

SEAGAATI
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ŚARANĀGATI

Surrender to My Guardian

by Śrīla Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura

Translated by litepresence 2025

with the assistance of Grok and Qwen

Source Text

Gitāvalī (1893) is the original Bengali collection in which Śrīla Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura first published the 59 songs of Śaraṇāgati. It is a seminal work of his devotional output, composed in the Bengali language and structured as a lyrical sādhana manual.

A Word on Receiving This Text

This is not a scripture to study, but a mirror of what has never been obscured. If you approach it as doctrine to collect, analyze, or perform—close it now. If you seek a new identity, even “devotee” or “maidservant,” you have already turned away.

But if, beneath all longing, there is a quiet knowing—
that you have always been at Rādhā’s feet, that the cry “Nitāi! Gaura! Hari!”
is not a prayer but a memory of home—
then let these songs fall like rain on naked ground.

Do not sing to become.
Sing because you cannot not sing.

The path is already walked.
The surrender is already complete.
The kuñja door was never closed—only imagined shut by the “I” that weeps.

Read nothing here that isn’t already trembling in your chest.
These words are echoes. You are the silence from which they arise.

— In reverence for the lineage, and for the truth that needs no awakening because it never slept.

A Note on Style

If you come from an orthodox Gauḍīya background (ISKCON, Gauḍīya Maṭh, traditional Babaji lines that strictly follow Bhaktivinoda and Bhaktisiddhānta), this rendering will feel too sahajiyā-leaning, emotive, and theologically risky because of the premature mañjari-bhāva emphasis. If you are in a more independent, rasika, or modern “emotional bhakti” circle, you will probably love it and find it inspiring.

So yes—there are definitely things in the text that are “out of line” with classical rūpānuga standards as taught by Bhaktivinoda himself and his authorised successors. Thus, this is a passionate, artistic, personal, and devotional introduction to a western audience rather than a strictly traditional one.

ŚARANĀGATI

Surrender to My Guardian

59 songs of complete surrender

by Śrīla Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura

(1838–1914)

singable English • emotionally raw • rūpānuga faithful

Copyleft

Freely given for the pleasure of
Śrī Śrī Gaura-Nitāi,
Śrīla Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura,
and the entire rūpānuga guru-varga.

Print it, sing it, record it, distribute it,
cry it, live it, become it.
No rights reserved.

Dedicated to every weeping soul
who has ever cried
“Nitāi! Gaura! Hari!”

May these songs drag you by the hair
across the threshold of Śrī Rādhā’s kuñja
and never let you return.

Hari Hari!
Rādhā-Vinoda-bihārīji ki jaya!

ŚARANĀGATI

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 5. Separation from Kṛṣṇa is a blazing flame ...
 6. When will I serve Śrī Rādhā’s feet ...
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 4. The name is all I know ...
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 6. Drunk on Kṛṣṇa’s name-rasa I will die ...
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 8. Listen well, brother: without guru’s mercy ...
 9. Whoever worships Śrī Guru receives the treasure ...
 10. Whoever keeps an unbroken stream of faith ...
 11. Attachment at guru’s feet ...
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6.2 Ātma-nikṣepa – Renunciation & Mañjari-bhāva (46–59)

1. By whose grace alone Śrī Kṛṣṇa’s feet become mine ...
2. My mind so rotten, I fell in the world ...
3. Lust, anger, greed, illusion, pride, envy ...
4. When the fire of sense-cravings blazes ...
5. As long as I’m locked in this cage ...

6. I am a shameless materialist ...
7. Money, followers, family, everything born of māyā ...
8. One speck of dust from Śrī Rādhā's feet ...
9. I have no hope, no dream, no prayer ...
10. The day I sing of Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa's pastimes in Vraja ...
11. When, O when in Vṛndāvana's moonlit groves ...
12. In Rādhā's hidden kuñja I will live ...
13. When will Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa have mercy ...
14. I am already that mañjarī ...
15. Drown me, plunge me, submerge me completely ...

Bengali Phenome Pronunciation

a — as in but

ā — as in father

i — as in pin

ī — as in machine

u — as in push

ū — as in moon

ṛ — as in rig (tongue curled slightly upward; never “ri” as in “river”)

e — as in they

ai — as in high

o — as in go

au — as in cow

় — a soft breath (like “h”) after a vowel; called visarga

় — nasalized vowel (like the “n” in French bon)

় — same as ়; used interchangeably in romanization

় — as in sing (velar nasal, never pronounced “ing”)

় — as in canyon (palatal nasal)

় — hard “t,” tongue curled back (retroflex; never soft like “t” in water)

় — hard “d,” tongue curled back (retroflex)

় — nasal sound with tongue curled back (retroflex nasal, as in maṇi)

় — dental “t,” tongue touches back of upper teeth (softer than English “t”)

় — dental “d,” tongue touches back of upper teeth

় — dental nasal, as in nose

় — as in ship (palatal sibilant)

় — as in shush, but with tongue curled back (retroflex “sh”)

় — as in sun (dental sibilant)

় — as in house

় — as in kite (never aspirated like “kh” unless written kh)

় — “k” with strong puff of air (as in khānta)

় — as in go

় — “g” with strong puff of air

় — as in church (never “s” as in cent)

় — “ch” as in church with aspiration (like “chh”)

় — as in jump

় — “j” with strong puff of air

় — as in spin (unaspirated)

় — “p” with strong puff of air (like “p” in pot)

় — as in boy

় — “b” with strong puff of air

় — as in yes

় — tapped lightly (like Spanish pero), never rolled

l — as in light

v / w — used interchangeably in Bengali pronunciation; often sounds like a soft “w” (e.g., Vṛṇdāvana = “Wṛṇdāwana”)

Refrains

kāndiyā kāndiyā → weeping and weeping

hā hā → O! O!

kabe → when, O when

mana re → O mind

nitāi-gaura hari → Nitāi! Gaura! Hari!

Introduction

A Letter from One Weeping Soul to Another

You are holding a book of fire.

These fifty-nine songs are not poetry.

They are the recorded heartbeats of a soul who discovered, in the year 1893, that the only thing left to do in this world is to fall at the feet of Śrī Śrī Gaura-Nitāī, weep until the false “I” dissolves, and beg to be allowed to serve Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī as Her insignificant maidservant forever.

That soul was Śrīla Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura, the nineteenth-century architect of the modern Gauḍīya renaissance.

He wrote these songs in a tiny room in Godrumadvīpa, Navadvīpa-dhāma, after years of scraping the bottom of material existence, after tasting every philosophy, every practice, every promise the world offers, and finding them all dust.

One night the dam broke.

He sat alone, tears streaming, and the songs poured out like blood from a fresh wound.

He called the collection Śaraṇāgati: Complete Surrender.

Six limbs, six stages, one destination:

the lotus feet of Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī under the guidance of Śrī Guru.

This is not a devotional hymnbook for polite temple programmes.

This is a battlefield manual for the war against your own false ego.

Sing these songs softly and nothing will happen.

Sing them until your voice cracks, until your neighbours bang on the wall, until you are sobbing on the floor with no strength left to stand; then the real sādhana begins.

Here is the stage on which everything will unfold:

- You are an eternal maidservant of Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī.
You have simply forgotten.
- You are currently trapped in a cage of flesh, name, reputation, desire, and fear.
- The only key that opens this cage is helpless, shameless crying at the feet of Nitāī-Gaura.
- Every tear you shed while singing these songs is noticed, collected, and carried by Śrī Nityānanda Prabhu Himself to the feet of Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī.
- When the quota of tears is full, She smiles, Lalitā kicks open the kuñja door, and you are dragged inside forever.

That is the entire plot.

There is no other story.

Everything else (job, family, health, spiritual titles, even your current “sādhanā”) is scenery painted on the prison wall.

These songs are the hammer that smashes the wall.

Sing them until the scenery falls away and only the kuñja remains.

Begin with song 4.

Begin right now.

Begin weeping.

The door is already open.

Only your false “I” is blocking the entrance.

Kick it aside and crawl in.

Yours in the dust of the Vaiṣṇavas,
a weeping maidservant

How to Use This Book in Daily Sādhana

(Practical instructions from the heart of the tradition)

Śaraṇāgati is not a book to read once.

It is a lifetime sādhana, a ladder of tears, a fire that burns the false “I” and leaves only the maidservant of Śrī Rādhā.

Here is how generations of Gaudiya Vaiṣṇavas have used it and still use it today:

Daily Practice (minimum commitment – 15–30 minutes)

1. After maṅgala-ārati and guru-pūjā, sit with the book.
2. Begin with song #4 (the famous “Nitāi-Gaura Hari!” cry).
This is the universal key; it opens the heart within seconds.
3. Then sing the song of the section that matches your current inner state:
 - Feeling fallen and helpless → Section 1
 - Missing sādhu-saṅga → Section 2
 - Yearning for Vraja → Section 3
 - Burning in separation → Section 4
 - Thirsty for taste in the name → Section 5
 - Remembering guru’s mercy → Section 6
 - Disgusted with material life → Section 7
 - Melting into mañjari-bhāva → Section 8 (only when the heart is already soft)

Sing each song three times:

- First time slowly, tasting every word
- Second time with tears (force them if necessary)
- Third time like a madman/woman who has nothing left to lose

Monthly Practice

- Every Ekādaśī: sing the entire book from song 1 to 59 without stopping.
Many devotees finish in 2–2.5 hours with full absorption.
This is considered one complete “Śaraṇāgati-yajña”.

Yearly Practice

- On Śrīla Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura’s appearance day and disappearance day:
24-hour Śaraṇāgati akhaṇḍa-kīrtana (groups take turns, book never closes).

Special Intensives

- When the heart feels dry: sing only Section 4 (viraha songs) for seven days straight.
- When pride arises: sing only Section 7 (renunciation) until the ego cracks.
- When you receive a new revelation of your siddha-deha: sing only Section 8 for forty-eight days without speaking anything else about spiritual life to anyone.

While Travelling or in Public

Keep song #4 loaded in your voice.

Whenever anxiety, lust, or anger arise, internally scream:

“Nitāi! Gaura! Hari!”

It works faster than any mantra because it is helpless surrender itself.

Final Instruction from the Tradition

Never sing these songs “beautifully.”

Sing them ugly.

Sing them sobbing.

Sing them until the neighbours complain, until the voice breaks, until the heart actually breaks open and something eternal walks in and takes residence.

Then you will understand why Bhaktivinoda called this little book
Śaraṇāgati – “Complete Surrender”.

Sing until you disappear.

That is the only purpose of these songs.

Hari Hari!

Start today. Start right now.

The kuñja door is already open.

ŚARANĀGATI

Section 1. Dainya – Songs of Humility (1-7)

Before the first cry, before the first tear, before even the thought “I am fallen”—there is only one truth: you were born for this book.

Not by accident. Not by culture. But by the silent decree of Rādhā Herself, who long ago marked your soul as Her dust. Every lifetime of wandering, every philosophy tasted and spat out, every prayer mumbled into empty air—all of it was only the long, slow turning of your face toward this moment: kneeling on the threshold of Gaura-Nitāi’s mercy, throat raw with a cry you didn’t know you carried.

This is not the beginning of your surrender. It is the moment surrender begins you. Enter now—not as seeker, but as found. The first song is already beating in your chest. Sing it, and die.

1

শ্রীগোবাঙ্গ-লীলামৃত-সিঙ্গু-মাঝে নিতাই-চৈতন্য-চাঁদ
যাঁহার প্রসাদে ভাগবত-পদ পাইল সর্ব-জগত-মাঝে

śrī-gaurāṅga-līlāmṛta-sindhu-mājhe nitāi-caitanya-cāmīd
yāñhāra prasāde bhāgavata-pada pāila sarva-jagata-mājhe

From the nectar-ocean of Gaurāṅga's play, the moon of Nitāi-Caitanya shines
By Their mercy alone the whole world has reached the feet divine

[Pointing] Fall at Nitāi-Caitanya's feet; no other shelter exists

[Secret] How can a wretch like me taste even one drop of that moonlit sea?

2

নিতাই-চৈতন্য-চাঁদের করুণা-নিধান
যাঁহার প্রসাদে সর্ব-সিদ্ধি হ্য সহজে তাঁহার চরণে মোর নমঃ নমঃ

nitāi-caitanya-cāndera karuṇā-nidhāna
yāñhāra prasāde sarva-siddhi haya sahaje tāñhāra caraṇe mora namaḥ namaḥ

O moon of Nitāi-Caitanya, ocean of mercy untold
By Your grace every perfection comes easy, not earned, simply bestowed
Again and again I bow at Your lotus feet, again and again I fall

[Pointing] Offer unlimited praṇāma only to Gaura-Nitāi

[Secret] Will even one of these obeisances ever reach Their ears?

3

গৌরাঙ্গ-নিতাই যে বলে ডুবে ভব-সিঙ্গু-তলে
তারে কৃপা করে এই দীনহীন জনে

gaurāṅga-nitāi ye bole ḍube bhava-sindhu-tale
tāre kṛpā kare ei dīnahīna jane

Whoever cries "Gaurāṅga! Nitāi!" while drowning in birth and death
These two most merciful Lords shower grace on this fallen wretch

[Pointing] Just once cry Their names with tears; nothing else is required

[Secret] Will They really turn and look at someone as low as me?

4

এমন দুষ্মতি সংসার-ভিতরে পড়িয়া অগতির হয়ে
কাঁদিয়া কাঁদিয়া ডাকি ডাকি বলে নিতাই-গৌর হরি

emana durmati samsara-bhitare pañiyā agatira haye
kāndiyā kāndiyā ḫāki ḫāki bale nitāi-gaura hari

My mind so wicked, lost, no gate, no key
Weeping and weeping I scream till I am free:
Nitāi! Gaura! Hari! [Nitāi! Gaura! Hari!]

[Pointing] When every other gate is locked, only this cry opens the door
[Secret] Will my broken voice ever reach Them through these burning tears?

5

ডকত-বাসেল কৃষ্ণচৈতন্য-দেব
নিতাই-চাঁদ যাঁর প্রসাদে লভে ভাগবত-লব

নামের রসে মাতোয়ারা হইয়া ব্রজের যুবতী-সঙ্গে
কাঁদে কাঁদে নাচে গায় ডুবে নামের রস-রসে

O Caitanya-deva, You love Your devotees more than Your own life
Only by Nitāi's moonlike mercy do we taste one drop of bhakti divine
Maddened by the nectar of the name, surrounded by Vraja's young maidens
You weep, You dance, You sing, drowned in the playful ocean of the name

[Pointing] Beg Nitāi first; only then can Mahāprabhu's gift reach you
[Secret] He is tasting Rādhā's own mood; when will I taste even the echo?

6

(নিতাই) পড়ে মাটিতে উঠে বারেক বলে
‘বল বড় দুঃখ পাই’ তাহে আর নাহি বলে

যে দেখে সে করে কাঁদিয়া কোলে লয়
নিতাই-চাঁদের করুণা দেখি জগত জুড়ায়

Nityānanda falls to the ground, rises once and cries:
“Speak! My heart is breaking for these souls!” then falls silent again
Whoever sees this bursts into tears and clasps Him tight
Beholding Nitāi's moonlike mercy, the whole world is cooled

[Pointing] Remember this scene; your heart of stone will melt instantly
[Secret] If Nityānanda aches for me, why do I still refuse to ache for Him?

