



Dāna - Līlā

tatrādau śrī gaura-candra

rāgiṇī beloyāra — tāla boḍo daśa kusi

**SAÑRI PURUBA LĪLĀ TRIBHAṄGA HOIYĀ;
MOHANA MURALĪ GORĀ ADHARE LOIYĀ
MURALĪRA RANDHRE PHUKA DILĀ GORĀ-CAṄD;
AṄGULI LOLĀIYĀ KORE SULALITA GĀNA
NAGARERA LOKA JOTO ŚUNİYĀ MOHITA;
SURADHUNĪ TĪRE TARU LATĀ PULAKITA
BHUVANA MOHANA GORĀ MURALĪRA SVARE;
VĀSUDEVA GHOṢA ITHE KI BOLITE PĀRE (1)**

"Remembering His previous (Vraja-) pastimes Gorā stood in a threefold bending form, taking His enchanting flute to His lips. Gorācānd blew in the hole of His Muralī and moved His fingers over the other holes to produce a very lovely song. All the villagers who heard it were enchanted and the trees and vines on the bank of the Gaṅgā horripilated. What more can Vāsudeva Ghoṣa say about the flute song of world-enchanting Gorā? "



rāgiṇī barāḍī — tāla boḍo daśa kusi

**GAURĀNGA CĀNDERA MANE KI BHĀVA UṬHILO;
NADĪYĀRA MĀJHĀRE DĀNA SIRAJILO
KISERA DĀNA CĀHE GORĀ DVIJA MAṆI;
VETRA DIYĀ ĀGULIYĀ RĀKHAYE TARUṆĪ
DĀNA DEHO DĀNA DEHO BOLI GORĀ ḌĀKE;
NAGARERA NĀGARĪ SAB POḌILO VIPĀKE
KṚṢṆA AVATĀRE ĀMI SĀDHIYĀCHI DĀNA;
SE BHĀVA POḌILO MANE VĀSU GHOṢA GĀNA (2)**

"What *bhāva* arose in Gaurāṅga Cānd 's mind? He erected a toll station in Nadīyā. Whose tax did Gorā, the jewel of brāhmaṇas, levy? Pointing at the young girls with His stick, He exclaimed: "Pay Me My tax! Pay Me My tax! " Thus all the girls of the town got into trouble. "I am the *avatāra* of Kṛṣṇa! I have levied tax! ", He thought, and Vāsudeva Ghoṣa sings of it.



rāgiṇī tuḍī — tāla daśa kusi

**SAKĀLE GODHANA LOIYĀ, GOṬHE GELO VINODIYĀ,
DIYĀ ŚĪNGĀ VEṆURA NIŚĀNA
GURU JANA ĀṄGINĀTE, NĀ PĀRINU BĀHIR HOITE,**

NĀ HERINU SE CĀÑDA VAYĀNA

"In the morning Kṛṣṇa takes His wealth of cows into the *goṣṭha*, while flutes and horns are played. I could not leave the yard of My superiors and come outside, and I could not see His moon-like face. "

**KON PATHE GELO ŚYĀMA RĀYA?
YE MORA KORICHE MANA, PRĀṆA KORE UCĀṬANA,
CĀÑDA MUKHA DEKHILE JUḌĀYA**

"What road has Śyāma Rāya taken? Whatever He does fills My heart with anxiety. Only the sight of His moon-like face can soothe Me. "

**YAŚOMATI NANDA GHOṢA, TĀHĀRE KI DIBO DOṢA,
GOKULE GODHANA HOILO KĀLA
ĀMĀ SABĀRA PRĀṆA-DHANA, GOKULERA JĪVANA,
GOṬHE GELO MADANA GOPĀLA**

"How can I blame Yaśomati and Nanda Bābā? It is simply time to take the cows out in Gokula! Madana Gopāla, who is the treasure of our lives and who is the very life of Gokula, has gone out to the *goṣṭha*! "

**COLO JĀI SEI PATHE, PAŚARĀ LOIYĀ MĀTHE,
YEKHĀNE ĀCHEN ŚYĀMA RĀYA
YADUNĀTHA DĀSE KOY, VILAMBA NĀHIKO SOY,
TURITE GAMANA KORO TĀYA (3)**

"Let us also take that road, taking merchandise on our heads, so that we can meet Śyāma Rāya wherever He is! " Yadunātha dāsa says: "Don 't tolerate any more delay — go there quickly! "



rāgiṇī barāḍī — tāla dāsa pāḍiyā

**KHELĀ RASE CHILĀ KĀNĀI ŚUBALERA SANE;
HENO KĀLE RĀDHĀRE PAḌIYĀ GELO MANE
ĀPANĀRA DHENU SAB SAṄGI-GAṆE DIYĀ;
RĀDHĀ BOLI BĀJĀYA VĀMŚĪ TRIBHAṄGA HOIYĀ
RĀDHĀ BOLI KĀNĀI PŪRILO MOHANA VAMŚĪ;
ŚRĪ RĀDHĪKĀRA KARṆE TĀHĀ PRAVEŚILO ĀSI
ŚUNI DHVANI SUVADANI ATHIRA HOIYĀ;
BANDHURE BHEṬITE JĀY ĀPANĀRE DIYĀ
RĀYA ŚEKHARA KOHE EI KATHĀ BAṬE;
COLO SABE JĀI MORĀ YAMUNĀRA TAṬE (6)**

"Kṛṣṇa was playing with His friend Subala when He remembered Rādhā, so He left all His cows with His pals and began to play His flute, saying 'Rādhā' and standing in a threefold bending form. Saying 'Rādhā', Kṛṣṇa began to fill the holes of His enchanting flute and this sound entered into Śrī Rādhikā 's ears. Hearing this sound, fair-faced Rāi became agitated and went out to meet Her friend. Rāy Śekhara says: "Let us all go to the bank of the Yamunā! "



rāgiṇī śrī rāga — tāla dāsa pāḍiyā

**KE JĀBE KE JĀBE BOḌĀI ḌĀKE UCCESVARE;
DADHI DUGDHA GHṚTA GHOLA BIKI KORIBĀRE
RĀDHE BOLE OGO BOḌĀI DĀṄḌĀO RĀJA PATHE;
PAŚARĀ SĀJĀICHI ĀMI TULI DIBO MĀTHE
SĀJĀIYĀ PAŚARĀ RĀI DILO DĀSĪRA MĀTHE;
COLILĀ MATHURĀRA BIKE RAṄGIYĀ BOḌĀI SĀTHE
PATHE JĀITE KOHE KATHĀ KĀNU PARASAṄGA;
RASE TANU ḌHARA ḌHARA PULAKITA AṄGA
NAVĪNA PREMERA BHARE COLITE NĀ PĀRE;
CANCALA HARINĪ JENO CAUDIGA NEHĀRE**

