

ANANTA SATSANG · THE VERNACULAR VĀṆĪ

रसखान ग्रंथावलङ्घ्य

Rasakhān Granthāvalī

The Complete Controlled Root Corpus



Rasakhān

Complete Devanāgarī-IAST-English edition · 335 printed roots

About this edition

This source-controlled edition presents every root poem printed in the retained Rasakhān Granthāvalī: 256 Sujān-Rasakhān poems, 53 Premavāṭikā dohās, 11 Dāna-līlā poems, five miscellaneous poems, and ten poems explicitly placed under the edition's doubtful-attribution heading.

Text and translation

The Devanāgarī is controlled against the retained Granthāvalī facsimile, fresh high-resolution Hindi OCR, and independent native-text witnesses. IAST is generated directly from the displayed Devanāgarī. The English is a fresh complete Ananta Satsang translation aligned root by root.

Coverage and attribution

The Granthāvalī catalog reports 255 Sujān roots and 334 total, while its printed root sequence actually runs Sujān 1-256 and yields 335 roots. This edition preserves every printed position and documents the one-count discrepancy. Miscellaneous and doubtful texts remain visibly separate; documentary inclusion is not a claim of secure authorship.

Contents

Sujān-Rasakhān · 1–20

Sujān-Rasakhān · 21–40

Sujān-Rasakhān · 41–60

Sujān-Rasakhān · 61–80

Sujān-Rasakhān · 81–100

Sujān-Rasakhān · 101–120

Sujān-Rasakhān · 121–140

Sujān-Rasakhān · 141–160

Sujān-Rasakhān · 161–180

Sujān-Rasakhān · 181–200

Sujān-Rasakhān · 201–220

Sujān-Rasakhān · 221–240

Sujān-Rasakhān · 241–256

Premavāṭikā · 1–20

Premavāṭikā · 21–40

Premavāṭikā · 41–53

Dāna-līlā · 1–11

Miscellaneous Poems · 1–5

Doubtful Attribution · 1–10

Sujān-Rasakhān · 1–20

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Sujān-Rasakhān 1

मानुस हौं तो वही रसखान, बसौं मिलि गोकुल गाँव के ग्वारन।
जो पसु हौं तो कहा बस मेरो, चरौं नित नंद की धेनु मँझारन॥
पाहन हौं तो वही गिरि को, जो धर्यो कर छत्र पुरंदर कारन।
जो खग हौं तो बसेरो करौं मिलि कालिंदीकूल कदम्ब की डारन॥

*mānusa haum̐ to vahī rasakhāna, basauṁ mili gokula gā-va ke gvārana|
jo pasu haum̐ to kahā basa mero, carauṁ nita naṁda kī dhenu ma-jhārana||
pāhana haum̐ to vahī giri ko, jo dharyo kara chatra puramdara kārana|
jo khaga haum̐ to basero karauṁ mili kālīndīkūla kadamba kī ḍārana||*

If I am born human, says Rasakhān, let me live among the cowherds of Gokula village.
If I am born an animal, where else should I dwell? Let me graze forever among Nanda's cows.

If I am born a stone, let me belong to that mountain Kṛṣṇa held aloft as an umbrella against Indra.

If I am born a bird, let my nest be on a kadamba branch along the bank of the Yamunā.

Sujān-Rasakhān 2

जो रसना रस ना बिलसै तेहि देहु सदा निदा नाम उचारन।
मो कत नीकी करै करनी जु पै कुंज-कुटीरन देहु बुहारन।
सिद्धि समृद्धि सबै रसखानि नहौं ब्रज रेनुका-संग-सँवारन।
खास निवास लियौ जु पै तो वही कालिंदी-कूल-कदंब की डारन

*jo rasanā rasa nā bilasai tehi dehu sadā nidā nāma ucārana|
mo kata nīkī karai karānī ju pai kuṁja-kuṭīrana dehu buhārana|
siddhi samṛddhi sabai rasakhāni nahauṁ braja renukā-saṁga-sa-vārana|
khāsa nivāsa liyau ju pai to vahī kālīndī-kūla-kadamba kī ḍārana*

Grant that this tongue, which has found no savor in worldly tastes, may forever utter Your name.

Make these hands worthy by letting them sweep the cottages in Your bowers.

All powers and riches, says Rasakhān, cannot equal adorning oneself with the dust of Vraja.

And if You would give me a dwelling, let it be a kadamba branch upon the Yamunā's bank.

Sujān-Rasakhān 3

बैन वही उनकौ गुन गाइ, औ कान वही उन बैन सों सानी।
हाथ वही उन गात सरैं, अरु पाइ वही जु वही अनुजानी॥
जान वही उन प्रानके संग, औ मान वही जु करै मनमानी।
त्यो रसखानि वही रसखानि, जु है रसखानि, सो है रसखानी॥

baina vahī unakau guṇa gāi, au kāna vahī una baina soṃ sānī|
hātha vahī una gāta saraiṃ, aru pāi vahī ju vahī anujānī||
jāna vahī una prānake saṃga, au māna vahī ju karai manamānī|
tyoṃ rasakhāni vahī rasakhāni, ju hai rasakhāni, so hai rasakhānī||

That speech alone has worth which sings His virtues, and those ears alone which are steeped in His words.

Those hands alone have worth which serve His body, and those feet which follow wherever He goes.

That life alone has worth which remains beside Him, and that pride which lovingly wins its will from Him.

So too, says Rasakhān, the true mine of rasa is the Lord who becomes a treasury of love for His lover.

Sujān-Rasakhān 4

कहा करै रसखानि को, को चुगुल लबार।
जो पै राखनहार हे, माखन-चाखनहार

kahā karai rasakhāni ko, ko cugula labāra|
jo pai rākhanahāra he, mākhana-cākhanahāra

What can any gossip or liar do to Rasakhān
when his guardian is the very One who tastes the butter?

Sujān-Rasakhān 5

विमल सरस रसखानि मिलि, भई सकल रसखानि।
सोई नव रसखानि को, चित चातक रसखानि

vimala sarasa rasakhāni mili, bhāi sakala rasakhāni|
soī nava rasakhāni koṃ, cīta cātaka rasakhāni

Pure and simple, the cowherd girls met the treasury of rasa and became wholly one with that treasury.

For that ever-new, compassionate mine of rasa, Rasakhān's heart is a rain-thirsting cātaka bird.

Sujān-Rasakhān 6

सरस नेह लवलीन नव, द्वै सुजानि रसखानि।
ताके आस बिसास सों पगे प्रान रसखानि

sarasa neha lavalīna nava, dvai sujāni rasakhāni|
tāke āsa bisāsa sōṃ page prāna rasakhāni

The two wise lovers are absorbed in the fresh, luscious play of love.
In hope and trust of Them, says Rasakhān, my very life is steeped.

Sujān-Rasakhān 7

संकर से सुर जाहि भजै चतुरानन ध्यानन धर्म बढ़ावै।
नैक हिये जिहि आनत ही जड़ मूढ़ महा रसखान कहावै।
जा पर देव अदेव भू-अंगना वारत प्रानन प्रानन पावै।
ताहि अहीर की छोहरियाँ छछिया भरि छाछ पै नाच नचावै

saṃkara se sura jāhi bhajaiṃ caturānana dhyānana dharma baṛhāvaiṃ|
naīka hiyeṃ jihi ānata hī jaṛa mūḍha mahā rasakhāna kahāvaiṃ|
jā para deva adeva bhū-aṅganā vārata prānana prānana pāvaiṃ|
tāhi ahīra kī chohariyā~ chachiyā bhari chācha pai nāca nacāvaiṃ

Śiva and the other gods worship Him; four-faced Brahmā deepens his dharma by meditating upon Him.

Bringing Him into the heart for but a moment makes even a great fool renowned as a treasury of wisdom.

Gods, spirits, and the women of earth offer Him their lives and thereby truly live—
yet the cowherd girls make that very Lord dance for a little bowl of buttermilk.

Sujān-Rasakhān 8

सेष, गनेस, महेस, दिनेस, सुरेसहु जाहि निरंतर गावैं।
जाहि अनादि अनंत अखंड अछेद अभेद सुबेद बतावैं।
नारद से सुक ब्यास रहैं पचि हारे तऊ पुनि पार न पावैं।
ताहि अहीर की छोहरियाँ छछिया भरि छाछ पै नाच नचावैं

seṣa, ganesa, mahesa, dinesa, suresahu jāhi niraṁtara gāvaim|
jāhi anādi anaṁta akhaṇḍa acheda abheda subeda batāvaim|
nārada se suka byāsa rahaim paci hāre taū puni pāra na pāvaim|
tāhi ahira kī chohariyā~ chachiyā bhari chācha pai nāca nacāvaim

Śeṣa, Gaṇeśa, Śiva, the sun, and Indra sing Him without cease.

The Vedas proclaim Him beginningless, endless, indivisible, uncut, and beyond all difference.

Nārada, Śuka, and Vyāsa exhaust themselves seeking His limit and still cannot find it—yet the cowherd girls make that very Lord dance for a little bowl of buttermilk.

Sujān-Rasakhān 9

गावैं गुनि गनिका गंधरब्ब और सारद सेष सबै गुन गावत।
नाम अनंत गनंत गनेस ज्यौं ब्रह्मा त्रिलोचन पार न पावत।
जोगी जती तपसी अरु सिद्ध निरंतर जाहि समायि लगावत।
ताहि अहीर की छोहरियाँ छछिया भरि छाछ पै नाच नचावत

gāvaim guṇi ganikā gaṇḍharabba aura sārada seṣa sabai guṇa gāvata|
nāma anaṁta ganaṁta ganesa jyauṁ brahmā trilocana pāra na pāvata|
jogī jāti tapasī aru siddha niraṁtara jāhi samāyi lagāvata|
tāhi ahira kī chohariyā~ chachiyā bhari chācha pai nāca nacāvata

Learned singers, celestial women, gandharvas, Sarasvatī, and Śeṣa all sing His virtues.

Gaṇeśa counts His infinite names, while Brahmā and three-eyed Śiva cannot reach His end.

Yogīs, celibates, ascetics, and perfected beings meditate on Him without cease—yet the cowherd girls make that very Lord dance for a little bowl of buttermilk.

Sujān-Rasakhān 10

लाय समाधि रहे ब्रह्मादिक योगी भये पर अंत न पावैं।
 साँझ ते भोरहिं भोर ते साँझति सेस सदा नित नाम जपावैं।
 ढूँढ़ फिरै तिरलोक में साख सुनारद लै कर बीन बजावैं।
 ताहि अहीर की छोहरियाँ छछिया भरि छाछ पै नाच नचावैं

lāya samādhi rahe brahmādika yogī bhaye para aṁta na pāvaiṁ|
sā-jha te bhorahiṁ bhora te sā-jhati sesa sadā nita nāma japāvaiṁ|
ḍhū-ṛha phirai tiraloka meṁ sākha sunārada lai kara bīna bajāvaiṁ|
tāhi ahira kī chohariyā~ chachiyā bhari chācha pai nāca nacāvaiṁ

Brahmā and the other yogīs remain absorbed in meditation, but cannot discover His end.
 From evening until dawn and dawn until evening, Śeṣa ceaselessly repeats His name.
 Nārada wanders the three worlds searching for Him, viṇā in hand—
 yet the cowherd girls make that very Lord dance for a little bowl of buttermilk.

Sujān-Rasakhān 11

गुंज गरें सिर मोरपखा अरु चाल गयंद की मो मन भावै।
 साँवरो नंदकुमार सबै ब्रजमंडली में ब्रजराज कहावै।
 साज समाज सबै सिरताज औ लाज की बात नहीं कहि आवै।
 ताहि अहीर की छोहरियाँ छछिया भरि छाछ पै नाच नचावै

guṁja gareṁ sira morapakhā aru cāla gayāṁda kī mo mana bhāvai|
sā-varo naṁdakumāra sabai brajamaṇḍalī meṁ brajarāja kahāvai|
sāja samāja sabai siratāja au lāja kī bāta nahīṁ kahi āvai|
tāhi ahira kī chohariyā~ chachiyā bhari chācha pai nāca nacāvai

A guñjā necklace at His throat, peacock feathers on His head, and the stately gait of an elephant delight my heart.

Dark Nanda-kumāra is acclaimed throughout the circle of Vraja as Vraja's own king.
 He is the crown of every ornament and assembly; words cannot tell the wonder of it—
 yet the cowherd girls make that very Lord dance for a little bowl of buttermilk.

Sujān-Rasakhān 12

ब्रह्म में ढूँढ़्यौ पुरानन गानन वेद-रिचा सुनि चौगुन चायन।
देख्यौ सुन्यौ कबहुँ न कितूँ वह सरूप औ कैसे सुभायन।
टेरत हेरत हारि पर्यौ रसखानि बतायौ न लोग लुगायन।
देखौ दुरौ वह कुंज-कुटीर में बैठी पलोटत राधिका-पायन

*brahma maiṁ dhū~rhyau purānana gānana beda-ricā suni cauguna cāyana|
dekhyau sunyau kabahū~ na kitū~ vaha sarūpa au kaise subhāyana|
ṭerata herata hāri paryau rasakhāni batāyau na loga lugāyana|
dekhaū durau vaha kuṁja-kuṭīra meṁ baiṭhī paloṭata rādhikā-pāyana*

I searched for Brahman in the Purāṇas and songs, and listened with fourfold eagerness to the Vedic hymns.

Never anywhere had I seen or heard what that reality's form and nature might be.
Calling and searching, Rasakhān grew weary; neither man nor woman could show the way.
Then I saw Him hidden in a bower-cottage, sitting there massaging Rādhikā's feet.

Sujān-Rasakhān 13

कंस कुढ़्यौ सुन बानी आकास की ज्यावनहारहिं मारन धायौ।
भादव साँवरी आठई को रसखान महाप्रभु देवकी जायौ।
रैनि अँधेरी में लै बसुदेव महायन में अरगै धरि आयौ।
काहु न चौजुग जागत पायौ सो राति जसोमति सोवत पायौ

*kaṁsa kuṛhyau suna bānī ākāsa kī jyāvanahārahīṁ mārana dhāyau|
bhādava sā~varī āṭhai koṁ rasakhāna mahāprabhu devakī jāyau|
raini a~dherī meṁ lai basudeva mahāyana meṁ aragai dhari āyau|
kāhu na cauṁjuga jāgata pāyau so rāti jasomati sovata pāyau*

Hearing the heavenly voice, Kaṁsa raged and rushed to kill the child destined to destroy him.

On the eighth dark night of Bhādra, says Rasakhān, the Great Lord was born to Devakī.
Through the black night Vasudeva carried Him across the Yamunā and brought Him here.
Finding no one awake in all four ages, He found Yaśodā sleeping that night.

Sujān-Rasakhān 14

संभु धरै ध्यान जाको जपत जहान सब,
 तारैं न महान और दूसर अवरेख्यौ मैं।
 कहै दसखान वही बालक सरूप धरै,
 जाको कछु रूप रंग अद्भुत अवलेख्यौ मैं।
 कहा कहूँ आली कछु कहती बनै न दसा,
 नंद जी के अंगना में कौतुक एक देख्यौ मैं।
 जगत को ठाटी महापुरुष विराटी जो,
 निरंजन निराटी ताहि माटी खात देख्यौ मैं

*saṃbhu dharai dhyāna jāko japata jahāna saba,
 tāṭeṃ na mahāna aura dūsara avarekhyau maiṃ|
 kahai dasakhāna vahī bālaka sarūpa dharai,
 jāko kachu rūpa raṅga adbhuta avalekhyau maiṃ|
 kahā kahū~ ālī kachu kahatī banai na dasā,
 naṃda jī ke aṅganā meṃ kautuka eka dekhyau maiṃ|
 jagata ko ṭhāṭī mahāpuruṣa virāṭī jo,
 niraṅjana nirāṭī tāhi māṭī khāta dekhyau maiṃ*

The One on whom Śambhu meditates and whom the whole world worships—none greater than Him have I ever seen.

Yet, says Rasakhān, I beheld that same One assuming the form of a child, a marvel of indescribable color and beauty.

Friend, what can I say? No words can contain the condition I witnessed: in Nanda's courtyard I saw a wonder.

The vast Cosmic Person who establishes the whole world—I saw that stainless, boundless Lord eating earth.

Sujān-Rasakhān 15

वेई ब्रह्म ब्रह्मा जाहि सेवत हैं रैन-दिन,
सदासिव सदा ही धरत ध्यान गाढ़े हैं।
वेई विष्णु जाके काज मानी मूढ़ राजा रंक,
जोगी जती है कै सीत सह्यौ अंग डाढ़े हैं।
वेई ब्रजचंद रसखानि प्रान प्रानन के,
जाके अभिलाख लाख-लाख भाँति बाढ़े हैं।
जसुधा के आगे बसुधा के मान-मौचन से,
तामरस-लोचन खरोचन को ठाढ़े हैं

*veī brahma brahmā jāhi sevata haiṃ raina-dina,
sadāsiva sadā hī dharata dhyāna gāḍhe haiṃ|
veī viṣṇu jāke kāja māni mūḍha rājā raṅka,
jogī jati hvai kai sīta sahyau aṅga ḍāḍhe haiṃ|
veī brajacaṇḍa rasakhāni prāna prānana ke,
jāke abhilākha lākha-lākha bhā~ti bāḍhe haiṃ|
jasudhā ke āge basudhā ke māna-maucana se,
tāmarasa-locana kharocana ko ṭhāḍhe haiṃ*

That very Brahman whom Brahmā serves night and day, on whom Sadāśiva forever fixes
profound meditation;
that very Viṣṇu for whose sake foolish kings and paupers become yogīs and ascetics,
enduring cold and scorching heat;
that very Moon of Vraja, says Rasakhān, the life of every life, for whom longing grows in a
hundred thousand forms—
stands before Yaśodā, lotus-eyed, scratching Himself like a little child, humbling all the pride
of earth.

Sujān-Rasakhān 16

सेष सुरेस दिनेस गनेस अजेस धनेस महेस मनावौ।
 कोऊ भवानी भजौ मन की सब आस सबै विधि जोई पुरावौ।
 कोऊ रमा भजि लेहु महाधन कोऊ कहुँ मन वाँछित पावौ।
 पै रसखानि वही मेरा साधन और त्रिलौक रहौ कि बसावौ

seṣa sureśa dīneśa ganeśa ajeśa dhanesa mahesa manāvau|
koū bhavānī bhajau mana kī saba āsa sabai vidhi joī purāvau|
koū ramā bhaji lehu mahādhana koū kahū~ mana vā~chita pāvau|
pai rasakhāni vahī merā sādhanā aura trilauka rahau ki basāvau

Let others propitiate Śeṣa, Indra, the sun, Gaṇeśa, Brahmā, Kubera, or Śiva.
 Let someone worship Bhavānī, who fulfills every hope of the heart by every means.
 Let another worship Lakṣmī for immense wealth, and another obtain whatever the heart desires.
 But He alone is Rasakhān's practice and refuge—whether the three worlds remain or pass away.

Sujān-Rasakhān 17

द्रौपदी अरु गनिका गज गीध अजामिल सों कियो सो न निहारो।
 गौतम-गेहिनी कैसी तरी, प्रहलाद को कैसे हयों दुख भारो।
 काहे कौं सोच करै रसखानि कहा करि है रबिनंद विचारो।
 ताखन जाखन राखियै माखन-चाखनहारो सो राखनहारो

draupadī aru ganikā gaja gīdha ajāmila soṃ kiyo so na nihāro|
gautama-gehinī kaisī tarī, prahālāda ko kaise haryo dukha bhāro|
kāhe kauṃ soca karai rasakhāni kahā kari hai rabināṇḍa vicāro|
tākhana jākhana rākhiyai mākhana-cākhanahāro so rākhanahāro

Have you not seen what He did for Draupadī, the courtesan, the elephant, the vulture, and Ajāmila?
 How He delivered Gautama's wife, and lifted the crushing burden of Prahālāda's grief?
 Why then should Rasakhān worry? What can the sun's son, Yama, decide against him?
 When the butter-taster chooses to protect someone, that Protector surely keeps him safe.

Sujān-Rasakhān 18

देस बदेस के देखे नरेसन रीझ की कोऊ न बूझ करैगो।
तार्ते तिनहें तजि जानि गिरयौ गुन सौगुन गाँठि परैगो।
बाँसुरीबारो बड़ो रिझवार है स्याम जु नैसुक ढार ढरैगौ।
लाड़लौ छैल वही तौ अहीर को पीर हमारे हिये की हरैगौ

desa badesa ke dekhe naresana rījha kī koū na būjha karaigo|
tāteṁ tinhaiṁ taji jāni girayau guna sauguna gā-ṭhi paraigo|
bā-surībāro baṛo rījhavāra hai syāma ju naisuka ḍhāra ḍharaigau|
lāṛalau chaila vahi tau ahira ko pira hamāre hiye kī haraigau

I have seen kings of many lands, but not one of them understands how love wins the heart.
Knowing this, I abandoned them; their virtues and a hundred virtues only tie more knots.
The flute-player is the great lover, easily pleased if dark Śyāma bends but slightly toward us.
That beloved, playful cowherd alone will remove the pain lodged in my heart.

Sujān-Rasakhān 19

संपत्ति सौँ सकुचाइ कुबेरहिं रूप सौ दीनी चिनौती अनंगहिं।
भोग कै कै ललचाइ पुरंदर जोग कै गंगलई धर मंगहिं।
ऐसे भए तौ कहा रसखानि रसै रसना जौ जु मुक्ति-तरंगहिं।
दै चित ताके न रंग रच्यौ जु रह्यौ रचि राधिका रानी के रंगहिं

saṁpati saūṁ sakucāi kuberahiṁ rūpa sau dīnī cinautī anaṅgahiṁ|
bhoga kai kai lalacāi puraṁdara joga kai gaṅgalaī dhara maṅgahiṁ|
aise bhae tau kahā rasakhāni rasai rasanā jau ju mukti-taraṅgahiṁ|
dai cita tāke na raṅga racyau ju rahyau raci rādhikā rānī ke raṅgahiṁ

His riches make Kubera ashamed; His beauty challenges the god of love.
His pleasures tempt Indra, and His yoga makes even the bearer of Gaṅgā stretch out a begging hand.
Yet what use is any of this, says Rasakhān, if the tongue savors only the waves of liberation?
Give your heart to Him whose own heart is wholly dyed in the color of Queen Rādhikā.

Sujān-Rasakhān 20

कंचन-मंदिर ऊँचे बनाइ कै मानिक लाइ सदा झलकैयत।
 प्रात ही तें सगरी नगरी नग मोतिन ही की तुलानि तुलैयत।
 जद्यपि दीन प्रजान प्रजापति की प्रभुता मधवा ललचैयत।
 ऐसे भए तौ कहा रसखानि जौ साँवरे ग्वार सों नेह न लैयत

kaṃcana-maṃdira ū-ce banāi kai mānika lāi sadā jhalakaiyata|
prāta hī teṃ sagarī nagarī naga motina hī kī tulāni tulaiyata|
jadyapi dīna prajāna prajāpati kī prabhutā madhavā lalacaiyata|
aise bhae tau kahā rasakhāni jau sāvare gvāra soṃ neha na laiṃyata

Build lofty palaces of gold and set them forever flashing with rubies.
 From dawn onward let the whole city weigh jewels against heaps of pearls.
 Possess such lordship over poor subjects that even Indra envies it—
 what use is all this, says Rasakhān, if one does not love the dark cowherd?

Sujān-Rasakhān • 21–40

Braj Bhāṣā • IAST • English

Sujān-Rasakhān 21

कहा रसखानि सुख संपत्ति समार कहा,
कहा तन जोगी है लगाए अंग छार को।
कहा साधे पंचानल, कहा सोए बीच नल,
कहा जीति लाए राज सिंधु आर-पार को।
जप बार-बार तप संजम वयार-व्रत,
तीरथ हजार अरे बूझत लबार को।
कीन्हों नहीं प्यार नहीं सैयो दरबार, चित्त,
चाह्यौ न निहार्यौ जौ पै नंद के कुमार को

*kaḥā rasakhāni sukha saṃpatti samāra kaḥā,
kaḥā tana jogī hvai lagāe aṅga chāra ko|
kaḥā sādhe pañcānala, kaḥā soe bīca nala,
kaḥā jīti lāe rāja siṃdhu āra-pāra ko|
japa bāra-bāra tapa saṃjama vayāra-vrata,
tīratha hajāra are būjhata labāra ko|
kīnhaūṇi nahīṇ pyāra nahīṇ saiyo darabāra, citta,
cāhyau na nihāryau jau pai nanda ke kumāra ko*

What use, says Rasakhān, are pleasures and gathered riches? What use becoming a yogī and smearing ash over the body?

What use practicing the five fires, sleeping amid water, or conquering kingdoms from one ocean to the other?

Repeated japa, austerity, restraint, rigorous vows, and thousands of pilgrimages—why keep babbling of these?

All are worthless if the heart has neither loved nor served at the court of Nanda's son, if it has never longed to behold Him.

Sujān-Rasakhān 22

कंचन के मंदिरनि दीठि ठहराति नाहिं,
 सदा दीपमाल लाल-मनिक-उजारे सों।
 और प्रभुताई अब कहाँ लौं बखानौं प्रति -
 हारन की भीर भूप, टरत न द्वारे सों।
 गंगाजी में न्हाइ मुक्ताहलहु लुटाइ, वेद,
 बीस बार गाइ, ध्यान कीजत, सबारे सों।
 ऐरे ही भए तो नर कहा रसखानि जो पै,
 चित्त दे न कीनी प्रीति पीतपटवारे सों

*kaṃcana ke maṃdirani dīṭhi ṭhaharāti nāhiṃ,
 sadā dīpamāla lāla-manika-ujāre soṃ|
 aura prabhutāi aba kahā~ lauṃ bakhānauṃ prati -
 hārana kī bhīra bhūpa, ṭarata na dvāre soṃ|
 gaṃgājī meṃ nhāi muktāhalahū luṭāi, veda,
 bīs bāra gāi, dhyāna kījata, sabāre soṃ|
 aire hī bhae to nara kahā rasakhāni jo pai,
 citta dai na kīnī prīti pītapaṭavāre soṃ*

Eyes find no rest even in temples of gold, forever bright with rows of lamps and crimson rubies.

How far can I describe such lordship, O king, with crowds of gatekeepers who never move from the door?

Bathe in Mother Gaṅgā, scatter pearls in charity, recite the Vedas twenty times, and meditate with every discipline—

what has a person gained, says Rasakhān, if the heart has not loved the Wearer of the yellow cloth?

Sujān-Rasakhān 23

एक सु तीरथ डोलत है इक बार हजार पुरान बके हैं।
एक लगे जप में तप में इक सिद्ध समाधि में अटके हैं।
चेत जु देखत हौ रसखान सु मूढ़ महा सिंगरे भटके हैं।
साँचहि वे जिन आपुनपौ यह स्याम गुपाल पै वारि दके हैं

eka su tīratha ḍolata hai ika bāra hajāra purāna bake haiṁ|
eka lage japa meṁ tapa meṁ ika siddha samādhina meṁ aṭake haiṁ|
ceta ju dekhata hau rasakhāna su mūṛha mahā sigare bhaṭake haiṁ|
sā-cahi ve jina āpunapau yaha syāma gupāla pai vāri dake haiṁ

One roams from pilgrimage to pilgrimage; another recites the Purāṇas a thousand times.
One is absorbed in japa, another in austerity, while another remains fixed in perfected samādhi.

Wake up and see, says Rasakhān: all these great fools have lost the way.
True are those who have cast their very selves, without reserve, upon dark Gopāla.

Sujān-Rasakhān 24

सुनियै सब की कहिये न कछू रहियै इमि भव-बागर मैं।
करियै व्रत नेम सचाई लिये जिन तें तरियै मन-सागर मैं।
मिलियै सब सों दुरभाव बिना रहिये सतसंग उजागर मैं।
रसखानि गुबिंदहिं यौ भजियै जिमि नागरि को चित गागर मैं

suniyai saba kī kahiye na kachū rahiyaṁ imi bhava-bāgara maiṁ|
kariyai brata nema sacāi liye jina teṁ tariyai mana-sāgara maiṁ|
miliyai saba soṁ durabhāva binā rahiye satasamga ujāgara maiṁ|
rasakhāni gubiṁdahim yau bhajiyai jimi nāgari ko cita gāgara maiṁ

Listen to everyone and answer no one; live in this way upon the ocean of becoming.
Keep vows and disciplines with sincerity, so that you may cross the ocean of the mind.
Meet everyone without ill will, and remain manifest in the company of saints.
Worship Govinda, says Rasakhān, as a clever village girl carries her whole attention in the water-pot upon her head.

Sujān-Rasakhān 25

है छल की अप्रतीत की मूर्ति मोद बढ़ावै विनोद कलाम में।
हाथ न ऐसे कछू रसखान तू क्यों बहकै विष पीवत काम में।
है कुच कंचन के कलसा न ये आम की गाँठ मठीक की चाम में।
बैनी नहीं मृगनैनिन की ये नसैनी लगी यमराज के धाम में

*hai chala kī apratīta kī mūrati moda baṛhāvai vinoda kalāma meṁ|
hātha na aise kachū rasakhāna tū kyoṁ bahakai viṣa pīvata kāma meṁ|
hai kuca kaṁcana ke kalasā na ye āma kī gā-ṭha maṭhika kī cāma meṁ|
bainī nahīṁ mṛganainina kī ye nasainī lagī yamarāja ke dhāma meṁ*

Woman is the form of deception and uncertainty, increasing delight through playful arts.
Nothing is truly in your hands, Rasakhān—why wander bewildered, drinking desire like
poison?

Those breasts are not golden pitchers, but merely knots of flesh and skin.

Those are not the braids of a doe-eyed beauty, but a ladder laid against the house of Yama.

Sujān-Rasakhān 26

मोर के चंदन मौर बन्यौ दिन दूलह है अली नंद को नंदन।
श्री वृषभानुसुता दुलही दिन जोरि बनी बिधना सुखकंदन।
आवै कहुँ न कछू रसखानि हो दोऊ बंधे छबि प्रेम के फंदन।
जाहि बिलोकेँ सबै सुख पावत ये ब्रजजीवन है दुखदंदन

*mora ke caṁdana maura banyau dina dūlaha hai alī naṁda ko naṁdana|
śrī vṛṣabhānusutā dulaḥī dina jori banī bidhanā sukhakaṁdana|
āvai kahyau na kachū rasakhāni ho doū baṁdhe chabi prema ke phaṁdana|
jāhi bilokeṁ sabai sukha pāvata ye braja-jīvana hai dukhadāṁdana*

Peacock feathers became His wedding crown: today, friend, Nanda's son is the bridegroom.
Lovely Vṛṣabhānu's daughter became the bride; Fate itself has joined this pair, the fountain
of all joy.

Nothing more can be said, says Rasakhān—the two are bound in the snares of beauty and
love.

All who behold Them attain every happiness: these two are Vraja's very life and the
destroyers of sorrow.

Sujān-Rasakhān 27

मोहिनी मोहन सों रसखानि अचानक भेंट भई बन माहीं।
जेठ की घाम भई सुखघाम आनंद हौ अंग ही अंग समाहीं।
जीवन को फल पायौ भटू रस-बातन केलि सों तोरत नाहीं।
कान्ह को हाथ कंधा पर है मुख ऊपर मोर किरिट की छाहीं

mohinī mohana soṃ rasakhāni acānaka bheṃṭa bhaī bana māhīm|
jeṭha kī ghāma bhaī sukhaghāma ānaṇḍa hau aṅga hī aṅga samāhīm|
jīvana ko phala pāyau bhaṭū rasa-bātana keli soṃ torata nāhīm|
kānha ko hātha kaṇḍhā para hai mukha ūpara mora kirīṭa kī chāhīm

The enchantress suddenly met enchanting Mohana in the forest, says Rasakhān.
The burning heat of Jyeṣṭha became an abode of joy, and bliss entered every limb.
She attained the fruit of life and would not break away from their playful, nectar-filled conversation.
Kānhā's hand rested upon her shoulder, while the shadow of His peacock crown fell across her face.

Sujān-Rasakhān 28

लाइली लाल लसैं लखि वै अलि कुंजनि पुंजनि मैं छबि गाढ़ी।
उजरी ज्यों बिजुरी सी जुरी चहुं गुजरी केलि-कला सम बाढ़ी।
त्यौ रसखानि न जानि परै सुखिया तिहुं लौकन की अति बाढ़ी।
बालक लाल लिए बिहर छहरैं बर मोरमुखी सिर ठाढ़ी

lāḷalī lāla lasaiṃ lakhi vai ali kuṃjani puṃjani maiṃ chabi gāḍhī|
ujarī jyōṃ bijurī sī jurī cahūṃ gujarī keli-kalā sama bāḍhī|
tyau rasakhāni na jāni parai sukhīyā tihuṃ laukana kī ati bāḍhī|
bālaka lāla lie bihara chaharaiṃ bara moramukhī sira ṭhāḍhī

Friend, see the beloved Girl and Boy shining amid the clustered bowers, Their beauty deep and dense.
Fair radiance joined dark splendor like lightning held within a cloud; Their play swelled fourfold.
Rasakhān cannot tell the measure of that delight, greater than all the happiness of the three worlds.
The lovely peacock-faced maiden stood above while the darling Boy wandered beneath in streaming beauty.

Sujān-Rasakhān 29

लाल की आज छटी ब्रज लोग अनंदित नंद बढ्यौ अन्हवावत।
चाइन चारु बधाइन लै चहुं और कुटुंब अघात न यावत।
नाचत बाल बड़े रसखान छके हित काहु के लाज न आवत।
तैसोइ मात पिताउ लह्यौ उलह्यौ कुलही कुल ही पहिरावत

lāla kī tēja chaṭī braja loga ananḍita nanda baḍhyau anhavāvata|
cāina cāru badhāina lai cahuṁ aura kuṭumbā aghāta na yāvata|
nācata bāla baḍe rasakhāna chake hita kāhū ke lāja na āvata|
taisoī māta pitāu lahyau ulahyō kulahī kula hī pahirāvata

Today is the darling Boy's sixth-day festival; all Vraja rejoices and Nanda's joy overflows. Relatives arrive from every side with lovely gifts and songs of blessing, and still the family cannot be satisfied.

Children and elders dance, says Rasakhān, intoxicated with affection and heedless of all reserve.

Such a mother and father have found such a Son; the whole lineage adorns Him with the ornaments of the clan.

Sujān-Rasakhān 30

'ता' जसुदा कह्यो धेनु की ओठ ढिंढोरत ताहि फिरैं हरि भूलैं।
ढूँवनि कूँ पग चारि चलै मचलैं रज मांहि विथूरि दुकूलैं।
हेरि हँसे रसखान तबै उर भाल तैं टारि कै बार लटूलैं।
सो छवि देखि अनंदन नंदजू अंगन अंग समात न कूलैं

'tā' jasudā kahyō dhenū kī oṭha ḍhiṁḍhorata tāhi phiraiṁ hari bhūlaiṁ|
ḍhū~vani kū~ paga cāri calai macalaiṁ raja māṁhi viṭhūri dukūlaiṁ|
heri ha~se rasakhāna tabai ura bhāla taiṁ ṭāri kai bāra laṭūlaiṁ|
so chavi dekhi ananḍana nandajū aṁgana aṁga samāta na kūlaiṁ

Yaśodā called to Him, and Hari wandered after the cow, patting at her udder in innocent confusion.

Trying to find His way, He took four little steps, grew restless, and tumbled in the dust, soiling His silks.

Seeing Him, Rasakhān laughed as Yaśodā lifted Him to her breast and swept the loose curls from His forehead.

At that sight, joy could no longer be contained within blissful Nanda's courtyard or within his limbs.

Sujān-Rasakhān 31

आजु गई हुती भोर ही हों रसखान रई वटि नंद के भौनहिं।
वाकौ जियौ जुग लाख करोर जसोमति को सुख जात कह्यौ नहिं।
तेल लगाइ लगाइ के अँजन भौहें बनाइ बनाइ छिठौनहिं।
डालि हमेलनि हार निहारत वारत ज्यों चुचकारत छौनहिं

*ājū gāi hutī bhora hī hōṃ rasakhāna raī vaṭi naṃda ke bhaunahiṃ|
vākau jiyau juga lākha karora jasomati ko sukha jāta kahyau nahīṃ|
tela lagāi lagāi kai a~jana bhaun̐hem̐ banāi banāi ḍiṭhaunahiṃ|
ḍālī hamelani hāra nihārata vārata jyōṃ cucakārata chaunahiṃ*

At dawn today I went, says Rasakhān, and remained awhile in Nanda's house.
May Yaśodā's life extend for millions of ages; the happiness I saw cannot be told.
Again and again she rubbed Him with oil, lined His eyes with collyrium, shaped His brows,
and marked Him against the evil eye.
She placed necklaces upon His breast, gazed and gazed, offered blessings, and fondled her
little child.

Sujān-Rasakhān 32

धूरि भरे अति शोभित श्यामजू तैसी बनी सिर सुंदर चोटी।
खेलत खात फिरै अँगना पर पैजनी बाजति पौरी कछोटी।
वा छबि को रसखानि बिलोकत वारत काम कला निज-कोटी।
काग के भाग बड़े सजनी हरि-हाथ सों ले गयौ माखन रोटी

*dhūri bhare ati śobhita śyāmajū taisī banī sira suṃdara coṭī|
khelata khāta phirai a~ganā para pañjanī bājati paurī kachoṭī|
vā chabi ko rasakhāni bilokata vārata kāma kalā nija-koṭī|
kāga ke bhāga baṛe sajanī hari-hātha sōṃ le gayau mākḥana roṭī*

How beautiful dark Śyāma looks, covered in dust, with that lovely topknot upon His head!
He plays and eats while roaming the courtyard, anklets ringing above His little loincloth.
Beholding that beauty, says Rasakhān, even the god of love would sacrifice millions of his
arts.
Friend, how immense the crow's good fortune: it carried away the buttered bread from
Hari's own hand.

Sujān-Rasakhān 33

मोतिन लाल बनी नट के, लटकी लटवा लट घूँघरवारी।
 अंग ही अंग जराव लसै अरु सीस लसै पगिया जरतारी।
 पूरब पुन्यनि तें रसखानि सु मोहिनी मूरति आनि निहारी।
 चारयौ दिसानि की लै छबि आनि के झाँकै झरोखे में बाँके बिहारी

motina lāla banī naṭa ke, laṭakī laṭavā laṭa ghū~gharavārī|
aṅga hī aṅga jarāva lasai aru sīs lasai pagiyā jaratārī|
pūraba punyani teṁ rasakhāni su mohinī mūrati āni nihārī|
cārayau disāni kī lai chabi āni ke jhā~kai jharokhe maiṅ bā~ke bihārī

The jeweled dancer is adorned with pearls and rubies, His curling locks hanging in ringlets.
 Every limb gleams with jeweled ornaments, while a gold-brocaded turban shines upon His head.

Only through ancient merit, says Rasakhān, have I been brought to behold that bewitching form.

Gathering the beauty of all four directions into Himself, graceful Bihārī peers from the window.

Sujān-Rasakhān 34

आवत हैं बन तें मनमोहन गाइन संग लसै ब्रज-ग्वाला।
 बेनु बजावत गावत गीत अभीत इतै करिगौ कछु ख्याला।
 हेरत टेरी थकै जहुं ओर तैं झाँकि झरोखन तें ब्रज-बाला।
 देखि सुर आनन को रसखानि तज्यौ सब द्यौस को ताप-कसाला

āvata haiṅ bana teṁ manamohana gāina saṅga lasai braja-gvālā|
benu bajāvata gāvata gīta abhīta itai karigau kachu khyālā|
herata ṭeri thakai jahuṅ ora taiṅ jhā~ki jharokhana teṁ braja-bālā|
dekhi sura ānana koṁ rasakhāni tajyau saba dyausa ko tāpa-kasālā

Mind-enchancing Mohana returns from the forest, shining among the cows and cowherd boys of Vraja.

He plays the flute and fearlessly sings; surely He intends some fresh mischief here.

The women of Vraja grow weary calling and looking from every side, peering through their windows.

But when they see that divine face, says Rasakhān, they abandon the whole day's burning pain.

Sujān-Rasakhān 35

गोरज विराजै भाल लहलही बनमाल,
आगे गैयाँ पाछे ग्वाल मृदु तानि री।
तैसी धुनि बाँसुरी को मधुर मधुर जैसी,
बंग चितवनि मंद मंद मुसकानि री।
कदम विपट के निकट तटनी के तट,
अटा चढ़ि चाटि पीत पट फहरानि री।
रस बरसावै तन तपनि बुझावै नैन,
प्राननि रिझावै वह आवै रसखानि री

*goraja virājai bhāla lahalahī banamāla,
āge gaiyā~ pācḥeṃ gvāla mṛḍu tāni rī|
taisī dhuni bā~surī ko madhura madhura jaisī,
baṅga citavani maṇḍa maṇḍa musakāni rī|
kadama vipaṭa ke nikaṭa taṭanī ke taṭa,
aṭa caṛḥi cāṭi pīta paṭa phaharāni rī|
rasa barasāvai tana tapani bujhāvai naina,
prānani rījhāvai vaha āvai rasakhāni rī*

Cow-dust graces His forehead and a fresh forest garland His breast; cows walk before Him, cowherds behind, as He plays a tender melody.

How sweetly, sweetly the flute sounds; how curved His glance and how gentle His smile!
Near the spreading kadamba by the riverbank, a girl climbs the rooftop to watch His yellow cloth stream in the wind.

His coming rains nectar, quenches the body's fever, delights the eyes, and wins the very life-breath, says Rasakhān.

Sujān-Rasakhān 36

अति सुंदर री ब्रजराजकुमार महा मृदु बोलनि बोलत है।
 लखि नैन की कोर कटाक्ष चलाइ कै लाज की गाँठन खोलत हैं।
 सुनि री सजनी अलबेलो लला वह कुंजनि कुंजनि डोलत है।
 रसखानि लखै मन बूढ़ि गयौ मधि रूप के सिंधु कलोकत है

*ati suṇḍara rī brajarājakumāra mahā mṛḍu bolani bolata hai|
 lakhi naina kī kora kaṭākṣa calāi kai lāja kī gā-ṭhana kholata haiṇ|
 suni rī sajani alabelo lālā vaha kuṇjani kuṇjani ḍolata hai|
 rasakhāni lakhēṃ mana būṛi gayau madhi rūpa ke siṇḍhu kalokata hai*

Friend, the Prince of Vraja is exceedingly beautiful, and every word He speaks is tender.
 With a sidelong arrow from the corner of His eye He loosens every knot of modesty.
 Listen, companion: that carefree Boy wanders from bower to bower.
 When Rasakhān beholds Him, the mind sinks and is lost in the vast ocean of His beauty.