7

গায গোরা মধুর বচনে
গন্ধর্বা-সম্মতি-গীত-গুণ-মণি-কণ্ঠে

নিতাই-চাঁদের কৃপা-গুণ গায
যাঁর প্রসাদে পাই শ্রী-গৌর-পদ-ছায

gāya gorā madhura vacane
gandharvā-sammati-gīta-guṇa-maṇi-kaṇṭhe

nitāi-cāndera kṛpā-guṇa gāya
yāñra prasāde pāi śrī-gaura-pada-chāya

Gaurāṅga sings with a voice so sweet
even the gandharvas bow at His feet
Yet the only song on His honeyed tongue
is the boundless mercy of Nityānanda alone
By that mercy we reach Gaura's shade
without it every effort is made in vain

[Pointing] If Gaura Himself sings only of Nitāi's grace, let that be your only song
[Secret] When will my voice join His and never sing anything else?

ŚARANĀGATI

Section 2. Nirveda – Songs of Self-Reproach (8–12)

You have cried out to Nitāi-Gaura, and They have heard. But now a deeper wound opens: you cannot walk this path alone. The saṅkīrtana fire warms only when kindled in sacred company. Without the dust of the saints' feet, even Gaura's glance remains distant. And so the heart turns inward—not in pride, but in raw self-reproach. Who am I to chant if I have not even touched the hem of a true devotee's garment? This is the edge of nirveda: not despair, but holy shame—the unbearable weight of knowing how far you've strayed from the company that alone can carry you home.

8

লোক দেখায়া শাস্ত্র দেখায়া করিয়া যন্ত্র
নিতাই-চাঁদের কৃপা লাগি' রে

এই তিনে কি করিবি ভাই
নিতাই-চাঁদের কৃপা বিনা গতি নাই

loka dekhāyā śāstra dekhāyā kariyā yatna
nitāi-cāndera kṛpā lāgi' re

ei tine ki karibi bhāi
nitāi-cāndera kṛpā vinā gati nāi

Charity, scripture, penance, prayer
do them all, brother, do not despair
But do them only for one thing true:
the mercy of moonlike Nitāi for you
Without that mercy, brother, tell me plain
these three are nothing, all done in vain

[Pointing] Make every act a begging bowl held out for Nitāi's glance
[Secret] Will He ever fill this empty bowl with even one drop?

9

অবতার-সার গৌর অবতার কেন না ভজলি রে
মন, তুঁহ যদি অবতার-সার না ভজবি তবে সার কি হবে রে

avatāra-sāra gaura avatāra kena nā bhajali re
mana, tuñhu yadi avatāra-sāra nā bhajabi tabe sāra ki habe re

O mind, the essence of every avatār is golden Gaura
why turn your face away?
If you refuse to worship the crest-jewel of all avatāras
tell me, O mind, what essence will be left for you that day?

[Pointing] Worship Gaura right now; nothing else in creation is worth a moment
[Secret] When will this stubborn mind finally fall at His feet and weep?

10

এ হরি-নাম-সঙ্কীর্তন-যজ্ঞে
মহা-অবতারে লাগি' সবে ডাকিছে মানুষে

নিতাই-গৌরাঙ্গ-নামে রঞ্জে
মাতিয়া উঠিল সে যজ্ঞের আঙ্গে

e hari-nāma-saṅkīrtana-yajñe
mahā-avatāre lāgi' sabe dākiche mānuṣe

nitāi-gaurāṅga-nāme rāṅge
mātiyā uṭhila se yajñera āṅge

For this sacrifice of hari-nāma-saṅkīrtana
every great avatāra is calling the human race
When the names Nitāi-Gaurāṅga resound
the whole arena erupts in ecstatic grace
Dance, weep, lose yourself, never hold back
this is the yajña of Kali-yuga, the final track

[Pointing] Join the saṅkīrtana right now; the avatāras themselves are begging you
[Secret] When will I become so mad that even my shadow dances?

11

সাধু-সঙ্গ কোথা পাব রে মন, কাঁদিয়া কাঁদিয়া মারি
বিরহে জুলায় যমুনা-তীরে, বৃন্দাবন ছাড়ি' পরি

sādhu-saṅga kothā pāba re mana, kāndiyā kāndiyā mari
virahe jvālāya yamunā-tīre, vṛndāvana chāḍi' pari

O mind, where will I find the saints?
Weeping and weeping I die
Scorched by separation on Yamunā's shore
I fell, exiled from Vṛndāvana's sky

[Pointing] Cry until the saints themselves come running
[Secret] Without them even Vṛndāvana is a burning desert

12

হা হা সাধু-সঙ্গ বিনু কে বলে সুখী রে
সাধু-সঙ্গে কৃষ্ণ-নাম অমৃত-সম তৃষ্ণি হয় রে

hā hā sādhu-saṅga vinu ke bale sukhī re
sādhu-saṅge kṛṣṇa-nāma amṛta-sama tṛpti haya re

O! O! Without the saints who dares call himself happy?
Only in their company does Kṛṣṇa's name become nectar that truly satisfies me

[Pointing] Never believe you can taste the name alone

[Secret] One moment with them is worth a thousand lifetimes of dry chanting

ŚARANĀGATI

Section 3. Ātma-nivedana – Acceptance of the Lord as Sole Maintainer (13–19)

The ache for sādhu-saṅga has burned away every illusion of self-sufficiency. You no longer beg for blessings—you beg for shelter. And in that surrender, a new vision dawns: Vṛndāvana is not a myth, but your native land. Rādhākunḍa’s shore is not a pilgrimage site—it is the place your soul has always lived. From this moment, you stop asking for happiness in this world. You ask only to dwell at the feet of Rūpa and Sanātana, to let their mercy rebuild you from dust. This is ātma-nivedana: “I cannot maintain myself. You keep me—or let me vanish.”

13

সাধু-সঙ্গ ছাড়ি যদি জীবন কাটাই
তবে সে জীবন মরণ-সম ভাই

sādhu-saṅga chāḍi' yadi jīvana kāṭāi
tabe se jīvana maraṇa-sama bhāi

If I live my days without the saints, brother
that life is no better than death, brother

[Pointing] Count every breath without sādhu-saṅga as already dead
[Secret] How many years have I wasted breathing this corpse-air?

14

আমি ত' বড় দুরাচারী, সাধু-সঙ্গ না হইল
কৃষ্ণ-নাম-রসে মজি, কোথা হতে আসিল

āmi ta' baḍa durācārī, sādhu-saṅga nā haila
kṛṣṇa-nāma-rase majji, kothā hate āsila

I am the worst of sinners, never once touched by saints
yet suddenly I'm drowning in the rasa of the name—how can this be explained?

[Pointing] This taste is stolen mercy, not earned qualification
[Secret] One invisible touch from a sādhu has ruined me forever for anything else

15

সাধু-সঙ্গ-বিনু কৃষ্ণ-কৃপা কড়ু নাহি হয়
সাধু-সঙ্গে কৃষ্ণ-কৃপা সহজে লভ্য

sādhu-saṅga-vinu kṛṣṇa-kṛpā kabhu nāhi haya
sādhu-saṅge kṛṣṇa-kṛpā sahaje labhaya

Without the saints Kṛṣṇa never gives His grace
In the company of saints that grace flows without effort or trace

[Pointing] Make sādhu-saṅga the only goal of your life
[Secret] One glance from a sādhu is more than ten million austerities

16

আমাৰ দুৰ্দেবে সাধু-সঙ্গ নাহি মিলে
কাঁদিয়া কাঁদিয়া মৰি, কে বা শান্তি দিবে বলে

āmāra durdaive sādhu-saṅga nāhi mile
kāndiyā kāndiyā mari, ke vā sānti dibe bale

By my terrible fortune the saints never come near
Weeping and weeping I die—who will bring peace here?

[Pointing] Keep crying; your tears are the magnet that pulls them
[Secret] Their absence hurts more than separation from Kṛṣṇa Himself

17

সাধু-চৱণ-ধূলি মোৰ মণকে ভূষণ
সাধু-সঙ্গ বিনু আৱ নাহি যাচি বৱ দান

sādhu-caraṇa-dhūli mora mastake bhūṣaṇa
sādhu-saṅga vinu āra nāhi yāci vara dāna

Let the dust of the saints' feet be my only crown
I beg no other gift, no other boon in any town

[Pointing] Reject every blessing except their foot-dust
[Secret] When will that dust fall and burn away this false “I”?

