

श्री भक्तामर स्तोत्र
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भक्तामर-प्रणत-मौलि-मणिप्रभाणा-मुद्योतकं दलित-पाप-तमोवितानम् ।

सम्यक् प्रणम्य जिन-पादयुगं युगादा-वालम्बनं भवजले पततां जनानाम् ॥१॥

I respectfully bow to the holy feet of Jina, who has shown the path out of the eternal cycle of suffering. Reverence for him enlightens the minds of those who desire true immortality and destroys their sins, just as the glory of his feet brightens the luster of the crowns of the devoted gods who bow to him. 1

यः संस्तुतः सकल-वाङ्मय तत्त्वबोधा-दुद्भूत-बुद्धि-पटुभिः सुरलोक-नाथैः ।

स्तोत्रैर् जगत्त्रितय-चित्तहरैरुदारैःस्तोष्ये किलाहमपि तं प्रथमं जिनेन्द्रम् ॥२॥

Celestial gods, with prudence acquired through the true understanding of all canons, have eulogized Bhagawān Ādināth with hymns captivating the audience in the three worlds - heaven, earth, and hell. I, Māntungāchārya, a humble man with little wisdom, shall also endeavor to eulogize that first Tirthankar. 2

बुद्ध्या विनाऽपि विबुधार्चित-पादपीठःस्तोतुं समुद्यत-मतिर् विगत-त्रपोऽहम् ।

बालं विहाय जल-संस्थितमिन्दु-बिम्ब-मन्यः क इच्छति जनः सहसा ग्रहीतुम् ॥३॥

Only an ignorant child attempts an impossible task like grabbing the reflection of the moon in the water. Similarly Oh Jina! Out of imprudence alone I am trying, in spite of my ignorance, to eulogize you, who have been revered by the gods. 3

वक्तुं गुणान् गुणसमुद्र! शशाङ्क-कान्तान्कस्ते क्षमः सुरगुरु-प्रतिमोऽपि बुद्ध्या ।

कल्पान्त-काल-पवनोद्धत-नक्र-चक्रंको वा तरीतुमलमम्बुनिधिं भुजाभ्याम् ॥४॥

Oh ocean of virtues! Can even Brihaspati, the guru of gods, with his unlimited wisdom, narrate your virtues, pure and blissful as the moon? Can anyone with his bare arms swim across the reptile infested ocean in fury, lashed by gales of deluge? 4

सोऽहं तथापि तव भक्तिवशान्मुनीश!कर्तुं स्तवं विगत-शक्तिरपि प्रवृत्तः ।

प्रीत्यात्मवीर्यमविचार्य मृगी मृगेन्द्रनाभ्येति किं निजशिशोः परिपालनार्थम् ॥५॥

Oh greatest among ascetics! Inspired by devotion, I intend to praise you though it be beyond my capacity, just as an emboldened doe, to protect her fawn, puts her feet down and faces a lion, forgetting her own frailty. 5

अल्पश्रुतं श्रुतवतां परिहास-धामत्वदभक्तिरेव मुखरी-कुरुते बलान्माम् ।

यत्कोकिलः किल मधौ मधुरं विरोतितच्चारु-चाम्ब-कलिका-निकरैकहेतुः ॥६॥

Oh embodiment of pure wisdom! I have so little knowledge that I am an object of ridicule for the wise. Nevertheless, my devotion for you stirs me to sing hymns in your praise, as mango blossoms inspire the cuckoo's melodious songs. 6

त्वत्संस्तवेन भवसन्तति-सन्निबद्धपापं क्षणात्क्षयमुपैति शरीरभाजाम् ।

आक्रान्त-लोकमलिनील-मशेषमाशुसूर्याशु-भिन्नमिव शार्वरमन्धकारम् ॥७॥

Reciting your praise instantly destroys bad karmas living beings have accumulated over countless births; just as the piercing rays of the sun instantly dispel the all enveloping dense darkness, as black as a bumble-bee. 7

मत्वेति नाथ! तव संस्तवनं मयेद-मारभ्यते तनुधियापि तव प्रभावात् ।

चेतो हरिष्यति सतां नलिनीदलेषुमुक्ताफल-युतिमुपैति ननूदबिन्दुः ॥८॥

Thus believing, Oh Jina under your benevolent influence, I, though of limited intelligence, start this hymn in the hope that it will please noble souls just as a drop of water, when resting on a lotus leaf, shines like a pearl. 8

