

A Collection of
Hindī Bhajanas



Translated by Prema-vilāsa dāsa

Contents

Guru caraṇakamala bhaja mana1
Govardhana mahārāja2
Calo mana śrī vṛndāvana dhāma3
Āli! mhāne lāge vṛndāvana nīko4
Chāye gayo rī śyāma5
Sāvāriyā kare manohāra6
Śyāmā śyāma salonī surata7
Āja viraja me horī re rasiyā9
Bhaja govinda, bhaja govinda11
Kṛṣṇa kanhaiyā12
Aiyo nandalāla, aiyo gopāla14
Mere nandajī ko lālā alabelā15
Mohana pyāre ho kanhaiyā17
Mākhana kī corī18
Baso mere nayanana me nandalāla19
Sakhī rī mere mana abhilāṣā hoyā20
Mai to raṭū rādhā-rādhā nāma21
Rādhā nāma parama sukhadāi23
Choṭī sī kiśorī24
Aisī kṛpā karo śrī rādhe26
Śrīmatī Rādhikājī Ārati27
Govinda dāmodara mādhaveti29
Kanhaiyā rādhikārānī31

Guru-caraṇa-kamala bhaja mana

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O mind, worship the lotus feet of Gurudeva

*guru-kṛpā binā nāhi koi sādhana-bala,
bhaja mana bhaja anukṣaṇa*

Without the mercy of Gurudeva, we will have no strength in our *sādhana*
Therefore, O mind, worship him at every moment

*milatā nahī aisā durlabha janama,
bhramata hū caudaha bhuvana
kisi ko milte hai aho bhāgya se,
hari-bhakto ke daraśana*

Wandering throughout the fourteen worlds we have not acquired
the good fortune of a birth in which
we attain the *darśana* of a devotee of Hari

*kṛṣṇa-kṛpā kī ānanda mūrti,
dīna jana karuṇā nidāna
bhakti bhāva prema tīna prakāśata,
śrī guru patita pāvana*

Śrī Guru is the embodiment of spiritual happiness
and the storehouse of mercy for the distressed.
He illuminates *bhakti*, *bhāva*, and *prema*
and is the saviour of the fallen

*śruti smṛti aura purāṇana mārhi,
kīno spaṣṭa pramāṇa
tana mana jīvana, guru pade arpaṇa,
śrī harināma raṭana*

We find evidence of this in the *śruti*, *smṛti*, and Purāṇas.
Offering my body, mind and very life to the feet of Gurudeva
I incessantly sing *śrī-harināma*

...Govardhana mahārāja

*chaṭā terī tīna loka se, nyārī hai govardhana mahārāja,
mānasī gaṅgā ko snāna, dharayo phira cakaleśvara ko dhyāna,
dāna ghāṭī pe dadhi ko dāna, karo parikramā ko taiyārī hai, govardhana mahārāja*

Govardhana Mahārāja! Your image is more beautiful than anything within the three worlds
Bathing in Mānasī Gaṅgā, meditating on Cakaleśvara, giving yoghurt at Dāna-ghāṭī—
we are always anxious to circumambulate you.

*gāva ānyaura kuṇḍa govinda, pūñcharī ko lauṭā mere dvanda,
sarovara bharī rahe svachanda pāsa me jatipurā sukhakārī hai, govardhana mahārāja*

Govardhana Mahārāja! Circumambulating you, we will visit Govinda-kuṇḍa in the village of
Ānyaura, the Deity of Kṛṣṇa's dearest friend at Lauṭā, and near Jatipurā the pond of pure
water which gives great happiness, Rudan-sarovara.

*śikhara ke ūpara nāce mora, santajana paṇe rahe cahu-ora,
devako dhyāna dhare nita bhora kare ye saba brajakī rakhavālī hai,
govardhana mahārāja*

Govardhana Mahārāja! The peacocks dance upon you, the saints who meditate every
morning reside all around you, and you are the protector of the entire Vraja-maṇḍala.

*kṛṣṇa aura rādhā-kuṇḍa apāra, nitya hoye avicala yahā vihāra,
kusuma kī vikaṭa khilī phulavārī hai, govardhana mahārāja*

Govardhana Mahārāja! Strolling around you daily we see Rādhā-kuṇḍa and Kṛṣṇa-kuṇḍa
and the many gardens of blossoming flowers.

*dhanya jo bāsa kare girirāja, siddha hoye unke sabare kāja,
rādhā-kṛṣṇa yugala balihārī hai, govardhana mahārāja*

Govardhana Mahārāja! You increase Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa's conjugal pleasure.
Those who reside near you are fortunate indeed and all their endeavours are successful.

