

bhavAnI bhAratI by Sri Aurobindo

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भवानी भारत

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ભવાની ભારતી



English translation by Richard Hartz

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સુખે નિમગ્નઃ શયને યદાસં મધોશ્ચ રથ્યાસુ મનસ્થયાર ।
સ ચિન્તયામાસ કુલાનિ કાવ્યં દારાંશ્ચ ભોગાંશ્ચ સુખં ધનાનિ ॥ ૧ ॥

1. As I lay sunk in the comfort of my couch and my mind wandered on the roads of Spring,
I thought of my people, of poetry, of wife and enjoyments, pleasure and possessions.

કાન્તૈશ્ચ શૃંગારયુતૈશ્ચ હૃષ્ટો ગાનેઃ સ છન્દો લલિતં બબન્ધ ।
જગૌ ચ કાન્તાવદનં સહાસ્થ્યં પૂજ્યે ચ માતૃશ્ચરણે ગરિષ્ઠે ॥ ૨ ॥

2. I shaped my delight into elegant verse in lyrical stanzas of sensuous passion; I sang of
the smile on my beloved's face and of the revered and most sacred feet of the Mother.

ચકન્ત ભૂમિઃ પરિતો મદીયા ખલો હિ પુત્રાનસુરો મમર્દ ।
સ્વાર્થેન નીતોઽહમનર્થ પાદે દુરાત્મનો ભ્રાતૃવધેન લિપ્તે ॥ ૩ ॥

3. My country wept all around me, for a villainous Titan oppressed her children. Led by
self-interest, I paid homage to the feet of the evil one stained with the blood of my brothers.

સુખં મૃદાવાસ્તરણે શયાનં સુખાનિ ભોગાન્વસુ ચિન્તયન્તમ્ ।
પસ્પર્શ ભીમેન કરેણ વક્ષઃ પ્રત્યક્ષમક્ષણેશ્ચ બભૂવ કાલી ॥ ૪ ॥

4. Lying at ease on a soft couch and dreaming of pleasures, enjoyments and wealth, I felt
on my chest the touch of a dreadful hand and to my eyes grew visible the shape of Kali.

નરાસ્થિમાલાં નૃકપાલકાઞ્ચીં વૃકોદરાક્ષીં ક્ષુધિતાં દરિદ્રામ્ ।
પૃથે વ્રણાહુમસુરપ્રતોદૈઃ સિંહીં નદન્તીમિવ હન્તુકામામ્ ॥ ૫ ॥

5. Garlanded with the bones of men and girdled with human skulls, with, belly and eyes
like a wolf's, hungry and poor, scarred on her back by the "Titan's lashes, roaring like a
lioness who lusts for kill,

कूरैः क्षुधातैर्नयनैर्ज्वलद्भिर्विद्योतयन्तीं भुवनानि विश्वा ।

दुङ्काररूपेण कटुना स्वरेण विदारयन्तीं दृढयं सुराणाम् ॥ ६ ॥

6. with her fierce, hungry, blazing eyes irradiating all the worlds, rending the hearts of the gods with the piercing ring of her war-cry,

आपूर्य विश्वं पशुवद्विरावैर्लेलिख्यमानाश्च उनू कराले ।

कुराञ्च नग्रां तमसीव यक्षुर्दिसस्य जन्तोर्जननीं ददृश ॥ ७ ॥

7. filling the world with bestial sounds and licking her terrible jaws, fierce and naked, like the eyes of a savage beast in the dark-thus did I see the Mother.

आलोलकेशैः शिभरान्निगृह्य करालदंष्ट्रैश्च विसार्थं सिन्धून् ।

श्वासेन दृद्राव नभो विदीर्णान्यासेन पादस्य च भ्रूश्चकम्पे ॥ ८ ॥

8. The mountain-tops covered beneath her dangling locks and the seas drew back from her awful fangs; her breath scattered the torn clouds and earth trembled at the fall of her feet.

उत्तिष्ठ देहीति पिपासुरभ्या दध्वान रात्रौ नगरे वितारे ।

सेयं स्तनन्ती रजनीं तमिस्रां बभौ समापूर्य मनांसि यार्था ॥ ९ ॥

9. "Arise! Give!" The Mother's thirsting call resounded through the night in the starless city. Thundering, the noble goddess filled with her presence the night's blackness and the hearts of men.

भीतः समुद्धिग्गमनाश्च तल्पादुत्थाय पप्रच्छ तमो नमस्यम् ।

का भासि नक्तं दृढये करालि कुर्वाणि किं ब्रूहि नमोऽस्तु भीमे ॥ १० ॥

10. Alarmed and shaken in mind, I sprang from my couch and questioned that shape of darkness which compelled worship: "Who art thou who appearest to my heart in the night in thy terrible splendour? What must I do? Speak! Salutation to thee,

O dreadful goddess!"

सिंहास्य सारावमुदीरयन्ती कूरस्य कुञ्जे भ्रमतो वधार्थम् ।

ससर्ज वाङ्मयानि करालमूर्तिर्यथा समुद्रस्तनितं शिलायाम् ॥ ११ ॥

11. Uttering a sound like the lion's roar when it roams ferocious in the jungle in search of prey, the goddess in her form of terror loosed forth words like the thundering of ocean upon the rocks.

मातास्मि भोः पुत्रक भारतानां सनातनानां त्रिदशप्रियाणाम् ।

शक्तो न यान्पुत्र विधिर्विपक्षः कालोऽपि नो नाशयितुं यमो वा ॥ १२ ॥

12. “I am the mother, O child, of the Bharatas, the eternal people beloved of the gods, whom neither hostile Fate nor Time nor Death has power to destroy.

તે બ્રહ્મચર્યેણ વિશુદ્ધવીર્યા જ્ઞાનેન તે ભીમતપોભિરાર્યાઃ ।

સહસ્રસૂર્યા ઇવ ભાસુરાસ્તે સમૃદ્ધિમત્યાં શુશુભુર્ધરિત્યામ્ ॥ ૧૩ ॥

13. Their strength purified by their continence, rendered noble by selfknowledge and severe austerities, resplendent like a thousand suns they shone on a prosperous earth.

શૂરાઃ પ્રગલ્ભાશ્ચ હિ શાત્રવાણાં સ્પર્ધાલવં સોદુમમર્ષણાસ્તે ।

પૂજાં જનન્યા રિપુભિઃ સમાપ્ય રેજૂ રણાન્તે રુધિરાક્તદેહાઃ ॥ ૧૪ ॥

14. Heroic and bold, they would brook no hint of defiance from their foes. Worshipping the Mother with the sacrifice of her enemies, at battle’s end they stood radiant, their limbs anointed with blood.

દીનાઃ ક એતે ઘૃણિનો દરિદ્રાઃ શાન્તિં જઘન્યાં ગણિકામિબાન્ધાઃ ।

ભજન્તિ ભોઃ કાપુરુષાઃ કુબુદ્ધ્ય આલિડ્ગ્ય ચે મોદથ મૃત્યુમેવ ॥ ૧૫ ॥

15. But who are these pitiful and indigent wretches who in their blindness embrace a degrading peace like a prostitute? O you unmanly and weakminded men! Do you not know that it is Death you clasp?

કલીવાઃ કિચન્ત્યેવમસૂન્દિનાનિ ધરિષ્ઠ્યાતાર્તાઃ પ્રહૃતા વૃથૈવ ।

હસન્ત્યમિત્રા અપમાનરાશિં કીર્ણીય શાન્ત્યા ધનશોષણગ્ય ॥ ૧૬ ॥

16. How long will you thus impotently bear your lives in suffering, wantonly beaten by your oppressors? Your haters laugh at you; you buy with peace a heap of dishonour and the depletion of your wealth.

મ્લેષ્ઠસ્ય પૂતશ્ચરણામૃતેન ગર્વં દ્વિજોડસ્મીતિ કરોતિ કોડયમ્ ।

શૂદ્રાદનાર્યતરોડસિ શૂદ્રો પ્રતૈઃ કિમેતૈર્નરકસ્ય પાન્થે ॥ ૧૭ ॥

17. Who is this, sanctified by the nectarous touch of the feet of foreign barbarians, who prides himself on being a Brahmin? You are a Shudra less Aryan than the Shudras! Of what use are these vows for the traveller on the path to Hell?

ઉત્તિષ્ઠ ભો જાગૃહિ સર્જયાગ્રીન્ સાક્ષાહ્લિ તેજોડસિ પરસ્ય શૌરૈઃ ।

વક્ષઃસ્થિતેન સનાતનેન શત્રૂન્હુતાશનેન દહન્નટસ્વ ॥ ૧૮ ॥

18. Arise! Awake! Leave your ritual fires, for you are the incarnate lustre of Krishna, the Supreme. Go forth consuming your enemies with the fire that dwells eternal in your breast.

कः क्षत्रबन्धुर्भवनेषु गूढो मद्येन कटाक्षैश्च विलासिनीनाम् ।

धर्मान्यशो दुर्बल विस्मृतोऽसि युध्यस्व भो वञ्चक रक्ष धर्मान् ॥ १८ ॥

19. Who is this relative of Kshatriyas hiding in his palace with wine and the darting glances of voluptuous women? Your duty and honour have you forgotten in your weakness? Fight, hypocrite, and preserve the Dharma!

अस्त्येव लोढं निशितश्च अङ्गः क्रूरा शतघ्नी नदतीढ मत्ता ।

कथं निरस्त्रोऽसि मृतोऽसि शेषे रक्ष स्वजातिं परडा भवार्यः ॥ २० ॥

20. Iron there is and the sword is sharp; the cruel cannon bellows here in a drunken fury. How is it that you are unarmed? You lie as if dead! Protect your race, be Aryan and a slayer of your foes.

वैश्योऽसि कञ्चैव विशः समृद्ध्यै धनं किमेतद्विपणीषु सज्जम् ।

भ्वेच्छद्विरेषा कुरुषे दरिद्रां मामेव कालीं भल मातृद्रोहिन् ॥ २१ ॥

21. And what kind of Vaishya are you here? What goods are these arrayed in the market-places for the prospering of the people? This is the wealth of the foreign exploiter! You impoverish me, Kali, O vile traitor to your Mother!

भ्वेच्छद्विमेतां ज्वलनाय दैहि रोषाग्निना किं न भिभेषि काल्याः ।

देवीं भवानीं हृदि पूजयित्वा यतस्व लक्ष्यै भव जन्मभूम्याः ॥ २२ ॥

22. Give to the flames this wealth of the foreigner. Do you not fear the burning wrath of Kali? Worshipping the goddess Bhavani in your heart, strive and enrich your motherland.

भो भो अवन्त्यो मगधाश्च वङ्गा अङ्गाः कलिङ्गाः कुरुवश्च सिन्धो ।

भो दक्षिणात्याः शृङ्गुतान्ध्रयोला वसन्ति ये पञ्चनदेषु शूराः ॥ २३ ॥

23. You and you, O peoples of Avanti and Magadha, Vanga, Anga and Kalinga, O Kurus and men of Sind: hear me! O southerners, you of Andhra and the Chola country, and you heroes of the land of the five rivers;

ये के त्रिमूर्तिं भजतैकमीशं ये चैकमूर्तिं यवना मदीयाः ।

माताह्वये वस्तनयान्ति सर्वान् निद्रां विमुञ्चध्वमये शृङ्गुध्वम् ॥ २४ ॥

24. you who adore the triple form of the one Lord and you, my Mohammedan sons, who worship Him in His uniqueness: I, the Mother, call all of you, for all are my children. Shake off your slumber! Oh, hear!

कालस्य भेरीं शृङ्गुताद्विशृङ्गे रौद्रं कृतान्तं मम दूतरूपम् ।

દુર્ભિક્ષમેતાનથ ભૂમિકમ્પાન્ નિબોધતાધીશતમાગતાસ્મિ ॥ ૨૫ ॥

25. Listen to the drum of Time on the mountain-tops. Behold pitiless Death, my messenger. Famine and earthquake announce that I have come in the fullness of my might.

દેહિ કંતુદેહિ પિપાસુરસ્મિ જાનીહિ દૃષ્ટ્વા ભજ શક્તિમાધામ્ ।

શિરાંસિ રાણાં મહતાં તનૂશ્ચ ભોક્તું નદન્તી ચરતીહ કાલી ॥ ૨૬ ॥

26. Offer sacrifice to me; give, for I am thirsty. Seeing me, know and adore the original Power, ranging here as Kali who roars aloud and hungers to enjoy the heads and bodies of mighty rulers.

રક્તપ્રવાહૈરપિ નાસ્મિ તૃમા શતૈઃ સહસ્રૈરયુતૈરજાનામ્ ।

પ્રદત્ત ભિત્ત્વા હૃદયાનિ રક્તં સમ્પૂજ્યન્ત્યેવમજા કરાલીમ્ ॥ ૨૭ ॥

27. Not by torrents of blood from hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of goats am I satisfied. Break open your hearts and offer that blood to me, for so do they worship the unborn and dreadful Goddess.

યેષાં સદૈવાત્મબલિપ્રવૃત્તાઃ શૂરા મહાન્તઃ પ્રમુખાઃ કુલાર્થે ।

સૌમ્યા કરાલી ભવતિ પ્રજાનાં રક્તેન પુષ્ટા વિનિહન્તિ શત્રૂન્ ॥ ૨૮ ॥

28. Wheresoever are great heroes and leaders engaged in continual self-sacrifice for the good of their race, towards those nations does Kali grow gracious, nourished with blood, and they crush their enemies.

કં બિભ્યતાર્થા રુધિરસ્ય સિન્ધૌ નિમજ્જતાસ્મિન્ભવતાર્થસત્વાઃ ।

ત્રિશૂલિ ભોઃ પશ્યત તત્ર પારે જ્યોતિઃકુદૈતીદમભિન્નતેજઃ ॥ ૨૯ ॥

29. Whom do you fear, O Aryans? Plunge into this sea of blood; show that you are made of Aryan stuff indeed! Lo, there on the further shore see a light arise, inviolable in brilliance and armed with the trident.

કવે વિલાસિઞ્શ્ચૃણુ માતૃવાક્યં કાલીં કરાલીં ભજ પુત્ર ચણ્ડીમ્ ।

દ્રાષ્ટાસિ વૈ ભારતમાતરં તાં ઘ્રતીમરાતીન્ભૃશમાજિમધ્યે ॥ ૩૦ ॥

30. O poet and sensualist, hear the word of the Mother: adore Kali the Terrible, my son, the fierce Chandī. Verily you shall see her, the mother of the Bharatas, striking down her foes mightily in the thick of the fight.

સનાતનાન્યાહ્ય ભારતાનાં કુલાનિ યુદ્ધાય જ્યોડસ્તુ મા ભૈઃ ।

ભો જાગૃતાસ્મિ ક્વ ધનુઃ ક્વ ખડ્ગ ઉત્તિષ્ઠતોત્તિષ્ઠત સુમસિંહાઃ ॥ ૩૧ ॥

31. Summon forth to battle the ancient tribes of the Bharatas. Let there be victory; fear not. Lo, I have awakened! Where is the bow, where the sword? Arise, arise, O sleeping lions!”

शमानि वाङ्मयानि निशम्य रात्रौ तेजश्च भीमं तिमिरे विलोक्य ।

चित्तं ननर्ताशु विडाय सन्न भोगान्विनिर्धूय च निर्जगाम ॥ ३२ ॥

32. Hearing these words in the night and beholding in the darkness a dreadful splendour, my heart danced and leaving my house, shaking off my pleasures, I quickly went forth.

सान्द्रं तमिस्रावृतमार्तमन्धं ददर्श तद्भारतमार्थभाण्डम् ।

गूढा रजन्यामरिभिर्विनष्टा माता भृशं क्रन्दति भारतानाम् ॥ ३३ ॥

33. I saw then this land of India, the Aryan country, wrapped thickly in darkness, suffering, blinded; hidden in the night, ruined by her enemies, the mother of the Bharatas wept aloud.

स भ्रामयामस दृशं रजन्यां भ्रातृ-स तप्तस्तिमिरे विचिन्वन् ।

कङ्कालसाराणि ददर्श तानि शवानि तेषां करुणानि भूमौ ॥ ३४ ॥

34. I cast my glance about in the night, grieved, searching out my brothers in the shadows. Their corpses I saw on the ground, pitiable, reduced to skeletons.

तदा ददर्शासुरमेकमीशं किरीटिनं वज्रधरं मलान्तम् ।

अश्रूणि रक्तौघशतानि मातुः संगृह्य पुष्पान्तमपत्यसंधान् ॥ ३५ ॥

35. Then did I see a lordly Titan, crowned, gigantic, bearing a thunderbolt, feeding the hordes of his offspring with the tears of the Mother mixed with a hundred streams of her blood.

पदा तुषाराद्रिमदीनसत्त्वं मृद्रन्तमन्ध्रानितरेण पौरुणम् ।

प्रसारयन्तं करवालमुग्रं थीनावनौ पल्लवभूमिभाण्डे ॥ ३६ ॥

36. Oppressing with one foot the invincible Himalaya, with the other the plains of Andhra and Paundra, he brandished a harsh sword over China and the land of the Pahlavas (Persia).

भलं विशालं बलगर्वितं तं विकल्पमानं धर्ममधर्मबुद्धिम् ।

दृष्ट्वा त्वभूच्चित्तमिवाग्निदुण्डुपं क्रोधेन जज्वाल ह्रि शश्वतेन ॥ ३७ ॥

37. As I looked on him, huge and vile, inflated with the pride of his strength, unrighteous and boasting of righteousness, my heart became like a fire-pit and burned with an undying wrath.

कुलानि सुमानि सनातनानि ह्यतुं जगौ जागरणाय भीमा ।

कूरं विरावौघमुदीरयन्ती पार्श्वे ममायाद्रजनीव घोरा ॥ ३८ ॥

38. The dread voice of the goddess was raised to call out of their sleep the imperishable tribes. Then, uttering a fierce flood of cries, she came to my side, formidable like the night.

ભીમૈઃ કરાલૈર્ધરણી વચોભિશ્ચાલ સિન્ધુશ્ચ નભો જગર્જ ।

ભીમૈઃ સરોષૈશ્ચ વિલોકનૈસ્તૈર્બ્રહ્માણ્ડમુત્તમમિવાગ્નિવૃષ્ટ્યા ॥ ૩૮ ॥

39. Earth and sea shook with the awful violence of her words and the heavens thundered back. The terror of her angry looks afflicted the creation like a deluge of fire.

ત્રૈલોક્યમુન્માદકરૈઃ કરાલ્યા આવાહનૈઃ પૂર્ણમભૂચ્ચ સર્વમ્ ।

જ્વાલામુખી દારુણાવહ્નિગર્ભા કણ્ઠાદુદકામદજસ્રશબ્દા ॥ ૪૦ ॥

40. All the three worlds were filled with the maddening summons of Kali. A volcano of devastating flame issued from the throat in immortal words.

ક્ષોભેણ તીવ્રેણ ચરાચરસ્ય ક્ષુબ્ધાન્યપશ્યં પૂતનાનિ તત્ર ।

સ્વપ્નોત્થિનાનીવ વચઃ સુરૌદ્રં ભો હન્યતાં દુષ્ટ ઇતીચ્યન્તિ ॥ ૪૧ ॥

41. Now I saw armies as if roused from sleep, agitated by the intense agitation that had seized the world, shouting fiercely, “Death to the villain!”

જ્ઞાત્વા હિ માતૂ રુદિતં ક્ષતાનિ વિદ્યુદ્ધરાણીક્ષણશતાન્યભૂવન્ ।

ક્રોધૈઃ સહસ્રાણિ તતો મુખાનિ ભીમાનિ ભીમં દનુજેશમાયન્ ॥ ૪૨ ॥

42. Growing aware of the Mother’s weeping and her wounds, hundreds of eyes darted lightning. Then thousands of faces turned, dire with rage, upon the dread lord of Titans.

સુમેષુ પુત્રેષુ રણોત્સુકેષુ નિશાચરઃ શોણિતમાર્યમાતુઃ ।

પિબન્વિનર્દસ્યબલાબલી કો વહસિ ચાણ્ડાલ કૃતાન્તભક્ષ્ય ॥ ૪૩ ॥

43. “Who are you Aho, while her sons slept who are now eager for battle, have drunk the blood of the mother of the Aryans like a RakShasa, bellowing in the night? Who are you who, strong, oppress the weak, O fallen one, food for Death?”

ઇતીચ્યન્તી વચનાનિ રુષ્ટા શસ્ત્રં ગૃહીત્વા ધનુરગ્નિગર્ભમ્ ।

અભ્યદ્રવદ્ભીમમરાતિમુગ્રા પશ્ચાત્પુરસ્તાચ્ચ જગર્જ કાલી ॥ ૪૪ ॥

44. As she uttered these words, incensed, the violent goddess lifted a weapon, a fire-hurling bow, and rushed at her fearsome opponent. Before her and behind her Kali roared.

જ્વાલાકરાલા ધરણી બભૂવ ક્રોધૈર્જર્વલદ્ભિર્ગનગ્ચ તૂર્ણૈઃ ।

દ્રેષારવૈદુન્દુભિનાગ્ચ નાદૈર્જગદ્ધિત્રસ્તં દનુજસ્ય યુદ્ધે ॥ ૪૫ ॥

45. The earth grew lurid with flame and swift tongues of flaming wrath licked the sky. Sounds of neighing and the rumble of drums frightened the world as Kali fought with the Titan.

रक्ताक्तमेधा नभसीव तेषुः पपात योर्व्यां रुधिरोग्रवृष्टिः ।

रक्तोदधौ रेजिर अद्रिसंधा वसुन्धरा रक्तमया बभासे ॥ ४६ ॥

46. Clouds stained with blood seemed to burn in the heavens and a fierce rain of blood fell upon the earth. The mountains rose up from a bloodred sea. All the land was as if turned to blood.

भीमो रजन्यामसुरो बलीयान् ममर्द सैन्यानि सुरप्रियाणाम् ।

जगर्ज शोभत्तमनाः सुरासिः को मे समः पुंस्विति रुढगर्वः ॥ ४७ ॥

47. The mighty Titan, terrible in the night, was crushing the armies of the people beloved of the gods. Intoxicated with pride, the enemy of the gods thundered, “Who is there in the world who is equal to me?”

तदा तमिस्रामपसारयन्तं रक्तप्रकाशं दिवि बालसूर्यम् ।

शरोपमैर्घ्नन्तमिवांशुभिस्तं प्रीतो दृष्टाडमुदग्रश्मिम् ॥ ४८ ॥

48. Then, repelling the darkness and piercing the adversary with beams like arrows, I saw with a thrill of gladness a rising sun that shed a ruddy glow in the heavens, casting its rays aloft.

समाकुलं भाविभिरास्यवर्यैर्ब्रह्माणामपश्यमथात्त्रुपम् ।

सडस्रनेत्राणि दृष्टं तस्मिन् प्रतीक्षमाणान्यलयं जनन्याः ॥ ४९ ॥

49. Crowded with glorious faces of the future, I beheld now the creator Brahma in the shape of a cloud whence looked forth a thousand eyes that foresaw the Mother’s deliverance from fear.

द्विकोटिभास्वद्भ्रसूर्यभासं ज्योतिस्तदा सौम्यमरातिनाशी ।

नारीशरीर रमणीयकान्ति दूरादुदीच्यामुदियाय शुभ्रम् ॥ ५० ॥

50. I hen, far off in the north, there arose, gracious, annihilating all enemies, a white light in the form of ‘a Woman delightful in beauty, as radiant as twenty million dazzling suns.

तां ह्लादिता दीमजगत्सु देवास्तामन्तरीक्षे मधुरं वयांसि ।

जगुर्भनुष्याः प्रणिपत्य योर्व्यां विश्वं विनष्टाधि यदाविवेश ॥ ५१ ॥

51. Enraptured, the gode in the luminous realms sang her praises; the birds in the mid-region sang sweetly of her, and men prostrating themselves on the earth sang of her as she entered the world dispelling its anguish.

સમાધીરા હિમભૂતદેહા યુગાન્યનેકાનિ હિમાદ્રિકૂટે ।

થે યોગિનો ભારતગોમૃરૂપાસ્તે તુષ્ટુવુસ્તાં મુદિતા મહાન્તઃ ॥ ૫૨ ॥

52. On the Himalayan summits, steadfast in meditation, their bodies turned to ice, the great Yogis who through numberless ages have guarded India's destiny praised her with joy.

જ્ઞાનાકરેભ્યો હિ વિલોચનેભ્યો હિમાનિ મન્દં યુગસચ્ચિતાનિ ।

ઉત્સાર્ય દેવીમથ ભીમકાન્તિં મહાપ્રતાપા બલિનીમગાયન્ ॥ ૫૩ ॥

53. Brushing slowly from eyes fathomless with wisdom the snow the ages had heaped there, they chanted in their puissance to the mighty Goddess terrible in radiant beauty:

તુભ્યં નમો દેવિ વિશાલશક્ત્યૈ નમામિ ભીમાં બલિનીં કૃપાલુમ્ ।

ત્વમેવ વૈ તારયસીહ જાતીરૂર્જસ્વલાયૈ નમ આદિદેવ્યૈ ॥ ૫૪ ॥

54. "Salutation to thee, O Goddess omnipotent! To thee I bow who art terrible and mighty and compassionate. Thou alone preservest these peoples. Salutation to the Forceful One, the primeval Goddess!

કસ્તે બલં વર્ણયિતું સમર્થો દેવિ પ્રચણ્ડે કરપલ્લવેન ।

એકેન હિ ભ્રામયસે રુણત્સિ વિશ્વં સતારાર્કમનન્તવીર્યે ॥ ૫૫ ॥

55. Who is there who can describe thy might, O Goddess impetuous in thy ways? With one delicate hand thou settest whirling or arrestest in its motion the universe with all its stars and suns, O infinite in energy.

આજૈ યદા નૃત્યસિ ચણ્ડિઠ ઘોરે શૃગાલધુષ્ટે દધતી ત્રિશૂલમ્ ।

સ્પર્શનં કમ્પન્ત ઇવાયુધસ્ય મહાન્તિ તારાનિયુતાનિ નાકે ॥ ૫૬ ॥

56. When, wielding the trident, thou dancest, O Chandi, on the gruesome battlefield noisy with jackals, the vast multitudes of stars seem to tremble in the firmament'at the touch of thy weapon.

દ્યાર્દ્રચિત્તા રુદિતેન પુંસાં હંસિ પ્રજાપીડકમસ્તકેષુ ।

યો મૃત્યુસ્તા ભુવનસ્ય રૌદ્રેઃ સ કિંકરસ્તે વસતિ ત્રિશૂલે ॥ ૫૭ ॥

57. Thy heart melting with pity for the weeping of men, thou smitest the heads of the oppressors of the people. Ravenous Death, the eater of the world, is thy servant who rides on the prongs of thy trident.

शक्तिः परा कोटिषु मानवानां संमन्युनां त्वं भवसि प्रबुद्धा ।

आर्यान्विपन्नानवतीर्य पासि युगे युगे युध्यस आर्यमातः ॥ ५८ ॥

58. Thou art the supreme Power awakening in millions of impassioned men. Incarnating thyself, thou preservest this noble people when it is fallen into distress. From age to age thou fightest, O Mother of the Arvans.

सद्योऽपि पश्यामि गिरावुदीच्यां देदीप्यमानं धवलं वपुस्ते ।

त्वं भ्राजसे ज्योतिरुदेषि सौम्ये प्रकाशयन्ती भुवनानि कान्त्या ॥ ५९ ॥

59. Today again I behold thy dazzling white form on the mountains of the north; effulgent thy- light arises, O gracious one, illumining the worlds with beauty.

धेनौ समारुढमनोज्ञकान्ती रणोन्मदायां थरसीयमार्या ।

शैला षवोत्तुङ्गशिभाः समूलाः पतन्ति संघाः परितोऽसुराणाम् ॥ ६० ॥

60. Thou rangeest here, noble goddess, with thy lovely limbs of radiance mounted on a cow drunk with the zest of battle, and all around thee the Titan hosts tumble like lofty peaks uprooted.

सा शुभ्रवर्णासितवृत्तशृङ्गा छिमस्य राशिश्चलतीव तूर्णम् ।

देवप्रिया भारतभूमिरार्या धेनुस्वरुपेण विडन्ति शत्रून् ॥ ६१ ॥

61. Bright of hue and with round black horns, she romps about like a swiftmoving mass of snow: it is the Aryan land of India, dear to the gods, who tramples her enemies in this shape of a cow.

व्यूडास्तवकस्माज्जितदैवतानां भयेन ते पाण्डुरवङ्गकान्त्यः ।

वारिप्रपाता षव पर्वतेभ्यो धावन्त्यधो वेगपराः सशब्दाः ॥ ६२ ॥

62. F -he legions of those who had defeated the gods, the lustre of their laces turning pale with fear, flee suddenly like cataracts clown the mountainsides, clamorous and intent on speed.

शृणोमि ते पाञ्चनदेषु भीमे स्वरानुदाराञ्जयनाद्यमुग्रम् ।

निडन्त्यमानस्य रवं बलस्य भयङ्करे तारतरं शृणोमि ॥ ६३ ॥

63. I hear, O formidable goddess, the noble tones of thy fierce cry of victory echoed by the people of Punjab. Louder still, O fearsome warrior, is heard the uproar of the opposing forces as they are slaughtered.

कृष्णस्य सैषा यमुना अवनन्ती रक्तनेन नीलं विससर्ज वर्णम् ।
 अङ्गोष्पसृक्कर्ममेव पश्य दिग्दक्षिणा भाति सुलोहितेव ॥ ६४ ॥

64. Yonder Jumna, whose stream witnessed the sports of Krishna, has lost its sapphire hue, turning red with blood. Behold the soil of Bengal turned to a bloody mire, while the southern quarter gleams blood-red.

स्यूष्टास्त्रिशूलेन विधायसीमाः सुलोहिता भान्ति दिशः समन्तात् ।
 अत्राणि ते रक्तमयानि भीमे विभान्ति युद्धेन सुदारुणेन ॥ ६५ ॥

65. Touched by thy trident, the regions of the sky seem to bleed, diffusing a reddish light everywhere. Due to the exceeding violence of thy warfare, O dreadful one, the clouds that bore water have become carriers of blood.

स्थोस्तटेषूपलकडंशेषु देवीमपश्यं युधि शेषितारीन् ।
 निःशेषयन्तीमद्यां सकोपां शिवां त्रिशूलेन शिवस्य शत्रून् ॥ ६६ ॥

66. On the rocky sea-beaches I have seen the Goddess annihilating in battle her remaining adversaries. Merciless, wrathful and beneficent, she cuts down with her trident the enemies of Shiva, the beneficent Lord.

भरैः सुनिष्पिष्टमिदं सुरभ्या घोरं किमेवापि सुकृष्णवर्णम् ।
 मांसस्य पिण्डं ङ्यवनौ निरीक्षे शेषोऽयमस्त्येव तवाहितानाम् ॥ ६७ ॥

67. What is this, hideous and black, trampled by the hooves of the cow of the gods? It is a lump of flesh which I see on the ground: this is all that is left of those who were hostile to thee.

भग्नानि तस्मिन्निचये विरूपे प्रनिःसरन्तीव शिरांसि कानि ।
 पादाः कराश्चापि छि तत्र तत्र कूरासि रुद्राणि करालकृत्या ॥ ६८ ॥

68. From that disfigured heap what broken heads seem to emerge! Feet and hands lie here and there. Cruel art thou, O Rudrani, in thy savage deeds!

कूरासि रुद्राण्यथवा जघन्ये कुरे प्रजापीडनरुढगर्वे ।
 द्येव भूतेयमलं यदार्यं स्वर्गप्रदं मृत्युमवाप युद्धे ॥ ६९ ॥

69. Cruel art thou, O Rudrani; or rather is this mercy, as it were, towards the base and cruel tyrant priding himself on the affliction of the people, that he should receive in battle a noble death leading to heaven.

अेको गतासोरपि रुद्रशत्रोर्धत्ते करः पावकगर्भमस्त्रम् ।

प्लुष्टश्च शीर्षश्च तथापि दग्धानसू-भवान्यां क्षिपतीव दैत्यः ॥ ७० ॥

70. Though his life has departed, one hand of this enemy of Rudra still holds a fire-spitting weapon. Charred and mangled, it is as if the demon yet hurls at Bhavani his burnt life-force.

स्रोतांसि पश्यामि मडायुधास्याद्दुर्दीर्यभाणानि डुताशनस्य ।

धृष्टोऽपि सो नालभते तु यर्ङी तिष्ठन्प्रभामडलमूर्तिमग्रे ॥ ७१ ॥

71. I see currents of flame spewing from the mouth of the deadly weapon; but for all his insolence, and though he lies before her, he cannot reach the form of Chandī wrapped in an aura of splendour.

भङ्गः प्रक्षिप्तस्तु विषाणमध्ये विष्टम्भयत्यन्तिमयेष्टितन्तत् ।

समामभेतत्त्व तर्क्यामि मडप्रतं देवि विशालवीर्ये ॥ ७२ ॥

72. A sword thrust between his horns paralyses that parting gesture. Thus I deem thee to have fulfilled thy mighty vow, O Goddess of immense energy.

तुभ्यं नमो देवि विशालशक्त्यै भीमप्रते तारिणि कष्टसाध्ये ।

त्वं भारती राजसि भारतानां त्वमीश्वरी भासि यराथरस्य ॥ ७३ ॥

73. Salutation to thee, O Goddess vast in thy power, to thee of terrible vows who carriest us through our difficult labour. Thou reignest as Bharatī over the Bharatas; as the supreme Goddess thou rulest all this universe of animate and inanimate things.

त्वामीश्वरी त्वं जननी प्रजानां कोऽन्यः प्रभुर्दानमिदं तवाढ्ये ।

स्वामित्वमैश्वर्यमनिन्दतेजो ददासि या सापि निर्डसि रुष्टा ॥ ७४ ॥

74. Thou art the supreme -Goddess, thou the Mother of creatures; who else has power? Mastery, supremacy and blameless lustre are gifts from thee, O opulent one, thou who givest these smitest also when thou art angered.

नमो नमो वाडनमेतदार्ये डिभाभकान्तं मधुरायताक्षि ।

तल्लाङ्गुलात्रेण सुकृष्णभासा ध्वजं करोतीव तवोच्छ्रितेन ॥ ७५ ॥

75. Salutation, salutation, O noble goddess with thy large eyes of sweetness! This thy vehicle with its lovely hue of snow raises thy flag, as it were, in the black, glossy tip of its uplifted tail.

नमो नमो देवि तवावकाश्वी रशश्रमेण प्रसभं विमुक्ता ।
उड्डीयमाना नभसीव मेघो वेण्णिय्युता भाति सुदीर्घवका ॥ ७६ ॥

76. Salutation, salutation, O Goddess! Forcibly loosened by the exertion of battle, the array of thy unbraided tresses flying about, long and wavy, appears to float like a cloud in the sky.

श्वेतानने विद्युद्विवासि भूमौ रुषा प्रदीप्ते छि विलोचने ते ।
कीडन्त्यपाङ्गेषु करावडासाः शतद्रुदेव स्तनयित्नुमध्ये ॥ ७७ ॥

77. When thy eyes flash with anger, O white-faced goddess, thou art like a streak of lightning fallen to earth; like lightning amid the thunderclouds thy dreadful laughter plays in the corners of thy eyes.

द्रष्टुं शिपूंस्तान्पतिता-गतासून् त्रीवेयमीषन्नमिता य शुक्ला ।
सजानुवर्षं यरणां भवान्याः स्तम्भो छिमस्येव विभाति शुभ्रम् ॥ ७८ ॥

78. This white neck of thine is bent slightly to look at thy fallen and lifeless foemen. The white legs of Bhavani, from the feet to the beautiful knees, gleam like pillars of snow.

शुक्लं प्रवातैरनिलोपमं ते संक्षोभितं भासुरतोयदाभम् ।
वातीव वासो रुचिराणि मध्ये भ्राजन्त अङ्गानि शशिप्रभेव ॥ ७९ ॥

79. Fluttering in the breeze, thy bright and airy robe is a luminous cloud from whose midst thy radiant firmbs shine forth like moonlight.

उदीर्णैः पयसस्तरङ्गः क्षीराब्धिमध्ये स्तनमेकमेतत् ।
त्वं दुर्निरीक्ष्यासि यदङ्गकान्तेस्त्विषाक्षिरम्भ प्रतिडन्त्ये मे ॥ ८० ॥

80. This breast of thine is a foaming wave of milk swelling in the Milky Ocean. Difficult art thou to discern, O Mother, when my gale falls back from the splendour of thy body of beauty.

सनातनी देवि शिवस्य पूर्वं वपुस्त्विदं धारयसे युवत्याः ।
तुभ्यं नमस्तुभ्यमनादिमातः सौम्या भवाम्भ प्रणतेषु भीमे ॥ ८१ ॥

81. Thou art ancient, O Goddess -before Shiva thou wert-yet thou wearest this form of a maiden. Salutation to thee, O beginningless Mother! Be gracious, O terrible One. to those who prostrate themselves before thee.

उद्दिश्य भूमिं द्रुमराजिनीलां शैलान्तरालेषु मलत्सु दृश्याम् ।

कारुण्यमय्याः प्रसूतः करस्ते ददासि रुद्राण्यभयं प्रजानाम् ॥ ८२ ॥

82. Pointing to a land dark with trees visible in the vast spaces between the mountains, thy hand is extended, O compassionate one, O Rudrani, granting freedom from fear to the peoples.

तत्संज्ञया ते करपल्लवस्य तमो विधूतं भुवि भारतानाम् ।

रक्तस्य मेघा नभसोऽपधूता अचिन्त्यवीर्यासि शुभासि सौम्या ॥ ८३ ॥

83. By that sign of thy flowerlike hand the darkness is expelled from the land of the Bharatas. -h he clouds of blood vanish from the skies. Unthinkable is thy strength; beautiful thou art and gracious.

सौम्यं वपुस्ते डिमवर्णमार्यं सौम्यं भवान्या वदनं ङ्युदारम् ।

शुक्लाम्बरां यौवनशुभ्रकान्तिं स्नेहाद्र्द्रनेत्रां बलिनीं नमामि ॥ ८४ ॥

84. Gracious is thy noble form white as snow, gracious the exalted countenance of Bhavani; I bow to the Mighty One robed in white, radiant with the bright beauty of youth, her eyes moist with compassion.

नरास्थिमाला नृकपालकाञ्ची क्व सा कराली ।

नत्रा य घोरा विवृतास्यभीमा यस्या विरावैः सडसोत्थितोऽस्मि ॥ ८५ ॥

85. Where now is that terrible figure, garlanded with the bones of men and girdled with skulls, naked and fierce, dreadful with her gaping mouth, by whose cries I was suddenly roused?

रक्तस्य योऽयं वडतीड सिन्धुशया शुभाया डसतीव तस्मिन् ।

भङ्गं पशिभ्रामयति स्तनन्ती नत्रा सुघोरा य नमामि कालीम् ॥ ८६ ॥

86. In the river of blood which flows yonder laughs the shadow of the beautiful One, brandishing a sword, thundering, naked and hideous: I bow to Kali!

काली त्वमेवासि सुनिष्ठुरासि त्वमन्नपूर्णा सदया य सौम्या ।

नमामि रौद्रां भुवनान्तकत्रिं प्रेमाङ्कुलामेव नमामि राधे ॥ ८७ ॥

87. Thou indeed art Kali and utterly ruthless thou art; thou art Annapurna, the merciful and gracious. I bow to thee as the Violent One, O ender of the worlds; I bow to thee, O Radha, in thy ecstasy of love.

