At dawn I bow to that which is called the Highest Self which is beyond darkness, of the hue of the Sun the ancient goal which is the plenum — That, the residuless form (i.e. the whole) in which the entire universe is made manifest like a serpent in a rope.

This meritorious triad of verses, the ornament of the three worlds - he who reads at the time of dawn goes to the supreme goal.

This is the pāhala-śruti (description of the fruit) of this Vedantic prayer. It is an eulogy of the prayer whose purpose is to consecrate the thoughts, words, and deeds of the individual so that the final goal may eventually be gained.

I offer my words of praise to the Lord Ganeśa, the son of Iśa who has a pleasing bearing caused by the sound produced by the resonant little bells as he was moving about in the course of his ecstatic dance marking time with his lotuslike feet. He has for his ornament the serpent tied over his beautiful belly.

I adore Ganeśa, son of Lord Paramelvāra, who has a pleasing countenance as he was absorbed in enjoying the aesthetic effect at the end of the play on the lute, whose long beautiful trunk shines with the pomegranate fruit, and who has a row of bees hovering round the fragrant ichor flowing down.
I revere Gaṇapati, the son of Lord Śiva, who has his uplifted hands beautiful like Śiva’s, and his eyes that look beautiful with the knittings of eyebrows that extend to the corners of the eyes. He is propitiated by divine damsels who wave chowries.

I adore Gaṇeśa, the son of Paramēśvara, that peerless effulgence resembling in redness the japā flower, the red ruby, the tendril, the coral and the rising Sun. I adore him who has the big belly, the curved trunk and a single tusk.

I adore Gaṇapati, the son of Mahēśvara who wears a bracelet and a crown studded with multi-coloured bright gems; on the crown shines the bright disc of the moon. He is the matchless Being that adds charm to the ornaments themselves. It is He who causes the destruction of this cycle of births and deaths.

I pay my homage to Gaṇapati who is the One eternal, pure, immutable, beyond all qualities and attributes and blissful. He has no specific form; He is the most supreme pranava that is the secret of the scriptures. They (wise men) say that He is ancient and his nature inscrutable.
I revere Ganeśa, the son of Lord Śiva, who has his uplifted hands beautiful like Siva, who
has his uplifted hands beautiful like creapers and
eyes that look beautiful with the knittings of
eyebrows that extend to the corners of the eyes. He
is propitiated by divine damsels who wave chowries.

I adore Ganeśa, the son of Paramēśvara, that
peerless effulgence resembling in redness the japā
flower, the red ruby, the tendril, the coral and the
rising Sun. I adore him who has the big belly, the
curved trunk and a single tusk.

I adore Ganeśa, the son of Mahēśvara who
wears a bracelet and a crown studded with multi-
coloured bright gems; on the crown shines the bright
disc of the moon. He is the matchless Being that adds
charm to the ornaments themselves. It is He who
causes the destruction of this cycle of births and deaths.

I extol Ganeśa the son of Iāna whose eyes are
glittering, commanding, tremulous and crimson. He
has taken a form that exudes compassion; He is
tender, lofty and sportful. It is sung by great, mystic
poet-saints that He pervades the bindu and kālā.

I pay my honour to Ganaṇati who is the One
eternal, pure, immutable, beyond all qualities and
attributes and blissful. He has no specific form; He is
the most supreme pranava that is the secret of the
scriptures. They (wise men) say that He is ancien
tand his nature inscrutable.
O son of Isa, be pleased. I offer my obeisance to Thee who is the plenitude of consciousness and bliss and who at once is tranquil. Obeisance to Thee, the creator of the Universe and its destroyer. Obeisance to Him of countless divine sports, One who shines in his pure state and is the source of the Universe.

Whosoever recites this wholesome prayer with devotion as soon as he gets up early in the morning shall achieve all that he desires. All utterances indeed are fructified by the grace of Ganeśa, for if Lord Ganeśa is pleased what is there that is not attainable?