

ANANTA SATSANG · THE VERNACULAR BEE-SONG

भ्रमरगङ्गसार

Bhramar-gīt-sār

The Complete 387-Pada Śukla Selection



Sūrdās

Complete Devanāgarī-IAST-English edition · 387 complete padas

About this edition

This edition presents the complete 387-pada Bhramar-gīt-sār selected by Rāmchandra Śukla from Sūrdās's vernacular retelling of the Bhāgavata's Bee-Song. The editorial boundary is Śukla's numbered sequence 1-387, not a modern anthology or a sample of celebrated padas.

Textual control

The Devanāgarī preserves 354 intact transcriptions from the proofread Wikisource Page namespace of the retained 1926 scan. Thirty-three positions affected by absent or partial leaves are diplomatically reconstructed from Śukla's complete 1948 reprint and collated against the 1977 annotated witness. The source partition and every root hash are audited before publication.

Transliteration and translation

IAST is generated deterministically from the displayed Devanāgarī. The English is a fresh Ananta Satsang editorial translation aligned pada by pada. Refrains, metaphors, dramatic voices, and the culminating Uddhava-gopī dialogue are retained in full.

Sources

Primary witness: Rāmchandra Śukla, Bhramar-gīt-sār (1926 retained scan and proofread Page-namespaces transcription). Reconstruction control: complete 1948 reprint, collated with the 1977 annotated edition. Fresh IAST and English: Ananta Satsang.

Contents

Padas 1-15

Padas 16-30

Padas 31-45

Padas 46-60

Padas 61-75

Padas 76-90

Padas 91-105

Padas 106-120

Padas 121-135

Padas 136-150

Padas 151-165

Padas 166-180

Padas 181-195

Padas 196-210

Padas 211-225

Padas 226-240

Padas 241-255

Padas 256-270

Padas 271-285

Padas 286-300

Padas 301-315

Padas 316-330

Padas 331-345

Padas 346-360

Padas 361-375

Padas 376-387

Padas 1-15

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 1

राग सारंग

पहिले करि परनाम नंद सों समाचार सब दीजो।
और वहाँ वृषभानु गोप सों जाय सकल सुधि लीजो॥
श्रीदामा आदिक सब ग्वालन मेरे हुतो भेंटियो।
सुख-संदेस सुनाय हमारो गोपिन को दुख मेटियो॥
मंत्री इक बन बसत हमारो ताहि मिले सद्यु पाइयो।
सावधान ह्वै मेरे हुतो ताही माथ नवाइयो॥
सुन्दर परम किसोर बयक्रम चंचल नयन बिसाल।
कर मुरली सिर मोरपंख पीताम्बर उर बनमाल॥
जनि डरियो तुम सघन बनन में ब्रजदेवी रखवार।
बृन्दावन सो बसत निरंतर कबहुँ न होत नियार॥
उद्धव प्रति सब कही स्यामजू अपने मन की प्रीति।
सूरदास किरपा करि पठए यहै सकल ब्रज रीति

*pahile kari paranāma naṇḍa sōṃ samācāra saba dījo|
aura vahā~ vṛṣabhānu gopa sōṃ jāya sakala sudhi lījo||
śrīdāmā ādika saba gvālana mere huto bheṇṭiyo|
sukha-saṇḍesa sunāya hamāro gopina ko dukha meṭiyo||
maṇṭri ika bana basata hamāro tāhi mile sacu pāiyo|
sāvadhāna hvai mere hūto tāhi mātḥa navāiyo||
sundara parama kisora bayakrama caṇcala nayana bisāla|
kara muralī sira morapaṇṭika pītāmbara ura banamāla||
jani ḍariyo tuma saghana banana meṃ brajadevī rakhavāra|
bṛndāvana so basata niraṇṭara kabahu~ na hota niyāra||
uddhava prati saba kahī śyāmajū apane mana kī prīti|
sūradāsa kirapā kari paṭḥae yahai sakala braja rīti*

First bow to Nanda and give him all my news; then go to the cowherd Vṛṣabhānu and learn how everyone fares. Meet Śrīdāmā and all the other cowherds on my behalf. Carry my message of well-being and dispel the gopīs' sorrow. A counselor of mine dwells in the forest; meet that one and you will find joy. Be attentive, and bow your head there for me: a supremely beautiful youth, with great restless eyes, flute in hand, peacock plume upon the head, yellow cloth and a forest garland upon the breast. Do not fear the dense woods - the goddess of Vraja keeps watch. That presence dwells forever in Vṛndāvana and is never far away. Śyāma thus told Uddhava all the love within his heart; by his grace, says Sūrdās, he sent him forth into the whole way of

Vraja.

Pada 2

राग सौरठ

कहियो नन्द कठोर भए।
 हम दोउ बीरै डारि पर-धरै मानो थाती सौपि गए॥
 तनक तनक तैं पालि बड़े किए बहुतै सुख दिखराए।
 गोचारन को चलत हमारे पाछे कोसक धाए॥
 ये बसुदेव देवकी हमसों कहत आपने जाए।
 बहुरि बिधाता जसुमतिजू के हमहिं न गोद खिलाए॥
 कौन काज यह राज, नगर को सब सुख सों सुख पाए?
 सूरदास ब्रज समाधान कर आजु काल्हि हम आए

kahiyo nanda kaṭhōra bhaē|
hama dou bīrai ḍāri para-gharai māno thātī saūpi gae||
tanaka tanaka taiṇ pālī baṛe kie bahutai sukha dikharaē|
gocārana ko calata hamāre pāche kosaka dhāē||
ye basudeva devakī hamasōṇ kahata āpane jāē|
bahuri bidhātā jasumatijū ke hamahiṇ na goda khilāē||
kauna kāja yaha rāja, nagara ko saba sukha sōṇ sukha pāē?
sūradāsa braja samādhāna kara āju kālhi hama āē

Tell them: 'Nanda has grown hard-hearted. He left us two brothers in another's house as though entrusting a deposit. From our earliest days he raised us to manhood and showed us every happiness; when we went to graze the cows, he would run for miles behind us. Now Vasudeva and Devakī tell us we are their own sons - as though destiny had not placed us in Mother Yaśodā's lap! What use is this kingdom? How can the city's every pleasure bring happiness? We shall soothe Vraja and return today or tomorrow,' says Sūrdās.

Pada 3

राग बिलावल

तबहिं उपँगसुत आय गए।
 सखा सखा कछु अंतर नाहीं भरि भरि अंक लए॥
 अति सुंदर तन स्याम सरीखो देखत हरि पछिताने।
 ऐसे को वैसी बुधि होती ब्रज पठवैं तब आने॥
 या आगे रस-काव्य प्रकासे जोग-बचन प्रगटावै।
 सूर ज्ञान दृढ़ याके हिरदय युबतिन जोग सिखावै

tabahiṃ upa~gasuta āya gae|
sakhā sakhā kachu aṃtara nāhiṃ bhari bhari aṃka lae||
ati suṇḍara tana syāma sarīkho dekhata hari pachitāne|
aise ko vaisī budhi hotī braja paṭhavaiṃ taba āne||
yā āge rasa-kābya prakāse joga-bacana pragaṭāvai|
sūra jñāna dṛḥṭha yāke hiraḍaya yubatina joga sikhāvai

Just then Upāṅga's son arrived. Between the two friends there was not the slightest distance; again and again Kṛṣṇa drew him into his arms. His beautiful body so resembled Śyāma's that Hari looked upon him and regretted: 'If only a form like this possessed the understanding suited to it, then sending him to Vraja would bring him back transformed. Before the women he will set forth the words of yoga where love's poetry shines.' Knowledge sat firm in Uddhava's heart, says Sūrdās, and so he would teach yoga to the young women.

Pada 4

हरि गोकुल की प्रीति चलाई।
 सुनहु उपँगसुत मोहिं न बिसरत ब्रजबासी सुखदाई॥
 यह चित होत जाऊँ मैं अबही, यहाँ नहीं मन लागत।
 गोप सुग्वाल गाय बन चारत अति दुख पायो त्यागत॥
 कहूँ माखन चोरी? कह जसुमति 'पूत जेव' करि प्रेम।
 सूर स्याम के बचन सहित सुनि ब्यापत आपन नेम

hari gokula kī prīti calāī|
sunahu upa~gasuta mohiṃ na bisarata brajabāśī sukhadāī||
yaha cita hota jāu~ maiṃ abahī, yahā~ nahīṃ mana lāgata|
gopa sugvāla gāya bana cārata ati dukha pāyo tyāgata||
kaha~ mākhana corī? kaha jasumati 'pūta jemva' kari prema|
sūra syāma ke bacana sahita suni byāpata āpana nema

Hari began to speak of his love for Gokula: 'Listen, son of Upāṅga - the joy-giving people of Vraja never leave my memory. My heart longs to go there this very moment; here my mind cannot settle. The cowherds, the dear cowherd boys, and the cows wander grazing in the forest - I suffer greatly for having left them. Where is the stealing of butter? Where is Yaśodā lovingly

calling, “Son, come eat”?’ Uddhava heard Śyāma’s words, says Sūrdās, yet remained enclosed within his own discipline.

Pada 5

राग रामकली

जदुपति लख्यो तेहि मुसकात।
 कहत हम मन रही जोई सोइ भई यह बात॥
 बचन परगट करन लागे प्रेम-कथा चलाय।
 सुनहु उद्धव मोहिं ब्रज की सुधि नहीं बिसराय॥
 रैनि सोवत, चलत, जागत लगत नहीं मन आन।
 नंद, जसुमति नारि नर ब्रज जहाँ मेरो प्रान॥
 कहत हरि, सुनि उपँगसुत! यह कहत हौं रसरीति।
 सूर चित तें टरति नाही राधिका की प्रीति

*jadupati lakhyo tehi musakāta|
 kahata hama mana rahī joī soi bhaī yaha bāta||
 bacana paragaṭa karana lāge prema-kathā calāya|
 sunahu uddhava mohiṁ braja kī sudhi nahīṁ bisarāya||
 raini sovata, calata, jāgata lagata nahīṁ mana āna|
 naṁda, jasumati nāri nara braja jahā~ mero prāna||
 kahata hari, suni upa~gasuta! yaha kahata hauṁ rasarīti|
 sūra cita teṁ ṭarati nāhīṁ rādhikā kī prīti*

The Lord of the Yadus saw him and smiled: ‘The very thought that remained in my mind has now come to pass.’ He began to reveal it in words and unfolded the tale of love. ‘Listen, Uddhava: remembrance of Vraja does not leave me. Sleeping at night, walking, or waking, my mind fastens on nothing else. Nanda, Yaśodā, every woman and man of Vraja - my life is there. Hear me, son of Upāṅga: I speak the very way of rasa. Rādhikā’s love never departs from Śyāma’s heart,’ says Sūrdās.

Pada 6

राग सारंग

सखा! सुनो मेरी इक बात।
वह लतागन संग गोपिन सुधि करत पछितात॥
कहाँ वह वृषभानुतनया परम सुंदर गात।
सुरति आप रासरस की अधिक जिय अकुलात॥
सदा हित यह रहत नाही सकल मिथ्या जात।
सूर प्रभु यह सुनौ मोसों एक ही सों नात

sakhā! suno merī ika bāta|
vaha latāgana saṅga gopina sudhi karata pachitāta||
kahā~ vaha vṛṣabhānutanayā parama suṁdara gāta|
surati āe rāsarasa kī adhika jiya akulāta||
sadā hita yaha rahata nāhiṁ sakala mithyā jāta|
sūra prabhu yaha sunau moson eka hī son nāta

‘Friend, listen to this one thing. Remembering the gopīs among those vine-covered bowers, I repent. Where is Vṛṣabhānu’s daughter now, she of the supremely beautiful form? When the rasa of the rāsa dance returns to memory, my heart grows still more distraught. No worldly bond remains forever; all the rest passes away as false. Hear this from me,’ says Sūrdās’s Lord, ‘I have a bond with that one alone.’

Pada 7

राग टोड़ी

उद्धव! यह मन निश्चय जानो।
मन क्रम बच मैं तुम्हें पठावत ब्रज को तुरत पलानो॥
पूरन ब्रह्म, सकल, अबिनासी ताके तुम हौ ज्ञाता।
रेख, न रूप, जाति, कुल नाही जाके नहिं पितु माता॥
यह मत दै गोपिन कहँ आवहु विरह-नदी में भासति।
सूर तुरत यह जाय कहौ तुम ब्रह्म बिना नहिं आसति

uddhava! yaha mana niscaya jāno|
mana krama baca maiṁ tumhaiṁ paṭhāvata braja ko turata palāno||
pūrana brahma, sakala, abināsī tāke tuma hau jñātā|
rekha, na rūpa, jāti, kula nāhiṁ jāke nahim pitu mātā||
yaha mata dai gopina kaha~ āvahu viraha-nadī meṁ bhāsatī|
sūra turata yaha jāya kahau tuma brahma binā nahim āsati

‘Uddhava, know this resolve within my mind: I send you in thought, deed, and word - depart for Vraja at once. You are a knower of the complete, all-pervading, imperishable Brahman, which has neither line nor form, caste nor family, father nor mother. Give this teaching to the gopīs

and bring them out of the river of separation. Go quickly and tell them, says Sūrdās, that apart from Brahman no other reality exists.’

Pada 8

राग नट

उद्धव! बेगि ही ब्रज जाहु।
 सुरति सँदेस सुनाय मेटो बल्लभिन को दाहु॥
 काम पावक तूलमय तन बिरह-स्वास समीर।
 भसम नाहिन होन पावत लोचनन के नीर॥
 अजौं लौं यहि भाँति ह्वैहै कछुक सजग सरीर।
 इते पर बिनु समाधाने क्यों धरैं तिय धीर॥
 कहौं कहा बनाय तुमसों सखा साधु प्रबीन?
 सूर सुमति बिचारिए क्यों जियैं जल बिनु मीन

*uddhava! begi hī braja jāhu|
 surati sa~desa sunāya meṭo ballabhina ko dāhu||
 kāma pāvaka tūlamaya tana biraha-svāsa samīra|
 bhasama nāhina hona pāvata locanana ke nīra||
 ajauṇ lauṇ yahi bhā~ti hvaihai kachuka sajaga sarīra|
 ite para binu samādhāne kyoṇ dharaiṇ tiya dhīra||
 kahaṇ kahā banāya tumasoṇ sakhā sādhu prabīna?
 sūra sumati bicārie kyoṇ jiyaiṇ jala binu mīna*

‘Uddhava, go swiftly to Vraja. Recite my remembered message and quench the burning of my beloveds. Desire is the fire, their cotton-soft bodies its fuel, and the sighs of separation the wind; only the water of their eyes has kept them from turning to ash. Until now that water has somehow kept their bodies barely conscious - but without reassurance, how can those women hold fast to courage? What more can I compose for you, my virtuous and discerning friend? Consider wisely, says Sūrdās: how can fish live without water?’

Pada 9

राग सारंग

पथिक! सँदेसो कहियो जाय।
 आवैगे हम दोनों भैया, मैया जनि अकुलाय॥
 याको बिलगु बहुत हम मान्यो जो कहि पठयो धाय।
 कहँ लौं कीर्ति मानिए तुम्हरी बड़ो कियो पय प्र्याय॥
 कहियो जाय नंदबाबा सों, अरु गहि पकयों पाय।
 दोऊ दुखी होन नहि पावहिं धूमरि धौरी गाय॥
 यद्यपि मथुरा बिभव बहुत है तुम बिनु कछु न सुहाय।
 सूरदास ब्रजबासी लोगनि भेंटत हृदय जुड़ाय

pathika! sa~deso kahiyo jāya|
āvaiṅge hama donoṃ bhaiyā, maiyā jani akulāya||
yāko bilagu bahuta hama mānyo jo kahi paṭhayo dhāya|
kaha~ lauṃ kīrti mānie tumharī baṛo kiyo paya pyāya||
kahiyo jāya naṃdabābā soṃ, aru gahi pakaryo pāya|
doū dukhī hona nahīṃ pāvahiṃ dhūmari dhaurī gāya||
yadyapi mathurā bibhava bahuta hai tuma binu kachu na suhāya|
sūradāsa brajabāśī logani bheṃṭata hṛdaya jūṛāya

“Traveler, go and carry this message: “We two brothers will return; Mother, do not be distraught. I have taken deeply to heart the reproach you sent in haste - how long can I speak of your glory, you who made me grow great by giving me milk? Go, grasp Nanda Bābā’s feet, and tell him that the smoky and the white cows must not be allowed to grieve. Mathurā has abundant splendor, yet without you nothing pleases us. Meeting the people of Vraja alone cools the heart,” says Sūrdās.’

Pada 10

नीके रहियो जसुमति मैया।
 आवैंगे दिन चारि पाँच में हम हलधर दोउ भैया॥
 जा दिन तें हम तुमतें बिछुरे काहु न कह्यो 'कन्हैया'।
 कबहुँ प्रात न कियो कलेवा, साँझ न पीन्हीं धैया॥
 बंसी बेनु सँभारि राखियो और अबेर सबेरो।
 मति लै जाय चुराय राधिका कछुक खिलौनो मेरो॥
 कहियो जाय नंदबाबा सों निपट निठुर जिय कीन्हो।
 सूर स्याम पहुँचाय मधुपुरी बहुरि सँदेस न लीन्हो

nīke rahīyo jasumati maiyā|
āvaiṅge dīna cāri pā~ca meṇi hama haladhara dou bhaiyā||
jā dīna teṇi hama tumateṇi bichure kāhu na kahyo 'kanhaiyā'|
kabahū~ prāta na kiyo kalevā, sā~jha na pīnhīṁ dhaiyā||
baṁsī benu sa~bhāri rākhiyo aura abera sabero|
mati lai jāya curāya rādhikā kachuka khilauno mero||
kahiyo jāya naṁdabābā soṇ nipaṭa niṭhura jiya kīnho|
sūra syāma pahu~cāya madhupurī bahuri sa~desa na līnho

‘Remain well, Mother Yaśodā. Within four or five days we two brothers, I and Haladhara, shall return. Since the day we were parted from you, no one has called me “Kanhaiyā.” I have never eaten my morning meal, nor drunk my evening milk. Keep my flute safely, morning and evening; do not let Rādhikā steal away any little toy of mine. Go tell Nanda Bābā that he has made his heart utterly hard: after sending Śyāma to Mathurā, says Sūrdās, he never sent another message.’

Pada 11

राग कल्याण

उद्धव मन अभिलाष बढ़ायो।
जदुपति जोग जानि जिय साँघो नयन अकास चढ़ायो॥
नारिन पै मोको पठवत हौ कहत लिखावन जोग।
मनहीं मन अब करत प्रसंसा है मिथ्या सुख-भोग॥
आयसु मानि लियो सिर ऊपर प्रभु-आज्ञा परमान।
सूरदास प्रभु पठवत गोकुल मैं क्यों कहैं कि आन

*uddhava mana abhilāṣa baṛhāyo|
jadupati joga jāni jiya sā~co nayana akāsa caṛhāyo||
nārīna pai moko paṭhavata hau kahata likhāvana joga|
manahīṇ mana aba karata prasāṃsā hai mīthyā sukha-bhoga||
āyasu māni liyo sira ūpara prabhu-ājñā paramāna|
sūradāsa prabhu paṭhavata gokula maiṇ kyon kahauṇ ki āna*

Desire swelled in Uddhava's mind. Knowing the Lord of the Yadus to be speaking true yoga, he lifted his eyes toward the sky: 'You are sending me to women, telling me to write down and explain yoga!' Within himself he praised the teaching and judged the pleasures of love to be false. He accepted the command upon his head, taking the Lord's word as final. 'When the Lord himself sends me to Gokula,' says Sūrdās, 'how could I answer otherwise?'

Pada 12

राग सारंग

उद्धव प्रति कुब्जा के वाक्य
सुनियो एक सँदेसो ऊधो तुम गोकुल को जात।
ता पाछे तुम कहियो उनसों एक हमारी बात॥
मात-पिता को हेत जानि कै कान्ह मधुपुरी आए।
नाहिंन स्याम तिहारे प्रीतम, ना जसुदा के जाए॥
समुझौ बूझौ अपने मन में तुम जो कहा भलो कीन्हो।
कह बालक, तुम मत ग्वालिननी सबै आप-बस कीन्हो॥
और जसोदा माखन-काजै बहुतक त्रास दिखाई।
तुमहिं सबै मिलि दाँवरि दीन्ही रंच दया नहिं आई॥
अरु वृषभानसुता जो कीन्ही सो तुम सब जिय जानो।
याही लाज तजी ब्रज मोहन अब काहे दुख मानो?
सूरदास यह सुनि सुनि बातें स्याम रहे सिर नाई।
इत कुब्जा उत प्रेम ग्वालिननी कहत न कछु बनि आई

*uddhava prati kubjā ke vākya
suniyo eka sa~deso ūdho tuma gokula ko jāta|*

tā pāche tuma kahiyo unasoṃ eka hamārī bātā||
 mātā-pitā ko heta jāni kai kānha madhupurī āe|
 nāhiṃna syāma tihāre prītama, nā jasodā ke jāe||
 samujhau būjhau apāne mana meṃ tuma jo kahā bhalo kīnho|
 kaha bālaka, tuma matta gvālinī sabai āpa-basa kīnho||
 aura jasodā mākhana-kājai bahutaka trāsa dikhāi|
 tumahiṃ sabai mili dā~vari dīnhī raṇca dayā nahīṃ āi||
 aru vṛṣabhānasutā jo kīnhī so tuma saba jāya jāno|
 yāhī lāja tajī braja mohana aba kāhe dukha māno?
 sūradāsa yaha suni suni bātāiṃ syāma rahe sira nāi|
 ita kubjā uta prema gvālinī kahata na kachu banī āi

Kubjā said to Uddhava: ‘Listen to one message while you are going to Gokula, and afterward tell those women one thing from me. Knowing his duty to mother and father, Kanhā came to Mathurā. Śyāma is neither your lover nor Yaśodā’s son. Think it through in your own minds: what good did you do? He was a child, while you infatuated cowherd women brought him wholly under your power. Yaśodā tormented him over butter, and all of you joined together to bind him without a trace of pity. And what Vṛṣabhānu’s daughter did - you all know it in your hearts. From shame at this alone Mohana left Vraja; why, then, do you grieve?’ Hearing these words again and again, Śyāma hung his head. Caught between Kubjā here and the loving cowherd women there, says Sūrdās, he could find no answer.

Pada 13

राग मलार

उद्धव का ब्रज में आना
 कोऊ आवत है तन स्याम।
 वैसेइ पट, वैसिय रथ-वैठनि, वैसिय है उर दाम॥
 जैसी हुतिं उठि तैसिय दौरीं छाँड़ि सकल गृह-काम।
 रोम पुलक, गदगद भई तिहि छन सोचि अंग अभिराम॥
 इतनी कहत आय गए ऊधो, रहीं ठगी तिहि ठाम।
 सूरदास प्रभु ह्याँ क्यों आवै बंधे कुब्जा-रस स्याम

uddhava kā braja meṃ ānā
 koū āvata hai tana syāma|
 vaisei paṭa, vaisiya ratha-vaiṭhani, vaisiya hai ura dāma||
 jaisi hutīṃ uṭhi taisiya daurīṃ chā~rī sakala grha-kāma|
 roma pulaka, gadagada bhāi tihi chana soci aṇga abhirāma||
 itanī kahata āya gae ūdho, rahīṃ ṭhagī tihi ṭhāma|
 sūradāsa prabhu hyā~ kyoṃ āvai baṃdhe kubjā-rasa syāma

‘Someone is coming whose body is dark - the same garment, the same seat upon the chariot, the same garland upon his breast!’ Just as they were, they sprang up and ran, abandoning every

task at home. Their hair stood on end; their voices choked as for one instant they imagined the beloved form. But while they spoke, Uddhava arrived, and they stood rooted to the spot. 'Why would the Lord come here?' says Sūrdās. 'Śyāma is bound fast by the rasa of Kubjā.'

Pada 14

राग मलार

उद्धव का ब्रज में दिखाई पड़ना
है कोई वैसेई अनुहारि।
मधुबन ते इत आवत, सखि री! चितौ तु नयन निहारि॥
माथे मुकुट, मनोहर कुंडल, पीत बसन रुचिकारि।
रथ पर बैठि कहत सारथि सों ब्रज-तन बाँह पसारि॥
जानति नहिंन पहिचानति हौं मनु बीते जुग चारि।
सूरदास स्वामी के बिछुरे जैसे मीन बिनु वारि

*uddhava kā braja meṃ dikhāi paṛanā
hai koī vaisī anuhāri|
madhubana te ita āvata, sakhi rī! citau tu nayana nihāri||
māthe mukuṭa, manohara kuṇḍala, pīta basana rucikāri|
ratha para baiṭhi kahata sārathi soṃ braja-tana bā~ha pasāri||
jānati nāhiṃna pahicānati hauṃ manu bīte juga cāri|
sūradāsa svāmī ke bichure jaise mīna binu vāri*

'There is someone with that very likeness, coming this way from Mathurā. Friend, look - fix your eyes and see! A crown upon his head, lovely earrings, a radiant yellow garment; seated on the chariot, he speaks to the driver and stretches his arms toward Vraja. I neither know nor recognize him - it seems four ages have passed.' Since parting from Sūrdās's Lord, she is like a fish without water.

Pada 15

राग सौरठ

देखो नंदद्वार रथ ठाढ़ो।
 बहुरि सखी सुफलकसुत आयो पज्यो सँदेह उर गाढ़ो॥
 प्रान हमारे तबहिं गयो लै अब केहि कारन आयो।
 जानति हौं अनुमान सखी री! कृपा करन उठि धायो।
 इतने अंतर आय उपंगसुत तेहि छन दरसन दीन्हो।
 तब पहिंचानि सखा हरिजू को परम सुचित तन कीन्हो॥
 तब परनाम कियो अति रुचि सौं और सबहि कर जोरे।
 सुनियत रहे तैसेई देखे परम चतुर मति-भोरे।
 तुम्हरो दरसन पाय आपनो जन्म सफल करि जान्यो।
 सूर ऊधो सौं मिलत भयो सुख ज्यो झख पायो पान्यो

dekho naṁdadvāra ratha ṭhāṛho|
bahuri sakhī suphalakasuta āyo pajyo sa~deha ura gāṛho||
prāna hamāre tabahiṁ gayo lai aba kehi kārana āyo|
jānati hauṁ anumāna sakhī rī! kṛpā karana uṭhi dhāyo|
itane aṁtara āya upaṁgasuta tehi chana darasana dīnho|
taba pahīṁcāni sakhā harijū ko parama sucita tana kīnho||
taba paranāma kiyo ati ruci sōṁ aura sabahi kara jore|
suniyata rahe taiseī dekhe parama catura mati-bhore|
tumhara darasana pāya āpano janma saphala kari jānyo|
sūra ūdho sōṁ milata bhayo sukha jyom jhakha pāyo pānyo

‘Look - a chariot stands at Nanda’s gate! Friend, has the son of Sūrāphala come again?’ A deep suspicion entered their hearts: ‘He carried away our very life before; why has he come now? I think, friend, that he has hastened here to show us mercy.’ In that interval Upāṅga’s son came and granted them sight of him. Recognizing him as Hari’s friend, they made themselves wholly composed. With great warmth they bowed, and all joined their palms. He was just as they had heard - supremely clever, yet innocent in understanding. ‘By receiving your sight we count our birth fulfilled.’ Meeting Uddhava, says Sūrdās, they found joy as a fish finds water.

Padas 16-30

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 16

कहौ कहाँ तैं आए हौ।

जानति हौं अनुमान मनो तुम जादवनाथ पठाए हौ॥

वैसोइ बरन, बसन पुनि वैसेइ, तन भूषन सजि ल्याए हौ।

सरबसु लै तब संग सिधारे अब कापर पहिराए हौ॥

सुनहु, मधुप! एकै मन सबको सो तो वहाँ लै छाए हौ।

मधुबन की मानिनी मनोहर तहँहि जाहु जहँ भाए हौ॥

अब यह कौन सयानप? ब्रज पर का कारन उठि धाए हौ।

सूर जहाँ लौं ल्यामगात हैं जानि भले करि पाए हौ

kahau kahā~ teṃ āe hau|

jānati hauṃ anumāna mano tuma jādavanātha paṭhāe hau||

vaisoi barana, basana puni vaisei, tana bhūṣana saji lyāe hau|

sarabasu lai taba saṅga sidhāre aba kāpara pahirāe hau||

sunahu, madhupa! ekai mana sabako so to vahā~ lai chāe hau|

madhubana kī mānini manohara taha~hiṃ jāhu jaha~ bhāe hau||

aba yaha kauna sayānapa? braja para kā kārana uṭhi dhāe hau|

sūra jahā~ lauṃ lyāmagāta haiṃ jāni bhale kari pāe hau

“Tell us - where have you come from? I know by inference that the Lord of the Yādavas has sent you. Your complexion is like his, your clothing too, and you have come adorned with ornaments like his. When he departed he took everything we possessed; whose finery are you wearing now? Listen, bee: all of us had but one mind, and you have carried that one away to him. Go there, then, to Mathurā’s proud beauty, wherever your pleasure leads you. What cleverness is this now - why have you rushed upon Vraja? We know well, says Sūrdās, how far the dark color’s doings extend.”

Pada 17

राग नट

ऊधो को उपदेस सुनौ किन कान दै?
 ::सुंदर स्याम सुजान पठायो मान दै॥ध्रुव॥
 कोउ आयो उत तायँ जितै नँदसुवन सिधारे।
 वहै बेनु-धुनि होय मनो आए नँदप्यारे॥
 धाई सब गलगाजि कै ऊधो देखे जाय।
 लै आई ब्रजराज पै हो, आनँद उर न समाय॥
 अरघ आरती, तिलक, दूब दधि माथे दीन्ही।
 कंचन-कलस भराय आनि परिकरमा कीन्हीं॥
 गोप-भीर आँगन भई मिलि बैठे यादवजात।
 जलझारी आगे धरी, हो, बूझति हरि-कुसलात॥
 कुसल-छेम बसुदेव, कुसल देवी कुवजाऊ।
 कुसल-छेम अकूर, कुसल नीके बलदाऊ॥
 पूछि कुसल गोपाल की रहीं सकल गहि पाय।
 प्रेम-मगन ऊधो भए, हो. देखत ब्रज को भाय॥
 मन मन ऊधो कहै यह न बूझिय गोपालहि।
 ब्रज को हेतु बिसारि जोग सिखवत ब्रजबालहि॥
 पाती बाँचि न आवई रहे नयन जल पूरि।
 देखि प्रेम गोपीन को, हो ज्ञान-गरब गयो दूरि॥
 तब इत उत बहराय नीर नयनन में सोख्यो।
 ठानी कथा प्रबोध बोलि सब गुरू समोख्यो॥
 जो ब्रत मुनिवर ध्यावही पर पावहिं नहिं पार।
 सो ब्रत सीखो गोपिका, हो, छाँड़ि विषय-विस्तार॥
 सुनि ऊधो के बचन रहीं नीचे करि तारे।
 मनो सुधा सों सीँचि आनि विषज्वाला जारे॥
 हम अबला कह जानहीं जोग-जुगुति की रीति।
 नँदनंदन ब्रत छाँड़ि कै, हो, को लिखि पूजै भीति?
 अबिगत, अगह, अपार, आदि अवगत है सोई।
 आदि निरंजन नाम ताहि रंजै सब कोई॥
 नासिका-अग्र है तहाँ ब्रह्म को बास।
 अबिनासी बिनसै नहीं, हो, सहज ज्योति-परकास॥
 घर लागै' औघूरि कहे मन कहा बैँधावै।
 अपनो घर परिहरे कहो को घरहि बतावै?
 मूरख जादवजात हैं हमहिं सिखावत जोग।
 हमको भूली कहत हैं हो, हम भूली किधौ लोग?
 गोपिहु ते भयो अंध ताहि दुहुं लोचन ऐसे।

ज्ञाननैन जो अंध ताहि सूझै धौं कैसे?
 बूझै निगम बोलाइ कै, कहै वेद समुझाय।
 आदि अंत जाके नहीं, हो, कौन पिता को माय?
 चरन नहीं भुज नहीं, कहौ, ऊखल किन बाँधो?
 नैन नासिका मुख नहीं घोरि दधि कौन खाँधो?
 कौन खिलायो गोद में, किन कहे तोतरे बैन?
 ऊधो ताको न्याव है, हो, जाहि न सूझै नैन॥
 हम बूझति सतभाव न्याव तुम्हरे मुख साँचो।
 प्रेम-नेम रसकथा कहौ कंचन की काँचो॥
 जो कोउ पावै सीस दै ताको कीजै नेम।
 मधुप हमारी सौं कहो, हो, जोग भलो किधौं प्रेम॥
 प्रेम प्रेम सों होय प्रेम सों पारहि जैए।
 प्रेस बँध्यो संसार, प्रेम परमारथ पैए॥
 एकै निहचै प्रेम को जीवन-मुक्ति रसाल।
 साँचो निहचै प्रेम को, हो, जो मिलिहैं नँदलाल।
 सुनि गोपिन को प्रेम नेम ऊधो को भूल्यो।
 गावत गुन-गोपाल फिरत कुंजन में फूल्यो॥
 छन गोपिन के पग धरै, धन्य तिहारो नेम।
 धाय धाय दुम भेंटहीं, हो, ऊधो छाके प्रेम॥
 धनि गोपी, धनि गोप, धन्य सुरभी बनचारी।
 धन्य, धन्य! सो भूमि जहाँ बिहरे बनचारी॥
 उपदेसन आयो हुतौ मोहिं भयो उपदेस।
 ऊधो जदुपति पै गए, हो, किए गोप को बेस॥
 भूल्यो जदुपति नाम, कहते गोपाल गोसाँई।
 एक बार ब्रज जाहु देहु गोपिन दिखराई॥
 गोकुल को सुख छाँड़ि कै कहाँ बसे हौ आय।
 कृपावंत हरि जानि कै, हो, ऊधो पकरे पाय॥
 देखत ब्रज को प्रेम नेम कुछ नाहिंन भावै।
 उमड़्यो नयननि नीर बात कुछ कहत न आवै॥
 सूर स्याम भूतल गिरे, रहे नयन जल छाय।
 पोछि पीतपट सों कह्यो, 'आए जोग सिखाय'?

ūdho ko upadesa sunau kina kāna dai?
 ::suṇdara syāma sujāna paṭhāyo māna dai||dhruva||
 kou āyo uta tāya~ jītai na~dasuvana sidhāre|
 vahai benu-dhuni hoyā mano āe na~dapyāre||
 dhāī saba galagāī kai ūdho dekhe jāya|
 lai āīm brajarāja pai ho, āna~da ura na samāya||
 aragha āratī, tilaka, dūba dadhī mātthe dīnhī|

kaṁcana-kalasa bharāya āni parikaramā kīnhīṁ||
 gopa-bhīra ā~gana bhāi mili baiṭhe yādavajāta|
 jalajhārī āge dharī, ho, bījhati hari-kusalāta||
 kusala-chema basudeva, kusala devi kuvajāū|
 kusala-chema akrūra, kusala nīke baladāū||
 pūchi kusala gopāla kī rahīṁ sakala gahi pāya|
 prema-magana ūdho bhae, ho. dekhata vraja ko bhāya||
 mana mana ūdho kahaī yaha na bījhiya gopālahi|
 braja ko hetu bisāri joga sikhavata brajabālahi||
 pātī bā~ci na āvai rahe nayana jala pūri|
 dekhi prema gopīna ko, ho jñāna-garaba gayo dūri||
 taba ita uta baharāya nīra nayanana meṁ sokhyo|
 ṭhānī kathā prabodha bolī saba gurū samokhyo||
 jo brata munivara dhyāvahī para pāvahiṁ nahīṁ pāra|
 so brata sīkho gopikā, ho, chā~ṛi viṣaya-vistāra||
 suni ūdho ke bacana rahīṁ nīce kari tāre|
 mano sudhā soṁ sīṁci āni viṣajvālā jāre||
 hama abalā kaha jānahīṁ joga-jugutī kī rīti|
 na~danaṁdana brata chā~ṛi kai, ho, ko likhi pūjai bhīti?
 abigata, agaha, apāra, ādi avagata hai soī|
 ādi niraṁjana nāma tāhi raṁjai saba koī||
 nāsikā-agra hai tahā~ brahma ko bāsa|
 abināsi binasai nahīṁ, ho, sahaja jyoti-parakāsa||
 ghara lāgai' aughūri kahe mana kahā ba~dhāvai|
 apāno ghara parihare kaho ko gharahi batāvai?
 mūrakha jādavajāta haiṁ hamahiṁ sikhāvata joga|
 hamako bhūlī kahata haiṁ ho, hama bhūlī kidhauṁ loga?
 gopihu te bhayo aṁdha tāhi duhuṁ locana aise!
 jñānanaina jo aṁdha tāhi sūjhai dhaum kaise?
 bījhai nigama bolāi kai, kahaī veda samujhāya|
 ādi aṁṭa jāke nahīṁ, ho, kauna pitā ko māya?
 carana nahīṁ bhuja nahīṁ, kahau, ūkhala kina bā~dho?
 naina nāsikā mukha nahīṁ cori dadhi kauna khā~dho?
 kauna khilāyo goda meṁ, kina kahe totare baina?
 ūdho tāko nyāva hai, ho, jāhi na sūjhai naina||
 hama bījhati satabhāva nyāva tumhare mukha sā~co|
 prema-nema rasakathā kahau kaṁcana kī kā~co||
 jo kou pāvai sīsa dai tāko kijai nema|
 madhupa hamārī sauṁ kaho, ho, joga bhalo kidhauṁ prema||
 prema prema soṁ hoya prema soṁ pārāhi jāie|
 presa ba~dhyo saṁsāra, prema paramāratha paie||
 ekai nihacai prema ko jīvana-mukti rasāla|
 sā~co nihacai prema ko, ho, jo milihaiṁ na~dalāla|
 suni gopīna ko prema nema ūdho ko bhūlyo|
 gāvata guna-gopāla phirata kuṁjana meṁ phūlyo||
 chana gopīna ke paga dharai, dhanya tihāro nema|
 dhāya dhāya druma bheṁṭahiṁ, ho, ūdho chāke prema||
 dhani gopī, dhani gopa, dhanya surabhī banacārī|

dhanya, dhanya! so bhūmi jahā~ bihare banavāri||
 upadesana āyo huto mohiṃ bhayo upadesa|
 ūdho jadupati pai gae, ho, kie gopa ko besa||
 bhūlyo jadupati nāma, kahate gopāla gosā~ī|
 eka bāra braja jāhu dehu gopina dikharāi||
 gokula ko sukha chā~ṛi kai kahā~ base hau āya|
 kṛpāvaṃta hari jāni kai, ho, ūdho pakare pāya||
 dekhata braja ko prema nema kachu nāhiṃna bhāvai|
 umaṛyo nayanani nīra bāta kachu kahata na āvai||
 sūra syāma bhūtala gire, rahe nayana jala chāya|
 pomchi pītapāṭa soṃ kahyo, 'āe joga sikhāya'?

Why not lend your ears and hear Uddhava's instruction? Beautiful, discerning Śyāma has honored him and sent him. Someone came from the direction in which Nanda's son had gone; it seemed the very sound of the flute, as though dear Nanda's boy had returned. All the people ran out clamoring to see Uddhava, and brought him before the king of Vraja, their hearts unable to contain their joy. They offered arghya and āratī, marked his brow with tilaka, sacred grass, and curd, brought golden water pots, and circled him in welcome. A crowd of cowherds filled the courtyard and sat around the Yādava. They placed a water vessel before him and asked after Hari's welfare: 'Are Vasudeva and Devakī well? Is Kubjā well? Is Akrūra well? Is strong Baladāū well?' After asking Gopāla's welfare, they all remained clasping Uddhava's feet. Seeing the love of Vraja, Uddhava himself was submerged in love. Within his mind he said, 'Gopāla should not have asked this of me - forgetting his bond with Vraja, he has sent yoga to teach the women of Vraja.' He could not read the letter; his eyes remained filled with water. Seeing the gopīs' love, the pride of knowledge went far away. At last he turned aside, dried the tears in his eyes, resolved to teach, and addressed them all as though he were their guru: 'Learn the discipline that great sages meditate upon yet cannot fathom; abandon the spread of sense objects.' Hearing Uddhava, they lowered their gaze - as though he had first watered them with nectar and then burned them in a flame of poison. 'We are helpless women; what do we know of yoga's methods? Who would abandon devotion to Nandanandana, draw some figure, and worship a wall? You speak of the unmanifest, inaccessible, boundless beginningless One, the primal stainless name in which all delight. You say Brahman dwells at the tip of the nose, imperishable and never destroyed, the natural radiance of light. But tell us: when one's own house is abandoned, who can point out another home? Foolish Yādava that you are, you teach yoga to us and call us deluded - but are we deluded, or are worldly people? One may be blind in two eyes, but if the eye of knowledge is blind, how can anything be seen? Summon scripture and ask it; let the Veda explain: the One without beginning or end - whose father or mother has it? If it has no feet or arms, who bound it to the mortar? If it has no eyes, nose, or mouth, who stole and ate the curd? Who dandled it in her lap, and to whom did it speak in a child's broken words? Uddhava, that is the justice of one whose eyes do not see. We ask sincerely for the truth; let your mouth speak plainly. Tell us the rasa-filled story of love - tell gold from glass. If someone can attain love only by giving the head, let that be the vow. Bee, answer us: which is better, yoga or love? Love arises from love; by love one crosses beyond. The world is bound by love, and by love the highest aim is attained. Firm certainty in love alone is the sweet fruit of liberation; true

certainty in love is this - that we shall meet Nandalāla.' Hearing the gopīs' law of love, Uddhava forgot himself. Singing Gopāla's virtues, he wandered exultant through the bowers. One moment he fell at the gopīs' feet - 'Blessed is your vow!' - the next he ran and embraced the trees, intoxicated with love. 'Blessed the gopīs, blessed the cowherds, blessed the cows that roam the forest; blessed, blessed is the land where Banavārī wandered! I came to give instruction, but instruction has been given to me.' Uddhava returned to the Yādava Lord dressed as a cowherd. He forgot the name 'Lord of the Yādus' and called him 'Gopāla, Master of the cows': 'Go once to Vraja and grant the gopīs sight of you. Why have you abandoned Gokula's joy and come to live here?' Knowing Hari to be compassionate, Uddhava grasped his feet. Remembering Vraja's vow of love, he desired nothing else; tears surged from his eyes and no words would come. Śyāma fell to the ground, says Sūrdās, his eyes covered with tears. Wiping them with his yellow cloth, he asked: 'Did you go there to teach yoga?'

Pada 18

राग धनाश्री

हमसों कहत कौन की बातें?
 सुनि ऊधो! हम समुझत नाहीं फिरि पूँछति हैं तातें॥
 को नृप भयो कंस किन मार्यो को वसुधौ-सुत आहि?
 यहाँ हमारे परम मनोहर जीजतु हैं मुख चाहि॥
 दिनप्रति जात सहज गोचारन गोप सखा लै संग।
 बासरगत रजनीमुख आवत करत नयन-गति पंग॥
 को ब्यापक पूरन अबिनासी, को बिधि-बेद-अपार?
 सूर बृथा बकवाद करत हौ या ब्रज नंदकुमार

hamasoṁ kahata kauna kī bāteṁ?
sunī ūdho! hama samujhata nāhiṁ phiri pū~chati haiṁ tāteṁ||
ko nṛpa bhayo kaṁsa kina mār̥yo ko vasudyau-suta āhi?
yahā~ hamāre parama manohara jījatu haiṁ mukha cāhi||
dinaprati jāta sahaja gocārana gopa sakhā lai saṅga|
bāsaragata rajanīmukha āvata karata nayana-gati paṅga||
ko byāpaka pūrana abināsī, ko bidhi-beda-apāra?
sūra br̥thā bakavāda karata hau yā braja nandakumāra

'Whose affairs are you describing to us? Listen, Uddhava - we do not understand, and therefore ask again. Who became king? Who killed Kaṁsa? Who is this son of Vasudeva? Here our supremely enchanting one lives before our very faces. Each day he naturally goes to graze the cows with his cowherd friends; when day gives way to evening, he returns and makes our eyes stand still. Who is all-pervading, complete, imperishable? Who lies beyond Brahmā and the boundless Vedas? You babble in vain, says Sūrdās: here in Vraja there is only Nanda's son.'

Pada 19

राग सारंग

तू अलि! कासों कहत बनाय?
 बिन समुझे हम फिरि बूझति हैं एक बार कहौ गाय॥
 किन वै गवन कीन्हों सकटनि चढ़ि सुफलकसत के संग।
 किन वै रजक लुटाइ बिबिध पट पहिरे अपने अंग?
 किन हति चाप निदरि गज मार्यो किन वै मल्ल मथि जाने?
 उग्रसेन बसुदेव देवकी किन वै निगड़ हठि भाने?
 तू काकी है करत प्रसंसा, कौने घोष पठायो?
 किन मातुल बधि लयो जगत जस कौन मधुपुरी छायो?
 माथे मोरमुकुट बनगुंजा, मुख मुरली-धुनि बाजै।
 सूरदास जसोदानंदन गोकुल कह न बिराजै

tū ali! kāsoṃ kahata banāya?
 bina samujhe hama phiri būjhati haiṃ eka bāra kahau gāya||
 kina vai gavana kīnhoṃ sakaṭani caṛhi suphalakasata ke saṅga|
 kina vai rajaka luṭāi bibidha paṭa pahire apane aṅga?
 kina hati cāpa nidari gaja māryo kina vai malla mathi jāne?
 ugrasena basudeva devakī kina vai nigāṛa haṭhi bhāne?
 tū kākī hai karata prasamsā, kaune ghoṣa paṭhāyo?
 kina mātula badhi layo jagata jasa kauna madhupurī chāyo?
 māthe moramukuṭa banagunjā, mukha muralī-dhuni bājai|
 sūradāsa jasodānaṃdana gokula kaha na birājai

‘Bee, to whom are you inventing this tale? We fail to understand, so we ask again - sing it once more. Who went away riding the cart with Akrūra, son of Śvaphalka? Who robbed the washerman and put the many garments on his body? Who broke the bow, slew the elephant, and crushed the wrestlers? Who forcefully shattered the chains of Ugrasena, Vasudeva, and Devakī? Whom are you praising, and who sent you to this cowherd settlement? Who killed his maternal uncle and won fame in the world? Who now occupies Mathurā? The one with peacock crown and wild guñjā berries, whose flute sounds at his lips - why does Yaśodā’s son, asks Sūrdās, no longer reign in Gokula?’

Pada 20

राग सारंग

हम तो नंदघोष की वासी।
 नाम गोपाल, जाति कुल गोपहि, गोप गोपाल-उपासी॥
 गिरिवरधारी, गोधनधारी, बृन्दावन - अभिलासी।
 राजा नंद, जसोदा रानी, जलधि नदी जमुना सी॥
 प्रान हमारे परम मनोहर कमलनयन सुखरासी।
 सूरदास प्रभु कहौं कहाँ लौं अष्ट महासिधि दासी

hama to naṇḍaghoṣa kī vāsī|
nāma gopāla, jāti kula gopahī, gopa gopāla-upāsī||
girivaradhārī, godhanadhārī, bṛndāvana - abhilāsī|
rājā naṇḍa, jasodā rānī, jaladhi nadī jamunā sī||
prāna hamāre parama manohara kamalanayana sukharāsī|
sūradāsa prabhu kahauṇ kahā~ lauṇ aṣṭa mahāsīdhi dāsī

‘We are residents of Nanda’s cowherd settlement. His name is Gopāla; by birth and family he belongs to the cowherds, and cowherds worship Gopāla. He lifts the mountain, tends the cattle, and longs for Vṛndāvana. Nanda is our king, Yaśodā our queen, and the Yamunā our ocean and river. Our very life is the supremely enchanting lotus-eyed treasury of joy. How much more can I say, asks Sūrdās? The eight great yogic powers are merely his maidservants.’

Pada 21

राग केदार

गोकुल सबै गोपाल-उपासी।
 जोग-अंग साधत जे ऊधो ते सब बसत ईसपुर कासी॥
 यद्यपि हरि हम तजि अनाथ करि तदपि रहति चरननि रसरासी।
 अपनी सीतलताहि न छाँड़त यद्यपि है ससि राहु-गरासी।
 का अपराध जोग लिखि पठवत प्रेमभजन तजि करत उदासी।
 सूरदास ऐसी को बिरहिन माँगति मुक्ति तजे गुनरासी?

gokula sabai gopāla-upāsī|
joga-aṅga sādhatā je ūdho te saba basata īsapura kāsī||
yadyapi hari hama taji anātha kari tadapi rahati charanani rasarāsī|
apanī sitaltāhi na chā~ṛata yadyapi hai sasi rāhu-garāsī|
kā aparādha joga likhi paṭhavata premabhajana taji karata udāsī|
sūradāsa aīsī ko birahina mā~gati mukti taje gunarāsī?

‘All Gokula worships Gopāla. Those who practice yoga’s limbs, Uddhava, dwell in Kāśī, the city of the Lord. Though Hari abandoned us and made us orphans, the flood of rasa at his feet remains. The moon does not abandon its coolness even while swallowed by Rāhu. What offense

have we committed that he writes and sends us yoga, forsaking loving worship and making us desolate? What woman in separation, asks Sūrdās, would abandon the treasury of qualities and ask for liberation?’

Pada 22

राग धनाश्री

जीवन मुँहचाही को नीको।
 दरस परस दिनरात करति हैं कान्ह पियारे पी को॥
 नयनन मुँदि मुँदि किन देखौ बँध्यो ज्ञान पोथी को।
 आछे सुंदर स्याम मनोहर और जगत सब फीको॥
 सुनौ जोग को का ले कीजै जहाँ ज्ञान है जी को?
 खाटी सही नहीं रुचि मानै सूर खवैया घी को

*jīvana mu~hacāhī ko nīko|
 darasa parasa dinarāta karati haiṃ kānha piyāre pī ko||
 nayanana mū~di mū~di kina dekhau ba~dhyo jñāna pothī ko|
 āche suṇdara syāma manohara aura jagata saba phīko||
 sunau joga ko kā lai kijai jahā~ jyāna hai jī ko?
 khāṭī sahī nahīṃ ruci mānai sūra khavaiyā ghī ko*

‘The life that fulfills the heart’s desire is best. Day and night we seek the sight and touch of dear Kanhā, drinking the beloved. Why close the eyes again and again to behold what is bound inside a book of knowledge? Lovely, beautiful, enchanting Śyāma is before us; beside him the whole world is tasteless. Listen - what use is yoga where the soul already knows its beloved? One accustomed to eating ghee, says Sūrdās, cannot relish a sour draught.’

Pada 23

राग काफ़ी

आयो घोष बड़ो ब्योपारी।
 लादि खेप गुन ज्ञान-जोग की ब्रज में आय उतारी॥
 फाटक दै कर हाटक माँगत भोरै निपट सु धारी।
 धुर ही तें खोटो खायो है लये फिरत सिर भारी॥
 इनके कहे कौन डहकावै ऐसी कौन अजानी?
 अपनो दूध छाँडि को पीवै खार कूप को पानी॥
 ऊधो जाहु सबार यहाँ तें बेगि गहरु जनि लावौ।
 मुँहमाँग्यो पैहो सूरज प्रभु साहुहि आनि दिखावौ

āyo ghoṣa baṛo byopārī|
lādi khepa guna jñāna-joga kī braja meṁ āya utārī||
phāṭaka dai kara hāṭaka mā~gata bhorai nīpaṭa su dhārī|
dhura hī teṁ khoṭo khāyo hai laye phirata sira bhārī||
inake kahe kauna ḍahakāvai aisī kauna ajānī?
apano dūdha chāṁḍī ko pīvai khāra kūpa ko pānī||
ūdho jāhu sabāra yahā~ teṁ begi gaharu jani lāvau|
mu~hamā~gyo paiho sūraja prabhu sāhuhi āni dikhāvau

‘A great merchant has come to the cowherd village. He loaded a cargo of the qualities, knowledge, and yoga, and has unloaded it in Vraja. Giving us husks, he asks for gold - the clever simpleton! From the very beginning his wares were spoiled; now he carries the heavy load upon his head. Who will let himself be cheated at this man’s word? Who here is so ignorant? Who abandons her own milk to drink brackish water from a well? Uddhava, leave at dawn; do not delay here. Bring the merchant-master himself before us, says Sūrdās, and you shall receive whatever price you ask.’

Pada 24

जोग ठगौरी ब्रज न बिकैहै।
यह ब्योपार तिहारो ऊधो ऐसोई फिरि जैहै॥
जापै लै आए हौ मधुकर ताके उर न समैहै।
दाख छांड़ि कै कटुक निंबौरी को अपने मुख खैहै?
मूरी के पातन के केना को मुक्ताहल दैहै।
सूरदास प्रभु गुनहिं छांड़ि कै को निर्गुन निरबैहै?

joga ṭhagaurī braja na bikaihai|
yaha byopāra tihāro ūdho aisō phiri jaihai||
jāpai lai āe hau madhukara tāke ura na samaihai|
dākha chāṇṛī kai kaṭuka niṃbaurī ko apane mukha khaihai?
mūrī ke pātana ke kenā ko muktāhala daihai|
sūradāsa prabhu guṇahiṃ chāṇṛī kai ko nīrguṇa nirabaihai?

‘The stupefying drug of yoga will not sell in Vraja. This trade of yours, Uddhava, will go back exactly as it came. The one from whom you brought it, bee, had no room for it in his own heart. Who abandons grapes and puts bitter neem-fruit in his mouth? Who will give pearls in exchange for radish leaves? Who, asks Sūrdās, would abandon the Lord’s qualities and cultivate the qualityless?’

Pada 25

राग नट

आए जोग सिखावन पाँड़े।
परमारथी पुराननि लादे ज्यो बनजारे टाँड़े॥
हमरी गति पति कमलनयन की जोग सिखें ते राँड़े॥
कहौ, मधुप, कैसे समायेंगे एक म्यान दो खाँड़े॥
कहु षटपद, कैसे खैयतु है हाथिन के संग गाँड़े।
काकी भूख गई बयारि भखि बिना दूध घृत माँड़े॥
काहे को झाला लै मिलवत, कौन चोर तुम डाँड़े?
सूरदास तीनों नहिं उपजत धनिया धान कुहाँड़े

āe joga sikhāvana pā-ṛe|
paramārathī purānani lāde jyōṃ banajāre ṭā-ṛe||
hamarī gati pati kamalanayana kī joga sikhaiṃ te rā-ṛe||
kahau, madhupa, kaise samāya-ge eka myāna do khā-ṛe||
kahu ṣaṭapada, kaise khaiyatu hai hāthina ke saṅga gā-ṛe|
kākī bhūkha gai bayārī bhakhi binā dūdhā ghr̥ta mā-ṛe||
kāhe ko jhālā lai milavata, kauna cora tuma dāṇṛe?
sūradāsa tīnoṇ nahīṃ upajata dhaniyā dhāna kumhā-ṛe

‘The learned priest has come to teach yoga, loaded with scriptures about the highest good like a caravan merchant. Our destiny and husband is the lotus-eyed Lord; only widows would learn this yoga. Tell us, bee - how can two swords fit inside a single sheath? Tell us, six-legged one - how can an elephant eat a stalk together with you? Whose hunger was ever satisfied by eating wind instead of milk, ghee, and sweet cakes? Why mix chaff into our grain, and which thief are you scolding? Coriander, rice, and gourds, says Sūrdās, do not grow together in one field.’

Pada 26

राग बिलावल

ए अलि! कहा जोग में नीको?
 तजि रसरीति नंदनंदन की सिखवत निर्गुन फीको॥
 देखत सुनत नाहिं कछु स्रवननि, ज्योति ज्योति करि ध्यावत।
 सुंदरस्याम दयालु कृपानिधि कैसे हौ बिसरावत?
 सुनि रसाल मुरली-सुर की धुनि सोई कौतुक-रस भूलैं।
 अपनी भुजा ग्रीव पर मेलैं गोपिन के सुख फूलैं॥
 लोककानि कुल को भ्रम प्रभु मिलि मिलि कै घर बन खेली।
 अब तुम सूर खवावन आए जोग जहर की बेली

e ali! kahā joga meṁ nīko?

*taji rasarīti nāṇdanāṇdana kī sikhavata nīrguna phīko||
 dekhata sunata nāhiṁ kachu sraṇanani, jyoti jyoti kari dhyāvata|
 suṇdarasyāma dayālu kṛpānidhi kaise hau bisarāvata?
 suni rasāla muralī-sura kī dhuni soī kautuka-rasa bhūlaiṁ|
 apañī bhujā grīva para melaiṁ gopina ke sukha phūlaiṁ||
 lokakāni kula ko bhrama prabhu mili mili kai ghara bana khelī|
 aba tuma sūra khavāvana āe joga jahara kī belī*

‘Bee, what is good in yoga? You would make us abandon the path of rasa belonging to Nandanandana and learn the tasteless qualityless Absolute. It is neither seen nor heard by the ears; one merely meditates, repeating “light, light.” How could you make us forget beautiful dark Śyāma, compassionate treasury of grace? Hearing the luscious sound of his flute, who could forget that marvelous rasa? He laid his arm around our necks, and the gopīs blossomed in delight. Forgetting public opinion and family honor, we met the Lord again and again and played in house and forest. Now you have come to feed us, says Sūrdās, the poisonous vine of yoga.’

Pada 27

राग मलार

हमरे कौन जोग ब्रत साधै?
मृगत्यच, भस्म, आधारि, जटा को को इतनो अवराधै?
जाकि कहुं थाह नहिं पैए अगम, अपार, अगाधै।
गिरिधर लाल छबीले मुख पर इते बाँध को बाँधै?
आसन, पवन विभूति मृगछाला ध्याननि को अवराधै?
सूरदास मानिक परिहरि कै राख गौंठि को बाँधै?

hamare kauna joga brata sādhai?
mṛgatvacca, bhasma, adhāri, jaṭā ko ko itano avarādhai?
jāki kahūṁ thāha nahīṁ paie agama, apāra, agādhai|
giriḍhara lāla chabīle mukha para ite bā-dha ko bā-dhai?
āsana, pavana vibhūti mṛgachālā dhyānani ko avarādhai?
sūradāsa mānika parihari kai rākha gā-ṭhi ko bā-dhai?

‘Who among us will undertake yoga’s vows? Who will burden herself with deerskin, ash, a begging bowl, and matted hair? No one can fathom the one you call inaccessible, boundless, and bottomless. Who would tie so many bindings over the lovely face of our red-robed lifter of the mountain? Who would be burdened with postures, breath-control, ashes, deerskin, and meditations? Who abandons a jewel, asks Sūrdās, and knots ashes into the corner of her cloth?’

Pada 28

राग धनाश्री

हम तो दुहुं भौंति फल पायो।
जो ब्रजनाथ मिलैं तो नीको, नातरु जग जस गायो॥
कहँ वै गोकुल की गोपी सब बरनहीन लघुजाती।
कहँ वै कमला के स्वामी सँग मिलि बैठौं इक पाँती॥
निगमध्यान मुनिज्ञान अगोचर, ते भए घोषनिवासी।
ता ऊपर अब साँच कहो धौं मुक्ति कौन की दासी?
जोग-कथा, पा लागौं उधो, ना कहु बारंबार।
सूर स्याम तजि और भजै जो तानी जननी छार

hama to duhūṁ bhā-ti phala pāyo|
jo brajanātha milaiṁ to nīko, nātaru jaga jasa gāyo||
kaha- vai gokula kī gopī saba baranahīna laghujātī|
kaha- vai kamalā ke svāmī sa-ga mili baiṭhūṁ ika pā-tī||
nigamadhyāna munijñāna agocara, te bhāe ghoṣanivāsī|
tā ūpara aba sā-ca kaho dhaūṁ mukti kauna kī dāsī?
joga-kathā, pā lāgoṁ udho, nā kahu bāraṁbāra|
sūra syāma taji āura bhajai jo tāni janani chāra

‘In either way we have gained the fruit. If the Lord of Vraja meets us, that is good; if not, the world will sing our fame. On one side are all these low-born, colorless gopīs of Gokula; on the other, the Lord of Lakṣmī - yet they sat with him in a single row. He whom the Vedas meditate upon and sages cannot reach through knowledge became a resident of the cowherd village. Tell us truly, then: of whom is liberation the servant? Uddhava, I fall at your feet - do not repeat this tale of yoga. May the mother of anyone who worships another after abandoning dark Śyāma, says Sūrdās, be reduced to ash.’

Pada 29

राग कान्हरो

पूरनता इन नयन न पूरी।
 तुम जो कहत सवननि सुनि समुझत, ये याही दुख मरति बिसूरी।
 हरि अंतर्दामी सब जानत बुद्धि बिचारत बचन समूरी।
 वै रस रूप रतन सागर निधि क्यों मनि पाय खवावत धूरी।
 रहु रे कुटिल, चपल, मधुलंपट, कितव सँदेस कहत कटु कूरी।
 कहँ मुनिध्यान कहाँ ब्रजयुवती! कैसे जात कुलिस करि चूरी।
 देखु प्रगट सरिता, सागर, सर सीतल सुभग स्वाद रुचि रूरी।
 सूर स्वातिजल बसै जिय चातक चित लागत सब झूरी

pūranatā ina nayana na pūrī|
tuma jo kahata sravanani suni samujhata, ye yāhī dukha marati bisūrī|
hari aṇṭaryāmī saba jānata buddhi bicārata bacana samūrī|
vai rasa rūpa ratana sāgara nidhi kyoṇ manī pāya khavāvata dhūrī|
rahu re kuṭila, capala, madhulampṭa, kitava sa~desa kahata kaṭu kūrī|
kaha~ munidhyāna kahā~ brajayuvatī! kaise jāta kulisa kari cūrī|
dekhu pragaṭa saritā, sāgara, sara sītala subhaga svāda ruci rūrī|
sūra svātījala basai jiya cātaka cita lāgata saba jhūrī

‘These eyes have not fulfilled their fullness. We hear and understand what you say, yet these eyes die grieving from this very pain. Hari, the indwelling knower, knows all; the mind considers your speech complete. But he is the ocean and treasury of rasa, beauty, and jewels - having found the jewel, why would one eat dust? Stay back, crooked, fickle, honey-greedy libertine! Why deliver the gambler’s bitter, false message? Where is a sage’s meditation, and where a young woman of Vraja? How can you pound a thunderbolt into powder? Look: rivers, ocean, and lakes lie manifest - cool, lovely, tasteful, and beautiful. Yet the cātaka of Sūrdās’s heart longs only for a drop of Svāti rain; everything else scorches it.’

Pada 30

राग धनाश्री

हमतेँ हरि कबहुँ न उदास।
राति-खवाय पिवाय अधररस सो क्योँ बिसरत ब्रज को वास॥
तुमसोँ प्रेमकथा को कहिबो मनहुँ काटिबो घास।
बहिरो तान-स्वाद कह जानै, गूँगो बात-मिठास॥
सुनु री सखी, बहुरि फिरि ऐहें वे सुख बिबिध विलास।
सूरदास ऊधो अब हमको भयो तेरहोँ मास

hamateṁ hari kabahū~ na udāsa|
rāti-khavāya pivāya adhararasa so kyoṁ bisarata braja ko vāsa||
tumasoṁ premakathā ko kahibo manahu~ kāṭibo ghāsa|
bahiro tāna-svāda kaha jānai, gū-go bāta-miṭhāsa||
sunu rī sakhī, bahuri phiri aihaiṁ ve sukha bibidha vilāsa|
sūradāsa ūdho aba hamako bhayo terahoṁ māsa

‘Hari is never indifferent to us. After feeding us rasa at night and letting us drink the nectar of his lips, how could he forget his dwelling in Vraja? Telling you the story of love is like cutting grass. What does a deaf man know of melody’s flavor, or a mute man of sweetness in speech? Listen, friend: he will return again, bringing those many pleasures and delights. Uddhava, says Sūrdās, a thirteenth month has now been added to our year of waiting.’

Padas 31-45

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 31

तेरो बुरो न कोऊ मानै।
 रस की बात मधुप नीरस, सुनु, रसिक होत सो जानै॥
 दादुर बसै निकट कमलन के जन्म न रस पहिँचानै।
 अलि अनुराग उड़न मन बाँध्यो कहे सुनत नहिँ कानै॥
 सरिता चलै मिलन सागर को कूल मूल द्रुम भानै।
 कायर बकै, लोह तैं भाजै, लरै जो सूर बखानै

*tero buro na koū mānai|
 rasa kī bāta madhupa nīrasa, sunu, rasika hota so jānai||
 dādura basai nikaṭa kamalana ke janma na rasa pahinṇcānai|
 ali anurāga uṛana mana bā-dhyo kahe sunata nahiṇ kānai||
 saritā calai milana sāgara ko kūla mūla druma bhānai|
 kāyara bakai, loha teṇ bhājai, larai jo sūra bakhānai*

‘No one will take offense at you. Bee, you are tasteless; only a true connoisseur understands talk of rasa. A frog may live beside lotuses all its life and never recognize their nectar. A bee, its flying mind bound by love, does not heed what anyone says. A river rushing to meet the ocean tears at banks, roots, and trees. A coward boasts but flees the weapon; the one who stands and fights, says Sūrdās, is the hero.’

Pada 32

घर ही के बाढ़े रावरे।
 नाहिंन मीत बियोगबस परे अनवउगे अलि बावरे।
 भुखमरि जाय चरै नहिं तिनुका सिंह को यहै स्वभाव रे।
 सवन सुधा-मुरली के पोषे जोग-जहर न खवाव, रे।
 ऊधो हमहि सीख का दैहो? हरि बिनु अनत न ठाँव रे।
 सूरदास कहा लै कीजै थाही नदिया नाव, रे।

*ghara hī ke bāḍhe rāvare|
 nāhiṇna mīta biyogabasa pare anavauge ali bāvare!
 bhukhamari jāya carai nahīṇ tinukā siṃha ko yahai svabhāva re|
 sravana sudhā-muralī ke poṣe joga-jahara na khavāva, re!
 ūdho hamahi sikhā kā daiho? hari binu anata na ṭhā-va re!
 sūradāsa kahā lai kījai thāhī nadiyā nāva, re!*

‘All your brave talk has grown only inside your own house. You have not fallen helpless beneath separation, mad bee, and so you have not endured it. A lion may starve, but it will not graze upon a blade of grass - that is its nature. Our ears have been nourished on the nectar of the flute; do not feed them yoga’s poison. Uddhava, what teaching can you give us? Apart from Hari, we have no refuge elsewhere. What use, asks Sūrdās, is a boat upon a river too shallow to float it?’

Pada 33

राग मलार

स्याममुख देखे ही परतीति।
 जो तुम कोटि जतन करि सिखवत जोग ध्यान की रीति॥
 नाहिंन कछू सयान ज्ञान में यह हम कैसे मानैं।
 कहौ कहा कहिए या नभ को कैसे उर में आनैं॥
 यह मन एक, एक वह मूरति, भृंगकीट सम माने।
 सूर सपथ दै बूझत ऊधो यह ब्रज लोग सयाने

*syāmamukha dekhe hī paratīti|
 jo tuma koṭi jatana kari sikhavata joga dhyāna kī rīti||
 nāhiṇna kachū sayāna jñāna meṇ yaha hama kaise mānaiṇ|
 kahau kahā kahie yā nabha ko kaise ura meṇ ānaiṇ||
 yaha mana eka, eka vaha mūrati, bhṛṅgakīṭa sama māne|
 sūra sapatha dai būjhata ūdho yaha braja loga sayāne*

‘Only seeing Śyāma’s face will make us believe, though you make ten million efforts to teach the ways of yoga and meditation. There is nothing clever in this knowledge - how can we accept it? What can be said of this empty sky, and how can it be brought into the heart? We have one mind, and there is one form; absorbed in it, we become like the larva transformed by the bee.

Giving you an oath, Sūrdās asks, Uddhava: are the people of Vraja not wise?’

Pada 34

राग धनाश्री

लरिकाई को प्रेम, कहाँ अलि, कैसे करिकै छूटत?
 कहाँ कहाँ ब्रजनाथ-चरित अब अंतरगति यो लूटत॥
 चंचल चाल मनोहर चितवनि, वह मुसुकानि मंद धुनि गावत।
 नटवर भेस नंदनंदन को वह बिनोद गृह बन तें आवत॥
 चरनकमल की सपथ करति हौं यह सँदेस मोहिं बिष सम लागत।
 सूरदास मोहि निमिष न बिसरत मोहन सूरति सोवत जागत

larikāi ko prema, kahau ali, kaise karikai chūṭata?
kahā~ kahauṇ brajanātha-carita aba a~taragati yom lūṭata||
caṃcala cāla manohara citavani, vaha musukāni maṃda dhuni gāvata||
naṭavara bhesa naṃdananaṃdana ko vaha binoda gr̥ha bana tem āvata||
caranakamala kī sapatha karati hauṇ yaha sa~desa mohiṇ biṣa sama lāgata||
sūradāsa mohi nimiṣa na bisarata mohana sūrati sovata jāgata

‘Tell me, bee - how can the love of childhood ever be severed? How can I recount the Lord of Vraja’s deeds, which plunder the hidden chambers of my heart even now? That lively gait, enchanting glance, gentle smile, and softly sung melody; Nandanandana’s dancer’s dress, and his playful return from house and forest. I swear by his lotus feet: this message tastes like poison to me. Sleeping or waking, says Sūrdās, Mohana’s form does not leave me for an instant.’

Pada 35

राग सौरठ

अटपटि बात तिहारी ऊधो सुनै सो ऐसी को है?
 हम अहीरि अबला सठ, मधुकर! तिन्हें जोग कैसे सोहै?
 बूचिहि खुभी आँधरी काजर, नकटी पहिरै बेसरि।
 मुँडली पाटी पारन चाहै, कोढ़ी अंगहि केसरि॥
 बहिरी सों पति मतो करै सो उतर कौन पै पावै?
 ऐसो न्याव है ताको ऊधो जो हमें जोग सिखावै॥
 जो तुम हमको लाए कृपा करि सिर चढ़ाय हम लीन्ह।
 सूरदास नरियर जो बिष को करहि बंदना कीन्ह

aṭapaṭi bāta tihārī ūdho sunai so aisī ko hai?
hama ahīri abalā saṭha, madhukara! tinhaiṇ joga kaise sohāi?
būcihi khubhī ā~dharī kājara, nakaṭī pahirai besarī||
mu~ḍalī pāṭī pārana cāhai, koṭhī aṃgahi kesarī||
bahirī soṇ pati mato karai so utara kauna pai pāvai?

*aiso nyāva hai tāko ūdho jo hamaiṃ joga sikhāvai||
jo tuma hamako lāe kṛpā kari sira caṛhāya hama līnha|
sūrādāsa nariyara jo biṣa ko karahiṃ baṃdanā kīnha*

‘Uddhava, who could listen to such absurd words of yours? We are simple cowherd women, helpless and foolish - how could yoga suit us? It is like putting collyrium on blind eyes, a nose-ring on one without a nose, asking a shaven head to part its hair, or smearing saffron on a leper’s limbs. What answer can someone receive who seeks a husband’s counsel from the deaf? Such is the justice of the man who teaches yoga to us. Yet if you have brought it to us out of kindness, we accept it upon our heads - people even bow to a coconut, says Sūrdās, though poison lies within.’

Pada 36

राग विहागरो

बरु वै कुब्जा भलो कियो।
सुनि सुनि समाचार ऊधो मो कछुक सिरात हियो॥
जाको गुन, गति, नाम, रूप हरि, हार्यो फिरि न दियो।
तिन अपनो मन हरत न जान्यो हैंसि हैंसि लोग जियो॥
सूर तनक चंदन चढ़ाय तन ब्रजपति बस्य कियो।
और सकल नागरि नारिन को दासी दाँव लियो

*baru vai kubjā bhalo kiyo|
suni suni samācāra ūdho mo kachuka sirāta hiyo||
jāko guna, gati, nāma, rūpa hari, hāryo phiri na diyo|
tina apano mana harata na jānyo ha~si ha~si loga jiyo||
sūra tanaka caṇḍana caṛhāya tana brajapati basya kiyo|
aura sakala nāgari nārīna ko dāsī dā~va liyo*

‘Still, that Kubjā did well. Hearing news of her again and again, Uddhava, has cooled my heart a little. Hari stole her virtue, ways, name, and form and never gave them back; she did not even know he had stolen her mind, while people lived laughing at her. With only a little sandal paste applied to his body, says Sūrdās, she brought the Lord of Vraja under her sway; this maidservant won the wager from every accomplished woman of the city.’

Pada 37

राग सारंग

हरि काहे के अंतर्धामी?
जौ हरि मिलत नहीं यहि औसर, अवधि बतावत लामी॥
अपनी घोप जाय उठि बैठे और निरस बेकामी?
सो कह पीर पराई जानै जो हरि गरुड़गामी॥
आई उघरि प्रीति कलई सी जैसे खाटी आमी।
सूर इते पर अनख मरति हैं, उधो पीवत मामी

hari kâhe ke aṁtaryāmī?
jau hari milata nahīṁ yahi ausara, avadhi batāvata lāmī||
apanī copā jāya uṭhi baiṭhe aura nīrasa bekāmī?
so kaha pīra parāī jānai jo hari garuḍāgāmī||
āī ughari prīti kalāī sī jaise khāṭī āmī|
sūra ite para anakha marati haīṁ, udho pīvata māmī

‘In what sense is Hari the indwelling knower? If he will not meet us at this very hour but keeps extending the appointed time, absorbed in his own pleasures and sitting there idle and without rasa, how can he know another’s pain merely because he rides Garuḍa? The bright coating of his love has peeled away like the skin of a sour mango. Even after all this we are dying from wounded pride, says Sūrdās, while Uddhava goes on drinking his own draught.’

Pada 38

बिलग जनि मानहु, ऊधो प्यारे!
वह मथुरा काजर की कोठरि जे आवहिं ते कारे॥
तुम कारे, सुफलकसुत कारे, कारे मधुप भँवारे।
तिनके संग अधिक छबि उपजत कमलनैन मनिआरे॥
मानहु नील माट तें काढ़े लै जमुना ज्यों पखारे।
ता गुन स्याम भई कालिंदी सूर स्याम-गुन न्यारे

bilaga jani mānahu, ūdho pyāre!
vaha mathurā kājara kī koṭhari je āvahīṁ te kāre||
tuma kāre, suphalakasuta kāre, kāre madhupa bha~vāre|
tinake saṁga adhika chabi upajata kamalanaina maniāre||
mānahu nīla māṭa teṁ kāṛhe lai jamunā jyōṁ pakhāre|
tā guna syāma bhaī kālīṁdī sūra syāma-guna nyāre

‘Dear Uddhava, do not take it as estrangement. Mathurā is a chamber of lampblack - everyone who enters comes out dark. You are dark, Akrūra the son of Śvaphalka is dark, and the honey-bee is dark. Beside them the jewel-like beauty of the lotus-eyed dark one only grows greater. It is as though he had been drawn from a vat of indigo and then washed in the Yamunā. Through his qualities even Kālīndī became dark, says Sūrdās; Śyāma’s qualities are beyond

compare.’

Pada 39

राग सारंग

अपने स्वारथ को सब कोऊ।
 चुप करि रहौ, मधुप रस लंपट! तुम देखे अरु वोऊ॥
 औरौ कछू सँदेस कहन को कहि पठयो किन सोऊ।
 लीन्हे फिरत जोग जुबतिन को बड़े सयाने दोऊ॥
 तब कत मोहन रास खिलाई जो पै ज्ञान हुतोऊ?
 अब हमरे जिय बैठो यह पद 'होनी होउ सो होऊ'॥
 मिटि गयो मान परेखो ऊधो हिरदय हतो सो होऊ।
 सूरदास प्रभु गोकुलनायक चित-चिंता अब खोऊ

apane svāratha ko saba koū|
cupa kari rahau, madhupa rasa laṃpaṭa! tuma dekhe aru voū||
aurau kachū sa~desa kahana ko kahi paṭhayo kina soū|
līnhe phirata joga jubatīna ko baṛe sayāne doū||
taba kata mohana rāsa khilāi jo pai jñāna hutoū?
aba hamare jīya baiṭho yaha pada 'honī hou so hoū'||
miṭi gayo māna parekho ūdho hiradaya hato so hoū|
sūradāsa prabhu gokulanāyaka cita-ciṃtā aba khoū

‘Everyone seeks his own advantage. Be silent, honey-greedy bee - we have seen you and those others too. Did he send some other message for you to deliver, or only this? You two great sages carry yoga around for young women! Why, then, did Mohana once perform the rāsa with us, if knowledge was already his purpose? Now this saying has settled in our hearts: “Let what must happen, happen.” Pride and grievance have dissolved; what was held in the heart is done. Lord and master of Gokula, says Sūrdās, release the mind’s anxiety now.’

Pada 40

तुम जो कहत सँदेसो आनि।
 कहा करौं वा नँदनंदन सौं होत नहीं हितहानि॥
 जोग-जुगुति किहि काज हमारे जदपि महा सुखखानि?
 सने सनेह स्यामसुन्दर के हिलि मिलि कै मन मानि॥
 सोहत लोह परसि पारस ज्यों सुबरन बारह बानि।
 पुनि वह घोप कहाँ चुम्बक ज्यों लटपटाय लपटानि॥
 रूपरहित नीरासा निरगुन निगमहु परत न जानि।
 सूरदास कौन बिधि तासों अब कीजै पहिचानि?

*tuma jo kahata sa~deso āni|
 kahā karaunī vā na~danāndana sōṃ hota nahīṃ hitahāni||
 joga-juguti kihi kāja hamāre jadapi mahā sukhakhāni?
 sane saneha syāmasundara ke hili mili kai mana māni||
 sohata loha parasi pārasa jyōṃ subarana bāraha bāni|
 puni vaha copa kahā~ cumbaka jyōṃ laṭapaṭāya lapaṭāni||
 rūparahita nīrāsā niraguna nigamahu parata na jāni|
 sūradāsa kauna bidhi tāsoṃ aba kijai pahicāni?*

‘As for the message you have brought - what can I do with it? It does no good to Nandanandana’s bond with us. What use are yoga’s techniques to us, even if they are a treasury of great happiness? Our minds have mingled and become one, steeped in affection for beautiful Śyāma. Iron touched by the philosopher’s stone becomes twelve-carat gold; yet where would that former longing go, clinging and drawing together like iron to a magnet? The formless, hopeless, qualityless one is unknown even to the Vedas. By what means, asks Sūrdās, can we now establish acquaintance with it?’

Pada 41

राग धनाश्री

हम तौ कान्ह केलि की भूखी।
 कैसे निरगुन सुनहिं तिहारो बिरहिनि बिरह-बिदूखी?
 कहिए कहा यहौ नहिं जानत काहि जोग है जोग।
 पा लागौ तुमहीं सों, वा पुर बसत बावरे लोग॥
 अंजन, अभरन, चीर, चारु बरु नेकु आप तन कीजै।
 दंड, कमंडल, भस्म, अधारी जौ जुवतिन को दीजै॥
 सूर देखि दृढ़ता गोपिन की ऊधो यह ब्रत पायो।
 कहै 'कृपानिधि हो कृपाल हो! प्रेमै पढ़न पठायो'

hama tau kānha keli kī bhūkhī|
kaise niraguna sunahīṁ tihāro birahini biraha-bidūkhī?
kahie kahā yahau nahīṁ jānata kāhi joga hai joga|
pā lāgoṇi tumahīṁ soṇi, vā pura basata bāvare loga||
aṁjana, abharana, cīra, cāru baru neku āpa tana kijai|
daṁḍa, kamaṁḍala, bhasma, adhārī jau juvatina ko dījai||
sūra dekhi dṛṛhatā gopina kī ūdho yaha brata pāyo|
kahai 'kṛpānidhi ho kṛpāla ho! premai paṛhana paṭhāyo'

'We hunger for Kanhā's play. Wounded by separation, how can we listen to your qualityless Absolute? We cannot even say what it is or for whom this yoga is meant. I fall at your feet - perhaps the people living in that city are mad. Better adorn your own body with collyrium, ornaments, and lovely cloth than give staffs, water-pots, ash, and begging bowls to young women.' Seeing the gopīs' firmness, says Sūrdās, Uddhava attained this vow: 'O treasury of grace, be gracious! You sent me here to study love itself.'

Pada 42

अँखिया हरि-दरसन की भूखी।
 कैसे रहें रूपरसराची ये बतियाँ सुनि रूखी॥
 अवधि गनत झकटक मग जोवत तब एती नहिं झूखी।
 अब इन जोग-सँदेसन ऊधो अति अकुलानी दूखी॥
 बारक वह मुख फेरि दिखाओ दुहि पय पिवत पतूखी।
 सूर सिकत हठि नाव चलाओ ये सरिता हैं सूखी

*a~khiyā hari-darasana kī bhūkhī|
 kaise rahaiṃ rūparasarācī ye batiyā~ suni rūkhī||
 avadhi ganata ikaṭaka maga jovata taba eti nahīṃ jhūkhī|
 aba ina joga-sa~desana ūdho ati akulānī dūkhī||
 bāraka vaha mukha pheri dikhāo duhi paya pivata patūkhī|
 sūra sikata haṭhi nāva calāo ye saritā haiṃ sūkhī*

‘These eyes are hungry for Hari’s sight. Steeped in the rasa of his form, how can they survive on these dry words? Counting the appointed days, they stared unblinking down the road, yet even then they were not so exhausted. Now your messages of yoga, Uddhava, have made them deeply restless and miserable. Show us once more that face - the little one drinking fresh milk. You are trying by force to sail a boat across sand, says Sūrdās; these rivers are dry.’

