



समानीतः पद्मा मणिमकुरतामम्बरमणिः
भयादस्यान्तः स्तिमितकिरणश्रेणिमसृणः ।
दधाति त्वद्वक्त्रं प्रतिफलनमश्रान्तविकचं
निरातङ्कं चन्द्राग्निजहृदयपङ्केरुहमिव ॥ १०१

The sun having attained the lustre of a crystal mirror and having become mid with his rows of rays, softened for fear of scorching the face, bears the reflection of Your face, as if it were his heart-lotus, ever in bloom and fearless of the moon.

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समुद्भूतस्थूलस्तनभरमुखश्चारुहसितं
कटाक्षे कन्दर्पाः कतिचन कदम्बद्युति वपुः ।
हरस्य त्वद्भ्रान्तिं मनसि जनयन्ति स्म विमलः
भवत्या ये भक्ताः परिणतिरमीषामियमुमे ॥ १०२

Those who are Your devout worshipers, having been cleansed of their impurities, who with a body shining like a kadamba tree, with well developed, swelling breasts, with a charming smile and a fascinating side-glance create in Hara, the wrong impression that they are Yourself. Oh, Uma! This is their final fulfillment.

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निधे नित्यस्मेरे निरवधिगुणे नीतिनिपुणे
निराघाटज्ञाने नियमपराचितैकनिलये ।
नियत्या निर्मुक्ते निखिलनिगमान्तस्तुतपदे
निरातङ्के नित्ये निगमय ममापि स्तुतिमाम् ॥ १०३

Oh, Treasure! Ever smiling one! Possessor of infinite auspicious qualities! Expert in dispensing justice! You of limitless knowledge! Resident solely in persons whose minds are well-controlled! You, free from conventions and restraints and You eternal! You, whose feet are praised by all the upanishads! My hymn of praise too is devoted to Your praise! Hence it deserves to be rendered similarly equal to them!

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