

Classic Poetry Series

Narsinh Mehta
- poems -

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Narsinh Mehta(1414? – 1481?)

Narsinh Mehta (Gujarati:?????? ??????)also known as Narsi Mehta or Narsi Bhagat was a poet-saint of Gujarat, India, and a member of the Nagar Brahmins community, notable as a bhakta, an exponent of Vaishnava poetry. He is especially revered in Gujarati literature, where he is acclaimed as its Adi Kavi (Sanskrit for "first among poets"). His bhajan, Vaishnav Jan To is Mahatma Gandhi's favorite and has become synonymous to him.

 Biography

Narsinh Mehta was born in the ancient town of Talaja and then shifted to Jirndurg now known as Junagadh in the District of Saurashtra, in Vaishnava Brahmin community. He lost his mother and his father when he was 5 years old. He could not speak until the age of 8 and after his parents expired his care was taken by his grand mother Jaygauri.

Narsinh married Manekbai probably in the year 1429. Narsinh Mehta and his wife stayed at his brother Bansidhar's place in Junagadh. However, his cousin's wife (Sister-in-law or bhabhi) did not welcome Narsinh very well. She was an ill-tempered woman, always taunting and insulting Narsinh mehta for his worship (Bhakti). One day, when Narasinh mehta had enough of these taunts and insults, he left the house and went to a nearby forest in search of some peace, where he fasted and meditated for seven days by a secluded Shiva lingam until Shiva appeared before him in person. On the poet's request, the Lord took him to Vrindavan and showed him the eternal raas leela of Sri Krishna and the gopis. A legend has it that the poet transfixed by the spectacle burnt his hand with the torch he was holding but he was so engrossed in the ecstatic vision that he was oblivious of the pain. Narsinh mehta, as the popular account goes, at Sri Krishna's command decided to sing His praises and the nectarous experience of the rasa in this mortal world. He resolved to compose around 22,000 kirtans or compositions.

After this dream-like experience, transformed Narsinh mehta returned to his village, touched his bhabhi's feet, and thanked her for insulting him. In Junagadh, Narsinh mehta lived in poverty with his wife and two children, a son named Shamaldas, and a daughter for whom he had special affection, Kunwarbai. He revelled in devotion to his hearts' content along with sadhus, saints, and all those people who were Hari's subjects - Harijans - irrespective of their caste, class or sex. It also seems that he must have fallen into a somewhat ill repute for his close relations with Lord's sakhis and gopis, Narsinh mehta's

women followers, with whom he danced and sang. The Nagars of Junagadh despised him and spared no opportunity to scorn and insult him. By this time, Narsinh had already sung about the rasaleela of Radha and Krishna. The compositions are collected under the category of shringar compositions. They are full of intense lyricism, bold in their erotic conception and are not without allegorical dimensions, this saves the compositions from being something of erotic court poetry of medieval India.

Soon after his daughter, Kunwarbai's marriage (around 1447) to Srirang Mehta of Una's son, Kunwarbai became pregnant and it was a custom for the girl's parents to give gifts and presents to all the in-laws during the seventh month of pregnancy. This custom, known as Mameru, was simply out of the reach of poor Narsinh who had hardly anything except intransigent faith in his Lord. How Krishna helped his beloved devotee is a legend depicted in 'Mameru Na Pada'. This episode is preserved vividly in the memory of Gujarati people by compositions by later poets and films. Other famous legends include 'Hundi (Bond)' episode and 'Har Mala (Garland)' episode. The episode in which none other than Shamasha Seth cleared a bond written by poverty stricken beloved, is famous not only in Gujarat but in other parts of India as well. The Har Mala episode deals with the challenge given to Narsinh by Ra Mandlik (1451-1472) a local king, to prove his innocence in the charges of immoral behavior by making the Lord Himself garland Narsinh. Narsinh depicts this episode. How Sri Krishna, in the guise of a wealthy merchant, helped Narsinh in getting his son married is sung by the poet in 'Putra Vivah Na Pada'. He went to Mangrol where, at the age of 66, he is believed to have died. The crematorium at Mangrol is called 'Narsinh Nu Samshan' where perhaps one of the greatest sons of Gujarat was cremated. He will ever remembered for his poetic works & devotion to Lord Krishna. He is known as the first poet of Gujarati.

Works

Narsinh Mehta is a pioneer poet of Gujarati literature. He is known for his literary forms called " pada (verse) ", " Aakhyan ", & " Prabhatiya ". One of the most important features of Narsinh's works is that they are not available in the language in which Narsinh had composed them. They have been largely preserved orally. The oldest available manuscript of his work is dated around 1612, and was found by the noted scholar ri from Gujarat Vidhya Sabha. Because of the immense popularity of his works, their language has undergone modifications with changing times. Narsinh Mehta wrote many bhajans and Aartis for lord krishna and they are published in many books. The biography of Narsinh Mehta is also available at Geeta Press.

For the sake of convenience, the works of Narsinh are divided into three categories:

Autobiographical compositions: Putra Vivah, Mameru, Hundi, Har Same No Pada, Jhari Na Pada, and compositions depicting acceptance of Harijans. These works deal with the incidents from the poet's life and reveal how he encountered the Divine in various guises. They consist of 'miracles' showing how Narsaiyya's Lord helped his devotee in the time of crises.

Miscellaneous Narratives: Chaturis, Sudama Charit, Dana Leela, and episodes based on Srimad Bhagwatam. These are the earliest examples of akhyana or narrative type of compositions found in Gujarati. These include:

Chaturis, 52 compositions resembling Jaydeva's masterpiece Geeta Govinda dealing with various erotic exploits of Radha and Krishna.

Dana Leela poems dealing with the episodes of Krishna collecting his dues (dana is toll, tax or dues) from Gopis who were going to sell buttermilk etc. to Mathura.

Sudama Charit is a narrative describing the well-known story of Krishna and Sudama.

Govinda Gamana or the Departure of Govind relates the episode of Akrura taking away Krishna from Gokul.

Surata Sangrama, The Battle of Love, depicts in terms of a battle the amorous play between Radha and her girl friends on the one side and Krishna and his friends on the other.

Miscellaneous episodes from Bhagwatam like the birth of Krishna, his childhood pranks and adventures.

Songs of Sringar. These are hundreds of padas dealing with the erotic adventures and the amorous exploits of Radha and Krishna like Ras Leela. Various clusters of padas like Rasahasrapadi and Sringar Mala fall under this head. Their dominant note is erotic (Sringar). They deal with stock erotic situations like the ossified Nayaka-Nayika Bheda of classical Sanskrit Kavya poetics.

See Vaishnav jan to, his popular composition.

Always Up To Some Prank

Always up to some prank, this mischievous little Govindji over there
It's always I who has to suffer!

As this little cowherd foolishly totters, the girl becomes fervid!

Always up to some prank, this mischievous little Govindji over there
It's always I who has to suffer!

'Kum now yoo, vow eye doo', if you can't speak properly why do you babble like
this?

Says Narsaiyyo, stop all these childish pranks, just take us to your place, and
enjoy us!

Always up to some prank, this mischievous little Govindji over there
It's always I who has to suffer!

Narsinh Mehta

'Ananta' Is The Name Of My Infallible Medicine

'Ananta' is the name of my infallible medicine,
Preferred only by the few fortunate ones!
If we stay near the Vaishanava, our reliable 'void',
The god of death won't dare close upon us!
' Ananta' is the name of my infallible medicine,
Preferred only by the few fortunate ones!

'Hari' cleanses my being 'Sanrangdhar' becomes my ginger
And the Indestructible One happens to be my 'ajmain' seeds!
Krishna is the herb, which cures, the sweet Dark One, my sugar,
And Rama, the remedial salt, is my rejuvenating compound!
'Ananta' is the name of my infallible medicine,
Preferred only by a few fortunate ones!

'Chaturbhuj' is my medicinal powder,
The Many Named One is my tested drug;
The pills, I make of Govind's name,
The dust from Hari's feet becomes my perfect cure!
Ananta is the name of my infallible medicine,
Preferred only by a few fortunate ones!

Such are the true medicines then! If only one takes them.
For they can beat back the swarming mosquitoes of Maya!
Lord of Yadus, the Deity of Yagna, graces me with such cures!
Play with the Narsaiyya's Lord,
So that the god of death comes not close to you!
Ananta is the name of my infallible medicine,
Preferred only by a few fortunate ones!

Narsinh Mehta

As If It Was Rapture Of Rains Of Milk

As if it was rapture of rains of milk
And all the sweetness of sugar was being hoarded in heaps!
For my love came to my place today
He took me passionately in his arms
And talked sweet nothings in my ear
Something I relish so much, dear friend!
As if it was rapture of rains of milk
And all the sweetness of sugar was being hoarded in heaps!

Unaware of the time passing, I enjoyed him until midnight!
Listen, sister mine, how I have indulged in his love with relish!
Now that Narsaiyya's lord have I fathomed, I am his slave!
As if it was rapture of rains of milk
And all the sweetness of sugar was being hoarded in heaps

Narsinh Mehta

At What Auspicious Hour Did You Stick To Me Like A Bindi , O Dark One?

At what auspicious hour did you stick to me like a bindi, O dark one?
Life of my life, I won't forsake you even for a moment, my slim beloved!

At the door, I find you leaning, and at the windows, I see you sitting near.
I keep running into you, in any street I take,
sweetheart, sweeter than the elixir of immortality!

At what auspicious hour did you stick to me like a bindi, O dark one?
Life of my life, I won't forsake you even for a moment, my slim beloved!

When I prepare to eat, I find you close, and near bed as I prepare to sleep.
When I am on my way to Vrindavan, I find you embracing me!

At what auspicious hour did you stick to me like a bindi, O dark one?
Life of my life, I won't forsake you even for a moment, my slim beloved!

`You are loved by Nanda's child!' my in-laws cruelly mock me.
When I go to fill water at the banks of Yamuna, you toy with my skirt!

At what auspicious hour did you stick to me like a bindi, O dark one?
Life of my life, I won't forsake you even for a moment, my slim beloved!

How he loves to dog the ones he loves, my cherished connoisseur,
It is good to attain Narsaiyya's lord; he occupies the lotus of my heart!

At what auspicious hour did you stick to me like a bindi, O dark one?
Life of my life, I won't forsake you even for a moment, my slim beloved!

Narsinh Mehta

Awake O Jadava

Awake O Jadava, O Krishna the cowherd!
Who will take the cows to graze?
When hundreds of cowherds come thronging
Who will be their leader?
Awake O Jadava, O Krishna the cowherd!
Who will take the cows to graze?

Who will relish sweet dishes made from milk and ghee?
Who will drink deliciously thickened milk?
O Hari, mighty like an elephant, who will bridle terrible Kaliya?
Who will bear the weight of the entire earth?
Awake O Jadava, O Krishna the cowherd!
Who will take the cows to graze?

While grazing the cows on the banks of Jamuna
Who will play the honeyed flute?
We will always please you by singing your praises, says Narsaiyya
Else, who will grasp our hands when we sink?
Awake O Jadava, O Krishna the cowherd!
Who will take the cows to graze?

Narsinh Mehta

Be Still, Be Still, O Moon, Do Not Make The Dawn Yet

Be still, be still, O moon, do not make the dawn yet,
The life of my life has come to my home!
It is after hundreds of millions of lives of penance,
That I have attained my Vitthal, my love!
Be still, be still, O moon, do not make the dawn yet,
The life of my life has come to my home!

The chatak sweetly sings, ' pee yoo! pee yoo! ' and cuckoo too sings in honeyed notes,
I implore you O rooster, herald not the break of the day!
Be still, be still, O moon, do not make the dawn yet,
The life of my life has come to my home!

The moon adorns the moonlight like a tree adorning the entwined creeper,
And just as the earthen pots adorn the swan-gaited maids,
Govind adorns the milk-white girls.
Be still, be still, O moon, do not make the dawn yet,
The life of my life has come to my home!

The sea is adorned by the surging waves;
The waves are adorned by the wavelets,
And gopis adorn our Govind!
It is pleasing for Narsinh to attain his lord
And for the gopi to adorn Govind!
Be still, be still, O moon, do not make the dawn yet,
The life of my life has come to my home!