**HERI KI DEKHI GO BOḌĀI KADAMBERA TALE;
TADITE JAḌITA JAICHE NAVA JALADHARE
TĀHĀRA UPORE ŚOBHE NAVA INDRA DHANU;
BOḌĀI BOLE CINO NĀ NANDERA BEṬĀ KĀNU
MATHURĀRA BIKE JĀITE ĀRA PATHA NĀI
PĀTIYĀ MAṄGALA GHAṬA BOSECHE KĀNĀI (8)**

"Who will go, who will go, to sell yoghurt, milk and buttermilk? " aunty called out loud. Auntie said: "Rādhe! Stand here on the road and I will lift the pot on Your head! Rāi placed the decorated pot on the head of a maidservant. Blissfully they went to Mathurā with aunty to sell their produce, and on the way they were speaking about Kṛṣṇa. Their bodies were studded with goosepimples because of rasa. Filled with new love they could not move, looking in all directions like restless does. "O aunty! What do I see there at the base of this Kadamba-tree? It is like a fresh raincloud entwined by a lightning-streak, topped by a fresh and beautiful rainbow! " Auntie said: "Can 't you recognize Him? It 's Nanda 's son Kṛṣṇa! There is no other way leading to Mathurā, where we have to do our business! Kṛṣṇa is sitting there after placing an auspicious jug (inaugurating act of a sacrifice). "



rāgiṇī suhiṇī — tāla eka tālā

**ŚYĀMA KAṬI PĪTA DHOṬI, CŪḌĀ BĀNDHĀ O KE GO SAKHI
NAVĪNA KĀDAMBINĪ, GHAṬITA SAUDĀMINĪ,
INDRADHANU SAHITA YENO BHŪMI NĀMIYĀCHE GO**

"O *sakhi*, who has tied Śyāma's yellow *dhoti* on His waist and bound His crest on His head? It is as if a fresh monsoon cloud has descended to earth, embraced by a lightning-strike and covered by a rainbow. "

**MADANA MURACHĀYANI, KIBĀ O RŪPA LĀVAṆĪ,
NĀ JĀNI KOTO JATANA KORI, VIHI GAḌIYĀCHE GO**

"Indeed, Cupid even faints when seeing His lovely form. I don 't know how much effort the Creator went through to mould this form! "

NĪPA TARURA HILANI, DĀHINA VĀME DOLANI,
AṄGA TRIBHAṄGA HOIYĀ, KI VEŚA DĀḌĀIYĀCHE GO
SUGARA BOḌO ŚYĀMA MUKHA, MURALĪ BĀJĀOTA,
CANDRA-ŚEKHARERA RŪPA, MARAME LĀGIYĀCHE GO (9)

"How did He dress, leaning against a Kadamba-tree, tilting His right side to His left side, keeping His body in a threefold bending form. Śyāma 's face is so nicely crafted as He plays His flute. This form is imprinted in the heart of Candra Śekhara. "



Rāgiṇī Barāḍi — Tāla DaśaKusi

ROHO ROHO BOLI TAMU JĀO;
ḌĀKILE NĀ ŚUNO KĀṆE, ETO AHAṆKĀRA KENE,
GARAVE PHIRIYĀ NĀHI CĀO

(Kṛṣṇa says:) "Although I am saying: "Stop! Stop! " You don 't listen. Why are You so puffed up that You don 't even turn back to see? "

GOLOKERA PATI ĀMI, ĀMĀRE NĀ CINO TUMI,
SO HARI MINATI KORI BOLI
BRAHMĀ ĀDI YOTO DEVE, ĀMĀRA CARAṆA SEVE,
TUMI MORE NĀ CĀHO MUKHA TULI

"I am the Lord of Goloka — don 't You recognise Me? All the great demigods like Brahmā are serving My feet and humbly call Me Hari, but You don 't even lift Your face to look at Me! "

ŚUNIYĀ KĀNURA VĀṆĪ, HRḌE HARAṢITA DHANĪ,
SARASA KAPAṬE KOHE KOTHĀ

**GOLOKA CHĀḌIYĀ KENE, GO DHENU COḌĀO BONE,
KI SUKHE GOLOKA PATI HETHĀ?**

"Hearing Kṛṣṇa 's words, fortunate Rāi became delighted at heart and spoke false *rasika* words: "Why did You leave Goloka to herd cows in this forest? What pleasure does the Lord of Goloka find here? "

**TOMĀRA KĀRAṆE DHANĪ, PATHE HOILĀM DĀNĪ,
DHENU LOIYĀ PHIRI BONE BONE
TOMĀ VINE MORA MANE, ĀNA NĀHIKO JĀNE,
KĀLO HOILĀM TOMĀRA KĀRAṆE**

"O Dhanī Rāi (fortunate Rādhā)! For meeting You I have become a tax-collector on this road, and I wander from forest to forest to herd My cows. My mind does not know anyone else but You. For Your sake I have become black Kṛṣṇa! "

**YE TUMI KUBOLA BOLO, KOKHONO NĀ DEKHI BHĀLO,
MAṆI LOBHE CUMBA KĀLO SĀPE
PARA-DĀRE NĀHI ḌORO, BECĀBE NANDERA GHARA,
GOKULA MAJĀBE EHI PĀPE**

(Rādhā): "I never heard such nonsense as what You are speaking now—You are kissing a black snake out of greed for a jewel. Aren 't You afraid of (the sin of seducing) another man's wife? You defile Nanda's house (reputation) and dunk the whole of Gokula in this sin. "

**BOLĀHO GOLOKA PATI, TABE KENO HENO MATI,
BHĀLO BUJHO DHARAMA VICĀRA
HARIYĀ AHALYĀ SATĪ, KI HOILO INDRERA GATI,
SĪTĀ HARI RĀVAṆA SAMHĀRA**

"You claim to be the Lord of Goloka, but then why do You have such a (wicked) mentality? Think deeply about the moral consequences of what You 're doing. See what happened to Indra when he kidnapped the chaste Ahalyā and how Rāvaṇa perished after kidnapping Sītā. "

**PĀIYĀCHI KĀMSERA PĀNA, SĀDHIBO YAUVANA DĀNA,
DĀNA DIYĀ BIKE YĀHO GORI
ĀBHARAṆA KĀDI LOBO, PAŚARĀ LUṬIYĀ KHĀBO,
VAMŚĪ DĀSA YĀO BOLIHĀRI (13)**

(Kṛṣṇa says:) "O Gori! I have attained *pāna* from Kāmsa and I will succeed in taxing You on (Your) youth(ful beauty). Just sell Yourself by paying Me My tax! I will take Your ornaments away and plunder all Your dairy products! " Vamśī dāsa glorifies this event.