आस्तां तव स्तवनमस्त-समस्त-दोषत्वत्संकथापि जगतां दुरितानि हन्ति ।

दूरे सहस्रकिरणः कुरुते प्रभैवपद्माकरेषु जलजानि विकासभाञ्जि ॥९॥

Oh Jina! Let alone the immeasurable powers of your eulogy, the mere utterance of your name with devotion, absolves mundane beings of sin and purifies them. Even though the brilliant sun is at distance, the soft rays of the sun causes the lotus buds to blossom. 9

नात्यद्भूतं भुवन-भूषण! भूतनाथ!भूतैर् गुणैर् भुवि भवन्तमभिष्टुवन्तः ।

तुल्या भवन्ति भवतो ननु तेन किं वाभूत्याश्रितं य इह नात्मसमं करोति? ॥१०॥

Oh Lord of the living beings, ornament of the world, it is not surprising that one who is devoted to the contemplation of your virtues attains your exalted position. What is the use of seeking the protection of a master that does not make the protégé his own equal? 10

दृष्ट्वा भवन्तमनिमेष-विलोकनीयंनान्यत्र तोषमुपयाति जनस्य चक्षुः ।

पीत्वा पयः शशिकर-युति-दुग्ध-सिन्धोःक्षारं जलं जलनिधेरशितुं क इच्छेत्? ॥११॥

Oh Jina! After looking at your divine form nothing else pleases the eyes. Who would like to taste sea-water after drinking milk like fresh water of the divine ocean, pure and soothing like moonlight? 11

यैः शान्तराग-रुचिभिः परमाणुभिस्त्वनिर्मापितस्त्रिभुवनैक-ललामभूत!

तावन्त एव खलु तेऽप्यणवः पृथिव्यांयत्ते समानमपरं न हि रूपमस्ति ॥१२॥

Oh crown of the three worlds! It appears as if all the particles imparting serenity became extinct after constituting your body because I do not witness elsewhere such out of the world magnificence as yours. 12

वक्त्रं क्व ते सुर-नरोरग-नेत्रहारि-निःशेष-निर्जित-जगत्-त्रितयोपमानम् ।

बिम्बं कलङ्क-मलिनं क्व निशाकरस्ययद् वासरे भवति पाण्डु पलाश-कल्पम् ॥१३॥

How can your glowing visage, which gods, angels, humans, and other beings alike are pleased to behold, be compared with the blemished moon, dull and pale by day as autumn leaves? Truly, even the best metaphor for your tranquil face is inadequate. 13

सम्पूर्ण-मण्डल-शशाङ्क-कला-कलाप-शुभा गुणास्त्रिभुवनं तव लंघयन्ति ।

ये संश्रितास्-त्रिजगदीश्वर! नाथमेकम्कस्तान् निवारयति संचरतो यथेष्टम् ॥१४॥

Oh Jineshvar of the three worlds! Your infinite virtues shining like the bright moon permeate the universe beyond the three worlds; hymns extolling your virtues resound all over. Who can restrain from walking freely, the devotees of the only omnipotent one? 14

चित्रं किमत्र यदि ते त्रिदशांगनाभिर्नीतं मनागपि मनो न विकार-मार्गम् ।

कल्पान्तकाल-मरुता चलिताचलेनकिं मन्दराद्रि-शिखरं चलितं कदाचित्? ॥१५॥

Oh dispassionate one! Divine nymphs, through wanton gestures, have toiled fruitlessly to distract you, but you have remained unmoved. The doomsday tempest that shakes common hills cannot disturb even the tip of the great Mount Sumeru. 15

निर्धूम-वर्तिरपवर्जित-तैल-पूरःकृत्स्नं जगत्त्रयमिदं प्रकटीकरोषि ।

गम्यो न जातु मरुतां चलिता चलानांदीपोऽपरस्त्वमसि नाथ! जगत्प्रकाशः ॥१६॥

Oh Jina! You are the divine lamp, the light of the world, the lamp which is free from smoke of aversion, wherein there is no wick of lust, which is devoid of oil of attachment, which completely illuminates the three worlds in the virtue of omniscience and which is unassailable by the winds that move mountains. 16

