



**Song Name: Ore Vrndavaner Nanda Dulal**

(1)  
ore vṛndāvaner nanda dulāl  
rākhāl rājā re  
rākhāliyār sure sure  
vāṁśī bājā re (ore, vṛndāvaner)

(2)  
ore gopāl tor bihone  
phūte nā phūl vṛndāvane  
abhiśarer ei madhuvan  
emni sājā re

(3)  
śrīdām sudām bhāi balarām  
ḍākche ai kānāi  
chorāi dhenu bājāi veṇu  
āi re o bhāi āi

(4)  
mā yaśodā ḍākche tore (gopāl re, prāṇer gopāl re)  
nanī churā āi nā ore  
boyche rādhār prema jamunā  
hṛdoy mājā re

**TRANSLATION**

1) O dear one who belongs to Vrndavana! O darling son of Nanda Maharaja! O prince of the cowherd boys, kindly play again on Your flute so we may hear the melodies dear to all Your friends.

2) O Gopal, since You've left Vrndavana, the flowers have lost their desire to bloom. Still we decorate the moonlit groves of Madhuvan, hoping You will return for Your amorous rendezvous.

3) Sridāma, Sudāma, and Your brother Balarāma are calling, "O Kanai! Please come back!" While tending the calves and playing on their flutes they entreat, "O brother! Please come home!"

4) Mother Yasoda is crying out, "O Gopal! You are my life and soul! Please come home, O butter thief!" Within the heart of Srimati Radharani, divine love for You flows like the Yamuna River.