaḥ*

**Alas! Now who will take the half-chewed betelnuts from her own mouth and lovingly place them in Mine? Now who will subdue Me with sweet words when I am naughty? Now who will call Me with extended arms, “Come! Come, my child!”, and then embrace Me and seat Me in her lap? Now who will put back My peacock feather that slipped out of place while I was playing?**

–Śrī Tairabhukta Kavi

“Who here in Mathurā will love Me like Yaśodā Mā?” When He remembered the affection of Mother Yaśodā, tears flooded His eyes.

..•  ..•  
**Śrī rādhā-smṛtyā harer vākyam**  
Śrī Hari’s Words upon Remembering Śrī Rādhā

**Verse 343**

*yadī nibhṛtam aranyaṁ prantaraṁ vāpy apantham  
katham aṇi cira-kālam puṇya-pākena laṣye  
avirala-galad-asrair gharghara-dhvāna-miśraiḥ  
śaśimukhi tava śokaiḥ plāvayiṣye jaganti*

**He Śaśimukhi, O moon-faced girl, when My past pious deeds ripen and I attain the good fortune to find Myself alone in a remote forest or on a deserted path, for untold time I will let loose a torrent of tears and groan loudly, thereby flooding the whole universe with My lamentation.**

—Śrī Tairabhukta Kavi

..•  ..•  
**Uddhavaṁ prati harer vākyam**  
Śrī Hari’s Words to Uddhava

**Verse 344**

*viṣayeṣu tāvad abalās  
tāṣṭ aṇi goṇyaḥ svabhāva-mṛdu-vācaḥ  
madhye tāsām aṇi sā  
tasyām aṇi sāci-vikṣitam kim aṇi*

**Among all the Vrajavāsīs, the ladies of Vraja are the best. Out of them, the sweet-speaking young *gopīs* are outstanding.**

And of all these tender girls there is one who is superlative –  
She whose crooked sidelong glance I cannot forget.

–Author unknown



**Uddhavana rādhāyām hareḥ sandeśaḥ**  
Hari's Message to Rādhā Delivered by Uddhava

**Verse 345**

*āvīrbhāva-dine na yena gaṇito hetus tanīyān aṇi  
kṣiyetāpi na cāparādhā-vidhinā natyā na yo vardhate  
pīyūṣa-prativeditaṁ tri-jagatī-duḥkha-druhaḥ sāmpratam  
preṁṇas tasya guroḥ katham nu karavaī vān-niṣṭhatā-lāghavam*

The very first day We met, the love between Us arose spontaneously. Your *prema* – completely pure and beyond any stipulation – is never diminished by My neglect or increased by My entreaties. Your *prema* is more relishable than nectar and it removes the miseries of the three worlds. Your love is so high – how do I find the words to describe it? Any attempt to do so would simply reduce its depth.

–Author unknown

**Verse 346**

*āstām tāvad vacana-racanābhajanatvaṁ vidūre  
dūre cāstām tava tanu-parīrambha-sambhāvanāpi  
bhūyo bhūyaḥ praṇatibhir idam kintu yāce vidhāya  
smāraṁ smāraṁ svajana-gaṇane kāpi rekhā mamāpi*

The opportunity for Us to converse is quite remote. Alright, let it be! The possibility to embrace You is also out of the question. So be it! But again and again I prostrate before You and beg You to please remember to write My name in the list of Your nearest and dearest.

–Śrī Keśava Bhaṭṭācārya





**Vṛndāvanam̐ gacchata uddhavya vākyam**  
Uddhava's Words on Arriving in Vṛndāvana

**Verse 347**

*iyam̐ sā kālindī kuvalaya-dala-snigdha-madhurā  
madāndha-vyākijāt-tarala-jalaraṅku-praṇayinī  
purā yasyās tīre sa-rabhāsa-sa-tṛṣṇam̐ mura-bhido  
gataḥ prāyo goṇī-nidhuvana-vinodena divasāḥ*

**This is the Yamunā, beautified by a host of blue lotuses and water birds blinded with joy and loudly warbling as they swim about. On this bank the killer of the Mura demon spent His days fervently enjoying blissful amorous pastimes with the *gopīs*.**

—Śrī Daśaratha

**Verse 348**

*pureyam̐ kālindī vraja-jana-vadhūnām stana-taṭī-  
tanu-rāgair bhīmā śabala-salilābhūd anudīnam  
aho tāsām̐ nityam̐ rudita-galitaīḥ kajjala-jalair  
idānīm̐ yāte 'smīn̐ dvi-guṇa-malinābhūm̐ mura-ripau*

**Every day the Yamunā used to become muddied with the black musk anointing the bodies and breasts of the *vraja-gopīs*. Alas! Now that Mura-ripu has departed, the water is twice as dark, but this time from the *kajjala* washed away by the *gopīs*' constant tears.**

—Śrī Sarvānanda

**Verse 349**

*idam̐ tat kālindī-pulinam̐ iha kamsāsura-bhido  
yaśaḥ-śṛṅgad-vaktra-skhalita-kavalam̐ gokulam̐ abhūt  
bhramad-veṇu-kvāṇa-śravaṇa-masṛṇottāra-madhura-  
suarābhir goṇibhir̐ diśī diśī samudghūrṇam̐ anīśam̐*

[From Śrī Kṛṣṇa's mouth I have heard all these stories that transpired here on the bank of the Kāḷindī.]

