

Sai Baba Stavan Manjari

Om Sai Ram !!!

I bow down to Shri GANESH.

Oh, MAYURESHWARA, you are the one on whom we depend,

Oh, Son of GAURI, the all-knowing,

Oh, You inconceivable one,

You with an immeasurable belly,

Protect me, oh, Shri GANAPATI

You are the first and foremost of all Ganas
and of all the deities;

Therefore, you are called “GANESH”

You are acknowledged by all the “SHASTRAS”

You of sacred countenance, oh, BHALACHANDRA!

Oh, SHARADA, Goddess of Speech!

You are the mistress of the realm of words;

Because of your existence,

All worldly transactions are carried on.

You are the deity revered by all authors;

You are eternally the pride of this nation;

Your infinite power prevails everywhere.

I bow to you, JAGADAMBE.

You are the Supreme Spirit and beloved of the saints!

Incarnation in human form of PANDHARIRAYA

You are the ocean of kindness and infinite compassion;

Oh Panduranga Narahari!

You, who control the world like a puppeteer with his strings,

You are omnipresent;

All the sciences and sacred books are still delving
To plumb the essence of your nature.
Those who are pedagogues,
To them, you are not revealed, oh CHAKRAPANI;
All those foolish people
Only indulge in the jugglery of words.

Only the saints understand you
Others remain baffled.
To you, my obeisance,
Respectful and with my whole body
prostrate in veneration before you.

Oh, You, five - headed SHANKRA,
Oh, You, wearer of garland of skulls,
Oh, You, blue - throated DIGAMBARA
Oh, You, BRAHMARUPA PASHUPATI!

One who recites your name all the time,
His worldly adversities are immediately dissolved
Such is, oh DHURJATI,
The power of your name.

With obeisance at your feet,
I am writing this paean of praise;
Help me always to complete this mission,
Oh, you, NILAKNTHA - the blue - throated one!

Now, let me bow to the son of Arti [DATTATREYA],
To the family deity of Indira (VISHNU)
To Tukaram and all other saints;
So, also, to all the devotees.

Hail, Hail to you, Sainath,
Redeemer of sinners and merciful one!
I lay my head down at your feet;

Now give me your protection.

You are the whole world, the abode of bliss;
You, yourself, are Vishnu, the paragon among men;
One whose wife is Uma!
You are also that enemy of Cupid.

You are God in human form!
You are the sun in the sky of knowledge!
You are the ocean of kindness!
You are the anti-dote for worldly maladies!

You are the CHINTAMANI of the poor and the down-trodden!
You are the divine purifier (Ganges river) for your devotees!
You are the raft for those drowning in worldliness!
You are the refuge of the timid.

You are the very cause of this creation!
That which is pure CHAITANYA!
You are that Oh, very treasure of compassion;
The universe is only one of your LEELAS.

You are not born!
Death also does not affect you!
This is the final conclusion
Which one arrives at, after thoughtful search.

Birth and death,
These concepts are born of ignorance!
From both you are free
Oh, Lord, of course!

If water appears as a spring,
Does it imply that its source is there?
It existed already, full and flush,
Merely sprang up from within the earth.

Water that springs up in a hollow
Is, therefore, so described or named;
A "spring" becomes its proper name.
Without the water, it is only a hollow.

To spring up and to dry up and disappear,
This is not the nature of water;
Because the water of the spring
Has no importance for the hollow it fills.

It is only the hollow that is mistakenly proud
Of itself, rather than the water that filled it.
Therefore, when the water dries up
The hollow becomes impoverished.

The human body is really like the hollow water bed;
The spirit (pure energy) is like the pure clean water of the spring;
Although there are innumerable such hollows
The essence is the same in everyone.

Until now, who are without a beginning,
I say to you, merciful one,
To destroy the mountain of ignorance
Please become the thunderbolt of Indra!

Until now, such hollow (beings)
Have existed in large numbers, on this earth.
Many more exist even now,
And, in the future, as time goes by, many more will come.

Each such hollow (being)
Is given a separate and different name and appearance;
That is how, in this world,
They are identified.

Therefore, to distinguish that spirit

In terms of "you and me" is not proper;
Because, as there is no duality
That itself is most surely, the Spirit

And, since the Spirit
Truly encompasses the whole world,
Then, the "you and me" the duality concept,
How can it possibly be entertained?

