The First Punjab War

Shah Mohammed's Jangnamah

P.K. Nijhawan
To

Punjabis the World over
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The decline of the Sikh kingdom within a decade of the death of Maharaja Ranjit Singh presents a saga of tragic events that touch the inner-most feelings of the Punjabis even today. No wonder, an account of the first Punjab War of 1845 presented by Shah Mohammed in his famous Jangnamah has been looked upon as the best requiem written on the fall of the Sikh kingdom. Shah Mohammed's Jangnamah leaves no doubt that Ranjit Singh's regime as represented by the Khalsa Darbar had identified itself with the aspirations of the Punjabis as a whole and had thereby come to symbolise the Punjabi pride. Because of this quality Shah Mohammed's account has attracted equal attention of historians and the litterateur. The doyen of Punjab history, Professor Sita Ram Kohli cast a critical look on this Jangnamah in 1956, when he edited the text by appending a scholarly introduction to it. He accepts that Shah Mohammed belonged to the lineage of Sultan Mahmud, an artillery officer of Maharaja Ranjit Singh and was well-educated. Professor Kohli affirms that the narrative given by Shah Mohammed presents a balanced and unbiased account of the events. Still, the author of the Jangnamah also does not hesitate to pass his own judgments on men and events. The correctness of the events enumerated by Shah Mohammed remains unassailable which makes it a first-rate historical source. Sant Singh Sekhon, a celebrated Punjabi literary critic, looks at the Jangnamah as a literary piece. He says: "The skill and technical virtuosity in Jangnamah Hind-Punjab (the original name of Jangnamah by Shah Mohammed) is by no means consistently uniform. While mostly the lines show a felicituous style and skill in expression, there are places where expression just fills the gaps, which
indicate that the over-all felicity of expression comes more from nature than from art. Where nature sustains the expression, it is really perfect and such expressions are almost on the lips of a large number of Sikhs (Punjabis?) even to this day." (A History of Punjabi Literature, Vol. II, 128-29, P.U.P., 1996).

P.K. Nijhawan has chosen to present a rendition of this Jangnamah both in English and Hindi because "it is particularly relevant to the trifurcated Punjabi society today, which brought about the partition of India" (See Introduction). Nijhawan looks at Shah Mohammed as "a symbol of the true integration of all Punjabis into one society, all over again," because "this is the only piece of literature or folk literature which is so full of Punjabi togetherness." It is out of this frenzy that Nijhawan asserts: "I personally believe that Sikhism is the last re-statement of Hinduism that we know,"—an eye-brow raising statement for many of us! He also tries to identify the rise of Sikhism with "revival of Punjabi nationalism." But before making such a statement, one has to perceive whether we can hear of any reference to Punjabi nationalism from the chroniclers before Sikhism appeared on the scene. The idea of Punjabi nationalism is only of recent origin. Nijhawan's references to Sikhism as a 'schism of Hinduism' and the so-called Mona-Sehajdhari tradition also deserve attention. My personal and family experience has been at variance with Nijhawan's. My grand-father was attracted to Sikhism under the influence of his wife who was a regular reciter of the Granth. The couple decided to initiate their sons into the Khalsa fold. The consequence was distancing of the entire Kapur gotra people from our family and my grand-parents did not find themselves comfortable at that. None of their sons could get a bride from within the Dhai Ghara Khatri castes as per caste heirarchical tradition. On our part, we never looked back. In this way; the Mona-Sehajdhari tradition could hardly enable Sikhism to pass as a 'schism of Hinduism'. It is also not correct to aver that Ranjit Singh had declared Hinduism or for that matter even Sikhism as a state religion. His was not a theocratic state. He named his government;
Sarkar-i-Khalsa because of the debt he owed to the Khalsa and the Guru whose century-old struggle and vision had catapulted him to the position of a sovereign ruler of the Punjab. Shah Mohammed himself takes note of the Sikh identity by using the word Singh frequently. His laudatory references to the Khalsa leave no doubt that Khalsa had come to symbolise the Punjabi pride during his period. His general reference to the existence of two communites in Punjab i.e. Hindu and Muslim in no way merges the Sikhs within the Hindu social order. We find references by the British chroniclers also wherein Sarkar-i-Khalsa is described as a Hindu state. Such references are casual and reflect only lack of knowledge about ground realities and unique position of the Sikhs in the Indian sub-continent. We need not refer to such things while looking around in search of a Punjabi identity as compared to Bengali, Tamil, Gujrati or Oriya identities. The only comparison that one can think of and that can sustain with the Punjabi-Sikh identity is Maharashtra-Maratha, Rajasthan-Rajput identities. Here also the presence of the Sikhs in Punjab as a distinct community, with an independent religious system of their own in their own right and identification of the Hindus with their majority co-religionists in the rest of India and the Muslims with the erstwhile ruling class makes the question of Punjabi regional identity altogether different and more complex.

However, the project of rendition of jangnamah into Hindi and English undertaken by Mr. P.K. Nijhawan more as a mission, is unique in another respect also. Shah Mohammed represents the ethos of post-Ranjit Singh Punjab and the impact of Ranjit Singh's rule on Punjabi society is well brought out by him in the Jangnamah. No doubt, Shah Mohammed's Jangnamah describes the elan of the masses of the Punjab as a whole, who had then come to identify themselves with Khalsa-Ji-Ke-Bol-Bale. He looks unto Ranjit Singh and the Khalsa as symbols of Punjabi glory, condemns traitors like Gulab Singh and also does not spare the Sikh Sardars like Lehna Singh Majithia, who despite their capabilities, did not rise to the occasion and preferred to
retire in peace for their selfish ends. I am sure his purpose of arousing the sense of Punjabi pride cutting across communal considerations on both the sides of the border, will be well-served by making the Jangnamah accessible to wider readership.

However, Maharaja Duleep Singh - Raj Mata Jind Kaur Foundation agreed to sponsor this project because this could help the scholars of history of the Punjab in their bid to deconstruct the fallacious versions presented by the British officers/scholars and to appreciate the grim struggle waged by the last sovereign power of the Indian sub-continent to blunt the aggressive designs of British imperialism.

Mr. Nijhawan has done a commendable job which I am sure the academic world will appreciate and welcome.

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PRITHIPAL SINGH KAPUR
In terms of its literary value, Shah Mohammed's *Jangnamah* may not be all that notable. But, in terms of its social and cultural significance, it is unsurpassed. Three things combine to make it exceptionally significant.

One, the poem was written after the first Anglo-Sikh War. In other words, the second such war which was to lead to the annexation of the Punjab by the East India Company had yet to take place. That important developments, social as well as political, began to occur even in the wake of the first Anglo Sikh War, becomes evident from a close reading of the poem. To quote the translator, "All wealth is today garnered by the sons of moneylenders and *gumashtas* in the main." In other words, a class of commercial entrepreneurs came into existence as soon as that war was over and the British settled down to appropriate Ranjit Singh's empire. It was this very class which was to rise into prominence during the later years. But then, the author was obviously not in a position to foresee what would happen later. However, what he observed with his own eyes is referred to by him. Taking into account the later history of the state of Punjab, one cannot but admire the incisiveness of the poet in noting what would not have been noted by those who were not so observant.

The second thing that stands out (and it has been underlined by Nijhawan) is Shah Mohammed's complete and unconditional identification with the *Khalsa Darbar*. Even six years after the death of Maharaja Ranjit Singh, his loyalty to the regime established by him had not diminished in any way. If anything, he laments the cracks that had appeared in the structure built by Ranjit Singh. He talks of the various intrigues that were taking place and does so with a feeling of deep regret. Instead of
gloating over the disintegration of the Darbar, his tone is one of genuine concern.

How could this have happened? The explanation lies in the manner in which Ranjit Singh governed the state. In total contrast to what had been happening for several centuries before him, he ran that state in such an even-handed manner that even though the majority of the population in the state was Muslim, none of them had the feeling that the state was being run by a Sikh ruler.

During the preceding Muslim period, both the pre-Mughal and the Mughal period, the situation had varied from ruler to ruler. In a few cases, the rulers had ignored the pressure from the Muslim clergy and other forces represented by the Muslim nobility, most of whom had come from outside India. For 7-8 centuries, a large number of gifted professional soldiers as also men of piety and humanism, had been migrating from Central Asia to India. The former were soldiers of fortune. They came to India in search of wealth and power. The Muslim rulers who had established themselves as the lords of the country, generally welcomed them and took them into service. Historians of the medieval period, it may be added, have done a good deal of research work on the character of the nobility established under the Mughals.

Beginning with Akbar, the character of this nobility began to undergo a change. A certain proportion of it was local and mainly Rajput in background and character. The phenomenon of sharing power with the local nobility had started even before the advent of the Mughals but it became noticeable under the Mughals, principally when Akbar was in power. Babar had recognised the need of it and had advised his son to adopt such a policy. But Humayun failed to do so. One result of it was his being ousted from the throne. That Babar could recognise the need of coopting the local nobles, speaks volumes for his political sagacity. This new mode of governance was however formalised as well as institutionalised by his grandson, Akbar, with the result that it ensured the stability of the Mughal Empire for another century or so.
Ranjit Singh had not many such precedents to draw upon except from what had happened under Ahmed Shah Abdali only a few decades earlier. On two separate occasions, the leading citizens of Lahore had come together and surrendered voluntarily, so to speak, to the Sikh Misals. On both occasions, the issue was whether to fight the Misals or agree to their takeover. While in the first round, it might have been a gamble, when it came to the second round, the citizens had had the experience of how the Khalsa Misals had run the city during the brief period that they had at their disposal. They were absolutely fair and firm. Strict law and order was maintained and no high-handedness of any kind was permitted or perpetrated. To put it no more strongly, this was exactly in accordance with the teachings of the tenth guru. It was this tradition which Ranjit Singh decided to carry forward. Also, his own political astuteness persuaded him to learn from the past experience and evolve a model of governance in which the Muslims who constituted the overwhelming majority, came to look upon him as their well wisher and benefactor. Even today, one of the Punjabi heroes recalled from time to time in Pakistan, is Ranjit Singh. No one thinks of him as having been hostile or adverse in any way. There was complete identification between him and the people he ruled. Shah Mohammed's poem is a testimony to what happened. That he continued to be remembered and revered even several years after he had been dead and his successors had messed up the governance of the state, was a tribute to his administration and the legacy that he had left behind.

It is generally conceded that, apart from direct historical evidence, literature is a rich source of social history. This poem by Shah Mohammed makes it abundantly clear that there was no lack of trust between the way Ranjit Singh governed and those who were governed. The norms of how people were governed in medieval times were very different from what they are today. During those days, no one expected it to function like a contemporary welfare state as is the general expectation today. In those lawless days, Ranjit Singh seems to have treated his subjects
in his own inimitable way so that he was seen as just and even-handed. This is precisely what endeared him to his people.

Ranjit Singh's relations with his own community were close and intimate but there were also occasions when he was censured by the religious leaders of his own community. In personal terms, he was not a model of uprightness or chastity. He had a number of concubines. Those who controlled Sikh affairs objected to his countless acts of dalliance. On one occasion, it was even decided to flog him publicly for having been guilty of certain transgressions. He submitted to the punishment proposed to be inflicted on him though it is another thing that it was not eventually carried out.

The point of referring to these details is that, unlike the Muslim clergy which sometimes directed the Muslim rulers to do, or not do, certain things, Ranjit Singh too was subject to somewhat similar pressures. But he was astute enough to somehow manage things and not have any kind of a confrontation. In any case, there was no question of the Sikh clergy asking him to oppress his other subjects. That was not what Guru Gobind Singh had taught.

All his life he had fought for justice and was never guilty of any injustice. This is what he taught his followers and there are several instances, too many to quote here, where the Sikh soldiers fought for justice rather than injustice. In fact, they went to the extent of occupying only those territories where the local people were in favour of their continuing to do so. Certain historians have ascribed the failure of Sikhism to spread to areas other than Punjab and embark upon a career of military conquests to this lack of aggression or taste for military conquests. There is not enough evidence to argue on either side. This much however is incontestable that the tenth Guru was singularly free of malice or the desire to dominate. His 'epistle of victory' addressed to Aurangzeb is as much a rebuke to the latter as a challenge to him. In any case, it is a statement of his values and beliefs to which he had held fast even at the cost of his life and those whom he loved.
Perhaps nothing illustrates the character of Ranjit Singh's regime more tellingly than the fact that his decision to outlaw the killing of cows which was offensive to the non-Muslim population was accepted without any resistance. Even the ruler of Afghanistan sent him his word to the effect that the killing of cows had been discontinued in his own country. This was done presumably to court favour with him.

It was this atmosphere of tolerance and mutual respect which he was able to generate and which earned him the undying loyalty of people like Shah Mohammed and others. Nijhawan has called attention to this fact pointedly in his introduction and no more needs to be said about it.

The third point which Nijhawan makes is equally meaningful. Going back to what he knows about the 19th century and the kind of atmosphere which prevailed in small towns and the countryside during his childhood, he makes bold to say that co-existence amongst the various communities was a fact of daily life. If all this began to change under the impact of the British rule, it needs to be recognised that these changes came about because of the social and economic forces generated by the British rule. At the same time, it was a matter of high policy for the British to create divisions amongst the various communities. The introduction of the separate electoral system in the beginning of the 20th century and all that followed, are details which do not have to be recalled here. Those are recorded in countless books of history.

What the British did was to promote a sense of separate identity in each community. In the rest of India, there were mainly two communities: Hindus and Muslims were encouraged to look upon themselves in their exclusive way. For historical, as also sociological reasons, the Christians never got involved in this competition for a separate identity. The Sikhs however got unavoidably involved. Their proportion in the total population of the Punjab was exceedingly small, closer to 5 than 10 per cent at the time the British annexed the Punjab. But they were highly energetic and dynamic people. Depressed as they
were after having had a spell of power, they gradually recovered from this state of demoralisation. This too has been written about at considerable length and need not be dilated upon here.

Nijhawan refers to the role of the Arya Samaj in giving a separate consciousness to certain sections of the Hindu population. That this phenomenon led to some confrontation between the Arya Samajists and the Sanatanists is a sub story. The more important part of the story is that confrontation developed between them and the Sikhs. Meanwhile the Sikhs had been energised by the Singh Sabha Movement about which too a good deal of literature is available.

Confrontation between the Sikhs and the Arya Samajists became a prominent feature of the political reality. Till the end of the nineteenth century, it was a different situation. It was not necessary for Nijhawan to refer to these details except that he refers specifically to the virulence of confrontation which developed in the late 20th century. What is of real relevance however is how there was absolute peace amongst the various communities under Ranjit Singh and before the British appeared on the scene. Once the British set about the task of consolidating their empire, and many things flowed from the manner in which the British went about this job, the situation began to change.

Going further, one can perhaps say that what happened under the British has continued to happen ever since then. We are still passing through that phase when the impact of those forces released by the British is still at work. This is true not only of India but equally of Pakistan and Bangladesh. Economists and sociologists would choose to describe these various phenomena as the rise and spread of capitalism, the growth of ethnicity, the emergence of the nation state and various other terms which are popular amongst the social scientists.

The significance of Shah Mohammed's poem lies in this that he captured that passing moment in Punjab history when there was no cleavage whatsoever amongst the various communities. The Muslims who had been dethroned, so to speak, by Ranjit Singh, did not bemoan their fate as might have ordinarily
happened. On the contrary, that brief interlude of half a century is still recalled in Pakistan with a certain feeling of nostalgia and warmth.

Nijhawan is to be complimented on having made this exceedingly important literary text available to a wide-reading public. It is for the more preceptive amongst them now to draw their own inferences. To what extent they, and in particular the social scientists, agree with Shah Mohammed's perception, is for them to decide.

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P.K. NJIHAWAN
INTRODUCTION

I.

I feel I am singularly privileged to have rendered Shah Mohammed's Jangnamah in English as well as Hindi verse. It is an absolutely contemporary account of the First Anglo-Sikh or Hind-Punjab War as fought between the armies of the Khalsa Darbar and the East India Company.

It is from Shah Mohammed's original title that I am tempted to call the First Anglo-Sikh War as most history books tell us, as the First Punjab War. The historians' nomenclature is an obvious distortion which appears to have been deliberately introduced in order to rob this unique piece of poetry; of its real pan-Punjabi character. Soon after the armistice, the new rulers had started sowing seeds of a possible trifurcation of Punjabi society in which job they proved eminently successful. The name that Shah Mohammed has given to his Jangnamah 'Jang Hind-Punjab', is, quite apt. Besides it accords well with such nomenclatures as the Karnataka War or the Maratha War. It also seems fully to support the view that, from the point of view of the East India Company, it was a war of imperial expansion; the truth of the matter is that the British had been casting a covetous eyes on Punjab, long before the actual war took place.

Shah Mohammed is an exception among poets. He knows where to draw a line between facts and perceptions. He is about as objective as the events that are unfolded here. But the significance of the poet lies in the fact that he is also a highly

1. Professor Sita Ram Kohli has preferred to call Shah Mohammed's Jangnamah, a ballad which is not correct. Jangnamah is a separate genre that crept into Punjabi poetry under the influence of Persian.
perceptive man, grasping as it were, the subtlest nuances of things as they happened. In short, he is a remarkable kind of a poet and a historian. In an utterly terse and tell-tale manner, he tells us all what happened after the death of Sarkar as Ranjit Singh was lovingly called by his subjects. The events happened with such rapidity that none other than an extremely gifted poet could have grasped them all. A curse of sorts seems to have operated in the Punjab, leading each one of the grandees to their doom, leaving the Lahore Darbar almost wholly orphaned in a matter of half a dozen years. There is a sense of divine wrath and dramatic irony in the enveloping tragedy. That the level of the poet's sensibility could have risen in the same proportion is something that cannot be overlooked. Without some such process occurring, such a good, historically valid and evocative poem could not have been written.

It is almost a filmic, yet truthful and sensitive account that unfolds reel after reel in the form of a documentary which can be remembered and sung with great effect before different audiences by the itinerant singers of Punjab called dhadies. Our poet is a man of great empathy and is able to bring on record what no ordinary poet would have grasped, much less recorded. Above all, he is so much of a Punjabi patriot that he is not influenced by how the new rulers would react to his description.

Another important fact which also needs to be mentioned right at the outset is that while Shah Mohammed is a high-born Muslim, Ranjit Singh hailed from the peasant stock and became the ruler of Punjab after welding numerous principalities together into a kingdom, only about half a century earlier. And this happened after eight long centuries of Islamic rule in India. But then Shah Mohammed is wholly secular, with not a trace of communal thinking in his mind. He blames only those who need to be blamed and praises where praise is due, without any distinction of caste and creed. In short, he is a picture of what an Indian Muslim should be in order to weld India into a strong, homogeneous society.

He is particularly relevant to the trifurcated Punjabi society
today, which brought about the Partition of India. Most people can hardly appreciate that here is a Punjabi Muslim who shed tears of blood at the fall of the *Sarkar-i-Khalsa*. To see this in the background of present-day communal atmosphere underlines the point that is sought to be made. The reason why I mention this fact in this manner is that it vindicates my thesis that "A better Hindu and a better Muslim is any day a more secular person than one who is atheistic or irreligious. Similarly, a better Punjabi and a better Bengali makes for a better Indian than one who calls himself an Indian first and last." Shah Mohammed can, therefore, be seen as a symbol of the true integration of all Punjabis into one society, all over again.

II.

Before describing the actual war, Shah Mohammed goes into the events of the six years after the death of Ranjit Singh. That really supplies the essential backdrop of what, in fact, is going to happen. He actually makes Kharak Singh, the new King, hurl a curse on the *Darbar*. Coming out of his heart as it does, this curse is fulfilled by the Almighty in letter and spirit. There is something macabre about the deaths and murders that take place in quick succession, one after another. In fact, the way Kanwar Naunihal Singh on whom the curse had been hurled by his ailing father, Kharak Singh and who was to succeed him as the next Maharaja actually dies, cannot be explained away on the basis of any rational logic. Could a balcony of the castle collapse just as the Kanwar was passing under it by accident or even as a result of a conspiracy? The issue is still being debated with heat and passion. But was the accident not highly unusual? Nothing else except the balcony collapsed. And as to the conspiracy theory Raja Dhian Singh, who, they say, wanted to promote his son's claim to the throne, could have been the culprit. But was he? This question gains further significance from the fact that Udham Singh the other youngman who died with Kanwar Nau Nihal Singh was none other than his own real nephew. Then the only possible explanation, as Shah Mohammed says, is that a messenger of death had already made himself
perch on the balcony to carry out the orders of the Lord of Death, Dharma Raj. The use of just one word Dharma Raj makes it an example of the divine wrath at work.

A list of those who were put to death within six years would enable the reader to form some idea of what really was to follow. The list is as under:

1. Chet Singh, a very close friend of Maharaja Kharak Singh, was murdered in his very presence at the mourning ceremony of Maharaja Ranjit Singh itself. The young and ambitious Kanwar did not want to share power with anyone else.

2. Passing away of Naunihal Singh and Udham Singh in the collapse of the balcony of the gate under which they were passing. It happened just after the cremation of Kharak Singh.

3. Murder of Rani Chand Kaur, the widow of Kharak Singh, with the connivance of Sher Singh, the new Maharaja, and the maids attending upon her. She had earlier been interned in the palace by her brother-in-law.

4. Murder of Maharaja Sher Singh and his son Pratap Singh by the Sandhawalia Sardars through treachery. Dhian Singh was also murdered by them on the same day.

5. Killing of both Lehna Singh and Ajit Singh, the Sandhawalia Sardars by Hira Singh, the new Prime Minister who was the son of Dhian Singh. This was done in an open battle in which the Khalsa Darbar was vertically divided into two camps. Many a grandee died in this fight thereby rendering the Darbar leaderless.

6. Killing of Jalla and Hira Singh by the Khalsa army while they were giving them a slip on their way to Jammu.

7. Killing of Jawahar Singh, the brother of Maharani Jindan, who had been elevated as the new Prime Minister.

All this happened due to a strange and collective death wish operating at that time. This resulted in three things: One, the demoralisation of the wise and senior Sardars who left the Darbar on one pretext or the other; two, the army whom Shah Mohammed had described pejoratively as Burchhas which
means those who become a law unto themselves, and who had become irresistible and utterly avaricious; and three, the Maharani who decided to break the stranglehold of the army by getting them destroyed in a war with the British.

It appears that Ranjit Singh, the benevolent despot, had failed to create any lasting institutions which could sustain the State. Certainly, the British must have played their treacherous imperial game to perfection by sowing the seeds of disaffection within the court and promoting lawlessness in the ranks. But that cannot be the whole explanation. We must learn to apportion blame where it is due and it was the lack of an institutional apparatus which in the circumstances described should have filled the vacuum. Otherwise, how come that the same Burchas drew the highest praise from the same poet when they went out to war, measuring sword with the British and laying down their lives in the highest tradition of the Khalsa. In fact, their reckless valour was the subject of high admiration even among the British commanders for a long time. Shah Mohammed summed up the entire battle just in one line in the Stanza 92, Says he:

"O Shah Mohammed! But for one Sardar¹, Bez forces lost the battle they, in fact, had won."

Similarly, we may have to revise our opinion about Maharani Jindan. For example, dispossessed of everything, including even the nearness of her son, she not only saw through the British game but also gave them quite a tough time. Anyway, the indisciplined army and the Maharani fuming with revenge, are the immediate causes for the showdown with the British who in pursuit of their imperial ends were, in any case, itching for a battle in a calculated way.

Perhaps, the most perceptive part of the poem is the concluding half a dozen stanzas. An ordinary mind and a lesser mortal could have easily succumbed to the lure of pleasing the way the masters and the poets as a class are generally known

¹. The original word used by the poet is Sardar and not Sarkar. This is according to the first published text which was in Persian script and which is in possession of Prof. Gurtej Singh, the National Professor of Sikhism, Chandigarh.
to turn sycophants at the drop of a hat, singing panegyrics of the victor. One such poet is our great Mirza Ghalib, who also wrote his *Fatehnamah*, running into 42 verses of high falutin Persian on one of the battles of this very war. We shall come to it later. But here what is important is how Shah Mohammed responded to the new masters. In this connection, stanza 98 is worth a close reading. Hence, I reproduce below this stanza in full:

*In this way, the Feringhee became the protector of the Mai.*
*They stationed their own contingents in Labore.*
*They assumed the overlordship of the trans-Satluj regions,*
*Establishing their advanced post in Phillaur.*
*They took over the control of Labore and Ferozepur,*
*Besides apportioning the revenues accruing from the trade route of Nanda Chor.*

*O Shah Mohammed! Kangra too was usurped.*
*In short, they did everything a thief does.*

The important part of this stanza is the courage of the poet in calling the British thieves. Not just that. In the very next stanza, Shah Mohammed says:

*"The country now passed into the hands of company functionaries,*
*As well as the sons of men of means."*

Almost in the same vein, the poet reiterates in stanza 103 summing up in these words:

*"O Shah Mohammed! All wealth is today garnered,*
*By the sons of moneylenders and 'gumashtas' in the main."*

Nothing can better describe how the sons of the lower middle classes, particularly constituting the *monas*, i.e. those not keeping long hair, after learning a few words of English and skill in cajolery, became the errand boys of the Company bureaucrats. This, in the main, explains how a rich area like Punjab became poor within a matter of years. One can presume this kind of perceptiveness only on the part of a genius. And even without the knowledge of subjects like economics and history, Shah
Mohammed said it all. It must have pained him a great deal that as an army of occupation, the victors had laid waste the entire countryside and robbed it of its riches between Ferozepur and Lahore besides usurping so much of territory and revenue. This had never been done by an Indian king. Ranjit Singh did manage to establish an empire through conquest but that was invariably done with the full concurrence and reconciliation of the defeated. Otherwise, as between the Indian kings, suzerainty was always the only issue. And once it was decided, all enmity ceased.

III.

It is a heroic poem which stands out even in India where there is a long tradition of heroic poetry in as much as heroism or bravery is one of the nine rasas (sentiments) which a poet-to-be must learn to cultivate and evoke. There is, therefore, no dearth of poets who have tried their hand at this genre. But the classical Vir Rasa is altogether a different poetic category. It borders usually on exaggeration. For example, the war scenes in the Ramayana and the Mahabharta. Then, in the Rajput times, there was a class or caste of itinerant singers of heroic poetry called Charans and Bhatts whose function it was to sing panegyrics of the great acts of bravery and chivalry of their patron even if he happened to be a total coward, so as to be rewarded in accordance with the custom. Sometimes, these Charans and Bhatts were employed to recruit soldiers for the campaigns which the kings fought during periods of emergency. In fact, their poetry generally came impromptu and would be so redolent of heroism that it would create a psychosis in which youngmen would be swayed to join the battles to come.

But Shah Mohammed is not a poet of this genre. He is very particular that he describes the whole thing in an undertone, seldom using a hyperbole or an extra word. Hence, while he fully praises the gusto with which the soldiers fought, he no less lampoons the cowardice with which they beat a retreat. Perhaps, this happens in every great battle or series of battles in a campaign. Indeed he does not mystify or mythify for the sake
of it. His account of battles is summed up in a few apt similes and metaphors which continue to haunt one for a long time.

Another great virtue of this poem is that it has been composed in the *baint* metre, the king of Punjabi folk metres, greatly popularised by Waris Shah. I am sure that those who have listened to the lilt of *Heer* would easily vouchsafe the kind of effect it has on Punjabi audiences when sung full-throatedly. Only a man with a real range of voice can sing it. But when it is sung that way, one immediately wants to respond to the mood of the passage being sung. Shah Mohammed is also no less a master of the *baint* and, therefore, this ballad is sung along with *Heer* with almost equal effect, though the thought pattern and the subject matter are entirely different.

Its total effect is not elevating but depressing. It creates a mood of helplessness and even tragedy in as much as it is a poem of defeat—defeat of a soldiery which lost the battle not on the battlefield but elsewhere. However, the mood of dejection that this poem does engender, is nevertheless full of patriotism. And one only wishes how it would have been different if one had been alive at that time and participated in some of those actions. Even a man like me who remained far away from his Punjabi roots for the greater part of his life, used to respond patriotically to some of the lines that I happened to hear in my distant childhood.

However, for me the uniqueness of this poem lies elsewhere. This is the only piece of literature or folk literature which is so full of Punjabi togetherness and even Punjabi nationalism. It appears that the poet and his audience had reached a stage of identification with the *Khalsa Darbar* to such an extent that his poetry seemed to completely reflect the aspirations of both the Hindus and the Muslims of the land of five rivers. Having been born in the late twenties and lived all my life in the communalised atmosphere of the mid-twentieth century, I must confess I never came across this type of expression of Punjabi togetherness anywhere else. In my present mood, it is music to my ears. But then it raises some very
important questions of contemporary reality. For example, the amount of disinformation that our history books dish out on the communal question. Whatever be the degree of regret, it has been constantly droned into our ears that the Hindus and Muslims have always been hostile to each other which means that they were inveterate enemies and Panipat was perhaps the only possible meeting point. It is this that led to the 'two nation' theory which formed the basis of the Partition of India.

Not just that, it is this kind of inexorable communal logic which is paving the way for the trifurcation of the Punjabi society in as much as the Hindus and the Sikhs of Punjab today are also in the process of becoming two separate nations with two separate destinies. For example, in the entire eighties, a virulent militant movement for creating a separate Sikh state of Khalistan in the Punjab on the lines of Pakistan, was fought with tears and blood. And if the tragedy has been averted for the time being, it is only because the silken bonds of shared Hindu-Sikh oneness have not yet been wholly snapped in spite of overt and covert machinations of several groups at several levels. Anyway, it is the greatest tragedy that could have hit Punjab, at least for the men and women of my generation.

