

Sri Govinda-Virudavali

Calling Out to Lord Krsna

1 This book, Sri Govinda-virudavali, is very auspicious. When one reads it Sri Govinda becomes pleased.

2 O lotus-eyed Lord, when You wish to enjoy pastimes in the material world You appoint the demigod Brahma to create places for them and You also appoint the demigod Siva to eventually remove those places. The Viraja river, which is a moat surrounding the Vaikuntha worlds and which contains within its waters many millions of places where You enjoy pastimes, is like a small handful of water to You. O Lord, now that You have stopped enjoying pastimes in this world, what prayers shall the saintly devotees recite to glorify You?

3 May Lord Krsna's (the numberless waves of whose transcendental pastimes crushed the pride of the powerful demigod Indra) left hand, which lifted the king of mountains (Govardhana Hill) as if it were an umbrella, bring transcendental happiness to this world.

4 O Lord whose footsteps crush the pride of the elephant Airavata, O Lord whose charming bodily fragrance robs Your friends of their weariness, O Lord who crushes the strength and pride of the demons, O Lord who delights the hearts of the saintly devotees, O Lord who enjoys transcendental amorous pastimes without any check, O Lord whose arms are like two serpents, O Lord who wears flower-bud earrings, O Lord whose transcendental form is anointed with splendid sandal paste, O Playful and witty Lord, O Lord who defeated the Kaliya serpent, O Lord who gives the great favour (of liberation) to even the demons, O Lord whose charming smile removed the fears of the astonished demigod Brahma, O Lord whose affectionate (brother) Baladeva could guess (that you had expanded Yourself as the boys and calves), O Lord who was for an entire year separated from Your friends and calves, O Lord whose splendid voice defeats the roaring of thunder, O Lord who rebukes the envious demons, all glories to the sound of Your flute, which is a splendid moon that brings great tidal waves to the ocean of amorous desires of the beautiful girls in the heavenly planets, and which is an Agastya Muni drinking the ocean of peaceful composure of the very sober, responsible, and respectable girls of Gokula.

5 O lifter of Govardhana Hill, O protector of the surabhi cows, O friend of the cowherd boys, O helper of the devotees, O Lord Mukunda (Krsna), I pray that for You, who wear a great and splendid crown of peacock feathers, whose restless sidelong glances stun the wandering bumblebees, and who enjoys transcendental pastimes in a cottage in the forest by the shore of the Yamuna River, I may always feel the purest love.

6 O Lord whose garments are as splendid as lightning, O Lord whose broad arms are like slithering serpents, O Lord glorified by beautiful demigoddess maidens travelling in the sky, O Lord followed by a host of intelligent and dear friends intent on Your protection, O Lord who delights the

charming and affectionate people of Vraja, O Lord from whose mouth come ever-new sounds that bring great happiness to the ear, O Lord who holds a beautiful blossomed lotus flower in Your hand, O Lord who removed the pride of the angrily bellowing bull-demon, O Lord who destroyed the angry demonic army in battle, O Lord decorated with golden tilaka, O Lord who tastes the nectar of love for the sometimes angry and sometimes satisfied young girls of Vraja, please reside in the loving hearts of Your devotees.

O Lord, O killer of the Agha demon, may we find happiness in the deep ocean of Your transcendental pastimes, where the great waves of Your smiles and laughter rock the universes, where the centre is always crowded with the many makharas of the surrendered souls, and where the swans of the great devotees drink to their full satisfaction.

7 O youthful, merciful Lord, O tamala tree decorated with gunja, flowering vines, and peacock feathers, O Lord decorating the gopas and delighting Rohini and Yasoda, the moon of Your glory, born from the ocean of Your Gokula pastimes, at one time illuminated this world.

8 O killer of Aristasura, O ornament of the devotees, O Lord decorated with sandal paste, O delight of the surrendered souls, O jubilantly restless Lord, O Lord who throws restless glances from the corners of Your glistening eyes, O Lord who wears swinging kadamba flower earrings, O Lord who enters a charming mountain cave, O Lord whose movements are more graceful than those of the most elegant great elephant, O handsome Lord who pleases a host of friends and relatives, please bring transcendental happiness now to the beautiful gopis in the great forest of Vrndavana.

9 O Lord who kills the demons, O Lord who kisses the murali flute, O Lord who bows down to offer respects to Your mother, O Lord who delights the gopis, all glories to you!

All glories to that person who is eternally in love with the lotuslike gopis, whose ever-fresh bodily fragrance attracts and intoxicates the bumblebees, who holds a charming lotus flower, who knows the deepest secrets and who enjoys pastimes like a regal elephant in the jungle by the Yamuna's shore.

10 O hero, all glories to You! All glories to You! O Hero of the mellows of transcendental amorous pastimes, O hero whose teeth defeat the thunderbolt, O hero who defeats the armies of the demons, O hero who enjoys pastimes with Your garlanded friends, O hero who wears a necklace of transcendental jewels, O enjoyer of the rasa dance, O hero with a blossoming smile, O hero splendidly anointed with fragrant powder, O hero whose forest-flower garland is glorified by hosts of bumblebees, O protector of the people of Vraja, O affectionate friend of the devotees, O hero whose glistening earrings swing on Your shoulders, O hero who attracts the swans with the musical sound of Your long flute, O hero who extinguished the forest fire, O hero who shines with love for Your affectionate friends, O hero whose voice is like thunder, O hero whose chest is anointed with kunkuma from the full breasts of the gopis, O hero who stopped the indra-yajna, O hero who at once lifted Govardhana Hill, all glories to You!

In Vraja's hero, who is beyond the rules of the Vedas, whose power and heroism is glorified in many beautiful songs, who is surrounded by His dear devotees, whose chest is now yellow, anointed

with kunkuma, who enjoys pastimes in a newly constructed forest cottage, who wears a splendid golden sash, and who is a deep ocean of the nectar of love, may we place all our love.

11 O Lord whose curling locks of hair and whose splendid bimba-fruit lips are kissed by Your mother, all glories to You.

O Lord Krsna, O killer of the Mura demon, when the god of love saw the great flood of the splendour of Your toenails, a splendour far greater than the shining of hundreds of full moons, he became despondent and, abandoning all pride in his own handsomeness, became disembodied.