Narsinh Mehta

By The Grace Of The Holy Ones

By the grace of the holy ones, all things turn out well
And by Krishna's grace, one attains Krishna himself
By the grace of the world, one is born repeatedly in various forms!
By the grace of the holy ones, all things turn out well...

Ever engrossed in the company of the lord's devotees,
The holy ones are ever happy and never do they grieve,
The world, however, roams around maddened
And trapped in its own intricate snares.
By the grace of the holy ones, all things turn out well.

The worldliness goes against Hari, for the layers and layers of sin, put him away,
So strengthen your devotion
Says Narsaiyyo, serve the holy ones and the Truth
And you will surely attain the ultimate bliss...
By the grace of the holy ones, all things turn out well..

Narsinh Mehta

Cherish Red, Love, For The Beautiful Season Is Tinged With Red!

Cherish red, love, for the beautiful season is tinged with red!
Rosy is the glow on laughing Radha's teeth
And scarlet are the bangles on her exquisite hands.
Cherish red, love, for the beautiful season is tinged with red!

Deep red are the flowers that dropp from the kesudo tree,
The dust that blows is rusty and brown,
Red are the beaks of our feathered friends, the parrot and the myna!
Cherish red, love, for the beautiful season is tinged with red!

Red are the garments of all my friends, whose braids have come off,
For frolicking with Narsaiyya's lord, they are drowned in the nectar of joy!
Cherish red, love, for the beautiful season is tinged with red!

Narsinh Mehta

Cold, Cold Is My Bed In Winter!

Cold, cold is my bed in winter! But for my
Lord, who will embrace me passionately?
Cold, cold is my bed in winter!

Today, dear, this harsh winter closes in
And scares the frail ones like me.
My frozen little body sets our being ablaze!
But for my love, who will slake me?
Cold, cold is my bed in winter!
But for my love, who will embrace me passionately?

Every single moment of this night is aeon to me!
How futile is my empty bed,
I thank heavens that I met Narsaiyya's Lord,
For I attained the Nectar of Immortality!
Cold, cold is my bed in winter!
But for my Lord, who will embrace me passionately?

Narsinh Mehta

Come Friend! Let's Go And Behold...

Come friend! Let's go and behold the mango tree blossoming near Gokul!
Its sixteen thousand branches sheltering the three worlds!
Come friend! Lets go and behold the mango tree blossoming near Gokul!

Vasudeva of Yadavas cast the seed; it sprouted in Devaki's womb!
Nanda brought it home in exchange and Yashoda nurtured it by her milk.
Come friend! Let's go and behold the mango tree blossoming in Gokul!

Its roots are deep in the seven nether worlds, and it extends unto the heavens!
Narada, Sharda intone its praises, like wasps around the perfumed lotus!
Come friend! Lets go and behold the mango tree blossoming in Gokul!

Says Narsaiyyo Dhruva, Rukamangad, Ambarish, Pralhad have all plucked
The fruits of devotion and service-O it lives in the hearts of his devotees!
Come friend! Lets go and behold the mango tree blossoming in Gokul!

Narsinh Mehta

Cover Me With A Blanket O Kanha,

Cover me with a blanket O Kanha, my chunri is all drenched!
Hold me close O Kanha; I am bare and shivering!

My dark love, hold me with tenderly,
Embrace me in your ecstasy!
put your arms around me and sip the heavenly nectar from my lips!
Cover me with a blanket, O Kanha, my chunri is all drenched!
Hold me close O Kanha; I am bare and shivering!

In this gentle drizzle, the frogs and peacocks cry!
Narsaiyya's lord has come to love
And the dark clouds and lightning thunder in the sky!
Cover me, with a blanket, O Kanha, my chunri is all drenched!
Hold me close O Kanha; I am bare and shivering!

Narsinh Mehta

Dark Clouds Thunder And Madhava Dances!

Dark clouds thunder and Madhava dances!
How sweetly bells on his anklets ring!
Gopis play 'pakhavaj' and drums; their beloved plays melodious flute!
Frogs, peacocks sing, and cuckoo flutes its honeyed song!
Striking are the colours of 'cholis' and garments!
Dark clouds thunder and Madhava dances!
How sweetly bells on his anklets ring!

Blessed is the bank of Jamuna river! Blessed, the bamboo grove,
And blessed too is this birth! Blessed indeed is Narsaiyya's sweet tongue,
Which has sung the alluring melody of Malhar!
Dark clouds thunder and Madhava dances!
How sweetly bells on his anklets ring!

Narsinh Mehta

Dearer Than Life Is The Vaishnava To Me

Dearer than life is the Vaishnava to me, he is ever in my heart
I leave behind all the pilgrimages, austerities and joys of Vaikunth
Just to be where he is!

To uphold my beloved devotee King Ambarish
I smote the vanity of the sage Durvasa,
For sake of my devotees, I cast off my pride and came into the world ten times.
For dearer than life is the Vaishnava to me....

I rushed on Garuda, my eagle to deliver the Elephant, my loved devotee,
I discriminate not between the high or low, as one who worships me is like me!
Dearer than life is the Vaishnava to me.....

Lakshmi, the better half of my very being, herself serves my servants!
My devotee's feet are holier than millions of Gangas
Millions of Kashis and all the holy shrines put together!
Dearer than life is the Vaishnava to me...

When he walks, I walk in front, when he sleeps I wake!
I don't spare the one who tries to harms my loved ones,
I destroy him and all his clans!
For dearer than life is the Vaishnava to me....

My devotee alone can deliver the ones whom I shackle
But not even I can release those whom he binds,
Once he binds me, even I cant free myself!
Dearer than life is the Vaishnava to me...

When he sits and sings, I stand and listen
And I dance when he stands and sings!
Never even for a moment I am away,
As Narsaiyyo truly says, from such a devotee
For dearer than life is the Vaishnava to me....

Narsinh Mehta

Don't Untie The Threads Of My Choli

Don't untie the threads of my choli, my love
The fruits of my breasts are not good enough for you!

Ananga, the god of love, stirs not in the unbloomed youth
There can be no ecstasy without lovemaking.'
Don't untie the threads of my choli, my love
The fruits of my breasts are not good enough for you!

Hearing the words of the dark girl, Narsaiyya's lord clasped her to his heart
And played many love games with her during their first union.
Don't untie the threads of my choli, my love
The fruits of my breasts are not good enough for you!

Narsinh Mehta

Don'T Wake Me Up Vigorously, O Madhukar!

Don't wake me up vigorously, O Madhukar!
You will break my delicate waist, my love!
As if smeared with vermilion
My lips have turned crimson with your bites!

I swear, I am exhausted and about to drop,
But the wicked one does not listen to me!
Don't wake me up vigorously, O Madhukar!
You will break my delicate waist, my love!

My eyes have kept awake for four dawns and nights I pray I implore!
Narsinh's lord much as you may trouble me in the bed,
It is still not enough!
Don't wake me up vigorously, O Madhukar!
You will break my delicate waist, my love!

Narsinh Mehta

Embrace Me With Such A Passion

'Embrace me with such a passion
That you enjoy this short-lived youth to its best!
Let your eyes meet mine, your lips meet my lips
And your breast press against mine;
It pleases my mind to feel this way for a moment or two!
Embrace me with such a passion
That you enjoy this short-lived youth to its best!

The lustful one, the lover of his devotees, Narsaiyya's lord
Then approached the delicious bed!

`Embrace me with such a passion
That you enjoy this short-lived youth to its best!

Narsinh Mehta

Enjoy This Girl And Celebrate The Night!

Enjoy this girl and celebrate the night!
Why are you still fast asleep?
In no time will it dawn,
Soon you'll be off into the woods
Yodeling with your cowherd friends!
Enjoy this girl and celebrate the night!

Inviting is the bed, nectarous is the girl,
Luscious are her breasts overflowing from her choli!
Though the girl is tender, her breasts are firm
They'll jab you when you embrace!
Enjoy the girl and celebrate the night!
Why are you still fast asleep?

Though he is small, he is matchless in beauty,
Yet as mighty as an untamed lion is our lustful Lord!
O gem of a gallant is the Narsaiyya's Lord,
In meeting him, the ravishing maiden attained the ultimate bliss.
Enjoy the girl and celebrate the night!
Why are you still fast asleep?

Narsinh Mehta

Essence Of Essence Is The Birth Of The Weaker Sex

Essence of essence is the birth of the weaker sex,
For her strength alone can please the mighty hero!
What's the use of this manliness, friend,
When it is of no use to the lord at all?
Essence of essence is the birth of the weaker sex!

A man might attain the ultimate release,
If he sticks to the path of virtue,
But to indulge in the scrumptious joys of pretended anger
And the lord pleading to make up and other such games,
You simply have to be a woman!
Essence of essence is the birth of the weaker sex!
For her strength can please the mighty hero!

Even the gods like Indra and the great sages
Revere the very dust of gopis' feet,
Considering themselves lesser than the gopis
As they find their manhood insipid!
Essence of essence the birth of the weaker sex,
For her strength can please the mighty hero!

Woman, the treasure trove of fortune
Experiences and enjoys all day and night
The very nectar, the Vedas and the Scriptures
Struggle to express!
Essence of essence is the birth of the weaker sex!

Let my dreams come true
My dark one, my lifter of the mountain, life of my life!
For just like the master dragging the meek beast
The leash of love draws Narsinh!
Essence of essence is the birth of the weaker sex,
For her strength can please the mighty hero!

Narsinh Mehta

Fair One, In The Middle Of The Night

Fair one, in the middle of the night,
How your jingling anklets chime!
You have woken up the whole town
With melodious jingling of your anklets!
Fair one, in the middle of the night,
How your jingling anklets chime!

'I came back after vainly groping in the bed,
For I found my beloved asleep with a girl next door!
One after other girl my beloved enjoys!
Surely, this is not what we expect
From some one very much our own!
Fair one, in the middle of the night,
How your jingling anklets chime!

'At the most we can cover a well
But how on earth do you cover an ocean?
If he were merely a man of our fancy
We'd have shown him the door
But how do you decline the man you have married!
Fair one, in the middle of the night,
How your jingling anklets chime!

'In my garden the mango tree has blossomed
And mangoes ripe are dripping with nectar!
Wake up and relish them, my slender Lord,
I'll pluck them for you and you enjoy!
Fair one, in the middle of the night, how your jingling anklets chime!

'In my garden are juicy grapes,
sumptuous citrus fruits, and betel vines,
O Narsaiyya's Lord come to my place
For my heart is tender and mad!
Fair one, in the middle of the night,
How your jingling anklets chime!

Narsinh Mehta

Gimme That Moon To Play With

` Gimme that moon to play with, Ma! Gimme those stars!
Gimme those clusters and stuff them all in my pocket!'

He flushes, he cries, he stares at the moon
Jasoda wipes his tears, 'Don't be so crazy, Kanha!
The moon is far up in the sky! There are kids in every house,
You alone don't seem to have any sense!'
` Gimme that moon to play with, Ma! Gimme those stars!
Gimme those clusters and stuff them all in my pocket!'

Taking water in a bowl, she showed him the moon
And consoled Narsaiyya's Lord!
` Gimme that moon to play with, Ma! Gimme those stars!
Gimme those clusters and stuff them all in my pocket!'

Narsinh Mehta

Great Is The Wealth Of Bhakti...

Great is the wealth of Bhakti found only on the earth,
Not found even in the realms of Brahma!
By living a virtuous life, even if you attain
The land of immortality, you will inevitably end up
In the inexorable cycles of birth and rebirth!
Great is the wealth of Bhakti found only on the earth,
Not found even in the realms of Brahma!

Those who love Hari long not for the ultimate release,
Instead, they desire to be born over again
To sing forever, to dance forever,
To celebrate forever and to gaze forever at Nanda's darling!
Great is the wealth of Bhakti found only on the earth,
Not found even in the realms of Brahma!

Blessed indeed is the soul born in land of Bharat
And sings the praises of Govind;
Blessed are his parents for he alone has made his birth a success!
Great is the wealth of Bhakti found only on the earth,
Not found even in the realms of Brahma!

Blessed is the land of Vraj, blessed is his eternal sport,
Blessed are the people of Vraj as eight magical powers
Wait at their doorsteps and Mukti becomes their maid!
Great is the wealth of Bhakti found only on the earth,
Not found even in the realms of Brahma!

