

Sri Nikunja-keli-virudavali

This poem, Nikunja-keli-virudavali, is written for the great devotees who delight in hearing and chanting the glories of Lord Krsna. May Sri Sri Radha and Krsna, who relish many transcendental pastimes in the gorges of Vrndavana, bestow their mercy upon such readers.

May Krsna's transcendental pastimes, which instill the mellow of the pure love of Godhead within those who hear about them, purify my heart. May the nectarean love of Godhead which moved the gopis purify my heart, and may the leader of the young girls of Gokula, Srimati Radharani, also purify my heart.

The greatest poets and philosophers explain that the amorous pastimes of Krsna, the dearest friend and the very life breath of the young girls of Vrndavana, are the best of all His pastimes. Lord Brahma, Siva, and all the demigods glorify these incomparable pastimes, which are full of all transcendental opulences.

In a secluded place Krsna spoke to Radharani: O Radha, I am famous as the most generous person. How is it then, that Your friends accuse Me of stealing the nectar of Your lips? If You think I have stolen, then I place My moonlike face before You, and You may reclaim this nectar. Please drink as much as You like until You have been sufficiently reimbursed." May Krsna, who, in a secluded place joked with Radharani in this way, grant auspiciousness to us.

O bliss of Gokula, O expert Lord delighted by the association of Radharani who moves through the garden of madhavi creepers like a graceful elephant, O playful Lord attached to amorous pastimes, O attractor of the affectionate young gopis, O destroyer of the gopis' placid composure, O Lord who is not bewildered by the gopis' playful contrariness, O Lord who pierces the heart of affectionate Radharani with the arrows of Your passionate sidelong glance, O performer of limitless pastimes, O Lord who carries the sweet insignia of Radharani's bites, O Lord whose sidelong glance is the superlative of playfulness, O Lord whose dark cloudlike bodily luster illuminates the dark caves of Govardhana Hill, O Lord who delights in removing the belt worn by Your beloved Radharani, who is dressed in blue garments, O Lord who is pleased by Radharani's playful contrariness, O Lord whose bodily hairs stand up in ecstasy when You begin the fierce amorous battle with the expert warrior Radharani, O Lord please protect me.

The two cakravaka birds of beautiful Radharani's breasts are as splendid and lovely as two moons. May Sri Krsna, who is expert at relishing transcendental mellows, and who submerges those cakravaka birds in the deep lake of His chest, and who then again brings them up out of that water, bless us with transcendental bliss.

O Lord whose limbs tremble with the delight of the transcendental madhura-rasa, O Lord whose splendid beauty is the poison which intoxicates the young gopis, O Lord who performs pastimes in the grove filled with the humming of many bees, O Lord who is more beautiful than many hosts of lotus flower.

Frightened by the crushing attacks of Radharani's passion-inflamed breasts, the Kaustubha solider flees Krsna's chest to take shelter of His neck. Embraced by Krsna, Radharani sighs heavily from Her pale lips. May that Krsna delight my eyes.

O Lord who is glorified by the auspicious prayers sung by sweetly buzzing bees, O Lord who wears a garland of lotus petals, O Lord whose amorous pastimes delight the gopis, O Lord whose arms have become the sash about the gopis' waists, O Lord who mischievously places a hand under the undergarments of Radharani, the most beautiful of the young gopis, O Lord who has become fatigued by the continued resistance of contrary Radharani, O Lord whose heart is the dancing arena of the most intense transcendental bliss, O Lord whose waist is like a handsome pillar of auspiciousness, O Lord whose opulent belt makes a pleasant tinkling sound, O Lord whose charming face is decorating with slightly moving locks of hair, O Lord who wears a pearl necklace during the rasa dance, O Lord the sharpened arrows of whose fingernails attack the perspiration covered breasts of Radharani, O Lord the solider of whose necklace easily disperses the flower garland on the waterpotlike breasts of Radharani, O Lord whose hair is pleasantly disarrayed by performing amorous pastimes, O Lord whose couch is decorated with beautiful flowers, O Lord whose bracelets make a pleasant tinkling sound, O Lord whose embraces make slender Radharani tremble with happiness, O Lord who has become maddened with the pleasure of amorous pastimes, O Lord who delights the hearts of the devotees, O Lord who embraces the goddess of fortune, O Lord who is worshipped by the goddess of fortune, O Lord whose lips appear very beautiful, bitten by the goddess of fortune, O Lord who fills the devotees' hearts with transcendental love, O Lord who is like a nectarean ocean of mercy, please appear within my hardened heart.

May Sri Krsna, whose tilaka markings have become wiped away by the touch of Radharani' hair, whose Kaustubha gem has disrupted the kunkuma decorations on Radharani's bodice, and who delights Radharani, appear within my heart.

O Lord whose lotus face is filled with charming sleepiness, O Lord whose moonlike face is splendid with kunkuma, musk, and other aromatic substances produced in Kasmira, O Lord who is pleasantly decorated with perspiration produced by blissful pastimes, O Lord who is ornamented with many clever joking words, O Lord who brings auspiciousness to the earth, please appear again in this blissful grove of Vrndavana.

O Lord, as Your beloved Radharani walks in the forest to meet You at the appointed place, You approach Her. Unobserved by Her, You walk a little ahead of Her. Clearing the obstructing creepers and sprinkling the way with flowers, You make the forest path very pleasant for Her to traverse. As You do this You carefully erase Your lotus footprints with Your own hands, so She will not understand that

You have done this. O Lord Giridhari, who is overwhelmed with love for the devotees, I offer my respectful obeisances unto You.

