

# 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 dhāvamānaṁ  
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-ghoṣaṁ 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 वरेशदपीह ।  
इदन्ते वपुर्नाथ! गोपालबालं  
सदा मे मनस्याविरास्तां किमन्यैः ॥४॥

varam deva mokṣaṁ na mokṣāvadhiṁ vā  
na canyaṁ vṛṇe 'haṁ vareṣād apīha  
idaṁ te vapur nātha gopāla-bālaṁ  
sadā me manasy āvirāstāṁ 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?

ইদন্তে মুখাস্তোজমব্যক্তনীলৈ-  
বৃতং কুন্তলৈঃ স্নিগ্ধ-রক্তৈশ্চ গোপ্যা ।  
মুহুশ্চুস্বিতং বিশ্ব-রক্তাধরং মে  
মনস্যাবিরাস্তামলং লক্ষ্মলাভৈঃ ॥৫॥

idam te mukhāmbhojam atyanta-nīlair  
vṛtam kuntalaiḥ snigdha-raktaiś ca gopyā  
muhuś chusvitaṁ bimba-raktādharam me  
manasy āvirāstām alam lakṣma-lābhaiḥ

(5) O Lord, Your lotus face, which is encircled by locks of soft black hair tinged with red, is kissed again and again by mother Yaśodā, and Your lips are reddish like the bimba fruit. May this beautiful vision of Your lotus face be ever manifest in my heart. Thousands and thousands of other benedictions are of no use to me.

নমো দেব দামোদারানন্তবিষণ  
প্রসীদ প্রভো দুঃখজালাক্লিমগ্নম্ ।  
কৃপাদৃষ্টি-বৃষ্ট্যাতিদীনং বতানু-  
গৃহাণেশ মামজ্ঞমেধ্যক্ষি দৃশ্যঃ ॥৬॥

namo deva dāmodarānanta viṣṇo  
prasīda prabho duḥkha-jālābhīmagṇam ।  
kṛpā-dṛṣṭi-vṛṣṭyāti-dīnam batānu-  
gṛhāṇeṣa mām ajñam edhy akṣi-dṛśyaḥ

(6) O Supreme Godhead, I offer my obeisances unto You. O Dāmodara! O Ananta! O Viṣṇu! O master! O my Lord, be pleased upon me. By showering Your glance of mercy upon me, deliver this poor ignorant fool who is immersed in an ocean of worldly sorrows, and become visible to my eyes.

কুবেরাঅজৌ বন্ধমূর্ত্যৈব যদ্বৎ  
ত্বয়া মোচিতৌ ভক্তিভাজৌ কৃতৌ চ ।  
তথা প্রেমভক্তিং স্বকাং মে প্রযচ্ছ  
ন মোক্ষে গ্রহোমেহস্তি দামোদরেহ ॥৭॥

kuverātmajau baddha-mūṛtyaiva yadvat  
tvayā mocitau bhakti-bhājau kṛtau ca  
tathā prema-bhaktiṁ svakāṁ me prayaccha  
na mokṣe graho me 'sti dāmodareha

(7) O Lord Dāmodara, just as the two sons of Kuvera—Manigrīva and Nalakūvara—were delivered from the curse of Nārada and made into great devotees by You in Your form as a baby tied with rope to a wooden grinding mortar, in the same way, please give to me Your own prema-bhakti. I only long for this and have no desire for any kind of liberation.

নমস্তেহস্ত দাম্নে স্ফুরদীপ্তি-ধাম্নে  
ত্বদীয়োদরায়াথ বিশ্বস্য ধাম্নে ।  
নমো রাধিকায়ৈ ত্বদীয়-প্রিয়ায়ৈ  
নমোহনন্তলীলায় দেবায় তুভ্যম্ ॥৮॥

namas te 'stu dāmne sphurad-īpti-dhāmne  
tvadiyodarāyātha viśvasya dhāmne  
namo rādhikāyai tvadiya-priyāyai  
namo 'nanta-līlaya devāya tubhyam

(8) O Lord Dāmodara, I first of all offer my obeisances to the brilliantly effulgent rope which binds Your belly. I then offer my obeisances to Your belly, which is the abode of the entire universe. I humbly bow down to Your most beloved Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī, and I offer all obeisances to You, the Supreme Lord, who displays unlimited pastimes.

ইতি শ্রীপদ্মপুরাণান্তর্গত শ্রীসত্যব্রতমুনি-প্রোক্তং  
শ্রীশ্রীদামোদরাষ্টকং সম্পূর্ণম্ ॥

ঐতিহাসিকচিত্র