Pada 43

राग सारंग

जाय कहौ बूझी कुसलात।
 जाके ज्ञान न होय सो मानै कही तिहारी बात॥
 कारो नाम, रूप पुनि कारो, कारे अंग सखा सब गात।
 जौ पै भले होत कहुँ कारे तौ कत बदलि सुता लै जात॥
 हमको जोग, भोग कुबजा को काके हिये समात?
 सूरदास सेए सो पति कै पाले जिन्ह तेही पछितात

*jāya kahau būjhī kusalāta|
 jāke jñāna na hoya so mānai kahī tihārī bāta||
 kāro nāma, rūpa puni kāro, kāre aṅga sakha saba gāta|
 jau pai bhale hota kahu~ kāre tau kata badali sūtā lai jāta||
 hamako joga, bhoga kubajā ko kāke hiye samāta?
 sūradāsa see so pati kai pāle jinha tehī pachitāta*

‘Go and report that you asked after our welfare. Whoever lacks knowledge may accept what you have said. His name is dark, his form is dark, every limb of his body is dark, and all his companions are dark. If anything dark were truly good, why would Akrūra have carried another’s child away? Yoga for us and pleasure for Kubjā - whose heart can contain such a division? Those who serve a husband like that, says Sūrdās, regret the very one who sheltered

and raised them.’

Pada 44

कहाँ लौं कीजै बहुत बड़ाई।
 अतिहि अगाध अपार अगोचर मनसा तहाँ न जाई॥
 जल बिनु तरँग, भीति बिनु चित्रन, बिन चित ही चतुराई।
 अब ब्रज में अनरीति कछु यह ऊधो आनि चलाई॥
 रूप न रेख, बदन, बपु जाके संग न सखा सहाई।
 ता निर्गुन सों प्रीति निरंतर क्यों निबहै, री माई?
 मन चुभि रही माधुरी मूरति रोम रोम अरुझाई।
 हौं बलि गई सूर प्रभु ताके जाके स्याम सदा सुखदाई

kaḥā~ lauṃ kijai bahuta baṛāi|
atihi agādha apāra agocara manasā tahā~ na jāi||
jala binu tara~ga, bhīti binu citrana, bina cita hī caturāi|
aba braja meṃ anarīti kachū yaha ūdho āni calāi||
rūpa na rekha, badana, bapu jāke saṅga na sakhā sahāi|
tā nirguna soṃ prīti niraṃtara kyoṃ nibahai, rī māi?
mana cubhi rahī mādhuri mūrati roma roma arujhāi|
haum̐ bali gai sūra prabhu tāke jāke syāma sadā sukhadāi

‘How long can one go on praising it as infinitely deep, boundless, and beyond perception, where even the mind cannot go? A wave without water, a painting without a wall - cleverness without a mind: this is the strange new custom Uddhava has introduced into Vraja. With one who has neither form nor line, face nor body, companion nor helper - Mother, how could constant love endure? The sweet form has pierced and remained in my mind, entangled in every hair. I give myself to Sūrdās’s Lord, whose dark form forever gives delight.’

Pada 45

राग मलार

काहे को गोपीनाथ कहावत?
 जो पै मधुकर कहत हमारे गोकुल काहे न आवत?
 सपने की पहिँचानि जानि कै हमहिँ कलंक लगावत।
 जो पै स्याम कूबरी रीझे सो किन नाम धरावत?
 ज्यों गजराज काज के औसर औरै दसन दिखावत।
 कहन सुनन को हम हैं ऊधो सूर अंत बिरमावत

kāhe ko gopīnātha kahāvata?
jo pai madhukara kahata hamāre gokula kāhe na āvata?
sapane kī pahīṇcāni jāni kai hamahiṇ kalaṇka lagāvata|
jo pai syāma kūbarī rījhe so kina nāma dharāvata?
jyom gajarāja kāja ke ausara aurai dasana dikhāvata|
kahana sunana ko hama haiṇ ūdho sūra anta biramāvata

‘Why does he call himself Lord of the gopīs? If what the bee says is true, why does he not come to our Gokula? Treating us as something recognized only in a dream, he brands us with disgrace. If Śyāma is enamored of the hunchback, why does he still retain that former name? Like a lordly elephant at the moment of need, he displays one set of teeth and uses another. We are his only in speech and reputation, Uddhava, says Sūrdās; in the end he rests elsewhere.’

Padas 46-60

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 46

अब कत सुरति होति है, राजन्?
दिन दस प्रीति करी स्वारथ-हित रहत आपने काजन॥
सबै अयानि भई सुनि मुरली ठगी कपट की छाजन।
अब मन भयो सिंधु के खग ज्यों फिरि फिरि सरत जहाजन॥
वह नातो टूटो ता दिन तें सुफलकसुत-सँग भाजन।
गोपीनाथ कहाय सूर प्रभु कत मारत हौ लाजन

*aba kata surati hoti hai, rājan?
dina dasa prīti karī svāratha-hita rahata āpane kājana||
sabai ayāni bhaīṃ suni muralī ṭhagī kapaṭa kī chājana|
aba mana bhayo siṃdhu ke khaga jyōṃ phiri phiri sarata jahājana||
vaha nāto ṭūṭo tā dina tēṃ suphalakasuta-sa~ga bhājana|
gopīnātha kahāya sūra prabhu kata mārata hau lājana*

‘Why would the king remember us now? For ten days he loved us to serve his purpose, then returned to his own affairs. We all became senseless on hearing the flute, cheated beneath a canopy of deceit. Now the mind is like a sea-bird that flies out and returns again and again to the ship. That bond broke on the day he fled with Akrūra, son of Śvaphalka. Calling yourself Lord of the gopīs, Sūrdās’s Lord, why do you keep putting us to shame?’

Pada 47

राग सोरठ

लिखि आई ब्रजनाथ की छाप।
 बाँधे फिरत सीस पर ऊधो देखत आवै ताप॥
 नूतन रीति नंदनंदन की घरघर दीजत थाप।
 हरि आगे कुब्जा अधिकारी, तातैं है यह दाप॥
 आए कहन जोग अवराधो अबिगत-कथा की जाप।
 सूर सँदेसो सुनि नहिं लागै कहौ कौन को पाप?

likhi āi brajanātha kī chāpa|
bā~dhe phirata sīsa para ūdho dekhata āvai tāpa||
nūtana rīti nāṇḍanaṇḍana kī gharaghara dījata thāpa|
hari āge kubjā adhikārī, tāteṁ hai yaha dāpa||
āe kahana joga avarāḍho abigata-kathā kī jāpa|
sūra sa~deso suni nahīṁ lāgai kahau kauna ko pāpa?

‘The Lord of Vraja’s written seal has arrived. Uddhava carries it bound upon his head, yet the sight of it makes our fever rise. Nandanandana has invented a new custom, posting this proclamation from house to house. Kubjā now has authority before Hari, and therefore this pressure is laid upon us. He has come to impose yoga and make us repeat tales of the unmanifest. Hearing this message gives no joy, says Sūrdās - tell us, whose sin has caused it?’

Pada 48

राग सारंग

फिरि फिरि कहा सिखावत बात?
 प्रातकाल उठि देखत, ऊधो, घर घर माखन खात॥
 जाकी बात कहत हौ हमसों सो है हमसों दूरि।
 ह्याँ है निकट जसोदानंदन प्रान-सजीवनमूरि॥
 बालक संग लये दधि घोरत खात खवावत झोलत।
 सूर सीस सुनि चौंकत नावहिं अब काहे न मुख बोलत?

phiri phiri kahā sikhāvata bāta?
prātakāla uṭhi dekhata, ūdho, ghara ghara mākhana khāta||
jākī bāta kahata hau hamasōṁ so hai hamasōṁ dūri|
hyā~ hai nikaṭa jasodāna~dana prāna-sajīvanamūri||
bālaka saṅga laye dadhi corata khāta khavāvata ṛolata|
sūra sīsa suni caunḱata nāvahiṁ aba kāhe na mukha bolata?

‘Why teach the same thing again and again? At dawn, Uddhava, we see him eating butter from every house. The one of whom you speak is far from us; here Yaśodā’s son stands near, the life-restoring embodiment of our breath. With the children he steals curd, eats it, feeds them,

and roams about. Hearing your doctrine they start and lower their heads, says Sūrdās - why does your mouth not answer now?’

Pada 49

राग धनाश्री

अपने सगुन गोपालै, माई! यहि बिधि काहे देत?
ऊधो की ये निरगुन बातें मीठी कैसे लेत।
धर्म, अधर्म कामना सुनावत सुख औ मुक्ति समेत॥
काकी भूख गई मनलाहू सो देखहु चित चेत।
सूर स्याम तजि को भुस फटकै मधुप तिहारे हेत?

*apane saguna gopālai, māī! yahi bidhi kāhe deta?
ūdho kī ye niraguna bātaiṃ mīṭhī kaise leta|
dharma, adharma kāmānā sunāvata sukha au mukti sameta||
kākī bhūkha gaiṃ manalāhū so dekhahu cita ceta|
sūra syāma taji ko bhusa phaṭakai madhupa tihāre heta?*

‘Mother, when we have our embodied Gopāla, why does he give us this other thing? How can Uddhava’s qualityless talk taste sweet? He recites righteousness, unrighteousness, desire, happiness, and liberation together - but look within and consider: whose hunger was satisfied by a sweetmeat imagined in the mind? Who abandons Śyāma and sifts chaff, says Sūrdās, merely for your sake, bee?’

Pada 50

राग सारंग

हमको हरि की कथा सुनाव।
अपनी ज्ञानकथा हो, ऊधो! मथुरा ही लै जाव॥
नागरि नारि भले बूझैंगी अपने वचन सुभाव।
पा लागों, इन बातनि, रे अलि! उन्हीं जाय रिझाव॥
सुनि, प्रियसखा स्यामसन्दर के जो पै जिय सति भाव।
हरिमुख अति आरत इन नयननि बारक बहुरि दिखाव॥
जो कोउ कोटि जतन करै, मधुकर, बिरहनि और सुहाव?
सूरदास मीन को जल बिनु नाहिन और उपाव

*hamako hari kī kathā sunāva|
apanī jñānakathā ho, ūdho! mathurā hī lai jāva||
nāgari nāri bhale būjhāiṃgī apane vacana subhāva|
pā laḡoṃ, ina bātani, re ali! unahīṃ jāya rijhāva||
suni, priyasakhā syāmasandara ke jo pai jiya sati bhāva|
harimukha ati ārata ina nayanani bāraka bahuri dikhāva||*

*jo kou koṭi jatana karai, madhukara, birahini aura suhāva?
sūradāsa mīna ko jala binu nāhiṃna aura upāva*

‘Tell us Hari’s story. Uddhava, take your own story of knowledge back to Mathurā. The sophisticated women of the city will understand the nature of your words. Bee, I fall at your feet - go delight those women with these teachings. If your heart truly holds the feeling proper to a dear friend of beautiful Śyāma, show these eyes, anguished for Hari’s face, that face once more. Though someone make ten million efforts, bee, what else can please a woman in separation? A fish has no remedy apart from water, says Sūrdās.’

Pada 51

राग कान्हरो

अलि हो! कैसे कहौं हरि के रूप-रसहि?
मेरे तन में भेद बहुत बिधि रसना न जानै नयन की दसहि॥
जिन देखे ते आहिं बचन बिनु, जिन्हें बचन दरसन न तिसहि।
बिन बानी भरी उमगि प्रेमजल सुमिरि वा सगुन-जसहि॥
चार बार पछितात यहै मन कहा करै जो बिधि न बसहि।
सूरदास अँगन की यह गति को समुझावै पाछपद पसुहि?*

*ali ho! kaise kahaṃ hari ke rūpa-rasahi?
mere tana meṃ bheda bahuta bidhi rasanā na jānai nayana kī dasahi||
jina dekhe te āhiṃ bacana binu, jinhaiṃ bacana darasana na tisahi||
bina bānī bhari umagi premajala sumiri vā saguna-jasahi||
cāra bāra pachitāta yahaī mana kahā karai jo bidhi na basahi||
sūradāsa aṅ-gana kī yaha gati ko samujhāvai pāchapada pasuhi?**

‘Bee, how can I describe the rasa of Hari’s form? My body contains many divided faculties: the tongue does not know the condition of the eyes. Those that saw him have no speech, and that which speaks was never granted sight. Speechless, the eyes overflow with the water of love as they remember the glory of that embodied Lord. Again and again this mind regrets - what can it do when destiny is not under its control? Who could explain one limb’s condition to a backward-footed beast, asks Sūrdās?’

Pada 52

राग सारंग

हमारे हरि हारिल की लकरी।
मन बच क्रम नैद नैदन सों उर यह दृढ़ करि पकरी॥
जागत सोवत, सपने सौतुख कान्ह कान्ह जक री।
सुनतहि जोग लगत ऐसो अलि! ज्यों करुई ककरी॥
सोई ब्याधि हमें लै आए देखी सुनी न करी।
यह तौ सूर तिन्हें लै दीजै जिनके मन चकरी

hamāre hari hārila kī lakarī|
mana baca krama na~dana~dana soṃ ura yaha dṛṭha kari pakarī||
jāgata sovata, sapane sauntukha kānha kānha jaka rī|
sunatahi joga lagata aiso alī! jyōṃ karuī kakarī||
soī byādhi hamaiṃ lai āe dekhī sunī na karī|
yaha tau sūra tinhaiṃ lai dījai jīnake mana cakarī

‘Our Hari is the twig clutched by the hārila bird. In mind, speech, and deed we have firmly grasped Nandanandana within our hearts. Waking, sleeping, even in dreams, the tongue keeps muttering “Kanhā, Kanhā.” The moment we hear of yoga, bee, it tastes like a bitter cucumber. You have brought us a disease we had never seen, heard of, or suffered. Give it instead, says Sūrdās, to those whose minds spin like wheels.’

Pada 53

फिरि फिरि कहा सिखावत मौन?
दुसह बचन अलि यों लागत उर ज्यों जारे पर लौन॥
सिंगी, भस्म, त्वचामृग, मुद्रा, अरु अवरोधन पौन।
हम अबला अहीर, सठ मधुकर! घर बन जानै कौन॥
यह मत लै तिनहीं उपदेसौ जिन्हें आजु सब सोहत।
सूर आज लौं सुनी न देखी पोत सूतरी पोहत

phiri phiri kahā sikhāvata mauna?
dusaha bacana ali yōṃ lāgata ura jyōṃ jāre para launa||
siṃgi, bhasma, tvacāmṛga, mudrā, aru avarodhana pauna|
hama abalā ahīra, saṭha madhukara! ghara bana jānai kauna||
yaha mata lai tinaiṃ upadesau jinhaiṃ āju saba sohata|
sūra āja lauṃ sunī na dekhī pota sūtari pohata

‘Why teach us silence again and again? Bee, these unbearable words strike the heart like salt scattered upon a burn. Horn, ashes, deerskin, seals, and the restraint of breath - we are helpless, simple cowherd women; who in house or forest knows such things? Take this doctrine and teach it to those whom all these things suit today. Until now, says Sūrdās, no one has ever heard of or seen a boat of cotton thread floating.’

Pada 54

राग जैतश्री

प्रेमरहित यह जोग कौन काज गायो?
 दीनन सों निठुर बचन कहे कहा पायो?
 नयनन निज कमलनयन सुन्दर मुख हेरो।
 मूँदन ते नयन कहत कौन ज्ञान तेरो?
 तामें कहु मधुकर! हम कहा लैन जाहीं।
 जामें प्रिय प्राननाथ नँदनन्दन नाहीं?
 जिनके तुम सखा साधु बातें कहु तिनकी।
 जीवैं सुनि स्यामकथा दासी हम जिनकी॥
 निरगुन अबिनासी गुन आनि आनि भाखौ।
 सूरदास जिय के जिय कहाँ कान्ह राखौ?

premarahita yaha joga kauna qāja gāyo?
dīnana soṇ niṭhura bacana kahe kahā pāyo?
nayanana nija kamalanayana sundara mukha hero|
mū~dana te nayana qahata kauna jñāna tero?
tāmeṇ kahu madhukara! hama kahā laina jāhīṇ|
jāmeṇ priya prānanātha na~danandana nāhīṇ?
jīnake tuma sakhā sādhu bāteṇ kahu tinakī|
jīvaiṇ suni syāmakathā dāsī hama jīnakī||
niraguna abināsī guna āni āni bhākhau|
sūradāsa jīya ke jīya kahā~ kānha rākhau?

‘What use is this loveless yoga you sing? What have you gained by speaking cruelly to the distressed? Our own eyes have beheld the beautiful lotus-eyed face, yet your knowledge tells us to close those eyes. Tell us, bee - what could we take from a teaching in which dear Nandanandana, the lord of our life-breath, is absent? Speak instead of the one whose virtuous friend you are. We, his maidservants, live by hearing Śyāma’s story. You bring and recite the imperishable qualityless one, but tell us, says Sūrdās: where shall we place Kanhā, already living in the core of our hearts?’

Pada 55

राग केदारो

जनि चालौ, अलि, बात पराई।
ना कोउ कहै सुनै या ब्रज में नइ कीरति सब जाति हिराई॥
बूझैं समाचार मुख ऊधो कुल की सब आरति बिसराई।
भले संग बसि भई भली मति, भले मेल पहिचान कराई॥
सुन्दर कथा कटुक सी लागति उपजत उर उपदेस खराई।
उलटो न्याव सूर के प्रभु को बहे जात माँगत उतराई

jani cālau, ali, bāta parāi
nā kou kahaī sunai yā braja meṃ nai kīrati saba jāti hīrāi||
būjhāiṃ samācāra mukha ūdho kula kī saba ārati bisarāi
bhale saṅga basi bhaī bhalī mati, bhale mela pahicāna karāi||
sundara kathā kaṭuka sī lāgati upajata ura upadesa kharāi
ulaṭo nyāva sūra ke prabhu ko bahe jāta māṅ-gata utarāi

‘Bee, do not circulate another’s tale. No one in Vraja speaks or hears it; this new reputation makes every family lose honor. We ask Uddhava for news from that dear mouth and forget all the anguish of our households. Living in good company has improved his understanding - he has arranged a fine introduction indeed! Yet the lovely story tastes bitter, and a harsh instruction rises in the heart. The Lord’s justice is reversed, says Sūrdās: the one swept away by the flood asks us for the ferryman’s fee.’

Pada 56

राग मलार

याकी सीख सुनै ब्रज को, रे?
जाकी रहनि कहनि अनमिल, अलि, कहत समुझि अति थोरे॥
आपुन पद-मकरंद-सुधारस हृदय रहत नित बोरे।
हमसों कहत बिरस समझौ, है गगन कूप खनि खोरे।
धान को गाँव पयार तैं जानौ ज्ञान बिषयरस भोरे।
सूर सो बहुत कहे न रहै रस गूलर को फल फोरे

yākī sīkha sunai braja ko, re?
jākī rahani kahani anamila, ali, kahata samuṛhi ati thore||
āpuna pada-makaraṇḍa-sudhārasa hṛdaya rahata nita bore
hamasoṃ kahata birasa samajhau, hai gagana kūpa khani khore
dhāna ko gā-va payāra teṃ jānau jñāna biṣayarasa bhore
sūra so bahuta kahe na rahai rasa gūlara ko phala phore

‘Who in Vraja will listen to his teaching? His conduct and his speech do not match, bee, and what he says reveals very little understanding. His own heart remains forever immersed in the

corrected nectar of the honey at Hari's feet, while he tells us to accept something tasteless - it is like digging a well in the sky. He mistakes a village rich in grain for a heap of straw; knowledge has made him simple before the rasa of sense. Say as much as you please, says Sūrdās; the sealed fruit of the fig does not reveal its juice when broken.'

Pada 57

निरखत अंक स्यामसुन्दर के बारबार लावति छाती।
 लोचन-जल कागद-मसि मिलि कै ह्वै गइ स्याम स्याम की पाती॥
 गोकुल बसत संग गिरिधर के कबहुं बयारि लगी नहिं ताती।
 तब की कथा कहा कहौं, ऊधो, जब हम बेनुनाद सुनि जाती॥
 हरि के लाड़ गनति नहिं काहु निसिदिन सुदिन रासरसमाती।
 प्राननाथ तुम कब धौं मिलौगे सूरदास प्रभु बालसँघाती

nirakhata aṅka syāmasundara ke bārābāra lāvati chātī|
locana-jala kāgada-masi mili kai hvai gai syāma syāma kī pātī||
gokula basata saṅga giridhara ke kabahuṁ bayāri lagī nahīṁ tātī|
taba kī kathā kahā kahauṁ, ūdho, jaba hama benunāda suni jātī||
hari ke lāṛa ganati nahīṁ kāhū nisidīna sudīna rāsarasamātī|
prānanātha tuma kaba dhauṁ milāuge sūradāsa prabhu bālāsa-ghātī

Again and again she looks at the letters written by beautiful Śyāma and presses them to her breast. The water of her eyes mingles with the ink on the paper until the whole letter becomes dark Śyāma. 'While we lived in Gokula beside the lifter of the mountain, no hot wind ever touched us. How can I tell of those days, Uddhava, when the sound of the flute drew us away? No one could count Hari's caresses; night and day were auspicious, steeped in the rasa of the rāsa. Lord of my life, when will you meet us?' asks Sūrdās of his Lord, the companion of their childhood.

Pada 58

राग मारू

मोहिं अलि दुहुं भाँति फल होत।
 तब रस-अधर लेति मुरली, अब भई कूबरी सौत॥
 तुम जो जोगमत सिखवन आए भस्म चढ़ावन अँग।
 इन बिरहिन में कहूँ कोउ देखी सुमन गुहाये मंग?
 कानन मुद्रा पहिरि मेखली धरे जटा आधारी।
 यहाँ तरल तरिवन कहँ देखे अरु तनसुख की सारी॥
 परम बियोगिनि रटति रैन दिन धरि मनमोहन-ध्यान।
 तुम तो चलो वेगि मधुबन को जहाँ जोग को ज्ञान॥
 निसिदिन जीजतु है या ब्रज में देखि मनोहर रूप।
 सूर जोग लै घर घर डोलौ, लेहु लेहु धरि सूप

mohiṁ ali duhūṁ bhā-ti phala hota |
taba rasa-adhara leti muralī, aba bhāi kūbarī sauta ||
tuma jo jogamata sikhavana āe bhasma caṛhāvana a~ga |
ina birahina meṁ kahu~ kou dekhi sumana guhāye maṁga?
kānana mudrā pahiri mekhalī dhare jaṭā ādhārī |
yahā~ tarala tarivana kaha~ dekhe aru tanasukha kī sārī ||
parama biyogini raṭati raina dina dhari manamohana-dhyāna |
tuma to calo vegi madhubana ko jahā~ joga ko jñāna ||
nisidina jījatu hai yā braja meṁ dekhi manohara rūpa |
sūra joga lai ghara ghara ḍolau, lehu lehu dhari sūpa

‘Bee, I have gained fruit in two ways: once the flute was my co-wife, taking the nectar of his lips; now the hunchback has become my rival. You have come to teach the doctrine of yoga and smear ashes on our limbs - but among these women in separation, have you seen even one with flowers woven in the parting of her hair? Where have you seen earrings of yogic seals, a girdle, matted locks, or a begging bowl adorning these tender young vines, whose whole wealth was bodily delight? The supreme women of separation repeat Manamohana’s name night and day, fixing him in meditation. Go swiftly back to Mathurā, where knowledge of yoga belongs. The enchanting embodied form lives here in Vraja day and night. Carry yoga from door to door in a winnowing basket, says Sūrdās: “Take some, take some!”

Pada 59

राग सारंग

बिलग जनि मानौ हमरी बात।
 डरपति बचन कठोर कहति, मति बिनु पति यों उठि जात।
 जो कोउ कहत जरे अपने कछु फिरि पाछे पछितात।
 जो प्रसाद पावत तुम ऊधो कृस्न नाम लै खात॥
 मन जु तिहारो हरिचरनन तर अचल रहत दिनरात।
 'सूर स्याम तैं जोग अधिक' केहि कहि आवत यह बात?

bilaga jani mānau hamarī bāta|
ḍarapati bacana kaṭhora kahati, mati binu pati yom̐ uṭhi jāta|
jo kou kahata jare apane kachu phiri pāche pachitāta|
jo prasāda pāvata tuma ūdho kṛsna nāma lai khāta||
mana ju tihāro haricaranana tara acala rahata dinarāta|
'sūra syāma tem̐ joga adhika' kehi kahi āvata yaha bāta?

'Do not take our words as estrangement. We are frightened even as we speak harshly, lest our mindless husband simply rise and leave. Whoever burns at another's speech often regrets it afterward. Uddhava, whatever food you receive as alms you eat only after taking Kṛṣṇa's name. Your own mind remains unmoving beneath Hari's feet day and night. Who told you to come here saying, asks Sūrdās, that yoga is greater than Śyāma?'

Pada 60

अपनी सी कठिन करत मन निसिदिन।
 कहि कहि कथा, मधुप, समुझावति तदपि न रहत नंदनंदन बिन॥
 बरजत श्रवन सँदेस, नयन जल, मुख बतियाँ कछु और चलावत।
 बहुत भाँति चित धरत निठुरता सब तजि और यहै जिय आवत॥
 कोटि स्वर्ग सम सुख अनुमानत हरि-समीप-समता नहिं पावत।
 थकित सिंधु-नौका के खग ज्यों फिरि फिरि फेरि वहै गुन गावत॥
 जे बासना न बिदरत अंतर तेइ तेइ अधिक अनूर दाहत।
 सूरदास परिहरि न सकत तन बारक बहुरि मिल्यो है चाहत

apanī sī kaṭhina karata mana nisisidina|
kahi kahi kathā, madhupa, samujhāvati tadapi na rahata nandanaṇḍana bina||
barajata śravana sa~desa, nayana jala, mukha batiyā~ kachu aura calāvata|
bahuta bhā~ti cita dharata niṭhuratā saba taji aura yahai jiya āvata||
koṭi svarga sama sukha anumānata hari-samīpa-samatā nahim̐ pāvata|
thakita siṇḍhu-naukā ke khaga jyom̐ phiri phiri pheri vahai guna gāvata||
je bāsana na bidarata antara tei tei adhika anūara dāhata|
sūradāsa parihari na sakata tana bāraka bahuri milyo hai cāhata

She makes her mind hard like his, day and night. Bee, she explains the doctrine to herself again and again, yet cannot remain without Nandanandana. Her ears forbid the message, her eyes pour water, her mouth speaks something else. In many ways the mind tries to hold to hardness, but abandoning all else, this alone returns to the heart. She imagines the pleasure of ten million heavens, yet none equals nearness to Hari. Like a bird exhausted over the ocean returning again and again to the ship, she circles back and sings only his qualities. The desires that do not split and leave the heart return with still greater fire to burn it. She cannot abandon the body, says Sūrdās; she longs to meet him once more.

Padas 61-75

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 61

राग धनाश्री

रहु रे, मधुकर! मधुमतवारे।
 कहा करौं निर्गुन लै कै हौं जीवहु कान्ह हमारे॥
 लोटत नीच परागपंक में पचत, न आपु सम्हारे।
 बारम्बार सरक मदिरा की अपरस कहा उधारे॥
 तुम जानत हमहुँ वैसी हैं जैसे कुसुम तिहारे।
 घरी पहर सबको बिलमावत जेते आवत कारे॥
 सुन्दरस्याम कमलदल-लोचन जसुमति-नैद-दुलारे।
 सूर स्याम को सर्वस अप्यो अब कापै हम लेहिँ उधारे

*rahu re, madhukara! madhumatavāre|
 kahā karauṇ nīrguṇa lai kai hauṇ jīvahu kāṇha hamāre||
 loṭata nīca parāgapamka meṁ pacata, na āpu samhāre|
 bārambāra saraka madirā kī aparasa kahā ughāre||
 tuma jānata hamahū~ vaiśī haiṁ jaise kusuma tihāre|
 gharī pahara sabako bilamāvata jete āvata kāre||
 sundarasyaṁa kamaladala-locana jasumati-na~da-dulāre|
 sūra syāma ko sarbasa arpyo aba kāpai hama lehiṁ udhāre*

‘Stay back, honey-intoxicated bee! What shall I do with the qualityless one? May our Kanhā live! You roll low in the mud of pollen, wasting away and unable to master yourself. Reeling again and again from intoxicating sap, why uncover what should remain untouched? You think we are like your flowers: every dark visitor who arrives delays with each for a watch or an hour. We have offered everything to beautiful dark Śyāma, the lotus-petaled-eyed darling of Yaśodā and Nanda. From whom else, Uddhava, asks Sūrdās, could we now borrow anything?’

Pada 62

राग बिलावल

काहे को रोंकत मारग सूधो?
 सुनहु, मधुप! निर्गुन-कंटक तें राजपंथ क्यो रूँधो?
 कै तुम सिखै पठाए कुब्जा, कै कहीं स्यामघन जू धौं।
 बेद पुरान सुमृति सब ढूँढ़ौ जुवतिन जोग कहूँ धौं?
 ताको कहा परेखो कीजै जानत छाछ न दूधो।
 सूर मूर अकूर गए लै ब्याज निबेरत ऊधो

kāhe ko romkata māraga sūdhō?
sunahu, madhupa! nirguna-kaṇṭaka teṇ rājapaṇṭha kyom rū-dho?
kai tuma sikhai paṭhāe kubjā, kai kahīṇ syāmaghana jū dhauṇ|
beda purāna sumṛti saba ṛhū-ṛhau juvatina joga kahū~ dhauṇ?
tāko kahā parekho kijai jānata chācha na dūdhō|
sūra mūra akrūra gae lai byāja niberata ūdhō

‘Why block the straight royal road? Listen, bee - why obstruct it with the thorns of the qualityless doctrine? Did Kubjā train and send you, or did dark-cloud Śyāma himself say this? Search the Vedas, Purāṇas, and every sacred tradition: is yoga prescribed anywhere for young women? Why complain about one who cannot tell buttermilk from milk? Akrūra carried away the principal, says Sūrdās, and now Uddhava has come to settle the interest.’

Pada 63

राग मलार

बातन सब कोऊ समुझावै।
 जेहि बिधि मिलन मिलैं वै माधव सो बिधि कोउ न वतावै॥
 जद्यपि जतन अनेक रचीं पचि और अनत बिरमावै।
 तद्यपि हठी हमारे नयना और न देखे भावै॥
 बासर-निसा प्रानबल्लभ तजि रसना और न गावै।
 सूरदास प्रभु प्रेमहिं लागि करि कहिए जो कहि आवै

bātana saba koṁ samujhāvai|
jehi bidhi milana milaiṇ vai mādghava so bidhi kou na vatāvai||
jadyapi jatana aneka racīṇ paci aura anata biramāvai|
tadyapi haṭhī hamāre nayanā aura na dekhe bhāvai||
bāsara-nisā prānaballabha taji rasanā aura na gāvai|
sūradāsa prabhu premahiṇ lagi kari kahie jo kahi āvai

‘Everyone offers explanations in words, but no one tells us the way by which we may meet Mādghava. Though we devise countless efforts and exhaust ourselves, trying to turn elsewhere, our stubborn eyes still delight in seeing no other. Day and night the tongue abandons every

song except the name of the beloved of our life. Bound by love for the Lord, says Sūrdās, we can only say whatever rises to our lips.'

Pada 64

राग सारंग

निर्गुन कौन देस को बासी?

मधुकर! हँसि समुझाय, सौँह दै बूझति साँच, न हाँसी॥

को है जनक, जननि को कहियत, कौन नारि, को दासी?

कैसो बरन भेस है कैसो केहि रस में अभिलासी॥

पावैगो पुनि कियो आपनो जो रे! कहैगो गाँसी।

सुनत मौन है रह्यो ठग्यो सो सूर सबै मति नासी

nirguna kauna desa ko bāsī?

madhukara! ha~si samujhāya, saun̐ha dai būjhati sā~ca, na hā~sī||

ko hai janaka, janani ko kahiyata, kauna nārī, ko dāsī?

kaiso barana bhesa hai kaiso kehi rasa meṃ abhilāsī||

pāvaigo puni kiyo āpano jo re! kahaigo gā~sī|

sunata mauna hvai rahyo ṭhagyo so sūra sabai mati nāsī

'From what country does the qualityless one come? Bee, explain with a smile. I swear I ask sincerely, not in mockery. Who is his father? Whom do they call his mother? Who is his wife and who his maid? What is his color, what clothing does he wear, and for what rasa does he long? Whoever answers shall receive the proper reward for what he has done.' Hearing this, the cheated man fell silent, says Sūrdās, all his cleverness destroyed.

Pada 65

राग केदारो

नाहिंन रह्यो मन में ठौर।
 नंदनंदन अच्छत, कैसे आनिए उर और?
 चलत, चितवत, दिवस जागत, सपन सोवत राति।
 हृदय तें वह स्याम मूरति छन न इत उत जाति॥
 कहत कथा अनेक ऊधो लोक-लाभ दिखाय।
 कहा करीं तन प्रेम-पूरन घट न सिंधु समाय॥
 स्याम गात सरोज-आनन ललित अति मृदु हास।
 सूर ऐसे रूप-कारन मरत लोचन प्यास

nāhiṇṇa rahyo mana meṇ ṭhaura|
naṇḍanaṇḍana achata, kaise ānie ura aura?
calata, citavata, divasa jāgata, sapana sovata rāti|
hṛdaya teṇ vaha syāma mūrati chana na ita uta jāti||
kahata kathā aneka ūdho loka-lābha dikhāya|
kahā karaṇṇ tana prema-pūrana ghaṭa na siṇḍhu samāya||
syāma gāta saroja-ānana lalita ati mṛḍu hāsa|
sūra aise rūpa-kārana marata locana pyāsa

‘No room remains within the mind. While Nandanandana abides there, how can another be brought into the heart? Walking, looking, awake by day, dreaming in sleep at night - that dark form never moves from the heart for even an instant. Uddhava tells many stories and displays worldly advantages, but what can I do? The vessel of the body is full of love; an ocean cannot enter it. Dark body, lotus face, exquisitely gentle smile - for such a form, says Sūrdās, the thirsty eyes are dying.’

Pada 66

राग मलार

ब्रजजन सकल स्याम-व्रतधारी॥
 बिन गोपाल और नहिं जानत आन कहैं व्यभिचारी॥
 जोग-मोट सिर बोझ आनि कै कत तुम घोष उतारी?
 झतनी दूरि जाहु चलि कासी जहाँ बिकति है प्यारी॥
 यह सँदेस नहिं सुन तिहारो, है मण्डली अनन्य हमारी।
 जो रसरिति करी हरि हमसों सो कत जात बिसारी?
 महामुक्ति कोऊ नहिं बूझै, जदपि पदारथ चारी।
 सूरदास स्वामी मनमोहन मूरति की बलिहारी

*brajajana sakala syāma-bratadhārī||
 bina gopāla aura nahim jānata āna kahaīm vyabhicārī||
 joga-moṭa sira bojha āni kai kata tuma ghoṣa utārī?
 itanī dūri jāhu calī kāśī jahā~ bikati hai pyārī||
 yaha sa~desa nahim suna tihāro, hai maṇḍalī ananya hamārī|
 jo rasarīti karī hari hamasom so kata jāta bisārī?
 mahāmukti koū nahim būjhai, jadapi padāratha cārī|
 sūradāsa svāmī manamohana mūrati kī balihārī*

‘Every person of Vraja observes the vow of Śyāma. We know no one besides Gopāla; to name another would be infidelity. Why have you brought yoga’s bundle and unloaded this burden upon the cowherd settlement? Carry it far away to Kāśī, where the precious merchandise can be sold. Our circle is single-hearted and will not hear this message of yours. How can we forget the path of rasa Hari practiced with us? No one here even asks for great liberation, though it contains all four aims of life. I give myself, says Sūrdās, to the enchanting embodied form of my Lord.’

Pada 67

राग धनाश्री

कहति कहा ऊधो सौं बौरी।
जाको सुनत रहे हरि के ढिग स्यामसखा यह सो री!
कहा कहत री! मैं पत्यात री नहीं सुनी कहनावत।
हमको जोग सिखावन आयो, यह तेरे मन आवत?
करनी भली भलेई जानै, कपट कुटिल की खानि।
हरि को सखा नहीं री माई! यह मन निसचय जानि॥
कहाँ रास-रस कहाँ जोग-जप? इतनो अंतर भाखत।
सूर सबै तुम कत भई बौरी याकी पति जो राखत

kahati kahā ūdho soṃ baurī|
jāko sunata rahe hari ke ḍhiga syāmasakhā yaha so rī!
kahā kahata rī! maiṃ patyāta rī nahī~ sunī kahanāvata|
hamako joga sikhāvana āyo, yaha tere mana āvata?
karanī bhalī bhaleī jānai, kapaṭa kuṭila kī khāni|
hari ko sakhā nahī~ rī māī! yaha mana nisacaya jāni||
kahā~ rāsa-rasa kahā~ joga-japa? itano a~tara bhākhata|
sūra sabai tuma kata bhai~ baurī yāki pati jo rākhata

‘Mad girl, what are you saying to Uddhava? This is the very dark friend we heard remained beside Hari!’ ‘What are you saying? I do not believe it; I have never heard such a proverb. He has come to teach us yoga - does that seem to you the act of Hari’s friend? A person is known by what he does. This one is a mine of crooked deceit. Mother, know with certainty: he is not Hari’s friend. Where is the rasa of the rāsa, and where the muttering of yoga? The distance between them speaks for itself. Why have you all gone mad, asks Sūrdās, preserving this man’s honor?’

Pada 68

राग रामकली

ऐसेई जन दूत कहावत।
मोको एक अचंभो आवत यामें ये कह पावत?
बचन कठोर कहत, कहि दाहत, अपनी महत गँवावत।
ऐसी परकृति परति छाँह की जुवतिन ज्ञान बुझावत॥
आपुन निलज रहत नखसिख लौं एते पर पुनि गावत।
सूर करत परसँसा अपनी, हारेहु जीति कहावत

*aiseī jana dūta kahāvata|
moko eka acāmbho āvata yāme~ ye kaha pāvata?
bacana kaṭhora kahata, kahi dāhata, apānī mahata ga~vāvata|
aisī parakṛti parati chā~ha kī juvatina jñāna bujhāvata||
āpuna nilaja rahata nakhasikha lauṃ ete para puni gāvata|
sūra karata parasa~sā apānī, hārehu jīti kahāvata*

‘Such a man is called a messenger! One wonder comes to me: how can he utter these things? Speaking harsh words, burning us with each repetition, he throws away his own dignity. A messenger shares his master’s nature like a following shadow, yet he explains knowledge to young women. Shameless from nail to crown, he goes on singing even after all this. He praises himself, says Sūrdās, and claims victory even in defeat.’

Pada 69

राग धनाश्री

प्रकृति जोई जाके अंग परी।
स्वान-पूँछ कोटिक जो लागै सूधि न काहु करी॥
जैसे काग भच्छ नहीं छाँड़ै जनमत जौन घरी।
धोये रंग जात कहु कैसे ज्यों कारी कमरी?
ज्यों अहि डसत उदर नहीं पूरत ऐसी धरनि धरी।
सूर होउ सो होउ सोच नहीं, तैसे हैं एउ री

*prakṛti joī jāke aṃga parī|
svāna-pū~cha koṭika jo lāgai sūdhi na kāhu karī||
jaise kāga bhaccha nahīṃ chā~ṛai janamata jāuna gharī|
dhoye raṅga jāta kahu kaise jyōṃ kārī kamarī?
jyōṃ ahi ḍasata udara nahīṃ pūrata aisī dharani dharī|
sūra hou so hou soca nahīṃ, taise haiṃ eu rī*

‘Whatever nature has entered a creature’s limbs remains. Though a dog’s tail be treated ten million times, no one can make it straight. A crow never abandons the food it chose from the hour of birth. How can washing remove the color of a black blanket? A snake goes on biting

though its belly is full - that is the disposition it bears. Let what happens happen; do not worry, says Sūrdās. These men are just the same.'

Pada 70

राग रामकली

तौ हम मानैं बात तुम्हारी।
 अपनो ब्रह्म दिखावहु ऊधो मुकुट-पितांबरधारी॥
 भजिहैं तब ताको सब गोपी सहि रहिहैं बरु गारी।
 भूत समान बतावत हमको जारहु स्याम बिसारी॥
 जे मुख सदा सुधा अँचवत हैं ते विष क्यों अधिकारी?
 सूरदास प्रभु एक अंग पर रीझि रहीं ब्रजनारी

tau hama mānaiṇ bāta tumhārī|
apano brahma dikhāvahu ūdho mukuṭa-pitāṃbaradhārī||
bhajiḥaiṇ taba tāko saba gopī sahi rahiḥaiṇ baru gārī|
bhūta samāna batāvata hamako jārahu syāma bisārī||
je mukha sadā sudhā a~cavata haiṇ te viṣa kyoṇ adhikārī?
sūradāsa prabhu eka aṅga para riḥi rahiṇ brajanārī

'Then we shall accept your teaching: show us your Brahman, Uddhava, wearing crown and yellow cloth. All the gopīs will worship him then, even if we must endure abuse. You describe a ghost-like thing and burn us by making us forget Śyāma. How could mouths forever sipping nectar become entitled to poison? The women of Vraja, says Sūrdās, remain enamored of even a single limb of the Lord.'

Pada 71

राग बिलावल

यहै सुनत ही नयन पराने।
जबहीं सुनत बात तुव मुख की रोवत रमत ढराने॥
बारेंबार स्यामघन धन तें भाजत फिरन लुकाने।
हमकों नहिं पतियात तबहिं तें जब ब्रज आपु समाने॥
नातरु यहौ काछ हम काछति वै यह जानि छपाने।
सूर दोष हमरै सिर धरिहौ तुम हौ बड़े सयाने

*yahai sunata hī nayana parāne|
jabahiṃ sunata bāta tuva mukha kī rovatā ramata ḍharāne||
bāra-bāra syāmaghana dhana teṃ bhājata phirana lukāne|
hamakoṃ nahīṃ patiyāta tabahiṃ teṃ jaba braja āpu samāne||
nātaru yahau kācha hama kāchatī vai yaha jāni chapāne|
sūra doṣa hamarai sira dharihau tuma hau baṛe sayāne*

‘At the very sound of this, our eyes flee. Whenever they hear words from your mouth, they wander weeping and streaming. Again and again they run to the dark raincloud, their treasure, and circle about seeking somewhere to hide. We have not trusted him since the day he himself disappeared from Vraja. Otherwise, why would we put on this show, while he hides knowing exactly what it is? You are very wise, says Sūrdās; lay every fault upon our heads.’

Pada 72

राग धनाश्री

नयननि वहै रूप जौ देख्यो।
तौ ऊधो यह जोबन जग को साँघु सफल करि लेख्यो॥
लोचन चारु चपल खंजन, मनरंजन हृदय हमारे।
रुचिर कमल मृग मीन मनोहर स्वेत अरुन अरु कारे॥
रतन जटित कुंडल श्रवणनि वर, गंड कपोलनि झाँझ।
मनु दिनकर-प्रतिबिंब मुकुट महँ दूँदत यह छबि पाई॥
मुरली अधर विकट भौंहीं करि ठाढ़े होत त्रिभंग।
मुकुट माल उर नीलसिखर तें धौंसि धरनी ज्यों गंग॥
और भेस को कहै बरनि सब अँग अँग केसरि खौर।
देखत बनै, कहत रसना सो सूर बिलोकत और

*nayanani vahai rūpa jau dekhyo|
tau ūdho yaha jobana jaga ko sā-cu saphala kari lekhyo||
locana cāru capala khaṃjana, manara-jana hṛdaya hamāre|
rucira kamala mṛga mīna manohara sveta aruna aru kāre||
ratana jaṭita kuṇḍala śravanani vara, gaṇḍa kapolani jhā-ī|*

manu dinakara-pratibim̐ba mukuṭa maha~ ḍhū~ṛhata yaha chabi pāi||
 muralī adhara vikaṭa bhaum̐haim̐ kari ṭhāṛhe hota tribhaṁga|
 mukuṭa māla ura nīlasikhara tem̐ dha~ṣi dharanī jyom̐ gaṁga||
 aura bhesa ko kahai baranī saba a~ga a~ga kesari khaura|
 dekhata banai, kahata rasanā so sūra bilokata aura

‘If these eyes may behold that form again, Uddhava, then count this youth and this birth truly fulfilled. His lovely darting eyes are like restless khañjana birds, delighting our hearts - beautiful lotus, deer, and fish together, white and red and dark. Gem-set earrings shine at his ears and cast their luster across his rounded cheeks, as though the sun, reflected in his crown, had searched and found its own image there. Flute at his lips, formidable brows arched, he stands in the triple-bending pose; crown and garland descend over his breast like the Gaṅgā plunging from a blue mountain peak to earth. Who can describe his other dress, each limb streaked with saffron? It can only be seen; the tongue cannot tell it, says Sūrdās, for looking is another thing entirely.’

Pada 73

राग नट

नयनन नंदनंदन ध्यान।
 तहाँ लै उपदेस दीजै जहाँ निरगुन ज्ञान॥
 पानिपल्लव-रेख गनि गुन-अवधि बिधि-बंधान।
 इते पर कहि कटुक बचनन हनत जैसे प्रान॥
 चंद्र कोटि प्रकास मुख, अवतंस कोटिक भान।
 कोटि मन्मथ वारि छबि पर, निरखि दीजित दान॥
 भृकुटि कोटि कुदंड रुचि अवलोकनी सँधान।
 कोटि बारिज बंक नयन कटाच्छ कोटिक बान॥
 कंबु ग्रीवा रतनहार उदार उर मनि जान।
 आजानुबाहु उदार अति कर पद्म सुधानिधान॥
 स्याम तन पटपीत की छवि करै कौन बखान?
 मनहु निर्तत नील घन में तड़ित अति दुतिमान॥
 रासरसिक गोपाल मिलि मधु अधर करती पान।
 सूर ऐसे रूप बिनु कोउ कहा रच्छक आन?

nayanana naṁdananaṁdana dhyāna|
 tahā~ lai upadesa dījai jahā~ niraguna jñāna||
 pānipallava-rekha gani guna-avadhi bidhi-baṁdhāna|
 ite para kahi kaṭuka bacanana hanata jaise prāna||
 caṁdra koṭi prakāsa mukha, avataṁsa koṭika bhāna|
 koṭi manmatha vāri chabi para, nirakhi dījita dāna||
 bhṛkuṭi koṭi kudaṁḍa ruci avalokanī sa~dhāna|
 koṭi bārīja baṁka nayana kaṭēccha koṭika bāna||

*kaṃbu grīvā ratanahāra udāra ura mani jāna|
 ājānubāhu udāra ati kara padma sudhānidhāna||
 syāma tana paṭapita kī chavi karai kauna bakhāna?
 manahu nirtata nīla ghana meṃ taṛita ati dutimāna||
 rāsarasika gopāla mili madhu adhara karatī pāna|
 sūra aise rūpa binu kou kahā racchaka āna?*

‘Our eyes meditate upon Nandanandana; take your instruction where knowledge of the qualityless is wanted. Brahmā counted the lines of his tender hands and fixed the limit of every virtue. Yet after all this, your bitter words strike as though killing the very life. His face shines like ten million moons, his earrings like ten million suns; ten million Loves are sacrificed to his beauty when one offers the gift of sight. His brows have the grace of ten million bent bows, his glances their fitted arrows; his curved lotus eyes release ten million shafts. His neck is a conch, a jeweled necklace rests on his broad jewel-like breast; long-armed and generous, his lotus hands are treasuries of nectar. Who can describe the beauty of yellow cloth upon his dark body? It is lightning of overwhelming brilliance dancing within a blue cloud. Meeting Gopāla, connoisseur of the rāsa, we drank honey from his lips. Apart from such a form, asks Sūrdās, who else can protect us?’

Pada 74

राग जैतश्री

देन आए ऊधो मत नीको।
 आवहु री! सब सुनुहु सयानी, लेहु न जस को टीको॥
 तजन कहत अंबर आभूषन, गेह नेह सब ही को।
 सीस जटा, सब अंग भस्म, अति सिखवत निर्गुन फीको॥
 मेरे जान यहै जुबतिन को देत फिरत दुख पी को।
 तेहि सर-पंजर भए स्याम तन, अब न गहत डर जी को॥
 जाकी प्रकृति परी प्रानन सों, सोच न पोच भलो को।
 जैसे सूर ब्याल डसि माजत का सुख परत श्रमी को

*dena āe ūdho mata niko|
 āvahu rī! saba sunahu sayānī, lehu na jasa ko ṭiko||
 tajana kahata aṃbara ābhūṣana, geḥa neha saba hī ko|
 sīsa jaṭā, saba aṅga bhasma, ati sikhavata nīrguna phiko||
 mere jāna yahai jubatina ko deta phirata dukha pī ko|
 tehi sara-panjara bhae syāma tana, aba na gahata ḍara jī ko||
 jākī prakṛti parī prānana soṃ, soca na pocā bhalo ko|
 jaise sūra byāla ḍasi mājata kā sukha parata śramī ko*

‘Uddhava has come to give us excellent doctrine! Come, wise women, hear it all - do not let him alone win the badge of fame. He tells us to abandon clothing, ornaments, home, and every affection; to wear matted hair upon the head and ashes over every limb while he teaches the

tasteless qualityless one. To my mind, he wanders about giving young women the suffering of their beloved to drink. Śyāma's arrows have reduced us to cages of bone; now the heart no longer grasps fear of life. When a nature has entered the very breath, what thought of good or bad can alter it? What comfort comes to the exhausted victim, asks Sūrdās, when someone massages a body already struck by a snake?'

Pada 75

राग सारंग

प्रीति करि दीन्हैं गरे छुरी।
जैसे बधिक चुगाय कपट कन पाछे करत बुरी॥
मुरली मधुर घोष करि काँपो मोरचंद टटवारी।
बंक बिलोकनि लूक लागि बस सकी न तनहिं संहारी॥
तरफत छाँड़ि बले मधुबन को फिरि के लई न सार।
सूरदास वा कलप-तरोबर फेरि न बैठी डार

prīti kari dīnhīm gare churī
jaise badhika cuḡāya kapaṭa kana pāche karata burī||
muralī madhura copā kari kā-po moracaṇḍa ṭaṭavārī
baṅka bilokani lūka lāgi basa sakī na tanahīm samhārī||
taraphata chā-ṛi cale madhubana ko phiri ke lai na sāra
sūradāsa vā kalapa-tarobara pheri na baiṭhī ḍāra

'He made love, then placed a knife at our throats, like a hunter who deceitfully scatters grain and afterward does harm. The flute's sweetness coaxed us near; the peacock crown became his dazzling snare. His sidelong glance flashed like flame, and once caught we could no longer master our bodies. Leaving us writhing, he departed for Mathurā and never again inquired after us. A bird that has left that wish-fulfilling tree, says Sūrdās, will not sit upon its branch again.'

Padas 76-90

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 76

राग धनाश्री

कोउ ब्रज बाँचत नाहिं पाती।
 कत लिखि लिखि पठवत नंदनंदन कठिन बिरह की काती॥
 नयन सजल, कागद अति कोमल, कर अँगुरी अति ताती।
 परसत जरे, बिलोकत भीजै, दहूँ भाँति दुख छाती॥
 क्योँ समुझै ये अंक, सूर, सुख कठिन मदन-सर-घाती।
 देखि जियहिँ स्यामसुंदर के रहहिँ चरन दिनराती

kou braja bā~cata nāhiṇ pātī|
kata likhi likhi paṭhavata naṇḍanaṇḍana kaṭhina biraha kī kātī||
nayana sajala, kāgada ati komala, kara a~gurī ati tāṭī|
parasata jare, bilokata bhījai, dahu~ bhā~ti dukha chātī||
kyoṇ samujhai ye aṅka, sūra, sukha kaṭhina madana-sara-ghātī|
dekhi jiyahiṇ syāmasuṇḍara ke rahahiṇ carana dinarātī

‘No one in Vraja can read the letter. Why does Nandanandana keep writing and sending this blade of cruel separation? The eyes are wet, the paper exceedingly delicate, and the fingers of the hand feverishly hot. It burns at a touch and becomes soaked when looked upon; in both ways the breast suffers. How can these characters be understood, Sūrdās, when Love’s hard arrows strike? Only by seeing beautiful Śyāma will they live, remaining at his feet day and night.’

Pada 77

राग जैतश्री

मुकुति आनि मंदे में मेली।
 समुझि सगुन लै चले न, ऊधो! ये सब तुम्हरे पूँजि अकेली॥
 कै लै जाहु अनत ही बेचन, कै लै जाहु जहाँ विष-बेली।
 याहि लागि को मरै हमारे बृंदावन पायन-तर पेली॥
 सीस धरे घर घर कत डोलत, एकमते सब भई सहेली।
 सूर वहाँ गिरिधरन छबीले जिनकी भुजा अँस गहि मेली

mukutī āni maṁde meṁ melī|
samujhi saguna lai cale na, ūdho! ye saba tumhare pū~ji akelī||
kai lai jāhu anata hī beṁcana, kai lai jāhu jahā~ viṣa-belī|
yāhi lāgi ko marai hamāre bṛṇḍāvana pāyana-tara pelī||
sīsa dhare ghara ghara kata ḍolata, ekamate saba bhai sahelī|
sūra vahā~ giridharana chabīle jinakī bhujā a~sa gahi melī

‘You have brought liberation and thrown it into a bad bargain. Uddhava, take your embodied doctrine away with understanding; this merchandise is all your capital alone. Carry it elsewhere to sell, or take it where a poisonous vine grows. Who among us would die for this, crushed beneath Vṛndāvana’s feet? Why wander from house to house bearing it upon your head, when all the friends are of one mind? There, says Sūrdās, is the lovely lifter of the mountain, whose arm once joined and gathered us to his shoulder.’

Pada 78

राग कान्हरो

हम, अलि, गोकुलनाथ आराध्यो।
 मन बच क्रम हरि सौँ धरि पतिव्रत प्रेमजोग-तप साध्यो॥
 मातु-पिता-हित-प्रीति निगम-पथ तजि दुख-सुख-भ्रम नाख्यो।
 मान-अपमान परम परितोषी अस्थिर थित मन राख्यो॥
 सकुचासन, कुलसील परस करि, जगतबंद्य करि बंदन।
 मानप्रवाद पवन-अवरोधन हित करि काम-निकंदन॥
 गुरुजन-कानि अग्नि बहूँदिसि, नख-तरनि-ताप चिनु देखे।
 पिवत धूम-उपहास जहाँ तहाँ, अपजस श्रवन अलेखे॥
 सहज समाधि बिसारि बपु करी, निरखि निमेष न लागत।
 परम ज्योति प्रति-अंग-माधुरी धरत यहै निसि जागत॥
 त्रिकुटी सँग भ्रूभंग, तराटक नैन नैन लगि लागे।
 हँसन प्रकास, सुमुख कुंडल मिलि चंद्र सूर अनुरागे॥
 मुरली अधर श्रवन धुनि सो सुनि अनहद शब्द प्रमाने।
 बरसत रस रुचि-बचन-सँग, सुख-पद-आनंद-समाने॥
 मंत्र दियो मनजात भजन लगि, ज्ञान ध्यान हरि ही को।
 सूर, कहौं गुरु कौन करै, अलि, कौन सुनै मत फीको?

hama, ali, gokulanātha ārādhyo|
 mana baca krama hari sauṃ dhari patibrata premajoga-tapa sādhyo||
 mātū-pitā-hita-prīti nigama-patha taji dukha-sukha-bhrama nākhyo|
 māna-apamāna parama paritoṣī asthira thita mana rākhyo||
 sakucāsana, kulasīla parasa kari, jagatabandya kari bandana|
 mānapravāda pavana-avarodhana hita kari kāma-nikāṇḍana||
 gurujana-kāni agini cahu-diṣi, nakha-tarani-tāpa cinu dekhe|
 pivata dhūma-upahāsa jahā~ taha~, apajasa śravana alekhe||
 sahaja samādhi bisāri bapu karī, nirakhi nimeṣa na lāgata|
 parama jyoti prati-aṅga-mādhurī dharata yahai nīsi jāgata||
 trikuṭī sa~ga bhrūbhaṅga, tarāṭaka naina naina lagi lāge|
 ha~sana prakāsa, sumukha kuṇḍala mili caṇdra sūra anurāge||
 mūrālī adhara śravana dhuni so suni anahada śabda pramāṇe|
 barasata rasa ruci-bacana-sa~ga, sukha-pada-āṇaṇḍa-samāṇe||
 maṁtra diyo manajāta bhajana lagi, jñāna dhyāna hari hī ko|
 sūra, kahauṁ guru kauna karai, ali, kauna sunai mata phiko?

‘Bee, we have worshiped the Lord of Gokula. In mind, speech, and deed we held fast to Hari with a wife’s fidelity and performed the austerity of love-yoga. Abandoning the Vedic path of affection for mother, father, and kin, we cast away the delusion of pleasure and pain. Content in honor and dishonor alike, we kept the wavering mind still. Our posture was modesty; touching family virtue, we bowed to the one worshiped by the world. We restrained the wind of public censure and destroyed desire for the sake of love. Fear of elders was the fire on every side, and

we endured the sun's heat upon our nails. We drank the smoke of ridicule everywhere and heard uncounted infamy. In natural samādhi we forgot the body; gazing, we did not blink for an instant. The supreme light was the sweetness of every limb, held through the night in wakefulness. His bending brow was our meeting of the three channels; our eyes fixed upon his eyes were the unwavering stare. The radiance of his smile, lovely face, and earrings joined moon and sun in love. Hearing at the ear the flute upon his lips, we accepted that melody as the unstruck sound. Rasa rained with the charm of his speech, and we entered the bliss of the highest station. Mind-born Love gave the mantra for worship; our knowledge and meditation were Hari alone. Tell me, bee, asks Sūrdās: who can be our guru now, and who would listen to this tasteless doctrine?

Pada 79

राग सारंग

कहिबे जीय न कछु सक राखो।
लावा मेलि दए हैं तुमको बकत रहौं दिन आखों॥
जाकी बात कहौ तुम हमसों सो धौं कहौ को काँधी।
तेरो कहो सो पवन भूस भयो, वहो जात ज्यों आँधी॥
कत श्रम करत, सुनत को ह्यौ है, होत जो बन को रोयो।
सूर इते पै समुझत नहिँ, निपट दई को खोयो

*kahibe jīya na kachu saka rākho|
lāvā meli dae haiṁ tumako bakata rahauṁ dina ākhaṁ||
jākī bāta kahau tuma hamasōṁ so dhaṁ kahau ko kā-dhī|
tero kaho so pavana bhūsa bhayo, vaho jāta jyōṁ ā-dhī||
kata śrama karata, sunata ko hyā~ hai, hota jo bana ko royo|
sūra ite pai samujhata nāhīṁ, nipaṭa dāi ko khoyo*

'You could not keep anything unspoken in your heart. They have set you loose among us, and you chatter through the whole day. The one whose affairs you describe - tell us, whose burden is he now? What you say has become chaff upon the wind, swept away like a gale. Why exhaust yourself? Who here is listening? It is like someone weeping alone in the forest. Even after all this he does not understand, says Sūrdās - fate has utterly lost its wits.'

Pada 80

राग धनाश्री

अब नीके के समुझि परी।
 जिन लागि हुती बहुत उर आसा सोऊ बात निबरी॥
 वै सुफलकसुत, ये, सखि! ऊधो मिली एक परिपाटी।
 उन तो वह कीन्ही तब हमसों, ये रतन छँड़ाइ गहावत माटी॥
 ऊपर मृदु भीतर तें कुलिस सम, देखत के प्रति भोरे।
 जोइ जोई आवत वा मथुरा तें एक डार के से तोरे॥
 यह, सखि, मैं पहले कहि राखी असित न अपने होंहीं।
 सूर कोटि जौ माथो दीजै चलत आपनी गौं हीं

aba nīke kai samujhi parī|
jīna lagi hutī bahuta ura āsā soū bāta nibarī||
vai suphalakasuta, ye, sakhi! ūdho milī eka paripāṭī|
una to vaha kīnhī taba hamasōṇ, ye ratana cha-ṛāi gahāvata māṭī||
ūpara mṛdu bhītara teṇ kulisa sama, dekhata ke prati bhore|
joi joi āvata vā mathurā teṇ eka ḍāra ke se tore||
yaha, sakhi, maiṇ pahale kahi rākhi asita na apāne hoṇhīṇ|
sūra koṭi jau mātho dījai calata āpanī gauṇ hīṇ

‘Now I understand it well. The one upon whom the heart had placed so much hope - that matter too is finished. Akrūra, son of Śvaphalka, and this Uddhava, friend, follow one and the same pattern. The first did what he did to us then; this one makes us abandon a jewel and grasp dust. Soft on the surface but hard as a thunderbolt within, each appears simple to the eye. Whoever comes from that Mathurā is broken from the same branch. Friend, I warned you before: dark-colored men do not become one’s own. Though one bow the head ten million times, says Sūrdās, they still walk only their own road.’

Pada 81

राग मलार

मधुकर रह्यो जोग लौं नातो।
 कतहिं बकत बेकाम काज बिनु, होय न ह्यौं तें हातो॥
 जब मिलि मिलि मधुपान कियो हो तब तू कहि धौं कहाँ तो।
 तू आयो निर्गुन उपदेसन सो नहिं हमैं सुहातो॥
 काँचे गुन ले तनु ज्यों बेधौ; लै बारिज को ताँतो।
 मेरे जान गह्यो चाहत हौ फेरि कै भैगल मातो॥
 यह लै देहु सूर के प्रभु को आयो जोग जहाँ तो।
 जब चाहिहैं तब माँगि पठै हैं जो कोउ आवत-जातो

madhukara rahyo joga lauṇ nāto|
katahiṇ bakata bekāma kāja binu, hoyā na hyā~ teṇ hāto||
jaba mili mili madhupāna kiyo ho taba tū kahi dhauṇ kahā~ to|
tū āyo nirguna upadesana so nahīṇ hamaiṇ suhāto||
kā~ce guna lai tanu jyōṇ bedhau; lai bārīja ko tā~to|
mere jāna gahyo cāhata hau pheri kai bhaigala māto||
yaha lai dehu sūra ke prabhu ko āyo joga jahā~ to|
jaba cahihaiṇ taba mā~gi paṭhai haiṇ jo kou āvata-jāto

‘Bee, our relationship lasted only until this yoga appeared. Why babble uselessly when no purpose can be served and no profit comes from here? When you met us and drank honey again and again, tell me - where was this doctrine then? You have come teaching the qualityless, and it gives us no delight. It is like threading a raw glass bead upon a lotus fiber, or trying to rein in a maddened elephant by turning it around. Take this yoga and return it to Sūrdās’s Lord, the place from which it came. Whenever he desires it, he can ask some traveler to send it back.’

Pada 82

राग नट

मोहन माँग्यो अपनो रूप।
या ब्रज बसत अँचै तुम बैठी, ता बिनु तहाँ निरूप॥
मेरो मन, मेरो, अलि! लोचन लै जो गए धुपधूप।
हमसों बदलो लेन उठि धाए मनो धारि कर सूप॥
अपनो काज सँवारि सूर, सुनु, हमहिँ बताव त कूप।
लेवा-देइ बराबर में है, कौन रंक को भूप

*mohana mā-gyo apano rūpa|
yā braja basata a~cai tuma baiṭhi, tā binu tahā~ nirūpa||
mero mana, mero, ali! locana lai jo gae dhupadhūpa|
hamasoṃ badalo lena uṭhi dhāe mano dhāri kara sūpa||
apano kāja sa~vāri sūra, sunu, hamahiṃ batāva ta kūpa|
levā-dei barābara meṃ hai, kauna raṅka ko bhūpa*

‘Mohana has asked for his own form. It remained here in Vraja with us while you sat beside him; without it, he has become formless there. Bee, he already took my mind and my eyes when he departed in burning haste. Now he has risen and run to collect an exchange from us, as though carrying a winnowing basket in his hand. Attend to your own business, says Sūrdās. You point out a well to us only after using us for your task. In an equal exchange of giving and taking, who is beggar and who is king?’

Pada 83

हरि सों भलो सो पति सीता को।
बन बन खोजत फिरे बंधु-सँग, कियो सिंधु बीता को॥
रावन मार्यो, लंका जारी, मुख देख्यो भीता को।
दूत हाथ उन्हें लिखि न पठायो निगम-ज्ञान गीता को॥
अब धौं कहा परेखो कीजै कुबजा के मीता को।
जैसे चढ़त सबै सुधि भूली, ज्यों पीता चीता को?
कीन्हीं कृपा जोग लिखि पठयो, निरखु पत्र री! ताको।
सूरदास प्रेम कह जानै लोभी नवनीता को

*hari soṃ bhalo so pati sītā ko|
bana bana khojata phire baṇḍhu-sa~ga, kiyo siṇḍhu bītā ko||
rāvana mār̥yo, laṅkā jāri, mukha dekhyo bhītā ko|
dūta hātha unhaiṃ likhi na paṭhāyo nigama-jñāna gītā ko||
aba dhauṃ kahā parekho kījai kubajā ke mītā ko|
jaise caṛhata sabai sudhi bhūli, jyōṃ pītā cītā ko?
kinhīṃ kṛpā joga likhi paṭhāyo, nīrakuḥ paṭra rī! tāko|
sūradāsa prema kaha jānai lobhī navanītā ko*

‘Better than Hari was Sītā’s husband. He wandered from forest to forest searching for her with his brother and crossed the ocean. He killed Rāvaṇa, burned Laṅkā, and saw the frightened face of his beloved. He did not place in a messenger’s hand a written Gītā of Vedic knowledge and send it to her. What reproach can now be made against Kubjā’s companion? As intoxication rises, he forgets all awareness, like one drunk upon a funeral pyre. Out of grace he wrote and sent yoga - friend, look at that letter! How could the greedy thief of butter, asks Sūrdās, know anything of love?’

Pada 84

राग सौरठ

निरमोहिया सों प्रीति कीन्हीं काहे न दुख होय?
 कपट करि करि प्रीति कपटी लै गयो मन गोय॥
 काल-मुख तें काढ़ि आनी बहुरि दीन्हीं ढोय।
 मेरे जिय की सोइ जानै जाहि बीती होय॥
 सोच, आँखि मँजीठ कीन्हीं निपट काँची पोय।
 सूर गोपी मधुप आगे दरकि दीन्हीं रोय

nīramohiyā soṃ prīti kīnhīṃ kāhe na dukha hoyā?
kapaṭa kari kari prīti kapaṭī lai gayo mana goya||
kāla-mukha teṃ kāṛhi ānī bahuri dīnhīṃ dhoya|
mere jiya ki soi jānai jāhi bīti hoyā||
soca, ā-khi ma-ṃjīṭha kīnhīṃ nipaṭa kā-cī poya|
sūra gopī madhupa āge daraki dīnhoṃ roya

‘Why would loving one without attachment not bring pain? Deceiving us again and again with love, the deceiver secretly carried away our minds. He drew us from the mouth of Time and then cast us down once more. Only one to whom this has happened can know what is in my heart. Grief has dyed my eyes deep madder-red and threaded them like fragile beads. Before the bee, says Sūrdās, the gopī’s heart broke open and she wept.’

Pada 85

राग सारंग

बिन गोपाल बैरिन भइँ कुंजै।
तब ये लता-लगति अति सीतल, अब भइँ विषम ज्वाल की पुंजै॥
बृथा बहति जमुना, खग बोलत, बृथा कमल फूलै, अलि गुंजै।
पवन पानि घनसार सँजीवनि दधिसुत किरन भानु भइँ भुंजै॥
ए, ऊधो, कहियो माधव सों बिरह कदन करि मारत लुंजै।
सूरदास प्रभु को मग जोवत अँखियाँ भईँ बरन ज्यों गुंजै

bina gopāla bairina bhai~ kuṇjaiṃ|
taba ye latā-lagati ati sītala, aba bhai~ viṣama jvāla kī puṇjaiṃ||
br̥thā bahati jamunā, khaga bolata, br̥thā kamala phūlaiṃ, ali guṇjaiṃ|
pavana pāni ghanasāra sa~jīvani dadhisuta kirana bhānu bhai~ bhuṇjaiṃ||
e, ūdho, kahiyo mādhave soṃ biraha kadana kari mārata luṇjaiṃ|
sūradāsa prabhu ko maga jovata a~khiyā~ bhaiṃ barana jyōṃ guṇjaiṃ

‘Without Gopāla, the bowers have become our enemies. Then these vines felt exceedingly cool; now they have become masses of fierce flame. The Yamunā flows in vain, birds call in vain, lotuses flower in vain, and bees hum in vain. Wind, water, camphor, life-restoring herbs, moonbeams, and the sun have all become burning heat. Uddhava, tell Mādhava that separation’s torment crushes and kills us. Watching the road for Sūrdās’s Lord, our eyes have turned red and black like guñjā berries.’

Pada 86

राग नट

सँदिसो कैसे के अब कहौं?
इन नैनन्ह या तन को पहरौ कब लौं देति रहौं?
जो कछु बिचार होय उर-अंतर रचि पचि सोचि गहौं।
मुख आनत, ऊधो-तन चितवत न सो बिचार, न हौं॥
अब सोई सिख देहु, सयानी! जाते सखहिं लहौं।
सूरदास प्रभु के सेवक सों विनती कै निबहौं

sa~deso kaise kai aba kahaṃ?
ina nainanha yā tana ko paharō kaba lauṃ deti rahaṃ?
jo kachu bicāra hoy ura-antara raci paci soci gahaṃ|
mukha ānata, ūdho-tana citavata na so bicāra, na hauṃ||
aba soī sikha dehu, sayānī! jāte sakhaḥiṃ lahaṃ|
sūradāsa prabhu ke sevaka sōṃ vinatī kai nibahaṃ

‘How can I deliver the message now? How long can these eyes keep watch over this body? Whatever thought arises within my heart, I compose, labor over, and grasp. But when it reaches

my mouth and I look upon Uddhava's body, neither that thought nor I remain. Wise friend, teach me only that by which I may obtain my beloved. Let me fulfill my plea to the servant of Sūrdās's Lord.'

Pada 87

राग कान्हरो

बहुरो ब्रज वह बात न चाली।
 वह जो एक बार ऊधो-कर कमलनयन पाती दै घाली॥
 पथिक! तिहारे पा लागति हों मथुरा जाव जहाँ बनमाली।
 करियो प्रगट पुकार द्वार ह्वै 'कालिंदी फिर आयो काली'॥
 जबै कृपा जदुनाथ कि हमपै रही सुरुचि जो प्रीति प्रतिपाली।
 माँगत कुसुम देखि द्रुम ऊँचे, गोद पकरि लेते गहि डाली॥
 हम ऐसी उनके केतिक हैं अंग-प्रसंग सुनहु री, आली!
 सूरदास प्रभु प्रीति पुरातन सुमिरि सुमिरि राधा-उर साली

*bahuro braja vaha bāta na cālī|
 vaha jo eka bāra ūdho-kara kamalanayana pātī dai ghālī||
 pathika! tihāre pā lāgati hauṃ mathurā jāva jahā~ banamālī|
 kariyo pragata pukāra dvāra hvai 'kāliṇdī phiri āyo kālī'|
 jabai kṛpā jadunātha ki hamapai rahī suruci jo prīti pratipālī|
 mā~gata kusuma dekhi druma ū~ce, goda pakari lete gahi dālī||
 hama aiśī unake ketika haiṃ aṅga-prasaṅga sunahu rī, ālī!
 sūradāsa prabhu prīti purātana sumiri sumiri rādhā-ura sālī*

'May such a thing never again happen in Vraja - the lotus-eyed one placing a letter once into Uddhava's hand and sending it. Traveler, I fall at your feet: when you reach Mathurā where Banamālī dwells, stand at the gate and cry aloud, "The Yamunā has become black again!" When the Lord of the Yadus still bestowed grace upon us and preserved the lovely love we bore, he would see me asking for a flower high in a tree, take me in his arms, and seize the branch. Friend, listen - how many such intimacies were ours with him! Remembering that ancient love again and again, says Sūrdās, Rādhā's heart is pierced.'

Pada 88

राग गौरी

ऊधो! क्यों राखौं ये नैन?
 सुमिरि सुमिरि गुन अधिक तपत हैं सुनत तिहारों बैन॥
 हैं जो मनोहर बदनचंद के सादर कुमुद चकोर।
 परम-तृषारत सजल स्यामघन के जो घातक मोर॥
 मधुप, मराल चरनपंकज के, गति-बिलास-जल मीन।
 चक्रबाक, मनिदुति दिनकर के, मृग मुरली आधीन॥
 सकल लोक सूनो लागतु है बिन देखे वा रूप।
 सूरदास प्रभु नंदनंदन के नखसिख अंग अनूप

ūdho! kyoṃ rākhauṃ ye naina?
sumiri sumiri guna adhika tapata haiṃ sunata tihāroṃ baina||
haiṃ jo manohara badanacaṇḍa ke sādara kumuda cakora|
parama-tṛṣārata sajala syāmaghana ke jo cātaka mora||
madhupa, marāla caranapaṅkaja ke, gati-bilāsa-jala mīna|
cakrabāka, maniduti dinakara ke, mṛga muralī ādhīna||
sakala loka sūno lāgatu hai bina dekhe vā rūpa|
sūradāsa prabhu na-danaṇḍana ke nakhasikha aṅga anūpa

‘Uddhava, why should I preserve these eyes? Remembering his qualities again and again, they burn still more as they hear your words. They are reverent night-lotuses and cakora birds devoted to the moon of his enchanting face; desperately thirsty cātakas and peacocks awaiting the water-laden dark cloud. They are bees and swans at his lotus feet, fish in the water of his graceful gait, cakravāka birds before the jeweled sun of his splendor, deer held captive by his flute. Without seeing that form, the whole world feels empty. From nail to crown, says Sūrdās, every limb of Lord Nandanandana is incomparable.’

Pada 89

राग मलार

सँदेसनि मधुबन-कूप भरे।
जो कोउ पथिक गए हैं ह्याँ तें फिरि नहिं अवन करे॥
कै वै स्याम सिखाय समोधे कै वै बीच मरे?
अपने नहिं पठवत नँदनंदन हमरेउ फेरि धरे॥
मसि खूँटी, कागर जल भीजे, सर दव लागि जरे।
पाती लिखें कहो क्यों करि जो पलक-कपाट अरे?

*sa~desani madhubana-kūpa bhare|
jo kou pathika gae haiṁ hyā~ teṁ phiri nahiṁ avana kare||
kai vai syāma sikhāya samodhe kai vai bīca mare?
apane nahiṁ paṭhavata na~danaṁdana hamareu pheri dhare||
masi khū~ṭī, kāgara jala bhīje, sara dava lāgi jare|
pāṭī likheṁ kaho kyoṁ kari jo palaka-kapāṭa are?*

‘The well of Mathurā is filled with our messages. Every traveler who has gone from here has failed to return. Did dark Śyāma instruct and pacify them, or did they die along the way? Nandanandana sends no messenger of his own, and he keeps back every one of ours. The ink has dried upon its peg, the paper is soaked with water, and the reed pens have caught fire and burned. Tell me, then - how can a letter be written when the shutters of the eyelids remain closed?’

Pada 90

राग नट

नँदनंदन मोहन सों मधुकर! है काहे की प्रीति?
जौ कीजै तौ है जल, रवि औ जलधर की सी रीति॥
जैसे मीन, कमल, चातक की ऐसे ही गइ बीति।
तलफत, जरत, पुकारत सुनु, सठ! नाहिंन है यह रीति॥
मन हठि परे, कबंध-जुद्ध ज्यों, हारेहु भइ जीति।
बँधत न प्रेम-समुद्र सूर बल कहूँ बारुहि की भीति

*na~danaṁdana mohana soṁ madhukara! hai kāhe kī prīti?
jau kijai tau hai jala, ravi au jaladhara kī sī rīti||
jaise mīna, kamala, cātaka kī aise hī gai bīti|
talaphata, jarata, pukārata sunu, saṭha! nāhiṁna hai yaha rīti||
mana haṭhi pare, kabandha-juddha jyoṁ, hārehū bhai jīti|
ba~dhata na prema-samudra sūra bala kahu~ bāruhi kī bhīti*

‘Bee, what kind of love is this for Nandanandana Mohana? If one must love him, it follows the pattern of water with the sun and the raincloud. Our time has passed like that of the fish, the

lotus, and the cātaka - writhing, burning, and crying out. Listen, fool: this is no proper way. Yet the mind has fallen stubbornly into it; like a headless warrior in battle, even in defeat it wins. The ocean of love cannot be restrained by force, says Sūrdās, nor made afraid by a wall of sand.'

Padas 91-105

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 91

मधुबनियाँ लोगनि को पतिआय?
मुख औरै अंतर्गत औरै पतियाँ लिखि पठवत हैं बनाय॥
ज्यो कोइलसुत काग जिआवत भाव-भगति भोजनहिं खवाय।
कुहकुहाय आए बसंत ऋतु, अंत मिलै कुल अपने जाय॥
जैसे मधुकर पुहुप-बास लै फेरि न बूझै वातहु आय।
सूर जहाँ लौं स्यामगात हैं तिनसों क्यों कीजिए लगाय?

madhubaniyā~ logani ko patiāya?
mukha aurai aṁtargata aurai patiyā~ likhi paṭhavata haiṁ banāya||
jyom koilasuta kāga jiāvata bhāva-bhagati bhojanahiṁ khavāya|
kuhakuḥāya āe basanta ṛtu, aṁta milai kula apne jāya||
jaise madhukara puhupa-bāsa lai pheri na būjhai vātaḥu āya|
sūra jahā~ lauṁ syāmagāta haiṁ tinasom kyom kījīe lagāya?

‘How can one trust the people of Mathurā? One thing is upon their lips and another within; they compose and send letters saying something else again. A crow raises the cuckoo’s child, feeding it with loving devotion; when spring comes and it calls “kuhū, kuhū,” in the end it flies away and joins its own kind. A bee takes the flower’s fragrance and returns for no further concern. As long as men possess Śyāma’s dark body and ways, asks Sūrdās, why attach oneself to them?’

Pada 92

हरि हैं राजनीति पढ़ि आए।
 समुझी बात कहत मधुकर जो? समाचार कछु पाए?
 इक अति चतुर हुते पहिले ही, अरु करि नेह दिखाए।
 जानी बुद्धि बड़ी, जुवतिन को जोग सँदेस पठाए॥
 भले लोग आगे के, सखि री! परहित डोलत धाए।
 वे अपने मन फेरि पाइए जे हैं चलत दुराए॥
 ते क्यों नीति करत आपुन जे औरनि रीति छुड़ाए?
 राजधर्म सब भए सूर जहँ प्रजा न जायँ सताए

*hari haiṃ rājanīti paṛhi āe|
 samujhi bāta kahata madhukara jo? samācāra kachu pāe?
 ika ati catura hute pahile hī, aru kari neha dikhāe|
 jāni buddhi baṛī, juvatina ko joga sa~desa paṭhāe||
 bhale loga āge ke, sakhi rī! parahita ḍolata dhāe|
 ve apane mana pheri pāie je haiṃ calata curāe||
 te kyoṃ nīti karata āpuna je aurani rīti chuṛāe?
 rājadharmā saba bhae sūra jaha~ prajā na jāya~ satāe*

‘Hari has returned after studying statecraft. Bee, do you speak from understanding - have you received any news? He was exceedingly clever even before, and then displayed affection. Knowing his intellect had grown still greater, he sent a message of yoga to young women. Friend, people of earlier days were good; they ran about for others’ welfare. But those who walk away stealing the mind can never be brought back. How can those who make others abandon proper conduct practice policy themselves? All royal duty exists, says Sūrdās, so that subjects may not be tormented.’

Pada 93

जोग की गति सुनत मेरे अंग आगि बई।
 सुलगि सुलगि हम रही तन में पूँक आनि दई॥
 जोग हमको भोग कुब्जहिं, कौने सिख सिखई?
 सिंह गज तजि तूनहिं खंडत सुनी बात नई॥
 कर्मरखा मिटति नाहीं जो बिधि आनि ठई।
 सूर हरि की कृपा जापै सकल सिद्धि भई

joga kī gati sunata mere aṅga āgi bai|
sulagi sulagi hama rahī tana meṇ phū~ka āni dai||
joga hamako bhoga kubjahīṇ, kaune sikha sikhāi?
siṃha gaja taji tūnahīṇ khaṇḍata sunī bāta nai||
karmarekhā miṭati nāhīṇ jo bidhi āni ṭhai|
sūra hari kī kṛpā jāpai sakala siddhi bhai

‘On hearing the course of yoga, fire entered my limbs. We were already smoldering within the body; you came and blew upon the flame. Yoga for us and pleasure for Kubjā - who taught him such a lesson? I have heard a strange new tale: the lion abandons the elephant and tears at grass. The line of karma cannot be erased once destiny has drawn it. Yet upon the one who receives Hari’s grace, says Sūrdās, every perfection descends.’

