

22. Himavat considered his household life fruitful. A daughter is far better than an ignoble son. He praised you too, Nārada, saying "Well done, Well done".

23. The lord of the mountains gave monetary gifts to brahmins and lords. He made the brahmins recite auspicious hymns, as part of the festivities.

24. The parents delighted with their daughter; the brothers and the sisters gathered joyfully in the courtyard, O sage.

25. The happy and delighted Himavat, honoured everyone. Then he went to the Gaṅgā for his bath.

26. In the meantime, Śiva, favourably disposed to His disciples and prone to divine sports, assumed the guise of a dancer and approached Menakā.

27-28. He held the blowing horn in his left and the drum in his right hand. He wore a red cloth and had the wallet suspended behind his back. In the guise of a dancer with the skill of dancing and singing, he danced well and sang many songs in sweet voice.

29. He blew the horn and played on the drum in very sweet tunes. Everything was very pleasant.

30 All the citizens men, women, children and old folks assembled there to witness the performance.

31. O sage, on hearing the sweet songs, and seeing the delightful dance, the people entered into raptures of ecstasy.

32-35 Pārvatī became unconscious. She saw Śiva's handsome form, bearing trident and other symbols before her vision. He had smeared the ashes all over His body. He was wearing a garland of bones. His face was beaming with his shining three eyes. He had the sacred thread of a serpent. Exquisitely white in complexion, the handsome lord Śiva, the friend of the distressed, the ocean of mercy was repeating the words "Choose the boon (or the bridegroom)." On seeing Him thus in her mind she bowed to Him. Mentally she had chosen the boon when she had said, "Be my husband".

36. And He had granted her the auspicious boon with pleasure and vanished. The mendicant now continued the dance.