MUKUNDAMĀLĀ

of

Sri Kulaśekharālwar

Rendered into English Verses with Annotations

By

Jñāna Bhakti Bhūṣana

S. SATYAMURTHI IYENGAR

(Retd. officer, Indian Audit Dept.)

Published by

Sri Raghavendrashrama

56/10, 17th Cross, Malleswaram, Bangalore-55
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MUKUNDAMĀLĀ of Sri Kulaśekharālvir—Rendered into English verses with annotation by Jñāna Bhakti Bhuṣana Sri S. Satyamurthi Iyengar, 9-10, Premnagar, Gwalior-474002. Published by Sri Raghavendrasinghrama, 56/10, 17th Cross, Malleswaram, Bangalore-55

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Price: Rs. 20

Copies can be had from

1. Sri Raghavendrasinghrama,
   56/10, 17th Cross, Malleswaram, Bangalore-55

2. S. Satyamurthi Iyengar,
   9-10, Premnagar, Gwalior-474002

3. B. S. S. Iyengar,
   2039, Amba Bhavani Temple Street,
   Rajajinagar II Stage, Bangalore-10

Printed by D. S. Krishnachar, M.Sc., at Prabha Printing House, 22-A, Dr. D.V. Gundappa Road, Basavanagudi, Bangalore-560004
श्री विशेषातीर्थ स्वामीजी
श्री पेतावर अयोध्या मठ
जगदृकद महावीर वंशान
उद्दीपि-576101

अहो भगवत् श्रीकृष्णस्य सर्वजनार्के कृं मोहक वक्तिविवेकः।
न केवलं तपस्यश्चू मुनये, भक्तिविरः कवये, सहदये, सावः
अवि तु मुख्य गोपंगानः, गोपालवालः, गोपुर्णुद्धोपि श्रीकृष्णकृतः।
कर्त्त्वाणुर्गुणाकामित्वः। आयामनः व्यस्मानुः अधुना विदेश्या। अवि
श्रीकृष्णभक्तिरसायनपादमकः। परवशः नुयतं संदर्भते। श्रीमददानं
तीर्थः नीम्नमेवस्य श्रीकृष्ण नीलमहोसागरतया अववर्तना। नथः
सागरिविभुजानं समुद्रः सवं श्रीकृष्णसमीपपर्व्वातीति ते
निरूपितं तं। "आयामनैवदीप्तिस्व दुर्गाबलारो हरिरूवः सागरः।"
एवं सर्वजनार्कणां भक्ते श्रीकृष्णं भागमारुणं भागमारुणं च
समस्यायामेव संदर्भ समुपर्व्वातीति यथेन मुकुंदमाला सत्यं कविकृष्णमाला। अस्यः
सुमृतः आंशिगान्वाद निरीक्ष्यं निर्धारं वयं
प्रमुदिततः। अनेन देशविदेशशु कृष्णभक्तिसारस्य प्रवाहिता भवनु
इक्षुशङ्कायते। एतत् पुराणं कः। समुन्मतिः अयागार उपदेशायलोऽषाया
स्मधाकुण्डे प्रत्यक्षाकाण्डः काश्यपकान्तमुखीष्वश्च दीक्षानुः हा। एते
वासुदेवाणि महत्यमाणि भवनान् श्रीकृष्णः
सम्पन्नः इति प्रार्थयाम।

उद्दीपि
श्री विशेषातीर्थ स्वामीजी
4-11-1987
BENEDICTION

Bewitching indeed the personality of Sri Krishna which lures away everything. Not only the Sages, Ascetics, Poets, Sadhus and Sants but also the innocent Gopikas, Gopabalas, cows, beasts, birds have been attracted towards Sri Krishna. Of late even foreigners have been entranced by the pleasant and amusing personality of Sri Krishna and we have seen them singing and dancing in ecstasy, becoming his devotees. Sri Madhvacharya has compared Sri Krishna of dark blue complexion to the dark blue Ocean. Devotees and men of wisdom rush towards Him like the rivers which descend down towards the Ocean:

"अत्मं नदीभिषयः कुणावतरो हरिरेव सागरः"

We are very much delighted to see the English translation of Mukundamāla which depicts Sri Krishna in the most beautiful manner, with submission along with its sweet language and sentiments. We wish that it would facilitate men all over the world to reach the beatitude of Bhakthi towards Sri Krishna and we sincerely pray Sri Krishna to bless Sri Satyamurthy Iyengar who has rendered it to English beautifully and Dr. B. N. Vasudeva Rao who is avowed to publish spiritual books, for having published this with great zest and devotion.

Udupi
4-11-1987

H. H. Sri Viswesha Thirtha Swamiji
Sri Pejawara Adhokshaja Mutt,
Jagadguru Madhvacharya Samsthana
समर्पणम्

श्रीरामचंद्रानंदगुर्जर्नंतरत
श्रीमध्वेशगुर्जर्नंतर्यांमि उड़पि श्रीकृष्णसा
चरणक्रमलयोः:

डाँ. श्री. एन. वासुदेवराव।
श्रीरामचंद्रानंदाम्य संस्थापकाध्यक्षः
FOREWORD

Sri Satyamurthy Iyengar of Gwalior, ripe in age and devotion to the Lord of the Universe and giver of Mokṣa (Mukunda) has conferred a great benefaction on countless devotees of the Lord by placing before them a beautiful edition of Saint Kulaśekhara Ālwar’s Mukundamālā, a Garland of Verses born of spontaneous ecstasy. The highest characteristic of true devotees of the Lord as described in the Gita is that they share their devotion with like-minded people: Bodhayantah parasparam. The present edition of the Mukundamālā is conceived in this spirit. The publication has been financed by Sri Raghavendra Ashrama, Bangalore, of which Dr. B. N. Vasudeva Rao, the Founder-President, is the moving spirit.

The edition provides a complete text in Devanagari, separately at the beginning. Each verse is then given a metrical translation in English along with a transliteration of the text, with suitable annotations of the words and phrases. A caption at the beginning of each translated verse gives the gist of it.

This edition has only 40 verses, of which the opening one is probably not from the royal author himself as it pays homage to him by name, and rank. The Preface mentions another text of 46 verses. It deserves to be noted that as far back as 1933, Prof. K. Rama Pisharoti, Head of the Dept. of Sanskrit, Annamalai University, had brought out an edition of the Mukundamālā, based on Kerala Mss. with only 31 verses. This text has
two celebrated verses "Ārtā viśaṇṇā (14) and "Ye mānavāḥ" (25) which are not found in Sri Iyengar’s edition. These two verses, curiously enough, are also found in Sri Madhvacarya’s Anthology of Verses called Krishnamrtamahārṇava (as verses 66 and 52 of his work). This may give a clue to the date of the author of the Mukundamālā around the 12th or early 13th century as a later descendant of the Alwar of the royal family of Travancore. As the Lord of Anantapura is also a Śeṣasāyī the opening verse referring to the Rangayāṭrā daily in the city may also be a reference to the city of Anantapura. It is customary for the Maharajas of Trivandrum to visit the temple of Anantapadmanabha daily.

Coimbatore  25-10-1987

(Dr.) B. N. K. SHARMA
Rtd. Prof. of Sanskrit, Ruparel College, Bombay-16
ABOUT THE TRANSLATOR

Jñāna Bhaktī Bhūtana Sri S. Satyamurthi Iyengar of Gwalior, who has dedicated his life to the study and the writings of Vaisnavite Literature, was born in 1907 and was brought up in Srirangam, the premier Vaisnavite pilgrim centre. The religious and the traditional fervour of the pilgrim centre moulded his mental make-up from childhood itself. After graduating from the Madras University in 1925, he joined the Indian Audit and Accounts Department and retired in 1962 therefrom as an officer with a distinguished record of service. His official duties in the department did not become an obstacle to his continuing the studies. He had the good fortune of studying the Rahasya Granthas in the traditional way under the late Nyāya Vedānta Vidwān, Sri Udbhaya Vedānta Vidwan Karappangadu Venkatacharya Swami, a great authority on Visistadvaita school of philosophy. He also underwent an intensive course of instructions and training for Seven years in “Bhagavad Vishayam” at the feet of Udbhaya Vedanta Vidwan Sadhu Ramanuja Acharya Swami, who later became the Periya Jeer of Tirumala-Tirupathi Devasthanam. Further, he had the good fortune of coming into close contact with the famous scholar Pratívadibhayankara Sri Annangara Acharya of Kanchipuram.

With such a traditional background and learning of the original scriptures, Sri Iyengar has been able to disseminate his thoughts in English through many of his publications. He has contributed nearly 150 essays on various topics of Vedantic tenets, to a number of scholarly journals both in India and abroad. As regards his publications, which are mostly translations with glossaries, his translation of ‘Tiruvāymoli’ into English with glossary in four volumes stands out pre-eminent. While reviewing his books in the columns of The Hindu, the learned reviewer pays glorious encomiums and says that the venture stands in comparison to the translations of Vedic, Upanisadic and Brahma Sutra texts into English by western Indological savants.
He was conferred the title Jñāna Bhakti Bhūṣaṇa by Sri Annangaracharya Swami in 1968 in the temple of Sri Perambudur, when he sang his alphabetical compilation “Amudam Amudam” culled out from Rāmānuja Nūṭtrandādi. He has also talked over the AIR several times on the Vedantic concepts.

As regards the present work, Mukunda Mala, Sri Iyengar has done the job excellently well. The verses are translated into English in verse form. The translation is happy and eminently readable. Every verse is appended with a short glossary which gives us a fine and thorough interpretation of the same, and which stands testimony to the scholarship of the author.

The Publishers shall feel amply rewarded if the readers are induced to a more serious study of the original scriptures, through this.

B. N. VASUDEVA RAO
President
Bangalore-55
5th July 1987
Sri Raghavendra Ashrama
56/10, 17th Cross, Malleswaram
Kulaśekhara Ālwar
Icon at his birth place Kolli
PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

‘Mukunda Mālā’ is a hymnal garland, wreathed with the names bespeaking the great glory of Mukunda (Lord Viṣṇu), the great Redeemer, the sole granter of Mokṣa (cutting out, in toto, the material shackles of mundane moorings of the devout, taking refuge in Him), instead of mere flowers, as such. Set in an exquisite frame of forty* scintillating slokas, these laudatory hymns are saturated with devotion (Krishna bhakti) of a very high order. Their recital is, therefore, bound to transport anyone, including those not theistically minded, to the region of ecstasy, a highly rewarding experience. There is, however, a controversy regarding the authorship of this hymnal, whether it is the work of the ancient Chera King, canonised as Kulaśekhara Ālvar whose 105 songs under the caption, ‘Perumāl Tirumoli’ are incorporated in the Compendium, collectively known as ‘Divya Prabandham’, or of a remote scion of that ‘Raja-Yogi’. This has been appropriately discussed, at some length, in the notes below the concluding sloka (40) which throws some light on the author, rather too meagre to arrive at a definite conclusion. Either way, it does not detract from the compelling claims of this soul-stirring hymnal for a distinguished place in our stotra-literature.

The first edition, compiled by me way back in the year 1973, rather hurriedly, in response to a telegraphic request from a deeply religious friend of mine in Kāñchi, was published early in the year 1974 by Sri Vembu Iyer, Śāśvata Dharma Śāsanan, Kadayanalloor, deep down in the South. I was painfully conscious of the numerous shortcomings in that edition, the saving grace being, however, the rare excellence of the translation (English verses), the outcome of the underlying inspiration. The booklet did not include the Sanskrit text of the slokas and even the transliteration thereof in English was not in accordance with the recognised international code. Adequate justice was not, rather could not be done in the much-too-brief

*There are as many as 46 slokas in some editions. But, in a comparatively larger number of editions, including the anicent palm-leaf scripts, only these forty slokas are found.
time then allotted to me by the sponsors, by way of annotation and explanatory notes, which a hymnal of such a high order richly deserves. As a habitual reciter of these charming slokas every morning before the household Deity, the desire to supply these omissions has been lingering in my mind, all along. And yet, it has taken me more than a decade to work on this, due to my heavy pre-occupation in bringing out several books, big and small, some of which, including my marathon translation in English, of Saint Namakkalvar's 'Tiruvaymoli', have gone into global circulation. The current edition, which gives the prose order of each sloka and the word for word (or phrases) meaning besides supplying the aforesaid omissions, does, I venture to hope, fulfil my long-cherished desire to make good the earlier omissions. I shall feel amply requited for my labours if these rare gems move round as large an area as possible, kindling in the minds of the readers cum chanters the lambent light of devotion, the certain impact of this great hymnal in its present form.

I am very grateful to:

Sri Raghavendraashrama, Bangalore for wholly financing this publication and to Sri B. N. Vasudeva Rao, Advocate in particular, for the keen interest with which he piloted this work and his unstinted, spontaneous help in seeing it through;

Professor B. R. Seshadri Iyengar, Principal, M.E.S. College, Bangalore for his concerted efforts in bringing out this publication besides sparing his precious time for proof-reading, as well;

Professor S. Ramachandra Shastry, Principal, M.L.A. First Grade College, Bangalore, for the onerous task of proof-reading, and the Proprietor and Staff of Prabha Printing House, Bangalore-4, for the neat printing and excellent get-up, betokening their high sense of dedication.

I am, however, primarily indebted to Sri B. S. S. Iyengar of Kappa Electricals Pvt. Ltd., Bangalore-10 for the large-hearted initiative taken by him to explore the possible avenues to get the glossary of this scintillating hymnal printed and published in the manner it has been done.

S. Satyamurthi Iyengar
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<td>2. Victory, Victory unto Thee, My Lord!</td>
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<td>5. What more do I need, O, Bhagavan! except steadfast devotion unto</td>
<td></td>
<td>9-11</td>
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<td>your lotus feet, here and hereafter?</td>
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<td>6. Ah! meditate shall I on your lotus feet even in my hour of death—</td>
<td></td>
<td>11-12</td>
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<td>all your benign grace!</td>
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<td></td>
<td>17-18</td>
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<td>anything more pleasurable.</td>
<td></td>
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<td>12. How to ferry across the ocean of Saṃsara—The Divine boat</td>
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<tr>
<td>(Viṣṇu), the one and only ferry, firm and secure.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>13. Devotion deep unto the lotus-eyed Lord will take me ashore, sure</td>
<td></td>
<td>22-23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>and fast.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>14. Deign to deliver, O, Lord! the boat of devotion at your lotus</td>
<td></td>
<td>23-25</td>
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<tr>
<td>feet.</td>
<td></td>
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<td>15. The Solemn resolve—what the poet shall see not, hear not, think</td>
<td></td>
<td>25-26</td>
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<tr>
<td>not and omit not.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td>16. In the service of the Lord—the ordained functions of the various</td>
<td></td>
<td>27-29</td>
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<tr>
<td>limbs of the subject.</td>
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17, 24, 31 The wonder-drug (panacea for all our ills and evils) 29-34

18, 23 The Mantra, par excellence. 35-38

19. The unlimited glory of the Lord beside whom all else pale into insignificance, dwindling down to minute bits. 38-40

20. May we sustain our lives, drinking deep the nectar of contemplation of Your lotus feet, O Lord! 40-41

21. Thou art my sole Refuge, O Lord! 41-43

22. The multi-purpose gem. 43-45

25. Utter futility of Vedic chantings, rites and rituals, bereft of loving devotion unto the Lord's lotus feet. 45-47

26, 30. The efficacy of reciting the holy names of Lord Narayana—a vocal exercise of great potentiality. 47-50

27. My Lord! bless me that I be the vassal of the vassals of your vassals—the last in the chain of devotees. 50-51

28. Alas! are we to be dubbed dumb and base? 51-53

29. Warning to Cupid to keep away. 53-55

32. As I know Thee, My Lord! 55-57

33. Salve me, O, Kṛṣṇa, the Supreme Saviour of multidimensional glory. 57-58

34. O, all merciful Bhagavan! may you shed your grace and salve this destitute. 58-60

35. Rivetted am I to Nārāyaṇa, by word, deed and thought. 60-61

36, 37. The wordlings can but do not utter the holy names of Lord Viṣṇu and Court endless miseries, what a pity! 61-63

38. Mokṣa (emancipation from earthly bondage), the sure reward for steadfast devotion to Lord Viṣṇu. 63-65
39. Salutation to Madhava, relaxing on the Milk-ocean amidst glorious setting.  

40. The end-song, the subscription.

N.B. There are four types of address in these Slokas, namely,

(i) Address to the Lord (under various names)—
(Slokas 1 to 7, 14, 15, 19 to 21, 27, 28, 32 to 34 and 39).

