

Subrhamanya Bujangam
By
Adhi Sankara Bhagwat Pada

Translated by
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(This great stotra was supposed to have been composed by Adhi Sankara when he visited the Subrahmanya temple at Thiruchendur (Holy city of sandal) which is in the sea shore. The Acharya it seems became very emotional and the Lord of Thiruchendur personally approved this great stotra. It is also believed that Lord gave darshan to Adhi Sankara at Thiruchendur)

Sada balaroopapi vignaadri hantri,
Mahadanthi vakthrapa panchasyamaanya,
Vidheendraadhi mrugya ganesabhidha may,
Vidathaam sriyam kaapi kalyana murthy. 1

Let Him who is called the giver of good things,
Who though forever looks like a small child,
Powders mountains of great obstacles,
Who though having a huge elephants head,
Is much respected by Lord Shiva,
Who is being searched by Gods like Brahma,
And who is called the lord of Ganas,
Bless me with great prosperity.

(The first sloka is a prayer to Lord Ganapathi to help to complete this venture of writing a prayer to Lord Subramanya)

Na janaami sabdham , na janaami cha artham,
Na janami padyam, na janami gadhyam,
Chideka shadaasyaa hrudhi dyothathe may,
Mukhanthissaranthe giraschapi chithram. 2

Though I do not know words,
Nor the meanings of words,
Nor the form of prose or verse,
The six headed one shines in my heart,
And wonder of wonders,
Words flow from my heart without a stop,
And make a pretty picture using words.

Mayurathi roodam Maha vakhya goodam,
Manohari deham, mahaschitha geham,
Mahee deva devam , maha veda bhavam,
Maha deva balam, Bhaje loka palam. 3

I sing the praise of that protector of the world,
Who rides on a peacock,
Who is the meaning of great Vedic sayings,
Who has a very pretty mien,
Who resides in the minds of great ones,
Who is the god of all gods,
Who is the tenor of the Vedas,
And who is the great son of Lord Shiva.

Yada sannidhanaam gatha maanaava may,
Bhavaambhodhi paaram gathaasthe thadaiva,
Ithi vyanjayan Sindhu there ya asthe,
Thameede pavithram Parashakthi puthram. 4

I sing the praise of that pure son of the great Shakthi,
Who sits in the end of all seas and tells,
"Once you come in front of me,
You have crossed the ocean of painful day- to- day life."

*(Lord Subrahmanya has a temple in a place called
"Thiruchendur", which is situated in the beech at the end of
India. The waves of the ocean keeping on beating the outer walls
of this temple.)*

Lasad swarna gehe nrunaam kaamadhohe,
Sumasthoma sanchanna manikya manche,
Samudhyath sahasrarka thulya prakasam,
Sada bhavaye karthikeyam suresam. 8

I always worship that lord of all devas,
Who was looked after by Karthika maidens,
Who fulfills the wishes of all people,
Who is covered by mountains of flowers,
When he sits on his throne of gems and rubies,
In his residence of Gold,
And looks like light of thousands of suns.

Ranadwamsake manjule athyantha sone,
Manohari lavanya peeyusha poorne,
Mana shat padho may bhava klesa thaptha,
Sada modathaam skanda they pada padma. 9

Let my mind which is like a bee,
Burdened with the sorrows of this life,
Hover round thine lotus like feet, Skanda,
Which are adorned by anklets,
Which are of pretty red colour,
Which steal my mind,
And which are full of the nectar of prettiness.

Suvarnaabha divya ambarair basa maanaam,
Kwanath kinkini mekhala shobhamaanaam,
Lasadhema pattena vidhyotha maanaam,
Katim bhavaye skanda thedeepya maanaam. 10

Oh, Skanda , I meditate on your waist,
Which is covered by golden sacred cloth,
Which has a belt with tingling bells,
And which has glistening and glittering belt.

Pulindesa kanya ghanaa bhoga thunga,
Sthanalingana aasaktha kasmeeera ragam,

Namasyanyaham tharakare thavora,
Swa bakhavane sarvadhya sanuragam. 11

Salutations to thee , Of slayer of Tharaka,
When in passionate embrace of the busts,
Of the daughter of the hunter,
Which are very dense and high,
Your chest gets the red colour of the saffron,
And to your devotees dear to you,
It is the sign of your love to them.

Vidhow Knuptha dandaan , swaleela druthaandaan,
Nirasthebhya sundaan , dwishath kala dandaan,
Hathedraari shandaan , jagat thrana soundaan,
Sadaa they prachandaan , srayee bahu dandan. 12

Oh Lord Subramanya,
I meditate on your long arms
Which punished Lord Brahma,
Which playfully carried the entire universe,
Which are longer than the trunk of the elephant,
Which are like the bolt of the God of death to your enemies,
Which killed the collection of Asuras,
Which are capable of taking care of the world,
And which are extremely strong.

