

Song sung at the dedication of Bose Institute

(Translated from the Bengali of Rabindranath Tagore by Professor Manmohan Ghose)

I

'Tis to the Mother's temple ye are come
Her sacred inner courtyard: light ye them
Her precinct, ye who are her favour'd sons.
Make here your dwelling; and with omen fair
The Conch Shell, horn auspicious, Sound O Sound!
Accepting this initiation bright
The deep dark night of waiting terminate.
O band of pilgrims all be ready girt:
The Conch Shell horn auspicious, Sound O Sound!
Say "Victory to this peerless man of men,
This kingly sage, School'd in austerities!"
And "Victory! Still, Shout "Victory Victory!"

II

Come with the mother's blessing, ye whose minds
Unshakable throne on the thunder bolt!
Come, all who struggle upward and aspire;
To Glorify this our dear Country, Come!
All ye who, meditating on one thought
Your souls concentrate, all who have renounced;
Come ye whose lot insufferable is woe;
Come ye whose earn'd wealth is unconquered strength;
Come, brotherhood of freedom in the soul;
Come, ye who know, Come ye whose work destroys
Together the long shame of Bharat-land!
Come thou blessedness, thou glory come.

III

Thou fragrance of unfading righteousness;
Come, burning Sun, blazing amidst the sky
of deeds, in strength of Virtue's heroism
And righteous acts, live thou, thou chiefly thou.
Pulse in the heart and Centre of the world.
The Conch Shell horn auspicious, Sound O Sound!
Say, Victory to this peerless man of men,
This kingly sage, School'd in austerities!"
And "Victory! Still, Shout "Victory Victory!"