



SACRED HYMN · SANSKRIT (DEVANAGARI) WITH MEANING

SHIVANANDA LAHARI

— ◆ —
Attributed to Adi Shankaracharya

All one hundred verses, from the salutation to Shiva and Parvati to the closing verse that sets praise aside.

VERSE 1

कलाभ्यां चूडालङ्कृतशशिकलाभ्यां निजतपःफलाभ्यां भक्तोषु प्रकटितफलाभ्यां भवतु मे ।
शिवाभ्यामस्तोकत्रिभुवनशिवाभ्यां हृदि पुनर्भवाभ्यामानन्दस्फुरदनुभवाभ्यां नतिरियम् ॥

I offer this salutation to Shiva and Parvati, the embodiments of all arts, who wear the crescent moon as a crest, who are the fruit of each other's austerity and grant fruits to their devotees. They bring boundless good to the three worlds, shine ever anew in my heart, and are known in the bliss of direct experience.

VERSE 2

गलन्ती शम्भो त्वच्चरितसरितः किल्बिषरजो दलन्ती धीकुल्यासरणिषु पतन्ती विजयताम् ।
दिशन्ती संसारभ्रमणपरितापोपशमनं वसन्ती मच्चेतोहृदभुवि शिवानन्दलहरी ॥

May the stream of Shiva's bliss flow on victorious: it springs from the river of your deeds, O Shambhu, washes away the dust of sin, runs through the channels of the intellect, cools the fever of wandering in worldly life, and comes to rest in the lake of my heart.

VERSE 3

त्रयीवेद्यं हृद्यं त्रिपुरहरमाद्यं त्रिनयनं जटाभारोदारं चलदुर्गहारं मृगधरम् ।
महादेवं देवं मयि सद्यभावं पशुपतिं चिदालम्बं साम्बं शिवमतिविडम्बं हृदि भजे ॥

In my heart I worship Shiva with Amba: known through the three Vedas, beloved, destroyer of the three cities, the first, three-eyed, splendid with matted locks, wearing a moving serpent as a garland and holding a deer. He is the great god, Lord of beings, kind toward me, the support of consciousness, beyond all imitation.

VERSE 4

सहस्रं वर्तन्ते जगति विबुधाः क्षुद्रफलदा न मन्ये स्वप्ने वा तदनुसरणं तत्कृतफलम् ।
हरिब्रह्मादीनामपि निकटभाजामसुलभं चिरं याचे शम्भो शिव तव पदाम्भोजभजनम् ॥

There are thousands of gods in the world who give petty rewards; even in a dream I do not care to follow them or for what they give. O Shambhu, O Shiva, I ask always only for worship of your lotus feet, which is hard to obtain even for Vishnu, Brahma and those close to you.

VERSE 5

स्मृतौ शास्त्रे वैद्ये शकुनकवितागानफणितौ पुराणे मन्त्रे वा स्तुतिनटनहास्येष्वचतुरः ।
कथं राज्ञां प्रीतिर्भवति मयि कोऽहं पशुपते पशुं मां सर्वज्ञ प्रथितकृपया पालय विभो ॥

I am unskilled in law, scripture, medicine, omens, poetry, song, Puranas, mantras, praise, dance and wit; how could kings ever be pleased with me? Who am I, O Pashupati? O all-knowing Lord of famed compassion, protect me, your creature.

VERSE 6

घटो वा मृत्पिण्डोऽप्यणुरपि च धूमोऽग्निरचलः पटो वा तन्तुर्वा परिहरति किं घोरशमनम् ।
वृथा कण्ठक्षोभं वहसि तरसा तर्कवचसा पदाम्भोजं शम्भोर्भज परमसौख्यं व्रज सुधीः ॥

Pot, lump of clay, atom, smoke and fire, mountain, cloth and thread: can such arguments ward off fearsome death? You only strain your throat in hurried debate. Wise one, worship the lotus feet of Shambhu and reach the highest happiness.

VERSE 7

मनस्ते पादाब्जे निवसतु वचः स्तोत्रफणितौ करौ चाभ्यर्चायां श्रुतिरपि कथाकर्णनविधौ ।
तव ध्याने बुद्धिर्नयनयुगलं मूर्तिविभवे परग्रन्थान् कैर्वा परमशिव जाने परमतः ॥

Let my mind dwell at your lotus feet, my speech in hymns to you, my hands in your worship, my ears in hearing your stories, my intellect in meditation on you and my eyes in the glory of your form. O Supreme Shiva, with what faculties then could I study other texts?

VERSE 8

यथा बुद्धिः शुक्तौ रजतमिति काचाश्मनि मणिर्जले पैष्टे क्षीरं भवति मृगतृष्णासु सलिलम् ।
तथा देवभ्रान्त्या भजति भवदन्यं जडजनो महादेवेशं त्वां मनसि च न मत्वा पशुपते ॥

As one mistakes mother-of-pearl for silver, glass for a gem, water mixed with flour for milk, and a mirage for water, so the deluded person worships others as God, not holding you, the Lord of gods, in mind, O Pashupati.

VERSE 9

गभीरे कासारे विशति विजने घोरविपिने विशाले शैले च भ्रमति कुसुमार्थं जडमतिः ।
समर्प्यैकं चेतः सरसिजमुमानाथ भवते सुखेनावस्थातुं जन इह न जानाति किमहो ॥

The dull-witted man plunges into deep lakes, enters lonely fearful forests and wanders over vast mountains in search of flowers. Alas, he does not know how to offer you the single lotus of his heart, O Lord of Uma, and live here in peace.

VERSE 10

नरत्वं देवत्वं नगवनमृगत्वं मशकता पशुत्वं कीटत्वं भवतु विहगत्वादि जननम् ।
सदा त्वत्पादाब्जस्मरणपरमानन्दलहरीविहारासक्तं चेद्भूदयमिह किं तेन वपुषा ॥

Let my birth be as a man, a god, a beast of the hill forests, a mosquito, an animal, a worm or a bird. If the heart is always absorbed in the waves of supreme bliss that come from remembering your lotus feet, what does the body matter?

VERSE 11

वटुर्वा गेही वा यतिरपि जटी वा तदितरो नरो वा यः कश्चिद्भवतु भव किं तेन भवति ।
यदीयं हृत्पद्मं यदि भवदधीनं पशुपते तदीयस्त्वं शम्भो भवसि भवभारं च वहसि ॥

Whether one is a student, a householder, an ascetic, one with matted hair or anyone else, what difference does that make, O Lord? If a person's heart-lotus is given over to you, O Pashupati, then you become his, O Shambhu, and carry his burden of worldly life.

VERSE 12

गुहायां गेहे वा बहिरपि वने वाद्रिशिखरे जले वा वह्नौ वा वसतु वसतेः किं वद फलम् ।
सदा यस्यैवान्तःकरणमपि शम्भो तव पदे स्थितं चेद्योगोऽसौ स च परमयोगी स च सुखी ॥

Whether one lives in a cave, a house, outdoors, in a forest, on a mountain peak, in water or in fire, tell me, what does the dwelling matter? If one's inner mind is always fixed at your feet, O Shambhu, that is yoga; such a person is the supreme yogi and is truly happy.

