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November 27, 2021

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Salutations to ganAdhipataye

Hey, crystalline water currents of the Gomati river! Even the thousand mouths of Shesha (a serpent) held by Shiva, are not enough to sing the praises of your many qualities. When Mahadeva, with the nectar-like waters of the Ganges flowing from the locks of His (Lord Shiva’s) hair, is unable to voice your greatness then what about me who is bewitched by illusion. .. 1 ..

Commentator’s propitiation

Before beginning this linguistic emotional commentary on the praises, the commentator bows to Saraswati and Vagdevi while taking their beautiful names. .. 1 ..

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1.
Hey, Mother Gomati! With the sacred waters adorning your body, just a glimpse or touch is sufficient to destroy great quantities of sin, you indeed purify this world. You stop Yamaraj, the lord of death, in his tracks and constantly create doubt in the mind of Indra, the lord of devis...

The quivering tides of the river Ganga that accompany Mahadeva, and the ocean upon which Vishnu, the supporter of the Universe, rests - both are fully capable of destroying sins. But, hey Gomati, you without hesitation show your compassion and there are no words fit for paying tribute to you, yet your greatness is well-known in the whole world...

Even though the sins committed by the basest sinners are washed away by bathing in the flowing water of the river Ganga from Mahadeva’s tresses, but, hey Gomati Ambe, I know that you are the only one in this world who sanctifies sinners by mere sight, all the more so...
for those that have no escape from Yamraj’s devouring grasp and, also save the most fallen sinner from being held hostage by Yamaraj...

Mahadeva was shaken by the group of ensnaring arrows shot by Kamadeva, the lord of love, but with His (Mahadeva’s) power in a moment destroyed Kamadeva.

And every river of her own accord reaches the ocean, but, hey destroyer of sins, you are the only chaste and holy one who presently holds the seal of authority to provide liberation from the distrustful seeds of karma.

You are enchanting because you originated from Brahma’s famous sacred pot, you dispel grief in the dark times of Kaliyuga, you are the one endowed with beauty of the celestial Ganges. The Ganges in relation to Mahadeva, of whom the Himalaya is the source, is different; you are none other than that initial celestial Ganges, Gomati. Neither is she (Mahadeva’s Ganges) the absolute best nor the beginning source.
Hey Gomati! On the ample dual shores of love and hatred, the people who precede to hold your holy waters by cupping their palms nullify their contrasting dualities and somewhat awakening from their sleepy state begin singing praises of your waters. Beholding the Universe in their palms, thus, they again and again return to the path to salvation avoiding the stream of the relentlessly hampering traffic of emotions.

Hey mother Gomati! Knowledgeable people of this world take water from your river and mix with soil to draw a spearhead mark on their forehead; they believe a golden crown to be inferior to this. The demonic assistants of a perplexed Yamaraj, abscond on seeing this sign and find themselves trembling in the abode of Tribhuvan maharaja, the lord of the three worlds.
Any admirer making a resolution, hey mother, to become a frontrunner in complimenting you falls short because the compliments are just like hidden grains of sand in an entire stretch of sandy shores — that is a few in countless. Likewise, hey holy shored Gomati, the innumerable worship-worthy qualities of your waters cannot in any way completely be praised by the auspicious preceptor of Gods, Brihaspati too...

Hey melodious sounding river, there is no one who does not get fulfillment of their wishes after gaining your magnanimous favor when they wade through your waters! Hence, with deep longing I beseech you, hey remover of dire distress, please mercifully hold my hand and fetch me to your hallowed banks by helping me get across this grief-stricken existence.

I, like many others, always sit alone to enjoy the solitude on your banks, though proffering nothing in return - like a bloodsucking leech, and yet knowing this you continue, hey mother, to silently render protection to all of us who surrender unto you and show us the
path to be liberated. And if the group of Gods behave in the same manner as me, their credibility will fall immensely. .. 12 ..

In the abode of Yamaraj, the huge chains binding devotees fall away at the loud roar of your translucent clear waters and you allow the devotees to victoriously crossover the borders of hell while displaying your slight smile, O holy mother, no wonder your waves are most excellent and humbling. .. 13..

Destroying a thicket of sins is an absolute pleasure trip for you, the assortment of gems of splendidorous intellect at your disposal slash all the impenetrable vines of wasting ailments and with a misty spray of your waters soothe the singed and bruised heart, hey mother, I salute your waters. .. 14 ..
A group of young men and women who come to bathe in your flowing waters at dawn are inspired momentarily by the elegant, illustrated art of the brightening blue firmament, the glowing radiance over sailing clouds, and the perfect arc of an enchanting rainbow embellishing the skies. .. 15 ..