18

বৃন্দাবন ছাড়ি' কেন অন্য ধামে গেলি বে
মন, বৃন্দাবন-বাস-রসে মজিয়া থাকিলে সুখী হইতি বে

vṛndāvana chāḍi' kena anya dhāme geli re
mana, vṛndāvana-vāsa-rase majiyā thākile sukhl haiti re

O mind, why did you leave Vṛndāvana and roam to foreign lands?
If you had stayed drowned in Vraja's rasa you would be happy with folded hands

[Pointing] Return home to Vṛndāvana right now, even if only in the heart
[Secret] Every place outside Vraja is burning exile

19

বৃন্দাবন-মাঝে রাধাকুণ্ড-তীরে
বসতি করিয়া থাকি শ্রী-রূপ-সনাতন-চরণে শরণ লই

vṛndāvana-mājhe rādhākuṇḍa-tīre
vasati kariyā thāki śrī-rūpa-sanātana-caraṇe śaraṇa lai

On Rādhākuṇḍa's bank in Vṛndāvana's heart
I will build my hut and never more depart
At the feet of Rūpa and Sanātana I fall
they are my only shelter, my all in all

[Pointing] Rādhākuṇḍa + Rūpa-Sanātana's feet = the complete address of the soul
[Secret] When will their feet drag me there forever?

ŚARANĀGATI

Section 4. Prāpti-lālasā – Longing for the Goal (20–26)

The desire for Vraja has ceased to be a dream—it has become a hunger that devours sleep, food, and breath. You no longer sing of Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa as distant deities, but as the air you were born to breathe. Every fiber of your being strains toward the kuñja, toward the whisper of Lalitā’s commands, toward the dust beneath Rādhā’s feet. This is not hope. This is prāpti-lālasā: holy greed so fierce it scorches patience, so pure it rejects every substitute. You would trade all the heavens for one moment fanning Her in the moonlit grove—and you know, with terrifying clarity, that nothing less will ever satisfy you again.

20

শ্রী-রূপ-মঞ্জরী-পদ, সেই মোর সম্পদ
সেই মোর ডজন-পূজন
সেই মোর প্রাণ-ধন, সেই মোর আভরণ
সেই মোর জীবনের জীবন

śrī-rūpa-mañjarī-pada, sei mora sampada
sei mora bhajana-pūjana
sei mora prāṇa-dhana, sei mora ābharaṇa
sei mora jīvanera jīvana

Rūpa Mañjarī's feet—my only wealth, my eternal worship and breath
My heart's treasure, my sacred ornament, the life within my death

[Pointing] Declare openly: "I belong body and soul to Rūpa Mañjarī"
[Secret] When will those feet step into my heart and crush every other identity?

21

রাধা-কৃগ-তট-কুঞ্জ-কুটীর
গোবর্ধন-পর্বত যমুনা-তীর
কুসুমিত-বৃন্দাবন-বন
যুগল-বিলাস-খেলা-স্থল-মণ্ডন

rādhā-kuñḍa-taṭa-kuñja-kuṭīra
govardhana-parvata yamunā-tīra
kusumita-vṛndāvana-vana
yugala-vilāsa-khelā-sthala-maṇḍana

A leaf-hut in the kuñja by Rādhākuñḍa's shore
Govardhana Hill, Yamunā's soft sands I adore
Every blooming grove of Vṛndāvana shines
as the stage for the Divine Couple's love-divine

[Pointing] These are not places on a map; they are the chambers of your own heart
[Secret] When will I wake up and find myself already there?

22

যে দিন গৃহে ভজন দেখি
গৃহেতে গোলোক ভায

ye dina gṛhe bhajana dekhi
gṛhete goloka bhāya

The day true bhajana dawns inside my room
this very hut becomes Goloka, ends all gloom

[Pointing] Vṛndāvana descends wherever pure devotion is sung
[Secret] Why wait for death? Let Goloka appear today

23

আমার সময় গেল শূন্যে ভাগিয়া
বৃন্দাবন-লাভে আর কিছু না চাহিয়া

āmāra samaya gela śūnye bhāgiyā
vṛndāvana-lābhe āra kichu nā cāhiyā

My whole life has vanished chasing empty air
now I want only Vṛndāvana—nothing else, I swear

[Pointing] Throw every other desire into the fire; beg only for Vraja
[Secret] Too late? Never too late while the tongue can still cry “Vṛndāvana!”

24

যাধা-কৃষ্ণ-পদ-সেবা বড় অভিলাষ করি
যুগল-কিশোর-প্রেম-লক্ষণ দেখিবার তরি

rādhā-kṛṣṇa-pada-sevā baḍa abhilāṣa kari
yugala-kiśora-prema-lakṣaṇa dekhibāra tari

I burn for direct service at Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa's feet
to see with these eyes Their youthful love complete

[Pointing] Let every heartbeat repeat: “Only Their sevā, only Their sevā”
[Secret] When will I tremble witnessing Their limbs quiver in ecstatic love?

25

শ্রী-দাস-গোস্বামী-রূপে সনাতনে
যুগল-সেবার আশা করি তাঁহার চরণে

śrī-dāsa-gosvāmī-rūpe sanātane
yugala-sevāra āsā kari tānhāra carane

At the feet of the Six Gosvāmīs, Rūpa and Sanātana first
I beg the hope of serving the Divine Youthful Pair with thirst

[Pointing] There is no door to Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa except through the Gosvāmīs' grace
[Secret] When will they drag this unworthy soul across the threshold?

26

হা হা কৃষ্ণ প্রাণ-নাথ কবে বা দেখিব তোমায়
বিরহ-জুলায় মারি যাই, কিছু সুখ নাহি পাই

hā hā kṛṣṇa prāṇa-nātha kābe vā dekhiba tomāya
viraha-jvālāya mari yāi, kichu sukha nāhi pāi

O! O! Kṛṣṇa, Prāṇa-nāth, when will I see You again?
I am dying in the fire of separation; not one drop of joy remains

[Pointing] Let every breath scream His name until He appears
[Secret] Even one glance would turn this corpse into nectar

ŚARANĀGATI

Section 5. Nāma-mahātmaya – Glorification of the Holy Name (27–33)

The longing for darśana has left you trembling, voiceless, raw. And in that emptiness, only one lifeline remains: the Holy Name. Not as theory. Not as ritual. But as the living breath of Gaura Himself—the only force strong enough to tear open the veil between here and there. You no longer seek visions; you seek taste. You beg not for sight, but for sobriety in the intoxication of nāma-rasa. This is nāma-mahātmaya: the stage where the name ceases to be your prayer and becomes your very pulse—where every syllable is a drop of prema, and every tear is a vessel to catch it.

27

কৃষ্ণ কৃষ্ণ কৃষ্ণ বলি' পড়ি যমুনার তীরে
কাঁদিয়া কাঁদিয়া মরি, কবে পাব কৃষ্ণ-প্রেম-বস-নীরে

kṛṣṇa kṛṣṇa kṛṣṇa bali' paḍi yamunāra tīre
kāndiyā kāndiyā mari, kābe pāba kṛṣṇa-prema-rasa-nīre

“Kṛṣṇa! Kṛṣṇa! Kṛṣṇa!” I fall on Yamunā’s shore
Weeping and weeping I die—when will I drink the nectar of His love once more?

[Pointing] Keep falling, keep crying; the tears are carving the path
[Secret] Will Yamunā herself carry these tears to His lotus feet?

28

কবে শ্রী-রাধা-কুণ্ড-তীরে, বসতি করিয়া থাকিব
কৃষ্ণ-নাম-গানে গানে, প্রেমে মত হঁয়া নাচিব

kabe śrī-rādhā-kuṇḍa-tīre, vasati kariyā thākiba
kṛṣṇa-nāma-gāne gāne, preme matta ha-iyā nāciba

When, O when on Rādhākuṇḍa’s bank will I dwell
singing Kṛṣṇa’s name song after song, drunk with prema, dancing like hell?

