

Devi Stotram

Translated by
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(This great prayer is written by the poet who imagines him as the son to Goddess Parvathy who is the mother. It can melt even very hard hearts.)

Na mantram no yantram thadapi cha na jane sthuthimaho,
Na chahwanam dhyanam thadapi cha na jane sthuthi kadha,
Na jane mudrasthe thadapi na jane vilapanam,
Param jane matha thwadanusaranam klesa haranam. 1

Neither I know mantra nor thanthra nor your praise,
Neither I know how to call you, nor meditate nor praise you,
Neither I know mudras nor how to cry to you,
But I know that by obeying you, I would get rid of all problems.

Vidhera gnanena dravina virahena alasathaya,
Vidheyasakya thaw thava charanayor yachyathirabhooth,
Hadethath kshanthavyam anani sa kalodharini shive,
Kuputhro jayetha kwachidapi, kumatha na bhavathi. 2

I forgot to salute your feet due to ignorance of rules,
Due to having no money, being lazy and inefficient.
Oh, mother of all the world and giver of all that is good,
It is easy for you to excuse me,
For a bad son may be born but there can be no bad mother.

Pruthvya puthrasthe janai bahava ssanthi sarala,
Param thesham madhye virala tharaloham thava sutha,
Madheeyoayam thyagasamuchidamidham, no thava shive,
Kuputhro jayetha, kwachidapi kumatha na bhavathi. 3

Oh mother, you have many great sons in this wide world,
And in their midst I happen to be retarded and lost,
But oh mother, it is not proper for you to leave me out,

For a bad son may be born but there can be no bad mother.

Jaganmata mathasthava charana sevanarachitha,
Nava datham devi dravinamapi bhooyasthava maya,
Thadapi thwam sneham mayi nirupamam,
Kuputhro jayetha, kwachidapi kumatha na bhavathi. 4

Oh , God of all worlds, Neither have I done service at your feet,
Nor have I given in charity immeasurable wealth,
But you have to shower your incomparable affection on me,
For a bad son may be born but there can be no bad mother.

Parithyakthwa devaan vividha vidha sevakulathaya,
Maya pancha seetherr adhikam apanithethu vayasi,
Idhanim chenmathasthava yadhi krupanapi bhavitha,
Niralambo lambodara janani kam yami saranam 5

In this age past fifty, leaving the worship of other devas,
Due to several problems of service and worries,
I have approached you for your grace.
If you do not take mercy on me at this stage,
What is the protection for me who is without any support.

Chida Basma Iepo garala samanam, dik pata dharo,
Jadadhari kande bujagapathi hari pasupathi,
Kapali bhootheso bajathi jagadeesaika padavim,
Bhavani thwad panigrahana paripati phalamidham. 6

That god Pasupathi who applies ash from cremation ground,
Who eats poison, who wears no cloths,
Who wears a garland of serpent and who has a begging bowl ,
Who has not washed or combed his hair and who is god of devils,
Has attained the position of the Lord of the universe.
Is it not Bhavani, because he has married you?

Na mokshasyakamksha na cha vibhava vanchapi cha na me,
Na vignanapeksha Sasimukhi Sukheschapi na puna,

Athasthwam samyache janani jananam yathu mama vai,
Mrudani rudrani shiva shiva bhavani japatha. 7

I am not interested in salvation nor in great wealth,
I am not interested in knowledge , science or pleasures,
Hey mother, I beg of you that I should spend this life,
Chanting thy names like Mrudani, Rudrani and Bhavani .

Naradhithasi vidhina vividhopacharai,
Kim rooksha chintana parair na krutham vachopi,
Syame thwameva yadhi kinchanamayyanadhe ,
Danye krupamuchitham amba param thavaiva. 8

Oh Mother , Syama, I have never worshipped thee,
Following the rules laid out for worship,
And also I have abused you by using cruel words,
And still if you have a little mercy on this orphan,
It is because of your graceful and merciful conduct.

Jagadamba , vichithramathra kim,
Paripoorna karunasthi chenmayi,
Aparadha parampara vrutham,
Nahi matha samupekshathe sutham. 9

Hey mother of the world,
Why is it surprising that you,
Have lot of mercy on me,
For no mother neglects her son ,
Even if he has done several mistakes.

Mathsama pathaki Nasthi,
Papagni thathsama nahi ,
Evam gnathwa maha devi ,
Yadayogyam thadha kuru. 10

There is no sinner like me,
Nor is there anyone like you,
Who can pardon all these great sins,

Oh goddess great, understand these both,
And do whatever you think is fit.