Shanker and Shukajogi know the taste of this nectar,
So do the girls of Vraj, says Narsinh, who relishes of this nectar.
Great is the wealth of Bhakti found only on the earth,
Not found even in the realms of Brahma!

Narsinh Mehta

Has Your Heart Turned To Stone, Love?

Has your heart turned to stone, love?

The breast-fruits can't be gifted to anyone just like that!

For by being close to the heart they give pleasure;

They give pain if they are to go away.

What is the connoisseur of love who knows not this secret? Then why do you demand them,

My love, at such an unearthly hour?

Has your heart turned to stone, love?

The breast-fruits can't be gifted to anyone just like that!

These are the only ornaments of the delicate ones

How can I give them to you O Narsinh's Lord?

Come to my place and I'll clasp you firm to my heart!

Has your heart turned to stone, love?

The breast-fruits can't be gifted to anyone just like that!

Narsinh Mehta

Her Eyes Twinkle In The Veil Like The Light Of Dawn!

Her eyes twinkle in the veil like the light of dawn!
The girl brimming with youth, with her braid come off
-See how heedless is the god of love!
Her eyes twinkle in the veil like the light of dawn!

Intoxicated and nourished with the wine of love, her eyes dance and sway,
See how they close when the beautiful lord mates with her on the bed!
Her eyes twinkle in the veil like the light of dawn!

She bewitches every god with these eyes
And the pride of every austere sage she shatters!
She can make him dance to her tunes, how can Narsaiyya's lord escape?
Her eyes twinkle in the veil like the light of dawn!

Narsinh Mehta

Hold Your Immaculate Flame O Lamp

'Hold your immaculate flame O lamp,
My beloved has arrived to embrace me on the bed!'
Needlessly don't break the threads of my choli
And that's my braid and not a snake.'
'Hold your immaculate flame O lamp,
My beloved has arrived to embrace me on the bed!'

'Why dwindle O lamp?'
'And that's my bracelet not the maker of the day.'
'Hold your immaculate flame O lamp,
My beloved has arrived to embrace me on the bed!'

The beautiful girl attained joy looking at the lamp
As she met the beloved of devotees, Narsaiyya's Lord
'Hold your immaculate flame O lamp,
My beloved has arrived to embrace me on the bed!'

Narsinh Mehta

How Merrily The Girls Watch The Procession Of The Fine Young Groom!

How merrily the girls watch the procession of the fine young groom!
How pure and clean he looks with tilak adorning his forehead!
How attractive are his consorts! How happily they sprinkle vermilion around!
How merrily the girls watch the procession of the fine young groom

The palanquin is of green bamboo shoots, and is carried by four,
Wet cloth they have for headgear, Rama Nama they chant!
How merrily the girls watch the procession of the fine young groom

They have built the pendal for the ceremony and fetched dung fuel for fire;
As mongrels are already eyeing the sweets with relish!
They are carrying firewood in the front; they are also carrying fire at the back!
How merrily the girls watch the procession of the fine young groom

Lo, here the groom is going to his in-laws, so the mother-in-law is overjoyed!
The fiery sparks beautify the pendal, and the fire decorates the marriage altar!
O Wake up hideous mother-in-law, the groom is at your door!
How merrily the girls watch the procession of the fine young groom

`Cremation's the name of the ceremony and `crematorium' the village of marriage!
Chita Kukmari is the bride's name and she is daughter of Lalbai, the Red One!
How merrily the girls watch the procession of the fine young groom

The groom here has decided to stay at his in-laws, his escorts have returned!
Lavishly they spent on the feast and had a grand marriage!
Putting a rupee on earthen pots and bowls, indeed, they have performed it well!
Go and tell the groom's father to lament loudly if he wishes!
How merrily the girls watch the procession of the fine young groom

The Jiva is being whisked away by the heralds of Death!
See how they have tortured his mortal remains!
It is good if one meets Narsaiyya's Lord, for He alone can rescue one from the world of woes!
How merrily the girls watch the procession of the fine young groom

How Will I Worship You, Krishna

How will I worship you, Krishna
O treasure house of compassion!
Ineffable is this mysterious bliss....

How will we contain him in our tiny casket?
He encompasses everything, moving and motionless!
How will I worship you, Krishna?
O treasure house of compassion!
Ineffable is this mysterious bliss....

The beloved of Laxmi bathes in torrential rains
How will he be pleased by a mere trickle from our conch-shell?
Fifty and nine winds fan him.
O how will he prefer my small effort?
How will I worship you, Krishna?
O treasure house of compassion!
Ineffable is this mysterious bliss....

By becoming the Sun, you scorch the three worlds,
By becoming the moon, you cool them,
O Vitthal! You pour down by becoming the clouds,
You blow by becoming the gale!
How will I worship you, Krishna?
O treasure house of compassion!
Ineffable is this mysterious bliss...

You are the fragrance in every herb,
What then is a gardener with a mere bunch of flowers?
What is our offering with perfumes and fragrant oils?
When the aroma can be hardly compared to yours?
How will I worship you, Krishna?
O treasure house of compassion!
Ineffable is this mysterious bliss...

Kamala serves you daily with exquisite delicacies
What then is our insignificant offering?
Says Narsaiyyo; he who has tasted the elixir called Krishna
Is never born again!
How will I worship You, Krishna?

O treasure house of compassion!
Ineffable is this mysterious bliss...

Narsinh Mehta

I Went To Fetch Water From The Lake

I went to fetch water from the lake, but my love wont let me, O mother!
Kneading my firm breasts, he lusted for the nectar of my lips, O mother!
I went to fetch water from the lake, but my love wont let me, O mother!

'How did you hurt your lips' my mother-in-law suspiciously asks.
'It was my girl friend's nail as she was helping me with the pots'
I went to fetch water from the lake, but my love wont let me, O mother!

I had gone in a great hurry but my love held me back,
It is excellent to attain Narsaiyya's Lord,
For he made me like himself, O mother!
I went to fetch water from the lake, but my love wont let me, O mother!

Narsinh Mehta

I Woke Up All Of A Sudden From My Sleep

I woke up all of a sudden from my sleep
I thought I embraced my lord,
I indulged in many colorful and erotic games
And drank nectar of his divine lips
As he took me on his chest!
I woke up all of a sudden from my sleep!

Just think of my dream, my winsome friend,
None other than Narsaiyya's lord came to me!
I woke up all of a sudden from my sleep!

Narsinh Mehta

I Won't Let You Embrace!

I won't let you embrace! I won't let you drink the nectar from my lips!
Why are you so lustful, young one of Nanda?
I won't let you embrace! I won't let you drink the nectar from my lips!

Unstained is the name of our family you will only bring us dishonor,
Beloved of Laxmi, just stay away from me!
I won't let you embrace! I won't let you drink the nectar from my lips!

Once I see you, I feel like relishing you, love, tell me how am I to hold myself
back!
Playing with Narsaiyya's lord, I wish to cross over to the other shore!
I won't let you embrace! I won't let you drink the nectar from my lips!

Narsinh Mehta

I'll Tie You To My Bed With Garland Of Flowers

"I'll tie you to my bed with garland of flowers,
Leaving all my coyness aside!
Then who will dare come to my place to take you away from me?
And what can that enraged rival girl do to me?
I'll tie you to my bed with garland of flowers,
Leaving all my coyness aside!

You are the Lord with garland of wild flowers and I, a delicate flower vine,
If you can't water me, then why, dear
Did you plant me in the first place?
A wasp for the time being can dwell among flowers,
But in lotus, my love, it has to sacrifice even itself!
I'll tie you to my bed with garland of flowers,
Leaving all my coyness aside!

If one truly loves one's beloved,
Then he should hold everything one has at her feet!"
Says Narsaiyyo, "why don't you do something
To calm your ire, gopi!"
"I'll tie you to my bed with garland of flowers,
Leaving all my coyness aside!"

Narsinh Mehta

In Damodar Lake

In Damodar lake, near Girnar hill, Mehtaji frequently took bath.

Poor sweepers full of devotion for Hari approached him

And touched his feet with devotion.

'Great soul, pray come to our place, and singki rt ans with us! ', they prayed.

In Damodar lake, near Girnar hill, Mehtaji frequently took bath.

'So what we too may attain the wealth called Bhakti

And escape the bewildering snares of life and death! '

They joined their hands and implored him.

In Damodar lake, near Girnar hill, Mehtaji frequently took bath.

Seeing them plead, Mehtaji, the kindest of all Vaishnavas,

Was overcome with compassion.

'The love for lord and the bigotry hardly go together,

For all are equal in his eyes.

Purify the place and wait for me,' the generous Vaishnava replied.

In Damodar lake, near Girnar hill, Mehtaji frequently took bath.

Mehta came withpr as ad and spent the whole night celebrating.

In the morning, he sungbhaj ans

And all Vaishnavas' hearts were full of contentment.

In Damodar lake, near Girnar hill, Mehtaji frequently took bath.

Singing Hari's praises on cymbals and drums as he returned home,

TheNagar as mocked him, 'Is this the way abrahmi n behaves? '

In Damodar lake, near Girnar hill, Mehtaji frequently took bath.

But Mehta kept silent, what can you say to unworthy people?

All the men and women of this caste woke up and derided him,

'O what kind of person are you, O Mehta!

In Damodar lake, near Girnar hill, Mehtaji frequently took bath.

You care not for caste, you care not for creed, you care not for discrimination! '

Nevertheless, Narsaiyyo said humbly

'O I have the support of the true Vaishnavas

In Damodar lake, near Girnar hill, Mehtaji frequently took bath.

Narsinh Mehta

In The Middle Of The Night

In the middle of the night, my dear,
The alluring flute resonates in Sri Vrindavan!
Its ravishing melody woke me up from the sound sleep!
It was the ultimate ecstasy of oneness, my dear,
Beyond the state of wakefulness, dream, and deep sleep!
In the middle of the night, my dear,
The alluring flute resonates in Sri Vrindavan!

My mind was purged of trigunas and all the illusions!
In the middle of the night, my dear,
The alluring flute resonates in Sri Vrindavan!

Wherever I cast my eyes, my dear,
I see the pearls of Mukti around!
Wandering around I joyously behold the divine Leela of Narsaiyya's Lord!
In the middle of the night, my dear
The alluring flute resonates in Sri Vrindavan!

Narsinh Mehta

In This Entire Universe, You Alone Exist, Shri Hari,

In this entire universe, you alone exist, Shri Hari,
Yet, in infinite forms you seem to be!
You are the divine in the human flesh,
The fire you become among the elements,
In the void, you become the Word, which the Vedas laud!
In this entire universe, you alone exist, Shri Hari,
Yet, in infinite forms you seem to be!

O Sustainer of the Earth! You are the wind!
You are the water and you are the Earth!
You are also the outstretched tree blossoming in the sky!
In this entire universe, you alone exist, Shri Hari,
Yet, in infinite forms you seem to be!

Only to taste the nectar of being manifold,
You created the jiva and the siva and countless other forms!
In this entire universe, you alone exist, Shri Hari,
Yet, in infinite forms you seem to be!

Ornaments differ not from what they are made,
As the Vedas and other scriptures truly say,
Only their names differ once their forms are cast,
Gold is always gold in the end!
In this entire universe, you alone exist, Shri Hari,
Yet, in infinite forms you seem to be!

But the books messed up this truth and left it unsaid,
So the people worship whatever they like,
With all their hearts, words and deeds,
Thinking what they understand is true.
In this entire universe, you alone exist, Shri Hari,
Yet, in infinite forms you seem to be!

You are the seed in a tree and the tree in a seed,
I see you close just behind the veil,
You will never find him with your mind, says Narsinh,
Love him and he will manifest himself before you!
In this entire universe, you alone exist, Shri Hari,
Yet, in infinite forms you seem to be!

Narsinh Mehta

It's My Beloved Over There At Midnight

It's my beloved over there at midnight,
Playing his mellifluous flute!
Overwhelmed with mad desire I rush
To the rendezvous of Vrindavan!
It's my beloved over there at midnight,
Playing his mellifluous flute!

Regardless of my in-laws reproach,
I put on my ornaments
And I went out to worship my Jadava
And to play ras all night long!
It's my beloved over there at midnight,
Playing his mellifluous flute!