Sujān-Rasakhān 37

नैन लख्यौ जब कुंजनि तैं बनि कै निकस्यौ भटक्यौ मटक्यौ री।
 सोहत कैसो हरा टटक्यौ अठ कैसो किरीट लसै लटक्यौ री।
 को रसखानि फिरै भटक्यौ हटक्यौ ब्रज लोग फिरै भटक्यौ री।
 रूप सबै हरि वा नट को हियरे अटक्यौ अटक्यौ अटक्यो री

*naina lakhyau jaba kuṇjani taiṇ banikai nikasyau bhaṭakyau maṭakyau rī|
 sohata kaiso harā ṭaṭakyau aṭha kaiso kirīṭa lasai laṭakyau rī|
 ko rasakhāni phirai bhaṭakyau haṭakyau braja loga phirai bhaṭakyau rī|
 rūpa sabai hari vā naṭa ko hiyare aṭakyau aṭakyau aṭakyo rī*

When my eyes saw Him emerge from the bowers, dressed and swaying in His playful gait—
 how the fresh green cloth shone, how that tilted crown hung and flashed!
 Who then, says Rasakhān, can keep from wandering? All the people of Vraja roam
 distracted.
 The complete beauty of that divine actor caught in my heart—caught, caught, and held there
 forever.

Sujān-Rasakhān 38

नैननि बंक बिसाल के बाननि झेलि सकै अस कौन नवेली।
बेचत है हिय तीछन कोर सुमार गिरी तिय कोटिक हेली।
छौड़ै नही छिनहुं रसखानि सु लागी फिरै द्रुम सों जनु बेली।
रौरि परी छबि की ब्रजमंडल कुंडल गंडनि कुंतल केली

*nainani baṅka bisāla ke bānani jheli sakai asa kauna naveli|
becata hai hiya tīchana kora sumāra girī tiya koṭika heli|
chauṛai nahī chinahūṁ rasakhāni su lāgī phirai druma soṁ janu belī|
rauri parī chabi kī brajamāṇḍala kuṇḍala gaṇḍani kuṁtala keli*

What young woman could withstand the arrows of those vast and curving eyes?
Their sharpened corners pierce the heart and cast down millions of proud beauties.
Once struck, says Rasakhān, she cannot leave Him for even a moment, but clings like a vine
to a tree.
Beauty itself has raised an uproar throughout Vraja: earrings upon His cheeks and curls at
play.

Sujān-Rasakhān 39

अलबेली बिलोकनि बोलनि औ अलबेलियै लोल निहारन की।
अलबेली सी डोलनि गंडनि पै छबि सों मिली कुंडल बारन की।
भट्टू ठाढ़ौ लख्यौ छबि कैसे कहौं रसखानि गहें द्रुम डारन की।
हिय मैं जिय मैं मुसकानि रसी गति को सिखवै निरवारन की

*alabelī bilokani bolani au alabeliyai lola nihārana kī|
alabelī sī ḍolani gaṇḍani pai chabi soṁ milī kuṇḍala bārana kī|
bhaṭṭū ṭhāṛhau lakhyaṁ chabi kaise kahauṁ rasakhāni gahēṁ druma ḍārana kī|
hiya maiṁ jiya maiṁ musakāni rasī gati ko sikhavai niravārana kī*

Carefree are His glances and words, and carefree the roving movement of His eyes.
Carefree His wandering; against His cheeks, beauty mingles with the swinging earrings.
Friend, I saw Him standing there holding a tree-branch—how can I describe that loveliness,
says Rasakhān?
His nectar-filled smile entered heart and life and taught the very art of graceful movement.

Sujān-Rasakhān 40

बाँको बड़ी अँखियाँ बड़ारे कपोलनि बोलनि कौँ कल बानी।
 सुंदर रासि सुधानिधि सो मुख मूरति रंग सुधारस-सानी।
 ऐसी नवेली ने देखे कहूँ ब्रजराज लला अति ही सुखदानी।
 डालनि है बन बीथिन मैं रसखानि मनोहर रूप-लुभानी

bā~ko baṛī a~khiyā~ baṛarāre kapolani bolani kauṁ kala bānī|
suṇḍara rāsi sudhānidhi so mukha mūrati raṅga sudhārāsa-sānī|
aisī navelī ne dekhe kahū~ brajarāja lalā ati hī sukhadānī|
ḍālani hai bana bīthina maiṁ rasakhāni manohara rūpa-lubhānī

Gracefully curved, with great wide eyes, full cheeks, and a voice of exquisite sweetness—
 a treasury of beauty, a moon of nectar, His form steeped in the ambrosia of divine color.
 No young woman anywhere has seen one so bliss-giving as the darling Prince of Vraja.
 He wanders the forest paths, says Rasakhān, captivating every mind with His lovely form.

Sujān-Rasakhān • 41–60

Braj Bhāṣā • IAST • English

Sujān-Rasakhān 41

दृग इतने खिंचे रहें कानन लौं लट आनन पै लहराइ रही।
छकि छैल छबील छटा छहराह कै कौतुक कोटि दिखाइ रही॥
झुकि झूमि झमाकनि चूमि अमी चरि बाँदनी चंद घुराइ रहा।
मन भाइ रही रसखानि महा छबि मोहन की तरसाइ रही

dr̥ga itane khiñce rahaiṁ kānana lauṁ ṭaṭa ānana pai laharāi rahī|
chaki cheṁṭila chabīla chaṭā chaharāha kai kautuka koṭi dikhāi rahī||
jhuki jhūmi jhamākani cūmi amī cari cā-danī caṁda curāi rahā|
mana bhāi rahī rasakhāni mahā chabi mohana kī tarasāi rahī

His eyes stretch almost to His ears, while curls ripple across His face.
Intoxicated, playful, and radiant, He pours forth splendor and displays a million wonders.
Bending and swaying in flashing movement, He drinks nectar and steals both moon and moonlight.
That immensely lovely beauty of Mohana delights the heart, says Rasakhān, and leaves it aching for more.

Sujān-Rasakhān 42

लाल लसै सब के सबके पट कोटि सुगंधनि भीने।
अंगनि अंग सजे सब ही रसखानि अनेक जराउ नवीने।
मुकता गलमाल लसै सब ग्वार कुवार सिंगार सो कीने।
पै सिगरे ब्रज के हरि ही हरि ही कै हरै हियरा हरि लीने

lāla lasai saba ke sabake paṭa koṭi sugaṁdhani bhīne|
aṁgani aṁga saje saba hī rasakhāni aneka jarāu navīne|
mukatā galamāla lasai saba gvāra kuvāra siṁgāra so kīne|
pai sigare braja ke hari hī hari hī kai haraiṁ hiyarā hari līne

All the cowherd boys shine in crimson garments steeped in a million fragrances.
Every limb is adorned, says Rasakhān, with fresh and varied jeweled ornaments.
Pearl garlands gleam at their throats; every young cowherd is beautifully arrayed.
Yet throughout all Vraja it is Hari alone—Hari alone—who steals every heart and carries it away.

Sujān-Rasakhān 43

वह घेरनि धेनु अबेर सबेरनि फेरनि लाल लकुट्टनि की।
 वह तीछन चच्छु कटाछन की छबि मोरनि भौह भृकुट्टनि की॥
 वह लाल की चाल चुभी चित मैं रसखानि संगीत उघुट्टनि की।
 वह पीत पटक्कनि की चटकानि लटक्कनि मोर मुकुट्टनि की

vaha gherani dhenu abera saberani pherina lāla lakuṭṭani kī|
vaha tīchana cacchu kaṭāchana kī chabi morani bhaṛuṇha bhṛkuṭṭani kī||
vaha lāla kī cāla cubhī cita maini rasakhāni saṅgita ughuṭṭani kī|
vaha pīta paṭakkani kī caṭakāni ṭaṭakkani mora mukuṭṭani kī

That circling of the cows morning and evening, that turning of the darling Boy's staff;
 that beauty of sharp, sidelong eyes, and brows arched like peacocks;
 that gait of the Beloved pierced my heart, says Rasakhān, together with His outpouring
 music;
 and that flash of yellow cloth, that swaying peacock-feather crown.

Sujān-Rasakhān 44

साँझ समै जिहि देखति ही तिहि पेखन कौं मन मौं ललकै री।
 ऊँची अटान चढ़ी ब्रजबाम सुलाज सनेह दुरै उझकै री॥
 गोधन धूरि की धूंधरि मैं तिनकी छबि यों रसखानि तकै री।
 पावक के गिरि तें बुधि मानौ चुँवा-लपटी लपकै ललटै री

sā-jha samai jihi dekhati hī tihi pekhana kauṇ mana mauṇ lalakai rī|
ū-cī aṭāna caṛhī brajabāma sulāja saneha durai ujhakai rī||
godhana dhūri kī dhūṇdhari maini tinakī chabi yaun rasakhāni takai rī|
pāvaka ke giri teṇ budhi mānau cu-vā-lapaṭī lapakai lalaṭai rī

At evening, whoever sees Him begins to yearn inwardly for another sight.
 The women of Vraja climb their high terraces and, hiding modesty within love, lean out to
 look.
 Through the dense cloud of dust raised by the cattle they seek His beauty, says Rasakhān—
 as though a flame wrapped in sparks were leaping and curling from a mountain of fire.

Sujān-Rasakhān 45

देखिक रास महाबन को इस गोपवधू कह्यौ एक बनू पर।
देखति हौ सखि मार से गोप कुमार बने जितने ब्रज-भू पर।
तीछें निटारि लखौ रसखानि सिंगार करौ किन कोऊ कछू पर।
फेरि फिरैं अँखियाँ ठहराति हैं कारे पितंबर वारे के ऊपर

*dekhiḱa rāsa mahābana ko isa gopavadhū kahyau eka banū para|
dekhati hau sakhi māra se gopa kumāra bane jitane braja-bhū para|
tīcḱeṁ niṭāri lakhau rasakhāni siṁgāra karau kina koū kachū para|
pheri phiraiṁ a~khiyā~ ṭḱaharāti haiṁ kāre piṭambara vāre ke ūpara*

Seeing the rāsa in Mahāvana, one cowherd bride said to another,
‘Friend, look how every cowherd boy upon the earth of Vraja appears as beautiful as Love
himself.

Look with a keen gaze, says Rasakhān; adorn yourself for someone if you can—
but again and again the eyes return and settle upon the dark One clothed in yellow.’

Sujān-Rasakhān 46

दमकैं रवि कुंडल दामिनि से धुरवा जिमि गोरज राजत है।
मुकताहल वारन गोपन के सु तौ बूँदन की छबि छाजत है।
ब्रजबाल नदी उमही रसखानि मयंकबधू दुति लाजत है।
यह आवन श्री मनभावन की बरषा जिमि आज बिराजत है

*damakaiṁ ravi kuṇḱala dāmini se dhuravā jimi goraja rājata hai|
mukatāhala vāraṇa gopana ke su tau bū~dana kī chabi chājata hai|
brajabāla nadī umahī rasakhāni mayanḱabdhū duti lājata hai|
yaha āvana śrī manabhāvana kī baraṣā jimi āja birājata hai*

His earrings flash like suns and lightning, while cow-dust rests upon Him like a little cloud.
The pearls scattered upon the cowherds resemble gleaming drops of rain.
The river of Vraja’s women swells, says Rasakhān, putting even the moon’s bride, the night,
to shame.

Today the coming of lovely Śrī Manabhāvana shines like the arrival of the monsoon.

Sujān-Rasakhān 47

मोर किरिट नवीन लसै मकराकृत कुंडल लोल की डोरनि।
ज्यो रसखान घने घन में दमकै बिबि दामिनि चाप के छोरनि।
मारि है जीव तो जीव बलाय बिलोक बजाय लौनन की कोरनि।
कौन सुभाय सों आवत स्याम बजावत बैनु नचावत मौरनि

mora kirīṭa navīna lasai makarākṛta kuṇḍala lola kī ḍorani|
jyom rasakhāna ghane ghana meṁ damakai bibi dāmini cāpa ke chorani|
māri hai jīva to jīva balāya biloka bajāya lauṇnana kī korani|
kauna subhāya sōṁ āvata syāma bajāvata bainu nacāvata maurani

A fresh peacock crown gleams above dangling makara-shaped earrings.
Within the dense dark cloud, says Rasakhān, He flashes like lightning and the curved edge of a rainbow.
If His glance kills my life, let life be sacrificed; only let me behold the play at the corners of those eyes.
With what enchanting nature dark Śyāma comes, playing His flute and making the peacocks dance!

Sujān-Rasakhān 48

दोउ कानन कुंडल मोरपखा सिर सोहै दुकूल नयो चटको।
मनिहार गरे सुकुमार धरे नट-भेस अरे पिय को टटको।
सुभ काछनी बैजनी पावन आवन मैं लगै झटको।
वह सुंदर को रसखानि अली जु गलीन मैं आइ अबैं अटको

dou kānana kuṇḍala morapakhā sira sohai dukūla nayo caṭako|
manihāra gare su Kumāra dhare naṭa-bhesa are piya ko ṭaṭako|
subha kāchanī baijanī pāvana āvana maina lagai jhaṭako|
vaha suṇḍara ko rasakhāni alī ju galīna maiṇ āi abaiṇ aṭako

Earrings at both ears, peacock feathers upon His head, and a bright new silk cloth shining;
a delicate necklace at His throat and the fresh costume of a dancer—friend, look at the Beloved!
A lovely violet loincloth adorns His sacred form; His coming strikes the heart like Love's own blow.
See that beautiful One, says Rasakhān, who has just entered our lane and stopped before us.

Sujān-Rasakhān 49

काटे लटे की लटी लकुटी दुपटी सुफटी सोउ आधे कँधहीं।
 भावते भेष सबै रसखान न जानिए क्योँ अँखियाँ ललचाहीं।
 तू कछू जानत या छबि कोँ यह कौन है साँबरिया बनमाहीं।
 जोरत नैन मरोरत भौह निहोरत सैन अमेठत बाँही

kāṭe laṭe kī laṭī lakuṭī dupaṭī suphaṭī sou ādhe ka~dhāhīm|
bhāvate bheṣa sabai rasakhāna na jānie kyoṃ a~khiyā~ lalacāhīm|
tū kachhū jānata yā chabi koṃ yaha kauna hai sā~bariyā banamāhīm|
jorata nainna marorata bhaumha nihorata saina amethata bā~hī

A little cut staff, curling locks, and a fine scarf thrown across half His shoulder—
 every costume suits Him, says Rasakhān; who knows why the eyes grow so greedy?
 Do you know anything of this beauty? Who is this dark One standing in the forest?
 He joins eye to eye, arches His brows, makes pleading signs, and flexes His arms.

Sujān-Rasakhān 50

कैसो मनोहर बानक मोहन सोहन सुंदर काम ते आली।
 जाहि बिलोकत लाज तजी कुल छूटो है नैननि की चल आली।
 अधरा मुसकान तरंग लसै रसखनि सुहाइ महाछबि छाली।
 कुंज गली मधि मोहन सोहन देख्यौ सखी वह रूप-रसीली

kaiso manohara bānaka mohana sohana suṃdara kāma te ālī|
jāhi bilokata lāja tājī kula chūṭo hai nainani kī cala ālī|
adharā musakāna taraṅga lasai rasakhani suhāi mahāchabi chālī|
kuṃja galī madhi mohana sohana dekhyaṃ sakhī vaha rūpa-rasīlī

Friend, how captivating is Mohana's attire—radiant, beautiful, lovelier than Love himself!
 Whoever beholds Him abandons modesty and family restraint; the eyes are no longer under
 her command.

Waves of smiles gleam upon His lips, says Rasakhān, and immense beauty spreads
 everywhere.

Companion, in the middle of the bower-lane I saw lovely Mohana, that embodiment of
 nectar-filled beauty.

Sujān-Rasakhān 51

मोहन छबि रसखानि लखि, अब दृग अपने नाहिं।
ऐंछे आवत धनुष से, छूटे सर से जाहिं

mohana chabi rasakhāni lakhi, aba dṛga apane nāhiṃ|
aiñce āvata dhanuṣa se, chūṭe sara se jāhiṃ

Having beheld Mohana's beauty, says Rasakhān, my eyes are mine no longer.
They draw taut like bows, then fly away like arrows released.

Sujān-Rasakhān 52

या छबि पै रसखानि अब वारौं कोटि मनोज।
जाकी उपमा कविन नहिं रहे सु खोज

yā chabi pai rasakhāni aba vārauṃ koṭi manoja|
jāki upamā kavina nahin rahe su khoja

Upon this beauty, says Rasakhān, I would now offer a million gods of love.
Poets have never found its likeness, though they have remained forever searching.

Sujān-Rasakhān 53

कदम करीर तरि पूछनि अधीर गोपी
आनन रुखोर गरौं खरोई भरोहौं सो।
घोर हो हमारो प्रेम-चौतरा मैं हार्यौं
गराविन में निकसि भाज्यौ है करि लजैरौं सो।
ऐसे रूप ऐसो भेष हमैहुं दिखैयौ, देखि।
देखत ही रसखानि नेननि चुभेरौं सो।
मुकुट झुकोहौं हास हियरा हरौहौं कटि,
फेटा पिपरोहौं अंगरंग साँवरौहौं सौ

kadama karīra tari pūchani adhīra gopī
ānana rukhora garouṃ kharōi bharohouṃ so|
cora ho hamāro prema-caumtarā maiṃ hāryau
garāvina meṃ nikasi bhājyau hai kari lajairauṃ so|
aise rūpa aisō bheṣa hamaihūṃ dikhaiyau, dekhi|
dekhata hī rasakhāni nenani cubherauṃ so|
mukuṭa jhukohouṃ hāsa hiyarā harauhouṃ kaṭi,
phetaṭa piparohouṃ aṅgarāṅga sā~varauhouṃ sau

Restlessly the cowherd girl questions the kadamba and karīra trees, her face turned upward, her throat strained, her brows lifted: ‘Have you seen Him?

The thief who stole my necklace upon Love’s courtyard slipped out among the cowherd women, feigning shame.

Show me that very form and costume; at a single sight, says Rasakhān, He pierced my eyes. His crown tilted, His smile stealing the heart, a yellow sash at His waist, every limb dark and beautiful.’

Sujān-Rasakhān 54

भौंह भरी सुथरी बरुनी अति ही अधरानि रच्यौ रंग रातो।
कुंडल लोल कपोल महाछबि कुंजन तैं निकस्यौ मुसकातो॥
छूटि गयौ रसखानि लखै उर भूलि गई तन की सुधि सातो।
फूटि गयौ सिर तैं दधि भाजन टूटिगौ नैनन लाज को नातो

*bhaum̐ha bharī sutharī barunī ati hī adharāni racyau raṅga rāto|
kuṇḍala lola kapola mahāchabi kuṇjana taiṇ nikasyau musakāto||
chūṭi gayau rasakhāni lakhai ura bhūli gai tana kī sudhi sāto|
phūṭi gayau sira taiṇ dadhi bhājana ṭūṭigau nainana lāja ko nāto*

Full, shapely brows; lovely eyelashes; lips deeply dyed crimson;
swinging earrings against His cheeks—He emerged from the bowers smiling in immense beauty.

At the sight, says Rasakhān, my heart broke loose and all seven forms of bodily awareness were forgotten.

The curd-pot fell and shattered from my head, and the bond between my eyes and modesty broke with it.

Sujān-Rasakhān 55

जात हुती जमुना जल कौं मनमोहन घेरि लयौ मग आइ कै।
मोद भयौ लपटाइ लयौ पट घूँघट ढारि दयौ चित चाइ कै।
और कहा रसखानि कहौ मुख चूमत घातन बात बनाइ कै।
कैसे निभै कुल-कानि रही हिये साँवरी मूरति की छबि छाइ कै

*jāta hutī jamunā jala kauṃ manamohana gheri layau maga āi kai|
moda bharyau lapaṭāi layau paṭa ghū-ghaṭa dhāri dayau cita chāi kai|
aura kahā rasakhāni kahaṃ mukha cūmata ghātana bāta banāi kai|
kaise nibhai kula-kāni rahī hiye sāvī mūrati kī chabi chāi kai*

I was going to fetch Yamunā water when mind-enchancing Mohana came and surrounded me on the path.

Filled with delight He embraced me, drew down my veil, and awakened longing in my heart. What more can I say, says Rasakhān? Inventing one excuse after another, He kissed my face. How can family honor survive when the beauty of that dark form has spread across the heart?

Sujān-Rasakhān 56

जा दिनतें निरख्यौ नँद-नंदन, कानि तजी घर बन्धन छूट्यो॥
चारु बिलोकनिकी निसि मार, सँभार गयी मन मारने लूट्यो॥
सागरकौ सरिता जिमि धावति रोकि रहे कुलकौ पुल टूट्यो॥
मत्त भयो मन संग फिरै, रसखानि सुरूप सुधा-रस घूट्यो

*jā dinatē nirakhyau na-da-namdana, kāni tajī ghara bandhana chūṭyo||
cāru bilokaniki nīsī mārā, sa-bhāra gayī mana mārane lūṭyo||
sāgarakauṃ saritā jimi dhāvati roki rahe kulakau pulā ṭūṭyo|
matta bhayo mana saṃga phirai, rasakhāni surūpa sudhā-rasa ghūṭyo*

From the day I beheld Nanda's son, restraint was abandoned and the bonds of home fell away.

The dark night of His lovely glance overwhelmed all self-command; Love came and plundered the mind.

As a river races toward the sea, I rushed to Him; the bridge of family custom collapsed beneath the flood.

The mind became intoxicated and follows Him everywhere, says Rasakhān, drinking draughts of the nectar of His beauty.

Sujān-Rasakhān 57

सुधि होत बिदा नर नारिन की दुति दीहि परे बहियाँ पर की।
रसखान बिलोकत गुंज छरानि तजै कुल कानि दुहुँ घर की।
सहरात हियौ फहरात हवाँ चितबै कहरानि पितंबर की।
यह कौन खरौ इतरात गहै बलि की बहियाँ छहियाँ बर की

*sudhi hota bidā nara nārīna kī duti dīhi pare bahiyā~ para kī|
rasakhāna bilokata guñja charāni tajaiṇ kula kāni duhū~ ghara kī|
saharāta hiyau phaharāta havā~ citabaiṇ kaharāni pitambara kī|
yaha kauna kharau itarāta gahai bali kī bahiyā~ chahiyā~ bara kī*

When awareness returned, men and women withdrew; the radiance of each had fallen across the other's arms.

Rasakhān saw their guñjā garlands scattered as both abandoned the restraint of their two households.

The heart trembled, the breeze fluttered, and the beloved's yellow cloth brought sweet devastation to the gaze.

Who is this proud youth who holds the lovely girl's arm and keeps her sheltered in His shade?

Sujān-Rasakhān 58

ए सजनी मनमोहन नागर आगर दौर करी मन माहीं।
सास के त्रास उसास न आवत कैसे सखी ब्रजवास बसाहीं।
माखी भई मधु की तरुनी बरनीन के बान बिंधीं कित जाहीं।
बीथिन डोलति हैं रसखानि रहैं निज मंदिर में पल नाहीं

*e sajanī manamohana nāgara āgara दौरa karī mana māhīṇ|
sāsa ke trāsa usāsa na āvata kaise sakhī brajavāsa basāhīṇ|
mākhī bhāi madhu kī tarunī baranīna ke bāna biṇdhīṇ kita jāhīṇ|
bīthina ḍolati haiṇ rasakhāni rahaiṇ nija maṇḍira meṇ pala nāhīṇ*

Friend, clever mind-enchanted Mohana has made a home and a running-path within my heart.

Fear of my mother-in-law will not even let me breathe; companion, how can one live in Vraja like this?

The young woman has become a bee of honey, pierced by the arrows of those lovely eyes—where can she go?

She wanders the lanes, says Rasakhān, and cannot remain in her own house for even a moment.

Sujān-Rasakhān 59

सखि गोधन गावत हो इक ग्वार लख्यौ वहि डार गहें बट की।
 अलकावलि राजति भाल बिसाल लसै बनमाल हिये टटकी।
 जब तें वह तानि लगी रसखानि निवारै को या मग हौं भटकी।
 लटकी लट मों दृग-मीननि सों बनसी जियवा नट की अटकी

sakhi godhana gāvata ho ika gvāra lakhyau vahi dāra gahem baṭa kī|
alakāvali rājati bhāla bisāla lasai banamāla hiye ṭaṭakī|
jaba tem vaha tāni lagī rasakhāni nivārai ko yā maga haum bhaṭakī|
ṭaṭakī ṭaṭa mōṃ dṛga-mīnani sōṃ banasī jiyavā naṭa kī aṭakī

Friend, I saw a cowherd singing among the cattle, one hand holding a branch of the banyan tree.

Rows of curls adorned His broad forehead, and a fresh forest garland shone upon His breast. Since the note He played struck me, says Rasakhān, I have lost the path and no one can turn me back.

My fish-like eyes caught in His hanging curls, and my life became fastened to that divine actor.

Sujān-Rasakhān 60

गाइ सुहाइ न या पै कहुँ न कहुँ, यह मेरी गरी निकर्यौ है।
 धीरसमीर कलिंदी के तीर खर्यौ रटै आजु री डीठि पर्यौ है।
 जा रसखानि बिलोक्त ही सहसा ढरि राँग सो आँग ढर्यौ है।
 गाइन घेरत हेरत सो पट फेरत टेरत आनि पर्यौ है

gāi suhāi na yā paiṃ kahū~ na kahū~, yaha merī garī nikaryau hai|
dhīrasamīra kaliṇḍī ke tīra kharyau raṭai āju rī ḍīṭhi paryau hai|
jā rasakhāni bilokata hī sahasā ḍhari rā~ga so ā~ga ḍharyau hai|
gāina gherata herata so paṭa pherata ṭerata āni paryau hai

‘A lovely cow is missing—my poor one has wandered out somewhere.’

Today I saw Him standing on Yamunā’s bank in the gentle breeze, anxiously calling for her. At the mere sight of Him, says Rasakhān, the color of my body suddenly melted and ran from every limb.

Searching and searching, He gathered the cows, turned His cloth, called aloud—and came directly before me.

Sujān-Rasakhān · 61–80

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Sujān-Rasakhān 61

खंजन मीन सरोजन को मृग को मद गंजन दीरघ नैना।
कंजन ते निकस्यौ मुसकात सु पान पर्यौ मुख अमृत बैना।।
जाइ रटे मन प्रान बिलोचन कानन में रचि मानत चैना।
रसखानि कयौ घर मो हिय में निसिवासर एक पलौ निकसै ना

*khaṁjana mīna sarojana ko mṛga ko mada gaṁjana dīragha nainā|
kaṁjana te nikasyau musakāta su pāna paryau mukha amṛta bainā||
jāi raṭe mana prāna bilocana kānana meṇ raci mānata cainā|
rasakhāni karyau ghara mo hiya meṇ nisivāsara eka palau nikasai nā*

His long eyes humble the wagtail, fish, lotus, and deer;
He emerged smiling from the bower, and nectar-filled words poured from His mouth.
Mind, life-breath, eyes, and ears went after Him and found their delight in the forest.
Rasakhān has lodged Him within the house of my heart, and night or day He does not leave
for even a moment.

Sujān-Rasakhān 62

मन लीनो प्यारे चितै, पै छटाँक नहिं देत।
यहै कहा पाटी पढ़ी, दल को पीछो लेत

*mana līno pyāre citai, pai chaṭā~ka nahīṁ deta|
yahai kahā pāṭī paṛhī, dala ko pīcho leta*

Beloved, You stole my heart with one glance, yet will not give back even the smallest share.
What strange lesson did You study, that You take the whole and leave the owner trailing
behind?

Sujān-Rasakhān 63

मो मन मानिक ले गयौ, चिते घोर नंदनंद।
अब बेमन मैं क्या करूँ, परी फेर के फंद

mo mana mānika le gayau, cite cora naṇḍanaṇḍa|
aba bemaṇa maiṇ kyā karū~, parī phera ke phaṇḍa

Nanda's son, that thief of hearts, stole the jewel of my mind with a glance.
Now that I am left without a mind, what can I do? I have fallen into His snare again.

Sujān-Rasakhān 64

नैन दलालनि चौहटे, मन मानिक पिय हाथ।
रसखौँ ढोल बजाइके, बेच्यौ हिय जिय साथ

naina dalālani cauhaṭeṇ, mana mānika piya hātha|
rasakhā~ ḍhola bajāike, becyau hiya jiya sātha

At the marketplace of the eyes, those brokers placed the jewel of my mind in my Beloved's hand.

Rasakhān says: with drums sounding, I sold it openly—heart and life along with it.

Sujān-Rasakhān 65

प्रीतम नंदकिशोर, जा दिन तेँ नेननि लग्यौ।
मन पावन चित्त घोर, पलक ओट नहिँ सहि सकौँ

prītaṇa naṇḍakiśora, jā dina teṇ nenani lagyau|
mana pāvana citta cora, palaka oṭa nahīṇ sahi sakaūṇ

From the day my eyes met my beloved Nanda-kiśora—the purifier of the mind and thief of consciousness—I cannot bear even a moment when a single eyelid hides Him from me.

Sujān-Rasakhān 66

मैन मनोहर नैन बड़े सखि सैननि ही मनु मेरो हय्यो है।
गेह को काज तज्यो रसखानि हिये ब्रजराजकुमार अर्यो है।।
आसन-बासन सास के आसन पाने न सासन रंग पर्यो है।
नैननि बंक बिसाल की जोहनि मत्त महा मन मत कर्यो है

*maina manohara naina baṛe sakhi sainani hī manu mero haryau hai|
geha ko kāja tajyau rasakhāni hiye brajarājakumāra aryau hai||
āsana-bāsana sāsa ke āsana pāne na sāsana raṅga paryau hai|
nainani baṅka bisāla kī johani matta mahā mana mata karyau hai*

Friend, that Love-enchanting One's great eyes stole my mind by their gestures alone.
I abandoned the work of home, says Rasakhān, and installed the prince of Vraja within my heart.
I heed neither seat nor dress, neither mother-in-law's command nor household discipline; I am steeped in His color.
Watching those immense, curving eyes, my deeply intoxicated mind has lost all judgment.

Sujān-Rasakhān 67

भटू सुंदर स्याम सिरोमनि मोहन जोहन मैं चित्त चोरत है।
अबलोकन बंक बिलोचन मैं ब्रजबालन के दृग जोरत है।
रसखानि महावत रूप सलोने को मारग तें मन मोरत है।
ग्रह काज समाज सबै कुल लाज लला ब्रजराज को तोरत है

*bhaṭṭu suṇḍara syāma siromani mohana johana maiṁ citta corata hai|
abalokana baṅka bilocana maiṁ brajabālana ke dṛga jorata hai|
rasakhāni mahāvata rūpa salone ko mārāga teṁ mana morata hai|
graha kāja samāja sabai kula lāja lālā brajarāja ko torata hai*

Beautiful dark Śyāma, crown-jewel of charm, steals the heart wherever He is seen.
With the crooked play of His eyes, He joins His gaze to the eyes of Vraja's young women.
The goad of His lovely beauty, says Rasakhān, turns every mind from its accustomed road.
That darling prince of Vraja breaks through home, duty, society, and all the honor of one's family.

Sujān-Rasakhān 68

आली लाल घन सों अति सुंदर तैसो लसे पियरो उपरैना।
गंडनि पै छलकै छवि कुंडल मंडित कुंतल रूप की सैना।
दीरघ बंक बिलोकनि की अबलोकनि घोरति चित्त को चैना।
मो रसखानि रट्यौ चित्त री मुसकाइ कहे अधरामृत बैना

*ālī lāla ghana soṃ ati suṃdara taiso lase piyaro uparainā|
gaṇḍani pai chalakai chavi kuṇḍala maṇḍita kuṇṭala rūpa kī sainā|
dīragha baṅka bilokani kī abalokani corati citta ko cainā|
mo rasakhāni raṭyau citta rī musakāi kahe adharāmṛta bainā*

Friend, the darling dark as a raincloud is exceedingly beautiful, and His yellow upper cloth shines upon Him.

Beauty spills across His cheeks; earrings and curling locks form an army of loveliness.

A single look from those long, curving eyes steals away the heart's peace.

He remains fixed in my heart, says Rasakhān, smiling as He speaks nectar from His lips.

Sujān-Rasakhān 69

वह नंद को साँवरो छैल अली अब तौ अति ही इतरान लग्यौ।
नित घाटन बाटन कुंजन मैं मोहिं देखत ही नियरान लग्यौ।
रसखानि बखान कहा करियै तकि सैननि सों मुसकान लग्यौ।
तिरछी बरखी सम मारत है दृग-बान कमान मुकान लग्यौ

*vaha naṃda ko sā~varo chaila alī aba tau ati hī itarāna lagyau|
nita ghāṭana bāṭana kuṃjana maiṃ mohiṃ dekhata hī niyarāna lagyau|
rasakhāni bakhāna kahā kariyai taki sainani soṃ musakāna lagyau|
tirachī barakhī sama mārata hai ḍṛga-bāna kamāna mukāna lagyau*

Friend, that graceful dark son of Nanda has lately grown very bold.

Day after day, at bathing places, pathways, and bowers, He draws near the moment He sees me.

What more can Rasakhān describe? He watches, signals, and begins to smile.

His slanting glances strike like spears—arrows loosed from the bow of His eyes.

Sujān-Rasakhān 70

मोहन रूप छकी बन डोलति धूमति री तजि लाज बिचारैं।
बंक बिलोकनि नैन बिसाल सु दंपति कोर कटाछन मारैं॥
रंगभरी मुख की मुसकान लखे सखी कौन जु देह सम्हारे।
ज्यौं अरबिंद हिमंत-करी झकझोरि कै तोरि मरोरि कै डारैं

*mohana rūpa chakī bana ḍolati ghūmati rī taji lāja bicāreṃ|
baṅka bilokani naina bisāla su daṇṇpati kora kaṭāchana mārāiṃ||
raṅgabharī mukha kī musakāna lakhe sakhi kōna ju deha samhāre|
jyauṃ arabimṇda himaṇṭa-karī jhakajhori kairi tori marori kairi ḍāraiṃ*

Drunk on Mohana's beauty, she wanders and circles through the forest, abandoning modesty and reflection.

The great eyes of the lovely couple bend in sidelong glances and shoot from their very corners.

Friend, who can keep possession of the body after seeing that color-filled smile upon His face?

It is as though the winter wind seized a lotus, shook it, tore it, twisted it, and cast it down.

Sujān-Rasakhān 71

आज गई ब्रजराज के मंदिर स्याम बिलोक्यौ री माई।
सोइ उठ्यौ पलिका कल कंचन बैठ्यो महा मनहार कन्हारै॥
ए सजनी मुसकान लख्यौ रसखानि बिलोकनि बंक सुहारै।
मैं तब ते कुलकानि तजौ सुबजी ब्रजमंडल मांह दुहारै

*āja gaī brajarāja ke maṇḍira syāma bilokyau rī māī|
soi uṭhyau palikā kala kaṇcana baiṭhyo mahā manahāra kanhāī||
e sajanī musakāna lakhyau rasakhāni bilokani baṅka suhāī|
maiṃ taba te kulakāni tajau subajī brajamamḍala māṇha duhāī*

Mother, today I went to the prince of Vraja's palace and there beheld dark Śyāma. He rose from sleep upon a lovely golden couch—Kanhāī, the great enchanter of hearts. Companion, when I saw that smile and the lovely curve of His glance, says Rasakhān, I cast away family restraint from that very moment and proclaimed it throughout the land of Vraja.

Sujān-Rasakhān 72

मोहन के मन की सब जानति जोहन के मोहि मग लियौ मन।
मोहन सुंदर आनन चंद तें कुंजनि देख्यौ में स्यामसिरोमन।
ता दिन तें मेरे नैननि लाज तजी कुलकानि की डोलत हौं बन।
कैसी करौं रसखानि लगी जक री पकरी पिय के हित को पन

mohana ke mana kī saba jānati johana ke mohi maga liyau mana|
mohana suṇḍara ānana caṇḍa tēṃ kuṇjani dekhyau meṃ syāma siromana|
tā dina tēṃ mere nainani lāja tājī kulakāni kī ḍolata hauṃ bana|
kaisī karaūṃ rasakhāni lagi jaka rī pakarī piya ke hita ko pana

I know all that moves within Mohana's heart: with a glance He took my mind away upon the road.

In the bowers I saw dark Śyāma, crown-jewel of beauty, His lovely face outshining the moon. From that day my eyes abandoned shame and family restraint, and I wander through the forest.

What can I do, says Rasakhān? Love has seized me; I have taken a vow to live for my Beloved's delight.

Sujān-Rasakhān 73

लोक की लाज तज्यौ तबहिं जब देख्यो सखी ब्रजचंद सलौनो।
खंजन मीन सरोजन की छबि गंजन नैन लला दिन होनो।
हेर सम्हारि सकै रसखानि सो कौन तिया वह रूप सुठोनो।
भौंह कमान सौं जोहन को सर बेधत प्राननि नंद को छोनो

loka kī lāja tājyau tabahiṃ jaba dekhyo sakhī brajacaṇḍa salauno|
khaṇjana mīna sarojana kī chabi gaṇjana naina lalā dina hono|
hera samhāri sakai rasakhāni so kauna tiyā vaha rūpa suṭhono|
bhaumha kamāna sauṃ johana ko sara bedhata prānani naṇḍa ko chono

I abandoned worldly shame the very moment, friend, that I saw the lovely moon of Vraja. The darling's eyes humbled the beauty of wagtails, fish, and lotuses; that day was my undoing.

What woman, says Rasakhān, could behold such perfect beauty and still keep command of herself?

From the bow of His brow, Nanda's child shoots a glance that pierces the very life-breath.

Sujān-Rasakhān 74

वा मुख की मुसकान भटू अँखियाँ तें नेकु टरै नहिं टारी।
जौ पलकें पल लागति हैं पल ही पल माँझ पुकारैं पुकारी।
दूसरी ओर तें नेकु चितै इन नैनन नेम गह्यौ बजमारी।
प्रेम की बानि की जोग कलानि गही रसखानि बिचार बिचारी

*vā mukha kī musakāna bhaṭū a~khiyāni teṃ neku ṭarai nahin ṭārī|
jau palakainṇ pala lāgati haiṇ pala hī pala mā~jha pukārainṇ pukārī|
dūsarī ora teṃ neku citai ina nainana nema gahyau bajamārī|
prema kī bāni kī joga kalāni gaḥī rasakhāni bicāra bicārī*

That smile upon His face will not leave my eyes, however much I try to drive it away.
If the eyelids close for even an instant, in that very instant the eyes cry out in protest.
They have vowed never to look even slightly toward another—such lightning-struck eyes!
Rasakhān says: after deep reflection, they have embraced the discipline and art of love.

Sujān-Rasakhān 75

कातिग क्वार के प्रात सरोज किते बिकसात निहारे।
डीठि परे रतनागर के दरके बहु दामिड़ बिंब बिचारे।।
लाल सु जीव जिते रसखानि दरके गीत तोलनि मोलनि भारे।
राधिका श्रीमुरलीधर की मधुरी मुसकानि के ऊपर बारे

*kātiga kvāra ke prāta saroja kite bikasāta nihāre|
ḍīṭhi pare ratanāgara ke darake bahu dāmīḍa bīm̐ba bicāre||
lāla su jīva jīte rasakhāni darake gīta tolaṇi molaṇi bhāre|
rādhikā śrīmuralīdhara kī madhurī musakāni ke ūpara bāre*

How many lotuses have I watched unfold at dawn in Kārtika and Kvāra?
How many costly gems and shining red jewels of the ocean have met my gaze?
Whatever precious lives and weighty songs there are, says Rasakhān, however carefully appraised—
I would sacrifice them all to the sweet smile shared by Rādhikā and glorious Muralīdhara.

Sujān-Rasakhān 76

बंक बिलोचन हैं दुख-मोचन दीरघ रोचन रंग भरे हैं।
 घमत बारुनी पान किये जिमि झूमत आनन रूप ढरे हैं।
 गंडनि पै झलकै छबि कुंडल नागरि-नैन बिलोकि भरे हैं।
 बालनि के रसखानि हरे मन ईषद हास के पानि परे हैं

baṅka bilocana haiṁ dukha-mocana dīragha rocana raṅga bhare haiṁ|
ghamata bārūnī pāna kiyeṁ jimi jhūmata ānana rūpa ḍharai haiṁ|
gaṇḍani pai jhalakai chabi kuṇḍala nāgari-naina biloki bhare haiṁ|
bālani ke rasakhāni hare mana īṣada hāsa ke pāni pare haiṁ

Those curving eyes dispel sorrow—long, radiant, and filled with color.
 His face sways and pours forth beauty as though He were reeling from drinking wine.
 Earrings flash across His cheeks, while accomplished women drink Him in with their eyes.
 The hearts of the young women, says Rasakhān, have fallen into the hands of His faint smile.

Sujān-Rasakhān 77

अब ही खरिक गई, गाड़ के दुहाइबे काँ,
 बावरी है आई डारि दोहनी यौ पानि की।
 कोऊ कहै छरी कोऊ मौन परी कोऊ,
 कोऊ कहै भरी गति हरी अंखियानि की॥
 सास व्रत टानै नंद बोलत सयाने धाड़
 दौरि-दौरि मानै-जानै खोरि देवतानि की।
 सखी सब हैंसैं मुरझानि पहिचानि कहूँ,
 देखी मुसकानि वा अहीर रसखानि की

aba hī kharika gai, gāi ke duhāibe kaṁ,
bāvarī hai āi ḍāri dohani yau pāni kī|
koū kahai charī koū mauna parī koū,
koū kahai bharī gati harī a-khiyāni kī||
sāsa vrata ṭānai nandā bolata sayāne dhāi
dauri-dauri mānai-jānai khori devatāni kī|
sakhī saba ha-saiṁ murajhāni pahicāni kahū~,
dekhi musakāni vā ahira rasakhāni kī

She had only just gone to the cattle pen to milk the cow, but returned crazed, having poured water into the milk-pail.
 One says she has been bewitched, another falls silent, and another says her eyes have stolen away her composure.
 Her mother-in-law undertakes vows; Nanda summons the wise, who hurry about and blame the gods.

All her companions laugh, recognizing the wilted girl: somewhere, says Rasakhān, she saw that cowherd's smile.

Sujān-Rasakhān 78

मैन-मनोहर बैन बजै सु सजे तन सोहत पीत पटा है।
 यौं दमकै चमकै झमकै दुति दामिनि की मनौ स्याम घटा है।
 ए सजनी ब्रजराजकुमार अटा चढ़ि फेरत लाल बटा है।
 रसखानि महा मधुरी मुख की मुसकानि करै कुलकानि कटा है

*maina-manohara baina bajai su saje tana sohata pīta paṭā hai|
 yauṁ damakai camakai jhamakaiṁ duti dāmini kī manau syāma ghaṭā hai|
 e sajanī brajarājakumāra aṭā caṛhi pherata lāla baṭā hai|
 rasakhāni mahā madhurī mukha kī musakāni karai kulakāni kaṭā hai*

The Love-enchanter's flute sounds; His adorned body shines in yellow silk.
 He glitters, flashes, and shimmers like lightning within a dark raincloud.
 Companion, the prince of Vraja has climbed the terrace and is tossing about a red ball.
 The exceedingly sweet smile upon His face, says Rasakhān, cuts through every bond of family honor.

