

it is highly unlikely. Thus, the story of Kṛṣṇa's eternal daily sport and the practice of contemplating or remembering it were around before Rūpa and Kṛṣṇadāsa, and one of them, probably Kṛṣṇadāsa at Rūpa's suggestion, wrote the hymn briefly outlining it. Later Kṛṣṇadāsa elaborated it into the *Ambrosia of the Sport of Govinda*. Since only the first and part of the second chapters of Kṛṣṇadāsa's work is translated here, and since the short hymn is available in translation elsewhere and is otherwise quite terse, I have included the moderately elaborate description found in the *Padma Purāna*. This will provide a useful overview of the events in the entire story.

The portion of the *Ambrosia of the Sport of Govinda* that is translated here describes the sport of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa during the first period of the day, which begins about an hour and a half before sunrise. It is called the "night's end sport," and depicts the divine lovers waking up in each other's arms after a night of enjoyment in the forests outside of their cowherd village. A small portion of the next period, called the "morning sport," has also been included.

Two editions of the *Śrī-Śrī-Govinda-līlāmṛtam* by Kṛṣṇadāsa Kavirāja were used for the translation: one edited by Haridāsa Dāsa (Navadvīpa: Haribola Kuṭīra, Caitanyābda 463 [1949 C.E.]); the other, with the commentary of Vṛndāvana Cakravartin and a Hindi translation, vol 1., edited and translated by Haridāsa Śāstrī (Vṛndāvana: Śrī Gadādhara Gaurahari Press, 1977). The final selection is from chapter eighty-three of the *Pātāla-khaṇḍa* of the *Padma Purāna* by Krishna Dwaipayana Vedauyas, part 3, Patal Khand, Gurumandal Series no. 18 (Calcutta: Manasukharāya Morā, 1958), which describes briefly the entire cycle of sport.

May Gaura and Gadādhara be glorified!
Glory be to Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa!

The Ambrosia of the Sport of Govinda (Govinda-līlāmṛta)

CHAPTER ONE

1. I pay homage to Śrī Govinda, the great abode of all the joys of Vraja ["the pasture lands"], the joy of the forest of Vṛndāvana, who himself is pleased by the association of Śrī Rādhā.
2. I surrender in astonishment to Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya, the compassionate one who has cured the world of the madness of ignorance and then maddened it again with the nectar of the treasure of sacred love for himself.
3. The ultimate goal of spiritual development, the loving service of the lotus-like feet of the friend of the heart of Rādhā, though unattainable by Brahmā, Ananta, and others, is achieved only through intense longing by those absorbed in his activities in Vraja. In order now to reveal the Lord's meditative service,

by which his [direct] loving service is attained and which is to be contemplated by those travelers on the path of passion, I praise the Lord's daily activities in Vraja.

4. At night's end he returns from the forest bowers into the cow settlement. In the morning and evening he performs such sports as milking the cows, eating, and so forth. In the forenoon he plays with his friends and tends the cows. In the midday and also at night he sports with Rādhā in the forest. In the afternoon he returns to the settlement and in the late evening pleases his well-wishers. May this Kṛṣṇa protect us.
5. Let this nectar of the eternal sports of Govinda which squashes the desire for the nectar of the gods (*soma*) be glorified! Though it is constantly drunk by the speech and the mind, it astonishingly makes one thirsty, and though it is the cure for the disease of material existence, it brings on the madness, blindness, and delusion born of love. Moreover, though it is constantly chewed, it provides an undiminishing flavor (*rasa*) and nourishes the body, mind, and heart.
6. How shall I not be a tremendous cause of laughter for Vaiṣṇavas who constantly play in the ocean of the nectar of Kṛṣṇa's sports, for though I am incompetent, extremely mediocre, of small intelligence, and unqualified, I desire to taste the full flavor (*rasa*) of that ocean?
7. Let the speech of such a fool as me, like that of a clown, cause laughter and mirth among the Vaiṣṇavas of Vraja whose minds are absorbed in the nectar of the love-dancelike sports of Kṛṣṇa revealed by other, real dramatists like Śrī Rūpa.
8. Encouraged by statements of the saints such as: "That verbal creation which in each verse [contains the name of the Lord] destroys the sins of the community (*Bhāgavata Purāna*, 1.5.11)," even though I am dull I shall make my words respected by the saintly through description of the sports of Govinda.
9. May those saintly souls who are moistened by proximity to the reservoir nourish this cow [text] of mine which is headed toward Gokula but afflicted by wandering across the desert of my lips.
10. At the end of night I remember Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa awakened by many noises instigated by anxious Vṛndā and made to rise from their bed of joy by the charming and pithy songs of the parrots and sārīs [a type of bird]. They, tremulous from the erotic passion that is aroused at that time, are gazed upon and pleased by their girlfriends. Then, frightened by the report of the old monkey Kakkhatī, even though they thirst for each other, they return to their own beds in their homes.
11. Seeing that night was ending, Vṛndā enlisted a flock of birds under her control to awaken Madhusūdana [Kṛṣṇa] and Rādhā.

