

॥ श्रीः ॥

॥ मन्त्रमातृकापुष्पमालास्तवः ॥

Mantra Matraka Pushpamala Stvam

ADI SHANKARACHARYA

This hymn of rare charm and beauty, composed by Sankara Bhagavatpada on Sri Tripura Sundari, describes the *shodasa upacharas*—the types of services a devotee fondly renders to the deity. It has a total of 17 verses. Each of the first 15 verses begins with one letter of Panchadasi mantra; the first verse with KA, the second verse with AE, the third with EE, and so on. The 16th verse indicates the merit that accrues to the votary who chants this loud every day regularly. The 17th verse is an eulogy on the hymn with the masterly command and confidence of the poet in the quality and efficacy of his composition.

कल्लोलोल्लसितामृताब्धिलहरीमध्ये विराजन्मणि-द्विपे कल्पकवाटिकापरिवृते कादम्बवाट्युज्ज्वले ।
रत्नस्तम्भसहस्रनिर्मितसभामध्ये विमानोत्तमे चिन्तारत्नविनिर्मितं जननि ते सिंहासनं भावये ॥१॥

*KallolollasitAmrutAbdhi laharI madhye virAjanmani -
Dvipe kalpakavAtikA parivrute kAdambavAtyujjvale |
Ratna stambha sahasra nirmita sabhamadhye vimAnottame
CintAratnavinirmitam janani te simhAsanam bhAvaye ||*

1. In a bejewelled island set in the sea of nectarine waves, in the midst of shining gardens of Kadamba trees surrounded by wish-fulfilling fern, in the court of a thousand emerald pillars, I conceive, O Mother, your diamond studded throne.

एणाङ्गानलभानुमण्डलसच्छ्रीचक्रमध्ये स्थितां बालार्कद्युतिभासुरां करतलैः पाशाङ्कुशैः बिभ्रतीम् ।
चापं बाणमपि प्रसन्नवदनां कौसुम्भवस्त्रान्वितां तां त्वां चन्द्रकलावतंसमकुटां चारुस्मितां भावये ॥२॥

*ENANkAnalabhAnu maNdalalasad sri cakramadhye sthitAm
BALArkadyuti bhAsurAm karatalaih: pasaNkusau bibhratim |
CApam bANamapi prasannavadanAm kausumbhavastrAnvitAm
TAm tvAm chandrakalAvatam samkutAm carusmitAm bhAvaye ||*

2. I meditate on your benign face wreathed in an enchanting smile. Draped in a garment of saffron, you are radiating lusture like a rising sun. Your diadem is fixed with the curved digit of the moon. Seated in the midst of Sri Chakra which dazzles like the orbs of the sun, moon and fire, you hold in your hands, the bow, the arrow, the goad and the noose.

ईशानादिपदं शिवैकफलदं रत्नासनं ते शुभं पाद्यं कुङ्कुमचन्दनादिभरितैरर्घ्यं सरत्नाक्षतैः ।
शुद्धैराचमनीयकं तव जलैर्भक्त्य मया कल्पितं कारुण्यामृतवारिधे तदखिलं संतुष्टये कल्पतां ॥३॥

*ISAnAdipadam Sivaikaphaladam ratnAsanam te Subham
PAyam kumkumacandanAdi bharitair arghyam saratnAkSataih: |
Suddhair acamanIyakam tava jalair bhaktya mayA kalpitam
kArunyAmrutavAridhe tadakhilam santuStaye kalpatAm | |*

3. O Mother! Siva constitutes the plank of your couch. Brahma, Vishnu, Rudra, Isana serve the role of four legs. The waters to wash your feet are mixed with sandal and saffron. Precious unbroken stones are sprinkled in the waters, mingled with my fervour and devotion. May it please you to take this bow of pure water for your gargle.

लक्ष्ये योगिजनस्य रक्षितजगज्जाले विशालेक्षणे प्रालेयाम्बुपटीरकुङ्कुमलसत्कपूरमिश्रोदकैः ।
गोक्षीरैरपि नारिकेलसलिलैः शुद्धोदकैर्मन्त्रितैः स्नानं देवि धिया मयैतदखिलं संतुष्टये कल्पताम् ॥४॥

*LakSye yogijanasya rakSitajagajjAle viSAlekSaNe
PrAleyAmbupatIra kumkumalasad karpooramiSrodakaih.: |
GOkSIrairapi nArikelasalilaih: Suddhodakair mantritaih:
SnAnam devi dhiyA mayaitadakhilam santuStaye kalpatAm. | |*

4. Thou art the final goal for the Yogins to reach. With your wide eyes, you espy the evanescent world of snares. I have collected for your bath fragrant waters mixed with saffron and camphor besides cow's milk and coconut water. To the sonorous chant of mantras, I bathe you in crystal clear waters, may it please you to accept this service.