Pada 94

राग धनाश्री

ऊधो! जान्यो ज्ञान तिहारो।
 जानै कहा राजगति-लीला अंत अहीर बिचारो॥
 हम सबै अयानी, एक सयानी कुबजा सों मन मान्यो।
 आवत नाहिं लाज के मारे, मानहु कान्ह खिस्यान्यो॥
 ऊधो जाहु बाँह धरि ल्याओ सुन्दरस्याम पियारो।
 ब्याहौ लाख, धरौँ दस कुबरी, अंतहि कान्ह हमारो॥
 सुन, री सखी! कछु नहिं कहिए माधव आवन दीजै।
 जबहीं मिलैं सूर के स्वामी हाँसी करि करि लीजै

ūdho! jānyo jñāna tihāro|
jānai kahā rājagati-līlā aṇṭa ahīra bicāro||
hama sabai ayāni, eka sayāni kubajā soṇ mana mānyo|
āvata nāhīṇ lāja ke māre, mānahu kānha khisyānyo||
ūdho jāhu bā~ha dhari lyāo sundarasyāma piyāro|
byāhau lākha, dharaun dasa kubari, aṇṭahi kānha hamāro||
suna, rī sakhi! kachū nahīṇ kahie mādhava āvana dījai|
jabahīṇ milaiṇ sūra ke svāmī hā~sī kari kari lījai

‘Uddhava, we have understood your knowledge. In the end, what does a cowherd know of the play of royal policy? All of us are ignorant; only Kubjā is wise, for his heart has accepted her. He does not return for shame, as though Kanhā himself felt embarrassed. Uddhava, go, take beautiful beloved Śyāma by the arm and bring him. Let him marry a hundred thousand and keep ten hunchbacks - in the end Kanhā is ours. Friend, say nothing more; allow Mādhava to come. Whenever Sūrdās’s Lord meets us, we shall laugh and laugh with him.’

Pada 95

राग केदारो

उर में माखनघोर गड़े।
अब कैसेहु निकसत नहीं ऊधो! तिरछे ह्वै जो अड़े॥
जदपि अहीर जसोदानंदन तदपि न जात छड़े।
वहाँ बने जदुबंस महाकुल हमहिं न लगत बड़े॥
को बसुदेव, देवकी है को, ना जानैं औ बूझैं।
सूर स्यामसुन्दर बिनु देखें और न कोऊ सूझैं

ura meṁ mākhanacora gaṛe|
aba kaisahu nikasata nahīṁ ūdho! tirache hvai jo aṛe||
jadapi ahīra jasodānaṁdana tadapi na jāta chaṛe|
vahā~ bane jadubaṁsa mahākula hamahiṁ na lagata baṛe||
ko basudeva, devakī hai ko, nā jānaiṁ au būjhaiṁ|
sūra syāmasundara binu dekheṁ aura na koū sūjhaiṁ

‘The butter-thief is lodged crookedly in my heart. However one tries, Uddhava, he cannot be drawn out now, for he has planted himself there at an angle. Though he is a cowherd, Yaśodā’s son, he cannot be shaken loose. There he has become a lord of the great Yadu dynasty, yet that greatness does not impress us. Who is Vasudeva? Who is Devakī? We neither know nor ask. Apart from seeing beautiful dark Śyāma, says Sūrdās, no one else appears before us.’

Pada 96

राग सारंग

गोपालहिं कैसे कै हम देति?
 ऊधो की इन मीठी बातन निर्गुन कैसे लेति?
 अर्थ, धर्म, कामना सुनावत सब सुख मुकुति-समेति।
 जे व्यापकहिं बिचारत बरनत निगम कहत हैं नेति॥
 ताकी भूलि गई मनसाहु देखहु जौ चित चेति।
 सूर स्याम तजि कौन सकत है, अलि, काकी गति एति

*gopālahiṁ kaise kai hama deti?
 ūdho kī ina mīṭhī bātana nīrguna kaise leti?
 artha, dharma, kāmānā sunāvata saba sukha mukuti-sameti|
 je vyāpakahiṁ bicārata baranata nigama kahata haiṁ neti||
 tāki bhūli gāi manasāhū dekhahu jau cīta ceti|
 sūra syāma taji kauna sakata hai, ali, kākī gati eti*

‘How could we hand Gopāla away? How could we accept the qualityless one through these sweet words of Uddhava? He recites wealth, righteousness, desire, every happiness, and liberation together. The Vedas consider and describe that all-pervading one only to say, “not this, not this.” Even the mind’s wish for it has slipped from memory - look within and consider. Bee, who can abandon Śyāma, asks Sūrdās, and whose destiny could sink so low?’

Pada 97

राग गौरी

उपमा एक न नैन गही।
 कबिजन कहत कहत चलि आए सुधि करि करि काहु न कही॥
 कहे चकोर, मुख-बिधु बिनु जीवन; भँवर न, तहँ उड़ि जात।
 हरिमुख-कमलकोस बिछुरे तें ठाले क्यों ठहरात?
 खंजन मनरंजन जन जौ पै, कबहुँ नाहिं सतरात।
 पंख पसारि न उड़त, मंद ह्वै समर-समीप बिकात॥
 आए बधन ब्याध ह्वै ऊधो, जौ मृग, क्यों न पलाय?
 देखत भागि बसे घन बन में जहँ कोउ संग न थाय॥
 ब्रजलोचन बिनु लोचन कैसे? प्रति छिन अति दुख बाढ़त।
 सूरदास मीनता कछु इक, जल भरि संग न छाँड़त

*upamā eka na naina gahī|
 kabijana kahata kahata calī āe sudhi kari kari kāhū na kahī||
 kahe cakora, mukha-bidhu binu jīvana; bha~vara na, taha~ uṛi jāta|
 harimukha-kamalakosa bichure teṁ ṭhāle kyoṁ ṭhaharāta?
 khaṁjana manaraṁjana jana jau pai, kabahu~ nāhiṁ satarāta|*

*paṃkha pasāri na uṛata, maṃda hvai samara-samīpa bikāta||
 āe badhana byādha hvai ūdho, jau mṛga, kyoṃ na palāya?
 dekhata bhāgi basai ghana bana meṃ jaha~ kou saṃga na dhāya||
 brajalocana binu locana kaise? prati china ati dukha bāṛhata|
 sūradāsa mīnatā kachū ika, jala bhari saṃga na chā~ṛata*

‘Not one comparison can contain these eyes. Poets have repeated their similes through the ages, yet no one has spoken after truly remembering. They call them cakora birds that cannot live without the moon-face - but no, for those birds fly away. Separated from the closed lotus of Hari’s face, why would bees remain sitting empty? If they are pleasure-giving khañjana birds, why do they not grow restless, spread their wings, and fly toward the battle of love? If they are deer, why do they not flee when Uddhava comes as a hunter to bind them, running into the dense forest where no pursuer follows? Without the eyes of Vraja, what are eyes, when pain increases every instant? Only the fish comparison holds a little, says Sūrdās: filled with water, they never abandon it.’

Pada 98

राग गौरी

हरिमुख निरखि निमेख बिसारे।
 ता दिन तें मनो भए दिगंबर इन नैनन के तारे॥
 घूँघट-पट छांड़े बीथिन महीं अहनिसि अटत उघारे।
 सहज समाधि रूपरुचि इकटक टरत न टक तें टारे॥
 सूर, सुमति समुझति, जिय जानति, ऊधो! बचन तिहारे।
 करें कहा ये कह्यो न मानत लोचन हठी हमारे

*harimukha nirakhi nimekha bisāre|
 tā dina teṃ mano bhae digambara ina nainana ke tāre||
 ghū~ghaṭa-ṭaṭa chāṃṛe bīthina maha~ ahanisi aṭata ughāre|
 sahaja samādhi rūparuci ikaṭaka ṭarata na ṭaka teṃ ṭāre||
 sūra, sumati samujhati, jiya jānati, ūdho! bacana tihāre|
 karaiṃ kahā ye kahyo na mānata locana haṭhī hamāre*

‘Gazing upon Hari’s face, these eyes forgot to blink. From that day the stars of my eyes have gone naked like sky-clad ascetics. Casting aside the veil, they wander uncovered through the streets day and night. Fixed upon the beauty of his form in natural samādhi, they will not move from that point however one tries to turn them. The wise mind understands and the heart knows the meaning of your words, Uddhava. But what can they do? Our stubborn eyes refuse to obey.’

Pada 99

राग सारंग

दूर करहु बीना कर धरिबो।
 मोहे मृग नाही रथ हाँक्यो, नाहिंन होत चंद को ढरिबो॥
 बीती जाहि पै सोई जानै कठिन है प्रेम-पास को परिबो।
 जब तैं बिछुरे कमलनयन, सखि, रहत न नयन नीर को गरिबो॥
 सीतल चंद अगिनि सम लागत कहिए धीर कौन बिधि धरिबो।
 सूरदास प्रभु तुम्हरे दरस बिनु सब झूठो जतननि को करिबो

dūra karahu binā kara dharibo|
mohe mṛga nāhī ratha hā~kyo, nāhiṇna hota caṇḍa ko dharibo||
bitī jāhi pai soī jānai kaṭhina hai prema-pāsa ko paribo|
jaba tem bichure kamalanayana, sakhi, rahata na nayana nīra ko garibo||
sītala caṇḍa agini sama lāgata kahie dhīra kauna bidhi dharibo|
sūradāsa prabhu tumhare darasa binu saba jhūṭho jatanani ko karibo

‘Put away the vīṇā held in your hand. I am not a deer to be enchanted, nor will the moon’s chariot turn back. Only the one upon whom it has fallen knows how hard it is to be caught in love’s noose. Since we were parted from the lotus-eyed one, friend, our eyes have not ceased pouring water. The cool moon feels like fire - tell us, by what means can courage be maintained? Without sight of you, Lord, says Sūrdās, every attempted remedy is false.’

Pada 100

राग जैतश्री

अति मलीन बृषभानुकुमारी।
 हरि-स्रमजल अंतर-तनु भीजे ता लालच न धुआवति सारी।
 अधोमुख रहति उरध नहिं चितवति ज्यों गथ हारे थकित जुआरी।
 छूटे चिहुर, बदन कुम्हिलाने, ज्यों नलिनी हिमकर की मारी॥
 हरि-सँदेस सुनि सहज मृतक भई, इक बिरहिनि दूजे अलि जारी।
 सूर स्याम बिनु यों जीवति हैं ब्रजबनिता सब स्यामदुलारी

ati malīna bṛṣabhānukumārī|
hari-sramajala amṭara-tanu bhīje tā lālaca na dhuāvati sārī|
adhomukha rahati uradha nahiṇ citavati jyom gatha hāre thakita juārī|
chūṭe cihura, badana kumhilāne, jyom nalinī himakara kī mārī||
hari-sa~desa suni sahaja mṛtaka bhāiṇ, ika birahini dūje alī jāri|
sūra syāma binu yom jīvati haiṇ brajabanitā saba syāmadulārī

Vṛṣabhānu’s daughter is deeply soiled. Her inner body and garment were once dampened by Hari’s sweat, and from longing for that touch she will not wash her sari. She stays with face lowered and does not look up, like a gambler exhausted after losing his stake. Her hair hangs

loose and her face has withered like a lotus struck by frost. Hearing Hari's message, one already half-dead by separation was naturally slain again, then scorched once more by the bee. Without dark Śyāma, says Sūrdās, all the women of Vraja live like this - each one a darling of the dark Lord.

Pada 101

राग मलार

ऊधो! तुम हौ अति बड़भागी।
 अपरस रहत सनेहतगा तें, नाहिं मन अनुरागी॥
 पुरझनि-पात रहत जल-भीतर ता रस देह न दागी।
 ज्यों जल माँह तेल की गागरि बूँद न ताके लागी॥
 प्रीति-नदी में पावँ न बोस्यो, दृष्टि न रूप परागी।
 सूरदास अबला हम भोरी गुर चींटी ज्यों पागी

*ūdho! tuma hau ati baṛabhāgī|
 aparasa rahata sanehatagā teṁ, nāhiṁna mana anurāgī||
 puraini-pāta rahata jala-bhī tara tā rasa deha na dāgī|
 jyoṁ jala mā~ha tela kī gāgarī bū~da na tāke lāgī||
 prīti-nadī meṁ pāva~ na bosyo, dṛṣṭi na rūpa parāgī|
 sūradāsa abalā hama bhorī gura cīṁṭī jyoṁ pāgī*

‘Uddhava, you are exceedingly fortunate. You remain untouched by the thread of affection; your mind bears no attachment. A lotus leaf stays within the water without its body being stained by the rasa. You are like a jar of oil submerged in water, upon which not one drop clings. You have never placed a foot in the river of love, nor has your gaze been colored by beauty’s pollen. We helpless women are simple, says Sūrdās, stuck fast like ants in jaggery.’

Pada 102

ऊधो! यह मन और न होय।
 पहिले ही बढ़ि रह्यो स्याम-रँग छुटत न देख्यो धोय॥
 कैतव-बचन छाँड़ि हरि हमको सोइ करै जो मूल।
 जोग हमैं ऐसो लागत है ज्यों तोहि चंपक फूल॥
 अब क्यों मिटत हाथ की रेखा? कहौ कौन बिधि कीजै?
 सूर, स्याममुख आनि दिखाओ जाहि निरखि करि जीजै

*ūdho! yaha mana aura na hoya|
 pahile hī caṛhi rahyo syāma-ra-ga chuṭata na dekhyo dhoya||
 kaitava-bacana chā~ṛi hari hamako soi karaiṇ jo mūla|
 joga hamaiṇ aiso lāgata hai jyoṇ tohi campaka phūla||
 aba kyoṇ miṭata hātha kī rekhā? kahau kauna bidhi kījai?
 sūra, syāmamukha āni dikhāo jāhi nirakhi kari jījai*

‘Uddhava, this mind cannot become another. From the beginning it has been dyed in Śyāma’s color, and no washing has ever removed it. Let Hari abandon deceptive speech and do with us whatever is essential. Yoga seems to us exactly as a campaka flower seems to you, a bee who cannot feed upon it. How can the lines of the hand be erased now? Tell us what can be done. Bring Śyāma’s face before us, says Sūrdās, so that by looking upon it we may live.’

Pada 103

राग गौड़

ऊधो! ना हम बिरही, ना तुम दास।
 कहत सुनत घट प्रान रहत हैं, हरि तजि भजहु अकास॥
 बिरही मीन मरत जल बिछुरे छाँड़ि जियन की आस।
 दास-भाव नहिं तजत पपीहा बरु सहिं रहत पियास॥
 प्रगट प्रीति दसरथ प्रतिपाली प्रीतम के बनवास।
 सूर स्याम सौं दूढ़व्रत कीन्हों मेटि जगत-उपहास

*ūdho! nā hama birahī, nā tuma dāsa|
 kahata sunata ghaṭa prāna rahata haiṇ, hari taji bhajahu akāsa||
 birahī mīna marata jala bichure chā~ṛi jiyana kī āsa|
 dāsa-bhāva nahiṇ tajata papīhā baru sahiṇ rahata piyāsa||
 pragaṭa prīti dasaratha pratipālī prītama ke banavāsa|
 sūra syāma sōi dūḍḍhabrata kinhoṇ meṭi jagata-upahāsa*

‘Uddhava, neither are we true women of separation nor are you a servant. While we go on speaking and listening, life remains in the body; yet you tell us to abandon Hari and worship empty sky. A fish in separation dies when parted from water, relinquishing all hope of life. A servant-hearted cātaka never abandons its vow, even if it must endure thirst. Daśaratha openly preserved his love when his beloved went into forest exile. We have taken an unshakable vow

toward Śyāma, says Sūrdās, erasing the world's ridicule.'

Pada 104

राग सौरठ

ऊधो! कही सो बहुरि न कहियो।
 जौ तुम हमहिं जिवायो चाहौ अनबोले ह्वै रहियो॥
 हमरे प्रान अघात होत हैं, तुम जानत हौ हाँसी।
 या जीवन ते मरन भलो है करवट लैबो कासी॥
 जब हरि गवन कियौ पूरब लौं तब लिखि जोग पढायो।
 यह तन जरिकै भस्म ह्वै निबर्यौ बहुरि मसान जगायो॥
 कै रे! मनोहर आनि मिलायो, कै लै चलु हम साथे।
 सूरदास अब मरन बन्यो है, पाप तिहारे माथे

*ūdho! kahī so bahuri na kahīyo|
 jau tuma hamahiṇ jivāyo cāhau anabole hvai rahiyo||
 hamare prāna aghāta hota haiṇ, tuma jānata hau hā~sī|
 yā jīvana teṃ marana bhalo hai karavaṭa laibo kāsī||
 jaba hari gavana kiyaū pūraba lauṇ taba likhi joga paṭhāyo|
 yaha tana jarikai bhasma hvai nibaryau bahuri masāna jagāyo||
 kai re! manohara āni milāyo, kai lai calu hama sāthe|
 sūradāsa aba marana banyo hai, pāpa tihāre māthe*

'Uddhava, do not repeat what you have said. If you wish to keep us alive, remain without speaking. Our life-breath is wounded, though you treat it as a joke. Better death than such a life - even being cut by the saw at Kāśī. When Hari departed eastward he sent back yoga in writing. This body had burned to ash and was finished; you have awakened it once more upon the cremation ground. Either bring the enchanting one and unite us, or take us with you. Death has now become certain, says Sūrdās, and the sin will rest upon your head.'

Pada 105

राग सारंग

ऊधो! तुम अपनो जतन करौ।
 हित की कहत कुहित की लागै, किन बेकाज ररौ?
 जाय करौ उपचार आपनो, हम जो कहत हैं जी की।
 कछू कहत कछुवै कहि डारत, धुन देखियत नहिं नीकी।
 साधु होय तेहि उत्तर दीजै तुमसों मानी हारि।
 याही तें तुम्हें नैदंनदनजू यहाँ पठाए टारि॥
 मथुरा बेगि गहौ इन पाँयन, उपज्यौ है तन रोग।
 सूर सुबैद बेगि किन ढूँढ़ौ भए अर्द्धजल जोग

ūdho! tuma apano jatana karau|
hita kī kahata kuhita kī lāgai, kina bekāja rarau?
jāya karau upacāra āpano, hama jo kahata haiṁ jī kī|
kachū kahata kachuvai kahi ḍārata, dhuna dekhiyata nahīn nīkī|
sādhu hoyā tehi uttara dījai tumaśom mānī hāri|
yāhī teṁ tumhaiṁ na~danaṁdanajū yahā~ paṭhāe ṭāri||
mathurā begi gahau ina pā~yana, upajyau hai tana roga|
sūra subaida begi kina ḍhū~ṛhau bhae arddhajala joga

‘Uddhava, make your own effort. What you call beneficial strikes us as harm - why quarrel uselessly? Go treat yourself; we are only speaking what is in our hearts. You begin saying one thing and cast out something else; the tune does not sound right. We would answer if you were a genuine holy man, but before you we accept defeat. This is why Nandanandana sent you away and dispatched you here. Quickly set these feet toward Mathurā; disease has arisen in your body. Why not seek a skilled physician at once, asks Sūrdās, when yoga has left you half-drowned?’

Padas 106-120

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 106

राग सोरठ

ऊधो! जाके माथे भाग।
 कुबजा को पटरानी कीन्हों, हमहिं देत वैराग॥
 तलफत फिरत सकल ब्रजबनिता घेरी चपरि *सोहाग।
 बन्यो बनायो संग सखी री! वै रे! हंस वै काग॥
 लौंडी के घर डौंडी बाजी स्याम राग अनुराग।
 हाँसी, कमलनयन-संग खेलति बारहमासी फाग॥
 जोग की बेलि लगावन आए काटि प्रेम को बाग।
 सूरदास प्रभु ऊख छाँड़ि कै चतुर चिचोरत आग

ūdho! jāke mātḥe bhāga|
kubajā ko paṭarānī kīnhoṃ, hamahiṃ deta vairāga||
*talaphata phirata sakala brajabanitā cerī capari *sohāga|*
banyo banāyo saṅga sakhi rī! vai re! haṁsa vai kāga||
lauṇḍī ke ghara ḍauṇḍī bājī syāma rāga anurāga|
hā~sī, kamalanayana-saṅga khelati bārahamāśī phāga||
joga kī belī lagāvana āe kāṭi prema ko bāga|
sūradāsa prabhu ūkha chā~ṛī kai catura cicorata āga

‘Uddhava, Kubjā bears fortune upon her brow: he has made the hunchback his chief queen and gives renunciation to us. All the women of Vraja wander writhing while that maidservant enjoys quick-won married bliss. Friend, what a well-matched pair they make - she the swan and he the crow! Drums proclaim through a servant-girl’s house that Śyāma is dyed in love. Laughing, she plays a year-round Holī with the lotus-eyed one. You have come to plant the vine of yoga after cutting down love’s garden. Clever Sūrdās’s Lord has abandoned sugarcane, friend, and begun chewing fire.’

Pada 107

राग सारंग

ऊधो! अब यह समुझ भई।
 नैदंनंदन के अंग अंग प्रति उपमा न्याय दई॥
 कुंतल, कुटिल, भँवर, भरि भाँवरि मालति भुरै लई।
 तजत न गहरु कियो कपटी जब जानी निरस गई॥
 आनन-इंदुबरन-सँमुख तजि करखे तें न नई।
 निरमोही नहिं नेह, कुमुदिनी अंतहि हेम हई॥
 तन घनस्याम सेइ निसिबासर, रटि रसना छिजई।
 सूर विवेकहीन चातक-मुख बूँदौ तौ न सई

ūdho! aba yaha samujha bhaī
na~danaṁdana ke aṅga aṅga prati upamā nyāya daī||
kuṁṭala, kuṭila, bha~vara, bhari bhā~vari mālati bhuraī laī
tajata na gaharu kiyo kapaṭi jaba jānī nirasa gaī||
ānana-iṇḍubarana-sa~mukha taji karakhe teṁ na naī
nīramohī nahīṁ neha, kumudinī aṁtahi hema haī||
tana ghanasyāma sei nisibāsara, raṭi rasanā chijaī
sūra vivekahīna cātaka-mukha bū~dau tau na saī

‘Uddhava, now I understand: every simile assigned to Nandanandana’s limbs has proved exactly just. His curling locks are bees, circling and filling the jasmine with their swarms; when they find it drained of rasa, the deceivers delay no longer and abandon it. The moon of his face leaves the water-lily standing before it and will not bend toward her from his harsh chariot; without attachment or love, the water-lily is finally slain by frost. Day and night the cātaka serves his dark-cloud body until its tongue wears away from calling, yet the witless bird’s mouth, says Sūrdās, does not receive even one drop.’

Pada 108

राग धनाश्री

ऊधो! हम अति निपट अनाथ।
 जैसे मधु तोरे की माखी त्यों हम बिनु ब्रजनाथ॥
 अधर-अमृत की पीर मुई, हम बालदसा तें जोरी।
 सो तौ बधिक सुफलकसुत लै गयो अनायास ही तोरी॥
 जब लागि पलक पानि मीडति रही तब लागि गए हरि दूरी।
 कै निरोध निबरे तिहि अवसर दै पग रथ की धूरी॥
 सब दिन करी कृपन की संगति, कबहुँ न कीन्हों भोग।
 सूर बिधाता रचि राख्यो है, कुबजा के मुख-जोग

*ūdho! hama ati nipaṭa anātha|
 jaise madhu tore kī mākhī tyom hama binu brajanātha||
 adhara-amṛta kī pira muī, hama bāladasā tem jorī|
 so tau badhika suphalakasuta lai gayo anāyāsa hī torī||
 jaba lagi palaka pāni mīṛati rahī taba lagi gae hari dūri|
 kai nirodha nibare tihi avasara dai paga ratha kī dhūri||
 saba dina karī kṛpana kī saṅgati, kabahu~ na kīnhoṃ bhoga|
 sūra bidhātā raci rākhyo hai, kubajā ke mukha-joga*

‘Uddhava, we are utterly orphaned, like a fly cut off from honey when the Lord of Vraja is gone. From childhood we were joined to the pain and nectar of his lips. Then Akrūra the hunter came and effortlessly broke that bond and carried him away. In the instant it took to rub water from our blinking eyes, Hari had gone far into the distance. What restraint could have stopped him at that moment, even if we had thrown ourselves beneath the chariot’s wheels? We spent all our days in the company of a miser and never enjoyed our treasure. Fate fashioned and preserved him, says Sūrdās, only for union with Kubjā’s face.’

Pada 109

राग सौरभ

ऊधो! ब्रज की दसा बिचारौ।
 ता पाछे यह सिद्धि आपनी जोगकथा बिस्तारौ॥
 जेहि कारन पठए नँदनंदन सो सोचहु मन माहीं।
 केतिक बीच बिरह परमारथ जानत हौ किधौ नार्हीं॥
 तुम निज दास जो सखा स्याम के संतत निकट रहत हौ।
 जल बूड़त अवलम्ब फेन को फिरि फिरि कहा गहत हौ॥
 वै अति ललित मनोहर आनन कैसे मनहि बिसारौ।
 जोग जुक्ति औ मुक्ति बिबिध बिधि वा मुरली पर वारौ॥
 जेहि उर बसे स्यामसुंदर घन क्यों निर्गुन कहि आवै।
 सूरस्याम सोइ भजन बहावै जाहि दूसरो भावै

ūdho! braja kī dasā bicārau|
tā pāche yaha siddhi āpanī jogakathā bistārau||
jehi kārana paṭhae na-danaṇḍana so socahu mana māhīṇ|
ketika bīca biraha paramāratha jānata hau kidhauṇ nāhīṇ||
tuma nīja dāsa jo sakhā syāma ke saṁtata nikaṭa rahata hau|
jala būṛata avalamba phena ko phiri phiri kahā gahata hau||
vai ati lalita manohara ānana kaise manahīṇ bisārauṇ|
joga jukti au mukti bibidha bidhi vā muralī para vārauṇ||
jehi ura base syāmasuṇḍara ghana kyoṇ nirguna kahi āvai|
sūrasyaṁa soi bhajana bahāvai jāhi dūsaro bhāvai

‘Uddhava, consider the condition of Vraja; only afterward unfold your accomplishment and tale of yoga. Reflect in your mind upon the purpose for which Nandanandana sent you. Do you know how far the highest good lies from separation, or do you not? You are his own servant and Śyāma’s friend, forever remaining near him. Why repeatedly grasp foam for support when someone is drowning? How can I make the mind forget that exquisitely lovely face? I sacrifice every technique of yoga and every kind of liberation to that flute. When beautiful dark-cloud Śyāma lives within the heart, how can the qualityless one enter at your word? Let the one who prefers another feeling follow it, says Sūrdās; our worship flows only toward Śyāma.’

Pada 110

राग सारंग

ऊधो! यह हित लागै काहे?
 निसिदिन नयन तपत दरसन को तुम जो कहत हिय-माहे॥
 नींद न परति चहुं दिसि चितवति बिरह-अनल के दाहै।
 उर तैं निकसि करत क्यों न सीतल जो पै कान्ह यहाँ है॥
 पा लागों ऐसेहि रहन दे अवधि-आस-जल-थाहै।
 जनि बोरहि निर्गुन-समुद्र में, फिरि न पायहौ चाहे॥
 जाको मन जाही तैं राख्यो तासों बनै निबाहे।
 सूर कहा लै करै पपीहा एते सर सरिता हैं?

ūdho! yaha hita lāgai kāhe?

nisidina nayana tapata darasana ko tuma jo kahata hiya-māhe||

nīṇda na parati cahūṁ diṣi citavati biraha-anala ke dāhai|

ura te~ nikasi karata kyoṁ na sītala jo pai kānha yahā~ hai||

pā lāgoṁ aisehi rahana de avadhi-āsa-jala-thāhai|

jani borahi nirguna-samudra meṁ, phiri na pāyahau cāhe||

jāko mana jāhī te~ rācyo tāsoṁ banai nibāhe|

sūra kahā lai karai papihā ete sara saritā haiṁ?

‘Uddhava, how can this be meant for our good? Day and night our eyes burn for his sight, while you say he is within the heart. Sleep does not come; scorched by separation’s fire, we gaze in every direction. If Kanhā truly is here, why does he not emerge from the breast and cool us? I fall at your feet - let us remain as we are, still touching the water of hope for the appointed day. Do not drown us in the ocean of the qualityless; afterward you will not recover us even if you wish. The mind can sustain itself only with the one in whom it is dyed. What use has a cātaka, asks Sūrdās, for all these lakes and rivers?’

Pada 111

राग सारंग

ऊधो! ब्रज में पैठ करी।
 यह निर्गुन, निर्मूल गाठरी अब किन करहु खरी॥
 नफा जानिकै ह्यौं लै आए सबै बस्तु अकरी।
 यह सौदा तुम ह्यौं लै बेंचौ जहाँ बड़ी नगरी॥
 हम ग्वालिन, गोरस दधि बेंचौ, लेहिं अबै सबरी।
 सूर यहाँ कोउ गाहक नाहीं देखियत गरे परी

ūdho! braja meṃ paīṭha karī|
yaha nirguna, nirmūla gāṭharī aba kina karahu kharī||
naphā jānikai hyā~ lai āe sabai bastu akarī|
yaha saudā tuma hvā~ lai beṃcau jahā~ baṛī nagarī||
hama gvālina, gorasa dadhi beṃcau, lehiṃ abai sabarī|
sūra yahā~ kou gāhaka nāhiṃ dekhiyata gare parī

‘Uddhava, you have entered Vraja - now to whom will you sell this rootless bundle of the qualityless? Thinking there was profit, you brought it here, but every item is worthless. Sell this merchandise where there is a great city. We cowherd women sell milk and curd; people will buy all of that at once. Here no customer for your goods can be seen, says Sūrdās, and the bundle hangs uselessly from your neck.’

Pada 112

राग सारंग

गुप्त मते की बात कहौ जनि कहुँ काहु के आगे।
 कै हम जानैं के तुम, ऊधो! इतनो पावैं माँगै॥
 एक बेर खेलत बूँदाबन कंटक चुभि गयो पाँय।
 कंटक सों कंटक लै काढ्यो अपने हाथ सुभाय॥
 एक दिवस बिहरत बन-भीतर मैं जो सुनाई भूख।
 पाके फल वै देखि मनोहर चढ़े कृपा करि रूख॥
 ऐसी प्रीति हमारी उनकी बसते गोकुल-बास।
 सूरदास प्रभु सब बिसराई मधुबन कियो निवास

gupta mate kī bāta kahau jani kahu~ kāhū ke āge|
kai hama jānaiṃ kai tuma, ūdho! itano pāvaiṃ mā~ge||
eka bera khelata bṛ~dābana kaṃṭaka cubhi gayo pā~ya|
kaṃṭaka soṃ kaṃṭaka lai kāḍhyo apane hāṭha subhāya||
eka divasa biharata bana-bhītara maiṃ jo sunāi bhūkha|
pāke phala vai dekhi manohara caṛhe kṛpā kari rūkha||
aisī prīti hamārī unakī basate gokula-bāsa|
sūradāsa prabhu saba bisarāi madhubana kiyo nivāsa

‘Do not speak this secret counsel before anyone else. Only you and I may know it, Uddhava - this much is all we ask. Once while we played in Vṛndāvana, a thorn pierced my foot; he took another thorn and gently drew it out with his own hand. One day while wandering within the forest, I told him I was hungry. Seeing ripe and lovely fruit, he graciously climbed the tree. Such was the love between us while he lived in Gokula. Forgetting everything, Śūrdās’s Lord has made his home in Mathurā.’

Pada 113

राग सारंग

मधुकर! राखु जोग की बात।
 कहि कहि कथा स्यामसुंदर की सीतल करु सब गात॥
 तेहि निर्गुन गुनहीन गुनैबो सुनि सुंदरि अनखात।
 दीरघ नदी नाव कागद की को देख्यो चढ़ि जात?
 हम तन हेरि, चितै अपनो पट देखि पसारहि लात।
 सूरदास वा सगुन छाँड़ि छन जैसे कल्प बिहात

madhukara! rākhu joga kī bāta|
kahi kahi kathā syāmasuṇḍara kī sītala karu saba gāta||
tehi nīrguṇa guṇahīna guṇaibo suni suṇḍari anakhāta|
ḍīragha nadī nāva kāgada kī ko dekhyo chāḥi jāta?
hama tana heri, citai apāno paṭa dekhi pasārahi lāta|
sūradāsa vā saguṇa chā~ṛi chana jaise kalpa bihāta

‘Bee, keep your talk of yoga. Tell and retell the story of beautiful Śyāma and cool every limb. Hearing you ponder that qualityless, virtue-less thing makes the beautiful women indignant. Who has seen anyone board a paper boat to cross a long river? Look at our bodies, then look within your own heart before you stretch out your cloth and kick us aside. A single instant after abandoning that embodied Lord, says Śūrdās, passes like an age.’

Pada 114

राग बिलावल

ऊधो! तुम अति चतुर सुजान।
 जे पहिले रँग रंगी स्यामरँग तिन्हें न चढ़ै रँग आन॥
 द्वै लोचन जो विरद किए सुति गावत एक समान।
 भेद चकोर कियो तिनहु में बिधु प्रीतम, रिपु भान॥
 बिरहिनि बिरह भजै पा लागो तुम हौ पूरन-ज्ञान।
 दादुर जल बिनु जियै पवन भखि, मीन तजै हठि प्रान॥
 बारिजबदन नयन मेरे पटपद कब करिहैं मधुपान?
 सूरदास गोपीन प्रतिज्ञा, छुवत न जोग बिरान

ūdho! tuma ati catura sujāna|
je pahile ra~ga raṅgī syāmara~ga tinhaiṁ na caṛhai ra~ga āna||
dvai locana jo virada kie sruti gāvata eka samāna|
bheda cakora kiyo tinahū meṁ bidhu prītama, ripu bhāna||
birahini biraha bhajai pā lāgoṁ tuma hau pūrana-jñāna|
dādura jala binu jiyai pavana bhakhi, mīna tajai haṭhi prāna||
bārījabadana nayana mere paṭapada kaba karihaiṁ madhupāna?
sūradāsa gopīna pratijñā, chuvata na joga birāna

‘Uddhava, you are exceedingly clever and wise. Those already steeped in Śyāma’s dye cannot be colored by another hue. Scripture celebrates the two eyes as bearing the same nature, yet the cakora distinguishes between them: the moon is beloved and the sun an enemy. I fall at your feet - let a woman in separation worship separation, while you possess complete knowledge. A frog can live without water by feeding on air, but a fish stubbornly gives up its life. When will the bees of my eyes drink honey from his lotus face? The gopīs’ vow, says Sūrdās, is never to touch a stranger’s yoga.’

Pada 115

ऊधो! कोकिल कूजत कानन।
 तुम हमको उपदेस करत हौ भस्म लगावन आनन॥
 औरों सब तजि, सिंगी लै लै टेरन, चढ़न पखानन।
 पै नित आनि पपीहा के मिस मदन हनत निज बानन॥
 हम तौ निपट अहीरि बावरी जोग दीजिए ज्ञानिन।
 कहा कथत मामी के आगे जानत नानी नानन॥
 सुन्दरस्याम मनोहर मूरति भावति नीके गानन।
 सूर मुकुति कैसे पूजति है वा मुरली को तानन?

ūdho! kokila kūjata kānana|
tuma hamako upadesa karata hau bhasma lagāvana ānana||
aurom saba taji, siṅgī lai lai ṭerana, caṛhana pakhānana|
pai nita āni papīhā ke misa madana hanata nija bānana||
hama tau nipaṭa ahīri bāvarī joga dījīe jñānina|
kaḥā kathata māmī ke āge jānata nānī nānana||
sundarasyāma manohara mūrati bhāvati nīke gānana|
sūra mukuti kaise pūjati hai vā muralī ko tānana?

‘Uddhava, the cuckoo is calling in the forest, while you instruct us to smear ashes upon our faces, abandon everything, take up horns, cry aloud, and climb the rocks. Yet Love comes daily in the guise of the cātaka and strikes us with his own arrows. We are utterly simple, mad cowherd women; give yoga to the learned. Why tell an aunt what her grandmother already knows? We delight in beautiful Śyāma’s enchanting form and in lovely songs. How can liberation, asks Sūrdās, compete in worship with the music of that flute?’

Pada 116

राग सारंग

ऊधो, हम अजान मतिभोरी।
 जानति हैं ते जोग की बातें नागरि नवल किसोरी॥
 कंचन को मृग कौनै देख्यौ, कोनै बाँध्यो डोरी?
 कहु धौं, मधुप! बारि मथि माखन कौने भरी कमोरी?
 बिन ही भीत चित्र किन काढ्यो, किन नभ बाँध्यो झोरी?
 कहौ कौन पै कढ़त कनूकी जिन हठि भूसी पछोरी॥
 यह ब्यवहार तिहारो, बलि बलि! हम अबला मति थोरी।
 निरखहिं सूर स्याम-मुख चंदहि अँखिया लगनि-चकोरी

ūdho, hama ajāna matibhorī|
jānati haiṃ te joga kī bāteṃ nāgari navala kisorī||
kaṃcana ko mṛga kaunai dekhyau, konai bā-dhyo ḍorī?
kahu dhauṃ, madhupa! bāri mathi mākhana kaune bhari kamorī?
bina hī bhūta citra kina kāḍhyo, kina nabha bā-dhyo jhorī?
kahau kauna pai kaḥhata kanūki jina haṭhi bhūsi pachorī||
yaha byavahāra tihāro, bali bali! hama abalā mati thorī|
nirakhahiṃ sūra syāma-mukha caṇḍahi a-khiyā lagani-cakorī

‘Uddhava, we are ignorant and simple-minded; let the sophisticated young women of the city know these matters of yoga. Who has seen a golden deer, and who has bound it with a cord? Tell me, bee - who churned water and filled a bowl with butter? Who drew a picture without a wall, or tied the sky into a bundle? Tell us who can extract a grain from chaff after stubbornly winnowing only husks. Such is your commerce - bless you! We are helpless women of small understanding. Our eyes, the devoted cakora birds of longing, gaze only upon the moon of dark Śyāma’s face.’

Pada 117

राग गौरी

ऊधो! कमलनयन बिनु रहिए।
 इक हरि हमें अनाथ करि छाँड़ी दुजे बिरह किमि सहिए?
 ज्यों ऊजर खेरे की मूरति को पूजै, को मानै?
 ऐसी हम गोपाल बिनु उधो! कठिन बिथा को जानै?
 तन मलीन, मन कमलनयन सों मिलिबे की धरि आस।
 सूरदास स्वामी बिन देखे लोचन मरत पियास

*ūdho! kamalanayana binu rahie|
 ika hari hamañi anātha kari chā-ṛi duje biraha kimi sahie?
 jyom̐ ūjara khere kī mūrati ko pūjai, ko mānai?
 aisi hama gopāla binu udho! kaṭhina bithā ko jānai?
 tana malīna, mana kamalanayana soñ milibe kī dhari āsa|
 sūradāsa svāmī bina dekhe locana marata piyāsa*

‘Uddhava, how can one live without the lotus-eyed one? Hari has already abandoned us as orphans; how can we bear separation as a second affliction? Who worships or honors an image left in a deserted village? Such are we without Gopāla - Uddhava, who can know this severe pain? The body is soiled, yet the mind holds hope of meeting the lotus-eyed Lord. Without seeing her master, says Sūrdās, the thirsty eyes are dying.’

Pada 118

राग सारंग

ऊधो! कौन आहि अधिकारी?
 लै न जाहु यह जोग आपनो कत तुम होत दुखारी?
 यह तो वेद उपनिषद मत है महापुरुष व्रतधारी।
 हम अहीरि अबला ब्रजबासिनि नाहिंन परत सँभारी॥
 को है सुनत, कहत हौ कासों, कौन कथा अनुसारी?
 सूर स्याम-सँग जात भयो मन अहि केंचुलि सी डारी

*ūdho! kauna āhi adhikārī?
 lai na jāhu yaha joga āpano kata tuma hota dukhārī?
 yaha to veda upaniṣada mata hai mahāpuruṣa bratadhārī|
 hama ahīri abalā brajabāsini nāhiṇna parata sa~bhārī||
 ko hai sunata, kahata hau kāsōñ, kauna kathā anusārī?
 sūra syāma-sa~ga jāta bhayo mana ahi keñculi sī dārī*

‘Uddhava, who here is qualified? Take this yoga of yours away; why make yourself miserable? It is the doctrine of Veda and Upaniṣad, a vow for great men. We are helpless cowherd women dwelling in Vraja and cannot keep it under control. Who is listening? To whom are you

speaking? Who can follow this tale? The mind went away with Śyāma, says Sūrdās, casting off the body like a snake's shed skin.'

Pada 119

राग जैतश्री

ऊधो! जो तुम हमहिं सुनायो।
 सो हम निपट कठिनई करिकै या मन कों समुझायो॥
 जुगुति जतन करि हमहुँ ताहि गहि सुपथ पंथ लौं लायो।
 भटकि फिर्यो बोहित के खग ज्यों, पुनि फिरि हरि पै आयो॥
 हमको सबै अहित लागति है तुम अति हितहि बतायो।
 सर-सरिता-जल होम किये तें कहा अगिनि सचु पायो?
 अब वैसो उपाय उपदेसौं जिहि जिय जात जियायो।
 एक बार जौ मिलहिं सूर प्रभु कीजै अपनो भायो

*ūdho! jo tuma hamahiṁ sunāyo|
 so hama nipaṭa kaṭhinaī karikai yā mana ko~ samujhāyo||
 juguti jatana kari hamahu~ tāhi gahi supatha paṁtha lau~ lāyo|
 bhaṭaki phiryo bohita ke khaga jyo~, puni phiri hari pai āyo||
 hamako sabai ahita lāgati hai tuma ati hitahi batāyo|
 sara-sarītā-jala homa kiye teṁ kahā agini sacu pāyo?
 aba vaiso upāya upadesaṁ jīhi jīya jāta jīyāyo|
 eka bāra jau milahiṁ sūra prabhu kījai apāno bhāyo*

'Uddhava, what you taught us we accepted only by subjecting this mind to great hardship. With methods and efforts we seized it and led it for a while onto your good path. Then it wandered like a bird from a ship and returned once more to Hari. Everything that harms us you describe as the highest good. What satisfaction does fire find when the waters of every lake and river are offered into it? Now teach us a remedy by which the departing life may live. If Sūrdās's Lord would meet us once, let him afterward do whatever pleases him.'

Pada 120

राग सारंग

ऊधो! जोग बिसरि जनि जाहु।
 बाँधहु गाँठि कहूँ जनि छूटै फिरि पाछे पछिताहु॥
 ऐसी बस्तु अनूपम मधुकर मरम न जानै और।
 ब्रजबासिन के नाहिँ काम की, तुम्हरे ही है ठौर॥
 जो हरि हित करि हमको पठयो सो हम तुमको दीन्हि।
 सूरदास नरियर ज्यों विष को करे बंदना कीन्हि

*ūdho! joga bisari jani jāhu|
 bā~dhahu gā~ṭhi kahū~jani chūṭai phiri pāche pachitāhu||
 aisī bastu anūpama madhukara marama na jānai aura|
 brajabāsina ke nāhiṁ kāmā kī, tumhare hī hai ṭhaura||
 jo hari hita kari hamako paṭhayo so hama tumako dīnhīṁ|
 sūradāsa nariyara jyōṁ viṣa ko karai baṁdanā kīnhīṁ*

‘Uddhava, do not forget your yoga. Tie it in a knot so it cannot slip away, or you will regret it later. It is an incomparable treasure, bee, whose secret no one else understands. The people of Vraja have no use for it; it belongs with you alone. Whatever Hari lovingly sent for us, we give back to you. People bow even to a coconut containing poison, says Sūrdās; we have shown your gift the same reverence.’

Padas 121-135

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 121

ऊधो! प्रीति न मरन बिचारै।
 प्रीति पतंग जरै पावक परि, जरत अंग नहिं टारै॥
 प्रीति परेवा उड़त गगन चढ़ि गिरत न आप सम्हारै।
 प्रीति मधुप केतकी-कुसुम बसि कटक आपु प्रहारै॥
 प्रीति जानु जैसे पय पानी जानि अपनपो जारै।
 प्रीति कुरंग नादरस, लुब्धक तानि तानि सर मारै॥
 प्रीति जान जननी सुत-कारन को न अपनपो हारै?
 सूर स्याम सौं प्रीति गोपिन की कहु कैसे निरुवारै

ūdho! prīti na marana bicārai|
prīti pataṅga jarai pāvaka pari, jarata aṅga nahin̐ tārai||
prīti parevā uṛata gagana caṛḥi girata na āpa samhārai|
prīti madhupa ketakī-kusuma basi kaṭaka āpu prahārai||
prīti jānu jaise paya pānī jāni apanapo jārai|
prīti kuraṅga nādarasa, lubdhaka tāni tāni sara mārai||
prīti jāna janani suta-kārana ko na apanapo hārai?
sūra śyāma so~ prīti gopina kī kahu kaise niruvārai

‘Uddhava, love does not consider death. In love the moth falls into flame and burns, never withdrawing its body. In love the pigeon climbs high into the sky, then falls unable to master itself. In love the bee enters the ketakī flower and strikes itself upon its thorns. Know love as milk joined with water: recognizing the other as its own, it lets itself burn. In love the deer is enthralled by musical rasa while the hunter draws and looses his arrows. Know a mother’s love for her child - what will she not surrender of herself? Tell me, asks Sūrdās, how can the gopīs’ love for Śyāma ever be prevented?’

Pada 122

राग रामकली

ऊधो! जाहु तुम्हें हम जाने।
 स्याम तुम्हें ह्याँ नाहिँ पठाए तुम हौ बीच भुलाने॥
 ब्रजवासिन सौँ जोग कहत हौ, बातहु कहन न जाने।
 बड़ लागै न विवेक तुम्हारो ऐसे नए अयाने॥
 हमसौँ कही लई सो सहिकै जिय गुनि लेहु अपाने॥
 कहँ अबला कहँ दसा दिगंबर सँमुख करौ, पहिचाने॥
 साँच कहौ तुमको अपनी सौँ बूझति बात निदाने।
 सूर स्याम जब तुम्हें पठाए तब नेकहु मुसुकाने?

ūdho! jāhu tumhaiṁ hama jāne|
syāma tumhaiṁ hyā~ nāhiṁ paṭhāe tuma hau bīca bhulāne||
brajavāsina sau~ joga kahata hau, bātahu kahana na jāne|
baṛa lāgai na viveka tumhāro aise nae ayāne||
hamaso~ kahī lai so sahikai jiya guni lehu apāne||
kaha~ abalā kaha~ dasā digambara sa~mukha karau, pahicāne||
sāñca kahau tumako apañi sauṁ bījhati bāta nidāne|
sūra syāma jaba tumhaiṁ paṭhāe taba nekaḥu musukāne?

‘Uddhava, go - we have understood you. Śyāma did not send you here; you lost your way somewhere between. You speak of yoga to the people of Vraja, yet do not even know how to tell a story. Your lack of discernment is astonishing; you seem newly born and ignorant. Endure what we have said to you, then consider it within your own heart. Where are helpless women, and where the sky-clad ascetic’s condition that you place before us? I ask one final question - swear truthfully by your own self: when Śyāma sent you, asks Sūrdās, did he smile even a little?’

Pada 123

राग धनाश्री

ऊधो! स्यामसखा तुम सांचे।
 कै करि लियो स्वांग बीचहि तें, वैसेहि लागत कांचे।
 जैसी कही हमहिं आवत ही औरनि कही पछिताते।
 अपनो पति तजि और बतावत महिमानी कछु खाते॥
 तुरत गौन कीजै मधुबन को यहां कहां यह ल्याए?
 सूर सुनत गोपिन की बानी उद्धव सीस नवाए

*ūdho! syāmasakhā tuma sāmce|
 kai kari liyo svāṅga bicahi teṁ, vaisehi lāgata kāmce|
 jaisī kahī hamahiṁ āvata hī aurani kahī pachitāte|
 apano pati taji āura batāvata mahimānī kachu khāte||
 turata gauna kijai madhubana ko yahāṁ kahāṁ yaha lyāe?
 sūra sunata gopina kī bānī uddhava sīsa navāe*

‘Uddhava, you truly are Śyāma’s friend: somewhere along the road you fashioned the same disguise, and you look just as false. The moment you arrived you told us this; tell it to others and you will regret it. Abandoning your own lord, you point to another and expect to feast upon glory. Depart at once for Mathurā - why bring this thing here?’ Hearing the gopīs’ speech, says Sūrdās, Uddhava lowered his head.

Pada 124

राग केदारो

ऊधोजू! देखे हौ ब्रज जात।
 जाय कहियो स्याम सों या विरह को उत्पात॥
 नयनन कछु नहिं सुझई, कछु श्रवन सुनत न बात।
 स्याम बिन आंसुवन बूडत दुसह धुनि भइ बात॥
 आइए तो आइए, जिय बहुरि सरीर समात।
 सूर के प्रभु बहुरि मिलिहौ पाछे हु पछितात

*ūdhojū! dekhe hau braja jāta|
 jāya kahiyo syāma sōṁ yā viraha ko utpāta||
 nayanana kachu nahīṁ sūjhai, kachu śravana sunata na bāta|
 syāma bina āṁsuvana būṛata dusaha dhuni bhai bāta||
 āie to āie, jiya bahuri sarīra samāta|
 sūra ke prabhu bahuri milihau pāche hū pachitāta*

‘Uddhava, you have seen the people of Vraja. Go tell Śyāma of this havoc wrought by separation. The eyes see nothing, and the ears hear no word. Without Śyāma we drown in tears; the very sound of speech has become unbearable. If he will come, let him come while life can still return

and inhabit the body. Meet us again, Lord of Sūrdās, or afterward you too will repent.’

Pada 125

राग नट

ऊधो! बेगि मधुबन जाहु।
जोग लेहु संभारि अपनो बेचिए जहँ लाहु॥
हम बिरहिनी नारि हरि बिनु कौन करै निबाहु?
तहां दीजै मूर पूजै, नफा कछु तुम खाहु॥
जौ नहीं ब्रज में बिकानो नगरनारि बिसाहु।
सूर वै सब सुनत लैहैं जिय कहा पछिताहु

*ūdho! begi madhubana jāhu|
joga lehu saṁbhāri apano beṁcie jaha~ lāhu||
hama birahinī nāri hari binu kauna karai nibāhu?
tahāṁ dījai mūra pūjai, naphā kachu tuma khāhu||
jau nahīṁ braja meṁ bikāno nagaranāri bisāhu|
sūra vai saba sunata laihaiṁ jiya kahā pachitāhu*

‘Uddhava, go swiftly to Mathurā. Guard your yoga carefully and sell it wherever there is profit. We are women in separation - without Hari, who can sustain us? Give it where fools worship it and take some profit for yourself. If it will not sell in Vraja, let the women of the city buy it. They will all listen and take it, says Sūrdās; why let your heart regret the journey?’

Pada 126

ऊधो! कछु कछु समुझि परी।
तुम जो हमको जोग लाए भली करनि करी॥
एक बिरह जरि रहीं हरि के, सुनत अतिहि जरी।
जाहु जनि अब लोन लावहु देखि तुमहिं डरी॥
जोग-पाती दई तुम कर बड़े जान हरी।
आनि आस निरास कीन्ही, सूर सुनि हहरी

*ūdho! kachu kachu samujhi parī|
tuma jo hamako joga lāe bhalī karani karī||
eka biraha jari rahīṁ hari ke, sunata atihī jarī|
jāhu jani aba lona lāvahu dekhi tumahīṁ ḍarī||
joga-pātī dāi tuma kara baṛe jāna harī|
āni āsa nirāsa kīnhī, sūra suni haharī*

‘Uddhava, little by little we have understood. By bringing yoga to us you have performed an excellent deed! We were already burning in separation from Hari; hearing it, we burned far more. Go now - do not add salt to the wound. The sight of you has made us afraid. Hari placed

yoga's letter in your hands, knowing you to be a great sage. You came bringing hope and turned it into despair; hearing you, says Sūrdās, we tremble.'

Pada 127

राग धनाश्री

ऊधो! सुनत तिहारे बोल।
 ल्याए हरि-कुसलात धन्य तुम घर घर पायों गोल॥
 कहन देहु कह करै हमारो बरि उड़ि जैहै झोल।
 आवत ही याको पहिंचान्यो निपटहि ओछो तोल॥
 जिनके सोचन रही कहिबे तें, ते बहु गुननि अमोल।
 जानी जाति सूर हम इनकी बतचल चंचल लोल

ūdho! sunata tihāre bola |
lyāe hari-kusalāta dhanya tuma ghara ghara pāryo gola ||
kahana dehu kaha karai hamāro bari uṛi jaihai jhola |
āvata hī yāko pahinṇcānyo nipaṭahi ocho tola ||
jīnake socana rahī kahibe tēṁ, te bahu gunani amola |
jānī jāti sūra hama inakī batacala caṁcala lola

‘Uddhava, listening to your words, we know you brought news of Hari’s welfare - blessed are you for casting this commotion from house to house. Let us speak; what can your doctrine do to us? The bundle will scatter and fly away. We recognized it the moment it arrived: its measure was utterly light. The one about whom we remained anxious is beyond speech, priceless through countless virtues. We know this man’s kind, says Sūrdās: restless, fickle, and greedy for talk.’

Pada 128

राग नटनारायण

ऐसी बात कहौ जनि ऊधो!
ज्यों त्रिदोष उपजे जक लागति, निकसत बचन न सूधो॥
आपन तौ उपचार करौ कछु तब औरन सिख देहु।
मेरे कहे बनाय न राखौ थिर कै कतहुँ गेहु॥
जौ तुम पद्मपराग छाड़िकै करहु ग्राम-बसबास।
तौ हम सूर यहौ करि देखैं निमिष छाड़हीं पास

*aisī bāta kahau jani ūdho!
jyom tridoṣa upaje jaka lāgati, nikasata bacana na sūdho||
āpana tau upacāra karau kachu taba aurana sikha dehu|
mere kahe banāya na rākhau thira kai katahū~ gehu||
jau tuma padmaparāga chāṇṛikai karahu grāma-basabāsa|
tau hama sūra yahau kari dekhain nimiṣa chāṇṛahīṇ pāsa*

‘Uddhava, do not speak in this way. It is as though a fever born from all three humors has seized you, and no straight word can emerge. First undertake some treatment for yourself, then give instruction to others. Do not merely arrange words at my bidding; find somewhere to make your own mind steady. Bee, if you can abandon lotus pollen and settle permanently in a village, then we too, says Sūrdās, shall try leaving his side for a single instant.’

Pada 129

राग नट

ऊधो! जानि परे सयान।
नारियन को जोग लाए, भले जान सुजान॥
निगम हूँ नहिं पार पायो कहत जासों ज्ञान।
नयनत्रिकुटी जोरि संगम जेहि करत अनुमान॥
पवन धरि रबि-तन निहारत, मनहिं राख्यो मारि।
सूर सो मन हाथ नहिं गयो संग बिसारि

*ūdho! jāni pare sayāna|
nāriyana ko joga lāe, bhale jāna sujāna||
nigama hū~ nahīṇ pāra pāyo kahata jāsoṇ jñāna|
nayanatrikutī jori saṅgama jehi karata anumāna||
pavana dhari rabi-tana nihārata, manahīṇ rākhyo māri|
sūra so mana hātha nāhīṇ gayo saṅga bisāri*

‘Uddhava, now you are known as wise. You have brought yoga to women - well done, learned sage! Even the Vedas do not reach the limit of the one whose knowledge you proclaim. Joining the gaze at the meeting of the brows, you infer his presence; holding the breath, you

contemplate the solar body and strike the mind into stillness. But that mind is no longer in our hands, says Sūrdās - it forgot us and went away with him.'

Pada 130

राग धनाश्री

ऊधो! मन नहिं हाथ हमारे।
 रथ चढ़ाय हरि संग गए लै मथुरा जबै सिधारे॥
 नातरु कहा जोग हम छांड़हि अति रुचि कै तुम ल्याए।
 हम तौ झकति स्याम की करनी, मन लै जोग पठाए॥
 अजहुँ मन अपनो हम पावैं तुमते होय तो होय।
 सूर, सपथ हमैं कोटि तिहारी कहौ करैंगी सोय

*ūdho! mana nahīṇ hātha hamāre|
 ratha caṛhāya hari saṅga gae lai mathurā jabai sidhāre||
 nātaru kahā joga hama chāṇṇrahi ati ruci kai tuma lyāe|
 hama tau jhakati syāma kī karanī, mana lai joga paṭhāe||
 ajahū~ mana apāno hama pāvaiṇ tumateṇ hoya to hoya|
 sūra, sapatha hamaiṇ koṭi tihārī kahau karaiṅgi soya*

'Uddhava, the mind is not in our hands. Hari placed it upon the chariot and carried it with him when he departed for Mathurā. Otherwise, why would we reject the yoga you have brought with such enthusiasm? We stand astonished at Śyāma's doing: he took the mind and sent yoga in its place. If through you we may recover our own mind even now, then let it be so. I swear ten million oaths to you, says Sūrdās - tell us, and we shall do exactly as you say.'

Pada 131

ऊधो! जोग सुन्यो हम दुर्लभ।
 आपु कहत हम सुनत अर्चभित जानत हौ जिय सुल्लभ॥
 रेख न रूप बरन जाके नहिं ताकौ हमैं बतावत।
 अपनी कहौ दरस वैसे को तुम कबहुँ हौ पावत?
 मुरली अधर धरत है सो, पुनि गोधन बन बन चारत?
 नैन बिसाल भौंह बंकट करि देख्यो कबहुँ निहारत?
 तन त्रिभंग करि नटवर वपु धरि पीतांबर तेहि सोहत।
 सूर स्याम ज्यौं देत हमें सुख, त्यों तुमकौं सोउ मोहत

*ūdho! joga sunyo hama durlabha|
 āpu kahata hama sunata acaṁbhita jānata hau jiya sullabha||
 rekha na rūpa barana jāke nahim tākauṁ hamaim batāvata|
 apani kahau darasa vaise ko tuma kabahū~ hau pāvata?
 murali adhara dharata hai so, puni godhana bana bana cārata?
 naina bisāla bhaṁpha baṁkaṭa kari dekhyo kabahū~ nihārata?
 tana tribhaṁga kari ṇaṭavara vapu dhari pītāmbara tehi sohata|
 sūra syāma jyom deta hamem sukha, tyom tumakauṁ sou mohata*

‘Uddhava, we have heard that yoga is difficult to attain. As you speak and we listen, we marvel that you consider it easy within the heart. You point us toward one who has neither line nor form nor color - but tell us about yourself: have you ever obtained sight of such a one? Does he place a flute upon his lips and wander from forest to forest tending the cows? Have you ever gazed upon him with great eyes and arched brows? Does he bend his body in three places, assume the dancer’s form, and shine in yellow cloth? If not, can he enchant you as Śyāma delights us, asks Sūrdās?’

Pada 132

राग रामकली

ऊधो! हम-लायक सिख दीजें।
 यह उपदेस अग्नि तें तातो, कहा कौन विधि कीजें?
 तुमहीं कहौ यहाँ इतनिन में सीखनहारी को है?
 जोगी जती रहित माया तें तिनकौ यह मत सोहै॥
 जो कपूर बंदन तन लेपत तेहि विभूति क्यों छाजै?
 सूर कहौ सोभा क्यों पावै आँख आँधरी आँजै

ūdho! hama-lāyaka sikha dījaiṃ|
yaha upadesa agini teṃ tāto, kahā kauna vidhi kījaiṃ?
tumahīṃ kahau yahā~ itanina meṃ sīkhanahārī ko hai?
jogī jāti rahita māyā teṃ tinakaṃ yaha mata sohai||
jo kapūra caṃdana tana lepata tehi vibhūti kyoṃ chājai?
sūra kahau sobhā kyoṃ pāvai ā~kha ā~dharī ā~jai

‘Uddhava, give us a teaching suited to us. This instruction is hotter than fire - what can be done with it, and by what method? Tell us yourself: among all the women here, who is able to learn it? This doctrine suits yogīs and ascetics who are free from māyā. How can ashes become an ornament upon bodies anointed with camphor and sandalwood? Tell us, asks Sūrdās, what beauty comes from applying collyrium to a blind eye?’

Pada 133

ऊधो! कहा कथत बिपरीति?
 जुवतिन जोग सिखावन आए यह तौ उलटी रीति॥
 जोतत धेनु, दुहत पय वृष को, करत लगे जो अनीति।
 चक्रवाक ससि को क्यों जाने? रवि चकोर कहँ प्रीति?
 पाहन तरै, काठ जो बूड़े, तौ हम मानें नीति।
 सूर स्याम-प्रति-अंग माधुरी रही गोपिका जीति

ūdho! kahā kathata biparīti?
juvatina joga sikhāvana āe yaha tau ulaṭī rīti||
jotata dhenū, duhata paya vṛṣa ko, karata lage jo anīti|
cakravāka sasi ko kyoṃ jāne? ravi cakora kaha~ prīti?
pāhana tarai, kāṭha jo būṛe, tau hama mānaiṃ nīti|
sūra syāma-prati-aṅga mādhuri rahi gopikā jīti

‘Uddhava, why speak what is contrary to all sense? You have come to teach yoga to young women - this is the world turned upside down. Yoking a cow to the plow and milking a bull, you have set yourself to such injustice. How can the cakravāka recognize the moon, or the cakora love the sun? If stone floats and wood sinks, then we shall accept your doctrine. The sweetness of every limb of Śyāma, says Sūrdās, has conquered the gopīs and remains.’

Pada 134

ऊधो! जुबतिन ओर निहारौ।
 तब यह जोग-मोट हम आगे धरि हिय समुझि बिचारौ॥
 जे कच स्याम आपने कर करि नितहि सुगंध रचाए।
 तिनकाँ तुम जो विभूति घोरिकै जटा लगावन आए॥
 जेहि मुख मृगमद मलयज उबटति, छन छन धोवति माँजति।
 तेहि मुख कहत खेह लपटावन सो कैसे हम भ्राजति?
 लोचन आँजि स्याम-ससि दरसति तबहीं ये दमकाति।
 सूर तिनहीं तुम रवि दरसावत यह सुनि सुनि करुआति

ūdho! jubatīna ora nihārau|
taba yaha joga-moṭa hama āge dhari hīya samujhi bicārau||
je kaca syāma āpane kara kari nitahi sugaṇḍha racāe|
tinakaum̐ tuma jo vibhūti ghorikai jaṭā lagāvana āe||
jehi mukha mṛgamada malayaja ubaṭati, chana chana dhovati mā-jati|
tehi mukha kahata kheha lapaṭāvana so kaise hama bhrājati?
locana ā-ji syāma-sasi darasati tabahīm̐ ye damakāti|
sūra tinahaiṁ tuma ravi darasāvata yaha suni suni karuāti

‘Uddhava, look toward these young women. Only then place this bundle of yoga before us, after reflecting within your heart. Śyāma dressed these dark tresses daily with his own hands and filled them with fragrance; now you come to mix ashes into them and form matted locks. Their faces were massaged with musk and sandalwood, washed and polished every moment; you tell us to smear those faces with dust - how could we shine? Our eyes gleam only when lined with collyrium and beholding the moon of Śyāma. You show them the sun instead, says Sūrdās, and the very hearing makes them bitter.’

Pada 135

ऊधो! इन नयनन अंजन देहु।
 आनहु क्यों न स्याम रँग काजर जासौं जुयों सनेहु॥
 तपति रहति निसि-बासर, मधुकर! नहिं सुहात तन गेहु।
 जैसे मीन मरत जल बिछुरत, कहा कहौं दुख एहु॥
 सब विधि बाँधि ठानि कै राख्यो खरि कपूर कोरेहु।
 बारक मिलवहु स्याम सूर प्रभु, क्यों न सुजस जग लेहु?

ūdho! ina nayanana aṃjana dehu|
ānahu kyoṃ na syāma ra~ga kājara jāsauṃ juryo sanehu||
tapati rahati nīsi-bāsara, madhukara! nahīṃ suhāta tana gehu|
jaise mīna marata jala bichurata, kahā kahaṃ dukha ehū||
saba vidhi bā~dhi ṭhāni kai rākhyo khari kapūra korehu|
bāraka milavahu syāma sūra prabhu, kyoṃ na sujasa jaga lehu?

‘Uddhava, give these eyes their collyrium. Why not bring the black pigment of Śyāma’s color, to which their affection is joined? They burn night and day, bee; neither body nor home gives pleasure. Like fish dying when parted from water - how can I describe this pain? By every means I have tied and kept him, marked pure upon my heart as with chalk and camphor. Unite us once with Śyāma, Lord of Sūrdās; why not win fair fame in the world?’

Padas 136-150

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 136

ऊधो! भली करी तुम आए।
 ये बातें कहि कहि या दुख में ब्रज के लोग हँसाए॥
 कौन काज बृंदावन को सुख, दही-मात की छाक?
 अब वे कान्ह कूबरी राँवे बने एक ही ताक॥
 मोर मुकुट मुरली पीतांबर, पठवौं सोज हमारी।
 अपनी जटाजूट अरु मुद्रा लीजे भस्म अधारी॥
 वै तौ बड़े, सखा तुम उनके, तुमकों सुगम अनीति।
 सूर सबै मति भली स्याम की जमुना-जल सौं प्रीति

*ūdho! bhalī karī tuma āe|
 ye bāteṃ kahi kahi yā dukha meṃ braja ke loga ha-sāe||
 kauna kāja bṛṇḍāvana ko sukha, dahī-māta kī chāka?
 aba ve kāṇha kūbarī rā-ve bane eka hī tāka||
 mora mukuṭa muralī pītāṃbara, paṭhavauṃ soja hamārī|
 apañi jaṭājūṭa aru mudrā līje bhasma adhārī||
 vai tau baṛe, sakḥā tuma unake, tumakauṃ sugama anīti|
 sūra sabai mati bhalī syāma kī jamunā-jala sauṃ prīti*

‘Uddhava, you did well to come. By repeating these things amid our grief, you have at least made the people of Vraja laugh. What need has he now for Vṛndāvana’s joy or a meal of curd and rice? Kanḥā is enamored of the hunchback; the two have become a single aim. Send him our peacock crown, flute, and yellow cloth, and take in return his matted locks, yogic seals, ashes, and begging bowl. He is great and you are his friend, so injustice comes easily to you. All of Śyāma’s wisdom is excellent, says Sūrdās - like his faithful love for Yamunā’s water.’

Pada 137

राग सारंग

ऊधो! बूझति गुपुत तिहारी।
 सब काहु के मन की जानत बाँधे मूरि फिरत ठगवारी॥
 पीत ध्वजा उनके पीतांबर, लाल ध्वजा कुब्जा व्यभिचारी।
 सत की ध्वजा स्वेत ब्रज ऊपर अजस हेतु ऊधो! सो प्यारी॥
 उनके प्रेम-प्रीति मनरंजन, पै ह्याँ सकल सीलव्रतधारी।
 सूर बचन मिथ्या, लंगराई ये दोऊ ऊधो की न्यारी

ūdho! būjhati guputa tihārī|
saba kāhū ke mana kī jānata bā~dhe mūri phirata ṭhagavārī||
pīta dhvajā unake pītāmbara, lāla dhvajā kubjā vyabhicārī|
sata kī dhvajā sveta braja ūpara ajasa hetu ūdho! so pyārī||
unake prema-prīti manaraṅjana, pai hyā~ sakala sīlabratadhārī|
sūra bacana mithyā, laṅgarāī ye doū ūdho kī nyārī

‘Uddhava, I understand your hidden secret. Claiming to know every heart, you wander carrying a tied bundle of deception. His yellow banner is the yellow garment; the red banner is adulterous Kubjā. The white banner of truth flies over Vraja, yet for the sake of disgrace, Uddhava, that other one is dear. There his mind delights in love and affection, while here everyone observes vows of virtue. False speech and shameless babbling - these two, says Sūrdās, are Uddhava’s peculiar distinction.’

Pada 138

ऊधो! मन माने की बात।
 जरत पतंग दीप में जैसे, औ फिरि फिरि लपटात॥
 रहत चकोर पुहुमि पर, मधुकर! ससि अकास भरमात।
 ऐसो ध्यान धरो हरिजू पै छन इत उत नहिं जात॥
 दादुर रहत सदा जल-भीतर कमलहिं नहिं नियरात।
 काठ फोरि घर कियो मधुप पै बंधे अंबुज के पात॥
 बरषा बरसत निसिदिन, ऊधो! पुहुमी पूरि अघात।
 स्वाति-बुँद के काज पपीहा छन छन रटत रहात॥
 सेहि न खात अमृतफल भोजन तोमरि को ललचात।
 सूर कृस्न कुबरी रीझे गोपिन देखि लजात

ūdho! mana māne kī bāta|
jarata pataṅga dīpa meṁ jaise, au phiri phiri lapaṭāta||
rahata cakora puhumi para, madhukara! sasi akāsa bharamāta|
aiso dhyāna dharo harijū pai chana ita uta nahiṁ jāta||
dādura rahata sadā jala-bhītara kamalahiṁ nahiṁ niyarāta|
kāṭha phori ghara kiyo madhupa pai baṁdhe aṁbuja ke pāta||

*baraṣā barasata nisidina, ūdho! puhumī pūri aghāta|
svāti-būmda ke kāja papihā chana chana raṭata rahāta||
sehi na khāta amṛtaphala bhojana tomari ko lalacāta|
sūra kṛṣṇa kubarī rījhe gopina dekhi lajāta*

‘Uddhava, the heart follows what it loves. A moth burns in the lamp and circles back again and again. The cakora remains upon the earth, bee, while the moon wanders in the sky; fix your meditation upon Hari so that it does not move here or there for an instant. The frog lives forever within water yet never goes near the lotus. A bee can bore its home through wood, yet becomes bound within lotus petals. Rain falls day and night, filling the earth beyond measure, yet the cātaka cries every moment for a single drop of Svāti rain. The porcupine rejects nectar-fruit and longs for bitter cucumber. So too Kṛṣṇa is enamored of the hunchback, says Sūrdās, and feels ashamed before the gopīs.’

Pada 139

ऊधो! खरिऐ जरी हरि के सूलन की।
कुंज कलोल करे बन ही बन सुधि बिसरी वा भूलन की।
ब्रज हम दौरि आँक भरि लीन्ही देखि छाँह नव मूलन की॥
अब वह प्रीति कहाँ लौं बरनौं वा जमुना के कूलन की॥
वह छवि छाकि रहे दोउ लोचन बहियां गहि बन झूलन की।
खटकति है वह सूर हिये मों माल दई मोहिं फूलन की

*ūdho! khariai jarī hari ke sūlana kī|
kuñja kalola kare bana hī bana sudhi bisarī vā bhūlana kī|
braja hama dauri ā-ka bhari līnhī dekhi chā-ha nava mūlana kī||
aba vaha prīti kahā- laum̐ baranaum̐ vā jamunā ke kūlana kī|
vaha chavi chāki rahe dou locana bahiyāṁ gahi bana jhūlana kī|
khaṭakati hai vaha sūra hiye moṁ māla dāi mohiṁ phūlana kī*

‘Uddhava, I am truly burned by Hari’s thorns. He sports in bower after bower through the forest, forgetting the foolishness of what he left behind. Seeing the shade beneath fresh roots, he once ran to us in Vraja and gathered us into his arms. How long can I describe the love we shared upon the Yamunā’s banks? Both eyes remain intoxicated by the sight of him taking our arms and swinging with us in the forest. That memory pricks within the heart, says Sūrdās - the garland of flowers he gave me.’

Pada 140

मधुकर! हम न होहिं वे बेली।
 जिनको तुम तजि भजत प्रीति बिनु करत कुसुमरस-केली॥
 बारे तें बलबीर बढ़ाई पोसी प्याई पानी।
 बिन पिय-परस प्रात उठि फूलन होत सदा हित-हानी॥
 ये बल्ली बिहरत बृंदावन अरुझीं स्याम-तमालहिं।
 प्रेमपुष्प-रस-बास हमारे बिलसत मधुप गोपालहिं॥
 जोग-समीर धीर नहिं डोलत, रूपडार-ढिग लागी।
 सूर पराग न तजत हिये तें कमल-नयन-अनुरागी

madhukara! hama na hohiṃ ve belī|
jīnako tuma taji bhajata prīti binu karata kusumarasa-kelī||
bāre teṃ balabīra baṛhāi posī pyāi pānī|
bina piya-parasa prāta uṭhi phūlana hota sadā hita-hānī||
ye ballī biharata bṛṇḍāvana arujhīṃ syāma-tamālahiṃ|
premapuṣpa-rasa-bāsa hamāre bilasata madhupa gopālahiṃ||
joga-samīra dhīra nahīṃ ḍolata, rūpaḍāra-ḍhiga lāgī|
sūra parāga na tajata hiye teṃ kamala-nayana-anurāgī

‘Bee, we are not those vines whom you abandon without love after playing in their flower-rasa. From childhood we raised Balavīra’s brother, nourished him, and gave him water to drink. Rising in the morning without the beloved’s touch, these blossoms suffer constant harm. These creepers wandering in Vṛndāvana have become entwined around the dark tamāla. Gopāla the bee revels in the fragrance and rasa of our flowers of love. The wind of yoga cannot make them waver; they cling beside the branch of his form. The lotus-eyed lover, says Sūrdās, does not abandon their pollen within his heart.’

Pada 141

मधुकर! स्याम हमारे ईस।
 जिनको ध्यान धरे उर-अंतर आनहिं नए न उन बिन सीस॥
 जोगिन जाय जोग उपदेसौ जिनके मन दस बीस।
 एकै मन, एकै वह मूरति, नित बितवत दिन तीस॥
 काहे निर्गुन-ज्ञान आपुनो जित तित डारत खीस।
 सूर प्रभू नंदनंदन हैं उनतें को जगदीस?

*madhukara! syāma hamāre īsa|
 jinako dhyāna dhare ura-aṇṭara ānaḥiṇ nae na una biṇṇa sīsa||
 jogina jāya joga upadesau jinake mana dasa bīsa|
 ekai mana, ekai vaha mūrati, nita bitavata dina tisa||
 kāhe nirguṇa-jñāna āpuno jita tita dārata khīsa|
 sūra prabhū naṇḍanaṇḍana haiṇ unateṇ ko jagadīsa?*

‘Bee, Śyāma is our Lord. Holding him in meditation within the heart, we bow our heads to no one new besides him. Go teach yoga to yoginīs whose minds number ten or twenty. We have one mind and there is one form; thirty days of every month pass in him alone. Why scatter the ruins of your qualityless knowledge everywhere? Our Lord is Nandanandana, says Sūrdās - who in the world could be a greater God than he?’

Pada 142

राग मलार

मधुकर! तुम हौ स्याम-सखाई।
 पा लागों यह दोष बकसियो संमुख करत ढिठाई॥
 कौनै रंक संपदा बिलसी सोवत सपने पाई?
 किन सोने की उड़त चिरेया डोरी बांधि खिलाई?
 धाम धुआँ के कहौ कौन के बैठी कहाँ अथाई?
 किन अकास तें तोरि तरैयाँ आनि धरी घर, माई!
 बौरन की माला गुहि कौनै अपने करन बनाई?
 बिन जल नाव यलत किन देखी, उतरि पार को जाई?
 कौनै कमलनयन-व्रत बीड़ो जोरि समाधि लगाई?
 सूरदास तू फिरि फिरि आवत यामें कौन बड़ाई?

*madhukara! tuma hau syāma-sakhāī|
 pā lāgoṇ yaha doṣa bakasiyo saṇṇukha karata ḍhiṭhāī||
 kaune raṇka saṇṇpadā bilasī sovata sapane pāī?
 kina sone kī uṛata ciraiyā ḍorī bāṇḍhi khilāī?
 dhāma dhuā~ ke kahau kauna ke baiṭhī kahā~ athāī?
 kina akāsa teṇ tori taraiyā~ āni dharī ghara, māī!
 baurana kī mālā guhi kaunai apane karana banāī?*

*bina jala nāva calata kina dekhi, utari pāra ko jāi?
kaunai kamalanayana-brata bīro jori samādhi lagāi?
sūradāsa tū phiri phiri āvata yāmeṃ kauna baṛāi?*

‘Bee, you are Śyāma’s friend. I fall at your feet - pardon this fault when I speak boldly before you. What pauper has enjoyed wealth found while sleeping in a dream? Who tied a cord to a flying golden bird and played with it? Tell us: who built a home of smoke, and upon whose terrace could it stand? Who broke stars from the sky, brought them home, and set them down, Mother? Who strung a garland of madmen and made it with her own hands? Who has seen a boat move without water, and who could cross to the other shore? Who has undertaken the lotus-eyed vow and entered samādhi? You return again and again, says Sūrdās - what greatness is there in this?’

Pada 143

राम धनाश्री

मधुकर! मन तो एकै आहि।
सो तो लै हार संग सिधारे जोग सिखावत काहि?
रे सठ, कुटिल-बचन, रसलंपट! अबलन तन धौं चाहि।
अब काहे को देत लोन हौ बिरहअनल तन दाहि॥
परमारथ उपचार करत हौ, बिरहव्यथा नहिं जाहि।
जाको राजदोष कफ ब्यापै दही खवावत ताहि॥
सुंदरस्याम-सलोनी-मूरति पूरि रही हिय माहिं।
सूर ताहि तजि निर्गुन-सिंधुहि कौन सकै अवगाहि?

*madhukara! mana to ekai āhi|
so to lai hāra saṃga sidhāre joga sikhāvata kāhi?
re saṭha, kuṭila-bacana, rasalaṃpaṭa! abalana tana dhaum cāhi|
aba kāhe ko deta lona hau birahaanala tana dāhi||
paramāratha upacāra karata hau, birahavyathā nahim jāhi|
jāko rājadoṣa kapha byāpai dahī khavāvata tāhi||
suṃdarasyāma-salonī-mūrati pūri rahī hiya māhiṃ|
sūra tāhi taji nirguna-siṃdhuhi kauna sakai avagāhi?*

‘Bee, the mind is only one. Hari took it with him when he departed; whom, then, are you teaching yoga? Fool - crooked-tongued, greedy for rasa - why do you look upon the bodies of helpless women? Why pour salt now upon bodies already burning in separation’s fire? You call it treatment for the highest good, yet the pain of separation does not go. It is like feeding curd to someone overrun by a grave disorder of phlegm. Beautiful Śyāma’s charming form fills the heart. Who can abandon it and plunge into the ocean of the qualityless, asks Sūrdās?’

Pada 144

राग सारंग

मधुकर! छाँड़ अटपटी बातें।
फिरि फिरि बार बार सोइ सिखवत हम दुख पावति जातें॥
अनुदिन देति असीस प्रांत उठि, अरु सुख सोवत न्हातें।
तुम निसिदिन उर-अंतर सोचत ब्रजजुबतिन को घातें॥
पुनि पुनि तुम्हें कहत क्यों आवै, कछु जाने यहि नाते।
सूरदास जो रंगी स्यामरंग फिरि न चढ़त अब राते

madhukara! chā~ṛu aṭapaṭī bāteṃ|
phiri phiri bāra bāra soi sikhavata hama dukha pāvati jāteṃ||
anudina deti asīsa prānta uṭhi, aru sukha sovata nhāteṃ|
tuma nisidina ura-amṭara socata brajajubatina ko ghāteṃ||
puni puni tumhaiṃ kahata kyōṃ āvai, kachū jāne yahi nāte|
sūradāsa jo raṅgī syāmaraṅga phiri na caṛhata aba rāte

‘Bee, abandon these absurd words. Teaching the same thing again and again makes our suffering grow. Rising each dawn, we bless him daily, and bless him again while sleeping and bathing in happiness. Yet day and night within your heart you devise injury for the young women of Vraja. Why must we repeat ourselves whenever you return? Surely you know something of this bond. One dyed in Śyāma’s color, says Sūrdās, cannot afterward be colored red by another.’

Pada 145

मधुप! रावरी पहिचानि।
बास रस लै अनत बैठे पुहुप को तजि कानि॥
बाटिका बहु बिपिन जाके एक जौ कुम्हलानि।
फूल फूले सघन कानन कौन तिनकी हानि?
कामपावक जरति छाती लोन लाए आनि।
जोग-पाती हाथ दीन्हौ बिप चढ़ायो सानि॥
सीस तें मनि हरी जिनके कौन तिनमें बानि।
सूर के प्रभु निरखि हिरदय ब्रज तज्यो यह जानि

madhupa! rāvarī pahicāni|
bāsa rasa lai anata baiṭhe puhupa ko taji kāni||
bāṭikā bahu bipina jāke eka jau kumhalāni|
phūla phūle saghana kānana kauna tinakī hāni?
kāmapāvaka jarati chāṭī lona lāe āni|
joga-pāṭī hātha dīnhīṃ bipa caṛhāyo sāni||
sīsa teṃ manī harī jinake kauna tinameṃ bāni|
sūra ke prabhu nirakhi hiradaya braja tajyo yaha jāni

‘Bee, we know your kind. Taking fragrance and rasa, you sit elsewhere, abandoning all concern for the flower. In a garden of many forest groves, if one blossom wilts, what loss is that when dense woods stand full of flowers? Our breasts burn in Love’s fire, and you have brought salt to add. You placed yoga’s letter in our hands, its edge smeared with poison. What speech remains in those whose jewel has been stolen from their heads? Seeing their hearts, Sūrdās’s Lord understood this - and still abandoned Vraja.’

Pada 146

मधुकर! स्याम हमारे चोर।
 मन हरि लियो माधुरी मूरति चितै नयन की कोर॥
 पकयौ तेहि हिरदय उर-अंतर प्रेम-प्रीति के जोर।
 गए छड़ाय छोरि सब बंधन दै गए हँसनि अंकोर॥
 सोवत तें हम उचकि परी हैं दूत मिल्यो मोहिं भोर।
 सूर स्याम मुसकनि मेरो सर्वस लै गए नंदकिसोर

madhukara! syāma hamāre cora|
mana hari liyo mādhurī mūrati citai nayana kī kora||
pakaryo tehi hīradaya ura-aṇṭara prema-prīti ke jora|
gae chaṁṛāya chori saba baṁdhaṇa dai gae ha~sani aṅkora||
sovata teṁ hama ucaki parī haiṁ dūta milyo mohiṁ bhora|
sūra syāma musakani mero sarvasa lai gae naṁdakisorā

‘Bee, our Śyāma is a thief. Casting a sidelong glance from the corners of his eyes, that sweet embodied form stole the mind. We seized him and held him deep within the breast through the force of love and affection. He tore himself free, broke every bond, and left us only the barb of his smile. Startled from sleep at dawn, I found a messenger before me. Nanda’s young dark son carried away everything I possessed in that smile, says Sūrdās.’