Absolute bliss it was,
I drank the beloved of Laxmi with my eyes to my heart's content!
By beholding Narsaiyya's Lord
I soothed the intense pain of desolation!
It's my beloved over there at midnight
Playing his mellifluous flute!

Narsinh Mehta

It's You, It's You, You Are Looking For

It's you, it's you, you are looking for, just think and experience for yourself!
Why do you roam around in vain!

It's you, it's you, you are looking for, just think and experience for yourself
Having lost at your own game,

you have unknowingly assumed your mortality!

What you think you are, is merely your outward form.

Avoid deception and seek your true self!

It's you, it's you, you are looking for, just think and experience for yourself!

Bewildering is this game and you have remained the same!

Arriving and departing from this world, without loss, without gain!

By being all the things in this entire universe,

Your true self plays this divine game!

It's you, it's you, you are looking for, just think and experience for yourself

Only you were caught in the ebbing tide of self-ignorance,

Only you contemplated on the Self!

With 'Narsinhness', you experienced this game

- you indeed were made for your game!

It's you, it's you, you are looking for, just think and experience for yourself

Narsinh Mehta

Kaanji, Kaanji Is What Everyone Calls You

Kaanji, Kaanji is what everyone calls you,
But we will only call you cowherd!
And if you unjustly accuse us,
We will go and stay at Mathura!
Kaanji, Kaanji is what everyone calls you,
But we will only call you cowherd!
You are only a kid, slurping at the buttermilk!
When we catch hold of your hand,
You are scared out of your wits!
Kaanji, Kaanji is what everyone calls you,
But we will only call you cowherd!
The one whom gods like Brahma and Shanker
And sages like Sukaji attempt to please,
Is tied to a mortar by his mother for stealing butter!
Kaanji, Kaanji is what everyone calls you,
But we will only call you cowherd!
Everybody in the world knows him as a cowherd among his cows,
It is great to attain Narsaiyya's Lord,
The complete and compassionate brahman!
Kaanji, Kaanji is what everyone calls you,
But we will only call you cowherd!

Narsinh Mehta

Kanji Is Drenched In Saffron

Kanji is drenched in saffron, the damsel drenched in deep orange!
Their eyes drenched with love, they wait at the doors of garden!
Who shall we say is more beautiful? The lord if Vraj or his lover?
When we gaze at the best among men-both are equally priceless pearls!
Kanji is drenched in saffron, the damsel drenched in deep orange!
Their eyes drenched with love, they wait at the doors of garden!

With gait full of frolic, they fly into the garden
And lose themselves completely in the limitless celebrations of colors!
Indeed, it is ultimate joy to meet Narsinh's Lord!
Kanji is drenched in saffron, the damsel drenched in deep orange!
Their eyes drenched with love, they wait at the doors of garden!

Narsinh Mehta

Last Night My Lord Went Away Seeing Me Asleep

Last night my lord went away seeing me asleep,
What shall I do now friend, as I could not wake!
He kept his word, but I fell asleep gazing him with adoration!
Last night my lord went away seeing me asleep,
What shall I do now friend, as I could not wake!

Where is Krishna now, dear friend, and will he care for me?
I should go and plead for mercy!
The dark one is considerate; he will surely deign and forgive me;
I should really go and implore!
Last night my lord went away seeing me asleep,
What shall I do now friend, as I could not wake!

'Wake up, girl, and throw off your indolence, for the lord hasn't left yet,
He still waits serenely at the door to test your love!'
'Blessed is Narsaiyya's lord, no doubt today I'll be late to milk the cows!
Last night my lord went away seeing me asleep,
What shall I do now friend, as I could not wake!'

Narsinh Mehta

Leave This River Full Of Lotuses

` Leave this river full of lotuses, child
You might wake up our master fast asleep.
He will definitely not spare you if he wakes
Moreover, the sin of murdering a mere child will be on our heads!
Leave this river full of lotuses, child
You might wake up our master fast asleep!

Tell me, boy, have you lost your way, or has some foe led you astray?
You seem to have run out of your time, dear child
Or else, why would you ever think of coming here?
Leave this river full of lotuses, child
You might wake up our master fast asleep! '

` No I haven't lost my way and no foe can lead me astray,
O consorts of Cobra, back there in Mathura
I just happened to lose your man's head in a friendly bet! '
` Leave this river full of lotuses, child
You might wake up our master fast asleep! '

` You are so cute, so pretty, and irresistible!
Tell us how many children your mother has
So that you are unwanted?
Leave this river full of lotuses, child
You might wake up our master fast asleep!

` I am Natwar, the younger of the two brothers
Go and wake up that snake of yours
I am Krishna- the dark one! '
` Leave this river full of lotuses, child
You might wake up our master fast asleep! '

` Come, come, we will give you garland worth lakhs
We will give you a necklace made of pure gold
Without letting our master know!
Leave this river full of lotuses, child
You might wake up our master fast asleep! '

` What am I to do with that garland of yours?
Pray what is the use of that necklace to me?

And why should you pilfer in your own house, O serpents? '
` Leave this river full of lotuses, child
You might wake up our master fast asleep! '

Distraught they shook up the sleeping master by feet.
They wrenched him by his whiskers in great distress,
` O wake up Master', they said, ` there is a child at our door! '
` Leave this river full of lotuses, child
You might wake up our master fast asleep! '

The two powerful ones were locked in a mortal combat,
In no times Krishna mastered the colossal cobra,
His thousand hoods hissing furiously
Like the thundering lunar constellation in monsoon!
` Leave this river full of lotuses, child
You might wake up our master fast asleep! '

` He will torture our cobra! ' the wives lamented,
` He will take him to Mathura and behead him!
O forgive our husband', they pleaded,
` We ignorant sinners could not recognize you!
` We could not fathom you O Lord! '
` Leave this river full of lotuses, child
You might wake up our master fast asleep! '

They offered pearls in devotion and somehow managed to rescue
Their seized husband from Narsaiyya's Lord!
` Leave this river full of lotuses, child
You might wake up our master fast asleep! '

Narsinh Mehta

Let Go Your Embrace For A While

Let go your embrace for a while and send my lord! I fall at your feet!
Radhika, the jewel incomparable, beloved of Vitthal! I implore!

With your love, you've conquered the invincible, bound the boundless
And are completely in charge of the house
As even the earth, the bearer of the oceans moves around
Seeking your grace!
Let go your embrace for a while and send my lord! I fall at your feet!
Radhika, the jewel incomparable, beloved of Vitthal! I implore!

What's the use of man's love for man?
It's always woman who goes with him best.
In whose maya the whole world is immersed
Hari himself is immersed in Radha's company!
Let go your embrace for a while and send my lord! I fall at your feet!
Radhika, the jewel incomparable, beloved of Vitthal! I implore!

Forsake your vanity, frolicsome girl! For one's pride vanishes in no time!
Says Narsinh, send my lord and the mud will be cleansed,
As the vessel is washed.
Let go your embrace for a while and send my lord! I fall at your feet!
Radhika, the jewel incomparable, beloved of Vitthal! I implore.

Narsinh Mehta

Let Us Not Mind The Happiness...

Let us not mind the happiness and the grief that come our way,
For they are inseparable from our life.
None can evade them, for Lord Raghunath himself has inlaid them!
Let us not mind the happiness and the grief that come our way!

Even an upright man like King Nala, whose wife was Queen Damayanti,
Had to roam half-naked in the forest without food or water.
Let us not mind the happiness and the grief that come our way!

Even the mighty brothers like the Pandavas,
Who had Queen Draupadi for a wife,
Underwent hardships for twelve long and exacting years in the forest Without
even proper sleep.
Let us not mind the happiness and the grief that come our way!

Even a woman as chaste as Sita,
Whose husband was none other than the Lord,
Was abducted by Ravana and subjected to suffer terrible misery,
Let us not mind the happiness or the grief that come our way!

Even the King as powerful as Ravana, who had Mandodari as queen,
Had all his ten heads severed and his great Lanka ravaged!
Let us not mind the happiness and the grief that come our way!

Even a person so righteous as Harishchandra,
Who had Taralochana as his queen,
Had to bear immense agony and serve in a menial caste!
Let us not mind the happiness and the grief that come our way!

Even an ascetic as great as Shiva, who had Parvati for his wife,
Was deceived by a bhil woman and had his austerities disturbed
!Let us not mind the happiness and the grief that comes our way!

When all the gods are in distress,
They remember antaryami, the lord of their hearts,
And indeed are rescued by the Sarangdhar, the bearer of the mighty Saranga
bow, the Narsaiyya's Lord!
Let us not mind the happiness and the grief that come our way!

Let's Go And Play Dear Friend

Let's go and play dear friend; leave aside the churning of curds!
For spring has arrived, forest creepers have blossomed,
Cuckoos sing happily among kadamb trees, mango trees have bloomed
And hanging around every flower are the mischievous bees!
Let's go and play dear friend; leave aside the churning of curds!

Wear these ornaments and necklaces, elephant-gaited one!
How many times to tell you to get started!
We'll kiss the nectarous mouth of our admirer, embrace him, and gambol
Leaving aside all our coyness and shame!
Let's go and play dear friend; leave aside the churning of curds!

We'll capture Hari with love and clasp his joy to our heart
He will run holding our hands with love!
Narsinh too is lost in the ecstasy of revelry
And the days we have lost will return!
Let's go and play dear friend; leave aside the churning of curds!

Narsinh Mehta

Lift Your Veil, Mischievous Girl

Lift your veil, mischievous girl, for Vitthal gazes at your body!
The lotus of your body blooms like the full sixteen-digit moon!
Lift your veil, mischievous girl, for Vitthal gazes at your body!

Your body, fragrant like sandalwood,
Has captured the mind of the Lifter of the mountain!
Lift your veil, mischievous girl, for Vitthal gazes at your body!

While lust has gripped the lustful ones, O what nectar Narsinh enjoys!
Lift your veil, mischievous girl, for Vitthal gazes at your body!

Narsinh Mehta

Listen My Friend! In My Rapt Ecstasy

Listen my friend! In my rapt ecstasy, I saw the matchless one!
You should have seen him; he was sweeter than the nectar of immortality!
The scriptures sing of him as being beyond sight or speech!
Just think, the love of the one called Satchitananda
Exceeds even the nine forms of devotion!
Listen, my friend! In my rapt ecstasy, I saw the matchless one!

The one who cannot be contained in the nine types of Bhakti,
Is contained in mine-the tenth type of Bhakti!
He has that virginal nectar which he offers to his lovers!
Listen my friend! In my rapt ecstasy, I saw the matchless one!

The incomprehensible brahman with his inimitable sports
Is yet changeless from innumerable aeons!
He is hardly accessible to the rigorous austerity and arid rituals
Yet, he is more like your favorite delicacy!
Listen my friend! In my rapt ecstasy, I saw the matchless one!

My beloved is forever constant; he never grows or diminishes!
He appears and departs, but never is he emptied or full!
Listen my friend! In my rapt ecstasy, I saw the matchless one!

Perfect is the bliss of Purushottama and ultimate is his state,
The state beyond the destructible and the indestructible,
Just think of it, dear friend!
Listen my friend! In my rapt ecstasy, I saw the matchless one!

Once you see him, friend, the world of differences will cease!
The troubles forever solved and you will be fearless forever!
It is divine to meet the Narsaiyya's Lord
For my heart is brimming with rapture! Listen, dear friend!
In my rapt ecstasy, I saw the matchless one!

Narsinh Mehta

Listen, My Beautiful One

'Listen, my beautiful one ', says Shri Hari, 'I won't ever leave your place!
There's no girl like you at all with whose garland of flowers

Would I be tied!

'Listen, my beautiful one!' says Shri Hari, 'I won't ever leave your place!'

I am the lord with garland of creepers and you, a delicate flower vine,
I will water you with the nectar of my eyes,
With love will I enclose you and tend you
Holding you in my strong arms!

'Listen, my beautiful one!' says Shri Hari, 'I won't ever leave your place!'

How lucky you are, my lovely one, and how fortunate!
Is it because you have mastered some magic charm,
That I, who can untie the bonds of the fourteen worlds,
Am tied with your garland of flowers?

