

Mukunda mukthavali

(Hymn for salvation on Mukunda)

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(I found this Stotra in a compilation of stotras named as Sthorhtra Rathnakaram published by Devi book stall, Kodungaloor, Kerala . Strangely the several slokas in this great prayer are not of similar meter. Possible, this is a collection of stotras on Krishna by some great scholar. Searching the web, I could not find it in any web site. I would be grateful, if any one who knows about this stotra, informs me about it.)

**Nava jaladha varnam chambakoth bhasi karnam,
Vikasitha nasyam, visphurath manda hasyam,
Kana karuchidhakulam charu barhava moolam,
Kamapi nikhila saram Naumi gopi kumaram.**

1

**I salute that lad of gopis,
Who is of the colour of the new cloud,
Who wears champaka flowers in his ear,
Whose smile is as pretty as an opened lotus flower,
Who wears cloths of the colour of gold,
Who wears peacock feathers on his head,
And who is the ultimate meaning of everything.**

**Sajalajalada neelam vallavi keli lolam,
Sritha sura tharu moolam vidhyudullasi chelam,
Natha sura muni jalam, sanmanobimba leelam,
Sura ripu kula kalam, naumi gopala balam.**

2

**I salute that child of Gopas,
Who is like the blue cloud,
Who is an expert in pleasing gopis,
Who is the wish giving tree to his devotees,
Who wears cloths shining like lightning,
Who is being saluted by devas and sages,
Who lives in the mind of good people,
And who is god of death to enemies of devas.**

**Sajalajalada neelam darsithodara leelam,
Kara thala drutha shailam, venu nadhai rasalam,
Vruja jana kula palam, kamini keli lolam,
Kalitha lalitha malam, naumi gopala balam.**

3

I salute that child of Gopas,

Who is cool as the water bearing clouds,
Who shows great plays to his devotees,
Who held the mountain with trees in his hand,
Who pleases all with the sound of his flute,
Who takes care of the people of Vruja,
Who pleases his sweethearts by tricks,
And who wears several pretty garlands.

**Smitha lalitha kapola snigdha sangeetha lolam,
Lalitha chikura jalam chourya chathurya leelam,
Sathamaka ripu kalam, satha kumbhabha chelam,
Kualaya dala neelam, naumi gopala balam.**

4

I salute that child of Gopas,
Who has a face that shines by his smile,
Who is immersed in the notes of music,
Who has a very pretty made up crowning glory,
Who is an expert in playful theft,
Who is god of death to the enemies of Indra,
Who wears dresses of the colour of gold,
And who is of the colour of the blue lotus flower.

**Murali ninadha lolam mugdha mayura choodam,
Dalitha dhanuja jalam dhanya soujanya sheelam,
Para hitha nava helam, padma sathmanukoolam,
Nava jala dhara neelam, Naumi gopala balam,**

5

I salute that boy who is a cow herd,
Who is interested in playing the flute,
Who is pretty as he wears a peacock feather,
Who by his trick killed crowds of asuras,
Who is having an attractive quality of friendliness,
Who was determined to do good to others,
Who is the darling of she who sits on a lotus,
And who is as blue as the fresh water bearing cloud.

**Mukha jitha saradindu , keli lavanya sindhu,
Karavinihakandhur vallavee prana bandhu,
Vapurapasyatharenu, kaksha nikshipthavenur,
Vachana vasaga dhenu , pathu maam nanda soonu.**

6

Let the son of king Nanda protect me,
Who wins hundred moons by his face,
Who is the ocean of pretty playfulness,
Who holds in his hand a ball,
Who is the soul mate of his darlings,

Who is coated with dust all over his body,
Who holds the flute in his armpits,
And who is capable of making the cows obey him.

**Dwastha dushta sankha chooda, vallavee kulopa gooda,
Bhaktha maanasidhi rooda, Neelakanda pincha chooda,
Kanda lambhi manju kunja, keli labdha ramya kunja,
Karna varthi phullakundha, pahi deva, maam mukunda.**

7

Please protect me , Oh Mukunda,
Who killed the bad one called Sankha Chooda ,
Who is the secret lover of Gopis,
Who lives in the mind of his devotees,
Who wears the blue feathers of peacock,
Who wears the long garlands made of pretty beads,
Who playfully lives in huts,
And who wears jasmine flowers in his ears.

