

## DEVI MAHATMYA STOTHRA ASHTAKAM

Translated by  
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Among the stothras addressed to the mother Goddess Durga, the greatest is perhaps the Devi Mahatmya which is also known as Chandi. This book recounts the story of Durga in her several incarnations. First she came to kill the Asuras Madhu and Kaidabha at the request of Brahma, Then she came to kill the terrible Mahishasura as a result of prayers of all devas and again came to Kill the Rakshasas Shumbha and Nishumbha along with their armies. Since reading Devi mahatmya daily needs a lot of time, this stothra summarizes the stories recounted in Devi Mahatmya in the form of an octet. It is believed reading this stothra daily will give on the devotee the same effect as reading Devi Mahatmya itself..

Lakshmeese yoga nidhram prabhajathi bhujaga  
Deesa thalpe sadad pad  
Vuthpannaou dhanavou thachra vana mala mayangaou  
Madhum kaidabham cha  
Drustwa bheethasya dhathu stuthibira binutham,  
Masu thou nasayantheem  
Durgam deveem prabadye sarana maha masesha apadun unmulanaya

In times of yore,  
When the Lord of Lakshmi.  
Was immersed in the sleep of yoga,  
On the awesome bed of the serpent,  
And the primeval giants Madhu and Kaidabha,  
Came out of his ear wax,  
And made Brahma the creator of all tremble ,  
Oh Durga, thou heard his prayers,  
And killed them both,  
And so I am falling at your feet,  
For solving all my problems great

Yudhe nirjithya daithya sribhuvanamakilam,  
Yastha deeyeshu dishnyai,  
Shwasthapyas swan vidheyas swayamagama Abhasou,  
Sakratham vikramena,  
Tham saamapthyaptha mithram mahisha mapi niha  
Thyasya moordhathi roodam,  
Durgam devim prapadye sarana maha masesha apadan unmoolanya

When the great Giant Mahisha,  
Who defeated in war Indra the Lord of all Devas,

And By his prowess made all the three worlds, his slave,  
And appointed his servants to rule over them,  
You Durga, killed him along with his army, ministers and friends,  
And so I am falling at your feet,  
For solving all my problems great.

Viswothpathi pranasa sthithi vihruthi pare,  
Devi Gora marari,  
Thrasath thratham kulam na punarapi cha maha  
Sankadeshwi diseshu,  
Avirbhooya purasthadithi chararana namath,  
Sarva geervana vargam,  
Durgam deveem prapadye sarana maha masesha apadan unmoolnaya.

Hey Goddess Durga, Who is engrossed in,  
Creation, upkeep and destruction of the universe,  
Hey Goddess, who is personification of light,  
The Gods and Devas appealed to you,  
“You have saved us mother, from the danger posed,  
By Great Rakshasas now by this war,  
And we pray that you should save  
Our progenies in future same as now”  
And thou acceded to their request,  
And so I am falling at your feet,  
For solving all my problems great.

Hanthum Shumbham Nishumbam tridasa gana nutham,  
Hemadalam himadri,  
Aarudaam vyuda darpan yudhi nihatha vathim,  
Dhoomra drik chanda mundane,  
Chamundakhyamdhadanam upasamitha maha,  
Raktha beejopasargam,  
Durgam devim prapadye saranamaha,  
Masesha apadan unmulanaya.

Acceding to the prayer of Gods,  
Thou came to the snowy mountains,  
In a golden swing,  
And killed the proud Asuras of Shumbha and Nishumba,  
After killing Dhoomraksha , Chanda and Munda,  
Thou were called and praised as Chamunda,  
And thou also killed the great scourge called Raktha Bheeja,  
And so I am falling at your feet,  
For solving all my problems great.

Brahmesa skanda Narayana kiti,

Narasimhendra Shakthi swa bruthya,  
Kruthwa hathwa nisumbam jitha vibutha ganam,  
Trasitha sesha lokam,  
Eki bhooyada shumbham rana sirasi niha  
Tyasithamatha Gadgaam,  
Durgam devim prapadye sarana maha maseshapadan moolanaya.

