

Vandemataram song in Prose

(Translated from Bengali by Sri Aurobindo)

I bow to thee, Mother,
richly watered, richly-fruited,
cool with the winds of the south,
dark with the crops of the harvest,
the Mother!
Her nights 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 art heart, thou art soul,
for thou art the life in our body.
In the arm thou art might, O Mother,
in the heart of 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 with the lotuses
and speech, the goddess of wealth
pure and peerless,
richly watered, richly fruited,
the Mother!
I bow to thee Mother,
dark hued candid,
sweetly smiling jewelled and adorned,
the holder of wealth, the lady of plenty,
the Mother!

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