



SACRED HYMN · SANSKRIT (DEVANAGARI) WITH MEANING

SOUNDARYA LAHARI

Attributed to Adi Shankaracharya

One hundred verses in the shikharini metre, in the order chanted in South India: the Ananda Lahari (1 to 41) and the Soundarya Lahari (42 to 100).

VERSE 1

शिवः शक्त्या युक्तो यदि भवति शक्तः प्रभवितुं न चेदेवं देवो न खलु कुशलः स्पन्दितुमपि ।
अतस्त्वामाराध्यां हरिहरविरिञ्चादिभिरपि प्रणन्तुं स्तोतुं वा कथमकृतपुण्यः प्रभवति ॥

Shiva, when joined with Shakti, is able to create; without her, the god cannot even stir. So how could anyone who has not earned merit bow to you or praise you, whom even Vishnu, Shiva and Brahma worship?

VERSE 2

तनीयांसं पांसुं तव चरणपङ्केरुहभवं विरिञ्चिः संचिन्वन्विरचयति लोकानविकलम् ।
वहत्येनं शौरिः कथमपि सहस्रेण शिरसां हरः संक्षुद्यैनं भजति भसितोद्भूलनविधिम् ॥

Gathering a tiny speck of dust from your lotus feet, Brahma creates the worlds without flaw. Vishnu, as the thousand-headed serpent, carries that same speck with effort, and Shiva grinds it to powder and smears it on his body as sacred ash.

VERSE 3

अविद्यानामन्तस्तिमिरमिहिरद्वीपनगरी जडानां चैतन्यस्तबकमकरन्दस्रुतिझरी ।
दरिद्राणां चिन्तामणिगुणनिका जन्मजलधौ निमग्नानां दंष्ट्रा मुररिपुवराहस्य भवति ॥

For the ignorant, the dust of your feet is a city of the rising sun that ends inner darkness; for the dull, a stream of honey flowing from clusters of awareness. For the poor it is a string of wish-granting gems, and for those sunk in the ocean of birth it is the tusk of Vishnu as the boar.

VERSE 4

त्वदन्यः पाणिभ्यामभयवरदो दैवतगणस्त्वमेका नैवासि प्रकटितवराभीत्यभिनया ।
भयात्त्रातुं दातुं फलमपि च वाञ्छासमधिकं शरण्ये लोकानां तव हि चरणावेव निपुणौ ॥

The other gods show the gestures of protection and boon with their hands; you alone make no such gesture. For your feet by themselves, O refuge of the worlds, are able to save from fear and to give more than one wishes for.

VERSE 5

हरिस्त्वामाराध्य प्रणतजनसौभाग्यजननीं पुरा नारी भूत्वा पुररिपुमपि क्षोभमनयत् ।
स्मरोऽपि त्वां नत्वा रतिनयनलेह्येन वपुषा मुनीनामप्यन्तः प्रभवति हि मोहाय महताम् ॥

Vishnu, having worshipped you who bring good fortune to those who bow, once became a woman and stirred even Shiva, the destroyer of the cities. Kama too, bowing to you, gained a body that delights the eyes of Rati, and with it he can bewilder even great sages.

VERSE 6

धनुः पौष्पं मौर्वी मधुकरमयी पञ्च विशिखा वसन्तः सामन्तो मलयमरुदायोधनरथः ।
तथाप्येकः सर्वं हिमगिरिसुते कामपि कृपामपाङ्गात्ते लब्ध्वा जगदिदमनङ्गो विजयते ॥

His bow is made of flowers, its string of bees, his arrows only five, spring is his ally and the breeze from the Malaya hills his chariot. Yet, daughter of the snowy mountain, the bodiless Kama conquers this whole world alone, having received some grace from the corner of your eye.

VERSE 7

क्वणत्काञ्चीदामा करिकलभकुम्भस्तननता परिक्षीणा मध्ये परिणतशरच्चन्द्रवदना ।
धनुर्बाणान्पाशं सृणिमपि दधाना करतलैः पुरस्तादास्तां नः पुरमथितुराहोपुरुषिका ॥

With a jingling girdle, bending under breasts like the temples of a young elephant, slender at the waist, with a face like the full autumn moon, holding bow, arrows, noose and goad in her hands: may she, the proud self of Shiva who destroyed the cities, stand before us.

VERSE 8

सुधासिन्धोर्मध्ये सुरविटपिवाटीपरिवृते मणिद्वीपे नीपोपवनवति चिन्तामणिगृहे ।
शिवाकारे मञ्चे परमशिवपर्यङ्कनिलयां भजन्ति त्वां धन्याः कतिचन चिदानन्दलहरीम् ॥

In the middle of the ocean of nectar, on the island of gems ringed by heavenly trees, in a grove of kadamba trees, in a mansion of wish-granting stones, on a couch shaped as Shiva with Paramashiva as its cushion: few and blessed are those who worship you there, a wave of consciousness and bliss.

VERSE 9

महीं मूलाधारे कमपि मणिपूरे हुतवहं स्थितं स्वाधिष्ठाने हृदि मरुतमाकाशमुपरि ।
मनोऽपि भ्रूमध्ये सकलमपि भित्त्वा कुलपथं सहस्रारे पद्मे सह रहसि पत्या विहरसे ॥

You pierce earth at the Muladhara, water at the Manipura, fire at the Svadhishthana, air at the heart, space above it and mind between the brows. Having broken through the whole path of the Kula, you sport in secret with your consort in the thousand-petalled lotus.

VERSE 10

सुधाधारासारैश्चरणयुगलान्तर्विगलितैः प्रपञ्चं सिञ्चन्ती पुनरपि रसाम्नायमहसः ।
अवाप्य स्वां भूमिं भुजगनिभमध्युष्टवलयं स्वमात्मानं कृत्वा स्वपिषि कुलकुण्डे कुहरिणि ॥

With streams of nectar flowing from between your feet you drench the whole body again, coming from the radiance of the moon. Then you return to your own place, take the form of a serpent coiled in three and a half turns, and sleep in the hollow of the Kula-kunda.

VERSE 11

चतुर्भिः श्रीकण्ठैः शिवयुवतिभिः पञ्चभिरपि प्रभिन्नाभिः शम्भोर्नवभिरपि मूलप्रकृतिभिः ।

चतुश्चत्वारिंशद्वसुदलकलाश्रत्रिवलयत्रिरेखाभिः सार्धं तव शरणकोणाः परिणताः ॥

With four Shiva triangles and five Shakti triangles distinct from Shiva, the nine root forms of nature, your dwelling unfolds into forty-four angles, together with the eight-petalled and sixteen-petalled lotuses, the three circles and the three lines.

