STOTRA MALIKA
(సోత్రా మలిక)  

P. KRISHNA MOORTY

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STOTRA MĀLIKĀ
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FOREWORD

Stotramālikā is a collection of hymns in Sanskrit in praise of various deities. These six stotras are remarkable for poetic beauty and deep devotional fervour.

The Vaishnava Bhakti Tradition has popularised these stotras. “Śrī Rāma Rakṣā Stotram”, “Mukunda Mālā”, “Bhaja Govindam”, “Śrī Daśāvatāra Stotram”, and “Śrī Stuti” have prominent place in Bhakti cult.

“Śiva Mahimna Stotra” glorifies the powers and the compassion of Śiva.

As they are recited, one is really immersed oneself in the ocean of bliss and spiritual ecstasy. These are not mere rendering in the praise of Iṣṭa Devatās, but thought-provoking and soul-stirring devotional poems of the highest order.

Sri P. Krishna Moorty translated them into English in a simple and lucid style.

Three decades ago, the author had published these stotras in separate volumes. The T.T.D. is now bringing out these books in a single volume under the “Religious Publications Series” for the benefit of the readers.

We brought out these stotras with English translation for the benefit of those, who cannot understand, the spirit of the original Sanskrit verses.

EXECUTIVE OFFICER
Tirumala Tirupati Devasthanams,
Tirupati.
ముఖ్యమాటలు

1. పుస్తక వివరణలు

2. పుస్తక వివరణలు

3. ముఖ్యమాటలు

4. పుస్తక వివరణలు

5. పుస్తక వివరణలు

6. పుస్తక వివరణలు
చింతాచరి నాటమం
INTRODUCTION

I have great pleasure to introduce to the readers this Hymn entitled Śrī Rāmarakṣā Stotram. Its author is the great reputed sage Budha Kauśika. The efficacy and the potency of this great Stotra is all concentrated in the name and form of Śrī Rāmacandra. His beloved and modest Sītā represents the virtues of all the divinities. The key to the understanding of this great hymn and all its grandeur is Hanumān. The meter employed in its composition is Anuṣṭup. By the repetition and recital of this hymn, one can be freed from all ills and dangers and can claim fulfilment of his most cherished desires. All kinds of bodily and mental aberrations will be dispelled. Life on this earth will be full of peace and tranquillity. As this Stotra contains all supernatural and spiritual elements, it helps one to attain Mokṣa also. This entitles one to obtain the realisation of the blessed from of Śrī Rāma and His grace also. One has, therefore, to read and recite these ślokas with an immense and unshakable faith and a steady and concentrated mind. During the holy period of Navarātras, the recital of this Stotra is highly advisable. For the purification of one’s mind and to spiritualise it Śrī Rāma Navami also is best fitted for its recital.

This great Stotra is a great infallible, mental and cultural healing balm. One can find a sure and safe refuge in Śrī Rāmacandra, by the recital and repetition of this Stotra. When one is chiefly depressed and is overwhelmed by many difficulties all round, this Stotra affords him a way out of them all and lands him in
peace and tranquillity. For the benefit of those who cannot understand the Sanskrit version of the hymn, a humble English rendering of the same is herewith appended.

P. Krishna Moorthy
The story of the life of Śrī Rāma, the most illustrious of the line of Raghu has permeated through the lives of hundreds of crores of human beings. Every letter in the story of the life of that illustrious prince is capable of washing away all the great sins of all people in the world.

I meditate upon Śrī Rāma whose body is of the hue of a blue lotus, whose eyes have all the grace and beauty of lotuses, who is ever associated with Śītā and Lākṣāman and who shines with the crown of twisted matted locks of hair.

I offer my prayers to that Lord of the universe who destroys the Rākṣasas with a sword, quiver of arrows and a bow in his hands, who has taken incarnations upon this earth for protecting people of this earth by his sportive and miraculous deeds. He is eternal and everlasting.
The grace of Śrī Rāma is verily obtainable by all those who recite this blessed Rāma Rakṣa Stotram that is capable of wiping away all sins and granting all boons. May Rāghava protect the head and Śrī Rāma, the forehead.

Śrī Rama, the son of Kausalyā should grant protection to my eyes. Śrī Rāma, the endeared disciple of Viśvāmitra should guard my ears. Śrī Rāmacandra the protector of the holy sacrifice should guard my nose and Śrī Rāma the affectionate brother of Laksman, son of Sumitra should guard my face.

May Śrī Rāma the mine of learning protect my tongue. May He who is the adored by Bharata protect my throat. May he who is the possessor of divine weapons protect my shoulders. May He who rent the bow of Śiva, protect my arms.

May the Lord consort of Śītā protect my hands. May He who has vanquished Parasurāma protect my heart. May He who slew the demon Khara protect my
waist. May He who gave asylum to Jāmbavān protect the centre of my abdomen.

May He who is the Lord of Sugrīva protect my hips. May He who is the supreme lord of Hanumān protect my upper thighs and the destroyer of Rākṣasā community protect my thighs.

May Śrī Rāma, who built a bridge at setu protect my knees. May He who destroyed Rāvana protect the calves of my legs. May He who bestowed prosperity on Vibhishana protect my feet and may that Śrī Rāma protect my entire body.

Whosoever good men read and recite this Kavaca which is augmented with the might of Śrī Rāma, such people enjoy long life, all happiness, good children, great success and boundless humility.

None of those beings that live either upon the earth or in the nether world or in the ethereal regions and the dishonest and the deceitful can even approach and gaze at those who are shielded by Rāmanāma.
Those who constantly repeat the blessed words of Rāma, Rāmacandra and Rāmabhadrā are not subjected to any kind of sin. Such people can, on account of the glory and potency of the name of Śrī Rāma, enjoy all kinds of prosperity and attain (Mokṣa) beatitude.

Whosoever repeats and recites and memorises this Rāma mantra which can secure success over the entire universe and whosoever makes this useful for them in their daily needs with the power of their retention and recapitulation, to such people all super human faculties and powers Siddhis become easy of acquisition and accomplishment.

Whosoever recites this Śrī Rāma Kavacam compared to a diamond cage, a word of such great people is never disobeyed or violated. Further they become successful in everything and attain peace and prosperity.

In the way in which Śrī Śaṅkara Bhagavān propounded about this Śrī Rāma Rakṣā Kavacam in the
night time in his dreamy state, so did the sage Śrī Budha Kauśika composed it at the time of dawn.

Śrī Rāma who is like a grove of Kalpa trees to us, who is capable of freeing us from all troubles and dangers and who is the most handsome of all in the three worlds, that Śrī Rāma who is the possessor of all wealth and prosperity is our Lord.

May Śrī Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa, who are the most noble of the race of Raghu and the sons of Daśaratha, who are in their prime of youth, who are the most handsome, who are the most delicate and tender, who are endowed with great strength, who have eyes beautiful and expansive as lotuses, who wear the deer skin, who live on fruits and roots, who are themselves great sages, who are endowed with great vitality resulting from great penances, who are verily Brahmachārins in spirit, who accord protection and refuge to all living beings, and who are the most adept of all archers, may those Śrī Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa spread over us their umbrella of protection and succour.
May Śrī Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa, who are ever on the alert with their bows and arrows. Who have ever their finger tips upon the arrows. Who have quivers containing infinite numbers of arrows, may they be ever ahead of me in my way, saving and shielding me.

The youthful brothers, Śrī Rāma and Lakṣmaṇa who are armed with their armours, bows and arrows are proceeding ahead of me to fulfil my heart’s most cherished desires.

Śrī Bhagavān spoke thus:-

"Whosoever among my devotees regularly recited everyday the various names - Rāma, Dāsarathī (the son of Dasaratha), hero of heroes, who is ever accompanied by Lakṣmaṇa, who is a mine of strength, who is the illustrious son of the line of Kakutthisa, who is the great puruṣa, who is worthy of all adoration, who is the son of Kausalyā, who is the supreme of the
line of Raghu, who is comprehended only by the great Vedântins, who is the lord of all yajñas and sacrifices, who is the greatest of the great Purâṇa puruṣas, who is the lord consort of Jñânakî, who is an inexhaustible store of wealth and who is the bravest and the most incomprehensible, will undoubtedly enjoy all merits obtained by the performance of the great Âsvamedha Yâga.

Those who repeat the blessed name of Śrî Râma, who is of a dark dusky hue that of Dûrvâ grass, who has eyes resembling lotuses, and who wears yellowish silken robes will not be caught and entangled in the web of transmigration.

I offer my salutations to Śrî Râma, the elder brother of Lakṣmaṇa, the noblest of the race of Raghu, the Lord consort of Sîtâ, the most handsome, the ornament to the family of Kakutsthas, an ocean of kindness and compassion, a mine of all virtues, dear to the Brâhmaṇas, the most pious and righteous, the most illustrious of the royalty, one devoted to the path of truth, the son of king Daśaratha, one who is of dark bluish complexion, one who is peace and tranquillity incarnate, one who is dear to the entire universe, the jewel of the race of Raghu, and the foe of Râvana.
My salutations to Rāmabhadra, Rāmacandra (Creator Supreme), Raghunātha, the Lord of the Universe and Sīta’s Lord consort.

O Raghunandana, O the elder brother of Bharata, O the great pitiless on the battlefield, O Lord Śrī Rāmacandra, I seek thy refuge.

I bend down my head and offer my salutations to Śrī Rāma, ever meditating in my mind upon his sacred feet and singing his praises with my mouth, I seek refuge, in the feet of Śrī Rāmacandra.

He is my mother, my father, my Lord and my friend. The most compassionate Śrī Rāmacandra is everything to me. I know not any other God but him.
I offer my salutations to that Śrī Rāmacandra, who is ever associated with Laksmana on his right, Sītā on his left and Hanumān in the front.

I seek refuge in Śrī Rāmacandra who is the beloved of the universe, who is a courageous hero on the battlefield, who has eyes resembling lotuses, who is a gem of the race of Raghu, who is a mine of pity and compassion incarnate and who is the very personification of compassion.

I seek refuge in Hanumān, who has the speed of the mind, whose speed is equal to that of wind, one who has conquered his senses, who is the wisest among the wise and who is the son of wind and Chieftan of the hosts of monkeys and who is the messenger of Lord Śrī Rāma.
I salute the Cuckoo Vālmīki, sitting on the branch of poetry of the tree of literature and whistling most melodiously the sweet words “Rāma and Rāma”.

