

ŚĪVAMAHIMNAH STOTRAM

Hymn to the Glory of Shiva

¹ Mahimnaḥ pāraṁ te parama-viduṣo yadya-sadṛṣī,
Stutir-Brahmā-dinām api tadava-sannās-tvayi giraḥ;
Athā-vācyaḥ sarvaḥ Svamati-pariṇāmāvadhi gṛṇan,
Mamā-pyeṣa stotre hara nir-apavādaḥ parikaraḥ.

If it is unseemly to praise You when ignorant of the extent of Your greatness, then even the praises of Brahma and others are inadequate. If no one can be blamed when they praise You according to their intellectual powers, then my attempt to compose a hymn cannot be reproached.

² Atītaḥ panthānaṁ tava ca mahimā vānmanasayor-
Atad-vyā-vṛṭṭyā yam cakitamabhi-dhatte śrutir-api;
Sa kasya stotavyaḥ kati-vidha-guṇaḥ kasya viṣayaḥ,
Pade tvarvācīne patati na manaḥ kasya na vacaḥ.

Your greatness is beyond the reach of mind and speech. Who can properly praise that which even the Vedas describe with trepidation, by means of 'not this, not this'? How many qualities does He possess? By whom can He be perceived? Yet whose mind and speech do not turn to the form later taken by Him (saguna) ?

³ Madhu-sphītā vācaḥ paramam-amṛtam nirmitavatas-
Tava Brahman kiṁ vāg-api-sura-guror-vismaya-padam;
Mama tvetāṁ vāṇīm guṇa-kathana-puṇyena bhavataḥ,
Punāmītyarthe'smin puramathana buddhir-vyavasitā.

O Brahman! Do even Brihaspati's praises cause wonder to You, the author of the nectarlike sweet Vedas? O destroyer of the three cities, the thought that by praising Your glories I shall purify my speech has prompted me to undertake this work.

⁴ Tavaīśvaryaṁ yat-taj-jagad-udaya-rakṣā-pralaya-kṛt
Trayīvastu vyastam tiṣṭṣu gunabhinnāsu tanuṣu;
Abhavyānām-asmin varada ramaṇīyām-aramaṇīm,
Vihantuṁ vyākrośīm vidadhata ihaike jaḍa-dhiyaḥ.

O Giver of boons! Some produce arguments—pleasing to the ignorant but in fact hateful— to refute Your Divinity, which creates, preserves and destroys the world, which is divided into three bodies (Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva) according to the three gunas, and which is described in the three Vedas.

⁵ Kimīhaḥ kimkāyaḥ sa khalu kimupāyas-tri-bhuvanam,
Kimādhāro dhātā sṛjati kimupādāna iti ca;
Atarkyaiśvare tvay-yanavasara-duḥstho hatadhiyaḥ,
Kutarko'yaṁ kāñścin mukharayati mohāya jagataḥ.

To fulfill what desire, assuming what form, with what instruments, support and material does that Creator create the three worlds? This kind of futile argumentation about You whose divine nature is beyond the reach of intellect, makes the perverted vociferous, and brings delusion to men.

⁶ Ajanmāno lokāḥ kim-avayavavanto'pi jagatām-
Adhiṣṭhātāram kim bhava-vidhir-anāḍṛtya bhavati;
Anīśo vā kuryād-bhuvana-janane kaḥ paṛikaro,
Yato mandās-tvām pra-tyamaravara saṁśerata ime.

O Lord of gods! Can the worlds be without origin, though they have bodies? Is creation possible without a creator? Who else but God can initiate the creation of the worlds? Because they are fools they raise doubts about Your existence.

7 Trayi sāṅkhyam yogaḥ paśu-pati-matam vaiṣṇavamiti,
Prabhinne prasthāne paramidamadaḥ pathyamiti ca;
Rucīnām vaicitryād-ṛju-kuṭīla-nānā-patha-juṣām,
Nṛṇāmeko gamyas-tvamasi payasām-arṇava iva.

Different paths are enjoined by the three Vedas, by Sankhya, Yoga, Pashupata (Shaiva) doctrine and Vaishnava Shastras. People follow different paths, straight or crooked, according to their temperament, depending on which they consider best, or most appropriate—and reach You alone just as rivers enter the ocean.

