

KRSNA



Pastimes

Dedicated to my spiritual master

His Divine Grace
A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda

“Their [Yaśodā and Nanda] dealings with Kṛṣṇa would be so powerful that simply by hearing of Kṛṣṇa’s childhood activities with them, anyone could very easily cross over the nescience of birth and death.”

Kṛṣṇa Book, Ch. 8

Lyrics: from Kṛṣṇa Book, Vol I
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Advent of Lord Kṛṣṇa

Once mother Earth, known as Bhūmi, assumed the form of a cow
 She went to see Lord Brahmā, with tears in her eyes, to tell
 Of the burden on the earth from the unnecessary defense force
 Of kings who were really demons but were posing as the rulers
 Hearing of the distressed condition on the earth
 Lord Brahmā started at once for the ocean of milk
 Bhūmi and all the demigods accompanied him
 And they prayed for Lord Viṣṇu to save them
 Within the heart of Brahmā, Lord Viṣṇu gave His reply
 Brahmā then told the demigods so they would all comply
 And the message was that very soon, Lord Kṛṣṇa would appear
 To execute His mission upon the planet earth
 The demigods and their wives should immediately take birth
 In the dynasty of Yadu, wherein the Lord would come
 And they should all remain there to assist Him

Once upon a time, Vasudeva, just after marrying Devaki
 Was going home on his chariot, along with her father's dowry
 Kāṁsa, her brother, was driving, and as they were passing through
 A voice from the sky said "Kāṁsa, you fool
 Your sister's eighth child will kill you!"
 Kāṁsa grabbed Devaki's hair and raised his sword to kill her
 But Vasudeva began to speak, astonished by Kāṁsa's behavior
 "My dear brother-in-law, Kāṁsa, you are the greatest warrior
 How is it you are so infuriated you're prepared to kill your sister
 On this auspicious day —why should you be so afraid?
 Why should you be so afraid of death?
 Your death is born along with your birth
 At death this body is annihilated
 See the plantworms change from twig to twig, carefully
 So we change to accept our next body
 These bodies are like we see in our dreams
 When awake, we forget just who we have been
 We've also forgotten our bodies of the past
 And by our mental condition at death
 Accordingly, we take our birth
 The luminous planets like the moon and stars
 Show their reflections on reservoirs
 The moving water makes the moon seem to move
 So we think, with these bodies we have some connection
 But this is due to illusion
 On account of illusion, we think we belong
 To a certain place, or the human form
 Such mental concoction and desire
 Are the cause of a body we don't require
 Therefore, I beg you not to listen to your body and mind's dictation
 Kāṁsa, please consider: you have no danger from your sister
 If there are sons in the future, I promise I shall present them to you"

In time Devaki and Vasudeva gave birth to eight sons and a daughter
Vasudeva took the first-born son, and brought him before King Kāṁsa
Kāṁsa was pleased that the promise was kept
And began to speak as follows:

“My dear Vasudeva, you need not present this child to me
The danger is to come from the eighth-born son of Devaki
Why should I accept this child unnecessarily?
You can take him back —you can take him back”

Nārada Muni was anxious to accelerate Lord Kṛṣṇa’s descent
Nārada Muni went to Kāṁsa the king, and spoke this warning:

“Kāṁsa, beware, the demigods are taking birth
In the families of cowherd men and their wives,
And on the other side, Vasudeva and others
Born in the family of Vṛṣṇi, of the Yadu dynasty
All are preparing for the appearance of the Lord
Kāṁsa beware, the demigods are taking birth
They have come to assist Lord Viṣṇu, Kāṁsa become alert
The demigods are taking birth, Kāṁsa become alert
Lord Viṣṇu will be coming soon”

When he was informed by Nārada, Kāṁsa became afraid
He imprisoned his father Ugrasena, Devaki, and Vasudeva
Year after year Devaki gave birth to another son
And thinking they might be Kṛṣṇa, Kāṁsa killed them one by one

Vasudeva and Devaki are prison-bound by Kāṁsa
Lying in Devaki’s womb is My expansion Śeṣa
Yogamāyā, transfer Śeṣa to the womb of Rohini
Then I shall become the Son of Vasudeva and Devaki
In Vṛndāvana, you take birth from Nanda and Yaśodā
As their daughter, you’ll be known as Durgā and Ambikā

