

## Vandemataram song in Poetry Form

---

(Translated from Bengali by Sri Aurobindo)

Hail to The Mother  
(Vande Mataram)  
Mother, I bow to thee!  
Rich with thy hurrying streams,  
Bright with thy orchard gleams,  
Cool with thy winds of delight,  
Dark fields waving, Mother of might,  
Mother Free.  
Glory of moonlight dreams  
Over thy ranches and lordly streams,  
Clad in thy blossoming trees,  
Mother, giver of ease,  
Laughing low and sweet!  
Mother, I kiss thy feet  
Speaks sweet and low!  
Mother, to thee I bow.

Who hath said thou art weak in thy  
lands,  
When the swords flash out in twice  
seventy million hands  
And seventy million voices roar!  
Thy dreadful name from shore to shore?  
With many strengths who are mighty  
and strong,  
to thee I call, Mother and Lord!

Thou who savest, arise and save!  
To her I cry who ever her foemen drive.

Back from plain and sea  
And shook herself free.  
Thou art wisdom, thou art law,  
Thou our heart, our soul, our breath,  
Thou art the love divine, the awe  
In our hearts that conquers death  
Thine the strength that nerves the arm.  
Thine the beauty, thine the charm.  
Every image made divine  
In our temples is but thine.

Thou art Durga, Lady and Queen,  
With her hands that strike and her  
swords of sheen,

Thou art Lakshmi lotus-throned,  
And the Muse a hundred toned,  
Pure and perfect without peer,  
Mother lend thine ear.  
Rich with thy hurrying streams,  
Bright with thy orchard gleams,  
Dark of her, O candid-fair  
In thy soul, with jewelled hair  
And thy glorious smile divine  
Lovliest of all earthly lands.