(ii) Address to self (Slokas 10 to 13, 16, 23, 24, 30 and 31)

(iii) Address to the fellow-beings around.  
(Slokas 17 and 18)

(iv) Warning to Cupid, the amorous angel who incites sexual romance. (Sloka 29)
NOTE ON TRANSLITERATION

In the scheme of transliteration adopted here a, e, i and g always represent अ, ए, ई and ग respectively and never ए, इ, व and ष or other values which they have in English; t and d are always used for त and ठ only. The letter c alone represents च. Since the natural function of न will be to aspirate a consonant (e.g. kh, ch, th, th, ph, gh, jh, dh, dh, bh), it would be an anomaly for a scientific scheme to use it in combinations like ch and sh for giving च and छ values; hence ch here is च and s h स ह. The vowel ऋ is represented by र because ri, legitimate for रि� only, is out of place, and the singular रि is an altogether objectionable distortion. The tilde over n represents न; न. Accent mark over s gives झ, झ; dots above m and n give anusvāra ( ), म and न, respectively. Dots below h, and r give visarga (:), ह and, र respectively. Dots below s, n, t and d give their corresponding cerebrals ः, ः, ः and ः, ः, ः and ः; and macrons over a, i, u and r give आ, इ, उ, ए, ओ, औ. औ, i, u, m, h, k, kh, g, gh, n, c, ch, j, jh, ā, ī, ū, r, r, d, d, dh, n, t, th, dh, n, p, p, ph, b, bh, m, y, r, l, v, s, s, s, s, h.
S. SATHYAMURTHY IYENGAR
Translator
मुकुन्दमाला

घृष्णते यव स्वरो रहस्यात्रा दिने दिने।
तमहे शिरसा वन्दे राजान खूल्धेखरस्।।
श्रीवाच्छन्मेति वरदेति दयापरेति
भक्तप्रियेति भवलुक्तकोविदेति।
नाथेति नागशयनेति जगनिवासे-
खालपनं प्रतिपं कुर्म मे मुकुन्द।। १।।

जयतु जयतु देवो देवकीनन्दनेऽयं
जयतु जयतु कृष्णो द्व्याणवंशप्रदीपः।।
जयतु जयतु मेघश्यामः कोमलाञ्जो
जयतु जयतु पृथ्वीभारनाशो मुकुन्दः।। २।।

मुकुन्द सूर्या प्रणिपत्य याचे
भवन्तमेकान्तामित्यमण्यतमर्थम्।।
अविस्मृतिस्वचरणार्विन्दे
भवे भवे मेघस्व भवत्रसादात्।। ३।।

नाहं वन्दे तव चरणयोरंद्रममहंमहंहेतोः
कृमीशारं गुस्सामि हरे नारकं नापनेहुः।।
रम्यं रामं मूर्त्तिगलं नन्देन नापि रन्तुः
भावे भावे हृदयमवने भावेर्यं भवन्तम्।। ४।।

नास्या घनम् न वसुनिच्ये नैव कामोपमोऽगे
यथादृ भवं भवतु भगवं पूर्ब्बक्मोऽरुपम्।।
एतत् प्राथ्यं मम वधुमंतजनमवन्तरंपि
त्वत्पदार्म्भोश्चु हुगचबत निश्चला महकरस्तु।। ५।।
मुकुन्दमाला

दिवि वा सुवि वा ममास्तु वासो

नरके वा नरकान्तक ! प्रकामम्।

अवधीरित-शारदारविन्दौ

चरणौ ते मरणेद्वि चिन्तयामि \| \| 6 \| \|

कृष्ण त्वदीय पदपञ्चज पञ्चरान्तम्

अदैैं मे विश्रातु मानस राजान् हं।

प्राणप्रयाणसमये कन्हवातिपतििः

कन्ठावरोधन-विधौ स्मरण कुस्तसे \| \| 7 \| \|

चिन्तयामि दरिमेय सन्ततं

मन्दमन्द हसितानन्नम्बुजम्।

नन्दगोप तनवं परातरं

नारदादि मुनिव्वज बन्दितम् \| \| 8 \| \|

कर्चरणसरोजे कानितमंग्रामीने

अमृति अम्बीवक्ष्यकुलेक्षगाधारमाम।

हरिसरसि बिगाठ्यायी तेजोजजलौरं

भवमस्थपरिवृत्नः शेदमध्य त्वजामि \| \| 9 \| \|

सरसिजनयने समकाचकरे

मुरसिदि मा विरमसव चित्त ! गन्तुम्।

मुखतरमपरं न जातु जाने

हरिचरण स्मरणामृत्तेन तुदयम् \| \| 10 \| \|

माभीमन्दमनो विचिन्त्य बहुधा यामीशिरि यातना:

नामि नः प्रभवति पापरिपवः सामी नतु श्रीघृः।

आलस्य व्यपनीय अस्तिकुलसं ध्यत्वस्य नारायणः

कोक्ष ध्यसनापनोदनकरो दासखः कः न ध्रुवः। \| \| 11 \| \|
भवजलधिगतानां इन्द्रवाताहतानां 
सुतुवहितवक्ष्य व्रणभारार्दितानाम् ।
विष्मामिषयतोऽये महतामुवानां
भवतु शरणमेको विष्णुपातो नराणाम् ॥ १२ ॥
भवजलधिः अगाय दुस्तः निस्तरेयं
कथमहिमिति चतोऽये मार्गमः कातरस्वम् ।
सरसिजालिः देवे तावकी भक्तिरेका
नरकभिदि निष्णा तारयिष्णत्वयत्वम् ॥ १३ ॥
तृणातोऽये मदनपवनोहतोहविमाले
दारावर्ते तन्यसहस्राहस्संपायुक्ते च ।
संसाराले महति जलोऽये महंत्या नविवामनं
पादाम्मोजे वर्द्ध भवतो भक्तिनाम्य प्रयच्छ ॥ १४ ॥
मादाख्य श्रीणुण्यानु श्रुणांपि भवतो भक्तिहीनानां पदाक्षे
माश्रौष माध्यमवर्धं तव चरितमपास्तन्त्रदायद्वायुनामातस्याः
मास्यां माध्यम त्वामापि भुवनपते चेरसाह्युवावानां
माभूवं त्वसांपि वेत्तिकर रहितो जन्मविमातरेशरपि ॥ १५ ॥
जिसे कृत्य केशवं मुरिपुः चेतोऽये भज श्रीधरं
पाणिन्धू समयाचायत कथा: भोगवधार तवं श्रुणु ।
कृष्ण लोकय लोचनद्रय हरेगच्छिंद्रियमालावर्यं
जिम्ब्र ध्रु पणं मुकुन्दपदतुलसी मृत्यु नमोभवमतम् ॥ १६ ॥
हे लोकाभिपुः प्रत्यतिमरणवाह्येष्विचित्रित्सामाः
योगवासस्मुदारहरिनि मुनयो यान्यानवल्क्याद्यः ।
अन्तत्याभिमेघमेकमृत्युः कृष्णार्थमापीयतात
तत्त्वोत परमात्मं बितुनुते निर्वाणार्थयनितकम् ॥ १७ ॥
मुकुन्दमाला

हे मर्या: परमं हिंते श्रुति चो वश्यामि संकेततः

संसारार्थ्वमामातृभूतवर्हुः सम्प्रख प्रविशय सिद्धतः ।

नानाज्ञानपालश्चेतसि नमो नारायणायेत्यस्यः

मन्त्रं सप्रणं श्रणासहितं प्रारङ्गध्वं मुद्धः । १८ ॥

पृथ्वी रेणुरणः प्रयासि कणिकः फल्पुष्पकलाक्रमः

तेजो निष्क्रियते सततं तनुवरं द्रव्यं सुगृहम् नभः ।

षुद्रा स्त्रापितायमहर्षायः कौटास्मस्माः

हृष्टे यत्र स तावको विजयते भूमावधृताभिः । १९ ॥

वद्वनाज्ञानिना नतेन शिरसा गात्सरोगिकामः

कणठं खरगाद्वेदं नयने नोहृणाणि बाणामुनाः

नितयं त्रिवर्णसारस्विन्दुग्रंधायानमृतास्वादिनां

अम्बां सरसीहाक्ष सतं सपंथां जीवितम् ॥ २० ॥

हे गोपालक हे कुपाललिनि हे सिन्धुकुपते

हे कसान्तक हे गजेन्द्र करणापारीण हे माधव ।

हे रामानुज हे जगत्त्रयगुरो हे पुण्डरीकाक्ष मां

हे गोपीजननाथ राय परं जानामि न त्वम विना ॥ २१ ॥

भक्तारामः नक्षियामित्रः 

गोपीलोचनाचारकाम् नुक्टः 

य: कन्तामिउर्मिनच्छंदस्त्रक्षभा ।

श्रेयो देवशिकासिद्धां नो गोपालचूक्षामिः ॥ २२ ॥

श्रृवण्णदेवकम्मन्त्र सकलमूल्यमिष्टाश्रयस्यरूपम्

संसार रोमान्यमं सम्प्रविभीतमस्त्रस्तितमयिणम्।

सैुख्यान्तकम्मन्त्र व्यस्नः श्रृवण्ण संद्यं सन्त्रानम्

जिहे श्रीकुण्णः जपम् सततं जनमसाधारणम् ॥ २३ ॥
मुकुन्दमाला

न्यायोधपशारमौषध सुनिममोदतिष्ठत्रीश्वरायोषध
१५ तेरथेनाथरथोषध मित्रगता सदीवनेकोषधम \\
मकात्मकायतीर्थी प्रविधयन्त्र मद्यशुश्रुसनेकोषधम
श्रेयः प्रासिकरीषध पिबः मनसक्रीणादिश्वौषधम \\
आस्मायाम्सनान्यरण्युधित देवग्रतान्यनवह
मेदृशेददकलानि पूर्वविययः सर्वेक्षत् भस्मनि \\
तीर्थायकस्माहनि च गजलानि विना यत्यद-
मन्द्रायम्बरोहसंप्लुति विजयते देवस्य नारायणः \\
श्रीमन्नाम प्रोचय नारायणायः
केन न प्राप्याविहितं पापिनोपि \\
हा नः पूर्व वाक्यचुड़ा न तस्मान
तेन प्रांग गर्भवासादिदुःखमः \\
मजन्मनः फलमिदं मधुकैटमारे
मध्यार्थीयमद्वुगः एव एव \\
त्वद्भुध्यमुर्यमपरिचारक भृत्यशून्य
भृत्यशून्य भृत्य इति सां सह लोकनाथ \\
नाथे नः पुष्पोंचमे त्रिजगतामेकाधिपे वेत्सा
सेवे क्षस्त पदस्य दातरि सुरे नारायणे तिष्ठति \\
वं कक्षितपुलासम् कतिपयग्रामेरमल्पायं \\
सेवायः भगवायमे नरमहो मुकाच चराकच वयमः \\
मदन परिहर दिश्यनि दीशे
मनसि मुकुन्दपदार्विन्दराधि \\
हरनन्दन कुशाणुका कुशोसि
सरसि न चक्रपराक्रम मुरारेः \\
् २९ ्
युक्तं चरणानी परं परस्मात्
मधु शनर्तीव सतां फलानि।
प्रार्ततं नाना लिरसं शिवं
नामानि परारण गोचरां। ६ ॥

इदं शरीरं परिणामपेक्षं पतत्ववर्यं श्रवसनन्दित्वर्य।
किमौष्टप्: क्रियति सूपुरुष तुम्मते कीरामं क्रुणार्यां नारीं। ३१ ॥

दारा आराकारवर्षता ते तनूजो विलिवः
स्तोता वेदस्तव सुरगणो भूवर्यः। प्रसादः।
सुक्मर्वाया जगारिकं तावकी देवकी ते
माता मित्रं भविष्युधवध्वन्तोत्यत्र जाने। ३२ ॥

क्रुणो रक्षकं नो जगत्त्रयुक्ताः क्रृणां नमः जम्मायां
क्रुणो नामार्शत्रतो विनिहता: क्रुणाय तुम्म्जः नमः।
क्रुणदेव समुचितं जगारिं क्रुणस्त दासोस्याः
क्रुणो तिष्ठति सब्रमेत्वेद्वस्तव देवे क्रुणा रक्षक माया। ३३ ॥

तत्तं प्रसीदे बहुवन् कुरु मर्यंताये
विन्दो क्रुणां परमकारणिकं: फिल तपस्व।
संसारसागरानिममस्मन्त दीनाः
उद्देश्यांमह्सि हरे पुरुषोविषयमोक्षसि। ३४ ॥

नमानि परारण पादप्रक्रम्
करोमि परारण पूजनं सदा
चदामि परारण नाम निर्मर्यां
स्तरामि परारण तत्ममह्यमस्व। ३५ ॥
मुकुन्दमाला

श्रीनाथ नारायण वासुदेव
श्रीकृष्ण मकर्ष्रिय चक्रसंपाने ।
श्रीप्रभुनामाच्युत कैंटारे
श्रीराम पवार्क्ष हरे सुरारे ॥ ३६ ॥

अनन्त वैकुण्ठ मुकुन्द कृष्णा
गोविन्द द्रामोदर माध्यकेि ।
वचं समर्थोद्रपि न वक्रिय कृष्णा
अहो जनानां व्यस्नानर्मिवभुवः ॥ ३७ ॥

ध्यायिनि वे विष्णुमन्त्रमध्ये
हृत्यबमध्ये सततं व्यवस्थितम् ।
समाहितानां सततामयव्रुद्धं
तेन यान्ति सिद्धं परमास्व वैष्णवीम् ॥ ३८ ॥

श्रीसागर तरंगीकराः
सारतारकित चारमूलने ।
भोगिभोग शयनीयटाल्यायिे
माध्वाय मधुविन्दः नमः ॥ ३९ ॥

यस्य प्रियो श्रुतिधरं कविलोकवीरो
मिश्रि दिनमवर्णसं शरावभूताय ।
तेनाम्भुजाश्रुंचराम्बुज पश्चिमपदः
राज्ञा कृता कुतिरिणं कुल्लोकपरेण ॥ ४० ॥
MUKUNDAMALA

Invocation

Ghusyate yasya nagare Raṅgayātrā dine dine
Tamahāṁ śirasā vande Rājānāṁ Kulaśekharam

Salutation to king Kulaśekhara in whose township clarion call was issued to the subjects, day after day, to go on a pilgrimage to holy Śrīraṅgam, the premier pilgrim centre where Lord Raṅganātha is enshrined.

"Yasya nagare dine dine Raṅgayātrā ghusyate tam kulaśekharam rājānāṁ ahaṁ śirasā vande."

"yasya nagare—in whose township
dine dine—day by day
Raṅgayātrā ghusyate—pilgrimage to Śrīraṅgam is proclaimed lustily
tam kulaśekharam rājānāṁ—unto that king Kulaśekhara
ahaṁ śirasā vande—I bow my head, in salutation.

King Kulaśekhara sat on the earthly throne only at the appropriate timings but the Lord sat enthroned in the king’s heart, all the time. The earthly crown was no crown at all for him. What really crowned him were the Lord’s pair of lotus feet, as proclaimed by him in ‘Perumāl Tirumoli’. Kulaśekhara’s ardour for worshipping Lord Raṅganātha in Śrīraṅgam gathered momentum, day by day, till at last he left his kingdom for good and took up his residence in that holy centre. In 10–2 of Daśādhyāyi of ‘Śrīraṅga mahāmyam’, it has been stated that Śaṅkara Bhagavān told Devarishi Nārada, as follows:

"O, Nārada! pilgrimage to holy Śrīraṅgam, nay, the very desire to visit the pilgrim centre will lift ashore anyone, sunk
The very inclination to recite the Lord’s holy 
(names stems from His grace alone.

\textit{Śrīvallabheti varadeti dayāpareti} 
\textit{bhaktapriyetti bhavaluṅṭhana kovidetī} 
\textit{Nātheti Nāgaśayaneti jagannivāse-} 
\textit{tālāpanāṁ pratipadaṁ kuru me Mukunda!} || 1 ||

Śrīvallabheti varadeti dayāpareti
Bhaktapriyetti bhavaluṅṭhana kovidetī
Nātheti Nāgaśayaneti jagannivāsetālāpanāṁ pratipadaṁ kuru me Mukunda!

O, Mukunda! make me your glory great oft recount,
As Lakṣmī’s consort dear, as the bestower bounteous,
As the all-merciful, as the great friend of the devout,
As the deft destroyer of earthly bondage, as my sole support,

As the one lying on the serpent couch in sweet repose,
As the all-pervading Lord of the universe (and so on).
\textit{Me Mukunda! Śrīvallabha-itī, Varada-itī, dayāpara-itī, bhaktapriya-itī, bhava-luṅṭhana kovida-itī, Nātha-itī, Nāgaśayana-itī, jagannivāsa-itī, pratipadaṁ, ālāpanāṁ māṁ kuru.}

\textit{Me Mukunda!}—My (Lord) Mukunda!
Śrīvallabha-itī—as the dear consort of Śrī (Lakṣmī)
Varada-itī—as the bestower of bounty
dayāpara-itī—as the All-merciful (ever ready to condole our truck-loads of vices and forgive us)
Bhaktapriyetti—as the friend of the devout (dear unto them beyond words)
bhavaluṅṭhana, kovida-itī—as the deft (cum mighty) destroyer of earthly bondage of the devout.
Nātha-iti—as the unfailing support, the saviour supreme

Nāgaśayana-iti—as the one reclining on the serpentine couch

jagannivāsa-iti—as the all-pervading Lord of the universe.

Pratipadam ālāpanām mām (me) kuru—Make me sing (recount your great glory) often.

Mere recital of the Lord’s names, bespeaking His many-sided glory of lofty dimensions and auspicious attributes, achieves in this Kaliyuga what could be attained in the preceding Yugas only through hard penance, rigorous rituals, intense meditation and such other tough means. However, even this simple means of ‘nāma samkīrtana’ is not resorted to, by the poet, on his own. As a matter of fact, he does not wish to employ any means other than the Supreme Lord Himself for attaining Him, knowing full well that He is at once the ‘Means’ and the ‘End’, rolled into one, the ‘Ready Means’ (Siddhopāya). Therefore it is, he invokes His grace even for recounting His great glory, time and again. The redoubted Vyāsa, reputed to be an incarnation of Lord Nārāyana, not only codified the Vedas but also compiled under the caption, ‘Sahasranāma Stotram’ (The Thousand Names), among the holy names of Lord Viṣṇu, sung by the sages of great pre-eminence like Sanaka, Sanatkumāra, Nārada etc., (who had a thorough grasp of the cream and essence of the Vedas) and thoughtfully incorporated it in his great epic ‘Mahābhārata’, looked upon as the ‘fifth veda’. ‘Stotram’ (serial number 686) is one of these thousand names, signifying that the Supreme Lord is ‘praise’ itself, being the fountain-source, motivating the devout to eulogise Him for His own delectation, as denoted by the immediately preceding name (685), labelling Him as ‘stava priyah’—one who relishes being praised by the devout, who are none other than the instruments of His own choice, activated by Him. When the Lord appeared before the young child, Dhruva, who was doing penance for securing the Lord’s presence and obtaining from Him the boon in view, poor child, he was struck dumb with awe and could not mouth a single word. However, when the
Lord lovingly touched the cheek of the child with His Conch, that very moment words of praise flowed from Dhruva’s juvenile mouth, in torrents.

It is noteworthy that the invocation of Lord’s grace begins with the address, Śrī Vallabhī! (Lakṣmi’s favourite). Actually, it is this favourable factor that makes Him ‘Varada’, the bounteous bestower of boons to the supplicant, as well as the ‘Dayā para’, who forgives the truckloads of sins of the supplicant, standing at his door-step, backed up by the Divine Mother’s (Lakṣmi’s) grace as the usherer. But for such a propitious setting, the Lord, on His own, might not be inclined to call into play that extra-ordinary trait of His, ‘Vātsalya’ (tender solicitude) which keeps Him oblivious to the massive sins of the supplicant and thus renders the mediation of the Divine Mother effective.

‘Nāga īsayanam’ refers to the Vyūha aspect of Lord Nārāyaṇā in the Milk-ocean, the seat of His creative activity. This is one of His five hypostatic manifestations. ‘Jagannāvīśa’ depicts the Lord in His transcendent (para) aspect in the High Heaven as the Sovereign Master and sole ordainer of the universe with all its contents, mobile and stationary. The other manifestations of the Lord are ‘Antaryāmi’, where the Lord pervades all things and beings as the in-dweller, not visible to the naked, fleshy eyes; ‘Vībhava’, His incarnate forms as Varāha, Narasimha, Rāma, Kṛṣṇa etc., and ‘Arcā’, His iconic manifestation in the idols, self-projected or duly consecrated in accordance with the relative rites and rituals by various agencies, Siddhas, Rishis, humans etc.