**This is the very bank of the Yamunā where the *sakhās* would glorify the killer of the demon Kaṁsa. When the cows would hear these glories, the grass would fall from their mouths. When the *gopīs* would hear the sweet sound of His flute, which permeated all the four directions, they would become bewildered. Their eyes would sparkle in happiness as they continuously roamed about this same bank, searching out that sound.**

—Śrī Moṭaka

### Verse 350

*tabhvo namo ballava-vallabhābhyo  
yāsām gumais tair abhicintyamānaiḥ  
vakṣaḥ-sthale niḥśvasitaiḥ kad-uṣṇair  
lakṣmī-pater mlāyatī vaijayantī*

**I bow down again and again to the *gopīs*. As Lakṣmī-pati Śrī Kṛṣṇa contemplates their qualities, the *vaijayantī* garland on His chest withers from His hot sighs.**

—Author unknown



### Vraja-devī-kulaṁ praty uddhava-vākyaṁ

Uddhava's Words to the Vraja-devīs

### Verse 351

*viyoginīmāṁ api paddhatim vo  
na yogino gantum api kṣamante  
yad dhyeya-rūpasya parasya pumso  
yīyaṁ gatā dhyeya-padam durāpam*

**O damsels of Vraja lost in separation, even great *yogīs* are not able to follow your path. They meditate on the Supreme Person's human-like form, but that Supreme Person, who is very difficult to attain, meditates on you. Who can describe your rare good fortune!**

—Author unknown



**Uddhave dṛṣṭe sakhīm prati śrī-rādhā-vākyam**  
Śrī Rādhā's Words to Her Gopī-friend on Seeing Uddhava

**Verse 352**

*kalyāṇaṁ kathayāmi kiṁ saha-carī svaireṣu śāśvat purā  
yasyā nāma samūritaṁ mura-riṇoḥ prāṇeśvaritī tvayā  
sāhaṁ prema-bhidā bhayāt priyatamaṁ dṛṣṭvāpi dūtaṁ prabhoḥ  
sandiṣṭāsmi na veti saṁśaya-vatī pṛcchāmi no kiñcana*

**O My dear friend, what welcome tidings can I tell you? In the midst of all our *sakhīs* you always used to declare that I was Mura-riṇu's *prāṇeśvarī*, the queen of His life. Seeing His messenger today fills Me with fear – what if he tells Me that Kṛṣṇa's *prema* for Me has broken? Such a message would bring about My demise. Better I keep up My hopes and don't ask him anything.**

–Śrī Rāmacandra dāsa



You may ask, “Why do You love Your life so much?” To this I reply, “I don't care for My own life; it is My beloved that I am concerned about. He might feel some pain upon hearing of My death, and this would be intolerable for Me.”



**Śrī rādhām praty uddhava-vākyam**  
Uddhava's Statement to Śrī Rādhā

**Verse 353**

*malinaṁ nayanāmbu-dhārayā  
mukha-candraṁ karabhoru mā kuru  
karuṇā varuṇālayo haris  
tvayī bhūyaḥ karuṇām vidhāsyati*

O supremely beautiful one, don't allow Your moon-like face to be streaked with Your tears. Rest assured that Hari, that ocean of mercy, will return and make You happy like before.

—Śrī Saṣṭhīvara dāsa



### Uddhavaṁ prati rādhā-sakhī-vākyam

The Words of Rādhā's Gopī-friend to Uddhava

#### Verse 354

*hastodare vinihitaika-kaṭola-pāṇer  
aśrānta-locana-jala-snapitānanāyāḥ  
prasthāna-maṅgala-dināvadhi mādhavasya  
nidrā-lavo 'pi kuta eva saroruhākṣyāḥ*

[What can I tell you about my *sakhī*'s pitiable condition?]

**With the end of auspicious days – when Mādhava left for Mathurā – that lotus-eyed girl sits with Her cheek in Her right hand and, bathing Her lotus face in a steady flow of tears, is unable to get even a moment's sleep.**

—Śrī Harihara

#### Verse 355

*nīścandanāni vaṇijām api mandirāṇi  
niṣpallavāni ca dīg-antara-kānanāni  
niṣpaṅkajāṇy api sarit-sarasi-kulāni  
jātāni tad-viraha-vedanayā na śāntam*

**The homes of the *vaiśyas* are without *candana*; the tender leaves from all the trees in the surrounding forests are finished; there are no more lotuses in the rivers and lakes. Even then, the pain of Rādhikā's separation has not been relieved even the slightest.**

— Śrī Harihara



To soothe Rādhikā's fire of separation, all the available *candana*, soft leaves and lotus petals were used up. The only thing that will help Her is *darśana* of Her beloved. So, Uddhava, please, quickly go and bring Him.

### Verse 356

*prāṇas tvam jagatām harer api purā saṅketa-veṇu-svanān  
ādāya vraja-subhruvām iha bhavān mārgopadeśe gurur  
hamho māthura-niṣkuṭānīla sakhe sampraty api śrī-pater  
aṅga-sparśa-pavitra-śītala-tanus trātā tvam eko 'si naḥ*

**O breeze, life-force of the world! You previously carried the sound of Hari's flute, and thus indicating the path to Him, you were the *guru* of the beautiful-eyebrowed damsels of Vraja. Now, O good friend, you are flowing from the gardens of Mathurā, where, having become pure and cool from touching Śrī Kṛṣṇa's pure and cool body, you are our only guardian.**



—Śrī Rāmacandra dāsa

## Rādhā-sakhyā eva kṛṣṇa-sandeśaḥ

A Letter to Kṛṣṇa from Rādhā's Gopī-friend

### Verse 357

*tvad-deśāgata-mārutena mṛdunā sanjāta-romāñcayā  
tvad-rūpāṅkita-cāru-citra-phalake santarṇayantyā dṛśam  
tvam-nāmāmṛta-sikta-karṇa-ṭiṭayā tvam-mārga-vātāyane  
tanvyā pañcama-gīta-garbhita-girā rātran divam sthīyate*

**The soft breeze blowing all the way from Your courtyard in Mathurā causes Her hairs to rise up in rapture. She satisfies Her eyes by gazing upon a marvelous portrait of Your charming form. She fills Her ears with a constant flow of the ambrosia of Your name. Day and night this emaciated girl, while softly singing about Your qualities in the fifth note, sits by the window**

overlooking the path You used to take. [All Her senses thus occupied in You, She has no thought for eating or drinking.]

