

The First Punjab War

SHAH MOHAMMED'S JANGNAMAH

P.K. NIJHAWAN

To
Punjabis the World over

CONTENTS

| | |
|---|-----|
| • Prologue | 7 |
| • Foreword | 11 |
| • Acknowledgements | 18 |
| • Introduction | 19 |
| • Shah Mohammed's <i>Jangnamah</i> | 53 |
| Text in Gurmukhi and Persian scripts | |
| Poetic Rendition in English and Hindi | |
| —Index of Places | 265 |
| —Index of Names | 268 |

PROLOGUE

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 felicitous 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 grandfather 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 communities 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.

B-1,
Punjabi University Campus,
Patiala.
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PRITHIPAL SINGH KAPUR

FOREWORD

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.

2/26, Sarv Priya Vihar,
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AMRIK SINGH

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- Sardar Tarlochan Singh (now Vice-Chairman, National Commission for Minorities in the rank of a Union Minister of State), my chum and valued colleague of yester years and a lover of all causes Punjabi. Not just that, he dotes over me as a lover would.
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P.K. NIJHAWAN

INTRODUCTION

I.

I feel I am singularly privileged to have rendered Shah Mohammed's *Jangnamab* 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 *Jangnamab*¹ '*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 eye 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 *Jangnamab*, a ballad which is not correct. *Jangnamab* 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 *Burchbas* 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,
The 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 undisciplined 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 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.*

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 Mahabharata. 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

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 Batala¹, wholly lost
The 'Feringhee' became the subject of our talk.*

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 *ryotwari* 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 *Kbukbrains*, 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 *Jajmans*) 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 *Kesbas* 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 Kanjgur 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 :

*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.*

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 :

"Its our turn now to taste the blood of the Singhs."

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 Punjab, 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 *Fatebnamah*—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 *baini* 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*

ਅੱਵਲ ਹਮਦ ਜਨਾਬ-ਅੱਲਾਹ ਦੀ ਨੂੰ,
 ਜਿਹੜਾ ਕੁਦਰਤੀ ਖੇਲ ਬਣਾਂਵਦਾ ਈ।
 ਚੌਦਾਂ ਤਬਕਾਂ ਦਾ ਨਕਸ਼ੋ ਨਗਾਰ ਕਰ ਕੇ,
 ਰੰਗ ਰੰਗ ਦੇ ਬਾਗ ਲਗਾਂਵਦਾ ਈ।
 ਸੱਫਾਂ ਪਿਛਲੀਆਂ ਸਭ ਲਪੇਟ ਲੈਂਦਾ,
 ਅਗੋਂ ਹੋਰ ਹੀ ਹੋਰ ਵਛਾਂਵਦਾ ਈ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਉਸ ਤੋਂ ਸਦਾ ਡਰੀਏ,
 ਬਾਦਸ਼ਾਹਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਭੀਖ ਮੰਗਾਂਵਦਾ ਈ।

اول حمد جناب اللہ دی کون،
 جیہڑا قدرتی کھیل بناوندا ای۔
 چوداں طبقات دا نقش و نگار کر کے،
 رنگ رنگ دے باغ لگاوندا ای۔
 صفاں پچھلیاں سب لپیٹ لیندا،
 آتوں ہور ہی ہور وچھاوندا ای۔
 شاہ محمد اُس توں سدا ڈریئے
 بادشاہاں توں بھیکھ منگاوندا ای۔

1

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.

१

प्रथम, नमन है अल्लाह पाक उसको,
जो कुदरत के खेल सब रचित करता;
चौदह भुवन हैं जिसकी महान रचना,
राग-रंग से बाग़ सब खचित करता;
जो अतीत का फ़र्श समेट करके,
भविष्य की नींव है स्वयं रखता;
शाह मुहम्मद उससे सदैव डरिए,
जो शाहों को रंकों के तुल्य करता।

ਏਥੇ ਆਇਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਮੋਹ ਲੈਂਦੀ,
 ਦਗ਼ੀ ਬਾਜ਼ ਦਾ ਧਾਰ ਕੇ ਭੇਸ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਸਦਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਜਵਾਨੀ ਤੇ ਐਸ਼ ਮਾਪੇ,
 ਸਦਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਜੇ ਬਾਲ ਵਰੇਸ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਸਦਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਜੇ ਦੌਲਤਾਂ ਫੀਲ ਘੋੜੇ,
 ਸਦਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਜੇ ਰਾਜਿਆਂ ਦੇਸ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਸਦਾ ਨਾ ਰੂਪ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ,
 ਸਦਾ ਰਹਿਣ ਨਾ ਕਾਲੜੇ ਕੇਸ ਮੀਆਂ।

ایتھے آیاں کوں دُنیا موہ لیندی،
 دغے باز دا دھار کے بھیس میاں۔
 سدا نہیں جوانی تے عیش ماپے،
 سدا نہیں جے بال وریس میاں۔
 سدا نہیں جے دَوْلَتاں فیل گھوڑے،
 سدا نہیں جے راجیاں دیس میاں۔
 شاہ محمدَا سدا نہ رُوپ دُنیا،
 سدا رہن نہ کالڑے کیس میاں۔

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.

यह जग है सभी को मोह लेता,
 धारे ठग का ऐसा यह वेष मीयां;
 नहीं सदा यह यौवन, न ऐश, मापे,
 नहीं बचपन है सदा हमेशा मीयां;
 सदा दौलत न हाथी न घोड़े रहते,
 सदा राजा बचे न देश मीयां;
 शाह मुहम्मद सदा न रूप सुंदर,
 न काले ही रहते यह केश मीयां।

੩

ਇਕ ਰੋਜ਼ ਵਡਾਲੇ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਬੈਠੇ,
 ਚਲੀ ਆਣ ਅੰਗਰੇਜ਼ ਦੀ ਬਾਤ ਆਈ।
 ਸਾਨੂੰ ਆਖਿਆ ਹੀਰੇ ਤੇ ਨੂਰ ਖਾਂ ਨੇ,
 ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਸਾਡੀ ਮੁਲਾਕਾਤ ਆਈ।
 ਰਾਜ਼ੀ ਬਹੁਤ ਰਹਿੰਦੇ ਮੁਸਲਮਾਨ ਹਿੰਦੂ,
 ਸਿਰਾਂ ਦੋਹਾਂ ਦੇ ਉਤੇ ਆਫਾਤ ਆਈ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਵਿਚ ਪੰਜਾਬ ਦੇ ਜੀ,
 ਕਦੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਸੀ ਤੀਸਰੀ ਜਾਤ ਆਈ।

੩

اک روز وڈالے دے وچ بیٹھے،
 چلی آن انگریز دی بات آئی۔
 سائوں آکھیا ہیرے تے نورخاں نے،
 جنہاں نال ساڈی ملاقات آئی۔
 راضی بہت رہندے مسلمان ہندو،
 سیراں دوہاں دے اُتے آفات آئی۔
 شاہ محمد ا وچ پنجاب دے جی،
 کدے نہیں سی تیسری ذات آئی۔

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.

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

*विपदा

† 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

ਇਹ ਜਗ ਸਰਾਇ ਮੁਸਾਫਰਾਂ ਦੀ,
 ਏਥੇ ਜ਼ੋਰ ਵਾਲੇ ਕਈ ਆਇ ਗਏ।
 ਸ਼ਾਦ ਨਮਰੂਦ ਫਿਰਉਨ ਜੇਹੇ,
 ਦਾਵਾ ਬੰਨ੍ਹ ਖੁਦਾਇ ਕਹਾਇ ਗਏ।
 ਅਕਬਰ ਸ਼ਾਹ ਜਿਹੇ ਵਿਚ ਦਿੱਲੀ ਦੇ ਜੀ,
 ਫੇਰੀ ਵਾਂਗ ਵਣਜਾਰਿਆਂ ਪਾਇ ਗਏ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਰਹੇਗਾ ਰੱਬ ਸੱਚਾ,
 ਵਾਜੇ ਕੂੜ ਦੇ ਕਈ ਵਜਾਏ ਗਏ।

ایہہ جگ سرائے مسافراں دی،
 ایہہ زور والے کئی آئے گئے۔
 شادا، نمرود، فرعون جیسے،
 دعویٰ بہہ خدائے کہائے گئے۔
 اکبر شاہ جیسے وچ وئی دے جی،
 پھیری وانگ ونباریاں پائے گئے۔
 شاہ محمدّا رہے گا رّب سچّا،
 واجے سوڑ دے کئی وجائے گئے۔

The world is an inn, visited by travellers,
 Some of whom gather pelf and power.
 Shaddad, Namrud and the Pharoahs
 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.

यह जगत सराय मुसाफ़िरों की,
 बड़े जोर वाले कई आए गए;
 शद्दाद, नमरूद, फरऊन कितने,
 दावा करते खुदाई का हाय गए;
 अकबर जैसे जो दिल्ली के मालिक थे खुद,
 बनजारों की रीत निभाए गए;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! एक है रब्ब सच्चा,
 तूती झूठ की कई बजाए गए।

੫

ਮਹਾਂ ਬਲੀ ਰਣਜੀਤ ਸਿੰਘ ਹੋਇਆ ਪੈਦਾ,
ਨਾਲ ਜ਼ੋਰ ਦੇ ਮੁਲਕ ਹਿਲਾਇ ਗਿਆ।
ਮੁਲਤਾਨ ਕਸ਼ਮੀਰ ਪਸ਼ੋਰ ਚੰਬਾ,
ਜੰਮੂ ਕਾਂਗੜਾ ਕੋਟ ਨਿਵਾਇ ਗਿਆ।
ਹੋਰ ਦੇਸ਼ ਲਦਾਖ ਤੇ ਚੀਨ ਤੋੜੀ,
ਸਿੱਕਾ ਆਪਣੇ ਨਾਮ ਚਲਾਇ ਗਿਆ।
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਜਾਣ ਪਚਾਸ ਬਰਸਾਂ,
ਅੱਛਾ ਰੱਜ ਕੇ ਰਾਜ ਕਮਾਇ ਗਿਆ।

੬

ਮੇਹਾਂ ਮੁਲੀ ਰਣਜੀਤ ਸੰਗੇ ਹੋਇਆ ਪੈਦਾ,
ਨਾਲ ਜ਼ੋਰ ਦੇ ਮੁਲਕ ਹਿਲਾਇ ਗਿਆ-
ਮੁਲਤਾਨ, ਕਸ਼ਮੀਰ, ਪਸ਼ੋਰ, ਚੰਬੇ,
ਜੰਮੂ, ਕਾਂਗੜੇ, ਕੋਟ, ਚੀਨ ਤੋੜੀ-
ਹੋਰ ਦੇਸ਼ ਲਦਾਖ ਤੇ ਚੀਨ ਤੋੜੀ,
ਸਿੱਕਾ ਆਪਣੇ ਨਾਮ ਚਲਾਇ ਗਿਆ-
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਜਾਨ ਪਚਾਸ ਬਰਸਾਂ,
ਅੱਛਾ ਰੱਜ ਕੇ ਰਾਜ ਕਮਾਇ ਗਿਆ-

5

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.

५

महाबली रंजीत जो हुआ पैदा,
भारी जोर से देश हिलाए गया;
मुलतान, कश्मीर, पेशावर, चम्बा,
जम्मू कांगड़ा 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।

੬

ਜਦੋਂ ਹੋਏ ਸਰਕਾਰ ਦੇ ਸ਼ਾਸ ਪੂਰੇ,
ਜਮ੍ਹਾਂ ਹੋਏ ਨੀ ਸਭ ਸਰਦਾਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
ਚੇਤ ਸਿੰਘ ਨੂੰ ਮਾਰਿਆ ਕੌਰ ਸਾਹਿਬ,
ਸ਼ੁਰੂ ਹੋਈ ਦਰਬਾਰ ਤਲਵਾਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
ਖੜਕ ਸਿੰਘ ਮਹਾਰਾਜਾ ਨੇ ਢਾਹ ਮਾਰੀ,
ਮੋਇਆ ਮੁਢ ਕਦੀਮ ਦਾ ਯਾਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਅਸਾਂ ਭੀ ਨਾਲ ਮਰਨਾ,
ਸਾਡਾ ਇਹੋ ਸੀ ਕੌਲ ਕਰਾਰ ਮੀਆਂ।

੭

ਜਦੋਂ ਹੋਏ ਸਰਕਾਰ ਦੇ ਸ਼ਾਸ ਪੂਰੇ,
ਜਮ੍ਹਾਂ ਹੋਏ ਨੀ ਸਭ ਸਰਦਾਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
ਚੇਤ ਸਿੰਘ ਨੂੰ ਮਾਰਿਆ ਕੌਰ ਸਾਹਿਬ,
ਸ਼ੁਰੂ ਹੋਈ ਦਰਬਾਰ ਤਲਵਾਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
ਖੜਕ ਸਿੰਘ ਮਹਾਰਾਜਾ ਨੇ ਢਾਹ ਮਾਰੀ,
ਮੋਇਆ ਮੁਢ ਕਦੀਮ ਦਾ ਯਾਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਅਸਾਂ ਭੀ ਨਾਲ ਮਰਨਾ,
ਸਾਡਾ ਇਹੋ ਸੀ ਕੌਲ ਕਰਾਰ ਮੀਆਂ।

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.

जब हुए सरकार (रंजीत सिंह) के सांस पूरे,
 जुड़ के आए थे सभी सरदार मीयां;
 चेत सिंह को मारा तब कुंवर ने खुद,
 शुरु हुई तलवार दरबार मीयां;
 खड्ग सिंह महाराज तब बहुत रोया,
 जिसका मरा था बचपन का यार मीयां;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! मरेंगे साथ दोनों,
 यही दोस्त से था इकरार मीयां।

"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.

मेरे सामने मारा जो यार मेरा,
 ग़र्क होगा वह सारा दरबार मीयां;
 राज करे न कुंवर भी मेरे पीछे,
 ऐसी पड़ेगी कुदरत की मार मीयां;
 बेकसूर का यह जो खून हुआ,
 मारे जाएंगे सभी सरदार मीयां;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! अब होवेगी मौत सस्ती,
 खाली जाए न उसका कोई वार मीयां।

੮

ਖੜਕ ਸਿੰਘ ਮਹਾਰਾਜ ਹੋਇਆ ਬਹੁਤ ਮਾਂਦਾ,
 ਬਰਸ ਇਕ ਪਿੱਛੋਂ ਵੱਸ ਕਾਲ ਹੋਇਆ।
 ਆਈ ਮੌਤ ਨਾ ਅਟਕਿਆ ਇਕ ਘੜੀ,
 ਚੇਤ ਸਿੰਘ ਦੇ ਗਮ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਮੋਇਆ।
 ਕੌਰ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਸ਼ਾਹਜ਼ਾਦੇ ਦੀ ਗੱਲ ਸੁਣ ਕੇ,
 ਜ਼ਰਾ ਦਰਦ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਨਾ ਮੂਲ ਰੋਇਆ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਕਈਆਂ ਦੇ ਮਾਰਨੇ ਨੂੰ,
 ਵਿਚ ਕੌਂਸਲੇ ਕੌਰ ਨੂੰ ਹੁਕਮ ਹੋਇਆ।

੮

ਕਠੁਕ ਸੰਗੇ ਮਹਾਰਾਜ ਹੋਇਆ ਬਹੁਤ ਮਾਂਦੇ,
 ਬਰਸ ਇਕ ਪਿੱਛੋਂ ਵੱਸ ਕਾਲ ਹੋਇਆ-
 ਆਈ ਮੌਤ ਨੇ ਅਟਕਿਆ ਇਕ ਗਠੀ,
 ਚੇਤ ਸਿੰਘ ਦੇ ਗਮ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਮੋਇਆ-
 ਕੌਰ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਸ਼ਾਹਜ਼ਾਦੇ ਦੀ ਗੱਲ ਸੁਣ ਕੇ,
 ਜ਼ਰਾ ਦਰਦ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਨੇ ਮੂਲ ਰੋਇਆ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਕਈਆਂ ਦੇ ਮਾਰਨੇ ਨੂੰ,
 ਵਿਚ ਕੌਂਸਲੇ ਕੌਰ ਨੂੰ ਹੁਕਮ ਹੋਇਆ-

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।

੯

ਖੜਕ ਸਿੰਘ ਮਹਾਰਾਜ ਨੂੰ ਚੁਕ ਲਿਆ,
ਦੇਖੋ ਸਾੜਨੇ ਨੂੰ ਹੁਣ ਲੈ ਚੱਲੇ।
ਧਰਮ ਰਾਜ ਨੂੰ ਜਦੋਂ ਇਹ ਖਬਰ ਹੋਈ,
ਕੌਰ ਮਾਰਨੇ ਨੂੰ ਉਸ ਦੂਤ ਘੱਲੇ।
ਮਾਰੋ ਮਾਰ ਕਰਦੇ ਦੂਤ ਆਣ ਵੜੇ,
ਜਦੋਂ ਮੌਤ ਦੇ ਹੋਏ ਨੀ ਆਣ ਹੱਲੇ।
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਦੇਖ ਰਜ਼ਾਇ ਉਸ ਦੀ,
ਉਧਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਤੇ ਕੌਰ ਦੇ ਸ਼ਾਸ ਚੱਲੇ।

੧

ਕਫ਼ਕ ਸੰਗ ਮਹਾਰਾਜ ਨੂੰ ਚੁਕ ਲਿਆ,
ਦਿਖੋ ਸਾੜਨੇ ਨੂੰ ਹੁਣ ਲੈ ਚੱਲੇ-
ਧਰਮ ਰਾਜ ਨੂੰ ਜਦੋਂ ਇਹ ਖਬਰ ਹੋਈ,
ਕੌਰ ਮਾਰਨੇ ਨੂੰ ਉਸ ਦੂਤ ਘੱਲੇ-
ਮਾਰੋ ਮਾਰ ਕਰਦੇ ਦੂਤ ਆਣ ਵੜੇ,
ਜਦੋਂ ਮੌਤ ਦੇ ਹੋਏ ਨੀ ਆਣ ਹੱਲੇ-
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਦੇਖ ਰਜ਼ਾਇ ਉਸ ਦੀ,
ਉਧਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਤੇ ਕੌਰ ਦੇ ਸ਼ਾਸ ਚੱਲੇ-

9

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.

९

खड़ग सिंह महाराज की मौत हो गई,
दाह करने को जैसे वे लाश लाए;
धर्मराज ने तभी थे दूत भेजे,
जो बांधने कुंवर को पारा लाए;
पलक भर में घटा यह सब कैसे,
कैसा हुआ था घोर उत्पात मीयां;
शाह मुहम्मद ! ऐसी थी मौज रब्ब की,
हुआ ऊधम और कुंवर का घात मीयां।

ਇਕ ਦੂਤ ਨੇ ਦੇਖ ਕੇ ਛਿਕਰ ਕੀਤਾ,
 ਪਲਕ ਵਿਚ ਦਰਵਾਜ਼ੇ ਦੇ ਆਇਆ ਈ।
 ਜਿਹੜਾ ਧੁਰ ਦਰਗਾਹ ਦਾ ਹੁਕਮ ਆਂਦਾ,
 ਦੇਖੋ ਓਸ ਨੂੰ ਖੂਬ ਬਜਾਇਆ ਈ।
 ਅੰਦਰ ਤਰਫ ਹਵੇਲੀ ਦੇ ਤੁਰੇ ਜਾਂਦੇ,
 ਛੱਜਾ ਢਾਹ ਦੋਹਾਂ ਉਤੇ ਪਾਇਆ ਈ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਉਧਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਬਾਉਂ ਮੋਇਆ,
 ਕੌਰ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਭੀ ਸਹਿਕਦਾ ਆਇਆ ਈ।

ਅਕ ਦੂਤ ਨੇ ਦਿੱਖ ਕੇ ਫਕਰ ਕੀਤਾ,
 ਪਲਕ ਵਿਚ ਦਰਵਾਜ਼ੇ ਦੇ ਆਇਆ ਈ-
 ਜਿਹੜਾ ਧੁਰ ਦਰਗਾਹ ਦਾ ਹੁਕਮ ਆਂਦਾ,
 ਦੇਖੋ ਓਸ ਨੂੰ ਖੂਬ ਬਜਾਇਆ ਈ-
 ਅੰਦਰ ਤਰਫ ਹਵੇਲੀ ਦੇ ਤੁਰੇ ਜਾਂਦੇ,
 ਛੱਜਾ ਢਾਹ ਦੋਹਾਂ ਉਤੇ ਪਾਇਆ ਈ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਉਧਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਬਾਉਂ ਮੋਇਆ,
 ਕੌਰ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਭੀ ਸਹਿਕਦਾ ਆਇਆ ਈ-

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.

निमिष मात्र में योजना बांध करके,
 एक दूत था डयोढ़ी पर आन बैठा;
 खुद अरश से हुआ जो हुक्म जारी,
 बजाने उसको वह तीर को तान बैठा;
 जब लौट हवेली में रहे थे सब,
 छज्जा गाज बन उन पर ढहा ऐसा;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! मरा तत्काल ऊधम,
 ज़ख्मी कुंवर भी मिला, बस मरा जैसा।

ਅੱਠ ਪਹਿਰ ਲੁਕਾਇ ਕੇ ਰਖਿਓ ਨੇ,
 ਦੂਜੇ ਦਿਨ ਰਾਣੀ ਚੰਦ ਕੌਰ ਆਈ।
 ਖੜਕ ਸਿੰਘ ਦਾ ਮੂਲ ਦਰੇਗ ਨਾਹੀਂ,
 ਕੌਰ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਤਾਈਂ ਓਥੇ ਰੋਣ ਆਈ।
 ਹੁਣ ਮੋਇਆ ਤੇ ਕਰੋ ਸੱਸਕਾਰ ਇਸ ਦਾ,
 ਭਲਾ ਤੁਸਾਂ ਕਿਉਂ ਇਤਨੀ ਦੇਰ ਲਾਈ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਰੋਂਦੀ ਏ ਚੰਦ ਕੌਰਾਂ,
 ਜਿਸਦਾ ਮੋਇਆ ਪੁੱਤਰ ਸੋਹਣਾ, ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸਾਈਂ।

॥

ਅੱਠ ਪਹਿਰ ਲੁਕਾਏ ਕੇ ਰਖਿਓ ਨੇ,
 ਦੂਜੇ ਦਿਨ ਰਾਣੀ ਚੰਦ ਕੌਰ ਆਈ-
 ਖੜਕ ਸਿੰਘ ਦਾ ਮੂਲ ਦਰੇਗ ਨਾਹੀਂ,
 ਕੌਰ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਤਾਈਂ ਓਥੇ ਰੋਣ ਆਈ-
 ਹੁਣ ਮੋਇਆ ਤੇ ਕਰੋ ਸੱਸਕਾਰ ਇਸ ਦਾ,
 ਭਲਾ ਤੁਸਾਂ ਕਿਉਂ ਇਤਨੀ ਦੇਰ ਲਾਈ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਰੋਂਦੀ ਏ ਚੰਦ ਕੌਰਾਂ,
 ਜਿਸਦਾ ਮੋਇਆ ਪੁੱਤਰ ਸੋਹਣਾ ਸਾਈਂ-
 ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸਾਈਂ।

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.

