

It echoes in the hills of the Vindhya and Himalayas,
 Mingles in the music of the Jumna and Ganges,
 And is chanted by the waves of the Indian Sea.
 They pray for thy grace and sing thy glory.
 Thou Dispenser of India's destiny,
 Victory to Thee!

Day and night, thy voice goes out from land to land,
 Calling the Hindus and Budhists, Sikhs and Jains around the throne,
 And the Parsees, Mussalmans and Christians.
 The East and the West join hands in their prayer to Thee,
 And the garland of love is woven.
 Thou bringest the hearts of all people into the harmony of one life,
 Thou Dispenser of India's destiny,
 Victory to Thee!

The procession of pilgrims passes over the endless road rugged with the rise and
 fall of nations;
 And it resounds with the thunder of thy wheels, Eternal Charioteer!
 Through the dire days of doom thy trumpet sounds, and men are led by Thee
 across death.
 Thy finger points the path of truth to all people,
 Dispenser of India's destiny.
 Victory to Thee!

The darkness was deep, and dense was the night.
 My country lay in deathlike silence of swoon.
 But thy mother-arms were round her, and thine eyes gazed upon her face, in sleep-
 less love, through her hours of ghastly dreams.
 Thou bringest companionship and solace to the people in their sorrows, thou Dis-
 penser of India's destiny.
 Victory to Thee!

The night fades; the light breaks over the peaks of the eastern hills;
 The birds begin to sing, the morning breeze carries the breath of new life.
 The rays of Thy mercy have touched the waking land with their blessing:
 Victory to Thee, King of Kings!
 Dispenser of India's destiny,
 Victory to Thee!