8 Mahokṣaḥ khaṭvāngam paraśur-ajinam bhasma phaṇinaḥ,
Kapālam cetīyat-tava varada tantra-pakaraṇam;
Surās-tām tām-ṛddhim dadhati tu bhavad-bhrū-prānihitām,
Na hi svātmā-rāmam viṣaya-mṛga-trṣṇā bhramayati.

O Giver of boons! A great bull, a wooden handrest, an axe, a tiger skin, ashes, serpents, a human skull and other such things—these are all You own, though simply by casting Your eyes on gods You gave them great treasures which they enjoy. Indeed one whose delight is in the Self cannot be deluded by the mirage of sense objects.

9 Dhruvam kaś-cit sarvam sakalam-apas-tva-dhruva-midam,
Paro dhrauvyādhrauvye jagati gadati vyasta-viṣaye;
Samaste'pye-tasmin puramathana tair-vismita iva,
Stuvañ-jihremi tvām na khalu nanu dhrṣṭā mukharatā.

O Destroyer of the demon Pura, some say that the whole universe is eternal while others say that all is transitory. Others still, hold that it is eternal and non-eternal - having different characteristics. Bewildered by all this, I do not feel ashamed to praise You; indeed my loquacity is an indication of my boldness.

10 Tavaśvayam yatnād yadupaṛi viriñcir-harir-adhaḥ,
Paricchettum yātā-vanalam-anala-skandha-vapuṣaḥ;
Tato bhakti-śraddhā-bhara-guru-grṇadbhyām Giriśa yat,
Svayam tasthe tābhyām tava kimanu-vṛttir-na phalati.

O Girisha, Brahma above and Vishnu below failed to measure You when You took the form of a pillar of fire. When they praised You with great faith and devotion, You revealed yourself to them; does not surrender to You bear fruit?

11 Ayatnād-āpādyā tribhuvanam-avaira-vyati-karam,
Daśāsyo yad-bāhūn-abhṛta raṇa-kaṇḍū-para-vaśān;
Śiraḥ-padma-śrenī-racita-caraṇāmbhoruha-baleḥ;
Sthirāyās-tvad-bhaktes-tripura-hara visphūrjitamidam.

O Destroyer of Tripura, it was because of that great devotion, which prompted him to offer his heads as lotuses to Your feet, that the ten-headed Ravana was still with arms and eager for fresh war after he had effortlessly rid the three worlds of all traces of enemies.

12 Amuṣya tvatsevā-samadhigata-sāram bhuja-vanam,
Balāt-kailāse'pi tvadadhi-vasatau vikrama-yataḥ;
Alabhyā pātāle'pyalasa-calitānguṣṭha-śirasi,
Pratiṣṭhā tvay-yāsīd dhruvam-upacito muhyati khalāḥ.

But when he (Ravana) extended the valour of his arms-whose strength was obtained by worshipping You- to Kailas, Your abode, You moved the tip of Your toe, and he did not find a resting place even in the nether world. Truly, when affluent the wicked become deluded.

13 Yadṛiddhim sutrāmṇo varada paramocair-api satīm-
Adhaś-cakre bāṇaḥ pari-jana-vidheya-tri-bhuvanaḥ;
Na taccitraṁ tasmin varivasitari tvac-caraṇayor-
Na kasyā unnatyai bhavati śirasas-tvay-yavanatiḥ.

O Giver of boons, since Bana was the worshipper of Your feet is it to be wondered at that he had the three worlds at his command and put to shame the wealth of Indra? What prosperity does not come from bowing down the head to You?

14 Akāṇḍa-brahmāṇḍa-kṣaya-cakita-devā-surakṛpā,
Vidheyasyāsīd yas-tri-nayana viṣam samhṛtavataḥ;
Sa kalmāṣaḥ kaṇṭhe tava na kurute na śriyamaho,
Vikāro'pi ślāghyo bhuvana-bhaya-bhaṅga-vyasaninaḥ.

