

Yugal Vihar CD #2

Words & Melodies by Jagadguru Shri Kripalu Ji Maharaj

Sung by Raseshwari Devi

Track 1

किशोरी जू के, रतनारे दोड नैन ।

Kiśorī Jū ke,

ratnāre doū nain

The eyes of Radha Rani have a reddish hue in them.

सरस सुरति-रस-सरस प्रेम-रस,

चवत मनहु दिन रैन ।

Saras surati ras saras prem
ras, cuvāt manahūm din rain

The nectar of Divine love flows from these eyes day and night.

अति रसभरे नैनहू ते अति,

सरस रसीले सैन ।

Ati ras bhare nain hūm te
ati, saras rasīle sain

Even more beautiful than the eyes are the side-long glances.

घायल करत रैन दिन मोहन,

नैन सैन अति पैन ।

Ghāyal karat rain din Mohan,
nain sain ati pain

Radha Rani lovingly injures the heart of Shyamsunder with these glances.

तदपि विकल पल पल देखन कह,

बिनु देखे नहि चैन ।

Tadapi vikal pal-pal dekhan
kaham, binu dekhe nahim cain

Still, Shyamsunder is ever restless to behold these sharp glances.

सो 'कपालु' सुख कौन भने जब, बोलति

मधुरे बैन ॥

So 'Kṛpālu' sukh kaun bhane
jab, bolati madhure bain

Says 'Kripalu,' "When Kishori Ji speaks in Her sweet voice, the bliss that is experienced cannot be explained in words



Track 2

हमे तो, अली लली सो काम ।

Hamem to, alī Lalī soṁ kām
Sakhi! I am concerned only with Kishori Ji.

रसिक रगीली गुन गवीली,

छैल छबीली भाम ।

Rasik raṅgīlī gun garvīlī,
chail chabīlī bhām

One who is pleasing to the rasiks, who is the treasure-house of virtues, and the ultimate limit of nectar.

पूरनकाम श्यामहू जाको,

आठो याम गुलाम ।

Pūran kām śyām hūm jāko,
āṭhoṁ yām gulām

Even the self-contented Shyamsunder is Her slave day and night.

गहवर गली भली अलि मो कह,

नहि बैकुण्ठ ललाम ।

Gahvar galī bhalī ali mo
kaham, nahim Baikunṭh lalām

I do not care for Baikuntha, the lanes of Gahavarvan are sufficient for me.

मन भावत नित आवत जावत,

गावत राधे नाम ।

Man bhāvat nit āvat jāvat,
gāvat Rādhe nām

I remain blissful, always taking the name of Radha.

मजुल कुज 'कपालु' निकुजनि,

विचरत आठो याम ॥

Mañjul kuñj 'Kṛpālu'

nikuñjani, vicarat āṭhom yām
I, 'Kripalu', roam around in the beautiful
groves twenty-four hours a day."



Track 3

कहा सखि! कबहु न अइहै श्याम ।

Kahā sakhi! Kabahum na
aihaiṁ śyām

*A gopi suffering from separation, says, "Will
Shyamsunder never return to us?"*

बनिहै कहा निठर पिय एतिक,
सरल सुखद सुखधाम ।

Banihaiṁ kahā niṭhur piya
etik, saral sukhad sukh dhām
*He is so soft hearted; has He really become so
cruel?*

कहा सुरति रति-रसहु, की सखि!
बिसरैहै वसुयाम ।

Kahā surati rati-rasahuṁ kī
sakhi, bisaraihaiṁ vasu yām
*Will He completely forget the love we had
between us?*

कहा भूलि जैहै प्रिय मनसुख,
धनसुख, अरु श्रोदाम ।

Kahā bhūli jaihaiṁ priya
Mansukh, Dhansukh aru śrīdām
*Will He also forget the love of His friends
such as Mansukhi, Dhansukhi and Shreedama?*

कहा भुलैहै नद-यशोमति,
अस परतीति न भाम ।

Kahā bhulaihaiṁ Nand
Yaśomati, as partīti na bhām

*Will He forget the love He has received from
Nand and Yashoda? No no, this cannot be.*

कहा 'कपालु' सुरति बिसरैहै, प्रानन प्रिय
ब्रजधाम ॥

Kahā 'Kṛpālu' surati
bisraihaiṁ, prānan priya
Braj dhām

*Says 'Kripalu,' "Will He forget Braj, which is
more precious to Him than life itself? No, no,
say it is not so."*



Track 4

दशन देना नद दुलारे ।
नदनदन नैनन के तारे ।

Darśan denā Nand-dulāre
Nand-Nandan nainan ke tāre
*O son of Nand! You are the apple of my eye.
Let me behold You with...*

लटकनि मोर मुकुट की माथे,
चटकनि केशर तिलक लिलारे ।

Laṭkani mor-mukūṭ kī māthe,
caṭkani keśar-tilak lilāre
*... a peacock-feather crown swaying gently on
Your head and Your forehead adorned with
the mark of sandalwood paste and saffron,*

अलकनि झलक मनहु अवलिन अलि,
जुरि जुरि जात जलज मुख पारे ।
Alkani-jhalak manahu avalin
ali, juri juri jāt
jalaj-mukh pāre
*... Your curly locks, looking like a swarm of
bees, gathering on Your lotus face,*

सुधा-पयोनिधि मधि विष-अबुधि,
मतवारे चचल दग वारे ।
Sudhā-payonidhi madhi viṣ

ambudhi, matvāre cañcal dṛg
vāre

... Your intoxicating eyes, appearing to be the
ocean of poison (black pupil) in the midst of
the ocean of nectar (whites of the eyes), i.e.
eyes filled with mischief, nectar, poison and
wine,

अबर पीत दिपत दुति दामिनि,
भगुपद गुजमाल गल धारे ।

Aṁbar-pīṭ dipat duti-dāmini,
bhṛgu-pad guñjmāl gal dhāre
... Your pitambar (yellow garment) fluttering
gently and shining like lightning. I want to
see the imprint of Bhṛigu's foot on Your chest
and a garland of wild flowers around Your
neck,

कटि कमनीय काछनी काछे,
कर मुरली अगुरीन सहारे ।

Kaṭi kamanīya kāchanī kāche,
kar muralī aṁgurīn sahāre

... a beautiful scarf tied around Your waist
and a flute in Your hands, resting on Your
fingers.

हाय! कबहु झमत सखि मो ढिग,
प्रीतम अइहै प्राणपियारे ।

Hāya! kabahuṁ jhūmat sakhi
mo ḍhig, prītam aīhaiṁ prāṇ
piyāre

Alas! Will the day ever come, o friend, when
Shyamsunder, who is more precious than life
itself, will come towards me with His
intoxicating way of walking?

अब 'कपालु' को वेगि मिलहु पिय,
नाहित जात ये प्राण हमारे ॥

Ab 'kṛpālu' ko vegi milahu piya,
nāhiṁ ta jāṭ ye prāṇa hamāre
Says 'Kṛipalu,' "O Beloved! Give me darshan
soon. Otherwise, my soul will leave my body."