



Vandemataram song Piano Notes & Video Tutorials

Description

Vandemataram song Piano Notes

Vande Mataram! Vande Mataram!

CD FGFG ! FG BC`BC`

Sujalam, suphalam

C`D` A# AG , GAF ED

malayaja shitalam,

DGFG EDEC,

Shasyashyamalam, Mataram!

CD FGFG , GA#AG!

Vande Mataram! (X2)

FG BC`BC`

Shubhrajyotsna pulakitayaminim,

F G B B BBCB C BC

Phullakusumita drumadala shobhinim,

B BB CBC` , C`D`C`A#, A A#A G,

Suhasinim sumadhura bhashinim,

DFED DA#AA# AG AG

Sukhadam varadam, Mataram!

FGB BBB , BC`BC`!

Vande Mataram! Vande Mataram!

FG BC`BC` FG BC`BC`

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Vande Mataram (Bengali script: à!-à!"à\$•à!!à\$? à!@à!¾à!à!°à!@à\$•, Devanagari: àµàµ"à¥•àµ!à¥? àµ@àµ¾àµàà°àµ@à¥•) â?? Vande MĀ•taram â?? literally â?? â??I praise thee, Motherâ?• â?? is a poem from Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyayâ??s 1882 novel Anandamath. It was written in Bengali and Sanskrit.

It is a hymn to the Mother Land. It played a vital role in the Indian independence movement, first sung in a political context by Rabindranath Tagore at the 1896 session of the Indian National Congress.

In 1950 (after Indiaâ??s independence), the songâ??s first two verses were given the official status of the â??national songâ?• of the Republic of India, distinct from the national anthem of India, Jana Gana Mana.

Meaning:

Mother, I salute thee!
Rich with thy hurrying streams,
bright with orchard gleams,
Cool with thy winds of delight,
Dark 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 salute.

Who hath said thou art weak in thy lands
When the 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!
Though who savest, arise and save!
To her I cry who ever her foeman 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 gleems,
Dark of hue O candid-fair

In thy soul, with bejeweled hair
And thy glorious smile divine,
Loveliest of all earthly lands,
Showering wealth from well-stored hands!
Mother, mother mine!
Mother sweet, I salute thee,
Mother great and free!