Sujān-Rasakhān 79

जा दिन तें मुसकानि चुभी चित ता दिन तें निकसी न निकारी।
 कुंडल लोल कपोल महा छबि कुंजन तें निकस्यो सुखकारी॥
 हौ सखि आवत ही दगरे पग पैड़ तजी रिझई बनवारी।
 रसखानि परी मुसकानि के पाननि कौन गनै कुलकानि विचारी

*jā dina teṁ musakāni cubhī cita tā dina teṁ nikasī na nikārī|
 kuṇḍala lola kapola mahā chabi kuṁjana teṁ nikasyo sukhakārī||
 hau sakhi āvata hī dagareṁ paga paiṛṭa tājī rijhaiṁ banavārī|
 rasakhāni parī musakāni ke pānani kauna ganai kulakāni vicārī*

From the day His smile pierced my heart, it has never departed and cannot be driven out.
 Earrings swinging against His splendid cheeks, the giver of joy emerged from the bowers.
 Friend, the moment I met Him on the road I left the path beneath my feet, enchanted by Banavārī.
 Once she has drunk that smile, says Rasakhān, who will pause to reckon the claims of family honor?

Sujān-Rasakhān 8o

काननि दै अँगुरी रहिहौं जबहीं मुरली धुनि मंद बजैहै।
 मोहनी ताननि सों रसखानि अटा चढ़ि गोधन गैहै तौ गैहै॥
 टेरि कहौं सिगरे ब्रज लोगनि काल्हि कोऊ सु कितौ समुझैहै।
 माइ री वा मुख की मुसकानि सम्हारी न जैहे न जैहे न जैहे

kānani dai a-gurī rahihaṃ jabahīṃ muralī dhuni maṇḍa bajaihai|
mohanī tānani soṃ rasakhāni aṭā cāṛhi godhana gaihai tau gaihai||
ṭeri kahaṃ sigare braja logani kālhi koū su kitau samujhaihai|
māi rī vā mukha kī musakāni samhārī na jaihe na jaihe na jaihe

I shall keep my fingers pressed into my ears whenever the flute begins to sound softly.
 If He climbs the terrace and sings to the cattle in those enchanting notes, says
 Rasakhān—then let Him sing.

I will call out and warn all the people of Vraja; perhaps tomorrow someone will understand.
 But mother, that smile upon His face cannot be withstood—cannot, cannot, cannot!

Sujān-Rasakhān • 81–100

Braj Bhāṣā • IAST • English

Sujān-Rasakhān 81

आजु सखी नंद-नंदन की तकि ठाढ़ौ हों कुंजन की परछाहीं।
नैन बिसाल की जोहन को सब भेदि गयौ हियरा जिन माहीं।
घाइल धूमि सुमार गिरी रसखानि सम्हारति अँगनि जाहीं।
एते पै वा मुसकानि की डौंड़ी बजी ब्रज मैं अबला कित जाहीं

*ājū sakhi naṇḍa-naṇḍana kī taki ṭhāṛhau hoṃ kuṃjana kī parachāhīṃ |
naina bisāla kī johana ko saba bhedī gayau hiyarā jina māhīṃ |
ghāila dhūmi sumāra girī rasakhāni samhāratī a-gaṇi jāhīṃ |
ete pai vā musakāni kī ḍauṇṇī bajī braja maiṃ abalā kita jāhīṃ*

Friend, today I stood watching Nanda's son from the shadow of the bowers.
One look from His immense eyes pierced every place within my heart.
Wounded, I reeled and fell senseless, says Rasakhān, as awareness left every limb.
And now the drum of that smile sounds throughout Vraja—where can any helpless woman go?

Sujān-Rasakhān 82

ए सजनी लोनो लला, लखौ नंद के गेह।
चितथौ मृदु मुस्काइ कै, हरी सबै सुधि देह

*e sajanī lono lalā, lakhau naṇḍa ke geha |
citayau mṛḍu muskāi kai, harī sabai sudhi deha*

Companion, behold that lovely darling in Nanda's house.
He looked at me with a gentle smile and stole all awareness of my body.

Sujān-Rasakhān 83

जोहन नंदकुमार को, गई नंद के गेह।
मोहिं देखि मुसकाइ कै, बरस्यौ मेह सनेह

johana naṇḍakumāra koṃ, gāi naṇḍa ke geha|
mohiṃ dekhi musakāi kai, barasyau meha saneha

I went to Nanda's house to behold Nanda's prince.
Seeing me, He smiled—and a rain of affection poured down.

Sujān-Rasakhān 84

मोरपखा सिर कानन कुंडल कुंतल सों छबि गंडनि छाई।
बंक बिसाल रसाल बिलोचन हैं दुखमौचन मोहन माई।
आली नवीन यह घन सो तन पीट घट ज्यों पठा बनि आई।
हौं रसखानि जकी सी रही कछु टोना चलाइ ठगौरी सी लाई

morapakhā sira kānana kuṇḍala kuṇṭala soṃ chabi gaṇḍani chāi|
baṅka bisāla rasāla bilocana haiṃ dukhamaucana mohana māi|
ālī navīna yaha ghana so tana pīṭa ghaṭa jyaum paṭhā bani āi|
haum rasakhāni jakī sī rahī kachu ṭonā calāi ṭhagaurī sī lāi

Peacock feathers upon His head, earrings at His ears, and curls casting beauty across His cheeks;

great curving, nectar-filled eyes that banish sorrow—mother, that is Mohana!

Friend, His fresh raincloud body came splendidly arrayed, with yellow cloth flashing like lightning.

I stood spellbound, says Rasakhān, as though He had cast some charm and covered me in enchantment.

Sujān-Rasakhān 85

जा दिन तें वह नंद को छोहरा या बन धेनु चराइ गयौ है।
मोहनी ताननि गोधन गावत बेन बजाइ रिझाइ गयौ है।
बा दिन सों कछु टोना सो कै रसखानि हिये मैं समाइ गयौ है।
कोऊ न काहु की कानि करै सिगरी ब्रज वीर! बिकाइ गयौ है

*jā dina teṁ vaha naṁda ko choharā yā bana dhenu carāi gayau hai|
mohanī tānani godhana gāvata bena bajāi rijhāi gayau hai|
bā dina soṁ kachu ṭonā so kai rasakhāni hiye maiṁ samāi gayau hai|
koū na kāhū kī kāni karaī sigarāu braja vīra! bikāi gayau hai*

From the day that son of Nanda went into this forest to graze the cows,
playing His flute, singing to the herd in enchanting melodies, and captivating every heart,
some spell of His entered and settled within my heart, says Rasakhān.
No one listens to anyone now—friend, all of Vraja has been sold away.

Sujān-Rasakhān 86

आयो हुतो नियरे रसखानि कहा कहौं तू न गई वहि ठैया।
या ब्रज में सिगरी बनिता सब बारति प्राननि लेति बलैया।
कोऊ न काहु की कानि करै कछु चेटक सो जु कियौ जदुरैया।
गाइगौ तान जमाइगौ नेह रिझाइगौ प्रान चराइगौ गैया

*āyo huto niyare rasakhāni kahā kahaū tū na gāi vahi ṭhaiyā|
yā braja meṁ sigarī banitā saba bārati prānani leti balaiyā|
koū na kāhū kī kāni karaīṁ kachu ceṭaka so ju kiyau jaduraiyā|
gāigau tāna jamāigau neha rijhāigau prāna carāigau gaiyā*

He came so near, says Rasakhān—what can I tell you? You did not go to that place.
Every woman in Vraja offers Him her life and circles blessings over His head.
No one heeds another; the prince of the Yadus has worked some magic.
He sings a melody, awakens love, captures the heart and life—and then goes on grazing the cows.

Sujān-Rasakhān 87

कौन ठगौरी भरी हरि आजु बजाई है बाँसुनिया रंग-भीनी।
तान सुनीं जिनहीं तिनहीं तबहीं तित साज बिदा कर दीनी।
घूमैं घरी नंद के द्वार नवीनी कहा कहुँ बाल प्रवीनी।
या ब्रज-मंडल में रसखानि सु कौन भटू जू लटू नहिं कीनी

kauna ṭhagaurī bharī hari āju bajāi hai bā~suniyā raṅga-bhīnī|
tāna sunīṅ jinahīṅ tinahīṅ tabahīṅ tita sāja bidā kara dīnī|
ghūmaiṅ gharī naṇḍa ke dvāra navīnī kahā kahū~ bāla pravīnī|
yā brāja-maṇḍala meṅ rasakhāni su kauna bhaṭū jū laṭū nahīṅ kīnī

What enchantment did Hari pour today into that color-drenched flute?
Whoever heard its melody abandoned every task that very instant and set out toward it.
The young women circle Nanda's door—what can I say of these clever girls?
Within all Vraja, says Rasakhān, whom has that graceful youth not made spin like a top?

Sujān-Rasakhān 88

बाँकी धरै कलगी सिर ऊपर बाँसुरी-तान कटै रस बीर के।
कुंडल कान लसैं रसखानि विलोकन तीर अनंग तुनीर के।
डारि ठगौरी गयौ चित चोरि लिए है सबैं सुख सोखि सरीर के।
जात चलावन मो अबला यह कौन कला है भला वे अहीर के

bā~kī dharai kalagī sira ūpara bā~surī-tāna kaṭai rasa bīra ke|
kuṇḍala kāna lasaiṅ rasakhāni vilokana tīra ananḡa tunīra ke|
ḍāri ṭhagaurī gayau cita cori lie hai sabaiṅ sukha sokhi sarīra ke|
jāta calāvana mo abalā yaha kauna kalā hai bhalā ve ahīra ke

A jaunty plume rests upon His head, while the flute's melody cuts through love's bravest hearts.
Earrings shine at His ears, says Rasakhān, and His glances are arrows from the Love-god's quiver.
Casting His spell, He went away with my heart, draining every comfort from my body.
To set me moving and then depart—what marvelous art is this in that cowherd?

Sujān-Rasakhān 89

कौन की नागरि रूप की आगरि जाति लिए संग कौन की बेटी।
जाको लसै मुख चंद-समान सु कोमल अँगनि रूप-लपेटी।
लाल रही चुप लागि है डीठि सु जाके कहुँ उर बात न मेटी।
टोकत ही टटकार लगी रसखानि भई मनौ कारिख-पेटी

*kauna kī nāgarī rūpa kī āgarī jāti lie saṅga kauna kī beṭī|
jāko lasai mukha caṇḍa-samāna su komala a-ṅani rūpa-lapeṭī|
lāla rahī cupa lāgi hai ḍīṭhi su jāke kahū~ ura bāta na meṭī|
ṭokata hī ṭaṭakāra lagī rasakhāni bhaiṁ manau kārīkha-peṭī*

Whose accomplished beauty is she, a treasury of loveliness, and whose daughter goes with her?

Her moonlike face shines; tender limbs seem wrapped in beauty.

The girl remained silent, her gaze fixed, unable to erase whatever lay within her heart.

The moment she was challenged she flared up, says Rasakhān, becoming dark as a box of lampblack.

Sujān-Rasakhān 90

कराकृत कुंडल गुंज की माल के लाल लसै पग पाँवरिया।
बछरानि चरावन के मिस भावतो दै गयौ भावती भाँवरिया।
रसखानि बिलोकत ही सिगरी भई बावरिया ब्रज-डाँवरिया।
सजती ईहिं गोकुल मैं विष सो बगरायौ हे नंद की साँवरिया

*karākṛta kuṇḍala guṅja kī māla ke lāla lasai paga pā-variyā|
bacharāni carāvana ke misa bhāvato dai gayau bhāvatī bhā-variyā|
rasakhāni bilokata hī sigarī bhaiṁ bāvariyā braja-ḍā-variyā|
sajatī ihiṁ gokula maiṁ viṣa so bagarāyau he naṇḍa kī sā-variyā*

Makara-shaped earrings, a necklace of guñjā berries, red anklets shining upon His feet—on the pretext of grazing calves, the Beloved came and circled His beloved in marriage.

At a single sight of Him, says Rasakhān, every milkmaid of Vraja went mad.

It seems that Nanda's dark son has scattered poison throughout this Gokula.

Sujān-Rasakhān 91

नवरंग अनंग भरी छवि सौं वह मूरति आँखि गड़ी ही रहैं
 बतिया मन की मन ही में रहे घतिया उर बीच अड़ी ही रहैं।
 तबहुँ रसखानि सुजान अली नलिनी दल बूँद पड़ी ही रहै।
 जिय की नहिं जानत हौं सजनी रजनी अँसुवान लड़ी ही रहै

navaraṃga ananṅa bhārī chavi sauṃ vaha mūrati ā-khi gaṛī hī rahaiṃ
batiyā mana kī mana hī maiṃ rahe ghatiyā ura bīca aṛī hī rahaiṃ
tabahū~ rasakhāni sujāna alī nalinī dala bū~da paṛī hī rahai
jīya kī nahīṃ jānata haṃ sajanī rajanī a~suvāna laṛī hī rahai

My eyes remain fixed upon that form, its beauty filled with fresh color and the Love-god's power.

The heart's words stay imprisoned in the heart, while a blade remains lodged within my breast.

Even so, wise friend, says Rasakhān, I remain like a drop of water trembling upon a lotus leaf.

I do not know what will become of my life, companion; all night my tears remain strung in a stream.

Sujān-Rasakhān 92

मैन मनोहर ही दुख दंदन है सुख कंदन नंद को नंदा।
 बंक बिलोचन की अवलोकनि है दुख योजन प्रेम को फंदा।
 जा को लखैं मुख रूप अनुपम होत पराजय कोटिक चंदा।
 हौं रसखानि बिकाइ गई उन मोल लई सजनी सुख चंदा

maina manohara hī dukha daṇḍana hai sukha kaṇḍana naṇḍa ko naṇḍā
baṅka bilocana kī avalokani hai dukha yojana prema ko phaṇḍā
jā ko lakhaiṃ mukha rūpa anupama hota parājaya koṭika caṇḍā
haṃ rasakhāni bikāi gaiṃ una mola laiṃ sajanī sukha caṇḍā

The mind-enchancing son of Nanda destroys sorrow and is the very root of joy.

A look from His curving eyes removes pain—and sets love's snare.

Whoever beholds His matchless face sees millions of moons defeated.

I have sold myself to Him, says Rasakhān; companion, that moon of delight has purchased me.

Sujān-Rasakhān 93

सोहत है चँदवा सिर मोर के तैसिय सुंदर पाग कसी है।
तैसिय गोरज भाल बिराजति जैसी हियें बनमाल लसी है।
रसखानि बिलोकत बौरी भई दृगमूँदि के ग्वालि पुकारि हँसी है।
खोलि री नैननि, खोलौं कहा वह मूरति नैनन माँझ बसी है

*sohata hai ca~davā sira mora ke taisiya suṇdara pāga kasī hai|
taisiya goraja bhāla birājati jaisī hiyeṇ banamāla lasī hai|
rasakhāni bilokata baurī bhāi dṛgamū~di kai gvāli pukāri ha~sī hai|
kholi rī nainani, kholauṇ kahā vaha mūrati nainana mā~jha basī hai*

A peacock-plume canopy shines upon His head, and His lovely turban is tied just so.
Cow-dust graces His brow just as the forest garland gleams upon His breast.
At the sight I went mad, says Rasakhān; a cowherd girl called out laughing, ‘Open your eyes!’
‘Why should I open them? That very form is dwelling here within my eyes.’

Sujān-Rasakhān 94

सुनि री! पिय मोहन की बतियाँ अति दीठ भयौ नहिं कानि करै।
निसि बासरु औसर देत नहीं छिनहीं छिन द्वार ही आनि अरै।
निकसी मति नागरि डौंड़ी बजी ब्रज मंडल मैं यह कौन भरै।
अब रूप की रौर परी रसखानि रहै तिय कौऊ न माँझ धरै

*sunī rī! piya mohana kī batiyā~ ati dīṭha bhayau nahīṇ kāni karai|
nisi bāsarū ausara deta nahīṇ chinahīṇ china dvāra hī āni arai|
nikasī mati nāgari ḍauṇṇī bajī braja maṇḍala maiṇ yaha kauna bharai|
aba rūpa kī raura parī rasakhāni rahai tiya kauū na mā~jha dharai*

Listen, friend! Beloved Mohana has grown exceedingly bold; He heeds no restraint.
Night and day He gives me no respite, but comes every moment and plants Himself at the door.
The proclamation has sounded throughout Vraja: what clever woman can now venture outside?
Beauty’s uproar has arisen, says Rasakhān; no woman can hold herself apart from it.

Sujān-Rasakhān 95

रंग भर्यौ मुसकान लला निकस्यौ कल कुंजन ते सुखदाई।
 मैं तबही निकसी घर ते तनि नैन बिसाल की चोट चलाई।।
 घूमि गिरी रसखानि तब हरिनी जिमि बान लगैं गिर जाई।
 टूटि गयौ घर को सब बंधन छूटिगौ आरज लाज बड़ाई

raṅga bharyau musakāna lalā nikasyau kala kuṅjana te sukhadāi|
maiṅ tabahī nikasī ghara te tani naina bisāla kī coṭa calāi||
ghūmi girī rasakhāni taba harinī jimi bāna lagaiṅ gira jāi|
ṭūṭi gayau ghara ko saba baṁdhana chūṭigau āraja lāja baṛāi

Filled with color and smiling, the darling emerged from the lovely bower, bringing delight.
 I left my house at that very moment, and He struck me with the wound of His immense eyes.
 I reeled and fell, says Rasakhān, like a doe brought down when the arrow finds her.
 Every bond of home broke apart; noble conduct, modesty, and reputation all slipped away.

Sujān-Rasakhān 96

खंजन नैन फँदे पिंजरा छबि नाहिं रहैं थिर कैसे हुं भाई।
 छूटि गई कुलकानि सखी रसखानि लखी मुसकानि सुहाई।।
 चित्र कढ़े से रहे मेरे नैन न बैन कढ़े मुख दीनी दुहाई।
 कैसी करौं कित जाऊँ अली सब बोलि उठैं यह बावरी आई

khaṁjana naina pha-de piṅjarā chabi nāhiṅ rahaiṅ thira kaise huṅ bhāi|
chūṭi gaī kulakāni sakhi rasakhāni lakhī musakāni suhāi||
citra kaṛhe se rahe mere naina na bain kaṛhe mukha dīnī duhāi|
kaisī karaūṅ kita jāū~ alī saba boli uṭhaiṅ yaha bāvarī āi

Caught in the snare of those wagtail eyes and imprisoned by beauty, how could anyone remain steady, friend?
 Family restraint slipped away when I saw that lovely smile, says Rasakhān.
 My eyes became motionless as figures in a painting; no word left my mouth though I cried inwardly for help.
 What can I do, where can I go, friend? Everyone calls out, ‘Here comes the madwoman!’

Sujān-Rasakhān 97

कुंजगली में अली निकसी तहाँ साँकरे ढोटा कियौ भटभेरो।
माई री वा मुख की मुसकान गयौ मन बूढ़ि फिरै नहिं फेरो॥
डोरि लियौ दृग चोरि लियौ चित डार्यौ है प्रेम को फंद घनेरो।
कैसा करौ अब क्यों निकसौ रसखानि पर्यौ तन रूप को घेरो

*kunṇjaḡalī maiṇ alī nikasī tahā~ sã~kare dhoṭā kiyau bhaṭabhero|
māi rī vā mukha kī musakāna gayau mana būṛhi phirai nahin phero||
ḍori liyau ḍṛga cori liyau cita ḍāryau hai prema ko phaṇḍa ghanero|
kaisā karaṇ aba kyoṇ nikasoṇ rasakhāni paryau tana rūpa ko ghero*

Friend, I came out into the bower-lane, and there in the narrow passage that young rogue blocked my way.

Mother, the smile upon His face drowned my mind; it went under and has never returned. He fastened my eyes to Himself, stole my heart, and cast around me a dense snare of love. What can I do now, how can I escape? Beauty has surrounded my body, says Rasakhān.

Sujān-Rasakhān 98

देख्यौ रूप अपार, मोहन सुंदर स्याम को।
वह ब्रजराज कुमार, हिय जिय नैननि में बस्यौ

*dekhyau rūpa apāra, mohana suṇḍara syāma ko|
vaha brajarāja kumāra, hiya jiya nainani meṇ basyau*

I beheld the boundless beauty of lovely dark Mohana.
That prince of Vraja came to dwell in my heart, my life, and my eyes.

Sujān-Rasakhān 99

अंत ते न आयौ याही गाँवरे को जायौ,
 माई बाप रे जिवायौ प्याइ दूध बारे बारे को।
 सोई रसखानि पहिचानि कानि छाड़ि चाहे,
 लोचन नचावत नचया द्वारे द्वारे को।
 मैया की सौं सोच कछू मटकी उतारे को न,
 गोरस के ढारे को न चीर चीर डारे को।
 यहै दुख भारी गहै डगर हमारी माँझ,
 नगर हमारे ग्वाल बगर हमारे को

*aṃta te na āyau yāhī gā~vare ko jāyau,
 māī bāpa re jivāyau pyāī dūdhā bāre bāre ko|
 soī rasakhāni pahicāni kāni chāḍḍi cāhe,
 locana nacāvata nacayā dvāre dvāre ko|
 maiyā kī sauṇī soca kachū maṭakī utāre ko na,
 gorasa ke ḍhāre ko na cīra cīra ḍāre ko|
 yahai dukha bhārī gahai ḍagara hamārī mā~jha,
 nagara hamāre gvāla bagara hamāre ko*

He did not come here from some far-off place; He was born in this very village.
 His mother and father kept Him alive, feeding Him milk again and again from childhood.
 Yet that same boy, says Rasakhān, casts restraint aside whenever He recognizes me,
 rolling His eyes and making me dance from door to door.
 By His mother's oath, He gives no thought to lifting down the milk-pot,
 to spilling the curds, or even tearing my garment to pieces.
 The greatest torment is this: He blocks our path midway—
 a clever rogue from our own town, a cowherd from our own settlement!

Sujān-Rasakhān 100

एक ते एक लौं कानन में रहें ढीठ सखा सब लीने कन्हई।
आवत ही हौं कहाँ लौं कहीं कोउ कैसे सहै अति की अधिकाई॥
खायौ दही मेरो भाजन फोर्यौ न छाड़त वीर दिवाएँ दुहाई।
सोंह जसोमति की रसखानि ते भागें मरु करि छूटन पाई

eka te eka lauṇ kānana meṇ rahēṇ ḍhīṭha sakhā saba līne kanhāi |
āvata hī hauṇ kahā~ lauṇ kahīṇ kou kaise sahai ati kī adhikāi |
khāyau dahī mero bhājana phoryau na chāṛata vīra divāe~ duhāi |
soṃha jasomati kī rasakhāni te bhāgeṇ maru kari chūṭana pāi

Kanhāi and all His shameless companions lurk from one grove to the next.
The moment I come, how can I tell all that happens—who could endure such excess?
He ate my curds, broke my vessel, and would not release my garment though I cried for help.
By Yaśodā's oath, says Rasakhān, He fled only when I threatened to strike Him and
somehow broke free.

Sujān-Rasakhān • 101–120

Braj Bhāṣā • IAST • English

Sujān-Rasakhān 101

आज महं दधि बेचन जात ही मोहन रोकि लियौ मग आयौ।
माँगत दान में आन लियौ सु कियो निलजी रस जोवन खायौ॥
काह कहुँ सिगरी री बिथा रसखानि लियौ हँसि के मुसकायौ।
पाले परी मैं अकेली लली, लला लाज लियो सु कियौ मनभायौ॥101॥

*āja mahūṃ dadhi becana jāta hī mohana roki liyau maga āyau|
mā-gata dāna meṃ āna liyau su kiyo nilajī rasa jovana khāyau||
kāha kahū~ sigarī rī bithā rasakhāni liyau ha~si ke musakāyau|
pāle parī maiṃ akelī lālī, lalā lāja liyo su kiyau manabhāyau||101|*

Today, just as I was going to sell curds, Mohana came and stopped me on the road.
He demanded a toll, drew me close, and shamelessly plundered the treasure of my youth.
How can I tell all my distress? Rasakhān says He took it away laughing and smiling.
I was caught alone in His enclosure, friend; the darling stole my modesty and did whatever pleased His heart.

Sujān-Rasakhān 102

पहलें दधि लैं गई गोकुल में चख चारि भए नटनागर पै।
रसखानि करी उनि मैनमई कहैं दान दे दान खरे अर पै॥
नख तें सिख नील निचोल पलेटे सखी सम भाँति कँपे र पै॥
मनौ दामिनि सावन के घन में निकसे नहीं भीतर ही तरपै

*pahaleṃ dadhi laiṃ gaiṃ gokula meṃ cakha cāri bhae ṇaṭanāgara pai|
rasakhāni karī uni mainamāi kahaiṃ dāna de dāna khare ara pai||
nakha teṃ sikha nīla nicola paleṭe sakhi sama bhā~ti ka~pe ra pai||
manau dāmini sāvana ke ghana meṃ nikase nahūṃ bhītara hī tarapai*

First she took her curds to Gokula; after four steps she came upon that master actor.
He worked the power of Love upon her, says Rasakhān, standing in the way and crying, 'Pay the toll! Pay the toll!'
Wrapped from head to foot in a dark-blue veil, friend, she trembled in every way.
She was like lightning trapped inside a monsoon cloud, unable to emerge and flashing only within.

Sujān-Rasakhān 103

दानी नए भए माँगत दान सुने जु है कंस तौ बाँधे न जैहौ।
रोकत हौं बन में रसखानि पसारत हाथ महा दुख पैहो।
टूटे छरा बछरादिक गोधन जो धन है सु सबै पुनि रेहौ।
जै है जो भूषन काहु तिया को तो मौल छलाके लला न बिकैहौ

*dānī nae bhae mā-gata dāna sune ju hai kaṁsa tau bā-dhe na jaihaiu|
rokata haumī bana meṁ rasakhāni pasārata hātha mahā dukha paiho|
ṭūṭeṁ charā bacharādika godhana jo dhana hai su sabai puni rehau|
jai hai jo bhūṣana kāhū tiyā ko to maula chalāke lalā na bikaihaiu*

You have lately become a toll collector and demand payment—but if Kaṁsa hears, You will not escape his bonds.

You stop me in the forest and stretch out Your hand, says Rasakhān; You will bring immense trouble upon Yourself.

If calves stray and the other cattle scatter, all Your wealth will be lost.

And if You seize some woman's ornament, darling, You will not be sold cheaply enough to pay its price.

Sujān-Rasakhān 104

छीर जौ चाहत चीर गहैं एजू लेउ न केतिक छीर अचैहौ।
चाखन के मिस माखन माँगत खाउ न माखन केतिक खैहौ।
जानति हौं जिय की रसखानि सु काहे कौ एतिक बात बदैहौ।
गोरस के मिस जो रस चाहत सो रस कान्हजू नेकु न पैहौ

*chīra jau cāhata cīra gahaiṁ ejū leu na ketika chīra acaihaiu|
cākhana ke mīsa mākhana mā-gata khāu na mākhana ketika khaihaiu|
jānati haumī jiya kī rasakhāni su kāhe kau etika bāta baṛhaihaiu|
gorasa ke mīsa jo rasa cāhata so rasa kānhajū neku na paihaiu*

If You want milk, why seize my garment? Come, take it—how much milk could You possibly drink?

On the pretext of tasting, You ask for butter; eat it—how much butter could You consume?

I know what is in Your heart, says Rasakhān, so why prolong this argument?

If under cover of milk-products You desire another sweetness, Kānhajū, You will not receive even a drop.

Sujān-Rasakhān 105

लंगर छैलहि गोकुल में मग रोकत संग सखा दिंग तै हैं।
 जाहि न ताहि दिखावत आँखि सु कौन गई अब तोसों करे हैं।
 हाँसीं में हार हट्यौ रसखानि जु जौं कहूँ नेकु तगा टुटि जै हैं।
 एकहि मोती के मोल लला सिगरे ब्रज हाटहि हाट बिकै हैं

laṁgara chailahi gokula maiṁ maga rokata saṁga sakhā dhiṅga tai haiṁ|
jāhi na tāhi dikhāvata ā~khi su kauna gaī aba tosoṁ kare haiṁ|
hā~sīṁ meṁ hāra haṭyau rasakhāni ju jāuṁ kahū~ neku tagā ṭuṭi jai haiṁ|
ekahi motī ke mola lālā sigare braja hāṭahi hāṭa bikai haiṁ

That insolent charmer blocks the roads of Gokula, with His companions close beside Him.
 He glares at anyone and everyone—who now will go and confront You?

If in this jest my necklace is pulled and even a single thread should snap, says Rasakhān,
 for the price of one pearl, darling, You and the entire marketplace of Vraja will be sold from
 stall to stall.

Sujān-Rasakhān 106

काहु को माखन चाखि गयौ अरु काहु को दूध दही ढरकायौ।
 काहु को चीर लै रूप चढ़्यौ अरु काहु को गुंजछरा छहरायौ।
 मानै नही बरजें रसखानि सु जानियै राज इन्हें घर आयौ।
 आवरी बूझैं जसोमति सों यह छोहरा जायौ कि मेव मंगायौ

kāhū ko mākhana cākhī gayau aru kāhū ko dūdha dahī dharakāyau|
kāhū ko cīra lai rūpa caṛhyau aru kāhū ko guṁjacharā chaharāyau|
mānai nahī barajeṁ rasakhāni su jāniyai rāja inhāiṁ ghara āyau|
āvarī būjhaiṁ jasomati soṁ yaha choharā jāyau ki meva maṅgāyau

He tasted one woman's butter, spilled another's milk and curds,
 seized one woman's garment and climbed upon it, and scattered another's guñjā necklace.
 He pays no heed when forbidden, says Rasakhān; one would think the kingdom itself had
 come into His house.

The women ask Yaśodā, 'Did this boy go out to graze, or to order delicacies for Himself?'

Sujān-Rasakhān 107

दूध दुह्यौ सीरो पर्यौ तातो न जमायौ कर्यौ,
जामन दयौ सो धर्यौ, धर्यौई खटाइगौ।
आन हाथ आन पाइ सबही के तब ही तें,
जब ही तें रसखानि ताननि सुनाइगौ।
ज्यौ ही नर त्योंहों नारी तैसीयै तरुन बारी,
कहिये कहा री सब ब्रिज बिललाइगौ।
जानियै न माली यह छोहरा जसोमति को,
बाँसुरी बजाइ गौ कि विष बगराइगौ

*dūdha duhyau sīro paryau tāto na jamāyau karyau,
jāmana dayau so dharyau, dharyauī khaṭāigau|
āna hātha āna pāi sabahī ke taba hī teṃ,
jaba hī teṃ rasakhāni tānani sunāigau|
jyaum̐ hī nara tyaum̐hoṃ nārī taisiyai taruna bārī,
kahiye kahā rī saba brīja bīlalāigau|
jāniyai na mālī yaha choharā jasomati ko,
bā~surī bajai gau ki viṣa bagarāigau*

The milk was drawn and set down hot; before it could be cultured,
the starter that was added turned sour just where it stood.

From the very moment He made those melodies heard, says Rasakhān, everyone's hands and
feet have belonged to someone else.

Men and women alike, the young and the very young—what can one say? All Vraja has fallen
into lament.

Who can know whether Yaśodā's boy went out to play the flute or to spread poison?

Sujān-Rasakhān 108

जल की न घट भरें मग की न पग धरें,
 घर की न कछु करें बैठी भरें साँसुरी।
 एकै सुनि लोट गई एकै लोट-पोट भई,
 एकनि के दृगनि निकसि आग आँसु री।
 कहै रसखानि सो सबै ब्रज बनिता वधि,
 बधिक कहाय हाय भई कुल हाँसु री।
 करिये उपायै बाँस डारिये कटाय,
 नाहिँ उपजैगौ बाँस नाहिँ बाजे फेरि बाँसुरी

*jala kī na ghaṭa bharaiṃ maga kī na paga dharaṃ,
 ghara kī na kachu karaṃ baiṭhī bharaiṃ sã-surī|
 ekai suni ḷoṭa gaiṃ ekai ḷoṭa-poṭa bhaiṃ,
 ekani ke dṛgani nikasi āga ā-su rī|
 kahai rasakhāni so sabai braja banitā vadhi,
 badhika kahāya hāya bhī kula hā-su rī|
 kariyai upāyai bā-sa ḍāriyai kaṭāya,
 nāhiṃ upajaigau bā-sa nāhiṃ bāje pheri bā-surī*

They do not fill their water-pots, do not set foot upon the road, do no work at home; they only sit and sigh.

At a single hearing one rolled to the ground, another tossed and turned, and fire-like tears streamed from another's eyes.

That hunter has slain all the women of Vraja, says Rasakhān; alas, He has become the ruin of every family's honor.

Find some remedy: have the bamboo cut down, so no bamboo will grow and the flute will never sound again.

Sujān-Rasakhān 109

चंद सों आनन मैन-मनोहर बैन मनोहर मोहत हों मन
बंक बिलोकनि लोट भई रसखानि हियो हित दाहत हों तन।
मैं तब तैं कुलकानि की मैड़ नखी जु सखी अब डोलत हों बन।
बेनु बजावत आवत है नित मेरी गली ब्रजराज को मोहन

*camḍa soṃ ānana maina-manohara baina manohara mohata hauṃ mana
baṅka bilokani ḷoṭa bhai rasakhāni hiyo hita dāhata hauṃ tana|
maiṇ taba taiṃ kulakāni kī maiṇṇa nakhī ju sakhī aba ḍolata hoṃ bana|
benu bajāvata āvata hai nita merī galī brajarāja ko mohana*

A moonlike face, Love-enchanting words—He captivates my mind.
One crooked glance made me reel, says Rasakhān, while desire burns heart and body.
Since then I have torn down the boundary-wall of family restraint, friend, and wander
through the forest.
Every day the heart-enchanting prince of Vraja comes playing His flute along my lane.

Sujān-Rasakhān 110

बाँकी बिलोकनि रंगभरी रसखानि खरी मुसकानि सुहाई।
बोलत बोल अमीनिधि चैन महारस-ऐन सुनै सुखदाई॥
सजनी पुर-बीथिन मैं पिय-गोहन लागी फिरें जित ही तित धाई।
बाँसुरी टेरि सुनाइ अली अपनाइ लई ब्रजराज कन्हाई

*bā~kī bilokani raṅgabharī rasakhāni kharī musakāni suhāī|
bolata bola aminidhi caina mahārasa-aina sunai sukhadāī||
sajanī pura-bīthina maiṇ piya-gohana lāgī phiraiṇ jita hī tita dhāī|
bā~surī ṭeri sunāi alī apānāi lai brajarāja kanhāī*

His jaunty glance is filled with color, says Rasakhān, and His bright smile is lovely.
The words He speaks are a treasury of nectar, the very essence of supreme delight, bringing
joy to whoever hears.
Friend, throughout the city streets the women rush here and there seeking their Beloved.
Calling them with the flute, companion, Kanhāī, prince of Vraja, has claimed them as His
own.

Sujān-Rasakhān 111

डोरि लियौ मन मोरि लियो चित जोह लियौ हित तोरि कै कानन।
 कुंजनि तें निकस्यौ सजनी मुसकाइ कह्यो वह सुंदर आनन॥
 हों रसखानि भई रसमत्त सखी सुनि के कल बाँसुरी कानन।
 मत्त भई बन बीथिन डोलति मानति काहु की नेकु न आनन

ḍori liyau mana mori liyo cita joha liyau hita tori kai kānana|
kuṁjāni teṁ nikasyau sajanī musakāi kahyo vaha suṁdara ānana||
hoṁ rasakhāni bhaī rasamatta sakhi suni ke kala bā-surī kānana|
matta bhaī bana bithina ḍolati mānati kāhū kī neku na ānana

He tethered my mind, turned my heart, and with a loving look broke it free from household bounds.

Emerging from the bowers, friend, that lovely face smiled and spoke to me.
 Hearing the sweet flute within my ears, I became drunk on nectar, says Rasakhān.
 Intoxicated, I wander the forest paths and will not heed a word from anyone.

Sujān-Rasakhān 112

मेरो सुभाव चितैवे को माइ री लाल निहारि कै बंसी बजाई।
 वा दिन तें मोहि लागी ठगौरी सी लोग कहें कोई बाबरी आई॥
 यौ रसखानि घिर्यौ सिगरो ब्रज जानत वे कि मेरो जियराई।
 जौं कोउ चाहै भलौ अपने तौ सनेह न काहु सों कीजियौ माई

mero subhāva citaibe ko māi rī lāla nihāri kai baṁsī bajāī|
vā dina teṁ mohi lāgī ṭhagaurī sī loga kahaiṁ koī bābarī āī||
yauṁ rasakhāni ghiryau sigaro braja jānata ve ki mero jiyarāī|
jaum kou cāhai bhalau apāne tau saneha na kāhū soṁ kījīyau māī

Mother, knowing my nature is to gaze upon Him, the darling looked directly at me and played His flute.

From that day a spell has clung to me; people say, 'Some madwoman has come!'
 All Vraja is caught like this, says Rasakhān, but only He knows what keeps my heart alive.
 If anyone desires her own welfare, mother, let her never give her love to anyone.

Sujān-Rasakhān 113

मोहन की मुरली सुनिकै वह बौरि है आनि अटा चढ़ि झाँकी।
गोप बड़न की डीठि बचाई कै डीठि सों डीठि मिली दुहुँ झाँकी।
देखत मोल भयौ अंखियान को को करै लाज कुटुंब पिता की।
कैसे छुटाइ ै छुटै अंटकी रसखानि दुहुँ की बिलौकनि बाँकी

mohana kī muralī sunikai vaha bauri hvai āni aṭa cāṛhi jhā~kī|
gopa baṛena kī ḍīṭhi bacāi kai ḍīṭhi soṇ ḍīṭhiṇ milī duhuṇ jhāṇkī|
dekhata mola bhayau aṇkhiyāna ko ko karai lāja kuṭumba pitā kī|
kaise chuṭāiai chuṭai aṇṭakī rasakhāni duhuṇ kī bilaukani bā~kī

Hearing Mohana's flute, she went mad and climbed the terrace to look out.
Avoiding the elders' gaze, each looked from her own opening until eye met eye.
At that sight the eyes were purchased outright—who then could care for the shame owed to
family and father?
How can it be loosened when it only catches tighter, says Rasakhān—the lovely glance
binding those two together?

Sujān-Rasakhān 114

बंसी बजावत आनि कढ़ौ सो गली में अली! कछु टोना सौ डारे।
हेरि चिते, तिरछी करि दृष्टि चलौ गयौ मोहन मूठि सी मारे।।
ताही घरी सों परी धरी सेज पै प्यारी न बोलति प्रानहुं वारे।
राधिका जी है तो जी हैं सबे नतो पीहें हलाहल नंद के द्वारे

baṁsī bajāvata āni kaṛhau so galī maiṇ alī! kachu ṭonā sau ḍāre|
heri cite, tirachī kari ḍṛṣṭi calau gayau mohana mūṭhi sī māre||
tāhī gharī soṇ parī dharī seja pai pyārī na bolati prānahūṇ vāre|
rādhikā jī hai to jī haiṇ sabe nato pīhaiṇ halāhala naṁda ke dvāre

Friend, He came playing His flute and stood in the lane, casting some kind of spell.
He looked straight at me, turned His gaze sideways, and departed—Mohana had struck me
with a fistful of magic.
From that very hour the beloved has lain upon her bed, neither speaking nor caring for life.
If Rādhikāji lives, they will all live; otherwise they will drink poison at Nanda's door.

Sujān-Rasakhān 115

कर काननि कुंडल मोरपखा उर पै बनमाल बिराजति है।
 मुरलीकर मैं अधरा मुसकानि-तरंग महा छबि छाजति है।
 रसखानि लखें तन पीत पटा सत दामिनि सी दुति लाजति है।
 वहि बाँसुरी की धुनि कान परे कुलकानि हियो तजि भाजति है

kara kānani kuṇḍala morapakḥā ura pai banamāla birājati hai|
muralīkara maiṁ adharā musakāni-taraṅga mahā chabi chājati hai|
rasakhāni lakheṁ tana pīta paṭa sata dāmini sī duti lājati hai|
vahi bā~surī kī dhuni kāna pare kulakāni hiyo taji bhājati hai

Earrings at His ears, peacock feathers upon His head, and a forest garland gracing His breast;

the flute in His hand, waves of smiles upon His lips—immense beauty spreads everywhere. At the sight of His yellow garment, says Rasakhān, a hundred flashes of lightning hide in shame.

The moment that flute-song reaches the ear, the heart casts off family restraint and runs away.

Sujān-Rasakhān 116

काल्हि भट्ट मुरली-धुनि में रसखानि लियौ कहुं नाम हमारौ।
 ता छिन ते भई बैरिनि सास कितौ कियौ झाँकन देति न द्वारौ।
 होत चवाव बलाई सों आलो जो भरि शाँखिन भेटिये प्यारौ।
 बाट परी अब री ठिठक्यो हियरे अटक्यौ पियरे पटवारौ

kālhi bhaṭṭ muralī-dhuni meṁ rasakhāni liyau kahūṁ nāma hamārau|
tā china te bhai bairini sāsa kitau kiyau jhā~kana deti na dvārau|
hota cavāva balāi soṁ ālo jo bhari śā~khina bheṭiye pyārau|
bāṭa parī aba rī ṭhiṭhakyō hiyare aṭakyau piyare paṭavārau

Yesterday, friend, somewhere within His flute-song He took my name, says Rasakhān.

Since that moment my mother-in-law has become my enemy and will not let me even look through the door.

May every misfortune fall upon me if only, through branches laden with flowers, I might meet my Beloved.

Now my path is blocked, friend: the lovely boatman has lodged within my heart.

Sujān-Rasakhān 117

आज भटू इक गोपबधू भई बावरी नेकु न अंग सम्हारै।
माई सु धाइ कै टौना सो दूँढ़ति सास सयानी-सवानी पुकारै।
यौँ रसखानि घिरौ सिगरौ ब्रज आन को आन उपाय बिचारै।
कोउ न कान्हर के कर ते वहि बैरिनि बाँसरिया गाहि जारै

ājā bhaṭū ika gopabadhū bhāi bāvarī neku na aṅga samhārai|
māi su dhāi kai ṭaunā so dūṇṇati sāsa sayānī-savānī pukārai|
yaum̐ rasakhāni ghirau sigarau braja āna ko āna upāya bicārai|
kou na kānhara ke kara te vahī bairini bā-sariyā gāhi jārai

Today a certain cowherd bride went mad, friend, unable to command a single limb.
Her mother runs in search of charms, while her knowing mother-in-law calls for every wise woman.

All Vraja gathers around her, says Rasakhān, and each person devises a different remedy.
But no one snatches that hostile flute from Kānhara's hand and burns it.

Sujān-Rasakhān 118

कान्ह भये बस बाँसुरी के, अब कौन सखी हमको चहिहै।
निसि चौस रहे यह आस लगी, यह सौतिन सांसत को सहिहै।
जिन मोहि लियो मनमोहन को, 'रसखानि' सु क्यों न हमें दहिहै।
मिलि आवो सबै कहुं भाग चलैं, अब तो ब्रज में बाँसुरी रहिहै

kānha bhaye basa bā-surī ke, aba kauna sakhi hamako cahihai|
nisi dyausa rahe yaha āsa lagī, yaha sautina sāṁsata ko sahihai|
jina mohi liyo manamohana ko, 'rasakhāni' su kyon̐ na hamain̐ dahihai|
mili āvo sabai kahūṁ bhāga calaiṇ, aba to braja meṇ bā-surī rahihai

Kānh has fallen under the flute's command—friend, who will care for us now?
Night and day we remain fixed in this anxiety: who can endure the torment of that co-wife?
She who took mind-enchancing Mohana from me—why should she not burn us too, says Rasakhān?