rāgiṇī saurāṣṭrī — tāla choṭa daśakusi

KOHO LAHU LAHU,	JAṬILĀRA BAHU,	TOMĀRE SABHĀI JĀNE
KOHITE KOHITE,	ANEKA KOHICHO,	ETO NĀ GARAVA KENE
PAŚARĀ LOIYĀ,	YĀICHO COLIYĀ,	DĀNIRE NĀ KORO BHOY
RĀJA KĀJA KORI,	DĀNA SĀDHI PHIRI,	ETHĀ KIBĀ PARICOY
E RŪPA YAUVANE,	NĀNĀ ABHARAṆE,	YĀICHO MATHURĀ BIKE
BUJHI DĀNA NIBO,	TABE YĀITE DIBO,	ĀMI ḌARĀIBO KĀKE
AMŪLYA RATANA,	KORIYĀ GOPANA,	REKHECHO HIYĀRA MĀJHE
NIJA BHĀLO CĀHO,	KHASĀIYĀ DEHO,	ITHE KI ĀMĀRA LĀJE
ETO KOHI HARI,	DU BĀHU PASĀRI,	RAHE PATHA ĀGULIYĀ
JNĀNA DĀSA KOY,	KIBĀ KORO BHOY,	YĀHO HĀTA ṬHELĀ DIYĀ

"Speak softly, softly, O daughter in-law of Jaṭilā! Everybody knows You! You are speaking and speaking so much. Why are You not proud of that? You are going by with all Your trade ware without fearing the tax-collector. I 'm doing work for the king collecting tax. What do You know about this? With such youthful beauty and variegated ornamentation You are going to Mathurā to sell Your ware. I understand that You will pay the tax, then I will let You go. Whom shall I fear? You are hiding such valuable jewels within Your heart. Look at Your own forehead, take them off and hand them over. Why be ashamed in front of Me? " Saying this, Hari stretched out His arms and

came forward on the road. Jñāna dāsa says: "Why are You afraid? Go and slap Him with Your hand! "



rāgiṇī barāḍi — tāla eka tālā

**HEDE HE NANDERA SUTA! KE TOMĀ KORILLO MAHĀ DĀNĪ?
DAṄḌE KĀCA NĀNĀ KĀCA, NĀ CHĀḌO RAMAṄĪ PĀCHA,
BUJHĀLE NĀ BUJHO HITĀ-VĀṄĪ**

"O Son of Nanda! Who has made You into a great tax-collector? You can't give up harassing other men's wives! Even though people try to teach You for Your own good You won't understand it! "

**ŚUNİYĀCHI ŚĪŚU-KĀLE, PŪTANĀ VADHECHO HELE,
TRṆĀVARTERA LOIYĀCHE PARĀṄA
EKHONI NANDERA BĀḌĪ, DEKHIYĀCHI GAḌĀGĀḌI
EKHONI SĀDHITE ĀILĀ DĀNA**

"I heard that You carelessly killed Pūtanā and Trṇāvarta when You were a baby and now I see You making a mess of Nanda's house. Now again You're playing the taxman! "

**KĀḌI NIBO PĪTA DHADĀ, ĀLUĀ PHELIBO CŪDĀ,
BĀMŚĪTI BHĀSĀIYĀ DIBO JALE
KUBOLA BOLIBE YADI, MĀTHĀYA ḌHĀLIBO DADHI,
BOSITE NĀ DIBO TARUTALE**

"I will snatch off Your yellow *dhotī*, knock off Your crown and make Your flute float in the river, and if You utter any protest I will pour My yoghurt over Your head and forbid You to sit at the base of this tree! "

**MOHANA CĀTURĪ KORI, BĀMŚĪTE SANDHĀNA PŪRI,
BUKE HĀNA MANMATHA BĀṄA.**

**RAMAÑI MAÑḌALA KORI, ĀBHARANA LOBO KĀḌI,
BHĀLO MATE SĀDHĀIBO DĀNA**

"You 're playing all kinds of enchanting tricks by filling up Your flute with nectarean sounds. Thus My heart is pierced by Cupid 's arrows. You will certainly accomplish Your tax-collection by snatching the ornaments away from all these women! "

**RĀKHĀLA BARBARA JĀTI, DHENU RĀKHO DIVĀRĀTI,
MAHIṢA GODHANA VATSA LOIYĀ,
KULA-VADHŪ SANE HĀSA, ITHE NĀHI LĀJA VĀSA
EKHONI KAMSERE DIBO KOIYĀ**

"You belong to a primitive caste of cowherders and You spend all Your time herding cows, buffaloes, bulls and calves. You 're not at all shy to make jokes with the married girls, but now I will give notice to King Kaṁsa! "



rāgiṇi barāḍi — tāla eka tālā

**KĀNĀI NĀ KORO ETEKO CĀTURĀLI,
YE NĀ JĀNE MĀNASATĀ, TĀRA ĀGE KOHO KOTHĀ,
MORA ĀGE VEKATA SAKALI**

"Kānāi! Don 't play such tricks! Whoever does not know Your mind, speak to them. Everything is clear to Me. "

**BEDĀIYĀ GĀBHĪ LOIYĀ, SE LĀJ PHELIYĀ THUIYĀ
EBE HOILĀ DĀNĪ MAHĀŚAYA.
KADAMBA TALĀYA THĀNĀ, RĀJA-PATHA KORO MĀNĀ,
DINE DINE BĀḌILO VIṢAYA**

"You have thrown away all shame by wandering around with Your cows, and now You have become Dānī Mahāśaya (the honorable tax-collector), making a tollstation at the base of a Kadamba-tree by the main road and collecting more tax every day! "

**ĀNDHĀRA VARAṆA KĀLO GĀ, BHŪMITE NĀ PODE PĀ,
KULAVADHŪ SANE PARIHĀSA
EI RŪPA NIRAKHI, ĀPANĀKE CĀO DEKHI,
ĀI ĀI LĀJA NĀHI VĀSA**

"Your body is dark and black and I see that Your feet don 't touch the ground while You are joking with the married girls. Alas! Aren 't You ashamed? "

**MĀ TOMĀRA YAŚODĀ, TĀRA MUKHE NĀHI RĀ,
NANDA GHOṢA AKALAṆKA NIDHI.
JANAMIYĀ TĀHĀRA VAMŚE, KĀJA KORO JINI KĀMSA,
E BUDDHI TOMĀRE DILO VIDHI**

"Not a word comes from the mouth of Your mother Yaśodā; the clan of Nanda is like a spotless jewel. You were born in that dynasty, so do Your job and defeat Kāmsa! The Creator has given You Your intelligence for that! "

**EKAI NAGARE GHARA, DEKHĀ ŚUNĀ ĀṬA PORA,
TILA ĀDHA ĀṆKHE NĀHI LĀJA
RĀYA ŚEKHARA KOY, RĀJĀRE NĀ KORE BHOY,
E DEŚE VASATI KIBĀ KĀJA**

"We live in the same town, we see and hear Each other day and night. Even for half a moment there is no shame in Your eyes. Rāya Śekhara says — Don 't fear the king. What is the use of living in this area? "



rāgiṇī māyūra — tāla teṭṭa

**RĀI JĀIO NĀ ĀMI TOMĀRA SAKALI KINIYĀ NIBO
NĀ JĀIO NĀ JĀIO RĀI BOISO TARU-MŪLE
ĀSITE PĀIYĀCHO VYATHĀ CARAṆA KAMALE**

"Rāi, don 't go, I will buy everything You have on You! Don 't go Rāi, don 't go Rāi! Sit at the base of this tree! You have gotten pain in Your lotus feet by coming here!"

