

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM OF INDIA, by Rabīndranāth Thākur (= Tagore)

people -group -mind *-leader,* *victory be*
 jana gaṇa mana adhināyaka, jaya he

India *-destiny* *-disposer*
 bhārata bhāgya vidhātā

Panjab, *Indus,* *Gujarat,* *Māharashtra, the South,* *Orissa,* *Bengal*
 panjāb sindhu gujarāt marāṭhā drāvīr utkala baṅga

Vindhya, *Himalayas,* *Yamuna,* *Ganges,* *moving* *ocean* *waves*
 vindhya himācala yamunā gaṅgā, ucchala jaladhi taraṅga

{your auspicious name -in} *awaken,* *your auspicious* *blessing* *ask*
 tava shubha nāme jāge, tava shubha āshīsh māge

sing your victory -song
 gāhe tava jaya gāthā

people -group -good fortune -giver, *victory be*
 jana gaṇa maṅgala -dāyaka, jaya he

India *-destiny* *-disposer*
 bhārata bhāgya vidhātā

jaya he, jaya he, jaya jaya jaya jaya he

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ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY THE AUTHOR

Thou art the ruler of the minds of all people,
 Thou Dispenser of India's destiny.
 The name rouses the hearts of the Punjab, Sind,
 Gujrat and Maratha, of Dravida, Orissa and Bengal.
 It echoes in the hills of the Vindhya and Himalayas,
 mingles in the music of Jumna and Ganges,
 and is chanted by the waves of the Indian Sea.
 They pray for thy blessing and sing thy praise,
 Thou Dispenser of India's destiny,
 Victory, Victory, Victory to thee.

THE INDIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM--ENGLISH TRANSLATION
PREPARED BY THE AUTHOR, RABINDRANATH TAGORE

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and is chanted by the waves of the Indian Sea.
They pray for thy blessing and sing thy praise,
Thou Dispenser of India's destiny,
Victory, Victory, Victory to thee.

Day and night, thy voice goes out from land to land,
calling Hindus, Buddhists, Sikhs and Jains round thy throne
and Parsees, Mussalmans and Christians.
Offerings are brought to thy shrine by the East and the West
to be woven in a garland of love.
Thou bringest the hearts of all peoples into the harmony of one life,
Thou Dispenser of India's destiny,
Victory, Victory, Victory to thee.

Eternal Charioteer, thou drivest man's history
along the road rugged with rises and falls of Nations.
Amidst all tribulations and terror
thy trumpet sounds to hearten those that despair and droop,
and guide all people in their paths of peril and pilgrimage.
Thou Dispenser of India's destiny,
Victory, Victory, Victory to thee.

When the long dreary night was dense with gloom
and the country lay still in a stupor,
thy Mother's arms held her,
thy wakeful eyes bent upon her face,
till she was rescued from the dark evil dreams
that oppressed her spirit,
Thou Dispenser of India's destiny,
Victory, Victory, Victory to thee.

The night dawns, the sun rises in the East,
the birds sing, the morning breeze brings a stir of new life.
Touched by the golden rays of thy love
India wakes up and bends her head at thy feet.
Thou King of all kings, Thou Dispenser of India's destiny,
Victory, Victory, Victory to thee.

জনগণমন-অধিনায়ক জয় হে ভারতভাগ্যবিধাতা !
পঞ্জাব সিন্ধু গুজরাট মরাঠা দ্রাবিড় উৎকল বঙ্গ
বিন্ধ্য হিমাচল যমুনা গঙ্গা উচ্ছলজলধিতরঙ্গ
তব শুম নামে জাগে, তব শুম আশিস মাগে,
গাহে তব জয়গাথা ।

জনগণমঙ্গলদায়ক জয় হে ভারতভাগ্যবিধাতা !
জয় হে, জয় হে, জয় হে, জয় জয় জয়, জয় হে ॥
অহরহ তব আস্থান প্রচারিত, শুনি তব উদার বাণী
হিন্দু বৌদ্ধ শিখ জৈন পারসিক মুসলমান খৃষ্টানী
পূর্ব পশ্চিম আসে তব সিংহাসন-পাশে
প্রেমহার হয় গাঁথা ।

জনগণ-ঐক্য-বিধায়ক জয় হে ভারতভাগ্যবিধাতা !
জয় হে, জয় হে, জয় হে, জয় জয় জয়, জয় হে ॥

পতন-অভ্যুদয়-বন্ধুর পন্থা, যুগ-যুগ ধাবিত যাত্রী ।
হে চিরসারথি, তব রথচক্রে মুখরিত পথ দিনরাত্রী ।
দারুণ বিপ্লব-মাঝে তব শঙ্করনি বাজে
সঙ্কটস্থঃখত্রাতা ।