Killed Thou Shumbha,  
Who ruled over all devas,  
Making the Shakthi\* of Brahma,  
Skanda, Narayana, Narasimha,  
Varaha and Indra as thine assistants,  
And then merged all of them within you,  
And killed Nishumbha in an awesome war,  
And so I am falling at your feet,  
For solving all my problems great.

Uthpanna nandajethi swayam avani thale,  
Shumbamanyam Nishumbham,  
Bramaryakya Arunakhyam punarapi janani,  
Durgamakhyam nihanthum,  
Bheema, Sakambareethi, truti tharipu Gata,  
Raktha danthethi Jaa thaam,  
Durgam devim prapadye saranamaha,  
Maseshapadan moolanaya,

You were born as daughter to King Nanda,  
In this holy earth,  
To kill the Rakshasas of Shumbha and Nishumba,  
And also born as a bee to kill the Asura called Aruna,  
And again born as the Holy Durga ,  
To kill the asura called Durgama,  
You were famous as Bheema when you ate away asuras in fury,  
You were Known as Sakabhari when you grew food from your body ,  
To the starving millions during a great famine,  
And also known as Raktha dantha,  
Because you ate the asuras Vipra Chitha,  
And so I am falling at your feet,  
For solving all my problems great.

Tri giunyaanam gunaanaam anusarana kala  
Keeli naanavatharai,  
Tri lokya trana seelaam dhanuja kula vane,  
Vahnee leela saleelaam,  
Deveem sachinma mayeem tham vitharitha vinamath,

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\* The innate power within them

Sathree vargaapavargaam,  
Durgam devim prapadye sarana maha masesha apath unmoolanaya.

You are all the three Gunaas rolled in to one,  
You play thine divine game in several forms,  
You take care of all the three worlds,  
As a child's play thou decimate the asuras,  
Like the fury of cyclone in the forest,  
You are the personification of all that is good,  
To those who bow at your feet in humility,  
Thou grantest all that they want here in and after,  
And so I am falling at your feet,  
For solving all my problems great.

Simharoodam trinethraam kara thala vilasath,  
Sankha chakrasi ramyam,  
Bhakthabeeshta pradathreem ripu madana kareem,  
Sarva lokaika vandhyam,  
Nana alankara yuktham sasi yutha makutam,  
Syamalangeem krusangeem,  
Durgam devim prapadhye saranamaha asesha apath unmoolanya.

She who rides on a lion,  
She who has three eyes,  
She who carries the conch and the wheel in pretty grace,  
She who fulfills requests of her devotees,  
She who kills her enemies,  
She who is venerated by all the worlds,  
She who is dressed in perfection,  
She who keeps the moon on her crown,  
She who is black in colour,  
And She who is tiny,  
I am falling at your feet,  
For solving all my problems great.

Trayaswa swamin ithi tri bhuvana janani,  
Prarthana twayya partha,  
Palyanth abhyarthanayam bhagawathi sisava,  
Kinnvananya jananya,  
Tathubhyam syannamasyethya vanatha vibhdha,  
Ahladhi veeksha visargam,  
Durgam devim prapadhye saranamaha asesha apath unmoolanya.

“There is no need to request thee Oh Durga,  
To protect and save us,  
For does the mother on whom they solely depend,

Ever need such a request,  
And So our salutations to thee”  
So pray the Gods to thee,  
And so I am falling at your feet,  
For solving all my problems great.

Etham santha padanthu sthavam akhila vipa,  
Jjala thoolana labham,  
Hrinmoha dwantha bhanu prathima makhilam,  
Sankalpa kalpa dru kalpam,  
Dowrgam dowargathya goratha pathu hina kara,  
Prakhya mam ho gajendra,  
Sroni panchasya desyam Vipula bhayadha  
Kaalahitha tharkshya prabhavam.

Let this prayer to the Goddess Durga,  
Which is like a wind for cotton bundle of sins,  
Like a sun for pitch dark mind,  
Like the divine tree granting all wishes,  
Like the cool moon for the sweltering heat of poverty,  
Like a lion before the elephant herd of sins,  
And like the fearsome eagle before the king cobra,  
Save us from all dangers ,  
And let all the devoted chant it always.