

śri subramaṇya bhujangam

sadā bāla rūpāpi vignādri hantri
mahā-daṇṭi vaktrāpi pancāsyā mānya
vidhīn-drādi mṛgyā gaṇeśābdhi-dā me
vidhat-tām śriyam kāpi kalyāna mūthiḥ (1)

May Lord Ganesha who, though in the form of a child, is capable of destroying mountains of obstacles, who though elephant faced, is worshipped by a lion (pancāsyā also means the five faced Siva, hence it also means 'adored by Siva') who is ever sought after by Brahma, Indra and others and whose very nature is auspiciousness, bless me with prosperity.

na jānāmi śabdaṃ, na jānāmi cārthaṃ
na jānāmi padyaṃ, na jānāmi gadyaṃ
cidē-kā śaḍā-syā hr̥di-dyo-tatē mē
mukhān nihsa-rantē, giraś-cāpi citraṃ (2)

I do not know poetry or prose, wither do I have the knowledge of words or their meaning. But an effulgent form with six faces, shines clearly in my heart and there after poetry is flowing out of my mouth. This is indeed marvelous.

mayūrādhi ruḍhaṃ, mahā-vākya-gūḍhaṃ
manōhāri-dēhaṃ, maha-citta-gēhaṃ
mahīdēva-dēvaṃ, mahā-vēda-bhāvaṃ
mahādēva-bālaṃ, bhajē lōka-pālaṃ (3)

I worship the son of Mahadeva, mounted on the peacock, whose nature is hidden in the declarations like 'That Thou Art' etc, who has a captivating form, who resides in the mind of the great people, who is ever worshipped by the Brahmins and who protects the entire Universe.

yadā saṇṇi-dhānaṃ, gatā māna-vā mē
bhavām-bhōdhi-pāram, gatāstē tadaiva
iti vyan-jayam sindhu tīre ya āste
tamīḍē pavitraṃ, parāśakti putraṃ(4)

I worship the son of Parasakthi who is pure and who has made his abode on the shore of the eastern ocean as though to suggest “devotes who have entered my sannidhi (sanctum) have already crossed the ocean of bondage”.

yathāb-dhē sta-raṅgā, layaṃ yānti tuṅgā
sta-thai vāpa-dah, saṅ-ṇidhou sēvatām mē
itī-vōrmi-panktīr nṛnām darśa-yantaṃ
sadā bhāvayē hṛt-sarōjē guhaṃ taṃ (5)

I always meditate in the lotus of my heart, Guha who seems to suggest to his devotees “just as the waves in the ocean recede and become nothing, the calamities of those who come to worship me here also will disappear”.

girau maṅṇi-vāsē, narā yēdhi-rūdhā
sta-dā par-vatē, rā-jatē tēdhi-rūdhāḥ
itī-va bruvaṅ-gandha-śailādhi rūdhah
sa dēvō mudē mē, sadā śaṅ-mukhōstu (6)

May the six faced Lord who resides in the top of Gandhashaila hill and who thus seems to suggest, “whomsoever who has climbed up this hill which is my abode has already attained the most cherished heights” – bestow happiness on me.

mahām-bhōdi tīrē, mahā-pāpa-chōrē
munīn-drā-nu-kūle, sugaṅ-dhā-khya-śailē
guhāyāṃ vasantaṃ, sva-bhāsā lasantaṃ
janār-tiṃ haran-taṃ, śrayā-mō guhaṃ taṃ (7)

I take refuge in Guha who resides on the shore of the great ocean, in the cave of Gandhasaila hill which is most suited for the great sages for their dwelling, who is self resplendent (splendid, dazzling) and who removes the sins and sorrows of humanity.

lasat-svarṇa-gēhē, nṛ-ṇām kāma-dōhē
sumas-tōma saṃc-chaṅ-ṇa mā-ṇikya maṅcē
samud-yat sahas-rārka tulya prakāśaṃ
sadā bhāvayē, kārti-kēyam surēśaṃ (8)

I ever meditate on Karthikeya, the Lord of devas, who is always engrossed in fulfilling the desires of the people, seated on a ruby studded couch filled with fragrant flowers and

kept in the middle of a golden sanctum and who shines like a thousand suns rising at once.

