

# *Saundarya Lahiri*

A Sahaja Translation



BY SHRI ADI SHANKARACHARYA

# ***Saundarya Lahari***

*By Shri Adi Shankaracharya*

- I. Ananda Lahiri – Waves of Happiness.
- II. Saundarya Lahiri – Waves of Beauty.



*Dedicated to H.H. Shri Matangi Nirmala Dev*

## Part I: Ananda Lahari (The waves of happiness)

### Stanza 1

***śivaḥ śaktyā yuktō yadi bhavati śaktaḥ prabhavituṃ  
na chēdēvaṃ dēvō na khalu kuśalaḥ spanditumapi  
atastvāmārādhyāṃ hariharaviriñchādibhirapi  
praṇantum stōtum vā kathamakṛtapuṇyaḥ prabhavati || 1 ||***

Lord Shiva is able to perform His function, only with your Shakti.

In the absence of Your Shakti,

He cannot move

Therefore how can one, who does not do good deeds

Or who does not sing Your praises Aspire to worship You

O Great Goddess Who is worshipped by the Trinity

### Stanza 2

***tanīyāṃsaṃ pāṃsum tava charaṇapaṅkēruhabhavaṃ  
viriñchissañchinvan virachayati lōkānavikalam  
vahatyēnaṃ śauriḥ kathamapi sahasrēṇa śirasāṃ  
harassaṅkṣudyaīnaṃ bhajati bhasitōddhūlanavidhim || 2 ||***

Lord Brahma, who has been entrusted with the job of Creation

Collects a dust particle from Your Lotus Feet

And creates this world.

Even the thousand headed serpent Adishesha

Who supports all the worlds

Requires great effort to bear this dust particle

From Your Lotus Feet  
And the Great God Rudra  
Makes a powder of this particle  
To cover Himself in its Holy Ash.

### **Stanza 3**

***avidyānāmanta-stimira-mihiradvīpanagārī  
jaḍānām chaitanya-stabaka-makaranda-srutijharī |  
daridrāṇām chintāmaṇiguṇanikā janmajaladhau  
nimagnānām daṁṣṭrā muraripu-varāhasya bhavati || 3 ||***

O Great Goddess  
The Dust under Your Holy Feet –  
Is like the City of the Rising Sun that removes all darkness,  
For the mind of the spiritually ignorant one.  
It is like the honey of intelligence that flows from the flowers  
For the slow-witted one.  
It is like a necklace of Chintamani (wish-fulfilling gems)  
For the poverty stricken one.  
And it is like the tusks of the Varaha incarnation of Lord Vishnu  
Who rescued Mother Earth and brought Her back  
For those drowning in the ocean of birth and rebirth.

***Quote from Chapter 1, Book of Creation by Adi Shakti Mataji, Shree Nirmala Devi.***

*“The three aspects of God are expressed by His Shakti, Adi Shakti. She incarnates as three powers, Mahakali, Mahasaraswati and Mahalakshmi. These three forms of Herself are*

*called Trigunatmak. This Primordial Power or Energy, or Shakti of God, has the ability to incarnate. To guide the Evolutionary Process, She either takes incarnations Herself; or CREATES male and female incarnations, through whom She works. In the body of the Primordial Being (Virata), God Almighty resides on the top of the Head as Parameshwara. This Parameshwara gets reflected in these areas as Vishnu, Shiva and Brahmadeva. Adi Shakti has the power of Her own Being, to either be Herself (Parameshwari); or to bestow Her Power upon Shiva, Vishnu and Brahma, as their Shaktis, namely Parvati, Lakshmi and Saraswati.”*

#### **Stanza 4**

***tvadanyaḥ pāṇibhyāmbhayavaradō daivatagaṇaḥ  
tvamēkā naivāsi prakaṣṭavarābhītyabhinayā |  
bhayāt trātuṃ dātuṃ phalamapi cha vāñChāsamadhikaṃ  
śaraṇyē lōkānāṃ tava hi charaṇāvēva nipuṇau || 4 ||***

O Great Goddess,  
O You Who are the Refuge of this world  
All the Gods give boons and grant wishes  
Only with gestures of hands  
But You O Mother, do not reveal  
Your wondrous ways  
For even Your Holy Lotus Feet suffice  
To forever remove fear  
Or grant more than what was asked.

#### **Stanza 5**

***haristvāmārādhya praṇatajanasaubhāgyajanāṁ  
purā nārī bhūtvā puraripumapi kṣōbhamanayat |  
smarō'pi tvāṁ natvā ratinayanalēhyēna vapuṣā  
munīnāmapyantaḥ prabhavati hi mōhāya mahatām || 5 ||***

You who grant all good things  
To those who bow at Your Feet  
You were worshiped by Vishnu  
When you took a pretty lovable form  
And could move the mind of him  
Who burnt the three cities  
And make him fall in love with him.  
And the God of love, Manmatha took the form  
Which is like nectar drunk by Rati Was  
Who was able, after venerating You,  
To create passion  
And delusion within great sages.

**Quote from Shri Buddha Puja 20-5-1985**

*“ The Rakshasas had taken the Kumbha of Ambrosia, and were about to consume it.  
Shri Vishnu knew the weakness of the Rakshasas, so He dressed up like a lady, and called  
Himself Mohini. Means, the one who attracts you by her dress, figure, and all this kind of  
nonsense. And immediately all the rakshasas fell for her, for Him I mean! And this is how He  
played a trick and got the ambrosia back.”*

**Stanza 6**

***dhanuḥ pauṣpaṃ maurvī madhukaramayī pañcha viśikhāḥ  
vasantaḥ sāmantoḥ malayamarudāyōdhanarathaḥ  
tathāpyēkaḥ sarvaṃ himagirisutē kāmapi kṛpām  
apāṅgāttē labdhvā jagadida-maṅgō vijayatē || 6 ||***

O Daughter of the King of the Himalayas  
With a Bow made of flowers and the bowstring made of honey bees  
Five arrows made of only delicate flowers  
With Spring as his ally  
And riding the chariot of breeze from the Malaya mountains  
Ananga, the god of love,  
Gets a compassionate glance from Your Holy Eyes  
And is able to conquer the world alone.

***Stanza 7***

***kvaṇatkāñchīdāmā karikalabhakumbhastananatā  
parikṣīṇā madhyē pariṇataśarachchandravadanā |  
dhanurbāṇān pāśaṃ sṛṇimapi dadhānā karatalaiḥ  
purastādāstāṃ naḥ puramathiturāhōpuruṣikā || 7 ||***

She with a golden belt  
Adorned with tinkling bells  
Slightly weighted down by  
Breasts resembling the frontal lobes of a young elephant's brow  
With a slender delicate waist  
And a face glowing like the autumn moon  
Holding in Her hands a sugarcane bow

And arrows of flowers; and a noose and a goad  
She Who has the wonderful form of the Kriya Shakti  
Of the God who turned three cities to ashes,  
Please give us Your Darshan.

### **Stanza 8**

***sudhāsindhōrmadhyē suraviṭapivāṭiparivṛtē  
maṇidvīpē nīpōpavanavati chintāmaṇigṛhē |  
śivākārē mañchē paramaśivaparyaṅkanīlayām  
bhajanti tvām dhanyāḥ katichana chidānandalaharīm || 8 ||***

In the middle of the Ocean of Nectar  
In the isle of precious gems (Manidweep)  
Which is surrounded by wish fulfilling Kalpaga  
In the garden of Kadamba trees  
In the house of the Gem of Thought (Chintamani)  
On the sacred lap of the Great God Shiva, sits  
She Who is like a tide in the sea of ultimate truth and happiness,  
Who can only be worshipped by realized souls.

### **Stanza 9**

***mahīm mūlādhārē kamapi maṇipūrē hutavahaṃ  
sthitaṃ svādhiṣṭhānē hṛdi marutamākāśamupari |  
manō'pi bhrūmadhyē sakalamapi bhītvā kulapathaṃ  
sahasrārē padmē saha rahasi patyā viharasē || 9 ||***

After passing through the Kulapatha



Piercing through the microwaves of  
The Power of Earth in Mooladhara  
The Power of Water in Manipura ‘  
The Power of Fire in Swadishthana  
The Power of Air in the Heart, and  
The Power of Ether at the crossing of the Optic Chiasma,  
O Goddess,  
You live in seclusion with your Consort  
In the thousand petals of Sahasrara.

#### **Stanza 10**

***sudhādhārāsārāiścharaṇayugalāntarvigalitaḥ  
prapañchaṃ siñchantī punarapi rasāmnāyamahasah |  
avāpya svām bhūmiṃ bhujaganibhamadhyuṣṭavalayaṃ  
svamātmānaṃ kṛtvā svapiṣi kulakuṇḍē kuhariṇi || 10 ||***

Infusing the body with a torrential stream of nectar  
Flowing from Your Holy Lotus Feet  
And descending to Your Abode  
You transform Yourself into 3.1/2 coils like a serpent  
And sleep in the Kula Kunda.

#### **From the Book of Adi Shakti -**

*“The sacred syllable OM is written in Devanagari script with three and half coils. These coils are arranged in three ellipses. By the movement of the first coil She desires to create. By the second, She activates to create. And by the third, She reveals Her Love for Her creation,*

which is Her child. Adi Shakti can transform Her Power from an ellipse into the Sanskrit form of OM, and then into 3.1/2 coils. She first transforms the ellipse into the shape of a Heart to create the heart of the Primordial Being. Parameshwara blesses this heart, which starts pulsating, and its waves move in three and a half coils. The foundation structure of Her creation is also laid out as 3.1/2 coils. The importance of the Primordial Coil and its 3.1/2 coils must be clearly understood, because the complete functioning of the entire creation is guided by the endless combinations and permutations of the Primordial Coil with other vertical forces. After the creation of the Primordial Heart, She moves downwards in 3.1/2 coils. At the end of the lowest point of the coil, She transforms the elliptical shape into the shape of a triangle, and creates Her Abode, Adi Mooladhara. She fixes the coil to the apex of Her Abode. OUTSIDE AND BELOW THIS ABODE, of Adi Mooladhara, She creates the first subtle center, Adi Mooladhara CHAKRA. At this first and lowest subtle centre, the Primordial Mother creates a fantastic Deity, the elephant headed Child God, Shri Ganesha. He is the first Deity created. He was formed from the first and foremost principle of innocence, which is emitted by The three-and-a-half coils of Adi Kundalini.”