VERSE 12

त्वदीयं सौन्दर्यं तुहिनगिरिकन्ये तुलयितुं कवीन्द्राः कल्पन्ते कथमपि विरिञ्चिप्रभृतयः ।

यदालोकौत्सुक्यादमरललना यान्ति मनसा तपोभिर्दुष्प्रापामपि गिरिशसायुज्यपदवीम् ॥

Even the best of poets, Brahma and the rest, struggle to find any comparison for your beauty, daughter of the snowy mountain. Longing to see it, the women of heaven reach in their minds the state of union with Shiva that is hard to win even by austerity.

VERSE 13

नरं वर्षीयांसं नयनविरसं नर्मसु जडं तवापाङ्गालोके पतितमनुधावन्ति शतशः ।

गलद्वेणीबन्धाः कुचकलशविस्रस्तसिचया हठात्तृट्यत्काञ्च्यो विगलितदुकूला युवतयः ॥

When your sidelong glance falls even on an old man, ugly to look at and dull in love, young women run after him by the hundreds, their braids loosening, their garments slipping from their breasts, their girdles snapping and silks falling away.

VERSE 14

क्षितौ षट्पञ्चाशद्विसमधिकपञ्चाशदुदके हुताशे द्वाषष्टिश्चतुरधिकपञ्चाशदनिले ।

दिवि द्विःषट्त्रिंशन्मनसि च चतुःषष्टिरिति ये मयूखास्तेषामप्युपरि तव पादाम्बुजयुगम् ॥

There are fifty-six rays in earth, fifty-two in water, sixty-two in fire, fifty-four in air, seventy-two in space and sixty-four in mind; above all these rays are your two lotus feet.

VERSE 15

शरज्ज्योत्स्नाशुद्धां शशियुतजटाजूटमकुटां वरत्रासत्राणस्फटिकघटिकापुस्तककराम् ।

सकृन्न त्वा नत्वा कथमिव सतां संनिदधते मधुक्षीरद्राक्षामधुरिमधुरीणा भणितयः ॥

How could those who have bowed to you even once, white as autumn moonlight, wearing the moon in your matted hair, holding boon and refuge gestures, a crystal rosary and a book, fail to be graced with speech as sweet as honey, milk and grapes? The verse says such speech comes to them.

VERSE 16

कवीन्द्राणां चेतःकमलवनबालातपरुचिं भजन्ते ये सन्तः कतिचिदरुणामेव भवतीम् ।
विरिञ्चिप्रेयस्यास्तरुणतरशृङ्गारलहरीगभीराभिर्वाग्भिर्विदधति सतां रञ्जनममी ॥

Those good souls who worship you as the rose-red Aruna, morning sunlight to the lotus-forest of the minds of great poets,
delight the wise with words as deep as the waves of the youthful grace of Saraswati.

VERSE 17

सवित्रीभिर्वाचां शशिमणिशिलाभङ्गरुचिभिर्वशिन्याद्याभिस्त्वां सह जननि संचिन्तयति यः ।
स कर्ता काव्यानां भवति महतां भङ्गिरुचिभिर्वचोभिर्वाग्देवीवदनकमलामोदमधुरैः ॥

Whoever meditates on you, Mother, together with Vashini and the other goddesses who give birth to speech and shine like
broken moonstone, the verse says becomes a maker of poems with the charm of the great, words fragrant as the lotus face of
the goddess of speech.

VERSE 18

तनुच्छायाभिस्ते तरुणतरणिश्रीसरणिभिर्दिवं सर्वामूर्विमरुणिमनि मग्नां स्मरति यः ।
भवन्त्यस्य त्रस्यद्वनहरिणशालीननयनाः सहोर्वश्या वश्याः कति कति न गीर्वाणगणिकाः ॥

Whoever remembers heaven and earth as drowned in the red glow of your body, bright as the young rising sun, the verse says,
finds that many celestial courtesans, Urvashi among them, with eyes like startled forest deer, come under his sway.

VERSE 19

मुखं बिन्दुं कृत्वा कुचयुगमधस्तस्य तदधो हरार्धं ध्यायेद्यो हरमहिषि ते मन्मथकलाम् ।
स सद्यः संक्षोभं नयति वनिता इत्यतिलघु त्रिलोकीमप्याशु भ्रमयति रवीन्दुस्तनयुगाम् ॥

Whoever meditates on your form of desire, O queen of Shiva, placing the dot as the face, the two breasts beneath it and half of
the Hara syllable below, the verse says quickly stirs women and even sets the three worlds, whose breasts are sun and moon, in
a whirl.

VERSE 20

किरन्तीमङ्गेभ्यः किरणनिकुरम्बामृतरसं हृदि त्वामाधत्ते हिमकरशिलामूर्तिमिव यः ।
स सर्पाणां दर्पं शमयति शकुन्ताधिप इव ज्वरप्लुष्टान्दृष्ट्या सुखयति सुधाधारसिरया ॥

Whoever holds you in the heart as a figure of moonstone pouring nectar rays from every limb, the verse says, subdues the pride
of serpents like Garuda and soothes those burning with fever by a glance that flows with nectar.

VERSE 21

तटिल्लेखातन्वीं तपनशिवैश्वानरमयीं निषण्णां षण्णामप्युपरि कमलानां तव कलाम् ।
महापद्माटव्यां मृदितमलमायेन मनसा महान्तः पश्यन्तो दधति परमाह्लादलहरीम् ॥

The great ones, with minds free of impurity and illusion, see your subtle form, thin as a streak of lightning, made of sun, moon and fire, seated above the six lotuses in the great lotus forest, and they hold a wave of supreme joy.

VERSE 22

भवानि त्वं दासे मयि वितर दृष्टिं सकरुणामिति स्तोतुं वाञ्छन्कथयति भवानि त्वमिति यः ।
तदैव त्वं तस्मै दिशसि निजसायुज्यपदवीं मुकुन्दब्रह्मेन्द्रस्फुटमकुटनीराजितपदाम् ॥

If someone, wishing to pray 'Bhavani, cast your compassionate glance on me, your servant', has only said 'Bhavani, you', at that very moment you grant him union with you, the feet that are waved with lamps by the crowns of Vishnu, Brahma and Indra.

VERSE 23

त्वया हृत्वा वामं वपुरपरितृप्तेन मनसा शरीरार्धं शंभोरपरमपि शङ्के हृतमभूत् ।
यदेतत्त्वद्रूपं सकलमरुणाभं त्रिनयनं कुचाभ्यामानम्रं कुटिलशशिचूडालमकुटम् ॥

Not content with taking the left half of Shiva's body, I suspect you have taken the other half too. For your whole form is rosy, three-eyed, bowed by the breasts and crowned with the crescent moon.

