

**BHAVANI
BHARATI**

Institute of Human Study

Hyderabad

**For those who love India
and wish to work for her
greatness.**

- The Mother

GAYATRI MANTRA

तत्सवितुर्वरं रूपं ज्योतिः परस्य धीमहि ।

यन्नः सत्येन दीपयेत् ॥

“Om Tat savitur varam rūpam jyotiḥ parasya
dhīmahī, yannaḥ satyena dīpayet”

Gayatri Mantra Meaning

**Let us meditate on the most auspicious (best) form of Savitri,
on the Light of the Supreme which shall illumine us with the
Truth.**

[*Tat* = That, *Savitur* = Sun-god who is the Creator, *Varam* = most auspicious, *Rupam* = form, *Jyotih* = Light, *Parasya* = of the Lord (since para = Transcendental), *Dhimahi* = meditate on (since *Dhi* = Intellect), *Yannah* = by which, *Satyena* = Truth, *Dipayet* = illumine (*dipa* = light)]

(According to M.P. Pandit, the original Gayatri Mantra was intended for illumining the intellect, while Sri Aurobindo's modification of the Gayatri Mantra is intended for supramentalization of the entire being.)

HYMN TO DURGA

Mother Durga! Rider on the lion, giver of all strength, Mother, beloved of Shiva! We, born from thy parts of Power, we the youth of India, are seated here in thy temple. Listen, O Mother, descend upon earth, make thyself manifest in this land of India.

Mother Durga! From age to age, in life after life, we come down into the human body, do thy work and return to the Home of Delight. Now too we are born, dedicated to thy work. Listen, O Mother, descend upon earth, come to our help.

Mother Durga! Rider on the lion, trident in hand, thy body of beauty armour-clad, Mother, giver of victory. India awaits thee, eager to see the gracious form of thine. Listen, O Mother, descend upon earth, make thyself manifest in this land of India.

Mother Durga! Giver of force and love and knowledge, terrible art thou in thy own self of might, Mother beautiful and fierce. In the battle of life, in India's battle, we are warriors commissioned by thee; Mother, give to our heart and mind a titan's strength, a titan's energy, to our soul and intelligence a god's character and knowledge.

Mother Durga! India, world's noblest race, lay whelmed in darkness. Mother, thou risest on the eastern horizon, the dawn comes with the glow of thy divine limbs scattering the darkness. Spread thy light, Mother, destroy the darkness.

Mother Durga! We are thy children, through thy grace, by thy influence may we become fit for the great work, for the great Ideal. Mother, destroy our smallness, our selfishness, our fear.

Mother Durga! Thou art Kali, naked, garlanded with human heads, sword in hand, thou slayest the Asura. Goddess, do thou slay with thy pitiless cry the enemies who dwell within us, may none remain alive there, not one. May we become pure and spotless, this is our prayer. O Mother, make thyself manifest.

Mother Durga! India lies now in selfishness and fearfulness and littleness. Make us great, make our efforts great, our hearts vast, make us true to our resolve. May we no longer desire the small, void of energy, given to laziness, stricken with fear.

Mother Durga! Extend wide the power of Yoga. We are thy Aryan children, develop in us again the lost teaching, character, strength of intelligence, faith and devotion, force of austerity, power of chastity and true knowledge, bestow all that upon the world. To help mankind, appear, O Mother of the world, dispel all ills.

Mother Durga! Slay the enemy within, then root out all obstacles outside. May the noble heroic mighty Indian race, supreme in love and unity, truth and strength, arts and letters, force and knowledge ever dwell in its holy woodlands, its fertile fields under its sky-scraping hills, along the banks of its pure-streaming rivers. This is our prayer at the feet of the Mother. Make thyself manifest.

Mother Durga! Enter our bodies in thy Yogic strength. We shall become thy instruments, thy sword slaying all evil, thy lamp dispelling all ignorance. Fulfil this yearning of thy young children, O Mother. Be the master and drive the instrument, wield thy sword and slay the evil, hold up the lamp and spread the light of knowledge. Make thyself manifest.

Mother Durga! When we possess thee, we shall no longer cast thee away; we shall bind thee to us with the tie of love and devotion. Come, Mother, manifest in our mind and life and body.

Come, Revealer of the hero-path. We shall no longer cast thee away. May our entire life become a ceaseless worship of the Mother, all our acts a continuous service to the Mother, full of love, full of energy. This is our prayer, O Mother, descend upon earth, make thyself manifest in this land of India.