I once had the occasion of partaking the wisdom of the late Dr. M.S. Randhawa on this point. He told me that somehow we ourselves had destroyed the human ecology of Punjab and, therefore must now pay for it. When I asked him to elaborate, he said that he could not conceive of a Punjab in which the Punjabis were divided communally. According to him, no picture of a developed and prosperous Punjab could emerge without the Hindus, the Sikhs and the Muslims forming one homogeneous community. I was not too sure if such a state of togetherness ever existed until I read Shah Mohammed in 1995.

I placed my entire Hindu identity on the anvil so as to understand how and why communalism appeared in this form. And my pet subject has since been that the process began with the increasing alienation of the Punjabi Hindu from the collectivity that Ranjit Singh had forged. It is he who moved away

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from his organic roots, setting into motion a whole range of communally surcharged chain reactions. I wanted something more definite to prove myself correct. Going over the whole gamut of political, social, cultural, economic and linguistic alienation of the Punjabi Hindu from the rest of the Punjabi community, I found out that the Punjabi Hindu had done quite a bit to breed and promote communalism in Punjab. In fact, it made communal thinking among the other communities a more rational, and more fashionable way of projecting themselves. Yet, the third party which means the British, of course, contributed no less to this process. Hence, I blame the reform movements that first affected the Hindus for authoring this kind of tragedy. How?

In my kind of analysis, it is the Bhadra Lokas, which means the Anglicised Hindus who found it a godsent opportunity to ape the white Sahibs in order to go up the ladder of life. On the part of the new rulers, there was also a clear reward and punishment policy set into motion. Those who adopted the European model of the Renaissance and the Reformation as the basis of progress, soon came to dominate the society. On the contrary, those who resisted this change were relegated to much lower positions, socially as well as economically. Thus, the Anglicised Hindu immediately started reforming the Hindu religious tradition by making it into a competing religion. The churchlessness of the traditional Hindu now began to appear to him as a sign of backwardness. This however took away the cementing base of Hindu pluralism that had kept the Punjabi society together for so long in spite of the pulls and pressure of Islamic domination.

After coming across the picture of the society thrown up by Shah Mohammed, it does appear that the Punjabi society had achieved that homogeneity which could have made the emergence of a Punjabi nation possible. And to this nation, both the Hindus and the Muslims would have gravitated with almost equal zeal. I, therefore, regard the forces of the Renaissance and the Reformation unleashed both by Raja Ram Mohan Roy and
Swami Dayanand as the main reasons for the trifurcation of the Punjabi society.

The catholic Sanatanist ethos of the Hindus and Vaishnavism which was the religion of love, both came under attack from the reformed Hindus with unremitting fury. Instead, the new Hindus, whom I call Namasteji Hindus, wanted the Muslims and later on the Sikhs to reach out to them on their terms only. And the answer was a foregone conclusion. They, in turn, refused to oblige the pretenders, particularly when the British had started showing an olive-branch to them in preference to the Hindus. How sad that not a single Hindu in Punjab could read the writing on the wall. That is why I say that while the Punjabi Hindu threw up all kinds of professionals, he did not produce even one man from among them whom one could call a man of vision or destiny. It is this jilted Hindu who, as a reaction, became the first nationalist of India and filled the ranks of the Indian National Congress. But by the same token, this alienated the Muslims and later on the Sikhs from embracing the Congress brand of nationalism.

I, however, must clarify that the outline of the thesis presented above has emerged from a very complex historical thought the nature of which is almost civilisational. It is based on the presumption that Hinduism is a cyclic civilisation which makes it that much more enduring, though incomprehensible. But, by the same token, it has survived many a vicissitude of history, keeping its own role fully well-defined as the final deliverer of the human race when the linearity of social experience of the western man ceases to be a factor in the destiny of man on this earth. It also presupposes that, time after time, in every crisis, Hinduism has the capacity to renew and restate itself.

I personally believe that Sikhism is the last restatement of Hinduism that we know. It is, therefore, a higher and simpler form of Hinduism, brought into being to save Dharma. And since Sikhism is at this time Punjab-specific, it follows that the Punjab must stand in special relationship with rest of the country. And
what is that special relationship? It is that overtime Sikhism will once again emerge as that broadbased form of Punjabi nationalism which will enable Pakistan to join back India in a confederation at some future date. I know that this is a digression of sorts but I do hope that it would be considered permissible in the light of what Shah Mohammed has to tell us.

IV.

Let us see where Shah Mohammed is absolutely unique. In our times which are obsessed with the so-called scientific secularism, his statement of a situation we can scarcely comprehend. He talks of Hindu-Muslim oneness not as something to be achieved but which is already an incontrovertible fact of life, nay, the highest value which is worshipped all around. In fact, Shah Mohammed thinks that anything likely to interfere with this oneness cannot but be a scourge.

In this connection, his third stanza is worth mulling over. This is a quintessential stanza—most crucial to understand as to why he sang his entire ballad. Imagine the scenario of his two pals, one a Hindu and another a Muslim asking him how the third caste (for him the Hindus and Muslims are no less than two castes, always destined to live together) which means the Feringhee descended between them as a scourge of sorts. Now what is the dramatic irony? It is that soon their happy togetherness would become a thing of the past due to the machinations of this scourge. At that time, which means almost within months of the defeat of the Khalsa Darbar forces, it could have been no more than a foreboding of something sinister to come which means which would hereafter not let them live happily together. How prophetic! The exact words conveying this prognostication are as under:

One day as I was sitting in Batala, wholly lost
The 'Feringhee' became the subject of our talk.

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1. A town in Gurdaspur district.
Hira Lal and Nur Khan, two of my bosom friends—
Suddenly did they accost me, asking:
How in the midst of Musalmans and Hindus, living happily together
Had a scourge of sorts descended from nowhere?
For, O Shah Mohammed! Never in the Punjab
Was a third caste ever known to have come.

Was this a mere instinctive reaction of a poet which means a highly sensitive mind in tune with reality or was he reading it as a writing on the wall? Well, it could be both.

After going over all the ups and downs of the First Punjab War which leaves him almost broken, he finds an abiding ray of hope in this divinely-coordinated Hindu-Muslim togetherness. In a way, he rounds off his ballad on this very hopeful note. Says he, in stanza 103:

God willing, good things shall happen again.
What if the soldiers have lost the lustre of their mien?
Great commonality does exist between the Hindus and the Musalmans.
None should ever dare break this common silken bond.
The new rulers have no ear for anyone.
Drunk with themselves, oblivious they're of our pain
O Shah Mohammed! All wealth is today garnered.
By sons of moneylenders and 'gumashtas' in the main.

This happy togetherness peers out from each of his lines in the entire narrative of the ballad. The conduct of the Musalman armies and the public at large was that of the highest order. There was not even a remote suggestion that the Feringhee was the deliverer of the Muslims from the yoke of the Sikhs, something which became such a fact of life not long afterwards. Did the British not try this card? Yes, they did. Let us see how.

Here we must refer to the Wahabi movement which the British had engineered in India to cause disaffection among the Punjabi Muslims against the Khalsa Darbar which, to all intents and purposes, could be identified as a dangerous Hindu revival
against the Muslims. This Wahabi movement had given a call for *jehad* for all the Muslims to unite for a religious war so that the Sikhs did not subdue the Pathans. The British had allowed the fire-eating *Maulvis* to organise the Muslims of U.P. and Bihar and even placed large funds, ammunition and volunteers at their disposal. It is enough to understand that the Wahabis were allowed to reach N.W.F.P. through Sind so as to be able to fight the advancing Sikhs. Not just that. They were able to incite many of the Pathan tribes to join them in the *jehad*. They were also fully supported by the Amir of Kabul. Now all this could not have come about without the active connivance of the British. For, this is how Sir Syed Ahmad Khan later on defends the Wahabis and the general Muslim disaffection for the British.

But then it is remarkable that not a single Muslim chief of any standing from the Punjab joined them. Not just that. This movement did not disturb the even tenor of life in Punjab even a small bit. What does this mean? It just means that the Muslims at large had not only fully reconciled themselves with the Sikh overlordship of the Punjab but also believed that they were, in fact, equal partners in the Lahore government. Does this fact not give a lie to this vile propaganda that the Muslims can never allow themselves to be governed by anyone other than their own co-religionists? It fully negates the 'two nation' theory which was supported even by the communists, who advocated self-determination for the Muslims. It destroys the entire *raison d'etre* of the formation of Pakistan. But then we proved to be unworthy sons of the Punjabis inhabiting the land of the five rivers only a hundred years ago.

Only two things could have influenced the Muslims to believe in the manner they did. One, that they had got fed up with their own Nawabs and feudal lords who visibly fleeced them in all possible ways; and two, the rule that Ranjit Singh gave them, was really so benevolent that they had seen nothing of the same kind happening under the Muslim dispensation. Possibly both things were working in their mind at the same time. But even so, this cannot be the entire explanation. Then
what can be the explanation? The explanation lies in the genesis of the rise and growth of Sikhism. It appears that Sikhism, apart from other things, also led to the revival of Punjabi nationalism. Possibly the Muslims themselves saw in the Sikh Gurus deliverers of the common man in Punjab and the Muslims certainly constituted the majority in Punjab.

Well, this thought is not mine. Khushwant Singh was the first to articulate it. He was able to do so perhaps because he had much more intimate knowledge of the Muslim psyche in Punjab. The kind of interaction he had had with them in Lahore before Partition must have told him that all that the Muslims wanted was to be approached differently, which means on the basis of the universalism of the Sikh Gurus. The Hindus organising themselves as a nation and the Sikhs under the Akalis doing likewise and that too in a theocratic manner which means with the aim of cutting the Muslims to size, must have finally driven them into the arms of Mr. Jinnah. And it happened because the British also wanted it to be so.

Otherwise, Sir Sikandar Hayat Khan was no less a protector of the Hindus. It was he who not only banned the Khaksar movement in Punjab, but also brutally rained bullets on it, unmindful of how the Muslims in general might react. He defended the police action of invading the Bhatti Gate mosque in Lahore and killing the Khaksars inside it because they had taken refuge there by creating lawlessness through an engineered communal fracas. In fact, there are many more instances in which he acted as an utterly patriotic Punjabi, not caring for the consequences. Only one more example will suffice.

During the later years of the Second World War, some Yanky soldiers who had forcibly lifted a girl of the Fateh Chand College, were killed right on the Nicholson Road in Lahore by some Hindu and Muslim college boys who were playing a hockey match in the University grounds at that time. There was great panic and consternation in the air. No one knew how the military authorities might react. The Defence of India Rules were still in force. But Sir Sikandar stood his ground manfully. He refused to take action
against the boys because he said right on the floor of the Punjab Assembly that in the face of such a provocation, even he would have done the same thing. What I mean to say is that he was not against the common Hindu of Punjab. All he was against was the money-worshipping Hindu trader who exploited the poor Muslim in so many ways. But alas! The Arya Samaj Hindu who dominated the media and the Punjab Congress with the help of the Akalis who had long resiled from the Ranjit Singh kind of secularism, not only ditched the Unionists but also destroyed the country in general and the Punjab in particular.

But even so, the description of the Hindu-Muslim oneness of the Shah Mohammed kind cannot be explained away without taking into account the fact that the Punjabi Muslims could never forgive their law-givers, the acts of tyranny that they would perpetrate on the Sikhs at the smallest pretext, particularly when the suffering Sikhs were just about as much a people of the book as they themselves were. As against that, the Sikhs were so full of reverence for the Muslim saints and faqirs with whom the Sikh Gurus had very cordial relations. An example; it was Saint Mian Mir, a Sufi, who was given the honour of laying the foundation stone of the Darbar Sahib at Amritsar. Besides some of the Muslims actually saved Guru Gobind Singh from being arrested by the Mughal forces.

Not only that, the personal conduct of the Sikhs was so unimpeachably high, whether individually or collectively, that none could question their gentleness and correctness of demeanour. Besides, the martyrdom earned by some of the Gurus and their followers must have left a lasting impression on the Muslim mind, resulting in the utter damnation of those who heartlessly prosecuted them. Hence, the Muslims in general could perhaps never condone the fact that someone was to be persecuted by the State for the only fault that he did not worship in the same way as they did themselves.

The two Ghalugharas (both major and minor genocides) must have pained them no less. And then it was Ahmad Shah Durani who had ordered the sacred tank of the Golden Temple
to be filled up with debris and with the desecrated blood of the cows specially killed for that purpose. What I mean to suggest is that the mute suffering of the persecuted who was being hounded out like a mad dog and who as a man was otherwise a hundred times superior to the one who persecuted him, must have shaken the sensitive among the Punjabi Muslims. For example, just as the carnage of the innocents at the Jallianwala Bagh proved to be the last nail in the coffin of the British imperialism, the genocide of innocent Sikhs would have made not a few of the Muslims wish that the tyrannical government of the day should meet its end soon. And then the bricking alive of two young Sahibzadas of Guru Gobind Singh is a crime wholly unparalleled in the annals of any civilised society, which the Nawab of Malerkotla wanted Wazir Khan of Sirhind to desist from.

And yet the Sikhs were not offensive towards them on account of religion. Banda had destroyed Sirhind root and branch. But in the heart of hearts the Punjabi Muslims might have justified it as God's own wrath on that accursed town in which such a heinous crime against humanity was perpetrated. After all, the Punjabi Muslims were themselves no less the men of conscience. It, therefore, stands to reason that the Muslims must have been suffering from a collective sense of guilt on that account. Not just that. Not a few of them must be wishing the Sikhs to emerge as finally victorious. For, that alone could justify why the Muslim grandees themselves had offered the keys of Lahore to Ranjit Singh. The benevolence of his rule must have completed the rest of the process.

Another reason. The Muslim peasantry must have also benefited no less from the agrarian reforms of the Banda. In fact, he was the first to parcel out land among the actual tillers. That the reigning mode of land settlement in Punjab is still *ryotvani* dates back to that time only. Hence, while the Banda destroyed the vestiges of feudalism in Punjab, the Muslim peasantry must have felt pleased at such a turn of events. It needs to be mentioned at this stage that the Sikhs stood for a qualitatively
different society where no one was persecuted on account of his religion and everyone was assured of the fruits of his labour. It looks that this revolutionary change convulsed the Punjabi society and welded it into having a Punjabi worldview which totally subsumed different religious and communal denominations. However, there is no denying the fact that Sikhism as an integral part of Hinduism was the state religion under Ranjit Singh though the Sikh priests had as yet little or no say in its affairs.

For example, Ranjit Singh had banned cow slaughter in his dominions. But somehow the Muslim subjects of the Lahore Darbar never perceived it as an anti-Muslim act so much so that in one of the placatory communications to Ranjit Singh, the Amir of Kabul too had informed him that he had banned cow slaughter in Afghanistan. Perhaps the Muslims at large did not as yet take cow slaughter to be one of their basic religious rights; perhaps they, or at least a good majority of them, too held a venerable attitude towards the cow, say, out of regard for the Hindu sensitivity on the point.

V.

But by far the most conspicuous aspect of this kind of Hindu-Muslim oneness as described by Shah Mohammed is that he has as yet no consciousness that the Hindus and the Sikhs are two. It appears that right until the end of the reign of the Sikhs, the Sikh identity was a part of the larger Hindu identity; perhaps till then they were politically, socially, culturally and religiously one. Perhaps the rise of the Sikhs was in actual practice seen as an organic aspect of the revival of Hinduism. Here, it may be useful to dwell on the communal or say the demographically-valid communal composition of the population of Punjab under Ranjit Singh.

Islam being an exclusive and proselytizing religion with almost all the civilisational inputs built into it, along with its military conquests, practised religious conquest as well. So wherever Islam went, the Muslim population grew. And once someone was converted to Islam, he could almost never go back.
So, converting this country which means India from 'Dar-ul-Harb' into 'Dar-ul-Islam' was one of the more important objects of the Muslim conquests in India. Anyway, the upshot is that not only the N.W.F.P. which was more or less considered a part of the larger Afghanistan, Islam, through the centuries of its dominance, had converted huge populations right up to the river Jhelum excepting perhaps of Khukhbrains, the Hindu townsmen in the salt range. In fact, all major tribes of Punjab up to Jhelum had become Muslim to a man. But beyond the Jhelum, or more precisely speaking, to the east of that river, there were important pockets of Hindu influence.

However, in the Rachna Doab which means the Doab between the rivers Chenab and Ravi, the Hindu-Sikh population was large enough not to be considered marginal. And beyond the Ravi, the Hindus and the Sikhs started preponderating. This demographic composition was almost intact right up to the Partition of India. And if the Hindus and the Sikhs had settled in the towns of extreme Western Punjab as willing agents of the British for the purpose of trade and commerce during the comparatively peaceful times of the British rule, the main purpose of it was to open up the country for commercial exploitation.

But one important change did seem to have definitely taken place. The Muslims of Punjab had started looking upon themselves as no more than a separate caste and not a community. That the Muslims were a separate nation did not occur to them at all. It is this position that Shah Mohammed states in the stanza quoted earlier. In point of fact, the concept of caste had been so deeply ingrained in the common mind that Shah Mohammed looked at the Feringhee as yet another caste now intruding upon the Hindu-Muslim oneness. Now what does it mean?

Going by my personal experience in childhood in one of the more important mother villages of the Hindus of the Rachna Doab viz., Eminabad, the Muslims had themselves started looking upon the Hindus as a separate and superior caste. I often
heard the Muslims say (In my childhood I grew up mostly in Muslim homes, and a Muslim lady, of her own volition, acting as my foster mother, nursed me from her breasts), "Dewanji, how can we be your equal? While you did not change your Dharma, we (here they meant the lesser mortals) could not protect it." Not just that. They respected our taboos and sensitivities. For example, they would not let me touch their food lest it polluted me.

Another example. Some of the more well-off Muslim families had continued to maintain social relations with us. They would make it a point that they sent us only the Kutha rasad, which meant the uncooked food which we could cook ourselves and give them the satisfaction that we had joined in their celebrations, mainly on the occasion of marriages or the birth of sons. Similarly, only a generation before, the Zaildar of the town who was quite an important and wealthy Muslim of the area, would move away from the carpet of Dewan Gobind Sahai when the latter was to take even a glass of water. And though my father was not a big man, I heard some old Muslim lagis (lagis were those who offered customary menial services to the /ajmans) often telling my father that they would or could not share a seat with him on his cot because "it is not our Dharma."

What I mean to say is that caste consciousness was deeply ingrained among the Muslims so much so that they strongly believed in many aspects of caste Dharma which is the same as Geeta's Sva Dharma. In fact, the small-time Muslim converts (who constituted the bulk of the Muslim population) were no more than a caste of the larger Hindu world, having all the concomitants of the caste from which they had been converted, once upon a time.

That Sikhism was a schism of the Hindus or reformed Hinduism or even a new religion, was as yet not so well appreciated, particularly among those who were non-Hindus. For, in all situations of a communal nature, the Sikhs always acquitted themselves as much better Hindus. This was so right until my childhood, for, ours being a Mona-Sikh family, the
common supposition among all our relatives was that even the Monas were Sikhs i.e., the Sehajdhari Sikhs, while the Sikhs and the Monas were Hindus only, yet, in an overall sense.

Our general belief was that every Sehajdhari family should baptise the first born son into the Khalsa as the protector of the Dharma. Even as late as the sixties, one of my Sikh uncles specially brought for me the Prasadam from Rameshwaram for, he had gone thither on a pilgrimage. When I asked if he still believed in it, he said that in his youth, he had done pilgrimage to all the other Dhams. Now this alone was left. So he felt that let it also be completed before he breathed his last. 'Was it necessary to do so in this old age?' I asked him. He said he had done so because he knew it would give solace to the soul of his late mother. He was related to us through his mother.

But was there really no Sikh, as one could come to imagine after reading Shah Mohammed if he were not aware of the Mona-Sikh oneness which was a special feature of Punjab's sociology not so long ago? No, it is not so. But Shah Mohammed used the term Singh for all those who had unshorn Keshas on their heads. And in the context of Jangnamah, somehow they happened to be all soldiers, fighting the battle of Dharma. Hence all their descriptions come from the field of battle. In fact, in the course of all the 105 baints or stanzas that this poem consists of, there is only one mention of the word Sikh and that too in a highly distorted manner. That is when Shah Mohammed makes Lord Hardinge brag as to how he would go and fight the Sikhs and conquer Lahore in three hours. In my childhood, nobody particularly the Sikhs, resented such distortions. In a way, it was a measure of the sense of humour that the Sikhs had. Of all the communities I came across in life, it was the Sikhs who had this type of extraordinary capacity to laugh at themselves.

Anyway, in the context of Shah Mohammed, even the opposite is about as true. For example, there is not a single Punjabi Hindu who finds mention in the Jangnamah in any capacity. Even so no one should infer therefrom that the Hindus or the Monas for that matter were insignificant in the scheme
of the Khalsa Darbar. For, the fact is that Ranjit Singh conducted most of the affairs of the state with the help of the Hindu grandees drawn from the Rachna Doab and near about which meant his own area of influence. In this respect, one can mention the Nayyars of Kunjah, Chopras of Akalgarh, Malvais and Nandas of Eminabad, Puris of Ghartal, Dutt Chaudhuries of Kanjrur Dattan, Kapurs and Chopras of Hafizabad, etc. In a way, most of the important state functionaries generally came from some of these chosen families. And some of these families later come to be counted among the Punjab Chiefs.

However, the only Hindus in the battlefield as mentioned, are the Rajput kings of Punjab hills who joined the battle in their traditional way as highly skilled swordsmen, of course with the exception of Maharaja Gulab Singh of Jammu whom Shah Mohammed describes as a despicable kind of self-seeker. From the way Shah Mohammed mentions him, it appears that he was hand-in-glove with the British in bringing down the Khalsa Darbar in order to consolidate his position. So, he appears in the poem only when the British enter Lahore. Yes, he too had been humiliated by the Singhs who had brought him in chains from Jammu to Lahore and therefore was about as revengeful against them as, say, Rani Jindan.

But it looks he was equally afraid of the Rani and hence kept his own counsel, though the kind of position the Dogras had had in the Khalsa Darbar, he should have fought and died in action to save the good name of Dogra dynasty. But he could not be true to his salt, particularly when the crunch came. Had there been one such energetic soldier which means the commander of the army of Khalsa Darbar, the battle might have ended differently. In fact, in the Second Punjab War too, he could have tilted the balance in favour of the Punjab forces. But alas! He was neither Dhian Singh nor Hira Singh. He certainly proved to be a lesser mortal who stabbed the Khalsa Darbar in the back as most of the Sikhs generally believe to this day. And, Shah Mohammed seems to share their views.

Now let us turn to the second caste which means the
Musalmans of Punjab. We have discussed them at length in respect of how they had joined the Hindus including the Sikhs to weld all the Punjabis into one nation much before the idea of a nation-state could be conceived of or projected in India. What was their contemporary role in the battle? Under the normal communal reflex, the Muslims should have gained much by ditching the Khalsa Darbar. But that's what we think after the 'two nation' theory divided India.

However, the fact remains that while the Sikh commanders, particularly Tej Singh, the Commander-in-Chief, and Lal Singh, the personal adviser of the Maharani, both had sold their conscience to the British, not one Muslim of any standing backed out of the battle. And mind you! they occupied a very crucial position on the battlefield. They had almost the entire artillery under them. They were perhaps the best gunners on this side of the Suez. Besides, they were so trustworthy that, during the war, Rani Jindan had handed over Lahore to the care of the Muslim forces only. Can anyone imagine such a thing happening today? Anyway, in this context, it would be appropriate to reproduce stanza 60 which is as under:

\[
\begin{align*}
&\textit{Mahmud Ali marched out from his Majha country,} \\
&\textit{Taking awesome artillery pieces out of the city.} \\
&\textit{The brigade of Sultan Mahmud also came out} \\
&\textit{With invincible Imam Shahi guns in tow.} \\
&\textit{Elahi Baksh brought out his guns after polishing them.} \\
&\textit{And showing them worshipful burning incense sticks.} \\
&\textit{O Shah Mohammed! In such a way did the guns shine} \\
&\textit{As if these were the flashes of lightning, out to dispel darkness.}
\end{align*}
\]

It looks as if Shah Mohammed had sufficiently intimate knowledge of how battles are fought. It is also said that he was related to Sultan Mahmood, one of the artillery commanders named by him above. But apart from that, there is no gainsaying the fact that he was a wide awake man who could analyse the diplomatic language and almost instinctively understand the importance of the various goings on. Moreover, his sources of
information were unimpeachable. That's why what he has written is authentic to the core.

VI.

We have talked much about Punjabi nationalism subsuming the communal divisions in Punjab, particularly while discussing Shah Mohammed. Now let us see the depth of this belief that it was Punjab at war with Hind or India as under the East India Company and not the Sikhs. The title of the ballad itself leaves nothing to chance and underlines the point that it was a war as between two sovereign countries, viz. India under the East India Company and Punjab as symbolised by the Khalsa Darbar. However, a few illustrations of a telltale nature of this kind of Punjabi nationalism appear to be called for in order to buttress this claim. Hence I reproduce below four stanzas to prove what I say. For example, stanza 63 says:

All over Hindustan were heard great explosions of the battles to come
Which rocked Delhi and Agra; Hansi and Hissar,
Bikaner and Lucknow; and Ajmer and Jaipur:
People across the Yamuna started running in panic.
The entire Punjab appeared to be on the offensive—
As no count was possible of those joining the action.
O Shah Mohammed! None could be stopped in that blinding storm.
The 'Singhs' now appeared determined to conquer Delhi.

The next illustration is from stanza 72. It says:

Regrouping the troops, the 'Tunda Lat' appealed:
"The honour of England is in your hands."
The 'Singhs' have destroyed everything before them.
They've not even spared Hindustani units, whether from South or East,
The British Isles are full of sorrow today.
Full four thousand soldiers have perished in action."
O Shah Mohammed! The Lat roared:
"It's our turn now to taste the blood of the Singhs."

(42)
Stanza 88 is a much more telling illustration in this respect. It goes like this:

In the meanwhile, the Sardars met and passed a 'Gurmata'
"O friends! Have your senses examined;
It's the doings of the vandals that have cost us the battle.
Now the question is: How best to save our honour.
The Punjab was strong as long as the fist was closed;
Now they (the uncouth soldiers) have opened it and exposed us.

O Shah Mohammed! We shall die here, fighting
So that the cause of Punjab remains undefeated."

But it is the stanza 90 which must take the cake. It says:

The 'Feringhee' once again attacked after heavy bombardment.
But the Singhs repulsed them with very heavy losses.
Both Mewa Singh and Meghe Khan took them head on.
Three attacks of the 'Feringhee' were broken and beaten back.
Sham Singh, the honourable Sardar of Attari,
Was resplendent in the battlefield despite his years.
O Shah Mohammed! In that blinding action
The 'Singhs' spilled the 'Feringhee' blood like squeezing ripe limes.

The thread of nationalism which means Punjabi nationalism runs strongly throughout the entire Jangnamah. What however reinforces this sentiment is the fact that not one discordant voice is heard, much less even a feeble communal note. What must impress the reader is the fact that the present-day Punjabis even of my generation never experienced this kind of communal togetherness. Our leaders, our education and our institutions have been thoroughly communalized in a matter of 50 years, or even less. We were perhaps far too eager to fall for such an appeal. And the tragedy is that we had started considering it as a natural outcome of what our history was.

While we, the Hindus, always considered the Muslim attitude to be the source of all communalism, the Muslims felt equally aggrieved that the Hindus were hell bent upon enslaving
them due to their numerical strength in the population. But what Shah Mohammed suggests is that what we thought to be the gospel truth was, in fact, only a jaundiced view, indeed an aberration. For, Vaishnavism and Sufism had long worked to provide regional/national platforms to their followers. This kind of nationalism is called sub-nationalism these days. But perhaps our national consciousness must subsist on this sub-nationalism only.

However, not skirting the real issue, the change in the national attitude started taking place when the age of religious debate got under way in the entire length and breadth of North India, particularly the Hindi heartland. The main question being debated in town after town was: Whose God is more true? By implication what was suggested was that the other God was not only true but actually false. And this debate generated a lot of communal heat and fury within the society, defeating centuries of communal integration. Let us turn the pages of the Satyarth Parkash to know what I mean to say. And once the fundamentalist attitude came to acquire respectability, eclectic and egalitarian thought took wings. And it appears to have been encouraged by the government of the day which could have no other stake in the matter than to divide.

In India, there is a very old tradition of having one's doubts cleared and the questions that disturb answered. After all, it is the spiritual quest of man that lends so much meaning to life and culture. We have our own picture of what a Shastrartha should be. It is a constructive discussion in order to arrive at valid conclusion. And, the discussions have to be within well-defined parameters only. That is the way the Upanishads were written, or more importantly, put together. Socrates also followed this way for finding out the truth and spread his message. Sometimes, he would himself raise questions and finally answer them for the audience. But now the Shastrarthas took place with no holds barred.

The learned argument was quite often drowned in abuse and slander. Somehow questions of faith cannot be put to proof
or argued over in this manner. For example, the Sanatana side of the Hinduism that had sustained the faith for centuries and had imparted pluralism as a sustaining quality to the society, had to suffer mutely when it was lampooned. It could just not answer things in the Billingsgate language!