VERSE 24

जगत्सूते धाता हरिवति रुद्रः क्षपयते तिरस्कुर्वन्नेतत्स्वमपि वपुरीशस्तिरयति ।
सदापूर्वः सर्वं तदिदमनुगृह्णाति च शिवस्तवाज्ञामालम्ब्य क्षणचलितयोर्भ्रूलतिकयोः ॥

Brahma creates the world, Vishnu protects it, Rudra destroys it, and Ishvara, withdrawing all these, dissolves even his own body. Sadashiva then restores all of it, obeying the command of your eyebrows that move for an instant.

VERSE 25

त्रयाणां देवानां त्रिगुणजनितानां तव शिवे भवेत्पूजा पूजा तव चरणयोर्या विरचिता ।
तथाहि त्वत्पादोद्वहनमणिपीठस्य निकटे स्थिता ह्येते शश्वन्मुकुलितकरोत्तंसमकुटाः ॥

Worship offered at your feet, O Shiva's consort, becomes worship of the three gods born of the three qualities. For they always stand near the jewelled footstool that bears your feet, their hands folded above their crowns.

VERSE 26

विरिञ्चिः पञ्चत्वं व्रजति हरिराप्नोति विरतिं विनाशं कीनाशो भजति धनदो याति निधनम् ।
वितन्त्री माहेन्द्री विततिरपि संमीलितदृशा महासंहारेऽस्मिन्विहरति सति त्वत्पतिरसौ ॥

Brahma meets death, Vishnu comes to rest, Yama is destroyed and Kubera passes away; even Indra's hosts close their eyes for good. In that great dissolution, O faithful one, your husband alone remains, sporting.

VERSE 27

जपो जल्पः शिल्पं सकलमपि मुद्राविरचना गतिः प्रादक्षिण्यक्रमणमशनाद्याहुतिविधिः ।
प्रणामः संवेशः सुखमखिलमात्मार्पणदृशा सपर्यापर्यायस्तव भवतु यन्मे विलसितम् ॥

Let my talk be your prayer, my every movement of the hands a ritual gesture, my walking a circling around you, my eating and the rest an offering into the fire, my lying down a prostration. May all my pleasures, seen as offering myself to you, be a form of your worship.

VERSE 28

सुधामप्यास्वाद्य प्रतिभयजरामृत्युहरिणीं विपद्यन्ते विश्वे विधिशतमखाद्या दिविषदः ।
करालं यत्क्ष्वेलं कबलितवतः कालकलना न शंभोस्तन्मूलं तव जननि ताटङ्कमहिमा ॥

Even after drinking nectar, which removes fearful age and death, Brahma, Indra and the other gods perish. Death did not touch Shiva though he swallowed the terrible poison; the cause, Mother, is the greatness of your ear ornaments.

VERSE 29

किरीटं वैरिञ्चं परिहर पुरः कैटभभिदः कठोरे कोटीरे स्खलसि जहि जम्भारिमुकुटम् ।
प्रणम्रेष्वेतेषु प्रसभमुपयातस्य भवनं भवस्याभ्युत्थाने तव परिजनोक्तिर्विजयते ॥

Avoid Brahma's crown in front of you, you will trip on the hard crown of Vishnu, leave aside Indra's crown: when Shiva arrives at your home and you rise to greet him while these gods bow, the words of your attendants ring out.

VERSE 30

स्वदेहोद्भूताभिर्घृणिभिरणिमाद्याभिरभितो निषेव्ये नित्ये त्वामहमिति सदा भावयति यः ।
किमाश्चर्यं तस्य त्रिनयनसमृद्धिं तृणयतो महासंवर्ताग्निर्विरचयति नीराजनविधिम् ॥

Whoever always meditates on you, the eternal one, as himself, surrounded by the rays born from your body, Anima and the other powers, holds the wealth of Shiva as straw. The verse says even the fire of the final dissolution waves lamps before him.

VERSE 31

चतुःषष्ट्या तन्त्रैः सकलमतिसन्धाय भुवनं स्थितस्तत्तत्सिद्धिप्रसवपरतन्त्रैः पशुपतिः ।
पुनस्त्वन्निर्बन्धादखिलपुरुषार्थैकघटनास्वतन्त्रं ते तन्त्रं क्षितितलमवातीतरदिदम् ॥

Shiva bewildered the whole world with sixty-four tantras, each bound to its own power. Then, at your insistence, he brought down to earth this tantra of yours, which alone gives all the aims of human life.

VERSE 32

शिवः शक्तिः कामः क्षितिस्थ रविः शीतकिरणः स्मरो हंसः शक्रस्तदनु च परामारहरयः ।
अमी ह्रल्लेखाभिस्तिष्ठभिरवसानेषु घटिता भजन्ते वर्णास्ते तव जननि नामावयवताम् ॥

Shiva, Shakti, Kama, earth; then sun, moon, Smara, swan, Indra; then Para, Mara and Hari: these letters, closed at the ends by three Hrim syllables, become the parts of your name, Mother.

VERSE 33

स्मरं योनिं लक्ष्मीं त्रितयमिदमादौ तव मनोर्निधायैके नित्ये निरवधिमहाभोगरसिकाः ।
भजन्ति त्वां चिन्तामणिगुणनिबद्धाक्षवल्याः शिवाग्नौ जुहन्तः सुरभिघृतधाराहुतिशतैः ॥

Placing the three seed syllables of Kama, Yoni and Lakshmi at the start of your mantra, some who delight in endless bliss worship you, eternal one, with rosaries of wish-granting gems, offering hundreds of streams of fragrant ghee into the fire of Shiva.

VERSE 34

शरीरं त्वं शंभोः शशिमिहिरवक्षोरुहयुगं तवात्मानं मन्ये भगवति नवात्मानमनघम् ।
अतः शेषः शेषीत्ययमुभयसाधारणतया स्थितः संबन्धो वां समरसपरानन्दपरयोः ॥

Your body is Shiva's, with sun and moon as its breasts; I see your self as the flawless nine-fold self of Shiva. So the relation of whole and part is shared by both of you, equal in essence and in supreme bliss.

VERSE 35

मनस्त्वं व्योम त्वं मरुदसि मरुत्सारथिरसि त्वमापस्त्वं भूमिस्त्वयि परिणतायां न हि परम् ।
त्वमेव स्वात्मानं परिणमयितुं विश्वपुष्पा चिदानन्दाकारं शिवयुवति भावेन बिभृषे ॥

You are mind, space, air and fire, you are water and earth; when you have become all this there is nothing else. To unfold yourself as the body of the universe, O consort of Shiva, you take on the form of consciousness and bliss.

VERSE 36

तवाज्ञाचक्रस्थं तपनशशिकोटिद्युतिधरं परं शंभुं वन्दे परिमिलितपार्श्वं परचिता ।
यमाराध्यन्भक्त्या रविशशिशुचीनामविषये निरालोकेऽलोके निवसति हि भालोकभुवने ॥

I bow to the supreme Shambhu in your Ajna centre, shining with the light of millions of suns and moons, joined at his side by the supreme consciousness. One who worships him with devotion, the verse says, lives in a world of light beyond the reach of sun, moon and fire.