Sri Aurobindo

Translated by Nolini Kanta Gupta from the Bengali original, translation seen and slightly revised by Sri Aurobindo

BHAVANI BHARATI

Bhavani Bharati is Sri Aurobindo's only poem in Sanskrit, written between 1904 and 1908. It has 99 verses *mostly* in the "Upajati" metre which is an apt choice for emoting heroism, power, anger, war. Confiscated by the Calcutta Police, this piece was rediscovered in 1985. The poem depicts the victory of the Shakti, the Mother of the nation, over Ignorance and Evil.

INTRODUCTION

Bhavānī Bhārātī

The Goddess Supreme.

The Mother, Immutable.

Ancient, splendorous, powerful, terrific and terrifying.

She, who protects and destroys, is Bhavānī Bhārātī

And captured in verse, in essence, in formless form, is a poem written by Sri Aurobindo. His only poem in Sanskrit, written somewhere between 1904 -1908, it has 99 verses in three different metres of eleven-syllabled *triṣṭubh* group, an apt choice for emoting heroism, power, anger, war. Soon after having been written and yet to be titled, it was unfortunately confiscated by the Calcutta Police. Decades passed on and in 1985, the Sri Aurobindo Ashram recovered and published it for the first time, giving it the appropriate title - *Bhavānī Bhārātī*.

One doesn't necessarily have to step backwards to a century ago in order to trace the source of inspiration, the mood of the moment, for, it is as much valid today, as it was yesterday. The country we call India, Bharata, Hindustan, is as yet to relieve herself of all bonds and chains that shackle her. Oppressors come and go,

changing face and hue. In the meanwhile, the country stands her ground, at times buckling ever so slightly, at others, lashing back with fury and fire. For many of her children, the chain of events is incomprehensible... why does such misery and anguish take over the soil, wrenching from her the loud cry of pain? Just when all looks irretrievable, lost under the dark billowing clouds, they see a single ray of intense light, piercing through its angry cover of endless night, shattering the cloud into fragments galore. How? Where did the new force sweep down from? What is the source of powerful *śakti*, this unceasing strength?

Bewildering is the eternal play of Gods. Perplexing are Their ways.

In Bhavānī Bhāratī we are led to witness a familiar scene. The poem opens with the Indian, slumbering and content, while Titanic forces gouge the earth under his feet. He is no better than his brothers, all oblivious to the plunder of the Motherland. Embracing his world full of pleasures he is unable to hear her cry for help. At such a moment, incapable of holding back any longer. Kālī makes Herself visible, fierce and dreadful form, leaving the earth trembling with Her thundering call.

She scorns the men who today lie at her feet as impotent versions of the brave ancient warriors that worshipped the Mother, laying down their lives, sacrificing their blood to save and protect Her. Where have they gone? Who are these who stand here now? Can they not see with their own eyes, what is clear to all? Are they not moved by the plight of the Mother who stands reduced to such a pitiable countenance, starved and thirsting? Do they not realize, “*Wheresoever are great heroes and leaders engaged in continual self-sacrifice for the good of their race, towards those nations does Kālī grow gracious...?*” Instead, compelled by the inertia that languishes upon Her breast, She announces Her arrival not with drums of victory but with earthquakes and famine and beseeches the spirit of the ancient Bharatas... “*Arise, arise, O sleeping Lions*” Enthused, awake, raring to go, our Indian shakes off his peaceful ignorance and off he goes into the blood stench night to search for his compatriots but finds only corpses, lying in the shadows. The only one standing upright is the Titan,

“oppressing with one foot the invincible Himalaya, with the other the plains of Andhra and paunḍra..”

Enraged at the sight of such wicked and ruthless plunder, un-able to stand quietly while the demon rapes the Indian soul, aroused by the passionate cry of the Mother, stray voices combine into the bellow of awakened armies and declare, *“Death to the Villain.”*

Kālī surges forth with Her might and strength, with the indomitable courage that suffuses the children who rush before and after Her, and even as all three worlds are soaked in the red-red hues of righteous war, the Titan, arrogant and defiant roars into the caverns of darkness that encase him, *“Who is there in the world who is equal to me?”*

But the golden Light is eternal. And slowly but surely it inches its way into the blackness of evil, tearing it asunder into specks of non-existent greys. Enters the pristine beauty of Bhavānī, dispelling the ugliness with Her soft, impeccable radiance. All shines with Her Grace. All is resplendent of Her beauty. And the Indian thinks, but what of the garlanded One, who had him from his thoughtless slumber with Her terrifying yell and jangling of skulls? There in the shadows of the fair Bhavānī he glimpses the form of the dancing Kālī, victorious and jubilant. The confusion disperses. *Kālī, Bhavānī, Caṇḍī,*

