

Kalidasa krutha Gangashtakam
(The octet on Ganga written by Kalidasa)
Translated by
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**Namosthesthu Gange thwadangaprasangad,
Bhujangasthuranga kuranga plavanga,
Anangari ranga sasanga shivango,
Bhujangadhipangi kruthango bhavanthi,** 1

Salutations to that Ganga,
Whose simple touch makes,
Snakes, horses, deer and monkeys,
Even if they are in a huge herd,
Take the form of Shiva in the Shiva's heaven,
And that of Vishnu, in his heaven.

**Namo jahnu kanye na manye thwadhanyer,
Nissargendhu chinnadhibhir loka barthu
Athoham, nathoham sada gowra thoye,
Vasistadhibirgheeyamanabhidaye.** 2

Salutations to the daughter of Jahnu.
As I am not able to make out any differences,
Between you and Lord Shiva who is the lord of the world,
Oh goddess, with perennially clear water,
I salute you again you, who is having the holy name,
Praised by sages like Vasishta.

**Thwaddhama jjanal sajjano durjano va,
Vimanai samana samanair himane,
Samaayathi thasmin purarathi loke,
Pura dhwara samruddha dig pala loke.** 3

Whether one is a good man or bad man,
If he takes a dip in you,
Then he will be equally honoured,
Well treated in the plane,
And reach the heaven of Shiva,
Where even Indra and the eight,
Lords of directions are unable to enter.

**Swaravasa dhamboli dhambhobhi rambha,
Pareerambha sambhavana dheera chetha,
Samakamkshathe thwathade vrukshavadi,**

Kuteere vasannethu mayor dhinani.

4

The Indra though he very much enjoys,
The embrace of Rambha and is proud,
Of his life in heaven and possession of Vajrayudha,
Very much likes to live in a hut in shade of the tee,
Which grows on your shores. Oh Ganga.

**Trilokasya barthu jata jata bandath,
Swaseemantha bhage manakh praskalantha,
Bhavanya rusha prouda sathnya bhavath,
Karena hatha sthwatharanga jayanthi.**

5

Let there be victory to your tides,
Which were created by the beating
Of the other wife Parvathi,
On your dripping water through the parting of hair,
From the matted hair of the lord of the universe.

**Jalon majjadha iravathod dhamakumbha,
Sphurath praskalath Sandra sindhoora rage,
Kwachith padmini renu banga prasange,
Mana khelatham jahnu kanya tharange.**

6

Let my mind play with the tides of Ganga,
Which is reddish due to the flow of saffron,
From the head Of Iravatha which had dipped in your water,
And which is mixed with the pollen of lotus flowers.

**Bhavatheera vaneera vathodha dhooli,
Lava sparsathath kshna ksheena papa ,
Janoyam jagath pavane thwath prasadath,
Pade pouru huthepi datheva helam.**

7

Hey goddess who is the most holiest,
I who got rid of all my sins,
Because of the contact some of your drops,
Which traveled through the air ,
Dashing against the boats traveling on you,
Despise even the post Of Indra ,
Due to your blessing.

**Trisandhya namath khela koteera nana,
Vidhan eka rathnamsu bimbha prabhabhi,
Sphurath pada pete,hate naashtamoother,
JJata juda vase, Natha sma padam they.**

8

Hey goddess , who has the feet with the shine,
Due to the light reflected from the several gems,
Of several crowns worn by devas,
Who salute you again and again,
Hey Goddess who lives on the,
Matted hair of Lord Shiva compulsorily,
I salute both your feet,

**Idham ya padeth asthakam jahnu puthrya,
Sthrikalam krutham kalidasena ramyam,
Samayasyatheendraadhi birgheeyamanam,
Padam kaisavam saisavam no labeth sa.**

9

He who reads this pretty octet,
Composed by Poet Kalidasa,
During dawn , noon and dusk,
Would reach the abode Vaikunta,
Which is being praised by devendra.
He will not have any childhood afterwards,