आठ पहर तक मौत छुपाए रखी,
 दूजे दिन थी रानी चंद कौर आई;
 खड़ग सिंह का दुःख तो लेश न था,
 कुंवर बेटे की मौत पर रोने आई;
 फिर बोली, "संस्कार तत्काल कर दो,
 क्योंकिर है इतनी सी देर कर दी?"
 शाह मुहम्मद ! विलाप वह रही थी कर,
 जिसके शेर ने मौत की गोद भर दी।

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.

शेर सिंह को किसी ने खबर भेजी,
 जिसका मरा भतीजा था वीर यारो;
 झट कूच बटाले से किया उसने,
 ज्यों निकले कमान से तीर यारो;
 जब लाहौर में आकर हुआ दाखिल,
 दोनों नयनों से बहता था नीर यारो;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! सगे जब दुःख बांटे,
 चंद कौर थी हुई दिलगीर* यारो।

*निर्मम

ਦਿੱਤੇ ਸੰਤਰੀ ਚਾਰ ਖਲ੍ਹਾਰ ਚੋਰੀਂ,
 ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸਿੰਘ ਅੱਜ ਅੰਦਰੇ ਆਵਣਾ ਜੇ।
 ਤੁਰਤ ਫੂਕ ਦਿਉ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਕਰਾਬੀਨਾਂ,
 ਇਕ ਘੜੀ ਵਿਚ ਮਾਰ ਮੁਕਾਵਣਾ ਜੇ।
 ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸਿੰਘ ਨੂੰ ਰਾਜੇ ਨੇ ਖਬਰ ਦਿੱਤੀ,
 ਅੰਦਰ ਅਜੇ ਜ਼ਰੂਰ ਨਹੀਂ ਆਵਣਾ ਜੇ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਅਜੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਜ਼ੋਰ ਤੇਰਾ,
 ਤੈਨੂੰ ਅਸਾਂ ਹੀ ਅੰਤ ਸਦਾਵਣਾ ਜੇ।

ਦੇ ਸੁੰਦਰੀ ਚਾਰ ਕਹਲਾਰ ਚੋਰੀਂ,
 ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸਿੰਘ ਅੱਜ ਅੰਦਰੇ ਆਵਣਾ ਜੇ-
 ਮੁਰਤ ਮੁਕੁਕ ਦਿਓ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਕਰਾਬੀਨਾਂ,
 ਇਕ ਗੁਰੀ ਵੱਧ ਮਾਰ ਮੁਕਾਵਣਾ ਜੇ-
 ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸਿੰਘ ਨੂੰ ਰਾਜੇ ਨੇ ਖਬਰ ਦਿੱਤੀ,
 ਅੰਦਰ ਅਜੇ ਜ਼ਰੂਰ ਨਹੀਂ ਆਵਣਾ ਜੇ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਅਜੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਜ਼ੋਰ ਤੇਰਾ,
 ਤੈਨੂੰ ਅਸਾਂ ਹੀ ਅੰਤ ਸਦਾਵਣਾ ਜੇ-

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 शेर सिंह किले में आ गया तो;
 फूँक तुरत देना अपनी कराबीनें,
 पल भर में उसका सफ़ाया जो हो;"
 शेर सिंह को राजा ने सूचना दी,
 आप अभी न किले में आवना जी;
 "शाह मुहम्मद ! अभी है समय खोटा,
 खरा होने पर तुम्हें बुलावना जी।"

ਚੰਦ ਕੌਰ ਦੀ ਮੰਦੀ ਜੋ ਨਜ਼ਰ ਦੇਖੀ,
 ਦਗੋ ਬਾਜ਼ੀਆਂ ਹੋਰ ਬਥੇਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਉਸ ਨੇ ਤੁਰਤ ਲਾਹੌਰ ਥੀਂ ਕੂਚ ਕੀਤਾ,
 ਬੈਠਾ ਜਾਇ ਕੇ ਵਿਚ ਮੁਕੇਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਪਿੱਛੇ ਤਖ਼ਤ ਬੈਠੀ ਰਾਣੀ ਚੰਦ ਕੌਰਾਂ,
 ਦੋਂਦੇ ਆਣ ਮੁਸਾਹਿਬ ਦਲੇਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਕੌਰ ਨਾ ਜੰਮਣਾ ਏ,
 ਕਿਲ੍ਹੇ ਕੋਟ ਤੇ ਰੱਯਤਾਂ ਤੇਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ।

چند کور دی مندی جو نظر دیکھی،
 دغے بازیاں ہور بٹھیریاں نی۔
 اُس نے تورت لاہور تھیں سوج کیتا،
 بیٹھا جائے کے وچ مکیریاں نی۔
 پیچھے تخت بیٹھی رانی چند کوراں،
 دیندے آن مصاحب دلیریاں نی۔
 شاہ محمدًا کور نہ جہتا اس،
 قلعے کوٹ تے رعیتاں تیریاں نی۔

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."

चंद कौर की टेढ़ी जो नज़र देखी,
 साथ कितनी ही दगाबाज़ियां भी;
 तुरत लाहौर से उसने कूच करके,
 डाली छावनी बीच मुकेरियां जी;
 चंद कौर ने किया तब राज धारण,
 देते आन मुसाहिब दिलेरियां जी;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! "न होना अब कुंवर दूजा,
 किले, कोट औ' प्रजा सब तेरी है जी।"

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."

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

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."

बाईस दिनों की राजा ने छुट्टी जो ली,
 तुरत जम्मू की ओर चल पड़े डेरे;
 शेर सिंह को साथ ही पत्र भेजा,
 "सिद्ध किये हैं मैंने सब काज तेरे;
 दमामा पीट के पहुँचो लाहौर झटपट,
 अगवानी करेंगे सारे ही सैनिक-डेरे;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! जैसे ही निकट पंहुचो,
 अफ़सर मिलेंगे राज के आन मेरे।"

ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸਿੰਘ ਨੇ ਰਾਜੇ ਦਾ ਖਤ ਪੜ੍ਹ ਕੇ,
 ਫੌਜਾਂ ਤੁਰਤ ਲਾਹੌਰ ਨੂੰ ਘੱਲੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਘੋੜੇ ਹਿਣਕਦੇ ਤੇ ਮਾਰੂ ਵੱਜਦੇ ਨੀ,
 ਧੂੜ ਉੱਡ ਕੇ ਘਟਾਂ ਹੋ ਚੱਲੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਆਵੇ ਬੁੱਧੂ ਦੇ ਲਾਏ ਨੀ ਪਾਸ ਡੇਰੇ,
 ਫੌਜਾਂ ਲੱਥੀਆਂ ਆਣ ਇਕੱਲੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਆਣ ਜਾਂ ਮਿਲੇ ਅਫ਼ਸਰ,
 ਗੱਲਾਂ ਵਿਚ ਲਾਹੌਰ ਦੇ ਚੱਲੀਆਂ ਨੀ।

ਸ਼ੀਰ ਸਿੰਘ ਨੇ ਰਾਜੇ ਦਾ ਖਤ ਪੜ੍ਹ ਕੇ,
 ਫੌਜਾਂ ਚਲੀਆਂ ਲਾਹੌਰ ਨੂੰ ਘੱਲੀਆਂ ਨੀ-
 ਘੋੜੇ ਹਿਣਕਦੇ ਤੇ ਮਾਰੂ ਵੱਜਦੇ ਨੀ,
 ਧੂੜ ਉੱਡ ਕੇ ਘਟਾਂ ਹੋ ਚੱਲੀਆਂ ਨੀ-
 ਆਵੇ ਬੁੱਧੂ ਦੇ ਲਾਏ ਨੀ ਪਾਸ ਡੇਰੇ,
 ਫੌਜਾਂ ਲੱਥੀਆਂ ਆਣ ਇਕੱਲੀਆਂ ਨੀ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਆਣ ਜਾਂ ਮਿਲੇ ਅਫ਼ਸਰ,
 ਗੱਲਾਂ ਵਿਚ ਲਾਹੌਰ ਦੇ ਚੱਲੀਆਂ ਨੀ-

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.

शेर सिंह ने राजा का पत्र पढ़कर,
 सेना भेज दी जानिब लाहौर झटपट;
 बजते मारू और घोड़ों की टाप सुनकर,
 उड़ती धूलि घटाएं खुद बनी थीं तब;
 आवे बुद्ध के आके जो डेरा डाला,
 सैनिक करने लगे अभ्यास, करतब;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! अफसर भी मिले आ कर,
 खबरें ऐसी लाहौर में फैली थीं झट ।

ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸਿੰਘ ਤਾਂ ਬੁੱਧੂ ਦੇ ਆਵਿਓਂ ਜੀ,
ਕਰ ਤੁਰਮ ਲਾਹੌਰ ਵਲ ਧਾਇਆ ਈ।
ਪਹਿਲੇ ਪੜਤਲਾਂ ਦੇ ਅੱਗੋਂ ਪਾੜ ਕੇ ਜੀ,
ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸਿੰਘ ਨੂੰ ਤੁਰਤ ਲੰਘਾਇਆ ਈ।
ਉਸ ਬਲੀ ਸ਼ਾਹਜ਼ਾਦੇ ਦਾ ਤੇਜ ਭਾਰੀ,
ਜਿਸ ਕਿਲ੍ਹੇ ਨੂੰ ਮੋਰਚਾ ਲਾਇਆ ਈ।
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਹਾਰ ਕੇ ਵਿਚਲਿਆਂ ਨੇ,
ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸਿੰਘ ਨੂੰ ਗੱਦੀ ਬਹਾਇਆ ਈ।

ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸ਼ੇਰ
ਕਰ ਮੁਰਮ ਲਾਹੌਰ ਵਲ ਧਾਇਆ ਈ-
ਪਹਿਲੇ ਪੜਤਲਾਂ ਦੇ ਅੱਗੋਂ ਪਾੜ ਕੇ ਜੀ,
ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸ਼ੇਰ
ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਹਾਰ ਕੇ ਵਿਚਲਿਆਂ ਨੇ,
ਉਸ ਬਲੀ ਸ਼ਾਹਜ਼ਾਦੇ ਦਾ ਤੇਜ ਭਾਰੀ,
ਜਿਸ ਕਿਲ੍ਹੇ ਨੂੰ ਮੋਰਚਾ ਲਾਇਆ ਈ-
ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸ਼ੇਰ
ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸ਼ੇਰ
ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਹਾਰ ਕੇ ਵਿਚਲਿਆਂ ਨੇ,
ਉਸ ਬਲੀ ਸ਼ਾਹਜ਼ਾਦੇ ਦਾ ਤੇਜ ਭਾਰੀ,
ਜਿਸ ਕਿਲ੍ਹੇ ਨੂੰ ਮੋਰਚਾ ਲਾਇਆ ਈ-
ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸ਼ੇਰ

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.

आवे बुद्धू से निकल कर शेर सिंह भी,
 जानिब लाहौर वह धाया तत्काल था तब;
 सफे टूटीं और उनके बीच में से,
 खुद फ़ौज ने पार कराया था तब;
 उस बली शहजादे का तेज भारी,
 किले पर जा मोर्चा लगाया था तब;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! अंत में बिचोलियों ने,
 राजगद्दी पर उसे बिठलाया था तब।

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.

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।

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.

शेर सिंह को रब्ब ने राज बख्शा,
 छीना लाहौर जो उसने था रानियों से;
 संधावालिये दरबार में टिकते क्योंकर,
 जूझ रहे थे जो परेशानियों से;
 अजीत सिंह ने फिर थी बाज़ी मारी,
 सान चढ़ा जो वीरों के पानियों से;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! वह था दूजा अली अकबर,
 लाया बाप को जो काले पानियों से।

ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਗੋਲੀਆਂ ਨੇ ਮਾਰੀ ਚੰਦ ਕੌਰਾਂ,
ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਤਾਈਂ ਹਜ਼ੂਰ ਚਾ ਸੱਦਿਆ ਈ।
ਰਾਜੇ ਸਿੰਘਾਂ ਦਾ ਗਿਲਾ ਮਿਟਾਵਣੇ ਨੂੰ,
ਨੱਕ ਕੰਨ ਚਾ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦਾ ਵੱਢਿਆ ਈ।
ਰਾਜੇ ਸਿੰਘਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਅੰਦਰੋਂ ਹੁਕਮ ਕੀਤਾ,
ਉਹਨਾਂ ਅੰਦਰੋਂ ਬਾਹਰ ਚਾ ਕੱਢਿਆ ਈ।
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਲਾਹ ਕੇ ਸਭ ਜ਼ੇਵਰ,
ਕਾਲਾ ਮੂੰਹ ਕਰ ਕੇ ਫੇਰ ਛੱਡਿਆ ਈ।

جہاں گولیاں نے ماری چند کوراں،
انہاں تائیں حضور چا سدیا ای۔
راجے سنگھاں دا کلمہ مٹاؤنے ئوں،
نک کن چا انہاں دا وڈھیا ای۔
راجے سنگھاں ئوں اندروں حکم کیتا،
اوہناں اندروں باہر چا کڈھیا ای۔
شاہ محمد ا لاه کے سب زیور،
کالا منہ کر کے پھیر چھڈیا ای۔

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 the Singhs
 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.

जिन दासियों ने थी चंद कौर मारी,
 निज हजूरी में उनको बुलवाए लिया;
 खुश करने को सिंघन को ध्यान सिंह ने,
 नाक कान थे उनके कटवाए मीयां;
 फिर सेना को राजा ने दे आज्ञा,
 उन्हें महलों से भी निकलवाए दिया;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! छीन सब गहने-गट्टे,
 काला मुँह भी उनका करवाए दिया।

ਬਰਸ ਹੋਇਆ ਜਾਂ ਹਾਜ਼ਰੀ ਲੈਣ ਬਦਲੇ,
 ਡੇਰਾ ਸ਼ਾਹ ਬਿਲਾਵਲ ਲਗਾਂਵਦਾ ਈ।
 ਅਜੀਤ ਸਿੰਘ ਗੁੱਝੀ ਕਰਾਬੀਨ ਲੈ ਕੇ,
 ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸਿੰਘ ਨੂੰ ਆਣ ਵਿਖਾਂਵਦਾ ਈ।
 ਸਿੱਧੀ ਜਦੋਂ ਸ਼ਾਹਜ਼ਾਦੇ ਨੇ ਨਜ਼ਰ ਕੀਤੀ,
 ਜਲਦੀ ਨਾਲ ਚਾ ਕਲਾ ਦਬਾਂਵਦਾ ਈ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਜ਼ਿਮੀਂ 'ਤੇ ਪਿਆ ਤੜਫੇ,
 ਤੇਗ ਮਾਰ ਕੇ ਸੀਸ ਉਡਾਂਵਦਾ ਈ।

ਬਰਸ ਹੋਇਆ ਜਾਂ ਹਾਜ਼ਰੀ ਲੈਣ ਬਦਲੇ,
 ਡੇਰਾ ਸ਼ਾਹ ਬਿਲਾਵਲ ਲਗਾਂਵਦਾ ਈ।
 ਅਜੀਤ ਸਿੰਘ ਗੁੱਝੀ ਕਰਾਬੀਨ ਲੈ ਕੇ,
 ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸਿੰਘ ਨੂੰ ਆਣ ਵਿਖਾਂਵਦਾ ਈ।
 ਸਿੱਧੀ ਜਦੋਂ ਸ਼ਾਹਜ਼ਾਦੇ ਨੇ ਨਜ਼ਰ ਕੀਤੀ,
 ਜਲਦੀ ਨਾਲ ਚਾ ਕਲਾ ਦਬਾਂਵਦਾ ਈ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਜ਼ਿਮੀਂ 'ਤੇ ਪਿਆ ਤੜਫੇ,
 ਤੇਗ ਮਾਰ ਕੇ ਸੀਸ ਉਡਾਂਵਦਾ ਈ।

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.

बरस हुआ तो फ़ौजी सलाम के मिस,

डेरा बिलावल में उसने लगाया मीयां;

कराबीन ले गुप्त अजीत सिंह ने,

शेर सिंह को उसे दिखलाया मीयां;

शहजादे ने की जब नज़र सीधी,

घोड़ा उसने था तुरत दबाया मीयां;

शाह मुहम्मद ! भूपर जब लोटता था,

तब तेग़ से सिर को उड़ाया मीयां।

ਲਹਿਣਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਜੋ ਬਾਗ਼ ਦੀ ਤਰਫ਼ ਆਇਆ,
 ਅੱਗੇ ਕੌਰ ਜੋ ਹੋਮ ਕਰਾਂਵਦਾ ਈ।
 ਲਹਿਣਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਦੀ ਮੰਦੀ ਜੋ ਨਜ਼ਰ ਦੇਖੀ,
 ਅੱਗੋਂ ਰੱਬ ਦਾ ਵਾਸਤਾ ਪਾਂਵਦਾ ਈ।
 ਮੈਂ ਤਾਂ ਕਰਾਂਗਾ ਬਾਬਾ ਜੀ ਟਹਿਲ ਤੇਰੀ,
 ਹੱਥ ਜੋੜ ਕੇ ਸੀਸ ਨਿਵਾਂਵਦਾ ਈ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਓਸ ਨਾ ਇਕ ਮੰਨੀ,
 ਤੇਗ ਮਾਰ ਕੇ ਸੀਸ ਉਡਾਂਵਦਾ ਈ।

ਲੈਨਾ ਸੰਗੇ ਜੋ ਬਾਗ਼ ਦੀ ਟਰਫ਼ ਆਇਆ,
 ਅੱਗੇ ਕੌਰ ਜੋ ਹੋਮ ਕਰਾਂਦਾ ਈ-
 ਲੈਨਾ ਸੰਗੇ ਦੀ ਮੰਦੀ ਜੋ ਨਜ਼ਰ ਦੇਖੀ,
 ਅੱਗੋਂ ਰੱਬ ਦਾ ਵਾਸਤੇ ਪਾਉਂਦਾ ਈ-
 ਮੈਂ ਤਾਂ ਕਰਾਂਗੀ ਬਾਬਾ ਜੀ ਟਹਿਲ ਤੇਰੀ,
 ਹੱਥ ਜੋੜ ਕੇ ਸੀਸ ਪਾਉਂਦਾ ਈ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਓਸ ਨਾ ਇਕ ਮੰਨੀ,
 ਤੇਗ ਮਾਰ ਕੇ ਸੀਸ ਉਡਾਂਦਾ ਈ-

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.

लहना सिंह तब बाग की ओर आया,
 जहां कुंवर था हवन करवाए रहा;
 जब कहर की उसकी नज़र देखी,
 कुंवर रब्ब के वास्ते पाए रहा;
 "सारी उमर मैं बावा जी करूं सेवा",
 हाथ जोड़ दोनों गिड़गिड़ाए रहा;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! सुनी न एक उसकी,
 तीखी तेग से शीश उड़ाए रहा।

ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸਿੰਘ ਪਰਤਾਪ ਸਿੰਘ ਮਾਰ ਕੇ ਜੀ,
 ਸੰਧਾਵਾਲੀਏ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਨੂੰ ਉੱਠ ਧਾਏ।
 ਰਾਜਾ ਮਿਲਿਆ ਤਾਂ ਕਿਹਾ ਅਜੀਤ ਸਿੰਘ ਨੇ,
 ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸਿੰਘ ਨੂੰ ਮਾਰ ਕੇ ਅਸੀਂ ਆਏ।
 ਗੱਲੀਂ ਲਾਇ ਕੇ ਕਿਲ੍ਹੇ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਆਂਦਾ,
 ਕੈਸੇ ਅਕਲ ਦੇ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ 'ਤੇ ਪੇਚ ਪਾਏ।
 ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਮਾਰੀ ਸੀ ਰਾਜਾ ਜੀ ਚੰਦ ਕੌਰਾਂ,
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੇ ਸੀਸ ਲਾਹੇ।

ਸ਼ਿਰ ਸ਼ੰਕ ਪਰਤਾਪ ਸ਼ੰਕ ਮਾਰ ਕੇ ਜੀ,
 ਸੰਧਾਵਾਲੀਏ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਨੂੰ ਠੁੱਠ ਧਾਏ-
 ਰਾਜੇ ਮਲਿਆ ਤਾਂ ਕਹਿਆ ਅਜੀਤ ਸ਼ੰਕ ਨੇ,
 ਸ਼ਿਰ ਸ਼ੰਕ ਨੂੰ ਮਾਰ ਕੇ ਅਸੀਂ ਆਏ-
 ਗੱਲੀਂ ਲਾਏ ਕੇ ਕਲ੍ਹੇ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਆਂਦਾ,
 ਕੈਸੇ ਅਕਲ ਦੇ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਤੇ ਪੇਚ ਪਾਏ-
 ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਮਾਰੀ ਸੀ ਰਾਜੇ ਜੀ ਚੰਦ ਕੌਰਾਂ,
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੇ ਸੀਸ ਲਾਏ-

After killing Sher Singh and his son in this manner
The two Sandhawalias 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.

शेर सिंह-प्रताप को मार कर यूँ,
संधावालिए लाहौर को धाए रहे;
मिला राजा तो कहा अजीत सिंह ने,
शेर सिंह को मार हम आए रहे;
उलझा बातों में लाए उसे किले भीतर,
ऐसे बुद्धि के पेच वे पाए रहे;
जिन सबों ने थी चंद कौर मारी,
शाह मुहम्मद ! वो शीश उड़ाए रहे ।

Gurmukh Singh Giani then asked the Sandhwalias :

"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.

