



SACRED HYMN · HINDI (DEVANAGARI) WITH MEANING

HANUMAN BAHUK

Goswami Tulsidas

All 44 stanzas in the order and metres of the standard printed edition: chhappay, jhoolna, savaiya and ghanakshari.

CHHAPPAY 1

सिंधु-तरन, सिय-सोच-हरन, रबि-बालबरन-तनु ।
 भुज बिसाल, मूरति कराल कालहुको काल जनु ॥
 गहन-दहन-निरदहन-लंक निःसंक, बंक-भुव ।
 जातुधान-बलवान-मान-मद-दवन पवनसुव ॥
 कह तुलसिदास सेवत सुलभ, सेवक हित संतत निकट ।
 गुनगनत, नमत, सुमिरत, जपत, समन सकल-संकट-बिकट ॥

He crossed the ocean and took away Sita's grief; his body glows like the rising sun, his arms are long and his fearsome form seems the death of Death itself. Fearless, with arched brows, he burned the dense, unburnable fortress of Lanka and crushed the pride of the mighty demons. Tulsidas says the Son of the Wind is easy to reach through service, always near to help his servants, and ends every dire trouble for those who sing his virtues, bow, remember him and chant his name.

CHHAPPAY 2

स्वर्न-सैल-संकास कोटि-रबि-तरुन-तेज-घन ।
 उर बिसाल, भुजदंड चंड नख बज्र बज्रतन ॥
 पिंग नयन, भृकुटी कराल रसना दसनानन ।
 कपिस केस, करकस लँगूर, खल-दल बल भानन ॥
 कह तुलसिदास बस जासु उर मारुतसुत मूरति बिकट ।
 संताप पाप तेहि पुरुष पहिं सपनेहुँ नहिं आवत निकट ॥

His body is like a mountain of gold, his brilliance like a million noonday suns; his chest is broad, his arms mighty, his nails and frame hard as the thunderbolt. His eyes are tawny, his brows, tongue, teeth and mouth fearsome, his hair brown and his tail stiff, and he breaks the strength of the hosts of the wicked. Tulsidas says - and the verse promises - that sorrow and sin never come near, even in dreams, the one whose heart holds this awesome form of the Wind's son.

JHOOLNA 3

पंचमुख-छमुख-भृगुमुख्य भट-असुर-सुर, सर्व-सरि-समर समरत्थ सूरु ।
बाँकुरो बीर बिरुदैत बिरुदावली, बेद बंदी बदत पैजपूरो ॥
जासु गुनगाथ रघुनाथ कह, जासु बल, बिपुल-जल-भरित जग-जलधि झूरो ।
दुवन-दल-दमनको कौन तुलसीस है पवनको पूत रजपूत रूरो ॥

Among Shiva, the six-faced Skanda, Parashurama and the great warriors of gods and demons, he is the hero able to cross every river of battle; the Vedas, like heralds, praise his famed and fiercely kept vows. Raghunatha himself told the tale of his virtues, and by his strength the ocean of worldly existence, full of water, ran dry. Who but Tulsi's lord, the splendid warrior son of the Wind, can crush the armies of the foe?

GHANAKSHARI 4

भानुसों पढ़न हनुमान गये भानु मन-अनुमानि सिसुकेलि कियो फेरफार सो ।
पाछिले पगनि गम गगन मगन-मन, क्रमको न भ्रम, कपि बालक-बिहार सो ॥
कौतुक बिलोकि लोकपाल हरि हर बिधि लोचननि चकाचौंधी चित्तनि खभार सो ।
बल कैधौं बीररस, धीरज कै, साहस कै, तुलसी सरीर धरे सबनिको सार सो ॥

Hanuman went to the Sun to learn, and the Sun, thinking it a child's game, made an excuse; so Hanuman moved across the sky walking backwards, facing his teacher, joyful, and never lost the thread of the lessons, as easily as a child at play. Seeing this wonder, the guardians of the worlds, Vishnu, Shiva and Brahma were dazzled and shaken. Tulsi says they wondered whether this was strength, the heroic spirit, courage or daring - or the essence of them all in bodily form.

GHANAKSHARI 5

भारतमें पारथके रथकेतु कपिराज, गाज्यो सुनि कुरुराज दल हलबल भो ।
कह्यो द्रोण भीषम समीरसुत महाबीर, बीर-रस-बारि-निधि जाको बल जल भो ॥
बानर सुभाय बालकेलि भूमि भानु लागि, फलंग फलंगहूँते घाटि नभतल भो ।
नाइ-नाइ माथ जोरि-जोरि हाथ जोधा जोहैं, हनुमान देखे जगजीवनको फल भो ॥

In the Bharata war, as the monkey-king on the banner of Arjuna's chariot, he roared, and Duryodhana's army was thrown into confusion. Drona and Bhishma said, This is the Wind's son, the great hero, whose strength is the water of the ocean of heroism. In his childhood play, his leap from the earth to the sun made the whole sky shorter than a single bound; warriors bowed their heads again and again and folded their hands, feeling that seeing Hanuman was the reward of life itself.