'Listen my beautiful one,' says Shri Hari, 'I won't ever leave your place!'

I plead, proud one, please comply!
Never ever will I leave your place, I swear!
Narsaiyya's Lord, brave and gallant
Passionately indulged in the battle of Love!

'Listen my beautiful one, ' says Shri Hari, 'I won't ever leave your place!'

Narsinh Mehta

Little Hari, My Cute One

Little Hari, my cute one, don't you know the secret?
Can't you understand such small thing?
Why do you hug me in front of these mean people?
Little Hari, my cute one, don't you know the secret?

I am still so young and yet you occupy my heart!
Don't you have any morals?
You tug at the sari of someone's wife the first thing in the morning!
Little Hari, my cute one, don't you know the secret?

A few rare ones know that solitude is best
For the union with Hari or humans!
The whole world drops away in meeting Narsaiyya's Lord!
Little Hari, my cute one, don't you know the secret?

Narsinh Mehta

Look, Who Is Roving In The Sky!

Look, who is roving in the sky!
I am he, I am he, the echoing word replies!
At the feet of the dark one, I wish to die
For simply matchless is my beloved Krishna!
Look, who is roving in the sky!
I am he, I am he, the echoing word replies!

So unfathomable is the mystery of his dark beauty,
You lose your way in the eternity of celebration!
As you clutch at the love's life-giving roots
Both the living and the lifeless become ambrosia of immortality!
Look, who is roving in the sky!
I am he, I am he, the echoing word replies!

Where the brilliant flame with effulgence of million suns is lit
Which pales even the brilliance of gold,
There Satchitananda frolics in joy
Happily swinging in the glorious cradle of gold!
Look, who is roving in the sky!
I am he, I am he, the echoing word replies!

Without wick, without oil, without thread,
Shines perpetually, the immaculate Flame!
See him without eyes; make out the one who is without form;
Enjoy the nectar without tongue!
Look, who is roving in the sky!
I am he, I am he, the echoing word replies!

He is unknowable, imperishable; he is everywhere,
Narsaiyya's lord has encompassed all
Yet he is snared by saints in the subtle strings of love!
Look, who is roving in the sky!
I am he, I am he, the echoing word replies!

Narsinh Mehta

Ma! The Dark Cobra With Pearl

Ma! The dark cobra with pearl, my Kanha has stung my being!
My life rolls away in waves, someone retrieve it for me please!
Don't give me medicines, Ma; don't summon the medicine man,
Deliver me to Govind, my charmer, in Gokul!

Ma! The dark cobra with pearl, my Kanha has stung my being!
My life rolls away in waves, someone retrieve it for me please!

The snakebite seems fatal, thought the charmer aloud,
It is well for Narsinh to attain his lord; the charmer removed the poison from the
girl's body.

Ma! The dark cobra with pearl, my Kanha has stung my being!
My life rolls away in waves, someone retrieve it for me please!

Narsinh Mehta

Meditate! Meditate On Hari

Meditate! Meditate on Hari, O dimwitted sloth,
So that the misery of the innumerable births is allayed!
For, doing other mundane things is simply futile
As the Death, baiting you with delusions will carry you away!
Meditate! Meditate on Hari, O dimwitted sloth!

Only at the feet of Sri Hari is our total well being!
Surrender to him and happiness will know no bounds!
Stop doing other useless things and recite His Name!
Meditate! Meditate on Hari, O dimwitted sloth!

Forsake the delusions of Maya and rest near Hari's feet!
Be not confused for such indeed is the truth!
The palace of Hope ascends to the sky
But O fool! See how vulnerable are its walls!
Meditate! Meditate on Hari, O dimwitted sloth!

O vitality and youth have left the body
All that remains is white haired skeleton of a ghost now!
Yet, you don't remember Sri Hari's name!
O beware, O beware for momentary is this Game,
You have to win entire kingdom before the lemon
Playfully tossed up touches the ground!
Meditate! Meditate on Hari, O dimwitted sloth!

O divine are the qualities of Hari, whoever follows them
Surely attains everlasting fame in this world!
O Narsaiyya the pauper truly loves his Lord
For no other deed is as valuable as this!
O meditate! O meditate on Hari, O dimwitted sloth!

Narsinh Mehta

Meditate, Meditate, The Lord Is In Your Eye

Meditate, meditate, the lord is in your eye,
As a divine ecstasy in your inner forehead.
In person, he will touch you with love,
His wonderful face with incomparable eyes!
Meditate, meditate, the lord is in your eye,
As a divine ecstasy in your inner forehead.

The mind will be gladdened, the past deeds will flee,
And this earth will seem like the woods of Vraj,
Where beneath the bowers, Krishna sports,
as his wonderful companions look on!
Meditate, meditate, the lord is in your eye,
as a divine ecstasy in your inner forehead.

In the music of the haunting flute, with savour of the song, the cymbals, and the
gong, ring in ecstasy,
In the beating of mridangam, in the beating of the drums, in the strains of
shenai, the brahman plays!
Meditate, meditate, the lord is in your eye, as a divine ecstasy in your inner
forehead.
If you sing him, you will see him in person, sporting amorously.
All the bliss, will Narsaiyya's lord give you
And your ill deeds will vanish as you meditate.
Meditate, meditate, the lord is in your eye,
as a divine ecstasy in your inner forehead.

Narsinh Mehta

My Beautiful Dark One

My beautiful dark one, I `d sacrifice everything for your playfulness!
Playfully you grazed the cows at Gokul,
And playfully you played your melodious flute!
Playfully you consumed the forest fire
And playfully you slew fierce Kamsa!
My beautiful dark one, I `d give up everything for your playfulness!

Playfully you lifted up Goverdhan Mount,
And playfully you tucked your garment at the waist!
Playfully you entered the waters of Jamuna
And playfully you bridled the terrible Kaliya!
My beautiful dark one, I`d sacrifice everything for your playfulness!

Playfully in the form of Vamana you approached emperor Bali
And playfully demanded the Earth,
Only to push him into the nether worlds!
My beautiful dark one, I`d sacrifice everything for your playfulness

Playfully you became king Rama
And obeyed your father`s wishes
And playfully you slew evil Ravana to bring beloved Sita back!
My beautiful dark one, I`d sacrifice everything for your playfulness!

Indeed, in countless ways do you play!
Playfully one meets Narsaiyya`s lord, walking around with a playful gait!
My beautiful dark one, I`d sacrifice everything for your playfulness!

Narsinh Mehta

My Fruit-Like Breasts Are Your Possessions, My Love

My fruit-like breasts are your possessions, my love
How can they be offered to anyone else?
Come once to my home and I will tell you more, by dear admirer!
My fruit-like breasts are your possessions, my love
How can they be offered to anyone else?

My youth is forsaking me
If you don't come which man will I enjoy?
My fruit-like breasts are your possessions, my love
How can they be offered to anyone else?

I have seen many admirers on this earth,
But there is none like you Narsinh's Lord, sweeter than the nectar of immortality!
My fruit-like breasts are your possessions, my love
How can they be offered to anyone else?

Narsinh Mehta

My Lord, Embrace Me Deeply

My lord, embrace me deeply, and soothe my heart.
Take me in your fond embrace I'll offer you my body, young and tender.
Come and make love to me, my love, I'll clasp you firmly.
My lord, embrace me deeply, and soothe my heart.

The bliss not found in the heaven or Vaikunth is in his embrace,
In going to meet Narsinh's Lord in forest!
My lord, embrace me deeply, and soothe my heart.

Narsinh Mehta

No One Understands My State

No one understands my state; they think I've been possessed!
In fact, dear friend It'll be me who'll possess Krishna today
And spend the beautiful night with him!
No one understands my state; they think I've been possessed!

Anxiously my in-laws inquire and call for doctors of all sorts!
Only when Narsaiyya's lord comes to make love to me,
Will I be cured of the fever!
No one understands my state; they think I've been possessed!

Narsinh Mehta

O Mind, Acquire The Greatest Treasure

O Mind, acquire the greatest treasure, the jewel invaluable!
Hoard the fortune and amass the essence,
Which fulfills all your desires!

No thief can steal it; no fire can burn it
No cheat can rob you of it!
It accompanies you even after you pass away
It saves you at the final hour!
O Mind, acquire the greatest treasure, the jewel invaluable!

Great is the glory of the Wealth which sages like Shuka and Sanak know!
By Krishna's grace, Nagar Narsinh follows something of it and praises it!
O Mind, acquire the greatest treasure, the jewel invaluable!

Narsinh Mehta

O Saints, We Are The Traders Of Rama's Name!

O saints, we are the traders of Rama's name!
Merchants from distant villages come to us
O saints, we are the traders of Rama's name!

Our goods happen to be modest and suit everyone's taste;
All castes come to us for purchase.
O saints, we are the traders of Rama's name!

Limitless are our assets; why should we deal merely in millions or billions?
It is pure musk, buy it if you want -its a sure bargain!
O saints, we are the traders of Rama's name!

To enter the name of Laxmi's beloved in the ledger
And jot down the name of Chaturbhuj in a chit - that's Narsaiyya's job!
O saints, we are the traders in Rama's name!

Narsinh Mehta

O Today It's Diwali!

O today it's Diwali! O it's the Festival of Lights for me!
For the Lord with garland of wild flowers, at last, has come to me!
He invites me and soothes the searing desolation of so many days!
O today it's Diwali! O it's the Festival of Lights for me!
For the Lord with garland of wild flowers, at last, has come to me!

Light, O Light the brilliant lamps! Draw rangoli with exquisite pearls!
Sing, O sing the auspicious hymns, sweet proud girls,
And beat, beat the festive drums,
For today is Diwali! O it's the Festival of Lights for me!
For the Lord with garland of wild flowers, at last, has come to me!

A wonderful crown graces his head,
An exquisite necklace of champa flowers graces his neck,
His cheeks stuffed with red betel leaves!
And dressed in beautiful yellow garment,
He exudes alluring perfumes of sandalwood!
O today it's Diwali! O it's the festival of lights for me!
For the Lord with garland of wild flowers, at last, has come to me!

Because of you, we are not orphans, O Lord!
Can we ever sing your praises enough?
Just don't go away, Narsaiyya's lord, that's all I ask!
O today it's Diwali! O it's the Festival of Lights for me!
For the Lord with garland of wild flowers, at last, has come to me!

Narsinh Mehta

O Torchbearer Is Narsaiyyo!

O torchbearer is Narsaiyyo! Torchbearer of Hari!
With mind brimming with deep love
And nectar on his tongue,
O torchbearer is Narsaiyyo! Torchbearer of Hari!

A group of girls, overflowing with ecstasy
And dancing in circle with abandon;
Some clap while some warble sweetly,
O torchbearer is Narsaiyyo! Torchbearer of Hari!

The girls enjoy the very thing they so relish,
And their glances are playful and inviting,
In such an engrossing moment,
Narsaiyya's manliness has vanished!
O torchbearer is Narsaiyyo! Torchbearer of Hari!

Narsinh Mehta

One Who Feels Others Grief As His Own

One who feels others grief as his own,
Who obliges others in distress
Without being swollen with pride,
He alone can be called a Vaishnava!

Humbly he bows before everyone in the world
And indeed he scorns none.
He is ever resolute in his words,
Deeds and mind - Glory be to his mother!
For he alone is a true Vaishnava!

He views everyone with equal eyes;
He has relinquished the tormenting thirst
And looks upon another's woman
As his own mother!
He alone can be called a Vaishnava!

His tongue never utters a false word,
Never does he covet another's wealth.
One who feels others grief as his own
He alone can be called a Vaishnava!

Maya never overpowers him
And the spirit of renunciation is ever firm in his mind.
He is forever rapt in chanting Rama Nama
All the pilgrimages reside within him.
He alone can be called a Vaishnava!

He is without greed or cunning.
He has abandoned lust and wrath.
Says Narsinh, mere sight of such a man is enough
To liberate seventy and one generations of your kin!
He alone can be called a Vaishnava!

Narsinh Mehta

Only A Few Truly Know...

Only a few truly know, dear, the nectar of Hari,
The rest are merely full of pride!
The true Vaishnava always treads the path of love
And true adoration for Hari.
True saints know the true virtues, dear, and attain endless bliss.
Only a few truly know, dear, the nectar of Hari.

