

पण्डितराजजगन्नाथविरचिता

गङ्गालहरी

(Gangalahari of Pandita Jagannatha)

With English translation

By

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## Introduction

Jagannatha Pandita who lived during the reign of emperor Shahajehan (1592-1666) in Delhi for several years under his patronage was a Telugu Brahmin whose father Perubhatta was an erudite scholar. Jagannatha, endowed with sharp intellect, acquired deep knowledge in various fields of learning under the tutelage of his father. It is said that he first went to Tanjore to establish himself. But failing in his effort he moved North ultimately landing in Delhi where Shahjehan recognized his merit and offered him his patronage. His fame spread far and wide.

A story goes that young Jagannatha fell in love with a Muslim girl –emperor’s daughter- and married her. He has authored a number of well known works, the most famous of which is “Rasagangadhara”- a treatise on poetics. He was also a contemporary of Appayaadikshita, author of “Kusalayananda”- again an authoritative work on Figures of speech. Appayyadikshita was Jagannatha Pandita’s literary rival and he severely criticized Appayyadikshita in his work.

There is a story, perhaps apocryphal, connecting these two great authors. Jagannatha who was old then was sleeping on the banks of Ganga with his Muslim wife when Appayyadikshita came there for a bath. Inadvertently Appayyadikshita stepped on Jagannatha and exclaimed “किं निशङ्कं शेषे शेषेवयसि त्वमागते मृत्यौ”

“Why are you sleeping without any care when Death is knocking at your doors?”

Quickly he recognized Jagannatha and said

“अथवा सुखं शयीथाः निकटे जागर्ति जाह्नवी भवतः”

“Or do sleep comfortably. Ganga is awake by your side.”

Jagannatha wrote “Gangalahari” eulogizing Ganga perhaps to expiate for his sin of marrying a Muslim woman. It has 52 verses and it is said that as he recited verse after verse Ganga rose up steadily one step for a verse and on the 52<sup>nd</sup> verse Ganga touched Jagannatha washing away his sins.

Now let us get to know this fine piece of poetry. I have taken guidance from the Sanskrit commentary on Gangalahari authored by Late. K N Varadaraja Iyengar.

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## गङ्गालहरी (Wave of Ganga or Flow of Ganga)

समृद्धं सौभाग्यं सकलवसुधायाः किमपि तत्-  
महैश्वर्यं लीलाजनितजगतः खण्डपरशोः ।

श्रुतीनां सर्वस्वं सुकृतमथ मूर्तं सुमनसाम्  
सुधासौन्दर्यं ते सलिलमशिवं नः शमयतु ॥ १ ॥

You are the complete fortune of the whole world. You are that un-describable wealth of Siva who playfully created the world. You are the sum and substance of the Vedas. You are the good fortune and personified beauty of ambrosia for the divine beings. May your waters destroy our sins.

दरिद्राणां दैन्यं दुरितमथ दुर्वासनहृदाम्  
द्रुतं दूरीकुर्वन् सकृदपि गतो दृष्टिसरणिम् ।

अपि द्रागाविद्याद्रुमदलनदीक्षागुरुरिह  
प्रवाहस्ते वारां श्रियमयमपारां दिशतु नः ॥ २ ॥

If the pitiable state and sin of the wretched, whose heart is full of past sinful actions receives your glances even once, they get removed at once. May your water-current which is the anointed preceptor for quickly uprooting right up to the tree of *avidyaa* (illusion) provide us unlimited prosperity.

उदञ्चन्मार्ताण्डस्फुटकपटहेरम्बजननी-  
कटाक्षव्याक्षेपक्षणजं तसंक्षोभनिवहाः

भवन्तु त्वंगंतो हरशिरसि गङ्गातनुभुवः

तरङ्गाः प्रोत्तुङ्गा दुरितभवभङ्गाय भवताम् । ३ ॥

When Parvati, mother of Ganesha cast her glance, which imitated the glow of the rising sun, at Ganga who was (caught) in the locks of Siva's head, Ganga's turmoil took the form of high waves emanating from the head of Siva.

May those waves destroy your sinful world.

