

## Devarchana

Om JataJutasamayuktam Ardhendu-krita- shekharam, LochanatrayaSanyuktam Purnendu-Sadrusannam; Taptakanchana-Varnabhyang Supratisthang Sulochanam, Navayouvansampanang Sarbavarabhusitam;	With matted locks of hair, Crescent on her forehead, And three bright eyes, She looks like the full moon; Her molten-gold complexion, Her beautiful and calm eyes, Adorned with all ornaments, She looks primely youthful.
Sucharu Dashanang tikshnang pinnonata payodhram, Tribhanga-Snana-Sansthanang Mahisasuramardinim; Mrinalayat-Sansparsa-Dasabahusamanvitam, Trishulang Dakshine Dhyeyang Khadgang Chakrang Kramadasah; Tikshnabanang Tatha Sakting Bahu-Sanghesu Sangatam,	Her teeth beautifully arranged, Her bosom beautiful, Her thrice bent posture, We pray to that Mahisasuramardini; Her ten hands resemble lotus stems, On Her We meditate, Trident Sword, Sheldrake and arrow, Adorn her right hands.
Khetakang Purnachapancha Pasankushamurdhatah; Ghantang va Parastung vapi vamehadhah Pratiyojayet, Adhastanmahishang Tadwad Dwisiraskwang Pradarsayet; Shiraaschedodbhvang Tadwaddanabang Khadgapaninam, Hridi Shulena Nirvinnang Nirjadantra-Bibhusitam;	With mace, purnachap, rope, goad and gong, In her left hands, The Mahish cut into two, Lies beneath her feet; The weaponed demon, Whom she beheads; The trident piercing his heart, Tearing him apart;
Raktarakritikritangancha Raktabisphuritekshanam, Besthitang Nagapashena Bhrukuti Kutilaananam; Apashabasahastena Dhrutekeshancha Durgaya, Bamadrudhirabaktrancha devyahah Singhang Pradarsayet;	Blood flowing everywhere, He with his blood-red eyes, With Nagapasha him she binds, Intense anger in his sight; With rope in her left hand, She holds him by its hair, Blood flowing from his mouth, Lies the lion beneath;
Devvastu Dakshinang Padang Samang Singhoparisthitam, Kinchidurddhang Tatha Bamamangusthang Mahisopari; Stuyamanancha Tadrupa-Mamaraih Sannibesayet, Ugrachanda Prachanda Cha Chandogra Chandanayika; Chanda Chandabatichaiba ChandarupatiChandika, Aabhih ShaktiviraSthabhih Satatang Parivesthitaam; Chintayet Satatang Deving DharmaKamarthaMokshadam;	Her right foot, On the lion rests, With fingers of the left foot, On Mahisasura she stands; To this form of Hers, The Gods pray and sing; Ugrachanda, Prachanda, Chandagra, Chandanayika, Chanda, Chandabati, Chandarupa and Chandika, The eight shaktis, They surround Her. The giver of Dharma, Artha, Kama and Moksha, We meditate on Her.