**KARI KUMBHA DAMBHA JINI KUMBHA KUCA GIRI;
GAJERA BHARAME PĀCHE PARAŚE KEŚARĪ**

"Your mountain-like breasts defeat the pride of the elephants ' temples. A lion (or My nails) may attack them, mistaking them to be elephants! "

**CAÑCARA KEŚERA VEṆĪ ḌULICHE KOMARE;
PHAṆĪRA BHARAME VEṆĪ GILIBE MAYŪRE**

"Your braid of curly hair oscillates on Your waist, and when a peacock sees that, he will try to eat it, taking it to be a snake. "

**MAṆI MUKUTĀRA DĀMA AṄGA JHALAMALI;
VRAJERA VIṢAMA CORA LOIBE SAKALI**

"A string of pearls and jewels cause Your limbs to glitter; the terrible thief of Vraja will steal them all! "

**NALINĪ JINIYĀ TAVA MUKHA ŚOBHĀ KORE;
SONĀRA KAMALA BOLI DAMŚE ALIVARE**

"Your face defeats the beauty of the lotus flower; the best of bees will bite it, taking it to be a golden lotus. "

**SINDŪRERA BINDU BHĀLE BHĀNURA UDOY;
RAVI ŚAŚĪ BOLI MUKHA RĀHU GARĀSOY**

"The spot of *sindūra* on Your forehead resembles the rising sun. Seeing Your moonlike face with this solar spot on it, the eclipse may swallow it! "

**ŚIVA RĀMA DĀSA KOHE ŚUNO VINODINĪ;
ŚYĀMA SAṄGE RASA RAṄGE KORO BIKI KINI (22)**

"Śiva Rāma dāsa says: "Listen, O Vinodinī! Play *rasika* pastimes of buying and selling with Śyāma! "



rāgiṇī dhānaśī — tāla eka tālā

**OHE NĀGARA! GHANĀIYĀ GHANĀIYĀ ĀISO KĀCHE!
SONĀRA VARAᅇA MORA, DEKHIYĀ HOILE BHORA,
BHARAME PARAŚA KORO PĀCHE
ĀMARĀ TO KULAVATĪ, TUMI SE RĀKHĀLA JĀTI,
KI KOHITE KIBĀ KOHO VĀᅇĪ
VĀMANETE CĀᅇDA YENO, DHARITE KORROYE MON,
SEI DEKHI TOMĀRA KĀHINĪ
SAGHANE ᅇHULĀO MĀTHĀ, ŚUNIYĀ NĀ ŚUNO KOTHĀ,
PASĀRI ĀSICHO DUᅇI BĀHU
NĀ BUJHIYĀ KORO CHALA, PĀIBĀ TĀRA PRATIPHALA,
TOKHON KATHĀ NĀ ŚUNIBE KEHU
ŚUNIYĀ KOHOYE DĀNĪ, ŚUNO ŚUNO VINODINĪ,
NĀ PĀRIBE ĀMĀRE VAᅇCITA.
BIKI NĀ CHĀᅇIBĀ TUMI, ĀMI TO PATHERA DĀNĪ,
NITAI ᅇHEKIBE MORA HĀTE**

"O hero! Come closer, come closer! You are absorbed in looking at My golden complexion, and out of illusion You will touch Me later also! We are married girls, and You are just a rude cowherder! When we hear Your babbling, it seems that You think You can catch the moon, although You 're just like a dwarf! You wildly nod Your head,

not hearing what we say, and You come to us with stretched-out arms. You don 't understand that You will suffer the reactions to Your actions, but then it will be too late. Nobody will listen to You then! When the Dānī (Kṛṣṇa) heard all this, He said: "Listen, O Vinodini (Rādhā), You can 't cheat Me! You always try to keep Your merchandise out of My hands, although I am the tax-collector on this road! "



rāgiṇī barāḍī — tāla eka tālā

**HENO RŪPE KENE JĀO MATHURĀRA BIKE;
VIṢAMA RĀJĀRA BHOY ṬHEKIBE VIPĀKE
DINA KARA KIRAṆE MALINA MUKHA-KHĀNI;
HERIYĀ HERIYĀ MORA VIKALA PARĀṆI
BOSIYĀ TARURA CHĀYA KOROHO VIŚRĀMA;
ŚRAMA JALA BINDU JENO MUKUTĀRA DĀMA
VAMŚĪ VADANE KOHE ŚUNO HE NĀGARA;
BUJHILĀM BAṬA TUMI RASERA SĀGARA**

"Why are You going to Mathurā like this to sell Your ware? You will face danger from the cruel king! Your face is withered from the sunrays; My heart is very upset when I see this. Sit in the shade of this tree. The sweatdrops on Your body resemble a pearl necklace. Vaṁśī Vadana says: "Listen, O Nāgara! I understood that You are an ocean of rasa! "



rāgiṇī sindurā — tāla rūpaka

**EI MONE VANE, DĀNI HOIYĀCHO,
CHUITE RĀDHĀRA AṄGA
RĀKHĀLA HOIYĀ, RĀJA KUMĀRĪ SAṄGE,**

KISERA RABHASA RAṄGA

"In this mind, in this forest You became the tax collector just to touch Rādhā 's body! You 're quite bold to touch a princess (like Her), being a mere cowherd! "

**EMON ĀCARA, NĀHI KORO ĐORO,
GHANĀIYĀ ĀSICHO KĀCHE
GURUVARA ĀGE, KORIBO GOCARA,
TOKHON JĀNIBE PĀCHE**

"Are You not afraid to behave like that, coming so close to Her? We 'll tell this to our superiors, You will find out about them later (when they punish You)! "

**CHU 'IO NĀ CHU 'IO NĀ, NILAJA KĀNĀI,
ĀMARĀ PARERA NĀRĪ
PARA PURUŞERA PAVANA PARAŞE,
SACELE SINĀNA KORI**

"Don 't touch! Don 't touch, O shameless Kānāi, we are other men 's wives! When even the wind from another man touches us we take a bath with all our clothes on! "

**GIRI GIYĀ YADI, GAURĪ ĀRĀDHAHO,
PĀNA KORO KANAKA DHŪME,
KĀMA SĀGARE, KĀMANĀ KOROHO,
VENĪ BADARIKĀŚRAME
SŪRAYA UPARĀGE, SAHASRA SUNDARĪ,
BRĀHMAᅇE KOROHO SĀTA
TABU HOYE NAHE, TOMĀRA ŚAKATI,
RĀI AᅆGE DITE HĀTA
GOVINDA DĀSERA, VACANA MĀNAHO,
NĀ KORO EMONA ĐHAᅆGA
YOI NĀGARĪ, O RASA ĀGARI,
KOROHO TĀHĀRA SAᅆGA (25)**

"Even if You go to the mountains and worship Gaurī (Durgā), drink golden smoke, bathe in the holy tank called the Kāma Sāgara, or in the Trivenī, go on a pilgrimage to Badarikāśrama or serve thousands of *brāhmaṇas* during the solar eclipse, You will still not have the power to lay Your hand on Rāi 's body. Govinda dāsa says: Heed my words, don 't act like that! Just unite with this heroine, who is an ocean of rasa! "

(When Śyāma heard these luscious jokes of the *sakhīs* He gave the following intimate reply to Śrīmatī:)

*

rāgiṇī dhāna-śī — tāla eka tālā

TOHĀRI HRDAYE, VEṆĪ BADARIKĀŚRAMA,
UNNATA KUCA GIRI KORA
SUNDARA VADANA CHABI, KANAKA DHŪMA PIBI,
TATAHI TAPATA JĪU MORA

"In Your heart is the Trivenī and Badarikāśrama, and Your raised breasts are mountains (proper for performing penances on). When I drink the golden smoke of Your beautiful face I will be able to maintain My burning life! "

SUNDARI! TOHĀRI CARAṆA YUGA CHODI.
GAURĪ ĀRĀDHANE, KĀHĀ COLI YĀOBO,
TUHU SE TĪRITHAMAYA GAURĪ

"O beautiful girl! Why should I leave Your lotus feet to worship any Gaurī? You are Yourself Gaurī (the golden beauty), the sum-total of all holy places! "

SINDŪRA SUNDARA, MRGAMADE PARAŚALA,
EHI SŪRAYA GRAHA JĀNI,
TUYĀ PADA NAKHA DVIJA, RĀJAHĪ SONPALUM,
SUNDARI SAHASRA PARĀṆĪ

"I consider the beautiful red *sindūra* in Your part, touched by musk (Your dark and fragrant hair) to be like the solar eclipse (the *sindūra* being the sun and the hair

being the eclipse), and Your toenails to be like so many moons (Kṛṣṇa compares the moon to the *brāhmaṇas* the *sakhīs* advised Him to serve in the previous song. Both *brāhmaṇas* and the moon are called *dvija* or twice-born)

**KĀMA SĀGARE HĀM, SAHAJAI NIMAGANA,
KĀMA PŪRABI TUHU RĀI
ŚĀMARA BOLI ABA, CARAṆE NĀ ṬHELABI,
GOVINDA DĀSA MUKHA CĀI (26)**

"I easily drown in the Kāma Sāgara (the holy tank of that name, or lit. an ocean of lust), and You, O Rāi, can fulfill these desires! " Śyāma says: "Now don 't kick Me with Your feet! ", and Govinda dāsa looks at His face.



rāgiṇī dhānaśī —

**HEDE LO VINODINI E PATHE KEMONE YĀBE TUMI
ŚĪTALA KADAMBA TALE, BOISOHO ĀMĀRA BOLE
SAKALI KINIYĀ NIBO ĀMI**

"Come, O Vinodini! Why are You coming down this path? Sit down at the cool base of this Kadamba-tree and I will buy everything from You! "

**E BHORA DUPURA BELĀ, TĀTILO PATHERA DHŪLĀ,
KAMALA JINIYĀ PADA TORI
RAUDRE GHĀMIYĀCHE MUKHA, DEKHI LĀGE BOḌO DUḤKA,
ŚRAMA BHARE ELĀLO KABARĪ**

"The midday sun is scorching the dust on the road and Your feet are more tender than lotus flowers. Your face perspires of the sunshine and when I see this I become very unhappy. Your braid has become dishevelled because of Your hard labor. "

AMŪLYA RATANA SĀTHE, GOYĀRERA BHAYA PATHE
LĀGI PĀILE LOIBE KĀḌHIYĀ
TOMĀRA LĀGIYĀ ĀMI, EI PATHE MAHĀ DĀNI
TILA ĀDHA NĀ JĀO CHĀḌIYĀ

"You are afraid that the cowherd on the road will snatch the priceless jewels away from You. For Your sake I became the great tax-collector on this road — don 't leave Me for even a moment! "



tatra milanam
rāgiṇī paṭha manjarī — tāla eka tālā

RĀI MUKHA HERI MUKHARĀ KOHE; ETO KI ĀMĀRA PARĀṆE SAHE
RĀKHĀLA HOIYĀ CHUI 'TE CĀYA; AB KI KORBO NĀHI UPĀYA
ETO BOLI SABE DHĀIYĀ COLE; NIKUNJE RĀI LUKĀYA CHALE
DĀNI AVASARA BUJHIYĀ KĀJE; LUKĀYA JĀIYĀ NIKUÑJA MĀJHE
RĀI KĀNU TĀHĀ DARASĀ PĀI; RAHE DUÑHU DUÑHĀ VADANA CĀI
PRATI ANGE DĀNI LOILO DĀNA; RATI RATIPATI MŪRATI MĀNO
YE CHILO MĀNĀSA PŪRALO ĀŚA; ĀNANDE MAGANA ŚEKHARA DĀSA (31)

"Looking at Rāi 's face Mukharā said: "Can my heart tolerate this? Although He is a cowherd He wants to touch You! What can I do now, I see no way out! " As she said this, everyone went running and Rāi hid Herself in a nikuñja. Dāni Kṛṣṇa understood His opportunity and hid Himself within this nikuñja. Here Rāi saw Kānu and here They stared Each other in the face. Dāni Kṛṣṇa took each of Rāi 's limbs as levy and thus They resembled the embodiments of Rati and Cupid. Whatever desires They had on Their minds were fulfilled and seeing it, Rāy Śekhara floats in transcendental bliss. "



rāgiṇī karuṇa barāḍī — tāla daśa kusi

**MOHANA VIJANA VANE, DŪRE GELO SAKHĪGANE,
EKALĀ RAHILO DHANĪ RĀI
DUṬI ĀŅKHI CHALE CHALE, CARAṆA KAMALA TALE,
KĀNU ĀSI POROLO LOṬĀI**

"The sakhis went far away from the enchanting lonely forest, leaving Rāi behind alone there. Then Kānu came there and fell at Her lotus feet, saying:

**VINODINI! JANAMA SAPHALA BHELO MORA!
TOMĀ HENO GUṆA NIDHI, PATHE ĀNI DILĀ VIDHI,
ĀNANDERA KI KOHOBO ORA**

"O Vinodini! My birth has become a success, for Fate brought a qualified jewel like You on My way! What could be more ecstatic? "