### **Stanza 11**

**chaturbhiḥ śrīkaṇṭhaiḥ śivayuvatibhiḥ pañchabhirapi  
prabhinnābhiḥ śambhōrnavabhirapi mūlaprakṛtibhiḥ |  
chatuschatvāriṃśadvasudalakalāśratrivalaya-  
trirēkhābhiḥ sārdham tava śaraṇakōṇāḥ pariṇatāḥ || 11 ||**

The 4 Srikanthas (Shiva chakras)

And the 5 Shakti chakras of You alone Mother

Are the 9 Mulaprakriti (causal beings of the material universe)

And they are apart from Shambhu (Bindu in the center)

Then there are two lotuses of 8 and 16 petals;  
3 surrounding Circles and 3 Lines.  
This forms Thy Mansion with 44 Konas (triangles)

### **Stanza 12**

***tvadīyaṃ saundaryaṃ tuhinagirikanyē tulayitum  
kavīndrāḥ kalpantē kathamapi viriñchiprabhṛtayaḥ |  
yadālōkautsukyādamaralalanā yānti manasā  
tapōbhirduṣprāpāmapi giriśasāyujyapadavīm || 12 ||***

O Daughter of the Mountain of Snow  
Even the Creator Brahma fails to find any object  
Comparable to Your sublime beauty.  
Also the beautiful heavenly maidens  
Who wish to see Your pristine beauty  
Try to see You through the eyes of  
Your Lord, the Great Shiva  
By doing futile penance to attain oneness with Him  
So that they can behold your form  
Which only His eyes have the capacity to absorb.

### **Stanza 13**

***naraṃ varṣīyāṃsaṃ nayanavīrasaṃ narmasu jaḍaṃ  
tavāpāṅgālōkē patitamanudhāvanti śataśaḥ |  
galadvēṇibandhāḥ kuchakalaśavisrastasichayā  
haṭhāt truṭyatkāñchyō vīgalitadukūlā yuvatayaḥ || 13 ||***

Even if a slanting glance from  
Your Gracious Eyes Falls on a man,  
No matter how old or decrepit, or  
Uninterested in love sports.  
He will be beset by hundreds of young maidens  
Tempting with dishevelled hair,  
With upper cloth slipping off their bosoms  
The lock of their golden belts getting open due to haste  
And with sari slipping away from their shoulders.

**Stanza 14**

***kṣītau śaṭpañchāśad dvisamadhikapañchāśadudakē  
hutāśē dvāṣaṣṭiśchaturadhikapañchāśadanilē |  
divi dviṣṣaṭtriṃśanmanasi cha chatuṣṣaṣṭiriti yē  
mayūkhāstēṣāmapyupari tava pādāmbujayugam || 14 ||***

In the Bindu, in the centre of Sahasrara  
Is the Padambujam yugam,  
The station of Thy Holy Lotus Feet Far above the Chakras  
To which Your luminous manifestation as Shaktis  
Reach in the following combinations  
With their constituent elements:  
56 in Mooladhara (Prithvi/Earth)  
52 in Manipura (Jala/Water)  
62 in Swadishthana (Agni/Fire)

54 in Anahata (Vayu/Air)

72 in Vishuddhi (Akash/Ether)

64 in Agya (Manas/Mind)

#### **Quote from The Book of Adi Shakti.**

*“The Primordial Centres (Adi Chakras) were not all created at the same moment in time. Between the creations of each of them there is a gap of millions of years. After the installation of each Presiding Deity there is a Cosmic Pause (vilamba). Following Shri Ganesha’s appointment on the Adi Mooladhara Chakra, the Primordial Mother ascended, with Him, in a vertical line to reach the top of the Primordial Coil. By Her first ascent, She created the Adi Ida Nadi, the desiring aspect of God. Then Adi Shakti descended, creating the Adi Pingala Nadi. She ascended a second time on the Central Path, creating Adi Sushumna Nadi. These three channels intersect the three-and-a-half coils, at seven separate points, creating the Seven Primordial Centres (Adi Chakras).*

#### **Stanza 15**

***Saraj śarajjyōtsnāśuddhāṃ śaśiyutajaṭājūṭamakuṭāṃ  
varatrāsatrāṇasphaṭikaghaṭikāpustakakarām |  
saṅṅna tvā natvā kathamiva satāṃ sannnidadhatē  
madhukṣīradrākṣāmadhurimadhurīṇāḥ bhaṇitayaḥ || 15||***

Sweet words, excelling honey milk and grapes

Can come only from the mouth of the devotee who but once

Meditates on You Who have the lustre of the

Autumn Moon

And Whose two Hands are in the mudra  
Of granting boons and offering protection  
And in the other two Hands holding a crystal rosary and a book  
And whose crown of plaited locks is adorned with the Crescent Moon.

**Stanza 16**

***kavīndrāṇāṃ chētaḥkamalavanabālātaparuchiṃ  
bhajantē yē santaḥ katichidaruṇāmēva bhavatīm |  
virīṇchiprēyasyāstaruṇataraśaṅgāralaharī-  
gabhīrābhirvāgbhirvidadhati satāṃ rañjanamamī || 16 ||***

O Mother, Thou, Aruna, the crimson coloured Goddess  
Thou art like the rays of the morning sun  
To the lotus of the minds of the poets.  
Those devoted men who worship You become capable  
Of giving joy to the minds of literary connoisseurs  
With the majestic flow of their words.  
It is as if they are  
Inspired by Shree Saraswati,  
Goddess of Learning.

**Stanza 17**

***savitribhirvāchāṃ śaśimaṇīśilābhaṅgaruchibhiḥ  
vaśinyādyābhistvāṃ saha janani sañchintayati yaḥ |  
sa kartā kāvyānāṃ bhavati mahatāṃ bhaṅgiruchibhiḥ  
vachōbhirvāgdēvīvadanakamalāmōdamadhuraiḥ || 17 ||***

O Devi, those who meditate on You, along with  
Vasini and other Deities, who are generators of speech  
And whose radiance resembles the lustre of  
Freshly cut Chandrakanta gem (moonstone)  
Can become authors of poetic works,  
As delightful as the great ones,  
And sweet with the fragrance of the countenance of  
Shree Saraswati, Goddess of Learning.

**Stanza 18**

***tanuchchāyābhīstē taruṇataraṇīśrīsaraṇibhiḥ  
divaṃ sarvāmurvīmaruṇimani magnāṃ smarati yaḥ |  
bhavantyasya trasyadvanaḥariṇaśālīnanayanāḥ  
sahōrvaśyā vaśyāḥ kati kati na gīrvāṇagaṇikāḥ || 18 ||***

Celestial courtesans with beautiful eyes  
Become timid, and  
Cannot help being attracted to a person  
Who meditates on the beauty of Your Form  
Which bathes Heaven and Earth in crimson radiance  
Like the rising sun

**Stanza 19**

***mukhaṃ binduṃ kṛtvā kuchayugamadhastasya tadadhō  
harārdhaṃ dhyāyēdyō haramahiṣi tē manmathakalām |***

***sa sadyaḥ saṅkṣōbhaṃ nayati vanitā ityatilaghu  
trilōkīmapyāśu bhramayati ravīndustanayugām || 19 ||***

O Consort of Hara, a devotee who sees a woman's face in the  
Bindu, Her twin breasts below it,  
And the half of Hara (Harardha) even below  
And gets identified with Her (manmathakala)  
Will quickly stir the mind of any woman  
And in no time will be able to fascinate  
Triloki (Three worlds conceived as a woman) with sun and moon as breasts.

***Stanza 20***

***kirantīmangēbhyaḥ kiraṇanikurambāmṛtarasaṃ  
hr̥di tvāmādhattē himakaraśīlāmūrtimiva yaḥ |  
sa sarpāṇāṃ darpaṃ śamayati śakuntādhīpa iva  
jvarapluṣṭān dṛṣṭyā sukhayati sudhādhārasirayā || 20 ||***

He who meditates on Your Form which sends  
Waves of bliss, as if radiating from a freshly cut moonstone,  
Will be capable of neutralizing the pride and ferocity of serpents  
Just by a glance; and also his mere look  
Can cure illness, and affliction of fever.

***Stanza 21***

***taṭillēkhātanvīm tapanaśaśivaiśvānaramayīm  
niṣaṇṇāṃ ṣaṇṇāmapyupari kamalānāṃ tava kalām |***



***mahāpadmāṭavyāṃ mṛditamalamāyēna manasā  
mahāntaḥ paśyantō dadhati paramāhlādalaharīm || 21 ||***

The noble spiritual aspirants whose minds are free from  
Impurities like lust, greed and maya  
Consisting of ignorance, egotism and the like  
Are filled with thrills of spiritual bliss by experiencing  
Thy lightning like Kala (sadhya) in the core of  
The thousand petal lotus, which transcends  
The six lotuses include Thy manifestations of fire, sun and moon.