Calo mana śrī vṛndāvana-dhāma

calo mana śrī vṛndāvana dhāma

O mind, immediately race to Vṛndāvana

jahā viharata nāgarī arū nāgara, kuñjana āṭho jāma

Where the Hero and heroines perpetually enjoy in the *kuñjas*

bhūkha lage to rasikana jhūṭhana khāye lahiya viśrāma

When hungry I will take the remnants of *rasika* devotees and then take rest

pyāsa lage to tarūṇī tanujā taṭa piyu salīla lalāma

When thirsty I will go to the banks of the Yamunā and drink her tasty water

nīnda lage to jāya soī rahu, latana kunja abhirāma

When fatigued I will rest in the dense *kuñjas*

braja kī reṇu lakhi cinmaya, tanmama rahu abhirāma

O mind, you will find eternal peace upon seeing
the transcendental dust of Vraja

pe kṛpālu mana jāti yaha bhūliya bhāva rahe niṣkāma

O mind, be merciful to me and renounce all other desires besides these

Āli! mhāne lāge vṛndāvana niko

*āli! mhāne lāge vṛndāvana niko, niko lāge hari ko
ghara ghara tulasī, ṭhākura pūjā, darśana govindajī ko
āli! mhāne lāge vṛndāvana niko*

O friend! I like Vṛndāvana so much
where in every home there is worship of *tulasī* and the Deity
with *darśana* of Govindajī

*nirmala nīra bahata yamunā ko, bhojana dūdha dahī ko
āli! mhāne lāge vṛndāvana niko*

Where the pure waters of the Yamunā flow
and where the foodstuffs are milk and yoghurt
O friend! I like Vṛndāvana so much

*ratana simhāsana āpa virāje, mukuṭa dharayo tulasī ko
āli! mhāne lāge vṛndāvana niko*

...where the Deity sits on a jewelled throne, with *tulasī* in His crown
O friend! I like Vṛndāvana very much

*kuñjana kuñjana phirata rādhikā, śabda sunata muralī ko,
āli! mhāne lāge vṛndāvana niko*

...where Rādhikā roams from *kuñja* to *kuñja*, having heard the vibration of His flute
O friend! I like Vṛndāvana so much

*mīrā ke prabhu giradhara-nāgara, bhajana binā nara phiko
āli! mhāne lāge vṛndāvana niko*

The hero Giridhārī is the master of Mīrā
who says that without *bhajana* a person is dull
O friend! I like Vṛndāvana so much

Chāye gayo rī śyāma...

chāye gayo rī śyāma vana vana basantī
vana vana basantī vana vana basantī

The spring season, *basantī*, is spread throughout the forests

mora mukuṭa sira bhāra basantī
gala phūlana ko hāra basantī
manda manda muskāye gayo rī śyāma vana vana basantī

The peacock feather in Śyāma's crown is *basantī*
and the garland of forest flowers around His neck is *basantī*
Śyāma is smiling gently, and *basantī* is spread throughout the forests

dekha rahī saba ṭhāḍī sakhiyā,
mana mohana se lāgi akhiyā
akhiyan śyāma samāyo gayo rī śyāma vana vana basantī

All the *sakhīs* who are present there
cannot resist falling in love with Him
Their eyes are riveted on Him, and *basantī* is spread throughout the forests

saja rahe hai saba kuñja basantī
koyala kūhū kūhū kare basantī
bañsī madhura bajāye gayo rī śyāma vana vana basantī

The *kuñjas* are decorated with *basantī*
The cuckoo's sounds are *basantī*
Śyāma sweetly plays the flute, and *basantī* is spread throughout the forests

Sāvariyā kare manohāra...

sāvariyā kare manohāra horī kī rādhe āyī bahāra

The season of the enchanting Holī festival has come, Śrī Rādhe

*abīra gulāla kī bhara bhara jholī,
mukha mala ḍāro āyī horī
sāvariyā pakaḍe hai āja*

Filling Your cloth with red powder-dye
and applying it to His face,
catch Your beloved today

*bṛja me gvāla bāla saba nāce
madhura muraliyā śyāma bajāve
pāyaliyā kare jhanakāra*

In Vraja all the cowherd boys are dancing
Śyāma is playing the flute sweetly
and His ankle bells are tinkling

*raṅga biraṅgī gopī ḍole
gārī deke mose hasa-hasa bole
cudariyā pe raṅga kī phuhāra*

As He throws colour on the *gopīs* and playfully abuses them,
their clothes become covered with colour

Śyāmā śyāma salonī surata...