12. Having obtained the order of Vṛndā, the birds, who until then because of her order had remained silent though their hearts longed for service, began to sing in joy surrounding the bower of love-play.
13. On the grapevines sang the sārīs, the parrots in the pomegranates, and the cuckoos with their mates in the mango trees; the pigeons sang in the pilu tree, the peacocks in the nīpa tree, the bees on the vines, and on the ground, the roosters.
14. Then a swarm of black bees desirous of honey began to hum like the conch shell of the Lord of eros in the charming bower made of blossoming vines and containing a bed made of lotus flowers.
15. A swarm of joyous female honey bees, intoxicated with honey, hummed like the auspicious cymbals of the god of love in order to awaken Govinda.
16. A flock of parrots repeatedly sang forth a loud “kuhu-u” on the fifth note of the scale like the vīnā [the stringed instrument] of the mind-born one [eros].
17. In the mango tree, the flock of cuckoos seated by the sides of their lovers who were cooing in the intoxication of amorous love made a soft, seductive tone, their voices sharpened by tasting the flamelike, soft buds [of the mango tree], giving the impression of the sound of the sweet sitar of the lord of eros.
18. I suspect that the hyena of desire became angry at the wolves of love-pique and growled in the disguise of the warbling of pigeons, causing the forest animals of the bashfulness, morality, and fortitude of the cowherd girls to run away.
19. The peacocks, while awakening those two in the morning, cried out “keka” as though asking who (*ke*) besides Kṛṣṇa can uproot that mountain of Rādhā’s composure and what (*kā*) other fetters [women] besides the fortunate Rādhā, though they be highly praised for their beauty, can control the maddened elephant Kṛṣṇa.
20. The rooster, too, like a brahman reciting the Veda in the morning, called forth the sounds: ‘ku ku-u ku-u-u ku-u-u-u,’ with short, long, and prolonged vowels.
21. Then, though awakened by the sounds of the birds, these two [Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa], each unaware that the other was awake, and disturbed at the prospect of breaking their intense embrace, craftily remained still with their eyes closed.
22. A learned pet sārīkā [a type of bird] named Mañjubhāṣiṇī in a shiny golden cage, who was dear to the daughter of Vṛṣabhānu [Rādhā] and who had witnessed all of the love sports of the night, then addressed the couple in the early dawn.