Water latent in the clouds
Is all the same;
But when it descends upon the earth,
It assumes different forms.

That which falls in the Godavari bed
Is known as the (sacred) River Godavari;
That which falls into a well
Does not have the same worthiness or prestige.

Saints are the river Godavari,
And, you are the water in it
We are the puddles, wells and lakes;
That is the difference between us.

For the fulfilments of our lives
We must surrender to you,
Always, with folded hands,
Because you are the embodiment of piety.

It is due to its water - bed
That the waters of Godavari have become holy;
Considered merely as water,
It's the same everywhere.

The bed of Godavari
That is considered as truly sacred,

Owes all its sanctity
To the quality of the land through which it flows
The water latent in the clouds
Does not alter that part of the earth on which it falls;
Yet, that very part of the earth,
Is called Godavari (or pure) by the scholars
of the sacred books.
Where the water has fallen elsewhere,
It has acquired the qualities of the soil on those places;
Contaminated, bitter, salty it becomes
Though originally sweet.

Same is the case with you, oh, GURURAYA,
In whom there is no impurity of the six vices,
To that holy form
This title, "Saint" is befitting.

Therefore saints are Godavari
So full of grace;
Amongst all the beings
Your place is the highest!

From the beginning of creation
Godavari has been in existence;
It has been full of water
And it has never lacked it till today.

Look, the enemy of RAVAN
Came to the banks of the Godavari
But it's water has flowd
And the water at present is not the same as old water.

The bed alone remains the same,
The water have flowed into the ocean,
The sancity is eternal
Of the river - bed, to this day.

Each year,
The old waters go and the new
Flow into the river bed;
It's the law, as you know.

A century is like a year.
The sages of that century
Are like the flowing waters
While the great souls are like the waves on the water.

Of these saints who are like Godavari,
In the early centuries,
There was a great flood
Of SANAT - SANAK - SANANDAN.

Followed by NARADA and TUMBER
DHURVA, PRAHLAD, powerful king BALI,
SHABARI, ANGAD, VAYUKUMAR,
VIDUR, GOPE - GOPIKA.

Thus, many came the present time
In each of the centuries of the past;
The floods came repeatedly,
Which I am unable to recount.

In this present century,
The sacred Godavari
Has for certain flooded this land
In your form, Oh, Sainath!
Therefore at your divine feet
I make obeisance;
Maharaj, of my faults
Take no notice, I plead.

I am a poor, wretched, ignorant man,
The greatest of sinners;
Ridden with vices,
But do not cast me off!

The inherent defects of iron
Are ignored by "parisa"
The small streams of the village, Lendi and ohol
Are not rejected by the Godavari.

I am full of vices within.
By your merciful glance,
Do, do quickly destroy them.
This, only, is the plea of "DAS"

If after coming in contact with the "parisa"!
The iron's inherent defects
Do not change, GURUVARA,
Then, it is to the discredit of the "parisa"!

Don't let me be a sinner
Don't belittle yourself,
Look, you are 'parisa', I am the iron;
My discharge is your concern too.
A child always commits mistakes,
But a mother does not scold;
Remembering this,
Grant me your grace.
Oh, Sadguru Sainath,
You are my "KAPATURU"!
You are the means for crossing this worldly ocean,
you alone are so - undoubtedly.
You are "KAMDHENU"!
You are "CHINTAMANI"!
You are the sun in the sky of knowledga,
You are great mine of virtues!
Oh, you are the ladder to heaven!

Oh, pious, purest one,
Oh, embodiment of peace and bliss,
Oh, the Supreme Self,

Oh, the non-dual one, the ocean of knowledge;
Oh, incarnation of the Supreme wisdom, the best among men,
Oh, abode of forgiveness and peace,
Oh, refuge of devotees,
Bless me, bless me!
You are the Sadguru MACHINDER
You are the Mahatama JALANDER,
You are NIVRATINATH, DNYANESHWAR,
KABIR, SHEIKH MOHAMMED, EKNATH, you are.
You are BODHLA You are SAVATAMALI,
You are truly RAMDAS,
You are TUKARAM, Sainath,
You are SAKHA You are MANIKPRABHU

Your present manifestation,
And your manifold nature
are really difficult to understand!
The knowledge about your caste and creed
You do not reveal to anybody.

