

Once Mahaperiyava was explaining Shivanandalahari sloka **aṅkolaṃ nijabīja santatih**, to a group of devotees blissfully in his distinct, great style with intermittent silence. In the midst, a devotee got up and asked Mahaperiyava the following question, "Sri Ramana Maharishi had selected ten slokas of Shivanandalahari and advised everybody to recite them daily. The first sloka is aṅkolaṃ nijabīja santatih and the slokas are not in the same order as given in the book. Would it be alright to recite the slokas in the order that the Maharishi had advised? Or should one follow the order in the book?"

Mahaperiyava's replied, "Advise from Mahans is always based on what they have understood to be the best and hence it is not wise to analyze what is right. Their advice is accepted and followed by elders. There is a sloka that mentions this order of ten slokas." Then Periyava thought about that sloka briefly and started reciting the following sloka.

**am - bhak - jana - ghaṭo - vakṣa: guhā - nara - ghabhī - vaṭu: I
ādyā - daśa - śivānandalaharī ślokaśūcikā II**

aṅkolaṃ nijabīja santatih-ayaskāntopalaṃ sūcikā
sādhvī najja vibhuṃ latā kṣiti-ruhaṃ sindhus-sarid vallabham
prāpnotūha yathā tathā paśu-pateḥ pādāravinda-dvayaṃ
cetovṛttir-upetya tiśṭhati sadā sā bhaktir-ityucyate **61**

Just as here, the seeds of the ankola tree go and attach themselves to the tree
Like the iron needle reaches for the load stone, Like the chaste woman to her lord,
Like the tender creeper to the tree, Like the river (runs) to the ocean,
Even so, if the flow of the mind reaches the lotus feet of the lord Pasupathi,
And remains there always, then that state is called Bhakti.

**bhaktir-maheśa-pada-puṣkaram-āvasantī
kādambinīva kurute paritoṣa-varṣam
sampūrīto bhavati yasya manas-taṭākas-
taj-janma-sasyam-akhilaṃ saphalaṃ ca nānyat **76****

The devotion to the great lord, lives in the sky of the Lord's feet,
And like clusters of clouds gives out the sweet rain,
And those whose lake of the mind, gets filled up by this rain,
The crop of his whole life, becomes greatly profitable. How else could it be?

janana-mṛti-yutānām sevayā devatānām
na bhavati sukha-leśaḥ saṁśayo nāsti tatra
ajanim-amṛta rūpaṁ sām̐bam-īśaṁ bhajante
ya iha parama saukhyaṁ te hi dhanyā labhante 83

There is no doubt that worship of mortal gods
Subject to birth and death will ever give even little happiness,
Worship of birthless Lord with Amba, who is eternal are indeed fortunate,
And they gain the supreme happiness

ghaṭo vā mṛt-piṇḍaḥ-āpi-aṇurāpi ca dhūmognir-acalaḥ
paṭo vā tantur-vā pariharati kiṁ ghora-sāmanam
vṛthā kaṇṭha-kṣobhaṁ vahasī tarasā tarka-vacasā
padāmbhojaṁ śambhor-bhaja parama-saukhyam vraja sudhīḥ 6

This is the pot, no, this is only mud, This is the earth, no, it is only atom,
This is the smoke, no, it is only fire, This is the cloth, no, it is only the thread,
Can all this debate ever serve as a remedy for horrible death?
You are only straining your throat unnecessarily by chanting logic!
Instead worship the lotus like feet of Shambu, Oh, wise one, and attain supreme
happiness.

vakṣas-tāḍana śankayā vicalito vaivasvato nirjarāḥ
koṭīrojvala-ratna-dīpa-kalikā-nīrājanaṃ kurvate
dṛṣṭvā mukti-vadhūs-tanoti nibhṛtāśleśaṃ bhavānī-pate
yac-cetas-tava pāda-padma-bhajānaṃ tasyeha kiṃ dur-labham 65

Oh consort of Parvati! What is impossible for him, here, whose mind worships thy feet? Seeing him, Yama runs away, fearing another kick at the chest; The lights shining in those jeweled crowns, all the devas shows the offering of the camphor light, And the pretty bride called mukti, holds him in inseparable embrace, as soon as she sees him.

guhāyāṃ gehe vā bahir-api vane vā(a)dri-śikhare
jale vā vahnau vā vasatu vasateḥ kiṃ vada phalam
sadā yasyaivāntaḥ karaṇam-api śambho tava pade
sthitam ced-yogo(a)sau sa ca parama-yogī sa ca sukhī 12

Be it in a cave, Be it in house, Be it outside, Be it in a forest,
Be it in the top of a mountain, Be it in water, Be it in fire,
Please tell, What does it matter, Where he lives?
Always, if his inner mind, Rests on the feet of Shambhu,
It is Yoga and He is the greatest Yogi and he will be happy forever..

naratvaṃ devatvaṃ naga-vana-mṛgatvaṃ maśakatā
paśutvaṃ kīṭatvaṃ bhavatu vihagatvādi-jananam
sadā tvat-pādābja-smaraṇa-paramānanda-laharī
vihārāsakttam ced-hṛdayaṃ-ihā kiṃ tena vapuṣā 10

Let there be births as a human being, as a deva, as a mountain, of forest animal, as a mosquito, cow or worm, as a bird or as any other. If the heart, here is ever given to sporting in the flood of

supreme bliss consisting of the contemplation of Thy lotus-feet, then what does it matter in which body one is born?

gabhīre kāsāre viśati vijane ghora-vipine
viśāle śaile ca bhramati kusumārthaṃ jaḍa-matiḥ
samarpyaikaṃ cetaḥ-sarasijam umā nātha bhavate
sukhenāvassthātum jana iha na jānāti kimaho 9

Oh Lord of Uma, One gets into deep lake, or enters
the lonely dangerous forest, or roams on a high mountains in order to gather a flower to worship
thee. What a fool! Lo he doesn't know how to live in happiness here, offering unto Thee the single
heart lotus, From the lake of one's own mind.

vaṭurvā gehī vā yatir-āpi jaṭī vā taditaro
naro vā yaḥ kaścid-bhavatu bhava kiṃ tena bhavati
yadyaṃ hṛt-padmaṃ yadi bhavad-adhīnaṃ paśu-pate
tadyas-tvaṃ śambho bhavasi bhava bhāraṃ ca vahasi 11

Oh Lord Pasupati; Let one be a student, a house-holder, a monk, an ascetic or some other
individual - of what use is it? O Shambhu! When the heart-lotus of a person becomes yours, You
would wholly become his, And help him to lift,
this heavy burden of life.

ādyā(a)vidyā hṛd-gatā nirgatāsīt-
vidyā hṛdyā hṛd-gatā tvat-prasādāt
seve nityaṃ śrī-karaṃ tvat-padābjaṃ
bhāve mukteḥ-bhājanaṃ rāja-maule 91

Oh Crescent-crested Lord! The primeval ignorance that used to live in my heart ,
From the beginning of time has disappeared by your grace.
And that knowledge Brahman, has taken its seat in the heart.
And so I meditate and adore on your lotus feet,
which brings auspiciousness and grants mukti.