

My Golden Bengal, I love you
Forever your skies, your air set my heart in tune as if it were a flute.
In spring, O mother mine, the fragrance from your mango groves makes me wild with joy!
Ah, what a thrill!

In autumn, O mother mine,
In the full-blossomed paddy fields, I have seen spread all over-sweet smiles!
Ah, what a beauty, what shades, what an affection and what a tenderness!
What a quilt have you spread at the feet of banyan trees and along the banks of rivers!
Oh mother mine, words from your lips are like nectar to my ears!
Ah, what a thrill!
If sadness, Oh mother mine, casts a gloom on your face,
My eyes are filled with tears!