GHANAKSHARI 6

गोपद पयोधि करि होलिका ज्यों लाई लंक, निपट निसंक परपुर गलबल भो ।
द्रोन-सो पहार लियो ख्याल ही उखारि कर, कंदुक-ज्यों कपिखेल बेल कैसो फल भो ॥
संकटसमाज असमंजस भो रामराज काज जुग-पूगनिको करतल पल भो ।
साहसी समथ तुलसीको नाह जाकी बाँह, लोकपाल पालनको फिर थिर थल भो ॥

He made the ocean a cow's hoof-print and set Lanka ablaze like a Holi bonfire, fearless, throwing the enemy city into turmoil. He uprooted a mountain like Drona in play and tossed it like a ball, a wood-apple in a monkey's game. When crisis and dilemma struck Rama's kingdom, the work of ages was done in a moment in his hands; daring and able is the lord of Tulsi, whose arm became the firm ground where the guardians of the worlds were restored.

GHANAKSHARI 7

कमठकी पीठि जाके गोड़निकी गाड़ें मानो नापके भाजन भरि जलनिधि-जल भो ।
जातुधान-दावन परावनको दुर्ग भयो, महामीनबास तिमि तोमनिको थल भो ॥
कुंभकर्न-रावन-पयोदनाद-ईधनको तुलसी प्रताप जाको प्रबल अनल भो ।
भीषम कहत मेरे अनुमान हनुमान-सारिखो त्रिकाल न त्रिलोक महाबल भो ॥

The hollows his feet pressed into the back of the cosmic tortoise became measuring vessels for the ocean's water. That ocean became a fort for the fleeing demons and a home for great fish and whales. His glory became a blazing fire for the fuel of Kumbhakarna, Ravana and Meghanada; and Bhishma says that in his reckoning no one in the three times and three worlds has been as mighty as Hanuman.

GHANAKSHARI 8

दूत रामरायको, सपूत पूत पौनको, तू अंजनीको नंदन प्रताप भूरि भानु सो ।
सीय-सोच-समन, दुरित-दोष-दमन, सरन आये अवन, लखनप्रिय प्रान सो ॥
दसमुख दुसह दरिद्र दरिबेको भयो, प्रकट तिलोक ओक तुलसी निधान सो ।
ज्ञान-गुनवान बलवान सेवा सावधान, साहेब सुजान उर आनु हनुमान सो ॥

You are King Rama's messenger, the worthy son of the Wind and Anjana's darling, with glory as great as the sun. You end Sita's grief, destroy sin and fault, protect those who come for refuge, and are dear to Lakshmana as his own life. You appeared in the three worlds to break the unbearable poverty of ten-headed Ravana, a treasure-house for Tulsi; take into your heart this wise lord Hanuman, full of knowledge and virtue, strong and alert in service.

GHANAKSHARI 9

दवन-दुवन-दल भुवन-बिदित बल, बेद जस गावत बिबुध बंदीछोर को ।
पाप-ताप-तिमिर तुहिन-विघटन-पट्ट, सेवक-सरोरुह सुखद भानु भोरको ॥
लोक-परलोकतें बिसोक सपने न सोक, तुलसीके हिये है भरोसो एक ओरको ।
रामको दुलारो दास बामदेवको निवास, नाम कलि-कामतरु केसरी-किसोरको ॥

His might in crushing the demon hosts is known to the world, and the Vedas sing of him as the one who freed the gods from prison. He is skilled at dispelling the darkness and frost of sin and suffering, and to the lotus of his devotees he is the gladdening morning sun. Tulsi's heart trusts in him alone and fears nothing in this world or the next, even in dreams; Rama's beloved servant, in whom Shiva dwells, the son of Kesari, has a name that is the wish-fulfilling tree of the Kali age.

GHANAKSHARI 10

महाबल-सीम, महाभीम, महाबानइत, महाबीर बिदित बरायो रघुबीरको ।
कुलिस-कठोरतनु जोरपरै रोर रन, करुना-कलित मन धारमिक धीरको ॥
दुर्जनको कालसो कराल पाल सज्जनको, सुमिरे हरनहार तुलसीकी पीरको ।
सीय-सुखदायक दुलारो रघुनायकको, सेवक सहायक है साहसी समीरको ॥

He is the limit of strength, awesome, a great warrior and great hero, renowned as chosen by Raghubira. His body is hard as the thunderbolt; when he engages, battle roars; his mind is full of compassion, righteous and steady. Dreadful as death to the wicked and a protector of the good, he removes Tulsi's pain when remembered; he brings joy to Sita, is dear to Raghunatha, and is the daring helper of his servants.

