

[Print Page](#) | [Close Window](#)**Vande Mataram - Bankimchandra Chattopadhyay****Topic:** http://www.womanshour.org/link.asp?TOPIC_ID=43**Date:** April 13 2008**Topic author:** admin**Subject:** Vande Mataram - Bankimchandra Chattopadhyay**Posted on:** August 15 2007 01:44:04 AM**Message:**

Vande Mataram - Version adopted by Congress, 1905

In Devanagari script

वन्दे मातरम् ।
 सुजला सुफला मलयजशीतलाम्
 शस्यश्यामला मातरम् ।
 शुभ्र ज्योत्सना पुलकति यामिनीम्
 फुल्लकुसुमति द्रुमदलशोभिनीम्,
 सुहसिनी समधुरे भाषिणीम्
 सुखदा वरदा मातरम् ॥

Devanagari transliteration

vande mātaram

sujalām suphalām malayajāśītalām

sasya śyāmalām mātaram

śubhra jyotsnā pulakita yāminīm

phulla kusumita drumadalaśobhinīm

suhāsinīm sumadhura bhāṣiṇīm

sukhadām varadām mātaram

In Bengali script

বন্দে মাতরম্ ।
 সুজলাং সুফলাং মলয়জশীতলাম্
 শস্য শ্যামলাং মাতরম্ ।
 শুভ্র জ্যোত্সনা পুলকতি যামিনীম্
 ফুল্লকুসুমতি দ্রুমদলশোভিনীম্,
 সুহসিনীং সমধুরে ভাষণীম্
 সুখদাং বরদাং মাতরম্ ॥

Bengali Romanization

bōnde matorom

shujolang shufolang mōloeōjoshitolam

shoshsho shēmolang matorom

shubhro josno pulokito jamolim

fullo kushumito drumodōloshobhinim

shuhashining shumodhuro bhashinim

shukhodang bōrodang matorom

Full Version in Anandamath

In Devanagari script

सुजला सुफला मलयजशीतलाम्
 शस्यश्यामला मातरम् ।
 शुभ्र-ज्योत्सनाम पुलकतियामिनीम्
 फुल्लकुसुमति द्रुमदलशोभिनीम्,
 सुहसिनी समधुरे भाषिणीम् ।
 सुखदा वरदा मातरम् ॥

सप्तकोटी कण्ठ कुलकल ननिद कराले
 देवसिपुत कोटी भिजैरधरत खरकरवाले
 के बाले मा तूमी अबले
 बहुबल धारिणीम् नमामतिारिणीम्

रापुदलवाराणाम् मातरम् ॥

तुमि वृद्धिया तुमि धरुम, तुमि हिरदि तुमि मिरुम
 त्वं हि पुराणाः शरीरे
 बाहुते तुमि मा शक्तु
 हृदये तुमि मा भक्तु
 तीमारे प्रतमि गंडा मन्दरि-मन्दरि ॥

त्वं हि देरगा दशपरहरणधारणी
 केमला केमलदल वहारणी
 वाणी वृद्धियादायनी, नमामि त्वाम्
 नमामि केमला अमला अतुलाम्
 सुजला सुफला मातरम् ॥

श्यामलां सूरलां सुस्मतिं भूषतिम्
 धरणीं भरणीं मातरम् ॥

 Translation

Mother, I salute thee!
 Rich with thy hurrying streams,
 bright with orchard gleams,
 Cool with thy winds of delight,
 Green fields waving Mother of might,
 Mother free.

Glory of moonlight dreams,
 Over thy branches and lordly streams,
 Clad in thy blossoming trees,
 Mother, giver of ease
 Laughing low and sweet!
 Mother I kiss thy feet,
 Speaker sweet and low!
 Mother, to thee I bow.

Who hath said thou art weak in thy lands
 When swords flash out in seventy million hands
 And seventy million voices roar
 Thy dreadful name from shore to shore?
 With many strengths who art mighty and stored,
 To thee I call Mother and Lord!
 Thou who saves, arise and save!
 To her I cry who ever her foe drove
 Back from plain and sea
 And shook herself free.

Thou art wisdom, thou art law,
 Thou art heart, our soul, our breath
 Though art love divine, the awe
 In our hearts that conquers death.
 Thine the strength that nerves the arm,
 Thine the beauty, thine the charm.
 Every image made divine
 In our temples is but thine.

Thou art Durga, Lady and Queen,
 With her hands that strike and her
 swords of sheen,
 Thou art Lakshmi lotus-throned,
 And the Muse a hundred-toned,
 Pure and perfect without peer,
 Mother lend thine ear,
 Rich with thy hurrying streams,
 Bright with thy orchard gleams,
 Dark of hue O candid-fair

In thy soul, with jewelled hair
 And thy glorious smile divine,
 Loveliest of all earthly lands,

Showering wealth from well-stored hands!
Mother, mother mine!
Mother sweet, I bow to thee,
Mother great and free!

translated by Sri Aurobindo

References:

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia : [Wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org)

Woman's Hour - Womans Era, Womens Era , health, womens need, India : <http://www.womanshour.org/>

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