

**Kararavindena padaravindham,  
Mukharavinde vinivesayantham,  
Vatasya pathrasya pute sayanam,  
Balam mukundam mansa smarami. 1**

With my mind I think of that child Mukunda\*,  
Who with his lotus like hand catches his lotus like feet,  
And brings it near his lotus like face and steals our heart,  
And sleeps peacefully on a banyan leaf.

**Samhruthya lokaan vatapathra madhye,  
Sayana madhyantha viheena roopam,  
Sarveshwaram sarva hithavatharam,  
Balam mukundam manasa smarami. 2**

With my mind I think of that child Mukunda,  
Who after dissolution of the earth,  
Sleeps on the middle of leaf of a banyan tree,  
Whose form has neither end nor beginning,  
Who is the god of all,  
And who is the incarnation of good for all.

**Indeevara shyamala komalagam,  
Indrathi devarchitha pada padmam,  
Santhana kalpa druma masrithanaam,  
Balam mukundam manasa smarami. 3**

With my mind I think of that child Mukunda,  
Who has a pretty dark mien ,  
With the colour of a blue lotus,  
Whose lotus like feet is worshipped,  
By all devas and Indra their king,  
And who is the wish giving tree,  
Blessing progeny to those who pray for it.

**Lambhalakam lambhitha harayashtim,  
Srungara leelangitha dantha panktheem,  
Bimbadam charu visala nethram,  
Balam mukundam manasa smarami. 4**

With my mind I think of that child Mukunda,  
Who has locks of his hair falling all over his face,  
Who wears long pretty hanging chains,  
Who has rows of nectar like teeth that shine with love,  
Who has reddish lips like the Bimba fruit,  
And who has very pretty captivating eyes.

**Sikhye nithayadhya payothatheeni,  
Bahirgadayam vraja naykayam,  
Bukthwa yadeshtam kapatena suptham,  
Balam mukundam manasa smarami. 5**

With my mind I think of that child Mukunda,  
Who acts as if he is sleeping, after eating,  
Butter Sufficient to meet his desire,  
When Yasoda had gone out,  
After keeping milk, curd in a pot.

**Kalindajantha sthitha Kaliyasya,  
Phanagrange natana priyantham,  
Thath pucha hastham saradindu vakthram,  
Balam mukundam manasa smarami. 6**

With my mind I think of that child Mukunda,  
Who has got a face like the autumn moon,  
And who while he was on the stone in river Kalindhi,  
Desires to dance on the hood of the snake Kaalinga,  
Holding his tail by one of his hands.

**Ulookhale badha mudhara souryam,  
Uthunga padmarjuna bhanga leelam,  
Uthphulla padmayatha charu nethram,  
Balam mukundam manasa smarami. 7**

With my mind I think of that child Mukunda,  
Who is tied to a mortar,  
Who is charitable and heroic,  
Who broke the twin Arjuna trees playfully,  
And whose eyes are like fully open red lotus.

**Alokhya maadur mukha madarena,  
Sthanyam pibhantham sasareehuaksham,  
Sachinmayam, devamanantharoopam,  
Balam mukundam manasa smarami. 8**

With my mind I think of that child Mukunda,  
Who lovingly looks at his mother's face,  
When he drinks milk from her,  
Who is having eyes like the lotus flower,  
Who is the unalloyed form of truth,  
And who is the God with limitless form.

**Sarvam Sri Krishnarpanam**