VERSE 13

असारे संसारे निजभजनदूरे जडधिया भ्रमन्तं मामन्धं परमकृपया पातुमुचितम् ।
मदन्यः को दीनस्तव कृपणरक्षातिनिपुणस्त्वदन्यः को वा मे त्रिजगति शरण्यः पशुपते ॥

In this empty worldly life, far from your worship, I wander blind with a dull mind; it is fitting that you protect me out of your great compassion. Who is more wretched than I, and who but you, skilled in rescuing the helpless, is my refuge in the three worlds, O Pashupati?

VERSE 14

प्रभुस्त्वं दीनानां खलु परमबन्धुः पशुपते प्रमुख्योऽहं तेषामपि किमुत बन्धुत्वमनयोः ।
त्वयैव क्षन्तव्याः शिव मदपराधाश्च सकलाः प्रयत्नात्कर्तव्यं मदवनमियं बन्धुसरणिः ॥

You are the Lord of the helpless and their dearest kinsman, O Pashupati, and I am foremost among them; what more need be said of the bond between us? Shiva, all my faults are for you alone to forgive, and my protection is for you to take up with care; this is the way of kinship.

VERSE 15

उपेक्षा नो चेत् किं न हरसि भवद्व्यानविमुखां दुराशाभूयिष्ठां विधिलिपिमशक्तो यदि भवान् ।
शिरस्तद्वैधात्रं न न खलु सुवृत्तं पशुपते कथं वा निर्यत्नं करनखमुखेनैव लुलितम् ॥

If you are not indifferent to me, why do you not wipe out the writing of fate on my brow, full of evil hopes and turned away from your meditation? If you cannot, O Pashupati, how was it that you plucked off Brahma's fifth head, surely no small thing, so easily with just the tip of a fingernail?

VERSE 16

विरिञ्चिर्दीर्घायुर्भवतु भवता तत्परशिरश्चतुष्कं संरक्ष्यं स खलु भुवि दैन्यं लिखितवान् ।
विचारः को वा मां विशद कृपया पाति शिव ते कटाक्षव्यापारः स्वयमपि च दीनावनपरः ॥

Let Brahma live long; you must protect his remaining four heads, for he wrote misery on my brow here on earth. Why should I think about it? O Shiva of pure grace, the working of your glance, which by its nature protects the helpless, will itself protect me.

VERSE 17

फलाद्वा पुण्यानां मयि करुणया वा त्वयि विभो प्रसन्नेऽपि स्वामिन् भवदमलपादाब्जयुगलम् ।
कथं पश्येयं मां स्थगयति नमःसम्भ्रमजुषां निलिम्पानां श्रेणिर्निजकनकमाणिक्यमकुटैः ॥

O all-pervading Lord, whether through the fruit of my merits or through your compassion for me, even when you are pleased, how can I see your pure lotus feet? The row of gods bowing in haste hides them from me with their gold and ruby crowns.

VERSE 18

त्वमेको लोकानां परमफलदो दिव्यपदवीं वहन्तस्त्वन्मूलां पुनरपि भजन्ते हरिमुखाः ।
कियद्वा दाक्षिण्यं तव शिव मदाशा च कियती कदा वा मद्रक्षां वहसि करुणापूरितदृशा ॥

You alone give the highest fruit to the worlds; Vishnu and the other gods hold their divine stations, which rest on you, and still worship you again and again. How great is your kindness, Shiva, and how great my hope! When will you take up my protection with eyes full of compassion?

VERSE 19

दुराशाभूयिष्ठे दुरधिपगृहद्वारघटके दुरन्ते संसारे दुरितनिलये दुःखजनके ।
मदायासं किं न व्यपनयसि कस्योपकृतये वदेयं प्रीतिश्चेत्तव शिव कृतार्थाः खलु वयम् ॥

In this worldly life, full of evil hopes, bringing me to the doors of bad masters, endless, a home of sin and a cause of sorrow, why do you not remove my toil? For whose benefit is it, tell me? If it pleases you, Shiva, then we are indeed fulfilled.

VERSE 20

सदा मोहाटव्यां चरति युवतीनां कुचगिरौ नटत्याशाशाखास्वटति झटिति स्वैरमभितः ।
कपालिन् भिक्षो मे हृदयकपिमत्यन्तचपलं दृढं भक्त्या बद्ध्वा शिव भवदधीनं कुरु विभो ॥

My heart is a monkey: it roams the forest of delusion, dances on the hills of young women's breasts, leaps among the branches of desire and runs off wherever it likes. O Kapali, O mendicant, bind this very restless monkey firmly with devotion, Shiva, and make it your own.

VERSE 21

धृतिस्तम्भाधारां दृढगुणनिबद्धां सगमनां विचित्रां पद्माढ्यां प्रतिदिवससन्मार्गघटिताम् ।
स्मरारे मच्चेतःस्फुटपटकुटीं प्राप्य विशदां जय स्वामिन् शक्त्या सह शिव गणैः सेवित विभो ॥

O enemy of Kama, take this bright cloth tent of my mind, set on the pole of steadfastness, firmly tied with strong cords of virtue, portable, colourful, adorned with lotuses and pitched each day on the good path. Lord, Shiva, served by your attendants, dwell in it victorious with Shakti.

VERSE 22

प्रलोभाद्यैरर्थाहरणपरतन्त्रो धनिगृहे प्रवेशोद्युक्तः सन् भ्रमति बहुधा तस्करपते ।
इमं चेतश्चोरं कथमिह सहे शङ्कर विभो तवाधीनं कृत्वा मयि निरपराधे कुरु कृपाम् ॥

O Lord of thieves, this thief of a mind, driven by greed and the like to steal wealth, wanders here and there eager to enter the houses of the rich. How can I bear it, Shankara? Take it under your control and be gracious to me, for the fault is not mine.

VERSE 23

करोमि त्वत्पूजां सपदि सुखदो मे भव विभो विधित्वं विष्णुत्वं दिशसि खलु तस्याः फलमिति ।
पुनश्च त्वां द्रष्टुं दिवि भुवि वहन् पक्षिमृगतामदृष्ट्वा तत्खेदं कथमिह सहे शङ्कर विभो ॥

I worship you; be quick to give me happiness, O Lord. Surely you will grant the station of Brahma or Vishnu as its fruit. But then, to see you again, I would roam heaven and earth as a bird or a boar and fail to see you; how could I bear that sorrow, Shankara?

VERSE 24

कदा वा कैलासे कनकमणिसौधे सह गणैर्वसन् शम्भोरग्रे स्फुटघटितमूर्धाञ्जलिपुटः ।
विभो साम्ब स्वामिन् परमशिव पाहीति निगदन् विधातृणां कल्पान् क्षणमिव विनेष्यामि सुखतः ॥

When will I live on Kailasa in a palace of gold and gems with your attendants, standing before Shambhu with joined palms held over my head, crying out "Lord, Shiva with Amba, Master, Supreme Shiva, protect me", and pass the ages of the creators happily as if they were a moment?

VERSE 25

स्तवैर्ब्रह्मादीनां जयजयवचोभिर्नियमिनां गणानां केलीभिर्मदकलमहोक्षस्य ककुदि ।
स्थितं नीलग्रीवं त्रिनयनमुमाश्लिष्टवपुषं कदा त्वां पश्येयं करधृतमृगं खण्डपरशुम् ॥

When will I see you, seated on the hump of the great mighty bull, praised by Brahma and others, hailed with cries of victory by the ascetics and surrounded by the play of your attendants, blue-throated, three-eyed, embraced by Uma, holding a deer and an axe?