***Stanza 22***

***bhavāni tvam dāsē mayi vitara dṛṣṭiṃ sakaruṇā-  
miti stōtuṃ vāñChan kathayati bhavāni tvamiti yaḥ |  
tadaiva tvam tasmai dīśasi nijasāyujyapadavīm  
mukundabrahmēndrasphuṭamakuṭanīrājītapadām || 22 ||***

Whoever starts a prayer to You – “Bhavani Twam...  
Even before he completes the prayer,  
You bestow on him the status  
Of oneness with Your Lotus Feet, at  
Which Deities like Vishnu, Brahma and Indra are paying obeisance  
With the brilliance of their crowns bowed in prostration before You.

### **Stanza 23**

***tvayā hṛtvā vāmaṃ vapuraparitr̥ptēna manasā  
śarīrārdhaṃ śambhōraparamapi śaṅkē hṛtamabhūt |  
yadētattvadrūpaṃ sakalamaruṇābhaṃ trinayanaṃ  
kuchābhyāmānamraṃ kuṭīlaśaśichūdālamakuṭam || 23 ||***

In my awareness it has appeared that even after  
Fully occupying the  
Left half of Shambho (as Ardhanareshwari)  
You have also permeated His Right half –  
Because the Form which shines in my heart  
Is totally crimson, and slightly bending forward with the weight of two breasts;  
Besides having Three Eyes and the Crescent moon in the Diadem.

### **Stanza 24**

***jagatsūtē dhātā hariravati rudraḥ kṣapayatē  
tiraskurvannētatsvamapi vapurīśastirayati |  
sadāpūrvaḥ sarvaṃ tadidamanugṛhṇāti cha śiva-  
stavājñāmālambya kṣaṇachalitayōrbhrūlatikayōḥ || 24 ||***

Brahma brings forth the Universe,  
Vishnu protects and sustains,  
And Rudra destroys, and  
Issa absorbs the totality into himself  
And disappears into Sadashiva, until  
Sadashiva receives an indication from You  
By the movement of your creeper-like brows.

Then The Evolutionary cycle starts again.

**Stanza 25**

***trayāṇāṃ dēvānāṃ triguṇajanitānāṃ tava śivē  
bhavēt pūjā pūjā tava charaṇayōryā virachitā |  
tathā hi tvatpādōdvahanamaṇipīṭhasya nikaṭē  
sthitā hyētē śaśvanmukulitakarōttaṃsamakuṭāḥ || 25 ||***

The worship offered at Thy Lotus Feet  
O Consort of Shiva  
Is equal to the worship of the three  
Deities Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva  
For they have their origin in Thy Three Gunas.  
They need no special worship  
Because they are forever stationed at Your Lotus Feet  
With their heads bowed, and their crowns  
Rubbing the diamond studded  
Footstool bearing Your Divine Lotus Feet.

**The Book of Adi Shakti page 39.**

*“In the Primordial Being’s Brain, the reflection of the three powers of Adi Shakti, each manifests into two identities – Mahasaraswati – Brahmadeva Saraswati. Mahalakshmi – Vishnu Lakshmi Mahakali – Shiva Parvati. Above these are the Primordial Parents, the Divine Couple – Sadashiva – Adi Shakti.”*

### **Stanza 26**

***virīñchiḥ pañchatvaṃ vrajati harirāpnōti viratiṃ  
vināśaṃ kīnāśō bhajati dhanadō yāti nidhanam ।  
vitandrī māhēndrī vitatirapi sammilitadṛśā  
mahāsaṃhārē'smin viharati sati tvatpatirasau ॥ 26 ॥***

Brahma gets reduced into elements,  
Vishnu retires into passivity,  
Kinasa (Yama) himself dies and  
Kubera is devoid of wealth.  
Indra's assemblies are dismantled  
In such circumstances of final destruction and dissolution (Mahasamhara)  
Thy Consort Sadashiva alone exists.

### **Stanza 27**

***japō jalpaḥ śilpaṃ sakalamapi mudrāvirachanā  
gatiḥ prādaḥ śiṇyakramaṇamaśanādyāhutividhiḥ ।  
praṇāmassaṃvēśassukhamakhilamātmārpaṇadṛśā  
saparyāparyāyastava bhavatu yanmē vilasitam ॥ 27 ॥***

May everything that I do become actions of self dedication in  
Thy service My prattle – the utterance of Your Mantras  
The movement of my hands – gestures of worship  
My walking – circumambulation at Your Lotus Feet  
And all my enjoyments – offerings made to Thee.

**Stanza 28**

***sudhāmapyāśvādyā pratibhayajarāmṛtyuhariṇīm  
vipadyantē viśvē vidhiśatamakhādya diviśadaḥ |  
karālaṃ yatksvēlaṃ kabalitavataḥ kālakalanā  
na śambhōstanmūlaṃ tava janani tāṭaṅkamahimā || 28 ||***

Even after taking Amrit (nectar) which gives freedom from old age and death,  
Deities perish at the final time of Cosmic Dissolution.  
But in spite of consuming the terrible poison of Kalakuta,  
Thy Consort Sadashiva remains Eternal, O Mother.  
Because of the unique glory of  
Thy Ear Ornaments.

**Stanza 29**

***kirīṭaṃ vairiṇchaṃ parihara puraḥ kaiṭabhabhidaḥ  
kaṭhōrē kōṭirē skhalasi jahi jambhārimukuṭam |  
praṇamrēṣvētēṣu prasabhamupayātasya bhavanaṃ  
bhavasyābhyutthānē tava parijanōktirvijayatē || 29 ||***

Upon seeing Thy Consort approaching  
Thy Abode unannounced You move hastily to receive Him; and  
Your attendants anxiously caution You to keep away  
From Brahma's diadem; avoid Vishnu's heavy crown  
And be wary of Indra's crest

### **Stanza 30**

**svadēhōdbhūtābhirghṛṇibhiraṇimādyābhirabhitō  
niṣēvyē nityē tvāmahamiti sadā bhāvayati yaḥ |  
kimāścharyaṃ tasya trinayanasamṛddhiṃ tṛṇayatō  
mahāsaṃvartāgnirvirachayati nirājanavidhim || 30 ||**

O Most Eternal and Adorable Mother

By meditating and dissolving into You

From Whose Feet emanates Anima (divine rays)

A devotee attains to glories as great as Siva's

So that even the flames of Cosmic Dissolution appear

As a rite of Niranjana to Him.

### **Stanza 31**

**chatuṣṣaṣṭyā tantraiḥ sakalamatisandhāya bhuvanaṃ  
sthitastattatsiddhiprasavaparatantraiḥ paśupatiḥ |  
punastvannirbandhādakhilapuruṣārthaikaghaṭanā-  
svatantraṃ tē tantraṃ kṣititalamavātītaradidam || 31 ||**

Pasupati felt satisfied by giving to the world the

64 Tantras

The practice of which would confer either

Psychic powers or worldly fulfilment.

But On Your insistence

He revealed to the world Thy Own Tantra,

Independent of all,

And having the Power to confer

All the Purusharthas –

Dharma, Artha, Kama and Moksha

Upon Your Devotees, spontaneously.

### **Stanza 32**

***śivaḥ śaktiḥ kāmaḥ kṣitiratha raviḥ śītakiraṇaḥ  
smarō haṃsaḥ śakrastadanu cha parāmāraharayaḥ |  
amī hṛllēkhābhīstīṣṭhiravasānēṣu ghaṭitā  
bhajantē varṇāstē tava janani nāmāvayavatām || 32 ||***

O Mother, the parts that combine to form

Thy Name (mantra)

Are groups of syllables – ka e i and la Indicated by the words

Shiva, Shakti, Kamah, Ksitir

Ha sa ka ha and la denoted by ravi (sun)

Sitakirana (moon) smarō hamsah and sakra

Sa ka and la denoted by para mara harayah

Together with hrllekhabis (3 hrinkaras) added

At the end of each of the 3 groups of syllables.

They become the syllables of Your Divine Name, O Mother.

### **Stanza 33**

***smaraṃ yōniṃ lakṣmīm tritayamidamādaḥ tava manō-  
rnidhāyaikē nityē niravadhimahābhōgarasikāḥ |  
bhajanti tvāṃ chintāmaṇigunānibaddhākṣavalayāḥ  
śivāgnau juhvantaḥ surabhighṛtadhārāhutiśataiḥ || 33 ||***

By placing the Smaram Yonim Lakshmi  
in the beginning of Your Mantra, O Eternal One,  
Some mahabhogarasikas (connoisseurs desiring the highest enjoyment),  
Worship you with circles of the rosary of Chintamani Gems,  
While pouring oblations into the fire, with fragrant streams of  
Surabhi ghr̥t (cows ghee)

**Stanza 34**

***śarīraṃ tvaṃ śambhōḥ śaśimihiravakṣōruhayugaṃ  
tavātmānaṃ manyē bhagavati navātmānamanagham ।  
ataśśēṣaśśēṣītyayamubhayasādhāraṇatayā  
sthitaḥ sambandhō vāṃ samarasaparānandaparayōḥ ॥ 34 ॥***

O Devi Bhagawati!  
You are verily the body of Shiva  
With the Sun and Moon as the two breasts  
And Your Being is verily the flawless Shambhu  
And therefore there is no subservient or principal one  
Paranand and Para are one and the same.

**Stanza 35**

***manastvaṃ vyōma tvaṃ marudasi marutsārathirasi  
tvamāpastvaṃ bhūmistvayī pariṇatāyāṃ na hi param ।  
tvamēva svātmānaṃ pariṇamayitum viśvavapuṣā  
chidānandākāraṃ śivayuvati bhāvēna bibhṛṣē ॥ 35 ॥***



You are the Mind,  
You are Akash,  
You are also Fire  
You are Water and Earth  
The whole Universe has emanated from You,  
And there is nothing beyond, which is not You.  
To transform Yourself into the Universe  
You assumed the form of Consciousness Bliss –  
The Shakti of Sadashiva.