For example, how could it defend Lord Krishna's dalliance with the Gopikas? In fact, within Hinduism, the worst sufferer was Vaishnavism which came to be regarded as a licentious mode of worship. Not unoften were the Hindus described as the first phallus-worshippers of the world. And as far inter-religious discussion, it often came to the breaking of heads. What was the outcome? It destroyed the basic unity and cohesiveness of that spiritual experience which had made the Hindus pay respect to almost every canon of every religion. The spiritual health of the society was thus torn asunder in the streets. It was an extremely vulgar exercise, conducted in an equally vulgar way. At one stroke our rich mythological lore became an utterly primitive expression of men and women walking on all fours.

The new linear thought was that since the Hindus had no history, there was nothing worthwhile in India's past. Conversely, it also began to be said that our past was extremely rich. But then if we had fallen on lean days it was because of our disunity and inability to defend ourselves. Both ways, the past became a subject of ridicule. It was this revivalist thought that also affected the Muslims no less because they too started to feel that, had they been true Muslims, God would never have punished them in this way which means making them hewers of wood and drawers of water in their own home. The Sikh revivalist movements also had the same argument to offer. They thought that their proximity to Hinduism which was passive by nature had deprived them of the fruits of the great heroism displayed by the Khalsa. The upshot is that once the process of such revivalist thinking started, every community began pulling in a different direction.

Overtime, the same argument went a stage further and these communities graduated to be nations, always ready to pick up
quarrels at the slightest possible provocation. This is what I saw in Lahore in the late thirties. Gods were becoming demons in as much as people had started losing all higher expressions of civilized norms of religious and social living. For example, no single Hindu or Sikh woman could pass through the Bhatti Gate or the Mochi Gate in Lahore without passes of an indecent nature being made. The Hindu youngmen too considered it their religious duty to pay back in the same coin, particularly in the Shah Alami gate and Machhi Hatta.

A personal experience. In my childhood, I had a tuft of hair on the crown of my head as an announcement of the fact that I was a Hindu. Exactly similar was the position of my elder brother. And when we moved through the Bhaati Gate to go to our Sanskrit Pathshala, we had to daily suffer the humiliation of our tuft being plucked. We had been taught to defend this mark of our being a Hindu even at the cost of our lives. But could we? In any small quarrel between us and the Muslim urchins, even the elderly would join against us, gesticulating at us in several threatening ways.

What then is the upshot? It is this that we have proved wholly unworthy of Shah Mohammed as Punjabis. It is we who have destroyed all the good work of the Vaishnavites, the Sufis and the Sikh Gurus in shaping a Punjabi society which could subsume our separate Hindu, Muslim and Sikh identities. It was not so yet in our own town, even though the Muslims preponderated over the Hindus and Sikhs in the ratio of 3:1. Our tufts were respected for what these stood. Nobody taunted or tormented us for that. Similarly, a daughter or a daughter-in-law, whether of a Hindu or a Muslim was considered sacred because then she was the daughter or daughter-in-law of the whole town. In other words, the more educated did we become, the more boorish we turned out to be! It is this upside down Parkinson's law that accounts for our communalism.

May be it is cynical to say so. But one cannot escape the conclusion that had we not been educated or civilized in the manner we have been, there would have been no purveying of
communalism and the Partition of the country would not have taken place. In that case, we would have remained Punjabis in the same way as Ranjit Singh had left us. But alas! With our modern education, everything got changed, so much so that today there are either Hindus or Muslims or the Sikhs in Punjab but no Punjabis. Perhaps through the modern educational process we have learnt less and unlearnt more. At least we have unlearnt the virtue of being truly civilized which means true, sensitive and tolerant human beings, wedded to a higher Punjabi sense of solidarity and togetherness.

VII.

A brief discussion of the imagery used by Shah Mohammed is perhaps called for. The metaphors and similes used by Shah Mohammed are patently Indian, if not Hindu. These figures of speech are used by poets to compress aeons of experience in a few words. These bring before the readers' eyes a whole drama being enacted or an entire episode being narrated just in one word. The storehouse of such allusions inevitably are the Indian classics like the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. Normally, a high-born Muslim, connected with the Qureshi clan of Arabia, Shah Mohammed, would have used those figures of speech from the Islamic sources which means the Persian and Arabic classics. But that is not the way Shah Mohammed goes about his task.

He had no use for bamboozling the reader or his listener with his Himalayan scholarship or the knowledge of foreign languages. He, therefore, talks in the idiom of the people so that the import of his usage becomes instantly clear. It is such things only which underline the rootedness of the poet to the soil which has nurtured him. However, it is difficult to imagine that an Indian Muslim could have become so much Indianised or, more correctly speaking, indigenised himself to this extent that almost all his metaphors and similes are taken from local sources. Well, it does not happen even today when there is so much of lip sympathy for the local idiom. And anybody who achieves it can
do so after considerable hard labour. To write in the language of the people with their usage intact in the main, is infinitely more difficult than to write in a high-faultin, scholarly language. And Shah Mohammed can truly be cited as an example of this kind.

For example, in the very first stanza, he talks of fourteen worlds. Now this is a purely Hindu concept. Muslims divide the universe into two worlds which means, 'Do Jahan' as they call it. Again in stanza 9, the Lord of Death for him is Dharma Raj who sends his messengers to this world for inflicting death as per his dictates. Similarly, he portrays Partap Singh, the son of Sher Singh, as performing *Havan* when the cruel Lehna Singh beheads him, not knowing that he himself would not live a day more. Then the Sandhawalia Sardars anoint the child-prince Dalip Singh with the warm blood of Raja Dhian Singh who is just dying and then circumambulate around him. This is almost the way a Hindu ritual would have been carried out. Then in stanza 39, he sings of the deeds of Jaimal and Phatta who had defended Chittor against the mighty Akbar with legendary bravery and covered themselves with undying glory. He also describes Sardar Lehna Singh Majithia leaving on a long pilgrimage on finding conditions of complete anarchy prevailing in the Darbar. The usage of the word 'Desh' instead of 'Mulk' again and again confirms his extreme fondness for the local usage even though the word 'Mulk' is also used with equal effect.

Not just that. Shah Mohammed talks of the destruction of Ravana who had one lakh sons and one and a quarter lakh grandsons just because an insider had stabbed him in the back. Similarly, in stanza 60, he says, "Elahi Baksh brought out his guns after polishing them and showing them worshipful burning incense sticks." Could a Hindu gunner have done better? Again, in stanza 76, he says, "it was like the Kauravas and Pandavas releasing their arrows." Perhaps it was the aptest simile for an Indian to describe the fire-balls raining. But it is stanza 102 which takes the cake. Hence it would be useful to reproduce the entire stanza.
From the day one, women have had their way. 
For, they alone account for why Rama lost his sway.
The Kauravas and Pandavas too suffered at their hands.
Full eighteen armies perished in the Kurukshetra sands.
They bridled even Raja Bhoj, the wisest ever King
With their toes they mauled and befuddled him, in the ring.
O Shah Mohammed! No wonder then that the queen Jind Kaur
Had the country laid waste in its darkest hour.

This is perhaps the best way of describing how women in history are known to have led their menfolk to countless misfortunes. He makes a mention of not only Rama and the Kauravas and the Pandavas but even of Raja Bhoj whose stories portray him as a byword of cultivated wisdom.

Of course, Shah Mohammed also mentions Ali Akbar twice. It appears he has done so for two very good reasons. One, Ali Akbar emerges as a model son who regains the crown of Kabul for his deposed father by organizing the Afghans against the British and expelling the latter from Afghanistan; and two, scanning a whole century of British expansion in India, he is the only one who by dint of arms, defeats the so-far undefeated British. Perhaps Shah Mohammed while being a good Punjabi, was a hater of the British too; perhaps he wanted the Feringhee to be crushed out of Punjab so that the Hindus and Musalmans could eternally live together in peace. Hence, Ali Akbar is important to him as a symbol embodying certain values and not just because he was a Muslim warrior.

He also mentions Dulla Bhatti, the Punjabi Robinhood who as a jungle-king saved the honour of a Brahmin girl against the carnal avarice of a Muslim Governor. Perhaps Shah Mohammed firmly believed that it is men like Dulla Bhatti who should become symbols of the Hindu-Muslim oneness in Punjab. That Dulla Bhatti is today the best known folk hero of Punjab and his lays are sung both in India and Pakistan, is enough to justify Shah Mohammed in doing so. He also alludes to one Mir Dad Khan Chauhan whose wives commit Sati in the best Rajput tradition. Hence that allusion is again very well placed as a
common metaphor of Hindu-Muslim oneness.

Now the question that arises is: Is it possible for a modern-day Punjabi Muslim to be so well conversant with the similes and metaphors of Indian life? The answer may be in the negative. Why? The reason is that the new nation of Pakistan, which is constituted mainly of the Punjabi Muslims, is bred on Hindu hatred, though some of them are still better Punjabis than us. But then, as long as the Punjabi language is a living link between the two Punjabs, there will always remain an irresistible yearning among them to know more about the Punjabis of India.

And if this yearning is genuine, then there is always hope that one day, there will be born what we may call the historical Punjab. Shah Mohammed can then become a symbol of what we have of Punjab which means our great civilisational heritage.

VIII.

Before closing the discussion of *Jangnamah* and its author Shah Mohammed, it will be useful to see how Ghalib handled this subject in the *Fatehnamah*-his Persian *masanavi* on one of the battles of this war. As a poet, Ghalib is one of the greatest ever born on the Indian soil. In fact, I am inclined to agree that, after the Rig Veda, Ghalib is perhaps the only original Indian voice. But then Ghalib too suffers from the common weakness of the poets which makes them sell their conscience in exchange for small crumbs of state patronage. In handling this subject, Ghalib has done just that. I am not sure as to what he got out of this bargain. But obviously, his *masanavi* is an encore effort which prostitutes are known to make before their rich clients. In fact, Ghalib's literary prostitution not only angers his fans but also fills them with dismay. Besides, this *masanavi* of his is so bereft of literary excellence that it goes to underscore that, once a poet decides to sell himself for a price, the quality of his poetry also goes down in the same measure. What it means is that it is a poor effort to poetise what could not have done credit to even a literary hack.

In short, it is quite a diatribe of chosen invectives against
the Sikhs whom even the diehard enemies have paid fulsome tributes for their deeds against all odds on the battlefield, Ghalib not only talks of the racial and cultural superiority of the English soldiers but also describes the Sikhs as "a blot on the forehead of a civilization, so profaned by the population of Dharma." A curious aspect of this description is that the Sikhs are shown as coming from the West and are to him no more than erring animals or black Negroes. As against that, the British to him come from the East (where the sun rises) and are the repository of all light, knowledge and wisdom.

Of course, it may be considered a digression of sorts. But why I have mentioned it is because it affords a comparison between the two poets, one a committed Punjabi and the other a pure mercenary. Hence it enables one to know how Shah Mohammed is several notches above the great Mirza Ghalib. Perhaps at that point of time in his life Ghalib was trying to pander to anyone, if only his pension could be restored by the British. Perhaps Shah Mohammed could have got anything by pleasing the new masters of Punjab. But then, it would have been unlike Shah Mohammed. Only a poet who would never compromise on his poetic integrity, could have written such an unbiased account.

IX.

A word about why a rendition or translation into two languages, viz. English and Hindi. The reason is simple. As I have been a professional translator all my life, when I read this poem way back in 1995, I could not help translating it into English, the idea being that it ought to reach the vast English-reading Punjabis as an unrivalled piece of their cultural heritage. However, when I took it out now in order to revise it, I found that in my first attempt, I had scarcely appreciated that it was a theme of both social and literary significance. I felt that I should translate it into Hindi as well because it was perhaps the best piece of poetry on national integration. It had come from the pen of a Muslim, which no Hindu could excel.
In the context of Punjab, it became doubly important because not long ago my fatherland had been divided on the basis of the 'two nation' theory. And here was a piece of literature which emphatically negated that theory. After reading Shah Mohammed, it becomes abundantly clear that all communalism in Punjab was the handiwork of the third party, which means the British, whom Shah Mohammed has aptly described as a scourge. This view must go before the vast Hindi-reading audience as well because the Hindus by and large think that it is the Muslims or the Sikhs who are communal. Let them know that the boot is on the other leg. Their communalism came as a reaction to how the Hindus themselves had started thinking and acting. Hence this rendition in Hindi.

But there is another reason as well. It has for long been my ambition that, given the opportunity, I should translate the great Punjabi classic, Heer Waris Shah. I do not know how I will acquit myself in handling that stupendous task. Hence, this act of apprenticeship. If this translation is found worthwhile, I should feel doubly encouraged to undertake that much bigger job.

Besides, I have attempted the Hindi translation in the bairi metre. The purpose is that even the non-Punjabi reading students of Punjabi extraction may have something to sing which is as soulful as the Heer. And besides, it would regenerate the spirit of Shah Mohammed—something essential to fight communalism. I want to see that day when all the Punjabis, Muslims and Hindus along with the Sikhs realize the enormous historical folly of having divided their fatherland. One day this folly is bound to be realized. But can I be instrumental in advancing it by even half a second?

273, Sector 17, Faridabad (Haryana)  
May 1, 2000

P.K. NIJHAWAN
THE FIRST PUNJAB WAR
SHAH MOHAMMED'S JANGNAMAH
१
अर्द्ध उपम सरसुष-अल्क्य सी है,
निज़ा बुर्ज़ौली हेल घटांकर दी।
वेसं उष्यमं दा सावही सङ्गाम आहे,
वेना वेना देना घीत लगांकर दी।
मेहदी भिगसीयां मह रघुट सेरा,
अन्य तेंद दी चेत बदांकर दी।
सा भूलभुला ब्रह्म तें सरर डॉडी,
वरालालां दें बीच भिंगांकर दी।

२
एउल तम जाब आल हि कुल,
जिन्हां जौरती किल बाजारा अये।
जड़ औल तीला दा फ्लैश और गार के,
कर गार दे खुल गायौ दा अये।
स्नित भाज्जिलय सब लिष लीड़े।
किन्न बौर नि बौर घायौ दा अये।
शाह मुदी अल तूल सोल सा दिने।
भार खाल तूल हजीर मखापुरा अये।
First praised be Allah
Who fills the nature with His redolence and playfulness;
Who adorns the fourteen worlds in a thousand ways supreme;
Who invests flowers with countless bewitching hues;
Who despatches the dead wood, verily, into oblivion;
Who fashions future paths for us, with His ever-renewing grace.
O Shah Mohammed! Him alone must we fear;
He makes beggars of kings without a tear.
2

नूने अग्रभाग दूः घुटीआँग सेत हैं, नूने फलन दा पान वे बेस भीमं।
सरा रूणी तहसी दें अम्मा भये, 
सरा रूणी ने बार प्रेम भीमं।
सरा रूणी ने देखकूं दीक पढ़े, 
सरा रूणी से वर्तिकरं देम भीमं।
सरा भूकम्पा सरा दा तुष घुटीआँग, 
सरा राज्यत दा बहसे बेम भीमं।

3

एक्षेत्र आन लोल जोनिया मोह लिये,
रे नज़र दा फहर के क्लब मिलं।
सरा नील बोली तू घ्यश मापे,
सरा नील ते उलान के बदल भये,
सरा नील ते दोलान के बदल भये,
सरा नील ते रंजाल दे दबकोदे,
शह जुम्दा भू जा दे दबकोदे,
सरा रूण दे काले केस मिलं।
On entering the stage called world, bemused we are
With endless beguiling guises that it does take.
Never last the youth, the fun and the parents;
Never lasts the innocence children do beam;
Never last the wealth, the camel and the horse;
Never last the kings and their regal splendour.
O Shah Mohammed! never last the life and its myriad wonders.
And never last the black hair in youthful resplendence.
3

हिन्दी हैं दलने ते हिन्दी वैध.
सली आफ्त अभावस ली जात अह्म.
मही अभिभाष ती हे तुड़ राय हे,
सितुं इत मंडी हुलावाद अह्म.
गंगी घुड़ नवि भुलभाष विन्दु,
मितं रेनं ते छिड़े आह्म अह्म.
प्राच भुजाक हिि खंभ दे नी,
बते जही सी जीवी लाउ अह्म.

3

एक राय दौले ले जोि वेशें,
बील आन जगी दी पत आल.
सली आकार ते जम ते जम ते,
जबन तल दाली मलिव पिला.
राय दिि रेनिे सरसान निश्चे,
थरार दोि ले रे आे आत आल.
शह जौधा दिज पिि दे पी,
कके नील की तज्ज्ञि दि जाव आल.
One day as I sat in Batala, wholly lost,  
The Feringhee became the subject of our talk.  
Hira Lal and Nur Khan, two of my bosom friends,  
Suddenly did they accost me, asking:  
How in the midst of Musalmaans and Hindus,  
living happily together,  
Had a scourge of sorts descended from nowhere?  
For, O Shah Mohammed! never in the Punjab,  
Was a third caste ever known to have come.

---

3

इक रोज बटाले में बैठा जो मैं,  
चल पड़ी अंग्रेज की बात भाई;  
पूछा मुझे था हीरे और नूर ख़ान ने,  
घनी जिनसे थी मेरी मुलाकात भाई;  
खुशा बहुत थे हिन्दु-मुसलमान सारे,  
kैसे दोनों पर फिर यह आफ़ात* आई?  
शाह मुहम्मद! पंजाब में कभी भी न,  
दोनों जातियों में थी तीजी जात आई।  

*बिपथा

† It is generally accepted that Shah Mohammed was born at village Wadala (Viram) near Amritsar. For details see: Sita Ram Kohli, Sewa Singh Giani, Var Shab Mohammed, p. 88, (Punjabi Sahit Akademi, Ludhiana, 1988); Piara Singh Padam, Jangnamah Singhan te Firangian, p. 11 (Singh Brothers, Amritsar, 1997); Rattan Singh Jaggi, Jangnamah Singhan te Firangian, p. IX-X (Punjabi University, Patiala, 1999).—PSK
8

دیہ چک مراہ شاہان دی،
ایتھ نوڑہ دلی کی آگے گئے
شاد، نورود، فرغون بھی،
روعی نہیں گیا ہے کہاً گئے
اگر شاہ تھی، وہ دلی دی بنی،
چھوڑے وکل ونیزیان پڑھے گئے
شہ شاہ دوڑا رہے گا زیاد تاکہ
واہ مطیو دے کی دو جاگے گئے.

3

ایہ چک مراہ شاہان دی،
ایتھ نوڑہ دلی کی آگے گئے
شاد، نورود، فرغون بھی،
روعی نہیں گیا ہے کہاً گئے
اگر شاہ تھی، وہ دلی دی بنی،
چھوڑے وکل ونیزیان پڑھے گئے
شہ شاہ دوڑا رہے گا زیاد تاکہ
واہ مطیو دے کی دو جاگے گئے.

(60)
The world is an inn, visited by travellers,  
Some of whom gather pelf and power.  
Shaddad, Namrud and the Pharaohs  
All vanished without a trace, after proclaiming godhood.  
Akbar, the Great, who once ruled Delhi,  
Disappeared as no more than an itinerant merchant.  
O Shah Mohammed! The true God alone shall survive;  
The rest shall trumpet drums of falsehood and depart.
प

भाग वाली गद्दीदार मिस्क उदिशा पैड़ा,
राज लेने दे मृत्यु निशाणित गिराया।
भागदार बलाती भाग चंगा,
संभ बांगाजा बैट निशाणित गिराया।
वेंड देन सर्द उने चीर उऊँ,
मिस्क अगप्से तभ चंगा गिराया।
सार भागदार नाट पहाड़ घाँगा,
बॉड़ा बैंस वे गर बघाड़ गिराया।

5

महान लि रहीत ग्वो बहु बुि
तल जोर दे मक बल गीि
मिस्क, केंसिंग्ट, जीि,
जोक, कागज, कूक, बाँड़े गीि
जोर देन लै देख गे में तूँटी गीि।
हम आने ताम जाले गीि।
शाह निश्चार जान ब्याकर बर्सल,
ऐसी तेज के राज का किला।
Then came upon the scene Ranjit Singh, the warrior king,
Whose mere name made the enemy tremble.
He conquered Multan and Kashmir; Peshawar and Chamba;
And Jammu and Kangra — and so on and so forth.
His name, like true coin, prevailed
Up to far-off Ladakh and Tibet and China.
O Shah Mohammed! For fifty years on end did he rule
And whetted his appetite for glory and power.

5
महाबली रंजीत जो हुआ पैदा,
भारी जोर से देश हिलाए गया;
मुलतान, करमीर, पेशावर, चम्बा,
जम्मू कांग्रा कोट झुकाए गया;
यही नहीं, लद्दाख और चीन तक में,
सिक्का नाम का अपना चलाए गया;
शाह मुहम्मद! बरस पचास तक वह,
जी भर के राज कमाए गया।
ਨਾਸਕੇ ਰਾਹੇ ਸਤਨਾਮ ਦੇ ਮੁੰਨ ਪੁੱਛੇ,
ਸੂਚੂਂ ਰਾਹੇ ਤੀਜੀ ਸਤਨਾਮ ਭੀਆਂ।
ਚੇਤੀ ਸੰਘ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਭਾਵੀਆ ਵੇਤ ਸਤਨਾਮ,
ਹੁੰਦਾ ਤੇੜੀ ਉਤਾਰਾਂ ਉਹਨਾਮ ਭੀਆਂ।
ਪਹਿਲਾ ਸੰਘ ਭਾਰਤੀ ਹੈ ਪੁਰਾਣ ਭਾਵੀ,
ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਵਿਸ਼ੇਸ਼ ਉਸ ਭਾਵੀ।
ਸਾਰੀ ਭੂਵਿਭਵ ਆਸਾਂ ਦੀ ਰਾਜ ਭਾਰਤ,
ਸਾਰੀ ਹਿੰਦੀ ਮੀ ਵੇਦ ਵਦਾਂ ਭੀਆਂ।

ਨੋਂ ਹੋਣ ਦੇ ਸਰਕਾਰ ਦੇ ਮੋਹਨ ਪਹੁੰਚੇ,
ਹੇਲੇ ਜਾਂ ਸ ਮੋਹਰ ਦੇ ਮਿੰਹਾਂ ਹੋਣੇ,
ਚਿੱਟ ਪੀਪੂਲ ਮਹਾਨ ਕੋਰ ਸਾਭਿਆ,
ਕੇਨਦਰ ਦੇ ਸਰੀਰ ਦਾਰ ਕਲਵਰ ਮੀਲਾਂ,
ਕਹੇ ਸੁੰਦਰ ਮਹਾਰਾਜ਼ ਦੇ ਪ੍ਰਾਗ ਮਿਰਿਅ,
ਸਾਰੀ ਮੁੱਣ ਦੀ ਨਾਲ ਵਾਦ ਮੀਲਾਂ,
ਸਾਰੀ ਸੰਘ ਦੇ ਸਾਹ ਦੀ ਤਾਲ ਮੀਲਾਂ,
ਜਿਸ ਦੇ ਸਾਹ ਦੇ ਤੀਜੀ ਤੀਜੀ ਮੀਲਾਂ।
But when he breathed his last,
And all the courtiers gathered together to mourn.
Chet Singh was put to sword by none other than Kaur,
'Twas an event that heralded the law of jungle.
For, Kharak Singh, the new king, wept like a child, saying:
"I've lost my pal of the yester years.
O Shah Mohammed! I too shall die with him,
This is my solemn promise unto my friend.
ਮੈਂ ਵੈਠਣਾ ਕੀਤਾ ਹੋਇਆ ਹਿੰਮਤ ਨੇ ਹੁੰਦੁਆਂ ਦੀ ਬੀਜਾ ਦੀਆਂ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਵਿੱਚੋਂ ਮਨੁੱਖ ਨੇ ਚੋਧ ਦਿੱਤਾ, ਅਤੇ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਵਿੱਚੋਂ ਜੋ ਚੋਧ ਦਿੱਤਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਸੀਨੇ, ਅਤੇ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਵਿੱਚੋਂ ਜੋ ਦੂਰ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਸੀਨੇ। ਸਰਫ਼ ਦਿੱਤਾ ਹੋਇਆ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਸੀਨੇ, ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਵਿੱਚੋਂ ਜੋ ਦੂਰ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਸੀਨੇ। 

ਮੇਰੇ ਨੇਪ੍ਰਦੀਲ ਨੀਵਾਲ ਨੇ ਨਹਾਏ ਕੀਤਾ, 

ਏਹਨੇ ਮਾਲਕ ਖੁਲਾ ਰੋਡ ਦੇ ਦਰਕਾਰ ਨਾਲਾਂ ਨਾਲਾਂ ਨੇ ਨਹਾਏ ਕੀਤਾ।
"They've murdered him in my very presence.
May this kingship too be destroyed.
No one shall rule after me.
I shall die after killing all else.
They murdered him for no fault of his.
May all the Sardars meet the same fate!"
O Shah Mohammed! Death became so omnipresent after that,
It claimed one and all, one by one.
8
कुरूक श्लोक महाभारत जोस्क की बिजेने,
जब विष्णु वृक्ष की फलों को छोड़ देने
जब तक धृशुमेश्वर देव ने नहीं देखा,
पर ऐसे ब्रजकान्त ने नई बाली बनाई।
बुधवार वह ब्रज में आया जब तक नहीं देखा,
पर्वत चढ़ाकर राजा के बाल मूढ़ बनाई।
पर भुजेश्वर वसीम पर भाग नहीं देखा जून,
विश्वास ने वैद्य हृदी में ब्रज देखा।

8
कृष्ण आजमें जोस्क जून से बौद्धिक,
बर्त एक छेड़ नाकल साल जूनर,
अंग मूल नाकल अक जूनर,
येत बाल दे नें नहीं देखी।
कुरूक चाली खिलों दे बाल सजने के,
जब तक श्रीमद् ब्रजियाँ दे बाल हूँ,
शाह गुरुवा किन्नर दे बाल हूँ,
वृज कुञ्जे कुरूक बल कौड़ी हूँ।
And lo! Kharak Singh fell seriously ill. 
He cropped off within a year of his friend's death. 
When death comes to strike, who can survive? 
He dissolved himself in Chet Singh's sorrow. 
Now let's turn to Kanwar Nau Nihal Singh. 
He did not shed a single tear on his father's death. 
O Shah Mohammed! The death of Kaur, nay of many more. 
God-in-heaven decreed and sent his messengers thither.

खड़ग सिंह तब पड़ा बीमार ऐसा, 
बरस भर में आ गया काल उसका; 
मौत आई तो चल पड़ा साथ उसके, 
रंज यार का ऐसा विकराल उसका; 
बात सुनो अब कुंवर साहब की भी, 
एक आँसू भी आँख में नहीं आया; 
कई मरेंगे कुंवर के साथ अब तो, 
शाह मुहम्मद! यमराज से हुकम आया।
कहकर सुल्तान महाराज को लड़के और दिखाई दी दुजन मां के लिए करा। आवाज तक बनाये, नौके को सहायोग दिया। राजा किन्हें कोई नहीं नहीं किया करके बारहे। खुद को बनाये, जो बने तो बने। एक नौके दिखाई दी दुजन मां के लिए करा।
They lifted Kharak Singh's bier on their shoulders
For the cremation-fire to consume his body.
When Dharma Raj heard this news,
He forthwith sent his messengers to fulfil the God's command.
The messengers descended as fast as they could
As the death got ready to strike.
O Shah Mohammed! See how the curse operated,
The fates of Udham Singh and the Kaur were sealed in no time.
10

ਦੀਵ ਟੂਂਟ ਹੋ ਕੇ ਦੇਖ ਵੇਲਾ,
ਭਲ ਹੀ ਦੁਇਟਾਂ ਤ੆ਰੈਤੇ ਦੇ ਅਕਲਾਪ ਹੈ।
ਾਲਾਕਾ ਪੁਰੁ ਦੁਣਾਣ ਹੋ ਪਰ ਮੌਨ ਆਂਦਾ,
ਲੇਖ ਦੇ ਹੀ ਸੁੱਚ ਵਗਲਾਪ ਹੈ।
ਾਂਦੇ ਉਲਦੇ ਐਲੇ ਦੇ ਤੁਹੇ ਸ਼ਿਕਤੇ,
ਦੇਸ ਚੜ ਰੇਤਣ ਹੀ ਫੈਲਰ ਹੈ।
ਸੰਗ ਸਰਿਸ਼ਤਾ ਦੇਵਾਂ ਸੰਘ ਸਤਨ ਪੈਕੀ,
ਬੇਤ ਮਗਿਸ਼ ਦੀ ਸਫਲਤਾ ਅਕਲਾਪ ਹੈ।

10

ਆਕ ਦੌੜ ਤੇ ਦੰਗ ਕੀ ਕੰਗ ਕੀਤੀ,
ਪਿਕ ਪਿਕ ਦੋਨੌਂ ਦੇ ਆ ਆਈ।
ਹੁੰਦੀ ਤੀਰਮਾਨ ਦੀ ਕੋਮ ਕੀਤੀ,
ਦੇਵਾਂ ਅੱਠ ਜਪ ਹੋ ਜਾਲ ਆਈ।
ਆਹ ਕੋਲੇ ਹੋ ਸਵੇਰ ਦੇ ਤੋਂ ਜਾਂਦੇ,
ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਹੋਣ ਦੇ ਤੋਂ ਹੋ ਸਵੇਰ,
ਸਹਾ ਸਹਾ ਆਉਂਦੀ ਕੁਝ ਕੁਝ ਮੈਲ ਮੌਈ,
ਕੋਰ ਚਾਹੁਣ ਦੀ ਸੋਈ ਆਈ ਆਈ।
A messenger of death in a flash as if
Perched on the balcony of the gate they were to pass under.
He had to fulfil in full
The bidding of the Highest, even though cruel.
And as they were returning to the palace,
Collapsed the balcony, smothering them in full.
O Shah Mohammed! While Udham Singh died on the spot,
The Kaur was extricated from the debris, almost dead.
٩٩
بجد پتین سوادوٹی وے تذکرہ ہے،
پھرے پیلہ گنڈی چھاٹ ہوئہ آئی۔
دوجے سمیت ہاں مل سوادوٹی ہوئیں،
چین سوادوٹی ہوئیں ڈھاٹ ہوئہ آئی۔
پلوں مطلبہ ہاں ہنے سامانہ دیکھ راں،
بنا آتاں بیڑے پہلی سوادوٹی ہوئی۔
پرچ پھیلھ جڑی ہے چھاٹ ہوئیں،
سیما سوادوٹی پھمد مچھڑا، چھاٹ ماریں۔

١١
اُلّہ بہر کا نے کے رکھتے ہیں،
دوجے ون ون رانی پچھلی گور آئی۔
کچرک نچھل دیکھ دو شویں علی،
گور صاحب تاگی اوگیبے ہوئے روان ہوئی۔
بن میا تو گرو سکار اس وہاں
جاگ جنگال چوئی اتی دی رانی۔
ہاں کھڈا رومنگی اتہ پچھلی گور جین،
جن دا میا نہیں سوختا شیر ساکی۔
For full one day 'twas kept a secret
Until Rani Chand Kaur reached the scene.
She had shed no tears for Kharak Singh, her husband;
She had come, however, to bewail the death of her son.
"Now when he is dead, cremate him forthwith.
You had no business to delay the whole thing that long."
O Shah Mohammed! Thus howled and ranted Chand Kaur
Whose lion-like warrior son lay there, dead.
92
में इश्वर दू हूँ लिमे ना अखज छिड़ी, निम्नोत्र तेजिंग बुडीया उ हीर जाने।
मन् अर वे देहिंग लगेव चक्न, अर्धी देते धर्मर ती हीर जाने।
४३ पे उठने दरार के कुछ लीरा, नानी अंतरा भूट दरी जाने।
मा भूरा भरा लाउ दिलामी वज़ने, चेट बेन के ठी हिलानी जाने।

14
शर गलूँ लौं के जा गलूँ,
बजू दा मोशा जीता ते बरो-बरो,
होलन आन के बुज़ा लाउ दाली,
अमेर रुख पैडा निर यारो-बरो,
अस ने नारे वीरियों कौश बीरिया,
रामी आनों छादे बदार यारो-बरो,
शाह ज्योति लौक दारी करो-बरो,
चेट कुरु बुनी देकर यारो-बरो।
Someone conveyed to Sher Singh this black news,
Who had lost his brother and nephew in this manner.
Post-haste he shot forth from Batala,
Caring little for rain or shine; night or day.
And as he entered the city of Lahore
He lost all restraint, weeping like a child.
O Shah Mohammed! The kinsmen console one another
in such an hour,
But not Chand Kaur, so vindictive had she turned.