The Lord of the whole creation, Kṛṣṇa, entered within the mind of Vasudeva
Then like rays of the setting sun are transferred to the rising moon
So Lord Kṛṣṇa’s form of eternity was transferred to the mind of Devaki
From the mind of Vasudeva within the prison of King Kāṁsa
Seeing the beauty of his sister, Kāṁsa knew who had come within her
“What can be done with Devaki? Kṛṣṇa is in her womb
Seeing her wonderful beauty, surely Lord Viṣṇu has come
If I kill Devaki now, I would lose my reputation
And if Kṛṣṇa is to kill me, no one can stop His mission
I will await the inevitable future, then kill the baby when He is delivered”

Prayers by the Demigods for Lord Kṛṣṇa in the Womb

Dear mother Devaki, within your womb
The Supreme Personality of Godhead has come
Kṛṣṇa will appear with Balarāma
Do not be afraid of your brother, King Kāṁsa
Lord Kṛṣṇa is true to His vow, and He comes within this material world
So that the pious will be protected, and the demons will be destroyed

Before creation, Kṛṣṇa was existing, and within Him everything is resting
 After creation, Kṛṣṇa will remain, so He is the truth for all of time
 Our dear Lord, You are personally here to show Your actual form
 And one can meditate upon Your lotus feet at any time
 Your feet are the boat to cross the ocean of material existence
 And devotees find that ocean reduced to the water in a calf's hoofprint
 So they simply cross over immediately
 And the boat of Your feet is never taken away from this side of that ocean
 Your transcendental form and Your holy name
 Your pastimes and qualities are all the same
 This absolute nature that is Yours
 Can only be known to one who serves
 With love and devotion, oh dear Lord
 Such a soul returns to the spiritual world
 You are always unborn, we find no reason for You to descend
 Demons can be killed by material nature
 So it must be of Your own sweet pleasure
 You come and meet with Your loving devotees
 Oh Lord, please protect us throughout our lives
 Dear mother Devaki, within your womb
 The Supreme Personality of Godhead has come
 Kṛṣṇa will appear with Balarama
 Do not be afraid of your brother,
 Do not be afraid of your brother, King Kamsa

Birth of Lord Kṛṣṇa

When the time was mature for the Lord to appear
 Signs of good fortune were everywhere
 The stars and planets above the earth —all were adjusted for Kṛṣṇa's birth
 The rivers were flowing full of waters, lakes were filled with lotus flowers
 Within the forest, birds were singing; peacocks danced and the wind was pleasing
 Brāhmaṇas lit the sacred fires and their minds were joyful to hear
 Loud vibrations of transcendental sound proclaiming Lord Kṛṣṇa would soon appear
 The time was mature for the Lord to appear
 And signs of good fortune were everywhere
 "See the wonderful child, born as a baby with four hands
 Holding the signs of Lord Viṣṇu, the Supreme Personality of Godhead
 He is dressed in yellow silk, wearing jewels and ornaments
 In my mind, I will have a celebration
 And give many thousands of cows to the brāhmaṇas
 See His eyes are lotus-like, and His hair is fully grown
 He is dazzling like a bright blackish cloud
 He is very wonderful!"

Pūtana Killed

Putana was a khecari witch, and so she could fly in the sky
 Although she was evil, she entered Gokula where everyone let her pass by
 Because of her smiling beauty, and the lotus in her hand
 Yaśodā and Rohiṇī said that the Goddess of Fortune had come

Putana was a sword in a decorated case
Because of the poison upon her breast
She was a demon, Kṛṣṇa could tell
So He sucked out her milk and her life as well
Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare
Hare Rama Hare Rama, Rama Rama Hare Hare

Sakatasura

Baby Kṛṣṇa kicked the cart, it fell to the ground and broke apart
Sakatasura was pushed, along with the cart, upon the earth

Salvation of Tṛṇavarta

Tṛṇavarta came from Kaṁsa, shaped like a whirlwind
Putting Kṛṣṇa on his shoulder, darkening Vṛndavana
Dust storm all around, baby Kṛṣṇa can't be found
Yaśodā is crying upon the ground
But baby Kṛṣṇa made Himself as heavy as a mountain
He caught Tṛṇavarta's neck, and made him fall down
Down, down, to the ground, sinful Tṛṇavarta
Demons have to die, but Kṛṣṇa is alive
Down, down, to the ground, sinful Tṛṇavarta
Demons die away, but Kṛṣṇa is saved.