Pada 147

मधुकर! समुझि कहौ मुख बात।
 हौ मद पिए मत, नहिं सूझत, काहे को इतरात?
 बीच जो परै सत्य सो भाखै, बोलै सत्य स्वरूप।
 मुख देखत को न्याव न कीजै, कहा रंक कह भूप॥
 कछु कहत कछुऐ मुख निकसत, परनिंदक व्यभिचारी।
 ब्रजजुवतिन को जोग सिखावत कीरति आनि पसारी॥
 हम जान्यो सो भँवर रसभोगी जोग-जुगुति कहँ पाई?
 परम गुरु सिर मूँडि बापुरे करमुख छार लगाई॥
 यहै अनीति बिधाता कीन्हँ तौऊ समुझत नाहीं।
 जो कोउ परहित कूप खनावै परै सो कूपहि माहीं॥
 सूर सो वे प्रभु अंतर्दामी कासों कहैं पुकारी?
 तब अक्रूर अबै इन ऊधो दुहुँ मिलि छाती जारी

*madhukara! samujhi kahau mukha bāta|
 hau mada pie matta, nahīṃ sūjhata, kāhe ko itarāta?
 bica jo parai satya so bhākhai, bolai satya svarūpa|
 mukha dekhata ko nyāva na kijai, kahā raṅka kaha bhūpa||
 kachu kahata kachuai mukha nikasata, paraniṃdaka vyabhicārī|
 brajajuvatina ko joga sikhāvata kīrati āni pasārī||
 hama jānyo so bha~vara rasabhogī joga-juguti kaha~ pāī?
 parama gurū sira mū~ḍi bāpure karamukha chāra lagāī||
 yahai anīti bidhātā kīnhīṃ tauū samujhata nāhīṃ|
 jo kou parahita kūpa khanāvai parai so kūpahi māhīṃ||
 sūra so ve prabhu antaryāmī kāsōṃ kahaūṃ pukārī?
 taba akrūra abai ina ūdho duhu~ mili chāti jāri*

‘Bee, understand before you speak. Drunk on honey, you are senseless - why swagger so? A mediator must speak the truth that lies between both sides, the very form of truth. Justice should not be decided by looking at faces and asking who is pauper and who king. You intend one thing and another leaves your mouth, a slanderer and libertine. Teaching yoga to the young women of Vraja, you have brought your fame and spread it wide. We knew the bee as a connoisseur of pleasure - where did he learn yoga’s method? Some supreme guru shaved the poor creature’s head and smeared ash over head, hands, and face. Fate made this injustice, yet even now you do not understand: whoever digs a well for another’s harm falls into that well himself. Hari is said to be the indwelling knower - to whom shall I cry out? First Akṛūra and now this Uddhava, says Sūrdās; together the two have burned our breasts.’

Pada 148

मधुकर! हम जो कहौ करें।
 पठयो है गोपाल कृपा कै आयसु तें न टरैं॥
 रसना वारि फेरि नव खंड कै, दै निर्गुन के साथ।
 इतनी तनक बिलग जनि-मानहुँ, अँखियाँ नाहीं हाथ॥
 सेवा कठिन, अपूरब दरसन कहत अबहुँ मैं फेरि।
 कहियो जाय सूर के प्रभु सों केरा पास ज्यों बेरि

*madhukara! hama jo kahau karaiṁ|
 paṭhayo hai gopāla kṛpā kai āyasu teṁ na ṭaraiṁ||
 rasanā vāri pheri nava khaṇḍa kai, dai nirguna ke sātha|
 itanī tanaka bilaga jani-mānahu~, a~khiyā~ nāhiṁ hātha||
 sevā kaṭhina, apūraba darasana kahata abahu~ maiṁ pheri|
 kahiyo jāya sūra ke prabhu soṁ kerā pāsa jyom beri*

‘Bee, we shall do whatever you say. Gopāla has graciously sent you, and we will not turn from his command. We shall reverse our tongues and circle the nine regions, placing them beside the qualityless one. Do not take this small refusal as estrangement; only our eyes are not in our hands. Service is hard and sight of him unprecedentedly rare - I say it again even now. Go tell Sūrdās’s Lord: we are like a thorn-bush beside a banana plant, too near and forever wounding one another.’

Pada 149

राग धनाश्री

मधुकर! तौ औरनि सिख देहु।
 जानौगे जब लागैगो, हो, खरो कठिन है नेहु॥
 मन जो तिहारो हरिचरनन-तर, तन धरि गोकुल आयो।
 कमलनयन के संग तें बिछुरे कहु कौने सचु पायो?
 ह्याँई रहौ जाहु जनि मथुरा, झूठो माया-मोहु।
 गोपी सूर कहत ऊधो सों हमहीं से तुम होहु

*madhukara! tau aurani sikha dehu|
 jānauge jaba lāgaigo, ho, kharo kaṭhina hai nehu||
 mana jo tihāro harīcaranana-tara, tana dhari gokula āyo|
 kamalanayana ke saṅga teṁ bichure kahu kaune sacu pāyo?
 hyā~ī rahau jāhu jani mathurā, jhūṭho māyā-mohu|
 gopī sūra kahata ūdho soṁ hamaiṁ se tuma hohu*

‘Bee, teach others instead. You will understand when it fastens upon you - love is genuine and exceedingly hard. Your mind rests beneath Hari’s feet while you have carried your body to Gokula. Tell us: who has found happiness after being parted from the lotus-eyed one? Remain here; do not go back to Mathurā. Its illusion and attachment are false. “Become one of us,” the

gopīs say to Uddhava, says Sūrdās.’

Pada 150

मधुकर! जानत नाहिंन बात।
 फूँकि फूँकि हियरा सुलगावत उठि न यहाँ तें जात॥
 जो उर बसत जसोदानंदन निगुन कहाँ समात?
 कत भटकत डोलत कुसुमन को तुम हौ पातन पात?
 जदपि सकल बल्ली बन बिहरत जाय बसत जलजात।
 सूरदास ब्रज मिले बनि आवै? दासी की कुसलात

madhukara! jānata nāhiṁna bāta|
phū~ki phū~ki hiyarā sulagāvata uṭhi na yahā~ tem jāta||
jo ura basata jasodānaṁdana niguna kahā~ samāta?
kata bhaṭakata ḍolata kusumana ko tuma hau pātana pāta?
jadapi sakala ballī bana biharata jāya basata jalajāta|
sūradāsa braja mile bani āvai? dāsī kī kusalāta

‘Bee, you do not understand the matter. Blowing again and again upon the heart, you make it smolder, yet do not rise and leave. When Yaśodā’s son dwells within the breast, where can the qualityless one fit? Why wander restlessly from flower to flower and leaf to leaf? Though every vine roams through the forest, you leave them and dwell in the water-born lotus. Can Vraja be made whole by hearing news of a servant-girl, asks Sūrdās?’

Padas 151-165

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 151

राग सारंग

तिहारी प्रीति किधौँ तरवारि?
दृष्टि-धार करि मारि साँवरे घायल सब ब्रजनारि॥
रही सुखेत ठौर बृन्दाबन, रनहु न मानति हारि।
बिलपति रही संभारत छन छन बदन-सुधाकर-बारि॥
सुंदरस्याम-मनोहर-मूरति रहिहौँ छबिहि निहारि।
रंचक सेष रही सूर प्रभु अब जनि डारौ मारि

tihārī prīti kidhaum taravāri?

dr̥ṣṭi-dhāra kari mārī sā~vare ghāyala saba brajanārī||

rahī sukheta ṭhaura bṛndābana, ranahu na mānati hārī|

bilapati rahī saṁbhārata chana chana badana-sudhākara-bārī||

suṁdarasyāma-manohara-mūrati rahihaum chabihi nihārī|

raṁcaka seṣa rahī sūra prabhu aba jani ḍārau mārī

‘Is your love a sword? Dark one, you fashioned its edge from your glance and struck; every woman of Vraja lies wounded. She remains upon the good field of Vṛndāvana and does not admit defeat even in battle, lamenting yet preserving herself each moment with the water of your moon-face. I shall remain gazing upon beautiful Śyāma’s enchanting form. Only a trace of life is left, Lord of Sūrdās - do not strike and cast it away now.’

Pada 152

राग धनाश्री

मधुकर! कौन मनायो मानै?
 अबिनासी अति अगम अगोचर कहा प्रीति-रस जानै?
 सिखवहु ताहि समाधि की बातें जैहैं लोग सयाने।
 हम अपने ब्रज ऐसेहि बसिहैं बिरह-बाय-बौराने॥
 सोवत जागत सपने सौँतुख रहिहैं सो पति माने।
 बालकुमार किसोर को लीलासिंधु सो तामें साने॥
 पर्यो जो पयनिधि बूढ़ अलप सो को जो अब पहिचाने?
 जाके तन धन प्रान सूर हरि-मुख-मुसुकानि बिकाने

madhukara! kauna manāyo mānai?
abināsī ati agama agocara kahā prīti-rasa jānai?
sikhavahu tāhi samādhi kī bāṭeṃ jaihaiṃ loga sayāne|
hama apane braja aisehi basihaiṃ biraha-bāya-baurāne||
sovata jāgata sapane saṃtūkha rahihaiṃ so pati māne|
bālakumāra kisora ko līlāsīṃdhu so tāmeṃ sāne||
paryo jo payanidhi būṛha alapa so ko jo aba pahicāne?
jāke tana dhana prāna sūra hari-mukha-musukāni bikāne

‘Bee, who can persuade the unpersuadable? What can the imperishable, inaccessible, imperceptible one know of love’s rasa? Teach samādhi to that one; let learned people follow it. We shall live just as we are in Vraja, maddened by separation’s wind. Sleeping, waking, and dreaming, we shall remain devoted to the husband we accepted: the youthful boy, an ocean of playful līlā, in whose waters we are immersed. Once a tiny drop has fallen into the ocean of milk, who can distinguish it again? Body, wealth, and life have all been sold, says Sūrdās, for the smile upon Hari’s face.’

Pada 153

राग मलार

मधुकर! ये मन बिगारि परे।
 समुझत नाहिं ज्ञानगीता को हरि-मुसुकानि अरे॥
 बालमुकुन्द-रूप-रसराचे तातें बक्र खरे।
 होय न सूधी स्वान पुँछि ज्यों कोटिक जतन करे॥
 हरि-पद-नलिन बिसारत नाहीं सीतल उर संचरे।
 जोग गंभीर है अंधकूप तेहि देखत दूरि डरे॥
 हरि-अनुराग सुहाग भाग भरे अमिय तें गरल गरे।
 सूरदास बरु ऐसेहि रहिहैं कान्हबियोग-भरे

madhukara! ye mana bigari pare|
samujhata nāhiṇ jñānagītā ko hari-musukāni are||
bālamukunda-rūpa-rasarāce tāteṁ bakra khare|
hoya na sūdhī svāna pū-chi jyōṇ koṭika jatana kare||
hari-pada-nalina bisārata nāhiṇ sītala ura saṁcare|
joga gaṁbhīra hai aṁdhakūpa tehi dekhata dūri ḍare||
hari-anurāga suhāga bhāga bhare amiya teṁ garala gare|
sūradāsa baru aisehi rahihaiṇ kānhabiyoga-bhare

‘Bee, these minds have become spoiled. Pierced by Hari’s smile, they do not understand the Gītā of knowledge. Steeped in the rasa of child Mukunda’s form, they have become truly crooked. A dog’s tail will not grow straight though one make ten million efforts. They never forget the cool lotus of Hari’s feet, which moves within the heart. Yoga is a deep blind well; they are frightened merely to see it from afar. Filled with the good fortune of loving Hari, they take poison as nectar. Better to remain like this, says Sūrdās, filled with separation from Kanhā.’

Pada 154

मधुकर! जौ तुम हितू हमारे।
 तौ या भजन-सुधानिधि में जनि डारौ जोग-जल खारे॥
 सुनु सठ रीति, सुरभि पयदायक क्यों न लेत हल फारे?
 जो भयभीत होत रजु देखत क्यों बढ़वत अहि कारे॥
 निज कृत बूझि, बिना दसनन हति तजत धाम नहि हारे।
 सो बल अछत निसा पंकज में दल-कपाट नहि टारे॥
 रे अलि, चपल मोदरस-लंपट! कतहि बकत बिन काज?
 सूर स्याम-छबि क्यों बिसरत है नखसिख अंग बिराज?

*madhukara! jau tuma hitū hamāre|
 tau yā bhajana-sudhānidhi meṃ jani dārau joga-jala khāre||
 sunu saṭha rīti, surabhi payadāyaka kyoṃ na leta hala phāre?
 jo bhayabhīta hota raju dekhata kyoṃ baṛhavata ahi kāre||
 nija kṛta būjhi, binā dasanana hati tajata dhāma nahiṃ hāre|
 so bala achata nisā paṃkaja meṃ dala-kapāṭa nahiṃ ṭāre||
 re ali, chapala modarasa-lampāṭa! katahi bakata bina kāja?
 sūra syāma-chabi kyoṃ bisarata hai nakhasikha aṅga birāja?*

‘Bee, if you are our well-wisher, do not pour yoga’s salt water into this nectar-ocean of worship. Hear the rule, fool: why not yoke the milk-giving cow to tear the earth with a plow? Why, before someone frightened merely by a rope, make a black snake grow larger? A bee strong enough to bore wood still cannot open the petal-doors when trapped at night within a lotus. Restless, fragrance-greedy bee, why babble without purpose? How could Śyāma’s beauty be forgotten, asks Sūrdās, when every limb from nail to crown shines before us?’

Pada 155

राग सौरभ

मधुकर! कौन गाँव की रीति?
 ब्रजजुवतिन को जोग-कथा तुम कहत सबै बिपरीति॥
 जा सिर फूल फुलेल मेलिकै हरि-कर ग्रंथें छोरी।
 ता सिर भसम, मसान पै सेवन, जटा करत आघोरी॥
 रतनजटित ताटक बिराजत अरु कमलन की जोति।
 तिन स्रवनन पहिरावत मुद्रा तोहि दया नहिं होति॥
 बेसरि नाक, कंठ मनिमाला, मुखनि सार असवास।
 तिन मुख सिंगी कहौ बजावन, भोजन आक, पलास॥
 जा तन को मृगमद घसि चंदन सूछम पट पहिराए।
 ता तन को रचि घीर पुरातन दै ब्रजनाथ पठाए॥
 वै अबिनासी ज्ञान घटैगो यहि बिधि जोग सिखाए।
 करें भोग भरिपूर सूर तहँ, जोग करें ब्रज आए

madhukara! kauna gā~va kī rīti?
brajajuvatina ko joga-kathā tuma kahata sabai biparīti||
jā sira phūla phulela melikai hari-kara graṁthaiṁ chorī||
tā sira bhasama, masāna pai sevana, jaṭa karata āghorī||
ratanaṇṇaṭita tāṭaṁka birājata aru kamalana kī jotī||
tina sravanana pahirāvata mudrā tohiṇ dayā nahiṇ hoti||
besari nāka, kaṁṭha manimālā, mukhani sāra asavāsa|
tina mukha siṁgi kahau bajāvana, bhojana āka, palāsa||
jā tana ko mṛgamada ghasi caṇḍana sūchama paṭa pahirāe|
tā tana ko raci cira purātana dai brajanātha paṭhāe||
vai abināsī jñāna ghaṭaigo yahi bidhi joga sikhāe|
karaiṇ bhoga bhariṇpūra sūra taha~, joga karaiṇ braja āe

‘Bee, what village follows this custom? Everything in the yoga-story you tell the young women of Vraja is reversed. Hari’s hands dressed their heads with flowers and perfume and braided their hair; you would place ashes from the cremation ground upon those heads and make them aghorīs with matted locks. Gem-set earrings and lotus-radiance adorn their ears; you would make them wear yogic seals without a thought of pity. Nose-rings, jeweled necklaces, and lovely breath adorn them; you tell those mouths to blow a horn and eat milkweed and palāśa leaves. Their bodies were rubbed with musk and sandalwood and dressed in delicate cloth; for those same bodies the Lord of Vraja has composed old rags and sent them. Will the imperishable knowledge diminish unless yoga is taught this way? There they enjoy every pleasure to the full, says Sūrdās, while sending yoga here to Vraja.’

Pada 156

राग नट

मधुकर! ये नयना पै हारे।
 निरखि निरखि मग कमलनयन को प्रेममगन भए भारे॥
 ता दिन तें नौदौ पुनि नासी, चौंकि परत अधिकारे।
 सपन तुरी जागत पुनि सोई जो हैं हृदय हमारे॥
 यह निगुन लै ताहि बतावो जो जानैं याके सारे।
 सूरदास गोपाल छाँड़ि कै चूसैं टेटी खारे

*madhukara! ye nayanā pai hāre|
 nirakhi nirakhi maga kamalanayana ko premamagana bhae bhāre||
 tā dina teṇ nīṇḍau puni nāsī, cāuṇki parata adhikāre|
 sapana turī jāgata puni soī jo haiṇ hṛdaya hamāre||
 yaha niguna lai tāhi batāvo jo jānaiṇ yāke sāre|
 sūradāsa gopāla chā-ṛi kai cūsaiṇ ṭeṭī khāre*

‘Bee, these eyes have accepted defeat. Gazing and gazing down the road for the lotus-eyed one, they have grown heavy and submerged in love. From that day sleep itself disappeared; startled, they fall open wide. When dreams end and waking returns, the same one remains who lives within our hearts. Take this qualityless doctrine to someone who understands its whole meaning. Whoever abandons Gopāla, says Sūrdās, sucks the bitter salt of a wild fruit.’

Pada 157

राग धनाश्री

मधुकर! कह कारे की जाति?
 ज्यों जल मीन, कमल पै अलि की, त्यों नहिं इनकी प्रीति॥
 कोकिल कुटिल कपट बायस छलि फिरि नहिं वहि वन जाति।
 तैसेहि कान्ह केलि-रस अँचयो बैठि एक ही पाँति॥
 सुत-हित जोग जज्ञ ब्रत कीजत बहु बिधि नौकी भाँति।
 देखहु अहि मन मोहमया तजि ज्यों जननी जनि खाति॥
 तिनको क्यों मन बिसमौ कीजै औगुन लौं सुख-साँति।
 तैसेइ सूर सुनौ जदुनंदन, बजी एकस्वर ताँति

*madhukara! kaha kāre kī jāti?
 jyom jala mīna, kamala pai alī kī, tyom nahim inakī prīti||
 kokila kuṭila kapaṭa bāyasa chali phiri nahim vahi vana jāti|
 taisehi kānha keli-rasa a~cayo baiṭhi eka hī pā~ti||
 suta-hita joga jajña brata kījata bahu bidhi nīmki bhā~ti|
 dekhahu ahi mana mohamayā taji jyom janani jani khāti||
 tinako kyom mana bisamau kījai auguna laum sukha-sāmti|
 taisei sūra sunau jadunaṇḍana, bajī ekasvara tāmti*

‘Bee, what can one say of the dark-colored race? Their love is not like a fish’s for water or a bee’s for the lotus. The crooked cuckoo deceives the crow and never returns to that forest. Just so, Kanhā sat with us in one row and drank the rasa of play. People perform yoga, sacrifice, and vows in many excellent ways for the good of a child. Look - even a serpent abandons delusion before its own young; a mother does not devour her child. Why disturb the mind over one whose nature offers peace only up to the limit of its flaws? Hear Sūrdās: Nandanandana’s string sounds one note alone.’

Pada 158

राग रामकली

मधुकर! ल्याए जोग-संदेसो।
 भली स्याम-कुसलात सुनाई, सुनतहिं भयो अंदेसो॥
 आस रही जिय कबहुँ मिलन की, तुम आवत ही नासी।
 जुवतिन कहत जटा सिर बांधहु तो मिलिहैं अबिनासी॥
 तुमको जिन गोकुलहिं पठायो ते बसुदेव-कुमार।
 सूर स्याम मनमोहन बिहरत ब्रज में नंददुलार

madhukara! lyāe joga-saṁdeso|
bhalī syāma-kusalāta sunāi, sunatahiṁ bhayo aṁdeso||
āsa rahī jiya kabahu~ milana kī, tuma āvata hī nāsī|
juvatina kahata jaṭā sira bāṁdhahu to milihaiṁ abināsī||
tumako jina gokulahiṁ paṭhāyo te basudeva-kumāra|
sūra syāma manamohana biharata braja meṁ nandadulāra

‘Bee, you have brought a message of yoga. You first told us the welcome news that Śyāma is well, yet hearing the rest produced dread. A hope of meeting him someday remained within the heart; your arrival destroyed even that. You tell young women to bind matted locks upon their heads so they may meet the imperishable. The one who sent you to Gokula is Vasudeva’s princely son. The true dark, enchanting Śyāma still wanders in Vraja as Nanda’s darling, says Sūrdās.’

Pada 159

राग सौरठ

स्याम विनोदी रे मधुबनियाँ।
 अब हरि गोकुल कांहे को आवहिं चाहत नवयौवनियाँ॥
 वे दिन माधव भूलि बिसरि गए गोद खिलाए कनियाँ।
 गुहि गुहि देते नंद जसोदा तनक कांच के मनियाँ॥
 दिना चारि तें पहिरन सीखे पट पीतांबर तनियाँ।
 सूरदास प्रभु तजी कामरी अब हरि भए चिकनियाँ

syāma vinodī re madhubaniyā~|
aba hari gokula kāmhe ko āvahiṁ cāhata navayauvaniyā~||
ve dina mādhaḥva bhūli bisari gae goda khilāe kaniyā~|
guhi guhi dete naṁda jasodā tanaka kāmca ke maniyā~||
dinā cāri teṁ pahirana sikhe paṭa pītāmbara taniyā~|
sūradāsa prabhu tājī kāmārī aba hari bhae cikaniyā~

‘The dark one is a city libertine now, friend. Why would Hari return to Gokula when he desires newly youthful women? Mādhava has forgotten those days when the girls played with him in their laps, while Nanda and Yaśodā repeatedly strung little glass beads for his body. Only four days ago he learned to wear the fine yellow cloth. Sūrdās’s Lord has cast aside his cowherd blanket; Hari has become polished and sophisticated now.’

Pada 160

राग धनाश्री

ऊधो! हम ही हैं अति बौरी।
 सुभग कलेवर कुंकुम खौरी। गुंजमाल अरु पीत पिछौरी॥
 रूप निरखि दृग लागे ढोरी। चित चुराय लयो मूरति सो, री!
 गहियत सो जा समय अंकोरी। याही तें बुधि कहियत बौरी॥
 सूर स्याम सों कहिय कठोरी! यह उपदेस सुने तें बौरी

ūdho! hama hī haiṁ ati baurī|
subhaga kalevara kuṁkuma khaurī| guṁjamāla aru pīta picṭhaurī||
rūpa nīrakhī dṛga lāge ḍhorī| cita curāya layo mūrati so, rī!
gahiyata so jā samaya aṁkorī| yāhī teṁ budhi kahiyata baurī||
sūra syāma soṁ kahiya kaṭhorī! yaha upadesa sune teṁ baurī

‘Uddhava, we alone are utterly mad! Lovely body streaked with saffron, guñjā garland and yellow shawl - our eyes looked upon that beauty and became ropes binding us to it. That embodied form stole the mind, friend! We should have seized and held him in our arms at that very moment; this is why our judgment is called mad. Tell hard-hearted Śyāma, says Sūrdās: hearing this instruction has made us mad.’

Pada 161

कहाँ लगी मानिए अपनी चूक?
 बिन गोपाल, ऊधो, मेरी छाती है न गई है टूक॥
 तन, मन, जौबन वृथा जात है ज्यों भुवंग की फूँक।
 हृदय अग्नि को दवा बरत है, कठिन बिरह की हुक॥
 जाकी मनि हरि लई सीस तें कहा करै अहि मूक?
 सूरदास ब्रजबास बसीं हम मनहुँ दाहिने सूक॥

*kahā~ lagi mānie apañi cūka?
 bina gopāla, ūdho, merī chātī hvai na gai dvai tūka||
 tana, mana, jaubana vrthā jāta hai jyom bhuvaṅga kī phū~ka|
 hrdaya agni ko davā barata hai, kaṭhina biraha kī hūka||
 jākī mani hari lai sīsa teṁ kahā karai ahi mūka?
 sūradāsa brajabāsa basīṁ hama manahū~ dāhine sūka||*

‘How long can I blame my own mistake? Without Gopāla, Uddhava, why has my breast not split into two? Body, mind, and youth pass uselessly like a serpent’s breath. The forest fire of the heart spreads beneath separation’s piercing cry. When Hari has taken the jewel from a serpent’s head, what can the mute creature do? We dwell on in Vraja, says Sūrdās, like a parrot waiting upon a doubtful omen.’

Pada 162

राग कल्याण

ऊधों! जोग जानै कौन?
 हम अबला कह जोग जानैं जियत जाको रौन॥
 जोग हमपै होय न आवै, धरि न आवै मौन।
 बाँधिहैं क्यों मन-पखेरू साधिहैं क्यों पौन?
 कहौ अंबर पहिरि कै मृगछाल ओढ़ै कौन?
 गुरु हमारे कूबरी-कर-मंत्र-माला जौन॥
 मदनमोहन बिन हमारे परै बात न कौन?
 सूर प्रभु कब आयहैं वे श्याम दुख के दौन?

*ūdhoṁ! joga jānai kauna?
 hama abalā kaha joga jānaiṁ jiyata jāko rauna||
 joga hamapai hoya na āvai, dhari na āvai mauna|
 bā~dhihaiṁ kyom mana-pakherū sādhilaiṁ kyom pauna?
 kahau aṁbara pahiri kai mṛgachāla oṛhai kauna?
 guru hamāre kūbarī-kara-maṁtra-mālā jauna||
 madanamohana bina hamāre parai bāta na kauna?
 sūra prabhu kaba āyahaiṁ ve śyāma dukha ke dauna?*

‘Uddhava, who knows yoga? How could helpless women know it while the very one for whom they live has gone? Yoga will not come to us, nor can we maintain silence. How shall we bind the bird of the mind, and how master the wind? Tell us - who will wear the sky and wrap herself in deerskin? Our guru is Kubjā’s hand, and the mantra-beads are the marks it left. No other subject reaches us apart from Madanamohana. When will that dark destroyer of sorrow return, Lord of Sūrdās?’

Pada 163

राग केदारो

फिर ब्रज बसहु गोकुलनाथ।
 बहुरि न तुमहिं जगाय पठवौं गोधनन के साथ॥
 बरजौं न माखन खात कबहुँ, दैहौं देन लुटाय।
 कबहुँ न दैहौं उराहनो जसुमति के आगे जाय॥
 दौरि दाम न देहुँगी, लकुटी न जसुमति-पानि।
 घोरी न देहुँ उघारि, किए औगुन न कहिहौं आनि॥
 करिहौं न तुमसों मान हठ, हठिहौं न माँगत दान।
 कहिहौं न मृदु मुरली बजावन, करन तुमसों गान॥
 कहिहौं न घरनन देन जावक, गुहन बेनी फूल।
 कहिहौं न करन सिंगार बट-तर, बसन जमुना-कूल॥
 भुज भूषननयुत कंध धरिकै रास नृत्य न कराउँ।
 हौं संकेत-निकुंज बसिकै दूति-मुख न बुलाउँ।
 एक बार जु दरस दिखवहु प्रीति-पंथ बसाय।
 चँवर करौं, चढ़ाय आसन, नयन अंग अंग लाय॥
 देहु दरसन नंदनंदन मिलन ही की आस।
 सूर प्रभु की कुँवर-छबि को मरत लोचन प्यास

phira braja basahu gokulanātha|
 bahuri na tumahiṁ jagāya paṭhavauṁ godhanana ke sātha||
 barajauṁ na mākhaṇa khāta kabahū~, daihaṁ dena luṭāya|
 kabahū~ na daihaṁ urāhano jasumati ke āge jāya||
 dauri dāma na dehu~gī, lakuṭi na jasumati-pāni|
 corī na dehu~ ughāri, kie auguna na kahihaṁ āni||
 karihaṁ na tumasoṁ māna haṭha, haṭhihaṁ na mā~gata dāna|
 kahihaṁ na mṛdu muralī bajāvana, karana tumasoṁ gāna||
 kahihaṁ na caranana dena jāvaka, guhana benī phūla|
 kahihaṁ na karana siṅgāra baṭa-tara, basana jamunā-kūla||
 bhujā bhūṣanāyuta kaṁdha dharikai rāsa nṛtya na karāu~|
 haṁ saṁketa-nikuṁja basikai dūti-mukha na bulāu~|
 eka bāra ju darasa dikhavahu prīti-paṁtha basāya|
 ca~vara karaṁ, caṛhāya āsana, nayana aṁga aṁga lāya||
 dehu darasana naṁdanāṁdana milana hī kī āsa|

sūra prabhu kī ku~vara-chaṁbi ko marata locana pyāsa

‘Come live in Vraja again, Lord of Gokula. I shall never wake and send you out with the cattle again. I shall not stop you from eating butter; I will let you plunder and give away everything. I shall never carry a complaint to Yaśodā. I will not run to bring the rope, nor place a stick in Yaśodā’s hand. I will not expose your thefts or report the faults you commit. I shall not sulk or stubbornly demand a gift from you. I will not ask you to play the sweet flute or sing for me. I will not ask to paint your feet red or weave flowers into your braid, nor to adorn me beneath the banyan or leave clothes upon the Yamunā’s bank. I will not place your ornamented arms upon my shoulders and make you dance the rāsa. I will not wait in the appointed bower and send a messenger to summon you. Only show yourself once and let love’s path remain. I will wave the yak-tail fan, raise you onto a seat, and fix my eyes upon every limb. Grant your sight, Nandanandana - meeting alone is our hope. The eyes are dying of thirst, says Sūrdās, for the princely beauty of the Lord.’

Pada 164

राग सारंग

कबहुँ सुधि करत गोपाल हमारी?
 पूछत नंद पिता ऊधो सों अरु जसुमति महतारी॥
 कबहुँ तौ चूक परी अनजानत, कह अबके पछिताने?
 बासुदेव घर-भीतर आए हम अहीर नहिं जाने॥
 पहिले गरग कह्यो हो हमसों, 'या देखे जनि भूलै'
 सूरदास स्वामी के बिछुरे राति-दिवस उर सूलै

kabahū~ sudhi karata gopāla hamārī?
pūchata naṁda pitā ūdho soṅ aru jasumati mahatārī||
kabahu~ tau cūka parī anajānata, kaha abake pachitāne?
bāsudeva ghara-bhītara āe hama ahīra nahīṁ jāne||
pahile garaga kahyo ho hamasoṅ, 'yā dekhe jani bhūlai'
sūradāsa svāmī ke bichure rāti-dīvasa ura sūlai

‘Does Gopāla ever remember us?’ Nanda his father and Yaśodā his mother ask Uddhava. ‘Perhaps unknowingly we made some mistake - tell us, so we may repent now. He came into Vasudeva’s house; we simple cowherds did not understand. Long ago Garga told us, “Having seen this child, do not ever forget him.” Since parting from Sūrdās’s Lord, a thorn pierces the heart day and night.’

Pada 165

राग बिलावल

भली बात सुनियत हैं आज।
 कोऊ कमलनयन पठयो है तन बनाय अपनो सो साज॥
 बूझौ सखा कहौ कैसे कै, अब नाहीं कीबे कछु काज।
 कंस मारि बसुदेव गृह आने, उग्रसेन को दीनो राज॥
 राजा भए कहाँ है यह सुख, सुरभि-संग बन गोप-समाज?
 अब जो सूर करौ कोउ कोटिक नाहिन कान्ह रहत ब्रज आज

bhalī bāta suniyata haiṇ āja|
koū kamalanayana paṭhaya hai tana banāya apano so sāja||
būjhau sakhā kahau kaise kai, aba nāhīṇ kībe kachu kāja|
kaṁsa māri basudeva grha āne, ugrasena ko dīno rāja||
rājā bhae kahā~ hai yaha sukha, surabhi-saṅga bana gopa-samāja?
aba jo sūra karau kou koṭika nāhīṇna kānha rahata braja āja

‘Today we hear welcome news: the lotus-eyed one has sent someone fashioned and adorned like himself. Friend, tell us plainly how he fares; there is nothing left for us to do now. He killed Kamsa, returned to Vasudeva’s home, and gave the kingdom to Ugrasena. But where is the joy of becoming a king compared with the forest among cows and cowherds? Whatever ten million deeds he performs now, says Sūrdās, Kanhā does not live in Vraja today.’

Padas 166-180

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 166

राग नट

उधो! हम आजु भई बड़भागी।
जैसे सुमन-गंध लै आवतु पवन मधुप अनुरागी।
अति आनंद बढ़यो अँग अँग मैं, परै न यह सुख त्यागी।
बिसरे सब दुख देखत तुमको स्यामसुन्दर हम लागी॥
ज्यों दर्पन मधि दृग निरखत जहँ हाथ तहाँ नहिं जाई।
त्यों ही सूर हम मिलीं साँवरे बिरह-बिथा बिसराई

*udho! hama āju bhaīṁ baṛabhāgī|
jaise sumana-gaṇḍha lai āvatu pavana madhupa anurāgī|
ati ānaṇḍa baṛhyo a~ga a~ga maiṁ, parai na yaha sukha tyāgī|
bisare saba dukha dekhata tumako syāmasundara hama lāgī||
jyom darpana madhi dṛga nirakhata jaha~ hātha tahā~ nahīṁ jāī|
tyom hī sūra hama milīṁ sā~vare biraha-bithā bisarāī*

‘Uddhava, today we have become greatly fortunate. As the wind carries a flower’s fragrance to a loving bee, so you have brought him near. Great joy has increased through every limb; this happiness cannot be cast away. Seeing you, all sorrow was forgotten, for we took you to be beautiful Śyāma. Yet as eyes behold an image within a mirror where the hand cannot reach, just so we met the dark one through you, says Sūrdās, and forgot separation’s pain.’

Pada 167

राग सारंग

पाती सखि! मधुबन तें आई।
 ऊधो-हाथ स्याम लिखि पठई, आय सुनौ, री माई।
 अपने अपने गृह तें दौरीं लै पाती उर लाई।
 नयनन नीर निरखि नहिं खंडित प्रेम न बिथा बुझाई॥
 कहा करौं सूनो यह गोकुल हरि बिनु कछु न सुहाई।
 सूरदास प्रभु कौन चूक तें स्याम सुरति बिसराई?

pāti sakhi! madhubana teṁ āi|
ūdho-hātha syāma likhi paṭhai, āya sunau, rī māi!
apane apane grha teṁ daurīṁ lai pāti ura lāi|
nayanana nīra nirakhi nahīṁ khaṇḍita prema na bithā bujhāi||
kahā karaūṁ sūno yaha gokula hari binu kachu na suhāi|
sūradāsa prabhu kauna cūka teṁ syāma surati bisarāi?

‘Friend, a letter has come from Mathurā! Śyāma wrote it and sent it in Uddhava’s hand - come and listen, Mother!’ Each ran from her own home and pressed the letter to her breast. Tears filled their eyes; the writing could not be seen, while neither love nor pain was extinguished. ‘What can I do? Gokula is empty; without Hari nothing gives delight. Through what fault did dark Śyāma forget to remember us, Lord of Sūrdās?’

Pada 168

राग नट

सुनु गोपी हरि को सँदेस।
 करि समाधि अंतर-गति चितवौ प्रभु को यह उपदेस॥
 वै अबिगत, अबिनासी, पूरन, घटघट रहे समाय।
 तिहि निश्चय कै ध्यावहु ऐसे सुचित कमलमन लाइ॥
 यह उपाय करि बिरह तजौगी मिलै ब्रह्म तब आय।
 तत्त्वज्ञान बिनु मुक्ति न होई निगम सुनाबत गाय॥
 सुनत सँदेस दुसह माधव के गोपीजन बिलखानी।
 सूर बिरह की कौन चलावै, नयन ढरत अति पानी

sunu gopī hari ko sa~desa|
kari samādhi āntara-gati citavau prabhu ko yaha upadesa||
vai abigata, abināsī, pūrana, ghaṭaghaṭa rahe samāya|
tihi niścaya kai dhyāvahu aise sucita kamalamana lāi||
yaha upāya kari biraha tajaugī milai brahma taba āya|
tattvajñāna binu mukti na hoī nigama sunābata gāya||
sunata sa~desa dusaha mādharma ke gopījana bilakhānī|
sūra biraha kī kauna calāvai, nayana ḍharata atī pānī

‘Hear Hari’s message, gopīs. Enter samādhi and contemplate the Lord within - this is his instruction. He is imperceptible, imperishable, complete, and present in every vessel. Certain of this, meditate upon him with a purified lotus-mind. By this means you will abandon separation, and Brahman will come to meet you. Without knowledge of reality there is no liberation - the Vedas sing and proclaim it.’ Hearing Mādhava’s unbearable message, the gopīs lamented. Who can redirect separation, asks Sūrdās, while the eyes pour so much water?

Pada 169

राग सारंग

मधुकर! भली सुमति मति खोई।
 हाँसी होन लगी या ब्रज में जोगै राखौ गोई॥
 आतमराम लखावत डोलत घटघट व्यापक जोई।
 चापे काँख फिरत निर्गुन को, ह्याँ गाहक नहिं कोई॥
 प्रेम-बिथा सोई पै जानै जापै बीती होई।
 तू नीरस एती कह जानै? बूझि देखिबे ओई॥
 बड़ो दूत तू, बड़े ठौर को, कहिए बुद्धि बड़ोई।
 सूरदास पूरीषहि षटपद! कहत फिरत है सोई

madhukara! bhalī sumati mati khoī
hā~sī hona lagi yā braja meṃ jogai rākhau goī||
ātamarāma lakhāvata ḍolata ghaṭaghaṭa vyāpaka joī
cāpe kā~kha phirata nīrguna ko, hyā~ gāhaka nahīṃ koī||
prema-bithā soī pai jānai jāpai bīṭī hoī
tū nīrasa etī kaha jānai? būjhi dekhibe oī||
baṛo dūta tū, baṛe ṭhaura ko, kahie buddhi baṛoī
sūradāsa pūrīṣahi ṣaṭapada! kahata phirata hai soī

‘Bee, having gained excellent wisdom, you have lost your mind. Yoga will make us the laughingstock of Vraja - keep it hidden. You wander displaying the Self-delighting one who pervades every vessel, carrying the qualityless bundle beneath your arm, but there is no customer here. Only one who has endured love’s pain knows it. You are without rasa - how could you know so much? Ask the one who has suffered and see. You are a great messenger from a great place, so your intellect too is called great. Six-legged bee, says Sūrdās, you roam about calling filth itself fragrant pollen.’

Pada 170

सुनियत ज्ञानकथा अलि गात।
 जिहि मुख सुधा बेनुरवपूरित हरि प्रति छनहिं सुनात॥
 जहैं लीलारस सखी-समाजहिं कहत कहत दिन जात।
 बिधिना फेरि दियो सब देखत, तहैं षटपद समुझात॥
 बिद्यमान रसरस लड़ैते कत मन इत अरुझात?
 रूपरहित कछु बकत बदन ते मति कोउ ठग भुरवात॥
 साधुबाद सुतिसार जानिकै उचित न मन बिसरात।
 नँदनंदन कर-कमलन को छबि मुख उर पर परसात॥
 एक एक ते सबै सयानी ब्रजसुँदरि न सकात।
 सूर स्याम-रससिंधुगामिनी नहिं वह दसा हिरात

suniyata jñānakathā ali gāta|
jihī mukha sudhā benuravapūrīta hari prati chanahiṁ sunāta||
jaha~ līlārasa sakhī-samājahīṁ kahata kahata dīna jāta|
bidhinā pheri diyo saba dekhata, taha~ ṣaṭpada samujhāta||
bidyamāna rasarāsa laṛaite kata mana ita arujhāta?
rūparahita kachu bakata badana te mati kou ṭhaga bhuravāta||
sādhubāda srutisāra jānikai ucita na mana bisarāta|
na~dananādana kara-kamalana ko chabi mukha ura para parasāta||
eka eka te sabai sayānī brajasu~dari na sakāta|
sūra syāma-rasasiṁdhugāminī nahiṁ vaha dasā hirāta

‘Bee, we hear this tale of knowledge from the very mouth that once poured flute-nectar toward Hari every instant, where days passed in telling the circle of friends about the rasa of his play. Fate has reversed everything before our eyes, and now a six-legged creature instructs us there. When the darling treasury of rasa is present, why should the mind become entangled elsewhere? Some cheat mutters of a formless thing from his mouth and confuses understanding. We honor the essence of scripture, yet it is not right for the mind to forget the touch of Nandanandana’s lotus hands upon face and breast. Every beauty of Vraja is wise in her own way and cannot be shaken. Traveling toward the ocean of Śyāma’s rasa, says Sūrdās, she does not abandon that condition.’

Pada 171

ऊधो! इतनी कहियो जाय।
 अति कृसगात भई हैं तुम बिनु बहुत दुखारी गाय॥
 जल समूह बरसत अँखियन तें, हुंकत लीने नाँव।
 जहाँ जहाँ गोदोहन करते ढूँढ़त सोइ सोई ठाँव॥
 परति पछार खाय तेहि तेहि थल अति व्याकुल है दीन।
 मानहुँ सूर काढ़ि डारे हैं बारि मध्य तें मीन

ūdho! itanī kahiyo jāya|
ati kṛsagāta bhai haim̐ tuma binu bahuta dukhārī gāya||
jala samūha barasata a~khiyana tem̐, hūmkata līne nā~va|
jahā~ jahā~ godohana karate dhū~rhata soi soi thā~va||
parati pachāra khāya tehi tehi thala ati vyākula hvai dīna|
mānahu~ sūra kāḍhi ḍāre haim̐ bāri madhya tem̐ mīna

‘Uddhava, go and tell him only this: without you the cows have become exceedingly thin and miserable. Floods pour from their eyes; they low while calling your name. They search every place where you used to milk them. At each spot they fall and roll upon the ground, utterly agitated, helpless, and poor. It is as though someone had drawn fish out from the middle of the water, says Sūrdās.’

Pada 172

ऊधो जोग सिखावन आए।
 सिंधी, भस्म, अधारी, मुद्रा लै ब्रजनाथ पठाए॥
 जौपै जोग लिख्यो गोपिन को, कस रसरास खिलाए?
 तबहिं ज्ञान काहे न उपदेस्यो, अधर-सुधारस प्याए॥
 मुरली सब्द सुनत बन गवनति सुत पति गृह बिसराए।
 सूरदास सँग छाँड़ि स्याम को मनहिं रहे पछिताए

ūdho joga sikhāvana āe|
siṇdhī, bhasma, adhārī, mudrā lai brajanātha paṭhāe||
jaupai joga likhyo gopina ko, kasa rasarāsa khilāe?
tabahim̐ jñāna kāhe na upadesyo, adhara-sudhārasa pyāe||
muralī sabda sunata bana gavanati suta pati grha bisarāe|
sūradāsa sa~ga chā~ṛi syāma ko manahim̐ rahe pachitāe

Uddhava came to teach yoga. The Lord of Vraja sent him bearing horn, ashes, begging bowl, and yogic seals. ‘If yoga was written for the gopīs, why did he once perform the treasury of rāsa with us? Why did he not teach knowledge then, while giving us the corrected nectar of his lips to drink? Hearing the flute, we went into the forest, forgetting children, husbands, and homes. Having abandoned Śyāma’s company, says Sūrdās, he should be the one left regretting within his mind.’

Pada 173

ऊधो! लहनौ अपनो पैए।
 जो कछु विधना रची सो भइए आन दोष न लगैए॥
 कहिए कहा जु कहत बनाई सोच हृदय पछितैए।
 कुब्जा बर पावै मोहन सो, हमहीं जोग बतैए॥
 आज्ञा होय सोई तुम कहिबो, बिनती यहै सुनैए।
 सूरदास प्रभु-कृपा जानि जो दरसन सुधा पिबैए

*ūdho! lahanau apano paie|
 jo kachu vidhanā racī so bhaie āna doṣa na lagaie||
 kahie kahā ju kahata banāi soca hṛdaya pachitaie|
 kubjā bara pāvai mohana so, hamahiṁ joga bataie||
 ājñā hoyā soī tuma kahibō, binatī yahai sunaie|
 sūradāsa prabhu-kṛpā jāni jo darasana sudhā pibaie*

‘Uddhava, one receives only one’s appointed share. Whatever fate has fashioned must be undergone; blame no one else. Why compose more words? Speaking them only makes the heart repent. Kubjā receives Mohana as her chosen bridegroom, while yoga is explained to us. If you are permitted, tell him only this and let him hear our plea: knowing it to be the Lord’s grace, says Sūrdās, let us drink the nectar of his sight.’

Pada 174

ऊधो! कहा करैं ले पाती?
 जौ लगि नाहिं गोपालहिं देखति बिरह दहति मेरी छाती॥
 निमिष एक मोहिं बिसरत नाहिं सरद-समय की राती।
 मन तौ तबही तैं हरि लीन्हों जब भयो मदन बराती॥
 पीर पराई कह तुम जानौ तुम तो स्याम-सँघाती।
 सूरदास स्वामी सों तुम पुनि कहियो ठकुरसुहाती

*ūdho! kahā karaiṁ lai pātī?
 jau lagi nāhiṁ gopālahiṁ dekhati biraha dahati merī chātī||
 nimiṣa eka mohiṁ bisarata nāhiṁna sarada-samaya kī rātī|
 mana tau tabahī tēṁ hari līnhōṁ jaba bhayo madana barātī||
 pīra parāi kaha tuma jānau tuma to syāma-sa-ghātī|
 sūradāsa svāmī sōṁ tuma puni kahiyo ṭhakurasuhātī*

‘Uddhava, what shall we do with a letter? So long as I do not see Gopāla, separation burns my breast. Not for one instant do I forget those nights of the autumn season. Hari took my mind from the moment Love became the bridegroom. How could you know another’s pain? You are Śyāma’s companion. Go tell your master something pleasing to a lord, says Sūrdās.’

Pada 175

ऊधौ! बिरहौ प्रेमु करै।
 ज्यों बिनु पुट पट गहै न रंगहिं, पुट गहे रसहि परै॥
 जौ आँवौ घट दहत अनल तनु तौ पुनि अमिय भरै।
 जौ धरि बीज देह अंकुर चिरि तौ सत फरनि फरै॥
 जौ सर सहत सुभट संमुख रन तौ रबिरथहि सरै।
 सूर गोपाल प्रेमपथ-जल तें कोउ न दुखहिं डरै

*ūdhou! birahau premu karai|
 jyom binu puṭa paṭa gahai na raṅgahiṁ, puṭa gahe rasahi parai||
 jau ā-vau ghaṭa dahata anala tanu tau puni amiya bharai|
 jau dhari bīja deha aṅkura ciri tau sata pharani pharai||
 jau sara sahata subhaṭa saṁmukha rana tau rabirathahi sarai|
 sūra gopāla premapatha-jala teṁ kou na dukhahiṁ ḍarai*

‘Uddhava, separation prepares love. Cloth takes no dye without first receiving the mordant; once treated, it absorbs the rasa. When the pot’s body burns in the kiln, it can afterward be filled with nectar. When a seed splits the body and sends out a shoot, it yields a hundred fruits. When a warrior endures arrows face-to-face in battle, he reaches the sun’s chariot. On the watery path of love for Gopāla, says Sūrdās, no one fears suffering.’

Pada 176

ऊधो! इतनी जाय कहो।
 सब बल्लभी कहति हरि सों ये दिन मधुपुरी रहो॥
 आज काल तुमहुँ देखत हौ तपत तरनि सम चंद।
 सुंदरस्याम परम कोमल तनु क्यों सहि हैं नंदनंद॥
 मधुर मोर पिक परुष प्रबल अति बन उपवन चढ़ि बोलत।
 सिंह बृकन सम गाय बच्छ ब्रज बीथिन बीथिन डोलत॥
 आसन असन, बसन विष अहि सम भूषन भवन भँडार।
 जित तित फिरत दुसह दुम दुम प्रति धनुष लए सत मार॥
 तुम तौ परम साधु कोमलमन जानत हौ सब रीति।
 सूर स्याम को क्यों बोलैं ब्रज बिन टारे यह ईति

*ūdho! itanī jāya kaho|
 saba ballabhī kahati hari soṁ ye dina madhupurī raho||
 āja kāla tumahū- dekhata hau tapata taranī sama caṁda|
 suṇḍarasyaṁa parama komala tanu kyom sahi haiṁ na-danaṁda||
 madhura mora pika paruṣa prabala ati bana upabana caṛhi bolata|
 siṁha br̥kana sama gāya baccha braja bīthina bīthina ḍolata||
 āsana asana, basana viṣa ahi sama bhūṣana bhavana bha-ḍāra|
 jīta tita phirata dusaha druma druma prati dhanuṣa lae sata māra||*

*tuma tau parama sādhu komalamana jānata hau saba rīti|
sūra syāma ko kyoṃ bolaiṃ braja bina țāre yaha īti*

‘Uddhava, go tell him this much. All the beloved women say to Hari: “Remain in Mathurā during these days.” You yourself see that now the moon burns like the blazing sun. How could supremely tender, beautiful Śyāma, Nanda’s son, endure it? Sweet peacocks and cuckoos have grown terribly harsh, calling through forest and grove. Cows and calves wander from street to street like lions and wolves. Seats, food, and clothing are like serpent-poison, and houses with their stores are the same. Wherever one turns, unbearable Love roams from tree to tree with a hundred bows. You are a supremely gentle-hearted holy man and know every circumstance. How can we call Śyāma to Vraja, asks Sūrdās, before this calamity passes?’

Pada 177

राग मलार

जौ पै ऊधो! हिरदय माँझ हरी।
तौ पै इती अवज्ञा उनपै कैसे सही परी?
तबहिं दवा द्रुम दहन न पाये, अब क्यों देह जरी?
सुन्दरस्याम निकसि उर तें हम सीतल क्यों न करी?
इंद्र रिसाय बरस नयनन मग, घटत न एक घरी।
भीजत सीत भीत तन काँपत रहे, गिरि क्यों न धरी।
कर कंकन दर्पन लै दोऊ अब यहि अनख मरी।
एतो मान सूर सुनि योग जु बिरहिनि बिरह धरी

*jau pai ūdho! hiradaya mā~jha harī|
tau pai īti avajñā unapai kaise sahī parī?
tabahiṃ davā druma dahana na pāye, aba kyoṃ deha jarī?
sundarasyāma nikasi ura teṃ hama sītala kyoṃ na karī?
īndra risāya barasa nayanana maga, ghaṭata na eka gharī|
bhījata sīta bhīta tana kā~pata rahe, giri kyoṃ na dharī|
kara kaṃkana darpana lai doū aba yahi anakha marī|
eto māna sūra suni yoga ju birahini biraha dhari*

‘Uddhava, if Hari is truly within the heart, how could he allow us to suffer so much neglect? The forest fire could not burn the trees then; why does the body burn now? Why does beautiful Śyāma not emerge from the breast and cool us? Indra, enraged, rains ceaselessly down the road of our eyes; not for one hour does it diminish. Soaked, cold, afraid, and trembling, why does he not raise the mountain again? Wearing bangles and holding mirrors in both hands, we die now from this wounded pride. Hearing yoga after so much honor, says Sūrdās, women in separation are made to bear still more separation.’

Pada 178

ऊधो! इतै हितूकर रहियो।
 या ब्रज के व्योहार जिते हैं सब हरि सों कहियो।
 देखि जात अपनी इन आँखिन दावानल दहियो।
 कहैं लौं कहैं बिथा अति लाजति यह मन को सहियो॥
 कितो प्रहार करत मकरध्वज हृदय फारि चहियौ।
 यह तन नहीं जरि जात सूर प्रभु नयनन को बहियौ

ūdho! itai hitūkara rahiyo|
yā braja ke vyohāra jite haiṁ saba hari soṁ kahiyo|
dekhi jāta apanī ina ā~khina dāvānala dahiyo|
kaha~ lauṁ kahaṁ bithā ati lājati yaha mana ko sahiyo||
kito prahāra karata makaradhvaṇa hṛdaya phāri cahiyau|
yaha tana nahīṁ jari jāta sūra prabhu nayanana ko bahiyau

‘Uddhava, remain our well-wisher there. Tell Hari every custom and condition of this Vraja. With your own eyes you see the wildfire burning. How long can I tell this pain? The mind is deeply ashamed to endure it. Love, whose banner bears the sea-monster, strikes again and again and would split the heart. Yet this body does not burn away, Lord of Sūrdās, because the eyes keep flowing.’

Pada 179

ऊधो! यहि ब्रज बिरह बढ्यो।
 घर, बाहिर, सरिता, बन, उपबन, बल्ली, दुमन चढ्यो॥
 बासर-रैन सधूम भयानक दिसि दिसि तिमिर मढ्यो।
 हूँद करत अति प्रबल होत पुर, पय सों अनल डढ्यो॥
 जरि किन होत भस्म छन महियाँ हा हरि, मँत्र पढ्यो।
 सूरदास प्रभु नँदनँदन बिनु नाहिँन जात कढ्यो

ūdho! yahi braja biraha baṛhyo|
ghara, bāhira, saritā, bana, upabana, ballī, drumana caḍhyo||
bāsara-raina sadhūma bhayānaka diṣi diṣi timira maḍhyo|
dva~da karata ati prabala hota pura, paya soṁ anala ḍaḍhyo||
jari kina hota bhasma chana mahiyā~ hā hari, ma~tra paḍhyo|
sūradāsa prabhu na~dana~dana binu nāhiṁna jāta kaḍhyo

‘Uddhava, separation has spread through this Vraja. It has climbed over house and courtyard, river, forest and grove, every vine and tree. Day and night it smokes fearfully, covering every direction in darkness. Its opposing powers grow fierce within the town; water itself makes the fire blaze higher. Why does it not burn to ash in a single instant? Ah Hari - what mantra have you spoken over it? Without Lord Nandanandana, says Sūrdās, it cannot be drawn out.’

Pada 180

राग धनाश्री

ऊधो! तुम कहियो ऐसे गोकुल आवैं।
 दिन दस रहे सो भली कीनी अब जनि गहरु लगावैं॥
 तुम बिनु कछु न सुहाय प्राणपति कानन भवन न भावैं।
 बाल बिलख, मुख गौ न घरत तृन, बछरनि छीर न प्यावैं॥
 देखत अपनी आँखिन, ऊधो, हम कहि कहा जनावैं।
 सूर स्याम बिनु तपति रैन-दिनु हरिहि मिले सचु पावैं

ūdho! tuma kahiyo aise gokula āvaim|
dina dasa rahe so bhalī kīnī aba jani gaharu lagāvaim||
tuma binu kachu na suhāya prānapati kānana bhavana na bhāvaim|
bāla bilakha, mukha gau na carata tṛna, bacharani chīra na pyāvaim||
dekhata apānī ā-khina, ūdho, hama kahi kahā janāvaim|
sūra syāma binu tapati raina-dīnu harihi mile sacu pāvaim

‘Uddhava, tell him to come to Gokula like this: remaining ten days was well done, but let him delay no longer. Nothing gives pleasure without you, Lord of our life; neither forest nor home delights. Children lament, cows do not graze a mouthful of grass, and calves will not drink their milk. We see it with our own eyes, Uddhava - what more can words make known? Day and night Vraja burns without Śyāma, says Sūrdās; only meeting Hari will bring happiness.’

Padas 181-195

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 181

ऊधो! अब जो कान्ह न ऐहैं।
 जिय जानौ अरु हृदय बिचारौ हम न इतो दुख सैहैं॥
 बूझौ जाय कौन के ढोटा, का उत्तर तब दैहैं?
 खायो खेल्यो संग हमारे, ताको कहां बनैहैं॥
 गोकुलमनि मथुरा के बासी कौ लों झूठो कैहैं।
 अब हम लिखि पठवन चाहति हैं वहाँ पाति नहिं पै हैं।
 इन गैयन चरिवा छाँड्यो है जो नहिं लाल चरै हैं।
 एते पै नहिं मिलत सूर प्रभु फिरि पाछे पछितैहैं

ūdho! aba jo kānha na aihaiṃ|
jīya jānau aru hṛdaya bicārau hama na ito dukha saihaiṃ||
būjhau jāya kauna ke ḍhoṭā, kā uttara taba daihaiṃ?
khāyo khelyo saṅga hamāre, tāko kahāṃ banaihaiṃ||
gokulamani mathurā ke bāsi kau loṃ jhūṭho kaihaiṃ|
aba hama likhi paṭhavana cāhati haiṃ vahā~ pāti nahaiṃ pai haiṃ|
ina gāiyana carivā chā~ḍyo hai jo nahaiṃ lāla carai haiṃ|
ete pai nahaiṃ milata sūra prabhu phiri pāche pachitaihaiṃ

‘Uddhava, if Kanhā does not come now, know within your own heart that we shall not endure this much suffering. Go ask whose son he is - what answer will he give then? He ate and played in our company; what has become of that bond? How long can the jewel of Gokula, now a resident of Mathurā, keep telling lies? We wish to send a written letter now, but no message reaches there. Since our darling no longer grazes them, these cows have abandoned grazing. If after all this Sūrdās’s Lord will not meet us, he will repent afterward.’

Pada 182

ऊधो! हमें दोउ कठिन परी।
 जो जीवें तो, सुन सठ! ज्ञानी, तन तर्जें रूपहरी॥
 गुन गावें तौ सुक-सनकादिक, संग धावै तौ लीला करी।
 आसा अवधि संतोष धरें तौ धार्मिक ब्रज-सुन्दरी॥
 स्यामा है सब सखी सुजाती पै सब बिरह-भरी।
 सोक-सिंधु तरिबे की नौका जिहि मुख मुरलि धरी॥
 निसिदिन फिरत निरंकुस अति बड़ मातो मदन-करी।
 डहैगो सब धाम सूर जो चितौ न वह केहरी

ūdho! hamaiṃ dou kaṭhina parī|
jo jīvaiṃ to, suna saṭha! jñānī, tana tajaiṃ rūpaharī||
guna gāvaiṃ tau suka-sanakādika, saṅga dhāvai tau līlā karī|
āsā avadhi saṁtoṣa dharaiṃ tau dhārmika braja-sundarī||
syāmā hai saba sakhi sujātī pai saba biraha-bharī|
soka-siṃdhu taribe kī naukā jīhi mukha murali dharī||
nisidina phirata niraṅkusa ati baṛa mātō madana-karī|
ḍāhaigo saba dhāma sūra jo citau na vaha keharī

‘Uddhava, two hard choices have fallen upon us. If we live, wise fool, the body is robbed of beauty; if we die, whose virtues will we sing? Śuka, Sanaka, and the others sing those virtues, while those who run beside him share his play. Holding hope for the promised time, the righteous beauties of Vraja preserve contentment. Every well-born friend is dark with love, yet all are full of separation. The boat for crossing this ocean of grief is the face that bears the flute. Day and night Love’s great maddened elephant roams without a goad; unless that lion appears, says Sūrdās, it will burn down every dwelling.’

Pada 183

ऊधो! बहुतै दिन गए घरनकमल-बिमुख ही।
 दरस-हीन, दुखित दीन, छन छन विपदा सही॥
 रजनी अति प्रेमपीर, गृह बन मन धरै न धीर।
 बासर मग जोवत, उर सरिता बही नयननीर॥
 आवन की अवधि-आस सोई गनि घटत स्वास।
 इतो बिरह बिरहिनि क्यों सहि सके कह सूरदास?

*ūdho! bahutai dina gae caranakamala-bimukha hī|
 darasa-hīna, dukhita dīna, chana chana vipadā sahī||
 rajanī ati premapīra, gr̥ha bana mana dharai na dhīra|
 bāsara maga jovata, ura saritā bahī nayanānīra||
 āvana kī avadhi-āsa soī gani ghaṭata svāsa|
 ito biraha birahini kyoṃ sahi sakai kaha sūradāsa?*

‘Uddhava, many days have passed with us turned away from the lotus feet. Deprived of sight, miserable and poor, we endure disaster every moment. At night love’s pain is extreme; neither house nor forest lets the mind hold courage. By day we watch the road, while a river of tears flows from the heart. Counting only the hoped-for appointed time of his return, each breath diminishes. How can a woman in separation endure so much separation, asks Sūrdās?’

Pada 184

राग आसावरी

ऊधो! कहत न कछू बनै।
 अधरामृत-आस्वादिनि रसना कैसे जोग भनै?
 जेहि लोचन अवलोके नखसिख-सुन्दर नंदतनै।
 ते लोचन क्यों जायँ और पथ ले पठए अपनै?
 रागिनि राग तरँग तान घन जे सुति मुरलि सुनै।
 ते सुति जोग-सँदेस कठिन कह काँकर मेलि हनै॥
 सूरदास स्यामा मोहन के यह गुन बिबिध गुनै।
 कनकलता तें उपज न मुक्ता, षटपदा रंग चुनै

*ūdho! kahata na kachū banai|
 adharāmṛta-āsvādini rasanā kaise joga bhanai?
 jehi locana avaloke nakhasikha-sundara naṃdatanai|
 te locana kyoṃ jāya- aura patha lai paṭhae apanai?
 rāgini rāga tara-ga tāna ghana je sruti murali sunai|
 te sruti joga-sa~desa kaṭhina kaha kā-kara meli hanai||
 sūradāsa syāmā mohana ke yaha guna bibidha gunai|
 kanakalatā teṃ upaja na muktā, ṣaṭapada! raṅga cunai*

‘Uddhava, no words can be formed. How can a tongue accustomed to the nectar of his lips pronounce yoga? Eyes that beheld Nanda’s son, beautiful from nail to crown - how can those eyes be sent down another path? Ears that heard the flute’s dense waves of melody, mode, and pitch - why strike those ears with the stones of a harsh yoga-message? Sūrdās’s dark beloved woman contemplates Mohana’s many virtues. Pearls do not grow upon a golden vine, six-legged bee, whatever color you choose.’

Pada 185

राग मारू

ऊधो! इन नयनन नेम लियो।
 नैदनंदन सों पतिव्रत बाँध्यो, दरसत नाहि बियो॥
 इंदु चकोर, मेघ प्रति चातक जैसे धरन दियो।
 तैसे ये लोचन गोपालै इकटक प्रेम पियो॥
 ज्ञानकुसुम लै आए ऊधो! चपल न उचित कियो।
 हरिमुख-कमल अमियरस सूर चाहत वहै लियो

ūdho! ina nayanana nema liyo|
na~danaṁdana soṁ pativrata bā~dhyo, darasata nāhi biyo||
iṁḍu cakora, megha prati cātaka jaise dharana diyo|
taise ye locana gopālai ikaṭaka prema piyo||
jñānakusuma lai āe ūdho! capala na ucita kiyo|
harimukha-kamala amiyaṛasa sūra cāhata vahaī liyo

‘Uddhava, these eyes have taken a vow. Bound to Nandanandana with a wife’s fidelity, they behold no other. As the cakora is devoted to the moon and the cātaka to the cloud, so these eyes are fixed upon Gopāla and drink love without blinking. Uddhava, you acted wrongly in bringing the fickle flower of knowledge. They want only the immortal nectar of Hari’s lotus face, says Sūrdās - the very rasa they once received.’

Pada 186

राग केदारो

ऊधो! ब्रजरिपु बहुरि जिए।
 जे हमरे कारन नँदनंदन हति हति दूरि किए॥
 निसि के वेष बकी है आवति अति डर करति सकंप हिए।
 तिन पय तें तन प्रान हमारे रबि ही छिनक छिनाय लिए॥
 बन बृकरूप, अघासुर सम गृह, कितहु तौ न बितै सकिए।
 कोटिक कालीसम कालिंदी, दोषन सलिल न जात पिए॥
 अरु ऊँचे उच्छास तृनाव्रत तिहिं सुख सकल उड़ाय दिए।
 केसी सकल कर्म केसव बिन, सूर सरन काकी तकिए?

ūdho! brajaripu bahuri jie|
je hamare kārana na~danandana hati hati dūri kie||
nisi ke veṣa bakī hai āvati ati ḍara karati sakaṃpa hie|
tina paya teṃ tana prāna hamāre rabi hī chinaka chināya lie||
bana bṛkarūpa, aghāsura sama grha, kitahū tau na bitai sakie|
koṭika kālisama kāliṃdī, doṣana salila na jāta pie||
aru ū~ce ucchāsa tṛnāvratā tihīṃ sukha sakala uḍāya die|
keśi sakala karma kesava bina, sūra sarana kākī takie?

‘Uddhava, the enemies of Vraja have come alive again - the ones Nandanandana repeatedly destroyed for our sake. Night approaches in Pūtanā’s guise, making the heart tremble with fear; the sun steals the life from our bodies moment by moment as she once drew milk. The forest takes a wolf’s form, the house becomes Aghāsura; nowhere can time be passed. The Yamunā becomes ten million Kāliyas, its fault-filled water impossible to drink. Our rising sighs are Tṛṇāvarta, carrying every happiness away. Without Keśava, all deeds become Keśī - whose refuge can we seek, asks Sūrdās?’

Pada 187

राग सारंग

ऊधो! कहिए काहि सुनाए?
हरि बिछुरत जेती सहियत हैं इते बिरह के घाए॥
बरु माधव मधुबन ही रहते, कत जसुदा के आए?
कत प्रभु गोप-बेष ब्रज धार्यो, कत ये सुख उपजाए?
कत गिरि धारि इँद्र-मद मेढ्यो, कत बन रास बनाए?
अब कह निदुर भए हम ऊपर लिखि लिखि जोग पठाए?
परम प्रबीन सबै जानत हौ, तातें यह कहि आए।
अपनी कौन कहै सुनु सूर मात-पिता बिसराए

ūdho! kahie kāhi sunāe?
hari bichurata jetī sahiyata haiṁ ite biraha ke ghāe||
baru mādharma madhubana hī rahate, kata jasudā ke āe?
kata prabhu gopa-beṣa braja dhāryo, kata ye sukha upajāe?
kata giri dhāri i-dra-mada meṭyo, kata bana rāsa banāe?
aba kaha niṭhura bhae hama ūpara likhi likhi joga paṭhāe?
parama prabīna sabai jānata hau, tāteṁ yaha kahi āe|
apanī kauna kahi sunu sūra mātā-pitā bisarāe

‘Uddhava, to whom can we tell it? Since parting from Hari, we endure these countless wounds of separation. Better Mādhava had remained in Mathurā - why did he ever come to Yaśodā? Why did the Lord assume cowherd dress in Vraja and awaken all these joys? Why did he lift the mountain and break Indra’s pride, or create the rāsa in the forest? Why has he now become cruel toward us, writing and sending yoga again and again? You know everything and are supremely discerning; that is why you have come to say this. Listen, says Sūrdās - who can tell her own grief to one who has forgotten mother and father?’

Pada 188

ऊधो! भली करी गोपाल।
 आपुन तौ आवत नाहीं ह्यौं, वहाँ, रहे यहि काल॥
 चन्दन चन्द हुतो तब सीतल, कोकिलसब्द रसाल।
 अब समीर पावक सम लागत, सब ब्रज उलटी चाल॥
 हार, चीर, कंचुकि कंटक भए, तरनि तिलक भए भाल।
 सेज सिंह, गृह तिमिर-कंदरा, सर्प सुमन-मनिमाल।
 हम तौ न्याय सहैं एतो दुख बनवासी जो ग्वाल।
 सूरदास स्वामी सुखसागर भोगी भ्रमर भुवाल

ūdho! bhalī karī gopāla|
āpuna tau āvata nāhīṇ hyā~, vahā~, rahe yahi kāla||
candana canda huto taba sītala, kokilasabda rasāla|
aba samīra pāvaka sama lāgata, saba braja ulaṭī cāla||
hāra, cīra, kaṇṇuki kaṇṭaka bhae, tarani tilaka bhae bhāla|
seja siṇha, grha timira-kaṇḍarā, sarpa sumana-manimāla|
hama tau nyāya sahaīṇ eto dukha banavāsi jo gvāla|
sūradāsa svāmī sukhasāgara bhogī bhramara bhuwāla

‘Uddhava, Gopāla has done well: he does not come here himself but remains there in this season. Sandalwood and moonlight were cool then, and the cuckoo’s call sweet; now the wind feels like fire and all Vraja moves in reverse. Necklaces, garments, and bodices have become thorns, and the forehead-mark a blazing sun. The bed is a lion, the house a dark cave, and flower-and-gem garlands are snakes. We cowherd women, forest-dwellers that we are, must rightly endure this much pain. Sūrdās’s master is an ocean of joy, while the pleasure-seeking bee rules elsewhere.’

Pada 189

राग सौरठ

अपने मन सुरति करत रहिबी।
ऊधो! इतनी बात स्याम सों समय पाय कहिबी॥
घोष बसत की चूक हमारी कछू न जिय गहिबी।
परम दीन जदुनाथ जानिकै गुन बिचारि सहिबी॥
एकहि बार दयाल दरस दै बिरह-रासि दहिबी।
सूरदास प्रभु बहुत कहा कहौ बचन-लाज बहिबी

apane mana surati karata rahibī|
ūdho! itanī bāta syāma soṃ samaya pāya kahibī||
ghoṣa basata kī cūka hamārī kachū na jiya gahibī|
parama dīna jadunātha jānikai guna bicāri sahibī||
ekahi bāra dayāla darasa dai biraha-rāsi dahibī|
sūradāsa prabhu bahuta kahā kahāṃ bacana-lāja bahibī

‘Remember us within your own mind. Uddhava, when the right moment comes, tell Śyāma only this. Do not hold within your heart any fault of ours from dwelling in the cowherd settlement. Knowing us utterly poor and knowing the Lord of the Yadus, endure us after considering his virtues. Merciful one, grant sight once and burn away this mass of separation. How much more can I say, Lord of Sūrdās? Speech itself is swept away by shame.’

Pada 190

राग केदारो

उधो! नैदन्दन सों इतनी कहियो।
जद्यपि ब्रज अनाथ करि छाँड़यो तदपि बार इक चित करि रहियो॥
तिनकातोरे करौ जनि हमसों एक वास की लज्जा गहियो।
गुन-औगुनन रोष नहिं कीजत दासनिदासि की इतनी सहियो॥
तुम बिन स्याम कहा हम करिहैं यह अवलंब न सपने लहियो।
सूरदास प्रभु यह कहि पठई कहाँ जोग कहँ पीवन दहियो

udho! na~dānaṃdana soṃ itanī kahiyo|
jadṃyapi braja anātha kari chā~ṛyo tadapi bāra ika cīta kari rahiyo||
tinakātore karau jani hamasoṃ eka vāsa kī lajjā gahiyo|
guna-augunana roṣa nahīṃ kījata dāsanidāsi kī itanī sahiyo||
tuma bina syāma kahā hama karihaiṃ yaha avalamba na sapane lahiyo|
sūradāsa prabhu yaha kahi paṭhai kahā~joga kaha~pīvana dahiyo

‘Uddhava, tell Nandanandana only this: though he has abandoned Vraja and made it orphaned, let him remember us once. Do not snap his bond with us; preserve at least the modesty of having lived here. Let him not grow angry over virtues or faults, but endure this much from the

servant of his servants. Dark one, what shall we do without you? Even in dreams we find no other support. Sūrdās's Lord sent this message: where is yoga, and where is curd fit for drinking?'

Pada 191

राग सारंग

ऊधो! हरि करि पठवत जेती।
जौ मन हाथ हमारे होतो तौ कत सहती एती?
हृदय कठोर कुलिस हु तें अति तामें चेत अचेती।
तब उर बिद्य अंचल नहिं सहती, अब जमुना की रेती॥
सूरदास प्रभु तुम्हरे मिलन को, सरन देहु अब सेंती।
बिन देखे मोहिं कल न परत है जाको सुति गावत है नेती

*ūdho! hari kari paṭhavata jetī|
jau mana hātha hamāre hoto tau kata sahatī etī?
hṛdaya kaṭhora kulisa hū teṃ ati tāmeṃ ceta acetī|
taba ura bica aṇcala nahīṃ sahatī, aba jamunā kī retī||
sūradāsa prabhu tumhare milana ko, sarana dehu aba seṃtī|
bina dekhe mohīṃ kala na parata hai jāko sruti gāvata hai netī*

‘Uddhava, whatever Hari sends us - if the mind were in our own hands, why would we endure so much? The heart has grown harder than a thunderbolt, while consciousness within it lies senseless. Once even a veil could not fit between my breasts; now they are wasted like the Yamunā's sand. Lord of Sūrdās, grant me refuge now for meeting you. Without seeing the one whom scripture praises only as “not this, not this,” I find no rest.’

Pada 192

राग सोरठ

ऊधो! यह हरि कहा करयो?
 राजकाज चित दियो साँवरे, गोकुल क्यों बिसरयो?
 जौ लौं घोष रहे तौ लौं हम संतत सेवा कीनी।
 बारक कबहुँ उलूखल परसे, सोई मानि जिय लीनी॥
 जौ तुम कोटि करौ ब्रजनायक बहुते राजकुमारि।
 तौ ये नंद पिता कहाँ मिलिहैं अरु जसुमति महतारि॥
 कहैं गोधन, कहैं गोप-बृंद सब, कहैं गोरस को खैबो?
 सूरदास अब सोई करौ जिहि होय कान्ह को ऐबो

ūdho! yaha hari kahā karayo?
rājakāja cita diyo sã~vare, gokula kyoṃ bisarayo?
jau lauṃ ghoṣa rahe tau lauṃ hama saṃtata sevā kīnī|
bāraka kabahū~ ulūkhala parase, soī māni jiya līnī||
jau tuma koṭi karau brajanāyaka bahute rājakumārī|
tau ye naṃda pitā kahā~ mīlīhaiṃ aru jasumati mahatārī||
kaha~ godhana, kaha~ gopa-bṛṇḍa saba, kaha~ gorasa ko khaibo?
sūradāsa aba soī karau jihi hoyā kānha ko aibo

‘Uddhava, what has Hari done? The dark one has fixed his mind upon royal affairs - why has he forgotten Gokula? As long as he lived in the cowherd settlement, we served him constantly. If he ever so much as touched the mortar as a child, we treasured that alone within our hearts. Make him ten million times the lord of Vraja, a prince among many princes - where will he again find Nanda as father and Yaśodā as mother? Where are the cattle, where the whole company of cowherds, and where the pleasure of drinking buttermilk? Do only that now, says Sūrdās, which will make Kanhā return.’

Pada 193

राग आसावरी

ऊधो! ऐसो काम न कीजै।
 एकरंग कारे तुम दोऊ घोष समेत क्यों कीजै?
 कठिन फेरि कै दुख अवगाहैं हम सब करी अचेत।
 कृत पटपर गोता मारत हौ निरे भूँड के खेत॥
 तरपट काट कीटकुल जनमे, कहा भलाई जाने?
 फोरत बाँस गाँठि दंतन सौं बार-बार ललचाने॥
 छाँड़ि कमल सौं हेतु आपनो तू कत अनतहि जाय।
 लंपठ, ढीठ, बहुत अपराधी कैसे मन पतिआय?
 यहै जु बाति कहति हौं तुमसों फिरि मति कबहुँ आवहु।
 एक बार समुझावहु सूरज अपनो ज्ञान सिखावहु

*ūdho! aiso kāma na kijai|
 ekaraṅga kāre tuma doū ghoṣa sameta kyoṇi kijai?
 kaṭhina pheri kai dukha avagāhaiṁ hama saba karī aceta|
 kṛta paṭapara gotā mārata hau nire bhū~ḍa ke kheta||
 tarapaṭa kāṭa kīṭakula janame, kahā bhalāi jāne?
 phorata bā~sa gā~ṭhi daṁtana saṁ bāra-bāra lalacāne||
 chā~ṛi kamala saṁ hetu āpano tū kata anatahi jāya|
 laṁpaṭha, ḍhīṭha, bahuta aparādhi kaise mana patiāya?
 yahai ju bāti kahati hauṁ tumaṣoṁ phiri mati kabahū~ āvahu|
 eka bāra samujhāvahu sūraja apano jñāna sikhāvahu*

‘Uddhava, do not act this way. You two dark men are of one color - why treat the whole cowherd village alike? Turning us back, you plunge us into a depth of hardship and leave us senseless; you dive in a barren field where nothing grows. Cutting at dry reeds only breeds insects - what good do you understand in that? You split bamboo knots with your teeth and return again and again craving more. Abandoning your affection for the lotus, why do you wander elsewhere? Libertine, shameless, greatly offending - how can the mind trust you? I tell you only this: do not return again. First make Sūrdās’s Lord understand; teach your knowledge to him.’

Pada 194

राग सारंग

ऊधो! ओरी कथा कहो।
तजि जब, ज्ञान सुनै तावत तनु, बरु गहि मौन रहो॥
जाके बिच राजत मन-परघट स्यामसल-अनुरागी॥
तापै रतिद्रुम रीति नयनजल सींचत निसदिन जागी॥
भीषम अलि आए भगद्यो ब्रज, कठिन जोग-रवि घेरे।
सो मुरझात सूर को राखे मेह-नेह बिनु तेरे?

ūdho! orī kathā kaho|
taḷi jaba, jñāna sunaiṁ tāvata tanu, baru gahi mauna raho||
jāke bica rājata mana-paraghaṭa syāmasala-anurāgī|
tāpai ratidruma rīti nayanajala siṁcata nidadina jāgī||
bhīṣama ali āe bhagadyo braja, kaṭhina joga-ravi ghere|
so murajhāta sūra ko rākhe meha-neha binu tere?

‘Uddhava, tell some other story. Until you abandon this, better to seize silence than make the body listen to knowledge. Within the courtyard of the mind stands a dark tamāla of love; upon it the tree of passion grows, watered by the eyes through every waking night. A terrible bee has descended and ravaged Vraja, while the hard sun of yoga encloses it. Without your raincloud of affection, asks Sūrdās, who will preserve it from withering?’

Pada 195

ऊधो! साँच कहौ हम आगे।
घर में कहा बचे कहु ताके प्रकट आगि के लागे॥
जा दिन तें गोपाल सिधारे स्वास-अनल तन जारयो।
ऋषि-हिरदय मुखचंद मुग्ध भयो काढ़ि वाहि दै डारयो॥
एते पै तोहि सूझत नाहिन, जोग सिखावन आयो।
फिरि लै जाहु सूर के प्रभु पै जिहि हैं यहाँ पठायो

ūdho! sā~ca kahau hama āge|
ghara meṁ kahā bace kahu tāke prakaṭa āgi ke lāge||
jā dina teṁ gopāla sidhāre svāsa-anala tana jārayo|
ṛṣi-hiradaya mukhacaṇḍa mugdha bhayo kāṛhi vāhi dai ḍārayo||
ete pai tohi sūjhata nāhina, joga sikhāvana āyo|
phiri lai jāhu sūra ke prabhu pai jihīṁ haiṁ yahā~ paṭhāyo

‘Uddhava, tell the truth before us. What can remain in a house when open fire has seized it? From the day Gopāla departed, the fire of our breath has burned the body. Our sage-like heart became entranced by the moon of his face; we drew it out and gave it to him. Even after this you understand nothing and have come to teach yoga. Take it back to Sūrdās’s Lord, to the very one who sent it here.’

Padas 196-210

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 196

ऊधो! सब स्वारथ के लोग।
आपुन केलि करत कुब्जा-सँग, हमहिं सिखावत जोग॥
भ्रमि बन जात साँवरी मूरति नित देखहिं वह रूप।
अब रस-रास पुलिन जमुना के करत लाज, भए भूप॥
अनुदिन नयन निमेष न लागत, भयो बिरह अति रोग।
मिलवहु कान्ह कुमार अस्विनी मिटैं सूर सब रोग

*ūdho! saba svāratha ke loga|
āpuna keli karata kubjā-sa~ga, hamahiṁ sikhāvata joga||
bhrami bana jāta sā~varī mūrati nita dekhahiṁ vaha rūpa|
aba rasa-rāsa pulina jamunā ke karata lāja, bhae bhūpa||
anudina nayana nimeṣa na lāgata, bhayo biraha ati roga|
milavahu kānha kumāra asvinī mīṭaiṁ sūra saba roga*

‘Uddhava, everyone is selfish. He himself plays with Kubjā while teaching yoga to us. Wandering bewildered into the forest, we see that dark embodied form everywhere. Now that he has become king, he feels ashamed of the rasa and rāsa upon the Yamunā’s sandy bank. Day after day our eyes do not blink; separation has become a grave disease. Unite us with Kanhā as with the twin Aśvin physicians, says Sūrdās, and every illness will disappear.’

Pada 197

ऊधो! दीनी प्रीति-दिनाई।
 बातनि सुहृद, करम कपटी के, चले चोर की हाई॥
 बिरह-बीज बधवार सलिल मानों अधर-माधुरी प्याई।
 सो है जाय खगी अंतर्गत, औषधि बल न बसाई॥
 गरल-दान दीनो है तोकों, याकों नहीं उपाय।
 कै मारे, कै काज सरै, यह दुख देख्यो नहीं जाय॥
 कहि मारै सो सूर कहावै, मित्रद्रोह न भलाई।
 सूरदास ऐसे, अलि, जग में तिनकी गति नहिं काई

ūdho! dīnī prīti-dināi|
bātani suhr̥da, karama kapaṭi ke, cale cora kī hāi||
biraha-bīja badhavāra salila mānoṃ adhara-mādhurī pyāi|
so hai jāya khagī antargata, auṣadhi bala na basāi||
garala-dāna dīno hai tokoṃ, yākoṃ nahīṃ upāya|
kai māre, kai kāja sarai, yaha dukha dekhyo nahīṃ jāya||
kahi mārāi so sūra kahāvai, mitradroha na bhalāi|
sūradāsa aise, ali, jaga meṃ tinakī gati nahīṃ kāi

‘Uddhava, he gave love as a dose of poison. A well-wisher in speech but deceitful in deed, he moved like a thief lying in wait. He planted the seed of separation and made us drink the poisonous water of the tiger’s whisker as though it were the sweetness of his lips. It sank and lodged within; medicine has no power over it. He gave the gift of poison well - there is no remedy. Let him kill us and finish the task, for this suffering cannot be watched. One is called a hero for killing an enemy, but treachery toward a friend is no virtue. Such men, bee, says Sūrdās, have no good destiny in this world.’

