

শ্রী শ্রী গৌরগোবিন্দের অষ্টকাল  
নিত্যলীলা স্মরণ  
গুটিকা

Gaura-govinda Aṣṭakāla  
Nitya-līlā Smaraṇa  
Guṭikā

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# Chapter 1

## Maṅgalācaraṇa

अज्ञानतिमिरान्धस्य ज्ञानाञ्जनशलाकया ।  
चक्षुरुन्मीलितं येन तस्मै श्रीगुरवे नमः ॥

My vision was blinded by ignorance.  
I knew no difference between good and bad.

With the rod of mercy he applied the ointment  
of knowledge of Kṛṣṇa and opened my eyes.

To such a teacher I give billions of obeisances.  
There has never been another such ocean of mercy.

सिंहस्कन्धं मधुरमधुरस्मेरगन्धस्थलास्तं  
दुर्विज्ञेयोज्ज्वलरसमयाश्चर्यनानाविकारम् ।  
बिभ्रत्कान्तिविकचकणकाम्भोजगर्भाभिरामाम्  
एकीभूतं वपुरवतु वो राधया माधवस्य ॥

With a neck more beautiful than a lion's,  
cheeks that distract the mind  
and a sweet smile gracing them,

with the symptoms of astonishment  
from that very intimate *rasa*,  
how beautiful is that Gaura Rāya!

Like a blossoming golden lotus,  
how beautiful is his complexion.  
By that golden form the world is distracted.  
Śrī Rādhā and Mādhava  
have become one in that body.  
Out of compassion and love for you.

भक्तिरसामृतसिन्धौ चरितः परिभूतकालजालमियः ।  
भक्तमकरानशीलितमुक्तिनदीकान्नमस्यामि ॥

Those who sport in the ocean of the nectar of devotion.  
have conquered their fear of the nets of great Time.

They show no respect for the rivers of fivefold liberation.  
They, whose hearts are free of any other desire,  
are the great whale-like devotees of Gaura.  
At their feet do I offer billions of obeisances.

Victory, victory to the lotus-feet of the teacher,  
the mere memory of whom destroys all that is inauspicious.

Please have mercy on me, O Ocean of Compassion,  
May my mind remain on your lotus-feet without interruption.

Victory, victory to the devotees. Please show me your mercy.  
Place the dust of your lotus-feet on my head.

Victory to the saviors of the fallen, the Vaiṣṇava Gosvāmīs.  
Apart from you, I have no one else in the three worlds.

I placing your feet on my head show me your mercy.  
May the divine sport of Gaura and Kṛṣṇa appear constantly in my mind.

## Chapter 2

# Līlā at the End of the Night

(From 3:36 AM to 6:00 AM, 2 hours and 24 minutes)

### 2.1 Preliminary Practices at the End of the Night

You the practitioner rise quickly in the Brāhmamuhūrta and sings the Lord’s names with a joyful heart.

“Victory, victory, O Gauracandra, son of Śacī.  
Victory O Body of Nityānanda, Life of Advaita.

Victory O Lord of the life of Gadādhara, O Vivāmbhara.  
Victory O Deity of the *bhaktas* headed by Śrīvāsa.

Victory, victory O Great Master, Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya.  
O Saving descent for the Age of Kali. Fortunate, so fortunate!

Your divine sports in Nadia along with your *bhaktas*,  
may they appear in my heart without interruption.

Victory, O Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa, O Śrī Govinda, O Gopīnātha!  
Victory O Rādhā-Madanamohana, Lord of my life.

Victory to you, located at the base of a holy tree in Vṛndāvana,  
Your form unsettles billions and billions of gods of love.

Victory O Queen of Vṛndāvana! Golden Goose,  
who frolics in the pond of Śrī Govinda's mind.

Victory O heart and soul of your girlfriends headed by Lalitā!  
Victory Kīrtidā's Matchless Vine of Glory.

All those sports you play with the lord of your life,  
may they manifest in my mind without any break."

Then offering your obeisances at the feet of your teacher,  
you pray to the Earth, filled with joy.

अज्ञानतिमिरान्धस्य ज्ञानाञ्जनशलाकया ।

चक्षुरुन्मीलितं येन तस्मै श्रीगुरवे नमः ॥

"In the darkness of ignorance my vision was darkened.  
Applying the balm of knowledge he opened my eyes.

To the lotus-feet of that teacher my billions of obeisances.  
Another ocean of mercy like him there has never been."

समुद्रमेखले देवि पर्वतस्तनमण्डले ।

विष्णुपत्नि नमस्तुभ्यं पादस्पर्शं क्षमस्व मे ॥

"Oceans as your girdle! Mountains as your breasts!  
O Goddess! Wife of Viṣṇu! My obeisances at your feet.

Please forgive the offense of touching you with my feet.  
Grant me ceaseless, pure *bhakti* to the feet of Kṛṣṇa."

Then going outside you take care of your personal hygiene.<sup>1</sup>  
Washing your hands and feet, you brush your teeth and so forth.

Removing your night-time clothes, you put on other (clean) clothes.  
After rinsing out your mouth you return again to the house.

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<sup>1</sup>This is the time to use the toilet.



You sit on a comfortable seat (or in a comfortable posture) facing east and offer obeisance and praise, remembering the feet of your teacher.

कृपामकरन्दान्वितं पादपङ्कजं  
श्वेताम्बरं गौररुचिं सनातनम्।  
शब्दं सुमाल्याभरणं गुणालयं  
स्मरामि सद्भक्तिमयं गुरुं हरिम्॥

“Endowed with the nectar of mercy are his lotus feet,  
dressed in white, of golden complexion, eternal,

granter of well-being, wearing fragrant garlands, a repository of good traits:  
thus do I contemplate my teacher-deity who is filled with pure *bhakti*.”

You should then recite the *ajñāna-timirāndhasya* verse.

The cultivator (of *bhakti*) should very humbly offer obeisance (to the teacher).