The Gopis Lodge Complaints

The gopis went to lodge complaints at the house of mother Yaśodā:
"Dear Yaśodā, why don't you restrict your naughty Kṛṣṇa?
He comes to our house with Balarāma, in the morning and the evening
Just to let the cows go loose before the time for milking
So when we go to milk the cows, there is no milk remaining
All the calves have drunk it up and Kṛṣṇa stands there smiling
So we give Him a warning that this simply has to stop
We cannot keep returning to our houses without any milk
Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma break our pots and throw them hither and thither
Then we all collect our stock of yogurt, milk and butter
And hang it from the ceiling, high upon a swing
But Kṛṣṇa piles wooden crates on the grinding machine
And if He cannot climb and reach, He gets a stick and makes a hole
Kṛṣṇa feeds the monkeys then until they are completely full
And when they won't take any more, Kṛṣṇa chides "Dear mother,
See the monkeys will not eat it —what is the use of your butter?"
If we keep our yogurt in a dark place for hiding
Kṛṣṇa finds it anyway because of the shining
Of all His jewels, pearls and ornaments
If you took them all away, what would be the difference?
Their bodies have effulgence that shines with such a light
Both of Them see everything, even in the night
All day They make arrangements to come and steal these things
Yaśodā, please consider what disturbance Their naughtiness brings!

Vision of the Universal Form

Balarāma went to Yaśodā to tell her that Kṛṣṇa had eaten clay
 She went to Kṛṣṇa saying, "What have you eaten all alone today?
 Your brother and friends have combined together
 And come complaining to me"

"Mother, if you think they are truthful,
 Look within My mouth and see
 They are all speaking lies, I never ate clay
 Balarāma was angry while playing today
 And he complained so you would be angry and come to chastise Me"

"All right," said Yaśodā, "open up Your mouth and I shall see"

Kṛṣṇa opened up His mouth, just like an ordinary boy
 And Yaśodā saw within it everything in creation
 Mountains, islands, oceans, seas, planets, fire, moon and stars
 Outer space spreading in every direction
 Spiritual nature, material nature too
 Objects of the senses, like smell and touch and sound
 Water, sky, the demigods, and every living being
 Consciousness, activity, and eternal time were found
 Along with all things needed for cosmic manifestation

She even saw herself feeding Kṛṣṇa with her milk

Mother Yaśodā was struck with awe and began to wonder what she saw
 She thought it must be mystic power attained by her son
 So she prayed with all her might to the Lord of everything in her sight
 Because she did not know from where these visions had come

"Oh, Supreme Personality, kindly please protect me
 Under illusory energy, I'm thinking I'm this body
 Your external potency gives me this misconception
 I think that all these lands are mine, and Nanda Mahārāja my husband"

Kṛṣṇa saw Yaśodā was thinking philosophically
 Then He expanded His internal energy
 Just to bewilder her with motherly affection
 And make her forget all about her speculation

No longer concerned with the visions that she saw
 No longer the feelings of reverence and awe
 She said "Now, let this incident be forgotten;
 I do not mind. Here is my son —let me kiss Him"

Mother Yaśodā Binding Lord Kṛṣṇa

Kṛṣṇa stole the butter and ran from Yaśodā
 Yaśodā was quick to pick up a stick
 She found baby Kṛṣṇa on the grinding mortar
 Giving the monkeys all of the butter
 Seeing her near, He fled in fear

Kṛṣṇa ran and Yaśodā ran, Kṛṣṇa ran and Yaśodā ran
 Her body was heavy and her waist was thin
 But somehow she ran and captured Him
 He was almost crying, His eyes were afraid,
 Seeing Him so, she threw her stick away

Yasoda endeavored to bind Him up, so she went to the house to get some rope
She did not know the Supreme Personality can't be bound by any yogi
He has no beginning, He has no end, He's all-pervading and unlimited
He Himself is the whole cosmic manifestation
Appearing as her child, still He had no limitation

Yasoda was trying to bind her son and went to get more rope
But again and again, tied together, they were two inches too short
What to do! She was smiling
But she said, "How is this happening?"