GHANAKSHARI 11

रचिबेको बिधि जैसे, पालिबेको हरि, हर मीच मारिबेको, ज्याइबेको सुधापान भो ।
धरिबेको धरनि, तरनि तम दलिबेको, सोखिबे कृसानु, पोषिबेको हिम-भानु भो ॥
खल-दुख-दोषिबेको, जन-परितोषिबेको, माँगिबो मलीनताको मोदक सुदान भो ।
आरतकी आरति निवारिबेको तिहूँ पुर, तुलसीको साहेब हठीलो हनुमान भो ॥

He became like Brahma in creating, Vishnu in sustaining, Shiva in slaying, and nectar in giving life back. He became the earth in bearing, the sun in destroying darkness, fire in drying up, and the moon in nourishing. He became the one who punishes the wicked and gladdens his people, the sweet that removes the stain of begging; the persistent Hanuman, Tulsi's lord, resolved to remove the distress of the afflicted in all three worlds.

GHANAKSHARI 12

सेवक स्योकाई जानि जानकीस मानै कानि, सानुकूल सूलपानि नवै नाथ नाँकको ।
देवी देव दानव दयावने है जोरैं हाथ, बापुरे बराक कहा और राजा राँकको ॥
जागत सोवत बैठे बागत बिनोद मोद, ताकै जो अनर्थ सो समर्थ एक आँकको ।
सब दिन रूरो परै पूरो जहाँ-तहाँ ताहि, जाके है भरोसो हिये हनुमान हाँकको ॥

Knowing his service, Sita's lord feels obliged to him, Shiva stands favourable, and Indra, lord of heaven, bows. Gods, goddesses and demons join their hands in humility, so what of poor kings and paupers? The verse says that whoever trusts in Hanuman's roar in their heart, waking, sleeping, sitting or wandering in play, no harm can touch them, and all goes well for them everywhere and always.

GHANAKSHARI 13

सानुग सगौरि सानुकूल सूलपानि ताहि, लोकपाल सकल लखन राम जानकी ।
लोक परलोकको बिसोक सो तिलोक ताहि, तुलसी तमाइ कहा काहू बीर आनकी ॥
केसरीकिसोर बंदीछोरके नेवाजे सब, कीरति बिमल कपि करुनानिधानकी ।
बालक-ज्यों पालिहैं कृपालु मुनि सिद्ध ताको, जाके हिये हुलसति हाँक हनुमानकी ॥

Shiva with his attendants and Gauri, all the guardians of the worlds, Lakshmana, Rama and Janaki are favourable to such a person. Free from sorrow in this world and the next, master of the three worlds, says Tulsi, why should he crave any other hero's protection? Those favoured by Kesari's son, the freer of captives, all share the pure fame of the compassionate monkey; sages and siddhas cherish like a child the one whose heart rejoices in Hanuman's roar.

GHANAKSHARI 14

करुना निधान, बलबुद्धिके निधान, मोद-महिमानिधान, गुन-ज्ञानके निधान हौ ।
बामदेव-रूप, भूप रामके सनेही, नाम लेत-देत अर्थ धर्म काम निरबान हौ ॥
आपने प्रभाव, सीतानाथके सुभाव सील, लोक-बेद-बिधिके बिदुष हनुमान हौ ।
मनकी, बचनकी, करमकी तिहूँ प्रकार, तुलसी तिहारो तुम साहेब सुजान हौ ॥

You are a store of compassion, of strength and wisdom, of joy and glory, of virtue and knowledge. You are Shiva in form, dear to King Rama, and your name, taken and given, grants wealth, dharma, desire and liberation. By your own power you know Sita's lord's nature and the ways of the world and the Vedas; in mind, word and deed, Tulsi is yours and you are his wise master.

GHANAKSHARI 15

मनको अगम, तन सुगम किये कपीस, काज महाराजके समाज साज साजे हैं ।
देव-बंदीछोर रनरोर केसरीकिसोर, जुग-जुग जग तेरे बिरद बिराजे हैं ॥
बीर बरजोर, घटि जोर तुलसीकी ओर सुनि सकुचाने साधु, खलगन गाजे हैं ।
बिगरी सँवार अंजनीकुमार कीजे मोहिं, जैसे होत आये हनुमानके निवाजे हैं ॥

O lord of monkeys, you made easy with your body tasks the mind could not reach, and set up all the preparations for Rama's work. Freer of the gods, roaring in battle, son of Kesari, your fame shines in every age. O mighty hero, hearing that your help to Tulsi has grown weak, the good are troubled and the wicked rejoice; son of Anjana, set right my ruined state as you always have for those you favour.

SAVAIYA 16

जानसिरोमनि हौ हनुमान सदा जनके मन बास तिहारो ।
ढारो बिगारो मैं काको कहा केहि कारन खीझत हौं तो तिहारो ॥
साहेब सेवक नाते ते हातो कियो सो तहाँ तुलसीको न चारो ।
दोष सुनाये तें आगेहुँको होशियार हूँ हों मन तौ हिय हारो ॥

Hanuman, you are the crown of the wise and you always live in your servants' hearts. What harm have I done, whose ill have I caused, that you are angry, when I am yours? If you have dismissed me from the bond of master and servant, Tulsi has no recourse; but tell me my faults so I may be careful hereafter - my heart has lost hope.