गुरमुख सिंह ज्ञानी ने सीख दी यह,

“भला राजा को ज़िंदा क्यों छोड़ते हो”;

तभी मिहर घसीटा बीच आन बोला,

“कैसी अकल की बात आप बोलते हो”;

इक अरदली ने कराबीन से तब,

डोरी श्वास की राजा की तोड़ डाली;

शाह मुहम्मद ! अभी वह तड़पता था,

जब देश का बना दलीप वाली।

With the Raja's blood they annointed 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."

टीका राजे के खून से कर उसको,
 चार बार प्रदक्षिणाएं लीं उसकी;
 "सभी कुछ जो किया सो है तेरी खातिर,
 सच्चा साहब अब करेगा रक्षा तेरी;
 घड़ी भर का नहीं भरोसा हमको,
 कौन-कौन न जाने रात भोजन करसी;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! जो करेगा नज़र टेढ़ी,
 बीच मैदान हम उसको मारेंगे जी।"

੨੭

ਹੀਰਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਨੂੰ ਰਾਜੇ ਦੀ ਖਬਰ ਹੋਈ,
ਸੂਬੇਦਾਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਸੱਦ ਕੇ ਤੁਰਤ ਚੜਿਆ।
ਧੌਂਸਾ ਮਾਰ ਕੇ ਫੌਜ ਲੈ ਨਾਲ ਸਾਰੀ,
ਗੁੱਸੇ ਨਾਲ ਉਹ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਵੜਿਆ।
ਰਾਜਪੂਤ ਸੀ ਡੋਗਰਾ ਬਹੁਤ ਚੰਗਾ,
ਸੰਧਾਵਾਲੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਖੂਬ ਲੜਿਆ।
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਅਜੀਤ ਸਿੰਘ ਮੋਇਆ ਲੱਧਾ,
ਲਹਿਣਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਜੇ ਜੀਵਦਾ ਆਣ ਫੜਿਆ।

੨੮

ਹੀਰਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਨੂੰ ਰਾਜੇ ਦੀ ਖਬਰ ਹੋਈ,
ਸੂਬੇਦਾਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਸੱਦ ਕੇ ਤੁਰਤ ਚੜਿਆ।
ਧੌਂਸਾ ਮਾਰ ਕੇ ਫੌਜ ਲੈ ਨਾਲ ਸਾਰੀ,
ਗੁੱਸੇ ਨਾਲ ਉਹ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਵੜਿਆ।
ਰਾਜਪੂਤ ਸੀ ਡੋਗਰਾ ਬਹੁਤ ਚੰਗਾ,
ਸੰਧਾਵਾਲੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਖੂਬ ਲੜਿਆ।
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਅਜੀਤ ਸਿੰਘ ਮੋਇਆ ਲੱਧਾ,
ਲਹਿਣਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਜੇ ਜੀਵਦਾ ਆਣ ਫੜਿਆ।

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.

हीरा सिंह ने सुनी जब त्रासदी यह,
 बुलवा फ़ौज वह उतरा मैदान अंदर;
 दमामे मार और सेना को साथ ले कर,
 कूद पड़ा वह कठिन घमसान अंदर;
 राजपूत था डोगरा छैल योद्धा,
 संधावालियों की करी सफ़ाई उसने;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! अजीत को मारा लड़कर
 जीवित लहने की करी पकड़ाई उसने।

ਦੇਹਾਂ ਧਿਰਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਬਹੁਤ ਸੂਰਮੱਤ ਹੋਈ,
 ਖੰਡਾ ਵਿਚ ਮੈਦਾਨ ਵਜਾਇ ਗਏ।
 ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸਿੰਘ ਨਾ ਕਿਸੇ ਨੂੰ ਵਧਣ ਦੇਂਦਾ,
 ਸਾਰੇ ਮੁਲਖ ਥੀਂ ਕਲਾ ਮਿਟਾਇ ਗਏ।
 ਰਾਜਾ ਕਰਦਾ ਸੀ ਮੁਲਖ ਦੀ ਪਾਤਸ਼ਾਹੀ,
 ਪਿੱਛੇ ਰੱਯਤਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਵਖ਼ਤ ਪਾਇ ਗਏ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਮਾਰ ਕੇ ਮੋਏ ਦੋਵੇਂ,
 ਚੰਗੇ ਸੂਰਮੇਂ ਹੱਥ ਵਿਖਾਇ ਗਏ।

ਦੋਹਾਂ ਦਹਰਾ ਤੋਂ ਬਹੁਤ ਸੂਰਮੱਤ ਹੋਈ,
 ਖੰਡਾ ਵਿਚ ਮੈਦਾਨ ਵਜਾਇ ਗਏ।
 ਸ਼ੇਰ ਸਿੰਘ ਨਾ ਕਿਸੇ ਨੂੰ ਵਧਣ ਦੇਂਦਾ,
 ਸਾਰੇ ਮੁਲਖ ਥੀਂ ਕਲਾ ਮਿਟਾਇ ਗਏ।
 ਰਾਜਾ ਕਰਦਾ ਸੀ ਮੁਲਖ ਦੀ ਪਾਤਸ਼ਾਹੀ,
 ਪਿੱਛੇ ਰੱਯਤਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਵਖ਼ਤ ਪਾਇ ਗਏ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਮਾਰ ਕੇ ਮੋਏ ਦੋਹੀਂ,
 ਚੰਗੇ ਸੂਰਮੇਂ ਹੱਥ ਵਿਖਾਇ ਗਏ।

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.

दोनों ओर ही अनुपम वीरता से,
 खंडा बीच दरबार के चला भारी;
 शेर सिंह न कभी यों होने देता,
 जैसे मिटी थी देश की आब सारी;
 ध्यान सिंह भी देश का था रक्षक,
 आज प्रजा को पड़ी थी बड़ी ख़्तारी;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! खेत रहे लड़-लड़ कर,
 अगनित सूरमे, हुई वह मारामारी ।

੨੯

ਦੁੱਲੇ ਭੱਟੀ ਨੂੰ ਗਾਂਵਦਾ ਜੱਗ ਸਾਰਾ,
ਜੈਮਲ ਫੱਤੇ ਦੀਆਂ ਵਾਰਾਂ ਸਾਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
ਮੀਰ ਦਾਦ ਚੁਹਾਨ ਦੇ ਸਿਤਰ ਅੰਦਰ,
ਮੋਈਆਂ ਰਾਣੀਆਂ ਮਾਰ ਕਟਾਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
ਸੰਧਾਵਾਲੀਆਂ ਜੇਹੀ ਨਾ ਕਿਸੇ ਕੀਤੀ,
ਤੇਗਾਂ ਵਿਚ ਦਰਬਾਰ ਦੇ ਮਾਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਮੋਏ ਨੀ ਬੀਰ ਹੋ ਕੇ,
ਜਾਨਾਂ ਕੀਤੀਆਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਪਿਆਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ।

੨੯

ਦੁੱਲੇ ਭੱਟੀ ਨੂੰ ਗਾਂਵਦਾ ਜੱਗ ਸਾਰਾ,
ਜੈਮਲ ਫੱਤੇ ਦੀਆਂ ਵਾਰਾਂ ਸਾਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ-
ਮੀਰ ਦਾਦ ਚੁਹਾਨ ਦੇ ਸਿਤਰ ਅੰਦਰ,
ਮੋਈਆਂ ਰਾਣੀਆਂ ਮਾਰ ਕਟਾਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ-
ਸੰਧਾਵਾਲੀਆਂ ਜੇਹੀ ਨਾ ਕਿਸੇ ਕੀਤੀ,
ਤੇਗਾਂ ਵਿਚ ਦਰਬਾਰ ਦੇ ਮਾਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ-
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਮੋਏ ਨੀ ਬੀਰ ਹੋ ਕੇ,
ਜਾਨਾਂ ਕੀਤੀਆਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਪਿਆਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ-

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.

दुल्ला भट्टी के किस्से संसार गाता,
 जैमल, फ़त्ता की अमर कहानियां भी;
 मीरदाद चौहान की मौत पर तो,
 मरीं मार कटार सब रानियां थीं;
 संधावालियों जैसी न किसी ने की,
 तेग चली वह बीच दरबार के जी;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! लड़े सब प्राण पन से,
 जानें करीं न ज़रा भी प्यारी थीं जी।

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.

आ बाद में वे फ़िकरमंद हुए,
 लगे सोचने सभी सरदार मीयां;
 आया राज जो बुरछों के हाथ में अब,
 चमकने लगी सब ओर तलवार मीयां;
 गद्दीदारों तक को जो मार लेवें,
 छोटे-मोटों की कौन बिसात मीयां;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! थी ऐसी तेग चलती,
 खाली जाता न एक भी वार मीयां।

ਮਹਾਂ ਬਲੀ ਸਰਦਾਰ ਸੀ ਪੰਥ ਵਿਚੋਂ,
 ਡਿੱਠੀ ਬਣੀ ਕੁਚੱਲਣੀ ਚਾਲ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਦਿਲ ਆਪਣੇ ਬੈਠ ਵਿਚਾਰ ਕਰਦਾ,
 ਏਥੇ ਕਈਆਂ ਦੇ ਹੋਣਗੇ ਕਾਲ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਲਹਿਣਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਸਰਦਾਰ ਮਜੀਠੀਆ ਸੀ,
 ਵੱਡਾ ਅਕਲ ਦਾ ਕੋਟ ਕਮਾਲ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਤੁਰ ਗਿਆ ਤੀਰਥਾਂ ਨੂੰ,
 ਸਭੋ ਛੱਡ ਕੇ ਦੰਗ-ਦਵਾਲ ਮੀਆਂ।

| | | | | | |
|-------|---------|---------|----------|--------|-------|
| ਮੇਹਾਂ | ਮੀ | ਸਰਦਾਰ | ਸੀ | ਪੰਥੇ | ਉਚੋਂ, |
| ਠੰਠੀ | ਬਣੀ | ਕੁਚੱਲਣੀ | ਚਾਲ | ਮੀਆਂ- | |
| ਦਿਲ | ਆਪਣੇ | ਬੈਠ | ਵਿਚਾਰ | ਕਰਦਾ, | |
| ਏਥੇ | ਕਈਆਂ | ਦੇ | ਹੋਣਗੇ | ਕਾਲ | ਮੀਆਂ। |
| ਲਹਿਣਾ | ਸਿੰਘ | ਸਰਦਾਰ | ਮਜੀਠੀਆ | ਸੀ, | |
| ਵੱਡਾ | ਅਕਲ | ਦਾ | ਕੋਟ | ਕਮਾਲ | ਮੀਆਂ। |
| ਸ਼ਾਹ | ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ | ਤੁਰ | ਗਿਆ | ਤੀਰਥਾਂ | ਨੂੰ, |
| ਸਭੋ | ਛੱਡ | ਕੇ | ਦੰਗ-ਦਵਾਲ | ਮੀਆਂ- | |

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 मीयां;
 खूब मन ही मन वह सोचता था,
 अब कइयों का आया है काल मीयां;
 लहना सिंह सरदार मजीठिया वह,
 बुद्धिमान था बड़ा कमाल मीयां;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! निकल गया तीर्थों को,
 छोड़ पीछे के सभी जंजाल मीयां।

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.

दलीप सिंह तो नाम का था राजा,
असल राज था हीरा कमाए रहा था;
जल्ला उसका वज़ीरे ख़ास जो था,
ख़ातिर किसी को भी नहीं लाए रहा था;
बाहर अंदर सरकार को घूरता था,
कहता कुछ औ' कुछ करवाये रहा था;
शाह मुहम्मद ! वह पंथ को दुःख दे कर,
बदनाम हीरे को ख़ूब कराए रहा था।

ਸਿੰਘਾਂ ਲਿਖਿਆ ਖਤ ਸੁਚੇਤ ਸਿੰਘ ਨੂੰ,
 ਬੁਰਾ ਕਰਨ ਹਾਰਾ ਜੱਲਾ ਠੀਕ ਦਾ ਈ।
 ਜਲਦੀ ਪਹੁੰਚ ਵਜ਼ੀਰ ਬਣਾ ਲਈਏ,
 ਤੈਨੂੰ ਖ਼ਾਲਸਾ ਪਿਆ ਉਡੀਕਦਾ ਈ।
 ਅਕਸਰ ਰਾਜ ਪਿਆਰੇ ਨੀ ਰਾਜਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ,
 ਹੀਰਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਤਾਂ ਪੁੱਤ ਸ਼ਰੀਕ ਦਾ ਈ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਜੱਲੇ ਦਾ ਨੱਕ ਵੱਢੋ,
 ਭੱਜ ਜਾਇਗਾ ਮਾਰਿਆ ਲੀਕ ਦਾ ਈ।

ਸੰਗਮਾਂ ਲਕھਿਆ ਖ਼ਤ ਪ੍ਰੀਤ ਸੰਗੇ ਕੂਲੇ,
 ਬੁਰਾ ਕਰਨ ਹਾਰਾ ਜੱਲੇ ਠੀਕੇ ਦਾ ਈ-
 ਜਲਦੀ ਪਹੁੰਚ ਵਜ਼ੀਰ ਬਣਾ ਲਈਏ,
 ਤੈਨੂੰ ਖ਼ਾਲਸੇ ਪਿਆ ਉਡੀਕਦਾ ਈ-
 ਅਕਸਰ ਰਾਜ ਪਿਆਰੇ ਨੀ ਰਾਜਿਆਂ ਕੂਲੇ,
 ਹੀਰਾ ਸੰਗੇ ਤਾਂ ਪੁੱਤ ਸ਼ਰੀਕੇ ਦਾ ਈ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਜੱਲੇ ਦਾ ਨੱਕ ਵੱਢੋ,
 ਭੱਜ ਜਾਏ ਗਾ ਮਾਰਿਆ ਲੀਕੇ ਦਾ ਈ-

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 *Sbarik*.
 O Shah Mohammed! "Pray, cut the nose of Jalla.
 Let him leave the scene, fully humiliated."

सुचेत सिंह को सिंघों ने पत्र लिक्खा,
 जुलम ढाने वाला जल्ला ठीक नहीं;
 आओ, जल्दी वज़ीर बनाएं तुम को,
 तुम बिन कुछ हमें उम्मीद नहीं;
 राज-कर्म से राजे सुशोभित होवें,
 हीरा सिंह तो आखिर शरीक साईं;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! आ जल्ले की नाक काटो,
 मारे शरम के खोए निज लीक साईं ।

ਜਿਸ ਵੇਲੜੇ ਰਾਜੇ ਨੇ ਖਤ ਪੜ੍ਹਿਆ,
 ਜਾਮੇ ਵਿਚ ਨਾ ਮੂਲ ਸਮਾਂਵਦਾ ਈ।
 ਵੱਗਾ ਤੱਗ ਲਾਹੌਰ ਨੂੰ ਅਸਾਂ ਜਾਣਾ,
 ਡੇਰੇ ਕਾਠੀਆਂ ਚਾ ਪਵਾਂਵਦਾ ਈ।
 ਮੰਜੀ ਕਾਕੜੀਂ ਫੌਜ ਉਤਾਰ ਕੇ ਜੀ,
 ਬਾਈ ਆਦਮੀ ਨਾਲ ਲੈ ਆਂਵਦਾ ਈ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਆਣ ਲਾਹੌਰ ਪਹੁੰਚਾ,
 ਮੀਆਂ ਮੀਰ ਡੇਰਾ ਆਣ ਲਾਂਵਦਾ ਈ।

جس ویلوے راجے نے خط پڑھیا،
 جامے وچ نہ مول ساوندا ای۔
 وگا تگ لاہور کوں اسان جانا،
 ڈیرے کاٹھیاں چا پواوندا ای۔
 منجی کاکڑیں فوج اتار کے جی،
 بانی آدمی نال لے آوندا ای۔
 شاہ محمدآ آن لاہور پہنچا،
 میاں میر ڈیرا آن لاوندا ای۔

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.

जिस वकत सुचेत ने पढ़ी चिट्ठी,
 जामे बीच न मूल समाता था वह;
 "चलो जल्दी लाहौर को हमें जाना",
 कह फ़ौज को अपनी सजाता था वह;
 मंजी काकड़ीं में फिर उतार सेना,
 योद्धे बाईस ही साथ में लाता था वह;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! जब आकर लाहौर पहुँचा,
 मियांमीर में डेरा लगाता था वह ।

੩੫

ਹੀਰਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਨੂੰ ਰਾਜੇ ਦੀ ਖਬਰ ਹੋਈ,
ਤੁਰਤ ਪੜਤਲਾਂ ਸਭ ਲਪੇਟੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
ਸਿੰਘਾਂ ਆਖਿਆ ਰਾਜਾ ਜੀ ਜਾਓ ਮੁੜ ਕੇ,
ਫੌਜਾਂ ਰਹਿੰਦੀਆਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਸਮੇਟੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
ਸਿੰਘੋ! ਜੀਵਦਾ ਜਾਣ ਮੁਹਾਲ ਜੰਮੂ,
ਤਾਨੇ ਦੇਣ ਰਾਜਪੂਤਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਬੇਟੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਆਇਆ ਵਜ਼ੀਰੀ ਲੈ ਕੇ,
ਆਖਣ ਸਭ ਪਹਾੜ ਡੁਮੇਟੀਆਂ ਨੀ।

੩੬

ਹੀਰਾ ਸੰਗੇ ਕੌਨ ਰਾਜੇ ਦੀ ਖਬਰ ਹੋਈ,
ਫੌਜਾਂ ਪੜਤਲਾਂ ਸਭ ਲਪੇਟੀਆਂ ਨੀ-
ਸੰਗੇ ਆਖਿਆ ਰਾਜੇ ਜੀ ਜਾਓ ਮੁੜ ਕੇ,
ਫੌਜਾਂ ਰਹਿੰਦੀਆਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਸਮੇਟੀਆਂ ਨੀ-
ਸੰਗੇ! ਜੀਵਦਾ ਜਾਣ ਮੁਹਾਲ ਜੰਮੂ,
ਤਾਨੇ ਦੇਣ ਰਾਜਪੂਤਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਬੇਟੀਆਂ ਨੀ-
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਆਇਆ ਵਜ਼ੀਰੀ ਲੈ ਕੇ,
ਆਖਣ ਸਭ ਪਹਾੜ ਡੁਮੇਟੀਆਂ ਨੀ-
ਸੰਗੇ!

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."

हीरा सिंह ने राजे की खबर पाई,
 झट सेना से कर ली सुलह उसने;
 तब सिंघ ही राजे से स्वयं बोले,
 "लौट जाओ, न करो तुम कलह इनसे";
 "सिंधो ! जीवित मैं लौट अब नहीं सकता,
 कैसे सहूंगा ताने राजपुत्रियों के";
 शाह मुहम्मद ! शोख वे कहेंगी सब,
 "अच्छा आया है देखो वजीरी ले के।"

ਤੋਪਾਂ ਜੋੜ ਕੇ ਪਲਟਨਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਲੈ ਕੇ,
 ਚਾਚੇ ਸੱਕੇ 'ਤੇ ਹੀਰਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਜਾ ਚੜ੍ਹਦਾ।
 ਜਦੋਂ ਫੌਜ ਨੇ ਘੱਤਿਆ ਆਣ ਘੇਰਾ,
 ਖੰਡਾ ਖਿੱਚ ਕੇ ਸਾਰ ਦਾ ਹੱਥ ਫੜਦਾ।
 ਭੀਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਤੇ ਕੇਸਰੀ ਸਿੰਘ ਸਾਰੇ,
 ਲੈ ਕੇ ਦੋਹਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਕਟਕ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਵੜਦਾ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਸਿੰਘਾਂ ਨੇ ਲਾਜ ਰੱਖੀ,
 ਮੱਥੇ ਸਾਮ੍ਹਣੇ ਹੋਇ ਕੇ ਖੂਬ ਲੜਦਾ।

ਤੋਪਾਂ ਜੋੜ ਕੇ ਪਲਟਨਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਲੈ ਕੇ,
 ਚਾਚੇ ਸੱਕੇ ਤੇ ਹੀਰਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਜਾ ਚੜ੍ਹਦਾ-
 ਜਦੋਂ ਫੌਜ ਨੇ ਘੱਤਿਆ ਆਣ ਘੇਰਾ,
 ਖੰਡਾ ਖਿੱਚ ਕੇ ਸਾਰ ਦਾ ਹੱਥ ਫੜਦਾ-
 ਭੀਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਤੇ ਕੇਸਰੀ ਸਿੰਘ ਸਾਰੇ,
 ਲੈ ਕੇ ਦੋਹਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਕਟਕ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਵੜਦਾ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਸਿੰਘਾਂ ਨੇ ਲਾਜ ਰੱਖੀ,
 ਮੱਥੇ ਸਾਮ੍ਹਣੇ ਹੋਏ ਕੇ ਖੂਬ ਲੜਦਾ-

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.

तोपें जोड़ औ' सेना संबद्ध करके,
 सगे चाचे पर हीरा सिंह आए चढ़ा था;
 जब फौज ने उसे खूब घेर लिया,
 खंडा लोहे का खींच के हाथ पकड़ा;
 भीम सिंह औ' केसरी सिंह जैसे,
 दो ही शूरों को साथ ले आन कड़का;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! रक्खी लाज वीरता की,
 उस रण में कर दिया रण बरपा।

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 *Buktis*
 O Shah Mohammed! To have Jalla killed
 Each unit of army Panchayat summoned its meeting.