Kṛṣṇa is bound by the love of His devotee mother
Seeing her hard labor, compassionate upon her
He agreed to be bound by the ropes of Yasoda

No one can control Kṛṣṇa
The devotee can only surrender
Kṛṣṇa can save him, Kṛṣṇa can kill him
But he never forgets his position

In the same way, Kṛṣṇa gets transcendental pleasure
By submitting Himself to the protection of Yasoda
Kṛṣṇa is bound by love; He can't be found any other way
Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare
Hare Rāma Hare Rāma, Rāma Rāma Hare Hare

Deliverance of Nalakuvara and Manigriva

Nalakuvara and Manigriva were cursed to stand as trees by Narada
Just to end their false enjoyment with intoxication
Proud of their wealth in the family of demigods
They now stood as trees in Nanda's courtyard
Knowing the end of the curse would come
When Lord Kṛṣṇa appeared before them
Kṛṣṇa, tied to the grinding mortar, crawled till it stuck in between the trees
And pulled on the rope so the trees fell down, and out came the two personalities

Their bodies were shining all around
As they came before Kṛṣṇa bowing down
"Oh Lord, You are the cause of creation
Birth and death, as well as liberation
We pray to serve You by hearing Your transcendental activities
By thinking of Your lotus feet, and speaking about Your glories"

Kṛṣṇa, smiling, told the demigods
"You are very fortunate in this world
You saw the great sage Nārada who is always serene and merciful
Being in his presence is like being in the sun
Nothing can impede your vision
One is liberated in that light, from that moment on
You have developed love for Me, and will never take birth again
Remain in the mood of devotion, and go back to your father's residence in heaven"

They circumambulated Kṛṣṇa, and returned to their heavenly planet
Nanda Maharāja came and untied his wonderful, little son.
The elderly gopis took him to the courtyard and clapped their hands in fun
Kṛṣṇa began to clap along with them
And He sang and danced like a puppet in their hands

Killing the Demons Vatsasura and Bakasura - (Medley)

Sometimes Yaśodā would ask Kṛṣṇa to bring her a plank for sitting
 Although it was too heavy, He brought it to His mother
 Sometimes while worshipping Narayana
 His father would ask Him to bring wooden slippers
 And with great difficulty, Kṛṣṇa would bring them on His head
 Sometimes something was too heavy, and Kṛṣṇa would simply move His arms
 In this way, every moment, every day
 He was the reservoir of pleasure to his parents, Nanda and Yaśodā

One day a fruit vendor came before the house of Nanda Mahārāja
 Calling "Anyone who wants some fruits, please come and take them from me"
 Child Kṛṣṇa immediately took some grains
 And went to get fruits by trading them
 But He didn't hold His little palms very tight
 So the grains fell down in the vendor's sight
 Captivated by the beauty of the Lord, the vendor filled His hands with fruits
 Meantime, the basket of fruit became filled with jewels
 The Lord is the bestower of all benediction
 If someone gives something to the Lord
 He is not the loser, he is the gainer by a million times

The cowherd men consulted together
 How to stop the great disturbances in Mahāvana
 On account of the demons that were coming there
 Disturbing the peaceful situation
 "Considering Pūtanā, the Whirlwind Demon, and falling trees
 Only by the grace of Lord Hari was the child Kṛṣṇa saved
 Let us all leave. We should be cautious and reside where we can live peacefully
 Let us go to the forest of Vṛndāvana, where there are newly grown plants
 And herbs, and suitable pasturing ground for our cows
 We and our families, the gopis with their children, can live there
 Govardhana Hill is near there, and there is newly grown grass for the animals
 Let us go immediately to that beautiful place, there is no time to waste
 Let us prepare our carts now, and keep all the cows in front"

