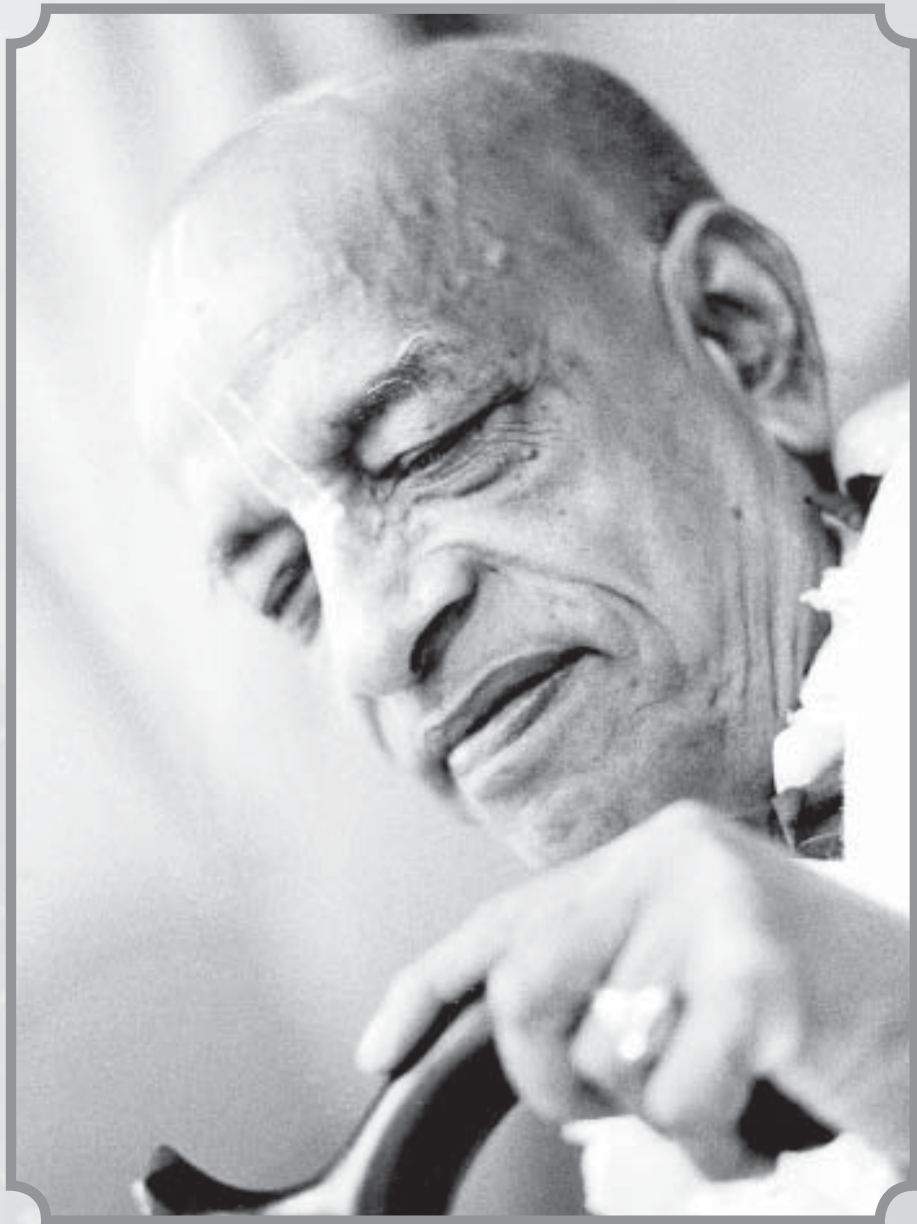


ŚRĪLA PRABHUPĀDA
KṚPĀṢṬAKA





Śrīla Prabhupāda Kṛpāṣṭaka

by Draviḍa Dāsa

1.

Trapped within *saṁsāra*'s all-consuming, blazing fire,
We had no hope of rescue till your guru's strong desire
Inspired and empowered you to boldly cross the sea
And teach the truths of *bhakti* so some souls would be set free.

O Prabhupāda, your mercy is my only treasure now;
Unto your soothing lotus feet I bow.

2.

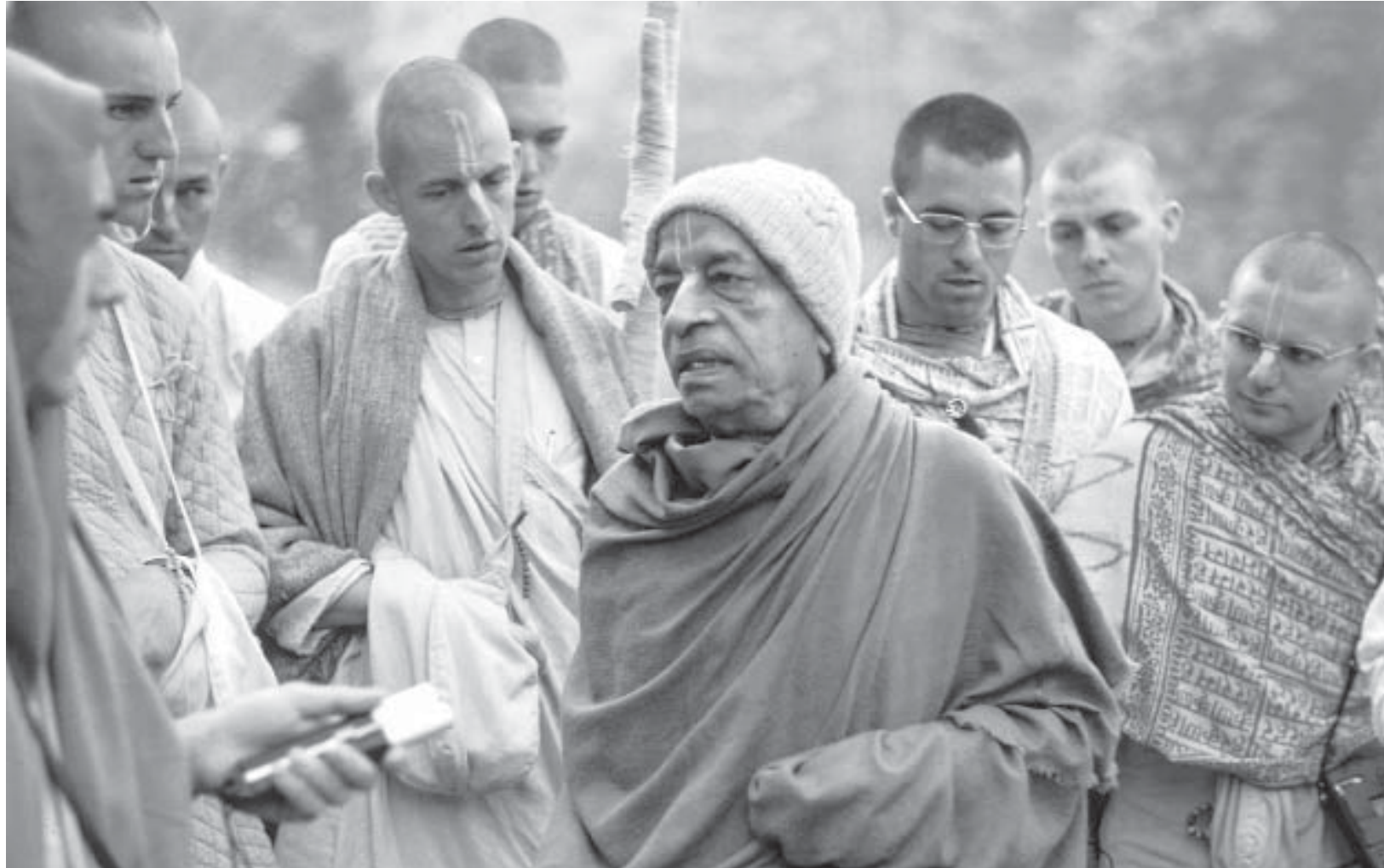
Patiently you taught us how to chant the Holy Name,
And how to dance, and how to sing, and what was life's true aim.
And thus you gave us Lord Caitanya's teachings unalloyed
And saved us from the all-devouring Māyāvādī void.

O Prabhupāda, your mercy is my only treasure now;
Unto your soothing lotus feet I bow.

3.

When *kṛṣṇa-bhakti* spread and you had centers here and there,
You introduced the worship of the Deities so fair.
And soon throughout the world Their Lordships smiled upon your crew
And nourished strong devotion to Themselves, and unto you.

O Prabhupāda, your mercy is my only treasure now;
Unto your soothing lotus feet I bow.



4.

Prasādam was your special weapon, no one could resist;
 Once the Sunday Feast had started, no one could desist.
Halvā, sweet rice, crisp *pakorās*, *subjīs*, *purīs*, rice—
 With these and other preps you did our tongues and hearts entice.

O Prabhupāda, your mercy is my only treasure now;
 Unto your soothing lotus feet I bow.

5.

The books you showered down upon the masses and on us
 Taught scripture's sacred essence: *bhakti* pure and nectarous.
 And while you wrote you relished Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa's names
 And forms and pastimes, qualities, and everlasting fame.

O Prabhupāda, your mercy is my only treasure now;
 Unto your soothing lotus feet I bow.

6.

While managing your ISKCON, with the whole world as your stage,
 Meeting, preaching, trav'ling like a man of half your age,
 You served your most beloved Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa in your heart,
 Arranging for Their pastimes in Vṛndāvan's secret part.

O Prabhupāda, your mercy is my only treasure now;
 Unto your soothing lotus feet I bow.

7.

“The guru is as good as God,” you said, and some were shocked.
 But you had simply quoted scripture: you did not concoct.
 And sure enough, for those who worship you as they would God,
 The path of *bhakti* opens wide and joyfully is trod.

O Prabhupāda, your mercy is my only treasure now;
 Unto your soothing lotus feet I bow.

8.

If you bestow your mercy, then Śrī Kṛṣṇa gives His too;
 But if your mercy’s lacking, then there’s nothing we can do.
 So every day we should reflect upon your life sublime
 And vow to serve you always with our body, words, and mind.

O Prabhupāda, your mercy is my only treasure now;
 Unto your soothing lotus feet I bow.

9.

I pray my humble hymn in honor of the blessed day
 That you appeared among us your great mercy to display
 May find some favor both with you and with your devotees,
 Who hover ’round your lovely lotus feet like maddened bees.

O Prabhupāda, I pray that you bestow your mercy now;
 Unto your soothing lotus feet I bow.

