



Gopī-gita: The Gopī's Song of Separation

Śrīmad Bhāgavatam 10.31.1-19 (*kṛṣṇa-rāsa-pañca-adhyāya*)

After Kṛṣṇa and the gopīs have met for the rāsa-dance and enjoyed freely, Kṛṣṇa disappeared. The gopīs searched for their beloved everywhere, asked the trees and creepers, and in their absorption conversed about Him and acted out His transcendental pastimes. Returning to the bank of the Yamunā river, the gopīs sat down together to sing of Him, eagerly hoping that Kṛṣṇa would come back.

॥ गोपीगीतम् ॥
॥ gopīgītam ॥

Text 1

गोप्य ऊचुः ।

जयति तेऽधिकं जन्मना व्रजः

श्रयत इन्दिरा शश्वदत्र हि ।

दयित दृश्यतां दिक्शु तावका-

स्त्वयि धृतासवस्त्वां विचिन्वते ॥ १ ॥

gopya ūcuḥ

jayati te 'dhikam janmanā vrajaḥ

śrayata indirā śaśvad atra hi

dayita dṛśyatām dikṣu tāvakās

tvayi dhṛtāsavas tvām vicinvate

The gopīs said: O beloved, Your birth in the land of Vraja has made it exceedingly glorious, and thus Indira, the goddess of fortune, always resides here. It is only for Your sake that we, Your devoted servants, maintain our lives. We have been searching everywhere for You, so please show Yourself to us.

Text 2

शरदुदाशये साधुजातस-
त्सरसिजोदरश्रीमुषा दृशा ।
सुरतनाथ तेऽशुल्कदासिका
वरद निघ्नतो नेह किं वधः ॥ २ ॥

*śarad-udāśaye sādhu-jāta-sat-
sarasijodara-śrī-muṣā dṛśā
surata-nātha te 'śulka-dāsikā
vara-da nighnato neha kiṁ vadhaḥ*

O Lord of love, in beauty Your glance excels the whorl of the finest, most perfectly formed lotus within the autumn pond. O bestower of blessings, You are killing the maidservants who have given themselves to You freely, without any price. Isn't this murder?

Text 3

विषजलाप्ययाद्व्यालराक्षसा-
द्वर्षमारुताद्वैद्युतानलात् ।
वृषमयात्मजाद्विश्वतोभया-
दृषभ ते वयं रक्षिता मुहुः ॥ ३ ॥

*viṣa-jalāpyayād vyāla-rākṣasād
varṣa-mārutād vaidyutānalāt
vṛṣa-mayātmajād viśvato bhayād
ṛṣabha te vyaṁ rakṣitā muhuḥ*

O greatest of personalities, You have repeatedly saved us from all kinds of danger—from poisoned water, from the terrible man-eater Agha, from the great rains, from the wind demon, from the fiery thunderbolt of Indra, from the bull demon and from the son of Maya Dānava.

Text 4

न खलु गोपिकानन्दनो भवा-
नखिलदेहिनामन्तरात्मदृक् ।
विखनसार्थितो विश्वगुप्तये
सख उदेयिवान्सात्वतां कुले ॥ ४ ॥

*na khalu gopikā-nandano bhavān
akhila-dehinām antarātma-dṛk
vikhanasārthito viśva-guptye
sakha udeyivān sātvatām kule*

You are actually not the son of the gopī Yaśodā, O friend, but rather the indwelling witness in the hearts of all embodied souls. Because Lord Brahmā prayed for You to come and protect the universe, You have now appeared in the Sātvata dynasty.

Text 5

विरचिताभयं वृष्णिधुर्य ते
चरणमीयुषां संसृतेर्भयात् ।
करसरोरुहं कान्त कामदं
शिरसि धेहि नः श्रीकरग्रहम् ॥ ५ ॥

*viracitābhayaṁ vṛṣṇi-dhūrya te
caraṇam īyusāṁ saṁsṛter bhayāt
kara-saroruham kānta kāma-daṁ
śirasi dhehi naḥ śrī-kara-graham*

O best of the Vṛṣṇis, Your lotuslike hand, which holds the hand of the goddess of fortune, grants fearlessness to those who approach Your feet out of fear of material existence. O lover, please place that wish-fulfilling lotus hand on our heads.

Text 6

व्रजजनार्तिहन्वीर योषितां
निजजनस्मयध्वंसनस्मित ।
भज सखे भवत्किंकरीः स्म नो
जलरुहाननं चारु दर्शय ॥ ६ ॥

*vraja-janārti-han vīra yoṣitām
nija-jana-smaya-dhvaṁsana-smita
bhaja sakhe bhavat-kiṅkariḥ sma no
jalaruhānanam cāru darśaya*

O You who destroy the suffering of Vraja's people, O hero of all women, Your smile shatters the false pride of Your devotees. Please, dear friend, accept us as Your maidservants and show us Your beautiful lotus face.

