

अयं स्वभावः स्वतः एव यत्परश्रमापनोदप्रवणं महात्मनाम् ।
सुधांशुरेष स्वयमर्ककर्कश प्रभाभितप्तमवति क्षितिं किल ॥ ३८ ॥

*ayam svabhāvaḥ svataḥ eva yatpara-
śramāpanodapraṇaṇam mahātmanām,
sudhāṁśureṣa svayamarkakarkaśa
prabhābhitaptā mavati kṣitiṁ kila. (38)*

38. Indeed, it is the nature of the magnanimous to help remove the troubles of others, even as the moon of its own accord cools the earth scorched by the flaming rays of the sun.

This is another mellifluous verse to emphasise that the noble qualities of magnanimity, cheerfulness and so on, in a perfect Master are natural and not the products of a self tutored habit.

Śaṅkara compares a seer with the moon and directs our attention to the fact that the moon alone can and with effortless ease does cool the parched earth which gets baked in the burning rays of the sun. Nothing else can cool the earth as satisfactorily as moonlight, also there is no chance ever of the moonlight adding a single calorie of heat to the earth.

The company of the wise is the surest remedy to cool down the bosom to a state of complete peace and happiness when it is in conflagration, fed by desires and hatreds, attachments and yearnings.

In verse 34, we have been told that a disciple should, having approached a true Master, please him with his service, humility and surrender. Śaṅkara has so far used four verses in praise of the Masters to express the attitude of total surrender of the disciple to the Teacher. In the following verses, we hear a definite and pointed request to the Master to answer the seeker's doubts, so that through his inspired discourses and explanations, the seeker may be lifted out of the ruts of wrong thinking. It is an elaborate metaphor, so beautifully executed

that its finish and grace remind us of some of the classical works in Sanskrit.



ब्रह्मानन्दरसानुभूतिकलितैः पूतैः सुशीतैर्युतैः
युष्मद्वाक्कलशोज्झितैः श्रुतिसुखैर्वाक्यामृतैः सेचय ।
संतप्तं भवतापदावदहनज्वालाभिरेनं प्रभो
धन्यास्ते भवदीक्षणक्षणगतेः पात्रीकृताः स्वीकृताः ॥ ३९ ॥

*brahmānandarāsānubhūtikalitaiḥ pūtaiḥ suśītaiḥ yutaiḥ
yuṣmadvākkalaśojjhitaiḥ śrutisukhairvākyāmṛtaiḥ secaya,
santaptaṁ bhavatāpadāvadahanajvālābhirenaṁ prabho
dhanyāste bhavadikṣaṇakṣaṇagateḥ pātrīkṛtāḥ svīkṛtāḥ. (39)*

39. O Lord! Thy nectarine speech, honeyed by the elixir bliss of Brahman, pure, cooling, issuing in streams from thy lips as from a water jug, and pleasing to the ear; do thou shower upon me who am tormented by earthly afflictions as by the tongues of a forest fire. Blessed are those who have received even a passing glance from thy eyes, accepting them under thy protection.

Sanskrit metaphors cannot be contained in the embrace of the English vocabulary and however much we try to translate them, they read as a confused jumble of words.

In this instance, Śaṅkara, the philosopher, has taken up his pen to write in the style of a kāvya, a chiselled poem of exquisite beauty, depth and serenity, both in diction and cadence.

When we carefully open up the various metaphors and discard the literary embellishments, all it says is, 'Have pity on me, Master, and teach me the method of transcending the world and its sorrows.'

