



SACRED HYMN · SANSKRIT (DEVANAGARI) WITH MEANING

SHIVA MAHIMNA STOTRAM



Attributed to the Gandharva Pushpadanta

The 43 verses as commonly chanted: the hymn proper in verses 1 to 31, followed by the ink-and-ocean verse and the closing verses that name Pushpadanta.

VERSE 1

महिम्नः पारं ते परमविदुषो यद्यसदृशी स्तुतिर्ब्रह्मादीनामपि तदवसन्नास्त्वयि गिरः ।
अथावाच्यः सर्वः स्वमतिपरिणामावधि गृणन् ममाप्येष स्तोत्रे हर निरपवादः परिकरः ॥

O Hara, if praise from one who does not know the full extent of your greatness is unfit, then even the words of Brahma and the other gods fall short of you. So no one who praises you as far as his own understanding reaches can be blamed, and my own attempt at this hymn is likewise beyond reproach.

VERSE 2

अतीतः पन्थानं तव च महिमा वाङ्मनसयोरतद्व्यावृत्त्या यं चकितमभिधत्ते श्रुतिरपि ।
स कस्य स्तोतव्यः कतिविधगुणः कस्य विषयः पदे त्वर्वाचीने पतति न मनः कस्य न वचः ॥

Your greatness lies beyond the reach of speech and mind; even the Veda speaks of it in awe, only by setting aside what it is not. Who can praise it, how many qualities does it have, whose object can it be? Yet whose mind and whose words do not turn to your nearer, manifest form?

VERSE 3

मधुस्फीता वाचः परमममृतं निर्मितवतस्तव ब्रह्मन् किं वागपि सुरगुरोर्विस्मयपदम् ।
मम त्वेतां वाणीं गुणकथनपुण्येन भवतः पुनामीत्यर्थेऽस्मिन् पुरमथन बुद्धिर्व्यवसिता ॥

O Brahman, you made the Vedas, words rich as honey and supreme as nectar; how could even the speech of Brihaspati, teacher of the gods, astonish you? O destroyer of the cities, my mind has set itself to this praise with one thought: I will purify my own speech by the merit of telling your qualities.

VERSE 4

तवैश्वर्यं यत्तज्जगदुदयरक्षाप्रलयकृत् त्रयीवस्तु व्यस्तं तिसृषु गुणभिन्नासु तनुषु ।
अभव्यानामस्मिन् वरद रमणीयामरमणीं विहन्तुं व्याक्रोशीं विदधत इहैके जडधियः ॥

O giver of boons, your sovereignty creates, sustains and dissolves the world; the three Vedas teach it, and it is divided among three bodies set apart by the three qualities. Yet some dull-witted people here raise loud arguments to destroy it, arguments that please the unworthy but are in truth displeasing.

VERSE 5

किमीहः किंकायः स खलु किमुपायस्त्रिभुवनं किमाधारो धाता सृजति किमुपादान इति च ।
अतर्क्यैश्वर्ये त्वय्यनवसरदुःस्थो हतधियः कुतर्कोऽयं कांश्चिन्मुखयति मोहाय जगतः ॥

With what desire, what body, what means, on what support and from what material does the Creator make the three worlds? This false reasoning about you, whose power is beyond reasoning, has no ground to stand on; it only makes some bewildered people talkative and leads the world into delusion.

VERSE 6

अजन्मानो लोकाः किमवयववन्तोऽपि जगतामधिष्ठातारं किं भवविधिरनादृत्य भवति ।

अनीशो वा कुर्याद्भुवनजनने कः परिकरो यतो मन्दास्त्वां प्रत्यमरवर संशेरत इमे ॥

O best of the immortals, can the worlds be unborn though they have parts? Can the world come into being with no regard to a ruler? If not the Lord, who could create the worlds, and with what means? Only because they are dull do these people raise doubts about you.