12 O Lord who punished a demon who made a great whirlwind of hard, sharp, dancing dust, O crusher of the demons, O protector of the devotees, O Lord whose unique transcendental qualities bring a great festival of happiness to Your friends, O Lord who, by lifting a mountain with one of Your transcendental arms, protected Your friends troubled by harsh thunder, O Lord who rebuked the king of heaven for his pride, O Lord to whom King Indra, his illusion now dispelled, offered prayers, O Lord who celebrated a great festival, O hero, O swan who plays in the Yamuna, all glories to the king of mantras: Your flute's fifth note, which bewilders the intelligence, drives away shyness, subdues the elephants of the fear of transgressing the rules of religion, and draws to it the transcendental forms of the beautiful-eyebrowed gopis.

13 O Lord who, with the sweet sound of Your flute, attracts the gopis to the forest, O Lord who is very pleased by intelligent Radhika, O Lord expert at delighting thousands of beautiful girls, O lover of a great multitude of affectionate gopis, O Lord please protect me.

May the arrows of Lord Krsna's sidelong glances, which are shot from moving eyebrow-bows more proud than the bow of the god of love, which pierce the hard armour of the pride of the most virtuous girls, and which become thunderbolts breaking the hearts of the most chaste young girls, bring transcendental happiness to you.

14 O Lord decorated with swinging vicalika flower earrings, O supreme ornament of all handsome men, O Lord who fought the king of the snakes, O Lord who removed the fear of the world, O Lord worshipped by Brahma and Siva, O Lord pleased by the brief prayers of Your servant, O Lord glorified by jubilant King Indra, O Lord expert at defeating the restless demons, O Lord whose motions defeat the most graceful elephant, O Lord whose neck is anointed with fragrant sandal paste, O Lord whose handsome arms are decorated with glistening armllets, O Lord who brings great happiness to Your friends, O Lord who wears jingling jewelled bracelets, O Lord who wears rangana flowers in Your moving hair, O Lord whose garments are splendid with kunkuma, O Lord whose bodily fragrance is very sweet, O Lord who brings transcendental auspiciousness to the home of King Nanda, O Lord handsomely anointed with colourful ghusrna, O Lord whose lotus soles are splendidly reddish, O Lord who increases the amorous desires of the young girls of Vraja, O Lord anointed with musk, please grant auspiciousness to me.

I pray that upon Lord Krsna, who is colourfully decorated with mineral pigments from Govardhana Hill, who is a spark to ignite the straw of the demons, who is a timingila fish sporting in the ocean of battling the demons, and who is the auspiciousness of Vraja, I may repose my love.

15 O handsome Lord accompanied by beautiful girls decorated with splendid necklaces, O ornament of the universe, O Lord whose splendour enchants the gopis, O hero, all glories to You.

The full moon (Lord Krsna) of Vrndavana, which shatters the darkness, delights the night blooming lotuses, and melts the candramani jewels of the devotees' hearts, shines with great splendour.

16 O Lord who displays all good qualities, O killer of Sakatasura, O Lord who carries a new stick, O Lord who wanders through the forest, O Lord who enjoys pastimes of dancing, O charming Lord, O Lord who fills the forest with a sweet fragrance, O Lord who protects the surabhi cows, O Lord who enchants the entire world with the music of Your flute, O Lord who has red lips, O youthful Lord, O Lord who has long arms, O Lord the slightest scent of whose mercy is as great as an ocean, O Lord who, expanded as Balarama, became like a baby elephant to squash the grasshopper (of Pralambasura), O Lord who holds a lotus flower, O Lord who associates with the great devotees expert at relishing the nectar of transcendental mellows, O thief of the yoghurt jar, O Lord who speaks very sweetly, O devoted lover of a multitude of beautiful and playful young girls, O hero, O Lord surrounded by beautiful doe-eyed girls, O Lord who enjoys pastimes like those of a male elephant enjoying with his many wives, O beloved of Tulasi, O Lord who made the demons' wives into widows and made them remove the part in their hair, O Lord, please be compassionate to me.

17 O Lord anointed with sandal paste, O fragrant Lord, O Lord whose cheeks are the dancing arena for swinging earrings, O Lord whose glistening neck is decorated with a splendid garland of blossomed jasmine flowers, O Lord gracefully decorated with asoka buds, O Lord whose handsome transcendental form is as splendid as black kajjala, O Lord who glows with love for Maharaja Nanda, O hero, all glories to the sweet sound of Your flute, the expert messenger that arouses the amorous desires of Srimati Radharani, pulls Her from Her home and takes Her into the forest.

18 O Lord, O auspiciousness of Nanda's wife Yasoda, O Lord who violently killed the demoness Putana and made her body fall to the ground, O Lord who harshly punishes the demons, O supremely powerful Lord, O Lord who becomes restless in adolescence, O Lord who hides in the porches of Gokula, O Lord who pleases the cows, land, and senses, O Lord who fills Srimati Radhika with intense transcendental bliss, O Lord who, by glancing at the blossoming madhavi creepers in the grove of vetasi trees, becomes inflamed with amorous passion, O delight of the doe-eyed gopis, O Lord who enjoys pastimes like a maddened elephant, O Lord who embraces the unembarrassed and affectionate gopis, O Lord whose neck is decorated with a flower garland that attracts a swarm of charming bees, O Lord eager to enjoy transcendental pastimes, O Lord whose great crown is decorated with many patali, kunda and madhavi flowers, O unlimited, Lord, O hero, please always protect me.

O Lord as handsome as a blossoming blue lotus flower, O root from which the most intense transcendental bliss has sprouted, O Govinda, please delight me with the fragrance of Your lotus feet.

19 O Lord whose teeth are like jasmine flowers, O Lord whose belt is carefully tied, O Lord dressed in golden garments, O Lord whose smiles and laughter are supremely charming, O husband of the goddess of fortune, may Your smile's transcendental splendour, which mocks the ocean of nectar,

which is the most powerful aphrodisiac for the gopis, and which, to the eyes of the people of Vraja, is autumn moonlight that dispels the darkness of ignorance, give transcendental happiness to us.