*(When Bhagiratha wanted to bring Ganga to the world to sanctify the ashes of his forefathers, Ganga fell on the locks of hair of Siva and could not get out of it. The poet imagines that Parvati jealous of Ganga looked at her with anger and the turmoil of Ganga that ensued has caused the high waves of Ganga.)*

तवालम्बादम्ब स्फुरदलघुगर्वेण सहसा

मया सर्वेऽवज्ञासरणिमथ नीताः सुरगणाः ।

इदानीमौदास्यं भजसि यदि भागीरथि तदा

निराधारो हा रोदिमि कथय केषामिह पुरः ॥ ४ ॥

Mother Ganga, based on your support, becoming very haughty I neglected all other divine beings. Now if you show detachment towards me, I am support-less. Tell me in front of whom shall I cry?

स्मृतिं याता पुंसामकृतसुकृतानामपि च या

हरत्यन्तस्तन्द्रां तिमिरमिव चण्डांशु सरणिः ।

इयं सा ते मूर्तिः सकलसुरसंसेव्यसलिला

ममान्तःसन्तापं त्रिविधमपि पापं च हरताम् ॥ ५ ॥

If you are remembered even by those who have not done any good deeds, you dispel their internal lassitude like the ray of sun dispels darkness. May this form of yours whose waters are resorted to by all the divine beings take away the triads of my internal agony and my sins.

( *The triads of agony –taapatraya-are aadhyaatmika, aadhidaivika and aadhibhautika. They refer to agonies attributable to one's own internal state, to divine wrath and to external physical causes respectively.* )

अपि प्राज्यं राज्यं तृणमिव परित्यज्य सहसा  
विलोलद्वानीरं तव जननि तीरं श्रितवताम् ।  
सुधातः स्वादीयः सलिलभरमातृप्तिं पिबताम्  
जनानामानन्दः परिहसति निर्वाणपदवीम् ॥ ६ ॥

Mother, the happiness of those persons who relinquish great kingdoms considering them (worthless) like grass and take shelter on your banks, where bamboo- grass sways and drink your waters till satiated is sweeter than ambrosia and mocks the state of salvation.

प्रभाते स्नान्तीनां नृपतिरमणीनां कुचतटी-  
गतो यावन् मातः मिलति तव तोयैर्मृगमदः ।  
मृगास्तावद्वैमानिकशतसहस्रैः परिवृता  
विशन्ति स्वच्छन्दं विमलवपुषो नन्दनवनम् ७ ॥

Mother, when the musk-fragrance applied to the breasts of royal women-folk mingles with your waters while they take

bath, the musk deer, (whose musk the women had applied) enter care free the celestial garden of Indra surrounded by hundreds of plane-going divine beings!

*(The poet's imagination seems to run riot here. Simply because fragrance applied by women mingles with Ganga waters, musk deer from where the fragrance originates become eligible for the world of Indra! )*

स्मृतं सद्यः स्वान्तं विरचयति शान्तं सकृदपि  
प्रगीतं यत्पापं झटिति भवतापं च हरति ।  
इदं तद्गङ्गेति श्रृणुमणीयं खलु पदम्  
मम प्राणप्रान्तर्वदनकमलान्तर्विलसतु ॥ ८ ॥

Even if it is remembered once it provides peace to the inner self. If it is sung it immediately removes the worldly torment and sin. May this word “Ganga” which is indeed pleasant to hear shine in my lotus-like mouth at the very end of my breath.

यदन्तः खेलन्तो बहुलतरसन्तोषभरिता  
न काका नाकाधीश्वरनगरसाकाङ्क्षमनसः  
निवासाल्लोकानां जनिमरणशोकापहरणम्  
तदेतत्ते तीरं श्रमशमनधीरं भवतु नः । ९ ॥

(Even) Crows playing amidst you being full of extreme joy do not crave (even) for the city of Indra. Your banks remove the distresses associated with birth and death from the residences of people. May your banks be capable of relieving our tiredness.

न यत्साक्षाद्वैरपि गलितभेदैरवसितम्  
 न यस्मिञ्जीवानां प्रसरति मनोवागवसरः ।  
 निराकारं नित्यं निजमहिमनिर्वासिततमो-  
 -विशुद्धं यत्तत्त्वं सुरतटिनि तत्त्वं न विषयः ॥ १० ॥

O divine river, you are not to be determined by even the Vedas with all their variations removed. You are beyond the grasp of mind and speech of the living. You are that entity which is shapeless, eternal, pure and dispeller of darkness by virtue of its glory. Therefore you are not a worldly object.

*(The poet virtually identifies Ganga with Brahman.)*

महादानैः ध्यानैर्बहुविधवितानैरपि च यत्  
 न लभ्यं घोराभिः सुविमलतपोराजिभिरपि ।  
 अचिन्त्यं तद्विष्णोःपदमखिलसाधारणतया  
 ददाना केनासि त्वमिह तुलनीया कथय नः ॥ ११ ॥

You grant in a very normal way the abode of Vishnu, which is beyond thought and which is not obtainable through large charities, varied sacrifices, and severe series of pure penances. Tell us, with whom can you be equated!

नृणामीक्षामात्रादपि परिहरन्त्या भवभयम्  
 शिवायास्ते मूर्तेः क इह महिमानं निगदतु ।  
 अमर्षम्लानायाः परममनुरोधं गिरिभुवो



विहाय श्रीकण्ठः शिरसि नियतं धारयति याम् ॥ १२ ॥

You are auspicious and you remove the fears of worldly life even for those who look at you. Who in this world could extol your glory? Lord Siva not bothering to appease Parvati who had become pale because of anger carries you on his head permanently.

*(Parvati is angry with Siva because of the attention Ganga is getting from Siva and Siva does not seem to care!)*

विनिन्द्यान्युन्मत्तैरपि च परिहार्याणि पतितैः

अवाच्यानि व्रात्यैः सपुलकमपास्यानि पिशुनैः ।

हरन्ती लोकानामनवरतमेनांसि कियताम्

कदाप्यश्रान्ता त्वं जगति पुनरेका विजयसे ॥ १३ ॥

You remove the sins of innumerable people: sins, which are worthy of being despised even by the intoxicated, which are to be atoned for even by the fallen, which are unmentionables even to the outcastes, which are to be cast off with horripilation even by slanderers. Yet never getting tired you alone are triumphant in this world.

स्खलन्ती स्वर्लोकादवनितलशोकापहतये

जटाजूटग्रन्थौ यदसि विनिबद्धा पुरभिदा ।

अये निर्लोभानामपि मनसि लोभं जनयताम्

गुणानामेवायं तव जननि दोषः परिणतः ॥ १४ ॥

Mother, while falling from the divine world for removing the distress of this world you were held up by Siva in his locks of hair. Your good qualities which induced greed

even in the minds of those otherwise devoid of greed turned out to be a blemish!

*(Siva who is otherwise totally devoid of greed was tempted to withhold you in his locks of hair because of your great qualities. So imagines the poet.)*

जडानन्धान्पङ्गून् प्रकृतिबधिरानुक्तिविकलान्  
ग्रहग्रस्ताः स्ताखिलदुरितनिस्तारसरणीन् ।  
निलिम्पैर्निर्मुक्तानपि च निरयान्तर्निपततो  
नरानम्ब त्रातुं त्वमिह परमं भेषजमसि ॥ १५ ॥

Mother, you are the ultimate medicine to protect people who are dull headed, who are blind, lame, deaf, dumb and those affected by planetary states and those for whom courses to cross over all their sins have vanished and who have been rejected by the Gods and who are falling into hell.

स्वभावस्वच्छानां सहजशिशिराणामयमपाम्  
अपारस्ते मातर्जयति महिमा कोऽपि जगति ।  
मुदा यं गायन्ति द्युतलमनवद्यद्युतिभूत  
समासाद्याद्यापि स्पुटपुलकसान्द्राः सगरजाः ॥ १६ ॥

Mother, the indescribable and unlimited glory of your waters which are pure and cool by nature is resplendent in this world. Sons of Sagara bearing unblemished lustre and having reached heaven joyfully sing your glory even now with their hairs bristling with thrill.

कृतक्षुद्रैरनस्कानथ झटिति सन्तप्तमनस  
 समुद्धर्तुं सन्ति त्रिभुवनतले तीर्थनिवहाः ।  
 अपि प्रायश्चित्तप्रसरणपथातीतचरितान्  
 नरान् दूरीकर्तुं त्वमिव जननि त्वं विजयसे ॥ १७ ॥

Mother, in this world, there are many holy rivers to redeem those who have committed a minor sin and have quickly become regretful. There is no one like you in redeeming those whose sins are beyond redemption. ( literally *you are only like yourself.*)

निधानं धर्माणां किमपि च विधानं नवमुदाम्  
 प्रधानं तीर्थानाममलपरिधानं त्रिजगतः।  
 समाधानं बुद्धेरथ खलु तिरोधानमधियाम  
 श्रियामाधानं नः परिहरतु तापं तव वपुः ॥ १८ ॥