VERSE 26

कदा वा त्वां दृष्ट्वा गिरिश तव भव्याङ्घ्रियुगलं गृहीत्वा हस्ताभ्यां शिरसि नयने वक्षसि वहन् ।
समाश्लिष्याग्राय स्फुटजलजगन्धान् परिमलानलभ्यां ब्रह्माद्यैर्मुदमनुभविष्यामि हृदये ॥

O lord of the mountain, when will I see you, take your auspicious feet in my hands and hold them on my head, eyes and chest, embrace them, breathe their fragrance like that of opened lotuses, and feel in my heart the joy that even Brahma and the gods do not attain?

VERSE 27

करस्थे हेमाद्रौ गिरिश निकटस्थे धनपतौ गृहस्थे स्वर्भूजामरसुरभिचिन्तामणिगणे ।
शिरस्थे शीतांशौ चरणयुगलस्थेऽखिलशुभे कमर्थं दास्येऽहं भवतु भवदर्थं मम मनः ॥

When the golden mountain Meru is in your hand, the lord of wealth is near you, the wish-granting tree, cow and gem are in your home, the cool-rayed moon is on your head and all good things rest at your feet, what can I give you? Let my mind be yours.

VERSE 28

सारूप्यं तव पूजने शिव महादेवेति सङ्कीर्तने सामीप्यं शिवभक्तिधुर्यजनतासाङ्गत्यसम्भाषणे ।
सालोक्यं च चराचरात्मकतनुध्याने भवानीपते सायुज्यं मम सिद्धमत्र भवति स्वामिन् कृतार्थोऽस्म्यहम् ॥

In your worship I gain sarupya, likeness of form; in chanting "Shiva, Mahadeva" I gain samipya, nearness; in the company and talk of your foremost devotees, salokya, dwelling in your world. Meditating on your form as all that moves and does not move, O Lord of Bhavani, I gain sayujya, union, here itself; I am fulfilled.

VERSE 29

त्वत्पादाम्बुजमर्चयामि परमं त्वां चिन्तयाम्यन्वहं त्वामीशं शरणं ब्रजामि वचसा त्वामेव याचे विभो ।
वीक्षां मे दिश चाक्षुषीं सकरुणां दिव्यैश्चिरं प्रार्थितां शम्भो लोकगुरो मदीयमनसः सौख्योपदेशं कुरु ॥

I worship your lotus feet and think daily of you, the Supreme; I take refuge in you, the Lord, and in my speech I beg only of you. Grant me your compassionate glance, long prayed for by the gods, O Shambhu, teacher of the world, and teach my mind the way to happiness.

VERSE 30

वस्त्रोद्धूतविधौ सहस्रकरता पुष्पार्चने विष्णुता गन्धे गन्धवहात्मतान्नपचने बर्हिर्मुखाध्यक्षता ।
पात्रे काञ्चनगर्भतास्ति मयि चेद् बालेन्दुचूडामणे शुश्रूषां करवाणि ते पशुपते स्वामिन्त्रिलोकीगुरो ॥

If I had a thousand hands to wave the cloth, the form of Vishnu to offer flowers, the nature of the wind to offer fragrance, the lordship of Agni to cook the food offering, and the state of Brahma to offer the vessel, O Lord with the crescent crest-jewel, I would serve you, O Pashupati, Master, teacher of the three worlds.

VERSE 31

नालं वा परमोपकारकमिदं त्वेकं पशूनां पते पश्यन् कुक्षिगतांश्चराचरणान् बाह्यस्थितान् रक्षितुम् ।
सर्वामर्त्यपलायनौषधमतिज्वालाकरं भीकरं निक्षिप्तं गरलं गले न गिलितं नोद्गीर्णमेव त्वया ॥

O Lord of beings, was it not a supreme kindness that, seeing the moving and unmoving beings within your belly and those outside, and wishing to protect them, you held in your throat the fearsome poison, blazing hot, which had made all the gods flee, neither swallowing nor spitting it out?

VERSE 32

ज्वालोग्रः सकलामरातिभयदः क्ष्वेलः कथं वा त्वया दृष्टः किं च करे धृतः करतले किं पक्वजम्बूफलम् ।
जिह्वायां निहितश्च सिद्धघुटिका वा कण्ठदेशे भृतः किं ते नीलमणिर्विभूषणमयं शम्भो महात्मन् वद ॥

O great Shambhu, tell me: how did you look at that poison, fiercely blazing and terrifying to all enemies of the gods? Did you hold it in your palm like a ripe rose-apple, put it on your tongue like a magic pill, or keep it in your throat as an ornament like a blue gem?

VERSE 33

नालं वा सकृदेव देव भवतः सेवा नतिर्वा नुतिः पूजा वा स्मरणं कथाश्रवणमप्यालोकनं मादृशाम् ।
स्वामिन्नस्थिरदेवतानुसरणायासेन किं लभ्यते का वा मुक्तिरिति कुतो भवति चेत् किं प्रार्थनीयं तदा ॥

Is not even one act of service, a bow, a word of praise, worship, remembrance, hearing your story or a single sight of you enough for people like me, O Lord? What is gained by the labour of following passing gods? If liberation comes from here, what else is there to ask for?

VERSE 34

किं ब्रूमस्तव साहसं पशुपते कस्यास्ति शम्भो भवद्वैर्यं चेदृशमात्मनः स्थितिरियं चान्यैः कथं लभ्यते ।
भ्रश्यद्देवगणं त्रसन्मुनिगणं नश्यत्प्रपञ्चं लयं पश्यन्निर्भय एक एव विहरत्यानन्दसान्द्रो भवान् ॥

What can we say of your daring, O Pashupati? Who else has such courage, Shambhu, and how could others attain such a state? Watching the gods fall, the sages tremble and the universe dissolve, you alone move about fearless, full of bliss.

VERSE 35

योगक्षेमधुरन्धरस्य सकलश्रेयःप्रदोद्योगिनो दृष्टादृष्टमतोपदेशकृतिनो बाह्यान्तरव्यापिनः ।
सर्वज्ञस्य दयाकरस्य भवतः किं वेदितव्यं मया शम्भो त्वं परमान्तरङ्ग इति मे चित्ते स्मराम्यन्वहम् ॥

You bear the burden of gaining and keeping, strive to grant every good, teach the seen and unseen paths, and pervade all within and without; you are all-knowing and a mine of mercy. What do I need to tell you, Shambhu? Daily I hold in my mind that you are my innermost one.

VERSE 36

भक्तो भक्तिगुणावृते मुदमृतापूर्णे प्रसन्ने मनःकुम्भे साम्ब तवाङ्घ्रिपल्लवयुगं संस्थाप्य संवित्फलम् ।
सत्त्वं मन्त्रमुदीरयन्निजशरीरागारशुद्धिं वहन् पुण्याहं प्रकटीकरोमि रुचिरं कल्याणमापादयन् ॥

I, your devotee, set your sprout-like feet, O Lord with Amba, in the pure pot of my mind, wrapped in the thread of devotion and filled with the nectar of joy, with the fruit of knowledge on top. Reciting the mantra of goodness and purifying the house of my body, I perform the auspicious punya rite, bringing well-being.