**Victory, Victory unto Thee, My Lord!**

जयतु जयतु देवो देवकीनन्दनेऽध्ययनं

जयतु जयतु कृष्णो वृणिवंशप्रदीपः ।

जयतु जयतु मेघध्यायमलः कोमलाङ्गोऽ

जयतु जयतु प्रश्वीभारस्वः मुकुन्दः ॥ २ ॥
Jayatu Jayatu devo Devakīnandano ayaṁ
Jayatu Jayatu Kṛṣṇo Vṛṣṇivaṁśapradīpaḥ
Jayatu Jayatu meghaśyāmalaḥ komalāṅgo
Jayatu Jayatu prthvī bhāranaśo Mukudah

Victory, Victory unto Devaki’s celestial darling,
Victory, Victory unto Kṛṣṇa, the beacon-light of
Vṛṣṇi’s clan,
Victory, Victory unto Him, the cloud-hued, of body
charming,
Victory, Victory unto Mukunda who rid clean
The Earth of its unwholesome burden.

Ayaṁ Devakīnandanaḥ Devah jayatu jayatu, Vṛṣṇivaṁśa
pradīpaḥ kṛṣṇaḥ jayatu jayatu; meghaśyāmalaḥ komalāṅgaḥ
jayatu, jayatu; prthvībhāranaśaḥ Mukudah jayatu jayatu.

Jayatu jayatu Devah—May the Deva be victorious,
May the Deva be victorious!

Ayaṁ Devakīnandanaḥ—This Devaki’s darling
Jayatu jayatu Kṛṣṇaḥ—May Kṛṣṇa be victorious,
May Kṛṣṇa be victorious!

Vṛṣṇivaṁśa pradīpaḥ—The beacon-light of Vṛṣṇi’s clan
Meghaśyāmalaḥ—dark like the water-laden cloud
Komalāṅgaḥ—possessed of a charming body, soft and
silken

Jayatu jayatu—May (He) be victorious, victorious!
Mukundah—Mukunda
Prthvībhāranaśaḥ—who rid the Earth clean of its burden
Jayatu jayatu—May (He) be victorious, victorious!

Repetition of the word ‘jayatu’ denotes the exuberance of
the poet, on the threshold of his laudation of the Lord, with a
keen awareness of the Lord’s essential nature, His might and
majesty, his own essential nature and their inter-relationship, as
set out in the opening śloka. The Supreme Lord, the Sovereign Master of the universe, incarnated as Kṛṣṇa, the cloud-hued, of exquisite charm, Devaki’s darling, who crossed over to Nanda’s home, the very same night on which He took birth and mingled freely with the shepherds and shepherdesses of Vṛṣṇi clan, displaying amazing simplicity. The poet, lost in admiration of this extra-ordinary phenomenon, the simplicity (easy accessibility) galore of the Supreme Lord, much beyond the ken of comprehension of even the exalted Devas, Brahma, Rudra and others, sings this song of benediction that He shall ever be victorious. Pondering over the purpose of Lord Kṛṣṇa’s advent on Earth, the poet gives expression to his awareness of the purpose, namely, ridding Mother Earth of her unwholesome burden in the shape of the wicked and the vicious, indulging in intemperate habits.

The only thing, prayed for by me

मुकुन्द मूर्खोऽश्रणिपत्य याचे ।
भवन्तमेकान्तमियांतमथ्र्यभ ।
अविस्मृतिस्त्वचरणारविन्दे ॥
भवे भवे मेतस्तु भवत्यसादात ॥ ३ ॥

Mukunda! mūrdhṇā praṇipatya yāce
Bhavantamēkāntamīyantamathram
Avismṛtiḥ tvaccaraṇāravinde
Bhave bhave me astu bhavatprasādāt

I bow at Thy feet, O Mukunda! and beg
Of Thee this and only this, that in each leg (span)
Of my life I be by Thee blest
That I forget not Thy lotus feet.

Hey Mukunda! mūrdhṇā praṇipatya bhavantam iyantam ekāntaṁ arthāṁ yāce, bhavatprasādāt me bhave bhave tvaccaraṇāravinde avismṛtiḥ astu.
Hey Mukunda!—O, Mukunda!
Mūrdhīnā—By my head; praṇipatya—bowing;
bhavantam—of you; iyantam—this;
ekāntaṁ—clinched to this single one (this alone);
artham—wealth; yāce—I beg; (that is)
bhavatprasadāt—by your grace; Me—unto me;
bhave bhave—birth after birth
tvaccaraṇāravinde—on your lotus feet
avismṛtiḥ astu—let there be no forgetfulness, that is
snapping of my meditation.

Having exhibited his selfless devotion through the song of
benediction (Śloka 2), the poet makes the following submission
to the Lord, at close quarters, reverently laying his head at
His feet:

"O, Mukundā! you are indeed the granter of bliss,
here and yonder. It is your sole prerogative to grant the
eternal bliss of Mokṣa, the final emancipation from the
earthly bondage. With my truckloads of sins I can hardly
aspire for Mokṣa, as such. All the same, I beg of you, in
confidence, just this much and nothing more. May it
please you to ensure that, in every one of my births, my
mind shall remain rivetted to your lotus feet, without
intermission. There is indeed no greater bliss for me than
staying steadfast in this stance, nothing more sustaining
than this."

The poet’s ardour, in this regard, gets reinforced, gathers
momentum in the five succeeding ślokas as well as ślokas
10 and 20.

I worship Thee for no personal ends but
for achieving selfless devotion

नाहं वन्दे तथ चरणयोक्त्रयमद्यमद्रहेतो:
कुम्भिपाक्क गुरुमपि हरे नारकं नापनेतुम् ।
रम्या रामा हुदृंधुलता नदन्दे नापि रत्ने
भावे भावे हृदयभवने भावयेयं भवन्तम् ॥ ४ ॥
Nāhaṁ vande tava caraṇayordvandvam advandvahetoḥ
Kumbhīpākaṁ gurumapi Hare! nārakaṁ nāpanetum
Ramyā rāmā mṛdutanulatā nandane nāpi rantuṁ
Bhāve bhāve hṛdayabhavane bhavayeyam bhavantam

O, Hari, I worship Thy pair of feet, not to overcome
The twin operation of pain and pleasure, nor even
To escape drudging in the dire hell, kumbhīpākaṁ
Or dally with damsels, soft and sweet, in Indra’s garden
But to keep you enshrined in my heart, span after span.

Hey Hare!—O, Hari!

Hey Hare!—O, Hari!
tava caraṇayoh dvandvāṁ advandvā hetoḥ
na vande; gurum nārakaṁ kumbhīpākaṁ apanetum api na; mṛdu-
tulanulatāḥ ramyāḥ rāmāḥ nandane rantuṁ api na; bhāve bhāve
hṛdayabhavane bhavantāṁ bhavayeyam.

Your pair of feet
— as a means for (elevation to Mokṣa)
— avoiding the impact of the pairs of opposites like
— heat and cold, pleasure and pain and so on.
I; do not worship;
dreadful; nārakaṁ kumbhīpākaṁ—drudging in
— the torture chambers of (the gruesome hell)
— kumbhīpākaṁ;
to avoid; na (vande)—(I) worship not;
— possessed of body (tanu), soft (mṛdu)
— and lovely like a tendril (latāḥ)
— beautiful; rāmāḥ—damsels (apsarās);
— Even in the nandana garden or the celestial
garden
— caressing or dallying with, indulging in
— sensual pleasures;
— (I) do not worship;
in every birth (birth after birth);
in the mansion (temple) of my heart;
— may I keep meditating Thee
In the preceding śloka, the poet disclosed that his sole concern was to keep meditating on the Lord’s lotus feet, incidentally revealing that he had risen above the domain of pain (sufferings in hell or on earth itself) and pleasure (pleasures attainable here and in the yonder svarga) and was, therefore, just as indifferent to the one as to the other. Now he gives expression to that in so many words. As a follow-up of his request in the previous śloka, the poet prays that he be blessed by the Lord so as to enshrine Him in his heart for ever. With the Lord’s lotus feet embedded in the poet’s thoughts without intermission and the Lord Himself lodged in his heart so as to ensure the stability and solidity of his rapport with Him, the poet is least concerned with anything else such as the termination of the dreadful cycle of birth and death or to his continual exposure to pain and pleasure, incidental to one’s existence in the material body.

Selfless, steadfast devotion into Thee

is my only need

नास्था धर्मे न वसुनिचये नैव कामोपभोगे
यद्यदृ भव्यं भवतु भगवन् पूर्वकर्मांनुरूपम् ।
एतत् प्रात्यं सम वहुमांत जनमजन्मान्तरेणपि
त्वत्पदांभोरुहुयुगवता निष्ठला भक्तिरस्तु ॥ ५ ॥

Nāsthā dharma na vasunicaye naiva kāmopabhoghe
Yadyad bhavyāṁ bhavatu Bhagavan ! pūrvakarmānu-
rūpam

Etat prārthyaṁ mama bahumataṁ janmajanmāntare api
Tvatpādāṁbhoruha yugagataṁ niścalā bhaktirastu

O, Bhagavan ! neither am I inclined to dharma
Nor to riches, nor to the pleasures sensual,
Let me, as I should, reap the fruits of my karma ;
Yet, the only thing unto me most delightful,
I do pray for, is devotion deep and perennial
Unto your lovely pair of feet, in my births,

one and all.
Bhagavan! me dharme āsthā na; vasunicaye (āsthā) na; kāmopabhoge (āsthā) naiva; pūrva karmānurūpam yadyat bhavyam bhavatu; mama bahumataṁ etat prārthyaṁ tvatpāda ambhoruha yugagataḥ bhaktiḥ janmajanmāntarepi niścalā astu.

Hey Bhagavan!—O, Bhagavan, possessed of the six principal attributes, namely—knowledge, strength, sovereignty, valour, energy and power.
me—for me; dharme—for dharma.
āsthā—desire or taste; na—is not;
vasunicaye—the worldly riches which contribute to material comforts
āsthā na—not desired (either);
kāmopabhoge—(desire for) enjoyment of sensual pleasures; naiva—not at all;
pūrvakarmānurūpam—in terms of (my) previous karmās (acts, good and bad),
yadyat—whatever, bhavyam—is to happen, bhavatu—let it happen;
mama bahumataṁ—unto me highly delectable,
Etat—(is) this alone; prārthyaṁ—and hence (deserves to be prayed for) my prayer;
Tvatpāda ambhoruha yugagataḥ bhaktiḥ—(My) devotion which converges on your pair of lotus feet,
iścala astu—Be it perennial.

It is indeed remarkable that the hymnographer is not after any of the four ultimate values (Puruṣārthās), commonly sought, namely, ‘Dharma’ (righteousness), ‘artha’ (wealth), ‘kāma’ (desire for the good things of life, here and hereafter) and ‘Mokṣa’ (emancipation from the earthly bondage, the dreadful cycle of birth and death). On the other hand, the one and only thing he seeks is perpetual link with the Lord’s lotus feet, under all circumstances, no matter where, what and how he might be. This, in essence, was the poet’s submission in the preceding śloka itself and he now makes it clear that nothing delights him
more than the constant contemplation of the Lord's lovely pair of feet and hence his current prayer, duly clinched. [See also stanza 104 of Rāmānuca nūṛṣṭantati].

How graceful of Thee! Thou makest me remember Thee even in my hour of death

दिवि वा भूवि वा ममास्तु वासो
नरके वा नरकान्तक! प्रकामम्।
अवधीरित-शारदारविन्दौ
चरणो ते मरणेनि चिन्तयामि॥ ६ ॥

Divi vā bhuvi vā mamāstu vāso
narake vā Narakāntaka! prakāmam
Avadhīrita-sāradāravindau
Caraṇau te marāṇe api cintayāmi

Let it very much be, O Destroyer of hell!
That I stay in Svarga, Earth or Hell;
Comfort do I take that my thoughts dwell
On Your lovely pair of feet, which excel leth
The autumnal lotus, even in my hour of death.

Narakāntaka! mama divi va bhuvi va narake va vāsah
prakāmam astu; avadhīrita sāradāravindau te caraṇau maraṇe api
cintayāmi.

Hey Narakāntaka!—O Destroyer of hell (or hellish existence over here)
Divi vā—in Svarga or
Bhuvi vā—in Earth or
Narake vā—in hell or (anywhere else)
prakāmam astu—Let it very much be
avadhīrita sāradāravindau—which excel (the charm of)
the autumnal (bloom of the) lotus flower
te—your; caraṇau—feet
marane api even in my last moments (at the time of death)
cintayami (I) meditate upon.

The poet’s prayer in the two preceding slokas has been heard by the Lord. That is why the poet now avers that he shall be in a position to meditate on the Lord’s charming lotus feet even in his dying moments, when most people are lying insensate like a piece of wood or stone. With such a perennial rapport with the Lord’s lotus feet, it matters not to the poet where exactly he dwells, Earth, Svarga or Hell. Narakântaka, in the sloka, could mean either the slayer of Naraka or the destroyer of Naraka (hell), that is, deflector of the devotee’s descent into hell. Svarga is the place, exclusively for the enjoyment of the reward for ‘Puṇya’ (meritorious acts) performed by the individual. Hell is the very antithesis of Svarga and is thus a place, meant exclusively for suffering the punishments for ‘Sins’ (evil acts) committed by the individual. Earth is the via media where the effects of ‘Sins’ are currently experienced besides reaping the fruits of ‘Puṇya’, the two channels operating, side by side, a fragment from each, out of the individual’s age-long accumulation of ‘Puṇya’ and ‘Pāpa’ (Sins) having started yielding results.

Let my mind be impounded in the cage
(Thy lotus feet) right now

क्रष्ण ! त्वदीय पदपञ्जज पञ्जरान्तम्
अधैव मे विशृतु मानस राजहंसः ||
प्राणप्रयाणसमयेकक्ष्वातिष्ठः:
कण्ठावरोधन-विधौ स्मरण कुतस्ते || ७ ||

Krṣṇa ! tvadīya padapāṅkajas pañjarāntam
Adyaiva me viśātu mānasā rājahaṁsaḥ
Prāṇaprayāṇasamaye kaphavātabbottaiḥ
Kaṇṭhāvarodhana-vidhau smaraṇāṁ kutaste
O, Kṛṣṇa! let my mind, the regal swan,
Enter the cage, Thy lotus feet, now alone;
How can it think of Thee when life ebbeth out,
Phlegm, wind and bile choking the throat?

Kṛṣṇa! tvādiya padapaṁkaja paṇjara antam me mānasā rājahaṁsaḥ adyaiva viśatu; praṇaprayāṇa samaye kaphavātā- pittaiḥ kaṇṭhāvarodhana vidhau te smaraṇam kuṭaḥ?

Hey Kṛṣṇā!—O, Kṛṣṇa!
tva-diya—your; padapaṁkaja paṇjara antam—inside the cage of your lotus feet,
me—my, mānasā rājahaṁsaḥ—mind, the royal swan,
adyaiva—right now, viśatu—let (it) enter,
praṇaprayāṇa samaye—when life goes out (on its next journey)
kaphavātā pittaiḥ—by phlegm, wind and bile
Kaṇṭhāvarodhana vidhau when the throat gets choked
te—your, smaraṇam—remembrance, kuṭaḥ—how can there be?

Śrī Kṛṣṇa having graciously responded to the poet’s sincere entreaty in the preceding slokas, the poet’s mind is now in close proximity to the Lord’s lotus feet. Because of the inherent tendency of the human mind to wander here and there, it is compared to a bird, a royal swan at that, as the Supreme Lord, king of all kings, is the rightful owner of us all. Lest the poet’s co-operative mind should undergo any aberration by force of circumstances and stray away, he prays that it (the royal Swan) be secured by putting it right now inside the cage, figuratively denoting the Lord’s lotus feet. Apart from the (figurative) bird losing its very mobility, in course of time, it will become defunct altogether when death descends on it, with the attendant infirmities. No doubt, in the immediately preceding sloka, the poet had averred that he shall be in a position to meditate on the Lord even in his hour of death. It is not as if he has since lost ground. What he is now alluding to, rather apprehending is the frightful possibility of getting crippled by the physical forces and the possible aberration of the notoriously fickle mind.
On Lord Hari do I meditate always

चिन्तयामि हरिमेव सन्ततं
मन्दमन्द्व हसिताननामं
नन्दगोपः तनयं परात्तरः
नारदादि मुनिन्त्रवंदितम् || 8 ||

Cintayāmi Harimeva santataṁ
mandamanda hasitānanāmbujam
Nandagopa tanayam parātparam
Nāradādi munibṛṇḍa vanditam

On Nandā's son do I meditate always,
Him that wears gentle smile on His lotus face,
Destroyer of sins, the Supreme Lord,
Worshipped by sages of the eminence of Nārada

_Manda manda hasita ānanāmbujam Nandagopa tanayam
parātparam Naradādi muni bṛṇḍa vanditam Harimeva (aham)
santataṁ cintayāmi._

_Manda manda hasita ānanāmbujam—(Him that) wears a
gentle smile on a face, beaming like a lotus in full
bloom;
Nandagopa tanayam—(Who is) son of Nandagopa
parāt param—the Supreme Lord, higher than the
highest;
Nāradādi muni bṛṇḍa vanditam—(Who is) worshipped
by sages of the eminence of Nārada;
Harimeva—(Him) Hari alone, the great Redeemer,
destroyer of the sins of the devout;
(aham)—I; santataṁ—always; cintayāmi—meditate
upon._

In this śloka, the poet gives vent to his gratification in
being able to meditate on Lord Hari (Vishnu), the destroyer of
sins, all the time. The Supreme Lord is higher than the
highest, bigger than the biggest and is, therefore, much beyond the mental comprehension and vocal appreciation of even the eminent sages who nevertheless laud Him to their utmost, even then touching only a fringe of His glory. Side by side, He exhibits His simplicity galore, coming face to face with the lowest of the lowly, as Nandagopa’s son. The poet highlights, in this śloka, the unique combination of supremacy and amiability (simplicity galore), perceptible in none but Lord Viṣṇu.

Where and how to bathe and feel fully refreshed

Karacaraṇasaroje kāntimannetramīne
Śramamuṣi bhujāvacīvākule agādhamārge
Harisarasī vigāhyāpīya tejojalaughām
Bhavamaruparikhinnah khedamadya tyajāmi

Parched up by the arid desert of family ties,
the earthly mesh,
Plunge do I into Hari, the tank, deep,
cool and refreshing;
His hands and feet symbolise the lotus and
His dazzling eyes, the fishes,
His sinewy shoulders are like unto rippling waves,
Drinking the water of His effulgence,
rid am I of erstwhile woes.

Kara caraṇa saroje kāntimannetra mīne śramamuṣi bhujāvacīvākule agādha mārge Hari Sarasi vigāhya tejo jalaughām āpiya (āham) bhavamaruparikhinnah khedaṁ adya tyajāmi.

Karacaraṇasaroje—(Whose) hands and feet are like the lotus flower.
Kāntimannetramiśe—(Whose) dazzling eyes are like the lustrous fishes.
Śramamusī bhujaviceivyākule—(Whose) invigorating shoulders are like unto surging waves.
agādha mārga—having deep route
Hari sarasī vigāhya—diving into Hari, the lotus tank.
tejo jalaughāṁ āpiya—(and) having drunk the water, symbolic of Lord Hari’s effulgence.
(ahaṁ)—I; bhavamaruparikhnnaḥ—badly parched up by the arid desert of family bondage.
adya—now; khedaṁ—suffering; tyajāmi—do give up.

