

BANDE MATARAM

(Published in THE STATESMAN, Oct. 29, 1905)

Hail Mother !

Sweet thy water, sweet thy fruits,

Cool blows the scented south wind,

Green waves thy corn.—

Mother !

Land of the glad white moonlit nights,

Land of trees with flowers in bloom,

Land of smiles land of voices sweet,

Giver of joy, giver of desire,

Mother !

Seventy million voices resounding ;

Twice seventy million arms in resolve uplifting—

Dare any call—Thee weak ?

Obeisance to Thee ! O Thou, mighty with

multiple might,

Redeemer Thou, Repeller of the enemy's hosts—

Mother !

In Thee all knowledge, Religion Thou,

Thou, the heart, Thou, the seat of life,

The breath of life in the flesh !

O Mother, the strength of this arm thine ;

Thine the devotion in the heart ;

Thine the image consecrate

From temple to temple !

The wielder of ten arms, "Durga," Thou,

Thou the Goddess of wealth, bowered in the lotus,

Thou the Muse dispersing wisdom,

Obeisance to Thee !

Salutations to Thee ! Holder of wealth, peerless,

With thy limpid water and luscious fruits,

Mother ! Hail, Mother !

Verdant, artless, sweet, smiling,

Radiance-holding, nourishing,

Mother, Mother, Hail !