



SACRED HYMN · SANSKRIT (DEVANAGARI) WITH MEANING

AIGIRI NANDINI

Attributed to Adi Shankaracharya

VERSE 1

अयि गिरिनन्दिनि नन्दितमेदिनि विश्वविनोदिनि नन्दिनुते गिरिवरविन्ध्यशिरोधिनिवासिनि विष्णुविलासिनि जिष्णुनुते ।
भगवति हे शितिकण्ठकुटुम्बिनि भूरिकुटुम्बिनि भूरिकृते जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥

O daughter of the mountain, who gladdens the earth, delights the universe and is praised by Nandi; who dwells on the peak of the great Vindhya range, who is the delight of Vishnu and is praised by Indra. O Goddess, wife of the blue-throated Shiva, mother of a vast family, maker of abundance: victory, victory to you, slayer of Mahishasura, lovely one with braided hair, daughter of the mountain.

VERSE 2

सुरवरवर्षिणि दुर्धरधर्षिणि दुर्मुखमर्षिणि हर्षरते त्रिभुवनपोषिणि शङ्करतोषिणि किल्बिषमोषिणि घोषरते ।
दनुजनिरोषिणि दितिसुतरोषिणि दुर्मदशोषिणि सिन्धुसुते जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥

You who shower boons on the gods, who overpower the hard-to-subdue, who bear with the ill-spoken, and who delight in joy; who nourish the three worlds, please Shankara, remove sin and delight in sacred sound. You who are angry with the Danavas and the sons of Diti, who dry up the arrogant, daughter of the ocean: victory, victory to you, slayer of Mahishasura, lovely one with braided hair, daughter of the mountain.

VERSE 3

अयि जगदम्ब मदम्ब कदम्बवनप्रियवासिनि हासरते शिखरिशिरोमणितुङ्गहिमालयशृङ्गनिजालयमध्यगते ।
मधुमधुरे मधुकैटभगज्जिनि कैटभभज्जिनि रासरते जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥

O Mother of the world, my mother, who loves to dwell in the kadamba forest and delights in laughter; who lives in her own home amid the peaks of the lofty Himalaya, crown jewel of mountains. Sweeter than honey, destroyer of Madhu and Kaitabha, who delights in the circle dance: victory, victory to you, slayer of Mahishasura, lovely one with braided hair, daughter of the mountain.

VERSE 4

अयि शतखण्ड विखण्डितरुण्ड वितुण्डितशुण्ड गजाधिपते रिपुगजगण्ड विदारणचण्ड पराक्रमशुण्ड मृगाधिपते ।
निजभुजदण्ड निपातितखण्डविपातितमुण्डभटाधिपते जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥

You who cut into a hundred pieces the trunks and headless bodies of the enemy's lord of elephants; whose lion, lord of beasts, is fierce and mighty in tearing apart the temples of enemy elephants. You who with the staff of your own arms struck down and broke the chiefs of the warriors Chanda and Munda: victory, victory to you, slayer of Mahishasura, lovely one with braided hair, daughter of the mountain.

VERSE 5

अयि रणदुर्मद शत्रुवधोदित दुर्धरनिर्जर शक्तिभृते चतुरविचारधुरीण महाशिव दूतकृत प्रमथाधिपते ।
दुरितदुरीहदुराशयदुर्मतिदानवदूतकृतान्तमते जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥

You who bear the irresistible divine power that arose to slay enemies maddened in battle; who made Shiva, the wise and foremost lord of the Pramathas, your messenger. You who resolved to end the evil-minded demons and their messenger, full of wicked intent: victory, victory to you, slayer of Mahishasura, lovely one with braided hair, daughter of the mountain.

VERSE 6

अयि शरणागतवैरिवधूवर वीरवराभयदायकरे त्रिभुवन मस्तक शूलविरोधिशिरोधिकृतामल शूलकरे ।
दुमिदुमितामर दुन्दुभिनाद महो मुखरीकृत तिग्मकरे जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥

You whose hand grants fearlessness even to the wives of enemy heroes who come to you for refuge; whose hand holds the spotless trident raised against the one who threatened the three worlds. You at whose glory the drums of the gods resound and fill the quarters with sound: victory, victory to you, slayer of Mahishasura, lovely one with braided hair, daughter of the mountain.