नास्तं कदाचिदुपयासि न राहुगम्यः स्पष्टीकरोषि सहसा युगपज्जगन्ति ।

नाम्भोधरोदर-निरुद्ध-महाप्रभावः सूर्यातिशायि महिमासि मुनीन्द्र! लोके ॥१७॥

Oh monk among monks! Your glory exceeds the sun in greatness as the orb of your omniscience shines forever. Your passionless, infinite, virtuous glory cannot be eclipsed by Rāhu, your glow simultaneously illuminates the entire universe, and nothing can obstruct the radiance of your omniscience. 17

नित्योदयं दलितमोह-महान्धकारं गम्यं न राहुवदनस्य न वारिदानाम् ।

विभाजते तव मुखाब्जमनल्पकान्ति विद्योतयज्जगदपूर्वं शशाङ्क-बिम्बम् ॥१८॥

Your lotus-like face shines like an extraordinary moon; for, it has an eternal rise, has destroyed the immense darkness of infatuation, is never within the reach of Rāhu or clouds, possesses immense luster, and continuously illuminates the entire world. 18

किं शर्वरीषु शशिनाऽङ्घ्रि विवस्वता वा? युष्मन्मुखेन्दु-दलितेषु तमस्सु नाथ!

निष्पन्न शालि-वनशालिनि जीवलोके कार्यं कियज्जलधरैर् जलभार-नमैः ॥१९॥

Oh Jineshvar of the universe! Where is the need of the sun during the day and the moon during the night when your ever-radiant face sweeps away the darkness of ignorance? Indeed, once the crop is ripe where is the need of rain-bearing clouds? 19

ज्ञानं यथा त्वयि विभाति कृतावकाशं नैवं तथा हरिहरादिषु नायकेषु ।

तेजः स्फुरन्मणिषु याति यथा महत्त्वं नैवं तु काच-शकले किरणाकुलेऽपि ॥२०॥

Omniscience (Keval-jñān) attained by you does not shine with so great an effulgence in other deities as it does when it resorts to you. Indeed, glass pieces glittering in a beam of light cannot match the luster and brilliance of priceless gems. 20

मन्ये वरं हरि-हरादय एव दृष्टा दृष्टेषु येषु हृदयं त्वयि तोषमेति ।

किं वीक्षितेन भवता भुवि येन नान्यः कश्चिन्मनो हरति नाथ! भवान्तरैऽपि ॥२१॥

I believe that it was for the better that I saw other mundane deities before discovering you; having seen them, my heart finds satisfaction in the glimpse of your detached and serene visage. Having witnessed the ultimate, no one else in this world will be able to divert my mind from you even in this or future births. 21

स्त्रीणां शतानि शतशो जनयन्ति पुत्रान् नान्या सुतं त्वदुपमं जननी प्रसूता ।

सर्वा दिशो दधति भानि सहस्ररश्मिं प्राच्येव दिग् जनयति स्फुरदंशुजालम् ॥२२॥

Hundreds of women give birth to hundreds of sons; but no mother except yours gave birth to a son that could stand in comparison with you. Constellations are in all the directions, but it is only the East which brings forth the sun having a collection of resplendent rays. 22

त्वामामनन्ति मुनयः परमं पुमांस-मादित्यवर्णममलं तमसः परस्तात् ।

त्वामेव सम्यगुपलभ्य जयन्ति मृत्युं नान्यः शिवः शिवपदस्य मुनीन्द्र! पन्थाः ॥२३॥

Oh sage of sages! All savants believe you to be Supreme among human beings, brilliant as the sun, free of malignance, and beyond the darkness of ignorance. One who comprehends you, follows your path, conquers death. There is no other auspicious path to Moksha. 23

त्वामव्ययं विभुमचिन्त्य-मसंख्य-माद्यं ब्रह्माण-मीश्वर-मनन्त-मनङ्गकेतुम् ।

योगीश्वरं विदितयोगमनेकमेकं ज्ञानस्वरूपममलं प्रवदन्ति सन्तः ॥२४॥

Seeing your different aspects, the sages address you as amaranthine, all-pervading, unfathomable, infinite, progenitor, perpetually blissful, majestic, eternal, the comet in destroying Cupid, Lord of ascetics, preceptor of Yoga, multidimensional, unique, Omniscient, and pure. 24

