**Chanting**

Hiranyakasipu was king

And an evil one was he

He bargained with Lord Brahma

For immortality

Not to die in the day, not to die in the night

Not to die on the land, not to die in the sea

Not to die by animal, not to die by man

He wanted to live eternally

Prahlad the boy devotee

Was the son of this demon king

His father’s pride and joy was he

Until he heard him sing

[Mahamantra]

This chanting made that king so mad

That he tried to kill his son

But Prahlad kept chanting Krishna’s names

And so it could not be done

He threw him to demons who boiled him in oil

Put him in wind and rain

But Prahlad kept chanting Krishna’s names

So it was done in vain

Hiranyakasipu did yell

Prahlad, is your God here?

He struck a column with his fist

And Lord Nrsingha appeared

It wasn’t by day, it wasn’t by night

It wasn’t on land, it wasn’t on sea

It wasn’t by animal, it wasn’t by man

He was killed by the Supreme Personality