Sadaa Saradaa shanmugangaa yadisu,
Samudhyantha eva sdithascheth samanthaath,
Sada poorna bimbaa, kalangaischa heena,
Sthadha thwanmukhaanaam bruve skanda samyam.13

If six faces of moon which are full,
And which are without blemish,
Shine together and permanently,
Then Oh , Skanda, They can possibly be told,
To be of some comparison to you.

Sphuran manda hasai sahamsaani chanjal,

Kadakshavaleem brunga sangojjwalani,
Sudhasyandhee bimbaadaraneesa soono,
Thavalokaye Shanmukhomburuhaani. 14

Oh son of the Lord, I see thine six lotus like faces,
Shining like a group of swans,
With the rising pretty smiles,
With your side long glances,
Flowing like a bevy of bees,
And thine blood red lips ,
With ever flowing nectar.

Visaaleshu karnanthabheer geshwajasram,
Dayasyandeeshu dwadasasweekshaneshu,
Mayeeshat kadaksha sakrud pathithasched,
Bhavethey daya sheela kaa naama hani. 15

Oh Lord , what will you loose by ,
Showering small side glances on me,
By those twelve broad eyes,
Which extend up to your ears,
And which forever rain the nectar of mercy

Sudhangothbhavo may asi jeevethi shadsa,
Japan mantrameeso mudha jigrathe yaan,
Jagad bhaara brudhbhyo jagannatha thebhya,
Kireetojjwalebhyo namo masthakebhya. 16

Oh Lord of the universe,
I salute those six shining crowned heads,
Which are kissed by the Lord Shiva,
With a joyful prayer repeated six times,
That this child who is born out of him,
Should live forever.

Sphurad rathna keyoora haaradhi rama,
Schalath kundala sree lasad ganda bhaga,
Katou peetha vasa, kare charu shakthi,

Purasthan mamasthaam puraresthanuja. 17

Oh Lord who is the son of God who destroyed Tripura.
Who shines with the garlands of rubies and gems,
Who has pretty cheeks , over which the ear studs play,
Who wears yellow silk on his waist.
And who holds the pretty spear,
Be pleased to appear before me.

(It is told that Lord Subrahmanya appeared before Adhi Sankara while he was reciting this sloka.)

Ihayaahi vathsethi hasthou prasarya,
Hyayathya darachchangare mathurangath,
Samuthpathya thatham srayantham kumaram,
Haraslishta gathram bhaje bala moorthim. 18

I salute that child Subrahmanya,
Who rushed from his mother's lap,
To the embrace of his father ,
Parameshwara's extended arms,
When he lovingly called to him,
"Come, my darling son."

Kumaresa soono, Guha, skanda, senaa,
Pathe shakthipane mayooradhi rooda,
Pulindathmaja kantha bhaktharthi haarin,
Prabho , tharakare , sada Raksha maam thwam. 19

Oh Kumara, Of son of the lord of the universe,
Oh God who dwells in the cave of my heart,
Oh Skanda, Oh chief of the army of devas,
Oh wielder of the holy spear,
Oh God who rides on the peacock chariot,
Oh beloved of the hunter's daughter,
Oh destroyer of the sins of his devotees,
Oh Lord who is the enemy of Tharakasura,

Please provide protection to me for ever.

Prasanthendriye , nashta samgne, vicheshte,
Kaphod gari vakthre , bhayath kambhi gathre,
Praynayan unmughe, mayyanadhe thadaneem,
Drutham may dayalo bhavagre guha thwam. 20

When all my senses have calmed down,
When I have lost my intelligence,
When I am not capable of any movement,
When my throat is full of phlegm,
When my body is shivering due to fear,
And when my soul is preparing to depart,
Without any one to help me,
Oh Lord of mercy, please come fast,
For I want to be in thine presence, Lord Guha.

Kruthanthasya dhootheshu chandeshu kopaa,
Ddaha Chindi bhindeethi maam tharjayadsu,
Mayooram samaruhyamaa bhaireethi thwam,
Pura shakthi panir mama yahi seegram. 21

When the fearsome messengers of the God of death,
Angrily shout, "burn him, tear him in to pieces, cut",
Please come swiftly riding on the peacock ,
Armed with your holy spear,
And give me consolation, Oh Lord.

Pranamya sakruth padayosthe padhithwa,
Prasadhya prabho prarthane aneka veeram,
Na Vakthum kshmo aham thadaneem krupabdhe,
Nea Karanthakale maagapyupekshaa. 22

I now fall at your feet and salute you,
And pray and salute you several times,
For at that time, I may not have the power to pray,
So, Oh, ocean of mercy. please do not ,
Show no indifference at that time of my departure.

Sahasranda bhoktha thwaya soora nama,
Hathastharaka simha vakthrascha daithya,
Mamantha hrudistham mana klesa mekam,
Na hamsi , prabho kim karomi, kwa yami. 23

You killed Soorapadma who ruled
Over Thousands of universes,
You destroyed ogres Tharaka and the Lion faced Asura,
But you are not bothered about the one worry in my mind,
Oh Lord, What should I do, Where shall I go?

