

**Shivaparadha kshamapana stotram**  
*Translated by*  
**P.R.Ramachander**

Adhou karma prasangath kalayathi kalusham,  
Mathru kakshou stithou maam,  
Vin moothra madhye madhye kwadhayathi niratharaam,  
Jaadaro jadhaveda,  
Yadyadwaithathra dukham vythayathi sutharaam,  
Sakyathe kena vakthum,  
Kshandavyo me aparadha shiva Shiva Shambho,  
Sri Mahadeva shambho.

1

Due to the remnants of Karmic sins,  
I was created inside my mother's womb,  
And placed between urine, excreta and heat,  
And suffered a lot by the heat and smell.  
And possibly none can describe,  
The sufferings that I underwent there,  
And So Shambho, be pleased to pardon,  
My sins, Oh Mahadeva.

Baalye dukhathirekaan malalulitha vapu,  
Sthanya pane pipasa,  
Know shakthischenriyebhyo bhaya guna janitha,  
Janthavo maam thudanthi,  
Naana rogaadhi dukhadrudhana paravasa,  
Sankarama na smaraami,  
Kshandavyo me aparadha shiva Shiva Shambho,  
Sri Mahadeva shambho.

2

Due to lots of sorrow,  
During early childhood, I rolled in dirt,  
And with a dirty body,  
I was interested only in drinking milk from breasts.  
Insects like fly also bit me often.  
Which I was not able to prevent,  
And was also attacked by many illness great,  
And never did I find time to think of thee oh, Lord Parameshwara.  
And so Shambho, be pleased to pardon.  
My sins, Oh Mahadeva.

Proudoham youanawastho vishasa visha dharai,  
Panchabhir marama sandhou,

Dhashto nashto viveka sutha dhana yuvathi,  
Swadhasoumye nishanna,  
Saivee Chinthaviheenam mamahya dayamaho,  
Maangarvadhi roodam,  
Kshandhavyo me aparadha shiva shiva shambho,  
Sri Mahadeva shambho.

3

When I was passing through the period of youth,  
I was bitten by the five snakes of senses,  
In vulnerable spots,  
And hence lost I, my wisdom,  
And began concentrating on pleasures  
Of son, riches and ladies,  
And so did not think of thee Parameshwara,  
And so Shambho, be pleased to pardon.  
My sins, Oh Mahadeva.

Vaardhakyē chendriyaanam vigathi gathi mathi,  
Schadhi daivaadhi thapai.  
Paapai rogair viyogair stwana vasithavapu,  
Proudeeheenam cha dheenam,  
Mithyamohaabilakshair bramathi mama mano,  
Dhoorjader dhyana soonyam,  
Kshandhavyo me aparadha shiva shiva shambho,  
Sri Mahadeva shambho

4

When I was passing through ripe old age,  
My five senses got weakened,  
My wisdom lost its memory,  
My body got weakened,  
Due to god given sin, sickness and pain never leaving it,  
And my mind started roaming behind,  
Useless passions and desires,  
And so I did not think of thee Parameshwara,  
And so Shambho, be pleased to pardon.  
My sins, Oh Mahadeva.

No sakyam smartha karma prathipadagahana,  
Pratyavayaka lakhyam,  
Srouthe vartha kadam me dwijakala vihithe,  
Brahma marge mahesa,  
Jnatho dharmo vicharai sravana mana nayo,  
Kim nidhi dyasithavyam,  
Kshandhavyo me aparadha shiva shiva shambho,  
Sri Mahadeva shambho

5

Unable I am to observe the complex rules of Dharma daily,  
Unable I am to follow the rules of Veda as told by Brahmins,  
Unable I am to know Dharma by listening to Vedas and meditating,  
And so what is the use of daily learning all these.  
And so Shambho, be pleased to pardon.  
My sins, Oh Mahadeva.