वन्देऽहं श्रीगुरोः श्रीयुतपदकमलं श्रीगुरुन् वैष्णवांश्च  
श्रीरूपं साग्रजातं सहगणरघुनाथान्वितं तं सजीवं।  
साद्वैतं सावधूतं परिजनसहितं कृष्णचैतन्यदेवं  
श्रीराधाकृष्णपादान् सहगणललिताश्रीविशाखान्वितांश्च॥

“To the two lotus-like feet of my teacher,  
to the elders and all the Vaiṣṇava,

to Sanātana, Rūpa, and Raghunātha with their companions,  
to Śrī Jīva, Gopāla Bhaṭṭa, and Lokanātha,

to Śrī Advaita, Nityānanda with their companions,  
to the divine Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya do I offer praise everyday.

To all the girlfriends, Lalitā, Viśākhā and their companions,  
to the lotus feet of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa do I constantly offer praise.”

गुरवे गौरचन्द्राय राधिकायै तदालये।

कृष्णाय कृष्णभक्ताय तद्भक्ताय नमो नमः ॥

“The lotus feet of my teacher and Śrī Gaurāṅga,  
Śrī Rādhikā and all her girlfriends.

Śrī Kṛṣṇa, his devotees, and their devotees,  
I praise the feet of them all, falling prostrate on the ground.”

Then, repeating the names of your teacher and his teachers in order,  
you should offer them all obeisance, contemplating their lotus-like feet.

For instance:<sup>2</sup>

Śrī-gurudeva-aṣṭottaraśataśrīmat-sakhicaraṇadāsa-bābājī-mahārāja-śrīcaraṇa-  
kamalebhyo namaḥ.

śrīmat-hemeśvaraṭhākura-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.

śrīmat-jagannātha-vidyālaṅkāra-ṭhākura-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.

śrīmat-rādhāmohana-ṭhākura-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.

śrīmat-nidhirāma-ācārya-ṭhākura-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.

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<sup>2</sup>Here the author, Śrī Madan Mohan Dās Bābā, gives his own guru-praṇālī. One should replace it with one's own *guru-praṇālī*, or, if one does not have one yet, use the author's for the time being. This is the Narottama Dāsa lineage and these Vaiṣṇava will not mind. Here, too, is the lineage of Śrī Tinkuḍi Goswāmī:

śrīmat-tinakuḍi-gosvāmi-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīmad-dharimohana-gosvāmi-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīman-naderacanda-gosvāmi-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīmac-chrīdhara-gosvāmi-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīmad-dāmodara-gosvāmi-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīmad-guruprasāda-gosvāmi-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīmad-rāmacandra-gosvāmi-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīmat-kīśorānanda-gosvāmi-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīman-navakumāra-gosvāmi-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīmad-vaiṣṇavacaraṇa-gosvāmi-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīmad-govindapriya-gosvāmi-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīmad-vaikuṇṭha-gosvāmi-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīmad-guṇanidhi-gosvāmi-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīman-nityānanda-jāhnavyoh śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.

śrīmat-kuñjabihārī-ācārya-ṭhākura-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
 śrīmat-kṛṣṇacarāṇa-cakravartī-ṭhākura-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
 śrīmat-gaṅgānārāyaṇa-cakravartī-ṭhākura-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
 śrīmat-narottamadāsa-ṭhākura-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
 śrīmat-lokanātha-gosvāmipāda-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
 śrīśrī-gaurāṅga-mahāprabhor śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
 śrīman-nityānanda-prabhor śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
 śrīmad-advaitaprabhor śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
 śrīmad-gadādhara-paṇḍita-gosvāmī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
 śrīmat-śrīvāsa-paṇḍita-gosvāmī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
 aṣṭottaraśrī-cauṣaṭṭi-mahānta-dvādaśa-gopāla-aṣṭa-gosvāmī-ādi-samasta-  
 gaurabhaktavṛndebhyo namaḥ.  
 śrīvāsodyānāya namaḥ.  
 śrīśrīgaṅgādevyai namaḥ.  
 śrīśrīnavadvīpadhāmne namaḥ.

नवीनश्रीभक्तिं नवकणकगौराकृतिपतिं  
 नवारण्यश्रेणिं नवसुरसुरिद्धातवलितम् ।  
 नवीनश्रीराधाहरिसमयोत्कीर्तनविधिं  
 नवद्वीपं बन्दे नवकरुणमाद्यं नवरुचिम् ॥

“Where a new *rasa* of Hari spreads everywhere,  
 where lord has a new form, golden in hue,  
 where new forest groves extend in all directions,  
 a place graced by the fresh wind of the river of the gods,  
 filled with glorification of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa’s new *rasa*,  
 which is measurelessly sweet to the ears,

newly intoxicated by the liqueur of Śrī Gaurāṅga’s mercy,  
I praise that Navadvīpa wholeheartedly.”

Then repeating the *mañjarī* names of your lineage of teachers,  
you should offer obeisance to them all joyfully.

For example:<sup>3</sup>

śrīkasturīmañjarī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīharitamañjarī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīpadmamañjarī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīrāsamañjarī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīharīmañjarī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīraṅgamañjarī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīmaṇīmañjarī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīcampakamañjarī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīmañjulālīmañjarī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.

And after that:

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<sup>3</sup>Here again one should insert one’s own *siddha-praṇālī*. The one supplied here is that of the author. Here is the *siddha-praṇālī* of Śrī Tinkuḍī Goswāmī:

śrītilakīmañjarī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīhārīmañjarī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīnālinīmañjarī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīmaṇīmañjarī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīdāminīmañjarī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīguṇamañjarī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīraṅgīmañjarī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīkokīlāmañjarī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīnavīmañjarī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīvanavīhārīmañjarī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīguṇamālīmañjarī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīvanamālīmañjarī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrīguṇamañjarī-śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
śrībalarāma-anaṅgamañjaryoḥ śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.

śrīrādhāgovindayor śrīcaraṇakamalebhyo namaḥ.  
 śrīlālītādisakhivṛndebhyo namaḥ.  
 śrīrūpamañjaryādibhyo namaḥ.  
 śrīpaurṇamāsīdevyai namaḥ.  
 śrīvṛndādevyai namaḥ.  
 śrītulasīdevyai namaḥ.  
 śrīyamunādevyai namaḥ.  
 śrīrādhākunḍa-śyāmakunḍābhyāṃ namaḥ.  
 śrīgovardhanāya namaḥ.  
 śrīvṛndāvipināya namaḥ.