Aham sarvatha Dukha baravasanna,
Bhavan dheena bandhusthwadanyam nay ache,
Bhavat bakthi rodham, sadha knuptha baadham,
Mamadhim drutham nasayo umasutha thwam. 24

Since I am always drowned in sorrows,
And you being the friend of all those who are helpless,
I would not like to request any other.
Oh son of Uma, destroy my deep set sorrows,
Which are always troubling me,
And interfere in my devotion to you.

Apasmara , kushta, kshayarsa prameha,
Jwaronmadhagulmaadhi rogo mahantha,
Pisachascha sarve bhavath pathra bhoothem,
Vilokya kshanaa tharakare dravanthe. 25

Epilepsy, leprosy, tuberculosis,
Consumption, diabetes, fever, madness,
Venereal diseases which are sickness great,
And the evil spirits that trouble one,
Run away within a second,
On seeing the leaf with thine holy ash,
Oh enemy of Tharaka .

Drusi skanda murthy sruthou skanda keerthir,
Mukhe may pavithram, sada thacharithram,
Kare thasya kruthyam , vapusthasya bruthyam,
Guhe santhu leena mamaa sesha bhavaa. 26

Let my eye always see the holy form of Skanda,
Let my ears hear the holy story of Skandha,
Let my mouth always tell the pure sacred story of Skanda,
Let my hand be engaged in the works of Skanda,
Let my body be always servant of Skanda,
And let all my actions be devoted to Skanda.

Muneenamuthaho nrunaam bhakthi bhaja,
Mabeeshtapradhaa santhi sarvathra deva,
Nrunamanthya janam api swartha dane,
Guha deva manyam na jane na jane. 27

For all the great sages and all great devotees,
There are all gods ready to satisfy their wishes,
But I do not know any God except Lord Subramanya,
Who satisfies the wishes to the greatly down trodden,
I do not know, I do not know.

Kalthram suthaa bandhu vargaa pasurvaa,
Nari vaadha naaree gruhe yea madheeya,
Yajantho namantha sthuvancho bhavantham,
Smaranthascha they santhu sarva kumara. 28

Let my wife, my children, my relatives, my animals,
Not only that, all the gents and ladies of my house,
Worship, salute sing thine praise, and meditate on thee,
For always, Oh my god Kumara.

Mruga pakshino damsaka ye cha dushtaa,
Sthadha vyadhayo bhadahakaa ye madange,
Bhavaschakthi theeshnagra binna sudhoore,
Vinasyanthu they choornitha krouncha saila. 29

Oh lord who powdered the Krouncha mountain,
Please use your holy spear with sharp point,
To break and destroy those Animals,
Birds, insects and diseases ,
That cause harm to my body.

Janithri pithaa cha swaputhra aparadham,
Sahethe na kim deva senathinadha,
Aham cha athi balo, Bhavan loka thatha,
Kshmaswaparadham samastham mahesa. 30

Oh God who is the chief of the army of devas,
Would not a father pardon the mistakes of the son.
Since I am a small child and you are the father of the world,
Please pardon all my omissions and commissions.

Nama kekine sakthaye chaapi thubhyam,
Nama chaga thubhyam, nama kukkudaya,
Nama sindhave sindhu desaya thubhyam,
Nama skanda murthe, punasthe namosthu. 31

Salutations to the peacock,
Salutations to your holy spear,
Salutations to the sheep,
Salutations to the rooster,
Salutations to the ocean,
Salutations to the temple by the sea side,
Salutations to Skanda,
Again and again.

(Peacock- Is his vahana and symbol of Vedas, Holy spear-Vel is his weapon and the Goddess Parvathi herself , Sheep-Is animal protected by him and Symbol of Maya, Rooster- Sits on his flag and is symbol of ego, Ocean-It is where his temple is and is the symbol of happiness.)

Jayananda bhuman jyapaara dhaman,
Jayamogha keerthe, jayananda murthe,
Jayananda sindho jayasesha bandho,
Jaya thwam sada mukthi danesa soono. 32

Victory to the source of happiness,
Victory to thy limitless light,
Victory to thine boundless fame,
Victory to the personification of happiness,
Victory to the sea of bliss,
Victory to the friend of all,
Victory always to you,
Who is the son of the God,
Who grants salvation.

Phalasaruthi

Bhujangakhyā vruthena knuptham sthavam ya,
Padeth bhakthi yuktho guham sampranamyā,
SA puthraan kalathram dhanam deergam ayur,
Llabeth skanda sayujyamanthe nara sa.

Results which can be obtained

He who worships daily with devotion the great Guha,
By reading these poems written in Bhujanga style,
Would be blessed with good sons, wife, wealth, long life,
And would attain the eternal bliss with Skanda,