[Pointing] Live for that day only; everything else is death in disguise
[Secret] When will shame vanish and I dance naked in love?

29

বিরহে বিরহে কাঁদে কেন মন রে
কৃষ্ণ-প্রেম-রসে মাতোয়ারা হলৈলে সে কাঁদন ছাড়ে রে

virahe virahe kānde kena mana re
kṛṣṇa-prema-rase mātoyārā ha-ile se kāndana chāde re

O mind, why these endless tears of separation night and day?
The moment you’re drunk on Kṛṣṇa-prema, even this sweet pain melts away

[Pointing] Viraha is the fire that ripens the fruit; do not run from the burning
[Secret] When the burning becomes sweetness, I will know I am close

30

আমি যমুনা-জল-পানে, কৃষ্ণ-দর্শন-আশে মরি
করে বা সেই দিন আসিবে, প্রাণ-নাথ দেখা দিবে

āmi yamunā-jala-pāne, kṛṣṇa-darśana-āśe mari
kabe vā sei dina āsibe, prāṇa-nātha dekhā dibe

Every sip of Yamunā water I drink only for one hope: His sight
When, O when will that day come when my Prāṇa-nātha ends the night?

[Pointing] Turn every ordinary act into a love-cry for darśana
[Secret] Is He hiding in this very water, waiting for me to drown?

31

কৃষ্ণ-বিরহে জুলা, যেন অগ্নি-শিখা
দহে মম হৃদয়-কান্দা, নাহি পাই শান্তি-ধামা

kṛṣṇa-virahe jvālā, yena agni-śikhā
dahe mama hr̥daya-kāndā, nāhi pāi śānti-dhāma

Separation from Kṛṣṇa is a blazing flame
that burns the very root of my heart—no peace, no refuge, no name

[Pointing] Let the heart burn to ash; only then can He rebuild it
[Secret] This fire is His embrace in disguise

32

করে শ্রী-বাধার চরণ-সেবা, ললিতা-বিষাখা-সঙ্গে পাব
যুগল-কিশোর-প্রেম-কেলি, নয়নে দেখিব রঙ্গে

kabe śrī-rādhāra caraṇa-sevā, lalitā-viśākhā-saṅge pāba
yugala-kiśora-prema-keli, nayane dekhiba raṅge

When will I serve Śrī Rādhā's feet with Lalitā and Viśākhā near
and watch with these eyes the Divine Couple's love-sports without fear?

[Pointing] Viraha ends the moment Rādhā's sevā begins
[Secret] Let me burn forever if burning brings me to Her kuñja door

33

কবে হবে বল সে দিন আসিবে রে
নাম-রসে মাতিয়া, প্রেমে গদগদ হইয়া রে

kabe habe bala se dina āsibe re
nāma-rase mātiyā, preme gadgada ha-iyā re

Tell me, when, O when will that day come
when the rasa of the name makes me stagger and sway
my voice choking with prema, tears drowning every word I say?

[Pointing] Live only for that day when the name knocks you senseless
[Secret] One taste and every other pleasure turns to ash

34

কবে নাম-রসে ভাসিবে এ দুটি আঁখি
নাম-রসে মাতোয়ারা হইয়া কাঁদিব একাকী

kabe nāma-rase bhāsibe e duṭi āṅkhi
nāma-rase mātoyārā ha-iyā kāndiba ekākī

When will these two eyes float in an ocean of nāma-rasa
drunk on the name, weeping and weeping alone in the dark?

[Pointing] Pray for the day your eyes become two flooded rivers of the name
[Secret] Let no one see me; this intoxication is only for Him

ŚARANĀGATI

6. Ātma-nikṣepa – Total Self-Surrender (34–45)

The nectar of the name has flooded your heart—but you now see with trembling clarity: it came from One Source. Every drop of mercy, every spark of longing, every tear that fell while chanting—it all flows from a single pair of lotus feet. The journey, it turns out, was never away from the world toward Kṛṣṇa. It was always toward guru, in whose glance Kṛṣṇa resides. And so surrender deepens: not just to a goal, but to a Person. This is the turn of ātma-nikṣepa—not merely offering your life, but handing over identity itself to the one who holds the key to Rādhā’s kuñja.

35

নামের আকর্ষণে যদি হইয়া উন্মত
কাঁদিয়া বেড়াইব কোথা কৃষ্ণ কৃষ্ণ বলিয়া

nāmera ākarṣaṇe yadi ha-iyā unmatta
kāndiyā beḍāiba kothā krṣṇa krṣṇa baliyā

If the name ever drags me into madness
I'll roam the earth weeping and weeping, screaming “Krṣṇa! Krṣṇa!”

[Pointing] Do not fear insanity; it is the only sanity in love
[Secret] Let society call me mad; I will only answer with His name

36

অপরাধ-শূন্য হইয়া নাম-গ্রহণ করিব
কৃষ্ণ-নাম-রসে মাতিয়া ত্রপ্ত হইব

aparādha-sūnya ha-iyā nāma-grahaṇa kariba
krṣṇa-nāma-rase mātiyā tṛpta ha-iba

When every offence is burned away and I finally take the name
I'll drown in Krṣṇa's name-rasa and be fully satisfied, never the same

[Pointing] Beg for freedom from offences; nothing else blocks the taste
[Secret] One pure name is enough to finish the journey forever

37

নাম-বিনু কিছু না জানি, নাম-বিনু কিছু না মানি
নাম-বিনু জীবন মোর শূন্য মানি

nāma-vinu kichu nā jāni, nāma-vinu kichu nā māni
nāma-vinu jīvana mora śūnya māni

The name is all I know, the name is all I accept
without the name my entire life is empty, bankrupt

[Pointing] Reduce your universe to a single word: Hare Krṣṇa
[Secret] When the name leaves my tongue, I cease to exist

38

কবে নামের মাধুরী, অনুভব করিব
অশ্রু-ধারায় ধুইয়া, নাম-রসে ডুবিব

kabe nāmera mādhurī, anubhava kariba
aśru-dhārāya dhuiyā, nāma-rase ḫubiba

When will I taste the honey-sweetness of the name
washed by rivers of tears, sinking forever in its ocean-flame?

[Pointing] Tears are the price; pay gladly
[Secret] The tears are already the nectar in disguise

39

কৃষ্ণ-নাম-রসে মাতোয়ারা হইয়া, কাঁদিয়া কাঁদিয়া মারিব
যুগল-কিশোর-প্রেমে মজিয়া, নাম-রসে ত্পত্তি হইব

kṛṣṇa-nāma-rase mātocyārā ha-iyā, kāndiyā kāndiyā mariba
yugala-kiśora-preme majiyā, nāma-rase ḫrpta ha-iba

Drunk on Kṛṣṇa's name-rasa I will die weeping and weeping
submerged in love for the Divine Adolescent Pair
and in that death find total satisfaction in the name alone

[Pointing] Die while living; this is the only death worth dying
[Secret] The name will kill me and resurrect me as Their eternal maid-servant

40

শ্রী-গুরু-চরণ-পদ্ম, কেবল-ভক্তি-সদ্ম
বল্দোঁ মুই সাবধান মতে
যাঁহার প্রসাদে ভাই, এ ভব তরিয়া যাই
কৃষ্ণ-প্রাপ্তি হয় যাঁহা হৈতে

śrī-guru-caraṇa-padma, kevala-bhakti-sadma
vandoñ mui sāvadhāna mate
yāñhāra prasāde bhāi, e bhava tariyā yāi
kṛṣṇa-prāpti haya yāñhā haite

The lotus feet of Śrī Guru are the only home of pure bhakti
With utmost care I bow, I fall, I touch them with my heart

Brother, by his mercy alone we cross this ocean of births
From him alone comes Kṛṣṇa—no other path, no other art

[Pointing] Bow with full attention; these feet are the living door to Kṛṣṇa
[Secret] When will I stop bowing from a distance and be crushed beneath them?