**Stanza 36**

***tavājñāchakrasthāṃ tapanaśaśikōṭidyutidharaṃ  
paraṃ śambhuṃ vandē parimilitapārśvaṃ parachitā |  
yamārādhyān bhaktyā raviśaśisuchīnāmaviśayē  
nirālōkē'lōkē nivasati hi bhālōkabhuvanē || 36 ||***

Salutations to the Supreme Shambhu residing in  
Thy Agya Chakra,  
Who is as resplendent as a crore of suns and moons put together,  
And Whose Left Side is integrated with the  
Supreme Consciousness (Devi).  
He who worships Him with deep devotion attains that  
Self-Consciousness and Self Luminous state,  
Which is not a loka (region or plane), but  
Which transcends the brilliance of the Sun, Moon and Fire  
And which is beyond imagination.

**Stanza 37**

***viśuddhau tē śuddhasphaṭikaviśadaṃ vyōmajanakam  
śivam sēvē dēvimapi śivasamānavyavasitām |  
yayōḥ kāntyā yāntyāḥ śaśikiraṇasārūpyasaraṇē-  
vidhūtāntardhvāntā vilasati chakōrīva jagatī || 37 ||***

In Thy Vishuddhi Chakra,

I meditate on Shiva the Creator of Akash

Resembling a pure crystal in purity Along with the Devi

Who is equal to Shiva--

In the lunar brilliance radiating from Both,

The whole Universe, freed from the darkness of ignorance,

Rejoices like the Chakori bird (which lives by consuming moonlight).

**Stanza 38**

***samunmīlat samvit kamalamakarandaikarasikam  
bhajē haṃsadvandvam kimapi mahatām mānasacharam |  
yadālāpādaṣṭādaśaguṇitavidyāpariṇati-  
ryadādattē dōṣād guṇamakhilamadbhyaḥ paya iva || 38 ||***

O Mother, I worship the swans,

Shiva and Shakti

Who imbibe the honey of knowledge

In the Lotus of Anahat Chakra

And Who swims in the lake of the mind of the enlightened one.

Their mutual conversation has become the eighteen vidyas

Which separate good from evil, as milk from water.

### **Stanza 39**

***tava svādhiṣṭhānē hutavahamadhiṣṭhāya nirataṃ  
tamīḍē saṃvartaṃ janani mahatīm tāṃ cha samayām |  
yadālōkē lōkān dahati mahati krōdhakalitē  
dayādrā yā dṛṣṭiḥ śísiramupachāraṃ rachayati || 39 ||***

O Mother!

Invoking Samvarta,

Lord of the Fire of Dissolution

In the Swadhisthana Chakra,

I adore Him along with Thee,

Samaya The Great Mahashakti of Rudra.

When the wrathful looks of

Rudra burns up the Universe,

It is Thy merciful glance that showers reviving blessings of coolness.

### **Stanza 40**

***taṭittvantaṃ śaktyā timiraparipanthiphuraṇayā  
sphurannānāratnābharaṇapariṇaddhēndradhanuṣam |  
tava śyāmaṃ mēghaṃ kamapi maṇipūraikaśaraṇaṃ  
niṣēvē varṣantaṃ haramihirataptaṃ tribhuvanam || 40 ||***

I worship the dark blue rain cloud which abides forever

In the Manipura Chakra Raining showers on the

Universe burnt by the Sun of Rudra –

The rain cloud that is illumined by brilliant lightning in the form of Shakti,  
And forming a rainbow, made by the reflection of gems  
And dispelling the darkness overshadowing Manipura.

**Stanza 41**

***tavādhārē mūlē saha samayayā lāsyaparayā  
navātmānaṃ manyē navarasamahātāṇḍavanaṇam |  
ubhābhyāmētābhyā mudayavidhimuddiśya dayayā  
sanāthābhyāṃ jajñē janakajanānīmajjagadidam || 41 ||***

In Thy Mooladhara Chakra I meditate on Navatman (Maha Bharava)  
Who expressing nine sentiments  
Is performing the Mahatandava  
Dance in the company of Samaya (Mahabhairavi)  
Who is dancing the Lasya.  
The Universe is blessed with a Father and a Mother  
Who have come together graciously for its regeneration (from ashes)

**Part II Soundarya Lahari (The waves of beauty): dvitya bhāgaḥ**

**Stanza 42**

***gatairmāṇikyatvaṃ gaganamaṇibhiḥ sāndraghaṭitaṃ  
kirīṭaṃ tē haimaṃ himagirisutē kīrtayati yaḥ |  
sa nīḍeyachChāyāchChuraṇaśabalaṃ chandraśakalaṃ  
dhanuḥ śaunāsīraṃ kimiti na nibadhnāti dhiṣaṇām || 42 ||***

O Daughter of the snow-capped mountain!  
The golden crown on Your Head seems densely set  
With precious gems made of 12 suns  
Reflecting on The crescent moon on  
Your Head Forming an ornament resembling  
Indra's Bow (rainbow)!

**Stanza 43**

***dhunōtu dhvāntaṃ nastulitadalitēndīvaravanaṃ  
ghanasnigdhaślakṣṇaṃ chikuranikurumbaṃ tava śivē |  
yadiyaṃ saurabhyaṃ sahajamupalabdhuṃ sumanasō  
vasantyasmin manyē valamathanavāṭīviṭapinām || 43 ||***

O Consort of Shiva!  
May Thy luxuriant hair, soft and oily,  
Resembling a forest of fully blossomed lotuses  
Remove the darkness of ignorance from our hearts.  
Indeed, all the heavenly flowers from Indra's garden  
Have congregated in Your Divine Tresses  
To imbibe the natural fragrance thereof.

**Stanza 44**

***tanōtu kṣēmaṃ nastava vadanasaundaryalaharī-  
parivāhasrōtaḥsaraṇiriva sīmantasaraṇiḥ |  
vahantī sindūraṃ prabalakabarībhāratimira-  
dviṣāṃ bṛndairbandikṛtamiva navīnārkakiraṇam || 44 ||***

We are blessed to behold the middle parting of Thy Hair,  
Into which overflows the beauty of Thy Face.  
The sindhoor which adorns that parting  
Looks like the Rays of the Rising Sun  
Being pressed on both sides by the dark density of  
Thy Hair.

**Stanza 45**

***arālaiḥ svābhāvyādalikalabhasaśribhiralakaiḥ  
parītaṃ tē vaktraṃ parihasati pañkēruharuchim |  
darasmērē yasmin daśanaruchikiñjalkaruchirē  
sugandhau mādyanti smaradahanachakṣurmadhulihaḥ || 45 ||***

Thy Face, framed with naturally curling ringlets,  
Beautiful as a swarm of dark honey bees,  
Surpasses the beauty of the lotus flowers.  
That smiling, shining, fragrant Face  
With rows of teeth resembling the lotus filaments  
Enchants the honey sucker of the Eyes of Shiva, the destroyer of Cupid.

**Stanza 46**

***lalāṭaṃ lāvaṇyadyutivimalamābhāti tava ya-  
ddvitiyaṃ tanmanyē makuṭaghaṭitaṃ chandraśakalam |  
viparyāsanyāsādubhayamapi sambhūya cha mithaḥ  
sudhālēpasyūtiḥ pariṇamati rākāhimakaraḥ || 46 ||***

Thy Divine Forehead, brilliant with Its own crescent moon;  
Resembles an inverted crescent moon attached  
As an extension to thy Crown.  
If both these crescents, reverse and join,  
They can form the Full Moon dripping nectar.

**Stanza 47**

***bhruvau bhugnē kiñchidbhuvanabhayabhaṅgavyasanini  
tvadiyē nētrābhyāṃ madhukararuchibhyāṃ dhṛtaguṇam |  
dhanurmanyē savyētarakaragṛhītaṃ ratipatēḥ  
prakōṣṭhē muṣṭau cha sthagayati nigūḍhāntaramumē || 47 ||***

Most worshipful Devi Uma  
You are always intent on removing the distress of the worlds!  
Thy slightly knitted eyebrows  
Form the bow of Kamadeva  
With Thy black Eyes as its string  
The Nasal Region presses on it, as if  
It is the clenched fist and right forearm of Kamadeva.

**Stanza 48**

***Ahahahaḥ sūtē savyaṃ tava nayanamarkātmakatayā  
triyāmāṃ vāmaṃ tē srjati rajanīnāyakatayā |  
tṛtiyā tē dṛṣṭirdaradalitahēmāmbujaruchiḥ  
samādhattē sandhyāṃ divasaniśayōrantaracharīm || 48 ||***

Thy Right Eye as the Sun, causes day  
From Thy Left Eye is born the night With the moon as its lord.  
Thy Third Eye, resembling a golden lotus in slight bloom,  
Is responsible for the two Sandhyas,  
The twilight of dawn and dusk.

#### **Stanza 49**

***viśālā kalyāṇī sphuṭaruchirayōdhyā kuvalayaīḥ  
kṛpādhārādhārā kimapi madhurābhōgavatikā |  
avantī dṛṣṭistē bahunagaravistāravijayā  
dhruvaṃ tattannāmavyavaharaṇayōgyā vijayatē || 49 ||***

All worship and glory to  
Thy Eyes which are wide (Vishal)  
Auspicious because they are clear and brilliant (Kalyani)  
Undefeated (Ayodhaya) even by blue lilies  
Pouring out a continuous flow of grace (krpadhara-dhara)  
Indescribably sweet (avyakta madhura), long (abhogavati)  
And offering protection to the world (Avanti).  
Surpassing all these qualities in their uniqueness  
Thy eyes command all these descriptions.