Text 7

प्रणतदेहिनां पापकर्शनं
तृणचरानुगं श्रीनिकेतनम् ।
फणिफणार्पितं ते पदांबुजं
कृणु कुचेषु नः कृन्धि हृच्छयम् ॥ ७ ॥

*praṇata-dehinām pāpa-karṣaṇam
tṛṇa-carānugam śrī-niketanam
phaṇi-phaṇārpitaṁ te padāmbujam
kṛṇu kuceṣu naḥ kṛndhi hṛc-chayam*

Your lotus feet destroy the past sins of all embodied souls who surrender to them. Those feet follow after the cows in the pastures and are the eternal abode of the goddess of fortune. Since You once put those feet on the hoods of the great serpent Kāliya, please place them upon our breasts and tear away the lust in our hearts.

Text 8

मधुरया गिरा वल्गुवाक्यया
बुधमनोज्ञया पुष्करेक्षणा ।
विधिकरीरिमा वीर मुह्यती-
रधरसीधुनाऽऽप्याययस्व नः ॥ ८ ॥

*madhurayā girā valgu-vākyayā
budha-manojñayā puṣkarekṣaṇa
vidhi-karīr imā vīra muhyatīr
adhara-sīdhunāpyāyayasva naḥ*

O lotus-eyed one, Your sweet voice and charming words, which attract the minds of the intelligent, are bewildering us more and more. Our dear hero, please revive Your maid-servants with the nectar of Your lips.

Text 9

तव कथामृतं तप्तजीवनं
कविभिरीडितं कल्मषापहम् ।
श्रवणमङ्गलं श्रीमदाततं
भुवि गृणन्ति ते भूरिदा जनाः ॥ ९ ॥

*tava kathāmṛtaṁ tapta-jīvanam
kavibhir īḍitaṁ kalmaṣāpaham
śravaṇa-maṅgalaṁ śrīmad ātataṁ
bhuvi gṛṇanti ye bhūri-dā janāḥ*

The nectar of Your words and the descriptions of Your activities are the life and soul of those suffering in this material world. These narrations, transmitted by learned sages, eradicate one's sinful reactions and bestow good fortune upon whoever hears them. These narrations are broadcast all over the world and are filled with spiritual power. Certainly those who spread the message of Godhead are most munificent.

Text 10

प्रहसितं प्रिय प्रेमवीक्षणं
विहरणं च ते ध्यानमङ्गलम् ।
रहसि संविदो या हृदिस्पृशः
कुहक नो मनः क्षोभयन्ति हि ॥ १० ॥

*prahasitaṁ priya-prema-vīkṣaṇam
viharaṇam ca te dhyāna-maṅgalam
rahasi saṁvido yā hṛdi sprśaḥ
kuhaka no manaḥ kṣobhayanti hi*

Your smiles, Your sweet, loving glances, the intimate pastimes and confidential talks we enjoyed with You—all these are auspicious to meditate upon, and they touch our hearts. But at the same time, O deceiver, they very much agitate our minds.

Text 11

चलसि यद्व्रजाच्चारयन्पशून्
नलिनसुन्दरं नाथ ते पदम् ।
शिलतृणाङ्कुरैः सीदतीति नः
कलिलतां मनः कान्त गच्छति ॥ ११ ॥

*calasi yad vrajāc cārayan paśūn
nalina-sundaraṁ nātha te padam
śīla-trṇāṅkuraiḥ sīdatīti naḥ
kalilatām manaḥ kānta gacchati*

Dear master, dear lover, when You leave the cowherd village to herd the cows, our minds are disturbed with the thought that Your feet, more beautiful than a lotus, will be pricked by the spiked husks of grain and the rough grass and plants.

Text 12

दिनपरिक्षये नीलकुन्तलै-
र्वनरुहाननं बिभ्रदावृतम् ।
घनरजस्वलं दर्शयन्मुहु-
र्मनसि नः स्मरं वीर यच्छसि ॥ १२ ॥

*dina-parikṣaye nīla-kuntalair
vanaruhānanam bibhrad āvṛtam
ghana-rajasvalam darśayan muhur
manasi naḥ smaraṁ vīra yacchasi*

At the end of the day You repeatedly show us Your lotus face, covered with dark blue locks of hair and thickly powdered with dust. Thus, O hero, You arouse lusty desires in our minds.

