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विनय-पत्रिका

Vinaya Patrikā

Complete bilingual reading edition

Gosvāmi Tulsīdāsa

279 canonical units with a fresh English translation

Ananta Satsang

About this edition

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VINAYA PATRIKĀ

Vinaya Patrikā

Sing of Ganapati, Adored by the World

गाइये गनपति जगबंदन। संकर-सुवन भवानी-नंदन॥ १॥

सिद्धि-सदन, गज-बदन, बिनायक। कृपा-सिंधु, सुंदर, सब-लायक॥ २॥

मोदक-प्रिय, मुद-मंगल-दाता। बिद्या-बारिधि, बुद्धि-बिधाता॥ ३॥

माँगत तुलसिदास कर जोरे। बसहिं रामसिय मानस मोरे॥ ४॥

Sing of Ganapati, adored by the world: Shankara's son, the delight of Bhavani. (1)

Abode of attainments, elephant-faced Vinayaka; ocean of grace, beautiful and fit for every task. (2)

Lover of sweet cakes, giver of joy and auspiciousness; ocean of learning, ordainer of understanding. (3)

With folded hands Tulsidas asks this: may Rama and Sita dwell within my mind. (4)

Hymn to the Sun

दीन-दयालु दिवाकर देवा। कर मुनि, मनुज, सुरासुर सेवा॥ १॥

हिम-तम-करि-केहरि करमाली। दहन दोष-दुख-दुरित-रुजाली॥ २॥

कोक-कोकनद-लोक-प्रकासी। तेज-प्रताप-रूप-रस-रासी॥ ३॥

सारथि-पंगु, दिव्य रथ-गामी। हरि-संकर-बिधि-मूरति स्वामी॥ ४॥

बेद-पुरान प्रगट जस जागै। तुलसी राम-भगति बर माँगै॥ ५॥

O divine Sun, compassionate to the poor, sages, human beings, gods and demons all serve you. (1)

Garlanded with rays, you are a lion to the elephants of frost and darkness, burning away faults, suffering, sin and the host of diseases. (2)

You illumine chakravaka birds, lotuses and the worlds; you are a treasury of radiance, majesty, beauty and delight. (3)

Your charioteer is lame, yet you travel in a divine chariot; Lord, you are the embodied form of Hari, Shankara and the Creator. (4)

Your manifest fame shines in the Vedas and Puranas. Tulsidas asks you for the boon of devotion to Rama. (5)

Whom Should One Petition After Leaving Shambhu?

को जाँचिये संभु तजि आन।

दीनदयालु भगत-आरति-हर, सब प्रकार समरथ भगवान॥ १॥

कालकूट-जुर जरत सुरासुर, निज पन लागि किये बिष पान।

दारुन दनुज, जगत-दुखदायक, मारेउ त्रिपुर एक ही बान॥ २॥

जो गति अगम महामुनि दुर्लभ, कहत संत, श्रुति, सकल पुरान।

सो गति मरन-काल अपने पुर, देत सदासिव सबहिं समान॥ ३॥

सेवत सुलभ, उदार कलपतरु, पारबती-पति परम सुजान।

देहु काम-रिपु राम-चरन-रति, तुलसिदास कहँ कृपानिधान॥ ४॥

Whom else should one petition after leaving Shambhu? He is compassionate to the poor, removes the anguish of devotees, and is a Lord capable in every way. (1)

When gods and demons burned in the fever of the Kalakuta poison, he kept his pledge and drank it. With a single arrow he destroyed Tripura, the terrible demon that afflicted the world. (2)

That state which saints, scripture and all the Puranas call inaccessible and difficult even for great sages, Sadashiva grants equally to everyone who dies in his city. (3)

He is easy to reach through service, a generous wish-fulfilling tree, Parvati's all-knowing lord. O enemy of desire, treasury of grace, give Tulsidas love for Rama's feet. (4)

There Is No Donor Like Shankara

दानी कहूँ संकर-सम नाहीं।

दीन-दयालु दिबोई भावै, जाचक सदा सोहाहीं॥ १॥

मारिकै मार थप्यौ जगमें, जाको प्रथम रेख भट माहीं।

ता ठाकुरकौ रीझि निवाजिबौ, कह्यौ क्यों परत मो पाहीं॥ २॥

जोग कोटि करि जो गति हरिसों, मुनि माँगत सकुचाहीं।

बेद-बिदित तेहि पद पुरारि-पुर, कीट पतंग समाहीं॥ ३॥

ईस उदार उमापति परिहरि, अनत जे जाचन जाहीं।

तुलसिदास ते मूढ़ मांगने, कबहुँ न पेट अघाहीं॥ ४॥

There is no donor anywhere like Shankara. Compassion for the poor alone pleases him; supplicants always look beautiful to him. (1)

He slew Mara and then restored him in the world - Mara, foremost in the ranks of warriors. How could I ever describe that Lord's reward when he is pleased? (2)

The state which sages hesitate to ask of Hari after practising ten million yogic disciplines is, as the Vedas proclaim, entered even by insects and moths in the city of the Foe of Tripura. (3)

Those who leave the generous Lord, Uma's husband, and go elsewhere to beg are foolish beggars, says Tulsidas; their bellies are never filled. (4)

Your Lord Is Mad, O Bhavani

बावरो रावरो नाह भवानी।

दानि बड़ो दिन देत दये बिनु, बेद-बड़ाई भानी॥ १॥

निज घरकी बरबात बिलोकहु, हौं तुम परम सयानी।

सिवकी दर्ई संपदा देखत, श्री-सारदा सिहानी॥ २॥

जिनके भाल लिखी लिपि मेरी, सुखकी नहीं निसानी।

तिन रंकनकौ नाक सँवारत, हौं आयो नकबानी॥ ३॥

दुख-दीनता दुखी इनके दुख, जाचकता अकुलानी।

यह अधिकार सौंपिये औरहि, भीख भली मैं जानी॥ ४॥

प्रेम-प्रसंसा-बिनय-ब्यंगजुत, सुनि बिधिको बर बानी।

तुलसी मुदित महेस मनहिं मन, जगत-मातु मुसुकानी॥ ५॥

Your lord is mad, O Bhavani. A mighty donor, he gives day after day without deliberation, taking delight in the Veda's praise of generosity. (1)

Look at the depletion of your own house - you are supremely wise. Seeing the wealth Shiva has handed away, honored Sharada sighs. (2)

On the foreheads of those paupers my writing left no sign of happiness; he restores their honor, while I am left to lose face. (3)

Suffering and poverty are distressed by their distress, and beggary itself is agitated. Give this office to someone else; I have decided that begging is better. (4)

Hearing Brahma's excellent speech, joined with love, praise, humility and irony, Mahesha rejoiced inwardly, says Tulsi, and the Mother of the World smiled. (5)

Petition Girija's Lord in Kashi

जाँचिये गिरिजापति कासी। जासु भवन अनिमादिक दासी॥ १॥
औढर-दानि द्रवत पुनि थोरें। सकत न देखि दीन करजोरें॥ २॥
सुख-संपति, मति-सुगति सुहाई। सकल सुलभ संकर-सेवकाई॥ ३॥
गये सरन आरतिकै लीन्हे। निरखि निहाल निमिषमहँ कीन्हे॥ ४॥
तुलसिदास जाचक जस गावै। बिमल भगति रघुपतिकी पावै॥ ५॥

Petition Girija's lord in Kashi, in whose household the powers beginning with anima serve as maidservants. (1)

The open-handed donor is moved by even a little devotion; he cannot bear to see a poor person standing with folded hands. (2)

Happiness, wealth, sound understanding and a lovely destiny - all become easy through service to Shankara. (3)

Those in anguish who went to his refuge he took as his own; with a glance he blessed them in an instant. (4)

Tulsidas the supplicant sings his praise, that he may obtain pure devotion to Raghupati. (5)

Why Do You Not Melt for the Poor?

कस न दीनपर द्रवहु उमाबर। दारुन बिपति हरन करुनाकर॥ १॥

बेद-पुरान कहत उदार हर। हमरि बेर कस भयेहु कृपिनतर॥ २॥

कवनि भगति कीन्ही गुननिधि द्विज। होइ प्रसन्न दीन्हेहु सिव पद निज॥ ३॥

जो गति अगम महामुनि गावहिं। तव पुर कोट पतंगहु पावहिं॥ ४॥

देहु काम-रिपु! राम-चरन-रति। तुलसिदास प्रभु! हरहु भेद-मति॥ ५॥

Why do you not melt for this poor man, O Uma's bridegroom, compassionate remover of terrible calamity? (1)

The Vedas and Puranas call Hara generous; why have you become so miserly when my turn has come? (2)

What devotion did the brahmin Gunanidhi perform, that you were pleased and gave him your own station of Shiva? (3)

The state which great sages sing as inaccessible is attained in your city even by ten million moths. (4)

O enemy of desire, give me love for Rama's feet. Lord, remove Tulsidas's mind of division. (5)

Great Is the God and Great the Donor

देव बड़े, दाता बड़े, संकर बड़े भोरे।

किये दूर दुख सबनिके, जिन्ह-जिन्ह कर जोरे॥ १॥

सेवा, सुमिरन, पूजिबौ, पात आखत थोरे।

दिये जगत जहँ लगि सबै, सुख, गज, रथ, घोरे॥ २॥

गाँव बसत बामदेव, मैं कबहुँ न निहोरे।

अधिभौतिक बाधा भई, ते किंकर तोरे॥ ३॥

बेगि बोलि बलि बरजिये, करतूति कठोरे।

तुलसी दलि, रुध्यो चहँ सठ साखि सिंहोरे॥ ४॥

Great is the god, great the donor, and greatly innocent is Shankara. He removed the sorrow of every person who folded hands before him. (1)

Service, remembrance and worship cost only a few leaves and grains of rice; in exchange he gave all the world's happiness, elephants, chariots and horses. (2)

O Vamadeva, I live in your town and have never petitioned you. Now an affliction from the material powers has arisen, and those powers are your servants. (3)

Call them quickly and restrain their cruel conduct - I offer myself to you. The rogues wish to crush the tulsi plant and plant a branch of sihora in its place. (4)

O Shiva, Be Pleased and Show Compassion

सिव! सिव! होइ प्रसन्न करु दाया।

करुनामय उदार कीरति, बलि जाउँ हरहु निज माया॥ १॥

जलज-नयन, गुन-अयन, मयन-रिपु, महिमा जान न कोई।

बिनु तव कृपा राम-पद-पंकज, सपनेहुँ भगति न होई॥ २॥

रिषय, सिद्ध, मुनि, मनुज, दनुज, सुर, अपर जीव जग माहीं।

तव पद बिमुख न पार पाव कोउ, कलप कोटि चलि जाहीं॥ ३॥

अहिभूषन, दूषन-रिपु-सेवक, देव-देव, त्रिपुरारी।

मोह-निहार-दिवाकर संकर, सरन सोक-भयहारी॥ ४॥

गिरिजा-मन-मानस-मराल, कासीस, मसान-निवासी।

तुलसिदास हरि-चरन-कमल-बर, देहु भगति अबिनासी॥ ५॥

O Shiva, O Shiva, be pleased and show compassion. Your fame is compassionate and generous; I offer myself to you - remove your own maya. (1)

Lotus-eyed, abode of virtues, enemy of Love: no one knows your greatness. Without your grace there is not even dreamlike devotion to Rama's lotus feet. (2)

Seers, perfected beings, sages, humans, demons, gods and every other creature in the world - turned away from your feet, none reaches the farther shore though ten million aeons pass. (3)

Adorned with serpents, servant of the enemy of Dushana, God of gods, destroyer of Tripura; Shankara, sun against the frost of delusion, your refuge removes grief and fear. (4)

Swan in the mind-lake of Girija, Lord of Kashi, dweller in the cremation ground: give Tulsidas the boon of imperishable devotion to Hari's lotus feet. (5)

O God, Sun Against the Darkness of Delusion

देव,

मोह-तम-तरणि, हर, रुद्र, शंकर, शरण, हरण, मम शोक लोकाभिरामं।

बाल-शशि-भाल, सुविशाल लोचन-कमल, काम-सतकोटि-लावण्य-धामं॥ १॥

कंबु-कुंदेंदु-कर्पूर-विग्रह रुचिर, तरुण-रवि-कोटि तनु तेज भ्राजै।

भस्म सर्वांग अर्धांग शैलात्मजा, व्याल-नृकपाल-माला विराजै॥ २॥

मौलिसंकुल जटा-मुकुट विद्युच्छटा, तटिनि-वर-वारि हरि-चरण-पूतं।

श्रवण कुंडल, गरल कंठ, करुणाकंद, सच्चिदानंद वंदेऽवधूतं॥ ३॥

शूल-शायक पिनाकासि-कर, शत्रु-वन-दहन इव धूमध्वज, वृषभ-यानं।

व्याघ्र-गज-चर्म-परिधान, विज्ञान-घन, सिद्ध-सुर-मुनि-मनुज-सेव्यमानं॥ ४॥

तांडवित-नृत्यपर, डमरु डिंडिम प्रवर, अशुभ इव भाति कल्याणराशी।

महाकल्पांत ब्रह्मांड-मंडल-दवन, भवन कैलास, आसीन काशी॥ ५॥

तज्ञ, सर्वज्ञ, यज्ञेश, अच्युत, विभो, विश्व भवदंशसंभव पुरारी।

ब्रह्मेन्द्र, चंद्रार्क, वरुणाग्नि, वसु, मरुत, यम, अर्चि भवदंघ्रि सर्वाधिकारी॥ ६॥

अकल, निरुपाधि, निर्गुण, निरंजन, ब्रह्म, कर्म-पथमेकमज निर्विकारं।

अखिलविग्रह, उग्ररूप, शिव, भूपसुर, सर्वगत, शर्व सर्वोपकारं॥ ७॥

ज्ञान-वैराग्य, धन-धर्म, कैवल्य-सुख, सुभग सौभाग्य शिव! सानुकूलं।

तदपि नर मूढ़ आरूढ़ संसार-पथ, भ्रमत भव, विमुख तव पादमूलं॥ ८॥

नष्टमति, दुष्ट अति, कष्ट-रत, खेद-गत, दास तुलसी शंभु-शरण आया।

देहि कामारि! श्रीराम-पद-पंकजे भक्ति अनवरत गत-भेद-माया॥ ९॥

O God, sun against the darkness of delusion; Hara, Rudra, Shankara, refuge and remover of my grief, delight of the worlds. A young moon rests on your brow, your immense eyes are lotuses, and you are the abode of beauty equal to a hundred million Cupids. (1)

Your lovely form is white as conch, jasmine, moon and camphor, while your body's brilliance shines like ten million young suns. Ash covers every limb, the Daughter of the Mountain is half your body, and garlands of serpents and human skulls adorn you. (2)

Your dense crown of matted hair flashes like lightning and bears the excellent river whose water

was purified by Hari's feet. Earrings hang at your ears and poison rests in your throat. I bow to the Avadhuta, root of compassion and being-consciousness-bliss. (3)

Trident, arrow, Pinaka and sword are in your hands; like fire with a smoke-banner you burn the forest of enemies, and the bull is your mount. Clad in tiger and elephant hides, mass of knowledge, you are served by perfected beings, gods, sages and humans. (4)

Intent on the Tandava dance, sounding the noble damaru like a kettledrum, you seem inauspicious yet are a treasury of auspiciousness. At the end of a great aeon you burn the cosmic sphere; Kailasa is your home and you sit in Kashi. (5)

Knower of reality, omniscient Lord of sacrifice, imperishable all-pervader, O destroyer of Tripura, the universe arises from a portion of you. Brahma, Indra, moon, sun, Varuna, Agni, Vasus, Maruts and Yama worship your feet, sovereign over all. (6)

Partless, unconditioned, without qualities or stain, Brahman, sole unborn and changeless ground of the path of action; embodiment of all, fierce-formed Shiva, lord of kings and gods, all-pervading Sharva, benefactor of all. (7)

Knowledge and dispassion, wealth and dharma, the joy of liberation and beautiful good fortune all arise when you are favorable, O Shiva. Even so, foolish people climb the road of worldly existence and wander through becoming, turned away from the root of your feet. (8)

His understanding ruined, exceedingly corrupt, attached to hardship and overcome by sorrow, your servant Tulsidas has come to Shambhu's refuge. O enemy of desire, give him unbroken devotion to Shri Rama's lotus feet, beyond division and maya. (9)

Hymn to Shiva in the Form of Bhairava

देव,

भीषणाकार, भैरव, भयंकर, भूत-प्रेत-प्रमथाधिपति, विपति-हर्ता।
 मोह-मूषक-मार्जार, संसार-भय-हरण, तारण-तरण, अभय कर्ता॥ १॥
 अतुल बल, विपुल विस्तार, विग्रह गौर, अमल अति धवल धरणीधराभं।
 शिरसि संकुलित-कल-जूट पिंगलजटा, पटल शत-कोटि-विद्युच्छटाभं॥ २॥
 भ्राज विबुधापगा आप पावन परम, मौलि-मालेव शोभा विचित्रं।
 ललित लल्लाटपर राज रजनीशकल, कलाधर, नौमि हर धनद-मित्रं॥ ३॥
 इंदु-पावक-भानु-नयन, मर्दन-मयन, गुण-अयन, ज्ञान-विज्ञान-रूपं।
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 जरत सुर-असुर, नरलोक शोकाकुलं, मृदुल चित, अजित, कृत गरलपानं॥ ५॥
 भस्म तनु-भूषणं, व्याघ्र-चर्माम्बरं, उरग-नर-मौलि उर मालधारी।
 डाकिनी, शाकिनी, खेचरं, भूचरं, यंत्र-मंत्र-भंजन, प्रबल कल्मषारी॥ ६॥
 काल अतिकाल, कलिकाल, व्यालादि-खग, त्रिपुर-मर्दन, भीम-कर्म भारी।
 सकल लोकान्त-कल्पान्त शूलाग्र कृत दिग्गजाव्यक्त-गुण नृत्यकारी॥ ७॥
 पाप-संताप-घनघोर संसृति दीन, भ्रमत जग योनि नहिं कोपि त्राता।
 पाहि भैरव-रूप राम-रूपी रुद्र, बंधु, गुरु, जनक, जननी, विधाता॥ ८॥
 यस्य गुण-गण गणति विमल मति शारदा, निगम नारद-प्रमुख ब्रह्मचारी।
 शेष, सर्वेश, आसीन आनंदवन, दास तुलसी प्रणत-त्रासहारी॥ ९॥

O God, terrifying in form, Bhairava, fearsome lord of spirits, ghosts and Pramathas, remover of calamity; cat to the mouse of delusion, remover of the fear of worldly existence, boat of deliverance and giver of fearlessness. (1)

Your strength is unequalled and your expanse immense; your fair form is stainless, exceedingly white like a mountain. On your head is heaped a graceful crown of tawny matted locks, flashing like a hundred million sheets of lightning. (2)

The celestial river shines upon you, supremely purifying, forming a wondrous garland on your

crown. A lovely digit of the moon rules your forehead. O bearer of the crescent, Hara, friend of Kubera, I bow to you. (3)

Moon, fire and sun are your eyes; you crushed Love, are an abode of virtues and the form of knowledge and realization. Girija is your beloved, the lord of mountains is ever your home, earrings hang at your ears, and the beauty of your face is incomparable. (4)

You bear hide, sword and trident; drum, arrow and bow are in your hands; lord of the bull, you ride it and are a treasury of compassion. When gods, demons and the human world burned and were overcome by grief, your tender heart, O unconquered one, made you drink the poison. (5)

Ash adorns your body, tiger skin is your garment, and serpents and human skulls form garlands on your breast. You break the spells of Dakinis, Shakinis and beings of sky and earth, and are the mighty enemy of sin. (6)

You are Time beyond time, the death of Kali's age, Garuda to serpents and the destroyer of Tripura, performer of tremendous deeds. At the end of all worlds and aeons you dance with ineffable power, the elephants of the quarters held at your trident's point. (7)

Poor and scorched by sin and suffering in dense, terrible worldly existence, I wander among the world's wombs and have no other savior. Protect me, O Rudra in Bhairava's form and Rama's form - friend, teacher, father, mother and creator. (8)

Pure-minded Sharada, the Vedas, Narada and the foremost celibate sages count your hosts of virtues. O Shesha, Lord of all, seated in the Forest of Bliss, remove the fear of your bowed servant Tulsidas. (9)

I Always Worship Shankara

सदा—

शंकरं, शंप्रदं, सज्जनानंददं, शैल-कन्या-वरं, परमरम्यं।
 काम-मद-मोचनं, तामरस-लोचनं, वामदेवं भजे भावगम्यं॥ १॥
 कंबु-कुंदेंदु-कर्पूर-गौरं शिवं, सुंदरं, सच्चिदानंदकंदं।
 सिद्ध-सनकादि-योगींद्र-वृंदारका, विष्णु-विधि-वन्द्य चरणारविंदं॥ २॥
 ब्रह्म-कुल-वल्लभं, सुलभ मति दुर्लभं, विकट-वेषं, विभुं, वेदपारं।
 नौमि करुणाकरं, गरल-गंगाधरं, निर्मलं, निर्गुणं, निर्विकारं॥ ३॥
 लोकनाथं, शोक-शूल-निर्मूलनं, शूलिनं मोह-तम-भूरि-भानुं।
 कालकालं, कलातीतमजरं, हरं, कठिन-कलिकाल-कानन-कृशानुं॥ ४॥
 तज्ज्ञान-पाथोधि-घटसंभवं, सर्वगं, सर्वसौभाग्यमूलं।
 प्रचुर-भव-भंजनं, प्रणत-जन-रंजनं, दास तुलसी शरण सानुकूलं॥ ५॥

I always worship Shankara, giver of welfare and joy to the good, bridegroom of the Mountain's daughter, supremely lovely; releaser from the pride of desire, lotus-eyed Vamadeva, reached through devotion. (1)

Shiva is fair as conch, jasmine, moon and camphor, beautiful, the root of being-consciousness-bliss. Perfected beings, Sanaka and the foremost yogis, Vishnu and the Creator bow to his lotus feet. (2)

Beloved of the brahmin lineage, easy to reach yet difficult for the mind, strange in dress, all-pervading and beyond the Vedas: I bow to the compassionate one who bears poison and Ganga, stainless, qualityless and changeless. (3)

Lord of the world, uprooter of the thorn of grief, trident-bearer and mighty sun against the darkness of delusion; death of Time, beyond all phases and undecaying Hara, fire in the harsh forest of Kali's age. (4)

Knower of reality, Agastya to the ocean of ignorance, all-pervading root of every good fortune; destroyer of abundant becoming and delighter of those who bow, be favorable to your servant Tulsidas who has sought refuge. (5)

Serve the Pollen of Shiva's Lotus Feet

सेवहु सिव-चरन-सरोज-रेनु। कल्यान-अखिल-प्रद कामधेनु॥ १॥
 कर्पूर-गौर, करुना-उदार। संसार-सार, भुजगेन्द्र-हार॥ २॥
 सुख-जन्मभूमि, महिमा अपार। निर्गुन, गुननायक, निराकार॥ ३॥
 त्रयनयन, मयन-मर्दन महेस। अहंकार निहार-उदित दिनेस॥ ४॥
 बर बाल निसाकर मौलि भ्राज। त्रैलोक-सोकहर प्रमथराज॥ ५॥
 जिन्ह कहूँ बिधि सुगति न लिखी भाल। तिन्ह की गति कासीपति कृपाल॥ ६॥
 उपकारी कोऽपर हर-समान। सुर-असुर जरत कृत गरल पान॥ ७॥
 बहु कल्प उपायन करि अनेक। बिनु संभु-कृपा नहिं भव-बिबेक॥ ८॥
 बिग्यान-भवन, गिरिसुता-रमन। कह तुलसिदास मम त्राससमन॥ ९॥

Serve the pollen of Shiva's lotus feet, the wish-fulfilling cow that bestows every blessing. (1)

Fair as camphor, generous in compassion, essence of worldly existence, wearing the lord of serpents as a garland. (2)

Birthplace of happiness, of boundless greatness, without qualities yet lord of qualities, formless. (3)

Three-eyed Mahesha, crusher of Love, a risen sun against the frost of ego. (4)

The excellent young moon shines upon his crown; lord of the Pramathas, he removes the grief of the three worlds. (5)

For those on whose brows Fate has written no good destiny, the compassionate Lord of Kashi himself becomes their destination. (6)

Who else is a benefactor like Hara? When gods and demons burned, he drank the poison. (7)

Though one devise many methods for many aeons, without Shambhu's grace there is no discernment concerning worldly existence. (8)

Abode of realization, beloved of the Mountain's daughter, says Tulsidas, quiet my fear. (9)

Look, Uma's Beloved Has Become the Forest

देखो देखो, बन बन्यो आजु उमाकंत। मानों देखन तुम्हहिं आई रितु बसंत॥ १॥

जनु तनुदुति चंपक-कुसुम-माल। बर बसन नील नूतन तमाल॥ २॥

कलकदलि जंघ, पद कमल लाल। सूचत कटि केहरि, गति मराल॥ ३॥

भूषन प्रसून बहु बिबिध रंग। नूपुर किंकिनि कलरव बिहंग॥ ४॥

कर नवल बकुल-पल्लव रसाल। श्रीफल कुच, कंचुकिलता-जाल॥ ५॥

आनन सरोज, कच मधुप गुंज। लोचन बिसाल नव नील कंज॥ ६॥

पिक बचन चरित बर बहिं कीर। सित सुमन हास, लीला समीर॥ ७॥

कह तुलसिदास सुनु सिव सुजान। उर बसि प्रपंच रचे पंचबान॥ ८॥

करि कृपा हरिय भ्रम-फंद काम। जेहि हृदय बसहिं सुखरासि राम॥ ९॥

Look, look: today Uma's beloved has become a forest, as though the spring season itself has come to see you. (1)

The radiance of his body is a garland of champak flowers, and his excellent blue garment a fresh tamala tree. (2)

His thighs are graceful plantain trunks and his feet red lotuses; his waist suggests a lion and his gait a swan. (3)

His ornaments are flowers of many colors, and the sweet ringing of his anklets is birdsong. (4)

His hands are fresh bakul shoots and mango leaves, his breasts bilva fruits, and his bodice a net of vines. (5)

His face is a lotus, his hair a humming swarm of bees, and his great eyes fresh blue lotuses. (6)

His speech is the cuckoo, his conduct the splendid peacock and parrot; his smile white flowers and his play the breeze. (7)

Listen, wise Shiva, says Tulsidas: the five-arrowed Love has settled in my heart and created this display. (8)

Show grace and remove the snare of delusive desire, so that Rama, treasury of bliss, may dwell in my heart. (9)

O Goddess, Crush Unbearable Fault and Sorrow

दुसह दोष-दुख, दलनि, करु देवि दाया।

विश्व-मूलासि, जन-सानुकूलासि, कर शूलधारिणि महामूलमाया॥ १॥

तड़ित गर्भांग सर्वांग सुंदर लसत, दिव्य पट भव्य भूषण विराजें।

बालमृग-मंजु खंजन-विलोचनि, चन्द्रवदनि लखि कोटि रतिमार लाजें॥ २॥

रूप-सुख-शील-सीमासि, भीमासि, रामासि, वामासि वर बुद्धि बानी।

छमुख-हेरंब-अंबासि, जगदंबिके, शंभु-जायासि जय जय भवानी॥ ३॥

चंड-भुजदंड-खंडनि, बिहंडनि महिष मुंड-मद-भंग कर अंग तोरे।

शुभ-निःशुभ कुम्भीश रण-केशरिणि, क्रोध-वारीश अरि-वृन्द बोरे॥ ४॥

निगम-आगम-अगम गुर्वि! तव गुन-कथन, उर्विधर करत जेहि सहसजीहा।

देहि मा, मोहि पन प्रेम यह नेम निज, राम घनश्याम तुलसी पपीहा॥ ५॥

O Goddess, crusher of unbearable faults and sorrows, show compassion. You are the root of the universe, ever favorable to your people, bearer of the trident and the great primordial Maya. (1)
Every beautiful limb shines like lightning within a cloud, adorned with divine cloth and splendid ornaments. Your eyes are lovely as a young deer and a khanjan bird, your face the moon; seeing you, ten million Ratis and Maras are ashamed. (2)

You are the limit of beauty, happiness and character; you are formidable, Rama and Vama, and you grant understanding and speech. Mother of the six-faced one and Heramba, Mother of the World, wife of Shambhu - victory, victory to Bhavani. (3)

You broke Chanda's mighty arms, destroyed Mahisha and Munda and shattered their pride, tearing their bodies apart. Lioness in battle against Shumbha, Nishumbha and the elephant-lord, you drowned hosts of foes in an ocean of wrath. (4)

O venerable one inaccessible to scripture and tradition, the thousand-tongued bearer of the earth narrates your virtues. Mother, give me this pledge and rule of love: let Tulsidas be a chataka bird for dark-cloud Rama. (5)

Victory to the Mother of the World

जय जय जगजननि देवि सुर-नर-मुनि-असुर-सेवि,
 भुक्ति-मुक्ति-दायिनी, भय-हरणि कालिका।
 मंगल-मुद-सिद्धि-सदनि, पर्वशर्वरीश-वदनि,
 ताप-तिमिर-तरुण-तरणि-किरणमालिका॥ १॥
 वर्म, चर्म कर कृपाण, शूल-शेल-धनुषबाण,
 धरणि दलनि दानव-दल, रण-करालिका।
 पूतना-पिशाच-प्रेत-डाकिनि-शाकिनि-समेत,
 भूत-ग्रह-बेताल-खग-मृगालि-जालिका॥ २॥
 जय महेश-भामिनी, अनेक-रूप-नामिनी,
 समस्त-लोक-स्वामिनी, हिमशैल-बालिका।
 रघुपति-पद परम प्रेम, तुलसी यह अचल नेम,
 देहु है प्रसन्न पाहि प्रणत-पालिका॥ ३॥

Victory, victory to the Goddess, Mother of the World, served by gods, humans, sages and demons; giver of enjoyment and liberation, fear-removing Kalika. Abode of auspiciousness, joy and attainments, full-moon-faced one, you are a garland of young sunbeams against the darkness of suffering. (1)

Clad in armor, with shield and sword in hand, trident, spear, bow and arrows, you crush the hosts of demons upon the earth and are terrible in battle. You cast your net over Putana, fiends, ghosts, Dakinis and Shakinis, spirits, possessing powers, Vetalas, birds and beasts. (2)

Victory to Mahesha's beloved, bearer of many forms and names, mistress of all worlds, daughter of the Snow Mountain. Be pleased and protect me, O guardian of those who bow; give Tulsi supreme love for Raghupati's feet - this is his unshakable vow. (3)

Victory to Bhagiratha's Daughter

जय जय भगीरथनन्दिनि, मुनि-चय चकोर-चन्दिनि,
 नर-नाग-बिबुध-बन्दिनि जय जह्नु बालिका।
 बिस्नु-पद-सरोजजासि, ईस-सीसपर बिभासि,
 त्रिपथगासि, पुन्यरासि, पाप-छालिका॥ १॥
 बिमल बिपुल बहसि बारि, सीतल त्रयताप-हारि,
 भँवर बर बिभंगतर तरंग-मालिका।
 पुरजन पूजोपहार, सोभित ससि धवलधार,
 भंजन भव-भार, भक्ति-कल्पथालिका॥ २॥
 निज तटबासी निहंग, जल-थर-चर पसु-पतंग,
 कोटि जटिल तापस सब सरिस पालिका।
 तुलसी तव तीर तीर सुमिरत रघुबंस-बीर,
 बिचरत मति देहि मोह-महिष-कालिका॥ ३॥

Victory, victory to Bhagiratha's daughter, moon to the chakor birds that are the host of sages; worshipped by humans, Nagas and gods, victory to Jahnu's daughter. Born from Vishnu's lotus feet, shining upon the Lord's head, you travel the three paths, a mass of merit that strips away sin. (1)

You carry an immense abundance of stainless water, cool and removing the three afflictions, with noble whirlpools and a garland of sweeping waves. White as the moon, your current shines with the townspeople's offerings; you break the burden of becoming and are a protecting basin for the wish-fulfilling tree of devotion. (2)

You protect equally the naked ascetics on your banks, creatures moving in water and on land, animals and insects, and ten million matted-haired practitioners. O Kalika who is death to the buffalo of delusion, give Tulsi the understanding to wander bank after bank remembering the hero of Raghu's line. (3)

Victory to the Ganga, Purifier of the Whole World

जयति जय सुरसरी जगदखिल-पावनी।

विष्णु-पदकंज-मकरंद इव अंबुवर वहसि, दुख दहसि, अघवृंद-विद्राविनी॥ १॥

मिलित जलपात्र-अज युक्त-हरिचरणरज, विरज-वर-वारि त्रिपुरारि शिर-धामिनी।

जह्नु-कन्या धन्य, पुण्यकृत सगर-सुत, भूधरद्रोणि-विदरणि, बहुनामिनी॥ २॥

यक्ष, गंधर्व, मुनि, किन्नरोग, दनुज, मनुज मज्जहिं सुकृत-पुंज युत-कामिनी।

स्वर्ग-सोपान, विज्ञान-ज्ञानप्रदे, मोह-मद-मदन-पाथोज-हिमयामिनी॥ ३॥

हरित गंभीर वानीर दुहुं तीरवर, मध्य धारा विशद, विश्व अभिरामिनी।

नील-पर्यंक-कृत-शयन सपेंश जनु, सहस सीसावली स्रोत सुर-स्वामिनी॥ ४॥

अमित-महिमा, अमितरूप, भूपावली-मुकुट-मणिवंद्य त्रैलोक्य पथगामिनी।

देहि रघुबीर-पद-प्रीति निर्भर मातु, दासतुलसी त्रासहरणि भवभामिनी॥ ५॥

Victory, victory to the celestial river, purifier of the whole world. You carry excellent water like nectar from Vishnu's lotus feet, burn away suffering and scatter hosts of sins. (1)

Joined with the Creator's water-vessel and mingled with the dust of Hari's feet, your excellent stainless water dwells upon the destroyer of Tripura's head. Blessed daughter of Jahnu, sanctifier of Sagara's sons, cleaver of mountain valleys, you bear many names. (2)

Yakshas, Gandharvas, sages, Kinnaras, Nagas, demons and humans bathe in you with their beloveds, endowed with stores of merit. Stairway to heaven, giver of realization and knowledge, you are a frosty night to the lotuses of delusion, pride and desire. (3)

Deep green reed-groves stand on both excellent banks and the clear central current delights the world. It is as though the lord of serpents lies upon a blue couch, the thousandfold lines of streams forming his hoods, O mistress of the gods. (4)

Your greatness and forms are boundless; the jewels in the crowns of lines of kings bow to you as you travel the three worlds. Mother, remover of fear and lady of becoming, give your servant Tulsidas an overflowing love for Raghubira's feet. (5)

The Celestial River Removes Sin and the Three Afflictions

हरनि पाप त्रिबिध ताप सुमिरत सुरसरित।
बिलसति महि कल्प-बेलि मुद-मनोरथ-फरित॥ १॥
सोहत ससि धवल धार सुधा-सलिल-भरित।
बिमलतर तरंग लसत रघुबरके-से चरित॥ २॥
तो बिनु जगदंब गंग कलिजुग का करित?
घोर भव अपारसिंधु तुलसी किमि तरित॥ ३॥

Remembered, the celestial river removes sin and the three afflictions. She shines upon the earth as a wish-fulfilling vine, fruiting with joy and fulfilled desires. (1)

Her moon-white current shines, filled with nectar-water; her utterly stainless waves gleam like Raghubara's deeds. (2)

Without you, Mother of the World, Ganga, what would Kali's age do? How could Tulsi cross the terrible, shoreless ocean of becoming? (3)

You Dwell on the Lord's Head and Shine on Three Paths

ईस-सीस बससि, त्रिपथ लससि, नभ-पताल-धरनि।

सुर-नर-मुनि-नाग-सिद्ध-सुजन मंगल-करनि॥ १॥

देखत दुख-दोष-दुरित-दाह-दारिद-दरनि।

सगर-सुवन साँसति-समनि, जलनिधि जल भरनि॥ २॥

महिमाकी अवधि करसि बहु बिधि हरि-हरनि।

तुलसी करु बानि बिमल, बिमल बारि बरनि॥ ३॥

You dwell upon the Lord's head and shine along three paths - sky, underworld and earth - bringing auspiciousness to gods, humans, sages, Nagas, perfected beings and the good. (1)

At the very sight of suffering, fault, sin, burning pain and poverty, you tear them away. You ended the torment of Sagara's sons and filled the ocean with water. (2)

In many ways you set the farthest limit of greatness, captivating Hari and Hara. Make Tulsi's speech stainless, that it may describe your stainless water. (3)

As Yamuna Rose, the Warriors of Merit Advanced

जमुना ज्यों ज्यों लागी बाढ़न।

त्यों त्यों सुकृत-सुभट कलि भूपहिं, निदरि लगे बहु काढ़न॥ १॥

ज्यों ज्यों जल मलीन त्यों त्यों जमगन मुख मलीन लहै आढ़ न।

तुलसिदास जगदघ जवास ज्यों अनघमेघ लगे डाढ़न॥ २॥

As Yamuna began to swell, the valiant warriors of merit increasingly scorned King Kali and set about driving him far away. (1)

As her water grew turbid, the faces of Yama's attendants grew dark, finding no shelter. Tulsidas says: like the weed javasa, the world's sin began to burn beneath the sinless cloud. (2)

Serve Kashi, the Wish-Fulfilling Cow of the Kali Age

सेइअ सहित सनेह देह भरि, कामधेनु कलि कासी।
 समनि सोक-संताप-पाप-रुज, सकल-सुमंगल-रासी॥ १॥
 मरजादा चहुँओर चरनबर, सेवत सुरपुर-बासी।
 तीरथ सब सुभ अंग रोम सिवलिंग अमित अबिनासी॥ २॥
 अंतरऐन ऐन भल, थन फल, बच्छ बेद-बिस्वासी।
 गलकंबल बरुना बिभाति जनु, लूम लसति, सरिताऽसी॥ ३॥
 दंडपानि भैरव बिषान, मलरुचि-खलगन-भयदा-सी।
 लोलदिनेस त्रिलोचन लोचन, करनघंट घंटा-सी॥ ४॥
 मनिकर्निका बदन-ससि सुंदर, सुरसरि-सुख सुखमा-सी।
 स्वाथ परमारथ परिपूरन, पंचकोसि महिमा-सी॥ ५॥
 बिस्वनाथ पालक कृपालुचित, लालति नित गिरिजा-सी।
 सिद्धि, सची, सारद पूजहिं मन जोगवति रहति रमा-सी॥ ६॥
 पंचाच्छरी प्रान, मुद माधव, गब्य सुपंचनदा-सी।
 ब्रह्म-जीव-सम रामनाम जुग, आखर बिस्व बिकासी॥ ७॥
 चारितु चरति करम कुकरम करि, मरत जीवगन घासौ।
 लहत परमपद पय पावन, जेहि चहत प्रपंच-उदासी॥ ८॥
 कहत पुरान रची केसव निज कर-करतूति कला-सी।
 तुलसी बसि हरपुरी राम जपु, जो भयो चहै सुपासी॥ ९॥

With love, throughout your life, serve Kashi, the wish-fulfilling cow of the Kali age: she stills grief, burning anguish, sin and disease, and is a mass of every auspicious good. (1)
 Her boundary on all four sides is her excellent feet, served by heaven's inhabitants. All her holy places are fair limbs, and her innumerable, imperishable Shiva-lingas are the hairs upon them. (2)
 Antargriha, her inner precinct, is her fine udder; the four aims of life are her teats, and believers in the Veda her calves. Varuna shines like her dewlap, while the river Asi gleams as her tail. (3)
 Staff-bearing Bhairava is her horn, making wicked lovers of impurity afraid. Lolarka and

Trilochana are her two eyes, and Karnaghanta is the bell at her ear. (4)

Manikarnika is her moon-beautiful face; the joy of the celestial river is her lovely grace. Complete in worldly and highest good, the Panchakoshi circuit is her majesty. (5)

Compassionate Vishvanatha is her keeper, and Girija fondles her every day. The Siddhis, Shachi and Sharada worship her, while Lakshmi stands watchfully disposed toward her. (6)

The five-syllabled mantra is her life-breath; Madhava is her joy; fair Panchanada is her fivefold cow-gift. The paired letters of Rama's name, which unfold the universe, are like Brahman and the individual soul. (7)

She grazes upon the grass of good and evil deeds belonging to beings who die there. They obtain the sacred milk of the supreme state, which those indifferent to the manifested world desire. (8)

The Puranas say that Keshava fashioned her with the artistry of his own hands. Tulsidas, dwell in Hara's city and repeat Rama's name, if you wish to become truly happy. (9)

Chitrakut, the Tree That Frees All Sorrow

सब सोच-बिमोचन चित्रकूट। कलिहरन, करन कल्यान बूट॥ १॥
 सुचि अवनि सुहावनि आलबाल। कानन बिचित्र, बारी बिसाल॥ २॥
 मंदाकिनि-मालिनि सदा सींच। बर बारि, बिषम नर-नारि नीच॥ ३॥
 साखा सुसृंग, भूरुह-सुपात। निरझर मधुबर, मृदु मलय बात॥ ४॥
 सुक, पिक, मधुकर, मुनिबर बिहारु। साधन प्रसून फल चारि चारु॥ ५॥
 भव-घोरघाम-हर सुखद छाँह। थप्यो थिर प्रभाव जानकी-नाह॥ ६॥
 साधक-सुपथिक बड़े भाग पाइ। पावत अनेक अभिमत अघाइ॥ ७॥
 रस एक, रहित-गुन-करम-काल। सिय राम लखन पालक कृपाल॥ ८॥
 तुलसी जो राम पद चाहिय प्रेम। सेइय गिरि करि निरुपाधि नेम॥ ९॥

Chitrakut releases every sorrow: a tree that destroys Kali and produces blessedness. (1)

The pure and lovely earth is its planting basin; the wondrous forest is its immense enclosure. (2)

Mandakini, its gardener, waters it forever with excellent water, untouched even by vile, wicked men and women. (3)

Beautiful peaks are its branches and trees its lovely leaves; cascades are sweet nectar, and the gentle Malaya breeze its softness. (4)

Excellent sages dwelling there are its parrots, cuckoos and bees; spiritual practices are its blossoms, and the four aims its lovely fruits. (5)

Its pleasure-giving shade dispels the terrible heat of becoming; Janaki's Lord established its power forever. (6)

Fortunate spiritual travellers who find it obtain their many desired ends and are satisfied. (7)

It is ever of one essence, free from qualities, deeds and time; compassionate Sita, Rama and Lakshmana are its guardians. (8)

Tulsidas, if you desire love for Rama's feet, serve this mountain with an unconditioned vow. (9)

Awaken, Mind, and Go to Chitrakut

अब चित चेति चित्रकूटहि चलु।

कोपित कलि, लोपित मंगल मगु, बिलसत बढत मोह-माया-मलु॥ १॥

भूमि बिलोकु राम-पद-अंकित, बन बिलोकु रघुबर-बिहारथलु।

सैल-सृंग भवभंग-हेतु लखु, दलन कपट-पाखंड-दंभ-दलु॥ २॥

जहँ जनमे जग-जनक जगतपति, बिधि-हरि-हर परिहरि प्रपंच छलु।

सकृत प्रबेस करत जेहि आस्त्रम, बिगत-बिषाद भये पारथ नलु॥ ३॥

न करु बिलंब बिचारु चारुमति, बरष पाछिले सम अगिले पलु।

मंत्र सो जाइ जपहि, सो जपि भे, अजर अमर हर अचइ हलाहलु॥ ४॥

रामनाम-जप जाग करत नित, मज्जत पय पावन पीवत जलु।

करिहँ राम भावतौ मनकौ, सुख-साधन, अनयास महाफलु॥ ५॥

कामदमनि कामता, कलपतरु सो जुग-जुग जागत जगतीतलु।

तुलसी तोहि बिसेषि बूझिये, एक प्रतीति-प्रीति एकै बलु॥ ६॥

Now awaken, mind, and go to Chitrakut. Kali is enraged, the auspicious path has vanished, and the grime of delusion and illusion flaunts itself and grows. (1)

Look upon the ground marked by Rama's feet; behold the forest where Raghubara wandered. See the mountain peaks that end becoming and crush the hosts of deceit, hypocrisy and pride. (2)

There the fathers of the world—the Lords Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva—were born, abandoning the deceits of manifestation. Entering that hermitage only once, Partha and Nala were freed from grief. (3)

Do not delay, discerning mind; regard each coming moment as equal to the years already gone. Go and repeat that mantra by which Hara, repeating it, became ageless and deathless even while consuming deadly poison. (4)

Daily perform the sacrifice of repeating Rama's name, bathing in the Payasvini and drinking its sacred water. Rama will fulfill your heart's desire and, through this joyful practice, effortlessly grant the great fruit. (5)

Kamadgiri is a wish-fulfilling jewel and wish-giving tree, shining age after age upon the earth. Tulsidas, understand it as especially meant for you: one trust, one love, one sole strength. (6)

Victory to the Moon Born from Anjani's Ocean-Womb

जयत्यंजनी-गर्भ-अंभोधि-संभूत विधु विबुध-कुल-कैरवानंदकारी।
 केसरी-चारु-लोचन-चकोरक-सुखद, लोकगन-शोक-संतापहारी॥ १॥
 जयति जय बालकपि केलि-कौतुक उदित-चंडकर-मंडल-ग्रासकर्त्ता।
 राहु-रवि-शक्र-पवि-गर्व-खर्वीकरण शरण-भयहरण जय भुवन-भर्त्ता॥ २॥
 जयति रणधीर, रघुवीरहित, देवमणि, रुद्र-अवतार, संसार-पाता।
 विप्र-सुर-सिद्ध-मुनि-आशिषाकारवपुष, विमलगुण, बुद्धि-वारिधि-विधाता॥ ३॥

Victory to the moon born from the ocean of Anjani's womb, who delights the water-lilies of the gods' families; who gives joy to the chakor birds of Kesari's lovely eyes and removes the grief and burning pain of all peoples. (1)

Victory, victory to the child-monkey who, in playful wonder, swallowed the disk of the rising sun; who humbled the pride of Rahu, the Sun, Indra and his thunderbolt, removes the fear of those who seek refuge, and sustains the worlds. (2)

Victory to the steadfast hero of battle, devoted to Raghubira, jewel among gods, incarnation of Rudra and guardian of the world; whose body embodies the blessings of Brahmins, gods, perfected beings and sages, whose qualities are stainless, and who is the ordainer, an ocean of wisdom. (3)

Victory to the Lord of Monkeys, Sun of the World's Night

जयति मर्कटाधीश, मृगराज-विक्रम, महादेव, मुद-मंगलालय, कपाली।
 मोह-मद-क्रोध-कामादि-खल-संकुला, घोर संसार-निशि किरणमाली॥ १॥
 जयति लसदंजनाऽदितिज, कपि-केसरी-कश्यप-प्रभव, जगदार्तिहर्ता।
 लोक-लोकप-कोक-कोकनद-शोकहर, हंस हनुमान कल्याणकर्ता॥ २॥
 जयति सुविशाल-विकराल-विग्रह, वज्रसार सर्वांग भुजदण्ड भारी।
 कुलिशनख, दशनवर लसत, बालधि बृहद, वैरि-शस्त्रास्त्रधर कुधरधारी॥ ३॥
 जयति जानकी-शोच-संताप-मोचन, रामलक्ष्मणानंद-वारिज-विकासी।
 कीश-कौतुक-केलि-लूम-लंका-दहन, दलन कानन तरुण तेजरासी॥ ४॥
 जयति पाथोधि-पाषाण-जलयानकर, यातुधान-प्रचुर-हर्ष-हाता।
 दुष्ट रावण-कुंभकर्ण-पाकारिजित-मर्मभित्, कर्म-परिपाक-दाता॥ ५॥
 जयति भुवनैकभूषण, विभीषणवरद, विहित कृत राम-संग्राम साका।
 पुष्पकारुढ सौमित्रि-सीता-सहित, भानु-कुलभानु-कीरति-पताका॥ ६॥
 जयति पर-यंत्रमंत्राभिचार-ग्रसन, कारमन-कूट-कृत्यादि-हंता।
 शाकिनी-डाकिनी-पूतना-प्रेत-वेताल-भूत-प्रमथ-यूथ-यंता॥ ७॥
 जयति वेदान्तविद विविध-विद्या-विशद, वेद-वेदांगविद ब्रह्मवादी।
 ज्ञान-विज्ञान-वैराग्य-भाजन विभो, विमल गुण गनति शुकनारदादी॥ ८॥
 जयति काल-गुण-कर्म-माया-मथन, निश्चलज्ञान, व्रत-सत्यरत, धर्मचारी।
 सिद्ध-सुरवृंद-योगींद्र-सेवित सदा, दास तुलसी प्रणत भय-तमारी॥ ९॥

Victory to the lord of monkeys, lion in valor, great god, abode of joy and auspiciousness, skull-bearing Shiva; a sun whose rays end the dreadful night of worldly existence, crowded with villains such as delusion, pride, anger and desire. (1)

Victory to the shining son of Anjani as Aditi and monkey-lion Kesari as Kashyapa, remover of the world's anguish; ending the grief of the chakva birds and lotuses that are the worlds and their guardians, Hanuman, swan of discernment and maker of welfare. (2)

Victory to the immense, terrifying form, every limb hard as diamond, with massive arms;

thunderbolt nails, splendid teeth, a great tail, bearing weapons, missiles and mountains against the foe. (3)

Victory to the remover of Janaki's grief and burning pain, who made the lotuses of Rama's and Lakshmana's joy bloom; in a monkey's playful sport he burned Lanka with his tail, laid waste its grove and blazed like the young sun. (4)

Victory to him who made stones into vessels upon the ocean and destroyed the demons' abundant delight; who struck the vital places of wicked Ravana, Kumbhakarna and Indrajit and gave them the ripened fruit of their deeds. (5)

Victory to the one ornament of the worlds, granter of a boon to Vibhishana, who accomplished great exploits in Rama's war; riding the Pushpaka with Lakshmana and Sita, he is the banner of the glory of Rama, sun of the solar race. (6)

Victory to him who swallows enemies' machines, spells and sorcery, and destroys secret killing rites and destructive workings; controller of hosts of Shakinis, Dakinis, Putanas, ghosts, Vetalas, spirits and Pramathas. (7)

Victory to the knower of Vedanta, accomplished in many sciences, knower of Veda and Vedanga, speaker of Brahman; mighty vessel of knowledge, realization and dispassion, whose stainless virtues Shuka, Narada and the rest recount. (8)

Victory to him who churns down time, qualities, karma and maya; whose knowledge is unwavering, whose vow is truth, who walks in dharma; ever served by Siddhas, hosts of gods and lords of yogis. Your servant Tulsi bows to you, sun against the darkness of fear. (9)

Victory to the Abode of Auspiciousness

जयति मंगलागार, संसारभारापहर, वानराकारविग्रह पुरारी।
 राम-रोषानल-ज्वालमाला-मिष ध्वांतचर-सलभ-संहारकारी॥ १॥
 जयति मरुदंजनामोद-मंदिर, नतग्रीव सुग्रीव-दुःखैकबंधो।
 यातुधानोद्धत-क्रुद्ध-कालाग्निहर, सिद्ध-सुर-सज्जनानंद-सिंधो॥ २॥
 जयति रुद्राग्रणी, विश्व-वंद्याग्रणी, विश्वविख्यात-भट-चक्रवर्ती।
 सामगाताग्रणी, कामजेताग्रणी, रामहित, रामभक्तानुवर्ती॥ ३॥
 जयति संग्रामजय, रामसंदेशहर, कौशला-कुशल-कल्याणभाषी।
 राम-विरहार्क-संतप्त-भरतादि-नरनारि-शीतलकरण कल्पशाखी॥ ४॥
 जयति सिंहासनासीन सीतारमण, निरखि, निर्भरहरष नृत्यकारी।
 राम साम्राज शोभा-सहित सर्वदा तुलसिमानस-रामपुर-विहारी॥ ५॥

Victory to the abode of auspiciousness, remover of the world's burden, Shiva embodied in a monkey's form; under the guise of a garland of flames from Rama's fire of wrath, he destroys the moths that roam the darkness. (1)

Victory to the dwelling of Marut's and Anjani's joy, sole friend in the sorrow of Sugriva, whose neck was bowed; destroyer of the furious doomsday fire of arrogant demons, ocean of joy for Siddhas, gods and the good. (2)

Victory to the foremost among Rudras and among those revered by the world, world-renowned emperor of warriors; foremost among singers of Sama and conquerors of desire, serving Rama's good and following Rama's devotees. (3)

Victory to the victor in battle, bearer of Rama's message, speaker of Ayodhya's welfare and good news; a wish-fulfilling tree that cooled Bharata and the other men and women scorched by the sun of separation from Rama. (4)

Victory to him who, seeing Sita's beloved seated upon the throne, danced in overflowing joy. With the splendor of Rama's sovereignty, may he forever wander Rama's city in Tulsi's mind. (5)

Victory to the Famous Son of the Wind

जयति वात-संजात, विख्यात विक्रम, बृहद्बाहु, बलबिपुल, बालधिबिसाला।

जातरूपाचलाकारविग्रह, लसल्लोम विद्युल्लता ज्वालमाला॥ १॥

जयति बालार्क वर-वदन, पिंगल-नयन, कपिश-कर्कश-जटाजूटधारी।

विकट भृकुटी, वज्र दशन नख, वैरि-मदमत्त-कुंजर-पुंज-कुंजरारी॥ २॥

जयति भीमार्जुन-व्यालसूदन-गर्वहर, धनंजय-रथ-त्राण-केतू।

भीष्म-द्रोण-कर्णादि-पालित, कालदृक सुयोधन-चमू-निधन-हेतू॥ ३॥

जयति गतराजदातार, हंतार संसार-संकट, दनुज-दर्पहारी।

ईति-अति-भीति-ग्रह-प्रेत-चौरानल-व्याधिबाधा-शमन घोर मारी॥ ४॥

जयति निगमागम व्याकरण करणलिपि, काव्यकौतुक-कला-कोटि-सिंधो।

सामगायक, भक्त-कामदायक, वामदेव, श्रीराम-प्रिय-प्रेम बंधो॥ ५॥

जयति घर्माशु-संदग्ध-संपाति-नवपक्ष-लोचन-दिव्य-देहदाता।

कालकलि-पापसंताप-संकुल सदा, प्रणत तुलसीदास तात-माता॥ ६॥

Victory to the wind-born one of renowned valor, immense arms, boundless strength and mighty tail; his body is shaped like golden Mount Meru, its shining hairs a garland of lightning and flame. (1)

Victory to the one whose excellent face is the young sun, whose eyes are tawny, who wears a harsh, brown mass of matted hair; with formidable brows, diamond teeth and nails, he is a lion against the herds of enemy elephants drunk with pride. (2)

Victory to the humbler of Bhima, Arjuna and the serpent-devouring Garuda, the protecting banner upon Dhananjaya's chariot; he became the cause of the destruction of Duryodhana's army, guarded by Bhishma, Drona, Karna and others, terrible as death's own gaze. (3)

Victory to the restorer of a lost kingdom, destroyer of worldly calamities and crusher of demons' pride; he stills crop-plagues, extreme fear, planets, ghosts, thieves, fire, illness, obstruction and dreadful pestilence. (4)

Victory to the writer and commentator on Veda, Agama and grammar, ocean of ten million arts and wonders of poetry; singer of Sama, fulfiller of devotees' desires, Vamadeva, beloved loving friend of Shri Rama. (5)

Victory to him who gave new wings, sight and a divine body to Sampati, scorched by the hot-rayed sun. To Tulsidas, bowed amid the torments of death, Kali and sin, you are forever father and mother. (6)

Victory to the Lion of Monkeys, Mass of Perfect Bliss

जयति निर्भरानंद-संदोह कपिकेसरी, केसरी-सुवन भुवनैकभर्ता।
 दिव्यभूम्यंजना-मंजुलाकर-मणे, भक्त-संताप-चिंतापहर्ता॥ १॥
 जयति धर्मार्थ-कामापवर्गद विभो, ब्रह्मालोकादि-वैभव-विरागी।
 वचन-मानस-कर्म सत्य-धर्मव्रती, जानकीनाथ-चरणानुरागी॥ २॥
 जयति बिहगेश-बलबुद्धि-बेगाति-मद-मथन, मनमथ-मथन, ऊर्ध्वरेता।
 महानाटक-निपुन, कोटि-कविकुल-तिलक, गानगुण-गर्व-गंधर्व-जेता॥ ३॥
 जयति मंदोदरी-केश-कर्षण, विद्यमान दशकंठ भट-मुकुट मानी।
 भूमिजा-दुःख-संजात रोषांतकृत-जातनाजंतु कृत जातुधानी॥ ४॥
 जयति रामायण-श्रवण-संजात रोमांच, लोचन सजल, शिथिल वाणी।
 रामपदपद्म-मकरंद-मधुकर, पाहि, दास तुलसी शरण, शूलपाणी॥ ५॥

Victory to the lion of monkeys, a mass of perfect bliss, son of Kesari and sole sustainer of the worlds; jewel from the lovely mine of Anjani's divine earth, remover of devotees' anguish and anxiety. (1)

Victory, mighty lord, giver of dharma, wealth, desire and liberation, detached from the splendors of Brahma's world and beyond; vowed in speech, mind and action to the dharma of truth, devoted to Janaki's Lord's feet. (2)

Victory to the crusher of the lord of birds' surpassing pride in strength, intelligence and speed; destroyer of desire and celibate whose seed rises upward; expert in great drama, crest-jewel of ten million poetic lineages, conqueror of Gandharvas proud of their musical gifts. (3)

Victory to him who dragged Mandodari by the hair before the living ten-headed warrior, proud of his crown; whose wrath, born from the Daughter of Earth's suffering, made Lanka a place where creatures of the demon race were put to torment. (4)

Victory to him whose hair thrills on hearing the Ramayana, whose eyes fill with tears and voice grows weak; bee drinking nectar from the lotus of Rama's feet, trident-bearing Lord, protect your servant Tulsi, who has taken refuge. (5)

Whoever Has Hanuman as Refuge

जाके गति है हनुमानकी।

ताकी पैज पूजि आई, यह रेखा कुलिस पषानकी॥ १॥

अघटित-घटन, सुघट-बिघटन, ऐसी बिरुदावलि नहिं आनकी।

सुमिरत संकट-सोच-बिमोचन, मूरति मोद-निधानकी॥ २॥

तापर सानुकूल, गिरिजा, हर, लखन, राम अरु जानकी।

तुलसी कपिकी कृपा-बिलोकनि, खानि सकल कल्यानकी॥ ३॥

Whoever has Hanuman as his refuge—his honor has always been upheld; this is a line engraved upon diamond-hard stone. (1)

He makes the impossible happen and the well-established fall apart; no one else bears such a title. Remembering that form, a treasury of joy, frees one from calamity and grief. (2)

Girija, Hara, Lakshmana, Rama and Janaki are gracious toward the one upon whom the monkey's merciful glance falls—a mine of every blessed good, says Tulsi. (3)

Who Can Glare at One Who Trusts Kesari's Son?

ताकिहै तमकि ताकी ओर को।

जाको है सब भाँति भरोसो कपि केसरी-किसोरको॥ १॥

जन-रंजन अरिगन-गंजन मुख-भंजन खल बरजोरको।

बेद-पुरान-प्रगट पुरुषारथ सकल-सुभट-सिरमौर को॥ २॥

उथपे-थपन, थपे उथपन पन, बिबुधबृंद बंदिछोर को।

जलधि लाँघि दहि लंक प्रबल बल दलन निसाचर घोर को॥ ३॥

जाको बालबिनोद समुझि जिय डरत दिवाकर भोरको।

जाकी चिबुक-चोट चूरन किय रद-मद कुलिस कठोरको॥ ४॥

लोकपाल अनुकूल बिलोकिवो चहत बिलोचन-कोरको।

सदा अभय, जय, मुद-मंगलमय जो सेवक रनरोरको॥ ५॥

भगत-कामतरु नाम राम परिपूरन चंद चकोरको।

तुलसी फल चारों करतल जस गावत गईबहोरको॥ ६॥

Who can glare angrily toward one who trusts in every way the monkey, young son of Kesari? (1)
 Who else delights devotees, destroys hosts of foes and breaks the faces of overbearing villains?
 Whose prowess is manifest in Veda and Purana, and who else is the crest-jewel of every warrior?
 (2)

Who else establishes the dispossessed, dispossesses the established by his vow, and frees hosts of gods from bondage? Who crossed the ocean, burned Lanka and crushed the immense strength of dreadful demons? (3)

Remembering whose childhood play, the morning sun still fears within his heart? The blow of whose chin pulverized the pride of the hard thunderbolt's teeth? (4)

Whose favorable sidelong glance do the guardians of the worlds desire? Whoever serves that clamorous hero of battle is forever fearless, victorious, joyful and auspicious. (5)

Rama's name is the wish-fulfilling tree of devotees, and he is the chakor bird of that perfectly full moon. Tulsi says that as he sings the restorer's fame, all four fruits lie in his palm. (6)

This Is Not Like You, Resolute Hanuman

ऐसी तोहि न बूझिये हनुमान हठीले।
 साहेब कहूँ न रामसे, तोसे न उसीले॥ १॥
 तेरे देखत सिंहके सिसु मेंढक लीले।
 जानत हों कलि तेरेऊ मन गुनगन कीले॥ २॥
 हाँक सुनत दसकंधके भये बंधन ढीले।
 सो बल गयो किधौं भये अब गरबगहीले॥ ३॥
 सेवकको परदा फटे तू समरथ सीले।
 अधिक आपुते आपुनो सुनि मान सही ले॥ ४॥
 साँसति तुलसीदासकी सुनि सुजस तुही ले।
 तिहूँकाल तिनको भलौ जे राम-रंगीले॥ ५॥

I did not understand you to be like this, resolute Hanuman. Nowhere is there a master like Rama, nor a helper like you. (1)

Before your eyes a frog devours a lion's cub. I know now that Kali has nailed fast even the multitude of virtues in your mind. (2)

At the sound of your roar, the ten-headed one's bonds went slack. Where has that strength gone—or have you now become seized by pride? (3)

Your servant's covering tears; you are able to stitch it. Hearing that one of your own is dearer than yourself, accept the honor at stake. (4)

Hear Tulsidas's torment and take the fair fame for yourself. Those dyed in Rama's color fare well through all three times. (5)

Mighty Son of the Wind, Beloved of Raghubira

समरथ सुअन समीरके, रघुबीर-पियारे।
 मोपर कोबी तोहि जो करि लेहि भिया रे॥ १॥
 तेरी महिमा ते चलैं चिंचिनी-चिया रे।
 अँधियारो मेरी बार क्यों, त्रिभुवन-उजियारे॥ २॥
 केहि करनी जन जानिके सनमान किया रे।
 केहि अघ औगुन आपने कर डारि दिया रे॥ ३॥
 खाई खोंची माँगि मैं तेरो नाम लिया रे।
 तेरे बल, बलि, आजु लौं जग जागि जिया रे॥ ४॥
 जो तोसों होतौ फिरौं मेरो हेतु हिया रे।
 तौ क्यों बदन देखावतो कहि बचन इयारे॥ ५॥
 तोसो ग्यान-निधान को सरबग्य बिया रे।
 हौं समुझत साई-द्रोहकी गति छार छिया रे॥ ६॥
 तेरे स्वामी राम से, स्वामिनी सिया रे।
 तहँ तुलसीके कौनको काको तकिया रे॥ ७॥

Mighty son of the Wind, beloved of Raghubira, whatever you wish to do to me, brother, do it now.

(1)

By your majesty even tamarind seeds can pass as coin. Why, illuminator of the three worlds, is there darkness when my turn comes? (2)

For what deed did you recognize me as your servant and honor me? For what sin or fault have you now cast me from your hand? (3)

Begging scraps from door to door, I have always taken your name. By your strength—blessed be you—I have lived awake in the world until today. (4)

If I were to turn away from you, it would be because my heart had another object. Then why should I show you my face and speak these dear words? (5)

Who besides you, treasury of knowledge, is all-knowing, brother? I understand that the fate of one who betrays his master is ashes and ruin. (6)

Your master is Rama and your mistress Sita. There, whom and what besides you can Tulsi look toward for support? (7)

Do Not Take the Desperate Person's Words Apart

अति आरत, अति स्वारथी, अति दीन-दुखारी।
 इनको बिलगु न मानिये, बोलहिं न बिचारी॥ १॥
 लोक-रीति देखी सुनी, व्याकुल नर-नारी।
 अति बरषे अनबरषेहूँ, देहिं दैवहिं गारी॥ २॥
 नाकहि आये नाथसों, साँसति भय भारी।
 कहि आयो, कीबी छमा, निज ओर निहारी॥ ३॥
 समै साँकरे सुमिरिये, समरथ हितकारी।
 सो सब बिधि ऊबर करै, अपराध बिसारी॥ ४॥
 बिगरी सेवककी सदा, साहेबहिं सुधारी।
 तुलसीपर तेरी कृपा, निरुपाधि निरारी॥ ५॥

One who is deeply afflicted, deeply self-concerned, utterly poor and miserable—do not take his words separately to heart, for he speaks without reflection. (1)

The world's way is seen and heard: distraught men and women abuse Providence both when rain is excessive and when there is none. (2)

Great torment and fear drove me to my last breath before my Lord, and so I said what I did. Forgive it now, looking to your own nature. (3)

In a constricted hour one remembers the mighty benefactor; forgetting the offense, he rescues one in every way. (4)

It is always the master who repairs the servant's ruin. Your grace upon Tulsi is singular, unconditioned and pure. (5)

A Good Master Hears Harsh Words in Hardship

कटु कहिये गाढ़े परे, सुनि समुझि सुसाई।
 करहिं अनभलेउ को भलो, आपनी भलाई॥ १॥
 समरथ सुभ जो पाइये, बीर पीर पराई।
 ताहि तकैं सब ज्यों नदी बारिधि न बुलाई॥ २॥
 अपने अपनेको भलो, चहैं लोग लुगाई।
 भावै जो जेहि तेहि भजै, सुभ असुभ सगाई॥ ३॥
 बाँह बोलि दै थापिये, जो निज बरिआई।
 बिन सेवा सों पालिये, सेवकको नाई॥ ४॥
 चूक-चपलता मेरियै, तू बड़ो बड़ाई।
 होत आदरे ढीठ है, अति नीच निचाई॥ ५॥
 बंदिछोर बिरुदावली, निगमागम गाई।
 नीको तुलसीदासको, तेरियै निकाई॥ ६॥

When hardship presses, harsh words are spoken. A good master hears and understands, and by his own goodness does good even to one who has done no good. (1)

If one finds a mighty, beneficent hero who feels another's pain, all look toward him, as rivers go to the ocean without being called. (2)

Every man and woman desires what is good for his or her own self. Through an auspicious or inauspicious tie, each worships whichever one pleases. (3)

One whom you called with the pledge of your arm and established by your own might should be maintained like a servant even without service. (4)

The fault and fickleness are mine; you are great in greatness. Honored, I grow brazen—utterly low in my lowness. (5)

Veda and Agama sing your title, Liberator of the Bound. Whatever is good for Tulsidas rests only in your goodness. (6)

Son of the Wind, Embodiment of Auspiciousness

मंगल-मूरति मारुत-नंदन। सकल-अमंगल-मूल-निकंदन॥ १॥
पवनतनय संतन-हितकारी। हृदय बिराजत अवध-बिहारी॥ २॥
मातु-पिता, गुरु, गनपति, सारद। सिवा-समेत संभु, सुक, नारद॥ ३॥
चरन बंदि बिनवों सब काहू। देहु रामपद-नेह-निबाहू॥ ४॥
बंदों राम-लखन-बैदेही। जे तुलसीके परम सनेही॥ ५॥

The Son of the Wind is auspiciousness embodied, uprooter of the root of every inauspicious thing.