Hari loves only those who are loved by his people, dear,
Rest is all deception and waste!
Only a few truly know, dear, the nectar of Hari

Where his people are content, dear, there he resides - Sri Gopal himself!
Only his eternal leela is true, rest is all falsehood!
Only a few truly know, dear, the nectar of Hari

Narsinh Mehta

Only Because I Truly Exist, You Exist!

Only because I truly exist, you exist! Without me, you cannot be!
You will exist only as long as I exist!
If I no longer exist, you too will cease to be, and become ineffable,
For who will name you if I cease to be?

So long as saguna exists, nirguna remains
Says my satguru; When saguna leaves, nirguna ceases too.
This is the ineffable state of complete bliss!
Only because I truly exist, you exist! Without me, you cannot be!
You will exist only as long as I exist!

The same is true of Jiva and Siva
As long as Jiva remains, Siva remains,
When Jiva ceases to be, Siva too simply cannot be.
With this ceases the conflict of contrasting appellations!
Only because I truly exist, you exist! Without me, you cannot be!
You will exist only as long as I exist!

As salt dissolves in water, my name will dissolve in you,
Thus, says Mehta Narsinh, the thinker,
Who is none other than what he thinks of,
Will be one with the object of his thought!
Only because I truly exist, you exist! Without me, you cannot be!
You will exist only as long as I exist!

Narsinh Mehta

Passing For The Wise And Faking Wisdom

Passing for the wise and faking wisdom,
The fools have arrived to preach!
Disrupting our devotion and flaunting their ignorance
The fools have arrived to preach!

'None in our kin ever did this, so why should we?
Why play a saint, put tilak or worship tulsi?' they ask.
Passing for the wise and faking wisdom,
The fools have arrived to preach!

'It's the vulgar who sing Hari's praise, why should we?
We won't ever go to the place where they sing Krishna's praises!'
Passing for the wise and faking wisdom,
The fools have arrived to preach!

They overflow with vices and yet they preach,
When Death comes to castigate you,
Who will come to your rescue?
Passing for the wise and faking wisdom,
The fools have arrived to preach!

Only he who renounces his family
And bears the derision of the world will meet Hari!
Says Narsaiyyo; this priceless morning will flow away
In some futile gibberish!
Passing for the wise and faking wisdom, the fools have arrived to preach!

Narsinh Mehta

Play 'Raas' With Us Love

'Play raas with us love,
Play your sweet flute to us!'
'More alluring is Vrindavan than Vaikunth, show it to us, love.
Play raas with us love,
Play your sweet flute to us!'

On the banks of Jamuna, Jadava plays his honeyed flute,
The gopis slip away, seduced by the sound,
Leaving their crying kids behind.
'Play raas with us love,
Play your sweet flute to us!'

With corrylium in her eyes, she goes to fulfill her promise;
But she has dressed herself all wrong, with anklets in ears.
'Play raas with us love,
Play your sweet flute to us!'

His enchanting face she lovingly eyes, takes his hands in hers,
She offers him everything she has!
'Play raas with us love,
Play your sweet flute to us!'

Enchanting are the woods of Vrindavan in full autumnal moon.
Red, the color of passion decorates her limbs
The girl looks so enchantingly different!
'Play raas with us love,
Play your sweet flute to us!'

One girl laughs, one claps and other excitedly sprinkles vermilion.
Where Radha and Madhav play raas it is pure joy unbound.
'Play raas with us love,
Play your sweet flute to us!'

One who sings or hears this Radha Mohan Raas,
Will attain Vaikunth, the abode of bliss, says Narsinh, His servant
'Play raas with us love!
Play your sweet flute to us!'

Pointless It Is To Lament

Pointless it is to lament,
For it's always the wish of the lord of the universe,
The world teacher that prevails!
Never is it as we wish it to be.
One who knows this is finally saved.
Pointless it is to lament!

To think that one is the real doer of the deeds
Is sheer ignorance
Like that of a dog trotting under the cart
And thinking that he is carrying the burden!
Indeed whole cosmos is ordered like this
Only a handful of yogis and seers know something of this!
Pointless it is to lament!

One will never grieve
If this Knowledge is born in him
For by killing Ignorance, his real Foe,
He can have only friends!
Be it a prince or a pauper
His royal cover shelters all!
One foolishly worries what is in store for him,
Vines, leaves and fruits grow spontaneously and on their own!
Pointless it is to lament!

The mundane pleasures are mere delusions
Nothing but Krishna is true!
Says Narsaiyyo, I pray with all my heart,
That I would be able to love Hari
In all my births to come!
Pointless it is to lament
For always, it's the wish of the lord of the universe
The world teacher that prevails!

Narsinh Mehta

Ravishing Is Her Youth Dear

Ravishing is her youth dear, for she has ensnared the lord of Yadus!
In the bed, rapturously she took him on her breast.
Ravishing is her youth dear, for she has ensnared the lord of Yadus!

Unrestrained, she was with the dark one at amorous play!
In inner union, she tasted the nectar of his lips.
Ravishing is her youth dear, for she has ensnared the lord of Yadus!

Never does he leave his love alone, wherever she looks he is always there!
Says Narsinh, by whom the lord stands by has no fear in the life.
Ravishing is her youth dear, for she has ensnared the lord of Yadus!

Narsinh Mehta

Recite O Parrot King Rama's Name!

Recite O parrot King Rama's name! Sati Sita instructs.
Dangling the cage near her, she makes him rehearse.

' I will have green bamboo shoots fetched,
I will make a pretty cage and deck it with exquisite jewels!
Recite O parrot King Rama's name!' Sati Sita instructs.

O parrot! I will have delicious bread crumble made for you
And I will serve you with sugar and ghee!
What else, O parrot will I order for you?
Recite O parrot King Rama's name!' Sati Sita instructs.

Yellow are his wings, pale his feet and a black band decks his throat
O with his own little tune, he worships Narsaiyya's Lord!
Recite O parrot King Rama's name! Sati Sita instructs.

Narsinh Mehta

Saints, We Are The Traders Of Rama's Name!

Saints, we are the traders of Rama's name!
Merchants from distant villages come to us
Saints, we are the traders of Rama's name!

Our goods happen to be modest and to everyone's taste;
All castes come to us for purchase.
Saints, we are the traders of Rama's name!

Unlimited are our assets;
Why should we deal merely in millions or billions?
It is pure musk, buy it if you want-its sure bargain!
Saints, we are the traders of Rama's name!

To enter the name of Laxmi's beloved in the ledger
And jot down the name of Chaturbhuj in a chit - that's Narsaiyya's job!
Saints, we are the traders in Rama's name!

Narsinh Mehta

Serve Me The Draught Of Love's Ambrosia

Serve me the draught of love's ambrosia
One bedecked with peacock feathers!
This futile threshing of arid philosophies tastes so insipid!
These emaciated cattle crave merely the dry husk,
They pine not for the ultimate liberation!
Serve me the draught of love's ambrosia
One bedecked with peacock feathers!

Parikshit could not grasp the secret of Love,
Sukaji knowingly hid this flavor of love,
And wrote the book with penance and austerity,
Showing us the royal road to liberation!
Serve me the draught of love's ambrosia
One bedecked with peacock feathers!

You killed and emancipated many demons,
Released countless saints and yogis,
Your love also possessed the gopis of Vraj
And even your true devotee, the rare connoisseur!
Serve me the draught of love's ambrosia!
One bedecked with peacock feathers!

Most endearing is the way of love
For the lovelorn beings can be quenched only by love!
By singing his sweet exploits
The vessel sets a sail brimming with the ultimate joy!
Serve me the draught of love's ambrosia
One bedecked with peacock feathers!

I have grasped the Gopinath's glorious hand
And nothing tastes as sweet!
Narsaiyyo yearns for this way and the knowledge of love
Which the monks or Satis could never dream of!
Serve me the draught of Love's ambrosia
One bedecked with peacock feathers!

Narsinh Mehta

She Plays With The Dark One

She plays with the dark one, her sweet anklets chime.
In full bloom of her youth, she goes to meet Mohan
Maddened with desire!
She plays with the dark one, her sweet anklets chime.

She looks gorgeous in her ravishing blue garments
She has the gait of a swan in her walk
Her choli firm on her breasts
Threatens the honor even of adept!
She plays with the dark one, her sweet anklets chime.

Teeming with immense love, she approaches the bed
Puts her pretty arms tenderly around his neck
Lightly Narsaiyya's lord takes her close to his chest
And with unlimited joy she celebrates the night!
She plays with the dark one, her sweet anklets chime.

Narsinh Mehta

Someone Silence That Bird

Someone silence that bird; he doesn't leave me alone!
He is sent by the Creator himself
To shoot the arrows of desolation at me!
Someone silence that bird; he doesn't leave me alone!

His cry is so beautiful, he cries in the middle of the night
He is no songster; he is a wicked bird
Who kills even those who are already dying!
Someone silence that bird; he doesn't leave me alone!

It is already dark night, and on top of it, the lightening flashes!
The heart of the maiden separated from her love sinks.
Someone silence that bird; he doesn't leave me alone!

How shall the night pass when the chataka is singing?
And what will happen if the dawn passes away too
Without Narsaiyya's lord?
Someone silence that bird; he doesn't leave me alone!

Narsinh Mehta

Sweet Flute, Tell Us What Austerities Have You Performed?

Sweet flute, tell us what austerities have you performed?
You play on his lips and resonate in the forests
Stealing our hearts!

All night long, you rejoice with him and he never puts you aside
Like a ruthless arrow, you run through our hearts!
Sweet flute, tell us what austerities have you performed?
You play on his lips and resonate in the forests
Stealing our hearts!

From you our beloved gets all the witchcraft he needs!
Says Narsinh, how you become daring
And seduce all those lovely proud girls!
Sweet flute, tell us what austerities have you performed?
You play on his lips and resonate in the forests
Stealing our hearts!

Narsinh Mehta

Tell Me Truly, My Dark Beloved

Tell me truly, my dark beloved,
To which lovely girl were you making love?
O my wild beloved, disheveled are your clothes and eyes are weary with sleep!
Tell me truly, my dark beloved,
To which lovely girl were you making love?

Bedecked brilliantly like the constellations sparkling in the sky,
My matchless one, why come to me when you sleep with someone else?
Tell me truly, my dark beloved,
To which lovely girl were you making love?

Useless it is to argue with the lustful, says Radha,
O Narsaiyya's lord, what is your game behind all this?
Tell me truly, my dark beloved,
To which lovely girl were you making love?

Narsinh Mehta

The Arrow Of Desire Has Pierced My Heart!

The arrow of desire has pierced my heart!
I kept awake whole night, friend, weeping miserably!
I wait for him, here in the courtyard for a moment
For a moment there at the temple
Or on the veranda desolately!
To whom but to my love, can I speak my heart, friend!
The arrow of desire has pierced my heart!

If my love arrives now, how will I contain the sheer joy?
Passionately will I clasp the Narsaiyya's lord to my heart, dear friend!
The arrow of desire has pierced my heart!
I kept awake whole night, friend, weeping miserably!

Narsinh Mehta

The Bliss Of My Lord's Closeness

The bliss of my lord's closeness lasted as long as the night.
Then it vanished, my lord's bliss, when my arch enemy-the Sun did rise.
I became indistinguishable from the light, and in no time,
my beloved too was gone.

In tracing his footsteps, in searching him, I lost myself.
The bliss of my lord's closeness lasted as long as the night.
Then it vanished, my lord's bliss, when my arch enemy-the Sun did rise.

In this seemingly strange play, my eyes turned inwards
I left my small selfhood as I lay utterly vanquished.
The words can't express this experience, which the scriptures call Ineffable.
The bliss of my lord's closeness lasted as long as the night.
Then it vanished, my lord's bliss, when my arch enemy-the Sun did rise.

No one seems to believe the wonder of what I say,
but those who have attained this state know it well.
The sea of Being is of absolute Oneness, and Narsinh relishes it enrapt.
The bliss of my lord's closeness lasted as long as the night.
Then it vanished, my lord's bliss, when my arch enemy-the Sun did rise.

Narsinh Mehta

The Dark One Came Stealthily Last Night

The dark one came stealthily last night
Playing the enchanting 'raga bhairav' on flute,
At the break of day.
The dark one came stealthily last night!