#### **Quote from Sahaja Yoga Mantra Book.**

*“Adi Shakaracharya has said, ‘Your Right Eye being the embodiment of the Sun creates day, Your Left Eye being the embodiment of the Moon creates night, Your Third Eye radiant like the slightly open Golden Lotus, creates Twilight’. He also says that due to collyrium that the*



*Mother wears, Her Eyes become tri-coloured – The streak of red, the natural white colour of the eyes, and the black of the collyrium. They look like the triad of the three quantities – Raja, Sattwa and Tama.”*

**Stanza 50**

***kavināṃ sandarbhabastabakamakarandaikarasikaṃ  
kaṭākṣavyākṣēpabhramarakalabhau karṇayugalam |  
amuñchantau dṛṣṭvā tava navarasāsvādatarālā-  
vasūyāsaṃsargādalikanayanaṃ kiñchidaruṇam || 50 ||***

The two pupils of Thy Long Eyes  
Are like honeybees hovering near Your Ears  
To listen to the poems of praise being offered to You  
By devotee poets  
And are deeply absorbed in imbibing the honey  
Pouring from the bouquet of  
Nine Flowers of poetic description.  
Thy Third Eye in the forehead, is at a disadvantage, and  
Feels discontented, and has taken on a red colour.

**Stanza 51**

***śivē śaṅgārārdṛā taditarajanē kutsanaparā  
sarōṣā gaṅgāyāṃ giriśacharitē vismayavati |  
harāhibhyō bhitā sarasiruhasaubhāgyajanani  
sakhīṣu smērā tē mayi janani dṛṣṭiḥ sakaruṇā || 51 ||***

O Mother! When You look at Shiva  
Thine Eyes express the sentiments of Love;  
At others, tolerance; At co-wife Ganga, shades of anger.  
On hearing of great deeds of Shiva, wonderment.  
At the great serpents adorning Shiva, dread  
At the sight of Thy companions  
A light-hearted mirth and patronizing smile.  
And, at me, a devotee, Pure Compassion.  
Besides these, there is an expression of  
Red ringed loveliness of a lotus flower, indicating heroism.

**Stanza 52**

***gatē karṇābhyarṇaṃ garuta iva pakṣmāṇi dadhati  
purāṃ bhēttuśchittapraśamarasavidrāvaṇaphalē |  
imē nētrē gōtrādharaṇpatikulōttaṃsakalikē  
tavākarṇākṣṣasmaraśaravilāsaṃ kalayataḥ || 52 ||***

O Mother You are the flower bud  
Placed on the crest of the Mountain King's Dynasty.  
Thy Long Eyes, which extend All the way to the Ears,  
Are fringed with eyelashes resembling the feathery wings  
Attached to the arrows, which are engaged in  
Disturbing the placidity of the mind of Shiva.  
It seems like Cupid has drawn his arrow  
Up to his ear.

### **Stanza 53**

***vibhaktatraivarṇyaṃ vyatikaritalilāñjanatayā  
vibhāti tvannētrātritayamidamiśānadayitē |  
punaḥ sraṣṭuṃ dēvān druhiṇaharirudrānuparatān  
rajaḥ sattvaṃ bibhrattama iti guṇānāṃ trayamiva || 53 ||***

O Consort of Ishwara!  
Thy Three Eyes look tricoloured  
When the Black of the collyrium  
Shines by the side of  
Natural White And Reddish tinges  
Each maintains its distinctiveness.  
It seems these three colors represent  
The three Gunas of Rajas, Sattwa and Tamas  
Which Thou hast assumed, with a view  
To revive Brahma, Vishnu and Rudra  
After the dissolution in Pralaya;  
And reappoint them.

### **Stanza 54**

***pavitrikartuṃ naḥ paśupati parādhīnaḥ ṛdayē  
dayāmitrair nētrair aruṇadhavalāśyāmaruchibhiḥ |  
nadaḥ śōṇō gaṅgā tapanatanayēti dhruvamamuṃ  
trayānāṃ tīrthānām upanayasi sambhēdamanagham || 54 ||***

O Mother! You are ever devoted to Shiva!  
Maybe that with Your Eyes having the three colours of

White, Black and Red,  
You are presenting to us the confluence  
Of the Holy Rivers Sona, Ganga and Yamuna  
To cleanse and sanctify ourselves.

**Stanza 55**

***nimēṣōnmēṣābhyāṃ pralayamudayaṃ yāti jagatī  
tavētyāhuḥ santō dharaṇidhararājanyatanayē |  
tvadunmēṣājjātaṃ jagadidamaśēṣaṃ pralayataḥ  
paritrātuṃ śānkē parihṛtanimēṣāstava dṛśaḥ || 55 ||***

O Daughter of the King of the Mountains  
Great Saints tell us that the  
Closing and opening of Thine Eyes  
Causes dissolution and Creation, of this universe.  
In order to prevent this universe  
Which came into existence at the opening of Thine Eyes,  
From going into dissolution;  
You avoid blinking, and forever keep Your Eyes Open.

**Stanza 56**

***tavāparṇē karṇējapanayanapaiśunyachakitā  
niliyantē tōyē niyatamanimēṣāḥ śapharikāḥ |  
iyaṃ cha śrīrbaddhachChadapuṭakavāṭaṃ kuvalayam  
jahāti pratyūṣē niśi cha vighaṭayya praviśati || 56 ||***

O Aparna! The female fish hide in deep waters  
Afraid that their ambitions of comparing themselves to You  
Get communicated through Thy long Eyes to Thy Ears close by.  
Sri, the Goddess of Beauty resides in Thine Eyes.  
Knowing this, the Blue Lotus only opens at night  
To receive Sri when You close Your Eyes in sleep.

**Stanza 57**

***dṛiśā drāghīasyā daradalitanīlōtpalaruchā  
daviyāṃsaṃ dīnaṃ snapaya kṛpayā māmapi śivē |  
anēnāyaṃ dhanyō bhavati na cha tē hāniriyatā  
vanē vā harmyē vā samakaranipātō himakaraḥ || 57 ||***

O Consort of Shiva!  
Deign to cast upon me in the distance,  
Thy long ranging compassionate glance,  
From Thine Eyes which surpass in beauty  
The half bloomed Blue Lotus flower.  
By this I will become rich in blessings  
Without diminishing any of Your Glory.  
Like the rays of the moon Fall equally on forest and palace alike.

**Stanza 58**

***arālaṃ tē pālīyugalamagarājanyatanayē  
na kēśāmādhattē kusumaśarakōḍaṇḍakutukam |***

***tiraśchīnō yatra śravaṇapathamullaṅghya vilasa-  
nnapāṅgavyāsaṅgō dīśati śarasandhānadhiṣaṇām || 58 ||***

O Daughter of the Mountain King  
Is there anyone who cannot perceive  
The graces of Kama's bow and flowery arrows  
On seeing Thy pair of arched ridges between  
The eyes and the ears (palli-yugalam).  
For Thy oblique glance across these ridges  
Resemble an arrow mounted on a bowstring.

***Stanza 59***

***sphurad-gaṇḍā-bhōga-prati-phalitatāṅga-kayugalaṃ  
chatuśchakraṃ manyē tava mukhamidaṃ manmatharatham |  
yamāruhya druhyatyavanīrathamarkēnducharaṇaṃ  
mahāvīrō mārāḥ pramathapatayē sajjitavatē || 59 ||***

I perceive that Thy Face with two ear ornaments  
Reflected on Thy Glistening Cheeks, is verily  
The four wheeled chariot of Manmatha (God of Love).  
Seated in this, he presumes to challenge Shiva,  
The Lord of Pramatha hosts, heading for the destruction of the  
Tripuras And riding His Chariot, having the  
Sun and Moon for its two wheels!

**Stanza 60**

***sarasvatyāḥ sūktīramṛtalaharikauśalaharīḥ  
pibantyāḥ śarvāṇi śravaṇachulukābhyāmavīralam |  
chamatkāraślāghāchalitaśīrasaḥ kuṇḍalagaṇō  
jhaṇatkāraistāraiḥ prativachanamāchaṣṭa iva tē || 60 ||***

O Goddess Who is the Consort of Shiva  
Your Sweet Face resembles the continuous waves of nectar  
Which fills the ears of Saraswati without break  
And She moves Her Head in response,  
Her ear ornaments making a sound as if they applaud Your praise.

**Stanza 61**

***asau nāsāvaṃśastuhinagirivaṃśadhvajapaṭi  
tvadīyō nēdīyaḥ phalatu phalamasmākamuchitam |  
vahannantarmuktāḥ śīśīrataraniśvāsagalitaṃ  
samṛddhyā yattāsāṃ bahirapi cha muktāmaṇidharaḥ || 61 ||***

O Goddess Who is the flag of the clan of Himalayas  
And Whose Nose is like a thin bamboo staff of that flag,  
Give us blessings.  
I feel Mother, that You are wearing a rare pearl,  
Brought out by the moon-cooled breath of  
Your Left Nostril, which has taken the form of  
Thy Nasal Pendant; For Your Nose is the storehouse of rarest pearls divine.

**Stanza 62**

***prakṛtyā raktāyāstava sudati dantach Chadaruchēḥ  
pravakṣyē sādṛśyaṃ janayatu phalaṃ vidrumalatā |  
na bimbaṃ tadbimbapratiphalanarāgādaruṇitaṃ  
tulāmadhyārōḍhuṃ kathamiva vilajjēta kalayā || 62 ||***

O Goddess Who has beautiful Rows of Teeth  
I try to find a simile to Your blood red Lips  
And I can only imagine the fruit of the coral vine.  
The fruits of the red bimba (cucurbit) hangs its head in shame  
On being compared to Your Lips  
As it tried to imitate the color from You and failed miserably.