I tender my salutations at the feet of Śrī Rāma who can relieve us from all hardships and dangers, who can grant all auspicious things and who is the most endeared of the universe again and again.

The roar of the name of Rāma, destroys all sources of the troubles of Samsara. It bestows all things conducive to happiness. It frightens even the minions of Yama.

Śrī Rama, the crest jewel among the royalty of the world, will ever spread hissplendour. I ever pray Rāma, the Lord consort of Lakṣmī. The entire rākṣasa race has been destroyed by Rama. My salutations to Rāma. There is no safer asylum to any one than Rāma. I am ever at the behest of Rāma. May my entire mind and soul find their greatest delight in Rāma. O Rāma uplift me.
Thus spake Lord Parameśvara to Pārvatī. ‘O beloved, the name of Rāma is as holy and efficacious as the repetition of the thousand names of the Lord signifying Lord Viṣṇu. I ever find my greatest delight in constantly repeating the sweet and blessed name of Rāma often and often.

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సాధారణ మనము నిర్పారాధిక ప్రకందం
INTRODUCTION

This Hymn to Śiva, popularly known as Mahimna Stotram sung in praise of his glory and greatness, is one of the many Stotras, which I studied in my younger days, under the late Pandita Kaluvalapally Ranganadha Sastry Garu of Eluru. This is one of the most sublime and ennobling hymns in praise of Śiva found in Sanskrit Literature. There are some even today who recite it daily with devotion and are benefited.

The specific authorship of this book is not known though there is a legendary story that it was composed by a Gandharva named Puspadanta, as supported by Verse 39. The story runs as follows:-

“A Gandharva, named Puspadanta, used to enter every day the flower-garden of a King secretly without being detected by any one on account of his mysterious powers, pluck the flowers and go away. The King, coming to know of this, got the flowers left after worshipping the Deity, thrown on his way, As Puspadanta treaded on the said flowers, all his supernatural powers had vanished and thus he incurred the wrath of Śiva. He then sang the following hymn in praise of Śiva, invoking him, and thus got back the powers he was deprived of.”

For the benefit of the English-knowing people, who are not very much conversant with Sanskrit, the said verses are rendered into English. The cumulative effect on the minds of those who recite it daily, is most ennobling and uplifting.

P. Krishna Moorthy
O Lord Śiva, when the praises that were sung of Thy glory and greatness by those that have very little idea of the immensity of Thy glory, have not become worthy, even the noble utterances of Brahma about Thee become unworthy. Hence, in this world if the glorifications sung in Thy praise according to one’s attainments of culture and the ripening of intelligence have become blameless, then even this attempt on my part to sing Thy praises is free from any blemishes.

O Śiva, thy power and glory are beyond the comprehension by the mind and description by the words. Who will praise that glory which even the Vedas praise with a sense of fear and trepidation taking recourse to the method of elimination saying “Not this”, “Not this”? Who can, therefore, say with how many great and ennobling qualities Thy vast power is associated with and to whom is it really comprehensible? Yet
whose mind and tongue can be restrained from turning to its later manifestations?

O Lord Isvara, when the praises of Brhaspati are acceptable to Thee and cause Thee no surprises that is the source and fountainhead of the sweet, elegant and nectar-like Vedas and Upanishads, why should my praises to Thee cause any surprise? O The Destroyer of Tripura, the ardent desire to cleanse and purify my speech by the merit obtained by singing Thy praises, has emboldened and prompted me to launch upon this task.

O, the Giver of all Gifts, some head-strong and perverse - minded people cast sweet and mellifluous aspersions to the evil-minded about Thee to diminish and destroy Thy glory that has been established and proclaimed by the three Vedas, that contains the essence of the manifestations of Brahmā and Viṣṇu, that is the cause of Creation Preservation and Destruction and that is divided into different qualities of Sattva, Rajas and Tamas.
For the fulfilment of what desire did Īśwara, in the manifestation of Brahmā, what physical form did he assume, with what instruments, support and materials did he create the Three Worlds? With such illogical questions, some perverted people cause confusion in the minds of mankind regarding Thee whose Glory, Potency and Divine Nature are beyond human comprehension.

O Highest of the Gods. how can the worlds with physical forms and shapes be created without a Creator? their origin is vested, perforce in a Creator. Who else save Thee, O Siva can take upon Himself this great task of the creation of the Worlds? As they are verily dull-witted, they raise such doubts regarding Thy existence and Thy glory.
The Three Vedas (Rik, Yajus and Sāma) the Sānkhya as propounded by Kapila, the Yoga of Patañjali, the doctrines of Pañupati or Śiva, the Pāñcarātra Āgamas of the Vaishnavites, all these show the different paths of realisations of Thee. But the foolish following these diverse ways, straight or crooked, in accordance with the differences of temperaments and tastes state that a certain path only is the best and that certain another path only is the most proper, unmindful of the fact that these seemingly divergent ways lead to Thee only even as different rivers from different directions enter the same ocean.

O Giver of all Boons, the great bull, the wooden club, the axe, the deer-skin, the holy ashes, the serpents the human skull these and such other things are Thy principal possessions, though by a mere casting of Thy looks Thou couldst give to the Gods immense treasures to enjoy. Indeed, the mirage of sensual objects and pleasures cannot delude a person whose mind is engrossed in and finds its supreme delight in the self or the supreme.
O destroyer of Pura, some say that this Universe is eternal, while others maintain that it is transitory, while some others try to establish that all these eternal and non-eternal things possess distinctly different characteristics. Though I am ridiculed by persons like such, I feel never ashamed to sing Thy praises; on the other hand, all this garrulity, on my part is born out of an innate daring in me.

O Girisa, when Thou hast assumed the form of a flaming and blazing pillar of fire, Brahmā from above and Viṣṇu from below failed to comprehend or measure Thy glory. Then they both, with greater devotion and firmer faith, praised Thee, when thou revealed thyself to them; of thine own accord just to indicate to the world and assure humanity that the Worship of and devotion to Thee do not go without bearing fruit.

O Destroyer of Tripura, Rāvaṇa wiped out of the three Worlds all traces of those hostile to him and still remained fully armed ever eager for making fresh war. This is because of his firm and unflinching devotion to thee, which prompted him to lay his heads as offering of lotuses at Thy feet.
When Rāvana, who obtained great strength and power by worshipping thee, extended his conquests right up to Kailās, Thy abode, Thou pressed it down with the tip of the toe and Rāvana went howling into the deepest of nether regions, where even he could find no shelter. verily, the wicked, who are intoxicated by wealth and affluence, find themselves ruined.

O Giver of all Boons, the Demon Bāña, who conquered the three Worlds by the potency of his worship at Thy lotus feet, despised even the splendour and glory of Indra, which is not at all surprising. Is there any prosperity or power un-attainable by one, who bends down, prostrates and lays his head at Thy lotus feet?

O Śiva, the three-eyed Lord, Thou hast drunk poison on account of Thy compassion for the Gods and Demons, when they were stricken and paralysed with
fear and got panicky that the entire Universe would be destroyed. It is no wonder at all that the stain on thy throat adds grace and beauty to it, instead of appearing as a blemish. Even blemishes become ornaments to those like thee, who ever take upon themselves the mighty task of freeing the world from all fear.

O Lord, the arrows of the God of Love, which have never failed without achieving their desired ends any where in the three worlds of Gods, Men and Demons, have become mere objects of memory, as he had foolishly thought of thee as an ordinary God and aimed his shaft at Thee. Hence, the insults aimed at those who have conquered their selves, are not conducive to any good.

When Thou hast danced touching the earth now and then with Thy feet for the protection of the World, the earth wondered if it would not go down and find a sudden end. Even the Sky with the planets and stars felt likewise at the impact of the touch of Thy arms, heavy and strong like iron clubs in their movement. Even the heaven felt miserable and awe-stricken when-
ever Thy matted locks of hair struck against its sides in their swift swinging. Ah, Thy mightiness is the cause of all this consternation.

The river which spreads all over the sky and whose form looks all the more beautiful because of the stars and planets, appears only like a drop of water, when it rested on Thy head. The same river again turned round the world making it into islands surrounded by vast expanses of water. From this, the vastness of Thy divine body and the greatness of Thy personality can easily be imagined.

O Lord, Īśvara, when Thou wanted to burn down all the three cities, which were to thee like mere pieces of straw thou hast used the earth as Thy chariot, Brahmā as Charioteer, the great mountain Meru Thy bow, the Sun and the Moon as the wheels for the chariot and Viṣṇu as Thy bow. What need was there for thee to summon all these great agents and make a great fuss about it? verily Īśvara is merely sporting with things at his command, as there is no need for Him to rely upon others.
O Destroyer of Tripura, when Lord Viṣṇu in the ecstasy of his devotion was about to offer a thousand lotuses at Thy feet, one lotus was found wanting, when he plucked out one of his eyes in the exuberance of devotion. It transformed itself into a discus which is ever alert in protecting the Three Worlds.

O Lord Īśvara, when the sacrifice is about to be destroyed and is going to end in a failure. Thou art ever awake to award the fruit of the sacrifice to the sacrificer. Without Thy worship how can any sacrifice bear fruit at all? Hence men become resolute in the performances of sacrifices, knowing Thee to be the Giver of all fruits and putting firm faith in the Vedas.

O Lord, the refuge to all that have no refuge, in the sacrifice, where Daksha, an adept in the performances of sacrifices was the sacrificer (Yāga kartā) the
Ṛṣis were the high priests and the Gods were the supervisors, he was destroyed by Thee, although Thou art intent upon awarding fruits to the sacrifices. Hence all sacrifices, devoid of devotion to Thee, are indeed only sources of harm to people.

O Lord Īśvara, a certain brahmin had become bereft of all love and affection for his own kinsmen, nearest and dearest, and had even despised the Vedas, cut off the feet of his own father on the plea that he had done Thee some harm. Even he, by the abundance of Thy grace and compassion, had however assumed Divine form forsaking his human form.

O Lord Īśvara! when Brahmā himself, out of excessive and uncontrollable passion desired to have his daughter for its gratification, she, out of fear, got herself changed into a hind. But Brahmā outwitted her and, becoming a stag, chased her when Thou, out of righteous fury, hast become a hunter with a bow in hand and aimed a shaft at the stag and keenly pierced him. Brahmā then fled to the skies out of terror.
O Destroyer of Tripura, O Giver of Boons, as Thou hast allowed Parvati to share with Thee and occupy one half of Thy body, being much pleased with her devotions and austerities, she thought that Thou wert enamoured of her out of mere beauty. But even after seeing the God of love with a bow and shafts of flowers in his hand burnt down like a straw in a trice, she was proud of her own beauty. This wise all young women are foolishly deluded.

