



॥ श्रीकृष्णकर्णामृतम् ॥

॥ Śrī Kṛṣṇa-karṇāmṛtam ॥
(Nectar to the ears of Lord Kṛṣṇa)

by Śrīla Bilvamaṅgala Ṭhākura

This work was created by Sage Śrī-Līlā-Śuka, also known as
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Text 1*

cintāmaṇir jayati somagirir gurur me
śikṣā-guruś ca bhagavān śikhi-piñcha-mauliḥ |
yat-pāda-kalpa-taru-pallava-śekhareṣu
līlā-svayaṁvara-rasaṁ labhate jaya-śrīḥ ||1||
(vasanta-tilaka)

All glories to Cintāmaṇi and my initiating spiritual master, Somagiri. All glories to my instructing spiritual master, the Supreme Personality of Godhead, who wears peacock feathers in His crown. Under the shade of His lotus feet, which are like desire trees, Jayaśrī (Rādhārāṇī) enjoys the transcendental mellow of an eternal consort.

Text 2

asti svas-taruṇī-karāgra-vigalat-kalpa-prasūnāplutam
vastu prastuta-veṇu-nāda-laharī-nirvāṇa-nirvyākulam |
srasta-srasta-niruddha-nīvi-vilasad-gopī-sahasrāvṛtam
hasta-nyasta-natāpavargam akhilodāram kiśorākṛti ||2||
(śārdūla-vikrīḍita)

There is an entity who has the appearance of an adolescent boy, and who is being inundated with desire-tree flowers falling from the fingertips of the damsels of heaven. That boy is completely carefree, situated in transcendental beatitude, as He sends forth waves of sound from His famed flute. He is encircled by thousands of effulgent milkmaids, whose garments are becoming loose again and again (from their extreme pleasure at hearing the flute) and who are trying to hold them up. That adolescent boy, the pinnacle of munificence, places liberation from birth and death into the hands of His surrendered devotees.

Text 3

cāturaika-nidāna-sīma-capalāpāṅga-cchaṭā-mantharam
lāvaṇyāmṛta-vīci-lolita-dṛśam lakṣmī-kaṭākṣādr̥tam |
kālindī-pulināṅgana-praṇayinam kāmāvatārāṅkuram
bālam nīlam amī vayam madhurima-svārājyam ārādhnmaḥ ||3||
(śārdūla-vikrīḍita)

We worship that dark bluish young boy, in whom culminate the principal stimuli for amorous love, who causes Rādhā to become languid with the beauty of His dancing sidelong glances, and who in turn becomes languid with love when Śrī Rādhā and Her friends cast their sidelong glances at Him. That boy's beauty, like waves of nectar, engenders an extreme thirst in the eyes of Rādhā and Her companions, and, conversely, their nectarous beauty makes Him thirsty to see them. He is affectionately worshiped by Rādhā's wistful glances, and He enjoys loving pastimes with Rādhā and Her friends on the bank of the Yamunā. We

worship that young bluish boy, the source of the god of love, who has attained unchallenged dominion over love's sweetness.

Text 4

barhottaṁsa-vilāsa-kuntala-bharaṁ mādhurya-magnānanam
pronmīlan-nava-yauvanam pravilasad-veṇu-praṇādāmṛtam |
āpīna-stana-kuṭmalābhir abhito gopībhir ārādhitam
jyotiś cetasi naś cakāstu jagatām ekābhirāmādbhutam ||4||
(śārdūla-vikrīḍita)

Let the effulgence personified (i.e., Kṛṣṇa) shine within our hearts. He is wearing a bright peacock plume on His head, His face is steeped in sweet beauty, His fresh youthfulness is bursting forth, and His flute is pouring out murmuring, nectarous sounds of rapture. On all sides the milkmaids of Vraja, who have blooming, budlike breasts, worship Him in adoration. Indeed, He is, amazingly, the only enjoyer and the only source of enjoyment in the entire universe.

Text 5

madhuratarā-smitāmṛta-vimugdha-mukhāmburuham
mada-śikhi-piñchita-manojña-kaca-pracayam |
viṣaya-viṣāmiṣa-grasana-gṛdhnuni cetasi me
vipula-vilocanam kim api dhāma cakāstu ciram ||5||
(kokilaka)

Śrī Kṛṣṇa's eyes are long like petals of a blooming lotus, and His very charming lotus-like face is made all the more charming by His extremely beautiful and sweet, nectarous smiles. His profuse curling locks look delightful with their decoration of a proud peacock's tail-feather. Let Him, the embodiment of all effulgence, forever shine within my heart, which is (outwardly) greedy for the poisonous meat of sense objects, [or (inwardly) greedy for the beauty of Śrī Kṛṣṇa, a beauty that binds the devotee's mind and causes burning pain at the time of separation from Him.]

Text 6

mukulāyamāna-nayanāmbujaṁ vibho
muralī-nināda-makaranda-nirbharam |
mukurāyamāṇa-mṛdu-gaṇḍa-maṇḍalaṁ
mukha-paṅkajaṁ manasi me vijṛmbhatām ||6||
(mañju-bhāṣiṇī)

May the lotus of my Lord's face blossom within [the lake of] my mind. The eyes of that face resemble lotus buds, being half-closed, and the delicate mirror-like orbs of its cheeks are puffed with the nectarous honey of the flute-sound.

Text 7

kamaṇīya-kiśora-mugdha-mūrteḥ
kala-veṇu-kvaṇitādr̥tānanendoḥ |
mama vāci vijṛmbhatām murārer
madhurimaḥ kaṇikāpi kāpi kāpi ||7||
(aupacchandasika)

Let my words express even a tiny particle of a particle of a particle of the luscious beauty of Murāri, whose artless adolescent figure enraptures me, and whose moon-face is worshiped by the soft melodies of His flute.

Text 8

mada-śikhaṇḍi-śikhaṇḍa-vibhūṣaṇaṁ
madana-manthara-mugdha-mukhāmbujam |
vraja-vadhū-nayanāñjana-rañjitaṁ
vijayatām mama vāñ-maya-jīvitam ||8||
(druta-vilambita)

All glories to [Kṛṣṇa] the life of my words! The collyrium from the eyes of the young girls of Vraja decorates His charming lotus face, which is languid with love, and an impassioned peacock's feather adorns His head.

Text 9

pallavāruṇa-pāṇi-paṅkaja-saṅgi-veṇu-ravākulaṁ
phulla-pāṭala-pāṭali-parivādi-pāda-saroruham |
ullasan-madhurādhara-dyuti-mañjarī-sarasānanam
vallavī-kuca-kumbha-kuṅkuma-paṅkilaṁ prabhum āśraye ||9||
(ceccarī)

I take shelter of the Lord [Kṛṣṇa], who becomes agitated with passion when He hears the sound of His own flute, held in His lotus hands, which resemble newly sprouted reddish twigs. His lotus feet reproach fully blossomed pāṭalī flowers with their beauty, and His amiable face sends forth blossoms of brilliance from His delightfully sweet lips. He is smeared with the kuṅkuma powder from the milkmaids' pitcher-like breasts.

Text 10

apāṅga-rekhābhir abhaṅgurābhir
anaṅga-rekhā-rasa-rañjitābhiḥ |
anukṣaṇam vallava-sundarībhir
abhyasyamānam vibhum āśrayāmaḥ ||10||
(upajāti)

I take shelter of my Lord [Kṛṣṇa], whom the beautiful milkmaids worship at every moment with unbroken sidelong glances from eyes tinged red with passion.

Text 11

hṛdaye mama hṛdya-vibhramāṅgām
hṛdayam harṣa-viśāla-lola-netram |
taruṇam vraja-bāla-sundarīṅgām
taralam kiñcana dhāma samnidhattām ||11||
(aupaccandasika)

Let that effulgent youth [Kṛṣṇa] come near to my heart. His wantonly restless, wide-open eyes are full of joy, and, being fully aware of the hearts of the beautiful young girls of Vraja, He fills them with the fluttering confusions of love. ??He is fickle, yet He is like the central jewel in the necklace of the milkmaids.