Text 13

प्रणतकामदं पद्मजार्चितं
धरणिमण्डनं ध्येयमापदि ।
चरणपङ्कजं शंतमं च ते
रमण नः स्तनेष्वर्पयाधिहन् ॥ १३ ॥

*praṇata-kāma-dam padmajārcitaṁ
dharāṇi-maṇḍanam dhyeyam āpadi
caraṇa-paṅkajaṁ śantamaṁ ca te
ramaṇa naḥ staneṣv arpayādhi-han*

Your lotus feet, which are worshiped by Lord Brahmā, fulfill the desires of all who bow down to them. They are the ornament of the earth, they give the highest satisfaction, and in times of danger they are the appropriate object of meditation. O lover, O destroyer of anxiety, please put those lotus feet on our chest.

Text 14

सुरतवर्धनं शोकनाशनं
स्वरितवेणुना सुष्ठु चुम्बितम् ।
इतररागविस्मरणं नृणां
वितर वीर नस्तेऽधरामृतम् ॥ १४ ॥

surata-varadhanam śoka-nāśanam
svarita-veṇunā suṣṭhu cumbitam
itara-rāga-vismāraṇam nṛṇām
vitara vīra nas te 'dharāmṛtam

O hero, kindly distribute to us the nectar of Your lips, which enhances conjugal pleasure and vanquishes grief. That nectar is thoroughly relished by Your vibrating flute and makes people forget any other attachment.

Text 15

अटति यद्भवानहि काननं
त्रुटिर्युगायते त्वामपश्यताम् ।
कुटिलकुन्तलं श्रीमुखं च ते
जड उदीक्षतां पक्वमकृद्दृशाम् ॥ १५ ॥

aṭati yad bhavān ahni kānanam
truṭi yugāyate tvām apaśyatām
kuṭīla-kuntalam śrī-mukhaṁ ca te
jada udikṣatām pakṣma-kṛd dṛśām

When You go off to the forest during the day, a tiny fraction of a second becomes like a millennium for us because we cannot see You. And even when we can eagerly look upon Your beautiful face, so lovely with its adornment of curly locks, our pleasure is hindered by our eyelids, which were fashioned by the foolish creator.

Text 16

पतिसुतान्वयभ्रातृबान्धवा-
नतिविलङ्घ्य तेऽन्यच्युतागताः ।
गतिविदस्तवोद्गीतमोहिताः
कितव योषितः कस्त्यजेन्निशि ॥ १६ ॥

pati-sutānvaya-bhrātr-bāndhavān
ativilaṅghya te 'nty acyutāgatāḥ
gati-vidas tavodgīta-mohitāḥ
kitava yoṣitaḥ kas tyajen niśi

Dear Acyuta, You know very well why we have come here. Who but a cheater like You would abandon young women who come to see Him in the middle of the night, enchanted by the loud song of His flute? Just to see You, we have completely rejected our husbands, children, ancestors, brothers and other relatives.

Text 17

रहसि संविदं हृच्छयोदयं
प्रहसिताननं प्रेमवीक्षणम् ।
बृहदुरः श्रियो वीक्ष्य धाम ते
मुहुरतिस्पृहा मुह्यते मनः ॥ १७ ॥

*rahasi saṁvidam hṛc-chayodayam
prahasitānanam prema-vikṣaṇam
br̥had-urāḥ śriyo vīkṣya dhāma te
muhur ati-sprhā muhyate manaḥ*

Our minds are repeatedly bewildered as we think of the intimate conversations we had with You in secret, feel the rise of lust in our hearts and remember Your smiling face, Your loving glances and Your broad chest, the resting place of the goddess of fortune. Thus we experience the most severe hankering for You.

Text 18

व्रजवनौकसां व्यक्तिरङ्ग ते
वृजिनहन्त्र्यलं विश्वमङ्गलम् ।
त्यज मनाक् च नस्त्वत्स्पृहात्मनां
स्वजनहृद्भुजां यन्निषूदनम् ॥ १८ ॥

*vraja-vanaukasāṁ vyaktir aṅga te
vr̥jina-hantry alam viśva-maṅgalam
tyaja manāk ca nas tvat-sprhātmanām
sva-jana-hṛd-rujām yan niṣūdanam*

O beloved, Your all-auspicious appearance vanquishes the distress of those living in Vraja's forests. Our minds long for Your association. Please give to us just a bit of that medicine, which counteracts the disease in Your devotees' hearts.

Text 19

यत्ते सुजातचरणाम्बुरुहं स्तनेषु
भीताः शनैः प्रिय दधीमहि कर्कशेषु ।
तेनाटवीमटसि तद्व्यथते न किंस्वित्
कूर्पादिभिर्भ्रमति धीर्भवदायुषां नः ॥ १९ ॥

*yat te sujāta-caraṇāmburuham staneṣu
bhītāḥ śanaiḥ priya dadhīmahī karkaśeṣu
tenāṭavīm aṭasi tad vyathate na kiṁ svit
kūrpādibhir bhramati dhīr bhavad-āyusām naḥ*

O dearly beloved! Your lotus feet are so soft that we place them gently on our breasts, fearing that Your feet will be hurt. Our life rests only in You. Our minds, therefore, are filled with anxiety that Your tender feet might be wounded by pebbles as You roam about on the forest path.

