
bhavAnI bhAratI by Sri Aurobindo

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भवानी भारती

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Document Information



Text title : bhavAnI bhAratI

File name : bhavAnIbhAratI.itx

Category : major_works, devii, devI

Location : doc_z_misc_major_works

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Transliterated by : Sarada Susarla

Proofread by : Sarada Susarla, Sampadananda Mishra

Translated by : Richard Hartz

Description-comments : Modern sanskrit literature patriotic poem

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Latest update : August 28, 2021

Send corrections to : sanskrit at cheerful dot c om

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March 24, 2024

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सुखे निमग्नः शयने यदासं मधोश्च रथ्यासु मनस्चचार ।
स चिन्तयामास कुलानि काव्यं दारांश्च भोगांश्च सुखं धनानि ॥ १ ॥

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.

कान्तैश्च शृङ्गारयुतैश्च हृष्टो गानैः स छन्दो ललितं बबन्ध ।
जगौ च कान्तावदनं सहास्यं पूज्ये च मातुश्चरणे गरिष्ठे ॥ २ ॥

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.

चक्रन्द भूमिः परितो मदीया खलो हि पुत्रानसुरो ममर्द ।
स्वार्थेन नीतोऽहमनर्च पादे दुरात्मनो भ्रातृवधेन लिप्ते ॥ ३ ॥

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.

सुखं मृदावास्तरणे शयानं सुखानि भोगान्वसु चिन्तयन्तम् ।
पस्पर्श भीमेन करेण वक्षः प्रत्यक्षमक्ष्णोश्च बभूव काली ॥ ४ ॥

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.

नरास्थिमालां नृकपालकाञ्चीं वृकोदराक्षीं क्षुधितां दरिद्राम् ।
पृष्टे व्रणाङ्गामसुरप्रतोदैः सिंहीं नदन्तीमिव हन्तुकामाम् ॥ ५ ॥

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,

क्रूरैः क्षुधातेर्नयनैर्ज्वलद्भिर्विद्योतयन्तीं भुवनानि विश्वा ।

हुङ्काररूपेण कटुना स्वरेण विदारयन्तीं हृदयं 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 पशुवद्विरावैर्ललिह्यमानाश्च हनू कराले ।

क्रूराञ्च नग्नां तमसीव चक्षुर्हिंस्रस्य जन्तोर्जननीं ददर्श ॥ 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 शिखरान्निगृह्य करालदंष्ट्रैश्च विसार्य सिन्धून् ।

श्वासेन दुद्राव नभो विदीर्णं न्यासेन पादस्य च भूश्चकम्पे ॥ 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 पिपासुरम्बा दध्वान रात्रौ नगरे वितारे ।

सेयं स्तनन्ती रजनीं तमिस्रां बभौ समापूर्य मनांसि चार्या ॥ 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 समुद्विग्नमनाश्च तल्पादुत्थाय पप्रच्छ तमो नमस्यम् ।

का भासि नक्तं हृदये 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!"

सिंहस्य सारावमुदीरयन्ती क्रूरस्य कुञ्जे भ्रमतो वधार्थम् ।

ससर्ज वाक्यानि 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.

ते ब्रह्मचर्येण विशुद्धवीर्या ज्ञानेन ते भीमतपोभिरार्याः ।
सहस्रसूर्या इव भासुरास्ते समृद्धिमत्यां शुशुभुर्घरित्र्याम् ॥ १३ ॥

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.

शूराः प्रगल्भाश्च हि शात्रवाणां स्पर्धालवं सोढुममर्षणास्ते ।
पूजां जनन्या रिपुभिः समाप्य रेजू रणान्ते रुधिराक्तदेहाः ॥ १४ ॥

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.

दीनाः क एते घृणिनो दरिद्राः शान्तिं जघन्यां गणिकामिबान्धाः ।
भजन्ति भोः कापुरुषाः कुबुद्ध आलिङ्ग्य ये मोदथ मृत्युमेव ॥ १५ ॥

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?

क्लीवाः कियन्त्येवमसून्दिनानि धरिष्यथार्ताः प्रहृता वृथैव ।
हसन्त्यमित्रा अपमानराशिं क्रीणीय शान्त्या धनशोषणञ्च ॥ १६ ॥

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.

श्लेच्छस्य पूतश्चरणामृतेन गर्वं द्विजोऽस्मीति करोति कोऽयम् ।
शूद्रादनार्यतरोऽसि शूद्रो व्रतैः किमेतैर्नरकस्य पान्थे ॥ १७ ॥

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?

उत्तिष्ठ भो जागृहि सर्जयाग्नीन् साक्षाद्धि तेजोऽसि परस्य शौरैः ।
वक्षःस्थितेन सनातनेन शत्रून्हुताशनेन दहन्नटस्व ॥ १८ ॥

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 ॥ १९ ॥

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 लोहं निशितश्च खड्गः क्रूरा शतघ्नी नदतीह मत्ता ।

कथं निरस्त्रोऽसि मृतोऽसि शेषे रक्ष स्वजातिं परहा 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 कश्चेह विशः समृच्चै धनं किमेतद्विपणीषु सज्जम् ।

स्तेच्छद्विरेषा कुरुषे दरिद्रां मामेव कालीं खल 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!

स्तेच्छद्धिमेतां ज्वलनाय देहि रोषाग्निना किं न विभेषि कात्याः ।

देवीं भवानीं हृदि पूजयित्वा यतस्व लक्ष्म्यै 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 कुरवश्च सिन्धो ।

भो दाक्षिणात्याः शृणुतान्त्रचोला 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 वस्तनयान्हि सर्वान् निद्रां विमुञ्चध्वमये शृणुध्वम् ॥ 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 शृणुताद्रिशृङ्गे रौद्रं कृतान्तं मम दूतरूपम् ।

दुर्भिक्षमेतानथ भूमिकम्पान् निबोधताधीशतमागतास्मि ॥ २५ ॥

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.

देहि क्रतून्देहि पिपासुरस्मि जानीहि दृष्ट्वा भज शक्तिमाद्याम् ।

शिरांसि राज्ञां महतां तनूश्च भोक्तुं नदन्ती चरतीह काली ॥ २६ ॥

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.

रक्तप्रवाहैरपि नास्मि तृप्ता शतैः सहस्रैरयुतैरजानाम् ।

प्रदत्त भित्त्वा हृदयानि रक्तं सम्पूजयन्त्येवमजां करालीम् ॥ २७ ॥

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.

येषां सदैवात्मबलिप्रवृत्ताः शूरा महान्तः प्रमुखाः कुलार्थे ।

सौम्या कराली भवति प्रजानां रक्तेन पुष्टा विनिहन्ति शत्रून् ॥ २८ ॥

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.

कं विभ्यतार्या रुधिरस्य सिन्धौ निमज्जातास्मिन्भवतार्यसत्त्वाः ।

त्रिशूलि भोः पश्यत तत्र पारे ज्योतिर्द्युदेतीदमभिन्नतेजः ॥ २९ ॥

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.

कवे विलासिञ्छृणु मातृवाक्यं कालीं करालीं भज पुत्र चण्डीम् ।

द्राष्टासि वै भारतमातरं तां घ्नतीमरातीन्भृशमाजिमध्ये ॥ ३० ॥

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.

सनातनान्याह्वय भारतानां कुलानि युद्धाय ज्योऽस्तु मा भैः ।

भो जागृतास्मि क्व धनुः क्व खड्ग उत्तिष्ठतोत्तिष्ठत सुप्तसिंहाः ॥ ३१ ॥

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!”

इमानि वाक्यानि निशम्य रात्रौ तेजश्च भीमं तिमिरे विलोक्य ।
चित्तं ननर्तांशु विहाय सद्य 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 तद्भारतमार्यखण्डम् ।
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 भ्रातृन्स 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 महान्तम् ।
अश्रूणि रक्तौघशतानि मातुः संगृह्य पुष्पान्तमपत्यसंघान् ॥ 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 मृद्वन्तमन्धानितरेण पौण्ड्रान् ।
प्रसारयन्तं करवालमुग्रं चीनावनौ पल्लवभूमिखण्डे ॥ 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).

खलं विशालं बलगर्वितं तं विकत्थमानं धर्ममधर्मबुद्धिम् ।
दृष्ट्वा त्वभूच्चित्तमिवाग्निकुण्डं क्रोधेन जज्वाल हि शाश्वतेन ॥ 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 सुप्तानि सनातनानि ह्वातुं जगौ जागरणाय भीमा ।
क्रूरं विरावौघमुदीरयन्ती पार्श्वं 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.

भीमैः करालैर्धरणी वचोभिश्चाल सिन्धुश्च नभो जगर्ज ।

भीमैः सरोषैश्च विलोकनैस्तैर्ब्रह्माण्डमुत्तप्तमिवाग्निवृष्ट्या ॥ ३९ ॥

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.

त्रैलोक्यमुन्मादकरैः कराल्या आवाहनैः पूर्णमभूच्च सर्वम् ।

ज्वालामुखी दारुणवह्निगर्भा कण्ठादुदक्रामदजस्रशब्दा ॥ ४० ॥

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.

क्षोभेण तीव्रेण चराचरस्य क्षुब्धान्यपश्यं पृतनानि तत्र ।

स्वप्नोत्थिनानीव वचः सुरौद्रं भो हन्यतां दुष्ट इतीरयन्ति ॥ ४१ ॥

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!"

ज्ञात्वा हि मातू रुदितं क्षतानि विद्युद्धराणीक्षणशतान्यभूवन् ।

क्रोधैः सहस्राणि ततो मुखानि भीमानि भीमं दनुजेशमायन् ॥ ४२ ॥

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.

सुप्तेषु पुत्रेषु रणोत्सुकेषु निशाचरः शोणितमार्यमातुः ।

पिबन्विनर्दस्यबलान्बली को वहंसि चाण्डाल कृतान्तभक्ष्य ॥ ४३ ॥

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?"

इतीरयन्ती वचनानि रुष्टा शस्त्रं गृहीत्वा धनुरग्निगर्भम् ।

अभ्यद्रवद्भीममरातिमुग्रा पश्चात्पुरस्ताच्च जगर्ज काली ॥ ४४ ॥

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.

ज्वालाकराला धरणी बभूव क्रोधैर्ज्वलद्भिर्गगनञ्च तूर्णैः ।

हेषारवैर्दुन्दुभिनाञ्च नादैर्जगद्वित्रस्तं दनुजस्य युद्धे ॥ ४५ ॥

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.

रक्ताक्तमेघा नभसीव तेपुः पपात चोर्व्या रुधिरोग्रवृष्टिः ।
रक्तोदधौ रेजिर अद्रिसंघा 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 चोन्मत्तमनाः सुरारिः को मे समः पुंस्विति रूढगर्वः ॥ 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 ददर्शाहमुदग्ररश्मिम् ॥ 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 भाविभिरास्यवर्यैर्ब्रह्माणमपश्यमथाभ्ररूपम् ।
सहस्रनेत्राणि ददर्श तस्मिन् प्रतीक्षमाणान्यभयं 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.

द्विकोटिभास्वद्वरसूर्यभासं 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 दीप्तजगत्सु देवास्तामन्तरीक्षे मधुरं वयांसि ।
जगुर्मनुष्याः प्रणिपत्य चोर्व्या 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.

समाधिधीरा हिमभूतदेहा युगान्यनेकानि हिमाद्रिकूटे ।
ये योगिनो भारतगोमृरूपास्ते तुष्टुवुस्तां मुदिता महान्तः ॥ ५२ ॥

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.

ज्ञानाकरेभ्यो हि विलोचनेभ्यो हिमानि मन्दं युगसञ्चितानि ।
उत्सार्य देवीमथ भीमकान्तिं महाप्रतापा बलिनीमगायन् ॥ ५३ ॥

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:

तुभ्यं नमो देवि विशालशक्त्यै नमामि भीमां बलिनीं कृपालुम् ।
त्वमेव वै तारयसीह जातीरूर्जस्वलायै नम आदिदेव्यै ॥ ५४ ॥

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!

कस्ते बलं वर्णयितुं समर्थो देवि प्रचण्डे करपल्लवेन ।
एकेन हि भ्रामयसे रुणत्सि विश्वं सतारार्कमनन्तवीर्ये ॥ ५५ ॥

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.