O Lord who removed the burden of the earth, O Lord who enjoys transcendental bliss by performing pastimes with the beautiful gopis of Vraja, O Lord whose charming flute melodies ignite a blazing fire of lust which burns to ashes the shyness in the gopis' hearts, O Lord who is continually remembered by the gopis, O Lord who grants auspiciousness to the devotees, O Lord whose lotus feet are worshipped by the goddess of fortune, O Lord whose transcendental bodily luster removes all suffering from the devotees' hearts, O Lord whose beautiful ears are decorated with splendid kadamba-bud earrings, O Lord decorated with two exquisite yellow garments as splendid as lightning bolts, O Lord who engages in a wonderful mock-quarrel with Radharani, O Lord whose nectarean sidelong glance enchants the minds of the gopis, O Lord whose charming transcendental virtues eclipse the importance of Vedic rituals in the hearts of those who have taken shelter of You, O Lord who is charmingly decorated with drops of perspiration, O wonderfully splendid Supreme Personality of Godhead, O Lord You quickly and completely heal the wound in the hearts of the gopis who continually remember You with feelings of pure love, O Lord, please grant that I be filled with pure love for You. O Lord, I pray that the hearing of Your holy names will protect my fickle mind, O Lord who performs transcendental pastimes, O Lord who grants the supreme goal of life to the devotees, please protect me. Please lift me up.

Sri Krsna spoke the following words to Subala: "Seeing My timid glance touch Her breasts, beautiful-faced Radharani placed My head upon Her breasts, covering it with Her bodice. In this way the jewel of My mind was placed within the jewelery-case of Her breasts." I pray that Lord Hari may protect us.

O Lord who is as beautiful as a splendid rain cloud, O Lord whose garments are more effulgent than lightning, O Lord whose form is as tender and delicate as a flower, O Lord whose arms are like the trunks of elephants, O Lord who wears a peacock feather in Your curling locks of hair, O Lord who expands the amorous desires in the hearts of the beautiful young girls of Vraja who are all expert at relishing the nectar of transcendental pastimes, O Lord whose face is very beautiful and charming, O Lord whose restlessly moving eyes bring delight to the devotees, O Lord who with sweet smiles relates to His friends all the details of His amorous pastimes, O Lord who walks in Vrndavana on His charming lotus feet, O Lord who increases the amorous desires of the splendidly beautiful gopis.

By placing the charming twig on amorous joking words upon Her ear, Krsna has forcibly changed the grave expression of beautiful Radharani's lips into a broad smile. Krsna drinks the nectar of that smile, pouring it into the chalice of His eyes. I pray that Sri Krsna may grant transcendental bliss to all of us.

O Lord the great ocean of whose transcendental virtues are glorified by the devotees' prayers, all glories to You. O Lord whose blue complexion is as splendid as a dark rain-cloud, O Lord whose many transcendental pastimes are glorified by Your pet parrot, O Lord who boldly engages in amorous pastimes with the gopis,

O Lord who sometimes becomes stunned with transcendental bliss, appearing like an immobile tree, O Lord who delights the residents of Vraja with the beautiful sound of the flute, O Lord who sometimes tells charming lies in the course of Your transcendental pastimes, O Lord who has completely drowned whatever fears may remain in the devotees' hearts, O Lord who tugs at the saris covering the beautiful-gopis, O Lord as splendid as the moon, O Lord who associateds with the pure devotees who chant Your glories, O Lord who performs pastimes under a kadamba tree in Vrndavana, O master of Radharani, the best of the gopis, O Lord whose curling locks of hair are very beautiful, O handsome Lord anointed with sandalwood paste and other fragrant substances, O Lord as splendid as the moon, O Lord who gently tugs at the vraja-gopis' saris, O Lord whose eyes perform pastimes on the gopis' breasts, O Lord who describes to the cowherd boys His pastimes with the gopis, O Lord who destroys Radharani's calm composure by suddenly showering Her with many hosts of sharpened arrows of cupid, O Lord who performs amorous pastimes with Radharani in a forest-cottage, O killer of Aghasura, O killer of the sinful reactions of Your devotees, please appear in my heart.

Sri Krsna spoke the following words to Radharani: O My beloved, as You shower Me with the nectar of these smiling sidelong glances, some of the nectar falls down, bathing the golden siva-linga of Your breasts. O young girl with splendidly beautiful teeth, why do You not now worship this siva-linga by offering it to lotus flower of the hand of acyuta. If You do this, the deity will certainly fulfill all Your desires." We pray that this Krsna, the lover of Radharani, may splendidly appear before us.

O Lord who walks in Vrndavana's groves filled with desire trees and lavanga creepers, O Lord who wears necklaces of gunja and pearls, O Lord whose splendid feet rebuke the lotus flower for their great pride, O Lord who reclines on the breast of Your beloved Radharani, all glories to You. O Lord, I pray that You please deliver me from this cycle of repeated birth and death.

As Radharani walked along the path she thought in Her heart: "I hope He will stop Me as I walk here." When Her eyes reached Madhava's lotus feet She found Herself unable to either proceed or turn back. As She pretended to shrink from Madhava, He fixed His lotus gaze on the beauty of Her hips. I pray that Madhava may fill me with transcendental bliss.

