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Gita·govínda

Love Songs of Radha
and Krishna

by Jaya·deva



Translated by
LEE SIEGEL

With a Foreword by Sudipta Kaviraj

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PRESS & JJC FOUNDATION

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ŞAŞṬHAḤ SARGAḤ
SOTKAṆṬHA|VAIKUNṬHAḤ

CANTO 6
COVETED KRISHNA
THE GOD WHO RULES
VISHNU'S HEAVEN

6.1 **A**THA TĀṂ GANTUM aśaktāṃ
ciram anuraktāṃ latā|gr̥he dṛṣṭvā
tac|caritaṃ Govinde
manasija|mande sakhī prāha.

prabandhaḥ 12
(*Guṇakarī|rāgeṇa rūpaka|tālena gīyate.*)

PAŚYATI DĪŚI DĪŚI rahasi bhavantam
tad|adhara|madhura|madhūni pibantam;
nātha Hare, sīdati Rādhā vāsa|gr̥he. *dhruvapadam* [XII.1]

tvad|abhisaraṇa|rabhasena valantī
patati padāni kiyanti calantī;
nātha Hare, sīdati Rādhā vāsa|gr̥he. [XII.2]

vihita|viśada|bisa|kisalaya|valayā
jīvati param iha tava rati|kalayā;
nātha Hare, sīdati Rādhā vāsa|gr̥he. [XII.3]

6.5 muhur avalokita|maṇḍana|līlā
«Madhu|ripur aham,» iti bhāvana|śīlā,
nātha Hare, sīdati Rādhā vāsa|gr̥he. [XII.4]

IN HER IVY bower, Radha had been so persistently
impassioned 6.1
that she was too weak to go to Krishna;
Seeing her in such a sorry state, Radha's friend
went to him—
he too languishing in love—to tell him of her condition:

Song Twelve

IN HER SOLITUDE, she fancies that she sees you everywhere—
You sip the honey from her lips as though you're really there;
Radha woefully awaits you, Lord Krishna,
in her hideaway. *Refrain*

Eagerly she rushed out to tryst with you,
But stumbled and fell after just a step or two;
Radha woefully awaits you, Lord Krishna,
in her hideaway.

Although she's made a bracelet of lotus stem and leaf,
Only your artful lovemaking can redeem her from her grief;
Radha woefully awaits you, Lord Krishna,
in her hideaway.

Gazing at her ornaments, toying with what is true, 6.5
"I am Krishna," she declares, pretending she is you;
Radha woefully awaits you, Lord Krishna,
in her hideaway.

«tvaritam upaiti na katham abhisāram
 Harir?» iti vadati sakhīm anuvāram;
 nātha Hare, sīdati Rādhā vāsa|gṛhe. [XII.5]

śliṣyati, cumbati jala|dhara|kalpam
 «Harir upagata,» iti timiram an|alpam;
 nātha Hare, sīdati Rādhā vāsa|gṛhe. [XII.6]

bhavati vilambini vigalita|lajjā
 vilapati roditi vāsaka|sajjā;
 nātha Hare, sīdati Rādhā vāsa|gṛhe. [XII.7]

śrī|Jayadeva|kaver idam uditam
 rasika|janaṃ tanutām atimuditam;
 nātha Hare, sīdati Rādhā vāsa|gṛhe. [XII.8]



6.10 «vipula|pulaka|pālīḥ, sphīta|sīt|kāram antar|
 janita|jaḍīma|kāku|vyākulaṃ vyāharantī,
 tava, kitava, vidhāy' â|manda|kandarpa|cintām
 rasa|jala|nidhi|magnā, dhyāna|lagnā mṛg'|âkṣī.»

“Why doesn’t Krishna come to me right now?”
 She asks me, her friend, as if I’d know somehow.
 Radha woefully awaits you, Lord Krishna,
 in her hideaway.

“Krishna has arrived,” she then cries aloud,
 Hugging and kissing the darkness, nothing but a cloud;
 Radha woefully awaits you, Lord Krishna,
 in her hideaway.

She moans, she weeps, her composure melts away;
 She’s ready to receive you, and yet you still delay;
 Radha woefully awaits you, Lord Krishna,
 in her hideaway.

May connoisseurs of poetry enjoy aesthetic bliss
 When, listening to my poetry, they hear a song like this.
 Radha woefully awaits you, Lord Krishna,
 in her hideaway.



“Her skin bristles, hysterical, she moans and babbles, 6.10
 befuddled and depressed;
 All because of you, cheater that you are,
 The doe-eyed girl is out of her mind
 with extravagant passion,
 entranced in meditation on you,
 and drowning in an ocean of love.”

«aṅgeṣv ābharaṇaṃ karoti bahuśaḥ,
 patre 'pi saṃcāriṇi
 prāptaṃ tvāṃ pariśaṅkate, vitanute
 śayyāṃ, ciraṃ dhyāyati;
 ity ākalpa|vikalpa|talpa|racaṇā|
 saṅkalpa|līlā|śata|
 vyāsakt" āpi vinā tvayā vara|tanur
 n'|aiśā niśāṃ neṣyati.»

«kiṃ viśrāmyasi *kṛṣṇa/bhogi/bhavane*
 bhāṇḍīra|bhūmī|ruhi,
 bhrātar, yāsi na dṛṣṭi|gocaram itaḥ
s'/ānanda/Nand'/āspadam?»
 Rādhāyā vacanaṃ tad|adhvaga|mukhān
 Nand'|āntike gopato
 Govindasya jayanti sāyam atithi|
 prāśastyā|garbhā giraḥ.

“She has adorned herself, and every time a leaf rustles,
imagining you’ve come, she spreads out the bedding,
and thinks only of you;
Despite hundreds of such games of make-believe,
putting on jewels and preparing your bed,
this lovely girl won’t survive the night without you.”

“Why are you resting beneath that banyan tree, my brother?”
Radha asked a traveler.
“*It’s full of blacksnakes. Why not go to Nanda’s
comfortable home?*
You can see it from here.”

Radha’s speech, repeated by that traveler in Nanda’s
presence that evening,
contained a secret message for Krishna:*
 (“The banyan tree *is an abode for Krishna the lover.*
Why not go to *that place of delightful delight?*”)
Glory to the words concealed in the greetings of a guest!



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Jaya·deva's GITA·GOVÍNDĀ is a world classic, the songs of a Krishna become the ideal lover, composed in the twelfth century for sophisticated aesthetes whose erotic sentiments and religious sensibilities together served, and were served by, the pleasures of poetry in performance.

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