हिकाराङ्कितमन्त्रलक्षिततनो हेमाचलात्संचितै रत्नैरुज्ज्वलमुत्तरीयसहितं कौसुम्भवर्णशुकम् ।
मुक्तासंततियज्ञसूत्रममलं सौवर्णतन्तूद्भवं दत्तं देवि धिया मयैतदखिलं संतुष्टये कल्पताम् ॥५॥

*HrinkArANkita mantralakSitatanoo himAcalAtsamcitaih
Ratnair ujjvalamuttarIya sahitam kausumbhvarNamSukam |
MuktAsamtati yajnasutramamalam sauvarNatantoodbhavam
Dattam devi dhiyA mayaitadakhilam santuStaye kalpatAm | |*

5. Your body is signified by the Mantra with triple Hrimkaras have gathered precious stones from the golden hill and fashioned a shining veil and saffron coloured blouse for your accoutrement. Your Yagna sutra is made of golden strands strung with pearls. May it please you to accept all this offered in a prayerful meditation.

हंसैरप्यतिलोभनीयगमने हारावलीमुज्ज्वलां हिन्दोलद्युतिहीरपूरिततरे हेमाङ्गदे कङ्कणे ।
मञ्जीरौ मणिकुण्डले मुकुटमप्यर्धेन्दुचूडामणिं नासामौक्तिकमङ्गुलीयकटकौ काञ्चीमपि स्वीकुरु ॥६॥

*HamsaIrapyatilObhnIyagamane hArAvlImujjvalAm
HindoladyutihIrapooritatare hemaAngade kaNkaNe |
ManjIrau maNikuNdale makutamapyardhenducoodamanim
NAsAmauktikam angulIyakatakau kAncImapi svIkuru | |*

6. Your joyful walk steals the thunder from swan's walk. Your necklace fill all directions with crimson. May it please you to accept, O Mother, all shapes of jewellery coming out of my imagination—jingling bells, anklets, pendants, pearly nose studs, bangles, bracelets, diamond crown, moonlike crest jewel, and the golden gridle.

सर्वाङ्गे घनसारकुङ्कुमघनश्रीगन्धपङ्काङ्कितं कस्तूरीतिलकं च फालफलके गोरोचनापत्रकम् ।
गण्डादर्शनमण्डले नयनयोर्दिव्याञ्जनं तेऽञ्चितं कण्ठाब्जे मृगनाभिपङ्कममलं त्वत्प्रीतये कल्पताम् ॥७॥

SarvANge ghanasArkumkumaghana SrIgandhapaNkaNkitam
KastoorI tilakamca phAlaphalake gOrOcanApatrakam |
GaNdAdarSanamaNdale nayanayor divyanjanam teNcitam
KaNtAbje mruganAbhipanNkamamalam tvatprItaye kalpatAm ||

7. I have prepared saffron mixed with sandal water as an unguent for your body. Kasturi tilak for your forehead, kajal for your eyes, musk with a heavenly fragrance for your neck. For your temples sparkling like a mirror, here is gorochana. May it please you to accept all this for your pleasure and enjoyment.

कल्हारोत्पलमल्लिकामरुवकैः सौवर्णपङ्केरुहै-र्जातीचम्पकमालतीवकुलकैर्मन्दारकुन्दादिभिः ।
केतक्या करवीरकैर्बहुविधैः कलसाः स्रजो मालिकाः संकल्पने समर्पयामि वरदे संतुष्टये गृह्यताम् ॥८॥

KalhArOt palamallikAmaruvakaih: sauvarNapaNkeruhaih-
jAtI campakmAlatIvakulakair mandArakundAdibhih :|
KetakyA karavIrakair bahuvidhaih: kLuptah: srajO mAlikah:
Samkalpane samarpayAmivarade samtustaye gruhytAm ||

8. I offer garlands made of lilies, lotuses, jasmines, hibiscus blooms and variety of other sweet smelling flowers, such as marua, ketaki, karavira, champak, malati and vakula. O Giver of boons! May it please you to accept this floral tribute.

