

शिवमानसपूजा

रत्नैः कल्पितमासनं हिमजलैः स्नानं च दिव्याम्बरं
 नानारत्नविभूषितं मृगमदामोदाङ्कितं चन्दनम् ।
 जातीचम्पकबिल्वपत्ररचितं पुष्पं च धूपं तथा
 दीपं देव दयानिधे पशुपते हृत्कल्पितं गृह्यताम् ॥१
 सौवर्णे नवरत्नखण्डरचिते पात्रे घृतं पायसं
 भक्ष्यं पञ्चविधं पयोदधियुतं रम्भाफलं पानकम् ।
 शाकानामयुतं जलं रुचिकरं कर्पूरखण्डोज्ज्वलं
 ताम्बूलं मनसा मया विरचितं भक्त्या प्रभो स्वीकुरु ॥२
 छत्रं चामरयोर्युगं व्यजनकं चादर्शकं निर्मलम्
 वीणाभेरिमृदङ्गकाहलकला गीतं च नृत्यं तथा ।
 साष्टाङ्गं प्रणतिः स्तुतिर्बहुविधा होतत्समस्तं मया
 सङ्कल्पेन समर्पितं तव विभो पूजां गृहाण प्रभो ॥३
 आत्मा त्वं गिरिजा मतिः सहचराः प्राणाः शरीरं गृहं
 पूजा ते विषयोपभोगरचना निद्रा समाधिस्थितिः ।
 सञ्चारः पदयोः प्रदक्षिणविधिः स्तोत्राणि सर्वा गिरो
 यद्वात्कर्म करोमि तत्तदखिलं शम्भो तवाराधनम् ॥४
 करचरणकृतं वाक्कायजं कर्मजं वा
 श्रवणनयनजं वा मानसं वापराधम् ।
 विहितमविहितं वा सर्वमेतत्क्षमस्व
 जय जय करुणाब्धे श्रीमहादेव शम्भो ॥५

Śivamānasapūjā

O Paśupati, Lord, Who is the storehouse of mercy! Please accept the following, which are assumed in the mind — a seat made with precious-stones, a bath with ice-trickled water, a divine-apparel adorned with many kinds of jewels, a sandalwood-paste mixed with fragrant deer-musk, flowers fashioned with jātī, campaka and bilvapatra, incense, and an earthen-lamp.[1]

O Lord! Accept the following, which are arranged by my mind — clarified butter and porridge in a golden-vessel studied with nine-jewels, eatables of five-kinds associated, beverages associated with milk, curd and rambhaphala, pure water free from weeds, pleasing camphor-like resplendent sugar, and betelnut.[2]

O Lord! Please accept the following, which are submitted by mental-conception — an umbrella, a pair of leather hand-fans, fans, a clear mirror, songs and dances filled with sounds of lute, kettle-drums and drums, a salute with all the eight-organs, and many kinds of eulogies and praises.[3]

O Śambhu! You are my Ātman, Girijā is my mind, Your accompaniments are my life-forces, Your body is my residence. My various enjoyment and constructions be Your prayer. My sleep be the state of meditation. My walking be Your circumambulation and my spoken words be Your eulogies. And whatever I do, that all may be Your adoration.[4]

O Śambhu! Forgive all the listed and unlisted fruits born out of speaking, body, deeds, hearing, viewing, mind, offenses. Be victorious, O Śrīmahādeva, O Śambhu, Who is the ocean of compassion![5]

Poet: Ādi Śaṅkarāchārya

Source: Stotraratnāvalī — Gitapress

Translator: Animesh

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