O Three-Eyed One, who drank poison out of compassion for gods and demons when they were distraught at the sudden prospect of the destruction of the universe, surely the dark blue stain on Your throat has beautified You. Even deformity is to be admired in one who is given to freeing the world of fear.

15 Asid-dhārthā naiva kvacidapi sadevā-sura-nare,
Nivartante nityam jagati jayino yasya viśikhāḥ;
Sa paśyannīśa tvām itara-sura-sādhāraṇam-abhūt,
Smarahḥ smartavyātma na hi vaśiṣu pathyaḥ pari-bhavaḥ.

O Lord, the god of love, whose arrows never fail in the world of gods and men, become nothing but an object of memory because he looked on You as an ordinary god (his body being burnt by Your look of wrath). An insult to the self-controlled is not conducive to good.

16 Mahī pādā-ghā-tād vrajati sahasā sarṁśaya-padam,
Padam Viṣṇor-Bhrāmyad-bhuja-parigha-rugṇa-grahagaṇam;
Muhur-dyaur-dauḥsthyam yāt- yani-bhr̥ta-jaṭā-tāḍita-taṭā,
Jagad-rakṣāyai tvam naṭasi nanu vāmaiva vibhutā.

When You danced to save the world, the earth was suddenly thrown into a precarious state at the striking of Your feet; spatial regions and the hosts of stars felt oppressed by the movement of Your massive club-like arms; and the heavens became miserable as their sides were constantly struck by Your waving matted hair. Indeed it is Your very mightiness which is the cause of the trouble.

17 Viyadvyāpī tārā-gaṇa-guṇita-phenod-gama-ruciḥ,
Pravāho vārān yaḥ pṛṣata-laghu-dr̥ṣṭaḥ śirasi te;
Jaga-dvīpā-kāram jaladhi-valayaṁ tena kṛtami-
Tyanenai-vonne-yam dhṛta-mahima divyam tava vapuḥ.

The river which pervades the sky and whose foam crests look all the more beautiful because of stars and planets, seems no more than a drop of water when on Your head. That same river has turned the world into islands surrounded by waters. From this can be judged the vastness of Your divine body.

18 Rathaḥ kṣoṇī yantā śata-dhṛtir-agendro dhanur-atho,
Rathānge candrārkaḥ ratha-caraṇa-pāṇiḥ śara iti;
Didhakṣos-te ko'yam tripura-tr̥ṇam-ādambara-vidhir-
Vidheyaiḥ kr̥ḍantyo na khalu para-tantrāḥ prabhu-dhiyaḥ.

When You wanted to burn the three cities of the demons - which were but a piece of straw to You—the earth was Your chariot, Brahma Your charioteer, the mountain Meru Your bow, the sun and moon the wheels of Your chariot, Vishnu Your arrow. Why all this paraphernalia? The Lord is not dependent on others. He was only playing with things at His command.

19 Haris-te sāhasram kamala-balim-ādhāya padayor-
Yadekone tasmin-nijam-udaharan-netra-kamalam;
Gato bhaktyudrekaḥ pariṇatim-asau cakra-vapuṣā,
Trayāṇām rakṣāyai tripura-hara jāgarti jagatām.

O Destroyer of the three cities, Hari rooted out His own lotus-eye to make up the difference when one flower was missing in His offering of 1,000 lotuses to Your feet. For this great devotion You awarded the discus (Sudarshan Chakra) with which Hari protects the three worlds.

20 Kratau supte jāgrat-tvamasi phala-yoge kratu-matām,
Kva karma pradhvastaṁ phalati puruṣ-ārādhanaṁ-ṛte;
Atas-tvām sam-prekṣya kratuṣu phala-dāna-prati-bhuvam,
Śrutau śraddhām baddhvā ḍṛḍha-parikaraḥ karmasu janaḥ.

When a sacrifice has ended, You ever keep awake to bestow its fruit on the sacrificer. How can any action bear fruit if not accompanied by worship of You? Therefore, knowing You to be the Giver of fruits of sacrifices and putting faith in the Vedas, people become resolute about the performance of sacrificial acts.

21 Kriyā-dakṣo dakṣaḥ kratupatir-adhīśas-tanu-bhṛtām-
Ṛṣiṇāmārtvijyam śaraṇada sadasyāḥ suragaṇāḥ;
Kratu-bhramśas-tvattaḥ kratu-phala-vidhāna-vyasanino,
Dhruvaṁ kartuḥ śraddhā vidhuram-abhi-cārāya hi makhāḥ.

O Giver of refuge, even that sacrifice where Daksha, the Lord of creation and expert in sacrifices, was the sacrificer, rishis were priests, gods participants, was destroyed by You who are habitually the Giver of fruits of sacrifices. Surely sacrifices cause injury to the sacrificers in the absence of faith and devotion.

22 Prajā-nāthaṁ nātha prasabham-abhikaṁ svām duhitaraṁ,
Gataṁ rohid-bhūtām riramayiṣum-ṛṣyasya vapuṣā;
Dhanuṣ-pāner-yātaṁ divamapi sapatrā-kṛtamamuḥ;
Trasantaṁ te'dyāpi tyajati na mṛga-vyādha-rabhasaḥ.

O Lord, the fury of You who became a hunter with a bow in hand has not as yet left Brahma-who, overcome by incestuous lust and finding his own daughter transforming herself into a hind, desired to ravish her in the body of a stag-and keenly pierced by Your arrows, he (Brahma) has fled to the sky.

23 Sva-lāvanyā-śamsā-dhṛta-dhanuṣam-ahnāya tṛṇavat-
Puraḥ pluṣtam dṛṣṭvā pura-mathana puṣp-āyudhamapi;
Yadi straiṇam Devī yama-nirata dehārdha-ghatanād-
Avaiti tvāmaddhā bata varada mugdhā yuvatayaḥ.

O Destroyer of the three cities, O Giver of boons, is Parvati who saw the god of love, bow in hand, burnt like a piece of straw in a minute by You, still proud of her beauty and believing that You are fascinated by her, because she was allowed to occupy half Your body because of her austerities? ... Ah, surely all women are under delusion. You have completely conquered Your senses.

24 Śmaśāneṣv-ākriḍā smara-hara piśācāḥ saha-carās,
Citā-bhasmā-lepaḥ sragapi nṛkaroṭī-parikaraḥ;
Amāṅgalyam śīlam tava bhavatu nāmaivam-akhilaṁ,
Tathāpi smartṛnām varada paramaṁ maṅgalamasi.

O Destroyer of the god of love, O Giver of boons, Your play is in cremation grounds, Your companions are ghosts, You smear Your body with the ashes of burnt bodies, human skulls are Your garland-all Your conduct is indeed inauspicious. But You promote the greatest good of those who remember You.

25 Manaḥ pratyak citte savidham-ava-dhāyātta-marutaḥ,
Prahṛsyad-romānaḥ pramada-salilot-saṅgita-dṛśaḥ;
Yad-ālokyāhlādaṁ hrada iva nimajjyā-mṛtamaye,
Dadhatyantas-tattvaṁ kimapi yaminas-tat kila bhavān.

You are indeed that inexpressible Truth which the yogis realize within through concentrating their minds on the Self and controlling the breath according to the directions laid down in the scriptures, and realizing which Truth they experience rapturous thrills and shed profuse tears of joy; swimming as it were in a pool of nectar they enjoy inner bliss.

26 Tvamarkas-tvaṁ somas-tvamasi pavanas-tvaṁ hutavahas-
Tvamāpas-tvaṁ vyoma tvamu dharaṇir-ātmā tvamiti ca;
Paricchinnāmevaṁ tvayi pari-natā bibhratu giram,
Na vidmas-tat-tattvaṁ vayamiha tu yat-tvaṁ na bhavasi.

The wise hold this limiting view of You: You are the sun, You are the moon, You are fire, You are air, You are water, You are space, You are the earth and You are the Self. But we do not know the things which You are not.

27 Trayīm tisro vṛttīs-tribhuvanam-atho trīnapi surān,
Akārādyair-varnais tribhir-abhidhadhat-tīrṇa-vikṛti;
Turīyam te dhāma dhvanibhirava-rundhānam-aṇubhiḥ,
Samastaṁ vyastaṁ tvām śaraṇada gṛṇātyomiti padam.