SAVAIYA 17

तेरे थपे उथपै न महेस, थपै थिरको कपि जे घर घाले ।
तेरे निवाजे गरीबनिवाज बिराजत बैरिनके उर साले ॥
संकट सोच सबै तुलसी लिये नाम फटै मकरीके-से जाले ।
बूढ़ भये, बलि, मेरिहि बार, कि हारि परे बहुतै नत पाले ॥

Those you establish even Shiva cannot uproot, and no one can settle those whose homes you have destroyed. Those you favour, O friend of the poor, sit like thorns in their enemies' hearts; taking your name, says Tulsi, all troubles and worries tear like spider webs. Have you grown old just at my turn, or tired after caring for so many of the humble?

SAVAIYA 18

सिंधु तरे, बड़े बीर दले खल, जारे हैं लंकसे बंक मवा से ।
तैं रन-केहरि केहरिके बिदले अरि-कुंजर छैल छावा से ॥
तोसों समत्थ सुसाहेब सेइ सहै तुलसी दुख दोष दवासे ।
बानर बाज बड़े खल-खेचर, लीजत क्यों न लपेटि लवा-से ॥

You crossed the ocean, crushed great evil warriors and burned Lanka, which sheltered them like robbers' dens; a lion in battle, you tore apart enemy elephants like cubs. Yet Tulsi, serving so mighty a master, suffers in the fire of pain and fault; the wicked birds have grown bold, so why, O hawk among monkeys, do you not seize them like quails?

SAVAIYA 19

अच्छ-बिर्मदन कानन-भानि दसानन आनन भा न निहारो ।
बारिदनाद अकंपन कुंभकरन्न-से कुंजर केहरि-बारो ॥
राम-प्रताप-हुतासन, कच्छ, बिपच्छ, समीर समीरदुलारो ।
पापतें, सापतें, ताप तिहूतें सदा तुलसी कहँ सो रखवारो ॥

Slayer of Aksha, destroyer of the grove, you did not even glance at Ravana's face; you were a lion to elephants like Meghanada, Akampana and Kumbhakarna. For the fire of Rama's glory, the enemy armies are dry grass and you, darling of the Wind, are the wind. You are always Tulsi's protector from sin, from curses and from the three kinds of suffering.

GHANAKSHARI 20

जानत जहान हनुमानको निवाज्यौ जन, मन अनुमानि, बलि, बोल न बिसारिये ।
सेवा-जोग तुलसी कबहुँ कहा चूक परी, साहेब सुभाव कपि साहिबी सँभारिये ॥
अपराधी जानि कीजै सासति सहस भाँति, मोदक मरै जो, ताहि माहुर न मारिये ।
साहसी समीरके दुलारे रघुबीरजूके, बाँह पीर महाबीर बेगि ही निवारिये ॥

The world knows that Hanuman cherishes those he has accepted; think it over and do not forget your word. What fault did Tulsi commit in service? Keep up your nature as a master: if you think me guilty, punish me a thousand ways, but do not give poison to one who would die of a sweet - darling of the Wind, dear to Raghubira, great hero, remove the pain in my arm quickly.

GHANAKSHARI 21

बालक बिलोकि, बलि, बारेतें आपनो कियो, दीनबंधु दया कीन्हीं निरुपाधि न्यारिये ।
रावरो भरोसो तुलसीके, रावरोई बल, आस रावरीयै, दास रावरो बिचारिये ॥
बड़ो बिकराल कलि, काको न बिहाल कियो, माथे पगु बलीको, निहारि सो निवारिये ।
केसरीकिसोर, रनरोर, बरजोर बीर, बाँहुपीर राहुमातु ज्यौँ पछारि मारिये ॥

You saw me as a child, made me your own from childhood, and showed a rare, unconditioned kindness, O friend of the humble. Tulsi relies on you, you are his only strength and hope, so think of him as your servant. The terrible Kali age has spared no one; see that its foot is on my head and remove it, son of Kesari, roaring and mighty hero - throw down and kill this arm pain as you did Rahu's mother.

GHANAKSHARI 22

उथपे थपनथिर थपे उथपनहार, केसरीकुमार बल आपनो सँभारिये ।
रामके गुलामनिको कामतरु रामदूत, मोसे दीन दूबरेको तकिया तिहारिये ॥
साहेब समर्थ तोसों तुलसीके माथे पर, सोऊ अपराध बिनु बीर, बाँधि मारिये ।
पोखरी बिसाल बाँहु, बलि बारिचर पीर, मकरी ज्यों पकरिकै बदन बिदारिये ॥

You uproot the settled and settle the uprooted; son of Kesari, remember your strength. Rama's messenger, you are the wish-fulfilling tree for Rama's servants, and the only support of one as poor and weak as me. With a master as able as you over Tulsi's head, I am being bound and beaten for no fault; my arm is a broad pond and the pain a creature in it - seize it like the crocodile-demoness and tear its mouth apart.