(1)

The Wind's son works for the good of saints; the Lord of Ayodhya dwells within his heart. (2)

Mother, father, teacher, Ganapati and Sharada; Shambhu together with Shiva, Shuka and Narada
— (3)

I bow at the feet of every one of them and plead: grant me the constancy of love for Rama's feet. (4)

I bow to Rama, Lakshmana and Vaidehi, who are Tulsi's dearest friends. (5)

Beloved Lakshmana, Benefactor of Your People

लाल लाड़िले लखन, हित हौ जनके।
 सुमिरे संकटहारी, सकल सुमंगलकारी,
 पालक कृपालु अपने पनके॥ १॥

धरनी धरनहार, भंजन-भुवनभार,
 अवतार साहसी सहस्रफनके॥

सत्यसंध, सत्यव्रत, परम धरमरत,
 निरमल करम बचन अरु मनके॥ २॥

रूपके निधान, धनु-बान पानि,
 तून कटि, महाबीर बिदित, जितैया बड़े रनके॥

सेवक-सुख-दायक, सबल, सब लायक,
 गायक जानकीनाथ गुनगनके॥ ३॥

भावते भरतके, सुमित्रा-सीताके दुलारे,
 चातक चतुर राम स्याम घनके॥

बल्लभ उरमिलाके, सुलभ सनेहबस,
 धनी धन तुलसीसे निरधनके॥ ४॥

Beloved, cherished Lakshmana, you work for your people's good. Remembered, you remove calamity and bring every blessed good; compassionate guardian, you keep your own pledge. (1)
 Bearer of the earth and breaker of the world's burden, courageous incarnation of the thousand-hooded serpent; true to your word and vow, wholly devoted to highest dharma, your deeds, speech and mind are stainless. (2)

Treasure of beauty, bow and arrow in hand and quiver at your waist, renowned great hero and victor in mighty battles; giver of joy to servants, powerful and capable of all, singer of Janaki's Lord's virtues. (3)

Dear to Bharata, darling of Sumitra and Sita, discerning chakor bird of Rama, the dark cloud; beloved of Urmila, easily won by love, rich in giving the wealth of devotion to a pauper like Tulsi. (4)

Victory to Infinite Lakshmana, Lord of the Worlds

जयति लक्ष्मणानंत भगवंत भूधर, भुजगराज, भुवनेश, भूभारहारी।
 प्रलय-पावक-महाज्वालमाला-वमन, शमन-संताप लीलावतारी॥ १॥
 जयति दाशरथि, समर-समरथ, सुमित्रा-सुवन, शत्रुसूदन, राम-भरत-बंधो।
 चारु-चंपक-वरन, वसन-भूषन-धरन, दिव्यतर, भव्य, लावण्य-सिंधो॥ २॥
 जयति गाधेय-गौतम-जनक-सुख-जनक, विश्व-कंटक-कुटिल-कोटि-हंता।
 वचन-चय-चातुरी-परशुधर-गरबहर, सर्वदा रामभद्रानुगंता॥ ३॥
 जयति सीतेश-सेवासरस, बिषयरस-निरस, निरुपाधि धुरधर्मधारी।
 विपुलबलमूल शार्दूलविक्रम जलद-नाद-मर्दन, महावीर भारी॥ ४॥
 जयति संग्राम-सागर-भयंकर-तरन, रामहित-करण वरबाहु-सेतू।
 उर्मिला-रवन, कल्याण-मंगल-भवन, दासतुलसी-दोष-दवन-हेतू॥ ५॥

Victory to infinite Lakshmana, divine bearer of the earth, serpent-king, lord of the worlds and remover of earth's burden; vomiting a garland of the doomsday fire's immense flames, he assumed an incarnation in play to still suffering. (1)

Victory to Dasharatha's son, mighty in battle, Sumitra's son, destroyer of enemies, brother of Rama and Bharata; lovely champak-colored one, wearing garments and ornaments, supremely divine and majestic, ocean of beauty. (2)

Victory to him who brought joy to Vishvamitra, Gautama and Janaka and slew ten million crooked thorns of the world; who, through the clever array of his words, removed axe-bearing Parashurama's pride and always follows Ramabhadra. (3)

Victory to him absorbed in serving Sita's Lord, without relish for sense-pleasure, bearing without pretense the foremost burden of dharma; source of immense strength, lion-valiant, crusher of Meghanada, a mighty great hero. (4)

Victory to him who crosses the dreadful ocean of battle and made his excellent arms a bridge for Rama's good; husband of Urmila, dwelling of welfare and auspiciousness, cause of destroying the faults of the servant Tulsidas. (5)

Victory to Fortunate Bharata, Bee at Rama's Lotus Feet

जयति भूमिजा-रमण-पदकंज-मकरंद-रस-रसिक-मधुकर भरत भूरिभागी।

भुवन-भूषण, भानुवंश-भूषण, भूमिपाल-मणि रामचंद्रानुरागी॥ १॥

जयति विबुधेश-धनदादि-दुर्लभ-महाराज-साम्राज-सुख-पद-विरागी।

खड्ग-धाराव्रती-प्रथमरेखा प्रकट शुद्धमति-युवति पति-प्रेमपागी॥ २॥

जयति निरुपाधि-भक्तिभाव-यंत्रित-हृदय, बंधु-हित चित्रकूटाद्रि-चारी।

पादुका-नृप-सचिव, पुहुमि-पालक परम धरम-धुर-धीर, वरवीर भारी॥ ३॥

जयति संजीवनी-समय-संकट हनूमान धनुबान-महिमा बखानी।

बाहुबल बिपुल परमिति पराक्रम अतुल, गूढ़ गति जानकी-जानि जानी॥ ४॥

जयति रण-अजिर गन्धर्व-गण-गर्वहर, फिर किये रामगुणगाथ-गाता।

माण्डवी-चित्त-चातक-नवांबुद-बरन, सरन तुलसीदास अभय दाता॥ ५॥

Victory to most fortunate Bharata, discerning bee relishing the nectar of the lotus feet of the Daughter of Earth's beloved; ornament of the world and of the solar race, jewel among rulers, devoted to Ramachandra. (1)

Victory to him who renounced the station and happiness of great kingship and empire, difficult even for Indra, Kubera and the rest to obtain; foremost manifest example of a vow sharp as a sword's edge, whose pure-minded young bride is steeped in love for her Lord. (2)

Victory to him whose heart was governed by unconditioned devotion, who walked to Mount Chitrakut for his brother's good; minister to the sandals as king, guardian of the earth, steadfast bearer of the burden of highest dharma and a great, excellent hero. (3)

Victory to him whose bow and arrow Hanuman extolled during the crisis of fetching the life-restoring herb; his arm-strength is immense, his prowess measureless and incomparable, and only Janaki's Lord knows his hidden course. (4)

Victory to him who removed the pride of hosts of Gandharvas in the battle-court and then made them singers of Rama's virtues; new-cloud-colored one for the chakor bird of Mandavi's heart, giver of fearlessness, in whom Tulsidas takes refuge. (5)

Victory to Shatrughna, Lion Against Enemy Elephants

जयति जय शत्रु-करि-केसरी शत्रुहन, शत्रुतम-तुहिनहर किरणकेतू।
 देव-महिदेव-महि-धेनु-सेवक सुजन-सिद्ध-मुनि-सकल-कल्याण-हेतू॥ १॥
 जयति सर्वांगसुंदर सुमित्रा-सुवन, भुवन-विख्यात-भरतानुगामी।
 वर्मचर्मासि-धनु-बाण-तूणीर-धर शत्रु-संकट-समय यत्प्रणामी॥ २॥
 जयति लवणाम्बुनिधि-कुंभसंभव महादनुज-दुर्जनदवन, दुरितहारी।
 लक्ष्मणानुज, भरत-राम-सीता-चरण-रेणु-भूषित-भाल-तिलकधारी॥ ३॥
 जयति श्रुतिकीर्ति-वल्लभ सुदुर्लभ सुलभ नमत नर्मद भुक्तिमुक्तिदाता।
 दासतुलसी चरण-शरण सीदत विभो, पाहि दीनार्त-संताप-हाता॥ ४॥

Victory, victory to Shatrughna, lion against the elephants of enemies, a radiant sun that removes the deep darkness and frost of foes; servant of gods, Brahmins, earth and cows, cause of every welfare for the good, Siddhas and sages. (1)

Victory to Sumitra's son, beautiful in every limb, world-renowned follower of Bharata; bearing armor, shield, sword, bow, arrows and quiver, to whom one bows in a time of danger from enemies. (2)

Victory to him who, like pot-born Agastya against the ocean, subdued Lavana and crushed great demons and villains, remover of sin; younger brother of Lakshmana, whose forehead bears as its tilak the dust of Bharata's, Rama's and Sita's feet. (3)

Victory to Shrutakirti's beloved, very hard for the wicked yet easy for those who bow to reach, giver of delight, enjoyment and liberation. Mighty Lord, your servant Tulsi languishes after taking refuge at your feet; protect him, remover of the anguish of the poor and afflicted. (4)

Mother, When You Find an Opportunity, Remind Rama of Me

कबहुँक अंब, अवसर पाइ।

मेरिऔ सुधि घाइबी, कछु करुन-कथा चलाइ॥ १॥

दीन, सब अँगहीन, छीन, मलीन, अघी अघाइ।

नाम लै भरै उदर एक प्रभु-दासी-दास कहाइ॥ २॥

बूझिहैं 'सो है कौन', कहिबी नाम दसा जनाइ।

सुनत राम कृपालुके मेरी बिगरिऔ बनि जाइ॥ ३॥

जानकी जगजननि जनकी किये बचन सहाइ।

तरै तुलसीदास भव तव नाथ-गुन-गन गाइ॥ ४॥

Mother, when you someday find an opportunity, begin some compassionate conversation and remind him of me as well. (1)

There is a poor man, bereft of every faculty, weak, defiled and steeped in sin. He fills his belly by taking the name of the Lord and calling himself the servant of your servant. (2)

He will ask, 'Who is that?' Tell him my name and make my condition known. The moment compassionate Rama hears, even what is ruined for me will be set right. (3)

Janaki, Mother of the World, help your servant by these words. Tulsidas will cross becoming as he sings the multitude of your Lord's virtues. (4)

Mother Janaki, Someday Bring Me to Mind

कबहुँ समय सुधि द्यायबी, मेरी मातु जानकी।

जन कहाइ नाम लेत हों, किये पन चातक ज्यों, प्यास प्रेम-पानकी॥ १॥

सरल कहाई प्रकृति आपु जानिए करुना-निधानकी।

निजगुन, अरिकृत अनहितौ, दास-दोष सुरति चित रहत न दिये दानकी॥ २॥

बानि बिसारनसील हे मानद अमानकी।

तुलसीदास न बिसारिये, मन करम बचन जाके, सपनेहुँ गति न आनकी॥ ३॥

Mother Janaki, someday bring me to mind. Calling myself your servant, I take your name; like the chataka bird, I have vowed to thirst for the drink of love. (1)

You are called guileless; you know for yourself the nature of the treasury of compassion. His own virtues, the harm an enemy has done, a servant's fault, and a gift once given—none of these remain in his recollecting heart. (2)

You are, by nature, one who forgets words of disrespect, O giver of honor to the dishonored. Do not forget Tulsidas, whose mind, action and speech have no other refuge even in a dream. (3)

Victory to the Embodied Supreme Brahman

जयति सच्चिद्व्यापकानंद परब्रह्म-पद विग्रह-व्यक्त लीलावतारी।
 विकल ब्रह्मादि, सुर, सिद्ध, संकोचवश, विमल गुण-गेह नर-देह-धारी॥ १॥
 जयति कोशलाधीश कल्याण कोशलसुता, कुशल कैवल्य-फल चारु चारी।
 वेद-बोधित करम-धरम-धरनीधेनु, विप्र-सेवक साधु-मोदकारी॥ २॥
 जयति ऋषि-मखपाल, शमन-सजन-साल, शापवश मुनिवधू-पापहारी।
 भंजि भवचाप, दलि दाप भूपावली, सहित भृगुनाथ नतमाथ भारी॥ ३॥
 जयति धारमिक-धुर, धीर रघुवीर गुर-मातु-पितु-बंधु-वचनानुसारी।
 चित्रकूटाद्रि विन्ध्याद्रि दंडकविपिन, धन्यकृत पुन्यकानन-विहारी॥ ४॥
 जयति पाकारिसुत-काक-करतूति-फलदानि खनि गर्त गोपित विराधा।
 दिव्य देवी वेश देखि लखि निशिचरी जनु विडंबित करी विश्वबाधा॥ ५॥
 जयति खर-त्रिशिर-दूषण चतुर्दश-सहस-सुभट-मारीच-संहारकर्ता।
 गृध्र-शबरी-भक्ति-विवश करुणासिंधु, चरित निरुपाधि, त्रिविधार्तिहर्ता॥ ६॥
 जयति मद-अंध कुकबंध बधि, बालि बलशालि बधि, करन सुग्रीव राजा।
 सुभट मर्कट-भालु-कटक-संघट-सजत, नमत पद रावणानुज निवाजा॥ ७॥
 जयति पाथोधि-कृत-सेतु कौतुक हेतु, काल-मन-अगम लई ललकि लंका।
 सकुल, सानुज, सदल दलित दशकंठ रण, लोक-लोकप किये रहित-शंका॥ ८॥
 जयति सौमित्रि-सीता-सचिव-सहित चले पुष्पकारुढ निज राजधानी।
 दासतुलसी मुदित अवधवासी सकल, राम भे भूप वैदेहि रानी॥ ९॥

Victory to the manifest embodiment of the supreme Brahman—being, consciousness, all-pervading bliss—who took incarnation in play. While Brahma and the other gods and Siddhas were distressed and constrained, the abode of stainless virtues assumed a human body. (1)

Victory to the Lord of Kosala, Kausalya's blessedness, skillful giver of liberation's lovely fruit; protector of the earth-cow of Veda-taught action and dharma, servant of Brahmins and giver of joy to the good. (2)

Victory to the guardian of the sage's sacrifice, destroyer of the grove of enemies, who removed the sin of the sage's wife held under a curse; who broke Shiva's bow, crushed the pride of assembled kings, and made even Bhṛigu's lord bow his mighty head. (3)

Victory to the steadfast Raghubira, bearer of the foremost burden of righteousness, who obeyed the words of teacher, mother, father and brother; wandering Chitrakut, Vindhya and Dandaka, he blessed those sacred forests. (4)

Victory to him who gave Indra's crow-son the fruit of his deed, dug a pit and buried Viradha; seeing through the night-roaming woman's divine maidenly disguise, he disgraced the very obstruction of the world. (5)

Victory to the destroyer of Khara, Trishira, Dushana, fourteen thousand warriors and Maricha; ocean of compassion, moved by the devotion of the vulture and Shabari, of unconditioned conduct, remover of the three afflictions. (6)

Victory to him who killed blind-proud Kabandha and mighty Bali and made Sugriva king; who assembled and arrayed the host of monkey and bear warriors, and honored Ravana's younger brother bowing at his feet. (7)

Victory to him who built a bridge upon the ocean for sport, eagerly seized Lanka, unreachable even to the mind of Death, and in battle destroyed the ten-headed one with clan, brother and army, freeing worlds and their guardians from fear. (8)

Victory to him who, with Lakshmana, Sita and his ministers, mounted Pushpaka and departed for his capital. Tulsidas says all Ayodhya rejoiced when Rama became king and Vaidehi queen. (9)

Victory to Rama, Lotus-Eyed King of Kings

जयति राज-राजेंद्र राजीवलोचन, राम, नाम कलि-कामतरु, साम-शाली।
 अनय-अंभोधि-कुंभज, निशाचर-निकर-तिमिर-घनघोर-खरकिरणमाली॥ १॥
 जयति मुनि-देव-नरदेव दसरत्थके, देव-मुनि-बंध किय अवध-वासी।
 लोकनायक-कोक-शोक-संकट-शमन, भानुकुल-कमल-कानन-विकासी॥ २॥
 जयति शृंगार-सर तामरस-दामदुति-देह, गुणगेह, विश्वोपकारी।
 सकल सौभाग्य-सौंदर्य-सुषमारूप, मनोभव कोटि गर्वापहारी॥ ३॥
 जयति सुभग सारंग सुनिषंग सायक शक्ति, चारु चर्मासि वर वर्मधारी।
 धर्मधुरधीर, रघुवीर, भुजबल अतुल, हेलया दलित भूभार भारी॥ ४॥
 जयति कलधौत मणि-मुकुट, कुंडल, तिलक-झलक भलि भाल, विधु-वदन-शोभा।
 दिव्य भूषण, बसन पीत, उपवीत, किय ध्यान कल्याण-भाजन न को भा॥ ५॥
 जयति भरत-सौमित्रि-शत्रुघ्न-सेवित, सुमुख, सचिव-सेवक-सुखद, सर्वदाता।
 अधम, आरत, दीन, पतित, पातक-पीन सकृत् नतमात्र कहि 'पाहि' पाता॥ ६॥
 जयति जय भुवन दसचारि जस जगमगत, पुन्यमय, धन्य जय रामराजा।
 चरित-सुरसरित कवि-मुख्य गिरि निःसरित, पिबत, मज्जत मुदित संत-समाजा॥ ७॥
 जयति वर्णाश्रमाचारपर नारि-नर, सत्य-शम-दम-दया-दानशीला।
 विगत दुख-दोष, संतोष सुख सर्वदा, सुनत, गावत राम राजलीला॥ ८॥
 जयति वैराग्य-विज्ञान-वारांनिधे नमत नर्मद, पाप-ताप-हर्ता।
 दास तुलसी चरण शरण संशय-हरण, देहि अवलंब वैदेहि-भर्ता॥ ९॥

Victory to Rama, lotus-eyed king of kings, whose name is the wish-fulfilling tree of Kali's age and who is rich in consolation; Agastya to the ocean of injustice and a fierce sun against the dense, dreadful darkness of demon hosts. (1)

Victory to the lord of sages, gods and men, Dasharatha's son, who made Ayodhya's people worthy of reverence from gods and sages; ending the grief and distress of the chakva birds who are the world's guardians, he makes the lotus-forest of the solar race bloom. (2)

Victory to him whose body shines like a garland of blue lotuses in beauty's lake, abode of virtues and benefactor of the world; his form, all fortune, beauty and supreme grace, humbles the pride of ten million Loves. (3)

Victory to the bearer of lovely Sharnga, fine quiver, arrows and spear, fair shield and sword and excellent armor; steadfast bearer of dharma's burden, Raghubira of incomparable arm-strength, who lightly crushed earth's heavy burden. (4)

Victory to him whose golden jeweled crown, earrings and lovely flash of tilak grace his forehead and whose moon-face shines; wearing divine ornaments, yellow robe and sacred thread—whoever meditated on him became a vessel of blessedness. (5)

Victory to the beautiful one served by Bharata, Lakshmana and Shatrughna, giver of joy to ministers and servants and giver of all; he saves the lowest, afflicted, poor, fallen and sin-swollen who bow once and merely say, 'Protect me.' (6)

Victory, victory to King Rama, whose meritorious fame shines throughout the fourteen worlds. His deed-river, sprung from the mountain of the foremost poet, is drunk and bathed in by rejoicing assemblies of saints. (7)

Victory to the men and women devoted to their station and life-stage, endowed with truth, tranquility, restraint, compassion and giving; free of sorrow and fault, forever content and happy, they hear and sing the play of Rama's reign. (8)

Victory to the ocean of dispassion and realized knowledge, giver of joy to those who bow and remover of sin and pain. Vaidehi's Lord, remover of doubt, your servant Tulsi takes refuge at your feet; give him support. (9)

O Mind, Worship Compassionate Shri Ramachandra

श्रीरामचंद्र कृपालु भजु मन हरण भवभय दारुणं।
 नवकंज-लोचन, कंज-मुख, कर-कंज, पद कंजारुणं॥ १॥
 कंदर्प अगणित अमित छवि, नवनील नीरद सुंदरं।
 पट पीत मानहु तड़ित रुचि शुचि नौमि जनक सुतावरं॥ २॥
 भजु दीनबंधु दिनेश दानव-दैत्य-वंश निकंदनं।
 रघुनंद आनदकंद कोशलचंद दशरथ-नंदनं॥ ३॥
 सिर मुकुट कुंडल तिलक चारु उदारु अंग विभूषणं।
 आजानुभुज शर-चाप-धर, संग्राम-जित-खरदूषणां॥ ४॥
 इति वदति तुलसीदास शंकर-शेष-मुनि-मन-रंजनं।
 मम हृदय कंज निवास कुरु, कामादि खल-दल-गंजनं॥ ५॥

O mind, worship compassionate Shri Ramachandra, remover of the dreadful fear of becoming; his eyes are new lotuses, his face and hands lotuses, and his feet crimson lotuses. (1)

His immeasurable beauty exceeds countless Loves; he is lovely as a fresh dark-blue raincloud. His yellow robe gleams like lightning—I bow to the stainless bridegroom of Janaka's daughter. (2)

Worship the poor man's friend, the sun, uprooter of demon and Daitya lineages; delight of Raghu, root of bliss, moon of Kosala, Dasharatha's son. (3)

Upon his head are crown, earrings and a lovely tilak; splendid ornaments grace his noble limbs. His arms reach his knees, he bears arrow and bow, and in battle he conquered Khara and Dushana. (4)

Thus speaks Tulsidas: O delighter of the minds of Shankara, Shesha and sages, crusher of the villainous host beginning with desire, dwell within the lotus of my heart. (5)

Repeat Rama, Foolish Mind, Again and Again

राम जपु, राम जपु, राम जपु, राम जपु, राम जपु, मूढ़ मन, बार बार।
 सकल सौभाग्य-सुख-खानि जिय जानि शठ, मानि विश्वास वद वेदसारं॥ १॥
 कोशलेन्द्र नव-नीलकंजाभतनु, मदन-रिपु-कंजहृदि-चंचरीकं।
 जानकीरवन सुखभवन भुवनैकप्रभु, समर-भंजन, परम कारुणीकं॥ २॥
 दनुज-वन-धूमधुज, पीन आजानुभुज, दंड-कोदंडवर चंड बानं।
 अरुनकर चरण मुख नयन राजीव, गुन-अयन, बहु मयन-शोभा-निधानं॥ ३॥
 वासनावृंद-कैरव-दिवाकर, काम-क्रोध-मद-कंज-कानन-तुषारं।
 लोभ अति मत्त नागेंद्र पंचाननं भक्तहित हरण संसार-भारं॥ ४॥
 केशवं, क्लेशहं, केश-वंदित पद-द्वंद्व मंदाकिनी-मूलभूतं।
 सर्वदानंद-संदोह, मोहापहं, घोर-संसार-पाथोधि-पोतं॥ ५॥
 शोक-संदेह-पाथोदपटलानिलं, पाप-पर्वत-कठिन-कुलिशरूपं।
 संतजन-कामधुक-धेनु, विश्रामप्रद, नाम कलि-कलुष-भंजन अनूपं॥ ६॥
 धर्म-कल्पद्रुमाराम, हरिधाम-पथि संबलं, मूलमिदमेव एकं।
 भक्ति-वैराग्य-विज्ञान-शम-दान-दम, नाम आधीन साधन अनेकं॥ ७॥
 तेन तप्तं, हुतं, दत्तमेवाखिलं, तेन सर्व कृतं कर्मजालं।
 येन श्रीरामनामामृतं पानकृतमनिशमनवद्यमवलोक्य कालं॥ ८॥
 श्वपच, खल, भिल्ल, यवनादि हरिलोकगत, नामबल विपुल मति मल न परसी।
 त्यागि सब आस, संत्रास, भवपास, असि निसित हरिनाम जपु दासतुलसी॥ ९॥

Repeat Rama, repeat Rama, repeat Rama, repeat Rama, repeat Rama, foolish mind, again and again. Know in your heart that it is the mine of all fortune and joy; trust and utter the essence of the Veda. (1)

The Lord of Kosala has a body like a fresh blue lotus and is a bee in the heart-lotus of Shiva, desire's foe. Janaki's beloved, dwelling of joy and sole Lord of the worlds, he destroys foes in battle and is supremely compassionate. (2)

He is fire to the forest of demons, with strong arms reaching his knees, bearing noble Kodanda and fierce arrows. His hands, feet, face and lotus eyes are crimson; he is the abode of virtues and a treasury of the beauty of many Loves. (3)

He is the sun to the night-lilies of gathered desires, frost to the lotus-grove of lust, anger and pride, and a lion to the greatly intoxicated elephant of greed; for devotees' good he removes the world's burden. (4)

Keshava, destroyer of affliction, whose paired feet are worshipped by Brahma and Shiva and are the source of Mandakini; mass of perpetual bliss, remover of delusion and boat across the dreadful ocean of becoming. (5)

He is wind against the bank of clouds of grief and doubt and hard thunderbolt against the mountain of sin. His peerless name is the saints' wish-giving cow, granting rest and destroying Kali's defilement. (6)

The name is the garden of dharma's wish-tree, provisions on the path to Hari's abode, the one root of all. Many practices—devotion, dispassion, realization, tranquility, giving and restraint—depend upon the name. (7)

Whoever, seeing this blameless age of death, drinks without cease the nectar of Shri Rama's name has performed all austerity, sacrifice, giving and every web of prescribed action. (8)

Outcastes, villains, Bhils, Yavanas and others reached Hari's world through the name's vast power, and stains did not touch their minds. Abandon all hope and fear; to cut becoming's noose, repeat Hari's name like a keen sword, servant Tulsi. (9)

Perform This Worship of Rama Raghubira

ऐसी आरती राम रघुबीरकी करहि मन।

हरन दुखदुंद गोबिंद आनन्दघन॥ १॥

अचरचर रूप हरि, सरबगत, सरबदा बसत, इति बासना धूप दीजै।

दीप निजबोधगत-कोह-मद-मोह-तम, प्रौढ़ अभिमान चितवृत्ति छीजै॥ २॥

भाव अतिशय विशद प्रवर नैवेद्य शुभ श्रीरमण परम संतोषकारी।

प्रेम-तांबूल गत शूल संशय सकल, विपुल भव-बासना-बीजहारी॥ ३॥

अशुभ-शुभकर्म-घृतपूर्ण दश वर्तिका, त्याग पावक, सतो गुण प्रकासं।

भक्ति-वैराग्य-विज्ञान दीपावली, अर्पि नीराजनं जगनिवासं॥ ४॥

बिमल हृदि-भवन कृत शांति-पर्यंक शुभ, शयन विश्राम श्रीरामराया।

क्षमा-करुणा प्रमुख तत्र परिचारिका, यत्र हरि तत्र नहिं भेद-माया॥ ५॥

एहि आरती-निरत सनकादि, श्रुति, शेष, शिव, देवरिषि, अखिल मुनि तत्त्व-दरसी।

करै सोइ तरै, परिहरै कामादि मल, वदति इति अमलमति-दास तुलसी॥ ६॥

Mind, perform this worship of Rama Raghubira, Govinda, mass of bliss, remover of sorrow and conflict. (1)

Offer as incense the conviction that Hari is the form of all moving and unmoving things, all-pervading and ever-present. Light the lamp of self-knowledge; anger, pride and delusion's darkness departs, and mature ego-filled movements of mind fade away. (2)

Offer as excellent sacred food an exceedingly clear, noble disposition, supremely satisfying to Lakshmi's Lord. Offer love as betel, removing every thorn of doubt and the seeds of vast worldly desire. (3)

Fill the ten wicks of the senses with the ghee of good and evil actions, ignite them in renunciation's fire and let purity's light shine. Offer to the indweller of the world the lamp-festival of devotion, dispassion and realized knowledge. (4)

In the stainless house of the heart make tranquility a fine couch and lay King Shri Rama down to rest. Appoint forgiveness, compassion and the rest as principal attendants; where Hari dwells, dividing maya does not. (5)

Sanaka and the others, the Vedas, Shesha, Shiva, divine sages and all seers of truth remain devoted to this worship. Whoever performs it crosses and casts off the stains beginning with desire, says Tulsi, servant of the pure-minded. (6)

Rama's Worship Removes Every Affliction

हरति सब आरती आरती रामकी।
दहन दुख-दोष, निरमूलिनी कामकी॥ १॥
सुरभ सौरभ धूप दीपबर मालिका।
उड़त अघ-बिहंग सुनि ताल करतालिका॥ २॥
भक्त-हृदि-भवन, अज्ञान-तम-हारिनी।
बिमल बिग्यानमय तेज-बिस्तारिनी॥ ३॥
मोह-मद-कोह-कलि-कंज-हिमजामिनी।
मुक्तिकी दूतिका, देह-दुति दामिनी॥ ४॥
प्रनत-जन-कुमुद-बन-इंदु-कर-जालिका।
तुलसि अभिमान-महिषेस बहु कालिका॥ ५॥

Rama's worship removes every affliction, burns suffering and fault, and uproots desire. (1)

It is fragrant incense of fine perfume and a garland of excellent lamps; hearing the rhythm of clapping hands, the birds of sin fly away. (2)

Within the house of the devotee's heart it removes the darkness of ignorance and spreads stainless, realization-filled light. (3)

It is a winter night to the lotuses of delusion, pride, anger and Kali, a messenger to liberation, its bodily radiance lightning. (4)

It is a net of moonbeams for the water-lily grove of those who bow, and many Kalikas against Tulsi's buffalo-demon of pride. (5)

Hari-Shankari: Praise of Vishnu and Shiva

देव—

दनुज-बन-दहन, गुन-गहन, गोविंद नंदादि-आनंद-दाताऽविनाशी।
 शंभु, शिव, रुद्र, शंकर, भयंकर, भीम, घोर, तेजायतन, क्रोध-राशी॥ १॥
 अनंत, भगवंत-जगदंत-अंतक-त्रास-शमन, श्रीरमन, भुवनाभिरामं।
 भूधराधीश जगदीश ईशान, विज्ञानघन, ज्ञान-कल्याण-धामं॥ २॥
 वामनाव्यक्त, पावन, परावर, विभो, प्रकट परमात्मा, प्रकृति-स्वामी।
 चंद्रशेखर, शूलपाणि, हर, अनघ, अज, अमित, अविच्छिन्न, वृषभेश-गामी॥ ३॥
 नीलजलदाभ तनु श्याम, बहु काम छवि राम राजीवलोचन कृपाला।
 कंबु-कर्पूर-वपु धवल, निर्मल मौलि जटा, सुर-तटिनि, सित सुमन माला॥ ४॥
 वसन किंजल्कधर, चक्र-सारंग-दर-कंज-कौमोदकी अति विशाला।
 मार-करि-मत्त-मृगराज, त्रैनैन, हर, नौमि अपहरण संसार-जाला॥ ५॥
 कृष्ण, करुणाभवन, दवन कालीय खल, विपुल कंसादि निर्वशकारी।
 त्रिपुर-मद-भंगकर, मत्तगज-चर्मधर, अंधकोरग-ग्रसन पन्नगारी॥ ६॥
 ब्रह्म, व्यापक, अकल, सकल, पर, परमहित, ग्यान, गोतीत, गुण-वृत्ति-हर्ता।
 सिंधुसुत-गर्व-गिरि-वज्र, गौरीश, भव, दक्ष-मख अखिल विध्वंसकर्ता॥ ७॥
 भक्तिप्रिय, भक्तजन-कामधुक धेनु, हरि हरण दुर्घट विकट विपति भारी।
 सुखद, नर्मद, वरद, विरज, अनवद्यऽखिल, विपिन-आनंद-वीथिन-विहारी॥ ८॥
 रुचिर हरिशंकरी नाम-मंत्रावली द्वंद्वदुख हरनि, आनंदखानी।
 विष्णु-शिव-लोक-सोपान-सम सर्वदा वदति तुलसीदास विशद बानी॥ ९॥

Lord—Vishnu is fire to the demon forest, deep in virtues, Govinda, immortal giver of joy to Nanda and the rest. Shiva is Shambhu, Shiva, Rudra and Shankara, formidable, tremendous, terrible, an abode of splendor and a mass of wrath. (1)

Vishnu is infinite, the Lord who ends the world, stills death's terror, Lakshmi's beloved and delight of the worlds. Shiva is king of the mountain, Lord of the world, Ishana, mass of realization and abode of knowledge and liberation. (2)

Vishnu is Vamana, unmanifest, pure, Lord of near and far, manifest supreme Self and master of

nature. Shiva bears the moon and trident, destroys, is sinless, unborn, measureless and unbroken, and rides the lordly bull. (3)

Vishnu's body is dark as a blue cloud, lovely as many Loves; Rama is lotus-eyed and compassionate. Shiva's body is white as conch and camphor, stainless, bearing matted hair, the celestial river and a garland of white flowers. (4)

Vishnu wears lotus-pollen yellow, bearing discus, Sharnga, conch, lotus and immense Kaumodaki. Shiva is the lion against desire's rutting elephant, three-eyed destroyer; I bow to him who takes away the world's net. (5)

Vishnu is Krishna, dwelling of compassion, tamer of wicked Kaliya and exterminator of Kamsa and many others. Shiva shatters Tripura's pride, wears an elephant hide and is Garuda swallowing the serpent Andhaka. (6)

Vishnu is Brahman, all-pervading, partless yet all, transcendent, highest good, knowledge, beyond the senses and remover of the movements of qualities. Shiva is the thunderbolt to Jalandhara's mountain of pride, Gauri's Lord, source of becoming and destroyer of Daksha's entire sacrifice. (7)

Vishnu loves devotion, is the devotees' wish-giving cow and Hari who removes immense, dreadful calamity. Shiva gives joy, delight and boons, is stainless and faultless, and wanders the lanes of the bliss-grove Kashi. (8)

This lovely garland of Hari-Shankara name-mantras removes the pain of dualities, is a mine of bliss and forever a stairway to Vishnu's and Shiva's worlds, Tulsidas says in clear speech. (9)

I Remember Brahman in the Form of the Human King

देव—

भानुकुल-कमल-रवि, कोटि-कंदर्प-छवि, काल-कलि-व्यालमिव वैनतेयं।
 प्रबल भुजदंड परचंड-कोदंड-धर तूणवर विशिख बलमप्रमेयं॥ १॥
 अरुण राजीवदल-नयन, सुषमा-अयन, श्याम तन-कांति वर वारिदाभं।
 तप्त कांचन-वस्त्र, शस्त्र-विद्या-निपुण, सिद्ध-सुर-सेव्य, पाथोजनाभं॥ २॥
 अखिल लावण्य-गृह, विश्व-विग्रह, परम प्रौढ़, गुणगूढ़, महिमा उदारं।
 दुर्धर्ष, दुस्तर, दुर्ग, स्वर्ग-अपवर्ग-पति, भग्न संसार-पादप कुठारं॥ ३॥
 शापवश मुनिवधू-मुक्तकृत, विप्रहित, यज्ञ-रक्षण-दक्ष, पक्षकर्ता।
 जनक-नृप-सदसि शिवचाप-भंजन, उग्र भार्गवागर्व-गरिमापहर्ता॥ ४॥
 गुरु-गिरा-गौरवामर-सुदुस्त्यज राज्य त्यक्त, श्रीसहित सौमित्रि-भ्राता।
 संग जनकात्मजा, मनुजमनुसृत्य अज, दुष्ट-वध-निरत, त्रैलोक्यत्राता॥ ५॥
 दंडकारण्य कृतपुण्य पावन चरण, हरण मारीच-मायाकुरंगं।
 बालि बलमत्त गजराज इव केसरी, सुहृद-सुग्रीव-दुख-राशि-भंगं॥ ६॥
 ऋक्ष, मर्कट विकट सुभट उद्भट समर, शैल-संकाश रिपु त्रासकारी।
 बद्धपाथोधि, सुर-निकर-मोचन, सकुल दलन दससीस-भुजबीस भारी॥ ७॥
 दुष्ट विबुधारि-संघात, अपहरण महि-भार, अवतार कारण अनूपं।
 अमल, अनवद्य, अद्वैत, निर्गुण, सगुण, ब्रह्म सुमिरामि नरभूप-रूपं॥ ८॥
 शेष-श्रुति-शारदा-शंभु-नारद-सनक गनत गुण अंत नहिं तव चरित्रं।
 सोइ राम कामारि-प्रिय अवधपति सर्वदा दासतुलसी-त्रास-निधि बहित्रं॥ ९॥

Lord—sun to the lotus of the solar race, beautiful as ten million Loves, Garuda to the serpent of death and Kali; in mighty arms he bears fierce Kodanda, an excellent quiver and arrows, his strength immeasurable. (1)

His eyes are petals of a crimson lotus, he is beauty's abode, and his dark body shines like a noble raincloud. He wears cloth of molten gold, is expert in weapon-lore, served by Siddhas and gods, and lotus-naveled. (2)

Dwelling of all beauty and embodiment of the universe, supremely mature, his virtues mysterious and glory vast; unassailable, unfathomable and hard to know, lord of heaven and liberation, he is an axe breaking the tree of becoming. (3)

He freed the sage's wife bound by a curse, worked for Brahmins' good, skillfully protected the sacrifice and upheld his devotees; in King Janaka's assembly he broke Shiva's bow and removed fierce Bhargava's weighty pride. (4)

Honoring his teacher's word, he abandoned a kingdom hard even for immortals to renounce, with glorious brother Lakshmana and Janaka's daughter beside him; the unborn one followed human ways, intent on killing the wicked and protecting the three worlds. (5)

His purifying feet blessed Dandaka forest and destroyed Maricha, the illusory deer. He was a lion to Bali, elephant drunk on strength, and broke the mass of grief of his friend Sugriva. (6)

Bear and monkey warriors, formidable heroes fierce in battle and mountain-like, terrified the enemy. He bridged the ocean, freed the hosts of gods and destroyed mighty ten-headed, twenty-armed Ravana with his whole clan. (7)

The peerless cause of his incarnation was destroying hosts of wicked enemies of the gods and removing earth's burden. I remember stainless, faultless, nondual, attributeless and attributed Brahman in the form of the human king. (8)

Shesha, Veda, Sharada, Shambhu, Narada and Sanaka count your virtues, yet find no end to your deeds. That Rama, beloved of desire's foe and Lord of Ayodhya, is forever a boat for servant Tulsi's ocean of fear. (9)

I Bow to Janaki's Lord, Abode of Radiance

देव—

जानकीनाथ, रघुनाथ, रागादि-तम-तरणि, तारुण्यतनु, तेजधामं।
 सच्चिदानंद, आनंदकंदाकरं, विश्व-विश्राम, रामाभिरामं॥ १॥
 नीलनव-वारिधर-सुभग-शुभकांति, कटि पीत कौशेय वर वसनधारी।
 रत्न-हाटक-जटित-मुकुट-मंडित-मौलि, भानु-शत-सदृश उद्योतकारी॥ २॥
 श्रवण कुंडल, भाल तिलक, भूरुचिर अति, अरुण अंभोज लोचन विशालं।
 बक्र-अवलोक, त्रैलोक-शोकापहं, मार-रिपु-हृदय-मानस-मरालं॥ ३॥
 नासिका चारु सुकपोल, द्विज वज्रदुति, अधर बिंबोपमा, मधुरहासं।
 कंठ दर, चिबुक वर, वचन गंभीरतर, सत्य-संकल्प, सुरत्रास-नासं॥ ४॥
 सुमन सुविचित्र नव तुलसिकादल-युतं मृदुल वनमाल उर भ्राजमानं।
 भ्रमत आमोदवश मत्त मधुकर-निकर, मधुरतर मुखर कुर्वन्ति गानं॥ ५॥
 सुभग श्रीवत्स, केयूर, कंकण, हार, किंकिणी-रटनि कटि-तट रसालं।
 वाम दिसि जनकजासीन-सिंहासनं कनक-मृदुबल्लिवत तरु तमालं॥ ६॥
 आजानु भुजदंड कोदंड-मंडित वाम बाहु, दक्षिण पाणि बाणमेकं।
 अखिल मुनि-निकर, सुर, सिद्ध, गंधर्व वर नमत नर नाग अवनिप अनेकं॥ ७॥
 अनघ, अविच्छिन्न, सर्वज्ञ, सर्वेश, खलु सर्वतोभद्र-दाताऽसमाकं।
 प्रणतजन-खेद-विच्छेद-विद्या-निपुण नौमि श्रीराम सौमित्रिसाकं॥ ८॥
 युगल पदपद्म सुखसदा पद्यालयं, चिह्न कुलिशादि शोभाति भारी।
 हनुमंत-हृदि विमल कृत परममंदिर, सदा दासतुलसी-शरण शोकहारी॥ ९॥

Lord—Janaki's Lord and Raghu's Lord is the sun against the darkness of attachment and its kin, youthful-bodied and an abode of radiance; being-consciousness-bliss, mine of the root of joy, repose of the world, Rama who delights. (1)

His auspicious beauty is lovely as a fresh blue raincloud; at his waist he wears fine yellow silk. A crown set with jewels and gold adorns his head, shining like a hundred suns. (2)

Earrings at his ears, a tilak upon his exceedingly lovely brow, immense crimson lotus eyes; his sidelong glance removes the three worlds' grief, and he is the royal swan in Shiva's heart-lake. (3)

His nose is lovely, cheeks fair, teeth diamond-bright, lips like bimba fruit and smile sweet; conch-like neck, noble chin and deep speech, true in resolve, he destroys the gods' terror. (4)

A soft forest garland, woven of wondrous fresh flowers and tulsi leaves, shines upon his chest; intoxicated swarms of bees, drawn by its fragrance, fly about singing sweetly aloud. (5)

Lovely Shrivatsa, armlets, bracelets and necklace adorn him, and little bells chime richly at his waist. Janaka's daughter sits upon the throne at his left, a tender golden vine beside a tamala tree. (6)

His arms reach his knees; Kodanda adorns the left arm and the right hand holds one arrow. Hosts of sages, gods, Siddhas and Gandharvas, humans, Nagas and many kings bow to him. (7)

Sinless, unbroken, all-knowing and Lord of all, he truly grants us blessing on every side. I bow to Shri Rama with Lakshmana, skilled in ending the distress of those who bow. (8)

His paired lotus feet are the everlasting abode of bliss, splendid with thunderbolt and other marks. Hanuman made his pure heart their highest temple; grief-removing Rama is forever servant Tulsi's refuge. (9)

Lord of Kosala, Whose Incarnations Rescue the World

देव—

कोशलाधीश, जगदीश, जगदेकहित, अमितगुण, विपुल विस्तार लीला।
 गायंति तव चरित सुपवित्र श्रुति-शेष-शुक-शंभु-सनकादि मुनि मननशीला॥ १॥
 वारिचर-वपुष धरि भक्त-निस्तारपर, धरणिंकृत नाव महिमातिगुर्वी।
 सकल यज्ञांशमय उग्र विग्रह क्रोड़, मर्दि दनुजेश उद्धरण उर्वी॥ २॥
 कमठ अति विकट तनु कठिन पृष्ठोपरी, भ्रमत मंदर कंडु-सुख मुरारी।
 प्रकटकृत अमृत, गो, इंदिरा, इंदु, वृंदारकावृंद-आनंदकारी॥ ३॥
 मनुज-मुनि-सिद्ध-सुर-नाग-त्रासक, दुष्ट दनुज द्विज-धर्म-मरजाद-हर्ता।
 अतुल मृगराज-वपुधरित, विदरित अरि, भक्त प्रह्लाद-अह्लाद-कर्ता॥ ४॥
 छलन बलि कपट-वटुरूप वामन ब्रह्म, भुवन पर्यंत पद तीन करणं।
 चरण-नख-नीर-त्रैलोक-पावन परम, विबुध-जननी-दुसह-शोक-हरणं॥ ५॥
 क्षत्रियाधीश-करिनिकर-नव-केसरी, परशुधर विप्र-सस-जलदरुणं।
 बीस भुजदंड दससीस खंडन चंड वेग सायक नौमि राम भूपं॥ ६॥
 भूमिभर-भार-हर, प्रकट परमात्मा, ब्रह्म नररूपधर भक्तहेतू।
 वृष्णि-कुल-कुमुद-राकेश राधारमण, कंस-बंसाटवी-धूमकेतू॥ ७॥
 प्रबल पाखंड महि-मंडलाकुल देखि, निंदकृत अखिल मख कर्म-जालं।
 शुद्ध बोधैकघन, ज्ञान-गुणधाम, अज बौद्ध-अवतार बंदे कृपालं॥ ८॥
 कालकलिजनित-मल-मलिनमन सर्व नर मोह-निशि-निबिड़यवनांधकारं।
 विष्णुयश पुत्र कलकी दिवाकर उदित दासतुलसी हरण विपतिभारं॥ ९॥

Lord of Kosala and Lord of the world, the world's sole benefactor, with measureless virtues and widely extended play—Veda, Shesha, Shuka, Shambhu, Sanaka and contemplative sages sing your supremely sacred deeds. (1)

Taking a water-creature's body, intent on rescuing your devotee, you made the earth a boat of immensely weighty glory. As the fierce Boar, formed of every sacrifice's portion, you crushed the demon king and raised the earth. (2)

As the vast Tortoise, the turning Mandara upon your hard back brought the pleasure of scratching. You brought forth nectar, the cow, Lakshmi and the moon, delighting hosts of gods. (3)

When a wicked demon terrorized humans, sages, Siddhas, gods and Nagas and destroyed Brahmin dharma's bounds, you assumed the peerless Man-Lion body, tore the foe apart and delighted devotee Prahlada. (4)

As Brahman in the deceitful dwarf form Vamana, you outwitted Bali and made three strides to the limits of the worlds. Water from your toenail supremely purified the three worlds and removed the gods' mother's unbearable grief. (5)

As the new lion against the elephant-host of Kshatriya lords, axe-bearing Brahmin and cloud to the Chandra lineage; as King Rama I bow to your fierce swift arrows that severed ten heads and twenty arms. (6)

Removing earth's heavy burden, the supreme Self manifested as Brahman in human form for devotees. As Radha's beloved, full moon to the water-lilies of the Vrishni clan, you were fire to the forest of Kamsa's lineage. (7)

Seeing powerful hypocrisy trouble the earth, you condemned the entire web of sacrificial acts. I bow to the compassionate unborn Buddha incarnation, pure mass of awakening, abode of knowledge and virtue. (8)

When minds are stained by death and Kali and the night of delusion is dense foreign darkness, may Kalki, Vishnuyasha's son, rise like the sun and remove servant Tulsi's burden of calamity. (9)

I Bow to Rama, Treasury of Every Auspicious Good

देव—

सकल सौभाग्यप्रद सर्वतोभद्र-निधि, सर्व, सर्वेश, सर्वाभिरामं।
 शर्व-हृदि-कंज-मकरंद-मधुकर रुचिर-रूप, भूपालमणि नौमि रामं॥ १॥
 सर्वसुख-धाम गुणग्राम, विश्रामपद, नाम सर्वसंपदमति पुनीतं।
 निर्मलं शांत, सुविशुद्ध, बोधायतन, क्रोध-मद-हरण, करुणा-निकेतं॥ २॥
 अजित, निरुपाधि, गोतीतमव्यक्त, विभुमेकमनवद्यमजमद्वितीयं।
 प्राकृतं, प्रकट परमात्मा, परमहित, प्रेरकानंत वंदे तुरीयं॥ ३॥
 भूधरं सुन्दरं, श्रीवरं, मदन-मद-मथन सौन्दर्य-सीमातिरम्यं।
 दुष्प्राप्य, दुष्प्रेक्ष्य, दुस्तर्क्य, दुष्पार, संसारहर, सुलभ, मृदुभाव-गम्यं॥ ४॥
 सत्यकृत, सत्यरत, सत्यव्रत, सर्वदा, पुष्ट, संतुष्ट, संकष्टहारी।
 धर्मवर्मनि ब्रह्मकर्मबोधैक, विप्रपूज्य, ब्रह्मण्यजनप्रिय, मुरारी॥ ५॥
 नित्य, निर्मम, नित्यमुक्त, निर्मान, हरि, ज्ञानघन, सच्चिदानंद मूलं।
 सर्वरक्षक सर्वभक्षकाध्यक्ष, कूटस्थ, गूढार्चि, भक्तानुकूलं॥ ६॥
 सिद्ध-साधक-साध्य, वाच्य-वाचकरूप, मंत्र-जापक-जाप्य, सृष्टि-स्रष्टा।
 परम कारण, कंजनाभ, जलदाभतनु, सगुण, निर्गुण, सकल दृश्य-द्रष्टा॥ ७॥
 व्योम-व्यापक, विरज, ब्रह्म, वरदेश, वैकुण्ठ, वामन विमल ब्रह्मचारी।
 सिद्ध-वृंदारकावृंदबंदित सदा, खंडि पाखंड-निर्मूलकारी॥ ८॥
 पूरनानंदसंदोह, अपहरन संमोह-अज्ञान, गुण-सन्निपातं।
 बचन-मन-कर्म-गत शरण तुलसीदास त्रास-पाथोधि इव कुंभजातं॥ ९॥

Giver of every fortune, treasury of blessing on every side, all and Lord of all, delight of all; lovely-formed bee drinking nectar from Shiva's heart-lotus, jewel among kings—I bow to Rama. (1)
 Abode of every joy and multitude of virtues, place of repose, whose supremely pure name gives every treasure; stainless, tranquil, utterly pure, dwelling of awakening, remover of anger and pride, home of compassion. (2)
 Unconquered, unconditioned, beyond senses, unmanifest, all-pervading, one, faultless, unborn

and without a second; appearing with nature yet the manifest supreme Self, highest benefactor and endless mover—I bow to the Fourth. (3)

Bearer of earth, beautiful, Lakshmi's excellent Lord, whose beauty surpasses beauty's limit and crushes Love's pride; hard to obtain, behold, reason about or cross, remover of becoming, yet accessible and reached through a tender disposition. (4)

Maker, lover and observer of truth, ever nourished, content and remover of distress; armored in dharma, sole knower of Brahman-action, revered by Brahmins and dear to Brahman-loving people, O Murari. (5)

Eternal, without possessiveness, forever free and prideless Hari, mass of knowledge and root of being-consciousness-bliss; guardian of all and overseer of all-consuming time, immutable, secretly radiant and favorable to devotees. (6)

Perfection, practitioner and goal; spoken word and speaker; mantra, repeater and repeated; creator of creation; highest cause, lotus-navel, cloud-bodied, with qualities and without, seer of everything seen. (7)

All-pervading as space, stainless Brahman, boon-giving Lord, Vaikuntha, Vamana and stainless celibate; forever praised by Siddhas and hosts of gods, breaking hypocrisy and uprooting it. (8)

Mass of complete bliss, removing delusion, ignorance and the disorder of qualities. Tulsidas takes refuge in word, mind and deed; you are Agastya to his ocean of fear. (9)

All This Is Your Form, Jewel Among Kings

देव—

विश्व-विख्यात, विश्वेश, विश्वायतन, विश्वमरजाद, व्यालारिगामी।
 ब्रह्म, वरदेश, वागीश, व्यापक, विमल, विपुल, बलवान, निर्वानस्वामी॥ १॥
 प्रकृति, महत्त्व, शब्दादि गुण, देवता व्योम, मरुदग्नि, अमलांबु, उर्वी।
 बुद्धि, मन, इंद्रिय, प्राण, चित्तातमा, काल, परमाणु, चिच्छक्ति गुर्वी॥ २॥
 सर्वमेवात्र त्वद्रूप भूपालमणि! व्यक्तमव्यक्त, गतभेद, विष्णो।
 भुवन भवदंग, कामारि-वन्दित, पदद्वंद्व मंदाकिनी-जनक, जिष्णो॥ ३॥
 आदिमध्यांत, भगवंत! त्वं सर्वगतमीश, पश्यन्ति ये ब्रह्मवादी।
 यथा पट-तंतु, घट-मृत्तिका, सर्प-स्रग, दारु करि, कनक-कटकांगदादी॥ ४॥
 गूढ, गंभीर, गर्वघ्न, गूढार्थवित, गुप्त, गोतीत, गुरु, ग्यान-ग्याता।
 ग्येय, ग्यानप्रिय, प्रचुर गरिमागार, घोर-संसार-पर, पार दाता॥ ५॥
 सत्यसंकल्प, अतिकल्प, कल्पांतकृत, कल्पनातीत, अहि-तल्पवासी।
 वनज-लोचन, वनज-नाभ, वनदाभ-वपु, बनचरध्वज-कोटि-लावण्यरासी॥ ६॥
 सुकर, दुःकर, दुराराध्य, दुर्व्यसनहर, दुर्ग, दुर्द्धर्ष, दुर्गार्तिहर्ता।
 वेदगर्भार्भकादर्भ-गुणगर्व, अर्वागपर-गर्व-निर्वाप-कर्ता॥ ७॥
 भक्त-अनुकूल, भवशूल-निर्मूलकर, तूल-अघ-नामपावक-समानं।
 तरलतृष्णा-तमी-तरणि, धरणीधरण, शरण-भयहरण, करुणानिधानं॥ ८॥
 बहुल वृंदारकावृंद-वंदारु-पद-द्वंद्व मंदार-मालोर-धारी।
 पाहि मामीश संताप-संकुल सदा दास तुलसी प्रणत रावणारी॥ ९॥

World-renowned Lord of the world, dwelling and boundary of the world, riding the serpent's foe; Brahman, boon-giving Lord, master of speech, all-pervading, stainless, vast, mighty and Lord of liberation. (1)

Nature, the great principle, qualities beginning with sound, gods, space, wind, fire, pure water and earth; intellect, mind, senses, breath, consciousness and self, time, atom and mighty conscious power— (2)

All this is indeed your form, jewel among kings: manifest and unmanifest, difference gone, O

Vishnu. Worlds are your limbs; your paired feet, praised by desire's foe, give birth to Mandakini, O victor. (3)

You are beginning, middle and end, Lord; you are the all-pervading ruler whom speakers of Brahman see everywhere—as thread in cloth, clay in pot, garland mistaken for snake, wood in elephant and gold in bracelet and armlet. (4)

Hidden, deep, destroyer of pride, knower of secret meaning, concealed, beyond senses, teacher and knower of knowledge; the knowable, lover of knowledge, abundant store of gravity, beyond dreadful becoming and giver of the farther shore. (5)

Whose resolve is truth, beyond ages, maker of the age's end, beyond imagining, resting on the serpent couch; lotus-eyed, lotus-naved, cloud-bodied, mass of the beauty of ten million monkey-bannered Loves. (6)

Easy and difficult, hard to worship, remover of vice, inaccessible, unassailable, remover of suffering in difficulty; he extinguishes the pride in higher and lower knowledge of Brahma's sons. (7)

Favorable to devotees, uprooter of becoming's thorn, whose name is fire to cotton-like sin; sun against the night of restless thirst, bearer of earth, remover of refuge-seekers' fear and treasury of compassion. (8)

Hosts of gods bow to your paired feet, while you wear a mandara garland on your chest. Ravana's foe, your servant Tulsi bows, forever crowded with anguish; Lord, protect me. (9)

Rama Removes the Saints' Anguish

देव—

संत-संतापहर, विश्व-विश्रामकर, राम कामारि, अभिरामकारी।
 शुद्ध बोधायतन, सच्चिदानंदघन, सज्जनानंद-वर्धन, खरारी॥ १॥
 शील-समता-भवन, विषमता-मति-शमन, राम, रामारमन, रावनारी।
 खड्ग, कर चर्मवर, वर्मधर, रुचिर कटि तूण, शर-शक्ति-सारंगधारी॥ २॥
 सत्यसंधान, निर्वाणप्रद, सर्वहित, सर्वगुण-ज्ञान-विज्ञानशाली।
 सघन-तम-घोर-संसार-भर-शर्वरी नाम दिवसेश खर-किरणमाली॥ ३॥
 तपन तीच्छन तरुन तीव्र तापघ्न, तपरूप, तनभूष, तमपर, तपस्वी।
 मान-मद-मदन-मत्सर-मनोरथ-मथन, मोह-अंभोधि-मंदर, मनस्वी॥ ४॥
 वेद-विख्यात, वरदेश, वामन, विरज, विमल, वागीश, वैकुण्ठस्वामी।
 काम-क्रोधादिमर्दन, विवर्धन, छमा-शांति-विग्रह, विहगराज-गामी॥ ५॥
 परम पावन, पाप-पुंज-मुंजाटवी-अनल इव निमिष निर्मूलकर्ता।
 भुवन-भूषण, दूषणारि-भुवनेश, भूनाथ, श्रुतिमाथ जय भुवनभर्ता॥ ६॥
 अमल, अविचल, अकल, सकल, संतप्त-कलि-विकलता-भंजनानंदरासी।
 उरगनायक-शयन, तरुणपंकज-नयन, छीरसागर-अयन, सर्ववासी॥ ७॥
 सिद्ध-कवि-कोविदानंद-दायक पदद्वंद्व मंदात्ममनुजैर्दुरापं।
 यत्र संभूत अतिपूत जल सुरसरी दर्शनादेव अपहरति पापं॥ ८॥
 नित्य निर्मुक्त, संयुक्तगुण, निर्गुणानंद, भगवंत, न्यामक, नियंता।
 विश्व-पोषण-भरण, विश्व-कारण-करण, शरण तुलसीदास त्रास-हंता॥ ९॥

Lord—Rama removes saints' anguish and gives the world repose, delights desire's foe and grants delight; abode of pure awakening, mass of being-consciousness-bliss, increaser of the good people's joy, enemy of Khara. (1)

Dwelling of character and equality, ending the mind of inequality, Rama, Lakshmi's beloved and Ravana's foe; bearing sword, fine shield and armor, with lovely quiver at his waist, arrows, spear and Sharnga. (2)

True to his aim, giver of liberation and good of all, rich in every virtue, knowledge and realization;

his name is the sun with fierce rays against the dense dark night filled with dreadful becoming. (3)
A sharp young sun that destroys fierce heat, himself heat, ruler in a body, beyond darkness,
ascetic; crusher of honor, pride, desire, envy and schemes, Mandara to the ocean of delusion,
great-minded. (4)

Known in the Veda, boon-giving Lord, Vamana, stainless, pure, master of speech and Lord of
Vaikuntha; crusher of desire, anger and the rest, increaser of forgiveness, embodiment of peace,
riding the king of birds. (5)

Supremely purifying, in an instant uprooting masses of sin like fire through a munja forest;
ornament of worlds, Dushana's foe, Lord and master of worlds, crown of Veda—victory to the
sustainer of worlds. (6)

Stainless, unmoving, partless yet all, mass of bliss breaking Kali's burning distress; resting on the
serpent king, young-lotus-eyed, dwelling in the milk ocean and dwelling in all. (7)

His paired feet give joy to Siddhas, poets and learned men, yet are hard for dull-minded humans to
obtain. From them arose the supremely pure celestial river, whose very sight removes sin. (8)

Forever wholly free, joined with qualities yet the bliss beyond qualities, Lord, ruler and controller;
nourisher and sustainer of the world, cause behind the world's cause, destroyer of fear—Tulsidas
takes refuge. (9)

Destroyer of Demons, Ocean of Compassion

देव—

दनुजसूदन दयासिंधु, दंभापहन दहन दुर्दोष, दर्पापहर्ता।
 दुष्टतादमन, दमभवन, दुःखौघहर दुर्ग दुर्वासना नाश कर्ता॥ १॥
 भूरिभूषण, भानुमंत, भगवंत, भवभंजनाभयद, भुवनेश भारी।
 भावनातीत, भववंद्य, भवभक्तहित, भूमिउद्धरण, भूधरण-धारी॥ २॥
 वरद, वनदाभ, वागीश, विश्वातमा, विरज, वैकुण्ठ-मन्दिर-विहारी।
 व्यापक व्योम, वंदारु, वामन, विभो, ब्रह्मविद, ब्रह्म, चिंतापहारी॥ ३॥
 सहज सुन्दर, सुमुख, सुमन, शुभ सर्वदा, शुद्ध सर्वज्ञ, स्वच्छंदचारी।
 सर्वकृत, सर्वभूत, सर्वजित, सर्वहित, सत्य-संकल्प, कल्पांतकारी॥ ४॥
 नित्य, निर्मोह, निर्गुण, निरंजन, निजानंद, निर्वाण, निर्वाणदाता।
 निर्भरानंद, निःकंप, निःसीम, निर्मुक्त, निरुपाधि, निर्मम, विधाता॥ ५॥
 महामंगलमूल, मोद-महिमायतन, मुग्ध-मधु-मथन, मानद, अमानी।
 मदनमर्दन, मदातीत, मायारहित, मंजु मानाथ, पाथोजपानी॥ ६॥
 कमल-लोचन, कलाकोश, कोदंडधर, कोशलाधीश, कल्याणराशी।
 यातुधान प्रचुर मत्तकरि-केसरी, भक्तमन-पुण्य-आरण्यबासी॥ ७॥
 अनघ, अद्वैत, अनवद्य, अव्यक्त, अज, अमित, अविकार, आनंदसिंधो।
 अचल, अनिकेत, अविरल, अनामय, अनारंभ, अंभोदनादहन-बंधो॥ ८॥
 दासतुलसी खेदखिन्न, आपन्न इह, शोकसंपन्न अतिशय सभीतं।
 प्रणतपालक राम, परम करुणाधाम, पाहि मामुर्विपति, दुर्विनीतं॥ ९॥

Lord—Destroyer of demons, ocean of compassion, remover of hypocrisy, burner of grievous faults and taker-away of pride; subduer of wickedness, dwelling of self-restraint, remover of floods of pain, fortress against and destroyer of evil tendencies. (1)

Abundantly adorned, radiant, Lord, destroyer of worldly becoming and giver of fearlessness, mighty Lord of worlds; beyond conception, revered by the world, benefactor of devotees in the world, lifter of the earth, bearer of the mountain. (2)

Giver of boons, cloud-hued, master of speech, Self of the universe, stainless, dwelling in

Vaikuntha's mansion; all-pervading sky, worthy of homage, Vamana, omnipresent Lord, knower of Brahman and Brahman itself, remover of anxiety. (3)

Naturally beautiful, lovely-faced, gracious-minded, ever auspicious, pure, all-knowing and moving freely; doer of all, bearer of all, conqueror of all, benefactor of all, true in resolve and maker of the end of an age. (4)

Eternal, free of delusion, beyond qualities, stainless, delighting in his own bliss, liberation and giver of liberation; overflowing bliss, unshaken, boundless, utterly free, without limiting condition, without possessiveness, the ordainer. (5)

Root of great auspiciousness, abode of joy and glory, charming crusher of Madhu, giver of honor yet himself without pride; crusher of desire, beyond intoxication, free of illusion, lovely Lord of Lakshmi, lotus-handed. (6)

Lotus-eyed, treasury of arts, bearer of Kodanda, Lord of Kosala and mass of blessedness; a lion against the many rutting elephant-like demons, dwelling in the holy forest of the devotee's mind. (7)

Sinless, nondual, faultless, unmanifest, unborn, immeasurable, changeless, ocean of bliss; unmoving, without fixed abode, unceasing, free from affliction, beginningless, friend of the clouds and fire. (8)

The servant Tulsi is crushed by distress, fallen into peril here, filled with grief and exceedingly afraid. Rama, protector of those who bow, supreme abode of compassion, protect me from dire calamity, though I am ill-behaved. (9)

Grant Me Satsang, Your Own Limb, O Shriranga

देव—

देहि सतसंग निज-अंग श्रीरंग! भवभंग-कारण शरण-शोकहारी।

ये तु भवदंश्रिपल्लव-समाश्रित सदा, भक्तिरत, विगतसंशय, मुरारी॥ १॥

असुर, सुर, नाग, नर, यक्ष, गंधर्व, खग, रजनिचर, सिद्ध, ये चापि अन्ने।

संत-संसर्ग त्रैवर्गपर, परमपद, प्राप्य निःप्राप्यगति त्वयि प्रसन्ने॥ २॥

वृत्र, बलि, बाण, प्रह्लाद, मय, व्याध, गज, गृध्र, द्विजबन्धु निजधर्मत्यागी।

साधुपद-सलिल-निर्धूत-कल्मष सकल, श्वपच-यवनादि कैवल्य-भागी॥ ३॥

शांत, निरपेक्ष, निर्मम, निरामय, अगुण, शब्दब्रह्मैकपर, ब्रह्मज्ञानी।

दक्ष, समदूक, स्वदूक, विगत अति स्वपरमति, परमरतिविरति तव चक्रपानी॥ ४॥

विश्व-उपकारहित व्यग्रचित सर्वदा, त्यक्तमदमन्यु, कृत पुण्यरासी।

यत्र तिष्ठन्ति, तत्रैव अज शर्व हरि सहित गच्छन्ति क्षीराब्धिवासी॥ ५॥

वेद-पयसिंधु, सुविचार मंदरमहा, अखिल-मुनिवृंद निर्मथनकर्ता।

सार सतसंगमुदधृत्य इति निश्चितं वदति श्रीकृष्ण वैदर्भिभर्ता॥ ६॥

शोक-संदेह, भय-हर्ष, तम-तर्षण, साधु-सद्युक्ति विच्छेदकारी।

यथा रघुनाथ-सायक निशाचर-चमू-निचय-निर्दलन-पटु-वेग-भारी॥ ७॥

यत्र कुत्रापि मम जन्म निजकर्मवश भ्रमत जगजोनि संकट अनेकं।

तत्र त्वद्वक्ति, सज्जन-समागम, सदा भवतु मे राम विश्राममेकं॥ ८॥

प्रबल भव-जनित त्रैव्याधि-भैषज भगति, भक्त भैषज्यमद्वैतदरसी।

संत-भगवंत अंतर निरंतर नहीं, किमपि मति मलिन कह दासतुलसी॥ ९॥

Lord—Shriranga, grant me satsang, your own limb: it causes worldly becoming to end and removes the grief of one who seeks refuge. O enemy of Mura, those who always rest beneath the tender shoots of your feet remain absorbed in devotion and free from doubt. (1)

Demons, gods, serpents, humans, Yakshas, Gandharvas, birds, night-roamers, Siddhas and whatever others there are—through the company of saints, when you are pleased, they pass beyond the three worldly aims, attain the supreme state and reach the goal beyond all attaining. (2)

Vritra, Bali, Bana, Prahlada, Maya, the hunter, the elephant, the vulture, and the fallen twice-born

who abandoned his proper dharma—all had their stains washed away by the water from saints' feet; even dog-cookers, Yavanas and others came to share in liberation. (3)

Saints are tranquil, independent, without possessiveness, free from affliction, beyond qualities, devoted solely to the Word-Brahman, and knowers of Brahman; skillful, equal in others' sorrow and their own, far beyond the notion of self and other, supremely attached to you and detached from all else, O discus-bearer. (4)