Hearing Upananda, the brother of Nanda, all the cowherd men agreed
 Everyone loaded all their household things, and prepared to go to Vṛndāvana
 Cows and bulls, along with calves, were placed in front
 The men surrounded their flocks, holding bows and arrows,
 And blew their horns and bugles
 So with tumultuous sound, they started for Vṛndāvana
 And who can describe the damsels of Vraja?
 Seated on their carts, dressed very beautifully
 They began to chant all the pastimes of Kṛṣṇa
 Yaśodā and Rohiṇī sat with the boys upon their laps
 Riding on the cart, talking to Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma
 And feeling the pleasure of such talks,
 They looked very, very beautiful

At this time Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma were given charge of the calves
Sometimes They played on Their flutes
And played with āmalaki fruits and bael fruits, like small children play with balls
Along with other cowherd boys, Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma went to the pasturing ground
Tending the calves, They sometimes danced
With Their ankle bells making a tinkling sound
Sometimes They imitated bulls and cows by covering Themselves with blankets
They imitated sounds of animals and birds
Enjoying Their childhood pastimes, apparently like ordinary children

One day while Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma were playing on the bank of the Yamunā
A demon came in the shape of a calf, and its name was Vatsasura
He came there intending to kill the brothers, while mingling with the other calves
Kṛṣṇa, however, noticed this and told Balarāma of the demon's entrance
Both brothers then went together and
They followed him, and sneaked up upon him
Kṛṣṇa caught hold of the demon calf by the two hind legs and tail
Whipped him around very forcibly and threw him into a tree
The demon lost his life and fell down from the top of the tree to the ground
Kṛṣṇa's friends said "Well done!"
And the demigods in the sky showered flowers in great satisfaction

The boys would daily go to the bank of the Yamunā
To water the calves, and the boys also drank
One day after drinking, while they were sitting on the bank
They saw a huge animal which looked something like a duck
It was as big as a hill, its top was strong as a thunderbolt
They became afraid of this beast named Bakāsura
He was a friend of Kāmsa's, appearing on the scene
He swallowed Kṛṣṇa up, and all the boys with Balarāma
Became almost breathless, as if they had died
But when Bakāsura demon was swallowing Kṛṣṇa
He felt a burning, fiery sensation
This was due to the glowing effulgence of Kṛṣṇa, so he quickly threw Him up
And tried to pinch Him in his beaks —Bakāsura did not know
That Kṛṣṇa was playing the part of a child
But was still the original Father of Lord Brahmā, the creator of the universe
The child of mother Yaśodā, the reservoir of pleasure
Maintainer of saintly persons
Caught hold of the beaks of this great, giant duck
And before His friends, bifurcated his mouth
As easily as a child splits a blade of grass —Kṛṣṇa!
From the sky, the denizens of heaven showered flowers
Like the cameli, on Kṛṣṇa
As a token of their congratulations
Accompanying the flowers there were bugles and drums
Conchshells sounded, and the boys were struck with wonder
Seeing Kṛṣṇa they all were so pleased,
It seemed they had regained their very source of life
As soon as they saw Kṛṣṇa coming towards them

They one by one embraced the son of Nanda and held Him to their chests
 After this, they assembled the calves and began to return home
 When they arrived, they began to speak
 Of the wonderful activities of Nanda's son
 They all heard the story, gopīs and cowherd men, and felt great happiness
 Naturally they loved Kṛṣṇa and conversed amongst themselves
 How so many demons in fierce bodies attacked Kṛṣṇa just to kill Him
 But by the grace of Lord Hari, they could not even cause a slight injury
 But they died, like small flies in a fire
 Thus they remembered the words of Gargamuni who foretold
 That this boy would be attacked by many demons
 Seeing that Kṛṣṇa was saved from the mouth of death
 They began to see His face with great love and affection
 They could not turn their faces from this vision
 Talking about Lord Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma,
 They forgot their anxieties in material existence;
 They forgot the three-fold miseries of this world
 Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma imitated monkeys of Lord Rāmacandra
 Who constructed a bridge on the ocean
 And Hanuman who jumped over to Ceylon
 Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma, Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma

The Killing of Aghāsura

Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, let's all play, going to the forest
 Sound upon our flutes and horns, keep the calves before us
 With a stick, lunchbag too, we'll be happy seeing You
 Kṛṣṇa beautiful and blue —Hari, Haribol

Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, now we're here, dancing all together
 Decorate with twigs and leaves, clay and peacock feathers
 Putting flowers in our hair, Kṛṣṇa's pleasure is our care
 Loving Him we have no fear —Hari, Haribol

His name is Aghāsura, he's fat and round
 His lip is in the sky, his chin is on the ground
 His wide-open mouth is just like a cave
 His tongue appears like a broad traffic-way
 From his mouth a hurricane blows, from his eyes fire glows
 Now he is waiting to swallow us all
 But Kṛṣṇa will kill him like Bakāsura
 Kṛṣṇa will save us, Kṛṣṇa will save us, Kṛṣṇa will save us
 Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa!