20 O Lord who eclipses the splendour of the lustrous blue lotus flowers, O Lord whose expert dancing has removed the pride of the king of peacocks, O Lord more handsome than the newly blossoming blue lotus flowers, O Lord whose handsome yellow garments make You look like a dark monsoon cloud and a flash of lightning, O Lord who gracefully dances on the Yamuna's shore, O Lord whose dancing eyes have defeated a host of khanjana birds, O Lord whose arms are fragrant with haricandana, O Lord expert at pleasing the young gopis, O Lord whose playful sidelong glances are very sweet and filled with ever-new happiness, O Lord whose face is so fragrant that it attracts a swarm of restless bumblebees, O Lord whose handsome face is as splendid as an autumn moon, O Lord who wears charming, golden, shark-shaped earrings, O Lord whose arms are a cage to hold the parrot of the hearts of young girls, O Lord whose hair is gracefully decorated with many vicalika flowers, O Lord expert at kissing the moonlike faces of the beautiful and slender gopis, O Lord who violently crushes the pride of the demons in battle, O hero, O Lord Krsna, when You play Your flute the gopis tremble in ecstasy, disengage their hands from decorating their hair and, forgetting their husbands, at once run to the forest. When the demons hear the sound of Your flute they tremble in fear, throw away their swords and, forgetting their wives, flee into the forest.

21 O Lord who wears tilaka markings drawn in red kunkuma, O Lord who wears a garland of madhavi flowers, O Lord who wears many ornaments, O Lord whose neck is anointed with colour, O handsome golden drinking vessel where the bumblebees of the eyes of the doe-eyed gopis drink, O monarch of the pastimes of transcendental love, I glorify You, who are decorated with a host of auspicious ornaments.

22 O fearless Lord, O abode of pure transcendental love, O Lord who is inclined to Your dear friends, O Lord whose smile has defeated the conchshell, O musician who jubilantly plays clear, high notes, O Lord who happily dances, O Lord who stays with the affectionate deer, O Lord who wears swinging earrings of many red lavanga flowers strung together, O Lord who wounded a serpent with the waves of Your dancing, O Lord who becomes filled with transcendental amorous desire by the sight and sound of the waves of buzzing bees wandering among the blossoming flowers on the topmost branches of the tall trees, O Lord who has become the audience for the singing and dancing of the swarms of wandering bumblebees and the graceful waves of restless glances from the eyes of the happy does, O Lord who quickly glances from the corner of Your eye, O Lord who sits on the lap of Your gopi friend at Your secret rendezvous, O Lord whose face is glorified by the splendid moon, O Lord whose feet are like the lotus, all glories to You! O Lord, please be merciful to me, who am very poor and sinful.

O Lord whose garments are as splendid as the sunrise, O Lord expert in the arts of amorous battle, O Lord who, with the waves of Your restless sidelong glances, devours the thoughts of the gopis, O best of the gopas, please bring transcendental happiness to my eyes.

23 O Lord whose glistening forehead is decorated with fragrant kunkuma, O Lord who wears a softly jingling bell, O Lord whose complexion is more splendid than a mass of new monsoon clouds, O Lord whose flute produces waves of the most intense sweetness!

I pray that I may love the best of the gopas, who wears charming flower-blossom earrings, who is a cage where the cakora birds of the young gopis' eyes lie captive, and who, anointed with an abundance of fresh kunkuma, now displays a fair complexion.

24 O Lord whose hair moves in the wind, O splendid Lord, O Lord decorated with peacock feathers and five kinds of charming flowers, O Lord glorified by the demigod Brahma, O Lord whose sweet flute-music attracts the buzzing bees from the nearby hills and forests, O Lord who defeated a hostile serpent, O Lord made yellow by the fresh pollen carried by the breeze limping among the flowering vines, O Lord who extinguished the fire burning among the munja grasses, O Lord who is fond of gunja, O Lord who stays in the forest groves and on the hills, O Lord eager to enjoy transcendental amorous pastimes, O Lord whose hands are more splendid than a newly blossomed red lotus, O Lord who stopped torrential rains and great winds, O Lord who, with the tinkling sounds of Your ankle bells and the sweet fragrance of Your transcendental body, has brought to life a new god of love, O Lord who conquered the pride of the demigod Siva, all glories to You.

25 O Lord who enjoys the nectar mellows of transcendental amorous pastimes, O fragrant Lord, O Lord who enjoys the company of the young gopis, O Lord who has handsome long hair, O Lord decorated with flowers, O Lord who enjoys pastimes on Govardhana Hill!

O Lord whose dancing eyebrows are more wonderful than the bow of flowers held by the god of love, O lotus-eyed Lord, please decorate the lotus flower of my heart.

26 O Lord fond of carrying a stick, O Lord whose hair is decorated with peacock feathers, O Lord within whose cheeks is a smile that is the son of the crescent moon, O beehive filled with the honey of pure transcendental love, O moon-faced Lord, O lake filled with the nectar of transcendental amorous pastimes, O Lord who crushed the heads of a serpent, O Lord whose abdomen contains all the universes, O Lord whose anklebells tinkle melodiously, O Lord who fights very heroically in battle, O Lord whose arms are like two great elephant trunks, O Lord who kills all the violent and sinful demons, O Lord who with great learning defeats Your friends in a mock battle, O Lord fond of the bhandira tree, O Lord who broke the pots filled with yoghurt as white as new sea-foam, O Lord whose sweet flute-music stuns the cuckoos, O lover of the gopis whose beautiful necks are decorated with jewel necklaces, O hero who is like a powerful lion in battle, all glories to You! All glories to You!

O Lord whose very powerful arms are like the coils of great snakes, O Lord whose sandal tilaka marking is very glorious, O lotus-eyed Lord, please decorate my heart with the splendour of Your face, which eclipses a great host of rising moons.

27 O archer who moves the bows of Your eyebrows, which eclipse the pride of the bow carried by the god of love, O Lord who stays under the bhandira tree, O maddened elephant who stays by the shore of the Yamuna, O Lord surrounded by splendid lotuslike friends, all glories to You!