śyāmā śyāma salonī sūrata ko śṛṅgāra basantī hai

The beautiful faces of Śyāmā and Śyāma are decorated in *basantī*

*mora mukuṭa kī laṭaka basantī,
candrakalā kī caṭaka basantī
mukha muralī kī bhaṭaka basantī
sara pe peca śravaṇa kuṇḍala chavidāra basantī hai*

The peacock feather which adorns Kṛṣṇa's crown is *basantī*

The shining moonlight is *basantī*
The flute decorating His face is *basantī*
And His beautiful earrings are also *basantī*

*māthe candana lagyo basantī,
kaṭi pītāmbara kasyo basantī
mana mohana mana vasyo basantī
gala soye vanamālā phūlana hāra basantī hai*

The *candana* on His forehead is *basantī*

His yellow shawl is *basantī*
His residence in my mind and heart is *basantī*
And the beautiful garland of forest flowers around His neck is also *basantī*

*kanaka kuṇḍalā hasta basantī
cale cāla ala masta basantī,
pahara rahe pośāka basantī
rūnaka jhunaka paga nupura kī jhanakāra basantī hai*

His golden bracelets are *basantī*

His carefree gait is *basantī*, His attire is *basantī*
And His jingling anklebells which swing to and fro are also *basantī*

*saṅga gvāla ko rola basantī,
baje caṅga ḍhapha ḍhola basantī,
bola rahe saba bola basantī,
saba sakhiyana me rādheju saradāra basantī hai*

The joyous sounds made by the cowherd boys are *basantī*
The melody of the drums and other instruments is *basantī*
Everyone's speaking is *basantī*
And as the leader of the *sakhīs*, Rādhejī is also *basantī*

*parama prema parasāda basantī
lage rasīlo svāda basantī
hai rahī saba marayāda basantī
ghāsīrāma śyāma śyāmā ko nāma basantī hai*

The *prasāda* which He has lovingly given us is *basantī*
And its taste is also *basantī*
The entire environment is *basantī*
Ghāsīrāma says that the names of Śyāma and Śyāmā are also *basantī*

Āja viraja me horī re rasiyā

*āja viraja me horī re rasiyā
horī re rasiyā, barajorī re rasiyā*

Today is Holi here in Vraja
Come and join in the joyous festivities of Holi!

*apane apane ghara nikasī
koī sāvāri koī gorī re rasiyā*

Come out from your homes,
whether you are dark or fair, and join in the festivities!

*kauna gāva ke gvālā kahiye
kauna gāva rādhā gorī re rasiyā*

From which village is this cowherd boy?
And from which village is this fair Rādhā?

*nandagāva ke gvālā kahiye
barasāne kī rādhā gorī re rasiyā*

The cowherd boy is from Nandagrāma
And the fair Rādhā is from Varṣāṇā

*kauna ke hātha kanaka picakārī
kauna ke hātha kamorī re rasiyā*

In whose hand is a golden squirtgun?
And in whose hand is a pot of powder-dye?

*kānhā ke hātha kanaka picakārī
rādhā ke hātha kamorī re rasiyā*

In Kanhaiyā's hand is a golden squirtgun
And in Rādhā's hand is a pot of powder-dye

*uḍhata gulāla lāla bhaye bādala
keśara raṅga me ghorī re rasiyā*

In great happiness Kṛṣṇa is throwing the red colour everywhere,
creating a cloud and the fair Rādhā is covered in it

*candra sakhī bhaja bāla kṛṣṇa chavi
juga juga jīyo yaha jorī re rasiyā*

Candrasakhī worships the beautiful boy Kṛṣṇa
and may this Divine Couple live long, blissful lives

Bhaja govinda, bhaja govinda...

*bhaja govinda, bhaja govinda, bhaja govinda kā nāma re
govinda ke nāma binā, tere koī na āve kāma re*

Worship the name of Govinda
Nothing besides the name of Govinda can do anything for you

*ye jīvana hai sukha duḥkha kā melā, duniyādārī svapna kā khelā
jānā tujha ko paḍega akelā, bhaja le hari kā nāma re*

This life is a festival of happiness and unhappiness and like a dream
In the end you will be all alone, so worship the name of Hari

*govinda kī mahimā gāke, prema ke usa para phāga lagāke
jīvana apnā saphala banā le, cala īśvara ke dhāma re*

Sing the glories of Govinda with great love
This will make your live successful and transfer you to Īśvara's *dhāma*

Kṛṣṇa kanhaiyā...