O Destroyer of the God of Love and the Giver of all Boons, the cremation ground is Thy sporting place; ghosts are Thy companions; Thou besmearest Thyself with the ashes of the burnt bodies left on the funeral ground; a cluster of human skulls is Thy garland. Though this way everything about Thee is terror-striking and inauspicious. yet Thou grantest all good and auspicious things to them who remember and pray to Thee.
O Lord, Thou art verily that incomprehensible and unspeakable truth which the Yogis meditating upon Thyself, controlling their breath and disciplining themselves as directed by the Scriptures and realising which they feel themselves floating over a pool of nectar, shedding tears of joy and sharing eternal bliss.

The wise believe that Thou hast limitations and worship Thee in the form of the Sun or the Moon or the Fire or the Sky or the Earth or the Water or the Air or the Supreme Self. But we know not anything which is that wherein Thou art not manifested.

O Giver of refuge, the three letters-A-U-M-forming the word ‘Om’ indicating the 3 Vedas, the 3 States, the 3 Worlds, and the 3 Gods, speak of Thee as one that is separate. But when collectively uttered as one word, it indicates the absolute Brahman.
O Lord, the Vedas mention each of Thy eightfold names of Bhava, Sarva, Rudra, Pasupati, Ugra, Mahadeva, Bhima and Isana. To all these beloved and illuminating names, I offer my salutations.

O Isvara, the lover of forest life, my salutations to Thee, whether Thou art near or far away; O Destroyer of the God of Love to Thee my salutations, who are capable of taking the minutest of forms or the biggest of manifestations. O, the three-eyed Lord, my salutations to Thee that is the oldest and yet the youngest. These are my salutations to Thee that comprehendeth the entire universe and at the same time transcendent 'it'.

My salutations to Brahma, who, on account of his Rajasic qualities predominating, creates the Universe, to Rudra, who, on account of the plenitude of Tamasic tendencies, destroys it, and to Vishnu, who on account of an excess of Satvic attributes, grants all happiness to the people. To Siva, the effulgent object beyond all the three attributes, I offer my salutations.
O Giver of all Boons, between my mind that is ill-developed and subject to misery and Thy Divine will that is eternal possessing infinite virtues-where is the comparison?

O Lord, even if Sarasvati, the Goddess of Learning, chooses to go on writing till eternity making the blue mountain as ink, the ocean as the ink-stand, the branch of the heavenly tree as the pen and the earth as the writing pad, even then, she cannot exhaust and reach the limits of Thy infinite virtues.

O Īśvara, the Destroyer of Tripura, in everyone of former births, I failed to contemplate upon Thee and offer my salutations to Thee. As a result of that. I am now journeying again wearing this mortal coil. Now that I choose to contemplate upon Thee and offer my salutations to Thee, I become freed from the rounds
of births and deaths and thus become a Mukta, which deprives me in future of all opportunities to offer my salutations. I respectfully beg of Thee to pardon me for these two wrongs done to Thee.

Pushpadanta, the noblest of the Demi-Gods, has composed this beautiful Hymn in all seriousness in praise of the Lord Śiva, who is worshipped by all demons, Gods and the greatest of the Sages, whose glories have been sung, whose forehead is adorned by the moon and who is without any attributes.

Whosoever regularly recites this beautiful Hymn, in praise of Lord Śiva, with a heart purified and with great devotion becomes one with Him in the abode of Śiva after his death and so long as he lives in this World, attains all prosperity, long life, fame and worthy children.

There is no other God worthier than Śiva and there is no other Hymn nobler than that sung in praise of the greatness and glory of Śiva; there is no other sacred word worthy of repetition and meditation than
the name of Śiva. There is nothing else worthy of being known than the nature of the great spiritual Teacher-Śiva.

Even a person who gets himself initiated into a spiritual way of life, charity, penance or austerities, pilgrimage, knowledge of scriptures, and the right performance of the sacrificial rites, will not get even a sixteenth part of the merit, obtained by reciting, this Hymn sung in praise of the glory and greatness of Śiva.

Pushpadanta, the Gandharva Chief and the devotee of Lord Siva, who has the crescent moon on the forehead, lost all his power, pelf and glory, having fallen a victim to Lord Śiva’s fury. He then composed this beautiful and sublime Hymn on the greatness of Śiva to regain his lost power.

Whoever recites this great infallible Hymn composed by Pushpadanta, after offering worship to Lord Śiva, the most adorable of Gods, and who grants heav-
enly bliss and liberation with a fixed and steadfast mind and in all humility with folded hands, gets admission into the presence of Śiva and becomes worthy of the praise by Kinnaras.

This unparalleled and sacred Hymn describing the glory of God and composed by Pushpadanta is indeed fascinating from start to the finish.

This worshipful praise of mine in the form of a Hymn is offered at the feet of Lord Śiva, that He, the ever propitious Lord of Gods, may be pleased with my humble offering.

O Great and Glorious Lord, I cannot comprehend either Thy true nature or what Thou art or how Thou shouldst be understood. My salutations. I offer again and again to Thee, who transcends all comprehension and description.

Whosoever recites this Hymn once, twice or thrice everyday is glorified in the abode of Śiva, freed from all sins.
I did not do that which I should have done and I did that which should not have been done by me. The pronouncement of the two blessed and sacred letters 'Si' 'Va' is the only remedy for these two wrongs.

For those foolish beings, who are bitten by the venomous serpent-samsara, the worshipful offerings at the lotus feet of the Lord Siva, who is adorned by the crescent moon on His tuft is the only panacea.

Anyone who commits this Hymn endearing to Siva which came out of the lips of Pushpadanta and which dispels all sins to memory or recites it or at least keeps it written in his home, shall greatly please Siva, the supreme Lord of Creation.
మాంసాదమండ
INTRODUCTION

This Stotram entitled Mukundamala was composed by Mahārāja Kulaśekhara of Malabar State. It was mentioned in the work relating to the hierarchy of Preceptors of the Śrī Vaiṣṇavite tradition that his incarnation was at the beginning of this Kaliyuga. The other work written by him is Perumal Tirumoli which was included in the Nālāyiram the holy texts of the Śrī Vaiṣṇavites, in Tamil. He is popularly spoken of as Kulaśekharāvar by the Śrī Vaiṣṇavites. He is counted one among the Ten Alwārs of their tradition. the ecstasy and nectar-like flow of his devotion to Lord Kṛṣṇa in reverential salutation to Him has taken the shape of this Hymn.

*Mukundamala* establishes the greatness and par excellence of the Lord’s Kṛṣṇāvatāra. As the name Mukunda has been interwoven in every one of the verses and knit together like the flowers in a garland and is dedicated to Lord Kṛṣṇa, the Hymn has come to be known as Mukundamala.

The diction, the beauty and charm of its words and the pregnancy of ennobling thoughts and meanings are indeed elevating and refreshing. I, therefore, feel that on account of its rich and thought-provoking content and unparalleled composition, this Stotra is verily, the best guide for all those who are devoted to Lord Kṛṣṇa.

P. Krishna Moorthy
To me who call you as the consort of the Goddess Lakṣmī, as the Giver of all boons, as the all merciful, as the beloved of the devotees, as the one that canst wash away all sins, as the Lord, as He that rests on the Ādiśeṣa, as the all pervading, grant me a reply.

Hail to Thee, O Lord Krṣṇa, the blessed son of Devaki, Thou hast glorified the Vṛṣṇi race, Thou whose Body is after the cloud-blue colour of the Sky, Thou that hast been gifted with handsome limbs, Thou that hast destroyed the wicked kings who have been a burden to the earth.
O Lord Kṛṣṇa, bowing down my head in reverential salutation, I beg of Thee for one single thing that by Thy grace I may never be overtaken by forgetfulness in the worship of Thy lotus feet in every round of my birth.

O Lord, I am offering these salutations to Thee neither to get rid of the sufferings of the pair of opposites, nor to avoid the pains and penalties caused from falling into hell nor even to sport in luxuriant bowers adorned with tender and lovely creepers in the celestial gardens but that I may be permitted to think of Thee and Thee only in the Temple of my heart during all my lives to come.
wealth, nor am I interested in the enjoyment of worldly pleasures. O Lord, let all my former actions be rewarded by such results as are prescribed. My only prayer to Thee is that my devotion to Thy Lotus feet in every future birth of mine may remain steadfast.

O Lord, whatever be my dwelling place either earth, heaven or hell, grant me my only prayer that I may think of Thy holy feet like lotuses in the autumn season, even in the face of death.

O Lord Kṛṣṇa, let the Royal Swan of my mind enter itself into Thy cage-like lotus feet now alone; for how can I hope to think of Thee when my throat at the time of death gets choked up with phlegm and wind?

I always think only of Lord Kṛṣṇa, who is the Supreme Ruler of the universe, who is worshipped and
adored by great Sages like Nārada and others, who is the son of the shepherded Nanda, and whose lotus-like face ever beams with smiles.

I having been sorely afflicted in the desert sands of samsāra, drank to my fill the waters of Divine glory, diving deep into the tank-Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa, whose hands and feet are like lotuses, whose bright shining eyes are like the fish, the steadfast devotion to whom is a panacea for all wearisomeness, the surface of whose waters is ever disturbed by the rippling waves - the shoulders, and whose depth is unfathomable. I now feel relieved of all distress and worry.

O Mind, never give up thy service to Lord Kṛṣṇa, the destroyer of the demon Mura, who is adorned with the conch (Śaṅkha) and discus (Cakra) and who has bright shining eyes like lotuses. No greater felicity did I ever feel equal to the sweetness of the nectar obtained by meditating upon the lotus feet of Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa.
O foolish mind, do not be scared away for long by the horrors and sufferings of hell caused by Yama for these enemies of sin cannot torment us. Bhagavān Sri Kṛṣṇa is indeed our Saviour. Shake off, therefore, all indolence and sloth and meditate with steadfast faith upon Lord Śrīṣṇa who can be easily realised by Bhakti, for is it not He who can remove and efface altogether the sufferings of this tormented world and is capable of protecting those that ever serve him with unswerving devotion?