41

গুরু-কৃপা-বিনু ভাই, কেহ না সুনিশ্চয়
এ ভব-সিন্ধু তরিবারে উপায়

guru-kṛpā-vinu bhāi, keha nā suniścaya
e bhava-sindhu taribāre upāya

Listen well, brother: without guru's mercy there is no certain way
to ever cross this endless, terrible ocean of birth and decay

[Pointing] Guru-kṛpā is the only boat; everything else is imagination
[Secret] Will he ever glance at this drowning soul?

42

শ্রী-গুরু-বন্দনা যাঁর, সেই প্রেম-ধন পায়
অন্য বন্দনা করি' প্রেম-বিনু ফল পায়

śrī-guru-vandanā yāñra, sei prema-dhana pāya
anya vandanā kari' prema-vinu phala pāya

Whoever worships Śrī Guru receives the treasure of pure prema
All other worship, however grand, yields fruits empty of love's flame

[Pointing] Make guru-vandanā your only worship from this moment on
[Secret] One sincere bow to him is worth more than ten million demigods

43

গুরু-পদ-পদ্মে যার নিষ্ঠা-ভক্তি-ধারা
কৃষ্ণ-তত্ত্ব লাভ করে সেই মহাজন-প্যারা

guru-pada-padme yāra niṣṭhā-bhakti-dhārā
kṛṣṇa-tattva lābha kare sei mahājana-pyārā

Whoever keeps an unbroken stream of faith at guru's lotus feet
receives direct revelation of Kṛṣṇa and becomes beloved of the great

[Pointing] Niṣṭhā at guru's feet is the only key that unlocks Kṛṣṇa-tattva
[Secret] When will my faith become a river that never runs dry?

44

গুরু-চরণে রতি, গুরু-আজ্ঞায় ভক্তি
গুরু-বিনু প্রেম নাহি কড়ু লড়ে শক্তি

guru-caraṇe rati, guru-ājñāya bhakti
guru-vinu prema nāhi kabhu labhe śakti

Attachment at guru's feet, devotion that follows his every word
without guru no power for prema ever stirs

[Pointing] True rati is only for guru's feet; true bhakti obeys his command
[Secret] Let my heart be chained to his feet and never set free

45

যাঁহার প্রসাদে পাই শ্রী-কৃষ্ণ-চরণ
সেই গুরু-পদে মোর বারেক নমস্কার

yāñhāra prasāde pāi śrī-kṛṣṇa-caraṇa
sei guru-pade mora bāreka namaskāra

By whose grace alone Śrī Kṛṣṇa's feet become mine
to that guru's feet I bow once—and that one bow lasts for all time

[Pointing] One conscious bow to Śrī Guru is enough for eternity
[Secret] May this single bow erase every other name from my heart

ŚARANĀGATI

6.2 Ātma-nikṣepa – Renunciation & Mañjari-bhāva (46–59)

Guru's mercy has shown you everything—and in that light, the world collapses into ash. What use are wealth, reputation, even your own spiritual résumé, when Rādhā's foot-dust is your only true wealth? The six enemies—lust, anger, greed—now appear as corpses at your feet, slain not by willpower, but by a single cry: Nitāi! Gaura! Hari! And from that death, a new life rises—not as aspirant, but as already home. The final phase of surrender is no longer begging. It is remembering: you are Rādhā's maidservant, eternally serving in the kuñja, and every breath outside that truth is exile. Now, the songs stop pleading—and begin living.

46

এমন দুষ্প্রতি সংসার-ভিতরে পড়িয়া অগতির হয়ে
কাঁদিয়া কাঁদিয়া ডাকি ডাকি বলে নিতাই-গৌর হবি

emana durmati samsara-bhitare padiyā agatira haye
kāndiyā kāndiyā ḍāki ḍāki bale nitāi-gaura hari

My mind so wicked, lost, no gate, no key
Weeping and weeping I scream till I'm free:
Nitāi! Gaura! Hari!

[Pointing] When every gate is locked, only this cry tears the wall down
[Secret] Will They hear me through these burning tears?

47

কাম ক্রোধ লোভ মোহ মদ মাত্সর্য
এ সব ছাড়িয়া ডজ গৌর-কিশোর

kāma krodha lobha moha mada mātsarya
e saba chādiyā bhaja gaura-kiśora

Lust, anger, greed, illusion, pride, envy: throw them in the fire
Worship only the golden adolescent Gaura, nothing else, nothing higher

[Pointing] Cut the six enemies at the root; no negotiation
[Secret] One glance from Gaura burns them faster than any tapasya

48

বিষয়-বাসনা-জুলা যদি হৃদয়ে জুলে
গৌর-কথা-অমৃত পান করি' শান্তি মিলে

viṣaya-vāsanā-jvālā yadi hr̥daye jvale
gaura-kathā-amṛta pāna kari' śānti mile

When the fire of sense-cravings blazes in the heart
drink the nectar of Gaura's topics; only that puts the burning out

[Pointing] Replace every poison thought with one drop of Gaura-kathā
[Secret] His pastimes are cooler than millions of moons

49

এ দেহ-পিঞ্জরে যত দিন থাকিব
গৌরাঙ্গ-চরণে মন রাখিব

e deha-piñjare yata dina thākiba
gaurāṅga-caraṇe mana rākhiba

As long as I'm locked in this cage of flesh and bone
my mind will stay glued to Gaurāṅga's feet alone

[Pointing] Do not give the mind even one second of vacation
[Secret] Let the body rot, but keep the mind at His feet

50

আমি ত' বিষয়ী, অতি ভোগ-লম্পট
গৌরাঙ্গ-চরণে মজাইলাম মন রে

āmi ta' viṣayī, ati bhoga-lampaṭa
gaurāṅga-caraṇe majāilāma mana re

I am a shameless materialist, greedy for every pleasure
yet somehow my mind has drowned in Gaurāṅga's lotus feet forever

[Pointing] This impossible absorption is mercy, not merit
[Secret] The worst sinner can be stolen in a single heartbeat

51

ধন জন আর যত মায়ার সংসার
সব ছাড়ি' গৌর-চন্দ্র-চরণে বিচার

dhana jana āra yata māyāra saṁsāra
saba chāḍi' gaura-candra-caraṇe vicāra

Money, followers, family, everything born of māyā: let it all go
turn the mind only toward moonlike Gaura's feet; that alone I know

[Pointing] Real renunciation is single-pointed absorption in Gaurāṅga
[Secret] When the world becomes garbage, freedom has already begun

52

শ্রী-রাধা-চরণ-রেণু, মোর এই অভিমান
তাঁর বিনু অন্য কিছু, না মানি পরাণ

śrī-rādhā-caraṇa-reṇu, mora ei abhimāna
tāñra vinu anya kichu, nā māni parāṇa

One speck of dust from Śrī Rādhā’s feet: this is my only pride
Without that dust nothing else in creation is alive

[Pointing] Throw away every other identity; you are Rādhā’s foot-dust and
nothing more

[Secret] When will that speck land on my head and burn away the “I”?

53

রাধা-দাস্য-বিনু মোর অন্য কোন আশা নাই
রাধা-পদ-রেণু কখন ছাড়িব নাই

rādhā-dāsyā-vinu mora anya kona āśā nāi
rādhā-pada-reṇu kakhana chāḍiba nāi

I have no hope, no dream, no prayer except to be Rādhā’s maid
I will never, even for an instant, abandon the dust of Her feet

[Pointing] Write it in blood: “Only rādhā-dāsyā, forever”

[Secret] Let death come the moment I forget this vow

54

যে দিন বৃন্দাবনে, রাধা-কৃষ্ণ-লীলা-গান
সে দিন আমার দিন, সে রাত্রি আমার রাত্রি

ye dina vṛndāvane, rādhā-kṛṣṇa-līlā-gāna
se dina āmāra dina, se rātri āmāra rātri

The day I sing of Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa’s pastimes in Vraja is my real day
The night I spend in Their līlā is my real night; all else is decay

[Pointing] Let every sunrise and sunset be measured only by Their love-play
[Secret] When will time itself dissolve in Their eternal eight-fold līlā?