*pāra kareṅge naiyā re, bhaja kṛṣṇa kanhaiyā,
kṛṣṇa kanhaiyā dāūjī ke bhaiyā*

Worship the naughty brother of Balarāma, Śrī Kṛṣṇa
and He will take us across the ocean of material existence

*kṛṣṇa kanhaiyā baṁśī bajaiyā,
mākhana curaiyā re, bhaja kṛṣṇa kanhaiyā*

Worship naughty Kṛṣṇa who plays the flute and steals butter

*kṛṣṇa kanhaiyā girivara uṭhaiyā,
kṛṣṇa kanhaiyā rāsa racaiyā
pāra kareṅge naiyā re, bhaja kṛṣṇa kanhaiyā*

Worship naughty Kṛṣṇa who lifted Govardhana Hill
and performed the *rāsa-līlā*
and He will take us across the ocean of material existence

*mitra sudāmā taṇḍula lāye,
gale lagā prabhu bhoga lagāye
kahā kahā kaha bhaiyā re, bhaja kṛṣṇa kanhaiyā*

When His friend Sudāmā brought Him some low-grade rice
He accepted it and embraced him
What more can be said? Just worship naughty Kṛṣṇa

*arjuna kā ratha raṇa me hākā,
śyāmaliyā giridhārī bākā
kālināga nathaiyā re, bhaja kṛṣṇa kanhaiyā*

Worship naughty Kṛṣṇa who is of a dark complexion
who in the great war drove the chariot of Arjuna
who lifted Govardhana Hill at such a tender age
and who subdued Kāliyanāga

*drupata-sutā jaba duṣṭana gherī,
rākhī lāja na kīnī derī
āgye cira baḍhaiyā re, bhaja kṛṣṇa kanhaiyā*

Worship naughty Kṛṣṇa who without any delay protected Draupadī
from being shamed when she was surrounded by wicked men
by unlimitedly increasing her cloth

Aiyo nandalāla, aiyo gopāla...

*āja mere aṅganā me aiyo nandalāla, aiyo gopāla,
darśana kī pyāsī gujariyā, o śyāma darśana kī pyāsī gujariyā*

Please enter my courtyard today Nandalāla, please come Gopāla,
this cowherd lady is thirsty for Your *darśana*
O Śyāma, this cowherd lady is thirsty for Your *darśana*

*aṅganā me aiyo mero mākhana khaiyo, mīṭhī-mīṭhī batiyā bataiyo nandalāla,
aiyo gopāla darśana kī pyāsī gujariyā*

Please enter my courtyard and eat my butter
Please speak sweet utterances to me Nandalāla, please come Gopāla,
this cowherd lady is thirsty for Your *darśana*

*korī-korī maṭakīna me, bholī bholī gaiyana ko, tere liye dahī kara rākho nandalāla,
aiyo gopāla darśana kī pyāsī gujariyā*

In newly-made earthen pots we have kept yoghurt made from the milk of innocent cows
just for You, Nandalāla, please come Gopāla,
this cowherd lady is thirsty for Your *darśana*

*aṅganā me aiyo, neka baṁśī bajaiyo, mīṭhī-mīṭhī batiyā bataiyo nandalāla,
aiyo gopāla darśana kī pyāsī gujariyā*

Please enter my courtyard and play the flute
Please speak sweet utterances to me Nandalāla, please come Gopāla,
this cowherd lady is thirsty for Your *darśana*

Mere nandajī ko lālā alabelā...

mere nandajī ko lālā alabelā, merī maṭakī me māra gayo ḍhelā

My playful son of Nanda
throws stones which break the clay pots I carry on my head

*kabhī gaūo ke saṅga, kabhī bachaḍana ke saṅga
kabhī sakhāo ke saṅga me akelā, merī maṭakī me māra gayo ḍhelā*

Sometimes in the company of the cows, sometimes in the company of the calves,
sometimes alone with the *sakhās*...

*kabhī śrīdāma ke saṅga, kabhī subala ke saṅga
kabhī madhumaṅgala saṅga me akelā, merī maṭakī me māra gayo ḍhelā*

Sometimes in the company of Śrīdāma, sometimes in the company of Subala,
sometimes alone with Madhumaṅgala...

*kabhī lalitā ke saṅga kabhī viśākhā ke saṅga
kabhī rādhā ke saṅga me akelā, merī maṭakī me māra gayo ḍhelā*

Sometimes in the company of Lalitā, sometimes in the company of Viśākhā,
sometimes alone with Rādhā...

*kabhī yamunā ke taṭa, kabhī gaṅgā ke taṭa
kabhī baṁśī ke vaṭa me akelā, merī maṭakī me māra gayo ḍhelā*

Sometimes on the bank of the Yamunā, sometimes on the banks of Mānasī-gaṅgā,
sometimes alone at Vaṁśīvaṭa...

