

BANDE MATARAM

(Translated By AUROBINDO GHOSH)

I bow to thee, Mother,
richly-watered, richly-fruited,
cool with the winds of the south,
dark with the crops of the harvests,
the Mother!
Her strands rejoicing in the glory of the moonlight,
her lands clothed beautifully with her trees in
flowering bloom,
sweet of laughter, sweet of speech,
the Mother, giver of boons, giver of bliss!
Terrible with the clamorous shout of seventy million
throats, and the sharpness of swords raised in twice
seventy million hands,
Who sayeth to thee, Mother, that thou art weak?
Holder of multitudinous strength,
I bow to her who saves,
to her who drives from her the armies of her foemen,
the Mother!
Thou art knowledge, thou art conduct,
thou our heart, thou our soul,
for thou art the life in our body,
in the arm thou art might, O mother,
in the heart, O Mother, thou art love and faith.
It is thy image we raise in every temple.
For thou art Durga holding her ten weapons of war,
Kamala at play in the lotuses,
and speech, the goddess, giver of all lore,
To thee I bow!
I bow to thee, Mother,
dark-hued, candid,
sweetly smiling, jewelled and adorned,
the holder of wealth, the lady of plenty,
the Mother!