28 All glories to You! All glories to You! O slayer of the demons, O Lord who pleases the entire world with Your transcendental sweetness, O gentle hearted Lord, O Lord who is fond of Springtime, O Lord who has handsome white teeth, O Lord who casts restless glances from the corners of Your eyes, O Lord who is a continual flood of transcendental glory, O powerful companion of numberless friends, all the great liberated devotees are full of love for You. O Supreme Personality of Godhead, O son of Nanda, O source of all good qualities, O Lord whose transcendental form is as splendid as a dark monsoon cloud, O Lord whose teeth are like splendid jasmine flowers, O Lord whose abdomen contains numberless universes, O Lord whose hair is decorated with fresh mandara flowers that fill the forest of Vrndavana with a very sweet fragrance, O Lord worshipped by all the great demigods, O Lord glorified by the most eloquent poets, O Lord whose two feet rebuke the splendid lotus flowers and the glistening moon, O Lord whose pastimes delight the king of Nandisvara (Maharaja Nanda), all glories to You!

O Mukunda (Krsna), I pray that the lotus flower of Your face, which is filled with the flowing nectar of Your splendid smile and the sweet fragrance tasted by the great swanlike devotees, and which delights the bumblebees of the gopis' eyes may grow in the lake of my heart.

29 O Lord worshipped by the demigods flying in the sky, O Lord whose flute music defeats the gandharva musician Tumburu, O Lord surrounded by handsome-faced deer, O Lord dressed in yellow garments, please enjoy transcendental pastimes with the beautiful gopis on the charming kadamba flower filled shore of the Yamuna.

30 O Lord who dives into the nectar of transcendental mellows, all glories to You! O Lord who trembles with love, O Lord who brings auspiciousness to Your friends, O Lord who is very compassionate to those who bow before You with awe and trembling, O Lord whose hair is decorated with garlands of blossomed campa flowers that eclipse the splendour of lightning, O Lord whose face is glorified by earrings of blossomed kadamba flowers, O dear friend of the cowherd boys, O Lord whose face is like a splendid lotus flower blossoming wide with the rising of the sun, O Lord whose arms are very long and powerful, O Lord who is very bold in kissing the young gopis, whose lips are like bimba fruits and whose breasts like the bulging forehead of Ganesa, O Lord who is very eager to embrace the gopis, O Lord, please give auspiciousness to Your devotees. O Lord whose appearance mocks the splendour of a dark cloud and glistening lightning, O Lord to whom the demigod Siva bows down, O Lord who defeats the pride of Indra, who holds the powerful thunderbolt in his hand, O Lord, even though I am a debauchee at heart, please give to me a drop of Your perfect transcendental mercy.

O Lord who is like a maddened elephant in the blossoming forests and cottages of flowering vines by the shores of the Yamuna, O Lord whose splendid dark limbs condemn the glory of black anjana, please make me happy by splashing me with the waves of Your playful sidelong glance.

31 O Lord whose complexion mocks the splendour of blue lotus flowers, O Lord whose eyes are like two restless khanjana birds, O Lord who kisses the young gopis, O Lord who wears a kadamba flower in Your moving locks of hair, O Lord who, surrounded in the auspicious place of flowering vines by beautiful gopis restless wit love as they play love songs on vinas, jokingly plays the notes of

mullara raga on Your flute, please make my eyes blossom wide open with the charming lightning flash of Your pastimes.

32 O Lord who, past the border of the great city of Vraja enters the grove of flowering vines filled with many small ponds and lakes, many crickets, and many beautiful malli, sivamalli and kumuda flowers, O Lord who enjoys the hallisaka dance, O Lord whose restless eyebrows have defeated the god of love, O Lord gracefully decorated with tilaka, O Lord as handsome as hundreds of demigods of love, O Lord who splashes in the lake of playful mock battles, O Lord whose transcendental pastimes are supremely auspicious, please protect us,

O Lord who, by moving the wonderful flowering vine bows of Your eyebrows makes the gopis tremble, O dear son of Yasoda, O Lord surrounded by the splendid surabhi cows and calves, please gloriously appear before us.

33 O perfect friend to play with the gopas, O Lord whose reddish lips are like newly blossomed sprouts, O Lord who is very submissive to Your beloved gopis, O Lord even a small drop of the intense sweetness of whose transcendental pastimes remains remote and difficult to attain for the great sages fixed in santa-rasa, O Lord who displays wonderful youthful prowess in pastimes of wrestling, O Lord surrounded by doe-eyed girls blossoming with happiness, O Lord the playful movements of whose eyebrows arouse their amorous passions, O Lord who bears the sweet fragrance of many jasmine flowers, O Lord whose sweet music enchants the deer, O Lord whose hair is circled by a garland of red hallaka flowers, O hero!

With great happiness I worship the Sri Krsna asoka tree, which, its shoulders embraced by the tendril hands of gopi vines, is now blossoming with transcendental bliss.

34 O Lord whose restless, reddish, merciful, handsome eyes have entered the hearts of the young gopis, O Lord who sometimes rests in a mountain cave, O shelter of the gopas, O Lord whose feet are like blossoming flowers, O Lord handsomely reddened with auspicious kunkuma, O Lord decorated with sandal paste, O Lord whose words are gladdening, O Lord who broke the cart demon, O Lord who punishes the fearful and arrogant demons, O Lord who is a festival of happiness for human society, O Lord who protects the surabhi cows, O Lord who carries a buffalo horn bugle, O Lord who defeated the Kaliya serpent, O Lord who lifted transcendental Govardhana Hill, O Lord whose eyes are very handsome, O Lord who walks as a graceful elephant, O abode of eloquent words that arouse the amorous desires of the gopis, O Lord who wears an elegant crown, O Lord who carries an asoka staff, O Lord whose hands are reddish, O Lord as powerful as a great horde of ferocious, roaring, eight-headed sarabha monsters, O Lord whose face is decorated with swinging earrings, O Lord whose complexion is as splendid as the dark waters of the jubilant Yamuna River, O Lord who wears a crown of forest flowers, O shelter of the gopas crying (in fear of the forest fire), O Lord surrounded by the surabhi calves, O Lord handsomely decorated with sandal paste, aguru, musk and kunkuma, O Lord decorated with splendid bracelets, O Lord whose pastimes are famous everywhere, O Lord, please grant auspiciousness to us.

I pray that in Sri Krsna, who is a scythe to cut down the demons, who is decorated with colourful mineral pigment, who fills the world with wonder, whose transcendental pastimes bring great bliss to the heart, and who is the gopis friend, I may place my love.