–Śrī Trivikrama

**Verse 358**

*aṅge 'naṅga-jvara-huta-vahaś cakṣuṣi dhyāna-mudrā  
kaṅthe jivaḥ kara-kiśalaye dīrgha-śāyi kapolaḥ  
amśe veṅī kuśa-Parisare candanaṁ vāci maunaṁ  
tasyāḥ sarvaṁ sthitam iti na ca tvaṁ vinā kvāpi cetaḥ*

**The fever of amorous desire smolders in Her body. Her closed eyes mark Her rapt meditation. Her vital airs hover in Her throat. For a long time Her cheek takes support in the tender leaf of Her hand. Her disheveled braid sits upon Her shoulder. Sandalwood paste lies on Her breasts. Silence fills Her speech. These things rest firmly in their places, but Her heart cannot repose anywhere without You. If You do not come quickly and embrace Her, then Her life force will go to You.**

–Śrī Kṣemendra

**Verse 359**

*dr̥ṣṭe candramasi praluṭṭa-tamasi vyomāṅgana-stheyasi  
sphurjan-nirmala-tejasi twayi gate dūraṁ nija-preyasi  
śvāsaḥ kairava-korakīyati mukhaṁ tasyāḥ sarojīyati  
kṣīrodīyati manmatho dr̥ṣṭe api ca drāk candrakāntīyati*

**O Prāṇa-priyatama, O brilliant moon that dispels the darkness in the vault of the sky, You have departed. Now hear about Her condition when She sees the full moon: Her heaving, like the *kumud* night lily, increases; Her face, like a lotus, closes up; Her vast *prema* for You, like turbulent high tide in the ocean of milk, is churned; and Her eyes, like *candrakānta* jewels, melt with tears.**

–Śrī Bhīma Bhaṭṭa

**Verse 360**

*asyāḥ sadā viraha-vahni-śikhā-kalāpa-  
tapte sthīto 'si hṛdaye tvam iha priyāyāḥ  
prāleya-śikara-same hṛdi te murāre  
rādhā kṣaṇam vasati naiva kadāpi dhūrte*

**He Murāri, You have made Yourself a permanent home in Your beloved Rādhā's heart, which is burning up in loneliness. But You rogue, You don't allow Her to stay in Your icy heart even for a moment.**



What sort of etiquette is that? You take over someone else's house but You bar others from Your own. You seem to have completely forgotten Rādhā, but She cannot forget You for an instant.

—Śrī Śaṅkara

**Verse 361**

*asyās tāpam aham mukunda kathayāmy eṇi-dṛśas te katham  
padminyāḥ sa-rasam dalam vinihitam yasyāḥ sa-tāpe hṛdi  
ādau śuśyati saṅkucaty anu tataś cūrṇatvam āpadyate  
paścān murnuratām dadhad dahati ca śvāsāvadhūtaḥ śikhī*

**O Mukunda, what can I tell You about this doe-eyed girl's anguish? Her heart is burning up in Your absence. When we place fresh lotus petals on Her burning breast, they immediately dry up, then they shrivel, turn into powder, and in the end they ignite from Her fiery sighs and are reduced to ashes.**

—Śrī Śāntikara

**Verse 362**

*uddhyeta tanū-lateti nalinī-patreṇa nodvijyate  
sphoṭaḥ syād iti nāṅgakaṁ malayaja-kṣodāmbhasā sicyate  
syād asyāti-bharāt parābhava iti prāyo na vā pallavā-  
ropo vakṣasi tat katham kṛṣa-tanor ādhilī samādhīyatām*

How will we cure this doe-eyed girl's anxiety? She is so thin that we cannot even fan Her with lotus leaves for fear that She will start shaking. Because She is burning up with the fever of separation, we dare not sprinkle Her with cooling sandalwood water, lest it leaves blisters. We do not even place lotus petals on Her breast in case they might crush Her. We are unable to find any way to soothe Her. You are the only remedy.

—Śrī Ānanda

### Verse 363

*nīvasati yadi tava hṛdaye  
sā rādhā vajra-ghaṭite 'smīn  
tat khalu kuśalam tasyāḥ  
smara-viśikhais tāḍyamānāyāḥ*

**Rādhā is under continuous attack from Cupid's five types of deadly arrows, but You can protect Her by providing Her a safe haven in Your heart, which is hard as a thunderbolt.**

—Author unknown

### Verse 364

*unnīlanti nakhair lunīhi vahati kṣaumāñcalenāvṛṇu  
krīḍā-kānanam āviśanti valaya-kvāṇaiḥ samutrāsaya  
ittham pallava-dakṣiṇānīla-kuhūkaṅṭhīṣu saṅketika-  
vyāhārāḥ subhaga tvadīya-virahe rādhā-sakhīnām mīthah*

**O charming beloved, in separation from You, Rādhā's *sakhīs* are discussing what should be done to protect Her from the tender new leaves, the soft southern breeze, and the cooing of the cuckoos:**

“The very tender new leaves are sprouting on the trees.”

“Quickly cut them off with your nails. Otherwise, if Rādhā sees them, they will cause the fever of Her separation to increase.”

“O sister, the southern breeze is blowing.”

“Block it with your silk veil.”



“O friend, the crooning cuckoo birds are entering the pastime-forest.”

“Then quickly scare them away with the jangling of your bracelets. Otherwise, if their sweet sound will go in Rādhā’s ear, Her fever will escalate.”