Their minds are always busied solely with the good of the world; they have abandoned pride and anger and amassed a treasury of merit. Wherever they remain, there Brahma, Shiva and Hari—the dweller in the milk ocean—go together. (5)

The Veda is an ocean of milk, fine discrimination the great Mandara, and the whole company of sages its churners. Having drawn forth satsang as its essence, Krishna, Lord of the Vidarbha princess, declares this with certainty. (6)

A saint's sound counsel cuts through grief and doubt, fear and elation, darkness and the host of cravings, just as Raghunatha's swift, mighty arrows expertly crush the massed army of night-roamers. (7)

Wherever I may be born under the force of my own deeds, wandering through the world's species amid countless dangers, there, Rama, may devotion to you and the company of good people always be my one repose. (8)

Devotion is the medicine for the three powerful maladies born of becoming, and the devotee is the physician who sees nonduality. There is never any distance between saint and Lord—so speaks servant Tulsi, though his understanding is stained. (9)

Lotus-Handed Lord, Give Me Support

देव—

देहि अवलंब कर कमल, कमलारमन, दमन-दुख, शमन-संताप भारी।
 अज्ञान-राकेश-ग्रासन विधुंतुद, गर्व-काम-करिमत-हरि, दूषणारी॥ १॥
 वपुष ब्रह्माण्ड सुप्रवृत्ति लंका-दुर्ग, रचित मन दनुज मय-रूपधारी।
 विविध कोशौघ, अति रुचिर-मंदिर-निकर, सत्त्वगुण प्रमुख त्रैकटककारी॥ २॥
 कुणप-अभिमान सागर भयंकर घोर, विपुल अवगाह, दुस्तर अपारं।
 नक्र-रागादि-संकुल मनोरथ सकल, संग-संकल्प वीची-विकारं॥ ३॥
 मोह दशमौलि, तद्भ्रात अहंकार, पाकारिजित काम विश्रामहारी।
 लोभ अतिकाय, मत्सर महोदर दुष्ट, क्रोध पापिष्ठ-विबुधांतकारी॥ ४॥
 द्वेष दुर्मुख, दंभ खर, अकंपन कपट, दर्प मनुजाद मद-शूलपानी।
 अमितबल परम दुर्जय निशाचर-निकर सहित षडवर्ग गो-यातुधानी॥ ५॥
 जीव भवदंघ्रि-सेवक विभीषण बसत मध्य दुष्टाटवी ग्रसितचिंता।
 नियम-यम-सकल सुरलोक-लोकेश लंकेश-वश नाथ! अत्यंत भीता॥ ६॥
 ज्ञान-अवधेश-गृह गेहिनी भक्ति शुभ, तत्र अवतार भूभार-हर्ता।
 भक्त-संकष्ट अवलोकि पितु-वाक्य कृत गमन किय गहन वैदेहि-भर्ता॥ ७॥
 कैवल्य-साधन अखिल भालु मर्कट विपुल ज्ञान-सुग्रीवकृत जलधिसेतू।
 प्रबल वैराग्य दारुण प्रभंजन-तनय, विषय वन भवनमिव धूमकेतू॥ ८॥
 दुष्ट दनुजेश निर्वशकृत दासहित, विश्वदुख-हरण बोधैकरासी।
 अनुज निज जानकी सहित हरि सर्वदा दासतुलसी हृदय कमलवासी॥ ९॥

Lord—Lotus-handed beloved of Lakshmi, give me support: subdue sorrow and still the weight of anguish. Eclipse that swallows the full moon of ignorance, lion against the rutting elephants of pride and desire, enemy of Dushana! (1)

The body is the universe, and worldly conduct the fortress of Lanka; it was fashioned by the demon mind, which bears Maya's form. Its many sheaths are clusters of exceedingly lovely mansions, while sattva and the other qualities make its three principal peaks. (2)

Pride in the corpse-like body is its terrifying, dreadful ocean, vast and deep, impassable and

shoreless. All its schemes swarm with crocodiles such as attachment; association and resolve are its waves and transformations. (3)

Delusion is ten-headed Ravana, and ego his brother; desire, the conqueror of Indra's foe, steals repose. Greed is Atikaya, envy the wicked Mahodara, and anger the most sinful destroyer of the gods. (4)

Hatred is Durmukha, hypocrisy Khara, deceit Akampana, and arrogance a man-eater; intoxication holds a trident. Together with the sixfold enemy, this immeasurably powerful host of night-roamers is supremely hard to conquer and turns the senses into demons. (5)

The individual soul, Vibhishana, servant of the feet of existence's Lord, dwells in the midst of that wicked forest, consumed by anxiety. All the gods of restraint and observance and the lords of their realms stand under Lanka's ruler—Lord, they are utterly afraid. (6)

Knowledge is the lordly house of Ayodhya, and auspicious devotion the lady of that house; there the lifter of earth's burden descends. Seeing the devotee's distress, Vaidehi's Lord obeyed his father's word and journeyed into the deep forest. (7)

All the disciplines leading to liberation are the great host of bears and monkeys; Knowledge is Sugriva, by whom the bridge across the sea was made. Mighty dispassion is the fierce son of the Wind, a comet that burns the forest and dwellings of sense-objects. (8)

He destroyed the lineage of the wicked demon-lord for his servant's sake; he removes the world's sorrow and is the single mass of awakening. May Hari, together with his younger brother and his own Janaki, dwell forever in the lotus-heart of servant Tulsi. (9)

Raghubara, Rescue Me from the Forest of Becoming

देव—

दीन-उद्धरण रघुवर्य करुणाभवन शमन-संताप पापौघहारी।

विमल विज्ञान-विग्रह, अनुग्रहरूप, भूपवर, विबुध, नर्मद, खरारी॥ १॥

संसार-कांतार अति घोर, गंभीर, घन, गहन तरुकर्मसंकुल, मुरारी।

वासना वल्लि खर-कंटकाकुल विपुल, निबिड़ विटपाटवी कठिन भारी॥ २॥

विविध चितवृत्ति-खग निकर श्येनोलूक, काक वक गृध आमिष-अहारी।

अखिल खल, निपुण छल, छिद्र निरखत सदा, जीवजनपथिकमन-खेदकारी॥ ३॥

क्रोध करिमत, मृगराज, कंदर्प, मद-दर्प वृक-भालु अति उग्रकर्मा।

महिष मत्सर क्रूर, लोभ शूकररूप, फेरु छल, दंभ मार्जारधर्मा॥ ४॥

कपट मर्कट विकट, व्याघ्र पाखण्डमुख, दुखद मृगब्रात, उत्पातकर्ता।

हृदय अवलोकि यह शोक शरणागतं, पाहि मां पाहि भो विश्वभर्ता॥ ५॥

प्रबल अहंकार दुरघट महीधर, महामोह गिरि-गुहा निबिड़ांधकारं।

चित्त वेताल, मनुजाद मन, प्रेतगन रोग, भोगौघ वृश्चिक-विकारं॥ ६॥

विषय-सुख-लालसा दंश-मशकादि, खल झिल्लि रूपादि सब सर्प, स्वामी।

तत्र आक्षिप्त तव विषम माया नाथ, अंध मैं मंद, व्यालादगामी॥ ७॥

घोर अवगाह भव आपगा पापजलपूर, दुष्प्रेक्ष्य, दुस्तर, अपारा।

मकर षड्वर्ग, गो नक्र चक्राकुला, कूल शुभ-अशुभ, दुख तीव्र धारा॥ ८॥

सकल संघट पोच शोचवश सर्वदा दासतुलसी विषम गहनग्रस्तं।

तराहि रघुवंशभूषण कृपा कर, कठिन काल विकराल-कलित्रास-त्रस्तं॥ ९॥

Lord—Best of Raghu's line, uplifter of the lowly, abode of compassion, quieter of anguish and remover of floods of sin; stainless embodiment of realized knowledge, grace itself, finest king, wise Lord, giver of delight, enemy of Khara. (1)

The wilderness of worldly existence is exceedingly dreadful, deep, dense and impenetrable, crowded with trees that are deeds, O enemy of Mura. Its vast, thick forest is tangled with creepers of latent desire and filled with harsh thorns, arduous and oppressive. (2)

Its flocks of birds are the mind's many movements—hawks and owls, crows, cranes and flesh-eating vultures. All are wicked, skilled in deceit, forever watching for an opening and wearying the mind of the living traveler on the path. (3)

Anger is a rutting elephant, desire a lion; intoxication and pride are wolves and bears of exceedingly savage action. Envy is a cruel buffalo, greed takes the form of a boar, deception is a jackal, and hypocrisy has the nature of a cat. (4)

Fraud is a monstrous monkey, while false religion is a tiger-faced, pain-giving herd of beasts that creates havoc. See this grief within my heart: I have come for refuge. Protect me, protect me, O sustainer of the universe! (5)

Powerful ego is an impassable mountain, and great delusion the dense darkness in its mountain-cave. The faculty of thought is a goblin, the mind a man-eater, diseases a host of ghosts, and swarms of pleasures the perturbations of scorpions. (6)

Longing for sensory pleasure is a host of stinging gnats and mosquitoes, and the wicked chirring insects—forms and the other sense-objects—are all snakes. Cast into your terrible Maya there, O Lord, I am blind and dull, moving among those serpents. (7)

The river of becoming is dreadfully deep, swollen with the water of sin, fearful to behold, impassable and shoreless. Its sea-monsters are the sixfold foes, its senses are crocodiles, it seethes with whirlpools; good and evil are its banks and sorrow its violent current. (8)

Always overcome by every vile collision and by grief, servant Tulsi is caught in this terrible wilderness. Ornament of Raghu's line, show mercy and carry me across—terrified by cruel Time, by dreadful Kali and the terrors of the age. (9)

I Bow to Nara-Narayana, Abode of Compassion

देव—

नौमि नारायणं नरं करुणायनं, ध्यान-पारायणं, ज्ञान-मूलं।

अखिल संसार-उपकार-कारण, सदयहृदय, तपनिरत, प्रणतानुकूलं॥ १॥

श्याम नव तामरस-दामद्युति वपुष, छवि कोटि मदनार्क अगणित प्रकाशं।

तरुण रमणीय राजीव-लोचन ललित, वदन राकेश, कर-निकर-हासं॥ २॥

सकल सौंदर्य-निधि, विपुल गुणधाम, विधि-वेद-बुध-शंभु-सेवित, अमानं।

अरुण पदकंज-मकरंद मंदाकिनी मधुप-मुनिवृंद कुर्वन्ति पानं॥ ३॥

शक्र-प्रेरित घोर मदन मद-भंगकृत, क्रोधगत, बोधरत, ब्रह्मचारी।

मार्कण्डेय मुनिवर्यहित कौतुकी बिनहि कल्पांत प्रभु प्रलयकारी॥ ४॥

पुण्य बन शैलसरि बद्रिकाश्रम सदासीन पद्मासनं, एक रूपं।

सिद्ध-योगींद्र-वृंदारकानंदप्रद, भद्रदायक दरस अति अनूपं॥ ५॥

मान मनभंग, चितभंग मद, क्रोध लोभादि पर्वतदुर्ग, भुवन-भर्ता।

द्वेष-मत्सर-राग प्रबल प्रत्यूह प्रति, भूरि निर्दय, क्रूर कर्म कर्ता॥ ६॥

विकटतर वक्र क्षुरधार प्रमदा, तीव्र दर्प कंदर्प खर खड्गधारा।

धीर-गंभीर-मन-पीर-कारक, तत्र के वराका वयं विगतसारा॥ ७॥

परम दुर्घट पथं खल-असंगत साथ, नाथ! नहिं हाथ वर विरति-यष्टी।

दर्शनारत दास, त्रसित माया-पाश, त्राहि हरि, त्राहि हरि, दास कष्टी॥ ८॥

दासतुलसी दीन धर्म-संबलहीन, श्रमित अति, खेद, मति मोह नाशी।

देहि अवलंब न विलंब अंभोज-कर, चक्रधर-तेजबल शर्मराशी॥ ९॥

Lord—I bow to Narayana and Nara, abode of compassion, wholly devoted to meditation and root of knowledge; cause of benefit to the entire world, tender-hearted, intent on austerity and favorable to those who bow. (1)

Their bodies are dark with the luster of garlands of fresh blue lotuses; their beauty outshines countless millions of suns of love. Youthful and charming, lovely lotus-eyed, their faces are full moons and the host of their rays is laughter. (2)

Treasuries of every beauty and vast abodes of virtues, served by Brahma, the Veda, the wise and

Shiva, free from pride; companies of sages, like bees, drink the Mandakini nectar from their ruddy lotus feet. (3)

When fierce Kama was sent by Indra, they shattered his pride, let anger pass, remained absorbed in awakening and kept their celibacy. For the good of the eminent sage Markandeya, the Lord playfully brought dissolution even without the end of a kalpa. (4)

In holy Badrikashram, amid forest, mountain and river, they ever sit in lotus posture, of one form. Their utterly incomparable sight gives delight to Siddhas and lordly yogis and bestows blessedness. (5)

Sustainer of worlds, you break prestige and pride, disturb the deluded mind, and demolish the mountain-forts of anger, greed and the rest; against each powerful obstacle—hatred, envy and attachment—you are utterly merciless, a doer of fierce deeds. (6)

Woman is an exceedingly perilous, crooked razor-edge; desire's fierce arrogance is the sharp stream of a harsh sword. It inflicts pain even on resolute and profound minds—then what are we wretched, strengthless ones there? (7)

The road is supremely impassable, with wicked, ill-matched companions. Lord, my hand holds no excellent staff of dispassion. Your servant longs for your sight and trembles in Maya's noose. Save me, Hari, save your suffering servant! (8)

Servant Tulsi is lowly, without the provisions of dharma, utterly exhausted and distressed, his understanding ruined by delusion. Lotus-handed discus-bearer, mass of refuge, splendor and strength, give me support without delay. (9)

Vindumadhava, Source of Every Happiness

देव—

सकल सुखकंद, आनंदवन-पुण्यकृत, बिंदुमाधव द्वंद्व-विपतिहारी।
 यस्यांघ्रिपाथोज अज-शंभु-सनकादि-शुक-शेष-मुनिवृंद-अलि-निलयकारी॥ १॥
 अमल मरकत श्याम, काम शतकोटि छवि, पीतपट तड़ित इव जलदनीलं।
 अरुण शतपत्र लोचन, विलोकनि चारु, प्रणतजन-सुखद, करुणार्द्रशीलं॥ २॥
 काल-गजराज-मृगराज, दनुजेश-वन-दहन पावक, मोह-निशि-दिनेशं।
 चारिभुज चक्र-कौमोदकी-जलज-दर, सरसिजोपरि यथा राजहंसं॥ ३॥
 मुकुट, कुंडल, तिलक, अलक अलिब्रात इव, भृकुटि, द्विज, अधरवर, चारुनासा।
 रुचिर सुकपोल, दर ग्रीव सुखसीव, हरि, इंदुकर-कुंदमिव मधुरहासा॥ ४॥
 उरसि वनमाल सुविशाल नवमंजरी, भ्राज श्रीवत्स-लांछन उदारं।
 परम ब्रह्मन्य, अतिधन्य, गतमन्यु, अज, अमितबल, विपुल महिमा अपारं॥ ५॥
 हार-केयूर, कर कनक कंकन रतन-जटित मणि-मेखला कटिप्रदेशं।
 युगल पद नूपुरामुखर कलहंसवत, सुभग सर्वांग सौंदर्य वेशं॥ ६॥
 सकल सौभाग्य-संयुक्त त्रैलोक्य-श्री दक्षि दिशि रुचिर वारीश-कन्या।
 बसत विबुधापगा निकट तट सदनवर, नयन निरखंति नर तेऽति धन्या॥ ७॥
 अखिल मंगल-भवन, निविड़ संशय-शमन दमन-वृजिनाटवी, कष्टहर्ता।
 विश्वधृत, विश्वहित, अजित, गोतीत, शिव, विश्वपालन, हरण, विश्वकर्ता॥ ८॥
 ज्ञान-विज्ञान-वैराग्य-ऐश्वर्य-निधि, सिद्धि अणिमादि दे भूरिदानं।
 ग्रसित-भव-व्याल अतित्रास तुलसीदास, त्राहि श्रीराम उरगारि-यानं॥ ९॥

Lord—Vindumadhava, source of every happiness, sanctifier of Anandavana, remover of calamities born of the pairs of opposites: the lotus of your feet becomes a dwelling for the bee-like Brahma, Shiva, Sanaka and his brothers, Shuka, Shesha and the company of sages. (1)

Stainless emerald-dark Lord, with the beauty of a hundred crores of Loves, your yellow cloth flashes like lightning against a blue cloud. Your eyes are red hundred-petalled lotuses, your glance lovely; you give joy to those who bow and your nature is tender with compassion. (2)

Lion against the elephant of Time, fire burning the forest of demon-lords, sun against the night of

delusion; four-armed, bearing discus, Kaumodaki, lotus and conch—the conch in your hand is like a royal swan upon a lotus. (3)

Crown, earrings and forehead-mark; locks like a swarm of bees; arched brows, teeth, excellent lips and lovely nose; handsome cheeks and conch-like neck, the boundary of happiness—Hari, your sweet smile is like moonbeams and jasmine. (4)

On your breast an immense forest garland with fresh flower-clusters and the noble mark of Shrivatsa shine. Supremely devoted to Brahmins, greatly blessed, beyond anger, unborn, immeasurably strong, your vast glory has no shore. (5)

Necklace and armlets, golden bracelets on your hands, and a gem-set jeweled girdle at your waist; anklets on your paired feet call like graceful swans, while every limb and your whole attire are beautiful. (6)

At your right, endowed with every good fortune, sits the lovely daughter of the ocean, the splendor of the three worlds. You dwell in a fine mansion near the bank of the celestial river; people whose eyes behold you are exceedingly blessed. (7)

Abode of every blessing, dispeller of dense doubt, subduer of the forest of sin and remover of distress; sustainer and benefactor of the world, unconquered, beyond the senses, auspicious, preserver, destroyer and creator of the world. (8)

Treasury of knowledge, realization, dispassion and sovereignty, munificent giver of the great powers beginning with anima: the serpent of becoming has swallowed Tulsidas, who is terribly afraid. Save me, Shri Rama, rider of the serpent's foe! (9)

May My Eyes Feast on Vindumadhava's Beauty

राग आसावरी

इहै परम फलु, परम बड़ाई।

नखसिख रुचिर बिंदुमाधव छबि निरखहिं नयन अघाई॥ १॥

बिसद किसोर पीन सुंदर बपु, श्याम सुरुचि अधिकाई।

नीलकंज, बारिद, तमाल, मनि, इन्ह तनुते दुति पाई॥ २॥

मृदुल चरन शुभ चिन्ह, पदज, नख अति अभूत उपमाई।

अरुन नील पाथोज प्रसव जनु, मनिजुत दल-समुदाई॥ ३॥

जातरूप मनि-जटित-मनोहर, नूपुर जन-सुखदाई।

जनु हर-उर हरि बिबिध रूप धरि, रहे बर भवन बनाई॥ ४॥

कटितट रटति चारु किंकिनि-रव, अनुपम, बरनि न जाई।

हेम जलज कल कलित मध्य जनु, मधुकर मुखर सुहाई॥ ५॥

उर बिसाल भृगुचरन चारु अति, सूचत कोमलताई।

कंकन चारु बिबिध भूषन बिधि, रचि निज कर मन लाई॥ ६॥

गज-मनिमाल बीच भ्राजत कहि जाति न पदक निकाई।

जनु उडुगन-मंडल बारिदपर, नवग्रह रची अथाई॥ ७॥

भुजगभोग-भुजदंड कंज दर चक्र गदा बनि आई।

सोभासीव ग्रीव, चिबुकाधर, बदन अमित छवि छाई॥ ८॥

कुलिस, कुंद-कुडमल, दामिनि-दुति, दसनन देखि लजाई।

नासा-नयन-कपोल, ललित श्रुति कुंडल भ्रू मोहि भाई॥ ९॥

कुंचित कच सिर मुकुट, भाल पर, तिलक कहाँ समुझाई।

अलप तड़ित जुग रेख इंदु महँ, रहि तजि चंचलताई॥ १०॥

निरमल पीत दुकूल अनूपम, उपमा हिय न समाई।

बहु मनिजुत गिरि नील सिखरपर कनक-बसन रुचिराई॥ ११॥

दच्छ भाग अनुराग-सहित इंदिरा अधिक ललिताई।

हेमलता जनु तरु तमाल ढिग, नील निचोल ओढ़ाई॥ १२॥

सत सारदा सेष श्रुति मिलिकै, सोभा कहि न सिराई।
तुलसिदास मतिमंद द्वंदरत कहै कौन बिधि गाई॥ १३॥

Raga Asavari—This alone is life's supreme fruit and highest glory: may the eyes look from feet to crown upon beautiful Vindumadhava's radiance and drink their fill. (1)

His pure, youthful, full and lovely body abounds in dark beauty; blue lotus, raincloud, tamala and sapphire have gained their brilliance from that body. (2)

His tender feet bear auspicious marks, while toes and nails possess a likeness never seen before: as though red and blue lotuses had brought forth clusters of jewel-set petals. (3)

Golden, gem-set anklets enchant the mind and give joy to his people—as though Hari, assuming many forms in Shiva's heart, had built excellent dwellings there. (4)

At his waist the lovely girdle rings with an incomparable sound beyond description—as though sweetly humming bees filled the opening buds of a golden lotus. (5)

On his broad breast the lovely mark of Bhrigu's foot proclaims its tenderness. His charming bracelets and many ornaments seem fashioned by Brahma himself, working intently with his own hands. (6)

The beauty of the pendant shining amid a necklace of elephant-pearls cannot be told: it is as though the nine planets had made their station among constellations upon a cloud. (7)

His arms, like the coils of a serpent, are splendidly fitted with lotus, conch, discus and mace. His neck is beauty's limit, and immeasurable radiance covers chin, lips and face. (8)

Thunderbolt, jasmine bud and lightning's flash blush at the sight of his teeth. Nose, eyes, cheeks, graceful ears and earrings, and brows are dear to me. (9)

Curled hair and crown are on his head; how can one explain the forehead-mark? It is like two slight streaks of lightning abandoning their restlessness to abide within the moon. (10)

His spotless yellow silk is incomparable—no likeness for it enters the heart; it shines like golden cloth upon the blue summit of a mountain rich in many jewels. (11)

At his right, Indira sits full of love and surpassing grace, like a golden creeper near a tamala tree, wrapped in a blue mantle. (12)

A hundred Sarasvatis, Shesha and the Vedas together could not finish telling this beauty. How then can dull-witted Tulsidas, caught in dualities, sing it? (13)

Mind, Behold Vindumadhava for One Moment

राग जैतश्री

मन इतनोई या तनुको परम फलु।

सब अँग सुभग बिंदुमाधव-छबि, तजि सुभाव, अवलोकु एक पलु॥ १॥

तरुन अरुन अंभोज चरन मृदु, नख-दुति हृदय-तिमिर-हारी।

कुलिस-केतु-जव-जलज रेख बर, अंकुस मन-गज-बसकारी॥ २॥

कनक-जटित मनि नूपुर, मेखल, कटि-तट रटति मधुर बानी।

त्रिबली उदर, गँभीर नाभि सर, जहँ उपजे बिरंचि ग्यानी॥ ३॥

उर बनमाल, पदिक अति सोभित, बिप्र-चरन चित कहे करषै।

स्याम तामरस-दाम-बरन बपु पीत बसन सोभा बरषै॥ ४॥

कर कंकन केयूर मनोहर, देति मोद मुद्रिक न्यारी।

गदा कंज दर चारु चक्रधर, नाग-सुंड-सम भुज चारी॥ ५॥

कंबुग्रीव, छबिसीव चिबुक द्विज, अधर अरुन, उन्नत नासा।

नव राजीव नयन, ससि आनन, सेवक-सुखद बिसद हासा॥ ६॥

रुचिर कपोल, श्रवन कुंडल, सिर मुकुट, सुतिलक भाल भ्राजै।

ललित भृकुटि, सुंदर चितवनि, कच निरखि मधुप-अवली लाजै॥ ७॥

रूप-सील-गुन-खानि दच्छ दिसि, सिंधु-सुता रत-पद-सेवा।

जाकी कृपा-कटाच्छ चहत सिव, बिधि, मुनि, मनुज, दनुज, देवा॥ ८॥

तुलसिदास भव-त्रास मिटै तब, जब मति येहि सरूप अटकै।

नाहिं दीन मलीन हीनसुख, कोटि जनम भ्रमि भ्रमि भटकै॥ ९॥

Raga Jaitashri—Mind, this alone is the supreme fruit of the body: abandon your restless habit and behold for one moment the beauty of Vindumadhava, lovely in every limb. (1)

His tender feet are fresh red lotuses; the light of their nails removes the heart's darkness. Fine lines of thunderbolt, banner, barley and lotus mark them, and the goad-mark subdues the elephant of the mind. (2)

Golden, jewel-set anklets and the girdle at his waist ring with a sweet voice. Three folds cross his belly; his navel is a deep lake from which wise Brahma arose. (3)

A forest garland and pendant shine greatly upon his breast, while the mark of the Brahmin's foot draws the heart. His body has the color of a garland of dark lotuses, and yellow cloth showers beauty over it. (4)

Bracelets and armlets charm his hands, and a singular ring gives delight. His four arms, like elephant trunks, beautifully bear mace, lotus, conch and discus. (5)

His conch-like neck, chin and teeth are beauty's boundary; lips are red and nose high. His eyes are fresh lotuses, face the moon, and clear smile a giver of joy to servants. (6)

Lovely cheeks, earrings at his ears, crown upon his head, and a fine forehead-mark shine. His brows are graceful and glance beautiful; at the sight of his hair, rows of bees grow ashamed. (7)

At his right, the ocean's daughter—treasury of beauty, character and virtue—is absorbed in serving his feet. Shiva, Brahma, sages, humans, demons and gods all desire her gracious sidelong glance. (8)

Tulsidas's fear of becoming ends only when his understanding fastens upon this form. Otherwise, lowly, stained and bereft of joy, he will wander lost through millions of births. (9)

I Bow to Raghupati, Abode of Compassion

राग बसन्त

बंदौ रघुपति करुना-निधान। जाते छूटे भव-भेद-ग्यान॥ १॥
 रघुवंश-कुमुद-सुखप्रद निसेस। सेवत पद-पंकज अज महेस॥ २॥
 निज भक्त-हृदय-पाथोज-भृंग। लावन्य बपुष अगनित अनंग॥ ३॥
 अति प्रबल मोह-तम-मारतंड। अग्यान-गहन-पावक प्रचंड॥ ४॥
 अभिमान-सिंधु-कुंभज उदार। सुररंजन, भंजन भूमिभार॥ ५॥
 रागादि-सर्पगन-पन्नगारि। कंदर्प-नाग-मृगपति, मुरारि॥ ६॥
 भव-जलधि-पोत चरनारबिंद। जानकी-रवन आनंद-कंद॥ ७॥
 हनुमंत-प्रेम-बापी-मराल। निष्काम कामधुक गो दयाल॥ ८॥
 त्रैलोक-तिलक, गुणगहन राम। कह तुलसिदास बिश्राम-धाम॥ ९॥

Raga Vasanta—I bow to Raghupati, abode of compassion, through whom the divided knowledge born of worldly existence falls away. (1)

He is the full moon that delights the water-lily of Raghu's line; unborn Brahma and great Shiva serve his lotus feet. (2)

He is the bee within the lotus-hearts of his devotees; the beauty of his body equals countless Loves. (3)

He is the sun against the immensely powerful darkness of delusion and the blazing fire against the dense forest of ignorance. (4)

He is the noble Agastya to the ocean of pride, delighting the gods and breaking the burden of the earth. (5)

He is Garuda to the host of serpents beginning with attachment, the lion against the elephant of desire, and the enemy of Mura. (6)

His lotus feet are a boat across the ocean of becoming; Janaki's beloved is the source of bliss. (7)

He is a swan in the stepwell of Hanuman's love, and for the desireless he is the wish-fulfilling cow, deeply compassionate. (8)

Rama, forehead-mark of the three worlds, deep forest of virtues, is the abode of repose—so says Tulsidas. (9)

Tongue, Repeat Rama; Mind, Become the Rain-Bird

राग भैरव

राम राम रमु, राम राम रटु, राम राम जपु जीहा।

रामनाम-नवनेह-मेहको, मन! हठि होहि पपीहा॥ १॥

सब साधन-फल कूप-सरित-सर, सागर-सलिल-निरासा।

रामनाम-रति-स्वाति-सुधा-सुभ-सीकर प्रेमपियासा॥ २॥

गरजि, तरजि, पाषान बरषि पवि, प्रीति परख जिय जानै।

अधिक अधिक अनुराग उमँग उर, पर परमिति पहिचानै॥ ३॥

रामनाम-गति, रामनाम-मति, राम-नाम-अनुरागी।

है गये, हैं, जे होहिंगे, तेइ त्रिभुवन गनियत बड़भागी॥ ४॥

एक अंग मग अगमु गवन कर, बिलमु न छिन छिन छाहैं।

तुलसी हित अपनो अपनी दिसि, निरुपधि नेम निबाहैं॥ ५॥

Raga Bhairava—Tongue, delight in ‘Rama, Rama,’ repeat ‘Rama, Rama,’ chant ‘Rama, Rama.’

Mind, stubbornly become the rain-bird for the ever-new cloud of love that is Rama’s name. (1)

Renounce hope in the wells, rivers, lakes and ocean-waters of all disciplines and their fruits. Thirst with love only for the blessed nectar-drop of Svati—the love of Rama’s name. (2)

The cloud thunders and threatens, rains hail and lightning, testing the bird’s love until it knows its heart. As yearning rises ever higher in the breast, it recognizes love’s ultimate measure. (3)

Make Rama’s name your refuge and understanding; become enamored of Rama’s name. Those who have been, are now, or will become so are the ones counted supremely fortunate in the three worlds. (4)

Journey on this inaccessible single-minded path; do not delay at every moment for a patch of shade. Tulsi, your welfare lies in faithfully keeping, from your own side, this vow without ulterior condition. (5)

Fool, Chant Rama—His Name Is Your Boat

राम जपु, राम जपु, राम जपु बावरे।
घोर भव-नीर-निधि नाम निज नाव रे॥ १॥
एक ही साधन सब रिद्धि-सिद्धि साधि रे।
ग्रसे कलि-रोग जोग-संजम-समाधि रे॥ २॥
भलो जो है, पोच जो है, दाहिनो जो, बाम रे।
राम-नाम ही सों अंत सब ही को काम रे॥ ३॥
जग नभ-बाटिका रही है फलि फूलि रे।
धुवाँ कैसे धौरहर देखि तू न भूलि रे॥ ४॥
राम-नाम छाड़ि जो भरोसो करै और रे।
तुलसी परोसो त्यागि माँगै कूर कौर रे॥ ५॥

Fool, chant Rama, chant Rama, chant Rama! On the dreadful ocean of becoming, his name is your own boat. (1)

Through this one discipline accomplish every prosperity and power; the disease of Kali has swallowed yoga, restraint and samadhi. (2)

Whether a person is good or vile, right-handed or contrary, in the end everyone's business is with Rama's name alone. (3)

The world is an aerial garden standing in fruit and flower. Do not be deceived when you see smoke-built palaces. (4)

Whoever abandons Rama's name and trusts another is, Tulsi, like one who leaves a meal already served and begs for one harsh morsel. (5)

Heart, Ever Chant Rama with Love

राम राम जपु जिय सदा सानुराग रे।
कलि न बिराग, जोग, जाग, तप, त्याग रे॥ १॥
राम सुमिरत सब बिधि ही को राज रे।
रामको बिसारिबो निषेध-सिरताज रे॥ २॥
राम-नाम महामनि, फनि जगजाल रे।
मनि लिये फनि जियै, ब्याकुल बिहाल रे॥ ३॥
राम-नाम कामतरु देत फल चारि रे।
कहत पुरान, बेद, पंडित, पुरारि रे॥ ४॥
राम-नाम प्रेम-परमारथको सार रे।
राम-नाम तुलसीको जीवन-अधार रे॥ ५॥

Heart, ever chant ‘Rama, Rama’ with love. In Kali, dispassion, yoga, sacrifice, austerity and renunciation have no power. (1)

Remembering Rama is king over every injunction; forgetting Rama is the crown of all prohibitions. (2)

Rama’s name is the great jewel, and the net of the world is the serpent. When the jewel is taken, the serpent lives on distraught and undone. (3)

Rama’s name is a wish-fulfilling tree that gives the four fruits—so declare the Puranas, Vedas, learned people and Shiva. (4)

Rama’s name is the essence of love and the supreme goal; Rama’s name is the very support of Tulsi’s life. (5)

Until the Tongue Chants Rama, the Three Torments Burn

राम राम राम जीह जौलों तू न जपिहै।
तौलों, तू कहूँ जाय, तिहूँ ताप तपिहै॥ १॥
सुरसरि-तीर बिनु नीर दुख पाइहै।
सुरतरु तरे तोहि दारिद सताइहै॥ २॥
जागत, बागत, सपने न सुख सोइहै।
जनम जनम, जुग जुग जग रोइहै॥ ३॥
छूटिबेके जतन बिसेष बाँधो जायगो।
हैहै बिष भोजन जो सुधा-सानि खायगो॥ ४॥
तुलसी तिलोक, तिहूँ काल तोसे दीनको।
रामनाम ही की गति जैसे जल मीनको॥ ५॥

Tongue, until you chant ‘Rama, Rama, Rama,’ wherever you go the three torments will continue to burn you. (1)

On the bank of the celestial river you will suffer for lack of water; beneath the heavenly wish-tree poverty will harass you. (2)

Waking, wandering or dreaming, you will sleep without happiness; birth after birth, age after age, you will weep in this world. (3)

Your special attempts to escape will bind you tighter; even food mixed with nectar will become poison. (4)

Tulsi, for one so poor as you in all three worlds and times, Rama’s name alone is refuge, as water is for the fish. (5)

Remember with Love the Name of King Rama

सुमिरु सनेहसों तू नाम रामरायको।
 संबल निसंबलको, सखा असहायको॥ १॥
 भाग है अभागेहूको, गुन गुनहीनको।
 गाहक गरीबको, दयालु दानि दीनको॥ २॥
 कुल अकुलीनको, सुन्यो है बेद साखि है।
 पाँगुरेको हाथ-पाँय, आँधरेको आँखि है॥ ३॥
 माय-बाप भूखेको, अधार निराधारको।
 सेतु भव-सागरको, हेतु सुखसारको॥ ४॥
 पतितपावन राम-नाम सो न दूसरो।
 सुमिरि सुभूमि भयो तुलसी सो ऊसरो॥ ५॥

Remember with love the name of King Rama. It is provision for the provisionless and friend to the helpless. (1)

It is fortune for the unfortunate and virtue for the virtueless, one who values the poor, the compassionate donor to the lowly. (2)

It is lineage for the low-born—the Veda, I have heard, bears witness; hands and feet for the crippled, and an eye for the blind. (3)

It is mother and father to the hungry, support to the unsupported, a bridge across the ocean of becoming and the cause of the essence of happiness. (4)

There is no other purifier of the fallen like Rama's name. Remembering it, even barren Tulsi became fertile ground. (5)

Mind, Love Rama's Name by Nature

भलो भली भाँति है जो मेरे कहे लागिहै।
 मन राम-नामसों सुभाय अनुरागिहै॥ १॥
 राम-नामको प्रभाउ जानि जूझी आगिहै।
 सहित सहाय कलिकाल भीरु भागिहै॥ २॥
 राम-नामसों बिराग, जोग, जप जागिहै।
 बाम बिधि भाल हू न करम दाग दागिहै॥ ३॥
 राम-नाम मोदक सनेह सुधा पागिहै।
 पाइ परितोष तू न द्वार द्वार बागिहै॥ ४॥
 राम-नाम काम-तरु जोड़ जोड़ माँगिहै।
 तुलसिदास स्वारथ परमारथ न खाँगिहै॥ ५॥

Mind, if you follow what I say and love Rama's name by your very nature, you will prosper in every way. (1)

Know the power of Rama's name: it is fire against numbing cold, and frightened Kali will flee with all his helpers. (2)

Through Rama's name, dispassion, yoga and repetition will awaken; even contrary Fate will not brand the stain of deeds upon your brow. (3)

Steep the sweetmeat of Rama's name in the nectar of love; gaining contentment, you will no longer wander door to door. (4)

Rama's name is the wish-fulfilling tree—whatever you ask of it, Tulsidas, neither worldly nor highest good will be lacking. (5)

Why Shrink from Serving Such a Master?

ऐसेहू साहबकी सेवा सों होत चोरु रे।
 आपनी न बूझ, न कहै को राँडरोरु रे॥ १॥
 मुनि-मन-अगम, सुगम माइ-बापु सों।
 कृपासिंधु, सहज सखा, सनेही आपु सों॥ २॥
 लोक-बेद-बिदित बड़ो न रघुनाथ सों।
 सब दिन सब देस, सबहिके साथ सों॥ ३॥
 स्वामी सरबग्य सों चलै न चोरी चारकी।
 प्रीति पहिचानि यह रीति दरबारकी॥ ४॥
 काय न कलेस-लेस, लेत मान मनकी।
 सुमिरे सकुचि रुचि जोगवत जनकी॥ ५॥
 रीझे बस होत, खीझे देत निज धाम रे।
 फलत सकल फल कामतरु नाम रे॥ ६॥
 बेंचे खोटो दाम न मिलै, न राखे काम रे।
 सोऊ तुलसी निवाज्यो ऐसो राजाराम रे॥ ७॥

You shrink even from serving such a master! You possess no understanding of your own and heed no one's words—useless clod! (1)

Beyond the minds of sages, he is as approachable as mother and father: ocean of mercy, friend by nature, loving of his own accord. (2)

World and Veda proclaim that none is greater than Raghunatha; on every day, in every land, he is with everyone. (3)

No servant's theft can pass before the all-knowing Master. He recognizes love—this is the custom of his court. (4)

His service brings not the least bodily hardship; he accepts the heart's intention. When remembered with love, he grows shy and tends his servant's desire. (5)

Pleased, he comes under one's sway; displeased, he gives his own abode. His name is a wish-fulfilling tree bearing every fruit. (6)

Tulsi, who would fetch no false coin if sold and serves no use if kept, was favored even so—such is King Rama. (7)

Rama Did Me Good through His Own Goodness

मेरो भलो कियो राम आपनी भलाई।
हैं तो साई-द्रोही पै सेवक-हित साई॥ १॥
रामसों बड़ो है कौन, मोसों कौन छोटी।
राम सो खरो है कौन, मोसों कौन खोटो॥ २॥
लोक कहै रामको गुलाम हों कहावों।
एतो बड़ो अपराध भौ न मन बावों॥ ३॥
पाथ माथे चढ़े तृन तुलसी ज्यों नीचो।
बोरत न बारि ताहि जानि आपु सींचो॥ ४॥

Rama did me good through his own goodness. I am hostile to my Master, yet the Master works for his servant's good. (1)

Who is greater than Rama, and who is smaller than I? Who is as genuine as Rama, and who as false as I? (2)

The world calls me Rama's servant, and I let myself be called so. Though this is so great an offense, his heart has not turned from me. (3)

Tulsi, a straw, though utterly low, rises upon the water's head; the water does not drown it, knowing it as something nourished by itself. (4)

Awaken, Dull Soul, to the World's Night

जागु, जागु, जीव जड़! जोहै जग-जामिनी।
 देह-गेह-नेह जानि जैसे घन-दामिनी॥ १॥
 सोवत सपनेहुँ सहै संसृति-संताप रे।
 बूझ्यो मृग-बारि खायो जेवरीको साँप रे॥ २॥
 कहैं बेद-बुध, तू तो बूझि मनमाहिं रे।
 दोष-दुख सपनेके जागे ही पै जाहिं रे॥ ३॥
 तुलसी जागेते जाय ताप तिहूँ ताय रे।
 राम-नाम सुचि रुचि सहज सुभाय रे॥ ४॥

Awaken, awaken, dull soul! Look upon the night of the world. Know attachment to body and home to be like lightning among clouds. (1)

Even asleep, in dream, you suffer the anguish of transmigration: drowned in mirage-water, bitten by the snake imagined in a rope. (2)

The Vedas and the wise tell you—understand it within your mind: the faults and sorrows of a dream depart only upon waking. (3)

Tulsi, when one wakes, all three burning torments go; then pure delight in Rama's name arises naturally, from one's own being. (4)

Janaki's Lord Awakens the Discerning Soul

राग विभास

जानकीसकी कृपा जगावती सुजान जीव,
जागि त्यागि मूढ़ताऽनुरागु श्रीहरे।
करि बिचार, तजि बिकार, भजु उदार रामचंद्र,
भद्रसिंधु दीनबंधु, बेद बदत रे॥ १॥

मोहमय कुहू-निसा बिसाल काल बिपुल सोयो,
खोयो सो अनूप रूप सुपन जू परे।
अब प्रभात प्रगट ग्यान-भानुके प्रकाश,
बासना, सराग मोह-द्वेष निबिड़ तम टरे॥ २॥

भागे मद-मान चोर भोर जानि जातुधान
काम-कोह-लोभ-छोभ-निकर अपडरे।
देखत रघुबर-प्रताप, बीते संताप-पाप,
ताप त्रिबिध प्रेम-आप दूर ही करे॥ ३॥

श्रवन सुनि गिरा गंभीर, जागे अति धीर बीर,
बर बिराग-तोष सकल संत आदरे।
तुलसिदास प्रभु कृपालु, निरखि जीव जन बिहालु,
भंज्यो भव-जाल परम मंगलाचरे॥ ४॥

Raga Vibhasa—Janaki's Lord awakens the discerning soul through grace. Awake, abandon dullness, and love Shri Hari. Reflect, forsake corruption and worship generous Ramachandra, ocean of blessedness and friend of the lowly—so the Veda declares. (1)

You slept a long, vast time through the moonless night made of delusion and, fallen into dream, lost that incomparable true form. Now dawn has come and the sun of knowledge shines forth; the dense darkness of latent desire, attachment, delusion and hatred has receded. (2)

The thieves intoxication and pride flee, knowing it is morning; the demon-hosts of desire, anger, greed and agitation are afraid of themselves. At the sight of Raghubara's majesty, anguish and sin pass away, and the water of love drives the three torments far off. (3)

Hearing the grave voice with their ears, deeply steadfast heroes awaken; all the saints honor noble
dispassion and contentment. Tulsidas, the compassionate Lord saw the living servants distraught,
shattered the net of becoming and performed the supreme auspicious deed. (4)

Good or Bad, I Am Yours

राग ललित

खोटो खरो रावरो हौं, रावरी सौं, रावरेसों झूठ क्यों कहोंगो,
जानो सब ही के मनको।

करम-बचन-हिये, कहों न कपट किये, ऐसी हठ जैसी गाँठि
पानी परे सनकी॥ १॥

दूसरो, भरोसो नाहि बासना उपासनाकी, बासव, बिरंचि
सुर-नर-मुनिगनकी।

स्वारथके साथी मेरे, हाथी स्वान लेवा देई, काहू तो न पीर
रघुबीर! दीन जनको॥ २॥

साँप-सभा साबर लबार भये देव दिव्य, दुसह साँसति कीजै
आगे ही या तनकी।

साँचे परौं, पाउँ पान, पंचमें पन प्रमान, तुलसी चातक आस
राम स्यामघनकी॥ ३॥

Raga Lalita—Good or bad, I am yours—by your own oath. Why would I lie to you, who know every heart? In deed, word and heart, without deceit, I say that I am yours; this resolve is like a knot of hemp tightened by water. (1)

I have no trust in another, no desire to worship Indra, Brahma, gods, humans or companies of sages. They are companions only for self-interest: after service like an elephant's they give a dog's return. Raghubira, none feels a lowly person's pain as you do. (2)

Divine Lord, if I prove a lying snake-charmer in the assembly of snakes, impose unbearable punishment upon this body before your eyes. If I prove true, may I receive among the council the betel-token that confirms my pledge. Tulsi, the rain-bird, hopes only in Rama, the dark cloud. (3)

Rama Has Named Me Ramabola

रामको गुलाम, नाम रामबोला राख्यौ राम,
 काम यहै, नाम द्वे हों कबहुँ कहत हों।
 रोटी-लूगा नीके राखै, आगेहूकी बेद भाखै,
 भलो हैहै तेरो, ताते आनंद लहत हों॥ १॥
 बाँध्यौ हों करम जड़ गरब गूढ़ निगड़,
 सुनत दुसह हों तौ साँसति सहत हों।
 आरत-अनाथ-नाथ, कौसलपाल कृपाल,
 लीन्हों छीन दीन देख्यो दुरित दहत हों॥ २॥
 बूझ्यौ ज्यों ही, कह्यो, मैं हूँ चेरो हैहौ रावरो जू
 मेरो कोऊ कहूँ नाहि, चरन गहत हों।
 मींजो गुरु पीठ, अपनाइ गहि बाँह, बोलि
 सेवक-सुखद, सदा बिरद बहत हों॥ ३॥
 लोग कहैं पोच, सो न सोच न संकोच मेरे
 ब्याह न बरेखी, जाति-पाँति न चहत हों।
 तुलसी अकाज-काज राम ही के रीझे-खीझे,
 प्रीतिकी प्रतीति मन मुदित रहत हों॥ ४॥

I am Rama's servant; Rama has named me Ramabola. My only work is this: now and then I utter the name twice. Rama keeps me well in bread and clothing, while the Veda speaks for what lies ahead: 'Good will come to you.' Therefore I rejoice. (1)

Dull karma had bound me with the deep fetters of pride, and I suffered a torment unbearable even to hear. I cried, 'Lord of the afflicted and orphaned, compassionate guardian of Kosala!' Seeing me lowly and burning in sin, he seized and snatched me free. (2)

As soon as he asked, I said, 'I am a servant; let me become yours, sir. Nowhere have I anyone else; I clasp your feet.' The supreme Guru stroked my back, accepted me, took my arm and spoke. Giving joy to servants, I have ever since borne his emblem. (3)

People call me vile, but I have neither worry nor shame: I seek no wedding or betrothal and want no caste or lineage. Tulsi's success or ruin lies only in Rama's pleasure or displeasure; trusting in his love, my heart remains glad. (4)

Rama, Life of Janaki and Life of the World

जानकी-जीवन, जग-जीवन, जगत-हित,
 जगदीस, रघुनाथ, राजीवलोचन राम।
 सरद-बिधु-बदन, सुखसील, श्रीसदन,
 सहज सुंदर तनु, सोभा अगनित काम॥ १॥
 जग-सुपिता, सुमातु, सुगुरु, सुहित, सुमीत,
 सबको दाहिनो, दीनबंधु, काहूको न बाम।
 आरतिहरन, सरनद, अतुलित दानि,
 प्रनतपालु, कृपालु, पतित-पावन नाम॥ २॥
 सकल बिस्व-बंदित, सकल सुर-सेवित,
 आगम-निगम कहैं रावरेई गुनग्राम।
 इहै जानि तुलसी तिहारो जन भयो,
 न्यारो कै गनिबो जहाँ गने गरीब गुलाम॥ ३॥

Rama is Janaki's life, the world's life and the world's benefactor; Lord of the world, Raghunatha, lotus-eyed. His face is the autumn moon, his nature gives joy, he is Lakshmi's dwelling; his body is beautiful by nature, with the splendor of countless Loves. (1)

Good father, mother, guru, benefactor and friend of the world, favorable to all, friend of the lowly and hostile to none; remover of affliction, giver of refuge, incomparable donor, guardian of those who bow, compassionate—his name purifies the fallen. (2)

The whole universe bows to you, every god serves you, and Agama and Veda proclaim only your hosts of virtues. Knowing this, Tulsi became your servant: will you count him apart, or among the poor bondsmen you number as yours? (3)

No Other Gives Compassionately to the Lowly

राग टोड़ी

देव—

दीनको दयालु दानि दूसरो न कोउ।

जाहि दीनता कहौं हौं देखौं दीन सोउ॥ १॥

सुर, नर, मुनि, असुर, नाग साहिब तौ घनेरे।

(पै) तौ लौं जौ लौं रावरे न नेकु नयन फेरे॥ २॥

त्रिभुवन, तिहुँ काल बिदित, बेद बदति चारी।

आदि-अंत-मध्य राम! साहबी तिहारी॥ ३॥

तोहि माँगि माँगनो न माँगनो कहायो।

सुनि सुभाव-सील-सुजसु जाचन जन आयो॥ ४॥

पाहन-पसु, बिटप-बिहँग अपने करि लीन्हे।

महाराज दसरथके! रंक राय कीन्हे॥ ५॥

तू गरीबको निवाज, हौं गरीब तेरो।

बारक कहिये कृपालु! तुलसिदास मेरो॥ ६॥

Raga Todi—Lord, there is no other compassionate donor to the lowly. Whoever I tell of my poverty, I find that one poor as well. (1)

Gods, humans, sages, demons and serpents are masters in abundance—but only while your glance has not turned even slightly away. (2)

It is known in the three worlds through all three times, and the four Vedas declare it: beginning, end and middle, Rama, the mastery is yours. (3)

Whoever begs from you is no longer called a beggar. Hearing the fair fame of your nature and character, this supplicant servant has come. (4)

You have made stones, beasts, trees and birds your own. Great son of Dasharatha, you have turned paupers into kings. (5)

You honor the poor, and I am your poor man. Compassionate Lord, say just once: ‘Tulsidas is mine.’ (6)

You Are Compassionate; I Am Lowly

देव—

तू दयालु, दीन हों, तू दानि, हों भिखारी।

हों प्रसिद्ध पातकी, तू पाप-पुंज-हारी॥ १॥

नाथ तू अनाथको, अनाथ कौन मोसो।

मो समान आरत नहिं, आरतिहर तोसो॥ २॥

ब्रह्म तू, हों जीव, तू है ठाकुर, हों चरो।

तात-मात, गुरु-सखा, तू सब बिधि हितु मेरो॥ ३॥

तोहिं मोहिं नाते अनेक, मानियै जो भावै।

ज्यों त्यों तुलसी कृपालु! चरन-सरन पावै॥ ४॥

Lord—you are compassionate and I am lowly; you are the giver and I the beggar. I am a notorious sinner, and you destroy masses of sin. (1)

You are Lord of the orphaned—and who is as orphaned as I? None is as afflicted as I, and none removes affliction as you do. (2)

You are Brahman and I the living soul; you are Master and I the servant. Father, mother, guru and friend—you are my benefactor in every way. (3)

Many bonds join you and me; accept whichever pleases you. Only let Tulsi somehow, compassionate Lord, obtain refuge at your feet. (4)

Whom Else Should I Ask?

देव—

और काहि माँगिये, को माँगिबो निवारे।

अभिमतदातार कौन, दुख-दरिद्र दारै॥ १॥

धरमधाम राम काम-कोटि-रूप रूरो।

साहब सब बिधि सुजान, दान-खड़ग-सूरो॥ २॥

सुसमय दिन द्वै निसान सबके द्वार बाजै।

कुसमय दसरथके! दानि तैं गरीब निवाजै॥ ३॥

सेवा बिनु गुनबिहीन दीनता सुनाये।

जे जे तैं निहाल किये फूले फिरत पाये॥ ४॥

तुलसिदास जाचक-रुचि जानि दान दीजै।

रामचंद्र चंद्र तू, चकोर मोहिं कीजै॥ ५॥

Lord—whom else should I ask? Who can end my need to beg? Who else gives the heart's desire and tears apart pain and poverty? (1)

Rama, abode of dharma, lovelier than a crore Loves; Master, wise in every way, valiant in wielding the sword of giving. (2)

In good times the drums sound for two days at everyone's door; but in bad times, son of Dasharatha, you are the donor who honors the poor. (3)

Those without service or virtue who told you of their lowliness—you blessed every one of them; I found them wandering swollen with joy. (4)

Knowing the desire of the suppliant Tulsidas, give this gift: Ramachandra, you are the moon—make me the moon-bird. (5)

The Mind's Threefold Fever

दीनबंधु, सुखसिंधु, कृपाकर, कारुणीक रघुराई।
 सुनहु नाथ! मन जरत त्रिबिध जुर, करत फिरत बौराई॥ १॥
 कबहुँ जोगरत, भोग-निरत सठ हठ बियोग-बस होई।
 कबहुँ मोहबस द्रोह करत बहु, कबहुँ दया अति सोई॥ २॥
 कबहुँ दीन, मतिहीन, रंकतर, कबहुँ भूप अभिमानी।
 कबहुँ मूढ़, पंडित बिडंबरत, कबहुँ धर्मरत ग्यानी॥ ३॥
 कबहुँ देव! जग धनमय रिपुमय कबहुँ नारिमय भासै।
 संसृति-संनिपात दारुन दुख बिनु हरि-कृपा न नासै॥ ४॥
 संजम, जप, तप, नेम, धरम, ब्रत बहु भेषज-समुदाई।
 तुलसिदास भव-रोग रामपद-प्रेम-हीन नहिं जाई॥ ५॥

Friend of the lowly, ocean of joy, maker of grace, compassionate Lord of Raghu—listen, Master!
 The mind burns with a threefold fever and wanders about behaving madly. (1)

At times it is absorbed in yoga, at times engrossed in enjoyment; at times the fool is stubbornly ruled by withdrawal. At times, under delusion, it commits much hostility, and at times it is compassion itself. (2)

At times it is lowly and witless, poorer than a pauper; at times it is a proud king. At times it is a fool making a show of scholarship, and at times a wise man devoted to dharma. (3)

At times, Lord, the world appears made of wealth, at times of enemies, at times of women. The terrible suffering of this delirium of worldly existence is not destroyed without Hari's grace. (4)

Self-restraint, recitation, austerity, disciplines, dharma, vows—a whole multitude of medicines: Tulsidas says the disease of becoming does not go away without love for Rama's feet. (5)

The Stain Born of Delusion

मोहजनित मल लाग बिबिध बिधि कोटिहु जतन न जाई।
 जनम जनम अभ्यास-निरत चित, अधिक अधिक लपटाई॥ १॥
 नयन मलिन परनारि निरखि, मन मलिन बिषय संग लागे।
 हृदय मलिन बासना-मान-मद, जीव सहज सुख त्यागे॥ २॥
 परनिंदा सुनि श्रवन मलिन भे, बचन दोष पर गाये।
 सब प्रकार मलभार लाग निज नाथ-चरन बिसराये॥ ३॥
 तुलसिदास ब्रत-दान, ग्यान-तप, सुद्धिहेतु श्रुति गावै।
 राम-चरन-अनुराग-नीर बिनु मल अति नास न पावै॥ ४॥

The stain born of delusion has fastened on in many ways; it does not leave despite millions of efforts. The mind, devoted to this practice birth after birth, clings to it more and more. (1)

The eyes are stained by looking at another's wife; the mind is stained by attaching itself to sense-objects. The heart is stained by desire, self-importance, and pride, and the soul abandons its natural joy. (2)

The ears became stained by hearing slander of others, and speech proclaimed their faults.

Burdened with stain in every way, I forgot the feet of my own Lord. (3)

Tulsidas says the Vedas proclaim vows, giving, knowledge, and austerity as means of purification; yet without the water of love for Rama's feet, this great stain finds no destruction. (4)

A Life Gone Without Worship

राग जैतश्री

कछु है न आई गयो जनम जाय।

अति दुरलभ तनु पाइ कपट तजि भजे न राम मन बचन-काय॥ १॥

लरिकाई बीती अचेत चित, चंचलता चौगुने चाय।

जोबन-जुर जुबती कुपथ्य करि, भयो त्रिदोष भरि मदन बाय॥ २॥

मध्य बयस धन हेतु गँवाई, कृषी बनिज नाना उपाय।

राम-बिमुख सुख लह्यो न सपनेहुँ, निसिबासर तयौ तिहुँ ताय॥ ३॥

सेये नहिं सीतापति-सेवक, साधु सुमति भलि भगति भाय।

सुने न पुलकि तनु, कहे न मुदित मन किये जे चरित रघुबंसराय॥ ४॥

अब सोचत मनि बिनु भुअंग ज्यों, बिकल अंग दले जरा धाय।

सिर धुनि-धुनि पछितात मींजि कर कोउ न मीत हित दुसह दाय॥ ५॥

जिन्ह लागि निज परलोक बिगारयो, ते लजात होत ठाढ़े ठाँय।

तुलसी अजहुँ सुमिरि रघुनाथहिं, तयौ गयँद जाके एक नाँय॥ ६॥

Rāga Jaitaśrī

Nothing came of it; my life went away. Having obtained this exceedingly rare body, I did not abandon deceit and worship Rama with mind, speech, and body. (1)

Childhood passed with the mind unaware, while restlessness grew fourfold. In the fever of youth I took a young woman as a harmful regimen, and the three humors filled with the wind of desire. (2)

I squandered middle age for wealth, trying the many devices of farming and trade. Turned away from Rama, I found no happiness even in a dream and passed night and day in the three torments. (3)

I did not serve the servants of Sita's Lord—saints of sound understanding, noble devotion, and loving faith. Hearing the deeds of the Lord of Raghu's line, my body did not thrill; recounting them, my mind did not rejoice. (4)

Now I grieve like a serpent without its jewel: my limbs are helpless, crushed as old age rushes in. Beating my head, wringing my hands, I repent; no friend or well-wisher can bear this affliction for

me. (5)

Those for whose sake I ruined my own next world now stand ashamed in their places. Tulsidas,
even now remember Raghunatha—an elephant was delivered by his single Name. (6)

Mind, You Will Regret It

तौ तू पछितैहै मन मींजि हाथ।

भयो है सुगम तोको अमर-अगम तन, समुझिधौं कत खोवत अकाथ॥ १॥

सुख-साधन हरिबिमुख बृथा जैसे श्रम फल घृतहित मथे पाथ।

यह बिचारि, तजि कुपथ-कुसंगति चलि सुपंथ मिलि भले साथ॥ २॥

देखु राम-सेवक, सुनि कीरति, रटहि नाम करि गान गाथ।

हृदय आनु धनुबान-पानि प्रभु, लसे मुनिपट, कटि कसे भाथ॥ ३॥

तुलसिदास परिहरि प्रपंच सब, नाउ रामपद-कमल माथ।

जनि डरपहि तोसे अनेक खल, अपनाये जानकीनाथ॥ ४॥

Then, mind, you will repent, wringing your hands. This body, inaccessible even to the immortals, has become available to you; tell me, why do you senselessly waste it? (1)

Means of happiness pursued while turned from Hari are futile—like laboring to churn water for ghee. Reflect on this: abandon the bad road and bad company; walk the good path and join good companions. (2)

Look upon Rama's servants, listen to his fame, repeat his Name, and sing his story. Bring into your heart the Lord with bow and arrow in hand, radiant in an ascetic's cloth, a quiver fastened at his waist. (3)

Tulsidas, set aside every entanglement and bow your head to the lotus feet of Rama. Do not be afraid: Janaki's Lord has made his own many villains like you. (4)

Mind, Look Upon Madhava

राग धनाश्री

मन! माधवको नेकु निहारहि।

सुनु सठ, सदा रंकके धन ज्यों, छिन-छिन प्रभुहिं सँभारहि॥ १॥

सोभा-सील-ग्यान-गुन-मंदिर, सुंदर परम उदारहि।

रंजन संत, अखिल अघ-गंजन, भंजन बिषय-बिकारहि॥ २॥

जो बिनु जोग-जग्य-ब्रत-संयम गयो चहै भव-पारहि।

तौ जनि तुलसिदास निसि-बासर हरि-पद-कमल बिसारहि॥ ३॥

Rāga Dhanāśrī

Mind, look upon Madhava for a moment. Listen, fool: treasure the Lord at every instant, as a pauper treasures his wealth. (1)

He is the dwelling of beauty, character, knowledge, and virtue—beautiful and supremely generous; the delight of saints, destroyer of every sin, and breaker of the disorders of sense-objects. (2)

If you wish to cross beyond becoming without yoga, sacrifice, vows, or restraint, then, Tulsidas, do not forget Hari's lotus feet by night or day. (3)

The Feet Are the Only Refuge

इहै कह्यो सुत! बेद चहूँ।

श्रीरघुबीर-चरन-चिंतन तजि नाहिन ठौर कहूँ॥ १॥

जाके चरन बिरंचि सेइ सिधि पाई संकरहूँ।

सुक-सनकादि मुकुत बिचरत तेउ भजन करत अजहूँ॥ २॥

जद्यपि परम चपल श्री संतत, थिर न रहति कतहु।

हरि-पद-पंकज पाइ अचल भइ, करम-बचन-मनहूँ॥ ३॥

करुनासिंधु, भगत-चिंतामनि, सोभा सेवतहूँ।

और सकल सुर, असुर-ईस सब खाये उरग छहूँ॥ ४॥

सुरुचि कह्यो सोइ सत्य तात अति परुष बचन जबहूँ।

तुलसिदास रघुनाथ-बिमुख नहिं मिटइ विपति कबहूँ॥ ५॥

Son, this is what all four Vedas have said: apart from contemplation of glorious Raghubira's feet, there is no refuge anywhere. (1)

Brahma served those feet, and Shankara too attained perfection. Shuka, Sanaka, and the other liberated ones roam free, yet they still worship them even now. (2)

Although Fortune is supremely fickle, forever staying nowhere, on finding Hari's lotus feet she became steadfast in deed, speech, and mind. (3)

He is the ocean of compassion, the wish-granting jewel of devotees, the glory of those who serve; all other gods, demons, and lords have been devoured by the six serpents. (4)

What Suruchi said then in exceedingly harsh words was true, dear one: Tulsidas says the adversity of one turned away from Raghunatha never ends. (5)

Take This Counsel, Foolish Mind

सुनु मन मूढ़ सिखावन मेरो।

हरि-पद-बिमुख लह्यो न काहु सुख, सठ! यह समुझ सबेरो॥ १॥

बिछुरे ससि-रबि मन-नैननितें, पावत दुख बहुतेरो।

भ्रमत श्रमित निसि-दिवस गगन महँ, तहँ रिपु राहु बड़ेरो॥ २॥

जद्यपि अति पुनीत सुरसरिता, तिहुँ पुर सुजस घनेरो।

तजे चरन अजहँ न मितत नित, बहिबो ताहू केरो॥ ३॥

छुटै न बिपति भजे बिनु रघुपति, श्रुति संदेहु निबेरो।

तुलसिदास सब आस छाँड़ि करि, होहु रामको चरो॥ ४॥

Listen, foolish mind, to my counsel. No one turned away from Hari's feet has found happiness—fool, understand this early. (1)

Separated from the Mind and Eyes from which they arose, moon and sun meet abundant suffering: weary, they wander day and night through the sky, where mighty Rahu is their enemy. (2)

Though the celestial river is exceedingly holy and her fame immense throughout the three worlds, since leaving those feet even her ceaseless flowing has still not ended. (3)

Adversity does not depart without worship of the Lord of Raghu; revelation has settled this beyond doubt. Tulsidas, abandon every other hope and become Rama's servant. (4)

The Mind Never Rested

कबहुँ मन बिश्राम न मान्यो।
 निसिदिन भ्रमत बिसारि सहज सुख, जहँ तहँ इंद्रिन तान्यो॥ १॥
 जद्यपि बिषय-सँग सह्यो दुसह दुख, बिषम जाल अरुझान्यो।
 तदपि न तजत मूढ़ ममताबस, जानतहुँ नहिं जान्यो॥ २॥
 जनम अनेक किये नाना बिधि करम-कीच चित सान्यो।
 होइ न बिमल बिबेक-नीर बिनु, बेद पुरान बखान्यो॥ ३॥
 निज हित नाथ पिता गुरु हरिसों हरषि हृदै नहिं आन्यो।
 तुलसिदास कब तृषा जाय सर खनतहि जनम सिरान्यो॥ ४॥

The mind never consented to rest. Wandering night and day, forgetting its natural joy, it pulled the senses here and there. (1)

Though it suffered unbearable pain in the company of sense-objects and became entangled in their dreadful net, the foolish mind, ruled by possessiveness, still does not leave them; even knowing, it did not know. (2)

Through many births it performed deeds of many kinds and smeared the mind with their mud. It does not become spotless without the water of discernment—so Veda and Purana declare. (3)

It did not joyfully bring into the heart Hari—its own benefactor, master, father, and teacher.

Tulsidas, when will thirst go if one's life ends merely in digging the lake? (4)

My Mind Will Not Abandon Its Stubbornness

मेरो मन हरिजू! हठ न तजै।
 निसिदिन नाथ देउँ सिख बहु बिधि, करत सुभाउ निजै॥ १॥
 ज्यों जुबती अनुभवति प्रसव अति दारुन दुख उपजै।
 है अनुकूल बिसारि सूल सठ पुनि खल पतिहिं भजै॥ २॥
 लोलुप भ्रम गृहपसु ज्यों जहँ जहँ तहँ सिर पदत्रान बजै।
 तदपि अधम बिचरत तेहि मारग कबहुँ न मूढ़ लजै॥ ३॥
 हौं हार्यो करि जतन बिबिध बिधि अतिसै प्रबल अजै।
 तुलसिदास बस होइ तबहिं जब प्रेरक प्रभु बरजै॥ ४॥

Hari, my mind will not abandon its stubbornness. Master, night and day I instruct it in many ways, yet it acts according to its own nature. (1)

It is like a young woman who experiences the exceedingly terrible pain that arises in childbirth; once well again, the fool forgets the agony and returns to her wretched husband. (2)

Like a greedy beast wandering from house to house, wherever it goes footwear strikes its head.

Even so, the base fool keeps traveling that road and is never ashamed. (3)

I am defeated after making efforts of every kind; this unborn power is exceedingly strong. Tulsidas says it comes under control only when the Lord who moves it restrains it. (4)

Such Is This Mind's Folly

ऐसी मूढ़ता या मनकी।

परिहरि राम-भगति-सुरसरिता, आस करत ओसकनकी॥ १॥

धूम-समूह निरखि चातक ज्यों, तृषित जानि मति घनकी।

नहिं तहँ सीतलता न बारि, पुनि हानि होति लोचनकी॥ २॥

ज्यों गच-काँच बिलोकि सेन जड़ छाँह आपने तनकी।

टूटत अति आतुर अहार बस, छति बिसारि आननकी॥ ३॥

कहें लौं कहों कुचाल कृपानिधि! जानत हौ गति जनकी।

तुलसिदास प्रभु हरहु दुसह दुख, करहु लाज निज पनकी॥ ४॥

Such is this mind's folly: abandoning the celestial river of devotion to Rama, it puts its hope in drops of dew. (1)

It is like a thirsty chataka seeing a mass of smoke and mistaking it for a raincloud: there is neither coolness nor water there, and its eyes suffer further harm. (2)

It is like a foolish hawk that sees the shadow of its own body in polished glass and, frantic for food, dives upon it, forgetting the injury to its face. (3)

How long can I recount its crooked ways, Treasury of Grace? You know your servant's condition.

