

Damodarastakam

The pasttime of Little Krishna

(Translated in English)



Text 1+2

**namamisvaram saccidananda rupam
lasat-kuṇḍalam gokule bhrājamaanam
yaśodā-bhiyolūkhalād dhāvamānam
parāmṛṣṭam atyantato drutya gopyā || 1 ||**

To the Supreme Lord, Sri Damodara, who is the controller of all, who has eternal blissful knowledge, whose glittering earrings sway from side to side, who exhibited Himself in Gokula, who stole the butter the gopis had hanging from the rafters of their storerooms, who immediately hopped up and ran in retreat in fear of Mother Yasoda, who was ultimately caught, I bow down to you and offer my humble obeisances.

**rudantam muhur netra-yugmam mṛjantam
karāmbhoja-yugmena sātañka-netram
muhuḥ śvāsa-kampa-trirekhāñka-kaṇṭha-
sthita-graivam dāmodaram bhakti-baddham || 2 ||**

With His two lotus hands, He wiped His eyes repeatedly as tears streamed down His cheeks at the sight of His mother's whipping stick. As Mother Yasoda tied ropes around His tummy, His pearl necklace trembled and His eyes widened in terror. I bow down before you, Supreme Lord Sri Damodara.

**itīdṛk sva-līlābhir ānanda-kuṇḍe
sva-ghoṣam nimajjantam ākhyāpayantam
tadīyeṣita-jñeṣu bhaktair jitatvam
punaḥ prematas tam śatāvṛtti vande || 3 ||**

The people of Gokula were so overjoyed by Krishna's divine childhood pastimes that they cried tears of joy. To those who come to Vaikuntha just to worship the regal form of Narayana, the Lord now declares, "I am overpowered and overwhelmed by pure loving devotion." Countless prostrations to Damodara, the Supreme Lord.

varam deva mokṣam na mokṣāvadhim vā
na canyam vṛṇe 'ham vareṣād apīha
idam te vapur nātha gopāla-bālam
sadā me manasy āvirāstām kim anyaiḥ || 4 ||

While I recognise that You, Lord, have the power to bestow any number of blessings, I will not ask for freedom, immortality in Vaikuntha, or anything else from You. All I ask is that memories of Your adorable kid stuff from the past never leave my thoughts. Lord, I have no interest in learning your Paramatma form. All I want is for the joys of Your youth to be reenacted in my own.

idam te mukhāmbhojam atyanta-nīlair
vṛtam kuntalaiḥ snigdha-raktaiś ca gopyā
muhūś cumbitam bimba-raktādharam me
manasy āvirāstām alam lakṣa-lābhaiḥ || 5 ||

The kisses of Mother Yasoda have turned the blackish lotus face of the Lord, framed by curling locks of hair, as reddish pink as bimba fruits. I don't know what else to say to explain it. All the wealth in the world wouldn't help me if I didn't have this image, but I hope I'll always be able to recall it.

namo deva dāmodarānanta viṣṇo
prasīda prabho duḥkha-jālābdhi-magnam
kṛpā-dṛṣṭi-vṛṣṭyāti-dīnam batānu
gṛhāṇeṣa mām ajñam edhy akṣi-dṛśyaḥ || 6 ||

Ah, the boundless Vishnu! To the master! O Lord! Give me your blessing! I feel like I'm going to die under the weight of my grief. Indulge me with Your benevolent deluge; shield me with the nectarine light of Your love.

kuverātmajau baddha-mūrtyaiva yadvat
tvayā mocitau bhakti-bhājau kṛtau ca
tathā prema-bhaktim svakām me prayaccha
na mokṣe graho me 'sti dāmodareha || 7 ||

In Your infant form, O Lord Damodara, Mother Yasoda tied You to a churning stone with a rope meant for tying cows. Then, You broke the curse that had turned Kuvera's, Manigriva's, and Nalakuvara's sons into trees so that they may worship You instead. In the same way, I ask that you bless me. It is not Your radiance that I seek to be freed into.

**namasthesthu dāmne sphurad-dīpti-dhāmne
tvadīyodarāyātha viśvasya dhāmne
namo rādhikāyai tvadīya-priyāyai
namo 'nanta-līlāya devāya tubhyam || 8 ||**

Lord Brahma, the creator of the cosmos, emerged from Your rope-bound womb after You and Mother Yasoda had tied Your abdomen shut. I humbly bow before this rope and pay my respects. I prostrate myself before Srimati Radharani, one of Your many devotees, and before Your infinitude of pastimes.