Text 12

nikhila-bhuvana-lakṣmī-nitya-līlāspadābhyām
kamala-vipina-vīthī-garva-sarvaṁ-kaṣābhyām |
praṇamad abhaya-dāna-prauḍhi-gāḍhādr̥tābhyām
kim api vahatu cetaḥ kṛṣṇa-pādāmbujābhyām ||12||
(mālinī)

Let my mind attain some inexpressible beatific bliss from [thinking of] Kṛṣṇa's lotus feet, which are the home of the eternal pastimes of the most beautiful maidens in all the worlds, which destroy the pride of whole clusters of lotuses, and which are highly esteemed for their great eagerness in providing safety for the Lord's humble devotees.

Text 13

praṇaya-pariṇatābhyām śrī-bharālambanābhyām
pratipada-lalitābhyām pratyahaṁ nūtanābhyām |
pratimuhur adhikābhyām prasphural-locanābhyām
pravahatu hṛdaye naḥ prāṇanāthaḥ kiśoraḥ ||13||
(mālinī)

May the Lord of our life, that young boy [Kṛṣṇa], shine incessantly within our hearts. His eyes, full of love for Rādhā, are the abode of infinite beauty. Every day they appear newer and newer, at every step they increase their charm and elegance, and at every moment they sparkle more and more brilliantly.

Text 14

mādhurya-vāridhi-madāmbu-taraṅga-bhaṅgī-
śṛṅgāra-saṅkulita-śīta-kiśora-veṣam |
āmanda-hāsa-lalitānana-candra-bimbam
ānanda-samplavam anu plavatām mano me ||14||
(vasanta-tilaka)

May my mind float along in the flood of bliss emanating from Kṛṣṇa's moonlike face, made charming by a very mild smile. Kṛṣṇa has the appearance of a young boy, and, beautified by the waves of His passionate ecstasy breaking in the ocean of sweetness, He soothes all distress.

Text 15

avyāja-mañjula-mukhāmbuja-mugdha-bhāvair
āsvādyamāna-nija-veṇu-vinoda-nādam |
ākṛīdatām aruṇa-pāda-sarojruhābhyām
ārdre madīya-hṛdaye bhuvanārdram ojaḥ ||15||
(vasanta-tilaka)

Let the force [of the flood of bliss emanating from Kṛṣṇa's face], which saturates the whole universe, play within my heart, which is moistened by contact with Kṛṣṇa's lotus feet, by the display of charming, artless emotions on His open, lovely lotus face, and by the melody of His flute, which is relished by Rādhā.

Text 16

maṇi-nūpura-vācālam
vande tac-caraṇam vibhoḥ |
lalitāni yadiyāni
lakṣmāṇi vraja-vīthiṣu ||16||
(anuṣṭup)

I bow down to the feet of Lord Kṛṣṇa, whose jewelled anklets tinkle and whose footprints decorate the paths of Vraja.

Text 17

mama cetasi sphuratu vallavī-vibhor
maṇi-nūpura-praṇayi mañju śiñjitaṃ |
kamalā-vanecara-kalinda-kanyakā-
kalaharṁsa-kaṇṭha-kala-kūjitādr̥taṃ ||17||

May the sweet jingling of the jewelled anklets of Kṛṣṇa, the master of the milkmaids, be manifest in my mind. Kamalā's [Rādhā's] white swans swimming in the lotus-filled ponds of the Yamunā accord that sweet jingling a warm welcome with the melodious warbling from their throats.

Text 18

taruṇāruṇa-karuṇāmaya-vipulāyata-nayanam
kamalā-kuca-kalaśī-bhara-vipulīkṛta-pulakam |
muralī-rava-taralīkṛta-muni-mānasa-nalinam
mama khelatu mada-cetasi-madhurādharam amṛtam ||18||
(lalita-gati)

May Kṛṣṇa's nectar-filled sweet lips play in my mind, intoxicated with delight. His broad eyes, reddish like the rising sun, are full of compassion, His hair is standing on end because of touching Kamalā's [Rādhā's] heavy, pitcher-like breasts, and He has melted the lotus-like hearts of the sages with the sound of His flute.

Text 19

āmugdham ardha-nayanāmbuja-cumbyamāna-
harṣākula-vraja-vadhū-madhurānanendoḥ |
ārabdha-veṇu-rava-mātta-kīśora-mūrter
āvīrbhavantu mama cetasi ke'pi bhāvāḥ ||19||
(vasanta-tilaka)

May there appear in my mind some of the ecstatic states of very charming Śrī Kṛṣṇa. As He glances at the milkmaids' sweet moonlike faces, agitating them with joy, He seems to be kissing them with His half-closed eyes. As He begins sounding His flute, He assumes the attitude of an adolescent youth.

Text 20

kala-kvaṇita-kaṅkaṇaṁ kara-niruddha-pītāmbaraṁ
klama-prasṛta-kuntalaṁ galita-barha-bhūṣaṁ vibhoḥ |
punaḥ prakṛti-cāpalaṁ praṇayinī-bhujāyantritaṁ
mama sphuratu mānase madana-keli-śayyotthitaṁ ||20||
(pṛthvī)

May there awaken in my mind a vision of the Lord arising from the bed of amorous play. The bracelets of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa tinkle softly, and Kṛṣṇa's yellow cloth is grasped by Them both. Their hair is dishevelled from fatigue, and Kṛṣṇa's peacock plume slips from His hair. Again Their fickle, playful natures manifest, and at last Rādhā holds Kṛṣṇa with Her arms.

Text 21

stoka-stoka-nirudhyamāna-mṛdula-prasyandi-manda-smitaṁ
premodbheda-nirargala-prasṛmara-pravyakta-romodgamam |
śrotuṁ śrotra-manoharaṁ vraja-vadhū-līlā-mitho jalpitaṁ
mithyā-svāpam upāsmāhe bhagavataḥ kṛḍā-nimīlad-dṛśaḥ ||21||
(śārdūla-vikṛīḍitaṁ)

We worship Lord Kṛṣṇa, who is mischievously keeping His eyes closed, pretending to sleep, in order to hear the milkmaids' playful talks, which are so pleasing to the ear and mind. Though Kṛṣṇa is trying to restrain Himself, a gentle smile trickles from His lips drop by drop, and He cannot check the rising tide of love, which causes His hair to begin standing on end.

Text 22

vicitra-patrāṅkura-śāli bālā-
stanāntaram yāma vanāntaram vā |
apāsyā vṛndāvana-pāda-lāsyam
upāsyam anyam na vilokayāma ||22||
(upendra-vajrā)

We do not see any object of worship other than Lord Kṛṣṇa, whether He is deeply in thought, remembering how He decorated the breasts of the resplendent young girl Rādhā with pictures drawn with leaves and sprouts, or whether He is wandering in Vṛndāvana Forest, which is adorned with the beauty of His dancing feet.

Text 23

sārdham samṛddhair amṛtāyamānair
ātāyamānair muralī-ninādaiḥ |
mūrdhābhiṣiktaṁ madhurākṛtīnām
bālaṁ kadā nāma vilokayiṣye ||23||
(indra-vajrā)

When oh when shall I see that young boy Kṛṣṇa, the unchallenged king of those who are exquisitely beautiful, and when shall I experience along with that vision the flooding nectar of His flute's sound, endowed with the topmost musical embellishments?

Text 24

śīśīrīkurute kadā nu naḥ
śikhara-picchābharaṇaḥ śīśur dr̥ṣoḥ |
yugalaṁ vigalan-madhu-drava-
smita-mudrā-mṛdunā mukhendunā ||24||
(vaitāliya)

When will that child [Kṛṣṇa], adorned with peacock plumes, soothe and cool our eyes with a vision of His moonlike face, imbued with gentleness by the trickling honey of His tender smiles?

Text 25

kāruṇya-karbura-kaṭākṣa-nirīkṣaṇena
tāruṇya-saṁvalita-śaiśava-vaibhavana |
āpuṣṇatā bhuvanam adbhuta-vibhramaṇa
śrī-kṛṣṇa-candra śīśīrīkuru locanaṁ me ||25||
(vasanta-tilaka)

O moonlike Kṛṣṇa, please soothe and cool my eyes with Your sidelong glances, tinged with mercy; with the magnificence of your childhood, touched by youth; and with Your wondrous playfulness, which nourishes the whole universe.

