

A HYMN TO THE DIVINE MOTHER

अम्बास्तोत्रम्।

का त्वं शुभे शिवकरे सुखदुःखहस्ते
आधूर्णितं भवजलं प्रबलोर्मिभङ्गैः।
शान्तिं विधातुमिह किं बहुधा विभग्नम्
मातः प्रयत्नपरमासि सदैव विश्वे ॥

O Thou most beautiful! Whose holy hands
Hold pleasure and hold pain! Doer of good!
Who art Thou? The water of existence
By Thee is whirled and tossed in mighty waves.
Is it, O Mother, to restore again
This universe's broken harmony
That Thou, without cessation, art at work?

संपादयत्यविरतं त्वविरामवृत्ता
या वै स्थिता कृतफलं त्वकृतस्य नेत्री।
सा मे भवत्वनुदिनं वरदा भवानी
जानाम्यहं ध्रुवमिदं धृतकर्मपाशा ॥

Oh! May the Mother of the universe—
In whose activity no respite rests,
Incessantly distributing the fruits
Of action done, guiding unceasingly
All action yet to come—bestow Her boon
Of blessing on me, Her child, for evermore.
I realise, I know, that it is Thou
Who holdest in Thy hands dread Karma's rope.

को वा धर्मः किमकृतं कः कपाललेखः
किंवाद्यष्ट फलमिहास्ति हि यां विना भोः
इच्छापाशैर्नियमिता नियमाः स्वतन्त्रैः
यस्या नेत्री भवतु सा शरणं ममाद्या ॥

Is it inherent nature? Something uncreate?
Or Destiny? Some unforeseen result?—
Who lacking nothing, is accountable,
Whose chain of will, untrammelled, grasps the laws,
May She, the Primal Guide, my shelter be!

सन्तानयन्ति जलधिं जनिमृत्युजालं
सम्भावयन्त्यविकृतं विकृतं विभग्नम्।
यस्या विभूतय इहामितशक्तिपालाः
नाश्रित्य तां वद कुतः शरणं ब्रजामः ॥

Manifestations of Her glory show
In power of immeasurable might,
Throughout the universe, powers that swell
The sea of birth and death, forces that change
And break up the Unchanged and changed again.
Lo! Where shall we seek refuge, save in Her?

मित्रे शत्रौ त्वविषमं तव पद्मनेत्रम्
स्वस्थे दुःस्थे त्ववितथं तव हस्तपातः।
मृत्युच्छाया तव दया त्वमृतञ्च मातः
मा मां मुञ्चन्तु परमे शुभदृष्टयस्ते॥

To friend and foe Thy lotus-eyes are even;
Ever Thine animating touch brings fruit
To fortunate and unfortunate alike;
The shade of death and immortality—
Both these, O mother, are Thy grace Supreme!
Mother Supreme! Oh, may Thy gracious face
Never be turned away from me, Thy child!

काम्बा सर्वा का गूणनं मम हीनबुद्धेः
धर्तुं दोर्भ्यामिव मतिर्जगदेकधात्रीम्॥
श्रीसञ्चिन्त्यं सुचरणं अभयप्रतिष्ठं
सेवासारैरभिनुतं शरणं प्रपद्ये॥

What Thou art, the Mother! the All. How praise?
My understanding is so little worth.
'Twere like desire to seize with hands of mine
The sole Supporter of the universe!
So, at Thy blessed feet—contemplated
By the Goddess of Fortune Herself—the abode
Of fearlessness, worshipped by service true—
There, at those blessed feet, I take refuge!

या मामाजन्म विनयत्यतिदुःखमार्गैः
आसंसिद्धेः स्वकलितैललितैर्विलासैः।
या मे बुद्धिं सुविदधे सततं धरण्याम्
साम्बा सर्वा मम गतिः सफलेऽफले वा॥

She who, since birth, has ever led me on
Through paths of trouble to perfection's goal,
Mother-wise, in Her own sweet playful ways,
She, who has always through my life inspired
My understanding, She, my Mother, She,
The All, is my resort, whether my work
O'erflow with full fruition or with none.