*kabhī nanda gāva, kabhī barasāne gāva
kabhī saṅketa vana me akelā, merī maṭakī me māra gayo ḍhelā*

Sometimes at Nandagrāma, sometimes at Varṣāṇā, sometimes alone at Saṅketa forest...

kabhī rādhā kuṇḍa kabhī śyāma kuṇḍa
kabhī kusuma sarovara me akelā, merī maṭakī me māra gayo ḍhelā

Sometimes at Rādhā-kuṇḍa, sometimes at Śyāma-kuṇḍa,
sometimes alone at Kusuma-sarovara...

kabhī gokula vana, kabhī mahāvana
kabhī govardhana me akelā, merī maṭakī me māra gayo ḍhelā

Sometimes at Gokula forest, sometimes at Mahāvana,
and sometimes alone at Govardhana He breaks my earthen pots

Mohana pyāre ho kanhaiyā...

*mohana pyāre ho kanhaiyā, nāma anupama bhāve
nanda ke lāla, yaśodā dulālā saba koī jana gāve, kanhaiyā*

My beloved Kanhaiyā who is so enchanting,
I like Your beautiful name so much
All the village-people sing of You Kanhaiyā, the dear child of Nanda and Yaśodā

*rādhā-ramaṇa madana-mohana prabhu yamunā pulina bihārī
kṛṣṇa govinda, muralī manohara, govardhana giradhārī*

You are the lover of Rādhā, You enchant even Cupid,
You enjoy pastimes while roaming around the Yamunā
Kṛṣṇa, Govinda! You play enchanting melodies on the flute
and You lifted Govardhana Hill

*agha, baka pūtanā kaṁsa ke nāśaka, rādhā-kuṇḍa taṭa vanavārī
braja-jana rañjana gopī pramodana, cañcala naṭana murārī*

You destroyed Aghāsura, Bakāsura, Pūtanā, and Kaṁsa,
You wander on the banks of Rādhā-kuṇḍa,
You delight the residents of Vraja and especially the *gopīs*, and hey Murārī!
You are such a restive dancer

*madhura nāma avatāra tumhāre, dīna janana ādhāra
nāma rūpa me bheda na koī, kije kṛpā murāra*

Your sweet name is Your incarnation and the shelter of the fallen
There is no difference between Yourself and Your name, please be merciful!

*aisā aura nahī pāpījana, jaisā mai hū nātha
nijajana śaraṇa deho karuṇāmaya, kije mohī sanātha*

There is no other sinner like me, hey Nātha!
Please be merciful and give me shelter

Mākhana kī corī...

*mākhana kī corī cora kāmare mai samajhā rahī toye
mai samajhā rahī toye lāile, mai samajhā rahī toye*

Mother Yaśodā says to her son, “I am trying to make You understand, my child,
that it is naughty to steal butter.”

*nau lākha gaiyā nanda bābā ko, nita naya mākhana hoye
tāu ke tu corī kare, lāja na āve toye*

“Nanda Bābā has nine-hundred thousand cows who give fresh butter daily
Yet still You steal butter from Your uncle’s house without feeling ashamed.”

*hāta bāta gaja becana hāri, gaiyā ulahano hoya
baṇe nāma hai nanda bābā ko, hāsī hamārī hoya*

“All the village people are speaking about Your mischievous activities.
Nanda Bābā has such a high reputation, but now everyone is laughing at us.”

*barasānā pe bhai sadā lalā, nita naya carcā hoya
baṇe bāpa kī rādhā beṭī, naya bhare gī toye*

“When the residents of Varṣāṇā meet together in the evening,
there is always some fresh gossip.
And now the name of Rādhā, the daughter of a reputable father,
is connected with You.”

*mākhana corī chuṭe na maiyā, hona hāra to toya
sūrya dāsa yaśodā ke āge, sadaka-sadaka gaye toye*

Sūrya dāsa looks on as Kṛṣṇa stands panting before Yaśodā while saying,
“I cannot stop stealing butter, Maiyā—what will be, will be.”

Baso mere...

baso mere nayanana me nandalāla

May Nandalāla always be present before my eyes

mohana mūrati, śyāmarī sūrati, nayanā bane viśāla

May the enchanting form and beautiful face of Śyāma
always be present before my eyes

adhara sudhārasa, muralī bājata, ura vaijantīmāla

His lips exude pure nectar as He plays the flute
and a *vaijantī-māla* adorns His chest

kṣudra ghaṅṭikā kaṭitaṭa śobhita, nūpura śabda rasāla

Tiny bells adorn His waist and the sound of His anklebells is very sweet

mīrā prabhu santana sukhadāyī, bhakta-vatsala gopāla

The master of Mīrā is Gopāla, who is especially affectionate
to His devotees and gives immense pleasure to the saints

Sakhī rī mere mana...

sakhī rī mere mana abhilāṣā hoyā madana mohana ke guṇa gāū

O *sakhī*, my heart's desire is to sing the glories of Madana-mohana

*śīśa pe mora mukuṭa sohe, pagana paijaniyā mana mohe
kamara pītāmbara jhīlamīla hoyā na mukha se varṇana kara pāū*