**RAVIRA KIRAṆA PĀICHE, CĀNDA MUKHA GHĀMIYĀCHE,
MUKHARA MANJĪRA DUṬI PĀYA
HIYĀRA UPORE RĀKHI, JUḌĀO SE MORA ĀŅKHI,
CANDANA CARCITA KORI GĀYA**

"Your moonlike face perspires when the sunrays touch it and Your anklebells jingle on Your feet. Keep them on My chest and soothe My eyes like sandalwoodpulp soothing the body! "

**ETEKO MINATI KORI, RĀIYERA KARETE DHARI,
BOSĀYALO NIJA PĪTAVĀSE
NIRJANA NIKUÑJA VANE, MILANA DONHĀRA SANE,
MANE MANE HĀSE VAMŚĪ DĀSA**

"Speaking in such a humble way Kṛṣṇa took Rāi by the hand and seated Her on His own yellow dhotī. When Vamśī dāsa sees Their meeting in this solitary kuñja-forest he laughs within himself. "



rāgiṇī bhūpālī — tāla soma

**RĀDHĀ MĀDHAVA NĪPA MŪLE; KELI KALĀ RASA DĀNA CHALE
DUÑHE DOÑHĀ DARASĀI NAYANA VIBHAṄGA;
PULAKE PŪRALO TANU JARA JARA AṄGA**

"On the pretext of paying tax Rādhā and Mādhava enjoy loving pastimes under a Nīpa-tree. Their eyes twitch when They see Each other and Their bodies shiver and become studded with goosepimples. "

**DŪRE GELO SAKHĪ-GAṆA SAHITE BOḌĀI;
EKALĀ PĀIYĀ KĀNU LUṬAI RĀI
DUÑHE DOÑHĀ HERAITE BHELO VIBHORA;
CĀNDE MILALO JANU LUBADHA CAKORA
DUÑHU JANA HRDAYE MADANA PARAKĀŚĀ;
SAKHĪGAṆA HERI DŪRE BĀDHALO ULLĀSA**

"The sakhīs and Mukharā went far away, so finding Rāi alone, Kānu began to plunder Her. They were absorbed in gazing at Each other and looked like a greedy Cakora bird attaining the moon. Cupid was manifest in the hearts of both of Them and when the *sakhīs* watched this from afar their joy increased. "

**BHUJE BHUJE BEḌĀ DOÑHĀRA VAYĀNE VAYĀNA;
KAMALE MADHUPA JANU HOILO MILANA
DUÑHU ADHARĀMṚTA DUÑHU KORU PĀNA;
NIJA AṄGA DILO RĀI GHANA RASA DĀNA
MILALO DUÑHU JANA PŪRALO ĀŚĀ;
ĀNANDE ŚIHARAI GOVINDA DĀSA**

"They embrace Each other with Their arms and kiss Each other on the faces, meeting Each other like a honeybee meets a lotus-flower. They drink the nectar from

Each others ' lips and Rāi gave erotic flavours away with Her own body. The desire of Both these Two was thus fulfilled as They met and this makes Govinda dāsa shiver of ecstasy.



*tataḥ nivedanaḥ
rāgiṇi sindudā — tāla teoṭa*

**ŚUNO LO SUNDARĪ, PREMERA ĀGORĪ,
TUYĀ ANURĀGE MORI
TOMĀRA LĀGIYĀ, SAKALA CHĀḌIYĀ,
ĀINU GOKULA PURĪ**

"Listen, O beautiful girl, I am dying out of passionate love for You. For Your sake I have given up everything and come to Gokula. "

**TOMĀRA KĀRAṆE, PHIRI VANE VANE,
DHENU RĀKHIBĀRE CHALE
BHRAMIYĀ BHRAMIYĀ, LĀGI NĀ PĀIYĀ,
ŚRAME BOSI TARU-TALE**

"I am wandering through each of Your forests on the pretext of herding My cows. Wandering around and around and not finding You I sit at the base of a tree in exhaustion."

**RĀI HE ĀMI SE TOMĀRA DĀNI!
SAKALA CHĀḌIYĀ, VIṢAYA LOIYECHI,
TOMĀRA MAHIMĀ ŚUNI**

"O Rāi, I am Your tax-collector! I have given up everything and taken to this business, hearing about Your glories! "

**HEMA VARAṆA, MAṆI ABHARAṆA,
SADĀI NAYANE DEKHI**

**PĀSARITE NĀRI, HIYĀYA BHARI,
PĀLAṬITE NĀRI ĀÑKHI**

"My eyes constantly see Your golden complexion and Your jewelled ornaments.
I cannot forget You, My heart is filled with You and I cannot keep My eyes from You. "

**TUMI SE PARĀṆA, SARAVASA DHANA,
E DUI NAYĀNERA TĀRĀ
ETO KALĀVATI, GOKULE VASATI,
KĀRU NAHE HENO DHĀRĀ**

"You are My life, My wealth, My all-in-all and the apple of My eyes! There is no
such an artful girl like You in Gokula.

**KI JĀNI KI GUṆE, HIYĀRA MĀJHĀRE,
PAŚIYĀ KOROHO VĀSA
APARŪPA NAHE, E MATA SAHAJE,
KOHOYE VAMŚĪ DĀSA**

"Who knows through which quality You entered into My heart to make Your
residence there? Vamśī dāsa says: "This is not very astonishing, it is natural. "



rāgiṇī kāmōda — tāla boḍo daśa-kusi

**PRĀTE GODHANA LOIYĀ, ĀÑGINĀRA NIKAṬA DIYĀ,
YĀO HE TUMI VEṆU BĀJĀIYĀ
VEṆU DHVANI KOILĀ TUMI, AṬṬĀLIKĀ PORE ĀMI,
VEṆU SVARE ĀILĀM BĀHIR HOIYĀ**

"When You take Your cows out in the morning You pass by My yard, playing
Your flute. When I hear Your flute-playing I come out of My home and mount My
balcony. "

**DEKHITE ĀILĀM ĀMI, PHIRIYĀ NĀ CĀILĀ TUMI,
NĀCI GELĀ HALADHARERA VĀME
KĀNDITE KĀNDITE ĀMI, SAKALA SAKHINĪ MELI,
PRAVEŚILĀM LALITĀRA DHĀME**

"I came there to see You, but You did not look back at Me. You were simply dancing around on Haladhara (Balarāma) 's left. Weeping and weeping I entered Lalitā's abode where I met My girlfriends. "

**LALITĀ CATURĀ CHILO, DĀNA CHALE MILĀILO,
TEĪ PĀINU TOMARA DARĀŚANE
CARAṆE DHARIYĀ BOLI, DAYĀ NĀ CHĀḌIHO HARI,
VṚNDĀVANE RĀKHIHO CARAṆE (35)**

