

## 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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