GHANAKSHARI 23

रामको सनेह, राम साहस लखन सिय, रामकी भगति, सोच संकट निवारिये ।
मुद-मरकट रोग-बारिनिधि हेरि हारे, जीव-जामवंतको भरोसो तेरो भारिये ॥
कूदिये कृपाल तुलसी सुप्रेम-पब्बयतें, सुथल सुबेल भालु बैठिकै बिचारिये ।
महाबीर बाँकुरे बराकी बाँहपीर क्यों न, लंकिनी ज्यों लातघात ही मरोरि मारिये ॥

You have Rama's love and courage, Lakshmana's and Sita's, and devotion to Rama - so remove my worry and trouble. The monkeys of my joy have given up, seeing the ocean of disease; my soul, like Jambavan, trusts you greatly. Leap, merciful one, from the mountain of Tulsi's love, and consider from the good ground of Mount Subela where the bears sit; mighty hero, why not crush the wretched arm pain with a kick, as you did Lankini?

GHANAKSHARI 24

लोक-परलोकहूँ तिलोक न बिलोकियत, तोसे समरथ चष चारिहूँ निहारिये ।
कर्म, काल, लोकपाल, अग-जग जीवजाल, नाथ हाथ सब निज महिमा बिचारिये ॥
खास दास रावरो, निवास तेरो तासु उर, तुलसी सो देव दुखी देखियत भारिये ।
बात तरुमूल बाँहुसूल कपिकच्छु-बेलि, उपजी सकेलि कपिकेलि ही उखारिये ॥

Looking through this world, the next and all three worlds with all four eyes, none so capable as you can be seen. Karma, time, the world-guardians and all living beings moving and still are in your hand, lord, so consider your own glory. Tulsi is your own servant and you dwell in his heart, yet he is seen to be in great pain; the arm pain is a cowhage vine grown from the root of a wind disorder - gather it up and pull it out in your monkey play.

GHANAKSHARI 25

करम-कराल-कंस भूमिपालके भरोसे, बकी बकभगिनी काहूतें कहा डरैगी ।
बड़ी बिकराल बालघातिनी न जात कहि, बाँहुबल बालक छबीले छोटे छरैगी ॥
आई है बनाइ बेष आप ही बिचारि देख, पाप जाय सबको गुनीके पाले परैगी ।
पूतना पिसाचिनी ज्यों कपिकान्ह तुलसीकी, बाँहपीर महाबीर, तेरे मारे मरैगी ॥

Relying on the king Kansa of cruel karma, why would Putana, Baka's sister, fear anyone? This dreadful child-killer, beyond description, will deceive and destroy lovely little children by the power of the arm; she has come in disguise, but see for yourself - if she falls into the hands of a capable one, everyone's sins go. Tulsi's arm pain is like the demoness Putana and you are the monkey-Krishna: great hero, it will die only when you kill it.

GHANAKSHARI 26

भालकी कि कालकी कि रोषकी त्रिदोषकी है, बेदन बिषम पाप-ताप छलछाँहकी ।
करमन कूटकी कि जंत्रमंत्र बूटकी, पराहि जाहि पापिनी मलीन मनमाँहकी ॥
पैहहि सजाय नत कहत बजाय तोहि, बावरी न होहि बानि जानि कपिनाँहकी ।
आन हनुमानकी दोहाई बलवानकी, सपथ महाबीरकी जो रहै पीर बाँहकी ॥

Is this pain written on my forehead, sent by time, by anger or by the three humours, or is it the shadow of sin and deceit, the fruit of harmful rites, spells and charms? Go away, wicked demoness of the heart; I warn you aloud that you will be punished, so do not be foolish - know the monkey-lord's nature. By Hanuman the mighty and the great hero I swear that the arm pain will not remain.

GHANAKSHARI 27

सिंहिका सँहारि बल, सुरसा सुधारि छल, लंकिनी पछारि मारि बाटिका उजारी है ।
लंक परजारि मकरी बिदारि बारबार, जातुधान धारि धूरिधानी करि डारी है ॥
तोरि जमकातरि मदोदरि कढ़ोरि आनी, रावनकी रानी मेघनाद महँतारी है ।
भीर बाँहपीरकी निपट राखी महाबीर, कौनके सकोच तुलसीके सोच भारी है ॥

He killed Simhika by strength, defeated Surasa's trick, struck down Lankini and laid waste the Ashoka grove. He burned Lanka, tore the crocodile-demoness, and crushed the demons to dust again and again. Breaking Yama's blade, he dragged out Mandodari, Ravana's queen and Meghanada's mother; great hero, out of deference to whom have you let this arm pain stay, while Tulsi grieves so heavily?

