

ŚRĪ DĀMODARĀṢṬAKA

(found in the *Padma Purāṇa* of Kṛṣṇa Dvaipāyana Vyāsa, spoken by Satyavrata Muni in a conversation with Nārada Muni and Śaunaka Ṛṣi.)

"In the month of Kārtika one should worship Lord Dāmodara and daily recite the prayer known as Dāmodarāṣṭaka, which has been spoken by the sage Satyavrata and which attracts Lord Dāmodara. "

(Śrī Hari-bhakti-vilāsa 2.16.198)

(1)

*namāmīśvaram sac-cid-ānanda-rūpaṁ
lasat-kuṇḍalaṁ gokule bhrājamaṇam
yaśodā-bhiyolūkhalād dhāvamānaṁ
parāmṛṣṭam atyantato drutya gopyā*

(1) To the Supreme Lord, whose form is the embodiment of eternal existence, knowledge, and bliss, whose shark-shaped earrings are swinging to and fro, who is beautifully shining in the divine realm of Gokula, who [due to the offense of breaking the pot of yogurt that His mother was churning into butter and then stealing the butter that was kept hanging from a swing] is quickly running from the wooden grinding mortar in fear of mother Yaśodā, but who has been caught from behind by her who ran after Him with greater speed than that Supreme Lord, Śrī Dāmodara, I offer my humble obeisances.

(2)

*rudantaṁ muhur netra-yugmaṁ mṛjantaṁ
karāmbhoja-yugmena sātāṅka-netraṁ
muhuh śvāsa-kampa-trirekhāṅka-kaṇṭha-
sthita-graivaṁ dāmodaraṁ bhakti-baddham*

(2) [Seeing the whipping stick in His mother's hand,] He is crying and rubbing His eyes again and again with His two lotus hands. His eyes are filled with fear, and the necklace of pearls around His neck, which is marked with three lines like a conchshell, is shaking because of His quick breathing due to crying. To this Supreme Lord, Śrī Dāmodara, whose belly is bound not with ropes but with His mother's pure love, I offer my humble obeisances.

(3)

*itīḍṛk sva-lilābhir ānanda-kuṇḍe
sva-ghoṣaṁ nimajjantam ākhyāpayantam
tadīyeṣita-jñeṣu bhaktair jitatvaṁ
punaḥ prematas taṁ śatāvṛtti vande*

(3) By such childhood pastimes as this He is drowning the inhabitants of Gokula in pools of ecstasy, and is revealing to those devotees who are absorbed in knowledge of His supreme majesty and opulence that He is only conquered by devotees whose pure love is imbued with intimacy and is free from all conceptions of awe and reverence. With great love I again offer my obeisances to Lord Dāmodara hundreds and hundreds of times.

(4)

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

(4) O Lord, although You are able to give all kinds of benedictions, I do not pray to You for the boon of impersonal liberation, nor the highest liberation of eternal life in Vaikuṅṭha, nor any other boon [which may be obtained by executing the nine processes of *bhakti*]. O Lord, I simply wish that this form of Yours as Bāla Gopāla in Vṛndāvana may ever be manifest in my heart, for what is the use to me of any other boon besides this?

(5)

*idaṁ te mukhāmbhojam atyanta-nīlair
vṛtaṁ kuntalaiḥ snigdha-raktaiś ca gopyā
muḥś cumbitaṁ bimba-raktādharaṁ me
manasy āvirāstāṁ alaṁ lakṣa-lābhaiḥ*

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

(6)

*namo deva dāmodarānanta viṣṇo
prasīda prabho duḥkha-jālābdhi-magnam
kṛpā-dr̥ṣṭi-vṛṣṭyāti-dīnam batānu
gr̥hāṇeṣa mām ajñam edhy akṣi-dr̥śyaḥ*

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

(7)

*kuverātmajau baddha-mūrtyaiva yadvat
tvayā mocitau bhakti-bhājau kṛtau ca
tathā prema-bhaktim svakām me prayaccha
na mokṣe graho me 'sti dāmodareha*

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

(8)

*namas te 'stu dāmne sphurad-dīpti-dhāmne
tvadīyodarāyātha viśvasya dhāmne
namo rādhikāyai tvadīya-priyāyai
namo 'nanta-līlāya devāya tubhyam*

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