Come, let us all meet and flee somewhere; now only the flute will remain in Vraja.

Sujān-Rasakhān 119

ब्रज की बनिता सब घेरि कहैं, तेरो ढारो बिगारो कहा कस री।
अरी तू हमको जम काल भई नैक कान्ह इही तौ कहा रस री॥
रसखानि भली विधि आनि बनी बसिबो नहीं देत दिसा दस री।
हम तो ब्रज को बसिबोई तजौ बस री ब्रज बेरिन तू बस री

braja kī banitā saba gheri kahaiṁ, tero ḍhāro bigāro kahā kasa rī|
arī tū hamako jama kāla bhaiṁ naika kānha ihī tau kahā rasa rī||
rasakhāni bhalī vidhi āni banī basibo nahīṁ deta disā dasa rī|
hama to braja ko basiboī tajau basa rī braja berina tū basa rī

All the women of Vraja surround the flute and say, ‘Why have you come to ruin our lives? You have become death itself to us—cruel one, what sweetness can Kānh find in you? You have arrived in perfect form, says Rasakhān, and will not let us live in any of the ten directions.

We shall abandon Vraja altogether. Enough! You enemy of Vraja, you remain here!’

Sujān-Rasakhān 120

बजी है बजी रसखानि बजी सुनिकै अब गोपकुमारी न जीहै।
न जीहै कोऊ जो कदाचित कामिनी कान मैं बाकी जु तान कु पी है॥
कुपी है विदेस संदेस न पावति मेरी डब देह को मौन सजी है।
सजी है तै मेरो कहा बस है सुतौ बैरिनि बाँसुरी फेरि बजी है

bajī hai bajī rasakhāni bajī sunikai aba gopakumārī na jīhai|
na jīhai koū jo kadācita kāmīnī kāna maiṁ bākī ju tāna ku pī hai||
kupī hai videsa saṁdesa na pāvati merī ḍaba deha ko mauna saījī hai|
saījī hai tai mero kahā basa hai sutau bairini bā~surī pheri bajī hai

It sounds—it sounds, says Rasakhān, it sounds! Hearing it, no cowherd maiden will survive. No woman can live once her ears have drunk that curving melody. Angry and far away, receiving no message, my frail body has clothed itself in silence. What power have I, even adorned and ready? The hostile flute has sounded again.

Sujān-Rasakhān • 121–140

Braj Bhāṣā • IAST • English

Sujān-Rasakhān 121

मोर-पखा सिर ऊपर राखिहों गुंज की माला गरें पहिरौंगी।
ओढ़ि पितंबर लै लकुटी बन गोधन ग्वारनि संग फिरौंगी॥
भाव तो वोहि मेरो रसखानि सो तेरे कहें सब स्वाँग करौंगी।
या मुरली मुरलीधर की अधरान धरीं अधरा न धरौंगी॥121॥

mora-pakhā sira ūpara rākhihaṃ guṃja kī mālā gareṃ pahiraṃgī|
oṛhi pitambara lai lakuṭī bana godhana gvārani saṅga phiraṃgī||
bhāva to vohi mero rasakhāni so tere kaheṃ saba svā~ga karaṃgī|
yā muralī muralīdhara kī adharāna dharīṃ adharā na dharaṃgī||121|

I will place peacock feathers upon my head and wear a guñjā necklace at my throat.
Wrapping myself in yellow cloth and taking a staff, I will roam the forest with the cows and cowherds.

He alone is my beloved, says Rasakhān; at your bidding I will assume all these disguises.
But the flute that Muralīdhara has placed upon His lips—I will never place that flute upon mine.

Sujān-Rasakhān 122

आपनो सो ढोटा हम सब ही को जानत हैं,
दोऊ प्रानी सब ही के काज नित धावहीं।
ते तौ रसखानि जब दूर तें तमासो देखैं,
तरनितनूजा के निकट नहिं आवहीं
आन दिन बात अनहितुन सों कहीं कहा,
हितू जेऊ आए ते ये लोचन रावहीं।
कहा कहीं आली खाली देत सग ठाली पर,
मेरे बनमाली कों न काली तें छुरावहीं

āpano so ḍhoṭā hama saba hī ko jānata haiṃ,
doū prānī saba hī ke kāja nita dhāvahiṃ|
te tau rasakhāni jaba dūra teṃ tamāso dekhaiṃ,
taranitanūjā ke nikaṭa nahīṃ āvahiṃ
āna dina bāta anahituna soṃ kahaṃ kahā,
hitū jeū āe te ye locana rāvahiṃ|

*kahā kahauṃ ālī khālī deta saga ṭhālī para,
mere banamālī koṃ na kālī teṃ churāvahīṃ*

We all know that boy as one of our own; both those dear lives hurry daily to serve everyone. Yet when they see the spectacle from afar, says Rasakhān, they do not come near the daughter of the Sun, Yamunā.

Why speak of ordinary days or tell my sorrow to those without love? When true friends arrive, these eyes alone are sovereign.

What can I say, companion? They offer empty consolation, but cannot free my forest-garlanded Beloved from dark Kālī's grasp.

Sujān-Rasakhān 123

लोग कहैं ब्रज के सिगरे रसखानि अनंदित नंद जसोमति जू पर।
छोहरा आजु नयो जनम्यौ तुम सो कोऊ भाग भरयौ नहिं भू पर।
वारि कै दाम सँवार करौ अपने अपचाल कुचाल ललू पर।
नाचत रावरो लाल गुजाल सो काल सौं व्याल-कपाल के ऊपर

*loga kahaiṃ braja ke sigare rasakhāni anaṇḍita naṇḍa jasomati jū para|
choharā āju nayo janamyau tuma so koū bhāga bharayau nahīṃ bhū para|
vāri kai dāma sa~vāra karau apāne apacāla kucāla lālū para|
nācata rāvaro lāla gujāla so kāla soṃ vyāla-kapāla ke ūpara*

All the people of Vraja say, says Rasakhān, 'Joy to Nanda and revered Yaśodā!
Today a boy has been born to you; no one upon earth is filled with fortune as you are.
Ward off evil with gifts and set right every childish, wayward act of your darling.
Your son dances amid the cowherds—upon the hood of the serpent dark as death.'

Sujān-Rasakhān 124

एक समै जमुना-जल में सब मज्जन हेत धर्सी ब्रज-गोरी।
त्यौँ रसखानि गयौ मनमोहन लै कर चीर कदंब की छोरी॥
न्हाइ जबै निकसी बनिता चहुँ ओर चितै चित रोष करो री।
हार हियें भरि भावन सों पट दीने लला बचनमृत धोरी

*eka samai jamunā-jala maiṃ saba majjana heta dhasiṃ braja-gorī|
tyauṃ rasakhāni gayau manamohana lai kara cira kadaṃba kī chorī||
nhāi jabai nikasī banitā cahu~ ora citai cita roṣa karo rī|
hāra hiyeṃ bhari bhāvana soṃ paṭa dīne lalā bacanāmṛta dhori*

Once all the fair women of Vraja entered Yamunā's water to bathe.
Then mind-enchancing Mohana went, says Rasakhān, took their garments in His hand, and
climbed a kadamba tree.
When the women emerged from bathing, they looked in every direction, their hearts filled
with anger.
The darling made them join hands at their breasts in supplication; then, showering
nectar-like words, He returned their clothes.

Sujān-Rasakhān 125

प्रान वही जू रहैं रिझि वा पर रूप वही जिहि वाहि रिझायौ।
सीस वही जिन वे परसे पर अंक वही जिन वा परसायौ॥
दूध वही जु दुहायौ री वाही दही सु सही जु वही ढरकायौ।
और कहाँ लौँ कहाँ रसखानि री भाव वही जु वही मन भायौ

*prāna vahī jū rahaiṃ riḥi vā para rūpa vahī jihi vāhi riḥāyau|
sīsa vahī jina ve parase para aṅka vahī jina vā parasāyau||
dūdha vahī ju duhāyau rī vāhi dahī su sahī ju vahī ḍharakāyau|
aura kahā~ lauṃ kahaṃ rasakhāni rī bhāva vahī ju vahī mana bhāyau*

True life is the life that remains absorbed in Him; true beauty is whatever pleases Him.
True is the head His hand has touched, and true the lap upon which He has rested.
True is the milk He has drawn, friend, and blessed the curds that He Himself has spilled.
How much more can I say, says Rasakhān? True feeling is only that which delights His heart.

Sujān-Rasakhān 126

देखन कौं सखी नैन भए न सबै बन आवत गाइन पाछैं।
कान भए प्रति रोम नहीं सुनिबे कौं अमीनिधि बोलनि आछैं॥
ए सजनी न सम्हारि भरै वह बाँकी बिलोकनि कोर कटाछै।
भूमि भयौ न हियो मेरी आली जहाँ हरि खेलत काछनी काछै

dekhana kauṃ sakhi naina bhae na sabai bana āvata gāina pāchaim|
kāna bhae prati roma nahīṃ sunibe kauṃ amīnidhi bolani āchaim||
e sajanī na samhāri bharai vaha bā~kī bilokani kora kaṭāchhai|
bhūmi bhayau na hiyo merī ālī jahā~ hari khelata kāchanī kāchai

Friend, why did my entire body not become eyes, to behold Him returning from the forest behind the cows?

Why did every pore not become an ear, to hear those exquisite words from the treasury of nectar?

Companion, the heart cannot contain the stroke from the corner of that jaunty sidelong glance.

Why did my heart not become the very ground, friend, where Hari plays dressed in His cowherd's loincloth?

Sujān-Rasakhān 127

मोरपखा मुरली बनमाल लखें हिय कौं हियरा उमह्यौ री।
ता दिन ते इन बैरिनि को कहि कौन न बोल कुबोल सह्यौ री॥
तौ रसखानि सनेह लग्यौ कोउ एक कह्यौ कोउ लाख कह्यौ री॥
और तो रंग रह्यौ न रह्यौ इक रंग रंगी सोह रंग रह्यौरी

morapakhā muralī banamāla lakhem hiya koṃ hiyarā umahyau rī|
tā dina te ina bairini ko kahi kauna na bola kubola sahyau rī||
tau rasakhāni saneha lagyau kou eka khyau kou lākha khyau rī||
aura to raṅga rahyau na rahyau ika raṅga ra~gī soha raṅga rahyaurī

At the sight of peacock feather, flute, and forest garland, my inmost heart overflowed, friend. From that day, what taunt or bitter word have I not endured from these hostile people? Once love has arisen, says Rasakhān, let one person speak against it or let a hundred thousand speak.

Every other color may remain or fade; she who is dyed in His color keeps that same color forever.

Sujān-Rasakhān 128

बन बाग तड़ागनि कुंजगली अँखियाँ मुख पाइहैं देखि दर्ई।
अब गोकुल माँझ बिलोकियेगी बह गोप सभाग-सुभाय रई॥
मिलिहैं हँसि गाइ कबै रसखानि कबै ब्रजबालनि प्रेम भई।
वह नील निचोल के घूँघट की छबि देखबी देखन लाज लई

bana bāga taṛāgani kuṃjagālī a~khiyā~ mukha pāihaiṃ dekhi dai|
aba gokula mā~jha bilokiyaigī baha gopa sabhāga-subhāya raī||
milihai ha~si gāi kabai rasakhāni kabai brajabālani prema bhai|
vaha nīla nicola ke ghū~ghaṭa kī chabi dekhabī dekhana lāja lai

My eyes received mouths and a god-given sight amid forests, gardens, ponds, and bower-lanes.

Now in the heart of Gokula I shall behold that gracious and fortunate assembly of cowherds. When will He meet me laughing and singing, says Rasakhān? When will love arise among the children of Vraja?

I long to see the beauty beneath that dark-blue veil, though modesty itself grows shy at the sight.

Sujān-Rasakhān 129

काल्हि पर्यौ मुरली-धन मैं रसखानि जू कानन नाम हमारो।
ता दिन तें नहिं धीर रखौ जग जानि लयौ अति कीनौ पँवारो।
गाँवन गाँवन मैं अब तौ बदनाम भई सब सों कै किनारो।
तौ सजनी फिरि फेरि कहैं पिय मेरो वही जग ठोंकि नगारो

kālhi paryau muralī-dhana maiṃ rasakhāni jū kānana nāma hamāro|
tā dina teṃ nahīṃ dhīra rakhau jaga jāni layau ati kīnau pa~vāro|
gā~vana gā~vana maiṃ aba tau badanāma bhai saba soṃ kai kināro|
tau sajanī phiri pheri kahaṃ piya mero vahī jaga ṭhōṃki nagāro

Yesterday my name fell into the bow of His flute and flew straight into my ears, says Rasakhān.

Since that day I have kept no composure; the world has learned of it and raised a great uproar.

Now I am notorious from village to village, and everyone has cast me aside.

Yet, companion, I say it again and again: He alone is my Beloved—beat the drum and proclaim it to the world.

Sujān-Rasakhān 130

देखि हों आँखिन सों पिय कों अरु कानन सों उन बैन को प्यारी।
बाँके अनंगनि रंगनि की सुरभीनी सुगंधनि नाक मैं डारी।
त्यौँ रसखानि हिये मैं धरौँ वहि साँवरी मूरति मैं उजारी।
गाँव भरौ कोउ नाँव धरौँ पुनि साँवरी हों बनिहों सुकुमारी

*dekhi haum ā~khina soṃ piya koṃ aru kānana soṃ una baina ko pyārī|
bā~ke anangani raṅgani kī surabhīnī sugaṇḍhani nāka maiṇ ḍārī|
tyaum rasakhāni hiye maiṇ dharaum vahi sā~varī mūrati maina ujārī|
gā~va bharaū kou nā~va dharaum puni sā~varī hoṃ banihoṃ sukumārī*

I shall behold my Beloved with my eyes, dear one, and hear His words with my ears.
Into my nose I shall draw the fragrant perfume of His graceful, Love-filled play.
So too shall I hold that dark form, radiant with Love, within my heart, says Rasakhān.
Let the whole village call me whatever name it wishes; I will become a tender dark-hued maiden myself.

Sujān-Rasakhān 131

तुम चाहो सो कहौ हम तो नंदवारै के संग ठई सो ठई।
तुम ही कुलबीने प्रवीने सबै हम ही कुछ छाँड़ि गई सो गई।
रसखान यों प्रीत की रीत नई सुकलंक की मोटैं लई सो लई।
यह गाँव के बासी हँसे सो हँसे हम स्याम की दासी भई सो भई

*tuma cāho so kahau hama to naṇḍavārai ke saṅga ṭhaīṇ so ṭhaīṇ|
tuma hī kulabīne pravīne sabai hama hī kucha chā~ṛi gāīṇ so gāīṇ|
rasakhāna yom prīta kī rīta nāi sukalaṅka kī moṭaiṇ laīṇ so laīṇ|
yaha gā~va ke bāsī ha~se so ha~se hama syāma kī dāsī bhaīṇ so bhaīṇ*

Say whatever you wish; I have taken my stand with Nanda's darling, and there I shall remain.
You alone are noble-born and clever; if I alone have abandoned something, then abandoned it is.
Such is love's new custom, says Rasakhān: if I have taken up a heavy stain upon my spotless name, so be it.
Let the people of this village laugh if they will; I have become Śyāma's servant, and His servant I remain.

Sujān-Rasakhān 132

मोर पखा धरे चारिक चारु बिराजत कोटि अमेठनि फैंटो।
गुंज छरा रसखान बिसाल अनंग लजावत अंग करैटो।
ऊँचे अटा चढ़ि एड़ी ऊँचाइ हितौ हुलसाय कै हौंस लपेटो।
हौं कब के लखि हौं भरि आँखिन आवत गोधन धूरि धूरैटो

mora pakhā dhare cārika cāru birājata koṭi amēṭhani phaiṇṭo|
guṇja charā rasakhāna bisāla anaṅga lajāvata aṅga karaiṭo|
ū~ce aṭa cāḍhi eṛī ū~cāi hitau hulasāya kai hauṁsa lapeṭo|
hauṁ kaba ke lakhi hauṁ bhari ā~khina āvata godhana dhūri dhūraiṭo

Four lovely peacock feathers adorn His head, and His turban shines with countless graceful folds.

A guñjā necklace rests upon Him, says Rasakhān; the splendor of His great limbs puts the Love-god to shame.

Climbing the high terrace and rising upon my toes, I wrap myself in eager hope.

When will I fill my eyes with the sight of Him returning, dusted by the dust raised from the cattle?

Sujān-Rasakhān 133

कुंजनि कुंजनि गुंज के पुंजनि मंजु लतानि सौं माल बनैबो।
मालती मल्लिका कुंद सौं गूँदि हरा हरि के हियरा पहिरैबो।
आली कबै इन भावने भाइन आपुन रीझि कै प्यारे रिझैबो।
माइ झकै हरि हाँकरिबो रसखानि तकै फिरि के मुसकेबो

kuṇjani kuṇjani guṇja ke puṇjani maṅju latāni sauṁ māla banaibo|
mālatī mallikā kuṇḍa sauṁ gūṇḍi harā hari ke hiyarā pahiraibau|
ālī kabai ina bhāvane bhāina āpuna rījhi kai pyāre rijhaibo|
māi jhakai hari hā~karibo rasakhāni takai phiri ke musakebo

From grove to grove I shall gather clusters of guñjā and lovely creepers to fashion a garland. Threading together mālatī, jasmine, and kunda flowers, I shall place the green garland upon Hari's heart.

Friend, when will these cherished longings be fulfilled—when will I delight myself and please my Beloved?

When my mother suddenly calls Hari, says Rasakhān, He will turn back, look at me, and smile.

Sujān-Rasakhān 134

सब धीरज क्यों न धरौं सजनी पिय तो तुम सौं अनुरागइगौ।
जब जोग संजोग को आन बनै तब जोग विजोग को मानेइगौ।
निसचै निरधार धरौ जिय में रसखान सबै रस पावेइगौ।
जिनके मन सो मन लागि रहै तिनके तन सौं तन लागेइगौ

*saba dhīraja kyoṃ na dharaṃ sajanī piya to tuma soṃ anurāgaigau|
jaba joga saṃjoga ko āna banai taba joga vijoga ko māneigau|
nisacai niradhāra dharaṃ jiya meṃ rasakhāna sabai rasa pāveigau|
jinake mana so mana lāgi rahai tinake tana saṃ tana lāgeigo*

Why should I not keep patience, companion? Your Beloved will surely become attached to you.

When the favorable conjunction of union arrives, even the discipline of separation will find its meaning.

Hold this firm certainty within your heart, says Rasakhān: you shall taste every nectar.

When one mind remains joined to another, body too will one day meet body.

Sujān-Rasakhān 135

उनहीं के सनेहन सानी रहैं उनहीं के जु नेह दिवानी रहैं।
उनहीं की सुनै न औ बैन त्यों सैन सौं बैन अनेकन ठानी रहैं।
उनहीं संग डोलन में रसखान सबै सुखसिंध अघानी रहैं।
उनहीं बिन ज्यों जलहीन ह्वै मीन सी आँखि अंसुधानी रहैं

*unahīṃ ke sanehana sānī rahaiṃ unahīṃ ke ju neha divānī rahaiṃ|
unahīṃ kī sunai na au bain tyōṃ sain sōṃ bain anakana ṭhānī rahaiṃ|
unahīṃ saṅga ḍolana maiṃ rasakhāna sabai sukhasiṇḍha aghānī rahaiṃ|
unahīṃ bina jyōṃ jalahīna hvai mīna sī ā-khi aṃsudhānī rahaiṃ*

May I remain steeped only in His affection, forever mad in love for Him.

May I hear only His words and, through the signs He makes, discover countless forms of peace.

Roaming with Him, says Rasakhān, may I drink my fill from the entire ocean of joy.

Without Him, like fish deprived of water, may these eyes remain brimming with tears.

Sujān-Rasakhān 136

चंदन खोर पै चित्त लगाय कै कुंजन तें निकस्यौ मुसकातो।
राजत है बनमाल गले अरु मोरपखा सिर पै फहरातो।
मैं जब तें रसखान बिलोकति हो कजु और न मोहि सुहातो।
प्रीति की रीति में लाज कहा सखि है सब सों बड़ नेह को नातो

camdana khora pai citta lagāya kai kuṃjana teṃ nikasyau musakāto|
rājata hai banamāla gale aru morapakhā sira pai phaharāto|
maiṃ jaba teṃ rasakhāna bilokati ho kaju aura na mohi suhāto|
prīti kī rīti meṃ lāja kahā sakhi hai saba sōṃ baṛa neha ko nāto

Fixing His attention upon the path at Candana-khōra, He emerged smiling from the bowers.
A forest garland shone at His throat and peacock feathers fluttered upon His head.
Since I beheld Him, says Rasakhān, nothing else has pleased me at all.
What place has shame in the way of love, friend, when the bond of affection is greater than every other bond?

Sujān-Rasakhān 137

कौन को लाल सलोनो सखी वह जाकी बड़ी अँखियाँ अनियारी।
जोहन बंक बिसाल के बाननि बेधत हैं घट तीछन भारी।
रसखानि सम्हारि परै नहिं चोट सु कोटि उपाय करें सुखकारी।
भाल लिख्यौ विधि हेत को बंधन खोलि सकै ऐसो को हितकारी

kauna ko lāla salono sakhi vaha jākī baṛī a~khiyā~ aniyārī|
johana baṅka bisāla ke bānani bedhata haiṃ ghaṭa tīchana bhārī|
rasakhāni samhāri parai nahiṃ coṭa su koṭi upāya karenṃ sukhakārī|
bhāla likhyau vidhi heta ko baṇdhana kholi sakai aiso ko hitakārī

Whose lovely darling is He, friend, with those immense and extraordinary eyes?
Arrows from His great, curving glances pierce the heart with a fierce and sharpened point.
No one can withstand the wound, says Rasakhān, though she try a million comforting remedies.
Fate has written love's bond upon the brow—what benefactor could ever loosen it?

Sujān-Rasakhān 138

आली पग रंगे जे रंग साँवरे मो पै न आवत लालची नैना।
 धावत हैं उतहीं जित मोहन रोके रुके नहीं घूँघट रोना।
 काननि कौं कल नाहिं परै सखी प्रेम सों भीजे सुनै बिन नैना।
 रसखानि भई मधु की मछियाँ अब नेह को बंधन क्यों हूँ छुटे ना॥138॥

*ālī paga raṅge je raṅga sā~vare mo pai na āvata lālaci nainā|
 dhāvata haiṅ utahīṅ jita mohana roke ruke nahīṅ ghū~ghaṭa ronā|
 kānani kauṅ kala nāhiṅ parai sakhi prema sōṅ bhīje sunaiṅ bina nainā|
 rasakhāni bhai madhu kī machiyā~ aba neha ko baṇdhana kyōṅ hū~ chuṭe nā||138|*

Friend, my greedy eyes will not return to me; they have dyed their feet in the dark One's color.

They race wherever Mohana is and cannot be stopped by veil or weeping.

My ears find no peace, companion; drenched in love, they listen as though they too were eyes.

I have become a fly immersed in honey, says Rasakhān—how can love's bond ever be broken now?

Sujān-Rasakhān 139

श्री वृसभान की छान धुजा अटकी लरकान तें आन लई री।
 वा रसखान के पानि की जानि छुड़ावति राधिका प्रेममई री।
 जीवन मुरि सी नेज लिए इनहुँ चितयौ ऊनहुँ चितई री।
 लाल लली दृग जोरत ही सुरझानि गुड़ी उरझाय दई री

*śrī vṛsabhāna kī chāna dhujā aṭakī larakāna tēṅ āna lai rī|
 vā rasakhāna ke pāni kī jāni chuṛāvati rādhikā premamai rī|
 jīvana muri sī neja lie inahū~ citayau ūnahū~ citai rī|
 lāla lālī dṛga jorata hī surajhāni guṛī urajhāya dai rī*

A kite from the roof of glorious Vṛṣabhānu became entangled and was carried off among the children.

Knowing its string to be in Rasakhān's hand, love-filled Rādhikā tried to free it.

Holding the taut line like the very cord of life, He looked toward her, and she looked back at Him.

The moment darling Boy and darling Girl joined their eyes, the kite's tangle became a tangle within their hearts.

Sujān-Rasakhān 140

आब सबै ब्रज गोप लली ठिठकौं ह्वै गली जमुना-जल न्हाने।
औचक आइ मिले रसखानि बजावत बेनु सुनावत ताने।
हा हा करी सिसकीं सिगरी मति मैन हरी हियरा हुलसाने।
चूर्मे दिवानी अमानी चकोर सों ओर सों दोऊ चलैं दृग बाने

*āba sabai braja gopa lalī ṭhiṭhakaũ hvai galī jamunā-jala nhāne|
aucaka āi mile rasakhāni bajāvata benu sunāvata tāne|
hā hā karī sisakīṃ sigarī mati maina harī hiyarā hulasāne|
cūmeṃ divānī amānī cakora soṃ ora soṃ doū calaiṃ dṛga bāne*

Come, all you young cowherd women of Vraja—halt in the lane as we go to bathe in Yamunā's water.

Suddenly He met us there, says Rasakhān, playing the flute and pouring out melodies.

All cried 'Ah!' and sighed; Love stole their understanding and made their hearts surge.

Wild, proud, and cakora-like, the two send arrows of glances flying toward one another from either side.

Sujān-Rasakhān • 141–160

Braj Bhāṣā • IAST • English

Sujān-Rasakhān 141

छूट्यौ गृह काज लोक लाज मन मोहिनी को,
 भूल्यौ मन मोहन को मुरली बजाइबौ।
 देखो रसखान दिन द्वै में बात फैलि जै है,
 सजनी कहाँ लौं चंद हाथन दुराइबौ।
 कालि ही कालिंदी कूल चितयौ अचानक ही,
 दोउन की दोऊ ओर मुरि मुसकाइबौ।
 दोऊ परै पैया दोऊ लेत हैं बलैया, इन्हें
 भूल गई गैया उन्हें गागर उठाइबौ।

*chūṭyau gr̥ha kāja loka lāja mana mohinī ko,
 bhūlyau mana mohana ko muralī bajāibau|
 dekho rasakhāna dina dvai meṃ bāta phailī jai hai,
 sajanī kahā~ lauṃ caṇḍa hāthana durāibau|
 kālī hī kālīṇḍī kūla citayau acānaka hī,
 douna kī doū ora muri musakāibau|
 doū parai paīyā doū leta haiṃ balaiyā, inheṃ
 bhūla gāi gaiyā unheṃ gāgara uṭhāibau*

She abandoned household work and worldly shame for the mind-enchanting One; Mohana forgot even to play His flute.

Just watch, says Rasakhān—within two days the news will spread. Companion, how long can the moon be hidden in one's hands?

Only yesterday on Kālindī's bank they suddenly caught sight of one another, both turning back from opposite directions to smile.

Each falls at the other's feet and circles blessings over the other: He has forgotten the cows, and she has forgotten to lift her water-pot.

Sujān-Rasakhān 142

मंजु मनोहर मूरि लखैं तबहीं सबहीं पतहीं तज दीनी।
प्राण पखेरू परे तलफे वह रूप के जाल में आस-अधीनी।
आँख सों आँख लड़ी जबहीं तब सों ये रहैं अँसुधा रंग भीनी।
या रसखानि अधीन भई सब गोप-लली तजि लाज नवीनी

manju manohara mūri lakhaiṃ tabahiṃ sabahiṃ patahiṃ taja dīnī|
prāṇa pakherū pare talapheṃ vaha rūpa ke jāla maiṃ āsa-adhīnī|
ā~kha soṃ ā~kha laṛī jabahiṃ taba soṃ ye rahaiṃ a~sudhā raṅga bhīnī|
yā rasakhāni adhīna bhai saba gopa-lalī taji lāja navīnī

The moment they saw that lovely, enchanting form, every woman cast away her husband's claim.

Their bird-like lives fell fluttering, helpless with longing in the net of His beauty.
From the moment eye met eye, their eyes have remained drenched in streams of tears.
All the cowherd girls came under His sway, says Rasakhān, casting off their fresh young modesty.

Sujān-Rasakhān 143

नंद को नंदन है दुखकंदन प्रेम के फंदन बाँधि लई हों।
एक दिन ब्रजराज के मंदिर मेरी अली इक बार गई हों।
हेर्यो लला लचकाइ कै मोतन जोहन की चकडोर भई हों।
दौरी फिरौ दृग डोरन मैं हिय मैं अनुराग की बेलि बई हों

naṃda ko naṃdana hai dukhakaṃdana prema ke phaṃdana bā~dhi laiṃ hoṃ|
eka dīna brajarāja ke maṃdīra merī alī ika bāra gaiṃ hauṃ|
heryau lalā lacakāi kai motana johana kī cakaḍora bhaiṃ hauṃ|
daurī phirauṃ dṛga ḍorana maiṃ hiya maiṃ anurāga kī belī baiṃ hauṃ

Nanda's son, the destroyer of sorrow, bound me in love's snare.
One day, friend, I went just once to the palace of Vraja's prince.
The darling leaned toward me and looked; I became a reel spun by the cord of His glance.
I run about upon the strings of His eyes, while a vine of longing grows within my heart.

Sujān-Rasakhān 144

तीरथ भीर में भूलि परी अली छूट गइ नेकु धाय की बाँही।
हौं भटकी भटकी निकसी सु कुटुंब जसोमति की जिहिं धाँही।
देखत ही रसखान मनौ सु लग्यौ ही रह्यौ कब को हियराँही।
भाँति अनेकन भूली हुती उहि चौस कौ भूलनि भूलत नाँहीं

tīratha bhīra meṃ bhūli parī alī chūṭa gai neku dhāya kī bā~hī|
haum̐ bhaṭakī bhaṭakī nikasī su kuṭumbā jasomati kī jihīṃ dhā~hī|
dekhata hī rasakhāna manau su lagyau hī rahyau kaba koṃ hīyarā~hī|
bhā~ti anekana bhūli hutī uhi chausa kau bhūlani bhūlata nā~hīm̐

Friend, I lost myself in the crowd at the holy place and slipped for a moment from my nurse's arm.

Wandering and wandering, I emerged in the very courtyard belonging to Yaśodā's family. At the sight of Him, says Rasakhān, it seemed He had already been lodged within my heart for ages.

I had lost my way in many fashions, but I can never lose the memory of that day's losing.

Sujān-Rasakhān 145

समुझे न कछू अजहुँ हरि सो अज नैन नचाइ नचाइ हैंसै।
नित सास की सीखै उन्मात बनै दिन ही दिन माइ की कांति नसै।
चहुँ ओर बबा की सौ, सोर सुनै मन मतेऊ आवति री सकसै।
पै कहा करौं या रसखानि बिलोकि हियो हुलसै हुलसै हुलसै

samujhe na kachū ajahū~ hari so aja naina nacāi nacāi ha~sai|
nīta sāsa kī sikhai unmāta banai dina hī dina māi kī kānti nasai|
cahū~ ora babā kī sau, sora sunaiṃ mana meteū āvati rī sakasai|
pai kahā karaum̐ yā rasakhāni biloki hiyo hulasai hulasai hulasai

Even now she understands nothing; Hari keeps rolling His eyes, making her dance, and laughing.

Each day she grows more frenzied despite her mother-in-law's lessons, and day by day the color fades from her face.

By her father's oath, she hears an uproar on every side and scarcely manages to return to herself.

But what can I do? At the sight of Him my heart surges, says Rasakhān—surges, surges, surges.

Sujān-Rasakhān 146

मारग रोकि रह्यौ रसखानि के कान परी झनकार नई है।
लोक चितै चित दै चितए नख तैं मनन माहिं निहाल भई है।
ठोढ़ी उठाई चितै मुसकाई मिलाइ कै नैन लगाई लई है।
जो बिछिया बजनी सजनी हम मोल लई पुनि बेचि दई है

*māraga roki rahyau rasakhāni ke kāna parī jhanakāra nāi hai|
loka citai cita dai citae nakha taiṇ manana māhiṇ nihāla bhaī hai|
ṭhoṛhī uṭhāi citai musakāi milāi kai naina lagāi lai hai|
jo bichiyā bajanī sajanī hama mola lai puni beci dāi hai*

He blocked the road; a fresh jingling fell upon Rasakhān's ears.
Though people watched, He fixed His heart upon her, and from toe to mind she became fulfilled.
Lifting her chin, He looked and smiled, joined eye to eye, and drew her close.
Companion, the toe-ring that rang—we purchased it, and then sold it away again.

Sujān-Rasakhān 147

जमुना-तट बीर गई जब तैं तब तैं जग के मन माँझ तहौं।
ब्रज मोहन गोहन लागि भट्ट हौं लूट भई लूट सी लाख लहौं।
रसखान लला ललचाइ रहे गति आपनी हौं कहि कासों कहौं।
जिय आवत यों अबतों सब भाँति निसंक ह्वै अंक लगाय रहौं

*jamunā-taṭa bira gai jaba teṇ taba teṇ jaga ke mana mā~jha tahaṇ|
braja mohana gohana lāgi bhaṭṭ hauṇ lūṭa bhai lūṭa sī lākha lahaṇ|
rasakhāna lalā lalacāi rahe gati āpanī hauṇ kahi kāsōṇ kahaṇ|
jiya āvata yōṇ abatoṇ saba bhā~ti nisaṅka hvai aṅka lagāya rahaṇ*

Friend, from the moment I went to Yamunā's bank, I have remained there in the minds of the world.
Seeking Vraja's Mohana, I was plundered—and would accept that plunder a hundred thousand times.
The darling remains desirous, says Rasakhān; to whom can I tell the state I am in?
This alone keeps entering my heart: now I should cast off all fear and remain within His embrace.

Sujān-Rasakhān 148

औचक दृष्टि परे कहु कान्ह जू तासो कहै ननदी अनुरागी।
 सो सुनि सास रही मुख मोहिं जिठानी फिरै जिय में रिस पागी।
 नीके निहारि कै देखे न आँखिन हौं कबहुँ भरि नैन न जागी।
 मो पछितावो यहै जु सुखी कि कलंक लग्यौ पर अंक न लागी

aucaka dṛṣṭi pare kahu kānha jū tāso kahai nanadī anurāgī|
so suni sāsa rahī mukha mohiṇ jīṭhānī phirai jiya maiṇ risa pāgī|
nīke nihāri kai dekhe na ā~khina haum kabahū~ bhari naina na jāgī|
mo pachitāvo yahai ju sukhi ki kalaṅka lagyau para aṅka na lāgī

‘Somewhere Kānhajū suddenly caught her eye,’ my affectionate sister-in-law said.
 Hearing it, my mother-in-law stared at my face, while my elder sister-in-law went about
 inwardly steeped in anger.
 I never looked at Him properly, never once awoke with my eyes filled by the sight.
 This is my only regret, friend: the stain of scandal came upon me, but His embrace did not.

Sujān-Rasakhān 149

सास की सासनहीं चलिबो चलियै निसिद्यौस चलावे जिही ढंग।
 आली चबाव लुगाइन के डर जाति नहीं न नदी ननदी-संग।
 भावती औ अनभावती भीर में छवै न गयौ कबहुँ अंग सों अंग।
 घैरु करैं घरहाई सबै रसखानि सौं मो सौं कहा कहा न भयो रंग

sāsa kī sāsanahīṇ calibo caliyai nisidyauśa calāve jihi ḍhaṅga|
ālī cabāva lugaīna ke ḍara jāti nahīṇ na nadī nanadī-saṅga|
bhāvati au anabhāvati bhīra maiṇ chavai na gayau kabahū~ aṅga soṇ aṅga|
ghairu karaiṇ gharuhāi sabai rasakhāni sauṇ mo sauṇ kahā kahā na bhayo raṅga

One must live under the mother-in-law’s rule, moving night and day exactly as she directs.
 Friend, for fear of women’s gossip I cannot go even to the river with my sister-in-law.
 In crowds of friends and strangers alike, body has never once touched body.
 Everyone at home keeps me encircled—what has not befallen me because of Rasakhān’s
 Lord?

Sujān-Rasakhān 150

घर ही घर घैरु घनौ घरिहि घरिहाइनि आगें न साँस भरौं।
लखि मेरियै ओर रिसाहिं सबैं सतराहिं जौं सौं हैं अनेक करौं।
रसखानि तो काज सबैं ब्रज तौ मेरौ बेरी भयौ कहि कासौं लरौं।
बिनु देखे न क्यों हूँ निमेषै लगैं तेरे लेखैं न हु या परेखैं मरौं

*ghara hī ghara ghairu ghanau gharīhi gharīhāini āgeṃ na sā~sa bharaum|
lakhi meriyai ora risāhiṃ sabaiṃ satarāhiṃ jauṃ sauṃ haiṃ aneka karaum|
rasakhāni to kāja sabaiṃ braja tau merau berī bhayau kahi kāsōṃ laraum|
binu dekhe na kyoṃ hū~ nimeṣai lagaiṃ tere lekheṃ na hū yā parekheṃ maraum*

Within the house they keep me closely confined; before the household women I dare not even draw a breath.

Whenever they look my way they flare in anger, glare at me, and multiply restrictions.
For His sake all Vraja has become my enemy, says Rasakhān—tell me, with whom can I fight?

Without seeing Him, even a blink will not pass; whether you count it blameworthy or not, I die upon this trial.

Sujān-Rasakhān 151

स्याम सघन घन घेरि कै, रस बरस्यौ रसखानि।
भई दिवानी पानि करि, प्रेम-मद्य मन मानि

*syāma saghana ghana gheri kai, rasa baras̄yau rasakhāni|
bhai divāni pāni kari, prema-madya mana māni*

Dark Śyāma, a dense raincloud, surrounded me and poured down nectar, says Rasakhān.
I cupped my hands and drank; accepting love's wine within my mind, I went mad.

Sujān-Rasakhān 152

कोउ रिझावन कौ रसखानि कहै मुकतानि सौँ माँग भरौंगी।
 कोऊ कहै गहनो अंग-अंग दुकूल सुगंध पर्यौ पहिरौंगी।
 तूँ न कहै न कहैं तौँ कहैं हौँ कहूँ न कहाँ तेरे पाँय परौंगी।
 देखहि तूँ यह फूल की माल जसोमति-लाल-निहाल करौंगी

kou rijhāvana kau rasakhāni kahai mukatāni sauṃ mā~ga bharaumṃgī|
koū kahai gahano aṃga-aṃga dukūla sugaṃdha paryau pahiraumṃgī|
tū~ na kahai na kahaiṃ tauṃ kahaum haum kahū~ na kahā~ tere pā~ya paraumṃgī|
dekhahi tū~ yaha phūla kī māla jasomati-lāla-nihāla karaumṃgī

One says, ‘To charm Him, Rasakhān, I shall fill the parting of my hair with pearls.’
 Another says, ‘I shall adorn every limb with ornaments and wear fragrant silk.’
 Whether you tell me or do not, I shall say it; wherever you may be, I shall fall at your feet.
 Just watch: with this flower garland I shall bring Yaśodā’s darling perfect delight.

Sujān-Rasakhān 153

प्यारी पै जाइ कितौ परि पाइ पची समझाइ सखी की सौँ बेना।
 बारक नंदकिशोर की ओर कह्यौ दृग छोर की कोर करै ना।
 ह्वै निकस्यौ रसखान कहु उत डीठ पर्यौ पियरौँ उपरै ना।
 जीव सो पाय गई पचिवाय कियौ रुचि नेह गए लचि नैना

pyārī pai jāi kitau pari pāi pacī samajhāi sakhī kī sauṃ benā|
bāraka naṃdakiśora kī ora kahyau dṛga chora kī kora karai nā|
hvai nikasyau rasakhāna kahū uta ḍīṭha paryau piyaraum uparai nā|
jīva so pāya gai pacivāya kiyaui ruci neha gae laci naiṇnā

Go to the beloved, fall at her feet as much as needed, and exhaust every effort to persuade her—by your friendship, speak!
 But toward Nanda-kiśora she would not cast even the outer corner of her eye.
 Then somewhere He emerged, says Rasakhān, and her gaze fell upon His yellow upper cloth.
 Life returned to her after all that persuasion; desire awakened, love arose, and her eyes softened.

Sujān-Rasakhān 154

सखियाँ मनुहारि कै हारि रही भृकुटी को न छोर लली नचयौ।
घुवा घनघोर नयौ उनयौ नभ नायक ओर चित्ते चितयौ।
बिकि आप गई हिय मोल लियौ रसखान हितू न हियौ रिझयौ।
सिगरो दुःख तीछन कोटि कटाछन काटि कै सौतिन बाँटि दियौ

sakhiyā~ manuhāri kai hāri rahī bhṛkuṭī ko na chora lālī nacayau|
cahuvā ghanaghora nayau unayau nabha nāyaka ora citte citayau|
biki āpa gai hiya mola liyau rasakhāna hitū na hiyōṃ riḥhayau|
sigaro duḥkha tīchana koṭi kaṭāchana kāṭi kai sautina bā~ṭi diyau

Her companions exhausted themselves pleading, yet the darling would not relax the dance of her frowning brows.

Dark clouds gathered thickly on every side; she turned and looked toward the lord of the sky. She sold herself and purchased His heart, says Rasakhān, though the lover had not yet delighted her heart.

With one sharp sidelong glance she cut all her grief into millions of pieces and distributed it among her co-wives.

Sujān-Rasakhān 155

खेलै अलीजन के गन मैं उत प्रीतम प्यारे सों नेह नवीनो।
बैननि बोध करै इत कौं उत सैननि मोहन को मन लीनो।
नैनति की चलिबी कछु जानि सखी रसखानि चितैवे कौं कीनो।
जा लखि पाइ जंभाइ गई घुटकी चटकाइ विदा करि दीनो

khelai alījana ke gana maiṃ uta prītaṃ pyāre soṃ neha navīno|
bainani bogha karai ita kauṃ uta sainani mohana ko mana līno|
nainati kī calibī kachu jāni sakhi rasakhāni citaive kauṃ kīno|
jā lakhi pāi jambhāi gai cūṭakī caṭakāi vidā kari dīno

She plays among her circle of friends, while fresh love grows there for the beloved Lover. With words she instructs those on this side, but with secret gestures Mohana steals the mind on that.

Knowing something of the eyes' movements, friend, says Rasakhān, He devised a way to keep looking.

When she caught Him, she feigned a yawn, snapped her fingers, and dismissed Him.

Sujān-Rasakhān 156

मोहन के मन भाइ गयौ इक भाइ सों ग्वालिनै गोधन बायो।
ताकों लग्यौ चट, चौहट सों दुरि औचक गात सों गात छबायौ।
रसखानि लही इनि चातुरता चुपचाप रही जब लों घर आयो।
नैन नचाई चित्तै मुसकाइ सू ओठ है जाइ अँगूठा दिखायौ

mohana ke mana bhāi gayau ika bhāi soṃ gvālinai godhana bāyo|
tākoṃ lagyau caṭa, cauhaṭa soṃ duri aucaka gāta soṃ gāta chabāyau|
rasakhāni lahī ini cāturatā cupacāpa rahī jaba loṃ ghara āyo|
naina nacāi cittai musakāi sū oṭha hvai jāi a~gūṭhā dikhāyau

One cowherd girl appealed to Mohana's heart, so He drove the cattle toward her with a secret intention.