O Giver of refuge, with the three letters A, U, M, indicating the three Vedas, three states, three worlds and the three gods, the word AUM (Om) describes You separately. By its subtle sound the word Om collectively denotes You - Your absolute transcendental state which is free from change.

28 Bhavaḥ Śarvo Rudraḥ Paśupati-athograḥ saha-mahāns-
Tathā Bhīmeśānā-viti yadabhidhānāṣṭakam-idam;
Amuṣmin pratyekaṁ pravicarati Deva śrutir-api,
Priyāyāsmi dhāmne pravihita-namasyo'smi bhavate.

O Lord! Bhava, Sharva, Rudra, Pashupati, Ugra, Mahadeva, Bhima, and Ishana- these eight names of Yours are each treated in detail in the Vedas. To You, most beloved Lord Shankara, of resplendent form, I offer salutations.

29 Namō nediṣṭhāya Priya-dava Daviṣṭhāya ca namo,
Namaḥ Kṣodiṣṭhāya Smarahara Mahiṣṭhāya ca namaḥ;
Namō Varṣiṣṭhāya Trinayana Yaviṣṭhāya ca namo,
Namaḥ sarvasmai te tadidam-itisarvāya ca namaḥ.

0 Lover of solitude, my salutations to You who are the nearest and the farthest.
0 Destroyer of the god of love, my salutations to You who are the minutest and
also the largest. 0 Three-eyed one, my salutations to You who are the oldest and
also the youngest. My salutations to You again and again who are all and also
transcending all.

30 Bahala-rajase Vishvotpattau bhavāya namo namaḥ,
Prabala-tamase tat-samhāre Harāya namo namaḥ ;
Jana-sukhakṛte sattvodriktau Mr̥ḍāya namo namaḥ,
Pramahasi pade nistraiguṇye Śivāya namo namaḥ.

Salutations to You as Brahma in whom rajas prevails for the creation of the
universe. Salutations to You as Rudra in whom tamas prevails for its destruction.
Salutations to You as Vishnu in whom sattva prevails for giving happiness to the
people. Salutations to You, 0 Shiva, who are effulgent and beyond the three
attributes.

31 Kṛśa-pari-ṇati cetaḥ kleśa-vaśyaṁ kva cedam
Kva ca tava guṇa-sīmolaṅghinī śaśvad-ṛddhiḥ,
Iti cakitam-amandī kṛtya mām bhaktir-ādhād
Varada caraṇayos-te vākya-puṣpopahāram.

0 Giver of boons, how poor is my ill-developed mind, subject to afflictions, and
how boundless Your divinity- Eternal and possessing infinite virtues. Though
terror—stricken because of this, I am inspired by my devotion to offer this
hymnal garland at Your feet.

32 Asita-giri-samaṁ syāt kajjalam sindhu-pātre
Sura-taru-vara-ṣākhā lekhanī patramurvī,
Likhati yadi gr̥hītvā Śāradā sarva-kālam
Tadapi tava gunāṇām Īśa pāraṁ na yāti.

0 Lord, if the black mountain be ink, the ocean the inkpot, the branch of the stout
wish-fulfilling tree a pen, the earth the writing leaf, and if taking these the
Goddess of learning writes for eternity, even then the limit of Your virtues will
not be reached.

33 Asura-sura-munīndrair-arcitasyendu-mauler-
Grathita-guṇa-mahimno nirguṇasyeśvarasya,
Sakala-gaṇa-variṣṭhaḥ Pushpadantā-bhidhāno
Ruciram-alaghu-vṛttaiḥ stotram-etaccakāra.

The best of Gandharvas, Pushpadanta by name, composed in great devotion this
beautiful hymn to the Lord, who is worshipped by demons, gods, and the best of
sages, whose praises have been sung, who has the moon on His forehead, and
who is attributeless.

34 Ahar-ahar-anavadyaṁ Dhūrjateḥ stotram-etat
Paṭhati parama-bhaktyā śuddha-cittah pumān yaḥ
Sa bhavati Śivaloke Rudra-tulyas-tathā'tra
Pracura-tara-dhanāyuh putravān-kīrtimāṁśca.