I had vowed never to speak to him again when I slept
But I found my feet tapping to the tune
And opened the doors to let him in!
The dark one came stealthily last night

O what great austerities has this caste of cowherds performed
That with gopika's captivating words'
Narsaiyya's lord, no less, is charmed!
The dark one came stealthily last night
Playing the enchanting 'raga bhairav' on flute,
At the break of day.

Narsinh Mehta

The Dark One Turned To Gaze The Moonlike Face...

The dark one turned to gaze the moonlike face of the jewel among beauties,
Their eyes met, their desolation ended, the lord pleaded
And took the other half of his self close to him.

Putting her arms around him, the girl with a ravishing face said,
'Thou art my life,'

The lord replied,

'Thou art my embellishment, my garland,
In thee alone am I absorbed and thou alone sway my soul.'

The dark one turned to gaze the moonlike face of the jewel among beauties,
Their eyes met, their desolation ended, the lord pleaded
And took the other half of his self close to him.

'Thou art forever beloved of my very breath, gorgeous one,
My pride, my fawn-eyed girl, I promise thee
Even if we do not see each other,
Your reflection will forever be in my heart.'

The dark one turned to gaze the moonlike face of the jewel among beauties,
Their eyes met, their desolation ended, the lord pleaded
And took the other half of his self close to him.

Blessed is this beautiful girl, the most desirable,
Whom Krishna himself praises,
The very Godhead on whom the likes of Shiva and Virancha meditate,
Narsaiyya's Lord is the ocean of bliss, is indeed praising himself!

Narsinh Mehta

The Flute Resonates Today!

The flute resonates today! The flute resonates today!
The women dance with the lord, dance, and sing as they play!
The flute resonates today!

The sound of clapping, the sound of drumming,
The harmony of the jingling anklets unbound!
Mohan is with the women, ravishing and proud,
Their ringing bells, and their melodious sound!
The flute resonates today!

Rapt, oblivious, and absorbed in each other as they happily play!
Says Narsaiyyo, unbound is the joy of the ras players,
As tumultuous love comes down in showers!
The flute resonates today! The flute resonates today!

Narsinh Mehta

The Naive Milkmaid Goes Around Selling Hari!

The naive milkmaid goes around selling Hari!
In her little pot, she has put the sweetheart of sixteen thousand gopis!
She is selling the only refuge of the helpless!
'Anyone to buy my Murari? 'In every street she cries.
The naive milkmaid goes around selling Hari!

When the pot was opened, they heard the marvelous flute
And as they saw the face, the women of Vraj swooned at the sight!
The naive milkmaid goes around selling Hari!

Even gods like Indra and Brahma watch with wonder
For they see the Lord of fourteen worlds in that little pot!
The naive milkmaid goes around selling Hari!

The milkmaids are so fortunate to have the lord of their heart with them;
Indeed, Narsaiyya's lord pampers and spoils his servants!
The naive milkmaid goes around selling Hari!

Narsinh Mehta

The Sap Of The Earth Has Spread Through The Branches

The sap of the earth has spread through the branches,
The god of love in the eyes has come to dwell...!
Filling the breasts with voluptuous love to brim,
The connoisseur, the Master of the god of pleasures has indeed arrived!
The sap of the earth has spread through the branches,
The god of love in the eyes has come to dwell...!

He has turned things topsy -turvy, this lord with the garland of flowers,
The one with incomparable might, the sweet ambrosia of the entire universe
He has conferred upon this girl!
The sap of the earth has spread through the branches
The god of love in the eyes has come to dwell...!

Amazing strength he has given to this frail woman
While cowardice he has reserved for the most manly of men
Upon her, he has conferred the laughter of the forest creepers
And the music of koel s has he put in her voice.
The sap of the earth has spread through the branches
The god of love in the eyes has come to dwell...!

Yoga and austerities has he reserved for the detached yogis
But sheer enjoyment has he in store only for his lovers.
Penance and rituals he has reserved for the insensitive ones
But the joy of singing our lord's praises, he has kept for Narsinh!
The sap of the earth has spread through the branches
The god of love in the eyes has come to dwell...!

Narsinh Mehta

The Sap Of The Earth Has Spread Through The Branches

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The sap of the earth has spread through the branches,
The god of love in the eyes has come to dwell...!

He has turned things bottom side up, this lord with the garland of flowers,
The one with incomparable might, he has conferred upon this girl
The sweet ambrosia of the entire universe!
The sap of the earth has spread through the branches
The god of love in the eyes has come to dwell...!

Amazing strength he has given to this frail woman
While cowardice he has reserved for the most manly of men
Upon her, he has conferred the laughter of the forest creepers
And in her voice he has put the music of koels!
The sap of the earth has spread through the branches
The god of love in the eyes has come to dwell...!

He may have reserved Yoga and austerities for the detached yogis
But the sheer enjoyment he has in store only for his lovers.
Penance and rituals he has reserved for the insensitive ones
But the joy of singing our lord's praises, he has kept for Narsinh!
The sap of the earth has spread through the branches
The god of love in the eyes has come to dwell...!

Narsinh Mehta

The Sea Of Ecstasy Has Ebbed And Gone, Dear Friend

The sea of ecstasy has ebbed and gone, dear friend
The ocean of sorrow floods and overwhelms.
How shall we, the weak survive, now that you have forsaken us?
The sea of ecstasy has ebbed and gone, dear friend
The ocean of sorrow floods and overwhelms.

Friend now that he has left nothing remains; he has taken everything.
The sea of ecstasy has ebbed and gone, dear friend
The ocean of sorrow floods and overwhelms.

We didn't hold out our palav in complete surrender then,
Now what is the point of rubbing our hands in vain?
The sea of ecstasy has ebbed and gone, dear friend
The ocean of sorrow floods and overwhelms.

He knows not our pains, and he has broken all the bonds of childhood love,
He has broken all the bonds of affection; Hari-O that dandy has betrayed us!
The sea of ecstasy has ebbed and gone, dear friend
The ocean of sorrow floods and overwhelms.

You can explain things to a stupid man,
But how can you deal with the experienced ones, my love?
Separated from you I roam aimlessly, O Trikramji!
Don't abandon us like this!
The sea of ecstasy has ebbed and gone, dear friend
The ocean of sorrow floods and overwhelms.

Gopis have become mad for Govind, ` Do return home O beloved of Laxmi! '
What shall I say, dear friend, to Narsaiyya's Lord?
Only that, please understand the plight of your lovers!
The sea of ecstasy has ebbed and gone, dear friend
The ocean of sorrow floods and overwhelms.

Narsinh Mehta

This Cute Little Gokul

This cute little Gokul, my beloved has made it into Vaikunth!
He pampers his devotees here and gives unlimited joy to the Gopis!

He, who cannot be grasped by all the philosophies,
And never appears even before the greatest of sages,
Churns buttermilk at Nanda's place
And grazes cows in the Vrindavan woods!
This cute little Gokul, my lord has made it into Vaikunth!

My beloved, the ultimate indestructible brahman,
serves here all on his own
And stands naked in front of the Gopis pleading for butter!
This cute little Gokul, my beloved has made it into Vaikunth!

Narsaiyya's lord, who is beyond reach even of gods
And who even Lord Shanker serves,
Gives himself unto his devotees,
So that even the ultimate liberation becomes their maidservant!
This cute little Gokul, my beloved has made it into Vaikunth!

Narsinh Mehta

This Dark Night- My Enemy

This dark night- my enemy, has flowed away,
The dazzling mystic Sun is up in the sky!
The three worlds now lay open before me,
The engulfing deluge of Maya is finally allayed!
This dark night- my enemy, has flowed away,
The dazzling mystic Sun is up in the sky!

Pretty friend, all my limbs are wide-awake
To behold the irresistible Master of all Yogis!
Millions of gods of love are surging with the winds
O I have seen the God of gods!
This dark night- my enemy, has flowed away,
The dazzling mystic Sun is up in the sky!

Innumerable lotuses have bloomed
O how the imprisoned wasp is ultimately freed!
I have met the Narsaiyya's Lord over there
He has filled me with absolute contentment!
This dark night- my enemy, has flowed away,
The dazzling mystic Sun is up in the sky!

Narsinh Mehta

This Is How I Bewitched Him

This is how I bewitched him, friend, I rolled over him in our love play!
'No, no!' cried he as he tried to flee, and he cried out for his mother!
But I clasped him passionately to my breasts!
This is how I bewitched him, friend, I rolled over him in our love play!

I drank his eyes with my eyes, his lips with mine,
I drank him as if he was the elixir of Immortality!
Amorously, I took him on my breasts
I enjoyed myself doing what he wanted me to do!
This is how I bewitched him, friend, I rolled over him in our love play!

Playing ecstatically with the Narsaiyya's Lord
I could hardly make out the world around me!
This is how I bewitched him, friend, I rolled over him in our love play!

Narsinh Mehta

This Is Not The Way To Find The Essence Of Truth

This is not the way to find the essence of truth, O Pundits!
Even with all these heaps of bookish learning,
You won't fathom it at all without being truly pure!
This is not the way to find the essence of truth, O Pundits!
You won't fathom it at all without being truly pure!
You go for dry empty husk and cast away the grains!
One cannot appease hunger by mere dry chaff!
This is not the way to find the essence of truth, O Pundits!

Indulging in sensual pleasures,
you weave the cloth of your own debasement!
Everyone merely wallows in wagging tongue!
In all this verbiage, your heart is still untouched!
Casting off the grand clothes of the true knowledge, you go for the rags!
This is not the way to find the essence of truth, O Pundits!

Piles of pedantic phrases you may have hoarded;
Grandiloquence of many kinds you may have mastered
And many kinds of stuffy philosophies you may parrot;
But still you are immersed in the mundane world
And the egoism still rules your mind-
O innumerable aeons have flowed away in this way!
This is not the way to find the essence of truth, O Pundits!

Indeed, you have mastered the scriptures and the like
Yet you stumble in the darkness of the night
Wandering like blind among the thorns!
I have known this subtle Truth, says Narsaiyo, I have sung it here! This way you
won't find the essence of truth, O Pundits!

Narsinh Mehta

Today Kanuda My Darling, Has Deserted Me!

'Today Kanuda my darling, has deserted me!'
Radha's necklace he has given to Rukmini!
In every street, I cry in every house, I search,
But it was in Queen Rukmini's palace that I found my pearls!
'Today Kanuda my darling, has deserted me!'
Radha's necklace he has given to Rukmini!

If I had been awake, I wouldn't have let him steal
But unfortunately I was in the grip of arch-enemy-the sleep!
I woke up weeping for Hari
'Today Kanuda my darling, has deserted me!'
Radha's necklace he has given to Rukmini!
I will blow the bellows and fire the earthen pot, I swear!
I will even call sage Narada for the sake of my necklace!
'Today Kanuda my darling, has deserted me!'
Radha's necklace he has given to Rukmini!

Radha was filled with rage; her eyes were filled with angry tears.'
Give back my necklace, dear Hari, else I will die!'
'Today Kanuda my darling, has deserted me!'
Radha's necklace he has given to Rukmini!

Platefuls of pearls were brought
And the unpierced pearls were strung together!
It is good to attain Narsaiyya's lord, for he alone can comfort angry Radha.
'Today Kanuda my darling, has deserted me!'
Radha's necklace he has given to Rukmini

Narsinh Mehta

True Fulfillment Of My Birth

True fulfillment of my birth is in loving my beloved forever!
Never with dry rituals and harsh austerities
Would I torture my tender body!
All the time I'd play the games of love with my beloved!
True fulfillment of my birth is in loving my beloved forever!

When the final liberation waits on me like a menial servant,
Why should I worship someone else?
True fulfillment of my birth is in loving my beloved forever!

In all our births to come we will ever be your servants!
And the divinest of Narsaiyya's lord we will sing forever!
True fulfillment of my birth is in loving my beloved forever!

Narsinh Mehta

Unless And Until You Have Grasped The Essence Of The Self

Unless and until you have grasped the essence of the Self
Vain are all your efforts and like unseasonal rains,
You have wasted your human birth.

