

Nava rathna malya sthothram  
(The prayer of the garland of nine precious gems)

Translated by  
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Dhyana slokam  
(Verse which helps to meditate)

Kuchanchitha vipanchikam, kutila kunthala alunkrutham,  
Kuse saya nivesineem kutila chitha vidweshinim,  
Madalasagathi priyam, manasijarirajyasriyam,  
Mathanga kula kanyakam, madhura bhashineem asraye.

I submit my self to that Goddess,  
Who keeps the Veena close to her breasts,  
Who is decorated by her pretty curly hair,  
Who lives in the sacred house of grass,  
Who hates those with crooked mind,  
Who is interested in slow moment due to exuberance,  
Who is the queen of the mind of the enemy of god of love,  
And who is the girl in the hermitage of sage Mathanga.

Text and translation

Kunda mukulagra dantham, kunkumapangena raktha kucha bharam,  
Aaneela neela deham ambam akhilanda nayikam vande.

1

I salute the mother who is the queen of the universe,  
Who has pointed teeth like jasmine buds,  
Who shines with breasts anointed by saffron,  
And who is having a very blue body.

Omkarapanchasukheem Upanishad dhyana keeli kala kanteem,  
Aagama vipina mayoorim, aaryamantharbhavaye goureem.

2

I meditate on that white Goddess who is a lady,  
Who is the she bird imprisoned in the cage of Pranava,

Who is the she nightingale in the garden of Upanishads,  
And who is the peahen in the forest of Vedas

Daayamana deerga nayanam, desika roopenadarshithabhyudhayam,  
Vama kucha nihatha veenam, Varadam sangeetha mathrukam vande.

3

I salute that mother of music who cares for all,  
Who has very long merciful eyes,  
Who is interested in every one as the teacher,  
And who keeps the veena on her left breast.

Shyamathanu soukumaryam soundarananda sambadunmesham,  
Tharuni makarunaparam, mada jala kallola lochanam vande.

4

I salute that goddess who has wave like eyes due to her exuberance,  
Who is extremely pretty due to her black body,  
Who has great vigour due to the wealth of beautiful happiness ,  
And who is the store house of energy and youth.

Nakha mukha mukharitha veena nada rasawadhana navollasam,  
Mukhamamba modayathu maam muktha thataka mugdha hasitham they.

5

Oh mother let your face , which is full of extremely pretty smile,  
And which goes on raining newer and newer exuberance,  
Due to your enjoyment of the music emanating from the veena,  
Which is being played by your pretty nails, fill me with happiness.

Sarigamapadaniratham thaam veena sankrantha hasthantham,  
SAntham mrudulaswantham kuchabharathantham namami shivakantham.

6

I salute that darling of Lord Shiva, who gets immersed in the seven notes,  
Who has pretty hands whose tips travel over the Veena,  
Who is peaceful, who has soft mind due to her mercy,  
And who is slightly bent due to her heavy breasts.

Avatu thata gatitha chooli thaditha thaleepalasa thatangam,

Veena vaadana vela kampitha sirasam namami mathangim.

7

I salute that daughter of Matanga, who shakes her head,  
While she is playing Veena, who wears ear studs made of palm leaves ,  
Which touches her hair flowing at her back.

Manibhanga mechakangim mathangim naumi sidha mathangim,  
Youvana vana sarangim sangeethambhoru hanu bhava bhrungim.

8

I salute that sage Mathangi, whose luster of the body,  
Would win the powerful light of the blue Safire,  
Who is the pretty deer in the forest of youth,  
And who is the female bee enjoying the lotus flower of music.

Veenaravanushangam vikacha mukha modha madhuri bhrungam,  
Karuna pooratharangam kalaye mathanga kanyaka pangam.

9

I salute the eye tip of the girl of Mathanga,  
Which moves according to the music being played in Veena,  
Which is equal to the bee which has rushed to drink sweetness of her lotus  
like face  
And which is fully immersed in mercy.

Mechaka masechanakam mithya drushtantha madhyabhagam they,  
Matha swaroopamaisam mangala sangeetha sourabham vande.

10

Oh mother I salute your form which has the scent of sweet music,  
Which is black in colour, which is very attractive and which has a very  
pretty middle.

Nava rathna malya methad rachitham mathanga kanyakabharanam,  
Ya padathi bhakthi yukthassa bhaved vadheeswara sakshath.

11

This garland of nine gems made as an ornament to the lady Mathangi,

If read with devotion, makes the one who reads ,  
Able to feel the nearness to the real God.