Lord Hari’s (Viṣṇu’s) exquisite form is likened to a tank, studied with lotus flowers, as His complexion is like that of emerald or water-laden cloud, His hands and feet resemble the lotus flowers in full bloom, His longish eyes look like the flashy fishes and His sinewy shoulders are like unto the ripples in the tank. Riveted as he now is, in word, deed and thought, to the Lord’s exquisite charm, the poet now feels amply required. This is true not only of the poet but of all those similarly situated. Parched up awfully in the arid desert of samsāra (family, rather earthly bondage in a mundane setting), the ardent devotee finds a sure oasis in the Divine person of exquisite charm, ever fresh like the lotus flower, in fresh bloom and, therefore, fully refreshing. As a matter of fact, the ever-free angels (Nīya sūris) and the released souls (muktās) in the high heaven keep drinking deep of the perennial charm of the Lord, in the transcendental form, without even batting their eyelids lest the marvellous rapport between them and the Lord should get snapped during the twinkle of the eye. It is indeed the incessant flow of the marvellous communication from that inexhaustible fountain of bliss, the Supreme Lord that keeps the ever-free angels and other denizens in Heaven spell-bound, beholding Hari, all the time with no break!

‘Sadā Paśhyanti Sūrayah’—Puruṣa Sūkta of Taittirīya Upaniṣad.
My mind! be wrapt in blissful rapport with Murari; I know not anything more pleasurable

सरसिजनयने सशंकक्रे
मुरभिदि मा विरमस्व चित्त! रन्तुम्।
सुखतयंपरं न जातु जाने
हरिवरण स्मरणास्वैं तुल्यम्॥ १० ॥

Sarasija nayane sasāṅkha cakre
Murabhidi mā viramasva citta! rantuṁ
Sukhataramaparamaṁ na jātu jāne
Haricarana smaraṇāṁṛtena tulyaṁ

Cease you shall never, my mind!
From blissful rapport with Murāri, the lotus-eyed,
Who does the conch and discus wield;
I’ve never known anything more pleasurable indeed
Than the nectarean contemplation of Hari’s feet,

Citta! sarasija nayane sasāṅkha cakre Murabhidi rantuṁ
mā viramasva; (yatāḥ) Haricarana smaraṇāṁṛtena tulyaṁ
aparam sukhatarāṁ jātu na jāne.

Hey citta!—my mind
Sarasija nayane sasāṅkha cakre—the lotus-eyed, wielding
the conch and discus
Murabhidhi rantuṁ—communing blissfully with that
Hari, the slayer of the demon Mura,
mā viramasva—do not give up
(yatāḥ)—because
Haricarana smaraṇāṁṛtena tulyaṁ—the equivalent of
nectarean contemplation of Lord Hari’s feet
aparam—anything else
Sukhataram—of greater bliss
jātu—never, na jane— (I) know not.
The secret of the poet’s non-satiating longing for incessant communion with the Lord’s lotus feet is revealed in this śloka. He finds no greater pleasure in anything else or even anything equal to that. The poet having obtained from the Benign Lord what he longed for, he now counsels his mind not to lose its hold on the Lord’s feet at any time hereafter, there being no greater pleasure than the nectarean Contemplation of Lord Hari’s feet without intermission. The lotus eyes are the media through which the Lord reveals His tender solicitude (vātsalya) for the devout; the conch and discus are both ornamental (decorating the Lord’s person) and weapons of rare excellence, ever alert to quell the enemies of devout, the slaying of the demon Mura, by the Lord illustrating the point.

Dread not, you stupid mind, the torments at Yama’s hands

Mābhīrmanda ṇo vicitya Bahuḍhā yāmīṣciraṃ yātanāḥ
Nāmī nāḥ prabhavanti pāparipavaḥ svāmī nanu Śrīdharaḥ
Ālasyaṁ vyapaṇiḥ bhaktisulabham dhyāyasva Nārāyaṇam
Lokasya vyasanāpanodananakaro dāsasya kīṁ na kṣamaḥ?

Do not, ye stupid mind! ruminate long hours
And dread at Yamā’s hands punishments sour;
Verily, those foes of sinners go impotent as Śrīdhara
Is our Lord; Him too easy to attain thro’ devotion
Shake off lethargy and be steeped in meditation
Of Nārāyaṇa, who does the distress dispel
Of the worldlings; can’t He His devotees’ miseries expel?

(He)y mandamanah! yāmīḥ yātanāḥ ciraṁ bahuḍhā vicitya
mābhīḥ pāparipavaḥ āmi nāḥ prabhavanti Śrīdharaḥ svāmī nanu?
ālasyāṁ vyapāniya bhaktisulabham. Nārāyaṇaṁ dhyāyasva lokasya
vyasanāpanodanakaraḥ dāsasya na kṣamaḥ kim?

(Hey) manda manah—ye, stupid mind!
yāṁḥ yātanah—about the dreadful sufferings in
Yamā’s land,
ciram—long time, bahudhā—in many ways (from
different angles),
vicintya—pondering, mābhṛ—do not dread,
amē pāparipavah—these foes of sinners
nā prabhavanti—are powerless, in our case
Śrīdharāḥ svamī nanu?—Is not Śrīdharā, the consort of
Goddess Lakṣmī, our Master?
ālasyāṁ vyapāniya—shake off lethargy,
bhakti sulabham—Him; easy of access to the bhakta
(devotee)
Nārāyaṇaṁ dhyāyasva—keep meditating on Nārāyaṇa;
lokasya—of the people of the world (in general)
vyaasanāpanodanakaraḥ—dispeller of distress,
dāsasya—unto the devout, solely dependent on Him,
as His exclusive vassal,
na kṣamaḥ kim?—will He be incapable of relieving them
of their sufferings? (will He at all abstain from
pardoning their sins and redeeming them?)

To the superficial reader, this śloka might convey the
impression that one can commit sins with impunity and be
carefree without dreading the punishments for such sins, rather
belittling the prospects of such punishments. The underlying
idea is, however, far from that. The emphasis is on the
redemptive grace of the Benign Lord, who though, much beyond
the easy reach of the ‘Jñāna yogins’, is easily accessible to the
ardent bhakta, indulging in selfless and steadfast devotion. The
greatest Donor that the Lord is, He is known to reward
vicariously even those, whose minds are turned away from Him,
that is, for good acts casually performed by them, unintentionally
or accidentally (ajñāta sukrita or yādṛcchika sukrita) according to

*
His unique, extra-liberal standards. Such being the case, it is logical to expect Him to rush to the rescue of the devout and relieve them of their sufferings by absolving them of all their sins because of the limitless love He bears towards them. In the latter case, the Lord calls into play that outstanding trait of His, namely, ‘vātsalya’ (tender solicitude) turning a blind eye to the truckloads of sins committed by the Bhakta in the days gone by, that is prior to the birth of the conviction that the supreme Lord is his highest goal and that He is at once the ‘means’ and the ‘end’ for the attainment of that goal. Surely, the devotee who looks upon Him as the Sole Means for attaining Him, shall shun even ‘punya’ acquired through self. That being the case, need it be said that he shall abhor sins, even more?

How to ferry across the ocean of Samsara—the Divine boat (visnu pota) the one and only ferry, firm and secure

भवजलधिगतानां द्रुङ्खवाताहतानां
सुतुद्हित्रुक्कन्त्र व्राणभारार्दितानाम्
विषयविषयतोवे भज्ञतामण्डवानां
भवतु शरणसेको विष्ठुपोतो नराणाम्

Lord Viṣṇu is the one and only boat to ferry across
Those tossed up in samsāra, the ocean bottomless,
And caught up in the whirlwind of pleasure and pain
And the like pairs, weighed down by care of protection of son,
Daughter, wife and others and in the turbulent waters lost,
With the ups and downs of pleasures sensual, with hardly a raft.
Bhavajaladhi gatañām dvandoavatarāhatānām sutā, duhitru, kalatra trāṇabhāra arditañām viṣama viṣaya toye majjatām aplavānām narāṇām Viṣṇu potāḥ ekaḥ śaraṇām bhavatu.

Bhavajaladhi gatañām—Fallen into the ocean of saṁsāra, that is, earthly bondage,
dvando vātā hatānaṁ—smitten by the whirlwind of the twin operation of pain and pleasure and the like pairs of opposites,
Suta, duhitru, kalatra trāṇabhāra arditañām—weighed down by the care of protection of son, daughter, wife and others,
Viṣama viṣaya toye—In the ups and downs of the watery depths of sensual pleasures,
majjatām—sunk deep down,
aplavānām—with no raft (float to get ashore)
narāṇām—for the humans,
ekaḥ viṣṇu potāḥ—(there is) only the boat, known as Viṣṇu
śaraṇām bhavatu—may (it) become the Refuge

Continuing the rapport with his mind, the poet assures it that the one and only boat to take one, sunk in the deep waters of saṁsāra, ashore is Lord Viṣṇu and that He should, therefore, be the sole Refuge for him and the teeming millions, similarly situated. The miserable plight of the earth-bound, sense-buried souls is also indicated here to show that the omni-potent benign Lord alone can lift them up from those appalling depths. The folks, fallen into the ocean of saṁsāra (earthly bondage), are tossed up by the whirlwind of the twin operation of pain and pleasure, heat and cold and the like pairs of opposites, get bogged down by the care of protection of son, daughter, wife and other dependents and above all, there is the tragedy of their submergence in the turbulent waters of sensual pleasures, with their terrific ups and downs, having no float of their own to fall back upon for getting ashore.
Devotion deep unto the lotus-eyed Lord will take
me ashore, sure and fast

भवजलधिः अगाधं दुस्तरं निस्तरेयं
कथमह्मिति चेतो माया: चातरत्वम् ।
सरसिजद्रशि देवे तावकी भक्तिरेका
नरकभिदि निषण्णा तारविष्यत्यवस्थम् ॥ १३ ॥

Bhavajaladhīṁ agādham dustaram nistareyaṁ
Kathamahamiti ceto māsmagāḥ kātaratvam
Sarasijadvṛśi Deve tāvakī bhaktirekā
Narakabhidi niṣaṇṇā tārayiṣyatyavaśyam

Despair not, my mind, how indeed we shall ford
The unfordable ocean of saṁsāra, deep and vast;
By itself your devotion deep unto the lotus-eyed Lord
Who slew the demon Naraka, will take us across,
sure and fast

(Hey) cetaḥ agādham dustaram bhavajaladhīṁ aham kathāṁ
nistareyaṁ iti kātaratvam māsmagāḥ sarasijadvṛśi Narakabhidi
Deve niṣaṇṇā tāvakī bhaktiḥ ekā avaśyam tārayiṣyati.

Hey cetaḥ—you, my mind!, agādham—deep, dustaram—unfordable,
bhavajaladhīṁ—ocean of saṁsāra (the mesh of life over here)
aham—I, kathāṁ—how, nistareyaṁ—shall cross over,
kātaratvam māsmagāḥ—do not get afraid,
Sarasijadvṛśi—the lotus-eyed, Narakabhidi—slayer of
Narakāsura,
Deve—unto the Deva (victorious Lord), niṣaṇṇā—laid
deep,
tāvakī—your, Bhaktiḥ ekā—devotion alone (by itself),
avaśyam tārayiṣyati—will surely take (you) across.
The Lord’s lotus eyes reveal His immense love for his devotees and thus assuage the fears of the devotee, sunk deep in the mire of saṁsāra, as to how at all he could climb up and attain to Him. The poet feels assured that his steadfast devotion at the lovely feet of the lotus-eyed Lord is the sure solvent for all his ills and evils and can, by itself, lift him up to the Lord’s lotus feet. Therefore it is, he counsels his mind not to despair in the least and shed the last shred of fear regarding the prospects of his salvation. In the preceding śloka, Viṣṇu, the Divine Boat was mentioned as the only one to ford us across the ocean of saṁsāra (cutting out the operation of the dreadful cycle of birth, death and rebirth and the mixed fare of pain and pleasure, in between). Emphasising the potentiality of devotion, the poet now avers that one’s devotion to the Lord can, by itself, deliver the goods, that is, lift one ashore and put him at the Lord’s lotus feet, high up in the heaven.

Deign to deliver, O Lord, the boat of devotion at your lotus feet

Trṣṇātoye madanapavanoddhūtamohormimāle
dāravarte tanaya sahaja grāhasaṅghākule ca
Saṁsārākhye mahati jaladhau majjatāṁ nastridhāman
pādāṃbhōje varada! bhavato bhaktināvāṁ prayaccha

O Lord, abiding in all the worlds, the granter great of boons!

Unto us in saṁsāra drowned, that vast ocean,
Which the waters of desire impound, throwing up billows of temptation,
By the winds of cupidity fanned, and abound in the eddy of consort
And hordes of crocodiles, sons, brothers and all that sort, Deign to deliver the boat of devotion at thy lotus feet

(He) Tridhāman! (He) Varada! tṛṣṭātoye madana pāvana uddhūta moha urmimāle dāravarte tanaya sahaja grāhasaṅgha ākule ca saṁsārākhya mahati jaladhou majjatāṁ nāḥ bhavataḥ pādāṁbhoje bhaktināvaṁ prayaccha.

(He) Tridhāman!—O, Lord, abiding in all the three worlds!
(He) Varada!—O, Granter of boons!
Tṛṣṭātoye—filled with water in the shape of (self-centred) desires (greed, ambition etc.)
madana—pāvana—uddhūta moha urmimāle—(and) arrays of waves in the form of temptations, fanned by the whirlwind of lust,
Dārā varte—(and) the whirlpool called wife,
tanaya sahaja grāhasaṅgha ākule ca—abounding in hordes of crocodiles, the sons, brothers etc.
Saṁsāra ākhye mahati jaladhou—inside the big ocean, called saṁsāra (earthy bondage),
majjatāṁ nāḥ—unto us getting drowned,
bhakti nāvam—the boat of devotion,
bhavataḥ pādāṁbhoje—at your lotus feet,
prayaccha—Deign to deliver.

In the preceding śloka the poet exhorted his mind to be sanguine of his salvation through steadfast devotion unto the lotus-eyed Lord. However, seeing his mind, still in the grip of diffidence, the poet reinforces the efficacy of Bhakti as the one and only means of lifting one up to His lotus feet, dispelling side by side, the dread of prolonged submergence in the ocean of saṁsāra (earthy bondage). Even so, the poet invokes the Lord’s grace for making him tread the path of ‘Bhakti’ (loving devotion to Him), seeing that one cannot secure the ‘Bhaktināvaṁ’, the boat of devotion as one takes out from a boat-club. Hence, the
supplication, as above; see also śloka 1 wherein the poet invoked the Lord’s grace to induce in him the very inclination to recite His holy names.

The solemn resolve—what the poet shall see not, hear not, think not and omit not

माद्राखं क्षीणपुण्यान्तू क्षणमपि भवतो भक्तिहिनान पदाब्जे
माश्रौपं आविवर्णं तव चरितमयात्याद्वायानज्ञातम ।
मास्मार्थ माधव त्वामपि भवनपते चेतसापहुवानान्
माभूवं त्वतसपर्या व्यतिकर रहितो जनमजन्मान्तरेद्वि ॥१५॥

Māḍrākṣaṁ kṣīnapuṇyān kṣaṇamapi bhavato bhaktihinān padābje
Māsravaṁ śrāvyabandhaṁ tava caritamapāśya anyadākhyānajātam
Māsmārṣaṁ Mādhava! tvāmapi Bhuvanapate!
cetasā apahnuvānān
Mābhūvam tvatsaparyā vyatikara rahito janma
janmāntare api

O, Mādhava! behold I shan’t for a moment the meritless ones,
Shorn of devotion unto your lotus feet; narrations I shan’t listen
Save the telling ones which do your glory great recount;
Think I shan’t, universal Lord! those whose impish minds reckon not
Your existence, birth after birth, from your worship refrain I shan’t

(Hev) Mādhava! bhavatāḥ padābje bhaktihinān kṣīnapuṇyān
kṣaṇamapi māḍrākṣaṁ; śrāvyabandhaṁ tava caritaṁ apāśya anyat
ākhyānajātam māśrouṣaṁ; (heu) Bhuvanapate! tvāṁ cetasāṁapi
apahnuvanān māsmārṣam; jannamajmāntare api tvatsaparyā vyatikara rahitah mābhūvaṁ.

Hey Mādhava!—O, Mādhava!
Bhavataḥ padabhje—at your lotus feet,
bhaktī hīnān—(those) devoid of devotion,
Kśīṇa punyān—(and) denuded of merit, in toto,
Kṣaṇamapi—not even a trice, mādrāksam—(I) shall not behold
Srāvyabandham—(containing words) delightfully ringing in the ears,
tava caritam apāsyā ākhyāajanātām anyat—narrations other than these about your glory and grandeur,
māsmārṣam—(my ears) shall not hear,
(Hey) Bhuvanapate—O, Lord of the entire universe!
tvam—you, cetasāṁ api—even from their minds
apahnuvanān—(who) dislodge, as non-existent
māsmārṣam—(I) shall not (even) think (of those wretches),
jannamajmāntarepi—in this as well as (other) future births,
tvatsaparyā vyatikara rahitah—one who refrains from worshipping you,
mābhūvaṁ—(I) shall not become.

The resolution, as above, reveals, no doubt, the firm conviction of the poet. The Lord’s grace is however, needed to enable him to adhere to it strictly, at all times. It is indeed a matter of common knowledge that it is much easier to make a resolve than to abide by it, in its entirety. Here then arises the paramount need on the part of the practicant to invoke the Lord’s benign grace so as not to slip back to the old ways and commit transgressions of the kind from which the poet has now resolved to desist.
In the service of the Lord—the ordained functions of the various limbs of the subject

Jihve kīrtaya keśavaṁ, Muraripuṁ ceto bhaja, Śrīdharam
Pāṇi dvandva samarcaya, Acyuta kathāḥ śrotadsvaya
tvaṁ śṛṇuṁ, Kṛṣṇaṁ lokaya locanadvaya, Harergacchāṅghri
yugmālayaṁ, Jighra ghrāṇa Mukunda pādatulasīṁ, mūrdhan
namādhoksajaṁ

Come on, my tongue, sing you shall Keśava’s glory great;
And you, my mind, adore you shall Murāri highly adorabe,
Ye shall, my pair of hands, worship Śrīdhara with ardour great,
Listen, my ears, to the narrations many of Acyuta’s exploits,
Behold, my eyes, Kṛṣṇa’s perennial charm exquisite,
Proceed reverently, my twin legs, to Lord Hari’s temple,
Inhale, my nose, tulasi’s odour sweet from Mukunda’s feet,
And you, my head, bow down you shall at Adhoksaja’s feet.