Tulsidas says: Lord, remove this unbearable pain and uphold the honor of your own pledge. (4)

I Have Danced Night and Day

नाचत ही निसि-दिवस मर्यो।
 तब ही ते न भयो हरि थिर जबतें जिव नाम धर्यो॥ १॥
 बहु बासना बिबिध कंचुकि भूषन लोभादि मर्यो।
 चर अरु अचर गगन जल थलमें, कौन न स्वाँग कर्यो॥ २॥
 देव-दनुज, मुनि, नाग, मनुज नहिं जाँचत कोउ उबर्यो।
 मेरो दुसह दरिद्र, दोष, दुख काहू तौ न हर्यो॥ ३॥
 थके नयन, पद, पानि, सुमति, बल, संग सकल बिछुर्यो।
 अब रघुनाथ सरन आयो जन, भव-भय बिकल डर्यो॥ ४॥
 जेहि गुनतें बस होहु रीझि करि, सो मोहि सब बिसर्यो।
 तुलसिदास निज भवन-द्वार प्रभु दीजै रहन पर्यो॥ ५॥

I have spent myself dancing night and day. Ever since I bore the name of a living being, I have not become steady in Hari. (1)

Filled with many desires, wearing varied costumes and ornaments such as greed—in moving and unmoving forms, in sky, water, and land, what disguise have I not assumed? (2)

Among gods, demons, sages, serpents, and humans, no one escaped my begging; yet not one of them removed my unbearable poverty, faults, and pain. (3)

Eyes, feet, hands, sound judgment, and strength are weary; every companion has parted. Now your servant has come for refuge in Raghunatha, stricken and terrified by the fear of becoming. (4)

I have forgotten every quality by which you are pleased and brought under love's sway. Tulsidas prays: Lord, grant me a place to lie and remain at the door of your own dwelling. (5)

None Is So Base as I

माधवजू, मोसम मंद न कोऊ।
 जद्यपि मीन-पतंग हीनमति, मोहि नहिं पूजै ओऊ॥ १॥
 रुचिर रूप-आहार-बस्य उन्ह, पावक लोह न जान्यो।
 देखत बिपति बिषय न तजत हों, ताते अधिक अयान्यो॥ २॥
 महामोह-सरिता अपार महँ, संतत फिरत बह्यो।
 श्रीहरि-चरन-कमल-नौका तजि, फिरि फिरि फेन गह्यो॥ ३॥
 अस्थि पुरातन छुधित स्वान अति ज्यों भरि मुख पकरे।
 निज तालूगत रुधिर पान करि, मन संतोष धरै॥ ४॥
 परम कठिन भव-ब्याल-ग्रसित हों त्रसित भयो अति भारी।
 चाहत अभय भेक सरनागत, खगपति-नाथ बिसारी॥ ५॥
 जलचर-बृंद जाल-अंतरगत होत सिमिटि इक पासा।
 एकहि एक खात लालच-बस, नहिं देखत निज नासा॥ ६॥
 मेरे अघ सारद अनेक जुग, गनत पार नहिं पावै।
 तुलसीदास पतित-पावन प्रभु यह भरोस जिय आवै॥ ७॥

Madhava, none is so base as I. Fish and moth may be witless, yet even they do not equal me. (1)
 Enslaved by pleasing food and beautiful form, they did not recognize hook and fire. I see disaster
 and still do not abandon sense-objects; therefore I am more foolish than they. (2)
 In the boundless river of great delusion I am forever swept around. Abandoning the boat of
 glorious Hari's lotus feet, again and again I grasp at foam. (3)
 I am like an extremely hungry dog that fills its mouth with an old bone, drinks the blood from its
 own palate, and takes satisfaction in its mind. (4)
 Seized by the most terrible serpent of becoming, I am dreadfully terrified; yet like a frog seeking
 fearlessness, I seek refuge while forgetting the Lord of the king of birds. (5)
 A shoal of fish, enclosed in a net, becomes crowded together on one side; ruled by greed, each eats
 another and does not see its own destruction. (6)
 For many ages Sharada could count my sins and never reach their end. Tulsidas says one
 assurance arises in my heart: the Lord is the purifier of the fallen. (7)

Where Have You Forgotten That Grace?

कृपा सो धौं कहाँ बिसारी राम।

जेहि करुना सुनि श्रवन दीन-दुख, धावत हौ तजि धाम॥ १॥

नागराज निज बल बिचारि हिय, हारि चरन चित दीन्हों।

आरत गिरा सुनत खगपति तजि, चलत बिलंब न कीन्हों॥ २॥

दितिसुत-त्रास-त्रसित निसिदिन प्रहलाद-प्रतिग्या राखी।

अतुलित बल मृगराज-मनुज-तनु दनुज हत्यो श्रुति साखी॥ ३॥

भूप-सदसि सब नृप बिलोकि प्रभु, राखु कह्यो नर-नारी।

बसन पूरि, अरि-दरप दूरि करि, भूरि कृपा दनुजारी॥ ४॥

एक एक रिपुते त्रासित जन, तुम राखे रघुबीर।

अब मोहिं देत दुसह दुख बहु रिपु कस न हरहु भव-पीर॥ ५॥

लोभ-ग्राह, दनुजेस-क्रोध, कुरुराज-बंधु खल मार।

तुलसिदास प्रभु यह दारुन दुख भंजहु राम उदार॥ ६॥

Rama, where have you forgotten that grace by which, when your ears hear the suffering of the lowly, you leave your abode and run to them? (1)

The king of elephants considered his own strength in his heart, despaired, and fixed his mind on your feet. Hearing his anguished cry, you left the king of birds and set out without delay. (2)

Prahlada, terrified night and day by the demon's menace—you kept your pledge to him. In the matchlessly powerful body of lion and man you slew the demon; revelation is the witness. (3)

In the royal assembly, seeing all the kings, a helpless woman cried, 'Lord, protect me!' You supplied her robe, destroyed her enemy's pride, and showed abundant grace, Foe of demons. (4)

Each of these servants was frightened by a single enemy, and you protected them, Raghubira. Now many enemies inflict unbearable pain on me—why do you not remove the anguish of becoming? (5)

Greed is the crocodile, anger the demon-lord, and lust the wicked ally of the Kuru king. Tulsidas prays: Lord, break this terrible suffering, generous Rama. (6)

Why Have You Forgotten Me?

काहे ते हरि मोहिं बिसारो।

जानत निज महिमा मेरे अघ, तदपि न नाथ सँभारो॥ १॥

पतित-पुनीत, दीनहित, असरन-सरन कहत श्रुति चारो।

हौं नहिं अधम, सभीत, दीन? किधौं बेदन मृषा पुकारो?॥ २॥

खग-गनिका-गज-ब्याध-पाँति जहँ तहँ हाँहूँ बैठारो।

अब केहि लाज कृपानिधान! परसत पनवारो फारो॥ ३॥

जो कलिकाल प्रबल अति होतो, तुव निदेसतें न्यारो।

तौ हरि रोष भरोस दोष गुन तेहि भजते तजि गारो॥ ४॥

मसक बिरंचि, बिरंचि मसक सम, करहु प्रभाउ तुम्हारो।

यह सामरथ अछत मोहिं त्यागहु, नाथ तहाँ कछु चारो॥ ५॥

नाहिन नरक परत मोकहँ डर, जद्यपि हौं अति हारो।

यह बड़ि त्रास दासतुलसी प्रभु, नामहु पाप न जारो॥ ६॥

Hari, why have you forgotten me? You know your own glory and my sins, yet even so, Master, you have not taken care of me. (1)

All four Vedas call you purifier of the fallen, benefactor of the lowly, and refuge of the refuge-less. Am I not base, afraid, and destitute—or did the Vedas proclaim falsely? (2)

Bird, courtesan, elephant, and hunter—you seated them all in the honored row; seat me there too. What shame restrains you now, Treasury of Grace, that on reaching my leaf you tear it up? (3)

If the age of Kali were so overwhelmingly strong as to stand outside your command, then one might forsake anger and trust toward Hari, leave blame and praise, and worship it instead. (4)

Make a mosquito Brahma and Brahma like a mosquito—such is your power. If, while possessing this ability, you abandon me, Master, what remedy is there? (5)

I have no fear of falling into hell, though I am utterly defeated. Your servant Tulsidas has this greater terror, Lord: that even your Name might not burn his sins. (6)

Even Yama Will Not Count My Faults

तऊ न मेरे अघ-अवगुन गनिहैं।

जौ जमराज काज सब परिहरि, इहै ख्याल उर अनिहैं॥ १॥

चलिहैं छूटि पुंज पापिनके, असमंजस जिय जनिहैं।

देखि खलल अधिकार प्रभूसों मेरी भूरि भलाई भनिहैं॥ २॥

हसि करिहैं परतीति भगतकी भगत-सिरोमनि मनिहैं।

ज्यों त्यों तुलसिदास कोसलपति अपनायेहि पर बनिहैं॥ ३॥

Even then he will not count my sins and faults, though Yamaraja might set aside every other task and bring this one thought into his heart. (1)

For then hosts of sinners would go free and he would perceive a quandary in his heart; seeing his authority disrupted, he would tell the Lord abundant good of me. (2)

Smiling, he would attest my devotion and regard me as the crown of devotees. One way or another, Tulsidas says, all will be well only when the Lord of Kosala makes me his own. (3)

If You Hold Your Servant's Faults

जौ पै जिय धरिहौ अवगुन जनके।

तौ क्यों कटत सुकृत-नखते मो पै, बिपुल बृंद अघ-बनके॥ १॥

कहिहै कौन कलुष मेरे कृत, करम बचन अरु मनके।

हारहिं अमित सेष सारद श्रुति, गिनत एक-एक छनके॥ २॥

जो चित चढ़े नाम-महिमा निज, गुनगन पावन पनके।

तो तुलसिहिं तारिहौ बिप्र ज्यों दसन तोरि जमगनके॥ ३॥

If you keep your servant's faults in your heart, how can the vast forests of my sins be cut down by the fingernails of my merits? (1)

Who could recount the defilements I have committed through deed, speech, and mind? Endless Sheshas, Sharadas, and Vedas would be defeated counting them one by one at every instant. (2)

But if the glory of your Name and the host of qualities in your purifying pledge should rise in your mind, you will deliver Tulsi as you did the brahmin, breaking the teeth of Yama's hosts. (3)

If Hari Counted His Servant's Faults

जौ पै हरि जनके औगुन गहते।
 तौ सुरपति कुरुराज बालिसों, कत हठि बैर बिसहते॥ १॥
 जौ जप जाग जोग ब्रत बरजित, केवल प्रेम न चहते।
 तौ कत सुर मुनिबर निहाय ब्रज, गोप-गेह बसि रहते॥ २॥
 जौ जहँ-तहँ प्रन राखि भगतको, भजन-प्रभाउ न कहते।
 तौ कलि कठिन करम-मारग जड़ हम केहि भाँति निबहते॥ ३॥
 जौ सुतहित लिये नाम अजामिलके अघ अमित न दहते।
 तौ जमभट साँसति-हर हमसे बृषभ खोजि खोजि नहते॥ ४॥
 जौ जगबिदित पतितपावन, अति बाँकुर बिरद न बहते।
 तौ बहुकलप कुटिल तुलसीसे, सपनेहुँ सुगति न लहते॥ ५॥

If Hari held fast to his servant's faults, why would he obstinately endure enmity with the lord of gods, the Kuru king, and Bali? (1)

If, setting aside recitation, sacrifice, yoga, and vows, he did not desire love alone, why would he leave gods and great sages behind and live in the cowherds' homes in Braj? (2)

If he did not preserve his devotee's pledge wherever needed and proclaim the power of worship, how would dull-witted people like us survive the hard path of works in Kali's age? (3)

If the Name taken by Ajamila for his son's sake had not burned his measureless sins, Yama's executioners, destroyers through torment, would hunt and hunt oxen like us and strike us down. (4)

If the world-renowned, exceedingly bold title 'Purifier of the fallen' did not flow on, then even in a dream a crooked Tulsi such as this would not attain a good end through many aeons. (5)

Such Is Hari's Love for His Servant

ऐसी हरि करत दासपर प्रीति।
 निज प्रभुता बिसारि जनके बस, होत सदा यह रीति॥ १॥
 जिन बाँधे सुर-असुर, नाग-नर, प्रबल करमकी डोरी।
 सोइ अबिछिन्न ब्रह्म जसुमति हठि बाँध्यो सकत न छोरी॥ २॥
 जाकी मायाबस बिरंचि सिव, नाचत पार न पायो।
 करतल ताल बजाय ग्वाल-जुवतिन्ह सोइ नाच नचायो॥ ३॥
 बिस्वंबर, श्रीपति, त्रिभुवनपति, बेद-बिदित यह लीख।
 बलिसों कछु न चली प्रभुता बरु है द्विज माँगी भीख॥ ४॥
 जाको नाम लिये छूटत भव-जनम-मरन दुख-भार।
 अंबरीष-हित लागि कृपानिधि सोइ जनमे दस बार॥ ५॥
 जोग-बिराग, ध्यान-जप-तप-करि, जेहि खोजत मुनि ग्यानी।
 बानर-भालु चपल पसु पामर, नाथ तहाँ रति मानी॥ ६॥
 लोकपाल, जम, काल, पवन, रबि, ससि सब आग्याकारी।
 तुलसिदास प्रभु उग्रसेनके द्वार बेंत कर धारी॥ ७॥

Such is the love Hari bears his servant: forgetting his own lordship, he comes under his servant's sway—this is forever his way. (1)

He bound gods, demons, serpents, and humans with the mighty cord of karma; yet Yashoda forcibly bound that same indivisible Brahman, and he could not free himself. (2)

Brahma and Shiva, under the sway of his maya, danced without finding its limit; yet the young cowherd women clapped their hands and made that very Lord dance. (3)

Supporter of the universe, Lord of Shri, Lord of the three worlds—this decree is known from the Vedas; yet his lordship availed nothing with Bali: becoming a brahmin, he begged for alms. (4)

Taking his Name frees one from the heavy pain of becoming, birth, and death; yet for Ambarisha's sake that very Treasury of Grace was born ten times. (5)

Wise sages seek him through yoga, detachment, meditation, recitation, and austerity; yet, Master, he placed his love among fickle monkeys and bears, lowly beasts. (6)

World-guardians, Yama, Time, wind, sun, and moon all obey him; yet, Tulsidas says, the Lord stood at Ugrasena's door holding a staff. (7)

Rama's Renown as Protector of the Poor

बिरद गरीबनिवाज रामको।

गावत बेद-पुरान, संभु-सुक, प्रगट प्रभाउ नामको॥ १॥

ध्रुव, प्रह्लाद, बिभीषन, कपिपति, जड़, पतंग, पांडव, सुदामको।

लोक सुजस परलोक सुगति, इन्हमें को है राम कामको॥ २॥

गनिका, कोल, किरात, आदिकबि इन्हते अधिक बाम को।

बाजिमेध कब कियो अजामिल, गज गायो कब सामको॥ ३॥

छली, मलीन, हीन सब ही अँग, तुलसी सो छीन छामको।

नाम-नरेस-प्रताप प्रबल जग, जुग-जुग चालत चामको॥ ४॥

Rama's renowned title is 'Protector of the poor.' Veda and Purana, Shiva and Shuka sing it; the power of his Name stands manifest. (1)

Dhruva, Prahlada, Vibhishana, the monkey-king, Jada, the moth, the Pandavas, and Sudama gained fair fame in this world and a good end in the next—who among them was of use to Rama? (2)

Courtesan, forest-dweller, hunter, and the first poet—who could be more contrary than these? When did Ajamila perform a horse sacrifice, and when did the elephant sing the Sama Veda? (3)
Deceitful, stained, and base in every limb, Tulsi is shriveled and feeble. Mighty in the world is the majesty of the King named Name: through age after age, even leather passes as currency. (4)

Hear the Character of Sita's Lord

सुनि सीतापति-सील-सुभाउ।

मोद न मन, तन पुलक, नयन जल, सो नर खेहर खाउ॥ १॥

सिसुपनतें पितु, मातु, बंधु, गुरु, सेवक, सचिव, सखाउ।

कहत राम-बिधु-बदन रिसोहैं सपनेहुँ लख्यो न काउ॥ २॥

खेलत संग अनुज बालक नित, जोगवत अनट अपाउ।

जीति हारि चुचुकारि दुलारत, देत दिवावत दाउ॥ ३॥

सिला साप-संताप-बिगत भइ परसत पावन पाउ।

दर्ई सुगति सो न हेरि हरष हिय, चरन छुएकौ पछिताउ॥ ४॥

भव-धनु भंजि निदरि भूपति भृगुनाथ खाइ गये ताउ।

छमि अपराध, छमाइ पाँय परि, इतौ न अनत समाउ॥ ५॥

कह्यो राज, बन दियो नारिबस, गरि गलानि गयो राउ।

ता कुमातुको मन जोगवत ज्यों निज तन मरम कुघाउ॥ ६॥

कपि-सेवा-बस भये कनौड़े, कह्यौ पवनसुत आउ।

देबेको न कछू रिनियाँ हों धनिक तूँ पत्र लिखाउ॥ ७॥

अपनाये सुग्रीव बिभीषन, तिन न तज्यो छल-छाउ।

भरत सभा सनमानि, सराहत, होत न हृदय अघाउ॥ ८॥

निज करुना करतूति भगतपर चपत चलत चरचाउ।

सकृत प्रनाम प्रनत जस बरनत, सुनत कहत फिरि गाउ॥ ९॥

समुझि समुझि गुनग्राम रामके, उर अनुराग बढ़ाउ।

तुलसिदास अनयास रामपद पाइहै प्रेम-पसाउ॥ १०॥

Hear the gracious character and nature of Sita's Lord. If a man's mind does not rejoice, his body thrill, and his eyes fill with tears, may a lion devour him. (1)

From childhood, father, mother, brothers, teachers, servants, ministers, and friends—when Rama's moonlike face was said to be angry, no one had seen it even in a dream. (2)

Daily he played with his younger brothers and other children, guarding them from mishap.

Whether he won or lost, he coaxed and cherished them, giving and letting them take their turns.

(3)

The stone was freed of the curse's torment when his purifying foot touched it. He granted her a good end but took no pride in his heart; rather, he regretted that his foot had touched her. (4)
Having broken Bhava's bow and humbled the kings, he received Bhrigunatha's fury. He forgave the offense and, falling at his feet, sought pardon; nowhere is there another such as he. (5)
His father promised him the kingdom, but, ruled by a woman, gave him the forest and died consumed by shame. Rama tended that bad mother's heart as one tends a deep wound in one's own body. (6)

Made beholden by the monkey's service, he said, 'Son of the Wind, ask. I have nothing with which to repay you: I am the debtor, you the creditor—have the bond drawn up.' (7)

He made Sugriva and Vibhishana his own and did not abandon even the shadow of guile in them. Honoring and praising them in Bharata's assembly, his heart could not be satisfied. (8)

His acts of compassion toward his devotees spread swiftly and are discussed everywhere. He describes the glory of one who bows but once; hear it, tell it, and sing it again. (9)

Reflect again and again on the hosts of Rama's virtues and increase love within your heart.

Tulsidas says: by the gift of love, you will effortlessly attain Rama's feet. (10)

Where Can I Go, Leaving Your Feet?

जाऊँ कहाँ तजि चरन तुम्हारे।

काको नाम पतित-पावन जग, केहि अति दीन पियारे॥ १॥

कौने देव बराड़ बिरद-हित, हठि हठि अधम उधारे।

खग, मृग, व्याध, पषान, बिटप जड़, जवन कवन सुर तारे॥ २॥

देव, दनुज, मुनि, नाग, मनुज सब, माया-बिबस बिचारे।

तिनके हाथ दासतुलसी प्रभु, कहा अपनपौ हारे॥ ३॥

Where can I go, leaving your feet? Whose name in this world is ‘Purifier of the fallen’? To whom are the utterly lowly so dear? (1)

What god, to uphold his chosen title, has insistently selected and delivered the base? What deity has saved bird, beast, hunter, stone, inert tree, and Yavana? (2)

Gods, demons, sages, serpents, and humans—all the poor creatures are subject to maya. Lord, what would your servant Tulsi gain by surrendering himself into their hands? (3)

Hari, You Have Shown Me Great Grace

हरि! तुम बहुत अनुग्रह कीन्हों।
 साधन-धाम बिबुध दुरलभ तनु, मोहि कृपा करि दीन्हों॥ १॥
 कोटिहुँ मुख कहि जात न प्रभुके, एक एक उपकार।
 तदपि नाथ कछु और माँगिहों, दीजै परम उदार॥ २॥
 बिषय-बारि मन-मीन भिन्न नहिं होत कबहुँ पल एक।
 ताते सहों विपति अति दारुन, जनमत जोनि अनेक॥ ३॥
 कृपा-डोरि बनसी पद अंकुस, परम प्रेम-मृदु-चारो।
 एहि बिधि बेधि हरहु मेरो दुख, कौतुक राम तिहारो॥ ४॥
 हैं श्रुति-बिदित उपाय सकल सुर, केहि केहि दीन निहोरै।
 तुलसिदास येहि जीव मोह-रजु, जेहि बाँध्यो सोइ छोरै॥ ५॥

Hari, you have shown me great grace: mercifully you gave me this body, abode of spiritual means and difficult even for the gods to obtain. (1)
 Even with millions of mouths, each single favor of the Lord could not be told; nevertheless, Master, I ask for something more—supremely generous one, grant it. (2)
 The fish of my mind is never separate for even a moment from the water of sense-objects. Therefore I endure dreadful adversity, taking birth in many wombs. (3)
 Make grace the line, the mark of your foot the hook, and supreme love the tender bait. Pierce it in this way and remove my pain, Rama; for you it is mere sport. (4)
 All the means are known from revelation and the gods are many—to how many should this poor one appeal? Tulsidas says: the one who bound this soul with the cord of delusion must himself release it. (5)

This Is My Petition, Lord Raghubira

यह बिनती रघुबीर गुसाई।

और आस-बिस्वास-भरोसो, हरो जीव-जड़ताई॥ १॥

चहों न सुगति, सुमति, संपति कछु, रिधि-सिधि बिपुल बड़ाई।

हेतु-रहित अनुराग राम-पद बड़े अनुदिन अधिकाई॥ २॥

कुटिल करम लै जाहि मोहि जहँ जहँ अपनी बरिआई।

तहँ तहँ जनि छिन छोह छाँड़ियो, कमठ-अंडकी नाई॥ ३॥

या जगमें जहँ लागि या तनुकी प्रीति प्रतीति सगाई।

ते सब तुलसिदास प्रभु ही सों होहि सिमिटि इक ठाई॥ ४॥

This is my petition, Lord Raghubira: remove the soul's dull folly—its hope, faith, and reliance on anything else. (1)

I desire neither a good destiny nor sound understanding, no wealth, prosperity, powers, or immense renown. May causeless love for Rama's feet increase more and more each day. (2)

Wherever my crooked deeds carry me by their force, there, in every birth, do not abandon your tenderness for even a moment—like the turtle with her eggs. (3)

Whatever love, trust, and kinship this body has anywhere in the world—Tulsidas prays that all of it contract into one place and rest in the Lord alone. (4)

I Give Myself to Janaki's Beloved

जानकी-जीवनकी बलि जैहों।

चित कहै रामसीय-पद परिहरि अब न कहूँ चलि जैहों॥ १॥

उपजी उर प्रतीति सपनेहुँ सुख, प्रभु-पद-बिमुख न पैहों।

मन समेत या तनके बासिन्ह, इहै सिखावन दैहों॥ २॥

श्रवननि और कथा नहिं सुनिहों, रसना और न गैहों।

रोकिहों नयन बिलोकत औरहिं, सीस ईस ही तनैहों॥ ३॥

नातो-नेह नाथसों करि सब नातो-नेह बहैहों।

यह छर भार ताहि तुलसी जग जाको दास कहेहों॥ ४॥

I will give myself to Janaki's beloved. My heart says: leaving the feet of Rama and Sita, I will now go nowhere else. (1)

This conviction has arisen in my heart: turned away from the Lord's feet, I shall find no happiness even in a dream. I will give this very teaching to the mind and all who dwell in this body. (2)

With my ears I will hear no other story; with my tongue I will sing of no other. I will restrain my eyes from looking elsewhere, and bow this head to the Lord alone. (3)

Having made kinship and love with the Master, I will let every other kinship and love flow away.

Tulsi says: in this world, the one whose servant I am called must bear this entire burden. (4)

Until Now I Was Lost; No Longer

अबलों नसानी, अब न नसैहों।

राम-कृपा भव-निसा सिरानी, जागे फिरि न डसैहों॥ १॥

पायेउँ नाम चारु चिंतामनि, उर कर तें न खसैहों।

स्यामरूप सुचि रुचिर कसौटी, चित कंचनहि कसैहों॥ २॥

परबस जानि हँस्यो इन इंद्रिन, निज बस ह्वै न हँसैहों।

मन मधुकर पनकै तुलसी रघुपति-पद-कमल बसैहों॥ ३॥

Until now I was lost; now I will not be lost. By Rama's grace the night of becoming has ended; awake, I will not spread its bed again. (1)

I have obtained the beautiful wish-granting jewel of the Name; I will not let it slip from the hand of my heart. Making the pure, lovely dark form my touchstone, I will test the gold of my mind. (2)

Knowing me subject to them, these senses laughed at me; with myself now under my own rule, I will not let them laugh again. Tulsi vows to make the bee of his mind dwell in the lotus feet of the Lord of Raghu. (3)

Blessed Is the One Rama Honors

राग रामकली

महाराज रामादरयो धन्य सोई।

गरुअ, गुनरासि, सरबग्य, सुकृती, सूर, सील-निधि, साधु तेहि सम न कोई॥ १॥

उपल, केवट, कीस, भालु, निसिचर, सबरि, गीध सम-दम-दया-दान-हीने।

नाम लिये राम किये परम पावन सकल, नर तरत तिनके गुनगान कीने॥ २॥

ब्याध अपराधकी साध राखी कहा, पिंगलै कौन मति भगति भेई।

कौन धौं सोमजाजी अजामिल अधम, कौन गजराज धौं बाजपेयी॥ ३॥

पांडु-सुत, गोपिका, बिदुर, कुबरी, सबरि, सुद्ध किये सुद्धता लेस कैसो।

प्रेम लखि कृस्न किये आपने तिनहुको, सुजस संसार हरिहरको जैसो॥ ४॥

कोल, खस, भील, जवनादि खल राम कहि, नीच है ऊँच पद को न पायो।

दीन-दुख-दवन श्रीरवन करुना-भवन, पतित-पावन विरद बेद गायो॥ ५॥

मंदमति, कुटिल, खल-तिलक तुलसी सरिस, भो न तिहुँ लोक तिहुँ काल कोऊ।

नामकी कानि पहिचानि पन आपनो, ग्रसित कलि-व्याल राख्यो सरन सोऊ॥ ६॥

Rāga Rāmākālī

Blessed is the one honored by sovereign Rama: weighty, a treasury of virtues, all-knowing, meritorious, heroic, an abode of character—no saint equals him. (1)

Stone, boatman, monkey, bear, night-roamer, Shabari, and vulture were without restraint, discipline, compassion, or giving; on their taking the Name Rama made them all supremely pure, and people cross over by singing their virtues. (2)

What spiritual discipline did the criminal hunter keep? What understanding or devotion arose in Pingala? What Soma sacrifice did base Ajamila perform, and what Vajapeya did the elephant king perform? (3)

How much purity did the Pandavas, cowherd women, Vidura, Kubja, and Shabari possess when he purified them? Seeing their love, Krishna made all three his own, and their fair fame in the world became like that of Hari and Hara. (4)

Kol, Khas, Bhil, Yavana, and other villains—who, though low, failed to attain a high station by saying ‘Rama’? Destroyer of the poor one’s pain, lover of Shri, abode of compassion: the Vedas sing his title ‘Purifier of the fallen.’ (5)

In the three worlds and three times there has been no dull-witted, crooked crown of villains like Tulsi. Yet, recognizing the Name's honor and his own pledge, Rama sheltered even him when seized by the serpent of Kali. (6)

Excellent Is My Deity, Rama

राग बिहाग बिलावल

है नीको मेरो देवता कोसलपति राम।

सुभग सरोरुह लोचन, सुठि सुंदर स्याम॥ १॥

सिय-समेत सोहत सदा छबि अमित अनंग।

भुज बिसाल सर धनु धरे, कटि चारु निषंग॥ २॥

बलिपूजा चाहत नहीं, चाहत एक प्रीति।

सुमिरत ही माने भलो, पावन सब रीति॥ ३॥

देहि सकल सुख, दुख दहै, आरत-जन-बंधु।

गुन गहि, अघ-औगुन हरै, अस करुनासिंधु॥ ४॥

देस-काल-पूरन सदा बद बेद पुरान।

सबको प्रभु, सबमें बसै, सबकी गति जान॥ ५॥

को करि कोटिक कामना, पूजै बहु देव।

तुलसिदास तेहि सेइये, संकर जेहि सेव॥ ६॥

Rāga Bihāga Bilāvala

Excellent is my deity, Rama, Lord of Kosala: lovely lotus eyes, a most beautiful dark form. (1)

He shines forever beside Sita, his beauty surpassing countless Loves; broad arms hold arrow and bow, and a handsome quiver rests at his waist. (2)

He desires no offering or ritual worship—he desires love alone. Mere remembrance pleases him, and he purifies every way. (3)

He gives every joy and burns away pain, the companion of afflicted people; he accepts virtues and removes sins and faults—such an ocean of compassion is he. (4)

The Vedas and Puranas say he is always complete in every place and time: Lord of all, dwelling in all, knowing the course of every heart. (5)

Why form millions of desires and worship many gods? Tulsidas says: serve the one whom Shankara serves. (6)

Worship the Great Hero

बीर महा अवराधिये, साधे सिधि होय।
 सकल काम पूरन करै, जानै सब कोय॥ १॥
 बेगि, बिलंब न कीजिये लीजै उपदेस।
 बीज महा मंत्र जपिये सोई, जो जपत महेस॥ २॥
 प्रेम-बारि-तरपन भलो, घृत सहज सनेहु।
 संसय-समिध, अग्नि छमा, ममता-बलि देहु॥ ३॥
 अघ-उचाटि, मन बस करे, मारै मद मार।
 आकरषै सुख-संपदा-संतोष-बिचार॥ ४॥
 जिन्ह यहि भाँति भजन कियो, मिले रघुपति ताहि।
 तुलसिदास प्रभुपथ चढ़्यौ, जौ लेहु निबाहि॥ ५॥

Worship the great Hero: when he is won, accomplishment follows. He fulfills every desire—everyone knows it. (1)

Be quick; do not delay. Take this instruction: repeat that seed, the great mantra which Mahesha repeats. (2)

Make love's water the fine libation and natural affection the ghee; make doubt the fuel stick, forgiveness the fire, and offer possessiveness as the sacrifice. (3)

It drives out sin, brings the mind under rule, strikes down pride and Mara, and draws toward itself happiness, prosperity, contentment, and discernment. (4)

Those who worshiped in this manner met the Lord of Raghu. Tulsidas too has set foot on the Lord's path—if only he can persevere to the end. (5)

Why Do You Not Show Compassion?

कस न करहु करुना हरे! दुखहरन मुरारि!
 त्रिबिधिताप-संदेह-सोक-संसय-भय-हारि॥ १॥
 इक कलिकाल-जनित मल, मतिमंद, मलिन-मन।
 तेहिपर प्रभु नहिं कर सँभार, केहि भाँति जियै जन॥ २॥
 सब प्रकार समरथ प्रभो, मैं सब बिधि दीन।
 यह जिय जानि द्रवौ नहीं, मैं करम बिहीन॥ ३॥
 भ्रमत अनेक जोनि, रघुपति, पति आन न मोरे।
 दुख-सुख सहौं, रहौं सदा सरनागत तोरे॥ ४॥
 तो सम देव न कोउ कृपालु, समुझौं मनमाहीं।
 तुलसिदास हरि तोषिये, सो साधन नाहीं॥ ५॥

Why do you not show compassion, Hari—Murari, destroyer of pain, remover of the threefold heat, error, grief, doubt, and fear? (1)
 Here is one stained by the age of Kali, dull-witted and impure in mind. If the Lord does not care for him, how can this servant live? (2)
 Lord, you are capable in every way, while I am poor in every way. Knowing this in your heart, do you not melt because I lack good karma? (3)
 Though I wander through many wombs, Lord of Raghu, I have no other master. Let me endure pain and joy while remaining forever surrendered to you. (4)
 In my heart I understand that no god is compassionate like you. Yet Tulsidas has no spiritual means by which to please Hari. (5)

To Whom Can I Tell This Adversity?

कहु केहि कहिय कृपानिधे! भव-जनित बिपति अति।
 इंद्रिय सकल बिकल सदा, निज निज सुभाउ रति॥ १॥
 जे सुख-संपति, सरग-नरक संतत सँग लागी।
 हरि! परिहरि सोइ जतन करत मन मोर अभागी॥ २॥
 मैं अति दीन, दयालु देव सुनि मन अनुरागे।
 जो न द्रवहु रघुबीर धीर, दुख काहे न लागे॥ ३॥
 जद्यपि मैं अपराध-भवन, दुख-समन मुरारे।
 तुलसिदास कहँ आस यहै बहु पतित उधारे॥ ४॥

Tell me, Treasury of Grace, to whom can I speak of this immense adversity born of becoming? All the senses are forever distraught, each enamored of its own nature. (1)
 Pleasure and wealth, heaven and hell, cling to one continually. Hari, abandoning you, my unfortunate mind labors to obtain those very things. (2)
 I am exceedingly lowly; hearing that the Lord is compassionate, my mind has grown attached to you. Steadfast Raghubira, if you do not melt, why should pain not seize me? (3)
 Though I am a dwelling of offenses, Murari is the quieter of pain. This is Tulsidas's hope: he has delivered many fallen ones. (4)

Keshava, This Cannot Be Told

केसव! कहि न जाइ का कहिये।

देखत तव रचना बिचित्र हरि! समुझि मनहिं मन रहिये॥ १॥

सून्य भीति पर चित्र, रंग नहिं, तनु बिनु लिखा चितेरे।

धोये मिटइ न मरइ भीति, दुख पाइय एहि तनु हेरे॥ २॥

रबिकर-नीर बसे अति दारुन मकर रूप तेहि माहीं।

बदन-हीन सो ग्रसै चराचर, पान करन जे जाहीं॥ ३॥

कोउ कह सत्य, झूठ कह कोऊ, जुगल प्रबल कोउ मानै।

तुलसिदास परिहरै तीन भ्रम, सो आपन पहिचानै॥ ४॥

Keshava, it cannot be told—what can one say? Seeing your wondrous creation, Hari, one can only understand inwardly and remain silent. (1)

A picture appears on an empty wall: there are no pigments, and a bodiless painter has painted it.

Washing does not erase it, nor does the wall die; gazing upon this body, one suffers pain. (2)

In water that appears within the sun's rays dwells a most terrible crocodile; though without a mouth, it devours every moving and unmoving being that goes to drink. (3)

One calls it real, another calls it false, and another forcefully accepts both together. Tulsidas says: the one who abandons all three delusions recognizes his own true self. (4)

Keshava, For What Cause?

केसव! कारन कौन गुसाई।

जेहि अपराध असाध जानि मोहिं तजेउ अग्यकी नाई॥ १॥

परम पुनीत संत कोमल-चित, तिनहिं तुमहिं बनि आई।

तौ कत बिप्र, ब्याध, गनिकहि तारेहु, कछु रही सगाई?॥ २॥

काल, करम, गति अगति जीवकी, सब हरि! हाथ तुम्हारे।

सोइ कछु करहु, हरहु ममता प्रभु! फिरौं न तुमहिं बिसारे॥ ३॥

जौ तुम तजहु, भजौं न आन प्रभु, यह प्रमान पन मोरे।

मन-बच-करम नरक-सुरपुर जहँ तहँ रघुबीर निहोरे॥ ४॥

जद्यपि नाथ उचित न होत अस, प्रभु सों करौं ढिठाई।

तुलसिदास सीदत निसिदिन देखत तुम्हारि निठुराई॥ ५॥

Keshava, Master, for what cause—through what offense did you judge me incurable and abandon me like an unworthy stranger? (1)

Supremely pure saints with tender hearts are suited to you. Then why did you deliver the brahmin, hunter, and courtesan—was there some kinship with them? (2)

Time, karma, and the soul's good and bad course are all in your hands, Hari. Do whatever is needed: remove my possessiveness, Lord, so that I do not wander forgetting you again. (3)

If you abandon me, I will worship no other Lord—this is my binding vow. In mind, speech, and deed, whether in hell or heaven, I will appeal to Raghubira. (4)

Though such boldness toward the Lord is not proper, Master, Tulsidas wastes away night and day as he beholds your hardness. (5)

Madhava, Why Do You Not Melt Now?

माधव! अब न द्रवहु केहि लेखे।

प्रनतपाल पन तोर, मोर पन जिअहुँ कमलपद देखे॥ १॥

जब लगि मैं न दीन, दयालु तैं, मैं न दास, तैं स्वामी।

तब लगि जो दुख सहेउँ कहेउँ नहिं, जद्यपि अंतरजामी॥ २॥

तैं उदार, मैं कृपन, पतित मैं, तैं पुनीत, श्रुति गावैं।

बहुत नात रघुनाथ! तोहि मोहि, अब न तजे बनि आवैं॥ ३॥

जनक-जननि, गुरु-बंधु, सुहृद-पति, सब प्रकार हितकारी।

द्वैतरूप तम-कूप परों नहि, अस कछु जतन बिचारी॥ ४॥

सुनु अद्भुत करुना बारिजलोचन मोचन भय भारी।

तुलसिदास प्रभु! तव प्रकास बिनु, संसय टरै न टारी॥ ५॥

Madhava, on what account do you not melt now? Your vow is to guard the surrendered; mine is to live while beholding your lotus feet. (1)

As long as I was not lowly and you compassionate, I not servant and you not Master, I did not tell you the suffering I endured, though you knew the heart. (2)

You are generous and I a miser; I am fallen and you are pure—revelation sings it. Raghunatha, many bonds join you and me; it is no longer fitting that you abandon me. (3)

Father and mother, teacher and brother, friend and husband, benefactor in every way—devise some means so that I do not fall into the dark well of duality. (4)

Listen, lotus-eyed Lord: your wondrous compassion releases one from immense fear. Tulsidas says, Lord, without your light this doubt cannot be driven away. (5)

Madhava, None in the World Equals Me

माधव! मो समान जग माहीं।
 सब बिधि हीन, मलीन, दीन अति, लीन-बिषय कोउ नाहीं॥ १॥
 तुम सम हेतुरहित कृपालु आरत-हित ईस न त्यागी।
 मैं दुख-सोक-बिकल कृपालु! केहि कारन दया न लागी॥ २॥
 नाहिन कछु औगुन तुम्हार, अपराध मोर मैं माना।
 ग्यान-भवन तनु दियेहु नाथ, सोउ पाय न मैं प्रभु जाना॥ ३॥
 बेनु करील, श्रीखंड बसंतहि दूषन मृषा लगावै।
 सार-रहित हत-भाग्य सुरभि, पल्लव सो कहु किमि पावै॥ ४॥
 सब प्रकार मैं कठिन, मृदुल हरि, दृढ़ बिचार जिय मोरे।
 तुलसिदास प्रभु मोह-सुखला, छुटिहि तुम्हारे छोरे॥ ५॥

Madhava, in the world none equals me: no one is so utterly without spiritual means, stained, exceedingly lowly, and absorbed in sense-objects. (1)

And none equals you—causelessly compassionate, a Lord who renounces all for the afflicted one's good. I am distraught with pain and grief; compassionate Lord, why has pity not arisen? (2)

There is no fault of yours; I acknowledge the offense as mine. Master, you gave me this body, a dwelling of knowledge, yet even on receiving it I did not recognize the Lord. (3)

Bamboo and karil falsely blame sandalwood and spring. Lacking heartwood and ill-fated, how can one gain fragrance; lacking leaves, how can the other gain foliage? (4)

I am hard in every way, while Hari is tender—this I have firmly concluded in my heart. Tulsidas says: Lord, the chain of delusion will fall only when you release it. (5)

Madhava, How Can Delusion's Noose Break?

माधव! मोह-फाँस क्यों टूटै।
 बाहिर कोटि उपाय करिय, अभ्यंतर ग्रन्थि न छूटै॥ १॥
 घृतपूरन कराह अंतरगत ससि-प्रतिबिंब दिखावै।
 ईधन अनल लगाय कलपसत, औटत नास न पावै॥ २॥
 तरु-कोटर महँ बस बिहंग तरु काटे मरै न जैसे।
 साधन करिय बिचार-हीन मन सुद्ध होइ नहिं तैसे॥ ३॥
 अंतर मलिन बिषय मन अति, तन पावन करिय पखारे।
 मरइ न उरग अनेक जतन बलमीकि बिबिध बिधि मारे॥ ४॥
 तुलसिदास हरि-गुरु-करुना बिनु बिमल बिबेक न होई।
 बिनु बिबेक संसार-घोर-निधि पार न पावै कोई॥ ५॥

Madhava, how can delusion's noose break? One may perform millions of outward measures, yet the inner knot does not open. (1)

Within a cauldron full of ghee the moon's reflection appears; though fuel and fire be applied and it be boiled for a hundred aeons, the image is not destroyed. (2)

A bird dwelling in a tree hollow does not die when the tree is cut; in the same way, though disciplines are performed, a mind without discernment does not become pure. (3)

The mind within is deeply stained by sense-objects, though one wash the body clean; a serpent does not die however many efforts are made to strike its anthill in different ways. (4)

Tulsidas says: without Hari's and the guru's compassion, stainless discernment does not arise; without discernment, no one crosses the terrible ocean of worldly existence. (5)

Madhava, Such Is Your Maya

माधव! असि तुम्हारि यह माया।

करि उपाय पचि मरिय, तरिय नहिं, जब लगि करहु न दाया॥ १॥

सुनिय, गुनिय, समुझिय, समुझाइय, दसा हृदय नहिं आवै।

जेहि अनुभव बिनु मोहजनित भव दारुन बिपति सतावै॥ २॥

ब्रह्म-पियूष मधुर सीतल जो पै मन सो रस पावै।

तौ कत मृगजल-रूप बिषय कारन निसि-बासर धावै॥ ३॥

जेहिके भवन बिमल चिंतामनि, सो कत काँच बटोरै।

सपने परबस परै, जागि देखत केहि जाइ निहोरै॥ ४॥

ग्यान-भगति साधन अनेक, सब सत्य, झूठ कछु नाही।

तुलसिदास हरि-कृपा मिटै भ्रम, यह भरोस मनमाहीं॥ ५॥

Madhava, such is this maya of yours: one may exhaust oneself and die trying remedies, yet cannot cross it until you show compassion. (1)

One may hear, reflect, understand, and explain it, yet the state itself does not enter the heart; without experiencing it, the terrible adversity of becoming, born of delusion, torments one. (2)

If the mind once tasted the sweet, cooling nectar of Brahman, why would it run night and day after sense-objects shaped like mirage water? (3)

Why would one whose home contains a stainless wish-granting jewel gather glass? One may fall subject to another in a dream; awake and seeing clearly, whom would one go to implore? (4)

Knowledge, devotion, and the many disciplines are all true—nothing in them is false. Yet Tulsidas holds this confidence in his heart: delusion ends through Hari's grace. (5)

Hari, What Fault Can I Lay on You?

हे हरि! कवन दोष तोहिं दीजै।

जेहि उपाय सपनेहुँ दुरलभ गति, सोइ निसि-बासर कीजै॥ १॥

जानत अर्थ अनर्थ-रूप, तमकूप परब यहि लागे।

तदपि न तजत स्वान अज खर ज्यों, फिरत बिषय अनुरागे॥ २॥

भूत-द्रोह कृत मोह-बस्य हित आपन मैं न बिचारो।

मद-मत्सर-अभिमान ग्यान-रिपु, इन महँ रहनि अपारो॥ ३॥

बेद-पुरान सुनत समुझत रघुनाथ सकल जगब्यापी।

बेधत नहिं श्रीखंड बेनु इव, सारहीन मन पापी॥ ४॥

मैं अपराध-सिंधु करुनाकर! जानत अंतरजामी।

तुलसिदास भव-ब्याल-ग्रसित तव सरन उरग-रिपु-गामी॥ ५॥

Hari, what fault can I lay on you? Night and day I practice precisely those means by which a good end is difficult even in a dream. (1)

I know sense-gain to be the form of ruin and that attachment to it makes one fall into the dark well; even so, like dog, goat, and donkey, I do not leave it and wander enamored of sense-objects. (2)

Subject to delusion, I have wronged living beings and never considered my own good. Pride, envy, and self-importance are enemies of knowledge, yet I dwell endlessly among them. (3)

From Veda and Purana I hear and understand that Raghunatha pervades the whole world, yet this does not penetrate my pithless, sinful mind—just as sandalwood does not penetrate bamboo. (4)

Treasury of Compassion, I am an ocean of offenses; you who know the heart know it. Bitten by the serpent of becoming, Tulsidas takes refuge in you, rider of the serpent's enemy. (5)

Hari, By What Effort Could You Be Pleased?

हे हरि! कवन जतन सुख मानहु।

ज्यों गज-दसन तथा मम करनी, सब प्रकार तुम जानहु॥ १॥

जो कछु कहिय करिय भवसागर तरिय बच्छपद जैसे।

रहनि आन बिधि, कहिय आन, हरिपद-सुख पाइय कैसे॥ २॥

देखत चारु मयूर बयन सुभ बोलि सुधा इव सानी।

सबिष उरग-आहार, निठुर अस, यह करनी वह बानी॥ ३॥

अखिल-जीव-वत्सल, निरमत्सर, चरन-कमल-अनुरागी।

ते तव प्रिय रघुबीर धीरमति, अतिसय निज-पर-त्यागी॥ ४॥

जद्यपि मम औगुन अपार संसार-जोग्य रघुराया।

तुलसिदास निज गुन बिचारि करुनानिधान करु दाया॥ ५॥

Hari, by what effort could you be pleased? My conduct is like an elephant's two kinds of tusks—one displayed, another used for eating—and you know it in every way. (1)

By what I say and do, I should cross the ocean of becoming as though it were a calf's hoofprint; but my conduct is one thing and my words another—how can I attain joy in Hari's feet? (2)

The peacock looks beautiful and speaks auspiciously, its call steeped as if in nectar, yet it cruelly eats venomous snakes. Such is my conduct, though such are my words. (3)

Those who cherish every living being, are free from envy, love your lotus feet, and have utterly abandoned the distinction of self and other—steadfast Raghubira, they are dear to you. (4)

Though my boundless faults make me fit for worldly existence, Lord of Raghu, Tulsidas prays: consider your own virtues, Treasury of Compassion, and show mercy. (5)

Hari, By What Effort Will Delusion Flee?

हे हरि! कवन जतन भ्रम भागै।
 देखत, सुनत, बिचारत यह मन, निज सुभाउ नहिं त्यागै॥ १॥
 भगति-ग्यान-बैराग्य सकल साधन यहि लागि उपाई।
 कोउ भल कहउ, देउ कछु, असि बासना न उरते जाई॥ २॥
 जेहि निसि सकल जीव सूतहिं तव कृपापात्र जन जागै।
 निज करनी बिपरीत देखि मोहिं समुझि महा भय लागै॥ ३॥
 जद्यपि भग्न-मनोरथ बिधिबस, सुख इच्छत, दुख पावै।
 चित्रकार करहीन जथा स्वारथ बिनु चित्र बनावै॥ ४॥
 हृषीकेश सुनि नाउँ जाउँ बलि, अति भरोस जिय मोरे।
 तुलसिदास इंद्रिय-संभव दुख, हरे बनिहिं प्रभु तोरे॥ ५॥

Hari, by what effort will delusion flee? Though this mind sees, hears, and reflects, it does not abandon its own nature. (1)

Devotion, knowledge, dispassion, and every discipline are undertaken for this mind; yet the desire that someone praise me or give me something does not leave my heart. (2)

In the night when all beings sleep, those who receive your grace remain awake. Seeing my conduct opposed to theirs and understanding it, I am seized by immense fear. (3)

Though fate breaks its aims, it still desires joy and obtains pain—like a painter without hands who attempts to make a picture for his own gain. (4)

Hearing your name ‘Lord of the senses,’ I give myself to you; immense trust fills my heart. Tulsidas says: Lord, it will be fitting for you to remove the pain born of my senses. (5)

Hari, Why Not Remove This Heavy Delusion?

हे हरि! कस न हरहु भ्रम भारी।
 जद्यपि मृषा सत्य भासे जबलगि नहिं कृपा तुम्हारी॥ १॥
 अर्थ अबिद्यमान जानिय संसृति नहिं जाइ गोसाईं।
 बिन बाँधे निज हठ सठ परबस, परयो कीरकी नाई॥ २॥
 सपने ब्याधि बिबिध बाधा जनु मृत्यु उपस्थित आई।
 बैद अनेक उपाय करै जागे बिनु पीर न जाई॥ ३॥
 श्रुति-गुरु-साधु-समृति-संमत यह दृश्य असत दुखकारी।
 तेहि बिनु तजे, भजे बिनु रघुपति, बिपति सके को टारी॥ ४॥
 बहु उपाय संसार-तरन कहूँ, बिमल गिरा श्रुति गावै।
 तुलसिदास मैं-मोर गये बिनु जिउ सुख कबहुँ न पावै॥ ५॥

Hari, why do you not remove this heavy delusion? Though false, it appears true as long as your grace is absent. (1)

Even when one knows its objects do not truly exist, worldly existence does not depart, Master.

Unbound by another, the fool falls subject to his own obstinacy, like the parrot in its trap. (2)

In a dream, varied diseases and afflictions arise as though death itself had arrived; physicians try many remedies, yet the pain does not leave until one wakes. (3)

Revelation, guru, saint, and sacred tradition agree that this visible world is unreal and productive of pain. Without abandoning it and worshiping the Lord of Raghu, who can avert adversity? (4)

For crossing worldly existence, revelation's stainless voice sings many means. Yet Tulsidas says the soul can never find joy until 'I' and 'mine' are gone. (5)

Hari, Such Is the Power of Delusion

हे हरि! यह भ्रमकी अधिकाई।
 देखत, सुनत, कहत, समुझत संसय-संदेह न जाई॥ १॥
 जो जग मृषा ताप-त्रय-अनुभव होइ कहहु केहि लेखे।
 कहि न जाय मृगबारि सत्य, भ्रम ते दुख होइ बिसेखे॥ २॥
 सुभग सेज सोवत सपने, बारिधि बूड़त भय लागै।
 कोटिहुँ नाव न पार पाव सो, जब लागि आपु न जागै॥ ३॥
 अनबिचार रमनीय सदा, संसार भयंकर भारी।
 सम-संतोष-दया-बिबेक तें, ब्यवहारी सुखकारी॥ ४॥
 तुलसिदास सब बिधि प्रपंच जग, जदपि झूठ श्रुति गावै।
 रघुपति-भगति, संत-संगति बिनु, को भव-त्रास नसावै॥ ५॥

Hari, such is the power of delusion: though one sees, hears, speaks, and understands, uncertainty and doubt do not go. (1)

If the world is false, then by what account is the threefold pain experienced? Mirage water cannot be called real, yet delusion about it causes particular suffering. (2)

Sleeping on a lovely bed, one dreams of drowning in the ocean and becomes afraid. Even millions of boats cannot carry that person across until he himself awakens. (3)

When not examined, worldly existence always appears delightful, though it is immensely terrible; through equanimity, contentment, compassion, and discernment, one's conduct in it becomes beneficial. (4)

Although revelation sings that the world's whole display is false in every way, Tulsidas asks: without devotion to the Lord of Raghu and the company of saints, who can destroy the terror of becoming? (5)

Hari, I Do Not Know How to Practice

मैं हरि, साधन करइ न जानी।

जस आमय भेषज न कीन्ह तस, दोष कहा दिरमानी॥ १॥

सपने नृप कहँ घटे बिप्र-बध, निकल फिरै अघ लागे।

बाजिमेध सत कोटि करै नहिं सुद्ध होइ बिनु जागे॥ २॥

स्त्रग महँ सर्प बिपुल भयदायक, प्रगट होइ अबिचारे।

बहु आयुध धरि, बल अनेक करि हारहिं, मरइ न मारे॥ ३॥

निज भ्रम ते रबिकर-सम्भव सागर अति भय उपजावै।

अवगाहत बोहित नौका चढ़ि कबहुँ पार न पावै॥ ४॥

तुलसिदास जग आपु सहित जब लागि निरमूल न जाई।

तब लागि कोटि कलप उपाय करि मरिय, तरिय नहिं भाई॥ ५॥

Hari, I do not know how to practice spiritual means. If a remedy is not applied according to the disease, how can one blame the physician? (1)

In a dream a king commits brahmin-murder and wanders away stained by the sin. Though he perform a hundred million horse sacrifices, he is not purified without waking. (2)

Through failure to examine, a greatly terrifying snake appears in a garland. People take up many weapons and exert great force until exhausted, yet it does not die when struck. (3)

From one's own delusion, water born of the sun's rays appears as an ocean and produces immense fear. One enters it and boards a ship, yet never reaches the far shore. (4)

Tulsidas says: until the world, together with the separate self, is uprooted, one may exhaust oneself applying remedies for millions of aeons but cannot cross, brother. (5)

Without Your Grace, Maya Does Not Release

अस कुछ समुझि परत रघुराया!
 बिनु तव कृपा दयालु! दास-हित! मोह न छूटे माया॥ १॥
 बाक्य-ग्यान अत्यंत निपुन भव-पार न पावै कोई।
 निसि गृहमध्य दीपको बातन्ह, तम निबृत्त नहिं होई॥ २॥
 जैसे कोइ इक दीन दुखित अति असन-हीन दुख पावै।
 चित्र कलपतरु कामधेनु गृह लिखे न बिपति नसावै॥ ३॥
 षटरस बहुप्रकार भोजन कोउ, दिन अरु रैन बखानै।
 बिनु बोले संतोष-जनित सुख खाइ सोइ पै जानै॥ ४॥
 जबलगि नहिं निज हृदि प्रकास, अरु बिषय-आस मनमाहीं।
 तुलसिदास तबलगि जग-जोनि भ्रमत सपनेहुँ सुख नाही॥ ५॥

This much I seem to understand, Lord of Raghu: without your grace, compassionate friend of servants, the delusion of maya does not release one. (1)

No one, however expert in verbal knowledge, reaches beyond becoming. Talking about a lamp inside a house at night does not dispel the darkness. (2)

A poor, terribly distressed person suffers for lack of food; pictures of a wish-granting tree and cow drawn in his house do not end his adversity. (3)

Someone may describe foods of all six flavors in many ways by day and night; only the one who eats knows, without words, the joy born of satisfaction. (4)

Until light arises in one's own heart and hope for sense-objects leaves the mind, Tulsidas says one wanders through the world's wombs and finds no happiness even in a dream. (5)

If the Mind Abandoned Its Disorders

जौ निज मन परिहरै बिकारा।

तौ कत द्वैत-जनित संसृति-दुख, संसय, सोक अपारा॥ १॥

सत्रु, मित्र, मध्यस्थ, तीनि ये, मन कोन्हें बरिआई।

त्यागन, गहन, उपेच्छनीय, अहि, हाटक तृनकी नाई॥ २॥

असन, बसन, पसु बस्तु बिबिध बिधि सब मनि महुँ रह जैसे।

सरग, नरक, चर-अचर लोक बहु, बसत मध्य मन तैसे॥ ३॥

बिटप-मध्य पुतरिका, सूत महुँ कंचुकि बिनहिं बनाये।

मन महुँ तथा लीन नाना तनु, प्रगटत अवसर पाये॥ ४॥

रघुपति-भगति-बारि-छालित-चित, बिनु प्रयास ही सूझै।

तुलसिदास कह चिद-बिलास जग बूझत बूझत बूझै॥ ५॥

If one's own mind abandoned its disorders, where would remain the pain of worldly existence born of duality, immeasurable doubt and grief? (1)

Enemy, friend, and neutral—the mind itself has forcibly made these three, things to reject, embrace, or disregard, like snake, gold, and grass. (2)

Just as food, clothing, animals, and objects of every kind all remain within the mind, so heaven, hell, and the many moving and unmoving worlds dwell within it. (3)

A puppet lies hidden in wood and a garment in thread before either is fashioned; in the same way, many bodies lie latent in the mind and manifest when occasion comes. (4)

When the mind is washed with the water of devotion to the Lord of Raghu, this is seen without effort. Tulsidas says: as one understands, the world is understood as the play of consciousness. (5)

Thieves Have Entered Your House

मैं केहि कहौं बिपति अति भारी। श्रीरघुबीर धीर हितकारी॥ १॥

मम हृदय भवन प्रभु तोरा। तहँ बसे आइ बहु चोरा॥ २॥

अति कठिन करहिं बरजोरा। मानहिं नहिं बिनय निहोरा॥ ३॥

तम, मोह, लोभ, अहँकारा। मद, क्रोध, बोध-रिपु मारा॥ ४॥

अति करहिं उपद्रव नाथा। मरदहिं मोहि जानि अनाथा॥ ५॥

मैं एक, अमित बटपारा। कोउ सुने न मोर पुकारा॥ ६॥

भागेहु नहिं नाथ! उबारा। रघुनायक, करहु सँभारा॥ ७॥

कह तुलसिदास सुनु रामा। लूटहिं तसकर तव धामा॥ ८॥

चिंता यह मोहिं अपारा। अपजस नहिं होइ तुम्हारा॥ ९॥

To whom can I tell this immense adversity? Glorious Raghubira alone is steadfast and benevolent.

(1)

Lord, my heart is your dwelling, yet many thieves have come and settled there. (2)

They are exceedingly harsh and use force; they heed neither petition nor appeal. (3)

Darkness, delusion, greed, self-importance, pride, anger—Mara, the enemy of understanding. (4)

Master, they cause terrible havoc; taking me for an orphan, they crush me. (5)

I am one and the highwaymen are countless; no one hears my cry. (6)

Master, do not flee—rescue me. Lord of Raghu, take care of me. (7)

Tulsidas says: listen, Rama—the thieves are plundering your own abode. (8)

This is my boundless concern: may the disgrace not become yours. (9)

My Mind, Heed My Teaching

मन मेरे, मानहि सिख मेरी। जो निजु भगति चहै हरि केरी॥ १॥

उर आनहि प्रभु-कृत हित जेते। सेवहि ते जे अपनपौ चेतें॥ २॥

दुख-सुख अरु अपमान-बड़ाई। सब सम लेखहि बिपति बिहाई॥ ३॥

सुनु सठ काल-ग्रसित यह देही। जनि तेहि लागि बिदूषहि केही॥ ४॥

तुलसिदास बिनु असि मति आये। मिलहिं न राम कपट लौ लाये॥ ५॥

My mind, heed my teaching if you desire Hari's own devotion. (1)

Bring into your heart every good the Lord has done; serve those who remain mindful that they belong to him. (2)

Regard pain and joy, insult and honor, all alike, and adversity will pass away. (3)

Listen, fool: this body is already seized by Time; do not revile anyone for its sake. (4)

Tulsidas says: until such understanding arises, Rama is not found, however long one clings to deceit. (5)

I Know I Have No Love for Hari's Feet

मैं जानी, हरिपद-रति नाहीं। सपनेहुँ नहिं बिराग मन माहीं॥ १॥

जे रघुबीर चरन अनुरागे। तिन्ह सब भोग रोगसम त्यागे॥ २॥

काम-भुजंग डसत जब जाही। बिषय-नीब कटु लगत न ताही॥ ३॥

असमंजस अस हृदय बिचारी। बढ़त सोच नित नूतन भारी॥ ४॥

जब कब राम-कृपा दुख जाई। तुलसिदास नहिं आन उपाई॥ ५॥

I know that I have no love for Hari's feet; not even in a dream is there dispassion in my mind. (1)

Those who love Raghubira's feet have abandoned every enjoyment as though it were disease. (2)

When the serpent of desire bites someone, even the bitter neem of sense-objects does not taste bitter to him. (3)

Reflecting on this perplexity in my heart, a heavy and ever-new anxiety increases each day. (4)

Whenever Rama's grace comes, the pain will go; Tulsidas has no other remedy. (5)

Remember Sita's Lord with Love

सुमिरु सनेह-सहित सीतापति। रामचरन तजि नहिंन आनि गति॥ १॥

जप, तप, तीरथ, जोग समाधी। कलिमति बिकल, न कछु निरुपाधी॥ २॥

करतहुं सुकृत न पाप सिराहीं। रक्तबीज जिमि बाढ़त जाहीं॥ ३॥

हरति एक अघ-असुर-जालिका। तुलसिदास प्रभु-कृपा-कालिका॥ ४॥

Remember Sita's Lord with love; apart from Rama's feet there is no other way. (1)

Recitation, austerity, pilgrimage, yoga, and absorption—in Kali the mind is disturbed and nothing remains untainted. (2)

Even while merits are performed, sins do not come to an end; like Raktabija, they continue to multiply. (3)

One Kali alone destroys the host of sin-demons: Tulsidas says, she is the Lord's grace. (4)

Tongue, Why Do You Not Repeat Rama?