Annapūrṇā, Rādhā... the Mother in all Her forms, like the numberless rays of sunshine, evoke godly praise and earthly salutations. *“Thou art the supreme Goddess, thou the Mother of creatures; who else has power? Mastery, supremacy and blemishless lustre are gifts from thee, Opulent one; thou givest these, smitest also when thou art angered.”*

The days of glory return to the ancient Aryan land, the land of Bharatas. the land whose gates stand protected by the Goddess Herself. The eternal rule of *dharma*, righteousness, comes to the fore once again. The flames send sparks into the heavens above... flames cast by the chanting of the *Veda*, the thriving of knowledge, the sparks of wisdom. Wealth, splendor, law and devotion once

again don the Indian robe, Together the children approach the Goddess and with gratitude and reverence, beseech Her once again for eternal protection... “*Be gracious, noble goddess; dwell long in the hearts of the Indian people!*”... “*Abide forever gracious in and, O Mighty One, for the good of the world.*”

Moments of ignorance and inertia are known to all nations, the world over. India is no different. But to give in silently to *tamas*, to submit without a fight, is not the Indian way. A nation according to Sri Aurobindo, “is not a piece of earth, nor a figure of speech, nor a fiction of the mind. It is a Mighty Shakti, composed of the Shaktis of all the millions that make up the nation.”

Patriotism bereft of strength and vigour to act is only sentiment. Powerful but insufficient. If coupled with the force of the *shakti*, with the undiminished resolution to rise, surge forth, making an offering of one’s life at the feet of the Mother of the nation, the same passion multiplies a thousand-fold. It achieves that which it has set out to conquer, creates that which seeks expression, releases that which finds itself suffocating.

Perhaps unknown to us, there is a love that assails all beings towards the soil that gives them birth. This love lies latent for most part, but when pushed to an extreme, it wrenches itself from under the layers and manifests in the form of *Bhavānī*, in the action of *Kālī*. The day will be glorious indeed when the children of this country, the people of India, feel at every moment, alive to the force of this Love ... sense its beating in their own hearts, in the hearts of others ... and flow along with it as it courses through the blood of the soil.

Bhavānī Bhārati is a prayer, which reverberates beneath this soil, forever invoking the Shakti, the Mother of the nation, the nation itself.

1
सुखे निमग्नः शयने यदासं मधोश्च रथ्यासु मनश्चचार।
स चिन्तयामास कुलानि काव्यं दारांश्च भोगांश्च सुखं धनानि॥

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.

2
कान्तैश्च शृङ्गारयुतैश्च हृष्टो गानैः स छन्दो ललितं बबन्ध।
जगौ च कान्तावदनं सहास्यं पूज्ये च मातृश्वरणे गरिष्ठे॥

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.

3
चक्रन्द भूमिः परितो मदीया खलो हि पुत्रानसुरो ममर्द।
स्वार्थेन नीतोऽहमनर्च पादौ दुरात्मनो भ्रातृवधेन लिप्तौ॥

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.

4
सुखं मृदावास्तरणे शयानं सुखानि भोगान्वसु चिन्तयन्तम्।
पस्पर्श भीमेन करेण वक्षः प्रत्यक्षमक्ष्णोश्च बभूव काली॥

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.

5

नरास्थिमालां नृकपालकाञ्चीं वृकोदराक्षीं क्षुधितां दरिद्राम्।
पृष्ठे व्रणाङ्गामसुरप्रतोदैः सिंहीं नदन्तीमिव हन्तुकामाम्॥

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
[...thus did I see the Mother].

6

क्रूरैः क्षुधार्तेर्नयनैर्ज्वलद्भिर्विद्योतयन्तीं भुवनानि विश्वा।
हुङ्काररूपेण कटुस्वरेण विदारयन्तीं हृदयं सुराणाम्॥

With her fierce, hungry, blazing eyes irradiating all the worlds,
rending the hearts of the gods with the piercing ring of her war-cry
[...thus did I see the Mother].

7

आपूर्य विश्वं पशुवद्विरावैर्लेलिह्यमानाञ्च हनू कराले।
क्रूराञ्च नग्रां तमसीव चक्षुर्हिंस्रस्य जन्तोर्जननीं ददर्श॥

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.

8

आलोलकेशैः शिखरान्निगृह्य करालदंष्ट्रैश्च विसार्य सिन्धून्।
श्वासेन दुद्राव नभो विदीर्णं न्यासेन पादस्य च भूश्चकम्पे॥

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.