आनन्दवृन्दपरितुन्दिलमिन्दिराया  
 आनन्दवृन्दपरिनन्दितनन्दपुत्रम्।  
 गोविन्दसुन्दरवधूपरिनन्दितं तद्  
 वृन्दावनं मधुरमूर्तमहम् नमामि॥

“Where the joy of Lakṣmī is fulfilled,  
 where the highest bliss of the Son of Nanda is disclosed,  
 who bestows the joys of love to Govinda’s lovers,  
 I praise that Vṛndāvana in form so enchanting.”

## 2.2 The Līlā of the Eight Periods

Obeisance to the Navadvīpa-līlā:

For instance:<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup>This verse is the first verse of the *Śrīman-mahāprabhor aṣṭakālīya-līlā-smaraṇa-maṅgala-strotra* that is attributed to Rūpa Gosvāmin. It is exactly the same as the first verse of the hymn of the same name by Viśvanātha Cakravartin, however.

श्रीगौराङ्गमहाप्रभोश्चरणयोर्या केशशेषादिभिः  
 सेवागम्यतया स्वभक्तविहिता सान्यैर्यया लभ्यते।  
 तां तन्मानसिकीं स्मृतिं प्रथयितुं भाव्यां सदा सत्तमै-  
 नीमि प्रात्यहिकं तदीयचरितं श्रीमन्नवद्वीपजम्॥

Direct service of the feet of Mahāprabhu Śrī Gaurāṅga,  
 always beyond the reach of Brahmā, Śiva, and Śeṣa,

only his very own devotees may perform.  
 That on which the great ones meditate

is the mental (visualized) service by which we others  
 may gain his personal service. To describe it well

I bow my head to his daily routine  
 that is performed in Navadvīpa.

Now, the aphoristic description of his eightfold *līlā*:<sup>5</sup>

रात्यन्ते शयनोत्थितः सुरसुरित्स्नातो बभौ यः प्रगे  
 पूर्वाह्णे सगणैर्लसत्युपवने तैर्भाति मध्याह्णे।  
 यः पुर्यामपराह्णे निजगृहे सायं गृहेऽथाङ्गने  
 श्रीवासस्य निशामुखे निशि वसन् गौरः स नो रक्षतु॥

At the end of the night he rises from bed; early morning a bath in the Ganges.  
 Late morning and midday with all his companions

he shines, performing sports in forested grove.  
 In the afternoon, he wanders the town.

Early evening at his house; late evening and night  
 at the courtyard of Śrīvāsa he stays.

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<sup>5</sup>This is the second verse of those same two hymns.

May Master Gaurāṅga by his own good graces  
personally protect us, each and every one.

Now, obeisance to the Vṛndāvana-līlā:

श्रीगोविन्दं ब्रजानन्दं सन्दोहामन्दमन्दिरं।  
वन्दे वृन्दावनानन्दं श्रीराधासङ्गनन्दितम्॥

Śrī Govinda, joy of Vraja, root of the mountain of bliss,  
full of the pleasure of Rādhā's touch.

I praise that joy of Vṛndāvana, giver of graces like a desire tree,  
foundation and rest of all that is joyful.

श्रीराधाप्राणबन्धोश्चरणकमलयोः केशशेषाद्यगम्या  
या साध्या प्रेमसेवा ब्रजचरितपरैर्गाढलौल्यैकलभ्या।  
सा स्यात्प्राप्ता यया तां प्रथयितुमधुना मानसीमस्य सेवां  
भाव्यां रागाध्वपान्थैर्ब्रजमनुचरितम् नैत्यिकं तस्य नौमि॥

Rādhā's life-breath's closest friend, the moonlike nails of whose lotus feet,  
the reach of Brahmā, Śiva, and Śeṣa cannot meet,  
whose loving service is the highest goal, attained by nothing but burning desire,  
which the conduct of Vrajavāsīs inspire.

One taking the path of *rāga*, towards the feelings of Vraja inclined,  
by daily service that high love can find.  
That service performed in the mind, to describe it in words that are meet  
I bow my head at his feet.

Now the aphorism of the eightfold *līlā*:

कुञ्जाद्गोष्ठं निशान्ते प्रविशति कुरुते दोहनान्नाशनद्यां  
प्रातः सायञ्च लीलां विहरति सखिभिः सङ्गवे चारयन् गाः।

मध्याह्ने चाथ नक्तं विलसति विपिने राधयाद्धापराह्ने  
गोष्ठं याति प्रदोषे रमयति सुहृदो यः स कृष्णोऽवतान्नः ॥

At the end of night, from bower to town he retreats;  
after milking the cows, he sits down and eats  
in early morning and evening; with friends he plays  
while herding his cows in the forenoons of his days.

At midday and night sweet Rādhā's his treasure  
in the forests of Vṛndā, overwhelmed with great pleasure.  
Afternoons to the village he goes; evenings he spends with friends.  
May that Kṛṣṇa, root of all *rasa*, keep us from evil ends.

Now, the aphorism of night's end in Navadvīpa-līlā:

प्रगे श्रीवासस्य द्विजकुलरवैर्निष्कटवरे  
श्रुतिध्वानप्रख्यैः सपदि गतनिद्रं पुलकितम्।  
हरेः पार्श्वे राधस्थितिमनुभवन्तं नयनजै-  
र्जलैः संसिक्ताङ्गं वरकनकगौरं भज मनः ॥

At the end of the night, in Śrīvāsa's flowering park,  
he hears the soft-chirping birds sing off the dark.

His sleep drops aside, goosebumps arise, memories of Vraja's sweet bliss.  
There by Kṛṣṇa's side Rādhā lies; picturing this

tears flow from his eyes drenching him like morning dew.  
Worship, dear mind, that Gaura of pure golden hue.

Then, practitioner, by number<sup>6</sup> chant the names of Hari  
and while you are chanting envision that sport.

The sport of Gaura-Govinda in its right sequence,  
picture it clearly and perform your heart's service.

<sup>6</sup>The minimum number of names one should chant is one hundred thousand, sixty-four rounds on the japa mālā. More common is three hundred thousand.



स्मरेत् श्रीमद्गौरचन्द्रं स्वर्धुन्याः दक्षिणतटे।  
चिन्तामणिचित्तधम्नि श्रीनवद्वीपनामके॥

On the southern bank of the Ganges, made of pure thought-jewel,  
is Gauracandra's home, Navadvīpa.

Picturing Gaura., the moonlike, in that holy land  
a practitioner's heart softens with love.

The Ganges' main branch flows north and east.  
Its sub-branch circles west and south.

स्वर्धुन्याश्चारुतीरे स्फुरितमतिबृहत्कूर्माभगात्रं  
रम्यारामावृतं सन्मणिकणकमहासद्भाषण्डैः परीतम्।  
नित्यं प्रत्यालयोद्यत्प्रणयभरलसत्कृष्णसङ्कीर्तनाढ्यं  
श्रीवृन्दाटव्यभिन्नं त्रिजगदनुपमं श्रीनवद्वीपमीडे॥

On the charming bank of the Ganges, where lovely gardens swell,  
is a huge place shaped like a tortoise's shell.

Countless great houses are there, made of jewels and gold  
and in every one Kṛṣṇa's glory is lovingly told.

Not different from Vṛndāvana, not matched in the three worlds,  
I praise that land of Navadvīpa with all my best words.

फुल्लच्छ्रीमद्भुमवल्लीतल्लजलसत्तीरा तरङ्गावली-  
रम्या मन्दमरुन्मरालजलजश्रेणीषु भृङ्गास्पदम्।  
सद्रत्नाचितदिव्यतीर्थनिष्ठा श्रीगौरपादाम्बुज-  
धूलिधूसरिताङ्गभावनिचिता गङ्गास्ति सम्पावनी॥  
तस्यास्तीरसुरम्यहेमसुरसामध्ये लसच्छ्रीनव-  
द्वीपो भाति सुमङ्गलो मधुरिपोरानन्दवन्यो महान्।

नानापुष्पफलाढ्यवृक्षलतिकारम्यो महत्सेवितो  
नानावर्णविहङ्गमालिनिनदैर्हृत्कर्णहारी हि यः ॥

काण्डं मारकतं प्रभूतविटपीशाखा सुवर्णाअत्मिका  
पत्रालिः कुरुविन्दकोमलमयी प्राबालिकाः कोरकाः।  
पुष्पानां निकरः सुहिरकमयो वैदूर्यकीया फल-  
श्रेणी यस्य स कोऽपि शाखिनिकरो यत्रातिमात्रोज्ज्वलः ॥

तन्मध्ये द्विजभव्यलोकनिकरागारालिरम्याङ्गनम्  
आरामोपवनालिमध्यविलसद्वेदीविहारास्पदम्।  
सद्भक्तिप्रभया विराजितमहाभक्तालिनित्योत्सवं  
प्रत्यागारमधारिमूर्तिसुमहद्भातीह यत्पत्तनम् ॥

तन्मध्ये रविकान्तिनिन्दिकणकप्राकारसत्तोरणं।  
श्रीनारायणगेहमग्रविलसत्सङ्कीर्तनप्राङ्गनम् ॥  
लक्ष्म्यन्तःपुरपाकभोगशयनश्रीचन्द्रशालं पुरं।  
यद्गौराङ्गहरेर्विभाति सुखदं स्वानन्दसंबृंहितम् ॥

Surrounded by the Ganges, purifier of the fallen,  
with beautiful banks of blossoming trees and vines,

with lines of ripples raised by gentle breezes,  
and bees buzzing amid four types of lotuses,

Swans, geese and other birds joyfully play  
and along the banks shining brightly

are multicolored steps made of many jewels.  
Heart-stealing are landscape, water, and sweet bird-sounds.

Her body covered by the dust of Gaurāṅga's lotus feet,  
the goddess Ganges is radiant, endowed with many moods.

On her banks shines the beautiful golden earth.  
In the middle is self-revealing Navadvīpa, mind-enchancing.

A flood of the propitious joy of Śrī Kṛṣṇa  
spreads throughout that most fortunate of towns.

Its trees and vines are filled with fruit and flowers.  
Its multicolored birds spread the wealth of their sweet songs.

Varieties of trees, made of jewels. shine without number.  
Some have trunks of emeralds,

their branches jewel-bedecked gold, leaves of rubies made,  
their buds of coral, their flowers of diamond,

and rich lapis-lazuli fruit is found in them.  
All the trees and vines are filled with light.

In their midst is a multitude of people worthy of being twice-born  
and numerous houses surrounded by gardens and wooden groves.

And among them are pleasure groves with open squares in their middles,  
the recollection of which causes *bhaktas* to faint.

The influence of pure *bhakti* infuses everything.  
The *bhaktas* in their houses always celebrate joyfully.

In each house shines an image of Śrī Kṛṣṇa.  
Everyone is eager for the joy of celebration.

In those houses are walls of gold more beautiful than sunstone,  
and gates all strung with garlands of succulent mango leaves,

and temples of Nārāyaṇa before which shining bright  
are courtyards for Mahāprabhu Śrī Gaurāṅga dancing.

There are inner rooms for Lakṣmī, cooking and eating rooms,  
bedrooms and moonlight rooms on the rooves; all are fashioned with jewels.

Mahāprabhu's house is in the middle of this Navadvīpa.  
On all four sides are the houses of his *bhaktas*.

In the northeast corner is Śrīvāsa's house.  
Further to the northeast is his beautiful flower park.

There are three pavilions in that park.  
The three masters go to sleep each in his own pavilion.

Mahāprabhu's pavilion is in the middle,  
extremely beautiful, made of golden stone.

In the four directions there are four doors and eight windows.  
The doors made of sapphire shine gorgeously.

The walls set with many jewels glitter brightly.  
Garlands of fresh mango leaves hang above the doors.

At the top of the pavilion a golden pot shines.  
And above that a discus, flag, and banner can be seen.

To the south is Nityānanda Prabhu's pavilion,  
shining beautifully as though made of sunstone.

To the north is Advaita Prabhu's pavilion,  
with a beauty equal to moonstone.

AS night-time *līlā* ends, each in his own pavilion,  
the three masters sleep in the greatest of happiness.

The companions of each, surrounding their master's pavilion,  
sleep happily in clusters of little houses.