१२
शेर सिंह को किसी ने खबर भेजी,
जिसका मरा भत्तीजा था चीर यारे;
झट कूट बटाले से किया उसने,
ज्यों निकले कमान से तीर यारे;
जब लाहौर में आकर हुआ दाखिल,
दोनों नयनों से बहता था नीर यारे;
शाह मुहम्मद! सगे जब दुःख बांटे,
चंद कौर थी हुई दिलगीर' यारे।

'निर्मम
१३
दौड़े मंडली सात बसूत्व सेती,
प्रेम सिंह बॉल अंदरे आड़टा ने।
उड़त डूब दीिि उर्मी बाजालिंगं,
पिल पहारी दिस भग भवावर्ता ने।
प्रेम सिंह ठूँ रामे हे प्रजवत ठिंडी,
अंदरे असे स्लूक तनी आड़टा ने।
प्राण भैंभरा असे रही सीं सों डेटा,
उठे असं वी अंदर मरावर्ता ने।

२७३
बी संत्री पार केलार पचरे,
शिर गुल इं नदेश्य आठा बेगे।
शरवत धोके किसी करापलान,
िेक गुरु वृज महाबला तेजे।
शिर गुल कौन राज से धर देजे,
झर लागे घर धर वी आठा बेजे।
शाह मुमी जेब चिमी ढोर तेजे,
तीन हूं एसल कि अत सदादा बेजे।
Secretly she had stationed four armed men with orders: "If ever Sher Singh enters the fort, Unload your deadly carbines on him So that he falls dead that very moment."
But the Raja had sent a message to Sher Singh: "You do not enter the portals of the dead. O Shah Mohammed! You are not so strong at this time. Wait for the moment when I invite you."

चार संतरी बिठाये चोरी चोरी उसने, "गर शेहर सिंह किले में आ गया तो; फूँक तुरंत देना अपनी कराबीने, पल भर में उसका सफाया जो हो;" शंर सिंह को राजा ने सूचना दी, आप अभी न किले में आवाना जी; "शाह मुहम्मद ! अभी है समय खोटा, खरा होने पर तुम्हें बुलावना जी."
९४
चंद्र बेंज़ ली भाटी ने रस्म देखी,
चारो बाबसीं ने मेरे सबबों से।
हुम हैं दुःख लगैंद थीं वृष बीटा,
बैठा नागिं वे हिर्न भवानीं।
पिंछे उपद घैंठी टाटी चंद्र बेंज़,
देने अजम समाविश संजिः।
लग भूज्जना बेंज़ का संधरा थे,
बिसु बेट वे गौड़ा उद्यम।

२३
चंद्र कर दी मन्दी जो नज़र देखी,
देखे बाबास मोर सुंगीयर मं।
अस ने करत लाहूर शिर सुंगीयर मं।
जिहा जाय़ जे विरं सुंगीयर मं।
पहुँचे नज़त संजो रानी चंद्र कर बाल,
दिने अन महाशिव सुंगीयर मं।
शाह छाए सुंगीयर तू देख ना अम,
कॉल कॉल रात सुंगीयर मं।
Chand Kaur was not clean in her conscience.
'Twas treachery and treachery all the way.
Sher Singh immediately left Lahore
And went to Mukerian to set himself up there.
In the meanwhile, Chand Kaur ascended the throne,
Egged on by her courtiers and sycophants:
O Shah Mohammed! "Another prince won't be born.
The forts, the cities and the people are all yours."
नगर समस्तां दिग सजा बोड़ी। लें सिंह टू ही लिएं मचायीं। दिवं उन पृँच मजबूत दा बड़िय लेवी। बॉली खा हुए शा मचायीं। सिंह आदिना उपन सी गुरज टेंट, निम हू हरें में बड़िय चटायीं। लग भूलभाग तौल ने पूछें हवें, ऐसे राह जी शा मचायीं।

राज लकरण वी चलन मिली। निर गूँ में कौं कौं सदिवें। बीं- नार तल पहर मरां कर जूँ। कोंडी आई नौं चा जांबरें। बी- गेहलम आकाश राजी बी भक्त निरां। जस-नौं शीत साग बाल के। बी- शह निताल कौं जा नूबरन क्षेतिये। ऐसे देख बी चर-मचायीं।
The Raja took the army into confidence
With, verily, one question: How to invite Sher Singh?
"He is a warrior son of the Sarkar and victor of several battles. Let's work out how to make him ascend the throne."
The army only too eager to oblige him said: "Raja ji, you think best. Just name anyone and we shall salute him.
O Shah Mohammed! Let a word drop from your august mouth
And it shall be fulfilled that very moment."

15

तब राजा ने सेना से मंत्रणा की,
शोर सिंह को कैसे बुलवाया जाए;
वह जो पूत सरकार का अकथ योद्धा (फतह जंगी),
उसे गद्दी पे कैसे बिठलाया जाए;
कहा फ़ोज़ ने, "राजा जी! हुक्म तो दो,
जिसे कहो महाराजा बनाया जाए;
शाह मुहम्मद! जो बचन भी आप बोलो,
उसी क्षण वह पूरा कराया जाए।"
९४

मधी विन्दुं की गन्ने ते करी वस्यन, उच्छ भीतू ते ते ते ते ते ते ते ते ते ते ते।

प्रेम तिर उन्हीं लिख भौं चिठ्ठी, 

मैं उन्हीं वड़ घट ते ते ते ते ते ते ते। 

पैंढ़ भाग बे पृथ्व समेत सबसे, 

अंजी अंजी भस्म तैहू तेहू़ मह तेहू़। 

सार भूखन भस्मो हैद भस्म, 

सिम झेलते साँस दे तांजिं तेहूँ।

१७

पाल ताल दी राज्य ने ली रखत,

गूँगार जमौल कपड़े बुड़े व दिये। 

शेर शिखर ताली के चौखले भिखे,

नौणे जल रूप के लक्ष्मी गजानन। 

रहो नारे के ज्ञान लिपी ज्ञानी।

कौन आये जल से भूल से ये?

शाह नुहां दुलन के नगर नहीं,

जून रोहते जुंगो के कालित नीले।
For twenty-two days, the Raja proceeded on leave,  
His entourage leaving for Jammu, bag and baggage.  
But before that, he wrote a letter to Sher Singh,  
"I've set the stage for you to come.  
Make your triumphant entry into Lahore with the beat of drum.  
All the Sardars shall greet you on arrival."  
O Shah Mohammed! All the officers shall receive you  
As soon as you as much as near the city."
92
लें सिप से नमे सा धड़ पड़ गये,
क्योंकि दुखद सप्तद हुई पड़ी या सी।
पीछे दिटकर दे भार बैंसे सी,
पूजा हुँऊ वे पहनो दे चली गये ती।
आपे यूँ के साथ मे दे घाय बैंने,
क्योंकि संगी अह धिकली या सी।
साह भूजाम अह से भिजे अहमत,
तालां दिस सप्तदे दे चली गये ती।

14
शिर गोले ने राज दा नाम थे के,
फूजाल हरे लाह्जर कु ल गोसूलाल ने।
होले के याने हैं वैदिक ने ने,
हुँऊ ने हरे के गोंद ने चली ने।
क्योंकि ने हरे ने बालू ने बालू ने,
फूजाल लेचाल ने हैं अकाल ने ने।
शाह मुर्राद ने हन जाल ने ने काले,
क्योंकि ने हरे ने चली ने।
On reading this missive, Sher Singh, the lion, 
Moved with his forces forthwith towards Lahore.
The horses neighed as the bugles blared
And the dust they kicked up, formed clouds in the sky.
He camped near 'Buddhu Ka Aava'
Where armies set themselves up for the final assault.
O Shah Mohammed! The Darbar officers themselves came thither.
And it became a famous tete-a-tete in Lahore.
९४
प्रेत सिंह उं ढूँढ़े रहा था, उसके लिए वह जानने वाले था।
पहिले पत्र नहीं देने वाले बुद्ध थे, प्रेत सिंह तुरन्त लगाया था।
दूसरा वर्ग में लामाने देने उसकी वास्तविकता, निमां विड़्या तुरन्त लगाया था।
पत्र भेजते रहते हे दिच्चलियों हे, प्रेत सिंह तुरन्त गोली घाटिया थी।

९८
पूरे ताजा ताजा उं भरे हैं, जोल बुद्ध थे।
कर और दूर वन ढूँढ़े गये आपण जी।
पीला बुद्ध पत्र नहीं देने बुद्ध थे।
प्रेत सिंह तुरन्त लगाया था।
अगस्त और आकाश बुद्ध हे दिच्चलियों हे,
प्रेत सिंह तुरन्त गोली घाटिया थी।
From 'Buddhu ka Aava' Sher Singh and his armies marched, 
With great alacrity and promptitude, towards Lahore. 
The Darbar armies themselves saw them through 
The defences of the citadel of Lahore. 
Simply irresistible was the warrior prince 
As he laid seige to the Lahore fort. 
O Shah Mohammed! The defenders not being able to contain him, 
Were obliged to offer him the crown of Punjab.

\[
\text{18}
\]

आवे बुधू से निकल कर शेर सिंह भी, 
जानिब लाहौर वह धाया तत्काल था तब; 
सफ़े दूरी और उनके बीच में से, 
ख़ुद फ़ोजें ने पार कराया था तब; 
उस बली शाहजादे का तेज़ भारी, 
किले पर जा मोर्चा लगाया था तब; 
शाह मुहम्मद! अंत में बिचोलियों ने, 
राजगढ़ी पर उसे बिठलाया था तब।
९५
मंड मिर्जा गौड़ी हूँ एक वैठ बैठ आये नो, ताती वैठ लग वें विलुङ्ग लिचु पड़ी। 
बहु वैठिया देख ते बस सिंह, 
वें भेज ताती रानी पाउनागो। 
बन वैठिया नां देख हूँ वैठ अबत, 
ताती लिचु वें लिचु वें विलुङ्ग आयी। 
सान भुजे भर भाण वें गौड़ वें गौड़, 
मंड मिर्जा वें गौड़ वें गौड़ रानी।

९६
शोर गौड़ कर की आँग तिलक के बी, 
रानी विनियम के तले पौन घप्पों। 
गौड़ विनियम टप से रवजपिया, 
रेड बहु बजाना अस नौल कुल कम आदर। 
रानी वृक्ष वृक्ष जो टोंक आदर, 
शोर गौड़ के गौड़ गौड़ के गौड़ कुरंग।
Sher Singh, on ascending the throne, 
Held Rani Chand Kaur captive in the fort. 
See how God had made Sher Singh the king, 
See how he had become the overlord of the dominion. 
But not a year passed when he felt uncomfortable in his heart 
About Rani Chand Kaur, held in captivity. 
O Shah Mohammed! Only after having removed 
the Rani from the scene, 
Could Sher Singh rule in peace.

१९ 
शेर सिंह ने गद्दी पर बैठते ही, 
कैद रानी को महलों के अंदर किया; 
घर बैठे ही ईश्वर ने राज बख्शा, 
सारा शासन था उसने निज हाथ लिया; 
कैद रानी थी एक बरस से जो, 
जिसने दिल का करार था छीना उसका; 
शाह मुहम्मद! मरवा चंद कौर को तब, 
शेर सिंह बला से था मुक्त हुआ।
२०
में मिश्न हूँ वें खे ते गम रौद्र,
लिखा घर अग्नि ने गठियां गईं।
संप्रदायकां ने देने वें गेल धुमबे,
सा ने प्रेम है तें श्रद्धां की।
भव ने देने अन्नी मिश्‍न लटी घनी,
पैशा वेशया सो आम पदार्टी गईं।
मात भूलना संघीया अली अवसं, अंतः घाप हूँ वगियां धारी गईं।

२५
शीर गहक काल रप ने राज दि,
लिखे हो नशित जो राति नाचे,
सेनावालाल दे दियों बीर के,
जा के चोट हो राह प्रहालाई खेले।
मूर के चोट दिये शुरु ले बाजे,
जैना जॉल जै आशा स्वानियां खेले।
शह भूले जला जाता गले आकर,
अमा बाप कोल कालाल पाताल खेले।
Thus, God had made Sher Singh the king, 
He having usurped the throne of the Rani. 
The Sandhawalias too had lost their foothold in Lahore. 
And harsh were the paths they had to traverse. 
Again, Ajit Singh hatched a conspiracy to kill Sher Singh 
As truly he was the son of a bitch. 
O Shah Mohammed! Seldom is there born an Ali Akbar, 
The son who redeems his father and restores him to his lost throne.
29

मिलकर गोलाम ने मारी पंख क्षुद्र, ।
एक उठे उसी रस्म से मूर्तित ही। ।
उसे मिलाये ने विश्व भिंगक्ते सुने, ।
तथा वेंथ जा उसका कर हठिया हो। ।
उसे मिलाये ने हर अंडे पुल बीड़ा, ।
वेंथ से अंडे मस्त जा मूर्तित हो। ।
मात्र भुजाबर्त जम वे मत लेकर, ।
कृपा पूरा वर वे देख हठिया हो।

32

जहाँ गोलाम ने मारी पंख क्षुद्र, ।
अंडा तामक हृदय दिया माता आई। ।
राज भीतर द एक मताए बोल; ।
तब क्यों जा अंडाल द और तोहिया आई। ।
राज भीतर द ऐंडर बैर जा किया आई। ।
जात नहीं लाह शिलाए बच आई। ।
का के मह रकके तिच्छी जाई आई।
The maids that had killed Rani Chand Kaur,
Duly were summoned in the presence of the Raja.
In order to cover up the crime and placate theSinghs
He had their noses and ears chopped off.
This accomplished, he ordered the sentries
Not to let them be out of the jail.
O Shah Mohammed! In addition, the maids were
divested of their jewellery
And had themselves humiliated by the blackening of their faces.
२२
सदा धैर्यभर संग विनोशी हैं घरल, 
झेल भग विचारत लगांकन है। 
अन्य किप बूझ बसी बड़ीभील से वे, 
केवल किप हैं भाग द्विभाद छी। 
किप नहीं माणसचे हैं तत्त्व बड़ी, 
मलयी राज सुं सह घरांकन है। 
भाग भूरेश्वर निमं दे विश्रा उज्जैले, 
देवा भाग वे मौस घरांकन है।

३२
बर्त तुम्हारे साहु ज़स्तरी लिखन बड़े, 
दिव्या साह बुझ बालिनो गंधा रा ए। 
सेश तुम्हें भिस्त करत ने के के, 
शर्ख तुम्हें नॉन आन मदिरा ए। 
होटी हल्ड श्रीराम ने फतर केले, 
जलदी ताल तो का दादा ए। 
शाह जुमा रूप ने बात करेगे, 
जीत हर के सेल अवादा ए।
Two years later, Ajit Singh had the king to inspect a guard of honour, he stationed his troops at Bilawal near Lahore. He came thither with a carbine of a foreign make. Overtly, he wanted to show it to the king and win applause. But just as the Prince raised his eyes, he pressed the trigger and let go the fire. O Shah Mohammed! Sher Singh gasped for life, lying on the floor when Ajit Singh severed his head with a sword.
23

لہمات میں سے بانیاں نے عوام اپریہاں،
آج تو ہم نے بہم جانندہ ہیں।
لہمات میں سے بانیاں نے رشبت لوٹی،
آج تو اس کی کمادا جانندہ ہیں।

میں ہم بانیاں عقیدہ نہ تائجسے لوٹی،
ہم نےنہہ کر میں نہیں جانندہ ہیں。

لہمات میں بانیاں ہم نہ حیرانہ ہیں،
دھما آجہ وہاں نہ میں جانندہ ہیں।

33

ابنا گھو تیر باغ دی طرف آتے
ابنا گھو تیر دی مندی بھر ذہنی،
کاون رہت دا اورت باندا ایت
ہیں تال کردن گا بابا نہیں جانندہ تیری،
ابنا گھو کے تین پوواں ایک
میں بھیمدا ایسے نہ اک سنی،
ابنا گھو کے تین پوواں ایک

(98)
Now Lehna Singh, Ajit's brother, turned towards the garden
Where Prince Partap Singh was going through a religious ceremony.
When he saw the Sardar intent upon killing him,
The prince begged for mercy in the name of God.
"I shall serve you loyally all my life, O Uncle."
He beseeched him with folded hands and in many more ways.
O Shah Mohammed! To no entreaty did Lehna Singh listen.
He just beheaded the young Prince with a sword.
24
प्रेंत सिंध वहुधाप सिंध भाग वे नी,
संप्रदायसे माति हुई छुट गईं।
गाना स्मितमा उंग विगा अमीर सिंध खे,
प्रेंत सिंध हूँ भाग वे भाईं आये।
वाइल लक्षि वे विभू हे निज आम्ना,
वैमे अबले दे छूटुं हे गेह पहणे।
सिंधुं भाव नी गाना नी दैश वैनं,
भाग भूलम्बा छूटुं हे मीम सहणे।

25
शीर झलो कोरप झलो मरे के बी,
सदहाले शीर झलो अलाह दुहे।
राजी मध्या तान काय बिजवे झलो,
शीर झलो मरे के अला आंके।
केलिन लै लेजे के जुड़ ने दौ दौ अते।
केलिन दे आनले ते टिक्के जाँपे।
जीनील बादी की राजी जी पिंड कोरले,
शाह जहांदा अबताल दे सकत लापे।
After killing Sher Singh and his son in this manner
The two Sandhawalas marched upon Lahore.
When on the way they met Dhian Singh, said Ajit:
"We have finished Sher Singh and his lineage."
Then humouring the Raja with polite words,
they brought him to the fort.
For such was indeed their cunning and treachery.
O Shah Mohammed! Those who had killed Chand Kaur,
Were shown little mercy; they all got beheaded.
24
वहुध सिंह विमान मे भेड़ लियी और दिनों तक उसके साथ बैठी।
भजन मंदिर चंद्र विहार से आये और वहां बैठी।
विंदु समय तक मलाह विहार मे।
उन्होंने बलच उसी से बदनी वही,
फिर उन्होंने ध्यान रूप पर लिया।
उन्होंने धर्म विहार से पहिले उठके,
सहली सिंह उठीं वेद मंडित मे।

25
सौरे को ग्यारे ने निका दिया, उसके साथ बैठी।
धनाल में बोला विका ज्यों दिया से।
ग्रुंड ही ताना नलिया तो।
बहुत देर मलाह वह बहुत ही आये।
पहले नन्दमलाह ने कराया बारी,
बहुत आईं देखता दोनों ही बारी।
शाह निर्मला देखता जब तक नहीं,
विलिया से तकली बीस रोमक से।
Gurnukh Singh Giani then asked the Sandhawalas:
"Why have you to leave Dhian Singh alive?"
Mehar Ghasita intervened to endorse it;
"Nothing better can we do now."
As if this was a good enough hint, an orderly shot Dhian Singh,
Making him snap his last link with life.
O Shah Mohammed! As he lay dying on the floor,
They summoned the young prince Dalip Singh to their presence.
२५
बिख्य हानि दे पूरत का समय टिक़ा, 
पिंड़े पिंडों माँ हानि पूर्वस्तं थी। 
ऊँ दमने ऊँ दे हे मख बने, 
अन्य अभिव्य भैं ऊँ हैं लागरा थी। 
मग्रे यही सो बुझ दिने लगी, 
अन्य रात पूर्वज विरं लागरा थी। 
ऊँ दें हैं से बंगला अनत भांती, 
पण भृत्यधर बगँते माँगरा थी।
With the Raja's blood they anointed his forehead
And circumambulated around him four times, saying:
"We've done all this for your sake only.
We pray to God always to protect you.
We don't know what's going to happen the very next moment.
For, none knows who will be there to partake of the food to-night.
O Shah Mohammed! Let anyone cast an evil eye on you.
And despatched to the other world he shall be that very moment."
25

जीता सिंह ठुंठ गड़ने दी भजन रूट, मुख्यतः मठ वे उकट चढ़िया।
पंता भग वे हैस है ताल माती, तुम्हे ताल शिर मजत दे तिस बज़िया।
गृहदुध मों हंसाला घरुड चंद्रा, संपादकीयों दे ताल मुख बज़िया।
स्वर महाराज अनीद सिंह मेंढा रूप, लोहिटा सिंह ने मोहम्मद आठ बज़िया।

26

बिहरा गेहूँ कूल राजी दी निर दूली,
स्वर हियदाल कलर सेद के नित किसे भक्तात,
हुंकरा मार के अब्ज आ निर दूली,
पीलो मल आने दिश के अब्ज दूली।
राहूंत की जोर गा दित प्रा,
सरदारवाले दे ताल गुल आने दित प्रा।
शाह खुदा जहा गेहूँ से जय दूली,
लिखा तिका जिहूर आन चरित।
When Hira Singh came to know the fate of his father, Forthwith he summoned all the loyal officers. 
Then, with the beat of drum, he took the troops with him And seething with rage, he made his entry into the city. 
The fine Rajput that he was, He fought the Sandhawalias with reckless valour. 
O Shah Mohammed! Ajit Singh was killed in the battle itself. 
While Lehna Singh they caught in trying to escape.
28

ਦੇਣ ਪਿਛੋ ਵੇਂ ਧਰਤੀ ਸੁਰਮੇਨਾ ਦੇਣੀ,
ਪ੍ਰਭਾ ਹਿਰਸ ਭੈਰੜੀ ਕੱਸਿਆ ਬਗਦਾਈ ਗਾਈ।
ਮੇਲ ਸਿਰੀ ਰੇਨ ਕਈ ਤੂੰ ਕੰਠ ਦੇਣਗਾ,
ਸਭੇ ਮਨਾ ਵੀ ਵਾਲਾ ਭਿਰਗੈ ਗਾਈ।
ਨਾ ਬਨਆ ਮੀ ਮਨਾ ਦੀ ਧਾਵਾਨੀ,
ਧੀਖੇਲ ਕੋਲਾਂ ਢੁੱਕਿ ਪਾਛਣ ਗਾਈ।
ਕੁਰ ਭਾਵਨਾ ਭਾਗ ਵੇ ਮੇਲ ਦੇਣੇ,
ਚਲੋ ਮੁਹਾ ਰੇਣ ਮਿਲਾਈ ਗਾਈ।

38

ਦੋਪਾਲ ਦੁੱਕਾਨ ਲਾਲ ਹਟ ਸੁਆ ਸੌਰਮ ਤੋਨੀ,
ਕੋਠ ਵਿੱਚ ਕੱਢੈ ਮੈਦਾਨ ਵਾਲੇ ਦੀ ਕੀ-
ਬਿਲ ਕਲ ਦੁਕਾਨ ਦੇ ਕੋਲ ਉਥੀ ਦੀਣਾ,
ਸਾਰੇ ਮੰਨੁਕ ਕੁਝ ਕਿ ਮਾਤੁਣ ਗ੍ਰੇ-
ਰਾਧ ਕੁਝਾ ਕੀ ਮੰਨੁਕ ਕੀ ਪ੍ਰਸਤਾਵ,
ਪ੍ਰੀਤ ਗੁਰਿਆਲਾ ਲੋਨ ਵਾਲੇ ਦੀ ਕੀ-
ਖਾਲ ਸ਼ਿਕਾਰਦਾ ਮਾਰ ਕੀ ਮੌਲੀ ਦੇਵੀ,
ਪ੍ਰੀਤ ਨੇ ਤੂੰ ਭਿੱਖ ਕੈ ਕਾਦ ਕੀ 

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Both the sides that day were led as if by a death-wish. With blinding ferocity they measured swords with each other. Now had Sher Singh been living, he wouldn't have let it happen; For, what actually happened destroyed the whole country. The Raja too was a protector of the people. His removal from the scene brought endless troubles in its wake. O Shah Mohammed! Not each killed the other but himself, For, many a great warrior fell in that unfortunate action.
25
दूल्हे बड़ी हुई गांड़ा माँगा, नैसर्ग टे हैं दीमां बाजां मागीं ती। भीम सभा सुनाते दे मिलत ब्यंत, मेरी ताटी चाँद्र बाल छती-टी ती। मंगलगंगा भोंजी हा बिसे बोली, लेगा बिर तिस उगम दे मागीं ती। माँ मृत्युर में भी ले ही बीज दे वे, सभी बोली रहीं भिंतामीं ती।

30
ज़ई बहुती नूल गोलमा चबा सबा, जमल ने दवाल वारल मारल ने। मिर दव पुलम के सत्र इंद्र, मौलाना रामाल मार काराल ने। मौलाना जमी दे किया, जेमल ने दव दवर दे मारल ने। शह जुस्ता नूल हो इंद्र जो के। जातल किटाल जेमल पिवाल ने।
Everyone sings the lays of Dulla Bhatti
As also the feats of Jaimal and Phatta
In the harem of Mir Dad Khan Chauhan
The queens had committed suicide by knifing themselves.
But never had anyone done what the Sandhawalias had done.
They had put to sword the very court they were required to serve
O Shah Mohammed! They died a warrior nevertheless.
They did not spare even their own lives.

29
दुल्ला भट्टी के किस्से संसार गाता,
जैमल, फ़ता की अमर कहानियाँ भी;
मोरदद चौहान की मौत पर तो,
मरीं मार कटार सब रानियाँ थीं;
संधावलियों जैसी न किसी ने की,
तेज़ चली वह बीच दरबार के जी;
शाह मुहम्मद! लड़े सब प्राण पन से,
जानें करीं न जरा भी प्यारी थीं जी।
पिछला आ वे मजहरी हुई हिलवत उपिन, संखी पते ही मजहरी भीत। आगो तरान आग्नि तें घुमसेन चे, उसी घड़वड़ी तिह उल्लास भीत। गौंडी उर्मिला हुई सिलड़े भतै हैते, उन बने विम दे घटी तरान भीत। सारे कुशमुले यहं उल्लास देलारी, धारी तीन सोटा बेली रात भीत।

जबूत्तो आक सीता कौल गर बौहु, सुजंगल चैन न बस सरदर मिल। आक चौंक आया नैत्र नम चंद्र, बजी कोलकोर नैत गरों मिल। कौल एवं सीता नैत्र मिले भार लिये, एक दंगेस दे पानी पार मिल। जाता नही जुड़ती भिकुंति गोर पार मिल, खाल सजा जाता कौली दार मिल।

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In the end, did everyone feel the difference
As all the Sardars began soberly to think: What to do?
For, the real power now lay in the hands of louts
As the rule of jungle replaced the rule of law.
The rogues that with impunity can kill the kings,
Tell me, whose authority shall they ever respect?
O Shah Mohammed! The sword was now the sole arbiter
And not a single swish of it went without its prey.
चौँ घती मन्दारण मी पंच हिँचों, निश्चित घड़ी वृंदावनी चाल भीमां। दिल अपने पैठ हिसाब वजना, देखे वसीम ने उठाने वजन भीमां। लवलवा मिन्न मन्दारण भसींठी भीमां, देखा अबल दा वेंट व्यय भीमां। माँ भविष्यत । दुःख निमो जीत्यांठ ठूँ, मडे छॅद वे झंगड-चड्ढाघर भीमां।

माणे पल सरदार के निपुण विज्ञान, दृष्टि निपु चाल मिलाह। प्रल आणे विशेष शिवार कङ्गा। एण्टे कैशों दे बौल के चाल मिलाह। लिंग मले सरदार चींटी के। व्हॉं उठा जळ दा कोट काल मिलाह। शह नुमाइ तेरी तंगल नोल, सूबे जीवन के दोंग दोल मिलाह।
There was a very venerable Sardar in the Panth,
The one who could see the writing on the wall.
He deliberated in his mind upon the deteriorating situation.
That many a head would still roll here, he surmised.
Lehna Singh was a patriarch of the Majithia clan
And was, verily, an epitome of wisdom.
O Shah Mohammed! He chose to go on a long pilgrimage
After leaving behind every involvement of his.