VERSE 7

त्रयी साङ्ख्यं योगः पशुपतिमतं वैष्णवमिति प्रभिन्ने प्रस्थाने परमिदमदः पथ्यमिति च ।

रुचीनां वैचित्र्यादृजुकुटिल नानापथजुषां नृणामेको गम्यस्त्वमसि पयसामर्णव इव ॥

The three Vedas, Sankhya, Yoga, the Pashupata doctrine and the Vaishnava teaching are separate paths, each saying "this is highest, that is beneficial". Because tastes differ, people follow straight or winding ways, yet you alone are the goal of them all, as the ocean is the goal of all waters.

VERSE 8

महोक्षः खट्वाङ्गं परशुरजिनं भस्म फणिनः कपालं चेतीयत्तव वरद तन्त्रोपकरणम् ।

सुरास्तां तामृद्धिं दधति तु भवद्भ्रूप्रणिहितां न हि स्वात्मारामं विषयमृगतृष्णा भ्रमयति ॥

O giver of boons, a great bull, a skull-topped staff, an axe, a hide, ashes, serpents and a skull: this is all your equipment. Yet the gods hold their splendour only because your eyebrow has granted it. The mirage of sense objects does not lead astray one who delights in the Self.

VERSE 9

ध्रुवं कश्चित्सर्वं सकलमपरस्त्वध्रुवमिदं परो ध्रौव्याध्रौव्ये जगति गदति व्यस्तविषये ।

समस्तेऽप्येतस्मिन्पुरमथन तैर्विस्मित इव स्तुवज्जिह्वेमि त्वां न खलु ननु धृष्टा मुखरता ॥

O destroyer of the cities, one says this whole world is eternal, another that it is passing, another that it is eternal and passing in its different parts. Astonished, as it were, by all these views, I am still not ashamed to praise you; surely talkativeness is bold.

VERSE 10

तवैश्वर्यं यत्नाद्यदुपरि विरिज्जिह्विररिधः परिच्छेत्तुं यातावनलमनलस्कन्धवपुषः ।

ततो भक्तिश्रद्धाभरगुरुगृणद्भ्यां गिरिश यत् स्वयं तस्थे ताभ्यां तव किमनुवृत्तिर्न फलति ॥

When Brahma went upward and Vishnu downward, striving to measure your majesty as you stood as a pillar of fire, they could not; then, O Girisha, as they praised you, weighed down with devotion and faith, you yourself appeared before them. Does following you ever fail to bear fruit?

VERSE 11

अयत्नादापाद्य त्रिभुवनमवैरव्यतिकरं दशास्यो यद्वाहनभृत रणकण्डूपरवशान् ।
शिरःपद्मश्रेणीरचितचरणाम्भोरुहबलेः स्थिरायास्त्वद्भक्तेस्त्रिपुरहर विस्फूर्जितमिदम् ॥

O destroyer of Tripura, that ten-headed Ravana easily made the three worlds free of enemies, and still had arms itching for battle, was the outflowing of his steady devotion, in which he offered his own heads as a row of lotuses at your lotus feet.

VERSE 12

अमुष्य त्वत्सेवासमधिगतसारं भुजवनं बलात्कैलासेऽपि त्वदधिवसतौ विक्रमयतः ।
अलभ्या पातालेऽप्यलसचलिताङ्गुष्ठशिरसि प्रतिष्ठा त्वय्यासीद्भ्रुवमुपचितो मुह्यति खलः ॥

Yet when he turned that forest of arms, made strong by serving you, against Kailasa itself, your own dwelling, he found no footing even in the netherworld once you idly moved the tip of your toe. Surely the wicked, when they have grown strong, become deluded.

VERSE 13

यदृद्धिं सुत्राण्यो वरद परमोच्चैरपि सतीमधश्चक्रे बाणः परिजनविधेयत्रिभुवनः ।
न तच्चित्रं तस्मिन्वरिवसितरि त्वच्चरणयोर्न कस्याप्युन्नत्यै भवति शिरसस्त्वय्यवनतिः ॥

O giver of boons, Bana brought low even the lofty wealth of Indra and held the three worlds as his servants; that is no wonder in one who worshipped your feet. Whose rise does not follow from bowing the head to you?