The instant desire seized Him, He drew her away from the doorway and suddenly pressed body against body.

She understood His cleverness, says Rasakhān, but remained silent until she reached home. Then she rolled her eyes, glanced back smiling, brought her thumb to her lips, and made a teasing sign.

Sujān-Rasakhān 157

कान परे मृदु बैन मरु करि मौन रहौ पल आधिक साधे।
नंद बबा घर को अकुलाय गई दधि लैं बिरहानल दाधे।
पाय दुहुननि प्राननि प्रान सों लाज दबै चितये दृग आने।
नैननि ही रसखान सनेह सही कियो लेउ दही कहि राधे

kāna pare mṛḍu baina maru kari mauna rahau pala ādhika sādhe|
naṃda babā ghara koṃ akulāya gāi dadhi laiṃ birahānala dādhe|
pāya duhūnani prānani prāna soṃ lāja dabai citaye dṛga āne|
nainani hī rasakhāna saneha sahī kiyo leu dahī kahī rādhe

Soft words fell upon her ears: 'Stay silent for half a moment and compose yourself.'

Burning in separation, she hurried with curds toward father Nanda's house.

Coming upon those two, dearer than life, she lowered herself in modesty as their eyes met hers.

Through the eyes alone they completed love's exchange, says Rasakhān, and He said, 'Rādhe, let me have the curds.'

Sujān-Rasakhān 158

केसरिया पट, केसरि खौर, बनौ गर गुंज को हार ढरारो।
को हौ जू आपनी या छवि सों जुखरे अंगना प्रति डीठि न डारो।
आनि बिकाऊ से होई रहे रसखानि कहै तुम्ह रौकि दुवारो।
है तो बिकाऊँ जौ लेत बनेँ हँसबोल निहारो है मोल हमारो

kesariyā paṭa, kesari khaura, banau gara guṁja ko hāra ḍharāro|
ko hau jū āpanī yā chavi soṁ jukhare a~ganā prati ḍīṭhi na ḍāro|
āni bikāū se hoī rahe rasakhāni kahai tumha rauki dūvāro|
'hai to bikāū~ jau leta banaiṁ ha~sabola nihāro hai mola hamāro

A saffron cloth, saffron mark, and a streaming guñjā necklace arranged at His throat—
whoever You are, so absorbed in Your own beauty that You cast no glance into another's
courtyard,

You have come and stand as though for sale, says Rasakhān, blocking our doorway.
'I am for sale, if you know how to buy: laughter, speech, and a loving gaze are My price.'

Sujān-Rasakhān 159

एक समय इक ग्वालनि कों ब्रजजीवन खेलत दृष्टि पर्यौ है।
बाल प्रबीन सकै करि कै सरकाइ के मौरन चीर धर्यौ है।
यौं रस ही रस ही रसखानि सखी अपनीमन भायो कर्यौ है।
नंद के लाड़िले ढाँकि दै सीस इहा हमरो बरु हाथ भर्यौ है

eka samaya ika gvālīni koṁ braja-jīvana khelata dr̥ṣṭi paryau hai|
bāla prabīna sakai kari kai sarakāi ke maurana cira dharyau hai|
yauṁ rasa hī rasa hī rasakhāni sakhī apānīmāna bhāyo karyau hai|
naṁda ke lāṛīle ḍhā~ki dai sīsa ihā hamaro baru hātha bharyau hai

Once, while the life of Vraja played, His glance fell upon a cowherd girl.
The clever young master reached out and slipped the edge of her veil aside.
In pure delight, says Rasakhān, friend, He did exactly what pleased His heart.
'Darling son of Nanda, cover my head—here, my destined husband has taken my hand!'

Sujān-Rasakhān 160

मैं रसखान की खेलनि जीति के मालती माल उतार लई री।
 मैरीये जानि कै सूधि सबै चुप है रही काहु न खई री।
 भावते स्वेद की, बास सखी ननदी पहिचानि प्रचंड भई री।
 मैं लखिबो के अँखियाँ मुसकाय लचाय नचाइ दई री

maiṃ rasakhāna kī khelani jīti ke mālatī māla utāra laī rī|
mairīye jāni kai sūdhi sabai cupa hai rahī kāhu na khāī rī|
bhāvate sveda kī, bāsa sakhī nanadī pahicāni pracanḍa bhāī rī|
maiṃ lakhibo ke a~khiyā~ musakāya lacāya nacāi daī rī

I defeated Rasakhān's Lord in a game and took the jasmine garland from His neck, friend.
 Knowing it to be mine, I kept perfectly quiet; no one else spoke a word.
 But my fierce sister-in-law recognized the fragrance of the Beloved's perspiration, friend.
 When she looked at me, I answered only with laughing eyes—softening, swaying, and
 dancing them.

Sujān-Rasakhān • 161–180

Braj Bhāṣā • IAST • English

Sujān-Rasakhān 161

ब्रषभान के गेह दिवारी के चौस अहीर अहीरनि भीर भई।
जितही तितही धुनि गोधन की सब ही ब्रज ह्वै रह्यौ राग मई॥
रसखान तबै हरि राधिका यों कछु सैननि ही रस बेल बई।
उहि अंजन आँखिन आँज्यौ भट्ट इत कुंकुम आड़ लिलार दई

*braṣabhāna ke geha divārī ke dyausa ahīra ahīrani bhīra bhāi|
jītaḥī tītaḥī dhuni godhana kī saba hī braja hvai rahyau rāga mai||
rasakhāna tabai hari rādhikā yom kachu sainani hī rasa bela bai|
uḥi aṃjana ā~khina ā~jyau bhaṭṭ ita kuṃkuma āṛa līlāra dai*

On Dīvālī day at Vṛṣabhānu's house, cowherd men and women crowded together.
Everywhere sounded the lowing of cattle, and all Vraja had become music.
Then Hari and Rādhikā, says Rasakhān, planted a vine of delight through gestures alone.
He lined those eyes with collyrium, friend, while she placed a streak of vermilion across His forehead.

Sujān-Rasakhān 162

बात सुनी न कहुँ हरि की न कहुँ हरि सों मुख बोल हँसी है।
काल्हि ही गोरस बेचन कौँ निकसी ब्रजवासिनि बीच लसी है।
आजु ही बारक 'लेहु दही' कहि कै कछु नैनन मे बिहसी है।
बैरिनि वाहि भई मुसकानि जु वा रसखानि के प्रान बसी है

*bāta sunī na kahū~ hari kī na kahū~ hari som mukha bola ha~sī hai|
kālhī hī gorasa becana kauṃ nikasī brajavāsini bīca lasī hai|
ājū hī bāraka 'lehu dahi' kahi kai kachu nainana me bihasī hai|
bairini vāhi bhai musakāni ju vā rasakhāni ke prāna basī hai*

She had never heard anyone speak of Hari, nor spoken or laughed face to face with Him anywhere.
Only yesterday she went out to sell milk-products and shone among the women of Vraja.
Today, the moment she called, "Take some curds!" something within her eyes began to smile.
That hostile smile has become the very dwelling-place of Rasakhān's life.

Sujān-Rasakhān 163

ग्वालिन द्वैक भुजान गहैं रसखानि कौं लाई जसोमति पाहैं।
लूटत हैं कहैं ये बन मैं मन मैं कहैं ये सुख लूट कहाँ हैं॥
अंग ही अंग ज्यों ज्यों ही लगैं त्यों त्यों ही न अंग ही अंग समाहैं।
वे पछलैं उलटै पग एक तौ वे पछलैं उलटै पग जाहैं

*gvālina dvaika bhujāna gahaiṃ rasakhāni kauṃ lāiṃ jasomati pāhaiṃ |
lūtata haiṃ kahaiṃ ye bana maiṃ mana maiṃ kahaiṃ ye sukha lūṭa kahā~ haiṃ ||
aṅga hī aṅga jyaṃ jyaṃ hī lagaiṃ tyauṃ tyauṃ hī na aṅga hī aṅga samāhaiṃ |
ve pachalaiṃ ulaṭai paga eka tau ve pachalaiṃ ulaṭai paga jāhaiṃ*

Two cowherd women seize Rasakhān's Lord by the arms and drag Him before Yaśodā.
'He plunders us in the forest,' they say aloud, while inwardly asking, 'Where else is joy
plundered like this?'

The more limb presses against limb, the more their limbs refuse to remain contained within
themselves.

He takes one backward step, and they too turn their feet backward after Him.

Sujān-Rasakhān 164

दूर तें आई दुरे हीं दिखाइ अटा चढ़ि जाइ गह्यौ तहाँ आरौ।
चित कहूँ चितवै कितहूँ, चित्त और सौं चाहि करै चखवारौ।
रसखानि कहै यहि बीच अचानक जाइ सिद्धी चढ़ि खास पुकारौ।
रूखि गई सुकुवार हियो हनि सैन पटू कह्यौ स्याम सिधारौ

*dūra teṃ āi dure hīṃ dikhāi aṭā caṛhi jāi gahyau tahā~ ārau |
cita kahū~ citavai kitahū~, citta aura sauṃ cāhi karai cakhavārau |
rasakhāni kahai yahi bīca acānaka jāi siḍhī caṛhi khāsa pukāro |
rūkhi gaiṃ sukuvāra hiyo hani saina paṭū kahyau syāma sidhārau*

She came from afar, showed herself while still distant, climbed the terrace, and took her
place at its edge.

She looks somewhere and then elsewhere, but longs to feast her eyes upon someone other
than all she sees.

In the midst of this, says Rasakhān, He suddenly climbed the stairs and called out clearly.

The tender girl stopped short, struck to the heart; making a clever sign, she said, 'Śyāma, go
now.'

Sujān-Rasakhān 165

बंक बिलोकनि हँसनि मुरि, मधुर बैन रसखानि।
मिले रसिक रसरज दोउ, हरखि हिये रसखानि

baṅka bilokani ha~sani muri, madhura baina rasakhāni|
mile rasika rasarāja dou, harakhi hiye rasakhāni

Curving glances, a smile upon turning, and sweet words, says Rasakhān—
the two connoisseurs, sovereigns of nectar, met; Rasakhān's heart rejoiced.

Sujān-Rasakhān 166

वह गोधन गावत गोधन में जब तें इहि मारग है निकस्यौ।
तब ते कुलकानि कितीय करौ यह पापी हियो हुलस्यौ हुलस्यौ।
अब तौ जू भईसु भई नहिं होत है लोग अजान हँस्यौ सुहँस्यौ।
कोउ पीर न जानत सो तिनके हिय मैं रसखानि बस्यौ

vaha godhana gāvata godhana maiṇ jaba teṇ ihi māraga hvai nikasyau|
taba te kulakāni kitīya karau yaha pāpī hiyo hulasyau hulasyau|
aba tau jū bhaiṣu bhai nahin hota hai loga ajāna ha~syau suha~syau|
kou pīra na jānata so tinake hiya maiṇ rasakhāni basyau

Ever since He came along this road among the cattle, singing to the herd,
however much family restraint I attempt, this sinful heart only surges and surges.
What has happened has happened; it cannot be undone. Let the ignorant people laugh if they
will.

No one knows that pain except the one within whose heart He dwells, says Rasakhān.

Sujān-Rasakhān 167

वा मुसकान पै प्रान दियौ जिय जान दियौ वहि तान पै प्यारी।
 मान दियौ मन मानिक के संग वा मुख मंजु पै जोबनवारी।
 वा तन कौँ रसखानि पै री ताहि दियौ नहि ध्यान बिचारी।
 सो मुंह मौरि करी अब का हुए लाल लै आज समाज में खवारी

*vā musakāna pai prāna diyau jiya jāna diyau vahi tāna pai pyārī|
 māna diyau mana mānika ke saṅga vā mukha maṅju pai jobanavārī|
 vā tana kauṁ rasakhāni pai rī tāhi diyau nahi dhyāna bicārī|
 so muṁha mauri karī aba kā hue lāla lai āja samāja meṁ khvārī*

I gave my life to that smile and knowingly gave my heart to that melody, dear one.
 Together with the jewel of my mind I gave away my honor, and offered my youth to that
 lovely face.
 I gave this body to Him too, says Rasakhān, without stopping to reflect.
 Now He turns His face away—what can be done? Darling, today You have disgraced me
 before everyone.

Sujān-Rasakhān 168

मोहन सों अटक्यौ मनु री कल जाते परै सोई क्यौँ न बतावै।
 व्याकुलता निरखे बिन मूरति भागति भूख न भूषन भावै।
 देखे तें नैकु सम्हार रहै न तबै झुकि के लखि लोग लजावै।
 चैन नहीं रसखानि दुहूँ विधि भूली सबैँ न कछु बनि आवै

*mohana soṁ aṭakyau manu rī kala jāte paraī soī kyaūṁ na batāvai|
 vyākulatā nirakhe bina mūrati bhāgati bhūkha na bhūṣana bhāvai|
 dekhe teṁ naiku samhāra rahai na tabai jhuki ke lakhi loga lajāvai|
 caina nahīṁ rasakhāni duhu- vidhi bhūlī sabaiṁ na kachū bani āvai*

My mind is caught upon Mohana; why does no one who knows the cure tell me?
 Without seeing His form I grow frantic: hunger departs and ornaments give no pleasure.
 Even after seeing Him I can scarcely contain myself, and bow my head when people shame
 me for looking.
 There is no peace either way, says Rasakhān; I have forgotten everything and nothing can be
 done.

Sujān-Rasakhān 169

भई बावरी ढूँढ़ति वाहि तिया अरी लाल ही लाल भयौ कहा तेरो।
ग्रीवा तें छूटि गयौ अबहीं रसखानि तज्यौ घर मारग हेरो।
डरियें कहै माय हमारौ बुरी हिय नेकु न सुनो सहै छिन मेरो।
काहे को खाइबो जाइबो है सजनी अनखाइबो सीस सहेरो

bhai bāvarī ḍhū-ṛhati vāhi tiyā arī lāla hī lāla bhayau kahā tero|
grīvā teṇ chūṭi gayau abahīṇ rasakhāni tajyau ghara mārāga hero|
ḍariyaiṇ kahai māya hamārau burī hiya neku na suno sahai china mero|
kāhe ko khāibo jāibo hai sajanī anakhāibo sīs sahero

She has gone mad searching for Him. ‘Woman, what has happened to you—why has everything become only the darling?

Your necklace has just slipped from your throat,’ says Rasakhān, ‘and you have left home to search the road.’

‘They tell me to fear, but my heart will not listen; I cannot endure even an instant. Why should I eat, why go anywhere, companion? I shall bear hunger upon my head.’

Sujān-Rasakhān 170

मो मन मोहन कों मिलि कै सबहीं मुसकानि दिखाइ दई।
वह मोहनी मूरति रूपमई सबहीं जितई तब हौं चितई॥
उन तौ अपने घर की रसखानि चलौ बिधि राह लई।
कछु मोहिं को पाप पर्यौ पल मैं पग पावत पौरि पहार भई

mo mana mohana koṃ mili kai sabahīṇ musakāni dikhāi dāi|
vaha mohani mūrati rūpamai sabahīṇ jitaī taba hauṃ citāi||
una tau apāne ghara kī rasakhāni calau bidhi rāha lai|
kachu mohiṇ ko pāpa paryau pala maiṇ paga pāvata pauri pahāra bhai

Meeting mind-enchancing Mohana, I showed everyone my smile.

That enchanting form, beauty embodied, conquered all; only then did I truly behold Him.

He went on toward His own house, says Rasakhān, taking the road fate had laid.

What sin then fell upon me? In a moment each step toward my doorway became a mountain.

Sujān-Rasakhān 171

डोलिबो कुंजनि कुंजनि को अरु बेनु बजाइबौ धेनु चरैबो।
मोहिनी ताननि सौं रसखानि सखानि के संग को गौधन गैबो।
ये सब डारि दिए मन मारि विसारि दयौ सगरौ सुख पैबौ।
भूलत क्यों करि नेहन ही को 'दही' करिबो मुसकाई चितैबो

*ḍolibo kuṃjani kuṃjani ko aru benu bajāibau dhenū caraibō|
mohinī tānani sōṃ rasakhāni sakhāni ke saṅga ko godhana gaibō|
ye saba ḍāri diē mana māri visāri dayāu sagarāu sukha paibau|
bhūlata kyoṃ kari nehana hī ko 'dahī' karibō musakāi citāibō*

Wandering from bower to bower, playing the flute, and grazing the cows;
singing to the herd amid His companions in enchanting melodies, says Rasakhān—
He cast all these aside, subdued His mind, and forgot every pleasure He had known.
How could He forget love alone: smiling, looking at her, and turning her call of 'Curds!' into
an exchange of hearts?

Sujān-Rasakhān 172

प्रेम मरोरि उठै तब ही मन पाग मरोरनि में उरझावै।
रूसे से ह्वै दृग मोसों रहैं लखि मोहन मूरति मो पै न आवै।।
बोले बिना नहिं चैन परै रसखानि सुने कल श्रीनन पावै।
भौंह मरोरिबो री रूसिबो झुकिबो पिय सौं सजनी निखरावै

*prema marori uṭhai taba hī mana pāga marorani meṃ urajhāvai|
rūse se hvai dṛga mosōṃ rahaiṃ lakhi mohana mūrati mo pai na āvai||
bole binā nahīṃ caina parai rasakhāni sune kala śrīnana pāvai|
bhaumha maroribo rī rūsibo jhukibo piya sōṃ sajanī nikharāvai*

When love twists within me, the mind rises and entangles itself in the wringing of my
turban-cloth.
My eyes remain offended with me; when Mohana's form appears, they will not return under
my command.
Without speaking I find no peace; hearing His sweet voice brings glorious fulfillment, says
Rasakhān.
Friend, the turning of brows, feigned anger, bowed glances, and reconciliation make love
with the Beloved shine brighter.

Sujān-Rasakhān 173

बागन में मुरली रसखान सुनी सुनिकै जिय रीझ पचैगो।
धीर समीर को नीर भरौं नहिं माइ झकै और बबा सकुचैगो॥
आली दुरेधे को चोटनि नैम कहो अब कौन उपाय बचैगौ।
जायबौ भाँति कहाँ घर सों परसों वह रास परोस रचैगौ

bāgana meṃ muralī rasakhāna sunī sunikai jiya rījha pacaigo|
dhīra samīra ko nīra bharaun̄ nahiṃ māi jhakai aura babā sakucaigo||
ālī duredhe ko coṭani naima kaho aba kauna upāya bacaigau|
jāyabau bhā-ti kahā~ ghara soṃ parasoṃ vaha rāsa parosa racaigau

I heard the flute in the gardens, says Rasakhān; once heard, it delights the heart until the heart is consumed.

I shall not go to fill water in the gentle breeze; mother may start in alarm and father grow ashamed.

Friend, what remedy can save one from the unerring wound fired from afar?

How shall I leave the house in two days, when He will arrange the rāsa nearby?

Sujān-Rasakhān 174

बेनु बजावत गोधन गावत ग्वालन संग गली मधि आयौ।
बाँसुरी मैं उनि मेरोई नाँव सुगवालिनि के मिस टेरि सुनायौ॥
ए सजनी सुनि सास के त्रासनि नंद के पास उसास न आयौ।
कैसी करौ रसखानि नहिं हित चैनन ही चितचोर घुरायौ

benu bajāvata godhana gāvata gvālana saṅga galī madhi āyau|
bā~surī maiṃ unī meroī nā~va sugvālīni ke miśa ṭeri sunāyau||
e sajanī suni sāsa ke trāsani naṇḍa ke pāsa usāsa na āyau|
kaisī karau rasakhāni nahiṃ hita cainana hī citacora curāyau

Playing the flute, singing to the cattle, He came through the lane among the cowherds.

Within His flute He called out my own name, pretending it was the name of a fine cow.

Companion, hearing it and fearing my mother-in-law, I could not even sigh as I went near Nanda's house.

What can I do? There is no comfort, says Rasakhān; the thief of hearts has stolen peace itself.

Sujān-Rasakhān 175

एरी चतुर सुजान भयौ अजान हि जान कै।
तजि दीनी पहचान, जान अपनी जान कौ

erī catura sujāna bhayau ajāna hi jāna kai|
taji dīnī pahacāna, jāna apānī jāna kauṃ

Friend, that clever and discerning One became a stranger while knowingly recognizing me.
He cast aside all acknowledgment of the one He knows to be His very own life.

Sujān-Rasakhān 176

पूरब पुन्यनि तें चितई जिन ये अँखियाँ मुसकानि भरी जू।
कोऊ रहीं पुतरी सी खरी कोऊ घाट डरी कोऊ बाट परी जू।
जे अपने घरहीं रसखानि कहैं अरु हौंसनि जाति मरी जू।
लाख जे बाल बिहाल करी ते निहाल करी न विहाल करी जू

pūraba punyāni teṃ citaī jina ye a~khiyā~ musakāni bharī jū|
koū rahīṃ putarī sī kharī koū ghāṭa ḍarī koū bāṭa parī jū|
je apāne gharahīṃ rasakhāni kahaiṃ aru hauṃsani jāti marī jū|
lākha je bāla bihāla karī te nihāla karī na vihāla karī jū

Through merits earned in former lives, these eyes beheld that smile-filled Lord.
One woman stood rigid as a doll, one was stricken at the bathing-place, and one fell upon the road.
Those who remained at home, says Rasakhān, died merely from longing to go.
The child who made hundreds of thousands distraught also made them blessed—He did not truly ruin them.

Sujān-Rasakhān 177

आजु री नंदलला निकस्यौ तुलसीबन तें बन कैं मुसकातो।
देखें बनै न बनै कहतै अब सो सुख जो मुख में न समातो।
हौं रसखानि बिलोकिबे कौं कुलकानि के काज कियौ हिय हातो।
आइ गई अलबेली अचानक ए भट्ट लाज को काज कहा तो

*ājū rī naṁḍalālā nikasyau tulasībana teṁ bana kaiṁ musakāto|
dekheṁ banai na banai kahatai aba so sukha jo mukha maiṁ na samāto|
haum rasakhāni bilokibe kaum kulakāni ke kāja kiyau hiya hāto|
āi gai alabelī acānaka e bhaṭṭi lāja ko kāja kahā to*

Friend, today Nanda's darling emerged from the tulasī grove arrayed like the forest itself and smiling.

One can neither bear to look nor bear not to; the joy of it cannot be contained in speech. To behold Him I struck from my heart every concern for family restraint, says Rasakhān. The carefree girl arrived suddenly—friend, what business had modesty there?

Sujān-Rasakhān 178

अति लोक की लाज समूह में छौरि के राखि थकी वह संकट सों।
पल में कुलमानि की मेड नखी नहिं रोकी रुकी पल के पट सों।
रसखानि सु केतो उचाटि रही उचटी न संकोच की औचट सों।
अलि कोटि कियो हटकी न रही अटकी अँलिया लटकी औचट सों

*ati loka kī lāja samūha meṁ chauṛi ke rākhi thakī vaha saṁkaṭa soṁ|
pala maiṁ kulamāni kī meḍa nakhī nahīṁ rokī rukī pala ke paṭa soṁ|
rasakhāni su keto ucāṭi rahī ucaṭī na saṁkoca kī aucaṭa soṁ|
ali koṭi kiyo haṭakī na rahī aṭakī a~liyā laṭakī aucaṭa soṁ*

She exhausted herself trying to preserve the vast weight of worldly shame amid that crisis. In a moment she knocked down the boundary of family honor; the thin veil of an instant could not stop her.

However much she tried to remain detached, says Rasakhān, she could not escape the sudden assault upon restraint.

Friend, millions tried to hold her back, but she remained caught—entangled in those curling locks.

Sujān-Rasakhān 179

अधर लगाइ रस प्याइ बाँसुरी बजाइ,
मेरो नाम गाइ हाइ जादू कियौ मन मैं।
नटखट नवल सुधर नंदनंदन ने,
करि कै अचेत चेत हरि कै जतन मैं।
झटपट उलट पुलट पट परिधान,
जानि लागीं लाजन पै सबै बाम बन मैं।
रस रास सरस रँगिलो रसखानि आनि,
जानि जोरि जुगुति बिलास कियौ जन मैं

*adhara lagāi rasa pyāi bā~surī bajāi,
mero nāma gāi hāi jādū kiyau mana maiṃ|
naṭakhaṭa navala sudhara naṃdanaṃdana ne,
kari kai aceta ceta hari kai jatana maiṃ|
jhaṭapaṭa ulaṭa pulaṭa paṭa paridhāna,
jāni lāgīṃ lājana pai sabai bāma bana maiṃ|
rasa rāsa sarasa ra~gīlo rasakhāni āni,
jāni jori juguti bilāsa kiyau jana maiṃ*

Placing it to His lips, making it drink nectar, playing the flute,
and singing my name—alas, He worked magic within my mind.
That newly graceful, mischievous son of Nanda made me senseless; regaining awareness, I
tried every means to steady myself.
In haste the women of the forest reversed and rearranged their garments, suddenly
remembering modesty.
The charming sovereign of the nectar-filled rāsa came, says Rasakhān, and knowingly
devised a playful meeting among His people.

Sujān-Rasakhān 180

काछ नयौ इकतौ बर जेउर दीठि जसोमति राज कर्यौ री।
या ब्रज-मंडल में रसखान कछू तब तें रस रास पर्यौ री।
देखियै जीवन को फल आजु ही लाजहिं काल सिंगार हौं बोरी।
केते दिनानि पै जानति हो अंखियान के भागनि स्याम नच्चौरी

kācha nayau ikatau bara jeura dīṭhi jasomati rāja karyau rī|
yā braja-maṇḍala meṇ rasakhāna kachū taba tēṇ rasa rāsa paryau rī|
dekhiyai jīvana ko phala āju hī lājahim kāla siṅgāra hauṇ borī|
kete dināni pai jānati ho aṅkhiyāna ke bhāgaṇi syāma naccaurī

A fresh cowherd costume, a fine waist-cord—at one sight Yaśodā's darling reigned over every heart.

From that moment, says Rasakhān, the nectar of rāsa flooded all the land of Vraja.

Behold today the fruit of life itself; tomorrow I shall cast away shame and immerse myself in adornment.

After so many days I know the fortune of these eyes: dark Śyāma has danced, friend!

Sujān-Rasakhān • 181–200

Braj Bhāṣā • IAST • English

Sujān-Rasakhān 181

आजु भटू इक गोपकुमार ने रास रच्यौ इक गोप के द्वारे।
सुंदर बानिक सों रसखानि बन्यौ वह छोहरा भाग हमारे।
ए बिधना! जो हमें हँसतीं अब नेकु कहुँ उतकों पग धारैं।
ताहि बढौं फिरि आबे घरै बिनही तन औ मन जौवन बारैं

*ājū bhaṭū ika gopakumāra ne rāsa racyau ika gopa ke dvāre|
suṇḍara bānika soṃ rasakhāni banyau vaha choharā bhāga hamāre|
e bidhanā! jo hamaiṃ ha-satīṃ aba neku kahū- utakoṃ paga dhāraiṃ|
tāhi badauṃ phiri ābe gharai binahī tana au mana jauvana bāraiṃ*

Today, friend, a young cowherd staged the rāsa at a cowherd's doorway.
Beautifully arrayed, says Rasakhān, that boy became the very embodiment of our good fortune.

O fate! Those who laughed at us should now set foot toward Him just once.
I vow that if they return home without offering body, mind, and youth, they may mock us again.

Sujān-Rasakhān 182

आज भटू मुरली-बट के तट नंद के साँवरे रास रच्यौ री।
नैननि सैननि बैननि सों नहिं कोऊ मनोहर भाव बच्यौ री।
जद्यपि राखन कौं कुल कानि सबै ब्रज-बालन प्रान पच्यौ री।
तद्यपि वा रसखानि के हाथ बिकानी कौं अंत लच्यौ पै लच्यौ री

*ājā bhaṭū muralī-baṭa ke taṭa naṇḍa ke sā-vare rāsa racyau rī|
nainani sainani bainani soṃ nahīṃ koū manohara bhāva bacyyau rī|
jadyapi rākhana kauṃ kula kāni sabai braja-bālana prāna pacyyau rī|
tadyapi vā rasakhāni ke hātha bikāni kauṃ aṃta lacyau pai lacyau rī*

Today, friend, dark Nanda's son staged the rāsa beside the flute-banyan tree.
Nothing lovely remained unstolen by His eyes, gestures, and words.
Though all the girls of Vraja exhausted their lives trying to preserve family honor,
in the end each bent—bent willingly—to be sold into Rasakhān's Lord's hands.

Sujān-Rasakhān 183

कीजै कहा जु पै लोग चबाव सदा करिबौ करि हैं बजमारौ।
सीत न रोकत राखत कागु सुगावत ताहिरी गावन हारौ।
आव री सीरी करें अँखिया रसखान धनै धन भाग हमारौ।
आवत है फिरि आज बन्यौ वह राति के रास को नाचन हारौ

kījai kahā ju pai loga cabāva sadā karibau kari haiṁ bajamārau|
sīta na rokata rākhata kāgu sugāvata tāhīrī gāvana hārau|
āva rī sīrī karaiṁ a~khiyā rasakhāna dhanai dhana bhāga hamārau|
āvata hai phiri āja banyau vaha rāti ke rāsa ko nācana hārau

What can be done if people's gossip must always strike like lightning?
Cold does not stop the crow from cawing or the singer from singing its cry.
Come, friend—let our eyes find coolness! Blessed, blessed is our fortune, says Rasakhān.
He comes again today, beautifully arrayed—the dancer from last night's rāsa.

Sujān-Rasakhān 184

सासु अछै बरज्यौ बिटिया जु बिलोके अतीक लजावत है।
मौहि कहै जु कहूँ वह बात कही यह कौन कहावत है।
चाहत काहु के मूँड़ चढ़्यौ रसखान झुकै झुकि आवत है।
जब तैं वह ग्वाल गली में नच्यौ तब तै वह नाच नचावत है

sāsu achai barajyau biṭiyā ju biloke atika lajāvata hai|
mauhi kahai ju kahū~ vaha bāta kahī yaha kauna kahāvata hai|
cāhata kāhū ke mū~ṛa caṛhayau rasakhāna jhukai jhuki āvata hai|
jaba taiṁ vaha gvāla galī meṁ nacyau taba tai vaha nāca nācāvata hai

Though her mother-in-law is present and forbids her, the daughter keeps looking, greatly shaming herself.
She tells me not to speak of what happened—but who can keep such a thing from being told?
She longs to climb upon someone's head, says Rasakhān, yet comes forward with her own head bowed.
Ever since that cowherd danced in the lane, He has made her dance as well.

Sujān-Rasakhān 185

देखत सेज बिछी री अछी सु बिछी विष सो भिदिगो सिगरे तन।
 ऐसी अचेत गिरी नहिं चेत उपाय करे सिगरी सजनी जन।
 बोली सयानी सखि रसखानि बचै यौ सुनाइ कह्यौ जुवती गन।
 देखन कौं चलियै री चलौ सब रस रच्यौ मनमोहन जू बन

*dekhta seja bichī rī achī su bichī viṣa so bhidigo sigare tana|
 aisī aceta girī nahiṃ ceta upāya kare sigarī sajanī jana|
 bolī sayānī sakhi rasakhāni bacai yaum̐ sunāi kahyau juvatī gana|
 dekhana kaum̐ caliyai rī calau saba rasa racyau manamohana jū bana*

At the sight of a finely spread bed, poison seemed to pierce her entire body.
 She fell senseless and would not awaken, though all her companions tried every remedy.
 A wise friend spoke, says Rasakhān, and told the gathered young women how she might be saved:
 ‘Come, let us all go and see—mind-enchanting Mohana has begun the festival of love in the forest.’

Sujān-Rasakhān 186

खेलत फाग लख्यौ पिय प्यारी को ता मुख की उपमा किहिं दीजै।
 देखत ही बनि आवै भलै रसखान कहा है जो बार न कीजै।
 ज्यों ज्यों छबीली कहै पिचकारी लै एक लई यह दूसरी लीजै।
 त्यों त्यों छबीलो छकै छबि छाक सों हरै हँसे न टरै खरौ भीजै

*khelata phāga lakhyau piya pyārī ko tā mukha kī upamā kihīṃ dījai|
 dekhta hī bani āvai bhalai rasakhāna kahā hai jo bāra na kījai|
 jyauṃ jyauṃ chabīlī kahai picakārī lai eka lai yaha dūsarī lījai|
 tyauṃ tyauṃ chabīlo chakai chabi chāka soṃ herai ha-se na ṭarai kharau bhījai*

I saw Beloved and beloved playing Phāga, friend—to what can the beauty of her face be compared?
 One can only behold it; what can Rasakhān say that would not need to be sacrificed before it?
 The more the lovely girl says, taking one water-syringe, ‘Here, take this other one!’
 the more the graceful Boy, intoxicated by beauty’s wine, stands drenched, gazing and laughing, refusing to move.

Sujān-Rasakhān 187

खेलत फाग सुहागभरी अनुरागहिं लालन कौं झरि कै।
मारत कुंकुम केसरि के पिचकारिन में रंग को भरि कै।
गेरत लाल गुलाल लली मन मोहिनी मौज मिटा करि कै।
जात चली रसखानि अली मदमत्त मनी-मन कौं हरि कै

khelata phāga suhāgabharī anurāgahiṁ lālana kauṁ jhari kai|
mārata kuṅkuma kesari ke picakārīna maiṁ raṅga ko bhari kai|
gerata lāla gulāla lālī mana mohinī mauja miṭā kari kai|
jāta calī rasakhāni alī madamatta manī-mana koṁ hari kai

She plays Phāga filled with bridal joy, showering her darling with affection.
She strikes with saffron and vermilion, filling the water-syringes with color.
The darling Girl hurls crimson gulāla, her mind-enchanting delight breaking every limit.
She starts to leave, says Rasakhān, friend—intoxicated and having stolen the jewel of His mind.

Sujān-Rasakhān 188

फागुन लाग्यौ सखि जब तें, तब तें ब्रजमंडल धूम मच्यौ है।
नारि नवेली बचै नहिं एक बिसेख यहै सबै प्रेम अच्यौ है।
साँझ सकारे वही रसखानि सुरंग गुलाल लै खेल रच्यौ है।
को सजनी निलजी न भई अब कौन भट्ट जिहिं मान बच्यौ है

phāguna lāgyau sakhi jaba teṁ, taba teṁ brajamaṇḍala dhūma macyau hai|
nāri navelī bacaiṁ nahīṁ eka bisekha yahai sabai prema acyau hai|
sā~jha sakāre vahī rasakhāni suraṅga gulāla lai khela racyau hai|
ko sajanī nilājī na bhai aba kauna bhaṭṭ jhiṁ māna bacyau hai

Friend, from the moment Phālguna began, an uproar has filled the whole land of Vraja.
Not one young woman escapes; the special wonder is that love has possessed them all.
Morning and evening He stages His play with brilliant gulāla, says Rasakhān.
What companion has not become shameless now? What youth has managed to preserve his pride?

Sujān-Rasakhān 189

आई खेलि होरी ब्रजगोरी वा किसोरी संग।
 अंग अंग अंगनि अनंग सरकाइ गौ।
 कुंकुम की मार वा पै रंगति उद्धार उड़े,
 बुक्का औ गुलाल लाल लाल बरसाइगौ।
 छौड़े पिचकारिन वपारिन बिगोई छौड़े,
 तोड़े हिय-हार धार रंग तरसाइ गौ।
 रसिक सलोनो रिझवार रसखानि आजु,
 फागुन मैं औगुन अनेक दरसाइ गौ

āi kheli horī brajagorī vā kisorī saṅga|
aṅga aṅga aṅgani anaṅga sarakāi gau|
kuṅkuma kī mārā vā pai raṅgati uddāra uṛe,
bukkā au gulāla lāla lāla barasāigau|
chauṛe picakārīna vapārīna bigoī chauṛai,
toṛai hīya-hāra dhāra raṅga tarasāi gau|
rasika salono rijhavāra rasakhāni āju,
phāguna maiṅ auguna aneka darasāi gau

The women of Vraja came to play Holī with that youthful Girl.
 From limb to limb the Love-god glided among their bodies.
 He struck her with vermilion; clouds of color rose, and handfuls of crimson gulāla rained down.
 He fired the water-syringe, drenched the merchant-girls, tugged at the necklace upon her heart, and left streams of color that awakened longing.
 Today that lovely, charming connoisseur, says Rasakhān, displayed countless mischiefs in Phālguna.

Sujān-Rasakhān 190

गोकुल को ग्वाल काल्हि चौमुंह की ग्वालिन सों,
चाचर रचाइ एक धूमहिं मचाइ गौ।
हियो हुलसाइ रसखानि तान गाइ बाँकी,
सहज सुभाइ सब गाँव ललचाइ गौ।
पिचका चलाइ और जुवती भिंजाइ नेह,
लोचन नचाइ मेरे अगाहि नचाइ गौ।
सासहिं नचाइ भोरी नंदहि नचाइ खोरी,
बैरनि सचाइ गोरी मोहि सकुचाइ गौ

*gokula ko gvāla kālhi caumun̐ha kī gvālina soṃ,
cācara racāi eka dhūmahin̐ macāi gau|
hiyo hulasāi rasakhāni tāna gāi bā~kī,
sahaja subhāi saba gā~va lalacāi gau|
picakā calāi aura juvatī bhinjāi neha,
locana nacāi mere agahi nacāi gau|
sāsahin̐ nacāi bhorī naṃdahi nacāi khorī,
bairani sacāi gorī mohi sakucāi gau*

Yesterday the cowherd of Gokula staged a Phāga revel with a milkmaid at the crossroads and raised a great commotion.

Singing a jaunty melody, He made the heart surge, says Rasakhān, and naturally stirred longing throughout the village.

He fired the water-syringe, drenched other young women in love, rolled His eyes, and made me dance before Him.

He made my mother-in-law dance, made innocent Nanda dance, made the lanes dance—that fair enemy truly made me shy.

Sujān-Rasakhān 191

आवत लाल गुलाल लियें मग सूने मिली इस नार नवीनी।
 त्यों रसखानि लगाइ हियें मौज कियौ मन माहिं अधीनी।
 सारी फटी सुकुमारी हटी अंगिया दर की सरकी रगभीनी।
 गाल गुलाल लगाइ लगाइ कै अंक रिझाइ बिदा करि दीनी

āvata lāla gulāla liyeṃ maga sūne mili isa nāra navīnī|
tyauṃ rasakhāni lagāi hiyeṃ mauja kiyau mana māhiṃ adhīnī|
sārī phaṭī sukumārī haṭī aṅgiyā dara kī sarakī ragabhīnī|
gāla gulāla lagāi lagāi kai aṅka riḥāi bidā kari dīnī

Coming with crimson gulāla, He met this young woman upon a deserted road.
 He pressed her to His heart, says Rasakhān, delighted and holding her mind beneath His
 sway.

Her sari tore, the tender girl drew back, and her bodice slipped at the opening, steeped in
 color.

Again and again He rubbed gulāla upon her cheeks, delighted her in His embrace, and sent
 her on her way.

Sujān-Rasakhān 192

लीने अबीर भरे पिचका रसखानि खरौ बहु भाय भरौ जू।
 मार से गोपकुमार कुमार से देखत ध्यान तरौ न तरौ जू।
 पूरब पुन्यनि हाथ पर्यौ तुम राज करौ उठि काज करौ जू।
 ताहि सरौ लखि लाज जरौ इहि पाख पतिव्रत ताख धरौ जू

līne abīra bhare picakā rasakhāni kharau bahu bhāya bharau jū|
māra se gopakumāra kumāra se dekhata dhyāna tarau na tarau jū|
pūraba punyani hātha paryau tuma rāja karau uṭhi kāja karau jū|
tāhi sarau lakhi lāja jarau ihi pākha pativrata tākha dharau jū

Holding a water-syringe filled with abīra, Rasakhān's Lord stands brimming with deep
 feeling.

A cowherd prince among boys—at the sight of Him, let your meditation turn away if it can.

The fruit of former merit has fallen into your hands: rise, do your work, and reign.

Let the other side burn with shame at seeing Him; upon this side, mount the vigilant watch
 of wifely virtue.

Sujān-Rasakhān 193

मिलि खेलत फाग बढ़्यौ अनुराग सुराग सनी सुख की रमकैं।
करि कुंकुम लै कर कंजमुखी प्रिय के दृग लावन कौं धमकैं।
रसखानि गुलाल की धूँधर मैं ब्रजबालन की दुति यौ दमकैं।
मनौ सावन माँझ ललाई के मांज चहुँ दिसि तैं चपला चमकैं

*mili khelata phāga baṛhyau anurāga surāga sanī sukha kī ramakaiṃ|
kari kuṅkuma lai kara kaṅjamukhī priya ke dṛga lāvana kauṃ dhamakaiṃ|
rasakhāni gulāla kī dhū~dhara maiṃ brajabālana kī duti yau damakaiṃ|
manau sāvana mā~jha lalāi ke māṃja cahū~ diṣi teṃ capalā camakaiṃ*

Playing Phāga together, their love increased; streaked with fragrance, joy flashed forth.
Taking vermilion in her lotus hand, the lotus-faced girl threatened to smear her Beloved's eyes.

Within the cloud of gulāla, says Rasakhān, the radiance of Vraja's women flashed like lightning gleaming from every side amid the red glow of a monsoon sky.

Sujān-Rasakhān 194

आजु बरसाने बरसाने सब आनंद सों,
लाड़िली बरस गाँठि आई छबि छाई है।
कौतुक अपार घर घर रंग बिसतार,
रहत निहारि सुध बुध बिसराई है।
आये ब्रजराज ब्रजरानी दधि दानी संग,
अति ही उमंगे रूप रासि लूटि पाई है।
गुनी जन गान धन दान सनमान, बाजे-
पौरनि निसान रसखान मन भाई है

*ājū barasāne barasāne saba ānaṃda soṃ,
lāṛilī barasa gā~ṭhi āi chabi chāi hai|
kautuka apāra ghara ghara raṃga bisatāra,
rahata nihāri sudha budha bisarāi hai|
āye brajarāja brajarāni dadhi dāni saṃga,
ati hī umāṅge rūpa rāsi lūṭi pāi hai|
gunī jana gāna dhana dāna sanamāna, bāje-
paurani nisāna rasakhāna mana bhāi hai*

Today in Barasānā, everywhere and upon everyone, joy pours down: the anniversary of the darling Girl's birth has come, and beauty fills the town.

Boundless wonders and colors spread from house to house; people gaze until all ordinary awareness is forgotten.

The king and queen of Vraja have arrived with the generous giver of curds, overflowing with

delight and finding a treasury of beauty to plunder.

Skilled singers receive wealth, gifts, and honor; drums resound at the gateways—all this delights Rasakhān's heart.