सिंघ जल्ले के हाथों से तंग थे यूँ,
 शोले दिल से हज़ारों ही निकलते थे;
 पहले वेतन था सात या आठ भर ही,
 अब बारह करा के वह दमकते थे;
 कभी कहते कि हमको इनाम भी दो,
 पहन बुगतियां गले में चहकते थे;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! इक जल्ले को मारने को,
 पंज कौंसली आम बुलाए रहे थे।

ਹੋਇਆ ਹੁਕਮ ਜਾਂ ਬਹੁਤ ਮਹਾਵਤਾਂ ਨੂੰ,
 ਹੋਂਦੇ ਸੋਨੇ ਦੇ ਚਾਇ ਕਸਾਂਵਦੇ ਨੀ।
 ਤਰਫ ਜੰਮੂ ਦੀ ਮੂੰਹ ਮੋੜ ਚੱਲੇ,
 ਸਾਨੂੰ ਆਇ ਕੇ ਸਿੰਘ ਮਨਾਂਵਦੇ ਨੀ।
 ਘੇਰੇ ਅਜਲ ਦੇ ਅਕਲ ਨਾ ਮੂਲ ਆਈ,
 ਬੁਰਾ ਆਪਣਾ ਆਪ ਕਰਾਂਵਦੇ ਨੀ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਲੈ ਮਿਲੇ ਤੋਪਾਂ,
 ਅਗੋਂ ਗੋਲਿਆਂ ਨਾਲ ਉਡਾਂਵਦੇ ਨੀ।

ਹੋਇਆ ਹੁਕਮ ਜਾਂ ਬਹੁਤ ਮਹਾਵਤਾਂ ਨੂੰ,
 ਹੋਂਦੇ ਸੋਨੇ ਦੇ ਚਾਇ ਕਸਾਂਵਦੇ ਨੀ-
 ਤਰਫ ਜੰਮੂ ਦੀ ਮੂੰਹ ਮੋੜ ਚੱਲੇ,
 ਸਾਨੂੰ ਆਇ ਕੇ ਸਿੰਘ ਮਨਾਂਵਦੇ ਨੀ-
 ਘੇਰੇ ਅਜਲ ਦੇ ਅਕਲ ਨਾ ਮੂਲ ਆਈ,
 ਬੁਰਾ ਆਪਣਾ ਆਪ ਕਰਾਂਵਦੇ ਨੀ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਲੈ ਮਿਲੇ ਤੋਪਾਂ,
 ਅਗੋਂ ਗੋਲਿਆਂ ਨਾਲ ਉਡਾਂਵਦੇ ਨੀ-

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,
 जानिब 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।

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 (*Kantbas*) in reward.
 O Shah Mohammed! "We'll now have bangles (*Karas*),"
 They bluntly told Jawahar Singh on return.

हीरा सिंह औ' जल्ले को मार करके,
 जवाहर सिंह वज़ीर बना डाला;
 पहाड़ जम्मू पर जाकर जो किया कब्ज़ा,
 ऊधम विजय का बहुत मचा डाला;
 गुलाब सिंह को वहां से बांध लाए,
 गला कँठों से ख़ूब सजा डाला;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! अब हम कड़े लेंगे,
 जवाहर सिंह को संदेशा भिजवा डाला।

ਕਿਆ ਬੁਰਛਿਆਂ ਆਣ ਅੰਧੋਰ ਪਾਇਆ,
 ਜੇਹੜਾ ਬਹੇ ਗੱਦੀ ਉਹਨੂੰ ਮਾਰ ਲੈਂਦੇ।
 ਕੜੇ ਕੈਠੇ ਇਨਾਮ ਰੁਪਏ ਬਾਰਾਂ,
 ਕਦੇ ਪੰਜ ਤੇ ਸੱਤ ਨਾ ਚਾਰ ਲੈਂਦੇ।
 ਕਈ ਤੁਰੇ ਨੀ ਕਿਲ੍ਹੇ ਦੀ ਲੁੱਟ ਕਰ ਕੇ,
 ਕਈ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਦੇ ਲੁੱਟ ਬਜ਼ਾਰ ਲੈਂਦੇ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਚੜ੍ਹੇ ਮਝੈਲ ਭਈਏ,
 ਪੈਸਾ ਤਲਬ ਦਾ ਨਾਲ ਪੈਜ਼ਾਰ ਲੈਂਦੇ।

ਕਿਆ ਬੁਰਛਿਆਂ ਆਂ ਅੰਧਿਰ ਪਾਏ,
 ਜਿਹੜਾ ਬਹੇ ਗੱਦੀ ਉਹਨੂੰ ਮਾਰ ਲੈਂਦੇ-
 ਕੜੇ ਕੈਠੇ ਇਨਾਮ ਰੁਪਏ ਬਾਰਾਂ,
 ਕਦੇ ਪੰਜ ਤੇ ਸੱਤ ਨਾ ਚਾਰ ਲੈਂਦੇ-
 ਕਈ ਤੁਰੇ ਨੀ ਕਿਲ੍ਹੇ ਦੀ ਲੁੱਟ ਕਰ ਕੇ,
 ਕਈ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਦੇ ਲੁੱਟ ਬਜ਼ਾਰ ਲੈਂਦੇ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਚੜ੍ਹੇ ਮਝੈਲ ਭਈਏ,
 ਪੈਸੇ ਤਲਬ ਦਾ ਨਾਲ ਪੈਜ਼ਾਰ ਲੈਂਦੇ-

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-कँठे इनाम, वेतन पूरे बारह,
 पांच-सात जो कभी पगार लेते;
 कभी आते वे किलों को लूटकर के,
 कभी शहरों के लूट बाज़ार लेते;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! यूँ करते मझैल भाई,
 वेतन, तलब थे साथ तलवार लेते।

ਪਿੱਛੇ ਇਕ ਸਰਕਾਰ ਦੇ ਖੇਡ ਵਿਚਲੀ,
 ਪਈ ਨਿੱਤ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਮਾਰੋ ਮਾਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਸਿੰਘਾਂ ਮਾਰ ਸਰਦਾਰਾਂ ਦਾ ਨਾਸ ਕੀਤਾ,
 ਸਭੋ ਕਤਲ ਹੋਏ ਵਾਰੋ ਵਾਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਸਿਰ ਫੌਜ ਦੇ ਰਿਹਾ ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਕੁੰਡਾ,
 ਹੋਏ ਸ਼ੱਤਰ ਜਿਉਂ ਬਾਝ ਮੁਹਾਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਫਿਰਨ ਸਰਦਾਰ ਲੁਕਦੇ,
 ਭੂਤ ਮੰਡਲੀ ਹੋਈ ਤਿਆਰ ਮੀਆਂ।

ਪੱਛੇ ਆਕ ਸਰਕਾਰ ਦੇ ਕਥਿਏ ਚਲੀ,
 ਪੈ ਜਿੰਨੇ ਮੰਦੀ ਮਾਰ ਮੀਆਂ-
 ਸੰਗਲ ਮਾਰ ਸਰਦਾਰਾਂ ਦਾ ਨਾਸ ਕੀਤਾ,
 ਸਿੱਧੇ ਕਤਲ ਹੋਏ ਵਾਰੋ ਵਾਰ ਮੀਆਂ-
 ਸਰ ਫੌਜ ਦੇ ਰਿਹਾ ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਕੁੰਡਾ,
 ਹੋਏ ਸ਼ੱਤਰ ਜਿਉਂ ਬਾਝ ਮੁਹਾਰ ਮੀਆਂ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਪਥਰਨ ਸਰਦਾਰ ਲੁਕਦੇ,
 ਭੂਤ ਮੰਡਲੀ ਹੋਈ ਤਿਆਰ ਮੀਆਂ-
 ਸਿੰਘਾਂ ਮਾਰ ਸਰਦਾਰਾਂ ਦਾ ਨਾਸ ਕੀਤਾ,
 ਸਭੋ ਕਤਲ ਹੋਏ ਵਾਰੋ ਵਾਰ ਮੀਆਂ।

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,
 रोज़ दिन होती मारोमार मीयां;
 दरबार सारे का सिंघों ने नाश किया,
 बारी बारी थे मारे सरदार मीयां;
 कहीं कोई भी उनको लगाम न थी,
 जैसे शूतर होवें बेमुहार मीयां;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! सरदार थे छिपते-फिरते,
 भूतमंडली हुई तैय्यार मीयां ।

ਜਵਾਹਰ ਸਿੰਘ ਦੇ ਉੱਤੇ ਨੀ ਚੜ੍ਹੇ ਸਾਰੇ,
 ਮੱਥਾ ਖੂਨੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਵਾਂਗ ਵੱਟਿਓ ਨੇ।
 ਡਰਦਾ ਭਾਣਜੇ ਨੂੰ ਲੈ ਕੇ ਮਿਲਣ ਆਇਆ,
 ਅੱਗੋਂ ਨਾਲ ਸੰਗੀਨ ਦੇ ਵੱਟਿਓ ਨੇ।
 ਸੀਖਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਅੜੁੱਬ ਕੇ ਫ਼ੀਲ ਉੱਤੇ,
 ਕੱਢ ਹੌਂਦਿਓਂ ਜ਼ਿਮੀਂ 'ਤੇ ਸੱਟਿਓ ਨੇ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਵਾਸਤੇ ਪਾਇ ਰਹਿਆ,
 ਸਿਰ ਨਾਲ ਤਲਵਾਰ ਦੇ ਕੱਟਿਓ ਨੇ।

ਜ਼ੋਹਰ ਸੁੱਕੇ ਦੇ ਅੱਤੇ ਨੀ ਚੜ੍ਹੇ ਸਾਰੇ,
 ਮੱਥਾ ਖੂਨੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਵਾਂਗ ਵੱਟਿਓ ਨੇ-
 ਡਰਦਾ ਭਾਣਜੇ ਨੂੰ ਲੈ ਕੇ ਮਿਲਣ ਆਇਆ,
 ਅੱਗੋਂ ਨਾਲ ਸੰਗੀਨ ਦੇ ਵੱਟਿਓ ਨੇ-
 ਸੀਖਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਅੜੁੱਬ ਕੇ ਫ਼ੀਲ ਉੱਤੇ,
 ਕੱਢ ਹੌਂਦਿਓਂ ਜ਼ਿਮੀਂ 'ਤੇ ਸੱਟਿਓ ਨੇ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਵਾਸਤੇ ਪਾਇ ਰਹਿਆ,
 ਸਿਰ ਨਾਲ ਤਲਵਾਰ ਦੇ ਕੱਟਿਓ ਨੇ-

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 bayoneted 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.

जवाहर सिंह पर अब जा चढ़े सारे,
 तेवर खूनियों के माथों पर लाए;
 डरता आया वह भाणजे को गोद में ले,
 भेद डाला संगीन से उसे जाय;
 हाथी पर से भाले की नोक पर ले,
 उठा हौदे से भू पर यूँ पटका धाय;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! वह वास्ते कई डाले,
 काटा तेग से उसका था शीरा हाय।

ਮਾਈ ਕੈਦ ਕਨਾਤ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਕੀਤੀ,
 ਕਿਸ ਨੂੰ ਰੋਇ ਕੇ ਪਈ ਸੁਣਾਵਣੀ ਹੈ।
 ਤੇਰਾ ਕੌਣ ਹਿਮਾਇਤੀ ਸੁਣਨ ਵਾਲਾ,
 ਜਿਸ ਨੂੰ ਪਾਇ ਕੇ ਵੈਣ ਦਿਖਾਵਣੀ ਹੈ।
 ਕਿਹੜੇ ਪਾਤਸ਼ਾਹ ਦਾ ਪੁੱਤ ਮੋਇਆ ਸਾਥੋਂ,
 ਜਿਹੜੇ ਡੁੰਘੜੇ ਵੈਣ ਤੂੰ ਪਾਵਣੀ ਹੈ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਦੇ ਇਨਾਮ ਸਾਨੂੰ,
 ਸਾਡੇ ਜ਼ੋਰ 'ਤੇ ਰਾਜ ਕਮਾਵਣੀ ਹੈ।

ਮਾਈ ਕੈਦ ਕਨਾਤ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਕੀਤੀ,
 ਕਸ ਨੂੰ ਰੋਇ ਕੇ ਪਈ ਸੁਣਾਵਣੀ ਹੈ।
 ਤੇਰਾ ਕੌਣ ਹਿਮਾਇਤੀ ਸੁਣਨ ਵਾਲਾ,
 ਜਿਸ ਨੂੰ ਪਾਇ ਕੇ ਵੈਣ ਦਿਖਾਵਣੀ ਹੈ।
 ਕਿਹੜੇ ਪਾਤਸ਼ਾਹ ਦਾ ਪੁੱਤ ਮੋਇਆ ਸਾਥੋਂ,
 ਜਿਹੜੇ ਡੁੰਘੜੇ ਵੈਣ ਤੂੰ ਪਾਵਣੀ ਹੈ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਦੇ ਇਨਾਮ ਸਾਨੂੰ,
 ਸਾਡੇ ਜ਼ੋਰ 'ਤੇ ਰਾਜ ਕਮਾਵਣੀ ਹੈ।

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."

पड़ी कैद में माई से यूँ बोले,
 "किसे रो-रो विलाप सुनाय रही हो ?
 यहाँ कौन है जो तेरा दरद बांटे,
 नाहक आँसू क्यों अपने बहाय रही हो ?
 कौन शाह का बेटा जो मारा हमने,
 जिसके लिए हलकान हुई जाय रही हो ?
 शाह मुहम्मद ! अब हम में इनाम बांटो,
 सारे देश का राज कमाय रही हो।"

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 रांनी यूं व्यथित होती,
 "नित कहां से लाऊं कलगियां-तोड़े ?
 मेरे सामने मारा है वीर मेरा,
 नीचे जिसके थे लाख-हज़ार धोड़े;
 कैसे लाऊँ मैं यहां फिरगियों को,
 जो आएँ औ' इनका घमंड तोड़ें ?
 शाह मुहम्मद ! मैं होऊँ बलिहारी उस पर,
 बराबर कर जो मेरा हिसाब छोड़े।"

"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 *Desb* destroyed."

मुझे घूरते हैं चारों ओर से यह,
 लेते मुफ्त इनाम, रुपये बारह;
 जाटिन हूँ तो करूँ पंजाब रंडुवा,
 हो जाय यह देश बरबाद सारा;
 छोड़ूँ नहीं लाहौर में लायक घुसने,
 अफसरों सहित मैं फ़ौज-परिवार सारा;
 लोथें इनकी परदेश में सड़ें फिर जब,
 शाह मुहम्मद ! बजाए यम एकतारा ।

ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਮਾਰਿਆ ਕੋਹਿ ਕੇ ਵੀਰ ਮੇਰਾ,
 ਮੈਂ ਤਾਂ ਖੁਹਾਉਂਗੀ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੀ ਜੁੰਡੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਧਾਕਾਂ ਜਾਣ ਵਲਾਇਤੀਂ ਦੇਸ ਸਾਰੇ,
 ਪਾਵਾਂ ਬੱਕਰੇ ਵਾਂਗ ਚਾ ਵੰਡੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਚੂੜੇ ਲਹਿਣਗੇ ਬਹੁਤ ਸੁਹਾਗਣਾਂ ਦੇ,
 ਨੱਥ, ਚੌਂਕ ਤੇ ਵਾਲੀਆਂ ਡੰਡੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਪੈਣਗੇ ਵੈਣ ਡੁੰਘੇ,
 ਜਦੋਂ ਹੋਣ ਪੰਜਾਬਣਾਂ ਰੰਡੀਆਂ ਨੀ।

ਜੇਹਾ ਮਾਰਿਆ ਕੋਹ ਕੇ ਓਰ ਮੇਰਾ,
 ਮੈਂ ਤਾਂ ਕੁਹਾਉਂਗੀ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੀ ਜੁੰਡੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਧਾਕਾਂ ਜਾਣ ਵਲਾਇਤੀਂ ਦੇਸ ਸਾਰੇ,
 ਪਾਵਾਂ ਬੱਕਰੇ ਵਾਂਗ ਚਾ ਵੰਡੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਚੂੜੇ ਲਹਿਣਗੇ ਬਹੁਤ ਸੁਹਾਗਣਾਂ ਦੇ,
 ਨੱਥ, ਚੌਂਕ ਤੇ ਵਾਲੀਆਂ ਡੰਡੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਪੈਣਗੇ ਵੈਣ ਡੁੰਘੇ,
 ਜਦੋਂ ਹੋਣ ਪੰਜਾਬਣਾਂ ਰੰਡੀਆਂ ਨੀ।

"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."

मारा इस तरह जिन्होंने है वीर मेरा,
 नुचवाऊँ मैं भी उनके जूड़े मीयां;
 शोर मचेगा जाकर विलायतों में,
 कटें बकरियों-सम जब ये सूरे मीयां;
 चूड़े टूटेंगे बहुत सुहागनों के,
 उतरें चूड़ियां-चौक सब पूरे मीयां;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! मचे कुरलाहट ऐसी,
 रंडी होंवे पंजाबनें रोवें मीयां।

ਅਰਜੀ ਲਿਖੀ ਫ਼ਰੰਗੀ ਨੂੰ ਕੁੰਜ ਗੋਸ਼ੇ,
 ਪਹਿਲੇ ਆਪਣਾ ਸੁਖ ਅਨੰਦ ਵਾਰੀ।
 ਤੇਰੀ ਵਲ ਮੈਂ ਫ਼ੌਜ ਨੂੰ ਘਲਣੀ ਆਂ,
 ਖੱਟੇ ਕਰੀਂ ਤੂੰ ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੇ ਦੰਦ ਵਾਰੀ।
 ਜਿਹੜਾ ਜ਼ੋਰ ਤੂੰ ਆਪਣਾ ਸਭ ਲਾਵੀਂ,
 ਪਿੱਛੇ ਖ਼ਰਚ ਮੈਂ ਕਰਾਂਗੀ ਬੰਦ ਵਾਰੀ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਫੇਰ ਨਾ ਆਉਣ ਮੁੜ ਕੇ,
 ਮੈਨੂੰ ਏਤਨੀ ਬਾਤ ਪਸੰਦ ਵਾਰੀ।

عرضی لکھی فرنگی تُوں سچ گوشتے،
 پہلے آپنا سمجھ انند واری۔
 تیری ول میں فوج تُوں گھلنی آں،
 کھٹے کریں تُوں ایہناں دے دند واری۔
 جیہڑا زور تُوں آپنا سب لاویں،
 پیچھے خرچ میں کراں گی بند واری۔
 شاہ محمدّا پھیر نہ آؤن مڑکے،
 تینوں اتنی بات پسند واری۔

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."

बैठ गोशे फ़िरंगी को पत्र लिखा,

“छोड़ूँ पहले मैं सुख आनन्द अपना;

फ़िर फ़ौज को भेजूंगी ओर तेरी,

खट्टे उनके तू सभी दांत करना;

ज़ोर सारा लगाना अपनी ओर से तुम,

बंद करूंगी इधर से खर्च-पट्टा;

शाह मुहम्मद ! न आएँ वे इधर मुड़ कर,

मंशा यही है, यह करामात करना।”

ਪਹਿਲੇ ਪਾਰ ਦਾ ਮੁਲਖ ਤੂੰ ਮੱਲ ਸਾਡਾ,
ਆਪੇ ਖਾ ਗੁੱਸਾ ਤੈਥੀਂ ਆਵਣੀਗੇ।
ਸੋਈ ਲੜਨਗੇ ਹੋਣ ਬੇਖਬਰ ਜਿਹੜੇ,
ਮੱਥਾ ਕਦੀ ਸਰਦਾਰ ਨਾ ਡਾਹਵਣੀਗੇ।
ਏਸੇ ਵਾਸਤੇ ਫੌਜ ਮੈਂ ਫਾੜ ਛੱਡੀ,
ਕਈ ਭਾਂਜ ਅਚਾਨਕੀ ਪਾਵਣੀਗੇ।
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਲਾਟ ਜੀ ਕਟਕ ਤੇਰੇ,
ਮੇਰੇ ਗਲੋਂ ਤਗਾਦੜੀ ਲਾਹਵਣੀਗੇ।

ਪਹਿਲੇ ਪਾਰ ਦਾ ਮੁਲਖ ਤੂੰ ਮੱਲ ਸਾਡਾ,
ਆਪੇ ਖਾ ਗੁੱਸਾ ਤੈਥੀਂ ਆਵਣੀਗੇ।
ਸੋਈ ਲੜਨਗੇ ਹੋਣ ਬੇਖਬਰ ਜਿਹੜੇ,
ਮੱਥਾ ਕਦੀ ਸਰਦਾਰ ਨਾ ਡਾਹਵਣੀਗੇ।
ਏਸੇ ਵਾਸਤੇ ਫੌਜ ਮੈਂ ਫਾੜ ਛੱਡੀ,
ਕਈ ਭਾਂਜ ਅਚਾਨਕੀ ਪਾਵਣੀਗੇ।
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਲਾਟ ਜੀ ਕਟਕ ਤੇਰੇ,
ਮੇਰੇ ਗਲੋਂ ਤਗਾਦੜੀ ਲਾਹਵਣੀਗੇ।

"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 भूखंड छीनो,
 ताकि आए गुस्सा घनेघोर तुम पर;
 वही लड़ेंगे जोकि बेखबर होंगे,
 कभी लड़ें न आगे सरदार बढ़कर;
 फ़ौज इस तरह अंदर से फाड़ दी है,
 विरले लड़ें तो लड़ें पर बाकी क्योंकर ?
 शाह मुहम्मद ! ओ लाट जी सेना तेरी,
 मुक्त मुझे भी करें आज़ादी देकर।"

ਲੰਦਨ ਕੰਪਨੀ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਕਿਤਾਬ ਡਿੱਠੀ,
 ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਲਾਟਾਂ ਵਿਚੋਂ ਕੌਣ ਲੜੇਗਾ ਜੀ।
 ਟੁੰਡੇ ਲਾਟ ਨੇ ਚੁਕਿਆ ਆਣ ਬੀੜਾ,
 ਹਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਸਿਉਂ ਜਾਇ ਕੇ ਲੜੇਗਾ ਜੀ।
 ਘੰਟੇ ਤੀਨ ਮੇਂ ਜਾ ਲਾਹੌਰ ਮਾਰਾਂ,
 ਇਸ ਬਾਤ ਮੇਂ ਫਰਕ ਨਾ ਪੜੇਗਾ ਜੀ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਫੱਗਣੋਂ ਤੇਰੁਵੀਂ ਨੂੰ,
 ਹਮ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਲਾਹੌਰ ਵਿਚ ਵੜੇਗਾ ਜੀ।

لندن کمپنی صاحب کتاب ڈیکھی،
 ایہناں لاٹاں وچوں کون لڑیگا جی۔
 ٹنڈے لاٹ نے چمیا آن پیڑا،
 ہم سنگھ سیوں جائے کے لڑیگا جی۔
 گھنٹے تین میں جا لاہور ماراں،
 اس بات میں فرق نہ پڑے گا جی۔
 شاہ محمدآ پھگنوں تیرھویں کوں،
 ہم شہر لاہور وچ وڑے گا جی۔

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."

