

**VINAYAK DAMODAR SAVARKAR'S POEM:  
HIND SUNDARA TI: HIND, THE BEAUTIFUL ONE  
TRANSLATION BY ANURUPA CINAR**

Savarkar composed this poem in London in 1908.

हिंद सुंदरा ती, वसुंधरा । धन्य-प्रसवा ती ॥ धृ ॥

Hind, the beautiful one, our motherland,  
Proud Mother of all achievers grand!

ऋग्यजुःसामवेदा । उपनिषत् ज्ञान छंदा  
प्राचीना गायत्री । देवी संधात्री ॥ १ ॥

Of poetry, age-old mantra Gayatri  
Rigveda-Samaveda-Upanishad,  
And of Goddess Sandhatr!

भरद्वाज जनका । वसिष्ठ शुकसनका  
श्रीगर्गा ऋषिवर्गा । अशां जन्मदात्री ॥ २ ॥

Mother she is of Bharadwaj, Janak,  
The famous sages, Shri Garga,  
And of Vasishtha, Shuka-Sanak.

रामायणकविला । श्रीमत् वाल्मिकिला  
व्यासार्ते शिकवीते । बोल बोबडे ती ॥ ३ ॥

Sage Vyasa indeed was learning,  
N' Valmiki of Ramayana lore too,  
First baby words under her wing.

रघु नल दाशरथी । धर्मराज नृपती  
हे मातर् ! हे मातर् । वदुनि जिला नमिती ॥ ४ ॥

Hailed her as "Mother, O Mother"  
Did the great kings Nala, Raghu  
Dashratha, and Dharmaraj, rather!

गार्गेयी विदुला । सीता द्रौपदीला  
झांशीच्या लक्ष्मीला । उद्भव दे पोटी ॥ ५ ॥

Bear in her womb so did she  
Gargeyi, Vidula, Sita, Draupadi,  
And also Lakshmibai of Jhansi.

गौतम चैतन्या । गुरु नानकांना  
स्तन्य जिचें धन्य करी । त्रिजगन्मान्या ती ॥ ६ ॥

Gautama, Chaitanya, and Guru Nanaka ever  
Were so blessed by her milk—  
She, whom the Three Worlds revere!

प्रताप शिव बंदा । श्रीगुरु गोविंदा  
संभव दे उद्भव दे । दे जी उत्स्फूर्ती ॥ ७ ॥

To Rana Pratap, Shivaji, Banda Bairagi, lo  
And Guru Gobind Singhji too  
She gave birth, beginning, n' inspiration so!

शास्त्रांची सुखनी । सुकलांची नलिनी  
सुजल जला, सुफल फला । रुचिर रस-स्त्रवती ॥ ८ ॥

She is: of fine Arts a lotus, of Shastras a goldmine,  
A land of sweet, pure waters,  
And bounteous juice-laden fruits fine.

देइ अशां प्रसवा । जिचा धन्य कुसवा  
वसुमति ती दासी कां । क्षण तरि राहो ती ? ॥ ९ ॥

Born are such wonders from her glorious womb, aye!  
Should then our Mother be enslaved  
For even for a moment? Fie!

सूर्यग्रहणाचें । आयुः क्षण साचें  
भास्वरची, अमर सदा । रविमंडळदीप्ती ॥ १० ॥

The solar eclipse will for a moment last  
But eternal is the radiance  
Of the solar system vast!

शीघ्रचि होइल ती । मुक्ता शुभमूर्ती  
स्वतंत्र ती, समर्थ ती । विश्वोद्धरणा ती ॥ ११ ॥

So soon, very soon, free she will be  
The epitome of all that is blest—  
Free, powerful for the upliftment of humanity!