Text 26

kadā vā kālindī-kuvalaya-dala-śyāma-taralāḥ
kaṭākṣā lakṣyante kim api karuṇā-vīci-nicitāḥ |
kadā vā kandarpa-pratibhaṭa-jaṭā-candra-śīśīrāḥ
kam apy antas-toṣaṁ dadhati muralī-keli-ninadāḥ ||26||
(śikhariṇī)

When will Kṛṣṇa cast upon me His sidelong glances, which are as dark blue as the blue lotuses growing in the Yamunā and tremulous with waves of mercy? And when will my heart find ineffable joy in the playful notes of His flute, which are more cooling than the moon held on the head of Śiva, Cupid's enemy?

Text 27

adhīram ālokitam ārdra-jalpitaṁ
gataṁ ca gambhīra-vilāsa-mantharam |
amandam āliṅgitam ākulonmada-
smitaṁ ca te nātha vidanti gopikāḥ ||27||
(vaṁśa-sthavila)

O Lord, the milkmaids are describing your fickle glances, your tender, witty talking, Your slow gait, made graceful by the swell of deep passion, Your eager embraces, and Your distracting, agitating, intoxicating smile.

Text 28

astoka-smita-bharam āyatāyatākṣam
niḥśeṣa-stana-mṛditaṁ vrajāṅganābhiḥ |
niḥsīma-stavakita-nīla-kānti-dhāraṁ
dṛśyāsaṁ tribhuvana-sundaraṁ mahas te ||28||
(praharṣiṇī)

[O Lord], please let me see Your bodily splendour, which is the most magnificently beautiful in all the three worlds, which bears Your continuous smiles and Your long, wide eyes, which is tightly embraced by the milkmaids of Vraja to their breasts, and which diffuses an endless flood of bluish effulgence, like clusters of blossoms.

Text 29

mayi prasādaṁ madhuraiḥ kaṭākṣair
vaṁśī-ninādānucarair vidhehi |
tvayi prasanne kim ihāparair nas
tvayy aprasanne kim ihāparair naḥ ||29||
(upendra-vajrā)

O Lord, please show me Your mercy by casting upon me Your charming sidelong glances, moving to the accompaniment of Your flute-song. If I have Your blessings, what use are others'? And if I'm without Your blessings, what use are others'?

Text 30

nibaddha-mugdhāñjalir eṣa yāce
nīrandhra-dainyonnata-mukta-kaṇṭham |
dayāmbudhe deva bhavat-kaṭākṣa-
dākṣiṇya-leśena sakṛṇ niṣiñca ||30||
(upendra-vajrā)

I fix my folded palms upon my head and, given voice by my increasing, ceaseless, pitiable misery, pray, "O Lord, O ocean of mercy, please anoint me just once with a drop of kindness from Your sidelong glance."

Text 31

picchāvataṁsa-racanocita-keśa-pāśe
pīna-stanī-nayana-pañkaja-pūjaniye |
candrāravinda-vijayodyata-vaktra-bimbe
cāpalyam eti nayanam tava śaiśave naḥ ||31||
(vasanta-tilaka)

O Lord, our eyes have become restless to see Your childlike form, with its clustered locks delightfully adorned with a peacock feather. That form, which is worshiped by the buxom milkmaids' lotus eyes, possesses a face that has begun defeating the beauty of the moon and the lotus.

Text 32*

tvac-chaiśavaṁ tri-bhuvanādbhutam ity avaihi
mac-cāpalam ca tava vā mama vādhigamyam |
tat kiṁ karomi viralam muralī-vilāsi
mugdham mukhāmbujam udikṣitum ikṣaṇābhyām ||32||
(vasanta-tilaka)

O Kṛṣṇa, O flute-player, the sweetness of Your early age is wonderful within these three worlds. You know My unsteadiness, and I know Yours. No one else knows about this. I want to see Your beautiful, attractive face somewhere in a solitary place, but how can this be accomplished?

Text 33

paryācitāmṛta-rasāni padārtha-bhaṅgī-
valgūni valgita-viśāla-vilocanāni |
bālyādhikāni mada-ballava-bhāvinībhir
bhāve luṭhanti sukṛtām tava jalpitāni ||33||
(vasanta-tilaka)

O Kṛṣṇa, Your verbal duels with the impassioned, vivacious milkmaids exhilarate the hearts of the fortunate. These talks are filled with the nectar of the exchanges of love, rendered very pleasant by waves of witty meanings, imbued with Your natural boyishness, and punctuated by the movements of Your wide, dancing eyes.

Text 34

punaḥ prasannendu-mukhena tejasā
puro'vatīrṇasya kṛpā-mahāmbudheḥ |
tad eva līlā-muralī-ravāmṛtaṁ
samādhī-vighnāya kadā nu me bhavet ||34||
(vaṁśa-sthāvila)

Oh, when will Kṛṣṇa, the great ocean of mercy, appear before me again with His spotless, effulgent moon-face? And when will the nectarous sound of His flute, expressive of His pastimes, remove my great disease? [or, "interrupt my deep meditation?"]

Text 35

bālena mugdha-capalena vilokitena
man-mānase kim api cāpalam udvahantam |
lolena locana-rasāyanam īkṣaṇena
līlā-kīśoram upagūhitum utsukāḥ smaḥ ||35||
(vasanta-tilaka)

I am very eager to embrace that playful young boy Kṛṣṇa with my restless, longing eyes. He is delightful to see, and with His tender, artless, darting glances He fills my mind with an indescribable agitation.

Text 36

adhīra-bimbādhara-vibhrameṇa
harṣārdra-veṇu-svara-sampadā ca |
anena kenāpi manohareṇa
hā hanta hā hanta mano dunoṣi ||36||
(upendra-vajrā)

O Kṛṣṇa, the playful movements of Your restless red lips, the flood of Your joyous flute sounds, and other such enchantments of Yours are, alas, alas, tormenting me!

Text 37

yāvan na me nikhila-marma-dṛḍhābhighātām
niḥsandhi-bandhanam upaiti na ko'pi tāpaḥ |
tāvad vibho bhavatu tāvaka-vaktra-candra-
candrātapa-dviguṇitā mama citta-dhārā ||37||
(vasanta-tilaka)

O Lord, until some terminal disease comes to strike violently at my vital parts and cripple my limbs and joints, may the moon of Your face by the double-thick awning for the current of my consciousness [against the burning heat of separation].

Text 38

yāvan na me nara-daśā daśamī kuto'pi
randhrād upaiti timirīkṛta-sarva-bhāvā |
lāvaṇya-keli-sadanam tava tāvad eva
lakṣyā-samutkvaṇita-veṇu-mukhendu-bimbam ||38||
(vasanta-tilaka)

Till the tenth stage of man (death) comes upon me through some physical defect, enveloping me in total darkness, let me ever see the orb of Your moon-face, which is the abode of both the pastimes of beauty and Your high-sounding flute.

Text 39

ālola-locana-vilokita-keli-dhārā-
nīrājitāgra-caraṇaiḥ karuṇāmbu-rāśeḥ |
ārdrāṇi veṇu-ninadaiḥ pratināda-pūrain
ākaraṇayāmi maṇi-nūpura-śiñjitāni ||39||
(vasanta-tilaka)

My ear catches the tinkling of the bejewelled anklets of Kṛṣṇa, the ocean of mercy. That tinkling is sweetened by His effulgent forefeet, which are receiving waves of playful glances from His rolling eyes, and by the flooding resonances of His flute-song.

Text 40*

he deva he dayita he bhuvanaika-bandho
he kṛṣṇa he capala he karuṇaika-sindho
he nātha he ramaṇa he nayanābhirāma
hā hā kadā nu bhavitāsi padaṁ dr̥śor me ||40||
(vasanta-tilaka)

O my Lord! O dearest one! O only friend of the universe! O Kṛṣṇa, O restless one, O only ocean of mercy! O my Lord, O my enjoyer, O beloved to my eyes! Alas, when will You again be visible to me?

Text 41*

amūny adhanyāni dināntarāṇi
hare tvad-ālokanam antareṇa |
anātha-bandho karuṇaika-sindho
hā hanta hā hanta katham nayāmi ||41||
(upendra-vajrā)

O my Lord, O Supreme Personality of Godhead, O friend of the helpless! You are the only ocean of mercy! Because I have not met You, My inauspicious days and nights have become unbearable. I do not know how I shall pass the time.

Text 42*

kim iha kṛṇumaḥ kasya brūmaḥ kṛtam kṛtam āśayā
kathayata kathām anyām dhanyām aho hṛdaye-śayaḥ
madhura-madhura-smerākāre mano-nayanotsave
kṛpaṇa-kṛpaṇā kṛṣṇe tṛṣṇā ciraṁ bata lambate ||42||
(hariṇī)

Alas, what shall I do? To whom shall I speak? Let whatever I have done in hopes of meeting Kṛṣṇa be finished now. Please say something auspicious, but do not speak about Kṛṣṇa. Alas, Kṛṣṇa is lying within My heart like Cupid; therefore how can I possibly give up talking of Him? I cannot forget Kṛṣṇa, whose smile is sweeter than sweetness itself and who gives pleasure to my mind and eyes. Alas, my great thirst for Kṛṣṇa is increasing moment by moment!

Text 43

ābhyām vilocanābhyām amburuha-vilocanaṁ bālam |
dvābhyām api parirabdhum dūre mama hanta daiva-sāmagrī ||43||
(āryā)

Alas! For me, a glimpse of that young boy with lotus eyes is far away-doubly so His embraces. Alas, I am completely unlucky!

Text 44

aśrānta-smitam aruṇāruṇādharoṣṭham
harṣārdra-dviguṇa-manojña-veṇu-gītam |
vibrāmyad-vipula-vilocanārdha-mugdham
vīkṣiṣye tava vadanāmbujam kadā nu ||44||
(praharṣiṇī)

O Kṛṣṇa! When oh when shall I see Your lotus face, with its deep red lips, its constant smiling, its very charming flute-song saturated with jubilation, and its delightful, half-closed eyes that sometimes open very wide and wander here and there?

Text 45

līlayatābhyām rasa-śītalābhyām
nīlāruṇābhyām nayanāmbujābhyām |
ālokayed adbhuta-vibhramābhyām
kāle kadā kāruṇikaḥ kiśoraḥ ||45||
(indra-vajrā)

When will the time come when that merciful boy Kṛṣṇa will look upon me with His playful lotus eyes, which are soothing and cooling with loving emotion, reddish at the corners and dark bluish at the irises, and wonderfully rolling and dancing?

Text 46

bahala-cikura-bhāraṁ baddha-picchāvataṁsaṁ
capala-capala-netraṁ cāru-bimbādharoṣṭham |
madhura-mṛdula-hāsaṁ mandarodāra-līlaṁ
mṛgayati nayanam me mugdha-veṣaṁ murāreḥ ||46||
(mālinī)

My eyes search for that enchantingly adorned one, Murari, whose thick locks bear a peacock plume, and whose gaze darts here and there very quickly. His lovely lips are red like bimba fruits, and with His sweet, gentle laughter he seems to be churning [the ocean of my heart] with Mount Mandara.

Text 47

bahala-jhalada-cchāyā-cauraṁ vilāsa-bharālasaṁ
mada-śikhira-śikhā-līlottaṁsaṁ manojña-mukhāmbujam |
kam api kamalāpāṅgodagra-prasaṅga-jaḍaṁ jagan-
madhurima-parīpākodrekaṁ vayaṁ mṛgayāmahe ||47||
(hariṇī)

We are searching for that person who has stolen the effulgence of thick clouds, who has grown a bit languid from playing so much, who wears a crest made from the playful feathers of an impassioned peacock, whose lotus face is so fascinating, who has become stunned by long and close contact with the upward-pointing sidelong glances of Kamalā (Rādhā), and who is the very overabundance of perfection of all the sweet beauty in the universe.

Text 48

parāmr̥śyaṁ dūre pathi pathi munīnām vraja-vadhū-
dṛśā dṛśyaṁ śāsvat tri-bhuvana-mano-hāri-vadanam |
anāmr̥śyaṁ vācām anīśam udayānām api kadā
darīdṛśye devaṁ dara-dalita-nīlotpala-rucim ||48||
(śikhariṇī)

When shall I see to my heart-s content my Lord (Kṛṣṇa), for whom the sages must always search further along the path, but whose face, which enchants all the three worlds, is always visible to the eyes of the milkmaids of Vraja? When shall I see Him, whose lustre resembles a slightly open blue lotus bud, and who is always beyond the reach of the words of the great sages like Vyāsa?

Text 49

līlānāmbujam adhīram udīkṣamāṇam
narmāṇi veṇu-vivareṣu niveśayantam |
dolāyamāna-nayanam nayanābhirāmaṁ
devaṁ kadā nu dayitaṁ vyatilokayiṣye ||49||
(vasanta-tilaka)

When shall I see my darling Lord (Kṛṣṇa), who is so fickle yet so delightful to my eyes? His eyes are rolling, and as He looks out from His sportive lotus face He sends a song of loving jokes through the holes of His flute.

Text 50

lagnaṁ muhur manasi lampaṭa-sampradāya-
lekhāvālehini rasajña-manojña-veṣam |
rajyan-mṛdu-smita-mṛdūllasitādharaṁśu-
rākendu-lālita-mukhendu mukunda-bālyam ||50||
(vasanta-tilaka)

The adolescent loveliness of Mukunda, whose appearance enraptures the connoisseurs, clings to my mind, which is always fond of drawings from the libertine tradition. His moon-face is cherished by the moon itself, and the softly glowing rays of his lips redden His gentle smile [or, His kunda-flower-like teeth are reddened by the effulgence of His gentle smile].

Text 51

ahima-kara-kara-nikara-mṛdu-mudita-lakṣmī-
sarasatara-sarasiruha-sadrśa-dṛśi deve |
vraja-yuvati-rati-kalaha-vijayi-nija-līlā-
mada-mudita-vadana-śāśi-madhurimaṇi liye ||51||
(śāśi-kalā variant)

I am absorbed in contemplating my Lord, whose eyes resemble luscious lotuses gently developing their beauty under the rays of the sun, and whose moon-face is full of beauty, being exhilarated with delight at His having defeated the milkmaids in the lovers' quarrels.

Text 52

kara-kamala-dala-kalita-lalitara-vaṁśī
kala-ninada-galad-amṛta-ghana-sarasi deve |
sahaja-rasa-bhara-bharita-dara-hasita-vīthi-
satata-vahad-adhara-maṇi-madhurimaṇi liye ||52||
(śāśi-kalā variant)

I am lost in thoughts of my Lord, who is a deep lake of nectar trickling forth as the very melodious warbling of His flute, which He holds with His lotus-petal-like fingers. I am absorbed in thoughts of the sweetness of His ruby-red lips, which bear a constant series of tender laughs filled with an abundance of His innate loving mellows.

Text 53

kusumaśara-śara-samara-kupita-mada-gopī-
kuca-kalasa-ghuṣṛṇa-rasa-lasad-urasi deve |
mada-mudita-mṛdu-hasita-muṣita-śaśi-śobhā-
muhur-adhika-mukha-kamala-madhurimaṇi liye ||53||
(śaśi-kalā variant)

I am absorbed in thinking of my Lord. His chest shines with the sandalwood paste from the pitcher-like breasts of the ardent milkmaids, who have been incited to amorous battle by Cupid's flower arrows, and the sweet beauty of His lotus face is magnified at every moment by His gentle smile, which is full of passionate delight and which has stolen the splendour of the moon.

Text 54

ānamrām asita-bhruvor upacitām akṣiṇa-pakṣmāṅkure
ṣvālolām anurāgiṇor nayanayor ārdṛām mṛdau jalpite |
ātāmrām adharāmṛte mada-kalām amlāna varṁśī-svaneṣv
āśāste mama locanaṁ vraja-śiśor-mūrtim jagan-mohinim ||54||
(śārdūla-vikrīḍita)

My eye desires to see the form of the young child of Vraja, who enchants the whole universe. His dark eyebrows are curved, His blossoming eyelashes quite thick, His rolling eyes full of passion, and His gentle speech saturated with feeling. His nectarous lips are very red, and He sounds low, clear, soft notes on His flute.

Text 55

tat kaiśoraṁ tac ca vaktrāravindaṁ
tat kāruṇyaṁ te ca līlā-kaṭākṣāḥ |
tat saundaryaṁ sā ca sāndra-smita-śrīḥ
satyaṁ satyaṁ durlabhaṁ daivate'pi ||55||
(śālinī)

Truly, truly, even among the demigods it would be hard to find such beauty, such sweet adolescence, such a lotus face, such tender compassion, such playful, sidelong glances, or such lovely, mild smiling as we find in Kṛṣṇa.

Text 56

viśvopaplava-śamanaika-baddha-dīkṣaṁ
viśvāsa-stavakita-cetasam janānām |
praśyāma-prati-nava-kānti-kandalārdraṁ
paśyāmaḥ pathi pathi śaiśavaṁ murāreḥ ||56||
(praharṣiṇī)

On every path we see the childlike form of Murāri, whose one fixed vow is to relieve all the afflictions of the people whose hearts are blossoming with faith in Him. His soft, bright bluish cheeks glow with ever new effulgence.

Text 57

mauliś candraka-bhūṣaṇo marakata-stambhābhirāmaṁ vapur
vaktraṁ citra-vimugdha-hāsa-madhuraṁ bāle vilole dṛśau |
vācaḥ śaiśava-śītalā mada-gaja-ślāghyā vilāsa-sthitir
mandam mandam aye ka eṣa mathurā-vīthim mitho gāhate ||57||
(śārdūla-vikrīḍita)

O girlfriend, who is this slowly coming along the path to Mathurā? His head is adorned with a peacock feather, and His body is more captivating than an emerald column. His eyes are rolling, and His face is beautified by the sweetness of His wonderfully fascinating smiles. His words, with their natural boyishness, are very soothing, and His natural grace would win praise from an elephant in rut.

Text 58

pāḍau vāda-vinirjitāmbuja-vanau padmālayālabitau
pāṇī veṇu-vinodana-praṇayinau paryāpta-śilpa-śriyau |
bāhū dohada-bhājanam mṛga-dṛśām mādhyura-dhārā-kirau
vaktram vāg-viṣayātilaṅghanam aho bālam kim etan mahaḥ ||58||
(śārdūla-vikrīḍita)

Oh, what is this lustre in the form of a young boy! His feet, having in a contest totally conquered clusters of lotuses, are the shelter for Lakṣmī-devī. His hands, which express His love while playing the flute, are seats of artistic beauty. His arms, diffusing a flood of sweetness, are the vessel of desire's fulfilment for the doe-eyed milkmaids. And His face-ah, His face is beyond words.

Text 59

etan nāma vibhūṣaṇam bahumataṁ veṣāya śeṣair alam
vaktram dvi-tri-viśeṣa-kānti-laharī-vinyāsa-dhanyādham |
śilpair alpa-dhiyām agamya-vibhavaiḥ śṛṅgāra-bhaṅgī-mayaṁ
citram citram aho vicitram ahaha citram vicitram mahaḥ ||59||
(śārdūla-vikrīḍita)

Indeed, His face, abundantly adorned with lovely lips that possesses two or three specially arranged waves of lustre, needs no other ornament. The wealth of His artistic attributes and amorous gestures are beyond the understanding of fools. Oh, oh, oh, how wonderful, how amazing, how very, very wonderfully amazing is this splendour [in the form of the young boy Kṛṣṇa]!

Text 60

agre samgrayati kām api keli-lakṣmīm
anyāsu dikṣv api vilocanam eva sākṣi |
hā hanta hasta-patha-dūram aho kim etad
āśā-kīśoram ayam amba jagat-trayaṁ me ||60||
(vasanta-tilaka)

Oh, what an ineffable sportive beauty Kṛṣṇa has fully revealed before me! In all directions my eye witnesses this beauty. But alas, alas, He is beyond my grasp! O mother, the three worlds are filled with my longed-for youth, Kṛṣṇa!

Text 61

cikuraṁ bahulaṁ viralaṁ bhramaraṁ
mṛdulaṁ vacanaṁ vipulaṁ nayanam |
adharaṁ madhuraṁ vadanam lalitaṁ
capalaṁ caritaṁ ca kadā nu bhava ||61||
(toṭaka)

Oh, when [shall I again fasten into a top-know] my Lord's thick locks, [lying] like separate rows of bees [on His shoulders]? When [shall I hear] His mild words, [see] His large eyes, [kiss] His sweet lips, [see] His sweetly beautiful face, and [experience] His fickle nature?

Text 62

paripālaya naḥ kṛpālaye-
ty asakṛj-jalpitaṁ āṛta-bāndhavaḥ |
muralī-mṛdula-svanāntare
vibhur ākarṇayitā kadā nu naḥ ||62||
(vaitāliya)

If the Lord, the friend of the distressed, is surrounded by the beguiling wound of His flute, when will He be able to hear us repeatedly crying out, "O abode of mercy, please protect us!"

Text 63

kadā nu kasyāṁ nu vipad-daśāyāṁ
kaśora-gandhiḥ karuṇāmbudhir naḥ |
vilocanābhyāṁ vipulāyatābhyāṁ
ālokayīṣyan viṣayīkaroti ||63||
(upendra-vajrā)

Kṛṣṇa, an ocean of mercy, bears the fragrance of fresh youth. When oh when will some danger to me focus His attention so that He looks upon me with His wide eyes?

Text 64

madhuram adhara-bimbe mañjulaṁ manda-hāse
śísiram amṛta-nāde śítalaṁ drṣṭi-pāte |
vipulam aruṇa-netre viśrutaṁ veṇu-vāde
marakata-maṇi-nīlaṁ bālam ālokaye nu ||64||
(mālinī)

Oh, that I may see that young boy, who has a complexion as deep blue as a sapphire; sweet lips like bimba fruit; charming, mild smiling; soothing, nectarous words; cooling glances; and large, dawn-red eyes, and who is famous for His flute-song.

Text 65

mādhuryād api madhuraṁ
manmathatā tasya kim api kaiśoram |
cāpalyād api capalaṁ
ceto bata harati hanta kim kurmaḥ || 65 ||
(āryā)

The ineffable adolescence of Kṛṣṇa, the father of Cupid, is sweeter than sweetness yet ficker than fickleness. Alas, that adolescence has stolen away my heart! What shall I do now?

Text 66

vakṣaḥ-sthale ca vipulaṁ nayanotpale ca
manda-smite ca mṛdulaṁ mada-jalpate ca |
bimbādhare ca madhuraṁ muralī-rave ca
bālaṁ vilāsa-nidhim ākalye kadā nu ||66||
(vasanta-tilaka)

Oh, when shall I see that young boy (Kṛṣṇa), who is an ocean of jubilation and a treasury of playfulness? Broad are His lotus eyes and His chest, mild are His gentle smiles and His loving talks, sweet are His cherry-red lips and His flute-song.

Text 67

ārdrāvalokita-dhurā pariṇaddha-netram
āviṣkṛta-smita-sudhā-madhurādharoṣṭham |
ādyam pumāmsam avatāmsita-barhi-barham
ālokayanti kṛtinaḥ kṛta-puṇya-puñjāḥ ||67||
(vasanta-tilaka)

The fortunate, who have heaped up pious merit, can see (Kṛṣṇa) the original person, who brings their eyes under control with His extremely tender glances, whose lips are sweet with the nectar of his open smile, and who has adorned His head with a peacock feather.

Text 68*

māraḥ svayam nu madhura-dyuti-maṇḍalam nu
mādhuryam eva nu mano-nayanāmṛtam nu |
veṇī-mrjo nu mama jīvita-vallabho nu
bālo 'yam abhyudayate mama locanāya ||68||
(vasanta-tilaka)

My dear friends, where is that Kṛṣṇa, Cupid personified, who has the effulgence of a kadamba flower, who is sweetness itself, the nectar for my eyes and mind, He who loosens the hair of the gopīs, who is the supreme source of transcendental bliss, and my life and soul? Has He come before my eyes again?

