

Brahmā and other gods who bow to you. You have assumed forms through magical art. You are the bestower of happiness to your devotees. You are eager to protect. You wield power of deluding others.

12. You love devotees as your own vital air. You are the receptacle of all attributes. You are beyond three attributes. You are the beloved of Śiva. You are Śiva Himself. You confer welfare. You are the bestower of happiness with delight. You are the great Existent and cosmic consciousness. You are the son of Śiva, the omniscient who destroyed the three cities of Asuras. You are always subservient to great and pious love. You have six faces. You love the saintly persons who kneel to you. You are the lord of all people and their benefactor. You destroy those, who harass the good. You are the preceptor of even Śiva. You are the lord of the entire universe. Your feet are served by all the gods. O lover of service, save me.

13. O Skanda, terrible to the enemies, the benefactor of the devotees, I bow to your lotus-like feet. You are the refuge of people and source of their happiness. Please hear my submission through your ears. Please instil into the heart of everyone the feelings of devotion to you.

14. If you are the protector with efficient honour what harm can an opponent do even if he be strong and efficient and protected on either side? What harm can even Takṣaka¹⁴³ or even a carnivorous animal do unto him.

15. Even the preceptor of the gods cannot eulogise you adequately. Then tell me, how can I a foolish and wretched creature? O Skanda, pure or impure, noble or ignoble, of whatever nature I be, I pray unto the dust of your lotus-like feet.

16. O lord of all, ocean of mercy, favourably disposed to devotees, I am your own servant. May even a hundred sins of your own servant or a leader of the Gaṇas be forgiven. O lord, you know even the slightest act of devotion done anywhere. You are the destroyer of the distress of your servants. O lord, there is no other protector save you and no other wretched vulgar person than I.

¹⁴³. Takṣaka, the son of Kadru, is a venomous serpent chief.