Some say you are a Muslim,
Some say you are Brahmin,
Thus like Krushana,
You too, are inscrutable!
Having observed SHREE KRISHNA,
Different people called him by various names.
Some call him 'YADU BUHSAN'
Some call him a cowherd.
YASHODA called him a darling,
KANSA called him a great evil,
UDDHAV called him beloved,
ARJUN called him Omniscient.

Thus, oh GURUVARA, To you
According to each person's conclusion
Based on his mental attitude,

Names are give, by them.

The masjid being your dwelling,
And your ears not being pierced,
Nothing your offering the 'FATEHA'
To call you a Muslim is logical!

Similarly, considering the worship of fire,
As done by you, Lord of Mercy,
My own conclusion is
That you are a Hindu!

But these superficial differences
Would interest only pedagogues;
But for those devotees desirous of knowledge
They are of no consequences.

You are BRAHMA Itself!
Caste and creed have no relevance to you;
You are the Guru Supreme!
You are the creator of this world!

There was Hindu - Muslim rivalry;
Therefore to bring about unity and amity,
The masjid and the fire worship were embraced by you,
To show your "leela" to the devotees.

You are beyond caste and greed,
You are Brahman, the essence of Truth;
You are That, verily,
You are beyond human conception!

Giving free rein to surmises and conjectures,
Arguments have flourished about you.
There, my insignificant
Words, how will they prevail?

But when I behold you,
I cannot remain silent;
Because, for encomium, words
Are normally the only means.

Therefore, by means of words,
Whatever description is possible,
That I will always proffer,
With your grace.

Saints, I reckon
Higher than gods;
For distinctions such as mine and thine
Find not a place in their proximity.

HIRANYAKASHAPU and RAVANA
Were killed because of their hatred of god;
Such a deed has never been done by saints.

GOPICHAND, IN the heap of garbage,
Buried JALANDARA;
But that sage
Had no rancour for that act.

On the contrary, the king was delivered
from the material world
And was immortalised;
Such is the prowess of the saints,
It is indescribable!

Saints are the Sun,
Their grace is illuminating;
Saints are as pleasing as the moon,
Their benignness is as gentle as moonlight.

Saints, are the soothing musk,

Their blessing are like it's fragrance,
Saints are the juicy sugarcane,
Their blessings are like its sweetness.

Saints, towards the good and the bad,
Are the same, definitely.
On the contrary, their love for the sinners
Is immeasurable.

In the waters of the Godavari,
Only the soiled clothes come to be cleaned;
The clean ones;in a trunk,
Remain far from the Godavari banks.

Even that which remained in the trunk,
came once,
To be cleaned throughly
On the Godavari banks.

The "DARSHAN" of your feet
Is like a bath in the Godavari;
Wash away my sins.
Oh, Samarth, and purify me!

We worldly people
Gather layers of impurities again and again;
Therefore, we are the right people
For the "DARSHAN" of saints.

In the abundant waters of the Godavari
Comes the wash, to be cleansed at the GHATS;
If, it is really left unattended,
Then, it is a discredit to the Godavari!

You are the cool, shady tree, with abundant foliage;
We are the travellers, really,

Suffering from the scorching sun-rays
Of the three-fold calamities of Life.

From the blazing heat, oh compassionate one,
Protect us, Oh GURURAYA.
The benign grace of your cool shade
Is extraordinary!

Sitting under a tree,
If one feels the heat of the sun,
Then, who will call that tree
The shade-giving tree?

Look, without your grace
Nothing can be right in the world;
SHESHSAYEE befriended ARJUNA,
To uphold the right.

Due to the kindness of SUGRIV, BIBHISHANA
Came in contact with King RAM,
It is due to the saints,
That Shri Hari is thus glorified.

BRAHMAN, being formless,
VEDAS cannot describe it.
Be endowing it with forms,
The saints have reduced the importance of the formless!

VAIKUNTHAPATI, husband of RUKMINI,
was made a “mahar” by DAMAJI;
TO PICK UP CORPSES OF BUFFALOES
CHOKHAMELA made JAGAD-ATMA (God) slog.

Knowing the prowess of saints,
Jagjivan laboured by carrying water.
Saints have truly lorded,

Over God Himself, who is Eternal Truth
- Knowledge - Bliss.