35 O Lord who, on the tall hilltop filled with wandering bumblebees, playfully makes waves of sound flow from Your buffalo-horn bugle, O hero, after turning the wives of the violent demons into widows, You filled the pundraka flower groves of Vrndavana forest with the beautiful girls of Vraja.

36 All glories to You! All glories to You! O Lord whose smile is handsome and charming, O Lord who used a great hill to defeat King Indra, O Lord who enjoys the nectar of transcendental amorous pastimes in the caves of Your own hill, O Lord who wears a jewel necklace, O Lord who is a grand palace of the jewels of transcendental virtues and talents, O Lord on whose chest the goddess of fortune rests, O Lord whose motions defeat the most graceful elephants, O Lord who is very affectionate to Your friends, O Lord who brings happiness to the demigod Siva, O Lord who wears tilaka drawn in sandal paste, O Lord worshipped by the demigod Brahma, O Lord whose forest of Madhuvana rebukes the charming sweetness of the celestial Nandana gardens filled with haricandana trees, O Lord pleased by the transcendental forest fragrant with many flowers, O Lord conquered by love, O Lord who wears earrings made of peacock feathers and bhandila flowers, O Lord whose splendid teeth defeat new white rice grains, O Lord expert in amorous battle, O Lord who plays jokes on the beautiful gopis, O Lord decorated with the gopis' nail scratches, O Lord bitten by the gopis' teeth, O hero, O handsome king of Vraja, we offer our respectful obeisances to You, who are delighted by the splendid gopis, whose virtues and talents embarrass Goddess Parvati and whose beauty makes goddess Laksmi revile the beauty of her own transcendental form.

37 O Lord who enjoys the different mellows of transcendental love, O Lord who is fond of the forest full of blossoming flowers, O Lord who enjoys amorous pastimes of dancing with the gopis, O Lord who stole the gopis' garments, O hero, O Krsna, may the sweet sound of Your flute, to which the Vedas and the six Vedangas respectfully bow down, which the demigoddesses of the Upanisads respectfully place upon their parted hair, and which the sacred syllable om respectfully glorifies with a happy heart, bring transcendental happiness to us all.

38 O moon shining in the family of Maharaja Nanda, O Lord who breaks the sleep of repeated birth and death, O Lord whose splendid teeth defeat the jasmine flowers, O Lord who kills the demons, O Lord who breaks the festival of the god of love, O Lord the narration of whose pastimes is as sweet as nectar, O Lord who enjoys transcendental amorous pastimes in the charming forest groves filled with blossoming jasmine flowers, flowering vines and humming bees, O Lord who stays in the company of Your charming friends, O Lord whose transcendental limbs glisten with happiness, O Lord who delights in transcendental amorous pastimes, O Lord whose sweet music is as charming as the singing of a maddened cuckoo, O fragrant Lord, O Lord delighted by the forest flowers, O Lord who tore apart the demon yaksa Sankhacuda, O Lord expert in battle, O Lord whose hair is handsomely decorated with a peacock feather, O Lord who crushes into powder the material desires of Your surrendered devotees, O hero, O Lord Krsna, please stand in my heart.

O Lord Krsna, Your flute overwhelms both friends and enemy alike. The one it charms with friendly waves of nectar, and the other it poisons with the most dangerous sound.

39 O Lord who leads the demons to liberation, O Lord who possesses limitless auspicious mercy, O Lord whose ankle-bells jingle like the twang of the bow held by the god of love, who shoots arrows of flowers, O hero.

May Lord Krsna, who tore apart the ferocious enemy (Kualayapida) sent by Kamsa, and who, by violently dancing in the arena, killed the tigerlike wrestlers, stay in the white lotus of your heart.

40 All glories, all glories to You, O Lord expert at playing the flute, O Lord whose restless, love filled eyes defeat the autumn lotus flowers, O Lord who steals away the peaceful composure of the wives of the Siddhas and Caranas, O Lord decorated with splendid jewel necklaces and earrings, O Lord who stays on splendid Govardhana Hill, which glistens with many pleasant lakes, O Lord whose transcendental form decorates Your decorations, O Lord who found and killed the bull-demon Aristasura, O Lord who wears a peacock feather in Your splendid, curling hair, O Lord whose face is more splendid than a host of moons, O Lord who enjoys amorous battle in a cottage in the forest grove, O Lord whose arms are two bold snakes eager to enjoy the nectar happiness of embraces, O Lord who is like a moving young tamala tree, O Lord who sincerely and expertly fulfils all the desires of the cowherd people, O Lord who holds a staff in Your right hand, O Lord whose splendour eclipses millions of suns and moons, O Lord who is decorated with handsome tilaka drawn with the yellow pigment gorocana, O Lord whose transcendental qualities delight Ananta Sesa, Brahma, Sanaka Kumara, and Sanandana Kumara, O handsome hero, please fill me with transcendental happiness.

O Lord, when the reddened, expanded sun of Your glory rises, the darkness of the demons flees to hide in caves.

41 O Lord who enjoys embracing the young gopis by the shore of the Yamuna, O Lord whose limbs glisten with the great waves of the nectar mellows of Your transcendental amorous pastimes, O hero, when the frightened demons headed by Arista, Vatsa and Kesi, saw Your kindness to the cows and other animals, they abandoned all pride and assumed the forms of animals.

42 O Lord with handsome hair, O Lord prayed to by Brahma, Siva, and Ananta Sesa, O Lord who has no material qualities, O Lord who has countless transcendental qualities, O hero of transcendental pastimes, O Lord who ferociously fought with the Kaliya serpent, O joy of Gokula, O Lord who dutifully bows down before Nanda Maharaja, O giver of intense transcendental bliss, O enchanter of the god of love, O Lord who drove away the pride of the young girls proud of their exquisite beauty, O graceful artist in the rasa dance, O Lord surrounded by fair-complexioned, buxom, beautiful girls, O Lord who stays with them in a hundred forest groves, O Lord who pleases the young gopis, O Lord worshipped by exquisitely beautiful Sri Radhika, O Lord who dallies with the shy gopis, O Lord whose crown is tilted, O Lord exhausted by enjoying many pastimes, O Lord whose eyes are filled with transcendental desire, O Lord whose eyes are red with anger, O Lord who grants liberation to the demons, O Lord to whom the whole world bows down, O protector of the gopas, O happiness of the poets, O abode of mercy, O hero, please protect me.