कम्पनी साहब ने झटपट की कौंसिल,
 "कौन लाट कमान जो करेगा जी ?"
 टुंडी लाट (लार्ड हाडिंग) ने तभी उठाया बीड़ा,
 "हम शीख (सिक्ख) से जाय के लड़ेगा जी;
 तीन घंटों में जीत लाहौर लेगा,
 इक पल का अंतर भी न पड़ेगा जी;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! फागुन की तेरहवीं को
 खुद जाय लाहौर में वड़ेगा* जी।"

*घुसेगा

ਵੱਜੀ ਤੁਰਮ ਤੰਬੂਰ ਕਰਨੈਲ ਸੁਤਰੀ,
 ਤੰਬੂ ਬੈਰਕਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਨਿਸ਼ਾਨ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਕੋਤਲ ਬੱਘੀਆਂ ਪਾਲਕੀ ਤੋਪਖਾਨੇ,
 ਦੂਰਬੀਨ ਚੰਗੀ, ਸਾਇਬਾਨ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਚੜ੍ਹਿਆ ਲੰਦਨੋਂ ਲਾਟ ਉਠਾਇ ਬੀੜਾ,
 ਡੇਰਾ ਪਾਂਵਦਾ ਵਿਚ ਮੈਦਾਨ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਗੋਰਿਆਂ ਛੇੜ ਛੇੜੀ,
 ਮੁਲਕ ਪਾਰ ਦਾ ਮੱਲਿਆ ਆਣ ਮੀਆਂ।

| | | | | |
|---------|------------|----------|-----------|------------|
| وَجِي | مُحْرَم | تَنْبُور | كَرْنَيْل | مُشْتَرِي، |
| تَنْبُو | بَيْرِكَان | نَال | نِشَان | مِيَاں۔ |
| كُوْتَل | بَهِيَاں | پَاكِي | تَوپ | خَانِي، |
| دُور | بَيْن | چَنگِي | سَاَبَان | مِيَاں۔ |
| چڑھيا | لندنوں | لاٹ | اُٹھائے | بيڑا، |
| ڈيرا | پاوندا | وِچ | ميدان | مِيَاں، |
| شاہ | مُحَمَّدَا | گوریاں | چھیڑ | چھیڑی، |
| ملک | پار | دا | مَلِيَا | آن مِيَاں۔ |

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.

ढोल तंबूरे बजा कर बिगुल अपने,
 तम्बू, बैरकें साथ निशान लेकर;
 कम्बल, बग्घियां, पालकी तोपखाने,
 बढिया दूरबीनें निज हाथ लेकर;
 चला लंदन से लाट उठाए बीड़ा,
 डेरा डाला फिर बीच मैदान आकर;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! गोरों ने पहल जो की,
 दरिया-पार इलाके सब हथिया कर।

ਫਰਾਂਸੀਸਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਅੰਦਰੋਂ ਹੁਕਮ ਹੋਇਆ,
 ਤੁਸੀਂ ਜਾਓ ਖਾਂ ਤਰਫ਼ ਕਸ਼ਮੀਰ ਨੂੰ ਜੀ।
 ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਰਬ ਦਾ ਵਾਸਤਾ ਪਾਇਆ ਈ,
 ਮਾਈ ਫੜੀਂ ਨਾ ਕੁਝ ਤਕਸੀਰ ਨੂੰ ਜੀ।
 ਪਾਰੋਂ ਮੁਲਕ ਫ਼ਰੰਗੀਆਂ ਮੱਲ ਲਿਆ,
 ਅਸੀਂ ਮਾਰਾਂਗੇ ਓਸ ਦੇ ਪੀਰ ਨੂੰ ਜੀ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਆਏ ਨੇ ਹੋਰ ਪਰਿਓਂ,
 ਅਸਾਂ ਡੱਕਣਾ ਓਸ ਵਹੀਰ ਨੂੰ ਜੀ।

فرانسیسوں کوں اندروں حکم ہوئیا،
 تیسوں جاؤ کھاں طرف کشمیر کوں جی۔
 اوہناں ربّ دا واسطہ پائیا ای،
 مائی پھڑیں نہ بچھ تکسیر کوں جی۔
 پاروں ملک فرنگیاں ملّ لیا،
 اسیں ماراں گے اوس دے پیروں کوں جی۔
 شاہ محمدآ آئے نے ہور پریوں،
 اسان ڈکنا اوس وہیر کوں جی۔

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-Satluj 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."

फ्रांस वालों को महल से हुक्म आया,
"तुरत जाओ जी जानिब कश्मीर मीया";
"रब के लिए ऐसी न दें आज्ञा,
दोष देना न पीछे तकदीर मीयां;
दरिया-पार इलाके जिन छीने हमसे,
मार डालेंगे उनके हम पीर मीयां;
शाह मुहम्मद ! बाहिर से आय रहा जो,
हमें रोकना है वह बेपीर मीयां।"

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."

रानी बोली : सब फ़ौजें तैय्यार होवें,

द्वार शहर के रहें न ख़ाली मीयां;

मुसलमानी फ़ौजें सब लाहौर ठहरें,

घोड़चढ़े क्यों करे रखवाली मीयां;

कलगीवाले ख़ालसा हरावल में हों,

बाकी फ़ौज रिज़र्व हो पीछे मीयां;

शाह मुहम्मद ! है जिनका वेतन तेरह,

घमसान का मज़ा चक्खें मीयां ।

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*."

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

ਸਿੰਘਾਂ ਆਖਿਆ ਲੜਾਂਗੇ ਹੋ ਟੋਟੇ,
 ਸਾਨੂੰ ਖਬਰ ਘੱਲੀਂ ਦਿਨੇ ਰਾਤ ਮਾਈ।
 ਤੇਰੀ ਨੌਕਰੀ ਵਿਚ ਨਾ ਫ਼ਰਕ ਕਰਸਾਂ,
 ਭਾਵੇਂ ਖੂਹ ਘੱਤੀਂ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਖਾਤ ਮਾਈ।
 ਸਿੰਘਾਂ ਭੋਲਿਆਂ ਮੂਲ ਨਾ ਸਹੀ ਕੀਤੀ,
 ਗੁੱਝਾ ਕਰਨ ਲੱਗੀ ਸਾਡਾ ਘਾਤ ਮਾਈ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਅਜੇ ਨਾ ਜਾਣਿਓ ਨੇ,
 ਖ਼ਾਲੀ ਪਈ ਏ ਚੋਪੜੀ ਪ੍ਰਾਤ ਮਾਈ।

ਸੰਗਠਾਂ ਆਕਲਿ ਲੜਾਂ ਗੇ ਹੋ ਠੁੱਟੇ,
 ਸਾਨੂੰ ਖਬਰ ਘੱਲੀਂ ਦਿਨੇ ਰਾਤ ਮਾਈ-
 ਤੇਰੀ ਨੌਕਰੀ ਵਿਚ ਨੇ ਫਰਕ ਕਰਸਾਂ,
 ਭਾਵੇਂ ਖੂਹ ਘੱਤੀਂ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਖਾਤ ਮਾਈ-
 ਸੰਗਠਾਂ ਭੋਲਿਆਂ ਮੂਲ ਨੇ ਸਹੀ ਕੀਤੀ,
 ਗੁੱਝਾ ਕਰਨ ਲੱਗੀ ਸਾਡਾ ਗਠਾਂ ਮਾਈ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਅਜੇ ਨੇ ਜਾਣਿਓ ਨੇ,
 ਖਾਲੀ ਪਈ ਏ ਚੋਪੜੀ ਪ੍ਰਾਤ ਮਾਈ-

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-whetting rice bowl was, in fact, empty within.

सिंघ बोले "लड़ेंगे हम प्राण पन से,
 खबर भेजते रहना दिन रात माई;
 तनिक नौकरी में नहीं चूक होगी,
 चाहे धूप हो, चाहे बरसात माई";
 सिंघ भोले थे तनिक भी समझे नहीं,
 लगा कैसी रही थी घात माई;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! यह कोई भी जाना नहीं,
 खाली अंदर से चुपड़ी परात, माई।

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 मीयां;
 सच्चे साहब के हाथ है आगे सब कुछ,
 किसे हार दे औ' किसे जीत मीयां;
 एक लाख बेटे सवा लाख नाती,
 रावण मरा क्यों ? घर में था भेद मीयां;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! यह बात सब जानते थे,
 कई सूरमे रहेंगे खेत मीयां।

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."

सब सिंघों ने किया गुरमत्ता ऐसा,
 "चलो आओ फ़िरंगी को मार आएँ;
 इक बार वह यदि हो सामने तो,
 घड़ी भर में पार उतार आएँ;
 बीर सिंह-सा ग्रंथी न छोड़ा हमने,
 कोई युद्ध न कभी हम हार आए;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! यूँ छीन लुधियाना,
 फ़ौजें दिल्ली के बीच उतार आएँ।"

ਜ਼ਬਤ ਕਰਾਂਗੇ ਮਾਲ ਫ਼ਰੰਗੀਆਂ ਦੇ,
 ਓਥੋਂ ਲਿਆਵਾਂਗੇ ਦੌਲਤਾਂ ਬੋਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਪਿੱਛੋਂ ਵੜਾਂਗੇ ਓਹਨਾਂ ਦੇ ਸਿਤਰ-ਖ਼ਾਨੇ,
 ਬੰਨ੍ਹ ਲਿਆਵਾਂਗੇ ਓਹਨਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਗੋਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਕਾਬਲ ਵਿਚ ਪਠਾਣ ਜਿਉਂ ਅਲੀ ਅਕਬਰ,
 ਮਾਰ ਵੱਢ ਕੇ ਕੀਤੀਆਂ ਪੋਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਲਵਾਂਗੇ ਫੇਰ ਕੰਠੇ,
 ਤਿੱਲੇਦਾਰ ਜੋ ਰੇਸ਼ਮੀ ਡੋਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ।

ضبط کراں گے مال فرنگیاں دے،
 او تھوں لیاواں گے دولتوں بوریاں نی۔
 پچھوں وڑاں گے اوہناں دے ستر خانے،
 بنہ لیاواں گے اوہناں دیاں گوریاں نی۔
 کابل وچ پٹھان جیوں علی اکبر،
 مار وڈھ کے کیتیاں پوریاں نی۔
 شاہ محمد ا لوں گے پھیر کنٹھے،
 طے دار جو ریشمی ڈوریاں نی۔

"We shall forfeit 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."

"जब्त करें सब माल फिरंगियों का,
 लाएं दौलतें भर-भर बोरियां जी;
 जाय घुसें जो जनानखाने में हम,
 बांध लाएं हम उनकी गोरियां जी;
 काबुल में पठान ज्यों अली अकबर,
 वैसे करेंगे गोरों की पोरियां* जी;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! हम लेंगे इनाम कँठे,
 साथ पट्ट औ' रेशम की डोरियां जी।"

*डुकड़े-डुकड़े

ਝੰਡੇ ਨਿਕਲੇ ਕੂਚ ਦਾ ਹੁਕਮ ਹੋਇਆ,
 ਚੜ੍ਹੇ ਸੂਰਮੇ ਸਿੰਘ ਦਲੇਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਚੜ੍ਹੇ ਪੁੱਤ ਸਰਦਾਰਾਂ ਦੇ ਛੈਲ ਬਾਂਕੇ,
 ਜੈਸੇ ਬੋਲਿਓਂ ਨਿਕਲਦੇ ਸ਼ੇਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਚੜ੍ਹੇ ਸਭ ਮਝੈਲ, ਦੁਆਬੀਏ ਜੀ,
 ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਕਿਲ੍ਹੇ ਨਿਵਾਏ ਨੇ ਢੇਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਚੜ੍ਹੇ ਜਮੂਰ-ਖਾਨੇ,
 ਹੋਇਆ ਹੁਕਮ ਨਾ ਲਾਂਵਦੇ ਦੇਰ ਮੀਆਂ।

ਝੰਡੇ ਨਕਲੇ ਸੂਚ ਦਾ ਹੁਕਮ ਹੋਇਆ,
 ਚੜ੍ਹੇ ਸੂਰਮੇ ਸਿੰਘ ਦਲੇਰ ਮੀਆਂ-
 ਚੜ੍ਹੇ ਪੁੱਤ ਸਰਦਾਰਾਂ ਦੇ ਛੈਲ ਬਾਂਕੇ,
 ਜੈਸੇ ਬੋਲਿਓਂ ਨਿਕਲਦੇ ਸ਼ੇਰ ਮੀਆਂ-
 ਚੜ੍ਹੇ ਸਭ ਮਝੈਲ, ਦੁਆਬੀਏ ਜੀ,
 ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਕਿਲ੍ਹੇ ਨਿਵਾਏ ਨੇ ਢੇਰ ਮੀਆਂ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਚੜ੍ਹੇ ਜਮੂਰ-ਖਾਨੇ,
 ਹੋਇਆ ਹੁਕਮ ਨਾ ਲਾਂਵਦੇ ਦੇਰ ਮੀਆਂ-

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,
 Conquerers 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.

खोल झंडे औ' कूच का हुक्म पा कर,
 निकले सूरमे सिंघ दलेर मीयां;
 चढ़े पूत सरदारों के छैल बांके,
 जैसे मांद से निकले हों शेर मीयां;
 चढ़े सब मझैल-दुवाबिए भी,
 दुर्गम किले जो कर चुके ढेर मीयां;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! चले भीषण तोपखाने,
 हुई चढ़ाई में कोई न देर मीयां ।

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.

शाम सिंह अटारी ने कूच किया,
 जल्लेवालिए निकले भूंचाल बनकर;
 आए साथ पहाड़ के सब राजे,
 धनी तेग के रूप विकराल बनकर;
 निकले सभी मझैल-दवाबिए भी,
 संधावालिए मारू की ताल बन कर;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! यूं चढ़ी अकाल रजमैट,
 खंडे खोल के मौत तत्काल बनकर।

ਮਜ਼ਹਰ ਅਲੀ ਤੇ ਮਾਘੇ ਖ਼ਾਂ ਕੂਚ ਕੀਤਾ,
 ਤੋਪਾਂ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਥੀਂ ਬਾਹਰ ਨਿਕਾਲੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਬੇੜਾ ਚੜ੍ਹਿਆ ਸੁਲਤਾਨ ਮਹਿਮੂਦ ਵਾਲਾ,
 ਤੋਪਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਇਮਾਮ ਸ਼ਾਹ ਵਾਲੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਇਲਾਹੀ ਬਖ਼ਸ਼ ਪਟੋਲੀ ਨੇ ਮਾਂਜ ਕੇ ਜੀ,
 ਧੂਪ ਦੇਇ ਕੇ ਤਖ਼ਤ ਬਹਾਲੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਐਸੀਆਂ ਲਿਸ਼ਕ ਆਈਆਂ,
 ਬਿਜਲੀ ਵਾਂਗ ਜੋ ਦੇਣ ਵਖਾਲੀਆਂ ਨੀ।

مظہر علی تے ماگھے خاں سوج کیتا،
 توپاں شہر تھیں باہر نکالیاں نی۔
 بیڑا چڑھیا سلطان محمود والا،
 توپاں نال امام شاہ والیاں نی۔
 الہی بخش پٹولی نے مانج کے جی،
 دھوپ دے کے تحت بہالیاں نی۔
 شاہ محمدآ ایسیاں لیسک آئیاں،
 بجلی وانگ جو دین دکھالیاں نی۔

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 शहर से बाहर निकाली मीयां;
 बेड़ा चला सुलतान महमूद वाला,
 तोपें साथ इमामशाह वाली मीयां;
 इलाही बक्श ने तोपों को तेल देकर,
 धूप दीप दे गाड़ी चढ़ाली मीयां;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! यूँ ऐसी वे चमकती थीं,
 घने बादलों बीच ज्यों बिजली मीयां।

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 ?

६१

खबर पा फ़िरंगी है चढ़ आया,
 उमड़ी फ़ौजें होके बेमुहार मीयां;
 घड़ी शुभ-अशुभ भी देखी नाहीं,
 आगे पीछे न कोई शुमार मीयां;
 सम्मुख तोपों के धनी थे वीर गोरे,
 चूड़ी वाली न कोई मुटियार* मीयां;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! न रुकेंगे युद्ध के बिन,
 एक बार जो होवें तैय्यार मीयां।

*प्रमदा

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 यूँ,
 सारे गभरू भरे अहंकार मीयां;
 नदी नाले न रोक अब उन्हें पाए,
 हुए सतलुज के पत्तन के पार मीयां;
 गोरे जहाँ थे उनके सामने ही,
 सूरे उमड़ आए बेशुमार मीयां;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! ऐसे में कौन भागे,
 निकले म्यान से जब तलवार मीयां।

ਲੱਗੀ ਧਮਕ ਸਾਰੇ ਹਿੰਦੁਸਤਾਨ ਅੰਦਰ,
 ਦਿੱਲੀ, ਆਗਰੇ, ਹਾਂਸੀ, ਹਸਾਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਬੀਕਾਨੇਰ, ਲਖਨਊ, ਅਜਮੇਰ, ਜੈਪੁਰ,
 ਪਈਆਂ ਭਾਜੜਾਂ ਜਮਨਾ ਤੋਂ ਪਾਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਚੱਲੀ ਸਭ ਪੰਜਾਬ ਦੀ ਬਾਦਸ਼ਾਹੀ,
 ਨਹੀਂ ਦਲਾਂ ਦਾ ਅੰਤ ਸ਼ੁਮਾਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਕਿਸੇ ਨਾ ਅਟਕਣਾ ਈਂ,
 ਸਿੰਘ ਰਹਿਣਗੇ ਦਿੱਲੀ ਨੂੰ ਮਾਰ ਮੀਆਂ।

ਲੱਗੀ ਦਿੱਲੀ ਦਿੱਲੀ ਸਾਰੇ ਹਿੰਦੁਸਤਾਨ ਅੰਦਰ,
 ਦਿੱਲੀ, ਆਗਰੇ, ਹਾਂਸੀ, ਹਸਾਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਬੀਕਾਨੇਰ, ਲਖਨਊ, ਅਜਮੇਰ, ਜੈਪੁਰ,
 ਪਈਆਂ ਭਾਜੜਾਂ ਜਮਨਾ ਤੋਂ ਪਾਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਚੱਲੀ ਸਭ ਪੰਜਾਬ ਦੀ ਬਾਦਸ਼ਾਹੀ,
 ਨਹੀਂ ਦਲਾਂ ਦਾ ਅੰਤ ਸ਼ੁਮਾਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਕਿਸੇ ਨਾ ਅਟਕਣਾ ਈਂ,
 ਸਿੰਘ ਰਹਿਣਗੇ ਦਿੱਲੀ ਨੂੰ ਮਾਰ ਮੀਆਂ।

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.

सारे हिन्द में मचा इक जलजला सा,
दिल्ली, आगरा, हांसी, हिसार मीयां;
बीकानेर, लखनऊ, अजमेर, जयपुर,
मची भगदड़ थी जमुना के पार मीयां;
पंजाब उमड़ कर आया जो रण अंदर,
न कोई सेना का अंत-शुमार मीयां;
शाह मुहम्मद ! सब यही कह रहे थे,
सिंघ लौटेंगे दिल्ली को मार मीयां ।

ਅਰਜੀ ਲਿਖੀ ਫ਼ਰੰਗੀਆਂ ਖ਼ਾਲਸੇ ਨੂੰ,
 ਤੁਸੀਂ ਕਾਸ ਨੂੰ ਜੰਗ ਮਚਾਂਵਦੇ ਹੋ।
 ਮਹਾਰਾਜਾ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਸੀ ਨੇਮ ਸਾਡਾ,
 ਤੁਸੀਂ ਸੁੱਤੀਆਂ ਕਲਾਂ ਜਗਾਂਵਦੇ ਹੋ।
 ਕਈ ਲੱਖ ਰੁਪਈਆ ਲੈ ਜਾਓ ਸਾਥੋਂ,
 ਦਿਆਂ ਹੋਰ ਜੋ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਫ਼ਰਮਾਂਵਦੇ ਹੋ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਅਸਾਂ ਨਾ ਮੂਲ ਲੜਨਾ,
 ਤੁਸੀਂ ਏਤਨਾ ਜ਼ੋਰ ਕਿਉਂ ਲਾਂਵਦੇ ਹੋ।

عرضی لکھی فرنگیاں خالصے نوں،
 تیسیں کاس نوں جنگ مچاوندے ہو۔
 مہاراجہ دے نال سی نیم ساڈا،
 تیسیں ستیاں کلاں جگاوندے ہو۔
 کئی لکھ روپیہ لے جاؤ ساتھوں،
 دیاں ہور جو تیسیں فرماوندے ہو۔
 شاہ محمد اساں نہ مول لڑنا،
 تیسیں ایٹنا زور کیوں لاوندے ہو۔

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 ?"

चिट्ठी लिखी फ़िरंगी ने ख़ालसे को,
 "किस लिए यह युद्ध मचाए रहे हो;
 महाराज के साथ थी सुलह अपनी,
 क्योंकर सोई कलाएं जगाए रहे हो ?
 चाहो लाखों रुपये हम से और ले लो,
 देंगे और भी यदि फरमाए रहे हो;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! हम से न मूल लड़ना,
 जोर-जतन क्यों इतना लगाए रहे हो ?"

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."