रुचिर रसना तू राम राम राम क्यों न रटत।

सुमिरत सुख-सुकृत बढ़त, अघ-अमंगल घटत॥ १॥

बिनु श्रम कलि-कलुषजाल कटु कराल कटत।

दिनकरके उदय जैसे तिमिर-तोम फटत॥ २॥

जोग, जाग, जप, बिराग, तप, सुतीरथ-अटत।

बाँधिबेको भव-गयंद रेनुकी रज्जु बटत॥ ३॥

परिहरि सुर-मनि सुनाम, गुंजा लखि लटत।

लालच लघु तेरो लखि, तुलसि तोहि हटत॥ ४॥

Lovely tongue, why do you not repeat ‘Rama, Rama, Rama’? By remembering him, joy and merit increase, while sin and misfortune diminish. (1)

Without labor, Kali’s harsh and terrible net of defilement is cut, as masses of darkness split at sunrise. (2)

Yoga, sacrifice, recitation, dispassion, austerity, and wandering to holy places are like twisting a rope of dust to bind the elephant of becoming. (3)

Abandoning the divine jewel of the beautiful Name, you lunge after a gunja seed. Seeing how petty your greed is, Tulsi recoils from you. (4)

Repeating Rama's Name

राम राम, राम राम, राम राम, जपत।
 मंगल-मुद उदित होत, कलि-मल-छल छपत॥ १॥
 कहु के लहे फल रसाल, बबुर बीज बपत।
 हारहि जनि जनम जाय गाल गूल गपत॥ २॥
 काल, करम, गुन, सुभाउ सबके सीस तपत।
 राम-नाम-महिमाको चरचा चले चपत॥ ३॥
 साधन बिनु सिद्धि सकल बिकल लोग लपत।
 कलिजुग बर बनिज बिपुल, नाम-नगर खपत॥ ४॥
 नाम सों प्रतीति-प्रीति हृदय सुथिर थपत।
 पावन किये रावन-रिपु तुलसिहु-से अपत॥ ५॥

Repeating 'Rama Rama, Rama Rama, Rama Rama,' auspicious joy arises, while Kali's stain and deceit hide away. (1)

Tell me, who has gained a mango's fruit by sowing acacia seed? Do not lose—do not let your life pass in idle boasting and babble. (2)

Time, karma, qualities, and nature burn upon every head, while discussion of the glory of Rama's Name spreads swiftly. (3)

People distraught for every attainment without spiritual means cry out; in the age of Kali, the Name sells throughout the city as the finest and most abundant trade. (4)

Faith and love for the Name set the heart firmly in place. The Foe of Ravana purified even an unworthy Tulsi such as this. (5)

Pure Love for Rama's Lotus Feet

पावन प्रेम राम-चरन-कमल जनम लाहु परम।
रामनाम लेत होत, सुलभ सकल धरम॥ १॥
जोग, मख, बिबेक, निरत, बेद-बिदित करम।
करिबे कहँ कटु कठोर, सुनत मधुर, नरम॥ २॥
तुलसी सुनि, जानि-बूझि, भूलहि जनि भरम।
तेहि प्रभुको होहि, जाहि सब ही की सरम॥ ३॥

Pure love for Rama's lotus feet is the supreme gain of birth. By taking Rama's Name, every dharma becomes readily accessible. (1)

Yoga, sacrifice, discernment, discipline, and works taught by the Vedas sound sweet and gentle, but are bitter and hard to perform. (2)

Tulsi, having heard, known, and understood, do not wander forgetfully in delusion. Belong to that Lord who protects the honor of everyone. (3)

Life Without Love for Rama

राम-से प्रीतमकी प्रीति-रहित जीव जाय जियत।
जेहि सुख सुख मानि लेत, सुख सो समुझ कियत॥ १॥
जहँ-जहँ जेहि जोनि जनम महि, पताल, बियत।
तहँ-तहँ तू बिषय-सुखहिं, चहत लहत नियत॥ २॥
कत बिमोह लट्यो, फट्यो गगन मगन सियता।
तुलसी प्रभु-सुजस गाइ, क्यों न सुधा पियत॥ ३॥

The soul's life passes away without love for a beloved such as Rama. You accept a thing as happiness—but reflect: how much happiness is it? (1)

Wherever and in whatever womb you were born—on earth, in the netherworld, or in the sky—there you invariably desired and obtained sense-pleasure. (2)

Why remain wrapped in delusion, absorbed in sewing a sky that has torn? Tulsi, why not sing the Lord's fair fame and drink nectar? (3)

Again I Speak Words for Your Good

तोसों हों फिरि फिरि हित, प्रिय, पुनीत सत्य बचन कहत।

सुनि मन, गुनि, समुझि, क्यों न सुगम सुमग गहत॥ १॥

छोटो बड़ो, खोटो खरो, जग जो जहाँ रहत।

अपनो अपनेको भलो कहहु, को न चहत॥ २॥

बिधि लगि लघु कीट अवधि सुख सुखी, दुख दहत।

पसु लौं पसुपाल ईस बाँधत छोरत नहत॥ ३॥

बिषय मुद निहार भार सिर काँधे ज्यों बहत।

योंही जिय जानि, मानि सठ! तू साँसति सहत॥ ४॥

पायो केहि घृत बिचारु, हरिन-बारि महत।

तुलसी तकु ताहि सरन, जाते सब लहत॥ ५॥

Again and again I speak to you words that are beneficial, dear, pure, and true. Mind, hear, reflect, and understand—why do you not take the easy, good road? (1)

Small or great, false or true—whoever lives anywhere in the world, tell me, who does not desire his own good? (2)

From Brahma down to the smallest worm, all delight in happiness and burn in pain; from beast to Lord Pashupati, the Lord binds, releases, and protects. (3)

Look at the joy of sense-objects: it is like carrying a load upon one's head. Knowing and accepting this in your heart, fool, why do you endure torment? (4)

Reflect: who has obtained ghee by churning the vast water of a mirage? Tulsi, look toward the refuge from whom everyone receives all things. (5)

Again and Again I Cry at Your Door

ताते हौं बार बार देव! द्वार परि पुकार करत।
 आरति, नति, दीनता कहें प्रभु संकट हरत॥ १॥
 लोकपाल सोक-बिकल रावन-डर डरत।
 का सुनि सकुचे कृपालु नर-सरीर धरत॥ २॥
 कौसिक, मुनि-तीय, जनक सोच-अनल जरत।
 साधन केहि सीतल भये, सो न समुझि परत॥ ३॥
 केवट, खग, सबरि सहज चरनकमल न रत।
 सनमुख तोहि होत नाथ! कुतरु सुफरु फरत॥ ४॥
 बंधु-बैर कपि-बिभीषन गुरु गलानि गरत।
 सेवा केहि रीझि राम, किये सरिस भरत॥ ५॥
 सेवक भयो पवनपूत साहिब अनुहरत।
 ताको लिये नाम राम सबको सुढर ढरत॥ ६॥
 जाने बिनु राम-रीति पचि पचि जग मरत।
 परिहरि छल सरन गये तुलसिहु-से तरत॥ ७॥

Therefore, Lord, again and again I fall at your door and cry out. When anguish, humility, and lowliness speak, the Lord removes distress. (1)

The world-guardians were distraught with grief and trembled in fear of Ravana. What did you hear that made you, compassionate one, feel such concern and assume a human body? (2)

Kaushika, the sage's wife, and Janaka burned in the fire of anxiety. I cannot understand by what spiritual means they were cooled. (3)

Boatman, bird, and Shabari were not naturally devoted to the lotus feet; yet, Master, when they came before you, even a bad tree bore good fruit. (4)

Sugriva and Vibhishana were consumed by enmity with brothers and grave disgrace. Pleased by what service, Rama, did you make them equal to Bharata? (5)

The Son of the Wind became the master and the Lord followed him as servant. By taking his name, Rama respectfully honors everyone. (6)

Without knowing Rama's way, the world exhausts itself and dies. Those like Tulsi who abandon deceit and take refuge cross over. (7)

You Did Not Love the Lover of Rama

राग सूहो बिलावल
 राम सनेही सों तैं न सनेह कियो।
 अगम जो अमरनि हूँ सो तनु तोहि दियो॥
 दियो सुकुल जनम, सरीर सुंदर, हेतु जो फल चारिको।
 जो पाइ पंडित परमपद, पावत पुरारि-मुरारिको॥
 यह भरतखंड, समीप सुरसरि, थल भलो, संगति भली।
 तेरी कुमति कायर! कलप-बल्ली चाहति है बिष फल फली॥ १॥
 अजहुँ समुझि चित दै सुनु परमारथ।
 है हितु सो जगहूँ जाहिते स्वारथ॥
 स्वारथहि प्रिय, स्वारथ सो का ते कौन बेद बखानई।
 देखु खल, अहि-खेल परिहरि, सो प्रभुहि पहिचानई॥
 पितु-मात, गुरु, स्वामी, अपनपौ, तिय, तनय, सेवक, सखा।
 प्रिय लगत जाके प्रेमसों, बिनु हेतु हित तैं नहिं लखा॥ २॥
 दूरि न सो हितू हेरि हिये ही है।
 छलहि छाँड़ि सुमिरे छोहु किये ही है॥
 किये छोहु छाया कमल करकी भगतपर भजतहि भजै।
 जगदीश, जीवन जीवको, जो साज सब सबको सजै॥
 हरिहि हरिता, बिधिहि बिधिता, सिवहि सिवता जो दई।
 सोइ जानकी-पति मधुर मूरति, मोदमय मंगल मई॥ ३॥
 ठाकुर अतिहि बड़ो, सील, सरल, सुठि।
 ध्यान अगम सिवहुँ, भेंट्यो केवट उठि॥
 भरि अंक भेट्यो सजल नयन, सनेह सिथिल सरीर सो।
 सुर, सिद्ध, मुनि, कबि कहत कोउ न प्रेमप्रिय रघुबीर सो॥
 खग, सबरि, निसिचर, भालु, कपि किये आपु ते बंदित बड़े।
 तापर तिन्ह कि सेवा सुमिरि जिय जात जनु सकुचनि गड़े॥ ४॥
 स्वामीको सुभाव कह्यो सो जब उर आनिहै।

सोच सकल मिटिहैं, राम भलो मन मानिहैं॥
भलो मानिहैं रघुनाथ जोरि जो हाथ माथो नाइहै।
ततकाल तुलसीदास जीवन-जनमको फल पाइहै॥
जपि नाम करहि प्रनाम, कहि गुन-ग्राम, रामहिं धरि हिये।
बिचरहि अवनि अवनीस-चरनसरोज मन-मधुकर किये॥ ५॥

Rāga Sūho Bilāvala

You did not love the lover of Rama. He gave you this body, inaccessible even to immortals—a birth in a noble family and a beautiful body, means to the four goals. Receiving it, the wise attain the supreme station of Shiva or Krishna. Here are Bharatavarsha, the nearby celestial river, a fine place, and good company; yet, coward, the wish-vine of your bad understanding desires to bear poisonous fruit. (1)

Even now understand; attend and hear the supreme good. The true benefactor in the world is the one from whom every interest is gained. Self-interest is dear—but from whom does it come? Which Veda proclaims otherwise? Villain, abandon play with the snake and recognize that Lord. Father, mother, teacher, master, one's own people, wife, son, servant, and friend seem dear through his love; apart from him, you have seen no causeless benefactor. (2)

That benefactor is not far away—look, he is within the heart. Abandon deceit and remember him; he immediately shows tenderness. The shade of his lotus hand runs after the devotee as soon as the devotee worships. Lord of the world and life of the living, he arranges every provision for everyone. He gave Hari his Harihood, Brahma his Brahmahood, and Shiva his Shivahood: that very Lord of Janaki is the sweet, joyful, all-auspicious form. (3)

The Master is exceedingly great, gracious, straightforward, and good. Though inaccessible even to Shiva's meditation, he rose to meet the boatman. With tear-filled eyes and a body loosened by affection, he clasped him in his arms. Gods, perfected beings, sages, and poets say none loves love as Raghubira does. He made bird, Shabari, night-roamer, bear, and monkey more honored and greater than himself, then seemed to sink with embarrassment when recalling their service. (4)

When you bring into the heart the Master's nature just described, every anxiety will vanish and the mind will acknowledge Rama's goodness. One who accepts Raghunatha as good, joins his hands, and bows his head will at once, says Tulsidas, gain the fruit of life and birth. Repeat the Name, bow, recount the hosts of virtues, and hold Rama in your heart; roam the earth with the bee of your mind fixed on the lotus feet of the Lord of the earth. (5)

Since the Soul Became Separated from Hari

जिव जबतें हरितें बिलगान्यो। तबतें देह गेह निज जान्यो॥
 मायाबस स्वरूप बिसरायो। तेहि भ्रमतें दारुन दुख पायो॥
 पायो जो दारुन दुसह दुख, सुख-लेस सपनेहुँ नहिं मिल्यो।
 भव-सूल, सोक अनेक जेहि, तेहि पंथ तू हठि हठि चल्यो॥
 बहु जोनि जनम, जरा, बिपति, मतिमंद! हरि जान्यो नहीं।
 श्रीराम बिनु बिश्राम मूढ़! बिचारु, लखि पायो कहीं॥ १॥
 आनंद-सिंधु-मध्य तव बासा। बिनु जाने कस मरसि पियासा॥
 मृग-भ्रम-बारि सत्य जिय जानी। तहँ तू मगन भयो सुख मानी॥
 तहँ मगन मज्जसि, पान करि, त्रयकाल जल नाहीं जहाँ।
 निज सहज अनुभव रूप तव खल! भूलि अब आयो तहाँ॥
 निरमल, निरंजन निरबिकार, उदार सुख तैं परिहर्यो।
 निःकाज राज बिहाय नृप इव सपन कारागृह परयो॥ २॥
 तैं निज करम-डोरि दृढ़ कीन्हीं। अपने करनि गाँठि गहि दीन्हीं॥
 ताते परबस परयो अभागे। ता फल गरभ-बास-दुख आगे॥
 आगे अनेक समूह संसृत उदरगत जान्यो सोऊ।
 सिर हेठ, ऊपर चरन, संकट बात नहिं पूछे कोऊ॥
 सोनित-पुरीष जो मूत्र-मल कृमि-कर्दमावृत सोवई।
 कोमल सरीर, गँभीर बेदन, सीस धुनि-धुनि रोवई॥ ३॥
 तू निज करम-जाल जहँ घेरो। श्रीहरि संग तज्यो नहिं तेरो॥
 बहुबिधि प्रतिपालन प्रभु कीन्हो। परम कृपालु ग्यान तोहि दीन्हों॥
 तोहि दियो ग्यान-बिबेक, जनम अनेककी तब सुधि भई।
 तेहि ईसकी हों सरन, जाकी बिषम माया गुनमई॥
 जेहि किये जीव-निकाय बस, रसहीन, दिन-दिन अति नई।
 सो करौ बेगि सँभारि श्रीपति, बिपति महँ जेहि मति दर्ई॥ ४॥
 पुनि बहुबिधि गलानि जिय मानी। अब जग जाइ भजौं चक्रपानी॥
 ऐसेहि करि बिचार चुप साधी। प्रसव-पवन प्रेर्यो अपराधी॥

प्रेर्यो जो परम प्रचंड मारुत, कष्ट नाना तैं सह्यो।
 सो ग्यान, ध्यान, बिराग, अनुभव जातना-पावक दह्यो॥
 अति खेद ब्याकुल, अलप बल, छिन एक बोलि न आवई।
 तव तीब्र कष्ट न जान कोउ, सब लोग हरषित गावई॥ ५॥
 बाल दसा जेते दुख पाये। अति असीम, नहिं जाहिं गनाये॥
 छुधा-ब्याधि-बाधा भइ भारी। बेदन नहिं जानै महतारी॥
 जननी न जानै पीर सो, केहि हेतु सिसु रोदन करै।
 सोइ करै बिबिध उपाय, जातैं अधिक तुव छाती जरै॥
 कौमार, सैसव अरु किसोर अपार अघ को कहि सकै।
 ब्यतिरेक तोहि निरदय! महाखल! आन कहु को सहि सकै॥ ६॥
 जोबन जुवती सँग रँग रात्यो। तब तू महा मोह-मद मात्यो॥
 ताते तजी धरम-मरजादा। बिसरे तब सब प्रथम बिषादा॥
 बिसरे बिषाद, निकाय-संकट समुझि नहिं फाटत हियो।
 फिरि गर्भगत-आवर्त संसृतिचक्र जेहि होइ सोइ कियो॥
 कृमि-भस्म-बिट-परिनाम तनु, तेहि लागि जग बैरी भयो।
 परदार, परधन, द्रोहपर, संसार बाढ़े नित नयो॥ ७॥
 देखत ही आई बिरुधाई। जो तैं सपनेहुं नाहिं बुलाई॥
 ताके गुन कछु कहे न जाहीं। सो अब प्रगट देखु तनु माहीं॥
 सो प्रगट तनु जरजर जराबस, ब्याधि, सूल सतावई।
 सिर-कंप, इंद्रिय-सक्ति प्रतिहत, बचन काहु न भावई॥
 गृहपालहूतैं अति निरादर, खान-पान न पावई।
 ऐसिहु दसा न बिराग तहँ, तृष्णा-तरंग बढावई॥ ८॥
 कहि को सके महाभव तेरे। जनम एकके कछुक गनेरे॥
 चारि खानि संतत अवगाहीं। अजहुं न करु बिचार मन माहीं॥
 अजहुं बिचारि, बिकार तजि, भजु राम जन-सुखदायकं।
 भवसिंधु दुस्तर जलरथं, भजु चक्रधर सुरनायकं॥
 बिनु हेतु करुनाकर, उदार, अपार-माया-तारनं।
 कैवल्य-पति, जगपति, रमापति, प्रानपति, गतिकारनं॥ ९॥
 रघुपति-भगति सुलभ, सुखकारी। सो त्रयताप-सोक-भय-हारी॥

बिनु सतसंग भगति नहिं होई। ते तब मिलें द्रवै जब सोई॥
 जब द्रवै दीनदयालु राघव, साधु-संगति पाइये।
 जेहि दरस-परस-समागमादिक पापरासि नसाइये॥
 जिनके मिले दुख-सुख समान, अमानतादिक गुन भये।
 मद-मोह लोभ-बिषाद-क्रोध सुबोधतें सहजहिं गये॥ १०॥
 सेवत साधु द्वैत-भय भागै। श्रीरघुबीर-चरन लय लागै॥
 देह-जनित बिकार सब त्यागै। तब फिरि निज स्वरूप अनुरागै॥
 अनुराग सो निज रूप जो जगतें बिलच्छन देखिये।
 संतोष, सम, सीतल, सदा दम, देहवंत न लेखिये॥
 निरमल, निरामय, एकरस, तेहि हरष-सोक न ब्यापई।
 त्रैलोक-पावन सो सदा जाकी दसा ऐसी भई॥ ११॥
 जो तेहि पंथ चले मन लाई। तौ हरि काहे न होहिं सहाई॥
 जो मारग श्रुति-साधु दिखावै। तेहि पथ चलत सबै सुख पावै॥
 पावै सदा सुख हरि-कृपा, संसार-आसा तजि रहै।
 सपनेहुं नहीं सुख द्वैत-दरसन, बात कोटिक को कहै॥
 द्विज, देव, गुरु, हरि, संत बिनु संसार-पार न पाइये।
 यह जानि तुलसीदास त्रासहरन रमापति गाइये॥ १२॥

Since the soul became separated from Hari, it took body and home to be its own. Subject to Maya, it forgot its true nature, and through that delusion suffered terrible pain. You gained unbearable misery and not even a trace of happiness in a dream; obstinately you kept walking the very road that brought the pangs of becoming and countless sorrows. Dull-witted one, through many births, old ages, and calamities you did not know Hari. Fool, reflect: without Shri Rama, where have you ever found rest? (1)

Your dwelling is in the midst of the ocean of bliss; not knowing this, why do you die of thirst? Taking a mirage's water as real, you plunged into it and thought yourself happy. You sink there and drink, though no water has existed there in past, present, or future. Wretch, forgetting your own innate, directly experienced nature, you have now come to this. You abandoned stainless, taintless, changeless, generous joy—like a king needlessly forsaking his realm and falling into a prison in a dream. (2)

You yourself made the cord of karma firm and tied its knot with your own deeds. Therefore, luckless one, you fell into dependence, and its next fruit was the pain of dwelling in the womb. You

knew that host of afflictions while enclosed in the belly: head downward, feet above, in a distress about which no one asks. Covered with blood, excrement, urine, filth, worms, and mire, your tender body lay in grave pain, beating its head and weeping. (3)

Where your own net of karma enclosed you, Shri Hari did not abandon your company. The Lord preserved you in many ways; supremely compassionate, he gave you knowledge. He gave you knowledge and discernment, and then you remembered many births: “I take refuge in that Lord whose formidable Maya is made of the qualities. By it he has subjected multitudes of creatures, tasteless yet ever new from day to day. May Shripati, who gave me understanding amid calamity, quickly rescue me.” (4)

Then, feeling many forms of remorse within, you resolved, “Now I shall enter the world and worship the Discus-bearer.” You had scarcely formed this thought and fallen silent when the guilty wind of birth drove you out. Propelled by that exceedingly fierce wind, you suffered many pains, and the fire of torment burned away that knowledge, meditation, dispassion, and direct experience. Overwhelmed by anguish, with little strength, you could not utter a word even for an instant. No one knew your acute suffering; all the people sang in delight. (5)

The sufferings you endured in childhood were measureless and cannot be counted. Hunger, illness, and affliction became severe, but your mother did not know the pain. The mother did not understand why the infant cried; she tried various remedies that made your breast burn still more. Who can tell the boundless misery of infancy, childhood, and adolescence? Apart from you, pitiless and utterly wicked one, say who else could endure it? (6)

In youth you became absorbed in the colors of a young woman; then you were intoxicated with immense delusion and pride. Because of that you abandoned the bounds of dharma and forgot all your former grief. You forgot the anguish and danger of embodiment; your heart did not break on understanding it. You did whatever would bring you once more into the womb’s whirl and the cycle of becoming. For a body whose end is worms, ashes, or excrement, you made the world your enemy—intent on others’ wives, others’ wealth, and malice, making worldly bondage ever new. (7) As you watched, that adversary came whom you had not summoned even in a dream. Its qualities cannot be fully told; now see it manifest in your body. Subject to old age, the body is visibly worn out; disease and stabbing pain torment it. The head trembles, the powers of the senses are checked, and no one likes its speech. It receives deep disrespect even from the keepers of the household and does not obtain food and drink. Even in such a state dispassion does not arise; the waves of craving increase. (8)

Who can recount your vast worldly becoming? Only a few events of one birth have been counted. You have continually plunged into the four modes of birth, yet even now you do not reflect within. Reflect even now, abandon your disorders, and worship Rama, giver of joy to his servants. Worship the Discus-bearer, leader of the gods and ship upon the hard-to-cross ocean of becoming: causelessly compassionate, generous, deliverer across boundless Maya, Lord of liberation, Lord of the world, Lord of Rama, Lord of life, and cause of the path. (9)

Devotion to Raghupati is accessible and joy-giving; it removes the three afflictions, sorrow, and fear. Without the company of saints there is no devotion, and saints are met only when he melts with compassion. When the compassionate-to-the-poor Raghava melts, one gains saintly company; sight, touch, fellowship, and the like with saints destroy the heap of sins. Meeting them, pain and pleasure become equal, virtues such as freedom from self-regard arise, and pride, delusion, greed, grief, and anger depart naturally through right understanding. (10)

By serving a saint, fear born of duality flees and love fastens upon Shri Raghubira's feet. One abandons all body-born disorders and then again loves one's own true nature—that nature, unlike the world, which is seen as contented, even, cool, always self-restrained, and not reckoning itself an embodied being. Stainless, free from affliction, and of one essence, it is pervaded by neither elation nor grief. One whose state has become such is ever the purifier of the three worlds. (11)

If one follows that path with the mind intent, why should Hari not become one's helper? All who walk the road shown by scripture and saint obtain happiness. By Hari's grace one gains lasting joy and lives having abandoned hope in the world. There is no happiness, even in a dream, in the vision of duality—what can millions of words add? Without brahmin, deity, guru, Hari, and saint, one cannot cross the world. Knowing this, says Tulsidas, sing of the Lord of Rama, remover of fear. (12)

If Compassionate Raghupati Grants His Grace

राग बिलावल

जो पै कृपा रघुपति कृपालुकी, बैर औरके कहा सरै।
 होइ न बाँको बार भगतको, जो कोउ कोटि उपाय करे॥ १॥
 तकै नीचु जो मीचु साधुकी, सो पामर तेहि मीचु मरै।
 बेद-बिदित प्रह्लाद-कथा सुनि, को न भगति-पथ पाउँ धरै?॥ २॥
 गज उधारि हरि थप्यो बिभीषन, ध्रुव अबिचल कबहुँ न टरै।
 अंबरीष को साप सुरति करि, अजहुँ महामुनि ग्लानि गरै॥ ३॥
 सों धौं कहा जु न कियो सुजोधन, अबुध आपने मान जरै।
 प्रभु-प्रसाद सौभाग्य बिजय-जस, पांडवनै बरिआइ बरै॥ ४॥
 जोड़ जोड़ कूप खनैगो परकहँ, सो सठ फिरि तेहि कूप परै।
 सपनेहुँ सुख न संतद्रोहीकहँ, सुरतरु सोइ बिष-फरनि फरै॥ ५॥
 हैं काके द्वै सीस ईसके जो हठि जनकी सीव चरै।
 तुलसिदास रघुबीर-बाहुबल सदा अभय काहू न डरै॥ ६॥

Rāga Bilāvala

If compassionate Raghupati grants his grace, what can another's enmity accomplish? Not a hair of the devotee is harmed, though someone devise ten million means. (1)

The vile man who watches for a saint's death dies that very death himself. Hearing Prahlada's story, renowned in the Vedas, who would not set foot upon the path of devotion? (2)

Hari rescued the elephant king, established Vibhishana, and made Dhruva immovable, never to fall. Remembering his curse upon Ambarisha, the great sage still wastes with shame. (3)

What, indeed, did Suyodhana not do? The fool burned in his own pride. By the Lord's grace, the Pandavas themselves chose and received good fortune, victory, and fame. (4)

The fool who digs well after well for another will himself fall into one of those wells. An enemy of saints has no happiness even in a dream; for him the wish-fulfilling tree itself bears poisonous fruit. (5)

Who has two heads, that he should obstinately cross the boundary of the Lord's servant? Through the strength of Raghubira's arm, Tulsidas is forever fearless and afraid of no one. (6)

When Will That Lotus Hand Rest upon My Head?

कबहुँ सो कर-सरोज रघुनायक! धरिहौ नाथ सीस मेरे।
 जेहि कर अभय किये जन आरत, बारक बिबस नाम टेरे॥ १॥
 जेहि कर-कमल कठोर संभुधनु भंजि जनक-संसय मेट्यो।
 जेहि कर-कमल उठाइ बंधु ज्यों, परम प्रीती केवट भेंट्यो॥ २॥
 जेहि कर-कमल कृपालु गीधकहँ, पिंड देइ निजधाम दियो।
 जेहि कर बालि बिदारि दास-हित, कपिकुल-पति सुग्रीव कियो॥ ३॥
 आयो सरन सभीत बिभीषन जेहि कर-कमल तिलक कीन्हों।
 जेहि कर गहि सर चाप असुर हति, अभयदान देवन्ह दीन्हों॥ ४॥
 सीतल सुखद छाँह जेहि करकी, मेटति पाप, ताप, माया।
 निसि-बासर तेहि कर सरोजकी, चाहत तुलसिदास छाया॥ ५॥

Raghunayaka, when, O Lord, will you place that lotus hand upon my head—the hand by which you made distressed servants fearless when, helpless as children, they called your name? (1)
 With that lotus hand you broke Shiva's hard bow and removed Janaka's doubt; with that lotus hand you raised the boatman and embraced him like a brother in supreme love. (2)
 With that hand, compassionate Lord, you offered the funeral cake to the vulture and gave him your own abode; with that hand you struck down Bali for your servant's sake and made Sugriva lord of the monkey clan. (3)
 When frightened Vibhishana came for refuge, with that lotus hand you placed the royal mark upon him; taking bow and arrow in that hand, you slew the demons and gave the gods the gift of fearlessness. (4)
 The cool, joy-giving shade of that hand destroys sin, affliction, and Maya. Night and day Tulsidas longs for the shade of that lotus hand. (5)

O Compassionate to the Poor, the World Burns

दीनदयालु, दुरित दारिद्र दुख दुनी दुसह तिहुँ ताप तई है।
 देव दुवार पुकारत आरत, सबको सब सुख हानि भई है॥ १॥
 प्रभुके बचन, बेद-बुध-सम्मत, 'मम मूरति महिदेवमई है'।
 तिनकी मति रिस-राग-मोह-मद, लोभ लालची लीलि लई है॥ २॥
 राज-समाज कुसाज कोटि कटु कलपित कलुष कुचाल नई है।
 नीति, प्रतीति, प्रीति परमित पति हेतुबाद हठि हेरि हई है॥ ३॥
 आश्रम-बरन-धरम-बिरहित जग, लोक-बेद-मरजाद गई है।
 प्रजा पतित, पाखंड-पापरत, अपने अपने रंग रई है॥ ४॥
 सांति, सत्य, सुभ, रीति गई घटि, बड़ी कुरीति, कपट-कलई है।
 सीदत साधु, साधुता सोचति, खल बिलसत, हुलसति खलई है॥ ५॥
 परमारथ स्वारथ, साधन भये अफल, सफल नहिं सिद्धि सई है।
 कामधेनु-धरनी कलि-गोमर-बिबस बिकल जामति न बई है॥ ६॥
 कलि-करनी बरनिये कहाँ लौं, करत फिरत बिनु टहल टई है।
 तापर दाँत पीसि कर मीजत, को जानै चित कहा ठई है॥ ७॥
 त्यों त्यों नीच चढ़त सिर ऊपर, ज्यों ज्यों सीलबस ढील दई है।
 सरुष बरजि तरजिये तरजनी, कुम्हिलैहै कुम्हड़ेकी जई है॥ ८॥
 दीजै दादि देखि ना तौ बलि, मही मोद-मंगल रितई है।
 भरे भाग अनुराग लोग कहैं, राम कृपा-चितवनि चितई है॥ ९॥
 बिनती सुनि सानंद हेरि हँसि, करुना-बारि भूमि भिजई है।
 राम-राज भयो काज, सगुन सुभ, राजा राम जगत-बिजई है॥ १०॥
 समरथ बड़ो, सुजान सुसाहब, सुकृत-सैन हारत जितई है।
 सुजन सुभाव सराहत सादर, अनायास साँसति बितई है॥ ११॥
 उथपे थपन, उजारि बसावन, गई बहोरि बिरद सदई है।
 तुलसी प्रभु आरत-आरतिहर, अभयबाँह केहि केहि न दई है॥ १२॥

O compassionate to the poor, the world is scorched by sin, poverty, sorrow, unbearable suffering, and the three afflictions. The distressed cry at your door, O Lord; everyone has lost every happiness. (1)

The Lord's declaration, approved by Veda and the wise, is: "My form is embodied in the gods upon earth." Yet anger, attachment, delusion, pride, greed, and avarice have swallowed their understanding. (2)

Royal society is filled with millions of harsh disorders, invented defilements, and new corrupt practices. Obstinate reasoning has sought out and destroyed governance, trust, love, proper measure, and fidelity to the Lord. (3)

The world is bereft of the duties of life-stage and social order; the bounds of common custom and Veda are gone. The fallen people, devoted to hypocrisy and sin, remain absorbed each in their own color. (4)

Peace, truth, goodness, and right conduct have diminished; bad custom and the dark stain of deceit have increased. Saints languish, saintliness grieves, villains revel, and villainy exults. (5)

The highest good has become self-interest; disciplines have become fruitless, and genuine attainment no longer succeeds. Earth, the wish-cow, is helpless under Kali's cow-dung: distressed, what is sown in her does not grow. (6)

How far can Kali's conduct be described? He roams about doing harm without assignment; moreover he grinds his teeth and rubs his hands—who knows what his mind has resolved? (7)

The more one yields from courtesy, the more the vile climb upon one's head. Forbid him in anger and threaten him with a raised finger; he will wither like the vine of a gourd. (8)

See and grant justice; otherwise, I offer myself, the earth will be emptied of joy and auspiciousness.

People filled with fortunate love say that Rama's gracious glance has fallen upon them. (9)

Hearing the petition, he looked joyfully, smiled, and drenched the ground with the water of compassion. The task was accomplished through Rama's rule; auspicious signs appeared, and King Rama became victorious throughout the world. (10)

The able, great, wise, good Master makes the defeated army of merit victorious. Honoring and praising his noble nature, he effortlessly removes suffering. (11)

To establish the uprooted, settle the desolate, and restore what is lost has always been his renown. Tulsidas says: the Lord is distressed by the distressed and removes their distress—to whom has he not extended his fearless arm? (12)

Those Men Live as Forms of Hell

ते नर नरकरूप जीवत जग भव-भंजन-पद-बिमुख अभागी।
 निसिबासर रुचि पाप असुचि मन, खलमति-मलिन, निगमपथ-त्यागी॥ १॥
 नहिं सतसंग भजन नहिं हरिको, श्रवन न राम-कथा-अनुरागी।
 सुत-बित-दार-भवन-ममता-निसि सोवत अति, न कबहुँ मति जागी॥ २॥
 तुलसिदास हरिनाम-सुधा तजि, सठ हठि पियत बिषय-बिष माँगी।
 सूकर-स्वान-सृगाल-सरिस जन, जनमत जगत जननि-दुख लागी॥ ३॥

Those unfortunate men live in the world as forms of hell, turned away from the feet of the One who breaks worldly becoming. Day and night they delight in sin; their minds are impure, their wicked understanding stained, and they have abandoned the Vedic path. (1)

They have neither saintly company nor worship of Hari, and their ears feel no love for the story of Rama. They sleep deeply in the night of attachment to sons, wealth, wife, and house; their understanding never awakens. (2)

Tulsidas says: abandoning the nectar of Hari's name, the fools obstinately beg for and drink the poison of sense objects. Like pigs, dogs, and jackals, such people take birth in the world only to bring pain upon their mothers. (3)

Raghunayaka, How Can I Make My Petition?

रामचंद्र! रघुनायक तुमसों हों बिनती केहि भाँति करौं।
 अघ अनेक अवलोकि आपने, अनघ नाम अनुमानि डरौं॥ १॥
 पर-दुख दुखी सुखी पर-सुख ते, संत-सील नहिं हृदय धरौं।
 देखि आनकी बिपति परम सुख, सुनि संपति बिनु आगि जरौं॥ २॥
 भगति-बिराग-ग्यान साधन कहि बहु बिधि डहकत लोग फिरौं।
 सिव-सरबस सुखधाम नाम तव, बेंचि नरकप्रद उदर भरौं॥ ३॥
 जानत हों निज पाप जलधि जिय, जल-सीकर सम सुनत लरौं।
 रज-सम पर-अवगुन सुमेरु करि, गुन गिरि-सम रजतें निदरौं॥ ४॥
 नाना बेष बनाय दिवस-निसि, पर-बित जेहि तेहि जुगुति हरौं।
 एकौ पल न कबहुँ अलोल चित हित दै पद-सरोज सुमिरौं॥ ५॥
 जो आचरन बिचारहु मेरो, कलप कोटि लागि औटि मरौं।
 तुलसिदास प्रभु कृपा-बिलोकनि, गोपद-ज्यों भवसिंधु तरौं॥ ६॥

Ramachandra, Raghunayaka, how can I make my petition to you? Seeing my many sins and considering your sinless name, I am afraid. (1)

To grieve at another's grief and rejoice in another's happiness is the nature of saints, but I do not hold it in my heart. Instead, I feel supreme pleasure on seeing another's misfortune and burn without fire on hearing of another's prosperity. (2)

I roam about deceiving people in many ways while teaching disciplines of devotion, dispassion, and knowledge. I sell your name—the whole treasure of Shiva and abode of bliss—to fill this belly that leads to hell. (3)

Within, I know my own sins to be an ocean; yet if I hear them called even a drop of water, I quarrel. I make another's dust-sized fault into Mount Sumeru, and disdain a mountain-sized virtue as less than dust. (4)

Making many disguises day and night, I seize others' wealth by any device. Not even for one moment do I lovingly remember your lotus feet with an unwavering mind. (5)

If you weigh my conduct, I shall boil and die for millions of cosmic ages. Yet, Lord, by your gracious glance Tulsidas will cross the ocean of becoming as easily as a cow's hoofprint. (6)

I Am Deeply Ashamed, O Rama

सकुचत हौं अति राम कृपानिधि! क्यों करि बिनय सुनावौं।
 सकल धरम बिपरीत करत, केहि भाँति नाथ! मन भावौं॥ १॥
 जानत हौं हरि रूप चराचर, मैं हठि नयन न लावौं।
 अंजन-केस-सिखा जुवती, तहँ लोचन-सलभ पठावौं॥ २॥
 स्रवननिको फल कथा तुम्हारी, यह समुझौं, समुझावौं।
 तिन्ह स्रवननि परदोष निरंतर सुनि सुनि भरि भरि तावौं॥ ३॥
 जेहि रसना गुन गाइ तिहारे, बिनु प्रयास सुख पावौं।
 तेहि मुख पर-अपवाद भेक ज्यों रटि-रटि जनम नसावौं॥ ४॥
 ‘करहु हृदय अति बिमल बसहिं हरि,’ कहि कहि सबहिं सिखावौं।
 हौं निज उर अभिमान-मोह-मद खल-मंडली बसावौं॥ ५॥
 जो तनु धरि हरिपद साधहिं जन, सो बिनु काज गँवावौं।
 हाटक-घट भरि धरयो सुधा गृह, तजि नभ कूप खनावौं॥ ६॥
 मन-क्रम-बचन लाइ कीन्हे अघ, ते करि जतन दुरावौं।
 पर-प्रेरित इरषा बस कबहुँक किय कछु सुभ, सो जनावौं॥ ७॥
 बिप्र-द्रोह जनु बाँट परयो, हठि सबसों बैर बढ़ावौं।
 ताहूपर निज मति-बिलास सब संतन माझ गनावौं॥ ८॥
 निगम सेस सारद निहोरि जो अपने दोष कहावौं।
 तौ न सिराहिं कलप सत लागि प्रभु, कहा एक मुख गावौं॥ ९॥
 जो करनी आपनी बिचारौं, तौ कि सरन हौं आवौं।
 मृदुल सुभाउ सील रघुपतिको, सो बल मनहिं दिखावौं॥ १०॥
 तुलसिदास प्रभु सो गुन नहिं, जेहि सपनेहुँ तुमहिं रिझावौं।
 नाथ-कृपा भवसिंधु धेनुपद सम जो जानि सिरावौं॥ ११॥

I am deeply ashamed, O Rama, treasury of compassion; how can I present my petition? Everything
 I do opposes dharma—how, Lord, can I please your heart? (1)
 I know that all moving and unmoving existence is Hari's form, yet stubbornly I will not set my eyes

upon it. I send the moths of my eyes instead to the flame of a young woman's collyrium-dark hair.
(2)

I understand and teach that the fruit of the ears is hearing your story; yet with those ears I continually hear others' faults, filling myself with them and burning. (3)

With the tongue that could sing your virtues and attain happiness without effort, I croak accusations against others like a frog and squander my life. (4)

"Make the heart utterly pure so that Hari may dwell there"—this I repeatedly teach everyone, while within my own heart I lodge the wicked company of pride, delusion, and intoxication. (5)

I waste without purpose the body through which people seek Hari's supreme feet. Nectar stands at home in golden vessels, yet I abandon it and have a well dug in the sky. (6)

I carefully conceal the sins I deliberately committed in mind, act, and speech. If ever, prompted by another or under envy's influence, I did some good, I proclaim it. (7)

Enmity toward brahmins seems to have fallen to my share, and I obstinately increase hostility toward all. Even so, among all the saints I parade the clever displays of my own understanding. (8)

Were Veda, Shesha, and Sharada entreated to recount my faults, Lord, they would not finish in a hundred cosmic ages; how then could I sing them with one mouth? (9)

If I consider my own conduct, could I even dare come for refuge? I show my mind this one strength: Raghupati's tender nature and gracious character. (10)

Lord, Tulsidas has no virtue by which he could please you even in a dream. Yet knowing that by the Master's grace the ocean of becoming is like a cow's hoofprint, I take heart. (11)

Hear Me, Rama Raghubira

सुनहु राम रघुबीर गुसाई, मन अनीति-रत मेरो।
 चरन-सरोज बिसारि तिहारे, निसिदिन फिरत अनेरो॥ १॥
 मानत नाहिं निगम-अनुसासन, त्रास न काहू केरो।
 भूल्यो सूल करम-कोलुन्ह तिल ज्यों बहु बारनि पेरो॥ २॥
 जहँ सतसंग कथा माधवकी, सपनेहुँ करत न फेरो।
 लोभ-मोह-मद-काम-कोह-रत, तिन्हसों प्रेम घनेरो॥ ३॥
 पर-गुन सुनत दाह, पर-दूषन सुनत हरख बहुतेरो।
 आप पापको नगर बसावत, सहि न सकत पर खेरो॥ ४॥
 साधन-फल, श्रुति-सार नाम तव, भव-सरिता कहँ बेरो।
 सो पर-कर काँकिनी लागि सठ, बेंचि होत हठि चेरो॥ ५॥
 कबहुँक हौं संगति-प्रभावतें, जाउँ सुमारग नेरो।
 तब करि क्रोध संग कुमनोरथ देत कठिन भटभेरो॥ ६॥
 इक हौं दीन, मलीन, हीनमति, बिपतिजाल अति घेरो।
 तापर सहि न जाय करुनानिधि, मनको दुसह दरेरो॥ ७॥
 हारि परयो करि जतन बहुत बिधि, तातें कहत सबेरो।
 तुलसिदास यह त्रास मिटै जब हृदय करहु तुम डेरो॥ ८॥

Hear me, Rama, Raghubira, Master: my mind is absorbed in injustice. Forgetting your lotus feet, it roams astray night and day. (1)

It does not obey the command of scripture and fears no one. It has forgotten the pain of being pressed many times like sesame seed in the oil-mill of karma. (2)

Where there is saintly company and Madhava's story, it does not turn even in a dream. It gives its deepest love instead to those absorbed in greed, delusion, pride, lust, and anger. (3)

Hearing another's virtue, it burns; hearing another's fault, it greatly rejoices. It builds a city of its own sins yet cannot endure even another's little hamlet. (4)

Your name is the fruit of all discipline, the essence of scripture, and the boat across the river of becoming. For a shell in another's hand, the fool sells it and obstinately becomes that person's slave. (5)

If, through good company's influence, I ever draw near the good path, then anger together with evil desire gives me a hard shove. (6)

I am already poor, impure, and dull-witted, tightly surrounded by a net of calamities; on top of that, O treasury of compassion, I cannot endure this intolerable thrust of the mind. (7)

I have been defeated after making many kinds of effort, and therefore say in advance: this fear of Tulsidas will disappear only when you make your dwelling in his heart. (8)

Whom Has Raghubira Not Preserved for His Name's Honor?

सो धौं को जो नाम-लाज तें, नहिं राख्यो रघुबीर।
 कारुणीक बिनु कारन ही हरि हरी सकल भव-भीर॥ १॥
 बेद-बिदित, जग-बिदित अजामिल बिप्रवंधु अघ-धाम।
 घोर जमालय जात निवारयो सुत-हित सुमिरत नाम॥ २॥
 पसु पामर अभिमान-सिंधु गज ग्रस्यो आइ जब ग्राह।
 सुमिरत सकृत् सपदि आये प्रभु, हरयो दुसह उर दाह॥ ३॥
 ब्याध, निषाद, गीध, गनिकादिक, अगनित औगुन-मूल।
 नाम-ओटतें राम सबनिकी दूरि करी सब सूल॥ ४॥
 केहि आचरन घाटि हौं तिनतें, रघुकुल-भूषन भूप।
 सीदत तुलसिदास निसिबासर परयो भीम तम-कूप॥ ५॥

Who is there whom Raghubira has not preserved for the honor of his name? Compassionate without cause, Hari has removed all fear of worldly becoming. (1)

Known in the Vedas and known throughout the world, Ajamila, a fallen brahmin, was an abode of sin. As he went toward dreadful Yama's realm, you stopped him because, out of love for his son, he remembered the Name. (2)

When a crocodile came and seized the wretched animal, the elephant, an ocean of pride, he remembered you once. At once the Lord came and removed the unbearable burning in his heart. (3)

The hunter, the Nishada, the vulture, the courtesan, and countless others were roots of vice; under the shelter of the Name, Rama removed every pain of them all. (4)

O king and ornament of Raghu's line, in what conduct am I less than they? Tulsidas languishes night and day, fallen into a terrible well of darkness. (5)

Ocean of Compassion, Why Does Your Poor Servant Find No Redress?

कृपासिंधु! जन दीन दुवारे दादि न पावत काहे।
 जब जहँ तुम्हहिं पुकारत आरत, तहँ तिन्हेके दुख दाहे॥ १॥
 गज, प्रह्लाद, पांडुसुत, कपि सबको रिपु-संकट भेट्यो।
 प्रनत, बंधु-भय-बिकल, बिभीषन, उठि सो भरत ज्यों भेट्यो॥ २॥
 मैं तुम्हरो लेइ नाम ग्राम इक उर आपने बसावौं।
 भजन, बिबेक, बिराग, लोग भले, मैं क्रम-क्रम करि ल्यावौं॥ ३॥
 सुनि रिस भरे कुटिल कामादिक, करहिं जोर बरिआई।
 तिन्हेहिं उजारि नारि-अरि-धन पुर राखहिं राम गुसाई॥ ४॥
 साम-सेवा-छल-दान-दंड हौं, रचि उपाय पचि हारयो।
 बिनु कारनको कलह बड़ो दुख, प्रभुसों प्रगटि पुकारयो॥ ५॥
 सुर स्वारथी, अनीस, अलायक, निठुर, दया चित नाहीं।
 जाउँ कहाँ, को बिपति-निवारक, भवतारक जग माहीं॥ ६॥
 तुलसी जदपि पोच, तउ तुम्हरो, और न काहू केरो।
 दीजै भगति-बाँह बारक, ज्यों सुबस बसै अब खेरो॥ ७॥

Ocean of compassion, why does your poor servant at your door find no redress? Whenever and wherever the distressed called you, you burned away their suffering. (1)

You removed the enemy-made afflictions of the elephant, Prahlada, the sons of Pandu, Sugriva, and all the rest. When the surrendered Vibhishana came distraught by fear of his brother, you rose and embraced him like Bharata. (2)

Taking your name, I would establish a village in my heart; one by one I bring into it the good people—worship, discernment, and dispassion. (3)

Hearing this, the crooked powers beginning with lust fill with rage and forcefully assert themselves. They drive those good people out and, O Lord Rama, settle woman, enemy, and wealth in the town. (4)

Conciliation, service, guile, gifts, punishment—I have devised these means, exhausted myself, and been defeated. I have now openly cried to the Lord about the great suffering of this causeless

conflict. (5)

The gods are self-interested, powerless, unfit, and hard-hearted; there is no compassion in their minds. Where shall I go? Who in the world removes calamity and carries one across becoming? (6)
Though Tulsi is base, he is still yours and belongs to no other. Give this child the arm of devotion so that the settlement may now become well and happily inhabited. (7)

Rama, I Wish to Become Your Servant in Every Way

हौं सब बिधि राम, रावरो चाहत भयो चरो।

ठौर ठौर साहबी होत है, ख्याल काल कलि केरो॥ १॥

काल-करम-इंद्रिय-बिषय गाहकगन घेरो।

हौं न कबूलत, बाँधि कै मोल करत करेरो॥ २॥

बंदि-छोर तेरो नाम है, बिरुदैत बड़ेरो।

मैं कह्यो, तब छल-प्रीति कै माँगे उर डेरो॥ ३॥

नाम-ओट अब लगि बच्यो मलजुग जग जेरो।

अब गरीब जन पोषिये पाइबो न हेरो॥ ४॥

जेहि कौतुक खग स्वानको प्रभु न्याव निबेरो।

तेहि कौतुक कहिये कृपालु! 'तुलसी है मेरो'॥ ५॥

Rama, I wish to become your servant in every way, but masters arise everywhere—such is the sport of Time and the Kali age. (1)

The host of buyers—time, karma, senses, and sense objects—has surrounded me. When I refuse the sale, they bind me and set a harsh price upon me. (2)

Your name is the releaser of captives, and your renown is exceedingly great. When I told them this, they feigned affection and asked for lodging in my heart. (3)

Until now I survived beneath the Name's shelter, though the foul age subdues the world. Now sustain this poor servant; soon he will not be found even by searching. (4)

Lord, with the same play in which you settled the bird's and the dog's suit, compassionate one, simply say: "Tulsi is mine." (5)

Ocean of Compassion, Therefore I Remain Heartsick

कृपासिंधु ताते रहौं निसिदिन मन मारे।
 महाराज! लाज आपुही निज जाँघ उघारे॥ १॥
 मिले रहें, मारयौ चहैं कामादि संघाती।
 मो बिनु रहें न, मेरियै जारे छल छाती॥ २॥
 बसत हिये हित जानि मैं सबकी रुचि पाली।
 कियो कथकको दंड हौं जड़ करम कुचाली॥ ३॥
 देखी सुनी न आजु लौं अपनायति ऐसी।
 करहिं सबै सिर मेरे ही फिरि परै अनैसी॥ ४॥
 बड़े अलेखी लखि परै, परिहरै न जाहीं।
 असमंजसमें मगन हौं, लीजै गहि बाहीं॥ ५॥
 बारक बलि अवलोकिये, कौतुक जन जी को।
 अनायास मिटि जाइगो संकट तुलसीको॥ ६॥

Ocean of compassion, therefore I remain heartsick night and day. Maharaja, one exposes one's own thigh only at the cost of one's own shame. (1)

My companions beginning with lust stay close, yet wish to kill me. They cannot live without me, yet deceitfully burn my very breast. (2)

Knowing that they dwell in my heart, I lovingly satisfied the desire of every one of them. These dull, crooked deeds made me the stick in a puppeteer's hand. (3)

Until today I had neither seen nor heard of such intimacy: they do everything themselves, yet every wrong falls upon my head. (4)

They appear deeply unjust, yet I cannot abandon them. I am submerged in perplexity; take hold of my arm. (5)

I implore you: just once look upon this spectacle in your servant's heart. Tulsidas's affliction will effortlessly disappear. (6)

With What Face Can I Speak, Raghubira?

कहों कौन मुहँ लाइ कै रघुबीर गुसाई।
 सकुचत समुझत आपनी सब साई दुहाई॥ १॥
 सेवत बस, सुमिरत सखा, सरनागत सो हों।
 गुनगन सीतानाथके चित करत न हों हों॥ २॥
 कृपासिंधु बंधु दीनके आरत-हितकारी।
 प्रनत-पाल बिरुदावली सुनि जानि बिसारी॥ ३॥
 सेइ न धेइ न सुमिरि कै पद-प्रीति सुधारी।
 पाइ सुसाहिब राम सों, भरि पेट बिगारी॥ ४॥
 नाथ गरीबनिवाज हैं, मैं गही न गरीबी।
 तुलसी प्रभु निज ओर तें बनि परै सो कीबी॥ ५॥

With what face can I speak, Raghubira, Master? By the Master's honor, when I consider all I have done, I shrink in shame. (1)

Through service you come under one's sway, through remembrance you become a friend, and to one seeking refuge you become present; yet I do not set my heart upon Sitanatha's hosts of virtues. (2)

You are an ocean of compassion, friend of the poor, benefactor of the distressed, and guardian of the surrendered. Hearing and knowing this garland of your renown, I forgot it. (3)

I neither served nor meditated, nor through remembrance perfected love for your feet. Having gained Rama as such an excellent master, I quarreled with him to my heart's content. (4)

The Lord is gracious to the poor, but I did not embrace poverty of spirit. Therefore, Lord, act from your own side and do whatever you can for Tulsi. (5)

Where Shall I Go, and to Whom Shall I Speak?

कहाँ जाऊँ, कासों कहौं, और ठौर न मेरे।
 जनम गँवायो तेरे ही द्वार किंकर तेरे॥ १॥
 मैं तो बिगारी नाथ सों आरतिके लीन्हें।
 तोहि कृपानिधि क्यों बने मेरी-सी कीन्हें॥ २॥
 दिन-दुरदिन दिन-दुरदसा, दिन-दुख दिन-दूषन।
 जब लौं तू न बिलोकिहै रघुबंस-बिभूषन॥ ३॥
 दई पीठ बिनु डीठ मैं तुम बिस्व-बिलोचन।
 तो सों तुही न दूसरो नत-सोच-बिमोचन॥ ४॥
 पराधीन देव दीन हौं, स्वाधीन गुसाईं।
 बोलनिहारे सों करै बलि बिनयकी झाई॥ ५॥
 आपु देखि मोहिं देखिये जन मानिय साँचो।
 बड़ो ओट रामनामकी जेहि लई सो बाँचो॥ ६॥
 रहनि रीति राम रावरी नित हिय हुलसी है।
 ज्यों भावै त्यों करु कृपा तेरो तुलसी है॥ ७॥

Where shall I go, and to whom shall I speak? I have no other place. Your servant has spent his life at your very door. (1)

Lord, I ruined my conduct because distress overwhelmed me; but, treasury of compassion, how can matters stand if you act as I have acted? (2)

Each day will be a bad day, each day a wretched state, each day suffering and fault, until you look upon me, ornament of Raghu's line. (3)

Sightless, I turned my back upon you; but you are the eye of the universe. None is like you but you yourself, and no other releases the bowed from grief. (4)

Lord, I am dependent and poor; you are independent, the Master. I offer myself—how can a shadow make a petition to the one who speaks? (5)

Look first at yourself and then at me; only then judge this servant truly. The shelter of Rama's name is immense: whoever takes it is saved. (6)

Rama, the pattern of your conduct continually delights my heart. Grant grace as you please; Tulsi is yours. (7)

Ramabhadra, I Both Do and Do Not Fear for Myself

रामभद्र! मोहिं आपनो सोच है अरु नाही।
 जीव सकल संतापके भाजन जग माहीं॥ १॥
 नातो बड़े समर्थ सों इक ओर किधों हूँ।
 तोको मोसे अति घने मोको एकै तूँ॥ २॥
 बड़ी गलानि हिय हानि है सरबग्य गुसाईं।
 कूर कुसेवक कहत हों सेवककी नाई॥ ३॥
 भलो पोच रामको कहें मोहिं सब नरनारी।
 बिगरे सेवक स्वान ज्यों साहिब-सिर गारी॥ ४॥
 असमंजस मनको मिटै सो उपाय न सूझै।
 दीनबंधु! कीजै सोई बनि परै जो बूझै॥ ५॥
 बिरुदावली बिलोकिये तिन्हमें कोउ हों हों।
 तुलसी प्रभुको परिहरयो सरनागत सो हों॥ ६॥

Ramabhadra, I both do and do not fear for myself, for every creature in this world is a vessel of suffering. (1)

Is my bond with the greatly powerful Lord somehow one-sided? You have very many like me, but I have you alone. (2)

All-knowing Master, this is the great shame and loss within my heart: cruel and a bad servant, I speak as though I were a true servant. (3)

Whether good or base, all men and women call me Rama's. When a servant or dog goes bad, abuse falls upon the master's head. (4)

I see no means by which the mind's perplexity may end. Friend of the poor, do whatever you understand to be fitting and possible. (5)

Look upon the garland of your renowned deeds: surely I am one of those whom they describe. Even if the Lord abandons Tulsi, he remains a refugee lying before him. (6)

Had You Not Been Ashamed to Serve Rama

जो पै चेराई रामकी करतो न लजातो।
 तौ तू दाम कुदाम ज्यों कर-कर न बिकातो॥ १॥
 जपत जीह रघुनाथको नाम नहिं अलसातो।
 बाजीगरके सूम ज्यों खल खेह न खातो॥ २॥
 जौ तू मन! मेरे कहे राम-नाम कमातो।
 सीतापति सनमुख सुखी सब ठाँव समातो॥ ३॥
 राम सोहाते तोहिं जौ तू सबहिं सोहातो।
 काल करम कुल कारनी कोऊ न कोहातो॥ ४॥
 राम-नाम अनुरागही जिय जो रतिआतो।
 स्वारथ-परमारथ-पथी तोहि सब पतिआतो॥ ५॥
 सेइ साधु सुनि समुझि कै पर-पीर पिरातो।
 जनम कोटिको काँदलो हृद-हृदय थिरातो॥ ६॥
 भव-मग अगम अनंत है, बिनु श्रमहि सिरातो।
 महिमा उलटे नामकी मुनि कियो किरातो॥ ७॥
 अमर-अगम तनु पाइ सो जड़ जाय न जातो।
 होतो मंगल-मूल तू, अनुकूल बिधातो॥ ८॥
 जो मन, प्रीति-प्रतीतिसों राम-नामहिं रातो।
 तुलसी रामप्रसादसों तिहुँताप न तातो॥ ९॥

Had you not been ashamed to serve Rama, then, though true coin, you would not have been sold from hand to hand like false money. (1)

Had your tongue not been lazy in repeating Raghunatha's name, villain, you would not have eaten dust like a conjurer's wooden puppet. (2)

Mind, had you followed my advice and earned the wealth of Rama's name, you would have been happy before Sitapati and honored everywhere. (3)

Had Rama pleased you, you would have pleased everyone; time, karma, lineage, and every other directing power would not have been angry with you. (4)

Had you lovingly fixed the heart's attachment upon Rama's name, travelers on the paths of both

worldly and highest good would all have trusted you. (5)

Had you served saints and, hearing and understanding another's pain, suffered with them, the mud of millions of births would have settled to the bottom of the lake of your heart. (6)

The road of becoming is inaccessible and endless, yet you would have finished it without exertion. Such is the glory even of the reversed Name that it turned a hunter into a sage. (7)

Fool, having gained this body inaccessible even to immortals, you would not have let it pass away in vain; you would have become a root of auspiciousness and the Creator would have favored you. (8)

Mind, had you been absorbed in Rama's name with love and trust, Tulsi, by Rama's grace, you would not have burned in the three afflictions. (9)

Whom Has Rama Not Blessed through His Own Goodness?

राम भलाई आपनी भल कियो न काको।
 जुग जुग जानकिनाथको जग जागत साको॥ १॥
 ब्रह्मादिक बिनती करी कहि दुख बसुधाको।
 रबिकुल-कैरव-चंद भो आनंद-सुधाको॥ २॥
 कौसिक गरत तुषार ज्यों तकि तेज तियाको।
 प्रभु अनहित हित को दियो फल कोप कृपाको॥ ३॥
 हरयो पाप आप जाइ कै संताप सिलाको।
 सोच-मगन काढ़यो सही साहिब मिथिलाको॥ ४॥
 रोष-रासि भृगुपति धनी अहमिति ममताको।
 चितवत भाजन करि लियो उपसम समताको॥ ५॥
 मुदित मानि आयसु चले बन मातु-पिताको।
 धरम-धुरंधर धीरधुर गुन-सील-जिता को?॥ ६॥
 गुह गरीब गतग्याति हू जेहि जिउ न भखा को?
 पायो पावन प्रेम तें सनमान सखाको॥ ७॥
 सदगति सबरी गीधकी सादर करता को?
 सोच-सीव सुग्रीवके संकट-हरता को?॥ ८॥
 राखि बिभीषनको सके अस काल-गहा को?
 आज बिराजत राज है दसकंठ जहाँको॥ ९॥
 बालिस बासी अवधको बूझिये न खाको।
 सो पाँवर पहुँचो तहाँ जहँ मुनि-मन थाको॥ १०॥
 गति न लहै राम-नामसों बिधि सो सिरजा को?
 सुमिरत कहत प्रचारि कै बल्लभ गिरिजाको॥ ११॥
 अकनि अजामिलकी कथा सानंद न भा को?
 नाम लेत कलिकालहू हरिपुरहिं न गा को?॥ १२॥

राम-नाम-महिमा करे काम-भुरुह आको।
साखी बेद पुरान हैं तुलसी-तन ताको॥ १३॥

Whom has Rama not blessed through his own goodness? Age after age this living evidence of Janakinatha has been awake in the world. (1)

When Brahma and the other gods petitioned him, recounting earth's grief, he became the moon to the night-lilies of the solar line and the nectar of bliss. (2)

Kaushika melted like hail on seeing that woman's power; the Lord gave one who meant harm the fruit of a friend, his anger becoming grace. (3)

Going himself, he removed the stone woman's sin and suffering; truly the Master drew the lord of Mithila out of immersion in grief. (4)

Bhrigupati was a mass of rage, rich in ego and possessiveness; merely by looking, Rama made him a vessel of calm and equality. (5)

Gladly honoring mother's and father's command, he went to the forest. Who else bears dharma's burden, upholds steadfastness, and conquers by virtue and gracious character? (6)

Poor Guha, low by caste, had eaten every kind of creature; through pure love he gained the honor of a friend. (7)

Who respectfully gave Shabari and the vulture the highest destiny? Who removed the affliction of Sugriva, the very boundary of grief? (8)

Who could preserve Vibhishana from such a maw of death? Today he still reigns where the Ten-necked once ruled. (9)

The witless washerman of Ayodhya, scarcely worth asking about, reached the place where even sages' minds grow weary. (10)

Whom did the Creator fashion who cannot attain liberation through Rama's name? Girija's beloved remembers it, teaches it, and spreads it. (11)

Who has not rejoiced on hearing Ajamila's story? Even in the Kali age, who has taken the Name and not gone to Hari's city? (12)

The glory of Rama's name can make even the milkweed tree a wish-fulfilling tree. Veda and Purana are witnesses—and Tulsi's own body is one. (13)

Raghupati, My Refuge Lies in You Alone

मेरे रावरियै गति है रघुपति बलि जाउँ।
निलज नीच निरधन निरगुन कहूँ, जग दूसरो न ठाकुर ठाउँ॥ १॥
हैं घर-घर बहु भरे सुसाहिब, सूझत सबनि आपनो दाउँ।
बानर-बंधु बिभीषन-हितु बिनु, कोसलपाल कहूँ न समाउँ॥ २॥
प्रनतारति-भंजन जन-रंजन, सरनागत पबि-पंजर नाउँ।
कीजै दास दासतुलसी अब, कृपासिंधु बिनु मोल बिकाउँ॥ ३॥

Raghupati, I offer myself: my refuge lies in you alone. For one shameless, base, poor, and without virtue, there is no other master or place in the world. (1)

Many excellent masters fill house after house, but each sees only his own advantage. Apart from the friend of the monkey and benefactor of Vibhishana, the guardian of Kosala, I can find room nowhere. (2)

You break the pain of those who bow and delight your servants; for the surrendered, your name is a thunderbolt cage. Ocean of compassion, make servant Tulsi your servant now: without price, I sell myself. (3)

Lord, Who Else Is Compassionate to the Poor?

देव! दूसरो कौन दीनको दयालु।

सीलनिधान सुजान-सिरोमनि, सरनागत-प्रिय प्रनत-पालु॥ १॥

को समरथ सरबग्य सकल प्रभु, सिव-सनेह-मानस मरालु।

को साहिब किये मीत प्रीतिबस खग निसिचर कपि भील भालु॥ २॥

नाथ हाथ माया-प्रपंच सब, जीव-दोष-गुन-करम-कालु।

तुलसिदास भलो पोच रावरो, नेकु निरखि कीजिये निहालु॥ ३॥

Lord, who else is compassionate to the poor? You are the treasury of gracious character, crown of the wise, lover of the surrendered, and guardian of those who bow. (1)

Who is able and all-knowing, Lord of all, the swan upon the mind-lake of Shiva's love? What other master, overcome by love, made bird, night-roamer, monkey, Bhil, and bear his friends? (2)

Lord, all Maya's display, and every creature's faults, qualities, karma, and time, are in your hand.

Whether good or base, Tulsidas is yours; look upon him just once and bless him. (3)

My One Trust Is Rama's Name

राग सारंग

बिस्वास एक राम-नामको।

मानत नहिं परतीति अनत ऐसोइ सुभाव मन बामको॥ १॥

पढ़िबो परयो न छठी छ मत रिगु जजुर अथर्वन सामको।

ब्रत तीरथ तप सुनि सहमत पचि मरे करै तन छाम को?॥ २॥

करम-जाल कलिकाल कठिन आधीन सुसाधित दामको।

ग्यान बिराग जोग जप तप, भय लोभ मोह कोह कामको॥ ३॥

सब दिन सब लायक भव गायक रघुनायक गुन-ग्रामको।

बैठे नाम-कामतरु-तर डर कौन घोर घन घामको॥ ४॥

को जानै को जैहै जमपुर को सुरपुर पर धामको।

तुलसिहिं बहुत भलो लागत जग जीवन रामगुलामको॥ ५॥

Rāga Sāranga

My one trust is Rama's name. My contrary mind has such a nature that it places faith nowhere else. (1)

Study of the six systems and the Rig, Yajur, Atharva, and Sama Vedas was not written into my destiny. Hearing of vows, pilgrimages, and austerity fills me with dread—who would torment himself to death in them or waste the body away? (2)

The net of ritual action is difficult in the Kali age, and its proper performance depends upon money. As for knowledge, dispassion, yoga, repetition, and austerity: there is danger from greed, delusion, anger, and lust. (3)

In this becoming, those who sing the hosts of Raghunayaka's virtues are always fit for everything. Seated beneath the wish-tree of the Name, why fear either dense storm cloud or fierce sun? (4)

Who knows who will go to Yama's city, who to the gods' city, and who to the supreme abode?

Tulsidas finds it very good to live in this world as Rama's servant. (5)

In Kali, Rama's Name Is the Wish-Fulfilling Tree

कलि नाम कामतरु रामको।

दलनिहार दारिद दुकाल दुख, दोष घोर घन घामको॥ १॥

नाम लेत दाहिनो होत मन, बाम बिधाता बामको।

कहत मुनीस महेस महातम, उलटे सूधे नामको॥ २॥

भलो लोक-परलोक तासु जाके बल ललित-ललामको।

तुलसी जग जानियत नामते सोच न कूच मुकामको॥ ३॥

In the Kali age, Rama's name is the wish-fulfilling tree. It destroys poverty, famine, sorrow, fault, dense dark cloud, and burning sun. (1)

On taking the Name, the mind turns favorable, and adverse fate becomes favorable to the adverse.

The lord of sages and Mahesha proclaim the greatness of the Name, reversed and direct. (2)

This world and the next are good for one who has the strength of that exquisitely lovely Name.

Tulsi, know that through the Name there is no anxiety either about departing from the world or remaining in it. (3)

Serve the Excellent Master Rama

सेइये सुसाहिब राम सो।

सुखद सुसील सुजान सूर सुचि, सुंदर कोटिक काम सो॥ १॥

सारद सेस साधु महिमा कहैं, गुनगन-गायक साम सो।

सुमिरि सप्रेम नाम जासों रति चाहत चंद्र-ललाम सो॥ २॥

गमन बिदेस न लेस कलेसको, सकुचत सकृत प्रनाम सो।

साखी ताको बिदित बिभीषन, बैठो है अबिचल धाम सो॥ ३॥

टहल सहल जन महल-महल, जागत चारो जुग जाम सो।

देखत दोष न खीझत, रीझत सुनि सेवक गुन-ग्राम सो॥ ४॥

जाके भजे तिलोक-तिलक भये, त्रिजग जोनि तनु तामसो।

तुलसी ऐसे प्रभुहिं भजै जो न ताहि बिधाता बाम सो॥ ५॥

Serve the excellent master Rama, giver of happiness, gracious, wise, heroic, pure, and as beautiful as millions of Love-gods. (1)

Sharada, Shesha, and saints recount his greatness, and the Sama sings his hosts of virtues. The moon-crested Shiva lovingly remembers his name and longs for love of him. (2)

He felt not a trace of distress when going to a foreign land, yet shrinks with modesty from even a single bow. Vibhishana is the famous witness: he sits now in an unshakable realm. (3)

Service is easy; he stays awake in the palace of every servant through all four ages and every watch. Seeing faults he does not grow angry; hearing a servant's host of virtues, he is delighted. (4)

By worshiping him, creatures of animal birth and those in tamasic bodies became ornaments of the three worlds. Tulsi, for one who does not worship such a Lord, fate itself is adverse. (5)

How Can I Blame the Lord?

राग नट

कैसे देऊं नाथहिं खोरि।

काम-लोलुप भ्रमत मन हरि भगति परिहरि तोरि॥ १॥

बहुत प्रीति पुजाइबे पर, पूजिबे पर थोरि।

देत सिख सिखयो न मानत, मूढ़ता असि मोरि॥ २॥

किये सहित सनेह जे अघ हृदय राखे चोरि।

संग-बस किये सुभ सुनाये सकल लोक निहोरि॥ ३॥

करौं जो कछु धरौं सचि-पचि सुकृत-सिला बटोरि।

पैठि उर बरबस दयानिधि दंभ लेत अँजोरि॥ ४॥

लोभ मनहिं नचाव कपि ज्यों गरे आसा-डोरि।

बात कहौं बनाइ बुध ज्यों, बर बिराग निचोरि॥ ५॥

एतेहुँ पर तुम्हरो कहावत, लाज अँचई घोरि।

निलजता पर रीझि रघुबर, देहु तुलसिहिं छोरि॥ ६॥

Rāga Naṭa

How can I blame the Lord? Greedy for desires, my mind wanders after abandoning and breaking away from devotion to you, Hari. (1)

I have great love for being worshiped but little for worshiping you. I teach others but do not accept teaching myself—such is my folly. (2)

The sins I committed with affection I keep hidden in my heart; good deeds done through company's influence I recount to the whole world, entreating it to listen. (3)

Whatever little good I do, I gather and store like scattered grains of merit; but, treasury of compassion, hypocrisy forcibly enters my heart and carries it into the light. (4)

Greed makes my mind dance like a monkey with the cord of hope around its neck, while I fashion speeches like a learned man, extracting the essence of lofty dispassion. (5)

Even so, I am called yours; I have dissolved shame and drunk it down. Raghubara, be pleased with this very shamelessness and cut Tulsi free. (6)

Lord, Every Fault Is Mine Alone

है प्रभु! मेरोई सब दोसु।

सीलसिंधु कृपालु नाथ अनाथ आरत-पोसु॥ १॥

बेष बचन बिराग मन अघ अवगुननिको कोसु।

राम प्रीति प्रतीति पोली, कपट-करतब ठोसु॥ २॥

राग-रंग कुसंग ही सों, साधु-संगति रोसु।

चहत केहरि-जसहिं सेइ सृगाल ज्यों खरगोसु॥ ३॥

संभु-सिखवन रसन हूँ नित राम-नामहिं घोसु।

दंभहू कलि नाम कुंभज सोच-सागर-सोसु॥ ४॥

मोद-मंगल-मूल अति अनुकूल निज निरजोसु।

रामनाम प्रभाव सुनि तुलसिहुँ परम परितोसु॥ ५॥

Lord, every fault is mine alone. You are an ocean of gracious character, compassionate, Lord of the lordless, and nourisher of the distressed. (1)

My dress and speech display dispassion, but my mind is a treasury of sins and faults. It is hollow toward love and trust in Rama, yet solid in the practice of deceit. (2)

I delight only in the colors of bad company and resent saintly company—like a hare serving a jackal while desiring a lion's fame. (3)

Shambhu's teaching is that I should continually proclaim Rama's name with the tongue. In Kali, the Name taken even in hypocrisy is Agastya, drying up the ocean of care. (4)

It is the root of joy and auspiciousness, supremely favorable, with no equal to its favor. Hearing the power of Rama's name, even Tulsi finds complete contentment. (5)

Hari, I Have Heard You Called Purifier of the Fallen

मैं हरि पतित-पावन सुने।

मैं पतित तुम पतित-पावन दोउ बानक बने॥ १॥

ब्याध गनिका गज अजामिल साखि निगमनि भने।

और अधम अनेक तारे जात कापै गने॥ २॥

जानि नाम अजानि लीन्हें नरक सुरपुर मने।

दासतुलसी सरन आयो, राखिये आपने॥ ३॥

Hari, I have heard you called purifier of the fallen. I am fallen and you purify the fallen: the two roles fit together. (1)

Scripture testifies to the hunter, courtesan, elephant, and Ajamila. You carried across countless other degraded ones—who could count them? (2)

Those who took the Name knowingly or unknowingly were forbidden both hell and heaven.

