

Death is better than living in my barren body.
 Why do I blankly endure love's desolating fire?
 Whom can I seek for refuge here?
 My friend's advice deceives me. 5

The sweet spring night torments my loneliness—
 Some other girl now enjoys Hari's favor.
 Whom can I seek for refuge here?
 My friend's advice deceives me. 6

Every bangle and jewel I wear pains me,
 Carrying the fire of Hari's desertion.
 Whom can I seek for refuge here?
 My friend's advice deceives me. 7

Even a garland strikes at the heart of my fragile body
 With hard irony, like Love's graceful arrow.
 Whom can I seek for refuge here?
 My friend's advice deceives me. 8

I wait among countless forest reeds;
 Madhu's killer does not recall me, even in his heart.
 Whom can I seek for refuge here?
 My friend's advice deceives me. 9

Jayadeva's speech takes refuge at Hari's feet.
 Keep it in your heart like a tender girl skillful in love.
 Whom can I seek for refuge here?
 My friend's advice deceives me. 10

Has he waylaid some loving girl?
 Do his friends hold him by clever tricks?
 Is he roaming blindly near the dark forest?
 Or does my lover's anguished mind so tangle the path
 That he cannot come into this thicket of vines
 And sweet swamp reeds where we promised to meet? 11

When Rādhā saw her friend come back
 Without Mādhava,
 Downcast and tongue-tied,
 Suspicion raised a vision of some girl
 Delighting Krishna,
 And she told her friend. 12

~*~ *The Fourteenth Song, sung with Rāga "Vasanta"* ~*~

She is richly arrayed in ornaments for the battle of love;
 Tangles of flowers lie wilted in her loosened hair.
 Some young voluptuous beauty
 Revels with the enemy of Madhu. 13

She is visibly excited by embracing Hari;
 Her necklaces tremble on full, hard breasts.
 Some young voluptuous beauty
 Revels with the enemy of Madhu. 14

Curling locks caress her moon face;
 She is weary from ardently drinking his lips.
 Some young voluptuous beauty
 Revels with the enemy of Madhu. 15

Quivering earrings graze her cheeks;
 Her belt sounds with her hips' rolling motion.
 Some young voluptuous beauty
 Revels with the enemy of Madhu. 16

She laughs bashfully when her lover looks at her;
 The taste of passion echoes from her murmuring.
 Some young voluptuous beauty
 Revels with the enemy of Madhu. 17

Her body writhes with tingling flesh and trembling.
The ghost of Love expands inside with her sighing.
Some young voluptuous beauty
Revels with the enemy of Madhu. 18

Drops of sweat wet the graceful body
Fallen limp on his chest in passionate battle.
Some young voluptuous beauty
Revels with the enemy of Madhu. 19

May Hari's delight in Jayadeva's song
Bring an end to this dark time.
Some young voluptuous beauty
Revels with the enemy of Madhu. 20

The lonely moon,
Like the lotus face of Mura's foe,
Wan in love's desolation,
Is calming the surface of my mind.
But the moon is Love's friend—
It still inflicts his torments
On my heart. 21

—❀ The Fifteenth Song, sung with Rāga "Gurjari" ❀—

Her rapt face shows the passion her lips feel kissing him;
With deer musk he draws the form of a stag on the moon.
In woods behind a sandbank on the Jumna river,
Mura's foe makes love in triumph now. 22

He lays an amaranth blossom in clouds of hair massed on her soft face—
A shimmer of lightning shines in the forest where Love goes hunting.
In woods behind a sandbank on the Jumna river,
Mura's foe makes love in triumph now. 23

He smears the domes of her swelling breasts with shining deer musk,
He makes star clusters with pearls and a moonmark with his nail.
In woods behind a sandbank on the Jumna river,
Mura's foe makes love in triumph now. 24

The dark sapphire bangle he slips over each lotus-petal hand
Encircles her arm's cool pale supple stalk like a swarm of bees.
In woods behind a sandbank on the Jumna river,
Mura's foe makes love in triumph now. 25

Her broad hips are a temple of passion holding Love's golden throne;
He lays a girdle of gemstones there to mark the gate of triumph.
In woods behind a sandbank on the Jumna river,
Mura's foe makes love in triumph now. 26

He applies a shining coat of lac to feet lying on his heart
 Like tender shoots tipped with pearls to honor Lakṣmī's place inside.
 In woods behind a sandbank on the Jumna river,
 Mura's foe makes love in triumph now. 27

While Balarāma's fickle brother is delighting some pretty girl,
 Why does barren disgust haunt my bower of branches, tell me friend?
 In woods behind a sandbank on the Jumna river,
 Mura's foe makes love in triumph now. 28

Jayadeva, king of poets, echoes Hari's merit in the mood of his song.
 Let evil dark-age rhythms cease at the feet of Madhu's foe!
 In woods behind a sandbank on the Jumna river,
 Mura's foe makes love in triumph now. 29

Friend, if the pitiless rogue won't come,
 Why should it pain my messenger?
 He wantonly delights in loving many women.
 Why is this your fault?
 See! His tenderness in love
 Draws my heart to meet him.
 It is trying to break away
 From the pain of longing for him. 30

—❀ The Sixteenth Song, sung with Rāga "Deśākhya" ❀—

His eyes flirt like blue night lilies in the wind.
 The bed of tender shoots won't burn her.
 Wildflower-garlanded Krishna
 Caresses her, friend. 31

His soft mouth moves like an open lotus.
 Arrows of love won't wound her.
 Wildflower-garlanded Krishna
 Caresses her, friend. 32

His mellow speech is elixir of honey.
 Sandal mountain winds won't scorch her.
 Wildflower-garlanded Krishna
 Caresses her, friend. 33

His hands and feet gleam like hibiscus blossoms.
 Cold moon rays won't make her writhe.
 Wildflower-garlanded Krishna
 Caresses her, friend. 34

His color deepens like rain-heavy thunderheads.
 Long desertion won't tear at her heart.
 Wildflower-garlanded Krishna
 Caresses her, friend. 35

His bright cloth shines gold on black touchstone.
Her servants' teasing won't make her sigh.
Wildflower-garlanded Krishna
Caresses her, friend.

36

His tender youth touches all creatures.
She won't feel the pain of terrible pity.
Wildflower-garlanded Krishna
Caresses her, friend.

37

Through words that Jayadeva sings
May Hari possess your heart!
Wildflower-garlanded Krishna
Caresses her, friend.

38

Sandalwood mountain wind,
As you blow southern breezes
To spread the bliss of love,
Soothe me! End the paradox!
Lifebreath of the world,
If you bring me Mādhava
For a moment,
You may take my life!

39

Friends are hostile,
Cool wind is like fire,
Moon nectar is poison,
Krishna torments me in my heart.
But even when he is cruel
I am forced to take him back.
Women with night-lily eyes feel love
In a paradox of passion-bound infinity.

40

Command my torment, sandal mountain wind!
Take my lifebreath with arrows, Love!
I will not go home for refuge again!
Jumna river, sister of Death,
Why should you be kind?
Drown my limbs with waves!
Let my body's burning be quenched!

41

"Cunning Krishna" is the seventh part in *Gītāgovinda*