बुद्धस्त्वमेव विबुधार्चित! बुद्धि-बोधात्त्वं शङ्करोऽसि भुवनत्रय-शङ्करत्वात् ।
 धाताऽसि धीर! शिवमार्ग-विधेर् विधानात्त्व्यक्तं त्वमेव भगवन्! पुरुषोत्तमोऽसि ॥२५॥
 Oh worshipped by the wise! You are Buddha for you have attained omniscience. You
 are Shankar, for you have bestowed happiness to the three worlds. Oh steadfast one!
 You are the creator Brahma for you are the propounder of the path to liberation. Oh
 venerable one! You are manifestly supreme among beings. 25

तुभ्यं नमस्त्रिभुवनार्ति-हराय नाथ! तुभ्यं नमः क्षितितलामल-भूषणाय!
 तुभ्यं नमस्त्रिजगतः परमेश्वराय! तुभ्यं नमो जिन! भवोदधि-शोषणाय ॥२६॥
 Oh deliverer from all the miseries of the three realms! I bow to you. Oh virtuous
 adoration of this world! I bow to you. Oh Lord of the three realms! I bow to you. Oh
 Jina! I bow to you, the destroyer of the ocean of mundane existence! 26

को विस्मयोऽत्र यदि नाम गुणैरशेषैः- त्वं संश्रितो निरवकाशतया मुनीश!
 दोषैरुपात-विविधाश्रय-जातगर्वैः स्वप्नान्तरेऽपि न कदाचिदपीक्षितोऽसि ॥२७॥
 Why should it be surprising that all the virtues in the world have sought refuge in you
 leaving no room for flaws, Oh Lord of ascetics! Puffed up with pride owing to
 manifold shelter found elsewhere, faults cannot even dream of approaching you. 27

उच्चैरशोकतरु-संश्रित-मुन्मयूख- माभाति रूपममलं भवतो नितान्तम् ।
 स्पष्टोल्लसत् किरणमस्त-तमो-वितानं बिम्बं रवेरिव पयोधर-पार्श्ववर्ति ॥२८॥
 Resorting under a lofty Ashoka tree, your flawless persona is incomparably radiant
 like splendid sunlight rending the darkness of the clouds surrounding the disk of the
 sun. 28

सिंहासने मणि-मयूख-शिखा-विचित्रे विभाजते तव वपुः कनकावदातम् ।
 बिम्बं वियद् विलसदंशुलता-वितानं तुङ्गोदयाद्रि-शिरसीव सहस्ररश्मेः ॥२९॥
 Resplendent on a bejeweled throne, your body, gleaming like gold, resembles the
 rising sun atop Udayāchal Mountain, spreading its bright rays across the
 surrounding sky. 29

कुन्दावदात-चल-चामर-चारुशोभं विभाजते तव वपुः कलधौतकान्तम् ।
 उच्यच्छाङ्क-शुचि-निर्झर-वारिधार-मुच्चैस्तटं सुरगिरेरिव शातकौम्भम् ॥३०॥
 Your fascinating golden body, flanked on both sides by Chowries as white as the
 jasmine flowers, gleams like the golden summit of Mount Meru flanked by the
 rippling waterfalls as pure as the moon. 30

छत्रत्रयं तव विभाति शशाङ्क-कान्त-मुच्चैः स्थितं स्थगित-भानुकर-प्रतापम् ।
 मुक्ताफल-प्रकरजाल-विवृद्धशोभं, प्रख्यापयत् त्रिजगतः परमेश्वरत्वम् ॥३१॥
 A three-tiered canopy, beautiful like the moon, fringed with pearls, obstructing the
 sun's rays, and unfurled high above your luminous presence, is resplendent and
 proclaims your supremacy of the three worlds. 31

गम्भीर-तार-रव-पूरित-दिग्विभाग- स्वैलोक्य-लोक-शुभ-सङ्गम-भूति-दक्षः ।
 सद्धर्मराज-जय-घोषण-घोषकः सन् खे दुन्दुभिर्ध्वनति ते यशसः प्रवादी ॥३२॥
 The deep and resounding sound of the trumpeting drums, fill all directions by
 proclaiming your fame, and invite the beings of the three worlds to join your path of
 supreme righteousness. 32