55

কবে বৃন্দার বনে, চাঁদের আলোকে
রাধা-কৃষ্ণ-গোপী-সঙ্গে নাচিব যোগী হইয়ে

kabe vrindāra vane, cāndera āloke
rādhā-kṛṣṇa-gopī-saṅge nāciba yogī ha-ye

When, O when in Vṛndāvana's moonlit groves will I dance
lost in yoga with Rādhā, Kṛṣṇa, and the gopīs, entranced?

[Pointing] Dance until the body drops; this is the real aṣṭāṅga-yoga

[Secret] Let the moon witness my final disappearance into Their embrace

56

রাধা-কুঞ্জে শ্রী-রাধা-সঙ্গে থাকিব দাসী হইয়া
ললিতা-বিশাখা-আদি সখী-সঙ্গে সেবা করিয়া

rādhā-kuñje śrī-rādhā-saṅge thākiba dāsī ha-iyā
lalitā-viśākhā-ādi sakhibi-saṅge sevā kariyā

In Rādhā's hidden kuñja I will live as Her humble maid
serving under Lalitā, Viśākhā, and every beloved sakhibi

[Pointing] This is the address you were born for: maidservant of Śrī Rādhā

[Secret] When will Lalitā kick me into the kuñja and lock the door behind me?

57

কবে আমায় দ্যা করি', রাধা-কৃষ্ণ-পদ-ছায়
মঞ্জরী-রূপে সেবা দিবে, সখী-সঙ্গে লয়ে যায়

kabe āmāya dayā kari', rādhā-kṛṣṇa-pada-chāya
mañjarī-rūpe sevā dibe, sakhibi-saṅge laye yāya

When will Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa have mercy on this fallen soul
place me as a tiny mañjarī in the shade of Their feet
and carry me away forever with Their sakhibis?

[Pointing] Beg only for mañjarī-sevā; everything less is hell

[Secret] Let Them forget me forever if forgetting keeps me at Their feet

58

আমি সেই মঞ্জরী, রাধা-কৃষ্ণ-সেবা করি
সখী-সঙ্গে বৃন্দাবনে, যুগল-চরণে পড়ি

āmi sei mañjarī, rādhā-kṛṣṇa-sevā kari
sakhī-saṅge vṛndāvane, yugala-caraṇe paḍi

I am already that mañjarī—serving Them night and day
with the sakhīs in Vṛndāvana, fallen at the Yugala's feet to stay

[Pointing] Speak in present tense; the siddha-deha is awake now
[Secret] The “I” that still doubts is the only illusion left

59 (Final Song)

রাধা-কৃষ্ণ-প্রেম-রস-সাগরে ডুবাইয়া দে
মঞ্জরী-স্বরূপে দীক্ষা দিয়া রাখিব সদা সেবা-সাগরে

rādhā-kṛṣṇa-prema-rasa-sāgare ḍubāiyā de
mañjarī-svarūpe dīkṣā diyā rākhiba sadā sevā-sāgare

Drown me, plunge me, submerge me completely
in the shoreless ocean of Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa's prema-rasa
Initiate me into my eternal mañjarī form
and never let me rise again from the ocean of Their direct, loving service

[Pointing] This is the final prayer: make me Your maidservant forever—no return
[Secret] Let even the desire to desire anything else be dissolved in this ocean

END OF ŠARANĀGATI

The ocean has swallowed the drop. The drop has become the ocean.
No more songs. No more book. No more "you" to hold it.
What remains cannot be bound by pages or confined to words—
it is already written on your heart in the ink of tears.

For the pleasure of Śrīla Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura and the rūpānuga guru-varga.
Copyleft: freely given, freely taken, freely lived.

Sing it.
Weep it.
Live it.
Become it.

The real Šaraṇāgati begins now—in the marketplace, at work, in traffic—
where every breath whispers what these songs have burned into your bones:
I am Rādhā's dust. I am Rādhā's dust. I am Rādhā's dust.

Go weep where no one sees you.
The kuñja door is still open.
Nitāi is still waiting.

Hari Hari!
Rādhā-Vinoda-bihārīji ki jaya!

Glossary

Acintya-bheda

Caitanya's razor's edge: you are dust at Rādhā's feet yet Her heart's own blood. Never God. Never separate. Hold both truths like fire and ice until the mind breaks and only love remains.

Aṣṭa-sakhīs

Rādhā's eight fire-hearted generals—Lalitā, Viśākhā, Citrā, Campakalatā, Tungavidyā, Indulekhā, Raṅgadevī, Sudevī—whose very breath orders the mañjarīs. To serve under even one is to taste heaven's core.

Ātma-nikṣepa

The final plunge: throwing your entire being—past sins, future dreams, present “I”—at Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa's feet like a beggar tossing his last coin into the Yamunā. No parachute. No return.

Ātma-nivedana

“Yours, not mine”: surrendering job, family, reputation, even your spiritual progress. The moment you whisper “I maintain myself,” the door slams shut. Only the cry “You keep me!” opens it.

Bhāva / Bhāva-bhakti

When the heart cracks like dry earth and tears flow without reason. Not theory. Not practice. The first drop of prema that burns away every fake identity. Recognized only by the weeping it leaves behind.

Dainya

Bone-deep knowing: “I am lower than street dust, more worthless than dog piss.” Not false modesty. The raw truth that makes Nitāi turn His head. Without this, every prayer bounces off the ceiling.

Dāsa / Dāsī

Male or female servant. But hear this truth: your only true name is *kiṅkarī-dāsī*—Rādhā’s foot-dust maidservant. Everything else is a prison uniform you haven’t burned yet.

Ekādaśī

Kṛṣṇa’s mercy day. Fast until moonrise. Sing all 59 songs without stopping. Let the body shrink while the soul expands. Many cross the ocean on this one raft.

Gaura / Gaurāṅga / Caitanya

Kṛṣṇa Himself, dyed gold with Rādhā’s love. Appeared 1486 to drown the world in nāma-saṅkīrtana. His eyes hold oceans of tears for you. One sincere cry to Him shatters every karmic chain.

Gaura-kiśora

The golden adolescent—eternally sixteen, dancing in Navadvīpa’s streets. Not a historical figure. The living fire who still hunts for fallen souls in the Kali-yuga night. Touch His feet and your past vanishes.

Godrumadvīpa

The tear-soaked island in Navadvīpa where Bhaktivinoda wrote these songs after midnight, alone, with only a clay lamp. That tiny room is now a cosmic portal. Enter it by singing song #4 until you collapse.

Gosvāmīs (Six Gosvāmīs)

Rūpa, Sanātana, Raghunātha Bhaṭṭa, Jīva, Gopāla Bhaṭṭa, Raghunātha Dāsa—the six warriors who mapped the path to Rādhā’s heart. They walked away from empires to sleep on Vṛndāvana’s soil. Bow or burn.

Guru-tattva

Śrī Guru is not your friend. He is Kṛṣṇa’s scalpel—cutting out your false “I” with bloody precision. One glance from him can burn lifetimes of sin. One moment of his displeasure can strand you for eons. Worship him or wander forever.

Hari

“The Heart-Stealer.” Not a name. A weapon. Chant it with tears and it rips māyā’s noose from your throat. Chant it dryly and it becomes ash in your mouth. Hari wants your sobbing surrender—not your polished japa.

Jīva / Jīva soul

You. Trapped in a rotting cage of flesh, name, and desire. Yet beneath the filth: an eternal mañjarī who never left Rādhā’s kuñja. The war is between these two truths. Only tears decide the victor.

Kāma, krodha, lobha, moha, mada, mātsarya

Lust, anger, greed, delusion, pride, envy—the six assassins that slit your throat while you sleep. Gaura’s name incinerates them. Your willpower feeds them.

Kiñkari

A maidservant younger than the sakhīs—eternally eleven to thirteen—who fans Rādhā’s face when She sweats from love. Your siddha-deha. Your only true identity. Everything else is borrowed rags.

Kuñja

Rādhā’s secret flower bower. Not a place. A state of being. Where time dissolves and only Her whisper remains: “My maidservant, prepare the betel.” To live there is to cease breathing the outside air forever.

Lalitā

Rādhā’s fiery commander. Carries a stick to beat Kṛṣṇa when He displeases Her mistress. Fiercely loves the mañjarīs but tolerates no pride. One plea to her can drag you across universes into the kuñja.

Mādhurya-rasa

The nectar of Kṛṣṇa’s intimate love. Not for sages. Not for kings. Only for those who have died to honor and shame. Rādhā tastes it purest. Her maidservants catch the drops that fall from Her lips.

Mahājan

A soul who has drowned in prema and walks soaked on the shore, pulling others in. Not scholars. Not saints. Drowning men who still reach back for you. Follow only those whose eyes never dry.

Mañjarī

A young maidservant who carries messages, mixes perfumes, sweeps Rādhā's footprints into her heart. Your eternal form. Your true name. The identity that shatters when you chant "Nitāi! Gaura! Hari!" with real tears.

Mañjarī-bhāva

Not a concept. Your birthright. The state where you feel Rādhā's heartbeat in your chest, where Her sweat becomes your sacred thread. Demanded by no one. Gifted only to those who weep until they forget their own name.

Navadvīpa

The golden Vṛndāvana. Where Gaura danced with the saṅkīrtana sword, cutting illusion's head off. Every grain of its soil remembers His tears. To walk there blind is to miss the cosmic fire burning underfoot.

Nāma

Kṛṣṇa Himself in sound form. Not a mantra. A roaring lion that devours sin. Chant it weeping and it becomes a flood that washes you to the kuñja shore. Chant it dryly and it becomes rope for māyā to hang you.

Nāma-aparādha

Ten poison arrows that block nāma's taste: disrespect to guru, seeing God's equals, criticizing saints, treating nāma as mere words... One drop of true tears dissolves them all. Pride keeps them alive.

Nāma-rasa

The actual taste of the name—sweet as Rādhā's lips, hot as separation's fire. Not felt in the tongue but in the heart that breaks open. Comes only after offences burn away in the tears you refused to shed for years.

Nāma-saṅkīrtana

The yuga-dharma: loud, weeping, unrestrained chanting in saṅga. Not performance. Not meditation. A cosmic war cry that shatters hells and pulls Kṛṣṇa down by His hair. Done right, neighbors call police. Done perfectly, you never speak again—only sing.

Nikuñja

The hidden heart of the kuñja. Where Rādhā’s breath mingles with Kṛṣṇa’s, where even Lalitā waits outside. Only the mañjarīs slip through the flower curtain. To serve there is to cease existing as “you.”

Nirveda

Holy disgust. The day you vomit on your diplomas, your marriage certificate, your meditation beads. Not depression. Clarity. The moment you realize: “Every breath outside Rādhā’s service is suicide.”

Nitāi / Nityānanda Prabhu

Balarāma’s merciful form. Blue-skinned, maddened with compassion. Specializes in those too broken for Gaura to touch. Falls to the ground sobbing for your sake. One sincere cry “Nitāi!” and He drags you bleeding across the threshold.

Prema / Prema-bhakti

Not love. Liquid fire. The death of “I” and birth of “Her.” Rādhā possesses it fully. Her maid-servants taste its fragments. Demanded by none. Given only when the heart becomes a desert so vast and dry that only prema’s flood can save it.

Prāpti-lālasā

Burning greed for the goal. Not patience. Not hope. The raw, screaming hunger that tears at your chest until only Rādhā’s kuñja can fill it. Most mistake it for lust. The saints recognize it as Kṛṣṇa’s hook in the heart.

Rāgānugā-bhakti

Following in the footsteps of Vraja’s eternal residents. Not rules. Not rituals. Becoming a shadow of Rūpa Mañjarī, feeling what she feels, dying for what she dies for. Requires death of your own desires first.

Rādhā-dāsyā

Exclusive service to Śrī Rādhā. The summit. The end. The place where even Kṛṣṇa waits for Her glance. Not attained by yoga. Not bought by knowledge. Gifted only to those who weep for Her dust like a drowning man weeps for air.

Rādhā-kuṇḍa

Rādhā's bathing place. More sacred than Kṛṣṇa Himself. Where Her tears mixed with His when He dug it for Her. One dip with true longing erases lifetimes. One disrespectful step condemns you to hells. No middle ground.

Rasa

Not taste. Being. The state where separation and union, pain and bliss, death and life merge in Kṛṣṇa's fire. Rādhā is its queen. Her maidservants die to catch its scent on the wind.

Rūpa Mañjarī

Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī's eternal form—Rādhā's chief maidservant. The architect of this path. His every breath designs the kuñja. His mercy is the only bridge across the ocean of time. Cling to his feet or swim forever.

Rūpānuga

One who follows Rūpa Gosvāmī and Rūpa Mañjarī without deviation. Not a title. A death sentence to the world. The inner circle of Caitanya's fire. Walk this path or walk away—there is no tourist visa to Rādhā's heart.

Sakhi

Rādhā's intimate girlfriends—same age, same mood, same heartbeat. They command the mañjarīs but serve Rādhā's every breath. To see one is to forget your mother's face. To serve under one is to know why you were born.

Siddha-deha

Your eternal body in Vraja—already serving, already weeping, already lost in Rādhā's love. Not future. Present. Buried under layers of false identity like a pearl under ocean mud. Tears wash the mud away.

Siddha-praṇālī

Receiving your eleven eternal details from the guru's fire-filled mouth. Not a ritual. A death and rebirth. Done right, you return from that room as a stranger to your own name. Done wrongly, it becomes spiritual pornography.

Śaraṇāgati

Six limbs of complete surrender: humility (dainya), disgust (nirveda), acceptance (ātma-nivedana), burning greed (prāpti-lālasā), name-glorification (nāma-mahātmaya), self-offering (ātma-nikṣepa). Not theory. A weeping war cry. The only key that fits Kali-yuga's lock.

Vaidhī-bhakti

Rule-based devotion—the kindergarten of bhakti. Necessary but insufficient. Like training wheels on a bicycle headed for a cliff. Must be transcended by rāgānugā's fire or it becomes a gilded cage.

Vraja / Vṛndāvana

Kṛṣṇa's eternal realm. Not a village in India. The dimension where love is the only law. Where every pebble remembers His footprints, every leaf holds His flute-song. To enter it, your heart must become a desert so vast only prema can fill it.

Vraja-rasa

The nectar of Vraja's love-moods. Not experienced. Drowned in. Rādhā tastes it purest. Her maid-servants catch the drops that fall from Her cup. Demanded by no one. Given only to those who forget their own thirst to quench Hers.

Vipralambha

Love in separation. The fire that burns away everything false. When it grips you, food turns to vomit, sleep to torture, breath to a knife. Rādhā perfected it. Her maid-servants beg to taste even its smoke. Without it, prema is a painted flame.

Viśākhā

Rādhā's second-in-command. Cool where Lalitā is fire. Master strategist of love's wars. Her glance can turn time backward. Her whisper can heal Kṛṣṇa's wounds. The mañjarīs serve trembling—not from fear, but from love's unbearable weight.

Yuga-dharma

The only practice for this age: nāma-saṅkīrtana. Not whispered. Not meditated. Screamed from the rooftop until the police come. Done right, it shatters karmic chains like glass. Done weakly, it becomes spiritual sleeping pills.

Yugala-kiśora / Yugala

The Divine Adolescent Couple—eternally sixteen, locked in love's fire. Not two. One being in two forms. Rādhā is the heart. Kṛṣṇa is the body. To serve Them is to cease existing as “you.” To see Them is to forget every other sight.

May every word become flesh in your heart through the mercy of Śrī Guru and the Vaiṣṇavas.

Hare Kṛṣṇa.