(Aghāsura) Everyone has entered but Kṛṣṇa

Who killed my brother and sister

I am waiting for Him to come in

(Kṛṣṇa) How can I save my intimate friends?

I will enter within

(Demigods) Alas! Alas!

(Boys) Jaya Kṛṣṇa, jaya Kṛṣṇa, He brought us back to life

Jaya Kṛṣṇa, jaya Kṛṣṇa, just see that dazzling light

(Demigods) Jaya jaya, all glories to the Supreme Personality of Godhead!

Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare

Hare Rāma Hare Rāma, Rāma Rāma Hare Hare

Killing of Dhenukāsura

Dear Balarāma, Your arms are strong

Dear Kṛṣṇa, You can kill the demons

Nearby is the Tālavana forest, full of palm trees filled with fruits

No one can get them because of a demon there: Dhenukāsura

Dear Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma, only You can kill such demons

All the birds and animals have left that forest filled with fruits

Please let us go there, we like the aroma —don't You smell it from here?

Today in the forest of Tālavana, Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma

Killed the Dhenukāsura by wheeling him around and around

(Gopis)

All day we think of Kṛṣṇa in the forest

Or we think of Him herding cows in the pasture

When we see Kṛṣṇa returning, all our anxieties are relieved

And seeing His face like a lotus flower, we laugh and smile again

Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare

Hare Rāma Hare Rāma, Rāma Rāma Hare Hare

Subduing Kāliya

Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, wrapped in the coils of Kāliya serpent

How can we bear to see You in such danger

Kṛṣṇa, we have dedicated everything

But now we stand here unable to help You

Nothing is more dear to us than Kṛṣṇa

Seeing Him enveloped by the serpent

We find the world becoming vacant

Thinking about His smile and friendship

Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, wrapped in the coils of Kāliya serpent

How can we bear to see You in such danger —You are the only shelter

Devouring the Forest Fire

In the forest, Kṛṣṇa's dancing, cowherd boyfriends offer praise:

"Dear brother, You are dancing very nicely," they say

Lord Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma, cowherd boys too

Are tending the cows and blowing their flutes

And They enter where flowers are always in bloom -

The beautiful forest of Vṛndāvana

Dear Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma, dear Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma

We are now burning from the heat

Let us take shelter of Your lotus feet

(Gopis)

It is the evening, Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma

Along with the boys and cows are returning

To Vṛndāvana, playing Their flutes

Now They're approaching, Kṛṣṇa and Balarāma

All through the day, They are in the forest

In Their absence, we think one moment to be like twelve years

Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare

Hare Rāma Hare Rāma, Rāma Rāma Hare Hare

Delivering the Wives of the Brahmanas

Mothers, gather up a feast, hurry let us fill the pots
 Kṛṣṇa and Balarama must eat, now They are calling for us
 Husbands, brothers, sons and friends
 All have asked us not to go
 But come let us bring Him a feast — Kṛṣṇa is our life and soul

Worshipping Govardhana Hill

My dear father, what is this plan for a sacrifice? Please explain it to Me
 Is it a Vedic injunction, or a popular ceremony?

My dear boy, this function is traditional

We have to thank Lord Indra for kindly sending rain fall

We cannot live without the rain for farming and producing grain

My dear father, let us not worship Indra, we have our duties to perform

Rain will come from the clouds above, and not by worshipping him

Rain is falling on the ocean, and on the land as well

Besides, we have our relationship with the brāhmaṇa men and Govardhana Hill

We are satisfied living in this forest of Vṛndāvana

So let us take the grains and ghee collected for the yajña

To satisfy our Govardhana, and nevermind Lord Indra!