23. “Victory, friend of Gokula! O, ocean of rapture, wake up! Leave your moonlike bed and awaken your beloved resting in your arms, who favors you with her love and is fatigued by excessive erotic play.
24. “This faint reddish glow, by nature cruel to young women, is speeding toward sunrise. Stealthily return home in haste, Lord of Vraja, from the bank of the daughter of Kalinda [the Yamunā River].
25. “O, lotus-face [Rādhā]! That you are sleeping at the end of the night is not your fault since your body is extremely languid from the exertion of love play. But look, virtuous lady, this eastern horizon, being unable to tolerate your happiness, has become reddened like [your rival] Candrāvalī.
26. “O, lotus-eyed! Night has gone; morning has appeared. The globe of the sun is on the rise! Now, friend, put away your attraction for that bed of cool blossoms.”
27. Then an excited parrot named Vicakṣana, full of love for Kṛṣṇa and most proficient at eloquent speech, slowly recited a series of verses made charming by a combination of clear and sweet syllables, and effective at waking Mādhava [Kṛṣṇa].
28. “Victory, victory [to you], O source of the auspicious of Gokula, lotus of the honey bee young ladies of Vraja, O joy of Nanda increasing at every moment, Govinda, Acyuta, bestower of happiness on the surrendered!
29. “Dawn has come, O lotus of the thirsty, beelike eyes of unlimited herdsmen. Return to your distant and dear village, the home of the most distinguished of all elders.
30. “O lotus-eyed one [Kṛṣṇa]! See how this eastern horizon, seeing the reddish sun desirous of rising, has become crimson like the crimson cloth, deeply dyed with saffron, worn by a wife [on the return of her traveling husband]. Therefore, Kṛṣṇa, give up your sleep in your hidden bower.
31. “Lady night, frightened by the sun, has hastily gone away along with the moon. Therefore, [you, too] quickly go from the bank of the river along with your beloved, who is like her [the night].
32. “The female goose has cast one eye toward the east, which is reddened by the rays of dawn, and the other quickly toward her departing lover. The fearful owls in their tree hollows have become silent. I fear the sun has arisen, O Kṛṣṇa! Give up your sleep.”
- 33–34. Then a soft-spoken sārī named Sūkṣmadhī, who was trained by Vṛndā, who had memorized many verses and who, drunk with the honey of great affection for Rādhā, was intent on chasing away her sleep, horripilating out of love, made speech dance on the stage of her tongue.

35. "As long as the people are not all traveling on the path to the pasture you can easily go to your home, sweetheart of the son of Nanda.
36. "O pretty one, therefore quickly get out of bed and go home. The lord of day whose pace is swift is moving toward Mount Sunrise.
37. "Give up your sleep and leave your bower bed. Return home, friend, and don't be languid. Awaken your lover, but don't awaken shame before your people. Those who are clever know which action is proper to the moment."
38. Neither Kṛṣṇa, embraced by his beloved, nor his beloved, embraced by him, is asleep. Though this couple is troubled by the coming dawn they are not able easily to rise from their delicious bed.
39. With her buttocks bound by Kṛṣṇa's knees, her breasts pressed against his chest, her face placed on his face, her arms resting around his neck and his arm as her pillow, though she is awake, the beloved [Rādhā] does not show it even slightly.
40. Her lover, too, is aware that he should quickly return to the village and is anxious to get up from bed. Yet, with his mind freed from such obligations by the fear of ending the pleasure of the tight embrace of Rādhā's body, he does not move even one limb the slightest bit.
41. Then a parrot named Dakṣa, who was an expert at arranging the sports of Śrī Kṛṣṇa and who had trained thousands of other parrots, spread his wings out of a joy produced of love for him [Kṛṣṇa], and spoke from within the inner chamber of the bower:
42. "While your mother has yet to arise and say: 'My child is still sleeping, fatigued by wandering around the forests. Therefore, the churning of curds should not be done loudly,' you should quickly return unnoticed to your bedroom, Kṛṣṇa!
43. "You know for certain that your cows, Kāḷindī and the others, with unmoving ears and raised faces, their eyes turned toward your path out of enthusiasm to see you, are calling their thirsty calves with their 'moos' and are sinking down because of the pain produced by the weight of their udders.
44. "Quickly return before that anxious Paurṇamāsī, having finished her morning duties, enters your bedroom with your mother to see you."
45. Then Hari, because of the words of the parrot, became anxious to return quickly to the cowherd village and, quietly withdrawing his limbs from the body of his beloved, sat up.
46. Now their previously awakened girlfriends were watching, along with Vṛndā, with their faces pressed to the openings of the lattices of the bower, the tender actions of the couple in the early morning.