Keśava—This would connote:
(a) Lord Kṛṣṇa who slew the demon, Keśi or
(b) The progenitor of kah (Brahma) and Iśā (Śiva) or
(c) one having beautiful locks of hair or
(d) the dispeller of distress.

_Murāri—Krṣṇa,_ the slayer of Mura, the demon

_Śrīdhara—_Lord Mahāviṣṇu on whose winsome chest
_Srī_ (Mahālakṣmi) the Divine Mother, the Goddess
of affluence, wealth and prosperity is inseparably
poised.

_Acyuta—_Lord Viṣṇu, the supreme, who never gets
parted from His devotees and never lets them
down.

_Hari—_The green-hued Lord Viṣṇu, the destroyer of
the sins of the devout.

_Tulasi—_The aromatic leaf placed at the feet of the
Deity, during worship

_Adhokṣajāḥ—_The supreme Lord Viṣṇu, of unlimited
glory and grandeur, _which never get diminished_; He is
an inexhaustible fountain of infinite bliss

(Hey) _jihve! Keśavaṁ kīrtaya,_ (hey) _cetaḥ! Muraripūṁ bhaja,_ (hey) _pāṇīdvanda! Śrīdharaṁ samarcaya,_ (hey) _Śrotrodvaya! tvam Acyuta kathāḥ śruṇu,_ (hey) _locanadvaya! Krṣṇam lokaya,_ (hey) _ānghriyugma! Hareḥ ālayaṁ gaccha,_ (hey) _ghrāṇa! Mukundapāda tulasīm jighra,_ (hey) _mūrdhan! Ādhokṣajaṁ namaḥ._

(Hey) _jihve!—_O, my tongue! _Keśavaṁ kīrtaya—_sing
the praise of Keśava,

cetaḥ—you, my mind! _Muraripūṁ bhaja—_adore Lord
Kṛṣṇa, the slayer of Mura, the demon,
pāṇi dvanda—you my pair of hands! _Śrīdharaṁ samarcaya—_worship _Śrīdhara_ (Lord Viṣṇu);
śrōtra dvaya—O, my pair of ears! _tvam—you

_Acyuta kathāḥ śruṇu—_Listen to the stories, that is narra-
tions, highlighting the several exploits of Acyuta,
of wondrous magnitude,
(hey) locana dvaya! — ye, my pair of eyes!

Krṣṇam lokaya — Behold (drink deep) the exquisite beauty of Lord Krṣṇa;

aṅghriyugma! — you, my twin legs!

Hareḥ ālayaṁ — To Lord Hari's temple, gaccha—proceed reverently;

(hey) ghrāṇa! — you my nose!

Mukunda pāda tulasim jighra — smell the fragrance of the tulasī leaves, laid at the feet of Lord Mukunda,

(hey) mūrdhan! — ye, my head!

Adhokṣajaṁ namaḥ — bow unto Adhokṣaja, Lord Viṣṇu.
of undiminishing glory and grandeur.

The human body is indeed the most precious gift of the Supreme Lord. This wonderfully constructed body of ours, with its various limbs and built-in-apparatus is primarily meant for the service of God, that great Donor and the godly. It would be but a fitting tribute to the Creator, that super-abundant Benefactor, if His subjects made use of the various limbs of the body and the mind, the mighty co-ordinator of the respective functions of those limbs, in the manner counselled by the poet, in this śloka. It is noteworthy that King Ambariṣa also prayed likewise: His mind always dwelt on the feet of Lord Krṣṇa; his lips kept reciting the great glory of the Lord; his hands kept the temples clean while his ears were rivetted to the narration of the stories about Acyuta. How then could any base and unholy thoughts enter the minds of such devotees and defile the body and soul?

(The wonder drug, the panacea for all ills and evils of mankind)

(Ślokas 17, 24 and 31)

The Drug that cuts out the dreadful cycle of birth, death and rebirth

हे लोकाश्रयुद्ध प्रभृतिमरणवत्यायेचिकित्सासिंहाः
योगास्मस्मुदाहरन्ति मनयो यथा यात्वकविवादयः |
He lokāśrūta prasūtimaranavyādheścikitsāmimāṁ
Yogajñāssamudāharanti munayo yāṁ yājñavalkyādayaḥ
Antarjyotiramemakamamṛtam krṣṇākhyamāpiyatām
Tatpitam paramouṣadhāṁ vitanute nirvāṇamātyantikām

Listen, ye folks! here’s the drug peerless,
The one prescribed by sages and yogins like
Yājñavalcka,
The remedy sure for birth and death, the dreadful
disease:
Drink deep with relish great, the nectar, named
Krṣṇa,
The inner light of effulgence unlimited,
the ultimate bliss.

Hey lokāḥ prasūtimaranā vyādheḥ imāṁ cikitsāṁ śrūta yāṁ
yājñavalkyādayaḥ yogajñāḥ munayaḥ samudāharanti antarjyotiḥ
ameyam ekam krṣṇākhyam amṛtam āpiyatām pītaṁ tat para-
ouṣadhāṁ ātyantikāṁ nirvāṇam vitanute.

Hey lokāḥ!—ye folks!
prasūtimaranavyādheḥ—for the disease of birth and death
imāṁ—this, cikitsāṁ—remedy, śrūta—listen,
yāṁ—that which, yajñavalkyādayaḥ—Yājñavalckya etc.
yogajñāḥ—well-versed in yogā, munayaḥ—sages
samudāharanti—pronounce (spell out)
antarjyotiḥ—the inner effulgence, ameyam—unlimited
ekam—the one (unique), krṣṇākhyam—the name,
Krṣṇa
amṛtam—nectarean (sweet to utter),
āpiyatām—let (it) be drunk (with immense relish)
pītaṁ—the one, so drunk
tat paramouṣadham—that drug with no superior in the field (Supreme, peerless)
ātyantikāṁ nirvāṇaṁ—the ultimate or eternal (endless), bliss and beatitude
vitanute—confers.

The poet exhorts the fellow-beings around to reap the rich harvest of eternal bliss in the yonder heaven by merely spelling the nectarian name of Lord Kṛṣṇa, who is but the ‘Antaryāmi’, the in-dweller, of indescribable effulgence. As a matter of fact, ‘Śrī Kṛṣṇa nāma divyāṁśta’ is the authentic remedy prescribed by the eminent sages of yore and yogins of the calibre of Yājñavalkya for curing the dreadful disease of birth and death, occurring in a frightful cycle. This is reinforced in ślokas 24 and 31 and for this reason, all the three ślokas have been dealt with, in juxtaposition.

**Kṛṣṇa, the grand elixir, the antidote for all ailments**

Vyāmohapraśamouṣadham munimanovṛtti pravrtyouṣadham
Dāityendrārtikarouṣadham trijagataṁ sañjīvinaikouṣadham
Bhaktātyantahitouṣadham bhavabhaya pradhvamṣa-naikouṣadham
Śreyah prāptikarouṣadham pība manasārikṛṣṇa-divyousadham

Spell the name, Kṛṣṇa and drink deep, my mind!
That draught exquisite, the antidote for the allurements many,
The elixir-grand that does the meditation of sages sustain,
The potion that did Diti’s diabolic* sons annihilate,
   The wonder drug on which thrive the denizens in all the worlds,
The medicine rare that stands the devout in good stead,
   Destroys the dread of saṁsāra and doles out benefits aplenty
* Hiraṇyākṣa, Hiraṇyakaśipu etc.

Vyāmoha praśama ouṣadhaṁ, munimanovṛtti pravṛtti ouṣa-
dhaṁ, dāityendra ārtikarouṣadhaṁ, trijagatāṁ saṅjīvanaikauṣa-
dham bhakta atyanta hita ouṣadhaṁ, bhava bhaya pradhvamsana eka ouṣadhaṁ, śreyah prāptikara ouṣadhaṁ, Śrīkṛṣṇa divya ouṣa-
dham (hey) manah piba.

Vyāmoha praśama ouṣadhaṁ — The medicine, potent enough to overcome the toughest allurements,
Munimanovṛtti pravṛtti ouṣadhaṁ — the medicine that stabilises the attitude of sages and sustains their meditation on Him,
Dāityendra ārtikara ouṣadhaṁ—the potion that quelled the diabolic Hiraṇyākṣa etc., the sons of Diti,
trijagatāṁ—for the denizens in all the three worlds,
Saṅjīvana eka ouṣadhaṁ—the prime (unique) medicine that redeems and elevates,
bhakta atyanta hita ouṣadhaṁ—the grand elixir that confers a lot of good on the devout,
bhava bhaya pradhvamsana eka ouṣadhaṁ—the unique drug that dispels the dread of earthly bondage with its terrific involmnet in the cyclic operation of birth and death.
śreyah prāptikara ouṣadhaṁ—the draught that showers a plethora of benefits,
Śrīkṛṣṇa divya ouṣadhaṁ—the wonder drug, the name, ‘Śrīkṛṣṇa’ from which flows the amṛta (ambrosia) in super-abundance, ‘Śrīkṛṣṇa divya nāmāmṛta’.
(hey) manah—O, my mind!
piba—drink (deep).
The poet addresses alternately his tongue and mind. In the immediately preceding sloka, namely, sloka 23, being dealt with a little later, the poet expatiated on the efficacy of Śrī Kṛṣṇa mantra, Kṛṣṇa nāma of immense potentiality and exhorted his tongue to keep uttering that name, sweet and potent. But then, in strict sequence, the tongue utters only what is conceived by the mind. (मनः पूर्वायुक्तः manah pūrvo vyaguttarāḥ) And so, the poet adheres to that sequence by way of evoking positive response to his appeal and addresses his mind in this sloka to drink deep the ‘Śrī Kṛṣṇa divya nāmāmṛta’, the elixir grand, the Sovereign remedy for all our ills and evils. In the chapter, entitled ‘The Thousand Names’ (Sahasranāmā), introduced by sage Vyāsa in his marathon epic, ‘Mahābhārata’, the 288th name of Lord Viṣṇu is ‘Ouṣadham’—medicine and again, the 585th name is ‘bhesajam’—(also) medicine (for the disease of birth and death) and the very next name (586) is ‘Bhīṣak’—the physician. The Lord is thus an expert in diagnosis as well as treatment, “O, Bhagavān! You are indeed the recipe for the Sāṃsārik woes and You not only hand out the prescription but also dispense the medicine to those who concentrate on You, as their ‘Be-all’ and ‘End-all’”.

Give up the earthly drugs and have recourse to

‘Srikrsna divya namamrta’, the potion,
par excellence, exclusively

इदं शरीरं परिनामपेशं पतत्वमयं श्चरसतिं धर्मसंसारसाधनेऽऽ !
किमौषधेः किष्किष्यसि मृदु दुःखमे निरामयं क्रषणरस्यां विभव ||३२||
Idam sarīram pariṇāmapēṣaṃ
Patatyaśaṃ sadhasandhijarjaraṃ
Kimousadhaiḥ kliśyasi mūḍha! durmate!
Nirāmaīṃ Kṛṣṇa rasāyanaṃ pibā
Ye, my stupid mind, in ignorance steeped!
Why torment with earthly drugs this body frail,
Sure to disintegrate and some day fall?
Drink instead the nectar that flows as you spell.
The holy name, ‘Kṛṣṇa’, the sovereign remedy indeed.
(Hey) durmate! mūḍha! pariṇāma peśalaṁ ślatha-sandhi-jarjaraṁ idam śarīraṁ avaśyaṁ patati ouṣadhaiḥ kim kliśyasi?
nirāmayaṁ Kṛṣṇa rasāyanaṁ pība.

(Hey) durmate! mūḍha!—you stupid (tongue), steeped in ignorance!
pariṇāma peśalaṁ—liable to fail at the crucial moment, that is, while practising the discipline of ‘Bhakti’, the path of loving devotion to God. (could also mean ‘ worn-out due to age’)
ślatha-sandhi-jarjaraṁ—in a state of debilitation, with loosened reflexes and shaky limbs,
idam śarīraṁ—this body
avaśyaṁ patati—is bound to drop down (fall off)
ouṣadhaiḥ kim kliśyasi—why torment it (make it suffer) with many an earthly drug?
Nirāmayaṁ—flawless (unfailing recipe)
Kṛṣṇa rasāyanaṁ—the mixture (potion), called ‘Kṛṣṇa’ pība—drink

The poet’s tongue, when asked by him to utter the Lord’s name, told him that it would, first of all, pick up the requisite strength to utter the holy name through the drugs normally taken by the people around for keeping the body fit. Thereupon the poet rebukes the tongue for thinking in terms of pampering the perishable body, frail and fleeting, which goes out of commission at the crucial moment when its stability is very much needed. This will be little better than decorating the tender white core of the plantain trunk, which will decay in a day or two, with gold rims. Actually, the poet deplores the frantic attempts of the worldly men to prop up the perishable body instead of curing the Soul within by drinking deep the ‘Kṛṣṇa rasāyanaṁ’ (chanting the holy name, Kṛṣṇa), the flawless tonic, the mixture, par excellence, the unfailing recipe, the sovereign remedy for all our ills and evils.
The Mantra, par excellence
(Slokas 18 and 23)

हे मल्लः परमं हितं भूषणं वर वश्यामि संक्षेपतः
संसारार्थवामापूर्विमाहुं सम्प्रदेयः प्रविष्टं स्थितं: ।
नानाज्ञानमपाख्येतसि नमो नारायणायेश्वरमुः
मनः सम्ब्रवेणं प्रणामसहितं प्राशंस्त्वच्छ श्रुतं: ॥ १८ ॥

Hey martyāh! paramam hitam śṛṇuta vo vakṣyāmi
samkṣeptataḥ

Saṁsārārṇavaṁ padūrmbahulaṁ saṁyakpraviśya
shhitāḥ

Nānājñānamapāsya cetasi Namo Nārāyaṇayetamum
Mantram saprāṇavaṁ praṇāmasahitaṁ prāvarta-
yadhvaṁ muhuḥ

Listen, ye mortals, sunk deep in saṁsāra,
the ocean turbulent,
Surging with perils many, to my counsel,
brief and yet the best;
Shedding your ignorance of sorts, chant you shall,
again and again,
‘Namo Nārāyaṇāya’, the mantra (hymn of prayer),
most potent,

By praṇava (Om²) preceded, in humble genuflection
[1. constitutes the great Tirumantra  2. preceded by]

Āpadūrmbahulaṁ saṁsārārṇavaṁ saṁyakpraviśyaasthitāḥ heymartyāh vaiḥ paramam hitaṁ samkṣeptataḥ vakṣyāmi śṛṇuta, nānā-
śenāṁ apāsya cetasi sapraṇavaṁ Namo Nārāyaṇāya iti amuiṁ
mantram praṇāmasahitaṁ muhuḥ prāvartayadhvaṁ

āpadūrmi bahulaṁ — full of waves (the perils and
hazards)
saṁsāra arṇavaṁ — the ocean of saṁsāra (earthly
bondage)

*
samyak—well inside, praviśya sthitōḥ—who remain sunk
heyy marthyāḥ—o, mortals, vah—to you
paramaḥ hitam—the highest good, samśepataḥ—briefly,
(ahāṃ) vaktṛyāmi—(I) shall tell; śrūṇa—listen,
nānājñānānam—ignorance of sorts (nānājñānānam—
miscellaneous knowledge, of no use on the spiritual
plane)
apāśya—setting aside, cetasi—from the mind,
Namo Nārāyaṇāya iti anumēn mantras—the holy mantra,
‘Namo Nārāyaṇāya’
sapraṇāvam—along with ‘Aum’ (Om), known as
‘praṇava’,
praṇāma sahitaṃ—reverently prostrating (in humble
genuflexion)
muhuḥ—often, prāvartayadhvam—do chant

In ślokas 17, 24 and 31, the poet disclosed the wonder-drug,
the positive cure for all the ills and evils, mankind is heir to.
In this śloka, the poet comes up with yet another recipe, not
different but inter-related, namely, uttering the great ‘Tiru-
mantra’—Aum Namo Nārāyaṇa, very often so as to preclude
the relapse of the erstwhile malady. Again, in śloka 23, the
poet reveals ‘Śrī Kṛṣṇa’ mantra, the great Redeemer. Hence,
that śloka is taken immediately after this, as a follow-up of the
same theme.

Sriksna Mantra—the great Redeemer

श्रेयस्तदाकश्यः सकलमुपनिषद्भावसंपूज्यमन्त्रं
संसारोपरिवर्त्यः समुपचितमस्तसिद्धिनिर्यानमन्त्रम् ।
सत्रुच्छेदकामान्त्रम् व्यसनाधुजं सन्न्तं सन्न्तनाणमन्त्रम्
जिहे श्रीकृष्णमन्त्र जपजप सतं जन्मसाधिष्यमन्त्रम् ॥ २३ ॥
Satruccchedaikamantram sakalamupaniṣadvākya
sāmpūjyamantram
Samsārottāramantram samupacitatamassāngha-
niryāṇamantram
Sarvaśvavyāi$kamana$tram vyasana$hūjaga sanda$ṣṭa
sanṛaṇa$mantra$ám

Jihve! Śrīkṛṣṇa$mantra$ám japajapa satatām
janmasāphalya$mantra$ám

Chant, ever and anon, my tongue! the name
‘Śrīkṛṣṇa’, the spell great
That does our enemies quell, the Mantra
wherein happily blend
The halo’d Vedic texts, the Mantra that does
from saṁsāra liberate,
The Mantra that does age-long accumulation
of sins dispel,
The Mantra that yields wealth immense,
that cures the bitter bite
Of that serpent, the human miseries, the
Mantra that redeems us all
And grinds to a halt birth and death,
the cycle dreadful.

(Hey) jihve! Śatru$c$ha$da eka man$tra$ám, sakala$m upa$niṣad
vākyā sa$m$pūjya man$tra$ám, saṁsāra uttāra man$tra$ám, sa$m$pacita
tamassaṅga$ha niryāṇa man$tra$ám, sarva aiśvarya$ka man$tra$ám, vyasa$na
bhūjaga sanda$ṣṭa sanṛaṇa man$tra$ám, janma sā$p$halya man$tra$ám,
Śrīkṛṣṇa man$tra$ám satata$ṁ japajapa

Hey jihve!—you, my tongue!
śatu$c$ha$da eka man$tra$ám—the one (prime) mantra (spell)
that can destroy all the enemies,
sakala$m upa$niṣad vākyā sa$m$pūjya man$tra$ám—the mantra,
lauded by the haloed Vedic texts, one and all,
saṁsāra uttāra man$tra$ám—the mantra that lifts one up,
from the mire of saṁsāra,
sa$m$pacita$-ta$massaṅga$ha niryāṇa man$tra$ám—the mantra
that cuts out the age-long accumulation of sins,
rooted in dark nescience (ignorance),
sarva aśvaryaika mantram—the mantra that yields all-round opulence,

Vyasana bhujaga sandaṣṭa sanatrāṇa mantram—the mantra that cures the poisonous sting of the serpent, figuratively denoting the human miseries of sorts,

janma sāphalya mantram—the mantra that redeems one from this hellish existence, perpetuated by a succession of births (janmās), by cutting out the cyclic operation of birth, death and rebirth,

Śrīkṛṣṇa mantram—‘Śrīkṛṣṇa’, that holy name is itself this mantra,

satataṁ—always

japa japa—Go on repeating [a mantra (spell), when uttered continually, that is repeatedly becomes the japa of that mantra]

In this sloka, the poet hits upon the omnibus (all-in-one) recipe, namely, spelling out the name ‘Śrī Kṛṣṇa’, the great Mantra (spell) of the highest potency, the destroyer of miseries of all kinds and the bestower of a plethora of benefits, the most outstanding of the latter being emancipation of the chanters from earthly bondage, rooted in age-long sins (the product of dense ignorance gathering mass down the ages) and the eternal enjoyment of the infinite bliss flowing from the Supreme Lord in His transcendant abode, the inexhaustible fountain of infinite joy.