हन्तारं मदनस्य नन्दयसि यैरङ्गैरनङ्गोज्ज्वलै- यैर्भृङ्गावलिनीलकुन्तलभरैर्बध्नासि तस्याशयम् ।
तानीमानि तवाम्ब कोमलतरण्यामोदलीलागृहा- ण्यामोदाय दशाङ्गुगुलुतैर्धूपैरहं धूपये ॥९॥

HantAram madanasya nandayasi yairANgairanANgOjjvalair
YairbhraNgAvali nIlkuntalabharaIr badnasi tasyaASayam |
TanI mAni tavAmba kOmala tarANyA modalILagruhANyAmodAya
DaSANga guggulughrutair dhoopairaham dhoopaye ||

9. You delight the cockles of the heart of Sive, the destroyer of Cupid, by the shining love of your limbs. Your dark tresses are adorned with flowers. May it please you to accept my offer of incense from myrrh.

लक्ष्मीमुज्ज्वलयामि रत्ननिवहोद्भास्वत्तरे मन्दिरेमालारूपविलम्बितैर्मणिमयस्तम्भेषु संभावितैः ।
चित्रैर्हाटकपुत्रिकाकरधृतैर्गर्व्यैर्वर्धितैर्दिव्यैर्दिपगणैर्धिया गिरिसुते संतुष्टये कल्पताम् ॥१०॥

*Lakshmi mujjvalayAmi ratnanivahOdbhAsvattare mandire
MALAroopavilambitair manimaya stambheSu sambhAvitaih: |
Citraitr haTakaputrikAkaradhrutair gavyair ghrutairvardhitaih-
Divyair dipagaNaihr dhiya girisute samtustaye kalpatAm ||*

10. In your mansion of precious stones, jewelled pillars and festooned arches, may all prosperity flourish. The lamps borne in the hands of golden damsels emit a divine glow from the wicks saturated with ghee. May my service be pleasing to you.

ह्रींकारेश्वरि तसहाटककृतैः स्थालीसहस्रैर्भृतं दिव्यान्नं घृतसूपशाकभरितं चित्रान्नभेदं तथा ।
दुग्धान्नं मधुशर्करादधियुतं माणिक्यपात्रे स्थितं माषापूपसहस्रमम्ब सफलं नैवेद्यमावेदये ॥११॥

*HrInkAreSvari tapta hATakakrutaih: sthAlIsahasrairbhrutam
DivyAnnam gruta soopa Sakabharitam citrAnnabhedam tathA |
Dugdhanam madhuSarkarAdhiyutam mANikyapatre sthitam
MASApoopasahasramamba saphalam naivedyamAvedaye ||*

11. O Ruler of Hrimkara! In a thousand bowls of burnished gold I offer, celestial food-lentils, vegetable, milk, curds, honey, sugar, fruit and a thousand cakes of black gram dal for your delectation.

सच्छायैर्वरकेतकीदलरुचा ताम्बूलवल्लीदलैः पूगैर्भूरिगुणैः सुगन्धिमधुरैः कर्पूरखण्डोज्ज्वलैः ।
मुक्ताचूर्णविराजितैर्बहुविधैर्वक्त्राम्बुजामोदनैः पूर्णा रत्नकलाचिका तव मुदे न्यस्ता पुरस्तादुमे ॥१२॥

*SacchAyair varaketaki dalaruca tAmboolavallIdalaih:
Poogair bhoorigunaih sugandhimadhuraih karpoorkhaNdOjjvalaih: |
MuktAcoorNavirajitair bahavidhair vaktrAmbujAmodanaih:
PoorNA ratnakalAcika tava mude nyasta purastAdume ||*

12. I place before you, O Mother, a jewelled box of betels of lush green, camphorated araca nuts, lime made out of shells of pearls, for your relishment.

कन्याभिः कमनीयकान्तिभिरलंकारामलारतिका पात्रे मौक्तिकचित्रपङ्क्तिविलसत्कर्पूरदीपालिभिः ।
तत्तत्तालमृदङ्गीतसहितं नृत्यत्पदाम्भोरुहं मन्त्राराधनपूर्वकं सुविहितं नीराजनं गृह्यताम् ॥१३॥

*kanyaAbhih: kamanIyakAntibhi alaNkArAmalArArtika
pAtrE mauktika citrapaNktivilasat karpoora dIpAlibhih: |
tattathAtala mrudaNga gItasahitam nrutyatpadAmbhOruham
mantrArAdhana poorvakam suvhitam nIrAjanam gruhyatAm ||*

13. Pretty girls to the accompaniment of lauds and muttering of mantras wave lighted camphorated wicks arranged like a string of pearls in shining plates. Their nimble feet dance to the tune of drum beats and joyous songs. May it please you to accept their offering of lights.

