May Ganesa who, though always a child, can destroy the mountain of obstacles, who though having the face of an elephant is worshipped by lions (or by Siva with five faces), who is sought after by Brahma, Indra, and others, who is auspicious, and whose greatness is immeasurable, bless me with prosperity.

Neither word nor its meaning do I know. Neither poetry nor prose do I know. A light with six faces shines in my mind; consequently words marvellous come out from my mouth.
I worship the son of Mahādeva, who is mounted on the peacock, who is the implied sense of the major texts of the Upanishads, who has a body captivating the minds, who dwells in the minds of the wise, who is worshipped by the Brāhmaṇas, who is the purport of the great Vedas, and who is the protector of the world.

यदा सनिधानं गता मानवा मे
भवाभोधिष्यारं गतास्ते तदेव ।
इति व्यञ्जनूं सिन्धुतीरे य आस्ते
तमीहे पवित्रं पराशाक्तिपुत्रम् ॥ ४ ॥

I adore the son of Parāśakti, who is pure and who has taken his abode on the shore of the ocean as if to suggest, “The devotees will cross the ocean of bondage as soon as they reach my place”.

यथाप्रेष्टस्त्रज्ञा तन्म यान्ति तुझा:
तथैवपद्धतसिन्धी सेवतां मे ।
इत्योर्मिष्टव्यवहारानां दर्शयन्तं
सदा भावंहृत्सरोजे गुढ़ तमू ॥ ५ ॥

In my lotus-heart, I always meditate on Guha who seems to call attention to the rows of waves as if to say, “Just as the high waves of the ocean disappear (when they reach the shore), even so the afflictions of those who worship me will disappear in my presence.”
May the Lord with six faces, who has his abode on the hill called Gandhasaila as if suggesting that “Those who climb up this hill which is my abode attain the fruit of ascending Kailasa, then itself,” bless me with happiness.

I take refuge in Guha who shines by His own light, who removes the afflictions of the people, and who dwells in the cave of the hill, Gandhasaila, which is on the shore of the sacred ocean, which destroys the worst sins, and which is congenial to the great sages.

I meditate always on Kartikeya, the Lord of the Devas, who is luminous like a thousand rising suns,
resting on a bed decked with gems and covered on all sides by a large collection of fragrant flowers, in the luminous sanctum of gold, which fulfils all desires of men.

O Skanda, may the bee of my mind, afflicted by the sufferings of worldly existence, always enjoy bliss at the beautiful lotus of your feet, which is surrounded by the humming swans (viz., ascetics), which is deep red, and which is filled with the nectar of beauty captivating the minds.

O Skanda, I meditate on your luminous waist, covered by the shining garment of golden colour, radiant with the girdle containing sounding bells, and lustrous with the shining upper garment.
O the foe of Tāraka, I worship your chest which has become red due to embracing the hard and big breasts of the daughter of the hunter-chief and also due to the desire always to protect the devotees.

विधौ कल्य्णंदनू स्वलिथाधृताण्डानू
निरस्तेभिःण्डानू क्षिप्तकालंदण्डानू ।
हलेन्द्रारिण्डानू जगत्राणशौण्डानू
सदा ते प्रचण्डानू श्रये वाहुदण्डानू ॥ १२ ॥

O Shanmukha, always I take refuge in your staff-like arms which punished Brahmā, which support the entire universe as a sport, which controlled the elephant afflicted with mada, which punished Yama who is the enemy of all creatures, which destroyed all the enemies of Indra, which are skilful in protecting the world, and which cause terror to the enemies.

सदा शारदाः पण्मृगाष्ठ्य यदि स्युः
समुच्छतं एव स्थिताश्रेष्ठं समन्तात् ।
सदा पूर्णविभया कल्याणेष्व हीनाः:
तदा तवनुस्तानं बुधे स्कन्द साम्यम् ॥ १३ ॥

O Skanda, if there be six autumnal full moons with spots shining always on all sides, then can I compare them with your faces (with tilaka in fore-head). In the same way, if there be full moons always free from spots, then I can compare them with your faces (free from tilaka).
O son of Īśvara, I see the six lotuses of your face beaming with smiles of swans, shining with rows of moving bees of side-glances, and with lips over-flowing with nectar.

O merciful Lord, what will you lose if a little glance of your broad, long twelve eyes extending upto ears and full of mercy is cast on me even once?

O Lord of the world, I offer salutations to the six heads which shine with crowns, which look after the welfare of the world, and which were smelt six times with joy by Īśvara, uttering the mantra “Dea child, you are born of me. May you live long!”
May the son of Parameśvara, who wears lustrous bracelet and garland of gems, who has bright cheeks shining with dangling ear-rings, who wears yellow garment around the waist, and who holds the beautiful weapon called Śakti in his hand, appear before me.

I adore the young Kumāra who, when called by Śaṅkara, "Dear child, come here," affectionately with arms extended, rose hurriedly from his mother’s lap and rushed into his father’s arms, and who was embraced by Śiva.

O Kumāra, O son of Isvara, O Guha, O Skanda, O Commander of the army of the Devas, O the
valiant one armed with Śakti, O Lord mounted on the peacock, O Lord who pleases Vallī belonging to the tribe called Pulinda, O remover of the afflictions of the devotees, O Lord, O the enemy of Tāraka, always protect me.

