

Sri Hari Sarana Sapthakam (The Septet on Hari's protection)

Translated by
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Dheyayam vadanthi shivamevahi kechid anye,
Sakthim Ganesamaparethu divakaram vai,
Roopaisthu thairapivibhasiya thasthwameva,
Thasmath thwmeva saranam Mama Sanka pane. 1

Some say worship lord Shiva,
Some say worship Goddess Shakthi,
Some say worship Lord Ganesa,
And some say worship the Sun god,
But I know that you are the one,
Who is shining in those different forms,
And so you are my only protection,
Oh Lord who holds the Conch.

No sodharo na janako janani na jaya,
Naivathmajo na cha kulam vipulam balam vaa,
Sandrusyathena kila kopi sahaya kale,
Thasmath thwmeva saranam Mama Sanka pane. 2

Neither the brothers nor the father,
Neither the mother nor the wife,
Neither the son nor the family,
Nor our strength which is great,
Would be useful in times of need,
And so you are my only protection,
Oh Lord who holds the Conch.

No upasitha mada mapyasamaya mahaantha,
Stheerthani chasthikadhiyani sevithani,
Devarchanam cha vidhi vannakruthan kadhapi,
Thasmath thwmeva saranam Mama Sanka pane. 3

Neither have I ever served,
Great learned ones of religion,
And nor the sacred waters of fame,
With religious devotion,
And nor have I worshipped Gods,
In the prescribed mode,
And so you are my only protection,
Oh Lord who holds the Conch.

Durvasana mama sada parikarshyanthi,
Chitham sareeramapi roga gana dahanthi,
Sanjeevanam cha parahasha gaham thadaiva,
Thasmath thwmeva saranam Mama Sanka pane. 4

Bad thoughts drag my mind,
Always and always,
Groups of diseases burn,
My body always and always,
And even my mode of life,
Is in the control of others,
And so you are my only protection,
Oh Lord who holds the Conch.

Poorvam kruthani durithani mayathu yani,
Smruthvakhilani hrudayam parikampathe me,
Khyatha cha the pathitha pavaa thathu yasmath,
Thasmath thwmeva saranam Mama Sanka pane. 5

The memory of sins that I committed earlier,
Makes my heart pain and shiver,
And you are famous as the one who pardons sins,
And so you are my only protection,
Oh Lord who holds the Conch.

Dukham jara jananamvividhascha roga,
Kakaswa sookara janir niraye cha patha,
They vismruthe phalamidham vithatham hi loke,

Thasmath thwmeva saranam Mama Sanka pane. 6

Forgetting you would result , they say ,in,
Sorrow due to age, birth and different diseases,
And birth as crow, bitch or pig,
And so you are my only protection,
Oh Lord who holds the Conch.

Vedeshu darama vachaneshu thadha gatheshu,
Ramayanepi cha purana kadambake vaa,
Sarvathra sarva vidhinaa gathithasthwameva,
Thasmath thwmeva saranam Mama Sanka pane. 7

In Vedas and in words of wisdom,
In the proverbs and in Ramayana,
And in all the great collection of epics,
You have been pointed out as the only protection,
Always and according to all thoughts,
And so you are my only protection,
Oh Lord who holds the Conch.