May the Lord Viṣṇu alone be the bark of safety and protection to those who are devoid of any means, who are submerged in the ocean of samsāra, to those who are struck by the winds - the pairs of opposites, heat and cold etc., those who are tormented and oppressed by the weight of responsibilities to protect their sons, daughters, wives etc. and who are overtaken by the waters - the unsteady sensual pleasures.

O Mind, do not allow yourself to be overtaken by fear as to how to cross this ocean of samsāra which is deep and unfathomable. It is the steady constant,
unswerving and unflinching devotion alone reposed in Lord Kṛṣṇa that can save people from falling as victims into the horrors of hell.

O Lord Kṛṣṇa, the Giver of boons, O Thou that pervadeth the three worlds, provide us with the bark of devotion in Thy lotus feet - us who are submerged in the great ocean of Samsāra that has desires as its waters, that has its rippling tides roused into tires of rising and falling waves caused by the winds - the lustful passions, where every wife is a whirlpool, where sons and daughters are so many hosts of fierce watery animals.

O Thou the Lord consort of Lakṣmi. I pray that I may not have to look at those even for a minute, who are devoid of all devotion and who have not accomplished any meritorious deed in any of their former births, that I may never have to listen to any other stories, however charming and pleasing they may be, but those relating to Thee. O Lord of the universe, let me not think of those who treat Thee as untrue and false and that I may never be without devotion, worship and prayer to Thee in all the cycles of births in future.
O Tongue, sing the praises of Keśava, O Mind meditate upon Viṣṇu, the enemy of the demon Mura; O Hands, unite to salute and worship Acyuta; O Ears, listen ever to the stories of the Lord everlasting. O Eyes, look at the blessed and blissful form of Lord Kṛṣṇa; O Legs, proceed always to the high presence of Lord Kṛṣṇa; O Nose, enjoy the sweet fragrance of Tulasi emanating from the feet of Lord Kṛṣṇa; O Head, bow down in respectful salutations to the Lord of Dwāraka.

O Humanity, fix your thoughts upon that Ambrosia which is the sure panacea for all the ills of this world and the never-ending rounds of births and deaths; drink to your fill sweetest nectar, that fills your mouth pronouncing the name of Lord Kṛṣṇa which is comprehended by the great sages, Yājñyavalkya and others who are adepts in Yoga, which shines and scintilates with brilliance within us like a torch which is infinite and which is unparallelled without a second. By drinking such a supreme medicine, infinite and unbounded bliss shall be vouchsafed unto us.
O mortals, that are firmly caught and entangled in the mighty ocean of Samsāra raging with brakers the dangers and troubles of the world, listen to the pleasing, blessed and brief message that I wish to convey to you.

Shake off all lethargy and ignorance; repeat ever and anon the sacred mantra “Namonarayanaya (my salutations to Lord Vishnu)” together with Praṇava and accompanied with worshipful salutations.

O Lord, so mighty and infinite and so glorious are Thy power and pelf that, before them even the great and unbounded earth appears to be reduced to mere dust and atoms, the mighty waters of the oceans to mere drops, all the brilliant light to the mere glow of glow worms the powerful winds themselves are no more than mere breath, the vast expansive sky to a mere blue vault with holes, and all the hosts of gods including Rudra and Brahma and others to the tiniest of atoms.
O Lotus eyed Lord, may our lives that have drunk deep the sweet ambrosia of meditation upon Thy lotus feet become ever filled, with hands folded, head bent down, limbs horripilated, voice trembling and tremulous and eyes filled with overflowing tears of joy.

O thou the cowherd, O Thou the ocean of kindliness O Thou the Lord consort of Śrī Devī, O Thou the slayer of Kamsa, O thou the saviour of Gajendra, O Thou the Lord Consort of Lakṣmi, O Thou the beloved brother of Balarama, O thou the preceptor of the Three Worlds, O Thou the Lotus eyed Lord, O Thou the beloved Lord of the Gopis, protect me - I know not any other, other than Thee.

May that Lord Krṣṇa, the supreme among the Shepherds, who is the Garuḍa to all the venomous serpents the ills and dangers of the devotees, the most potent and all powerful saviour of the three worlds, who is like the clouds to the cuckoos - the eyes of the gopis, who is the quint - essence of all beauty, who is the sole diadem to the blooming beauteous and tight
pair of breasts of Rukmini, the jewel amongst women, and who is the crest jewel of all the hosts of Gods, grant us all that is good.

Ever meditate upon and chant constantly the sacred Kṛṣṇa Mantra that can destroy all enemies, that which is adored and proclaimed aloud by all the Upaniṣads, that can enable us to cross over the troubles and tribulations of Samsāra, that can drive away all the thick mists of ever gathering darkness of ignorance, that can bring us all plenty and prosperity, that is a sure panacea for those bitten by the vicious serpents - the vices and distresses and that can salvage life itself form sorrows, sins and sadness.

O Mind drink to your full the nectar like drink, the ambrosial remedy Lord Kṛṣṇa, that can dispel all ignorance that can divert the minds of sages towards God, that which can restore the dead back to life, that which can allay all fear that springs from attachments to samsāra, and that which causes all that is auspicious and good.
By the forsaking and forgetting of the Lord’s lotus feet, the mere chanting of the Vedas becomes futile like a cry in the wilderness; the mere daily routine observances of worship enjoined by the Vedas only diminishes the keenness of the intellect, the outward performance of all goodly deeds becomes really unworthy and is no better than making oblations into ashes; the holy and sacred baths in the various rivers are of no greater value and significance than the baths of elephants; it is not by these that we become glorified and reach our goal but by fixing our thoughts and finally merging in the self luminous Lord.

However much sinful one may have become, he shall not fail to realise his cherished goal if he utters the all prosperous name Narayana. Alas! We have gone through all the sufferings and the perennial sorrows incidental to the rounds of births and deaths by not having uttered and invoked that blessed name Narayana even once in any of our former births.
O Lord, the destroyer of the demons Madhu and Kaitabha, this is my only request and prayer to Thee, that I should be accepted by Thee as one of the lowest rung at least, of the heirarchy of Thy great servants - O Lord of the universe, that shall be the supreme fulfilment and reward of my birth and life in this world. Think of me and grant me this much at least.

When we have as our omnipotent saviour that Lord who is the most supreme among men, who is the undisputed ruler of all the three worlds, who can only be comprehended by the exercise of mind, who is prepared even to surrender His own position to His servants, who is immortal and all pervading, is it not a folly and imprudence on our part to seek for one who is the best among men, who possesses a brief spell of power over a small speck on this wide earth and whose capacity to give is very little?

O Cupid! avaunt and get out of minds that are ever devoted to the Lotus feet of Lord Kṛṣṇa. If Thou failest to do so, a worse fate awaits Thee than which had been caused to you by the fiery gaze of Lord
Hara, from the cakra of Lord Kṛṣṇa, whose potency and fierceness Thou seemest to be unaware of.

O Tongue! Listen to the supreme of the Supreme truths which I unfold before thee. Repeat for ever and ever the various mellifluous attributes of Lord Nārāyaṇa which can grant to the virtuous devotees the desired fruits.

This body is weak, worn out and rickety. O fool, O wicked minded, why torment it further by administering to it all sorts of medicines? Apply that supreme remedy, the perpetual pronouncement of the name of Lord Kṛṣṇa, which is the only panacea for all diseases and the sure shield against all dangers.

O Lord what I know of Thee is only this much that Thou art Lakṣmi’s Lord consort, that Brahmā, the creator is Thy son, that the Vedas chant and pro-
claim aloft Thy supremacy, that the hosts of Gods are ever waiting to serve Thee and Thy mandates, that Thy grace alone leads to salvation, that this vast universe is all the creation of Thy illusion, (Māyā) that Thou art the blessed son of Devaki, and that Arjuna, the matchless Pāṇḍava hero, is Thy friend. Save this, I know not any thing else of Thy vast infinite and boundless power and might because of my limited human intelligence.

May the Lord Kṛṣṇa the Preceptor of the Three Worlds, protect us. My salutations to Lord Kṛṣṇa, the destroyer of the demons. I am the servant of Him who created this entire Universe and in whom it resides. O Lord Krishna, save me.

May salutations to the Lotus feet of Nārāyaṇa. I adore Nārāyaṇa for ever. I pronounce or utter the sacred name Nārāyaṇa. I ever meditate upon the never diminishing bliss of Nārāyaṇa.
O Lord Viṣṇu, therefore, extend your kindness to me denied of all protection from all sources. Thou art verily the most merciful one with infinite forms, that can wash away all the sins of all Thy devotees, that is non pareil; Thou art indeed capable of lifting me up, wretched and submerged as I am in the ocean of Samsāra.

There is not one that pronounces the name of the Lord Consort of Lākṣmī, Nārāyana, Vāsudeva, Śrī Kṛṣṇa, the beloved of the devotees, the wielder of the cakra, Padmanabha, Acyuta, the foe of Kaitabha, Śrī Rāma, the Lotus eyed, Hari the foe of Mura, the Infinite, the Vaikuṇṭha, Mukunda, Kṛṣṇa, Dāmodara, and Mādhava. Though every one is capable of uttering, Thy holy names, it is a pity none has it on his lips. Alas! how fallen and deplorable it is that people are so indulgent in the doing of evil and vicious deeds.
Whosoever's mind is ever fixed upon Lord Kṛṣṇa, who is not conditioned by time, place or qualities, who resides in the centre of the Lotus like heart, who can dispel the fears of those who are steadfast in their minds, such people shall ever receive the grace of Lord Kṛṣṇa, the Supreme and get all their cherished wants fulfilled.

My salutations to the Lord whose body is made resplendent by the milky drops sprayed by the rising waves from the ocean of milk, who has made the Adiseṣa as his couch, who is the Lord consort of Lākṣmi and the foe of the demon Madhu.

This Stotra has been composed by King Kulaśekhara who is like the bee, ever attracted to the Lotus feet of Lord Kṛṣṇa, who has as his friends Dwijanmavara and Padmasara the Supreme, in the galaxy of the great poets who are well versed in the Vedas and who had endeared themselves to him.