अनन्तशक्त्यृद्धिमशेशमूर्तिं को वक्ष्यतीमां तव सर्वशक्ते ।

તેજસ્ત્વમેતદ્ભવિનાં બલગ્ચ ત્વં કોમલાનામપિ કોમલાસિ ॥ ૮૮ ॥

88. Who can support in himself thy plenitude of infinite Power in which all thy forms are manifest, O Goddess omnipotent? Thou art this blazing might and thou art the strength of the strong; thou art also the gentlest of the gentle.

સૌમ્યામહન્ત્વાં દ્વિભુજા નમામિ ત્રિશૂલિનીં ત્વામભયં વહન્તીમ્ ।

ત્વામમ્બ સાવિત્રિ શુભે ત્રિનેત્રે શુકલાઙ્ગવસ્ત્રાં વૃષરૂઢકાન્તિમ્ ॥ ૮૯ ॥

89. Two-armed in thy gracious aspect I bow to thee, and again with trident uplifted bringing deliverance from fear; to thee I bow, O Mother, O radiant Savitri, O three-eyed one, thy white-limbed, white-robed loveliness mounted on a bull.

દશાયુધાઢ્યા દશદિક્ષ્વગમ્યા પાતાસિ માતર્દશબાહુરાર્યાન્ ।

સહસ્રહસ્તૈરુપગુહ્ય પુત્રાનાસ્સે જગદ્યોનિરચિન્ત્યવીર્યા ॥ ૯૦ ॥

90. Ten-armed with all thy ten weapons thou protectest the Aryans, O Mother unattainable in the ten directions; as the womb of the world thou sitst with a thousand arms embracing thy children, unthinkable in thy energy.

પ્રકાશયન્તીં ગહનાનિ ભાસૈર્ભીમાં જ્વલત્પર્વતમૂર્તિમગ્ન્યામ્ ।

પશ્યામિ દેવીં નગરેષુ સૌમ્યાં દ્વારિ સ્થિતામાર્યભુવઃ સખઙ્ગામ્ ॥ ૯૧ ॥

91. Illumining with her rays the impenetrable depths of the forests, her form like a mountain of fire, terrible and sublime, I see the gracious Goddess standing, sword in hand, at the gates of the cities of the Aryan country.

હલિં દમિત્વા જનની પ્રજાનાં સત્વાધિકા [portion missing] ।

સ્વાધીનવૃત્તીનિ પુનશ્ચરન્તિ પશ્યામિ તાન્યાગમમાર્ગગાણિ ॥ ૯૨ ॥

92. The mighty Mother of creatures has vanquished the Age of Strife. Once again the movements of freedom are abroad; I observe them following the paths of the ancient scriptures.

પુનઃ શ્ૃણોમીમમરણ્યભૂમૈ વેદસ્ય ઘોષં હૃદયામૃતોત્સમ્ ।

સુજ્ઞાનિનામાશ્રમગા મુનીનાં કુલ્યેવ પુંસાં વહતિ પ્રપૂર્ણા ॥ ૯૩ ॥

93. Once again I hear in the forests the chanting of the Veda which is a fountain of immortalising nectar to the heart. An overflowing river of humanity streams to the hermitages of the sages perfected in selfknowledge.

સનાતનાન્ રક્ષતિ ધર્મમાર્ગાન્ પુનઃ સહસ્રાંશુકુલાર્યજન્મા ।

लक्ष्मीः पुनः साध्ययला स्मितास्या समुज्ज्वला राजति भारतेषु ॥ ८४ ॥

94. Once again the eternal ways of the Dharma are guarded by one nobly born in the Solar Race. And once again resplendent LakShmi, a smile on her lips, reigns steadfast among the Bharatas.

पुरातनीं मातरमागमानामागच्छताञ्च स्तुवताञ्च भूमिम् ।

प्राच्यां प्रतीच्यां जगतोऽभिलस्य कोलाहलं वेगरवाञ्छुष्मि ॥ ८५ ॥

95. In East and West I hear the cry and stir of the whole world hastening with praise on its tongue to this country, the ancient Mother of the Vedas.

सद्भुर्गर्भेति मडाप्रतेति स्तुवन्ति सैम्याञ्च भयङ्कराञ्च ।

देव्याः प्रियां भूमिमनादिशक्त्यास्तीर्थस्वरूपेण च पूजयन्ति ॥ ८६ ॥

96. Praising the gracious and awe-inspiring Mother as the source of the true Law, the fulfiller of mighty vows, they revere as a place of pilgrimage this land dear to the Goddess beginningless in her power.

शिवस्य काश्यां निवसन्ति ये ते स्पर्शनं ते तस्य भवन्ति मुक्ताः ।

देव्यास्तु पुण्येन पदार्पणेन सर्वार्थभूमिर्जगतोऽपि काशी ॥ ८७ ॥

97. As those who dwell in Shiva's sacred city of Kashi are liberated by the auspicious touch of the Lord, so all this Aryan country where the Goddess has set her purifying feet shall be the Kashi of the world.

प्रीतिर्दया धैर्यमदम्यशौर्यं श्रद्धा तितिक्षा विविधाश्च विधाः ।

अनन्तरूपे त्वमसि प्रसीद चिरं वसार्थे हृदि भारतानाम् ॥ ८८ ॥

98. O infinite in thy forms, thou art contentment, compassion, patience and indomitable heroism, faith and endurance and knowledge of every kind. Be gracious, noble goddess; dwell long in the hearts of the Indian people!

सिन्धुन्दिमाद्रिञ्च सुसौम्यभासा प्रकाशयन्ती सुदृढप्रतिष्ठा ।


तिष्ठ प्रसन्ना चिरमार्थभूमौ मडाप्रतापे जगतो हिताय ॥ ८९ ॥


99. Illumining these rivers and snowy mountains with a most gentle lustre, be firmly established in the Aryan country. Abide forever gracious in this land, O Mighty One, for the good of the world!"

English translation by Richard Hartz

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