You are the indescribable abode of all *dharma's* . You are a means of new happiness. You are the most important of holy waters. You are, as it were, a pure raiment for all the three worlds. You are the solace for the mind. You are the dispeller of bad thoughts. You are the receptacle of wealth. May your body (waters) remove our distress. (*Please note the lilting repetition in निधानम्, विधानम्, प्रधानम्, परिधानम्, समाधानम्, तिरोधानम्, आधानम्* )

पुरो धावं धावं द्रविणमदिराघूर्णितदृशाम्  
 महीपानां नानातरुणतरखेदस्य नियतम् ।

ममैवायं मन्तुः स्वहितशतहन्तुर्जडधियो  
वियोगस्ते मातः यदिह करुणातः क्षणमपि ॥ १९ ॥

Mother, my separation even for a minute from your compassion is my fault only. Striding in front of kings whose eyes are rolling due to the intoxication of wealth I have a multitude of varied weaknesses. Being a dull headed person, I myself am the hindrance of my welfare.

(मन्तुः = fault)

मरुल्लीलालोलल्लहरिलुलिताम्भोजपटली-  
स्खलत्पांसुव्रातच्छुरणविसरत्कौंकुमरुचि ।  
सुरस्त्रीवक्षोजक्षरदगरुजम्बालजटिल  
जलं ते जम्बालं मम जननजालं जरयतु ॥ २० ॥

Your waters have the hue of saffron on account of the (floating) pollen of lotuses swinging merrily due to the wind. They are thick with the moss-like *agaru* dripping from the breasts of divine damsels. May such waters clear in me the morass (of sin) of the web of birth. ( *Reference is to divine damsels taking bath in Ganga as a result of which the fragrance of pastes applied on their bodies mingles with water* )

समुत्पत्तिः पद्मारमणपदपद्मामलनख त्  
निवासः कन्दर्पप्रतिभटजटाजूटभवने ।  
अथायं व्यासङ्गो हतपतितनिस्तारणविधौ  
न कस्मादुत्कर्षस्तव जननि जागर्तु जगतः ॥ २१ ॥

Mother, you originated from the faultless nail of the lotus-like feet of Vishnu. Your residence is that of Siva who was the enemy of cupid. You are devoted to the act of raising the fallen and the oppressed. How can not your excellence (in the act of saving the fallen and oppressed) wake up the worlds?

नगेभ्यो यान्तीनां कथय तटिनीनां कतमया

पुराणां संहर्तुः सुरधुनि कपर्दोऽधिरुरुहे ।

कया च श्रीभर्तुः पदकमलमक्षालि सलिलैः

तुलालेशो यस्यां तव जननि दीयेत कविभिः ॥ २२ ॥

O River of the Divine Beings! Which one among the rivers that flow from mountains has mounted the matted locks of Siva, the slayer of the (three) cities? By which river have the lotus-like feet of Vishnu been washed? Could poets compare any such river with even a small part of you?

विधत्तां निःशङ्कं निरवधिसमाधिं विधिरहो

सुखं शेषे शेतां हरिरविरतं नृत्यतु हरः ।

कृतं प्रायश्चित्तैरलमथ तपोदानयजनैः

सवित्री कामानां यदि जगति जागर्ति भवती ॥ २३ ॥

If in this world, you being the fulfiller of desires, are alert then let Brahma enter into eternal meditation without any care; let Vishnu happily sleep on Adishesha; let Siva dance continuously; there is no need for rites of atonement; There is no need for meditation, charity and sacrifice.

अनाथः स्नेहाद्रां विगलितगतिः पुण्यगतिदाम्  
 पतन् विश्वोद्भर्त्री गदविदलितः सिद्धभिषजम् ।  
 सुधासिन्धुं तृष्णाऽकुलितहृदयो मातरमयम्  
 शिशुः संप्राप्तस्त्वामहमिह विदध्याः समुचितम् ॥ २४ ॥

I have no protector and you are moist(soft) with love; I  
 have strayed from the path and you provide the pious state;  
 I am fallen and you hold aloft the universe; I am stricken  
 with disease and you are the proven doctor; I am thirsty due  
 to greed and you are an ocean of ambrosia; I am a child and  
 you are the mother; I have come to you here and now and  
 you do as you deem it proper.

विलीनो वै वैवस्वतनगरकोलाहलभरः  
 गता दूता दूरं क्वचिदपि परेतान् मृगयितुम् ।  
 विमानानां व्रातो विदलयति वीथीर्दिविषदाम्  
 कथा ते कल्याणी यदवधि महीमण्डलमगात् ॥ २५ ॥

O the auspicious! Right up to the extent your story reached  
 the earth, the din in the city of Yama has died down;  
 (Yama's) messengers have gone to distant places searching  
 for the dead. Groups of air-planes are jostling in the streets  
 of (the city) of the Divine beings. ( *Pandita Jagannatha*  
*who would have been well versed in praising royals having*  
*been a court poet uses hyperbole effortlessly in praising*  
*Ganga. Those who have heard of Ganga become eligible to*  
*reach heaven and there is no rush in Hell and the*  
*messengers of Yama are reaching distant places to look for*

*people fit for hell. On the contrary, groups of aircraft carrying those who have been blessed by Ganga have crowded in Heaven!)*

स्फुरत्कामक्रोधप्रबलतरसञ्जातजटिल -  
ज्वरज्वालाजालज्वलितवपुषां नः प्रतिदिनम्  
हरन्तां सन्तापं कमपि मरुदुल्लासलहरी-  
छटाश्चञ्चत्पाथःकणसरणयो दिव्यसरितः ॥ २६ ॥

Divine river, may your streams of moving water drops, coming in waves due to the pleasant wind remove daily the indescribable heat of us whose bodies are burnt by the shining flames of severe fever generated by desire and anger.

इदं हि ब्रह्माण्डं सकलभुवनाभोगभवनम्  
तरङ्गैर्यस्यान्तर्लुठति परितस्तिन्दुकमिव ।  
स एष श्रीकण्ठप्रविततजटाजूटजटिलः  
जलानां सङ्घातस्तव जननि तापं हरतु नः ॥ २७ ॥

Mother, may the collection of your waters which got entangled in the matted locks spread out by Siva and whose waves encircled the whole of brahmanda as if it was a tinduka fruit remove our distress. (*It is not clear what this tinduka fruit is and what its name is in English.*)

त्रपन्ते तीर्थानि त्वरितमिह यस्योद्धृतिविधौ  
करं कर्णे कुर्वन्त्यपि किल कपालिप्रभृतयः ।

इमं तं मामम्ब त्वमियमनुकम्पाद्रहदये  
पुनाना सर्वेषामघमथनदर्पं दलयसि ॥ २८ ॥

O kindhearted mother, by purifying me, to redeem whom the various holy places quickly feel ashamed and divinities like Siva put their palms against their ears, you are tearing apart the vanity of all in the task of destroying sins.

श्वपाकानां व्रातैरमितविचिकित्साविचलितैः  
विमुक्तानामेकं किल सदनमेनः परिषदाम् ।  
अहो मामुद्धर्तुं जननि घटयन्त्याः परिकरम्  
तव श्लाघां कर्तुं कथमिव समर्थो नरपशुः ॥ २९ ॥

I am the repository of the whole group of sins which are avoided even by hordes of the dog eating class disturbed by endless doubts. You are preparing yourself to redeem me. How will I, an animal in the form of man, be capable of praising you?

न कोऽप्येतावन्तं खलु समयमारभ्य मिलितो  
मदुद्धारादाराद्भवति जगतो विस्मयभरः  
इतीमामीहां ते मनसि चिरकालं स्थितवतीम्  
अयं संप्राप्तोऽहं सफलयितुमम्ब प्रथमतः ॥ ३० ॥

Mother, you have been having this desire for a long time, “From times immemorial can a person be found by redeeming whom the whole world would be amazed?” Now I have come to you as the first person to fulfill your desire.



श्ववृत्तिव्यासङ्गो नियतमथ मिथ्याप्रलपनम्

कुतर्केष्वभ्यासः सततपरपैशून्यमननम् ।

अपि श्रावं श्रावं मम तु पुनरेवं गुणगणान्

ऋते त्वां को नाम क्षणमपि निरीक्षेत वदनम् ॥ ३१ ॥

I led the life of a dog. All the time I chatted nonsense.  
I indulged in meaningless discussions. I spent my time  
slandering others. Except you who else would like to look  
at me even for a moment after having heard of my  
qualities?

विशालाभ्यामाभ्यां किमिह नयनाभ्यां खलु फलम्

न याभ्यामालीढा परमरमणीया तव तनुः ।

अयं हि न्यक्कारो जननि मनुजस्य श्रवणयो

ययोर्नान्तर्यातस्तव लहरिलीलाकलकलः ॥ ३२ ॥

Mother, of what use are the eyes which have not tasted  
(experienced) your most beautiful form? Fie be to the  
human ears into which has not entered the murmur of the  
play of your waves.

