

Śaraṇāgati

by Śrīla Bhaktivinoda Thākura

Vijñapti: Spiritual Request

*kabe ha'be bolo se-dina āmār
(āmār) aparādha ghuci', śuddha nāme ruci,
kṛpā-bale ha'be hṛdoye sañcār*

Please tell me, when oh when will that day be mine? My offenses will come to an end, and a taste for the pure holy name will be infused within my heart by the power of divine grace.

*ṭṛnādhika hīna, kabe nije māni',
sahiṣnutā-guna hṛdoyete āni'
sakale mānada, āpani amāni,
hoye āswādibo nāma-rasa-sār*

Feeling myself lower than a blade of grass, welcoming the quality of forbearance into my heart, giving honor to all living beings, and being freed from false pride, when will I taste the essence of the liquid nectar of the holy name?

*dhana jana āra, kavitā-sundarī,
bolibo nā cāhi deho-sukha-karī
janme janme dāo, ohe gaurahari!
ahaitukī bhakti caraṇe tomār*

Wealth, followers, beautiful women as described in worldly poetry—I do not want any such bodily pleasures. O Lord Gaurahari! Please give me unmotivated devotion to Your lotus feet birth after birth.

*(kabe) korite śrī-kṛṣṇa- nāma uccāraṇa,
pulkita deho gadgada vacana
vaivarnya-vepathu, ha'be saṁghaṭana,
nirantara netre ba'be āsru-dhār*

When, while articulating the divine name of Śrī Kṛṣṇa, will my body be thrilled in ecstatic rapture, my words choking with emotion, loss of color and ecstatic trembling occurring, and streams of tears flowing constantly from my eyes?

*kabe navadwīpe, suradhunī-taṭe,
gaura-nityānanda boli' niṣkaṭe
nāciyā gāiyā, beḍāibo chuṭe,
bātulera prāya chāḍiyā vicār*

When, in the land of Navadvīpa, on the banks of the celestial Gaṅgā, will I run about innocently calling out, "O Gaura! O Nityānanda! "? Dancing and singing, I will wander about like a madman, giving up all consideration of proper social behavior.

*kabe nityānanda, more kori' doyā,
chādāibe mora viṣayera māyā
diyā more nija- caraṇera chāyā,
nāmera hāṭete dibe adhikār*

When will Lord Nityānanda be merciful to me and release me from the illusion of worldliness? When will He give me the shade of His own lotus feet and bestow upon me the qualification necessary to enter the Marketplace of the Holy Name?

*kinibo, luṭibo, hari-nāma-rasa,
nāma-rase māti' hoibo vivaśa
rasera rasika- caraṇa paraśa,
koriyā mojibo rase anibār*

Somehow or other I shall buy or steal the mellows of the name of Lord Hari. Becoming thoroughly intoxicated by those liquid mellows, I will be stunned. By touching the feet of those great souls who are expert in relishing those mellows, I will be constantly immersed in the sweet nectar of the holy name.

*kabe jīve doya, hoibe udoya,
nija-sukha bhuli' sudīna-hṛdoya
bhakativinoda, koriyā vinoya,
śrī-ājñā-ṭahala koribe pracār*

When will there be an awakening in me of compassion for all fallen souls? Then this Bhaktivinoda will forget his own happiness, and with a meek heart he will set out to propagate by humble solicitation the sacred order of Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu.

Śrī Nāma-Māhātmya: The Glories of the Holy Name

*kṛṣṇa-nāma dhare koto bal
viṣaya-vāsanānale, mora citta sadā jwale,
ravi-tapta maru-bhūmi-sam
karna-randhra-patha diyā, hṛdi mājhe praveśiyā,
variṣoya sudhā Anupam*

What power does the name of Kṛṣṇa possess? My heart constantly burns in the fire of worldly desires, just like a desert scorched by the rays of the sun. The holy name, entering the core of my heart through the holes of my ears, showers unparalleled nectar upon my soul.

*hr̥doya hoite bole, jihvāra agrete cale,
śabda-rūpe nāce anukṣan
kanṭhe mora bhāṅge swara, aṅga kāṅpe thara thara,
sthira hoite nā pāre caraṅ*

The holy name speaks from within my heart, moves onto the tip of my tongue, and constantly dances on it in the form of transcendental sound. My throat becomes choked up, my body violently shivers, and my feet cannot remain still.

*caḅṣe dhārā, dehe gharma, pulakita saba carma,
vivarna hoilo kalevara
mūrchita hoilo man, pralayera āgaman,
bhāve sarva-deha jara jara*

Rivers of tears flow from my eyes, perspiration completely soaks my body, all my skin thrills with rapture, my hairs stand on end, and my complexion turns pale and discolored. My mind grows faint, I begin to experience devastation, and my entire body is shattered in a flood of ecstatic emotions.

*kori' eto upadrava, citte varṣe sudhā-drava,
more ḍāre premera sāgare
kichu nā bujhite dilo, more to' bātula koilo,
mora citta-vitta saba hare*

While causing such an ecstatic disturbance, the holy name showers liquid nectar on my heart and drowns me in the ocean of divine love of Godhead. He does not allow me to understand anything, for He has made me truly mad by having stolen away my mind and all my resources.

*loinu āśroya jā'r, heno vyavahāra tā'r,
varnite nā pāri e sakal
kṛṣṇa-nāma icchā-moy, jāhe jāhe sukhī hoy,
sei mora sukhera sambal*

Such is the behavior of Him in whom I have taken shelter. I am not capable of describing all this. The holy name of Kṛṣṇa is independent and thus acts on His own sweet will. In whatever way He becomes happy, that is also my way of happiness.

*premera kalikā nām, adbhuta rasera dhām,
heno bala karaye prakāś
īṣat vikaśi' punaḥ, dekhāy nija-rūpa-guna,
citta hari' loya kṛṣṇa-pāś*

The holy name is the bud of the flower of divine love, and is the very abode of astonishing mellows. Such is the power He manifests that when His holy name starts to blossom a little further, it then reveals His own divine form and qualities. Thus my heart is abducted and taken directly to Kṛṣṇa.

*pūrṇa vikaśita hoiyā, braje more jāya loiyā,
dekhāy more swarūpa-vilās
more siddha-deha diyā, kṛṣṇa-pāśe rākhe giyā,
e dehera kore sarva-nāś*

Blossoming fully, the flower of the holy name takes me to Vraja and reveals to me His own love-dalliance. This name gives to me my own eternal spiritual body, keeps me right by Kṛṣṇa's side, and completely destroys everything related to this mortal frame of mine.

*kṛṣṇa-nāma-cintāmaṇi, akhila rasera khani,
nitya-mukta śuddha-rasa-moy
nāmera bālāi jata, saba lo'ye hoi hata,
tabe mora sukhera uday*

The name of Kṛṣṇa is a transcendental touchstone, a mine of all devotional mellows. It is eternally liberated, and the embodiment of pure rasa. When all impediments to the pure chanting of the holy name are taken away and destroyed, then my happiness will know its true awakening.

Thus, ends Śaraṇāgati by Ṭhākura Bhaktivinoda.