O Guha, when my senses become inactive, when my memory is lost, when my limbs become motionless, when phlegm comes out of the mouth, when my body trembles with fear, when I am set on my journey to the next life, and when I am without protection, O merciful Lord, hasten to appear before me.

O Lord, hasten to my presence, riding on the peacock and armed with Śakti, giving the assurance “Don’t be afraid”, when the cruel messengers of Yama come to torture me shouting angrily, “Burn him, kill him, cut him.”
O Lord, prostrating before your feet and offering obeisance to them quite often, and pleasing you several times, I pray to you: “O storehouse of grace, during the last moments of my life, I will not be able to speak; and you should not be indifferent to me at all then.”

You killed the asura called Śura, who ruled the world by dividing it into a thousand parts. Also, you destroyed asuras such as Tāraka and Simhavaktra. But, O Lord, you have not killed the one suffering of my mind. What am I to do? Where am I to go?
I am always oppressed by the weight of sorrow. You are the friend of the helpless. I will not seek the help of anyone other than you. O son of Umā, quickly destroy my mental agony which always pains me and hinders my bhakti towards you.

अपस्मारकुश्क्षणार्णः प्रतेह-
ज्वरोन्मादगुल्मादिशेगा महान्तः ॥
पिशाचार्ध सर्वे भवत्तपत्तभूति
विलोक्य क्षणातु तासङ्गः द्रवन्ते ॥ २५ ॥

O the enemy of Tāraka, severe diseases such as epilepsy, leprosy, consumption, lung infection, urinary troubles, fever, mental derangement, disorders of the spleen, etc., and also all kinds of evil spirits disappear at the very sight of your vibhūti (sacred ash) kept on the (holy PANNEER) leaf.

दशि स्कन्दमूर्तिः श्रुती स्कन्दकीर्ति-
गुंधे मे भविष्य सदा तच्चरित्रम् ॥
करे तस्य कृत्यं वपुस्वस्य भूत्यं
गुहे सन्तु लीला: ममाशोभावः ॥ २६ ॥

Let there be the figure of Skanda in my vision. Let the fame of Skanda be ringing in my ears. Let the sacred story of Skanda always engage my mouth. Let my hands serve His feet. Let my body be His servant. Let all my limbs and thoughts be absorbed in Guha.
To fulfil the desires of the sages or of the devotees who are in the path of bhakti, there are many gods in the world. But I do not know of any God other than Guha who fulfils the desires of even persons belonging to the low caste. I am certain about this.

Kalvann Suta Bunaharja: Pashuram,
Naro Bhasha Nari Ghathe Ye Mandiya:
Yajnto Namant: Stuvnto Bhavnta
Samanta Tte Senchu Saroe Kumara || 28 ||

My wife and children in my home, relatives and my cattle, or any man or woman, or all those connected with me - let all of them, O Kumāra, remain worshipping you, offering obeisance to you, and also praising and remembering you.

Mrga: Pashriono Desaka Ye Ch Duragra-
Sthata Vrddhio Bhashaka Ye Madhe
Bhavchakalatilatikatryanprabhirja: Sudurra
Vinushnun Tte Churnitkrishnachalal || 29 ||
O the destroyer of the Krauścaśaila, let all those animals, birds, and mosquitoes as well as deep-rooted diseases which trouble my body, be cut asunder by the sharp point of your weapon, Śakti, be taken far away, and destroyed.

जनित्री पिता च स्वपुत्रापरां शहेते न किं देवसेनाधिनाय।
आई चालिबालो भवानु ढोक्यतातः।
श्रमस्वापरां शमस्तं महे॥ ३० ॥

O commander of the army of the Devas, does not the mother, as well as the father, bear with the faults of their children? I am very young; but you are the father of the universe. O, the supreme Lord forgive all my faults.

नमः केकिने शक्तये चापि तुभयं
नमः छाग तुम्हे नमः कुक्कुटाय।
नमः सिन्धवेः सिन्धुदेशाय तुम्हेः
पुनः स्कन्दमूर्त्ये नमस्ते नमोऽस्तु ॥ ३१ ॥

My salutations to you, the peacock. Also, my salutations to you, Śakti. My salutations to you, the goat. My salutations to you, the cock. My salutation to you, the ocean. My salutations to you, the sacred shrine on the shore. Once again, my salutations to you, O Skanda. I bow to you again and again.
O Subrahmaṇya of infinite bliss, may you be victorious. O Subrahmaṇya of immeasurable light, may you be victorious. O Subrahmaṇya of unlimited glory, may you be victorious. O Subrahmaṇya of blissful form, may you be victorious. O Subrahmaṇya who is an ocean of happiness, may you be victorious. O Subrahmaṇya who is the relative of all creatures, may you be victorious. O son ofīśvara, O the giver of mukti, may you be victorious always.

A devotee who, after offering obeisance to Guha, recites with devotion this stotra composed in the bhujaṅga metre, will be blessed with wife and children, wealth and longevity; and he will attain at the end union with Skanda (i.e. mukti).