To the east of Mahāprabhu's pavilion  
Gadādhara and Śrīvāsa are asleep in a house.

To the south in houses are the Mahāntas.  
To the west Murāri and Narahari are sleeping.

To the north in houses the Goswamis  
are sleeping along with their followers.

In this way too are the companions of Nityānanda Prabhu  
spread out in little houses surrounding his pavilion.

In the east is Vīracandra, Rāmāi in the south  
and the others are all sleeping in houses in the other directions.

In the same way the companions of Śrī Advaita Prabhu  
are in the houses surrounding his pavilion.

In the east is Śrī Acyuta and the others in other directions.  
All are happily sleeping in the night.

In the four directions, the vines and trees, birds and bees,  
all sleep peacefully throughout the night.

On the mango tree is the *mādhavī* vine and in that the cuckoos sleep.  
On the Kadamba is the *yuthikā* vine and in that the peacocks rest.

On the pomegranate is the *mālatī* and in that sleeps the parrots.  
On the pīlu is the jasmine and in that sleeps the pigeons.

In the vines rest the bees and on the ground the cocks.  
In the night all sleep, each in their own special place.

The servants at the feet of their own gurus  
are sleeping at the end of the night.

When the time for their service arrives, out of long habit  
their sleep is broken and then they sat up.

Lives devoted to Gaura, repeating Gaura's name,  
they look all about with startled eyes.

The six seasons are always present in that grove.  
At the end of night flowers blossom by the moon's light.

Fragrance spreads through the grove in a sandalwood breeze.  
Awakening, all the bees begin to buzz.

Hearing that, all the birds begin to wake.  
They make the grove resonant with soft little sounds.

The practitioner-servant then rises from bed  
and carefully washes his hands and his face.

Paying obeisance at his teacher's feet, he give them massage  
and helping him up, washes his teacher's face.

In this way, his whole line of teachers, up to the Goswamis,  
that servant serves them all as is fitting the time.

Then the servant-practitioner, at the order of his teacher,  
prepares for the service and dressing of the three Masters.

Four porches there are on Mahāprabhu's pavilion;  
he sweeps every one with a broom made of gold.

On the eastern porch, he spreads out divine mats  
and on top of them prepares three thrones.

With very soft cushions and pillows side and back  
he carefully fixes up three golden thrones.

Golden jars to wash the faces of the Masters  
he fills with fragrant water and places nearby.

With fine, soft cloths he covers them all  
and pots for the rinse water, he keeps by their side.

Hand-cymbals and drums he puts in their places  
and makes lovely garlands after gathering flowers.

Grinding sandalwood with camphor and saffron,  
he carefully places the paste in a goblet that's golden.

The lamps for the *ārati* of camphor and ghee  
and sweet-smelling *aguru* incense he places at ready.

At that time Mahāprabhu, at the sweet soft sounds of the birds,  
awakens and, smelling the delightful fragrance of the flowers,

the end of night sports of Vraja are re-illuminated for him.  
In love he stutteringly cries out.

Hearing that, Nityānanda and Advaita, all the *bhaktas*,  
and all his nearby companions get up from bed and come to him.

They all come to the eastern porch and gather together.  
They greet each other and converse as is proper.

The servant-practitioner at the feet of the two Masters  
lies prostrate in obeisance and then again before the *bhaktas*.

Then all spread out all around the pavilion  
and through the holes in the lattices view with thrill the beauty of the Lord.

The Goswāmīs and all the teachers are on the north side.  
To the left of his teacher is that servant, looking on with joy.

On a shining bedstead made of the eight jewels  
shines brightly a bed of stemless flowers made.

Above is a canopy with fringes of pearls,  
decorated with emblems like svastika and lotus.

On the flower bed, the Master, the son of Śacī,  
is lying, his beauty defying all description.

Like a golden lotus flower floating on a pond of milk,  
on that bed his body shimmers in a similar way.

In all sides are pillows made of bunches of flowers.  
His head is pointing to the south, his body graced with beauty;

his arms stretch down to his knees; his chest is very broad;  
he wears a yellow cloth and around his neck a forest garland.

With his curly hair and spotless sacrificial thread,  
the many ornaments on his body sparkle brightly.

The string of lamps, becoming timid, in the rays of Gaura's body  
became radiant like buds of a campaka tree.

That ocean of feelings, Mahāprabhu, in the feelings of Śrī Rādhā  
perceived himself on the lap of Śrī Kṛṣṇa.

He raised his left foot and left arm over and over again.  
Pressing on his rightside he seemed to embrace himself.

With eyes half open, sweet and indistinct,  
is he describing something? It is not clear.

Is he awake or is he seeing a dream?  
Unprecedented behavior, nothing can be understood.

Svarūpa Goswāmī gave the order  
to wake Mahāprabhu and engaged a parrot.

That parrot was in a corner of the pavilion.  
He knows Mahāprabhu's heart; he knows all things.

Śrīvāsa takes care of him, that clever parrot.  
To awaken the Master he speaks sweet words.

“Victory to you Moon of Navadvīpa, victory Viśvambhara!  
Son of Śrī Śacī, victory to you, o beautiful Gaura!

The daybreak of the night has come; dawn’s crimsons are rising.  
At the fragrance of blooming flowers all the bees are buzzing.

The cuckoo is calling: ‘kuhu,’ seeing daybreak near.  
Get up now, Mahāprabhu; leave behind your bed.

Your dear ones, the Masters two, Nityānanda and Advaita,  
Svarūpa, Rūpa and all the other *bhakta*

in order to see you, with excited hearts  
are standing beyond the four walls of your house.

The *brāhmaṇa* of the town at this break of day  
are all taking bathes in the Ganges with joyful hearts.

Reciting verses from the *Gītā* and *Bhāgavata*,  
everyone is going to their houses.

Your mother is anxious to see you.  
She will enter into your bedroom, now that day is breaking.

Therefore, Mahāprabhu, get up quickly  
and go and lie down in your own room.”

Hearing the words of the parrot, in order to rise,  
the Master begins to bend his limbs, burdened by drowsiness.

Like a curved bow of gold without a string,  
that is how Mahāprabhu’s beautiful body appears then.

In this way Mahāprabhu raises up his body  
and placing his feet on the ground, sits up on the bed.

His mind is naturally delighted in his own feelings.  
But in that arises another, second set of feelings.

In his body there is such an amazing perception:  
the influence of the transient emotions: exaltation, dejection, and doubt.

In his lotus eyes flow tears of love’s deep joy.  
His golden body is covered over with goose bumps.



In the bower hut, Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's sport,  
remembering that, the Master gives out a deep sigh.

Reddened by deep love are his lotus eyes.  
Seeing that sweetness the *bhaktas* are afloat in love.

Entwining his fingers together and raising his hands to his head,  
the Master stretches his body, feeling a bit of lethargy.

When he yawns rays of light shoot out from his teeth.  
Before his nostrils he cheerfully snaps his fingers together.

In this way noticing many symptoms in the Master's body,  
The two Masters enter the house along with all the *bhaktas*.

After entering all sit, each in his own proper place.  
Watching the Masters sweetness, everyone is filled with joy.

Svarūpa Goswāmī reads the Master's mind  
and begins a *kīrtana* on Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's Vraja sport.

Govinda, Mādhava, and Bāsu sweetly play a rhythm  
with drums and other instruments, very delightful to hear.

Becoming entranced, the Master listens.  
The *bhaktas* merge into their own Vraja moods.

The servant-pratitioner by the mercy of his teacher  
envisions his own perfected body in Vraja.

In his mind, in that body she becomes fully engaged  
in her own desired service, losing sight of the external world.

In this way, through the *rasa* of *saṅkīrtan* in Navadvīpa  
all become absorbed in tasting the *rasa* of love in Vraja.

Now, the aphorism of the sport at night's end:

रात्र्यन्ते त्रस्तवृन्देरितबहुविरवैर्बोधितौ कीरशारी-  
पदौर्हृदौरहृदौरपि सुखशयनादुत्थितौ तौ सखीभिः ।  
दृष्टौ हृष्टौ तदात्वोदितरतिललितौ कक्खटीगीःसशङ्कौ  
राधाकृष्णौ सतृष्णावपि निजनिजधाम्नाचाप्तौ स्मरामि ॥

At the end of night, the birds headed by parrots and śārīs,  
at the sign from Vṛndā, make a lovely sound.

Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa awaken hearing that sweet sound.  
From the drowsiness of *rasa*, they remain lying down.

With many songs both sweet and bittersweet  
the birds still awaken the two lovers.

Sitting up on the bed, the lovely boy and girl  
are submerged in joy, stealing glances at each other's faces.

At that time the girlfriends enter in  
and seeing them their special pleasure grows.

At the many humorous talks and many displays of cleverness,  
they become enchanted watching the sweetness of that *rasa*.

Kakkhatī says then: “Jaṭilā has come.”  
At her words, Rādhā, Kṛṣṇa, are startled.

Then, the two return quickly to their own homes.  
With longing hearts, the two finally fall asleep.

### 2.3 A Prologue to Smaraṇa

The part of Vṛndāvana that is the best  
is the very beautiful place called Govinda-sthalī.

To the north is the Yamunā, and to the east and west,  
enfolded by two of its branches, it has the form of the earth.

Like the back of a tortoise, this place gradually rises.  
In its center shines the *yogapīṭha* of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa.

It is a delightful place like a lotus with a thousand petals.  
The bowers are the petals, pleasing to Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa.

Golden banana tress are its stamen;  
their jewel house is a beautiful seed pod.

On the house's four sides are four terraces,  
adorned with steps decorated with jewels.

At the four corners are the four desire trees, Santāna and the rest,  
covered with flowering wish-fulfilling vines enchantingly radiant.

The Pārijāta tree is in the northeast corner.  
In the southeast corner is Santāna and Haricandana in the southwest.

In the northwest is the desire tree named Mandāra.  
Beneath those desire trees are little pavilions.

The myrtle pavilion is in the northeast corner.  
The mālatī pavilion is in the southeast, the mallikā in the southwest.<sup>7</sup>

In the northwest beautified by the *svarṇayūthi*<sup>8</sup> pavilion.  
In search of nectar the bees wander all around them.

In the four directions are four bowers, starting in the north:  
Sitāmbuja, Nīlāmbuja, Aruṇāmbuja, by name.

Hemāmbuja bower is on the western side.<sup>9</sup>  
Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa sleep in that bower at night.

On the porches on the four sides, their servants,  
when their service is done, spread their beds.

At the feet of her teacher, the practitioner-serving girl.  
is sleeping with her shawl spread beneath her.

Beyond this opening is a circle of golden plantain trees  
like the stamen for the seed-pod-like *yoga-pīṭha*.

Outside of that, doubling with each circle,  
are other bowers first eight, then sixteen and so on.

In those bowers, the girlfriends headed by Lalitā  
are sleeping at the end of the night-time sport.

Outside of the circles of bowers is a surrounding wall.  
In the four main directions are four gates of extraordinary craft.

At the eastern gate is Vṛndādvārī, in the south Vṛndārikā.  
In the west is Menakā and in the north Muralikā.

<sup>7</sup>Mālatī and mallikā are different kinds of white jasmine.

<sup>8</sup>Yellow jasmine

<sup>9</sup>These are the White Lotus, Blue Lotus, Crimson Lotus, and Gold Lotus bowers, respectively

Each at her own gate are the four gatekeeping girlfriends.  
At the end of the night-time sport, there is where they sleep.

Birds, deer and all the rest each in its own place  
comfortably are sleeping during the night.

At some moment near night's end, by virtue of long practice,  
all the friends and servants  
and all the birds and bees, who 'til then were lost in sleep,  
suddenly come to their senses.

At the end of the night, the soft southern breezes,  
kiss the flowers as they open,  
and, gathering up their scents, move off in all directions.  
Wandering here and there, they around and in.

All the birds and the bees, each with its own song,  
wish to wake the loving couple.  
What ever will they do? Silently they abide,  
not receiving Vṛdnā's consent.

Practitioner-maid servant rises up rapidly  
and washes her hands and face.  
Then, to her teacher-mistress' side goes she  
and, touching her, feet wakes her gently.

Then, she washes her teacher's face and hands  
and those of all her teacher's elders;  
as many *mañjarīs* as there are, she serves them all,  
bowing down at their lotus feet.

Then asking permission of her teacher-mistress,  
the porch of the bower and courtyard square,  
with fragrant water and broom of gold  
she cleanses with both care and great quickness.

Then, for the washing of the couple's faces,  
she pours in a jar of gold some water finely scented.

That jar she covers with a cloth very soft and clean  
and, bringing in a golden basin, puts it by its side.

Sandal and kumkuma, flower filaments and musk,  
grinding them to paste she puts them each in tiny bowls.

Preparing lamps of with wicks of ghee and camphor,  
she places them on a golden plate in readiness for *ārati*.

Collecting flowers whose scents create the most delight,  
garlands of them she strings and keeps them for the couple.

In golden-colored, ripe betel leaves she places flavorful spices  
and prepares small pods of betel-leaf, doing the best she can.

In ripened grape juice putting cardamon and camphor,  
she makes a delicious drink for the pleasure of the pair.

Meanwhile, over in her hut Vṛndā springs wake.  
She looks all around her, more than a little startled.

Realizing it is the time to wake up the couple,  
she gives the birds her order and puts right them to work.

Then, they, in many sorts of melodies so sweet,  
begin to sing so that the young loving pair might wake.

Then Vṛndā with all the girlfriends, Lalitā et al,  
comes quickly to the bower of the lotus made of gold.

Seeing them, practitioner-maiden is filled with such excitement.  
Falling down before their feet, she offers them all obeisance.

Then they all circle round the bower in the four directions  
and view the beauty of the couple through holes in bower wall.

To the left of teacher-mistress is that practitioner-maiden.  
Overwhelmed by joy she sees the sweetness of the couple.

Atop a glowing bedframe made of the eight rarest of jewels,  
embedded in soft flowers lie the youthful, loving couple.

In sheer exhaustion from battles of love, deeply do they sleep.  
Nevertheless their lovely faces are like flowers in full bloom.

The lovers are wrapped around each other as though a single body,  
the couple's luster, a blend of color, yellow and indigo blue.

Their clothes are gone and the girlfriends who look on  
think their eyes completely fulfilled, their hearts thoroughly thrilled.

Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa, their lusters blended,  
fill the house with emerald splendor uncontended.

Above the bed is a moon-like canopy, very pleasing to the mind,  
with pictures embossed of svastikas and lotuses, bordered with strings of pearls.

Embedded in the walls are figurines of gold  
holding jewelled lamps shining, lovely to behold.

Around the bed on all four sides, on little golden tables  
are various items for their pleasure, neatly stored in layers.

Drinks and sweets on the table to the north abound.  
Betel-leaf and mirrors on the eastern table are found.

A cuspidor for spitting is on the table to the south,  
and to the west low a seat for some lucky maid-servant.

Seeing that loveliness, some of those friends, in soft whispered tones,  
tasting sweet rasa, try to describe the couple's beauty for the others.

Someone says: "it like a gold lotus with a sapphire one,  
joined intimately together into one. So it seems to my mind."

Another says: "not that, my dear. It is like a sapphire  
and a gold jewel, inseparably melted together. That's what I think."

"A golden vine wrapped around a dark Tamāla tree," says another friend.  
Yet another: "lightning frozen on the chest of a dark rain cloud."

Someone says: "all of your similies  
don't come even close to matching the charm of these.

Unequaled or surpassed their beauty, like nothing in the world.  
They can only be compared with themselves."

Viśākhā says: "Lalitā, look at our friend,  
radiant without her clothes, so charming to her lover.

Gathered from Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa's battles of love,  
how beautifully those marks of passion adorn them.

Look, o giver of love, how they've lost all their bracelets  
and their spotless eyes are now wiped of their eye-shadow.

See the faded color (dispassion) of their lips and chaos of their bed.  
All this shows how intense was their love in the depths of the night.”

Smiling Lalitā says: “Last night, a major battle of love  
took place over the long braid of our friend's wavy hair.

Therefore, check out that braid, now so loose and swarming,  
and on her lips the tell-tale marks of little bites, so charming

Look, on their breasts those many scratches pink,  
Tell me, who won this war of love, do you think?”

Viśākhā replies: “Look closely at Govinda's feet.  
There's the kumkum from Rādhā's breasts, so sweet.

Disguised as kumkum, I suppose, is her heart's tender passion;  
it's left its mark on Kṛṣṇa's feet in a heart-melting fashion.

Look again at the lac-dye from Rādhā's lovely toes.  
Kṛṣṇa wears it on his head, in a love only he knows.”

In this way the girlfriends all, very softly and unseen,  
praise their own good luck and float in bliss' boundless ocean.

Meanwhile the birds and bees, at Vṛndā's earnest request,  
sing their songs to wake the lovers, trying hard to sound their best.

On the grapevines chant the *śārīs*, in pomegranates pipe the parrots.  
The cuckoos, males and females both, intone their calls from mangos.

In the palm trees sing the pigeons, the peacocks clamor from *kadambas*.  
Around the vines buzz the bees and on the ground recite the cocks.

The humming of the bees is like the sound of love's sweet conch.  
The ringing of the female bees is a piece for the cymbals of erotic love.

The songs of the cuckoos are like that churning of the heart's *vīṇā*.  
At its sound the other *vīṇās* silence their own tunes.

The song of the female cuckoos is the sound of eros' lute.  
They sing there beside their mates, enchanting to the very root.

Eating the new buds of mango trees, their voices are so clear.  
They sing to waken Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa, who are so dear.

The pigeons' voices are like the tiger of the eros-master.  
By it the doe of shyness, the wolf of anger, by gopī's good fortune,  
are scared away, with the gopīs' self-control and dharma;  
so sweet are the sounds those pigeons make in unison.

The peacocks and peahens speak words so full of flavor  
and with the sound "kekā, kekā," pose a question for all to savour.

"Who (ke) can move the mountain of Rādhā's self-control?"  
"Whose (kā) cords of love have bound the drunken bee Kṛṣṇa?"

"Other than Kṛṣṇa no one else can even make it quiver."  
"By Rādhā's love is Kṛṣṇa bound;" these replies deliver.

With short, long, and prolonged accents the Vedic sounds are found  
in the guise of roosters' calls, in their "kukū kukū" sound.