मन्दार-सुन्दर-नमेरु-सुपारिजात सन्तानकादि-कुसुमोत्कर-वृष्टि-रुद्धा ।
 गन्धोदबिन्दु-शुभमन्द-मरुत्प्रपाता दिव्या दिवः पतति ते वचसां ततिर्वा ॥३३॥
 When the celestial gods shower the flowers of Mandāra, Sundar, Nameru, Supārijata,
 Santānaka and so on along with the scented dewdrops and when they mingle with the
 gentle breeze, it appears as though your auspicious sermons are gently pouring
 down. 33

शुम्भत्प्रभावलय-भूरिविभा विभोस्ते लोकत्रय-द्युतिमतां द्युतिमाक्षिपन्ती ।
 प्रोद्यद्-दिवाकर-निरन्तर भूरिसंख्या दीप्त्या जयत्यपि निशामपि सोम-सौम्याम् ॥३४॥
 Your luminous halo is more radiant than luster of all the luminaries of the three
 worlds; brighter than many rising suns, yet calm and soothing as moonlight
 dispelling darkness. 34

स्वर्गापवर्ग-गम-मार्ग-विमार्गणेष्टः सद्धर्मतत्व-कथनैक-पटुस्त्रिलोक्याः ।
 दिव्यध्वनिर्भवति ते विशदार्थ-सर्व भाषा-स्वभाव-परिणाम-गुणैः प्रयोज्य ॥३५॥
 Your soothing celestial voice, capable of showing the path leading to heaven and
 Moksha, describes the essential nature of the supreme religion, and is capable of
 transforming into all languages capable of articulate meaning. 35

उन्निद्र-हेम-नवपङ्कज-पुञ्जकान्ति पर्युल्लसन्नख-मयूख-शिखाभिरामौ ।
 पादौ पदानि तव यत्र जिनेन्द्र! धत्तः पद्मानि तत्र विबुधाः परिकल्पयन्ति ॥३६॥
 Oh Lord of the Jinas! The celestial gods create nine golden lotuses wherever your
 feet, attractive on account of sparkling nails and glowing like freshly blossomed
 golden lotuses, are placed. 36

इत्थं यथा तव विभूतिरभूज्जिनेन्द्र! धर्मापदेशन-विधौ न तथा परस्य ।

यादृक् प्रभा दिनकृतः प्रहतान्धकारा तादृक् कुतो ग्रह-गणस्य विकाशिनोऽपि ॥३७॥

Oh Lord, the glories manifested when you discourse on religion are not manifested by other deities. The blaze of light with which the sun strikes at the darkness cannot be equaled by the shining light of a group of constellations. 37

श्र्योतन्मदाविल-विलोल-कपोलमूल मतभ्रमद्-भ्रमरनाद्-विवृद्धकोपम् ।

ऐरावताभ-मिभमुद्धत-मापतन्तं दृष्ट्वा भयं भवति नो भवदाश्रितानाम् ॥३८॥

Oh Jina! Those who resort to you are fearless even when confronted with a rampaging wild elephant, large as Airāvāt, enraged by the buzzing of the bees madly whirling around his forehead trickling with secretions. 38

भिन्नेभ-कुम्भ-गलदुज्ज्वल-शोणिताक्त मुक्ताफल प्रकर-भूषित-भूमिभागः ।

बद्धक्रमः क्रमगतं हरिणाधिपोऽपि नाक्रामति क्रमयुगाचल-संश्रितं ते ॥३९॥

Oh Jina! Even an ferocious lion which has ripped open and shattered the forehead of an elephant, scattering bright pearls of bone dripping with blood to the ground, even though within his clutches, does not attack the one who has sought the shelter of your feet. 39

कल्पान्त-काल-पवनोद्धत-वह्निकल्पं दावानलं ज्वलितमुज्ज्वल-मुत्फुलिङ्गम् ।

विश्वं जिघत्सुमिव सम्मुखमापतन्तं त्वन्नामकीर्तनजलं शमयत्यशेषम् ॥४०॥

Oh Jina! The world-ending fire which scatters burning embers into the skies and threatens to engulf the whole world is extinguished in an instant by the recital of your name. 40

रक्तेक्षणं समद-कोकिल-कण्ठ-नीलं क्रोधोद्धतं फणिनमुत्फणमापतन्तम् ।

आक्रामति क्रमयुगेन निरस्तशङ्क-स्त्वन्नाम-नागदमनी हृदि यस्य पुंसः ॥४१॥

Oh benevolent! A devotee who has absorbed the anti-toxin of your pious name fearlessly crosses over an intoxicated, red-eyed cobra, as black as the throat of a cuckoo, wild with rage and rushing forth with its hood raised. 41

वल्गतुरङ्ग-गजगर्जित-भीमनाद-माजौ बलं बलवतामपि भूपतीनाम् ।

उद्यद्दिवाकर-मयूख-शिखापविद्धं त्वत्कीर्तनात् तम इवाशु भिदामुपैति ॥४२॥

Oh conqueror of vices! Just as darkness recedes with the rising of the sun, armies of brave and chivalrous kings with galloping horses and trumpeting elephants, retreat when your pious name is chanted. 42

कुन्ताग्र-भिन्न-गज-शोणित-वारिवाह-वेगावतार-तरणातुर-योध-भीमे ।

युद्धे जयं विजित-दुर्जय-जेय-पक्षाः त्वत्पाद-पङ्कज-वनाश्रयिणो लभन्ते ॥४३॥

Oh vanquisher of passions! In a fierce battle where brave warriors are eager to plod over the streams of blood gushing out of the bodies of wounded elephants, the devotee who has taken shelter at your lotus feet remains invincible and embraces victory ultimately. 43

अम्भोनिधौ क्षुभित-भीषण-नक्रचक्र-पाठीन-पीठ-भय-दोल्बण-वाडवाऽग्नौ ।

रङ्गतरङ्ग-शिखरस्थित-यानपात्रा-स्त्रासं विहाय भवतः स्मरणाद् व्रजन्ति ॥४४॥

Oh equanimous! Those who remember your name aboard a ship that is caught on the crests of giant waves in an ocean infested with ferocious bands of crocodiles, giant oceanic creatures and marine fire, reach the shore safely. 44

उद्धूत-भीषण-जलोदर-भारभुग्नाः शोच्यां दशामुपगताश्रयुत-जीविताशाः ।

त्वत्पाद-पङ्कज-रजोऽमृत-दिग्धदेहा मर्त्या भवन्ति मकरध्वज-तुल्यरूपाः ॥४५॥

Oh Omniscient! Extremely sick people, suffering from incurable diseases and despairing of recovery or even of survival, are cured and become as beautiful as Cupid, when they anoint the ambrosia taken from your lotus feet to their bodies. 45

आपाद-कण्ठमुरु-शङ्खल-वेष्टिताङ्गा गाढं बृहन्निगड-कोटि-निघृष्ट-जङ्घाः ।

त्वन्नाम-मन्त्रमनिशं मनुजाः स्मरन्तः सद्यः स्वयं विगत-बन्धभया भवन्ति ॥४६॥

Oh Liberated Soul! Those men who are shackled from foot to neck in heavy fetters, whose skin has been severely bruised by the shackles, are freed in an instant, of bondage and fear by continuously meditating your name as a Mantra. 46

मत्तद्विपेन्द्र-मृगराज-दवानलाऽहि-संग्राम-वारिधि-महोदर-बन्धनोत्थम् ।

तस्याशु नाशमुपयाति भयं भियेव यस्तावकं स्तवमिमं मतिमानभधीते ॥४७॥

Oh Jina! The wise who recites this Hymn with devotion to your divine name will always be free from the fears of enraged elephants, ferocious lions, forest fires, poisonous snakes, wars, tempestuous oceans, fatal diseases and bondage. In fact, fear itself is afraid of him. 47

स्तोत्र-स्रजं तव जिनेन्द्र! गुणैर्निबद्धां, भक्त्या मया रुचिर-वर्ण-विचित्र-पुष्पाम् ।

धत्ते जनो य इह कंठगतामस्रं तं मानतुंगमवशा समुपैति लक्ष्मीः ॥४८॥

Oh Jinendra! I, Māntungāchārya have devotedly composed this garland of Hymn describing your virtues like a beautiful garland of colorful flowers. One, who with devotion remembers this Hymn incessantly, will win the favor of Moksha Lakshmi (Liberation). 48