

Ganga

Your children play by the banks of the Ganga,
Their tummies grumble for its taste
They are poor and their clothes are soiled,
Behold the land of God!
You are the One Mother,
The giver of life
Full of opulence
Who dares to think?
You are their guide
You fill their hearts with strength
Never forsake them.
They pray with folded hands.
Can You hear?
They love only You.

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