

Tripura Thilakam
(The Ornament to the Tripurasundari)
Translated by
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(It is very unfortunate that we do not know any thing about the great poet who wrote this very great prayer. The similes and metaphors are interwoven and extremely intricate)

Kalpa shakee gana sath prasoono madhu pana keli kuthuka bramath,
Shad padaravamanohare, kanaka bhoothare , lalitha mandape,
Aathyudhara mani peeta madhye vini vaasineemakhila mohineem,
Bhakthi yoga sulabham bhaje bhuvana matharam Tripurasundareem. 1

I pray that universal Mother who is Tripurasundari,
Who attracts all beings of the entire universe,
And could be easily attained by practice of devotion,
And who sits in the middle of the very broad throne of gems,
Which is placed in the hall of Lalitha, on the top of golden Meru,
Which is made pretty by the constant sound of bees,
Which are moving here and there after drinking the honey ,
From the group of wish giving trees of heaven.

Yeka kala samudeeya mana tharunarka koti sadrusa sphura-
Deha kanthi bhara dhorani milana lohithee krutha digandaram,
Vagatheetha vibhavam vipadya bhaya dhayinemakhila mohineem,
Aagamatha mani deepikaamanisamasraye Tripurasundarim. 2

I surrender to that Tripurasundari who reddens all sides and heaven,
By the light emanating from her body similar to the billions of,
Young suns rising at the same time and whose import is beyond words to explain,
Who gives protection from danger, who is immensely pretty,
And who is the gem light helping one to understand meaning of Vedas.

Eeshashad unmishada marthya sakhi kusumaavalee vimala tharaka,
Vrunda Sundara sudhamsu ganda subhagee kruthathi guru kaishikaam,
Neelakunchithga naalakaam nitalabhooshanayatha vilochanaam,
Neelakandasukruthonnatheem, sathathasraye Tripurasundareem. 3

I always depend on that Tripurasundari, who is the greatest treasure of lord Shiva,
Who is very pretty with her dense crown of hair,
Which is made pretty by the fraction of moon that she wears
And which in turn is surrounded by group of stars
Which look like the fully open flowers of the Kalpaga tree,
Who has blue and curved lock of hair flowing on to the forehead,
And who has long eyes which is an ornament to her forehead.

Lakshmi aheena vidhu lakshanairjjitha vichakshanana saroruham,
Yikshukarmuka sarasanopamitha chillkayugamamathallikam,
Lakshaye manasi santhatham sakala dushkrutha kshaya vidhayineem,
Uksha vahana thapo vibhuthimahadaksharam Tripurasundarim.

4

I keep mind towards that Goddess Tripurasundari,
Who has a lotus like face which wins in prettiness,
Millions of the faces of moon without any stains,
Who has teeth like the bow of sugarcane of the god of love,
Who weakens the effect of all bad acts done,
And who is the great gift got by the great penance of Lord Shiva.

Hreemadha pramadha kama kouthuka krupadhi bhava pisunayatha,
Snigdha mugdha visadha trivarna vimalalasala savilochanam,
Sundharadhara mani prabha militha manda hasa nava chandrikam,
Chandrashekara kudumbineem anisamasraye Tripurasundarim.

5

I surrender to that Tripurasundari, who is the consort of Lord Shiva,
Who has eyes which show emotions of bashfulness, zest. Joy,
Passion, curiosity and mercy, which are long,
Which are extremely pretty, clear with three colours,
And shifting due to interplay of feelings,
And who has pretty lips shining like gems,
Which are interspersed with smile like the newly risen moon.

Hasthamrushta mani darpanojjwala mamogna ganda phalaka dwaye,
Biba thanupama kundalasthabaka mandithanana saroruham,
Swarna pankaja dalaandaru llasitha karnika sadruhasikaam,
Karna vairi sakha sodaree manias masraye Tripurasundarim.

6

I surrender to that Tripurasundari who is the sister of enemy of Karna,
Whose lotus face is decorated by the bud like ear drops which,
Get reflected in her mirror like cheeks, which have been cleaned,
By her hands so that they are completely free of dust,
And who has a nose which is like the pericarp of a golden lotus.

Sanmarandhara saamadhuree thulana karmatakshara samullasa,
Nnarma pesala vaachovilasa paribhootha nirmala sudha rasam,
Kamra vakthra pavanagraha prachaladunmishad bramara mandalam,
Thurmahe manasi sarma dama nisamambikam Tripurasundarim.

7

I salute in my mind that Tripurasundari who grants all pleasures,
Who is mother of entire world, who with her mastery of words which,
Are built by sweet letters which are sweeter than honey and
With her great sense of humour defeats the sweetness of even nectar,
And whose sweet breath coming from her lotus like face attracts hoards of bees.

