

MANTRA MAATRKA PUSHPAMALA STAVAH

Prayer of Garland of Mantra Flowers to the Divine Mother

kallolollasitatāmṛtābdhi-laharī-madhye virājanmaṇi
dvīpe kalpaka-vāṭikā-parivṛte kādamba-vāṭyujjvale |
ratnastambha-sahasra-nirmita-sabhā-madhye vimānotame
cintā-ratnavinirmitam janani te simhāsanaṁ bhāvaye | |

O Mother [of the universe]! I visualize Your throne studded with precious gems of thought in the middle of rolling waves in a nectar-ocean, which is sitting in a gem-island, which is surrounded by the heavenly wish-granting trees, which is within the enclosure of Kadamba trees, which is inside a hall with thousands of diamond pillars, and which is on a marvellous pedestal. ||1||

eṇāṅkānala-bhānu-maṇḍalalāsac-chrīcakramadhye sthitām
bālārka-dyuti-bhāsurām karatalaiḥ paśāmkuśau bibhratīm |
cāpaṁ bāṇam-api prasanna-vadanām kausumbha-vastrāṅvitām
tām tvām candra-kalāvataṁsa-makuṭām cārusmitām bhāvaye | |

I visualize that You, Who is situated at the center of the Shricakra shining with its three spheres of moon, sun and fire, Who has a splendor of rising sun, Who is holding a lasso, a sphere, a bow and an arrow by the palms, Who has a happy face, Who is possessing a saffron dress, Whose crown is carrying the artistry of the Moon, and Who has a radiant smile. ||2||

īśānādipadam śivaika-phalakaṁ ratnāsanaṁ te śubam
pādyam kuṅkuma-candanādibharitair-arghyam saratnākṣataiḥ |
śuddhair-ācamaniyakam tava jalair-bhaktyā mayā kalpitam
kāruṇyāmṛta-vāridhe-tad-akhilam samtuṣṭaye kalpatām | |

O Goddess, Who is the ocean of the nectar of compassion! Partake my offering of an auspicious diamond seat for You, which is held by Ishana and others, and which has Shiva as a single plank. Partake – water scented with saffron, sandalwood and other perfumes as pādya, arghya filled with gems and akṣata, and pure water for ācamaniyaka – all these with satisfaction; all these are offered by my devotion. ||3||

lakṣye yogijanasya rakṣita-jagaj-jāle viśālekṣaṇe
prāleyāmbupaītra kuṅkumalāsata-karpūra-miśrodakaiḥ |
go-kṣīrair-api nārikelasalilaiḥ śuddhodakair-mantritaiḥ

snānam devi dhiyā mayaitad-akhilam saṁtuṣṭaye kalpatām | |

O Goddess, Who is the goal of the Yogis, Who has protected [us] from the world's mundane net, and Who has large eyes! Take a holy bath in the water, which is produced by melting, which is mixed with sandalwood-fragrance, kumkuma and shining camphor, in the milk of cow, in the coconut water, and in holy-chanted water. Partake all these offering of mine with satisfaction. | |4| |

hrīm̄kārāṅkita-mantra-lakṣitatano hemācalāt-saṁcitaiḥ
ratnair-ujjala-muttarīyasahitam kausumbha-varṇāmśukam |
muktā-santati-yajñasūtram-amalam sauvarṇatantūd-bhavam
dattam devi dhiyā mayaitad-akhilam saṁtuṣṭaye kalpatām | |

O Goddess, Who has a body marked with the mantra of "hriim"! Take the resplendent blouse associated with jewels collected by the ice-mountains, the saffron-colored stick, the pure sacred thread made of golden thread strung with pearls, and a sārī made of golden silken threads. Partake all these offering of mine with satisfaction. | |5| |

hamsair-apyati-lobhanīya-gamane hārāvalīm-ujjalām
hindoladyuti-hīrapuritatare hemāṅgade kaikaṇṭe |
mañcīrau maṅikuṅḍale makuṣa-mapyardhendu-cūḍāmaṅim
nāsāmouktika-maṅgulīyakaṭakau kāñcīmapi svīkuru | |