Servant Tulsi has come for refuge; preserve him as your own. (3)

If Anywhere There Were Another Lord Like You

तो सों प्रभु जो पै कहूँ कोउ होतो।

तो सहि निपट निरादर निसिदिन, रटि लटि ऐसो घटि को तो॥ १॥

कृपा-सुधा-जलदान माँगिबो कहूँ सो साँच निसोतो।

स्वाति-सनेह-सलिल-सुख चाहत चित-चातक सो पोतो॥ २॥

काल-करम-बस मन कुमनोरथ कबहुँ कबहुँ कुछ भो तो।

ज्यों मुदमय बसि मीन बारि तजि उछरि भभरि लेत गोतो॥ ३॥

जितो दुराव दासतुलसी उर क्यों कहि आवत ओतो।

तेरे राज राय दशरथके, लयो बयो बिनु जोतो॥ ४॥

If anywhere there were another Lord like you, what lowly person would endure utter neglect, repeat your name night and day, and waste away like this? (1)

The rain-cloud of compassion's nectar-water that I ask for is truly found nowhere else. The fledgling chataka of my heart longs for the joyful water of love's Svati rain. (2)

If, under time and karma, some evil desire sometimes arose in the mind, it was like a fish dwelling joyfully in water: it leaps out, then in alarm plunges back into it. (3)

How can all the concealment in servant Tulsi's heart be spoken and come to an end? Yet, King Dasharatha's son, in your realm people have reaped and sown without plowing. (4)

Who in the World Is Generous Like This?

राग सोरठ

ऐसो को उदार जग माहीं।

बिनु सेवा जो द्रवै दीनपर राम सरिस कोउ नाहीं॥ १॥

जो गति जोग बिराग जतन करि नहिं पावत मुनि ग्यानी।

सो गति देत गीध सबरी कहूँ प्रभु न बहुत जिय जानी॥ २॥

जो संपति दस सीस अरप करि रावन सिव पहुँ लीन्हीं।

सो संपदा बिभीषन कहूँ अति सकुच-सहित हरि दीन्हीं॥ ३॥

तुलसिदास सब भाँति सकल सुख जो चाहसि मन मेरो।

तौ भजु राम, काम सब पूरन करें कृपानिधि तेरो॥ ४॥

Rāga Sorāṭha

Who in the world is generous like this? No one equals Rama, who melts for the poor without any service from them. (1)

The destiny that learned sages cannot attain despite striving through yoga and dispassion, the Lord gives to the vulture and Shabari and does not consider it much in his heart. (2)

The wealth Ravana gained from Shiva by offering his ten heads, Hari gave to Vibhishana with profound modesty. (3)

Tulsidas says: my mind, if you desire every happiness in every way, worship Rama; the treasury of compassion will fulfill all your desires. (4)

You Alone Are the True Crown of Givers

एकै दानि-सिरोमनि साँचो।

जोड़ जाच्यो सोड़ जाचकताबस, फिरि बहु नाच न नाचो॥ १॥

सब स्वारथी असुर सुर नर मुनि कोउ न देत बिनु पाये।

कोसलपालु कृपालु कलपतरु, द्रवत सकृत् सिर नाये॥ २॥

हरिहु और अवतार आपने, राखी बेद-बड़ाई।

लै चिउरा निधि दई सुदामहिं जद्यपि बाल मितार्इ॥ ३॥

कपि सबरी सुग्रीव बिभीषन, को नहिं कियो अजाची।

अब तुलसिहि दुख देति दयानिधि दारुन आस-पिसाची॥ ४॥

You alone are the true crown of givers. Whoever asked you once, compelled by his very asking, did not have to dance the beggar's dance again and again. (1)

Demons, gods, humans, and sages are all self-interested; no one gives without receiving. But the compassionate guardian of Kosala is a wish-tree who melts when a head bows once. (2)

Even in your other incarnations, Hari, you preserved the Veda's dignity: though Sudama was your childhood friend, you gave him treasure only after receiving his parched rice. (3)

Monkey, Shabari, Sugriva, Vibhishana—whom did you not make free from asking? Treasury of compassion, the terrible demoness of hope now torments Tulsi. (4)

Raghuraya Knows the Way of Love

जानत प्रीति-रीति रघुराई।

नाते सब हाते करि राखत, राम सनेह-सगाई॥ १॥

नेह निबाहि देह तजि दसरथ, कीरति अचल चलाई।

ऐसेहु पितु तें अधिक गीधपर ममता गुन गरुआई॥ २॥

तिय-बिरही सुग्रीव सखा लखि प्रानप्रिया बिसराई।

रन परयो बंधु बिभीषन ही को, सोच हृदय अधिकाई॥ ३॥

घर गुरुगृह प्रिय सदन सासुरे, भइ जब जहँ पहुनाई।

तब तहँ कहि सबरीके फलनिकी रुचि माधुरी न पाई॥ ४॥

सहज सरूप कथा मुनि बरनत रहत सकुचि सिर नाई।

केवट मीत कहे सुख मानत बानर बंधु बड़ाई॥ ५॥

प्रेम-कनौड़ो रामसो प्रभु त्रिभुवन तिहुँकाल न भाई।

तेरो रिनी हौं कह्यो कपि सों ऐसी मानिहि को सेवकाई॥ ६॥

तुलसी राम-सनेह-सील लखि, जो न भगति उर आई।

तौ तोहि जनमि जाय जननी जड़ तनु-तरुनता गवाँई॥ ७॥

Raghuraya knows the way of love. Putting every other relationship aside, Rama keeps only the kinship of affection. (1)

Dasharatha upheld love and gave his body, establishing undying fame; yet Rama showed still greater tenderness and praise of virtue toward the vulture than toward such a father. (2)

Seeing his friend Sugriva separated from his wife, he forgot his own beloved more precious than life. When his brother lay fallen in battle, his heart's greater worry was for Vibhishana alone. (3)

At home, in his teacher's house, in a dear friend's dwelling, or at his in-laws', whenever and wherever he was a guest, he said that nowhere had he found the flavor and sweetness of Shabari's fruits. (4)

When sages describe his innate nature, he remains bashful with bowed head; but he delights to be called the boatman's friend and counts being the monkeys' brother as greatness. (5)

Brother, in the three worlds and the three times there is no other Lord as beholden to love as

Rama. He told the monkey, “I am in your debt”—who else would honor service so? (6)

Tulsi, if seeing Rama’s affection and gracious character has not brought devotion into your heart, your mother bore you in vain and wasted her youth on your dull body. (7)

Raghubara, This Is Your Greatness

रघुबर! रावरि यहै बड़ाई।

निदरि गनी आदर गरीबपर, करत कृपा अधिकाई॥ १॥

थके देव साधन करि सब, सपनेहुँ नहिं देत दिखाई।

केवट कुटिल भालु कपि कौनप, कियो सकल सँग भाई॥ २॥

मिलि मुनिबृंद फिरत दंडक बन, सो चरचौ न चलाई।

बारहि बार गीध सबरीकी बरनत प्रीति सुहाई॥ ३॥

स्वान कहे तें कियो पुर बाहिर, जती गयंद चढ़ाई।

तिय-निंदक मतिमंद प्रजा रज निज नय नगर बसाई॥ ४॥

यहि दरबार दीनको आदर, रीति सदा चलि आई।

दीनदयालु दीन तुलसीकी काहु न सुरति कराई॥ ५॥

Raghubara, this is your greatness: disregarding the eminent, you honor the poor and pour abundant grace upon them. (1)

The gods exhausted themselves in every discipline, yet you did not appear to them even in a dream; but boatman, crooked bear, monkey, and night-roamer—you made them all your brothers. (2)

You roamed Dandaka forest mingling with hosts of sages, yet did not spread talk of them; again and again you lovingly recounted the beautiful affection of the vulture and Shabari. (3)

At a dog's word you set an ascetic upon an elephant and sent him outside the city; yet the dull-witted washerman who slandered a woman you regarded as your subject and kept within your city under your justice. (4)

In this court, honoring the poor has always been the established way. Compassionate to the poor, has no one yet reminded you of poor Tulsi? (5)

Such Is Rama, Benefactor of the Poor

ऐसे राम-दीन हितकारी।

अतिकोमल करुनानिधान बिनु कारन पर-उपकारी॥ १॥

साधन-हीन दीन निज अघ-बस, सिला भई मुनि-नारी।

गृहतें गवनि परसि पद पावन घोर सापतें तारी॥ २॥

हिंसारत निषाद तामस बपु, पसु-समान बनचारी।

भेट्यो हृदय लगाइ प्रेमबस, नहिं कुल जाति बिचारी॥ ३॥

जद्यपि द्रोह कियो सुरपति-सुत, कहि न जाय अति भारी।

सकल लोक अवलोकि सोकहत, सरन गये भय टारी॥ ४॥

बिहंग जोनि आमिष अहार पर, गीध कौन ब्रतधारी।

जनक-समान क्रिया ताकी निज कर सब भाँति सँवारी॥ ५॥

अधम जाति सबरी जोषित जड़, लोक-बेद तें न्यारी।

जानि प्रीति, दै दरस कृपानिधि, सोउ रघुनाथ उधारी॥ ६॥

कपि सुग्रीव बंधु-भय-ब्याकुल आयो सरन पुकारी।

सहि न सके दारुन दुख जनके, हत्यो बालि, सहि गारी॥ ७॥

रिपुको अनुज बिभीषन निसिचर, कौन भजन अधिकारी।

सरन गये आगे हूँ लीन्हों भेंट्यो भुजा पसारी॥ ८॥

असुभ होइ जिन्हके सुमिरे ते बानर रीछ बिकारी।

बेद-बिदित पावन किये ते सब, महिमा नाथ! तुम्हारी॥ ९॥

कहँ लगि कहौं दीन अगनित जिन्हकी तुम बिपति निवारी।

कलिमल-ग्रसित दासतुलसीपर, काहे कृपा बिसारी?॥ १०॥

Such is Rama, benefactor of the poor: exceedingly tender, treasury of compassion, benefactor of others without cause. (1)

The sage's wife, helpless, poor, and subject to her own sin, became stone. Going from your home, you touched her with your holy foot and delivered her from the terrible curse. (2)

The Nishada, devoted to violence, with a tamasic body, roamed the forest like a beast. Overcome by love, you met him and clasped him to your heart without considering lineage or caste. (3)

Though the lord of the gods' son committed an indescribably grave offense, after looking through every world he came grieving for refuge, and you removed his fear. (4)

Born a bird and feeding on flesh, what vow had the vulture observed? With your own hands you arranged every rite for him as for a father. (5)

Shabari was a dull woman of degraded caste, outside both society and Veda. Recognizing her love, the treasury of compassion gave her sight of himself, and Raghunatha delivered her too. (6)

The monkey Sugriva, distraught by fear of his brother, came crying for refuge. Unable to bear his servant's terrible pain, you killed Bali even while enduring reproach. (7)

Vibhishana was the enemy's younger brother and a night-roamer—what claim had he to worship? When he came for refuge, you advanced to receive him and embraced him with outstretched arms. (8)

Those deformed monkeys and bears whose very remembrance was considered inauspicious—you made them all holy, as the Veda attests. Lord, this is your greatness. (9)

How long can I recount the countless poor whose calamities you removed? Why have you forgotten grace toward servant Tulsi, seized by Kali's impurity? (10)

Devotion to Raghupati Is Difficult to Practice

रघुपति-भगति करत कठिनाई।

कहत सुगम करनी अपार जानै सोइ जेहि बनि आई॥ १॥

जो जेहि कला कुसल ताकहँ सोइ सुलभ सदा सुखकारी।

सफरी सनमुख जल-प्रवाह सुरसरी बहै गज भारी॥ २॥

ज्यों सर्करा मिलै सिकता महँ, बलतें न कोउ बिलगावै।

अति रसग्य सूच्छम पिपीलिका, बिनु प्रयास ही पावे॥ ३॥

सकल दृश्य निज उदर मेलि, सोवै निद्रा तजि जोगी।

सोइ हरिपद अनुभवै परम सुख, अतिसय द्वैत-बियोगी॥ ४॥

सोक मोह भय हरष दिवस-निसि देस-काल तहँ नाहीं।

तुलसिदास यहि दसाहीन संसय निरमूल न जाहीं॥ ५॥

Devotion to Raghupati is difficult to practice. It is easy to describe but immeasurable in the doing; only one who has accomplished it knows. (1)

Whatever art one masters is easy and always joy-giving to that person. A little fish swims against the Ganga's current, while a massive elephant is swept away. (2)

If sugar is mixed into sand, no one can separate it by force; but a tiny ant that knows its flavor obtains it without effort. (3)

The yogi who gathers the whole visible world into his belly and sleeps after abandoning sleep—he alone, utterly separated from duality, directly experiences the supreme bliss of Hari's station. (4)

There, grief, delusion, fear, elation, day and night, place and time do not exist. Tulsidas, without this state, doubt is not destroyed at the root. (5)

If There Were Love for Rama's Feet

जो पै राम-चरन-रति होती।

तौ कत त्रिबिध सूल निसिबासर सहते बिपति निसोती॥ १॥

जो संतोष-सुधा निसिबासर सपनेहुँ कलहुँक पावै।

तौ कत बिषय बिलोकि झूठ जल मन-कुरंग ज्यों धावै॥ २॥

जो श्रीपति-महिमा बिचारि उर भजते भाव बढ़ाए।

तौ कत द्वार-द्वार कूकर ज्यों फिरते पेट खलाए॥ ३॥

जे लोलुप भये दास आसके ते सबहीके चरे।

प्रभु-बिस्वास आस जीती जिन्ह, ते सेवक हरि केरे॥ ४॥

नहिं एकौ आचरन भजनको, बिनय करत हों ताते।

कीजै कृपा दासतुलसी पर, नाथ नामके नाते॥ ५॥

If there were love for Rama's feet, why would one endure the threefold pains night and day, and calamity alone? (1)

If the mind obtained the nectar of contentment even once in a dream, why would it run like a deer after the false water of sense objects? (2)

If, reflecting upon Shripati's greatness within, one worshiped him with growing feeling, why would one wander door to door like a dog, baring one's belly? (3)

Those greedy ones who become slaves of hope are servants of everyone; those who trust the Lord and conquer hope are Hari's servants. (4)

I have not even one practice of worship, and therefore make this petition: Lord, for the sake of the Name, grant grace to servant Tulsi. (5)

If Rama Alone Had Tasted Sweet to Me

जो मोहिं राम लागते मीठे।

तौ नवरस षटरस-रस अनरस है जाते सब सीठे॥ १॥

बंचक बिषय बिबिध तनु धरि अनुभवे सुने अरु डीठे।

यह जानत हौं हृदय आपने सपने न अघाइ उबीठे॥ २॥

तुलसिदास प्रभु सों एकहि बल बचन कहत अति डीठे।

नामकी लाज राम करुनाकर केहि न दिये कर चीठे॥ ३॥

If Rama alone had tasted sweet to me, the nine poetic flavors and six flavors of food would all have become tasteless and stale. (1)

In various bodies I have experienced, heard, and seen that sense objects are deceivers. I know this in my own heart, yet not even in a dream have I become sated and disgusted with them. (2)

Tulsidas speaks these exceedingly bold words to the Lord upon one strength alone: compassionate Rama, for the honor of the Name, to whom have you not given a signed warrant of release? (3)

My Mind Has Never Clung to You Like This

यों मन कबहुँ तुम्हहिं न लाग्यो।
 ज्यों छल छाँड़ि सुभाव निरंतर रहत बिषय अनुराग्यो॥ १॥
 ज्यों चितई परनारि, सुने पातक-प्रपंच घर-घरके।
 त्यों न साधु, सुरसरि-तरंग-निरमल गुनगन रघुबरके॥ २॥
 ज्यों नासा सुगंधरस-बस, रसना षटरस-रति मानी।
 राम-प्रसाद-माल जूठन लागि त्यों न ललकि ललचानी॥ ३॥
 चंदन-चंदबदनि-भूषन-पट ज्यों चह पावर परस्यो।
 त्यों रघुपति-पद-पदुम-परस को तनु पातकी न तरस्यो॥ ४॥
 ज्यों सब भाँति कुदेव कुठाकुर सेये बपु बचन हिये हूँ।
 त्यों न राम सुकृतग्य जे सकुचत सकृत प्रनाम किये हूँ॥ ५॥
 चंचल चरन लोभ लागि लोलुप द्वार-द्वार जग बागे।
 राम-सीय-आश्रमनि चलत त्यों भये न श्रमित अभागे॥ ६॥
 सकल अंग पद-बिमुख नाथ मुख नामकी ओट लई है।
 है तुलसिहिं परतीति एक प्रभु-मूरति कृपामई है॥ ७॥

My mind has never clung to you as, abandoning all pretense, it naturally remains continually attached to sense objects. (1)

As I gaze at another's wife and hear the sinful intrigues of house after house, I do not gaze upon saints or hear the hosts of Raghubara's virtues, pure as the Ganga's waves. (2)

As the nose is ruled by fragrant essence and the tongue delights in six flavors, they have never longed and yearned for the garland offered to Rama and the remnants of his grace-food. (3)

As this base body desires the touch of sandalwood, moon-faced woman, ornaments, and cloth, this sinful body has not yearned for the touch of Raghupati's lotus feet. (4)

As I have served evil gods and wicked masters in every way with body, speech, and heart, I have not served Rama, who is grateful and grows bashful when one bows even once. (5)

Driven by greed, these restless, craving feet have run door to door through the world; yet, luckless, they have never wearied from walking to the holy dwellings of Rama and Sita. (6)

Lord, every limb is turned away from your feet; only my mouth has taken shelter in the Name.

Tulsi has this one conviction: the Lord's form is made of compassion. (7)

Cast Me into Yama's Torments

कीजै मोको जमजातनामई।

राम! तुमसे सुचि सुहृद साहिबहिं, मैं सठ पीठि दर्ई॥ १॥

गरभबास दस मास पालि पितु-मातु-रूप हित कीन्हों।

जड़हिं बिबेक, सुसील खलहिं, अपराधिहिं आदर दीन्हों॥ २॥

कपट करौं अंतरजामिहुँ सों, अघ ब्यापकहिं दुरावों।

ऐसेहु कुमति कुसेवक पर रघुपति न कियो मन बावों॥ ३॥

उदर भरौं किंकर कहाइ बेंच्यौ बिषयनि हाथ हियो है।

मोसे बंचकको कृपालु छल छाँड़ि कै छोह कियो है॥ ४॥

पल-पलके उपकार रावरे जानि बूझि सुनि नीके।

भिद्यो न कुलिसहुँ ते कठोर चित कबहुँ प्रेम सिय-पीके॥ ५॥

स्वामीकी सेवक-हितता सब, कछु निज साई-द्रोहाई।

मैं मति-तुला तौलि देखी भइ मेरेहि दिसि गरुआई॥ ६॥

एतेहुँ पर हित करत नाथ मेरो, करि आये, अरु करिहैं।

तुलसी अपनी ओर जानियत प्रभुहि कनौड़ो भरिहैं॥ ७॥

Cast me into Yama's torments. Rama, fool that I am, I turned my back upon a master as pure and benevolent as you. (1)

During ten months in the womb, you cared for me like father and mother and did me good. To me, dull, you gave discernment; to me, wicked, gracious character; to me, an offender, honor. (2)

I practice deceit even with the indwelling knower and hide my sins from the all-pervading Lord.

Even toward such a false-minded, bad servant, Raghupati did not turn his heart adverse. (3)

I fill my belly by calling myself your servant, yet have sold my heart into the hands of sense objects.

Even toward a cheat like me, compassionate Lord, you abandoned guile and showed tenderness.

(4)

Though I have fully known, understood, and heard your benefits at every moment, my heart, harder than a thunderbolt, has never been pierced by love for Sita's beloved. (5)

I placed all the Master's care for his servant on one side of understanding's scale and my own little

treachery toward the Master on the other; my side proved heavier. (6)

Even so, Lord, you keep doing me good—you have done so and will do so. Tulsi knows from his own side that the Lord will sustain one so laden with debt. (7)

Will I Ever Live in This Way?

कबहुँक हौं यहि रहनि रहौंगो।

श्रीरघुनाथ-कृपालु-कृपातें संत-सुभाव गहौंगो॥ १॥

जथालाभसंतोष सदा, काहू सों कछु न चहौंगो।

पर-हित-निरत निरंतर, मन क्रम बचन नेम निबहौंगो॥ २॥

परुष बचन अति दुसह श्रवन सुनि तेहि पावक न दहौंगो।

बिगत मान, सम सीतल मन, पर-गुन नहिं दोष कहौंगो॥ ३॥

परिहरि देह-जनित चिंता, दुख-सुख समबुद्धि सहौंगो।

तुलसिदास प्रभु यहि पथ रहि अबिचल हरि-भगति लहौंगो॥ ४॥

Will I ever live in this way? By compassionate Shri Raghunatha's grace, will I assume the nature of a saint? (1)

Always content with whatever comes, I will want nothing from anyone. Continually intent upon others' good, I will uphold discipline in mind, deed, and speech. (2)

Hearing exceedingly unbearable harsh words, I will not burn in their fire. Free from pride, equal-minded and cool, I will speak neither another's virtue nor fault. (3)

Abandoning body-born anxiety, I will endure pleasure and pain with equal understanding. Lord, will Tulsidas remain on this path and gain unwavering devotion to Hari? (4)

No Other Trust Comes to Me

नाहिं आवत आन भरोसो।

यहि कलिकाल सकल साधनतरु हैं श्रम-फलनि फरो सो॥ १॥

तप, तीरथ, उपवास, दान, मख जेहि जो रुचै करो सो।

पायेहि पै जानिबो करम-फल भरि-भरि बेद परोसो॥ २॥

आगम-बिधि जप-जाग करत नर सरत न काज खरो सो।

सुख सपनेहुँ न जोग-सिधि-साधन, रोग बियोग धरो सो॥ ३॥

काम, क्रोध, मद, लोभ, मोह मिलि ग्यान बिराग हरो सो।

बिगरत मन संन्यास लेत जल नावत आम घरो सो॥ ४॥

बहु मत मुनि बहु पंथ पुराननि जहाँ-तहाँ झगरो सो।

गुरु कह्यो राम-भजन नीको मोहिं लगत राज-डगरो सो॥ ५॥

तुलसी बिनु परतीति प्रीति फिरि-फिरि पचि मरे मरो सो।

रामनाम-बोहित भव-सागर चाहै तरन तरो सो॥ ६॥

No other trust comes to me. In this Kali age, every tree of discipline seems to bear only the fruit of toil. (1)

Austerity, pilgrimage, fasting, giving, sacrifice—let each do whatever pleases him. Only on receiving it will the fruit of action be known, though the Vedas serve it up in heaping portions. (2) People repeat formulas and perform sacrifice by scriptural rule, yet the real task is not accomplished. In disciplines for yogic powers, there is no happiness even in a dream; disease and separation take hold. (3)

Lust, anger, pride, greed, and delusion join together and steal knowledge and dispassion. On taking renunciation, the mind disintegrates like an unbaked pot washed with water. (4) Sages hold many views, and the Puranas show many paths; everywhere there seems to be quarrel. The guru called worship of Rama good, and to me it appears a royal road. (5)

Tulsi, without trust and love, whoever wishes to torment himself and die repeatedly may do so. Rama's name is the ship upon the ocean of becoming; whoever wishes to cross, let him cross. (6)

One Who Does Not Love Rama and Vaidehi

जाके प्रिय न राम-बैदेही।

तजिये ताहि कोटि बैरी सम, जद्यपि परम सनेही॥ १॥

तज्यो पिता प्रहलाद, बिभीषन बंधु, भरत महतारी।

बलि गुरु तज्यो कंत ब्रज-बनितन्हि, भये मुद-मंगलकारी॥ २॥

नाते नेह रामके मनियत सुहृद सुसेव्य जहाँ लौं।

अंजन कहा आँखि जेहि फूटै, बहुतक कहौं कहाँ लौं॥ ३॥

तुलसी सो सब भाँति परम हित पूज्य प्रानतें प्यारो।

जासों होय सनेह राम-पद, एतो मतो हमारो॥ ४॥

One who does not love Rama and Vaidehi should be abandoned like ten million enemies, though exceedingly dear. (1)

Prahlada abandoned his father, Vibhishana his brother, Bharata his mother, Bali his guru, and the women of Vraja their husbands; they became bringers of joy and auspiciousness. (2)

Every relationship and affection is accepted as friendly and worthy of service only insofar as it belongs to Rama. What use is collyrium that destroys the eye? How much more can I say, and for how long? (3)

Tulsi, the one through whom love for Rama's feet arises is in every way the highest benefactor, worthy of worship, and dearer than life. This is my conviction. (4)

If One's Way of Life Is Not Joined to Rama

जो पै रहनि रामसों नाही।

तौ नर खर कूकर सूकर सम बृथा जियत जग माहीं॥ १॥

काम, क्रोध, मद, लोभ, नींद, भय, भूख, प्यास सबहीके।

मनुज देह सुर-साधु सराहत, सो सनेह सिय-पीके॥ २॥

सूर, सुजान, सुपूत सुलच्छन गनियत गुन गरुआई।

बिनु हरिभजन इंदारुनके फल तजत नहीं करुआई॥ ३॥

कीरति, कुल करतूति, भूति भलि, सील सरूप सलोने।

तुलसी प्रभु-अनुराग-रहित जस सालन साग अलोने॥ ४॥

If one's way of life is not joined to Rama, that person lives uselessly in the world like a donkey, dog, or pig. (1)

Lust, anger, pride, greed, sleep, fear, hunger, and thirst belong to all creatures. What gods and saints praise in the human body is love for Sita's beloved. (2)

One may be counted heroic, wise, a good son, well-marked, and weighty with virtues; without worship of Hari, like the colocynth fruit one does not relinquish bitterness. (3)

Fame, lineage, deeds, splendid wealth, gracious character, and handsome form—Tulsi, without love for the Lord, they are like unsalted vegetable curry. (4)

Why Deal Crookedly with Such a Good Master?

राख्यो राम सुस्वामी सों नीच नेह न नातो। एते अनादर हूँ तोहि ते न हातो॥ १॥

जोरे नये नाते नेह फोकट फीके। देहके दाहक, गाहक जीके॥ २॥

अपने अपनेको सब चाहत नीको। मूल दुहूँको दयालु दूलह सीको॥ ३॥

जीवको जीवन प्रानको प्यारो। सुखहूँको सुख रामसों बिसारो॥ ४॥

कियो करैगो तोसे खलको भलो। ऐसे सुसाहब सों तू कुचाल क्यों चलो॥ ५॥

तुलसी तेरी भलाई अजहूँ बूझै। राढ़ राउत होत फिरिकै जूझै॥ ६॥

Lowly one, you formed neither love nor kinship with Rama, that excellent master; yet despite so much disrespect, you were not abandoned by him. (1)

You joined new ties and loves, all futile and insipid—burners of the body, takers of life. (2)

Everyone wishes well for oneself and one's own, but the root of both kinds of welfare is the merciful Bridegroom of Sita. (3)

You forgot Rama, the life of living beings, the beloved of the vital breath, the very joy of joy. (4)

He has done, and will do, good even for a wretch like you. Why practice deceit toward such an excellent master? (5)

Tulsi, even now discern what is good for you: by fighting time and again, even a coward becomes a warrior. (6)

Even If You Forsake Me, Rama

जो तुम त्यागों राम हों तौ नहिं त्यागो। परिहरि पाँय काहि अनुरागों॥ १॥

सुखद सुप्रभु तुम सो जगमाहीं। श्रवन-नयन मन-गोचर नाही॥ २॥

हों जड़ जीव, ईस रघुराया। तुम मायापति, हों बस माया॥ ३॥

हों तो कुजाचक, स्वामी सुदाता। हों कुपूत, तुम हितु पितु-माता॥ ४॥

जो पै कहूँ कोउ बूझत बातो। तौ तुलसी बिनु मोल बिकातो॥ ५॥

Even if you forsake me, Rama, I will not forsake you. Leaving your feet, whom else could I love? (1)

In this world there is no gracious lord who gives joy as you do—none within the reach of ear, eye, or mind. (2)

I am an insensible embodied soul; you are the Lord, King of Raghu's line. You are master of Maya; I am subject to Maya. (3)

I am a wretched petitioner; you, my master, are a generous giver. I am a bad son; you are my beneficent father and mother. (4)

If anyone anywhere were even to ask after me, Tulsi would sell himself to that one without a price. (5)

Though You Be Indifferent, My Hope Is in You

भयेहूँ उदास राम, मेरे आस रावरी।
 आरत स्वारथी सब कहैं बात बावरी॥ १॥
 जीवनको दानी घन कहा ताहि चाहिये।
 प्रेम-नेमके निबाहे चातक सराहिये॥ २॥
 मीनतें न लाभ-लेस पानी पुन्य पीनको।
 जल बिनु थल कहा मीचु बिनु मीनको॥ ३॥
 बड़े ही की ओट बलि बाँचि आये छोटे हैं।
 चलत खरेके संग जहाँ-तहाँ खोटे हैं॥ ४॥
 यहि दरबार भलो दाहिनेहु-बामको।
 मोको सुभदायक भरोसो राम-नामको॥ ५॥
 कहत नसानी हैहै हिये नाथ नीकी है।
 जानत कृपानिधान तुलसीके जीकी है॥ ६॥

Though you become indifferent, Rama, my hope is in you. The afflicted and the self-seeking all speak mad words. (1)

What can the cloud, giver of life, require from anyone? The chataka is praised for keeping the covenant of love. (2)

Pure, drinkable water gains not the least benefit from the fish; without water, what place has the fish except the ground and death? (3)

Under the shelter of the great, I avow, the small have always survived; here and there counterfeit coins pass along with genuine ones. (4)

In this court, good comes to those on the right and those on the left alike. My auspicious confidence rests in Rama's name. (5)

Speaking it aloud would bring ruin; Lord, it is better kept in the heart. Treasure-house of compassion, you know what is in Tulsi's heart. (6)

Where Shall I Go?

राग बिलावल

कहाँ जाऊँ, कासों कहों, कौन सुने दीनकी।

त्रिभुवन तुही गति सब अंगहीनकी॥ १॥

जग जगदीस घर धरनि घनेरे हैं।

निराधारके अधार गुनगन तेरे हैं॥ २॥

गजराज-काज खगराज तजि धायो को।

मोसे दोस-कोस पोसे, तोसे माय जायो को॥ ३॥

मोसे कूर कायर कुपूत कौड़ी आधके।

किये बहुमोल तैं करैया गीध-श्राधके॥ ४॥

तुलसीकी तेरे ही बनाये, बलि, बनैगी।

प्रभुकी बिलंब-अंब दोष-दुख जनैगी॥ ५॥

Raga Bilaval

Where shall I go, whom shall I tell, and who will hear the poor one? In the three worlds, you alone are the refuge of all who are utterly helpless. (1)

On earth there are many 'lords of the world' from house to house; for the unsupported, the multitude of your virtues is the support. (2)

For the elephant-king's need, who left the king of birds and rushed forth? Apart from one such as you, what mother has borne one who nurtures a storehouse of faults like me? (3)

Cruel, cowardly, a bad son, worth half a cownie—one such as me you made precious, O performer of the vulture's funeral rite. (4)

I avow, Tulsi's plight will be mended only when you mend it. The Lord's delay, as a mother, will give birth to fault and grief. (5)

Make Me Your Own

बारक बिलोकि बलि कीजे मोहिं आपनो।
 राय दशरथके तू उथपन-थापनो॥ १॥
 साहिब सरनपाल सबल न दूसरो।
 तेरो नाम लेत ही सुखेत होत ऊसरो॥ २॥
 बचन करम तेरे मेरे मन गड़े हैं।
 देखे सुने जाने मैं जहान जेते बड़े हैं॥ ३॥
 कौन कियो समाधान सनमान सीलाको।
 भृगुनाथ सो रिषी जितैया कौन लीलाको॥ ४॥
 मातु-पितु-बन्धु-हितु, लोक-बेदपाल को।
 बोलको अचल, नत करत निहाल को॥ ५॥
 संग्रही सनेहबस अधम असाधुको।
 गीध सबरीको कहौ करिहै सराधु को॥ ६॥
 निराधारको आधार, दीनको दयालु को।
 मीत कपि-केवट-रजनिचर-भालु को॥ ७॥
 रंक, निरगुनी, नीच जितने निवाजे हैं।
 महाराज! सुजन-समाज ते बिराजे हैं॥ ८॥
 साँची बिरुदावली न बड़ि कहि गई है।
 सीलसिंधु! ढील तुलसीकी बेर भई है॥ ९॥

Look upon me just once—I am your sacrifice—and make me your own. O son of King Dasharatha, you replant those who have been uprooted. (1)

There is no other mighty master who protects those seeking refuge. At the mere taking of your name, wasteland becomes a fertile field. (2)

Your words and deeds are fixed deep in my mind; I have seen, heard of, and understood all those regarded as great in the world. (3)

Who brought relief and honor to the stone? Who playfully conquered a sage such as Bhṛigu's lord? (4)

Who upheld worldly and Vedic duty for mother, father, brother, and loved ones? Who stands

immovable by his word, and makes the one who bows wholly blessed? (5)

Who, compelled by love, gathered in the lowly and the wicked? Tell me, who would perform the funeral rite for the vulture and for Shabari? (6)

Who is the support of the unsupported, the compassionate one for the poor? Who is friend to monkey, boatman, night-roamer, and bear? (7)

All the paupers, virtue-less, and lowly whom you favored, Maharaj, now sit honored in the company of the good. (8)

This true litany of your renown has been spoken without exaggeration. Ocean of gracious character, why has there been delay when Tulsi's turn has come? (9)

Look Toward Me Somehow, Ocean of Grace

केहू भाँति कृपासिंधु मेरी ओर हेरिये।
 मोको और ठौर न, सुटेक एक तेरिये॥ १॥
 सहस सिलातें अति जड़ मति भई है।
 कासों कहों कौन गति पाहनहिं दर्ई है॥ २॥
 पद-राग-जाग चहों कौसिक ज्यों कियो हों।
 कलि-मल खल देखि भारी भीति भियो हों॥ ३॥
 करम-कपीस बालि-बली, त्रास-त्रस्यो हों।
 चाहत अनाथ-नाथ! तेरी बाँह बस्यो हों॥ ४॥
 महा मोह-रावन बिभीषन ज्यों हयो हों।
 त्राहि, तुलसीस! त्राहि तिहूँ ताप तयो हों॥ ५॥

Look toward me somehow, Ocean of Grace. I have no other place; my one sure support is yours alone. (1)

My understanding has become duller than a thousand stones. To whom can I speak? Who else has given deliverance even to stone? (2)

I wish to kindle a sacrificial fire of love for your feet, as Kaushika performed his sacrifice; seeing the wicked defilements of Kali, I have become terribly afraid. (3)

Terrified by mighty Bali, monkey-king of my deeds, I desire, Lord of the orphaned, to dwell beneath your arm. (4)

Like Vibhishana struck by Ravana, I am struck by the great Ravana of delusion. Save me, Lord of Tulsi, save me! I am scorched by the three afflictions. (5)

You Alone Must Devise the Remedy

नाथ! गुनगाथ सुनि होत चित चाउ सो।
 राम रीझिबेको जानौं भगति न भाउ सो॥ १॥
 करम, सुभाउ, काल, ठाकुर न ठाउँ सो।
 सुधन न, सुतन न, सुमन, सुआउ सो॥ २॥
 जाँचौं जल जाहि कहै अमिय पियाउ सो।
 कासों कहौं काहू सों न बढ़त हियाउ सो॥ ३॥
 बाप! बलि जाउँ, आप करिये उपाउ सो।
 तेरे ही निहारे परै हारेहू सुदाउ सो॥ ४॥
 तेरे ही सुझाये सूझै असुझ सुझाउ सो।
 तेरे ही बुझाये बूझै अबुझ बुझाउ सो॥ ५॥
 नाम-अवलंबु-अंबु दीन मीन-राउ सो।
 प्रभुसों बनाइ कहौं जीह जरि जाउ सो॥ ६॥
 सब भाँति बिगरी है एक सुबनाउ-सो।
 तुलसी सुसाहिबहिं दियो है जनाउ सो॥ ७॥

Lord, hearing the tale of your virtues brings a kind of delight to my heart; yet, Rama, I know neither the devotion nor the feeling by which you are pleased. (1)

Neither deed, disposition, nor time is favorable; I have neither master nor a place. I have no good wealth, good body, good mind, or good span of life. (2)

Whomever I ask for water tells me instead to give him nectar. To whom can I speak? My heart finds courage with no one. (3)

Father, I am your sacrifice: you yourself must devise that remedy. At your mere glance, even one who has lost finds a fortunate throw. (4)

Only when you make it visible does the unseen counsel become visible; only when you explain does the incomprehensible teaching become understood. (5)

Reliance on the Name is the water, and in it I am like the poor king of fish. If I speak contrived words before the Lord, may my tongue burn. (6)

Everything has gone wrong in every way; there is just one favorable turn—Tulsi has made it known to his excellent master. (7)

You Know the Way of Love

राग आसावरी

राम! प्रीतिकी रीति आप नीके जनियत है।

बड़ेकी बड़ाई, छोटेकी छोटाई दूरि करै,

ऐसी बिरुदावली, बलि, बेद मनियत है॥ १॥

गीधको कियो सराध, भीलनीको खायो फल,

सोऊ साधु-सभा भलीभाँति मनियत है।

रावरे आदरे लोक बेद हूँ आदरियत,

जोग ग्यान हूँ तें गरु गनियत है॥ २॥

प्रभुकी कृपा कृपालु! कठिन कलि हूँ काल,

महिमा समुझि उर अनियत है।

तुलसी पराये बस भये रस अनरस,

दीनबंधु! द्वारे हठ ठनियत है॥ ३॥

Raga Asavari

Rama, you know well the way of love. I am your sacrifice: the Veda acknowledges such a litany of your fame—you remove the greatness of the great and the smallness of the small. (1)

You performed the vulture's funeral rite and ate the forest woman's fruit; this too is finely proclaimed in the assembly of saints. Whomever you honor is honored by world and Veda alike, and love for you is counted weightier than yoga and knowledge. (2)

By the gracious Lord's grace, even in the harsh age of Kali, your glory is understood and brought into the heart. Tulsi, subjected to others, has become without relish for this nectar; yet, Friend of the poor, he stubbornly holds his ground at your door. (3)

The Burning of the Heart Departs by Repeating Rama's Name

राम-नामके जपे जाइ जियकी जरनि।
 कलिकाल अपर उपाय ते अपाय भये,
 जैसे तम नासिबेको चित्रके तरनि॥ १॥
 करम-कलाप परिताप पाप-साने सब,
 ज्यों सुफूल फूले तरु फोकट फरनि।
 दंभ, लोभ, लालच, उपासना बिनासि नीके,
 सुगति साधन भई उदर भरनि॥ २॥
 जोग न समाधि निरुपाधि न बिराग-ग्यान,
 बचन बिशेष बेष, कहूँ न करनि।
 कपट कुपथ कोटि, कहनि-रहनि खोटि,
 सकल सराह निज निज आचरनि॥ ३॥
 मरत महेस उपदेस हैं कहा करत,
 सुरसरि-तीर कासी धरम-धरनि।
 राम-नामको प्रताप हर कहैं, जपैं आप,
 जुग जुग जानें जग, बेदहूँ बरनि॥ ४॥
 मति राम-नाम ही सों, रति राम-नाम ही सों,
 गति राम-नाम ही की बिपति-हरनि।
 राम-नामसों प्रतीति प्रीति राखे कबहुँक,
 तुलसी ढरैंगे राम आपनी ढरनि॥ ५॥

By repeating Rama's name, the burning of the heart departs. In the age of Kali other remedies have become calamities, like a painted sun used to destroy darkness. (1)

The whole array of rites is steeped in anguish and sin, like a tree blooming with lovely flowers yet bearing fruit in vain. Hypocrisy, greed, and craving have thoroughly ruined worship, and the means to the highest path has become a means of filling the belly. (2)

There is neither yoga nor unencumbered samadhi, neither detachment nor knowledge—only

elaborate words and costumes, nowhere any practice. There are millions of deceitful wrong paths; speech and conduct are corrupt, and all praise their own behavior. (3)

What teaching does Mahesha give the dying in Kashi, sacred ground on the Ganga's bank? Hara declares the power of Rama's name and repeats it himself; age after age the world has known it, and the Veda too describes it. (4)

Let understanding be fixed only on Rama's name, love only Rama's name, and take as refuge only Rama's name, remover of calamity. If Tulsi keeps trust and love in Rama's name, one day Rama will incline toward him in his own way. (5)

I Feel No Shame in Calling Myself Your Servant

लाज न लागत दास कहावत।

सो आचरन बिसारि सोच तजि, जो हरि तुम कहँ भावत॥ १॥

सकल संग तजि भजत जाहि मुनि, जप तप जाग बनावत।

मो-सम मंद महाखल पावर, कौन जतन तेहि पावत॥ २॥

हरि निरमल, मलग्रसित हृदय, असमंजस मोहि जनावत।

जेहि सर काक कंक बक सूकर, क्यों मराल तहँ आवत॥ ३॥

जाकी सरन जाइ कोबिद दारुन त्रयताप बुझावत।

तहुँ गये मद मोह लोभ अति, सरगहुँ मिटत न सावत॥ ४॥

भव-सरिता कहँ नाउ संत, यह कहि औरनि समुझावत।

हौं तिनसों हरि! परम बैर करि, तुम सों भलो मनावत॥ ५॥

नाहिन और ठौर मो कहे, ताते हठि नातो लावत।

राखु सरन उदार-चूड़ामनि! तुलसिदास गुन गावत॥ ६॥

I feel no shame in calling myself your servant, Hari, though thoughtlessly and without regret I abandon the conduct that pleases you. (1)

Sages renounce every attachment and worship him, arranging recitation, austerity, and sacrifice.

By what effort can one as foolish, deeply wicked, and sinful as I attain him? (2)

Hari is stainless, while my heart is seized by impurity; this seems an impossible conflict to me.

Why would a swan come to a lake inhabited by crows, vultures, cranes, and pigs? (3)

The wise take refuge in holy places and extinguish the three fierce afflictions, yet when I go there, pride, delusion, and greed torment me still more; even in heaven, a co-wife's jealousy does not cease. (4)

I tell others, 'Saints are the boat for crossing the river of becoming,' yet, Hari, I make them my greatest enemies and expect good from you. (5)

I have no other place that I can name, so I stubbornly claim kinship with you. Crown of the generous, keep me in refuge; Tulsidas sings your virtues. (6)

With What Effort Can I Make My Plea?

कौन जतन बिनती करिये।

निज आचरन बिचारि हारि हिय मानि जानि डरिये॥ १॥

जेहि साधन हरि! द्रवहु जानि जन सो हठि परिहरिये।

जाते बिपति-जाल निसिदिन दुख, तेहि पथ अनुसरिये॥ २॥

जानत हूँ मन बचन करम पर-हित कीन्हें तरिये।

सो बिपरीत देखि पर-सुख, बिनु कारन ही जरिये॥ ३॥

श्रुति पुरान सबको मत यह सतसंग सुदृढ़ धरिये।

निज अभिमान मोह इरिषा बस तिनहिं न आदरिये॥ ४॥

संतत सोइ प्रिय मोहिं सदा जातें भवनिधि परिये।

कहौ अब नाथ, कौन बलतें संसार-सोग हरिये॥ ५॥

जब कब निज करुना-सुभावतें, द्रबहु तौ निस्तरिये।

तुलसिदास बिस्वास आन नहिं, कत पचि-पचि मरिये॥ ६॥

With what effort can I make my plea? Reflecting on my own conduct, I admit defeat in my heart, understand, and grow afraid. (1)

Hari, I stubbornly abandon the discipline by which you melt, knowing a person to be your servant; I follow instead the path that brings the net of calamity and grief night and day. (2)

I know that doing good to others in mind, speech, and deed carries one across; contrary to this, I burn without cause at the sight of another's happiness. (3)

The Veda and Purana all teach that one should hold firmly to holy company; controlled by my pride, delusion, and envy, I do not honor it. (4)

I perpetually love precisely that which keeps me forever in the ocean of becoming. Tell me now, Lord: by what strength can I remove worldly sorrow? (5)

Whenever you melt through your own compassionate nature, then alone will I cross. Tulsidas trusts no other—why should he consume himself and die? (6)

Therefore I Came Early to Your Refuge

ताहि तें आयो सरन सबेरें।

ग्यान बिराग भगति साधन कछु सपनेहुं नाथ! न मेरें॥ १॥

लोभ-मोह-मद-काम-क्रोध रिपु फिरत रैन-दिन घेरें।

तिनहिं मिले मन भयो कुपथ-रत, फिरै तिहारेहि फेरें॥ २॥

दोष-निलय यह बिषय सोक-प्रद कहत संत श्रुति टेरें।

जानत हूँ अनुराग तहाँ अति सो, हरि तुम्हरेहि प्रेरें?॥ ३॥

बिष पियूष सम करहु अग्नि हिम, तारि सकहु बिनु बेरें।

तुम सम ईस कृपालु परम हित पुनि न पाइहों हेरें॥ ४॥

यह जिय जानि रहों सब तजि रघुबीर भरोसे तेरें।

तुलसिदास यह बिपति बागुरौ तुम्हहिं सों बने निबेरें॥ ५॥

Therefore I came early to your refuge. Lord, not even in a dream do I possess any means such as knowledge, detachment, or devotion. (1)

The enemies greed, delusion, pride, lust, and anger roam around me night and day. Joining them, my mind became devoted to a wrong path; it will turn only when you turn it. (2)

Saints and the Veda cry aloud that these objects of sense are homes of fault and givers of sorrow. Knowing this, my immense attachment to them—Hari, is it by your prompting? (3)

You can make poison like nectar and fire like snow; you can carry me across without a ship. Even searching, I will never again find a lord as compassionate and supremely beneficent as you. (4)

Knowing this in my heart, I abandon everything and remain reliant upon you, Hero of Raghu's line. This snare of calamity around Tulsidas can be undone only by you. (5)

World, Now I Have Recognized You

मैं तोहिं अब जान्यो संसार।

बाँधि न सकहि मोहि हरिके बल, प्रगट कपट-आगार॥ १॥

देखत ही कमनीय, कछु नाहिं पुनि किये बिचार।

ज्यों कदलीतरु-मध्य निहारत, कबहुँ न निकसत सार॥ २॥

तेरे लिये जनम अनेक मैं फिरत न पायों पार।

महामोह-मृगजल-सरिता महँ बोर्यो हों बारहिं बार॥ ३॥

सुनु खल! छल-बल कोटि किये बस होहि न भगत उदार।

सहित सहाय तहाँ बसि अब, जेहि हृदय न नंदकुमार॥ ४॥

तासों करहु चातुरी जो नहिं जानै मरम तुम्हार।

सो परि डरै मरै रजु-अहि तें, बूझै नहिं ब्यवहार॥ ५॥

निज हित सुनु सठ! हठ न करहि, जो चहहि कुसल परिवार।

तुलसिदास प्रभुके दासनि तजि भजहि जहाँ मद मार॥ ६॥

World, now I have recognized you: manifest abode of deceit, you cannot bind me, through Hari's strength. (1)

You are attractive only at sight; upon reflection, there is nothing at all. Looking within a plantain tree, one never finds solid heartwood. (2)

For your sake I wandered through many births and never found your limit; again and again you drowned me in the mirage-river of great delusion. (3)

Listen, wretch: though you employ ten million deceits and powers, a noble devotee will not come under your control. Go now with all your helpers and dwell where Nandakumara is not in the heart. (4)

Practice your cunning upon one who does not know your secret. Only one who does not understand the matter falls frightened and dies from the rope imagined as a snake. (5)

Listen to what is good for you, fool: do not be obstinate if you desire your household's welfare. Leave the servants of Tulsidas's Lord and flee to where pride and Mara dwell. (6)

Walk Repeating Rama

राग गौरी

राम कहत चलु, राम कहत चलु, राम कहत चलु भाई रे।
 नाहिं तौ भव-बेगारि महँ परिहै, छुटत अति कठिनाई रे॥ १॥
 बाँस पुरान साज सब अठकठ, सरल तिकोन खटोला रे।
 हमहिं दिहल करि कुटिल करमचँदा मंद मोल बिनु डोला रे॥ २॥
 विषम कहार मार-मद-माते चलहि न पाउँ बटोरा रे।
 मंद बिलंद अभेरा दलकन पाइय दुख झकझोरा रे॥ ३॥
 काँट कुराय लपेटन लोटन ठावहि ठाँव बझाऊ रे।
 जस जस चलिय दूरि तस तस निज बास न भेंट लगाऊ रे॥ ४॥
 मारग अगम, संग नहिं संबल, नाउँ गाँवकर भूला रे।
 तुलसिदास भव त्रास हरहु अब, होहु राम अनुकूला रे॥ ५॥

Raga Gauri

Walk repeating Rama, walk repeating Rama, walk repeating Rama, brother. Otherwise you will be seized for the forced labor of becoming, from which release is exceedingly difficult. (1)
 Its bamboo is old and all its fittings misshapen: a straight, three-cornered litter. Crooked Karamchand has given us this wretched, worthless sedan without payment. (2)
 Its mismatched bearers, intoxicated with the pride of passion, do not walk with their feet together; high and low, uneven and jolting, they give the misery of knocks and shocks. (3)
 Thorns and pebbles, entangling vines and rolling—the litter catches at place after place. The farther one travels, the farther one's own home recedes from meeting. (4)
 The road is inaccessible, there is no provision for the journey, and I have forgotten even my village's name. Rama, be favorable now and remove Tulsidas's fear of becoming. (5)

You Did Not Naturally Love Rama

सहज सनेही रामसों तैं कियो न सहज सनेह।
 ताते भव-भाजन भयो, सुनु अजहुँ सिखावन एह॥ १॥
 ज्यों मुख मुकुर बिलोकिये अरु चित न रहै अनुहारि।
 त्यों सेवतहुँ न आपने, ये मातु-पिता, सुत-नारि॥ २॥
 दै दै सुमन तिल बासिकै, अरु खरि परिहरि रस लेत।
 स्वारथ हित भूतल भरे, मन मेचक, तन सेत॥ ३॥
 करि बीत्यो, अब करतु है करिबे हित मीत अपार।
 कबहुँ न कोउ रघुबीर सो नेह निबाहनिहार॥ ४॥
 जासों सब नातों फुरै, तासों न करी पहिचानि।
 ताते कछु समुझयो नहीं, कहा लाभ कह हानि॥ ५॥
 साँचो जान्यो झूठको, झूठे कहँ साँचो जानि।
 को न गयो, को जात है, को न जैहे करि हितहानि॥ ६॥
 बेद कह्यो, बुध कहत हैं, अरु हौँहुँ कहत हौँ टेरि।
 तुलसी प्रभु साँचो हितू, तू हियकी आँखिन हेरि॥ ७॥

You did not naturally love Rama, who loves by nature; therefore you became a vessel of becoming. Even now, listen to this instruction. (1)

As a face is seen in a mirror yet its likeness does not truly remain there, so even while they serve you, these mother, father, son, and wife are not your own. (2)

Flowers are repeatedly placed with sesame to perfume it, but after its oil is taken the dry cake is discarded. The earth is full of friends for selfish ends, their minds black and bodies white. (3)

Countless friends have passed, you make them now, and you will make them hereafter; never will anyone sustain love as the Hero of Raghu does. (4)

You did not recognize the one through whom every relationship appears real; therefore you understood nothing of what is gain and what is loss. (5)

Taking the false as true and the true as false—who has not gone, who is not going, and who will not go after ruining one's welfare? (6)

The Veda has said it, the wise say it, and I too cry it aloud: Tulsi's Lord is the true friend. Look with the eyes of your heart. (7)

The One True Friend Is the Lord of Kosala

एक सनेही साचिलो केवल कोसलपालु।
 प्रेम-कनोड़ो रामसो नहिं दूसरो दयालु॥ १॥
 तन-साथी सब स्वारथी, सुर ब्यवहार-सुजान।
 आरत-अधम-अनाथ हित को रघुबीर समान॥ २॥
 नाद निठुर, समचर सिखी, सलिल सनेह न सूर।
 ससि सरोग, दिनकरु बड़े, पयद प्रेम-पथ कूर॥ ३॥
 जाको मन जासों बँध्यो, ताको सुखदायक सोइ।
 सरल सील साहिब सदा सीतापति सरिस न कोइ॥ ४॥
 सुनि सेवा सही को करै, परिहरै को दूषन देखि।
 केहि दिवान दिन दीन को आदर-अनुराग बिसेखि॥ ५॥
 खग-सबरी पितु-मातु ज्यों माने, कपि को किये मीत।
 केवट भेंट्यो भरत ज्यों, ऐसो को कहु पतित-पुनीत॥ ६॥
 देइ अभागहिं भागु को, को राखे सरन समीत।
 बेद-बिदित बिरुदावली, कबि-कोबिद गावत गीत॥ ७॥
 कैसेउ पाँवर पातकी, जेहि लई नामकी ओट।
 गाँठी बाँध्यो दाम तो, परख्यो न फेरि खर-खोट॥ ८॥
 मन-मलीन, कलि किलबिषी होत सुनत जासु कृत-काज।
 सो तुलसी कियो आपुनो रघुबीर गरीब-निवाज॥ ९॥

The one true friend is only the Lord of Kosala. There is no other compassionate one like Rama, who is beholden to love. (1)

All companions of the body are selfish, and the gods are skilled in transaction. Who equals the Hero of Raghu in serving the afflicted, lowly, and orphaned? (2)

Sound is cruel, fire treats all alike, water is no hero on love's path; the moon is diseased, the sun is proud, and the cloud is harsh on the road of love. (3)

Whomever one's mind is bound to, that one alone gives joy; yet there is never another simple and gracious master like Sita's Lord. (4)

Who confirms service the moment he hears of it, and who overlooks a fault after seeing it? In

whose court is a poor person honored with such exceptional love? (5)

Who regarded the bird and Shabari as father and mother, and made the monkeys his friends? Who embraced the boatman as Bharata? Tell me, who else so purifies the fallen? (6)

Who gives fortune to the unfortunate, and who shelters the frightened? The Veda knows his litany of fame, and poets and learned men sing his song. (7)

However low and sinful one may be, once one takes shelter in his name, Rama ties that coin in his knot and does not then assay whether it is genuine or false. (8)

Even Tulsi—so impure-minded and sinful in Kali that one becomes sinful merely hearing his deeds—the Hero of Raghu, patron of the poor, made his own. (9)

Without Kinship and Love for Janaki's Lord

जो पै जानकिनाथ सों नातो नेहु न नीच।
स्वारथ-परमारथ कहा, कलि कुटिल बिगोयो बीच॥ १॥
धरम बरन आश्रमनिके पैयत पोथिही पुरान।
करतब बिनु बेष देखिये, ज्यों सरीर बिनु प्रान॥ २॥
बेद बिदित साधन सबै, सुनियत दायक फल चारि।
राम-प्रेम बिनु जानिबो जैसे सर-सरिता बिनु बारि॥ ३॥
नाना पथ निरबानके, नाना बिधान बहु भाँति।
तुलसी तू मेरे कहे जपु राम-नाम दिन-राति॥ ४॥

Lowly one, if you have neither kinship nor love for Janaki's Lord, what can become of self-interest or the highest good? Crooked Kali has ruined you midway. (1)

The duties of the social orders and stages of life are found only in books and Puranas; costumes without deeds appear like bodies without breath. (2)

All the means made known by the Veda are heard to bestow the four fruits; know them without love for Rama to be like lakes and rivers without water. (3)

There are many paths to liberation and many kinds of observance. Tulsi, take my counsel: repeat Rama's name day and night. (4)

Even Now, Understand Rama's Deeds

अजहुँ आपने रामके करतब समुझत हित होइ।
 कहुँ तू, कहँ कोसलधनी, तोको कहा कहत सब कोइ॥ १॥
 रीझि निवाज्यो कबहिँ तू, कब खीझि दई तोहि गारि।
 दरपन बदन निहारिकै, सुबिचारि मान हिय हारि॥ २॥
 बिगरी जनम अनेककी सुधरत पल लगे न आधु।
 'पाहि कृपानिधि' प्रेमसों कहे को न राम कियो साधु॥ ३॥
 बालमीकि-केवट-कथा, कपि-भील-भालु-सनमान।
 सुनि सनमुख जो न रामसों, तिहि को उपदेसहि ग्यान॥ ४॥
 का सेवा सुग्रीवकी, का प्रीति-रीति-निरबाहु।
 जासु बंधु बध्यो ब्याध ज्यों, सो सुनत सोहात न काहु॥ ५॥
 भजन बिभीषनको कहा, फल कहा दियो रघुराज।
 राम गरीब-निवाजके बड़ी बाँह-बोलकी लाज॥ ६॥
 जपहि नाम रघुनाथको, चरचा दूसरी न चालु।
 सुमुख, सुखद, साहिब, सुधी, समरथ, कृपालु, नतपालु॥ ७॥
 सजल नयन, गदगद गिरा, गहबर मन, पुलक सरीर।
 गावत गुनगन रामके केहिकी न मिटी भव-भीर॥ ८॥
 प्रभु कृतग्य सरबग्य हैं, परिहरु पाछिली गलानि।
 तुलसी तोसों रामसों कछु नई न जान-पहिचानि॥ ९॥

Even now, it will benefit you to understand your own deeds and Rama's deeds. Where are you, and where is the Lord of Kosala? What does everyone call you? (1)

When did he, pleased, favor you, and when did he, angered, abuse you? Look at your face in the mirror; reflect well and admit defeat in your heart. (2)

The ruin of many births takes him less than half a moment to repair. Who has said with love, 'Protect me, Treasury of Grace,' whom Rama did not make holy? (3)

One who hears the stories of Valmiki and the boatman, and the honoring of monkeys, forest woman, and bears, yet does not turn toward Rama—who can instruct that one in wisdom? (4)

What service did Sugriva render, what rule of love did he keep? Yet Rama killed Sugriva's brother

like a hunter—a deed that sounds pleasing to no one. (5)

What worship did Vibhishana perform, and what reward did the King of Raghu give him? Rama, patron of the poor, greatly cherishes the honor of his arm and pledged word. (6)

Repeat Raghunatha's name and admit no other discussion. He alone is gracious-faced, joy-giving, master, wise, mighty, compassionate, and protector of those who bow. (7)

Who has sung the multitude of Rama's virtues with tear-filled eyes, choked speech, an overwhelmed heart, and a thrilled body, whose fear of becoming was not erased? (8)

The Lord remembers good and knows all; abandon your former remorse. Tulsi, your acquaintance with Rama is nothing new. (9)

If There Is No Love for Loving Rama

जो अनुराग न राम सनेही सों।
 तौ लह्यो लाहु कहा नर-देही सों॥ १॥
 जो तनु धरि, परिहरि सब सुख, भये सुमति राम-अनुरागी।
 सो तनु पाइ अघाइ किये अघ, अवगुन-उदधि अभागी॥ २॥
 ग्यान-बिराग, जोग-जप, तप-मख, जग मुद-मग नहिं थोरे।
 राम-प्रेम बिनु नेम जाय जैसे मृग-जल-जलधि-हिलोरे॥ ३॥
 लोक-बिलोकि, पुरान-बेद सुनि, समुझि-बूझि गुरु-ग्यानी।
 प्रीति-प्रतीति राम-पद-पंकज सकल-सुमंगल-खानी॥ ४॥
 अजहुँ जानि जिय, मानि हारि हिय, होइ पलक महँ नीको।
 सुमिरु सनेहसहित हित रामहिं, मानु मतो तुलसीको॥ ५॥

If there is no love for loving Rama, what gain has been gained from a human body? (1)
 Taking this body, the pure-minded abandon every pleasure and become lovers of Rama; yet, unfortunate ocean of faults, having gained that same body you committed sins to satiety. (2)
 Knowledge, detachment, yoga, recitation, austerity, and sacrifice—there is no shortage in the world of roads to bliss; without love for Rama, these observances vanish like waves upon an ocean of mirage-water. (3)
 Having observed the world, heard Purana and Veda, and understood from learned teachers, know that love and trust in Rama's lotus feet are the mine of every blessing. (4)
 Even now, understand in your heart and admit defeat there; in a moment all will become well. Remember your benefactor Rama with love, and accept Tulsi's counsel. (5)

Show Grace According to Your Own Nature

बलि जाउँ हौं राम गुसाई। कीजै कृपा आपनी नाई॥ १॥

परमारथ सुरपुर-साधन सब स्वारथ सुखद भलाई।

कलि सकोप लोपी सुचाल, निज कठिन कुचाल चलाई॥ २॥

जहँ जहँ चित चितवत हित, तहँ नित नव विषाद अधिकाई।

रुचि-भावती भभरि भागहिं, समुहाहिं अमित अनभाई॥ ३॥

आधि-मगन मन, ब्याधि-बिकल तन, बचन मलीन झुठाई।

एतेहुँ पर तुमसों तुलसीकी प्रभु सकल सनेह सगाई॥ ४॥

I am your sacrifice, Lord Rama. Show grace according to your own nature. (1)

All the disciplines that bring the highest good, heaven, self-interest, happiness, and welfare—angry Kali has erased their good ways and set his own harsh crooked way in motion. (2)

Wherever the mind looks for its good, ever-new grief increases there. The things pleasing to taste flee in panic, while boundless unwelcome things crowd near. (3)

The mind is submerged in anxiety, the body distraught with disease, and speech impure with falsehood. Despite all this, Lord, all Tulsi's loving kinship remains with you. (4)

Why Do You Wander Making So Many Efforts, Mind?

काहेको फिरत मन, करत बहु जतन,
 मिटै न दुख बिमुख रघुकुल-बीर।
 कीजै जो कोटि उपाइ, त्रिबिध ताप न जाइ,
 कह्यो जो भुज उठाय मुनिबर कीर॥ १॥
 सहज टेव बिसारि तुही धौं देखु बिचारि,
 मिलै न मथत बारि घृत बिनु छीर।
 समुझि तजहि भ्रम, भजहि पद-जुगम,
 सेवत सुगम, गुन गहन गँभीर॥ २॥
 आगम निगम ग्रंथ, रिषि-मुनि, सुर-संत,
 सब ही को एक मत सुनु, मतिधीर।
 तुलसिदास प्रभु बिनु पियास मरै पसु,
 जद्यपि है निकट सुरसरि-तीर॥ ३॥

Why do you wander, mind, making so many efforts? Turned away from the Hero of Raghu's line, grief will not end. Though ten million remedies be tried, the three afflictions will not depart—so the excellent sage Shuka declared with arm upraised. (1)

Abandon your habitual tendency and consider for yourself: churning water yields no ghee without milk. Understand, forsake delusion, and worship the paired feet, easy to attain through service and a deep, unfathomable forest of virtues. (2)

Agamas, Vedas, scriptures, seers, sages, gods, and saints all hold one view—hear it with steady understanding. Tulsidas, without a master an animal dies of thirst even though the Ganga's bank is near. (3)

Because There Is No Love for His Feet

नाहिंन चरन-रति ताहि तें सहों बिपति,
 कहत श्रुति सकल मुनि मतिधीर।
 बसै जो ससि-उछंग सुधा-स्वादित कुरंग,
 ताहि क्यों भ्रम निरखि रबिकर-नीर॥ १॥
 सुनिय नाना पुरान, मिटत नाहिं अग्यान,
 पढ़िय न समुझिय जिमि खग कीर।
 बँधत बिनहिं पास सेमर-सुमन-आस,
 करत चरत तेइ फल बिनु हीर॥ २॥
 कछु न साधन-सिधि, जानों न निगम-बिधि,
 नहिं जप-तप, बस मन, न समीर।
 तुलसिदास भरोस परम करुना-कोस,
 प्रभु हरिहैं बिषम भवभीर॥ ३॥

Because there is no love for his feet, I endure calamity—so says the Veda, and all steadfast sages.
 Why would a deer dwelling in the moon's lap and tasting nectar be deluded on seeing the sun's
 mirage-water? (1)

Hearing many Puranas does not erase ignorance when one reads but does not understand, like the
 parrot. Without any snare it binds itself in hope of the silk-cotton blossom, pecking and grazing
 upon that fruit without a core. (2)

I possess neither spiritual means nor attainment; I know no Vedic procedure. I have neither
 recitation nor austerity, neither mastery of mind nor breath. Tulsidas relies on the supreme
 Treasury of Compassion; the Lord will remove his terrible fear of becoming. (3)

The Mind Will Regret When the Opportunity Has Passed

राग भैरवी

मन पछितैहै अवसर बीते।

दुरलभ देह पाइ हरिपद भजु, करम, बचन अरु ही ते॥ १॥

सहसबाहु दसबदन आदि नृप बचे न काल बली ते।

हम-हम करि धन-धाम सँवारे, अंत चले उठि रीते॥ २॥

सुत-बनितादि जानि स्वारथरत, न करु नेह सबही ते।

अंतहु तोहि तजैंगे पामर! तू न तजै अबही ते॥ ३॥

अब नाथहि अनुरागु, जागु जड़, त्यागु दुरासा जी ते।

बुझै न काम अग्नि तुलसी कहँ, बिषय-भोग बहु घी ते॥ ४॥

Raga Bhairavi

The mind will regret when the opportunity has passed. Having gained this rare body, worship Hari's feet through deed, speech, and heart. (1)

Kings such as Sahasrabahu and ten-headed Ravana were not saved from mighty Time. Crying 'I, I,' they tended wealth and homes, yet at the end rose and departed empty. (2)

Know sons, wife, and the rest to be devoted to self-interest; do not love them all. Lowly one, since they will abandon you at the end, why do you not abandon them even now? (3)

Now love the Lord; awaken, dull one, and relinquish vain hope from your heart. Tulsi, the fire of desire is not quenched by the abundant ghee of sensual enjoyment. (4)

Why Do You Run About, Foolish Mind?

काहे को फिरत मूढ़ मन धायो।

तजि हरि-चरन-सरोज सुधारस, रबिकर-जल लय लायो॥ १॥

त्रिजग देव नर असुर अपर जग जोनि सकल भ्रमि आयो।

गृह, बनिता, सुत, बंधु भये बहु, मातु-पिता जिन्ह जायो॥ २॥

जाते निरय-निकाय निरंतर, सोइ इन्ह तोहि सिखायो।

तुव हित होइ, कटै भव-बंधन, सो मगु तोहि न बतायो॥ ३॥

अजहुँ बिषय कहँ जतन करत, जद्यपि बहुबिधि डहँकायो।

पावक-काम भोग-घृत तें सठ, कैसे परत बुझायो॥ ४॥

बिषयहीन दुख, मिले बिपति अति, सुख सपनेहुँ नहिं पायो।

उभय प्रकार प्रेत-पावक ज्यों धन दुखप्रद श्रुति गायो॥ ५॥

छिन-छिन छिन होत जीवन, दुरलभ तनु बृथा गँवायो।

तुलसिदास हरि भजहि आस तजि, काल-उरग जग खायो॥ ६॥

Why do you run about, foolish mind? Abandoning the nectar of Hari's lotus feet, you have fixed your love upon the sun's mirage-water. (1)

Through the three worlds you have wandered among gods, humans, demons, and every other worldly birth. You have had many homes, wives, sons, brothers, and parents who gave you birth. (2)

They taught you only that which leads continually to hosts of hells; they did not show you the path that would benefit you and cut the bonds of becoming. (3)

Even now you labor for sense objects, though deceived in many ways. Fool, how can the fire of desire be quenched by the ghee of enjoyment? (4)

Without sense objects there was pain; when they came, extreme calamity—never even in a dream did you gain happiness. The Veda sings that the wealth of sense objects, in both conditions, is grief-giving like a ghostly fire. (5)

Moment by moment life diminishes; you have wasted the rare body. Tulsidas, abandon hope and worship Hari: the serpent of Time is devouring the world. (6)

As Though You Had Received a Body Plated in Copper

ताँबे सो पीठि मनहुँ तन पायो।

नीच, मीच जानत न सीस पर, ईस निपट बिसरायो॥ १॥

अवनि-रवनि, धन-धाम, सुहृद-सुत, को न इन्हहिं अपनायो?