VERSE 7

अयि निजहुङ्कृतिमात्र निराकृत धूम्रविलोचन धूम्रशते समरविशोषित शोणितबीज समुद्भवशोणित बीजलते ।
शिव शिव शुम्भ निशुम्भ महाहव तर्पित भूत पिशाचरते जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥

You who reduced Dhumralochana and his hundreds of smoky warriors to nothing by your mere roar; who dried up in battle Raktabija and the creepers of seeds born from his blood. You who sated the ghosts and goblins in the great battle with Shumbha and Nishumbha: victory, victory to you, slayer of Mahishasura, lovely one with braided hair, daughter of the mountain.

VERSE 8

धनुरनुसङ्ग रणक्षणसङ्ग परिस्फुरदङ्ग नटत्कटके कनक पिशङ्गपृषत्कनिषङ्गरसद्भट शृङ्ग हतावटुके ।
कृतचतुरङ्ग बलक्षितिरङ्ग घटद्वहरङ्ग रटद्वटुके जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥

Your bracelets flash and dance on your arms as you draw the bow in battle; with golden, tawny arrows from your quiver you strike down the leading warriors. You who scatter the fourfold army across the battlefield amid the clamour of many soldiers: victory, victory to you, slayer of Mahishasura, lovely one with braided hair, daughter of the mountain.

VERSE 9

सुरललना ततथेयि तथेयि कृताभिनयोदर नृत्यरते कृत कुकुथः कुकुथो गडदादिकताल कुतूहल गानरते ।
धुधुकुट धुक्कुट धिन्धिमित ध्वनि धीर मृदङ्ग निनादरते जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥

You who delight in dance as the heavenly maidens perform to the rhythm 'tatatheyi tatheyi'; who delight in song set to the drum syllables 'kukutha' and other beats. You who delight in the deep sound of the mridanga beating 'dhudhukuta dhukkuta dhindhimita': victory, victory to you, slayer of Mahishasura, lovely one with braided hair, daughter of the mountain.

VERSE 10

जय जय जप्य जये जय शब्दपरस्तुति तत्पर विश्वनुते झण झण झिञ्झिमि झिङ्कृतनूपुर सिञ्जितमोहित भूतपते ।
नटितनटार्ध नटीनटनायक नाटितनाट्य सुगानरते जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥

Victory to you who are worthy of praise, praised by all the world with cries of victory; who charm Shiva, lord of beings, with the jingling of your anklets. You who delight in the dance and song of the great dancer Shiva, the half-man half-woman: victory, victory to you, slayer of Mahishasura, lovely one with braided hair, daughter of the mountain.

VERSE 11

अयि सुमनः सुमनः सुमनः सुमनः सुमनोहर कान्तियुते श्रित रजनी रजनी रजनी रजनी रजनीकर वक्त्रवृते ।
सुनयन विभ्रमर भ्रमर भ्रमर भ्रमर भ्रमराधिपते जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥

O good-hearted one, adorned with flowers, radiant with captivating beauty; whose face shines like the moon that lights the night. Your beautiful eyes move like restless black bees, outdoing the bees themselves: victory, victory to you, slayer of Mahishasura, lovely one with braided hair, daughter of the mountain.

VERSE 12

सहित महाहव मल्लम तल्लिक मल्लित रल्लक मल्लरते विरचित वल्लिक पल्लिक मल्लिक भिल्लिक भिल्लिक वर्ग वृते ।
सितकृत फुल्लसमुल्लसितारुण तल्लज पल्लव सल्ललिते जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥

You who delight in the great contest of the finest wrestlers; who are surrounded by bands of forest and hill tribes; who are graced with tender red shoots and bright blossoms: Victory, victory to you, slayer of Mahishasura, lovely one with braided hair, daughter of the mountain.

VERSE 13

अविरलगण्डगलन्मदमेदुर मत्तमतङ्गज राजपते त्रिभुवनभूषणभूतकलानिधि रूपयोनिति राजसुते ।
अयि सुदतीजन लालसमानस मोहनमन्मथ राजसुते जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥

You who ride the king of elephants, his temples flowing with rut; daughter of the king, ornament of the three worlds, beautiful as the moon and the ocean. You who are the daughter of Manmatha, enchanting the hearts of fair-toothed women: victory, victory to you, slayer of Mahishasura, lovely one with braided hair, daughter of the mountain.

VERSE 14

कमलदलामल कोमलकान्ति कलाकलितामल भाललते सकलविलासकलानिलय क्रमकेलिचलत्कलहंसकुले ।

अलिकुल सङ्कुल कुवलय मण्डल मौलिमिलद्वकुलालि कुले जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥

Your forehead is bright and smooth like a lotus petal; your gait is graceful like a flock of swans at play, home of every art. In your hair, crowded with bees, are lotuses and bakula flowers: victory, victory to you, slayer of Mahishasura, lovely one with braided hair, daughter of the mountain.