O Mother, Who has the gait desired even by the swans, Who is filled excessively with the shimmer of the diamonds of the swing, Who has golden bangles, Who has bracelets, and Who has jewel-studded ear-hoops! Accept a resplendent garland, a crown with the crescent moon as a crest-jewel, a pearl for the nose, finger rings, and a golden girdle. | |6| |

sarvāṅge ghanasārakuṅkumaghana-śrīgandha-paṅkāṅkitam
kastūrritilakam ca phālaphalake gorocanāpatrakam |
gaṅḍādarśanamaṅḍale nayanayoḥ divyāñcanam te(S)ñcitam
kaṅṭhābje mṛganābhi-paṅkamamalam tvat-prītaye kalpatām | |

Partake, in all the organs, thick paste made of kumkuma, camphor and sandalwood, a forehead-mark of kastūrī, a leaf of gorocana on Your forehead plank, a divine ointment on your cheeks and eyes, and a pure never-fading musk-paste for Your lotus-like neck. Partake all these with happiness. | |7| |

kalhārotpalamallikā-maruvakaiḥ sauvarṇa-paṅkeruhaiḥ
jātī-campaka-mālatīvakulakair-mandāra-kundādibhiḥ |
ketakyā karavīrakair-bahuvieidhaiḥ kḷuptāḥ srajo mālikāḥ
saṅkalpena samarpayāmi varade saṁtuṣṭaye gṛhyatām | |

O Goddess, Who bestows the boons! I mentally submit garlands made in many ways with the flowers of water-lily, lotus, jasmine, Maruvaka, golden lotuses, Jati, Campaka, Malati, Vakula, Mandara, Kunda and others, Ketaki, and Karaviraka. Partake all these with happiness. || 8 ||

hantāraṁ madanasya nandayasi-yair-aṅgair-anaṅgojjvalaiḥ
yairbhṛṅgāvalinīla-kuntalabharair-badhnāsi tasyaśayam |
tānīmāni tavāmba komalatarāṅḡyāmoda-līlāgṛhāṅ-
yāmodāya-daśāṅga-guggulughṛtair-dhūpairahaṁ dhūpaye | |

You entertain the slayer of Madana (Shiva) by the means of Your organs of beauty and brilliance, Your black tress-locks imitating the rows of bees. You trap His thoughts. O Mother! Having pleased You in the nice blissful and sporting homes, I wave the incense made of the ten ingredients, fragrant-resin, cow-milk's butter, and incense-wood for You. || 9 ||

lakṣmīm-ujjvalayāmi ratnanivahod-bhāsvattare mandire
mālarūpavilambitair-maṅimayas-tambheṣu saṁbhāvitaiḥ |
citraitir-hāṭakaputrikā-karadhṛtair-gavyairghṛtair-varđhitair-
-divyair-dīpa-gaṅair-dhiyā girisute saṁtuṣṭaye kalpatām | |

I invoke auspiciousness in the temple – with heaps of precious-stones, with gem-decked pillars arrayed in a garland-shape, and with colorful young-women sculptures carrying lamps in their hands whose flames are increased by cow-milk's butter. O Goddess, the daughter of Himalaya! Accept rows of such divine lamps. Partake all these with happiness. || 10 ||

hrīm̐kāreśvari tapta-hāṭaka-kṛtaiḥ sthālī-sahasrair-bhṛtaṁ
divyānnaṁ-ghṛta-sūpaśāka-bharitaṁ citrāna-bhedam̐ tathā |
dugdhānnaṁ madhu-śarkarā-dadhiyataṁ māṅikyapātre sthitaṁ
māṣā-pūpa-sahasraṁ amba sapalaṁ naivedhyam-āvedaye | |

O Goddess of the "hrīm̐kara"! O Mother! I present the offering of cooked divine grains, split-pea soup with leaves and cow-milk's butter, many types of rice, rice cooked in milk

with sugar, honey and curd, gram-cakes of thousand kinds, and naivedyam bearing fruit situated in precious-stone vessels, in golden vessels, and in thousands of plates. || 11 ||

sacchāyair-varaketa-kīdala-rucā tāmbūla-vallīdalaiḥ
pūgair- bhūriguṇaiḥ sugandhi-madhuraiḥ karpūra-khaṇḍojjvalaiḥ |
muktācūrṇa-virājitar- bahuvidhair-vaktrām-bujā-modanaiḥ
pūrṇā ratnakalācīkā tava mude nyastā purastādume | |