Hailing the unlimited glory of the Supreme Lord beside whom all else pale into insignificance

पृथ्वी रेणुरु: पर्यास्ति कणिका: फल्गुष्पुलिङ्कोऽनल:।
तेजो निःशस्त्रसं महत तजुतरं रन्ध्रं सुवृद्धम् नभ:।
शुद्धा स्त्रिपितमहामभृत्य: कीटायसस्मस्तास्तुरा:।
दृष्टे यत्र स ताको विजयते भूमावऽपूर्वतावधिः॥ १९ ॥
Prthvī reṇuraṇuḥ payāmsi kaṇikāḥ phalgusphulingo analaḥ
Tejo niśvasanaṁ marut tanutaram ṛandhraṁ
susūkṣmaṁ nabhaḥ
Ksudrā Rudrapitāmaha prabhṛtayāḥ kīṭāssastassurāḥ

Dṛṣte yatra sa tāvako vijayate bhūmāvadhūtāvadhiḥ
Thou art all-conquering and unlimited is Thy glory;
Seen beside Thee the earth to subtle bits dumbles
And the mighty, oceanic waters to tiny spray,
The blazing fire is nothing but spark gentle
And the wind, a feeble breath; seem the sky
a little hole
And the Devas, Brahmā, Rudrā and them all
Hardly any more than insects small.

Yatra dṛṣte prthvī anvṛt reṇuḥ payāmsi kaṇikāḥ analaḥ tejah
phalguḥ sphulingaḥ marut tanutaraṁ niśvasanaṁ nabhaḥ susūkṣmaṁ ṛandhraṁ Rudra Pitāmaha prabhṛtayāḥ samastāḥ surāḥ kīṭāḥ saḥ
tāvakaḥ avadhūta avadhiḥ bhūmā vijayate

yatra dṛṣte—beside whom when seen,
prthvī—the Earth, anvṛt—minute (subtle),
reṇuḥ—particles, payāmsi—the oceanic waters,
kaṇikāḥ—tiny drops (sprays),
analāḥ tejah—fire, the manifestation of the element,
‘tejas’,
phalguḥ sphulingaḥ—gentle (insignificant) spark,
marut—wind (vāyu), tanutaram—(like) feeble
niśvasanaṁ—breath, nabhaḥ—sky (space)
susūkṣmaṁ ṛandhraṁ—(like) tiny hole (aperture)
Rudra Pitāmaha prabhṛtayāḥ—Rudra, Brahma and
others of that exalted order,
samastāḥ surāḥ—the devas, in their entirety,
ksudrāḥ kīṭāḥ—(look like) petty insects (in comparison)
sah—that, tāvakāḥ avadhūtavādhiḥ bhūmā—your unlimited (transcending all limits) glory, vijayate—is all-conquering

The poet brings into clear focus the Vedic truth that Lord Nārāyaṇa also known as Viṣṇu and Vāsudeva, is the Supreme Lord, head and shoulders above all* else, who, beside Him, pale into insignificance, dwindling down to the bottom-most depths of diminution and thus bear no comparison with Him.

* [The five elements, Devas and all]

**Contemplation of Your lotus feet alone can sustain our lives**

वद्धनाज्ञालिना नतेन शिरसा गात्रैसरोमोदगमियः
कपिलेन खरगिः गदेन नयने नोदृगीर्णे बाणाम्बुनाः
नित्येन त्वचरणार्बिन्दुगठिनस्यामृतांक्तादिनां
अस्माकं सरसीरहः सतात्संपद्वतां जीवितम् ॥ २० ॥

Baddhenāṅjalinā natena sīrasā gātraissaromodgamaīḥ ।
Kaṇṭhena svaragadgadena nayane nodgirṇa bāspāṃbunā
Nityāṃ tvaccaaraṇāravindayugala dhyānāmṛtāśvādināṃ
Asmākaṁ Sarasiṇurāhāka! satataṁ saṃpadyatāṁ jīvitaṁ

O, lotus-eyed Lord! with palms in prayer joined,
Head bowed down, hair standing on end,
Voice choked, eyes shedding joyous tears in torrents,
We drink deep the ambrosia of contemplation
Of your lotus feet; pray let us hold on
To this, our sustenance, ever and anon

Sarasiṇurāhāka! baddhena āṅjalinā natena sīrasā saroma
utgamaīḥ gātraīḥ svaragadgadena kaṇṭhena udgirṇa bāspāṃbunā
nayanena nityāṁ tvaccaīṣa aravinda yugala dhyāna amṛta āsva-
dināṁ asmākaṁ jīvitāṁ satataṁ saṃpadyatāṁ

Sarasiṇurāhāka!—O, lotus-eyed Lord!
baddhena āṅjalinā—with palms joined, in salutation,
śirasā natena—(also) with head bowed down,
saroma udgatena—(also) hair standing on end (thrilled, with awe and reverence)
gātraīh—with quivering limbs
Svaragadgadena—with tremulous (choked) voice
kanṭhena—in the throat also
udgīrṇa bāṣ pa ambunā—with torrential tears
nayanena—in the eyes also, nityam—at all times,
tvat caraṇa araṇinda yugala dhyāna amṛta āsvādinām—drinking deep the ambrosia of meditation of your lotus feet,
asmākam—for us,
ājīvitaṁ satatāṁ samāpadatāṁ—may sustenance be achieved and stabilised, at all times.

In ślokas 17 and 18, the poet preached, to the world around, the efficacy of ‘Śrī Kṛṣṇa Nāma divīyamṛta’ (the grand elixir, the nectarean name of Lord Kṛṣṇa) and the greatness of the eight-lettered ‘Tirumantra’ (Aum namo Nūrāyanāya), the sure solvent for all the ills and evils, mankind is prone to. But his advice fell on deaf ears. The worldlings were woefully unresponsive and remained earth-bound and sense-buried, as ever. And yet, in his boundless compassion for the suffering humanity, the poet prays to the Lord, in this śloka, not only for himself but for mankind, as a whole, that such a robust faith in the Lord’s lovely pair of feet, as the sole Refuge, be inculcated in one and all. It deserves to be specially noted that universal concern and compassion for fellow-beings, cutting across regional, linguistic and communal barriers, deeply animated the great Ālvār saints and the great Āchāryas, as reflected in the hymns of the former and the stotra literature, bequeathed by the latter.

Thou art my sole Refuge, O Lord!

हे गोपालक हे कुपाजलनिधि हे सिन्धुकन्यापते
हे कंसान्तक हे गजेन्द्र करणपारीण हे माधव ।
Hey Gopālaka! hey Kṛpājalanidhe! hey Sindhu-kanyāpate!

Hey Kaṁsāntaka! hey Gajendra karuṇāpārīṇa!
   hey Mādhava!

Hey Rāmānuja! hey Jagatrayaguro! hey Puṇḍarīkākṣa!
   māṁ

Hey Gopījananātha! pālaya paraṁ jānāmi na tvāṁ vinā
   O, Divine Cowherd! O, Sea of compassion!
   O, Consort of Lakṣmi, the bride from the ocean!
   O, Slayer of Kaṁsa! O, Gajendra’s deliverer!
   O, Mādhava! scion of Balarāma! O, Preceptor
   Of all the three worlds! O, lotus-eyed! O, Protector
   Of the Gopis! Thou art my deliverer;
   Other than Thee I know of no saviour

1. The grace (karuṇa), referred to here, is the deliverance
   of Gajendra, the pious elephant, engaged in a titanic struggle
   with a crocodile, from the vicious jaws of the latter.

2. The damsels of Vrindavan, of matchless devotion to
   Śrikrṣṇa whose glorious company they had the great, good
   fortune to enjoy, at close quarters.

Hey Gopālaka! hey Kṛpājalanidhe! hey Sindhu-kanyāpate!
hey Kaṁsāntaka! hey Gajendra karuṇāpārīṇa! hey Mādhava! hey Rāmānuja! hey Jagatrayaguro! hey Puṇḍarīkākṣa! hey Gopi-
jananātha! māṁ pālaya tvaṁ vinā paraṁ na jānāmi

Hey Gopālaka—O, Divine cow-herd!
hey Kṛpājalanidhe!—O, ocean of compassion!
hey Sindhu kanyāpate—O, consort of Lakṣmi, the ocean-
born (She emerged from the ‘Milk-ocean’ when it
was churned)
hey Kamśāntaka!—O, slayer of (the evil-minded) Kaṁsa!
hey Gajendra karuṇāpārīṇa—O, Gajendra’s deliverer, of grace galore!
hey Mādhava—O, Mādhava (Lord Viṣṇu) on whose winsome chest is inseparably poised the Divine Mother, Śrī Mahālakṣmi, who emerged from the depths of the ‘Milk-ocean’, during that epoch-making churning of the ocean,
hey Ramānuja!—O, Younger brother of Balarāma!
hey Jagatraya Guro—O, Universal Teacher!
hey Puṇḍarīkākṣa!—O, lotus-eyed!
hey Gopijananātha!—O, Liege-Lord of the shepherdesses!
mām—me (this vassal), pālaya—please salve!
 tvāṁ vina—other than you, param—any one else, na jānāmi—(I) know not

O, Supreme Lord! You have delivered Your devotees from their enemies and effectively destroyed all those enemies. May You, likewise, cut out all my enemies, the impediments for my attaining you, as I know of no saviour other than You, the omnipotent. I would never be able to beat them down, on my own and attain You. Further, I am wholly Yours (tavāsmi) and it behoves You, as the sole Proprietor to salvage me Your property from the wreckage of Saṁsāra (earthly bondage).

The multi-purpose gem

भक्तापयाःक्रुड्डगार्डमणि: श्रेणोक्तकामाशामणि:
गोपीलोचनवातकाम्बुद्मणि: सौन्दर्यमुद्रामणि: ।
व: कान्तामणिर्हर्षिगीवनकुच्छन्द्रैक्षण्मणि:
श्रेणो देवनिशामणिर्दृश्यत नो गोपालचुडामणि: ॥ २२ ॥

Bhaktāpaḥyabhujaṅga gāruḍamaṇīḥ trailokyarakṣāmāniḥ
Gopīlocanacātākambudamaṇīḥ saundaryamudrāmaṇīḥ
Yaḥ Kāntāmaṇi Rukmini ghanakuca dvandvaika bhūṣa-
maṇiḥ
Śreyo Devāshikhaṇḍarīdīśatu no Gopālacūḍāmaṇiḥ

May Kṛṣṇa, the crown-jewel of shepherd clan,
the Gem that quells
Like *Gāruḍamaṇi, the snake of hazards which
the devout be fall,
The Gem that succours the worlds three,
the Gem that looms

In Gopi’s eyes like unto watery clouds for
Cātaka birds, the Gem

That does beauty symbolise, the Gem that
decorates the breast buxom

Of Rukmini, Gem among women, the Gem
lustrous in celestial’s crown,

Deign to bestow on us felicity of every kind.
[*the precious stone which kills serpents]

Bhaktāpāyabhujāṅga gāruḍamaṇiḥ trilokya rakṣaṇaṁiḥ Gopi-
locana cātaka ambudamaṇiḥ soundarya mudrāmaṇiḥ Kāntāmaṇi
Rukmini ghanakuca dvandvaika bhūṣaṇaṁiḥ yaḥ Devāshikhāmaṇiḥ
Gopālacūḍāmaṇiḥ naḥ śreyaḥ dīśatu.

Bhaktāpāya bhujāṅga gāruḍamaṇiḥ—He, who wards off
the perils besetting His devotees like the Gāruḍa-
maṇi, the precious stone which kills serpents,
trailokya rakṣaṇaṁiḥ—The Gem that succours all the
three worlds,

Gopīlocana cātakāmbudamaṇiḥ—The Gem that looms in
the eyes of the shepherd damsels like the water-
laden clouds, longed for, by the cātaka birds,
(these birds quench their thirst by drinking directly
the rain-drops from above),

saundarya mudrāmaṇiḥ—The Gem that symbolises
(adorns) beauty,
Kāntāmāni Rukmini ghanakuca dvandvaīka bhūṣāmāniḥ—The gem that decorates the pair of buxom breasts of Rukmini, the gem of a woman (gem among women),
yah (sah)—who that one is,
Devasīkāmāniḥ—That crown-jewel of the celestials or the gem that imparts lustre to the crown of the celestials,
nah—for us, śreyah—felicity, diśatu—may deign to bestow.

The Supreme Lord whose creed is to redeem and resurrect the devout, came down to holy Madhura (spelt as Mathura, the holy city in Uttar Pradesh) from His abode in the Milk-ocean and endeared Himself to the devout damsels in nearly Vrindāvan. He loomed large in the eyes of those damsels (Gopis) of the shepherd clan and was a source of endless delight for them. He took on an exquisitely charming form, highly delectable to Rukmini, His consort, herself being a gem among women. May that Supreme Lord deign to bestow on us all, every kind of felicity including the eternal bliss in heaven. Thus prays the poet in this śloka.

Utter futility of Vedic chantings, rites and rituals, bereft of loving devotion unto the Lord’s lotus feet

अम्मयाह्यसनायन्यर्णव्यहितं देववतस्यनवहं
मेदाश्चेदावलानि पूतश्वयं सर्वेहुतं मस्मानि |
तीर्थानानामवगाहनानि च गजस्त्रानि विना यत्यदः
द्रव्यम्भोर्लस्मस्मात् विजयते देवव्य नारायणः || २५ ||

Āmnāyābhyanānyaraṇyaruditaṁ devavratāṇyanvahāṁ
Medasāchedaphalani pūrtavidhayaḥ sarve hutaṁ
bhasmanī
tīrthānaṁavagāhanāni ca gajasānaṁ vinā yatpada
dvandvāmbhoruha saṁsmṛtā vijayate devasya
Nārāyanaḥ
Supreme is Nārāyaṇa, the all-conquering Lord; lack of meditation
On His lotus pair of feet will, the Vedic chantings, render
But a cry in wilderness, acts of charity, a mere oblation
In ash, the daily rituals, an exercise futile to wear
The body down and bathing in sacred waters, the dip elephantine

Yatpadadvandoambhorahasaṁśmṛti vinā āmnāya abhyasanāṇi aranyaruditaṁ anvahāṁ Veda vrasāṁi medaśchedaphalāni pūrta vidhayāḥ sarve bhasmanihutaṁ tirthānāṁ avagāhanāṇica gajasnānaṁ saḥ Nārāyaṇa Devaḥ vijayate

yat pada dvanda ambhoraha saṁśmṛti vinā—bereft of (loving) meditation on whose pair of lotus feet, āmnāya abhyasanāṇi—learning the Vedas, aranyaruditaṁ—(is but a) cry in the wilderness, anvahāṁ vedavrasāṁi—performance of the daily Vedic rites and rituals, medaścheda phalāni—(nothing more than) an exercise is sweating the body, pūrtavidhyāḥ—acts of charity like digging wells, tanks etc., sarve bhasmanihutaṁ—all these will turn out to be no more than the futile oblations in mere ash (where the fire is extinct), tirthānāṁ avagāhanāṇica gajasnānaṁ—bathing in sacred waters no better than elephants taking dips, saḥ Nārāyaṇaḥ devaḥ vijayate—that God, Nārāyaṇa is at conquering, ever victorious

Without the basic ingredient, namely, meditation on the lovely pair of feet of Śrī Kṛṣṇa Bhagavān, Who is none other than Lord Nārāyaṇa, come down to Earth, (Hari carana
The efficacy of reciting the holy names of Lord Narayana—a vocal exercise of immense potentiality

(Slokas 26 and 30)

Srīmānāma procyā Nārāyaṇākhyaṁ Ke na prāpurvaṅchitaṁ papino api
Hā! naḥ pūrvaṁ vākpravṛttā na tasmin
Tena praṁtaṁ garbhavāsādi duḥkham

Which person, however sinful, failed to secure his ends
By uttering ‘Srīmānārāyaṇa’, of vast wealth potential?
Alas! failure of one’s tongue to recite it earlier
One inside the mother’s womb and all the miseries which then befall

Srīmat Nārāyaṇākhyaṁ nāma procyā pāpino api ke vaṅchitaṁ
na prāpuḥ hā naḥ pūrvaṁ tasmin vākpravṛttā tena garbhavāsādi
duḥkham praṁtaṁ

Srīmat Nārāyaṇaḥkhyāṁ nāma procyā—By uttering the name ‘Nārāyaṇa’, in conjunction with ‘Śri, the Goddess of affluence (indicative of the vast wealth potential),
pāpino api—even if they be sinners, ke—who
vaṁchitaiṁ—(their) desires, na prāpuḥ—did not secure
hā—alas! naḥ—for us, tasmin—that (such a name)
vāk na pravṛttā—the tongue did not (failed to) articu-
late,
tena—for that reason, garbhavāsādi duḥkham—miseries
like incarnation in the mother’s womb etc.
prāptam—have resulted (are experienced by us)

In the immediately preceding śloka (25) the poet pointed out that the Vedic rites and rituals, put through without meditating on the lotus feet of Lord Nārāyaṇa, are absolutely worthless. The question that naturally follows is how indeed love for the Lord’s lotus feet could be generated in the practicant. Here then is the answer namely, utterance of the holy name, ‘Nārāyaṇa’, of boundless potentiality. Had we but uttered that holy name in our previous birth we could have jolly well cut short our cycle of births. Having failed to do so, we have perpetuated that dreadful cycle, getting back again inside that cramped locker, the mother’s womb and here we are, telling our never-ending tale of woes. Either we would not have been aware of this unfailing recipe or the tongue would have refrained from spelling out the holy name. Shall we not wake up, at least now, and put a stop to future miseries by uttering the holy name, ‘Śrīmannārāyaṇa’, sweet and potent? It is indeed a marvel of marvels, the sanctifying effect of the holy name which does not even depend upon the devotee’s subjective attitude or understanding. Just a casual utterance of the Lord’s name, which, in itself, is the very incarnation of the Lord in ‘sound form’ (Śabdha Brahmaṇ) does the job. In Śrimad Bhāgavatam it has been asserted, as follows:

“If a person cries out, in a mood of helplessness, ‘O, Hari!’, be it when falling from a height or when slipping down or when being cut up, bitten, burnt or beaten, he/she does not go to hell, having been absolved of all the sins which would have, otherwise, invited drastic punishments in hell.”