–Śrī Śambhu

### Verse 365

*galaty ekā mūrchā bhavati pumar anyā yad anayoḥ  
kim apy āsīn madhyamī subhaga nikhilāyam api niśi  
likhantyaś tatrāsyāḥ kusumaśara-lekham tava kṛte  
samāptim svastīti prathama-pada-bhāgo 'pi na gataḥ*

**O most handsome fellow, in Your absence Rādhā faints over and over again. When She starts regaining awareness, again She falls back into a swoon. Like this the whole night passes. In between Her swoons She attempts to write You a love letter, but all She is able to write is *sva*, only the first syllable of *svasti*, greetings!**

–Śrī Śacīpati

### Verse 366

*citrāya tvayi cintite tanu-bhuvā cakre tatajyam dhanur  
vartim dhartum upāgate 'ṅgulī-yuge bāno guṇe yojitaḥ  
prārabdhe tava citra-karmaṇi dhanur-muktāstra-bhinne bhṛśam  
bhittim drāg avalambya keśava ciram ca tatra citrāyate*

**He Keśava, as soon as Rādhā contemplates painting Your portrait, Cupid strings his bow. When She is about to pick up the paintbrush, Cupid sets an arrow on the bowstring. As She begins to paint, he shoots his arrow. Severely wounded, She takes shelter of the wall and for a long time sits motionless like a painting.**

–Śrī Bāṇa

Verse 367

*tvām antaḥ-sthira-bhāvanā-paraṇatām matvā puro 'vasthitām  
yāvad dor-valayam karoti rabhasād agre samālingitum  
tāvāt tam nijam eva deham acirād ālingya romāñcitām  
dṛṣṭvā vṛṣṭi-jala-cchalena ruditām manye payodair api*

**She constantly cherishes You in Her heart. Imagining that You are present in front of Her, She fervently entwines Her arms like a bracelet around You, and as She ends up embracing Herself, Her hairs rise up in rapture. What to speak of us, the clouds in the sky, on the pretext of raining, start to cry upon witnessing Her pitiable condition. No one can tolerate seeing Her separation mood.**

—Author unknown

Verse 368

*acchinnam nayanāmbu bandhuṣu kṛtam tāpaḥ sakhīṣv-āhito  
dānyam nyastam aśeṣataḥ pariḥane cintā gurubhyo 'rpite  
adya śvaḥ kila nirvṛtim vrajati sā śvāsaiḥ param khidyate  
viśrabdho bhava viprayoga-janitam duḥkham vibhaktam tayā*

**In separation from You, our *sakhī* is undergoing incalculable anguish, more than She can bear, so much so that She has had to disperse Her pain to others in order to keep going. The tears from Her eyes She has distributed to Her friends; seeing Her so miserable Her friends are continuously crying too. The burning of Her separation She has also given to Her *sakhīs*, who are burning up along with Her. Her pitiable condition She has imparted to Her *dāsīs*; seeing their pathetic state, depression itself feels wretched. Her anxiety She has offered to Her elders, who are worried from moment to moment whether or not She will survive. Now, the only thing causing Her suffering is Her continuous sighing. But today or tomorrow, when She breathes Her last, She will be released from loneliness and then find happiness. Thus, if You don't want to suffer separation from Her, while there is still some breath left in Her, come quickly and save Her, and both of You become joyful.**

—Śrī Rudra



## Asyā eva sa-praṇayerṣyaṁ jalpitam

Words Mixed With Love and Envy

### Verse 369

*mukha-mādhurya-samṛddhyā  
para-hṛdayasya grahitari prasabham  
kṣṇātmani para-puruṣe  
sauhṛda-kāmasya kā śarīrāśā*

[Desiring to bring Kṛṣṇa back to Vraja, Śrī Lalitā, observing Śrī Rādhikā's extreme separation that has reached the tenth and last stage, *dasamī-daśā*, being on the verge of death, speaks with loving sarcasm:]

**“With the rich sweetness of His face, He steals people’s hearts by force. If anyone wants to make friendship with that Supreme Male – who has so many other lovers and who is black inside and out – what hope is there to remain alive?”**

–Śrī Jagannātha Sena



Lalitā Sakhī wants to bring Kṛṣṇa back to Vraja. Seeing her *prāṇa sakhī* on the verge of death, she is going mad with *praṇaya kopa*, the anger of love, and she sends a message to Kṛṣṇa. *Kṣṇātmani* means the dark-complexioned lover of somebody else, or it means somebody else’s lover whose heart is black and whose name is Kṛṣṇa. “Since You are *kṣetra-jña*, the knower of happiness and distress of others but not ours, what hope is there to live for someone who wants friendship with You? Thinking ‘Kṛṣṇa is Mine,’ how can my *priya sakhī* continue to live? You are the only cause of Her condition. The rich sweetness of Your face forcefully steals the hearts of others, what to speak of my *sakhī*. You must bring Her back to life, because You are responsible for Her pitiable state.”



**Vraja-devīnām sotprāsaḥ sandeśaḥ**  
A Sarcastic Message from the Vraja-devīs

**Verse 370**

*vācā trīya-jana-saṅkaṭa-duḥsthayā kim  
kim vā nimeṣa-virasena vilokitena  
he nātha nanda-suta gokula-sundarīṅām  
antaś-carī saha-carī tvayi bhaktir eva*

**At first, because of our spontaneous love for each other, we were one. Now we are separated and our *prema* has broken. So what is the use of sending a third person? Their messages are simply a torment. What was the use of gazing upon us so affectionately as You were leaving? That doesn't help us in our present condition. *He Nātha, O Nanda-Suta, now the only friend of us *gokula-sundarīs* is the *prema-bhakti* we nurture for You in our hearts.***

– Author unknown



[Kṛṣṇa promises to come back from Mathurā very soon and Candrāvalī and other *gopīs* retort sarcastically:]

“*He Nātha, Nanda-Suta, at first there was a oneness in love between us. There was no mediator or third person bringing us together. Now that this oneness of *prema* is broken, our meetings are marred by the torment of a third person coming between us. What is the use of words? They are an impediment. Therefore, what purpose will a third party serve?” Kṛṣṇa’s message: “Do not be despondent. I will only be in Mathura for the blink of an eye. Boundless love already resides in your hearts. Therefore I will quickly go and come back. What is the problem of not seeing Me for just a second? You will relish a very special *rasa* in your heart. Therefore, what does it matter if you see Me or not?”*

The *sakhīs*’ reply: “Now the only friend of the *gokula-sundarīs*, the beautiful *gopīs* of Vraja, is *bhakti* for You. We are just servants.