VERSE 37

आम्नायाम्बुधिमादरेण सुमनःसङ्घाः समुद्यन्मनोमन्थानं दृढभक्तिरज्जुसहितं कृत्वा मथित्वा ततः ।
सोमं कल्पतरुं सुपर्वसुरभिं चिन्तामणिं धीमतां नित्यानन्दसुधां निरन्तररमासौभाग्यमातन्वते ॥

The good ones, with reverence, make their rising mind the churning rod and firm devotion the rope, and churn the ocean of the Vedas. From it they bring forth for the wise the moon, the wish-granting tree, the heavenly cow, the wish-granting gem, the nectar of eternal bliss and lasting good fortune, namely Shiva himself.

VERSE 38

प्राक्पुण्याचलमार्गदर्शितसुधामूर्तिः प्रसन्नः शिवः सोमः सद्गुणसेवितो मृगधरः पूर्णस्तमोमोचकः ।
चेतः पुष्करलक्षितो भवति चेदानन्दपाथोनिधिः प्रागल्भ्येन विजृम्भते सुमनसां वृत्तिस्तदा जायते ॥

Shiva is like the full moon: revealed on the eastern mountain of past merit, gracious, attended by the good, bearing the deer and dispelling darkness. When he is seen in the sky of the mind, the ocean of bliss surges with force and the good-hearted find their livelihood.

VERSE 39

धर्मो मे चतुरङ्घ्रिकः सुचरितः पापं विनाशं गतं कामक्रोधमदादयो विगलिताः कालाः सुखाविष्कृताः ।
ज्ञानानन्दमहौषधिः सुफलिता कैवल्यनाथे सदा मान्ये मानसपुण्डरीकनगरे राजावतंसे स्थिते ॥

My dharma stands on its four feet, my conduct is good and my sin is destroyed; desire, anger, pride and the rest have melted away and my times are full of happiness. The great medicine of knowledge and bliss bears fruit, now that the Lord of liberation, the crest-jewel of kings, dwells always in the lotus city of my mind.

VERSE 40

धीयन्त्रेण वचोघटेन कवितकुल्योपकुल्याक्रमैरानीतैश्च सदाशिवस्य चरिताम्भोराशिदिव्यामृतैः ।
हृत्केदारयुताश्च भक्तिकलमाः साफल्यमातन्वते दुर्भिक्षान्मम सेवकस्य भगवन् विश्वेश भीतिः कुतः ॥

Water drawn by the machine of the intellect and the pot of speech, flowing through canals and channels of poetry, is the divine nectar of Sadashiva's deeds; the rice crop of devotion in the field of the heart then bears fruit. O Lord of the universe, how can I, your servant, fear famine?

VERSE 41

पापोत्पातविमोचनाय रुचिरैश्वर्याय मृत्युञ्जय स्तोत्रध्याननतिप्रदक्षिणसपर्यालोकनाकर्णने ।
जिह्वाचित्तशिरोङ्घ्रिहस्तनयनश्रोत्रैरहं प्रार्थितो मामाज्ञापय तन्निरूपय मुहुर्मा मेऽवचः ॥

O conqueror of death, to free me from calamities caused by sin and for true wealth, my tongue, mind, head, feet, hands, eyes and ears beg you for praise, meditation, bowing, circling, worship, seeing and hearing. Command me to these again and again, and do not be silent toward me.

VERSE 42

गाम्भीर्यं परिखापदं घनधृतिः प्राकार उद्यद्गुणस्तोमश्चाप्तबलं घनेन्द्रियचयो द्वाराणि देहे स्थितः ।
विद्यावस्तुसमृद्धिरित्यखिलसामग्रीसमेते सदा दुर्गातिप्रियदेव मामकमनोदुर्गे निवासं कुरु ॥

Depth is the moat, firm resolve the rampart, rising virtues the trusted army, the strong senses the gates, all set within the body, and knowledge the store of goods. O god who loves the fortress, dwell always in the fortress of my mind, which has all these things.

VERSE 43

मा गच्छ त्वमितस्ततो गिरिश भो मय्येव वासं कुरु स्वामिन्नादिकिरात मामकमनःकान्तारसीमान्तरे ।
वर्तन्ते बहुशो मृगा मदजुषो मात्सर्यमोहादयस्तान् हत्वा मृगयाविनोदरुचितालाभं च सम्प्राप्स्यसि ॥

O lord of the mountain, do not go here and there; make your home in me alone, O Master, first Hunter, within the forest of my mind. Many wild beasts roam there, maddened, such as envy and delusion; slay them and you will enjoy the pleasure of the hunt.

VERSE 44

करलग्नमृगः करीन्द्रभङ्गो घनशार्दूलविखण्डनोऽस्तजन्तुः ।
गिरिशो विशादाकृतिश्च चेतःकुहरे पञ्चमुखोऽस्ति मे कुतो भीः ॥

Holding a deer in his hand, breaking the lord of elephants, tearing apart the mighty tiger and destroying living beings, the brilliant five-faced lion, Shiva of the mountains, dwells in the cave of my heart. What then is there to fear?

VERSE 45

छन्दःशाखिशिखान्वितैर्द्विजवरैः संसेविते शाश्वते सौख्यापादिनि खेदभेदिनि सुधासारैः फलैर्दीपिते ।
चेतःपक्षिशिखामणे त्यज वृथासञ्चारमन्यैरलं नित्यं शङ्करपादपद्मयुगलीनीडे विहारं कुरु ॥

O mind, best of birds, stop your useless roaming elsewhere. Always play in the nest of Shankara's two lotus feet, which is eternal, served by the best twice-born perched on the branches of the Vedas, giver of happiness, remover of grief, and bright with fruits that are streams of nectar.

VERSE 46

आकीर्णे नखराजिकान्तिविभवैरुद्यत्सुधावैभवैराधौतेऽपि च पद्मरागललिते हंसव्रजैराश्रिते ।

नित्यं भक्तिवधूगणैश्च रहसि स्वेच्छाविहारं कुरु स्थित्वा मानसराजहंस गिरिजानाथाङ्घ्रिसौधान्तरे ॥

O royal swan of the mind, live within the palace of the feet of Parvati's Lord, spread with the light of his rows of nails, washed by flowing nectar, lovely with ruby colour and visited by flocks of swans. Play there always as you wish, in private, with your companions of devotion.

VERSE 47

शम्भुध्यानवसन्तसङ्गिनि हृदारामेऽघजीर्णच्छदाः स्रस्ता भक्तिलताच्छटा विलसिताः पुण्यप्रवालश्रिताः ।

दीप्यन्ते गुणकोरका जपवचःपुष्पाणि सद्वासना ज्ञानानन्दसुधामरन्दलहरी संवित्फलाभ्युन्नतिः ॥

In the heart's garden, touched by the spring of meditation on Shambhu, the old leaves of sin have fallen; clusters of devotion-creeper shine, covered with shoots of merit. The buds of virtue glow, the flowers are words of prayer, the fragrance is good impressions, the nectar is a stream of knowledge and bliss, and the fruit is awareness.