The names of the Lord, when uttered by some one, hardly conscious of their potentialities, destroy his/her sins in the same
way as fire consumes fuel, blisters an innocent babe coming in contact with it, not knowing that it is fire or a potent drug manifests its inherent curative property even when taken casually, unaware of its potency and efficiency.

wał śravaṇañi pari parśaṅga

guh śravatīva sataṁ phalani

prāvarṣaya prāṇjalirasi jihve!

nāmaṁi nārāyaṇa gocharaṇa

Tatvam bruvāṇāi param parasmaṁ

Madhu kṣarantiva satāṁ phalāni

Prāvarttaya prāṇjalirasmi jihve!

Nāmaṁi Nārāyaṇa goce bāni

You, my tongue, I do with joined palms beseech
To utter the names which the glory of Nārāyaṇa bespeak
And reveal the truth ultimate, higher than all else,
Wherein revel the devout like unto fruits with honey profuse

(HEY) jihve! prāṇjalik asmi parasmaṁ paraṁ tatvaṁ bruvāṇāi satāṁ madhu kṣaranti phalāniva Nārāyaṇa goce bāni nāmaṁi prāvarttaya.

Hey jihve!—O, my tongue!
prāṇjalik—with joined palms, asmi—I am
parasmaṁ paraṁ tatvaṁ—the truth ultimate, loftier than the lofty,
bruvaṇāi—(that which) spells out,
madhu—honey, kṣaranti—shedding copiously,
phalāni—like fruits,
Nārāyaṇa goce bāni—pertaining to Lord Nārāyaṇa,
Namāni prāvarttaya—recite (keep reciting) continually the holy names.
All fruits are not juicy and even those fruits which are juicy are not, all of them, tasty like honey. Well, even those fruits, which are juicy and taste like honey, cannot be had at all times. They make their appearance only during the appropriate seasons. On the other hand, the holy names pertaining to Lord Nārāyaṇa are all juicy, shedding honey in profusion, all the time. The poet, therefore, exhorts his tongue which has already tasted the honey in question, to keep reciting the holy names for his spiritual redemption and sustenance.

O, Lord! let me be the very last in the chain of Your devotees—I invoke no other blessing from Thee

मज्जनमनः फलमिदं मधुकैटभारे
मत्प्रार्थनीयमदनुग्रह एष एव।
त्वद्भृत्याभ्र्त्या परिचारक भृत्यभृत्या
भृत्ययस्य भृत्या इति मां ययर पोकनाथ ॥ २७॥

Majjanmanah phalamidaṁ Madhu Kaiṭabhāre
Matprārthanīyamadanugraha esa eva
Tvadbhṛtyabhṛtya paricāraka bhṛtya bhṛtya
Bhṛtyasya bhṛtya iti māṁ smara Lokanātha!

May Thou, O, slayer of Madhu Kaiṭabha, bless me
That I be the vassal of the vassals of your vassals,
Last in the chain, this is indeed my life’s goal;
O, Universal Lord! ’tis just this I invoke from Thee.

Madhukaiṭabhāre! majjanmanah phalam idam, matprārthānīya madanugraha esa eva, Lokanātha! tvadbhṛtya-bhṛtya-paricāraka bhṛtya bhṛtya bhṛtyasya bhṛtyaḥ iti māṁ smara.

Madhukaiṭabhāre!—O, slayer of Madhu and Kaiṭabha,
the demons who had stolen the Vedas from the four-faced Brahma,

majjanmanah phalam idam—The summum bonum, the chief
good, the goal of my life is just this,
matprarthaniyamadanugraha—and so what is prayed for by me and what You have to grant me by shedding Your benign grace, 
esa eva—is only this 
Lokanatha!—O, Lord of the (entire) Universe!
tvath-bhṛtya bhṛtya paricāraka bhṛtya bhṛtyasya— 
unto the vassal of your vassals’ vassals, their 
vassals’ vassals, 
bhṛtyah iti—as their vassal (and so on, the last in the 
chain of your devotees) 
māṁ smara—may you please think of me.

The full impact of devotion to the Lord is experienced only when the bottom-most in the chain of His devotees is as heartily served as the Lord Himself is served. Here then is the natural yearning of the true devotee whose love for the Lord logically extends to all His devotees. The poet’s prayer that he should be looked upon by Him as the very last in the chain of His devotees stems from such a deep yearning, wiping out the last shred of egotism in him. See also Tiruvāyul (III-7-10 and VIII-10-9). Indeed, this is the quintessence of ‘Namaḥ’ the middle part of ‘Tirumāṭra’.

Alas! are we to be dubbed dumb and base?

Nāthe naḥ Puruṣottame tṛjagatāmekādhipe cetasā
Sevye svasya padasya dātari sure Nārāyaṇe tiṣṭhati
Yam kiṃcitpuruṣādhhaman kamatīpaygrāmeśamalpārthadam
Sevāyai mṛgayāmahe naramaho mūkā varākā vayam

*
My Lord! Supreme among all persons Thou art,
The monarch sole of the worlds three and in every heart
Fit to be adored, the Deva, Nārāyaṇa who does pervade
All over and grants us the land eternal, Thine abode
And yet, alas! we worldlings, in quest of service,
run around
After non-descripts with meagre holdings and
very little to give;
To be dubbed dumb and base we surely deserve!

Naḥ Nāthe Puruṣottame trijagatāṁ ekādhipe cetasā sevye
svasya padasya dātari sure Nārāyaṇe tiṣṭhati || Katipayagrāmeśaṁ
alpārthhadāṁ yaṁ kaṁcit puruṣādhamanī naraṁ sevayai mṛgâyāmuhe
aho vayaṁ mūkāḥ varākāḥ.

Naḥ Nāthe—Our Lord
Puruṣottame—The best among ‘Puruṣās’, (individual souls). The suffix in the superlative degree denotes the sublimity of the qualities of Paramāṭma vis-a-vis all the rest including the ‘Nityasūris’ (Ever-free, eternal angels), ‘Muktās’ (released souls) ‘Puruṣā’, derived from ‘puru-sanoti’, means the ‘Giver’. The Puruṣottama is the Giver, par excellence, the ‘Giver’ beyond comparison, there being no gift beyond His capacity.

Trijagatāṁ ekādhipe—The sovereign master, the sole monarch of all the worlds,
cetasā sevye—eminently fit to be adored and served, inducing the longing therefor in one’s mind.
Svasya padasya dātari— the granter of entry into His transcendental abode, the Eternal Lord, whence there is no returning. (It is His sole prerogative)
Sure Nārāyaṇe—The Deva (Devādi Deva), Nārāyaṇa, tiṣṭhati—remains stationed in all things and beings,
all over (omni-present) and is therefore readily available to the seekers (and yet)

*vayāṁ mūkāḥ varākāḥ*—We, who are dumb and base,

*katipāyagrāmeśāṁ*—a petty proprietor (zamindar) of a few villages,

*alpārthadāṁ*—and a poor paymaster, at that,

*yaṁkañcit*—someone (non descript)

*puruṣādhamarmāṁ*—a base person (the very antithesis of Puruṣottama) a mean fellow,

*naraṁ sevāyai*—for serving such a (depraved) person,

*mṛgayāmahe*—we hang on (and run after him)

*aho!*—alas! what a pity!

The poet who had earlier prayed to the Lord to kindle in him God-love and stabilise it, now indulges in a little bit of retrospection, painfully recalling how in the days gone by, he had strayed away from the Lord, the greatest of all donors, doling out a plethora of benefits (sarva lābhāya Kesavāḥ) and run after mean individuals in quest of paltry, material benefits. He not only feels vexed over his past lapses but also deplores the ignoble pursuits of the men around, overlooking rather woefully, forgetful of their essential nature and the great glory of the bounteous Creator and their inter-relationship. The Śāstras proclaim that the Supreme Lord (Puruṣottama) alone is the granter of all facilities and destroyer of all evils. But for the influx of the requisite power from the Supreme Lord, which maintains the minor deities in their respective positions of authority, the minor deities, by themselves, would be incapable of extending favours to their votaries and vouchsafing their protection.

**Hands off, Mr. Cupid!**

मदन परिहर स्थिति मदीये
मनसि मुकुंदपदारविनंदशाक्षि
हरनयन कृशानुना कृशोसि
सरसि न चकपराक्मं छुरारे: \| २९ \|
Madana parihara sthitīm madīye
Manasi Mukundapadārvinda dhāmni
Haranayana Kṛśānumā kṛṣōsi
Smarasi na cakraparākramamān Murāreḥ

You Madana!¹ do leave for good my mind,
Now the abode of the lotus feet of Mukunda;
The fire from Hara’s² eye pulled your body down,
Even so, don’t you Murāri’s³ discus powerful reckon?

1. Madana is Manmatha, the angel who is believed to incite sexual romance.

2. Hara is Rudra. Once when Madana attempted to disturb Rudra’s penance by aiming at the latter amorous shafts, the latter became furious and reduced the former to ashes; thereafter Madana was bodiless (anaṅga).

3. Murāri—Śrī Kṛṣṇa, the slayer of the demon, Mura

(Hey) Madana! Mukunda padārvinda dhāmni madīye
manasi sthitiṁ parihara, Haranayana Kṛśānumā kṛṣōsi Murāreḥ
cakraparākramamān na smarasi?

Hey Madana!—O, Manmatha!
Mukunda padārvinda dhāmni—In the abode (temple) of the lotus feet of Mukunda,
madīye manasi—my mind (is)
parihara sthitiṁ—give up (your) stay (residence)
Haranayana Kṛśānumā—by the fire in Rudra’s (forehead) eye
kṛśaḥ—devoid of body, asī—(you) have become
Murāreḥ—of Murāri (Mukunda), the slayer of the demon, Mura,
cakraparākramamān—the (special) prowess of the discus, na smarasi—don’t you remember (contemplate and dread)?
Here is the poet's stern warning to Cupid (Manmatha) to clear out of the former's mind, now the citadel of Lord Mukunda. How could light and darkness co-exist and occupy the same niche? How could God and sensuality, again the very antithesis of the former, be in joint occupation of the poet's mind? No doubt, Manmatha had earlier worked havoc on the poet's mind, ensnaring him and diverting him, farther and farther away from God. But now, the milieu has undergone a thorough change, the Lord having shed His grace on the poet and converted his erstwhile unruly mind into His abode. And hence, the 'quit notice' issued by the poet, which compels instant compliance by Manmatha, unless it be that he, already burnt down by Rudra's fiery eye and rendered bodyless, is so impudent as not to reckon with the mightier prowess of Mukunda's discus. 'Once bitten, twice shy' and so, Madana is expected to avoid getting into trouble once again and that too, something far more disastrous. The present warning is the outcome of the poet reviewing in retrospect, what exactly had been plaguing him earlier impending his rapport with Mukunda, which he was currently enjoying. c.f. Periyālvār Tirumozhi V-2 wherein the Ālvār issued similar 'Quit notice' to the ills and evils (lock, stock and barrel), which had been plaguing his body, which has since become the citadel of God.

As I know Thee, my Lord!

दारा वाराकारवर्कु ते तनूजः विरिञ्छः
स्तोत्रः वेदस्तव सुरागणो भृत्यवर्गः प्रसादः ।
मुक्तिर्मायाः जगद्विकलं तावकी देवकी ते
माता मित्रम वल्लिपुसुतस्वद्यतोऽन्यन्य जाने ॥ ३२ ॥

Dāra vārākāravarasutā te tanūjo viriñcāḥ
Stotā vedastavā suragaṇo bhṛtya vargaṁ prasādāḥ
Muktirmāyā jagadavicālam tāvaki Devaṁ kī te
Mātā mitraṁ valariṇipusutas tvayyato anyannajāne

Lakṣmi, the ocean-born, is Thy Consort,
Brahma, Thy Son, the Vedas laud Thy glory great,
The Devas render service at Thy feet,
'Tis thro' Thy grace one does 'Mokṣa'* get,
Māyā is Thy instrument ushering the universe vast,
Devaki is Thy mother and Indra's son, Thy mate,
I know of Thee no more than that.
(*Mokṣa—emancipation from earthly bondage, the dreadful cycle of birth and death.)

(Hey Kṛṣṇa!) te dārāḥ vārākāra-varasūtā tanūjāḥ vīrīṇcaḥ
stotā vedaḥ bhṛtyavargāḥ suragaṇāḥ prasādaḥ muktiḥ māyā
avikalam jagat tāvaki mātā Devaki mitraṁ valaripusataḥ tvayı
ataḥ anyat na jāne.

(Hey Kṛṣṇa!) te—Your, dārāḥ—Consort,
vārākāravara sutā—daughter of the ocean (Milk-ocean),
tanūjāḥ—son, vīrīṇcaḥ—Brahma (the four-faced),
stotā—that which lauds You, Vedaḥ—the Veda which
reveals Your great glory,
Bhṛtyavargāḥ—the bond of servers (vassals),
suragaṇāḥ—the multitude of Devas,
prasādaḥ—gracious dispensation,
Muktiḥ—Mokṣa, the final emancipation from earthly
bondage, the material shackles,
Māyā—Your cosmic power (of wondrous dimensions),
avikalam jagat—(ushers in) the sprawling universe,
tāvaki—Your,
mātā—mother (the one who had propitiated You
earlier), Devaki—Devaki Devi,
mitraṁ—friend, Valaripusataḥ—Indra's son (Arjuna)
tvayı—of You, atah—more than this, anyat—anything
else, na jāne—I do not know.

'Prakṛti', otherwise known as 'Māyā' by virtue of its vast
potentiality of wondrous dimensions, the primordial Matter, in
its unmanifest State is the Lord's instrument for the creation of
the Universe, vast and varied. By a mere resolve, 'may I become manifold'—bahusyāṁ praśāyaṁ— the Lord ushered in the Kaleidoscopic worlds, 'Matter’. His instrument undergoing the requisite changes of state, at His sweet will. Goddess Mahā-lakṣmi is referred to, as the daughter of the 'Milk-ocean', as she emerged from the ocean when it was churned and got herself inseparably poised on the Lord's chest thereafter.

Salve me, O, Krishna, the Supreme saviour of multi-dimensional glory

Kṛṣṇo rākṣatu no jagatrayaguruḥ Kṛṣṇam namasyāmyahām
Kṛṣṇena maraśatravo vinihitāḥ Kṛṣṇāya tubhyāṁ namah
Kṛṣṇādeva samutthitam jagadidāṁ Kṛṣṇasya dāsosmyahām
Kṛṣṇe tiṣṭhāti sarvametadakhilaṁ हे Kṛṣṇa rākṣasva mām

May Kṛṣṇa, the spiritual teacher of all the worlds, Protect us; Him do I worship, by Him were quelled Deva’s foes, unto You Kṛṣṇa offer do I obeisance, From Kṛṣṇa came into being the Universe, Kṛṣṇa’s vassal am I; in Kṛṣṇa abide one and all, O, Kṛṣṇa! deign to solve me, your humble vassal.

Jagatraya Guruh Kṛṣṇah nah rākṣatu | aham Kṛṣṇam namasyāmi | Kṛṣṇena amaraśatravaḥ vinihitāḥ | Kṛṣṇāya tubhyāṁ namah |
| idāṁ jagat Kṛṣṇādeva samutthitam aham Kṛṣṇasya dāsah asmi |
etat sarvam akhilam Kṛṣṇe tiṣṭhāti | he Kṛṣṇa māṁ rākṣasva.

jagatraya guruḥ—The Universal Teacher, who purveyed through His ‘Song Celestial—Gitā’ spiritual knowledge, the cream of the Vedic teachings,
Krṣṇah—Krṣṇa, nah—us,
raksiṭu—(May He) protect, aham—I,
Krṣṇam namasyāmi—salute Krṣṇa,
Krṣṇena—By Krṣṇa, anara śatavah—Deva’s foes
vinihatāḥ—were vanquished,
Krṣṇāya tubhyāṁ namah—salutation to you, Krṣṇa
(there is also another reading, ‘tubhyāṁ’ being
substituted by ‘tasmai’; meaning ‘that’.)
idam jagat—this universe,
Krṣnādeva—from Krṣṇa, sanutthitam—emanated,
ahaṁ Krṣṇasya dāsah asmi—Krṣṇa’s vassal am I,
etat sarvam akhilam—All these (worlds), in their
entirety,
Krṣṇe tiṣṭhati—rest (abide) in Krṣṇa,
He Krṣṇa!—O, Krṣṇa!, māṁ (samraksi) raksiṣvāṁ—
protect me.

Recounting the several facets of Śrī Krṣṇa’s glory, the poet
also exhibits the awareness of his own essential nature (svarūpa)
as the exclusive vassal of the Lord, totally dependent on Him
and hence completely resigned to His sweet, spontaneous,
redemptive grace. There is, therefore, no question of his
indulging in self protection, in any manner, however slight.
Hence, the supplication, as above.

It is also noteworthy that, in this sloka, the poet has made
admirable use of the word ‘Krṣṇa’ in all the eight cases.
[see portions in italics.]

O, all merciful Bhagavan! may you shed your
grace and salve this destitute

O, all merciful Bhagavan! may you shed your
grace and salve this destitute
Tattvaṁ prasīda Bhagavan kuru mayyanāthe
Viṣṇo kṛpāṁ paramakārūṇikaḥ kila tvāṁ
Saṁsārasāgara nimagnamananta dīnāṁ
Uddhartumarhasi Hare Puruṣottamōsi

Thou art Viṣṇu, the all-pervading, eternal and merciful,
Full of traits auspicious; deign therefore to shed
On me Thy redemptive grace albeit I have committed Transgressions many; O, Hari! Who indeed can pull Me up from the ocean deep of saṁsāra save Thee, the best of all?

(Hey) Bhagavan Viṣṇo tvāṁ anāthe mayi prasīda tvāṁ paramakārūṇikaḥ kila (mayi) kṛpāṁ kuru saṁsāra sāgara nimagnaṁ dīnāṁ uddhartum arhasi Ananta! Hare! Puruṣottamaḥ asi.

Bhagavan!—O, Lord, possessing the six principal traits, namely, omni-science (all-knowing), omni-potence (all-powerful), supreme sovereignty (king of all kings of all the worlds), valour, energy and brilliance each of unlimited dimensions,
Viṣṇo—all-pervading (omni-present),
Tvāṁ—Thou, anāthe mayi—upon me (your exclusive vassal), who am without a protector,
prasīda—shed your grace (overlooking my countless transgressions),
Tvāṁ paramakārūṇikaḥ kila—Aren’t Thou, the all-merciful?
Mayi kṛpāṁ kuru—unto me extend your grace,
saṁsāra sāgara nimagnaṁ—sunk deep in the ocean of saṁsāra,
dīnāṁ—destitute, poor me, getting tossed up by the terrific waves, the perils and hazards of saṁsāra,
uddhartum—to lift (me) ashore,
arhasi—(Thou art most) competent, rather the only one who can do that, my sole Refuge,
Ananta!—O, endless (eternal) one!
Hare!—O, Lord Nārāyaṇa! (Viṣṇu Bhagavān) the great Redeemer who cuts out all our sins and fulfils all our desires,
Puruṣottamaḥ—the best of all, the greatest of all givers, the Donor, par excellence,
asi—Thou art.