9

उत्तिष्ठ देहीति पिपासुरम्बा दध्वान रात्रौ नगरे वितारे।
सेयं स्तनन्ती रजनीं तमिस्तां बभौ समापूर्य मनंसि चार्या॥

“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.

10

भीतः समुद्विग्नमनाश्च तत्पादुल्याय पप्रच्छ तमो नमस्यम्।
का भासि नक्तं हृदये करालि कुर्वीय किं ब्रूहि नमोऽस्तु भीमे॥

"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!”

11

सिंहस्य सारावमुदीरयन्ती क्रूरस्य कुञ्जे भ्रमतो वधार्थम्।
ससर्ज वाक्यानि करालमूर्तिर्यथा समुद्रस्तनितं शिलायाम्॥

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:

12

मातास्मि भोः पुत्रक भारतानां सनातनानां त्रिदशप्रियाणाम्। शक्तो न यान् पुत्र
विधिर्विपक्षः कालोऽपि नो नाशयितुं यमो वा ॥

“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 a power to destroy.

13

ते ब्रह्मचर्येण विशुद्धवीर्या ज्ञानेन ते भीमतपोभिरार्याः।
सहस्रसूर्या इव भासुरास्ते समृद्धिमत्यां शुशुभुर्धरित्र्याम्॥

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

14

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

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.

15

दीनाः क एते घृणिनो दरिद्राः शान्तिं जघन्यां गणिकामिवान्धाः।
भजन्ति भोः कापुरुषा विमूढा अलिङ्ग्य ये मोदथ मृत्युमेव॥

But who are these pitiful and indigent wretches who in their blindness embrace a degrad-ing peace like a prostitute? O you unmanly and weak-minded men! Do you not know that it is Death you clasp?

16

क्लीबाः कियन्त्येवमसून् दिनानि धरिष्यथार्ताः प्रहृता वृथैव।
हसन्त्यमित्रा अपमानराशिं क्रीणीथ शान्त्या धनशोषणञ्च॥

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.

17

म्लेच्छस्य पूतश्वरणामृतेन गर्वं द्विजोऽस्मीति करोति कोऽयम्।
शूद्रादधानार्यतरोऽसि शूद्रो व्रतैः किमेतैर्नरकस्य पान्थे॥

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?

18

उत्तिष्ठ भो जागृहि सर्जयाग्नीन् साक्षाद्धि तेजोऽसि परस्य शौरेः।
वक्षः स्थितेनैव सनातनेन शत्रून् हुताशेन दहन्नटस्व॥

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

19

कः क्षत्रबन्धुर्भवनेषु गुढो मद्यैः कटाक्षैश्च विलासिनीनाम्।
धर्मान् यशो दुर्बल विस्मृतोऽसि युध्यस्व भो वञ्चक रक्ष धर्मान्॥

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!

20

अस्त्येव लोहं निशितश्च खड्गः क्रूरा शतघ्नी नदतीह मत्ता।
कथं निरस्तोऽसि मृतोऽसि शेषे रक्ष स्वजातिं परहा भवार्यः॥

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.

21

वैश्योऽसि कश्चेह विशः समृद्धयै धनं किमेतद्विपणीषु सज्जम्।
म्लेच्छद्विरेषा कुरुषे दरिद्रां मामेव कालीं खल मातृद्रोहिन्॥

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!

22

म्लेच्छद्विमेतां ज्वलनाय देहि रोषाग्निना किं न बिभेषि काल्याः।
देवीं भवानीं हृदि पूजयित्वा यतस्व लक्ष्म्यै भव जन्मभूम्याः॥

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.

23

भो भो अवन्त्यो मगधाश्च बङ्गा अङ्गाः कलिङ्गाः कुरुसिन्धवश्च। भो दाक्षिणात्याः
शृणुतान्म्रचोला वसन्ति ये पञ्चनदेषु शूराः॥

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, you are heroes of the land of the five rivers.

24

ये के त्रिमूर्तिं भजथैकमीशं ये चैकमूर्तिं यवना मदीयाः।
माताह्वये वस्तनयान् हि सर्वान् निद्रां विमुञ्चध्वमये शृणुध्वम्॥

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!

25

कालस्य भेरीं शृणुताद्रिशृङ्गे रौद्रं कृतान्तं मम दूतरूपम्।
दुर्भिक्षमेतानथ भूमिकम्पान् निबोधताधीशतमागतास्मि॥

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.