VERSE 48

नित्यानन्दरसालयं सुरमुनिस्वान्ताम्बुजाताश्रयं स्वच्छं सद्ब्रविजसेवितं कलुषहृत्सद्वासनाविष्कृतम् ।

शम्भुध्यानसरोवरं व्रज मनो हंसावतंस स्थिरं किं क्षुद्राश्रयपल्लवभ्रमणसञ्जातश्रमं प्राप्स्यसि ॥

O mind, jewel among swans, go to the lake of meditation on Shambhu and stay there: it holds the essence of eternal bliss, bears the lotuses of the hearts of gods and sages, is clear, served by good birds and good brahmins, removes impurity and is full of good fragrance. Why tire yourself roaming about little ponds?

VERSE 49

आनन्दामृतपूरिता हरपदाम्भोजालवालोद्यता स्थैर्योपघ्नमुपेत्य भक्तिलतिका शाखोपशाखान्विता ।

उच्चैर्मानसकायमानपटलीमाक्रम्य निष्कल्मषा नित्याभीष्टफलप्रदा भवतु मे सत्कर्मसंवर्धिता ॥

May the creeper of devotion, filled with the nectar of bliss, rising from the basin at Shiva's lotus feet, climbing on the support of steadiness and spreading branch upon branch, climb high over the trellis of the mind, stainless, nourished by good deeds, and always give me the fruit I desire.

VERSE 50

सन्ध्यारम्भविजृम्भितं श्रुतिशिरःस्थानान्तराधिष्ठितं सप्रेमभ्रमराभिराममसकृत् सद्वासनाशोभितम् ।

भोगीन्द्राभरणं समस्तसुमनःपूज्यं गुणाविष्कृतं सेवे श्रीगिरिमल्लिकार्जुनमहालिङ्गं शिवालिङ्गितम् ॥

I worship the great Linga Mallikarjuna of Srisailam, embraced by Parvati: it opens at dusk like the jasmine and shines high on the Vedas, ever lovely to loving bees, fragrant with good impressions, wearing the serpent king, worshipped with all flowers and by all the good, and revealed through its virtues.

VERSE 51

भृङ्गीच्छानटनोत्कटः करिमदग्राही स्फुरन्माधवाह्लादो नादयुतो महासितवपुः पञ्चेषुणा चादृतः ।
सत्पक्षः सुमनोवनेषु स पुनः साक्षान्मदीये मनोराजीवे भ्रमराधिपो विहरतां श्रीशैलवासी विभुः ॥

May the Lord who dwells on Srisailam roam as a king of bees in the lotus of my mind: he dances at Bhiringi's wish, takes away the elephant's pride, delights Vishnu, is joined with sound, has a great white form and is honoured by Kama, and wanders in the forest of good minds with his good company.

VERSE 52

कारुण्यामृतवर्षिणं घनविपद्ग्रीष्मच्छिदाकर्मठं विद्यासस्यफलोदयाय सुमनःसंसेव्यमिच्छाकृतिम् ।
नृत्यद्भक्तमयूरमद्विनिलयं चञ्चज्जटामण्डलं शम्भो वाञ्छति नीलकन्धर सदा त्वां मे मनश्चातकः ॥

O Shambhu with the blue throat, the chataka bird of my mind always longs for you, the cloud that rains the nectar of compassion, ends the summer heat of heavy trouble, is served by the good for the harvest of knowledge, takes any form at will, makes devotees dance like peacocks, dwells on the mountain and moves its matted locks.

VERSE 53

आकाशेन शिखी समस्तफणिनां नेत्रा कलापी नतानुग्राहिप्रणवोपदेशनिनदैः केकीति यो गीयते ।
श्यामां शैलसमुद्भवां घनरुचिं दृष्ट्वा नटन्तं मुदा वेदान्तोपवने विहाररसिकं तं नीलकण्ठं भजे ॥

I worship the blue-throated Lord who, like a peacock, is called Shikhi: with the sky as his crest, master of all serpents, adorned with the moon's digit, and crying out the Pranava to grace those who bow. Seeing dark Parvati, born of the mountain, like a rain cloud, he dances with joy, delighting in play in the garden of Vedanta.

VERSE 54

सन्ध्या घर्मदिनात्ययो हरिकराघातप्रभूतानकध्वानो वारिदगर्जितं दिविषदां दृष्टिच्छटा चञ्चला ।
भक्तानां परितोषबाष्पविततिर्वृष्टिर्मयूरी शिवा यस्मिन्नुज्ज्वलताण्डवं विजयते तं नीलकण्ठं भजे ॥

I worship the blue-throated Lord in whose dance of splendour the evening is the end of the hot day, Vishnu's drumbeats are the thunder of the clouds, the gods' glances are the lightning, the devotees' tears of joy are the rain, and Parvati is the peahen.

VERSE 55

आद्यायामिततेजसे श्रुतिपदैर्वेद्याय साध्याय ते विद्यानन्दमयात्मने त्रिजगतः संरक्षणोद्योगिने ।
ध्येयायाखिलयोगिभिः सुरगणैर्गेयाय मायाविने सम्यक्ताण्डवसम्भ्रमाय जटिने सेयं नतिः शम्भवे ॥

This salutation is to Shambhu: to the First, of boundless light, known by the words of the Vedas, the goal, whose self is knowledge and bliss, who strives to protect the three worlds, who is meditated on by all yogis and sung by the gods, master of maya, perfect in the dance, with matted hair.

VERSE 56

नित्याय त्रिगुणात्मने पुरजिते कात्यायनीश्रेयसे सत्यायादिकुटुम्बिने मुनिमनः प्रत्यक्षचिन्मूर्तये ।
मायासृष्टजगत्त्रयाय सकलाम्नायान्तसञ्चारिणे सायन्ताण्डवसम्भ्रमाय जटिने सेयं नतिः शम्भवे ॥

This salutation is to Shambhu: eternal, whose self holds the three gunas, conqueror of the cities, the good fortune of Katyayani, the true, the first householder, the form of consciousness seen directly by the minds of sages, who made the three worlds through maya, who moves in the end of all the Vedas, who dances at dusk, with matted hair.

VERSE 57

नित्यं स्वोदरपूरणाय सकलानुद्दिश्य वित्ताशया व्यर्थं पर्यटनं करोमि भवतः सेवां न जाने विभो ।
मज्जन्मान्तरपुण्यपाकबलतस्त्वं शर्व सर्वान्तरस्तिष्ठस्येव हि तेन वा पशुपते ते रक्षणीयोऽस्म्यहम् ॥

Every day, to fill my own belly, I wander uselessly to everyone in the hope of money, and I do not know how to serve you, O Lord. Yet by the force of merit ripened over past births you, Sharva, dwell within all, and so, O Pashupati, I am one you must protect.

VERSE 58

एको वारिजबान्धवः क्षितिभोव्याप्तं तमोमण्डलं भित्त्वा लोचनगोचरोऽपि भवति त्वं कोटिसूर्यप्रभः ।
वेद्यः किं न भवस्यहो घनतरं कीदृग्भवेन्मत्तमस्तत्सर्वं व्यपनीय मे पशुपते साक्षात् प्रसन्नो भव ॥

The single sun, friend of the lotus, splits the darkness spread over earth and sky and becomes visible to the eye. You shine like ten million suns; why, alas, are you not seen? How thick must my darkness be! Remove it all, O Pashupati, and appear to me in grace.