Dhyathwa chithe shivakyam prachurathara dhanam,  
Naiva datham dwijebhyo,  
Havyam thee laksha sakhyair hutha vaha vadane,  
Naarpitham bheeja manthrou,  
No thaptham gaanga there vratha japa niyamair,  
Rudra japyair na vedai,  
Kshandhavyo me aparadha shiva shiva shambho,  
Sri Mahadeva shambho

6

Never did I give much money to Brahmins,  
With thought in my mind of Lord Shiva,  
Never did I do fire sacrifice,  
Chanting millions of mantras,  
Never did I meditate in the banks of holy Ganga,  
Never did I do penances based on Vedas,  
And never did I chant Rudra,  
And so Shambho, be pleased to pardon.  
My sins, Oh Mahadeva.

Sthithwa sthane saroje pranava maya marul,  
Kundale sookshma marge,  
Santhe swanthe praleene prakatitha vibhave,  
Jyothi rope parakhye,  
Lingagne brahma vakye sakala thanu gatham  
Sankaram na smarami,  
Kshandhavyo me aparadha shiva shiva shambho,  
Sri Mahadeva shambho

7

Never did I sit in lonely place,  
Assume the lotus posture,  
And send the Kundalini,  
And the breath which is of the form of pranava,  
Through the micro path,  
To reach the ever shining Para Brahma,  
And never did I calm my mind,  
And meditate on Paramashiva,  
Who transcends the physical body,  
And who is the essence of Vedas,

And so Shambho, be pleased to pardon.  
My sins, Oh Mahadeva.

Nagno nissanga shuddha striguna virahitho,  
Dwastha mohandakaro,  
Nasagre nyastha drishtir viditha bhava guno,  
Naiva drushta kadachit,  
Unmathavastha yathwaam vigatha kali malam,  
Sankaram na smaraami,  
Kshandhavyo me aparadha shiva shiva shambho,  
Sri Mahadeva shambho

8

Never have I concentrated on the tip of my nose,  
And try to personify you,  
Who is naked,  
Who is alone,  
Who is ever pure,  
Who does not have the three qualities,  
And who is capable of dispelling ignorance,  
And so Shambho, be pleased to pardon.  
My sins, Oh Mahadeva.

Chandroth bhasitha shekhare smarhare,  
Gangadhare Sankare,  
Sarpair bhooshitha karna kanta vivare,  
Nethoththa vaiswanare,  
Danthi thwaikya tha sundarambaradhare,  
Trailokya sare hare,  
Mokshartham kuru chittha vruthi makhila,  
Manyasthu kim karmabhi.

9

Hey Lord, who wears the moon ornamented crown,,  
Who is the enemy of the God of love,  
Who carries Ganga in his head,  
Who gives peace to his devotees,  
Who wears snakes on his neck and ears,  
Who has fire in his eyes,  
Who wears the hide of the elephant,  
And who is the lord of the three worlds,  
Please show me the path of salvation,  
For what is the use of any other path.

Kim dhaanena dhanena vajee karibhi,  
Prapthena rajyena kim,  
Kim va puthra kalatha mithra pasubhir,  
Dehena gehena kim,

Jnathwaithat kshana banguram sapadhire,  
Tyajyam mano dooratha,  
Swathmartham guru vakyatho baja baja,  
Sri Paravathi vallabham.

10

Oh, Mind, What is the use of charity,  
What is the use of riches,  
What is the use of horses,  
By getting a kingdom what is the use,  
What is the use of son, wife, friends and cows,  
What is the use of this house,  
And what is the use of this body,  
For all these can be destroyed in a second,  
And so keep them all away,  
And for the sake of redemption of the soul,  
Meditate on the consort of Parvathi,  
According to the lessons taught by thine teacher.

Ayur nasyathi pasyatham prathi dinam,  
Yathi kshayam youvanam,  
Prathyayanthi gatha puna na divasaa,  
Kalo jagat bakshaka,  
Lakshmisthoya thanga banga chapala,  
Vidhyuchalam jeevitham,  
Asman maam saranagatham saranadha.  
Twam raksha rakshaa dhunaa.

11

Hey please hear,  
Daily span of life decreases,  
The youth daily disappears,  
The days that are past do never return,  
Time eats down the earth,  
And Life and wealth are not permanent,  
For they are like the tide and lightning,  
And so my god Parameshwara,  
Forever protect this devotee of thine.