The person who with purified heart and in great devotion always reads this
beautiful and elevating hymn to Shiva, becomes like Shiva (after death) in the
abode of Shiva, and while in this world gets abundant wealth, long life, progeny
and fame.

35 Dīkṣā dānam tapas-tīrthaṁ yoga-yāg-ādikāḥ kriyāḥ,
Mahimnaḥ stava-pāṭhasya kalām nārhanṭi ṣoḍaśīm.

Initiation into spiritual life, charities, austerities, pilgrimages, practice of yoga,
performance of sacrificial rites - none of these give even a sixteenth part of the
merit that one gets by reciting the hymn on the greatness of Shiva.

36 Āsamāptam-idaṁ stotraṁ puṇyam Gandharva-bhāṣitam,
Anaupamyam mano-hāri Śivam-Ishvara-varṇanam.

Thus ends this unparalleled sacred hymn composed by Pushpadanta and
describing the glory of God Shiva in a most fascinating manner.

37 Maheshānnāparo devo mahimno nāparā stutiḥ,
Aghorānnāparo mantrō nāsti tattvaṁ guroḥ param.

There is no god higher than Shiva, there is no better hymn than this on the greatness of Shiva, there is no mantra more powerful than the name of Shiva, there is no higher truth than the Guru.

38 [Kusuma-daśana-nāmā sarva-gandharva-rājaḥ
Śīśu-śaśa-dhara-mauler Deva-devasya dāsaḥ,
Sa khalu nija-mahimno bhraṣṭa evāsyā roṣāt
Stavanam-idam-akārṣid-divya-divyaṁ mahimnaḥ.]

The Lord of Gandharvas, Pushpadanta by name, is the servant of the God of gods who has the crescent moon on his forehead. Fallen from his glory due to the wrath of the Lord, he composed this very beautiful uplifting hymn on the greatness of Shiva to regain His favor.

39 Suravara-muni-pūjyaṁ svarga-mokṣaika-hetuṁ
Paṭhati yadi manuṣyaḥ prāñjalir-nānya-cetāḥ,
Vrajati Śiva-samīpam kinnaraiḥ stūyamānaḥ
Stavanam-idamamoghaṁ Puṣpadanta-praṇītam.

If one with single-minded devotion and folded palms reads this unfailing hymn composed by Pushpadanta, which is adored by great gods and the best of sages and which grants heaven and liberation, one goes to Shiva and is worshipped by Kinnaras (celestial beings).

40 Śri-Puṣpadanta-mukha-paṅkaja-nirgatena
Stotreṇa kilbiṣa-hareṇa Hara-priyena,
Kaṅṭha-sthitena paṭhitena samāhitena
Suprīṇito bhavati Bhūta-patir-Maheśaḥ.

If a person learns by heart and recites this hymn, which flowed from the lotus mouth of Pushpadanta, which destroys sins and is dear to Shiva and which equally promotes the good of all, Shiva, the Lord of creation, becomes very pleased.

*[Bracketed verses] were not included in Baba's recording.

41 Ityeṣā vānmayi pūjā Śrimacchaṅkara-pādayoḥ,
Arpitā tena Deveśaḥ prīyatām me Sadā-śivaḥ.

This hymn of worship is offered at the feet of Lord Shiva. May the ever beneficent Lord of gods be pleased with this effort.

42 Yadaḥṣaram paḍam bhraṣṭam mātrā-hīnam ca yad bhavet
Tat sarvaṁ kṣamyatām Deva prasīda Parameśvara.

If any syllable or word was omitted or pronounced incorrectly O Lord, please extend me your gracious forgiveness.

Om pūrṇam-adaḥ pūrṇam-idam
Pūrṇāt pūrṇam-udacyate
Pūrṇasya pūrṇam-ādāya
Pūrṇam-evāvaśiṣyate.

Om. That is Perfect, This is Perfect
From Perfection arises Perfection
Perfection taken from the Perfect
Perfection merged into the Perfect
Perfection alone remains.

Om śāntiḥ śāntiḥ śāntiḥ.

Om peace peace peace.