Sujān-Rasakhān 195

कैंधो रसखान रस कोस दृग प्यास जानि,
 आनि के पियूष पूष कीनो बिधि चंद घर।
 कैंधों मनि मानिक बैठारिबै को कंचन में,
 जरिया जोबन जिन गढ़िया सुघर घर।
 कैंधों काम कामना के राजत अधर चिन्ह,
 कैंधों यह भौर ज्ञान बोहित गुमान हर।
 एरी मेरी प्यारी दुति कोटि रति रंभा की,
 वारि डारों तेही चित चोरनि चिबुक पर

*kaiṁdho rasakhāna rasa kosa dṛga pyāsa jāni,
 āni ke piyūṣa pūṣa kīno bidhi caṁda ghara|
 ka~dhoṁ mani mānika baiṭhāribai ko kaṁcana maiṇ,
 jariyā jobana jīna gaṛhiyā sughara ghara|
 kaiṁdhoṁ kāma kāmanā ke rājata adhara cinha,
 kaiṁdhoṁ yaha bhaura jñāna bohita gumāna hara|
 erī merī pyārī duti koṭi rati raṁbhā kī,
 vārī ḍāroṁ tehī cita coranī cibuka para*

Did fate know the thirst of the eyes and, from the treasury of nectar, fashion this moon as a vessel of ambrosia?

Or did some jeweler of youth set ruby and jewel within gold and shape this exquisite home?
 Is that mark upon her lip the royal seal of Love's desire, or a whirlpool that sinks the ship of knowledge and strips away pride?

Friend, I would sacrifice the splendor of millions of Ratis and Rambhās to that heart-stealing chin of my beloved.

Sujān-Rasakhān 196

श्री मुख यों न बखान सकै वृषभान सुता जू को रूप उजारो।
हे रसखान तू ज्ञान संभार तरैनि निहार जू रीझन हारो।
चारु सिंदूर को लाल रसाल लसै ब्रज बाल को भाल टिकारो।
गोद में मानौ बिराजत है घनस्याम के सारे को सारे को सारो

*śrī mukha yom̐ na bakhāna sakai vṛṣabhāna sūtā jū ko rūpa ujāro|
he rasakhāna tū jñāna saṁbhāra taraini nihāra jū rījhana hāro|
cāru siṁdūra ko lāla rasāla lasai braja bāla ko bhāla ṭikāro|
goda meṁ mānaū birājata hai ghanasyāma ke sāre ko sāre ko sāro*

No mouth can adequately describe the radiant beauty of Vṛṣabhānu's daughter.
Rasakhān, gather your understanding, behold her eyes, and let yourself be enchanted.
A lovely, nectar-red mark of vermilion shines upon the forehead of Vraja's young maiden.
It is as though the very essence of dark Ghanaśyāma's entire being rests there in her lap.

Sujān-Rasakhān 197

अति लाल गुलाल दुकूल ते फूल अली! अति कुंतल रासत है।
मखतूल समान के गुंज घरानि मैं किंसुक की छवि छाजत है।।
मुक्ता के कंदब ते अंब के मोर सुने सुर कोकिल लाजत है।
यह आबनि प्यारी जू की रसखानि बसंत-सी आज बिराजत है

*ati lāla gulāla dukūla te phūla alī! ati kuṁtala rāsata hai|
makhatūla samāna ke guṁja gharāni maiṁ kiṁsuka kī chavi chājata hai||
mukatā ke kaṁdaba te aṁba ke mora sune sura kokila lājata hai|
yaha ābani pyārī jū kī rasakhāni basaṁta-sī āja birājata hai*

Friend, crimson gulāla blooms upon her silken robe, while curling locks arrange themselves beautifully.

Among clusters of guñjā red as velvet, the brilliance of kiṁśuka blossoms spreads.
Pearl clusters and mango-shoot ornaments shame even the heavenly cuckoo's song.
Today the coming of the beloved Girl appears like spring itself, says Rasakhān.

Sujān-Rasakhān 198

न चंदन खैर के बैठी भट्ट रही आजु सुधा की सुता मनसी।
मनौ इंदुबधून लजावन कों सब ज्ञानिन काढ़ि धरी गन सी।
रसखानि बिराजति चौकी कुयौ बिच उत्तमताहि जरी तन सी।
दमकै दृग बान के घायन कों गिरि सेत के सधि के जीवन सी

na caṇḍana khaira ke baiṭhī bhaṭū rahī āju sudhā kī sūtā manasī|
manau iṇḍubadhūna lajāvana koṃ saba jñānina kāṛhi dhari gana sī|
rasakhāni birājati chaukī kuyāu bica uttamatahi jarī tana sī|
damakāi dṛga bāna ke ghāyana koṃ giri seta ke sadhi ke jīvana sī

Today, friend, she sits at Candana-khora like the mind-born daughter of nectar.
It is as though, to shame the moon's brides, wisdom itself drew her forth and set her before the assembly.
She shines upon the seat, says Rasakhān, her body fashioned in excellence and her breast radiant.
Her eyes flash like arrows able to wound life even through the shelter of a white mountain.

Sujān-Rasakhān 199

आज सँवारति नेकु भट्ट तन, मंद करी रति की दुति लाजै।
देखत रीझि रहे रसखानि सु और छटा विधिना उपराजै।
आए हैं न्यौतें तरैयन के मनो संग पतंग पतंग जू राजै।
ऐसें लसै मुकुतागन मैं तित तेरे तरौना के तीर बिराजै

āja sa-vāratī neku bhaṭū tana, maṇḍa karī ratī kī dutī lājai|
dekhata rījhi rahe rasakhāni su aur chaṭā vidhinā uparājai|
āe haiṇ nyautēṃ taraiyana ke mano saṅga paṭaṅga paṭaṅga jū rājai|
aisēṃ lasai mukutāgana maiṃ tita tere taraunā ke tīra birājai

Today, friend, she adorns her body so exquisitely that the splendor of Rati grows dim with shame.
At the sight Rasakhān remains enchanted; fate has fashioned yet another marvel.
It seems the stars have come invited, together with their lord the radiant moon.
So they gleam amid hosts of pearls, while the pointed ornaments at your ears reign above them all.

Sujān-Rasakhān 200

प्यारी की चारु सिंगार तरंगनि जाय लगी रति की दुति कूलनि।
जोबन जेब कहा कहियै उर पै छवि मंजु अनेक दुकूलनि।
कंचुकी सेत मैं जावक बिंदु बिलोकि मरैं मघवानि की सूलनि।
पूजे है आजु मनौ रसखान सु भूत के भूप बंधूक के फूलनि

pyārī kī cāru siṅgāra taraṅgani jāya lagī rati kī duti kūlani|
jobana jeba kahā kahiyai ura pai chavi maṅju aneka dukūlani|
kaṁcukī seta maiṅ jāvaka biṁdu biloki maraiṅ maghavāni kī sūlani|
pūje hai āju manau rasakhāna su bhūta ke bhūpa baṁdhūka ke phūlani

Waves of the beloved's lovely adornment have reached and broken upon the shores of Rati's beauty.

What can be said of the treasury of youth, or the many lovely silks spread across her breast?
At the sight of the red dot upon her white bodice, even heaven's possessors of thunderbolts
would die of longing.

Today, says Rasakhān, it seems the lord of spirits is worshiped with scarlet bandhūka
flowers.

Sujān-Rasakhān • 201–220

Braj Bhāṣā • IAST • English

Sujān-Rasakhān 201

बाँकी मरोर गटी भृकुटीन लग्गीँ अँखियाँ तिरछानि तिया की।
क सी लाँक भई रसखानि सुदामिनी तें दुति दूनी हिमा की।
सोहैं तरंग अनंग को अंगनि ओप उरोज उठी छलिया की।
जोबनि जोति सु यौँ दमकै उकसाइ दइ मनो बाती दिया की

bā~kī marora gaṭī bhṛkuṭīna lagīṃ a~khiyā~ tirachāni ṭiyā kī|
ka sī lā~ka bhaī rasakhāni sudāminī teṃ dūti dūnī himā kī|
sohaiṃ taramga anamga ko aṃgani opa uroja uṭhī chaliyā kī|
jobani joti su yaum damakai ukasāi dai mano bāti diyā kī

Her brows twist in graceful curves, and the woman's eyes turn sidelong.
How slender she has become, says Rasakhān—her splendor twice that of lightning upon the snow.

Waves of the Love-god shine upon her limbs; the deceiving girl's breasts rise in beauty.
The radiance of youth flashes as though someone had raised the wick of a lamp.

Sujān-Rasakhān 202

वासर तूँ जु कहूँ निकरै रबि को रथ माँझ आकाश अरै री।
रैन यहै गति है रसखानि छपाकर आँगन तें न टरै री।
यौस निस्वास चलयौई करै निसि द्यौस की आसन पाय धरै री।
तेजो न जात कछु दिन राति बिचारे बटोही की बाट परै री

vāsara tū~ ju kahū~ nikarai rabi ko ratha mā~jha ākāśa arai rī|
raina yahai gati hai rasakhāni chapākara ā~gana teṃ na ṭarai rī|
yausa nisvāsa calyauī karai nisi dyausa kī āsana pāya dharai rī|
tejo na jāta kachū dina rāti bicāre baṭohī kī bāṭa parai rī

Day, if you must emerge, let the sun's chariot halt midway in the sky.
And night, remain just as you are, says Rasakhān; do not move from the courtyard even for a moment.

Let this sighing breath continue; day and night hope keeps its feet planted here.
Nothing is known of His coming or going; all day and night she watches the traveler's road.

Sujān-Rasakhān 203

को लसै मुख चंद समान कमानी सी भौंह गुमान हरै।
दीरघ नैन सरोजहुँ तैं मृग खंजन मीन की पाँत दरै।
रसखान उरोज निहारत ही मुनि कौन समाधि न जाहि टरै।
जिहिं नीके नवै कटि हार के भार सों तासों कहैं सब काम करै

*ko lasai mukha caṇḍa samāna kamānī sī bhawṇha gumāna harai|
dīragha naina sarojahu~ taiṇ mṛga khaṇjana mīna kī pā~ta darai|
rasakhāna uroja nihārata hī muni kauna samādhi na jāhi ṭarai|
jihīṇ nīke navai kaṭi hāra ke bhāra sōṇ tāsōṇ kahaiṇ saba kāma karai*

Who is this whose face shines like the moon, whose bow-shaped brows destroy pride?
Her long lotus eyes make whole ranks of deer, wagtails, and fish tremble.
At the mere sight of her breasts, says Rasakhān, what sage would not be shaken from
meditation?
Her slender waist bows gracefully beneath the weight of her necklace—everyone says the
Love-god himself fashioned her.

Sujān-Rasakhān 204

प्रेम कथानि की बात चलैं चमकै चित चंचलता चिनगारी।
लोचन बंक बिलोकनि लोलनि बोलनि मैं बतियाँ रसकारी।
सोहैं तरंग अनंग को अंगनि कोमल यौं झमकै झनकारी।
पूतरी खेलत ही पटकी रसखानि सु चौपर खेलत प्यारी

*prema kathāni kī bāta calaiṇ camakai cita caṇcalatā cinagārī|
locana baṅka bilokani lolani bolani maiṇ batiyā~ rasakārī|
sohaiṇ taraṅga anaṅga ko aṅgani komala yauiṇ jhamakai jhanakārī|
pūtari khelata hī paṭakī rasakhāni su caupara khelata pyārī*

When talk turns to stories of love, sparks of restless feeling flash within the heart.
Curving eyes, playful glances, and words filled with nectarean tales;
waves of the Love-god shine upon soft limbs with a delicate ringing.
The beloved plays caupar, says Rasakhān, and in the game casts down the little pieces.

Sujān-Rasakhān 205

वारति जा पर ज्यौ न थकै चहुँ ओर जिते नृप ती धरती है।
मान सखे धरती सों कहाँ जिहि रूप लखे रति सी रती है।
जा रसखानबिलोकन काजू सदाई सदा हरती बरती है।
तो लगी ता मन मोहन कौँ अँखियाँ निसि चौस हहा करती है

*vārati jā para jyau na thakai cahu~ ora jiti nṛpa tī dharatī hai|
māna sakhai dharatī soṃ kahā~ jihi rūpa lakhai rati sī ratī hai|
jā rasakhāna bilokana kājū sadāi sadā haratī baratī hai|
to lagi tā mana mohana kauṃ a~ khiyā~ nisi chaus hahā karatī hai*

Why should one ever tire of making offerings to her, before whom all the lands won by kings lie conquered?

How could the earth support the one whose beauty makes even Rati fall in love?

For the sake of beholding her, says Rasakhān, He circles and returns forever and ever.

Until He reaches that mind-enchanted Girl, His eyes cry ‘Alas!’ throughout night and day.

Sujān-Rasakhān 206

मान की औधि है आधी घरी अरी जौ रसखानि डरै हित के डर।
के हित छोड़िये पारियै पाइन एसे कटाछन हीं हियरा-हर।
मोहनलाल कौँ हाल बिलोकियै नेकु कछू किनि छवै कर सों कर।
ना करिबे पर वारे हैं प्रान कहा करि हैं अब हाँ करिबे पर

*māna kī audhi hai ādhī gharī arī jau rasakhāni ḍarai hita kē ḍara|
kai hita choṛiye pāriyai pāini ese kaṭāchana hīṃ hiyarā-hara|
mohanalāla kauṃ hāla bilokiyaī neku kachū kini chvai kara soṃ kara|
nā karibe para vāre haṃ prāna kahā kari haṃ aba hā~ karibe para*

Friend, pride may last half an hour—but only if love’s own fear does not frighten it away, says Rasakhān.

Why abandon your beloved? Fall at His feet; His very sidelong glances steal the heart.

Look for a moment at Mohana-lāla’s condition—why not let hand touch hand?

You would sacrifice your life rather than say no; what then will you do when the time comes to say yes?

Sujān-Rasakhān 207

तू गरबाइ कहा झगर रसखानि तेरे बस बाबरो होसै।
तौ हूँ न छाती सिराइ अरी करि झार इतै उतै बाझिन कोसै।
लालहि लाल कियेँ अँखियाँ गहि लालहि काल सौँ क्यौ भई रोसै।
ऐ बिधना तू कहा री पढ़ी बस राख्यौ गुपालहिं लाल भरोसै

*tū garabāi kahā jhagara rasakhāni tere basa bābaro hosai|
tau hū~ na chātī sirāi arī kari jhāra itai utai bājhina kosai|
lālahi lāla kiyem̐ a~khiyā~ gahi lālahi kāla saum̐ kyau bhai rosai|
ai bidhanā tū kahā rī paṛhī basa rākhyau gupālahim̐ lāla bharosai*

Why swell with pride and quarrel? Rasakhān's Lord is mad and wholly in your power.
Yet your breast will not cool, friend; you shake yourself free and curse those on this side and that.

Your eyes have reddened from crying 'Darling! Darling!'—why then grow angry with the darling dark as death?

O fate, what lesson have you read? You have placed Gopāla under her control, trusting only the beloved Girl.

Sujān-Rasakhān 208

पिय सौँ तुम मान कर्यौ कत नागरि आजु कहा किनहुँ सिख दीनी।
ऐसे मनोहर प्रीतम के तरुनी बरुनी पग पोछ नवीनी।।
सुंदर हास सुधानिधि सो मुख नैननि चैन महारस भीनी।।
रसखानि न लागत तोहिं कछु अब तेरी तिया किनहुँ मति दीनी

*piya som̐ tuma māna karyau kata nāgari āju kahā kinahū~ sikha dīnī|
aise manohara prītaṁ ke tarunī barunī paga pocha navīnī||
suṁdara hāsa sudhānidhi so mukha nainani caina mahārasa bhīnī||
rasakhāni na lāgata tohim̐ kachū aba terī tiyā kinahū~ mati dīnī*

Clever girl, why have you taken offense at your Beloved today? Who gave you such advice?
For such an enchanting lover, a young woman newly intoxicated by love should wipe the path beneath His feet.

His beautiful smile is an ocean of nectar; His eyes are peace itself, steeped in supreme delight.

If none of this touches you, says Rasakhān, then who has robbed you of a woman's understanding?

Sujān-Rasakhān 209

डहडही बैरी मंजु डार सहकार की पै,
 चहचही चुहल चुहुकित अलीन की।
 लहलही लोनी लता लपटी तमालन पै,
 कहकही तापै कोकिला की काकलीन की॥
 तहतही करि रसखानि के मिलन हेत,
 बहबही बानि तजि मानस मलीन की।
 महमही मंद-मंद मारुत मिलनि तैसी,
 गहगही खिलनि गुलाब की कलीन को

*ḍahaḍahī bairī maṇju dāra sahakāra kī pai,
 cahacahī cuhala cahūkita alīna kī|
 lahalahī lonī latā lapaṭī tamālana pai,
 kahakahī tāpai kokilā kī kākalīna kī||
 tahatahī kari rasakhāni ke milana heta,
 bahabahī bāni taji mānasa malīna kī|
 mahamahī maṇḍa-maṇḍa māruta milani taisī,
 gahagahī khilani gulāba kī kalīna ko*

Fresh enemy mango branches sway beautifully; crowds of bees chatter in playful alarm.
 Lovely green vines luxuriantly embrace the tamāla trees, while cuckoos burst into laughter
 above them.

All below prepares the meeting of Rasakhān's Lord; abandon the flowing speech of a sullied
 mind.

The gentle breeze spreads fragrance fit for union, and clusters of rosebuds open in dense
 bloom.

Sujān-Rasakhān 210

जो कबहुँ मग पाँव न देतु सु तो हित लालन आपुन गौनै।
मेरो कह्यौ करि मान तजौ कहि मोहन सों बलि बोल सलौने।
सौहें दिबावत हों रसखानि तूँ सौहें करै किन लाखनि लौने।
नोखी तूँ मानिन मान कर्यौ किन मान बसत में कीनी है कौनै

*jo kabahū~ maga pā~va na detu su to hita lālana āpuna gaunai|
mero kahyau kari māna tajau kahi mohana soṃ bali bola salaune|
sauheṃ dibāvata haum rasakhāni tū~ saumhaiṃ karai kina lākhani laune|
nokhī tū~ mānina māna karyau kina māna basata maiṃ kinī hai kaunai*

He who never sets foot upon this road has Himself come today for love's sake.
Do as I say: abandon your pride. Speak lovely words to Mohana—I offer myself to you.
I make you swear it, says Rasakhān; why would you take a hundred thousand other oaths?
Strange proud girl, why have you taken offense? Who has ever housed pride within love?

Sujān-Rasakhān 211

सोई है रास मैं नैसुक नाच कै नाच नचायौ कितौ सबकों जिन।
सोई है री रसखानि किते मनुहारिन सूँघे चितौत न हो छिन।।
तौ मैं धौं कौन मनोहर भाव बिलोकि भयौ बस हाहा करी तिन।
औसर ऐसौ मिलै न मिलै फिर लगर मोड़ो कनौड़ौ करै छिन

*soī hai rāsa maiṃ nāisuka nāca kai nāca nacāyau kitau sabakoṃ jina|
soī hai rī rasakhāni kite manuhārīna sū~ghe citautā na ho chīna||
tau maiṃ dhauṃ kauna manohara bhāva biloki bhayau basa hāhā karī tina|
ausara aisau milai na milai phira lagara moṛo kanauḍau karai chīna*

He is the very one who danced so exquisitely in the rāsa and made everyone else dance as He pleased.

He is that one, friend, says Rasakhān, whom no amount of pleading can make you look at even for a moment.

Then what enchanting feeling did I see that made Him helpless, crying ‘Please! Please!’ before you?

Such an opportunity may never return; in one instant the reluctant beloved can turn away.

Sujān-Rasakhān 212

तौ पहिराइ गई चुरिया तिहिं को घर बादरी जाय भरै री।
 वा रसखान को ऐतौ अधीन कै मान करै चलि जाहि परै री।
 आबन को पुतलीत हठा करै नैननि धारि अखंड ढरै री।
 हाथ निहारि निहारि लला मनहारिन की मनुहारि करै री

tau pahirāi gai curiyā tihim ko ghara bādari jāya bharai rī|
vā rasakhāna koṃ aitau adhina kaiṇ māna karai cali jāhi parai rī|
ābana koṃ putatīta haṭhā karaiṇ naiṇnani dhāri akhaṇḍa ḍharairī|
hātha nihāri nihāri lalā manihārīna kī manuhāri karai rī

She went away wearing the bangles He placed upon her and returned home wrapped in a cloud.

How can she make Rasakhān's Lord so submissive, yet take offense and walk away?
 Her eyes, fixed upon the promise of His coming, stream without interruption.
 Again and again the darling looks at her hands and pleads inwardly with the bangle-seller.

Sujān-Rasakhān 213

मेरी सुनौ मति आइ अली उहाँ जौनी गली हरि गावत है।
 हरि है बिलोकति प्राननि को पुनि गाढ़ परे घर आवत है॥
 उन तान की तान तनी ब्रज में रसखानि समान सिखावत है।
 तकि पाय घरों रपटाय नहीं वह चारो सो डारि फँदावत है

merī sunau mati āi alī uhā- jaunī galī hari gāvata hai|
hari hai bilokatī prānani koṃ puni gāḍha pareṇ ghara āvata hai||
una tāna kī tāna tanī braja maiṇ rasakhāni samāna sikhāvata hai|
taki pāya gharauṇ rapaṭāya nahim vaha cāro so ḍāri pha-ḍāvata hai

Listen to me: do not go, friend, into the lane where Hari sings.

He gazes and steals the life-breath; only after grave difficulty does one make it home again.
 The taut string of His melody stretches through Vraja, says Rasakhān, teaching everyone the same lesson.

Watch your footing lest you slip—that clever One casts a snare and catches you.

Sujān-Rasakhān 214

काहे कूँ जाति जसोमति के गृह पोच भली घर हूँ तो रई ही।
मानुष को डसिबौ अपुनो हँसिबौ यह बात उहाँ न नई ही।
बैरिनि तौ दृग-कोरनि में रसखान जो बात भई न भई ही।
माखन सौ मन लैं यह क्यों वह माखनघोर के ओर नई ही

kāhe kū~ jāti jasomati ke gr̥ha poca bhalī ghara hū~ to raī hī|
mānuṣa ko ḍasibau apuno ha~sibau yaha bāta uhā~ na naī hī|
bairini tau dṛga-korani meṃ rasakhāna jo bāta bhaī na bhaī hī|
mākhana sau mana lāiṃ yaha kyoṃ vaha mākhanaḥora ke ora naī hī

Why go to Yaśodā's house, poor girl? You were perfectly well at home.
To bite a human and then laugh at your own deed—that is nothing new there.
Whether or not anything happened at the hostile corners of those eyes, says Rasakhān,
why did your butter-soft mind turn at once toward that butter thief?

Sujān-Rasakhān 215

हेरति बारहीं यार उसै तुव बाबरी बाल, कहा धौ करैगी।
जौं कबहुँ रसखानि लखै फिर क्यों हूँ न बीर ही धीर धरैगी।
मानि ऐ काहु की कानि नहीं, जब रूपी ठगी हति रंग ढरैगी।
यातैं कहौं सिख मानि भट्ट यह हेरनि तेरे ही पैड़े परैगी

herati bārahīṃ yāra usai tuva bābarī bāla, kahā dhau karaigī|
jaum̐ kabahū~ rasakhāni lakhai phira kyoṃ hū~ na bira hī dhira dharaigī|
māni ai kāhū kī kāni nahīṃ, jaba rūpī ṭhagī hati raṅga ḍharaigī|
yātaiṃ kahaum̐ sikha māni bhaṭṭ yaha herani tere hī paīḍe paraigī

Again and again she looks toward her friend—your mad young girl; what will she do?
If she should ever see Him again, says Rasakhān, how could even a hero keep steady?
Once beauty's thief pours out His color, she will heed no one's honor or command.
Therefore accept my counsel, friend: this habit of looking will bring trouble directly upon
your path.

Sujān-Rasakhān 216

बाँके कटाक्ष चितैबो सिख्यौ बहुधा बरज्यौ हित कै हितकारी।
तू अपने ढंग की रसखानि सिखावनि देति न हौं पचिहारी।
कौन की सीख सिखीं सजनी अजहुँ तजि दै बलि जाउँ तिहारी।
नंद के नंदन के फंद अजुँ परि जैहै अनोखी निहारनिहारी

bā~ke kaṭākṣa citaibo sikhyaū bahudhā barajyaū hita kai hitakārī|
tū apane ḍhaṅga kī rasakhāni sikhāvani deti na hauṃ pacihārī|
kauna kī sīkha sikhīṃ sajanī ajahū~ taji dai bali jāu~ tihārī|
naṃda ke naṃdana ke phaṃda ajū~ pari jaihai anokhī nihārinihārī

She has learned to cast jaunty sidelong glances, though a loving well-wisher has forbidden her many times.

You follow your own way, says Rasakhān; I am exhausted and will offer no more instruction. Whose lesson did you learn, companion? Abandon it even now—I offer myself to you. Keep gazing so strangely, and you will yet fall into the snare of Nanda's son.

Sujān-Rasakhān 217

बैरिन तूँ बरजी न रहै अबही घर बाहिर बैरु बढैगौ।
टौना सुनंद छुटोना पढ़ै सजनी तुहि देखि बिसेषि पढ़ैगौ।
हँसि है सखि गोकुल गाँव सतै रसखानि तबै यह लोक रढ़ैगौ।
बैरु चढ़ै धरहिं रहि बैठि अटा न एढ़ै बघनाम चढ़ैगौ

bairina tū~ barajī na rahai abahī ghara bāhira bairu baṛhaigau|
ṭaunā sunaṃda chuṭonā paṛhai sajanī tuhi dekhi biseṣi paṛhaigau|
ha~si hai sakhi gokula gā~va satai rasakhāni tabai yaha loka raṛhaigau|
bairu caṛhai dharahiṃ rahi baiṭhi aṭā na eṛhai baghanāma caṛhaigau

Hostile girl, you will not stay when warned; now enmity outside the house will grow. Sunandā will recite charms of release, companion, and stare especially hard when she sees you.

The whole village of Gokula will laugh, says Rasakhān, and then worldly scandal will cling. Sit still upon the terrace and do not lean out, or a tiger's name will fasten itself to yours.

Sujān-Rasakhān 218

गोरस गाँव ही मैं बिचिबो तचिबौ नहीं नंद-मुखानल झारन।
गैल गहें चलिचै रसखानि तौ पाप बिना डरिचै किहि कारन।
नाहि री ना भटू, क्योँ करि कै बन पैठत पाइवी लाज सम्हारन।
कुंजनि नंदकुमार बसै तहाँ मार बसै कचनार की डारन

gorasa gā-va hī maiṃ bicibo tacibau nahīṃ naṃda-mukhānala jhārana|
gaīla gahēṃ caliyai rasakhāni tau pāpa binā ḍariyai kihi kārana|
nāhi rī nā bhaṭū, kyoṃ kari kai bana paīṭhata pāivī lāja samhārana|
kuṃjani naṃdakumāra basai tahā~ māra basai kachānāra kī ḍārana

Sell your milk-products within the village; do not go to fan the fire of Nanda's face.
If you choose that path, says Rasakhān, why fear without having committed any sin?
No, friend, no—how could you enter the forest and still manage to preserve your modesty?
Nanda's prince dwells in those bowers, and Love itself lives upon the branches of the kachānāra trees.

Sujān-Rasakhān 219

बार ही गोरस बेचि री आजु तू माइ के मूढ़ चढ़ै कत मौँड़ी।
आवत जात ही होइगी साँझ भटू जमुना मतरौंड लौ औँड़ी।
पार गए रसखानि कहै अँखियाँ कहुँ होहिंगी प्रेम कनौड़ी।
राधे बलाइ ललों जाइगी बाज अबै ब्रजराज सनेह की डौँड़ी

bāra hī gorasa beṃci rī āju tū māi ke mūṛha caṛhai kata mauṇṛī|
āvata jāta hī hoigī sā-jha bhaṭū jamunā mataraumṇa lau auṇṛī|
pāra gae rasakhāni kahai a~khiyā~ kahū~ hohiṃgī prema kanauṛī|
rādhe balāi llaṃ jāigī bāja abai brajarāja saneha kī ḍauṇṛī

Sell your milk-products near home today, girl; why climb upon your mother's head in defiance?
Going and returning, evening will overtake you as you wander as far as Yamunā's bank.
Once across, says Rasakhān, your eyes will become indebted to love somewhere.
Rādhe, I take the evil from you—but go and the drum of Vraja's prince's affection will sound at once.

Sujān-Rasakhān 220

ब्याहीं अनब्याहीं ब्रज माहीं सब चाही तासौं,
 दूनी सकुचाहीं दीठि परै न जुन्हैया की।
 नेकु मुसकानि रसखानि को बिलोकति ही,
 घेरी होति एक बार कुंजनि दिखैया की।
 मेरो कह्यौ मानि अंत मेरो गुन मानिहै री,
 प्रात खात जात न सकात सोहैं मैया की।
 माई की अटक तौ लौं सासु की हटक जौ लौं,
 देखी ना लटक मेरे दूलह कन्हैया की

*byāhīṃ anabyāhīṃ braja māhīṃ saba cāhī tāsauṃ,
 dūnī sakucāhīṃ dīṭhi parai na junhaiyā kī|
 neku musakāni rasakhāni ko bilokati hī,
 cerī hoti eka bāra kuṃjani dikhaiyā kī|
 mero kahyau māni aṇṭa mero guna mānihai rī,
 prāta khāta jāta na sakāta sohaiṃ maiyā kī|
 māi kī aṭaṅka tau lauṃ sasu kī haṭaka jau lauṃ,
 dekhi nā laṭaka mere dūlaha kanhaiyā kī*

Married and unmarried women throughout Vraja all desire Him, yet grow twice as shy when the moonlike Boy appears.

At the merest sight of Rasakhān's smile, one becomes the servant of the One who reveals Himself in the bowers.

Heed what I say; in the end you will acknowledge my wisdom, friend. Morning comes, yet you cannot eat or go, as you sit beside your mother.

Your mother's restraint and mother-in-law's prohibition last only until you see the graceful bearing of my bridegroom Kanhaiyā.

Sujān-Rasakhān • 221–240

Braj Bhāṣā • IAST • English

Sujān-Rasakhān 221

मो हित तो हित है रसखान छपाकर जानहिं जान अजानहिं।
सोच बबाव चल्यौ चहुँधा चलि री चलि रीखत रोहि निदानहिं।
जो चाहियै लहियै भरि चाहि हिये उहियै हित काज कहा नहिं।
जान दे सास रिसान दै नंदहिं पानि दे मोहि तू कान दै तानहिं

mo hita to hita hai rasakhāna chapākara jānahim jāna ajānahim|
soca cabāva calyau cahu~dhā cali rī cali rīkhata rohi nidānahim|
jo cahiyai lahiyai bhari cāhi hiye uhiyai hita kāja kahā nahim|
jāna de sāsa risāna dai naṁdahim pāni de mohi tū kāna dai tānahim

What is dear to me is dear to you, says Rasakhān—knowingly hide this from those who do not understand.

Anxious gossip runs on every side; come, friend, keep walking until it has exhausted its anger.

If the heart desires Him, seek Him with your whole desire; for love's work, what should not be done?

Let your mother-in-law grow angry and let Nanda receive the blame; only give me your hand and lend your ear to that melody.

Sujān-Rasakhān 222

तेरी गलीन मैं जा दिन ते निकसे मन मोहन गोधन गावत।
 ये ब्रज लोग सो कौन सी बात चलाइ कै जो नहिं नैन चलावत।
 वे रसखानि जो रीझहैं नेकु तौ रीझि कै क्यों न बनाइ रिझावत।
 बावरी जौ पै कलंक लग्यौ तो निसंक है क्यों नहीं अंक लगावत

*terī galīna maiṃ jā dina te nikase mana mohana godhana gāvata|
 ye braja loga so kauna sī bāta calāi kai jo nahīṃ naina calāvata|
 ve rasakhāni jo rījhahaiṃ neku tau rījhi kai kyoṃ na banāi rījhāvata|
 bāvarī jau pai kalamka lagyau to nisamka hai kyaum nahīṃ amka lagāvata*

From the day mind-enchanting Mohana came through your lanes singing to the cattle,
 what story have the people of Vraja not spread, rolling their eyes as they tell it?
 If He is even slightly pleased, says Rasakhān, why does He not adorn Himself and delight
 you in return?
 Mad girl, if the stain is already upon you, why not cast off fear and enter His embrace?

Sujān-Rasakhān 223

जाहु न कोऊ सखी जमुना जल रोके खड़ो मग नंद को लाला।
 नैन नचाइ चलाइ चितै रसखानि चलावत प्रेम को भाला।
 मैं जु गई हुती बैरन बाहर मेरी करी गति टूटि गौ माला।
 होरी भई कै हरी भए लाल कै लाल गुलाल पगी ब्रजमाला

*jāhu na koū sakhī jamunā jala roke khaṛo maga namda ko lālā|
 naina nacāi calāi citai rasakhāni calāvata prema ko bhālā|
 maiṃ ju gai hutī bairana bāhara merī karī gati ṭūṭi gau mālā|
 horī bhāi kai harī bhae lāla kai lāla gulāla pagī brajamālā*

No companion should go to fetch Yamunā water: Nanda's darling stands blocking the road.
 Rolling His eyes and casting glances, says Rasakhān, He hurls the spear of love.
 I, enemy to myself, went outside; see what He made of me—my necklace broke.
 Was it Holī, or was I stolen by Hari? The garland of Vraja is steeped crimson in gulāla.

Sujān-Rasakhān 224

अरी अनोखी बाम, तू आई गौने नई।
बाहर धरसि न पाय, है छलिया तुव ताक मैं

arī anokhī bāma, tū āī gaune naī
bāhara dharasi na pāya, hai chaliyā tuva tāka main

Strange and contrary girl, you have only just arrived at your husband's home.
Do not set foot outside: that deceiver is lying in wait for you.

Sujān-Rasakhān 225

बिहरैं पिय प्यारी सनेह सने छहरैं चुनरी के फवा कहरैं।
सिहरैं नव जोबन रंग अनंग सुभंग अपांगनि की गहरैं।
बहरैं रसखानि नदी रस की लहरैं बनिता कुल हु भहरैं।
कहरैं बिरही जन आतप सों लहरैं लली लाल लिये पहरैं

biharaiṇ piya pyārī saneha sane chaharaiṇ cunarī ke phavā kaharaiṇ
siharaiṇ nava jobana raṅga anaṅga subhaṅga apāṅgani kī gaharaiṇ
bahareṇ rasakhāni nadī rasa kī laharaiṇ banitā kula hū bhaharaiṇ
kaharaiṇ birahī jana ātapa sōṅ laharaiṇ lalī lāla liye paharaiṇ

Beloved and beloved wander steeped in affection; loose ends of her veil scatter and fly.
Fresh youth trembles; Love's color enters the lovely depths of their sidelong glances.
Rivers of nectar overflow, says Rasakhān, and their waves sweep away whole families of women.

They torment those burning in separation, while the darling Girl and darling Boy wear those waves like garments.

Sujān-Rasakhān 226

सोई हुती पिय की छतियाँ लगी बाल प्रबीन महा मुद मानै।
 केस खुले छहरें बहरें फहरें छबि देखत मैंन अमानै।
 वा रस मैं रसखानि पगी रति रैन जगी अँखियाँ अनुमानै।
 चंद पै बिंब औ बिंब कैरव कैरव पै मुकता प्रयानै

soī huti piya kī chatiyā~ lagi bāla prabīna mahā muda mānai|
kesa khule chaharaiṇ baharaiṇ phaharaiṇ chabi dekhata maina amānai|
vā rasa maiṇ rasakhāni pagī rati raina jagī a~khiyā~ anumānai|
camda pai bīm̐ba au bīm̐ba kairava kairava pai mukatā prayānai

That clever young girl lay against her Beloved's breast, rejoicing in immense delight.
 Her loosened hair spilled, streamed, and flew; beholding its beauty, the Love-god abandoned
 all pride.

Steeped in that nectar, says Rasakhān, she remained awake through love's night—her eyes
 tell the tale.

Upon a moon were two red fruits, upon the fruits two night-lotuses, and upon the lotuses
 strings of pearls.

Sujān-Rasakhān 227

अंगनि अंग मिलाइ दोऊ रसखानि रहे लिपटे तरु घाहीं।
 संगनि संग अनंग को रंग सुरंग सनी पिय दै गल बाहीं।
 बैन ज्यों मैंन सु ऐन सनेह को लूटि रहे रति अंदर जाहीं।
 नीबी गहै कुच कंचन कुंभ कहै बनिता पिय नाही जु नाही

aṅgani aṅga milāi doū rasakhāni rahe lipaṭe taru ghāhīṇ|
saṅgani saṅga anaṅga ko raṅga suraṅga sanī piya dai gala bāhīṇ|
baina jyaūṇ maina su aina saneha ko lūṭi rahe rati andara jāhīṇ|
nībī gahai kuca kaṁcana kuṁbha kahai banitā piya nāhī ju nāhīṇ

Joining limb to limb, the two remained entwined beneath the shelter of a tree, says
 Rasakhān.

Together, steeped in Love's brilliant color, the Beloved placed His arm around her neck.
 With words sharp as Love's arrows, in the very heart of affection, they plundered the
 treasury of delight.

He grasps the knot of her dress and the golden vessels of her breasts; the woman says,
 'Beloved, no—no!'

Sujān-Rasakhān 228

आज अचानक राधिका रूप-निधान सों भेंट भई बन माहीं।
देखत दीठि परे रसखानि मिले भरि अंक दिये गलबाहीं।
प्रेम-पगी बतियाँ दुहुँ घाँ की दुहुँ कों लगिँ अति ही जित चाहिँ।
मोहिनी मंत्र बसीकर जंत्र हटा पिय की तिय की नहिं नाही

*ājā acānaka rādhikā rūpa-nidhāna soṃ bheṃṭa bhaī bana māhīm|
dekhata dīṭhi pare rasakhāni mile bhari aṅka diye galabāhīm|
prema-pagī batiyā~ duhu~ ghā~ kī duhu~ koṃ lagīm ati hī jita cāhīm|
mohinī maṃtra basikara jaṃtra haṭā piya kī tiya kī nahīm nāhī*

Today, suddenly, I met Rādhikā, treasury of beauty, within the forest.
The instant their glances fell, says Rasakhān, they met, filled one another's embrace, and
linked arms around necks.
Words steeped in love came from both sides, each touching the other exactly where desired.
The spell of enchantment and instrument of subjugation prevailed: neither Beloved nor
beloved could say no.

Sujān-Rasakhān 229

वह सोई हुती परजंक लली लला लोनो सु आह भुजा भरिकै।
अकुलाइ के चौंकि उठी सु डरी निकरी वहैं अंकनि तें फरिकै।
झटका झटकी मैं फटौ पटुका दर की अंगिया मुकता झरिकै।
मुख बोल कढ़े रिस से रसखानि हटौ जू लला निबिया धरिकै

*vaha soī hutī parajaṅka lālī lalā lono su āha bhujā bharikai|
akulāi kai caṃṅki uṭhī su ḍarī nikarī cahaīm aṅkani tēṃ pharikai|
jhaṭakā jhaṭakī maiṃ phaṭau paṭukā dara kī aṅgiyā mukatā jharikai|
mukha bola kaṛhe risa se rasakhāni haṭau jū lalā nibiyā dharikai*

The lovely Girl lay upon the couch with the charming Boy held full within her arms.
Suddenly uneasy, she startled awake and tried in fear to tear herself from His embrace.
In their quick struggle His sash tore, her bodice split at the opening, and pearls spilled down.
Words came from her mouth in feigned anger, says Rasakhān: 'Move away, darling—You
have seized the knot of my dress!'

Sujān-Rasakhān 230

अँखियाँ अँखियाँ सों सकाइ मिलाइ हिलाइ रिझाइ हियो हरिबो।
 बतिया चित घोरन चेटक सी रस चारु चरित्रन ऊचिरबो।
 रसखानि के प्रान सुधा भरिबो अधरान पै त्यों अधरा धरिबो।
 इतने सब मैन के मोहिनी जंत्र पै मंत्र वसीकर सो करिबौ

a~khiyā~ a~khiyā~ soṃ sakāi milāi hilāi riḥāi hiyo haribo |
batiyā cita corana ceṭaka sī rasa cāru caritrana ūcirabo |
rasakhāni ke prāna sudhā bharibo adharāna pai tyauṃ adharā dharibo |
itane saba maina ke mohini jāntra pai maṃtra vasikara so karibau

To shyly join eye with eye, stir them, charm the heart, and steal it;
 to utter tales like spells that rob the mind, full of lovely deeds and nectar;
 to fill Rasakhān's life with ambrosia by placing lip upon lip—
 these are all Love's enchanting instruments, and together they work the mantra of
 subjugation.

Sujān-Rasakhān 231

बागन का को जाओ पिया, बैठी ही बाग लगाभ दिखाऊँ।
 एड़ी अनाकर सी मौरि रही, बरियाँ दोउ चंपे की डार नवाऊँ।
 छातनि में रस के निबुआ अरु घूँघट खोलि कै दाख चखाऊँ।
 टाँगन के रस चसके रति फूलनि की रसखानि लूटाऊँ

bāgana kā ko jāo piyā, baiṭhī hī bāga lagābha dikhāū~ |
eṛī anākara sī mauri rahī, bariyā~ dou campe kī dāra navāū~ |
chātani maiṃ rasa ke nibuā aru ghū~ghaṭa kholi kai dākha cakhāū~ |
ṭā~gana ke rasa casake rati phūlani kī rasakhāni lūṭāū~

Why go to the gardens, Beloved? Sitting here, I shall show You a garden.
 I shall turn my heel like a curved pomegranate and bend both arms like branches of
 campaka.
 Upon my breast are lemons filled with nectar; opening my veil, I shall let You taste grapes.
 From the sweetness of my limbs and thighs, says Rasakhān, I shall lavish upon You all the
 nectar of love's flowers.

Sujān-Rasakhān 232

फूलत फूल सवै बन बागन बोलत मौर बसंत के आवत।
कोयल की किलकारी सुनै सब कंत बिदेहन तें सब धावत।
ऐसे कठोर महा रसखान जु नेकुह मोरी ये पीर न पावत।
हक ही सालत है हिय में जब बैरिन कोयल कूक सुनावत

*phūlata phūla savai bana bāgana bolata maura basanta ke āvata|
koyala kī kilakārī sunai saba kaṁta bidehana teṁ saba dhāvata|
aise kaṭhōra mahā rasakhāna ju nekuha morī ye pīra na pāvata|
haka hī sālata hai hiya meṁ jaba bairina koyala kūka sunāvata*

Every flower blooms in forest and garden, and peacocks call at the coming of spring.
Hearing the cuckoo's cry, all lovers hurry home from distant lands.
Yet my Beloved is so hard-hearted, says Rasakhān, that He does not feel even a little of my pain.
The hostile cuckoo's call pierces my heart as though it had every right to wound me.

Sujān-Rasakhān 233

रसखान सुनाह वियोग के ताप मलीन महा दुति देह तिया की।
पंकज सौ मुख गौ मुरझाय लगी लपटें बरै स्वाँस हिया की।
ऐसे में आवत कान्ह सुने हुलसै सुतनी तरकी अंगिया की।
यों जन जोति उठी तन की उकसाय दई मनौ बाती दिया की

*rasakhāna sunāha viyoga ke tāpa malīna mahā duti deha tiyā kī|
paṁkaja sau mukha gau murajhāya lagī lapaṭaiṁ barai svā-sa hiyā kī|
aise meṁ āvata kānha sune hulasai sutanī tarakī aṁgiyā kī|
yoṁ jana joti uṭhī tana kī ukasāya daiṁ manau bātī diyā kī*

Hear of separation's heat, Rasakhān: the woman's body has lost all its great radiance.
Her lotus face has withered; hot, clinging breaths rise from her heart.
In that very state she hears Kānh is coming; her body surges and the fastenings of her bodice strain.
The light of life rises through her form, as though someone had lifted the wick of a lamp.