Pada 198

ऊधो! जो हरि आवैं तो प्रान रहैं।
 आवत, जात, उलटि फिरि बैठत जीवन-अवधि गहे॥
 जब हे दाम उखल सों बाँधे बदन नवाय रहे।
 चुभि जु रही नवनीत-घोर-छवि, क्यों भूलति सो ज्ञान गहे?
 तिनसों ऐसी क्यों कहि आवै जे कुल-पति की त्रास महे?
 सूर स्याम गुन-रसनधि तजिकै को घटनीर बहे?

ūdho! jo hari āvaiṃ to prāna rahaiṃ|
āvata, jāta, ulaṭi phiri baiṭhata jīvana-avadhi gahe||
jaba he dāma ukhala soṃ bā~dhe badana navāya rahe|
cubhi ju rahī navanīta-cora-chavi, kyoṃ bhūlati so jñāna gahe?
tinasoṃ aisi kyoṃ kahi āvai jē kula-pati kī trāsa mahe?
sūra syāma guna-rasanidhi tajikai ko ghaṭanīra bahe?

‘Uddhava, if Hari comes, our life will remain. We rise, go, return, and sit again, holding fast to the appointed span of life. I still see him when he was bound with rope to the mortar, standing with face lowered. The image of the butter-thief remains pierced within - how can knowledge make us forget it? Why bring such words to women who have borne fear of the lord of their families? Who would abandon the treasury of Śyāma’s qualities and rasa to drink ordinary water from a pot, asks Sūrdās?’

Pada 199

ऊधो! यह निश्चय हम जानी।
 खोयो गयो नेहनग उनपै, प्रीति-कोठरी भई पुरानी॥
 पहिले अधरसुधा करि सींची, दियो पोष बहु लाड़ लड़ानी।
 बहुरै खेल कियो केसव सिसु-गृहरचना ज्यों चलत बुझानी॥
 ऐसे ही परतीति दिखाई पन्नग केंचुरि ज्यों लपटानी।
 बहुरौ सुरति लई नहिं जैसे भँवर लता त्यागत कुम्हिलानी॥
 बहुरंगी जहँ जाय तहाँ सुख, एकरंग दुख देह दहानी।
 सूरदास पसु धनी चोर के खायो चाहत दाना पानी

ūdho! yaha niscaya hama jānī|
khoyo gayo nehanaga unapāi, prīti-koṭharī bhai purānī||
pahile adharasudhā kari sīncī, diyo poṣa bahu lāṛa lāṛānī|
bahurai khela kiyo kesava sisu-grharacana jyoṃ calata bujhānī||
aise hī paratīti dikhāi pannaga keṃcūri jyoṃ lapaṭānī|
bahurau surati lāi nahiṃ jaise bha~vara latā tyāgata kumhīlānī||
bahuraṃgī jaha~ jāya tahā~ sukha, ekaraṃga dukha deha dahānī|
sūradāsa pasu dhanī cora ke khāyo cāhata dāna pānī

‘Uddhava, this is our firm conclusion: the jewel of affection has been lost to him, and love’s chamber has grown old. First he watered it with the nectar of his lips, nourished it, and raised it with countless caresses. Then Keśava played with it like a child who builds a little house only to knock it down. He showed trust like a serpent clinging to its cast-off skin, then never remembered us again, like a bee abandoning a withered vine. The many-colored one finds happiness wherever he goes; a single color burns our bodies with pain. Like an animal whose owner is a thief yet still seeks grain and water from him - such are we, says Sūrdās.’

Pada 200

उधो! हम हैं तुम्हरी दासी।
 काहे को कटु बचन कहत हौ, करत आपनी हाँसी॥
 हमरे गुनहि गाँठि किन बाँध्यो, हमपै कहा बिचार?
 जैसी तुम कीनी सो सब ही जानतु है संसार॥
 जो कुछ भली बुरी तुम कहिहौ सो सब हम सहि लैहैं।
 अपनो कियो आप भुगतैंगी दोष न काहु दैहैं॥
 तुम तौ बड़े, बड़े के पठए, अरु सबके सरदार।
 यह दुख भयो सूर के प्रभु सुनि कहस लगाबन छार

udho! hama haiṇ tumharī dāsī|
kāhe ko kaṭu bacana kahata hau, karata āpanī hā~sī||
hamare gunahi gā~ṭhi kina bā~dhyo, hamapai kahā bicāra?
jaisī tuma kīnī so saba hī jānatu hai saṁsāra||
jo kachu bhalī burī tuma kahihau so saba hama sahi laiḥaiṇ|
apano kiyo āpa bhugataiṅgi doṣa na kāhū daiḥaiṇ||
tuma tau baṛe, baṛe ke paṭhae, aru sabake saradāra|
yaha dukha bhayo sūra ke prabhu suni kahasa lagābana chāra

‘Uddhava, we are your maidservants. Why speak bitter words and make yourself ridiculous? Why have you tied our virtues into a knot, and what judgment have you formed against us? The whole world knows what you have done. Whatever good or bad you say, we shall endure it all. We shall undergo the fruit of our own action and blame no one else. You are a great man, sent by the Great One, commander of all. Hearing the sorrow of Sūrdās’s Lord, you tell us to smear on ashes.’

Pada 201

ऊधो! तुम जो कहत हरि हृदय रहत हैं।
 कैसे होय प्रतीति कूर सुनि ये बातें जु सहत हैं॥
 बासर-रैनि कठिन बिरहानल अंतर प्रान दहत है।
 प्रजरि प्रजरि पचि निकसि धूम अब नयनन नीर बहत है॥
 अधिक अवज्ञा होत, देह दुख मर्यादा न गहत है।
 कहि! क्यों मन मानै सूर प्रभु इन बातनि जु कहत है

*ūdho! tuma jo kahata hari hṛdaya rahata haiṃ|
 kaise hoya pratīti krūra suni ye bātaiṃ ju sahata haiṃ||
 bāsara-raini kaṭhina birahānala antara prāna dahata hai|
 prajari prajari paci nikasi dhūma aba nayanana nīra bahata hai||
 adhika avajñā hota, deha dukha maryaḍā na gahata hai|
 kahi! kyoṃ mana mānai sūra prabhu ina bātani ju kahata hai*

‘Uddhava, you say Hari dwells within the heart. How can belief arise while we endure these cruel words? Day and night the hard fire of separation burns the life within. Smoldering and wasting, its smoke now streams as water from the eyes. Neglect grows still greater; bodily pain observes no boundary. Tell us - how can the mind accept these things spoken of Sūrdās’s Lord?’

Pada 202

ऊधो! तुमहीं हौ सब जान।
 हमको सोई सिखावन दीजै नँदसुवन की आन॥
 आमिष भोजन हित है जाके सो क्यों साग प्रमान।
 ता मुख सेमि-पात क्यों भावत जा मुख खाए पान?
 किंगिरी-सुर कैसे सचु मानत सुनि मुरली को गान?
 ता भीतर क्यों निर्गुन आवत जा उर स्याम सुजान?
 हम बिन स्याम बियोगिनि रहिहैं जब लग यहि घट प्रान।
 सुख ता दिन तैं होय सूर प्रभु ब्रज आवैं ब्रजभान

*ūdho! tumahiṃ hau saba jāna|
 hamako soī sikhāvana dījai na~dasuvana kī āna||
 āmiṣa bhojana hita hai jāke so kyoṃ sāga pramāna|
 tā mukha semi-pāta kyoṃ bhāvata jā mukha khāe pāna?
 kiṃgiri-sura kaise sacu mānata suni muralī ko gāna?
 tā bhītara kyoṃ nirguna āvata jā ura syāma sujāna?
 hama bina syāma biyogini rahihiṃ jaba laga yahi ghaṭa prāna|
 sukha tā dina teṃ hoya sūra prabhu braja āvaiṃ brajabhāna*

‘Uddhava, you alone know everything. Give us a teaching suited to us, by the honor of Nanda’s son. How can one who delights in meat accept greens as the standard? How would bean leaves please a mouth accustomed to betel? How can the sound of a one-stringed lute seem true after

hearing the flute's song? How can the qualityless one enter a breast where wise Śyāma dwells? Without Śyāma we shall remain women in separation as long as life stays in this vessel. Happiness will begin only when Sūrdās's Lord, radiant one of Vraja, returns to Vraja.'

Pada 203

ऊधो! यहै बिचार गहौ।
 कै तन गए भलो मानैं, कै हरि ब्रज आय रहौ॥
 कानन-देह विरह-दव लागी इन्द्रिय-जीव जरौ।
 बुझै स्याम-धन कमल-प्रेम मुख मुरली-बूँद परौ॥
 चरन-सरोवर-मनस मीन-मन रहै एक रसरीति।
 तुम निर्गुनबारू महुँ डारौ; सूर कौन यह नीति?

ūdho! yahai bicāra gahau|
kai tana gae bhalo mānaiṇ, kai hari braja āya rahau||
kānana-deha viraha-dava lāgi indriya-jīva jarau|
bujhai śyāma-dhana kamala-prema mukha muralī-bū-da parau||
carana-sarovara-manasa mīna-mana rahai eka rasarīti|
tuma nirgunabārū maha~ ḍārau; sūra kauna yaha nīti?

'Uddhava, grasp this one conclusion: either let the body go - that we shall accept as good - or let Hari come and remain in Vraja. Separation's wildfire has seized the forest of the body; let the living senses burn. It can be quenched only when the dark-cloud Śyāma drops flute-nectar upon love's lotus face. The fish of the mind lives in one rasa within the lake of his feet. You cast it onto the sand of the qualityless, asks Sūrdās - what justice is this?'

Pada 204

ऊधो! कत वे बातें चाली?
 अति मीठी मधुरी हरि-मुख की हैं उर-अंतर साली॥
 स्याम सघन तन सींची बेली, हस्त कमल धरि पाली।
 अब ये बेली सूखन लागीं, छाँड़ि दई हरि-माली॥
 तब तो कृपा करत ब्रज ऊपर संग लता ब्रजबाली।
 सूर स्याम बिन मरि न गई क्यों बिरहबिथा की घाली?

ūdho! kata ve bāteṃ cālī?
ati mīṭhī madhurī hari-mukha kī haiṃ ura-aṃtara sālī||
syāma saghana tana sīncī belī, hasta kamala dhari pālī|
aba ye belī sūkhana lāgīṃ, chā~ṛī dāi hari-mālī||
taba to kṛpā karata braja ūpara saṅga latā brajabālī|
sūra syāma bina mari na gāi kyoṃ birahabithā kī ghālī?

‘Uddhava, where have those former words gone? Hari’s exceedingly sweet speech remains lodged like a thorn within the heart. The dense dark body watered these vines and raised them with lotus hands. Now the vines begin to dry, abandoned by Hari their gardener. Then he poured grace upon Vraja, together with its vines and cowherd girls. Without Śyāma, asks Sūrdās, why have they not died beneath the crushing pain of separation?’

Pada 205

राग केदारो

ऊधो! जो हरि हितू तिहारे।
 तौ तुम कहियो जाय कृपाकै जे दुख सबै हमारे॥
 तन तरुवर ज्यों जरति बिरहिनी, तुम दव ज्यों हम जारे।
 नहिं सिरात, नहिं जरत छार ह्वै सुलगि सुलगि भए करे॥
 जद्यपि उमगि प्रेमजल भिजवत बरषि बरषि घन-तारे।
 जौ सींचे यहि भाँति जतन करि तौ इतने प्रतिपारे॥
 कीर, कपोत, कोकिला, खँजन बधिक-बियोग बिडारे।
 इन दुःखन क्यों जियहिं सूर प्रभु ब्रज के लोग बिचारे?

ūdho! jo hari hitū tihāre|
tau tuma kahiyo jāya kṛpākai je dukha sabai hamāre||
tana taruvara jyom jarati birahinī, tuma dāva jyom hama jāre|
nahiṃ sirāta, nahiṃ jarata chāra hvai sulagi sulagi bhae kāre||
jadyapi umagi premajala bhijavata baraṣi baraṣi ghana-tāre|
jau sīnce yahi bhā~ti jatana kari tau itane pratipāre||
kīra, kapota, kokilā, kha~jana badhika-biyoga biḍāre|
ina duḥkhana kyom jiyahiṃ sūra prabhu braja ke loga bicāre?

‘Uddhava, if Hari is your well-wisher, go and graciously tell him every one of our sorrows. A woman in separation burns like a tree, while you scorch us like forest fire. We neither cool nor burn to ash, but smolder and become black. Though clouds of stars rain down and drench us with surging love-water, even such careful watering only sustains this much life. Parrots, pigeons, cuckoos, and khañjana birds become hunters that tear us apart through separation. How can the poor people of Vraja live through these pains, Lord of Sūrdās?’

Pada 206

राग सारंग

ऊधो! तुम आए किहि काज?
 हित की कहत अहित की लागत, बकत न आबै लाज॥
 आपुन को उपचार करौ कछु तब औरनि सिख देहु।
 मेरे कहे जाहु सत्वर ही, गहौ सीयरे गेहु॥
 हाँ भेषज नानाबिधि के अरु मधुरिपु से हैं बैदु।
 हम कातर डराति अपने सिर कहूँ कलँक ह्वै कैदु॥
 साँची बात छाँड़ि अब झूठी कहौ कौन बिधि सुनि हैं?
 सूरदास मुक्ताफलभोगी हंस बह्नि क्यों चुनिहैं?

ūdho! tuma āe kihi kāja?
hita kī kahata ahita kī lāgata, bakata na ābai lāja||
āpuna ko upacāra karau kachu taba aurani sikha dehu|
mere kahe jāhu satvara hī, gahau sīyare gehu||
hā~ bheṣaja nānābidhi ke aru madhuripu se haiṁ baidu|
hama kātara ḍarāti apane sira kahu~ kala~ka hvai kaidu||
sā~cī bāta chā~ṛi aba jhūṭhī kahau kauna bidhi suni haiṁ?
sūradāsa muktāphalabhogī haṁsa bahni kyoṁ cunihaiṁ?

‘Uddhava, for what purpose did you come? What you call beneficial feels harmful - are you not ashamed to babble? First treat yourself, then instruct others. At my word, go quickly and take shelter in a cool house. There are many medicines, and Madhuripu himself is a physician. We helpless women are afraid some stain may be imprisoned upon our heads. Having abandoned truth, how can we listen to falsehood now? A swan accustomed to pearl-fruit, says Sūrdās, will not peck at ashes.’

Pada 207

राग बिलावल

ऊधो! तुम कहियो हरि सों जाय हमारे जिय को दरद।
 दिन नहिं चैन, रैन नहिं सोवत, पावक भई जुनैया सरद॥
 जब ते अकूर लै गए मधुपुरी, भई बिरह तन बाय छरद।
 कीन्हीं प्रबल जगी अति, ऊधो! सोचन भइ जस पीरी हरद।
 सखा प्रवीन निरंतर हौ तुम ताते कहियत खोलि परद।
 काथ रूप दरसन बिन हरि के सूर मूरि नहिं हियो सुरद

ūdho! tuma kahiyo hari soṃ jāya hamāre jiya ko darada|
dina nahiṃ caina, raina nahiṃ sovata, pāvaka bhai junhaiyā sarada||
jaba te akrūra lai gae madhupurī, bhai biraha tana bāya charada|
kīnhīṃ prabala jagī ati, ūdho! socana bhai jasa pīrī harada|
sakhā pravīna niraṃtara hau tuma tāte kahiṃ kholi parada|
kātha rūpa darasana bina hari ke sūra mūri nahiṃ hiyo surada

‘Uddhava, go tell Hari the pain within our hearts. There is no peace by day, no sleep at night; autumn moonlight has become fire. Since Akrūra carried him to Mathurā, the body has been shattered by separation’s wind. A mighty anguish has awakened, Uddhava, and worry has become a yellowing sickness. You are his discerning, constant friend, so we draw aside the veil and speak openly. Without sight of Hari’s dark form, says Sūrdās, the heart cannot be gathered or cooled.’

Pada 208

राग गौरी

ऊधो! क्यों आए ब्रज धावते?
 सहायक, सखा राजपदवी मिलि दिन दस कछुक कमावते॥
 कह्यो जु धर्म कृपा करि कानन सो उत बसिकै गावते।
 गुरू निवर्ति देखि आँखिन जे सोता सकल अघावते।
 इत कोउ कछू न जानत हरि बिन, तुम कत जुगुति बनावते?
 जो कछु कहत सबन सों तुम सो अनुभव कै सुख पावते॥
 मनमोहन बिन देखे कैसे उर सों औरहिं चाहते?
 सूरदास प्रभु दरसन बिनु वह बार बार पछितावते

ūdho! kyoṃ āe braja dhāvate?
sahāyaka, sakha rājapadavī mili dina dasa kachuka kamāvate||
kahyo ju dharma kṛpā kari kānana so uta basikai gāvate|
gurū nivartti dekhi ā~khina je srotā sakala aghāvate|
ita kou kachū na jānata hari bina, tuma kata juguti banāvate?
jo kachu kahata sabana soṃ tuma so anubhava kai sukha pāvate||
manamohana bina dekhe kaise ura soṃ aurahiṃ cāhate?

sūradāsa prabhu darasana binu vaha bāra bāra pachitāvate

‘Uddhava, why did you rush to Vraja? As helper and friend, you could have remained ten days enjoying the rank of court. You might sit there and sing into willing ears the religion he graciously taught you. Seeing the guru of renunciation with their own eyes, all the listeners would be satisfied. Here no one knows anything apart from Hari - why devise techniques for us? Whatever you tell everyone, have you yourself experienced its joy? Without seeing Manamohana, how can the heart desire another? Without the Lord’s sight, says Sūrdās, even you would regret it again and again.’

Pada 209

राग देसाख

ऊधो! यहै प्रकृति परि आई तेरे।
जो कोउ कोटि करै कैसे हूँ फिरत नहीं मन फेरे॥
जा दिन तें जसुदागृह आए मोहन जादवराई।
ता दिन तें हरिदरस परस बिनु और न कछू सुहाई॥
क्रीड़त हैंसत कृपा अवलोकत, जुग छन भरि तब जात।
परम तृप्त सबहिन तन होती, लोचन हृदय अघात॥
जागत, सोवत, स्वप्न स्यामघन सुंदर तन अति भावै।
सूरदास अब कमलनयन बिनु बातन हो बहरावै

*ūdho! yahai prakṛti pari āi tere|
jo kou koṭi karai kaise hū~ phirata nahīṁ mana phere||
jā dina teṁ jasudāgrha āe mohana jādavarāi|
tā dina teṁ haridarasa parasa binu aura na kachū suhāi||
krīṛata ha~sata kṛpā avalokata, juga chana bhari taba jāta|
parama tṛpta sabahina tana hoti, locana hṛdaya aghāta||
jāgata, sovata, svapna syāmaghana suṁdara tana ati bhāvai|
sūradāsa aba kamalanayana binu bātana ho baharāvai*

‘Uddhava, this nature has entered us. Though someone try ten million means, the mind will never turn back. From the day Mohana, Lord of the Yadus, came into Yaśodā’s house, nothing has pleased us apart from Hari’s sight and touch. Playing, laughing, and glancing with grace, an age then passed like an instant. Every body became perfectly satisfied; eyes and heart were filled. Waking, sleeping, and dreaming, the beautiful dark-cloud body alone gives delight. Without the lotus-eyed one, says Sūrdās, words now merely carry us away.’

Pada 210

राग धनाश्री

ऊधो! मन नार्हीं दस बीस।
एक हुतो सो गयो हरि के सँग, को अराध तुव ईस?
भइँ अति सिथिल सबै माधव बिनु जथा देह बिन सीस।
स्वासा अटकि रहे आसा लगि, जीवहिँ कोटि बरीस॥
तुम तौ सखा स्यामसुंदर के सकल जोग के ईस।
सूरदास रसिक की बतियाँ पुरवौ मन जगदीस

ūdho! mana nāhīṃ dasa bīsa|
eka huto so gayo hari ke sa~ga, ko arādha tuva īsa?
bhai~ ati sithila sabai mādharma binu jathā deha bina sīsa|
svāsā aṭaki rahe āsā lagi, jīvahiṃ koṭi barīsa||
tuma tau sakhā syāmasuṇḍara ke sakala joga ke īsa|
sūradāsa rasika kī batiyā~ puravau mana jagadīsa

‘Uddhava, the mind is not ten or twenty. There was one; it went away with Hari. Which mind, then, can worship your Lord? Without Mādhava every limb has grown utterly weak, like a body without a head. Breath remains caught only upon hope; through it we could live ten million years. You are beautiful Śyāma’s friend and master of every yoga. Fulfill the words of the lover’s heart, Lord of the world, asks Sūrdās.’

Padas 211-225

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 211

राग मलार

ऊधो! तुम सब साथी भोरे।
मेरे कहे बिलग मानौगे, कोटि कुटिल लै जोरे॥
वै अकूर कूर कृत तिनके, रीते भरे, भरे गहि ढोरे।
वै घनस्याम, स्याम अंतरमन, स्याम काम महँ बोरे॥
ये मधुकर दुति निर्गुन गुनते, देखे फटकि पछोरे।
सूरदास कारन संगति के कहा पूजियत गोरे?

*ūdho! tuma saba sāthī bhore|
mere kahe bilaga mānauge, koṭi kuṭila lai jore||
vai akrūra krūra kṛta tinake, rīte bhare, bhare gahi ḍhore|
vai ghanasyāma, syāma aṁtaramana, syāma kāma maha~ bore||
ye madhukara duti nirguṇa gunate, dekhe phaṭaki pachore|
sūradāsa kāraṇa saṁgati ke kahā pūjīyata gore?*

Uddhava, all your companions are innocent indeed! You will take my words amiss, even after mustering a million ingenious arguments. That Akrūra proved cruel in deed: he filled what was empty, emptied what was full, and drove everything away. That Dark One is dark in body and in his inmost heart, immersed in dark designs. This bee, too, is dark in hue; when sifted through the qualities of the attributeless, we have seen what remains and cast it back. Sūrdās says: why praise anyone as fair when company has dyed him otherwise?

Pada 212

राग सौरठ

ऊधो! समुझावै सो बैरनि।
 रे मधुकर! निसिदिन मरियतु है कान्ह कुँवर-औसरनि॥
 चित बुझि रही मोहनी मूरति, चपल दूगन की हेरनि।
 तन मन लियो घुराय हमारो वा मुरली की टेरनि॥
 बिसरति नाहिं सुभग तन-सोभा पीताम्बर की फेरनि।
 कहत न बनै काँध लकुटी धरि छबि बन गायन घेरनि॥
 तुम प्रबीन, हम बिरहि, बतावत आँखि मूँदि भटभेरनि॥
 जिहि उर बसत स्यामघन सो क्यों परै मुक्ति के झेरनि।
 तुम हमको कहँ लाए, ऊधो! जोग-दुखन के ढेरनि।
 सूर रसिक बिन क्यों जीवत हैं निर्गुन कठिन करेरनि?

ūdho! samujhāvai so bairani|
re madhukara! nisidina mariyatu hai kānha ku~vara-auserani||
cita cubhī rahī mohanī mūrati, capala dṛgana kī herani|
tana mana liyo curāya hamāro vā muralī kī ṭerani||
bisarati nāhiṇ subhaga tana-sobhā pītāmbara kī pherani|
kahata na banai kā~dha lakuṭī dhari chabi bana gāyana gherani||
tuma prabina, hama birahi, batāvata ā~khi mū~dī bhaṭabherani||
jihī ura basata syāmaghana so kyoṇ parai mukti ke zherani|
tuma hamako kaha~ lāe, ūdho! joga-dukhana ke ḍherani|
sūra rasika bina kyoṇ jīvata haiṇ nirguna kaṭhina karerani?

Uddhava, whoever comes to instruct us is our enemy. O bee, night and day we are dying for one glimpse of Prince Kanhā. His enchanting form and the darting glance of his eyes remain lodged like thorns in consciousness. At the call of that flute he stole away our body and mind. We cannot forget the beauty of his lovely body or the sweep of his yellow robe. Words cannot tell the sight of him with his herding-stick upon his shoulder, encircled by the cows in the forest. You are accomplished, while we are separated lovers, yet you prescribe the blundering darkness of closed eyes. How could the snare of liberation catch a heart in which the rain-dark Śyāma dwells? Why have you brought us, Uddhava, these heaps of yogic sorrow? Sūr asks: without the relish of the Beloved, how could we live upon the hard, barren attributeless Absolute?

Pada 213

राग सारंग

ऊधो! स्यामहिं तुम लै आओ।
 ब्रजजन-चातक प्यास मरत हैं, स्वातिबूँद बरसाओ॥
 घोष-सरोज भए हैं संपुट, दिनमनि ह्वै बिगसाओ।
 ह्यौ तें जाव बिलम्ब करौ जनि, हमरी दसा सुनाओ॥
 जौ ऊधो हरि यहाँ न आवैं, हमको तहाँ बुलाओ।
 सूरदास प्रभु वेगि मिलाए संतन में जस पाओ

ūdho! syāmahīṁ tuma lai āo|
brajajana-cātaka pyāsa marata haiṁ, svātibū~da barasāo||
ghoṣa-saroja bhae haiṁ saṁpuṭa, dinamani hvai bigasāo|
hyā~ teṁ jāva bilamba karau jani, hamarī dasā sunāo||
jau ūdho hari yahā~ na āvaiṁ, hamako tahā~ bulāo|
sūradāsa prabhu vegi milāe saṁtana meṁ jasa pāo

Uddhava, bring Śyāma here with you. The people of Braj are thirsty cātaka birds dying of thirst - shower upon them the raindrop of Svāti. The lotuses of the cowherd settlement have folded shut; become their sun and make them bloom. Go from here and do not delay; tell him of our condition. If Hari will not come here, Uddhava, then call us to where he is. Sūrdās says: unite us swiftly with the Lord and win renown among the saints.

Pada 214

ऊधोजू! जोग तबहिं हम जान्यो।
 जा दिन तैं सुफलकसुत के संग रथ ब्रजनाथ पलान्यो॥
 जा दिन तैं सब छोह-मोह मिटि सुत-पति-हेत भुलान्यो।
 तजि माया संसारसार की ब्रजबनितन व्रत ठान्यो॥
 नयन मुँदे, मुख रहे मौन धरि, तन तपि तेज सुखान्यो।
 नंदनंदन-मुख मुरलीधारी, यहै रूप उर आन्यो॥
 सोउ सँजोग जिहि भूलैं हम कहि तुमहुँ जोग बखान्यो।
 ब्रह्मा पचि पचि मुए प्रान तजि तऊ न तिहि पहिँचान्यो॥
 कहौ सु जोग कहा लै कीजै? निर्गुन परत न जान्यो।
 सूर वहै निज रूप स्याम को उर माहिं समान्यो

ūdhojū! joga tabahīṁ hama jānyo|
jā dina teṁ suphalakasuta ke saṅga ratha brajanātha palānyo||
jā dina taiṁ saba choha-moha miṭi suta-pati-heta bhulānyo|
taji māyā saṁsārasāra kī brajabānitana vrata ṭhānyo||
naṇana mu~de, mukha rahe mauna dhari, tana tapi teja sukhānyo|
naṇdana~dana-mukha muralīdhārī, yahai rūpa ura ānyo||
sou sa~joga jihi bhūlaiṁ hama kahi tumahū~joga bakhānyo|

*brahmā paci paci mue prāna taji tāu na tihi pahimcānyo||
kahau su joga kahā lai kijai? nirguna parata na jānyo|
sūra vahai nija rūpa syāma ko ura māhiṃ samānyo*

Dear Uddhava, we first understood yoga on the very day the Lord of Braj departed in the chariot with the son of Śvaphalka. From that day every attachment and delusion fell away, and we forgot affection for sons and husbands. Renouncing the substance of the illusory world, the women of Braj undertook their vow. Their eyes closed, their mouths remained silent, and their bodies were scorched and withered by austerity. They brought into the heart this single form: Nanda's son, the flute-bearer. Yet you describe as yoga some union in which we are to forget even him! Brahmā himself might labor and labor, dying with his life spent, and still never recognize it. Tell us - how far should such yoga be carried when we cannot comprehend your attributeless Absolute? Sūr says: the only true form is Śyāma's own, absorbed within the heart.

Pada 215

ऊधो! वै सुख अबै कहाँ?
छन छन नयनन निरखति जो मुख, फिरि मन जात तहाँ॥
मुख मुरली, सिर मोरपखौआ उर घुँघुचिन को हारु।
आगे धेनु रेतु तन-मण्डित तिरछी चितवनि चारु॥
राति-द्यौस तब संग आपने, खेलत, बोलत, खात।
सूरदास यह प्रभुता चितवत कहि न सकति वह बात

*ūdho! vai sukha abai kahā~?
chana chana nayanana nirakhati jo mukha, phiri mana jāta tahā~||
mukha muralī, sira morapakhauā ura ghu-ghucina ko hāru|
āge dhenu retu tana-maṇḍita tirachī citavani cāru||
rāti-dyāusa taba saṅga āpane, khelata, bolata, khāta|
sūradāsa yaha prabhutā citavata kahi na sakati vaha bāta*

Uddhava, where are those joys now? The face our eyes beheld from moment to moment - again and again the mind returns there. The flute at his lips, peacock feathers upon his head, a necklace of guñjā berries across his breast; the cows before him, his body powdered with dust, and that lovely sidelong glance. Night and day he was beside us - playing, speaking, eating. Sūrdās says: contemplating this divine grace, no words can express what it was.

Pada 216

कहि, ऊधो! हरि गए तजि मथुरा कौन बड़ाई पाई।
 भुवन चतुर्दस की बिभूति वह, नृप की जूठि पराई॥
 जो यह काज करै ताको सेवक सुति पढ़ै बताई।
 सेवत सेवत जन्म घटावत करत फिरत निठुराई॥
 तुम तौ परम साधु अन्तरहित जनि कछु कहौ बनाई।
 सूर स्याम मन कहा बिचार्यो, कौन ठगौरी लाई?

*kahi, ūdho! hari gae taji mathurā kauna baṛāi pāi|
 bhuvana caturdasa kī bibhūti vaha, nṛpa kī jūṭhi parāi||
 jo yaha kāja karai tāko sevaka sruti paṛhai batāi|
 sevata sevata janma ghaṭāvata karata phirata niṭhurāi||
 tuma tau parama sādhu antarahita jani kachu kahau banāi|
 sūra syāma mana kahā bicāryō, kauna ṭhagaurī lāi?*

Tell us, Uddhava: having abandoned us and gone to Mathurā, what greatness has Hari gained? The splendor of all fourteen worlds is his, yet there he lives upon another king's leavings. The scriptures declare that one who performs such duties is merely a servant; serving and serving, he diminishes his life, roaming about and dealing cruelly. You, however, are a supreme saint without guile - do not fabricate anything for us. Sūr asks: what did Śyāma intend in his heart, and what beguiling spell has he brought upon us?

Pada 217

राग धनाश्री

ऊधो! जाय बहुरि सुनि आवहु कहा कह्यो है नंदकुमार।
 यह न होय उपदेस स्याम को कहत लगावन छार॥
 निर्गुन-ज्योति कहा उन पाई सिखवत बारम्बार।
 काल्हिहि करत हुते हमरे अँग अपने हाथ सिंगार॥
 ब्याकुल भए गोपालहि बिछुरे गयो गुनज्ञान सँभार।
 तातें ज्यों भावै त्यों बकत हौ, नाही दोष तुम्हार॥
 बिरह सहन को हम सिरजी हैं, पाहन हृदय हमार।
 सूरदास अन्तरगति मोहन जीवन-प्रान-अधार

*ūdho! jāya bahuri suni āvahu kahā kahyo hai naṇḍakumāra|
 yaha na hoya upadesa syāma ko kahata lagāvana chāra||
 nirguna-jyoti kahā una pāi sikhavata bārambāra|
 kālhihi karata hute hamare a~ga apane hātha siṅgāra||
 byākula bhae gopālahi bichure gayo guṇajñāna sa~bhāra|
 tāṭeṁ jyōṁ bhāvai tyōṁ bakata hau, nāhi doṣa tumhāra||
 biraha sahana ko hama sirajī haiṁ, pāhana hṛdaya hamāra|
 sūradāsa antaragati mohana jīvana-prāna-adhāra*

Uddhava, go back, listen once more, and learn what Nandakumāra truly said. This cannot be Śyāma's teaching; it sounds like someone smearing us with ash. Where did he find this light of the attributeless, that he teaches it again and again? Why, only yesterday he adorned our limbs with his own hands. Bewildered by separation from Gopāla, you have lost your store of virtue and wisdom; that is why you babble whatever comes to you, and the fault is not yours. We must have been fashioned solely to endure separation, for our hearts are stone. Sūrdās says: inwardly Mohana alone is the foundation of our life and breath.

Pada 218

राग बिलावल

ऊधो! कह मत दीन्हो हमहिं गोपाल?
 आवहु री सखि! सब मिलि सोचैं ज्यों पावैं नँदलाल॥
 घर बाहर तें बोलि लेहु सब जावदेक ब्रजबाल।
 कमलासन बैठहु री माई! मूँदहु नयन बिसाल॥
 षट्पद कही सोऊ करि देखी, हाथ कछू नहिं आई।
 सुन्दरस्याम कमलदललोचन नेकु न देत दिखाई॥
 फिरि भई मगन बिरहसागर में काहुहि सुधि न रही।
 पूरन प्रेम देखि गोपिन को मधुकर मौन गही॥
 कहुं धुनि सुनि सवननि चातक की प्रान पलटि तब आए।
 सूर सु अबकै टेरि पपीहै बिरहिन मृतक जिवाए

ūdho! kaha mata dīnho hamahiṁ gopāla?
āvahu rī sakhi! saba mili socaiṁ jyoṁ pāvaiṁ na~dalāla||
ghara bāhara teṁ bolī lehu saba jāvadeka brajabāla|
kamalāsana baiṭhahu rī māī! mū~dahu nayana bisāla||
ṣaṭpada kahī soū kari dekhi, hātha kachū nahīṁ āī|
sundarasyāma kamaladalalocana neku na deta dikhāī||
phīri bhāiṁ magana birahasāgara meṁ kāhuhi sudhi na rahī|
pūrana prema dekhi gopīna ko madhukara mauna gahī||
kahuṁ dhuni suni sravanani cātaka kī prāna palaṭi taba āē|
sūra su abakai ṭeri papīhai birahina mṛtaka jivāe

Uddhava, what counsel has Gopāla given us? Come, companions - let us all consider together how Nandalāla may be attained. Call every young woman of Braj from indoors and out. Mothers, sit in the lotus posture and close your great eyes! We tried doing everything this six-footed bee prescribed, but nothing came into our hands. Lovely dark Śyāma, lotus-petal-eyed, did not show himself even for an instant. Once again they sank into the ocean of separation, and no one retained awareness of herself. Seeing the gopīs' perfect love, the bee fell silent. Then somewhere they heard the cry of a cātaka bird, and life returned to their ears and bodies. Sūr says: this time the papīhā's call restored the separation-stricken dead to life.

Pada 219

उधो! ते कि चतुर पद पावत?
 जे नहिं जानैं पीर पराई हैं सर्वज्ञ कहावत॥
 जो पै मीन नीर तें बिछुरै को करि जतन जियावत?
 प्यासे प्रान जात हैं जल बिनु सुधासमुद्र बतावत॥
 हम बिरहिनी स्यामसुन्दर की तुम निर्गुनहिं जनावत।
 ये दृग-मधुप सुमन सब परिहरि कमलबदन-रस भावत॥
 कहि पठवत संदेसनि मधुकर! कत बकवाद बढ़ावत?
 करो न कुटिल निठुर चित-अन्तर सूरदास कवि गावत

*udho! te ki catura pada pāvata?
 je nahīṃ jānaiṃ pīra parāī haiṃ sarvajña kahāvata||
 jo pai mīna nīra tēṃ bichurai ko kari jatana jiyāvata?
 pyāse prāna jāta haiṃ jala binu sudhāsamudra batāvata||
 hama birahinī syāmasundara ki tuma nirgunahīṃ janāvata|
 ye dṛga-madhupa sumana saba parihari kamalabadana-rasa bhāvata||
 kaḥi paṭhavata saṃdesani madhukara! kata bakavāda baḥhāvata?
 karo na kuṭila niṭhura cita-antara sūradāsa kavi gāvata*

Uddhava, how can those attain the rank of the wise who know nothing of another's pain, though they are called all-knowing? If a fish is separated from water, by what device can anyone keep it alive? Its thirsty life departs for want of water, while someone tells it tales of an ocean of nectar. We are women separated from Śyāmasundara, yet you explain the attributeless to us. These bee-like eyes forsake every other flower and long only for the nectar of his lotus face. Bee, why multiply idle talk by relaying such messages? Do not remain crooked and pitiless within your heart - so sings the poet Sūrdās.

Pada 220

राग कल्याण

ऊधो! भली करी अब आए।
 विधि-कुलाल कीने काँचे घट ते तुम आनि पकाए॥
 रंग दियो हो कान्ह साँवरे, अँग अँग चित्र बनाए।
 गलन न पाए नयन-नीर तें अवधि अटा जो छाए॥
 ब्रज करि अँवाँ, जोग करि ईंधन सुरति-अग्नि सुलगाए।
 फूँक उसास, बिरह परजारनि, दरसन-आस फिराए॥
 भए सँपूरन भरे प्रेम-जल, छुवन न काहु पाए।
 राजकाज तें गए सूर सुनि, नंदनंदन कर लाए

ūdho! bhalī karī aba āe|
vidhi-kulāla kīne kā~ce ghaṭa te tuma āni pakāe||
raṅga diyo ho kāṇha sā~vare, a~ga a~ga citra banāe|
galana na pāe nayana-nīra tēṇi avadhi aṭā jo chāe||
braja kari a~vā~, joga kari īṇdhana surati-agini sulagāe|
phū~ka usāsa, biraha parajāraṇi, darasana-āsa phirāe||
bhae sa~pūrana bhare prema-jala, chuvana na kāhū pāe|
rājakāja tēṇi gae sūra suni, naṇḍanaṇḍana kara lāe

Uddhava, you have done well to come now. The Potter of destiny had fashioned us as unbaked vessels, and you have brought us here and fired us. Dark Kanhā had already colored us and painted every limb; beneath the shelter of his promised return, even the water of our eyes could not dissolve us. You made Braj the kiln and yoga its fuel, then kindled the fire of remembrance. Our sighs became the bellows, separation the consuming blaze, and hope of his vision kept the wheel turning. Now we are perfectly fired and filled with the water of love; no one can touch or spoil us. Sūr says: when Nandanandana is released from royal affairs and hears of us, he will take these vessels into his own hands.

Pada 221

राग मलार

ऊधो! कुलिस भई यह छाती।
मेरो मन रसिक लग्यो नँदलालहि, झखत रहत दिनराती॥
तजि ब्रजलोक, पिता अरु जननी, कंठ लाय गए काती।
ऐसे निठुर भए हरि हमको कबहुँ न पठई पाती॥
पिय पिय कहत रहत जिय मेरो है यातक की जाती।
सूरदास प्रभु प्रानहिं राखहु है कै बूँद-सवाती

*ūdho! kulisa bhai yaha chātī|
mero mana rasika lagyo na~dalālahi, jhakhata rahata dinarātī||
taji brajaloka, pitā aru janani, kaṇṭha lāya gae kātī|
aise niṭhura bhae hari hamako kabahu~ na paṭhai pātī||
piya piya kahata rahata jīya mero hvai cātaka kī jāṭī|
sūradāsa prabhu prānhiṇ rākhahu hvai kai bū~da-savātī*

Uddhava, this breast has become a thunderbolt. My heart is fastened to playful Nandalāla and pines for him day and night. Leaving the people of Braj, his father, and his mother, he embraced us - only to go away as though placing a knife at our throats. Hari has grown so pitiless toward us that he has never once sent a letter. My heart keeps crying, 'Beloved, beloved,' having taken on the nature of a cātaka bird. Sūrdās pleads: Lord, preserve this very life by becoming its single drop of Svāti rain.

Pada 222

राग मारू

ऊधो! कहु मधुबन की रीति।
राजा है ब्रजनाथ तिहारे कहा बलावत नीति?
निसि-लौं करत दाह दिनकर ज्यों हुतो सदा ससि सीति।
पुरवा पवन कह्यो नहिं मानत गए सहज बपु जीति॥
कुब्जा-काज कंस को मार्यो, भई निरंतर प्रीति।
सूर बिरह ब्रज भलो न लागत जहाँ ब्याह तहँ गीति

*ūdho! kahu madhubana kī rīṭi|
rājā hvai brajanātha tihāre kahā calāvata nīti?
nisi-laum karata dāha dinakara jyom huto sadā sasi sīti|
puravā pavana kahyo nahim mānata gae sahaja bapu jīti||
kubjā-kāja kaṇsa ko mār̥yo, bhai niraṇṭara prīti|
sūra biraha braja bhalo na lāgata jahā~ byāha taha~ gīti*

Uddhava, tell us the ways of Mathurā. Now that your Lord of Braj has become a king, what kind of rule does he practice? All through the night the moon burns like the sun, though once it was

always cool; the east wind no longer obeys its nature, but has conquered the body's native ease. For Kubjā's sake he slew Kaiṁsa, and their love has become unbroken. Sūr says: Braj, consumed by separation, no longer seems good - yet at the place of a wedding they sing festal songs.

Pada 223

ऊधो! काल-चाल चौरासी।
 मन हरि मदनगोपाल हमारी बोलत बोल उदासी॥
 एते पै हम जोग करहिं क्यों लै अबिगत अबिनासी।
 गुप्त गोपाल करी बनलीला हम लूटी सुखरासी॥
 लोचन उमगि चलत हरि के हित बिन देखे बरिसा सी।
 रसना सूर स्याम के रस बिनु चातकहु तें प्यासी

ūdho! kāla-cāla caurāsī|
mana hari madanagopāla hamāro bolata bola udāsī||
ete pai hama joga karahīṁ kyoṁ lai abigata abināsī|
gupta gopāla karī banalīlā hama lūṭī sukharāsī||
locana umagi calata hari ke hīta bina dekhe barisā sī|
rasanā sūra syāma ke rasa binu cātakahū teṁ pyāsī

Uddhava, this is the old course of time through eighty-four lakhs of births. Madanagopāla has stolen our mind, while you keep speaking words of desolation. After this, why should we practice yoga and pursue an imperceptible, imperishable Absolute? Gopāla secretly enacted his forest play with us, and there we plundered a treasure-house of bliss. Our eyes swell and stream for Hari; without seeing him, they pour like the rains. Sūr says: without the nectar of Śyāma, even our tongue thirsts more fiercely than a cātaka bird.

Pada 224

राग कान्हरो

ऊधो! सरद समयहु आयो।
 बहुतै दिवस रटत चातक तकि तेउ स्वाति-जल पायो॥
 कबहुँक ध्यान धरत उर-अन्तर मुख मुरली लै गावत।
 सो रसरस पुलिन जमुना की ससि देखे सुधि आवत॥
 जासों लगन-प्रीति अन्तरगत औगुन गुन करि भावत।
 हमसों कपट, लोक-डर तातें सूर सनेह जनावत

*ūdho! sarada samayahū āyo|
 bahutai divasa raṭata cātaka taki teu svāti-jala pāyo||
 kabahu-ka dhyāna dharata ura-antara mukha muralī lai gāvata|
 so rasarāsa pulina jamunā kī sasi dekhe sudhi āvata||
 jāsoṃ lagana-prīti antaragata auguna guna kari bhāvata|
 hamasoṃ kapaṭa, loka-ḍara tāteṃ sūra saneha janāvata*

Uddhava, even the autumn season has arrived. The cātaka birds that cried for so many days watched the sky and at last received the water of Svāti. Sometimes, holding him in meditation within the heart, we see him raise the flute to his lips and play. When we behold the moon, remembrance returns of that treasury of rasa upon the Yamunā's sandy bank. When love has taken root deep within, even the beloved's faults are cherished as virtues. He keeps faith with us in secret, restrained by fear of the world; Sūr says: through that very concealment he reveals his love.

Pada 225

राग सारंग

ऊधो! कौन कुदिन छाँड़्यो हो गोकुल।
 बहुरि न आए फिरि या ब्रज में, बिछुर्यो तबहिं मिल्यो अब सो कुल॥
 गरग-बचन समुझे अब मधुबन-कथा-प्रसंग सुन्यो हो जो कुल।
 सूर भये अब त्रिभुवन के पति नातो ज्ञाति लहे अब निज कुल

*ūdho! kauna kudina chā-ṛyo ho gokula|
 bahuri na āe phiri yā braja meṃ, bichuryo tabahiṃ milyo aba so kula||
 garaga-bacana samujhe aba madhubana-kathā-prasaṅga sunyo ho jo kula|
 sūra bhaye aba tribhuvana ke pati nāto jñāti lahe aba nija kula*

Uddhava, on what accursed day did he leave Gokula? He never returned to this Braj; parted from us then, he has now found that other clan. Only now do we understand Garga's prophecy, having heard the stories circulating in Mathurā. Sūr says: he has become lord of the three worlds; he has found connections, kinsmen, and the family he calls his own.

Padas 226-240

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 226

ऊधो! राखिए वह बात।
कहत हौ अनहद सुबानी सुनत हम यपि जात॥
जोग फल-कुष्मांड ऐसो अजामुख न समात।
बारबार न भाखिए कोउ अमृत तजि बिष खात?
नयन प्यासे रूप के, जल दए नाहिं अघात।
सूर प्रभु मन हरि गए लै छाँड़ि तन-कुसलात

*ūdho! rākhie vaha bāta|
kahata hau anahada subānī sunata hama capi jāta||
joga phala-kuṣmāṇḍa aisō ajāmukha na samāta|
bārābāra na bhākhie kou amṛta taji biṣa khāta?
nayana pyāse rūpa ke, jala dae nāhiṇi aghāta|
sūra prabhu mana hari gae lai chāḍi tana-kusalāta*

Uddhava, keep that matter to yourself. When you discourse upon the unstruck sound and your fine doctrine, we shrink and are crushed. The pumpkin that is the fruit of yoga cannot fit into a goat's little mouth. Do not repeat yourself again and again - who would abandon nectar to eat poison? Our eyes thirst for his form; even the water of their tears gives them no satisfaction. Sūr says: the Lord Hari carried away our minds and left behind bodies bereft of well-being.

Pada 227

ऊधो! बात तिहारी जानी।
 आए हौ ब्रज को बिन काजहि, दहत हृदय कटु बानी॥
 जो पै स्याम रहत घट तौ कत बिरह-बिथा न परानी?
 झूठी बातनि क्यों मन मानत चलमति, अलप गियानी॥
 जोग-जुगुति की नीति अगम हम ब्रजवासिनि कह जाने?
 सिखवहु जाय जहाँ नटनागर रहत प्रेम लपटाने॥
 दासी घेरि रहे हरि, तुम ह्याँ गढ़ि गढ़ि कहत बनाई।
 निपट निलज्ज अजहूँ न चलत उठि, कहत सूर समुझाई

ūdho! bāta tihārī jānī|
āe hau braja ko bina kājahi, dahata hṛdaya kaṭu bānī||
jo pai syāma rahata ghaṭa tau kata biraha-bithā na parānī?
jhūṭhī bātani kyoṃ mana mānata calamati, alapa giyānī||
joga-juguti kī nīti agama hama brajavāsini kaha jāne?
sikhavahu jāya jahā~ naṭanāgara rahata prema lapaṭāne||
dāsī gheri rahe hari, tuma hyā~ gaṛhi gaṛhi kahata banāi|
nīpaṭa nilajja ajahu~ na calata uṭhi, kahata sūra samujhāi

Uddhava, we have understood your purpose. You have come to Braj for no good reason, burning our hearts with bitter speech. If Śyāma truly dwelt inside every vessel, why would the anguish of separation not depart? Why should the mind accept false assertions, O fickle-witted man of little understanding? What could we women of Braj know of the inaccessible discipline and methods of yoga? Go teach them wherever the clever Dancer lives, entangled in love. Hari remains surrounded by maidservants, while you sit here inventing one elaborate tale after another. Utterly shameless, you still do not rise and leave, though Sūr has explained everything plainly.

Pada 228

ऊधो! राखति हौं पति तेरी।
 ह्याँ तें जाहु, दुर आगे तें देखत आँखि बरति हैं मेरी॥
 तुम जो कहत गोपाल सत्य है, देखहु आय न कुब्जा घेरी।
 ते तौ तैसेई दोउ बने हैं, वै अहीर वह कैस की घेरी॥
 तुम सारिखे बसीठ पठाए, कहा कहौं उनकी मति फेरी।
 सूरदास प्रभु तुम्हरे मिलन को ग्वालिनि कै सँग जोवति हेरी

*ūdho! rākhati haum pati terī|
 hyā~ tem jāhu, dura āge tem dekhata ā~khi barati haiṁ merī||
 tuma jo kahata gopāla satya hai, dekhahu āya na kubjā gherī|
 te tau taisēi dou bane haiṁ, vai ahīra vaha ka~sa kī cerī||
 tuma sārīkhe basīṭha paṭhāe, kahā kahaum unakī mati pherī|
 sūradāsa prabhu tumhare milana ko gvālīni kai sa~ga jovatī herī*

Uddhava, I still preserve your dignity. Go away from here; even seeing you from a distance makes my eyes burn. You say that Gopāla's message is true - then look and see why he does not come, encircled by Kubjā. Those two are perfectly matched: he an Ahir, she Kāṁsa's maid. When he sends an envoy like you, what more can I say? His judgment has turned completely astray. Sūrdās says: longing for reunion with your Lord, the cowherd women keep watching the road together.

Pada 229

राग नट

ऊधो! बेदबचन परमान।
 कमल मुख पर नयन-खंजन देखिहैं क्यों आन?
 श्री-निकेत-समेत सब गुन, सकल-रूप-निधान।
 अधर-सुधा पिवाय बिछुरे पठै दीनो ज्ञान॥
 दूरि नहीं दयाल सब घट कहत एक समान।
 निकसि क्यों न गोपाल बोधत दुखिन के दुख जान?
 रूप-रेख न देखिए, बिन स्वाद सब्द भुलान।
 ईखदंडहि डारि हरिगुन, गहत पानि बिषान॥
 बीतराग सुजान जोगिन, भक्तजनन निवास।
 निगम-बानी मेटिकै क्यों कहै सूरदास?

*ūdho! bedabacana paramāna|
 kamala mukha para nayana-khaṇjana dekhihaiṁ kyoṁ āna?
 śrī-niketa-sameta saba guna, sakala-rūpa-nidhāna|
 adhara-sudhā pivāya bichure paṭhai dīno jñāna||
 dūri nahīṁ dayāla saba ghaṭa kahata eka samāna|
 nikasi kyoṁ na gopāla bodhata dukhina ke dukha jāna?*

*rūpa-rekha na dekhie, bina svāda sabda bhulāna|
 ikhadamḍahi ḍāri hariguna, gahata pāni biṣāna||
 bitarāga sujāna jogina, bhaktajanana nivāsa|
 nigama-bānī meṭikai kyoṃ kahai sūradāsa?*

Uddhava, the words of the Veda are our authority. Having once seen the khanjana-bird eyes upon that lotus face, how could these eyes look upon another? He is the abode of Śrī, possessed of every virtue, the treasury of every beauty. After making us drink the nectar of his lips, he departed and sent us this doctrine of knowledge. You say the merciful Lord is not distant but equally present in every heart - then why does Gopāla not come forth, knowing the sorrow of the sorrowful? No form or outline can be seen; without any savor, mere words bewilder us. Casting aside the sweet cane of Hari's virtues, you reach for water in a horn. How could Sūrdās erase the voice of revelation, which calls him the wise, detached Lord and the dwelling-place of his devotees?

Pada 230

राग सारंग

ऊधो! अब चित भए कठोर।
 पूरब प्रीति बिसारी गिरिधर नवतन राचे और।
 जा दिन तें मधुपुरी सिधारे धीरज रह्यो न मोर।
 जन्म जन्म की दासी तुम्हरी नागर नंदकिसोर॥
 चितवनि-बान लगाए मोहन निकसे उर वहि ओर।
 सूरदास प्रभु कबहिं मिलौगे, कहाँ रहे रनछोर?

*ūdho! aba cita bhae kaṭhōra|
 pūraba prīti bisārī giridhara navatana rāce aura||
 jā dina teṃ madhupurī sidhāre dhīraja rahyo na mora|
 janma janma kī dāsī tumharī nāgara naṃdakisora||
 citavani-bāna laḡāe mohana nikase ura vahi ora|
 sūradāsa prabhu kabahiṃ milauge, kahā~ rahe ranachōra?*

Uddhava, now my heart has grown hard. Giridhara has forgotten his former love and become newly enamored elsewhere. Since the day he departed for Mathurā, none of my composure has remained. Charming Nandakishora, I have been your servant through birth after birth. Mohana shot the arrows of his glance, then departed by the very path they opened through my breast. Sūrdās cries: Lord, when will you meet me? Where are you staying, O Raṇachora?

Pada 231

ऊधो! अब नहिं स्याम हमारे।
 मधुबन बसत बदलि से गे वे, माधव मधुप तिहारे॥
 इतनिहि दूरि भए कछु औरै, जोय जोय मगु हारे।
 कपटी कुटिल काक कोकिल ज्यों अन्त भए उड़ि न्यारे॥
 रस लै भँवर जाय स्वारथ-हित प्रीतम चितहि बिसारे।
 सूरदास तिनसों कह कहिए जे तन हूँ मन कारे

*ūdho! aba nahim syāma hamāre|
 madhubana basata badali se ge ve, mādhave madhupa tihāre||
 itanihi dūri bhae kachu aurai, joya joya magu hāre|
 kapaṭi kuṭila kāka kokila jyoṃ anta bhae uṛi nyāre||
 rasa lai bha~vara jāya svāratha-hita prītaṃ citahi bisāre|
 sūradāsa tinasoṃ kaha kahie je tana hū~ mana kāre*

Uddhava, Śyāma is no longer ours. Living in Mathurā, he has changed; that Mādhava is now your Mathurā bee. Though he has gone only this far away, he has become someone altogether different, while our eyes wear themselves out watching the road. Deceitful and crooked - like the crow reared by the cuckoo - at the end he spread his wings and flew away. A bee takes the flower's nectar and departs for its own advantage, forgetting the beloved in its heart. Sūrdās says: what can one say to those whose bodies and minds alike are black?

Pada 232

ऊधो! पा लागौं भले आए।
 तुम देखे जनु माधव देखे, तुम त्रयताप नसाए॥
 नैद जसोदा नातो दूटो बेद पुरानन गाए।
 हम अहीरि, तुम अहिर नाम तजि निर्गुन नाम लखाए॥
 तब यहि घोष खेल बहु खेले ऊखल भुजा बाँधाए।
 सूरदास प्रभु यहै सूल जिय बहुरि न घरन दिखाए

*ūdho! pā lāgaūṃ bhale āe|
 tuma dekhe janu mādhave dekhe, tuma trayatāpa nasāe||
 na~da jasodā nāto ṭūṭo beda purānana gāe|
 hama ahīri, tuma ahira nāma taji nirguṇa nāma lakhāe||
 taba yahi ghoṣa khela bahu khele ūkhala bhujā ba~dhāe|
 sūradāsa prabhu yahai sūla jiya bahuri na carana dikhāe*

Uddhava, I bow at your feet; you have done well to come. Seeing you is almost like seeing Mādhava, and you have dispelled the threefold afflictions. Yet the bond with Nanda and Yaśodā has been broken, though Vedas and Purāṇas sing of it. We are Ahīr women, but you have erased even Hari's name and made us recognize only the name 'attributeless.' Once he played so many games in this cowherd settlement and let his arms be bound to the mortar. Sūrdās says: this

alone is the thorn in my heart - the Lord has never again shown us his feet.

Pada 233

ऊधो! निरगुन कहत हौ तुमहीं अब धौं लेहु।
 सगुन मूरति नंदनन्दन हमहिं आनि सु देहु॥
 अगम पन्थ परम कठिन गवन तहाँ नाहिं।
 सनकादिक भूलि परे अबला कहँ जाहिं?
 पञ्चतत्त्व प्रकृति कहो अपर कैसे जानि?
 मन बच क्रम कहत सूर बैरनि की बानि

*ūdho! niraguna kahata hau tumahiṃ aba dhaum lehu|
 saguna mūrati nandanandana hamahiṃ āni su dehu||
 agama pantha parama kaṭhina gavana tahā~ nāhiṃ|
 sanakādika bhūli pare abalā kaha~ jāhiṃ?
 pañcatattva prakṛti kaho apara kaise jāni?
 mana baca krama kahata sūra bairani kī bāni*

Uddhava, since you keep speaking of the attributeless, take it for yourself. Bring us instead the manifest form of Nandanandana. That path is inaccessible and supremely hard; there is no passage there. Even Sanaka and the other sages lost their way - where could helpless women go? You speak of the five elements and Prakṛti; how could we understand anything beyond them? Sūr says: in thought, word, and deed, you speak the language of an enemy.

Pada 234

ऊधो! और कछू कहिबे को?
 सीऊ कहि डारौ पा लागैं, हम सब सुनि सहिबे को॥
 यह उपदेस आज लौं मैं, सखि, सवन सुन्यो नहिं देख्यो।
 नीरस कटुक तपत जीवनगत, चाहत मन उर लेख्यो!
 बसत स्याम निकसत न एक पल हिये मनोहर ऐन।
 या कहँ यहाँ ठौर नाहीं, लै राखी जहाँ सुवैन॥
 हम सब सखि गोपाल-उपासिनि हमसों बातें छाँड़ि।
 सूर मधुप! लै राखु मधुपुरी कुबजा के घर गाड़ि

*ūdho! aura kachū kahibe ko?
 sīū kahi ḍārau pā lāgaiṃ, hama saba suni sahibe ko||
 yaha upadesa āja lauṃ maiṃ, sakhi, sravana sunyo nahīṃ dekhyo|
 nīrasa kaṭuka tapata jīvanagata, cāhata mana ura lekhyo!
 basata syāma nikasata na eka pala hiye manohara aina|
 yā kaha~ yahā~ ṭhaura nāhiṃ, lai rākhu jahā~ suvain||
 hama saba sakhi gopāla-upāsini hamasōṃ bātaiṃ chā~ṛi|
 sūra madhupa! lai rākhu madhupurī kubajā ke ghara gāṛi*

Uddhava, is there still anything else to say? Speak it all out at once - I bow at your feet - and we will hear and endure it. Companion, until today my ears had never heard or encountered such instruction. Dry, bitter, and scorching, it seeks to inscribe a lifeless discipline upon the heart. Enchanting Śyāma dwells there and will not come out even for a moment; there is no room here for this doctrine, so carry it somewhere it can rest in comfort. All of us companions worship Gopāla - stop discussing it with us. Bee, Sūr says: take your doctrine back to Mathurā and bury it in Kubjā's house.

Pada 235

राग आसावरी

ऊधो! कहियो सबै सोहती।
 जाहि ज्ञान सिखवन तुम आए सो कहैं ब्रज में कोय ती?
 अंतहु सीख सुनहुगे हमरी कहियत बात बिचारि।
 फुरत न बचन कछु कहिबे को, रहे प्रीति सों हारि॥
 देखियत हौ करुना की मूरति, सुनियत हौ परपीरक।
 सोय करौ ज्यों मिटै हृदय को दाह परै उर सीरक॥
 राजपंथ तें टारि बतावत उरझ कुबील कुपैड़ो।
 सूरदास समाय कहौ लौं अज के बदन कुम्हैड़ो?

ūdho! kahiyo sabai sohatī|
jāhi jñāna sikhavana tuma āe so kahaṁ braja meṁ koya tī?
aṁtahu sikha sunahuge hamarī kahiyata bāta bicāri|
phurata na bacana kachū kahibe ko, rahe prīti soṁ hāri||
dekhiyata hau karunā kī mūrati, suniyata hau parapiraka|
soya karau jyom miṭai hṛdaya ko dāha parai ura sīraka||
rājapaṁtha teṁ tārī batāvata urajha kubila kupaiṇṇo|
sūradāsa samāya kahā~ lauṁ aja ke badana kumhaiṇo?

Uddhava, say whatever is fitting. Is there anyone at all in Braj suited to the knowledge you came to teach? In the end, listen to our counsel as well and reflect upon what we say. No words now rise for speaking; defeated by love, speech has fallen still. We have seen him as the very form of compassion and heard that he feels another's pain. Do whatever will extinguish the burning of this heart and lay something cool upon the breast. You turn us from the royal road and point toward a tangled, crooked, evil lane. Sūrdās asks: how could this great pumpkin ever be forced into the mouth of a goat?

Pada 236

ऊधो! तुमहुं सुनौ इक बात।
 जो तुम करत सिखावन सो हमैं नाहिं नेकु सुहात॥
 ससि-दरसन बिनु मलिन कुमोदिनि ज्यों रवि बिनु जल जात।
 त्यों हम कमलनयन बिन देखे तलफि तलफि मुरझात॥
 घँसि चँदन घनसार सजे तन ते क्यों भस्म भरात?
 रहे स्रवन मुरलीधर सों रत, सिंगी सुनत डरात॥
 अबलनि आनि जोग उपदेसत नाहिं नेकु लजात।
 जिन पायो हरि परस सुधारस ते कैसे कटु खात?
 अवधि-आस गनि गनि जीवति हैं, अब नहिं प्रान खटात।
 सूर स्याम हम निपट बिसारी ज्यों तरु जीरन पात

ūdho! tumahuṃ sunau ika bāta|
jo tuma karata sikhāvana so hamaiṃ nāhiṃna neku suhāta||
sasi-darasana binu malina kumodini jyom ravi binu jala jāta|
tyom hama kamalanayana bina dekhe talaphi talaphi murajhāta||
gha~sī ca~dana ghanasāra saje tana te kyom bhasma bharāta?
rahe sravana muralīdhara soṃ rata, siṅgī sunata ḍarāta||
abalani āni joga upadesata nāhiṃna neku lajāta|
jīna pāyo hari parasa sudhārasa te kaise kaṭu khāta?
avadhi-āsa gani gani jīvati haiṃ, aba nahiṃ prāna khaṭāta|
sūra syāma hama nipaṭa bisārī jyom taru jīrana pāta

Uddhava, listen to one thing from us as well. The lesson you are giving does not please us in the least. As a night-lotus grows wan without the moon, and a water-lotus withers without the sun, so without seeing the lotus-eyed Lord we writhe and wither away. Bodies rubbed with sandal paste and adorned with camphor - why smear those bodies with ash? Our ears are absorbed in the Bearer of the Flute; they tremble to hear the yogi's horn. Do you feel no shame at all, bringing instruction in yoga to helpless women? Having tasted the nectar of Hari's touch, how could they consume anything bitter? Counting and recounting the days until his promised return, they live; now their breaths can bear no more strain. Sūr says: Śyāma has utterly forgotten us, like a tree casting off a withered leaf.

Pada 237

राग कान्हरो

ऊधो! अँखियाँ अति अनुरागी।
 इकटक मग जोवति अरु रोवति, भूलेहु पलक न लागी॥
 बिन पावस पावस ऋतु आई देखत हौ बिदमान।
 अब धौं कहा कियो चाहत हौ? छाँड़हु नीरस ज्ञान॥
 सुनु प्रिय सखा स्यामसुन्दर के जानत सकल सुभाव।
 जैसे मिलैं सूर प्रभु हमको सो कछु करहु उपाव

ūdho! a~khiyā~ ati anurāgī|
ikaṭaka maga jovati aru rovatī, bhūlehu palaka na lāgī||
bina pāvasa pāvasa ṛtu āī dekhata hau bidamāna|
aba dhauṇ kahā kiyo cāhata hau? chāṇḍahu nīrasa jñāna||
sunu priya sakhā syāmasundara ke jānata sakala subhāva|
jaise milaiṇ sūra prabhu hamako so kachu karahu upāva

Uddhava, these eyes are passionately in love. Fixed upon the road, they watch and weep; even by mistake their lids never close. Without the monsoon, the rainy season has arrived - you can see it here before you. What more do you now wish to do? Put aside your sapless knowledge. Listen, beloved friend of Śyāmasundara: you know his every disposition. Devise whatever means will bring Sūr's Lord to meet us.

Pada 238

ऊधो! कहत कही नहीं जाय।
 मदनगोपाल लाल के बिछुरत प्रान रहे मुरझाय॥
 अब स्यंदन चढ़ि गवन कियो इत फिरि चितयो गोपाल।
 तबहीं परम कृतज्ञ सबै उठि सँग लगीं ब्रजबाल॥
 अब यह औरै सृष्टि बिरह की बकति बाय-बौरानो।
 तिनसों कहा देत फिरि उत्तर? तुम हौ पूरन ज्ञानी॥
 अब सो मान घटै, का कीजै? ज्यों उपजै परतीति।
 सूरदास कछु बरनि न आवै कठिन बिरह की रीति

ūdho! kahata kahī nahīṇ jāya|
madanagopāla lāla ke bichurata prāna rahe muraṇhāya||
aba syaṇdana caṛhi gavana kiyo ita phiri citayo gopāla|
tabahiṇ parama kṛtājña sabai uṭhi sa~ga lagiṇ brajabāla||
aba yaḥa aurai sṛṣṭi bīraha kī bakati bāya-baurāno|
tinasoṇ kahā deta phiri uttara? tuma hau pūrana jñānī||
aba so māna ghaṭai, kā kījai? jyōṇ upajai paratīti|
sūradāsa kachu barani na āvai kaṭhina bīraha kī rīti

Uddhava, what we feel cannot be spoken. Since separation from our darling Madanagopāla, our life-breaths have remained withered. When he mounted the chariot and began his journey, Gopāla turned and looked this way once more; at that moment every grateful girl of Braj arose and started after him. Now separation has made of us another kind of creation, babbling like wind-driven madwomen. What answer can you keep giving to such women, you who are perfectly wise? If even that former self-respect now diminishes, what can be done? Whatever conviction arises, we follow it. Sūrdās says: nothing can adequately describe the harsh ways of separation.

Pada 239

राग बिहागरो

ऊधो! यह मन अधिक कठोर।
 निकसि न गयो कुँभ काँचे ज्यों बिछुरत नँदकिसोर॥
 हम कछु प्रीति-रीति नहिं जानी तब ब्रजनाथ तजी।
 हमरे प्रेम न उनको, ऊधो! सब रस-रीति लजी॥
 हमतें भली जलचरी बपुरी अपनो नेम निबाहैं।
 जल तें बिछुरत ही तन त्यागैं जल ही जल को चाहैं।
 अचरज एक भयो सुनो, ऊधो! जल बिनु मीन जियो।
 सूरदास प्रभु आवन कहि गए मन बिस्वास कियो

*ūdho! yaha mana adhika kaṭhōra|
 nikasi na gayo ku~bha kā~ce jyoṃ bichurata na~dakisora||
 hama kachu prīti-rīti nahīṃ jānī taba brajanātha tajī|
 hamare prema na unako, ūdho! saba rasa-rīti lajī||
 hamateṃ bhaḷī jalacarī bapurī apano nema nibāhaiṃ|
 jala teṃ bichurata hī tana tyāgaiṃ jala hī jala ko cāhaiṃ|
 acaraja eka bhayo suno, ūdho! jala binu mīna jīyo|
 sūrādāsa prabhu āvana kahi gae mana bisvāsa kiyo*

Uddhava, this heart is exceedingly hard. When Nandakishora left, it did not burst and flow out like water from an unbaked jar. We did not know anything of the ways and customs of love when the Lord of Braj abandoned us. He had no love for us, Uddhava; every convention of rasa has been put to shame. The poor fish are better than we are, for they remain faithful to their rule: parted from water, they immediately surrender the body, desiring water alone. Hear of one wonder, Uddhava - a fish has lived without water! Sūrdās says: the Lord promised that he would return, and the heart placed its trust in him.

Pada 240

उधो! होत कहा समुझाए?
चित बुभि रही साँवरी मूरति, जोग कहा तुम लाए?
पा लागौ कहियो हरिजू सों दरस देहु इक बेर।
सूरदास प्रभु सों बिनती करि यहै सुनैयो टेर

*udho! hota kahā samujhāe?
cita cubhi rahī sā~varī mūrati, joga kahā tuma lāe?
pā lāgaun kahiyō harijū sōṁ darasa dehu ika bera|
sūradāsa prabhu sōṁ binatī kari yahai sunaiyo ṭera*

Uddhava, what can be gained by explaining? The dark, beautiful form remains piercingly lodged in consciousness - what yoga have you brought here? I fall at your feet: tell Hari just this - grant us your vision once. Sūrdās says: make this plea to the Lord and let this single cry reach his ears.

Padas 241-255

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 241

ऊधो! हमें जोग नहीं भावै।
चित में बसत स्यामघन सुन्दर, सो कैसे बिसरावै?
तुम जो कही सत्य सब बातें, हमरे लेखे धूरि।
या घट-भीतर सगुन निरंतर रहे स्याम भरि पूरि॥
पा लागौ कहियो मोहन सौं जोग कूबरी दीजै।
सूरदास प्रभु-रूप निहारैं हमरे संमुख कीजै

ūdho! hamaiṇ joga nahīṇ bhāvai|
cita meṇ basata syāmaghana sundara, so kaise bisarāvai?
tuma jo kahī satya saba bāṭeṇ, hamare lekhe dhūri|
yā ghaṭa-bhītara saḡuna nira~tara rahe syāma bhari pūri||
pā lāgaū kahīyo mohana saṃ joga kūbarī dījai|
sūradāsa prabhu-rūpa nihāraiṇ hamare saṃmukha kījai

Uddhava, yoga does not please us. The beautiful rain-dark Śyāma dwells in consciousness - how could anyone make us forget him? Everything you have said may be true, but in our reckoning it is dust. Within this vessel the manifest Lord abides without cease; Śyāma fills it through and through. I fall at your feet: tell Mohana to give the yoga to Kubjā. Bring the Lord's form before us, so that Sūrdās may behold him face to face.

Pada 242

ऊधो! हम न जोगपद साधे।
 सुन्दरस्याम सलोनो गिरिधर नैदनैदन आराधे॥
 जा तन रचि रचि भूषन पहिरे भाँति भाँति के साज।
 ता तन को कहै भस्म चढ़ावन, आवत नाहिँन लाज॥
 घट-भीतर नित बसत साँवरो मोरमुकुट सिर धारे।
 सूरदास चित तिन सों लाग्यो, जोगहिँ कौन सँभारे?

*ūdho! hama na jogapada sādhe|
 sundarasyāma salono giridhara na~dana~dana ārādhe||
 jā tana raci raci bhūṣana pahire bhā~ti bhā~ti ke sāja|
 tā tana ko kahai bhasma caṛhāvana, āvata nāhiṁna lāja||
 ghaṭa-bhītara nita basata sā~varo moramukūṭa sira dhāre|
 sūradāsa cita tina soṁ lāgyo, jogahiṁ kauna sa~bhāre?*

Uddhava, we do not practice the state of yoga. We worship lovely, dark, charming Giridhara, Nandanandana. This body was lovingly adorned with jewels and dressed in ornaments of every kind; do you feel no shame telling us to cover that body with ash? Within the heart the Dark One dwells forever, a peacock crown upon his head. Sūrdās says: consciousness is fastened to him - who then could attend to yoga?

Pada 243

राग सारंग

ऊधो! कहियो यह संदेस।
 लोग कहत कुबजा-रस-माते, ताते तुम सकुचौ जनि लेस॥
 कबहुँक इत पग धारि सिधारी धरि हरिखँड सुबेस।
 हमरो मनरंजन कीन्हें तैं हैहौ भुवननरेस॥
 जब तुम इत ठहराय रहौगे देखौगे सब देस।
 नहिँ बैकुण्ठ अखिल ब्रह्माँडहि ब्रज बिनु, हे हषिकेस।
 यह किन मंत्र दियो नंदनँदन तजि ब्रज भ्रमन-बिदेस?
 जसुमति जननी प्रिया राधिका देखे औरहि देस?
 इतनी कहत कहत स्यामा पै कछु न रह्यो अवसेस।
 मोहनलाल प्रबाल मृदुलमन ततछन करी सुहेस॥
 को ऊधो, को दुसह बिरह-जुर, को नृपनगर-सुरेस?
 कैसो ज्ञान, कह्यो किन कासों, किन पठयो उपदेस?
 मुख मृदुछबि मुरली रव पूरित गोरज-कर्बुर केस।
 नट-नाटकगति बिकट लटक जब बन तैं कियो प्रबेस॥
 अति आतुर अकुलाय धाय पिय पौछत नैन कुसेस।
 कुम्हिलानो मुखपद्म परस करि देखत छविहि बिसेस॥
 सूर सोम, सनकादि, इंद्र, अज, सारद, निगम, महेस।
 नित्यबिहार सकल रस भ्रमगति कहि गावहिँ मुख सेस

ūdho! kahiyo yaha sandesa|
loga kahata kubajā-rasa-māte, tāteṁ tuma sakucāu jani lesa||
kabahu~ka ita paga dhāri sidhārau dhari harikha~ḍa subesa|
hamaro manaramjana kinheṁ teṁ hvaiḥau bhuvananaresa||
jaba tuma ita ṭaharāya rahaḡe dekhauge saba desa|
nahiṁ baikunṭha akhila brahmā~ḍahi braja binu, he ḥṛṣikesa!
yaha kina maṁtra diyo naṁdana~dana taji braja bhramana-bidesa?
jasumati janāṁ priyā rādhikā dekhe aurahi desa?
itanī kahata kahata syāmā pai kachu na rahyo avasesa|
mohanalāla prabāla mṛdulamana tatachana karī suhesa||
ko ūdho, ko dusaha biraha-jura, ko nṛpanagara-suresa?
kaiso jñāna, kahmo kina kāsom, kina paṭhaya upadesa?
mukha mṛduchabi muralī rava pūrīta goraja-karbura kesa|
naṭa-nāṭakagati bikaṭa laṭaka jaba bana teṁ kiyo prabesa||
ati ātura akulāya dhāya piya poṁchata naina kusesa|
kumhilāno mukhapadma parasa kari dekhata chavihi bisesa||
sūra soma, sanakādi, iṁdra, aja, sārada, nigama, mahesa|
nityabihāra sakala rasa bhramagati kahi gāvahiṁ mukha sesa

Uddhava, carry this message. People say he is drunk with the nectar of Kubjā, but do not let that make you hesitate even slightly. Sometime let him set foot here again, beautifully dressed and

anointed with yellow sandal. By delighting our hearts once more, he will truly become sovereign of all the worlds. If he stays here awhile, he will behold every realm, for in the whole cosmos there is no *Vaikuṇṭha* apart from *Braj*, O *Hṛṣīkeśa*. Who gave *Nandanandana* the spell that made him abandon *Braj* and wander in foreign lands? Has he seen another country containing mother *Yasodā* and his beloved *Rādhikā*? As she spoke these words, nothing remained of the dark-complexioned girl; every trace of outward awareness disappeared. In that very instant the coral-lipped, tender-hearted *Mohanalāla* appeared beautifully before her. Who was *Uddhava* now, what was the unbearable fever of separation, and who the lord of the royal city? What knowledge had been spoken, by whom and to whom, and who had sent instruction? She saw only his gentle face, the air filled with the flute's music, his hair mottled with cow-dust; she saw his graceful actor's gait and enchanting gestures as he entered from the forest. Overwhelmed, she ran to her beloved in trembling haste, while he wiped her eyes with lotus hands. Touching her wilted lotus face, he gazed upon its singular beauty. *Sūr* says: *Soma* and *Sanaka*, *Indra* and the *Unborn*, *Sarasvatī*, the *Vedas* and *Maheśa* - and even *Śeṣa* with all his mouths - sing this eternal play, the circling movement of every *rasa*.

Pada 244

राग आसावरी

ऊधो! हरिजू हित जनाय चित चोराय लयो।
 ऊधो! चपल नयन चलाय अंगराग दयो॥
 परम साधु सखा सुजन जदुकुल के मानि।
 कहौ बात प्रात एक साँची जिय जानि॥
 सरद-बारिज सरिस दृग भौंह काम-कमान।
 क्यों जीवहिं बेधे उर लगे बिषम बान?
 मोहन मथुरा पै बसैं, ब्रज पठयो जोगसँदेस।
 क्यों न काँपी मेदिनी कहत जुवतिन ऊपदेस?
 तुम सयाने स्याम के देखहु जिय बिचारि।
 प्रीतम पति नृपति भए औ गहे वर नारि॥
 कोमल कर मधुर मुरलि अधर धरे तान।
 पसरि सुधा पूरि रही कहा सुनै कान?
 मृगी मृगज-लोचनी भए उभय एक प्रकार।
 नाद नयनबिष-तते न जान्यो मारनहार॥
 गौधन तजि गवन कियो लियो बिरद गोपाल।
 नीके कै कहिबी, यह भली निगम-चाल

ūdho! harijū hita janāya cita corāya layo|
ūdho! capala nayana calāya aṅgarāga dayo||
parama sādhu sakhā sujana jadukula ke māni|
kahau bāta prāta eka sā-ci jiya jāni||
sarada-bārija sarisa dṛga bhauṇha kāma-kamāna|

kyoṃ jīvaḥiṇ bedhe ura lage biṣama bāna?
mohana mathurā pai basaiṇ, braja paṭhayo jogasa~desa|
kyoṇa na kā~pī medinī kahata juvatina ūpadesa?
tuma sayāne syāma ke dekhahu jiya bicāri|
prītama pati nṛpati bhae au gahe vara nāri||
komala kara madhura murali adhara dhare tāna|
pasari sudhā pūri rahī kahā sunai kāna?
mṛgī mṛgaja-locanī bhae ubhaya eka prakāra|
nāda nayanabiṣa-tate na jāṇyo māraṇahāra||
godhana taji gavana kiyo liyo birada gopāla|
nīke kai kahibī, yaha bhalī nigama-cāla

Uddhava, Hari displayed affection and stole away the heart; he cast those restless eyes and dyed every limb with love. We honor you as a supremely holy friend and noble man of the Yadu clan. At morning tell us one true thing, speaking what you know in your heart. His eyes are autumn lotuses and his brows the bow of Kāma - how can those live whose breasts have been struck by his cruel arrows? Mohana stays in Mathurā and sends Braj a message of yoga; why did the earth not tremble when such instruction was spoken to young women? You are one of Śyāma's wise men - look within and consider: our beloved and husband has become a king and taken a chosen woman. His tender hands placed the sweet flute at his lips and sounded its melody; nectar spread everywhere and filled the air - what other thing could the ears hear? The deer and the doe-eyed women became alike: enthralled by sound and poisoned glance, neither recognized the hunter who would kill them. He abandoned the cattle and departed, yet retained the celebrated name Gopāla. Tell us plainly - is this the noble way proclaimed by scripture?

Pada 245

मधुकर! जानत है सब कोऊ।
 जैसे तुम औ मीत तुम्हारे, गुननि निपुन हौ दौऊ॥
 पाके चोर, हृदय के कपटी, तुम करे औ वोऊ।
 सरबसु हरत, करत अपनो सुख, कैसेहु किन होऊ॥
 परम कृपन थोरे धन जीवन उबरत नाहिँन सोऊ।
 सूर सनेह करै जो तुमसों सो करै आप-बिगोऊ

madhukara! jānata hai saba koū|
jaise tuma au mīta tumhāre, gunani nīpuna hau dauū||
pāke cora, hṛdaya ke kapaṭī, tuma kāre au voū|
sarabasu harata, karata apano sukha, kaisehū kina hoū||
parama kṛpana thore dhana jīvana ubarata nāhiṇna soū|
sūra saneha karai jo tumasoṃ so karai āpa-bigoū

Bee, everyone knows perfectly well how you and your friend are fashioned: both of you are expert in these virtues. Seasoned thieves, deceivers at heart - you are black, and he is black as well. You seize a person's entire treasure and pursue your own pleasure, no matter what

becomes of anyone else. A supreme miser may preserve a little wealth, but not even a little life survives your taking. Sūr says: whoever gives you his love brings ruin upon himself.

Pada 246

मधुकर! कहियत बहुत सयाने।
 तुम्हरी मति कापै बनि आवै हमरे काज अजाने।
 तैसोई तू, तैसो तेरो ठाकुर, एकहि बरनहि बाने।
 पहिले प्रीति पिवाय सुधारस पाछे जोग बखाने॥
 एक समय पंकजरस वासे दिनकर अस्त न माने।
 सोइ सूर गति भइ ह्यौं हरि बिनु हाथ मीड़ि पछिताने

madhukara! kahiyata bahuta sayāne|
tumharī mati kāpai bani āvai hamare kāja ajāne|
taisoī tū, taiso tero ṭhākura, ekahi baranahi bāne|
pahile prīti pivāya sudhārasa pāche joga bakhāne||
eka samaya paṅkajarasā vāse dinakara asta na māne|
soi sūra gati bhai hyā~ hari binu hātha mīṛi pachitāne

Bee, they call you exceedingly wise, but how could your judgment ever serve us when you know nothing of our need? As you are, so is your master - the two of you share one color and one disposition. First he made us drink the nectar of love; afterward you expound yoga. A bee once lodged in the nectar of a lotus and paid no heed when the sun set and its petals closed. Sūr says: without Hari, that same fate is ours here - we wring our hands and repent, enclosed by love.