O Lord whose face is as beautiful as the moon, O Lord whose teeth chastize the jasmine flowers for being too proud of their beauty, O Lord whose delightful hands are like two glittering lotus flowers, O Lord whose pleasing and charmingly sweet neck blunts the power of the conch-shell's auspicious beauty, O Lord who is expert at snatching the bodices of the young gopis, whose bosoms heave with amorous desires, O Lord whose sidelong glances playfully pretend to ignore the gopis, O Lord whose beautiful hair is pleasantly decorated with rangana and banjula flowers, O Lord whose beautiful hair resembles a swarm of restless buzzing bees, O Lord decorated with beautiful earrings, O Lord whose face is ornamented with a gentle smile, O Lord filled with the most splendid beauty and opulence, O

Lord who performs delightful transcendental pastimes, O Lord who is like a great palace filled with all-auspicious transcendental attributes, O Lord whose graceful motions chastize the movements of an intoxicated elephant, O Lord whose handsome form makes the gopis tremble with amorous desires, O Lord who is controlled by Radharani, whose bodily luster chastizes the beauty of lightning, O Lord who expertly tricks the proud and contrary gopis, O Lord who defeated the demigod Siva, O Lord whose heart is pierced by the five arrows of the transcendental cupid, O Lord who is expert at amorous warfare, O Lord who is the transcendental cupid, O Lord who is embraced by Radharani, whose beautiful black eyes inspire awe in the most splendid restlessly moving bees. O Lord who places a lovely ornament on the transcendental forehead of Radharani, O Lord whose auspicious restlessly moving hands are decorated with pleasantly tinkling bracelets, O Lord who brings intense eternal bliss to the devotees' hearts, O Lord who is the sweet honey relished by Nanda Maharaja's heart, O Lord who is the supreme monarch of Vrndavana forest, please grant auspiciousness to us.

Radharani appears charmingly beautiful as Her sidelong glances playfully dance. Her smile is filled with the nectar of ever-fresh loving sentiments. Her peaceful clamness is annihilated by the movements of Her lover. As Krsna thinks of His beloved Radharani in this way He becomes ecstatic and the hairs of His body stand upright. I pray that Lord Hari may protect us.

O handsome Lord, O most expert moralist, O Lord who holds in hand the palm-leaf flute-messenger which destroys the false-pride which makes the gopis unapproachable, all glories unto You.

All glories to Lord Hari. By hearing the music of His flute, the lotus-eyed gopis become filled with the nectar of His lips. Intoxicated by drinking that nectar, they become weak, lose control of their minds, and helplessly fall into the lake of bashfulness.

O Lord whose charming locks of curling hair blunt the pride of the restless bumble-bees, O Lord whose bodily luster robs the monsoon clouds of their splendor, O Lord decorated with a garland of aromatic, delicate jasmine petals, O Lord whose charming smile plunders the patient peacefulness of Radharani, the most beautiful of young girls, O Lord who violently snatches Radharani's bodice, O Lord who is devoured by the crooked sharp glances of young girls of Vraja, O Lord who sometimes quarrels with Radharani, shaking Your fist, and the hairs of Your body standing up as if they had become a suit of armor to protect You during the fight, O Lord whose limbs are anointed with sandalwood paste, musk, kunkuma and other aromatic substances, O Lord who goes to the forest for a secret meeting with Radharani, O Lord blinded with amorous happiness, O Lord whose ornaments make an auspicious tinkling sound, O Lord who becomes delighted by performing amorous pastimes with the young girls of Vraj, O Lord who is most expert at bold advances in amorous battle, O Lord who strongly embraces beautiful Radharani, O Lord who is most expert at relishing transcendental mellows, O Lord who is delighted by the tinkling sounds of Radharani's jewelled bracelets and ornaments, O fearless hero, O Lord whose curling locks of hair

appear to gracefully dance, O Lord who wears slightly moving shark-shaped earrings, O handsome Lord whose arms and hands are beautiful as the trunks of elephants, O Lord filled with all delightful transcendental qualities, O Lord whose extreme bodily beauty agitates hundreds of cupids, please be merciful to this person who is devotedly engaged in the service of Your servant, O Lord who sports in the waves of amorous pastimes, all glories unto You.

I pray that my heart may be able to see the moon of Krsna's face to its full satisfaction. That moon of Krsna's face has a splendid forehead which is kissed by the garland of curling locks of hair of Radharani, who is decorated with red sindura and ornamented with streams of perspiration generated from Her fierce amorous combat. Krsna's moonlike face has lips like two bimba fruits whose glories are proclaimed by the marks left there by the teeth of young Radharani.

O Lord who boldly swims in the waves of transcendental bliss, O Lord whose teeth are as beautiful as jasmine flowers, O Lord who performs springtime pastimes in the grove of asoka trees, O Lord who is decorated with a charming gunja necklace, O delightful Lord anointed with red kunkuma, all glories unto You.

Krsna said: "O My beloved, it is not necessary for You to be angry with Your two gopi-friends for improperly dressing You. They are not at fault. Your breasts are so high and large that any bodice can naturally cover them only halfway. Instead of beaming angry, You should be very happy to grant My eyes the happiness of seeing Your breasts in this way." I pray that these joking words of Krsna may become awakened within my heart.

O Lord who is so loved by the gopis that they are afraid of being unable to see Your beautiful form for even a brief moment, all glories unto You. O friend who performs pastimes in the incomparable splendid forest of bowing kalpa-vrksa trees on the shore of the Yamuna, O Lord whose forehead is beautifully decorated with curling locks of hair, O Lord whose mind is absorbed in thinking of the secret rendezvous with Your beloved Radharani, O Lord whose sharp cupid's-arrow fingernails have pierced the mail covering Radharani's breasts during the fierce amorous battle, O Lord who is as beautiful as the moon, O Lord who delight the beautiful-eyed gopis, O Lord whose arms are charmingly decorated with beautiful, blossoming maruvaka flowers, O Lord whose arms are as powerful as those of the greatest wrestler, O Lord who is fond of relishing amorous pastimes, O Lord who is sprinkled with the nectar of the amorous bites of Radharani, O Lord, as I stay here at the base of Govardhana Hill, in this glorious grove, filled with red gunja berries and buzzing bees, I place Your transcendental pastimes in my delighted heart.

