Dharti maa ka roop sajaate,  
hare bhare matwaale vriksh.  
sheetal madhur sameer bahaate,  
hote bade niraale vriksh.  
  
Pathikon ko chhaya dete hain,  
garmi ke mausam mein vriksh.  
neer baadlon se lete hain,  
partidin apane shram se vriksh.  
  
Dete hain phal phool nirantar,  
kabhi nahi kuchh lete vriksh.  
manav sewa dharm maankar,  
apana jeevan dete vriksh.  
  
Lekin manav daanav ban kar,  
saare jangal paat raha hai.  
vrikshon ke upkaar bhool kar,  
partidin inko kaat raha hai.  
  
Ek samay aisa aayega,  
dharti banjar ho jaayegi.  
manav ki naadani bachchon,  
manav ko hi kha jayegi.

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