इति श्रीमद्भागवत महापुराणे पारमहंस्यां संहितायां
दशमस्कन्धे पूर्वार्धे रासक्रीडायां गोपीगीतं नामैकत्रिंशोऽध्यायः ॥

*iti śrīmadbhāgavata mahāpurāṇe pāramahṁsyāṁ saṁhitāyāṁ
daśamaskandhe pūrvārdhe rāsakrīḍāyāṁ gopīgītaṁ nāmaikatrīṁśo'dhyāyaḥ ॥*

Thus ends the discourse, entitled "The Gopī's Song (at the Lord's disappearance) during the Rāsa dance", in the first half of Book Ten of the great and glorious *Bhāgavata Pūraṇa*, otherwise known as *Pāramahansa-Saṁhitā*.

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Those who are familiar with the art of chanting Sanskrit verses will be able to appreciate the especially exquisite Sanskrit poetry of this chapter. Specifically, the poetic meter of the verses is extraordinarily beautiful, and also, for the most part, in each line the first and seventh syllables begin with the same consonant, as do the second syllables of all four lines.

This chapter relates how the gopīs, overwhelmed by feelings of separation from Kṛṣṇa, sat down on the bank of the Yamunā and began praying for His audience and singing His glories- Because the gopīs had dedicated their minds and very lives to Kṛṣṇa, they were beside themselves with the transcendental pain of separation. But their crying, which appears like evidence of misery, actually shows their exalted state of transcendental bliss. As it is said, *yata dekha vaiṣṇaver vyavahāra duḥkh/ niścaya jāniha sei paramānanda sukh*: "Whenever one sees a Vaiṣṇava acting unhappy, one should know it for sure that he is actually experiencing the highest spiritual bliss." Thus each of the gopīs began addressing Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa according to her individual mode of ecstasy, and they all prayed to Him for His mercy.

As the pastimes of Kṛṣṇa spontaneously arose in the minds of the gopīs, they sang their song, which relieves the agony of those suffering from the burning pain of separation from Kṛṣṇa and which bestows supreme auspiciousness. They sang, "O Lord, O lover, O cheater, when we remember Your smile, Your loving glances and Your pastimes with Your boyhood friends, we become extremely agitated. Remembering Your lotus face, adorned with locks of blackish hair smeared with the dust of the cows, we become irrevocably attached to You. And when we remember how You followed the cows from forest to forest with Your tender feet, we feel great pain."

In their separation from Kṛṣṇa the gopīs considered a single moment an entire age. Even when they had previously seen Him they had found the blinking of their eyelids intolerable, for it blocked their vision of Him for a fraction of a second.

The ecstatic sentiments for Lord Kṛṣṇa that the gopīs expressed may appear like symptoms of lust, but in reality they are manifestations of their pure desire to satisfy the Supreme Lord's spiritual senses. There is not even the slightest trace of lust in these moods of the gopīs.



Śrīla Prabhupāda: Sometimes we go to hear or see *rāsa-līlā*. But unless we are advanced in spiritual consciousness, this hearing of or seeing some *rāsa-līlā*, sometimes it brings us down. If one is actually seeing *rāsa-līlā*, the result will be *hr̥d-roga-kāmam apahinoty acireṇa dhīraḥ*. One who is actually advanced in spiritual consciousness, and hears from the realized person—not from ordinary professional reciter, but from a realized person—the result will be *hr̥d-roga-kāmam apahinoti*. Then the, our natural lusty desires will disappear. If a bona fide listener hears of Kṛṣṇa's pastimes with the gopīs, which seem to be lusty affairs, the lusty desires in his heart, which constitute the heart disease of the conditioned soul, will be vanquished, and he will become a most exalted devotee of the Lord. That is the result. But in spite of disappearing our, this lusty desire, if we increase our lusty desire, that means we are spoiling our life. **Therefore it is forbidden that neophyte students, they should not indulge in these affairs of *rāsa-līlā*. You should be very careful.**

Hrid-rogam, "**the disease of the heart**", is **lust**. Unless we conquer lust, we cannot attain absolutely pure devotional service. Although the pastimes of Kṛṣṇa with the gopīs may appear lusty, they are actually transcendental. And if one hears about the Lord's pastimes with faith, śraddhā, then by such hearing one will become purified of the heart disease called lust. And when the heart is completely cleansed by absorption in kṛṣṇa-kathā, one can attain the Lord's pure devotional service. That is the great value of hearing Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam.

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