

GEETA DHYANAM with ENGLISH TRANSLATION

*Om paarthaaya pratibodhitaam bhagavataa naaraayanenaswayam,
Vyaasena grathitaam puraanamuninaa madhye mahaabhaaratam;
Advaitaamritavarshineem bhagavateem ashtaadashaa dhyaayineem,
Amba twaam anusandadhaami bhagavadgeete bhavadweshineem*

Om. O Bhagavad Gita, with which Partha was illuminated by Lord Narayana Himself, and which was composed within the Mahanharata by the ancient sage, Vyasa, O Divine Mother, the destroyer of rebirth, the showerer of nectar of Advaita, and consisting of eighteen discourses – upon Thee, O gita, O affectionate Mother, I meditate.

*Namostu te Vyaasa vishaalabuddhe phullaaravindraayatapatranetra;
Yena twayaa bhaaratatailapoornah prajwaalito jnaanamayah pradeepah.*

Salutations unto thee, O Vyasa, of broad intellect and with eyes like the petals of a full-blown lotus, by whom the lamp of knowledge, filled with the oil of the Mahabharata, has been lit.

*Prapannapaarijaataaya totravetraikapaanaye;
Jnaanamudraaya krishnaaya geetaamritaduhe namah.*

Salutations to Lord Krishna, the Parijata or the Kalpataru or the bestower of all desires for those who take refuge in Him, the holder of the whip in one hand, the holder of the symbol of divine knowledge and the milker of the divine nectar of Bhagavad Gita.

*Sarvopanishado gaavo doghdhaa gopaalanandanah;
Partho vatsah sudheer bhoktaa dugdham geetaamritam mahat.*

All the Upanishads are the cows; the milker is Krishna; the cowherd boy, Partha (Arjuna), is the calf; men of purified intellect are the drinkers; the milk is the great nectar of the Gita.

*Vasudevasutam devam kamsachaanooramardanam;
Devakeeparamaanandam krishnam vande jagadgurum.*

I salute Sri Krishna, the world-teacher, son of Vasudeva, the destroyer of Kansa and Chanura, the supreme bliss of Devaki.

Bheeshmadronatataa jayadrathajalaa gaandhaaraneelotpala;
Shalyagraahavatee kripena vahanee karnena velaakulaa;
Ashwatthaama-vikarna-ghora-makaraa duryodhanaavartinee;
Sotteernaa khalu paandavai rananadee kaivartakah keshavah.

With Kesava as the helmsman, verily was crossed by the Pandavas the battle-river, who's banks were Bhishma and Drona, whose waters was Jayadratha, whose blue lotus was the King of Gandhara, whose crocodile was Salya, whose current was Kripa, whose billow are Karna, whose terrible alligators were Vikarna and Asvatthama, whose whirlpools was Duryodhana.

Paaraasharya vachah sarojamamalam geetaarthagandhotkatam;
Naanaakhyaanakakesaram harikathaa sambodhanaabhoditam;
Loke sajjana shatpdairaharahah papeeyamaanam mudaa;
Bhooyadbhaaratapankajam kalimala pradhwamsinah shreyase.

May this lotus of the Mahabharata, born in the lake of the words of Vyasa, sweet with the fragrance of the meaning of the Gita, with many stories as its stamens, fully opened by the discourse of Hari, the destroyer of the sins of Kali, and drunk joyously by the bees of good men in the world, become day by day the bestowal of good to us.

Mookam karoti vaachaalam pangum langhayate girim;
Yatkripaa tamaham vande paramaanandamaadhavam.

I salute the Madhava, the source of supreme bliss, whose grace makes the dumb eloquent and the cripple cross mountains.

Yam brahma varunedrarudramarutah stuwanti divyaih stavaih;
Vedaih saangapadakramopanishadair gaayanti yam saamagaah,
Dhyaanaavasthitatadgatena manasaa pashyanti yam yogino,
Yasyaantam na viduh suraasuraganaa devaaya tasmai namah.

Salutations to that God whom Brahma, Indra, Varuna, Rudra and the Maruts praise with divine hymns, of whom the Sama-chanters sing by the Vedas and their Angas (in the Pada and Krama methods), and by the Upanishads; whom the Yogis see with their minds absorbed in Him through meditation, and whose ends the hosts of Devas and Asuras know not.