

Valmiki krutha Gangashtakam
(The octet to Ganga by sage Valmiki)
Translated by
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**Matha Shaila sutha sapatni, vasudha srungara haravali,
Swargarohana vaijyanthi, bhavatheem bhagiradhee prarthaye,
Thwathere vasathasthwambhu pibathasthwadweecheeshupremgatha,
Sthwannamma smaratha sthwadarpitha drusa syanmey sareravyaya.** 1

Mother goddess Bhagirathi,
Who is the co wife with Parvathi,
Who is the pretty garland to the earth,
Who is the climbing plant to ascend to heaven,
I have a prayer to you,
“I should live in your shores,
Drink your holy water,
Bathe in your holy waves,
Meditate on your holy names,
And die seeing you till the end.”

**Thwathere tharu kotanthara gatho gange vihange varam,
Thwanere narakanthakarini varam mathsyehadhava kachapa,
Naivanyathra madanda sindhuraghata sanghatta gandaranal,
Karathrastra samastha vairi vanitha labdha sthuthir bhoopathi.** 2

It would be great to be born as a bird.
Living in any tree on your shores,
It would be great to be born as,
Fish or tortoise living in your waters,
Compared to be born as a king,
Praised by the wives of his enemies,
Who run away with fear hearing the loud sound of bells,
Tied round the ferocious crowd of elephants of his army.

**Uksha pakshi thuraga uraga kopee vaa varano vaa,
Varinasyam janana marane klesa dukha sahisnu ,
Na thwanyathra praviralaranath kangana kwana mishram,
Varasthree bhi scha maramarutha veejithoo bhoomi pala.** 3

Let me , who is tolerant to sorrow from birth and death,
Be born as a bull, bird , horse or elephant in the shores of Ganga,
Than being born as a king elsewhere whose servant maids,
Will fan him with hands making jingling sounds due to the bangles.

**Kakair nishkushitham swabhi kabaligham gomayubhir lunditham,
Sthrobhischalitham thatambhu lulitham veechibhir aandolitham,
Divya sthree kara charu chamara maruthsamveejyamana kadha,
Drakshyeham parameshwa tripadhage bhageeathi swam vapu.**

4

**Hey Parameshwari, Hey Ganga, When will I see myself.
Traveling in a heavenly aircraft , fanned by ladies from heaven and see,
My own body floating in the river Ganga , which is pecked by crows,
Being eaten by dogs , being dragged by small foxes,
Being shaken by the slow tides, being moved by water from the shores,
And it gets overturned by the tides of Ganga?**

**Abhinava bisavalli pada padmasyasys vishnor,
Madana madhana moularmalathi puspa mala,
Jayath jayapathaa kapyasou moksha lakshmya,
Kshapitha kali kalanga jahnavi na punathu.**

5

**Let the goddess who attains victory , as a ring in the lotus like feet of Vishnu,
As the flower garland which is the ornament of Shiva's hair,
As the flag of victory of the Lakshmi who gives salvation,
And as goddess Ganga, remove the dirt of Kali yuga and save me.**

**Ethathala hamalasala saralavyolola valli latha,
Channam sooryakaraprathapa rahitham, sankhendu kundhojjwalam,
Gandharwamara siddha kinnaravadhoothungasthanasphaltham.,
Snanaya prathivasaram bhavathu may gangam jalam nirmalam.**

6

**Let me be able to take bath in the clear waters of Ganga,
Which is given shade by the creeping plants
Spread over palms, green trees and Sarala tree,
Which is as white as the conch , moon and jasmine flowers
And which is shaken by the bottom of the busts of ,
Maidens belonging to Gandharwa, deva, siddha and kinnara clans.**

**Gangam vaari manohari murari charanachyutham,
Tripurari siraschari papa hari punathu maam.**

7

**Let me be saved by the holy river Ganga,
Which is pretty and starts from the feet of Vishnu,
Which travels through the head of Lord Shiva,
And is an antidote for all the committed sins.**

Paapahari durithari tharangadhari,

**Shailaprachari giri raja guha vidhari,
Jjamkara kari har padambuja hari,
Gangam punathu sathatham shubhakari vaari.**

8

**Let me be protected again by the holy waters of Ganga
Which is the killer of all sins,
Which removes all bad deeds,
Which is full of tides,
Which flows from a mountain,
Which emanates from the caves of Himalayas,
Which flows with the torrential sound of “JJa”,
And which carries with it the dust of Vishnu’s feet.**

**Gangashtakam padathi ya prayatha prabhathe,
Valmeekina virachitham shubhadham manushya,
Prakshaalya gathra kali kalmasha pakamasu,
Moksham labeth pathathi naiva naro bhavabhdou.**

9

**He who reads with devotion this octet.
On Ganga written by sage Valmiki,
Daily in the morning without fail,
Would get rid of the dirt and sins of Kali,
And will never fall in the ocean of life.**