GHANAKSHARI 28

तेरो बालकेलि बीर सुनि सहमत धीर, भूलत सरीरसुधि सक्र-रबि-राहुकी ।
तेरी बाँह बसत बिसोक लोकपाल सब, तेरो नाम लेत रहै आरति न काहुकी ॥
साम दान भेद बिधि बेदहू लबेद सिधि, हाथ कपिनाथहीके चोटी चोर साहुकी ।
आलस अनख परिहासकै सिखावन है, एते दिन रही पीर तुलसीके बाहुकी ॥

Hearing of your childhood play, hero, even the steady tremble, and Indra, the Sun and Rahu forget their own bodies. In your arm all the world-guardians live free of sorrow, and taking your name no one suffers. Sama, dana, bheda, the Vedas and folk wisdom all agree that the topknot of thief and honest man alike is in the monkey-lord's hand; is it laziness, displeasure, jest or a lesson that the pain in Tulsi's arm has stayed so long?

GHANAKSHARI 29

टूकनिको घर-घर डोलत कँगाल बोलि, बाल ज्यों कृपाल नतपाल पालि पोसो है ।
कीन्ही है सँभार सार अंजनीकुमार बीर, आपनो बिसारिहैं न मेरेहू भरोसो है ॥
इतनो परेखो सब भाँति समरथ आजु, कपिराज साँची कहौं को तिलोक तोसो है ।
सासति सहत दास कीजे पेखि परिहास, चीरीको मरन खेल बालकनिको सो है ॥

I wandered from house to house for scraps, poor and calling out, and you, merciful protector of the humble, raised and fed me like a child; hero son of Anjana, you took full care of me, and I trust you will not forget your own. My one grief is that you are capable in every way - O monkey-king, I say truly, who in the three worlds is equal to you? Your servant suffers torment while you watch it as a joke, like children playing at a sparrow's death.

GHANAKSHARI 30

आपने ही पापतें त्रितापतें कि सापतें, बढ़ी है बाँहबेदन कही न सहि जाति है ।
औषध अनेक जंत्र-मंत्र-टोटकादि किये, बादि भये देवता मनाये अधिकाति है ॥
करतार, भरतार, हरतार, कर्म, काल, को है जगजाल जो न मानत इताति है ।
चेरो तेरो तुलसी तू मेरो कह्यो रामदूत, ढील तेरी बीर मोहि पीरतें पिराति है ॥

Whether from my own sins, the three afflictions or a curse, the pain in my arm has grown beyond bearing or telling; medicines, spells, charms and remedies were tried and gods propitiated, all in vain, and it only grows worse. Creator, sustainer, destroyer, karma and time - who in the whole world does not obey you? Rama's messenger, you called Tulsi your servant, and your delay, O hero, hurts me more than the pain itself.

GHANAKSHARI 31

दूत रामरायको, सपूत पूत बायको, समथ हाथ पायको सहाय असहायको ।
बाँकी बिरदावली बिदित बेद गाइयत, रावन सो भट भयो मुठिकाके घायको ॥
एते बडे साहेब समर्थको निवाजो आज, सीदत सुसेवक बचन मन कायको ।
थोरी बाँहपीरकी बड़ी गलानि तुलसीको, कौन पाप कोप, लोप प्रगट प्रभायको ॥

Messenger of King Rama, worthy son of the Wind, mighty of hand and foot, helper of the helpless; your famed deeds are sung in the Vedas, and even a warrior like Ravana was felled by the blow of your fist. When so great and able a master has favoured me, your good servant suffers today in word, mind and body. This small arm pain is a great shame to Tulsi: for what sin, what anger, has your evident power vanished?

GHANAKSHARI 32

देवी देव दनुज मनुज मुनि सिद्ध नाग, छोटे बडे जीव जेते चेतन अचेत हैं ।
पूतना पिसाची जातुधानी जातुधान बाम, रामदूतकी रजाइ माथे मानि लेत हैं ॥
घोर जंत्र मंत्र कूट कपट कुरोग जोग, हनूमान आन सुनि छाड़त निकेत हैं ।
क्रोध कीजे कर्मको प्रबोध कीजे तुलसीको, सोध कीजे तिनको जो दोष दुख देत हैं ॥

Goddesses, gods, demons, humans, sages, siddhas and nagas, all beings small and great, conscious and unconscious, and Putana, the pishachis, demonesses and demons all bow their heads to the command of Rama's messenger. Dreadful spells, charms, fraud, deceit, disease and evil influences leave their dwelling on hearing Hanuman's name. Be angry at my karma, instruct Tulsi, and correct those faults that cause me pain.

GHANAKSHARI 33

तेरे बल बानर जिताये रन रावनसों, तेरे घाले जातुधान भये घर-घरके ।
तेरे बल रामराज किये सब सुरकाज, सकल समाज साज साजे रघुबरके ॥
तेरो गुनगान सुनि गीरबान पुलकत, सजल बिलोचन बिरंचि हरि हरके ।
तुलसीके माथेपर हाथ फेरो कीसनाथ, देखिये न दास दुखी तोसे कनिगरके ॥

By your strength the monkeys defeated Ravana in battle, and those you struck down were scattered house by house. By your strength King Rama completed the gods' work and gathered all the companions of Raghubara. Hearing your praise the gods thrill, and the eyes of Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva fill with tears; lord of monkeys, place your hand on Tulsi's head - the servants of so bounteous a master as you are never seen to suffer.

