
बंकिमचन्द्र चट्टोपाध्याय
वन्दे मातरम्
सुजलां सुफलां मलयजशीतलाम्
शस्य श्यामलां मातरं ।
शुभ्र ज्योत्स्ना पुलकित यामिनीम्
फुल्ल कुसुमित द्रुमदलशोभिनीम्,
सुहासिनीं सुमधुर भाषिणीम् ।
सुखदां वरदां मातरम् ॥ वन्दे मातरम्
सप्त कोटि कण्ठ कलकल निनाद कराले
निसप्त कोटि भुजैर्धृत खरकरवाले
के बोले मा तुमी अबले
बहुबल धारिणीं नमामि तारिणीम्
रिपुदलवारिणीं मातरम् ॥ वन्दे मातरम्
तुमि विद्या तुमि धर्म, तुमि हृदि तुमि मर्म
त्वं हि प्राणाः शरीरे
बाहुते तुमि मा शक्ति,
हृदये तुमि मा भक्ति,
तोमारै प्रतिमा गडि मन्दिरे मन्दिरे ॥ वन्दे मातरम्
त्वं हि दुर्गा दशप्रहरणधारिणी
कमला कमलदल विहारिणी
वाणी विद्यादायिनी, नमामि त्वाम्
नमामि कमलां अमलां अतुलाम्
सुजलां सुफलां मातरम् ॥ वन्दे मातरम्
श्यामलां सरलां सुस्मितां भूषिताम्
धरणीं भरणीं मातरम् ॥ वन्दे मातरम्

चैarpage

Translation of Vande Mataram by Shri Aurobindo Ghose
According to Bhavan's book, Vande Mataram by Moni Bagchee, (pg. 66),
“Bankin Chandra composed the song in an inspired moment,

Rabindranath sang it by setting a tune to it and it was left to the genius of Aurobindo to interpret the deeper meaning of the song out of which India received the philosophy of new Nationalism.” Shri Aurobindo’s birthday was also on 15th of August.

Mother, I bow to thee!
Rich with thy hurrying streams,
bright with orchard gleams,
Cool with thy winds of delight,
Dark fields waving Mother of might,
Mother free.
Glory of moonlight dreams,
Over thy branches and lordly streams,
Clad in thy blossoming trees,
Mother, giver of ease
Laughing low and sweet!
Mother I kiss thy feet,
Speaker sweet and low!
Mother, to thee I bow.
Who hath said thou art weak in thy lands,
When the sword flesh out in the seventy million hands
And seventy million voices roar
Thy dreadful name from shore to shore?
With many strengths who art mighty and stored,
To thee I call Mother and Lord!
Though who savest, arise and save!
To her I cry who ever her foeman drove
Back from plain and Sea
And shook herself free.
Thou art wisdom, thou art law,
Thou art heart, our soul, our breath
Though art love divine, the awe

In our hearts that conquers death.
Thine the strength that nervs 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 gleems,
Dark of hue O candid-fair
In thy soul, with jewelled hair
And thy glorious smile divine,
Loveliest of all earthly lands,
Showering wealth from well-stored hands!
Mother, mother mine!
Mother sweet, I bow to thee,
Mother great and free!

च्लearpage

Another independent attempt of English
translation by Keshab Bhattarai
Salutations (to you), oh Mother!
(You are blessed with) Richness in water
resources, plenty of fruits (and forest
resources), flushed with cool air breezing
from Malaya mountains;

Green with rice plants o ! our motherland
Salutations (to you), oh Mother!
Where nights are made joyous by sparkling light
very beautiful by buds-flowers- and rows of trees
Always looking pleasant, sweet speaking
giver of happiness and riches
o! our motherland!
Salutations (to you), oh Mother!
Seventy million voices are heard (praising you) in kalakala sound
many million hands have taken swords (for your protection)
How can I say that you are a helpless woman?
I pray (to you), oh savior mother adorned
with strength, the destroyer of enemies.
Salutations (to you), oh Mother!
You are embodiment of wisdom, virtues
(religion), love, and the essence (of everything).
You are certainly the life force in (our) bodies.
Oh Mother, you are strength in (our) arms,
Oh Mother, you are devotion in (our) hearts,
Your (sacred) image is in every temple
Salutations (to you), oh Mother!
You are indeed the ten-handed Durga goddess,
you are the goddess of wealth, Kamala or
Laxmi, residing on the lotus,
you are the bestower of (power of) speech and
knowledge - Goddess Saraswati, I pray to you.
I salute you oh pure unmatched Goddess Kamala.
You are blessed with water resources,
blessed with plenty of fruits,
Salutations (to you), oh Mother!
You are peaceful, kind, pleasant, and beautiful.

Oh Mother earth, nourisher, salutations.
Salutations (to you), oh Mother! Vande Mataram.

Line by line English translation by Keshab Bhattarai

वन्दे मातरम्

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सुजलां सुफलां मलयजशीतलाम्

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resources, plenty of fruits (and forest
resources), flushed with cool air breezing
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शस्य श्यामलां मातरं ।

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वन्दे मातरम्

Salutations (to you), oh Mother!

शुभ्र ज्योत्स्ना पुलकित यामिनीम्

Where nights are made joyous by sparkling light
फुल्ल कुसुमित द्रुमदलशोभिनीम्,
very beautiful by buds-flowers- and rows of trees
सुहासिनीं सुमधुर भाषिणीम् ।

Always looking pleasant, sweet speaking

सुखदां वरदां मातरम् ॥ वन्दे मातरम्

giver of happiness and riches

o! our motherland!

Salutations (to you), oh Mother!

सप्त कोटि कण्ठ कलकल निनाद कराले

Seventy million voices are heard (praising you) in kalakala sound

निसप्त कोटि भुजैर्धृत खरकरवाले

many million hands have taken swords (for your protection)

के बोले मा तुमी अबले

How can I say that you are a helpless woman?