VERSE 14

अकाण्डब्रह्माण्डक्षयचकितदेवासुरकृपाविधेयस्याऽऽसीद्यस्त्रिनयन विषं संहृतवतः ।
स कल्माषः कण्ठे तव न कुरुते न श्रियमहो विकारोऽपि श्लाघ्यो भुवनभयभङ्गव्यसनिनः ॥

O three-eyed one, when out of compassion for gods and demons, terrified by the sudden threat of the universe's end, you swallowed the poison, the dark stain it left on your throat only adds to your beauty. Even a blemish is praiseworthy in one devoted to removing the fear of the worlds.

VERSE 15

असिद्धार्था नैव क्वचिदपि सदेवासुरनरे निवर्तन्ते नित्यं जगति जयिनो यस्य विशिखाः ।
स पश्यन्नीश त्वामितरसुरसाधारणमभूत् स्मरः स्मर्तव्यात्मा न हि वशिषु पथ्यः परिभवः ॥

Kama, whose arrows never return unsuccessful anywhere among gods, demons and men, and who always conquers the world, looked on you as just another god, and at once became a mere memory. Insulting the self-controlled brings no good.

VERSE 16

मही पादाघाताद्ब्रजति सहसा संशयपदं पदं विष्णोर्भ्राम्यद्भुजपरिघरुग्णग्रहगणम् ।
मुहुर्द्यौर्दोस्थं यात्यनिभृतजटाताडिततटा जगद्रक्षायै त्वं नटसि ननु वामैव विभुता ॥

When you dance to protect the world, the earth is suddenly shaken by the blows of your feet, the sky and its planets are struck by your whirling arms like iron bars, and heaven is troubled as its edges are lashed by your loose matted locks. Your very might, it seems, works in contrary ways.

VERSE 17

वियद्व्यापी तारागणगुणितफेनोद्गमरुचिः प्रवाहो वारां यः पृषतलघुदृष्टः शिरसि ते ।
जगद्द्वीपाकारं जलधिवलयं तेन कृतमित्यनेनैवोन्नेयं धृतमहिम दिव्यं तव वपुः ॥

The heavenly river spreading across the sky, its foam glittering with the stars, looks like a small drop on your head; that same stream has made the world into islands ringed by the ocean. From this alone one may infer how vast and divine your body is.

VERSE 18

रथः क्षोणी यन्ता शतधृतिरगेन्द्रो धनुरथो रथाङ्गे चन्द्रार्को रथचरणपाणिः शर इति ।
दिधक्षोस्ते कोऽयं त्रिपुरतृणमाडम्बरविधिर्विधेयैः क्रीडन्त्यो न खलु परतन्त्राः प्रभुधियः ॥

The earth as chariot, Brahma as charioteer, the king of mountains as bow, the sun and moon as wheels, and Vishnu the discus-bearer as arrow: why this great display, when you wished to burn the three cities as if they were straw? The Lord's mind does not depend on others; it only plays with what it commands.

VERSE 19

हरिस्ते साहसं कमलबलिमाधाय पदयोयदिकोने तस्मिन् निजमुदहरन्नेत्रकमलम् ।
गतो भक्त्युद्रेकः परिणतिमसौ चक्रवपुषा त्रयाणां रक्षायै त्रिपुरहर जागर्ति जगताम् ॥

Hari laid a thousand lotuses at your feet; when one was missing, he plucked out his own lotus eye to complete the offering. That surge of devotion took the form of the discus, which, O destroyer of Tripura, stays awake to protect the three worlds.

VERSE 20

क्रतौ सुप्ते जाग्रत्त्वमसि फलयोगे क्रतुमतां क्व कर्म प्रध्वस्तं फलति पुरुषाराधनमृते ।
अतस्त्वां सम्प्रेक्ष्य क्रतुषु फलदानप्रतिभुवं श्रुतौ श्रद्धां बद्ध्वा दृढपरिकरः कर्मसु जनः ॥

When a sacrifice is over, you stay awake to join its performers to its fruit; how could an act that has passed away bear fruit without worship of the Supreme Person? So, seeing you as the guarantor of the fruit of rites, people put their faith in the Veda and set themselves firmly to ritual action.