"Lalitā was so clever to induce Me to meet You on the pretext of a toll collection. Hence I received Your *darśana*. Claspng Your lotus-feet I say: "O Hari, don 't withdraw Your grace from Me, keep Me at Your feet in Vṛndāvana! "



rāgiṇī suhai — tāla dharā

**ĀMĀRE KI BOLO VINODINĪ; KOHITE PHĀṬAYE MORA PRĀṆĪ
YAB TUHU AṬṬĀLIKĀ PORE; TUYĀ MUKHA DEKHI ĀṆKHI JHURE
SAṄGE CHILO DĀDĀ BALARĀMA; LĀJA ĀMI NĀ HERI VAYĀNA
ŚUNO ŚUNO EI NIVEDANA; ŚUNI HARAŚITA VṚNDĀVANA (36)**

"O Vinodinī, what are You telling Me? What You say breaks My heart. When You mounted Your balcony I soothed My eyes by gazing at Your face. My elder brother Balarāma was with Me, so out of shame I did not look You in the face. Listen to My prayer — I hear that all of Vṛndāvana rejoices! "

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rāginī kalyānī — tāla eka tālā

OHE NĀGARA VARA, ŚUNO HE MURALĪ-DHARA,
NIVEDANA KORI TUYĀ PĀY
CARAṆA NAKHARA MAṆI, JANU CĀNDERA GĀNTHANI,
BHĀLO ŚOBHE ĀMĀRA GALĀYA

"O Best of lovers! Listen, O Muralīdhara! I pray to Your lotus-feet: Your jewel-like toenails shine like a garland of moons that would nicely beautify My neck! "

ŚRĪDĀMERA SAṄGE SAṄGE, YOKHON TUMI JĀO HE RAṄGE
TOKHON ĀMI ĀṄGINĀYA DĀḌĀIYĀ
MONE KORI SAṄGE JĀI, GURU-JANĀRA BHAY PĀI
ĀṄKHI ROILO TUYĀ PATHA CĀIYĀ

"When You play with Śrīdāma I stand in the yard and I think of how I would go with You. But then I become afraid of My superiors and I just stare at You down the road. "

JOKHON TOMĀY PAḌE MONE, CĀHI VṚNDĀVANA PĀNE
ELĀILE KEŚĀ NĀHI BĀNDHI
RANDHANA ŚĀLĀTE JĀI, TUYĀ BANDHURA GUṆA GĀI
DHŪMĀRA CHALĀYA BOSI KĀNDI

"When I remember You I stare at Vṛndāvana, My hairs become dishevelled and I cannot bind it anymore. I go to the kitchen where I sing the glories of Your friend and I weep, pretending that My tears are caused by the smoke of the cooking fire. "

MAṆI NAO MĀṆIKYA NAO, HIYĀYA PORIYE RAṆ
PHULA NAO YE KEŚĒRA KORI VEŚĀ
NĀRĪ NĀ KORITO VIDHI, TOMĀ HENO GUṆA NIDHI
LOIYĀ PHIRITĀM DEŚĒ DEŚĀ

"You are not a jewel or a gem that I can blissfully hang on My breasts, nor are You a flower that I can put in My hair. If the Creator had not made Me a woman I could wander from land to land with a Guṇa-nidhi like You! "

**ĀGORA CANDANA HOITĀM, ŚYĀMĀNGE LEPIYĀ ROITĀM,
GHĀMIYĀ PADITĀM RĀNGĀ PĀY
KI MORA MONERA SĀDHA, VĀMANERA CĀNDE HĀTA
VIHI KIYE PŪRĀBE ĀMĀY**

"I could be sandalwood paste and remain smeared all over Your Śyāma-body.
What am I dreaming of? Will Fate fulfill My desires, while I am like a dwarf trying to
catch the moon? "

**NAROTTAMA DĀSE KOY, TOMĀRA VICITRA NOY,
TUMI MORE NĀ CHĀḌIHO DOYĀ
YE DINA TOMĀRA BHĀVE, ĀMĀRA E PRĀṆA JĀBE,
SEI DINA DIHO PADA-CHĀYĀ**

"Narottama dāsa says: "This is not astonishing of You. Don 't withdraw Your
mercy from Me. On the day that I leave My body with full love for You, on that day
give me the shade of Your lotus-feet. "



rāgiṇī dhāna-śī — tāla eka tālā

**ŚUNO ŚUNO SUNDARĪ VINODINĪ RĀI;
TOMĀ VINU KĀRU NAHI TOMĀRI DOHĀI
TUYĀ DARĀŚANA LĀGI ĀṆKHI MORA KĀNDE;
DHAI RAJA DHARITE NĀRI DEKHI MUKHA CĀNDE
AKHILA SAMPADA MORA TUYĀ MUKHA-ŚĀŚĪ;
MURALĪTE TUYĀ GUṆA GĀI DIVĀ-NĪŚĪ
JAGATE JĀNAYE TUYĀ ANUGATA KĀNA;
GOVINDA DĀSA TĀHE ĀCHE PARAMĀṆA**

"O Sundari Vinodinī Rāi! Listen, O listen! I don 't have anyone else but You; I 'm Your servant! My eyes weep for want of seeing You and I cannot remain patient for want of seeing Your moon-like face! Your moon-like face is My entire wealth and I sing Your glories day and night with My flute! Let the world know that Kṛṣṇa is Your servant! Govinda dāsa provides testimony to that! "



rāgiṇī kāmōda — tāla daśa kusi

**VIRALE PĀIYĀCHI KICHU KOI
NAVĪNA PIRĪTI KHĀNI, SADĀ MORA ANTARE JĀGE
SE KĀRAṆE ETO DUḤKA SOI**

"Sakhi! Getting You in solitude I tell you something. A new love is constantly rising in My heart and this makes Me so unhappy! "

**EKE GUṆA HĪNĀ NĀRĪ, GURU JANĀ TĀHE VAIRĪ,
ĀRA TĀHE NANADINĪ RĀGĪ
JĀRE CHUI 'LE SNĀNA LEKHE, SE MORE DEKHIYĀ HĀSE,
HĀM ATI KARAMA ABHĀGĪ**

"First of all I am an unqualified woman and My superiors act as My enemies. Besides that, My sister-in-law is always angry with Me. Even untouchables, after touching whom you should bathe, laugh as they see Me. My *karma* is very bad indeed!"