O Lord, O master of the groves of Vrndavana, Your splendid and glorious lips rule the kingdom of transcendental rasa along with their friends, the eyes of Radharani. These lips are the delight of the gopis. Anointed with spots of mascara by kissing Radha's eyes, Your lips have now eclipsed the great fame of the beauty of red bandhuka flowers covered by black bees.

O Lord who places a campaka flower in Radharani's curling hair, O Lord who playfully steals Radharani's pearl, O Lord who makes Radharani tremble with transcendental amorous desire, O rake who enjoys amorous pastimes with the youthful, delighted Radharani, O Lord who has become like a blue garment worn by Radharani, whose youthful beauty has eclipsed the luster of lightning.

All glories to Sri Hari. Concealed by the leaves of a creeper, Lord Hari watched His beloved emerge from the bath, shake Her hair, and dry it with a red silk towel held in Her hands. He did not frighten Her by revealing His presence, but simply gazed at her breasts and underarms with longing eyes.

O bold and fearless Lord, O Lord whose arms are very broad and strong, O Lord whose pastimes delight the entire world, O auspicious Lord whose beautiful face eclipses the splendor of the moon, O Lord who is nicely decorated with lovely blossoming kurubaka and asoka flowers, O Lord who is expert at relishing transcendental amorous pastimes, O Lord whose bodily luster chastizes the beauty of the dark monsoon clouds, O Lord whose beautiful yellow garments make the beauty of lightning appear insignificant, O Lord whose hair is decorated with peacock feathers whose eyes chastize the glory of the rainbow, O Lord whose necklace of pearls moves when You move Your limbs, O Lord who wears a garland of fresh campaka flowers, O Lord who plays sweet notes on the buffalo-horn bugle, O Lord whose bugling causes the beautiful gopis' undergarments to become loosened, and also causes the gopis to yearn to leave their homes and meet You, although they are checked by the prohibitions of their cruel, angry superiors, O Lord they nevertheless somehow or other manage to escape so they can quench their burning desire to enjoy pastimes with You, O Lord who manifested illusory forms to replace the bodies of the missing gopis and thus chided their jealous husbands who were convinced their wives were peacefully sleeping although in truth they were dancing with You, O Lord who spoke many crafty sweet words posing as Radharani's so-called husband Abhimanyu, and in this way cheated Radharani's elderly relatives, and performed many pastimes with Your beloved in the decorated couch in Her own home, O Lord whose transcendental form is full of all sweetness, O Lord who embraces Radharani's breasts with Your arms and in this way becomes blinded with amorous bliss, O Lord who is decorated with many tinkling ornaments, please appear before me.

All glories to Mukunda, who smiled as He heard Kundavali-gopi say: "Here is Radharani. She is gazing at You from the corner of Her blossoming blue lotus eyes. Her moonlike face is reverentially smiling at You, and She is bowing down to offer obeisances to You.

O effulgent Lord whose transcendental amorous pastimes with the gopis are beyond the comprehension of the goddess of fortune Laksmi-devi, O Lord who becomes intoxicated by drinking the nectar flowing from the moonlike face of the gopis, all glories unto You.

After concluding the rasa-dance, proud Radharani, indicated by Her girl-friends,

with both hands carefully adjusted and tightened Her belt and bodice in order to violently defeat Her lover in the next pertion of Their pastimes. When Lord Hari saw Her beauty in this way, He considered that His eyes had just then attained their supreme perfection. I pray that Lord Hari may fulfill the desire in my heart.

O Lord who wears a crown of peacock feathers, all glories unto You, O Lord who is like a great ocean of the nectar of transcendental mellows, O Lord whose lotus footprints have become the transcendental ornament of the land and wter of Vrndavana, O Lord who is fond of erforming pastimes in Vrndavana's forest groves which You take to be Your real home, O Lord who makes the necklace hanging from Radharani's neck move to and fro, O Lord whose lotus feet dance with charming gracefulness, O Lord who is delighted at heart to perform the pastime of the rasa-dance, O Lord whose lotus hands devotedly stroke the beautiful ffaces of the delighted young gopis and thus relieve the fatigue felt by them in the course of performing many pastimes, O Lord who is filled with unparalleled transcendental bliss, O Lord who enchants the hearts of the demigoddesses who fly in outer space in their airplanes, O Lord who immerses Lord Siva and Narada Muni in the river of bewildered enchantment, O Lord the pollen of whose lotus feet are wished for, by the demigod Brahma who prayed that You appear like an ordinary human being, O Lord whose devotees manifest symptoms of ecstatic love such as singing and dancing, loudly calling out, and fainting, O Lord who plays a glorious transcendental flute, O Lord whose feet are like a mountain of the jewels of innumerable transcendental virtues, O Lord who has become the sorce of all transcendental bliss for the eyes of the beautiful gopis during various festivals celebrated in Vraja, O Lord who is fond of jubilantly smiling, laughing, and speaking joking words, O Lord whose fresh garlands are glorified by the bumble-bees, O Lord whose transcendental form is beautifully decorated with lotus and kadamba flowers, O Lord whom poets glorify with delightful metaphor-filled poems, O Lord who enjoys the transcendental mellows of various pastimes with the devotees by the side of glorios Govardhana Hill, O Lord who strokes Radharani's necklace-decorated bodice, O Lord who by playfully quarreling with the gopiss at dana-ghatta completely broke asunder their pious chstity, O Lord the beauty of whose transcendental form dispells the great darkness of material ignorance, O Lord who is filled with eternal transcendental bliss, O Lord the playful movements of whose flower-garland has filled the gopis' minds with awe and intense happiness and amorous desire, in this way causing their undergarments to become loosened, O Lord who casts restless sidelong glances at the gopis, O Lord who perfomrs wonderfully splendid transcendental pastimes, O Lord who is like the king of dancers, O Lord who wears the Kaustubha jewel on Your neck, O Lord who is as beautiful as a dark monsoon cloud, O Lord who is the life of Gokula, O Lord whose eyes are as beautiful as the lotus flower, O Lord who is the supreme object of worship for the devotees, O Lord who performs pastimes in a cottage in groves of Vrndavana, O Lord who frees the devotees from all fears, I offer my respectful obeisances unto You.

