

Shiva Tandava Stotram – English Lyrics and Meaning

Jatatavigalajjala pravahapavitasthale
Galeavalambya lambitam bhujangatungamalikam
Damad damad damaddama ninadavadamarvayam
Chakara chandtandavam tanotu nah shivah shivam

With his neck consecrated by the flow of water that flows from his hair,
And on his neck a snake, which is hung like a garland,
And the Damaru drum that emits the sound “Damat Damat Damat Damat”,
Lord Shiva did the auspicious dance of Tandava. May he give prosperity to
all of us.

Jata kata hasambhrama bhramanilimpanirjhari
Vilolavichivalarai virajamanamurdhani
Dhagadhagadhagajjva lalalata pattapavake
Kishora chandrashekhare ratih pratikshanam mama

I have a deep interest in Shiva
Whose head is glorified by the rows of moving waves of the celestial Ganga
river,
Which stir in the deep well of his hair in tangled locks.
Who has the brilliant fire burning on the surface of his forehead,
And who has the crescent moon as a jewel on his head.

Dharadharendrana ndinivilasabandhubandhura
Sphuradigantasantati pramodamanamanase
Krupakatakshadhorani nirudhadurdharapadi
Kvachidigambare manovinodametuvastuni

May my mind seek happiness in Lord Shiva,
In whose mind all the living beings of the glorious universe exist,
Who is the companion of Parvati (daughter of the mountain king),
Who controls unsurpassed adversity with his compassionate gaze, Which is
all-pervading
And who wears the Heavens as his raiment.

Jata bhujan gapingala sphuratphanamaniprabha
Kadambakunkuma dravapralipta digvadhukumke
Madandha sindhu rasphuratvagutariyamedure
Mano vinodamadbhutam bibhartu bhutabhartari

May I find wonderful pleasure in Lord Shiva, who is the advocate of all life,
With his creeping snake with its reddish brown hood and the shine of its
gem on it
Spreading variegated colors on the beautiful faces of the Goddesses of the
Directions,
Which is covered by a shimmering shawl made from the skin of a huge,
inebriated elephant.

Sahasra lochana prabhritya sheshalekhashekhara
Prasuna dhulidhorani vidhusaranghripithabhuh
Bhujangaraja malaya nibaddhajatajutaka
Shriyai chiraya jayatam chakora bandhushekharah

May Lord Shiva give us prosperity,
Who has the Moon as a crown,
Whose hair is bound by the red snake-garland,
Whose footrest is darkened by the flow of dust from flowers
Which fall from the heads of all the gods – Indra, Vishnu and others.

Lalata chatvarajvaladhanajnjayasphulingabha
nipitapajnachasayakam namannilimpanayakam
Sudha mayukha lekhaya virajamanashekharah
Maha kapali sampade shirojatalamastunah

May we obtain the riches of the Siddhis from the tangled strands Shiva's
hair,
Who devoured the God of Love with the sparks of the fire that burns on his
forehead,
Which is revered by all the heavenly leaders,
Which is beautiful with a crescent moon.

Karala bhala pattikadhagaddhagaddhagajjala
Dghanajnaya hutikruta prachandapajnachasayake
Dharadharendra nandini kuchagrachitrapatraka
Prakalpanaikashilpini trilochane ratirmama

My interest is in Lord Shiva, who has three eyes,
Who offered the powerful God of Love to fire.
The terrible surface of his forehead burns with the sound "Dhagad, Dhagad
..."
He is the only artist expert in tracing decorative lines
on the tips of the breasts of Parvati, the daughter of the mountain king.

navina megha mandali niruddhadurdharasphurat
Kuhu nishithinitamah prabandhabaddhakandharah
nilimpanirjhari dharastanotu krutti sindhurah
Kalanidhanabandhurah shriyam jagaddhurandharah

May Lord Shiva give us prosperity,
The one who bears the weight of this universe,
Who is enchanting with the moon,
Who has the celestial river Ganga
Whose neck is dark as midnight on a new moon night, covered in layers of
clouds.

Praphulla nila pankaja prapajinchakalimchatha
Vdambi kanthakandali raruchi prabaddhakandharam
Smarachchidam purachchidam bhavachchidam makhachchidam
Gajachchidandhakachidam tamamtakachchidam bhaje

I pray to Lord Shiva, whose neck is bound with the brightness of the
temples
hanging with the glory of fully bloomed blue lotus flowers,
Which look like the blackness of the universe.
Who is the slayer of Manmatha, who destroyed the Tripura,
Who destroyed the bonds of worldly life, who destroyed the sacrifice,
Who destroyed the demon Andhaka, who is the destroyer of the elephants,
And who has overwhelmed the God of death, Yama.

Akharvagarvasarvamangala kalakadambamajnari
Rasapravaha madhuri vijrumbhana madhuvratam
Smarantakam purantakam bhavantakam makhantakam
Gajantakandhakantakam tamantakantakam bhaje

I pray to Lord Siva, who has bees flying all around because of the sweet
Scent of honey coming from the beautiful bouquet of auspicious Kadamba
flowers,
Who is the slayer of Manmatha, who destroyed the Tripura,
Who destroyed the bonds of worldly life, who destroyed the sacrifice,
Who destroyed the demon Andhaka, who is the destroyer of the elephants,
And who has overwhelmed the God of death, Yama.

Jayatvadabhavibhrama bhramadbhujangamasafur
Dhigdighdhi nirgamatkarala bhaal havyavat
Dhimiddhimiddhimidhva nanmrudangatungamangala
Dhvanikramapravartita prachanda tandavah shivah

Shiva, whose dance of Tandava is in tune with the series of loud sounds of drum making the sound "Dhimid Dhimid",
Who has fire on his great forehead, the fire that is spreading out because of the
breath of the snake, wandering in whirling motions in the glorious sky.

Drushadvichitratalpayor bhujanga mauktikasrajor
Garishtharatnaloshthayoh suhrudvipakshapakshayoh
Trushnaravindachakshushoh prajamahimahendrayoh
Sama pravartayanmanah kada sadashivam bhaje

When will I be able to worship Lord Sadashiva, the eternally auspicious God,
With equanimous vision towards people or emperors,
Towards a blade of grass and a lotus, towards friends and enemies,
Towards the most precious gem and a lump of dirt,
Toward a snake or a garland and towards the varied forms of the world?

Kada nilimpanirjhari nikujnjakotare vasanh
Vimuktadurmatih sada shirah sthamajjalim vahanh
Vimuktalolalochano lalamabhalalagnakah
Shiveti mantramuchcharan sada sukhi bhavamyaham

When I can be happy, living in a cave near the celestial river Ganga,
Bringing my hands clasped on my head all the time,
With my impure thoughts washed away, uttering the mantra of Shiva,
Devoted to the God with a glorious forehead and with vibrant eyes?

Imam hi nityameva muktamuttamottamam stavam
Pathansmaran bruvannaro vishuddhimeti santatam
Hare gurau subhaktimashu yati nanyatha gatim
Vimohanam hi dehinam sushankarasya chintanam

Anyone who reads, remembers and recites this stotra as stated here
Is purified forever and obtains devotion in the great Guru Shiva.
For this devotion, there is no other way or refuge.
Just the mere thought of Shiva removes the delusion.