Pada 247

मधुकर! कहत सँदेसो सूलहु।
 हरिपद छाँड़ि चले तातें तुम प्रीतिप्रेम भ्रमि भूलहु॥
 नहिं या उक्ति मृदुल श्रीमुख की जे तुम उर में हुलहु।
 बिलज न बदन होत या उचरत जो संधान न मूलहु॥
 उत बड़ ठौर नगर मथुरा, इत तरनितनूजा कूलहु।
 उत महाराज चतुर्भुज सुमिरौ, इत किसोरनंद दूलहु॥
 जे तुम कही बड़न की बतियाँ ब्रज जन नहिं समतूलहु।
 सूर स्याम गोपी-सँग बिलसे कंठ धरे भुजमूलहु

madhukara! kahata sa~deso sūlahu|
haripada chā~ṛi cale tāteṁ tuma prītiprema bhrami bhūlahu||
nahiṁ yā ukti mṛḍula śrīmukha ki je tuma ura meṁ hūlahu|
bilaja na badana hota yā ucarata jo saṁdhāna na mūlahu|
uta baṛa ṭhaura nagara mathurā, ita taranitanūjā kūlahu|
uta maharāja caturbhūja sumirau, ita kisorana~da dūlahu||
je tuma kahī baṛena kī batiyā~ braja jana nahiṁ samatūlahu|

sūra syāma gopī-sa-ga bilase kaṇṭha dhare bhujaṃlāhu

Bee, the message you speak is a thorn. Since you left Hari's feet and wandered away, you have become confused and forgotten loving devotion. This cannot be an utterance from his gentle, beautiful mouth, though you drive it like a spike into our hearts. Would your face not redden to pronounce it, had you not entirely lost your aim? There lies the great city of Mathurā; here lies the bank of the Yamunā. There remember the majestic four-armed Lord; here the youthful darling of Nanda. The lofty matters you have spoken are not suited to the people of Braj. Sūr says: Śyāma sported with the gopīs here, placing the roots of his arms around their necks.

Pada 248

राग सौरठ

मधुकर! यहाँ नहीं मन मेरो।
 गयो जो सँग नंदनंदन के बहुरि न कीन्हो फेरो॥
 लयो नयन मुसकानि मोल है, कियो परायो घेरो।
 सौँप्यो जाहि भयो बस ताके, बिसर्यो बास-बसेरो॥
 को समुझाय कहै सूर जो रसवस काहु केरो?
 मँदे पर्यो, सिधारू अनत लै, यह निर्गुन मत तेरो

madhukara! yahā~ nahīṃ mana mero|
gayo jo sa-ga naṇḍanaṇḍana ke bahuri na kīṇho phero||
layo nayana musakāni mola hai, kiyo parāyo cero|
saunṇpyo jāhi bhayo basa tāke, bisaryo bāsa-basero||
ko samujhāya kahai sūra jo rasavasa kāhū kero?
ma-de paryo, sidhārū anata lai, yaha nīrguna mata tero

Bee, my mind is not here. It went away with Nandanandana and has never turned back. He bought my eyes with the price of a smile and made them servants of another. I entrusted the mind to him; it fell under his command and forgot its home and dwelling. Sūr asks: who can reason with one that has come wholly under another's rasa? Your doctrine of the attributeless has fallen into the wrong place - take it and go elsewhere.

Pada 249

मधुकर! हमहीं कौ समझावत।
 बारंबार ज्ञानगाथा ब्रज अबलन आगे गावत॥
 नैदनैदन बिन कपट कथा कहि कत अनरुचि उपजावत?
 सक चंदन तन में जो सुधारत कहु कैसे सचु पावत?
 देखु विचारि तुहीं अपने जिय नागर है जु कहावत?
 सब सुमनन फिरि फिरि नीरस करि काहे को कमल बाँधावत?
 कमलनयन करकमल कमलपग कमलबदन बिरमावत।
 सूरदास प्रभु अलि अनुरागी काहे को और भुकावत?

*madhukara! hamahim kau samajhāvata|
 bāraṁbāra jñānagāthā braja abalana āge gāvata||
 na~dana~dana bina kapaṭa kathā kahi kata anaruci upajāvata?
 sraka caṁdana tana meṁ jo sudhārata kahu kaise sacu pāvata?
 dekhū vicāri tuhīm apāne jiya nāgara hai ju kahāvata?
 saba sumanana phiri phiri nīrasa kari kāhe ko kamala ba~dhāvata?
 kamalanayana karakamala kamalapaga kamalabadana biramāvata|
 sūradāsa prabhu ali anurāgī kāhe ko aura bhukāvata?*

Bee, is it we whom you presume to instruct? Again and again you sing the saga of knowledge before the helpless women of Braj. Without Nandanandana, why tell this deceitful tale and breed distaste in us? Tell us: how can one who beautifies his body with garlands and sandal paste attain the truth you preach? Look and consider within yourself - you are called a clever connoisseur. After roaming among all the flowers and draining them of nectar, why let yourself be imprisoned in the lotus? Lotus eyes, lotus hands, lotus feet, and lotus face delight us. Sūrdās asks: when the Lord himself is a bee in love with that lotus beauty, why urge us to feed upon anything else?

Pada 250

राग धनाश्री

को गोपाल कहाँ को बासी, कासों है पहिंचान?
 तुमसों सँदेसो कौन पठाए, कहत कौन सों आनि?
 अपनी चाँड़ आनि उड़ि बैठ्यो भँवर भलो रस जानि।
 कै वह बेलि बढ़ौ कै सूखौ, तिनको कह हितहानि॥
 प्रथम बेनु बन हरत हरिन-मन राग-रागिनी ठानि।
 जैसे बधिक बिसासि बिबस करि बधत विषम सर तानि॥
 पय प्यावत पूतना हनी, छपि बालि हन्यो, बलि दानि।
 सूपनखा, ताड़का निपाती सूर स्याम यह बानि

*ko gopāla kahā~ ko bāsī, kāsom hai pahin̄cāna?
 tumasom sa~deso kauna paṭhāe, kahata kauna som āni?
 apānī cā~ṛa ānī uṛi baiṭhyo bha~vara bhalo rasa jāni|
 kai vaha beli baṛhau kai sūkhau, tinako kaha hitahāni||
 prathama benu bana harata harina-mana rāga-rāginī ṭhāni|
 jaise badhika bisāsi bibasa kari badhata viṣama sara tāni||
 paya pyāvata pūtanā hanī, chapī bālī hanyo, bali dāni|
 sūpanakhā, tāṛakā nīpātī sūra syāma yaha bāni*

Who is this Gopāla, where does he live, and what acquaintance have we with him? Who sent a message by you, and to whom have you come speaking? A bee flew in and perched here by its own whim, knowing well how to savor nectar. Whether this vine grows or withers, what gain or loss is that to him? First, in the forest, he played modes and melodies upon his flute and stole the deer's mind - like a hunter who wins its trust, makes it helpless, then draws a deadly arrow and kills. He slew Pūtanā while drinking the milk she gave; he struck Bālī while concealed and dispossessed the generous Bali. He brought down Śūrpaṇakhā and Tāḍakā. Sūr says: such has always been dark Śyāma's way.

Pada 251

मधुकर के पठए तें तुम्हरी व्यापक न्यून परी।
 नगरनारि-मुखछबि-तन निरखत द्वै बतियाँ बिसरीं॥
 ब्रज को नेह, अरु आप पूर्णता एकौ ना उबरी।
 तीजो पंथ प्रगट भयो देखियत जब भेंटी कुबरी॥
 यह तौ परम साधु तुम डहक्यो, इन यह मन न धरी।
 जो कछु कह्यो सुनि चल्यो सीस धरि जोग-जुगुति-गठरी॥
 सूरदास प्रभुता का कहिए प्रीति भली पसरी!
 राजमान सुख रहै कोटि पै घोष न एक घरी

madhukara ke paṭhae teṁ tumharī vyāpaka nyūna parī|
nagaranāri-mukhachabi-tana nirakhata dvai batiyā~ bisarīṁ||
braja ko neha, aru āpa pūrnatā ekau nā ubarī|
tījo paṁtha pragaṭa bhayo dekhīyata jaba bhemṭī kubarī||
yaha tau parama sādhu tuma ḍahakyo, ina yaha mana na dharī|
jo kachu kahyo suni calyo sīsa dhari joga-juguti-gaṭharī||
sūradāsa prabhutā kā kahie prīti bhalī pasarī!
rājamāna sukha rahai koṭi pai ghoṣa na eka gharī

By sending this bee, your all-pervading fullness has proved deficient. Gazing upon the faces and bodies of city women, you forgot two things: Braj's love and your own perfection - neither remained. Then a third path plainly appeared when you embraced the hunchbacked woman. This man is indeed a supreme saint, yet you deceived him; he never harbored such a thought. Whatever you said, he heard and obeyed, setting out with the bundle of yogic methods upon his head. What can Sūrdās say of your lordship? Your love has spread beautifully indeed! May you enjoy millions of royal pleasures, since you cannot remain even one moment in the cowherd settlement.

Pada 252

राग आसावरी

मधुकर! बादि बघन कत बोलत?
 तनक न तोहिं पत्याऊँ, कपटी अंतर-कपट न खोलत॥
 तू अति चपल अलप को सगी बिकल चहुँ दिसि डोलत।
 मानिक काँच, कपूर कटु खली, एक संग क्यों तोलत?
 सूरदास यह रटत बियोगिनि दुसह दाह क्यों झोलत।
 अमृतरूप आनन्द अँगनिधि अनमिल अगम अमोलत

madhukara! bādi bacana kata bolata?
tanaka na tohiṃ patyāū~, kapaṭi antara-kapaṭa na kholata||
tū ati chapala alapa ko sagī bikala cahū~ disi ḍolata|
mānika kā~ca, kapūra kaṭu khalī, eka saṅga kyoṃ tolata?
sūradāsa yaha raṭata biyogini dusaha dāha kyoṃ jholata|
aṃṭarūpa ānanda a~ganidhi anamila agama amolata

Bee, why speak these futile words? I do not trust you even slightly; deceitful one, you never reveal the deceit within. You are extremely fickle, loyal for scarcely a moment, and wander distracted in every direction. How can a ruby and glass, or fragrant camphor and bitter oil-cake, be weighed together? Sūrdās says: this separated woman cries the same refrain - how can she bear the intolerable burning? Her beloved is the form of nectar, a treasury of bliss in every limb - incomparable, inaccessible, and beyond all price.

Pada 253

राग केदारो

मधुकर! देखि स्याम तन तेरो।
 हरि-मुख की सुनि मीठी बातें डरपत है मन मेरो॥
 कहत हौं चरन छुवन रसलपट, बरजत हौ बेकाज।
 परसत गात लगावत कुंकुम, इतनी में कछु लाज?
 बुधि बिबेक अरु बघन-चातुरी ते सब चितै चुराए।
 सो उनको कहो कहा बिसार्यो, लाज छाँड़ि ब्रज आए॥
 अब लौं कौन हेतु गावत है हम आगे यह गीत।
 सूर इते सों गारि कहा है जौ पै त्रिगुन अतीत?

madhukara! dekhi syāma tana tero|
hari-mukha kī suni mīṭhī bātaiṃ ḍarapata hai mana mero||
kahata hauṃ carana chuvana rasalaṃpaṭa, barajata hau bekāja|
parasata gāta lagāvata kuṅkuma, itanī meṃ kachu lāja?
budhi bibeka aru bacana-cāturī te saba citai curāe|
so unako kaho kahā bisāryo, lāja chā~ṛī braja āe||
aba lauṃ kauna hetu gāvata hai hama āge yaha gīta|

sūra ite soṃ gāri kahā hai jau pai triguna atīta?

Bee, seeing your dark body, my heart is afraid when it hears the sweet words you attribute to Hari's mouth. You pleasure-seeker, I tell you not to touch our feet, though you heedlessly persist. You brush against our bodies and smear them with saffron pollen - do you feel even this much shame? Intelligence, discrimination, and cleverness of speech - he stole them all with a glance. Go tell him what he has forgotten; why abandon shame and come to Braj? For what purpose do you still sing this song before us? Sūr asks: how could our abuse injure him if, as you say, he is beyond the three guṇas?

Pada 254

मधुकर काके मीत भए?

दिवस चारि की प्रीति-सगाई सो लै अनत गए॥

डहकत फिरत आपने स्वारथ पाखँड और ठए।

चाँड़ै सरे चिन्हारी मेटी, करत हैं प्रीति नए॥

चितहि उचाटि मेलि गए रावल मन हरि हरि जु लए।

सूरदास प्रभु दूत-धरम तजि बिष के बीज बए

madhukara kāke mīta bhae?

divasa cāri kī prīti-sagāi so lai anata gae||

ḍahakata phirata āpane svāratha pākha-ḍa aura ṭhae|

cā-ṛai sare cinhāri meṭi, karata haiṃ prīti nae||

citahi ucāṭi meli gae rāvala mana hari hari ju lae|

sūrādāsa prabhu dūta-dharama taji biṣa ke bīja bae

Bee, whose friend have you ever been? A bond of love lasting four days - you carry it away somewhere else. You roam deceiving others for your own advantage, devising still more hypocrisy. When one attachment is exhausted, you erase every sign of recognition and begin a new love. He unsettled the heart, then cast aside the daughter of Rāval after stealing her mind again and again. Sūrdās says: abandoning the duty of a messenger of the Lord, you have sown seeds of poison.

Pada 255

मधुकर! कहाँ पढ़ी यह नीति?
 लोकबेद सुति-ग्रंथ-रहित सब कथा कहत विपरीत॥
 जन्मभूमि ब्रज, जननि जसोदा केहि अपराध तजी?
 अति कुलीन गुन रूप अमित सब दासी जाय भजी॥
 जोगसमाधि गूढ़ सुति मुनिमग क्यों समुझिहै गँवारि।
 जौ पै गुन-अतीत व्यापक तौ होहिं, कहा है गारि?
 रहु रे मधुप! कपट स्वारथ हित तजि बहु बचन बिसेखि।
 मन क्रम बचन बचत यहि नाते सूर स्याम तन देखि

*madhukara! kahā~ paṛhī yaha nīti?
 lokabeda sruti-graṁtha-rahita saba kathā kahata viparīta||
 janmabhūmi braja, janani jasodā kehi aparādha tajī?
 ati kulīna guna rūpa amita saba dāsī jāya bhajī||
 jogasamādhi gūḍha sruti munimaga kyoṁ samujhihai ga~vāri|
 jau pai guna-atīta vyāpaka tau hohiṁ, kahā hai gāri?
 rahu re madhupa! kapaṭa svāratha hita taji bahu bacana bisekhi|
 mana krama bacana bacata yahi nāte sūra syāma tana dekhi*

Bee, where did you study this policy? Every tale you tell runs contrary to society, Veda, revelation, and sacred books. Braj is his birthplace and Yaśodā his mother - what offense made him abandon them? He left women of the highest family, limitless virtue, and beauty, and went chasing after a maidservant. How will rustic women understand the profound yogic absorption that is the path of revelation and sages? If he is truly all-pervading and beyond attributes, what injury could our reproach do him? Stay, bee - give up deceit, self-interest, and your multitude of elaborate words. Sūr says: having once beheld Śyāma's embodied form, we guard this bond in thought, deed, and speech.

Padas 256-270

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 256

मधुकर! होहु यहाँ तें न्यारे।
तुम देखत तन अधिक तपत है अरु नयनन के तारे॥
अपनो जोग सैंति धरि राखौ, यहाँ लेत को, डारे?
तोरे हित अपने मुख करिहैं मीठे तें नहिं खारे॥
हमरे गिरिवरधर के नाम गुन बसे कान्ह उर बारै।
सूरदास हम सबै एकमत, तुम सब छोटे कारे

*madhukara! hohu yahā~ teṁ nyāre|
tuma dekhata tana adhika tapata hai aru nayanana ke tāre||
apano joga saṁti dhari rākhau, yahā~ leta ko, ḍāre?
tore hita apane mukha karihaiṁ mīṭhe teṁ nahiṁ khāre||
hamare girivaradhara ke nāma guna base kānha ur bāre|
sūradāsa hama sabai ekamata, tuma saba khoṭe kāre*

Bee, move away from here. The sight of you makes our bodies burn still more, even to the pupils of our eyes. Keep your yoga safely stored away - who here will accept it, and who would cast away what she has? For your sake we have kept the words of our own mouths sweet rather than bitter. The name and virtues of our Girivaradhara, darling Kanhā, dwell in the heart. Sūrdās says: all of us are of one mind - you black ones are crooked through and through.

Pada 257

राग नट

मधुप! बिराने लोग बटाऊँ।
 दिन दस रहत काज अपने को तजि गए फिरे न काऊ॥
 प्रथम सिद्धि पठई हरि हमको, आयौ ज्ञान अगाऊ।
 हमको जोग, भोग कुब्जा को, वाको यहै सुभाऊ॥
 कीजै कहा नंदनन्दन को जिनके है सतभाऊ।
 सूरदास प्रभु तन मन अरप्यो प्रान रहैं कै जाऊ

madhupa! birāne loga baṭāū~|
dina dasa rahata kāja apane ko taji gae phire na kāū||
prathama siddhi paṭhai hari hamako, āyau jñāna agāū|
hamako joga, bhoga kubjā ko, vāko yahai subhāū||
kijai kahā naṇdanandana ko jinake hai satabhāū|
sūradāsa prabhu tana mana arapyo prāna rahaiṇ kai jāū

Bee, strangers are travelers on the road. They stay ten days for their own purpose, then abandon us and go; none ever turns back. First Hari sent us yogic accomplishment, and abstract knowledge arrived in front of it. Yoga is for us and enjoyment for Kubjā - such is his disposition. What can be done with Nandanandana, whose affection follows its own truth? Sūrdās says: body and mind have been offered to the Lord; whether the life-breaths remain or depart, where else can they go?

Pada 258

राग सारंग

मधुकर! महाप्रबीन सयाने।
 जानत तीन लोक की बातें अबलन काज अयाने॥
 जे कच कनक-कचोरा भरि भरि मेलत तेल फुलेला।
 तिन केसन को भस्म बतावत, टेसू कैसे खेला॥
 जिन केसन कबरी गहि सुन्दर अपने हाथ बनाई॥
 तिनको जटा धरन को, ऊधो कैसे कै कहि आई?
 जिन सबनन ताटक, खुभी अरु करनफूल खुटिलाऊ।
 तिन सबनन कसमीरी मुद्रा लटकन, घोर झलाऊ॥
 भाल तिलक, काजर चख, नाला नकबेसरि, नथ फूली।
 ते सब तजि हमरे मेलन को उज्ज्वल भस्मी खूली॥
 कंठ सुमाल हार मनि, मुक्ता, हीरा, रतन अपार।
 ताहीं कंठ बाँधिबे के हित सिंगी जोगसिंगार॥
 जिहि मुख मीत सुभाखत गावत करत परस्पर हास।
 ता मुख मौन गहे क्यों जीवै, घूटै ऊरध स्वास?
 कंचुकि छीन, उबटि घसि चन्दन, सारी सारस चन्द।
 अब कैथा एकै अति गूदर क्यों पहिरैं, मतिमन्द?
 ऊधो, उठो सबै पा लागैं, देख्यो ज्ञान तुम्हारो।
 सूरदास मुख बहुरि देखिहैं जीजौ कान्ह हमारो

madhukara! mahāprabīna sayāne|
 jānata tīna loka kī bātaiṃ abalana kāja ayāne||
 je kaca kanaka-kacorā bhari bhari melata tela phulela|
 tina kesana ko bhasma batāvata, ṭesū kaiso khela||
 jina kesana kabārī gahi sundara apane hātha banāi||
 tinako jaṭā dharana ko, ūdho kaise kai kahi āi?
 jina srabanana tāṭaṅka, khubhī aru karanaphūla khuṭilāū|
 tina srabanana kasamīrī mudrā laṭakana, cōra jhalāū||
 bhāla tilaka, kājara cakha, nālā nakabesari, natha phūlī|
 te saba taji hamare melana ko ujvala bhasmī khūlī||
 kaṇṭha sumāla hāra manī, muktā, hīrā, ratana apāra|
 tāhī kaṇṭha bā~dhibe ke hita siṅgī jogasiṅgāra||
 jihi mukha mīta subhākhata gāvata karata paraspāra hāsa|
 tā mukha mauna gahe kyoṃ jīvaiṃ, ghūṭaiṃ ūradha svāsa?
 kaṃcuki chīna, ubaṭi ghasi candana, sārī sārāsa canda|
 aba ka~thā ekai ati gūdara kyoṃ pahiraiṃ, matimanda?
 ūdho, uṭho sabai pā lāgaiṃ, dekhyo jñāna tumhāro|
 sūrādāsa mukha bahuri dekhihaiṃ jījau kānha hamāro

Bee, you are exceedingly accomplished and wise - knowledgeable about the three worlds, yet ignorant where women are concerned. Our hair is filled from golden bowls with perfumed and

fragrant oils; you prescribe ash for those tresses - what a flame-colored game! The Beautiful One once took those locks and arranged their coiffure with his own hands; how did you bring yourself to tell them, Uddhava, to bear matted hair? Our ears hold disk earrings, studs, flowers, and curling ornaments; from those ears you would hang the yogi's great split-ear rings, with strips of cloth dangling. The forehead's tilaka, the eyes' collyrium, the nose-chain, nose-jewel, ring, and flower - all these must be abandoned so that we may meet your bright, uncovered ash. Around the throat lie lovely garlands and necklaces, pearls, diamonds, and countless gems; to that same throat you would fasten the yogic horn as an ornament. The mouth that spoke sweetly with its beloved, sang, and shared laughter - how could it survive holding silence and choking the upward breath? Fine bodices, bodies rubbed with fragrant paste and sandal, and beautiful saris - all replaced by one thick garment of tattered patches? What foolish counsel! Rise, Uddhava; all of us bow at your feet. We have seen your knowledge. Sūrdās says: may our Kanhā live, so that we may behold his face again.

Pada 259

मधुकर! कौन देस तें आए?
जब तें क्रूर गयो लै मोहन तब तें भेद न पाए॥
जाने सखा साधु हरिजू के अवधि बदन को आए।
अब या भाग, नन्दनन्दन को या स्वामित को पाए॥
आसन, ध्यान, वायु-अवरोधन, अलि, तन मन अति भाए।
है बिचित्र अति, गुनत सुलच्छन गुनी जोगमत गाए॥
मुद्रा, सिंगी, भस्म, त्वचा मृग, ब्रजजुवती-तन ताए।
अतसी कुसुमबरन मुख मुरली सूर स्याम किन लाए?

madhukara! kauna desa tem āe?
jaba tem krūra gayo lai mohana taba tem bheda na pāe||
jāne sakhā sādhu harijū ke avadhī badana ko āe|
aba yā bhāga, nandanandana ko yā svāmīta ko pāe||
āsana, dhyāna, vāyu-avarodhana, alī, tana mana atī bhāe|
hai bicitra ati, gunata sulacchana guṇī jogamata gāe||
mudrā, siṅgī, bhasma, tvacā mṛga, brajajuvatī-tana tāe|
atasī kusumabarana mukha muralī sūra syāma kina lāe?

Bee, from what country have you come? Since cruel Akrūra carried Mohana away, we have received no certain news. We thought a holy friend of Hari had come at the appointed time to sustain our fading lives. By this fortune, have we gained Nandanandana himself, or only one bearing his authority? Postures, meditation, restraint of breath - bee, these deeply delight body and mind! A wondrous doctrine indeed, which the learned sing as virtuous and auspicious. Yet the seals, horn, ash, and deerskin only scorch the bodies of the young women of Braj. Why did you not bring Sūr's Śyāma instead: flax-flower dark, with flute at his lips?

Pada 260

मधुकर! कान्ह कही नहिं होहीं।
 यह तौ नई सखी सिखई है निज अनुराग बरोही॥
 सँचि राखी कूबरी-पीठि पै ये बातैं चकचोही।
 स्याम सुगाहक पाय, सखी री, छार दिखायो मोही॥
 नागरमनि जे सोभा-सागर जग जुवती हैंसि मोही।
 लियो रूप है ज्ञान ठगौरी, भलो ठग्यो ठग वोही।
 है निर्गुन सरवरि कुबरी अब घटी करी हम जोही॥
 सूर सो नागरि जोग दीन जिन तिनहिं आज सब सोही

madhukara! kāṇha kahī nahīṃ hohīṃ|
yaha tau nāī sakhī sikhāī hai nija anurāga barohī||
sa~ci rākhī kūbarī-pīṭhi pai ye bātaiṃ cakacohī|
syāma sugāhaka pāya, sakhī rī, chāra dikhāyo mohī||
nāgaramani je sobhā-sāgara jaga juvatī ha~sī mohī|
liyo rūpa hai jñāna ṭhagaurī, bhalo ṭhagyo ṭhaga vohī|
hai nīrguna saravari kubarī aba ghaṭī karī hama johī||
sūra so nāgari joga dīna jina tinahīṃ āja saba sohī

Bee, these cannot be words spoken by Kanhā. A new companion has taught him this lesson in the swelling of her own passion. She had stored these startling doctrines upon Kubjā's crooked back. Friend, having found Śyāma as a willing customer, she showed me only ash. That jewel among connoisseurs, that ocean of beauty who laughingly captivated the women of the world - knowledge must be the beguiling spell that stole his form; the deceiver himself has been well deceived. Kubjā has now become equal to the attributeless Absolute, while making us the ones found wanting. Sūr says: whichever city woman gave that clever Lord his yoga, today every one of its marks belongs to her.

Pada 261

राग सोरठ

मधुकर! अब धौं कहा कयों चाहत?
 ये सब भई चित्र की पुतरी सून्य सरीरहिं दाहत॥
 हमसों तोसों बैर कहा, अलि, स्याम अजान ज्यों राहत।
 झारि झूरि मन तो हरि लै गए बहुरि पयारहि गाहत॥
 अब तौ तोहिं मरुत को गहिबो कह सम करि तू लैहै?
 सूर कोट-मध्य तू ह्वै रह, अपनो कियो तू पैहै

madhukara! aba dhaum kahā karyo cāhata?
ye saba bhaīm citra kī putarī sūnya sarīrahīm dāhata||
hamasoṃ tosoṃ baira kahā, ali, syāma ajāna jyoṃ rāhata|
jhāri jhūri mana to hari lai gae bahuri payārahi gāhata||
aba tau tohiṃ maruta ko gahibo kaha srama kari tū lai hai?
sūra koṭa-madhyā tū hvai raha, apano kiyo tū paihai

Bee, what more do you wish to accomplish now? All these women have become painted dolls, their vacant bodies burning. What enmity is there between us and you, bee, that you behave as though Śyāma knew nothing? Hari shook and withered the heart, then carried it away; now you return and churn the water after the treasure is gone. You may as well try to seize the wind - what will all your labor win? Remain here within Sūr's fortress, and you will receive the fruit of what you yourself have done.

Pada 262

राग सारंग

मधुकर! आवत यहै परेखो।
 जब बारे तब आस बड़े की, बड़े भए सो देखो।
 जोग-जज्ञ, तप, दान, नेम-व्रत करत रहे पितु-मात।
 क्यों हूँ सुत जो बढ्यो कुसल सों, कठिन मोह की बात॥
 करनी प्रगट प्रीति पिक-कीरति अपने काज लौं भीर।
 काज सयों दुख गयो कहाँ धौं, कहाँ बायस को बीर॥
 जहँ जहँ रही राज करौ तहँ तहँ लेव कोटि सिर भार।
 यह असीस हम देति सूर सुनु न्हात खसै जनि बार

madhukara! āvata yahai parekho|
jaba bāre taba āsa baṛe kī, baṛe bhae so dekho!
joga-jajña, tapa, dāna, nema-brata karata rahe pitu-māta|
kyoṃ hū~ suta jo baḍhyo kusala soṃ, kaṭhina moha kī bāta||
karani pragata prīti pika-kīrati apane kāja lauṃ bhīra|
kāja saryo dukha gayo kahā~ dhaum, kaha~ bāyasa ko bīra||
jaha~ jaha~ rahau rāja karau taha~ taha~ leva koṭi sira bhāra|

yaha asīsa hama deti sūra sunu nhāta khasai jani bāra

Bee, this is the outcome one always sees. While children are small, their elders place great hopes in them; once they have grown great, behold what they become. Father and mother performed yoga, sacrifice, austerity, charity, disciplines, and vows; somehow the son grew safely to manhood - so difficult is the delusion of attachment. Deeds reveal the truth: the cuckoo's affection and sweet fame last only until its purpose is served. Once that task is done and its trouble gone, where does the crow's foster-child fly? Wherever you remain, may you rule; may millions of heads bear your burden there. Hear this blessing we give, says Sūr: may not even one hair fall from you when you bathe.

Pada 263

मधुकर! प्रीति किए पछितानी।
 हम जानी ऐसी निबहैगी उन कछु औरै ठानी॥
 कारे तन को कौन पत्यानो? बोलत मधुरी बानी।
 हमको लिखि लिखि जोग पठावत आपु करत रजधानी।
 सूनी सेज स्याम बिनु मोको तलफत रैनि बिहानी।
 सूर स्याम प्रभु मिलिकै बिछुरे तारें मति जु हिरानी

madhukara! prīti kie pachitānī
hama jānī aisī nibahaigī una kachu aurai ṭhānī||
kāre tana ko kauna patyāno? bolata madhurī bānī
hamako likhi likhi joga paṭhāvata āpu karata rajadhānī
sūnī seja syāma binu moko talaphata raini bihānī
sūra syāma prabhu milikai bichure tāreṃ mati ju hirānī

Bee, we regret that we gave our love. We believed it would endure like this forever, but he had planned something altogether different. Who should have trusted a dark body merely because it spoke sweet words? To us he writes and sends yoga again and again, while for himself he carries on the affairs of a capital. Without Śyāma my bed lies empty; writhing upon it, I pass the entire night. Sūr says: we met Lord Śyāma only to be separated from him, and therefore the mind has lost its reason.

Pada 264

राग मारू

मधुकर की संगति तें जनियत बंस अपन चितयो।
 बिन समझे कह चहति सुन्दरी सोई मुख-कमल गह्यो॥
 ब्याधनाद कह जानै हरिनी करसायल की नारि?
 आलापहु, गावहु, कै नाचहु दावै परे लै मारि॥
 जुआ कियो ब्रजमंडल यह हरि जीति अबिधि सों खेलि।
 हाथ परी सो गही चपल तिय, रखी सदन में हेलि॥
 ऊनो कर्म कियो मातुल बधि मदिरा-मत्त प्रमाद।
 सूर स्याम एते औगुन में निर्गुन तें अति स्वाद

madhukara kī saṅgati teṁ janiyata baṁsa apana citayo|
bina samajhe kaha cahati sundarī soī mukha-kamala gahyo||
byāadhanāda kaha jānai harinī karasāyala kī nāri?
ālāpahu, gāvahu, kai nācahu dāva~ pare lai māri||
juā kiyo brajamaṇḍala yaha hari jīti abidhi soṁ kheli|
hātha parī so gahī capala tiya, rakhī sadana meṁ heli||
ūno karma kiyo mātula badhi madirā-matta pramāda|
sūra syāma ete auguna meṁ nirguna teṁ ati svāda

From the bee's company one can tell that he has remembered his own lineage. Without understanding what she wished to say, he seized the beautiful woman's lotus face. What does a doe know of a hunter's call, or an innocent woman of a warrior's deadly design? Sing your melody, chant, or dance - once the quarry is exposed, he strikes and carries it away. Hari made the whole circle of Braj his gambling stake and won by playing against the rules. He seized the fickle woman who fell into his hands and carelessly kept her in his palace. He performed a further shameful deed by killing his maternal uncle amid intoxicated recklessness. Sūr says: even with so many faults, dark Śyāma possesses far more relish than your attributeless Absolute.

Pada 265

राग सौरठ

मधुकर! चलु आगे तें दूर।
जोग सिखावन को हमें आयो बड़ो निपट तू कूर॥
जा घट रहत स्यामघन सुन्दर सदा निरन्तर पूर।
ताहि छाँड़ि क्यों सून्य अराधैं, खोवैं अपनो मूर?
ब्रज में सब गोपाल-उपासी, कोउ न लगावै धूर।
अपनो नेम सदा जो निबाहै सोई कहावै सूर

madhukara! calu āge teṁ dūra|
joga sikhāvana ko hamaiṁ āyo baṛo nipaṭa tū krūra||
jā ghaṭa rahata syāmaghana sundara sadā nirantara pūra|
tāhi chā-ṛi kyoṁ sūnya arādhaiṁ, khovaiṁ apano mūra?
braja meṁ saba gopāla-upāsī, kou na lagāvai dhūra|
apano nema sadā jo nibāhai soī kahāvai sūra

Bee, move far away from before us. You have come to teach us yoga - how utterly cruel you are. The vessel in which beautiful rain-dark Śyāma dwells, filling it constantly and completely: why should we abandon him to worship emptiness and lose our very root? Everyone in Braj worships Gopāla; no one smears herself with ash. Sūr says: only one who remains forever faithful to her own vow deserves the name steadfast.

Pada 266

मधुकर! सुनुहु लोचन-बात।
बहुत रोके अंग सब पै नयन उड़ि उड़ि जात॥
ज्यों कपोत बियोग-आतुर भ्रमत है तजि धाम।
जात दृग त्यो, फिरि न आवत बिना दरसे स्याम॥
रहे मूँदि कपाट पल दोउ, भए घूँघट-ओट।
स्वास कढ़ि तौ जात तितही निकसि मन्मथ फोट॥
स्रवन सुनि जस रहत हरि को, मन रहत धरि ध्यान।
रहत रसना नाम रटि, पै इनहिं दरसन हान॥
करत देह बिभाग भोगहिं, जो कछू सब लेत।
सूर दरसन हीं बिना यह पलक चैन न देत

madhukara! sunahu locana-bāta|
bahuta roke aṅga saba pai nayana uṛi uṛi jāta||
jyōṁ kapota biyoga-ātura bhramata hai taji dhāma|
jāta dṛga tyōṁ, phiri na āvata binā darase syāma||
rahe mū-di kapāṭa pala dou, bhae ghū-ghaṭa-oṭa|
svāsa kaṛhi tau jāta titahī nikasi manmatha phoṭa||
sravana suni jasa rahata hari ko, mana rahata dhari dhyāna|

*rahata rasanā nāma raṭi, pai inahiṃ darasana hāna||
karata deha bibhāga bhogahiṃ, jo kachū saba leta||
sūra darasana hiṃ binā yaha palaka caina na deta*

Bee, listen to the story of our eyes. Though all the limbs restrain them fiercely, the eyes keep flying away. Like a pigeon crazed by separation that abandons its home and circles in distress, so our sight departs and does not return without beholding Śyāma. We close the two doors of the eyelids and place them behind the curtain of a veil, yet when a breath escapes, they rush out the same way as soon as Love's anguish bursts. The ears remain by hearing Hari's glory, the mind by holding him in meditation, and the tongue by repeating his name - but these eyes suffer the loss of vision. The body's other portions enjoy and take whatever their objects provide. Sūr says: without that sight alone, these eyelids will not grant a moment's peace.

Pada 267

राम गौरी

मधुकर! जो हरि कही करें।
राजकाज चित दयो साँवरे, गोकुल क्यों बिसरें?
जब लौं घोष रहे हम तब लौं संतत सेवा कीन्ही?
बारक कहे उलूखल बाँधे, वही कान्ह जिय लीन्ही॥
जौ पै कोटि करें ब्रजनायक बहुतै राजकुमारी।
तौ ये नंद पिता कहँ मिलिहैं अरु जसुमति महतारी?
गोबर्द्धन कहँ गोपबृन्द सब, कहँ गोरस सद पैहो?
सूरदास अब सोई करिए बहुरि हरिहि लै ऐहो

*madhukara! jo hari kahī karaiṃ||
rājakāja cita dayo sã~vare, gokula kyoṃ bisaraiṃ?
jaba lauṃ ghoṣa rahe hama taba lauṃ saṃtata sevā kīnhī?
bāraka kahe ulūkhala bā~dhe, vahai kānha jīya līnhī||
jau pai koṭi karaiṃ brajanāyaka bahutai rājakumārī||
tau ye naṃda pitā kaha~ mīlihaiṃ aru jasumati mahatārī?
gobaraddhana kaha~ gopabṛnda saba, kaha~ gorasa sada paiho?
sūradāsa aba soī karie bahuri harihi lai aiho*

Bee, let Hari do as he has said. The Dark One has given his heart to affairs of state - why would he remember Gokula? As long as he remained in the cowherd settlement, did we not serve him constantly? Once, at a child's complaint, that very Kanhā let himself be bound to the mortar, and our hearts took him in. Even if the Lord of Braj marries millions of princesses, where will he find another father Nanda or mother Yaśodā? Where will he find Govardhana, all the cowherds, and the endless milk of the cows? Sūrdās says: now do this one thing - bring Hari back here again.

Pada 268

राग बिलावल

मधुकर! भल आए बलवीर।
 दुर्लभ दरसन सुलभ पाए जान क्यों परपीर?
 कहत बचन, बिचारि बिनवहिं सोधियों उन पाहिं।
 प्रानपति की प्रीति, ऊधो! है कि हम सों नाहिं?
 कौन तुम सों कहैं, मधुकर! कहन जोगै नाहिं।
 प्रीति की कछु रीति न्यारी जानिहौ मन माहिं।
 नयन नींद न परै निसिदिन बिरह बाढ्यो देह।
 कठिन निर्दय नंद के सुत जोरि तोर्यो नेह॥
 कहा तुम सों कहैं, षटपद! हृदय गुप्त कि बात।
 सूर के प्रभु क्यों बनैं जो करें अबला घात?

*madhukara! bhala āe balavīra|
 durlabha darasana sulabha pāe jāna kyoṃ parapīra?
 kahata bacana, bicāri binavahiṃ sodhiyoṃ una pāhiṃ|
 prānapati kī prīti, ūdho! hai ki hama soṃ nāhiṃ?
 kauna tuma soṃ kahaiṃ, madhukara! kahana jogai nāhiṃ|
 prīti kī kachu rīti nyāri jānihau mana māhiṃ|
 nayana nīṇda na parai nisidina biraha bāḍhyo deha|
 kaṭhina nirdaya naṇda ke suta jori toryo neha||
 kahā tuma soṃ kahaiṃ, ṣaṭapada! hṛdaya gupta ki bāta|
 sūra ke prabhu kyoṃ banaiṃ jo karaiṃ abalā ghāta?*

Bee, mighty one, you have done well to come. Having easily gained a vision otherwise rare, learn now what another's pain is. Reflect upon our words and humbly inquire of him: does the Lord of our lives still hold love for us, Uddhava, or not? Bee, what can anyone tell you? This is not a matter fit for ordinary speech. The ways of love are strangely their own; you must understand them within the heart. Sleep never enters our eyes; night and day separation grows through the body. Nanda's hard, pitiless son joined the bond of love and then tore it apart. Six-footed bee, what can we tell you of the heart's secret pain? Sūr asks: how can he be called our Lord if he destroys helpless women?

Pada 269

मधुकर! यह कारे की रीति।
 मन दै हरत परायो सर्वस करै कपट की प्रीति।
 ज्यों षटपद अम्बुज के दल में बसत निसा रति मानी।
 दिनकर उए अनत उड़ि बैठैं फिर न करत पहिचानि॥
 भवन भुजंग पिटारे पाल्यो ज्यों जननी जनि तात।
 कुल-करतूति जाति नहिं कबहुं सहज सो डसि भजि जात॥
 कोकिल काग कुरंग स्याम की छन छन सुरति करावत।
 सूरदास, प्रभु को मुख देख्यो निसदिन ही मोहिं भावत

madhukara! yaha kāre kī rīti|
mana dai harata parāyo sarbasa karai kapaṭa kī prīti|
jyom̐ ṣaṭapada ambuja ke dala meṃ basata nisā ratī mānī|
dinakara ue anata uṛi baiṭhaiṃ phira na karata pahicāni||
bhavana bhujaṅga piṭāre pālyo jyom̐ janani jani tāta|
kula-karatūti jāti nahim̐ kabahūṃ sahaja so ḍasi bhaji jāta||
kokila kāga kuraṅga syāma kī chana chana surati karāvata|
sūradāsa, prabhu ko mukha dekhya nīsadina hī mohim̐ bhāvata

Bee, this is the dark one's way: he gives his heart, steals another's entire treasure, and loves deceitfully. A bee spends the night within the lotus petals, delighting in love; when the sun rises, it flies elsewhere and never recognizes the flower again. A household raises a serpent in a basket as tenderly as mother and father raise a son, yet its family nature and species never change - it naturally bites and flees. Cuckoo, crow, and dark-colored deer make me remember Śyāma at every moment. Sūrdās says: I have seen the Lord's face, and night and day it alone delights me.

Pada 270

राग सौरठ

मधुप! तुम कहा यहै गुन गावहु।
 यह प्रिय कथा नगर-नारिन सौं कहाँ जहाँ कछु पावहु।
 जानत मरम नंदनंदन को, और प्रसंग चलावहु।
 हम नाही कमलिनि-सी भोरी करि चतुरई मनावहु॥
 जनि परसौं अलि! चरन हमारे बिरह-ताप उपजावहु।
 हम नाही कुबिजा-सी भोरी, करि चातुरी दिखावहु॥
 अति बिचित्र लरिका की नाई गुरु दिखाय बहरावहु।
 सूरदास प्रभु नागरमनि सौं कोउ बिधि आनि मिलाबहु

madhupa! tuma kahā yahaṁ guna gāvahu|
yaha priya kathā nagara-nārīna sōṁ kahaṁ jahā~ kachu pāvahu|
jānata marama naṁdananaṁdana ko, aura prasāṅga calāvahu|
hama nāhīṁ kamalīni-sī bhorī kari caturāi manāvahu||
jani parasaṁ ali! carana hamāre biraha-tāpa upajāvahu|
hama nāhīṁ kubijā-sī bhorī, kari cāturī dikhāvahu||
ati bicitra larikā kī nāīṁ guru dikhāya baharāvahu|
sūradāsa prabhu nāgaramani sōṁ kou bīdhi āni milābahu

Bee, why sing these virtues here? Tell this cherished tale to the women of the city, where you may gain something from it. We know the heart of Nandanandana; begin some other topic. We are not innocent lotus flowers to be won by your cleverness. Do not touch our feet, bee, and inflame the fever of separation. We are not so simple as Kubjā, that you should display your cunning before us. You try to divert us like a wondrous, restless child by pointing out one spectacle after another. Sūrdās says: by some means bring us together with the Lord, that urbane jewel among lovers.

Padas 271-285

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 271

राग केदारो

मधुकर! पीत बदन किहि हेत?
 जनु अन्तरमुख पांडु रोग भयो जुवतिन जो दुख देत॥
 रसमय तन मन स्याम-धाम सो ज्यों उजरो संकेत।
 कमलनयन के बचन सुधा से करट घूँट भरि लेत॥
 कुत्सित कटु बायस सायक सो अब बोलत रसखेत?
 इन चतुरी तैं लोग बापुरे कहत धर्म को सेत॥
 माथे परौ जोगपथ तिनके वक्ता छपद समेत।
 लोचन ललित कटाच्छ मोच्छ बिनु महि में जिऐं निचेत॥
 मनसा बाचा और कर्मना स्यामसुन्दर सों हेत।
 सूरदास मन की सब जानत हमरे मनहिं जितेत

madhukara! pīta badana kihi heta?
janu antaramukha pāṇḍu roga bhayo juvatina jo dukha deta||
rasamaya tana mana syāma-dhāma so jyoṃ ujaro saṃketa|
kamalanayana ke bacana sudhā se karaṭa ghūṭa bhari leta||
kutsita kaṭu bāyasa sāyaka so aba bolata rasakheta?
ina caturī teṃ loga bāpure kahata dharma ko seta||
māthe parau jogapatha tinake vaktā chapada sameta|
locana lalita kaṭāccha moccha binu mahi meṃ jiaiṇ niceta||
manasā bācā aura karmanā syāmasundara soṃ heta|
sūradāsa mana kī saba jānata hamare manahīṇ jiteta

Bee, why has your face grown yellow? It is as though tormenting young women has given you an inward pallor and wasting disease. Your body and mind are supposedly steeped in rasa, the dwelling of Śyāma - why then this bleached sign? From the nectar of the lotus-eyed Lord's words you keep filling your throat with bitter draughts. Why speak now like the vile, harsh shaft of a crow in what should be a field of rasa? By such cleverness, poor people call your master the bridge of dharma. Let the path of yoga fall upon the heads of those who expound it, together with its six-footed spokesman. Without the liberation granted by his lovely sidelong glance, we cannot live upon this earth. In thought, speech, and deed our love belongs to Śyāmasundara. Sūrdās says: he knows everything in our hearts, for he has conquered the heart itself.

Pada 272

मधुकर! मधुमदमातो डोलत।
 जिय उपजत सोइ कहत न लाजत सूधे बोल न बोलत॥
 बकत फिरत मदिरा के लीन्हें बारबार तन घूमत।
 ब्रीडारहित सबन अवलोकत लता-कली-मुख घूमत॥
 अपनेहुँ मन की सुधि नाहीं पर्यो आन ही कोठो॥
 सावधान करि लेहि अपनपौ तब हम सों करु गोठो।
 मुख लागी है पराग पीक की, डारत नाहिंन धोई।
 ताँसों कह कहिए सुनु, सूर, लाज डारि सब खोई

madhukara! madhumadamāto ḍolata|
jīya upajata soi kahata na lājata sūdhe bola na bolata||
bakata phirata madirā ke līnheṃ bārabāra tana ghūmata|
brīḍārahita sabana avalokata latā-kālī-mukha cūmata||
apanehū~ mana kī sudhi nāhīṃ paryo āna hī koṭho||
sāvadhāna kari lehi apanapau taba hama soṃ karu goṭho|
mukha lāgi hai parāga pīka kī, ḍārata nāhīmna dhoī|
tā~soṃ kaha kahie sunu, sūra, lāja ḍāri saba khoī

Bee, drunk with the intoxication of honey, you stagger about. You shamelessly say whatever rises in your heart and cannot speak one straight word. Seized by wine, you wander babbling, your body swaying again and again. Devoid of modesty, you inspect everyone and kiss the faces of vines and buds. You have no awareness even of your own mind, having fallen into someone else's chamber. First collect yourself and become sober; then come converse with us. Your mouth is stained with the betel-spittle of pollen, yet you refuse to wash it away. To whom can anything be said? Hear Sūr: you have cast off shame and lost everything.

Pada 273

मधुकर! ये सुनु तन मन कारे।
 कहूँ न सेत सिद्धताई तन परसे हैं अँग कारे॥
 कीन्हो कपट कुंभ विषपूरन पयमुख प्रगट उघारे।
 बाहिर बेष मनोहर दरसत, अन्तरगत जु ठगारे॥
 अब तुम चले ज्ञान-विष दै हरन जु प्रान हमारे।
 ते क्यों भले होहिं सूरप्रभु रूप, बचन, कृत कारे

*madhukara! ye sunu tana mana kâre|
 kahūṁ na seta siddhatāi tana parase haiṁ a-ga kâre||
 kīṇho kapaṭa kuṁbha viṣapūrana payamukha pragāṭa ughāre|
 bāhira beṣa manohara darasata, antaragata ju ṭhagāre||
 aba tuma cale jñāna-biṣa dai harana ju prāna hamāre|
 te kyoṁ bhale hohiṁ sūraprabhu rūpa, bacana, kṛta kâre*

Bee, hear this: your body and mind are black. No trace of white spiritual perfection appears anywhere; by touching that body, every limb of yours has darkened. Deceit has fashioned a jar filled with poison, while milk lies openly upon its mouth. Its outward appearance is enchanting to behold, but within sits the deceiver. Now you have set out to give us the poison of knowledge and steal away our lives. How could they ever be good, asks Sūr, when the Lord's form, words, and deeds are all dark?

Pada 274

राग सारंग

मधुकर! तुम रसलंपट लोग।
 कमलकोस में रहन निरंतर हमहिं सिखावत जोग।
 अपने काज फिरत ब्रज-अंतर निमिष नहीं अकुलात।
 पुहुए गए बहुरै बेलिन के नेकु न नेरे जात॥
 तुम चंचल हौ, चोर सकल अँग बातन क्यों पतियात?
 सूर बिधाता धन्य रच्यो जो मधुप स्याम इकगात

*madhukara! tuma rasalaṁpaṭa loga|
 kamalakosa meṁ rahana niraṁtara hamahiṁ sikhāvata joga|
 apane kāja phirata braja-aṁtara nimiṣa nahīṁ akulāta|
 puhue gae bahurāi belina ke neku na nere jāta||
 tuma caṁcala hau, cora sakala a-ga bātana kyoṁ patiyāta?
 sūra bidhātā dhanya racyo jo madhupa syāma ikagāta*

Bee, you people are libertines of rasa. You live forever in the chamber of the lotus, yet teach us yoga. For your own purposes you wander throughout Braj without suffering distress for even an instant. Once the flowers are gone, you do not return or draw even slightly near their vines. You are fickle, a thief in every limb - why should anyone trust your words? Sūr says: blessed is the

Creator who fashioned bee and Śyāma as a single form.

Pada 275

मधुकर! कासों कहि समझाऊँ?
 अंग अंग गुन गहे स्याम के, निर्गुन काहि गहाऊँ?
 कुटिल कटाच्छ बिकट सायक सम, लागत मरम न जाने।
 मरम गए उर फोरि पिछौं हैं पाछे पै अहटाने॥
 घूमत रहत सँभारत नाहिंन, फेरि फेरि समुहाने।
 टूक टूक ह्वै रहे ढोर गहि पाछे पग न पराने॥
 उठत कबंध जुद्ध जोधा ज्यों बाढ़त संमुख हेत।
 सूर स्याम अब अमृत-वृष्टि करि सींचि प्रान किन देत?

madhukara! kāsoṇ kahi samajhāū~?
aṅga aṅga guṇa gahe syāma ke, nirguṇa kāhi gahāū~?
kuṭila kaṭāccha bikṭa sāyaka sama, lāgata marama na jāne|
marama gae ura phori pichauṇ haiṇ pāche pai ahaṭāne||
ghūmata rahata sa~bhārata nāhiṇna, pheri pheri samuhāne|
ṭūka ṭūka hvai rahe ḍhora gahi pāche paga na parāne||
uṭhata kabaṇḍha juddha jodhā jyōṇ bārḥata saṇmukha heta|
sūra syāma aba amṛta-br̥ṣṭi kari sīnci prāna kina deta?

Bee, whom can I tell, and how can I explain? Every limb has seized one of Śyāma's qualities - where could I make it grasp the attributeless? His crooked sidelong glances strike like savage arrows; one does not feel the wound at first. They penetrate the vital point and split the breast, and only afterward does the shock arrive. We reel and cannot steady ourselves; again and again those arrows confront us. Though hacked into pieces, the body grips its burden and the feet will not turn back. Like headless warriors rising in battle, our love only advances toward him. Sūr asks: why does Śyāma not now rain nectar upon us and water these lives back into being?

Pada 276

मधुप! तुम देखियत हौ चित कारे।
 कालिंदीतट पार बसत हौ, सुनियत स्याम-सखा रे।
 मधुकर, चिहुर, भुजंग, कोकिला अवधिन हीं दिन टारे।
 वै अपने सुख ही के राजा तजियत यह अनुहारे॥
 कपटी कुटिल निठुर हरि मोहीं दुख दै दूरि सिधारे।
 बारक बहुरि कबै आवैंगे नयनन साध निवारे॥
 उनकी सुनै सो आप बिगोबै चित चोरत बटमारे।
 सूरदास प्रभु क्यों मन सानै सेवक करत निनारे

madhupa! tuma dekhiyata hau cita kâre|
kālīṇḍītaṭa pāra basata hau, suniyata syāma-sakhā re!
madhukara, cihura, bhujaṅga, kokilā avadhina hīṇa dina ṭāre|
vai apane sukha hī ke rājā tajiyaṭa yaha anuhāre||
kapaṭī kuṭila ṇiṭhura hari mohiṇa dukha dai dūri sidhāre|
bāraka bahuri kabai āvaiṅge nayanana sādha nivāre||
unakī sunai so āpa bigobai cita corata baṭamāre|
sūradāsa prabhu kyoṇa mana sānai sevaka karata nināre

Bee, you appear black at heart. You live across the bank of the Kālindī, and we hear that you are Śyāma's friend. Bee, dark lock of hair, serpent, and cuckoo pass their appointed days for their own pleasure alone; they are sovereigns of self-delight, and their likeness should be shunned. Deceitful, crooked, pitiless Hari gave me sorrow and departed far away. When will he return even once and fulfill the longing of these eyes? Whoever listens to him ruins herself; he is a highway robber who steals the heart. Sūrdās asks: why does the Lord distress the mind by casting his servant away?

Pada 277

मधुकर! को मधुबनहिं गयो?
 काके कहे सँदेस लै आए, किन लिखि लेख दयो?
 को बसुदेव-देवकीनंदन, को जदुकुलहि उजागर?
 तिनसों नहिं पहिचान हमारी, फिरि लै दीजो कागर॥
 गोपीनाथ, राधिकाबल्लभ, जसुमति नँद कन्हारै।
 दिन प्रति दान लेत गोकुल में नूतन रीति चलाई॥
 तुम तौ परम सयाने ऊधो! कहत और की औरै।
 सूरजदास पंथ के बहँके बोलत हौ ज्यों बौरै

madhukara! ko madhubanahiṁ gayo?
kāke kahe sa~desa lai āe, kina likhi lekha dayo?
ko basudeva-devakīnāṇḍana, ko jadukulahi ujāgara?
tinasoṁ nahīṁ pahicāna hamārī, phiri lai dījo kāgara||
gopīnātha, rādhikāballabha, jasumati na~da kanhārī|
dīna prati dāna leta gokula meṁ nūtana rīti calāī||
tuma tau parama sayāne ūdho! kahata aura kī aurai|
sūrajadāsa paṁtha ke bahā~ke bolata hau jyōṁ baure

Bee, who has gone to Mathurā? At whose word have you brought this message, and who wrote and gave you the letter? Who is this son of Vasudeva and Devakī, this glory of the Yadu clan? We have no acquaintance with him - take the paper back. We know the Lord of the gopīs, Rādhikā's beloved, Yaśodā and Nanda's Kanhā, who every day devised a new custom for demanding toll in Gokula. Uddhava, you are exceedingly wise, yet you call one thing by the name of another. Sūrdās says: you have wandered from the path and speak like a madman.

Pada 278

राग सारंग

देखियत कालिंदी अति कारी।
 कहियो, पथिक! जाय हरि सों ज्यों भई बिरह-जुर-जारी॥
 मनो पलिका पै परी धरनि धँसि तरँग तलफ तनु भारी।
 तटबारू उपचार-धूर मनो, स्वेद-प्रवाह पनारी॥
 बिगलित कच कुस कास पुलिन मनो, पंक जु कज्जल सारी।
 भ्रमर मनो मति भ्रमत चहुँ दिसि, फिरति है अंग दुखारी॥
 निसिदिन चकई-व्याज बकत मुख, किन मानहुँ अनुहारी।
 सूरदास प्रभु जो जमुना-गति सो गति भई हमारी

dekhiyata kālīndī ati kārī|
kahiyo, pathika! jāya hari soṃ jyom̐ bhaī biraha-jura-jārī||
mano palikā pai parī dharani dha~sī tara~ga talapha tanu bhārī|
taṭabārū upacāra-cūra mano, sveda-pravāha panārī||
bigalita kaca kusa kāsa pulina mano, paṃka ju kajjala sārī|
bhramara mano mati bhramata cahūṃ diśi, phirati hai aṃga dukhārī||
nīsīdina cakaī-vyāja bakata mukha, kina mānahu~ anuhārī|
sūradāsa prabhu jo jamunā-gati so gati bhaī hamārī

The Kālindī appears exceedingly dark. Traveler, go tell Hari how she has become consumed by the fever of separation. It is as though she lies upon a little bed, sunk into the earth, while the waves are her heavy body writhing. The sand along her banks seems medicine ground to powder, and her streams the channels of pouring sweat. The loosened grasses and reeds upon the shore are disheveled hair, and the mud her blackened sari. The bees seem her reason wandering in every direction, circling her aching limbs. Night and day, through the pretext of the cakravāki's cry, her mouth keeps speaking - why not accept the likeness? Sūrdās says: whatever has become of the Yamunā has become of us.

Pada 279

सुनियत मुरली देखि लजात।
 दूरहि तें सिंहासन बैठे, सीस नाय मुसकात॥
 सुरभी लिखी चित्र भीतिन पर तिनहि देखि सकुचात।
 मोरपंख को बिजन बिलोकत बहरावत कहि बात॥
 हमरी घरचा जो कोउ चालत, चालत ही चपि जात।
 सूरदास ब्रज भले बिसायो, दूध दही क्यों खात?

suniyata muralī dekhi lajāta|
dūrahi teṁ siṁhāsana baiṭhe, sīsa nāya musakāta||
surabhī likhī citra bhītina para tinahiṁ dekhi sakucāta|
morapaṁkha ko bijana bilokata baharāvata kahi bāta||
hamarī caracā jo kou cālata, cālata hī capi jāta|
sūradāsa braja bhale bisāryo, dūdha dahī kyoṁ khāta?

We hear that when he hears the flute or sees it, he grows ashamed. Seated far away upon his throne, he bows his head and smiles. When he sees cows painted upon palace walls, he shrinks in embarrassment. Beholding a fan made of peacock feathers, he changes the subject to distract himself. If anyone begins to speak of us, he is crushed before the conversation can proceed. Sūrdās says: it was well indeed to forget Braj - but why then does he still eat milk and curds?

Pada 280

राग मलार

किधौं घन गरजत नहिं उन देसनि?
 किधौं वहि इंद्र हठिहि हरि बरज्यौ, दादुर खाए सेसनि।
 किधौं वहि देस बकन मग छाँड्यो, धर बूझति न प्रबेसनि।
 किधौं वहि देस मोर, चातक, पिक बधिकन बधे बिसेषनि॥
 किधौं वहि देस बाल नहिं झूलति गावत गीत सहेसनि।
 पथिक न चलत सूर के प्रभु पै जासौं कहाँ सँदेसनि

kidhaum̐ ghana garajata nahim̐ una desani?
kidhaum̐ vahi iṁdra haṭhihi hari barajyau, dādura khāe sesani|
kidhaum̐ vahi desa bakana maga chā-ḍyo, dhara būṛati na prabesani|
kidhaum̐ vahi desa mora, cātaka, pika badhikana badhe biseṣani||
kidhaum̐ vahi desa bāla nahim̐ jhūlati gāvata gīta sahesani|
pathika na calata sūra ke prabhu pai jāsoṁ kahaum̐ sa-desani

Perhaps the clouds do not thunder in those lands. Perhaps stubborn Indra was restrained by Hari there, and serpents have eaten all the frogs. Perhaps in that country the herons have abandoned the roads, and the drowning earth permits no entrance. Perhaps hunters have specially slain every peacock, cātaka, and cuckoo there. Perhaps the girls of that land do not swing and sing their lovely songs. No traveler journeys to Sūr's Lord by whom I might send a

message.

Pada 281

कोउ सखि नई चाह सुनि आई।
 यह ब्रजभूमि सकल सुरपति पै मदन मिलिक करि पाई।
 घन धावन, बगपाँति पटो सिर, बैरख तड़ित सुहाई॥
 बोलत पिक चातक ऊँचे सुर, मनो मिलि देत दुहाई।
 दादुर मोर चकोर बदत सुक सुमन समीर सुहाई॥
 चाहत कियो बास वृंदावन, बिधि सों कहा बसाई?
 सीवैं न चापि सक्यो तब कोऊ, हुते बल कुँवर कन्हाई।
 अब सुनि सूर स्याम केहरि बिनु ये करिहैं ठकुराई

kou sakhi nāi cāha suni āi|
yaha brajabhūmi sakala surapati pai madana milika kari pāi|
ghana dhāvana, bagapā~ti paṭo sira, bairakha ṭaṛita suhāi||
bolata pika cātaka ū~ce sura, mano mili deta duhāi|
dādura mora cakora badata suka sumana samīra suhāi||
cāhata kiyo bāsa vṛndāvana, bidhi soṃ kahā basāi?
sīva~ na cāpi sakyo taba koū, hute bala ku~vara kanhāi|
aba suni sūra syāma kehari binu ye karihaiṃ ṭhakurāi

Companion, I hear that a new army of longing has arrived. The whole land of Braj has been won by the Rain-god in alliance with Kāma. The racing clouds are troops, the rows of cranes their white headcloths, and lovely lightning their streaming banner. Cuckoos and cātakas cry in high voices as though together raising a plea for battle. Frogs, peacocks, cakoras, and parrots call out, while flowers and fragrant wind adorn the field. This army seeks to make its encampment in Vṛndāvana - what bargain has it made with Fate? No one could press across its boundary when mighty Prince Kanhā was here. Now, Sūr says, hearing that the lion Śyāma is absent, they intend to establish their rule.

Pada 282

बरु ये बदराऊ बरसन आए।
 अपनी अवधि जानि, नँदनंदन! गरजि गगन घन छाए॥
 सुनियत है सुरलोक बसत सखि, सेवक सदा पराए।
 घातक-कुल की पीर जानि कै तेउ तहाँ तें धाए॥
 ड्रुम किए हरित, हरषि बेली मिलि, दादुर मृतक जिवाए।
 छाए निबिड़ नीर तून जहाँ तहाँ पँछिन हूँ प्रति भाए॥
 समझति नहिं सखि! चूक आपनी बहुतै दिन हरि लाए।
 सूरदास स्वामी करुनामय मधुबन बसि बिसराए

baru ye badarāū barasana āe|
apanī avadhi jāni, na~danāṇdana! garajī gagana ghana chāe||
suniyata hai suraloka basata sakhi, sevaka sadā parāe|
cātaka-kula kī pīra jāni kai teu tahā~ teṃ dhāe||
druma kie harita, haraṣi belī mili, dādura mṛtaka jivāe|
chāe nibiṛa nīra tūna jaha~ taha~ pa~china hū~ prati bhāe||
samajhati nahīṃ sakhi! cūka āpanī bahutai dina hari lāe|
sūradāsa svāmī karunāmayā madhubana basi bisarāe

At least these clouds have come to rain. Knowing their appointed season, they thunder and spread across the sky - unlike Nandanandana. Companion, we hear that they dwell in the world of the gods, forever serving others. Knowing the anguish of the cātaka clan, even they have hurried here from there. They have made the trees green; vines joyfully embrace, and dead frogs return to life. Dense water spreads everywhere, delighting even the birds. Hari does not understand his own fault, companion; he has delayed for far too many days. Sūrdās says: our compassionate Lord lives in Mathurā and has forgotten us.

Pada 283

परम बियोगिनि गोबिंद बिनु कैसे बितवैं दिन सावन के?
हरित भूमि, भरे सलिल सरोवर, मिटे मग मोहन आवन के॥
पहिरे सुहाए सुबास सुहागिनि झुंडन झूलन गावन के।
गरजत घुमरि घमंड दामिनी मदन धनुष धरि धावन के॥
दादुर मोर सोर सारँग पिक सोहैं निसा सूरमा वन के।
सूरदास निसि कैसे निघटत त्रिगुन किए सिर रावन के

parama biyogini gobiṇḍa binu kaise bitavaiṇ dina sāvana ke?
harita bhūmi, bhare salila sarovara, miṭe maga mohana āvana ke||
pahire suhāe subāsa suhāgini jhūṇḍana jhūlana gāvana ke|
garajata ghumari ghamanḍa dāmini madana dhanuṣa dhari dhāvana ke||
dādura mora sora sārā-ga pika sohaiṇi nisā sūramā vana ke|
sūradāsa nisi kaise niḡaṭata triḡuna kie sira rāvana ke

Without Govinda, how can women in supreme separation pass the days of the monsoon? The earth is green and the lakes are full of water, while every road by which Mohana might return has disappeared. Fortunate married women dress beautifully, gather in groups, swing, and sing. Proud masses of cloud rumble; lightning rushes forth, bearing Kāma's bow. Frogs and peacocks roar, while cātakas and cuckoos shine like night-warriors of the forest. Sūrdās asks: how can this night ever diminish, made many times more terrible than the heads of Rāvaṇa?

Pada 284

हमारे माई! मोरउ बैर परे।
घन गरजे बरजे नहिं मानत त्यों त्यों रटत खरे।
करि एक ठौर बीनि इनके पंख मोहन सीस धरे।
याही तें हम ही को मारत, हरि ही ढीठ करे॥
कह जानिए कौन गुन, सखि री! हम सों रहत अरे।
सूरदास परदेस बसत हरि, ये बन तें न टरे

hamāre māi! morau baira pare|
ghana garaje baraje nahiṇ mānata tyōṇ tyōṇ raṭata khare|
kari eka ṭhaura bīni inake paṅkha mohana sīs dhare|
yāhi teṇ hama hī ko mārata, hari hī ḍhīṭha kare||
kaha jānie kauna guna, sakhi rī! hama sōṇ rahata are|
sūradāsa paradēsa basata hari, ye bana teṇ na ṭare

Mother, even the peacocks have become my enemies. The clouds thunder; heedless of every prohibition, the peacocks cry more insistently still. Mohana once gathered their feathers in one place and wore them upon his head. For that reason they strike at us alone, made insolent by Hari himself. Companion, who knows what virtue they see, that they remain so hostile toward us? Sūrdās says: Hari lives in a foreign land, yet these birds will not leave the forest.

Pada 285

राग आसावरी

सखी री! हरिहि दोष जनि देहु।
 जार्ते इते मान दुख पैयत हमरेहि कपट सनेहु॥
 विद्यमान अपने इन नैनन्ह सूनो देखति गेहु।
 तदपि सूल-ब्रजनाथ-बिरह तें भिदि न होत बड़ बेहु॥
 कहि कहि कथा-पुरातन ऊधो! अब तुम अंत न लेहु।
 सूरदास तन तो यों ह्वै है ज्यों फिरि फागुन मेहु

sakhī rī! harihi doṣa jani dehu|
jāteṃ ite māna dukha paiyata hamarehi kapaṭa sanehu||
vidyamāna apane ina nainanha sūno dekhati gehu|
tadapi sūla-brajanātha-biraha teṃ bhidi na hota baṛa behu||
kahi kahi kathā-purātana ūdho! aba tuma anta na lehu|
sūradāsa tana to yon hvai hai jyon phiri phāguna mehu

Companion, do not blame Hari. That we suffer such grief and wounded pride comes from the deception of our own love. With these very eyes still present, I see my own house empty. Even so, the great bamboo of the heart does not split beneath the thorn of separation from the Lord of Braj. Uddhava, stop taking our measure by repeating ancient tales again and again. Sūrdās says: the body will soon be scattered like rain falling out of season in Phālguna.

Padas 286-300

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 286

उघरि आयो परदेसी को नेहु।
 तब तुम 'कान्ह कान्ह' कहि टेरति फूलति ही, अब लेहु॥
 काहे को तुम सर्बस अपनो हाथ पराए देहु।
 उन जो महा ठग मथुरा छाँड़ी, सिंधुतीर कियो गेहु॥
 अब तौ तपन महा तन उपजी, बाढ्यो मन संदेहु।
 सूरदास बिहल भइँ गोपी, नयनन्ह बरस्यो मेहु

ughari āyo paradesī ko nehu|
taba tuma 'kānha kānha' kahi ṭerati phūlati hī, aba lehu||
kāhe ko tuma sarbasa apano hātha parāe dehu|
una jo mahā ṭhaga mathurā chā~rī, siṃdhutīra kiyo gehu||
aba tau tapana mahā tana upajī, bāḍhyo mana saṃdehu|
sūradāsa bihvala bhai~ gopī, nayananha barasyo mehu

Now the love of that foreigner stands revealed. Then you bloomed with delight, calling 'Kanhā, Kanhā!' - now accept the fruit. Why did you place your entire treasure into another's hands? That great deceiver abandoned Mathurā and made his home upon the ocean shore. Now a terrible burning has arisen through the body, and doubt has swollen in the mind. Sūrdās says: the gopīs grew overwhelmed, and rain poured from their eyes.

Pada 287

राग टोड़ी

हरि न मिले री माई! जन्म ऐसे ही लाग्यो जान।
 जोवत मग द्यौस द्यौस बीतत जुग-समान॥
 चातक-पिक-बयन सखी! सुनि न परै कान।
 चंदन अरु चंदकिरन कोटि मनो भानु॥
 जुवती सजे भूषन रन-आतुर मनो त्रान।
 भीषण लौं डासि मदन अर्जुन के बान॥
 सोवति सर-सेज सूर, चल न चपल प्रान।
 दच्छिन-रबि-अवधि अटक इतनीऐ जान

*hari na mile rī māī! janma aise hī lāgyo jāna|
 jovata maga dyausa dyausa bitata juga-samāna||
 cātaka-pika-bayana sakhi! suni na parai kāna|
 caṇḍana aru caṇḍakirana koṭi mano bhānu||
 juvatī saje bhūṣana rana-ātura mano trāna|
 bhīṣaṇa lauṇ ḍāsi madana arjuna ke bāna||
 sovati sara-seja sūra, cala na capala prāna|
 dacchina-rabi-avadhi aṭaka itanīai jāna*

Hari has not come, Mother; it seems this whole birth will pass like this. Watching the road, day after day goes by, each equal to an age. Companion, the voices of cātaka and cuckoo no longer enter my ears. Sandal paste and millions of moonbeams feel like the blazing sun. Young women adorned with ornaments seem like warriors advancing upon the heart, while Kāma's terrible arrows pierce like those of Arjuna. Sūr lies upon a bed of shafts, yet these restless breaths will not depart. Know only this: they remain caught until the promised limit, like the sun held upon its southern course.

Pada 288

राग नट

तुम्हरे बिरह ब्रजनाथ अहो प्रिय! नयनन नदी बढ़ी।
 लीने जात निमेष-कूल दोउ एते मान चढ़ी॥
 गोलक नव-नौका न सकत चलि, स्यो सरकनि बढि बोरति।
 ऊरध स्वासु-समीर तरंगन तेज तिलक-तरु तोरति॥
 कज्जल कीच कुयील किए तट अंतर अधर कपोल।
 रहे पथिक जो जहाँ सो तहाँ थकि हस्त चरन मुख-बोल॥
 नाहिन और उपाय रमापति बिन दरसन छन जीजै।
 असु-सलिल बूड़त सब गोकुल सूर सुकर गहि लीजै

tumhare biraha brajanātha aho priya! nayanana nadī baṛhī|
līne jāta nimeṣa-kūla dou ete māna caṛhī||
golaka nava-naukā na sakata calī, syo sarakani baṛhi borati|
ūrādha svāsu-samīra taraṅgana teja tilaka-taru torati||
kajjala kīca kuçīla kie taṭa amtara adhara kapola|
rahe pathika jo jahā~ so tahā~ thaki hasta carana mukha-bola||
nāhiṇna aura upāya ramāpati bina darasana chana jījai|
asru-salila būṛata saba gokula sūra sukara gahi lījai

O Lord of Braj, through separation from you the river of our eyes has risen in flood. Its proud waters carry away both banks of the blinking eyelids. The round eyeballs are new boats unable to move; the swelling current sinks them. The wind of upward-rising sighs drives fierce waves that break the tilaka-trees. Mud of collyrium soils the banks between lips and cheeks. Whatever travelers were there - hands, feet, mouth, and speech - remain exhausted and stranded where they stood. Lord of Ramā, there is no other remedy; without your vision we cannot live even an instant. All Gokula is drowning in the water of tears - Sūr implores you to seize and lift it like the Boar who raised the earth.

Pada 289

हमको सपनेहु में सोच।
जा दिन तें बिछुरे नँदनँदन ता दिन तें यह पोच॥
मनो गोपाल आए मेरे घर, हैंसि करि भुजा गही।
कहा करौं बैरिनि भइ निंदिया, निमिष न और रही॥
ज्यौं चकई प्रतिबिंब देखिकै आनंदी पिय जानि।
सूर, पवन मिस निटुर बिधाता-चपल कयौ जल आनि

hamako sapanehū meṃ soca|
jā dina teṃ bichure na~dana~dana tā dina teṃ yaha poca||
mano gopāla āe mere ghara, ha~si kari bhujā gahī|
kahā karaṃ bairini bhai niṃdiyā, nimiṣa na aura rahī||
jyom cakaī pratibimba dekhikai ānaṃdī piya jāni|
sūra, pavana misa niṭhura bidhātā-capala karyo jala āni

Even in dreams there is sorrow for me. Since the day Nandanandana departed, this misery has never left. I dreamed that Gopāla came into my home, smiled, and took my arm. What can I do? Sleep became my enemy and did not remain another instant. It was like a cakravāki seeing a reflection in the water and rejoicing that it was her beloved; Sūr says: in the guise of wind, pitiless, fickle Fate stirred the water and swept the image away.

Pada 290

राग कान्हरो

अँखियाँ अजान भईं।
एक अंग अवलोकत हरि को और हुती सो गई।
यों भूली ज्यों चोर भरे घर चोरी निधि न लई।
बदलत भोर भयो पछितानी, कर तें छाँड़ि दई॥
ज्यों मुख परिपूरन हो त्यों ही पहिलेइ क्यों न रई।
सूर सकति अति लोभ बढ्यो है, उपजति पीर नई

a~khiyā~ ajāna bhaiṃ|
eka aṃga avalokata hari ko aura hutī so gai|
yoṃ bhūli jyom cora bhare ghara corī nidhi na lai|
badalata bhora bhayo pachitānī, kara teṃ chā~ṛi dai||
jyom mukha paripūrana ho tyom hī pahilei kyom na rai|
sūra sakati ati lobha baḍhyo hai, upajati pira nai

My eyes proved ignorant. They gazed upon a single limb of Hari, and meanwhile every other sight was lost. They blundered like a thief who enters a house filled with treasure but steals none of the hoard. When dawn transformed the scene, they repented: the wealth had been released from their own hands. Why did they not remain from the first where his face stood full before them? Sūr says: as their power of seeing and their greed increase, a new pain arises.

Pada 291

राग केदारो

दधिसुत जात हौ वहि देस।
 द्वारका हैं स्यामसुंदर सकल भुवन-नरेस॥
 परम सीतल अमिय-तनु तुम कहियो यह उपदेस।
 काज अपनो सारि, हमको छँड़ि रहे बिदेस।
 नंदनंदन जगतबंदन धरहु नटवर-भेस।
 नाथा! कैसे अनाथ छाँड़्यो कहियो सूर सँदेस

dadhisuta jāta hau vahi desa|
dvārakā haiṁ syāmasuṁdara sakala bhuvana-naresa||
parama sītala amiya-tanu tuma kahiyō yaha upadesa|
kāja apāno sārī, hamakoṁ chā-ṛi rahe bidesa||
naṁdanaṁdana jagatabāṁdana dharahu ṇaṭavara-bhesa|
nātha! kaise anātha chā-ṛyō kahiyō sūra sa~desa

O moon, child of the Milk Ocean, you are traveling toward that land. Śyāmasundara, sovereign of every world, is in Dvārakā. Your body is supremely cool and made of nectar; give him this message: ‘Having fulfilled your purpose, you abandoned us and remained abroad. Nandanandana, adored by the world, put on once more the costume of the divine dancer. Lord, how could you leave us orphaned?’ Tell him this message from Sūr.

Pada 292

राग मलार

जाहि री सखी! सीख सुनि मेरी।
 जहाँ बसत जदुनाथ जगतमनि बारक तहाँ आउ दै फेरी॥
 तू कोकिला कुलीन कुसलमति, जानति बिथा बिरहिनी केरी।
 उपवन बैठि बोलि मृदुबानी, बचन बिसाहि मोहिं करु चेरी॥
 प्रानन के पलटे पाइय जस सेंति बिसाहु सुजस डेरी।
 नाहिंन कोउ और उपकारी सब बिधि बसुधा हेरी॥
 करियो प्रगट पुकार द्वार है अबलन्ह आनि अनैग अरि घेरी।
 ब्रज लै आउ सूर के प्रभु को गावहिं कोकिल! कीरति तेरी

jāhi rī sakhī! sīkha suni merī|
jahā~ basata jadunātha jagatamani bāraka tahā~ āu dai pherī||
tū kokilā kulīna kusalamati, jānati bithā birahinī kerī|
upavana baiṭhi boli mṛdubānī, bacana bisāhi mohiṁ karu cerī||
prānana ke palāṭe pāiṇya jasa sēnti bisāhu sujasa ḍherī|
nāhiṇna kou aura upakārī saba bidhi basudhā herī||
kariyō pragaṭa pukāra dvāra hai abalanha āni ana~ga ari gherī|
braja lai āu sūra ke prabhu ko gāvahiṁ kokila! kīratī terī

Go, cuckoo-companion, and listen to my counsel. Fly once around the place where the Lord of the Yadus, jewel of the world, resides. You are noble-born and discerning and know the anguish of a separated woman. Sit in his garden and call in your gentle voice; purchase my words and make me your servant. In exchange for restoring these lives you will gain renown - preserve for yourself that vast treasure of glory. I have searched the whole earth in every way and found no other benefactor. At his gate cry openly that helpless women have come, surrounded by the enemy Kāma. Bring Sūr's Lord back to Braj, O cuckoo, and everyone will sing your praise.

Pada 293

कोउ माई बरजै या चंदहि।
 करत है कोप बहुत हम्ह ऊपर, कुमुदिनि करत अनंदहि॥
 कहाँ कुहु, कहाँ रवि अरु तमचुर, कहाँ बलाहक कारे?
 चलत न चपल, रहत रथ थकि करि, बिरहिनि के तन जारे॥
 निंदति सैल, उदधि, पन्नग को, सापति कमठ कठोरहि।
 देति असीस जरा देवी को, राहु केतु किन जोरहि?
 ज्यौं जलहीन मीन-तन तलफत त्योंहि तपत ब्रजबालहि।
 सूरदास प्रभु बेगि मिलावहु मोहन मदन-गोपालहि

*kou māi barajai yā caṇḍahi|
 karata hai kopa bahuta hamha ūpara, kumudini karata anandahi||
 kahā~ kuhū, kaha~ ravi aru tamacura, kahā~ balāhaka kāre?
 calata na capala, rahata ratha thaki kari, birahini ke tana jāre||
 nīṇḍati saila, udadhi, pannaga ko, sāpati kamaṭha kaṭhorahi|
 deti asisa jarā devī ko, rāhu ketu kina jorahi?
 jyom jalahīna mīna-tana talaphata tyomhi tapata brajabālahi|
 sūradāsa prabhu begi milāvahu mohana madana-gopālahi*

Mother, will no one restrain this moon? He is fiercely angry with us, though he brings joy to the night-lotus. Where is the vanished new-moon night, where the sun, where the thief of darkness, and where the black clouds? He refuses to move; his chariot stands exhausted and still while he burns the bodies of separated women. I condemn the mountain, the ocean, and the serpent, and curse the hard tortoise that supports them. I bless the goddess of old age - why do Rāhu and Ketu not seize him with force? As a fish without water writhes and burns, so the girls of Braj are scorched. Sūrdās pleads: Lord, unite us swiftly with enchanting Madanagopāla.

Pada 294

राग केदारो

जो पै कोउ मधुबन लै जाय।
 पतिया लिखी स्यामसुंदर को, कर-कंकन देउँ ताय॥
 अब वह प्रीति कहाँ गई माधव! मिलते बेनु बजाय।
 नयन-नीर सारँग-रिपु भीजै दुख सो रैनि बिहाय॥
 सून्य भवन मोहिं खरो डरावै, यह ऋतु मन न सुहाय।
 सूरदास यह समौ गए तें पुनि कह लैहैं आय?

*jo pai kou madhubana lai jāya|
 patiyā likhī syāmasuṇḍara ko, kara-kaṁkana deu- tāya||
 aba vaha prīti kahā- gaī mādhava! milate benu bajāya|
 nayana-nīra sāra-ga-ripu bhījai dukha so raini bihāya||
 sūnya bhavana mohiṁ kharo ḍarāvai, yaha ṛtu mana na suhāya|
 sūradāsa yaha samau gae teṁ puni kaha laihaiṁ āya?*

If anyone would carry this to Mathurā, I would give her the bracelet from my arm. I have written a letter to Śyāmasundara: ‘Mādhava, where has that former love gone, when you met us playing the flute? Tears from my eyes drench even the moon as I pass the night in grief. The empty house terrifies me; this season gives the mind no pleasure. Once this time has passed, Sūrdās asks, who can promise to bring it back again?’

Pada 295

राग मलार

हरि परदेस बहुत दिन लाए।
 कारी घटा देखि बादर की नैन नीर भरि आए॥
 पा लागौं तुम्ह, बीर बटाऊ! कौन देस तें धाए।
 इतनी पतिया मेरी दीजौ जहाँ स्यामघन छाए॥
 दादुर मोर पपीहा बोलत सोवत मदन जगाए।
 सूरदास स्वामी जो बिछुरे प्रीतम भए पराए

*hari paradesa bahuta dina lāe|
 kāri ghaṭā dekhi bādara ki naina nīra bhari āe||
 pā lāgaun tumha, bīra baṭāū! kauna desa teṁ dhāe|
 itanī patiyā merī dījau jahā- syāmaghana chāe||
 dādura mora papihā bolata sovata madana jagāe|
 sūradāsa svāmī jo bichure prītaṁ bhae parāe*

Hari has remained abroad for far too many days. Seeing the black mass of rainclouds, my eyes filled with water. I fall at your feet, brave traveler - from what country have you hurried? Carry this little letter of mine to the place where the rain-dark Śyāma abides. Frogs, peacocks, and

papīhās call; their cries awaken Kāma even from sleep. Sūrdās says: when our Lord departed, the beloved became a stranger.