Krama kanthi jitha tharapura mani suthra mandalamullasath,
Kanda kaanda kamaneyathapahyutha kambu raja ruchidambaram,
Kinchidanathamanotharam sayugachumbicharu manikarnikam,
Pancha bana paripanthi vipunya lahareem bhaje Tripurasundarim. 8

I pray that Tripurasundari, who is the wave of happiness of the enemy of God of love,
Who has a neck ,which is prettier the white conch and which shines,
Due to the gems in the chain on her neck which defeat
In beauty the prettiest stars by their light and ,
Whose ear drops touch her pretty shoulders.

Hastha padma lasathikshu chapa sruni pasa pushpavishikhojjwalam,
Thaptha hemarachithabhi rama katakanguleeya valayadhikaam,
Vrutha nisthoola nirantharala kadinonatha sthana thrunibhava-
Unmatha hasthi vara masthakam , manasi chinthaye Tripurasundarim. 9

I meditate in my mind that Tripurasundari, who holds in her lotus like hands,
Sugarcane bow, goad, rope and arrows made of arrows which shine.
Who wears bangles, rings armlets made of molten gold,
And who has round and erect breasts, packed without giving space , hard and high,
Which defeat to dust the foreheads of a great elephant.

Laksha gada parirambha thushta hara haasagowra tharalollasath,
Charu hara nikarabhirama kuchabhara thantha thanu Madhyamam,
Romarajee lalithodharee madhika nimna nabhimavalokaya,
Kama raja para devathama nisamasraye Tripurasundarim. 10

I see and surrender to that Tripurasundari , the goddess of the God of love,
Who has a bent walk due to her heavy breasts which are made pretty by the ,
Chains she wears which move due to the clear white laugh of her lord ,
Who is satisfied by thousands of her tight embraces,
And who has a belly ornamented by rows of hair and who has a deep belly button.

Heera mandala nirantharollasitha jatha roopa maya mekhala,
Charu kanthi pari rambha Sundara susookshma cheena vasananchitham,
Mara veera rasa chathuree drutha dureena thunga jangasthalam,
Daraye manasi santhatham tridasa vanditham Tripurasundarim. 11

I mentally adopt hat Tripurasundari who is saluted by all people,
Who wears silk cloths tied by the very pretty belt which looks like crowd of gold,
And Who has a middle which shines prettily and looks like the entire art of the love god.

Saptha sapthi kiranaana aabigna pari vardamana kadhali thanu,
Spardhi mugdha madhuroru danda yuga mandhithendu dara lochanaam,

Vrutha janu yuga vathgubhavajitha chitha sambhava samuthgakaam,
Nithyameva pariseelaye manasi mukthidham Tripurasundarim. 12

I daily think about that Tripurasundari ,who grants salvation,
Who ties down the eyes of Lord Shiva with her very petty and sweet thighs,
Which wins against the pseudo stem of banana which have never seen sun light,
And who by the prettiness of her knees beats the treasures of the god of love.

Kanta kaanda ruchi kuntatha karana leelaya sakala kekinam,
Jangaya thulitha kethaki mugula sangaabruthamudhanchidham,
Aambujodhara vidambi charu pada pallavam hrudaya darpane,
Bimbithamiva vilokaye sathatham ambikam Tripurasundarim. 13

I see that Tripurasundari, who is the mother of the universe,
Who defeats the peacock by the beauty of her throat,
Who beats the buds of jasmine flowers by her ankle,
And who has pretty feet which are as soft as the petals of lotus flower,
As a reflection in the mirror of my heart.

Labhyamama kalarchana pranathitha thathparai ranisamasthaya,
Kalpa koti satha sanchithena sukruthena kaischana narothamai,
Kalpa sakhi gana kalpya mana kanakabhisheka subhakruthem,
Kalpayami hrudhi chithpayojana vashatpadheem Tripurasundarim. 14

I meditate on that Tripurasundari , who is bee in the lotus of the mind,
And who is interested in happily receiving the salutations from me,
Which are possible only by great men who have accumulated her blessings.
In millions and billions of births spread over several eons,
And who receives the golden shower similar to the group of wish giving trees.

Hreemathi praditha manthra moorthirachala athma thejaduthika kanyake,
Thyambujasana kutumbhineethi vivivithobha geetha mahimodhayam,
Sevakabhimatha kamadhenu makilaga mavagama vaibhavam,
Bhavayami hrudhi bhavithakhila characharam Tripurasundarim. 15

I mentally worship that Tripurasundari , who makes all moving and unmoving things
happen,
Who is the goddess of the sound “hreem”, Who is sung about as daughter of the
mountain,
And as the goddess family who sits on the lotus and is always being sung about her
various aspects,
Who is the wish giving cow to her devotees, and whose fame is spread all over the
Vedas.

Stotra rajamamumaatha moha mada ragame prayatha manaso,
Keerthayanniha narothamo vijitha vithapo vipula sampadam,

Prarthyamana parirambha kelira aabalaajanairapaga thaishano,
Gathra mathra pathana vadhava amrutham aksharam padamavapnuyath.

16

Those dear and great men who read this king of prayers every day early morning,
Would become learned , victorious , wealthy and possessor of great assets,
Those orphans who pray her, will get her circular protection,
And when the body dies they would reach a state of no death and no decay.