

Hanumath Sthuthi



Translated by
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Here is the translation of another garland of prayers to Anjaneya. Please note that this contains most of the slokas listed under Anjaneya stotra which is translated separately.

Goshpadi krutha vaareesham masaki krutha rakshasam,
Ramayana maha mala rathnam Vande anilathmajam,

I pray to him who is born to the God of wind.
Who made the king of lakes look like the hoof of a cow,
Who made the great Rakshasas look like simple mosquitoes,
And who I pray to him who is born to the God of wind.
is the great jewel in the great garland of the story of Rama,

Yatra yatra Raghu nada keerthanam,
Thathra thathra krudha masthakanjalim,
Bhashpa vari pari poorna lochanam,
Maruthim namatha Rakshasanthakam.

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I pray and salute the son of wind god,
Who brought to end the rakshasas,
Who is always present with eye full of tears,
With head bowed in veneration,
Wherever the praise of Lord Rama is sung

Anjaneya madhi patalananam,
Kanchanadri kamaneyya vighram,
Parijatha tharu moola vasinam,
Bhavayami bhava mana nandanam,.

3

I bow before the darling son of the god of wind,
Who is the son of Anjana,
Who is great among killers of ogres,
Who is like a golden mountain,

Who is handsome to look at,
And who lives near the roots of Parijatha^[1] tree,

Mano javam , maruda thulya vegam,
Jithendriyam buddhi matham varishtam,
Vatha atmajam vanara yudha mukhyam,
Sree rama dootham sirasa namami.

2

I bow my head and salute the emissary of Rama,
Who has won over his mind,
Who has similar speed as wind,
Who has mastery over his organs,
Who is the greatest among knowledgeable,
Who is the son of God of wind,
And who is the chief in the army of monkeys

Budhir balam yaso dhairyam nirbhayathwam arokadha,
Ajadyam vak paduthwancha hanumath smaranath bhaveth.

He who meditates on Lord Hanuman,
Would be blessed with knowledge, strength,
Fame, courage, fearlessness, health,
Tirelessness and mastery over words

Anjananandanam veeram , janaki soka nasanam,
Kapeesam aksha hantharam vande lank bhayangaram.

My salutation to the terror of Lanka,
Who is the darling baby of Anjana,
Who is killer of all sorrows of Janaki,
Who is the god of all monkeys,
And who is the killer of Aksha,

^[1] A holy tree of heaven with scented flowers