

VINAYAK DAMODAR SAVARKAR'S POEM:

JAYOSTUTE: VICTORY TO YOU

TRANSLATION BY ANURUPA CINAR

जयोस्तु ते श्रीमहन्मंगले । शिवास्पदे शुभदे  
स्वतंत्रते भगवति । त्वामहं यशोयुतां वंदे ॥ धृ ॥

Victory to you, O Auspicious One,  
O Holy Abode, Eternal Delight!  
We salute you, Goddess of Freedom, O Victorious One!

राष्ट्राचे चैतन्य मूर्ते तूं नीति संपदांची  
स्वतंत्रते भगवति । श्रीमती राजी तू त्यांची

Epitome of our National Soul, Goddess of Freedom O,  
Of Virtue and Prosperity supreme Queen you are, lo!

परवशतेच्या नभांत तूंची आकाशी होशी  
स्वतंत्रते भगवती । चांदणी चमचम लखलखशी ॥

O Goddess of Freedom, you are a star shining  
In this darkness of slavery, alone in the sky gleaming!

गालावरच्या कुसुमी किंवा कुसुमांच्या गाली  
स्वतंत्रते भगवती । तूच जी विलसतसे लाली  
तूं सूर्याचे तेज उदधिचे गांभीर्यहि तूंची  
स्वतंत्रते भगवती । अन्यथा ग्रहण नष्ट तेंची ॥

O Goddess of Freedom, you are the blush that prospers,  
On flowers as soft as cheeks, on cheeks as soft as flowers!  
You are the depth of the ocean, the radiance of the sun,  
O Goddess of Freedom, without you their worth is none!

मोक्ष मुक्ति ही तुझीच रूपे तुलाच वेदांती  
स्वतंत्रते भगवती । योगिजन परब्रह्म वदती  
जे जे उत्तम उदात्त उन्नत महन्मधुर तें तें  
स्वतंत्रते भगवती । सर्व तव सहचारी होते ॥

You are moksh-liberation and by the Yogis esteemed  
Hailed you're, O Goddess, as the Soul Supreme,  
O Goddess of Freedom, all your companions are elite  
Noble, magnificent, and oh so very sweet!

हे अधम रक्त रंजिते । सुजन-पुजिते ! श्री स्वतंत्र ते  
तुजसाठिं मरण तें जनन  
तुजविण जनन ते मरण  
तुज सकल चराचर शरण  
भरतभूमीला दृढालिंगना कधिं देशिल वरदे  
स्वतंत्रते भगवती । त्वामहं यशोयुतां वंदे ॥

Soaked in the villain's blood – you are!  
Worshipped by noble men – you are!  
Life is to die for You,  
Death is to live without You,  
All creation surrenders unto you!  
O Giver of Boons, clasp our Bharat land to your bosom, do!  
O Goddess of Freedom, Victorious One, we salute you!

हिमालयाच्या हिमसौधाचा लोभ शंकराला  
क्रिडा येथे करण्याचा कां तुला वीट आला?  
होय आरसा अप्सरांना सरसे करण्याला  
सुधाधवल जान्हवीस्त्रोत तो कां गे त्वां त्यजिला? ॥

E'en Shankar covets our mighty Himalayas of terraced snow,  
Oh why does it not please you to sport here anymo'?  
Her brilliant waters an Apsara's mirror verily make  
Why, oh why, the bountiful Ganges you did forsake?

स्वतंत्रते । ह्या सुवर्णभूमीत कमती काय तुला?  
कोहिनूरचे पुष्प रोज घे ताजें वेणीला  
ही सकल-श्री-संयुता । आमची माता भारती असतां

O Freedom! What did you lack in this Golden Land?  
Each day find a fresh Kohinoor bloom for your strands!  
Of bountiful wealth is our very own Bharat motherland,

कां तुवां ढकलुनी दिधली  
पूर्वीची ममता सरली  
परक्यांची दासी झाली  
जीव तळमळे, कां तूं त्यजिले उत्तर ह्याचें दे  
स्वतंत्रते भगवती । त्वामहं यशोयुतां वंदे ॥ धृ ॥

So why, oh why did you push her away?  
Why did your Motherly love of old wither away?  
Over her strangers now hold sway!  
Anguished is my soul!  
Why, oh why, did you abandon her so, answer me, I pray!  
We salute you, Goddess of Freedom, O Victorious One!