**Yagna bhanga rushta sakranunna ghora megha chakra,
Vrushti poora khinna gopa veekshanopajathakopa,
Kshiptha savya hashta padmadharitho cha shaila sathma,
Guptha goshta raksha raksha maam thadhdhya Pankajaksha.**

8

Please save me oh God with lotus eye,
Who lifted the great mountain with his lotus soft hands,
With anger and saved the Gokula, from the torrential rain,
Sent by Devendra who got angry ,
Because the fire sacrifice to him was stopped.

**Mukthaharam dhadhadhudu chakrakaram,
Saram gopimanasi manojaaropi,
Kopi kamse khala nikarumbho thamse,
Vamse range disathu rathim na sarngi.**

9

Please protect me , God who holds the Saranga,
Who wears the pearl necklace which shines like stars,
Who melts the minds of Gopis,
Who is angry at bad people like Kamsa,
And who is an ace in playing the flute.

**Leelodhama jaladhara malashyama,
Kshama kamadha birachayanthi ramaa,
Saamamavyaadha akhila muneenaam sthavya,
Gavyapoorthi prabhu raghasathror moorthi.**

10

Please save me Oh God, who exterminates sins,
Who has done several playful acts,
Who is of the colour of water bearing cloud,
Who satisfied several wishes of Gopis,
Who is being praised by groups of sages,
And who is interested in products of cows.

**Parva varthula sarvari pathi garva reethi hananam,
Nanda nandamindirakrutha vandanam,dhrutha chandanam,
Sundaree rathi mandarikrutha kandaram druthamandaram,
Kundaladhyuthi mandalaplutha kandaram bhaja sundaram.**

11

I sing songs of praise on the handsome one,
Whose face defeats the pride of the full moon by its beauty,
Who is a child who is being worshipped by Goddess Indira,
Who wears the sandal wood paste,
Who lives in the passionate group of beauties,
Who lifted the mountain,
And who has the light of his ear studs on his shoulders.

**Gokulangana Mangalam krutha poothana bhava mochanam,
Kunda Sundara dantha mambuja vrunda vanditha lochanam,
Sourabhaa kara phulla pushkaravisphurath kara pallavam,
Daivatha vruja durlabham bhaja vallavee kula vallabham.**

12

I sing the praise of him, who is the darling of Gopis,
Who does good to the women of Gokula,
Who gave salvation to the ogress Puthana,
Who has teeth resembling the buds of jasmine,
Who has eyes similar to the lotus flower,
Who has palms like the sweet smelling,
Fully opened lotus flower,
And who is even rare for the celestial devas.

**Thunda kanthi dandithoru panduramsu mandalam,
Ganda pali thanda vali Sali rathna kundalam,
Phulla pundareeka khanda kliptha malya mandanam,
Chanda bahu dandamathra naumi kamsa khandanam.**

13

I salute that God who punished and killed Kamsa,
With his powerful hands,
Who has the shine in his face that punishes the moon,
Who has the shine of precious gems,

That hangs and plays around his neck,
And who wears garlands made out of the petals of lotus.

**Utharanga dangaraga sangamathi pingalas,
Thangarunga sangi pani ranganathi mangala,
Digvilasi malli hasi keerthi valli pallava,
Sthwam sa pathu phullacharu chilliradhya vallava.
14**

You protect us , Hey able lad,
Who is of brown colour due to several ,
Religious marks applied on his body,
Who is the companion of the flute,
Who does good to girls,
And whose frame is in all directions.

**Indranivaram vrajapathivaram
Nirdhoothavaram hrutha gana varam,
Rakshitha gothram preenitha gothram
Thwaam drutha gothram naumi sagothram. 15**

I salute him with all my family,
Who has won over Indra,
Who is the chief of Gokula,
Who prevented torrential rain,
Who is of the colour of cloud,
Who protected his family,
Who made the entire world happy,
And who lifted the mountain.

