

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_



# Ancient India

"It Goes Round and Round"

In the land before time, before there were dates,

India started with tectonic plates.

It bumped into China, made the \_\_\_\_\_,

So tall, they protect us from invaders.

Two rivers flow, Indus and the Ganges,

Indus is in the west; Ganges streams east.

In the Indus valley, there were twin cities,

Mohenjo-daro and Harappa.

They built these cities on a grid like New York,

And they had extra grain for when the food's short.

The wind and rain came with \_\_\_\_\_,

But they didn't stink, kid, they built bathrooms!

It goes round and round,

It goes round and round,

Til it all comes back again.

Aryans came through the mountains to a new spot,

From the west, then they "Hit 'Em Up" like Tupac.

Their chariots surge, they're invaders,

They have a literature, and it's called the \_\_\_\_\_.

It's about gods, it's written Sanskrit,

But we've translated so we understand it.

But back then some wise men called Brahmin,

Were like priests, wanted to be uncommon.

When you take away religion from the people,

Then the priests get powerful, it's not equal.  
So the Brahmin rose up like Pinnocchio's nose  
Goes up when he says things that are not true.  
Plus, the Aryans were more light-skinned than the Indians  
Who lived there before those guys came through.  
So what \_\_\_\_\_ are you? What class are you?  
Are you the Brahmin, the priests controlling the things?  
The soldiers and their wives, Kshatriya?  
Or merchants and farm owners, Vaishya?  
Sudra working on farms, staying out of trouble?  
Or below it all, Dalit, the "untouchables"?

It goes round and round,  
It goes round and round,  
Til it all comes back again.

Vedas were written by the priests,  
That started \_\_\_\_\_, and here's what it means:  
Brahman, a universal spirit,  
Is everywhere at all times, can you feel it?  
You've got to have good \_\_\_\_\_, do good work,  
So when you're reborn, you won't be born a bird.  
\_\_\_\_\_: You always come back,  
As something different, so you better know that.  
You rhyme soft, kid, I spit harder,  
More enlightened than Siddhartha,  
A Hindu prince bothered by the suffering on the streets,  
So he gave away his stuff, with nothing to eat.  
Practiced yoga and meditated to be free,  
Sat beneath a fig tree and he found peace.  
In a flash like the "bloop" on your computer,  
This kid Siddhartha became \_\_\_\_\_.

Found \_\_\_\_\_ in his mind; that's a perfect place,  
Where suffering is erased without a trace.  
So no matter if you sit behind bars in prison,  
Heaven is in your mind; that's \_\_\_\_\_.

It goes round and round,  
It goes round and round,  
Til it all comes back again.

And Buddha says:

"All that we are is the result of what we have thought. The mind is everything. What we think, we become."

"Thousands of candles can be lit from a single candle, and the life of the candle will not be shortened.  
Happiness never decreases by being shared."