महाबली सरदार जो पंथ का था,
देखी उसने जब टेढ़ी यह चाल मीया;
खूब मन ही मन वह सोचता था,
अब कहाँ का आया है काल मीया;
लहना सिंह सरदार मजीठिया वह,
बुद्धिमान था बड़ा कमाल मीया;
शाह मुहम्मद ! निकल गया तीथों को,
छोड़ पीछे के सभी जंजाल मीया।
दिप गेह कोई अनुष्ठान रह नहीं, न ही गेह जब राज कानवाए एक। जल हो दाता नाम दिये हो, खाते हो तो कौन लाओ दाता। अंदर बाप के करार की जिया सुकौर, कह नहीं जाते गेह कानवाते। शाय नजर देख कुल देख बिदा, बिहरा कोज दा नाल कराउनाए एक।
Dalip Singh, the child king was no more than a dummy on the throne,
As Hira Singh now wielded the real authority.
One Jalla was now chosen a guide and mentor of the king,
But Jalla couldn't care less for anyone in the kingdom.
On every possible turn, he would pour scorn on his royal ward,
Besides wholly unpredictable was he in what he might do.
O Shah Mohammed! Jalla became, verily, a tormentor of the Panth,
And this destroyed his benefactor Hira Singh in the bargain.

32
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O Shah Mohammed! Jalla became, verily, a tormentor of the Panth,
And this destroyed his benefactor Hira Singh in the bargain.
सिख धर्म ने जगत के सभी सिपह बनाए।
वह ज्ञान देता गया और सागर ठीक सा हो।
भगवान ने पूर्ण ज्ञान हजारों तरह सजीव रखा है।
अब उसके उपर नहीं बनाए रखे जगत के सभी सिपाह, बदल दें जान नहीं।
अब सागर बनें जो सागर से लौट रहे हैं।

The Singhs now petitioned to Suchet Singh, "The tormentor of us all, Jalla, is not the right man. Reach here early to take over Prime Ministership, The Khalsa is just waiting for you."

The kings, as a rule, like nothing better than governance; And Hira Singh? He is merely the son of a Sharik. O Shah Mohammed! "Pray, cut the nose of Jalla. Let him leave the scene, fully humiliated."

33

सुचेल सिंह को सिंघों ने पत्र लिखा,
जुलूम ढाने वाला जल्ला ठीक नाहीं;
आओ, जल्दी चर्चीर बनाएं तुम को,
तुम बिन कुछ हमें उम्मीद नाहीं;
राज-कर्म से राजे सुशोभित होवें,
हीरा सिंह तो आखिर दरीक साईं;
शाह मुहम्मद ! आ जल्ले की नाक काठे,
मारे शरम के खोए निज लीक साईं।
34

نینم دلانے گئے تھے ہوا پھول،
نامہ رہا حصہ تا مطلب مبنا پا ہی۔
ہٹا ڑواں رگوں اچھے بھا ہوا ٹھکا،
ہٹے وڈیوں کیا پھانسرا ہی۔
بھی ایک بڑی بیس ہنس دوں ہے بھی،
گھڑی ایک بھی ملا دی اہلکا ہی۔
سراہ بھیبھال آئے راغوں پریش،
بھی بھی آئے آئے راندرا ہی۔

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No sooner did the Raja receive the letter,
Than his joy knew no bounds.
Said he to himself: "I've to reach Lahore post-haste."
He, therefore, immediately had the mounts ready.
He stationed his troops at Manji Kakrin
And then handpicked only twenty-two of his soldiers.
O Shah Mohammed! With them, thus, he reached Lahore,
And set up his camp at Mianmir, the main cantonment.
34

गीत मिठु हूँ तन्त्र दी भक्त गैंगी,
उसक भजनातं मधु सपेटींगं ती।
मिठुं आधिन्य ज्ञान तो करि मुख बो, नैसं वर्तिनींगं तवं सपेटींगं ती।
मिठुं! सौरजं तन्त्र भवनं संह, उत्तरो रेडन नन्दुंगं तींगं वरिनींगं ती।
साग भवनं तन्त्र अम्बिकं बहींगं तैं बे, अम्बुंर भवनं दुःथेनींगं ती।

35

जैरा सकन कोल राज दी निर बोली,
बहुत भजन सब हेमींगं नी।
स्कीरां आहंकर राज बी बाल भोले,
नींगं जयशंकर मिरी हेमींगं नी।
देवींगं मद्य मिरी घनीज भोले,
जान जान जान मान जान जाने।
बहुत राहुल जयसिंह बाल हेमींगं नी,
शह शहीं आये देवीं ले के,
आक्षेप सब बहुं देवींगं नी।
Hira Singh, as he came to know of his Uncle's arrival,
Quickly placated the army and set his house in order.
Now the Singhs made a somersault, asking the Raja to go back,
For, he was not the man to control the army.
Replied he: "Singhji! It's now difficult for me to return to Jammu,
The daughters of Rajputs will tease and taunt me no end."
O Shah Mohammed! "See, he has come back with
Prime Ministership,
Will be the common refrain of all the hill belles."
उपन नेह वे पहला ताल है वे, सबे मैंव वे तीन निष्ठ मा चढ़कुर।
मन में देख है पूर्वां गीत धाँ, धंडा पिँच वे मान रा उथ ड़ार।
बीन बिन्ह उे केसी विन्ह माने, है वे देगा त्यं बटब दे दिच ड़ार।
मान भक्तन बिन्ह उे लान तैरी, भंधे समूटे वैड वे धूल लड़ार।

तुपल नमझ के पलन ताल ले के,
पाँच के के तै निर्मा गूंज जा जाती जो जुड़ा।
होल्ड फूज ने होर्न आन जारी,
कबरा फुंड़ के सा दा अंद पटर।
भक्ति गूंज ते किरार गूंज सारे,
न्हीं रूपल कौं कद दे जो जो जुर।
शाह मुहम्मद ख़ान ने आज रक्षी,
तुम साथ हो तूके के खुब लोग।
Collecting the heavy guns and taking the army with him, Hira Singh now took the field against his real uncle. When he found himself thoroughly encircled, Suchet Singh took out the naked sword, flashing in his hand. He took only Bhim Singh and Kesari Singh with him, As he jumped fearlessly into that cauldron of fire. O Shah Mohammed! Thus, he won the admiration of the Singhs, He fought against all odds with such a lionine courage.
सिंध नदी में उबंने से उठा आए, ।
किसं फिच बच्चीबां धाँते थी। ।
आगे मैं उठे अचू भी उलझ थानी, ।
बापुं सेत के सफ बलांदे थी। ।
लदी आते ही खिल दिखा मार्ग, ।
है वे वृक्षों में का गास बांदे थी। ।
पार मुलबदा नदी में उगने हटे, ।
पान वैंचली तथा घडांदे थी। ।

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But soon the Singhs again got fed up with Jalla. They now harboured great anger in their hearts. Previously their wages were seven or eight rupees a month. Forcibly they had them revised to twelve rupees. Over and above, many demanded rewards in terms of gold To adorn their necks with garlands of Bukitis O Shah Mohammed! To have Jalla killed Each unit of army Panchayat summoned its meeting.
38

हूँ जाम ता ते महादेव कन, तू देव सोने दे जाने कावा लै।
तेरे भूल हों दी तेरे हों मुझे मव ते।
सानुन शुरू के सानुन मानव मे ले।
घर जाने बेवल दे रहा न मानु ली।
जा आया आप क्रोध ने ले।
शह आदि शह ले ले नोल।
आलों रोलचल तैल अजाद दुः ले।
Hira Singh had on the move elephants,
Laden with troves of solid gold.
Towards Jammu he now repaired,
With the hope that the Singhs would beseech him to return.
But no substitute is strategy for wisdom,
And thereby he had dug his own grave.
For, O Shah Mohammed! The Singhs soon caught up with him,
With guns and muskets, spitting deadly fire.

आज्ञा हुई तो हाथी समेत हौदे,
सोने-चांदी से भर थे चल पड़े वे;
"अपनी गरज से सिंघ मनावेंगे ही,
जानिए जम्मू यह सोच कर चले थे वे;"
भाग्य बली कितना अकल जाने नहीं,
बुरा अपने ही हाथों करावें थे वे;
शाह मुहम्मद! सिंघ मिले ले तोपें,
मार गोलियां उन्हें उड़ावें थे वे।
34

जीवा मिख उे सँझू छुँ भग उे सी,
नरगुज मिख दतीज घटाहदेह छी।
उत्तर तभेल भुज्ज छी उ चले,
तवीं क्षेत धुरु भवाहदेह छी।
खेत तभेल तुम्हारे मिख बंदु भुंगरा,
बैठे बेटे से वे गाली घटाहदेह छी।
मान भूरेमा भांग गइ वटे घड्डे हैं,
नरगुज मिख हे भग मुटाहदेह है।

39

तिरा गुल हें मेहे कुल मार के बी?
बौबर गुल दर्जी जाह मने नी।
पत्र कुल पाओ नी डी जो चुटें?
राजन शरीर कुर्ओड़ जांबने नी।
अँगों राजा गाज गुल महमूद आरा।
केशर रैंग लिंग जांबने नी।
शाह मुहम्मद आस भना ते रहे रे।
बौबर गुल हे कुल मार साहब नी।
After killing both Hira Singh and Jalla
Elevated they Jawahar Singh to Prime Ministership.
They then turned upon Jammu,
Rampaging the country far and wide.
They brought Gulab Singh to Lahore in chains,
Demanding gold necklaces (Kanthas) in reward.
O Shah Mohammed! "We'll now have bangles (Karas),"
They bluntly told Jawahar Singh on return.

हीरा सिंह औं जल्ले को मार करके,
जवाहर सिंह वजीर बना डाला;
पहाड़ जम्मू पर जाकर जो किया कब्जा,
ऊँठम विजय का बहुत मचा डाला;
गुलाब सिंह को वहां से बांध लाए,
गला कँड़ों से खूब सजा डाला;
शाह मुहम्मद ! अब हम कढ़े लेंगे,
जवाहर सिंह को संदेशा भिजवा डाला।
का नर चिमाल आन एनेस बैये।
जीतरा नेक केकी उनौल मार लिन्डे।
कौं तेल नेलाम जूंग बाराल।
कौं खेल नेल सूद जार लिन्डे।
कौं निरने ने ताल दी आठ करे।
कौं शहर दे ताल बाजार लिन्डे।
शह शहर दे पेच्च बीजिल बिजिल।
कौ से टेब दे ताल बिजार लिन्डे।

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What great depredations did they cause,
For whosoever sat on the throne had to be their puppet.
They demanded necklaces and bangles in addition to the enhanced pay.
Gone were the days when they were content with five or seven.
Some would even loot the city and its Bazaars instead.
O Shah Mohammed! Such had become the ways of Majhails and mercenaries,
They would have their demands met on the tip of their shoes.

कैसा बुरछों ने आन अंधेर डाला,
हाकिम बने जो भी, उसे मार देते;
कड़े-काठे इनाम, वेतन पूरे बारह,
पांच-सात जो कभी पगार लेते;
कभी आते वे किलों को लूटकर के,
कभी राहरूं के लूट बाजार लेते;
राह मुहम्मद! यूं करते मझैल भाई,
वेतन, तलब थे साथ तलबार लेते।
हिंदू सिंह मतवन से पेड़ हिरसी,
पली हिंदू तुली भरें भाव सीमां।
सिंह भाग मतवन सा दुम बीड़ा,
से बुझत उठे बात दात सीमां।
सिंह स्वस्त दे बिगा सा बेसी बूढ़ा,
उठे बुझत निधि बाह भुरात सीमां।
मजा भएता हिरस मतवन छब्बे,
कुछ अंखली तेटी जिलात सीमां।

किये आल मरका दे कमाई पूर्ण,
ठिक बढ़ तूनी मारवार मिल।
सुखाल बार मरदार दा ताक किया,
सीता कल कूसे बार मरदार मिल।
सर फौज दे मां नहीं कोई निदार,
उठे शहर तिहल बाईं महार मिल।
शाह जुदा भकरन मरदार कहे,
बंजर मेठल जूली जार मिल।
41

For just the absence of one Sarkar
Anarchy, loot and pillage became the order of the day.
The Singhs had so wholly demoralised the chiefs and generals,
That each one appeared destined to be killed in his turn.
No leash now held the Singhs in check,
Like a herd of ostriches they would run in any direction.
O Shah Mohammed! The Sardars now sought safety in hiding,
As these evil spirits ganged up just ready to strike.

चली इक सरकार बिन चाल ऐसी,
रोज दिन होती मारोमार मीया;
दरबार सारे का सिंघों ने नाश किया,
बारी बारी थे मारे सरदार मीयां;
कहीं कोई भी उनको लगाम न थी,
जैसे शुतर होवें भेंवहार मीया;
शाह मुहम्मद! सरदार थे छिपते-फिरते,
भूतमंडली हुई तैयार मीयां.

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42

जब भी ग्लास दे आते ली पर दे मारे,
मुझे खूंटन दे आक देवा ने।
जरा बजाने को ली मौल आई।
के तल तलीन दे आकेश में नीं,
के बजन तल अंबेक के विल तोले,
के जूर्ण दबील वसूल ने।
के तल तलार दे ही बाज ने।
Soon Jawahar Singh became the target of their ire,  
Their foreheads being furrowed like those of murderers.  
Summoned, he came to meet them with Dalip Singh in his lap;  
But as soon as he arrived, he was bayonetted and injured.  
Then on a spear was he lifted straight from the elephant,  
And from the howda thrown on the ground.  
O Shah Mohammed! For mercy did he beg them;  
But mercy they did show by just beheading him.
भागी बैठ वराह से पिछ बीड़ी,
बिनम हूँ बैठि वे घरी मसाल्ली हैं।
उन बैठि विभागिता गडद दर्जा,
निम हूँ बैठि वे बैठ खिसाल्ली हैं।
बिनमें पाउसया चुप भेटि भड़ा चाव,
निमें बैठि बैठ चुप बैठ खिसाल्ली हैं।
प्राण भूलीरा के निलम गदू,
माँ हे सूचि दे तान कभाल्ली हैं।

30
माँन कितना दे दिन कितना,
कस नौल रोआ के पिया सामाली तिन?
कहाँ कौन साहित्य समान दाल?
किस नौल पाकै के दिन रूकाली तिन?
कबीरे कपाह दा नै, नै, मोहिया साहित्य;
कबीरे दूर फूँकै, दिन नौल पायली तिन?
शाह खुदा दीये अंगाम सालू,
सालू जोरे राज काॅली तिन?
The Mai herself had been interned in her tent.
When she wept and wailed, asked they: "Whom are you calling?
Who is your sympathiser here to listen to your baleful cries?
Whom are you making these tearful appeals?
What's our crime? Have we killed a Sardar's son?
If not, then for whom should you be crying so bitterly?
O Shah Mohammed! On the contrary reward us suitably.
For, you are now ruling over Punjab by virtue of our might."
रानी जैन जैन कॉरल,
जहां क्लासस में कलाम बजे तो तो नहीं
मेरे जल तो जीत के बाद बाज़ार चलते हैं
जीत है क्लासस में दिल फिर कलाम दा
कोई ले जो ऐसे हल दा ग्राम चलते हैं
शाह जुआ दि आँधी चमक जान दाराल,
जोबैर को हो दि द्वी भी को का मौर्ये है।
While grieving, Rani Jind Kaur remained mulling in her head:
"How shall I strive to do away with these armed, evil men?
They have butchered my brother in my very presence —
The one who himself had once commanded a thousand horse.
Shall I seek the help of the Feringhee?
Whom shall I turn to in order to smash and smother them?
O Shah Mohammed! I shall gladly give away my life to anyone —
Who for me avenges the murder of Jawahar Singh."

मन-मन थी रानी यू व्याहित होती,
"नित कहां से लाऊं कलगिया-तोड़े?
मेरे सामने मारा है बीर मेरा,
नीचे जिसके थे लाख-हजार धोड़े;
कैसे लाऊं में यहां फिरागियों को,
जो आएँ और' इनका घमंड तोड़े?
शाह मुहम्मद ! मैं होऊँ बलिहारी उस पर,
बराबर कर जो मेरा हिसाब छोड़े।"
45
भैं आज चले तूहलियों मुख्यते सी,
हैं घर हरियों गुप्ते वस्ती तोः।
सौंदर्य देवी ते वतनं नगरस्वपन तैही,
समै तेम ते हिच सा उतरल बहां।
हृदं करी सरोवर हिच दक्षिण नेमो
सम्य देविक्षण भाङ्गते साच्चां।
पहे दूध मिठ मिठ तनाम समुद्रम महते,
मात्र भरीभरण महती तेम भां।

35
मौल आन पि भेगियों क्षुद्रयों ै लिहिँ
लिहिँं विविध अवम रोज़ी पारल।
जिती जेवोल ते करल जंगल रेली
सारे दिले दे तरं जा तरं दराल।
पाठ्याल तिन लाहोर तरं दङ जोगी
ते दोहि अंगर बचावाल।
ण परं आहे तरं तरं पोखल फरोडे,
शोम महया माली मले मालाल।
"With angry, bloodshot eyes they singe me from all sides, 
For nothing do they demand rewards and twelve rupees. 
If I am a Jat's daughter then I shall have the whole Punjab widowed. 
Desolation shall reign supreme over this entire land. 
They shall not be left honourable enough to enter Lahore—
Not just the officers but also the subalterns. 
Their corpses shall rot in the foreign lands, 
O Shah Mohammed! So thoroughly shall 
I have this Desh destroyed."

45

मुझे घूरते हैं चारों ओर से यह, 
लेते मुफ्त इनाम, रुपये बारह; 
जाटिन हूँ तो कहूँ पंजाब रंझुवा, 
हो जाय यह देश बरबाद सारा; 
छोड़ू नहीं लाहौर में लायक घुसने, 
अफसरों सहित मैं फौज-परिवार सारा; 
लोथे इनकी परदेश में सड़े फिर जब, 
शाह मुहम्मद! बजाए यम एकतारा।
जबनल बयार को के डिये संग्रह, जिन तप-केयास की अयाल देन जहान्यालाने ने।
हाकाल जान उत्तेजन, डिये सारे, जोनल के वाग स्वतंत्र जान वेश्मीलाने ने।
जन्नोले लेन लेन बैहालाने देन, नाखुचुले जेन देन जान जान ज्ञान ने।
शाह निज़ामदा निज्त ने जान ने।
झुड़ौल जोनल जान जान ज्ञान ने।
"Those who butchered my brother so very cold-bloodedly
I shall have them dragged by their sacred long hair, I swear.
Their cries shall be heard in far-off London
When they too are butchered like sheep and goat.
Countless shall be the women to have become widows then,
Shorn off all their jewellery and ornaments.
O Shah Mohammed! A great cry of sorrow shall rant the air,
When the daughters of Punjab so lose their husbands."
42
الئسی سیبی درجیہی 두ں وہم چنگی،
پھرے آپنا ماؤں اچھے ہرگی۔
ئے تو درم ہی وہن دوں پھکند ہوئی,
پہلے کوئی دوں ہی روشن ہوا۔
نیزسل لیئی وہ آپنا ماؤں مگر ہوئی،
پھرے پھل میں وہانگی ہوئی ہرگی۔
مگر میری بھی شکا وہ اس پھیلی بھی جا،
میں تو اب چھٹی بھی پھاس ہرگی۔

43
عرض چکی کھڑی عہدہ ہے گو،
پہلے آپیٹھ اپنے امن اوری۔
حتیہ ہوی، میں قریب ہون جملی آنا،
کہیں کریں تو ہون اپنی دے دند اوری۔
چھوڑا شروع بند ہون آپیٹھ سبلاویں،
پھرے حیرت میں کریں گی بند اوری۔
شہا نہا نہا قیمت کے آؤن موری،
میں تو اپنے ہات پھنڈ اوری۔

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So, sent she a secret message to the Feringhee:
"First, I shall sacrifice my comfort and my happiness;
Then I shall send my army into your territory,
For you to smash brains out of their skulls.
While you shall leave no stone unturned to decimate them,
I shall see to it that they don't get supplies on the battlefield.
O Shah Mohammed! I don't want them to return alive.
In fact, this is the wish of my heart too."

४७
बैठ गोरो फ़िरंगी को पत्र लिखा,
"छोड़ पहले मैं सुख आनंद अपना;
फिर फोज को भेजूंगी ओर तैरी,
खट्टे उनके तू सभी दांत करना;
जोर सारा लगाना अपनी ओर से तुम,
बंद करूंगी इधर से खर्च-पट्टा;
शाह मुहम्मद ! न आएं वे इधर मुड़ कर,
मंशा यही है, यह करामाल करना।"
48
پھر ایک ہاتھ اک مہاہ وہ ہم نہیں،
آپ ہاں غم غم وہیں اپنے نہیں。
بیسی سجاوٹی وہاں خوشبہد تفریح،
آپ چاہئے ہم کتاب نہیں اٹھتی۔
ایہم کہ آئے ہےں میں ہاں ہڈی،
کہ ساہنہ اب گئی اپنے نہیں۔
فرپھبنا کاٹا نہیں چلتا ہے،
اگر گالبی اٹھیں دوجے نہیں۔
"First, you shall capture all our enclaves across Satluj. This shall anger the Singhs sufficiently to retaliate. Those alone shall fight who are uninformed or foolish. The Sardars shall not take up arms against you. Over and above, I've sown seeds of dissention among the ranks. Even so, some may behave differently but only by accident. O Shah Mohammed! This way O Lord, I shall settle all my quarrels and so be quits."

"दरिया पार के पहले भूखंद छीनो, ताकि आए गुस्सा घनेघोर तुम पर; वही लड़ेंगे जोकि बेखबर होंगे, कभी लड़ें न आगे सरदार बढ़कर; फौज इस तरह अंदर से फाड़ दी है, निरंत लड़ें तो लड़ें पर बाकी क्योंकर? शाह मुहम्मद! ओ लाट जी सेना तेरी, मुक्त मुझे भी करें आजादी देकर।"
44

کائرہ وانہی مزینہ بڑھ بھری،
ہمیں سڑکوں پریشانہ ہوئے سی۔
ئیہہ سڑک کی چھوٹی اہم ویلگیا،
پھر سیف ہم سنیہ سختی وہ سنیہ نہیں。
ہرے ڈھٹ میں نے لکھے بہانے،
ہمیں ہوا میں ذہن زبرد اکھڑ،
بیٹھے پھرہ اس وہ پہنچنے کے نوں。
میں لکھتے لکھتے دیکھنے کے نوں،
یہہ سرعت لکھنے دیکھنے نہیں۔

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لونگ کچی صاحب کتاب ذیلی،
اپنے نے الال پی آپ کون لوزیا ہے۔
سچھے لات نے چھپھا آن پڑا,
ہم سیویہ سیبویہ نے لوزیا ہے۔
کچھ نہیں کہیا ہیں بجا لوزیا ہوڑ,
اس بات میں فرق نہ پڑے گا کہیے
شیا مغربی اختیارہ نیک ہوں کول,
ہم نہیں لوزیا ہوڑ دیکھے گا کہیے۔

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In London, on receiving this message, the Company Sahib threw an open challenge as to which Lord would fight. The gauntlet was picked by the Tunda Lat, Bragged he: "I shall go to fight the Singhs. I shall conquer Lahore in a matter of three hours. And I swear there shall be no resiling from this solemn word. O Shah Mohammed! Thus I shall enter the city of Lahore, On the thirteenth day of Phagun."
50

कैसी उठब उंझ वच्चैल हुड़ती,
उसँ चैनबां राष ठिष्ठा भींगा।
बेदहल वैंभीं भालवी उड़हटे,
लुगीत खैती, सामिकान भींगा।
अद्वम करहेंग मए घुड़खाट बींगा,
केंद्र पूंजर दिल भैंडखाट भींगा।
साग भूमहार गौरींग बेड़ बेड़ी,
भूलव खाँ रा भृजी भर भींगा।

50

अणि निरम नियोर कपिल बहार,
नियोर बिलकल तल नवाँ बाल।
कौशल बहारिया बागः पौन नाले,
दूर दिन में सातार मेल।
च्छूता लेनोल लह आधारे बिराल,
दोराव पाड़रे, वींम मिरान। मेल,
शह जुड़ा गोरील, चिर सिर चिर,
सूक बर्दा दला आनः मेल।
With drums, tamborines and bugles;
With umbrellas, tents, barracks and flags;
With blankets, carriages, palanquins and guns;
With binoculars and telescopes and warships —
The Tunda Lat moved eastward from London
To set up his great camp in the battlefield.
O Shah Mohammed! 'Twas the White, indeed who started the game
By confiscating the Punjab enclaves across the river.
पृष्ठ

द्वार से ठुम अंदर से चर्चा होनुम, 
उसी साध का उदय बनामी ठुम ना। 
दूर से उप त्या शारद भविष्या ठी, 
भापी बज्री का धुप उदयनी ठुम ना। 
एवं भूलब द्वारसे भल खिला, 
भानी आपको ईसे दे वीव ठुम ना। 
कान भूतभान आपके हे चुन पहिं, 
भानी ईसे जोड़ी ठुम ना।

व्यास

व्रतासान कौन एकदेव नव रचन कैसे 
ब्रजीयान साहज एक दृश्य तेजस दे। 
एक होल का रथ दा दास तारा आय 
भी नवीन टिक देखिएको दे। 
साही में कोलियान में लिहा लिहा 
मैं नवीन कार्य गंगादेव एक। 
शाय मुझे आगे ने जोड़ दिये जोल 
आमल देखना एक नये कोल ना।
The French received secret instructions from the palace
To move forthwith in the direction of Kashmir.
They protested in the name of both God and man
But the Mai was in no mood to listen.
"The trans-Satuj territory has been taken over by the Company;
We shall beat the pulp out of their brains.
O Shah Mohammed! The Feringhee are coming from all directions
And we've to check their advance this very moment."
52
भारी अपघात सब चट नाट केम्बी, खुँदे सवित दे निशा ना मैंहटे नी।
भृजभागली भजन उजां नजिर देखी, केंद्र-चंदे सुखी देखी हँगटे नी।
वज्रभी दरक्षे ब्रजभका उठ भेजरे,
अखे गेत दत्ती रहा खूबटे नी।
पछ भूमक नदुँ सिँदूँ दी उरघ उभरे,
भोले दिलां सजनीनां दे संघटे नी।

54
बल आकिसब पे़ चे जान फोजाल, नोहो शर दे रूत दे सकें मी।
मस्तानियां पेतला रूट अवता, गुहों चेत नी नकें एकें में जी।
कलैं दली तालुँ जोन मुबरे,
जो भों नूर गुरेड नूले बिंदु।
शाह शुमांदा जान दी तल्ले टली,
में तेजाल जानियां दे अंगें बिंदु।
The Mai now ordered the army to move and said:
"The city must be fully defended.
The Musalmaan forces shall protect it.
The cavalry is not to be bottled up.
The Kalagiwalas shall fight in the vanguard;
The rest of the army shall be in reserve;
O Shah Mohammed! Those whose pay is thirteen rupees a month,
Shall take most brunt of the enemy fury."
पाँच पंच हुए मैं वे वचित लगी, भैंसे नाते अस्सने त्रियूट दाए।
सभी नाबत भिजा से तेस मुह, वर्ष तेस दंपति ता सुंड दाए।
भावे अंग जोबीसपुत, गुप्ताभन, शुरू हाक़ली छस दी पूर दाए।
साग भूभाण लड़े दिलाम भैंसे, लड़े, हैं भैं देशांगी सुंड दाए।

सारे पैटे लौं स्याड़ के कम लेने, मेंतें गे देराने तकेक दारी,
जाना देवराल मले जी दिल सिया।
काम देवी देवी देवी देवी दारी, बारे शहर पिएपहुँ ले हाण।
सत्ता चंदले दोस्ती दोस्ती दारी।
शाह जुम्ला लड़ अब नाम में तिले, कों के सेरे मन दवाल गे से दूर दारी।
Then summoning the entire Panth, she addressed them thus:
"All the money-chests of the kingdom are empty. The enemy country up to the Yamuna is denuded of defences, You can loot the British territory howsoever you will. Conquer cities like Ferozepur and Ludhiana, Uprooting the company fortifications as best as you may. O Shah Mohammed! Return victorious in your best ever tradition; And I shall reward you with Karas and Kanthas."