There is no need to speak more.
You are our mother and our father,
Oh, Sadguru Sainath,
Dweller of Shirdi village.

Baba, Your "LEELAS"
No one can comprehend;
Then, my plebain speech
How can it do justice, tell me?

To save the sinners,
You came to Shirdi;
Pouring water into earthen lamps,
You made them burn.

The wooden plank of absurdly small measures
You turned into your bed, truly;
Thereby displaying to the devotees
Your amazing yogic powers!

The barrenness of many women
You have completely dispelled;
The disease of many
You have cured with the "Udi"!

TO ward off worldly difficulties
Is not impossible for you.
The weight of an ant,
Does the elephant consider as a burden?

So be it, GURURAYA,
Have mercy on the humble one.
I surrender at your feet,

Do not turn me away.

You are the king of kings,
You are richer than KUBER himself,
You are the Healer par excellence,
No one is superior to you!

For the worship of other deities.
The ritual is as prescribed.
But, for your worship,
There is nothing worthy of you!

Look, in the realm of the sun,
The festival of DEEPAVALI has come;
But to celebrate it,
what should be the means?

To quench the ocean's
Thirst, adequate water cannot be found on earth;
To warm the fire
From where will the heat be found?

All articles needed for the worship
Are filled with your essence;
From the beginning, they are part of you,
Oh, SHREESAMARTHA GURURAYA!

All my talk is a philosophical statement,
For I have not experienced its truth.
I have spoken without experience,
A meaningless maze of words.

If ritualistic worship
Of You, is to be performed by me,
To do that, I Have no wherewithals,
My SAMARATHA GURURAYA!

Mostly with the help of my imagination only
Will I worship you.
That worship itself, oh, compassionate one,
Do accept from this slave.

Now with my tears
I bathe your feet;
The sandalwood of true devotion
I make into paste and apply.

The long tunic ("KAFNI") of these ornamental words.
I place on you, sincerely;
This garland of adoration,
I place round your neck.

The incense of vileness
I burn before You, truly;
Though it is of impure composition
Even then, there will be no foul-odour from it.

Elsewhere, than before the Sadguru,
If incense is burnt,
What happens to that incense
Is like this

When the incense is put on the fire,
The moment it actually touches it
The fragrance from the incense
Leaves it instantly.

Before you, it's contrary;
The impurities burn away in the fire,
The good remains for ever
For the world to see.

Once the vileness of the mind is burnt away,

The mind will become purer;
Once the Ganga's impurity is gone,
Then it is holy, naturally

The light of temptations
I kindle, most truly,
From which, may the lusture of asceticism
Be granted to me, oh GURUVARA!

The throne of pure faith
I offer you as a seat;
On receiving it
Accept the offering ("naivedya") of devotion.

You partake the offerings of devotion,
Give me the essence;
Because I am your child
I have a claim on your milk.

My mind is my monetary offering ("DAKSHINA")
That I offer to you;
Therefore, the credit or discredit of any action
Will no longer be mine.

Now most humbly and devotedly
I do abeissance to you;
Please accept it,
Oh divine Sainath!

EIGHTFOLD PRAYER

Possessing peaceful mind, and wisdom supreme,
Sainath, the compassionate,
You are ocean of kindness, truth incarnate,
And destroyer of the darkness of ignorance!
The sage, beyond caste and greed you are,

Beyond comprehension, compassion incarnate;
Protect me, protect me,
Oh, Sainath of Shirdi!
You are the sun of Divine knowledge
The bestower of choicest blessings;
Oh, fabled HAMSA of the minds of the devotees,
Protector you are of those who surrender to you.

You are BRAHMADEV, creator of the world;
You, the sustainer of the world, VISHNU;
The destroyer of the three worlds,
You are that very RUDRA!

There is no place on this earth,
where you are not.
Omniscient, oh you Sainath,
You dwell in all our hearts.

Forgive us all our sins
I implore you!
And those weaves of doubts and delusions,
Repel instantly.

You are cow, I the calf
You are moon, I the stone melted by its light;
At your feet, which are like the Ganges,
Respectfully the slave (DAS) bows down!

Place on my head
Your hand and bless me, oh Lord!
Wash off my sorrow and worry
For this GANU is your servant.

With this eight-fold prayer
I prostrate myself before;
My sins (demerits), suffering and poverty

Ward off immediately.