O Lord who wears a peacock feather crown, even though You defeat them, make them foam at the mouth with exhaustion, bind them, frighten them, and kill them, You still grant liberation to Your enemies.

43 O Lord whose sweet pastimes are filled with love, O Lord who is worshipped and served by the gopas, O Krsna, Your hair, decorated with a new peacock feather, and appearing as a wonderful sharp dagger carried by the god of love, who holds a bow of flowers, now agitates the doe-eyed gopis.

44 O Lord, seeing Your power in battle, the frightened demons pierced the coverings of the material universe and fled far away.

45 O Lord whose glance removes the pride of the proud girls, O sun that torments the owls of the demons, O Lord worshipped by the dindima playing demigods, O Lord who has two splendid bolts that are Your powerful arms, O Lord whose glance charmed the hearts of the young girls initiated for the sacrifice, O Lord who has a very gentle and splendid smile, O Lord who, by lifting the hill, destroyed the darkness of pride that had swallowed up King Indra, O Lord dressed in charming, splendid, colourful garments, O Lord who defeated the great power of the Kesi demon, O Lord who speaks very sweetly, O Lord who brings a great festival of happiness to the demigod Siva, O Lord whose flute is praised by the prayers of Brahma, O Lord who removed the earrings from Kamsa's wives, O Lord whose restless handsome eyes were tossed by waves of happiness in the dancing arena, O Lord made restless by the appearance of the god of love, O Lord who stole the gopis' garments, O Lord whose great festival in the dancing arena is glorified in the dramas of great poets, O slayer of repeated birth and death, please deliver me. O eternal hero, please glance upon me.

May Lord Krsna's armlet-decorated left arm, which is a thunderbolt chisel that broke the great stone of the horse-demon Kesi, and made its dreadful teeth fall out, make us expert in pure devotional service.

46 O Krsna, O Lord who is harsh to the demons, O Lord pleased by the young gopis, O Lord conquered by their charming fragrance, please appear before me.

O Lord even, though I have now come to the time of life that brings blindness and old-age, Your auspicious mercy has not yet come to me.

47 All glories to You, O Lord as splendid and handsome as a host of monsoon clouds, O Lord whose handsome and gentle smiles and laughter are like splendid and pure moonlight, O Lord who kisses the moon faces of the doe-eyed gopis, O Lord whose glistening eyes play like restless khanjana birds, O most expert tactician in the arts of amorous battle, O Lord who has been made into a jester by the great cleverness of affectionate Srimati Radhika, O Lord whose peerless flute music charms the young gopis, O Lord whose eternal sweetness delights the demigods, O Lord who wears a garland of peacock feathers in Your curling hair, O Lord whose jewelled, swinging, shark-shaped earrings dance about Your ears, O Lord who dances with great energy and enthusiasm, O Lord the splendour of whose teeth has conquered the white rice grains, O Lord who wears a beautiful dadimi flower in Your ear, O Lord whose leaf-flute has enchanted the restless calves with its sweet, soft sound!

May Lord Krsna, whose disarrayed hair is decorated with bunches of punnaga flowers and a crown of peacock feathers, whose complexion is as splendid as sapphires and who stands like a god of love in the forest by the Yamuna's shore, protect me.

48 All glories to You, O Lord who is dear to Garga Muni, O Lord glorified by the demigod Siva, O hero, O Lord who is submissive to the devotees who taste the nectar of eternal love for You!

O Lord Krsna, all glories to Your horn's sound, which can be heard from very far away, and which has become the initiating and instructing spiritual master of the demons' wives, teaching them how to follow the vows of widowhood.

49 O Lord whose hair is decorated with a multitude of flowers, O Lord whose nails have defeated the diamond mirrors, O Lord whose soldiers delighted the people with their prowess in battle, O Lord whose ferocious fighting is like the most graceful dance, O Lord whose feet crushed the angry Kaliya serpent, O shelter of all the cowherd people, O Lord whose happy eyes are charming and gladdening, O Lord who rests in the cave of a hill, O Lord who delights the young gopis, O Lord expert at fighting lovers' quarrels, O Lord who kills the troublesome demons, O Lord whose pure words fill the world with nectar, O Lord whose soft, splendid, pure smile is a kumuda flower, O Lord whose charming face is a kamala flower, O Lord whose moving locks of hair are like black bees, O Lord who wears tilaka drawn in splendid kunkuma, O Lord who stole the hidden jar of yoghurt, O unconquerable Lord, O hero, please always splendidly display Your pastimes in my heart.

O Krsna, all glories to Your horn's thunder, which is the life and soul of Your cataka bird friends, the delight of the demigod peacocks, and the source of fear for the demon swans.

50 O Supreme Person, O hero, O Lord who stands on the wonderful shore of the Yamuna, O Lord whose flute-music floods the world, O Lord who likes to hear the lowing of the surabhi cows, O hero, all glories to Your powerful arms, which are the shelter of all the worlds, and which tore the demons apart with such ferocious violence that everyone thought all powerful Lord Nrsimhadeva had suddenly appeared.

51 O Murari (Krsna)! How wonderful it is that although the demons, who are always envious of the demigods, have failed to penetrate Your military phalanx, they have penetrated the region of mitra, the sun-globe.

Note: This translation is taken from Nectar of Devotion (page 195), where Srila Prabhupada explains: "The word mitra is used metaphorically. Mitra means the sun-globe, and mitra also means friend. The demons who opposed Krsna as enemies wanted to penetrate His military phalanx; but instead of doing this, they died in battle, and the result was that they penetrated the planet mitra, or the sun-planet. In other words, they entered into the Brahman effulgence. The example of the sun-planet is given here because the sun is ever-illuminating, like the spiritual sky, where there are innumerable illuminating Vaikuntha planets, the enemies of Krsna were killed, and instead of penetrating Krsna's phalanx, they entered into the friendly atmosphere of the spiritual effulgence. That is the mercy of Krsna, and therefore He is known as the deliverer of His enemies also."