53
सारे पंथ को फिर सम्बोधित किया,
“सारे राज-खजाने हैं पड़े खाली;
जमुना तलक अरक्षित जो देश है जी,
धाय मुलक फ़िरंगी का लूट लो जी;
समूचे शहर फिरोजपुर, लुधियाना,
सब छावनी सहित बीरान हो जी;
शाह मुहम्मद ! फिर मुझ से इनाम पाओ,
कड़े-कठे मैं दूँगी, दिल खोल कर जी।"
54

ਸ਼ੀਪੀਂ ਆਪਣੀਂ ਸਾਂਨੋਂ ਉੱਠ ਦੇਂਦੇ, 
ਸਰਤੂ ਸਧਾਰਣ ਪਹਿਲੀ ਦੀਲੀ ਵਗੇਂ ਮਾਣੀ।
ਉੇਵਾਂ ਸੇਵਾਵੀ ਹਿਸਾ ਕਰ ਕੇ ਬਹਾਣੀ, 
ਉਹਦੇ ਪੁੱਤਰ ਪ੍ਰਦੀਪ ਤੋਂ ਤਕਰ ਆਣੀ।
ਸ਼ੀਪੀਂ ਬੈਸਿਸਾਂ ਭਲੂ ਹੋ ਮਾਰੀ ਵਧੀ, 
ਗੁੱਡਾ ਬੰਨ ਵਾਦੀ ਮੱਝਾ ਗਾਣ ਆਣੀ।
ਗਾਣ ਭੂਭੂਸਾ ਅੱਠ ਅੱਠ ਸਾਦ ਹੈ, 
ਅਸ਼ੀ ਨਹੀ ਦੇ ਵੇਪਾਰੀ ਪੂਰੁ ਆਣੀ।

55

ਸਹੀਮ ਕੈਲਾਰ ਲੋਲ ਕਿ ਮੌਲੇ, 
ਸਾਹਿਲ ਦੀ ਹਿਸਾ ਦੇ ਰਾਤ ਮਾਲੀ।
ਤੀਰ ਕੋਕੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਨਦੀ ਦੇ ਪ੍ਰਭਾਈ ਕਰਸਾਨ,
ਤਹਾਈ ਦੋਇ ਤਾਹੀ ਤਹਾਈ ਰਾਹੀ ਕੌਹਾਲੀ ਕੈਲਾਰ। 
ਸਹੀਮ ਬੋਲਿਆਂ ਤੋਲ ਤੇ ਮੁਕੈ ਕਿਤੀ]
ਬੁਜਾਈ ਕਰਨ ਤਾਹੀ ਮੇਜ਼ਬਾਨ ਹੰਤੀ।
ਸਾਹਿਤ ਹੁਝੋ ਆ ਕਨ ਜਾਨੀ ਨੂੰ,
ਖਾਲ ਪੁਨ ਕਰ ਪੁਰੁਣੀ ਦੇਖੀ ਮਾਲੀ।
Inspired, the Singhs pledged: "We shall fight to the last. You shall have to keep us informed of all what happens. We shall serve you with our lives, we swear, Unmindful of whether it's rain or it's sun."

The Singhs could not understand the devious game, That the Mai was out to play in order to destroy them. O Shah Mohammed! They just didn't know That the hunger-whetted rice bowl was, in fact, empty within.
पप
पिंडी भली है सच्च दिलवाली लड़की,
सिंप बैठे हो तेरे सुखेड मीठे।
सैंसे फर्गिवा है गूँ तो मब गाँठा,
बिसे उठा रहे तेरे बिसे तेथे मीठे।
झिंज साध सटा महा साध पूंडा,
ग्याट भावभाव छोटे दे छोटे मीठे।
माँ भरीभर मासूम सांग माता,
बड़ो मुँहें आफिरी हो खेड़ मीठे।

55
बेटी बाल के चंदल पलबरी बहारी,
यार ब्यूटी नी सुमेर्ज़ पुत्र मिला।
चाह साहब दे भूज़ू ने सब काल,
के बार बहु के जीत मिला।
को जल भील सा जले हो उलझा,
राजा माया केरे दे जीत मिला।
शाह मिर्जा जाना जाना जल मिला।
कि सों गे आजन गे जीत मिला।

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Charmed and baited by the Rani in such a way,
The Singhs felt flattered and charged up as never before.
Everything's in the hands of God alone;
Some He grants victory and some the shame of defeat.
With one Lakh sons and one-and-a-quarter lakh grandsons,
Even the invincible Ravana got killed when betrayed by an insider.
O Shah Mohammed! The whole world knew it fully well
That many a warrior was to fall in the battlefield.

रानी ने जब इस तरह दिलबरी की,
सिंघ हो गये सारे सचेत मीयाँ;
सच्चे साहब के हाथ है आगे सब कुछ,
kिसे हार दे औं किसे जीत मीयाँ;
एक लाख बेटे सवा लाख नाती,
रावण मरा क्यों? घर में था भेद मीयाँ;
शाह मुहम्मद ! यह बात सब जानते थे,
कई सूरमे रहेंगे खेत मीयाँ।
ਸੀਮਾਂ ਸਫਿਕੀ ਵੇਹ ਗੁਜ਼ਾਰਾ ਲੈਂਦਾ, 
ਚਲੇ ਸਫੇਦ ਇਹਿਗੀ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ ਭਾਗੀ ਸੀ।
ਧਿਰ ਰੂਪ ਸੇ ਸਮ੍ਰਤਾ ਤੇਜ਼ ਮਾਧੇ,
ਧਿਰ ਪਦ ਵਿਚ ਭਾਗ ਦੀਉਣਗੀ ਲੀ।
ਤਿਨੀ ਗੀਤ ਸੀਮਾ ਸੇ ਆਮ ਤੁਮ ਦੋ ਦੇਖੇ,
ਅਸਾਈ ਬਤੀ ਰਾ ਇੱਕ ਦੇ ਗਲੀ ਸੀ।
ਸਤ ਭਵਨਾ ਭਾਗ ਵੇ ਸਤਿਹਾਸਾ,
ਹੈਸੀ ਵਿੰਡੀ ਦੇ ਰੀਤ ਦੀਉਣਗੀ ਲੀ।

56
ਗੁਹਾਲ ਸਾਰਿਆਂ ਤੇਹਾ ਕੋਦਰ ਕੌਤਾ,
ਪ੍ਰਵੇਸੀ ਫਲਜ਼ੀ ਕੌਲ ਪਾਰੀ,
ਅੱਕ ਗ਼ਰੀ ਜੋ ਸਾਲਨ ਮੌਗ ਮਾਈ,
ਅੱਕ ਗ਼ਰੀ ਜੀ ਹਾ ਅਤੇ ਨਾਈ।
ਪ੍ਰਵੇਸੀ ਫਲਜ਼ੀ ਤਿੰਨ ਸੀਲ ਮੁਖੀ,
ਅੱਕ ਗ਼ਰੀ ਜੀ ਹਾ ਅਤੇ ਨਾਈ।
ਸਾਲਨ ਹੀ ਕੋਤ ਕੋਲ ਲੋਕ ਪਾਰੀ,
ਸਾਲਨ ਹੀ ਕੋਤ ਕੋਲ ਲੋਕ ਪਾਰੀ।
56
The Singhs got together and the congregation swore in a Gurmatta, "We shall go and kill the Feringhee. If ever they meet us in the battle, In no time we shall do away with them. We didn't spare the venerable Bhai Bir Singh Feringhee are simply foredoomed as we never can be defeated. O Shah Mohammed! After making a mince-meat of them at Ludhiana, We shall surely march into Delhi."
54
ساتھ وہانے اسے بھاندیڑیاں ہیں،
ہندھے وہانے ریڈاراں ہیں۔
بہو وہانے دیاں دیاں ہیں مائع-مائع،
بہو وہانے ریڈاراں ہیں۔
بہو وہانے دیاں دیاں ہیں۔

58
ضیف کرانے سال فرگنیلن دی،
اوثوان لیوان گے دوتنال بوریال نی۔
چھوٹی وزان گے اوثوان دے سیر نخانے،
بخش لیوان گے اوثوان دیاں گلیویال نی۔
کامل دڑج پنیال جیلن علی اکبر。
زد وسے کے کیتیال گلیویال نی۔
شاہ سیف الر ہوئے گے پہیر کشتی
طلبہ دار جو برگی ہوریال نی۔
"We shall forefeit all the belongings the Feringhees have. We shall bring back treasures in measures of maunds. After that, we shall enter the women's quarters, We shall bring here all the Feringhee women in chains. Just as Ali Akbar, the Pathan, had done in Kabul, We are sure to cut them into pieces, wholesale. O Shah Mohammed! We shall get gold necklaces in reward As also the brocaded fine silk apparel."

"जबल करें सब माल फिरंगियों का, लाएं दौलतें भर-भर बोरियाँ जी; जाय चुसें जो जनानखाने में हम, बांध लाएं हम उनकी गोरियाँ जी; काबुल में पटान ज्यों अली अकबर, वैसे करेंगे गोरों की पोरियाँ जी; शाह मुहम्मद ! हम लेंगे इनाम कँठे, साथ पट्ट और रेशम की डोरियां जी।"
पच

कई हवाओं के द्वारा झड़ा झड़ा गुलाम गुलाम,
चढ़े मृतभो मिस्त्र स्वेर भीभी।
चढ़े पूरे मकरणे के हैं घोड़े घंटे,
सैमे भिक्षुं हृदराजे लेत भीभी।
चढ़े मजे धेरै, लूमाघी भी,
सिता बिल्कुल हृदराजे लेत भीभी।
प्राय भोगरा चढ़े नाम-पारे,
देवमा गुलाम रा लंदने लेत भीभी।

58

जमीले नेत्र तृण द्राक्षे नूण बौने,
चुप चुपे फूले रूपे सेवे दूर मिले,
चुप चुपे नूण सरदारे दूर हृदराजे भी,
जमीले तमकून तलई नूण मिले,
चुप चुपे सब महिले दूर आथे भी,
जमीले तलई नूण सरदारे भी,
शाह शाहादा चुपे नूण हृदराजे भी,
जमीले नूण नूण दूर अरे भी।
Flags fluttered as the bugles played the marching tunes,  
And the great warriors moved out with a rare elan.  
Sons of Sardars, bubbling with youth and enthusiasm,  
Emerged as the lion-cubs shoot forth from their dens.  
All the Majhails as also all the Doabias marched forward, step-in-step,  
Conquerors as they were of many an impregnable fort.  
O Shah Mohammed! Moved out also the fearsome batteries  
and heavy guns.  
When the orders were issued, none stayed behind.
54
सभ सिंह सनातन रे बुध वींड़ा,
श्रीमुखलीने घटक घटांढ़े ही।
आई उन पुत्र ने सब राखे,
सिशु देओ रे पति घरांढ़े ही।
आई मह भैल धक्कापुरी ही,
संघ गड़ोली वालीमें पांढ़े ही।
प्रात सुरक्षा चढ़ी अवगंध उनमें,
पैंडे मात्र दे सिवल घरांढ़े ही।

55
शाम गुद सरदार ने लौटी किया,
जैसे दली ले हटा भावः मे ही।
अंद संध साढ़े सब राखे,
जिने भी बाैठे दे स्थिर की बांधने मे ही।
अंद सब भंग दूर भंग ही,
अंद हाल वाला काशियाल पांढ़े मे।
शाम बुध तेहथ चढ़ी एकल रंगीत,
कतने मारे दे जैल कृपावने मे।
Sham Singh, the hoary general, moved out from his headquarters; 
As also the Jallawalias, the heroes of many a legend. 
All the Rajput kings too descended from their mountain haunts — 
Those who had unblemished reputation as swordsmen. 
The Majhails and the Doabias came marching, closing their ranks, 
As the Sandhawalias came, on their haughty mounts. 
O Shah Mohammed! Also moved out the fearsome Akal Regiment 
With flashing naked swords taken out from scabbards.
भक्ति अंगी ने अपने मां कुछ बोला,
उसने अछिल वी घर फिराकी हैं ली।
बेहद चित्रित हुआ गुरुज्ञ भविष्य देखा,
उसने तारा दिखाय लागे दासीं हैं ती।
हिसाब करके पहुंची हों वहाँ वे मां ते सो,
पूरा देश वे उपर घरलकी हैं ती।
सर पुरुषों की मैं आंसू अनखल अंगीं,
विनी लंभा से ठेट घरलकी हैं तो।
Mahmud Ali marched out from his Majha country,
Taking awesome artillery pieces out of the city.
The brigade of Sultan Mahmud also came out,
With invincible Imam Shahi guns in tow.
Elahi Baksh brought out his guns after polishing them,
And showing them worshipful burning incense sticks.
O Shah Mohammed! In such a way did the guns shine,
As if these were the flashes of lightning, out to dispel darkness.

मजहर अली ने माझे से कूच किया,
तोपें राहर से बाहर निकाली मियां;
बेड़ा चला सुलतान महमूद वाला,
तोपें साथ इमामशाह वाली मियां;
इलाही बक्श ने तोपों को तेल देकर,
धूप दीप दे गाढ़ी चढ़ाली मियां;
शाह मुहम्मद ! यूं ऐसी वे चमकती थीं,
घने बादलों बीच ज्यों बिजली मियां।
49

ਸੂਂ ਕੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਫੌਜ਼ਿਲ ਦੇ ਚੌਣ ਖੇਤੀ, ਈਸਾਂ ਪੈਦਾਣਕਾਂ ਵਿਚ ਗੁਲਬੀਆਂ।
ਅੱਠ ਕਹਾਂ ਵੱਡਾ ਮਹਾ ਸੰਨਮਾ, ਦਿਲ ਦੁਆਰ ਤੇ ਅੱਠ ਲੱਖ ਟੂਂਕਾਂ।
ਅੱਠ ਉਪ ਜਨ ਦੇ ਪਤੀ ਬੀ ਦੀਲ ਤੀਜੇ, ਈਸਾਂ ਪਾਣੀ ਪਲੇਂਦਾਂ ਲੱਖ ਤੂਂ ਟੁਕੀਆਂ।
ਸਾਨ ਭੂਮਿਕਾ ਦੇਸੇ ਨਿਸਿਧਾਂ ਟੁਕਾਂ, ਈਸਾਂ ਜਨ ਭੂਮਿਕਾਂ ਵਾਦੇ ਸੁਸਿਧੀਆਂ।

61

ਸਨ ਕੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਫੌਜ਼ਿਲ ਦੇ ਚੌਣ ਖੇਤੀ, ਫੌਜ਼ਲ ਬੀ ਹੱਬਾਲ ਜੁੜਨ ਖਾਰੀਲ -
ਜਿਸ ਵਾਰ ਕੌਰ ਤੇ ਕੇ ਦੁਧਾਂ,
ਜੇ ਕੱਲ ਦੇ ਉੱਤਰੇ ਤੇ ਆਕ ਗੁਲ ਖਾਰੀਲ -
ਜੇ ਕੱਲ ਪੁਲ ਤੇ ਰਹਿ ਜਿਹ ਜੀਨ ਖਾਰੀਲ,
ਕੋਲ ਬੀਤਣ ਕੁਟੀਂ।
ਸਨ ਤੋੜ ਹੱਬਾਲ ਕੁੰਦੋਲ ਮੁੱਝੀਆਂ।
On hearing the news of the Feringhee coming, not one stayed behind.
From every direction came marching one unit or the other.
Not even one stayed behind for the auspicious moment had come.
They were just leading or following one another.
Before them stood the Feringhee so adept in the use of guns;
And they were no bangle-jingling maidens.
O Shah Mohammed! Even if one were to counsel otherwise,
Could one stop such an awesome array of armies from colliding?
לא ניתן לקרוא את התוכן המוצג בתמונה.
All the fine youngmen from the city of Lahore,
Marched out beating drums and making war-cries.
The two rivers could not slow their progress.
And in no time they ferried across to Ferozepur.
Where the Feringhee line stood pitted against them.
Now certain it was that not a few heads would roll on either side.
O Shah Mohammed! None was so coward as to run away from action.
When warriors face warriors, tell me who can retract?

दमामे मार लाहौर से निकले थे युं,
सारे गंभीर भरे आहंकार मीया;
नदी नाले न रोक अब उन्हें पाए,
हुए सतलुज के पत्तन के पार मीया;
गोरे जहाँ थे उनके सामने ही,
सूरे उमड़ आए बेशुमार मीया;
शाह मुहम्मद! ऐसे में कौन भागे,
निकले म्यान से जब तलवार मीया।
63
लंगी वधव मारे विहंगमुग्ध अंदर,
दिली, भावावे, उंगी, गमाव भीभी।
शीवलेख, उदरन्न, अनभेट, मैपुहुँ.
भीमान बांधकां समां देन पान भीभी।
चैंली मल विस्तार ही धर्मसागरी,
रणी रसां रिय अंड मुभाव भीभी।
साग भुजिंभस विमेन ता अंदवटा दी,
फिरे विज्ञानो दिली हूं भाव भीभी।

23
बेह दहक मारे बंदूस्तान अंदर,
बौल, आगरे, बांके, हरम माला।
बीकार, अजीर, हक्कुत्रत, हे हार,
हप्पियल बजालां जोन तन पार माल।
जेल से निकाह रोती दर दरें।
बनी दलान दांत हमार माल।
शुरू हुई तू न एका एका,
स्त्री राम के डूल कूल मार माल।
All over Hindustan were heard great explosions of the battles to come,
Which rocked Delhi and Agra; Hansi and Hissar; Bikaner and Lucknow; and Ajmer and Jaipur.
People across the Yamuna started running in panic.
The entire Punjab appeared to be on the offensive—
As no count was possible of those joining the action.
O Shah Mohammed! None could be stopped in that blinding storm.
The Singhs now appeared determined to conquer Delhi.

63
सारे हिन्द में मचा इक जलजला सा,
दिल्ली, आगरा, हांसी, हिसार मीया; बीकानेर, लखनऊ, अजमेर, जयपुर,
मची भगदड़ थी जमुना के पार मीया; पंजाब उमड़ कर आया जो रण अंदर,
न कोई सेना का अंत-शुमार मीया; राह मुहम्मद! सब यही कह रहे थे,
सिंघ लौटेंगे दिल्ली को मार मीया।
अख़्ची लिखि इध्वालीबां भर्मसे ठूँ, उसी वास ठूँ संगा असहान्त है। भर्मसना के रुप मी हेम माड़ा, उसी मृतजीबां बलं पनाह है। वही सँघ खड़ीबां है साफ़ साखें, दिमां गई ने उसी भूमान्त है। साज अभीखत भामं का भूम चलता, उसी टेंसूरा लेख लिप्त हंस्त है।
The Feringhee wrote to the Khalsa:

"Why are you bent upon fighting like this?
We had a pact with your late Maharaja.
Then, why are you now stoking the dying embers?
You can take any amount of wealth from us;
If ever you wanted more, you would get it.
O Shah Mohammed! We are determined to defend our interests.
Why, for nothing, should you expend so much energy and resources?"
Wrote back the Singhs to the Feringhee:
"We are sworn to kill you in the open battle.
We look with disdain at the money you offer us —
Even if it be a whole mountain piled up before us.
The Panth that conquered Jammu not long ago
Has now turned up to take you on.
O Shah Mohammed! You put your guns in front
And send your chosen soldiers to measure swords with us."

65

जवाब सिंहों ने दिया फिरिंगीयों को,
“तुझे मारेगे हम ललकार मीयां;
तेरी दौलत की इच्छा न मूल हम को,
लगाओ सामने चाहे अम्बार मीयां;
वह पथ है आन चढ़ा तेरे ऊपर,
जो आया है जम्मू को मार मीयां;
शाह मुहम्मद! अब तोपें करो आगे,
योद्धे बीच मैदान उतार मीयां।”
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Panches of all the platoons wrote to the ranks:

"Our arms shall move on the offensive today.
We had killed the venerable Bir Singh by using guns.
You can see we do not spare even men of God.
Didn't we conquer all the forts around?
Didn't we level the citadels of Bhatinda and Kulu?
O Shah Mohammed! That alone shall happen
Which the Panth, in its wisdom, wills and decrees."
दृष्टबीत अंतर्गत है उंग है वे,
बीजा देन र भी सब सुभाष भीमां।
नित्य यही मी सभी सस्तन-पापें,
बीजे मानिस अभी उत्साह भीमां।
पाए इंदिरा भूतियां संगीतां हैं,
दें दें विदेश कौड़ा सभाह भीमां।
साए भविष्य के महाय तोसे,
उचे संजा हूँ उजव विशाल भीमां।

48
दोर तेहीक अगग से भूम के 
किता फोर डा सब शाह मील।
जेबल भागत के मी जो भूमि जाते,
किता साव क्षेत्र वा वाल मील।
दारो र जो जोराल जीबल गोल,
दो दू होटल की फार मील।
शहार मुझे ली श्राब गोरे,
बौख जेख नवत तार मील।
With the help of telescopes, the Feringhee scanned far and wide,
Counting all the armies arrayed against them.
They located the position of batteries and guns;
They pinpointed with accuracy the contours of each fortification.
And having done that, they distributed wine among soldiers—
Each one two bottles of the devil's own brew.
O Shah Mohammed! After consuming alcohol,
The devil in Tommies instantly got ready for the offensive.
दूर
हिंद फिर ता राम में भूइवी माँ,
कइ कौन सी पाटी दी बॉड भीमा।
बॉड-बॉड अब जी हुई है मां,
कइ दिन तो दी सांध बॉड भीमा।
उम्म सैसीं अब इनके नाम दे,
बिसे उदते नाम दे बॉड भीमा।
सार भूमिया फिर कूं बॉड बॉड,
उम्म सब आते दिने हैं बॉड भीमा।

28
एक पहल डा तम बो मूडी की,
वा तेज बॉडी की पाटी दी कहब बॉड।
बॉड-बॉड की बड़ी कहब बॉड।
जोन्ने दिया जिन्ने के बॉड मिल।
तूल चाचे तूल चाचे कुल जनवी दे
कूले तूले मास दे कह बॉड।
शाह तमुडा बॉडी दे कुल अग्रे दे,
तूल सब आते वाते बॉड मिल।

(188)
There is a village by the name of Mudki
Where a moat filled with water separated the armies.
The freshly-recruited Akali horsemen
Had just planted their flags in the battlefield,
When the Feringhee guns started booming
And the bones and flesh of the warriors began to fall apart.
O Shah Mohammed! The Singhs had to beat a retreat,
Leaving behind their guns for the enemy to capture.

एक गांव था मुदकी के नाम वाला,
थी पानी की नहर इक तंग मीयां;
घुड़-सवार अकाली रंगरूट जो थे,
झांडे गाड़ के हुए मोर्चबंद मीयां;
तोपें चला फिररंगी ने बोल हल्ला,
उन्हें खून में डाला था रंग मीयां;
शाह मुहम्मद! थे पीछे वे सब भागे,
छिनवा तोपें, बारूद के संग मीयां।
دیوے آن کے نئے علاج کریں،
انتوہار اسی کھائے چھڑاں گے ہوئے،
تینا گھر دی وہی اُنکی ملکیوں،
اک دے آے بہت نہ ہے وہان گے ہوئے،
صرف چان دا جُنال لے تدل کریں,
جدول ویج میدان دے ہوئے وہان گے ہوئے,
شاہ صحیہ اندرول اکہ ہوے کے،
دیوے جِلی فرگی دے ہوئے وہان گے ہوئے.
Regrouping in the camps, resolve they did:
"On Sunday we shall flash our swords and go on the offensive.
We have been waiting only for Teja Singh,
We shall not fight until he arrives.
But when he finally does
We shall not spare our lives.
O Shah Mohammed! Then launching a frontal offensive
We shall emerge victorious, destroying the enemy, root and branch."
20
उसे सिंध जी लगवती भाग छिपा,
कुस्तिया से उड़वे आंदोले थी।
बले गुबं तो उसा दृढ़पीठे थी,
पटे सिंध वज़ीरीं बंदरे थी।
बुझन स्वतंत्र अपनी धारन धृष्ठिक थूँ,
बेटा देशीया लेने चलने थे।
पान सजीवता हम थीं गुबं हैं वे,
उसा बालु जी तीस बलाने थे।

21
तिसर भाग जी लेखलीं आने वराह,
पुले राजे तो दृढ़पीठे ले।
करो हथियार तो वहारी आश्चर्य है,
जिसे गुलाम खाँ लाॅड़े ने।
कु छ बनान नज़र आछलन बाज़ार खाली होले।
जिन आंधी चिन्ते खाली ले।
शाह सुधा उसे जसने नहीं ले के।
बले करन देवत दोल बालोने ले।
When Teja Singh did make his entry on the scene
Along with all the ranking officers of his staff, they said:
"Give us orders to take out our swords."
The suppressed anger of the soldiers was apparent in these words.
Hungry falcons had sighted the helpless doves.
"Now you shall see how we prey upon them."
O Shah Mohammed! After obtaining orders from Teja Singh,
They worked out plans to go on the offensive.

७०
तेजा सिंह जो आ गया छावनी में,
सभी अफसर थे साथ बारी बारी आए;
“दो आज्ञा जो तेज़ उठाएं हम फिर”,
दांत भींच कर सिंघ यू कसमसाए;
भूखे बाज़ हम बुलबुलें सामने हैं,
यूं बाण कटाक्ष के थे चलाए;
शाह मुहम्मद ! फिर तेज़ से पा आज्ञा,
योजना हमले की पूरी बना पाए।
29

بہت سالوں نے پڑھا سندھ،
وہ ان کئیوں کی لگانہ عوامیاں تھا۔
سینہ میں اب اس پہنچا ہوگا،
جیسے لگی سنگیں تھیں ہوئینہ خمینیاں تھئے۔
سینہ ہلے سات تے انڈے ہوں ہوئے تھے لگ،
دیس تھئے کئی لوہ کئی لوہکا ایہاں تھئے۔
سینہ بھیوہاں وہاں وہائے پہنچا تھئے،
سینہ سانہ سعيداں مال لوہکا ایہاں تھئے۔

20

کھیرو شیر دے ذکر جان کھیت زر زرے،
توان دانا اِنِو تاڑ دا توزی را۔
سُچھ شورے اَن میدان لئے،
اج لَاء نے اِب اِب سریال دی-
کَئی لَتَائے کُن کلّا اَمان غَصَب،
کَپر یخُنِی کہ جَیدوُریال دی-
شَاہ مُحَمَّد رَنہ پُہنچے لندن،
کَخ جَان لسَدے تَسَل زوریال دی۔
The entire battlefield around Pheru Shahr
Got filled with big guns like ordinary muskets.
The Singhs fought with such reckless valour,
That the Feringhees were soon reeling under.
The Tunda Lat then with great anger in his heart,
Ordered his soldiers to beat retreat.
O Shah Mohammed! London was filled with widows that day
As the Singhs started scything through the Feringhee line.

७१
फेरू नगर की भूमि सब लाल हो गई,
तोपें चलीं कि जैसे वे हों तोड़े;
सिंघ सूरसे बीच मैदान उतरे,
लड़े ऐसे कि दुर्गमन के पांव उखड़े;
टुंडी लाट को आया तब भारी गुस्सा,
“पीछे हटो”, ऐसे दे हुक्म छोड़े;
शाह मुहम्मद! लंदन तब हुई विधवा,
जब जोर से सिंघों के पड़े कोड़े।
पुलम लगत बीड़ा सम्बन्ध अपने ही, 
उसमं खप अवकाश सी ठंडी नी। 
सिंहां भाग वे बरत मृत्यु दिँदे, 
पिछलरामी उद भूपानी ठंडी। 
कंठत टपुरां दीया लोहधर आदी, 
बुकमी चन तन्त्र वै सूक्ती ठंडी। 
सां शीघ्रत मन तुल वर्ति सौना, 
पैठू सिंधु सियात ठी सूक्ती ठंडी।
Regrouping the troops, the Tunda Lat appealed:
"The honour of England is in your hands.
The Singh's have destroyed everything before them.
They've not even spared Hindustani units, whether from South or East,
The British Isles are full of sorrow today.
Full four thousand soldiers have perished in action."
O Shah Mohammed! The Lat roared:
"It's our turn now to taste the blood of the Singh's."
23

वेलिका काव्य अविकल्प द्वा उठात सलामी,
उपों मातीमात तीते दे बाहे पाले।
हुब मृतमात मातीमात भेजाभेजालां,
सिन्न नृठ वे देवताह वडे चाले।
हेलरैंगीधि उंगां छूढ देते,
बैडी चीत रही रही भुल पाले।
हेलव सिंह भेजठ बड़ंगीधिः ठे,
साग भुजेन्द्र तड़े तड़ी भुल चाले।

83

हैज मेम आद्र दर देत है जली,
तौल साराण चार दे आ के सेहूँ,
भूक हूक साराण साराण मौलिकलों,
हूक आवृत के बृता जूते सेहूँ।
हूकल साराण चूहूँ चूहूँ जूते सेहूँ,
कौन चूहे लै नैन मौल सेहूँ।
इज के ला महान सूरक्शा ले,
शा मुद्रा रूल नैन मौल सेहूँ।
Exhorted thus, the Feringhee now went on the offensive. They brought their guns astride the river. They burnt all the magazines and munitions they had, The Singhs now started to run pell mell. They also left behind their tents and chowdaries. Not one thing now remained to be defended. O Shah Mohammed! The Feringhee stood resolute and firm. They did not resile from the battle they had won.