By reciting the mystic mantras of His charming smile, Lord Mukund has chased away the ruthless serpents of the gopis' peacefulness. With His cooling sidelong lotus glance He purifies the gopis. I pray that auspicious Lord Mukunda, who is

beautifully decorated with a garland of jasmine flowers, may delight us.

O Lord who enchants the gopis' minds with Your beauty, which has assumed the form of charming and delightful music which has the beauty of Your face as its keynote, O Lord who playfully relishes amorous pastimes with the gopis, O Lord who wears a restlessly moving splendid flower-garland, O Lord whose bodily luster resembles the color of a monsoon cloud, O Lord who is the best of moralists, O Lord whose transcendental pastimes are supremely sweet and charming, all glories unto You.

Hiding behind a creeper, Radharani fixes Her smiling lotus eyes on the tamala tree of the debauchee Krsna who shakes the ankle-bells on His feet as He walks in Vrndavanaforest. All glories to that Krsna, the master of the groves of Vrndavana.

O Lord Mukunda decorated with a garland of sylvan jasmine flowers, O Lord whose charming beauty removes cupid's pride, O Lord who engages in melodious singing pastimes, O Lord around whose neck rests a creeper-necklace whose central flower is the splendid Kaustubha jewel, O Lord whose face is as beautiful as a lotus flower, O Lord whose swaying ornaments appear to dance, O Lord who finds limitless pleasure in music, O Lord whose eyes perform delightful pastimes, O Lord who quickly leads intelligent Radharani from the pious path of wifely chastity, O Lord who is situated in everyone's heart, O Lord who is like a kalpa-vrksa tree decorating Radharani's neck, O master of all transcendental opulence, O Lord whose transcendental intelligence is supremely pure, O Lord who delights the eyes of the playful residents of Vraja, O Lord whose forehead appears like a splendid half-moon, O Lord whose beautiful lips are like bimba fruits, O Lord who delights Nanda Maharaja, the king of Vraja, O Lord who is as beautiful as the moon, O Lord who is decorated with wonderfully artistic tilaka marking drawn in camphor and other aromatic substances, O Lord whose beautiful teeth are accompanied by their two friends, the smiling jasmine flowers of Your cheeks, O Lord who rescues the devotees from all sufferings, O Lord who performs jubilant transcendental pastimes in the caves and on the slopes of Govardhana Hill, O Lord who is the supreme master of jubilant dancing, O My Lord, O My only shelter, please appear before me.

Hiding, Mukunda watches as Radharani intently picks flowers, Her raised left hand holding a tree-branch, Desiring to make Her suddenly turn and face Him, He began to play His flute. All glories to that Mukunda.

O Lord who is as beautiful as a mass of dark clouds, O Lord who appears like a great mountain with a swarm of splendid buzzing bees on its peak, You are worshipped by host of incomparable saintly devotees.

Lord Hari spoke the following words to Radharani: My dear beautiful friend, who do You stare at Your ankle-bells so apprehensively when My hand causes its friend, My own ankle-bells, to tinkle melodiously? Why does Your face show such signs of anger when I repeatedly smell this blossoming lotus flower? I pray these words of Lord Hari may become splendidly manifest before me in this land of

Vraja.

O Lord who melodiously plays the flute, O Lord who calls the surabhi cows, O Lord who gives the greatest happiness to the devotees, O Lord who is like a great river of transcendental beauty, opulence, and bliss, O Lord who sometimes quarrels with the gopi worshippers of the sun-god, and makes them angry with Him, O Lord whose charming smiles and laughter are praised by the goddess of fortune, O Lord who broke the gopis' pride during the rasa dance, O Lord who yearns to embrace the gopis, O Lord who is splendidly decorated with a garland of flowers, O Lord who performs nectrean amorous pastimes with the gopis, O Lord who burns to ashes the sufferings of the devotees, O Lord whose words are like a blazing forest-fire of puns and jokes, O Lord who grants all-auspiciousness to the devotees, O Lord whose grants pure love for Yourself to those who are very fortunate, O Lord who feels happy when a cooling breeze wipes away the perspiration from Your forehead decorated with curling locks of hair, O glorious Lord who is very eager to perform pastimes on Govardhana Hill, O Lord who is supremely famous in this world, O Lord whose form is eternally youthful, O Lord whose bodily luster is like the color of a rain-cloud, O Lord who rescued the gopas from Aghasura, O Lord who has taken a vow to always protect the cowherd residents of Vraja, O Lord who enjoys playing pleasant melodies on a makeshift flute made of a rolled-up leaf, O Lord who protect Kamadeva and the other demigods, O Lord who is unhappy to see the surrendered devotees still residing in the material world, O Handsome Lord who is full of all beauty and opulence, O Lord who is like a great nectarean flood of mercy, please bestow transcendental bliss upon us.

O Krsna, O killer of Aghasura, Your chest is illuminated by a necklace of pearls and the priceless lamp of the Kaustubha gem. Bringing Her through the gateway of Your garland of forest flowers, please place the beautiful goddess Radharani on the golden throne of the Srivatsa marking on Your chest, and worship Her as a passionate lover.

O Lord decorated with effulgent earrings, O Lord whose cheeks are splendidly beautiful, O Lord who extinguishes the blazing fire of continued material existence, O Lord decorated with beautiful ornaments, O Lord who is the most learned scholar of amorous pastimes, O Lord whose bodily luster chastizes the color of a masses of rain-clouds, O Lord who carries a newly-cut wooden staff, all glories unto You.

O Lord Hri, Your beautiful face is the abode of all sweetness. It's graceful movements eclipse the glorious movements of the most regal elephants, and it's charming smile is the valued object for which the beautiful-eyed gopis yearn. O Lord Hari, I pray that Your charming face may capture my heart.

O Lord whose beautiful transcendental form is glorified by the community of blue lotus flowers, O Lord whose wonderfully charming qualities have eclipsed those of all other heroes, O Lord dressed in glorious yellow garments, O Lord whose transcendental pastimes are glorified by Narada Muni, O Lord who is full of

eternal transcendental bliss, O Lord whose great luster has eclipsed the glory of thousands of cupids, O Lord whose eyes are as beautiful as lotus flowers, O Lord who is an ocean of transcendental qualities, O Lord whose forehead is wonderfully decorated with tilaka markings drawn in sandalwood paste, O Lord the corners of whose eyes dance with a slow gracefulness, O Lord decorated with playfully dancing golden earrings, O Lord endowed with the most glorious splendid, O Lord whose face is like a glistening moon, O Lord whose broad shoulders are splendidly decorated with a garland of gunja, O Lord whose transcendental pastimes are situated at the topmost limit of charming playfulness, O Lord decorated with unparalleled transcendental virtues, O Lord who is the greatest learned scholar in the matter of performing transcendental pastimes, O Lord who is the devoted lover of Radharani, whose charming beauty is worshipped by the entire world, O Lord who sighs through splendid smiling lips, O Lord whose chest is splendidly decorated with the beautiful Kaustubha jewel, O Lord decorated with a garland of land-grown lotus flowers, O Lord who is sometimes sober and controlled, who sometimes trembles slightly, and who sometimes trembles violently tossed by feeling of ecstatic love, O Lord who charms the minds of all women in the universe, O Lord whose graceful gestures are more glorious than those of a maddened elephant, O Lord whose exquisite ankle-bells fill the air with the most enchanting sweet sounds, O Lord who is the most expert of all dancers, O Lord who becomes completely overwhelmed and controlled simply by hearing the tinkling sounds of the golden ankle-bells worn by Radharani, who intent on performing transcendental amorous pastimes with You, has become completely averse to the pious chastity which is the religious duty of every woman, O Lord who is exquisitely handsome, O Lord who hides, concealed by the leaves of a creeper, which with the breeze carrying the pollen of many lotus flowers, O Lord whose crown is decorated with a peacock feather, O Lord who is full of nectar, O Lord whose flute emanates the most sweet mystic mantras, O all-powerful Lord, all glories unto You.

The swarms of bumble-bees which are the passionate sidelong glances of Radharani drink the nectar of the bandhuka flower of Krsna's smiling lips, and by that drinking, instead of depleting the flower of its nectar, causes the nectar to double instead. I pray that Krsna, who playfully smells the lotus flower in His hand, may decorate the little cottage of my heart.

O Lord, a drop from the flowing streams of the beauty of Your blossoming lotus feet has made the great mountain of cupid's beauty winkle into insignificance. O Lord who performs glorious pastimes, O Lord who brings a great festival of happiness to Siva, Brahma, and Ananta Sesa, O Lord whose pastimes are very charming and beautiful, O Lord whose character is sublimely impeccable, all glories unto You.

O Lord who delights the amorous gopis, all glories unto You, O Lord who has reddish rolling eyes, O Lord whose beautiful lips eclipse the splendor of bandhujiva flowers hosting black bumble-bees, O Lord expert at the most difficult kinds of dissimulation, O Lord O hero whose nectarean forehead is decorated with drops of perspiration and streaks of red lac from the touch of Radharani, O Lord

whose forehead is decorated with charming, gracefully moving locks of hair, O Lord whose chest bears the red marks from the scratching of Radharani's sharp nails, O Lord whom angry Radharani chastizes with sharp words, O Lord whose eyebrows are like two handsome saws, O Lord whose eyebrows eclipse the beauty of two creepers moving in the breeze, O Lord who earnestly vows faithfulness to Radharani, O Lord whose slyvan garland has become crushed in the course of amorous pastimes, O Lord who expertly pacifies the gopis with sweet words, O Lord who immediately checkmates the clever accusations of the crooked-hearted gopis, O Lord, O infallible Personality of Godhead, I pray that You please place within my heart some love for You.

Radharani said to Krsna: During this amorous struggle Your body has become marked with various wounds which delight My eyes, and it also emanates a wonderful fragrance which brings bliss to My nose. O My beloved, please speak clever flattering words to delight My ears and increase My love for You. Let me glorify Krsna, who trembled when He heard these words.

