Shiva Chalisa

Salutation to GirijA’s son, Ganesha, who is the source of all well being as well as of wisdom. AyodhyaAdasa entreats you to bless him with fearlessness.

Glory to GirijA’s consort Shiva, who is compassionate to the destitute who always provides protection to the saintly, the moon on whose forehead sheds its beautiful lustre and in whose ears are the pendants of the cobra hood.

Of your complexion, O Lord, you are fair and wear a garland of skulls. From your locks streams the Ganga; your body, elegantly attired in tiger skin, is all smeared with ashes. Your loveliness enchanting to beholders charms even serpents and ascetics.

The beloved daughter of Maina, Parvati, seated on your left, presents a sight of incomparable loveliness. The trident in your hand, which has always slaughtered its adversaries, looks exceedingly beautiful.
NandI, your bull and vehicle, looks glorious like the lotus amid a lake. So winsome are KArttikeya, ShyAmA (Parvati) and Ganesha (the chief of Shiva’s henchmen) that their beauty beggars description.

Whenever, O Lord, the gods appealed to you came to their rescue and delivered them from trouble. When the demon TAraka began to cause havoc, the celestials invoked you to challenge the fiend.

ShadAnana (KArttikeya), whom you dispatched at once, felled the foe in the twinkling of an eye. The whole world resounds with your unsullied fame and knows you as the slaughter of the demon Jalandhara.

By waging a war against the demon, Tripura you had the kindness to save all, and when, O PurAri, Bhagiratha underwent a severe penance, you rewarded him with the fruit of it.

Your devotees, who never tire of hymning your glories, declare that none among the beneficent equals you in generosity. Although the Vedas glorify your name, you are nonetheless inexpressible and eternal, so that none can fathom your mystery.

Great flames of poisonous fire leapt from the ocean when it was churned the panic-stricken gods and demons that were engulfed in flames began to be burnt alive. Then, showing your
gracious compassion, you came to their rescue (by gulping down the venom) and assumed the name of Nilkantha thereafter.

Pleased with RAma’s deep devotion you enabled him to conquer Lanka and crown Vibhishana its king. When Vishnu desirous of propitiating you, offered an oblation of a thousand lotuses, then, O Purari, you subjected him to a grueling test.

You had, O Lord, concealed one of the oblatory lotuses, but, undeterred, Vishnu offered his own lotus-eye in place of the missing flower. Observing his unflinching devotion, you were exceedingly pleased and granted him the boon he desired most.

Glory, glory, all glory to you, O infinite and eternal Lord! Compassionate to every creature, you dwell in the inmost hearts of all (Show me also your customary kindness) Throgs of the wicked torment me every day, deluding me so utterly that I never have any peace of mind.

Hearken, my Lord, I call you for help save me! Make haste and be my protector. Bring your trident, slaughter my enemies and rescue me from my burning woe.

My parents, brother, and other kinsfolk have turned a blind eye to me in my distress. You are O Lord my only hope now, come at once and set me free from this crisis.
You always bestow wealth on the impecunious and let him have whatever he fentreats you for. I wonder how one should sing your praises and glorify you. Please, O Lord, forgive me my sins and transgressions.

You are the dispeller of all crisis, O Shankara, destroyer of all obstacles and source and cause of all well being. All yogins, ascetics and hermits meditate on you and even Saraswati and NAรada do you obeisance.

Homage, homage, all homage and glory to you, O Shiva, you are beyond the comprehension of Brahma, gods, and the like. O Shambhu, you are gracious to him who recites this text with full concentration of mind.

Even he who is weighted with debt sheds his sin if he chants this hymn (those under heavy debt are transgressors of a sacred law which forbids one to be a borrower or a debtor.) When blessed by Shiva, even a sonless person, who desires an issue, begets a son.

He who invites a learned priest and with full concentration offers fire oblation, regularly observing the vow of trayodashi (The thirteenth day of a lunar fortnight) is completely rid of all afflictions.
He who offers incense, light and naivedya (eatables presented to a deity) and chants this text in the presence of Shiva’s image is rid of all sins, however grievous they may be, committed in his present and past lives and ultimately he has his abode in Shiva’s own (celestial) realm.

Says AyodhyAdAsa: You are now my only hope, O Lord; being omniscient, you know all our troubles; as one full of loving kindness, may you ever relieve me of my distress!

Says AyodhyAdAsa: