



ॐ नमः शिवाय
Om Namah Shivaya



प्रदोषम
Pradosham



Next Pradosham on : 18-8-2009

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(THIRUVASAGAM) SHIVAPURANAM - THE OLD WAY OF PRAYER - BY SRI MANICKAVASAGAR

SALUTATIONS

Long Live Namashivaya! I offer my humble adorations to the Holy Foot of Lord Shiva.
My humble salutations I offer to the Only one, who does not part from my heart, even for a second which is as brief as the twinkling of my eyes.
Glory to the Foot of the Teacher who is a Gem and is ruling in Kokazhi (Holy Place and the remover of Ahankara - ko-ahankara, Kazhi-removal)!
Blessed are the Feet of God who turning into the Aagamas (*Sastras - 28 branches*), tastes sweet!
Blessed are the Feet of Him who is One as well as many! (*One God takes shape of Multitude of Gods*)
Hail the Feet of the Sovereign who put an end to my commotion, and rules me!
Hail Pignnaka's (*one Who cut through the bondage of life*) feet - fastened with gem-inlaid anklets, which do away with embodiment!
Hail the flowery and anklet feet of Him who is far away from the pursuers of alien faiths!
Hail the King who indwells them and rejoices when they fold their hands in worship!
Hail the glorious feet of Him who elevates them that bend their heads in adoration!
The feet of Lord-God, praise be! The feet of my Sire, praise be! The feet of the radiant One, praise be! The salvific feet of Shiva, Praise be! The Feet of Nimalan(*Lord Shiva*) poised in love, praise be! The feet of the Monarch that snaps delusive birth, praise be! The feet of our Good of glorious Perunthurai (*thirupperunthurai where Manickavasagawamy was conquered by Lord Shiva*), praise be!
The Mount that, in grace, gives joy insatiate, praise be!
As, He Shiva, abides in my thoughts, I will adore His feet by His Grace,
And with a gladsome heart so narrate Shiva-Puraanam That my entire past *Karma* will perish!
The One with an eye in His forehead came to me to cast His benign look on me;
I adored His beautiful, anklet feet that are beyond the reach of Thought;
He fills the heaven and the earth; He is the exceedingly bright light;
O God!, You are infinite! You are boundless! You are without beginning and end.

I, the base one of evil Karma, know not the way to narrate Your immense glory! O our God!
Grass, herb, worm, tree, beasts a good many, bird, snake, stone, men, ghouls, bootha-host,
cruel Demons, sages and Celestials: I was born as all these fauna and flora,
and am now utterly fatigued Lo, I have this day, beheld Your golden Feet and gained deliverance!
O true One, You abode in my soul as Om for my redemption! O Vimala! O Rider of the Holy Bull!
When the Vedas invoked You As "Sire" You grew lofty, deep, broad and subtle!
You are hottest as well as coldest! O Vimala! You are Yajamaan! In grace,
You came to chase away all that is false! You are true Gnosis, the true radiant Flame!
O God sweet to me - the ignorant one! O goodly Gnosis that removes nesicience! -
Uncreated, immeasurable and endless, You create foster, resolve all the worlds and bestow grace;
thus you ply, Lead and cause me enter Your servitor-ship! You are like the fragrance in flower;
You are far away as well as close by; You, the Author of the Vedas, will manifest When word and 'thoughts' cease!

You are like fresh milk, juice of sugarcane and ghee - excellently compounded!
You abide in the 'thoughts' of devotees like a spa of honey! It is thus, O our God,
You snap our birth and embodiment! You are of five hues! You hid Yourself O our God,
when the celestials hailed You! I, the one of cruel Karma, stand wrapped by the concealing murk of Maya! I am fettered by the strong, binding rope of merit and demerit; My body is skin-wrapped; it everywhere covers worm and dirt; It is a filthy nine-gated hovel and all My five senses cause deception; So, O Vimala (*the impeccable One*), with my beastly mind I foster no love for You at all!
I am un-endowed with the weal of melting in love for You! - To me, such a base person, You granted grace!
You deigned to come down on earth to reveal unto me Your long, anklet Feet!
To me, a servitor, worse than a curse, You, the true One, are more merciful than Mother!
You are a flawless Flame, a burgeoning flower-like radiance! O One of Light!
O honeyed Nectar! O Lord of Shivapuram! O salvific Arya that cuts the binding fetters!
O great River of Mercy that unfaillingly flows in the heart causing loving grace to flourish,
the while annulling its deceptive nature! O Nectar insatiate, You are the Lord who cannot be measured or weighed!
You are the Brightest light who lives hidden, in a dormant state, within the soul of all and remain out of reach to those that cannot realise You! You melt me into liquid which makes me one with You and cannot be separated from You!

You abide in me as the Life of my dear life! You are with and without joy, without transient life and sorrow!
You love those that love You; You are everything; You are nothing! You are light;
You are dense murk; Your glory is Your being uncreate! O Beginning!
You are the Middle and the End, and You are not these!
You took hold of me, dragged me and made me Thine own, My Master and Lord You are!
You are the rare vision of those who with their sharp wisdom true, realize Your presence!
You are the exceedingly subtle insight, rare to come by!
You are the most minute and subtle consciousness! You have no entrance nor exit from the world!
You are free from birth or attachment! You are our protecting Sovereign! You are the great Light who is a rare sigh for our eyes!
Oh! You, My Father, You are the Divine, perfect joy like a stream in flood, gushing down on me.
O Father! O ineffable and subtle consciousness!
Into this world which changes very often, You come disguising Yourself in various forms each time you come. And You dwell as the subject of understanding!
You are Knowledge, precise and certain! You are the Clarity that informs accuracy!