O Lord who has become fatigued by tasting the bliss of transcendental amorous pastimes, O Lord who speaks sweetly to Radharani, O Lord who boldly declares His love to Radharani, O Lord whose heart is pierced with the fer that Radharani may leave Him, O Lord who has become pale and wan, fatigues by enjoying amorous pastimes, O Lord, all glories unto You.

Vrnda-devi said to Krsna: When I said to Radharani: My dear friend, please decorate Your ear with this blue lotus flower; She mutely gazed at me with a pair of eyes washed clean of mascara by a stream of tears. Afflicted by Your absence, She was not able to see me or hear my words." When Krsna herd this He became overwhelmed with feelings of love for His absent friend. I pray that Krsna may grant transcendental happiness to us.

o transcendental debauchee, O Lord who completely extinguishes the blazing forest fire of the gopis' pride, O Lord whose face is as beautiful as a fresh new lotus flower, O Lord who is agitated with love for Radharani, O Lord who is expert at speaking delightful and charming flattering words to the gopis, O Lord who is expert at performing amorous pastimes, O Lord whose bodily luster is as splendid as a blazing fire, O Lord who performs charming transcendental pastimes, O Lord who pacifies the angry beautiful-eyed Radharani by placing Your crown at Her lotus feet, O Lord whose auspicious hand wipes the tears from Radharani's pitcherlike breasts, O Lord who is more powerful than cupid, O Lord who separates the gopis from their pride, O Lord whose bodily hairs stand up in ecstasy, O Lord who perfectly understand everything about the nectarean mellows of transcendental pastimes, O Lord who performs amorous pastimes in the groves of Vrndavana, O Lord who rests on a soft couch colorfully decorated with many splendidly beautiful flower petals, O Lord who performs many pastimes, O Lord whose lotus toenails remove the pride of the splendid moon, O Lord whose transcendental pastimes are the constant companion of Radharani and her beautiful friends, O Lord, I pray that You please eternally delight the eyes of Yor friends and devotees.

O Divine Couple, as You perform pastimes Your ears become drowned by the pleasant tinkling jhana-jhana sounds of ankle-bells, the san san sounds of repeated sighs, and the jhala-jhala sounds of wandering bees who carry the aromatic pollen of various flowers. O Lord, I pray that You may become like a splendid gem within the jewellery-case of my heart.

O Lord who was bitten by beautiful Radharani during Your amorous struggle, O Lord who perfectly understands the character of Your beloved Radharani, O Lord who causes Radharani's bracelets to sweetly tinkle as You both perform pastimes in a concealed grove of Vrndavana, O Lord who takes rest in a little cottage in Vrndavana forest, please appear before me. O lotus-eyes Lord please appear before me.

As He chews nectarean betel-nuts, the splendor of Krsna's beautiful face destroys Radharani's peaceful gravity. When Krsna raises His powerful hand with amorous playfulness, He appears as graceful as an intoxicated elephant. I pray that Krsna, who is dressed in yellow garments, may eternally appear within my heart.

O Lord whom the demigods worship with repeated prayers and obeisances, O king of the auspicious forest of Vrndavana, O Lord who is fond of performing pastimes in the caves of Govardhana Hill, O Lord who kisses the moonlike face of the passionate goddess Radharani, O Lord whose amorous glances delight the gopis and free them from fear of their superiors, O Lord who invokes ecstasy in the heart of the demigod Siva and thus completely destroys his peaceful composure, O Lord who enjoys ever-fresh transcendental pastimes, O Lord who is famous for sweetly playing the flute, O Lord whose transcendental form, qualities, and pastimes are the abodes of all auspiciousness and bliss, O Lord who delights Your friends by showering upon them the nectar of Your joking words, O Lord who dances on the shore of the Yamuna, O Krsna, O Lord who firecefully attacks the chastity of Radharani, who is already trembling with the thirst to enjoy with You, O Lord who yearns to see Radharani whose beautiful auspicious virtues defeat even the apsara Rambha, O Lord who removes the pain Radharani feels by the wounds inflicted from cupid's arrows, O Lord whose words are full of nectar, O Lord who wears a splendid garland of flowers, O Lord whose blazing forest-fire of desire becomes completely extinguished when You feel the happiness of the momentary sidelong glance of Radharani, the jewel among beautiful girls, O Lord who is like a great festival of happiness for the devotees, O Lord who becomes maddened by the flower-buds known as Radharani's breasts, O Lord who is like a wild elephant which tears apart the pride of millions of cupids, O Lord who appears charmingly handsome, decorated with a garland of forest flowers offered by the young girls of Vrndavana, O Lord who is pleasingly scented with kalaguru, O effulgent Lord who performs exalted heroic pastimes, O Lord who is as resplendent as a newly blossomed blue lotus flower, O Lord please eternally appear before us. O Lord please grant us Your devotional service, which even the great demigods aspire to attain. O Lord who is the abode of mercy, please protect us.

As Krsna walks on the path of Vraja, He wears a great bending red turban, decorated with a tilted peacock feather. He moves His neck with charming grace,

and His smile is decorated with the lovely splendor of His teeth. His left arm is placed around a friend's shoulder as they whisper in each other's ear about Radharani, who is about to pass them on the other side of the road. All glories to these whispered secrets of the Supreme Lord.