हुक्क्क हुआ जो लाट का गोरे झटपट,
तोपें ले आए पास नदी-धारे;
बारूद सारे का सारा झट फूंक डाला,
सिंघ भागे ज्यों सिर पर पांव रखके;
सुध रही न तम्बू-छोलदारियों की,
कोई चीज न बची थी पास उनके;
मार लिया मैदान फिरंगियों ने,
शाह मुहम्मद ! वे रण से न तनिक खिसके।
24

दुपट अपने छोटे-बड़े घर रखते, 
वहाँ नाप करगी विडंडी बैठा रहा।
बैठे उपासने दर्शे देवताओं ते, 
भगत उन्हीं वर्षूँ री हृदय रहा।
विद्रोह सति दे उभारे दे भया रंगी, 
हृदय नैंध हैंठी केवल वहै रहा।
प्राण भ्रुवभ्रम देख मेहतूँ ना ले, 
वहुड़ी नैंठाओ री पहीं हृदय रहा।

83

एक हर आप फ़रगी तोल भाँजू गई, 
दौडः हना गोरे उनी के भूल रहा।
जोते तैयारे सारे गोरीं दे, 
गोरी बौख़ते जिते गोरीं के जीवन दे।
कसी बाजे के लाले के नहीं दे, 
लॉडन बौख़ते तेरी रूढ़िये मैं।
शाह रुखद दबी मेदान जा के, 
उढ़ी गोरीं दी पैरी जिंदगी मैं।
But the Feringhee too saw the sorry spectacle
Of their soldiers retreating and showing their backs.
After the great guns had fallen silent,
The battle of the small arm raged furiously.
Someone came and informed the Feringhee:
"Your London is now no more than a widow.
O Shah Mohammed! Just go and see in the battlefield,
How the Tommies have lost their lives as also their honour."
24

परमेश्वर सिंह तो जान द्वंद्वीश्रं रा,
सिंहार नागर मी ईम चाजी तीकछाली।
ईंग जों जेस दे झट पट त्सा मानित भिखार,
जोल मानित देमो मारी ढूंढ तच्छी।
ईंगं जे मानित उठत है भूमण नौ,
बेरंग उंच ची भाग वे भिवल-ड़क्की।
मानुष भूमण माफ़ है सिंहे नाप्पे,
ढूंढ जाने ते सिंह प्रैणह भाग्छी।

65

जहाँ तक सुमन जा यार त्रिक्षिन रा,
संख्यात माल तै आस दी अनोय साईं।
आह जान संक्षेप के लाइ नॉल नापे गदी।
कैल बाके दी पी बीहत वाली,
आवृत्तियां बुझ रिक ने खालिस जी,
हावर जान दी मार के मुग चभाई।
शाह तमासा जाने से ही जाने,
बचछे गों ने गों मीदान खाली।
Pahara Singh was the friend of the Feringhee.
For, he bore enmity to the Singhks.
He left the field to tell the Lat
What, in fact, was a great secret:
"The Khalsa too have beaten a retreat,
Taking in their two hands only the deer skin.
O Shah Mohammed! The Singhks have left bag and baggage—
Leaving the empty field for you to conquer."
84
मू के गले \textit{वर्गीकरण} दौर किया। लाल दौर गले हड़पन आने हुए। अब राल जो चारदीन करकियाल ने, गुरो पाठवान दे जाने बान हुई। चौद कियू ने जिन्हों परिवार ने, उधर किया दे आन परान में। शाह जमे आक सो भारो तहाल, तो शाना नाने परान आन के।
This gave the Feringhee as if a new heart.
The fire balls started to rain afresh.
Huge smoke clouds billowed as structures clattered and creaked.
'Twas like the Kauravas and Pandavas releasing their arrows.
When the Feringhee thus showed their fangs
Not a few lost their nerve as also their lives.
O Shah Mohammed! The Feringhee won the day,
Capturing one hundred and twenty-three guns in the battle.

पूरे जोर से गोरों ने बोल हल्ला,
गोले तोपों से चूं जोरदार छोड़े;
रब-नभ में भर गया धुआं ऐसा,
कौरब पांडवों ने जैसे बाण छोड़े;
हाथ देखे जब यह फिरियां खे,
तब कद्यों ने आन और प्राण छोड़े;
शाह मुहम्मद ! एक सो तेंदस तोपें,
तोरो खाने अंग्रेजों ने लूट छोड़े।
लल्ले दिन उठाने के बजाए गौरव, जिम्मे खेल-खेल करने तहते नै। अभी तार तू ही दृढ़ वे धिमख उठी रहो, विचार धरे गोड़े मरहूं किये नै। इतनी बरतने के वेटांम मूर्ख धांं, नर्मी किरुं वे तां पौध-पौध नै। पत्ता सुवर्णा धूपलं उे विलक्ष डाले, नर्मी टैँड़ वे सानचं दंडवे नै।
When the fear had gripped them, in hushed tones
Did the young and inexperienced cavalryman talk:
"Now that Feringhees have beaten us hollow
Why not make good our escape at midnight?
Had we taken to farming, we would've had enough to eat.
After all, whose sons are we but farmers'?
O Shah Mohammed! We've land and irrigation wells.
Now with gusto we shall plough the fields again."

यों हारे तो आपस में लगे कहने,
"घोड़चढ़े थे बस नये छोखरे जी; आधी रात को हम कहीं भाग निकलें,
आन पड़े न गोरे हम पर ऊपर से जी; खेती करते आँ मजे से खाते थे हम,
किन लोगों के हम पुत्र-पौत्र हैं जी; शाह मुहम्मद! खेत हैं, कूए भी हैं,
तन-मन से करेंगे हम खेती।"
निग्ने सील्डे वडे में बहे मिलीं
उडे बूढ़े दे राग आपीठ भीमां।
बुढ़े मिले बे भे पाटक बहे गोरे,
भाई सार्टे मां बेसी बीज भीमां।
भी विनटे दे बाज़े उष्ण पारिभा,
भागों वुहाद दिने नयी भीमां।
मान भुआरं दन ता बेसी लड़े,
मिर्दे चॉलों ढूंढ वजीव भीमां।

88

जिये जिये रेहे सो सो सुज बूजें,
बूजें बूजें दे ताल बीज़े मिले।
बेरे जि नो सो के माउल ने सुई ने,
अनि जाने साल कौनी किये मिले।
आमल शह दे दया पावे पाया,
आमल नुमा जिनाले मकीने मिले।
शह जिन्हा राघ न बूजे लैं,
रुखी बूजे कूरत बूजे मिले।
Those who survived were simply overwhelmed
With pangs of hunger and bodily exhaustion.
"The Tommies are pursuing us like Jinns —
The same ones we thought were spineless jelly-fish.
We had put our hand in the honeycomb to milk the honey
Instead, the honey bees stung us, incensed."
O Shah Mohammed! There was no escape route left
Which the renegades could take to repair to safety.
गुरु देखूं फर्गीं दे मारे ने कुल,
जिने तोपान दे सब कुशले आए।
जिने आसान नौ चुका लाइये ने,
गोल आप आप गोल आए।
जो शहर शहर जो शहर शहर,
सब चुकी चुकी चुकी घड़ी चुकी।
शुष्क जानुए कहें ने लोक ज्ञात ने,
जो खैर खैर खैर खैर पाए आए।
"We had set out from our homes to kill the Feringhee.  
But in the bargain lost our own cannon.  
We disturbed the hornet's nest to get into trouble.  
Not only did we lose the battle but also the honour.  
We've lost the city we lived in happily;  
We ourselves handed over its keys to the enemy.  
O Shah Mohammed! Everywhere the people tease and taunt us:  
'Singhji, What a great victory you have won!' "

79

“निकले घर से फिरंगी को मारने जो,  
तोपे आपनी भी आप छिनवा आए;  
छेड़ खुद जो आफ़तें मोल ली हैं,  
सब अपना आप गँवा आए;  
बसता खुशी से जो था शहर अपना,  
खुद गोरों को ताली पकड़ा आए;  
शाह मुहम्मद ! सब ताने हमें मारते हैं,  
‘अच्छी पूरियां आप तलवा आए।’ ”

(211)
80

گھر جانے کے کے آرام کیتا،
کے رات کے دوے رات بیان۔
چھوٹی بچوں ماردان نے سنا کھیل،
جو کوئی سڑھے سائی دی ذات بیان۔
کہتے تھے کہ جانے کے خالص کی،
دیو کھولے کے اصل دی پات بیان۔
بھی اندھریہ کہاں اگر ہو تو،
کہ جانے کوڑ قات بیان۔

(212)
They reached their homes to take refuge
Some for a night and some for two.
But soon the Sardars summoned them back:
"Wherever there be a soldier, he should report back.
Where'll you hide yourselves, O Khalsaji?
Tell us: if there's an inch of space left for you?
O Shah Mohammed! Firmly unite again for the battle.
The tents in your camps are only waiting for you."

80

घर जाय, आराम का सांस आया,
एक रात या फिर दो रात मीयाँ;
पीछे आए संदेशो थे अफ़सरों के,
केवल लड़ना है सिंधन की जात मीयाँ;
"कहाँ छिपोगे जा अब खालसा जी,
जरा हमें बताओ यह बात मीयाँ;
शाह मुहम्मद ! फिर से मिलो आकर,
बात जोहते तम्बू-कनाल मीयाँ।"
८१
बंधे भाग दे समुं जाने रहे कीते,
टिक डं तेलमती थानी रा भिलहर साते।
केसी भी भले वे पत्तु हिनस्त्र मेहाना,
केसीना देना देना वहं तर कि चवल टाटे।
झूठी बैठे वे भेठी भांडी घड़ियाँ,
केसी भी देने वे देन पूर्ण घड़ियाँ।
सान हृदयमृत बह भली बोली,
वठू देखी मी दृष्य ढं लुप्तकरो।

८२
क्यूं हे याने तुम हाँ जान होये दीये,
आप हल नवर कृ ग्रीन न रान जाने।
दौरे आने के भेड़ दौरान जुवना,
बुक जिने हीरीन बैठ न बैठन।
जयम्य ते मे के मार जिने आने जाने,
बहर आने के चीन प्रवाश कहाने।
शाह में शायद सब हाल लागो,
जानू जो बूली है नौ का कल ते हालोः।
When the armies gathered again on the Punjab side of the river
They were told that they were in action and not on leave.
There was a lot of breast-beating in the camp.
There was no fresh recruitment, nor was there a buyer for the grain.
After hours of idling, come back they would to their posts
To be able to partake of the food available at the camp.
O Shah Mohammed! Each little act of their bravery became known
to all.
For, the oft-repeated refrain was: 'Tell us Singhji what happened
at Ludhiana'?

81

दरिया पार जमा हुए फिर डेरे,
यह नौकरी है कोई छुट्टी नाही;
बैठ डेरों में सभी यह सोचते थे,
भरती बंद है चलती भी हट्टी नाही;
घूम फिर कर मोर्च में लौट आते,
मिलती कहीं भी और तो रोटी नाही;
शाह मुहम्मद! सभी मालूम हमके,
"कैसी हुई लुधियाने कुछ छिपी नाही।"
52
नवरथ गर्भनेय मिन्न गैंन है वे,
उत्तर लगे नले है दांत भरा है। 
लें कर बहींसे मौं बैठ उठे,
वेसी हर सरे डालनी है बृंकला है।
हैंवक नगल शेषी आंसू नींवी आंसू हो,
फूस का स्वें आ दिये है झुँझला है।
चार भूमस्तु हटकटी झुँझ झिंझो, 
हिंचें नींत्रि डालनी है झुँझला है।

83
सरदार रामदेव गुप्त फूल के के,
दृश्य लोगु वाले वाले दिखा आय।
अंशु के सब केले के विहा हुए,
कोई लट फूले न घरुता आय।
सेटन जाने कौबेर बारदाबार न लें,
अंधा बने न धीरे न धीरा आय।
शादी हुई तेंत हुई तेंत पाली,
पीघुल जाने फूले है लाल।
Sardar Ranjodh Singh, along with his soldiers, 
Now moved swiftly from Ladwa 
Where several of his kinsmen were being held captive, 
Having been sent thither by the Feringhee. 
He snatched away whatever he could lay his hands on 
As there was none to contain his fury. 
O Shah Mohammed! He burnt down the Feringhee encampment, 
Whose nerve for a time did utterly collapse.
83

ਧੁੱਤ ਪੁਰਜਵੇਂ ਹੈ ਭੇਸਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਅਰਟਿਸਟ,
ਸਿੰਘ ਅਧਾਰੇ ਉਪ ਲਗਾਣਾ ਹੈਅੇ।
ਕਾਂਦੁੰਹ ਘਾੜੂ ਦੋਹੀ ਚੀ ਹੈਅੇਅਤੀ,
ਕੁੱਟੀ ਬਰੱਗੀਆਂ ਘਾੜ ਮੁਹੱਥਾ ਹੈਅੇ।
ਉਹਨਾ ਢੁੱਢ ਗੋਣੀ ਬਲਲ ਲਗਾਣੇ,
ਹੇਠ ਅਪਣੇ ਸਿੰਘ ਢੁੱਢ ਹੈਅੇ।
ਸਾਹਿ ਭੂਤੀਆਂ ਸਿੰਘ ਰੇ ਸਹਾ ਵਹੜਨੇ,
ਕਾਦੇ ਸੁਕੀਂਹਰ ਉਠੇ ਵਹੜ ਹੈਅੇ।

83

ਜੋ ਪੁੱਤਲਾਂ ਲੇ ਮਾਹ ਗੋਲ ਅਲਾ,
ਸ਼ੁਕਰ ਅੰਤਿ ਮੁਹੰਡਰ ਲਈ ਦੀੱਖਣ ਲੈਵ ਨੇ
ਭੀ ਭੀਤਰ ਫਰਮੀ ਮੋਹ ਮਾਰੀ।
ਲੀਅਲ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਸਵੇਰ ਸੌਦੀ ਡੀਟੀ
ਤੋਨ ਅਕਤਾ ਪਾਸੀ ਬਾਲ ਆਕੂਟ ਗਏ,
ਦੀੰ ਆਇਆ ਰੋਕੇ ਲਹੀਦੇ。
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਸ਼ਖ੍ਰ'ਵਾ ਸੌਕੇ ਜਿਆ ਨੌਖਰ,
ਜਹਾਂ ਸੌਕੇ ਤਾਲ ਮਾਰ ਲਹੀਦੇ।
Mewa Singh came down with four platoons in tow.  
The Singhs once again took up the arms;  
They killed many a Feringhee soldier;  
They looted numberless posts and camps of  
Guns, camels, provision-laden elephants and horses —  
The Singhs captured and unloaded them in their camp.  
O Shah Mohammed! Had the Singhs really pressed forward,  
They might have on that day taken Ludhiana.

83

मेवा सिंह आया चार पलटनें ले,  
sिंघन फिर से उठाए हथियार मीया;  
मार आए फिरंगी की भारी सेना,  
जो कुछ लूटा वह था बेऊमर मीया;  
तोपें, ऊँट, हाथी, माल लाखों, घोड़े,  
लिए छावनी अपनी उतार मीया;  
शाह मुहम्मद! सिंघ यदि आगे बढ़ते,  
लेते लुधियाना भी शायद मार मीया।
५४
भूमि में सील नकल पर सिसी आकस्मि,
ट्रेन उड़ान लूट छोड़ छोड़ प्रत्येक दे नी।
टेली के से डरकर प्रत्येक वागवाग़ते,
पलटियों से ठीली हर भैंस दे दी।
उस से भूल नहीं थी, नहीं वाद नहीं भी, भ्रष्टा दौड़ार्ना भी दिखा सहारा दे नी।
पता भरोसा देही दु:ख संघर्ष,
पता देलीहे दिखा यमान्त्र दे नी।

६३
नृत्य दिन सदर ने कसी उफनी,
शेष तल ने चौपा शान दे दी।
विद्या के हृदय मिर्च के सब देने,
जीते होने जीते मिले दी।
हर एक आन्तर्वर्ती ने भी,
सन्त-निर्दय जी सोने भी,
कहाँ मुम्बा तरी कुल जान हात,
स्मा रक्षा जी रहिया हो दी
Mohkam Din Sardar too wrote to say:
"You've looted some useful things in good measure. Send them all straight to us—
So, these can be put to proper use in the battlefield.
You are victorious today with God's abundant grace.
The news of this victory has reached all the world over.
O Shah Mohammed! When enemy is around,
It's always better to keep your presence of mind."

84

मुहम्मद दीन सरदार ने लिखी चिट्ठी,
"लूटे आपने ऊँचे जो स्थान हैं जी;
इस माल को झट दरिया पार भेजो,
काम आए जो बीच मैदान के जी;
तुझे आज भगवान ने विजय बख़्शी,
खबरें उठी हैं सारे जहाँ में जी;
शाह मुहम्मद ! खड़ा है दुरुम सिर पर,
बात रखो यह सदा ही ध्यान में जी।"
८४
मेंठा बेचा दा पूर्ण सी लौटाना,
तब तब बेडी टूटे सेड़ मीठान।
ईंच जी सुंदर रात हे आठ बेंग़ा,
तब बेंग ले बीजीभा चेड़ मीठान।
इसी असृह्वेले ची भरबान हे,
औँ यां लहां लहराँ ली मेंठ मीठान।
पत्ता भूलकर मिर्जा सुंदर जुड़ते,
बंद आफे हे दुःखीभा चेड़ मीठान।

८५
खशाल कोबल रा चर हे नी लहान,
रातौल रा तेज़ किती मुलते दोर भिखान।
सब बमी जिता लेट ने आन ठिरे,
रोशनी अब दैगी के कैमिल होज़ भिखान।
सेलिया सुपर दी चुभाल ने,
आधे ग्रेफ़ लाकर दी सुन भिखान।
शाह नामा ते उठे ने दोरे,
कर आफे ने रंगिल होज़ भिखान।
Ludhiana was a good sixty miles away.
But the Feringhee Lat covered that distance in just one night.
He invested and looted the victorious Sikh camp.
He snatched away everything and destroyed it.
The brunt was borne by the Avitabile forces
Which fought a furious action for quite a few hours.
O Shah Mohammed! While the Sikh camp had been fully ransacked,
There was no explanation of what had actually gone wrong.
84

ਪ੍ਰਵਾਨੇ ਤੋਂਦਿਆਂ ਸੰਭਾਲ ਨੇ ਚਵਾਲ ਕਰਨਾ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ, 
ਪਹਿਲੇ ਅੰਗਵਦੀ ਅੰਗਵਦੀ ਸੰਬੰਧਾਂ ਲਈ। 
ਲੁਡੀ ਗਾਡੀ ਗਾਡੀ ਘਿਰਨ ਕਰਨੀ ਹੀ ਹੁਸਤੀ, 
ਵਾਰਂਗ ਦੀ ਹਾਲ ਸ਼ਾਸਾਂਦੇ ਲਿਖਿਆ। 
ਅੰਗੀ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਦੀ ਗੋਲ ਪਾਡੀ, 
ਨੀਲ ਉੱਠੇ ਵੀ ਪੈਲ ਸ਼ਿਆਂਸਤੇ ਲਿਖਿਆ। 
ਪਰਨਾ ਭਗਵੁੱਧ ਆਟ ਵੇ ਪਹਾਣ ਨਹੀਂ, 
ਤਾਂ ਤੇ ਲਗਦੇ ਵੇਦ ਸ਼ੁਧਾਂਦੇ ਲਿਖਿਆ।

87

ਪੁਲੀ ਮਾਂ ਦੁਆਰਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੋਣ ਸ਼ਾਹ ਕੁਰਣੇ, 
ਚੰਗੀ ਸ਼ੁਧਾਂਦੇ ਜਾਂਦੇ ਹਨ। 
ਅੜ ਮਾਰੀ ਰੀ ਕਿੰ ਘਾਲੀ, 
ਬਾਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਦਾਲ ਕਾਢ ਲੇ ਨਹੀਂ। 
ਕੀ ਹੋਲੀ ਵਾਲੀ ਦੀ ਗੁਲਮ ਪਹੂੰਚੀ।
ਚਿੱਠੀ ਖ਼ੋਲ ਤੇ ਖ਼ੋਲ ਵਾਲੀ ਨੇ। 
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਚੁੜਾ ਆਨ ਕੇ ਗੁੰਬਰ ਵਿਲਾਂ ਤਨਲ, 
ਨਵੀਂ ਕਾਲੀ ਤੋਰ ਸਾਹਿਵੀ ਲੌਨ।
The very first onslaught and the Singhs started running, Retreating in a wholly bedraggled condition. They had lost everything sans the tatters they wore. To feel warm, they hugged their chests with own crossed arms. When the people at large asked them about the battle, Sheepishly they kept their tongues well behind their teeth. O Shah Mohammed! When they reached their homes — Their families had virtually to reclothe them.
35
बच्चे निधियों के बच ता बड़ी नगर,
भूत सा संसार हिम चंद्रास से सी।
बिना मार्ग से चार दिन बैंट आपीछे,
छुट्टे आपीछो मध्ये डी रास्ते से सी।
इसया संसार भविष्य शुभिना रत्न,
भागी दिव्ये उन छुट्टे बड़के सी।
सात भक्ति को दूसरे दृष्टिन दिखे,
सफे रजी भाग मधे रास्ते से सी।

84
केकटू चिन्ते कैम्ह न कड़ी जान,
महं दर गांव आई चौबी दे हे ही,
केक जाने जो चार दिन जैक आपे,
वहूरुं न अूल गेहुआ जाने जैक ही दे ही
वाला आक्कि मारा लड़हे,
केका चिन्ते उल वहूरुं जाने जाले हे ही
का मुंदा रो भोर उपरे,
ले चेला अँडा साते ताले हे ही।
Said many, "We shall never go thither in our lives; We shall never engage that scourge in the battle; We shall spend our days somewhere in hiding, However our comrades try to persuade us. You say that we captured Ludhiana. No. Each one fended for oneself. Rudderless. O Shah Mohammed! Beware of them — the Feringhee. Those who haven't fought them yet, would know it to their cost."

87

जीते जी न कभी फिर उठर आएं, लगे मुँह न उस चंदाल के जी; कहीं लुक छिप कर चार दिन काटें, साथी ढूंढ़े बन भूत-बेताल से जी; आप कहते थे जीता है लुधियाना, कहे फिरते हो फिर पामाल से जी; शाह मुहम्मद! अब सदा होशियार रहिए, नहीं भिड़ना फिरंगी विकराल से जी।
88

जिन्हें बेहतर सरदार स्वरूप बनाया, कोई उपलब्ध होता तो करे प्रलय याद है।

महीने तरह सी सारे हाथ भरे भरी,
सारे दफ़्ङ्ग सी जैसे भी लगे जाने।

जोधपुर में हो जीवन जी ली, जिसे है तेज़ लन्दन भांती है।

उनका विकल्प भी घात बनता था वही,
वही तो फर्श पर अनोखा लगता जाने।

कहा हुआ न हुआ बदला बदले,
कहीं राज न हुए मिलाया याद है।
In the meanwhile, the Sardars met and passed a Gurmatia.

"O friends! Have your senses examined;
It's the doings of the vandals that have cost us the battle.
Now the question is: How best to save our honour.
The Punjab was strong as long as the fist was closed;
Now they (the uncouth soldiers) have opened it and exposed us.
O Shah Mohammed! We shall die here, fighting
So that the cause of Punjab remains undefeated."

88

साथ बैठ सरदारों ने गुरमता किया,
"अंकल बिल्कुल न करे इलाज यारो;
जो हुआ सो बुर्छों के कारण हुआ,
दाढ़ी-मूंछ की रखनी है लाज यारो;
मुढ़ी बंद थी तब पंजाब था इक,
वह खुली तो पड़ा अजाब" यारो;
शाह मुहम्मद ! अब मरना या मारना है,
पीठ देनी नहीं आप पंजाब यारो।"
84
धीरी ने घर लगवाने के पश्चात्, पहले हैंगदे पैल उठभी गई।
भील लड़कीयाँ ने सिरीयाँ हें उठवाया,
गांव में खिया हुं वहें सरूप गई।
विद्यालय गार्डियन अंत में लेते बंदूर,
पिछले दिन के अंत दुरू भी गई।
माता भोजन से हमें सात विवे,
देखें नजर लगेत तै फूल भीतर।

85
त्यह दर दल के बीच गोरे,
बच वें देवुल शेनुर मिले।
कस लेहातन ने सड़क में गोरे कराएँ,
कार में लेहातन बीच गोरे फूल मिले।
जेल बाउन आने के दिसर रहा,
बिस्तर दल के बीच गोरे फूल मिले।
शाह जुबेर दस के जरा गोरे,
अंत तक सह नाबून हे दिसर मिले।
For the third time, the Feringhee challenged and attacked
With drums and tamburines trumpeting.
The Singhs too girded up their loins
As they got ready to give battle to the Feringhee.
The Feringhee mounted pressure on the left flank.
The armies got berserk and fought.
O Shah Mohammed! Where could they go to save their lives?
For, Lahore was far — too far from there.