26

देहि क्रतून् देहि पिपासुरस्मि जानीहि दृष्ट्वा भज शक्तिमाद्याम्।
शिरांसि राज्ञां महतां तनूश्च भोक्तुं नदन्ती चरतीह काली॥

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.

27

रक्तप्रवाहैरपि नास्मि तृप्ता शतैः सहस्रैरयुतैरजानाम्।
प्रदत्त भित्त्वा हृदयानि रक्तं सम्पूजयन्त्येवमजां करालीम्॥

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.

28

येषां सदैवात्मबलिप्रवृत्ताः शूरा महान्तः प्रमुखाः कुलार्थे।
सौम्या कराली भवति प्रजानां रक्तेन पुष्टा विनिहन्ति शत्रून्॥

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 thus she crushes
their enemies.

29

किं बिभ्यतार्या रुधिरस्य सिन्धौ निमज्जतास्मिन् भवतार्यसत्त्वाः ।
त्रिशूलि भोः पश्यत तत्र पारे ज्योतिर्ह्युदेतीदमभिन्नतेजः ॥

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.

30

कवे विलासिन् शृणु मातृवाक्यं कालीं करालीं भज पुत्र चण्डीम् ।
द्रष्टासि वै भारतमातरं तां घ्नतीमरातीन् भृशमाजिमध्ये ॥

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

31

सनातनान्याह्वय भारतानां कुलानि युद्धाय जयोऽस्तु मा भैः ।
भो जागृतास्मि क्व धनुः क्व खड्ग उत्तिष्ठतोत्तिष्ठत सुप्तसिंहाः ॥

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!"31

32

इमानि वाक्यानि निशम्य रात्रौ तेजश्च भीमं तिमिरे विलोक्य ।
चित्तं ननर्ताशु विहाय सद्म भोगान् विनिर्धूय च निर्जगाम ॥

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.

33

सान्द्रं तमिस्रावृतमार्तमन्धं ददर्श तद्भारतमार्यखण्डम्।
गूढा रजन्यामरिभिर्विनष्टा माता भृशं क्रन्दति भारतानाम्॥

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.

34

स भ्रामयामास दृशं रजन्यां भ्रातृन् स तप्तस्तिमिरे विचिन्वन्।
कङ्कालसाराणि ददर्श तानि शवानि तेषां करुणानि भूमौ॥

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.

35

तदा ददर्शासुरमेकमीशं किरीटिनं वज्रधरं महान्तम्।
अश्रुणि रक्तौघशतानि मातुः सङ्गृह्य पुष्पन्तमपत्यसङ्घान्॥

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.

36

पदा तुषाराद्रिमदीनसत्त्वं मूढ्रन्तमन्धानितरेण पौण्ड्रान्।
प्रसारयन्तं करवालमुग्रं चीनावनौ पल्लवभूमिखण्डे॥

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).

37

खलं विशालं बलगर्वितं तं धर्मेण दृष्यन्तमधर्मबुद्धिम्।
दृष्ट्वा त्वभूच्चित्तमिवाग्निकुण्डं क्रोधेन जज्वाल हि शाश्वतेन ॥

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.

38

कुलानि सुप्तानि सनातनानि ह्वातुं जगौ जागरणाय भीमा।
क्रूरं विरावौघमुदीरयन्ती पार्श्वे ममायाद्रजनीव घोरा ॥

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.

39

भीमैः करालैर्धरणी वचोभिश्चचाल सिन्धुश्च नभो जगर्ज।
भीमैः सरोषैश्च विलोकनैस्तैर्ब्रह्माण्डमुत्तप्तमिवाग्निवृष्ट्या ॥

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.

40

त्रैलोक्यमुन्मादकरैः कराल्या आवाहनैः पूर्णमभूच्च सर्वम्।
ज्वालामुखी दारुणवह्निगर्भा कण्ठादुदक्रामदजस्रशब्दा ॥

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

41

क्षोभेण तीव्रेण चराचरस्य क्षुब्धान्यपश्यं पृतनानि तत्र।
स्वप्नोत्थितानीव वचः सुरौद्रं भो हन्यतां दुष्ट इतीरयन्ति ॥

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!”

42

ज्ञात्वा हि मातू रुदितं क्षतानि विद्युद्धराण्यक्षिशतान्यभूवन्।
क्रोधैः सहस्राणि ततो मुखानि भीमानि भीमं दनुजेशमायन् ॥

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

43

सुप्तेषु पुत्रेषु रणोत्सुकेषु निशाचरः शोणितमार्यमातुः।
पिबन् विनर्दस्यबलान् बली को विहंसि चाण्डाल कृतान्तभक्ष्य ॥

“Who are you who, 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?”

44

इतीरयन्ती वचनानि रुष्टा शस्त्रं गृहीत्वा धनुरग्निगर्भम्।
अभ्यद्रवद् भीममरातिमुग्रा पश्चात् पुरस्ताच्च जगर्ज काली ॥

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.

45

ज्वलाकराला धरणी बभूव क्रोधैर्ज्वलद्भिर्गगनञ्च तुर्यैः ।
ह्येषारवैर्दुन्दुभिघोरनादैस्त्रस्ता धराभूद्दनुजस्य युद्धे ॥

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.

46

रक्ताक्तमेघा नभसीव तेपुः पपात चोर्व्या रुधिरोग्रवृष्टिः ।
रक्तोदधौ रेजुरथाद्रिसङ्घा वसुन्धरा रक्तमयी बभासे ॥

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 blood red sea. All the land was as if turned to blood.

47

भीमो रजन्यामसुरो बलीयान् ममर्द सैन्यानि सुरप्रियाणाम् ।
जगर्ज चोन्मत्तमनाः सुरारिः को मे समः पुंस्विति रूढगर्वः ॥

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?”⁴⁷

48

तदा तमिस्रामपसारयन्तं रक्तप्रकाशं दिवि बालसूर्यम् ।
शरोपमैर्घ्नन्तमिवांशुभिस्तं प्रीतो ददर्शहमुदग्ररशिमम् ॥

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.

49

समाकुलं भाविभिरास्यवर्यैर्ब्रह्माणमद्राक्षमथाभ्ररूपम्।
सहस्रमक्षीणि ददर्श तस्मिन् प्रतीक्षमाणान्यभयं जनन्याः ॥

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.

50

द्विकोटिभास्वद्वरसूर्यभासं ज्योतिस्तदा सौम्यमरातिनाशि।
नारीशरीरं रमणीयकान्ति दूरादुदीच्यामुदियाय शुभ्रम् ॥

Then, 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.

51

तां ह्लादिता दीप्तजगत्सु देवास्तामन्तरीक्षे मधुरं वयांसि।
जगुर्मनुष्याः प्रणिपत्य चोर्व्या विश्वं विनष्टाधि यदाविवेश ॥

Enraptured, the gods 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.

52

समाधिधीरा हिमभूतदेहा युगान्यनेकानि हिमाद्रिकूटे।
ये योगिनो भारतगोप्त्ररूपास्ते तुष्टुवुस्तां मुदिता महान्तः ॥

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.

53

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

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.

54

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

“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.

55

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

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.

56

आजौ यदा नृत्यसि चण्डि घोरे शृगालघुष्टे दधति त्रिशूलम्।
स्पर्शेन कम्पन्त इवायुधस्य महान्ति तारानियुतानि नाके॥

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.

57

दयार्द्रचित्ता रुदितेन पुंसां हंसि प्रजापीडकमस्तकेषु।
यो मृत्युरत्ता भुवनस्य रौद्रः स किङ्करस्ते वसति त्रिशूले ॥

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.

58

शक्तिः परा कोटिषु मानवानां मन्युश्रितानां भवसि प्रबुद्धा।
आर्यान् विपन्नानवतीर्य पासि युगे युगे युध्यस आर्यमातः ॥

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

59

सद्योऽपि पश्यामि गिरावुदीच्यां देदीप्यमानं धवलं वपुस्ते।
त्वं भ्राजसे ज्योतिरुदेषि सौम्ये प्रकाशयन्ती भुवनानि कान्त्या ॥

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.

60

धेनौ समारूढमनोज्ञकान्ती रणोन्मदायां चरसीयमार्या।
शैला इवोत्तुङ्गशिखाः समूलाः पतन्ति सङ्घाः परितोऽसुराणाम् ॥

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.

61

सा शुभ्रवर्णासितवृत्तशृङ्गा हिमस्य राशिश्चलतीव तूर्णम्।
देवप्रिया भारतभूमिरार्या धेनुस्वरूपेण विहन्ति शत्रून्॥

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

62

व्यूहास्त्वकस्माज्जितदैवतानां भयेन ते पाण्डुरकान्तिवक्त्राः।
वारिप्रपाता इव पर्वतेभ्यो धावन्त्यधो वेगपराः सशब्दाः॥

The legions of those who had defeated the gods, the lustre of their faces turning pale with fear, flee suddenly like cataracts down the mountainsides, clamorous and intent on speed.