Due to the nature of *prema* we perform *sevā* to You in our minds. Therefore, we stay alive only by our *prema* for You.” These words actually betray the *gokula-sundarīs*’ jealousy towards the women of Mathurā.



### **Yathārtha-sandēśaḥ**

A Very Appropriate Letter

#### **Verse 371**

*muralī-kala-nikvaṇair na yā  
guru-lajjā-bharam aḥy ajīgaṇan  
virahe tava goṣikāḥ katham  
samayaṁ tā gamayantu mādharma*

**He Mādhava, when the *gopīs* would hear the sweet sound of Your flute, they would be so captivated that they would lose all their bashfulness and would never consider what their elders might think. In separation from You now, how will those *gopīs* pass their time?**

—Śrī Saṣṭhī dāsa

#### **Verse 372**

*mathurā-pathika murārer  
upageyam dvāri ballavī-vacanam  
punar aḥi yamunā-salile  
kāliya-garalānalo jvalati*

[The anguish of separation augmenting at the sight of the Yamunā’s water, which is dark like Śrī Kṛṣṇa, Śrī Rādhā became very much agitated. Finding Her in this state, Lalitā sent news to Śrī Kṛṣṇa through a wayfarer to Madhu-purī:]

**“O traveler to Mathurā, go to Murāri’s door and in a loud voice deliver this message from the *gopīs*: ‘He Murāri! The water of the Yamunā is again ablaze with the fire from the venom of Kāliya-serpent.’”**

—Śrī Vīra Sarasvatī



Before, only one body of water was on fire – the limpid lake by the Yamunā that had been polluted by Kāliya Nāga, and at that time only one serpent demon was present. But now uncountable lakes are ablaze – the pure *prema*-filled hearts of all the *gopīs*, each one having been tainted by the burning poison of the snake of separation. This has caused a widespread conflagration. Come quickly and kick out that Kāliya Nāga of separation from the *gopīs*' hearts, thereby making them crystal clear once again.]



**Dvāravatī-sthasya harer virahaḥ**  
Hari's Feelings of Separation in Dvārakā

**Verse 373**

*kāliṅdīm anukūla-komalarayām indīvara-śyāmalāḥ  
śailoṣanta-bhuvaḥ kadamba-kusumair āmodinaḥ kandarān  
rādhām ca prathamābhisāra-madhuram jātānutāpaḥ smarann  
astu dvāravatī-ṭatis tri-bhuvanāmodāya dāmodaraḥ*

**The gently flowing Yamunā, the land around Govardhana dark as blue lotuses, the caves fragrant with *kadamba* flowers, Rādhā's vast sweetness at the time of Their first meeting – remembering all these, the Lord of Dvārakā felt great anguish. May that Dāmodara delight the three worlds.**

–Śrī Śaraṇa

**Verse 374**

*kāmanī kāmāyate na keli-nalinīnī nāmodate kaumudī-  
niṣyandair na samūhate mrga-dṛśām ālāpa-līlām aṭī  
sīdann eṣa niśāsu niḥsaha-tanur bhogābhilāśālasair  
aṅgais tāmyatī cetasī vraja-vadhūm ādhāya mugdho hariḥ*

**Lost in meditation on one special *vraja-gopī* who has fully possessed His heart, Hari passes His evenings in a stupor. The**

pastime lotuses offered by His queens, the pleasing moon rays, and the playful chatter of the doe-eyed princesses have no power to pull Him out of His despondency.

—Śrī Śaraṇa

### Verse 375

*ratna-cchāyā-cchurita-jaladhau mandire dvāarakāyā  
rukmiṇyāpi prabala-pulakodbhedam āliṅgītasya  
viśvaṁ pāyān masṛṇa-yamunā-tīra-vānīra-kuñje  
rādhā-kelī-bhara-parimala-dhyāna-mūrchā murāreḥ*

In a lustrous jeweled palace in Dvārakā that sparkles in the middle of the ocean, even while in the tight embrace of His favorite queen Rukmiṇī-devī, Śrī Murāri is deeply absorbed in meditating on the fragrance of amorous pastimes with Śrī Rādhā in the *vānīra kuñja*, the bamboo grove, by the charming shore of the Yamunā, causing Him to horripulate. May that Murāri’s horripilation protect the whole world.

—Śrī Umāpatidhara

### Verse 376

*nirmagnena mayāmbhasi praṇayataḥ pālī samāliṅgitā  
kenālikam idaṁ tavādya kathitaṁ rādhe mudhā tāmyasi  
ity utsvapna-paramparāsu śayane śrutvā vacaḥ śārṅgiṇo  
rukmiṇyāḥ śithilī-kṛtaḥ sa-kapaṭaṁ kaṇṭha-grahaḥ pātu vaḥ*

“*He Rādhe, ‘I dove into the water for playing and passionately embraced Pālī.’ Who told You this? This is a lie. So why are You uselessly disturbed?*” Kṛṣṇa spoke thus in His dream while sleeping in the arms of Rukmiṇī-devī, who became jealous and loosened her embrace. May Śārṅgiṇo Kṛṣṇa, who holds the Śārṅga bow, protect you all.