GHANAKSHARI 34

पालो तेरे टूकको परेहू चूक मूकिये न, कूर कौड़ी दूको हौं आपनी ओर हेरिये ।
भोरानाथ भोरेही सरोष होत थोरे दोष, पोषि तोषि थापि आपनो न अवडेरिये ॥
अंबु तू हौं अंबुचर, अंब तू हौं डिंभ, सो न, बूझिये बिलंब अवलंब मेरे तेरिये ।
बालक बिकल जानि पाहि प्रेम पहिचानि, तुलसीकी बाँह पर लामीलूम फेरिये ॥

I was raised on your scraps; do not fall silent even if I err - I am base and worth less than a cowrie, but look to your own nature. Like Shiva the simple lord, you are quickly angered by small faults; nourish me, please me, establish me and do not cast off your own. You are water and I a fish, you a mother and I a child - understand this, do not delay, you are my only support; know me as a distressed child, protect me, and stroke Tulsi's arm with your long tail.

GHANAKSHARI 35

घेरि लियो रोगनि कुजोगनि कुलोगनि ज्यौं, बासर जलद घन घटा धुकि धाई है ।
बरसत बारि पीर जारिये जवासे जस, रोष बिनु दोष, धूम-मूल मलिनाई है ॥
करुनानिधान हनुमान महाबलवान, हेरि हँसि हाँकि फूँकि फौजें तैं उड़ाई है ।
खाये हुतो तुलसी कुरोग राढ़ राकसनि, केसरीकिसोर राखे बीर बरिआई है ॥

Diseases, ill fortune and wicked people have surrounded me like dark rain clouds rushing across the day sky. They rain down pain as water, and like a fire burning the thorny javasa shrub they blacken me with smoke, anger without fault. Compassionate and mighty Hanuman, with a glance, a laugh, a shout and a breath you scattered such armies; Tulsi was being devoured by the demon of disease, and you, hero son of Kesari, saved him by force.

SAVAIYA 36

रामगुलाम तुही हनुमान गोसाँइ सुसाँइ सदा अनुकूलो ।
पाल्यो हौं बाल ज्यों आखर दू पितु मातु सों मंगल मोद समूलो ॥
बाँहकी बेदन बाँहपगार पुकारत आरत आनँद भूलो ।
श्रीरघुबीर निवारिये पीर रहौं दरबार परो लटि लूलो ॥

Hanuman, servant of Rama, you are a good master and always kind. You raised me like a child, with the two letters of Rama's name as father and mother, the root of all joy and blessing. Shelter of the arms, I cry out in pain from my arm, all joy forgotten; O hero of the Raghus, remove this pain, so that, even weak and lame, I may stay lying at your court.

GHANAKSHARI 37

कालकी करालता करम कठिनाई कीधौं, पापके प्रभावकी सुभाय बाय बावरे ।
बेदन कुभाँति सो सही न जाति राति दिन, सोई बाँह गही जो गही समीरडावरे ॥
लायो तरु तुलसी तिहारो सो निहारि बारि, सींचिये मलीन भो तयो है तिहूँ तावरे ।
भूतनिकी आपनी परायेकी कृपानिधान, जानियत सबहीकी रीति राम रावरे ॥

Is it the cruelty of time, the hardness of karma, the force of sin or a natural madness? The pain is unbearable night and day; it has seized the very arm that the Wind's son once held. Tulsi is a sapling you planted - see it and water it, for it has withered, scorched by the three fires; merciful Rama, you know the ways of all beings, your own and others'.

GHANAKSHARI 38

पायँपीर पेटपीर बाँहपीर मुँहपीर, जरजर सकल सरीर पीरमई है ।
देव भूत पितर करम खल काल ग्रह, मोहिपर दवरि दमानक सी दर्ई है ॥
हों तो बिन मोलके बिकानो बलि बारेही तें, ओट रामनामकी ललाट लिखि लई है ।
कुंभजके किंकर बिकल बूड़े गोखुरनि, हाय रामराय ऐसी हाल कहूँ भई है ॥

My feet, belly, arms and mouth all ache, my whole body is worn out and full of pain. Gods, spirits, ancestors, karma, the wicked, time and the planets have all rushed at me together like cannon fire. I was sold to you without price from childhood and wrote the shelter of Rama's name on my forehead; alas, King Rama, has it ever happened that the servants of Agastya drowned in a cow's hoof-print?