* * *
ప్రకాశం

5
INTRODUCTION

When His Holiness Śrī Śaṅkarācārya, the Great Founder of the religion of Advaitism, was in Benares, he happened to come across a Brahmin, well-versed in Sanskrit Grammar. The learned scholar was repeating the grammatical aphorisms day and night. The knowledge of his grammar seemed everything to him. He did not appear to have any thought of striving for liberation or Mokṣa and thus realise the re-absorption of Jīvatma into the Paramātma or Supreme Soul. At that time a venomous serpent, with its hood raised, was crawling towards him.

As Swāmīji was going to the holy river, Gaṅgā for bath, he saw the Brahmin reciting the Sūtras, unmindful of the impending fatal bite of the serpent. He then composed twelve verses in Sanskrit and read them out to him. The learned pandit listened to them and received new light. He afterwards realised the truth embodied in the verses and became an entirely changed man.

The disciples of Swāmī too, composed a few verses afterwards. The said verses of Swamī go by the name of Dvādaśa Mañjarikā Stotram.

The following is a free and faithful rendering into Telugu and English, of the original Sanskrit Verses.

P. Krishnamurthy
O Foolish - minded man! worship the Lord repeating His Divine Name often. When Death is about to lay His icy hand upon thee, thy knowledge of the grammatical aphorisms, does not avail thee.

O! Fool! give up all thought for riches. Keep thy heart steady and wise, devoid of all desires. Enjoy rest satisfied—with what befalls thee, as fruit of thine own actions.
Let not blind love possess thee, being enamoured of women's beauteous blooming breasts. Ponder in thy heart again and again and know that after all they are nothing but flesh and blood.

Thy life is inconstant like the drop of water on a lotus leaf. Know that all the world is eaten into the core by sickness, selfishness, and sorrow.
So long, thou art toiling for riches, as long, thy friends cling to thee. But as you get old and decrepit, none of them cares to know even how you do.

So long as breath lasts in the body, thy welfare is sought after by all; but when the spirit quits its mortal frame, even thy wife is shocked at the sight of thy frame.
Meditate on this: that wealth is always a misfortune and this is Truth. Therefore, that not a particle of genuine happiness is to be found therein. The rich fear even their sons. This is the way of the world.

The child longs to sport away its time. The youth is after woman. The aged one is care worn. But none there is who is fondly devoted to the Supreme Being.

Who is that - whom you call - thy wife? who is that - whom you say - your son? This world of ours is indeed magical and inscrutable. Who are you - your self, and wherefrom do you hail? Ponder over in thy mind, my brother, these problems and know the Truth.
The fellowship of the wise develops non-attachment and non-attachment brings about dispassion. Dispassion in turn leads to realisation, which ends in the final liberation of the Soul even in this very life.

As age advances, where are thy lustful emotions? When water dries up, wherein is the tank? When riches decay where are thy followers? When the Truth is realised, where more is the World?
Do not be proud of youth, riches or retinue, for, Time snatches away all these in a moment. Abandoning all this visible world as illusory (MÂYÂ RIDDEN), realise the oneness with the Supreme and enjoy!

Days and Nights, Sunrise and Sunset, Summer and Winter, come and go in succession. Thus beguiling away Time, our life here is ever shortening. Nevertheless, the all consuming desire does not abate.

ఉచ్చసంస్కృతం స్థలం
చదివిపటనుడు చేయంచం,
విశాల పితా నంది మనం
ప్రాణం ని మాయం నందిరామమ.

పూర్తి సరిపట్టి ప్రత్యేక
మనం విభాగం సిద్ధం నందించం;
స్వామి నందించం అదేయం విభాగం
అయితే ని సంస్కృతం.

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మనం విభాగం సిద్ధం నందించం;
స్వామి నందించం అదేయం విభాగం
అయితే ని సంస్కృతం.
వైఎస్ భారతియ కమ్యూనిస్తము దళము
పరిపాలనానికి పాలించబడిన
యుద్ధమానం సందర్శించిన అంగేయం;
ఇది రాష్ట్రం లో నిర్భ విధానం.

వ. శంఖు.

వుతున్న కట్టడానికి ప్రత్యేకం
మానసమన్న రాశారనం కోదలు
సమాధానం విచారణలలో చెప్పడం
భారత రాష్ట్రంలో
పరిపాలన.

చి రుద్ర విగారణం ప్రత్యేకం
మానసమన్న రాశార
సమాధానం విచారణలలో చెప్పడం
భారత రాష్ట్రంలో
పరిపాలన.
ముగించిన మంజారి

పారిడిపిపి సంఘిపి 15
మాన వయసు మిగిలి మాన,
సంధుసుపి సిద్ధార్థి
సంధుసుపి చిత్రీకరణ.

మనసు మనసు కూ మనసు నిర్వహించాలి
విశిష్టముసర్గి చదువు నిశ్చయం నిశ్చయం;
సాగించాలి వి సాగించాలి అనే
సాగించాలి ఎంతికిని సాగించాలి.

Do not bind thyself with ties of attachment or hostility with friend or foe, son or relation. Realise thine own self in all things, and eschew all notions of knowledge of difference.

పాల్లు స్వంభ్రం సంచారం
సారంలు సంధులి వారం వారం
సారం వి మాత్రము చిత్రానికరణ.

సారంలు సారంలు చిత్రానికరణ సారంలు
సారంలు సారంలు చిత్రానికరణ;
సారంలు సారంలు చిత్రానికరణ
సారంలు సారంలు చిత్రానికరణ.

The woman is sought after only to satiate sensual pleasure. But this is followed by sickness in the body. And then Death becomes the only refuge in this World; yet Man forsaketh not the doing of sinful deeds.
First practice “Prāṇāyāma” and withdraw the senses from the external objects. After properly discriminating the Real from the Unreal, enter into “Nirvikalpa Samādhi” and realise your oneness with the Supreme.

Seek! and repose unswerving devotion in the lotus feet of thy Guru, and by his grace, soon become liberated from the bondage of this world. Thus disciplining thyself by all Śādhanas, thou can’st see the Lord in thine own heart.

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**SATKARANAM SRIKANTHADADA.**
O fool! what for dost thou haunt after woman or wealth? Hast thou not a guide to set you right? In all the three worlds, the fellowship of the Wise is the only bark whereby thou canst cross the ocean of this World.

The fool, who dresses himself manifold in an ascetic's dress, with matted locks of hair or with a clean
shaven head or with a cropped-head, though he sees all this visible world, yet, does not realise the Truth thereof. Hence all these numerous decorations after all serve him to earn his bread.

Though thy body has become decrepit and the hair grey and the mouth toothless, the old man still plods on his weary existence with a stick in his hand. Even then, desire does not abandon him.

The recluse warms himself by letting fire in his front or basking in the Sun or bending low on his knees without covering or clothing at night. He begs about
with a bowl in his hands and he lives under the trees. However, he is not freed from desires.

You may bathe in the holy waters of the Gaṅgā or in the many seas abroad. You may perform many religious vows or great acts of charity. But, if withal, you are devoid of wisdom (Jñānam), according to the tenets of all religions in the world, you cannot attain liberation or MUKTI, even after a hundred births.
Thy living is under the trees and in the sacred shrines of God. Thy couch is the earth and the hides are thy clothing. To whom does such a renunciation of non-possession and non-enjoyment not give happiness?

Whosoever's mind is immersed in Brahma eternally enjoys the unspeakable bliss thereof - whether to all appearances, he is in Yogic state or in worldly pleasures; whether he is in society or in solitude.
If even a verse of the Gītā is properly studied, even a drop of the Gaṅgā is drunk, or the worship of the Lord is done for once, even Yama, the God of Death, does not molest thee.

To be born again only to die again, and then again to be re-born from the womb of some mother somewhere and to be inextricably caught up in the meshes of the world!

Ah! This endless round of Births and Deaths, is truly unfathomable. Thy infinite grace alone availeth. Save me, My Lord!

Ah!

Save me, My Lord!
The Yogi, who by his realisation, has grown beyond the pairs of all opposites and who is absorbed consequently in the worship of the Lord, going about the streets clad in ragged clothes, is to all appearances, like a boy or a lunatic.

Ponder well,—who thou art and who I am, whence we came, and who my mother is, and who my father is! knowing the Truth about them, abandon, all attachment as of things in a dream, and worship the Lord.
The Omnipresent God exists in you, in me and in all things. However, thou get foolishly angry with Him, be of the same mind towards all things in the Universe.

The Jñānī, having forsaken desire, anger, greed and lust, sees his own likeness in all things and thus realises his oneness with the Supreme Spirit. But the foolish, who are devoid of the knowledge of their own selves, are immersed in the mire of this worldliness.
The Gītā and the Sahasranama stotra are to be recited every day. Worship the Lord daily. The fellowship of the Wise is to be courted. Give away thy wealth to the poor.

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We are
INTRODUCTION

In the heirarchy of the great Ācāryas, who propounded the Viśiṣṭādvaitic system of Philosophy, Śrīmāṇnārāyaṇa, Śrī Mahālakṣmī, Viśvakṣena, Nammālvār, Nāṭhamuni, Pundarikākṣudrā, Rāma misru, Yāmunaścārya, the great Bhagavān Rāmānu jācārya and after them Vedāntadesika, who bears the blessed name of Venkaṭatānātha Vedānta Desīka, was born.

He was born as the son of the blessed, holy and pious couple Anantasūri and Thotaramma by the grace of Lord Śrīnivāsa in 1268 A. D., in the village Tuppil in Kāncipuram, in the month of Puraṭṭasi, under the auspicious star Śravanam. He lived for a period of over 100 years. He studied under his maternal uncle Śrīman Ātreyā Rāmanujācāryula and mastered all the Śāstras before completing his 20th year and won the title Kavitārkika Simha. He wrote several works and obtained victory in several literary discussions and disputations with the famous Scholars of that age, initiated many a disciple into the Viśiṣṭādvaitic cult and laid strong, permanent and unshakable foundations for the doctrines of Viśiṣṭādvaitic system of Philosophy.

There are many Stotras or Hymns of praise among the monumental works written by him. All of them are intended to show that we can obtain all our most cherished desires only with the blessings of Śrī Mahālakṣmī and Śrīmāṇnārāyaṇa. The only way to obtain their grace is by singing their glories and praises. As we are not endowed with piety and capacity to compose
such praises, the ancient masters have handed to us, out of sympathy for our plight, most sublime and soul-elevating Stotra literature.