47. A peahen named Sundarī, excited by great love for Rādhā, left her lover and came from the kadamba tree to the courtyard of the love cottage.
48. Then a peacock called Tāṇḍavika quickly descended from the kadamba tree and, spreading his tail, danced joyfully, filled with Hari.
49. After that a doe called Raṅgiṇī suddenly left her lover and with a joyful heart came quickly from the base of the mango tree to the door of the bower, fixing her eyes, which were quivering with love, on the lotus faces of the lords of her life [Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa].
50. At that time, a deer of Hari named Surāṅga, who gave him [Hari] great pleasure, arrived at the bower from the mango tree and fixed his eyes on Kṛṣṇa's face, his body free of languor.
51. When the Lord rose up and sat on the bed, he drew his slim lover, whose eyes were closed in pretended sleep, to his lap with his arms and observed her sweetness carefully.
52. Acyuta [Kṛṣṇa] with a faint smile drank in with his eyes the face of his dear one, which was like a morning lotus. Her rolling eyes were like wag-tails [a bird], and the flowing locks of her hair surrounding her forehead were like a network of black bees.
53. Watching his lover moving all her clasped fingers and her two arms and stretching her body, and seeing the splendor of her teeth appear through her waking yawns, Mukunda felt joy.
54. Seeing his love-exhausted lover in the early morning light resting face up on his lap, her face faintly smiling through a soft, feigned weeping, the end of her braid half undone, wearing a crushed flower garland and a torn necklace, opening again and again her languid, rolling eyes, which were anxious to look upon his face, the Lord of Vraja [Kṛṣṇa] experienced unequalled joy.
55. If torpid lightning were to achieve permanence in the midst of a new rain cloud, then it would have been exactly like the image of Śrī Rādhā, whose body, like a golden lotus, being languid because of the exertion of intense love making, rested in the lap of her lover whose color is that of a shining tamāla tree [greyish blue].
56. Seeing the face of Hari with his glistening crocodile earrings, his sweet, gentle, broadening smile, his eyes dull with intoxication, his small curls of hair having the fragrance of lotuses, and lips with cuts made by her own teeth and blackened with the coryllium of her eyes, the lotus-eyed one [Rādhā] desired to make love again.
57. Then Kṛṣṇa also, seeing the faintly smiling face of his lover with her eyes slightly closed, their flirtatious movements inhibited by the shyness caused by seeing one another, again became intensely aroused.

58. Raising the back of her head with his left hand and her chin with his right, he repeatedly kissed his beloved's face whose cheeks were brightened by a smile and whose throat was curved.

59. She, though immersed in an ocean of happiness at the touch of her lover's lips, by resisting his hands, wincing slightly and saying softly: "don't, don't," with a choked voice increased the delight of the watching eyes of her girlfriends.

60. Then, apprehensive because of the imminent, unavoidable dawn, her friends, smiling with joy, entered the bower, which was filled with the sounds of buzzing bees, teasing their friend [Rādhā] and encouraging one another.

61. She, seeing that her friends, with smiling faces and roving eyes, had come near, got up from the lap of her lover, doubling his pleasure.

62. Having gotten up quickly, she hurriedly took the yellow upper cloth [of Kṛṣṇa] and covered her body. Then Rādhā, looking into her girlfriends' embarrassed faces, sat down by her lover's side.

63. Observing their two dear friends before them, they repeatedly felt pleasure. The couple's lips bore cuts from biting each other; they were languid from making love; their bodies were marked with scratches; the lines of their makeup had run; their clothes were unfastened; their hair was disheveled; and their necklaces and garlands were torn.

64. Their bed told them of the nature of the lovers' sports. In the middle it was soiled with the unguent and saffron from Acyuta's body. Its two sides were adorned with the red lac of Rādhā's feet and it was spotted with drops of coryllium and particles of sandal and vermilion.

65. Her friends saw that the bed, which was the site of a collection of crushed flowers and spotted with betel, red lac, and coryllium, and bore the clear signs of the lovers' sports, was in the same condition as the body of their friend [Rādhā].

66. They savored with their eyes the restless lips of Hari, about to speak a few words of wit, and the lotuslike face of the beautiful one [Rādhā], which was lowered out of bashfulness.