Attaining access to the cleansing waters descending from the bearer - Lord Shiva’s hair - the inauspicious full-fledged degenerated and downtrodden persons (the forsaken ill-fated downtrodden persons) are rinsed from top to bottom. Which river can match the force of your waves who are the guardian of all civilians other than, additionally, Lord Shiva himself? .. 16 ..
Maidens immerse themselves in your waters while bathing, frolic in the waters, causing their braids to be undone, their tresses floating up on to the surface appear like the blossoming of a lotus. Diving in and emerging from your waters repeatedly, the gently streaming water on their glistening faces give them a golden glow and they can compete for beauty to win along with the full-bloomed lotus that grows in murky waters. .. 17 ..

The downfall of a person happens due to a deserting Lakshmi, the repository of all kinds of wealth, and who is a resort of safety of our progeny. This ruin is set aside by your streaming waters who also can remove the obstacles faced by our children, while you bravely annihilate the agonies of the three worlds. Hey auspicious One with so many good qualities how can I alone succeed in chanting your many acclaims? .. 18 ..

Despite the collection of a hundred rivers with their sparkling waters the covert sinners seek your waters to be raised from their despicable state which I gather is the reason for you to flow. I most certainly know that the count of many sins is nullified to zero. In other
words, I am lured towards your waters where my faults, which are countless in number, are redeemed and that nullification seems to be your main obsession and pastime. .. 19 ..

The astute lord Brahma writes furiously on everybody's forehead their numerous faults and based on these writings Yamaraj creates strife for them. I understand my deprived state is due to the existence of my quiver full of faults and fiercely crave for the immense love that you are abounding in, O mother, this is the only reason for your existence in this world. ..

Hey Kalyani, the poison Halahal — which is blacker than a bumble bee — emerged from the churning of the Mandar mountain in the ocean, it was drunk by Lord Shiva. Intoxicated, thus, he mounted his vehicle Nandi while donning the snakes around him, and the crescent moon on his head. Furthermore, by mistake he bore the Ganga River instead of you who is the more worthy one. ..

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You are the destroyer of sins, with the manifestation of your infinite mouths you devour the multitude of unfortunate prickly defects and thereby sanctify the minds, hey savior of the whole world, even ten thousand honeyed mouths are not sufficient to sing your praises.

Mantra, yantra are useless and what to say about chanting and intense meditation? Likewise, producing offspring by the benediction of the sun rays is not enough. Hey respected mother Gomati, without doubt you flow and meander through these maze-like plains of this blessed earth, all along dissipating the melancholic mirages of this world.

Hey donner of the flowing currents! Like the helpless and destitute, whose body are covered with the dust and grime and who has turned dark due to dehydration, such a thirsty person is
standing before you. O goddess - brimming with so much kindness, I am hoping, yearning and with the expectation of being revived, rescued, and raised from this world by you. .. 24 ..

In the evening, I am greeted by numerous eyes reflecting the light from electric bulbs which mirror the twinkling of the star-spangled joy permeated night sky. And the rising sound of words of returning residents to their homes are like the splashing sounds of fishes I hear walking on your banks. The sound of various automobiles mingles with your roaring water, I salute these gurgling waters. .. 25 ..

How many saints love to perform penance on the mountains, and how many abandon enjoying the beautiful dalliances in this world with the hope to avoid the demon Mura and reach the abode of the wise Vishnu – the vanquisher of Mura, by the performance of fire oblations! But hey mother, the desires for the two types of material pleasures can be
overcome just by pleasing you. .. 26 ..

Oh Ambe! You provide adequate support with your beauteous providential glittering currents for the ones lacking in prosperity; such fortunate group of your devotees are blessed with well-being. Your prominent thunder bolt like roaring waters are even more powerful than the fierce lightning bearing attendants of Lord Shiva, so please destroy quickly with surgical precision all my sins. .. 27 ..

O beautiful-bodied Gomati! You steer your devotees residing on this earth away from Yamaraj’s noose with your [form of lightning]. O flowing river on the [surface of the earth], with your ever [watchful gaze] you look after the welfare of your devotees. As your pure waters flow in [many directions] so does remarkable words of your glorious greatness spreads all around this gross world. .. 28 ..

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Oh divine-shored heavenly river, your holy waters swallow the shadowed sacrilegious wickedness very much like the moon devours the inky darkness of the night. The many thorny thickets created by my sullied deeds are uprooted from my consciousness by your curved banks like the hair is shorn by the arc of the blade of a barber.