लक्ष्मीमौक्तिकलक्षकल्पितसितच्छत्रं तु धत्ते रसा-दिन्द्राणी च रतिश्च चामरवरे धत्ते स्वयं भारती।
वीणामेणविलोचनाः सुमनसां नृत्यन्ति तद्रागव-द्भवैराङ्गिकसात्त्विकैः स्फुटरसं मातस्तदाकर्ण्यताम् ॥१४॥

*LakSmIrmauktika lakSakalpitasitacchatram tu dhatte rasAd-
IndrANiCa ratiSca cAmaravare dhatte svayam bharati |
VInameNavilOcnA: sumanasAm nrutyanti tadrAgavad-
bhavairANgika sAttvikaih: sphuTarasam mAtastadAkarNyatam ||*

14. Lakshmi herself bears over the head, a sparkling white umbrella adorned with pearls. Indrani and Rati wave the fans and Bharati strums the strings of lyre. Celestial beauties with doe-like eyes for joy for your diversions.

ह्रींकारात्रयसंपुटेन मनुनोपास्ये त्रयीमौलिभि-र्वाक्यैर्लक्ष्यतनो तव स्तुतिविधौ को वा क्षमेताम्बिके।
सल्लापः स्तुतयः प्रदक्षिणशतं संचार एवास्तु तेसवेशो नमसः सहस्रमखिलं त्वत्प्रीतये कल्पताम् ॥१५॥

*HrimkArA trayasamputena maunOpAsye trayImaulibhir-
VAkyairlakSyatanO tava stutividhau ko vA kSametAmbike |
SallApAh: stutayah: pradakSiNSatam samcAra evAstu te
SamveSO namasah: sahasramakhilam tvatprItaye kalpatAm ||*

15. Your body is composed of the Panchadasi mantra divided in three sentences, each of which concludes with Hrimkara. Who can extol you in hymn or laud? Let my prattle therefore be your praise. My wanderings, a hundred circumambulations. My wayward mind going in thousand directions, an instrument of meditation.

श्रीमन्त्राक्षरमालया गिरिसुतां यः पूजयेच्चेतसा संध्यासु प्रतिवासरं सुनियतस्तस्यामलं सयान्मनः।
चित्ताम्भोरुहमण्डपे गिरिसुता नृत्तं विधत्ते रसा-द्वाणी वक्त्रसरोरुहे जलधिजा गेहे जगन्मङ्गला ॥१६॥

*Sri mantrAkSaramAlyA girisutAm yah: poojyecetasA
SandhyAsu prativAsaram suniyatas tasyAmalam syAnmanah: |
CittAmbhOruhamaNtape girisutA nruttam vidhatte rasAd-
vANi vaktrasaroruhe jaladhijA gehe jaganmaNgalA ||*

16. Whosoever worships mentally the Mother with this garland of letters everyday at the junction of night and day with restrained mind, to him this will happen: Gauri will dance on the stage of his devoted mind, Saraswati in his fluent utterances, Lakshmi in his auspicious abode.

इति गिरिवरपुत्रीपादराजीवभूषा भुवनममलयन्ती सूक्तिसौरभ्यसारैः।
शिवपदमकरन्दस्यन्दिनीयं निबद्धामदयतु कविभृङ्गान्मातृकापुष्पमाला ॥१७॥

*Iti girivaraputrIpAdarAjIvabhooSA
bhuvanamamalayantI sooktisaurabhyasAraih: |
SivapadamakarandasyandinIyam nibaddha
Madayatu kavibhruNgAn mAtruka puSpamALA ||*

17. This garland of mantric flowers fashioned by me adorns the lotus feet of the daughter of the Himavan, the mountain lord, by the fragrance of its good utterances, it purifies the worlds. Trickling with the honey from Siva's lotus feet, it inebriates the bee like poets with spiritual madness!

इति श्रीमत्परमहंसपरिव्राजकाचार्यस्य श्रीगोविन्दभगवत्पूज्यपादशिष्यस्य
श्रीमच्छंकरभगवतः कृतौ मन्त्रमातृकापुष्पमालास्तवः संपूर्णः ॥

Translated by M. V. B. S. Sarma, Bombay

TATTVALOKA OCT/NOV 1990

Golden Words

His Holiness Sri. Chandrasekhara Bharati Maha Swamiji

Faith in Guru

❖ *Do not be disheartened by the spiritual darkness over-running the world. When the sun sets and the darkness of night envelops the land, we do not stop our work saying that the sun has set. Do we not light a lamp and get on with our normal activities with the aid of that lamp? If we feel that there is an urgency, do we not walk miles and miles together during the darkest of nights guided by the flickering light of a torch?*

If you feel earnestly and keenly the urgency for escaping from the cycle of birth and death, you will ignore the spiritual gloom prevailing in the land and seek out a guiding torch which will dispel the gloom for you. Such a guiding torch is the guru, your spiritual master, who is waiting to help you.