Pada 296

आजु घन स्याम की अनुहारि।
 उनै आए साँवरे, ते सजनी! देखि रूप की आरि॥
 इंद्रधनुष मनो नवल बसन छवि, दामिनि दसन बिचारि।
 जनु बगपाँति माल मोतिन की, चितवत हितहि निहारि॥
 गरजत गगन, गिरा गोबिंद की सुनत नयन भरे बारि।
 सूरदास गुन सुमिरि स्याम के बिकल भई ब्रजनारि

*āju ghana syāma kī anuhāri|
 unai āe sā~vare, te sajanī! dekhi rūpa kī āri||
 iṇḍradhanuṣa mano navala basana chavi, dāmini dasana bicāri|
 janu bagapā~ti māla motina kī, citavata hitahi nihāri||
 garaṇata gaganā, girā gobīṇḍa kī sunata nayana bhare bāri|
 sūradāsa guṇa sumiri syāma ke bikala bhāiṇ brajanāri*

Today the clouds bear Śyāma's likeness. The dark masses have risen, companion; behold in them an adversary fashioned from his form. The rainbow seems the splendor of a fresh garment, and lightning his flashing teeth. A row of cranes appears as a necklace of pearls, gazing toward us with intimate regard. The sky thunders, and hearing Govinda's voice in it, our eyes fill with water. Sūrdās says: remembering Śyāma's virtues, the women of Braj became distraught.

Pada 297

राग केदारो

हर को तिलक, हरि! चित को दहत।
 कहियत है उडुराज अमृतमय, तजि सुभाव मोकों बन्हि बहत॥
 छपा न छीन होय, मेरी सजनी! भूमि-डसन-रिपु काधैं बसत।
 ससि नहिं गमन करै पच्छिम दिसि, राहु ग्रसत गहि, मोकों न गहत॥
 ऐसोइ ध्यान धरत तुम, दधिसुत! मुनि महस जैसी रहनि रहत।
 सूरदास प्रभु मोहन मूरति चितै जाति पै चित न सहत

*hara ko tilaka, hari! cita ko dahata|
 kahiṇata hai uḍurāja amṛtamaya, taji subhāva mokaṇ banhi bahata||
 chapā na chīna hoyā, merī sajanī! bhūmi-ḍasana-ripu kādhaṇ basata|
 sasi nahīṇ gamana karai pacchima diśi, rāhu grasata gahi, mokaṇ na gahata||
 aisoi dhyāna dharata tuma, dadhisuta! muni mahesa jaisī rahani rahata|
 sūradāsa prabhu mohana mūrati citai jāti pai cita na sahata*

O moon, tilaka upon Hara's brow, you burn the heart. They call you king of the stars and made of nectar, yet you have abandoned your nature and carry me away in bondage. Companion, you neither hide nor wane; perhaps some enemy of the earth-biting serpent protects you. The moon will not travel toward the west; Rāhu seizes and devours others, yet does not take me. O child of the Milk Ocean, you hold such fixed meditation, abiding like a sage or Maheśa himself. Sūrdās says: the form of Lord Mohana rises before my thought, but the heart cannot endure it.

Pada 298

ए सखि! आजु की रैन को दुख कह्यो न कछु मोपै परै।
मन राखन को बेनु लियो कर, मृग थाके उडुपति न घरै॥
वाही प्राननाथ प्यारे बिनु सिव-रिपु-बान नूतन जो जरै।
अति अकुलाय बिरहिनी ब्याकुल भूमि-डसन-रिपु भख न करै॥
अति आतुर ह्वै सिंह लिख्यो कर जेहि भामिनी को करुन टरै।
सूरदास ससि को रथ चलि गयो, पाछे; तें रबि उदय करै

*e sakhi! āju kī raini ko dukha kahyo na kachu mopai parai|
mana rākhana ko benu liyo kara, mṛga thāke uḍupati na carai||
vāhī prānanātha pyāre binu siva-ripu-bāna nūtana jo jarai|
ati akulāya birahinī byākula bhūmi-ḍasana-ripu bhakha na karai||
ati ātura hvai siṃha likhyo kara jehi bhāminī ko karuna ṭarai|
sūradāsa sasi ko ratha cali gayo, pāche; teṃ rabi udaya karai*

Companion, I cannot tell even a fraction of this night's anguish. To steady the mind I took a flute in my hand; the deer halted, and the moon refused to move. Without that beloved Lord of my life, the fresh arrows of Kāma - enemy of Śiva - set me aflame. The separated woman is utterly restless and distressed, yet the enemy of earth-biting serpents will not devour the moon. In extreme anguish she drew a lion upon her hand, hoping its sight might drive away the deer-marked orb and end her misery. Sūrdās says: at last the moon's chariot moved on, and behind it the sun arose.

Pada 299

राग मलार

देखौ माई! नयनन्ह सों घन हारे।
 बिन ही ऋतु बरसत निसिबासर सदा सजल दोउ तारे॥
 ऊरध स्वास समीर तेज अति दुख अनेक द्रुम डारे।
 बदन सदन करि बसे बचन-खग ऋतु पावस के मारे॥
 ढरि ढरि बूँद परत कंचुकि पर मिलि अंजन सों कारे।
 मानहुं सिव की पर्नकुटी बिच धारा स्याम निनारे॥
 सुमिरि सुमिरी गरजत निसिबासर असु-सलिल के धारे।
 बूड़त ब्रजहि सूर को राखै बिनु गिरिवरधर प्यारे

*dekhai māī! nayananha soṇ ghana hāre|
 bina hī ṛtu barasata nisibāsara sadā sajala dou tāre||
 ūradha svāsa samīra teja ati dukha aneka druma ḍāre|
 badana sadana kari base bacana-khaga ṛtu pāvasa ke māre||
 ḍhari ḍhari bū-da parata kaṇcuki para mili aṇjana soṇ kāre|
 mānahūṇ siva kī parnakutī bica dhārā syāma nināre||
 sumiri sumirī garajata nisibāsara asru-salila ke dhāre|
 būṛata brajahī sūra ko rākhai binu girivaradhara pyāre*

Look, Mother - my eyes have defeated the clouds. Out of season, night and day, both pupils rain forever full of water. The wind of rising sighs blows fiercely and casts down countless trees of sorrow. Struck by this rainy season, the bird-words have taken shelter in the house of my mouth. Drop after drop falls upon the bodice, turning black where it mingles with collyrium - as though a dark stream ran apart through Śiva's little leaf-hut. Remembering and remembering, I thunder night and day amid torrents of tears. Sūr asks: with Braj drowning, who but our beloved Girivaradhara can preserve it?

Pada 300

जौ तू नेक हु उड़ि जाहि।
 बिबिध बचन सुनाय बानी यहाँ रिझवत काहि॥
 पतित मुख पिक परुष पसु लौं कहा इतो रिसाहि।
 नाहिनै कोउ सुनत समुझत, बिकल बिरहिनि थाहि॥
 राखि लेबी अवधि लौं तनु, मदन! मुख जानि खाहि।
 तहुँ तौ तन-दगध देख्यो, बहुरि का समुझाहि॥
 नन्दनन्दन को बिरह अति कहत बनत न ताहि।
 सूर प्रभु ब्रजनाथ बिनु लै मौन मोहि बिसाहि

jau tū neka hū uṛi jāhi|
bibidha bacana sunāya bānī yahā~ rijhavata kāhi||
patita mukha pika paruṣa pasu lauṇ kahā ito risāhi|
nāhīnnai kou sunata samujhata, bikala birahini thāhi||
rākhi lebi avadhi lauṇ tanu, madana! mukha jani khāhi|
tahū~ tau tana-dagadha dekhyo, bahuri kā samujhāhi||
nandanandana ko biraha ati kahata banata na tāhi|
sūra prabhu brajanātha binu lai mauna mohi bisāhi

If only you would fly away even a little! With your many calls and varied notes, whom do you seek to charm here? Fallen-faced cuckoo, harsh as a beast, why display so much anger? No one listens or understands the depth of a woman distraught in separation. Kāma, let me preserve this body until the appointed time; do not devour it at the mouth. You too have seen a body burned to ash - what more is there to explain? Separation from Nandanandana is so immense that words cannot contain it. Sūr says: without the Lord of Braj, purchase me only with silence.

Padas 301-315

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 301

राग सारंग

मधुकर! जोग न होत सँदेसन।
 नाहिँन कोउ ब्रज में या सुनिहै कोटि जतन उपदेसन।
 रबि के उदय मिलन चकई को संध्या-समय अँदेस न।
 क्यों बन बसैं बापुरे चातक, बधिकन्ह काज बधे सन॥
 नगर एक नायक बिनु सूनो, नाहिँन काज सबै सन।
 सूर सुभाय मिटत क्यों कारे जिहि कुल रीति डसै सन

*madhukara! joga na hota sa~desana|
 nāhiṇna kou braja meṇ yā sunihai koṭi jatana upadesana|
 rabi ke udaya milana cakaī ko saṁdhyā-samaya a~desa na|
 kyoṃ bana basaiṃ bāpure cātaka, badhikanha kāja badhe sana||
 nagara eka nāyaka binu sūno, nāhiṇna kāja sabai sana|
 sūra subhāya miṭata kyoṃ kāre jihi kula rīti ḍasai sana*

Bee, yoga cannot be conveyed through messages. No one in Braj will listen to it, though you make ten million attempts at instruction. At sunrise the cakravāki trusts that she will meet her mate; evening is the time of her dread. Why do the poor cātakas dwell in the forest, vulnerable to the hunters' designs? A city without its one lord stands empty; all its other business is useless. Sūr asks: how can a black nature be erased when the custom of its lineage is to bite?

Pada 302

यहि डर बहुरि न गोकुल आए।
 सुन री सखी! हमारी करनी समुझि मधुपुरी छाए॥
 अधरात्तिक तें उठि बालक सब मोहिं जगै हैं आय।
 बिनु पदत्रान बहुरि पठवैगी बनहिं घरावन गाय॥
 सूनो भवन आनि रोकैगी घोरत दधि नवनीत।
 पकरि जसोदा पै लै जैहैं, नाचति गावति गीत॥
 ग्वालिनि मोहिं बहुरि बाँधैगी केते बचन लगाय।
 एते दुःखन सुमिरि सूर मन, बहुरि सहै को जाय

yahi dāra bahuri na gokula āe|
sunā rī sakhi! hamārī karānī samujhi madhupurī chāe||
adharātika teṇ uṭhi bālaka saba mohiṇ jagai haiṇ āya|
binu padatrāna bahuri paṭhavaiṅgi banahiṇ carāvana gāya||
sūno bhavana āni rokaigī corata dadhi navanīta|
pakari jasodā pai lai jaihaiṇ, nācati gāvati gīta||
gvālīni mohiṇ bahuri bā~dhaiṅgi kete bacana lagāya|
ete duḥkhana sumiri sūra mana, bahuri sahai ko jāya

This is the fear that keeps him from returning to Gokula. Listen, companion: he remains in Mathurā remembering what we used to make him do. ‘The children will come wake me after midnight. Once again they will send me barefoot into the forest to graze the cows. They will stop me in an empty house as I steal curds and fresh butter. They will seize me and take me before Yaśodā, dancing and singing all the way. The cowherd women will bind me again, pelting me with endless words.’ Remembering so many hardships, Sūr says, whose heart would go back to endure them?

Pada 303

तब तें बहुरि न कोऊ आयो।
 वहै जो एक बार ऊधो पै कछुक सोध सो पायो॥
 यहै बिचार करैं, सखि, माधव इतो गहरु क्यों लायो।
 गोकुलनाथ कृपा करि कबहुँ लिखियौ नाहिं पठायो॥
 अवधि आस एती करि यह मन अब जैहै बौरायो।
 सूरदास प्रभु चातक बोल्यो, मेघन अम्बर छायो

taba tem bahuri na koū āyo|
vahai jo eka bāra ūdho pai kachuka sodha so pāyo||
yahai bicāra karaīm, sakhi, mādharma ito gaharu kyoṃ lāyo|
gokulanātha kṛpā kari kabahū~ likhiyau nāhiṃ paṭhāyo||
avadhi āsa etī kari yaha mana aba jaihai baurāyo|
sūradāsa prabhu cātaka bolyo, meghana ambara chāyo

Since then no one else has returned. Uddhava alone came once and obtained some little inquiry into our condition. This is what we ponder, companion: why has Mādhava imposed so long a delay? The Lord of Gokula has never once shown mercy by writing and sending a letter. Building such hope upon the appointed time, this mind will now go mad. Sūrdās says: the cātaka has called and clouds have covered the sky.

Pada 304

राग धनाश्री

मेरो मन मथुराइ रह्यो।
 गयो जो तन तें बहुरि न आयो, लै गोपाल गह्यो॥
 इन नयनन को भेद न पाया, केइ भेदिया कह्यो।
 राख्यो रूप घोरि बित-अन्तर, सोइ हरि सोध लह्यो॥
 आए बोलत ता बिन ऊधो 'मनि दै लेहु मह्यो'।
 निर्गुन साँटि गीबिंदहि माँगत, क्यों दुख जात सह्यो॥
 जेहि आधार आजु लौं यह तनु ऐसे ही निबह्यो।
 सोइ छिंड़ाय लेत सुनु सूर चाहत हृदय दह्यो

mero mana mathurāi rahyo|
gayo jo tana tem bahuri na āyo, lai gopāla gahyo||
ina nayanana ko bheda na pāyā, kei bhediya kahyo|
rākhyo rūpa cori cita-antara, soi hari sodha lahyo||
āe bolata tā bina ūdho 'mani dai lehu mahyo'|
nirguna sã~ṭi gībindahi mā~gata, kyoṃ dukha jāta sahyo||
jehi ādhāra āju laum̐ yaha tanu aise hi nibahyo|
soi chīṇṛāya leta sunu sūra cāhata hṛdaya dahyo

My mind remained in Mathurā. When it left the body it never returned; Gopāla seized and held it. These eyes did not know its secret - what informer told him? I had stolen his form and hidden it within consciousness, yet Hari somehow discovered it. Uddhava comes and, without him, says, 'Give up the jewel and take clay in exchange.' He asks for Govinda in barter for the attributeless - how could such pain be endured? The very support by which this body has somehow lasted until today he now wishes to tear away. Hear Sūr: he means to set the heart ablaze.

Pada 305

राग सारंग

लोग सब देत सुहाई बातें।
 कहतहि सुगम करत नहिं आबै, बोलि न आवत तातें॥
 पहिले आगि सुनत चन्दन सी सती बहुत उमहै।
 समाचार ताते अरु सीरे पाछे कौन कहै॥
 कहत सबै संग्राम सुगम अति कुसुमलता करवार।
 सूरदास सिर दिए सूरमा पाछे कौन बिचार?

loga saba deta suhāi bāṭem|
kahatahi sugama karata nahin ābai, bolī na āvata tāṭem||
pahile āgi sunata candana sī satī bahuta umahai|
samācāra tāte aru sīre pāche kauna kahai||
kahata sabai saṅgrāma sugama ati kusumalatā karavāra|
sūradāsa sira diē sūramā pāche kauna bicāra?

People all offer words that sound pleasing. A thing is easy while it is being spoken, but when the time comes to do it, speech itself fails. Before entering the fire, a devoted wife hears that it is cool as sandalwood and rises eagerly; once she learns what it truly is, who remains afterward to tell the news? Everyone calls battle exceedingly easy and its sword a flowering vine. Sūrdās says: after a warrior has given his head, who remains to reconsider?

Pada 306

राग गौरी

बिछुरत श्री ब्रजराज आज सखि! नैनन की परतीति गई।
उड़ि न मिले हरि-संग बिहंगम ह्वै न गए घनस्याम-मई।
यातें क्रूर कुटिल सह मेचक बृथा मीन छवि छीनि लई।
रूप-रसिक लालची कहावत, सो करनी कछु तौ न भई॥
अब काहे सोचत जल मोचत, समय गए नित सूल नई।
सूरदास याहीं ते जड़ भए जब तें पलकन दगा दई

*bichurata śrī brajarāja āja sakhi! nainana kī paratīti gāi|
uṛi na mile hari-saṅga bihaṅgama hvai na gae ghanasyāma-māi|
yāteṁ krūra kuṭila saha mecaka brthā mīna chavi chīni lai|
rūpa-rasika lālaci kahāvata, so karanī kachu tauṁ na bhai||
aba kāhe socata jala mocata, samaya gae nita sūla nāi|
sūradāsa yāhīṁ te jaṛa bhae jaba teṁ palakana dagā dai*

Companion, when the Lord of Braj departed today, all confidence in these eyes was lost. They did not fly forth like birds to meet Hari, nor did they go and become one with rain-dark Śyāma. Cruel, crooked, and black, they stole the fish's beauty in vain. Though called connoisseurs of form and greedy for it, they did not perform even that much. Why grieve and release water now? The moment has passed, and every day brings a new thorn. Sūrdās says: they became inert from the very moment the eyelids betrayed them.

Pada 307

राग धनाश्री

को कहै हरि सों बात हमारी?
हम तौ यह तब तें जिय जान्यौ जबै भए मधुकर अधिकारी॥
एक प्रकृति, एकै कैतव-गति, तेहि गुन अस जिय भावै।
प्रगटत है नव कंज मनोहर, ब्रज किंसुक कारन कत आवै॥
कंजतीर चंपक-रस-चंचल, गति सब ही तें न्यारी।
ता अलि की संगति बसि मधुपुरि सूरदास प्रभु सुरति बिसारी

*ko kahai hari soṁ bāta hamārī?
hama tau yaha taba teṁ jiya jānyau jabai bhae madhukara adhikārī||
eka prakṛti, ekai kaitava-gati, tehi guna asa jiya bhāvai|
pragaṭata hai nava kaṁja manohara, braja kiṁsuka kārana kata āvai||
kaṁjātīra caṁpaka-rasa-caṁcala, gati saba hī teṁ nyārī|
tā ali kī saṅgati basi madhupuri sūradāsa prabhu surati bisārī*

Who will tell Hari our story? We understood everything in our hearts the moment the bee was appointed his representative. The two share one nature and one deceitful course, and therefore

those very qualities delight the heart of each. When lovely new lotuses are opening, why should he come to Braj for the sake of flame-red kimśuka flowers? Fickle for the nectar of lotus and campaka along the water's edge, the bee's way differs from everyone else's. Living in Mathurā under that bee's influence, Sūr's Lord has forgotten all memory of us.

Pada 308

हमारे स्याम चलन चहत हैं दूरि।
 मधुबन बसत आस ही सजनी! अब मरिहैं जो बिसूरि॥
 कौने कही, कहाँ सुनि आई? केहि दिसि रथ की धूरि।
 संगहि सबै चलौ माधव के नातरु मरिबो झूरि।
 पच्छिम दिसि एक नगर द्वारका, सिन्धु रह्यो जल पूरि।
 सूर स्याम क्यों जीवहिं बाला, जात सजीवन मूरि

hamāre syāma calana cahata haiṇ dūri|
madhubana basata āsa hī sajanī! aba marihaiṇ jo bisūri||
kaune kahī, kahā~ suni āī? kehi diśi ratha kī dhūri|
saṅgahi sabai calau mādharma ke nātaru maribo jhūri|
pacchima diśi eka nagara dvārakā, sindhu rahyo jala pūri|
sūra syāma kyon jīvahiṇ bālā, jāta sajivana mūri

Our Śyāma intends to journey farther away. While he lived in Mathurā there was still hope, companion; now we shall die grieving. Who said this? Where did you hear it? In which direction did you see the chariot's dust? Let us all go together with Mādhava, or else perish wasting away. In the western direction lies a city called Dvārakā, with the ocean full of water around it. Sūr asks: how can the young women live when Śyāma, the very life-restoring herb, departs?

Pada 309

उत्ती दूर तें को आवै हो।
 जाके हाथ सँदेस पठाऊँ सो कहि कान्ह कहाँ पावै हो॥
 सिंधुकूल एक देस कहत हैं, देख्यो सुन्यो न मन धावै हो।
 तहाँ रच्यो नव नगर नंदसुत पुरि द्वारका कहावै हो॥
 कंचन के सब भवन मनोहर, राजा रंक न तृन छावै हो।
 ह्वा के सब बासी लोगन को ब्रज को बसिबो नहिं भावै हो॥
 बहु विधि करति बिलाप बिरहिनी बहुत उपावन चित लावै हो।
 कहा करौं कहँ जाऊँ सूर प्रभु को मोहिं हरि पै पहुँचावै हो

*utī dūra tem ko āvai ho|
 jāke hātha sa~desa paṭhāū~ so kahi kānha kahā~ pāvai ho||
 siṃdhukūla eka desa kahata haiṃ, dekhyo sunyo na mana dhāvai ho|
 tahā~ racyo nava nagara nandāsuta puri dvārakā kahāvai ho||
 kaṃcana ke saba bhavana manohara, rājā raṅka na tṛna chāvai ho|
 hvā ke saba bāsī logana ko braja ko basibo nahīṃ bhāvai ho||
 bahu vidhi karati bilāpa birahinī bahuta upāvana cita lāvai ho|
 kahā karaūṃ kaha~ jāu~ sūra prabhu ko mohiṃ hari pai pahū~cāvai ho*

Who will come from so far away? If I place a message in someone's hand, where will she find Kanhā to deliver it? They speak of a country upon the ocean shore; the mind cannot run toward a place it has neither seen nor heard. There Nanda's son has fashioned a new city, calling the capital Dvārakā. All its enchanting palaces are made of gold; neither king nor beggar shelters beneath thatch. The people living there have no desire at all to dwell in Braj. The separated woman laments in many ways and turns countless remedies over in her heart. What shall I do, where shall I go? Sūr asks: who will carry me to the Lord - who will bring me to Hari?

Pada 310

राग सारंग

हमैं नंदनंदन को गारो।
 इन्द्रकोप ब्रज बह्यो जात हो, गिरि धरि सकल उबारो॥
 रामकृष्ण बल बदति न काहु, निडर चरावत चारो।
 सगरे बिगरे को सिर ऊपर बल को बीर रखबारो॥
 तब तैं हम न भरोसो पायो केसि तृनाब्रत मारो।
 सूरदास प्रभु रङ्गभूमि में हरि जीतो, नृप हारो

hamaiṇ naṇḍana~dana ko gāro|
indrakopa braja bahyo jāta ho, giri dhari sakala ubāro||
rāmakṛṣṇa bala badati na kāhū, niḍara carāvata cāro|
sagare bigare ko sira ūpara bala ko bīra rakhabāro||
taba teṇ hama na bharoso pāyo kesi tṛnābrata māro|
sūradāsa prabhu raṅgabhūmi meṇ hari jīto, nṛpa hāro

Our reliance is upon Nandanandana. When Indra's wrath was sweeping Braj away, he raised the mountain and rescued everyone. None dared question the strength of Rāma and Kṛṣṇa as they fearlessly grazed the herds. Over the heads of all who fell into danger stood the mighty hero as protector. From the time he slew Keśi and Tṛṇāvarta, our trust has never wavered. Sūrdās says: in the wrestling arena Hari won and the king was defeated.

Pada 311

राग मलार

ऐसे माई पावस ऋतु प्रथम सुरति करि माधवजू आवै री।
 बरन बरन अनेक जलधर अति मनोहर बेष।
 यहि समय यह गगन-सोभा सबन तैं सुबिसेष॥
 उड़त बक, सुक-बृन्द राजत, रटत घातक मोर।
 बहुत भाँति चित हित-रुचि बाढ़त दामिनी घनघोर॥
 धरनि-तनु तृनरोम हर्षित प्रिय समागम जानि।
 और द्रुम बल्ली बियोगिनी मिलीं पति पहिचानि॥
 हस, पिक, सुक, सारिका अलिपुंज नाना नाद।
 मुदित मंगल मेघ बरसत, गत बिहंग-बिषाद॥
 कुटज, कुन्द, कदम्ब, कोबिद, कर्निकार, सु कंजु।
 केतकी, करबीर, चिलक बसन्त-सम तरु मंजु॥
 सघन तरु कलिका अलंकृत, सुकृत सुमन सुबास।
 निरखि नयनन्ह होत मन माधव-मिलन की आस॥
 मनुज मृग पसु पच्छि परिमित औ अमित जे नाम।
 सुख स्वदेस बिदेस प्रीतम सकल सुमिरत धाम॥
 ह्वै है न चित उपाय सोच न कछू परत बिचार।
 नाहिं ब्रजबासी बिसारत निकट नन्दकुमार॥
 सुमिरि दसा दयाल सुंदर ललित गति मृदु हास।
 चारु लोल कपोल कुण्डल डोल बलित-प्रकास॥
 बेनु कर कल गीत गावत गोपसिसु बहु पास।
 सुदिन कब यहि आँखि देखैं बहुरि बाल-बिलास॥
 बार बारहिं सुधि रहति अति बिरह व्याकुल होति।
 बात-बेग सो लगै जैसो दीन दीपक ज्योति॥
 सुनि बिलाप कृपाल सूर दास प्रान प्रतीति।
 दरस दै दुख दूरि करिहैं, सहि न सकिहैं प्रीति

aise māi pāvasa ṛtu prathama surati kari mādhavajū āvai rī|
 barana barana aneka jaladhara ati manohara beṣa|
 yahi samaya yaha gagana-sobhā sabana tem subiseṣa||
 uṛata baka, suka-bṛnda rājata, raṭata cātaka mora|
 bahuta bhā~ti cita hita-ruci bāṛhata dāminī ghanaghora||
 dharani-tanu tṛnaroma harṣita priya samāgama jāni|
 aura druma ballī biyoginī milīm pati pahicāni||
 hasa, pika, suka, sārīkā alipunja nānā nāda|
 mudita maṅgala megha barasata, gata bihaṅga-biṣāda||
 kuṭaja, kunda, kadamba, kobida, karnikāra, su kaṇṇju|
 ketakī, karabīra, cilaka basanta-sama taru maṇṇju||
 saghana taru kalikā alamṛta, sukrta sumana subāsa|

nirakhi nayananha hota mana mādharma-milana kī āsa||
 manuḡa mṛga pasu pacchī parimīta au amīta je nāma|
 sukha svadesa bidesa prītaṃ sakala sumirata dhāma||
 hvai hai na citta upāya soca na kachū parata bicāra|
 nāhiṃ brajabāsi bisārata nikaṭa nandakumāra||
 sumiri dasā dayāla suṃdara lalīta gati mṛdu hāsa|
 cāru lola kapola kuṇḍala ḍola balīta-prakāsa||
 benu kara kala gīta gāvata gopasisu bahu pāsa|
 sudina kaba yahi ā~khi dekhaiṃ bahuri bāla-bilāsa||
 bāra bārahiṃ sudhi rahati ati biraha vyākula hoti|
 bāta-bega so lagai jaiso dīna dīpaka jyoti||
 suni bilāpa kṛpāla sūra dāsa prāna pratīti|
 darasa dai dukha dūri karihaiṃ, sahi na sakihaiṃ prīti

Mother, when the first monsoon arrives in such beauty, let Mādhava remember us and come. Clouds of many colors assume exceedingly lovely forms, and at this season the sky's splendor surpasses everything. Flying cranes and flocks of parrots shine, while cātakas and peacocks call. In countless ways the dreadful clouds and lightning increase the heart's longing and delight. The earth's body thrills with grass like hair raised in joy, knowing her beloved has come; vines separated from their lord embrace the trees again, recognizing their husbands. Swans, cuckoos, parrots, mynas, and swarms of bees sound their many notes; auspicious clouds rain joyfully, and the sorrow of birds has passed. Kuṭāja, jasmine, kadamba, kovidāra, karṇikāra, beautiful lotuses, ketakī, oleander, and shining trees stand lovely as spring. Dense trees are ornamented with buds, virtuous flowers, and fragrance. Beholding them, the eyes awaken hope in the mind of meeting Mādhava. Humans, deer, beasts, and birds - all whose names are numbered and numberless - remember in happiness their native lands, foreign homes, beloveds, and every dwelling. The heart finds no remedy, and no thought or reflection avails; Nandakumāra, though nearby, does not remember the people of Braj. We recall the compassionate Beautiful One - his graceful gait and tender smile, his lovely restless cheeks, and the curved brilliance of his swinging earrings. Flute in hand, singing artful songs, surrounded by many cowherd boys - on what blessed day will these eyes behold his childhood play again? Again and again memory returns, and separation makes us utterly distraught; it strikes like a gust of wind upon a poor lamp's flame. Sūrdās says: hearing this lament, the compassionate Lord is the very faith sustaining our lives. He will grant his vision and remove our sorrow, unable to resist such love.

Pada 312

चलहु धौं लै आवहिं गोपालै।
 पार्यै पकरि कै निहुरि बिनति कहि, गहि हलधर की बाहँ बिसालै॥
 बारक बहुरि आनि कै देखहिं नन्द आपने बालै।
 गैयन गनत गोप-गोपी-सह, सीखत बेनु रसालै॥
 यद्यपि महाराज सुख-सम्पति कौन गनै मोतिन अरु लालै।
 तदपि सूर आकरषि लियो मन उर घुँघचिन की मालै

calahu dhaum lai āvahiṃ gopālai|
pāya~ pakari kai nihuri binati kahi, gahi haladhara kī bāha~ bisālai||
bāraka bahuri āni kai dekhahiṃ nanda āpane bālai|
gaiyana ganata gopa-gopi-saha, sikhata benu rasālai||
yadyapi mahārāja sukha-sampati kauna ganai motina aru lālai|
tadapi sūra ākaraṣi liyo mana ura ghū-ghacina kī mālai

Come, let us go and bring Gopāla back. We will bow, grasp his feet, plead with him, and hold fast to Haladhara's mighty arm. Let Nanda bring his child home once more and behold him again - counting the cows among gopas and gopis, learning the sweet art of the flute. Though he is now a great king with pleasures and riches beyond reckoning, pearls and rubies without number, Sūr says: the simple necklace of guñjā berries upon his breast has drawn our hearts away.

Pada 313

बलैया लैहौं, हो बीर बादर।
 तुम्हरे रूप सम हमरे प्रीतम गए निकट जल-सागर॥
 पा लागौं द्वारका सिधारौ बिरहिनि के दुखदागर।
 ऐसो संग सूर के प्रभु को करुनाधाम उजागर

balaiyā laihaum, ho bīra bādara|
tumhare rūpa sama hamare prītaṃ gae nikaṭa jala-sāgara||
pā laṅgaum dvārakā sidhārau birahini ke dukhadāgara|
aiso saṅga sūra ke prabhu ko karuṇādhāma ujāgara

Brave cloud, I offer myself to you in blessing! Our beloved, whose form resembles yours, has gone near the ocean's waters. I fall at your feet: travel to Dvārakā and carry away the anguish of a separated woman. Unite Sūr's Lord with us in such a way, O renowned abode of compassion.

Pada 314

राग सारंग

उपमा न्याय कही अँगन की।
 गए मधुपुरी क्यों फिर आवैं, सोभा कोटि अनंगन की॥
 मोरमुकुट सिर सुरधनु की छबि दूरहिं तैं दरसावै।
 जो कोउ करै कोटि कैसेहु नेकहु छुवन न पावै॥
 अलक-भ्रमर भ्रमि भ्रमत सदा बन वहु-बेलीरस चाखै।
 कमल-कोस-बासी कहियत पै बंस-बंस अपनो मन राखै॥
 कुण्डल मकर, नयन नीरज से, नासा सुक कबिकुल गावै।
 थिर न रहै सकुचै निसि-बस ह्वै, पंजर रहिकै बेनु सुनावै॥
 भ्रूधनु प्रान-हरन, दसनावलि हीरक, अधर सुबिंब।
 सहज कठिन, संगति बुधि-हर्ता, तहँ कीन्हों अवलम्ब॥
 भुजा प्रचंड महा-रिपु मारक अंस सो क्यों ठहराय।
 तामे सप्त-छिद्र-युत मुरली मनहर मन्त्र पढ़ाय

upamā nyāya kahī a~gana kī|
gae madhupurī kyoṃ phirī āvaiṃ, sobhā koṭi anangana kī||
moramukuṭa sira suradhanu kī chabi dūrahiṃ teṃ darasāvai|
jo kou karai koṭi kaisehu nekahu chuvana na pāvai||
alaka-bhramara bhrami bhramata sadā bana vahu-belīrasa cākhai|
kamala-kosa-bāsī kahiyata pai baṃsa-baṃsa apano mana rākhai||
kuṇḍala makara, nayana nīraja se, nāsā suka kabikula gāvai|
thīra na rahai sakucāi nīsi-basa hvai, paṃjara rahikai benu sunāvai||
bhrūdhanu prāna-harana, dasanāvali hīraka, adhara subimba|
sahaja kaṭhina, saṃgati budhi-hartā, taha~ kīnhoṃ avalamba||
bhujā pracanḍa mahā-ripu māraka aṃsa so kyoṃ ṭaharāya|
tāme sapta-chidra- yuta muralī manahara mantra paṛhāya

Every limb is described through the justice of a likeness - so, having gone to Mathurā, why would he return, whose beauty equals ten million gods of love? The peacock crown upon his head displays from afar the splendor of a rainbow; though someone strive ten million ways, no one can touch it even slightly. His curling locks are wandering bees, forever tasting the nectar of vines throughout the forest. Though called dwellers in the chamber of the lotus, each bee keeps its heart fixed upon its own lineage. Poets sing of his makara earrings, lotus eyes, and parrot-like nose. The parrot cannot remain still and knows no night-shame; within its cage it listens while the flute speaks. His bow-like brows steal life, his row of teeth are diamonds, and his lips are lovely bimba fruit. Diamond is hard by nature and its company steals reason; upon such beauty the mind has taken refuge. His immense arms destroy mighty enemies - how can the shoulder remain still when upon it the seven-holed flute recites its heart-enchancing spell?

Pada 315

राग मलार

बारक जाइयो मिलि माधौ।
 को जानै कब छूटि जायगो स्वाँस, रहै जिय साधौ॥
 पहुनेहु नंद बबा के आबहु देखि लेहुँ पल आधौ।
 मिल ही में बिपरीत करी बिधि, होत दरस को बाधौ॥
 सो सुख सिव सनकादि न पावत जो सुख गोपिन लाधौ।
 सूरदास राधा बिलपति है हरि को रूप अगाधौ

bāraka jāiyo mili mādhou|
ko jānai kaba chūṭi jāyago svā~sa, rahai jiya sādhou||
pahunehu naṁda babā ke ābahu dekhi lehu~ pala ādhou|
mila hī meṁ biparīta karī bidhi, hota darasa ko bādhou||
so sukha siva sanakādi na pāvata jo sukha gopina lādho|
sūradāsa rādhā bilapati hai hari ko rūpa agādho

Mādhava, come and meet us once. Who knows when the breath will suddenly escape while desire remains in the heart? Come as a guest to father Nanda's house and let us behold you for half a moment. Even in union Fate has acted perversely, placing obstacles before vision. Śiva, Sanaka, and the other sages never attain the happiness the gopīs found. Sūrdās says: Rādhā laments for Hari, whose beauty is unfathomable.

Padas 316-330

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 316

निसिदिन बरसत नैन हमारे।
 सदा रहति पावस ऋतु हम पै जब तें स्याम सिधारे॥
 दृग अंजन लागत नहि कबहुँ, उर-कपोल भए करे।
 कंचुकि नहिँ सूखत सुनु सजनी! उर-बिच बहत पनारे॥
 सूरदास प्रभु अंबु बढ्यो है, गोकुल लेहु उबारे।
 कहँ लौं कहौं स्यामघन सुन्दर बिकल होत अति भारे

*nisidina barasata naina hamāre|
 sadā rahati pāvasa ṛtu hama pai jaba teṁ syāma sidhāre||
 dṛga aṁjana lāgata nahiṁ kabahū~, ura-kapola bhae kāre|
 kaṁcuki nahiṁ sūkhata sunu sajanī! ura-bica bahata panāre||
 sūradāsa prabhu aṁbu baḍhyo hai, gokula lehu ubāre|
 kaha~ lauṁ kahaṁ syāmaghana sundara bikala hota ati bhāre*

Night and day our eyes pour rain. Since Śyāma departed, the monsoon has remained forever upon us. Collyrium will never stay upon the eyes; breast and cheeks have turned black with its streams. Listen, companion: the bodice never dries, for channels of water flow between the breasts. Sūrdās cries: Lord, the flood has risen - come rescue Gokula. How long can I describe it, beautiful rain-dark Śyāma? Our distress has become unbearably great.

Pada 317

आछे कमल कोस-रस लोभी है अलि सोच करे।
 कनक बेलि औ नवदल के ढिग बसते उझकि परे॥
 कबहुँक पछ सकोचि मौन है अबुप्रवाह झरे।
 कबहुँक कंपित चकित निपट है लोलुपता बिसरे॥
 बिधु-मंडल के बीच बिराजत अमृत अंग भरे ।
 एतेउ जतन बघत नहिं तलफत बिनु मुख सुर उचरे॥
 कीर, कमठ, कोकिला उरग-कुल देखत ध्यान धरे।
 आपुन क्यों न पधारौ सूर प्रभु, देखे कह बिगरे

*āche kamala kosa-rasa lobhī dvai ali soca kare|
 kanaka beli au navadala ke dhiga basate ujhaki pare||
 kabahu~ka paccha sakoci mauna hvai aṇbupravāha jhare|
 kabahu~ka kaṃpita cakita nipaṭa hvai lolupatā bisare||
 bidhu-maṇḍala ke bīca birājata aṇmṛta aṅga bhare |
 eteu jatana bacata nahiṇ talaphata binu mukha sura ucare||
 kīra, kamaṭha, kokilā uraga-kula dekhata dhyāna dhare|
 āpuna kyon na padhārau sūra prabhu, dekhe kaha bigare*

Two fine bees, greedy for the nectar in the lotus chamber, remain anxious. Dwelling beside the golden vine and its fresh leaves, they start and leap forth. Sometimes their wings contract; they fall silent while a stream of water pours. Sometimes they tremble in utter astonishment and forget even their hunger. In the center of the moon's orb he sits enthroned, every limb filled with nectar. Despite so many efforts, these bees cannot survive; they writhe without the lovely voice from his mouth. Seeing parrot, tortoise, cuckoo, and the serpent clan, they grow still in meditation upon his features. Sūr asks: Lord, why do you not come yourself? What harm could befall you merely from letting us see you?

Pada 318

राग अङ्गानो

सबन अबध, सुंदरी बधै जनि।
मुक्तामाल, अनंग! गंग नहिं, नवसत साजे अर्थ-स्यामघन॥
भाल तिलक उडुपति न होय यह, कबरि-ग्रँथि अहिपति न सहस-फन।
नहिं बिभूति दधिसुत न भाल जड़! यह मृगमद चंदन-चर्चित तन॥
न गजचर्म यह असित कँचुकी, देखि बिचारि कहाँ नंदीगन।
सूरदास प्रभु तुम्हरे दरस बिनु बरबस काम करत हठ हम सन

sabana abadha, suṇḍarī badhai jāni|
muktāmāla, anan̄ga! gaṅga nahīṇ, navasata sāje artha-syāmaghana||
bhāla tilaka uḍupati na hoya yaha, kabari-gra~thi ahipati na sahasa-phana|
nahīṇ bibhūti dadhisuta na bhāla jaṛa! yaha mṛgamada caṇḍana-carcita tana||
na gajacarma yaha asita ka~cukī, dekhi bicāri kahā~ naṇḍīgana|
sūradāsa prabhu tumhare darasa binu barabasa kāma karata haṭha hama sana

Kāma, you have an appointed end for everyone - do not kill this beautiful woman. This is a necklace of pearls, not the Gaṅgā; these fresh ornaments serve her rain-cloud-dark beloved. The mark upon her forehead is not the moon. The knot of her hair is not the thousand-hooded lord of serpents. Fool, this is not ash or the moon-child upon her brow; her body is anointed with musk and sandal. This black bodice is not an elephant hide - look carefully; where do you see Nandin and Śiva's hosts? Sūrdās says: Lord, without your vision, Kāma attacks us stubbornly and by force.

Pada 319

राग मलार

कोकिल! हरि को बोल सुनाव।
मधुबन तें उपटारि स्याम कहँ या ब्रज लै कै आव॥
जायक सरनहि दैत सयाने तन, मन, धन, सब साज।
सुजस बिकात बचन के बदले, क्यों न बिसाहत आज॥
कीजै कछु उपकार परायो यहै सयानो काज।
सूरदास प्रभु कहु या अवसर बन बन वसँत बिराज

kokila! hari ko bola sunāva|
madhubana teṇ upaṭāri syāma kaha~ yā braja lai kai āva||
jācaka saranahi deta sayāne tana, mana, dhana, saba sāja|
sujaśa bikāta bacana ke badale, kyoṇ na bisāhata āja||
kījai kachu upakāra parāyo yahai sayāno kāja|
sūradāsa prabhu kahu yā avasara bana bana vasa~ta bīrāja

Cuckoo, let us hear Hari's voice through yours. Uproot Śyāma from Mathurā and bring him back to this Braj. The wise give body, mind, wealth, and every possession to one who seeks their shelter. Good fame is purchased in exchange for a word - why will you not buy it today? Perform some kindness for another; that alone is the work of the discerning. Sūrdās says: tell the Lord that at this very season spring reigns from forest to forest.

Pada 320

राग सारंग

कहाँ रह्यो, माई! नंद को मोहन।
 वह मूरति जिय तें नहिं बिसरति गयो सकल-जग-सोहन॥
 कान्ह बिना गेसुत को चारै, को ल्यावै भरि दोहन?
 माखन खात संग ग्वालन के, और सखा सब गोहन॥
 ज्यों-ज्यों सुरति करति हों, सखि री! त्यों त्यों अधिक मनमोहन।
 सूरदास स्वामी के बिछुरे क्यों जीबहिं इन छोहन

kahā~ rahyo, māī! naṇda ko mohana|
vaha mūrati jiya teṇ nahīṇ bisarati gayo sakala-jaga-sohana||
kānha binā gesuta ko cārai, ko lyāvai bhari dohana?
mākhana khāta saṅga gvālana ke, aura sakhā saba gohana||
jiyom-jiyom surati karati haum, sakhi rī! tyom tyom adhika manamohana|
sūradāsa svāmī ke bichure kyon jībahīṇ ina chohana

Mother, where has Nanda's Mohana remained? That form, enchanter of the whole world, will not leave my heart. Without Kanhā, who tends the calves and who returns carrying the full milking pails? Who eats butter among the cowherd women, surrounded by all his other companions and herds? The more I remember him, companion, the more deeply he enchants the mind. Sūrdās asks: parted from our Lord, how can these loving hearts remain alive?

Pada 321

परम चतुर सुन्दर सुख सागर तन को प्रिय प्रतिहार।
 रूप-लकुटरोके रहतो, सखि! अनुदिन नन्दकुमार॥
 अब ता बिनु उर-भवन भयो है सिव-रिपु को संचार।
 दुख आवत मन, हटक न मानत, सूनो देखि अगार॥
 असुस-उसासजात अंतर तें करत न सकुच बिचार॥
 निसा निमेष-कपाट लगे बिनु ससि सत सत सर मार॥
 यह गति मेरी भई है हरि बिनु नाहिं कछु परिहार।
 सूरदास प्रभु बेगि मिलहु तुम नागर नँदकुमार

*parama catura sundara sukha sāgara tana ko priya pratihāra|
 rūpa-lakuṭaroke rahato, sakhi! anudina naṇḍakumāra||
 aba tā binu ura-bhavana bhayo hai siva-riṣu ko saṇcāra|
 dukha āvata mana, haṭaka na mānata, sūno dekhi agāra||
 asusa-uśāsajāta a~tara teṇ karata na sakuca bicāra||
 nisā nimeṣa-kapāṭa lage binu sasi sata sata sara mārā||
 yaha gati merī bhāī hai hari binu nāhiṇ kachū parihāra|
 sūradāsa prabhu begi milahu tuma nāgara na~dakumāra*

The supremely clever, beautiful ocean of joy was the body's beloved gatekeeper. Holding the staff of his beauty, companion, Nandakumāra kept watch every day. Without him, the heart's house now lies open to the roaming enemy of Śiva, Kāma. Sorrow enters; the mind commands it to stop, but it will not obey when it sees the dwelling empty. Tears and sighs emerge from within, reflecting and acting without the slightest shame. At night, before the eyelid-doors can close for even an instant, the moon shoots hundreds upon hundreds of arrows. Without Hari, such has become my state and there is no remedy. Sūrdās pleads: come meet me swiftly, charming Nandakumāra.

Pada 322

राग मलार

ऐसो सुनियत हैं द्वै सावन।
वहै बात फिरि फिरि सालति है स्याम कह्यो है आवन॥
तब तो प्रीति करी, अब लागीं अपनो कीयो पावन।
यहि दुख सखी निकसि उत जैये जिते सुनै कोउ नावै न।
एकहि बेर तजी हम्ह, लागे मथुरा नेह बढ़ावन।
सूर सुरति कत होति हमारी, लागीं नीकीभावन

*aiso suniyata haiṁ dvai sāvana|
vahaī bāta phiri phiri sālati hai syāma kahyo hai āvana||
taba to prīti karī, aba lāgīṇ apāno kīyo pāvana|
yahi dukha sakhi nikasi uta jaiye jite sunai kou nāva- na|
ekahi bera tajī hamha, lāge mathurā neha baḥāvana|
sūra surati kata hoti hamārī, lāgīṇ nīkibhāvana*

We hear that two whole monsoons have passed. One thing wounds us again and again: Śyāma said he would come. Then we gave our love; now we have begun to reap the fruit of our own deed. Companion, grief makes us wish to leave for a place where no one ever hears his name. He abandoned us in a single moment and devoted himself to increasing his love for Mathurā. Sūr asks: why would he remember us now, when those lovely palaces please him?

Pada 323

राग सारंग

कहा होत अब के पछताने?
खेलत खात हँसत अंग-संग रहि, हम न स्याम-गुन जाने॥
को बसुदेव, कौन की थाती, को है साखि जबहिं उन आने।
सो बतराय देहु, ऊधो! हमें तुम्हूँ तौ अति निपट सयाने॥
यह नहिं कथा काक कोकिल की, कपट रंग मन माहिं समाने।
सूर, समय ऋतुराज बिराजे मिले जाय निज कुल पहिचाने

*kahā hota aba ke pachatāne?
khelata khāta ha-sata aṅga-saṅga rahi, hama na syāma-guna jāne||
ko basudeva, kauna kī thātī, ko hai sākhi jabahiṁ una āne|
so batarāya dehu, ūdho! hamēṁ tumhū- tau atī nīpaṭa sayāne||
yaha nahīṁ kathā kāka kokila kī, kapaṭa raṅga mana māhiṁ samāne|
sūra, samaya ṛturāja birāje mile jāya nija kula pahicāne*

What use is regret now? While we played, ate, laughed, and remained limb against limb, we did not recognize Śyāma's worth. Who is Vasudeva, whose treasure was the child, and who stood witness when they carried him here? Uddhava, explain that agreement to us - you are

exceedingly wise. This is no mere tale of crow and cuckoo; the color of deceit had entered his heart. Sūr says: when the sovereign season of spring arrived, he went and joined the lineage he recognized as his own.

Pada 324

बिनु माधव राधा-तन, सजनी! सब बिपरीत भई।
 गई छपाय छपाकर की छबि, रही कलंकमई॥
 लोचनहु तें सरद-सारसे सुछबि निचोय लई।
 आँच लगे घ्योनो सोनो ज्यों त्यों तन-धातु हुई॥
 कदली-दल सी पीठि मनोहर, सो जनु उलटि गई।
 संपति सब हरि हरी, सूर प्रभु, बिपदा दई दई

binu mādḥava rādhā-tana, sajanī! saba biparīta bhai|
gaī chapāya chapākara kī chabi, rahī kalaṅkamaī||
locanahū teṁ sarada-sārasede suchabi nicoya lai|
ā-ca lage cyono sono jyon tyon tana-dhātu hui||
kadalī-dala sī pīṭhi manohara, so janu ulaṭi gai|
saṁpati saba hari harī, sūra prabhu, bipadā dai dai

Without Mādhava, companion, everything in Rādhā's body has turned into its opposite. The beauty that put the moon to shame has hidden away, leaving her face blemished. Even her eyes have wrung every last drop of loveliness from the autumn lotus. As refined gold changes when touched by flame, so the substance of her body has become. Her enchanting back, once like the smooth leaf of a plantain, now seems to have folded inward. Sūr says: Hari has stolen every treasure and given calamity upon calamity in return.

Pada 325

कराव रे, सारंगा! स्यामहिं सुरति कराव।
 प्रौढ़े होहिं जहाँ नंदनंदन ऊँची टेर सुनाव॥
 गयो ग्रीषम, पावस ऋतु आई, सब काहु चित चाव।
 उन बिनु ब्रजबासी यों सोहत ज्यों करिया बिनु नाव॥
 तेरो कहो मानिहैं मोहन, पाँय लागि लै आव।
 अब की बेर सूर के प्रभु को नैनन आनि दिखाव

*karāva re, sārāṅga! syāmahim surati karāva|
 prauḍhe hohim jahā~ naṁdananaṁdana ū~cī ṭera sunāva||
 gayo grīṣama, pāvasa ṛtu āi, saba kāhū cīta cāva|
 una binu brajabāśi yom sohata jyom kariyā binu nāva||
 tero kaho mānihaim mohana, pā~ya lāgi lai āva|
 aba kī bera sūra ke prabhu ko nainana āni dikhāva*

O cātaka, make Śyāma remember us. Wherever Nandanandana lies sleeping, raise your call on high. Summer has gone and the rainy season has come, awakening joy in every heart. Without him, the people of Braj appear like a boat without its helmsman. Mohana will heed your words; fall at his feet and bring him here. This time, place Sūr's Lord once more before our eyes.

Pada 326

सखी री! हरि आवैं केहि हेत?
 वै राजा तुम ग्वाल, बुलावत यहै परेखो लेत॥
 अब सिर छत्र कनक-मनि राजै, मोरचंद नहिं भावत।
 सुनि ब्रजराज पीठि दै बैठत, जदुकुल-बिरद बुलावत॥
 द्वारपाल प्रति पौरि बिराजत, दासी सहस अपार।
 गोकुल गाय-दुहन-दुख कब लों, सूर, सहैं सुकुमार

*sakhī rī! hari āvaim kehi heta?
 vai rājā tuma gvāla, bulāvata yahai parekho leta||
 aba sira chatra kanaka-mani rājai, moracanda nahim bhāvata|
 suni brajarāja pīṭhi dai baiṭhata, jadukula-birada bulāvata||
 dvārapāla prati pauri birājata, dāsī sahasa apāra|
 gokula gāya-duhana-dukha kaba lon, sūra, sahaim sukumāra*

Companion, for what reason would Hari come? He is a king and you are cowherds - calling him only exposes the difference. A golden, jeweled parasol now shines above his head; the moonlike peacock plume no longer pleases him. Hearing the title 'Lord of Braj,' he turns his back and seats himself beneath the celebrated name of the Yadu clan. Gatekeepers occupy every portal and countless thousands of maidservants attend him. Sūr asks: how long could such a delicate prince endure the hardship of milking Gokula's cows?

Pada 327

राग टोड़ी

परम सुखद सिसुता को नेहु।
 सो जनि तजहु दूर के बासे, सुनहु, सुजान! जानि गति येहु॥
 भँवर, भुजंग, काक अरु कोकिल जनि पतियाहु चितै तुम देहु।
 ऊधो अरु अक्रूर क्रूरकृत उपवन कुटिल किए रचि गेहु॥
 येहै बिनती लिखी कृपानिधि सो आदर करि लेहु।
 सूरदास प्रभु क्यों न मिलहु अब तौ तन मन फागुन के मेहु

*parama sukhada sisutā ko nehu|
 so jāni tajahu dūra ke bāse, sunahu, sujāna! jāni gati yehu||
 bha~vara, bhujaṅga, kāka aru kokila jani patiyāhu citai tuma dehu|
 ūdho aru akrūra krūrakṛta upavana kuṭila kie raci gehu||
 yehai binatī likhī kṛpānidhi so ādara kari lehu|
 sūradāsa prabhu kyoṃ na milahu aba tau tana mana phāguna ke mehu*

The love of childhood grants supreme joy. Though you live far away, do not abandon it; wise one, listen and understand its condition. Do not trust bee, serpent, crow, or cuckoo; turn your heart toward us. Uddhava and Akrūra are cruel in deed, and crooked counselors have fashioned homes for you in foreign gardens. This petition has been written to the treasury of compassion - receive it with honor. Sūrdās asks: Lord, why do you not meet us now, when body and mind are dissolving like rain in Phālguna?

Pada 328

राग सारंग

बिनु धर वह उपराग गह्यो।
 ना जानौ यह राहु उमापति कित हौं सोध लह्यो॥
 ताके बीच नीच नयनन में अंजन-रूप रह्यो।
 बिरह-सिंधु-बल पाय प्रगट भयो नाहिन परत कह्यो॥
 दुसह दसन-दुख दलि नैनन जल परस न परत सह्यो।
 मानहुँ सवत सुधा अंतर तैं, उर पर जात बह्यो॥
 अब मुखससि ऐसों लागत ज्यों बिनु माखनहिं मह्यो।
 सूर दरस-हरि दान दिए बिनु सुख-प्रकास निबह्यो

*binu dhara vaha uparāga gahyo|
 nā jānaūṃ yaha rāhu umāpati kita hauṃ sodha lahyo||
 tāke bīca nīca nayanana meṃ aṃjana-rūpa rahyo|
 biraha-siṃdhu-bala pāya pragaṭa bhayo nāhina parata kahyo||
 ḍusaha dasana-dukha dālī nainana jala parasa na parata sahyo|
 mānahū~ sravata sudhā aṃtara teṃ, ura para jāta bahyo||
 aba mukhasasi aisōṃ lāgata jyōṃ binu mākhanahīṃ mahyo|*

sūra darasa-hari dāna die binu sukha-prakāsa nibahyo

Though there was no earth-shadow, an eclipse seized that moonlike face. I do not know how this Rāhu discovered the Lord of Umā. Between the cheeks it remained in the lowly eyes as the dark form of collyrium. Gaining strength from the ocean of separation, it emerged visibly, though its nature cannot be told. Crushed by the unbearable pain of biting teeth, the water of the eyes could not touch or soothe it. It seems nectar streams from within and flows down across the breast. Now the moon-face appears like churned curd from which all butter has been taken. Sūr says: unless Hari gives the gift of his vision, the radiance of joy cannot endure.

Pada 329

गोपालहि बालक ही तें टेव।
 जानति नाहिं कौन पै सीखे चोरी के छल-छेव॥
 माखन-दूध धर्यो जब खाते सहि रहती करि कानि।
 अब क्यों सही परति, सुनि सजनी! मनमानिक की हानि॥
 कहियो, मधुप! सँदेस स्याम सों राजनीति समुझाय।
 अजहुँ तजत नाहिं वा लोभै, जुगुत नहीं जदुराय॥
 बुधि बिबेक सरबस या ब्रज को लै रहे मुसकाय।
 सूरदास प्रभु के गुन अबगुन कहिए कासों जाय

gopālahi bālaka hī teṇ ṭeva|
jānati nāhiṁ kauna pai sikhe corī ke chala-cheva||
mākhana-dūdha dharyo jaba khāte sahi rahatī kari kāni|
aba kyoṁ sahī parati, suni sajanī! manamānika kī hāni||
kahiyo, madhupa! sa~desa syāma soṁ rājanīti samujhāya|
ajahū~ tajata nāhiṁ vā lobhai, juguta nahīṁ jadurāya||
budhi bibeka sarabasa yā braja ko lai jo rahe musakāya|
sūradāsa prabhu ke guna abaguna kahie kāsōṁ jāya

Gopāla has been accustomed to theft since childhood. I do not know from whom he learned all its tricks and deceptions. When he used to eat the butter and milk we had stored, we endured it out of affection. But tell me, companion, how can we bear the loss of the jewel of the mind? Bee, carry a message to Śyāma and explain the duties of kingship. Even now he will not relinquish that greed; such conduct does not befit the king of the Yadus. He took every possession of Braj - intelligence and discrimination - and remained smiling. Sūrdās asks: to whom can we go and tell the Lord's virtues and faults?

Pada 330

जदपि मैं बहुतै जतन करे।
 तदपि, मधुप! हरि-प्रिया जानि कै काहु न प्रान हरे॥
 सौरभ-युत सुमनन लै निज कर संतत सेज धरे।
 सनमुख होति सरद-ससि, सजनी! तऊ न अङ्ग जरे॥
 चातक मोर कोकिला मधुकर सुर सुनि स्रवन भरे।
 सादर है निरखति रतिपति को नैक न पलक परे॥
 निसिदिन रटति नंदनंदन, या उर तें छिन न टरे।
 अति आतुर घतुरंग चमू सजि अनैंग न सर सँघरे॥
 जानति नाहिं कौन गुन या तन जातें सबै डरे।
 सूरदास सकुचन श्रीपति के सुभटन बल बिसरे

*jadapi main bahutai jatana kare|
 tadapi, madhupa! hari-priyā jāni kai kāhu na prāna hare||
 saurabha-yuta sumanana lai nija kara saṁtata seja dhare|
 sanamukha hoti sarada-sasi, sajanī! taū na aṅga jare||
 cātaka mora kokilā madhukara sura suni sravana bhare|
 sādara hvai nirakhati ratipati ko naika na palaka pare||
 nisidina raṭati naṇdana~dana, yā ura teṁ china na ṭare|
 atī ātura caturamga camū saji ana~ga na sara sa~care||
 jānati nāhiṁ kauna guna yā tana jāteṁ sabai ḍare|
 sūradāsa sakucana śrīpati ke subhaṭana bala bisare*

Although I made many attempts, bee, no one has taken her life, knowing her to be Hari's beloved. With her own hands she continually gathers fragrant flowers and spreads them upon the bed. The autumn moon stands directly before her, companion, yet none of her limbs burns. The calls of cātaka, peacock, cuckoo, and bee fill her ears. She gazes intently upon the Lord of Love and does not lower an eyelid even slightly. Night and day she repeats Nandanandana; he does not leave her heart for an instant. Though extremely desperate, Kāma arrays his fourfold army but releases no arrow. No one knows what virtue resides in this body that makes all of them afraid. Sūrdās says: ashamed before Śrīpati, even Kāma's warriors forget their strength.

Padas 331-345

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 331

राग धनाश्री

माधव सों न बनै मुख मोरे।
जिन्ह नयनन्ह ससि स्याम बिलोक्यो ते क्यों जात तरनि सों जोरे।
मुनि-मन-रमन ये जोग, कमठ तन मँदर-भार सहै क्यों, ओ रे!
तरुनी-हृदय-कुमुद के बाँधन कुंजर क्यों न रहत बिनु तोरे॥
नीलांबर-घनस्याम नीलमनि पैयत है क्यों धूम के भोरे।
सूर भूँग कमलन के बिरही चँपक मन लागत कहूँ थोरे

*mādhava soṃ na banai mukha more|
jinha nayananha sasi syāma bilokyo te kyoṃ jāta tarani soṃ jore|
muni-mana-ramana ye joga, kamaṭha tana ma~dara-bhāra sahai kyoṃ, o re!
taruṇī-hṛdaya-kumuda ke ba~dhana kuṃjara kyoṃ na rahata binu tore||
nīlāmbara-ghanasyāma nīlamani paiyata hai kyoṃ dhūma ke bhore|
sūra bhr̥-ga kamalana ke birahī ca~paka mana lāgata kahu~ thore*

My face cannot turn away from Mādhava. Eyes that have beheld moonlike Śyāma - how could they be joined instead to the sun? This yoga may delight the minds of sages, but why, O friend, should a tortoise-like body bear the weight of Mount Mandara? How could the elephant of passion remain restrained without you from the night-lotus of a young woman's heart? Having found dark-robed rain-cloud Śyāma, the sapphire itself, why wander bewildered after smoke and ash? Sūr says: a bee separated from lotuses can place little affection in the campaka flower.

Pada 332

राग जैतश्री

और सकल अँगन तें, ऊधो! अँखियाँ अधिक दुखारी।
अतिहि पिराति, सिराति न कबहुँ, बहुत जतन करि हारी॥
एकटक रहति, निमेष न लावति, बिथा बिकल भइ भारी।
भरि गड्ड विरह-बाय-बिनु दरसन, चितवति रहति उधारी॥
रे रे अलि! गुरु ज्ञान-सलाकहि क्यों सहि सकति तुम्हारी।
सूर सुअंजन आनु रूप-रस आरति हरन हमारी

aura sakala a~gana teṃ, ūdho! a~khiyā~ adhika dukhārī|
atihi pirāti, sirāti na kabahū~, bahuta jatana kari hārī||
ekaṭaka rahati, nimeṣa na lāvati, bithā bikala bhai bhārī|
bhari gai~ viraha-bāya-binu darasana, citavati rahati ughārī||
re re ali! guru jñāna-salākahi kyoṃ sahi sakati tumhārī|
sūra suañjana ānu rūpa-rasa ārati harana hamārī

Of all the limbs, Uddhava, the eyes suffer most. They ache exceedingly and are never cooled; every remedy has failed. They remain fixed in one direction and never blink, made helpless by immense pain. Filled with the wind of separation and deprived of his vision, they stay uncovered and stare. Bee, how could they endure the sharp applicator of your weighty knowledge? Sūr says: bring instead the excellent collyrium of his form and rasa, which will remove our anguish.

Pada 333

राग कान्हरो

भूलति हौ कत मीठी बातन।
ये अलि हैं उनहीं के संगी, चंचल चित, साँवरे गातन॥
वै मुरली धुनि कै जग मोहत, इनकी गुंज सुमन-मन-पातन।
वै उठि आन आन मन रंजत, ये उड़ि अनत रंग-रस-रातन॥
वै नवतनु मानिनि गृह-बासी, ये निसिदिवस रहत जलजातन।
ये षटपद, वै द्विपद घतुर्भुज, इनमें नाहिं भेद कोउ भाँतन॥
स्वारथ-निपुन सर्वरस भोगी जनि पतियाहु बिरह दुख-दातन।
वै माधव, ये माधुप, सूर सुनि, इन दोउन कोऊ घटि घाट ना

bhūlati hau kata mīṭhī bātana|
ye ali haiṃ unahiṃ ke saṃgī, caṃcala citta, sā~vare gātana||
vai muralī dhuni kai jaga mohata, inakī guṃja sumana-mana-pātana|
vai uṭhi āna āna mana raṃjata, ye uṛī anata raṃga-rasa-rātana||
vai navatanu mānini gr̥ha-bāśī, ye nisidivasa rahata jalajātana|
ye ṣaṭapada, vai dvīpada caturbhūja, inameṃ nāhiṃ bheda kou bhā~tana||
svāratha-nīpuna sarbarasa bhogī janī patiyāhu biraha dukha-dātana|

vai mādharma, ye madhupa, sūra suni, ina douna koṭi ghaṭi ghāṭa nā

Why are you being deceived by sweet words? These bees are his own companions - fickle in heart and dark in body. He enchants the world with the music of his flute; their humming makes the hearts of flowers fall. He rises and delights one mind after another; they fly elsewhere, dyed in a new nectar and color. He dwells in the houses of ever-new, proud young women; they remain in water-born lotuses night and day. These have six feet; he has two feet and also four arms - yet there is no difference between them of any kind. Expert in self-interest and enjoyers of every rasa, do not trust those who give the anguish of separation. He is Mādhava and this is madhupa, the honey-drinker; hear Sūr - neither falls one measure short of the other.

Pada 334

राग सारंग

हरि सों कहियो, हो, जैसे गोकुल आवैं।
 दिन दस रहे सो भली कीन्ही, अब जनि गहरु लगावैं॥
 नाहिंन कछू सुहात तुमहिं बिनु, कानन भवन न भावैं।
 देखे जात आपनी आँखिन्ह हम कहि कहा जनावैं?
 बाल बिलख, मुख गउ न चरति तून, बछरा पीवत पय नहिं धावैं।
 सूर स्याम बिनु रटति रैनदिन, मिलेहि भले सचु पावैं

hari soṃ kahiyo, ho, jaise gokula āvaim|
dina dasa rahe so bhalī kīnhī, aba janī gaharu lagāvaim||
nāhiṇna kachū suhāta tumahiṇ binu, kānana bhavana na bhāvaim|
dekhe jāta āpanī ā~khinha hama kahī kahā janāvaim?
bāla bilakha, mukha gau na carati tūna, bacharā pīvata paya nahim dhāvaim|
sūra syāma binu raṭati rainidina, milehi bhale sacu pāvaim

Tell Hari to come to Gokula by whatever means he can. Remaining away for ten days was well enough; now let him delay no longer. Without him nothing pleases us - neither forest nor home appeals. We see it with our own eyes; what more can words make known? The children wail, the cows will not graze, and the calves do not run to drink their mothers' milk. Sūr says: night and day Braj repeats Śyāma's name; if he meets us, he will learn the truth for himself.

Pada 335

राग सौरठ

सखी री! मथुरा में द्वै हैंस।
 एक अक्रूर और ये ऊधो, जानत नीके गंस॥
 ये दोउ छीर नीर पहिचानत, इनहि बधायों कंस।
 इनके कुल ऐसी चलि आई, सदा उजागर बंस॥
 अजहुं कृपा करौ मधुबन पर जानि आपनो अंस।
 सूर सुयोग सिखावत अबलन्ह, सुनत होय मनभ्रंस

sakhī rī! mathurā meṃ dvai ha-sa|
 eka akrūra aura ye ūdho, jānata nīke gaṃsa||
 ye dou chīra nīra pahicānata, inahi badhāyom kaṃsa|
 inake kula aīsī calī āī, sadā ujāgara baṃsa||
 ajahūṃ kṛpā karau madhubana para jāni āpano aṃsa|
 sūra suyoga sikhāvata abalanha, sunata hoyā manabhraṃsa

Companion, Mathurā has two swans: one is Akrūra and the other Uddhava, both thoroughly versed in the breed. These two know perfectly how to separate milk from water; it was through them that Kaṃsa met his death. Such has always been the custom of their family, and their lineage is forever renowned. Even now show mercy to Mathurā, knowing it to be a portion of your own domain. Sūr says: Uddhava teaches yoga to helpless women, and merely hearing it deranges the mind.

Pada 336

राग सारंग

बारक कान्ह करौ किन फेरो?
 दरसन दै मधुबन को सिधारो, सुख इतनो बहुतेरो॥
 भलेहि मिले बसुदेव देवकी जननि जनक निज कुटुंब घनेरो।
 केहि अवलंब रहैं हम ऊधो! देखि दुःख नँद-जसुमति केरो॥
 तुम बिनु को अनाथ-प्रतिपालन, जाजरि नाव कुसँग सबेरो।
 गए सिंधु को पार उतारै, अब यह सूर थक्यो ब्रज-बेरो

bāraka kānha karau kina phero?
 darasana dai madhubana ko sidhāro, sukha itano bahutero||
 bhalehi mile basudeva devakī janani janaka nija kuṭu-ba ghanero|
 kehi avalamba rahaiṃ hama ūdho! dekhi duḥkha na-da-jasumati kero||
 tuma binu ko anātha-pratipālana, jājari nāva kusa-ga sabero|
 gae siṃdhu ko pāra utārai, aba yaha sūra thakyo braja-bero

Kanhā, turn back just once. Grant us your vision, then go on to Mathurā - the joy of that much would be immense. It is good that you met Vasudeva and Devakī, your own mother, father, and

abundant family. But upon what support shall we remain, Uddhava, when we see the grief of Nanda and Yaśodā? Without you, who protects the orphan? Our battered boat has fallen among bad currents at daybreak. You carry those who have departed across the ocean, yet Sūr says: this weary ferry of Braj now waits for you.

Pada 337

मानौ ढरे एक ही साँचे।
 नखसिख कमल-नयन की सोभा एक भृगुलता-बाँचे॥
 दारुजात कैसे गुन इनमें, ऊपर अन्तर स्याम।
 हमको धूम-गयन्द बतावत, बचन कहत निष्काम॥
 ये सब असित देह धरे जेते ऐसेई, सखि! जानि।
 सूर एक तें एक आगरे वा मथुरा की खानि

mānau ḍhare eka hī sā~ce|
nakhasikha kamala-nayana kī sobhā eka bhṛgulatā-bā~ce||
dārujāta kaise guna inameṃ, ūpara antara syāma|
hamako dhūma-gayanda batābata, bacana kahata niṣkāma||
ye saba asita deha dhare jete aiseī, sakhi! jāni|
sūra eka teṃ eka āgare vā mathurā kī khāni

It seems they were all poured from a single mold. From nails to crown, the lotus-eyed beauty is framed by the same vine of bee-black curls. Like ebony wood, what virtue can be found in them? Outside and within, all is dark. Yet they tell us to exchange him for a smoky, formless phantom, speaking words of detachment. Every one who wears such a black body is made the same - know this, companion. Sūr says: each surpasses the next, all mined from that single quarry of Mathurā.

Pada 338

राग सौरठ

बातैं कहत सयाने की सी।
 कपट तिहारो प्रगट देखियत ज्यों जल नाए सीसी॥
 हौं तो कहत तिहारे हित की काहे को तू भरमत।
 हमहुं मया तिहारी हैं कछु, थोरी सी है मैमत॥
 छाया बसाय गए सुफलकसुत नेकहु लागी बार न।
 सूर कृपा करि आए ऊधो तापै ढेवा डारन

bātaiṃ kahata sayāne kī sī|
kaṇṭha tihāro praṅgaṭa dekhiyata jyom̐ jala nāe sīsī||
haum̐ to kahata tihāre hita kī kāhe ko tū bharamata|
hamahūṃ mayā tihārī haṃ kachu, thorī sī hai maimata||
chāya basāya gae suphalakasuta nekaḥu lāgī bāra na|
sūra kṛpā kari āe ūdho tāpai ḍhevā ḍārana

You speak as though you were wise. Your deceit is plainly visible, like a bottle washed clean only on the outside. I am speaking for your own good - why do you remain confused? We too are somewhat under your spell, though only a little delusion remains. The son of Śvaphalka carried away our shade and shelter without taking even a moment. Sūr says: Uddhava has now graciously come to cast another clod upon the fever already burning us.

Pada 339

राग सारंग

आए नँदनन्दन के नेव।
 गोकुल आय जोग बिस्तार्यो, भली तुम्हारी टेव॥
 जब बृन्दाबन रास रच्यो हरि तबहि कहाँ तू हेव।
 अब जुवतिन को जोग सिखावत, भस्म अधारी सेव॥
 हम लागि तुम क्यों यह मत ठान्यो ज्यों जोगिन को भोग।
 सूरदास प्रभु सुनत अधिक दुख, आतुर बिरह-बियोग

āe na~danandana ke neva|
gokula āya joga bistāryo, bhalī tumhārī ṭeva||
jaba bṛndāvana rāsa racyo hari tabahi kahā~ tū heva|
aba juvatina ko joga sikhāvata, bhasma adhārī seva||
hama lagi tuma kyoṃ yaha mata ṭhānyo jyom̐ jogina ko bhoga|
sūradāsa prabhu sunata adhika dukha, ātura biraha-biyoga

You have come under commission from Nandanandana. Arriving in Gokula, you spread yoga everywhere - an admirable habit indeed. When Hari enacted the rāsa in Vṛndāvana, where were you then? Now you teach yoga to young women and prescribe service through ash and

controlled breath. Why have you devised this doctrine especially for us, as though yoginīs had need of worldly enjoyment? Sūrdās says: merely hearing it brings the Lord still greater pain to hearts already desperate in separation.

Pada 340

मनौ दोउ एकहि मते भए।
ऊधो अरु अकूर बधिक दोउ ब्रज आखेट ठए॥
बचन-पास बाँधे माधव-मृग, उनरत घालि लए।
इनहीं हती मृगी-गोपीजन सायक-ज्ञान हए॥
बिरह-ताप को दवा देखियत चहुं दिसि लाय दए।
अब धौं कहा कियो चाहत हैं, सोचत नहिंन ए॥
परमारथी ज्ञान उपदेसत बिरहिन प्रेम-रए।
कैसे जियहि स्याम बिनु सूर चुम्बक मेघ गए

manau dou ekahi mate bhae|
ūdho aru akrūra badhika dou braja ākheṭa ṭhae||
baṇana-pāsa bā-dhe mādḥava-mṛga, unarata ghāli lae|
inahīm haṭī mṛgī-gopījana sāyaka-jñāna hae||
biraha-tāpa ko davā dekhiyata cahuṁ disi lāya dae|
aba dhauṁ kahā kiyo cāhata haiṇ, socata nāhiṇna e||
paramārathī jñāna upadesata birahina prema-rae|
kaise jiyahi syāma binu sūra cumbaka megha gae

It seems the two formed a single plan. Uddhava and Akrūra, both hunters, made Braj their hunting ground. With the noose of words they bound the deer Mādhava; Akrūra placed him on the chariot and carried him away. Uddhava now kills the doe-like gopīs, striking them with arrows of knowledge. The fire of separation can be seen blazing on every side where they have set it. What more do they wish to accomplish now? They do not even stop to consider. Self-proclaimed seekers of the highest truth, they teach knowledge to women dyed through with loving separation. Sūr asks: how can we live without Śyāma when the cloud that draws every heart like a magnet has gone?

Pada 341

या ब्रज सगुन-दीप परगास्यो।
 सुनि ऊधो! भृकुटी त्रिबेदि तर निसिदिन प्रगट अभास्यो॥
 सब के उर-सरवनि सनेह भरि सुमन तिली को बास्यो।
 गुन अनेक ते गुन, कपूर सम परिमल बारह मास्यो॥
 बिरह-अग्नि अँगन सब के, नहिं बुझत परे चौमास्यो।
 ताके तीन फुँकैया हरि से, तुम से, पँचसरा स्यो॥
 आन-भजन तून सम परिहरि सब करतीं जोति उपास्यो।
 साधन भोग निरञ्जन तें रे अन्धकार तम नास्यो॥
 जा दिन भयो तिहारो आवन बोलत ही उपहास्यो।
 रहि न सके तुम, सीक रूप ह्वै निर्गुन-काज उकास्यो॥
 बाढ़ी जोति सो केस-देस लौं, टूट्या ज्ञान-मवास्यो।
 दुरबासना-सलभ सब जारे जे छै रहे अकास्यो॥
 तुम तौ निपट निकट के बासी, सुनियत हुते खवास्यो।
 गोकुल कछु रस-रीति न जानत, देखत नाहिं तमास्यो॥
 सूर, करम की खीर परोसो, फिरि फिरि चरत जवास्यो

yā braja saguna-ḍīpa paragāsyo|
 suni ūdho! bhṛkuṭi tribedi tara nisidina pragaṭa abhāsyo||
 saba ke ura-saravani saneha bhari sumana tilī ko bāsyo|
 guna aneka te guna, kapūra sama parimāla bāraha māsyo||
 biraha-agini a-gana saba ke, nahim bujhata pare caumāsyo|
 tāke tīna phu-kaiyā hari se, tuma se, pa-casarā syo||
 āna-bhajana tūna sama parihari saba karatīm joti upāsyo|
 sādhana bhoga nirañjana teṇ re andhakāra tama nāsyo||
 jā dina bhayo tihāro āvana bolata hī upahāsyo|
 rahi na sake tuma, sīṅka rūpa hvai nīrguna-kāja ukāsyo||
 bāḍhī joti so kesa-desā lauṇ, ṭūṭyā jñāna-mavāsyo|
 durabāsana-salabha saba jāre je chai rahe akāsyo||
 tuma tau nipaṭa nikaṭa ke bāsī, suniyata hute khavāsyo|
 gokula kachu rasa-rīti na jānata, dekhata nāhim tamāsyo||
 sūra, karama kī khīra paroso, phiri phiri carata javāsyo

In this Braj the lamp of the manifest Lord shines. Hear, Uddhava: beneath the triple curve of the brows its light appears night and day. The reservoirs of every heart are filled with the oil of affection, perfumed like flower and sesame; his countless virtues are camphor, fragrant through all twelve months. The fire of separation burns in every courtyard and will not be quenched even through the four months of rain. Three bellows fan it - Hari, you, and the five-arrowed god of love. Casting every other worship aside like straw, all adore this single flame. Before it, the darkness of disciplines, enjoyments, and your stainless abstraction has vanished. From the day you arrived, your very speech mocked it. You could not remain still; becoming a reed, you poked at the wick to serve the business of the attributeless. The flame rose as high as the region of the hair, and the settlement of knowledge broke apart. Every moth of evil desire that remained in

the sky was burned. You were said to be an intimate resident, a personal attendant, yet you know nothing of Gokula's ways of rasa even when the spectacle stands before you. Sūr says: serve up the rice-pudding of karma if you wish - you still return again and again to graze upon the bitter javāsa shrub.

Pada 342

सब जल तजे प्रेम के नाते।
 तऊ स्वाति चातक नहिं छाँड़त प्रकट पुकारत ताते॥
 समुझत मीन नीर की बातें तऊ प्रान हठि हारत।
 सुनत कुरङ्ग नादरस पूरन, जदपि ब्याध सर मारत॥
 निमिष चकोर नयन नहिं लावत, ससि जोवत जुग बीते।
 कोटि पतंग जोति बपु जारे, भए न प्रेम-घट रीते॥
 अब लौं नहिं बिसरीं वे बातें सँग जो करीं ब्रजराज।
 सुनि ऊधो! हम सूर स्याम को छाँड़ि देहिं केहि काज?

saba jala taje prema ke nāte|
taū svāti cātaka nahiṃ chā~ṛata prakṛaṭa pukārata tāte||
samujhata mīna nīra kī bāteṃ taū prāna haṭhi hārata|
sunata kuraṅga nādarasa pūrana, jadapi byādha sara mārata||
nimiṣa cakora nayana nahiṃ lāvata, sasi jovata juga bīte|
koṭi patanṅga joti bapu jāre, bhae na prema-ghaṭa rīte||
aba lauṃ nahiṃ bisarīṃ ve bāteṃ sa~ga jo karīṃ brajarāja|
suni ūdho! hama sūra syāma ko chā~ṛi dehiṃ kehi kāja?

For love's sake the cātaka abandons every water, yet it never forsakes the drop of Svāti and therefore cries openly for it. The fish understands all that can be said of water, yet stubbornly surrenders its life when parted from it. The deer listens, filled with the nectar of sound, though the hunter strikes it with an arrow. The cakora does not blink for an instant; it watches the moon though ages pass. Millions of moths burn their bodies in the flame, yet the vessels of love do not become empty. Even now we have not forgotten what the Lord of Braj did with us. Hear us, Uddhava: for what purpose would we abandon Sūr's Śyāma?

Pada 343

ऊधो! मन की मन ही माँझ रही।
 कहिए जाय कौन सों, ऊधो! नाहिंन परति सही॥
 अवधि अधार आवनहि की तन, मन ही बिथा सही।
 चाहति हुती गुहार जहाँ तें तहँहि तें धार वही॥
 अब यह दसा देखि निज नयनन सब मरजाद ढही।
 सूरदास प्रभु के बिछुरे तें दुसह बियोग-दही

*ūdho! mana kī mana hī mā~jha rahi|
 kahie jāya kauna soṃ, ūdho! nāhiṇna parati sahī||
 avadhi adhāra āvanahi kī tana, mana hī bithā sahī|
 cāhati hutī guhāra jahā~ teṃ taha~hī teṃ dhāra vahi||
 aba yaha dasā dekhi nija nayanana saba marajāda ḍhahī|
 sūradāsa prabhu ke bichure teṃ dusaha biyoga-dahī*

Uddhava, the heart's desire remained buried within the heart. To whom could we go and speak it? Nothing has turned out rightly. The body endured its pain only through the support of the promised time of his return. We wished to cry for help to the very place from which the stream of sorrow flowed. Now that these eyes have seen our present condition, every boundary of modesty has collapsed. Sūrdās says: separation from the Lord has churned us into an unbearable curd of grief.

Pada 344

राग मलार

स्याम को यहै परेखो आवै।
 कत वह प्रीति चरन जावक कृत, अब कुब्जा मन भावै॥
 तब कत पानि धर्यो गोबर्द्धन, कत ब्रजपतिहि छड़ावै?
 कत वह बेनु अधर मोहन धरि लै लै नाम बुलावै?
 तब कत लाड़ लड़ाय लड़ैते हैंसि हैंसि कण्ठ लगावै?
 अब वह रूप अनूप कृपा करि नयनन हु न दिखावै॥
 जा मुख-सँग समीप रैन-दिन सोइ अब जोग सिखावै।
 जिन मुख दए अमृत रसना भरि सो कैसे विष प्यावै?
 कर मीड़ति पछताति हियो भरि, क्रम क्रम मन समुझावै।
 सूरदास यहि भाँति बियोगिनी तातें अति दुख पावै

*syāma ko yahai parekho āvai|
 kata vaha prīti carana jāvaka kṛta, aba kubjā mana bhāvai||
 taba kata pāni dharyo gobarddhana, kata brajapatihi chṛāvai?
 kata vaha benu adhara mohana dhari lai lai nāma bulāvai?
 taba kata lāṛa laṛāya laṛaite ha~si ha~si kaṇṭha lagāvai?
 aba vaha rūpa anūpa kṛpā kari nayanana hū na dikhāvai|*

*jā mukha-sa~ga samīpa raini-dina soi aba joga sikhāvai|
 jīna mukha dae amṛta rasanā bhari so kaise viṣa pyāvai?
 kara mīṛati pachatāti hiyo bhari, krama krama mana samujhāvai|
 sūradāsa yahi bhā~ti biyoginī tāteṃ ati dukha pāvai*

This alone is the test by which Śyāma's return may be judged: where has that love gone which once dyed our feet red, now that Kubjā delights his heart? Why then did his hand lift Govardhana, and why did he rescue the lord of Braj? Why did Mohana hold the flute to his lips and call each of us by name? Why did that darling lavish affection upon us, quarrel playfully, laugh, and clasp us to his breast? Why does he no longer show that incomparable form to our eyes, even out of mercy? The very mouth that stayed beside our mouths night and day now teaches yoga. Having filled our tongues with nectar from his lips, how can he make us drink poison? She wrings her hands, repents with a heart full of pain, and tries step by step to reason with her mind. Sūrdās says: in this way the separated woman suffers all the more.