VERSE 21

क्रियादक्षो दक्षः क्रतुपतिरधीशस्तनुभृतामृषीणामात्विज्यं शरणद सदस्याः सुरगणाः ।

क्रतुभ्रंशस्त्वत्तः क्रतुफलविधानव्यसनिनो ध्रुवं कर्तुः श्रद्धाविधुरमभिचाराय हि मखाः ॥

O giver of refuge, Daksha, skilled in rites and lord of embodied beings, was the sacrificer, the seers were the priests and the gods were the assembly; yet his sacrifice was ruined by you, for he was fond only of its fruit. Rites performed without faith surely bring harm to the performer.

VERSE 22

प्रजानाथं नाथ प्रसभमभिकं स्वां दुहितरं गतं रोहिदूतां रिरमयिषुमृष्यस्य वपुषा ।

धनुष्पाणेर्यातं दिवमपि सपत्राकृतममुं त्रसन्तं तेऽद्यापि त्यजति न मृगव्याधरभसः ॥

O Lord, when Brahma, lord of creatures, in passion pursued his own daughter who had become a doe, himself in the form of a stag, he fled even to the sky, pierced by your arrow; yet the fear of you as the hunter with bow in hand still does not leave him.

VERSE 23

स्वलावण्याशंसा धृतधनुषमह्नाय तृणवत् पुरः प्लुष्टं दृष्ट्वा पुरमथन पुष्पायुधमपि ।

यदि स्त्रैणं देवी यमनिरत देहार्धघटनादवैति त्वामद्धा बत वरद मुग्धा युवतयः ॥

O destroyer of the cities, you burned up Kama like straw before your eyes, though he held his bow trusting in his own beauty. O you who are given to self-control, if the Goddess thinks you are devoted to her because she shares half your body, ah, O giver of boons, young women are naive.

VERSE 24

श्मशानेष्वक्रीडा स्मरहर पिशाचाः सहचराश्चिताभस्मालेपः स्रगपि नृकरोटीपरिकरः ।

अमङ्गल्यं शीलं तव भवतु नामैवमखिलं तथापि स्मर्तृणां वरद परमं मङ्गलमसि ॥

O destroyer of Kama, you play in cremation grounds, ghouls are your companions, you smear yourself with pyre ash and wear a garland of human skulls. Let all your ways be inauspicious; still, O giver of boons, for those who remember you, you are the highest auspiciousness.

VERSE 25

मनः प्रत्यक्चित्ते सविधमवधायात्तमरुतः प्रहृष्यद्रोमाणः प्रमदसलिलोत्सङ्गितदृशः ।

यदालोक्याह्लादं हृद इव निमज्यामृतमये दधत्यन्तस्तत्त्वं किमपि यमिनस्तत्किल भवान् ॥

The self-controlled, holding the breath and fixing the mind within the heart, their hair standing on end and their eyes brimming with tears of joy, behold some inner reality and are immersed in bliss as in a lake of nectar; that reality, surely, is you.

VERSE 26

त्वमर्कस्त्वं सोमस्त्वमसि पवनस्त्वं हुतवहस्त्वमापस्त्वं व्योम त्वमु धरणितात्मा त्वमिति च ।
परिच्छिन्नामेवं त्वयि परिणता बिभ्रति गिरं न विद्वस्तत्तत्त्वं वयमिह तु यत्त्वं न भवसि ॥

You are the sun, you are the moon, you are the wind, you are fire, you are water, you are space, you are the earth and you are the Self: so the wise speak of you in such limited words. But we do not know any reality here that you are not.

VERSE 27

त्रयीं तिस्रो वृत्तीस्त्रिभुवनमथो त्रीनपि सुरानकाराद्यैर्वर्णैस्त्रिभिरभिदधत् तीर्णविकृति ।
तुरीयं ते धाम ध्वनिभिरवरुन्धानमणुभिः समस्तं व्यस्तं त्वां शरणद गृणात्योमिति पदम् ॥

O giver of refuge, the word Om, by its three letters beginning with A, names the three Vedas, the three states, the three worlds and the three gods, and you who are beyond all change; by its subtle sound it points to your fourth state. So it praises you both as whole and as divided.

