Arya Navakam

(The nine stanzas on the Goddess) Translated by P.R.Ramachander

Vaaneem jitha shuka vaaneem, AlikulaVeneem,bhavaambudhi droneem, Veena shuka sisu paaneem, Natha geervaaneem, namami sarvaaneem.

I salute the goddess of all, who is the Goddess of speech, Who has a sweet voice similar to lisping of a parrot. Who has a crown of hair similar to bevy of bees, Who is a boat which helps us to cross the ocean of misery, Who holds a Veena and a baby parrot in her hands, And who is being saluted by deva maidens.

Kuvalaya dala neelaangim, Kuvalaa rakshaika deekshithaangim, Lochanna vijitha kurangeem, Mathangim , naumi Sankarardhangeem. 2

I salute the daughter of Mathanga, who shares half the body of Shiva, Who is dark like the petal of the blue kuvalaya flowers, Who has side long glance that protects earth, And whose eye wins over the beauty of deer's eyes,

Kamalaa kamalaja kaantha kara, Saara sadatha kaantha kara kamalaam, Kara yugala vidhrutha kamalaam, Vimalaam, kamalaankuchudasa kala kalam.

I salute that goddess of purity,
Who is the soul of the greatness of he who wears the crescent,
Who has placed her very pretty lotus like hands
In the lotus like hands of Lakshmi and Saraswathi,
And who holds a lotus in both her hands.

Sundara hima kara vadanaam,
Kunda sura danaam mukunda nidhirasanaam,
Karunojjevitha madanaam,
Sura kusalayasureshu krutha kadanaam.

I salute her who for the sake of devas caused trouble to asuras, Who has a very pretty face like the cool moon, Who has teeth which resembles a row of jasmine buds, Who is the power behind Lord Vishnu, And who by her mercy gave life back to the God of love.

Arunadharajitha bimbaam, Jagadambaam gamana vijitha kaadambam, Paalitha sujana kaadambham, Pradula nithambaam, bhaje saherambhaam. 5

I salute that mother of everyone, Who wins the bimba fruits by her reddish lips. Who wins the swan by her pretty gait, Who takes care of the good of the world, And who has a very pretty wide middle.

Saranaagatha jana bharanaam, Karuna varunaalayam, nava varanaam, Mani maya divyabharanaam, Charanaambhojaatha sevakoddharanaam.

I salute that Goddess who saves people, Who worship her feet from all troubles, Who rules over those who seek her protection, Who is the ocean of mercy, Who is clad in new cloths, And who we ars ornaments fully inlaid with gems.

Thungashana jitha kumbhaam, Krutha pari rambhaam, siveena gruha dimbaam, Daaritha shumbha nishumbhaam, Narthitha rambhaam, puro vigatha dambhaam.

I salute her who punishes the pride of Rambha by her dance, Who has breasts which win the war against big pots, Who is the mother of Lord Subrahmanya, Who is embraced by Lord Shiva, And who killed Shumbha and Nishumbha.

Sura jana rakshaa dakshaam, Prathyaksha daivathadhyakshaam, Vaheeka krutha haryakshaam, Kshapitha vipakshaam, sureshu kruth rakshaam.

I salute her who saves devas by destroying their enemies, Who is interested in the protection of devas, Who is in fact the greatest among Gods, And who rides on the lion. Danyam sura varamaanyam, hima giri kanyam, triloka moordhanyaam, Vihrutha sura dhruma vanyaam, Vedmi vinaa thwaamna devatha swanyam.

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I do not know any one else among Gods, Who is respectable, who is worshipped by Devas, Who is the daughter of the Ice Mountain, Who is the greatest among three worlds, And who wanders in the forest of the trees of devas.