**Kamsa mahepathi hruth gatha soolam,
Santhatha sevitha yamunakoolam,
Vande sundra chandraka choodam,
Thwamahamakhila characharamoolam. 16**

I salute Him , who is the root of all universe,
Who is the spear which killed Kamsa,
Who was being served by his friends who live near Yamuna,
And who is pretty with a peacock feather worn by him.

**Malayajaruchira sthanujithamudhira,
Palitha vibhudhasthoshitha vasudha,
Maamathirasika kelibhiradhika,
Smithasubhagaradha krupayathu varadha. 17**

Please show mercy on me , oh, merciful one,

Who shines with applied sandal paste,
Who is of the colour of the cloud,
Who saved and looked after the devas,
Who made the earth very happy,
Who is a very great enjoyer,
Who has extreme playfulness,
And who is greatly handsome.

**Urari krutha muralee rutha bhangam,
Nava jaladharakiranollasadangam,
Yuvathee hrudaya drutha madana tharangam,
Pranamatha Yamuna thata krutha rangam.**

18

I salute that Lord who lives in the shores of Yamuna,
Who sings several songs using his flute,
Who has a body which is the like new water bearing cloud,
And who creates waves of love in the hearts of lasses.

**Navambhodena lam , jagathoshi sheelam,
Mukha sangi vamsam shigandavathamsam,
Kara lambhi vethram varambhoja nethram,
Druthaspheethagunjam bhaje labdha kunjam.**

19

I pray the god who lives among pretty bushes,
Who is of the colour of the new rain cloud,
Who makes the entire world happy,
Who sings using the flute,
Who wears the feather of peacock,
Who carries a stick to mind cattle , in his hands,
Who has eyes as pretty as the lotus flower,
And who wears the garland of tree beads.

**Hrutha kshoni bharam krutha klesa haram ,
Jagat geetha saram maha rathna haram,
Mrudu shyamakesam lasadwanyavesam,
Krupabhirnudesam, bhaje vallawesam.**

20

I pray that lord of Gopis,
Who reduced the burden of the earth,
Who can destroy sorrows of the world,
Who is the subject for song of the universe,
Who wears garlands made of great jewels,
Who has soft black hair,
Who roams in the forests,
And who is the great storehouse of mercy.

**Ullasadvallaveevasasaam thaskara,
Sthejasa nirjithaprasphurath bhaskara,
Peenahos thadhayorullasa chandana,
Pathu vaa sarvatho devaki nandna.**

21

**Let us be protected by the Lord,
Who is the son of Devaki,
Who stole the cloths of Gopis,
Who has the dazzle which is greater than the Sun,
And who applies sandal paste on his broad chest.**

**Samruthestharakam tham gavam charakam,
Venunaam manditham kredane panditham,
Dhathubhir veshinam dhanava dweshinam,
Chinthayaswaminam vallavi kaminam.**

22

**I think of that master who is the darling of Gopis,
Who helps one to cross the ocean of birth,
Who makes cows eat in the grazing land,
Who plays good music with his flute,
Who is ace in play and playfulness,
Who dresses himself with mountain products,
And who hates the asuras.**

**Upathakabalam paragasa balam,
Madegasaranam saroja charanam,
Arishtadalanam vikrushta lalanam,
Namami samaham sadaiva thamaham.**

23

**I also worship that great God,
Who keeps a ball of rice in his hand,
Who shines with the coated pollen on his body,
Who is my only refuge,
Who has lotus like feet,
Who removes all problems of deterioration,
And who attracts lasses.**

**Viharasadanam manogna radanam,
Praneetha madanam sasanka vadanam,
Uraatha kamalam, yasobhiramalam,
Karantha kamalam bhajaswathamalam.**

24

**Sing the praises as much as possible,
Of that lord who is the storehouse of playfulness,
Who has a heart warming row of teeth,
Who even attracts the god of love,**

Who has a face like the full moon,
Who has a chest on which Lakshmi resides,
Who is having perennial fame,
And keeps a lotus flower in his hand.