—Śrī Umāpatidhara



## Vṛndāvanādhīśvarī-viraha-gītam

The Queen of Vṛndāvana's Words of Separation

### Verse 377

*yāte dvāravatī-ṭuraṁ madhu-ripau tad-vastra-samvyānayā  
kāḷindī-taṭa-kuñja-vañjula-latām ālambya sotkaṇṭhayā  
udgītaṁ guru-bāṣpa-gadgada-galat-tāra-svaraṁ rādhāyā  
yenāntar jala-cāribhir jala-carair apy utkam utkūjitam*

**When Madhu-ripu left for Dvārakā, Śrī Rādhā wrapped Herself in His yellow shawl and took shelter in a vine-covered kuñja on the bank of the Yamunā. With great longing She began sobbing and sang loudly in a choked voice. Hearing that sound, the fish and the water birds were filled with anxiety and cried along with Her.**

–Śrī Aparājita



## Vraja-devīnām sandeśaḥ

A Letter from the Vraja-devis

### Verse 378

*pāntha dvāravatīm prayāsi yadi he tad devakīnandano  
vaktavyaḥ smara-moha-mantra-vivaśā goṇyo 'pi nāmojjhitāḥ  
etāḥ keli-kadamba-dhūli-ṭaṭalair āloka-sūnyo dīśaḥ  
kāḷindī-taṭa-bhūmayo 'pi bhavato nāyānti cittāspadam*

**O traveler, if you go to Dvārakā, kindly give our message to Devakī-nandana: “You bewitched us gopīs with Your Cupid mantra, making us completely helpless, and then You left us. Don't You ever remember how we were blinded by the thick pollen falling from the kadamba trees in the pastime grove where we enjoyed together on the bank of the Yamunā? Don't these memories ever touch Your heart?”**

– Śrī Govardhanācārya





Before You were Rādhā-ramaṇa. Did You give up the love of the *gopīs*? Now Rādhā-ramaṇa has changed to Rukmiṇī-ramaṇa. We are asking You, “*He* Rādhā-ramaṇa, all the trees, all the calves, all the flowers are waiting for You. Have you forgotten them? *He* Nāgara, in Vṛndāvana You performed *rāsa-līlā* with the *gopīs*. Did You forget *nikuñja-vanam*? Did You forget Govardhana-*līlā*? You killed Vatsāsura. Now have You forgotten everything?”

When the *gopīs* were meeting with Kṛṣṇa in a *kadamba kuñja*, the white pollen falling from the *kadamba* flowers filled the air. The dust was so thick that they could not see Him, and even while meeting with Him they were crying in separation.

### Verse 379

*te govardhana-kandarāḥ sa yamunā-kacchaḥ sa ceṣṭo vaṭo  
bhāṇḍīraḥ sa vanaspatīḥ sahararās te tac ca goṣṭhāṅgaṇam  
kim te dvāravatī-bhujāṅga hṛdayam nāyāti doṣair apīty  
avyād vo hṛdi duḥsaham vraja-vadhū-sandeśa-śalyam hareḥ*

**“O snake of Dvārakā! The enchanting caves at Govardhana, the soft bank of the Yamunā, Your cherished Bhāṇḍīra-vaṭa, the famous *kadamba* tree on the bank of Kāliya Lake, Your favorite cowherd chums, and the courtyards of Vraja – do these never, even in a negative way, pass through Your mind?” These piercing words from the *vraja-gopīs* were an unbearable javelin in Śrī Hari’s heart. May that sharp message protect you all.**

–Śrī Nīla

### Verse 380

*kāliṅdyāḥ pulinaṁ pradoṣa-maruto ramyāḥ śasāṅkāmśavaḥ  
santāpam na harantu nāma nitarāṁ kurvanti kasmāt punaḥ  
sandiṣṭam vraja-yoṣitām iti hareḥ samīśruvato ’ntah-pure  
niḥśvāsāḥ prasṛtā jayanti ramaṇī-saubhagya-garva-cchidhaḥ*

“O Hari, why is it that the charming bank of the Yamunā flooded with moonlight and the fragrant evening breezes are not soothing our anguish? Rather, the burning separation is increasing.” When He heard the *vraja-gopīs*’ words from the parrot in the inner chambers of the palace, He let out a deep sigh. Victory unto those sighs that pulverized the pride of His beautiful queens.

–Śrī Pañcatantrakṛt



### Sudāmānaṁ vipraṁ prati dvārakeśvara-vākyam

Dvārakādhiśa’s Words to Sudāmā Vipra

#### Verse 381

*mā gā ityapaṁgalaṁ vraja sakhe snehena sūnyam vacas  
tiṣṭheti prabhuṭā yathābhilaṣitam kurvity-udāsīnatā  
brūmo hanta sudāma-mitra-vacanaṁ naivopacārād idaṁ  
smartavyā vayam ādareṇa bhavatā yāvad bhavad-darśanam*

“O My friend, do not leave.” If I say this to you, then these words will be inauspicious for your journey. If I say, “You can go,” then I will not be showing you any affection. If I say, “Stay here,” then I will be playing the master and making you the servant. And if I tell you, “You can do whatever you like,” then I appear to be indifferent. O bosom friend, I am not trying to be smart with you; I am truly speaking to you from the heart. My final words to you are that until we meet again, please remember Me with great regard and affection.

–Śrī Hari



### Sva-grhādikaṁ dṛṣṭvā tasya vacanam

Sudāmā’s Words on Seeing His Home,  
Possessions and Family

#### Verse 382

*tad gemaṁ nata-bhitti mandiram idaṁ labdhāvakaśaṁ divaḥ  
sā dhenuṛ jaratī caranti kariṇām etā ghanābhā ghaṭāḥ*

*sa kṣudro muṣala-dhvaṇiḥ kalam idaṁ saṅgītakam yoṣitām  
citraṁ hanta katham dvijo 'yam iyatīm bhūmiṁ samāropitaḥ*

**Where has my broken-down small shack gone? Where has this divine mansion come from? Before I had one skinny old cow tied to a broken pole, but now there are many elephants roaming about like dark clouds. Before there was only the occasional sound of the grinding mortar, but now the air is filled with the sweet singing of beautiful damsels. How astonishing! How has this beggar *brāhmaṇa* obtained such a place?!**

–Author unknown



**Kurukṣetre śrī-vṛndāvanādhiśvarī-ceṣṭitam**  
Śrī Vṛndāvaneśvarī's Behavior at Kurukṣetra

**Verse 383**

*yenaiva sūcita-navābhyudaya-ṭrasaṅgā  
mīnāhata-sphurita-tāmarasopamena  
anyān nimīlya nayanam muditaiva rādhā  
vāmena tena nayanena dadarśa kṛṣṇam*

**Closing Her right eye, Rādhā joyfully gazed upon Śrī Kṛṣṇa with Her left eye, which trembled like a blossoming red lotus jostled by a darting fish.**

– Śrī Hara



If a lady's left eye quivers, it is a welcome sign. Getting the bright news that She will meet with Kṛṣṇa, Rādhā's left eye started dancing. She closed Her right eye because She only wanted to gaze upon Him with that eye which had announced Their auspicious meeting.