काके भये, गये सँग काके, सब सनेह छल-छायो॥ २॥

जिन्ह भूपनि जग-जीति, बाँधि जम, अपनी बाँह बसायो।

तेऊ काल कलेऊ कीन्हे, तू गिनती कब आयो॥ ३॥

देखु बिचारि, सार का साँचो, कहा निगम निजु गायो।

भजहिं न अजहुँ समुझि तुलसी तेहि, जेहि महेस मन लायो॥ ४॥

As though you had received a body plated in copper! Lowly one, you do not know that death is over your head, and you have utterly forgotten the Lord. (1)

Land, wife, wealth, dwelling, friends, and sons—who has not claimed them? Whose did they become, and with whom did they depart? All such affection is shadowed by deceit. (2)

Even those kings who conquered the world, bound Yama, and brought him under the power of their arms—Time made a meal of them. When did you ever enter the reckoning? (3)

Look and reflect: what is the true essence, and what has the Veda itself sung? Tulsi, understanding this, even now you do not worship him upon whom Mahesha fixed his mind. (4)

What Gain Came from Receiving a Human Body?

लाभ कहा मानुष-तनु पाये।

काय-बचन-मन सपनेहुँ कबहुँक घटत न काज पराये॥ १॥

जो सुख सुरपुर-नरक, गेह-बन आवत बिनहिं बुलाये।

तेहि सुख कहँ बहु जतन करत मन, समुझत नहिं समुझाये॥ २॥

पर-दारा, पर-द्रोह, मोहबस किये मूढ़ मन भाये।

गरभबास दुखरासि जातना तीब्र बिपति बिसराये॥ ३॥

भय-निद्रा, मैथुन-अहार, सबके समान जग जाये।

सुर-दुरलभ तनु धरि न भजे हरि मद अभिमान गवाँये॥ ४॥

गई न निज-पर-बुद्धि, सुद्ध द्वै रहे न राम-लय लाये।

तुलसिदास यह अवसर बीते का पुनि के पछिताये॥ ५॥

What gain came from receiving a human body, when in body, speech, and mind it never, even in a dream, served another's need? (1)

The pleasure that comes uninvited in heaven or hell, home or forest—for that pleasure, mind, you make great effort and understand not though instructed. (2)

Deluded, foolish mind, you acted as you pleased toward another's wife and in hostility to others, forgetting the mass of pain, fierce torment, and calamity of the womb. (3)

Fear, sleep, intercourse, and food are alike for all born in the world. Gaining a body rare even to gods, you did not worship Hari but squandered it in pride. (4)

For those whose division into self and other has not gone, who do not dissolve duality and merge in Rama with purity—Tulsi, what use will regret be after this opportunity passes? (5)

What Work Did You Accomplish by Taking a Human Body?

काजु कहा नरतनु धरि सारयो।

पर-उपकार सार श्रुतिको जो, सो धोखेहु न बिचारयो॥ १॥

द्वैत मूल, भय-सूल, सोक-फल, भवतरु टरै न टारयो।

रामभजन-तीछन कुठार लै सो नहिं काटि निवारयो॥ २॥

संसय-सिंधु नाम बोहित भजि निज आतमा न तार्यो।

जनम अनेक विवेकहीन बहु जोनि भ्रमत नहिं हारयो॥ ३॥

देखि आनको सहज संपदा द्वेष-अनल मन-जारयो।

सम, दम, दया, दीन-पालन, सीतल हिय हरि न सँभारयो॥ ४॥

प्रभु गुरु पिता सखा रघुपति तें मन क्रम बचन बिसारयो।

तुलसिदास यहि आस, सरन राखिहि जेहि गीध उधारयो॥ ५॥

What work did you accomplish by taking a human body? You never once considered service to others, the essence of the Veda. (1)

The tree of becoming has duality for its root, fear for thorns, and sorrow for fruit; you did not cut it down with the sharp axe of Rama-worship. (2)

You did not board the boat of the Name and carry your soul across the ocean of doubt. Witless through many births, you have not tired of wandering through many wombs. (3)

Seeing another's natural prosperity, you burned your mind in envy; you did not remember Hari with a cool heart through calm, restraint, compassion, and care for the poor. (4)

In mind, deed, and word you forgot Raghupati—Lord, teacher, father, and friend. Tulsi's hope is that he who delivered the vulture will keep him in refuge. (5)

Worship the Lotus Feet of Hari and the Guru

श्रीहरि-गुरु-पद-कमल भजहु मन तजि अभिमान।
 जेहि सेवत पाइय हरि सुख-निधान भगवान॥ १॥
 परिवा प्रथम प्रेम बिनु राम-मिलन अति दूरि।
 जद्यपि निकट हृदय निज रहे सकल भरिपूरि॥ २॥
 दुइज द्वैत-मति छाड़ि चरहि महि-मंडल धीर।
 बिगत मोह-माया-मद हृदय बसत रघुबीर॥ ३॥
 तीज त्रिगन-पर परम पुरुष श्रीरमन मुकुंद।
 गुन सुभाव त्यागे बिनु दुरलभ परमानंद॥ ४॥
 चौथि चारि परिहरहु बुद्धि-मन-चित-अहंकार।
 बिमल बिचार परमपद निज सुख सहज उदार॥ ५॥
 पाँचइ पाँच परस, रस, सब्द, गंध अरु रूप।
 इन्ह कर कहा न कीजिये, बहुरि परब भव-कूप॥ ६॥
 छठ षटबरग करिय जय जनकसुता-पित लागि।
 रघुपति-कृपा-बारि बिनु नहिं बुताइ लोभागि॥ ७॥
 सातै सप्तधातु-निरमित तनु क्रिय बिचार।
 तेहि तनु केर एक फल, कीजै पर-उपकार॥ ८॥
 आठइँ आठ प्रकृति-पर निरबिकार श्रीराम।
 केहि प्रकार पाइय हरि, हृदय बसहिं बहु काम॥ ९॥
 नवमी नवद्वार-पुर बसि जेहि न आपु भल कीन्ह।
 ते नर जोनि अनेक भ्रमत दारुन दुख लीन्ह॥ १०॥
 दसइँ दसहु कर संजम जो न करिय जिय जानि।
 साधन बृथा होइ सब मिलहि न सारंगपानि॥ ११॥
 एकादसी एक मन बस कै सेवहु जाइ।
 सोइ ब्रत कर फल पावै आवागमन नसाइ॥ १२॥
 द्वादसि दान देहु अस, अभय होइ त्रैलोक।
 परहित-निरत सो पारन बहुरि न ब्यापत सोक॥ १३॥

तेरसि तीन अवस्था तजहु, भजहु भगवंत।
 मन-क्रम-बचन-अगोचर, ब्यापक, व्याप्य, अनंत॥ १४॥
 चौदसि चौदह भुवन अचर-चर-रूप गोपाल।
 भेद गये बिनु रघुपति अति न हरहि जग-जाल॥ १५॥
 पूनों प्रेम-भगति-रस हरि-रस जानहिं दास।
 सम, सीतल, गत-मान, ग्यानरत, बिषय-उदास॥ १६॥
 त्रिबिध सूल होलिय जरै, खेलिय अब फागु।
 जो जिय चहसि परमसुख, तौ यहि मारग लागु॥ १७॥
 श्रुति-पुरान-बुध-संमत चाँचरि चरित मुरारि।
 करि बिचार भव तरिय, परिय न कबहुँ जमधारि॥ १८॥
 संसय-समन, दमन दुख, सुखनिधान हरि एक।
 साधु-कृपा बिनु मिलहि न, करिय उपाय अनेक॥ १९॥
 भव सागर कहँ नाव सुद्ध संतनके चरन।
 तुलसिदास प्रयास बिनु मिलहि राम दुखहरन॥ २०॥

Mind, abandon pride and worship the lotus feet of Hari and the guru; serving them one attains Lord Hari, treasury of joy. (1)

First, like the first lunar day, comes love; without love, meeting Rama is very distant, though he dwells near, filling one's heart. (2)

Second, abandon dual vision and move steadily over the earth; the Hero of Raghu dwells in a heart free of delusion, Maya, and pride. (3)

Third, Mukunda, Lord of Sri, is beyond the three qualities; without leaving their nature, supreme bliss is hard to gain. (4)

Fourth, relinquish intellect, mind, awareness, and ego; pure discernment reveals the generous, innate joy of the highest state. (5)

Fifth, do not obey touch, taste, sound, smell, and form, lest you fall again into becoming's well. (6)

Sixth, conquer the six enemies for Janaki's Lord; without Raghupati's grace-water, greed's fire is not quenched. (7)

Seventh, consider the body made of seven constituents; its single fruit is service to others. (8)

Eighth, immutable Rama is beyond eightfold nature; how can Hari be attained while many desires inhabit the heart? (9)

Ninth, one who dwells in the nine-gated city without securing one's good wanders many wombs and receives fierce pain. (10)

Tenth, if one does not knowingly restrain the ten, every discipline is vain and Sarangapani is not found. (11)

Eleventh, master the one mind and serve the One; this vow yields its fruit and destroys coming and going. (12)

Twelfth, give such a gift that the three worlds become fearless; its completion is devotion to others' good, after which sorrow does not pervade. (13)

Thirteenth, leave the three states and worship the Lord, beyond mind, deed, and word, pervading, pervaded, infinite. (14)

Fourteenth, Gopala is the moving and unmoving form of the fourteen worlds; without the end of division, Raghupati does not remove the world-net. (15)

At fullness, servants know Hari's nectar as the nectar of loving devotion: equal, cool, prideless, absorbed in knowledge, aloof from objects. (16)

Burn the three pains in the Holi fire and now play Phag; if you desire supreme joy, enter this path. (17)

The Chanchari is Murari's deeds, approved by Veda, Purana, and wise; reflect and cross becoming, never falling into Yama's stream. (18)

Hari alone ends doubt and pain and is joy's treasury; despite many means, he is not found without a saint's grace. (19)

Saints' pure feet are the boat across becoming's ocean; Tulsi, Rama the grief-remover is found without strain. (20)

If the Mind Becomes Attached to Rama's Feet

राग कान्हरा

जो मन लागै रामचरन अस।

देह-गेह-सुत-बित-कलत्र महुँ मगन होत बिनु जतन किये जस॥ १॥

द्वंद्वहित, गतमान, ग्यानरत, बिषय-बिरत खटाइ नाना कस।

सुखनिधान सुजान कोसलपति हूँ प्रसन्न, कहूँ, क्यों न होहि बस॥ २॥

सर्वभूत-हित, निर्व्यलीक चित, भगति-प्रेम दृढ़ नेम, एकरस।

तुलसिदास यह होइ तबहिं जब द्रबै ईस, जेहि हतो सीसदस॥ ३॥

Raga Kanhara

If the mind becomes attached to Rama's feet as effortlessly as it is immersed in body, house, sons, wealth, and wife—(1)

it becomes free of opposites and pride, absorbed in knowledge and averse to objects as one recoils from sourness in bronze. Tell me, why would the wise Lord of Kosala, treasury of joy, not become pleased and subject to it? (2)

Concerned for all beings, guileless in heart, steadfast and constant in loving devotion—Tulsi, this happens only when the Lord who slew the ten-headed one melts in grace. (3)

If the Mind Wishes to Worship Hari, the Wish-Fulfilling Tree

जो मन भज्यो चाहै हरि-सुरतरु।

तौ तज बिषय-बिकार, सार भज, अजहूँ जो मैं कहौं सोइ करु॥ १॥

सम, संतोष, बिचार बिमल अति, सतसंगति, ये चारि दृढ़ करि धरु।

काम-क्रोध अरु लोभ-मोह-मद, राग-द्वेष निसेष करि परिहरु॥ २॥

श्रवन कथा, मुख नाम, हृदय हरि, सिर प्रनाम, सेवा कर अनुसरु।

नयननि निरखि कृपा-समुद्र हरि अग-जग-रूप भूप सीताबरु॥ ३॥

इहै भगति, बैराग्य-ग्यान यह, हरि-तोषन यह सुभ ब्रत आचरु।

तुलसिदास सिव-मत मारग यहि चलत सदा सपनेहुँ नाहिंन डरु॥ ४॥

Mind, if you wish to worship Hari, the wish-fulfilling tree, abandon sensual corruption, worship the essence, and even now do what I say. (1)

Hold these four firmly: equality, contentment, exceedingly pure discernment, and holy company. Entirely abandon lust, anger, greed, delusion, pride, attachment, and aversion. (2)

Hear the tale, speak the Name, hold Hari in the heart, bow the head, and follow through service; with your eyes behold Hari, ocean of grace, King and Lord of Sita, form of moving and unmoving creation. (3)

This is devotion, detachment, and knowledge; this pleases Hari—practice this auspicious vow. Tulsidas, this is Shiva's path; walking it, there is never fear even in a dream. (4)

There Is No Other Refuge Like Raghupati

नाहिन और कोउ सरन लायक दूजो श्रीरघुपति-सम बिपति-निवारन।
 काको सहज सुभाउ सेवकबस, काहि प्रनत पर प्रीति अकारन॥ १॥
 जन-गुन अलप गनत सुमेरु करि, अवगुन कोटि बिलोकि बिसारन।
 परम कृपालु, भगत-चिंतामनि, बिरद पुनीत, पतितजन-तारन॥ २॥
 सुमिरत सुलभ, दास-दुख सुनि हरि चलत तुरत, पटपीत सँभार न।
 साखि पुरान-निगम-आगम सब, जानत द्रुपद-सुता अरु बारन॥ ३॥
 जाको जस गावत कबि-कोबिद, जिन्हके लोभ-मोह, मद-मार न।
 तुलसिदास तजि आस सकल भजु, कोसलपति मुनिबधू-उधारन॥ ४॥

There is no other worthy refuge equal to Sri Raghupati, remover of calamity. Whose nature is naturally to submit to his servant? Who bears causeless love for the surrendered? (1)

He counts a servant's slightest virtue as Mount Sumeru and, though seeing millions of faults, forgets them. Supremely compassionate, the wish-fulfilling jewel of devotees, holy in renown, he delivers the fallen. (2)

Easy to reach upon remembrance, Hari hears a servant's sorrow and sets out at once, not even taking care of his yellow robe. All the Puranas, Vedas, and Agamas bear witness; Drupada's daughter and the elephant know it. (3)

Poets and learned ones untouched by greed, delusion, pride, and Kama sing his fame. Tulsidas, abandon every hope and worship the Lord of Kosala, deliverer of the sage's wife. (4)

No Other Bestows Refuge Like Raghunayaka

भजिबे लायक, सुखदायक रघुनायक सरिस सरनप्रद दूजो नाहिन।
 आनंदभवन, दुखदवन, सोकसमन रमारमन गुन गनत सिराहिं न॥ १॥
 आरत, अधम, कुजाति, कुटिल, खल, पतित, सभीत कहूँ जे समाहिं न।
 सुमिरत नाम बिबसहूँ बारक पावत सो पद, जहाँ सुर जाहिं न॥ २॥
 जाके पद-कमल लुब्ध मुनि-मधुकर, बिरत जे परम सुगतिहु लुभाहिं न।
 तुलसिदास सठ तेहि न भजसि कस, कारुनीक जो अनाथहिं दाहिन॥ ३॥

No other is as worthy of worship, joy-giving, and refuge-bestowing as Raghunayaka. The qualities of the Lord of Lakshmi—abode of bliss, destroyer of pain, and queller of sorrow—never reach an end however long one counts them. (1)

Those who are distressed, base, lowborn, crooked, wicked, fallen, and afraid, whom no place admits, attain by helplessly remembering the Name even once that station which the gods cannot reach. (2)

Sage-bees are enamored of his lotus feet, so detached that even the highest liberation does not entice them. Foolish Tulsidas, why do you not worship that compassionate Lord who stands by the orphan? (3)

Lord, How Can I Tell You My Petition?

राग कल्याण

नाथ सों कौन विनती कहि सुनावौं।

त्रिबिध बिधि अमित अवलोकि अघ आपने,

सरन सनमुख होत सकुचि सिर नावौं॥ १॥

बिरचि हरिभगतिको बेष बर टाटिका,

कपट-दल हरित पल्लवनि छावौं।

नामलगि लाइ लासा ललित-बचन कहि,

ब्याध ज्यों बिषय-बिहंगनि बझावौं॥ २॥

कुटिल सतकोटि मेरे रोमपर वारियहि,

साधु गनतीमें पहलेहि गनावौं।

परम बर्बर खर्ब गर्ब-पर्वत चढ़यो,

अग्य सर्बग्य, जन-मनि जनावौं॥ ३॥

साँच किधौं झूठ मोको कहत कोउ-

कोउ राम! रावरो, हौं तुम्हरो कहावौं।

बिरदकी लाज करि दास तुलसिहिं देव!

लेहु अपनाइ अब देहु जनि बावौं॥ ४॥

Raga Kalyan

Lord, what petition can I speak and make you hear? Beholding my countless sins committed in all three ways, I lower my head in shame when I turn toward you for refuge. (1)

I construct a fine screen from the garb of Hari-devotion and cover it with green leaves of deceit.

Setting up the Name as its pole and applying sweet speech as birdlime, like a hunter I trap the birds of sensual objects. (2)

A hundred crores of crooked people could be offered upon each of my hairs, yet I have myself counted first among saints. Utterly uncouth and base, I have climbed the mountain of pride; though ignorant, I have people know me as omniscient. (3)

Whether it is true or false, some say of me, “He is Rama’s,” and I too seek to be called yours. O Lord, guard the honor of your renowned way: take servant Tulsi as your own now; do not put him off. (4)

Lord, I Have No Other Support

नाहिनै नाथ! अवलंब मोहि आनकी।
 करम-मन-बचन पन सत्य करुनानिधे!
 एक गति राम! भवदीय पदत्रानकी॥ १॥
 कोह-मद-मोह-ममतायतन जानि मन,
 बात नहिं जाति कहि ग्यान-बिग्यानकी।
 काम-संकलप उर निरखि बहु बासनहिं,
 आस नहि एकहुँ आँक निरबानकी॥ २॥
 बेद-बोधित करम धरम बिनु अगम अति,
 जदपि जिय लालसा अमरपुर जानकी।
 सिद्ध-सुर-मनुज दनुजादि सेवत कठिन,
 द्रवहिं हठजोग दिये भोग बलि प्रानकी॥ ३॥
 भगति दुरलभ परम, संभु-सुक-मुनि-मधुप,
 प्यास पदकंज-मकरंद-मधुपानकी।
 पतित-पावन सुनत नाम बिस्त्रामकृत,
 भ्रमित पुनि समुझि चित ग्रंथि अभिमानकी॥ ४॥
 नरक-अधिकार मम घोर संसार-तम-
 कूपकहिं, भूप! मोहि सक्ति आपानकी।
 दासतुलसी सोउ त्रास नहि गनत मन,
 सुमिरि गुह गीध गज ग्याति हनुमानकी॥ ५॥

Lord, I have no other support. O treasury of compassion, in deed, mind, and speech this vow of mine is true: Rama, my one refuge is your sandals. (1)

Knowing my mind to be the abode of anger, pride, delusion, and possessiveness, no talk of knowledge or realization can even be spoken of. Seeing many impulses of desire and latent cravings in my heart, there is not one atom of hope for liberation. (2)

Though my heart longs to go to the city of the immortals, it is exceedingly inaccessible without the works and duties taught by the Veda. Service of siddhas, gods, humans, demons, and the rest is

hard; they relent only when given hatha-yoga, offerings, and the sacrifice of life. (3)

Devotion is supremely difficult: Shambhu, Shuka, and sage-bees remain thirsty to drink the sweet nectar of your lotus feet. I hear that the Name purifies the fallen and grants repose, yet even after understanding, my mind strays again because of the knot of pride in the heart. (4)

My entitlement is to hell, O King—to the dark well of terrible worldly existence—yet my strength is yours. Servant Tulsi does not reckon even that terror, remembering the kind of Guha, the vulture, the elephant, and Hanuman. (5)

Where Else Is There a Place for Me?

औरु कहें ठौरु रघुबंस-मनि! मेरे।
 पतित-पावन प्रनत-पाल असरन-सरन,
 बाँकुरे बिरुद बिरुदैत केहि केरे॥ १॥
 समुझि जिय दोस अति रोस करि राम जो,
 करत नहिं कान बिनती बदन फेरे।
 तदपि है निडर हौं कहौं करुना-सिंधु,
 क्योंऽब रहि जात सुनि बात बिनु हेरे॥ २॥
 मुख्य रुचि होत बसिबेकी पुर रावरे,
 राम! तेहि रुचिहि कामादि गन घेरे।
 अगम अपबरग, अरु सरग सुकृतैकफल,
 नाम-बल क्यों बसौं जम-नगर नेरे॥ ३॥
 कतहुं नहिं ठाउँ, कहँ जाउँ कोसलनाथ!
 दीन बितहीन हौं, बिकल बिनु डेरे।
 दास तुलसिहिं बास देहु अब करि कृपा,
 बसत गज गीध ब्याधादि जेहि खेरे॥ ४॥

Where else is there a place for me, O jewel of Raghu's line? Purifier of the fallen, keeper of the surrendered, refuge of the shelterless—whose championed vow is as bold as yours? (1)

If Rama, understanding the faults in my heart and becoming greatly angry, will not lend an ear to my petition and turns his face away, even then I shall speak fearlessly: O ocean of compassion, after hearing my words, how can you remain without looking upon me? (2)

My foremost longing is to dwell in your city, Rama, but hosts of lust and the other passions surround that longing. Liberation is inaccessible, and heaven is solely the fruit of merit; through the power of the Name, how could I dwell near the city of Yama? (3)

There is no place anywhere; where shall I go, Lord of Kosala? I am poor and without wealth, distressed and without a dwelling. Be gracious now and grant servant Tulsi a home in that village where the elephant, the vulture, the hunter, and the others dwell. (4)

When Will You Show Me That Grace?

कबहुँ रघुबंसमनि! सो कृपा करहुगे।
 जेहि कृपा व्याध, गज, बिप्र, खल नर तरे,
 तिन्हहि सम मानि मोहि नाथ उद्धरहुगे॥ १॥
 जोनि बहु जनमि किये करम खल बिबिध बिधि,
 अधम आचरन कछु हृदय नहि धरहुगे।
 दीनहित! अजित सरबग्य समरथ प्रनतपाल
 चित मृदुल निज गुननि अनुसरहुगे॥ २॥
 मोह-मद-मान-कामादि खलमंडली
 सकुल निरमूल करि दुसह दुख हरहुगे।
 जोग-जप-जग्य-बिग्यान ते अधिक अति,
 अमल दृढ़ भगति दै परम सुख भरहुगे॥ ३॥
 मंदजन-मौलिमनि सकल, साधन-हीन,
 कुटिल मन, मलिन जिय जानि जो डरहुगे।
 दासतुलसी बेद-बिदित बिरुदावली
 बिमल जस नाथ! केहि भाँति बिस्तरहुगे॥ ४॥

When, O jewel of Raghu's line, will you show me that grace—the grace by which the hunter, the elephant, the brahmin, and wicked men crossed over? Lord, regarding me as equal to them, will you deliver me? (1)

Born in many wombs, I have done wicked deeds in many ways. Will you keep none of my base conduct in your heart? Friend of the poor, unconquered, all-knowing, almighty guardian of the surrendered, will you, tender-hearted, act according to your own qualities? (2)

Will you uproot, families and all, the vile host of delusion, pride, self-regard, lust, and the rest, and remove unbearable sorrow? Will you give me stainless, steadfast devotion, far greater than yoga, repetition, sacrifice, and realization, and fill me with supreme joy? (3)

If, knowing me to be the crown-jewel of all dull people, devoid of every discipline, crooked in mind and stained in heart, you should hesitate, then, Lord, how will servant Tulsi extend your Veda-renowned titles and stainless fame? (4)

Raghupati, Destroyer of Calamity

राग केदारा

रघुपति बिपति-दवन।

परम कृपालु, प्रनत-प्रतिपालक, पतित-पवन॥ १॥

कूर, कुटिल, कुलहीन, दीन, अति मलिन जवन।

सुमिरत नाम राम पठये सब अपने भवन॥ २॥

गज-पिंगला-अजामिल-से खल गनै धौं कवन।

तुलसिदास प्रभु केहि न दीन्हि गति जानकी-रवन॥ ३॥

Rāga Kedāra

Raghupati destroys calamity. Supremely compassionate, guardian of the surrendered, he purifies the fallen. (1)

Cruel, crooked, lowborn, poor—even utterly impure Yavanas: upon their remembering Rama's Name, he sent them all to his own abode. (2)

Who could count the wicked like the elephant, Piṅgalā, and Ajāmila? Tulsidas, to whom has the Lord, Jānakī's beloved, not granted the goal? (3)

No One Removes Calamity Like Hari

हरि-सम आपदा-हरन।

नहि कोउ सहज कृपालु दुसह दुख-सागर-तरन॥ १॥

गज निज बल अवलोकि कमल गहि गयो सरन।

दीन बचन सुनि चले गरुड़ तजि सुनाभ-धरन॥ २॥

द्रुपदसुताको लग्यो दुसासन नगन करन।

‘हा हरि पाहि’ कहत पूरे पट बिबिध बरन॥ ३॥

इहै जानि सुर-नर-मुनि-कोबिद सेवत चरन।

तुलसिदास प्रभु को न अभय कियो नृग-उद्धरन॥ ४॥

No one removes calamity like Hari; there is no one else naturally compassionate who carries one across the unbearable ocean of sorrow. (1)

When the elephant, seeing his own strength fail, took a lotus and sought refuge, the bearer of Sunābha, the discus, heard his humble words and set out, leaving Garuḍa behind. (2)

When Duṣśāsana began to strip Drupada’s daughter naked, at her cry, ‘Ah, Hari, protect me!’ he supplied garments of many colors. (3)

Knowing this, gods, humans, sages, and learned people serve his feet. Tulsidas, whom has the Lord, the deliverer of Nṛga, not made fearless? (4)

What Other Lord Has Such a Way?

राग कल्याण

ऐसी कौन प्रभुको रीति?

बिरद हेतु पुनीत परिहरि पाँवरनि पर प्रीति॥ १॥

गई मारन पूतना कुच कालकूट लगाइ।

मातुकी गति दर्ई ताहि कृपालु जादवराइ॥ २॥

काममोहित गोपिकनिपर कृपा अतुलित कीन्ह।

जगत-पिता बिरंचि जिन्हके चरनकी रज लीन्ह॥ ३॥

नेमतेँ सिसुपाल दिन प्रति देत गनि गनि गारि।

कियो लीन सु आपमें हरि राज-सभा मँझारि॥ ४॥

ब्याध चित दै चरन मारयो मूढ़मति मृग जानि।

सो सदेह स्वलोक पठयो प्रगट करि निज बानि॥ ५॥

कौन तिन्हकी कहै जिन्हके सुकृत अरु अघ दोउ।

प्रगट पातकरूप तुलसी सरन राख्यो सोउ॥ ६॥

Rāga Kalyāṇa

What other Lord has such a way? To uphold his renowned vow, he passes over the pure and loves the lowly. (1)

Pūtānā came to kill him, smearing deadly poison upon her breasts; the compassionate king of the Yādavas granted her a mother's destiny. (2)

He bestowed incomparable grace upon the cowherd women overcome by desire—those whose foot-dust Brahmā, father of the world, took. (3)

Śīsupāla made a rule of hurling counted insults day after day; in the middle of the royal assembly Hari absorbed him into himself. (4)

The foolish hunter, taking him for a deer, aimed at and struck his foot; manifesting his own renowned way, he sent that man bodily to his own realm. (5)

What need be said of those who have both merit and sin? He even kept in refuge Tulsi, the manifest embodiment of sin. (6)

Such Is Śrī Raghubīra's Way

श्रीरघुबीरकी यह बानि।

नीचहू सों करत नेह सुप्रीति मन अनुमानि॥ १॥

परम अधम निषाद पाँवर, कौन ताकी कानि?

लियो सो उर लाइ सुत ज्यों प्रेमको पहिचानि॥ २॥

गीध कौन दयालु, जो बिधि रच्यो हिंसा सानि?

जनक ज्यों रघुनाथ ताकहँ दियो जल निज पानि॥ ३॥

प्रकृति-मलिन कुजाति सबरी सकल अवगुन-खानि।

खात ताके दिये फल अति रुचि बखानि बखानि॥ ४॥

रजनिचर अरु रिपु बिभीषन सरन आयो जानि।

भरत ज्यों उठि ताहि भेंटत देह-दसा भुलानि॥ ५॥

कौन सुभग सुसील बानर, जिनहिं सुमिरत हानि।

किये ते सब सखा, पूजे भवन अपने आनि॥ ६॥

राम सहज कृपालु कोमल दीनहित दिनदानि।

भजहि ऐसे प्रभुहि तुलसी कुटिल कपट न ठानि॥ ७॥

Such is Śrī Raghubīra's way: discerning pure love in the heart, he shows affection even to the lowly.

(1)

The Niṣāda was utterly base and lowly—what standing did he have? Recognizing his love, Rama drew him to his heart like a son. (2)

How was the vulture compassionate, when fate had created him steeped in violence? Raghunātha gave him water with his own hand as one would to a father. (3)

Śabarī was impure by nature, lowborn, a mine of every fault; yet he ate the fruits she gave, repeatedly praising their delightful taste. (4)

Knowing that Vibhīṣaṇa, a night-roamer and an enemy, had come for refuge, Rama rose and embraced him like Bharata, forgetting awareness of his own body. (5)

Which monkeys were handsome and virtuous, when even remembering them was deemed harmful? Yet he made them all friends, brought them to his home, and honored them. (6)

Rama is naturally compassionate and tender, benefactor of the poor and ever-generous. Tulsi, worship such a Lord without harboring crookedness or deceit. (7)

Whom Else Should We Worship but Hari?

हरि तजि और भजिये काहि?

नाहिनै कोउ राम सो ममता प्रनतपर जाहि॥ १॥

कनककसिपु बिरंचिको जन करम मन अरु बात।

सुतहिं दुखवत बिधि न बरज्यो कालके घर जात॥ २॥

संभु-सेवक जान जग, बहु बार दिये दस सीस।

करत राम-बिरोध सो सपनेहु न हटक्यो ईस॥ ३॥

और देवनकी कहा कहौं, स्वारथहिके मीत।

कबहु काहु न राख लियो कोउ सरन गयउ समीत॥ ४॥

को न सेवत देत संपति लोकहू यह रीति।

दासतुलसी दीनपर एक राम ही को प्रीति॥ ५॥

Abandoning Hari, whom else should we worship? There is no one like Rama who has affection for whoever surrenders to him. (1)

Hiraṇyakaśipu was Brahmā's devotee in deed, mind, and word; yet Brahmā did not restrain him as he tormented his son and went to the abode of death. (2)

The world knows Rāvaṇa as Śambhu's servant, who many times offered his ten heads; yet when he opposed Rama, Īśvara did not restrain him even in a dream. (3)

What can I say of the other gods? They are friends only for self-interest. Never has any one of them taken in and protected a frightened person who came for refuge. (4)

Who does not grant wealth to one who serves? This is the way even of the world. Servant Tulsi: only Rama loves the poor. (5)

If There Were Any Other

जो पै दूसरो कोउ होइ।

तौ हौं बारहि बार प्रभु कत दुख सुनावौं रोइ॥ १॥

काहि ममता दीनपर, काको पतितपावन नाम।

पापमूल अजामिलहि केहि दियो आपनो धाम॥ २॥

रहे संभु बिरंचि सुरपति लोकपाल अनेक।

सोक-सरि बूढ़त करीसहि दई काहु न टेक॥ ३॥

बिपुल-भूपति-सदसि महँ नर-नारि कह्यो 'प्रभु पाहि'।

सकल समरथ रहे, काहु न बसन दीन्हों ताहि॥ ४॥

एक मुख क्यों कहौं करुनासिंधुके गुन-गाथ?

भक्तहित धरि देह काह न कियो कोसलनाथ॥ ५॥

आपसे कहूँ सौंपिये मोहि जो पै अतिहि घिनात।

दासतुलसी और बिधि क्यों चरन परिहरि जात॥ ६॥

If there were any other, why, Lord, would I repeatedly weep and tell you my sorrow? (1)

Who else has affection for the poor? Whose name is Purifier of the Fallen? Who gave his own abode to Ajāmila, the root of sin? (2)

Śambhu, Brahmā, Indra, and many guardians of the worlds were there, yet none gave support to the elephant king drowning in the river of grief. (3)

In an assembly of many kings, Nara's wife cried, 'Lord, protect me!' All the powerful were present, but no one gave her clothing. (4)

With one mouth, how can I tell the tales of the Ocean of Compassion's qualities? For the welfare of devotees, what did the Lord of Kosala not do after taking bodily form? (5)

If you are utterly disgusted with me, entrust me to someone equal to you. Servant Tulsi—how could he leave your feet and go by any other way? (6)

When Will You Show Me Hari's Feet?

कबहिं देखाइहौ हरि चरन।

समन सकल कलेस कलि-मल, सकल मंगल-करन॥ १॥

सरद-भव सुंदर तरुनतर अरुन-बारिज-बरन।

लच्छि-लालित-ललित करतल छबि अनूपम धरन॥ २॥

गंग-जनक अनंग-अरि-प्रिय कपट-बटु बलि-छरन।

बिप्रतिय नृग बधिकके दुख-दोस दारुन दरन॥ ३॥

सिद्ध-सुर-मुनि-बृंद-बंदित सुखद सब कहूँ सरन।

सकृत उर आनत जिनहिं जन होत तारन-तरन॥ ४॥

कृपासिंधु सुजान रघुबर प्रनत-आरति-हरन।

दरस-आस-पियास तुलसीदास चाहत मरन॥ ५॥

When will you show me Hari's feet, which quiet every affliction and the stain of Kali and cause every blessing? (1)

They have the color of beautiful, newly opened red lotuses born in autumn; fondled by Lakṣmī's graceful palms, they bear incomparable splendor. (2)

They are the source of the Gaṅgā, dear to the foe of Anaṅga, and, as the guileful dwarf, deceivers of Bali; they destroy the terrible sorrow and faults of the brahmin's wife, Nṛga, and the hunter. (3)

Venerated by hosts of siddhas, gods, and sages, they give happiness and refuge to all. Bringing them into the heart just once, a devotee crosses over and becomes one who carries others across.

(4)

Ocean of compassion, wise Raghubara, remover of the surrendered one's distress—Tulsidas is dying of thirst born from the hope of seeing you. (5)

At Your Door Since Dawn

द्वार हों भोर ही को आजु।

रटत रिरिहा आरि और न, कौर ही तें काजु॥ १॥

कलि कराल दुकाल दारुन, सब कुभाँति कुसाजु।

नीच जन, मन ऊँच, जैसी कोढ़मेंकी खाजु॥ २॥

हहरि हियमें सदय बूझ्यो जाइ साधु-समाजु।

मोहुसे कहूँ कतहुँ कोउ, तिन्ह कह्यो कोसलराजु॥ ३॥

दीनता-दारिद दलै को कृपाबारिधि बाजु।

दानि दसरथरायके, तू बानइत सिरताजु॥ ४॥

जनमको भूखो भिखारी हों गरीबनिवाजु।

पेट भरि तुलसिहि जेवाइय भगति-सुधा सुनाजु॥ ५॥

I have been at your door since dawn today, ceaselessly crying and pleading; I have no other aim—
one morsel is all I need. (1)

In terrible Kali there is a cruel famine, and every arrangement is corrupt. People are low while
their minds aspire high, like the itch within leprosy. (2)

Trembling in my heart, I went and asked the compassionate assembly of saints, 'Is there anyone
anywhere even for one like me?' They named the King of Kosala. (3)

Other than the ocean of compassion, who can crush lowliness and poverty? O generous son of
Daśaratha, you are the crown among those who uphold the giver's pledge. (4)

I am a beggar hungry from birth, O benefactor of the poor. Feed Tulsi his fill of the fine food that is
the nectar of devotion. (5)

Take Care of Me, King of Kosala

करिय सँभार, कोसलराय!
 और ठौर न और गति, अवलंब नाम बिहाय॥ १॥
 बूझि अपनी आपनो हितु आप बाप न माय।
 राम! राउर नाम गुर, सुर, स्वामि, सखा, सहाय॥ २॥
 रामराज न चले मानस-मलिनके छल छाय।
 कोप तेहि कलिकाल कायर मुएहि घालत घाय॥ ३॥
 लेत केहरिको बयर ज्यों भेक हनि गोमाय।
 त्योंहि राम-गुलाम जानि निकाम देत कुदाय॥ ४॥
 अकनि याके कपट-करतब, अमित अनय-अपाय।
 सुखी हरिपुर बसत होत परीछितहि पछिताय॥ ५॥
 कृपासिंधु! बिलोकिये, जन-मनकी साँसति साय।
 सरन आयो, देव! दीनदयालु! देखन पाय॥ ६॥
 निकट बोलि न बरजिये, बलि जाउँ, हनिय न हाय।
 देखिहैं हनुमान गोमुख नाहरनिके न्याय॥ ७॥
 अरुन मुख, भ्रू बिकट, पिंगल नयन रोष-कषाय।
 बीर सुमिरि समीरको घटिहै चपल चित चाय॥ ८॥
 बिनय सुनि बिहँसे अनुजसों बचनके कहि भाय।
 'भली कही' कह्यो लषन हूँ हँसि, बने सकल बनाय॥ ९॥
 दई दीनहिं दादि, सो सुनि सुजन-सदन बधाय।
 मिटे संकट-सोच, पोच-प्रपंच, पाप-निकाय॥ १०॥
 पेखि प्रीति-प्रतीति जनपर अगुन अनघ अमाय।
 दासतुलसी कहत मुनिगन, 'जयति जय उरुगाय'॥ ११॥

Take care of me, King of Kosala! Apart from the Name, I have no other place, no other goal, and no other support. (1)

Understanding your own servant, you yourself secure his welfare as neither father nor mother can.

Rama, your Name is my guru, god, master, friend, and helper. (2)

In Rama's kingdom not even the shadow of a polluted mind's deceit can operate. Angered by this, cowardly Kali strikes wounds even upon one already dead. (3)

Just as a jackal kills a frog to avenge its enmity with a lion, so, knowing me to be Rama's slave, Kali rains vile blows upon me in vain. (4)

Hearing of his deceitful deeds, countless injustices, and calamities, Parīkṣit, though dwelling happily in Hari's city, is filled with regret. (5)

Ocean of compassion, look upon me, so that the suffering of your servant's heart may end. God, compassionate to the poor, I have come for refuge so that I may behold you. (6)

If, having called him near, you will not restrain him—bless me!—nor strike him because of his cries, Hanuman will look upon him as a lion looks upon a cow's face. (7)

With face red, brows fearsome, and tawny eyes stained by anger, the caprice of Kali's restless heart will subside when he remembers the heroic son of the Wind. (8)

Hearing my petition, Rama smiled and explained the meaning of its words to his younger brother. Lakṣmaṇa too laughed and said, 'Well said'; thus every arrangement succeeded. (9)

He gave justice to the poor man; hearing it, congratulations rang through the homes of the good. Troubles and anxieties, vile deceits, and hordes of sins disappeared. (10)

Seeing the transcendent, sinless, guileless Lord's love and confidence toward his servant, the sages, servant Tulsi says, proclaim, 'Victory, victory to the widely praised Lord!' (11)

Watching for the Path of Grace

नाथ! कृपाहीको पंथ चितवत दीन हौं दिनराति।
 होइ धौं केहि काल दीनदयालु! जानि न जाति॥ १॥
 सुगुन, ग्यान-बिराग-भगति, सु-साधननिकी पाँति।
 भजे बिकल बिलोकि कलि अघ-अवगुननिकी थाति॥ २॥
 अति अनीति-कुरीति भइ भुइँ तरनि हू ते ताति।
 जाउँ कहूँ? बलि जाउँ, कहूँ न ठाउँ मति अकुलाति॥ ३॥
 आप सहित न आपनो कोउ, बाप! कठिन कुभाँति।
 स्यामघन! सींचिये तुलसी, सालि सफल सुखाति॥ ४॥

Lord, destitute, I watch day and night only for the path of your grace. Merciful to the poor, at what time will it come? It cannot be known. (1)

Good qualities, knowledge, dispassion, devotion, and the ranks of noble disciplines have fled in distress on seeing Kali, the storehouse of sins and faults. (2)

Through extreme injustice and corrupt practice, the earth has become hotter even than the sun. Where shall I go? I bow to you; there is no place anywhere, and my mind is distraught. (3)

Father, no one—not even this self—is mine; all are harshly corrupt. Dark cloud, water Tulsi: the fruitful rice crop is drying up. (4)

To Whom Else Shall I Speak?

बलि जाऊँ, और कासों कहौं?

सदगुनसिंधु स्वामि सेवक-हित कहूँ न कृपानिधि-सो लहौं॥ १॥

जहँ जहँ लोभ लोल लालचबस निजहित चित चाहनि चहौं।

तहँ तहँ तरनि तकत उलूक ज्यों भटकि कुतरु-कोटर गहौं॥ २॥

काल-सुभाउ-करम बिचित्र फलदायक सुनि सिर धुनि रहौं।

मोको तौ सकल सदा एकहि रस दुसह दाह दारुन दहौं॥ ३॥

उचित अनाथ होइ दुखभाजन भयो नाथ! किंकर न हौं।

अब रावरो कहाइ न बूझिये, सरनपाल! साँसति सहौं॥ ४॥

महाराज! राजीवबिलोचन! मगन-पाप-संताप हौं।

तुलसी प्रभु! जब तब जेहि तेहि बिधि राम निबाहे निरबहौं॥ ५॥

I bow to you—to whom else shall I speak? Nowhere can I find a master who is an ocean of virtues, works for his servant's welfare, and is a treasury of compassion like you. (1)

Wherever, driven by greed and craving, my restless heart desires some good for itself, from each such place I turn like an owl seeing the sun, wander away, and enter a tree hollow. (2)

Hearing that time, nature, and action yield varied fruits, I remain beating my head. For me, all three always have a single flavor: they burn me with unbearable, terrible heat. (3)

It was fitting that I became an orphan and a vessel of sorrow, Lord, while I was not your servant. Now that I am called yours, guardian of the surrendered, I cannot understand why I endure torment. (4)

Majesty, lotus-eyed one, I am submerged in the anguish of sin. Lord, Tulsi can survive only when Rama sustains him, whenever and however he may. (5)

Will You Ever Regard Me as Your Own?

आपनो कबहुँ करि जानिहौ।

राम गरीबनिवाज राजमनि, बिरद-लाज उर आनिहौ॥ १॥

सील-सिंधु, सुंदर, सब लायक, समरथ, सदगुन-खानि हौ।

पाल्यो है, पालत, पालहुगे प्रभु, प्रनत-प्रेम पहिचानिहौ॥ २॥

बेद-पुरान कहत, जग जानत, दीनदयालु दिन-दानि हौ।

कहि आवत, बलि जाउँ, मनहुँ मेरी बार बिसारे बानि हौ॥ ३॥

आरत-दीन-अनाथनिके हित मानत लौकिक कानि हौ।

है परिनाम भलो तुलसीको सरनागत-भय-भानि हौ॥ ४॥

Will you ever regard me as your own? Rama, benefactor of the poor and jewel among kings, will you bring the honor of your renowned vow into your heart? (1)

You are an ocean of gracious conduct, beautiful, capable of all, powerful, and a mine of virtues. Lord, you have protected, are protecting, and will protect; will you recognize this surrendered one's love? (2)

The Vedas and Purāṇas declare, and the world knows, that you are merciful to the poor and give day after day. I am compelled to say—bless me!—that for my turn you seem to have forgotten your way. (3)

Though you are the benefactor of the distressed, the poor, and the orphaned, are you heeding worldly censure? Whatever happens, Tulsi's final result will be good, for you are the destroyer of the surrendered one's fear. (4)

When Will My Mind Attach Itself to Raghubara?

रघुबरहि कबहुँ मन लागिहै?

कुपथ, कुचाल, कुमति, कुमनोरथ, कुटिल कपट कब त्यागिहै॥ १॥

जानत गरल अमिय बिमोहबस, अमिय गनत करि आगिहै।

उलटी रीति-प्रीति अपनेकी तजि प्रभुपद अनुरागिहै॥ २॥

आखर अरथ मंजु मृदु मोदक राम-प्रेम-पगि पागिहै।

ऐसे गुन गाइ रिझाइ स्वामिसों पाइहै जो मुँह माँगिहै॥ ३॥

तु यहि बिधि सुख-सयन सोइहै, जियकी जरनि भूरि भागिहै।

राम-प्रसाद दासतुलसी उर राम-भगति-जोग जागिहै॥ ४॥

When will my mind attach itself to Raghubara? When will it abandon bad paths, bad conduct, bad understanding, bad desires, crookedness, and deceit? (1)

Overcome by delusion, it knows poison as nectar and reckons nectar to be fire. When will it abandon its own inverted way and attachment and become devoted to the Lord's feet? (2)

When will it steep the lovely letters and tender meanings—the sweetmeats—in the syrup of Rama's love? Singing such qualities and delighting the Master, it will receive whatever it asks for. (3)

In this way you will sleep upon the bed of bliss, and the great burning of your heart will flee. By Rama's grace, the yoga of devotion to Rama will awaken in servant Tulsi's heart. (4)

Who Else Will He Trust?

भरोसो और आइहै उर ताके।

कै कहुँ लहै जो रामहि-सो साहिब, कै अपनो बल जाके॥ १॥

कै कलिकाल कराल न सूझत, मोह-मार-मद छाके।

कै सुनि स्वामि-सुभाउ न रह्यो चित, जो हित सब अँग थाके॥ २॥

हैं जानत भलिभाँति अपनपौ, प्रभु-सो सुन्यो न साके।

उपल, भील, खग, मृग, रजनीचर, भले भये करतब काके॥ ३॥

मोको भलो राम-नाम सुरतरु-सो, रामप्रसाद कृपालु कृपाके।

तुलसी सुखी निसोच राज ज्यों बालक माय-बबाके॥ ४॥

Trust in another will enter the heart only of one who either finds somewhere a master like Rama or possesses strength of his own. (1)

Or of one who, intoxicated by delusion, lust, and pride, fails to see terrible Kali; or whose heart no longer remembers, though he has heard, the Master's nature—the benefactor of all who are exhausted in every limb. (2)

I know my own measure very well, and I have heard of none who can equal the Lord. The stone, the Bhil, the bird, the deer, and the night-roamer—through whose deeds did they become good? (3)

For me, Rama's Name has become a beneficent wish-tree through gracious Rama's grace. Tulsi is happy and carefree, like a child in the kingdom of his mother and father. (4)

Let Whoever Trusts Another Do So

भरोसो जाहि दूसरो सो करो।

मोको तो रामको नाम कलपतरु कलि कल्याण फरो॥ १॥

करम उपासन, ग्यान, बेदमत, सो सब भाँति खरो।

मोहि तो 'सावनके अंधहि' ज्यों सूझत रंग हरो॥ २॥

चाटत रह्यो स्वान पातरि ज्यों कबहुँ न पेट भरो।

सो हौं सुमिरत नाम-सुधारस पेखत परुसि धरो॥ ३॥

स्वारथ औ परमारथ हू को नहि कुंजरो-नरो।

सुनियत सेतु पयोधि पषाननि करि कपि कटक-तरो॥ ४॥

प्रीति-प्रतीति जहाँ जाकी, तहँ ताको काज सरो।

मेरे तो माय-बाप दोउ आखर, हौं सिसु-अरनि अरो॥ ५॥

संकर साखि जो राखि कहौं कछु तौ जरि जीह गरो।

अपनो भलो राम-नामहि ते तुलसिहि समुझि परो॥ ६॥

Let whoever trusts another do so. For me, Rama's Name is the wish-tree in Kali, bearing the fruit of blessedness. (1)

Action, worship, knowledge, and Vedic doctrine are all true in every way; but, like the blind man of the rainy season, I see only the color green. (2)

Like a dog, I kept licking leaf-plates, yet my stomach was never filled. Now, remembering the Name, I see the nectar of the Name served before me. (3)

For worldly interest and the highest good, there is no uncertainty of 'elephant or man.' It is heard that the monkey host crossed the ocean by making a bridge of stones. (4)

Wherever one's love and trust lie, there one's purpose is fulfilled. For me the two letters are mother and father; I am a child stubbornly insisting before them. (5)

Śaṅkara is witness: if I speak after concealing anything, may my tongue burn and melt away. Tulsi has understood that his good lies in Rama's Name alone. (6)

Rama, Your Name Alone Serves My Good

नाम राम रावरोई हित मेरे।

स्वारथ-परमारथ साथिन्ह सों भुज उठाइ कहों टेरे॥ १॥

जननी-जनक तज्यो जनमि, करम बिनु बिधिहु सृज्यो अवडेरै।

मोहुँसो कोउ-कोउ कहत रामहि को, सो प्रसंग केहि केरे॥ २॥

फिरयौ ललात बिनु नाम उदर लागि, दुखउ दुखित मोहि हरे।

नाम-प्रसाद लहत रसाल-फल अब हौं बबुर बहेरे॥ ३॥

साधत साधु लोक-परलोकहि, सुनि गुनि जतन घनेरे।

तुलसीके अवलंब नामको, एक गाँठि कइ फेरे॥ ४॥

Rama, your Name alone serves my good. Raising my arm, I proclaim it aloud to all companions in worldly interest and the highest good. (1)

My mother and father abandoned me after giving me birth; without merit, fate too created me unfortunate and misshapen. Yet some call even one like me Rama's own—through what connection could that be? (2)

Without the Name I wandered greedily for the sake of my belly; even sorrow grew sorrowful on seeing me. By the Name's grace I now obtain mangoes from acacia and belleric trees. (3)

Saints accomplish this world and the next by hearing, reflecting, and undertaking many disciplines. Tulsi's support is the Name: the knot is one, however many its windings. (4)

For Whom Rama's Name Is Dearest

प्रिय रामनामतें जाहि न रामो।

ताको भलो कठिन कलिकालहुँ आदि-मध्य-परिनामो॥ १॥

सकुचत समुझि नाम-महिमा मद-लोभ-मोह-कोह-कामो।

राम-नाम-जप-निरत सुजन पर करत छाँह घोर धामो॥ २॥

नाम-प्रभाउ सही जो कहे कोउ सिला सरोरुह जामो।

जो सुनि सुमिरि भाग-भाजन भइ सुकृतसील भील-भामो॥ ३॥

बालमीकि-अजामिलके कछु हुतो न साधन सामो।

उलटे पलटे नाम-महातम गुंजनि जितो ललामो॥ ४॥

रामतें अधिक नाम-करतब, जेहि किये नगर-गत गामो।

भये बजाइ दाहिने जो जपि तुलसिदाससे बामो॥ ५॥

For one to whom even Rama is not dearer than Rama's Name, the beginning, middle, and end will be good even in harsh Kali. (1)

Pride, greed, delusion, anger, and lust shrink away on understanding the Name's greatness. Even fierce sunshine gives shade to the good who remain absorbed in repeating Rama's Name. (2)

If anyone says that through the Name's power a lotus was born in stone, accept it as true. By hearing and remembering it, the Bhil woman became fortunate, virtuous, and meritorious. (3)

Vālmīki and Ajāmila possessed none of the means of spiritual discipline; yet through the greatness of the reversed and altered Name, they won a jewel with guñjā seeds. (4)

The deeds of the Name surpass Rama's: it made village people into accomplished townsmen. By repeating it, those as wayward as Tulsidas became openly fortunate. (5)

May My Tongue Melt if I Say I Am Another's

गरैगी जीह जो कहों औरको हों।

जानकी-जीवन! जनम-जनम जग ज्यायो तिहारेहि कौरको हों॥ १॥

तीनि लोक, तिहुँ काल न देखत सुहृद रावरे जोरको हों।

तुमसों कपट करि कलप-कलप कृमि ह्वैहों नरक घोरको हों॥ २॥

कहा भयो जो मन मिलि कलिकालहिं कियो भोंतुवा भौरको हों।

तुलसिदास सीतल नित यहि बल, बड़े ठेकाने ठौरको हों॥ ३॥

May my tongue melt if I say that I am another's. Life of Jānakī, birth after birth in this world I have lived upon your morsels alone. (1)

In the three worlds and the three times, I see no friend equal to you. If I deceive you, may I become a worm in terrible hell for age after age. (2)

What does it matter that Kali joined with my mind and made it a spinning top in a whirlpool?

Tulsidas remains forever cool in this strength: I belong to a great establishment and abode. (3)

Who Else Helps Without Cause?

अकारन को हितू और को है।

बिरद 'गरीब-निवाज' कौनको, भौंह जासु जन जोहै॥ १॥

छोटो-बड़ो चहत सब स्वारथ, जो बिरंचि बिरचो है।

कोल कुटिल, कपि-भालु पालिबो कौन कृपालुहि सोहै॥ २॥

काको नाम अनख आलस कहें अघ अवगुननि बिछोहै।

को तुलसीसे कुसेवक संग्रह्यो, सठ सब दिन साईं द्रोहै॥ ३॥

Who else is a benefactor without cause? Whose renowned title is 'Benefactor of the Poor,' whose brow his servants watch? (1)

All, small and great, whom Brahmā has created seek their own interest. What other compassionate one would find it fitting to nurture crooked Kolas, monkeys, and bears? (2)

Whose Name, uttered in anger or indolence, separates one from sins and faults? Who else gathered in a bad servant like Tulsi, a fool who opposes his master every day? (3)

Whom Else Have I?

और मोहि को है, काहि कहिहौं?

रंक-राज ज्यों मनको मनोरथ, केहि सुनाइ सुख लहिहौं॥ १॥

जम-जातना, जोनि-संकट सब सहे दुसह अरु सहिहौं।

मोको अगम, सुगम तुमको प्रभु, तउ फल चारि न चहिहौं॥ २॥

खेलिबेको खग-मृग, तरु-कंकर है रावरो राम हों रहिहौं।

यहि नाते नरकहुँ सचु या बिनु परमपदहुँ दुख दहिहौं॥ ३॥

इतनी जिय लालसा दासके, कहत पानही गहिहौं।

दीजै बचन कि हृदय आनिये 'तुलसीको पन निर्बहिहौं'॥ ४॥

Whom else have I, and to whom shall I speak? My heart's desire is like a pauper's desire for kingship; to whom can I tell it and obtain joy? (1)

I have endured the torments of Yama and the crises of many births, and shall endure them still.

The four fruits are inaccessible to me and easy for you, Lord, yet I do not desire them. (2)

Rama, I wish to remain yours as a plaything—a bird, an animal, a tree, or a pebble. Through that bond even hell is joy; without it, even in the supreme state I shall burn with sorrow. (3)

This alone is the longing in your servant's heart: even as I speak, I grasp your sandal. Either give your word, or resolve in your heart, 'I shall uphold Tulsi's vow.' (4)

Where Shall I Find Another Friend of the Poor?

दीनबन्धु दूसरो कहँ पावौं?

को तुम बिनु पर-पीर पाइ है? केहि दीनता सुनावौं॥ १॥

प्रभु अकृपालु, कृपालु अलायक, जहँ-जहँ चितहिं डोलावौं।

इहै समुझि सुनि रहौं मौन ही, कहि भ्रम कहा गवावौं॥ २॥

गोपद बुडिबे जोग करम करौं, बातनि जलधि थहावौं।

अति लालची, काम-किंकर मन, मुख रावरो कहावौं॥ ३॥

तुलसी प्रभु जियकी जानत सब, अपनी कछुक जनावौं।

सो कीजै, जेहि भाँति छाँड़ि छल द्वार परो गुन गावौं॥ ४॥

Where shall I find another friend of the poor? Who besides you feels another's pain? To whom shall I tell my wretchedness? (1)

Wherever I turn my mind, the masters are without compassion, or compassionate but incapable. Understanding and hearing this, I remain silent; why lose my good name by speaking? (2)

I perform deeds worthy of drowning in a cow's hoofprint, yet with words I plumb the ocean. My mind is exceedingly greedy and a servant of lust, while with my mouth I call myself yours. (3)

Lord, you know everything in Tulsi's heart, yet I disclose a little of my own. Do what will make me abandon deceit, lie at your door, and sing your virtues. (4)

The Mind's Desire Is Strange

मनोरथ मनको एकै भाँति।

चाहत मुनि-मन-अगम सुकृत-फल, मनसा अघ न अघाति॥ १॥

करमभूमि कलि जनम, कुसंगति, मति बिमोह-मद-माति।

करत कुजोग कोटि, क्यों पैयत परमारथ-पद सांति॥ २॥

सेइ साधु-गुरु, सुनि पुरान-श्रुति बूझ्यो राग बाजी ताँति।

तुलसी प्रभु सुभाउ सुरतरु-सो, ज्यों दरपन मुख-कांति॥ ३॥

The mind's desire is strange indeed: it wants the fruit of merit inaccessible even to sages' minds, yet its intention is never sated with sin. (1)

Birth in Kali in the land of action, bad company, an understanding intoxicated by delusion and pride, and the commission of millions of evil conjunctions—how can the supreme goal and peace be obtained? (2)

By serving saints and the guru and hearing the Purāṇas and the Veda, I recognized the melody when the string was played. Tulsi, the Lord's nature is like a wish-tree, and like the reflection of a face in a mirror. (3)

This Fine Life Has Passed in Vain

जनम गयो बादिहिं बर बीति।

परमारथ पाले न परयो कछु, अनुदिन अधिक अनीति॥ १॥

खेलत खात लरिकपन गो चलि, जौबन जुवतिन लियो जीति।

रोग-बियोग-सोग-श्रम-संकुल बड़ि बय बृथहि अतीति॥ २॥

राग-रोष-इरिषा-बिमोह-बस रुची न साधु-समीति।

कहे न सुने गुनगन रघुबरके, भइ न रामपद-प्रीति॥ ३॥

हृदय दहत पछिताय-अनल अब, सुनत दुसह भवभीति।

तुलसी प्रभु तें होइ सो कीजिय समुझि बिरदकी रीति॥ ४॥

This fine life has passed in vain. Nothing of the highest good has come into my possession, while injustice has increased day by day. (1)

Childhood went by in playing and eating; young women conquered my youth. Old age, filled with disease, separation, grief, and toil, passed uselessly. (2)

Under the sway of attachment, anger, envy, and delusion, I found no pleasure in the assembly of saints. I neither spoke nor heard Raghubara's host of virtues, and no love for Rama's feet arose. (3)

Now my heart burns in the fire of regret on hearing of the unbearable fear of worldly existence.

Lord, do whatever can be done for Tulsi, considering the way of your renowned vow. (4)

Thus Have Hosts of Births Passed

ऐसेहि जनम-समूह सिराने।

प्राननाथ रघुनाथ-से प्रभु तजि सेवत चरन बिराने॥ १॥

जे जड़ जीव कुटिल, कायर, खल, केवल कलिमल-साने।

सूखत बदन प्रसंसत तिन्ह कहँ, हरितें अधिक करि माने॥ २॥

सुख हित कोटि उपाय निरंतर करत न पाय पिराने।

सदा मलीन पंथके जल ज्यों, कबहुँ न हृदय थिराने॥ ३॥

यह दीनता दूर करिबेको अमित जतन उर आने।

तुलसी चित-चिंता न मिटै बिनु चिंतामनि पहिचाने॥ ४॥

Thus have hosts of births passed. Abandoning a Lord like Raghunātha, the Lord of my life, I went on serving the feet of others. (1)

Those dull beings who are crooked, cowardly, vile, and stained only with Kali's filth—I dried my mouth praising them and regarded them as greater than Hari. (2)

For the sake of happiness I ceaselessly pursued millions of expedients, yet my feet never grew tired. My heart always remained polluted like water on a road and never became steady. (3)

Countless efforts to remove this wretchedness arose in my heart. Tulsi, the mind's anxiety cannot cease without recognizing the wish-fulfilling jewel. (4)

If the Heart Does Not Know Jānakī's Lord

जो पै जिय जानकी-नाथ न जाने।

तौ सब करम-धरम श्रमदायक ऐसेइ कहत सयाने॥ १॥

जे सुर, सिद्ध, मुनीस, जोगबिद बेद-पुरान बखाने।

पूजा लेत, देत पलटे सुख हानि-लाभ अनुमाने॥ २॥

काको नाम धोखेहू सुमिरत पातकपुंज पराने।

बिप्र-बधिक, गज-गीध कोटि खल कौनके पेट समाने॥ ३॥

मेरु-से दोष दूरि करि जनके, रेनु-से गुन उर आने।

तुलसिदास तेहि सकल आस तजि भजहि न अजहुं अयाने॥ ४॥

If the heart does not know Jānakī's Lord, then all rites and duties merely bring toil—the wise say exactly this. (1)

The gods, perfected beings, lordly sages, and knowers of yoga whom the Vedas and Purāṇas praise accept worship and give pleasure in return, calculating their loss and gain. (2)

Whose name, even remembered by accident, makes heaps of sin flee? The brahmin, the hunter, the elephant, the vulture, and millions of the wicked—who took them all within himself? (3)

He casts his servant's mountain-like faults far away and brings dust-like virtues into his heart.

Tulsi, forsaking every other hope, why do you not worship him even now, O fool? (4)

Why, O Tongue, Do You Not Sing Rāma?

काहे न रसना, रामहि गावहि?

निसिदिन पर-अपवाद बृथा कत रटि-रटि राग बढ़ावहि॥ १॥

नरमुख सुंदर मंदिर पावन बसि जनि ताहि लजावहि।

ससि समीप रहि त्यागि सुधा कत रबिकर-जल कहँ धावहि॥ २॥

काम-कथा कलि-कैरव-चंदिनि, सुनत श्रवन दै भावहि।

तिनहिं हटकि कहि हरि-कल-कीरति, करन कलंक नसावहि॥ ३॥

जातरूप मति, जुगुति रुचिर मनि रचि-रचि हार बनावहि।

सरन-सुखद रबिकुल-सरोज-रबि राम-नृपहि पहिरावहि॥ ४॥

बाद-बिबाद, स्वाद तजि भजि हरि, सरस चरित चित लावहि।

तुलसिदास भव तरहि, तिहुँ पुर तू पुनीत जस पावहि॥ ५॥

Why, O tongue, do you not sing Rāma? Why repeat slander of others day and night and needlessly deepen your attachment? (1)

Dwelling in the beautiful, sacred temple of a human mouth, do not put it to shame. Staying beside the moon, why abandon nectar and run toward the water made by the sun's rays? (2)

Tales of desire are moonlight to Kali's night-lotus, and you lend them your ears and listen with delight. Stop them; proclaim Hari's lovely fame and remove the stain upon the ears. (3)

Fashion the gold of understanding and the lovely jewels of reasoning again and again into a necklace; place it upon King Rāma, the refuge-giving sun of the solar dynasty's lotus. (4)

Abandon argument and relish, worship Hari, and fix the mind upon his nectarean deeds. Tulsi will cross worldly existence, and you will gain sacred renown throughout the three worlds. (5)

If Your Welfare Is Seen to Lie with Him

आपनो हित रावरेसों जो पै सूझै।

तौ जनु तनुपर अछत सीस सुधि क्यों कबंध ज्यों जूझै॥ १॥

निज अवगुन, गुन राम! रावरे लखि-सुनि मति-मन रुझै।

रहनि-कहनि-समुझनि तुलसीकी को कृपालु बिनु बूझै॥ २॥

If one sees that one's own welfare lies with you, then while the head remains upon the body, why should one fight senselessly like the headless Kabandha? (1)
Seeing and hearing of my faults and your virtues, O Rāma, my understanding and mind draw back.
Who but the Compassionate One can comprehend Tulsi's way of living, speaking, and understanding? (2)

Whomever Hari Firmly Embraces

जाको हरि दृढ़ करि अंग करयो।
 सोइ सुसील, पुनीत, बेदबिद, बिद्या-गुननि भरयो॥ १॥
 उतपति पांडु-सुतनको करनी सुनि सतपंथ डरयो।
 ते त्रैलोक्य-पूज्य, पावन जस सुनि-सुनि लोक तरयो॥ २॥
 जो निज धरम बेदबोधित सो करत न कछु बिसरयो।
 बिनु अवगुन कृकलास कूप मज्जित कर गहि उधरयो॥ ३॥
 ब्रह्म बिसिख ब्रह्मांड दहन छम गर्भ न नृपति जरयो।
 अजर-अमर, कुलिसहुँ नाहिन बध, सो पुनि फेन मरयो॥ ४॥
 बिप्र अजामिल अरु सुरपति तें कहा जो नहिं बिगरयो।
 उनको कियो सहाय बहुत, उरको संताप हरयो॥ ५॥
 गनिका अरु कंदरपतें जगमहँ अघ न करत उबरयो।
 तिनको चरित पवित्र जानि हरि निज हृदि-भवन धरयो॥ ६॥
 केहि आचरन भलो मानें प्रभु सो तौ न जानि परयो।
 तुलसिदास रघुनाथ-कृपाको जोवत पंथ खरयो॥ ७॥

Whomever Hari firmly embraces as his own—that person alone becomes virtuous, pure, versed in the Veda, and filled with learning and good qualities. (1)

Hearing of the Pāṇḍavas' birth and conduct, the true path itself grew afraid; yet they became worshiped in the three worlds, and people crossed over by repeatedly hearing their sacred fame. (2)

King Nṛga omitted nothing while practicing his own Veda-taught duty; though without fault, he sank into a well as a lizard, and Hari grasped his hand and rescued him. (3)

The Brahmā-missile capable of burning the cosmos did not burn the king in the womb; the ageless, deathless one whom even the thunderbolt could not slay was then killed by foam. (4)

In the brahmin Ajāmila and in Indra, what was there that had not gone wrong? Hari helped them greatly and removed the anguish from their hearts. (5)

What sin in the world did the courtesan and Kandarpa not commit? Yet Hari deemed their conduct

pure and lodged them in the dwelling of his own heart. (6)

By what conduct the Lord is pleased—this cannot be known. Tulsidas stands watching the road for Raghunātha's grace. (7)

He Alone Is Truly Meritorious

सोइ सुकृती, सुचि साँचो जाहि राम! तुम रीझे।
 गनिका, गीध, बधिक हरिपुर गये, लै कासी प्रयाग कब सीझे॥ १॥
 कबहुँ न डग्यो निगम-मगतें पग, नृग जग जानि जिते दुख पाये।
 गजधौं कौन दिछित, जाके सुमिरत लै सुनाम बाहन तजि धाये॥ २॥
 सुर-मुनि-बिप्र बिहाय बड़े कुल, गोकुल जनम गोपगृह लीन्हो।
 बायो दियो बिभव कुरुपतिको, भोजन जाइ बिदुर-घर कीन्हो॥ ३॥
 मानत भलहि भलो भगतनिर्ते, कछुक रीति पारथहि जनाई।
 तुलसी सहज सनेह राम बस, और सबै जलकी चिकनाई॥ ४॥

He alone is truly meritorious and pure with whom you, O Rāma, are pleased. The courtesan, the vulture, and the hunter went to Hari's abode—when did they attain perfection by resorting to Kāśī or Prayāga? (1)

Nṛga's foot never strayed from the Vedic path, yet the world knows how much suffering he endured. What initiation had the elephant received, at whose remembrance you seized Sudarśana, abandoned your mount, and ran? (2)

Leaving the high lineages of gods, sages, and brahmins, you took birth in a cowherd's house in Gokula. You rejected the Kuru king's splendor and went to eat in Vidura's house. (3)

You count what comes from devotees as good indeed, and revealed something of this way to Pārtha. Tulsi, simple natural love holds Rāma fast; everything else is merely the slickness of water. (4)

Why Then Do You Not Grant Even Me Release?

