MANTRAMATRIKAPUSHPAMALALASTAVAH

(1)
कलोधसितामृताबिलहरभैं विराजनमणी-
श्रीपे कल्पवृक्षापरिवृत्ते कादम्बवास्तुचित्तः ।
रत्नसंभसहस्निर्मितसग्रामेये विमानोत्तमे
चिन्तारतननिर्मितजयनि ते सिंहसनं भावे ॥

O mother! I envision your throne constructed with gem-like thoughts under a beautiful ceiling at the centre of a hall with thousands of gem-studded pillars placed in the lustrous Kadamba forest encircled by the wish-yielding kalpaka trees which is in the island of gems amidst the ocean of nectar with splashing waves.

(2)
एणाद्वानलमत्तुमणिरस्त्रीचक्रमध्ये स्थितं
बालांकुष्ठिभासुरां करतले: पाशांकुशी विमानी।
चांग बाणमणि प्रसर्वदनं कौसम्भवस्त्रान्वितां
तां त्वां चन्द्रकलावतंसमकुंटां चारुस्मितां भावे ॥

I envision you with charming smile, whose crown is the digit of the moon, who is clad the garment of saffron, is bright-faced, who bears the bow and arrow, and the good and loose in her hands that are lustrons like the young rising sun and who stays in the midst of the Sríchakra that dazzles like the (radiating) orbs of the sun, the (effulgent) fire and the (cool bright) moon.
O ocean of Compassion! your auspicious gem-studded seat is with the plank of Siva and with the four legs of Isa, Brahma Vishnu and Rudra; the padyam (waters to wash the feet) is mixed with saffron and sandal; the argya (waters offered while welcoming a guest) is mixed with precious stones; the acamaniya (waters offered for drinking) is pure - all these are offered to you with devotion by me (in my mind). Let all these be for your pleasure.

O Goddess, the final goal of the Yogins! protector from the web of the world! wide eyed one! the waters for your bath-waters of the Ganga mixed with saffron and camphor and added with cow’s milk and tender-coconut-water and purified by the chanting of mantras - are made ready mentally by me. Let this be a pleasure for you.
O devi, whose body is signified by the triple hriṇukara, the upper garment shining with precious stones gathered from the golden hill along with the saffron coloured cloth (of lower garment), the yajnopavīta made of golden threads and strung with pearls, are offered to you mentally by me - Let these be pleasures for you.

O devi! whose gait is coveted even by the swānis! kindly accept - the resplendent necklace, the effulgent diamond studded sets of golden armlets and bracelets, the jingling anklets, the gem-studded ear ornaments, the crown having half-moon as the crest-jewel, the pearl nose-ornaments, the finger rings, armlets and the golden girdle.

All these are offered (to you) for your pleasure - the thick mixture of saffron with camphor and sandal paste for your body, the kasturitiłaka for your shining forehead, the gorocana for your lustrous mirror like cheeks, the special collyrium (anjana) for your beautiful eyes and the pure musk (from the deer) for your bright neck.
O benefactress! kindly accept the flower garlands that are well-knit with flowers like Kalhara, Utpala, Mallika, Marubaka, beautiful golden coloured lotuses, Jati, Cempaka, Malati, Bakula, Mandara, Kunda and others. These garlands are offered mentally by me for your pleasure.

O devil! you delight the heart of the destroyer of Cupid (Lord Siva), by your shining limbs and you bind the desires of the Lord by your long curly hair resembling the rows of black bees; these are the finely constructed pleasure houses especially for you! And I am offering the sweet scented incense having ten ingredients for your pleasure.
In your effulgent mansion made of precious stones with bejewelled pillars and decorative arches, I light the lamps, borne in the hands of golden damsels, which emit a divine glow from the wicks smeared with ghee. Let all these be for your pleasure.

O Goddess of "hrimbija"! in thousand bowls made of glittering gold, I offer special food rendered holy, consisting of vegetables, ghee and dal, the different kinds of food-varieties, the milk-food mixed with honey, sugar and curd kept in a gem-studded vessel, and thousand cakes of black-gram.

I place before you, O Goddess Uma, for your pleasure, a jewelled box which is full of betal leaves, that give the reddish tinge like the Ketaki flower, arecanuts that have sweet smell being smeared with camphor, and the lime powder made out of the sheets of pearls and all that is pleasing to your lotus-face.
Beautiful girls were lighted wicks and the camphor arranged like a string of pearls on shining plates, to the accompaniment of mantras. Their lotus like feet dance to the tune of drum beats and songs. May it please you accept their offerings of light.

O Mother! Goddess Lakshmi herself bears over your head, a sparkling white umbrella studded with number of pearls; Indrani and Rati wave the fan and Goddess Sarasvati plays the lute. The doe-eyed celestial nymphs dancing to the tunes and beats of music and drums delineate the various moods through appropriate bodily movements and facial expressions. May all these be heard by you!
You form composed of the three "hrimbijas" and indicated by the hymns of the Upanishads, can never be extolled by any one! O Mother! Let my utterance be therefore your praise, my wanderings, a hundred circumambulations and my mind which is fickle as it goes on thousands of ways (thoughts) may be an instrument of meditation.

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श्रीमन्नारकापालास्य: गिरिसुलां य:पूजयेद्वेद्वतः  
संध्यासु प्रतिवासरं सुनिवस्तत्स्वं मण्डलं स्याम्भनः ।  
विद्वानमोहस्वमपेते गिरिसुला नृत्तं विघ्नेते रसा  
्र्वाणी वक्त्रसरसोऽहेजलधिजस गेहे जगन्मङ्कला ॥

Whoever worships the Mother mentally with this garland of letters everyday during dawn and dusk, his mind will be restrained and pure; Gowri will dance on the stage of his devoted lotus like mind; Sarasvati will dwell in his speech and auspicious Lakshmi will dwell in his residence.

(17)

इति गिरिकपूत्रांपादराजीवभूमा  
भुवनममतमयन्ति सूक्षिस्यार्थ्यसरः ।  
श्रिवपदकर्मस्यः पद्भान्विनिविधा  
मदयतु कविभूव्हज्ञानात्माकुप्पमाला ॥

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