VERSE 28

भवः शर्वो रुद्रः पशुपतिरथोग्रः सहमहांस्तथा भीमेशानाविति यदभिधानाष्टकमिदम् ।
अमुष्मिन्प्रत्येकं प्रविचरति देव श्रुतिरपि प्रियायास्मै धाम्ने प्रणिहितनमस्योऽस्मि भवते ॥

O God, Bhava, Sharva, Rudra, Pashupati, Ugra, Mahan, Bhima and Ishana: even the Veda moves through each of these eight names. To you, the beloved abode, I offer my salutations.

VERSE 29

नमो नेदिष्ठाय प्रियदव दविष्ठाय च नमो नमः क्षोदिष्ठाय स्मरहर महिष्ठाय च नमः ।
नमो वर्षिष्ठाय त्रिनयन यविष्ठाय च नमो नमः सर्वस्मै ते तदिदमिति सर्वाय च नमः ॥

Salutations to you who are nearest and farthest, O lover of solitude; to you who are smallest and greatest, O destroyer of Kama; to you who are oldest and youngest, O three-eyed one; salutations to you who are all, to the All that is spoken of as this and that.

VERSE 30

बहुलरजसे विश्वोत्पत्तौ भवाय नमो नमः प्रबलतमसे तत्संहारे हराय नमो नमः ।
जनसुखकृते सत्त्वोद्विक्तौ मृडाय नमो नमः प्रमहसि पदे निस्त्रैगुण्ये शिवाय नमो नमः ॥

Salutations to Bhava, abounding in rajas, for the creation of the universe; to Hara, abounding in tamas, for its dissolution; to Mrida, rich in sattva, for the happiness of beings; salutations to Shiva, the radiant state beyond the three qualities.

VERSE 31

कृशपरिणति चेतः क्लेशवश्यं क्व चेदं क्व च तव गुणसीमोल्लङ्घिनी शश्वदृद्धिः ।
इति चकितममन्दीकृत्य मां भक्तिराधाद्वरद चरणयोस्ते वाक्यपुष्पोपहारम् ॥

O giver of boons, how small is my mind, weak and ruled by afflictions, and how boundless your ever-growing glory, which passes all limits! Though I trembled at this, devotion lifted me up and made me offer this flower of words at your feet.

VERSE 32

असितगिरिसमं स्यात्कज्जलं सिन्धुपात्रे सुरतरुवरशाखा लेखनी पत्रमुर्वी ।
लिखति यदि गृहीत्वा शारदा सर्वकालं तदपि तव गुणानामीश पारं न याति ॥

If a mountain of black ink were set in the ocean as its pot, a branch of the wish-fulfilling tree were the pen and the earth the page, and if Sarada wrote for all time, still, O Lord, she would not reach the end of your qualities.

VERSE 33

असुरसुरमुनीन्द्रैरर्चितस्येन्दुमौलेर्ग्रथितगुणमहिम्नो निर्गुणस्येश्वरस्य ।
सकलगणवरिष्ठः पुष्पदन्ताभिधानः रुचिरमलघुवृत्तैः स्तोत्रमेतच्चकार ॥

Pushpadanta, foremost of all the Gandharva hosts, composed this hymn in beautiful long metres to the moon-crowned Lord, worshipped by demons, gods and great sages, whose greatness is woven of qualities yet who is beyond all qualities.

VERSE 34

अहरहरनवद्यं धूर्जटिः स्तोत्रमेतत् पठति परमभक्त्या शुद्धचित्तः पुमान्यः ।
स भवति शिवलोके रुद्रतुल्यस्तथाऽत्र प्रचुरतरधनायुः पुत्रवान्कीर्तिमांश्च ॥

The verse says that whoever, pure in mind, reads this flawless hymn to Dhurjati every day with deep devotion becomes equal to Rudra in Shiva's world, and here gains great wealth, long life, children and fame.

VERSE 35

महेशान्नापरो देवो महिम्नो नापरा स्तुतिः ।
अघोरान्नापरो मन्त्रो नास्ति तत्त्वं गुरोः परम् ॥

There is no god higher than Mahesha, no hymn higher than the Mahimna, no mantra higher than Aghora, and no truth higher than the guru.

VERSE 36

दीक्षा दानं तपस्तीर्थं ज्ञानं यागादिकाः क्रियाः ।
महिम्नस्तवपाठस्य कलां नार्हन्ति षोडशीम् ॥

The verse says that initiation, charity, austerity, pilgrimage, knowledge and sacrificial rites are not worth even a sixteenth part of the recitation of the Mahimna hymn.

VERSE 37

कुसुमदशननामा सर्वगन्धर्वराजः शशिधरवरमौलेर्देवदेवस्य दासः ।
स खलु निजमहिम्नो भ्रष्ट एवास्य रोषात् स्तवनमिदमकार्षीद्विव्यदिव्यं महिम्नः ॥

Kusumadashana, king of all the Gandharvas and servant of the moon-crowned God of gods, fell from his own glory through the Lord's anger; then he composed this most divine hymn of greatness.

VERSE 38

सुरवरमुनिपूज्यं स्वर्गमोक्षैकहेतुं पठति यदि मनुष्यः प्राञ्जलिर्नान्यचेताः ।
व्रजति शिवसमीपं किन्नरैः स्तूयमानः स्तवनमिदममोघं पुष्पदन्तप्रणीतम् ॥

The verse says that a person who, with folded hands and an undistracted mind, recites this unfailing hymn composed by Pushpadanta, honoured by gods and great sages and the one cause of heaven and liberation, goes near Shiva, praised by the Kinnaras.

VERSE 39

आसमाप्तमिदं स्तोत्रं पुण्यं गन्धर्वभाषितम् ।
अनौपम्यं मनोहारि शिवमीश्वरवर्णनम् ॥

Here ends this sacred hymn spoken by the Gandharva, peerless and enchanting, describing Shiva the Lord.

VERSE 40

इत्येषा वाङ्मयी पूजा श्रीमच्छङ्करपादयोः ।
अर्पिता तेन देवेशः प्रीयतां मे सदाशिवः ॥

This worship made of words is offered at the feet of the glorious Shankara; by it may the Lord of gods, Sadashiva, be pleased with me.

VERSE 41

तव तत्त्वं न जानामि कीदृशोऽसि महेश्वर ।
यादृशोऽसि महादेव तादृशाय नमो नमः ॥

O great Lord, I do not know your true nature, what you are like; whatever you are, O Mahadeva, to you as you are, salutations again and again.

VERSE 42

एककालं द्विकालं वा त्रिकालं यः पठेन्नरः ।
सर्वपापविनिर्मुक्तः शिवलोके महीयते ॥

The verse says that one who recites this once, twice or three times a day is freed from all sins and is honoured in Shiva's world.

VERSE 43

श्री पुष्पदन्तमुखपङ्कजनिर्गतेन स्तोत्रेण किल्बिषहरेण हरप्रियेण ।
कण्ठस्थितेन पठितेन समाहितेन सुप्रीणितो भवति भूतपतिर्महेशः ॥

The verse says that Mahesha, lord of beings, is well pleased by this hymn, which came from the lotus mouth of Pushpadanta, which removes sin and is dear to Hara, when it is learned by heart and recited with a collected mind.

READ IT ON ITS PAGE

The Shiva Mahimna Stotram with its meaning, how and when it is recited, and the same text in five more scripts:
astrobhava.com/mantra/shiva-mahimna-stotram/



NOT SURE A CHANT IS ENOUGH?

YOUR BIRTH CHART, READ BY BRAHMASHREE SHIVAAYA

A live reading, one hour, in English or Tamil · astrobhava.com/astrology/consultation/

Book →

AstroBhava · www.astrobhava.com · support@astrobhava.com · +91 96295 55442
An initiative of Vedhon Management Consultants (OPC) Pvt Ltd, Pollachi