VERSE 59

हंसः पद्मवनं समिच्छति यथा नीलाम्बुदं चातकः कोकः कोकनदप्रियं प्रतिदिनं चन्द्रं चकोरस्तथा ।
चेतो वाञ्छति मामकं पशुपते चिन्मार्गमृगं विभो गौरीनाथ भवत्पदाब्जयुगलं कैवल्यसौख्यप्रदम् ॥

As the swan longs for a lotus pond, the chataka for a dark rain cloud, the chakravaka for the sun and the chakora for the moon each day, so my mind longs for your two lotus feet, O Lord of Gauri, sought on the path of knowledge, which give the happiness of liberation.

VERSE 60

रोधस्तोयहृतः श्रमेण पथिकश्छायां तरोर्वृष्टितो भीतः स्वस्थगृहं गृहस्थमतिथिर्दिनः प्रभुं धार्मिकम् ।
दीपं सन्तमसाकुलश्च शिखिनं शीतावृतस्त्वं तथा चेतः सर्वभयापहं व्रज सुखं शम्भोः पदाम्भोरुहम् ॥

As one swept off by a flood seeks the bank, a tired traveller the shade of a tree, one afraid of rain a safe house, a guest a householder, a poor man a righteous master, one in darkness a lamp and one in the cold a fire, so, O mind, go happily to Shambhu's lotus feet, which remove every fear.

VERSE 61

अङ्गोलं निजबीजसन्ततिरयस्कान्तोपलं सूचिका साध्वी नैजविभुं लता क्षितिरुहं सिन्धुः सरिद्वल्लभम् ।
प्राप्नोतीह यथा तथा पशुपतेः पादारविन्दद्वयं चेतोवृत्तिरुपेत्य तिष्ठति सदा सा भक्तिरित्युच्यते ॥

As the ankola seeds return to their tree, the needle to the magnet, the faithful wife to her lord, the creeper to the tree and the river to the ocean, so when the movement of the mind reaches Pashupati's lotus feet and stays there always, that is called devotion.

VERSE 62

आनन्दाश्रुभिरातनोति पुलकं नैर्मल्यतश्छादनं वाचाशङ्खमुखे स्थितैश्च जठरापूर्तिं चरित्रामृतैः ।
रुद्राक्षैर्भसितेन देव वपुषो रक्षां भवद्भावनापर्यङ्के विनिवेश्य भक्तिजननी भक्तार्भकं रक्षति ॥

Devotion is like a mother caring for her child, the devotee: she bathes him with tears of joy, clothes him with thrills of purity, feeds him the nectar of your stories poured from the conch of speech, guards his body with rudraksha and sacred ash, and lays him in the cradle of meditation on you.

VERSE 63

मार्गावर्तितपादुका पशुपतेरङ्गस्य कूर्चायते गण्डूषाम्बुनिषेचनं पुररिपोर्दिव्याभिषेकायते ।
किञ्चिद्भक्षितमांसशेषकबलं नव्योपहारायते भक्तिः किं न करोत्यहो वनचरो भक्तावतंसायते ॥

The sandal worn on the path becomes a brush for Pashupati's body, water spat from the mouth becomes the sacred bath of the destroyer of the cities, and a morsel of half-eaten meat becomes a fresh offering. What can devotion not do? Ah, a forest hunter becomes the crown of devotees.

VERSE 64

वक्षस्ताडनमन्तकस्य कठिनापस्मारसम्मर्दनं भूभृत्पर्यटनं नमत्सुरशिरःकोटीरसङ्घर्षणम् ।
कर्मेदं मृदुलस्य तावकपदद्वन्द्वस्य किं वोचितं मच्चेतोमणिपादुकाविहरणं शम्भो सदाङ्गीकुरु ॥

Kicking the chest of Yama, crushing the hard demon Apasmara, walking the mountains and rubbing against the crowns of bowing gods: is such work fit for your tender feet? O Shambhu, accept instead to walk always in the jewelled sandal of my mind.

VERSE 65

वक्षस्ताडनशङ्कया विचलितो वैवस्वतो निर्जराः कोटीरोज्ज्वलरत्नदीपकलिकानीराजनं कुर्वते ।
दृष्ट्वा मुक्तिवधूस्तनोति निभृताश्लेषं भवानीपते यच्चेतस्तव पादपद्मभजनं तस्येह किं दुर्लभम् ॥

Fearing a kick to the chest, Yama runs away; the gods wave lights from the bright gems in their crowns; liberation, like a bride, embraces him closely, O Lord of Bhavani. For one whose mind worships your lotus feet, what here is hard to obtain?

VERSE 66

क्रीडार्थं सृजसि प्रपञ्चमखिलं क्रीडामृगास्ते जना यत्कर्माचरितं मया च भवतः प्रीत्यै भवत्येव तत् ।
शम्भो स्वस्य कुतूहलस्य करणं मच्चेष्टितं निश्चितं तस्मान्नामकरक्षणं पशुपते कर्तव्यमेव त्वया ॥

You create this whole world for play, and people are your play-animals. Whatever I do surely serves to please you. O Shambhu, my actions are certainly a means of your own amusement; therefore protecting me is your duty, O Pashupati.

VERSE 67

बहुविधपरितोषबाष्पपूरस्फुटपुलकाङ्कितचारुभोगभूमिम् ।
चिरपदफलकाङ्क्षिसेव्यमानां परमसदाशिवभावनां प्रपद्ये ॥

I take refuge in meditation on the supreme Sadashiva, the lovely ground of enjoyment marked by many tears of joy and clear thrills of delight, sought by those who long for the lasting fruit.

VERSE 68

अमितमुदमृतं मुहुर्दुहन्तीं विमलभवत्पदगोष्ठमावसन्तीम् ।
सदय पशुपते सुपुण्यपाकां मम परिपालय भक्तिधेनुमेकाम् ॥

O kind Pashupati, protect my one cow of devotion: she yields boundless nectar of joy again and again, lives in the pure cowshed of your feet and is the ripening of great merit.

VERSE 69

जडता पशुता कलङ्किता कुटिलचरत्वं च नास्ति मयि देव ।
अस्ति यदि राजमौले भवदाभरणस्य नास्मि किं पात्रम् ॥

Dullness, beastliness, blemish and crooked movement, are these not in me, O god? If they are, O moon-crowned Lord, am I not fit to be your ornament, like the moon and the serpent you wear?

VERSE 70

अरहसि रहसि स्वतन्त्रबुद्ध्या वरिवसितुं सुलभः प्रसन्नमूर्तिः ।
अगणितफलदायकः प्रभुर्मे जगदधिको हृदि राजशेखरोऽस्ति ॥

In private or in public, one may worship him freely with an independent mind; he is easy to reach and gracious in form. My Lord, giver of countless rewards, greater than the world, crowned with the moon, is in my heart.

VERSE 71

आरूढभक्तिगुणकुञ्चितभावचापयुक्तैः शिवस्मरणबाणगणैरमोघैः ।
निर्जित्य किल्बिषरिपून् विजयी सुधीन्द्रः सानन्दमावहति सुस्थिरराजलक्ष्मीम् ॥

With unfailing arrows of remembrance of Shiva, shot from the bow of feeling bent with the string of devotion, the wise one conquers the enemies called sins and, victorious, joyfully gains a firm royal fortune.