VERSE 15

करमुरलीरववीजितकूजित लज्जितकोकिल मञ्जुमते मिलित पुलिन्द मनोहर गुञ्जित रञ्जितशैल निकुञ्जगते ।

निजगुणभूत महाशबरीगण सद्गुणसम्भूत केलितले जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥

Your flute shames the cuckoo with its sweet notes; you roam the mountain groves where hunters sing and bees hum. You sport among your own attendants, the great Shabari women rich in virtue: victory, victory to you, slayer of Mahishasura, lovely one with braided hair, daughter of the mountain.

VERSE 16

कटितटपीत दुकूलविचित्र मयूखतिरस्कृत चन्द्ररुचे प्रणतसुरासुर मौलिमणिस्फुरदंशुलसन्नख चन्द्ररुचे ।

जितकनकाचल मौलिपदोर्जित निर्भरकुञ्जर कुम्भकुचे जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥

Your yellow silk at the waist outshines the moon; the nails of your feet shine like moons with the light of the jewels on the bowed crowns of gods and demons. Your breasts are like the temples of a mighty elephant, surpassing the golden mountain: victory, victory to you, slayer of Mahishasura, lovely one with braided hair, daughter of the mountain.

VERSE 17

विजित सहस्रकरैक सहस्रकरैक सहस्रकरैकनुते कृत सुरतारक सङ्गरतारक सङ्गरतारक सूनसुते ।

सुरथसमाधि समानसमाधि समाधिसमाधि सुजातरते जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥

You who are praised by the thousand-rayed sun whom you surpass; who gave birth to the son who won the battle against the demon Taraka. You who were pleased by the devotion of King Suratha and the merchant Samadhi: victory, victory to you, slayer of Mahishasura, lovely one with braided hair, daughter of the mountain.

VERSE 18

पदकमलं करुणानिलये वरिवस्यति योऽनुदिनं स शिवे अयि कमले कमलानिलये कमलानिलयः स कथं न भवेत् ।

तव पदमेव परम्पदमित्यनुशीलयतो मम किं न शिवे जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥

O abode of compassion, O Shiva: how could the one who worships your lotus feet day after day not become a dwelling of Lakshmi? O Kamala, dwelling in the lotus, since I hold your feet alone to be the highest state, what is there that I would not attain, O Shiva? Victory, victory to you, slayer of Mahishasura, lovely one with braided hair, daughter of the mountain.

VERSE 19

कनकलसत्कल सिन्धुजलैरनुसिञ्चिनुते गुणरङ्गभुवं भजति स किं न शचीकुचकुम्भ तटीपरिरम्भ सुखानुभवम् ।
तव चरणं शरणं करवाणि नतामरवाणि निवासि शिवं जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥

The verse says that one who bathes the floor of your shrine with water from shining golden vessels will enjoy the joys of heaven. I take refuge at your auspicious feet, to which the gods bow and where the goddess of speech dwells: Victory, victory to you, slayer of Mahishasura, lovely one with braided hair, daughter of the mountain.

VERSE 20

तव विमलेन्दुकुलं वदनेन्दुमलं सकलं ननु कूलयते किमु पुरुहूत पुरीन्दुमुखी सुमुखीभिरसौ विमुखीक्रियते ।
मम तु मतं शिवनामधने भवती कृपया किमुत क्रियते जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥

Your spotless moon-like face outshines the moon itself; what can the moon-faced women of Indra's city do to turn me away from you? In my view, O treasure of Shiva's name, what cannot be done by your grace? Victory, victory to you, slayer of Mahishasura, lovely one with braided hair, daughter of the mountain.

VERSE 21

अयि मयि दीनदयालुतया कृपयैव त्वया भवितव्यमुमे अयि जगतो जननी कृपयासि यथासि तथाऽनुमितासिरते ।
यदुचितमत्र भवत्युरीकुरुतादुरुतापमपाकुरुते जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि शैलसुते ॥

O Uma, you must be kind to me, compassionate to the humble; as you are the mother of the world, show me your grace. Do whatever is fitting, and remove my great suffering: victory, victory to you, slayer of Mahishasura, lovely one with braided hair, daughter of the mountain.

READ IT ON ITS PAGE

The Aigiri Nandini with its meaning, how and when it is recited, and the same text in five more scripts:
astrobhava.com/mantra/aigiri-nandini/