**Stanza 63**

***smitajyōtsnājālaṃ tava vadanachandrasya pibatāṃ  
chakōrāṇāmāsīdatirasatayā chañchujāḍimā |  
atastē śītāṃśōraṃṭalaharīmamlaruchayaḥ  
pibanti svach chandaṃ niśi niśi bhṛśaṃ kāñjikadhiyā || 63 ||***

The Chakora birds felt that their tongues have been numbed  
By forever drinking the sweet nectar-like light  
Emanating from Your moon-like Face;  
And for a change they wanted to taste sour rice gruel during the night,  
And now they have to be satisfied drinking the white rays of the full moon.



#### **Stanza 64**

**aviśrāntaṃ patyurguṇagaṇakathāmrēḍanajapā  
japāpuṣpachChāyā tava janani jihvā jayati sā |  
yadagrāsīnāyāḥ sphaṭikadṛṣadachChachChavimayī  
sarasvatyā mūrṭiḥ pariṇamati māṇikyavapuṣā || 64 ||**

Mother of mine!

Thy well known Tongue which

Without rest, chants and repeats the many qualities

Of Your Consort Shiva

Is like the red hibiscus flower, and

The Goddess of Learning Saraswati, sitting at the tip of

Your tongue; Who, though white and sparkling like crystal,

Turns red like the ruby, the color of Your Tongue.

#### **Stanza 65**

**raṇē jitvā daityānapahṛtaśirastraiḥ kavachibhir-  
nivr̥ttaśchaṇḍāṃśatripuraharanirmālyavimukhaiḥ |  
viśākhēndrōpēndraiḥ śaśiviśadakarpūraśakalā  
viliyantē mātastava vadanatāmbūlakabalāḥ || 65 ||**

O Mother of the world, the lords Subramanya,

Vishnu and Indra

Returning and resting after the war with the Asuras,

Have removed their headgear, and wearing iron jackets;

Are not interested in the leftovers after the worship of Shiva

Which belongs to Chadikeshwara.

But are consuming with zest, the half-chewed betel from Your Mouth  
Which has camphor as white as the moon.

**Stanza 66**

***vipañchyā gāyanti vividhamapadānaṃ paśupatēḥ  
tvayārabdhē vaktuṃ chalitaśīrasā sādhuvaḥanē |  
tadīyairmādhuryairapalapītantrīkalaravāṃ  
nijāṃ vīṇāṃ vāṇī nichulayati chōlēna nibhṛtam || 66 ||***

O Mother of all!  
When You started nodding  
Your Head Muttering sweetly in appreciation, “Good! Good!”  
To the Goddess Saraswati when  
She sings to You, the Great stories of Lord Pashupati to the accompaniment  
Of Her Veena  
She mutes the Veena by covering it with a cloth  
So that the strings creating music  
Are not put to shame by the sweetness of Your Voice.

**Stanza 67**

***karāgrēṇa spṛṣṭaṃ tuhinagiriṇā vatsalatayā  
giriśēnōdastaṃ muhuradharapānākulatayā |  
karagrāhyaṃ śambhōrmukhamukuravṛntaṃ girisutē  
kathaṅkāraṃ brūmastava chibukamaupamyarahitam || 67 ||***

O Daughter of the Mountain!  
How can we describe The beauty of Your Chin,

which was caressed with affection By Your Father Himavan;  
Which was often lifted by the Lord in a hurry  
To drink deeply from Your Lips  
Which was fit to be touched by His Fingers  
Which did not have anything comparable;  
And which is the Handle of the Mirror of Your Face!

**Stanza 68**

***bhujāślēṣān nityaṃ puradamayituḥ kaṇṭhakavatī  
tava grīvā dhattē mukhakamalanālaśriyamīyam ।  
svataḥ śvētā kālāgurubahulajambālamalinā  
mr̥ṇālilālityaṃ vahati yadadhō hāralatikā ॥ 68 ॥***

Your Neck appears full of fine bristles  
Due to the hairs standing out by the frequent embrace of  
Thy Lord Who destroyed the three cities;  
And looks like the beauty of the stalk of Your Lotus like Face!  
The string of white pearls worn below  
Is dulled by the incense, myrrh, and paste of sandalwood applied there,  
And resembles the tender stalk Marred by the blemish of the bed of mud.

**Stanza 69**

***galē rēkhāstisrō gatigamakagītaikanipuṇē  
vivāhavyānaddhapraguṇaguṇasaṅkhyāpratibhuvaḥ ।  
virājantē nānāvidhamadhurarāgākarabhuvāṃ  
trayāṇāṃ grāmāṇāṃ sthitiniyamasīmāna iva tē ॥ 69 ॥***

O Mistress of musical technicalities like Gati (pace),  
Gamakam (undulations) and Gitam (song)  
The three strands of auspicious thread tied around  
Thy Neck By Thy Consort, at the tie of  
Thy marriage Shine forth as the three lines of Thy Neck  
As if boundaries demarcating the three scales of music  
Which form the source of melodies and musical modes.

**Stanza 70**

***mṛṇālīmṛdvīnām tava bhujaletānām chatasṛṇām  
chaturbhiḥ saundaryam sarasijabhavaḥ stauti vadanaiḥ |  
nakhēbhyaḥ santrasyan prathamamathanādandhakaripō-  
śchaturṇām śīrṣāṇām samamahayahastārpaṇadhiyā || 70 ||***

Brahma, born out of the lotus, is afraid of the fingernails of Shiva  
(Who killed the asura Andhaka),  
Which clipped off one of His five heads,  
And is now praising with His remaining four heads,  
The beauty of Thy Four tender Hands resembling the stalk of the lotus,  
So that He can ask for protection for His remaining four heads  
By the use of Your Four Merciful Hands.

**Stanza 71**

***nakhānāmuddyōtairnavanalinarāgaḥ vihasatām  
karāṇām tē kāntiḥ kathaya kathayāmaḥ kathamumē |  
kayāchidvā sāmyaḥ bhajatu kalayā hanta kamalam  
yadi kṛḍallakṣmīcharaṇatalālākṣārāsaChaṇam || 71 ||***

O Goddess Uma!

You only tell us how we can describe

The splendor of Your Hands lit up by

The radiance of Your Nails, which surpass the color

Of freshly bloomed lotuses.

Perhaps if the red lotus mixes with the liquid lac dye

Adorning the Feet of Goddess Lakshmi, they can attain

Some resemblance to Thy Nails.

### **Stanza 72**

**samaṃ dēvi skandadvipavadanapītaṃ stanayugaṃ  
tavēdaṃ naḥ khēdaṃ haratu satataṃ prasnutamukham |  
yadālōkyāśaṅkākulitahṛdayō hāsajanakaḥ  
svakumbhau hērambaḥ parimṛśati hastēna jhaḍiti || 72 ||**

O Mother Goddess!

Let Your two cool Breasts From which Milk always flows, and

Which is simultaneously sucked by Thy Sons, Skanda and Ganesha,

Destroy all our sorrows.

### **Stanza 73**

**amū tē vakṣōjāvamṛtarasamāṇikyakutupau  
na sandēhaspandō nagapatipatākē manasi naḥ |  
pibantau tau yasmādauditavadhūsaṅgarasikau  
kumārāvadyāpi dviradavadanakrauñchadalanau || 73 ||**

O Victory Flag of the King of the Mountains!

There is no doubt in our minds

That Your Two Breasts Divine

Are jars made of Manikya (Ruby)

And filled with Nectar for the Elephant faced one (Ganesha) and

He killed Krauncha Asura (Subramanya).

Drinking this Amrit,

Thy two sons Were endowed with eternal childhood and innocence,

And even today they have no knowledge of women.

#### **Stanza 74**

***vahatyamba stambēramadanujakumbhaprakṛtibhiḥ***

***samārabdhāṃ muktāmaṇibhīramalāṃ hāralatikām |***

***kuchābhōgō bimbādhararuchibhīrantaḥ śabalitāṃ***

***pratāpavyāmiśrāṃ puradamayituḥ kīrtimiva tē || 74 ||***

O Mother, in the central place of Your Holy Breasts,

You wear the glittering chain of pearls,

Recovered from inside the head of Gajasura,

The luminous white shines with the redness of Your Lips

Resembling the bimba fruit,

As if it reflects the Fame and Valor

Of Your Lord Who destroyed three cities.

### **Stanza 75**

***tava stanyaṃ manyē dharaṇidharakanyē hṛdayataḥ  
payahpārāvāraḥ parivahati sārāsvatamiva |  
dayāvatyā dattaṃ draviḍaśīśurāsvādya tava yat  
kavināṃ prauḍhānāmajani kamanīyaḥ kavayitā || 75 ||***

O Daughter of the King of the Mountains!

Your milk was given by You, Who is full of mercy,

To a child of the Dromilla country,

Is of the nature of Saraswati,

And blessed him to become a noted poet among great composers.

### **Stanza 76**

***hara-krōdhajvālāvali-bhiravaliḍhēna vapuṣā  
gabhirē tē nābhīsarasi kṛtasaṅgō manasijaḥ |  
samuttasthau tasmādachalatanayē dhūmalatikā  
janastāṃ jānītē tava janani rōmāvaliriti || 76 ||***

Having been scorched by the flames of fury of

Hara Kamadeva immersed himself in the deep pool of

Your Navel And this gave rise to a tendril of smoke

Which has been identified as the Romavalli

Or line of hair that goes up from Thy Navel.