63

शृणोमि ते पञ्चनदेषु भीमे स्वरानुदाराञ्जयनादमुग्रम्।
निहन्यमानस्य रवं बलस्य भयङ्करे तारतरं शृणोमि॥

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.

64

कृष्णस्य सैषा यमुना स्रवन्ती रक्तेन नीलं विससर्ज वर्णम्।
बङ्गेष्वसृक्कर्दममेव पश्य दिग्दक्षिणा भाति सुलोहितेव॥

Yonder Jamuna, 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 south-ern quarter gleams blood-red.

65

स्पृष्टस्त्रिशूलेन विहायसीमाः सुलोहिता भान्ति दिशः समन्तात्।
अभ्राणि ते रक्तमयानि भीमे विभान्ति युद्धेन सुदारुणेन ॥

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

66

सिन्धोस्तटेषूपलकर्कशेषु देवीमपश्यं युधि शेषितारीन्।
निःशेषयन्तीमदयां सकोपां शिवां त्रिशूलेन शिवस्य शत्रून् ॥

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 ene-mies of Shiva,
the beneficent Lord.

67

खुरैः सुनिष्पिष्टमिदं सुरभ्या घोरं किमेवापि सुकृष्णवर्णम्।
मांसस्य पिण्डं ह्यवनौ निरीक्षे शेषोऽयमस्त्येव तवाहितानाम् ॥

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.

68

भग्नानि तस्मिन्निचये विरूपे प्रनिःसरन्तीव शिरांसि कानि।
पादाः कराश्चापि हि तत्र तत्र क्रूरासि रुद्राणि करालकृत्या ॥

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!

69

क्रूरासि रुद्राण्यथवा जघन्ये क्रूरे प्रजापीडनरूढगर्वे।
दयेव भूतेयमलं यदार्थं स्वर्गप्रदं मृत्युमवाप युद्धे ॥

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 no-ble death
leading to heaven.

70

एको गतासोरपि रुद्रशत्रोर्धत्ते करः पावकगर्भमस्त्रम्।
प्लुष्टश्च चीर्णश्च तथापि दग्धानसून् भवान्यां क्षिपतीव दैत्यः ॥

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.

71

स्रोतांसि पश्यामि महायुधास्यादुद्गीर्यमाणानि हुताशनस्य।
धृष्टोऽप्यसौ नालभते तु चण्डीं तिष्ठन् प्रभामण्डलमूर्तिमग्रे ॥

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

72

प्रक्षिप्तखड्गस्तु विषाणमध्ये विष्टम्भयत्यन्तिमचेष्टितं तत्।
समाप्तमेतत्तव तर्कयामि महाव्रतं देवि विशालवीर्ये ॥

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.

73

तुभ्यं नमो देवि विशालशक्त्यै भीमव्रते तारिणि कष्टसाध्ये ।
त्वं भारती राजसि भारतानां त्वमीश्वरी भासि चराचरस्य ॥

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.

74

त्वमीश्वरी त्वं जननी प्रजानां कोऽन्यः प्रभुर्दानमिदं तवाढ्ये ।
स्वामित्वमैश्वर्यमनिन्द्यतेजो ददासि या सापि निहंसि रुष्टा ॥

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

75

नमो नमो वाहनमेतदार्ये हिमाभकान्तं मधुरायताक्षि ।
तल्लाङ्गुलाग्रेण सुकृष्णभासा ध्वजं करोतीव तवोच्छ्रितेन ॥

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.

76

नमो नमो देवि तवालकाली रणश्रमेण प्रसभं विमुक्ता ।
उड्डीयमाना नभसीव मेघो वेणिच्युता भाति सुदीर्घवक्रा ॥

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.

77

श्वेतानने विद्युदिवासि भूमौ रुषा प्रदीप्ते हि विलोचने ते।
क्रीडन्त्यपाङ्गेषु करालहासाः शतहृदेव स्तनयिद्वमध्ये ॥

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

78

द्रष्टुं रिपूंस्तान् पतितान् गतासून् ग्रीवेयमीषन्नमिता च शुक्ला।
सजानुवर्यं चरणं भवान्याः स्तम्भो हिमस्येव विभाति शुभ्रम् ॥

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.

79

शुक्लं प्रवातैरनिलोपमं ते संक्षोभितं भासुरतोयदाभम्।
वातीव वासो रुचिराणि मध्ये राजन्ति तेऽङ्गानि शशिप्रभेव ॥

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

80

उदीर्णफेनः पयसस्तरङ्गः क्षीराब्धिमध्ये स्तन एक एषः।
त्वं दुर्निरीक्ष्यासि यदङ्गकान्तेस्त्विषाक्षि मातः प्रतिहन्यते मे ॥

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

81

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

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.