67. Showing them his chest, Hari said with a wink, hoping to see the sweetness of a medley of emotions on his beloved's face:

68. "Ladies, look how Rādhā [the asterism of that name], seeing that her lover the moon will depart at dawn and becoming fearful of separation from him, has drawn hundreds of moon lines on the canvas of the sky as if out of a desire to see him."

69. When Kṛṣṇa said this, she saw her friends in front of her laughing, and, wincing her trembling eyes, wrinkling raised eyebrows, and expanding spotless cheeks, she looked at her lover as though striking him with her crooked, side-long glances.

70. Rādhā's gaze was full of the joy of wanton sport, her eyes slightly closed and, around the edges, tearful and reddish. Possessing a somewhat startled and tremulous quality from shyness and doubt, and bent from the weight of her jealousy, that intensely smiling gaze in which the pupils of her eyes blossomed on seeing the face of her lover increased the pleasure of her beloved's eyes.

71. Their friends thus tasted the sweetness of the early morning amorous agitation of those two, who were in this way submerged in an ocean of the happiness of sacred love for each other, and, becoming intoxicated with joy, forgot the duties that were appropriate for that time.

72. Seeing the couple absorbed in an ocean of the ambrosia of play and their friends, too, blinded by the intoxication of affection, Vṛndā, fearing the coming of morning, signaled a sārī who knew the meaning of her sign language.

73. The sārīkā named Śubhā, who helps awaken Rādhikā and who prevents [Rādhā's] shame before her elders, fear of her husband, and ridicule from society, said:

74. "Your husband's mother will get up from her bed and harangue you with: 'Oh Rādhā, your husband will return now from the cowshed with loads of milk. Get up, get up and perform the auspicious household rites in the house.' Before that you must most secretly return to your bedroom from this bower, my lotus-eyed friend.

75. "Friend, the stars who have variously sported the entire night with their husband [the moon] have dissolved into the veil of the sky. You too, sincere one, must return from the bower to your house.

76. "The path of the moon is reddened by the rays of the sun; the roads of the king are now occupied by crowds of people. Give up your fascination with the path to the bower. The path to the village is the auspicious one now.

77. "Kṛṣṇa, her husband's mother, whose heart is soiled by the mud of suspicion, mistrusts her. Her fault-finding husband is very caustic and lives up to his name Abhimanyu ["the Angry One"]. Her rotten sister-in-law, too, is hot-tempered and speaks abusively to her. What's more, dawn is here and still you haven't released this unassuming woman."

78. Rādhā's heart was like the milk-ocean disturbed by the churning of Mount Mandara at the words of the sārī. With her eyes wandering about like baby fish and saddened by her immanent separation [from Kṛṣṇa], she then got up from the bed.

79. Kṛṣṇa also, seeing that the eyes in the beautiful face of the daughter of Vṛṣabhānu were agitated with fear, took his lover's fine, blue cloth and quickly got up from the bed.
80. With their clothes thus switched with one another, these two, full of anxiety, came out of the bower holding each other's hands.
81. Holding Rādhā's hand in his left hand and his flute in his right, Kṛṣṇa left the bower shining like a cloud embraced by a bolt of lightning.
82. One girlfriend brought the golden pitcher, another the fan with the golden handle. Someone picked up the beautiful mirror, another the pretty jar of saffron and sandal. Someone else carried the jewel-inlaid vessel of betel nut and another the parrot in the cage. In this way some of the girlfriends left the bower cottage with joyful hearts.
83. Another girlfriend collected the ivory and gold box of cinnabar with the sapphire lid which was shaped like the dark-nippled breast of a pregnant woman and, softly smiling, left the bower.
84. Someone else joyfully gathered together the shining pearls that had fallen from the necklace broken during the embraces of the lovers and, tightly tying them up in the border of her cloth, left the bower cottage.
85. Ratimañjarī quickly picked up from the bed the earrings that fell off during the love sports and, leaving the bower, put them back in the ears of her mistress [Rādhā].
86. The dear playmate, Rūpamañjarī, collected Rādhā's blouse from the edge of the bed and, after leaving the bower, secretly returned it to her girlfriend.
87. The female servant, Guṇamañjarī, took the spittoon and, dividing the chewed betel nut from it among the girlfriends, left the bower.
88. Mañjulālī gathered from the bed the garlands and sandal which fell from the couple's bodies and, distributing some to all the girlfriends, also left.
89. Then, noticing in front of them that the dearest one [Kṛṣṇa] was wearing on his body [Rādhā's] cloud-colored cloth and that their joyful girlfriend was wearing [Kṛṣṇa's] yellow cloth on hers, the girlfriends began to giggle, covering their faces with their hands, and, glancing all around and at each other, they were filled with delight.
90. Seeing indications of the laughter of their friends, those two, their blossoming eyes fixed on each other's faces, absorbed in a boiling ocean of the joy of sacred love, became like figures drawn in a picture.
91. The lovely lady was unable to recognize her own dark blue silk cloth clinging to the dark-complexioned body of her dear one, and, Hari, too, did