Alternatively, Rādhikā is shooting Kṛṣṇa a sidelong glance with Her left eye. In *parakīya-rasa* there is no straight, direct *darśana*. The heroine is leftist and looks at her lover from the side,

her face pointing in one direction and her eyes looking another way. Her eyes, as described in *Ujjvala-nīlamanī*, are *svayam-dūtī* messengers.

#### Verse 384

*ānandogata-bāṣpa-pūra-pihitaṁ cakṣuḥ kṣamaṁ nekṣitum  
bāhu sīdata eva kampa-vidhurai śaktau na kañṭha-grahe  
vāṇī sambhrama-gadgadākṣara-padā saṅkṣobha-lolaṁ manaḥ  
satyaṁ vallabha-saṅgamo 'pi su-cirāj-jāto viyogāyate*

**As soon as She met with Kṛṣṇa, Her eyes overflowed with tears of bliss, and She could barely see Him. She began trembling, thus preventing Her arms from wrapping around Her dearest beloved's neck. Being overwhelmed with *prema* She was unable to speak, and Her heart was agitated. The truth is that finally seeing Her lover again after such a long time, Their meeting was just like another separation. Meeting is such sweet sorrow!**

—Śrī Śubhra



#### **Rahasya anumayantaṁ kṛṣṇaṁ prati rādhā-vākyam**

Rādhā's Reply to Kṛṣṇa's Attempt to Console Her  
in a Solitary Place

#### Verse 385

*kiṁ pādānte luṭhasi vīmanāḥ svāmīno hi svatantrāḥ  
kiñcit kālān kvacid abhiratas tatra kas te 'parādhāḥ  
āgas-kārīny aham iha yayā jīvitān tvad-viyoge  
bhartṛ-ṣṛāṇāḥ striya iti nanu tvam mamaivānūneyaḥ*

**Why are You falling at My feet, feeling so dejected? The master is always independent. Hence, if he is attached to someone else for some time, what fault is there on his part? I am the sinner, for I remained alive even in Your absence. Should**

**not the wife always consider the husband to be her very life and soul? I am the one who should be asking for forgiveness.**

– Author unknown



(Commentary by Śrīla Bhakti-rakṣaka Śrīdhara Mahārāja:)

When Kṛṣṇa came to the camp of the *gopīs* in Kurukṣetra, He suddenly found Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī and stooped down as if to touch Her feet. Rādhārāṇī began backing away, saying, “What are You doing! You are trying to touch My feet?” She shuddered, “You have done nothing wrong. You are My master. You are at liberty to do whatever You want. I am Your maidservant and should try with every nerve to satisfy You. You have committed no crime. I am the criminal. How? I still drag on My body and life. This is My crime – that I could not die from Your separation! Still, I show My face to the public – I am not worth Your divine affection. The whole burden of breaking the law of love is on My head.”



### **Tatraiva sakhīm prati śrī-rādhā-vacanam**

Śrī Rādhā's Words to a Gopī-friend at the Same Place

#### **Verse 386**

*yaḥ kaumāra-haraḥ sa eva hi varas tā eva caitra-kṣapās  
te conmilīta-mālatī-surabhayaḥ prauḍhāḥ kadambānilāḥ  
sā caivāsmi tathāpi tatra surata-vyāpāra-līlā-vidhau  
revā-rodhasi vetasi-tanu-tale cetaḥ samutkañṭhate*

**That same handsome fellow who stole my heart when I was young is now my husband and is present with me. The same lovely nights of Caitra month, the same fragrance of the mālatī flowers, the same cool, gentle breezes flowing from the aromatic kadamba trees – all are present. And I am also the same person, but my mind is running back to the bank**

of the Revā under the *vetasī* tree where we enjoyed our first rendezvous.

—Author unknown

**Verse 387**

*priyaḥ so 'yam kṛṣṇaḥ saḥacari kuru-kṣetra-militas  
tathāhaṁ sā rādhā tad idam ubhayoḥ saṅgama-sukham  
tathāpy antaḥ-khelan-madhura-muralī-pāñcama-juṣe  
mano me kālindī-pulina-vipināya sprhayati*

[Speaking to Her intimate companion Lalitā:]

**“O My dear *sakhī*, here at Kurukṣetra we are meeting with our most treasured friend Kṛṣṇa. I am the same Rādhā, and our meeting here now is very pleasant. But I am not feeling the same joy that I had in the woods on the bank of the Yamunā. My mind is running there, wanting to hear the sound of His sweet flute playing the fifth note.”**

—Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī



**Samāptau maṅgalācaraṇam**

Auspicious Conclusion

**Verse 388**

*mugdhe muñca viṣādama atra balabhit kamṇo gurus tyajyatām  
sad-bhāvam bhaja puñḍarīka-nayane mānyān imān mānyā  
lakṣmīn śikṣayataḥ svayamvara-vidhau dhanvantarer vāk-chalād  
ity anya-pratiśedham ātmani vidhiṁ śṛṇvan hariḥ pātu vaḥ*

[When the demigods and demons were churning the ocean of milk, many items came out: *kālakūṭa* poison (which Nīlakaṇṭheśvara Śiva swallowed), a *surabhi* cow (which went to Gautama Ṛṣi's *āśrama*), a horse, Indra's elephant Airāvata, the Kaustubha gem (which Viṣṇu put on His chest), Apsarās, Lakṣmī-devī, Vāruṇī (the goddess of honey-liquor), and Dhanvantari holding a pot of nectar, which Mohinī cleverly distributed to the demigods.]

