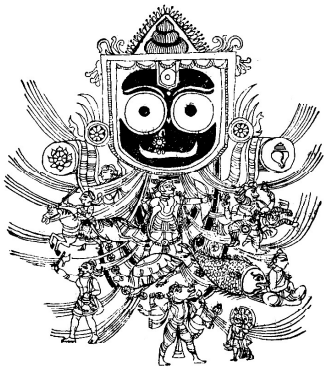
JAGANNATHASTAKAM

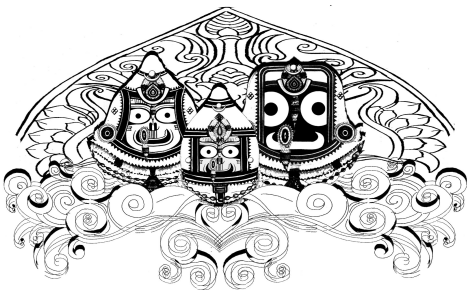
Translated by Praharaj Satyanarayan Nanda



Once you appeared in the woods
On the banks of Kalindi
Dancing to the tune of the sweet concert
Seeking nectar from the lotus faces of cowherd women,
Your feet adored by Laxmi, Siva, Indra and Ganesh
O Lord, the Master of the Universe,
appear in my vision.

Holding a flute in your hand
Head bedecked with peacock tail
And the yellow silk in the waist
Glancing at your companions
All the time you bask in the glory
And perform *leelas* in Vrindavan,
O Lord, the Master of the Universe,
appear in my vision.

Close by the ocean on the shining blue mountain
Sharing the sanctum sanctorum
with the mighty Balabhadra
And Subhadra seated at the centre,
You offer chances to the deities
for paying obeisance,
O Lord, the Master of the Universe,
appear in my vision.



O ocean of compassion,
Whose form resembles a range of thick clouds,
Who treks his way with Laxmi and Saraswati
Whom Lord of the deities adore with
Vedic chanting, waving of flames and reading
His *leelas* in rhyme,
O Lord, the Master of the Universe,
appear in my vision.

Ascending the chariot when you proceed
Monarchs throng on your pathway,
Hearing the burden of their hymn with compassion,
Ocean of grace, the friend of universe,
being merciful (to the ocean)
You have chosen your abode ashore,
Oh Lord, the Master of the Universe,
appear in my vision.

Holding fast to your all-pervading self
You who have lotus-petalled eyes, blissful,
Reside in Niladri with your feet
resting on Ananta *naga,*
Basking in blissful love you are in ecstacy
While embracing the elegant shape of Radhika,
Oh Lord, the Master of the Universe,
appear in my vision.

Neither do I crave for kingdom
Nor for gold, ruby and wealth
I do not pray for the most beautiful
woman coveted by all
Your *leela* is sung in every age
by Shiva Shankar,
Oh Lord, the Master of the Universe,
appear in my vision.

Lord of the deities, save me from
the clutches of this ephemeral world,
Oh Lord of Yadus, free me from the
unbearable burden of sins,
You are the Lord of the sufferers
Grant graciously the touch of your lotus feet,
Oh Lord, the Master of the Universe
appear in my vision.

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Praharaja Satyanarayan Nanda was the Asst. Editor of Orissa Review and is an eminent columnist.