So what if you have taken a holy bath
Or offered twilight prayers and worship?
So what if you have stayed at home and given alms?
So what if you keep matted locks and smear ashes?
So what if you have plucked hair on your head?
Unless and until you have grasped the essence of the Self
Vain are all your efforts and like unseasonal rains,
You have wasted your human birth.

So what if you indulge in recitation, penance or go on a pilgrimage?
So what if you count beads and chant the holy name
So what if you put on at il ak or worship Tulsi?
So what if you drink the water of Ganga?
Unless and until you have grasped the essence of the Self
Vain are all your efforts and like unseasonal rains,
You have wasted your human birth.

So what if you speak of the Vedas or grammar?
So what if you enjoy yourself and have a good time?
So what if you have grasped the distinctions
Between the six systems of philosophy?
So what if you have adhered to the distinction of caste?
Unless and until you have grasped the essence of the Self
Vain are all your efforts and like unseasonal rains,
You have wasted your human birth.

All these are worldly pursuits for filling one's belly
Until you have seen the absolute Brahman.
Says Narsinh, without beholding the Essence
One wastes his birth precious as Chintamani Jewel.
Unless and until you have grasped the essence of the Self
Vain are all your efforts and like unseasonal rains,
You have wasted your human birth.

Narsinh Mehta

Vaishnav Jan To

Speak only as godlike of the man who feels another's pain
Who shares another's sorrow and pride does disdain

Who regards himself lowliest of the low
Speaks not a word of evil against anyone
Blessed is the mother who gave birth to such a son

Who looks upon everyone as his equal,
Lust he has renounced
Who honors women like he honors his mother
Whose tongue knows not the taste of falsehood

Nor covets another's worldly goods
Who longs not for worldly wealth (or fame)
For he treads the path of renunciation
Ever on his lips is Ram's holy name

All places of pilgrimage are within him
He has conquered greed, is free of deceit, lust and anger
Through him Narsinh has godly vision
And his generation to come will attain salvation.

Narsinh Mehta

Wayward Progeny Of A Lewd Whore

Wayward progeny of a lewd whore,
What teaching will bring you to your senses?
Blind teacher and on the top of that, a deaf disciple,
How on earth can they grasp the knowledge of Brahman?
Wayward progeny of a lewd whore,
What teaching will bring you to your senses?

Not knowing that one's self is the complete Brahman,
He wanders around worshipping others,
He maintains pleasures of dreams are true,
And he bickers and praises sensuality.
Wayward progeny of a lewd whore,
What teaching will bring you to your senses?

He neither knows the Lord as nirguna,
nor has he seen face of His saguna form;
He worships the dead matter, despises the living!
He is ignorant and lost in the feeling of duality.
Wayward progeny of a lewd whore,
What teaching will bring you to your senses?

A true disciple, on the other hand, comes from a true mystic guru, He alone
knows the secret of the Brahman,
He knows his Lord is close and not distinct from him,
Narsinh remains close to such a person.
Wayward progeny of a lewd whore,
What teaching will bring you to your senses?

Narsinh Mehta

We Are Like That

We are like that-yes we are like what you say!
Call us depraved by love, we will still serve our loved Damodar.
We are like that-yes we are like what you say!

Our minds were once preoccupied in the worldly matters
Now, absorbed in Hari's nectar, it wanders door to door singing!
We are like that-yes we are like what you say!

The customs and rituals, we heartily dislike
And even that which gives us all the worldly riches
Can't be compared to our lord!
We are like that-yes we are like what you say!

We are indeed base, baser than the basest in the world!
Say what you will; we are neck-deep in his love!
We are like that-yes we are like what you say!

I, Narsaiyyo, am a man of base deeds, for I love Vaishnavas
Who ever distances himself from hari j an has wasted his birth!
We are like that-yes we are like what you say!

Narsinh Mehta

We Will Simply Forsake Anything That Stops Us

We will simply forsake anything that stops us
From chanting the name of Narayana!
The beloved of Laxmi we will fervently worship
With all our hearts, words and deeds.

Like a snake that casts off its skin, we will forsake our clan,
Our families and even our parents!
We will leave our wives our sons and even our sisters!
We will forsake anything that stops us
From chanting the name of Narayana!

Prahlad left his father and held on to the name of Sri Hari,
Bharat and Shatrughna left their mother and held on to Sri Rama!
We will forsake anything that stops us
From chanting the name of Narayana!

For the sake of Sri Hari, the wife of the sage even left her husband
Yet untainted by sin, she attained all.
For the sake of Vitthal, the women of Vraj leave behind everything
And walk away into the forest of love, says Narsaiyya,
In Vrindavan, they will revel in passionate love of Hari!
We will forsake anything that stops us
From chanting the name of Narayana!

Narsinh Mehta

What Is It About Your Eyes, Love?

What is it about your eyes, love? Tell us, tell us truly!
It makes our hearts go flutter when you look at us and it makes our hearts go wild!

What is it about your eyes, love? Tell us, tell us truly!

The magic of your eyes makes my mind quiver with joy!
Usually, my love, a proud gorgeous girl happens to bewitch man's mind,
But it is you who has enthralled the minds of proud alluring girls!
What is it about your eyes, love? Tell us, tell us truly!

Your eyes have ravished our hearts, love!
Turn out the elixir and rob us of everything we have O Narsaiyya's lord!
What is it about your eyes, love? Tell us, tell us truly!

Narsinh Mehta

When I Wake Up, The World Recedes From My Sight

When I wake up, the world recedes from my sight.
Only in sleep, its bewildering miseries and enjoyment perplexes me!
My being is a play of the Consciousness:
The brahman playing with the brahman!
When I wake up, the world recedes from my sight.
Only in sleep, its bewildering miseries and enjoyment perplexes me!

The five elements have sprung from the Supreme brahman
And are ever in his mutual embrace.
Blossom and fruit are parts of the same tree, and bole no different from the
branch.
Vedic lore avers that gold is not different from the ornaments,
Names and forms differ once they are cast,
Yet, gold is always gold in the end!
When I wake up, the world recedes from my sight.
Only in sleep, its bewildering miseries and enjoyment perplexes me!

By his own will, he became Jiva and Siva
And created the mystery of the fourteen worlds
'You alone are him! You alone are him!' chants Narsinh
Remembering him, countless saints have attained their goal!
When I wake up, the world recedes from my sight.
Only in sleep, its bewildering miseries and enjoyment perplexes me!

Narsinh Mehta

Who Has Sent The Old Age?

Who has sent the old age? I thought youth was here to stay!
Even threshold seems a mountain now,
Even the village outskirts seem remote like foreign lands to me.
The hair on my body has irreversibly grayed
Even the small pail is now the mighty Ganga for me!
Who has sent the old age? I thought my youth was here to stay!

Nobody asked for it, then how did it come? I never looked forward to it!
At my house, I am humiliated, 'Shove his cot in corner' they say.
You may love laddoos in childhood, but in your decline
You perpetually crave for rabdi and relish sev!
Such are the burning vices of the ripe old age!
Who has sent the old age? I thought my youth was here to stay!

In morning, hunger torments my life,
And they say, 'Well, he is not dying. Why doesn't he sit in one place?'
Who has sent the old age? I thought my youth was here to stay!

Many sons had I, today their wives are cursing me,
Sons-in-law have taken all of my daughters- see what is one's plight in the old
age!
Who has sent the old age? I thought youth was here to stay!

All of my nine nerves have now come away: my hour has finally arrived.
Women disparage me, children swear at me; such is the final moment!
My sons have at last arrived at the door:
Only to take the purse from my chest and go away!
Who has sent the old age? I thought my youth was here to stay!

How shameful is this old age! Hence, O cast away your vain pride!
Only because of pious ways,
Mehta Narsinh has made it beyond this world.
Who has sent the old age? I thought my youth was here to stay!

Narsinh Mehta

Who Is It Playing 'Panchama' At My Door?

Who is it playing 'panchama' at my door?
Is he not content playing with me the whole night?

Leave, leave my wrist, for no longer is it night!
Get up now, my lazy lord, my lord of very being!
Who is it playing 'panchama' at my door?
Is he not content playing with me the whole night?

See the birds are chirping and it is daylight already,
The night has fled, my love, and the day has begun!
Who is it playing 'panchama' at my door?
Is he not content playing with me the whole night?

One with conch shell, discus and mace, rider of Garuda,
,Narsaiyya's Lord made love with his Radha on bed!
Who is it playing 'panchama' at my door?
Is he not content playing with me the whole night?

Narsinh Mehta

With Absolute Joy

With absolute joy, I sing thebr ahman!
But those encaptivated by theirk ar ma speak ill of me!
Even the great religious heads cannot fathom you,
They can't even make out priceless jewels from mere beads!
With absolute joy, I sing thebr ahman!
But those encaptivated by theirk ar ma speak ill of me!

What is arcane even for the scriptures is pretty clear for the gopis,
Rare are the ones who can fathom this!
The beloved of Rama lusts not after women,
But these confounded mortals spread base lies!
With absolute joy, I sing thebr ahman!
But those encaptivated by theirk ar ma speak ill of me!

The perfect one is full of the perfect bliss, others worship elsewhere,
But Narsaiyyo sings the attributes of the absolute
And not carnal craving as the lustful think!
With absolute joy, I sing thebr ahman!
But those encaptivated by theirk ar ma speak ill of me!

Narsinh Mehta

You Alone Are The Beginning

You alone are the beginning, the middle, and the end!
You alone, you alone, Sri Hari!
You are the indivisible Brahman,
Who even the likes of Brahma cannot fathom
And the misled men search elsewhere!
Millions of suns and moons dwell in your moonlike face,
Where the seeking eyes of men never reach
And just like the darkness,
which loses against the effulgent blaze of the sun
'Neti! Neti!' the Scriptures vainly preach!
You alone are the beginning, the middle, and the end!
You alone, you alone, Sri Hari!

The Lord of the Earth is the Lord of million million universes
The million million universes are like pores of his skin!
Saguna is a mere guise of Nirguna!
You can shatter the veil of Illusion, once you grasp this Mystery!
You alone are the beginning, the middle, and the end!
You alone, you alone, Sri Hari!

Yet he is not alone, he is not distinct from his creation,
Which is his all-encompassing energy!
Sri Krishna is without the beginning,
Total bliss is his nature and Radha his ravishing beloved!
You alone are the beginning, the middle, and the end!
You alone, you alone, Sri Hari!

None knows the secret of the Vedas,
And hardly few know their essence,
Like Suka, Sanak and the divine minstrel Narada
Who meditate on the Absolute Brahman!
You alone are the beginning, the middle, and the end!
You alone, you alone, Sri Hari!

The Absolute Purushottama passionately plays as his lovers plead!
And by being his girlfriend, Narsinh relishes the very nectar
The women of Vraj so delightfully revel in!
You alone are the beginning, the middle, and the end!
You alone, you alone, Sri Hari!

Narsinh Mehta

You May Have Obtained Nama

You may have obtained nama, but without Rama
Your title of Vaishnava is barren like a cradle in a childless home
Or a marriage procession without groom!

Lord resides within you, but you couldn't discern him;
You wander aimlessly thinking him to be afar;
You calculate about the One beyond the calculations;
You limit the Illimitable
And in this state of twoness, you count your futile beads!
You may have obtained nama, but without Rama
Your title of Vaishnava is barren like a cradle in a childless home
Or a marriage procession without groom!

You try to be Harijan without having Hari!
How can pangs of hunger subside by a bash of hollow words?
How can throes of separation subside by mere donning of ascetic clothes?
It is like the futile roaring of rainless clouds!
You may have obtained nama, but without Rama
Your title of Vaishnava is barren like a cradle in a childless home
Or a marriage procession without groom!

You think you have become harijan by merely singing lord's praises,
You try to rival a swan, when your deeds are those of a crow!
The lord will indeed disregard you!
You may have obtained nama, but without Rama
Your title of Vaishnava is barren like a cradle in a childless home
Or a marriage procession without groom!

Says Narsinh, only he is worth our obeisance,
Whose mind has dissolved into the formless;
In whom the delusion of the world of differences is shattered
And in whom the flame of renunciation is resplendent.
You may have obtained nama, but without Rama
Your title of Vaishnava is like a cradle in a childless home
Or a marriage procession without the groom!

Narsinh Mehta