O Uma! Placed before You is a precious-stone ladle with the fragrance of Ketaki, and has betel-leaves and catechu-leaves – which have many qualities, which have beautiful fragrance, which are resplendent due to the chunks of camphor, which have powdered pearl, which are made in various steps, and which will please the lotus-like mouth in many ways. These are for Your enjoyment! || 12 ||

kanyābhiḥ kamanīya-kāntibhir-alaṅgārāmalārārtikā
pātre mauktika-citrapaṅktivilasat-karpūradīpālibhiḥ |
tattat-tāla-mṛdaṅga-gīta-sahitaṁ nṛtyat-padāmbhoruham
mantrārādhana-pūrvakaṁ suvihitaṁ nīrājanaṁ gṛhyatām | |

Accept an Aratī, which is associated with tala of ‘tat-tat’ and beats of drum, which is full of dancing lotus-feet, which is full of mantra-adoration, which is beautifully arranged, which is accompanied by beautiful girls possessing radiance, and which is accompanied by a beautiful plate having colorful pearls and shining lamps made of camphor flame. || 13 ||

lakṣmīr-mauktika-lakṣakalpitāsītac-chatraṁ tu dhatte rasāt
indrāṅgī ca ratiśca-cāmaravera dhatte-svayaṁ-bhāratī |
vīṇāmeṇavilocanāḥ sumanassāṁ nṛtyanti tadrāgavad-
bhāvair-āṅgika-sāttvikaiḥ-sphuṣṭarasāṁ mātā-tadākarṇyartām | |

Lakṣmī holds an umbrella – which is bejeweled, sparkling, white and decorated with pearls – over You; Indrāṅgī and Rati sway hand-fan for You; Bhāratī has the string-lute [to which] celestial dancers with beautiful eyes are dancing gracefully. O Mother! Hear the clear songs coming out of the sāttvika sounds possessing musical patterns. || 14 ||

hrīmīkārā-traya-saṁpuṭena manuno-pāsye trayīmaulibhiḥ
vākyaair-lakṣyatano tava stutividhau ko vā kṣametāmbike |

sallāpāḥ stutayaḥ pradakṣiṇāśataṁ saṁcāra evāstu te

saṁveśo namaśaḥ sahasram-akhilam tvat-prītaye kalpatām | |

O Mother, Who is prayed by men with the three parts of the "hrīṁkāra", and Whose manifestation is the aim of the words of the three-heads [of hrīṁkāra]! Who knows how to pray You. O Ambika! Forgive me. [So] Let my uttering be Your eulogies, let my walking be hundred pradakṣina around You, let my dreaming be thousand salutes to You. Partake them with happiness. || 15 ||

śrīmantrākṣaramālayā girisutām yaḥ pūjayeccetasā

saṁdhyāsu prativāsaram suniyatastasyāmalam syānmanaḥ |

cittāmbhoruhamanṭape girisutā nṛttam vidhatte rasād-

vāṇī vaktrasaroruhe jaladhijā gehe jaganmaṅgalā | |

He who regularly worships the daughter of Giri (Himalaya) with consciousness and with this garland of Mantra-syllables, during the evening and the morning prayers – the daughter of Giri will dance in the maṅṭapa of lotus-like-mind, will never leave His tongue as Sarasvati, and will never leave his lotus-face as Lakshmi. || 16 ||

Ithi Giri vara putri pada rajeeva bhooṣa,

Bhuvanamamalayanthi sūkthi saurabhya sārāiḥ

śiva pada makarantha syandhinīyam-nibhadha

Madhayatu-kavi-bhṛṅgan Matrukā puspa malā. 17

May this garland of mantras, which adorne the lotus feet of the daughter of the Himalayas, which purifies all the worlds by the fragrance of its fine utterances which is divine like the honey oozing from the flowers at the feet of Lord Siva, gladden the bees of poets