You are the cow and I the calf;
You are the mother and I the child;
Do not harbour
Any harsh feelings towards me.

You are the sandalwood from Malagiri;
I'm a thorny shrub.
You are the life giving waters of Godavari,
I, the greatest sinners.

If after having your "DARSHAN"
The impurities of my wicked mind remains
Unchanged, GURURAYA,
Who will then call you sandalwood?

The proximity of must ("KAASTURI")
makes even the dust more valuable;
The fragrance of flowers is transmitted
To the thread which ties the garlands.

This is the way of the great.
Whosoever they come in touch with,
To him they impart
A part of their greatness.

Sacred ashes, join cloth and the bull,
SHIVA made symbolic parts of himself;
Therefore, these objects
Are praised in all quarters.

For the amusement of the cowherds,
At Vrindavan, on the banks of the Yamuna,
The lord of the World played "DAHI-KALA"
That too has earned recognition from wise men.

Similarly, I am a sinner,
But, I am under your protection;
Will you not redeem me, Oh, GURURAYA,
From my sinful state?

Worldly or spiritual,
In whatever objects I seek satisfaction,
I have no doubt, O GURURAYA,
That you will grant me these.

With your grace,
Control my mind;
If the oceans are sweetened
There is no fear of their being salty.

To make the oceans sweet
Truly you have the powers.
Therefore, this supplication of Dasganu,
Please concede.

Whatever my shortcomings,
They are all your!
You are the foremost among the spiritual masters,
So do not stint while giving.

Now, why should I speak more?
You are my only refuge.
The child held in the mother's arms,
Is naturally without fear.

So be it. This hymn of praise,
Whosoever read with love,
Their desires
Fulfil, O Lord.

Your blessing for this hymn

I entrest.

May the difficulties of he who recites this sincerely,
Be warded off within a Year.

After performing all ablutions,
Should this hymn, be recited regularly,
With a pure and sincere feeling
In your heart.

If this be not possible
Then on every "Ekadasi"
This hymn should be read
To realize the beneficial effect.

One who recites this, with faith
Will ultimately progress spiritually by the Grace of GURU,
Who will satiate the material desires readily,
And thereby deliver him from their bondage.

With repeated recitations of this hymn,
Dull wits will be sharpened.
And, if perchance, someone's life is short,
Then, by recitation; he will live upto a hundred years!

Where wealth is wanting,
KUBER, the Lord of wealth himself will come to stay,
Oh reading this hymn.
This is the Truth, and so it shall be.

To the childless, children will be born
On reciting this hymn.
And the ailment of one who recites this hymn
Will be dispelled in all directions.

Fear and worry will disappear,
Prestige will increase.

He will realise the imperishable BRAHMAN
With the regular recitation of this hymn.

Regarding this hymn, Oh wise ones,
Have faith in your hearts
Above the efficacy of this hymn;
And give no place
To doubts and misconceptions.

Go on pilgrimage to Shirdi,
Concentrate on the lotus feet of Baba,
Who is the succour of the poor and the meek,
The wish-fulfilling tree for the devotees!

It was because of the inspiration received from Him
That this hymn has been composed.
How else could an insignificant ignorant one, like me,
Have written it?

In Shaka 1840
In the bright half of the BHADRAPADA month,
On GANESH-CHATURTHI day,
Monday, in the second 'PRAHAR',

This humble tribute of praise to Shri Sainath,
Was completed at Maheshwaram
By the sacred bank of the Narmada
Near Shri Ahilya Devi's SAMADHI.

At Maheshwara, the famous TIRTHA,
The hymn was completed.
Shri Sai nath made me utter every word
By becoming part of my mind.

The disciple Damodar
Became the scribe truly,

I Das, Ganu, Am only an obedient servant
Of all the saints and sages.

Peace be with you! May this humble tribute
of praise to Shri Sainath
Help you cross the worldly ocean.
This is the prayer, with faith and respect
Of Das Ganu, to Shri Panduranga.

Let this be offered to Shri Hari-Hara!

Bless us, O Lord!

PUNDALIK VARDA (fulfiller of wishes) HARI-VITHAL!

I recall sitakanta! Hail Hail Rama

Parvati-pate Har-Har Mahadev!

Hail to Shri Sadguru Sainath Maharaj!

Shri Sadguru Sainath, I offer this to you

Bless us, O Lord!