Oh, renowned one! You wander around with the intention to uplift the group of most degenerate class of people belonging to the lowest caste, while I roam around with the intention of committing sin. Since from when both of us have been continuing in our respective ventures is not known. If each moment of ours can be cumulatively counted then we could possibly obtain the age of Brahma, the creator. All this will be revealed consequent to my death.
You dispose away sins of people by whose command and by which ordinance? Who has inspired you, dear becoming one, to dissolve the heaps of sins of those who have taken refuge in you? Without a shred of doubt this ordinance was brought into force strongly based on the rules of the natural law. And so obviously, we each act based on our own separate interests and according to our individual personalities.

O mother, the hundreds of pathways to hell are paved with your waterways. As the human form of demons pass by these through the gateway of Guru’s guidance, your waters sanctify them changing their course towards the land of happiness ruled by Indra. Thus, hiding like babies within this blissful bosom they sleep contentedly by your grace.
One who is raging with fury like a volcano, such a dogmatic Yamaraj stealthily steals the dearest possession of all - that of life - of those living beings thereby killing them. Hey Ambe! Like the gust of a gently blowing breeze soothes, so does associating with your waves allays the built-up anger of Yamaraj, such are the wonders of your waters.

O Gomati, your waters are capable of growing lotus flowers! I do earnestly believe that by just looking at your flowing waters any viewer is able to control the unbridled passions coursing through their self. O giver of happiness! Also, just by listening to the babbling currents of yours is like hearing the holy chant with a rosary. For the knowledgeable persons this hymn-like sounds help to successfully quell many of their amorous desires.

By praying to any God, it is possible to reach their abodes, and behaving in a bad manner inevitably makes one to reach the extremely horrifying hellish world. Both these destinations are decided by their respective counterparts of good and bad. This division of good and bad do not matter in the least to you, as you treat all with equal benediction and is described by poets when they are away from you.
Wandering all over the earth, the world-weary ones are entangled in a variety of ways with disreputable company and conducting harmful activities. These vast number of people are punishable by the edicts of Yamadev, the lord of death. Such is my plight too and I sincerely seek from you the only one in this world who is so merciful to save me and grant me shelter from my many transgressions. .. 36..

From birth and until now I felt that I could take refuge in my own self, rely on my own abilities. Afterwards when faced by the diverse unpleasant circumstances of the world, I rapidly learnt and was shocked to discover my own inadequacies. And you have made good these disabilities of this wretched person ever since I have met you, O Ambe, with such loving kindness. .. 37..
In vain have many gods and goddesses, like Har, Hari, Bhavani, etc., boasted that due to their grace the various difficulties are reined in and removed. I have tried seeking their protection; however, I am still beset with problems and continue encountering obstacles. That is why as a last resort I have come to you, O immeasurably compassionate one.

O mother! Those sins that neither Vishnu nor Shiva could eradicate you so eagerly grind them away and with so much enthusiasm. As a result, ashamed of their failure, first Vishnu hides away by sleeping in the ocean and then Mahadev, naked and crazed with mortification, wanders the graveyards.
You help your faithful devotees who pray to you and offer many delicious palatable foodstuffs. While you accept these, you at the same time obliterate the sins which no one else is capable to destruct. Those who claim that they are capable but are unable to remove the sins, you humiliate them and make them humble by destroying their ego. O mother with such a soft heart! Please take pity on me and accept my tribute...

Many are engaged in baseless blasphemous speech with support from their reinforced concrete like ego. Even to them you do not deny your illuminating presence and accept them unconditionally. On this entire earth there is no one other than you who does this so endearingly and show so much tenderness towards Her devotees, O Gomati...

The Mukund, in whose stomach the whole universe rolls like a sycamore fruit, that Mukund who is the descendant of the dynasty of Bhargava, sits on the banks of the Gomati river in the opulent temple, known as Shri Prayag Narayana, situated in Lakshmanpur (now Lucknow). His aspiration and constant prayer to your waters is to enable Him to cross over after destroying the army of sins ruthlessly chasing Him by using the wooden bridge that has been built on your river...
In one whom the shoal of worries, like a school of fish, clamor, such a person is weighed down with unbidden oppressive anxiety. This unhappy state of circumstances develops into a vicious habit like the rising and crashing of waves that are continuously throwing obstacles at regular intervals. Such a person who is completely paralyzed due to the binding chains of abject shackling traits that seem insurmountable is looking forward to being purified by the magnificent nectar gushing forth from your hushed waters. ..43..

When the king of snakes, Shesha or Mahadev or Bramha are incapable of singing your praises adequately, then how can one expect me, an insignificant creature on this earth, to lay a foundation of the many accolades of your gem studded glittering waters that are devoid of any form of impurity? ..44..