**Stanza 77**

***yadētat kālindītanutaratarāṅgākṛti śivē  
kṛśē madhyē kiñchijjanani tava yadbhāti sudhiyām |  
vimardādanyō'nyaṃ kuchakalaśayōrantaragataṃ  
tanūbhūtaṃ vyōma praviśadiva nābhiṃ kuhariṇīm || 77 ||***

O Mother! That which shines in Thy Slender Waist, and  
Which is shaped like a very fine wave of the river Kalindi,  
Manifests to some as Your Navel Hair; but Is the  
Vyoma or interspace between Your pitcher like Breasts,  
Thinned by their pressure, to become  
A narrow stream entering the cave of Your Navel.

**Stanza 78**

***sthirō gaṅgāvartaḥ stanamukularōmāvalilatā-  
kalāvālaṃ kuṇḍaṃ kusumaśaratējōhutabhujah |  
ratērlilāgāraṃ kimapi tava nābhīrgirisutē  
biladvāraṃ siddhērgiriśanayanānāṃ vijayatē || 78 ||***

O Daughter of the Mountain,  
Thy Navel which is A steady whirlpool on the surface of the river Ganga  
Which is a bed for Thy Romavalli (creeper like line of hair)  
Is the hollow for the fire of the prowess of Kama,  
Which is the pleasure house of his wife Rati,  
And which forms an opening of the cave where  
Girisa's Eyes found fulfillment of the great austerities  
He performed.



**Stanza 79**

***nisargakṣīṇasya stanataṭabharēṇa klamajuṣō  
namanmūrtērnārītilaka śanakaistruṭyata iva |  
chiraṃ tē madhyasya truṭitataṭinītīrataruṇā  
samāvasthāsthēmnō bhavatu kuśalaṃ śailatanayē || 79 ||***

O Best of Women!  
O Daughter of the Mountain! May  
Your naturally slim waist,  
And whose precarious firmness  
Is like a tree on the bank of a breached river,  
Be Stable and Safe Forever!

**Stanza 80**

***kuchau sadyaḥsvidyattaṭaghaṭitakūrpāsabhidurau  
kaṣantau dōrmūlē kanakakalaśābhau kalayatā |  
tava trātuṃ bhaṅgādalamiti valagnaṃ tanubhuvā  
tridhā naddhaṃ dēvi trivali lavalīvallibhiriva || 80 ||***

O Mother Divine!  
The three folds in Thy Middle Region  
Resemble three strands of the Lavalī creeper,  
Wound around by Kamadeva, God of Love,  
As a support to prevent Thy Middle Region from breaking  
Under the weight of his creation  
Rubbing against Thy armpits and Bursting their Bodice.

**Quote from Shri Mataji's talk during Durga Puja, 1982-0926**

*"Now when I read, say, Adi Shankaracharya, I am amazed how he knows so many things about Me. He knows how My knee looks like; he knows how many lines I have on My Back; how many - I mean, it is very amazing how this man knows everything about Me. That means through his meditative power, he could envisage Me. He never saw Me. The description and everything is so clear cut. Now, if you say the thousand names of the Goddess, thousand names of the Goddess are so precise. I mean you can verify them in Me. I am just like that. Whatever is good or bad, whatever is said about Me is there. Is a fact. And it is the knowledge of these people is most remarkable: how did they know that a Goddess is like that. Like if you see Adi Shakaracharya's descriptions, or that even Markandeya's descriptions about Your Mother, its remarkable how little-little things they could see. From where, from what angles. And every little bit of Mother they could see, as a child would see, you see, absolutely close to the Mother. Certain of My Things, which I also don't know, but they are there, and they have described. It is very surprising. So their meditative power in India was great."*

**Quote from Shri Mataji's Talk during Seminar in Dole 1979-02-27**

*After writing a great treatise like Viveka Chudamani, Shankaracharya wrote another treatise "Soundarya Lahari". He has described the Mother, and these vibrations in them – which we call as Divine Vibrations. Someone asked him why did he start all this. He said, this is wisdom, and everything else is all ignorance. And it is such a symbolic thing that to understand their work you have to be really very deep, and very penetrating, for which the human mind so far is not able to see the work they have done. Like if you see Adi Shankaracharya's descriptions about your Mother, it is remarkable how little-little things He could see. From where. From what angles. And every little bit of Mother he could see, as a child would see, you see, absolutely close to the Mother. That means the innocence was complete and perfected. Otherwise you can't see these points that they have seen. All the little things like the three folds*

*of the Mother. How can anyone see, but child can see that three folds of the mothers are there. That She has three folds in Her Body. Only a child can see. Its tremendous I tell you, its tremendous, that innocence, their penetration and their courage. Need real courage to grow into that penetration.”*

#### **Stanza 81**

***gurutvaṃ vistāraṃ kṣitidharapatiḥ pārvati nijā-  
nnitambādāchChidya tvayi haraṇarūpēṇa nidadhē |  
atastē vistīrṇō gururayamaśēṣāṃ vasumatīm  
nitambaprāgbhāraḥ sthagayati laghutvaṃ nayati cha || 81 ||***

O Parvati! Thy Father the Mountain King  
Gave the Weight and Expanse of his flanks to Thee  
As dowry at the time of Thy Marriage.  
It is for this reason that when Thy Hips cover the earth  
They become more extensive than it, (Vishva Garbha);  
And render the earth lighter in comparative weight and density.

#### **Stanza 82**

***karīndrāṇāṃ śuṇḍān kanakakadalīkāṇḍapaṭālī-  
mubhābhyāmūrubhyāmubhayamapi nirjitya bhavatī |  
suvṛttābhyāṃ patyuh praṇatikaṭhinābhyāṃ girisutē  
vidhijñyē jānubhyāṃ vibudhakarikumbhadvayamasī || 82 ||***

O Daughter of the Mountain,  
Thy Thighs surpass in beauty  
The trunks of the lordly elephants, as also

Subdue the stem of golden coloured banana trees.  
O Observer of all ordained duties,  
Thy Knees, rounded to perfection  
By repeated prostrations to Thy Consort,  
Outshine the frontal globes of the Heavenly elephant Airavata.

**Stanza 83**

***parājētuṃ rudraṃ dviguṇaśaragarbhau girisutē  
niṣaṅgau jaṅghē tē viṣamaviśikhō bāḍhamakṛta |  
yadagrē dṛśyantē daśaśaraphalāḥ pādayugali-  
nakhāgrachChadmānaḥ suramakuṭaśāṇaikaniśitāḥ || 83 ||***

O Daughter of the Mountain!  
The five- arrowed Cupid in order to challenge  
Rudra Has used  
Your Shanks as a quiver to store ten arrows.  
For at the end of Your Feet In the guise of toenails.  
Are crescent shaped arrowheads  
Sharpened on the whetstone  
Of the crowns of prostrating Divinities.

**Stanza 84**

***śrutināṃ mūrdhānō dadhati tava yau śēkharatayā  
mamāpyētau mātāḥ śirasi dayayā dhēhi charaṇau |  
yayōḥ pādyam pāthaḥ paśupatijaṭājūṭataṭini  
yayōrlākṣālakṣmīraruṇaharichūdāmaṇiruchiḥ || 84 ||***

O Mother! The crest of the Veda (Upanishads)  
Bears Thy Feet as a head ornament!  
May You condescend to place  
Thy Holy Feet on my head –  
Those Feet from which water offerings  
Become the Ganga in the matted locks of Pashupati;  
And the bright red lac of which gives brilliance  
To the gems on the crown of Vishnu!

**Stanza 85**

***namōvākaṃ brūmō nayanaramaṇīyāya padayō-  
stavāsmāi dvandvāya sphuṭaruchirasālaktakavatē |  
asūyatyatyantam yadabhihananāya sprhayatē  
paśūnāmīśānaḥ pramadavanakaṅkēlitaravē || 85 ||***

We offer salutations to Thy sparkling  
Lotus Feet Which are a delight to the eyes;  
Because of their brilliance from the liquid lac dye applied to Them.  
Thy Consort Pashupati Who is desirous of being touched by Them  
Is extremely jealous of the Kankeli (Asoka) trees  
Of Your pleasure garden Because they too yearn for a kick from Your Feet.

**Stanza 86**

***mṛiṣā kṛtvā gōtraskhalanamatha vailakṣyanamitaṃ  
lalāṭē bhartāraṃ charaṇakamalē tāḍayati tē |  
chirādantaḥśalyaṃ dahanakṛtamunmūlitavatā  
tulākōṭikvāṇaiḥ kilikilitamīśānaripuṇā || 86 ||***

O Devi! During a love quarrel  
When Your Consort bowed His Head to appease  
You For calling You by the name of another woman,  
Your Feet touched His Forehead.  
The bells of Your Anklets began to tinkle  
As if Kama was giving out joyous acclamations  
Of wreaking vengeance  
For Isa once consuming Him with fire  
From His Third Eye!

**Stanza 87**

***himānīhantavyaṃ himagirinivāsaikachaturau  
nīśāyāṃ nidrāṇaṃ nīśi charamabhāgē cha viśadau |  
varaṃ lakṣmīpātraṃ śrīyamatisṛjantau samayināṃ  
sarōjaṃ tvatpāḍau janani jayataśchitramiha kim || 87 ||***

O Mother of the Universe!  
Thy Lotus Feet  
Permanently flourishing on the mountain of snow,  
Blooming day and night, and bestowing  
Undecaying Lakshmi on Your inner devotees,

Are far superior to the common lotus flower  
Which perishes in snow;  
And which closes at night to form the resort of Lakshmi.

**Stanza 88**

***padaṃ tē kīrtināṃ prapadamapadaṃ dēvi vipadāṃ  
kathaṃ nītaṃ sadbhiḥ kaṭhinakamaṭhikarparatulām |  
kathaṃ vā bāhubhyāṃupayamanakālē purabhidā  
yadādāya nyastaṃ dṛṣadi dayamānēna manasā || 88 ||***

The Upper Part of Thy Feet are the seat  
Of all excellences and perfections;  
Then how is it that poets compare them  
To the broad shell of a tortoise!  
And how did Thy Consort, the Destroyer of the Cities,  
Who is all tenderness towards Thee,  
Have the heart to place Thy delicate Feet  
On a hard grinding stone During Thy marriage rite!

