To friend and foe Thy lotus eyes are even; On fortunate and unfortunate Thou layest Thy hand alike; Deathlessness and the shadow of death are equally Thy mercy. O Mother, O supreme One, may Thy gracious glances never forsake me! (5)

How infinitely great is the Mother, and how inadequate the praise I sing of Her—I, so poor of understanding!
It is as if I desired to seize with my hands the sole Sustainer of the universe!
So, at Her blessed feet, the abode of fearlessness,
Meditated on by the very goddess of grace and glory,
Adored by those devoted to Her service—I take refuge. (6)

Whether I succeed or fail, She, who has ever inspired my understanding on the earth, Who, devising sweet playful ways, has led me, since my birth, Along the most painful paths to Perfection— She, the Mother, the All, is my refuge. (7)

॥ अम्बास्तोत्रम्॥

का त्वं शुभे शिवकरे सुखदुःखहस्ते आघूर्णितं भवजलं प्रबलोर्मिभङ्गैः। शान्तिं विधातुमिह किं बहुधा विभग्नां मातः प्रयत्नपरमासि सदैव विश्वे॥१॥

सम्पादयत्यविरतं त्वविरामवृत्ता या वै स्थिता कृतफलं त्वकृतस्य नेत्री। सा मे भवत्वनुदिनं वरदा भवानी जानाम्यहं ध्रुविमदं धृतकर्मपाशा॥२॥

को वा धर्मः किमकृतं कः कपाललेखः किंवादृष्ट फलिमहास्ति हि यां विना भोः। इच्छापाशैर्नियमिता नियमाः स्वतन्त्रेः यस्या नेत्री भवतु सा शरणं ममाद्या॥३॥

सन्तानयन्ति जलधिं जनिमृत्युजालं सम्भावयन्त्यविकृतं विकृतं विभग्नम्। यस्या विभूतय इहामितशक्तिपालाः नाश्रित्य तां वद् कृतः शरणं व्रजामः॥४॥

मित्रे रात्रौ त्वविषमं तव पद्मनेत्रम् स्वस्थे दुःस्थे त्ववितथं तव हस्तपातः। मृत्युच्छाया तव द्या त्वमृतञ्च मातः मा मां मुञ्जन्तु परमे शुभदृष्टयस्ते॥५॥

काम्बा सर्वा क गृणनं मम हीनबुद्धेः धर्त्तुं दोभ्यामिव मतिर्जगदेकधात्रीम्। श्रीसञ्चिन्त्यं सुचरणमभयप्रतिष्ठं सेवासारेरभिनुतं शरणं प्रपद्ये॥६॥

या मामाजन्म विनयत्यतिदुःखमार्गैः आसंसिद्धेः स्वकितेर्लिलितैर्विलासैः। या मे बुद्धिं सुविद्धे सततं धरण्यां साम्बा सर्वा मम गतिः सफलेऽफले वा॥७॥

II ambāstotram II

kā tvam śubhe śivakare sukha-duḥkha-haste āghūrṇitam bhava-jalam prabalormi-bhaṅgaiḥ I śāntim vidhātum iha kim bahudhā vibhagnām mātaḥ prayatna-paramāsi sadaiva viśve II 1 II

sampādayatyaviratam tvavirāma-vṛttā
yā vai sthitā kṛta-phalam tvakṛtasya netrī I
sā me bhavatvanudinam varadā bhavānī
jānāmyaham dhruvam idam dhṛta-karma-pāśā II 2 II

ko vā dharmaḥ kim akṛtaṁ kaḥ kapāla-lekhaḥ kiṁvādṛṣṭa phalamihāsti hi yāṁ vinā bhoḥ l icchāpāśair-niyamitā niyamāḥ svatantraiḥ yasyā netrī bhavatu sā śaraṇaṁ mamādyā II 3 II

santānayanti jaladhim janimṛtyu-jālam sambhāvayantyavikṛtam vikṛtam vibhagnam l yasyā vibhūtaya ihāmita-śaktipālāḥ nāśritya tām vada kutaḥ śaraṇam vrajāmaḥ ll 4 ll

mitre śatrau tvaviṣamaṁ tava padma-netram svasthe duḥsthe tvavitathaṁ tava hasta-pātaḥl mṛtyucchāyā tava dayā tvamṛtañca mātaḥ mā māṁ muñcantu parame śubha-dṛstayaste II 5 II kvāmbā sarvā kva gṛṇanaṁ mama hīna-buddheḥ dharttuṁ dorbhyām iva matir-jagad-eka-dhātrīm l śrī-sañcintyaṁ sucaraṇam abhaya-pratiṣṭhaṁ sevāsārair-abhinutaṁ śaraṇaṁ prapadye ll 6 ll

yā māmājanma vinayatyati-duḥkha-mārgaiḥ āsaṁsiddheḥ svakalitair-lalitair-vilāsaiḥ l yā me buddhiṁ suvidadhe satataṁ dharaṇyāṁ sāmbā sarvā mama gatiḥ saphale'phale vā II 7 II

A Hymn to the Mother by Swami Vivekananda

O beautiful, auspicious One, holding in Thy hands pleasure and pain—who art Thou?

The waters of existence are whirled to mighty bursting waves— Is it, O Mother, to restore the shattered calm That Thou art ceaselessly active in the universe? (1)

May She, whose action knows no respite,

Who constantly brings about the fruit of actions done, and shapes actions yet to be,

May She always bestow Her blessings upon me! She it is, I know certainly, who holds the ropes of karma. (2)

Without Her, where is virtue, where vice?
Where is destiny—"the writing on the forehead"?
Without Her, where is action, where the fruit of action?
May She, the cords of whose sovereign will control all laws,
May She, the Primal One, shelter me everlastingly! (3)

Oh, where shall I find refuge save in Her, whose glories manifest in the universe in powers immeasurable, Whose powers swell the ocean of birth and death And transform the immutable into the changing and divided? (4)