The Hymn entitled Śrī Stuti, which is an invocation to Goddess Mahālakṣmi, is one among them. There is a story connected with the greatness of this composition:

On one occasion, a certain Brahmacāri approached Vedāntadesākika, at the instigation of somebody, and begged him to supply him with the necessary funds to enable him to get himself married. The great Ācārya then praised Goddess Mahalakṣmi by this Hymn. Then, she revealed Herself in all Her glory and rained upon him large quantities of gold. It is said that the great Ācārya gave away all that huge quantity of gold to that Brahmacāri.

This Hymn happens to have been composed very early in his life, while he was at Tiruvahindrapuram, near Cuddalore in the Tamil Nadu.

It is said that as this great Hymn relates to the glory of Goddess Mahalakṣmi and as this was composed by no less a person than the great Nigamānta Desika himself, those that recite this Hymn every day, or at least specially on every Friday, with all devotion and humility, are assured of the Divine Grace of the Goddess Mahalakṣmi.

P. Krishnamoorthy
May the great Veṅkaṭanātha, who bears the title Kavīrākika Simha (the lion among poets and logicians), who has obtained great fame as the best teacher of Vedānta, be present for ever in my heart.

I offer my reverential salutations to Sri Mahā lakṣmī, who is the holy Mother of this world, the pre-eminent beloved of Śrīnivāsa, the Lord of Veṅkaṭāchala, who is ever desirous of residing in the chest of Bhagavān Śrīnivāsa, who is capable of enhancing His patience, whose two sprout-like hands are adorned with lotus flowers, who is seated on a lotus flower, who ever shines by the qualities of parent kindness and other virtues.

Note: (Some scholars do not admit this verse to be the composition of this Ācārya or forming part of this Stotra).
I, who had been barred from all other ways of seeking redemption, seek shelter in Thee, the refuge that possessest glory of great repute lying beyond limit (measure), that art the auspiciousness of all goodly things, that art embellishing the bosom of Thy Lord by Thine own splendour of goodness assured to those seekers of the greatness proclaimed aloft through perception and the Vedas.

O Mahālakṣmī, how can'st thou that hast taken Thy appearance (or emergence) perhaps in the milky ocean or in the sacrificial fires, that hast taken up Thy residence perhaps in the lotus flowers or in the bosom of Lord Viṣṇu, that hast perhaps the entire universe or the divine place as places where Thou hast spread Thy glory and that possessest limitless qualities be sung (or praised) by the commonfolk (like myself) with limited knowledge?
O Goddess Mahālakṣmi, those that adore Thee have been thereby conferred by Thee the glorious stage of being adored (similarly by others). Not having any other course, I am hoping to adore you and become blest by praising Thee and thus having a stable undertaking, I shall be applauded by all the worlds. Who will not cherish for obtaining spirituality, the desire of serving at Thy glorious feet?

O Kamala! That indescribable, auspicious and ever full Tejas, which is the only object of concentration of the Yogis, shines forth marked with the juice of the red lac applied to Thy feet. It is through the will (of that Tejas) that the work of creation, preservation and destruction of these movable and immovables takes place in that embodied Tejas.

Note: (Brahman is referred to here as the refulgent Tejas, ever full and auspicious. Its will brings about the work of creation, preservation and destruction. This work takes place in the body of Brahman. This indicates that Brahman is the material and instrumental cause of the world. this Brahman is marked by the red lac of Lakṣmi. Brahman is therefore Nārāyaṇa with Lakṣmi).
O Goddess! Thyself and Thy Lord Viṣṇu form a pair which is marked by each other, which is connected together by bonds of unimpeded love, which is ever imperishable and which possesses limitless virtues. Ādiśeṣa, the mind of those whose hearts are spotless and the Upanishads which crown portions of the Vedas, verily serve as the softest beds during the periods of the sports of this pair.

O Mother! O Lakṣmi, Yourself and Your Consort are not in the least affected by any condition. You form together the principal and so become the objects to be attained for the individual self, which becomes the offering. The Vedas are ever in search of you. Your greatness transports my mind into raptures and does not admit of any limitation to be imposed on it.

Note: (There are two significant features, which are to be noted here: One is that the Supreme Being is called śeṣin (principal) for the world of animate and inanimate being, which become śeṣa (secondary) and that this principal is not a single person but is in the form of the divine couple (Divya Dampati), namely Śrī and Nārāyaṇa.
Secondly, the concept of performing the sacred rite as ordained by the Vedas is given a symbolic colouring on the strength of the Bhagavad Gītā IV 24 to 32. According to this, the individual self becomes the offering and the Divine Couple becomes the recipient of it).

O Mahālakṣmī, during the game of dice, which is ever to the liking of the Lord of the Universe goes on as a pastime with the chessboard of Nature composed of the three Guṇas kept in the middle the various positions being assigned there and being witnessed by the great Vedas and the released souls all round, Brahmā and Rudra and others bear through You Two the movement of the dice in their variegated colours.

O Mahālakṣmī! Thou that art ever dependent upon Bhagavan Viṣṇu, verily therefore becomest the ruler of this World. Whosoever repeats Thy blessed and auspicious names, such as, Lakṣmī, Padmā, the beloved daughter of the Lord of the Seas, the queen consort of Maha Vishnu himself and Indira, which are all glorified and sanctified by the Vedas, they are not at all caught in the cycle of births and deaths, which is revolved by the gusts of winds of sins.
O Bhagavati, some people declare Thee as supreme and some others Thy Lord as the Supreme Lord of this World. Let alone them, who are stained with inner strifes and (therefore) are drowned (in Samsara) having lifted themselves up a little. Thou and Thy Lord the Divine Couple are our Deities, having become the sense of the Vedas which point in the direction (of Him) while Hari sports for your delight.

O Mahālakṣmi, you are said to be the loving companion and having unanimity with Thy Lord Viṣṇu, who has dedicated himself to the task of relieving the woes of the distressed. Thou hast a form same as His in all His manifestations and sought favourably after by Him like sweetness when the waves of the milky ocean are thrown high upwards.
O Mahālakṣmī, Thy original form, slim and bent under the weight of elevated breasts, shining like burnished gold, becomes graceful when united with the emerald of Hari. Thy various other manifestations bear through the risings and fallings in that form which is ever a hive of bliss, the charm of the billows brightened by the impulse of your will.

O Mahālakṣmī, it is only on account of an infinitesimal portion of Thy grace that your prosperity is in the form of entire learning spread over till the end of worldly existence that Śiva becomes a servant of the flower-bowed cupid at the knitting of your eye-brows and that Indra with his hundreds of eyes ever looks at you (for your grace).

Thou, that hast been sprung from the sea which has the ambrosial surge, that art seated on the most auspicious seat of lotus in front of Thy Lord, hast been bathed by the mighty elephants with vessels of gold, this work having been undertaken by Puṣkala and Āvartaka clouds, which cover the worlds with showers of flowers.
Note: (Puṣkala and Āvartaka clouds are held to be clouds of deluge which submerge all the worlds with water. Here it is said that at the time of Lakṣmī's Coronation, they submerged the worlds with showers of flowers).

O Mahālakṣmī, that hast taken Thy birth along with ambrosia (from the milky ocean)! The great divinities (like Indra) lost all their glory under the spell of a curse and hence sought their refuge in Thee along with their consorts beholding Thee seated in the bosom of Bhagavan Vishnu. They have been able to regain these (their kingship over the) three worlds which became the objects of Thy gracious looks and have been enjoying the prosperity, which has in entirety become stable in all its aspects.

O Mahālakṣmī, Thy compassionate looks are the bluish clouds laden with the ever-flowing (that is showers of) ambrosia, which are bent upon protecting those who are suffering and are like (very intimate with) the lotus flowers blossoming at dawn. Whichever way they are directed, O Goddess, streams of prosperity flow
there with competing force. (lit each with the thought of being superior to others).

Whoever in this world are intent to get wealth at the outset, in order to obtain the solemindedness towards You Two with their minds which hasten to undertake control over the mental states, unto such people streams of the desired wealth issue forth more and more either from the earth or from the abode of Kubera or from the Skies or from the Seas.

Note: The word Yoga means only concentration of the mind and not the hard course of Yoga which requires strenuous training. The words ‘aikäntya’ and ‘dharma’ refer to the Vaiśṇava concept of the attitude of a self who shall ever be devoted solely to the Lord (Ekäntin).

O Mahālakṣmī! Thou that hast taken Thy abode in the lotus! Those who aspire for good, ever instal in their hearts Thy pair of feet which shine like the shining ornament for the head of the Vedas (Upaniṣads), such people ever move on earth with their heads for-
tunately having the shade of the (royal) umbrellas, their sides being glorified on account of the waving fans (chowries). They will be joyous listening to the words applauding them and wearing garlands of flowers.

Note: (The word 'Śreyas' must be taken to mean good as contrasted from the sense of 'Pleasant' conveyed by the word Preyas of Kaṭha Upaniṣad. the words. Āmnāyavācām refer to the expressions of the Vedas. The Upaniṣads are held to be the head or crown of the Vedas. This is indicated by the word cūḍa which means the hair on the head for the women suggested by the feminine gender of the word vācām. The word āpīḍa means ornament. The pair of the feet of Śrī adorn the Upaniṣads. The effects of meditating on the feet of Śrī are recounted in the latter half of this śloka).

O Mother, the beloved consort of Bhagavān Viṣṇu, those that are of pure mind realise that it is through Thy grace which extend right up to the utmost limits of the groups of creations down from the clump of grass in order that they might have all well-being extended (far and wide) to conquer the sixfold internal enemies to be able to keep out at a distance the heap of sins, and to give up the ancient Karma.

Note: (The word urīkartum can be taken to mean admitting for keeping with one’s ownself and, as
such, to mean stabilising. The internal enemies which are six, namely, desire, wrath, covetousness, bewilderment, pride and envy are referred to here as primeval enemies, as they are mostly inborn with any living being. The word avidya does not mean nescience as taken by the Adwaitins but is only Karma, which is accumulated from the earliest times and hence the attribute adya).

O Mother Divine, those that desire only to serve you and your consort care nothing for all this material wealth. In order to please you and Viṣṇu, those who are fortunate and are devoted to you take to the bridge of Vaidika dharma which would lead to the suppression of the breaches in the seashore.