Sujān-Rasakhān 234

बिरहा की जू आँच लगी तन में तब जाय परी जमुना जल में।
 बिरहानल तैं जल सूखि गयो मछली वहीं छाड़ि गई तल में।
 जब रेत फटी रु पताल गई तब सेस जयों धरती-तल में।
 रसखान तबै इहि आँच मिटे तब आय कै स्याम लगै गल में

birahā kī jū ā~ca lagī tana meṃ taba jāya parī jamunā jala meṃ|
birahānala taiṃ jala sūkhi gayau machalī bahīṇ chāḍī गई tala meṃ|
jaba reta phaṭī ru patāla gaiṃ taba sesa jaryau dharatī-tala meṃ|
rasakhāna tabai ihi ā~ca miṭe taba āya kai syāma lagaiṃ gala maiṃ

When separation's flame seized her body, she went and plunged into Yamunā's water.
 The fire of longing dried the river; the fish were swept away and left upon its bed.
 When the sand split open down to the underworld, even Śeṣa burned beneath the earth.
 That heat will be extinguished, says Rasakhān, only when Śyāma comes and clasps her neck.

Sujān-Rasakhān 235

बाल गुलाब के नीर उसीर सों पीर न जाइ हियैं, जिन ढारी।
 कंज की माल करौ जू बिछावत होत कहा पुनि चंदन गारौ।
 एते इलाज बिकाज करौ रसखानि कों काहे कों जारे पै जारौ।
 चाहत हौ जु छिवायौ भट्ट तौ दिखाबौ बड़ी बड़ी आँखनवारो

bāla gulāba ke nīra usīra soṃ pīra na jāi hiyaiṃ, jina ḍhārī|
kaṃja kī māla karau jū bichāvata hota kahā puni caṃdana gārau|
ete ilāja bikāja karauṃ rasakhāni koṃ kāhe koṃ jāre pai jārau|
cāhata hau ju chivāyau bhaṭṭ tau dikhābauṃ baṛī baṛī ā~khanavāro

Rosewater and fragrant vetiver cannot remove the pain lodged within the heart.
 What use is spreading garlands of lotuses, and what can sandal paste accomplish?
 Why perform so many useless treatments, Rasakhān, only to burn the one who already burns?
 If you truly wish to cool her, friend, show her the One with the great, great eyes.

Sujān-Rasakhān 236

काह कहूँ रतियाँ की कथा बतियाँ कहि आवत है न कछू री।
आइ गोपाल लियौ भरि अंक कियौ मनभायो पियौ रस कू री।
ताहि दिना सों गड़ी अँखियाँ रसखानि मेरे अंग अंग मैं पूरी।
पै न दिखाई परै अब बाबरी दै कै बियोग बिथा मजूरी

*kāha kahū~ ratiyā~ kī kathā batiyā~ kahi āvata hai na kachū rī|
āi gopāla liyau bhari aṅka kiyau manabhāyau piyau rasa kū rī|
tāhi dinā soṃ gaṛī a~khiyā~ rasakhāni mere aṅga aṅga maiṃ pūrī|
pai na dikhāi parai aba bābarī dai kai biyoga bithā majūri*

What can I tell of that night? No words can express its story, friend.
Gopāla came, filled my embrace, did whatever pleased His heart, and drank love's nectar.
From that day the sight has remained fixed in my eyes and filled every limb, says Rasakhān.
Yet now He does not appear; mad girl that I am, He has paid me wages only in separation's pain.

Sujān-Rasakhān 237

काह कहूँ सजनी संग की रजनी नित बीतै मुकुंद कोटि री।
आवन रोज कहैं मनभावन आवन की न कबौ करी फेरी।
सौतिन-भाग बढ्यौ ब्रज मैं जिन लूटत हैं निसि रंग घनेरी।
मो रसखानि लिखी बिधना मन मारिकै आयु बनी हौं अहेरी

*kāha kahū~ sajanī saṅga kī rajanī nita bītai mukunda koṭi rī|
āvana roja kahaiṃ manabhāvana āvana kī na kabau karī pherī|
sautina-bhāga baḍhyau braja maiṃ jina lūṭata haiṃ nisi raṅga ghanerī|
mo rasakhāni likhī bidhanā mana mārikai āyu banī hauṃ aherī*

What can I say, companion? Every night meant for union passes while Mukunda remains elsewhere.
Day after day mind-enchanted Mohana promises to come, yet never once turns His coming into arrival.
The fortune of my co-wives has increased throughout Vraja; all night they plunder deep delight.
Fate has written this for me, says Rasakhān: suppressing my heart, I have become a hunter of His path.

Sujān-Rasakhān 238

आये कहा करि के कहिए वृषमान लली सों लला दृग जोरत।
ता दिन तें अंसुवान की धार रुकी नहीं जद्यपि लोग निहोरत।
बेगि चलो रसखान बलाइ लौं क्यों अभिमानन भौंह मरोरत।
प्यारे! सुंदर होय न प्यारी अबै पल अधिक में ब्रज बोरत

*āye kahā kari kai kahie vṛṣamāna lālī soṃ lalā dṛga jorata|
tā dina teṃ a~suvāna kī dhāra rukī nahīṃ jadyapi loga nihorata|
begi calo rasakhāna balāi lauṃ kyōṃ abhimānana bhaumha marorata|
pyāre! suṃdara hoyā na pyārī abai pala adhika meṃ braja borata*

What will you say when you arrive and Vṛṣabhānu's darling joins her eyes with yours?
From that day her stream of tears has never stopped, though people plead with her.
Come quickly—I take the evil from you, says Rasakhān. Why twist your brows in pride?
Beloved, the lovely Girl will not remain lovely much longer; in one more moment she will
drown all Vraja.

Sujān-Rasakhān 239

गोकुल के बिछुरे को सखी दुख प्रान ते नेकु गयौ नहीं काढ्यौ।
सो फिर कोस हजार तें आय कै रूप दिखाय दधे पर दाढ्यौ।
सो फिर द्वारिका ओर चले रसखान है सोच यहै जिय गाढ्यौ।
कौन उपाय किये करि है ब्रज में बिरहा कुरुक्षेत्र को बाढ्यौ

*gokula ke bichure ko sakhī dukha prāna te neku gayau nahīṃ kāḍhyau|
so phira kosa hajāra teṃ āya kai rūpa dikhāya dadhe para dāḍhyau|
so phira dvārīkā ora cale rasakhāna hai soca yahai jiya gāḍhyau|
kauna upāya kiye kari hai braja meṃ birahā kurukṣetra ko bāḍhyau*

Friend, after He left Gokula, not even a little of that life-destroying pain departed.
Then He came from a thousand leagues away, showed His form, and burned what was
already burned.
Again He set out toward Dvārakā, says Rasakhān; this anxiety has driven deep into the heart.
What remedy can be made now that separation born at Kurukṣetra has flooded Vraja?

Sujān-Rasakhān 240

गोकुल नाथ बियोग प्रलै जिमि गोपिन नंद जसोमति जू पर।
बाहि गयौ अँसुवान प्रवाह भयौ जल में ब्रजलोक तिहु पर।
तीरथराज सी राधिका सु तो रसखान मनौ ब्रज भू पर।
पूरन ब्रह्म है ध्यान रह्यौ पिय औधि अखैबट पात के ऊपर

gokula nātha biyoga pralai jimi gopina nanda jasomati jū para|
bāhi gayau a~suvāna pravāha bhayau jala meṃ brajaloka tihū para|
tīratharāja sī rādhikā su to rasakhāna manaum braja bhū para|
pūrana brahma hvai dhyāna rahyau piya audhi akhaibāṭa pāta ke ūpara

Separation from Gokula's Lord fell like cosmic dissolution upon the gopīs, Nanda, and revered Yaśodā.

A current of tears swept on until all three worlds of Vraja seemed drowned beneath its waters.

Rādhikā stood like the king of sacred confluences upon the land of Vraja, says Rasakhān. The Beloved, complete Brahman, remained fixed in meditation above her like the imperishable banyan leaf.

Sujān-Rasakhān • 241–256

Braj Bhāṣā • IAST • English

Sujān-Rasakhān 241

ए सजनी जब तें में सुनी मथुरा नगरी बरषा रितु आई।
 लै रसखान सनेह की ताननि कोकिल मोर मलार मचाई।
 साँझ तें भोर लौं भोर तें साँझ लौं गोपिन चातक ज्यों रट लाई।
 एरी सखी कहिये तो कहाँ लागि बैर अहीर ने पीर न पाई

e sajanī jaba teṃ maiṃ sunī mathurā nagarī baraṣā ritu āī|
lai rasakhāna saneha kī tānani kokila mora malāra macāī|
sā~jha teṃ bhora lauṃ bhora teṃ sā~jha lauṃ gopina cātaka jyaṃ raṭa lāī|
erī sakhi kahiye to kahā~ lagi baira ahira ne pīra na pāī

Companion, ever since I heard that the rainy season had come to Mathurā,
 the cuckoos and peacocks have raised the strains of Malhāra, carrying melodies of love, says
 Rasakhān.

From evening until dawn and dawn until evening, the gopis call like thirsty cātaka birds.
 Friend, tell me—how long can this hostility last? Has that cowherd felt none of their pain?

Sujān-Rasakhān 242

मग हेरत धू धरे नैन भए रसना रट वा गुन गावन की।
 अंगुरी-गनि हार थकी सजनी सगुनौती चलै नहि पावन की।
 पथिकौ कोऊ ऐसाजु नाहिं कहै सुधि है रसखान के आवन की।
 मनभावन आवन सावन में कहीं औधि करी डग बावन की

maga herata dhū dhare naina bhae rasanā raṭa vā guna gāvana kī|
aṃgurī-gaṇi hāra thakī sajanī sagunautī calai nahi pāvana kī|
pathikau koū aisāju nāhiṃ kahai sudhi hai rasakhāna ke āvana kī|
manabhāvana āvana sāvana meṃ kahīṃ audhi karī ḍaga bāvana kī

Watching the road has filled the eyes with dust, while the tongue repeats His virtues in song.
 Counting upon her fingers, companion, she has exhausted every necklace of days; no
 favorable omen of His coming appears.

There is not even a traveler who can say he has news of Rasakhān's Lord's return.
 Mind-enchancing Mohana promised to come in Sāvana—has His deadline stretched to
 Vāmana's three cosmic strides?

Sujān-Rasakhān 243

वा रसखानि गुनौ सुनि के हियरा अत टूक ह्वै फाटि गयौ है।
जानति हैं न कछु हम ह्यौं उनवाँ पढ़ि मंत्र कहा धौं दयौ है।
साँची कहैं जिय मैं निज जानि कै जानति हैं जस जैसो लयौ है।
लोग लुगाई सबै ब्रज माँहि कहैं हरि चेरी को चेरो भयो है

vā rasakhāni gunauṇi suni ke hiyarā ata ṭūka hvai phāṭi gayau hai|
jānati haiṇ na kachū hama hyā~ unavā~ paṛhi maṇtra kahā dhauṇ dayau hai|
sā~cī kahaiṇ jiya maiṇ nija jāni kai jānati haiṇ jasa jaiso layau hai|
loga lugāi sabai braja mā~hi kahaiṇ hari ceri ko cero bhayo hai

Hearing of her virtues, Rasakhān's Lord's heart broke into countless pieces.
We know nothing of what happened there—what mantra did that woman recite over Him?
We tell the truth, knowing it within our hearts; we know what has been taken and how.
Every man and woman in Vraja says that Hari has become the servant of a servant-girl.

Sujān-Rasakhān 244

जानै कहा हम मूढ़ सबै समझीन तबै जबहीं बनि आई।
सोचत हैं मन ही मन मैं अब कीजै कस बनियाँ जुगँवाई।
नीचो भयौ ब्रज को सब सीस मलीन भई रसखानि दुहाई।
चेरी को चेटक देखहु ही हाई चेरी कियौ धौं कहा पढ़ि माई

jānai kahā hama mūṛha savai samajhīna tabai jabahīṇ bani āi|
socata haiṇ mana hī mana maiṇ aba kijai kasa baniyā~ juga~vāi|
nīco bhayau braja ko saba sīs malīna bhāi rasakhāni duhāi|
ceri ko ceṭaka dekhahu hī hāi cero kiyaū dhauṇ kahā paṛhi māi

What did we foolish ones know? We understood only when the truth stood fully before us.
Now we brood inwardly: what can be done, and how can the separated pair be joined?
All Vraja's head has bowed; our honor is stained, cries Rasakhān.
See the servant-girl's sorcery! Alas, mother—what did she recite that made Him her servant?

Sujān-Rasakhān 245

काइ सौं माई वह करियै सहियै सोई जो रसखान सहावैं।
 नेय कहा जब और कियौं तब नाचियै सोई जौ नचावैं।
 चाहत है हम और कहा सखि क्यों हु कहु पिय देखन पावैं।
 चरियै सौं जगुपाल रच्यौ तौं भली ही सबै मिलि चेरी कहावैं

*kāi saumī māi vaha kariyai sahiyai soī jo rasakhāna sahāvaiṁ|
 neya kahā jaba aura kiyaum taba nāciyai soī jau nacāvaiṁ|
 cāhata hai hama aura kahā sakhi kyoṁ hū kahū piya dekhana pāvaiṁ|
 cariyai saum jagupāla racyau taum bhalī hī sabai mili cerī kahāveṁ*

Mother, why struggle against it? We must endure whatever Rasakhān's Lord causes us to endure.

What justice remains when He belongs to another? We must dance exactly as He makes us dance.

What else do we desire, friend, except somehow to behold our Beloved?

If the Lord of the world has arranged matters so, let us all gladly be called His servant-girls.

Sujān-Rasakhān 246

भेती जू पें कुबरी ह्याँ सखी भरी लातन मूका बकोटती लेती।
 लेती निकांरि हिये की सबै नक छेदि कौड़ी पिराइ के देती।
 देती नचाइ कै नाच वा राँड कौं लाल रिझावन को फल सेती।
 सेती सदाँ रसखानि लियें कुबरी के करेजनि सूलसी भेती

*bhetī jū peṁ kubarī hyā~ sakhi bharī lātana mūkā bakoṭatī letī|
 letī nikāri hiye kī sabai naka chedi kauṛī pirāi kai detī|
 detī nacāi kai nāca vā rā~ḍa kauṁ lāla rijhāvana ko phala setī|
 setī sadā~ rasakhāni liyeṁ kubarī ke karejani sūlasī bhetī*

Friend, if that hunchbacked confidante were here, I would fill her with kicks, punches, and scratches.

I would force every secret from her heart, pierce her nose, and string a worthless shell through it.

I would make that wretch dance and dance—the proper fruit of charming our darling away. She has forever driven a thorn into the hearts Rasakhān carries for Vraja, that hunchbacked woman.

Sujān-Rasakhān 247

कंस के क्रोध की फैलि रही सिगरे ब्रजमंडल माँझ फुकार सी।
आइ गए कछनी कछिके तबहीं नट-नागरे नंद कुमार-सी।
द्वैरद को रद खँचि लियौ रसखान हिये माहि लाई विमार-सी।
लीनी कुठौर लगी लखि तोरि कलंक तमाल तें कीरति-डार सी

kaṁsa ke krodha kī phaili rahī sigare brajamamḍala mā~jha phukāra sī|
āi gae kachanī kachikai tabahīṁ naṭa-nāgare naṇḍa kumāra-sī|
dvairada ko rada khaiṁci liyau rasakhāna hiye māhi lāi vimāra-sī|
līnī kuṭhaura lagī lakhi tori kaḷamka tamāla teṁ kīratī-ḍāra sī

Kaṁsa's rage spread like a cry of terror throughout the entire land of Vraja.
Then Nanda's princely master-actors arrived with their cowherd loincloths securely tied.
He tore out the royal elephant's tusk, says Rasakhān, and planted fever within every hostile heart.
Seeing fame's branch caught in a bad place, He broke it free from the dark tamāla tree of disgrace.

Sujān-Rasakhān 248

जोग सिखावत आवत है वह कौन कहावत को है कहाँ को।
जानति हैं बर नागर है पर नेकहु भेद लख्यौ नहिं ह्याँ को।
जानति ना हम और कछू मुख देखि जियै नित नंदलला को।
जात नहीं रसखानि हमें तजि राखनहारी है मोरपखा को

joga sikhāvata āvata hai vaha kauna kahāvata ko hai kahā~ ko|
jānati haiṁ bara nāgara hai para nekahu bheda lakhyau nahīṁ hyā~ ko|
jānati nā hama aura kachū mukha dekhi jiyai nita naṇḍalalā ko|
jāta nahīṁ rasakhāni hamaiṁ taji rākhanahārī hai morapakhā ko

Who is this who comes teaching yoga? What is he called, and where is he from?
We know he is clever and accomplished, yet he has not grasped even the smallest part of what is here.
We know nothing else: we live each day by beholding Nanda's darling's face.
We cannot abandon Him, says Rasakhān; the peacock plume itself is our protecting guardian.

Sujān-Rasakhān 249

अंजन मंजन त्यागौ अली अंग धारि भभूत करौ अनुरागौ।
 आपुन भाग कर्यौ सजनी इन बावरे ऊधो जू को कहाँ लागौ।
 चाहै सो और सबै करियै जू कहै रसखान सयानप आगौ।
 जो मन मोहन ऐसी बसी तो सबै री कहौ मुय गोरस जागौ

aṃjana maṃjana tyāgau alī aṃga dhāri bhabhūta karau anurāgai|
āpuna bhāga karyau sajanī ina bāvare ūdho jū ko kahā~ lāgai|
cāhai so aura sabai kariyai jū kahai rasakhāna sayānapa āgai|
jo mana mohana aisi basī to sabai rī kahau muya gorasa jāgai

Abandon collyrium and cosmetics, friend; cover your limbs with sacred ash and cultivate detachment.

You have made your own fortune, companion—how can it attach itself to this mad Uddhava? Let him do whatever else he wishes, says Rasakhān, and display his wisdom before us. When mind-enchanted Mohana dwells within the mind like this, tell me, friends, how can ordinary milk-work awaken there?

Sujān-Rasakhān 250

लाज के लेप चढ़ाई कै अंग पची सब सीख को मंत्र सुनाइ कै।
 गारुड़ है ब्रज लोग भक्त्यौ करि औषद बेसक सौहैं दिखाइ कै।
 ऊधौ सौं रसखानि कहै लिन चित्त धरौ तुम एते उधाइ कै।
 कारे बिसारे को चाहैं उतर्यौ अरे बिख बाबरे राख लगाइ कै

lāja ke lepa caṛhāi kai aṃga pacī saba sīkha ko maṃtra sunāi kai|
gāruṇa hvai braja loga bhaktyau kari auṣada besaka sauhaiṃ dikhāi kai|
ūdhou sauṃ rasakhāni kahai lina citta dharau tuma ete udhāi kai|
kāre bisāre ko cāhaiṃ utaryau are bikha bābare rākha lagāi kaiṃ

They spread the salve of shame upon our limbs and exhausted themselves reciting every mantra of instruction.

The people of Vraja became snake-charmers, muttering, showing medicines, and making solemn oaths.

Rasakhān says to Uddhava: steady your own mind after rushing about so much.

Madman, you want to draw out the dark poison of the unforgettable One by smearing us with ash!

Sujān-Rasakhān 251

सार की सारी सो पारीं लगै धरिबे कहै सीस बघंबर पैया।
हाँसी सो दासी सिखाई लई है बेई जु बेई रसखानि कन्हैया।
जोग गयौ कुबजा की कलानि मैं री कब ऐहै जसोमति मैया।
हाहा न ऊधौ कुढ़ाओ हमें अब हीं कहि दै ब्रज बाजे बधैया

sāra kī sārī so pārīṃ lagai dharibe kahai sīsa baghaṃbara paiyā|
hā~sī so dāśī sikhāī lai hai bēi ju bēi rasakhāni kanhaiyā|
joga gayau kubajā kī kalāni maiṃ rī kaba aihai jasomati maiyā|
hāhā na ūdhau kuṛhāu hamēṃ aba hīṃ kahi dai braja bāje badhaiyā

He tells us to wear a sari made from the essence of renunciation and place a tiger skin upon our heads and feet.

Kanhaiyā has learned exactly these teachings from that servant-girl, says Rasakhān. Yoga has vanished into Kubjā's arts—friend, when will mother Yaśodā come? Please, Uddhava, do not torment us. Tell us now instead that songs of celebration are sounding in Vraja.

Sujān-Rasakhān 252

या लकुटी अरु कामरिया पर राज तिहुँ परु को तजि डारौं।
आठहु सिद्ध निवौ निधि को सुख नंद की गाइ चराइ बिसारौं।
ए रसखानि जबै इन नैनन ते ब्रज के बन बाग तड़ाग निहारौं।
कोटिक ये कलधौत के धाम करील की कुंजन ऊपर बारौं

yā lakuṭī aru kāmariyā para rāja tihu~ paru ko taji ḍārauṃ|
āṭhahu siddha nivau nidhi ko sukha nanda kī gāi carāi bisārauṃ|
e rasakhāni jabaiṃ ina nainana te braja ke bana bāga taṛāga nihārauṃ|
koṭika ye kaladhauta ke dhāma karīla kī kuṃjana ūpara bārauṃ

For this staff and blanket I would cast aside sovereignty over all three worlds. I would forget the joy of the eight powers and nine treasures for the privilege of grazing Nanda's cows.

Rasakhān says: when these eyes behold the forests, gardens, and ponds of Vraja, I would sacrifice millions of palaces of burnished gold to the bowers of karīla trees.

Sujān-Rasakhān 253

ग्वालन संग जैबो बन एबौ सु गायन संग,
 हेरि तान गैबो हा हा नैन कहकत हैं।
 ह्याँ के गज मोती माल वारौं गुंज मालन पै,
 कुंज सुधि आए हाय प्रान धरकत हैं।
 गोबर को गारौ सु तो मोहि लागै प्यारी कहा,
 भयौ मौन सोने के जटित मरकत हैं।
 मंदर ते ऊँचे यह मंदिर है द्वारिका के,
 ब्रज के खिरक मेरे हिये खरकत हैं

*gvālana saṅga jaibo bana ebau su gāyana saṅga,
 heri tāna gaibo hā hā naina kahakata haiṁ|
 hyā~ ke gaja motī māla vārauṁ guṅja mālana pai,
 kuṅja sudhi āe hāya prāna dharakata haiṁ|
 gobara ko gārau su to mohi lāgai pyārī kahā,
 bhayau mauna sone ke jaṭita marakata haiṁ|
 maṁdara te ū~ce yaha maṁdira hai dvārikā ke,
 braja ke khiraka mere hiye kharakata haiṁ*

To go to the forest with the cowherds, return among the cows, behold Him, and sing His melodies—alas, the eyes ache for it.

I would sacrifice the elephants and pearl garlands here for necklaces of guñjā; remembering the bowers, my life trembles.

Why, the plaster of cow dung there seems lovelier to me than gold inlaid with emeralds, now grown mute.

Higher than these temples of Dvārakā are Vraja's cattle pens, which scrape continually against my heart.

Sujān-Rasakhān 254

इक ओर किरीट लसै दुसरी दिसि नागन के गन गाजत री।
 मुरली मधुरी धुनि आधिक ओठ पै आधिक नंद से बाजत री।
 रसखानि पितंबर एक कंधा पर एक वाघंबर राजत री।
 कोउ देखउ संगम लै बुड़की निकसे यहि मेख सों छाजत री

ika ora kirīṭa lasai dusarī disī nāgana ke gana gājata rī|
muralī madhurī dhuni ādhika oṭha pai ādhika naṇḍa se bājata rī|
rasakhāni pitaṃbara eka kaṇḍhā para eka vāghaṃbara rājata rī|
kou dekhau saṃgama lai buṛakī nikase yahi mekha sōṃ chājata rī

On one side a crown shines; on the other, hosts of serpents thunder.
 At His lips the flute sounds an exceedingly sweet melody, while Nanda's realm resounds
 more deeply still.
 One shoulder bears yellow silk, says Rasakhān, while the other is graced by a tiger skin.
 Let someone behold this confluence, plunge beneath it, and emerge adorned with the glory
 of both.

Sujān-Rasakhān 255

बैद की औषध खाइ कछू न करै बहु संजम री सुनि मोसें।
 तो जल-पान कियौ रसखानि सजीवन जानि लियौ रस तोसें।
 ए री सुधामई भागीरथी नित पथ्य अपथ्य बनै तोहिं पोसें।
 आक धतूरो चबात फिरै बिख खात फिरै सिब तरै भरोसे

baida kī auśadha khāi kachhū na karai bahu saṃjama rī suni moseṃ|
to jala-pāna kiyau rasakhāni sajīvana jāni liyau rasa toseṃ|
e rī sudhāmaī bhāgīrathī nita pathya apathya banai tohiṃ poseṃ|
āka dhatūro cabāta phirai bikha khāta phirai siba terai bharose

The physician's medicines accomplish nothing, however much discipline one
 observes—listen to me.
 But when He drank your water, says Rasakhān, He knew its nectar as the herb that restores
 life.
 O ambrosial Bhāgīrathī, proper and improper foods alike become nourishing through you.
 Trusting in you, Śiva wanders chewing āka and dhatūra and swallowing poison.

Sujān-Rasakhān 256

यह देखि धतूरे के पात चबात औ गात सों धूलि लगावत है।
 चहुँ ओर जटा अटके लटके फनि सों कफनी फहरावत हैं।
 रसखानि सोई चितवै चित दै तिनके दुखदंद भजावत हैं।
 गज खाल की माल विसाल सो गाल बजावत आवत हैं

yaha dekhi dhatūre ke pāta cabāta au gāta soṃ dhūli lagāvata hai|
cahu~ ora jaṭā aṭakai laṭake phani soṃ kaphanī phaharāvata haiṃ|
rasakhāni soī citavai cita dai tinake dukhadaṇḍa bhajāvata haiṃ|
gaja khāla kī māla visāla so gāla bajāvata āvata haiṃ

Look at Him chewing dhatūra leaves and smearing dust upon His body.
 Matted locks hang tangled on every side, and a cloak of serpents flutters about Him.
 Whoever fixes the mind and lovingly contemplates Him, says Rasakhān, drives away every
 pain and affliction.
 Clad in the vast hide of an elephant, He comes sounding His cheeks in wild delight.

Premavāṭikā · 1–20

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Premavāṭikā 1

प्रेम-अयनि श्रीराधिका, प्रेम-बरन नँदनंद।

प्रेमवाटिका के दोऊ, माली मालिन द्वंद्व

prema-ayani śrīrādhikā, prema-barana na~danaṇḍa|
prema-vāṭikā ke doū, māli mālina dvaṇḍva

Glorious Rādhikā is the dwelling-place of love, and Nanda's son is love's very form.
Together, gardener and gardener's wife, the pair tend the garden of love.

Premavāṭikā 2

प्रेम-प्रेम सब कोउ कहत, प्रेम न जानत कोय।

जो जन जानै प्रेम तो, मरै जगत क्यों रोय

prema-prema saba kou kahata, prema na jānata koya|
jo jana jānai prema to, marai jagata kyaun roya

Everyone speaks of love, love—yet no one truly knows love.
If a person knew love, says Rasakhān, why would he die grieving for the world?

Premavāṭikā 3

प्रेम अगम अनुपम अमित, सागर सरिस बखान।
जो आवत एहि ढिग, बहुरि, जात नाहिं रसखान

prema agama anupama amita, sāgara sarisa bakhāna|
jo āvata ehi ḍhiga, bahuri, jāta nāhiṁ rasakhāna

Love is inaccessible, incomparable, and immeasurable—described as an ocean.
Whoever comes near it never turns back again, says Rasakhān.

Premavāṭikā 4

प्रेम-बारुनी छानिकै, बरुन भए जलधीस।
प्रेमहिं तें विष-पान करि, पूजे जात गिरीस

prema-bārunī chānikai, baruna bhae jaladhisa|
premahim teṁ viṣa-pāna kari, pūje jāta girīsa

After straining the wine of love, Varuṇa became lord of the ocean.
Through love itself, Lord Śiva drank poison and came to be worshiped.

Premavāṭikā 5

प्रेम-रूप दर्पन अहो, रचै अजूबो खेल।
यामें अपनो रूप कछु लखि परिहै अनमेल

prema-rūpa darpana aho, racai ajūbo khela|
yāmeṁ apano rūpa kachu lakhi parihai anamela

Behold the mirror formed of love—it stages a marvelous play.
Whoever glimpses his own image within it will find that image transformed.

Premavāṭikā 6

कमलतंतु सो छीन अरु, कठिन खड़ग की धार।
अति सूधो टेढ़ो बहुरि, प्रेमपंथ अनिवार

kamalataṁtu so chīna aru, kaṭhina khaṛaga kī dhāra|
ati sūdho ṭeṛho bahuri, premapaṁtha anivāra

Finer than a lotus fiber, yet harder than a sword's edge;
perfectly straight and yet winding—such is love's irresistible path.

Premavāṭikā 7

लोक वेद मरजाद सब, लाज काज संदेह।
देत बहाए प्रेम करि, विधि निषेध को नेह

loka veda marajāda saba, lāja kāja saṁdeha|
deta bahāe prema kari, vidhi niṣedha ko neha

Worldly custom, Vedic rule, every boundary, shame, duty, and doubt—
love carries them all away, together with attachment to prescriptions and prohibitions.

Premavāṭikā 8

कबहुँ न जा पथ भ्रम तिमिर, दहै सदा सुखचंद।
दिन दिन बाढ़त ही रहत, होत कबहुँ नहिं मंद

kabahu~ na jā patha bhrama timira, dahai sadā sukhacaṁda|
dina dina bāḍhata hī rahata, hota kabahu~ nahīṁ maṁda

Upon this path the darkness of delusion never comes; the moon of happiness shines forever.
Day by day its light continues to increase and never once grows dim.

Premavāṭikā 9

भले वृथा करि पचि मरौ, ज्ञान गरूर बढ़ाय।
बिना प्रेम फीको सबै, कोटिन किए उपाय

bhale vṛthā kari paci marau, jñāna garūra baṛhāya|
binā prema phiko sabai, koṭina kie upāya

You may struggle and die in vain, swelling with the pride of knowledge.
Without love everything remains tasteless, though millions of methods be tried.

Premavāṭikā 10

श्रुति पुरान आगम स्मृति, प्रेम सबहि को सार।
प्रेम बिना नहीं उपज हिंय, प्रेम-बीज अँकुवार

śruti purāna āgama smṛti, prema sabahi ko sāra|
prema binā nahin upaja hiya, prema-bīja a~kuvāra

The Vedas, Purāṇas, Āgamas, and Smṛtis all hold love as their essence.
Without love, the sprout born from love's seed never rises in the heart.

Premavāṭikā 11

आनँद अनुभव होत नहीं, बिना प्रेम जग जान।
कै वह विषयानंद के, कै ब्रह्मानंद बखान

āna~da anubhava hota nahin, binā prema jaga jāna|
kai vaha viṣayānaṁda ke, kai brahmānaṁda bakhāna

Know, world, that without love no experience of bliss can arise—
whether one speaks of the enjoyment of the senses or the bliss of Brahman.

Premavāṭikā 12

ज्ञान करम रु उपासना, सब अहमिति को मूल।
दृढ़ निश्चय नहिं होत-बिन, किए प्रेम अनुकूल

jñāna karama ru upāsana, saba ahamiti ko mūla|
dṛṛha niścaya nahim hota-bina, kie prema anukūla

Knowledge, action, and worship all have the sense of ‘I’ at their root.
Firm certainty does not arise unless they have first been made favorable to love.

Premavāṭikā 13

शास्त्रन पढ़ि पंडित भए, कै मौलवी कुरान।
जुए प्रेम जान्यो नहिं, कहा कियौ रसखान

śāstrana paṛhi paṇḍita bhae, kai maulavī kurāna|
jue prema jānyoṇ nahim, kahā kiyau rasakhāna

One may study the scriptures and become a paṇḍita, or read the Qur’ān and become a maulavī.

If one has not known love, says Rasakhān, what has any of it accomplished?

Premavāṭikā 14

काम क्रोध मद मोह भय, लोभ द्रोह मात्सर्य।
इन सबही तें प्रेम है, परे कहत मुनिवर्य

kāma krodha mada moha bhaya, lobha droha mātsarya|
ina sabahī teṇ prema hai, pare kahata munivarya

Desire, anger, pride, delusion, fear, greed, hostility, and envy—
love lies beyond all these, declare the great sages.

Premavāṭikā 15

बिन गुन जोबन रूप धन, बिन स्वार्थ हित जानि।
शुद्ध कामना तें रहित, प्रेम सकल रसखानि

bina guna jobana rūpa dhana, bina svāratha hita jāni|
śuddha kāmānā teṃ rahita, prema sakala rasakhāni

Without regard for virtue, youth, beauty, or wealth, and recognizing no self-interest in affection;
free from every impure desire—that is love in its fullness, says Rasakhān.

Premavāṭikā 16

अति सूक्ष्म कोमल अतिहि, अति पतरो अति दूर।
प्रेम कठिन सबतें सदा, नित इकरस भरपूर

ati sūkṣama komala atihi, ati pataro ati dūra|
prema kaṭhina sabateṃ sadā, nita ikarasa bharapūra

Exceedingly subtle and tender, exceedingly delicate and distant;
love is always the hardest of all, yet eternally full of one unchanging essence.

Premavāṭikā 17

जग में सब जायौ परै, अरु सब कहैं कहाय।
मैं जगदीसरु प्रेम यह, दोऊ अकथ लखाय

jaga maiṃ saba jāyau parai, aru saba kahaiṃ kahāya|
maiṃ jagadīsarū prema yaha, doū akatha lakhāya

Everything in the world may be known, and everything can be spoken and named.
But the Lord of the world and love—these two remain beyond all telling and seeing.

Premavāṭikā 18

जेहि बिनु जाने कछुहि नहिं, जात्यौ जात बिसेस।
सोइ प्रेम, जेहि जानिकै, रहि न जात कछु सेस

jehi binu jāne kachuhi nahim, jātyau jāta bisesa|
soi prema, jehi jānikai, rahi na jāta kachu sesa

That without knowing which nothing whatsoever is truly known—
that is love, by knowing which nothing remains to be known.

Premavāṭikā 19

दंपतिसुख अरु विषयरस, पूजा निष्ठा ध्यान।
इनतें परे बखानिए, शुद्ध प्रेम रसखान

daṃpatisukha aru viṣayarasa, pūjā niṣṭhā dhyāna|
inateṃ pare bakhānie, śuddha prema rasakhāna

Beyond marital happiness, sensual delight, ritual worship, steadfast practice, and meditation
lies what is called pure love, says Rasakhān.

Premavāṭikā 20

मित्र कलत्र सुबंधु सुत, इनमें सहज सनेह।
शुद्ध प्रेम इनमें नहीं, अकथ कथा सबिसेह

mitra kalatra subaṇḍhu suta, inameṃ sahaja saneha|
śuddha prema inameṃ nahim, akatha kathā sabiseha

Friends, spouses, close relations, and children awaken natural affection.
Yet pure love is not contained in these; its singular story is beyond speech.

Premavāṭikā · 21–40

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Premavāṭikā 21

इकअंगी बिनु कारनहिं, इक रस सदा समान।
गनै प्रियहि सर्वस्व जो, सोई प्रेम समान

ikaṅgī binu kāraṇahīṃ, ika rasa sadā samāna|
ganai priyahī sarvasva jo, soī prema samāna

One-pointed, causeless, of one flavor and always the same—
that which regards the beloved as everything: only that is love.

Premavāṭikā 22

डरै सदा चाहै न कछु, सहै सबै हो होय।
रहै एक रस चाहकै, प्रेम बखानो सोय

ḍarai sadā cāhai na kachu, sahai sabai ho hoya|
rahai eka rasa cāhakai, prema bakhāno soya

Always reverent, desiring nothing, enduring whatever may occur,
and remaining constant in longing—that is what is called love.

Premavāṭikā 23

प्रेम प्रेम सब कोउ कहै, कठिन प्रेम की फाँस।
प्राण तरफि निकरै नहीं, केवल चलत उसाँस

prema prema saba kou kahai, kaṭhina prema kī phā~sa|
prāna taraphī nikarai nahīṃ, kevala calata usā~sa

Everyone speaks of love, love—but love’s noose is hard.
The life-breath writhes yet cannot escape; only sigh after sigh comes forth.

Premavāṭikā 24

प्रेम हरी को रूप है, त्यों हरि प्रेम स्वरूप।
एक होई द्वै यों लसैं, ज्यों सूरज अरु धूप

prema harī ko rūpa hai, tyaṃ hari prema svarūpa|
eka hoī dvaī yōṃ lasaiṃ, jyaṃ sūraja aru dhūpa

Love is Hari’s form, and Hari is love embodied.
They are one, yet shine as two, like the sun and its radiance.

Premavāṭikā 25

ज्ञान ध्यान विद्या मती, मत बिस्वास बिवेक।।
विना प्रेम सब धूर हैं, अग जग एक अनेक

jñāna dhyāna vidyā matī, mata bisvāsa biveka||
vinā prema saba dhūra haiṃ, aga jaga eka aneka

Knowledge, meditation, learning, intellect, doctrine, faith, and discrimination—
without love they are all dust, whether applied to the moving, unmoving, one, or many.

Premavāṭikā 26

प्रेमफाँस में फँसि मरे, सोई जिए सदाहिं।
प्रेममरम जाने बिना, मरि कोई जीवत नाहिं

premaphā~sa maiṇ pha~si mare, soī jie sadāhiṇ|
premamarama jāne binā, mari koī jīvata nāhiṇ

The one who dies caught in love's noose lives forever.
Without knowing love's secret, no one truly lives even after dying.

Premavāṭikā 27

जग में सबतें अधिक अति, ममता तनहिं लखाय।
पै या तरहूँ तें अधिक, प्यारी प्रेम कहाय

jaga maiṇ sabateṇ adhika ati, mamatā tanahiṇ lakhāya|
paī yā tarahū~ teṇ adhika, pyārī prema kahāya

In this world the strongest attachment is seen in one's own body.
Yet dear love is said to be stronger even than that.

Premavāṭikā 28

जेहि पाए बैकुंठ अरु, हरिहूँ की नहिं चाहि।
सोइ अलौकिक शुद्ध सुभ, सरस सुप्रेम कहाहि

jehi pāe baikuṇṭha aru, harihū~ kī nahīṇ cāhi|
soī alaukika śuddha subha, sarasa suprema kahāhi

Having attained it, one desires neither Vaikuṇṭha nor even Hari Himself.
That is called transcendent, pure, auspicious, nectar-filled supreme love.

Premavāṭikā 29

कोउ याहि फाँसी कहत, कोउ कहत तरवार।

नेजा भाला तीर कोउ, कहत अनोखी ढार

kou yāhi phā~sī kahata, kou kahata taravāra|
nejā bhālā tīra kou, kahata anokhī ḍhāra

One calls it a gallows; another calls it a sword.
Some call it lance, spear, or arrow; another, a wondrous shield.

Premavāṭikā 30

पै मिठास या मार के, रोम-रोम भरपूर।

मरत जियै झुकतौ थिरैं, बनै सु चकनाचूर

pai miṭhāsa yā māra ke, roma-roma bharapūra|
marata jiyai jhukatau thiraṁ, banai su cakanācūra

Yet the sweetness of this blow fills every pore.
One dies while living, bends yet stands firm, and becomes utterly shattered.

Premavāṭikā 31

पै एतो हूँ रम सुन्यौ, प्रेम अजूबो खेल।

जाँबाजी बाजी जहाँ, दिल का दिल से मेल

pai eto hū~ rama sunyau, prema ajūbo khela|
jā~bājī bājī jahā~, dila kā dila se mēla

Yet even after hearing so much of its delight, love remains a marvelous game—
a daring contest in which heart meets heart.

Premavāṭikā 32

सिर काटो छेदो हियो, टूक टूक हरि देहु।
पै याके बदले बिहँसि, वाह वाह ही लेहु

sira kāṭo chedo hiyo, ṭūka ṭūka hari dehu|
pai yāke badale biha~sī, vāha vāha hī lehu

Cut off the head, pierce the heart, and tear the body to pieces if You will.
In return for all this, accept only a smiling 'Bravo! Well done!'

Premavāṭikā 33

अकथ कहानी प्रेम की, जानत लैली खूब।
दो तनहुँ जहँ एक ये, मन मिलाइ महबूब

akatha kahānī prema kī, jānata lailī khūba|
do tanahū~ jaha~ eka ye, mana milāi mahabūba

Laylā knew well the ineffable story of love:
where two bodies become one by joining the mind with the beloved.

Premavāṭikā 34

दो मन इक होते सुन्यौ, पै वह प्रेम न आहि।
हौइ जबै द्वै तनहुँ इक, सोई प्रेम कहाहि

do mana ika hote sunyau, pai vaha prema na āhi|
hauī jabai dvai tanahu~ ika, soi prema kahāhi

We have heard of two minds becoming one, but that alone is not love.
When even two bodies become one, that is what is called love.

Premavāṭikā 35

याही तें सब सुक्ति तें, लही बड़ाई प्रेम।
प्रेम भए नसि जाहिं सब, बँधें जगत के नेम

yāhī teṃ saba sukti teṃ, lahī baṛāī prema|
prema bhae nasi jāhiṃ saba, ba~dheṃ jagata ke nema

For this reason, above every wise saying, love has won supreme praise.
When love arises, all the rules that bind the world disappear.

Premavāṭikā 36

हरि के सब आधीन पै, हरी प्रेम-आधीन।
याही तें हरि आपुहीं, याही बड़प्पन दीन

hari ke saba ādhīna pai, harī prema-ādhīna|
yāhī teṃ hari āpuhīṃ, yāhī baṛappana dīna

Everything lies under Hari's command, yet Hari lies under love's command.
For this very reason Hari Himself bestowed greatness upon love.

Premavāṭikā 37

वेद मूल सब धर्म यह, कहैं सबै श्रुतिसार।
परम धर्म है ताहु तें, प्रेम एक अनिवार

veda mūla saba dharma yaha, kahaiṃ sabai śrutisāra|
parama dharma hai tāhu teṃ, prema eka anivāra

All dharma has the Veda as its root—so declare the distilled essence of revelation.
Yet beyond even that stands one supreme and irresistible dharma: love.

Premavāṭikā 38

जदपि जसोदानंद अरु, ग्वाल बाल सब धन्य।

पे या जग में प्रेम कौं, गोपी भई अनन्य

jadapi jasodānaṁda aru, gvāla bāla saba dhanya|

pe yā jaga maiṁ prema kauṁ, gopī bhāiṁ ananya

Though Yaśodā's darling and all the cowherd boys are blessed,
in this world the gopīs alone became wholly single-minded in love.