O, Lord Nārāyaṇa! Thou art not only Supreme, higher than the highest, the best of all, the greatest of all givers (Puruṣottamaḥ) but also possessed of innumerable auspicious traits, the most outstanding being your redemptive grace, readiness to forgive our truckloads of sins and our imperfections innumerable. For me, sunk deep in the mire of Samsāra, is there any one else who can come to my rescue, lift me ashore, redeem, resurrect and sustain me? No, not at all. Deign, therefore, to salve me, as I look upon Thee, as my sole Refuge.

Rivetted am I to Narayana by word, deed and thought

नमामि नारायण पादपंजजं
करोमि नारायण पूजनं सदा
वदामि नारायण नाम निर्मलं
भगामि नारायण तत्वमाभ्यम् ॥ ३५ ॥

Namāmi Nārāyaṇa pādapāṅkajam
Karomi Nārāyaṇa pūjanaṁ sadā
Vadāmi Nārāyaṇa nāma nirmalāṁ
Smarāmi Nārāyaṇa tattvamāvyaṁ

At Nārāyaṇa’s lotus feet do I prostrate,
At all times do I Nārāyaṇa propitiate,
Spell out do I ‘Nārāyaṇa’, the name immaculate
Nārāyaṇa, the primary entity, immutable, do I
contemplate
Sadā Nārāyaṇa pādapāṅkajāṁ namāmi, Nārāyaṇa pūjanaṁ
karomi, nirmalam Nārāyaṇa nāma vadāmi, avyayaḥ Nārāyaṇa
tattvaṁ smarāmi.

Sadā—always,
Nārāyaṇa pādapāṅkajām—at Nārāyaṇa’s lotus feet,
namāmi—(I) prostrate,
Nārāyaṇa pūjanaṁ—propitiation (worship) of Nārāyaṇa,
karomi—(I) do,
nirmalam—absolutely pure (in itself, it sanctifies the
chanter as well),
Nārāyaṇa nāma vadāmi—(That) name, Nārāyaṇa, I
utter (chant),
avyayaḥ—changeless (immutable), no waxing or
waning,
Nārāyaṇa tattvaṁ—(that) fundamental entity, the
truth (ultimate),
smarāmi—I contemplate (meditate upon).

The poet’s prayer that his mind be lifted away from the
sensual pleasures and worldly pursuits and be immersed,
instead, in incessant contemplation of the Lord’s lotus feet has
been duly granted by Him. And so, the poet gives vent to his
current experience, namely, being rivetted to Lord Nārāyaṇa
by word, deed and thought, as a true ‘upāsaka’ (practicant)
ought to be.

What a pity! the worldlings can but do not utter
the holy names of the Lord and court,
instead, endless miseries

श्रीनाथ नारायण वासुदेव
श्रीकृष्ण भक्तिप्रिय चक्रपाणे
Srīnātha! Nārāyaṇa! Vāsudeva!
Śrī Kṛṣṇa! Bhaktapriya! Cakrpaṇe!
Śrī Padmanābha! Acyuta! Kaitabhāre!
Śrī Rāma! Padmākṣa! Hare! Murāre!
Ananta! Vaikuṇṭha! Mukunda! Kṛṣṇa!
Govinda! Dāmodara! Mādhava! iti
Vaktum samarthaḥ na vakti kaścita
Aho janānaṁ vyasanābhimukhyam!

To address the Supreme Lord lustily as Śrī Nātha!
Nārāyaṇa! Vāsudeva! Śrī Kṛṣṇa! Bhaktapriya!
Cakrpaṇe! Śrī Padmanābha! Acyuta! Kaitabhāre!
Śrī Rāma! Padmākṣa! Hare! Murāre!
Ananta! Vaikuṇṭha! Mukunda! Kṛṣṇa!
Govinda! Dāmodara! Mādhava! and so on,
'Tis well within the competence of every one
But, alas! none does, the folks court instead
endless pain.

(From the 6th line) Mādhava iti vaktum samarthaḥ api
kaścita na vakti janānaṁ vyasanābhimukhyam aho!
Śrīnātha!—O, Consort of Śrī (Lakṣmi),
Nārāyaṇa!—O, Lord Nārāyaṇa!, Vāsudeva!—O,
Kṛṣṇa, son of Vāsudeva,
Śrī Kṛṣṇa!—O, Lord Kṛṣṇa!
Bhakta priya!—O, lover of the devout!
Cakrapāne!—O, wielder of the Discus!
Padmākṣa!—O, lotus eyed! Ananta!—O, the Endless (Eternal) one!
Vaikunṭha!—O, Lord of the transcendental abode,
Vaikunṭha!
Dāmodara!—O, Kṛṣṇa! (Kṛṣṇa, the Divine lad got
His tummy tethered by a rope, a punishment inflicted by the mother),
iti—so on, vaktrum samarthaḥ api—although competent to utter,
kaścit na vakti—no one utters,
janānāṁ vyasanābhimukhyam—the greed of the people to pursue the path of pain,
aho!— alas! it is surprising.

The holy names of the Supreme Lord, spelling out His glory and grandeur and His auspicious traits, are there, any number of them. By just pronouncing any one of them one can attain salvation, during the present (Kali) yuga. The merciful Lord has also endowed every one with a tongue, happily located with all the operational ease which goes with such a location. Every one can thus easily pronounce the Lord’s holy names and attain salvation. And yet, what a marvel! People abstain from going through even such a simple vocal exercise and court, as if it is a pleasure trip, the path of pain and suffering. The poet naturally deplores the fate of the ungodly who are sense-buried and earth-bound to such an extent that they would not utter any of the holy names of the Lord, even once.

Moksha, the sure reward for steadfast devotion to Lord Vishnu

ध्यायति ये विष्णुमनन्तमध्ययः
हृत्यद्वन्दवध्येये सतातं व्यवस्थितम्।
Dhyāyanti ye Viṣṇumanantamavyayaṁ
Hṛṣtpadma madhye satataṁ vyavasthitam
Samāhitānāṁ satatābhayapradāṁ
Te yānti siddhiṁ paramaṁca Vaiṣṇavīṁ

Whosoever meditates on Lord Viṣṇu, the eternal,
The never-changing, Him that stays for ever,
Firm in heart’s centre, ever ready to succour
The devout who do their senses control,
Attains Mokṣa, Viṣṇu’s abode, supreme and eternal.

Te anantaṁ avyayaṁ hṛṣṭpadamadhye satataṁ vyavasthitam
samāhitānāṁ satatābhayapradāṁ Viṣṇuṁ dhyāyanti, te paramāṁ
vaiṣṇavīṁ siddhim yānti.

Te—Whosoever, anantaṁ—endless, eternal,
avyayaṁ—The changeless never-changing, hṛṣṭpadama-
madhye—In the core of the lotus-shaped heart,
satataṁ—always, for ever, vyavasthitam—firmly lodged
samāhitānāṁ satatābhayapradāṁ—ever vouchsafing succour
to those who keep their senses, well under
control,
Viṣṇum dhyāyanti—meditate on Viṣṇu, the Omni-present
All-pervading,
te—he, paramāṁ—the highest, the best one can
aspire for,
vaiṣṇavīṁ—the abode of Viṣṇu, whose sole prerogative
it is to grant one entry into it,
siddhim—Mokṣa, yānti—attains.

Well, the poet has, time and again, exhorted the worldly
men around, to give up attachment to earthly relations and
sensual pleasures and commune with God, establishing rapport
with Him by means of constant meditation on His lotus feet.
But then, the worldly men might ask where God is, how He can be got at and what benefits He can confer. Here is the answer—He is right inside the core of everyone’s heart, all the time. There is no gift beyond His capacity and in fact, the best of all His bounty, the greatest (highest) of all His gifts, is the grant of Mokṣa, the final emancipation (release) from the dreadful cycle of birth, death and rebirth and entry into the high heaven, His transcendental abode whence there is no returning, the Eternal Land. All that one has to do is to meditate on Him, who stays firm in everyone’s heart, with steadfast devotion, keeping the unruly senses, well under control.

**Salutation to Madhava, relaxing in the Milk-ocean, amidst glorious setting**

शीरसागर तरङ्गशीकराः-
सारतारकित चास्मूचये
भोगिभोग शयनीयशायिने
माधवाय मधुविदिव्ये नमः || ३९ ||

Kṣirasāgara taraṅgaśīkarā
Sāratārakita cārumūrtaye
Bhogibhoga śayanīyasāyine
Mādhavāya Madhuvīdiṣe namaḥ

Salutation to Mādhava, Who the demon Madhu slew, Now relaxing on the bosom of Ādiśeṣa, the serpent, In the ‘Milk-ocean’ whose wavy sprays spill around, Setting on His body exquisite like stars in the blue.

Kṣirasāgara taraṅga śākarā sāratārakita cāru mūrtaye bhogi bhoga śayanīya śāyine Mādhavāya Madhuvīdiṣe namaḥ

Kṣirasāgara taraṅga śākarā sāratārakita cārumūrtaye — O He, of an exquisite body where the sprays thrown by the waves of the Milk-ocean look like stars in their multitude
bhogi bhoga śāyanīya śāyine—(who is) relaxing on the cushiony bosom of Ādiśeṣa, the serpent
Madhuśiđviśe—(and), who slew Madhu, the demon
Mādhavāya—unto Him, Lākṣmī’s consort, namāḥ—
(I offer my), salutation.

What a glorious setting, envisioned by the mind’s eye of the poet, revelling in the realm of God-love! The worldlings whom the poet had been addressing, every now and then, could also take heart and enjoy the beatific vision of the Lord if they followed in the foot-steps of the poet. The milky sprays, thrown up by the billows of the ‘Milk-ocean’ where Lord Viṣṇu, in His ‘Vyuḥa’ aspect, is relaxing on the cushiony bosom of Adiśeṣa, the serpent-couch, soft and soporific, settle on the Lord’s charming person, of bluish hue and look like the sparkling stars in a clear, blue sky. The reader too can enjoy the glorious setting, projected by the poet, by imbibing the spirit underlying these scintillating ślokas, suffused with Kṛṣṇa bhakti of a very high order. As a matter of fact, our elders have set the pace, in this direction, by reciting this śloka, in blissful contemplation of Mādhava, while going to bed, at night, and enjoining upon us all, belonging to posterity, to do likewise.

The author’s subscription

यस् प्रियो श्रुतिधरो कविलोकते
मित्रो ध्रुवनमवरप्रव शरावभूताम् ।
तेनाम्बुजाक्ष चरणाम्बुज पद्मदेन
राज्ञा कुता कृतिरियं कुलश्रेष्ठेन ॥ ४० ॥

Yasya priyau sṛtidharau kavilokavīrāu
Mitrau dvijanmavarapadma śaravabhūtām
Tenaṃbujākṣa caraṇāmbuja śatpadena
Rājñā kṛtā kṛtirīyaṃ Kulaśekebhenā

This hymnal was by King Kulaśekhara composed,
Who is but the honey-bee in the lotus feet poised,
Of Mukund, the lotus-eyed, with two brahmin friends blessed
In dear Padma and Ṣara, eminent poets, in Vedas well versed

Tasya priyau mitrau śṛtīdharau kavilokāvirau dvijaṃnavarau
Padmaśarau abhūtam ambujākṣa caranāmbuja sātpadena tena
Kulaśekharenā rājñā iyaṁ kṛtiḥ kṛtā

Tasya—for whom, priyau—dear ones, mitrau—two friends,
śṛtīdharau—well-versed in the Vedas,
kavilokāvira—(and) poets of great eminence (right on top),
dvijaṃnavaru Padma Śara—brahmins (twice born), by name Padma and Śara,
abhūtam—there were
ambujākṣa caranāmbuja sātpadena—(and who is like) the six-footed honey-bee in the lotus feet of the lotus-eyed (Mukunda),
tena kulaśekharenā—by that Kulaśekhara, rājñā—king,
iyaṁ—this, kṛtiḥ—hymnal (composition), kṛtā—was authored (composed).

Even as one concludes a letter by subscribing one’s name, that is, writing (signing) it at the foot of the letter, it is customary for the poet to reveal his name and antecedence in the end-song (stanza). And so, here the author reveals his name as Kulaśekhara, with two intimate brahmin friends, named, Padma and Śara, well-versed in Vedas and also right in the vanguard of poets, by virtue of their poetic excellence. This, by itself, is not enough to identify the author with Kulaśekhara Ālvār whose date of birth according to the traditional account was in the 28th year of Kaliyuga (month of Māsi, Star—Punarvasu), that is, more than 5,000 years ago. The modern researchers who go by internal evidence and historic perspective have, however, put down the dates of the Ālvārs, as a whole,
between the 5th and 8th century A.D. This is, however, not the place for a discussion on the age of the Ālvārs, a subject, which has been tackled threadbare in my book, ‘On fixing the age of the Ālvārs’ published nearly twenty years ago. The popular belief, the majority view is that this hymnal was also composed by King Kulaśekhara of the good olden days, canonised as an ‘Ālvār Saint’, the author of the Tamil hymnal ‘Perumāḷ Tirumoli’ (105 stanzas), included in the compendium, collectively known as ‘Divya Prabhhandham’, comprising, in all, four thousand stanzas. The other school of thought, of course in a minority, holds that this hymnal has been composed by a king, named Kulaśekhara, perhaps a remote descendant of the ancient king Kulaśekhara, steeped in ‘Krṣṇa bhakti’. The latter school might argue that the ‘Guruparampara’ which gives the traditional account of the lives of the ‘Ālvārs’ and the Pūrvācāryas’ (ancient preceptors) does not contain any mention of the two brahmin friends of great eminence, Padma and Śara, highlighted in this concluding śloka by the author. If these two friends merited mention in the end śloka which tells us no more about the author himself than the bare mention of his name and his kingship (without even the details of the territory ruled over by him), it is reasonable to expect a similar mention in the ‘Guruparampara’, as well. Moreover, Kulaśekhara Ālvār was known to be an ardent devotee of Lord Rāma whereas the present hymnal reveals the author’s devotion, par excellence, to Lord Krṣṇa. No doubt, in the final analysis, Rāma and Krṣṇa were but the incarnations of the Supreme Lord Nārāyana. As a matter of fact, two of the ten decades of Saint Kulaśekhara’s ‘Perumāḷ Tirumoli’ (6th and 7th) deal exclusively with the Ālvār’s ‘Krṣṇānubhava’ ecstatic contemplation of Krṣṇa’s boyhood pranks.

Well, be it the one way or the other, the intrinsic merit of this hymnal commends itself to the chanters of these soul-stirring ślokas, drenched in devotion, a saturation of a very high order, and thus makes it an integral portion of our stotra literature, so very vital to our spiritual advancement.

The poet sums up, in this concluding śloka, his devotion to Mukunda by comparing it with the rapport between the lotus
and the honey-bee because the Lord is lotus-eyed and His lotus feet shed honey in profusion, attracting the poet, the figurative honey-bee. ‘Viṣṇuḥ pade parame madhvautsah’ (Viṣṇu Sūktam).

Thus ends ‘Mukunda Mālā’

‘Kṛṣṇāya Vāsudevāya Devaki Nandanāya ca
Nandagopa Kumārāya Govindāya namo namaḥ’

‘Salutation to Lord Kṛṣṇa, son of Vāsudeva, darling of Devaki, the foster-son of Nandagopa, crowned as Govinda’.
## ERRATA

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BOOKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR

(1) APÜRVA RĀMĀYAṆA—A Character Study.

(2) Excerpts from KĀNCHI MAHĀVIDVĀN Late P. B. ANNANGARĀCHĀRYA’S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

(3) BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MANAVĀLA MĀMUṆĪGAL

(4) A CRITICAL APPRECIATION OF ŚRI VEDĀNTA-DEŠIKA VIS-Ā-VIS THE VAISHNAVITE WORLD

(5) ON FIXING THE AGE OF THE ĀLVĀRS

(6) MUMUKṢUPADI & TATVATRAYA OF PILLAI LOKĀCĀRYA

(7) ŚRI VACANA BHŪṢANAM AND YATIRĀJA VIMŚATĪ

(8) WHAT IS VIṢIṢṬĀDVAITA PHILOSOPHY?

(9) ŚRIMAD BHAGAVADGĪTA
   (A brief but self contained glossary closely conforming to Rāmānuja Bhāṣya)

(10) STOTRA RATNA (Hymnal Gem of Yāmūnācārya)

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(13) “O MAN!”—The Science of Man from A to Z

(14) MUKUNDAMĀLĀ

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(Kannada & Sanskrit)

(1) ŚRI GĪTA BHĀŚYAM
(2) ŚRI GĪTA TĀTPARYA NIRṆAYA { No Stock
(3) ŚRIMAD ĀṆUBHĀŚYAM
(4) ŚRĪMAD VIṢNU TATVA NIRṆAYA
(5) ŚRI DWĀDASHA STOTRAM
(6) ŚRI KṚŚṆĀMRĀTA MAHĀRNĀVA
(7) ŚRI SADĀČĀRA SMṚTĪH
(8) ŚRI JAYANTHI NIRMAYA
(9) ŚRI LAKŚHHMINRŚIMHA NAKHA STUTIHI
(10) ŚRI KANDUKA STOTRAM
(11) ŚRI TATWA SAMKHYĀNA
(12) ŚRI TATVA VIVĒKA
(13) ŚRI MĀṆYĀVĀDA KHANDANA
(14) ŚRI UPĀDHĪ KHANDANA
(15) ŚRI PRAPĀṆCAMIRTHYĀTVĀDI KHANDANA
(16) ŚRI TATVODYOTA
(17) ŚRI YATIPRANĀVA KALPA
(18) ŚRI ISĀVĀSYOPANIṢAD BHĀSYA
(19) ŚRI TALAVĀKĀROPAŅIṢAD BHĀSYAM
(20) ŚRI HARIGURUBHAKTI KUSUMĀNJALI
(21) ŚRIMAN MADHVACHARITAMĀNASA
(22) ŚRI MADHVAṆAVAMI SANDESHA, MĀDHAVA STAVARĀJA & PRĀTAḤ SANKALPA GADYA
(23) ŚRI RAGHAVENDRARU
(24) ŚRINIVASA VIJAYA
(25) ŚRI VYASARĀYARU
(26) ŚRI ATHARVANOPANIṢAD BHĀSYAM
(27) ŚRIMAD BHĀGAVATAM