- not recognize his large yellow silk cloth covering his dearest's body, [which looked] like milk in a golden conch shell.
92. Then Lalitā, angry at the obstacle to the lovers' tasting of the nectar of their sports, censuring the coming dawn, said to her friend:
93. "You see this dawn, Rādhā! Because of breaking up the sport and love making of the best of women at daybreak, his two legs have been lost through leprosy; yet he still does not quit. The saying that one's own nature is difficult to change is certainly true."
94. At that, casting her eyes, which were reddened out of anger at the interruption of her love games, at the sky ruddy with dawn, the daughter of Vṛṣabhānu, who speaks softly and sweetly, said, smiling at the sarcasm of Lalitā:
95. "This one [the sun] sets and, crossing, even without legs, the entire sky in half an instant, rises again. If fate had given him legs there would be no question of night at all!"
96. Seeing the charming daybreak and enjoying the ambrosia of her words, Mukunda, intoxicated with joy and forgetful of returning to the village, said to the queen of his heart:
97. "See how this eastern direction, seeing the sun approaching at dawn, his body reddened by association with the other directions, has become crimson out of envy like a woman in love who sees her lover arrive at dawn after having been enjoyed by another woman.
98. "Look, intoxicated one [a nearby lily], your beloved, the lord of the twice-born [the moon], who though peaceful is a destroyer of the darkneses of all people, has gone to the west [or, by double entendre, has drunk wine] and has suddenly and completely fallen down.' For this reason, I'm afraid, the lily covers her face with her closing petals, embarrassed by the laughing of the lotus, who is now exultant because of association with her own lover [the sun].
99. "Seeing the destruction of darkness at night by the moon, these dark cuckoos are frightened [for their own safety] and call out at dawn 'kuhū,' for Kuhū, the moonless night that occurs when the sun has been devoured by eclipse because it is a supporter of the moon.
100. "The forest is filled with joy because of uniting with her lover, Spring, and it is as though the female pigeon, maddened by love, shrieks in ecstasy on the pretext of hooting.
101. "Look over there, moon-faced! A wandering bumble bee, his coat turned tawny from playing among the white water lilies, is following a female bee who spent the night in the whorl of a lotus and who is now curtsying to him.

102. "A female ruddy goose, thinking that her lover has arrived, kisses with her beak a red lotus made twice as red by the rays of dawn.

103. "Sweet-voiced one, this goose named Kalasvana, noticing us, has left his mate, though she wants to make love, and has come to the bank of the river before us, his wings spread in pleasure.

104. "Look, lotus-faced! His mate, moaning sweetly in passion, picks up with her beak a lotus stalk, half-eaten and left behind by her husband. She is a goose named Tuṅḍikerī, and follows her lover with her eyes fixed on your lotus face.

105. "Moving through the tops of sandal trees, bearing the fragrance of lotuses and teaching the dance of love to the dancing-girl-like vines, the wind, who sports around water, destroys fatigue, and carries away the net of perspiration from the best of women and their lovers, is blowing."

106. Seeing that the Lord and his lady, who were engrossed in the sport of fine speech, had forgotten about returning to their homes and also that their girlfriends, brightened by smiles, were intoxicated with joy, the mistress of the forest (Vṛndā) became troubled by fear of the daybreak.