52 O boat that carries the living entities across the ocean of sin, O Lord who enjoys wonderful transcendental pastimes, O protector of the innocent, O Lord who protected the Vidyadhara who had taken the body of a serpent, O protector in battle, O supremely purifying Lord, O scythe that cuts down the sufferings of material bondage, O Lord unlimitedly famous in all the worlds, O supremely intelligent Lord, O supremely strong Lord, O original spiritual master, O best of all, O gentle Lord, O Lord who never falls down, O Lord who is very far from the material mind, O Lord who in every pastime is always handsome and charming, O Lord who stays with Balarama, O splendid Lord, O Lord free from anger, O ornament of the universe, O glorious Lord, O killer of the Madhu demon, O Lord Hari, O enemy of the Mura demon, O limitless Lord who cannot be perfectly understood even by the demigod Siva, O eternal Lord, O playful Lord, O Lord who kills the enemies of the demigods, O Lord who plays in the waves of the Yamuna, O Lord who brought transcendental happiness to Garuda by exiling the Kaliya serpent to the ocean, O Lord who stays in the caves of the best hills, O Lord who goes to the rendezvous, O Lord who stays with Your beloved, O splendid Lord, O very handsome Lord, O peaceful Lord, O end of Your enemies, O killer of the demons, O unlimited Lord, O Lord who has very handsome teeth, O Lord who smiles and laughs from the corners of Your eyes, O king of spring, O Lord eternally worshipped and served by the devotees, O hero, I continually worship and serve You.

O Mukunka (Krsna), by drinking even a fraction of a drop of the ocean of Your transcendental handsomeness what pious girls will not become enchanted and filled with desire? May Your handsome smiles, the vigorous dancing of the flowering vines of Your eyebrows, the waves of Your playful sidelong glances, and all Your enchanting quality extend Your kingdom very far.

53 O Lord who enjoys the rasa dance on the charming shore of the river bank, O Lord who plays "soldiers" with the cowherd boys, O Lord dressed in yellow garments, O Lord who holds a lotus in Your hand, O killer of the demons, O Lord who enjoys transcendental pastimes in the forest, O best of heroes, O playful joking Lord, O Lord Krsna, all glories to You!

The elephant of my mind is drowning in the insurmountable waves of material illusion. Strongly held by the ferocious crocodile of the threefold miseries, it anxiously cries with fear in its heart. O Lord Hari (Krsna), please rescue it with Your glowing Sudarsana cakra, which cuts the sufferings of the demigods to pieces.

54 O Lord to whom the demigod Siva bows down, O Lord who angrily turned the wives of the demons into widows, O cowherd boy, O Lord dressed in elegant silk garments, O killer of Bakasura, O Lord decorated by the most expert artists, O Lord who pleases Nanda Maharaja with Your transcendental pastimes, O Lord who is an ocean of the nectar of intense transcendental love, O hero, O Lord who happily accepts the prayers, singing, music, and dancing offered for Your pleasure, O Lord a drop of the great waves of whose handsomeness captivates everyone, O Lord who delights the earth, O Lord who cripples the demons, O mountain that crushed the pride of the Kaliya snake, O benefactor of the surabhi cows, O Lord who is merciful to Your kinsmen, O Lord who lifted the king of hills, O Lord who enchants everyone with Your handsomeness, O Lord who stole the garments and left the young girls to stand in the water, O thief who stole the jewel of the most fortunate gopi's heart, O Lord who enjoys transcendental pastimes in the heart of that most fortunate gopi, O Lord

whose garments are as splendid as lightning, O Lord who protects the devotees trembling in fear of the cycle of repeated birth and death, O Lord blossoming with happiness, O effulgent Lord, O hero.

May Sri Kṛṣṇa, the king of the forest and the merciful physician who, in the mortar and pestle of single combat, crushed the demons causing pain to the cows and cowherd boys, and rolled them into a pill to cure the forest of Vṛndavana, give transcendental happiness to you all.

55 O Lord whose glistening black hair is decorated with a peacock feather, O Lord whose handsome form is anointed with sandal paste, O Lord who broke the mystic powers of the demons, O Lord whose splendidly handsome form is decorated with ornaments, O Hero, O Lord who enlivens all the demigods, O Lord who liberates the demons, O Lord who brings a continual festival of transcendental bliss to the land of Vraja, O killer of the demon Mura, I glorify You.

56 O Mukunda (Kṛṣṇa), may the moon of Your face, which is flooded with waves of nectar from Your very charming smiles, which brings violent waves to the ocean of the beautiful gopis' conjugal bliss, and which turns the candramani jewels of Your devotees' eyes into gushing mountain streams, bring transcendental happiness to us.

57 O eight-legged śarabha monster who playfully broke the neck of the arrogant Arisṭa demon lion, O Lord dressed in exquisite silk garments that rival the splendour of new gold, O Lord whose stone chest is the kinsman of the mountain boulder, O Lord who expertly punished the Kaliya serpent, O Lord who charmingly plays with a toy ball, O Lord decorated with bhandila and vicalika flowers, O learned scholar in the science of fighting, O Lord who brings anguish to the fanged demons, O Lord who weakens the crooked and dishonest, O Lord whose handsome cheeks are decorated with glittering sapphire shark-shaped earrings, O Lord who delights Your friends with graceful and enthusiastic dancing in the great Bhandiravana forest, O Lord kissed by Nanda Maharaja, O Lord whose smile is like a jasmine flower, O fragrant Lord, O auspicious Lord, O Lord from whose abdomen a host of universes has come, O great garden tool that uprooted the thorn tree of Kamsa, the demonic king of the Bhojas, O Lord whose merciful sidelong glance is like a great sun that drives away the dense darkness of any misfortune that may afflict Your surrendered devotees, O Lord whose handsome face mocks the sweetness of the gentle and cooling autumn moon, O Lord who is the worshipable Deity of the great sages who consider great treasuries of precious jewels equal to a pile of dust, O beloved of the gopis, whose lips are very sweet and charming, O Lord worshipped by the demigod Brahma, O Lord who has given Brahma his post, O hero!

I pray that the monsoon clouds of Lord Kṛṣṇa's transcendental handsomeness, which please the cataka birds of the gopis eyes, which continually wash the world with a flood of the nectar of liberation, which cover both sun and moon, and which are decorated with a charming peacock feather, may give transcendental happiness to us.

58 O Lord Kṛṣṇa, O Lord who is always merciful, who scolded the demigod Varuṇa, who delighted Your father, whom the saintly devotees proclaim rescues the surrendered devotees from the illusory potency māyā and has an eternal transcendental form as splendid as a dark monsoon cloud, who, Your transcendental glories described by the pious, and fearlessly killing the powerful demons, enjoys transcendental pastimes with Your loving devotees, whom, garlanded with flowers, enjoying

transcendental pastimes, and enjoying a festival of transcendental amorous pastimes, celestials demigoddesses desire to attain, of whom, because You are a flood of transcendental prowess, because Your bodily splendour eclipses the sun, and because You are a powerful warrior, Your enemy is afraid, even when You are far away, who, splendidly handsome, the crown jewel of all existence, Your transcendental limbs effulgent, and Your restless eyes filled with sidelong glances, holds a flute in Your hand, and who, effulgent, splendidly smiling, charming, and playful, is the object of the auspicious love of the beautiful-eyed gopis, O fear of the demons, O Lord who is very kind and compassionate to whomever remains always steady in Your devotional service, O Lord who steals away all the fears of Vraja, O hero, all glories to You! All glories to You!

All glories to the auspicious, wave-filled river of Lord Krsna's mercy, a river the great swans of advanced spiritualists yearn to attain, a river where the cakravaka birds of the devotees splash and play.

59 O Lord delighted by the joking words of Your friends, O affectionate lover of Srimati Radharani, O blissful Lord, O hero, O Lord of Mathura, O sweet Lord, O husband of the goddess of fortune, O charming flutist, O enchanter of the god of love, please cheerfully crush the great illusion of my heart.

60 O infallible Lord, all glories to You! All glories to You, O Lord who is compassionate to the suffering, O Lord who stopped the sacrifice to Indra, O Lord who stopped the torrential rains, O splendidly handsome and playful Lord, O powerful and heroic Lord, O supremely opulent Lord, O Lord who is very merciful to the demigods, O Lord whose mercy is sometimes seen, just as the letter l is only rarely seen in the Sanskrit language, O Lord who remains invisible to those who have not received Your mercy, just as the letter l exists only theoretically and is never actually seen in the Sanskrit language, O Lord who makes the cowherd people prosper, O Lord as splendid as a host of moons, O splendidly powerful Lord, O Lord always free of anger, O Lord who has handsome broad shoulders, O Lord who has handsome broad shoulders, O Lord dressed in golden garments, O Lord who has bracelets on His hands, O Lord who broke the greatest demons, O Lord whose walking has defeated the most graceful elephant, O Lord whose turban and upper garment are anointed with kunkuma, O Lord fond of playing the flute, O Lord with restlessly moving flowering vine eyebrows, O Lord who cheated hundreds of pious gopis, O Lord prayed to by the demigod Brahma, O Lord decorated with shark-shaped earrings, O Lord who plays a leaf flute, O king who binds the earth to His instructions, O Lord whose moonlike face dispels the darkness of a host of clouds, O Lord who plays a large dhakka drum with the palm of Your hand, O Lord who lifted up the great hill with the small finger of Your left hand, O Lord whose restless eyes condemn the khanjana birds, O Lord who crushes the demons, O Lord who brings prosperity to the surabhi cows, O abode of happiness for Nanda Maharaja, O Lord whose feet are like lotus flowers, O Lord who was pleased by the prayers of the Kaliya serpent, O Lord who enjoys playing with Your friends, O lord with handsome curling locks of hair, O Lord decorated with a handsome garland, O Lord who carries a stick under His splendid arm, O Lord whose handsome face is like a lotus flower, O Lord who pleases the cowherd people with Your charming playfulness and expert intelligence, O Lord whose activities are the source of transcendental bliss, O Lord surrounded by bumblebees, O Lord who holds a lotus flower, O brother of Balarama, O Lord who possesses a great multitude of blissful transcendental qualities, O hero!

I pray that Lord Krsna, who wears a flower-bud on His ear, who is as handsome as the god of love, who makes the kila-kincita ecstasy sprout and bloom in His beloved gopis, who is an ocean of transcendental fame, and who in His youth, His anger multiplied millions of times, playfully leaped like a lion and brought great suffering to Kamsa, the king of the Kukuras, may grant our desire.

61 O Lord who walks by the shore of the Yamuna, O Lord who stole the garments of the fair-complexioned gopis, who had faithfully observed a vow to worship goddess Gauri, O Lord whose hands became two thieves, O hero, O Lord who moves in the marketplace of love, O Lord who cuts the throats of the harsh demon kings and soldiers, O Lord whose garment is anointed with kunkuma, please dance within my heart.

62 O Lord who with Your moving feet killed the Kakatasura demon, O Lord who killed the washerman (of Kamsa), O Lord who brought the enemy's army under submission, O Lord who dances on the splendid hill, O Lord who wears a new bracelet made of gold and emeralds, O Lord who pretended to cry, O Lord who with the soft soles of Your dancing feet broke the yoghurt pot, O Lord who made the Sakatasura demon become very heavy, O Lord whose broad hips are covered by a garment as splendid as a great mass of gold, O Lord who has curling hair, O Lord who gracefully dances in a banyan tree overspread with many branches and tender new shoots moving to and fro by the shore of the Yamuna, O Lord who cheats the young gopis, O hero, all glories to You!

O Lord who, with the tender new sprout of Your dancing, punished the formidable serpent demon Kaliya, O Lord surrounded by Your kinsmen in Vraja, O Lord who killed the demons who brought chaos to the earth, all glories to You!

63 O Lord whose anklebells jingle, O Lord whose nails are sharp, O Lord whose teeth have defeated the splendid sikhara jewels, I am drowning in the painful, fathomless whirlpool of repeated birth and death. O Lord, O friend of the shelterless, O effulgent moon of mercy, please, this one time, quickly extend Your hand to save me.

64 Now that we have become Your devotees, Your holy names have created a jubilant festival in our mouths. Your bodily splendour, like a dark rain cloud, has now become the black ointment of our eyes, and the music of Your flute has become the ornament of our ears. We no longer take pleasure in material desires. O Almighty Lord, material desires no longer appear beautiful to us.

65 May he who reads this Govinda-virudavali, vibrating it within his throat, become a perfect, faultless and staunch devotee of Lord Krsna.

66 Lord Vasudeva (Krsna) becomes very pleased when He is glorified by the recitation of this beautiful and delightful Govinda-virudavali, which is filled with the desc