**JOKHON BANDHU PAḌE MONE, CĀHI VṚNDĀVANA PĀNE
ELĀILE KEŚĀ NĀHI BĀNDHI
RANDHANA ŚĀLĀTE JĀI, TUYĀ BANDHURA GUṆA GĀI
DHŪMĀRA CHALĀYA BOSI KĀNDI**

"When I remember My lover I stare at Vṛndāvana, My hairs become dishevelled and I cannot bind it anymore. I go to the kitchen where I sing the glories of your friend and I weep, pretending that My tears are caused by the smoke of the cooking fire. "

**LOKE NĀNĀ KATHĀ KOY, SAKALI ŚUNITE HOY,
BOLE BOLUK TĀHE NĀHI DĀYA
SAKALI PARĀṆE SOY, YADI TOMĀRA NĀMA LOY,
VAMŚĪ VADANE GUṆA GĀYA**

"People gossip in different ways and everyone can hear it. Let them say whatever I want, I don 't care. My heart can tolerate everything as long as I sing Your name. " Thus Vamśī Vadana sings the glories of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa. "



śrī rāga — tāla eka tālā

**BANDHU TOMĀRA RĀṄGĀ PĀYA KI BOLIBO ĀMI;
ANYERA ANEKA ĀCHE ĀMĀRA KEVALA TUMI
KI DIBO KI DIBO BOLI MONE KORI ĀMI;
YE DHANA TOMĀRE DIBO SEI DHANA TUMI
TUMI SE ĀMĀRA BANDHU ĀMI SE TOMĀRA;
TOMĀRA DHANA TOMĀYA DITE KI JĀBE ĀMĀRA
KOHE YADUNĀTHA DĀSA ŚUNO SAB SAKHI;
BIKĀILĀM RĀṄGĀ PĀY TOMARĀ HOIO SĀKHI (40)**

"Friend! What more should I tell Your red lotusfeet? Others have many, but I have only You! I think: "What will I give, what will I give? Whatever wealth I want to give to You, that is You! You are My friend and I am Yours—What wealth can I give You which is not already Yours? " Yadunātha dāsa says: "Listen, all of my sakhīs! I sold myself to His red lotus-feet and you are my witnesses! "



śrī rāga — tāla loṣhā

**NIKADĪYĀ BANDHU BHELO TUMI SE ĀMĀRA;
NIKADĪYĀ DĀSĪ BHELO ĀMI SE TOMĀRA
NIKADĪYĀ MUKHE TOMĀRA NIKADĪYĀ HĀSĪ;
NIKADĪYĀ HĀTE TOMĀRA NIKADĪYĀ VĀMŚĪ
NIKADĪYĀ PHULE TOMĀRA NIKADĪYĀ MĀLĀ;
NIKADĪYĀ BANDHU TUMI NIKADĪYĀ GALĀ
NIKADĪYĀ KAṬI TOMĀRA NIKADĪYĀ DHAṬĪ;
NIKADĪYĀ VṚNDĀVANA NIKADĪYĀ MĀṬĪ
NIKADĪYĀ GOVINDA DĀSA PADA NIKADĪYĀ;
YEBĀ GĀY YEBĀ ŚUNE SEHO NIKADĪYĀ (41)**

"You have become My unpaid friend and I became Your unpaid maidservant. An unpaid smile is on Your unpaid mouth and an unpaid flute lies in Your unpaid hand. O unpaid friend, You wear an unpaid garland of unpaid flowers around Your unpaid neck and an unpaid dhoṭi around Your unpaid waist. Vṛndāvana is unpaid and its soil is also unpaid and unpaid Govinda dāsa is not paid for this song. Anyone who sings or hears this song will also not be paid. "



rāgiṇī kāmōda — tāla daśa kusi

**GODHANA LOIYĀ, ĀILĀ COLIYĀ,
TOKHONA MANDIRE HĀM
GURU JANĀ PATHE, NĀRI BĀHIRĀITE,
PRĀṆA KORE ĀNACĀNA
SEI DUKHE HARI, HOIYĀ PASĀRĪ,**

TOMĀRA NIKATE ĀINU
TOMĀRA VACANE, AMIYĀ SINĀNE,
SABA DUKHA PĀŚARINU
BANDHU E GARAVA THOBO KOTHĀ
ĀMĀRA LĀGIYĀ, KIBĀ NĀ KORILĀ,
DĀNI HOILĀ ĀSI HETHĀ
ANEKA SĀDHERA, PAŚARĀ ĀMĀRA,
GHṚTA CHENĀ SARA ĀCHE
PŪRĀHO SE SĀDHA, KORİYĀ BHOJANA,
BOSIYĀ ĀMĀRA KĀCHE
GHARE NANADINĪ, ĀGUNERA KHANI,
KAṆṬAKA GRHETE THĀKI
TUMI SE ĀMĀRA, PARĀṆA BĀNDHUYĀ,
SEI SUKHE PRĀṆA RĀKHI
DINE EKA BERI, DEKHĀ DIO HARI,
JOKHONO YEKHĀNE THĀKI
TUMI SE ĀMĀRA, GHARA SARAVASA,
KAVI VIDYĀPATI SĀKHI (42)

"When He came with His cows I was at home. I could not go out, since I had to pass by My superiors and that greatly hurt My heart. In such misery, O Hari, I became a merchant and came to You. Then I bathed in the nectar of Your words and forgot all about My anguish. O friend! Where will I place My pride? What have You not all done for Me? You have come here to Me, becoming a tax-collector! I have very valuable merchandise with Me, consisting of ghī, buttermilk and cream. Fulfill all the work I have done for this — sit next to Me and eat it all! My-sister-in-law is like a mine of glowing embers and stays in My home like a thorn! You are My heart 's friend and that bliss I keep in My heart! Please Hari, show Yourself to Me at least once a day, wherever I may stay at any given moment! You are My abode and My all-in-all, Kavi Vidyāpati testifies of that!



tatra grhāgamaṇaḥ

rāgiṇī barāḍī — tāla eka tālā

**SAKHI GAṆA MELI KOYOLO JAYAKĀRA;
ŚYĀMARA AṄGE DEOLO PHULA HĀRA
NIJA MANDIRE DHANI KOYOLO PAYĀNA;
GAHANA KĀNANE RAHU NĀGARA KĀNA
SAKHĪ GAṆA SAṄGE SAṄGE COLILĀ GORI;
MAṆI BHUṢAṆA VEŚA AṄGE UJIYĀRI
ŚAṄKHA ŚABADA GHANA JAYA JAYAKĀRA;
SUNDARA VADANA KOROCA KUCA-BHĀRA
HERI MADANA KOTO PARĀBHAVA PĀYA;
GOVINDA DĀSA PAHUṆ IHA RASA GĀYA (43)**

"The sakhīs met and chanted Jaya, hanging a garland of flowers around Śyāma's body. Dhanī Rāi returned home and Nāgara Kāna remained in the dense forest. Gori (golden Rādhā) went along with Her *sakhīs*, Her body shining with nice garments and jewelled ornaments. Conchshells resounded and 'Jaya Jaya' was being loudly chanted. Cupid is defeated so many times when he sees Her beautiful face and Her heavy breasts and Govinda dāsa sings of this *rasika* pastime.

All dāna-līlā padas translated by Advaitadas