

VINAYAK DAMODAR SAVARKAR'S POEM:

PRIYAKAR HINDUSTHAN: O BELOVED HINDUSTHAN

TRANSLATION BY ANURUPA CINAR

Savarkar especially composed this poem, Priyakar Hindusthan, (O Beloved Hindustan) on the occasion commemorating the death anniversary of Guru Govind Singh which he organized in a grand manner at Caxton Hall, London on December 29, 1908.

सकल जागामधिं छान । अमुचें प्रियकर हिंदुस्थान
केवळ पंचप्राण । आमुचें सुंदर हिंदुस्थान ॥ धृ ॥

बहुत पाहिले बहुत ऐकिले देश परि ते सान
सान मिसर पाताल आंगलभू सान चीन जापान

बहुत गिरि, परि तुझाच गिरीवर हिमालयाचा मान
कवण नदी हे श्रीगंगेसम पूत सुधाजल-पान

कस्तूरी-मृग-परिमल-पूरित जिचें फुलावें रान
प्रभात-कालीं कोकिल-किलकिल-कुजित आम्रोद्यान

यज्ञ-धूम-सौगंध मनोहर जिचें सामरव-गान
ऐकुनि येती जिथें कराया देव सोमरसपान

कालिदास कवि गाती, गौतम शिकविति सांख्यद्यान
म्लेंच्छ-विनाशक विक्रम दे तुज स्वातंत्र्यश्रीदान

जिजा जन्म दे शिवा जिच्यास्तव गुरु पुत्रांचे प्राण
जिच्यास्तवचि त्या कुमारिकांसी विस्तवांत ये न्हाण

तुझ्या जलाहीं अनंत पितरां दिलें तिलांजलि-दान
पुण्यभूमि तूं ! पितृभूमि तूं ! तूं अमुचा अभिमान

जननि ! जगत्रयिं शक्त कोण जो करिल तुझा अपमान
प्राणदान-संसिद्ध असुनि त्वत् -त्रिदश-कोटि संतान ?

जननि ! तुझ्या सन्मान-राक्षणीं अर्पु रणीं हे प्राण
शत्रूंकंठ भंगोनि घालुं तुज दारुण रक्तस्नान

O Beautiful Hindustan! Our very soul you are!
O, beloved Hindusthan,
The most delightful one of all you are!

So many Lands seen and heard of,
Beside her, all so very small do seem!
Puny are Egypt, China, and Japan,
Britain very much a hell, I deem!

So many mountains there are:
Himalaya, the most esteemed one, is yours
So many rivers there are:
Holy Ganges, the River of Flowing Nectar, is yours!

We have lush and divine forests here
Steeped in the musk of the Kasturi deer.
We have the glorious mango groves here
Where cooing Koyals bring in the morning cheer!

The melodious chanting of the Samaveda
Through the fragrant sacrificial smoke resounding,
Lures the Gods from their heavenly abode
To come here for their Somras carousing.

Here the Poet Kalidas croons his tender verse,
And Gautama Sankhyadyan doth reveal.
Here the Goddess of Freedom readily bestowed
Heroic Vikram to rout the Mlecchas with zeal.

Here too was born of Jijabai, Chatrapati Shivaji,
And maidens who embraced the pyre for their honor.
Bricked to death here were the Sons of the Guru,
So staunch were they in their loyal fervor!

Here to countless of our forefathers we offer
Oblations of your holy water with pride!
You are—our holy land! Our fatherland!
Our honor and our pride!

O Mother, who will dare insult you?
Countless Sons you have
To give up their very life for you!

To defend your honor and virtue,
O Mother, willingly die we shall!
Slash the enemy throat in battle,
And offer you a bath of blood we shall!