Dear friends, please prepare rice, dahl, halavah

Puri, pakora, laddu, rasagullā, sandeśa, sweet rice, then call the brāhmaṇas

Grains for the brāhmaṇa men chanting the Vedic hymns

Decorate the cows, feed them well, keeping them in front, circumambulate the hill

Govardhana pūjā, Govardhana pūjā

Lots of prasāda, even for caṇḍalas

Govardhana pūjā, Govardhana pūjā

If you neglect Govardhana worship, you will be killed by the snakes on the hill

All the people of Vṛndāvana, for your good fortune

And the fortune of your cows as well —worship Govardhana Hill

Saṁvartaka cloud, go destroy Vṛndāvana

They have stopped the sacrifice which was meant for me

Saṁvartaka cloud, inundate their homes

They have taken Kṛṣṇa so seriously

Go and I will follow you, riding on my elephant

Great storms will come with me to give the proper punishment

Pour down the rain now, all you clouds

They should be destroyed along with their cows

Indra's sending rain like sharp, piercing arrows

See it falling down as thick as pillars

Thunder, lightning, ice is falling too

Heavy winds are blowing, what can we do?

This is a dangerous situation

Clouds are pouring water without cessation

Kṛṣṇa! Save us! You are very strong

All the land will flood before very long

Every living creature is trembling from the cold
And we find no source of deliverance
Kṛṣṇa, You are affectionate to Your devotees
Now please save us from angry Indra,
Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, dear Kṛṣṇa!

My dear father, my dear brothers, dear inhabitants of this land
Now I have lifted the hill of Govardhana
Don't be afraid and think it will fall
From the little finger of My hand
You have all been afflicted by heavy rains
And winds that were sent by Indra
Now be protected by this big umbrella
Bring your cows and come under the hill,
Bring your cows and come under the hill —be happy together
We're not hungry, we're not thirsty, we don't even want to sleep
Kṛṣṇa lifted up the hill, and then we entered underneath
We're not hungry, we're not thirsty, we don't even want to sleep
We just wonder how Kṛṣṇa held the hill for one whole week!
Be happy together / Kṛṣṇa, we are happy all together
Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare
Hare Rāma Hare Rāma, Rāma Rāma Hare Hare

My dear Lord, being puffed up by my false prestige
I thought You took my offerings, and this offended me
But I am the offender, with my anger and ignorance
Sending rain and hailstorms to cause You disturbance
You have shown me Your kindness, although I am only foolish
Within this material world, many fools like me
Will falsely claim to be God
But without giving punishment, You find the means
So their false pride will soon be destroyed
Coming to my senses, I now take shelter unto Your lotus feet
You are my master, the most powerful, the son of Vasudeva
The Supreme Lord Kṛṣṇa
Please excuse me, I am fool number one
And bless me so that I may never act that way again

My dear Indra, I have stopped your sacrifice
To show My causeless mercy
And to revive your memory
That I remain your master eternally
I am the master of the demigods as well
Everyone should always remember that I am the Supreme Lord
I can show anyone my favor, or chastise anyone
For no one is superior to Me
If I find that someone is falsely proud
Of opulence that came from Me
Then I show My favor by withdrawing it
And that is My causeless mercy

Return to the heaven, remain there as the king
Always be My servant, for I am the Supreme
My dear Indra, I have stopped your sacrifice
To show My causeless mercy
And to revive your memory
That I remain your master eternally

Kṛṣṇa's Hiding from the Gopis

Dear tulasi, where is Kṛṣṇa? Dear blackberries, where is Kṛṣṇa?
Dear kadamba flower, where is Kṛṣṇa —where is Kṛṣṇa now?
Don't be afraid of torrents of rain
And severe hurricanes, I'll save you
Where is Kṛṣṇa —where is Kṛṣṇa now?
Rascal Kāliya, leave this place
I have descended on the earth to punish all kinds of miscreants
Where is Kṛṣṇa —where is Kṛṣṇa now?
See the flames of the fire are coming
Close your eyes, I'll save you
Dear tulasi, where is Kṛṣṇa? Dear blackberries, where is Kṛṣṇa?
Oh pear trees, oh asana trees, where is Kṛṣṇa now?

Dear Damodara, dear Mādhava, please don't go to Mathura