82

उद्दिश्य भूमिं द्रुमराजिनीलां शैलान्तरालेषु महत्सु दृश्याम्।
कारुण्यमय्याः प्रसृतः करस्ते ददासि रुद्राण्यभयं प्रजानाम्॥

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.

83

तत्संज्ञया ते करपल्लवस्य तमो विधूतं भुवि भारतानाम्।
रक्तस्य मेघा नभसोऽपधूता अचिन्त्यवीर्यासि शुभासि सौम्या॥

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

84

सौम्यं वपुस्ते हिमवर्णमार्यं सौम्यं भवान्या वदनं ह्युदारम्।
शुक्लाम्बरां यौवनशुभ्रकान्तिं स्नेहार्द्रनेत्रां बलिनीं नमामि॥

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.

85

नरास्थिमाला नृकपालकाञ्ची क सा कराली क्षुधिता च काली।
नग्रा च घोरा विवृतास्यभीमा यस्या विरावैः सहसोत्थितोऽस्मि॥

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

86

रक्तस्य योऽयं वहतीह सिन्धुश्लथाया शुभाया हसतीव तस्मिन्।
खड्गं परिभ्रामयति स्तनन्ती नग्रा सुघोरा च नमामि कालीम्॥

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!86

87

काली त्वमेवासि सुनिष्ठुरासि त्वमन्नपूर्णा सदया च सौम्या।
नमामि रौद्रां भुवनान्तकर्त्रिं प्रेमाकुलामेव नमामि राधे॥

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.

88

अनन्तशक्त्यृद्धिमशेषमूर्तिं को वक्ष्यतीमां तव सर्वशक्ते।
तेजस्त्वमेतद्वलिनां बलञ्च त्वं कोमलानामपि कोमलासि॥

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.

सौम्यामहं त्वां द्विभुजां नमामि त्रिशूलिनीं त्वामभयं वहन्तीम् । त्वामम्ब
सावित्रि शुभे त्रिनेत्रे शुक्लाङ्गवस्तां वृषरूढकान्तिम् ॥

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 ।
सहस्रहस्तैरुपगुह्य पुत्रानास्से जगद्योनिरचिन्त्यवीर्या ॥

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 ज्वलत्पर्वतमूर्तिमग्र्याम् ।
पश्यामि देवीं नगरेषु सौम्यां द्वारि स्थितामार्यभुवः सखड्गाम् ॥

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 सत्त्वाधिकापत्यकुलैर्विभाति ।
स्वाधीनवृत्तीनि पुनश्चरन्ति पश्यामि तान्यागममार्गगाणि ॥

The mighty Mother of creatures has vanquished the Age of Strife.
Once again the move-ments of freedom are abroad; I observe them
following the paths of the ancient scrip-tures.

93

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

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 self-knowledge.

94

सनातनान् रक्षति धर्ममार्गान् पुनः सहस्रांशुकुलार्यजन्मा।
लक्ष्मीः पुनः साय्यचला स्मितास्या समुज्ज्वला राजति भारतेषु॥

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.

95

पुरातनीं मातरमागमानामागच्छताञ्च स्तुवताञ्च भूमिम्।
प्राच्यां प्रतीच्यां जगतोऽखिलस्य कोलाहलं वेगरवाञ्छृणोमि॥

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.

96

सद्धर्मगर्भेति महाव्रतेति स्तुवन्ति सौम्याञ्च भयङ्करीञ्च।
देव्याः प्रियां भूमिमनादिशक्त्यास्तीर्थस्वरूपेण च पूजयन्ति॥

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.

97

शिवस्य काश्यां निवसन्ति ये के स्पर्शेन ते तस्य भवन्ति मुक्ताः ।
देव्यास्तु पुण्येन पदार्पणेन सर्वार्यभूमिर्जगतोऽपि काशी ॥

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.

98

प्रीतिर्दया धैर्यमदम्यशौर्यं श्रद्धा तितिक्षा विविधाश्च विद्याः ।
अनन्तरूपे त्वमसि प्रसीद चिरं वसार्थे हृदि भारतानाम् ॥

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

99

सिन्धून् हिमाद्रिञ्च सुसौम्यभासा प्रकाशयन्ती सुदृढप्रतिष्ठा ।
तिष्ठ प्रसन्ना चिरमार्यभूमौ महाप्रतापे जगतो हिताय ॥

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!"

Bhavani Bharati Main Text in Sankrit by
Sri Aurobindo
Translations in English by **Richard Hartz**