107. Then, in a tree, an aged monkey matron named Kakkhaṭī, who was versed in the sign language of Vṛndā and who knew the time of day, recited a verse:

108. "Daybreak, a female ascetic, clothed in red with matted locks (*jaṭilā*) and praised by the good, has arrived, spreading above the rays of the sun." [Or, by double entendre: *Jaṭilā* (the mother-in-law of Rādhā) clothed in red, who is praised by the quarrelsome and performs austerity (early bath) at daybreak, has arrived, spreading her cloth in the sun (to dry).]

109. Thus the two best of the village of cowherds, Kṛṣṇa and the girl with the choicest body, becoming filled with dread on hearing of the crooked *Jaṭilā*, became fearful and, though they felt a strong desire for making love, departed [from the bower].

110. Their girlfriends then, seeing the frightened couple moving off down their respective forest paths, pulling up their falling garments, locks of hair, and garlands, and trembling because of the name "*Jaṭilā*," became startled and scattered in different directions.

111. Kṛṣṇa, thinking that the friends of Candrāvalī [Rādhā's rival] were on his left, that the cowherds were in front of him, and that the crooked *Jaṭilā* was coming up behind him, and being anxious to watch his fearful lover moving off to his right, returned to the village, his neck turning every which way as he cast his eyes in one direction and then another.

112. His mistress [Rādhā], fearing *Jaṭilā*'s pursuit and yet afflicted by carrying the weight of her buttocks and breasts, returned to the village, charmingly

alternating between quickness and slowness, holding on to her clothes and flowing hair with her hands.

113. Rūpamañjarī, desiring to bring her [Rādhā] safely to her house, seated her in the chariot of her own [Rūpamañjarī's] mind and then followed her, covering the path with a curtain of her eyes, which were dark and restless because of fear and love.

114. Ratimañjarī, too, followed her [Rādhā], warding off intruders with the arrows of her darting glances, shot in all directions, and with the palpitations of her heart, troubled by fear, which lead the way like an advance guard of soldiers.

115. Though not afraid, [Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa] stepped very timidly across their own courtyards, their delicate eyes fixed on the doors of their elders, very stealthily entered their own rooms and fell asleep in their own beds, their minds filled with exhaustion.

116. Like the Vedas who, at each cosmic dissolution, return to the Lord when Acyuta, having completed his amusement, goes to sleep in his own abode, the highly qualified girlfriends, who are expert at expanding the Lord's sports and whose movements cannot be traced, returned to their own homes.

117. Thus ends the first chapter, entitled: "A Sketch of the Love Sport in the Forest Bowers at the End of Night," in the poem, *The Ambrosia of the Sport of Govinda*, which is born out of the boon of Raghunātha Bhaṭṭa, inspired in the association of Śrī Jīva, encouraged by the capable Raghunāthadāsa, and a result of service to that honeybee at the lotuslike feet of Caitanya, Śrī Rūpa.

CHAPTER TWO

1. I seek shelter in Rādhā, for whom, having been bathed and adorned, the matron of Vraja [Yaśodā] sends in the morning and who, at Yaśodā's house, cooks the morning meal along with her friends and then tastes Kṛṣṇa's remnants. I also seek shelter in Kṛṣṇa who, awakened by his mother, milks the cows in the barn and then, after bathing, eats breakfast with his friends.

2. Thus, in the early morning, Paurṇamāsī, radiant with the moon of sacred love, finished her morning rites and arrived early at the compound of Nanda, her heart agitated with love for Acyuta [Kṛṣṇa].

3. The house of the lord of Vraja [Nanda] has a beautiful courtyard sprinkled with drops of milk scattered from the churning of butter and adorned by people filled with sacred love. Its interiors are decorated with many types of jewels, and overflow with waves of milk. In a shining, serpentlike bed, sleeping happily, lies Acyuta. Seeing this dwelling so much like the fabled White Isle of Viṣṇu, she [Paurṇamāsī] became filled with joy.

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RELIGIONS OF
INDIA
IN PRACTICE

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PRINCETON READINGS IN RELIGIONS

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY