

## Nectarean ślokas

kṛṣṇotkīrtana-gāna-nartana-kalā-pāthojani-bhrājītā  
sad-bhaktāvali-haṁsa-cakra-madhupa-śreṇī-vihārāspadam  
kaṛṇānandi-kala-dhvanir vahatu me jihvā-maru-prāṅgaṇe  
śrī-caitanya dayā-nidhe tava lasal-līlā-sudhā-svardhunī

O my merciful Lord Caitanya, may the nectarean Ganges waters of Your transcendental activities flow on the surface of my desertlike tongue. Beautifying these waters are the lotus flowers of singing, dancing and loud chanting of Kṛṣṇa's holy name, which are the pleasure abodes of unalloyed devotees. These devotees are compared to swans, ducks and bees. The river's flowing produces a melodious sound that gladdens their ears. (CC Ādi 2.2)

heloddhūnita-khedayā viśadayā pronmīlad-āmodayā  
śāmyac-chāstra-vivādayā rasa-dayā cittārpitonmādayā  
śāsavad-bhakti-vinodayā sa-madayā mādhyura-maryādayā  
śrī-caitanya dayā-nidhe tava dayā bhūyād amandodayā

O ocean of mercy, Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu! Let there be an awakening of Your auspicious mercy, which easily drives away all kinds of material lamentation by making everything pure and blissful. Indeed, Your mercy awakens transcendental bliss and covers all material pleasures. By Your auspicious mercy, quarrels and disagreements arising among different scriptures are vanquished. Your auspicious mercy pours forth transcendental mellows and thus causes the heart to jubilate. Your mercy, which is full of joy, always stimulates devotional service and glorifies conjugal love of God. May transcendental bliss be awakened within my heart by Your causeless mercy. (CC Madhya 10.119)

barhāpīḍam̐ naṭa-vara-vapuḥ kaṛṇayoḥ kaṛṇikāram̐  
bibhrad vāsaḥ kanaka-kapiśam̐ vaijayantīm̐ ca mālām̐  
randhrān veṇor adhara-sudhayāpūrayan gopa-vṛndair  
vṛndāraṇyam̐ sva-pada-ramaṇam̐ prāviśad gīta-kīrtiḥ

Wearing a peacock-feather ornament upon His head, blue kaṛṇikāra flowers on His ears, a yellow garment as brilliant as gold, and the Vaijayantī garland, Lord Kṛṣṇa exhibited His transcendental form as the greatest of dancers as He entered the forest of Vṛndāvana, beautifying it with the marks of His footprints. He filled the holes of His flute with the nectar of His lips, and the cowherd boys sang His glories. (SB 10.21.5)

tava kathāmṛtam̐ tapta-jīvanam̐  
kavibhir īḍitam̐ kalmaṣāpaham̐  
śravaṇa-maṅgalam̐ śrīmad ātataṁ  
bhuvī 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. (SB 10.31.9)