जवाब सिंघों ने दिया फिरंगियों को,

“तुझे मारेंगे हम ललकार मीयां;

तेरी दौलत की इच्छा न मूल हम को,

लगाओ सामने चाहे अम्बार मीयां;

वह पंथ है आन चढ़ा तेरे ऊपर,

जो आया है जम्मू को मार मीयां;

शाह मुहम्मद ! अब तोपें करो आगे,

योद्धे बीच मैदान उतार मीयां।”

-ਪੰ- ਚਿੰਤਾ ਸਮਾਜ ਸੇਵਾ ਸੰਗਠਨ
 -ਪੰ- ਚਿੰਤਾ ਸਮਾਜ ਸੇਵਾ ਸੰਗਠਨ
 -ਪੰ- ਚਿੰਤਾ ਸਮਾਜ ਸੇਵਾ ਸੰਗਠਨ
 -ਪੰ- ਚਿੰਤਾ ਸਮਾਜ ਸੇਵਾ ਸੰਗਠਨ
 -ਪੰ- ਚਿੰਤਾ ਸਮਾਜ ਸੇਵਾ ਸੰਗਠਨ
 -ਪੰ- ਚਿੰਤਾ ਸਮਾਜ ਸੇਵਾ ਸੰਗਠਨ
 -ਪੰ- ਚਿੰਤਾ ਸਮਾਜ ਸੇਵਾ ਸੰਗਠਨ
 -ਪੰ- ਚਿੰਤਾ ਸਮਾਜ ਸੇਵਾ ਸੰਗਠਨ

ਪੰ- ਚਿੰਤਾ ਸਮਾਜ ਸੇਵਾ ਸੰਗਠਨ
 ਪੰ- ਚਿੰਤਾ ਸਮਾਜ ਸੇਵਾ ਸੰਗਠਨ
 ਪੰ- ਚਿੰਤਾ ਸਮਾਜ ਸੇਵਾ ਸੰਗਠਨ
 ਪੰ- ਚਿੰਤਾ ਸਮਾਜ ਸੇਵਾ ਸੰਗਠਨ
 ਪੰ- ਚਿੰਤਾ ਸਮਾਜ ਸੇਵਾ ਸੰਗਠਨ
 ਪੰ- ਚਿੰਤਾ ਸਮਾਜ ਸੇਵਾ ਸੰਗਠਨ
 ਪੰ- ਚਿੰਤਾ ਸਮਾਜ ਸੇਵਾ ਸੰਗਠਨ
 ਪੰ- ਚਿੰਤਾ ਸਮਾਜ ਸੇਵਾ ਸੰਗਠਨ

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."

लिखा पंचों ने सारी पलटनों को,
 "आज आया है बड़ा इम्तिहान मीयां;
 तोपें गाड़ हम ने बीर सिंह मारा,
 साधु संतों को दिया नहीं त्राण मीयां;
 चारों ओर के किले लिए जीत हमने,
 बठिंडा, कुल्लु का कौन फिर स्थान मीयां ?
 शाह मुहम्मद ! बात अब वही होगी,
 खालसा पंथ जो करे परवान मीयां।"

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.

दूरबीन फ़िरंगी ने हाथ में ले,

सारी फ़ौज का किया शुमार मीयां;

कहाँ कहाँ लगे थे तोपखाने,

जाना साहिब ने साथ विस्तार मीयां;

शराब बांटी गई फिर थी सैनिकों में,

दो-दो बोतल का चढ़ा खुमार मीयां;

शाह मुहम्मद ! पी-पी शराब गोरे,

हुए जंग को तुरत तैय्यार मीयां ।

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,
 झंडे गाड़ के हुए मोर्चेबंद मीयां;
 तोपें चला फ़िरंगी ने बोल हल्ला,
 उन्हें खून में डाला था रंग मीयां;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! थे पीछे वे सब भागे,
 छिनवा तोपें, बारूद के संग मीयां।

੬੯

ਡੇਰੇ ਆਣ ਕੇ ਬੈਠ ਸਲਾਹ ਕਰਦੇ,
ਐਤਵਾਰ ਅਸੀਂ ਖੰਡਾ ਫੜਾਂਗੇ ਜੀ।
ਤੇਜਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਦੀ ਵੱਡੀ ਉਡੀਕ ਸਾਨੂੰ,
ਉਸ ਦੇ ਆਏ ਬਗੈਰ ਨਾ ਲੜਾਂਗੇ ਜੀ।
ਸਰਫਾ ਜਾਨ ਦਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਜੇ ਤਦੋਂ ਕਰਨਾ,
ਜਦੋਂ ਵਿਚ ਮੈਦਾਨ ਦੇ ਵੜਾਂਗੇ ਜੀ।
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਅੰਦਰੋਂ ਇਕ ਹੋ ਕੇ,
ਡੇਰੇ ਚੱਲ ਫਰੰਗੀ ਦੇ ਵੜਾਂਗੇ ਜੀ।

੬੯

ਫ਼ਿਰੇ ਆ ਕੇ ਬੈਠੇ ਸਲਾਹ ਕਰਦੇ,
ਐਤਵਾਰ ਅਸੀਂ ਖੰਡਾ ਫੜਾਂਗੇ ਜੀ।
ਤੇਜਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਦੀ ਵੱਡੀ ਉਡੀਕ ਸਾਨੂੰ,
ਉਸ ਦੇ ਆਏ ਬਗੈਰ ਨਾ ਲੜਾਂਗੇ ਜੀ।
ਸਰਫਾ ਜਾਨ ਦਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਜੇ ਤਦੋਂ ਕਰਨਾ,
ਜਦੋਂ ਵਿਚ ਮੈਦਾਨ ਦੇ ਵੜਾਂਗੇ ਜੀ।
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਅੰਦਰੋਂ ਇਕ ਹੋ ਕੇ,
ਫ਼ਿਰੇ ਚੱਲ ਫਰੰਗੀ ਦੇ ਵੜਾਂਗੇ ਜੀ।

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."

इकट्टे डेरे में हो फिर मंत्रणा की,

"रविवार निकालेंगे हम खंडे;

तेजा सिंह की है इंतज़ार हमको,

उसके पहले न लड़ें, उठा झंडे;

एक बार मैदान में उतरने पर,

ऐसे लड़ेंगे जैसे निरकुंठ संडे* ;

शाह मुहम्मद ! अंदर से एक होकर,

निश्चय जीते फ़िरंगी को लगा कंडे† ।"

*सांड

†किनारे

ਤੇਜਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਭੀ ਲਸਕਰੀਂ ਆਣ ਵੜਿਆ,
 ਹੁੱਦੇਦਾਰ ਸਭੇ ਓਥੇ ਆਂਵਦੇ ਨੀ।
 ਕਰੋ ਹੁਕਮ ਤੇ ਤੇਗ ਉਠਾਈਏ ਜੀ,
 ਪਏ ਸਿੰਘ ਕਚੀਚੀਆਂ ਖਾਂਵਦੇ ਨੀ।
 ਕੁੰਜਾਂ ਨਜ਼ਰ ਆਈਆਂ ਬਾਜ਼ਾਂ ਭੁੱਖਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ,
 ਚੋਟਾਂ ਕੈਸੀਆਂ ਵੇਖੋ ਚਲਾਂਵਦੇ ਨੀ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਓਸ ਥੀਂ ਹੁਕਮ ਲੈ ਕੇ,
 ਹੱਲਾ ਕਰਨ ਦੀ ਡੌਲ ਬਣਾਂਵਦੇ ਨੀ।

੬੦
 ਤੇਜਾ ਸੰਗੇ ਭੀ ਲਸਕਰੀਂ ਆਂ ਵੜਿਆ,
 ਹੁੱਦੇਦਾਰ ਸਭੇ ਓਥੇ ਆਂਵਦੇ ਨੀ-
 ਕਰੋ ਹੁਕਮ ਤੇ ਤੇਗ ਉਠਾਈਏ ਜੀ,
 ਪਏ ਸਿੰਘ ਕਚੀਚੀਆਂ ਖਾਂਵਦੇ ਨੀ-
 ਕੁੰਜਾਂ ਨਜ਼ਰ ਆਈਆਂ ਬਾਜ਼ਾਂ ਭੁੱਖਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ,
 ਚੋਟਾਂ ਕੈਸੀਆਂ ਵੇਖੋ ਚਲਾਂਵਦੇ ਨੀ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਓਸ ਥੀਂ ਹੁਕਮ ਲੈ ਕੇ,
 ਹੱਲਾ ਕਰਨ ਦੀ ਡੌਲ ਬਣਾਂਵਦੇ ਨੀ-

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.

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

ਵੇਰੂ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਦੇ ਹੇਠ ਜਾਂ ਖੇਤ ਰੁੱਧੇ,
 ਤੋਪਾਂ ਚੱਲੀਆਂ ਨੀ ਵਾਂਗ ਤੋੜਿਆਂ ਦੇ।
 ਸਿੰਘ ਸੂਰਮੇ ਆਣ ਮੈਦਾਨ ਲੱਥੇ,
 ਗੰਜ ਲਾਹ ਸੁੱਟੇ ਓਹਨਾਂ ਗੋਰਿਆਂ ਦੇ।
 ਟੁੰਡੇ ਲਾਟ ਨੇ ਅੰਤ ਨੂੰ ਖਾਏ ਗੁੱਸਾ,
 ਵੇਰ ਦਿੱਤੇ ਨੀ ਲੱਖ ਢੰਡੋਰਿਆਂ ਦੇ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਰੰਡ ਬੈਠਾਇ ਨੰਦਨ,
 ਸਿੰਘ ਜਾਨ ਲੈਂਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਜ਼ੋਰਿਆਂ ਦੇ।

ਮਹਿਰੂ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਦੇ ਪਿੱਠੇ ਜਾ ਕਹਿਤ ਰੁੱਧੇ,
 ਤੋਪਾਂ ਚੱਲੀਆਂ ਨੀ ਵਾਂਗ ਤੋੜਿਆਂ ਦੇ-
 ਸਿੰਘ ਸੂਰਮੇ ਆਣ ਮੈਦਾਨ ਲੱਥੇ,
 ਗੰਜ ਲਾਹ ਸੁੱਟੇ ਓਹਨਾਂ ਗੋਰਿਆਂ ਦੇ-
 ਟੁੰਡੇ ਲਾਟ ਨੇ ਅੰਤ ਨੂੰ ਖਾਏ ਗੁੱਸਾ,
 ਵੇਰ ਦਿੱਤੇ ਨੀ ਲੱਖ ਢੰਡੋਰਿਆਂ ਦੇ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਰੰਡ ਬੈਠਾਇ ਨੰਦਨ,
 ਸਿੰਘ ਜਾਨ ਲੈਂਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਜ਼ੋਰਿਆਂ ਦੇ-

The entire battlefield around Pheru Shahr
 Got filled with big guns like ordinary muskets.
 The Singhs fought with such reckless valour,
 That the Feringhee 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.

फेरू नगर की भूमि सब लाल हो गई,
 तोपें चलीं कि जैसे वे हों तोड़े;
 सिंघ सूरमे बीच मैदान उतरे,
 लड़े ऐसे कि दुश्मन के पांव उखड़े;
 टुंडी लाट को आया तब भारी गुस्सा,
 "पीछे हटो", ऐसे दे हुक्म छोड़े;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! लंदन तब हुई विधवा,
 जब ज़ोर से सिंघों के पड़े कोड़े।

ਹੁਕਮ ਲਾਟ ਕੀਤਾ ਲਸ਼ਕਰ ਆਪਣੇ ਨੂੰ,
 ਤੁਸਾਂ ਲਾਜ ਅੰਗਰੇਜ਼ ਦੀ ਰੱਖਣੀ ਜੀ।
 ਸਿੰਘਾਂ ਮਾਰ ਕੇ ਕਟਕ ਮੁਕਾਇ ਦਿੱਤੇ,
 ਹਿੰਦੁਸਤਾਨੀ ਤੇ ਪੂਰਬੀ ਦੱਖਣੀ ਜੀ।
 ਨੰਦਨ ਟਾਪੂਆਂ ਵਿਚ ਕੁਰਲਾਟ ਹੋਈ,
 ਕੁਰਸੀ ਚਾਰ ਹਜ਼ਾਰ ਹੈ ਸੱਖਣੀ ਜੀ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਲਾਟ ਹੁਣ ਕਹਿਣ ਲੱਗਾ,
 ਰੱਤ ਸਿੰਘ ਸਿਪਾਹੀ ਦੀ ਚੱਖਣੀ ਜੀ।

حکم لاث کیتا لشکر آئے نوں،
 تھساں لاج انگریز دی رکھنی جی۔
 سنگھاں مار کے کٹک بکائے وتے،
 ہندستانی تے پوربی دکھنی جی۔
 لندن ٹاپو آں وچ کورلاٹ ہوئی،
 کورسی چار ہزار ہے رکھنی جی۔
 شاہ محمد ا لاث تھن کہن بکائے،
 رت سنگھ سپاہی دی چکھنی جی۔

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 :

"Its our turn now to taste the blood of the Singhs."

टुंडी लाट ने तब अपील यूं की,

“लाज कौम की आपके हाथ में है;

किया सिंघों ने है सत्यानाश भारी,

पूर्वी-दक्खनी मरे सब साथ में है;

पूरे लंदन में मचा कोहराम है अब,

चार हजार मरे बात बात में है”;

शाह मुहम्मद ! गर्ज कर लाट अब कहने लगा,

“मज्जा सिंघन के खून को चखने में है।”

ਹੋਇਆ ਹੁਕਮ ਅੰਗਰੇਜ਼ ਦਾ ਤੁਰਤ ਜਲਦੀ,
 ਤੋਪਾਂ ਸਾਰੀਆਂ ਨੀਰ ਦੇ ਆਏ ਪੱਲੇ।
 ਫੂਕ ਸੁੱਟੀਆਂ ਸਾਰੀਆਂ ਮੇਗਜ਼ੀਨਾਂ,
 ਸਿੰਘ ਉਠ ਕੇ ਪੱਤਰਾ ਹੋਏ ਚੱਲੇ।
 ਛੋਲਦਾਰੀਆਂ ਤੰਬੂਆਂ ਛੱਡ ਦੌੜੇ,
 ਕੋਈ ਚੀਜ਼ ਲਈ ਨਹੀਂ ਮੂਲ ਪੱਲੇ।
 ਓੜਕ ਲਿਆ ਮੈਦਾਨ ਫ਼ਰੰਗੀਆਂ ਨੇ,
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਰਣੋਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਮੂਲ ਹੱਲੇ।

ਹੋਇਆ ਹੁਕਮ ਅੰਗਰੇਜ਼ ਦਾ ਤੁਰਤ ਜਲਦੀ,
 ਤੋਪਾਂ ਸਾਰੀਆਂ ਨੀਰ ਦੇ ਆਏ ਪੱਲੇ-
 ਪਛੋਕ ਸੁੱਟੀਆਂ ਸਾਰੀਆਂ ਮੇਗਜ਼ੀਨਾਂ,
 ਸਿੰਘ ਉਠ ਕੇ ਪੱਤਰਾ ਹੋਏ ਚੱਲੇ-
 ਛੋਲਦਾਰੀਆਂ ਤੰਬੂਆਂ ਛੱਡ ਦੌੜੇ,
 ਕੋਈ ਚੀਜ਼ ਲਈ ਨਹੀਂ ਮੂਲ ਪੱਲੇ-
 ਓੜਕ ਲਿਆ ਮੈਦਾਨ ਫ਼ਰੰਗੀਆਂ ਨੇ,
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਰਣੋਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਮੂਲ ਹੱਲੇ-

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 *chowldaries*.
 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.

हुक्म 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 चीज़ न बची थी पास उनके;
 मार लिया मैदान फिरंगियों ने,
 शाह मुहम्मद ! वे रण से न तनिक खिसके ।

ਉਧਰ ਆਪ ਫਰੰਗੀ ਨੂੰ ਭਾਂਜ ਆਈ,
 ਦੌੜੇ ਜਾਣ ਗੌਰੇ ਦਿੱਤੀ ਕੰਡ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਚੱਲੇ ਤੋਪਖਾਨੇ ਸਾਰੇ ਗੌਰਿਆਂ ਦੇ,
 ਮਗਰ ਹੋਈ ਬੰਦੂਕਾਂ ਦੀ ਫੰਡ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਕਿਨ੍ਹੇ ਜਾਇ ਕੇ ਲਿਆਇ ਕੇ ਖਬਰ ਦਿੱਤੀ,
 ਨੰਦਨ ਹੋਇ ਬੈਠੀ ਤੇਰੀ ਰੰਡ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਦੇਖ ਮੈਦਾਨ ਜਾ ਕੇ,
 ਰੁਲਦੀ ਗੌਰਿਆਂ ਦੀ ਪਈ ਝੰਡ ਮੀਆਂ।

اودھر آپ فرنگی نوں بھانج آئی،
 دوڑے جان گورے وئی کنڈ میاں۔
 چلے توپخانے سارے گوریاں دے،
 مگر ہوئی بندوقاں دی پھنڈ میاں۔
 کہیں جائے کے لیائے کے خبر وئی،
 لندن ہوئے بیٹھی تیری رنڈ میاں۔
 شاہ محمدّا دیکھ میدان جا کے،
 زلدی گوریاں دی پئی جھنڈ میاں۔

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."

उधर फ़िरंगी भी भाग रहे थे खुद,
 युद्धभूमि में पीठ दिखाए मीयां;
 जब तोपों का युद्ध समाप्त हुआ,
 बंदूकें चलीं, कोहराम मचाए मीयां;
 किसी ने तब आकर खबर यह दी,
 विधवा लंदन में मची हाय हाय मीयां;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! मैदान में देखो जाकर
 हुई गोरों की कैसी कटाई मीयां।

ਪਹਾੜਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਸੀ ਯਾਰ ਫਰੰਗੀਆਂ ਦਾ,
 ਸਿੰਘਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਸੀ ਓਸ ਦੀ ਗੈਰਸਾਲੀ।
 ਉਹ ਤਾਂ ਭੱਜ ਕੇ ਲਾਟ ਨੂੰ ਜਾਇ ਮਿਲਿਆ,
 ਗੱਲ ਜਾਇ ਦੱਸੀ ਸਾਰੀ ਭੇਤ ਵਾਲੀ।
 ਉਥੋਂ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ ਹਰਨ ਹੈ ਖਾਲਸਾ ਜੀ,
 ਚੌਦਾਂ ਹੱਥਾਂ ਦੀ ਮਾਰ ਕੇ ਮਿਰਗ-ਛਾਲੀ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਸਾਬ ਲੈ ਸਿਲੇ ਖਾਨੇ,
 ਛੱਡ ਗਏ ਨੇ ਸਿੰਘ ਮੈਦਾਨ ਖਾਲੀ।

ਪੈਾੜਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਸੀ ਯਾਰ ਫਰੰਗੀਆਂ ਦਾ,
 ਸਿੰਘਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਸੀ ਓਸ ਦੀ ਗੈਰਸਾਲੀ-
 ਓਹ ਤਾਂ ਭੱਜ ਕੇ ਲਾਟ ਨੂੰ ਜਾਇ ਮਿਲਿਆ,
 ਗੱਲ ਜਾਇ ਦੱਸੀ ਸਾਰੀ ਭੇਤ ਵਾਲੀ-
 ਉਥੋਂ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ ਹਰਨ ਹੈ ਖਾਲਸਾ ਜੀ,
 ਚੌਦਾਂ ਹੱਥਾਂ ਦੀ ਮਾਰ ਕੇ ਮਿਰਗ ਚੜ੍ਹਾਲੀ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਸਾਬ ਲੈ ਸਿਲੇ ਖਾਨੇ,
 ਛੱਡ ਗਏ ਨੇ ਸਿੰਘ ਮੈਦਾਨ ਖਾਲੀ-

Pahara Singh was the friend of the Feringhee.
 For, he bore enmity to the Singhs.
 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 Singhs have left bag and baggage —
 Leaving the empty field for you to conquer."

पहाड़ा सिंह था दोस्त फ़िरंगियों का,
 जो सिंघों से रखता था गैरसाली* ;
 वह भाग कर लाट को आया मिलने,
 सारी बात कह दी जो थी भेद वाली ;
 भाग खड़ी हुई हैं सिंघ फ़ौजें,
 ओढ़ रखी है खाल बस हिरण वाली ;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! समेटो सामान सारा,
 कर गये हैं सिंघ मैदान खाली ।

*बेगानापन

ਮੁੜ ਕੇ ਫੇਰ ਫਰੰਗੀਆਂ ਜ਼ੋਰ ਕੀਤਾ,
ਲਾਟਾਂਦਾਰ ਗੋਲੇ ਜਦੋਂ ਆਣ ਛੁੱਟੇ।
ਉੱਡੀ ਰਾਲ ਤੇ ਚਾਦਰਾਂ ਕੜਕੀਆਂ ਨੀ,
ਕੈਰਵ ਪਾਂਡਵਾਂ ਦੇ ਜੈਸੇ ਬਾਣ ਛੁੱਟੇ।
ਜਦੋਂ ਡਿੱਠੇ ਨੀ ਹੱਥ ਫਰੰਗੀਆਂ ਦੇ,
ਓਥੇ ਕਈਆਂ ਦੇ ਆਣ ਪ੍ਰਾਣ ਛੁੱਟੇ।
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਇਕ ਸੌ ਤੇਈ ਤੋਪਾਂ,
ਤੋਸ਼ੇਖਾਨੇ ਫਰੰਗੀਆਂ ਆਣ ਲੁੱਟੇ।

ਮੁੜ ਕੇ ਪਥਿਰ ਫਰੰਗੀਆਂ ਤੋਰ ਕੀਤਾ,
ਲਾਟਾਂਦਾਰ ਗੋਲੇ ਜਦੋਂ ਆਣ ਛੁੱਟੇ।
ਉੱਡੀ ਰਾਲ ਤੇ ਚਾਦਰਾਂ ਕੜਕੀਆਂ ਨੀ,
ਕੈਰਵ ਪਾਂਡਵਾਂ ਦੇ ਜੈਸੇ ਬਾਣ ਛੁੱਟੇ।
ਜਦੋਂ ਡਿੱਠੇ ਨੀ ਹੱਥ ਫਰੰਗੀਆਂ ਦੇ,
ਓਥੇ ਕਈਆਂ ਦੇ ਆਣ ਪ੍ਰਾਣ ਛੁੱਟੇ।
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਇਕ ਸੌ ਤੇਈ ਤੋਪਾਂ,
ਤੋਸ਼ੇਖਾਨੇ ਫਰੰਗੀਆਂ ਆਣ ਲੁੱਟੇ।

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 यूँ जोरदार छोड़े;
 रव-नभ में भर गया धुआँ ऐसा,
 कौरव पांडवों ने जैसे बाण छोड़े;
 हाथ देखे जब यह फिरंगियों के,
 तब कइयों ने आन और प्राण छोड़े;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! एक सौ तेइस तोपें,
 तोशे खाने अंग्रजों ने लूट छोड़े।

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 छोकरे जी;
 आधी रात को हम कहीं भाग निकलें,
 आन पड़े न गोरे हम पर ऊपर से जी;
 खेती करते औ' मजे से खाते थे हम,
 किन लोगों के हम पुत्र-पौत्र हैं जी;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! खेत हैं, कृएँ भी हैं,
 तन-मन से करेंगे हम खेती।"

ਜਿਹੜੇ ਜੀਵਦੇ ਰਹੇ ਸੋ ਪਏ ਸੋਚੀਂ
 ਹੋਏ ਭੁੱਖ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਜ਼ਹੀਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਬੁਰੇ ਜਿੰਨ ਹੋ ਕੇ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਪਏ ਗੋਰੇ,
 ਅਸੀਂ ਜਾਣਦੇ ਸਾਂ ਕੋਈ ਕੀਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਅਸਾਂ ਸ਼ਹਿਦ ਦੇ ਵਾਸਤੇ ਹੱਥ ਪਾਇਆ,
 ਅੱਗੋਂ ਡੂਮਣਾ ਛਿੜੇ ਮਖੀਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਰਾਹ ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਲੱਭੇ,
 ਜਿੱਥੇ ਚੱਲੀਏ ਘੱਤ ਵਹੀਰ ਮੀਆਂ।

ਜਿਹੜੇ ਜਿਹੜੇ ਜਿਹੜੇ ਜਿਹੜੇ
 ਹੋਏ ਭੁੱਖ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਝਹੀਰ ਮੀਆਂ-
 ਬੁਰੇ ਜਿੰਨ ਹੋ ਕੇ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਪਏ ਗੋਰੇ,
 ਅਸੀਂ ਜਾਣਦੇ ਸਾਂ ਕੋਈ ਕੀਰ ਮੀਆਂ-
 ਅਸਾਂ ਸ਼ਹਿਦ ਦੇ ਵਾਸਤੇ ਹੱਥ ਪਾਇਆ,
 ਅੱਗੋਂ ਡੂਮਣਾ ਛਿੜੇ ਮਖੀਰ ਮੀਆਂ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਰਾਹ ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਲੱਭੇ,
 ਜਿੱਥੇ ਚੱਲੀਏ ਘੱਤ ਵਹੀਰ ਮੀਆਂ-
 ਜਿਹੜੇ ਜਿਹੜੇ ਜਿਹੜੇ ਜਿਹੜੇ
 ਹੋਏ ਭੁੱਖ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਝਹੀਰ ਮੀਆਂ-
 ਬੁਰੇ ਜਿੰਨ ਹੋ ਕੇ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਪਏ ਗੋਰੇ,
 ਅਸੀਂ ਜਾਣਦੇ ਸਾਂ ਕੋਈ ਕੀਰ ਮੀਆਂ-
 ਅਸਾਂ ਸ਼ਹਿਦ ਦੇ ਵਾਸਤੇ ਹੱਥ ਪਾਇਆ,
 ਅੱਗੋਂ ਡੂਮਣਾ ਛਿੜੇ ਮਖੀਰ ਮੀਆਂ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਰਾਹ ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਲੱਭੇ,
 ਜਿੱਥੇ ਚੱਲੀਏ ਘੱਤ ਵਹੀਰ ਮੀਆਂ-
 ਜਿਹੜੇ ਜਿਹੜੇ ਜਿਹੜੇ ਜਿਹੜੇ

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.

बाकी बचे वे आपस में सोचते थे,
 किया भूख ने हमें निडाल मीयां;
 जिन्न-भूतो से पड़े हैं गोरे पीछे,
 जिन्हें समझा था हमने पामाल मीयां;
 दुहने शहद जो हमने था हाथ डाला,
 मधु-मक्खी ने किया बुरा हाल मीयां;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! न ठौर अब कहीं मिलता,
 ढूँडे सारा आकाश-पाताल मीयां ।

ਘਰੋਂ ਗਏ ਫ਼ਰੰਗੀ ਦੇ ਮਾਰਨੇ ਨੂੰ,
 ਬੇੜੇ ਤੋਪਾਂ ਦੇ ਸਭ ਖੁਹਾਇ ਆਏ।
 ਛੇੜ ਆਫ਼ਤਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਮਗਰ ਲਾਇਓ ਨੇ,
 ਸਗੋਂ ਆਪਣਾ ਆਪ ਗਵਾਇ ਆਏ।
 ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਵੱਸਦਾ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਲਾਹੌਰ ਸਾਰਾ,
 ਸਗੋਂ ਕੁੰਜੀਆਂ ਹੱਥ ਫੜਾਇ ਆਏ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਕਹਿੰਦੇ ਨੇ ਲੋਕ ਸਿੰਘ ਜੀ,
 ਤੁਸੀਂ ਚੰਗੀਆਂ ਪੂਰੀਆਂ ਪਾਇ ਆਏ।

ਗ਼ਰੋਂ ਗਏ ਫ਼ਰੰਗੀ ਦੇ ਮਾਰਨੇ ਨੂੰ,
 ਬੇੜੇ ਤੋਪਾਂ ਦੇ ਸਭ ਕੁਹਾਇ ਆਏ-
 ਛੇੜ ਆਫ਼ਤਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਮਗਰ ਲਾਇਓ ਨੇ,
 ਸਗੋਂ ਆਪਣਾ ਆਪ ਗਵਾਇ ਆਏ-
 ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਵੱਸਦਾ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਲਾਹੌਰ ਸਾਰਾ,
 ਸਗੋਂ ਕੁੰਜੀਆਂ ਹੱਥ ਫੜਾਇ ਆਏ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਕਹਿੰਦੇ ਨੇ ਲੋਕ ਸਿੰਘ ਜੀ,
 ਤੁਸੀਂ ਚੰਗੀਆਂ ਪੂਰੀਆਂ ਪਾਇ ਆਏ-

"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 !' "

"निकले घर से फ़िरंगी को मारने जो,
 तोपें 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।' "

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."

घर जाय, आराम का सांस आया,
 एक रात या फिर दो रात मीयां;
 पीछे आए संदेशे थे अफ़सरों के,
 केवल लड़ना है सिंघन की जात मीयां;
 "कहाँ छिपोगे जा अब ख़ालसा जी,
 ज़रा हमें बताओ यह बात मीयां;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! फिर से मिलो आकर,
 बाट जोहते तम्बू-कनात मीयां।"

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' ?

८१

दरिया पार जमा हुए फिर डेरे,

यह नौकरी है कोई छुट्टी नाँही;

बैठ डेरों में सभी यह सोचते थे,

भर्ती बंद है चलती भी हट्टी नाँही;

घूम फिर कर मोर्चे में लौट आते,

मिलती कहीं भी और थी रोटी नाँही;

शाह मुहम्मद ! सभी मालूम हमको,

“कैसी हुई लुधियाने कुछ छिपी नाँही।”

ਸਰਦਾਰ ਰਣਜੋਧ ਸਿੰਘ ਫੌਜ ਲੈ ਕੇ,
 ਤਰਫ ਲਾਡੂਏ ਵਾਲੇ ਦੀ ਚੱਲਿਆ ਈ।
 ਓਥੇ ਸਭ ਕਬੀਲੇ ਸੀ ਕੈਦ ਹੋਏ,
 ਕੋਈ ਲਾਟ ਫਰੰਗੀ ਨੇ ਘੱਲਿਆ ਈ।
 ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਜਾਇ ਖੋਹੀਆਂ ਬਾਦਸ਼ਾਹੀਆਂ ਨੀ,
 ਉਸ ਦਾ ਜ਼ੋਰ ਨਾ ਕਿਸੇ ਨੇ ਝੱਲਿਆ ਈ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਛਾਵਣੀ ਫੂਕ ਦਿੱਤੀ,
 ਵਿੱਚੋਂ ਜੀਉ ਫਰੰਗੀ ਦਾ ਹੱਲਿਆ ਈ।

ਸਰਦਾਰ ਰੰਜੋਧ ਸਿੰਘ ਫੌਜ ਲੈ ਕੇ,
 ਟਰਫ ਲਾਡੂਏ ਵਾਲੇ ਦੀ ਚਲਿਆ ਈ-
 ਓਥੇ ਸਭ ਕਬੀਲੇ ਸੀ ਕੈਦ ਹੋਏ,
 ਕੋਈ ਲਾਟ ਫਰੰਗੀ ਨੇ ਘੱਲਿਆ ਈ-
 ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਜਾਇ ਖੋਹੀਆਂ ਬਾਦਸ਼ਾਹੀਆਂ ਨੀ,
 ਉਸ ਦਾ ਜ਼ੋਰ ਨਾ ਕਿਸੇ ਨੇ ਝੱਲਿਆ ਈ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਛਾਵਣੀ ਫੂਕ ਦਿੱਤੀ,
 ਵਿੱਚੋਂ ਜੀਉ ਫਰੰਗੀ ਦਾ ਹੱਲਿਆ ਈ-

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.

रणजोध ने सेना को साथ लेकर,
 किया लाडवा से था प्रस्थान मीयां;
 भाई बन्धु वहाँ उसके कैद जो थे,
 भेजे लाट के बड़े बेजुबान मीयां;
 आ लूट ली उसने थी बादशाही,
 झेले ताब न कोई ऐसी आन मीयां;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! सब छावनी फूँक डाली,
 फिरंगी डोला औ' मिटी सब शान मीयां।

ਚਾਰ ਪੜਤਲਾਂ ਲੈ ਮੇਵਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਆਇਆ,
 ਸਿੰਘ ਆਪਣੇ ਹੱਥ ਹਥਿਆਰ ਲੈਂਦੇ।
 ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਬਹੁਤ ਫਰੰਗੀ ਦੀ ਫੌਜ ਮਾਰੀ,
 ਲੁੱਟਾਂ ਭਾਰੀਆਂ ਬਾਝ ਸੁਮਾਰ ਲੈਂਦੇ।
 ਤੋਪਾਂ ਉਠ ਹਾਥੀ ਮਾਲ ਲਾਖ ਘੋੜੇ,
 ਡੇਰੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਸਿੰਘ ਉਤਾਰ ਲੈਂਦੇ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਜੇ ਜ਼ੋਰ ਕਰਦੇ,
 ਭਾਵੇਂ ਲੁਧਿਆਣਾ ਤਦੋਂ ਮਾਰ ਲੈਂਦੇ।

ਚਾਰ ਪੁੱਤਲਾਂ ਲੈ ਮਿਓ ਸੰਗੇ ਆਏ,
 ਸੰਗੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਹੱਥ ਹਥਿਆਰ ਲੈਂਦੇ-
 ਇਹਨਾਂ ਬਹੁਤ ਫਰੰਗੀ ਦੀ ਫੌਜ ਮਾਰੀ,
 ਲੁੱਟਾਂ ਭਾਰੀਆਂ ਬਾਝ ਸੁਮਾਰ ਲੈਂਦੇ-
 ਤੋਪਾਂ ਉਠ ਹਾਥੀ ਮਾਲ ਲਾਕ ਗੋਠੇ,
 ਡੇਰੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਸੰਗੇ ਅੱਤਾਰ ਲੈਂਦੇ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਸੰਗੇ ਜੇ ਜ਼ੋਰ ਕਰਦੇ,
 ਭਾਵੇਂ ਲੁਧਿਆਣਾ ਤਦੋਂ ਮਾਰ ਲੈਂਦੇ-

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.

मेवा सिंह आया चार पलटनें ले,
 सिंघन फिर से उठाए हथियार मीयां;
 मार आए फ़िरंगी की भारी सेना,
 जो कुछ लूटा वह था बेशुमार मीयां;
 तोपें, ऊँट, हाथी, माल लाखों, घोड़े,
 लिए छावनी अपनी उतार मीयां;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! सिंघ यदि आगे बढ़ते,
 लेते लुधियाना भी शायद मार मीयां।

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."

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 बख्शी,

खबरें उड़ी हैं सारे जहान में जी;

शाह मुहम्मद ! खड़ा है दुश्मन सिर पर,

बात रखो यह सदा ही ध्यान में जी।”

ਸੱਠਾਂ ਕੋਹਾਂ ਦਾ ਪੰਧ ਸੀ ਲੁਧਿਆਣਾ,
 ਰਾਤੋ ਰਾਤ ਕੀਤੀ ਟੁੰਡੇ ਚੌੜ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਉਹ ਭੀ ਲੁੱਟਿਆ ਲਾਟ ਨੇ ਆਣ ਡੇਰਾ,
 ਸਭ ਖੋਹ ਕੇ ਕੀਤੀਆਂ ਚੌੜ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਝੱਲੀ ਅਬੂਤਬੇਲੇ ਦੀ ਪੜਤਲਾਂ ਨੇ,
 ਅੱਧ ਘੜੀ ਲੜਾਈ ਦੀ ਸੌੜ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਲੁਟਾਇ ਡੇਰੇ,
 ਕਰ ਆਏ ਨੇ ਤੁੱਟੀਆਂ ਚੌੜ ਮੀਆਂ।

ਸੱਠਾਂ ਕੋਹਾਂ ਦਾ ਪੰਧ ਸੀ ਲੁਧਿਆਣਾ,
 ਰਾਤੋ ਰਾਤ ਕੀਤੀ ਟੁੰਡੇ ਚੌੜ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਉਹ ਭੀ ਲੁੱਟਿਆ ਲਾਟ ਨੇ ਆਣ ਡੇਰਾ,
 ਸਭ ਖੋਹ ਕੇ ਕੀਤੀਆਂ ਚੌੜ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਝੱਲੀ ਅਬੂਤਬੇਲੇ ਦੀ ਪੜਤਲਾਂ ਨੇ,
 ਅੱਧ ਘੜੀ ਲੜਾਈ ਦੀ ਸੌੜ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਲੁਟਾਇ ਡੇਰੇ,
 ਕਰ ਆਏ ਨੇ ਤੁੱਟੀਆਂ ਚੌੜ ਮੀਆਂ।

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.

साठ कोस जो दूर था लुधियाना,
 रात-रात पहुँचा टुंडी आन मीयां;
 जी खोल कर लूटा था सिंघ-डेरा,
 सब छीन कर किया वीरान मीयां;
 बली अविताबेल की पलटनें तब,
 आधी घड़ी थी लड़ीं घमसान मीयां;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! लुटा कर सिंघ डेरे
 खूब हुए थे बड़े परोमान मीयां।

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.

पहले हल्ले में सिंघन के पांव उखड़े,
 लगे भागने होकर हैरान मीयां;
 लुटा सब कुछ बची बस एक कुर्ती,
 ढकते छाती को बाहों को तान मीयां;
 जब लोग लड़ाई की बात पूछें,
 दबाते दांतों के बीच जुबान मीयां;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! लुटपिट वापिस लौटे,
 नये जोड़े सिलाए घर आन मीयां।

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."

जीते जी न कभी फिर उधर जाएं,
 लगे मुँह न उस चंडाल के जी;
 कहीं लुक छिप कर चार दिन काटें,
 साथी दूँडे बन भूत-बेताल से जी;
 आप कहते थे जीता है लुधियाना,
 काहे फिरते हो फिर पामाल से जी;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! अब सदा होशियार रहिए,
 नहीं भिड़ना फ़िरंगी विकराल से जी ।

ਪਿੱਛੇ ਬੈਠ ਸਰਦਾਰਾਂ ਗੁਰਮਤਾ ਕੀਤਾ,
 ਕੋਈ ਅਕਲ ਦਾ ਕਰੋ ਇਲਾਜ ਯਾਰੋ।
 ਛੇੜ ਬੁਰਫਿਆਂ ਦੀ ਸਾਡੇ ਪੇਸ਼ ਆਈ,
 ਪੱਗ ਦਾੜੀਆਂ ਦੀ ਰੱਖੋ ਲਾਜ ਯਾਰੋ।
 ਮੁੱਠ ਮੀਟੀ ਸੀ ਏਸ ਪੰਜਾਬ ਦੀ ਜੀ,
 ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਖੋਲ੍ਹ ਦਿੱਤਾ ਅੱਜ ਪਾਜ ਯਾਰੋ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਮਾਰ ਕੇ ਮਰੋ ਏਥੇ,
 ਕਦੀ ਰਾਜ ਨਾ ਹੋਇ ਮੁਥਾਜ ਯਾਰੋ।

ਪੱਛੇ ਬੈਠੇ ਸਰਦਾਰਾਂ ਸੁਰਮਤਾ ਕੀਤਾ,
 ਕੋਈ ਅਕਲ ਦਾ ਕਰੋ ਇਲਾਜ ਯਾਰੋ-
 ਛੇੜ ਬੁਰਫਿਆਂ ਦੀ ਸਾਡੇ ਪੇਸ਼ ਆਈ,
 ਪੱਗ ਦਾੜੀਆਂ ਦੀ ਰੱਖੋ ਲਾਜ ਯਾਰੋ-
 ਮੁੱਠ ਮੀਟੀ ਸੀ ਏਸ ਪੰਜਾਬ ਦੀ ਜੀ,
 ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਖੋਲ੍ਹ ਦਿੱਤਾ ਅੱਜ ਪਾਜ ਯਾਰੋ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਮਾਰ ਕੇ ਮਰੋ ਏਥੇ,
 ਕਦੀ ਰਾਜ ਨਾ ਹੋਇ ਮੁਥਾਜ ਯਾਰੋ-

In the meanwhile, the Sardars met and passed a *Gurmatta*.
 "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."

८८

साथ बैठ सरदारों ने गुरमत्ता किया,
 "अक्ल बिल्कुल न करे इलाज यारो;
 जो हुआ सो बुरछों के कारण हुआ,
 दाढ़ी-मूँछ की रखनी है लाज यारो;
 मुट्ठी बंद थी तब पंजाब था इक,
 वह खुली तो पड़ा अज़ाब* यारो;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! अब मरना या मारना है,
 पीठ देनी नहीं आप पंजाब यारो।"

*विपदा

ਤੀਜੀ ਵਾਰ ਲਲਕਾਰ ਕੇ ਪਏ ਗੋਰੇ,
 ਪਏ ਵੱਜਦੇ ਢੋਲ ਤੰਬੂਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਕੱਸ ਲਈਆਂ ਨੀ ਸਿੰਘਾਂ ਨੇ ਤੁਰਤ ਕਮਰਾਂ,
 ਕਾਇਮ ਜੰਗ ਨੂੰ ਹੋਏ ਜ਼ਰੂਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਬਾਵਿਓਂ ਆਣ ਕੇ ਜ਼ੋਰ ਦਿੱਤਾ,
 ਪਿਆ ਦਲਾਂ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਫ਼ਤੂਰ ਮੀਆਂ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਨੱਸ ਕੇ ਜਾਣ ਕਿੱਥੇ,
 ਏਥੋਂ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਲਾਹੌਰ ਹੈ ਦੂਰ ਮੀਆਂ।

ਤਿਜੀ ਵਾਰ ਲਕਾਰ ਕੇ ਪੈ ਗੋਰੇ،
 ਪੈ ਵੱਜਦੇ ਢੋਲ ਤੰਬੂਰ ਮੀਆਂ-
 ਕੱਸ ਲਈਆਂ ਨੇ ਸਿੰਘਾਂ ਨੇ ਤੁਰਤ ਕਮਰਾਂ،
 ਕਾਇਮ ਜੰਗ ਨੂੰ ਹੋਏ ਜ਼ਰੂਰ ਮੀਆਂ-
 ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਬਾਵਿਓਂ ਆਣ ਕੇ ਜ਼ੋਰ ਦਿੱਤਾ،
 ਪਿਆ ਦਲਾਂ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਫ਼ਤੂਰ ਮੀਆਂ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਨੱਸ ਕੇ ਜਾਣ ਕਿੱਥੇ،
 ਏਥੋਂ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਲਾਹੌਰ ਹੈ ਦੂਰ ਮੀਆਂ-

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.

८९

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

ਆਈਆਂ ਪਲਟਨਾਂ ਬੀੜ ਕੇ ਤੋਪਖਾਨੇ,
 ਅੱਗੋਂ ਸਿੰਘਾਂ ਨੇ ਪਾਸੜੇ ਤੋੜ ਸੁੱਟੇ।
 ਮੇਵਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਤੇ ਮਾਘੇ ਖਾਂ ਹੋਏ ਸਿੱਧੇ,
 ਹੱਲੇ ਤਿੰਨ ਫ਼ਰੰਗੀ ਦੇ ਮੋੜ ਸੁੱਟੇ।
 ਸ਼ਾਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਸਰਦਾਰ ਅਟਾਰੀ ਵਾਲੇ,
 ਬੰਨ੍ਹ ਸ਼ਸਤੀਂ ਜੋੜ ਵਿਛੋੜ ਸੁੱਟੇ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਸਿੰਘਾਂ ਨੇ ਗੋਰਿਆਂ ਦੇ,
 ਵਾਂਗ ਨਿੰਬੂਆਂ ਲਹੂ ਨਿਚੋੜ ਸੁੱਟੇ।

ਆਂਧੀਆਂ ਪੁੰਨਾ ਪਿੰਡਾਂ ਦੇ ਤੋਪਖਾਨੇ,
 ਆਂਧੀਆਂ ਸ਼ਕਾਹ ਨੇ ਪਾਸੜੇ ਤੋੜ ਸੁੱਟੇ-
 ਮਿਠਾ ਸੁੱਟੇ ਤੇ ਮਾਘੇ ਖਾਂ ਹੋਏ ਸਿੱਧੇ,
 ਪੈਂਦੇ ਤਿੰਨ ਫ਼ਰੰਗੀ ਦੇ ਮੋੜ ਸੁੱਟੇ-
 ਸ਼ਾਮ ਸੁੱਟੇ ਸਰਦਾਰ ਅਟਾਰੀ ਵਾਲੇ,
 ਬੰਨ੍ਹ ਸ਼ਸਤੀਂ ਜੋੜ ਵਿਛੋੜ ਸੁੱਟੇ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਸੁੱਟੇ ਸੁੱਟੇ ਨੇ ਗੋਰਿਆਂ ਦੇ,
 ਵਾਂਗ ਨਿੰਬੂਆਂ ਲਹੂ ਨਿਚੋੜ ਸੁੱਟੇ-

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.