VERSE 72

ध्यानाञ्जनेन समवेक्ष्य तमःप्रदेशं भित्त्वा महाबलिभिरीश्वरनाममन्त्रैः ।
दिव्याश्रितं भुजगभूषणमुद्वहन्ति ये पादपद्ममिह ते शिव ते कृतार्थाः ॥

Those who see the region of darkness with the eye-salve of meditation, break it open with the mighty mantras of the Lord's names and take up the divine treasure of your lotus feet, adorned with serpents, they are fulfilled, O Shiva.

VERSE 73

भूदारतामुदवहदपेक्षया श्रीभूदार एव किमतः सुमते लभस्व ।
केदारमाकलितमुक्तिमहौषधीनां पादारविन्दभजनं परमेश्वरस्य ॥

O wise one, worship the lotus feet of the Supreme Lord, the field where the herbs of liberation grow; for their sake Vishnu himself took the form of a boar to dig the earth. What more could you gain than this?

VERSE 74

आशापाशक्लेशदुर्वासनादिभेदोद्युक्तैर्दिव्यगन्धैरमन्दैः ।
आशाशाटीकस्य पादारविन्दं चेतःपेटीं वासितां मे तनोतु ॥

May the lotus feet of the Lord who wears the directions as his garment perfume the box of my mind with rich divine fragrance that breaks the snare of desire, suffering and bad impressions.

VERSE 75

कल्याणिनं सरसचित्रगतिं सवेगं सर्वेङ्गितज्ञमनघं ध्रुवलक्षणाढ्यम् ।
चेतस्तुरङ्गमधिरुह्य चर स्मरारे नेतः समस्तजगतां वृषभाधिरूढ ॥

O enemy of Kama, leader of all the worlds, rider of the bull, mount the horse of my mind and ride: it is auspicious, has graceful and varied paces, is swift, understands every sign, is faultless and full of steady marks.

VERSE 76

भक्तिर्महेशपदपुष्करमावसन्ती कादम्बिनीव कुरुते परितोषवर्षम् ।
सम्पूरितो भवति यस्य मनस्तटाकस्तज्जन्मसस्यमखिलं सफलं च नान्यत् ॥

Devotion that dwells at the Lord's lotus feet, like a bank of rain clouds, pours down a shower of joy. The one whose mind-lake is filled by it, his whole crop of life bears fruit; nothing else does.

VERSE 77

बुद्धिः स्थिरा भवितुमीश्वरपादपद्मसक्ता वधूर्विरहिणीव सदा स्मरन्ती ।
सद्भावनास्मरणदर्शनकीर्तनादि सम्मोहितेव शिवमन्त्रजपेन विन्ते ॥

To become steady, the intellect, attached to the Lord's lotus feet, keeps remembering him like a bride separated from her husband. Absorbed in good feeling, remembrance, seeing and singing, as if entranced, it finds him through the repetition of Shiva's mantra.

VERSE 78

सदुपचारविधिष्वनुबोधितां सविनयां सुहृदं समुपाश्रिताम् ।
मम समुद्धर बुद्धिमिमां प्रभो वरगुणेन नवोढवधूमिव ॥

O Lord, lift up this mind of mine, taught in the ways of right service, humble and devoted to the Friend, just as a husband of good qualities raises up a new bride.

VERSE 79

नित्यं योगिमनः सरोजदलसञ्चारक्षमस्त्वत्क्रमः शम्भो तेन कथं कठोरयमराड्वक्षःकवाटक्षतिः ।
अत्यन्तं मृदुलं त्वदङ्घ्रियुगलं हा मे मनश्चिन्तयत्येतल्लोचनगोचरं कुरु विभो हस्तेन संवाहये ॥

O Shambhu, your steps can move even on the lotus petals of yogis' minds; how then did they break the hard door of Yama's chest? My mind thinks with sorrow how very tender your feet are; let me see them, O Lord, and I will soothe them with my hand.

VERSE 80

एष्यत्येष जनिं मनोऽस्य कठिनं तस्मिन्नटानीति मद्रक्षायै गिरिसीम्नि कोमलपदन्यासः पुराभ्यासितः ।
नो चेद्दिव्यगृहान्तरेषु सुमनस्तल्पेषु वेद्यादिषु प्रायः सत्सु शिलातलेषु नटनं शम्भो किमर्थं तव ॥

"This one will be born again and his mind will be hard; I will dance there." Thinking this, did you long ago practise soft steps on the mountain rocks for my protection? Otherwise, O Shambhu, with divine halls, flower beds and altars available, why do you dance on stone?

VERSE 81

कञ्चित्कालमुमामहेश भवतः पादारविन्दार्चनैः कञ्चिद्भयानसमाधिभिश्च नतिभिः कञ्चित्कथाकर्णनैः ।
कञ्चित् कञ्चिद्वेक्षणैश्च नुतिभिः कञ्चिद्दशामीदृशीं यः प्राप्नोति मुदा त्वदर्पितमना जीवन् स मुक्तः खलु ॥

Some time in worship of your lotus feet, O Lord of Uma, some in meditation and samadhi, some in bowing, some in hearing your stories, some in seeing you and some in praising you: whoever reaches such a state joyfully, with mind given to you, is free while still alive.

VERSE 82

बाणत्वं वृषभत्वमर्धवपुषा भार्यात्वमार्यापते घोणित्वं सखिता मृदङ्गवहता चेत्यादि रूपं दधौ ।

त्वत्पादे नयनार्पणं च कृतवांस्त्वद्देहभागो हरिः पूज्यात्पूज्यतरः स एव हि न चेत् को वा तदन्योऽधिकः ॥

Vishnu, who is part of your body, became your arrow, your bull, your wife in half your body, a boar, your friend and your drum-bearer, and offered his eye at your feet. He is more worthy of worship than any; if not, who else is greater than him?

VERSE 83

जननमृतियुतानां सेवया देवतानां न भवति सुखलेशः संशयो नास्ति तत्र ।

अजनिममृतरूपं साम्बमीशं भजन्ते य इह परमसौख्यं ते हि धन्या लभन्ते ॥

The verse says there is not the slightest happiness in serving gods who are subject to birth and death; of this there is no doubt. Those blessed ones who worship the unborn, deathless Lord with Amba attain the highest happiness here.

VERSE 84

शिव तव परिचर्यासन्निधानाय गौर्या भव मम गुणधुर्या बुद्धिकन्यां प्रदास्ये ।

सकलभुवनबन्धो सच्चिदानन्दसिन्धो सदय हृदयगेहे सर्वदा संवस त्वम् ॥

O Shiva, for your service near Gauri, I will give you my daughter, the intellect, rich in virtues. O kinsman of all worlds, ocean of being, consciousness and bliss, kind one, dwell always in the house of my heart.

VERSE 85

जलधिमथनदक्षो नैव पातालभेदी न च वनमृगयायां नैव लुब्धः प्रवीणः ।

अशनकुसुमभूषावस्त्रमुख्यां सपर्यां कथय कथमहं ते कल्पयानीन्दुमौले ॥

I am not skilled in churning the ocean, nor in breaking into the underworld, nor in hunting in the forest. Tell me, O moon-crowned Lord, how am I to arrange your worship with food, flowers, ornaments, clothes and the rest?

