

श्रीश्री दामोदराष्टकम् ॥

Śrī Śrī Dāmodarāṣṭakam

नमामीश्वरं सच्चिदानन्दरूपं,
लसत्कुण्डलं गोकुले भ्राजमानं ।
यशोदाभियोलूखलाद्भावमानं,
परामृष्टमत्यं ततो द्रुत्य गोप्या ॥१॥

namāmīśvaram sac-cid-ānanda-rūpaṁ
lasat-kuṇḍalam gokule bhrājamaṇam
yaśodā-bhiyolūkhalād dhāvamaṇam
parāmṛṣṭam atyantato drutya gopyā

(1) To the Supreme Lord, whose form is the embodiment of eternal existence, knowledge, and bliss, whose shark-shaped earrings are swinging to and fro, who is beautifully shining in the divine realm of Gokula, who [due to the offense of breaking the pot of yogurt that His mother was churning into butter and then stealing the butter that was kept hanging from a swing] is quickly running from the wooden grinding mortar in fear of mother Yaśodā, but who has been caught from behind by her who ran after Him with greater speed—to that Supreme Lord, Śrī Dāmodara, I offer my humble obeisances.

रुदन्तं मुहुर्नेत्रयुग्मं मृजन्तं,
कराञ्जभोज-युग्मेन सातङ्कनत्रम् ।
मुहुः श्वासकञ्ज-त्रिरेखाङ्कण्ड,
स्थित-ग्रैव-दामोदरं भक्तिबद्धम् ॥२॥

rudantaṁ muhur netra-yugmaṁ mṛjantaṁ
karāñjhoja-yugmena sātaṅka-netraṁ
muhuḥ śvāsa-kampa-trirekhāṅka-kaṅṭha-
sthita-graivam dāmodaram bhakti-baddham

(2) [Seeing the whipping stick in His mother's hand,] He is crying and rubbing His eyes again and again with His two lotus hands. His eyes are filled with fear, and the necklace of pearls around His neck, which is marked with three lines like a conchshell, is shaking because of His quick breathing due to crying. To this Supreme Lord, Śrī Dāmodara, whose belly is bound not with ropes but with His mother's pure love, I offer my humble obeisances.

इतीदृक् स्वलीलाभिरानन्दकुण्डे,
स्वघोषं निमज्जन्तमाज्ञ्यापयन्तम् ।
तदीयेशितज्ञेषु भक्तैर्जितत्वं,
पुनः प्रेमतस्तं शतावृज्जि वन्दे ॥३॥

itīdṛk sva-līlābhir ānanda-kuṇḍe
sva-ghoṣaṁ nimajjantaṁ ākhyāpayantaṁ
tadiyeṣita-jñeṣu bhaktair jitatvaṁ
punaḥ prematas taṁ śatāvṛtti vande

(3) By such childhood pastimes as this He is drowning the inhabitants of Gokula in pools of ecstasy, and is revealing to those devotees who are absorbed in knowledge of His supreme majesty and opulence that He is only conquered by devotees whose pure love is imbued with intimacy and is free from all conceptions of awe and reverence. With great love I again offer my obeisances to Lord Śrī Dāmodara hundreds and hundreds of times.

वरं देव! मोक्षं न मोक्षावधिं वा,
न चान्यं वृणेऽहं वरेशादपीह ।
इदन्ते वपुर्नाथ! गोपालबालं,
सदा मे मनस्याविरास्तां किमन्यै ॥४॥

varam deva mokṣaṁ na mokṣāvadhim vā
na canyaṁ vṛṇe 'haṁ vareṣād apīha
idaṁ te vapur nātha gopāla-bālaṁ
sadā me manasy āvirāstāṁ kim anyaiḥ

(4) O Lord, although You are able to give all kinds of benedictions, I do not pray to You for the boon of impersonal liberation, nor the highest liberation of eternal life in Vaikuṅṭha, nor any other boon [which may be obtained by executing the nine processes of *bhakti*]. O Lord, I simply wish that this form of Yours as Bāla Gopāla in Vṛindāvana may ever be manifest in my heart, for what is the use to me of any other boon besides this?