Text 69

bālo'yam ālola-vilocanena
vaktreṇa citrīkṛta-diṅ-mukhena |
veṣeṇa ghoṣocita-bhūṣaṇena
mugdhena dugdhe nayanotsavaṁ naḥ ||69||
(indra-vajrā)

This boy (Kṛṣṇa), with His dancing eyes, His face beautifying all directions, and His charming outfit just suitable for a cowherd, has extracted the milk of joy for our eyes.

Text 70

āndolitāgra-bhujam ākula-lola-netram
ārdra-smitārdra-vadanāmbuja-candra-bimbam |
śiñjāna-bhūṣaṇa-citaṁ śikhi-piñcha-mauliṁ
śītaṁ vilocana-rasāyanam abhyupaiti ||70||
(vasanta-tilaka)

He comes before us-the cooling balm for our eyes-wearing many tinkling ornaments on His body and a peacock feather on His head. His forearms are swinging, His eyes move restlessly with the agitation of love, and the moon of His lotus face displays a tender, gentle smile.

Text 71

paśupāla-bāla-pariṣad-vibhūṣaṇaḥ
śīsur eṣa śītala-vilola-locanaḥ |
mṛdula-smitārdra-vadanendu-sampadā
madayan-madiya-hṛdayaṁ vigāhate ||71||
(mañju-bhāṣiṇī)

This child (Kṛṣṇa), who is the ornament for the intimate community of cowherd boys and girls, whose lively glances are so soothing, and whose moon-face has a wealth of soft, tender smiles, gladdens my heart and enters deep within it.

Text 72

kim idam adhara-vīthī-kṛpta-varṁśī-ninādaṁ
kirati nayanayor naḥ kām api prema-dhārām |
tad idam amara-vīthī-durlabhaṁ vallabhaṁ nas
tribhuvana-kamaṇīyaṁ daivataṁ jīvitaṁ ca ||72||
(mālinī)

How wonderful! The sound of the flute Kṛṣṇa is holding to His lips is pouring forth an indescribable flood of divine love before our very eyes! This is rare even among the planets of the demigods. Kṛṣṇa, our darling, our God, our very life, delights the three worlds.

Text 73

tad idam upanataṁ tamāla-nīlaṁ
tarala-vilocana-tāra-kābhīraṁ |
muditam udiva-vaktra-candra-bimbaṁ
mukharita-veṅṅu-vilāsi jīvitaṁ me ||73||
(puṣpitāgrā)

This person approaching me is dark bluish like a tamāla tree. His charming eyes, which resemble stars, move restlessly, the shining orb of His moon-face is overflowing with delight [or, His face radiates joy like the rising moon], and He sportively begins sounding His flute. He is my very life.

Text 74

cāpalya-sīma capalānubhavaika-sīma
cāturya-sīma caturānana-śilpa-sīma |
saurabhya-sīma sakalādbhuta-keli-sīma
saubhāgya-sīma tad idam vraja-bhāgya-sīma ||74||
(vasanta-tilaka)

Here is that Kṛṣṇa, my very life! He is the acme of fickleness, the one ultimate end of the existence of the fickle-minded milkmaids, the epitome of cleverness, the extreme perfection of the artistic skill of four-faced Brahmā, the limit of good fragrance, the utmost embodiment of all sorts of astounding pastimes, the culmination of good fortune, and the zenith of auspiciousness for Vraja.

Text 75

mādhuryeṇa dvi-guṇa-śīśiram vaktra-candram vahantī
vaṁśī-vīthī-vigalad-amṛta-srotasā secayantī |
mad-vāṇīnām viharāṇa-padam matta-saubhāgya-bhājām
mat-puṇyānām pariṇatir aho netrayoḥ saṁnidhatte ||75||
(puṣpitāgrā)

Oh! My good deeds have reached their culmination: Kṛṣṇa has appeared before my eyes! The moon of His face is made doubly refreshing by its sweet tenderness, and He sprinkles me with the current of nectar dropping note by note from the holes of His flute. He is the object of my words, which, though mad, are fortunate [to be describing Him].

Text 76

tejase'stu namo dhenu-pāline loka-pāline |
rādhā-payodharotasāṅga-śāyine śeṣa-śāyine ||76||
(anuṣṭhup)

I bow down to the personified splendour (Kṛṣṇa), who is the protector of the cows-and also all the worlds-and who reclines on the sloping breasts of Rādhā-and also on Śeṣanāga.

Text 77

dhenu-pāla-dayitā-stana-sthalī-
dhanya-kuṅkuma-sanātha-kāntaye |
veṇu-gīta-gati-mūla-vedhase
brahma-rāśi-mahase namo namaḥ ||77||
(rathoddhatā)

I bow again and again before Him (Kṛṣṇa), whose glowing complexion is embellished with the kuṅkuma powder glorified by its place on the breasts of the cowherd men's wives, who is the original creator of the flute song, and who possesses the glory of innumerable Brahmās.

Text 78

mṛdu-kvaṇan-nūpura-manthareṇa
bālena pādāmbuja-pallavena |
anusmaran mañjula-veṇu-gītam
āyāti me jīvitam ātta-keli ||78||
(upendra-vajrā)

Here comes my very life [Kṛṣṇa]! Having assumed a sporting attitude, He slowly approaches on tender lotus feet weighed down by softly tinkling anklets as He recollects various charming flute-songs.

Text 79

so'yaṁ vilāsa-muralī-ninadāmṛtena
siñcann udañcitam idaṁ mama kaṇa-yugmam |
āyāti me nayana-bandhur ananya-bandhor
ānanda-kandalita-keli-kaṭākṣa-lakṣmīḥ ||79||
(vasanta-tilaka)

Here comes [my very life, Kṛṣṇa]! The beauty of His playful sidelong glances overflows with bliss, and He sprinkles my two perked-up ears with the nectar of His sportive flute-songs. He is the only friend for my eyes.

Text 80

dūrād vilokayati vāraṇa-keli-gāmī
dhārā-kaṭākṣa-bharitena vilokitena |
ārād upaiti hṛdayaṅgama-veṇu-nāda-
veṇī-mukhena daśanāṁśu-bhareṇa devaḥ ||80||
(vasanta-tilaka)

Seeing me from a distance with a flood of sidelong glances, my Lord walks toward me with the sportive grace of an elephant and moves my heart with the current of flute-sound emanating from His mouth, which is filled with brightly glowing teeth.

Text 81

tri-bhuvana-sarasābhyām divya-līlākulābhyām
dīśi dīśi taralābhyām dṛpta-bhūṣādarābhyām |
aśaraṇa-śaraṇābhyām adbhutābhyām padābhyām
ayam ayam anukūjad-veṇur āyāti devaḥ ||81||
(mālinī)

This is He! This is He-my Lord [Kṛṣṇa], playing on His flute! He possesses two wondrous feet, which are the shelter for the shelterless, which glow with the brilliance of many ornaments, which move this way and that, which are abundant with divine pastimes, and which fill the three worlds with the mellows of love.

Text 82

so'yaṁ munīndra-jana-mānasa-tāpa-hārī
so'yaṁ mada-vraja-vadhū-vasanāpahārī |
so'yaṁ tṛtīya-bhuvaneśvara-darpa-hārī
so'yaṁ madīya-hṛdayāmburuhāpahārī ||82||
(vasanta-tilaka)

This is He, who removed the burning distresses of great sages. This is He, who stole the clothes of the impassioned wives of the cowherd men of Vraja. This is He, who curbed the pride of Indra, lord of the third world (the heavenly realm). This is He, who has stolen the lotus of my heart.

Text 83

sarvajñatve ca maugdhye ca
sārvabhaumam idaṁ mahāḥ |
nirviśyan nayanam hanta
nirvāṇa-padam āsnute ||83||
(anuṣṭhup)

This personified glory [Kṛṣṇa] has attained all excellence, both in His omniscience and His innocence. Having entered my eye, He is enjoying great bliss. This is a great wonder!