The peacock feather in His crown is very beautiful
His jingling anklebells are enchanting my mind
His waist is adorned with yellow cloth
the beauty of which I simply cannot describe

*kānana me kuṇḍala hai ālā, gale me vaijantī mālā
adhara muralī pyārī lāge moyā, sunū to mana me sukha pāū*

Hearing about the earrings in His ears
the garland of *vaijantī* flowers around His neck
and the beloved flute at His lips
my heart will obtain great happiness

*ye laṭa mukha pe kālī-kālī cāla mohana kī matavālī
yahā jāye se darśana hoyā batādo gela kahā jāū*

Locks of black hair dangle upon His face
As if intoxicated He moves in an enchanting fashion
Tell me friend, where can I go to receive His *darśana*?

*ye naṭavara rāsa-bihārī ke saṅga vṛṣabhānu dulārī ke
saphala mero jīvana kaise hoyā yugala caraṇana me sira nāū*

That best of dancers is in the company of the daughter of King Vṛṣabhānu

Bowing my head at the feet of the Divine couple,
my life will be completely successful

Mai to raṭu rādhā-rādhā-nāma...

*mai to raṭu rādhā-rādhā nāma, braja kī galiyana me
mai to āyo vṛndāvana-dhāma kiśorī tere caraṇana me*

I will repeat the name of Rādhā through the alleyways of Vraja
I will go to Vṛndāvana-dhāma and take shelter at Your feet, Kiśorī

*mai to khoyo-khoyo rahu āṭho jāma braja kī galiyana me
ita uta ḍolū kaha-kaha rādhā, miṭa jāya jivana kī vyādhā
mila jāya ghanaśyāma, kiśorī tere caraṇana me*

I will be lost the entire day in the alleyways of Vraja
Wandering here and there singing Your name will eradicate all of life's misery
And I will meet Śrī Kṛṣṇa, whose complexion is like that of a dark raincloud,
at Your feet, Kiśorī

*ulajha-ulajha ina braja karilana me, sevā-kuñja śrī nidhuvana me
rādhā-rādhā raṭu āṭho jāma, braja kī galiyana me*

In madness I will roam in Sevākuñja or Nidhuvana
I will repeat *rādhā-nāma* the entire day through the alleyways of Vraja

*kabhī dāna galī, kabhī māna galī
kabhī yamunā ke taṭa, kabhī baṁśī ke vaṭa
kabhī rādhā kuṇḍa, kabhī śyāma kuṇḍa
mai to raṭu rādhā-rādhā nāma, braja kī galiyana me*

Sometimes at Dāna-galī, sometimes at Māna-galī
Sometimes on the banks of the Yamunā, sometimes at Vaṁśīvaṭa
Sometimes at Rādhā-kuṇḍa, sometimes at Śyāma-kuṇḍa
I will repeat *rādhā-nāma* in the alleyways of Vraja

*mere tana me bhī rādhā, mere mana me bhī rādhā
jita dekhu tita rādhā-rādhā
aiso mile varadāna, kiśorī tere caraṇana me*

Rādhā is within my body and also within my mind
and everywhere I will see only Rādhā, Rādhā
Grant me such a benediction at Your feet, Kiśorī

*mai to raṭu rādhā-rādhā nāma, braja kī galiyana me
aba to cāha yahī eka mana kī, dhūla mile moya gopī-caraṇana kī
aura nikale tana so prāṇa, braja kī dhūlī me
kahī mila jāya ghanaśyāma, kiśorī tere caraṇana me*

I will repeat *rādhā-nāma* in the alleyways of Vraja
My sole desire is to obtain the dust of that *gopī's* feet
and then give up my life in the dust of Vraja
I will meet that Ghanaśyāma at Your feet, Kiśorī

Rādhā nāma parama sukhadāi

rādhā nāma parama sukhadāi

Rādhā-nāma is the bestower of the supreme happiness

lahara-lahara śrī śyāmā ju kī mana me mere samāi

May the numerous waves of Śrī Śyāmā always reside in my mind and heart

raṭa-raṭa rādhā janama bitāū, bṛja gopīna kū śīśa navāū

In all my future births may I always bow my head
to Rādhā and the *vraja-gopīs*

mahimā kahi nahi jāi rādhā nāma parama sukhadāi

Rādhā's glories are indescribable
and Her name is the bestower of the supreme happiness

bṛja tyaja ke mai kahi nahi jāū rasika santana ke darśana pāū

I will never leave Vraja to go elsewhere
and I will always take *darśana* of *rasika* saints

jaga se prīti haṭāi rādhā nāma parama sukhadāi

Rādhā-nāma removes one's attachment to material life
and bestows the supreme happiness

Choṭī sī kiśorī...