आजौ यदा नृत्यसि चण्डि घोरे श्गालघुष्टे दधती त्रिशूलम् ।
स्पर्शनं कम्पन्त इवायुधस्य महान्ति तारानियुतानि नाके ॥ ५६ ॥

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.

दयार्द्रचित्ता रुदितेन पुंसां हंसि प्रजापीडकमस्तकेषु ।
यो मृत्युरत्ता भुवनस्य रौद्रैः स किंकरस्ते वसति त्रिशूले ॥ ५७ ॥

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 ।
आर्यान्विपन्नानवतीर्थं 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 समारूढमनोज्ञकान्ती रणोन्मदायां चरसीयमार्या ।
शैला इवोत्तुङ्गशिखाः समूलाः पतन्ति संघाः परितोऽसुराणाम् ॥ ६० ॥

60. Thou rangest 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 हिमस्य राशिश्चलतीव तूर्णम् ।
देवप्रिया भारतभूमिरार्या धेनुस्वरूपेण विहन्ति 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.

व्यूहास्तवकस्माज्जितदैवतानां भयेन ते पाण्डुरवक्रकान्त्यः ।
वारिप्रपाता इव 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 स्वरानुदाराञ्जयनादमुग्रम् ।
निहन्यमानस्य 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 स्रवन्ती रक्तेन नीलं विससर्ज वर्णम् ।
बङ्गेष्वसुकुर्दममेव 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.

स्पृष्टास्त्रिशूलेन विहायसीमाः सुलोहिता भान्ति दिशः समन्तात् ।
अभ्राणि 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.

स्न्धोस्तटेषूपलकर्कशेषु 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.

खरैः सुनिष्पिष्टमिदं सुरभ्या घोरं किमेवापि सुकृष्णवर्णम् ।
मांसस्य पिण्डं ह्यवनौ 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 तस्मिन्नचये विरूपे प्रनिःसरन्तीव शिरांसि कानि ।
पादाः कराश्चापि हि तत्र तत्र क्रूरासि 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!

क्रूरासि रुद्राण्यथवा जघन्ये क्रूरे प्रजापीडनरूढगर्वे ।
दयेव 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.

एको गतासोरपि रुद्रशत्रोर्धत्ते करः पावकगर्भमस्त्रम् ।
प्लुष्टश्च चीर्णश्च तथापि दग्धानसूम्भवान्यां 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 महायुधास्यादुद्गीर्यमाणानि हुताशनस्य ।
धृष्टोऽपि सो नालभते तु चण्डीं तिष्ठन्प्रभामण्डलमूर्तिमग्रे ॥ 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 Chandi wrapped in an aura of splendour.

खड्गः प्रक्षिप्तस्तु विषाणमध्ये विष्टम्भयत्यन्तिमचेष्टितन्तत् ।
समाप्तमेतत्तव तर्कयामि महाव्रतं 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 भीमव्रते तारिणि कष्टसाध्ये ।
त्वं भारती राजसि भारतानां त्वमीश्वरी भासि चराचरस्य ॥ 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 Bharati over the Bharatas; as the supreme Goddess thou rulest all this universe of animate and inanimate things.

त्वामीश्वरी त्वं जननी प्रजानां कोऽन्यः प्रभुर्दानमिदं तवाढ्ये ।
स्वामित्वमैश्वर्यमनिन्द्यतेजो ददासि या सापि निहंसि 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 वाहनमेतदार्ये हिमाभकान्तं मधुरायताक्षि ।
तल्लाङ्गुलाग्रेण सुकृष्णभासा ध्वजं करोतीव तवोच्छितेन ॥ 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 तवालकाली रणश्रमेण प्रसभं विमुक्ता ।
उड्डीयमाना नभसीव मेघो वेणिच्युता भाति सुदीर्घवक्रा ॥ 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 विद्युदिवासि भूमौ रुषा प्रदीप्ते हि विलोचने ते ।
क्रीडन्त्यपाङ्गेषु करालहासाः शतहृदेव 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 रिपूंस्तान्पतितान्गतासून् ग्रीवेयमीषन्नमिता च शुक्ला ।
सजानुवर्यं चरणं भवान्याः स्तम्भो हिमस्येव 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 limbs shine forth like moonlight.

उदीर्णफेनः पयसस्तरङ्गः क्षीराब्धिमध्ये स्तनमेकमेतत् ।
त्वं दुर्निरीक्ष्यासि यदङ्गकान्तेस्त्विषाक्षिर्म्व प्रतिहन्यते 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 भवाम्ब प्रणतेषु भीमे ॥ ८१ ॥

81. Thou art ancient, O Goddess -before Shiva thou wast-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 महत्सु 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 हिमवर्णमार्यं सौम्यं भवान्या वदनं ह्युदारम् ।

शुक्लाम्बरां यौवनशुभ्रकान्तिं स्नेहार्द्रनेत्रां 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 ।

नग्ना च घोरा विवृतास्यभीमा यस्या विरावैः सहस्रोत्थितोऽस्मि ॥ 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 वहतीह सिन्धुश्छाया शुभाया हसतीव तस्मिन् ।

खड्गं परिभ्रामयति स्तनन्ती नग्ना सुघोरा च 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 च सौम्या ।

नमामि रौद्रां भुवनान्तकत्रिं प्रेमाकुलामेव 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 ।

तेजस्त्वमेतद्वलिनां बलञ्च त्वं कोमलानामपि कोमलासि ॥ ८८ ॥

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.

सौम्यामहन्त्वां द्विभुजां नमामि त्रिशूलिनीं त्वामभयं वहन्तीम् ।
त्वामम्ब सावित्रि शुभे त्रिनेत्रे शुक्लाङ्गवस्त्रां वृषरूढकान्तिम् ॥ ८९ ॥

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.

दशायुधाढ्या दशदिक्ष्वगम्या पातासि मातर्दशबाहुरार्यान् ।
सहस्रहस्तरूपगुह्य पुत्रानास्से जगद्योनिरचिन्त्यवीर्या ॥ ९० ॥

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.

प्रकाशयन्तीं गहनानि भासैर्भीमां ज्वलत्पर्वतमूर्तिमग्न्याम् ।
पश्यामि देवीं नगरेषु सौम्यां द्वारि स्थितामार्यभुवः सखङ्गाम् ॥ ९१ ॥

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.

कलिं दमित्वा जननी प्रजानां सत्त्वाधिका [portion missing] ।
स्वाधीनवृत्तीनि पुनश्चरन्ति पश्यामि तान्यागममार्गाणि ॥ ९२ ॥

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.

पुनः शृणोमीममरण्यभूमौ वेदस्य घोषं हृदयामृतोत्सम् ।
सुज्ञानिनामाश्रमगा मुनीनां कुल्येव पुंसां वहति प्रपूर्णा ॥ ९३ ॥

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.

सनातनान् रक्षति धर्ममार्गान् पुनः सहस्रांशुकुलार्यजन्मा ।

लक्ष्मीः पुनः साप्यचला स्मितास्या समुज्ज्वला राजति भारतेषु ॥ ९४ ॥

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 जगतोऽखिलस्य कोलाहलं वेगरवाञ्श्रुणोमि ॥ ९५ ॥

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.

सद्धर्मगर्भेति महाव्रतेति स्तुवन्ति सैम्याञ्च भयङ्कराञ्च ।

देव्याः प्रियां भूमिमनादिशक्त्यास्तीर्थस्वरूपेण च पूजयन्ति ॥ ९६ ॥

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 के स्पर्शेन ते तस्य भवन्ति मुक्ताः ।

देव्यास्तु पुण्येन पदार्पणेन सर्वार्यभूमिर्जगतोऽपि काशी ॥ ९७ ॥

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 विद्याः ।

अनन्तरूपे त्वमसि प्रसीद चिरं वसार्यं हृदि भारतानाम् ॥ ९८ ॥

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!

सिन्धून्हिमाद्रिञ्च सुसौम्यभासा प्रकाशयन्ती सुदृढप्रतिष्ठा ।

तिष्ठ प्रसन्ना चिरमार्यभूमौ महाप्रतापे जगतो हिताय ॥ ९९ ॥

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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Encoded and proofread by Sarada Susarla

bhavAnI bhAratI by Sri Aurobindo
pdf was typeset on March 24, 2024

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