In this manner from the ruckus made by the birds and their mates.  
Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa wake together, not knowing each other's state.

Troubled by the prospect of breaking their tight embrace,  
pretending to still sleep, they remain lying in their place.

In a cage of gold in their room is a young *śārikā*.  
Mañjubhāṣiṇī's her name, learned, dear to Rādhikā.

A witness to the night's sweet love, she knows their whole sport.  
In sweet tones she begins to give a speech of the wisest sort.

"Glory glory moonlike Kṛṣṇa, friend of all Gokula!  
Glory Lord of Vṛndāvan! Glory ocean of all rasa!

Wake up now and wake your lover, so tired from love's exertions.  
Leave your moonlike bed and hurry home to your own houses.

In the eastern sky has risen the orangish glow of day,  
which by nature is cruel to young women in every way.

Therefore, from your bed on Yamunā's bank  
it is needful that you go home unseen by any crank.



O Lotus-faced, fortunate one, it is not your fault.  
Laying down at night's end does not drive off fatigue.

The rise of reddish daybreak is an enemy to your bliss,  
much like that Candrāvalī, my mind tells me this.

The night has gone and morning is here.  
The sun's orb rises quickly over there.

Give up your soft bed strewn with blossoms cool  
and to your own homes hurry off. Let your quickness rule."

The parrot-king came to Kṛṣṇa to drive away his sleep.  
He began to speak impelled by love both powerful and deep.

His name is Vicakṣaṇa and his words are always right.  
He speaks his piece quite firmly in verses clear and bright.

Good at waking Kṛṣṇa and fine in speech is he.  
When Kṛṣṇa hears his words, he is very happy.



## Chapter 3

### Līlā in the Early Morning

(From 6:00 to 8:24 AM)

#### 3.1 Navadvīpa Morning Līlā

पश्यन्ती स्वसुतं शची भगवती सङ्कीर्तने विक्षतं  
प्रातर्हा कथमेव ते वपुरिदं सूनो बभूव क्षतं।  
इत्थं लापनतः स्वपुत्रवपुषि व्यग्रा स्पृशन्ती महौस्  
तल्पाङ्गागरयाञ्चकार यमहं तं गौरचन्द्रं भजे॥

भक्तैः सार्द्धमुपागतैर्भुवि नतैः श्रीवासगुप्तादिभिः  
पृच्छद्भिः कुशलं प्रगे परिमिलन् प्रक्षाल्य वक्त्रं जलैः।  
पुष्पादिप्रतिवासितैः सुकथयन् स्वप्नानुभूतां कथां  
स्नात्वाद्याद्धुरिशेषमोदनवरं यस्तं हि गौरं भजे॥

In early morning fortunate Śacī views the body of her son  
and anxiously asks, spotting his cuts from *saṅkīrtan*:

“Hey! What’s this, my son? This on your body here?  
How did you get such nasty cuts, my dear?”

Saying this, with troubled mind, she touches him again and again.  
Coddling him gently the mother in worry wakes her beloved son.

That moon-like Gaurāṅga is the one I adore;  
on the ground he rolls during *saṅkīrtan*, stunned by sacred amour.

All of his *bhaktas* arrive there together led by Śrīvās and Murāri.  
Bright and early they come, dropping at his feet like sticks from a tree.

They ask how he is and then the Great Master  
tells all of a dream that he saw in his sleep.

With water that’s perfumed he washes his face;  
after bath in the Gaṅgā, he eats the food of Hari’s grace.

That moon-like Gaurāṅga is the one whom I worship,  
who with his devotees the sweet love of Vraja does sip.

### 3.1.1 Program for Remembering

In early morning Navadvīpa the sādḥaka-servant,  
saying loudly “Gaura Gaura,” clambers out of bed.

Finishing his morning duties, tooth-brushing and the rest,  
the toilets of the Masters three he cleans to his best.

Then he does the same for his teacher’s toilet house  
and then, washing hands and face, to the Gaṅgā goes.

Taking clothes and waterpot he heads for the Gaṅgā.  
Bowing down, he sprinkles its water on his head.

After bathing, he climbs up the bank and puts on his dry clothes.  
Bowing to the Gaṅgā, he takes some water, turns, and goes.

After putting on his *tilaka*, to *tulsī* he gives water,  
walking round her, falling stick-like, and singing out her praise.

All the things, platforms and such, in his teacher’s courtyard,  
he sweeps them clean with a broom, moving with great speed.

He puts a small table for brushing teeth in place  
and on it orders all the things one needs to clean one's teeth:

Mango leaf powder, fragrant paste, a jar filled with water,  
a pot in which one may spit, a clean tongue scrapper.

A pitcher he with water fills for washing and keeps it near.  
To earth sifted through cloth he adds a little bit of scent.

### 3.2 Vraja Morning Līlā

राधां स्नातविभूषितां व्रजपयाहुतां सखीभिः प्रगे  
तद्गृहे विहितान्नपाकरचनां कृष्णनावशेषाशनाम्।  
कृष्णं बुद्धमवाप्तधेनुसदनं निर्व्यूढगोदोहनं  
सुस्नातं कृतभोजनं सहचरैस्ताञ्चाथ तञ्चाश्रये॥

Rādhā, bathed and decorated with many attractive designs,  
at the request of Vraja's Matron,  
with her company of friends, goes off to Mā Yaśodā's place  
and in the morning prepares the meals.

Meanwhile Kṛṣṇa-moon awakes, trundles off to the cowshed,  
and once there milks the bursting cows.  
Then, gathering with his friends he plays and jokes with them in many ways,  
and then returning home he goes to where his bath awaits.

He takes his bath there satisfied; then with brother Rām and friends  
he sits and eats those tasty treats.  
Next he lays down for a nap while his servants care for him,  
enjoying various pleasant things.

Rādhā then with her friends, accepting Kṛṣṇa's sweet remnants,  
with gusto eats until content.  
In this way with many sports, as they live in Vṛndāvan,  
I seek shelter with Rādhā and Śyām.



## **Chapter 4**

### **Līlā in the Later Morning**

(8:24 to 10:48 AM)

#### **4.1 Navadvīpa Late Morning Līlā**