विमानैः स्वच्छन्दं सुरपुरमयन्ते सुकृतिनः

पतन्ति द्राक्पापा जननि नरकान्तःपरवशाः ।

विभागोऽयं तस्मिन्नुभयविधमूर्तिः जनपदे

न यत्र त्वं लीलाशमितमनुजाशेषकलुषा ॥ ३३ ॥

Mother, it is only in the places where you, who destroy easily all the sins of persons, are not there that there are these two divisions: Those who have led a pure life travel to the city of Indra at their will and sinners quickly fall into the bowels of hell. (*As Ganga redeems everyone such a disparity does not exist in places where she flows.*)

अपि घ्नन्तो विप्रानविरतमुषन्तो गुरुसतीः  
 पिबन्तो मैरेयं पुनरपि हरन्तश्च कनकम् ।  
 विहाय त्वय्यन्ते तनुमतनुदानाध्वरजुषाम्  
 उपर्यम्ब क्रीडन्त्यखिलसुरसंभावितपदाः ॥ ३४ ॥

Mother, persons who in the end leave their bodies in you even after killing Brahmins, lusting for women of elders, drinking liquor and stealing Gold reach a status respected by all the divine beings and play( enjoy in *Svarga*) above those who have rendered charity and sacrifices. (*Even a person who has lived a life of decadence attains liberation if he leaves his body on the banks of Ganga.*)

अलभ्यं सौरभ्यं हरति सततं यः सुमनसाम्  
 क्षणादेव प्राणानपि विरहशस्त्रक्षतभृताम्  
 त्वदीयानां लीलाचलितलहरीणां व्यतिकरात्  
 पुनीते सोऽपि द्रागहह पवमानस्मि

Ah, even the wind which continuously carries the fragrance of flowers, which is otherwise not obtainable and which also carries away the life-breath of those who are wounded by pangs of separation and wounded by sword, quickly

becomes capable of purifying all the three worlds by its contact with your waves which move playfully.

कियन्तः सन्त्येके । यतमिह लोकार्थघटकाः

परे पूतात्मानः कति च परलोकप्रणयिनः ।

सुखं शेते मातस्तव खलु कृपातः पुनरयम्

जगन्नाथः शश्वत्त्वयि निहितलोकत्रयभरः ॥

Mother, how many are there who are bent on doing good to the common folk? How many pure souls are there who are pining for attaining the other world? Due to your kindness this Lord of the worlds (Jagannatha) rests perpetually having placed the burden of all the three worlds on you.

*(Lord of the worlds is rid of his worries after transferring all his responsibilities of saving the fallen to Ganga. The poet plays a pun on his own name, implying that he sleeps peacefully having transferred all his burden on Mother Ganga.)*

भवत्या हि ब्रात्याऽधमपतितपाषण्डपरिषत्

परित्राणस्नेहः श्लथयितुमशक्यः खलु यथा

ममाप्येवं प्रेमा दुरितनिवहेष्वम्ब जगति

स्वभावोऽयं सर्वैरपि खलु यतो दुष्परिहरः ॥ ३१

Just as you cannot but love to uplift those who are outcastes, the lowest, the fallen and the heretic, I cannot but love evil ways. Mother, after all in this world no one can go against nature.

प्रदोषान्तर्नृत्यत्पुरमथनलीलोद्धृतजटा-  
तटाभोगप्रेङ्खल्लहरिभुजसन्तानविधुतिः ।

गलक्रोडक्रीडज्जलडमरुटङ्कारसुभगः

तिरोधत्तां तापं त्रिदशतटिनीताण्डवविधिः ॥ ३

May the waves of Ganga which are performing a *tandava* dance remove my distress. When Siva dances at nightfall his locks of hair swing and Ganga caught in the locks comes out shaking as if in a *tandava* dance. Water streams around the center of (Siva's) throat sound as if a *damaru* is being played.

सदैव त्वय्येवार्पितकुशलचिन्ताभरमिमं

यदि त्वं मामम्ब त्यजसि समयेऽस्मिन् सुविषमे ।

तदा विश्वासोऽयं त्रिभुवनतलादस्तमयते

निराधारा चेयं भवति निर्व्याजकरुणा ॥ ३

Mother, I have always placed on you the burden of worrying about my welfare. If you neglect me at this difficult time then Trust will decline in the three worlds and unconditional kindness becomes unsupported.

कपर्दादुल्लस्य प्रा यमिलददर्धाङ्गयुवतेः

मुरारेः प्रेङ्खन्त्यो मृदुलतरसीमन्तसरणौ

भवान्या सापत्न्या स्फुरितनयनं कोमलरुचा

करेणाक्षितास्ते जननि विजयन्तां लहरयः ॥

When your waves spilled out from the matted hairs of Siva, whose half of the body was that of his beloved, Parvati who was your rival warded them off with her tender hands while her looks showed annoyance. Mother, may those waves flourish. [ *Siva was अर्धनारीश्वर and therefore waves of Ganga affected Parvati too, who considered Ganga her rival*]

प्रपद्यन्ते लोकाः कति न भवतीमत्रभवतीम्  
उपाधिस्तत्रायं स्फुरति यदभीष्टं वितरसि ।  
अये तुभ्यं मातर्मम तु पुनरात्मा सुरधुनि  
स्वभावादेव त्वय्यमितमनुरागं विधृतवान् ॥ '

Mother, Divine River, what a large number of people take refuge in you! It appears that the reason is that you fulfill their desires. As for me, my mind is by nature deeply attached to you.

ललाटे या लोकैरिह खलु सलीलं तिलकिता  
तमो हन्तुं धत्ते तरुणतरमार्तण्डतुलनाम् ।  
विलुम्पन्ती सद्यो विधिलिखितदुर्वर्णसरणिं  
त्वदीया सा मृत्स्ना मम हरतु कृत्स्नामपि शुचम् ॥ १

Your clay which is put on the forehead as a mark by people to destroy the darkness looks like the early morning sun. May that clay which immediately removes the series of bad luck written by fate remove all my sorrow.

नरान्मूढांस्तत्तज्जनपदसमासक्तमनस  
 हसन्तः सोल्लासं विकचकुसुमव्रातमिषतः ।  
 पुनानाः सौरभ्यैः सततमलिनो नित्यमलिनान्  
 सखायो नः सन्तु त्रिदशतटिनीत्

The trees on the banks of Ganga, the divine river, with their bunches of blossoms seem to be laughing merrily at the foolish people who are engrossed in their own world. May the trees with their fragrance which all the time sanctify the bees which are ever black be our friends. [ *A naughty thought! Did the poet suffer a temporary lack of ideas?*]

भजन्त्येके देवान् कठिनतरसेवांस्तदपरे  
 वितानव्यासक्ता मनियमरक्ताः कतिपये  
 अहं तु त्वन्नामस्मरणहितकामस्त्रिपथगे  
 जगज्जालं जाने जननि तृणजालेन सदृशम्

Some seek Gods, others seek difficult services, others sacrifices, yet others indulge in observance of penance and meditation. But, O Divine river, I like the comfort of mentally repeating your name. Mother, I treat this web of worldly life as worthless as straw.

अविश्रान्तं जन्मावधि सुकृतकर्माजनकृताम्  
 सतां श्रेयः कर्तुं कति न कृतिनः सन्ति विबुधाः ।  
 निरस्तालम्बानामकृतसुकृतानां तु भवतीम्  
 विनामुष्मिन् लोके न परमवल्लोके हितकरम् ॥ ४५

There are any number of the blessed and the learned who do good to those who are tirelessly earning virtuous acts right from their birth. But I do not see anyone in this world other than you who could benefit those who are devoid of support and who have not done any virtuous act.

पयः पीत्वा मातस्तव सपदि यातः सहचरैः  
विमूढैः संरन्तुं क्वचिदपि न विश्रान्तिमगमम् ।  
इदानीमुत्सङ्गे मृदुपवनसञ्चारशिशिरे  
चिरादुन्निद्रं मां सदयहृदये स्थापय चिरम् ॥ ५

Mother, having drunk your milk (water) I quickly went away with dull headed friends and I did not get rest anywhere. Kind-hearted mother, please take me for ever who has woken up after a long time on to your lap which is cool due to the movement of soft wind.

बधान द्रागेव द्रढिमरमणीयं परिकरम्  
किरीटे बालेन्दुं नियमय पुनः पन्नगगणैः ।  
न कुर्यास्त्वं हेलामितरजनसाधारणधिया  
जगन्नाथस्यायं सुरधुनि समुद्धारसमयः ॥

Divine river, forthwith gird up your loins made beautiful by their firmness. Restrain the crescent moon on your crown with the help of snakes. Do not take it easy thinking of ordinary persons. Time has come now to rescue this Jagannatha. (*As Ganga resides in the locks of Siva, the crescent moon adores her crown too. So are the snakes around neck of Siva available to her to do her bidding. So*

*imagines Jagannatha. Perhaps as Ganga girds up her loins to rescue Jagannatha, the crescent moon is disturbed and he requests her to restrain the moon by binding him with snakes. The poet is no ordinary sinner and Ganga has to take special efforts to raise him up!)*

शरच्चन्द्रश्चेतां शशिशकलशोभालमुकुटा  
करैः कुम्भाम्भोजे वरभयनिरासौ विदधतीम् ।  
सुधासाराकाराभरणवसनां शुभ्रमकर -  
स्थितां त्वां ध्यायन्त्युदयति न तेषां परिभवः ॥ १

You are as white as the moon in autumn. Your crown is resplendent with the crescent moon. You carry two pot-like lotuses and two *abhayamudras* in your hands. Your garments and ornaments are as white as the essence of ambrosia. You are on a white *makara*. One who contemplates on your form does not face defeat. (The poet visualizes Ganga in a human form. She has four hands [ is plural]. Two hands convey *abhayamudra* [ -

] . Two hands carry two large lotuses

[कुम्भाम्भोजे] .Note: It is possible that I have not grasped the purport of the poet, although I have tried my best to decipher what he wants to convey. Is there any specific human form traditionally given to Ganga? Why is Ganga on a ? The Sanskrit commentary has not been of much help. Help from readers is welcome. What exactly is



is not clear, although it is a fairly common word. Is it crocodile or shark or some other animal? )

दरस्मितसमुल्लसद्वदनकान्तिपूरामृतैः  
 भवज्वलनभर्जिताननिशमूर्जयन्ती नरान् ।  
 विवेकमयचन्द्रिकाचयचमत्कृतिं तन्वती  
 तनोतु मम शं तनोः सपदि शन्तनोरङ्गना ॥

Giving life to those who are constantly fried by the fire of worldly affairs with the ambrosia of the flood of lustre of her smiling face, may Ganga, consort of Santanu, provide solace to my body by the charm of moonlight-like true knowledge.

मंत्रैर्मौलितमौषधैर्मुकुलितं त्रस्तं सुराणां गणैः  
 स्रस्तं सान्द्रसुधारसैर्विदलितं गारुत्मतैर्गाढं  
 वीचिक्षालितकालियाहितपदे स्वर्लोककल्लोलिनि  
 त्वं व्यालावलीढात्मनः ॥

O Divine river, your feet has been felt by Kaliya who was washed by your waves. Now remove the distress of my soul which has been bitten(tasted) by the serpent of worldly indulgence which has not been amenable to chants, medicines, assemblies of divinities, dense ambrosia and stone-charms of Garutman. (*Translation conveys the gist only. Literal translation is not likely to be helpful.*)

धूते नागेन्द्रकृत्तिप्रमथगणमणिश्रेणिनन्दीन्दुमुख्यं  
 सर्वस्वं हारयित्वा स्वमथपुरभिदि द्राक्पणीकर्तुकामे ।  
 साकूतं हैमवत्या मृदुलहसितया वीक्षितायास्तवाम्ब  
 व्यालोलोल्लासिवल्गल्लहरिनटघटीताण्डवं नः पुनातु ॥ ८

Mother, while Siva and Parvati played with dice, Siva having lost as wager the snake, his elephant hide, his retinue of *pramathas*, the bull, the moon and all, wanted to place himself as wager and your manly dance disorderly, joyful and bouncing resembling that of a dancer with a pot on his head was seen feelingly by a smiling Parvati. May that dance sanctify us. [ *Ganga must have felt elated that Siva did not place her also as wager and hence her joyful dance as she ensconced herself in the matted locks of Siva!* ]

विभूषितानङ्गरिपूतमाङ्गा  
 सद्यः कृतानेकजनार्तिभङ्गा ।  
 मनोहरोत्तुङ्गचलत्तरङ्गा  
 गङ्गा ममाङ्गान्यमलीकरोतु ॥

May Ganga, who adorns the head of Siva, who destroys the diseases of many persons and whose high dancing waves are delightful make my parts of the body pure.  
 [ *Perhaps the poet took a dip in the Ganga as he recited this last stanza. Does the repetitive syllable इङ्ग sound like the bubbles as he took the dip?*  ]

THE END