raṇa-dvaṃ-sakē, maṅjulē tyanta-śōṇē
manō-hāri lā-vaṇya, pīyūśa-pūrṇē
manaḥ-śaṭ padō mē, bhavak-lēśa-tap-taḥ
sadā mōda-tām, skanda tē pāda-padmē (9)

O' Skanda, may the bee of my mind, ever suffering owing to the afflictions (suffering, burden, hardship) of the worldly life always find succor (help, support) and happiness at your lotus feet of reddish hue (color, shade, tinge, tint).

suvar-nābha divyām-barair bhāsa-mānām
kvaṇat kin-kiṇī, mēkhalā-śobha-mānām
lasad-dhēma-pat-tēna vid-yōta-mānām
kaṭim bhāvayē skanda tē dīpya-mānām (10)

O' Skanda, I meditate on your most lustrous waist covered by golden colored garments and shining with the golden waist band resonant with tinkling bells.

puḷin-dēśa kanyā-ghanā bhōga-tuṅga
sta-nā-linga-nā-sakta kāśmīra rāgaṃ
namas-yām-yahaṃ tāra-kārē tavō-raḥ
sva-baktā-vanē, sar-vadā sānu-rāgaṃ (11)

O' Slayer of Taraka, I worship your chest which has taken a red hue due to the desire of embracing the heavy breasts of Sri Valli, daughter of the hunter chief and which is ever eager to protect your devotees.

vidhau kḷpta daṇ-dān, sva-lilā dhṛ-tāṇ-dān
niras-tēbha śuṇḍāṇ, dviśat-kāla-daṇḍān
hantēn-drāri śaṇ-dān, jagat-trāṇa śouṇḍān
sadā tē pracaṇ-dān, śrayē bāhu-daṇḍān (12)

O' Kumara, I take refuge in your mighty staff like arms, which punished Brahma, which destroyed all the demons, which sportingly supports the universe, which is long and

round putting the elephant trunk to shame, is Yama to all the enemies and is adept in protecting the world.

sadā śārā-dāḥ śaṅ-mṛgānkā yadi syuḥ
samud-yanta ěva sti-tāś-cĕt-saman-tāt
sadā pūrṇa-bimbāḥ kalan-kaiśca hīnā
stadā tvan-mukhā-nāṃ, bruvĕ skanda sām-yaṃ (13)

O' Skanda, if six autumnal full moons together can be visualized without their natural blemishes, then may be I can compare them with your six faces.

sphuran-manda-hāsaiḥ sahaṃ-sāni chanchat
kaṭāk-sāvalī bṛṅga samghōj-jvalāni
sudās-yandi bimbā-dharā-ṇīśā sūnō
tavā-lōkayĕ, śaṅmukahām-bhō-ruhāṇi (14)

O' Shanmukha, Son of Parameswara, I perceive the six lotuses that are your faces beaming with smiles, possessed with rows of side long glances resembling the bees and with lips resembling the bimba fruit flowing with nectar.

viśā-lĕśu karṇān-ta dīr-ghĕśva-jas-ram
dayās-yandiśu dvā-daśas-vīkśa-ṇĕśu
mayī-śat kaṭākśah sakṛt pāti-taścĕ
(id)bha-vĕt-tĕ dayā-śīla kā nāma hāniḥ (15)

O' Compassionate Lord, what will you loose if a small glance from your twelve eyes extending up to the ears and flowering with compassion, fall on me at least once?

sutān-gōd-bhavō mĕsi jīvĕti śaḍdhā
japan-mantra-mīśō mudā jighratĕ yān
jagad-bhāra-bḥṛdbhyō jagan-nātha tĕbhyaḥ
kiri-ṭōj-jva-lĕbhyaō namō masta-kĕbhyaḥ (16)

I bow before the six heads which bear the entire weight of the world, shining with bejeweled crowns and which were caressed with six times by his father Parameswara, blessing joyfully, every time uttering “may this dear child of mine live long”.

sphurad ratna keyūra-hārābhi-rāma
ścalat kuṇḍala-śrī lasad-gaṇḍa-bhāgaḥ
kaṭau pīta-vāsāḥ karē cāru-śaktiḥ
puras-tān mamās-tām purārē-stanūjaḥ (17)

