

श्रीश्रीदामोदराष्टकम् ॥ Śrī Śrī Dāmodarāṣṭakam

नमामीश्वरं सच्चिदानन्दरूपं
लसत्-कुण्डलं गोकुले ब्राजमानम् ।
यशोदाभियोलूखलाक्लावमानं
परामृष्टमत्यं ततो द्रुत्य गोप्या ॥१॥

namāmiśvaram sac-cid-ānanda-rūpaṁ
lasat-kuṇḍalam gokule bhrājamanam
yaśodā-bhiyolūkhalād dhāvamānam
parāmṛṣṭam atyantato drutya gopyā

(1) To the Supreme Lord, whose form is the embodiment of eternal existence, knowledge, and bliss, whose shark-shaped earrings are swinging to and fro, who is beautifully shining in the divine realm of Gokula, who [due to the offense of breaking the pot of yogurt that His mother was churning into butter and then stealing the butter that was kept hanging from a swing] is quickly running from the wooden grinding mortar in fear of mother Yaśodā, but who has been caught from behind by her who ran after Him with greater speed—to that Supreme Lord, Śrī Dāmodara, I offer my humble obeisances.

रुदन्तं मुहूर्नेत्रयुग्मं मृजन्तं
कराभोजयुगौन सातङ्कनेत्रम् ।
मुहुरश्वसकम्प त्रिरेखाङ्ककण्ठ-
स्थित-ग्रेव-दामोदरं भक्तिबद्धम् ॥२॥

rudantaṁ muhur netra-yugmaṁ mṛjantaṁ
karāmbhoja-yugmena sātaṅka-netram
muhur śvāsa-kampa-trirekhāṅka-kaṅṭha-
sthita-graivam dāmodaram bhakti-baddham

(2) [Seeing the whipping stick in His mother's hand,] He is crying and rubbing His eyes again and again with His two lotus hands. His eyes are filled with fear, and the necklace of pearls around His neck, which is marked with three lines like a conchshell, is shaking because of His quick breathing due to crying. To this Supreme Lord, Śrī Dāmodara, whose belly is bound not with ropes but with His mother's pure love, I offer my humble obeisances.

इतीदृक् स्वलीलाभिरानन्दकुण्डे
स्वघोषं निमज्जन्तमाख्यापयन्तम् ।
तदीयेशितङ्गेषु भक्तैर्जितवत्तुं
पुनः प्रेमतस्तुं शतावृत्ति वन्दे ॥३॥

itīdṛk sva-lilābhir ānanda-kuṇḍe
sva-ghoṣam nimajjantaṁ ākhyāpayantaṁ
tadiyeṣita-jñeṣu bhaktair jitatvaṁ
punaḥ prematas taṁ śatāvṛtti vande

(3) By such childhood pastimes as this He is drowning the inhabitants of Gokula in pools of ecstasy, and is revealing to those devotees who are absorbed in knowledge of His supreme majesty and opulence that He is only conquered by devotees whose pure love is imbued with intimacy and is free from all conceptions of awe and reverence. With great love I again offer my obeisances to Lord Śrī Dāmodara hundreds and hundreds of times.

वरं देव! मोक्षं न मोक्षावधिं वा
न चान्यं वृणेशहं वरेशापिह ।
इदन्ते वपुर्नाथ! गोपालबालं
सदा मे मनस्याविरास्तुं किमन्यैः ॥४॥

varam deva mokṣam na mokṣāvadhiṁ vā
na canyaṁ vṛṇe 'haṁ vareṣād apiha
idaṁ te vapur nātha gopāla-bālam
sadā me manasy āvirāstam kim anyaiḥ

(4) O Lord, although You are able to give all kinds of benedictions, I do not pray to You for the boon of impersonal liberation, nor the highest liberation of eternal life in Vaikuṅṭha, nor any other boon [which may be obtained by executing the nine processes of *bhakti*]. O Lord, I simply wish that this form of Yours as Bāla Gopāla in Vṛndāvana may ever be manifest in my heart, for what is the use to me of any other boon besides this?