Note: (The seashore referred to here is the worldly life. No one can stop the life in the world from functioning as it does. However, a bridge can be built up to cross over it and to see that the waves do not pass beyond the shores. The only bridge that could serve the purpose is the path of virtue as enjoined in the Vedas. the author means that the devotees of the Lord shall adopt the Vaidika Dharma scrupulously not mainly for crossing over the worldly life but to win the delight of the Divine couple which alone would enable them to get over the Saṃsāra).
O Mahālakṣāmi, I serve at Thy lotus feet, which are adored by garlands of flowers worn by the “heavenly damsels on their heads and are a holy place where wealth becomes well established with the misfortunes removed. The fortunate ones bend their heads a little there (at Your feet) and having got rid of the body will be in Vāsudeva’s region, which is free from darkness or rather from the effects of matter.

O Mother Divine, May thou comfort me for a moment, who am severely tortured by the heat formed by the threefold difficulties and wearied by having nothing as mine by Thy graceful looks that reveal compassion repeatedly, beaming with abundant parental affection, resplendent and which lived together with the waves of nectar.

Note: The word Amritalahari labdha sabrahmacaryaiḥ means that the glances of Śrī resemble the waves of nectar. The word Sabrahmacarya means fellow studentship. The glances are said to have been fellow-students of the waves of amṛta. The Tapatraya are the three torments namely Ad-
hyatmika, Adhidaivika and Adhibhautika. The word Ondrayethah means please make that. A heated body requires cool application).

O Mahālakṣmi, All the things intensifying my devotion towards Bhagavān through Thy grace arise together operating as so many Suns to dispel the darkness of the fear of Samsāra. So far what else should I beg of Thee here? For you, with your goodness and generosity are producing again and again continuous series of huge auspicious things.

O Devi, Thou art the Mother. The Bhagavān is my father. Hence I have become, O Mother! entitled to claim Thy exclusive Grace, I have been given to you as an attendant by the preceptors. Hence Thou seem to smile upon me as though meaning “What else will be pleasing to you?”
May this Goddess, who is the full store house of all auspiciousness, who is the indescribable limit for compassion, who is the crest garland of Mandāra flowers of never-fading fragrance for the expressions of the Vedas, who is the divine wealth of the victor of the demon, Madhu and the Divine Cow fulfilling the cherished desires of all the worlds, be near me for ever.

Whosoever recites this hymn, addressed as invocation to Mahālakṣmī, which sprung from Veṅkaṭanātha Vedānta Deśika, who has increasing devotion for his master and which can effect the removal of the sins of the Kali age for the people would become rulers of this vast universe bounded only by all kinds of welfare and well-being.

I offer my most worshipful and reverential salutations to Veṅkaṭanātha Vedānta Deśika, who is like a lion to poets and logicians, who is a repository of all noble, goodly and blessed qualities and the preceptor of Vedānta.

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INTRODUCTION

Śrī 108 Vādirajāsvāmi, who enjoyed the grace of Lord Hayagrēva and who is the reputed author of Yuktimallikā, Rukmini Vijayam and other works had composed this hymn entitled Śrī Daśāvatāra Stotram in 34 ślokas for the benefit of those who believe in the existence of God and who are anxious to attain deliverance after death. The title Daśāvatāra Stotram is quite fitting and justifiable as the Hymn describes the glory of Lord Nārāyaṇa in his ten incarnations.

This also contains incidentally the author’s praise of Hayagrīva, Dhanvantari, Mohini etc. The Ślokas are in Āsvadhāṭi meter.

Here under a humble rendering into English of the above verses has been presented for the benefit of those who cannot understand the spirit of the original Sanskrit Ślokas.

P. Krishnamoorty.
I have explained in detail all the achievements and sporting deeds of God in the course of his several incarnations. He, who loudly utters the words “My salutations to Hari” (Haraye Namah) in a State of ecstasy either falling or faltering or in a state of distress or sneezing, shall be absolved from all sins altogether.

The Almighty and All powerful, Infallible and eternal God, enters the hearts of his devotees even as He is being invoked and dispels all their sorrows just like the Sun dispelling the darkness or the wind dispersing the clouds.
O Thou the golden-bodied manifestation of fish that hast increased and swelled the mighty ocean infested with the whales by Thy mere spittings, that hast been extolled by Brahmā, who has secrated within his stomach the mighty collection of the holy Vedas which have consequently been rendered unusable, that hast safely secured the endearing Satyavrata Mahārāja, who should have become the Vaivasvata Manu, in a ship so that it might not be sunk and wrecked in the ocean at the time of deluge and protected him by fastening his head to the ship and taught him the true essence of all spirituality and who art the most endearing to all Brahmanjānis.

O Thou the horse necked divinity that canst float about in curious, wondrous and surprising movements in the surging foaming waters of the fierce ocean at the time of the deluge, that art the prime cause of this universe, that hast a row of teeth encased in gold, that art incomprehensible in full even to Brahmā and other divinities, that hast decimated into pieces the wicked demon Hayagrīva and humiliated his pride and that art thus pre-eminent among the devas, grant me an uninterrupted flow of knowledge.
O Thou the manifestation of Tortoise, that hast easily and effortlessly borne on Thy back the huge "Mandara" mountain glittering like gold, that hast put down the violent wicked deeds of Rāhu and other false minded demons, that hast brought all pleasure and happiness to the Devas bound down to justice by Thy gifts of nectar, that hast created all the worlds having put on the divine armour glittering like the Sun in summer and shining like the unchanging one, ever protect us.

O Dhanvantari, that had possessed a body shining and resplendent like the Sun, that had destroyed all your enemies as all trees and plants were destroyed in a waterless place, that had taken your abode right in the heart of the mankind, that had manifested yourself in several millennium (manvantaras) in the forms of sages. Nārayaṇa and others, that is the very source of all herbs, that had defeated and destroyed the hosts of demons on the battlefield and thereby sewled the ocean of grief in the heart of their mother Danuvu and that had infatuated even Śiva himself, the conqueror of cupid in his manifestation as Mohini, possessing beauteous breasts and other captivating and enthralling features and endowed him with distinguishing grace and elegance, take me to the other shore of the ocean of grief serving me as a safe and protecting bark.
May Mohini, possessing a lovely face like the full moon, tender growing hair, a charming thin waist, blooming and infatuating breasts, slanting side long looks, that had taken the manifestation of God himself when the Devas, who were tormented and troubled by the Rakṣasas, whose pride was inexhaustible during the time of the churning of the milky ocean, who enticed the hearts of the demons and carried away the nectar from their hands, protect us from all humanly unavoidable and inescapable sins.

May Thou that hast manifested thyself as Mohini, at whose sight the Goddesses Sarasvati and Pārvati, whose mastery over the Vedas together with the Vedāṅgas was so complete that they could face any subtle test on the spur of the moment and also Lakṣmi herself could not surpass and hide their spontaneous unpleasant passionate emotions. May that manifestation of Mohini that had brightened the entire surface of the earth by treading over it with her vermillion painted feet that could deprive of one's discernment and the light of knowledge and could infatuate and humiliate Īśvara himself, who could control his senses and
had even conquered Cupid, his own Son. May Thou protect us the most helpless and defenceless.

O Thou, the primeval Boar, that hast a body blue as the clouds, that hast the most auspicious and glorious nature of protecting the universe, that hast severely burnt down Hiraṇyākṣa, who rolled down the entire earth with all the mountains, oceans and rivers like a mat, as if it were no better than a forest of cotton, that hast a tooth like the moon with the earth as its stain, that hast a lap which serves as a sporting ground for mother earth and that hast received the homage of great saints and sages, sustaining them-selves upon mere roots and fruits, my adorations to Thee.

O Thou the manifestation of man-lion-divinity (Nṛśimha) that hast rent with Thy claws sharp as diamond the huge frenzied elephant, Hiraṇyākaśipu, that great divinity that had installed himself in the pillar of the durbar hall, that never tolerated evil and the wicked deeds of the Rākṣasas, that had granted boons to the boy Prahlāda, that had a roaring voice that receivest from the Goddess Lakṣmī all her dutiful ser-
vices and that had received the praises of Brahmā, Vāyu, ŚeṣaGaruḍa, Śiva and Kumārasvāmi, receive
my prayer too and protect me with all compassion.

O Thou, the Lord’s manifestation of Vāmana, that

crushed down to the nether worlds the emperor Bali,

who could not carry on his sacrifice in spite of his being

protected on either side by Rākṣasas, who were elated

with the four fold strength of their armies possessing

the mighty strength of lion and when the Devas ex-
tolled Thee for that mighty deed, Thou hast lifted up

the entire universe with the tips of Thine finger nails

and washed away the inner and the outer sins with the

rising and auspicious waters of the Gaṅgā, my saluta-
tions to thee.

O Thou Vāmanamūrti, the manifestation of the
great being that captivated the hearts of the assembled
personages with Thy moving words for the gift of land
from the emperor Bali, engaged in the performance of
sacrifice. O the brahmacāri in disguise that possessed
a body that had the radiance of a thousand Cupids and
a crore of spotless Moons, wearing the mauṇī etc. the
tokens of brahmacārya and reciting the Vedas and that
had a form worthy of worship, extend Thy protection to us.

O Thou Parasurāma the manifestation of God and valour incarnate, that had destroyed all the wicked kings with Thy battleaxe, that had humbled the pride of Kartaviyārjuna, and when on account of the mental infatuation she had for the Gandharva king, she incurred the wrath of her husband, had like a dutiful son severed the neck of his mother, that had possessed the brilliance and radiance that transcended the dozen Ādityas and a mine of courage, extend to me your unbounded mercy, unmindful of all my lapses and faults.

O Thou Kodaṇḍarāma, that art like a beautiful orchard for the pet parrot (Lakṣmaṇasvāmī) which endearingly repeats the name of Śrī Rāma and serves to freely move about, that hast won great and spotless fame by destroying Rāvana and others, that was praised by Gods, who wore necklaces of white, spotless and shining pearls, that possessest a body of great beauty and charm, that fought with that valorous hero Parasurāma who got enraged at the destruction of Śiva's bow, that hast perplexed the minds of all those
who were hostile to Indra, that hast worn garments of bark, that hast destroyed the lust of Śūrpanākha, who got infatuated with Thee and with Thy flower garden, protect me.

O Thou Śrī Rāma, that hath relieved Sugrīva from the tortures and torments of his brother Vāli, that pleaseth the minds of Brahmans with a rare beatitude even as the dense clouds delight peacocks, that are the noblest of the race of Daśaratha that hast caused joy and happiness to Hanumān, even as the Sun delights the lotuses that hast a face glowing and bright like the full moon, that hast deprived the demon Kākāsura of one of his eyes, that hast full control over Thy senses, bestow unto me unparalleled devotion to Thy lotus feet.