Premavāṭikā 39

वा रस की कछु माधुरी, ऊधो लही सराहि।

पावै बहुरि मिठास अस, अब दूजो को आहि

vā rasa kī kachu mādhuri, ūdho lahī sarāhi|

pāvai bahuri miṭhāsa asa, aba dūjo ko āhi

Uddhava tasted and praised some sweetness of that nectar.
Who else now could ever attain such sweetness again?

Premavāṭikā 40

श्रवन कीरतन दरसनहिं जो उपजत सोई प्रेम।

शुद्धाशुद्ध विभेद ते, द्वैविध ताके नेम

śravaṇa kīratana darasanaḥiṁ jo upajata soī prema|

śuddhāśuddha vibheda te, dvaividha tāke nema

That which arises through hearing, singing, and beholding is love.
Its disciplines take two forms according to the distinction between pure and impure.

Premavāṭikā · 41–53

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Premavāṭikā 41

स्वारथमूल अशुद्ध त्यों, शुद्ध स्वभावनुकूल।
नारदादि प्रस्तार करि, कियौ जाहि को तूल

svārathamūla aśuddha tyom, śuddha svabhāvanukūla|
nāradādi prastāra kari, kiyau jāhi ko tūla

The impure is rooted in self-interest; the pure accords with one's deepest nature.
Nārada and others expanded upon this distinction and weighed its measure.

Premavāṭikā 42

रसमय स्वाभाविक बिना, स्वारथ अचल महान।
सदा एकरस शुद्ध सोइ, प्रेम अहै रसखान

rasamaya svābhāvika binā, svāratha acala mahāna|
sadā ekarasa śuddha soi, prema ahai rasakhāna

Full of nectar, natural, free from self-interest, unwavering, and great;
always of one flavor and pure—that is love, says Rasakhān.

Premavāṭikā 43

जातेँ उपजत प्रेम सोइ, बीज कहावत प्रेम।

जामेँ उपजत प्रेम सोइ, क्षेत्र कहावत प्रेम

jāteṃ upajata prema soi, bīja kahāvata prema|
jāmeṃ upajata prema soi, kṣetra kahāvata prema

That from which love arises is called love's seed.

That within which love arises is called love's field.

Premavāṭikā 44

जातेँ पनपत बढत अरु, फूलत फलत महान।

सो सब प्रेमहिँ प्रेम यह, कहत रसिक रसखान

jāteṃ panapata baḥhata aru, phūlata phalata mahāna|
so saba premahiṃ prema yaha, kahata rasika rasakhāna

That by which it sprouts, grows, flowers, and bears abundant fruit—

all of that is love through love alone, declares the connoisseur Rasakhān.

Premavāṭikā 45

वही बीज अंकुर वही, सेक वही आधार।

डाल पात फल फूल सब, वही प्रेम सुखसार

vahī bīja aṃkura vahī, seka vahī ādhāra|
ḍāla pāta phala phūla saba, vahī prema sukhasāra

It is the seed and the sprout, the watering and support;

every branch, leaf, fruit, and flower—love alone is the essence of happiness.

Premavāṭikā 46

जो जातें जामैं बहुरि, जा हित कहियत बेस।
सो सब प्रेमहिं प्रेम है, जग रसखान असेस

jo jāteṃ jāmaiṃ bahuri, jā hita kahiyata besa|
so saba premahiṃ prema hai, jaga rasakhāna asesa

That from which, within which, and for whose sake the many forms arise—
all of it is love through love alone, says Rasakhān: the whole world without remainder.

Premavāṭikā 47

कारज कारन रूप यह, प्रेम अहै रसखान।
कर्ता कर्म क्रिया करन, आपहि प्रेम बखान

kāraja kārana rūpa yaha, prema ahai rasakhāna|
kartā karma kriyā karana, āpahi prema bakhāna

It is both effect and cause—this is love, says Rasakhān.
Agent, object, action, and instrument: love itself is declared to be them all.

Premavāṭikā 48

देखि गदर हित-साहिबी, दिल्ली नगर मसान।
छिनहि बादसा-बंस की, ठसक छोरि रसखान

dekhi gadara hita-sāhibī, dillī nagara masāna|
chinahi bādasā-baṃsa kī, ṭhasaka chori rasakhāna

Seeing the violence of imperial ambition turn the city of Delhi into a cremation ground,
Rasakhān abandoned in an instant the pomp and pride of royal dynasties.

Premavāṭikā 49

प्रेम-निकेतन श्रीबनहि, आइ गोवर्धन धाम।
लह्यौ सरन चित चाहिकै, जुगल सरूप ललाम

prema-niketana śrībanahi, āi gobardhana dhāma|
lahyau sarana cita cāhikai, jugala sarūpa lālāma

He came to holy Vṛndāvana, love's dwelling, and to the sanctuary of Govardhana.
With all his heart he took refuge in the supreme beauty of the Divine Couple.

Premavāṭikā 50

तोरि मानिनी तें हियो, फोरि मोहिनी-मान।
प्रेम देव की छविहि लखि, भए मियाँ रसखान

tori mānini teṁ hiyo, phori mohinī-māna|
prema deva kī chavihi lakhi, bhae miyā~ rasakhāna

Breaking away from the prideful beloved, shattering enchantment's conceit,
and beholding the beauty of love's divinity, the gentleman became Rasakhān.

Premavāṭikā 51

बिधु सागर रस इंदु सुभ, बरस सरस रसखानि।
प्रेमबाटिका रचि रुचिर, चिर हिय हरख बखान

bidhu sāgara rasa iṇḍu subha, barasa sarasa rasakhāni|
premaḥāṭikā racī rucira, cira hiya harakha bakhāna

Moon of the ocean of nectar, pour down delightful sweetness, Rasakhān.
Having fashioned this lovely Garden of Love, proclaim the heart's enduring joy.

Premavāṭikā 52

अरपी श्री हरिचरन जुग पदुमपराग निहार।
बिचरहिं या मैं रसिकबर, मधुकर निकर अपार

arapī śrī haricarana juga padumaparāga nihāra|
bicarahiṁ yā maiṁ rasikabara, madhukara nikara apāra

It is offered to the twin lotus feet of glorious Hari—behold their pollen.
May the finest connoisseurs wander here like innumerable swarms of honeybees.

Premavāṭikā 53

शेष पूरन राधामाधव सखिन संग बिहरत कुंज लुटीर।
रसिकराज रसखानि जहँ कूजत कोइल कीर

śeṣa pūrana rādhāmādhava sakhina saṅga biharata kuṅja luṭīra|
rasikarāja rasakhāni jaha~ kūjata koila kira

The remainder is fulfilled: Rādhā and Mādhava wander with the sakhīs through
cottage-bowers,
where cuckoos and parrots sing and the connoisseur-king Rasakhān abides.

Dāna-līlā · 1–11

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Dāna-līlā 1

आवत हौ रस के चसके तुम जानत हो रस होत कहा हो।
नैसुक वे रस भीजन देही दिना दस के अलबेले लला हो।
अंत वही दिन आवेगे घूमि गुवालिन ही के जु संग सखा हो।
ल्यौंगे कहा इन बातन तें घर जाव लला अब ही लरका हो॥

*āvata hau rasa ke casake tuma jānata ho rasa hota kahā ho|
naisuka ve rasa bhījana dehau dinā dasa ke alabele lalā ho|
am̐ta vahī dina āvege ghūmi guvālina hī ke ju saṅga sakhā ho|
lyauṅge kahā ina bātana teṁ ghara jāva lalā aba hī larakā ho||*

You come greedy for nectar, though what do You know of what true nectar is?
Let our bodies be drenched in that sweetness just a little, carefree darling of ten bright days.
In the end the day will circle back when You, friend, will roam in the company of cowherd
women alone.
What will You gain from such talk? Go home now, darling—You are still only a boy.

Dāna-līlā 2

आई हो आज नई ब्रज में कुछ नैन नचाइ के रार मचैहौ।
बंचावति हो हमहीं छलि कै दधि बेचन जाव सो जान न पैहौ।
लेहौ चुकाइ सब तुम सों रसखानि भले मन में पछतैहौ।
जो तुम होहु बड़े घर की इतरात कहा हो जगात न दैहौ॥

*āi ho āja nāi braja meṁ kachu naina nacāi ke rāra macaiḥau|
baṁcāvati ho hamahīm chali kai dadhi becana jāva so jāna na paiḥau|
leḥau cukāi saba tuma soṁ rasakhāni bhale mana meṁ pachataiḥau|
jo tuma hohu baṛe ghara kī itarāta kahā ho jagāta na daiḥau||*

You have come newly to Vraja today, and would start a quarrel merely by rolling your eyes.
You think you can trick us, but if we go to sell curds You will not even learn where.
Settle everything you owe us, says Rasakhān, though afterward You may regret it inwardly.
If you are the daughter of a great house, why grow proud? You shall not pass without paying
the toll.

Dāna-līlā 3

सुनि कै यह बात हिये गुनि के तब बोलि उठी वृषभान-लली।
कही कान्ह अजान भए बन में कहूँ माँगत दान कि छेकि गली।
मग आइ के जाइ रिसाइ कहा तुम एकऊ बात कही न भली।
हम हैं वृषभानपुरा की लली अब गोरस बेचन जात चली॥

sunī kai yaha bāta hiye guni ke taba bolī uṭhī vṛṣabhāna-lalī|
kahī kānha ajāna bhae bana meṃ kahū~ mā~gata dāna ki cheki galī|
maga āi ke jāi risāi kahā tuma ekaū bāta kahī na bhalī|
hama haiṃ vṛṣabhānapurā kī lālī aba gorasa becana jāta calī||

Hearing these words and turning them within her heart, Vṛṣabhānu's darling spoke up:
'Kānh, have You become ignorant—demanding a toll in the forest and blocking the lane?
You come into my road and grow angry, though not one word You have spoken is proper.
I am the daughter of Vṛṣabhānu's town, and I am going to sell my milk-products.'

Dāna-līlā 4

एरी कहा वृषभानपुरा की तौ दान दिये बिन जान न पैहौ।
जौ दधि-माखन देव जु चाखन घूमत लाखन या मग ऐहौ।
नाहिँ तौ जो रस सो रस लैहौ जु गोरस बेचन फेरि न जैहौ।
नाहक नारि तू रारि बढ़ावति गारि दिये फिरि आपहि लैहौ॥

erī kahā vṛṣabhānapurā kī tau dāna diye bina jāna na paihau|
jau dadhi-mākhana deva ju cākhana ghūmata lākhana yā maga aihau|
nāhiṃ tau jo rasa so rasa laihau ju gorasa becana pheri na jaihau|
nāhaka nāri tū rāri baḍhāvati gāri diye phiri āpahi laihau||

'Ah, if you are from Vṛṣabhānu's town, then you certainly cannot pass without paying the toll.
If you give curds and butter to taste, you may wander this road a hundred thousand times.
Otherwise I shall take whatever sweetness there is, and you will not go again to sell your milk-products.
Woman, you needlessly increase the quarrel; after giving abuse, you will receive it back yourself.'

Dāna-līlā 5

गारी के देवेया बनवारी तुम कहौ कौन,
 हम तौ वृषभान की कुमारी सब जानौ हैं।
 जोर तौ करौगे जाइ जासों हरि पार पाइ,
 भोरही तें आज मो सों कैसो हठ ठानौ हैं।
 बूझि देखौ मन माहि अरुझत मग जात,
 बूझिही निदान कान्ह जौन कहौ मानौ हैं।
 मेरे जान कोऊ मीरखान आवै दही छीने,
 तू तौ है अहीर मोहिं नाहिं पहिचानौ हैं॥

*gārī ke deveyā banavārī tuma kahau kauna,
 hama tau vṛṣabhāna kī kumārī saba jānau haiṁ|
 jora tau karauge jāi jāsoṁ hari pāra pāi,
 bhorahī teṁ āja mo soṁ kaiso haṭha ṭhānau haiṁ|
 būjhi dekhau mana māhi arujhata maga jāta,
 būjhihī nidāna kānha jauna kahau mānau haiṁ|
 mere jāna koū mīrakhāna āvai dahī chīne,
 tū tau hai ahīra mohiṁ nāhiṁ pahicānau haiṁ||*

‘Banavārī, You are the one who gives abuse—who do You imagine Yourself to be?

I am Vṛṣabhānu’s daughter; everyone knows me.

Try force upon someone You can overpower, Hari. Why have You set Yourself so stubbornly against me since dawn?

Search within Your mind and understand: You obstruct me as I travel, yet in the end, Kānh, You will obey whatever I say.

As far as I know, some Mīr Khān may come and seize curds—but You are only a cowherd. Do You not recognize me?’

Dāna-līlā 6

तोहु पहिचानौ वृषभानहु को जानौ नेकु,
 काहु की न शंका मानौ हौं अहीर ऐसो हौं।
 मीरन को मारि मान तोरिहौं गुमान लैहौं,
 हरि आज तोसों दान लैहौं देखिये जु जैसो हौं।
 फोरिहौं मटकी माट लै दही करौंगो लूट,
 जाहौ कोने सु तौ घाट बाट रोके बसौ हौं।
 कहा कही राधे तोहि अजहूँ न चीन्है मोहिं,
 मेरी ओर देखि नेकु दानी कान्ह कैसो हौं॥

*tohū pahicānau vṛṣabhānahu ko jānau neku,
 kāhū kī na śaṅkā mānau hauṃ ahīra aisō hauṃ|
 mīrana ko māri māna torihauṃ gumāna laihauṃ,
 hari āja tosoṃ dāna laihauṃ dekhiye ju jaisō hauṃ|
 phorihauṃ maṭakī māṭa lai dahī karaṃgo lūṭa,
 jāhau kone su tau ghāṭa bāṭa roke basau hauṃ|
 kahā kahī rādhe tohi ajahū- na cīnhai mohiṃ,
 merī ora dekhi neku dānī kānha kaisō hauṃ||*

‘I recognize you and know Vṛṣabhānu too; understand that I am a cowherd who fears no one. I shall strike down the Mīrs, break their pride, and seize their arrogance. Today, Hari will take the toll from you—see what manner of man I am. I shall smash the pot, scatter the clay, and plunder the curds. Wherever you turn, I live here blocking ford and path. Rādhe, what can be said? You still do not recognize Me. Look toward Me once and see what kind of toll collector Kānh is.’

Dāna-līlā 7

जोहीं मैं तिहारी ओर नंदगाँव के किसोर,
 माखन के चोर तुम गोकुल के बासी हौ।
 जसुदा तिहारी माइ ऊखल सों बाँधौ जाइ,
 दानी पै कहाए आइ भए कामरासी हौ।
 कंस सों कहौंगी जाइ माँगिहौ तुम धराइ,
 रहोगे कहाँ छिपाइ जौ बड़े मवासी हौ।
 गोरस को दान हम आजहु न सुने कान,
 काहे लाल हम सों करत रोज रासी हौ॥

*johauṇ maiṇ tihārī ora naṇdagā~va ke kisorā,
 mākhana ke cora tuma gokula ke bāsī hau|
 jasudā tihārī māi ūkhala soṇ bā~dhau jāi,
 dānī pai kahāe āi bhae kāmārāsī hau|
 kaṇsa soṇ kahaṇṅgī jāi mā~gihauṇ tuma dharāi,
 rahoge kahā~ chipāi jau baṛe mavāsi hau|
 gorasa ko dāna hama ājahū na sune kāna,
 kāhe lāla hama soṇ karata roja rāsī hau||*

‘I am looking toward You, young prince of Nandagrāma: You are the butter thief who lives in Gokula.

Your mother Yaśodā tied You to a mortar; yet You come calling Yourself a toll collector, embodiment of desire.

I shall go tell Kaṇsa and have You arrested. Where will You hide then, insolent rebel?

We have never heard of a toll upon milk-products. Darling, why do You provoke us every day?’

Dāna-līlā 8

दान बैन कान सुने लैहों सो गुमान भंजि,
 हाँसी पर हाँसी परहाँसी आज करौंगो।
 जेती तुम ग्वालिन तितेक सब रोकि राखी,
 जमुना की ओटि पै जु सर्व काम सरौंगो।
 जाको तू कहति कंस ताहि को करौ विध्वंस,
 हौं तौ जदुवंस वीर काहु सों न डरौंगो।
 भूषन उतारि चीर फारि चीर डारि दैहौं,
 नंद की दुहाई खात टेक सों न टरौंगो॥

*dāna baina kāna sune laihaṃ so gumāna bhaṃji,
 hā-sī para hā-sī parahā-sī āja karaṃgo|
 jetī tuma gvālina titeka saba roki rākhī,
 jamunā kī oṭi pai ju sarva kāma saraṃgo|
 jāko tū kahati kaṃsa tāhi ko karau vidhvaṃsa,
 haṃ tau jaduvaṃsa vīra kāhū soṃ na ḍaraṃgo|
 bhūṣana utāri cīra phāri cīra ḍāri daihaṃ,
 naṃda kī duhāi khāta ṭeka soṃ na ṭaraṃgo||*

‘Let My ears hear these words about the toll; I shall break your pride and return laugh for laugh and mockery for mockery today.

However many cowherd girls there are, I shall stop them all and fulfill every desire behind Yamunā’s shelter.

As for the one you call Kaṃsa, I shall destroy him. I am a hero of the Yadu line and fear no one.

I shall remove your ornaments, tear away your garments, and cast them aside. By Nanda’s oath, I shall not retreat from My vow.’

Dāna-līlā 9

नंद की न दासी हम जातिहु में नाहीं कम,
 एक गाँव बसौ श्याम भोर भए बादी हौ।
 जमुना के तीर तुम वीर हु घुराइ रहौ,
 कि ताहु की न लाज आई ओर के फसादी हौ।
 रोकत हौ टोकत हौ बाट माहिं साट खाह,
 माट फोरि चाटौ दही यही गुन आदी हौ।
 जौ कहे बैठारिहौ न पारिहौ रुआब माहिं,
 नोन की न गोन ली है आदी हु न लादी हौ॥

*naṇḍa kī na dāsī hama jātihū meṇ nāhīṇ kama,
 eka gā~va basau śyāma bhora bhae bādī hau|
 jamunā ke tīra tuma vīra hū curāi rahau,
 ki tāhū kī na lāja āi ora ke phasādī hau|
 rokata hau ṭokata hau bāṭa māhīṇ sāṭa khāha,
 māṭa phorī cāṭau dahī yahī guna ādī hau|
 jau kahe baiṭhārihau na pārihau ruāba māhīṇ,
 nona kī na gona lī hai ādī hū na lādī hau||*

‘We are not Nanda’s servants, nor are we beneath You in rank. We live in one village, Śyāma, though You began arguing at dawn.
 On Yamunā’s bank You stole our garments—did even that bring You no shame, troublemaker of every household?
 You stop and challenge us on the road, deserve a blow with a stick, smash the pot, and lick up the curds—these are Your ancient virtues.
 Even if You threaten to seat us here, Your prestige cannot overpower us; we have neither accepted Your salt nor carried Your load.’

Dāna-līlā 10

मेरो को करै नियाव हौं तौ तीनि लोक राव,
 हमें घेरी माटी चाव दाव भलो पायौ हैं।
 वृंदावन कुंज माहिं कदंब की छाँह चलौ,
 अंक भरि भेंटि लैहौं जैसो मन भायौ हैं।
 हीरा मनि मानिक की काँच और पोतिन की,
 मोतिन की गात को जगात हौं लगायौ हैं।
 गोरस तौ ढेर ढेर खायौ पियौ बेर बेर,
 देखहु सलोनो रूप दानी कान्ह आयौ हैं॥

*mero ko karai niyāva haum̐ tau tīni loka rāva,
 hameṁ gherī māṭī cāva dāva bhalo pāyau haiṁ|
 vṛṇḍāvana kuṁja māhiṁ kadaṁba kī chā~ha calau,
 aṁka bhari bheṁṭi laihaum̐ jaiso mana bhāyau haiṁ|
 hīrā mani mānika kī kā~ca aura potina kī,
 motina kī gāta ko jagāta haum̐ lagāyau haiṁ|
 gorasa tau ḍhera ḍhera khāyau piyau bera bera,
 dekhahu salono rūpa dāni kānha āyau haiṁ||*

‘Who will judge against Me? I am sovereign of the three worlds. Having encircled Me with your clay pots, you have found a fine opening for play.

Come beneath a kadamba’s shade in a Vṛndāvana bower; I shall fill My arms in an embrace exactly as My heart desires.

I have assessed a toll upon bodies adorned with diamonds, gems, rubies, glass beads, corals, and pearls.

I have eaten heaps of milk-products and drunk them again and again. Behold the lovely form of Kānh, the toll collector, who has come!’

Dāna-līlā 11

नौ लख गाय सुनी हम नंद के तापर दूध दही न अघाने।
 माँगत भीख फिरौ बने ही बन झूठि ही बातन के पन पाने।
 ओर की नारिन के मुख जोवत लाज गहौ कछु होहु सयाने।
 जाहु भले जु चले घर जाहु चले बस जाउ वृंदावन जाने॥

nau lakha gāya sunī hama naṁda ke tāpara dūdha dahī na aghāne|
mā-gata bhīkha phirau bane hī bana jhūṭhi hī bātana ke pana pāne|
ora kī nārīna ke mukha jovata lāja gahau kachu hohu sayāne|
jāhu bhale ju cale ghara jāhu cale basa jāu vṛndāvana jāne||

‘We hear that Nanda owns nine hundred thousand cows, yet You are still not satisfied with milk and curds.

You wander from forest to forest begging, taking vows built upon nothing but false words.

You stare at other men’s women—have some shame and become a little wiser.

Go peacefully; if You mean to go home, go. Otherwise leave us and settle permanently in Vṛndāvana.’

Miscellaneous Poems · 1-5

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Miscellaneous Poems 1

तू ऐसी चतुराई ठान, काहे को निकसत या गैल।
गैल कहा तेरे बाबा की, हम निकसी का पहिल पहल।
यह पैड़ो सबहिन चलिबे को, काहे को तू रोकत छल।
रसखान के प्रभु सूधो चलि जा, देहूँ उरहनो नंद महल॥

*tū aisī caturāi thāna, kāhe ko nikasata yā gaila|
gaila kahā tere bābā kī, hama nikasī kā pahila pahala|
yaha paiṛo sabahina calibe ko, kāhe ko tū rokata chala|
rasakhāna ke prabhu sūdhō cali jā, dehū~ urahano naṁda mahala||*

You have devised such cleverness—why come out upon this lane?
'Is the lane your father's property? I came out here first of all.
This path is for everyone to travel; why do you deceitfully block it?'
'Lord of Rasakhān, go peacefully, or I shall lodge a complaint at Nanda's palace.'

Miscellaneous Poems 2

गारी खायगो अरे गँवार।
ऐसी कौन सिखाई तोहै, पकरत आप पराई नार।
जा जा गोरस ले पिबेया, कौन है तू मग रोकनहार।
एती बरजोरी ना कीजे, मोहन सीख दई सत बार।
खीजि मटु किया फटकि सुपटकी, गोरस बहि बहि चल्थौ पनार।
रसखान के प्रभु आज जान दे, कल आऊँगी यही करार॥

*gārī khāyago are ga~vāra|
aisī kauna sikhāi tohai, pakarata āpa parāi nāra|
jā jā gorasa le pibeyā, kauna hai tū maga rokanahāra|
etī barajorī nā kīje, mohana sikha dāi sata bāra|
khīji maṭukiyaṁ phaṭaki supaṭakī, gorasa bahi bahi calyau panāra|
rasakhāna ke prabhu āja jāna de, kala āū~gī yahī karāra||*

'You will earn abuse, ignorant boy!
Who taught You such behavior—seizing another man's wife?
Go, go, drink Your milk-products. Who are You to block the road?
Do not use such force; Mohana, I have taught You a hundred times.'

Angrily she struck and smashed the little pot, and streams of milk-product ran away like a drain.

‘Lord of Rasakhān, let me go today. I promise that tomorrow I shall come this same way.’

Miscellaneous Poems 3

वाही दिन वारौ बानक बनि, आयौ सखि आज।
गावत तेरी रुचि भावती, संग लिये सुधर समाज।
सासु ननद की कानि करौ जनि, उठि किन खेली फाग।
अँखियाँ सखियाँ सफल करी किन, इन नैनन के भाग।
कान परी जब तान मोहिनी, तबहुँ तजी कुल कानि।
इतरु हँसी वृषभान-नदिनी, उतरु हँसे रसखानि॥

vāhī dīna vārau bānaka bani, āyau sakhi āja|
gāvata terī ruci bhāvatī, saṅga liye sudhara samāja|
sāsu nanada kī kāni karau jani, uṭhi kina khelī phāga|
a-khiyā~ sakhiyā~ saphala karī kina, ina nainana ke bhāga|
kāna parī jaba tāna mohinī, tabahū~ tajī kula kāni|
itaru ha~sī vṛṣabhāna-naṁdīnī, utaru ha~se rasakhāni||

Friend, today He has come dressed in that same marvelous fashion,
singing melodies that please you, accompanied by His graceful company.
Pay no heed to mother-in-law or sister-in-law—rise and play Phāga.
Make the eyes of your companions fruitful; fulfill the fortune of these eyes.
When that enchanting melody first entered your ears, you abandoned family restraint even then.

On this side Vṛṣabhānu’s daughter laughed proudly; on that, Rasakhān’s Lord laughed in reply.

Miscellaneous Poems 4

आज होरी रे मोहन होरी।
कालि हमारे आँगन गारी, दै आयौ सो को री।
अब का दूरि बैठे मैया ढिग, निकसौ कुंजबिहारी।
उमंगि उमंगि आई गोकुल की, सकल मही धनधारी।
जब ललना ललकारि निकासे, रूप सुधा की प्यारी।
लिपटि गई घनश्याम लाल सों, चमक चमक चपला सी।
काजर देउ जु परि भरुवा के, सब देह मिलि गारी।
कहि रसखान एक गारी पै, सौ आदर बलिहारी॥

ājā horī re mohana horī|
kālī hamāre ā-gana gārī, dai āyau so ko rī|
aba kā dūri baiṭhe maiyā ḍhiga, nikasau kuṇjabihārī|
umaṅgi umaṅgi āi gokula kī, sakala mahī dhanadhārī|
jaba lalanā lalakāri nikāse, rūpa sudhā kī pyārī|
lipaṭi gāi ghanaśyāma lāla soṃ, camaka camaka capalā sī|
kājara deu ju pari bharuvā ke, saba deha mili gārī|
kahi rasakhāna eka gārī pai, sau ādara balihārī||

Today is Holī, Mohana—Holī!

Yesterday You came into our courtyard and showered abuse; who was that, then?

Why sit far away beside Your mother now? Come out, wanderer of the bowers!

All the women of Gokula have come surging with excitement, bearers of the earth's entire wealth.

When the lovely young Girl came out at their challenge, she was the very beloved of beauty's nectar.

She clasped dark Ghanaśyāma like lightning flashing again and again around a cloud.

Give us the lampblack mixed in the color-pot; let every body join in the festive abuse.

For one insult in this Holī play, says Rasakhān, I would offer a hundred honors in return.

Miscellaneous Poems 5

मैं कैसे निकसौं मोहन खेले फाग।
 मेरे संग की सब गई, मोहिं प्रगट्यौ अनुराग।
 एक रैन सुपनो भयो, नंद-नंदन मिल्यौ आइ।
 मैं सकुचन घूँघट कर्यौ, उन भुज मेरी लपटाइ।
 अपनो रस मोको दयौ, मेरो लीनौ घूँटि।
 बैरिन पलकें खुल गई, मेरी गई आस सब टूटि।
 फिरि मैं बहुतेरी करी, नेकु न लागी आँखि।
 पलक मूँढ़ि परिचौ लियौ, मैं जाम एक लौं राखि।
 मेरे ता दिन ह्वै गयौ, होरी डाँडो रोपि।
 सास ननद देखन गई, मोहिं घर वासौ सौँपि।
 सास उसासन मारई, ननद खरी अनखाय।
 देवर डग धरिबो गनै, मेरो बोलत नाहु रिसाय।
 तिखने चढ़ि ठाढ़ी रहूँ, नैन करूँ कनहेर।
 राति चौस हौसे रहै, का मुरली की टेर।
 क्यों करि मन धीरज धरूँ, उठति अतिहि अकुलाइ।
 कठिन हियौ फाटै नहीं, तिल भर दुख न समाइ।
 ऐसी मन में आवई, छाँड़ि लाज कुल कानि।
 जाइ मिलौं ब्रज ईस सों, रति-नायक रसखानि॥

maiṇ kaise nikasaṁ mohana khele phāga|
mere saṅga kī saba gāiṁ, mohiṇ pragatyaṁ anurāga|
eka raini supano bhayo, naṁda-naṁdana milyau āi|
maiṇ sakucana ghū~ghaṭa karyau, una bhuja merī lapaṭāi|
apano rasa moko dayau, mero līnau ghū~ṭi|
bairina palakeṁ khula gāiṁ, merī gāi āsa saba ṭūṭi|
phiri maiṇ bahuterī karī, neku na lāgī ā~khi|
palaka mū~di paricau liyau, maiṇ jāma eka lauṁ rākhi|
mere tā dīna hvai gayau, horī ḍā~ḍo ropi|
sāsa nanada dekhana gāi, mohiṇ ghara vāsau saumpi|
sāsa usāsana mārāi, nanada kharī anakhāya|
devara ḍaga dharibo ganai, mero bolata nāhu risāya|
tikhane caṛhi ṭhāṛhī rahū~, naina karū~ kanahera|
rāti dyausa hause rahai, kā muralī kī ṭera|
kyauṁ kari mana dhīraja dharū~, uṭhati atihi akulāi|
kaṭhina hiyau phāṭai nahīṁ, tila bhara dukha na samāi|
aisī mana meṁ āvāi, chā~ṛī lāja kula kāni|
jāi milaṁ braja īsa sōṁ, rati-nāyaka rasakhāni||

How can I go out while Mohana plays Phāga?

All my companions have gone, while love has openly revealed itself in me.

One night I dreamed that Nanda's son came and met me.
Shyly I drew my veil, but He wrapped His arms around me.
He gave me His nectar and drank mine in a single draught.
Then the hostile eyelids opened; every hope I held broke apart.
I struggled again and again to return, but sleep would not touch my eyes.
Closing my eyelids, I held that vision for the length of one watch.
From that day, the Holī pole had already been planted within me.
My mother-in-law and sister-in-law went to watch, leaving me confined at home.
My mother-in-law sighs, my sister-in-law stands furious,
my husband angrily counts every step his younger brother takes.
I stand upon the high roof and strain my eyes to the horizon.
Night and day hope remains: when will the flute call?
How can I make the mind patient? I rise in terrible anguish.
This hard heart does not split, though it cannot contain even a sesame-seed of further pain.
One longing fills my mind: abandon shame and family restraint,
go and meet the Lord of Vraja, Love's sovereign—the Lord of Rasakhān.

Doubtful Attribution · 1–10

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Attribution note: the primary Granthāvalī explicitly identifies these ten roots as doubtful.

Doubtful Attribution 1

हेरत कुंज भुजा धरे श्याम सों नेकु तबै हँसती न लुगाई।
 लाज न कानि हुती जिय माँह सु मेटत जौ मग माँह कन्हाई।
 हेरे पर न गुपाल सखी इन जोबन आनि कुचाल चलाई।
 होय कहा अब के पछिताए जौ हाथ तें छुटि गई लरिकाई॥

herata kuṅja bhujā dhare śyāma soṃ neku tabai ha~satī na luḡāī|
lāja na kāni hutī jiya mā~ha su meṭata jau maga mā~ha kanhāī|
here para na gupāla sakhi ina jobana āni kucāla calāī|
hoya kahā aba ke pachitāe jau hātha teṃ chuṭi gāi larikāī||

If a woman saw Śyāma holding another by the arm in a bower, friend, would she still laugh?
 Had she no modesty or family restraint within her heart, that Kanhaiyā could erase it upon
 the road?

She never even beheld Gopāla, friend, yet youth arrived and began its crooked play.
 What use is regret now that childhood has slipped from her hands?

Doubtful Attribution 2

घीर की चटक औ लटक नव कुंडल की,
 भौंह की मटक नेह अँखिन दिखाउ रे।
 मोहन सुजान गुन-रूप के निधान फेरि,
 बाँसुरी बजाइ तनु-तपन सिराउ रे।
 एहो बनवारी बलिहारी जाउँ तेरी आजु,
 मेरी कुंज आइ नेकु मीठी तान गाउ रे।
 नंद के किसोर चितचोर मोर-पखवारे,
 बंसीवारे साँवरे पियारे इत आउ रे॥

*cīra kī caṭaka au laṭaka nava kuṇḍala kī,
 bhaum̐ha kī maṭaka neha a~khina dikhāu re|
 mohana sujāna guna-rūpa ke nidhāna pheri,
 bā~surī bajāi tanu-tapana sirāu re|
 eho banavārī balihārī jāu~ terī āju,
 merī kuṇja āi neku mīṭhī tāna gāu re|
 naṁda ke kisora citacora mora-pakhavāre,
 baṁsivāre sā~vare piyāre ita āu re||*

Show the flash and graceful fall of Your garment, the swing of fresh earrings,
 the dance of Your brows and the love within Your eyes.
 Mohana, discerning treasury of virtue and beauty, play the flute again and cool the body's
 burning.
 O Banavārī, I offer myself to You today—come to my bower and sing one sweet melody.
 Young prince of Nanda, thief of hearts, peacock-plumed flute-player, dark Beloved—come
 this way.

Doubtful Attribution 3

तट की न घट भरे मग की न पग धरे,
 घर की न कछु करे बैठी भरे साँसु री।
 एक सुनि लौट गई एकी लोट-पोट भई,
 एकनि के दृगनि निकसि आए आँसु री।
 कहै रसखान सो सब ब्रज-वनिता बधि,
 बधिक कहाइ हाय भई कुल हाँसु री।
 करिये उपाय बाँस डारिये कटाय, नाहिं,
 उपजैगो बाँस नाहिं बजै फेरि बाँसुरी॥

*taṭa kī na ghaṭa bhare maga kī na paga dhare,
 ghara kī na kachu kare baiṭhī bhare sā~su rī|
 eka sunī lauṭa gaī ekī loṭa-poṭa bhai,
 ekani ke dṛgani nikasi āe ā~su rī|
 kahai rasakhāna so saba braja-vanitā badhi,
 badhika kahāi hāya bhai kula hā~su rī|
 kariye upāya bā~sa ḍāriye kaṭāya, nāhiṃ,
 upajaigo bā~sa nāhiṃ bajai pheri bā~surī||*

They do not fill their pots at the riverbank, set foot upon the road, or do any work at home;
 they only sit and sigh.

At a single hearing one turned back, another rolled upon the ground, and tears streamed
 from another's eyes.

That hunter has slain all the women of Vraja, says Rasakhān; alas, He has made their
 families a laughingstock.

Find some remedy: have the bamboo cut down, so bamboo will not grow and the flute will
 never sound again.

Doubtful Attribution 4

भिक्षुक तिहारो कहाँ बलि मखशाला जहाँ,
 सर्पन को संगी कहाँ हूँ है छीरनिधि में।
 ऐरी बहुरंगी बैलवारौ कहाँ नाचत है,
 कीने तिरिभंग कहीं है ग्वालन में।
 चाउर चर्वेया कहाँ है सुदामा पास,
 विष को अहारी कहाँ पूतना के घर में।
 सिंधु-सुता आन मिली तर्क सों परक करी,
 गिरिजा मुसकाति जाति झारी लिये कर में॥

*bhikṣuka tihāro kahā~ bali makhaśālā jahā~,
 sarpana ko saṃgī kahā~ hū~ hai chīranidhi meṃ|
 airī bahuraṅgī bailavārau kahā~ nācata hai,
 kīne tiribhaṅga kahīṃ hvai hai gvālana meṃ|
 cāura carveyā kahā~ hai sudāmā pāsa,
 viṣa ko ahārī kahā~ pūtanā ke ghara meṃ|
 siṃdhu-sutā āna milī tarka sōṃ paraka karī,
 girijā musakāti jāti jhārī liye kara meṃ||*

‘Where is your beggar?’ ‘At Bali’s sacrificial hall.’ ‘Where is the companion of serpents?’
 ‘Somewhere in the milk ocean.’

‘Friend, where does the many-colored bull-rider dance?’ ‘He has assumed a
 threefold-bending pose among the cowherds.’

‘Where is the eater of parched rice?’ ‘With Sudāmā.’ ‘Where is the consumer of poison?’ ‘In
 Pūtanā’s house.’

The ocean’s daughter came and reasoned out the differences, while Girijā walked away
 smiling with a water-pot in her hand.

Doubtful Attribution 5

खेलिये फाग निसंक है आज मयंकमुखी कहै भाग हमारौ।
 लेहु गुलाल दुऔ कर में पिचकारी रंग हिये महँ डारौ।
 भावै सु मोहिं करौ रसखान जू पाँव परी जनि घूँघट टारौ।
 बीर को सौह हौं देखिहौं कंत अबीर तौ आँख बचाइ के डारौ॥

*kheliye phāga nisaṁka hvai āja mayamkamukhī kahai bhāga hamārau|
 lehu gulāla duau kara meṁ picakārī raṅga hiye maha~ ḍārau|
 bhāvai su mohiṁ karau rasakhāna jū pā~va parī jani ghū~ghaṭa ṭārau|
 bīra ko sauha hauṁ dekhihauṁ kaṁta abīra tau ā~kha bacāi ke ḍārau||*

‘Play Phāga without fear today, moon-faced one; call it my good fortune.
 Take gulāla in both hands and pour the water-syringe’s color into my heart.
 Do whatever pleases you with me, Lord of Rasakhān; I fall at your feet—only do not lift my
 veil.
 By a hero’s oath, Beloved, I shall see whether you can throw the abīra while escaping my
 eyes.’

Doubtful Attribution 6

नंद महर के अँगन तन, ऊब मेरे को जाय।
 नाहक कहुँ गड़ि जायगो, हित काँटो मन पाय॥

*naṁda mahara ke a~gana tana, ūba mere ko jāya|
 nāhaka kahū~ gaṛi jāyago, hita kā~ṭo mana pāya||*

In great Nanda’s courtyard, how can the thorn lodged in my heart be removed?
 It may needlessly pierce somewhere deeper, finding the tender place within my mind.

Doubtful Attribution 7

सुरतरु लतानि चार फल हैं ललित कैधौं,
कामधेनु धारा सम नेह उपजावनी।
कैधौं चिंतामनिन की माल उर सोभित,
बिसाल कंठ में धरे है जोति झलकावनी।
प्रभु की कहानी तें गुसाई की मधुर बानी,
मुक्ति-सुखदानी रसखानि मनभावनी।
खाँड़ की खिजावनी सी कंठ की कुढ़ावनी सी,
सिता को सतावनी सी सुधा सकुचावनी॥

*surataru latāni cāra phala haiṃ lalita kaidhauṇ,
kāmadhenu dhārā sama neha upajāvanī|
kaidhauṇ cīntāmanina kī mālā ura sobhita,
bisāla kaṇṭha meṇ dhare hai jotī jhalakāvanī|
prabhu kī kahānī teṇ gusāī kī madhura bānī,
mukti-sukhadānī rasakhānī manabhāvanī|
khā~ṛa kī khijāvanī sī kaṇṭha kī kuṛhāvanī sī,
sitā ko satāvanī sī sudhā sakucāvanī||*

Are these lovely vines of the wish-fulfilling tree, bearing the four fruits of life,
or streams from the wish-fulfilling cow, awakening love?
Is this a necklace of wish-fulfilling gems shining upon the breast,
worn upon a broad throat and pouring forth light?
Beyond the Lord's own story stands the master's sweet voice,
giver of liberation's joy and delightful to Rasakhān's mind.
It mocks the sweetness of sugar, leaves every other throat discontent,
torments crystallized sugar, and makes nectar itself withdraw in shame.

Doubtful Attribution 8

अंग भभूत लगाय महा सुख है कोउ ऐसो सो प्रेमहु पागे।
नाथ को नाम सुने बिगसे हियौ कान्ह को नाम सुने अनुरागे।
जोग लिये हरि प्यारी मिले तौ मैं कान फटाए कहा दुख लागे।
मोहन के मत मानी यही तौ सबै री कहौ मिलि गोरख जागे॥

*aṅga bhabhūta lagāya mahā sukha hai kou aisō so premahū pāge|
nātha ko nāma sune bigase hiyau kānha ko nāma sune anurāge|
joga liye hari pyārī mile tau maiṁ kāna phaṭāe kahā dukha lāge|
mohana ke mata mānī yahī tau sabai rī kahau mili gorakha jāge||*

Someone smears sacred ash upon the limbs and finds immense joy, yet remains dyed through with love.

At the name of Nātha the heart blossoms; at Kānh's name it fills with longing.

If by taking up yoga I may meet Hari's beloved, what pain is there if I split my ears like a yogī?

If this accords with Mohana's intention, then tell everyone: gather together and awaken Gorakha.

Doubtful Attribution 9

कैसा यह देस निगोरा, जग होरी ब्रज होरा।
मैं जल जमुना भरन जात रही, देखि बदन मेरा गोरा।
मो सों कहै चलौ कुंजन में, तनक तनक से छोरा।
परे आँखिन में डोरा।
जिनरा देखि डरात सखी री, लाज भरम को ओरा।
का बूढ़ी का लोग लुगाई, एक तें एक ठिठोरा।
है न काहु सों काहु को जोरा।
मन मेरो हर्यौ नंद के नैं सखि, चलत लगावत चोरा।
कहै रसखान सिखाइ सखन सों, सब मेरो अंग टटोरा।
न मानत कहत निहोरा॥

*kaisā yaha desa nigorā, jaga horī braja horā|
maiṁ jala jamunā bharana jāta rahī, dekhi badana merā gorā|
mo soṁ kahai calau kuṁjana meṁ, tanaka tanaka se chorā|
pare ā~khina meṁ ḍorā|
jinarā dekhi ḍarāta sakhi rī, lāja bharama ko orā|
kā būṛhī kā loga lugaī, eka teṁ eka ṭhiṭhorā|
hai na kāhū soṁ kāhū ko jorā|
mana mero haryau naṁda ke naiṁ sakhi, calata lagāvata corā|
kahai rasakhāna sikhāi sakhana soṁ, saba mero aṅga ṭaṭorā|
na mānata kahata nihorā||*

What a shameless land this is—the world has Holī, but Vraja is one endless uproar.
I was going to fill water at Yamunā when they saw my fair face.
Little boys said to me, ‘Come into the bowers,’ and red veins sprang into their eyes.
Friend, even those whose sight once frightened us now stand beyond the boundary of shame
and delusion.
Old women and ordinary people alike—each is more insolent than the last; no one remains
bound to anyone.
Nanda’s son stole my mind, friend, brushing against me as He passed like a thief.
Rasakhān says: instructed by His companions, they touched every limb of mine and would
not heed my pleading words.

Doubtful Attribution 10

परम चतुर पुनि रसिकवर, कैसो हु नर होय।
बिना प्रेम रूखो लगै, बादि चतुरई सोय॥

parama catura puni rasikavara, kaiso hū nara hoyā|
binā prema rūkho lagai, bādī caturāi soya||

However supremely clever and accomplished in the arts of love a person may be,
without love he appears dry, and all that cleverness is wasted.