Text 84

puṣṇānam etat punar-ukta-śobhām
uṣṇetarāṁśor udayān mukhendoḥ |
tṛṣṇāmburāśim dviguṇīkaroti
kṛṣṇāhvayaṁ kiñcana jīvitaṁ me ||84||
(indra-vajrā)

With the rising of His moon-like face this certain person known as Kṛṣṇa is nourishing the faded lustre of the cooling moon and doubling the ocean of my thirst [to see Him]. He is my very life.

Text 85

tad etad ātāmra-vilocana-śrī-
sambhāvitāśeṣa-vinamra-garvam |
muhur murārer madhurādharoṣṭham
mukhāmbujaṁ cumbati mānasaṁ me ||85||
(upendra-vajrā)

Again and again I mentally kiss Murāri's lotus face, with its sweet lips and its beautiful, slightly reddish eyes, which grace all His humble devotees.

Text 86

karau śarad-ijyāmbuja-krama-vilāsa-śikṣā-gurū
padau vibudha-pāda-prathama-pallavollaṅghinau |
dṛśau dalita-durmada-tribhuvanopamāna-śriyau
vilokaya vilocanāmṛtam aho mahaḥ śaiśavam ||86||
(pṛthvī)

Behold this nectar for the eyes, the lustre of this young boy Kṛṣṇa! His hands teach graceful gestures to the autumnal lotus, His feet excel freshly grown desire-tree sprouts in tenderness, and the beauty of His eyes destroys the pride of all comparable things.

Text 87

ācinvānam ahany ahany ahani sākārān vihāra-kramān
ārundhānam arundhatī-hṛdayam apy ārdra-smitārdra-śriyā |
ātanvānam ananya-janma-nayana-ślāghyām anarghyām daśām
ānandaṁ vraja-sundarī-stana-taṭī-sāmrājyam ujjṛmbhate ||87||
(śārdūla-vikrīḍita)

The bliss manifesting itself [in the wondrous lustre of the young boy Kṛṣṇa] reigns supreme between the sloping breasts of the beautiful milkmaids of Vraja. That spreading, glowing bliss reaches a rarefied stage far beyond the appreciation of the eyes of anyone by the milkmaids of Vṛndāvana, and every day, every moment, and every twinkling of an eye that bliss, embodied as Kṛṣṇa, arranges pastimes and attracts even Arundhatī [chastity personified] with the gentle charm of His tender smile.

Text 88

tad-ucchvasita-yauvanam tarala-saisavālaṅkṛtam
mada-cchurita-locanam madana-mugdha-hāsāmṛtam |
pratikṣaṇa-vilobhanam praṇaya-pīta-varṁśī-mukham
jagat-traya-manoharam jayati māmakam jīvitam ||88||
(pṛthvī)

All glories to Kṛṣṇa, my very life and the enchanter of the three worlds! His now-blooming youth is adorned with the last flickering of childhood. His eyes flashing with delight, He bewilders Cupid with the nectar of His smile. His beauty beguiles at every moment and out of love He drinks from the mouth of His flute.

Text 89

citram tad etac caraṇāravindam
citram tad etan nayanāravindam |
citram tad etad vadanāravindam
citram tad etad vapur asya citram ||89||
(indra-vajrā)

How wondrous are these lotus feet of that [Lord Kṛṣṇa]! How wondrous these lotus eyes! How wondrous this lotus face! Oh, how wondrous, wondrous is this body!

Text 90

akhila-bhuvanaika-bhūṣaṇam
adhibhūṣita-jaladhi-duhitṛ-kuca-kumbham |
vraja-yuvati-hāra-vallī-
marakata-nāyaka-mahā-maṇim vande ||90||
(āryā)

I bow down to [Kṛṣṇa, who is] the only ornament of the entire world, yet who is ornamented by the pitcher-like breasts of Rādhā. He is the great, central jewel among the necklace of emerald-like young girls of Vraja.

Text 91

kāntā-kuca-grahaṇa-vigraha-labdha-lakṣmī-
khaṇḍāṅga-rāga-lava-rañjita-mañjula-śrīḥ |
gaṇḍa-sthalī-mukura-maṇḍala-khelamāna-
gharmāṅkuraḥ kim api gumphati kṛṣṇa-devaḥ ||91||
(vasanta-tilaka)

Oh, what ineffable beauty my Lord Kṛṣṇa is displaying—a delightful beauty enhanced by a loveliness acquired when the fresh kuṅkuma on His darling's [Rādhā's] breasts scattered over His own body as He grabbed them [and She fought Him off], and enhanced as well by the drops of perspiration that seem to play on the mirror-like orbs of His cheeks.

Text 92*

madhuraṁ madhuraṁ vapur asya vibhor
madhuraṁ madhuraṁ vadaṇaṁ madhuraṁ |
madhu-gandhi mṛdu-smitam etad aho
madhuraṁ madhuraṁ madhuraṁ madhuraṁ ||92||
(toṭaka)

O my Lord, the transcendental body of Kṛṣṇa is very sweet, and His face is even sweeter than His body. The soft smile on His face, which is like the fragrance of honey, is sweeter still.

Text 93

śṛṅgāra-rasa-sarvasvaṁ
śikhi-piñcha-vibhūṣaṇam |
aṅgikṛta-narākāram
āśraye bhuvanāśrayam ||93||
(anuṣṭhup)

I take shelter of [Kṛṣṇa], who is the shelter of everyone in the universe, who has the form of a human being, who is adorned with a peacock feather, and who is the be-all and end-all of the conjugal mellow.

Text 94

nādyāpi paśyati kadāpi nidarśanāya
citte tathopaniṣadām sudṛśām sahasram |
sa tvaṁ cirān nayanayor anayoḥ padavyām
svāmin kayā nu kṛpayā mama saṁnidhatse ||94||
(vasanta-tilaka)

O Lord, even to this very day thousands of Upaniṣadic sages have not seen you with their eyes or in their hearts. So by what great mercy of Your's have You come within the range of my distressed vision for so long?

Text 95

keyaṁ kāntiḥ keśava tvan-mukhendoḥ
ko'yaṁ veṣaḥ kāpi vācām abhūmiḥ |
seyaṁ so'yaṁ svādatām añjalis te
bhūyo bhūyo bhūyas tvāṁ namāmi ||95||
(śālinī)

O Keśava, what is this bright glow of Your moon-face? What is this appearance of Your's, which is beyond description? Let that [glow] and that [appearance] be relished [by Yourself or by those souls competent to do so]. I simply bow down before You again and again, and yet again.

Text 96

vadanendu-vinirjitaḥ śaśī
daśadhā deva padaṁ prapadyate |
adhikām śriyam aśnutetarām
tava kāruṇya-vijṛmbhitam kiyat ||96||
(vaitāliya)

O Lord, the moon, having been conquered by Your moonlike face, has taken shelter at Your feet and split into ten parts-that is, Your toenails-thereby gaining much greater brilliance and beauty than before. O Lord, how great is even a slight manifestation of Your mercy!

Text 97

tat tvan-mukhaṁ katham ivāmbuja-tulya-kakṣaṁ
vācām avāci nanu parvaṇi parvaṇīndoḥ |
tat kiṁ bruve kim aparaṁ bhuvanaika-kānta-
veṇu tvad-ānanam anena samaṁ nu yat syāt ||97||
(vasanta-tilaka)

O Kṛṣṇa, how can anyone compare Your face to the lotus? And as for the moon-it attains a simply unmentionable state on the new-moon day. So what else can I say? What other thing in the universe could possibly equal the loveliness of Your face?

Text 98

śuśrūṣase śṛṇu yadi praṇidhāna-pūrvaṁ
pūrvair apūrva-kavibhir na kaṭākṣitaṁ yat |
nīrājana-krama-dhurāṁ bhavad-ānanendor
nirvyājam arhati cirāya śaśi-pradīpaḥ ||98||
(vasanta-tilaka)

If you want to hear, then listen carefully to something that even the incomparable poets of old did not take note of. And that is this: The lamp of the moon deserves to bear for a long time the burden of worshipping your moon-face in the āratī ceremony.