*choṭī sī kiśorī mere aṅganā me ḍole re
pāva me pāyaliyā bāke jham-jhamā-jham bole re*

A young girl is wandering in my courtyard
and Her anklebells are jingling

*maine bāse pūchī lālī kahā tero nāma re
hāsa-hāsa ke batāve boto rādhā mero nāma re*

When I asked Her, “Lālī, what is Your name?”
Laughing, She told me, “My name is Rādhā.”

*maine bāse pūchī lālī kahā tero gāva re
mīṭhī-mīṭhī bole mose barasāno mero gāva re*

When I asked Her, “Lālī, where is Your village?”
She sweetly replied, “My village is Varṣāṇā.”

*maine bāse pūchī lālī, kauna tero sasurāla re
śaramāke yo bole mose jāvaṭa grāma sasurāla re*

When I asked Her, “Lālī, who are Your in-laws?”
Coyly She replied, “My in-laws reside in the village of Yāvaṭa.”

*maine bāse pūchī lālī kauna tero bharatāra re
muskarāke bolī mose śyāma mero bharatāra re*

When I asked Her, “Lālī, who is Your beloved?”
Smiling She replied, “My beloved is Śyāma.”

*maine bāse pūchī lālī, khāogī kā mākhana
āhā, āhā bole, mere āge pīche ḍole re*

When I asked Her, “Lālī, will You eat some butter?”
She replied, “Yes, yes” and began prancing around Me

*candrasakhī bhaja bāla kṛṣṇa chavi
sapane me āke mose mīṭhī-mīṭhī bole re
pāva me pāyaliyā bāke jham-jhamā-jham bole re*

Candrasakhī worships the beautiful boy Śrī Kṛṣṇa
Rādhikā came in a dream and spoke so sweetly
and the jingling of Her anklebells was so charming...

Aisī kṛpā karo śrī rādhe...

*aisī kṛpā karo śrī rādhe dijo vṛndāvana ko vāsa
vṛndāvana ko vāsa, dijo hari bhaktana ko sātha*

Please be merciful Śrī Rādhe and grant me residence in Vṛndāvana
and the association of Śrī Hari's devotees

*bhūkha lage bhikṣā kara lāū, vraja-vāsina ke ṭukaḍā pāū
pyāsa lage yamunā-jala pīke, nidhuvana karū nivāsa*

If hungry I will beg morsels of food from the *vraja-vāsīs*,
if thirsty I will drink the water of the Yamunā,
and I will reside at Nidhuvana

*govardhana parikramā lagāū, mānasī gaṅgā prema se nahāū
rādhā-kuṇḍa aura kṛṣṇa-kuṇḍa me nitya karū snāna*

I will do *parikramā* of Govardhana, bathe in Mānasī-gaṅgā with great love,
and forever bathe in both Rādhā-kuṇḍa and Kṛṣṇa-kuṇḍa

*nanda-gāva barasāne jāū, rādhejū ke darśana pāū
gahavara vana parikramā lagāū, dānakuṭī aura mānakuṭī pe dekhū rāsa vilāsa*

By going to Nandagrāma and Varṣāṇā I will obtain the *darśana* of Rādhejī,
I will do *parikramā* of the Gahavara forest,
and at Dāna-kuṭī and Māna-kuṭī I will witness the *rāsa-līlā*

*nanda bābā ke dvāre jāū, dāū bhaiyā ke darśana pāū
pāvana sarovara prema se nahāū, bāñke-bihārī ke darśana pāya ke hai jāya pūraṇa āsa*

By going to Nanda Bābā's palace I will obtain *darśana* of Baladeva,
I will bathe in Pāvana-sarovara with great love,
and by obtaining the *darśana* of Bāñke-bihārī all my aspirations will be fulfilled

Śrīmatī Rādhikājī Arati

*jaya jaya rādhājī ko śaraṇa tomhāri
aichana ārati jāu balihārī*

All glories to You, Śrīmatī Rādhikā!
We take shelter of You and jubilantly perform Your *ārati*.