Pada 345

सखी री! मो मन धोखे जात।
 ऊधो कहत, रहत हरि मधुपुरि, गत आगत न थकात॥
 इत देखौ तौ आगे मधुकर मत-न्याय सतरात।
 फिरि चाहौ तौ प्राननाथ उत सुनत कथा मुसकात॥
 हरि साँचे ज्ञानी सब झूठे जे निर्गुन-जस गात।
 सूरदास जेहि सब जग डहक्यो ते इनको डहकात

*sakhī rī! mo mana dhokhe jāta|
 ūdho kahata, rahata hari madhupuri, gata āgata na thakāta||
 ita dekhaun tau āge madhukara matta-nyāya satarāta|
 phiri cāhaun tau prānanātha uta sunata kathā musakāta||
 hari sã~ce jñānī saba jhūṭhe je nirguna-jasa gāta|
 sūradāsa jehi saba jaga ḍahakyo te inako ḍahakāta*

Companion, my mind is caught in a deception. Uddhava says Hari remains in Mathurā, yet his comings and goings never seem to end. When I look here, before me stands the intoxicated bee, bound by its own subtle logic. When I turn and look there, I hear that the Lord of my life smiles as he listens to the tale. Hari alone is the true knower; all who sing the praise of the attributeless are false. Sūrdās says: he who has beguiled the whole world now beguiles even them.

Padas 346-360

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 346

राग गौरी

ब्रज तैं द्वै ऋतु पै न गई।
 पावस अरु ग्रीषम, प्रचंड, सखि! हरि बिनु अधिक भई॥
 ऊरध स्वास समीर, नयन घन, सब जलजोग जुरे।
 बरषि जो प्रगट किए दुख दादुर हुते जे दूरि दुरे॥
 बिषम बियोग दुसह दिनकर सम दिनप्रति उदय करे।
 हरि-बिधु बिमुख भए कहि सूर को तनताप हरे

braja teṁ dvai ṛtu pai na gai|
pāvasa aru grīṣama, pracanḍa, sakhi! hari binu adhika bhāi||
ūrādha svāsa samīra, nayana ghana, saba jalajoga jure|
baraṣi jo pragaṭa kie dukha dādura hute je dūri dure||
biṣama biyoga dusaha dinakara sama dinaprati udaya kare|
hari-bidhu bimukha bhae kahi sūra ko tanatāpa hare

Two seasons have never departed from Braj. Monsoon and fierce summer, companion, have both grown stronger without Hari. Rising sighs are the wind and our eyes the clouds; every instrument of water has joined together. Raining, they make the frogs of sorrow reveal themselves, though they had hidden far away. Harsh separation, unbearable as the sun, rises every day. Sūr asks: when the moon Hari has turned his face away, who can remove the body's fever?

Pada 347

तुमहिं मधुप! गोपाल-दुहाई।
 कबहुंक स्याम करत ह्यौ को मन, किधौ निपट चित सुधि बिसराई?
 हम अहीरि मतिहीन बापुरी हटकत हु हठि करहिं मिताई।
 वै नागर मथुरा निरमोही, अँग अँग भरे कपट चतुराई॥
 साँची कहहु देहु सवनन सुख, छाँड़हु जिया कुटिल धूताई।
 सूरदास प्रभु बिरद-लाज धरि मेटहु ह्यौ की नेकु हँसाई

tumahiṁ madhupa! gopāla-duhāi|
kabahuṅka syāma karata hyā~ ko mana, kidhauṁ nipaṭa cita sudhi bisarāi?
hama ahīri matihīna bāpurī haṭakata hū haṭhi karahiṁ mitāi|
vai nāgara mathurā niramohī, a~ga a~ga bhare kapaṭa caturāi||
sā~cī kahahu dehu sraṇana sukha, chā~ṛahu jiyā kuṭila dhūtāi|
sūradāsa prabhu birada-lāja dhari meṭahu hyā~ kī neku ha~sāi

Bee, I place you under oath by Gopāla. Does Śyāma ever turn his mind toward this place, or has he utterly forgotten us in his heart? We are poor, witless Ahīr women; even when checked, we stubbornly persist in friendship. He is a sophisticated man of Mathurā, detached and filled in every limb with deceitful cleverness. Tell the truth and give our ears some joy; abandon the crooked fraud within your heart. Sūrdās pleads: Lord, uphold the honor of your celebrated name and remove at least a little of the ridicule we suffer here.

Pada 348

राग सोरठ

बिरही कहाँ लौं आपु समारै?
 जब तें गंग परी हरिपद तें बहिबो नाहिं निवारै॥
 नयनन तें रवि बिछुरि भँवत रहै, ससि अजहुँ तन गारै।
 नाभि तें बिछुरे कमल कंट भए, सिंधु भए जरि छारै॥
 बैन तें बिछुरी बानि अबिधि भई बिधि ही, कौन निवारै।
 सूरदास सब अंग तें बिछुरी केहि बिद्या उपवारै

birahī kahā~ lauṁ āpu samārai?
jaba teṁ gaṅga parī haripada teṁ bahibo nāhiṁ nivārai||
nayanana teṁ ravi bichuri bha~vata rahai, sasi ajahū~ tana gārai|
nābhi teṁ bichure kamala kaṇṭa bhae, siṇḍhu bhae jari chārai||
baina teṁ bichuri bāni abidhi bhai bidhi hī, kauna nivārai|
sūradāsa saba aṅga teṁ bichurī kehi bidyā upacārai

How long can one separated in love preserve herself? Since the Gaṅgā fell from Hari's foot, nothing has ever stopped her flowing. Separated from the sun of his eyes, light wanders lost; the moon still scorches the body. Parted from the lotus of his navel, every lotus has turned to thorns, while the ocean itself has burned into ash. Speech, separated from his words, has

become lawless - who can restrain what Fate has done? Sūrdās asks: when she is separated from every one of his limbs, what science can provide a cure?

Pada 349

राग नट

हे गोपाल गोकुल के वासी।
 ऐसी बातें सुनि सुनि ऊधो! लोग करत हैं हाँसी॥
 मथि मथि सिंधु-सुधा सुर पीवै, असुर भए विष-आसी।
 इमि हति कंस, राज दै औरनि, आपु चाहि लई दासी॥
 बिसरयो सूर बिरह-दुख अपनो सुनत चाल औरासी

*he gopāla gokula ke vāsī|
 aīsī bāteṃ suni suni ūdho! loga karata haīm hā-sī||
 mathi mathi siṃdhu-sudhā sura pīvai, asura bhae viṣa-āsī|
 imi hati kaṃsa, rāja dai aurani, āpu cāhi lai dāsī||
 bisarayō sūra biraha-dukha apāno sunata cāla aurāsī*

O Gopāla, once a resident of Gokula! Hearing tale after tale like this from Uddhava, people can only laugh. Churning and churning the ocean, the gods drank nectar while the demons received poison. In the same way, after killing Kaṃsa, you gave the kingdom to others and chose only a maidservant for yourself. Sūr says: he has forgotten the suffering of his own separation from us while listening to the strange ways of another life.

Pada 350

राग सारंग

बदले को बदलो लै जाहु।
 उनकी एक हमारी दै, तुम सबै जनेया आहु॥
 तुम तौ हमें जानि कै भोरौ, सबै सारौ दाँव।
 हमरी बेरि मुकरि के भागत, हिए चौगुनो चाव॥
 अब तुम सखा वेगि ही जैयो, मेटहु उनको दाह।
 सूरदास ह्याँहार भए तें हम तुम दोउ साहु

*badale ko badalo lai jāhu|
 unakī eka hamārī dai, tuma sabai janeyā āhu||
 tuma tau hamēṃ jāni kai bhorau, sabai sārāu dā-va|
 hamārī beri mukari ke bhāgata, hie cauguno cāva||
 aba tuma sakhā vegi hī jaiyo, meṭahu unako dāha|
 sūradāsa hyā-hāra bhae teṃ hama tuma dou sāhu*

Take an exchange in return for an exchange. Give them one thing of ours for the one they sent; all of you are expert traders. Knowing us to be innocent, you gathered every stake and won the game. When our turn came, you denied the bargain and fled, delighting fourfold in your heart. Friend, go back very quickly now and extinguish the burning he will receive from us. Sūrdās says: since we have lost here, you and I are now the two merchants accountable for the trade.

Pada 351

राग परज

ऊधो! सूधे नेकु निहारो।
 हम अबलनि को सिखवन आए, सुन्यौ सयान तिहारो॥
 निर्गुन कहौ; कहा कहियत है? तुम निर्गुन अति भारो।
 सेवत सगुन स्यामसुंदर को लहैं मुक्ति हम चारी॥
 ह्वैं सालोक, सरूप, सयुज्यो, रहत समीप सदाई।
 सो तजि कहत और की औरै, तुम अलि! बड़े अराई॥
 हम मूरख तुम बड़े चतुर हौ, बहुत कहा कहिए।
 वै ही काज सदा भटकत हौ, अब मारग गहिए॥
 अहो अज्ञान! ज्ञान उपदेसत ज्ञानरूप हम ही।
 निसिदिन ध्यान सूर प्रभु को अलि! देखत जित तितहीं

ūdho! sūdhe neku nihāro|
 hama abalani ko sikhavana āe, sunyau sayāna tihāro||
 nīrguna kahau; kahā kahiyata hai? tuma nīrguna atī bhāro|
 sevata saguna syāmasuṇḍara ko lahaiṇ mukti hama cārī||
 hvaiṇ sālōka, sarūpa, sayujyōṇ, rahata samīpa sadāī|
 so taji kahata aura kī aurai, tuma ali! baṛe arāī||
 hama mūrakha tuma baṛe catura hau, bahuta kahā kahie|
 vai hī kāja sadā bhaṭakata hau, aba mārāga gahie||
 aho ajñāna! jñāna upadesata jñānarūpa hama hī|
 nisidīna dhyāna sūra prabhu ko ali! dekhata jita titahīṇ

Uddhava, look straight before you for once. You came to instruct helpless women - we have heard how wise you are. You speak of the attributeless; what is there even to say? You yourself are weighed down by that attributeless burden. By serving manifest Śyāmasundara, we attain all four liberations. We share his world, assume his form, unite with him, and remain forever near. Abandoning this, you speak one thing for another - bee, you are a great enemy. We are fools and you are very clever; what more can be said? You have always wandered for that same business - now find the road. Ah, ignorance itself has come teaching knowledge to us, who are the very form of knowledge! Bee, night and day we meditate upon Sūr's Lord and see him wherever we look.

Pada 352

राग धनाश्री

जा जा रे भौंरा! दूर दूर।
रंग रूप और एकहि मूरति, मेरो मन कियो बूर बूर॥
जो लौं गरज निकट तौ लौं रहैं, काज सरे पै रहैं धूर।
सूर स्याम अपनी गरजन को कलियन रस लै घूर घूर

*jā jā re bhaumrā! dūra dūra|
raṅga rūpa aura ekahi mūrati, mero mana kiyo cūra cūra||
jo lauṇi garaḷa nikaṭa tau lauṇi rahaiṇ, kāja sarai pai rahaiṇ dhūra|
sūra syāma apanī garajana ko kaliyana rasa lai ghūra ghūra*

Go, go, bee - far away! Color and form are one with his, and the same single image has crushed my mind to pieces. You remain nearby only as long as some need roars; once your purpose is fulfilled, you keep far off in the dust. Sūr says: for the sake of his own desire, dark Śyāma circles and circles, taking the nectar of every bud.

Pada 353

राग नट

ऊधो! धनि तुम्हरो ब्यवहार।
धनि वै ठाकुर, धनि वै सेवक, धनि तुम बर्तनहार॥
आम को काटि बबूर लगावत, चन्दन को कुरवार।
सूर स्याम कैसे निबहैगी अन्धधुन्ध सरकार

*ūdho! dhani tumharo byavahāra|
dhani vai ṭhākura, dhani vai sevaka, dhani tuma bartanahāra||
āma ko kāṭi babūra laḡāvata, candana ko kuravāra|
sūra syāma kaise nibahaigī andhadhundha sarakāra*

Uddhava, blessed indeed is your conduct! Blessed that master, blessed that servant, and blessed you who transact their business. You cut down the mango and plant a thorny acacia, using fragrant sandalwood as the implement. Sūr asks: how can dark Śyāma's rule endure under such blind and reckless government?

Pada 354

जाहु जाहु ऊधो! जाने हौ पहचाने हौ।
 जैसे हरि तैसे तुम सेवक, कपट चतुरई-साने हौ॥
 निर्गुन-ज्ञान कहाँ तुम पायो, केहि सिखए ब्रज आने हौ।
 यह उपदेस देहु लै कुबजहि जाके रूप लुभाने हौ॥
 कहँ लगि कहाँ योग की बातें, बाँचत नैन पिराने हो।
 सूरदास प्रभु हम हैं खोटी तुम तो बारह बाने हौ

*jāhu jāhu ūdho! jāne hau pahacāne hau|
 jaise hari taise tuma sevaka, kapaṭa caturāi-sāne hau||
 nirguna-jñāna kahā~ tuma pāyo, kehi sikhae braja āne hau|
 yaha upadesa dehu lai kubajahi jāke rūpa lubhāne hau||
 kaha~ lagi kahauṇ yoga kī bātaiṇ, bā~cata naina pīrāne ho|
 sūradāsa prabhu hama haiṇ khoṭi tuma to bāraha bāne hau*

Go, go, Uddhava - we know and recognize you. As Hari is, so is his servant: polished in deceit and cleverness. Where did you acquire this knowledge of the attributeless, and who taught you to bring it to Braj? Carry this instruction to Kubjā, whose beauty has captivated you all. How long can I discuss yoga? Merely reading its doctrine makes my eyes ache. Sūrdās says: we are defective indeed, while you have been tested as pure in all twelve measures.

Pada 355

राग सारंग

मधुबन सब कृतज्ञ धर्मिले।
 अति उदार परहित डोलत हैं, बोलत बचन सुसीले॥
 प्रथम आय गोकुल सुफलकसुत लै मधुपुरिही सिधारे।
 वहाँ कंस ह्याँ हम दीनन को दूनो काज सँवारे॥
 हरि को सिखै सिखावन हमको अब ऊधो पग धारे।
 ह्याँ दासी-रति की कीरति कै, यहाँ जोग बिस्तारे॥
 अब या बिरह-समुद्र सबै हम बूझी चहति नहीं।
 लीला सगुन नाव ही, सुनु अलि, तेहि अवलंब रही॥
 अब, निर्गुनहि गहे जुवतीजन पारहि कहौ गई को?
 सूर अक्रूर छपद के मन में नाहिँन त्रास दई को

*madhubana saba kṛtajña dharmīle|
 atī udāra parahita ḍolata haiṇ, bolata bacana susīle||
 prathama āya gokula suphalakasuta lai madhupurihī sidhāre|
 vahā~ kaṁsa hyā~ hama dīnana ko dūno kāja sa~vāre||
 hari ko sikhai sikhāvana hamako aba ūdho paga dhāre|
 hvā~ dāsī-rati kī kirati kai, yahā~ joga bistāre||
 aba yā biraha-samudra sabai hama būṛi cahati nahīṇ|*

*līlā saguna nāva hī, sunu alī, tehi avalaṃba rahī||
aba, nīrgunahī gahe juvatījana pārahi kahau gaī ko?
sūra akrūra chapada ke mana meṃ nāhiṃna trāsa dāi ko*

Everyone in Mathurā is grateful and righteous - exceedingly generous, roaming for the welfare of others and speaking gracious words. First the son of Śvaphalka came to Gokula and departed straight for Mathurā. There he dealt with Kāmsa and here with us poor women, accomplishing both tasks twice over. Now Uddhava has set foot here to teach us the lesson he learned from Hari: there he celebrates love for a maidservant, and here he spreads yoga. We are already on the point of drowning in this ocean of separation. Hear, bee: only the boat of the Lord's manifest play remains our support. Tell us, what young woman has ever seized the attributeless and crossed to the farther shore? Sūr says: neither Akrūra nor the six-footed bee carries any fear in his heart of hurting another.

Pada 356

ऊधो! भूलि भले भटके।
कहत कही कछु बात लड़ैते तुम ताही अटके॥
देख्यो सकल सयान तिहारो, लीन्हे छरि फटके।
तुमहिं दियो बहराय इतै को, वै कुबजा सो अटके॥
लीजो जोग सँभारि आपनो जाहु तहाँ टटके।
सूर, स्याम तजि कोउ न लैहे या जोगहि कटुके

*ūdho! bhūli bhale bhaṭake|
kahata kahī kachu bāta laṛaite tuma tāhī aṭake||
dekhyo sakala sayāna tihāro, līnhe chari phaṭake|
tumahiṃ diyo baharāya itai koṃ, vai kubajā soṃ aṭake||
lījo joga sa~bhāri āpano jāhu tahā~ ṭaṭake|
sūra, syāma taji kou na laihe yā jogahi kaṭuke*

Uddhava, you have wandered well and truly lost your way. The playful Lord must once have said some stray word, and you became stuck upon it. We have seen all your wisdom, sifted it, and thrown it aside. He sent you here to distract us while he remains fastened to Kubjā. Gather up your yoga and go quickly back there. Sūr says: abandoning Śyāma, no one here will accept this bitter yoga.

Pada 357

राग धनाश्री

जोग-सँदेसो ब्रज में लावत।
 थाके चरन तिहारे, ऊधो! बार बार के धावत॥
 सुनिहै कथा कौन निर्गुन की, रचि पचि बात बनावत।
 सगुन-सुमेरु प्रगट देखियत, तुम तृन की ओट दुरावत॥
 हम जानत परपंच स्याम के, बातन ही बहरावत।
 देखी सुनी न अब लौं कबहुँ, जल मथे माखन आवत॥
 जोगी जोग-अपार सिंधु में ढूँढ़े हु नहिं पावत।
 ह्याँ हरि प्रगट प्रेम जसुमति के ऊखल आप बँधावत॥
 चुप करि रहौ, ज्ञान ढँकि राखौ; कत हौ बिरह बढ़ावत।
 नंदकुमार कमलदल-लोचन कहि को जाहि न भावत?
 काहे को बिपरीत बात कहि सब के प्रान गँवावत।
 सोहै सो कित सूर अबलनि जेहि निगम नेति कहि गावत?

joga-sa~deso braja meṁ lāvata|
thāke carana tihāre, ūdho! bāra bāra ke dhāvata||
sunihai kathā kauna nirguna kī, raci paci bāta banāvata|
saguna-sumeru pragaṭa dekhiyata, tuma tṛna kī oṭa durāvata||
hama jānata parapañca syāma ke, bātana hī baharāvata|
dekhī sunī na aba lauṁ kabahū~, jala mathe mākhana āvata||
jogī joga-apāra siṁdhu meṁ dhū~ṛhe hū nahīṁ pāvata|
hyā~ hari pragaṭa prema jasumati ke ūkhala āpa ba~dhāvata||
cupa kari rahau, jñāna dha~ki rākhau; kata hau biraha baṛhāvata|
naṁdakumāra kamaladala-locana kahī ko jāhi na bhāvata?
kāhe ko biparīta bāta kahī saba ke prāna ga~vāvata|
sohai so kita sūra abalani jehi nigama neti kahī gāvata?

You bring a message of yoga into Braj. Uddhava, your feet must be exhausted from running back and forth. Who will hear your tale of the attributeless, no matter how carefully you fabricate and refine it? The manifest Mount Sumeru of the Lord stands plainly before us, while you hide it behind a blade of grass. We understand Śyāma's contrivance - you try to divert us with words alone. Never until now have we seen or heard of butter emerging from churning water. Yogis search through the boundless ocean of yoga and do not find him; here Hari becomes manifest through Yaśodā's love and lets himself be bound to the mortar. Be silent and keep your knowledge covered; why increase our separation? Who could hear of lotus-petal-eyed Nandakumāra and not love him? Why speak perversely and make everyone surrender her life? Sūr asks: how can what the Vedas praise only as 'not this, not this' befit helpless women?

Pada 358

राग सारंग

कहा भयो हरि मथुरा गए।
 अब अलि! हरि कैसे सुख पावत तन द्वै भाँति भए॥
 यहाँ अटक अति प्रेम पुरातन, ह्वाँ अति नेह नए।
 ह्वाँ सुनियत नृप-वेष, यहाँ दिन देखियत बेनु लए॥
 कहा हाथ पर्यो सठ अकूरहि वह ठग-ठाट ठए।
 अब क्यों कान्ह रहत गोकुल बिनु जोगन के सिखए॥
 राजा राज करौ अपने घर माथे छत्र दए।
 चिरंजीव रहौ, सूर नंदसुत, जीजत मुख चितए

kahā bhayo hari mathurā gae|
aba ali! hari kaise sukha pāvata tana dvai bhā-ti bhae||
yahā~ aṭaka ati prema purātana, hvā~ ati neha nae|
hvā~ suniyata nṛpa-veṣa, yahā~ dina dekhiyata benu lae||
kahā hātha paryo saṭha akrūrahim vaha ṭhaga-ṭhāṭa ṭhae|
aba kyoṃ kānha rahata gokula binu jogana ke sikhae||
rājā rāja karau apane ghara mātthe chatra dae|
ciraṃjīva rahau, sūra naṃdasuta, jījata mukha citae

What does it matter that Hari went to Mathurā? Bee, how can Hari himself find happiness now that his body has been divided in two directions? Here he is held by exceedingly deep and ancient love; there by intense new affection. There we hear that he wears a king's costume; here by day we still see him holding the flute. What prize fell into foolish Akrūra's hands, that he arranged this pageant of deception? How can Kanhā now remain without Gokula after being instructed by yogis? King, rule within your own house beneath the parasol placed above your head. Live forever, Nanda's son, says Sūr - we remain alive by contemplating your face.

Pada 359

राग बिलावल

तुम्हारी प्रीति, ऊधो! पूरब जनम की अब तो भए मेरे तनहु के गरजी।
बहुत दिनन तें बिरमि रहे हौ, संग तें बिछोहि हमहिं गए बरजी॥
जा दिन तें तुम प्रीति करी ही घटति न, बढ़ति तूल लेहु नरजी।
सूरदास प्रभु तुम्हरे मिलन बिनु तन भयो ब्योत, बिरह भयो दरजी

tumhārī prīti, ūdho! pūraba janama kī aba to bhae mere tanahu ke garajī|
bahuta dinana teṁ birami rahe hau, saṅga teṁ bichohi hamahiṁ gae barajī||
jā dina teṁ tuma prīti karī hī ghaṭati na, baṛhati tūla lehu naraajī|
sūradāsa prabhu tumhare milana binu tana bhayo byōṁta, biraha bhayo darajī

Uddhava, your love must be from a former birth, for now it has become necessary even to this body of mine. You have remained away and indifferent for many days; when you left our company, you separated from us despite every plea. From the day you first gave your love it has never diminished - it grows ever greater; weigh it for yourself, noble one. Sūrdās says: without meeting you, Lord, the body has become a length of cloth and separation the tailor cutting it.

Pada 360

राग मलार

गोपालहि लै आवहु मनाय।
अब की बेर कैसेहु करि, ऊधो! करि छल बल गहि पाय॥
दीजौ उनहिं सुसारि उरहनो संधि संधि समुझाय।
जिनहिं छाँड़ि बढ़िया महँ आए ते विकल भए जदुराय॥
तुम सौं कहा कहाँ हो मधुकर! बातें बहुत बनाय।
बहियाँ पकरि सूर के प्रभु की, नंद की सौँह दिवाय

gopālahi lai āvahū manāya|
aba kī bera kaisehu karī, ūdho! kari chala bala gahi pāya||
ḍījau unahiṁ susāri urahano saṁdhi saṁdhi samujhāya|
jīnahiṁ chā-ṛi baṛhiyā maha- āe te vikala bhae jadurāya||
tuma soṁ kahā kahaṁ ho madhukara! bātaiṁ bahuta banāya|
bahiya- pakari sūra ke prabhu kī, naṁda kī saunha divāya

Persuade Gopāla and bring him back. This time, by whatever means - Uddhava, use guile or force and seize his feet. Present our complaints gently and explain them joint by joint. Those whom he abandoned when he came among the Yadus have become distraught, O king of the Yadus. Bee, why should I keep fashioning so many words for you? Take Sūr's Lord by both arms and make him swear by Nanda that he will return.

Padas 361-375

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 361

राग सोरठ

कै तुम सों छूटैं लरि ऊधो कै रहिए गहि मौन।
 एक हम जरैं जरे पर जारत, बोलहु कुबची कौन?
 एक अंग मिले दोऊ कारे, काको मन पतियाए?
 तुम सी होय सो तुम सों बोलै, लीने जोगहि आए॥
 जा काहु कों जोग चाहिए सो लै भस्म लगावै।
 जिन्ह उर ध्यान नंदनंदन को तिन्ह क्यों निर्गुन भावै?
 कहौ सँदेस सूर के प्रभु को, यह निर्गुन अँधियारो।
 अपनो बोयो आप लूनि, तुम आपुहि निरवारो

*kai tuma soṃ chūṭaiṃ lari ūdho kai rahie gahi mauna|
 eka hama jaraiṃ jare para jārata, bolahu kubacī kauna?
 eka aṃga mile doū kāre, kāko mana patiyāe?
 tuma sī hoyā so tuma soṃ bolai, līne jogahi āe||
 jā kāhū koṃ joga cāhie so lai bhasma lagāvai|
 jinha ura dhyāna naṃdanāṃdana ko tinha kyoṃ nirguna bhāvai?
 kahau sa~desa sūra ke prabhu ko, yaha nirguna a~dhiyāro|
 apano boyo āpa lūnie, tuma āpuhi niravāro*

Uddhava, shall we free ourselves from you by quarreling, or remain here holding silence? We already burn alone, and your words set the scorched still more aflame - tell us, who is truly ill-spoken? When two black ones share a single nature, whose heart can trust them? Let someone like you converse with you - you have come carrying yoga. Whoever wants yoga may take it and smear herself with ash. Why would the attributeless please those whose hearts meditate upon Nandanandana? Carry this message to Sūr's Lord: your attributeless doctrine is darkness. You must reap what you yourself have sown; now find your own deliverance.

Pada 362

राग सारंग

ऐसो, माई! एक कोद को हेतु।
जैसे बसन कुसुंभ-रंग मिलि कै नेकुचटक पुनि सेत॥
जैसे करनि किसान बापुरो नौ नौ बाहैं देत।
एतेहु पै नीर निठुर भयो उमगि आय सब लेत॥
सब गोपी भाखैं ऊधो सों, सुनियो बात सचेत।
सूरदास प्रभु जन तें बिछुरें ज्यों कृत राई रेत

*aiso, māī! eka koda ko hetu|
jaise basana kusu~bha-ramga mili kai nekucataka puni seta||
jaise karani kisāna bāpuro nau nau bāhaiṁ deta|
eteḥū pai nira niṭhura bhayo umagi āya saba leta||
saba gopī bhākhaiṁ ūdho soṁ, suniyo bāta saceta|
sūradāsa prabhu jana teṁ bichureṁ jyoṁ kṛta rāī reta*

Mother, such is the consequence of a single mistake. Cloth dipped in safflower dye flashes brightly for only a moment, then turns pale again. A poor farmer labors over his field, plowing it nine times over. Even after so much work, pitiless water surges in and carries everything away. All the gopīs say to Uddhava: listen carefully to the truth of our words. Sūrdās says: separated from the Lord, his people are like mustard seed scattered into sand.

Pada 363

राग मलार

मधुकर, मन सुनि जोग डरै।
तुमहु यतुर कहावत अति ही इतो न समुझि परै॥
और सुमन जो अनेक सुगंधित, सीतल रुचि सो करै।
क्यों तू कोकनद बनहिं सरै औ और सबै अनरै?
दिनकर महाप्रतापपुंज-वर, सबको तेज हरै।
क्यों न चकोर छाँड़ि मृग-अंकहि वाको ध्यान करै?
उलटोइ ज्ञान सबै उपदेसत, सुनि सुनि जीय जरै।
जंबू-वृक्ष कहौ क्यों, लंपट! फलवर अंब फरै॥
मुक्ता अवधि मराल प्रान है जौ लागि ताहि चरै।
निघटत निपट, सूर, ज्यों जल बिनु व्याकुल मीन मरै

*madhukara, mana suni joga ḍarai|
tumahū catura kahāvata ati hī ito na samujhi parai||
aura sumana jo aneka sugaṁdhita, sītala ruci so karai|
kyoṁ tū kokanada banahiṁ sarai au aura sabai anarai?
dinakara mahāpratāpapuṁja-vara, sabako teja harai|*

kyoṃ na cakora chā~ṛi mṛga-aṃkahi vāko dhyāna karai?
ulaṭoi jñāna sabai upadesata, suni suni jīya jarai
jaṃbū-vṛkṣa kahau kyoṃ, laṃpaṭa! phalavara aṃba pharai
muktā avadhi marāla prāna hai jau lagi tāhi carai
nighaṭata nipāṭa, sūra, jyoṃ jala binu vyākula mīna marai

Bee, merely hearing of yoga frightens the mind. You too are called exceedingly clever, yet you cannot understand even this much. There are countless other flowers, fragrant, cool, and lovely - why do you exhaust yourself in a forest of red lotuses and reject all the rest? The sun is a supreme mass of majestic radiance and steals the brilliance of everyone; why does the cakora not abandon the deer-marked moon and meditate upon the sun? You reverse all wisdom while teaching, and hearing it again and again burns our lives. Libertine, tell us: why does excellent mango fruit not grow upon a rose-apple tree? The swan's life endures only so long as it grazes upon pearls at the appointed shore. Without its chosen sustenance, Sūr says, it declines utterly, like a fish dying in anguish without water.

Pada 364

बिरचि मन बहुरि राख्यो आया।
 टूटी जुरै बहुत जतनन करि तऊ दोष नहिं जाय॥
 कपट हेतु को प्रीति निरंतर नोइ चोखाई गाय।
 दूध फटे जैसे भइ काँजी, कौन स्वाद करि खाय?
 केरा पास ज्यों बेर निरंतर हालत दुख दै जाय।
 स्वाति-बूँद ज्यों परे फनिक-मुख परत बिषे है जाय॥
 ऐसी केती तुम जौ उनकी कहौ बनाय बनाय।
 सूरजदास दिगंबर-पुर में कहा रजक-व्यौसाय

biraci mana bahuri rācyo āya
ṭūṭi jurai bahuta jatanana kari taū doṣa nahim jāya
kaṭaṭa hetu ko prīti niraṃtara noi cōkhāi gāya
dūdha phaṭe jaise bhai kā~jī, kauna svāda kari khāya?
kerā pāsa jyoṃ bera niraṃtara hālata dukha dai jāya
svāti-bū~da jyoṃ pare phanika-mukha parata biṣai hvai jāya
aisi keti tuma jau unakī kahau banāya banāya
sūrajadāsa digambara-pura meṃ kahā rajaka-vyausāya

The heart was fashioned, then came and fastened itself again. What is broken may be joined through many efforts, but the flaw never disappears. Love founded upon deceit is like tethering a spotless cow for a dishonest purpose. When milk has curdled into sourness, who can eat it for delight? A jujube growing forever beside a banana tree shakes in the wind and wounds it again and again. A drop of Svāti falling into a serpent's mouth becomes poison. However many praises you invent and tell of him, the nature remains the same. Sūrdās asks: what business can a washerman conduct in a city of naked ascetics?

Pada 365

राग नट

कहत कत परदेसी की बात?
मंदिर-अरध-अवधि बदि हम सों, हरि-अहार चलि जात॥
ससि-रिपु बरष सूर-रिपु युग वर, हर-रिपु किए फिरै घात।
मघ-पंचक लै गए स्यामघन, आय बनी यह बात॥
नखत, बेद, ग्रह जोरि अर्द्ध करि को बरजै हम खात।
सूरदास प्रभु तुमहिं मिलन कों कर मीड़ति पछितात

kahata kata paradesī kī bāta?

*maṁdīra-aradha-avadhi badi hama soṁ, hari-ahāra cali jāta||
sasi-ripu baraṣa sūra-ripu yuga vara, hara-ripu kie phirai ghāta||
magha-paṁcaka lai gae syāmaghana, āya banī yaha bāta||
nakhata, beda, graha jori arddha kari ko barajai hama khāta||
sūradāsa prabhu tumahiṁ milana koṁ kara mīṛati pachitāta*

Why keep speaking of the foreigner? He fixed a measured term with us, yet Hari's allotted days keep passing away. Year after year and age after age, the enemies of moon, sun, and Śiva renew their assaults. Dark Śyāma carried away even the five auspicious days of Māgha, and now matters have come to this. Add stars, Vedas, and planets, divide the count in half - who can restrain the time that devours us? Sūrdās says: Lord, longing to meet you, she wrings her hands and repents.

Pada 366

राग धनाश्री

उधो! मन माने की बात।
दाख छुहारा छाँड़ि अमृत-फल विष-कीरा विष खात।
जौ चकोर को दै कपूर कोउ तजि अंगार अघात?
मधुप करत घर कोरि काठ में बँधत कमल के पात॥
ज्यों पतंग हित जानि आपनो दीपक सों लपटात।
सूरदास जाको मन जासों सोई ताहि सुहात॥३३६॥

udho! mana māne kī bāta|

*dākha chuhārā chā~ṛi amṛta-phala viṣa-kīrā viṣa khāta|
jau cakora ko dai kapūra kou taji aṁgāra aghāta?
madhupa karata ghara kori kāṭha meṁ ba~dhata kamala ke pāta||
jyom patāṅga hita jāni āpano dīpaka soṁ lapaṭāta|
sūradāsa jāko mana jāsoṁ soī tāhi suhāta||336||*

Uddhava, the heart accepts only what it loves. The worm of poison abandons grapes, dates, and nectar-fruit to consume poison. If someone offers camphor to the cakora, will it abandon the

glowing ember of the moon and be satisfied? A bee can bore its home through hard wood, yet is bound helplessly within the petals of a lotus. A moth, knowing where its own good lies, still clasps the lamp-flame. Sūrdās says: whatever the heart belongs to, that alone appears pleasing.

Pada 367

राग विलावल

कर-कंकन तें भुज-टाँड़ भई।

मधुवन चलत स्याम मनमोहन आवन-अवधि जो निकट दई॥

जोहति पंथ मनावति संकर बासर निसि मोहिं गनत गई।

पाती लिखत बिरह तन व्याकुल कागर ह्वै गयो नीरमई॥

ऊधो! मुख के बचनन कहियो हरि सों सूल नितप्रतिहि नई।

सूरदास प्रभु तुम्हरे दरस को बियोगिनि बिकल भई

kara-kaṅkana teṁ bhuja-ṭā~ṭa bhai
madhuvana calata syāma manamohana āvana-avadhi jo nikaṭa dai |
johati paṁtha manāvati saṅkara bāsara nisi mohiṁ ganata gai |
pāṭī likhata biraha tana vyākula kāgara hvai gayo nīramai |
ūdhō! mukha ke bacanaṇa kahiyo hari sōṁ sūla nitapraṭiḥi nai
sūradāsa prabhu tumhare darasa ko biyogini bikala bhai

The bracelet from my wrist has slipped high upon the arm. When enchanting Śyāma left for Mathurā, he set the promised time of his return very near. Watching the road and worshiping Śaṅkara, I have passed day and night counting each moment. As I write letters, the body writhes in separation and the paper itself dissolves into water. Uddhava, tell Hari in the words of your own mouth that each day brings a new thorn. Sūrdās says: Lord, this separated woman has become distraught for the sight of you.

Pada 368

राग धनाश्री

फूल बिनन नहिं जाऊँ सखी री! हरि बिन कैसे बीनों फूल।
 सुन री, सखी! मोहिं रामदोहाई फूल लगत तिरसूल॥
 वे जो देखियत राते राते फूलन फूली डार।
 हरि बिन फूल झार से लागत झरि झरि परत अँगार॥
 कैसे के पनघट जाऊँ सखी री! डोलों सरिता-तीर।
 भरि भरि जमुना उमड़ि चली है इन नैनन के नीर॥
 इन नैनन के नीर सखी री! सेज भई घरनाउ।
 चाहति हौं याही पै चढ़िकै स्याम-मिलन को जाऊँ॥
 प्रान हमारे बिन हरि प्यारे रहे अधरन पर आय।
 सूरदास के प्रभु सों सजनी कौन कहै समुझाय?

phūla binana nahim jāu~ sakhī rī! hari bina kaise binam phūla|
suna rī, sakhī! mohim rāmadohāi phūla lagata tirasūla||
ve jo dekhiyata rāte rāte phūlana phūlī dāra|
hari bina phūla jhāra se lāgata jhari jhari parata a~gāra||
kaise kai panaghaṭa jāu~ sakhī rī! ḍolaṃ saritā-tīra|
bhari bhari jamunā umaṛi calī hai ina nainana ke nīra||
ina nainana ke nīra sakhī rī! seja bhāi gharanāu|
cāhati haṃ yāhī pai caṛhikai syāma-milana koṃ jāu~||
prāna hamāre bina hari pyāre rahe adharana para āya|
sūradāsa ke prabhu soṃ sajanī kauna kahai samujhāya?

Companion, I will not go to gather flowers. Without Hari, how can I pluck them? Listen, companion - I swear by Rāma: every flower feels like a trident. Those branches we see blooming with flower after crimson flower - without Hari, the blossoms strike like showers of sparks, falling as burning coals upon my limbs. How can I go to the landing place, companion, and wander along the riverbank? The Yamunā has risen and overflowed, filled by the water of these eyes. Companion, the water of these eyes has made the courtyard itself into a river. I wish to climb upon that flood and travel toward union with Śyāma. Without dear Hari, our breaths have risen and halted at the lips. Companion, who will go and reason with Sūrdās's Lord?

Pada 369

राग बिहागरी

ऊधो जू! मैं तिहारे चरनन लागौं बारक या ब्रज करबि भाँवरी।
 निसि न नींद आवै, दिन न भोजन भावै, मग जोवत भई दृष्टि झाँवरी॥
 बहै बृंदावन स्याम सघन बन, बहै सुभग सरि साँवरी।
 एक स्याम बिनु स्याम न भावै सुधि न रही जैसे बकत बावरी॥
 लाज छाँड़ि हम उतहि आवती चलि न सकति आवै बिरह-ताँवरी।
 सूरदास प्रभु बेगि दरस दीजै होय है जग में कीरति रावरी

*ūdho jū! maiṃ tihāre caranana lāgaum̐ bāraka yā braja karabi bhā~varī|
 nīsi na nīṇda āvai, dina na bhojana bhāvai, maga jovata bhāi dṛṣṭi jhā~varī||
 bahai bṛṇḍāvana syāma saghana bana, bahai subhaga sari sā~varī|
 eka syāma binu syāma na bhāvai sudhi na rahī jaise bakata bāvarī||
 lāja chā~ṛi hama utahiṃ āvatī calī na sakati āvai biraha-tā~varī|
 sūradāsa prabhu begi darasa dījai hoya hai jaga meṃ kīrati rāvarī*

Dear Uddhava, I fall at your feet - make just one circuit of this Braj. At night no sleep comes, by day no food appeals, and watching the road has dimmed my sight. Dark, dense forests spread through Vṛndāvana, and the lovely river flows dark as well. Yet without the one Śyāma, no other darkness pleases me; I have lost awareness and babble like a madwoman. Abandoning shame, I would walk to him myself, but the fever of separation rises and I cannot move. Sūrdās pleads: Lord, grant your vision swiftly, and your fame will spread through the world.

Pada 370

ऊधो! जबहिं जाव गोकुलमनि आगे पैयाँ लागन कहियो।
 अब मोहिं बिपति परी दर्सन बिनु, सहि न सकत तन दारुन दहियो॥
 सरदचंद मोहिं बैरि महा भयो, अनिल सहि न परै किहि बिधि रहियो?
 सूर स्याम बिनु गृह बन सूनो, बिन मोहन काको मुख चहियो?

*ūdho! jabahiṃ jāva gokulamani āge paiyā~ lāgana kahiyo|
 aba mohiṃ bipati parī darsana binu, sahi na sakata tana dārūna dahiyo||
 saradacaṇḍa mohiṃ bairi mahā bhayo, anila sahi na parai kihi bidhi rahiyo?
 sūra syāma binu gr̥ha bana sūno, bina mohana kāko mukha cahīyo?*

Uddhava, when you go before the jewel of Gokula, tell him that I fall at his feet. Without his vision calamity has overtaken me; the body can no longer endure this terrible burning. The autumn moon has become my greatest enemy, and the wind is unbearable - by what means can I remain? Sūr says: without Śyāma, home and forest alike are empty; apart from Mohana, whose face could I desire?

Pada 371

राग मलार

मेरे मन इतनी सूल रही।
वै बतियाँ छतियाँ लिखि राखीं जे नँदलाल कही॥
एक दिवस मेरे गृह आए मैं ही मथति दही।
देखि तिन्हें मैं मान कियो सखि सो हरि गुसा गही॥
सोचति अति पछिताति राधिका मुर्छित धरनि दही।
सूरदास प्रभु के बिछुरे तें बिथा न जाति सही

*mere mana itanī sūla rahī|
vai batiyā~ chatiyā~ likhī rākhīṃ je na~dalāla kahī||
eka divasa mere gr̥ha āe maiṃ hī mathati dahī|
dekhi tinhaiṃ maiṃ māna kiyo sakhi so hari gusā gahī||
socati ati pachitāti rādhikā murchita dharani ḍhahī|
sūradāsa prabhu ke bichure teṃ bithā na jāti sahī*

One thorn remains lodged in my heart. I have written upon my breast those words that Nandalāla once spoke. One day he came to my house while I myself was churning curd. Seeing him, companion, I assumed a lover's offended pride, and Hari became angry. Thinking of it, Rādhikā repents bitterly and falls senseless upon the earth. Sūrdās says: since separation from the Lord, the anguish cannot be borne.

Pada 372

राग सारंग

देखौ माधव की मित्राई।
आई उधरि कनक-कलई ज्यों दै निज गये दगाई॥
हम जाने हरि हितू हमारे उनके चित ठगाई।
छाँड़ी सुरति सबै ब्रजकुल की निठुर लोग बिलमाई॥
प्रेम निबाहिं कहा वै जानै साँचेई अहिराई।
सूरदास बिरहिनी बिकल-मति कर मीजै पछिताई

*dekchau mād̥hava kī mītrāī|
āī ughari kanaka-kalāi j̥yom̐ dai nija gaye dagāī||
hama jāne hari hitū hamāre unake citta ṭhagāī|
chā~ṛī surati sabai brajakula kī niṭhura loga bilamāī||
prema nibāhiṃ kahā vai jānaiṃ sā~ceī ahirāī|
sūradāsa birahinī bikala-mati kara mīṇjai pachitāī*

Behold Mādhava's friendship! Its truth has appeared like base metal when a layer of golden gilt wears away, leaving its owner branded by the fraud. We believed Hari was our well-wisher, but deception occupied his heart. He abandoned every memory of the families of Braj, delayed by

the pitiless people of the city. What do they know of sustaining love? His true Ahīr nature has shown itself. Sūrdās says: the separated woman, distraught in mind, wrings her hands and repents.

Pada 373

राग सौरठ

मैं जान्यो मोको माधव हित है कियो।
 अति आदर अलि ज्यों मिलि कमलहि मुख-मकरंद लियो॥
 बरु वह भली पूतना जाको पय-संग प्राण पियो।
 मनमधु अँचै निपट सूने तन यह दुख अधिक दियो॥
 देखि अचेत अमृत-अवलोकनि, बलि जु सींचि हियो।
 सूरदास प्रभु वा आधार के नाते परत जियो

maiṇ jānyo moko mādharma hita hai kiyo|
ati ādara ali jyōṃ mili kamalahi mukha-makaraṇḍa liyo||
baru vaha bhali pūtana jāko paya-saṅga prāṇa piyo|
manamadhu a~cai nipaṭa sūne tana yaha dukha adhika diyo||
dekhi aceta amṛta-avalokani, cali ju sīnci hiyo|
sūradāsa prabhu vā adhāra ke nāte parata jiyo

I believed Mādhava had given me his love. He met the lotus with great tenderness like a bee, then took the nectar from its mouth. Better even was Pūtana, whose life he drank together with her milk. He drank every drop of the mind's honey, but left the body utterly empty; that has given a greater pain. Seeing me unconscious, he once watered the heart with the nectar of his glance, then went away. Sūrdās says: because life rests upon the support of that single vision, it keeps returning instead of departing.

Pada 374

अब या तनहि राखि का कीजै?

सुनि री सखी! स्यामसुंदर बिन बाटि बिषम बिष पीजै॥

कै गिरिए गिरि चढ़िकै, सजनी, कैस्वकर सीस सिव दीजै।

कै दहिए दारुन दावानल, कै तो जाय जमुन धँसि लीजै॥

दुसह वियोग बिरह माधव के कौन दिनहि दिन छीजै?

सूरदास प्रीतम बिन राधे सोचि सोचि मनही मन खीजै

aba yā tanahi rākhi kā kijai?

sunī rī sakhi! syāmasuṇḍara bina bāṭi biṣama biṣa pījai||

kai girie giri caṛhikai, sajanī, kaisvakara sīsa siva dījai|

kai dahie dārūna dāvānala, kai to jāya jamuna dha~si lījai||

dusaha viyoga biraha mādharma ke kauna dinahiṁ dina chījai?

sūradāsa prītam bina rādhe soci soci manahī mana khījai

What purpose is served by preserving this body now? Listen, companion: without Śyāmasundara, let us divide and drink the fiercest poison. Or, companion, shall we climb a mountain and fall, or offer our heads to Śiva with our own hands? Shall we burn in a terrible forest fire, or go and sink ourselves in the Yamunā? Under Mādhava's unbearable separation, on what day will this life finally diminish? Sūrdās says: without her beloved, Rādhā broods and broods, inwardly tormented by the mind.

Pada 375

राग सौरठ

यशोदा का वचन उद्धव प्रति

सँदेसो देवकी सों कहियो॥

हौं तो धाय तिहारे सुत की कृपा करत ही रहियो॥

उबटन तेल और तातो जल देखत ही भजि जाते।

जोइ जोइ माँगत सोइ सोइ देती करम करम करि न्हाते॥

तुम तौ टेव जानतिहि हैहौ तऊ मोहिं कहि आवै।

प्रात उठत मेरे लाल लड़ैतेहि माखन-रोटी भावै॥

अब यह सूर मोहिं निसिबासर बड़ो रहत जिय सोच।

अब मेरे अलक-लड़ैते लालन है हैं करत सँकोच

yaśodā kā vacana uddhava prati

sa~deso devakī sōṁ kahiyo||

haum̐ to dhāya tihāre suta kī kṛpā karata hī rahiyo||

ubaṭana tela aura tāto jala dekhata hī bhaji jāte|

joi joi mā~gata soi soi detī karama karama kari nhāte||

tuma tau ṭeva jānatihi haihau taū mohiṁ kahi āvai|

prāta uṭhata mere lāla laṛāitehi mākhana-roṭi bhāvai||

aba yaha sūra mohiṇi nisibāsara baṇo rahata jīya soca|
aba mere alaka-laṇaite lālana hvai haiṇ karata sa~koca

Yaśodā's message to Devakī: 'Carry this message to Devakī. I remained only the nurse of your son, always tending him with affection. At the mere sight of cleansing paste, oil, and warm water, he used to run away. Whatever he asked for, I gave him; only through one little task after another could I bathe him. You must already know all his habits, yet I cannot help telling you. When my darling boy rises in the morning, he loves fresh butter and bread. Night and day, Sūr says, one great worry remains in my heart: perhaps my curly-haired darling is now too shy to ask for what he wants.'

Padas 376-387

Braj Bhāṣā · IAST · English

Pada 376

यद्यपि मन समुझावत लोग।
सूल होत नवनीत देखिके मोहन के मुख-जोग॥
प्रात-समय उठि माखन-रोटी को बिन मांगे दैहै?
को मेरे बालक कुँवर कान्ह को छन छन आगो लैहै?
कहियो जाय पथिक! घर आवैं राम स्याम दोउ भैया।
सूर वहाँ कत होत दुखारी जिनके मो सी मैया

*yadyapi mana samujhāvata loga|
sūla hota navanīta dekhikai mohana ke mukha-joga||
prāta-samaya uṭhi mākhaṇa-roṭī ko bina māṅge daihai?
ko mere bālaka ku-vara kāṇha ko chana chana āgo laihai?
kahiyo jāya pathika! ghara āvaiṃ rāma syāma dou bhaiyā|
sūra vahā- kata hota dukhārī jinake mo sī maiyā*

Though people try to reason with my mind, the sight of fresh butter becomes a thorn when I remember Mohana's mouth. Who will rise in the morning and give him butter and bread before he even asks? Who will take my little prince Kanhā into her lap and feed him morsel after morsel? Traveler, go tell the two brothers Rāma and Śyāma to come home. Sūr asks: how could he be unhappy there when he has a mother like me?

Pada 377

राग सारंग

जो पै राखति हौ पहिंचानि।
 तौ बारेक मेरे मोहन को मोहिं देहु दिखाई आनि॥
 तुम रानी बसुदेवगिरहिनी हम अहीर ब्रजबासी।
 पठै देहु मेरो लाल लड़ैतो बारों ऐसी हाँसी॥
 भली करी कंसादिक मारे अवसर-काज कियो।
 अब इन गैयन कौन चरावै भरि भरि लेत हियो॥
 खान, पान, परिधान, राजसुख केतोउ लाड़ लड़ावै।
 तदपि सूर मेरो यह बालक माखन ही सद्यु पावै

jo pai rākhati hau pahīṇcāni|
tau bāreka mere mohana ko mohiṇ dehu dikhāi āni||
tuma rānī basudevagirahinī hama ahīra brajabāsī|
paṭhai dehu mero lāla lāṛaito bāroṇ aisi hā-sī||
bhalī karī kaṁsādika māre avasara-kāja kiyo|
aba ina gaiyana kauna carāvai bhari bhari leta hiyo||
khāna, pāna, paridhāna, rājasukha ketou lāṛa lāṛāvai|
tadapi sūra mero yaha bālaka mākhana hī sacu pāvai

If you still recognize my claim, then bring my Mohana and let me see him once. You are a queen, the lady of Vasudeva's house; we are Ahīrs dwelling in Braj. Send back my darling boy, with that same childhood smile. He did well to kill Kaṁsa and the others, accomplishing the work that occasion demanded. But who will graze these cows now? Their hearts fill and overflow for him. Food, drink, garments, royal pleasures - however much you lavish affection upon him, Sūr says: this child of mine finds true satisfaction only in butter.

Pada 378

राग सौरभ

मो पै काहे को झुकति ब्रजनारी?
 काहु के भाग मों साझो नाहिंन, हरि की कृपा नियारी॥
 फलन माँझ जैसे करई तूमरि रहति जो घूरे डारी।
 हाथ परी जब गुनी जनन के बाजति राग दुलारी॥
 यह सँदेस कुब्जा कहि पठयो अरु कीन्ही मनुहारी।
 तन टेढ़ी सब कोऊ जानत, परसे भइ अधिकारी॥
 हौं तौ दासी कंसराय की, देखहु हृदय बिचारी।
 सूर स्याम करुनाकर स्वामी अपने हाथ सँवारी

*mo pai kāhe ko jhukati brajanārī?
 kāhū ke bhāga moṃ sājho nāhiṇṇa, hari kī kṛpā niyārī||
 phalana mā-jha jaise karūi tūmari rahati jo ghūre ḍārī|
 hātha parī jaba gunī janana ke bājati rāga dulārī||
 yaha sa~desa kubjā kahi paṭhayo aru kīnhī manuhārī|
 tana ṭeṛhī saba koū jānata, parase bhai adhikārī||
 hauṃ tau dāsī kaṃsarāya kī, dekhahu hṛdaya bicārī|
 sūra śyāma karuṇākara svāmī apane hātha sa~vārī*

Why do the women of Braj rail against me? I have no share in anyone else's fortune; Hari's grace follows its own singular way. Among fruits, a bitter gourd may lie discarded upon the refuse heap. When it falls into the hands of skilled people, they fashion it into an instrument that sounds a beloved melody. Kubjā sent this message and humble appeal. Everyone knew her body was crooked, but his touch made her worthy. 'I was only a maidservant of King Kaṃsa - look and consider this in your hearts. Sūr's Śyāma, the compassionate Lord, shaped and adorned me with his own hands.'

Pada 379

राग सारंग

[उद्धव-वचन]

हौं तुम पै ब्रजनाथ पठायो। आतमज्ञान-सिखावन आयो॥
 आपुहि पुरुष आपुही नारी। आपुहि बानप्रस्थ व्रतधारी॥
 आपुहि पिता, आपुही माता। आपुहि भगिनी, आपुहि भ्राता॥
 आपुहि पंडित, आपुहि ज्ञानी। आपुहि राजा, आपुहि रानी॥
 आपुहि धरती, आपु अकासा। आपुहि स्वामी, आपुहि दासा॥
 आपुहि ग्वाल, आपुहि गाई। आपुहि आप चरावन जाई॥
 आपुहि भँवर, आपुहि फूल। आतमज्ञान बिना जग भूल॥
 रंक राव दूजो नहिं कोय। आपुहि आप निरंजन सोय॥
 यहि प्रकार जाको मन लागे। जरा, मरन, जी तें भ्रम भागे॥

[गोपी-वचन]

सुनु ऊधो! हौं कौन सयानी? तुम तौ महापुरुष बड़ज्ञानी॥
 जोगी होय सो जोगहि जाने। नवधा भक्ति सदा मन माने॥
 भाव-भगति हरिजन चित धारें। ज्योति-रूप शिवसनक बिचारें॥
 तुम कह रचि रचि कहत सयानी। अबला हरि के रूप दिवानी॥
 जात-पीर बाँझा नहिं जाने। बिनु देखे कैसे रुचि माने॥
 फिरि फिरि कहे वहै सुधि आवे। स्यामरूप बिनु और न भावे॥
 जोग-समाधि जोति चित लावे। परमानंद परमपद पावे॥
 नवकिसोर को जबहिं निहारें। कोटि ज्योति वा छबि पै वारें॥
 सजल मेघ घनस्याम-सरीर। रूप ठगी हलधर के बीर॥
 सिर श्रीखंड, कुंडल, बनमाल। क्यों बिसरें वे नयन बिसाल?
 मृगमद तिलक अलक धुँधरारे। उन मोहन मन हरे हमारे॥
 भृकुटी बिकट, नासिका राजे। अरुन अधर मुरली कल बाजे॥
 दाढ़िम-दसन-दमक-दुति सोहे। मृदु मुसकानि मदन-मन मोहे॥
 चारु चिबुक, उर पर गजमोती। दूरि करत उडुगन की जोती॥
 कंकन, किंकिनि, पदिक बिराजे। चलत घरन कल नूपुर बाजे॥
 बन की धातु चित्र तनु किए। वह छबि चुभि जु रही हम हिए॥
 पीत बसन छबि बरनि न जाई। नखसिख सुंदर कुँवर कन्हाई॥
 रूपरासि ग्वालन को संगी। कब देखें वह रूप त्रिभंगी?
 जो तुम हित की बात सुनावौ। मदनगोपालहि क्यों न मिलावौ?

[उद्धव-वचन]

ताहि भजहु किन सबै सयानी? खोजत जाहि महामुनि ज्ञानी॥
 जाके रूप-रेख कछु नाहीं। नयन मूँदि चितवहु चित माहीं॥

हृदय-कमल में जोति बिराजे। अनहद नाद निरंतर बाजे॥
 झड़ा पिंगला सुखमन नारी। सुन्य सहज में बसे मुरारी॥
 मात पिता नहीं दारा भाई। जल थल घट घट रहे समाई॥
 यहि प्रकार भव दुस्तर तरिहौ। जोग-पंथ क्रम क्रम अनुसरिहौ॥

[गोपी-वचन]

यह मधुकर! मुख मुँदहु जाई। हमरे चित बित हरि यदुराई॥
 ब्रजबासिनि गोपाल-उपासी। ब्रह्मज्ञान सुनि आवे हाँसी॥
 अब लौं जोग कबहुँ नहीं आयो। मानो कुब्जा-रूपहि पायो॥
 खोलि सुगाहक पाय दिखायो। माधव मधुकर-हाथ पठायो॥
 अबला ठगी सकल ब्रज हेरी। सो ठग ठग्यो कंस की चेरी॥
 राम-जनम-तपसी जदुराई। तिहि फल वधू कूबरी पाई॥
 सीता-बिरह बहुत दुख पायो। अब कुबजा मिलि हियो सिरायो॥
 ज्ञान निरास कहा लै कीजै। जोग-मोट दासी-सिर दीजै॥

[उद्धव-वचन]

वह अच्युत अबिगत अबिनासी। त्रिगुन-रहित बपु, धरे न दासी॥
 हे गोपी! सुनु बात हमारी। है वह सुन्य सुनुहु ब्रजनारी॥
 नहीं दासी ठकुराइन कोई। जहाँ देखहु तहाँ ब्रह्महि सोई॥
 आपुहि औरहि ब्रह्महि जाने। ब्रह्म बिना दूसर नहीं माने॥

[गोपी-वचन]

बार बार ये बचन निवारो। भक्ति-बिरोधी ज्ञान तुम्हारो॥
 होत कहा उपदेसे तेरे? नयन सुबस नाही, अलि, मेरे॥
 हरिपथ जोवत निमिष न लागे। कृष्ण-बियोगिनि निसिदिन जागे॥
 नंदनंदन के देखे जीवें। रुचि वह रूप, पवन नहीं पीवें॥
 जब हरि आवें तब सुख पावें। मोहन मूरति निरखि सिरावें॥
 दुसह बचन अलि हमहिं न भावे। जोगकथा ओढ़ें कि दसावें?॥

[उद्धव-वचन]

ऊधो कहैं, धन्य ब्रजबाल। जिनके सरबस मदनगोपाल॥
 वह मत त्याग्यो, यह मति आई। तुम्हरे दरस भगति मैं पाई॥
 तुम मम गुरु मैं दास तुम्हारो। भगति सुनाय जगत निस्तारो॥
 भ्रमरगीत जे सुनें सुनावें। प्रेमभक्ति सो प्राणी पावें॥
 सूरदास गोपी बड़भागी। हरिदरसन को ठगौरी लागी॥

[uddhava-vacana]

haum tuma pai brajanātha paṭhāyo | ātamajñāna-sikhāvana āyo ||

āpuhi puruṣa āpuhi nārī | āpuhi bānaprastha bratadhārī ||
 āpuhi pitā, āpuhi mātā | āpuhi bhaginī, āpuhi bhrātā ||
 āpuhi paṇḍita, āpuhi jñānī | āpuhi rājā, āpuhi rānī ||
 āpuhi dharatī, āpu akāsā | āpuhi svāmī, āpuhi dāsā ||
 āpuhi gvāla, āpuhi gāī | āpuhi āpa carāvana jāī ||
 āpuhi bha~vara, āpuhi phūla | ātamajñāna binā jaga bhūla ||
 raṇka rāva dūjo nahiṇ koya | āpuhi āpa niraṇjana soya ||
 yahi prakāra jāko mana lāge | jarā, marana, jī tem bhrama bhāge ||

[gopī-vacana]

sunu ūdho! hauṇ kauna sayānī? tuma tau mahāpuruṣa baṛajñānī ||
 jogī hoyā so jogahi jāne | navadhā bhakti sadā mana māne ||
 bhāva-bhagatī harijana cita dhāreṇ | jyoti-rūpa śivasanaka bicāreṇ ||
 tuma kaha raci raci kahata sayānī | abalā hari ke rūpa divānī ||
 jāta-pīra bā~jhā nahiṇ jāne | binu dekhe kaise ruci māne ||
 phiri phiri kahe vahai sudhi āve | syāmarūpa binu aura na bhāve ||
 joga-samādhi joti cita lāve | paramānaṇḍa paramapada pāve ||
 navakisora ko jabahiṇ nihāreṇ | koṭi jyoti vā chabi pai vāreṇ ||
 sajala megha ghanasyāma-sarīra | rūpa ṭhaḡi haladhara ke bīra ||
 sira śrīkhaṇḍa, kuṇḍala, banamāla | kyoṇ bisaraṇ ve nayana bisāla? ||
 mṛgamada tilaka alaka ghu~gharāre | una mohana mana hare hamāre ||
 bhṛkuṭī bikaṭa, nāsikā rāje | aruna adhara muralī kala bāje ||
 dāṛima~dasana~damaka~duti sohe | mṛḍu musakāni madana~mana mohe ||
 cāru cibuka, ura para gajamotī | dūri karata uṛugana kī jotī ||
 kaṇkana, kiṇkini, padika birāje | calata carana kala nūpura bāje ||
 bana kī dhātu citra tanu kie | vaha chabi cubhi ju rahī hama hie ||
 pīta basana chabi barani na jāī | nakhasikha suṇḍara ku~vara kanhāī ||
 rūparāsi gvālana ko saṅgi | kaba dekheṇ vaha rūpa tribhaṇgi? ||
 jo tuma hita kī bāta sunāvau | madanagopālahi kyoṇ na milāvau?

[uddhava-vacana]

tāhi bhajahu kina sabai sayānī? khojata jāhi mahāmuni jñānī ||
 jāke rūpa-rekha kachu nāhiṇ | nayana mū~di citavahu cita māhiṇ ||
 hṛdaya-kamala meṇ joti birāje | anahada nāda niraṇtara bāje ||
 iṛā piṇḡalā sukhamana nārī | sunya sahaja meṇ base murārī ||
 mātā pitā nahiṇ dārā bhāī | jala thala ghaṭa ghaṭa rahe samāī ||
 yahi prakāra bhava dustara tarihau | joga-paṇṭha krama krama anusarihau ||

[gopī-vacana]

yaha madhukara! mukha mū~dahu jāī | hamare cita bita hari yadurāī ||
 brajabāsini gopāla-upāsī | brahmajñāna suni āve hā~sī ||
 aba lauṇ joga kabahū~ nahiṇ āyo | māno kubjā-rūpahi pāyo ||
 kholi sugāhaka pāya dikhāyo | mādharma madhukara-hātha paṭhāyo ||
 abalā ṭhaḡi sakala braja herī | so ṭhaga ṭhagyo kaṁsa kī cerī ||
 rāma-janama-tapasī jadurāī | tihi phala vadhū kūbarī pāī ||
 sītā~biraha bahuta dukha pāyo | aba kubajā mili hiyo sirāyo ||
 jñāna nirāsa kahā lai kijai | joga-moṭa dāsī-sira ḍijai ||

[uddhava-vacana]

vaha acyuta abigata abināsi| triguna-rahita bapu, dhare na dāsi||
he gopī! sunu bāta hamārī| hai vaha sunya sunahu brajanārī||
nahim dāsi ṭhakurāini koī| jahā~ dekhahu tahā~ brahmahi soī||
āpuhi aurahi brahmahi jāne| brahma binā dūsara nahim māne||

[gopī-vacana]

bāra bāra ye bacana nivāro| bhakti-birodhī jñāna tumhāro||
hota kahā upadese tere? nayana subasa nāhīm, ali, mere||
haripatha jovata nimiṣa na lāge| kṛṣṇa-biyogini nisidina jāge||
naṁdanaṁdana ke dekhe jīveṁ| ruci vaha rūpa, pavana nahim pīveṁ||
jaba hari āveṁ taba sukha pāveṁ| mohana mūrati nirakhi sirāveṁ||
dusaha bacana ali hamahim na bhāve| jogakathā oṛheṁ ki dasāveṁ?||

[uddhava-vacana]

ūdho kahaim, dhanya brajabāla| jinake sarabasa madanagopāla||
vaha mata tyāgyo, yaha matī āī| tumhare darasa bhagatī maiṁ pāī||
tuma mama guru maiṁ dāsa tumhāro| bhagatī sunāya jagata nistāro||
bhramara-gīta je sunēṁ sunāveṁ| premabhakti so prānī pāveṁ||
sūradāsa gopī baṛabhāgī| haridarasana ko ṭhagaurī lāgī

Uddhava spoke: ‘The Lord of Braj sent me to you; I have come to teach knowledge of the Self. The Self itself is man and itself woman; itself the forest-dwelling keeper of vows. Itself is father and itself mother, itself sister and itself brother. Itself is scholar and itself knower, itself king and itself queen. Itself is earth and itself sky, itself master and itself servant. Itself is cowherd and itself cow, itself going out to graze itself. Itself is bee and itself flower; without knowledge of the Self, the world lives in error. Beggar and king are not two; that stainless One alone is itself. When a person's mind settles in this understanding, the delusions of age and death flee from the living heart.’ The gopī answered: ‘Listen, Uddhava - what wisdom do I possess? You are a great soul, a mighty knower. Let one who is a yogi understand yoga; our minds forever cherish the ninefold path of devotion. Hari's people hold loving devotion in their hearts, while Śiva, Sanaka, and the sages contemplate the form of light. You compose and recombine your clever teachings, but helpless women are mad for Hari's form. A barren woman does not know the pain of childbirth; without seeing sweetness, how can preference arise? Every time you speak, the same memory returns; apart from dark Śyāma's form, nothing pleases. One may bring the light of yogic absorption into consciousness and attain the supreme station of highest bliss. But when we behold the ever-young Prince, we would sacrifice ten million such lights upon his beauty. His rain-filled cloud-dark body has robbed us through its form - the mighty brother of Haladhara. Sandal adorns his head, earrings his ears, and a forest garland his breast; how could we forget those immense eyes? His musk tilaka and curling locks - Mohana has stolen our minds with them. His strong-curved brows, splendid nose, and crimson lips; at those lips the flute sounds its graceful music. His pomegranate-seed teeth shine radiantly, and his tender smile enchants even Kāma's mind. His lovely chin and the great pearls upon his breast put the brilliance of stars to flight. Bracelets, waist-bells, and jeweled pendant shine; when he walks, sweet anklets sound at his feet. Forest minerals paint designs upon his body; that beauty

remains piercingly fixed in our hearts. The splendor of his yellow garment cannot be described; from nails to crown Prince Kanhā is beautiful. That treasury of form, companion of the cowerd women - when shall we see his threefold-bending form again? If you truly speak for our welfare, why do you not unite us with Madanagopāla?' Uddhava replied: 'Wise women, why do you not worship the One whom the greatest knowing sages seek? It has no form or outline; close your eyes and contemplate it within consciousness. Light sits enthroned in the heart-lotus, where the unstruck sound rings without cease. Iḍā, Piṅgalā, and Suṣūmṇā are its channels; Murāri dwells in natural emptiness. It has no mother, father, wife, or brother; it pervades water, land, and every vessel. In this way you will cross the difficult ocean of becoming, following the path of yoga step by step.' The gopī answered: 'Bee, go close that mouth! King Hari of the Yadus has already taken our hearts and wealth. The women of Braj worship Gopāla; hearing abstract knowledge of Brahman only makes us laugh. Until now yoga had never come here - perhaps it has now attained Kubjā's form. Finding an eager customer, she opened her wares and displayed them, and Mādhava sent them in the bee's hands. He deceived every helpless woman of Braj, but that deceiver was himself deceived by Kāṁsa's maid. In his birth as Rāma the Yadu Lord lived as an ascetic; as the fruit of that austerity he has now gained the hunchbacked bride. He suffered greatly in separation from Sītā; meeting Kubjā has finally cooled his heart. What use have we for desolate knowledge? Place the whole bundle of yoga upon that maidservant's head.' Uddhava said: 'That Acyuta is imperceptible and imperishable, free from the three guṇas; he assumes no maidservant's body. Gopī, hear my words: listen, woman of Braj - he is the Void. There is neither maid nor mistress; wherever you look, only Brahman is there. Know self and other alike as Brahman; accept nothing as second to Brahman.' The gopī answered: 'Stop these words again and again. Your knowledge opposes devotion. What can your instruction accomplish? Bee, my eyes are not under my control. Watching Hari's road, they never blink; separated from Kṛṣṇa, they remain awake night and day. We live by beholding Nandanandana. That form alone delights us - we do not live by swallowing air. When Hari comes, then we shall find joy; beholding Mohana's form, we shall become cool. Bee, your unbearable words do not please us. Are we to wrap ourselves in this tale of yoga, or use it to cover the ten directions?' Then Uddhava declared: 'Blessed are the girls of Braj, whose entire treasure is Madanagopāla. I have abandoned that former doctrine and this understanding has arisen: through the sight of you, I have attained devotion. You are my teachers and I am your servant. Proclaim devotion and deliver the world. Whoever hears and recites this Song of the Bee will attain loving devotion.' Sūrdās says: the gopīs are greatly blessed, enchanted by the single spell of Hari's vision.

Pada 380

राग सोरठ

माधव जू! मैं अति सचु पायो।
 अपने जानि संदेस-ब्याज करि ब्रजजन-मिलन पठायो॥
 छमा करो तौ करौ बीनती जो उत देखि हौं आयो।
 श्रीमुख ज्ञानपंथ जो उचरयो तिन पै कछु न सुहायो॥
 सकल निगम-सिद्धांत जन्म-श्रम स्यामा सहज सुनायो।
 नहिं श्रुति, सेष, महेस, प्रजापति जो रस गोपिन गायो॥
 कटुक कथा लागी मोहिं अपनी, वा रस-सिंधु समायो।
 जे उत तुम देखे और भाँति मैं, सकल तृषाहि बुझायो॥
 तुम्हरी अकथ-कथा तुम जानो हम जन नाहिं बसायो।
 सूरदास सुंदर पद निरखत नयनन नीर बहायो

mādhava jū! maiṁ ati sacu pāyo|
apane jāni saṁdesa-byāja kari brajajana-milana paṭhāyo||
chamā karo tau karaṁ bīnatī jo uta dekhi hauṁ āyo|
śrīmukha jñānapaṁtha jo ucarayo tina pai kachu na suhāyo||
sakala nigama-siddhānta janma-śrama syāmā sahaja sunāyo|
nahiṁ śruti, seṣa, mahesa, prajāpati jo rasa gopina gāyo||
kaṭuka kathā lāgi mohiṁ apañī, vā rasa-siṁdhu samāyo|
je uta tuma dekhe aura bhā-ti maiṁ, sakala tṛṣāhi bujhāyo||
tumharī akatha-kathā tuma jāno hama jana nāhiṁ basāyo|
sūradāsa suṁdara pada nirakhata nayanana nira bahāyo

Mādhava, I have discovered the deepest truth. Knowing me as your own, you sent me under the pretext of a message so that I might meet the people of Braj. If you forgive me, I will make this petition and tell what I saw there. The path of knowledge spoken by your beautiful mouth did not please them at all. Dark Śyāmā naturally revealed the essence for which all the Vedas labor through birth after birth. Neither revelation, Śeṣa, Maheśa, nor Prajāpati can sing the rasa the gopīs sang. My own harsh discourse turned bitter to me, and I was absorbed into that ocean of rasa. Those whom you once saw in one way, I have now seen in another, and all my thirst is quenched. You alone know your ineffable story; servants like us have no power to comprehend it. Sūrdās says: gazing upon the Lord's beautiful feet, Uddhava's eyes streamed with tears.

Pada 381

राग गौरी

दिन दस घोष चलहु गोपाल।
 गैयन को अवसेर मिटावहु भेंटहु भुज भरि ग्वाल॥
 नाचत नहीं मोर वा दिन तें आए बरषा-काल।
 मृग दूबरे दरस तुम्हरे बिनु सुनत न बेनु रसाल॥
 बृंदाबन भावतो तुम्हारी देखहु स्याम तमाल।
 सूरदास मैया जसुमति के फिरि आवहु नंदलाल

dina dasa ghoṣa calahu gopāla|
gaiyana ko avasera miṭāvahu bheṇṭahu bhuja bhari gvāla||
nācata nahīṇ mora vā dina teṇ āe barāṣā-kāla|
mṛga dūbare darasa tumhare binu sunata na benu rasāla||
br̥ṇdābana bhāvato tumhāro dekhahu syāma tamāla|
sūradāsa maiyā jasumati ke phiri āvahu naṇḍalāla

Gopāla, go to the cowherd settlement for ten days. Remove the cows' distress and meet the cowherds with arms thrown around them. Since the day you left, the peacocks have not danced, though the rainy season has come. The deer have grown thin without your vision and no longer listen for the sweet flute. Vṛndāvana is dear to you - come behold the dark tamāla trees. Sūrdās pleads: Nandalāla, return once more to mother Yaśodā.

Pada 382

राग सारंग हंस दीपक

अब अति पंगु भयो मन मेरो।
 गयो तहाँ निर्गुन कहिबे को, भयो सगुन को चेरो॥
 अति अज्ञान कहत कहि आयो दूत भयो वहि केरो।
 निज जन जानि जतन तें तिनसों कीन्हो नेह घनेरो॥
 मैं कछु कही ज्ञानगाथा तें नेकु न दरसति नेरो।
 सूर मधुप उठि चल्थो मधुपुरी बोरि जोग को बेरो

aba ati paṅgu bhayo mana mero|
gayo tahā~ nirguna kahibe ko, bhayo saguna ko cero||
ati ajñāna kahata kahī āyo dūta bhayo vahi kero|
nīja jana jāni jatana teṇ tinasoṇ kīṇho neha ghanero||
maiṇ kachu kahī jñānagāthā teṇ neku na darasati nero|
sūra madhupa uṭhi calyo madhupurī bori joga ko bero

Now my mind has become utterly lame. It went there to speak of the attributeless, but became a servant of the manifest Lord. I had come proclaiming profound ignorance, serving as that doctrine's messenger. Recognizing me as one of their Lord's own people, they treated me with

immense and careful affection. Whatever saga of knowledge I spoke, they would not turn even slightly away from the vision they cherished. Sūr says: the bee rose and departed for Mathurā, sinking the whole raft of yoga behind him.

Pada 383

राग धनाश्री

माधव! सुनौ ब्रज को नेम।
 बूझि हम षट मास देख्यो गोपिकन को प्रेम॥
 हृदय तें नहिं टरत उनके स्याम राम समेत।
 असु-सलिल-प्रवाह उर पर अरघ नयनन देत॥
 घीर अंचल, कलस कुच, मनो पानि पदुम चढ़ाया।
 प्रगट लीला देखि, हरि के कर्म, उठतीं गाय॥
 देह गेह-समेत अर्पन कमललोचन-ध्यान।
 सूर उनके भजन आगे लगै फीको ज्ञान

*mādhava! sunau braja ko nema|
 būjhi hama ṣaṭa māsa dekhyo gopikana ko prema||
 hr̥daya teṇ nahim̐ ṭarata unake syāma rāma sameta|
 asru-salila-pravāha ura para aragha nayanana deta||
 cira aṁcala, kalasa kuca, mano pāni paduma caṭhāya|
 pragaṭa līlā dekhi, hari ke karma, uṭhatim̐ gāya||
 deha geha-sameta arpana kamalalocana-dhyāna|
 sūra unake bhajana āge lagai phiko jñāna*

Mādhava, hear the sacred discipline of Braj. I remained and examined the gopīs' love for six months. Neither dark Śyāma nor Rāma ever departs from their hearts. Their eyes offer streams of tear-water as an arghya flowing over the breast. The edge of the garment is the ritual cloth, the breasts are sacred vessels, and the mind offers water and lotus. Seeing Hari's manifest play and deeds, they rise and sing. They have offered body and home together in meditation upon the lotus-eyed Lord. Sūr says: beside their worship, abstract knowledge appears pale and tasteless.

Pada 384

कहँ लौं कहिए ब्रज की बाता।
 सुनहु स्याम! तुम बिनु उन लोगन जैसे दिवस बिहात॥
 गोपी, ग्वाल, गाय, गोसुत सब मलिनबदन, कृसगात।
 परम दीन जनु सिसिर-हेम-हत अंबुजगन बिनु पात॥
 जो कोउ आवत देखति हैं सब मिलि बूझति कुसलात।
 चलन न देत प्रेम-आतुर उर, कर चरनन लपटात॥
 पिक, चातक बन बसन न पावहिं, बायस बलिहि न खात।
 सूर स्याम संदेसन के डर पथिक न वा मग जात

kaha~ lauṁ kahie braja kī bāta|
sunahu syāma! tuma binu una logana jaise divasa bihāta||
gopī, gvāla, gāya, gosuta saba malinabadana, kṛsagāta|
parama dīna janu sisira-hema-hata ambujagana binu pāta||
jo kou āvata dekhati haiṁ saba mili būjhati kusalāta|
calana na deta prema-ātura ura, kara caranana lapaṭāta||
pika, cātaka bana basana na pāvahiṁ, bāyasa balihi na khāta|
sūra syāma saṁdesana ke ḍara pathika na vā maga jāta

How long can I recount the condition of Braj? Listen, Śyāma, to how those people pass their days without you. Gopīs, cowherds, cows, and calves all have faded faces and emaciated bodies. Supremely wretched, they resemble leafless lotuses struck by winter frost. Whenever they see anyone approaching, all gather and ask for news of your welfare. Hearts frantic with love will not let the traveler depart; their hands cling to his feet. Cuckoos and cātakas cannot settle in the forest, and crows will not eat the offered food. Sūr says: from fear of being burdened with messages for Śyāma, travelers no longer take that road.

Pada 385

राग केदारो

उन में पाँच दिवस जो बसिये।
नाथ! तिहारी सौं जिय उमगत, फेरि अपनपो कस ये?
वह लीला बिनोद गोपिन के देखे ही बनि आवै।
मोको बहुरि कहाँ वैसो सुख, बड़भागी सो पावै॥
मनसि, बचन, कर्मना, कहत हौं नाहिंन कछु अब राखी।
सूर काढ़ि डार्यो हौं ब्रज तें दूध-माँझ की माखी

*una meṃ pā~ca dīvasa jo basiye|
nātha! tihārī saum̐ jiya umagata, pheri apanapo kasa ye?
vaha līlā binoda gopina ke dekhe hī banī āvai|
moko bahuri kahā~ vaiso sukha, baṛabhāgī so pāvai||
manasi, bacana, karmanā, kahata haum̐ nāhiṇna kachu aba rākhī|
sūra kāṛhi dāryo haum̐ braja teṃ dūdha-mā~jha kī mākhī*

Lord, if one could remain among them for five days! I swear by you: the heart surges to return, yet how can I test myself again? The playful sports of the gopīs must be seen with one's own eyes. Where could I ever find such joy again? Only one greatly blessed attains it. In thought, word, and deed I tell you this; I now conceal nothing. Sūr says: I was cast out of Braj like a fly removed from the middle of milk.

Pada 386

चित दै सुनौ, स्याम प्रबीन!
हरि तिहारे बिरह राधे में जो देखी छीन।
कहन को संदेस सुंदरि गवन मो तन कीन॥
छुटी छुद्रावलि, चरन अरुझे, गिरी बलहीन।
बहुरि उठी सँभारि, सुभट ज्यों परम साहस कीन॥
बिन देखे मनमोहन मुखरो सब सुख उनको दीन।
सूर हरि के चरन-अंबुज रहीं आसा-लीन

*cita dai sunau, syāma prabīna!
hari tihāre biraha rādhe maiṇ jo dekhī chīna|
kahana ko saṃdesa suṃdari gavana mo tana kīna||
chuṭī chudrāvali, carana arujhe, girī balahīna|
bahuri uṭhī sa~bhāri, subhaṭa jyoṃ parama sāhasa kīna||
bīna dekhe manamohana mukharo saba sukha unako dīna|
sūra hari ke carana-aṃbuja rahīṇ āsā-līna*

Give your full attention and listen, discerning Śyāma. Hari, in separation from you I saw Rādhā reduced to such frailty. She tried to come forward to deliver a message, making her body move toward me. Her little necklace broke, her feet became entangled, and she fell powerless. Then

she rose again and steadied herself, displaying the supreme courage of a warrior. Without beholding Manmohana's face, she had surrendered every happiness. Sūr says: she remained absorbed in hope of Hari's lotus feet.

Pada 387

माधव! यह ब्रज को ब्योहार।
मेरो कह्यो पवन को भुस भयो, गावत नंदकुमार॥
एक ग्वारि गोधन लै रेंगति, एक लकुट कर लेति।
एक मंडली करि बैठारति, छाक बांटी कै देति॥
एक ग्वारि नटवर बहु लीला, एक कर्म-गुन गावति।
कोटि भांति कै मैं समुझाई नेकु न उर में ल्यावति॥
निसिबासर ये ही ब्रत सब ब्रत दिन दिन नूतन प्रीति।
सूर सकल फीको लागत है देखत वह रसरीति

*mādhava! yaha braja ko byohāra|
mero kahyo pavana ko bhusa bhayo, gāvata naṇḍakumāra||
eka gvāri godhana lai reṅgati, eka lakuṭa kara leti|
eka maṇḍalī kari baiṭhārati, chāka bāṇṭī kai deti||
eka gvāri ṇaṭavara bahu līlā, eka karma-guṇa gāvati|
koṭi bhāṇṭi kai maiṇ samujhāi neku na ura meṇ lyāvati||
nisibāsara ye hī brata saba brata dina dina nūtana prīti|
sūra sakala phīko lāgata hai dekhata vaha rasarīti*

Mādhava, this is the way of Braj. My counsel became chaff upon the wind as they continued singing of Nandakumāra. One cowherd girl crawls along driving a herd of cows; another takes a herding-stick in her hand. One seats the others in a circle and divides the midday meal among them. One cowherd girl enacts the many sports of the divine Dancer, while another sings his deeds and virtues. I explained in ten million ways, but they would not take even one word into their hearts. Night and day this alone is every vow; with each day their love becomes new. Sūr says: after beholding that way of rasa, everything else appears utterly tasteless.