O Thou Śrī Rama, that hast captivated the minds of all people, that art a terror to the hosts of demons, that art engaged in protecting the sacrificial rites of Viśvāmitra in his great penance to conquer the three worlds, that hast defeated Parasurama himself, that hath none either equal to Thee or greater than Thee,
that art able to break the bow Siva by Thy powers and thus hast claimed the right to marry Sītā, that art ever victorious. and that hast a body blue as the sky, may my mind ever sport in Thee.

O Śrī Rāmacandra, Thou hast melted the moon stone of the Solar race by Thy countless virtues of gentleness etc,. Thou hast a face on which the front hair dangles like so many black bees and which is ornamented by a mark of vermillion. Thou hast mighty arrows which destroyed the strength of the rākṣasas in Janasthāna and which defaced their beloved ones by removing their front hair. Thou hast Sītā, ever by Thy side forgetting the weariness of going about in the hilly forests; who is the very manifestation of Lakṣmī and who ever follows Thee, May that Sītā be a source of protection to me.

May my mind at once serve that Śrī Rāmacandra, who incarnated himself upon the earth, who had been to the forests for the protection of his devotees, who
had come to the rescue of the great spiritually advanced Ṛṣies tormented by Rāvana, and who had become emaciated by virtue of their rigorous penances to free them from the bonds of Samsāra, who had destroyed all those who spoiled the holy yajñas and who took his residence in a hermitage on Citrakūta surrounded by great sages.

O Rāma, that had driven to confusion and dismay the hosts of Rākṣasas merely by shaking. Thy bow a little, shining like a flash of lightning and won great fame, I prostrate at Thy feet. Grant me all all happiness with mercy according to my deserts - you need not in the least doubt how you can save me and raise me from the mire of sin. Did you not cleanse Jaṭāyu, the brother of Sampāti that was killed by the wicked Rāvana and vouchsafe all happiness to him. O Rāma, who lives on the bank of the Pampā lake, like wise lift me from the depths of sin into which I had fallen and grant me too all happiness that I deserve.

O Śrī Rāmacandra, who pursued the golden deer to statisfy Sītā’s wish, who always speaks in a sweet and mellifluous language, who had given asylum to and protected Vibhiṣaṇa, unmindful of the fact that he
was the brother of your enemy Rāvana, who had stolen away an effigy of Sītā mistaking it for Sītā herself, the dust of whose feet had been touched by the forehead of Hanumān, the hero who burnt down to ashes the palatial mansions of Laṅkā with the flames of his tail and who, by causing a bridge to be constructed over the sea by Neela, Āṅgada and other monkey heroes, crossed into Laṅkā, may victory attend Thee!

May Śrī Rāma, who possesses shoulders hardened by constantly bearing the weight of the quiver of arrows, the bow and the sword like a hero, that has protected mighty hosts of monkey heroes, whose power is impregnable like mountains, who by his mere frowning and angry looks could strike terror in Sugrīva, and compel him to seek Thy feet and worship them with all gems and precious stones and who has been praised by Hanumān, the greatest of thy devotees, shine with all glory in this world.

O Mind, fix thyself in contemplation on that great Being Kodandarāma, who was ornamented with mighty and highly powerful arrows, which excelled in their destructive power hundreds of fiercest staff
of Yama himself. Laṅkini, the arch sinner, having heard the fearful and reverberating noises produced from the bow strings of Rāma as he discharged his arrows and also having heard the terrific noise produced by Indra when he hurled his Vajrāyudha upon mount Trikūṭa, without the least hesitation that it is the city of Rāvana, began to revolve in her mind if the Goddess of Death herself had been descending upon the city of Laṅkā to devour and destroy it.

May Śrī Rāma, the all knowing that possesses the most shining body, that has a blessed name, that brings all joy to the distressed and downcast, that has been an object of praise by Lakṣmī, Brahmā, Śiva, Ādiṣeṣa, Manmatha and Indra, the enemy of the demon Vṛtra, Bṛhaspati and moon and others, that achieved unbounded greatness by being the creator, the sustainer and the destroyer of this universe, who has a body handsome beyond all comparison, that can only be comprehended by Sāma and the other Vedas of divine origin and who has destroyed Rāvana together with the hosts of his wicked minded rākṣasa, grant protection to me.
May Lord Sri Ramacandra that possesses the sacred feet, which granted to Ahalya, who was cursed to be turned into a stone by her husband, the sage Gautama, who got enraged at the sin committed by Indra, who was infatuated one night falling a victim to the shafts of cupid, her original form, ornaments and other embellishments, who granted boons and blessings even to the lowest class of divine creation like Sabari, Jaṭāyu, and Vibhiṣaṇa and who had protected the brahmin boy from the effects of the sin of killing the sage Śūdraka, ever protect me.

We shall ever praise that blessed Nandagopal, who was tending the herds of Cows in Brṇḍāvana and protecting the divinities who were addressing their prayers and praises to him who was decimating and effacing all the hosts of demons who were reviling him, whose waist was tied down by a rope, who possessed a face much lovelier than the autumnal moon, who possessed rows of white crystalline teeth shining like buds of jasmine, whose body is of richest bluish hue that scorned even the beauty of the blue clouds above, and who destroyed the rākṣasa who assumes the form of a huge fearful and devastating fire.
O Lord Kṛṣṇa that lifted up the mount Govardhana so that your own folk, kith and kin might not in the least be endangered, when Lord Indra who felt insulted for not being fed by various kinds of food at the time of the performance of the great Indra yāga and who therefore out of his anger, deluged the entire Brundāvana with water to torment the cows and shepherds, who had robbed away the garments of the Gopīs, who had smeared all over their bodies sandalwood paste in order to be relieved of the agonising heat caused by your side long glances at them, who had completely effaced out of existence the wicked rākṣasa Vyoma and others who were the enemies of the shepherds, who had brought the rare Pārijāta tree itself from heaven down to the earth just to satisfy Thy beloved Satyabhāma, save me from the innumerable tortures and dangers.

I offer my most devoted salutations to Gopāla kṛṣṇa, who had incarnated himself for the annihilation of demons like Kamsa, who is the crest jewel of all evil minded persons, who is the most supreme of all, who had granted salvation to all those who were caught in the meshes of Samsāra but were entitled to grace and emancipation according to their deserts, whose heart became a center of sport for great sages and who had sacred lotus like feet adored and worshipped by Paramahamsas etc.
O Śrī Kṛṣṇa, the lotus-eyed, Thou that can’st enliven the wise, that hast humbled the pride of Jarāsandha, who possessed the four fold varieties of fighting forces, that hast the Garuda as Thy conveyance, that acted as the charioteer of Arjuna, who rode in his chariot drawn by white horses that had slain the demon Kesi and that had a head from which issues the rich fragrance of the garlands of Jāji flowers, protect me, the victim of Manmatha, with a banner embossed with a fish emblem.

O Gopabāla, that had reddened the Waters of Yamunā by the shining nail tips of your toes when you danced upon the hood of Kālēya, living in that river, that had easily chopped off the heads of the proud demons with the help of the blessings of Śaṅkara, that had a chest decorated with the smearings of fragrant pastes, with which the Gopis adorned their bodies, may victory attend upon Thee!
O Lord Śrī Kṛṣṇa, that had spoken words of cheer and encouragement to Bhīma and other Pāṇḍavas to bring about the destruction of Duryodhana and others which was upper most in the mind of Draupadī, who is the most beloved of Satyabhāma, who is the most endearing to all your devotees, who is the absolver of all sins, who never knew what defeat was, who is the most skilled in the accomplishment of great deeds, who is like a full moon to the sea of joy, who is ever victorious, who had held up the mount Govardhana, who is a brother of Indra, and who is an ocean of courage, protect me with all kindliness.

O the beloved lord of Rukmīṇī, who is ever associated with Śrī and Bhūdevi, who are the crest jewels of all beautiful damsels, who is ever accosted as the brother of Balarāma, who had destroyed the demon Vyoma, who is the parent of Madana, the God of love, who has a beauteous form that has been attracted by the graceful eyes of the sixteen thousand damsels of Narakaśura overloaded by lustful emotions, who is adored by Siva, Ādiśeṣa and other divinities, and whose feet have been adored and worshipped by Bhīma, grant me the privilege of devotion and adoration to Thy lotus feet.
May the Yādava Kṛṣṇa, who is ever ready for giving protection to his devotees even without arming himself with his usual weapons like Kaustubha, Nandaka and Sūdrasana etc. as if to exhibit his full and unaided powers for protecting Bhīma, his loving associate and having resolved to destroy the wicked Duryodhana and others with all their hosts of forces being himself an eye witness to all the wicked acts like trying to feed Dharmarāja and Arjuna with poisonous food, protect his devotees with all his might.

O the great Being that propounded the Buddhist Scripture, which was incomprehensible even to Śuddhodana’s son and other great prophets and seers, O Buddha Bhagavān who showed incessant compassion on the Jñānis, extend Thy compassion to me that approaches you with folded hands. O God, that is ever
armed with a sword and shield that are most effective and powerful to take away the lives of those enemies who are wrathful and that has the Goddess Lakṣmī as your consort, that always rides on a white charger, and that has a body shining resplendently with all the limbs, O Kalki, protect me because I am thine own.

O Nārāyaṇamūrti, who is like the dense cloud to the great sages dressed in deer skins, who can be said to be a cuckoo, and who protected Gajendra. I seek refuge in Thy supreme lotus feet like a bee that is ever in quest of the fragrance of the lotus, having become weakened and exhausted by the fury of the ills of Samsāra. O Nārāyaṇa, extend Thy protection to me also just as you protected Gajendra.

Those devotees, who recite this Daśāvatāra Stotra, during the daily regular times of worship, which is a repository of expressions beautified by various figures of speech by Vadirajasvami, who is worthy of devotion on account of his most auspicious intellectual eminence and which is replete with the glorious achievements
during the ten incarnations of Lord Hayagriva, do not know of the existence of what is called hell even.

By their merit and blessedness acquired by the mere recital of this, such people gain a place of residence in those heavenly regions, which are the abodes of Indra and other Devas, at the time of being freed from the bonds of their mortal existence.