VERSE 37

विशुद्धौ ते शुद्धस्फटिकविशदं व्योमजनकं शिवं सेवे देवीमपि शिवसमानव्यवसिताम् ।
ययोः कान्त्या यान्त्याः शशिकिरणसारूप्यसरणेर्विधूतान्तर्धान्ता विलसति चकोरीव जगती ॥

In your Vishuddhi centre I worship Shiva, clear as pure crystal, the source of space, and the goddess equal to him in purpose. By their light, like moonbeams, the world is freed of inner darkness and delights like the chakora bird.

VERSE 38

समुन्मीलत्संवित्कमलमकरन्दैकरसिकं भजे हंसद्वन्द्वं किमपि महतां मानसचरम् ।
यदालापादष्टादशगुणितविद्यापरिणतिर्यदादत्ते दोषाद्गुणमखिलमद्भ्यः पय इव ॥

I worship the pair of swans, rare even in the minds of the great, who delight only in the honey of the blossoming lotus of knowledge. From their talk come the eighteen branches of learning, and they take the good from the bad as a swan takes milk from water.

VERSE 39

तव स्वाधिष्ठाने हुतवहमधिष्ठाय निरतं तमीडे संवर्तं जननि महतीं तां च समयाम् ।
यदालोके लोकान्दहति महति क्रोधकलिते दयार्द्रा या दृष्टिः शिशिरमुपचारं रचयति ॥

In your Svadhishtana, Mother, I praise the fire of dissolution that dwells there, and the great Samaya beside it. When his glance, full of anger, burns the worlds, her glance, moist with compassion, brings them cooling relief.

VERSE 40

तटित्वन्तं शक्त्या तिमिरपरिपन्थिस्फुरणया स्फुरन्नानारत्नाभरणपरिणद्धेन्द्रधनुषम् ।
तव श्यामं मेघं कमपि मणिपूरैकशरणं निषेवे वर्षन्तं हरमिहिरतप्तं त्रिभुवनम् ॥

I worship that unique dark cloud abiding only in your Manipura, flashing with lightning that dispels darkness and bearing a rainbow of shining jewels, which rains on the three worlds scorched by the sun of Shiva.

VERSE 41

तवाधारे मूले सह समयया लास्यपरया नवात्मानं मन्ये नवरसमहाताण्डवनटम् ।
उभाभ्यामेताभ्यामुदयविधिमुद्दिश्य दयया सनाथाभ्यां जज्ञे जनकजननीमज्जगदिदम् ॥

In your Muladhara I see Samaya, intent on dance, and the nine-fold Shiva performing the great Tandava of the nine sentiments. Through these two, joined in compassion to bring about creation, this world has its father and mother.

VERSE 42

गतैर्माणिक्यत्वं गगनमणिभिः सान्द्रघटितं किरीटं ते हैमं हिमगिरिसुते कीर्तयति यः ।
स नीडेयच्छायाच्छुरणशबलं चन्द्रशकलं धनुः शौनासीरं किमिति न निबध्नाति धिषणाम् ॥

Daughter of the snowy mountain, whoever describes your golden crown, set with the twelve suns turned into rubies, will surely think the crescent moon on it, mottled by the glow of the gems, is Indra's rainbow.

VERSE 43

धुनोतु ध्वान्तं नस्तुलितदलितेन्दीवरवनं घनस्निग्धश्लक्ष्णं चिकुरनिकुरुम्बं तव शिवे ।
यदीयं सौरभ्यं सहजमुपलब्धं सुमनसो वसन्त्यस्मिन्मन्ये वलमथनवाटीविटपिनाम् ॥

May your thick, glossy, soft mass of hair, like a grove of blue lotuses in bloom, remove our darkness, Shiva's consort. I think the flowers of Indra's garden live in it to gain its natural fragrance.

VERSE 44

तनोतु क्षेमं नस्तव वदनसौन्दर्यलहरीपरीवाहस्रोतःसरणिरिव सीमन्तसरणिः ।
वहन्ती सिन्दूरं प्रबलकबरीभारतिमिरद्विषां बृन्दैर्बन्दीकृतमिव नवीनार्ककिरणम् ॥

May the parting of your hair keep us well; it looks like a channel through which the flood of your beauty flows. Filled with red vermillion, it is like the young rising sun held captive by the dark army of your thick hair.

VERSE 45

अरालैः स्वाभाव्यादलिकलभसश्रीभिरलकैः परीतं ते वक्त्रं परिहसति पङ्केरुहरुचिम् ।
दरस्मेरे यस्मिन्दशनरुचिकिञ्जल्करुचिरे सुगन्धौ माद्यन्ति स्मरदहनचक्षुर्मधुलिहः ॥

Your face, framed by naturally curling locks like young bees, mocks the beauty of the lotus. In its gentle smile, lovely with the filaments of your shining teeth, the eyes of Shiva, who burned Kama, are like bees intoxicated by the fragrance.

VERSE 46

ललाटं लावण्यद्युतिविमलमाभाति तव यद्द्वितीयं तन्मन्ये मकुटघटितं चन्द्रशकलम् ।
विपर्यासन्यासादुभयमपि संभूय च मिथः सुधालेपस्यूतिः परिणमति राकाहिमकरः ॥

I think your forehead, shining with pure beauty, is a second crescent moon set in your crown. Joined together, the two halves, sealed with nectar, become the full moon.

VERSE 47

भ्रुवौ भुने किञ्चिद्भुवनभयभङ्गव्यसनिनि त्वदीये नेत्राभ्यां मधुकररुचिभ्यां धृतगुणम् ।
धनुर्मन्ये सव्येतरकरगृहीतं रतिपतेः प्रकोष्ठे मुष्टौ च स्थगयति निगूढान्तरमुमे ॥

O Uma, intent on ending the fear of the world, your slightly bent brows, with your eyes like bees as the string, seem like Kama's bow held in his left hand, its middle hidden by his wrist and fist.

VERSE 48

अहः सूते सव्यं तव नयनमर्कात्मकतया त्रियामां वामं ते सृजति रजनीनायकतया ।
तृतीया ते दृष्टिर्दरदलितहेमाम्बुजरुचिः समाधत्ते सन्ध्यां दिवसनिशयोरन्तरचरीम् ॥

Your right eye, being the sun, gives rise to the day; your left eye, being the moon, makes the night. Your third eye, like a golden lotus just opening, makes the twilight that lies between day and night.

VERSE 49

विशाला कल्याणी स्फुटरुचिरयोध्या कुवलयैः कृपाधाराधारा किमपि मधुराभोगवतिका ।
अवन्ती दृष्टिस्ते बहुनगरविस्तारविजया ध्रुवं तत्तन्नामव्यवहरणयोग्या विजयते ॥

Your glance is wide, auspicious, clear, unconquerable by blue lilies, a stream of grace, sweet beyond words, protecting, winning over many cities. It deserves to be called by the names of those cities: Vishala, Kalyani, Ayodhya, Dhara, Madhura, Bhogavati, Avanti and Vijaya.

VERSE 50

कवीनां संदर्भस्तबकमकरन्दैकरसिकं कटाक्षव्याक्षेपभ्रमरकलभौ कर्णयुगलम् ।
अमुञ्चन्तौ दृष्ट्वा तव नवरसास्वादतरलावसूयासंसर्गादलिकनयनं किञ्चिदरुणम् ॥

Seeing your sidelong glances, like young bees eager for the nectar of the poetry clusters, never leaving your ears, your third eye turns a little red with jealousy.

VERSE 51

शिवे शृङ्गाराद्रा तदितरजने कुत्सनपरा सरोषा गङ्गायां गिरिशचरिते विस्मयवती ।
हराहिभ्यो भीता सरसिरुहसौभाग्यजननी सखीषु स्मेरा ते मयि जननि दृष्टिः सकरुणा ॥

Your glance is tender with love for Shiva, scornful toward others, angry at Ganga, wondering at Shiva's deeds, afraid of his serpents, outshining the beauty of the lotus, smiling to your friends and full of compassion toward me, Mother.

VERSE 52

गते कर्णाभ्यर्णं गरुत इव पक्ष्माणि दधती पुरां भेत्तुश्चित्तप्रशमरसविद्रावणफले ।
इमे नेत्रे गोत्राधरपतिकुलोत्तंसकलिके तवाकर्णाकृष्टस्मरशरविलासं कलयतः ॥

Daughter of the mountain king, your eyes, reaching to your ears and bearing lashes like feathers, able to break the calm of Shiva's mind, play the part of Kama's arrows drawn back to the ear.

VERSE 53

विभक्तत्रैवर्ण्यं व्यतिकरितलीलाञ्जनतया विभाति त्वन्नेत्रत्रितयमिदमीशानदयिते ।
पुनः स्रष्टुं देवान्द्रुहिणहरिरुद्रानुपरतान् रजः सत्त्वं बिभ्रत्तम इति गुणानां त्रयमिव ॥

Your three eyes, made three-coloured by the playful use of collyrium, beloved of Shiva, seem to hold rajas, sattva and tamas, as if to create again Brahma, Vishnu and Rudra after they have dissolved.

VERSE 54

पवित्रीकर्तुं नः पशुपतिपराधीनहृदये दयामित्रैर्नेत्रैररुणधवलश्यामरुचिभिः ।
नदः शोणो गङ्गा तपनतनयेति ध्रुवममुं त्रयाणां तीर्थानामुपनयसि संभेदमनघम् ॥

O you whose heart belongs to Shiva, to purify us you bring together, with your kind eyes coloured red, white and dark, the three holy rivers Sona, Ganga and Yamuna, a blameless meeting.

VERSE 55

निमेषोन्मेषाभ्यां प्रलयमुदयं याति जगती तवेत्याहुः सन्तो धरणिधरराजन्यतनये ।
त्वदुन्मेषाज्जातं जगदिदमशेषं प्रलयतः परित्रातुं शङ्के परिहृतनिमेषास्तव दृशः ॥

The wise say the world dissolves and arises as you close and open your eyes, daughter of the mountain king. I think your eyes never blink so as to keep this world, born from their opening, safe from dissolution.

VERSE 56

तवापर्णे कर्णेजपनयनपैशुन्यचकिता निलीयन्ते तोये नियतमनिमेषाः शफरिकाः ।
इयं च श्रीर्बद्धच्छदपुटकवाटं कुवलयं जहाति प्रत्यूषे निशि च विघटय्य प्रविशति ॥

O Aparna, afraid your eyes will whisper tales about them in your ears, the fish hide unblinking in the water. And the goddess of beauty leaves the blue lily, its petals closed, at dawn, and enters it again at night.

VERSE 57

दृशा द्राघीयस्या दरदलितनीलोत्पलरुचा दवीयांसं दीनं स्नपय कृपया मामपि शिवे ।
अनेनायं धन्यो भवति न च ते हानिरियता वने वा हर्म्ये वा समकरनिपातो हिमकरः ॥

With your long glance, like a blue lotus just opening, bathe me too in grace, Shiva's consort, though I am far away and poor. I will be blessed and you lose nothing; the moon shines equally on forest and palace.

VERSE 58

अरालं ते पालीयुगलमगराजन्यतनये न केषामाधत्ते कुसुमशरकोदण्डकुतुकम् ।
तिरश्चीनो यत्र श्रवणपथमुल्लङ्घ्य विलसन्नपाङ्गव्यासङ्गो दिशति शरसंधानधिषणाम् ॥

O daughter of the mountain king, whose heart is not stirred by your curved temples, like Kama's bow? Your sidelong glance, crossing the path of the ear, seems to be fitting an arrow to it.

VERSE 59

स्फुरद्गण्डाभोगप्रतिफलितताटङ्कयुगलं चतुश्चक्रं मन्ये तव मुखमिदं मन्मथरथम् ।
यमारुह्य द्रुह्यत्यवनिरथमर्केन्दुचरणं महावीरो मारः प्रमथपतये सज्जितवते ॥

I think your face, with its two ear ornaments reflected on your shining cheeks, is Kama's four-wheeled chariot. Riding it, Kama the great hero challenges Shiva, who stands ready on the chariot of the earth with sun and moon as its wheels.

VERSE 60

सरस्वत्याः सूक्तीरमृतलहरीकौशलहरीः पिबन्त्याः शर्वाणि श्रवणचुलुकाभ्यामविरलम् ।
चमत्कारश्लाघाचलितशिरसः कुण्डलगणो झणत्कारैस्तारैः प्रतिवचनमाचष्ट इव ते ॥

As you, Sharvani, drink without pause the words of Saraswati, sweeter than waves of nectar, through the cups of your ears, your ear ornaments, shaken as you nod in praise, seem to reply with their high tinkling.

VERSE 61

असौ नासावंशस्तुहिनगिरिवंशध्वजपटि त्वदीयो नेदीयः फलतु फलमस्माकमुचितम् ।
वहन्नन्तर्मुक्ताः शिशिरतरनिश्वासागलितं समृद्ध्या यत्तासां बहिरपि च मुक्तामणिधरः ॥

O banner of the snowy mountain's line, may your nose, like a bamboo stem, give us the fruit we need. It carries pearls within, born of your cool breath, and in its fullness wears a pearl outside as well.

VERSE 62

प्रकृत्या रक्तायास्तव सुदति दन्तच्छदरुचेः प्रवक्ष्ये सादृश्यं जनयतु फलं विद्रुमलता ।
न बिम्बं तद्विम्बप्रतिफलनरागादरुणितं तुलामध्यारोढुं कथमिव विलज्जेत कलया ॥

Lovely-toothed one, I will say what your naturally red lips resemble; let the coral vine bear fruit to match them. The bimba fruit, reddened only by reflecting them, would be ashamed to be weighed against them even a little.

VERSE 63

स्मितज्योत्स्नाजालं तव वदनचन्द्रस्य पिबतां चकोराणामासीदतिरसतया चञ्चुजडिमा ।
अतस्ते शीतांशोरमृतलहरीमम्लरुचयः पिबन्ति स्वच्छन्दं निशिनिशि भृशं काञ्जिकधिया ॥

Chakora birds that drink the moonlight of your smile from your moon-like face find their beaks numbed by the sweetness. So, wanting something sour, they drink the nectar of the moon every night, thinking it is rice gruel.

VERSE 64

अविश्रान्तं पत्युर्गुणगणकथाभ्रेडनजपा जपापुष्पच्छाया तव जननि जिह्वा जयति सा ।
यदग्रासीनायाः स्फटिकदृषदच्छविमयी सरस्वत्या मूर्तिः परिणमति माणिक्यवपुषा ॥

Your tongue, Mother, ever repeating the praises of your husband's virtues, red as the hibiscus, is triumphant. Saraswati, seated at its tip, white as crystal, turns ruby-coloured in its glow.

VERSE 65

रणे जित्वा दैत्यानपहृतशिरस्त्रैः कवचिभिर्निवृत्तैश्चण्डांशत्रिपुरहरनिर्माल्यविमुखैः ।
विशाखेन्द्रोपेन्द्रैः शशिविशदकर्पूरशकला विलीयन्ते मातस्तव वदनताम्बूलकबलाः ॥

Returning from victory over the demons, with helmets removed and armour still on, Skanda, Indra and Vishnu turn away from Shiva's leftover offering, which belongs to Chanda, and take the betel from your mouth, white with camphor pieces like the moon.

VERSE 66

विपञ्च्या गायन्ती विविधमपदानं पशुपतेस्त्वयारब्धे वक्तुं चलितशिरसा साधुवचने ।
तदीयैर्माधुर्यैरपलपिततन्त्रीकलरवां निजां वीणां वाणी निचुलयति चोलेन निभृतम् ॥

When Saraswati sings on her vina the many deeds of Shiva, and you begin to say 'well done' with a nod, she quietly covers her vina with its cloth, its sweet notes outdone by the sweetness of your voice.

VERSE 67

कराग्रेण स्पृष्टं तुहिनगिरिणा वत्सलतया गिरीशेनोदस्तं मुहुरधरपानाकुलतया ।
करग्राह्यं शंभोर्मुखमुकुरवृन्तं गिरिसुते कथंकारं ब्रूमस्तव चिबुकमौपम्यरहितम् ॥

How can we describe your incomparable chin, touched lovingly by the Himalaya with his fingertip, lifted often by Shiva eager to drink from your lips, and held by his hand as the handle of the mirror of your face?

VERSE 68

भुजाश्लेषान्नित्यं पुरदमयितुः कण्टकवती तव ग्रीवा धत्ते मुखकमलनालश्रियमियम् ।
स्वतः श्वेता कालागुरुबहुलजम्बालमलिना मृणालीलालित्यं वहति यदधो हारलतिका ॥

Your neck, thrilled always by Shiva's embrace, has the beauty of the stalk of your lotus face. The pearl string below it, white by nature but darkened with aloe paste, looks like the lotus stalk's tender fibre.

VERSE 69

गले रेखास्तिस्रो गतिगमकगीतैकनिपुणे विवाहव्यानद्वप्रगुणगुणसंख्याप्रतिभुवः ।
विराजन्ते नानाविधमधुररागाकरभुवां त्रयाणां ग्रामाणां स्थितिनियमसीमान इव ते ॥

The three lines on your neck, skilled in music, mark the knots of your wedding thread and seem to be the boundaries of the three musical scales from which the many sweet ragas arise.

VERSE 70

मृणालीमृद्वीनां तव भुजलतानां चतसृणां चतुर्भिः सौन्दर्यं सरसिजभवः स्तौति वदनैः ।
नखेभ्यः संत्रस्यन्प्रथममथनादन्धकरिपोश्चतुर्णां शीर्षाणां सममभयहस्तार्पणधिया ॥

Brahma praises the beauty of your four arms, soft as lotus stalks, with his four faces. Fearing the nails that first cut off his fifth head, he seems to ask you to place your protecting hands on all four of his heads at once.

VERSE 71

नखानामुद्ध्योतैर्नवनलिनरागं विहसतां कराणां ते कान्तिं कथय कथयामः कथमुमे ।
कयाचिद्वा साम्यं भजतु कलया हन्त कमलं यदि क्रीडल्लक्ष्मीचरणतललाक्षारुणदलम् ॥

Uma, how can we describe the beauty of your hands, whose glowing nails mock the fresh lotus? Perhaps the lotus could match them a little if it were reddened by the lac from Lakshmi's playing feet.

VERSE 72

समं देवि स्कन्दद्विपवदनपीतं स्तनयुगं तवेदं नः खेदं हरतु सततं प्रस्नुतमुखम् ।
यदालोक्याशङ्काकुलितहृदयो हासजनकः स्वकुम्भौ हेरम्बः परिमृशति हस्तेन झडिति ॥

May your breasts, from which Skanda and Ganesha drink equally, always flowing with milk, take away our sorrow. Seeing them, Ganesha, worried, quickly feels his own head with his trunk, which makes everyone laugh.

VERSE 73

अमू ते वक्षोजावमृतरसमाणिक्यकुतुपौ न संदेहस्पन्दो नगपतिपताके मनसि नः ।
पिबन्तौ तौ यस्मादविदितवधूसङ्गरसिकौ कुमारावद्यापि द्विरदवदनक्रौञ्चदलनौ ॥

Daughter of the mountain king, we have no doubt that your breasts are jewelled vessels of nectar. For drinking from them, Ganesha and Skanda, the slayer of Krauncha, remain children even now, knowing nothing of women.

VERSE 74

वहत्यम्ब स्तम्बेरमदनुजकुम्भप्रकृतिभिः समारब्धां मुक्तामणिभिरमलां हारलतिकाम् ।
कुचाभोगो बिम्बाधररुचिभिर्न्तः शबलितां प्रतापव्यामिश्रां पुरदमयितुः कीर्तिमिव ते ॥

Mother, your bosom wears a string of pearls taken from the heads of the elephant demon, spotted inside with the redness of your lips, like the fame of Shiva mixed with his valour.

