

My Immortal India

Where the Ganga flows
Where every child knows
The nature of Truth and Reality.

Where Himalayas reign
In eternal snows
And every man's a prodigy

Where farmers reap
Plentiful golden wheat
And no individual weeps.

Where all that are born
Must of necessity
Into Immortality their Ways weave.

In that heaven of Bliss
I'm glad to be born
And will do so a thousand times!