इदन्ते मुखाञ्जभोजमत्यन्तनीलै-
 वृतं कुन्तलैः स्निग्ध-रक्तैश्चगोप्या ।
 मुहुश्चुञ्जितं बिज्ज्वरक्ताधरं मे,
 मनस्याविरास्तामलं लक्षलाभैः ॥५॥

*idaṁ te mukhāmbhojam atyanta-nīlair
 vṛtaṁ kuntalaiḥ snigdha-raktaiś ca gopyā
 muhuś cumbitaṁ bimba-raktādharaṁ me
 manasy āvirāstāṁ alaṁ lakṣa-lābhaiḥ*

(5) O Lord, Your lotus face, which is encircled by locks of soft black hair tinged with red, is kissed again and again by mother Yaśodā, and Your lips are reddish like the bimba fruit. May this beautiful vision of Your lotus face be ever manifest in my heart. Thousands and thousands of other benedictions are of no use to me.

नमो देव दामोदरानन्त विष्णो !,
 प्रसीध प्रभो ! दुःखजालाङ्घिमग्नम् ।
 कृपादृष्टि-वृष्ट्यातिदीनं वतानु ,
 गृहानेरा ! मामज्ञमेध्यक्षिदृश्यः ॥६॥

*namo deva dāmodarānanta viṣṇo
 prasīda prabho duḥkha-jālābdhi-magnam
 kṛpā-dṛṣṭi-vṛṣṭyāti-dīnaṁ batānu
 grhāṇeṣa mām ajñam edhy akṣi-dṛśyaḥ*

(6) O Supreme Godhead, I offer my obeisances unto You. O Dāmodara! O Ananta! O Viṣṇu! O master! O my Lord, be pleased upon me. By showering Your glance of mercy upon me, deliver this poor ignorant fool who is immersed in an ocean of worldly sorrows, and become visible to my eyes.

कुबेरात्मजौ बद्धमूर्त्यैव यद्वत्,
 त्वया मोचितौ भक्तिभाजौ कृतौ च ।
 तथा प्रमभक्तिं स्वकां मे प्रयच्छ ,
 न मोक्षे ग्रहो मेऽस्ति दामोदरेह ॥७॥

*kuverātmaṁjau baddha-mūrtyaiva yadvat
 tvayā mocitau bhakti-bhājau kṛtau ca
 tathā prema-bhaktiṁ svakāṁ me prayaccha
 na mokṣe graho me 'sti dāmodareha*

(7) O Lord Dāmodara, just as the two sons of Kuvera—Manigrīva and Nalakūvara—were delivered from the curse of Nārada and made into great devotees by You in Your form as a baby tied with rope to a wooden grinding mortar, in the same way, please give to me Your own prema-bhakti. I only long for this and have no desire for any kind of liberation.

नमस्तेऽस्तु दाञ्जे स्फुरद्दीप्तिधाञ्जे,
 त्वदीयोदरायाथ विश्वस्य धाञ्जे ।
 नमो राधिकायै त्वदीय प्रियायै,
 नमोऽनन्तलीलाय देवाय तुज्यम् ॥८॥

*namas te 'stu dāmne sphurad-dīpti-dhāmne
 tvadīyodarāyātha viśvasya dhāmne
 namo rādhikāyai tvadīya-priyāyai
 namo 'nanta-līlāya devāya tubhyam*

(8) O Lord Dāmodara, I first of all offer my obeisances to the brilliantly effulgent rope which binds Your belly. I then offer my obeisances to Your belly, which is the abode of the entire universe. I humbly bow down to Your most beloved Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī, and I offer all obeisances to You, the Supreme Lord, who displays unlimited pastimes.