VERSE 75

तव स्तन्यं मन्ये धरणिधरकन्ये हृदयतः पयःपारावारः परिवहति सारस्वतमिव ।
दयावत्या दत्तं द्रविडशिशुरास्वाद्य तव यत्कवीनां प्रौढानामजनि कमनीयः कवयिता ॥

Daughter of the mountain, I think your milk is an ocean of the essence of learning flowing from your heart. Given by you in kindness, the child from the Dravida land who tasted it became a delightful poet among great poets.

VERSE 76

हरक्रोधज्वालावलिभिरवलीढेन वपुषा गभीरे ते नाभीसरसि कृतसङ्गो मनसिजः ।
समुत्तस्थौ तस्मादचलतनये धूमलतिका जनस्तां जानीते तव जननि रोमावलिरिति ॥

Kama, his body licked by the flames of Shiva's anger, plunged into the deep lake of your navel. The smoke that rose from there, daughter of the mountain, people call the line of hair on your belly, Mother.

VERSE 77

यदेतत्कालिन्दीतनुतरङ्गाकृति शिवे कृशे मध्ये किञ्चिज्जननि तव यद्भाति सुधियाम् ।
विमर्दादन्योऽन्यं कुचकलशयोरन्तरगतं तनूभूतं व्योम प्रविशदिव नाभिं कुहरिणीम् ॥

That fine line, like a small wave of the Yamuna on your slender waist, is seen by the wise as space itself, made thin by the pressing together of your breasts, entering the hollow of your navel.

VERSE 78

स्थिरो गङ्गावर्तः स्तनमुकुलोमावलिलताकलावालं कुण्डं कुसुमशरतेजोहुतभुजः ।
रतेर्लीलागारं किमपि तव नाभिर्गिरिसुते बिलद्वारं सिद्धेर्गिरिशनयनानां विजयते ॥

Your navel, daughter of the mountain, triumphs: a still whirlpool of the Ganga, the basin for the creeper of hair rising to your breasts, the fire pit of Kama's flame, the pleasure house of Rati and the door to a cave where Shiva's eyes find fulfilment.

VERSE 79

निसर्गक्षीणस्य स्तनतटभरेण क्लमजुषो नमन्मूर्तेर्नशितिलक शनकैस्त्रुट्यत इव ।
चिरं ते मध्यस्य त्रुटिततटिनीतीरतरुणा समावस्थास्थेम्नो भवतु कुशलं शैलतनये ॥

May your waist, slender by nature, tired by the weight of your breasts and seeming to bend as if about to break like a tree on an eroded river bank, stay safe for a long time, daughter of the mountain.

VERSE 80

कुचौ सद्यः स्विद्यत्तटघटितकूर्पासभिदुरौ कषन्तौ दोर्मूले कनककलशाभौ कलयता ।
तव त्रातुं भङ्गादलमिति वलग्नं तनुभुवा त्रिधा नद्धं देवि त्रिवलि लवलीवल्लिभिरिव ॥

Kama, seeing your breasts, which sweat and burst the bodice and press against the armpits, bound your waist three times with creepers so that it would not break; these are your three folds, goddess.

VERSE 81

गुरुत्वं विस्तारं क्षितिधरपतिः पार्वति निजान्नितम्बादाच्छिद्य त्वयि हरणरूपेण निदधे ।
अतस्ते विस्तीर्णो गुरुरयमशेषां वसुमतीं नितम्बप्राग्भारः स्थगयति लघुत्वं नयति च ॥

Parvati, the king of mountains gave you as dowry the weight and breadth of his own slopes. So your broad, heavy hips cover the whole earth and make it seem light.

VERSE 82

करीन्द्राणां शुण्डान्कनकदलीकाण्डपटलीमुभाभ्यामूरुभ्यामुभयमपि निर्जित्य भवती ।
सुवृत्ताभ्यां पत्युः प्रणतिकठिनाभ्यां गिरिसुते विजिग्ये जानुभ्यां विबुधकरिकुम्भद्वयमसि ॥

Daughter of the mountain, with your two thighs you surpass both the trunks of great elephants and the stems of golden plantains. With your rounded knees, hardened by bowing to your husband, you surpass the temples of the celestial elephant.

VERSE 83

पराजेतुं रुद्रं द्विगुणशरगर्भौ गिरिसुते निषङ्गौ जङ्घे ते विषमविशिखो बाढमकृत ।
यदग्रे दृश्यन्ते दशशरफलाः पादयुगलीनखाग्रच्छद्धानः सुरमकुटशाणैकनिशिताः ॥

To defeat Shiva, Kama made your two shins quivers holding twice the arrows. The tips of your toenails, sharpened on the crowns of the gods, look like the heads of the ten arrows.

VERSE 84

श्रुतीनां मूर्धानो दधति तव यौ शेखरतया ममाप्येतौ मातः शिरसि दयया धेहि चरणौ ।
ययोः पाद्यं पाथः पशुपतिजटाजूटतटिनी ययोर्लाक्षालक्ष्मीररुणहरिचूडामणिरुचिः ॥

Mother, kindly place on my head your two feet, which the crowns of the Vedas wear as ornaments, whose washing water is the Ganga from Shiva's hair, and whose red lac shines like the crest jewel of Vishnu.

VERSE 85

नमोवाकं ब्रूमो नयनरमणीयाय पदयोस्तवास्मै द्वन्द्वाय स्फुटरुचिरसालक्तकवते ।
असूयत्यत्यन्तं यदभिहननाय स्पृहयते पशूनामीशानः प्रमदवनकङ्कलितरवे ॥

We bow to your two feet, lovely to see and shining with red lac. Shiva, lord of beings, greatly envies the ashoka tree in the pleasure garden, which longs to be struck by them.

VERSE 86

मृषा कृत्वा गोत्रस्खलनमथ वैलक्ष्यनमितं ललाटे भर्तारं चरणकमले ताडयति ते ।
चिरान्तःशल्यं दहनकृतमुन्मूलितवता तुलाकोटिक्वाणैः किलिकिलितमीशानरिपुणा ॥

When, having called you by another's name, your husband bowed in shame and you struck his forehead with your lotus foot, Kama, Shiva's enemy, cheered with the jingling of your anklets, as though freed of the long-held thorn of being burned.

VERSE 87

हिमानीहन्तव्यं हिमगिरिनिवासैकचतुरौ निशायां निद्राणं निशि चरमभागे च विशदौ ।
वरं लक्ष्मीपात्रं श्रियमसृजन्तौ समयिनां सरोजं त्वत्पादौ जननि जयतश्चित्रमिह किम् ॥

Mother, your feet surpass the lotus: it is harmed by snow, they are skilled at living on the snowy mountain; it sleeps at night, they are awake night and day; it is home to Lakshmi, they give wealth to devotees. What wonder is there in this?