GHANAKSHARI 39

बाहुक-सुबाहु नीच लीचर-मरीच मिलि, मुँहपीर-केतुजा कुरोग जातुधान हैं ।
राम नाम जपजाग कियो चहों सानुराग, काल कैसे दूत भूत कहा मेरे मान हैं ॥
सुमिरे सहाय रामलखन आखर दोऊ, जिनके समूह साके जागत जहान हैं ।
तुलसी सँभारि ताड़का-सँहारि भारी भट, बेधे बरगदसे बनाइ बानवान हैं ॥

The arm pain is base Subahu, the weakness Maricha, and the mouth pain Tataka; these diseases are demons. I wish to perform the sacrifice of Rama's name with love - what are the messengers of time and spirits to me? The two letters, Rama and Lakshmana, whose deeds the world knows, help me when remembered; Tulsi, remember the slayer of Tataka, the mighty warrior, who will pierce them with arrows like banyan fruits.

GHANAKSHARI 40

बालपने सूधे मन राम सनमुख भयो, रामनाम लेत माँगि खात टूकटाक हों ।
पर्यो लोकरीतिमें पुनीत प्रीति रामराय, मोहबस बैठो तोरि तरकितराक हों ॥
खोटे-खोटे आचरन आचरत अपनायो, अंजनीकुमार सोध्यो रामपानि पाक हों ।
तुलसी गोसाइँ भयो भोंड़े दिन भूलि गयो, ताको फल पावत निदान परिपाक हों ॥

As a child I turned to Rama with a simple heart, begging scraps while chanting Rama's name. Then I fell into the ways of the world and, deluded, broke my pure love for King Rama in a moment. Even while I behaved badly, Anjana's son took me as his own and had me purified by Rama's holy hand; Tulsi became a Gosain, forgot his wretched days, and now reaps the full ripened fruit of that.

GHANAKSHARI 41

असन-बसन-हीन बिषम-बिषाद-लीन, देखि दीन दूबरो करै न हाय-हाय को ।
तुलसी अनाथसो सनाथ रघुनाथ कियो, दियो फल सीलसिंधु आपने सुभायको ॥
नीच यहि बीच पति पाइ भरुहाइगो, बिहाइ प्रभु-भजन बचन मन कायको ।
तातें तनु पेषियत घोर बरतोर मिस, फूटि-फूटि निकसत लोन रामरायको ॥

Without food or clothing, sunk in dire misery, who did not grieve to see him so poor and weak? Raghunatha made orphan Tulsi his own and gave him fruit from his ocean of kindness. Then this lowly man, gaining honour, grew proud and abandoned worship of the Lord in word, mind and body; so through these terrible boils the salt of King Rama is seen bursting out of my body.

GHANAKSHARI 42

जिओं जग जानकीजीवनको कहाइ जन, मरिबेको बारानसी बारि सुरसरिको ।
तुलसीके दुहूँ हाथ मोदक है ऐसे ठाउँ, जाके जिये मुये सोच करिहैं न लरिको ॥
मोको झूठो साँचो लोग रामको कहत सब, मेरे मन मान है न हरको न हरिको ।
भारी पीर दुसह सरीरतें बिहाल होत, सोऊ रघुबीर बिनु सकै दूर करिको ॥

I live in the world known as a servant of Janaki's beloved, and for dying I have Varanasi and the Ganga's water. Tulsi holds a sweet in both hands in such a place, where even a child would not worry about living or dying. People call me Rama's servant, falsely or truly, and in my heart I am proud to be neither Shiva's nor Vishnu's; yet my body is overwhelmed by this heavy, unbearable pain - who but Raghubira can remove it?

GHANAKSHARI 43

सीतापति साहेब सहाय हनुमान नित, हित उपदेसको महेस मानो गुरुकै ।
मानस बचन काय सरन तिहारे पाँय, तुम्हरे भरोसे सुर मैं न जाने सुरकै ॥
ब्याधि भूतजनित उपाधि काहू खलकी, समाधि कीजे तुलसीको जानि जन फुरकै ।
कपिनाथ रघुनाथ भोलानाथ भूतनाथ, रोगसिंधु क्यों न डारियत गाय खुरकै ॥

Sita's lord is my master, Hanuman my constant help, and Shiva my guru for good counsel. In mind, word and body I am at your feet; trusting you, I have not regarded the gods as gods. Treat as Tulsi's own the sickness born of disease and spirits, the trouble from some wicked one; O lord of monkeys, Raghunatha, Bholanatha, Bhutanatha, why do you not shrink this ocean of disease to a cow's hoof-print?

कहों हनुमानसों सुजान रामरायसों, कृपानिधान संकरसों सावधान सुनिये ।
 हरष विषाद राग रोष गुन दोषमई, बिरची बिरंचि सब देखियत दुनिये ॥
 माया जीव कालके करमके सुभायके, करैया राम बेद कहैं साँची मन गुनिये ।
 तुम्हें कहा न होय हाहा सो बुझैये मोहि, हौं हूँ रहों मौन ही बयो सो जानि लुनिये ॥

I speak to wise Hanuman, to King Rama and to merciful Shiva: listen with care. Brahma made the world full of joy and sorrow, love and anger, virtue and fault, and the Vedas say Rama is the doer behind maya, the soul, time, karma and nature - I accept this as true. Nothing is impossible for you; please explain my state to me, or I will stay silent, knowing I reap what I have sown.

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