

Bhagawathyashtakam
(The octet to the Goddess)

By

Amara Dasa

Translated By

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Namosthutte Saraswathi thri soola chakra dharini,
Sithambaravruhe, shubhe, mrugendra peeda samsthithe,
Suvarna bandhuradhare suthdallaree siroruhe,
Suvarna padma bhooshithe, namosthu they maheswari.

1

My salutations the great goddess Saraswathi,
Who is armed with a trident and holy wheel,
Who does good and wears white coloured cloth,
Who sits on a throne of lions, who is pretty coloured lips,
Who has curly hair and is decorated by coloured lotus flowers.

Pithamahadhibhirnathes swakanthi luptha chandrabhe,
Sarathna malaayavruthe, bhavbdhi kashta haarini,
Thamala hashta mandithe thamala bhala shobhithe,
Girama gochare yile , namosthutte Maheswari.

2

My salutations to the great Goddess,
Who is worshipped by Lord Brahma and others,
Who has a dazzle which beats the moon,
Who wears garlands made of precious gems,
Who destroy the sorrow of the miserable ocean of life,
Whose hand holds a great sword,
Whose forehead has the dot of sandal wood paste,
And who is beyond the description of words.

Swa bhaktha vathsale , anaghe , sadabha vargha bhogahdhe,
Daridhra dukha harini, triloka sankareswaree,
Bhavani bheema Ambike , prachanda theja ujjwale,
Bhuja kalapa mandithe, Namosthutte Maheswari.

3

My salutations to the great Goddess,
Who is sinless and dearly loves her devotees.
Who always grants pleasure as well as salvation,
Who removes the sorrow of poor people,
Who is the goddess who grants good things to the three worlds,
Who is Bhavani , fearful to look at and the mother,
Who shines greatly because of her power,
And who keeps peacock feather in her hands.

Prapanna bheethi nasike, prassona malya kandhare,
Dhiya sthamo nivarike, vishudha bhudhi karike,
Surachithangri Pankaje, Prachanda vikrame kshare,
Visala padma lochane, Namosthutte Maheswari.

4

My salutations to the great Goddess,
Who destroys sorrow of those who surrender to her,
Who wears garlands made of flowers in her neck,
Who cures the darkness created by ignorance,
Who grants purity to our wisdom,
Who is worshipped by devas using lotus flowers,,
Who never dies and is of extremely great valour,
And who has broad lotus like eyes.

Hatha sthwaye sa daithya dhoomra lochano yada rane,
Thadha prasoona vrushtaya sthriveshtape , surai krutha,
Nireekshya thathra they prabhamalajjatha prabhakara,
Sthwaye bhayamkare dhruve , namosthutte Maheswari.

5

My salutations to the great Goddess,
Who when she killed Dhoomra lochana and other asuras,
Caused the devas who live in heaven to make a rain of flowers,
And then when the Sun god saw your brilliance, he was ashamed,
Oh treasure of mercy, Oh fearful one and Oh ever existent one.

Nanadha kesari yada chachala medhini thadha,
Jagama daithya nayaka , swasenaya drutham bhiya,
Sakopa kambhadachade, sa chanda munda gathike,
Mrugendra nada nadhithe , namosthu they Mahesawari.

6

My salutations to the great Goddess,
The sound of whose steed lion,
Made the earth tremble with tremors,
Making the leader of the asuras ,
Run and hide along with his army,
And you with trembling lips due to your anger,
Killed the asuras Chanda and Munda,
And roared like a lion.

Kuchandanarchithalake sithoshna varana dhare,
Savarkarananevare nishumbha shumbha mardhike,
Praseedha chandike reje samastha dosha gathike,
Shubha mathi pradhechale , namosthutte Maheswari.

7

My salutations to the great goddess,
Who wears red sandal wood paste on her forehead,

Whose maids hold white decorated umbrella,
Whose face is decorated with sweet thoughtful smile,
Who killed Asuras called Nishumbha and Shumbha,
Who is Chandika, birth less and destroyer of all sins,
And who grants good thoughts and who is stable.

Thwameva viswa dharini , thwameva viswa karini,
Thwameva sarva karini , na gamyase jithathmabhi,
Dhivoukasasm hitheritha karoshi daithya nasanam,
Sathakshi raktha danthike , namosthute Maheswari.

8

My salutations to the great Goddess, Who is the one who carries the world,
Who is the one who creates the world, Who is the one who destroys the world,
Who cannot be known by those who has won over their soul,
Who kills asuras for doing good to the Devas,
Who has hundred eyes and who has blood soaked teeth.

Padanthi ye samahitha , imam sthavam sada nara,
Ananya bhakthi samyutha ahar mukhenuvasaram,
Bhavanthi they thu panditha , suputhra dhanya samyutha,
Kalathra bhoothi samyutha, vrujanthi chamrutham sukham.

Those men who read this compilation always,
With extreme devotion and with utmost cleanliness,
Would become great scholars with children , wealth,
Family and money till they live and attain salvation.

Ithi Amara dasa virachitham Bhagawathyashtakam Sampoomnam.

Thus ends the octet of goddess written by poet Amara Dasa.