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O protector, the people who are well-versed in the vedas and lead a virtuous life while being wrapped-up in this world of duality are, alas, ignorant about you. We, on the other hands - the dregs of society, who are morally polluted due to the presence of hundreds of deplorable qualities are swathed in happiness, o mother, thanks to your blessings. .. 45 ..

O fulfiller of desires, if the offensive greedy people dishonor you and instead pray to foolish kings for removal of their problems, let them be so. However, I fail to understand and sharply speculate over why the learned scholarly people are stupid enough to go to others and not seek refuge in you. .. 46 ..
Many poetic verses are strung with a collection of extremely delightful phrases about your various qualities. The verses are adorned with an elixir that is laced with such great sweetness about your most sacred and holy waters that sanctify the several places you come in contact with. The hundreds of melodious sounds, like the many jeweled ornaments, woven in each verse exemplify your wonderful virtues - the way your pure water flows, the many types of your trustworthy currents. The beautiful syllables, alphabets, names, interesting word meanings contained within each verse creates such an august impression about you. Hey Bhagavati, I salute these fascinating poems composed by poets in praise of you..

Here and there a cluster of lotuses are ecstatically floating over your waters, while a herd of deer are enjoying the lull of your gentle waves. Like these two groups, brethren of monks, pepper your shores, who are completely soaking the all-pervading tranquility cloaking your banks. May your shores eradicate all my worldly sins.
Lord Shambhu (Shiva) along with the many Gods are bound to remember your great waters. Many people who have come within the proximity of your grand waterways are granted an opportunity. However, their devotion remains untested on the razor-sharp point of a spear and their fickle eyes wander about. Even though their hands hold an irresistible lotus, if they do not revere you, O mother Gomati, what is the point of their birth which is all but in vain! .. 49 ..

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Futilely leaving your nectarine abode in haste, hey mother, this intellect of mine was clouded by a foggy haze of the wealth and power of foolish rulers. You are seeing, o mother, those mistakes are bearing fruit I am paying for those presently in full, so I entreat you to forgive me and then pacify my transgressions. .. 50 ..

Dear mother, I have no love remaining for this world anymore. My aged body is aware of my irreplaceable invaluable heart which is drowned in this grief-stricken ocean and every moment is filled with great anxiety. With folded hands my prayer to you is to mend these tendencies of mine and, thereby, relax my worldly bondages. .. 51 ..
Any person who listens to this hymn daily, if has been poverty-stricken will gain wealth, if has been suffering infamy will get good name and fame, if has been facing defeat will taste victory and be able to conquer enemies. It is useless to go on this way because it is insufficient to throw light on the many numerous powers granted. How many more should I enumerate, o reader? For on the surface of this earth just sipping the holy waters of this eternally winding Gomati river bestows perfections untold. .. 52..

Shri Pandit Pravar Madhavram’s son, who is instilled with a character akin to Brihaspati and who is touched by the pair of auspicious lotus feet of Mother Lakshmi has created this
poetical literary work that follows the many edicts of grammar. Many eminent scholars of Lakshmanpur (now Lucknow) who slumber in caves produce many scientifically adapted works that explain the divine laws. From amongst them this person is a gem who has happily been enjoying the umbrella shaped aegis of Lord Vishnunarayan. This honorable dignitary who is revered by many excellent disciples and whose feet are eulogized; such a Chandra Ketu poet composed this Gomati Hymn without any effort whatsoever. .. 53-54 ..

Whosoever reads this Gomati Stotra composed by the poet Chandraketu either on the shore or in the water will become well-versed in the different types of arts by the grace of Shri Gomati. .. 55 ..

If a student daily at dawn for a period of two months reads this Hymn dedicated to Gomati, the student will be enlightened by the spark of knowledge, and everybody will be easily swayed by his pleasant personality. .. 56 ..

I have composed this Hymn inspired during the days of unspeakable grief and not for demonstrating my academic erudition. .. 57 ..
Where is this sorrowful mind and where is the focus of this mind fortified with imagination?
However, oh patient and courageous one, under these strange circumstances it befits you to forgive these people.

Holding on to their pride many people incessantly find fault in others which is their main work. Even they dare not snicker at me! For would they have the audacity to laugh at their own father?

Great poets in days yore have not described the excellent Gomati and my diligent attempt is to make amends for this oversight.

This Hymn may not have literary beauty, but the words will most certainly grant happiness in the name Gomati.

Thus, endeth the Ode to Gomati.
This syntactical work is sourced and deciphered firmly adhering to the meaning of the words and is composed specifically on the emotional commentary given.

The devotee who studies these sprinkling of verses with veritable enjoyment will by the grace of Gomati revel rewardingly in the shelter provided.

Thus, endeth the commentary of the emotion-filled Ode to Gomati

Encoded and proofread Mandar Mali

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