জনগণপথপরিচায়ক জয় হে ভারতভাগ্যবিধাতা !
জয় হে, জয় হে, জয় হে, জয় জয় জয়, জয় হে ॥

যোরতিমিরঘন নিবিড় নিশীথে পীড়িত মূর্ছিত দেশে
জাগ্রত ছিল তব অবিচল মঙ্গল নতনয়নে অনিমেষে ।
দুঃস্থপ্নে আতকে রক্ষা করিলে অন্ধ
স্নেহময়ী তুমি মাতা ।

জনগণদুঃখত্রায়ক জয় হে ভারতভাগ্যবিধাতা !
জয় হে, জয় হে, জয় হে, জয় জয় জয়, জয় হে ॥

রাত্রি প্রভাতিল, উদিল রবিচ্ছবি পূর্ব-উদয়গিরিভালে—
গাহে বিহঙ্গম, পুণ্য সমীরণ নবজীবনরস ঢালে ।
তব করুণারূপরাগে নিদ্রিত ভারত জাগে
তব চরণে নত মাথা ।

জয় জয় জয় হে, জয় বাজেস্বর ভারতভাগ্যবিধাতা !
জয় হে, জয় হে, জয় হে, জয় জয় জয়, জয় হে ॥

In the same year, 1912, he echoed the sentiment in a famous song which is today the official national anthem of India. Because the hymn was addressed to 'Thou Dispenser of India's destiny' who 'bringest the hearts of all peoples into the harmony of one life' calling men of all races and religions, from the East and West, 'round thy throne', some of his compatriots who were bent on maligning him spread the story that the hymn was addressed to the British King, George V, who was to visit India the same year. How the British King could be addressed by anyone as the 'Eternal Charioteer' who drives 'man's history along the road rugged with rises and falls of Nations' passes understanding. Actually the hymn was sung for the first time at the twenty-sixth session of the Indian National Congress, the political party that won India's freedom and is in power today.

from Rabindranath Tagore:
A Biography by Krishna
Kripalani

জনগণমন অধিনায়ক জয় হে ভারতভাগ্যবিধাতা
পঞ্জাব সিন্ধু গুজরাট মরাঠা
দ্রাবিড় উৎকল বঙ্গ
বিন্ধ্য হিমাচল যমুনা গঙ্গা উচ্ছলজলধিতরঙ্গ
তব শুম নামে জাগে, তব শুম আশিস মাগে
গাহে তব জয় গাথা
জনগণমঙ্গলদায়ক জয় হে ভারতভাগ্যবিধাতা
জয় হে, জয় হে, জয় হে, জয় জয় জয়, জয় হে ॥

Vande Mataram

*Mother, I bow to thee!
Rich with thy hurrying streams,
Bright with thy 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 bow.*

*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 strenghts who art mighty and stored,
To thee, I call, Mother and Lord!*

*Thou who savest, arise and save!
To her I cry who ever her foemen drave
Back from plain and sea
And shook herself free.*

*Thou art wisdom, thou art law,
Thou our heart, our soul, our breath,
Thou the 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 gleams,
Dark of hue, O candid—fair
In thy soul, with jewelled hair
And the glorious smile divine,
Loveliest of all earthly lands,
Showering wealth from well-stored hands!
Mother, Mother mine!
Mother sweet, I bow to thee
Mother great and free!*

Bankim Chandra Chatterjee
(English rendering by Sri Aurobindo)

वन्दे मातरम्

सुजलां सुफलां मलयज-शीतलां
शस्य-श्यामलां मातरम् ।।
शुभ्र-ज्योत्स्ना-पुलकित-यामिनीम्
फुल्ल-कुसुमित-द्रुमदल-शोभिनीम्
सुहासिनीं सुमधुर-भाषिणीम्
सुखदां वरदां मातरम् ।।
कोटि-कोटि-कण्ठ-कल-कल-निनाद-कराले
असंख्य-कोटि-भुजै धृत-खरकरवाले
अबला कैनो मा ऐतो बोले
बहुबल-धारिणीं नमामि तारिणीं
रिपुदल-वारिणीं मातरम् ।।
तुमि त्रिद्या तुमि धर्म
तुमि हृदि तुमि मर्म त्वं हि प्राणाः शरीरे ।।

बाहुते तुमि मा शक्ति
हृदये तुमि मा भक्ति
तोमारइ प्रतिमा गड़ि मन्दिरे-मन्दिरे ।।
त्वं हि दुर्गा दशप्रहरण-धारिणीं
कमला कमल-दल-विहारिणीं
वाणी विद्यादायिनी नमामि त्वां
नमामि कमलां अमलां अतुलां
सुजलां सुफलां मातरम्,
वन्दे मातरम् ।
श्यामलां सरलां सुस्मितां भूषितां
धरणी भरणीं मातरम् ।।

- बंकिम चन्द्र चटर्जी