*pāṭa paṭāmbara uḍe nila sārī
sinthipara sindura jāi balihārī*

Attired in a yellow *colī* and blue *sārī*
and with *sindura* in the part of Your Hair, Your appearance is exquisite

*veśa banāuta priya saha-carī
ratana simhāsane baiṭhala gaurī*

After dressing You, Your beloved *sakhīs* seat You on a throne of jewels

*ratana jaḍita maṇi māṇika moti
jhalakata ābharaṇa prati aṅge jyoti*

You are adorned with radiant jewellery which is studded with pearls
making Your every limb glisten

*cuyā candana aṅge dei brajavālā
kata koṭi candrajini vadana ujālā*

O Goddess of Vraja, Your limbs decorated with choice *candana*
You shine like millions of moons

*caudike sakhigaṇa deya karatāli
ārati karatahiṁ lalitā piyārī*

As Your *sakhīs* play the *karatālas*
Your most beloved Lalitā performs Your *ārati*

*nava-nava brajavadhū maṅgala gāve
priya narma-sakhigaṇa cāmara ḍhalāve*

As the newly-wed brides of Vraja sing auspicious songs,
the *priyanarma-sakhīs* wave *cāmaras*

*rādhāpada paṅkaja sevanakī āśā
dāsa manohara karata bharosā*

Yearning for the service of Rādhikā's lotus feet,
Manohara dāsa prays with great faith

...Govinda dāmodara mādHAVeti

*ḍāri mathānī dadhi me kisīne, taba dhyāna āyo dadhi cora kā hī
gada-gada kaṅṭha pukāratī hai, govinda dāmodara mādHAVeti
he kṛṣṇa he yādava he sakheti, govinda dāmodara mādHAVeti*

When going to churn milk for making butter, one mother in Vraja remembers Śrī Kṛṣṇa, the butter-thief, and in a choked voice cries out, “Hey Kṛṣṇa! Hey Yādava! Hey my friend! Govinda! Dāmodara! MādHava!”

*hai līpatī āṅgana nāri koī, govinda āve mam gṛha khele
dhyānastha me yahī pada gā rahī hai, govinda dāmodara mādHAVeti*

Another cowherd lady, while cleaning her courtyard with cow-dung and water, calls out, “Hey Govinda! Come and play in my courtyard.” In deep meditation, she sings, “Govinda! Dāmodara! MādHava!”

*mātā yaśodā hari ko jagāve, jāgo uṭho mohana naina kholo
dvāre khaḍe gvāla bulā rahe hai, govinda dāmodara mādHAVeti*

In awakening Śrī Hari, Mother Yaśodā says, “Awaken! Get up, Mohana! Open Your eyes! Your friends are waiting for You at the door! Govinda! Dāmodara! MādHava!”

*vidyānurāgī nija pustako me, arthānurāgī dhana sañcayo me
ye hī nirālī dhvani gā rahe hai, govinda dāmodara mādHAVeti*

As students are always thinking of their books and avaricious men are always thinking of their wealth, the *gopīs* are always singing, “Govinda! Dāmodara! MādHava!”

*le ke karo me dohani anokhī, gāu dugdha kāḍhe avalā nāvelī
gāu dugdha dhārā saṅga gā rahī hai, govinda dāmodara mādHAVeti*

As some young milkmaids milk the cows, in unison they sing, “Govinda! Dāmodara! MādHava!”

*jāge pujārī hari mandiro me, jāke jagāve hari ko sabere
he kṣīra-sindhu aba netra kholo, govinda dāmodara mādHAVeti*

As the *pujārī* enters the *mandira* in the morning to awaken Śrī Hari, he says, “Hey Kṣīra-sindhu, ocean of milk! Open Your eyes! Hey Govinda! Dāmodara! MādHava!”

*soyā kisī kā suta pālāne me, ḍorī karo se jaba kheñcatī hai
ho prema magnā usne pukārā, govinda dāmodara mādHAVETI*

As a young mother rocks her baby son in his cradle by pulling a rope, while immersed in *prema* she calls out in a choked voice, “Govinda! Dāmodara! MādHava!”

*royā kisī kā suta pālāne me, ho prema magnā usne pukārā
rovo na gāvo prabhu saṅga mere, govinda dāmodara mādHAVETI*

The baby boy in the cradle cries out in great love, “O cows, don’t cry! Prabhu is with me! Govinda! Dāmodara! MādHava!”

*koī navelī pati ko jagāve, prāṇeśa jāgo aba nīnda tyāgo
belā yahī hai hari gīta gāvo, govinda dāmodara mādHAVETI*

A newly-married wife awakens her husband by saying, “Awaken, master of my life! Give up your sleep and sing the song of Hari! Govinda! Dāmodara! MādHava!”

Kanhaiyā rādhikārānī

hamāre braja ke rakhavāre, kanhaiyā rādhikārānī

The protector of Vraja, our Kanhaiyā Rādhikārānī

kanhaiyā rādhikārānī, kanhaiyā rādhikārānī

hamāre nayano ke tāre, kanhaiyā rādhikārānī

The star of our eyes, Kanhaiyā Rādhikārānī

sahārā ve-sahāro ke, kanhaiyā rādhikārānī

The shelter for the shelterless, Kanhaiyā Rādhikārānī