**Stanza 89**

***nakhair nākastrīṇāṃ karakamalasaṅkōchaśāsibhi-  
starūṇāṃ divyānāṃ hasata iva tē chaṇḍī charaṇau |  
phalāni svaḥsthēbhyaḥ kisalayakarāgrēṇa dadatāṃ  
daridrēbhyō bhadraṃ śriyamaniśamahnāya dadatau || 89 ||***

O Chandi! The moonlike Nails of Thy Feet  
Which make the lotus-like palms of heavenly damsels close,

And which shower abundant wealth quickly on humble and poor devotees,  
Mock at the wish-fulfilling Kalpala trees of heaven,  
Whose tender branches bestow gifts  
Only to Devas who already live in heavenly affluence!

**Stanza 90**

***dadānē dīnēbhyaḥ śriyamaniśamāśānusadṛśi-  
mamandaṃ saundaryaprakaramakarandaṃ vikirati |  
tavāsmīn mandārastabakasubhagē yātu charaṇē  
nimajjanmajjivāḥ karaṇacharaṇaḥ ṣaṭcharaṇatām || 90 ||***

Thy Feet are a veritable bunch of Mandara flowers  
Dripping the honey of beauty, and are a liberal giver  
Of wealth to Thy poor devotees.  
May my Spirit, with its six organs of knowledge  
Turn into the six legged honey sucking bee  
Permanently hovering at Your Lotus Feet.

**Stanza 91**

***padanyāsakrīḍāparichayamivārabdhumanasaḥ  
skhalantastē khēlaṃ bhavanakalahaṃsā na jahati |  
atastēṣāṃ śikṣāṃ subhagamaṇimañjīraraṇita-  
chChalādāchakṣāṇaṃ charaṇakamalaṃ chārucharitē || 91 ||***

O Goddess of Holy Fame!  
The royal swans of Thy residence  
Never give up their observation of Thy divine gait,



So that they correct their own defective movements,  
And it seems as if Thy Lotus Feet are  
Giving them lessons by the tinkling sounds  
Of Thy gem studded anklets.

**Stanza 92**

***gatāstē mañchatvaṃ druhiṇaharirudrēśvarabhṛtaḥ  
śivaḥ svach-chach-chāyā-ghaṭitaka-paṭaprach-chadapaṭaḥ |  
tvadiyānāṃ bhāsāṃ pratiphalanarāgāruṇatayā  
śarīrī śaṅgārō rasa iva dṛśāṃ dōgdhi kutukam || 92 ||***

Brahma, Vishnu, Rudra and Ishwara  
Have assumed the support of Thy Couch  
In order to serve Thee in close vicinity  
While Sadashiva forms Himself into a Canopy  
Reflecting Thy crimson glory on His assumed whiteness  
Thereby causing amazement to Thee  
For presenting Himself for Your Desire!

**Stanza 93**

***arālā kēsēṣu prakṛtisaralā mandahasitē  
śirīśābhā chittē dṛṣadupalaśōbhā kuchataṭē |  
bhṛśaṃ tanvī madhyē pṛthururasijārōhaviṣayē  
jagattrātum śambhōrjayati karuṇā kāchidaruṇā || 93 ||***

Thus, for the welfare of the worlds, abides in all  
Her glory Aruna the Shakti, the very embodiment of graciousness

With Her curly braids, Her artless smile;  
Her heart soft like the Sirisa flower  
Her breasts as tight and firm as a grinding stone,  
Her waist is extremely slender.

**Stanza 94**

***kalaṅkaḥ kastūrī rajanikarabimbaṃ jalamayaṃ  
kalābhiḥ karpūrairmarakatakaraṇḍaṃ nibiḍitam |  
atastvadbhōgēna pratidinamidaṃ riktakuharaṃ  
vidhirbhūyō bhūyō nibiḍayati nūnaṃ tava kṛtē || 94 ||***

The mark on the moon is musk,  
And her water disc an emerald receptacle  
For holding pieces of fragrant camphor In the form of digits of the Moon.  
As and when the contents of the receptacle  
Are exhausted by Your using them Brahma fills it up, day by day, for  
Thee With the waxing moon.

**Stanza 95**

***purārātēraṇṭhapuramasī tatastvachcharaṇayōḥ  
saparyāmaryādā taralakaraṇānāmasulabhā |  
tathā hyētē nītāḥ śatamakhamukhāḥ siddhimatulāṃ  
tava dvārōpāntasthitibhiraṇimādyābhīramarāḥ || 95 ||***

Thou art the Consort of the Destroyer of the Cities,  
Residing in His inner apartment, to which  
Those with unregenerate minds find no entry,

And are therefore denied the privilege of  
The immediate worship of Thy Feet.  
It is therefore, all the Deities, headed by Indra  
Who by their unparalleled austerities only  
Have been able to attain Anima  
And other psychic powers, which are but  
Thy gatekeepers.

**Stanza 96**

***kalatraṃ vaidhātraṃ katikati bhajantē na kavayaḥ  
śriyō dēvyāḥ kō vā na bhavati patiḥ kairapi dhanaiḥ |  
mahādēvaṃ hitvā tava sati satināmacharamē  
kuchābhyāmāsaṅgaḥ kuravakatarōrapyasulabhaḥ || 96 ||***

O Embodiment of Chastity!  
Numerous poets have won favor  
And attained Saraswati,  
Deity of Learning and Fine Arts, Consort of Brahma.  
Similarly with their wealth, some have managed to become  
Lord of Sree (Goddess of Wealth) and Consort of Vishnu.  
But O Foremost of the Chaste Ones,  
No one besides Shiva, the Great God; not even the tree called Kuravaka,  
Has ever had the proximity of Your Embrace!

**Stanza 97**

***girāmāhurdēvīm druhiṇagṛhiṇīmāgamavidō  
harēḥ patnīm padmām harasahacharīmadritanayām ।  
turīyā kāpi tvaṃ duradhigamaniḥsīmamahimā  
mahāmāyā viśvaṃ bhramayasi parabrahmamahiṣi ॥ 97 ॥***

O Consort of Parabrahma!

Scholars who know

The real meaning of the scriptures describe

Thee As Saraswati, Goddess of learning and Consort of Brahma;

Then they speak of Thee as the lotus born Lakshmi,

Consort of Vishnu;

As also the Daughter of the Mountain Parvati, Consort of Shiva.

But Thou, however, are Above and Beyond. The Fourth.

The Source of the Three Deities.

Of inconceivable and limitless majesties.

The indeterminable Mahamaya!

Who wields the Wheel of this Creation!

**Stanza 98**

***kadā kālē mātāḥ kathaya kalitālaktakarasaṃ  
pibēyaṃ vidyārthī tava charaṇanirṇējanajalam ।  
prakṛtyā mūkānāmapi cha kavitākāraṇatayā  
kadā dhattē vāṇīmukhakamalatāmbūlarasatām ॥ 98 ॥***

O Mother! Tell me when I, a seeker of truth,

Shall have the privilege of imbibing the red liquid water

With which Thy lac painted Feet have been washed,  
Water that can generate poetic genius  
Even in a naturally dumb person.  
When can I expect it to flow out my mouth  
As great poetry, which forms the chewed betel leaf juice  
Of Vani, the Goddess of Learning and Poetry.

**Stanza 99**

***sarasvatyā lakṣmyā vidhiharisapatnō viharatē  
ratēḥ pātivratyaṃ śīthilayati ramyēṇa vapuṣā |  
chiraṃ jivannēva kṣapitapaśupāśavyatikaraḥ  
parānandābhikhyaṃ rasayati rasaṃ tvadbhajanavān || 99 ||***

O Mother, a devotee of thine gets awarded  
With the attention and blessings of Saraswati and Lakshmi,  
And courts the jealousy of their Consorts, Brahma and Vishnu;  
His body becomes radiant with vibrations  
And gets the attention of Rati, wife of Kamadeva;  
He breaks the bondage of ignorance and gets immersed  
In the Supreme Bliss of spiritual realization  
Even in this embodied state.

**Stanza 100**

***pradīpajvālābhirdivasakaranīrājanavidhiḥ  
sudhāsūtēschandrōpalajalavairarghyarachanā |  
svakīyairambhōbhiḥ salilanidhisauhityakaraṇaṃ  
tvadiyābhirvāgbhistava janani vāchāṃ stutiriyam || 100 ||***

Just as doing Aarti (Niranjana) to the Sun,  
Is only an offering of His own light to Him;  
Just as making an offering (Arghya) to the Moon  
With the water that oozes out of the moonstone  
On contact with moonlight, Is only to give back what belongs to the Moon;  
And just as making water offering (Tarpana) to the Ocean  
Is to return what belongs to Him,  
So also, O Source of All Learning,  
This Hymn addressed to Thee Is composed of words that are Already Thine!

*Sakshat Shri Shivashakti Sakshat Shri Adishakti Mataji  
Shri Nirmala Devi Namoh Namah*



*"Adi Shankacharya started giving expression to his recognition of the Great Goddess. Every stanza is an outpouring of his recognition and description of Her Full Power and Glory which he could see. And he sat down and began to write Saundarya Lahari. In that he says it is only the description of the beauty of my Mother. Her fingers, Her hands, Her movements, and everything. And what he saw. He saw how the vibrations move in Her every word that She speaks. You have to read that book to understand Sahaja Yoga....But unless and until you have Realisation you cannot know the truth."*

*-H.H. Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi, March 4th, 1981*

This version of Saundarya Lahari was translated by a Sahaja Yogini.

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