Text 99

akhaṇḍa-nirvāṇa-rasa-pravāhair
vikhaṇḍitāśeṣa-rasāntarāṇi |
ayantritodvānta-sudhārṇavāni
jayanti śītāni tava smitāni ||99||
(upendra-vajrā)

All glories to Your cooling smiles, which are an overflowing ocean of nectar destroying all other joys with unbroken streams of the elixir of bliss!

Text 100

kāmaṁ santu sahasraśaḥ katipaye sārasya-dhaureyakāḥ
kāmaṁ vā kamaṇiyatā-parimala-svārājya-baddha-vratāḥ |
naivevaṁ vivadāmahe na ca vayaṁ deva priyaṁ brūmahe
yat satyaṁ ramaṇiyatā-pariṇatis tvayy eva pāraṁ gatā ||100||
(śārdūla-vikrīḍita)

Let there be thousands of men who possess relishable beauty, and let there be thousands of men who are steady in the glory of the fragrance of attractiveness. We shall neither quarrel with them nor speak well of them. But the truth, O Lord, is that in You the perfection of attractive beauty has reached its limit.

Text 101

galad-vrīḍā lolā madana-vinatā gopa-vanitā-
mada-sphītaṁ vītaṁ kim api madhurā cāpala-dhurā |
samujjṛmbhā gumphā madhurima-kirāṁ mādrśa-girāṁ
tvayi sthāne yāte dadhati capalaṁ janma saphalam ||101||
(śikhariṇī)

O Kṛṣṇa, being situated in You, the following things have achieved the fruit of their transient existences: the wives of the cowherd men who become restless, their shyness destroyed, and who turn humble with love for You; songs, which become swollen with passion; Your excess of frivolity, which becomes very sweet; and my fully elated words, which scatter sweetness by stringing a garland [of verses about You].

Text 102

bhuvanaṁ bhavanaṁ vilāsinī śrīś
tanayastāmarasāśanaḥ smaraś ca |
paricāra-paramparāḥ surendrās
tad api tvac-caritaṁ vibho vicitram ||102||
(aupacchandasika)

O Lord, although the entire universe is Your abode, Lakṣmī is Your consort, Lord Brahmā and Pradyumna and Your sons, and the chiefs of the demigods are Your attendants, still, Your pastimes [here in Vraja] are most wonderful.

Text 103

devas trilokī-saubhāgya-
kastūri-makarāṅkuraḥ |
jīyād vrajāṅganānaṅga-
keli-lālita-vibhramaḥ ||103||
(anuṣṭhup)

All glories to Kṛṣṇa, the most beneficent in all the three worlds, whose forehead is marked with musk-tilaka and whose love and joy are increased by the love-sports of Vraja's milkmaids!

Text 104

premaḁ ca me kāmaḁ ca me
vedaḁ ca me vaibhavaḁ ca me |
jīvanaḁ ca me jīvitaḁ ca me
daivataḁ ca me deva nāparam ||104||

O Lord, You and You alone are my worshipful Deity, giver of love, fulfiller of desire. You alone are my knowledge, my power and wealth, my vital force, and my very life.

Text 105

mādhuryeṇa vivardhantām
vāco nas tava vaibhave |
cāpalyena vivardhantām
cintā nas tava śaiśave ||105||
(anuṣṭup)

O Lord, let our words be empowered to sweetly describe Your beauty, and let our thoughts swell with eagerness when dwelling on Your childhood.

Text 106

yāni tac-caritāmṛtāni rasanā-lehyāni dhanyātmanām
ye vā śaiśava-cāpalya-vyatikarā rādhāvarodhonmukhāḥ |
yā vā bhāvita-veṇu-gīta-gatayo līlā-mukhāmbhoruḥ
dhārāvāhikayā vahantu hr̥daye tāny eva tāny eva me ||106||
(śārdūla-vikrīḍita)

Let there ever flow in my heart the nectarous pastimes tasted by the tongues of blessed, fortunate souls; Your mischievous childhood pranks (such as laying in wait to obstruct Rādhā); and the sportive gestures of Your lotus face, inspired by Your rippling flute-song.

Text 107

bhaktis tvayi sthīratarā bhagavan yadi syād
daivena naḥ phalati divya-kiśora-mūrtiḥ |
muktiḥ svayaṁ mukulitāñjaliḥ sevate'smān
dharmārtha-kāma-gatayaḥ samaya-pratīkṣāḥ ||107||
(vasanta-tilaka)

O Lord, if I am engaged in firm devotional service to You, then I can very easily perceive Your divine youthful form. And as far as liberation is concerned, she stands at my door with folded hands, waiting to serve me, and all material conveniences of religiosity, economic development, and sense gratification stand with her.

Text 108

jaya jaya jaya deva deva deva
tri-bhuvana-maṅgala-divya-nāma-dheya |
jaya jaya jaya deva kṛṣṇa deva
śravaṇa-mano-nayanāmṛtāvatāra ||108||
(puṣpitāgrā)

All glories, all glories, all glories to You, O Lord, whose holy name is auspicious for all three worlds! All glories, all glories, all glories to You, Lord Kṛṣṇa! You are the incarnation who are nectar for the ear, mind, and eyes.

Text 109

tubhyaṁ nirbhara-harṣa-varṣa-vivaśāveśa-sphuṭāvirbhavad-
bhūyaś cāpala-bhūṣiteṣu sukṛtām bhāveṣu nirbhāṣiṇe |
śrīmad-gokula-maṇḍanāya manasām vācām ca dūra-sphuran-
mādhuryaika-mahārṇavāya mahase kasmaicid asmai namaḥ ||109||
(śārdūla-vikriḍita)

I bow down to You, Kṛṣṇa, who shine forth in the ecstatic states of those very pious souls adorned with repeated agitations occasioned by a spontaneous deluge of excessive transcendental delight. I bow to You, who are the ornament of glorious Gokula and who are the unique ocean of sweet, loving tenderness glowing in the distance beyond words and thought. To You, to whatever glory You embody, I bow down.

Text 110

īśāna-deva-caraṇa-bharaṇena nīvī-
dāmodara-sthira-yaśaḥ-stavakodbhavana |
līlā-śukena racitaṁ tava kṛṣṇa-deva
karṇāmṛtaṁ vahatu kalpa-śatāntare'pi ||110||
(vasanta-tilaka)

With the production of this bouquet of verses, which has the lasting fame of Dāmodara as its capital and which adorns īśānadeva's lotus feet, Līlāśuka has written about You, O Lord Kṛṣṇa, this nectar for Your ears. May it continue to flow (to be heard, chanted, and sung) for one hundred days of Brahmā.

Text 111

dhanyānām sarasānulāpa-saraṇī-saurabhyam abhyasyatām
karṇānām vivareṣu kām api sudhā-vṛṣṭim duhānaṁ muhuḥ |
vanyānām sudṛśām mano-nayanayor magnasya devasya naḥ
karṇānām vacasām vijṛmbhitam aho kṛṣṇasya karṇāmṛtam ||111||
(śārdūla-vikrīḍita)

Repeatedly pouring an indescribable shower of nectar into the ear-holes of those fortunate souls who relish, through repetition, the fragrance of its waves of poetic sweetness, this nectar for the ears of Kṛṣṇa, who is sunk deep in the minds and eyes of the beautiful-eyed milkmaids (and in ours), surges in voices and ears.

Text 112

anugraha-dviguṇa-viśāla-locanair
anusmaran mṛdu-muralī-ravāmṛtaiḥ |
yato yataḥ prasarati me vilocanaṁ
tatas tataḥ sphuratu tavaiva vaibhavam ||112||
(rucirā)

O Kṛṣṇa, always remembering the nectarous, low, soft sounds of Your flute, as well as Your eyes, doubly expanded with mercy, I pray that wherever my sight shall wander, You will always manifest Your beauty, sweetness, and opulence before me.

इति श्रीलीलाशुकबिल्वमङ्गलठक्कुरविरचितं श्रीकृष्णकर्णामृतं समाप्तम् ।

iti śrī-līlāśuka-bilvamaṅgala-ṭhakura-viracitaṁ śrī-kṛṣṇa-karṇāmṛtaṁ samāptam |

Thus Ends the Śrī-Kṛṣṇa-karṇāmṛtaṁ composed by Śrī-Līlāśuka-Bilvamaṅgala-
Ṭhakura