**Dushtadwamsa karnikaravathamsa,
Kheladwamsi panchamadwanasamsi,
Yogee chetha keli bhangi niketha,
Pathu swairi hantha va kamsa vairee.**

25

Let that god protect me,
Who punishes bad people,
Who wears ear studs,
Who sings the panchama tune,
Using his soulful flute,
Who resides in the mind of sages,
Who resides in the mind of peaceful ones,
And who is the enemy of Kamsa.

**Vraundatavyam keli manandavyam,
Kurvan naari chitha kandarpa dhari,
Nammod gari maam dukulapahari,
Neeparooda pathu barhava chooda.**

26

Let me be protected by him who wears peacock feathers,
Who induces live in the minds of gopi lasses,
Of the brindavan by his happy attractive plays,
Who steals the cloths of Gopis,
And who sits on the kadamba tree after that.

**Ruchiranake rachaya sakhe,
Valitharathim bhajanathathim,
Thwamavirathasthwarithagathir,
Natha sarane hari charane.**

27

Hey friend, quickly depend solely on the feet of Hari,
Which is the place where devotees depend,
And which has very pretty nails,

**Ruchirapata pulinathata ,
Paupathir guna vasathi,
Samamasuchirjjaladaru,
Charmanasi paraisphurathu hari.**

28

Let that Hari shine in mind,

Who tastefully dresses himself,
Who roams in the banks of the rivers,
As the chief of boys who minds the cows,
Who is the storehouse of god,
And is of the colour of clouds.

**Keli vihithayamalarjuna bhanjana,
Sulalitha charitha nikhila jana ranjana,
Lochana narthana jitha khala khanjana,
Maam paripalaya kaliya ganjana.**

29

Let me be protected by that God who killed Kaliya,
Who broke the two arjuna trees playfully,
Who is liked by people due to his interesting stories,
And who kills bad people just by movement of his eyes.

**Bhuvana visruthwara mahimadambara,
Virachitha nikhila khalolkarasambara,
Vithara yasodathanaya varam varam,
Abhilishitham may drutha peethambara.**

30

Fulfill my desires, Oh God who wears yellow silk,
Whose fame is spread all over the world,
Who suppressed all bad people of the world,
And who is the son of Yasodha.

**Chikura karambhitha charu shikandam ,
Phala vinirjitha vara shikhandam,
Radharuchi nirdhtha mudhitha kundam,
Kurutha budha hrudhi sapatthi mukundam.**

31

Hey wise ones, meditate on that Mukunda,
Who wears pretty feather of peacock on his head,
Who has a forehead which wins in prettiness a piece of moon,
And who has pretty teeth which wins the buds of jasmine.

**Ya pari rakshitha surabhi laksha ,
Sthadhapi cha surabhee mardhana daksha,
Muralee vadana khuralee shale sa ,
Disathu kusalam thava vana malee.**

32

Let me be daily protected by the lad of the forest,
Who looked after several cows,
Who destroyed the fear of several devas,
And who is an expert in playing the flute.

**Ramitha nikhila dimbhe venu pethoshta bhimbhe,
Hatha kala nikumrumbhe, vallavee datha chumbhe,
Bhavathu mahithanande thathra va keli kande,
Jagatha virala thunthe bhakthir oorvi mukunde.**

33

**Let you be devoted to that Mukunda,
Who attracted all gopa boys,
Who used to keep the flute close to his lips,
Who used to destroy crowds of bad people,
Who was being kissed by the gopi maidens,
Who was the storehouse of happiness,
Who was extremely playful,
And who was a rare beauty of the world.**

**Pasupa yuvathi goshti chumbitha srimadhoshti,
Smaratharalitha drushtir nirmithananda vrushti,
Nava jaladharadhama pathu va Krishna nama,
Bhuvana madhura vasha malini moothiresha.**

34

**Let this God save us,
Who had lips kissed by the gopi maidens,
Who had a look of being tired by passion,
Who used to rain Happiness,
Who was of the colour of new clouds,
Who was being addressed as Krishna,
Who had the sweetest look of the world,
And who decorated himself with garlands.**