तब तुम मोहूसे सठनिको हठि गति न देते।
 कैसेहुँ नाम लेइ कोउ पामर, सुनि सादर आगे है लेते॥ १॥
 पाप-खानि जिय जानि अजामिल जमगन तमकि तये ताको भे ते।
 लियो छुड़ाइ, चले कर मींजत, पीसत दाँत गये रिस-रेते॥ २॥
 गौतम-तिय, गज, गीध, बिटप, कपि, हैं नाथहिं नीके मालुम जेते।
 तिन्ह तिन्ह काजनि साधु-समाजु तजि कृपासिंधु तब तब उठिगे ते॥ ३॥
 अजहुँ अधिक आदर येहि द्वारे, पतित पुनीत होत नहिं केते।
 मेरे पासंगहु न पूजिहैं, है गये, हैं, होने खल जेते॥ ४॥
 हौं अबलों करतूति तिहारिय चितवत हुतो न रावरे चेते।
 अब तुलसी पूतरो बाँधिहै, सहि न जात मोपै परिहास एते॥ ५॥

Why then do you not insist upon granting release even to a villain like me? However some wretch may utter the Name, upon hearing it you respectfully step forward and take him. (1)

The hosts of Yama, knowing Ajāmila in their hearts as a mine of sin, rushed at him in wrath and made him afraid. You freed him; they went away wringing their hands and grinding their teeth, their rage spent. (2)

Gautama's wife, the elephant, the vulture, the trees, and the monkey—the Lord knows well what each of them was. Whenever their need arose, the Ocean of Compassion left even the assembly of saints and rose to help them. (3)

Even today the fallen receive special honor at this door, and how many are not made pure? All the villains who have been, are, or will be would not equal even my counterweight. (4)

Until now I had been watching your deeds, but you gave no thought to me. Now Tulsi will tie up an effigy of you, for I can no longer endure so much mockery. (5)

No Friend of the Lowly Is Like You

तुम सम दीनबंधु, न दीन कोउ मो सम, सुनहु नृपति रघुराई।
 मोसम कुटिल-मौलिमनि नहिं जग, तुमसम हरि! न हरन कुटिलाई॥ १॥
 हौं मन-बचन-कर्म पातक-रत, तुम कृपालु पतितन-गतिदाई।
 हौं अनाथ, प्रभु! तुम अनाथ-हित, चित यहि सुरति कबहुं नहिं जाई॥ २॥
 हौं आरत, आरति-नासक तुम, कीरति निगम पुराननि गाई।
 हौं सभीत तुम हरन सकल भय, कारन कवन कृपा बिसराई॥ ३॥
 तुम सुखधाम राम श्रम-भंजन, हौं अति दुखित त्रिबिध श्रम पाई।
 यह जिय जानि दास तुलसी कहँ राखहु सरन समुझि प्रभुताई॥ ४॥

Hear me, King Raghurāya: there is no friend of the lowly like you, and no one lowly like me. There is no crown-jewel of the crooked like me in the world, O Hari, and none like you to remove crookedness. (1)

I am devoted to sin in mind, speech, and action; you are compassionate and grant the fallen their highest destiny. I am orphaned, Lord, and you serve the orphaned—this remembrance never leaves my heart. (2)

I am afflicted, and you destroy affliction; the Vedas and Purāṇas sing your fame. I am afraid, and you remove every fear—what cause has made you forget compassion? (3)

You are the abode of happiness, Rāma, and the destroyer of toil; I am deeply distressed by the threefold toil. Knowing this in your heart and recognizing your own lordship, keep your servant Tulsi in refuge. (4)

Knowing This, I Fixed My Mind upon Your Feet

यहै जानि चरनन्हि चित लायो।

नाहिन नाथ! अकारनको हितु तुम समान पुरान-श्रुति गायो॥ १॥

जननि-जनक, सुत-दार, बंधुजन भये बहुत जहँ-जहँ हों जायो।

सब स्वारथहित प्रीति, कपट चित, काहु नहिं हरिभजन सिखायो॥ २॥

सुर-मुनि, मनुज-दनुज, अहि-किन्नर, मैं तनु धरि सिर काहि न नायो।

जरत फिरत त्रयताप पापबस, काहु न हरि! करि कृपा जुड़ायो॥ ३॥

जतन अनेक किये सुख-कारन, हरिपद-बिमुख सदा दुख पायो।

अब थाक्यो जलहीन नाव ज्यों देखत बिपति-जाल जग छायो॥ ४॥

मो कहँ नाथ! बूझिये, यह गति सुख-निधान निज पति बिसरायो।

अब तजि रोष करहु करुना हरि! तुलसिदास सरनागत आयो॥ ५॥

Knowing this, I fixed my mind upon your feet: there is no causeless benefactor like you, Lord—the Purāṇas and the Vedas sing it. (1)

Wherever I was born, I had many mothers and fathers, sons, wives, and kinsmen. All loved for self-interest and bore deceit in their hearts; none taught me to worship Hari. (2)

Taking body after body, before whom among gods and sages, humans and demons, serpents and Kinnaras did I not bow my head? Burning and wandering under the three torments through the power of sin, no one, O Hari, compassionately cooled me. (3)

I made countless efforts for happiness, but, turned away from Hari's feet, I always found sorrow. Now I am exhausted like a boat without water, seeing the net of calamity spread across the world. (4)

Understand, Lord, that this became my condition because I forgot my own master, the treasure-house of happiness. Now abandon anger and show compassion, Hari; Tulsidas has come for refuge. (5)

This Is How I Lost Wisdom, O Hari

याहि ते में हरि ग्यान गँवायो।

परिहरि हृदय-कमल रघुनाथहि, बाहर फिरत बिकल भयो धायो॥ १॥

ज्यों कुरंग निज अंग रुचिर मद अति मतिहीन मरम नहिं पायो।

खोजत गिरि, तरु, लता, भूमि, बिल परम सुगंध कहाँ तें आयो॥ २॥

ज्यों सर बिमल बारि परिपूरन, ऊपर कछु सिवार तृन छायो।

जारत हियो ताहि तजि हौं सठ, चाहत यहि बिधि तृषा बुझायो॥ ३॥

ब्यापत त्रिबिध ताप तनु दारुन, तापर दुसह दरिद्र सतायो।

अपनेहि धाम नाम-सुरतरु तजि बिषय-बबूर-बाग मन लायो॥ ४॥

तुम-सम ग्यान-निधान, मोहि सम मूढ़ न आन पुराननि गायो।

तुलसिदास प्रभु! यह बिचारि जिय कीजै नाथ उचित मन भायो॥ ५॥

This is how I lost wisdom, O Hari: abandoning Raghunātha in the lotus of my heart, I became distraught and ran about outside. (1)

Like a witless musk deer that does not discover the secret of the lovely musk within its own body, I search mountain, tree, vine, earth, and cave, asking where the supreme fragrance comes from. (2)

It is like a lake brimful of clear water, with only a little algae and grass spread over its surface.

Abandoning that water, fool that I am, I scorch my heart and seek to quench thirst in this way. (3)

The dreadful threefold torments pervade the body, and unbearable poverty afflicts me besides.

Abandoning the wish-fulfilling tree of the Name in my own abode, I set my mind upon a garden of thorn-trees made of sense objects. (4)

The Purāṇas sing that there is no treasury of wisdom like you and no fool like me. Reflecting on this, Lord, do with Tulsidas whatever seems fitting and pleases your heart. (5)

My Foolish Mind Has Greatly Ruined Me

मोहि मूढ़ मन बहुत बिगोयो।

याके लिये सुनहु करुनामय, मैं जग जनमि-जनमि दुख रोयो॥ १॥

सीतल मधुर पियूष सहज सुख निकटहि रहत दूरि जन खोयो।

बहु भाँतिन श्रम करत मोहबस, बृथहि मंदमति बारि बिलोयो॥ २॥

करम-कीच जिय जानि, सानि चित, चाहत कुटिल मलहि मल धोयो।

तृषावंत सुरसरि बिहाय सठ फिरि-फिरि बिकल अकास निचोयो॥ ३॥

तुलसिदास प्रभु! कृपा करहु अब, मैं निज दोष कछु नहिं गोयो।

डासत ही गइ बीति निसा सब, कबहुँ न नाथ! नींद भरि सोयो॥ ४॥

My foolish mind has greatly ruined me. Hear me, Compassionate One: because of it I have been born again and again in the world and wept in sorrow. (1)

Cool, sweet nectar—the innate happiness—dwells very near, yet this person lost it as though it were far away. Laboring in many ways under delusion, my dull understanding churned water in vain. (2)

Though my heart knew action to be mud, I steeped my mind in it and crookedly sought to wash filth with filth. Thirsty, I abandoned the Gaṅgā and, distraught, repeatedly wrung out the sky. (3)

Lord, show Tulsidas compassion now; I have concealed none of my faults. The whole night passed merely in spreading the bedding, and never, Lord, did I sleep my fill. (4)

All Endure Only Because You Sustain Them

लोक-बेद हूँ बिदित बात सुनि-समुझि
मोह-मोहित बिकल मति थिति न लहति।
छोटे-बड़े, खोटे-खरे, मोटेऊ दूबरे,
राम! रावरे निबाहे सबहीकी निबहति॥ १॥
होती जो आपने बस, रहती एक ही रस,
दूनी न हरष-सोक-साँसति सहति।
चहतो जो जोई जोई, लहतो सो सोई सोई,
केहू भाँति काहूकी न लालसा रहति॥ २॥
करम, काल, सुभाउ गुन-दोष जीव जग मायाते,
सो सभे भौंह चकित चहति।
ईसनि-दिगीसनि, जोगीसनि, मुनीसनि हू,
छोड़ति छोड़ाये तें, गहाये तें गहति॥ ३॥
सतरंजको सो राज, काठको सबै समाज,
महाराज बाजी रची, प्रथम न हति।
तुलसी प्रभुके हाथ हारिबो-जीतिबो नाथ!
बहु बेष, बहु मुख सारदा कहति॥ ४॥

Though this truth is known to the world and the Veda, and though it is heard and understood, the distressed mind, bewitched by delusion, attains no steadiness. Small and great, bad and good, stout and lean—all endure, Rāma, only because you sustain them. (1)

If the mind were under its own control, it would remain of one flavor and would not suffer the dual distress of joy and grief. Whatever each person desired, that very thing each would obtain, and no one's longing would remain in any way. (2)

Action, time, nature, the qualities and faults, the living being, and the world all arise from Māyā, and Māyā gazes in astonishment at your brow. She releases lords, guardians of the directions, masters of yoga, and lordly sages only when you make her release them, and seizes them only when you make her seize them. (3)

Her kingdom is like a chessboard and its entire company is wooden. Great King, you devised this game; it did not exist before. Defeat and victory are in the Lord's hands, O Master—Sāradā says this through many guises and many mouths. (4)

Chant Rāma, O Tongue

राम जपु जीह! जानि, प्रीति सों प्रतीत मानि,
 रामनाम जपे जैहै जियकी जरनि।
 रामनामसों रहनि, रामनामकी कहनि,
 कुटिल कलि-मल-सोक-संकट-हरनि॥ १॥
 रामनामको प्रभाउ पूजियत गनराउ,
 कियो न दुराउ, कही आपनी करनि।
 भव-सागरको सेतु, कासीहू सुगति हेतु,
 जपत सादर संभु सहित घरनि॥ २॥
 बालमीकि ब्याध हे अगाध-अपराध-निधि,
 ‘मरा’ ‘मरा’ जपे पूजे मुनि अमरनि।
 रोक्यो बिंध्य, सोख्यो सिंधु घटजहुँ नाम-बल,
 हारयो हिय, खारो भयो भूसुर-डरनि॥ ३॥
 नाम-महिमा अपार, सेष-सुक बार-बार
 मति-अनुसार बुध बेदहू बरनि।
 नामरति-कामधेनु तुलसीको कामतरु,
 रामनाम है बिसोह-तिमिर-तरनि॥ ४॥

Chant Rāma, O tongue; know the Name and lovingly place your trust in it. By chanting Rāma’s Name, the burning within your heart will depart. Let your life rest upon Rāma’s Name and your speech speak Rāma’s Name, which removes crooked Kali’s stain, sorrow, and distress. (1)

By the power of Rāma’s Name, Gaṇeśa is worshiped first; he concealed nothing and related his own deed. It is the bridge across the ocean of becoming and, in Kāśī, the means to the highest destiny; Śambhu respectfully chants it together with his wife. (2)

Vālmīki the hunter was a fathomless treasury of offenses, yet by chanting “marā, marā” he became worshiped by sages and immortals. By the Name’s power Agastya halted Vindhya and dried the ocean; defeated at heart, the ocean became salty from fear of the brahmin. (3)

The Name's glory is boundless. Śeṣa, Śuka, the wise, and even the Veda describe it again and again according to their understanding. Love of the Name is Tulsi's wish-giving cow and wish-fulfilling tree; Rāma's Name is the sun against the darkness of bewilderment. (4)

Protect Me, Protect Me, Rāma

पाहि, पाहि राम! पाहि रामभद्र, रामचंद्र!
 सुजस स्त्रवन सुनि आयो हों सरन।
 दीनबन्धु! दीनता-दरिद्र-दाह-दोष-दुख
 दारुन दुसह दर-दुरित-हरन॥ १॥
 जब जब जग-जाल ब्याकुल करम काल,
 सब खल भूप भये भूतल-भरन।
 तब तब तनु धरि, भूमि-भार दूरि करि
 थापे मुनि, सुर, साधु, आश्रम, बरन॥ २॥
 बेद, लोक, सब साखी, काहूकी रती न राखी,
 रावनकी बंदि लागे अमर मरन।
 ओक दै बिसोक किये लोकपति लोकनाथ
 रामराज भयो धरम चारिहु चरन॥ ३॥
 सिला, गुह, गीध, कपि, भील, भालु, रातिचर,
 ख्याल ही कृपालु कीन्हे तारन-तरन।
 पील-उद्धरन! सीलसिंधु! ढील देखियतु
 तुलसी पै चाहत गलानि ही गरन॥ ४॥

Protect me, protect me, Rāma! Protect me, Rāmabhadra, Rāmacandra! Hearing your splendid fame, I have come for refuge. Friend of the lowly, you remove lowliness, poverty, burning pain, faults, sorrow, dreadful unbearable fear, and sin. (1)

Whenever the good were distressed in the world's snare by action and time, and wicked kings became a burden upon the earth, you assumed a body, removed the earth's burden, and reestablished sages, gods, holy people, the āśramas, and the social orders. (2)

The Veda and the world are all witnesses: Rāvaṇa spared not the slightest honor of anyone, and the immortals began dying in his prison. Lord of the worlds, you gave the guardians of the worlds shelter and freed them from grief; in Rāma's reign, dharma stood upon all four feet. (3)

The stone-woman, Guha, the vulture, monkeys, Bhils, bears, and night-roamers—you,

Compassionate One, made them cross and carry others across merely by taking thought of them.
Rescuer of the elephant, Ocean of Virtue, delay is seen toward Tulsi, who wishes only to sink from
shame. (4)

I Have Thoroughly Known the World's Masters

भली भाँति पहिचाने-जाने साहिब जहाँ लौं जग,
 जुड़े होत थोरे, थोरे ही गरम।
 प्रीति न प्रबीन, नीतिहीन, रीतिके मलीन,
 मायाधीन सब किये कालहु करम॥ १॥
 दानव-दनुज बड़े महामूढ़ मूँड़ चढ़े,
 जीते लोकनाथ नाथ! बलनि भरम।
 रीझि-रीझि दिये बर, खीझि-खीझि घाले घर,
 आपने निवाजेको न काहूको सरम॥ २॥
 सेवा-सावधान तू सुजान समरथ साँचो,
 सदगुन-धाम राम! पावन परम।
 सुरुख, सुमुख, एकरस, एकरूप, तोहि
 बिदित बिसेषि घटघटके मरम॥ ३॥
 तोसो नतपाल न कृपाल, न कँगाल मो-सो
 दयामें बसत देव सकल धरम।
 राम कामतरु-छाँह जाहे रुचि मन माँह,
 तुलसी बिकल, बलि, कलि-कुधरम॥ ४॥

I have thoroughly known and recognized every master in the world: they grow pleased over a trifle and heated over a trifle. Unskilled in love, devoid of good policy, and stained in conduct, time and action have made them all subject to Māyā. (1)

Great demons and titans, utterly deluded by pride in their strength, mounted upon everyone's head and conquered the guardians of the worlds, Lord. Pleased again and again, their masters gave them boons; enraged again and again, they destroyed their homes. No one felt shame at ruining one he himself had favored. (2)

You recognize the servant attentive to service; you are wise, capable, and true, O Rāma, the abode of virtues and supremely pure. Well-disposed, fair-faced, of one essence and one form, you especially know the secret within every heart. (3)

There is no protector of the bowed and no compassionate one like you, and no pauper like me. O God, all dharma dwells in compassion. My heart longs for the shade of Rāma, the wish-fulfilling tree; Tulsi is distraught—blessed Lord!—by Kali’s evil dharma. (4)

Otherwise I Would Not Call upon You Again and Again

तौ हौं बार बार प्रभुहि पुकारिकैं खिझावतो न,
 जो पै मोको होतो कहूँ ठाकुर-ठहरु।
 आलसी-अभागे मोसे तैं कृपालु पाले-पोसे,
 राजा मेरे राजाराम, अवध सहरु॥ १॥
 सेये न दिगीस, न दिनेस, न गनेस, गौरी,
 हित कै न माने बिधि हरिउ न हरु।
 रामनाम ही सों जोग-छेम, नेम, प्रेम-पन,
 सुधा सों भरोसो एहु, दूसरो जहरु॥ २॥
 समाचार साथके अनाथ-नाथ! कासों कहौं,
 नाथ ही के हाथ सब चोरऊ पहरु।
 निज काज, सुरकाज, आरतके काज, राज!
 बूझिये बिलंब कहा कहूँ न गहरु॥ ३॥
 रीति सुनि रावरी प्रतीति-प्रीति रावरे सों,
 डरत हौं देखि कलिकालको कहरु।
 कहेही बनैगी कै कहाये, बलि जाउँ, राम,
 'तुलसी! तू मेरो, हारि हिये न हहरु'॥ ४॥

Otherwise I would not anger the Lord by calling upon him again and again, if I had any other master or refuge anywhere. Compassionate One, you have nourished and sustained the lazy and unfortunate like me; Rājārāma is my king, and Ayodhyā my city. (1)

I have served neither the guardians of the directions, the sun, Gaṇeśa, nor Gaurī; for my good I have acknowledged neither Brahmā, Viṣṇu, nor Hara. My acquisition and preservation, discipline, love, and vow rest upon Rāma's Name alone. This trust is nectar; every other is poison. (2)

Lord of the orphaned, to whom shall I report the condition of my companions? All the thieves and guards are in the Lord's own hands. Consider, King: in your own affairs, the gods' affairs, or the afflicted one's affairs, where has there ever been delay or hindrance? (3)

Hearing of your way, I came to trust and love you, yet I am afraid when I behold the havoc of the Kali age. Whether you say it yourself or have it said, that alone will set me right—blessed Rāma, say: “Tulsi, you are mine; do not lose heart and tremble within.” (4)

Your Nature, Virtues, Character, Glory, and Power

राम! रावरो सुभाउ, गुन सील महिमा प्रभाउ,
 जान्यो हर, हनुमान, लखन, भरत।
 जिन्हके हिये-सुथरु राम-प्रेम-सुरतरु,
 लसत सरस सुख फूलत फरत॥ १॥
 आप माने स्वामी कै सखा सुभाइ भाइ, पति,
 ते सनेह-सावधान रहत डरत।
 साहिब-सेवक-रीति, प्रीति-परिमिति, नीति,
 नेमको निबाह एक टेक न टरत॥ २॥
 सुक-सनकादि, प्रहलाद-नारदादि कहैं
 रामकी भगति बड़ी बिरति-निरत।
 जाने बिनु भगति न, जानिबो तिहारे हाथ,
 समुझि सयाने नाथ! पगनि परत॥ ३॥
 छ-मत बिमत, न पुरान मत, एक मत,
 नेति-नेति-नेति नित निगम करत।
 औरनिकी कहा चली? एकै बात भलै भली,
 राम-नाम लिये तुलसी हू से तरत॥ ४॥

Rāma, Hara, Hanumān, Lakṣmaṇa, and Bharata have known your nature, virtues, character, glory, and power. In their beautiful hearts the wish-fulfilling tree of love for Rāma shines, flowering and fruiting with succulent happiness. (1)

Those whom you yourself accepted—as master, friend by nature, brother, or lord—remain watchful in love and afraid. When master and servant uphold their way, love’s proper measure, good policy, and discipline, their single pledge never wavers. (2)

Śuka and the Sanaka sages, Prahlāda, Nārada, and others say that great devotion to Rāma belongs to one absorbed in dispassion. There is no devotion without knowing, and the power to know is in your hands; understanding this, the wise fall at your feet, Lord. (3)

The six doctrines disagree; even the Purāṇas have no single view, and the Veda forever says “not this, not this, not this.” What then can be said of others? One thing alone is wholly good: by taking Rāma’s Name, even those like Tulsi cross over. (4)

Father, My Condition Has Declined by My Own Doing

बाप! आपने करत मेरी घनी घटि गई।
 लालची लबारकी सुधारिये बारक, बलि,
 रावरी भलाई सबहीकी भली भई॥ १॥
 रोगबस तनु, कुमनोरथ मलिन मनु,
 पर-अपबाद मिथ्या-बाद बानी हई।
 साधनकी ऐसी बिधि, साधन बिना न सिधि
 बिगरी बनावे कृपानिधिकी कृपा नई॥ २॥
 पतित-पावन, हित आरत-अनाथनिको,
 निराधारको आधार, दीनबंधु, दर्ई।
 इन्हमें न एकौ भयो, बूझि न जूझ्यो न जयो,
 ताहिते त्रिताप-तयो, लुनियत बई॥ ३॥
 स्वांग सूधो साधुको, कुचालि कलितें अधिक,
 परलोक फीकी मति, लोक-रंग-रई।
 बड़े कुसमाज राज! आजुलों जो पाये दिन,
 महाराज! केहू भाँति नाम-ओट लई॥ ४॥
 राम! नामको प्रताप जानियत नीके आप,
 मोको गति दूसरी न बिधि निरमई।
 खीझिबे लायक करतब कोटि कोटि कटु,
 रीझिबे लायक तुलसीकी निलजई॥ ५॥

Father, my condition has greatly declined through my own doing. Blessed Lord, set right this greedy liar's affair just once; your goodness has brought good to everyone. (1)

The body is ruled by disease, the mind stained by evil desires, and speech ruined by slandering others and speaking falsehood. Such is the law of disciplines: without practice there is no attainment. Only the unprecedented grace of the Treasury of Compassion can set what is ruined right. (2)

You purify the fallen, serve the afflicted and orphaned, support the unsupported, befriend the lowly, and are compassionate. I became not one of these; I neither discerned, fought, nor conquered. Therefore the three torments burn me, and I reap what I sowed. (3)

My costume is that of an upright saint, but my misconduct exceeds Kali's. The higher world tastes insipid to my mind, which is dyed in the world's colors. King, the days spent until now in this great evil company have passed; Great King, somehow I have taken shelter in the Name. (4)

Rāma, you know well the power of the Name; fate fashioned no other destiny for me. I have millions upon millions of bitter deeds fit to anger you, but only Tulsi's shamelessness fit to please you. (5)

Rāma, Keep Me in Refuge

राम! राखिये सरन, राखि आये सब दिन।
 बिदित त्रिलोक तिहुँ काल न दयालु दूजो,
 आरत-प्रनत-पाल को है प्रभु बिन॥ १॥
 लाले पाले, पोषे तोषे आलसी-अभागी-अघी,
 नाथ! पै अनाथनिसों भये न उरिन।
 स्वामी समरथ ऐसो, हौं तिहारो जैसो-तैसो
 काल-चाल हेरि होति हिये घनी घिन॥ २॥
 खीझि-रीझि, बिहँसि-अनख, क्यों हूँ एक बार
 ‘तुलसी तू मेरो’, बलि, कहियत किन?
 जाहिं सूल निरमूल, होहि सुख अनुकूल,
 महाराज राम! रावरी सौं, तेहि छिन॥ ३॥

Rāma, keep me in refuge, for you have always kept such people. It is known throughout the three worlds and the three times that there is no other so compassionate; who but the Lord protects the afflicted who bow for refuge? (1)

You cherished, protected, nourished, and contented the lazy, unfortunate, and sinful, yet, Lord, you were never free of your debt to the orphaned. Such is the capable Master, and I am yours however I may be; seeing the ways of the Kali age, deep revulsion rises in my heart. (2)

Whether in anger or delight, smiling or vexed, why not somehow say once, “Tulsi, you are mine”? Blessed Lord, that very instant pain will be uprooted and happiness turn favorable—Great King Rāma, I swear by you. (3)

Rāma, Your Name Is My Mother and Father

राम! रावरो नाम मेरो मातु-पितु है।
 सुजन-सनेही, गुरु-साहिब, सखा-सुहृद,
 राम-नाम प्रेम-पन अबिचल बितु है॥ १॥
 सतकोटि चरित अपार दधिनिधि मथि
 लियो काढ़ि वामदेव नाम-घृतु है।
 नामको भरोसो-बल चारिहू फलको फल,
 सुमिरिये छाड़ि छल, भलो कृतु है॥ २॥
 स्वारथ-साधक, परमारथ-दायक नाम,
 राम-नाम सारिखो न और हितु है।
 तुलसी सुभाव कही, साँचिये परैगी सही,
 सीतानाथ-नाम नित चितहूको चितु है॥ ३॥

Rāma, your Name is my mother and father, loving kinsman, teacher and master, friend and selfless well-wisher. My vow of love for Rāma's Name is my immovable wealth. (1)

Churning the boundless ocean of curds made of a hundred crores of deeds, Vāmadeva drew out the clarified butter of the Name. Trust in the Name and its strength is the fruit of all four human aims; remember it without deceit—this is the finest rite. (2)

The Name accomplishes worldly aims and bestows the highest goal; there is no benefactor like Rāma's Name. Tulsi said this from his very nature, so the seal of truth will fall upon it: Sītānātha's Name is eternally the awareness even of the mind. (3)

Rāma, Your Name Is the Saints' Wish-Fulfilling Tree

राम! रावरो नाम साधु-सुरतरु है।
 सुमिरे त्रिबिध घाम हरत, पूरत काम,
 सकल सुकृत सरसिजको सरु है॥ १॥
 लाभहूको लाभ, सुखहूको सुख, सरबस,
 पतित-पावन, डरहूको डरु है।
 नीचेहूको ऊँचेहूको, रंकहूको रावहूको
 सुलभ, सुखद आपनो-सो घरु है॥ २॥
 बेद हू, पुरान हू, पुरारि हू पुकारि कह्यो,
 नाम-प्रेम चारिफलहूको फरु है।
 ऐसे राम-नाम सों न प्रीति, न प्रतीति मन,
 मेरे जान, जानिबो सोई नर खरु है॥ ३॥
 नाम-सो न मातु-पितु, मीत-हित, बंधु-गुरु,
 साहिब सुधी सुसील सुधाकरु है।
 नामसों निबाह नेहु, दीनको दयालु! देहु,
 दासतुलसीको, बलि, बड़ो बरु है॥ ४॥

Rāma, your Name is the saints' wish-fulfilling tree. Remembered, it removes the threefold heat and fulfills desires; it is the sun for the lotus of every meritorious deed. (1)

It is the gain beyond gain, the happiness beyond happiness, and everything one possesses; it purifies the fallen and is terror even to fear. For the low and the high, the pauper and the king, it is accessible, happiness-giving, and like one's own home. (2)

The Veda, the Purāṇas, and Purāri have proclaimed aloud that love for the Name is the fruit even of the four human aims. In my judgment, the person whose mind has neither love nor trust for such a Name of Rāma should be known as a donkey. (3)

There is no mother or father, friend or benefactor, kinsman or teacher like the Name; it is a wise, virtuous master and a moon of nectar. Compassionate One toward the lowly, grant servant Tulsi enduring love for the Name—blessed Lord, this is the great boon. (4)

I Cannot Remain without Speaking

कहे बिनु रह्यो न परत, कहे राम! रस न रहत।

तुमसे सुसाहिबकी ओट जन खोटो-खरो

कालको, करमकी कुसाँसति सहत॥ १॥

करत बिचार सार पैयत न कहूँ कछु,

सकल बड़ाई सब कहाँ ते लहत?

नाथकी महिमा सुनि, समुझि आपनी ओर,

हेरि हारि के हहरि हृदय दहत॥ २॥

सखा न, सुसेवक न, सुतिय न, प्रभु आप,

माय-बाप तुही साँचो तुलसी कहत।

मेरी तौ थोरी है, सुधरैगी बिगरियौ, बलि,

राम! रावरी सौं, रही रावरी चहत॥ ३॥

I cannot remain without speaking, yet when I speak, Rāma, the savor is lost. Sheltered by a fine master like you, this servant—bad or good—suffers the evil affliction of time and action. (1)
Reflecting, I find no essence anywhere: from where does everyone obtain all their greatness? Hearing the Lord's glory and then considering my own side, I look, lose heart, tremble, and burn within. (2)

I have no friend, no good servant, no virtuous wife; you are the Lord, and you alone are my true mother and father—Tulsi speaks the truth. My affair is small; even though spoiled, it can be repaired. Blessed Rāma, I swear by you: my concern remains for your honor. (3)

Friend of the Lowly, There Is No Other Refuge

दीनबंधु! दूरि किये दीनको न दूसरी सरन।
 आपको भले हैं सब, आपनेको कोऊ कहूँ,
 सबको भलो है राम! रावरो चरन॥ १॥
 पाहन, पसु, पतंग, कोल, भील, निसिचर
 काँच ते कृपानिधान किये सुबरन।
 दंडक-पुहुमि पाय परसि पुनीत भई,
 उकठे बिटप लागे फूलन-फरन॥ २॥
 पतित-पावन नाम बाम हू दाहिनो, देव!
 दुनी न दुसह-दुख-दूषन-दरन।
 सीलसिंधु! तोसों ऊँची-नीचियौ कहत सोभा,
 तोसो तुही तुलसीको आरति-हरन॥ ३॥

Friend of the lowly, if you cast this lowly one away, there is no other refuge. Everyone seeks his own good, but someone who seeks his servant's good is rare; Rāma, your feet bring good to everyone. (1)

Stone, beasts, birds, Kols, Bhils, and night-roamers—you, Treasury of Compassion, turned glass into gold. The land of Daṇḍaka became pure at the touch of your feet, and uprooted trees began to flower and bear fruit. (2)

Your Name, purifier of the fallen, is favorable even to those who turn away, O God. There is no other in the world who destroys unbearable sorrow and sin. Ocean of Virtue, even speaking high and low words to you is fitting; none but you can remove Tulsi's anguish. (3)

Though I Knew You, I Forgot You

जानि पहिचानि मैं बिसारे हौं कृपानिधान!
 एतो मान ढीठ हौं उलटि देत खोरि हौं।
 करत जतन जासों जोरिबे को जोगीजन,
 तासों क्योंहूँ जुरी, सो अभागो बैठो तोरि हौं॥ १॥
 मोसो दोस-कोसको भुवन-कोस दूसरो न,
 आपनी समुझि सूझि आयो टकटोरि हौं।
 गाड़ीके स्वानकी नाई, माया मोहकी बड़ाई
 छिनहिं तजत, छिन भजत बहोरि हौं॥ २॥
 बड़ो साई-द्रोही न बराबरी मेरीको कोऊ,
 नाथको सपथ किये कहत करोरि हौं।
 दूरि कीजै द्वारतें लबार लालची प्रपंची,
 सुधा-सो सलिल सूकरी ज्यों गहडोरिहौं॥ ३॥
 राखिये नीके सुधारि, नीचको डारिये मारि,
 दुहूँ ओरकी बिचारि, अब न निहोरिहौं।
 तुलसी कही है साँची रेख बार बार खाँची,
 ढील किये नाम-महिमाकी नाव बोरिहौं॥ ४॥

Though I knew and recognized you, I forgot you, Treasury of Compassion. I have grown so proud and shameless that I turn around and blame you. Yogis strive to unite with you; somehow a little bond formed between you and me, yet this unfortunate one sat down and broke it. (1)

In all the worlds there is no other treasury of faults like me; to the limit of my understanding I have searched and found this true. Like a dog behind a cart, I abandon the greatness of Māyā and delusion one moment and return to worship it the next. (2)

I swear by the Lord millions of times that no great traitor to his master equals me. Drive this liar, greedy man, and deceiver away from your door, or like a sow I will muddy water as pure as nectar. (3)

Either reform me well and keep me, or cast this lowly one down and kill me. Consider both alternatives; I will plead no more. Tulsi has spoken the truth and drawn the line again and again: if you delay, I shall sink the boat of the Name's glory. (4)

If What You Repaired Is Ruined by Me

रावरी सुधारी जो बिगारी बिगरैगी मेरी,
 कहों, बलि, बेदकी न, लोक कहा कहैगो?
 प्रभुको उदास-भाउ, जनको पाप-प्रभाउ,
 दुहँ भाँति दीनबंधु! दीन दुख दहैगो॥ १॥
 मैं तो दियो छाती पवि, लयो कलिकाल दवि,
 साँसति सहत, परबस को न सहैगो?
 बाँकी बिरुदावली बनेगी पाले ही कृपालु!
 अंत मेरो हाल हेरि यों न मन रहैगो॥ २॥
 करमी-धरमी, साधु-सेवक, बिरत-रत,
 आपनी भलाई थल कहाँ कौन लहैगो?
 तेरे मुँह फेरे मोसे कायर-कपूत-कूर,
 लटे लटपटेनि को कौन परिगहैगो?॥ ३॥
 काल पाय फिरत दसा दयालु! सबहीको,
 तोहि बिनु मोहि कबहुँ न कोऊ चहैगो।
 बचन-करम-हिये कहों राम! सौँह किये,
 तुलसी पै नाथके निबाहेई निबहैगो॥ ४॥

If what you repaired is ruined by my ruining it, then—blessed Lord—leave aside what the Veda says: what will the world say? If the Lord's indifference joins the servant's powerful sin, then in both ways, Friend of the Lowly, this lowly one will burn in sorrow. (1)

I have placed the thunderbolt upon my chest, while the Kali age has taken and crushed me; I endure torment, for who under another's control would not? Compassionate One, your splendid roll of honor will stand only if you protect me. At the end, when you see my condition, your heart will not remain like this. (2)

Ritualists, the righteous, holy people, servants, and those devoted to renunciation will each obtain some place by their own good. But if you turn your face away, who will accept cowardly, unworthy, cruel people like me—fallen and utterly helpless? (3)

With time, everyone's condition changes, Compassionate One; yet apart from you no one will ever desire me. Rāma, I swear by you and say with speech, action, and heart: Tulsi will endure only if the Lord sustains him. (4)

When the Master Becomes Indifferent

साहिब उदास भये दास खास खीस होत
मेरी कहा चली? हों बजाय जाय रह्यो हों।
लोकमें न ठाउँ, परलोकको भरोसो कौन?
हों तो, बलि जाउँ, रामनाम ही ते लह्यो हों॥ १॥

करम, सुभाउ, काल, काम, कोह, लोभ, मोह-
ग्राह अति गहनि गरीबी गाढ़े गह्यो हों।
छोरिबेको महाराज, बाँधिबेको कोटि भट,
पाहि प्रभु! पाहि, तिहुँ ताप-पाप दह्यो हों॥ २॥

रीझि-बूझि सबकी प्रतीति-प्रीति एही द्वार,
दूधको जरयो पियत फूँकि फूँकि मह्यो हों।
रटत-रटत लट्यो, जाति-पाँति-भाँति घट्यो,
जूठनिको लालची चहों न दूध-नह्यो हों॥ ३॥

अनत चह्यो न भलो, सुपथ सुचाल चल्यो
नीके जिय जानि इहाँ भलो अनचह्यो हों।
तुलसी समुझि समुझायो मन बार बार,
अपनो सो नाथ हूँ सो कहि निरबह्यो हों॥ ४॥

When the master becomes indifferent, even a favored servant is ruined—what then can be said of me? I am being swept away to the beating of distress. There is no place for me in this world; what reliance can I place on the next? Blessed Lord, I have been acquired by Rāma's Name alone. (1)

The crocodiles of action, nature, time, desire, anger, greed, and delusion, together with deep poverty, have seized me tightly. Great King, there are millions of warriors to bind me, but only you to release me. Protect me, Lord, protect me; the three torments and sin have burned me. (2)

Everyone's delight and understanding, trust and love are at this very door. Scalded by milk, I drink even buttermilk only after blowing upon it. Calling and calling, I became exhausted; caste, rank, and manner diminished. I crave your leftovers and do not desire to bathe in milk. (3)

I sought no good elsewhere; I walked the good path with right conduct, knowing well in my heart that here I desired no other good. Tulsi repeatedly understood and instructed his mind, then fulfilled his duty by speaking to the Lord as to one of his own. (4)

Only You Can Make Me Whole

मेरी न बने बनाये मेरे कोटि कलप लौं
 राम! रावरे बनाये बने पल पाउ मैं।
 निपट सयाने हौ कृपानिधान! कहा कहौ?
 लिये बेर बदलि अमोल मनि आउ मैं॥ १॥
 मानस मलीन, करतब कलिमल पीन,
 जीह हू न जप्यो नाम, बक्यो आउ-बाउ मैं।
 कुपथ कुचाल चल्थो, भयो न भूलिहू भलो,
 बाल-दसा हू न खेल्यो खेलत सुदाउ मैं॥ २॥
 देखा-देखी दंभ तें कि संग तें भई भलाई,
 प्रकटि जनाई, कियो दुरित-दुराउ मैं।
 राग रोष द्वेष पोषे, गोगन समेत मन
 इनकी भगति कीन्ही इनही को भाउ मैं॥ ३॥
 आगिली-पाछिली, अबहूँकी अनुमान ही तें
 बूझियत गति, कछु कीन्हों तो न काउ मैं।
 जग कहै रामकी प्रतीति-प्रीति तुलसी हू,
 झूठे-साँचे आसरो साहब रघुराउ मैं॥ ४॥

My own efforts will not make me whole even in millions of aeons; but, Rāma, if you make me whole, I can become so in a quarter of a moment. Treasury of Compassion, you are utterly wise—what can I say? I traded away a priceless jewel for a jujube and brought the berry home. (1)
 My mind is defiled and my deeds are swollen with the filth of the Kali age. My tongue never chanted the Name; it only babbled nonsense. I walked crookedly on an evil road and never did good even by mistake; not even in childhood did I play the wholesome games natural to that age. (2)

If some good arose through imitation, vanity, or another's company, I made it known, while concealing my evil. I nourished attachment, anger, and hatred, together with the mind and the host of senses; I worshiped these alone and cherished only them. (3)

From what came before, what followed, and what is happening even now, my course can readily be inferred: what have I not done, and where have I not gone? The world says that even Tulsi has trust and love for Rāma; whether that is false or true, Lord Raghurāja is my refuge. (4)

The Blessedness of Humility at Your Court

कह्यो न परत, बिनु कहे न रह्यो परत,
 बड़ो सुख कहत बड़े सों, बलि, दीनता।
 प्रभुकी बड़ाई बड़ी, आपनी छोटाई छोटी,
 प्रभुकी पुनीतता, आपनी पाप-पीनता॥ १॥
 दुहू ओर समुझि सकुचि सहमत मन,
 सनमुख होत सुनि स्वामी-समीचीनता।
 नाथ-गुनगाथ गाये, हाथ जोरि माथ नाये,
 नीचऊ निवाजे प्रीति-रीतिकी प्रबीनता॥ २॥
 एही दरबार है गरब तें सरब-हानि,
 लाभ जोग-छेमको गरीबी-मिसकीनता।
 मोटो दसकंध सो न दूबरो बिभीषण सो,
 बूझि परी रावरेकी प्रेम-पराधीनता॥ ३॥
 यहाँकी सयानप, अयानप सहस सम,
 सूधौ सतभाय कहे मिटति मलीनता।
 गीध-सिला-सबरीकी सुधि सब दिन किये
 होइगी न साईं सों सनेह-हित-हीनता॥ ४॥
 सकल कामना देत नाम तेरो कामतरु,
 सुमिरत होत कलिमल-छल-छीनता।
 करुनानिधान! बरदान तुलसी चहत,
 सीतापति-भक्ति-सुरसरि-नीर-मीनता॥ ५॥

I cannot manage to speak, yet I cannot remain without speaking. Blessed Lord, there is great joy in confessing one's lowliness before the Great One: the Lord's greatness is truly great, one's own smallness truly small; the Lord's purity is perfect, while one's own sin is abundant. (1)
 Considering both sides, the mind shrinks back in shame and fear; yet it turns toward you when it hears of the Master's gracious fitness. It sings the Lord's virtues, joins its hands, and bows its head, for the consummate art of love is to honor even the lowly. (2)

At this court pride brings total loss, while poverty and meekness secure gain, preservation, and well-being. Ten-headed Rāvaṇa was no weightier, nor Vibhīṣaṇa any frailer; from this I have understood how dependent you are upon love. (3)

Cleverness here is equal to a thousand follies; speaking simply and with true feeling removes impurity. If you remember the vulture, the stone-woman, and Śabarī every day, how could your loving care for your servant ever fail? (4)

Your Name is a wish-fulfilling tree that grants every desire; merely remembering it strips away the Kali age's filth and deceit. Treasury of Compassion, Tulsi asks this boon: let me be a fish in the Ganges-water of devotion to Sītā's Lord. (5)

You Know Your Servant's Heart Exactly

नाथ नीके कै जानिबी ठीक जन-जीयकी।
 रावरो भरोसो नाह कै सु-प्रेम-नेम लियो
 रुचिर रहनि रुचि मति गति तीयकी॥ १॥
 कुकृत-सुकृत बस सब ही सों संग परयो,
 परखी पराई गति, आपने हूँ कीयकी।
 मेरे भलेको गोसाईं! पोचको, न सोच-संक
 हौं हूँ किये कहों सौंह साँची सीय-पीयकी॥ २॥
 ग्यानहू-गिराके स्वामी, बाहर-अंतरजामी,
 यहाँ क्यों दुरेगी बात मुखकी औ हीयकी?
 तुलसी तिहारो, तुमहीं पै तुलसीके हित,
 राखि कहों हों तो जो पै हूँ माखी घीयकी॥ ३॥

Lord, know well the exact state of your servant's heart. Having made reliance on you its lord, my understanding took the vow of true love and adopted a woman's lovely conduct, taste, judgment, and course. (1)

Under the sway of evil and good deeds I had to associate with everyone; I tested the ways of others as well as my own. Master, I have neither worry nor doubt about whether good or harm comes to me. I say this even for myself, swearing a true oath by Sītā's Beloved. (2)

Master even of knowledge and speech, knower of both outer and inner things—how could anything said by mouth or held in the heart be hidden here? Tulsi is yours, and you alone care for Tulsi. If I speak while concealing anything, may I become like a fly fallen into ghee. (3)

Who Is a Friend Like Hari?

मेरो कह्यो सुनि पुनि भावै तोहि करि सो।
 चारिहु बिलोचन बिलोकु तू तिलोक महँ
 तेरो तिहु काल कहु को है हितू हरि-सो॥ १॥
 नये-नये नेह अनुभये देह-गेह बसि,
 परखे प्रपंची प्रेम, परत उघरि सो।
 सुहृद-समाज दगाबाजिहीको सौदा-सूत,
 जब जाको काज तब मिलै पाँय परि सो॥ २॥
 बिबुध सयाने, पहिचाने कैधौं नाहीं नीके,
 देत एक गुन, लेत कोटि गुन भरि सो।
 करम-धरम श्रम-फल रघुबर बिनु,
 राखको सो होम है, ऊसर कैसो बरिसो॥ ३॥
 आदि-अंत-बीच भलो भलो करै सबहीको
 जाको जस लोक-बेद रह्यो है बगरि-सो।
 सीतापति सारिखो न साहिब सील-निधान,
 कैसे कल परै सठ! बैठो सो बिसरि-सो॥ ४॥
 जीवको जीवन-प्राण, प्राणको परम हित
 प्रीतम, पुनीतकृत नीचन निदरि सो।
 तुलसी! तोको कृपालु जो कियो कोसलपालु,
 चित्रकूटको चरित्र चेतु चित करि सो॥ ५॥

Listen to what I say, mind, and then do whatever pleases you. Look with all four of your eyes throughout the three worlds, and tell me: in all three times, who is your benefactor like Hari? (1) Living amid body and household, you experienced ever-new attachments and tested worldly love; when exposed, it proved false. This society of friends is a bargaining-thread for deceivers: each comes and falls at another's feet only when he has some business of his own. (2) The gods are very clever—have you still not recognized them properly? They give one favor and take back millions in return. Action, religion, labor, and their fruits without Raghubara are like

offering ashes into the fire or rain falling on barren ground. (3)

From beginning through middle to end, he alone does good for everyone; his fame has spread through the world and the Veda. There is no master and treasury of virtue like Sītā's Lord. Fool, how can you rest at ease after sitting here and forgetting him? (4)

He is the living breath of the creature, the supreme benefactor and beloved of life itself, the holy Lord who purified the lowly without despising them. Tulsi, remember in your heart the deeds at Citrakūṭ by which the compassionate Lord of Kosala made you his own. (5)

Call Me Near and Restrain This Dull Mind

तन सुचि, मन रुचि, मुख कहौं 'जन हौं सिय-पीको'।
 केहि अभाग जान्यो नहीं, जो न होइ नाथ सों नातो-नेह न नीको॥ १॥
 जल चाहत पावक लहौं, बिष होत अमीको।
 कलि-कुचाल संतनि कही सोइ सही, मोहि कछु फहम न तरनि तमीको॥ २॥
 जानि अंध अंजन करौं बन-बाधिनी-घीको।
 सुनि उपचार बिकारको सुबिचार करौं जब, तब बुधि बल हरै हीको॥ ३॥
 प्रभु सों कहत सकुचात हौं, परौं जनि फिरि फीको।
 निकट बोलि, बलि, बरजिये, परिहरै ख्याल अब तुलसिदास जड़ जीको॥ ४॥

My body is pure, my mind affectionate, and with my mouth I say, 'I am a servant of Sītā's Beloved.'
 By what misfortune I do not know this: no bond and no love can be good unless it is with the Lord.

(1)

When I seek water, I obtain fire; nectar turns into poison. What the saints have said of the Kali
 age's crooked ways is exactly true: I have no understanding with which to cross its darkness. (2)
 Knowing that I am blind, I prepare collyrium from the ghee of a tigress of the forest. When I hear
 this diseased remedy and reflect upon it rightly, my own heart steals away my understanding and
 strength. (3)

I am ashamed to say this to the Lord—may I not fall flat again. Blessed Lord, call me near and
 restrain me, so that Tulsi's dull mind may now abandon this deluded notion. (4)

The Nearer I Seek to Draw, the Farther I Fall

ज्यों ज्यों निकट भयो चहों कृपालु! त्यों त्यों दूरि परयो हों।
 तुम चहुँ जुग रस एक राम! हों हूँ रावरो, जदपि अघ अवगुननि भरयो हों॥ १॥
 बीच पाइ एहि नीच बीच ही छरनि छरयो हों।
 हों सुबरन कुबरन कियो, नृपतें भिखारि करि, सुमतितें कुमति करयो हों॥ २॥
 अगनित गिरि-कानन फिरयो, बिनु आगि जरयो हों।
 चित्रकूट गये हों लखि कलिकी कुचालि सब, अब अपडरनि डरयो हों॥ ३॥
 माथ नाइ नाथ सों कहों, हाथ जोरि खरयो हों।
 चीन्हों चोर जिय मारिहै तुलसी सों कथा सुनि प्रभुसों गुदरि निबरयो हों॥ ४॥

Compassionate Lord, the more I seek to draw near you, the farther away I fall. Rāma, you remain of one essence through all four ages, and I too am yours, though filled with sin and faults. (1)
 Finding an interval between us, this lowly Kali age deceived me midway with its tricks. I was gold, but it made me base-colored; it turned a king into a beggar and good understanding into evil judgment. (2)
 I wandered through countless mountains and forests and burned without a fire. When I went to Citrakūṭ I recognized all the Kali age's crooked schemes; now I am frightened by fear of my own self. (3)
 Bowing my head, I stand with joined hands and speak to the Lord. Hearing it said that a recognized thief will kill the life, Tulsi petitioned the Lord and thereby freed himself from worry. (4)

I Will Not Rise Until You Say, 'You Are Mine'

पन करि हौं हठि आजुतें रामद्वार परयो हौं।

‘तू मेरो’ यह बिन कहे उठिहौं न जनमभरि, प्रभुकी सौंकरि निरयो हौं॥ १॥

दै दै धक्का जमभट थके, टारे न टरयो हौं।

उदर दुसह साँसति सही बहुबार जनमि जग, नरकनिदरि निकरयो हौं॥ २॥

हौं मचला लै छाड़िहौं, जेहि लागि अरयो हौं।

तुम दयालु, बनिहै दिये, बलि, बिलंब न कीजिये, जात गलानि गरयो हौं॥ ३॥

प्रगट कहत जो सकुचिये, अपराध-भरयो हौं।

तौ मनमें अपनाइये, तुलसिहि कृपा करि, कलि बिलोकि हहरयो हौं॥ ४॥

From today I have made my vow, taken my obstinate stand, and fallen at Rāma's door. I will not rise for the rest of my life until you say, 'You are mine'; I have declared this on an oath by the Lord.

(1)

Yama's servants grew weary of striking me again and again, yet I did not move when they tried to drive me away. Taking birth repeatedly in the world, I endured the womb's unbearable torment; only then did I scorn hell and emerge from it. (2)

I have become importunate: I shall leave only after obtaining the thing for which I have planted myself here. You are compassionate, so you will have to grant it; blessed Lord, do not delay, for I am wasting away in shame. (3)

If you are embarrassed to say it publicly because I am filled with offenses, then graciously accept Tulsi inwardly. I tremble when I behold the Kali age. (4)

I Shall Know You Have Accepted Me

तुम अपनायो तब जानिहौं, जब मन फिरि परिहै।
 जेहि सुभाव बिषयनि लग्यो, तेहि सहज नाथ सों नेह छाड़ि छल करिहै॥ १॥
 सुतकी प्रीति, प्रतीति मीतकी, नृप ज्यों डर डरिहै।
 अपनो सो स्वारथ स्वामिसों, चहुँ बिधि चातक ज्यों एक टेकतें नहिं टरिहै॥ २॥
 हरषिहै न अति आदरे, निदरे न जरि मरिहै।
 हानि-लाभ दुख-सुख सबै समचित हित-अनहित, कलि-कुचालि परिहरिहै॥ ३॥
 प्रभु-गुन सुनि मन हरषिहै, नीर नयननि ढरिहै।
 तुलसिदास भयो रामको बिस्वास, प्रेम लखि आनंद उमगि उर भरिहै॥ ४॥

I shall know that you have accepted me when my mind turns back toward you. With the same natural ease with which it became attached to sense-objects, it will cast off deceit and love the Lord. (1)

It will love you as it loves a son, trust you as it trusts a friend, and fear you as it fears a king. It will entrust all its interest to the Master and, like the cātaka bird, never turn from its single support in any direction. (2)

It will not exult when greatly honored, nor burn itself to death when slighted. It will remain even-minded in loss and gain, sorrow and joy, good and harm, and will abandon the Kali age's crooked ways. (3)

Hearing the Lord's virtues, the mind will rejoice and tears will stream from the eyes. Tulsi will then trust that he has become Rāma's; seeing such love, joy will surge up and fill his heart. (4)

When Will Rāma Become Dear to Me?

राम कबहुँ प्रिय लागिहौ जैसे नीर मीनको?

सुख जीवन ज्यों जीवको, मनि ज्यों फनिको हित, ज्यों धन लोभ-लीनको॥ १॥

ज्यों सुभाय प्रिय लगति नागरी नागर नवीनको।

त्यों मेरे मन लालसा करिये करुनाकर! पावन प्रेम पीनको॥ २॥

मनसाको दाता कहैं श्रुति प्रभु प्रबीनको।

तुलसिदासको भावतो, बलि जाउँ दयानिधि! दीजै दान दीनको॥ ३॥

Rāma, when will you become as dear to me as water is to a fish, a happy life to a living being, the jewel to a serpent, and wealth to one absorbed in greed? (1)

As a clever young woman is naturally dear to her youthful lover, so, Treasury of Compassion, awaken in my mind a longing for pure and abundant love of you. (2)

The Vedas declare that the all-wise Lord grants the heart's desire. Treasury of Mercy, I am devoted to you: grant this lowly Tulsi the gift he longs for. (3)

Will You Ever Look upon Me?

कबहुँ कृपा करि रघुबीर! मोहू चितैहो।

भलो-बुरो जन आपनो, जिय जानि दयानिधि! अवगुन अमित बितैहो॥ १॥

जनम जनम हौं मन जित्यो, अब मोहि जितैहो।

हौं सनाथ ह्वैहौं सही, तुमहू अनाथपति, जो लघुतहि न भितैहो॥ २॥

बिनय करौं अपभयहु तैं, तुम्ह परम हिते हो।

तुलसिदास कासों कहै, तुमही सब मेरे, प्रभु-गुरु, मातु-पिते हो॥ ३॥

Raghubīra, will you ever show grace and look upon me too? Treasury of Mercy, knowing in your heart that this servant—good or bad—is yours, will you bring his countless faults to an end? (1)

Birth after birth my mind has conquered me; will you now make me conquer it? I shall indeed gain a protector, and you too will be Lord of the orphan, if you do not recoil from my littleness. (2)

I make this petition out of fear of my own self; you are my supreme benefactor. To whom else can Tulsi speak? You alone are everything to me—Lord, teacher, mother, and father. (3)

However I Am, I Am Your Servant

जैसो हौं तैसो राम रावरो जन, जनि परिहरिये।

कृपासिंधु, कोसलधनी! सरनागत-पालक, ढरनि आपनी ढरिये॥ १॥

हौं तौ बिगरायल और को, बिगरो न बिगरिये।

तुम सुधारि आये सदा सबकी सबही बिधि, अब मेरियो सुधरिये॥ २॥

जग हँसिहै मेरे संग्रहे, कत इहि डर डरिये।

कपि-केवट कीन्हे सखा जेहि सील, सरल चित, तेहि सुभाउ अनुसरिये॥ ३॥

अपराधी तऊ आपनो, तुलसी न बिसरिये।

टूटियो बाँह गये परै, फूटेहु बिलोचन पीर होत हित करिये॥ ४॥

However I am, Rāma, I am your servant; do not cast me away. Ocean of Compassion, Lord of Kosala, protector of those who seek refuge—act according to your own established way. (1)

I have already been spoiled by others; do not make the ruined one still worse. You have always reformed everyone in every way; now reform me as well. (2)

The world may laugh when you accept me, but why should you fear that fear? Follow toward me that same virtuous, simple-hearted nature by which you made the monkeys and the boatman your friends. (3)

Though an offender, I am still your own; do not forget Tulsi. Even a broken arm is bound against the neck, and when a blinded eye aches, one still tries to heal it. (4)

Do Not Turn Your Eyes Away

तुम जनि मन मैलो करो, लोचन जनि फेरो।
 सुनहु राम! बिनु रावरे लोकहु परलोकहु कोउ न कहूँ हितु मेरो॥ १॥
 अगुन-अलायक-आलसी जानि अधम अनेरो।
 स्वारथके साथिन्ह तज्यो तिजराको-सो टोटक, औचट उलटि न हेरो॥ २॥
 भगतिहीन, बेद-बाहिरो लखि कलिमल घेरो।
 देवनिहू देव! परिहरयो, अन्याव न तिनको हों अपराधी सब केरो॥ ३॥
 नामकी ओट पेट भरत हों, पै कहावत चेरो।
 जगत-बिदित बात है परी, समुझिये धौं अपने, लोक कि बेद बड़ेरो॥ ४॥
 हैहै जब-तब तुम्हहिं तें तुलसीको भलेरो।
 दिन-हू-दिन दीन बिगरि है, बलि जाऊँ, बिलंब किये, अपनाइये सबेरो॥ ५॥

Do not let your heart become displeased with me, and do not turn your eyes away. Listen, Rāma: apart from you, nowhere in this world or the next is there anyone who seeks my good. (1)

Knowing me to be without virtue, unworthy, lazy, vile, and apart from all others, self-interested companions abandoned me like an inauspicious charm against the ague and never once looked back. (2)

Seeing me devoid of devotion, outside the Vedic way, and surrounded by the Kali age's filth, even the gods abandoned me, O God. They did me no injustice, for I have offended everyone. (3)

I fill my belly under the shelter of the Name, yet I am called your servant. The matter has become known throughout the world; decide for yourself which is greater—the world or the Veda. (4)

Whenever Tulsi's good comes, it will come from you alone. This lowly one grows worse day by day; I am devoted to you—do not delay, but accept me soon. (5)

Apart from You, To Whom Can I Speak?

तुम तजि हों कासों कहों, और को हितु मेरे?

दीनबंधु! सेवक, सखा, आरत, अनाथपर सहज छोह केहि केरे॥ १॥

बहुत पतित भवनिधि तरे बिनु तरि बिनु बेरे।

कृपा-कोप-सतिभायहू, धोखेहु-तिरछेहु, राम! तिहारेहि हेरे॥ २॥

जो चितवनि सौंधी लगै, चितइये सबेरे।

तुलसिदास अपनाइये, कीजै न ढील, अब जिवन-अवधि अति नेरे॥ ३॥

Apart from you, to whom can I speak, and who else seeks my good? Friend of the lowly, who else naturally shows such tenderness to a servant, a friend, one in distress, or an orphan? (1)

Many fallen souls crossed the ocean of becoming without a boat or raft. Rāma, you merely looked upon them—whether with grace or anger, at their true feeling or their deception, even with a sidelong glance. (2)

Whichever kind of glance seems pleasing to you, look upon me with it early. Accept Tulsidas and do not delay, for the span of life has now drawn very near its end. (3)

Where Can This Afflicted, Lowly One Go?

जाऊँ कहाँ, ठौर है कहाँ देव! दुखित-दीनको?

को कृपालु स्वामी-सारिखो, राखै सरनागत सब अँग बल-बिहीनको॥ १॥

गनिहि, गुनिहि साहिब लहै, सेवा समीचीनको।

अधम-अगुन आलसिनको पालिबो फबि आयो रघुनायक नवीनको॥ २॥

मुखकै कहा कहौं, बिदित है जीकी प्रभु प्रबीनको।

तिहू काल, तिहु लोकमें एक टेक रावरी तुलसीसे मन मलीनको॥ ३॥

Where can I go, God, and where is there a place for this afflicted, lowly one? What compassionate master is like you, sheltering a refugee who lacks strength in every limb? (1)

Other masters obtain the wealthy and virtuous, whose service is proper. The ever-vigorous Lord of the Raghus alone finds it fitting to maintain the lowly, the virtue-less, and the lazy. (2)

What can I say with my mouth? The wise Lord already knows what is in my heart. In all three times and all three worlds, one support alone belongs to someone as impure-minded as Tulsi: yours. (3)

At Door after Door I Told My Lowliness

द्वार द्वार दीनता कही, काढ़ि रद, परि पाहूँ।

हैं दयालु दुनी दस दिसा, दुख-दोष-दलन-छम, कियो न संभाषन काहूँ॥ १॥

तनु जन्यो कुटिल कीट ज्यों, तज्यो मातु-पिताहूँ।

काहेको रोष, दोष काहि धौं, मेरे ही अभाग मोसों सकुचत छुड़ सब छाहूँ॥ २॥

दुखित देखि संतन कह्यो, सोचै जनि मन माहूँ।

तोसे पसु-पाँवर-पातकी परिहरे न सरन गये, रघुबर ओर बिनाहूँ॥ ३॥

तुलसी तिहारो भये भयो सुखी प्रीति-प्रतीति बिनाहूँ।

नामकी महिमा, सील नाथको, मेरो भलो बिलोकि अब तें सकुचाहूँ, सिहाहूँ॥ ४॥

At door after door I told my lowliness, baring my teeth and falling at people's feet. The world has compassionate ones in all ten directions, capable of destroying sorrow and fault, yet not one spoke to me. (1)

My mother and father abandoned the body they had begotten as a crooked creature abandons its own offspring. Why should I be angry, and whom should I blame? It is solely my misfortune that everyone hesitates even to touch my shadow. (2)

Seeing me afflicted, the saints said, 'Do not worry within your mind. Raghubara did not reject even beasts, the lowly, and sinners like you when they sought refuge, but cared for them to the end.' (3)

From the moment Tulsi became yours, he became happy even without love or trust. Seeing that the glory of the Name and the Lord's gracious nature have done me good, I now feel ashamed and marvel in admiration. (4)

What Have I Not Done, Where Have I Not Gone?

कहा न कियो, कहाँ न गयो, सीस काहि न नायो?

राम रावरे बिन भये जन जनमि-जनमि जग दुख दसहू दिसि पायो॥ १॥

आस-बिबस खास दास है नीच प्रभुनि जनायो।

हा हा करि दीनता कही द्वार-द्वार बार-बार, परी न छार, मुह बायो॥ २॥

असन-बसन बिनु बावरो जहँ-तहँ उठि धायो।

महिमा मान प्रिय प्रानते तजि खोलि खलनि आगे, खिनु-खिनु पेट खलायो॥ ३॥

नाथ! हाथ कछु नाहि लग्यो, लालच ललचायो।

साँच कहों, नाच कौन सो जो, न मोहि लोभ लघु हों निरलज्ज नचायो॥ ४॥

श्रवन-नयन-मग मन लगे, सब थल पतितायो।

मूड़ मारि, हिय हारिकै, हित हेरि हहरि अब चरन-सरन तकि आयो॥ ५॥

दसरथके! समरथ तुहीं, त्रिभुवन जसु गायो।

तुलसी नमत अवलोकिये, बाँह-बोल बलि दै बिरुदावली बुलायो॥ ६॥

What have I not done, where have I not gone, and before whom have I not bowed my head?

Without becoming yours, Rāma, this servant was born again and again and found sorrow in all ten directions of the world. (1)

Enslaved by hope, I became the special servant of low masters and made myself known to them.

Crying ‘alas’ and repeatedly telling my poverty from door to door, I opened my mouth, yet not even ash fell into it. (2)

Without food or clothing, I ran here and there like a madman. Abandoning glory and honor dearer than life, I exposed my belly before the wicked moment after moment. (3)

Lord, nothing came into my hand, though craving made me greedier still. I speak the truth: what dance is there that base greed did not make shameless me perform? (4)

My ears, eyes, and mind each followed their own path, yet everywhere I fell lower. Beating my head and losing heart, I saw where my good lay and, trembling, have now come seeking the refuge of your feet. (5)

Son of Daśaratha, you alone are mighty; your fame is sung through the three worlds. Look upon Tulsi as he bows. Your celebrated vows gave me an arm and a word of assurance and called me here. (6)

Read This Poor Man's Petition Yourself

राम राय! बिनु रावरे मेरे को हितु साँचो?

स्वामी-सहित सबसों कहों, सुनि-गुनि बिसेषि कोउ रेख दूसरी खाँचो॥ १॥

देह-जीव-जोगके सखा मृषा टाँचन टाँचो।

किये बिचार सार कदलि ज्यों, मनि कनकसंग लघु लसत बीच बिच काँचो॥ २॥

‘बिनय-पत्रिका’ दीनकी, बापु! आपु ही बाँचो।

हिये हेरि तुलसी लिखी, सो सुभाय सही करि बहुरि पूँछिये पाँचो॥ ३॥

King Rāma, apart from you, who is my true well-wisher? I say this to everyone, including my master: let anyone who hears, reasons, and finds another greater than you draw a second line. (1)
The friends produced by the conjunction of body and soul are sewn with false stitches. Examined carefully, their substance is like that of a banana tree; they are mere bits of glass that shine here and there beside jewel and gold. (2)

Father, read this poor man's Vinaya Patrikā yourself. Tulsi wrote it after looking into his heart; first sign it in accordance with your own gracious nature, and only afterward ask the council. (3)

Remember Me at Each Opportunity

पवन-सुवन! रिपु-दवन! भरतलाल! लखन! दीनको।

निज निज अवसर सुधि किये, बलि जाउँ, दास-आस पूजि है खासखीनको॥ १॥

राज-द्वार भली सब कहैं साधु-समीचीनको।

सुकृत-सुजस, साहिब-कृपा, स्वारथ-परमारथ, गति भये गति-बिहीनको॥ २॥

समय सँभारि सुधारिबी तुलसी मलीनको।

प्रीति-रीति समुझाइबी नतपाल कृपालुहि परिमिति पराधीनको॥ ३॥

Son of the Wind, destroyer of foes, beloved Bharata, and Lakṣmaṇa—remember this lowly one whenever each of you finds an opportunity. I give myself to you; by doing so you will fulfill the hope of this utterly feeble servant. (1)

At a royal gate everyone speaks well of a saint whose conduct is proper. But by helping one without a way, you gain merit and fair fame, the Master's grace, your worldly and highest good, and a path for the pathless. (2)

Seize the right moment and set impure Tulsi's affair right. Explain to the compassionate protector of those who bow the full measure of this dependent servant's way of love. (3)

Raghunātha Has Signed the Petition

मारुति-मन, रुचि भरतकी लखि लषन कही है।

कलिकालहु नाथ! नाम सों परतीति-प्रीति एक किंकरकी निबही है॥ १॥

सकल सभा सुनि कै उठी, जानी रीति रही है।

कृपा गरीब निवाजकी, देखत गरीबको साहब बाँह गही है॥ २॥

बिहँसि राम कह्यो 'सत्य है, सुधि मैं हूँ लही है'।

मुदित माथ नावत, बनी तुलसी अनाथकी, परी रघुनाथ सही है॥ ३॥

श्रीसीतारामार्पणमस्तु

Seeing Hanumān's mind and Bharata's inclination, Lakṣmaṇa spoke: 'Lord, even in the Kali age one servant's trust and love have endured through the Name.' (1)

Hearing this, the whole assembly spoke up: 'We have long known his way.' Such is the grace of the Lord who honors the poor: before everyone's eyes, the Master grasped the poor man's arm. (2)

Rāma smiled and said, 'It is true; I too have received word of him.' Bowing his head in joy, orphaned Tulsi's cause was accomplished: Raghunātha's signature was placed upon it. (3)

May this be offered to Śrī Sītā-Rāma.