O Lord whose yellow garments move about in the gentle breeze, O Lord whose auspicious pastimes are glorified in the songs of the gopis, O Lord whose flower-garland is splendidly decorated with hosts of bumble-bees, O Lord who performs pastimes in a cottage within the grove of Vraja, all glories unto You.

O Supreme Lord, as You enjoy transcendental pastimes with Radharani Your necklaces of pearls move about as if dancing, Your flower bracelets become broken, You both fill the air with a sweet fragrance, Your ankle-bells tinkle, You uncover Radharani's breasts and vigorously attack them, Her hair becomes loosened, and both Your bodies become decorated with tiny drops of perspiration. O Lord who is more charming and delightful than cupid, we simply pray that You eternally continue enjoying transcendental pastimes in this way.

I pray that the worshippable Supreme Lord, whose face is as splendid as the moon, who is bold and courageous in enjoying amorous pastimes, and who is the object of the beautiful-eyed Radharani's kisses, may appear before my eyes. O Lord, Your beautiful hands are as glorious as the graceful tips of the elephants' trunks. When You angrily moved Your hands during the lovers' quarrel, those hands were passionately grasped by the beautiful young gopis. O Lord, Your transcendental pastimes are the abode of all sweetness. Hearing about these pastimes fulfills the desires of the entire world. Your servants remain always rapt in remembering these pastimes. O Lord, beautiful Radharani, the best of the gopis, always meditates on Your limitless auspicious transcendental qualities, which are the proper object of glorification in this world. O Lord, let me glorify Your two lotus feet, which are decorated with glittering ornaments, and which are the abodes of all transcendental beauty. These two lotus feet free the residents of Vraja from all fear. O Lord, I pray that my heart may always worship the exalted transcendental pastimes You expertly perform on the shore of the Yamuna. O Lord I pray that You may appear before us with Your dear, jubilant cowherd friend Subala. O Lord I pray that You appear before us smiling, laughing, and speaking many nectarean joking words. O Lord, I pray that You may appear before us, the two passionate snakes which are Your arms embraced by beautiful Radharani. O Lord, all glories to You who expertly cast roving sidelong glances at the young gopis, completely destroying their chaste tranquillity, even though these glances remain unobserved by Your cowherd friends. O Lord who resides with great splendor and glory in the forest of Vrndavana, beautiful-eyed Radharani yearns to associate with You and serve You. O Lord, by glancing at You with passionate, dancing eyes, Radharani offers Herself to You. O Lord, please meet with the fair-complexioned beautiful-eyed passionate gopis, and perform pastimes in their company. O Lord, nothing is superior to Your unparalleled, blissful, amorous pastimes. O Lord, Radharani has become afraid of Your delightfully charming hands, decorated with sharp nails. O Lord by enjoying amorous pastimes with beautiful Radharani You protect Her from the arrows of cupid. O Lord, You are the

eternal treasury where the celebrated superexcellent transcendental nectarean mellows of madhura-rasa are eternally kept. O Lord, please decorate Yourself with Your two shark-shaped earrings, which are expert at both dancing, and moving in cupid's battlefield. O Lord You are the sole shelter of the saintly devotees of Vraja, who constantly yearn to attain the bliss of Your direct service. O Lord, O supremely merciful and opulent Personality of Godhead who performs transcendental pastimes, I pray that my thoughts may be always fixed upon You. O Lord, whose delicate lips, reddened with betel-nuts, are the nectar which beautiful-eyed Radharani yearns to taste, O Lord please delight my heart by fixing it upon the splendid flowers of Your affectionate smiles. O merciful Lord who enjoys ever-fresh transcendental pastimes, O Lord who is like a great palace of righteousness and morality, all glories to You. All glories to You.

O Lord, as You gaze at Her with auspicious crooked eyes, You spend a long time painting dolphins on Radharani's cheeks. O best of masters, O ocean of mercy, please gesture with a perspiring finger and thus order me to fan You. I shall cry tears of joy as I fan You and Your beloved.

O playful Lord who performs nectarean auspicious pastimes, please accept me as one of the gopi-associates of Your beloved Radharani. Although my mind is tightly bound by materialism, please fulfill this desire.

The cloud of Krsna performs the most beautiful, enchanting pastimes filled with the sweetest nectar. This cloud inundates the countries of the minds and hearts of the affectionate devotees with the monsoon of wonderful transcendental qualities. I pray that this glistening blue cloud, illumined by the lightning flash known as the beloved Radharani, may delight us with transcendental happiness.

These prayers continually bring transcendental happiness and divine love to the saintly devotees, who are like flowing rivers of nectarean devotion for Sri Sri Radha-Madhava. I pray that Sri Giridhari, whose luster is like the splendor of the king of monsoon clouds, may at once remove all the troublesome defects I have allowed to slip into the beginning, middle, and end of these verses. I pray He may cure all this poem's faults.

I eternally place the pollen of Srila Rupa Gosvami's lotus feet upon my forehead. Even the slightest scent of those lotus feet makes the bumble-bee of my mind race to the blossoming desire-tree of Krsna's feet. That desire-tree overwhelms me with its nectar and makes me completely forget the powerful liquor of material existence. The tiniest drop of that tree's nectar attracts the greatest sages, and fills them with transcendental thirst.

This poem, the Nikunja-keli-virudavali is complete in sixteen parts. Just as every sixteen day the dark moon becomes full, in the same way this poem is completed with the conclusion of its sixteen part. I pray that this poem may bring pleasure to Sri Sri Radha-Madhava.

This poem Nikunja-keli-virudavali was completed on the shore of Radha-kunda

on Sunday, the new-moon day of the month of Jyaistha (May-June), in the year 1678.