VERSE 86

पूजाद्रव्यसमृद्धयो विरचिताः पूजां कथं कुर्महे पक्षित्वं न च वा किटित्वमपि न प्राप्तं मया दुर्लभम् ।

जाने मस्तकमङ्घ्रिपल्लवमुमाजाने न तेऽहं विभो न ज्ञातं हि पितामहेन हरिणा तत्त्वेन तद्रूपिणा ॥

The materials for worship are gathered, but how shall I worship? I have not gained the rare form of a bird or a boar. I do not know your head or your sprout-like feet, O Lord of Uma, for even Brahma and Vishnu did not know them in truth when they took those forms.

VERSE 87

अशनं गरलं फणी कलापो वसनं चर्म च वाहनं महोक्षः ।
मम दास्यसि किं किमस्ति शम्भो तव पादाम्बुजभक्तिमेव देहि ॥

Your food is poison, your ornament a serpent, your clothing hide and your vehicle a great bull. What will you give me, Shambhu, and what do you have? Give me only devotion to your lotus feet.

VERSE 88

यदा कृताम्भोनिधिसेतुबन्धनः करस्थलाधःकृतपर्वताधिपः ।
भवानि ते लङ्घितपद्मसम्भवस्तदा शिवार्चास्तवभावनक्षमः ॥

When I have bridged the ocean like Rama, pressed the king of mountains under my palm like Ravana and surpassed lotus-born Brahma, then I shall become fit to think of your worship and praise, O Shiva.

VERSE 89

नतिभिर्नुतिभिस्त्वमीश पूजाविधिभिर्ध्यानसमाधिभिर्न तुष्टः ।
धनुषा मुसलेन चाश्मभिर्वा वद ते प्रीतिकरं तथा करोमि ॥

O Lord, you are not pleased by bows, praises, rites of worship, meditation or samadhi. Should it be with a bow, a pestle or stones? Tell me what pleases you and I will do just that.

VERSE 90

वचसा चरितं वदामि शम्भोरहमुद्योगविधासु तेऽप्रसक्तः ।
मनसाकृतिमीश्वरस्य सेवे शिरसा चैव सदाशिवं नमामि ॥

With my speech I tell Shambhu's deeds; I am not attached to the ways of striving for worldly gain. With my mind I serve the Lord's form, and with my head I bow to Sadashiva.

VERSE 91

आद्याविद्या हृद्रता निर्गतासीद्विद्या हृद्या हृद्रता त्वत्प्रसादात् ।
सेवे नित्यं श्रीकरं त्वत्पदाब्जं भावे मुक्तेर्भाजनं राजमौले ॥

The primal ignorance that lived in my heart has left; by your grace, delightful knowledge has come into my heart. O moon-crowned Lord, I serve forever your lotus feet, which bring prosperity and which I see as the vessel of liberation.

VERSE 92

दूरीकृतानि दुरितानि दुरक्षराणि दौर्भाग्यदुःखदुरहङ्कृतिदुर्वचांसि ।
सारं त्वदीयचरितं नितरां पिबन्तं गौरीश मामिह समुद्धर सत्कटाक्षैः ॥

Sins, ill fate written on the brow, misfortune, sorrow, bad pride and harsh words have been driven far away. O Lord of Gauri, lift me up with your kind glances as I drink deeply of the essence of your story.

VERSE 93

सोमकलाधरमौलौ कोमलघनकन्धरे महामहसि ।
स्वामिनि गिरिजानाथे मामकहृदयं निरन्तरं रमताम् ॥

May my heart always delight in the Lord of Parvati, the Master, who bears the moon's digit on his crown, has a soft dark throat and is of great splendour.

VERSE 94

सा रसना ते नयने तावेव करौ स एव कृतकृत्यः ।
या ये यौ यो भर्गं वदतीक्षेते सदार्चतः स्मरति ॥

That tongue, those eyes, those hands and that person alone have done what needs doing: the tongue that speaks of Bharga, the eyes that see him, the hands that always worship him and the one who remembers him.

VERSE 95

अतिमृदुलौ मम चरणावतिकठिनं ते मनो भवानीश ।
इति विचिकित्सां सन्त्यज शिव कथमासीद्विरौ तथा वेशः ॥

My feet are very tender and your heart is very hard, O Lord of Bhavani; give up this doubt. Shiva, how else could you have walked about the mountain in that way?

VERSE 96

धैर्याङ्कुशेन निभृतं रभसादाकृष्य भक्तिशृङ्खलया ।
पुरहर चरणालाने हृदयमदेभं बधान चिद्यन्त्रैः ॥

O destroyer of the cities, with the goad of courage draw firmly the elephant of my heart, maddened with passion, bind it with the chain of devotion to the post of your feet, and hold it fast with the ropes of awareness.

VERSE 97

प्रचरत्यभितः प्रगल्भवृत्त्या मदवानेष मनःकरी गरीयान् ।
परिगृह्य नयेन भक्तिरज्ज्वा परम स्थाणुपदं दृढं नयामुम् ॥

This mighty elephant, my mind, roams everywhere in its pride and passion. O Supreme One, catching it skilfully with the rope of devotion, I will lead it to the firm post that is your abode, O Sthanu.

VERSE 98

सर्वालङ्कारयुक्तां सरलपदयुतां साधुवृत्तां सुवर्णां सद्भिः संस्तूयमानां सरसगुणयुतां लक्षितां लक्षणाढ्याम् ।
उद्यद्भूषाविशेषामुपगतविनयां द्योतमानार्थरेखां कल्याणीं देव गौरीप्रिय मम कविताकन्यकां त्वं गृहाण ॥

O god, beloved of Gauri, accept the maiden of my poetry: adorned with all ornaments, with simple words, good metre and fine syllables, praised by the good, full of flavour and virtues, marked with good signs, rich in rising beauty, modest and shining with meaning.

VERSE 99

इदं ते युक्तं वा परमशिव कारुण्यजलधे गतौ तिर्यग्रूपं तव पदशिरोदर्शनधिया ।
हरिब्रह्माणौ तौ दिवि भुवि चरन्तौ श्रमयुतौ कथं शम्भो स्वामिन् कथय मम वेद्योऽसि पुरतः ॥

Is this fitting for you, O Supreme Shiva, ocean of compassion? Vishnu and Brahma took the forms of animals to see your feet and head, and wandered wearily in heaven and on earth. Tell me, O Shambhu, my Master, how is it that you can be seen before me?

VERSE 100

स्तोत्रेणालमहं प्रवचि न मृषा देवा विरिञ्चादयः स्तुत्यानां गणनाप्रसङ्गसमये त्वामग्रगण्यं विदुः ।
माहात्म्याग्रविचारणप्रकरणे धानातुषस्तोमवद्भूतास्त्वां विदुरुत्तमोत्तमफलं शम्भो भवत्सेवकाः ॥

Enough of praise; I do not speak falsely. Brahma and the gods, when counting those worthy of praise, know you as the foremost. When the greatness of the gods is weighed, your servants, O Shambhu, know them blown away like chaff and know you as the highest fruit of all.

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The Shivananda Lahari with its meaning, how and when it is recited, and the same text in five more scripts:
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