[In the assembly of the demigods at the time of Lakṣmī-devī's *svayamvara*, Śrī Dhanvantarī said:] “O innocent girl, don't despair. Do not give the marriage garland to Śiva, who drank the lethal poison. Nor should you accept Indra (who killed the Bala demon), Varuṇa (the master of the oceans, Lakṣmī-devī's father), or Guru Bṛhaspatī. You should accept only lotus-eyed Lord Nārāyaṇa as your husband, no one else.” May that Hari, who overheard Dhanvantarī instructing Lakṣmī-devī to select Śrī Viṣṇu as her husband, protect you all.

– Author unknown



Alternatively: When Śrī Rādhā was about to embrace Śrī Kṛṣṇa and give Him a *mālā*, She became bewildered. Seeing Rādhā perplexed, life-giving (*dhanvantarī*) Śrī Lalitā said:

“O most charming and beautiful girl, give up the despair born of Your long separation. Your dearmost beloved, who is standing right over there, will not forsake You again. In front of Your elders, You are severely trembling in anticipation of embracing and garlanding Your lover. Keep the mood of being a young bride, O lotus-eyed Rādhā, and honor the highly respectable Brajeśvara Śrī Nanda and Brajeśvarī Yaśodā, Paurṇamāsī, and the other senior Brajabāsīs.” May that Hari, who heard Lalitā's words instructing Rādhikā, protect you all.

### Verse 389

*yadu-vamśāvataṁsāya vṛndāvana-vihāriṇe  
saṁsāra-sagarottāra-taraye haraye namaḥ*

**The crown of the Yadu dynasty, Vṛndāvana-bihārī, who roams about the pleasure-grounds of Vraja, and who is the ship for crossing the unending ocean of birth and death – to that Hari I bow down with great reverence.**

–Śrī Avilamba Sarasvatī

Verse 390

*bhramyad-bhāsvara-mandarādri-sikhara-vyāghaṭṭanād viṣphurat-  
keyūrāḥ puruhūta-kuñjara-kara-prāg-bhāra-samvardhinaḥ  
daityendra-pramadā-kaṭola-vilasat-patrāṅkura-cchedino  
dor-daṇḍāḥ kali-kāla-kalmaṣa-muṣaḥ kaṁsa-dviṣaḥ pāntu vaḥ*

**May Kaṁsāri Śrī Kṛṣṇa's arms – which are decorated with glistening armlets polished by rubbing against the splendid summit of Mandara Mountain, which defeat the beauty of the tapering trunk of Indra's elephant Airāvata, which wipe off the decorations on the cheeks of the big demons' wives by turning them into widows, and which remove the filth of the age of Kali – protect you all.**

–Śrī Yogeśvara

Verse 391

*jayadeva-bilvamaṅgala-  
mukhaiḥ kṛtā ye 'tra santi sandarbhāḥ  
teṣāṁ paḍyāni vinā  
samāhṛtānūtarāṇy atra*

**The author of Śrī Gīta-govinda, Śrī Jayadeva, and the author of Kṛṣṇa-karṇāmṛta, Śrī Bilvamaṅgala, are famous, and thus their books are widely available. Therefore I have not included their writings here; rather I have collected verses from other highly exalted *rasika* writers.**

–Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī

Verse 392

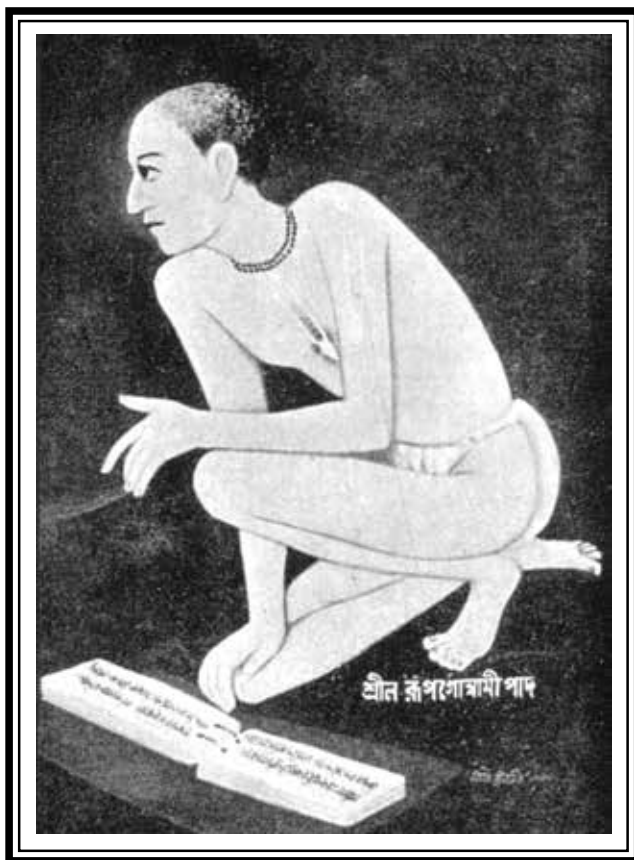
*lasad-ujjala-rasa-sumanā  
gokula-kula-pālikāli-kalitaḥ  
mad-abhīpsitam abhidadyāt  
taruṇa-tamāla-kalpa-pādapaḥ ko 'pi*

**In Vraja there is a young *tamāla kalpa-vṛkṣa* tree laden with the flowers of *ujjala-rasa*, and the girls of Gokula, like**



**honeybees, are buzzing around those flowers to serve Him. May that indescribable young tree grant my desire to serve His lotus feet.**

—Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī



Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī



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