इस बार ललकार जब आए गोरे,
बिगुल, ढोल तम्बूरे बजाते मीयाँ;
कमर कस ली थी तब सिंधन ने भी,
तत्पर युद्ध को खंडे उठाते मीयाँ;
बायें पक्ष पर पहले जोर डाला,
उहापोह में दिलों को ढालते मीयाँ;
शाह मुहम्मद ! भागें तो कहाँ भागें,
दूर यहाँ से लाहौर बिलखाते मीयाँ।
50

अजीमन पलटनां बीज वे उपमाने,
अंतः सिंध्य से खामे उठे मूर्ति।
सदा सिंधु के अंगे या धेरे सिंधु,
दौके दिख दवानी दे मेघ मूर्ति।
सम सिंधु सबसे अटकी रहे,
बंध सामग्री सेत विलियार मूर्ति।
सम्र भूभाषा सिंधु से निकालने ले,
हां विट्ठल सर्व विचार मूर्ति।

90

अकादिय शिलान जिस के तोङा ते,
कौन सुमज्जन ने पारे तोज़ ते?
जो झोल ने माके खान जोज है?
जो तीन वर्ग दे मूर्ति के?
शम तीन ब्रूज एक एक है?
बड़े श्रीरित ब्रोज ब्रोज है?
श्री जयो सुमज्जन ले गरोलय ले?
वाले निवाल ले जो चोरे ले।
The Feringhee once again attacked after heavy bombardment. But the Singhs repulsed them with very heavy losses. Both Mewa Singh and Maghe Khan took them head on. Three attacks of the Feringhee were broken and beaten back. Sham Singh, the honourable Sardar of Atari, was resplendent in the battlefield despite his years. O Shah Mohammed! In that blinding action, the Singhs spilled the Feringhee blood like squeezing ripe limes.
91

جب ہاویلی تو کے بھی پھر گئے،
فراسکس سے پہچا کی جاری پاری-
سی کہا ایک ہر کا گوے-
بئے آن سردار کول بھیت خواری-
نیچہ گھول سردار نہل دوچ وہ پا،
گھری نی ہے جا ایہ فوج ساری-
شاہ جعفر مرن شہید تو کے-
اٹ ہیں جان دی کر کے بھی پیاری-

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The Feringhee regrouped and attacked again
Where the French-trained soldiers and Charyari cavalry was.
They advanced in an arc-like formation.
But it was indeed a very difficult battle for the Khalsa.
For, Teja Singh had destroyed the bridge from behind
So that the army could not even retreat.
O Shah Mohammed! They could only die and earn martyrdom,
Unmindful of what happened to their lives.
फ़िल्ह विनोद परमा धे टेट सँगा,
उड़े भावसागर इसे बगीरहां लो।
ऑन उड़े मतवान उंग मुरल पढ़े,
नेन्द्रीण उर्मल में उड़े भागीरहां लो।
सचे भागीरथि वैलीं नाल ख़ूंटी,
उसी रिचार्ज सचे भागीरथि लो।
सचे भागीरथि चिव मतवान वह।
इसे सिंह वे अंड़ू तु उचीरहां लो।

चौंक बने बघाँ रा झुन झुं,
दोसरे पाण्डवी निमान ज्यां ले।
इन में होते नारायण ताल है।
जबरन निमाने ने जितन माराने ले।
कह अर्जुन कोल्हापुर ताल आने ले।
जब हम इसको ने बजाने ले।
शाह मुहारा अक मराठा जाणून,
कौलो जिहू के अंत कोल परायण ले।
The battle of Hind and Punjab now raged furiously. On both sides were ranged huge numbers. Had the Sarkar been alive today, he would have certainly valued the reckless bravery the Khalsa showed on the field that day. Not just the men, elephants too got blown up as they fell on the ground along with the howdas. O Shah Mohammed! But for one Sardar the forces lost the battle they, in fact, had won.
वहीं मूँबे भाग वे प्रेम हिसे, निःशंस कौशल बोले उजां तंगीं न है। दूसरे एक वे फिर रहिमापूर दिखे, प्रेम हँस ते उड़ां चंगीं है। बांधे ठावदी वाम हूँ अमल लोंडी, अपे लेता वे स्वाभाव मंगीं है। मान भुवेहरा बेंक ता धंग सिहासे, धीरे मैंता वे ताल अवश्य है।

कुक निमो वेद के मौन वाक्य, ज्ञान प्रेम किंग तितली शिखल दे। रंगने ग़ुली के वर्ष दरिया दोलिये, शरे मारा वन तितली शिखल दे। केन्द्रे कोकरी कस कुल असाल केंट, आँक ग़ल के साहित्य स्वाभिमान दे। शाह प्रेम ग़ुल ने रब लाये, वैर ग़ल दे तल फरकील दे।
Each one killed many a soldier before he fell,
Resplendent as blood-dripping sword flashed in his hand.
Those who remained were encircled to be drowned in the river
As the Feringhee rained cannon balls into the water.
Not a few regretted: Why did we join army,
Just on the advice and prompting of the friends?
O Shah Mohammed! Pray, God never bring us back
to fight the Feringhee,
They were heard saying this only to themselves.
44

ਅਠਾਈ ਮਾਹੀ ਤੇ ਪੁੱਛਣ ਲਈ ਭੇਦ ਕੀਤੇ, ਸੌੜੇ ਲੋਕੀਆਂ ਜਨਮ ਵਟਾਣੀਆਂ ਤੀ। ਸਿੰਘ ਬੈਠਣ ਹੋਵੇ ਲਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਭੁਜਾ ਵਿੱਚ ਵੇ, ਖ਼ਤਮੀਆਂ ਕੇਦਰਿਆਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਦੀਸਤੀਆਂ ਤੀ। ਵੋਠੀ ਸਿੰਘ ਤੇ ਮਿਹ਼ ਤੇ ਭੇਦ ਦਲਿਤੀ, ਪੁੱਕੀ ਬਢਣ ਤੇ ਦੀਆਂ ਦੀਸਤੀਆਂ ਤੀ।

ਸਾਗ ਭੁਜਾਸਾ ਕੱਢੁਣ ਮਕਰਮਾਂ ਖ਼ਦੇ, ਖ਼ਤਮੀਆਂ ਲਾਗ ਤੇ ਦੀਆਂ ਦੂਰਤੀਆਂ ਤੀ।

93

ਕੀ ਮਾਲਾਂਦੇ ਨਿਰਨ ਵਾਂ ਸੂਈਆਂ ਆਉਂਦੀਆਂ,
ਕੀ ਸਿੰਘ ਤੇਜ਼ ਕਾਈਲ ਲਈ,
ਜਨਾਨ ਸਿੰਘ ਤੇ ਇਕ ਸੂੈਲ ਲਈ,
ਜਨਾਨ ਸਿੰਘ ਕੋਲ ਨੀਂ ਹੋਵੇ ਸੂੈਲ,
ਜਨਾਨ ਸਿੰਘ ਰੋਡੀਲ ਜਨਾਨ ਚਾਪਣ ਲਈ,
ਜਨਾਨ ਸਿੰਘ ਦੇ ਦਾਲ ਦੇ ਸੂੈਲ ਹਾਲ,
ਕੀ ਦਾਲ ਦੇ ਚਾਪਣ ਦੀਆਂ ਸੂੈਲ ਲਈ,
ਕੀ ਦਾਲ ਦੇ ਚਾਪਣ ਦੀਆਂ ਸੂੈਲ ਲਈ।
Many a mother lost her son—
Her heart having been pierced with bayonets.
The sisters who were never to meet their brothers again,
Were left to weep like helpless creatures.
The wives who lost their protectors in the world
Now roamed with loosened hair just as apparitions.
O Shah Mohammed! Many a noble too had perished,
Leaving the kingdom wholly orphaned.
95
कमिया नहीं दिखाई दिने चंद्रकला,
केवल नमान ने दिखाई चंद्रकला बी.
रोटकी फुंज डाखो कुंभ कोली की,
काईया नमान हनी न जोली।
मिरिया जान है रघु जान हसीन राके,
पाए वेद जान है चाहूँ चाहूँ जी।
शान मुख्य जिसे जीना नियम नहीं,
अंह वेद की वेद हूँ बाल्की नहीं।
Now Rani Jind Kaur wrote forthwith to the Lat:
"You shall not take a minute longer
To deal with the remaining soldiers in a suitable manner —
For, you alone can handle this unruly lot.
You and God alone are my protectors.
Station a contingent of your soldiers in Lahore.
O Shah Mohammed! I stand fully avenged today.
The rest now I leave to God."
भूल बप्पा लगवाओ हे भक्त मुर्ति ले,
कलापके लागेत दी लिवककाविन्द्रे हे।
असे मणित लागेत हे गुणी वदने,
इन्हे दर्ते तुझी तत्पादिन्येन हे।
अंती मछ भटल हे हिंस हसाने,
पिंडे धैर्य असे भुवनं सागिन्येन हे।
सह मुक्तिका आठ लुगाट लंके,
अँडे देम ले बाँधी टिवारिट्याऒ हे।

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On hearing from the Rani, the Feringhee rebuilt the bridge. After crossing the river, they plundered the countryside. They entered Lahore with so much joy in their hearts. As victorious notes flowed from their bands, announcing their arrival.

First, 'twas the Pathans who greeted them with presents, Then the headmen of the kingdom extended them a befitting welcome.

O Shah Mohammed! On their way to Lahore, They had divested all the towns and villages of their riches.
कर्म निओ गुलाघु सिंह अन्ध चढ़ जाए, नाते अमर संविन लिखित थी। सत्य लें नीच अंग पर किरदार बदल, देख उठे आयू वेंच घटक्कर ठी। दिनाँ मंद अनुसूची सुभाषित नी, दिनाँ मिठा लो हेन धीमवाल्कर ठी। माया भोजन उदय परम बेस है वे, उदय नीघि है वृक घटक्कर ठी।
Raja Gulab Singh paid obeisance to the Lat with all obsequiousness,
He brought him into Lahore, holding him by the arm.
"O Sahib! Have mercy on us,"
By saying such meek words, he was serving none but himself.
He had all the Malvais and Doabias removed from the army,
Thus, weakening the Khalsa beyond retrieval.
O Shah Mohammed! After getting Kashmir in the bargain,
Gulab Singh repaired forthwith to Jammu.
44
बहुत भाषी दे अन्द्व अंगवेल्स कधे,
पाठी झाड़ी दिन लगेत से सौ।
वैसी अलगा भाषा दु भूलम ना जाना,
ठाना फ़ॉड़ा दिन हासि दे सौ।
सिखा सल्ट सर्च, ढोलोकुट रा,
निखायें टकरे अबाद ठंडा सौं से सौ।
साद भूलभला वांगाँग भाषा खीौं,
हैरते वे भि गाई महे सौं ते सौ।

98
माल दे आन एक गर्त रके,
पाँच ज़ोलानी जेट लाऊँ दे भी।
रति मालो बार रा सल्ट सारा,
शाह अंकिता जेट भेटोर दे भी।
लाई शिर लाऊँ, फ़िर रोयोर दा,
जिजिएँ के आन नेह जोर दे भी।
शाह अंकिता भेले नारे लिया,
अबे हौल गे शे जोर दे भी।
In this way, the Feringhee became the protector of the Mai. They stationed their own contingents in Lahore. They assumed the overlordship of the trans-Satluj regions. Establishing their advanced post in Phillaur. They took over the control of Lahore and Ferozepur. Besides apportioning the revenues accruing from the trade route of Nanda Chor.

O Shah Mohammed! Kangra too was usurped. In short, they did everything a thief does.

98

आन माई के बने अंग्रेज़ रक्षक,
ढाली छावनी बीच लाहौर मीया;
छीन मालवा पार का राज सारा,
शाना खोल दिया बीच फिल्लौर मीया;
शासक बने लाहौर फिरोजपुर के,
चुंगी लगे लेने नन्दाचौर मीया;
शाह मुहम्मद! कांगड़ा कोट छीना,
वही किया जो करते हैं चोर मीया।
44

ਰੰਦਾ ਮੰਲ੍ਹਤ ਨਿਕੇ ਦੇ ਪਿਨਾ ਪੈਟੇ,
ਵੀਅਨ ਤਲਸ ਕੁਹਵੀਆਂ ਮਰਤਕਾਂ ਹੈ।
ਅਗ੍ਰੀ ਜੇਸ ਦੇ ਚਿਤ ਸ਼ੁਧ ਫੈਂਤ,
ਦੀਂਦੀ ਰੱਖਵਾਲੀ ਫੈਂਤ ਵੀਜਵਾਂ ਹੈ।
ਫਿੱਲੇ ਮੰਲ ਹੋਰ ਮੰਲ ਵੰਗਸਾਂ,
ਵਰਹਿੰਦਰਾਂ ਦੇ ਦੇਵ ਮਰਤਕਾਂ ਹੈ।
ਟੌਂ ਭੁਵਨਾਰ ਦੇਸ ਸਤੀ ਸਿੰਘ ਵੈਣਾਂ,
ਰੇਹ ਸੁਨਾਹਾ ਮੰਲ ਵੀਜਵਾਂ ਹੈ।

99

ਰੰਦਾ ਮੰਲ ਨਿਕੇ ਦੇ ਗਿਆ ਪੈਤਾ,
ਕੀਤਾ ਫੈਂਤ ਫ਼ੈਂਤ ਮਾਰਲਾਂ ਨੇ।
ਬਣੀ ਫੌਜ ਨੇ ਪਾਣੀ ਗਠਾ,
ਰੰਦਾ ਸਦ ਜਿਹ੍ਹਾ ਮਾਰਲਾਂ ਨੇ।
ਚੁਹੋਣ ਸਾਹ ਲੀਜਾ ਮੰਲ ਕੇਵੇਲਾ,
ਬਚਾਰਲਾ ਨੇ ਕਈ ਮਾਰੋਲਾਂ ਨੇ।
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਚੁਂਦਾ ਲੀ ਰਾਨੀ ਜੁਦਾ ਕੋਰਲਾ,
ਤਾਜ਼ਾ ਨੀਲੀ ਮੰਲ ਆਲੀਆਂ ਨੇ।
The remaining country too fell into the lap of the Feringhee
For, such were the orders they now promulgated.
The Mai sacked the Punjab army.
The ranks were demobilised as a consequence.
The country now passed into the hands of Company functionaries.
As well as of the sons of men of means.
O Shah Mohammed! One should behold the achievement
of Rani Jind Kaur.
Who broke the country and destroyed it wholesale.

99
बाकी देश भी उनके अमल में था,
शुरू फिरैंगी का हुआ तब राज मीयां;
फ़ौज अपनी भांग थी माई ने की,
दे बिचारों को टका सा जवाब मीयां;
चली मुल्क में अब थी नौकरशाही,
हुआ पुलिस-पटवारी का राज मीयां;
शाह मुहम्मद ! प्रजा चीरान हो गई,
बिखर गया था सारा पंजाब मीयां।
कितना हार दिल तैयार चिड़ने की गई रानी के बैर, बेहाल रानी पान सादी रानी के मेले ही। लौट तब कहते तब उन लोगों का जिज्ञासा ही। लूटे उठे महानिव लुप्त रानी, जिसने दिशा दिवंगत रानी ही। मान भुजाबन बाबा नरघ लाल, रात में बुधन मुहर ली जिज्ञासा ही।

(252)
Such a consummate act did the Rani play
Two governments now together ruled over Punjab.
She had the country locked into knots, remaining herself high and dry
Thus in no time avenging herself of her brother's assassination.
She had her courtiers downgraded as well,
Throwing away the army into the floods of the river.
O Shah Mohammed! So wagged the tongues all over, "She broke the claims of all pretenders and imposters."

１００
अब रानी ने अक्ल से काम लिया,
संधि कर दो-अमली का राज किया;
सब कुछ खुद किया पर रही सच्ची,
कैसा बदला उसने लाजवाब लिया;
अमीर-उमरा सभी बरबाद हो गये,
फ़ौज डुबाने का नदी में काज किया;
राह अहमद ! लोग थे आम कहते,
"कुफ़र लाय न उसकी खुद ताब मीया।”
२०१

विद्यार्थी वे सिंहं ठहर भांति हो, विद्यार्थी वे तिजु दी सागर हो।
विद्यार्थी कुड़कर फिस इमारत वे सी, सागर लग मुंटे है उं खाट हो।
वें रेंट हे भाग विद्या रही माहे, पानी अने ता ऐसी हे सागर हो।
सागर भूभंजन घन विटाव वैठे, ताल बुझड़ीभां खटे पडाट हो।

२०२

चकटू जोरे के गुलाम कुल उसक आना,
चकटू जोरे के जमे डे सान माला।
चकटू जोरे चारा रात जमे आना के जमे,
साने लाहे जान तान गुला माला।
भितर रहे ने गुर किलो पी वाला,
कपड़े ने जय दे दी केस जैसे साने,
साने जमे जान दे दे दी जैसे साने,
ताल उधर वाला ने चटान माला।
Only after the event, the truth dawned upon the Singhs
Of what deadly stuff was the Mai made.
"See! How she first marginalised us.
And then had us downgraded, beyond repair.
She pursued the revenge to the bitterest end.
Even then, she didn't let us retire to the peace of our homes.
O Shah Mohammed! We've lost our arms as well as our honour.
Today, not the resplendent uniform but a humble Kurti covers us."

101

बहुत बाद में सिंधन को होश आई,
किस जहर की पुड़िया थी माई मीयाँ;
पेच रम्जों के उसने थे कैसे डाले,
तोड़ डाले घर में सब भाई मीयाँ;
क्यों हाथ थो है पड़ी पीछे अपने,
घर बार का चैन न काई मीयाँ;
शाह मुहम्मद! छिनेह हथियार सारे,
उतार वर्दी अब कुर्ती पहनाई मीयाँ।
902

ਤੂੰ ਉਨੀ ਦੀ ਚੌਠਾ ਦੇ ਯੂਤੇ ਵਾਲੇ,
ਕੁਟੀਆ ਹੀ ਉਨੀ ਦੇ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਬਲਗਤੀ ਹੀਉਂਗ।
ਭੀਜਦ ਪਾਡਣਾ ਤਾ ਵੀ ਬਲਰ ਬੀਊਂਗ,
ਅਠਾਨ ਮੁਹੰਦਿਸਾ ਵਟਰ ਧਵਾਨ ਹੀਊਂਗ।
ਨਾਨ ਦੇਸ ਦੇ ਪੂਰੁੰ ਖਾਦੀ ਪੀਲੀ,
ਅਤ ਅੰਦੀਆਂ ਤਾਂ ਬਲਗਤੀ ਹੀਊਂਗ।
ਸਾਲ ਭੁਗੋਲ ਦੇਸ ਤਾਂ ਸੀ ਸੰਵਦ ਬੀਊਂਗ,
ਨਾਨ ਦੇਸ ਦਾ ਹੁਨਾ ਹੋਣ ਹੀਊਂਗ।

103

ਬੁਨੀ ਦੇ ਆਖੇ ਰਾਣੀ ਦੇ ਉਸਾਲਾ ਕਾਰੇ,
ਲੋ ਪਖ ਤਾਲ ਰਾਵਨ ਕੰਬਰੀ ਦੇ ਪਈ,
ਕੌਰ ਵਾਨਹੋਲ ਤਾਲ ਕੀ ਜਾਲ ਕਿੱਤੀ,
ਅਖਾਰਾ ਕੁਡੋ ਲੀ ਕੱਲ ਮਾਗ ਦੀ,
ਰਾਣੀ ਗੌਰਵ ਦੇ ਸੂਪ ਕਾਲ ਦੀ,
ਬਦ ਪਖ ਭੋਲ ਭੋਲ ਕਰਲ ਦੀ,
ਸਾਹ ਸ਼ਰਾਕ ਤਾਲ ਰਾਣੀ ਜੋ ਕੌਰਾਲ,
ਸਲਾ ਵਲਾ ਦੇਵ ਦਾ ਫ੍ਰਸ਼ ਅਕਾਲ 

(256)
From the day one, women have had their way.
For, they alone account for why Rama lost his sway.
The Kauravas and Pandavas too suffered at their hands
Full eighteen armies perished in the Kurukshetra sands.
They bridled even Raja Bhoj, the wisest ever king
With their toes they mauled and befuddled him, in the ring.
O Shah Mohammed! No wonder then that the queen Jind Kaur —
Had the entire country laid waste in its darkest hour.
९०५

केवल चारे उंग बलवान् भिन्नकानी,
बैंकरा सिंहना सा व्यभ असम्भव ही।
सेही संघ तै जिंदगीं मुसलमानं,
हृदय रक्त रा बिमे सा कमांड तरी।
हृदये राज सा भेड़ वे गोंग बड़ती,
मुखी अपठी राज भवानु तरी।
पार भविष्यं देववं संपादा वर्धं,
प्राप्तत्वं रा बृजु निर्माण ही।

२५८

रब गाने चल कृगा मिराकरी,
जोगी गुरलाल दा कम आरती रुणी,
जब भी साखी ते बनेदोल सुमाताली,
एवं ताल ताल के दा वाली रुणी।
एवं चद नुम्बर से ताल करी,
न्यूदी आधी ताल भजने रुणी।
शाह भुग्ना दोन निहू तिलक कर्दां,
शाहकराल दा भे गुमा गंगा रुनी।
God willing, good things shall happen again.
What if the soldiers have lost the lustre of their mien?
Great commonality does exist between the Hindu and the Musalmaan.
None should ever dare break this common silken bond.
The new rulers have no ear for anyone.
Drunk with themselves oblivious they're of our pain
O Shah Mohammed! All wealth is today garnered
By sons of moneylenders and gumshtas in the main.

रब्ब चाहे तो होगी फिर मेहरबानी,
लौट आएगी सिंधन की शान साईं;
बहुत एकता है हिन्दू-मुसलमान भीतर,
उसे तोड़ना नहीं आसान साईं;
कोई उसके साथ न बात होगी,
उनके मध्य जो खड़ा रौतान साईं;
शाह मुहम्मद ! जोड़ते धन दौलत,
साहूकारों के पूत, अहलकार साईं।
निज़ी घरी में लड़ी जै सेह भरीं, अऔँ गेत वो चट्टा घड़ाटी नी। 
हिंड बाग़ी री लूं दुर्भें ताज़ीं, 
बिसे लड़ी गड़नी बिसे माफ़सी नी। 
ठिंडे गेत घड़ बैठ वे चंत गायां, 
अाम फिन्दी भंजी री फ्लाटी नी। 
साद भर्भरात तवीं भलुभ माफ़, 
अाम गेत वो घड़ फ्लाटी नी।

जीवि बूली सो लेन ये नै किन, 
अक बोर की निभ बाँधून बी। 
अक कमल दी बूली अंदिर ताती, 
के लाग बाजी के साड़ी बी। 
नीचे बोटे में बोटे के करण कान, 
असल बूली छूटी दी जााल्ली बी। 
शाह भयावा नै जी खुलमत साही, 
अक बोर की कमली कामाली बी।
This entire sad drama, with my eyes, I've seen.  
But who knows what's in the future's lap supreme.  
Does one know what's to happen the next moment?  
Everyone does grope, waiting for light in God's scheme.  
The new generation among themselves did confabulate  
The Feringhee's might we've seen as we deem.  
O Shah Mohammed! None can ever be sure  
What more things upon us are yet to beam.
१०५

मैंने दिखायी दिया देवताओं के पास एक भूमि, 
तब तैयारी कराकर उसे उत्साह में।
ऐसी दृष्टि ही दिया समीर धिमानी,
पदयात्रा साधन सजाकर उसे ऊपर लाया।
पहली दूरी वे पूजा के घरों घरों,
लैंडे भवन हुए। पहली बार पुष्प भी उगा।
प्राचीन भवनों में यहाँ ली जन्म गई,
इतनी भेंडाय बुझे भाव भी हुई।

१०५

भूमि एक से दो दूर से आती के,
हजार बौद्ध वर्ष देश बौद्ध बौद्ध के।
तीस चीजें दी आधा चीजें नये,
बौद्ध श्रेय श्रेय देश देश देश देश के।
हरे हरे देश के हरे हरे हरे हरे हरे,
चीजें पते आठ अठार इतने के।
शाह दुधार दुधार दुधार दुधार,
शुद्ध हो जाएं उनके अंग मतलब दुधार।
'Twas the nineteen hundred and second year of *Samvat*  
When the war with the Feringhee broke out, an event so near.  
The earth of Punjab was thirsty for so much blood indeed,  
It turned blood-red. That's all but clear.  
The dust that the earth kicked up, formed clouds in the sky  
Just in the same way as a swooping kite from the sky does peer.  
O Shah Mohammed! It's the soldiers brave who always offer their heads;  
Never do they run away, nor their names besmear.
INDEX OF PLACES

A

Agra—The Mughal capital town on the bank of river Yamuna in modern Indian State of Uttar Pradesh. Also known for the far-famed Taj.


B

Batala—A sub-divisional town in Modern Gurdaspur District of the Punjab. It was the Jagir of Sher Singh. It is presumed that Shah Mohammed belonged to it. But not a few consider Wadala (Viram), a village near Amritsar to be his native place.

Bhatinda—A district town of the Punjab state.

Bikaner—Capital of erstwhile Rajput State, now a district head-quarter of Rajasthan.

Bilawal—A cantonment of Maharaja Ranjit Singh near Lahore.

Budhu-Da-Aawa—A village so named after a legendary devotee of the fifth Sikh Guru, Guru Arjan Dev Ji.

C

Chamba—A hill town on the bank of river Ravi and capital of an erstwhile hill principality of the same name.

D

Delhi—Ancient capital city of India.

Desh—Desh means country and here it is synonymous with the Punjab.

F

Ferozepur—A British cantonment town on the bank of river Sutlej.
H
Hansi—An important ancient town, now in modern State of Haryana.
Hissar—A district town of Haryana.

J
Jaipur—Capital town of Kacchwaha Rajputs, now capital of Rajasthan.
Jammu—The capital of Dogra hill principality.

K
Kangra—Capital town of an erstwhile hill principality of the Punjab, now in Himachal Pardesh. It was the seat of Katoch dynasty.
Kashmir—The enchanting valley bounded by Afghanistan, China and Punjab hills. It has been often called "Paradise on earth."
Kulu—A hill town in the Beas Valley. Also the name of the valley itself.
Kurukshetra—A Hindu holy town, the place where the epic Mahabharata is believed to have been fought. Also famous for Lord Krishna's message of Bhagwad Geeta.

L
Ladakh—A high plateau in the state of Jammu and Kashmir, bordering Tibet.
Ladwa—A Sikh principality in cis-Sutlej area (Modern Haryana). Raja Ajit Singh of Ladwa helped the Khalsa Army against the British. Now a town in Haryana state.
Lahore—Capital town of Sikh Kingdom, now in Pakistan.
Ludhiana—Headquarter of the British political Agency to monitor events at the Sikh Court. Now an important industrial town of the Punjab.

M
Mudki—The site of a battle fought between Khalsa Army and the British.
Mukerian—A sub-divisional town of Hoshiarpur district on Jalandhar-Pathankot Highway.
Multan—A province of the Sikh Kingdom, now a divisional town of
Pakistan. It is among the most ancient cities mentioned in the Hindu mythology.

Munawar—A small fort near Lahore.

N

Nandachaur—A village near Banga in Nawanshahar district of Punjab.

P

Peshawar—North-West Frontier-Post town of Maharaja Ranjit Singh's kingdom, now in Pakistan.

Phillaur—An advance-cantonment town of Kingdom of Ranjit Singh on the bank of river Sutlej, now a sub-divisional town of Jalandhar district.

W

Wadala—A village in district Amritsar. Villages of the same name are found in other districts of Punjab also.
INDEX OF NAMES

A

Ajit Singh—One of the Sandhawalia Sardars, collaterals of Maharaja Ranjit Singh.
Akal Regiment—A Regiment of Nihangs; traditional Khalsa warriors.
Akali; Lit. Immortal—One who believes in Akal—Almighty God who is timeless.
Akhbar—Newsletter or Newspaper.
Attari—A muffasil town 25 km north-west of Amritsar. Native place of Sham Singh—the Hero of Sabhraon.
Avitabile—The Italian Commander of Ranjit Singh.

B

Beli Ram Misr—A favourite Courtier and confidant of Maharaja Ranjit Singh.
Bhim Singh—A petty Chieftain, also a Rana of Udaipur (Rajasthan).
Bhoj Raja—A legendary Raja of Malwa (Madhya Pardesh). He is a byword of learning and wisdom.
Bir Singh—Popularity called Baba Bir Singh, the venerable Head of the Gurudwara at Naurangabad in Amritsar Distt. Killed in the internecine warfare of the Sikhs following the death of Maharaja Ranjit Singh.
Bukti—A Sovereign like gold coin primarily used for necklaces.

C

Chand Kaur, Rani—Widow of Kharak Singh.
Chauldaris—Tents.
Chet Singh—A brother-in-law of Maharaja Ranjit Singh, murdered by Raja Dhian Singh. However Shah Mohammed blames Kanwar Nau Nihal Singh for this murder.

Company Sahib—The British East India Company.

D

Daud Khan Chauhan; Mir—A courtier of Sikh Ruler, Dalip Singh.
Dharam Raj—Lit. courtier, Mythologically he is the god of death who is supposed to deliver judgements on deeds of human beings after death.
Dhian Singh, Raja—Dogra Chief, Prime Minister of Maharaja Kharak Singh.
Doabias—Residents of Doaba—A tract of land between the rivers Sutlej and Beas (The districts of Jalandhar, Kapurthala and Hoshiarpur).
Dulla Bhatti—A legendary hero of Sandal Bar who sacrificed his life for saving the honour of a Brahmin girl.

E

Elahi Baksh—Artillery Commander of Sikh forces.

F

Fatta—A Legendary Rajput Hero who fought against Akbar.
Feringhee—An European.

G

Gulab Singh; Raja—One of the Jammu Dogra Chieftains at the Sikh court, the founder of Jammu and Kashmir state.
Gurmukh Singh Giani—A Head Granthi of Darbar Sahib (Golden Temple).

H

Hindu—A follower of ancient religion of India.
Hira Singh, Raja—Son of Raja Dhian Singh; Wazir of Maharaja Dalip Singh.
J
Jaimal—A Legendary Rajput hero who fought against Akbar.
Jalla Pandit—A protege of Raja Hira Singh Wazir.
Jallawalias—That which belongs to Jalla. In the poem it looks they were men of some soldierly Sikh tribe.
Jawahar Singh—Brother of Rani Jindan.
Jind Kaur, Rani—Widow of Maharaja Ranjit Singh and mother of Maharaja Dalip Singh. She was regent of her young son when the war took place.

K
Kalagiwalas—Troopers of the Sikh Army trained on European Model.
Kaur Sahib—Kanwar Nau Nihal Singh; son of Maharaja Kharak Singh.
Khalsa—The collective body of the Sikhs.
Kharak Singh, Maharaja—Son and successor of Maharaja Ranjit Singh. He ascended the throne in 1839.

L
Lat—Tundilat—Sir Henry Hardinge, the British Governor General of India (1844-48).
Lehna Singh (Majithia)—A Sikh chief, courtier of Ranjit Singh who retired to the British territory during the period of turmoil following the death of Ranjit Singh.
Louts—A derisive term used for the Khalsa soldiers of the post-Ranjit Singh period.

M
Mai—Lit. mother, woman. Here Rani Jind Kaur, the queen mother Dowager.
Majhails—The people who belong to Majha; the Central tract of the Punjab.
Majithias—The Sikh chiefs belonging to Majitha (Amritsar).
Malwai—People belonging to Malwa tract of the Punjab in the cis-Sutlej area.
Mewa Singh Majithia—A Sikh chief of post-Ranjit Singh period.
Musalman—A follower of Islam.

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**N**

Namrud—A legendary Jewesh king.
Nau Nihal Singh, Kanwar—Son of Kharak Singh, grandson of Maharaja Ranjit Singh.

**P**

Pahara Singh—Chieftain of Faridkot who helped the British against the Khalsa Army.
Panth—Panth stands for collective body of the Khalsa as organised by Guru Gobind Singh.
Partap Singh, Prince—Son of Maharaja Sher Singh.
Phagun—A month in Indian calendar year corresponding to February-March.
Pharoahs—The kings who once ruled over the ancient Egypt. However, pejoratively it is used to describe a self-drunken man who thinks he is God.
Pheru Shah—A village in Ferozepore district where a fierce battle was fought between British and the Sikh forces.

**R**

Raja—A Chieftain. In the poem it refers to Dhian Singh, the Prime Minister.
Rajput—Lit. son of a ruler, a caste of Hindu warriors.
Ranjit Singh—Maharaja of the Punjab 1799-1839.
Ranjodh Singh Majithia—A patriotic Sikh General of post-Ranjit Singh period.
Ravana—The legendary King of Lanka who fell fighting against the epic hero Rama. He is the villain of Ramayana.

**S**

Sandhawalias—Collaterals of Ranjit Singh.
Sarkar—An epithet by which Ranjit Singh was usually addressed by his courtiers.
Sutlej—A river flowing through the Punjab which formed boundary between the Kingdom of the British and Maharaja Ranjit Singh.
Shahdra—Lit. the Royal gateway, a habitation outside Lahore on the right bank of river Ravi.


Sher Singh Attariwala—A Sikh chief who rebelled against the British.

Singhs—Members of the organised body of the Khalsa.

Suchet Singh—One of the three Dogra brothers.

Sultan Mahmud—An artillery officer of the Sikh Forces.

Tej Singh—The treacherous Sikh Commander-in-Chief.

Udham Singh—Son of Raja Gulab Singh who died along with Kanwar Nau Nihal Singh.

Yamuna—A river flowing along present states of Haryana and Delhi. It merges with the Ganges near Allahabad.