O' Son of Siva, may your beautiful form wearing lustrous gem studded bracelets and necklaces, your attractive cheeks reflecting the dangling eardrops, dressed in yellow robes around the waist and holding the beautiful weapon sakti, appear before me.

ihā-yāhi vas-tēti hastān-pra-sāryā
hva-yat-tyā-darāt śankarē mātu-raṇ-gāt
samut-patya tātam śra-yaṇtam kumāram
harās-liṣṭa gātram bhajē bāla-mūrtiḥ (18)

I worship the most beautiful form of Balasubramanya as a small boy who, when beckoned by his father with extended arms, saying “come hither my son” jumped from his mother’s lap rushing to his father’s embrace.

kumārēśa śūno guha skanda sēnā
patē śakti-pāṇē mayūrādhi rūḍha
puḷin-dāt-majā kānta bhak-tārti-hārin
prabhō tāra-kāre sadā rakśa-mām tvam (19)

O' Kumara, Son of Parameswara, O' Guha, O' Skanda, Commander of the army of Gods, armed with the weapon called sakthi, mounted on the peacock, beloved of Sri Valli, O' Remover of the sorrows of devotees, O' enemy of Tharaka, please protect me always.

praśāntēn-driyē naṣṭa-samjne vicēś-ṭē
kaphōd-gāri vaktrē bhayōt kampi-gātre
prayā-ṇon-mukhē maṃyā-nāthē tadānīm
drutaṃ mē dayālō bhavāgrē guha tvam (20)

O' Lord Guha, when my body trembles with fear, at the prospect of impending death, my memory failing, all the senses losing their power and when the phlegm starts to flow out

of my mouth and my body lies motionless, O' Compassionate Lord, kindly come at once and appear before me.

krtān-tasya dūtē-śu caṇḍēśu kōpā
daha cchiṅti bhiṅd-dīti mām tarja-yastu
mayūram samā-ruhya mā bhairiti tvam
purah śakti-pāṅir mamā-yāhi śighram (21)

O' Lord Velayudha, please hasten to my presence, riding on the peacock, and console me, saying "don't be afraid" when the fearful messengers of Yama scare and torture me saying "burn him, hit him, chop hi etc".

praṇam-yāsa kṛt-pāda-yōstē patit-vā
prasā-dya prabho prār-thayē-nēka-vāram
na vaktum kśa-mōham tadānīm kṛpāb-dhē
na kār-yānta kālē manā-gapu-pēksā (22)

O' Most Compassionate Lord, offering obeisance at your feet, prostrating always, pleasing you again and again, I request you "please do not show indifference to me at the final moment of death, since I may not be able to utter anything then."

sahas-rāṇḍa bhoktā tvayā śūra-nāmā
hata-tārakāḥ siṃha-vaktraśca dait-yaḥ
mamāntar-ḥr-distam manah klēśa-mēkam
na hamsi prabhō kim karōmi kva yāmi (23)

O' Master. The demons namely Tharaka, Simhavaktra and Soorapadma who were impossible to vanquish and capable of destroying thousands of worlds were crushed by you effortlessly. But you are not destroying the mere single affliction torturing my heart. Alas! Then, what shall I do? Where shall I go? Whom shall I turn to?

aham sarvadā dukkha bhārā-vasaṅṅō
bhavān dīna-bandus-tva-danyam na yācē
bhavad-bhakti-rōdham sadā klpta-bādham
mamā-dhiṃ drutam nāśayō-mā-suta tvam (24)

I am always depressed by the intensity of sorrow present in my heart and you are well known as the kin and refuge of the oppressed and helpless. I do not seek anything from anyone other than you. O' Son of Parvati, kindly remove my mental agony quickly, which is torturing me always and which therefore is hindrance to my devotion to you.

apas-māra kuśṭha kśa-yār-śaḥ pramēha
jvarōn-māda-gul-mādi-roga mahān-taḥ
piśācas-ca sarvē bhavat-patra bhūtim
vilōkya kśaṇāt-tāra-kārē dra-vantē (25)

O' Slayer of Tharaka, frightful diseases like epilepsy, leprosy, tuberculosis, diabetes, high fever due to different ailments, all physical and mental disorders, evil spirits and black magic disappear at the very sight of your leaf and holy ash (vibhūti). (This leaf is special to Thiruchendur temple.)

