

refuge in you. I shall be saved. I have joined my palms in reverence.

30. May this goddess, the mother of the universe, be pleased with me. Let her leave off her anger entirely and glance at me delightedly.

31. O moon-crested lord, where is her anger and where am I a pitiable Daitya? O crescent-crested lord, O Śiva, O supreme lord, I cannot bear it.

32. Where are you, the most liberal? Where am I the wretched, rendered helpless by passion, fury and faults by old age and death?

33. Let not your son Viraka, a powerful fighter and warrior, be angry on seeing me the miserable creature.

34. Let me see Pārvatī always as mother with reverence due to elders, O lord who are as white as snow, necklace, moon, conch and the Kunda flower.

35. Let me be always devoted to you both. Let me be free from enmity towards the gods. Let me be calm in heart and think of Yogic ways. Let me thus stay with your Gaṇas.

36. Let me not remember again the adverse qualities of the Dānavas, thanks to your mercy, O lord. Please grant me this excellent boon.

*Sanatkumāra said:—*

37. After saying this, the lord of the Daityas became quiet meditating on the three-eyed lord and seeing Pārvatī as mother.

38. Then glanced at by Śiva, with delighted eyes, he remembered the entire story of his previous wonderful birth.

39. When he remembered the incident his ambition was fulfilled. Bowing to his mother and father—Śiva and Pārvatī—he became contented.

40. He was kissed and sniffed on the head by Pārvatī and Śiva. From the crescent-crested lord Śiva he secured everything he desired.

41. Thus I have narrated to you everything connected with the early story of Andhaka and his acquisition of the