VERSE 88

पदं ते कीर्तीनां प्रपदमपदं देवि विपदां कथं नीतं सद्भिः कठिनकमठीकर्परतुलाम् ।
कथं वा बाहुभ्यामुपयमनकाले पुरभिदा यदादाय न्यस्तं दृषदि दयमानेन मनसा ॥

Goddess, how could poets compare the tips of your feet, home of fame and no home for misfortune, to the hard shell of a tortoise? How could Shiva, at the wedding, have lifted them with tender heart and placed them on the stone?

VERSE 89

नखैर्नाकस्त्रीणां करकमलसंकोचशशिभिस्तरूणां दिव्यानां हसत इव ते चण्डि चरणौ ।
फलानि स्वःस्थेभ्यः किसलयकराग्रेण ददतां दरिद्रेभ्यो भद्रां श्रियमनिशमहाय ददतौ ॥

O Chandi, your feet, whose nails close the lotus hands of heavenly women like moons, seem to laugh at the heavenly trees. The trees give fruit to the gods with their leaf-tips, while your feet give lasting wealth to the poor at once.

VERSE 90

ददाने दीनेभ्यः श्रियमनिशमाशानुसदृशीममन्दं सौन्दर्यप्रकरमकरन्दं विकिरति ।
तवास्मिन्मन्दारस्तबकसुभगे यातु चरणे निमज्जन्मज्जीवः करणचरणः षट्चरणताम् ॥

May my soul, with its six senses, become a six-footed bee at your feet, lovely as clusters of mandara flowers, which give wealth to the poor as they wish and pour out the honey of beauty in abundance.

VERSE 91

पदन्यासक्रीडापरिचयमिवारब्धुमनसः स्वलन्तस्ते खेलं भवनकलहंसा न जहति ।
अतस्तेषां शिक्षां सुभगमणिमज्जीरणितच्छलादाचक्षाणं चरणकमलं चारुचरिते ॥

Graceful one, your house swans, wanting to learn your gait, follow you stumbling and never leave. So your lotus feet seem to teach them through the tinkling of your jewelled anklets.

VERSE 92

गतास्ते मज्जत्वं द्रुहिणहरिरुद्रेश्वरभृतः शिवः स्वच्छच्छायाघटितकपटप्रच्छदपटः ।
त्वदीयानां भासां प्रतिफलनरागारुणतया शरीरी शृङ्गारो रस इव दृशां दोग्धि कुतुकम् ॥

Brahma, Vishnu, Rudra and Ishvara have become the legs of your couch, and Shiva its white cover. Reddened by the reflection of your radiance, he seems to be the sentiment of love itself in bodily form, delighting your eyes.

VERSE 93

अराला केशेषु प्रकृतिसरला मन्दहसिते शिरीषाभा चित्ते दृषदुपलशोभा कुचतटे ।
भृशं तन्वी मध्ये पृथुरुरसिजारोहविषये जगत्त्रातुं शंभोर्जयति करुणा काचिदरुणा ॥

Curling in your hair, natural in your gentle smile, tender as a shirisha flower in your heart, firm as stone at your breasts, very slender at the waist and full at the hips and breasts, a certain rosy compassion of Shiva triumphs to save the world.

VERSE 94

कलङ्कः कस्तूरी रजनिकरबिम्बं जलमयं कलाभिः कपूरैर्मरकतकरण्डं निबिडितम् ।
अतस्त्वद्भोगेन प्रतिदिनमिदं रिक्तकुहरं विधिर्भूयो भूयो निबिडयति नूनं तव कृते ॥

The dark mark on the moon is musk, its water is rosewater and its digits are camphor, a casket of emerald for your use. As you use it up each day, Brahma fills it again and again for you.

VERSE 95

पुरारातेरन्तःपुरमसि ततस्त्वच्चरणयोः सपर्यामर्यादा तरलकरणानामसुलभा ।
तथा ह्येते नीताः शतमखमुखाः सिद्धिमतुलां तव द्वारोपान्तस्थितिभिरणिमाद्याभिरमराः ॥

You are the queen in the inner palace of Shiva, so the worship of your feet is not easy for those with restless senses. That is why Indra and the other gods attain great powers only by standing near your gate with Anima and the other attendant powers.

VERSE 96

कलत्रं वैधात्रं कतिकति भजन्ते न कवयः श्रियो देव्याः को वा न भवति पतिः कैरपि धनैः ।
महादेवं हित्वा तव सति सतीनामचरमे कुचाभ्यामासङ्गः कुरवकतरोरप्यसुलभः ॥

How many poets do not win Saraswati, the wife of Brahma? Who does not become a lord of Lakshmi through wealth? But, chaste one, first among faithful wives, apart from Shiva, not even the kurava tree may touch your breasts.

VERSE 97

गिरामाहुर्देवीं द्रुहिणगृहिणीमागमविदो हरेः पत्नीं पद्मां हरसहचरीमद्रितनयाम् ।
तुरीया कापि त्वं दुरधिगमनिःसीममहिमा महामाया विश्वं भ्रमयसि परब्रह्ममहिषि ॥

Those who know the scriptures call you Saraswati, the wife of Brahma, Lakshmi, the wife of Vishnu, and Parvati, the companion of Shiva. But you are the fourth, hard to reach and of boundless greatness, the great illusion who turns the world, O queen of the supreme Brahman.

VERSE 98

कदा काले मातः कथय कलितालक्तकरसं पिबेयं विद्यार्थी तव चरणनिर्णेजनजलम् ।
प्रकृत्या मूकानामपि च कविताकारणतया कदा धत्ते वाणीमुखकमलताम्बूलरसताम् ॥

Mother, tell me, when will I, a seeker of learning, drink the water that washes your feet, coloured with red lac? When will it become for me the taste of betel from the mouth of Saraswati, giving poetry even to those born mute?

VERSE 99

सरस्वत्या लक्ष्म्या विधिहरिसपत्नो विहरते रतेः पातिव्रत्यं शिथिलयति रम्येण वपुषा ।
चिरं जीवन्नेव क्षपितपशुपाशव्यतिकरः परानन्दाभिख्यं रसयति रसं त्वद्भजनवान् ॥

One who worships you, the verse says, lives with Saraswati and Lakshmi as a rival to Brahma and Vishnu, and with a lovely body shakes even Rati's loyalty. Living long, free of the bonds of the soul, he tastes the joy called supreme bliss.

VERSE 100

प्रदीपज्वालाभिर्दिवसकरनीराजनविधिः सुधासूतेश्चन्द्रोपलजललवैरर्घ्यरचना ।
स्वकीयैरम्भोभिः सलिलनिधिसौहित्यकरणं त्वदीयाभिर्वाग्भिस्तव जननि वाचां स्तुतिरियम् ॥

Like waving a lamp to the sun, offering water to the moon with drops from the moonstone, or giving the ocean its own waters, this hymn to you, Mother of speech, is made of words that are yours.

READ IT ON ITS PAGE

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