ḍṛṣī skanda-mūtiḥ śrutau skanda kīrtir
mukhē mē pavitram sadā tat caritram
karē tasya kṛtyam vapus-tasya bhṛy tam
guhē santu linā mamā-śeśa-bhāvāḥ (26)

May the beautiful form of Subrahmanya be ever in my vision. May my ears be ever blessed listening to your glory. O' Skanda, may my lips always praise your divine stories, may my hands ever be engaged in the service of your lotus feet, may my entire body be serving you ever and thus let my entire bhāve merge in Guha.

muninā-mutāhō nṛṇām bhakti-bhājā
mabhiśṭha-pradāḥ santi sar-vatra dēvāḥ
nṛṇā-mantya-jānā-mapi svārtha dāne
guhād-dēva manyam na jānē na jānē (27)

There are Gods in all worlds who bestow blessings on their devotees (only) who are in the path of bhakti and fulfill their desires. Indeed I do not know at all of my God other than Guha who fulfills the desires of all, including one who is the lowest birth.

kala-tram sutā bandu-vargaḥ paśurvā
narō vātha nārī gṛhē yē madī-yāḥ
yajantō naman-taḥ stu-vantō bhavan-taḥ
smaran-taśca tē santu sarvē kaumāra (28)

O' Kumara, let my wife, children, relatives, cattle, why whomsoever who is connected with me in my house remain ever in service to you, worshiping you, saluting you, praising you, their minds ever absorbed in you.

mṛgāḥ pakśinō damśa-kā yē ca duśṭā
stathā vyā-dhyayō bādhakā yē madaṅ-gē
bhavac-chakti tikś-nāgra-bhinnāḥ sudūre
vinaś-yantu tē cūrṇita krauṅ-ca śaila (29)

O' God who pulverized the Krouncha Mountain, please destroy and do away with the sharp tip of you *sakti*, all those animals, birds and mosquitoes as well as the ailments that approach me to afflict me body.

janitrī pitā ca sva-putrā-parādham
sahētē na kim dēva-sēnādhi nātha
ahaṃ cāti bālo bhavān lōka-tātaḥ
kśama-svāpa-rādham samastam mahēśa (30)

O' Mahesa, Lord of Devasena, don't the father and mother forgive the faults of their child? I am a small child and you are the father of the entire universe. Hence please pardon all my faults.

namaḥ kēkinē śak-tayē cāpi tubhyaḥ
namaś-chāga tubhyam namaḥ kuk-kuṭāya
namaḥ sindhavē sindhu dēśāya tubhyaḥ
punaḥ skanda-mūrtē namastē namo'stu (31)

My salutations to you O' Peacock, salutations to you O' the weapon Sakthi, salutations to you O' Goat, also salutations to you O' Rooster. My salutations to you O' Ocean, My salutations to your divine abode on the shore, My salutations to you O' Skanda, Again and again my salutations to you.

jayā-nanda bhūman jayā-pāra-dhāman
jayā-mogha-kīrtē jayā-nanda mūrtē
jayā-nanda sindhō jayā-śēśa-bandhō
jaya tvam sadā mukti dānēśa-sūno (32)

Victory to the form which is Supreme Bliss, Victory to you O' Skanda of blissful light, Victory to you O' Subramanya of Supreme glory, Victory to you O' Lord whose nature is Bliss. Victory to you O' Guha who is an ocean of Bliss. Victory to you who is the kin of the entire Universe. Victory to you the Son of Isa, the giver or salvation.

bhujan-gākhyā vṛt-ṭēna kṛptam sta-vam yaḥ
paṭhēd bhakti-yuk-tō guham sampra-ṇamya
sa putrān-kaḷatram dhanam dīrgha-māyu
labhēt-śkanda sāyūjya mantē naraḥ saḥ (33)

One who recites with devotion this hymn, set in Bhujanga metre after prostrating before Guha, will be blessed with good spouse, children, wealth, longevity and finally merge in union with Skanda himself, at the end of his life.