तोपखाने को ले जब आए गोरे,
 उनके जोर सब सिंघों ने तोड़ डाले;
 मेवा सिंह औ' माघे खाँ लड़े ऐसे,
 तीन हल्ले अंग्रेज़ के मोड़ डाले;
 शाम सिंह अटारी की शान अद्भुत,
 लड़ा ऐसे कि जोड़ विछोड़ डाले;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! सिंघों ने गोरों के तब,
 भाँति नीम्बू के लहू निचोड़ डाले ।

ਪਏ ਬਾਵਿਓਂ ਹੋਇ ਕੇ ਫੇਰ ਗੋਰੇ,
ਫਰਾਂਸੀਸ ਤੇ ਜਿੱਥੇ ਸੀ ਚਾਰ ਯਾਰੀ।
ਕੁੰਡਲ ਘੱਤਿਆ ਵਾਂਗ ਕਮਾਨ ਗੋਸ਼ੇ,
ਬਣੀ ਆਣ ਸਰਦਾਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਬਹੁਤ ਖੁਆਰੀ।
ਤੇਜਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਸਰਦਾਰ ਪੁੱਲ ਵੱਢ ਦਿੱਤਾ,
ਘਰੀਂ ਨੱਸ ਨਾ ਜਾਇ ਇਹ ਫੌਜ ਸਾਰੀ।
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਮਰਨ ਸ਼ਹੀਦ ਹੋ ਕੇ,
ਅਤੇ ਜਾਨ ਨਾ ਕਰਨਗੇ ਫੇਰ ਪਿਆਰੀ।

ਏਂ ਬਾਦੀਓਂ ਹੋ ਕੇ ਪਹਿਰ ਗੋਰੇ,
ਫਰਾਂਸੀਸ ਤੇ ਜਿੱਥੇ ਸੀ ਚਾਰ ਯਾਰੀ-
ਕੁੰਡਲ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ ਵਾਂਗ ਕਮਾਨ ਗੋਸ਼ੇ,
ਬਣੀ ਆਣ ਸਰਦਾਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਬਹੁਤ ਖੁਆਰੀ-
ਤੇਜਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਸਰਦਾਰ ਪੁੱਲ ਵੱਢ ਦਿੱਤਾ,
ਘਰੀਂ ਨੱਸ ਨਾ ਜਾਇ ਇਹ ਫੌਜ ਸਾਰੀ-
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਮਰਨ ਸ਼ਹੀਦ ਹੋ ਕੇ,
ਅਤੇ ਜਾਨ ਨਾ ਕਰਨਗੇ ਪਿਆਰੀ-
ਏਂ ਬਾਦੀਓਂ ਹੋ ਕੇ ਪਹਿਰ ਗੋਰੇ,

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.

बाई ओर से गोरों ने बोला हल्ला,
 वहाँ फ्रांसीसी थे और थे चार यारी;
 कमान की भाँति तब वे बढ़े आगे,
 झेली सिंघन ने थी तब बड़ी ख्वारी;
 तेजा सिंह ने पीछे से पुल काटा,
 पीछे आ न पाए यह फ़ौज भारी;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! वे मरे शहीद होकर,
 नहीं जान थी तनिक भी करी प्यारी ।

ਜੰਗ ਹਿੰਦ ਪੰਜਾਬ ਦਾ ਹੋਣ ਲੱਗਾ,
 ਦੋਵੇਂ ਪਾਤਸ਼ਾਹੀ ਫੌਜਾਂ ਭਾਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਅੱਜ ਹੋਵੇ ਸਰਕਾਰ ਤਾਂ ਮੁੱਲ ਪਾਵੇ,
 ਜੇੜੀਆਂ ਖਾਲਸੇ ਨੇ ਤੇਗਾਂ ਮਾਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਸਣੇ ਆਦਮੀ ਗੋਲੀਆਂ ਨਾਲ ਉੱਡਣ,
 ਹਾਥੀ ਡਿੱਗਦੇ ਸਣੇ ਅੰਬਾਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਇਕ ਸਰਕਾਰ ਬਾਝੋਂ,
 ਫੌਜਾਂ ਜਿੱਤ ਕੇ ਅੰਤ ਨੂੰ ਹਾਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ।

جنگ ہند پنجاب دا ہون لگا،
 دوویں پاتشاہی فوجاں بھاریاں نی۔
 اچ ہووے سرکار تاں ملّ پاوے،
 جیہڑیاں خالصے نے تیغاں ماریاں نی۔
 سنے آدمی گولیاں نال اڈن،
 ہاتھی دگدے سنے انباریاں نی۔
 شاہ محمدّا اک سرکار باجھوں،
 فوجاں جیتّ کے انت نوں ہاریاں نی۔

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 *bowdas*.
 O Shah Mohammed ! But for one Sardar
 The forces lost the battle they, in fact, had won.

युद्ध हिन्द पंजाब का छिड़ा ऐसा,
 दोनों ओर से थी फ़ौजें बहुत आई;
 आज होते रंजीत तो मोल पड़ता,
 सिंह सूरमों ने जो थी तेग़ चलाई;
 सभी योद्धे थे जख्मी गोलियों से,
 हौदे समेत गज गिरते जब मौत आई;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! बस एक सरदार के बिन,
 जीती फ़ौज थी युद्ध को हार आई।

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.

मार कईयों को खेत रहे शूरे,
 जिनके हाथों में नंगी तलवार मीयां;
 जो बचे वे दरिया के बीच डूबे,
 घनी तोपों की पड़ी वह मार मीयां;
 भला किसलिए हमने यह नौकरी की,
 सलाह मान, बिन सोच-विचार मीयां;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! कभी न इधर आएँ,
 होने फिरंगी से हम दो चार मीयां।

ਕਈ ਮਾਵਾਂ ਦੇ ਪੁੱਤਰ ਨੇ ਮੋਏ ਓਥੇ,
 ਸੀਨੇ ਲੱਗੀਆਂ ਤੇਜ਼ ਕਟਾਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਭੈਣਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਵੀਰ ਨਾ ਮਿਲੇ ਮੁੜ ਕੇ,
 ਪਈਆਂ ਰੋਂਦੀਆਂ ਫਿਰਨ ਵਿਚਾਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਚੰਗੇ ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੇ ਸਿਰਾਂ ਦੇ ਮੋਏ ਵਾਲੀ,
 ਖੁੱਲ੍ਹੇ ਵਾਲ ਤੇ ਫਿਰਨ ਵਿਚਾਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਬਹੁਤ ਸਰਦਾਰ ਮਾਰੇ,
 ਪਈਆਂ ਰਾਜ ਦੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਖੁਆਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ।

ਕੱਠੀ ਮਾਦਾਂ ਦੇ ਪੁੱਤਰ ਨੇ ਮੋਏ ਓਥੇ,
 ਸੀਨੇ ਲੱਗੀਆਂ ਤੇਜ਼ ਕਟਾਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ-
 ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਭੈਣਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਵੀਰ ਨਾ ਮਿਲੇ ਮੁੜ ਕੇ,
 ਪਈਆਂ ਰੋਂਦੀਆਂ ਫਿਰਨ ਵਿਚਾਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ-
 ਚੰਗੇ ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੇ ਸਿਰਾਂ ਦੇ ਮੋਏ ਵਾਲੀ,
 ਖੁੱਲ੍ਹੇ ਵਾਲ ਤੇ ਫਿਰਨ ਵਿਚਾਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਬਹੁਤ ਸਰਦਾਰ ਮਾਰੇ,
 ਪਈਆਂ ਰਾਜ ਦੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਖੁਆਰੀਆਂ ਨੀ-

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.

कई माओं ने अपने थे पूत खोए,
 खाई सीने पर तेज कटारियाँ जी;
 जिन बहनों को भाई फिर मिले नाहीं,
 रोती फिरती थीं बहुत बेचारियाँ जी;
 जिनके सिरों के साईं थे काम आए,
 डोलें बाल खोले बेसहारियाँ जी;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! बहुत सरदार मर गये,
 जिससे देश में पड़ी थीं ख्वारियाँ जी ।

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."

भेजा तुरत पैगाम जिंद कौर ने था,

“आप ज़रा भी देर लगावनी नहीं;

बची फ़ौज का इलाज है अभी बाकी,

आप बिन यह काबू में आवनी नहीं;

मेरी जान के रक्षक हैं आप या रब्ब,

डालो बीच लाहौर इक छावनी जी;

शाह मुहम्मद ! ले लिया है बदला मैंने,

भावे बात जो रब्ब को टालनी नहीं।”

ਪੁਲ ਬੱਧਾ ਫ਼ਰੰਗੀ ਨੇ ਖ਼ਬਰ ਸੁਣ ਕੇ,
 ਲਾਂਘੇ ਪਾਏ ਨੀ ਵਿਚ ਪਲਕਾਰਿਆਂ ਦੇ।
 ਆਏ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਲਾਹੌਰ ਨੂੰ ਖ਼ੁਸ਼ੀ ਕਰਦੇ,
 ਵਾਜੇ ਵੱਜਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਨਗਾਰਿਆਂ ਦੇ।
 ਅੱਗੋਂ ਸਭ ਪਠਾਣ ਲੈ ਮਿਲੇ ਨਜ਼ਰਾਂ,
 ਪਿੱਛੋਂ ਪੈਂਚ ਆਏ ਮੁਲਖਾਂ ਸਾਰਿਆਂ ਦੇ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਆਣ ਲੁਹਾਣ ਲੱਥੇ,
 ਅੱਛੇ ਦੇਸ ਤੇ ਥਾਉਂ ਟਿਕਾਣਿਆਂ ਦੇ।

ਪੈਲ ਬਦਾ ਫਰੰਗੀ ਨੇ ਖ਼ਬਰ ਸੁਣ ਕੇ,
 ਲਾਠੀ ਪਾਏ ਨੇ ਚੋਚ ਪਕਾਰਿਆਂ ਦੇ-
 ਆਏ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਲਾਹੌਰ ਨੂੰ ਖ਼ੁਸ਼ੀ ਕਰਦੇ,
 ਵਾਜੇ ਵੱਜਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਨਗਾਰਿਆਂ ਦੇ-
 ਅੱਗੋਂ ਸਭ ਪਠਾਣ ਲੈ ਮਿਲੇ ਨਜ਼ਰਾਂ,
 ਪਿੱਛੋਂ ਪੈਂਚ ਆਏ ਮੁਲਖਾਂ ਸਾਰਿਆਂ ਦੇ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਆਣ ਲੁਹਾਣ ਲੱਥੇ,
 ਅੱਛੇ ਦੇਸ ਤੇ ਥਾਉਂ ਟਿਕਾਣਿਆਂ ਦੇ-

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.

निमंत्रण पा, फ़िरंगी ने बांध कर पुल,
 नदी पार की, घर-गांव लूट डाले;
 आए लाहौर को मस्ती व मौज करते,
 बाजे-गाजे बजाते नगरों वाले;
 पहले मिले पठान नज़राने लेकर,
 फिर पंच आए सारे देशभर के;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! गोरों ने रास्ते में,
 नगर, खेत-खलियान उजाड़ डाले।

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 *Doobias* 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.

राजा गया गुलाब सिंह आप चल कर,
बाजू थामे लाहौर में लाट लाया;
"गोरे साहब जी हम पर दया करना",
देश बेचने उसका था स्वार्थ लाया;
हर ढंग से फ़ौज को निर्बल करने,
मलवई-दवाबियों को उसने निकलवाया;
शाह मुहम्मद ! कश्मीर फ़िरंगी से ले,
जानिब जम्मू वह था तुरंत धाया ।

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.

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

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 demobbed 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.

बाकी देश भी उनके अमल में था,
शुरू फ़िरंगी का हुआ तब राज मीयां;
फ़ौज अपनी भंग 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 वीरान हो गई,
बिखर गया था सारा पंजाब मीयां।

੧੦੦

ਕੀਤਾ ਅਕਲ ਦਾ ਪੇਚ ਰਾਣੀ ਜਿੰਦ ਕੌਰਾਂ,
ਮੱਥਾ ਦੋਹਾਂ ਪਾਤਸ਼ਾਹੀਆਂ ਦਾ ਜੋੜਿਆ ਈ।
ਗੁੱਝੀ ਰਮਜ਼ ਕਰ ਕੇ ਆਪ ਰਹੀ ਸੱਚੀ,
ਬਦਲਾ ਤੁਰਤ ਭਰਾਉ ਦਾ ਮੋੜਿਆ ਈ।
ਲਏ ਤੁਰਤ ਮੁਸਾਹਿਬ ਲਪੇਟ ਰਾਣੀ,
ਲਸਕਰ ਵਿਚ ਦਰਿਆ ਦੇ ਰੋੜਿਆ ਈ।
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਕਰੇ ਜਹਾਨ ਗੱਲਾਂ,
ਓਹਨਾਂ ਕੁਫਰ ਮੁਦਈ ਦਾ ਤੋੜਿਆ ਈ।

੧੦੦

ਕਿੰਨਾ عقل دا پیچ رانی چند سوراں،
مٹھا دوہاں پاتشاہیاں دا جوڑیا ای۔
بھٹی رمز کر کے آپ رہی سچی،
بدلہ محرت بھراؤ دا موڑیا ای۔
لئے محرت مصاحب لپیٹ رانی،
لشکر وچ دریا دے روڑھیا ای۔
شاہ محمدَا کرے جہان کلاں،
اوہناں سفر مدعی دا توڑیا ای۔

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."

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;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! लोग थे आम कहते,
 "कुफ़र लाय न उसकी खुद ताब मीयां।"

ਪਿਛੋਂ ਬੈਠ ਕੇ ਸਿੰਘਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਅਕਲ ਆਈ,
 ਕਿਹੀ ਚੜੀ ਹੈ ਜ਼ਹਿਰ ਦੀ ਸਾਣ ਮਾਈ।
 ਕਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਖੁੰਦਰਾਂ ਵਿਚ ਫਸਾਇ ਕੇ ਜੀ,
 ਸਾਡੇ ਲਾਹ ਸੁੱਟੇ ਤੂੰ ਤਾਂ ਘਾਣ ਮਾਈ।
 ਹੱਥ ਧੋਇ ਕੇ ਮਗਰ ਕਿਉਂ ਪਈ ਸਾਡੇ,
 ਘਰੀਂ ਅਜੇ ਨਾ ਦੇਨੀ ਹੈਂ ਜਾਣ ਮਾਈ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਬੋਹ ਹਥਿਆਰ ਬੈਠੇ,
 ਨਾਲ ਕੁੜਤੀਆਂ ਲਏ ਪਛਾਣ ਮਾਈ।

ਪੱਛੋਂ ਬੈਠ ਕੇ ਸੰਗਿਆਸ ਨੂੰ ਆਈ,
 ਕੋਈ ਚੜੀ ਹੈ ਜ਼ਹਿਰ ਦੀ ਸਾਨ ਮਾਈ-
 ਕੋਈ ਕੁੰਦਰਾਂ ਵਿਚ ਫਸਾਇ ਕੇ ਜੀ,
 ਸਾਡੇ ਲਾਹ ਸੁੱਟੇ ਤੂੰ ਤਾਂ ਘਾਣ ਮਾਈ-
 ਹੱਥ ਧੋਇ ਕੇ ਮਗਰ ਕਿਉਂ ਪਈ ਸਾਡੇ,
 ਘਰੀਂ ਅਜੇ ਨਾ ਦੇਨੀ ਹੈਂ ਜਾਣ ਮਾਈ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਕੋਹ ਹਥਿਆਰ ਪਛੇ,
 ਨਾਲ ਕੁੜਤੀਆਂ ਲਏ ਪਛਾਣ ਮਾਈ-

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."

१०१

बहुत बाद में सिंघन को होश आई,
किस ज़हर की पुड़िया थी माई मीयां;
पेच रम्जों के उसने थे कैसे डाले,
तोड़ डाले घमंड सब भाई मीयां;
क्यों हाथ धो है पड़ी पीछे अपने,
घर बार का चैन न काई मीयां;
शाह मुहम्मद ! छिने हथियार सारे,
उतार वर्दी अब कुरती पहनाई मीयां।

੧੦੨

ਹੁੰਦੇ ਆਏ ਨੀ ਰੰਨਾਂ ਦੇ ਧੁਰੋਂ ਕਾਰੇ,
ਲੰਕਾ ਵਿਚ ਤਾਂ ਰਾਵਣ ਕੁਹਾਇ ਦਿੱਤਾ।
ਕੌਰਵ ਪਾਂਡਵਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਕੀ ਭਲਾ ਕੀਤਾ,
ਅਠਾਰਾਂ ਖੂਹਣੀਆਂ ਕਟਕ ਮੁਕਾਇ ਦਿੱਤਾ।
ਰਾਜੇ ਭੋਜ ਦੇ ਮੂੰਹ ਲਗਾਮ ਦਿੱਤੀ,
ਮਾਰ ਅੱਡੀਆਂ ਹੋਸ਼ ਭੁਲਾਇ ਦਿੱਤਾ।
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਏਸ ਰਾਣੀ ਜਿੰਦ ਕੌਰਾਂ,
ਸਾਰੇ ਦੇਸ਼ ਦਾ ਫ਼ਰਸ਼ ਉਠਾਇ ਦਿੱਤਾ।

੧੦੩

ਹੰਦੇ ਆਏ ਨੀ ਰੰਨਾਂ ਦੇ ਧੁਰੋਂ ਕਾਰੇ,
ਲੰਕਾ ਵਿਚ ਤਾਂ ਰਾਵਣ ਕੁਹਾਇ ਦਿੱਤਾ।
ਕੌਰੋ ਪਾਂਡਵਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਕੀ ਭਲਾ ਕੀਤਾ,
ਅਠਾਰਾਂ ਖੂਹਣੀਆਂ ਕਟਕ ਮੁਕਾਇ ਦਿੱਤਾ।
ਰਾਜੇ ਭੋਜ ਦੇ ਮੂੰਹ ਲਗਾਮ ਦਿੱਤੀ,
ਮਾਰ ਅੱਡੀਆਂ ਹੋਸ਼ ਭੁਲਾਇ ਦਿੱਤਾ।
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਏਸ ਰਾਣੀ ਜਿੰਦ ਕੌਰਾਂ,
ਸਾਰੇ ਦੇਸ਼ ਦਾ ਫ਼ਰਸ਼ ਉਠਾਇ ਦਿੱਤਾ।

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.

१०२

होते आए हैं स्त्रों* के पूरे कारज,
 खुद लंका में रावण था मरवाया;
 कौरव-पांडवों से की भलाई थी यूँ,
 अगनित फ़ौज का सफाया था करवाया;
 राजा भोज के मुँह के लगाम डाली,
 मार एड़ियां होश था भुलवाया;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! रानी जिंद कौर ने भी,
 सारे देश का फ़र्श था उठवाया।

*स्त्रियों

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 *gumashtas* in the main.

रब्ब चाहे तो होगी फिर मेहरबानी,
 लौट आएगी सिंघन की शान साईं;
 बहुत एकता है हिन्दु-मुसलमान भीतर,
 उसे तोड़ना नहीं आसान साईं;
 कोई उसके साथ न बात होगी,
 उनके मध्य जो खड़ा शैतान साईं;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! जोड़ते धन दौलत,
 साहूकारों के पूत, अहलकार साईं।

ਜਿਹੜੀ ਹੋਈ ਸੋ ਲਈ ਹੈ ਵੇਖ ਅੱਖੀਂ,
 ਅੱਗੇ ਹੋਰ ਕੀ ਬਣਤ ਬਣਾਵਣੀ ਜੀ।
 ਇਕ ਘੜੀ ਦੀ ਕੁਝ ਉਮੈਦ ਨਾਹੀਂ,
 ਕਿਸੇ ਲਈ ਹਾੜੀ ਕਿਸੇ ਸਾਵਣੀ ਜੀ।
 ਨਿੱਕੇ ਪੋਚ ਹੁਣ ਬੈਠ ਕੇ ਕਰਨ ਗੱਲਾਂ,
 ਅਸਾਂ ਡਿੱਠੀ ਫ਼ਰੰਗੀ ਦੀ ਛਾਵਣੀ ਜੀ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਮਲੂਮ ਸਾਨੂੰ,
 ਅੱਗੇ ਹੋਰ ਕੀ ਖੇਡ ਖਿਡਾਵਣੀ ਜੀ।

ਜਿਹੜੀ ਹੋਈ ਸੋ ਲੈਂਦੀ ਹੈ ਵੇਖੋ ਅੱਖੀਂ,
 ਅੱਗੇ ਹੋਰ ਕੀ ਬਣਤ ਬਣਾਵਣੀ ਜੀ-
 ਇਕ ਘੜੀ ਦੀ ਕੁਝ ਉਮੈਦ ਨਾਹੀਂ,
 ਕਿਸੇ ਲਈ ਹਾੜੀ ਕਿਸੇ ਸਾਵਣੀ ਜੀ-
 ਨਿੱਕੇ ਪੋਚ ਹੁਣ ਬੈਠ ਕੇ ਕਰਨ ਗੱਲਾਂ,
 ਅਸਾਂ ਡਿੱਠੀ ਫ਼ਰੰਗੀ ਦੀ ਛਾਵਣੀ ਜੀ-
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਮਲੂਮ ਸਾਨੂੰ,
 ਅੱਗੇ ਹੋਰ ਕੀ ਖੇਡ ਖਿਡਾਵਣੀ ਜੀ-
 ਜਿਹੜੀ ਹੋਈ ਸੋ ਲੈਂਦੀ ਹੈ ਵੇਖੋ ਅੱਖੀਂ,
 ਅੱਗੇ ਹੋਰ ਕੀ ਬਣਤ ਬਣਾਵਣੀ ਜੀ।
 ਇਕ ਘੜੀ ਦੀ ਕੁਝ ਉਮੈਦ ਨਾਹੀਂ,
 ਕਿਸੇ ਲਈ ਹਾੜੀ ਕਿਸੇ ਸਾਵਣੀ ਜੀ।
 ਨਿੱਕੇ ਪੋਚ ਹੁਣ ਬੈਠ ਕੇ ਕਰਨ ਗੱਲਾਂ,
 ਅਸਾਂ ਡਿੱਠੀ ਫ਼ਰੰਗੀ ਦੀ ਛਾਵਣੀ ਜੀ।
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਮਲੂਮ ਸਾਨੂੰ,
 ਅੱਗੇ ਹੋਰ ਕੀ ਖੇਡ ਖਿਡਾਵਣੀ ਜੀ।

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.

जो हुआ सो हमने प्रत्यक्ष देखा,
 कौन जाने भविष्य में होना है क्या ?
 एक घड़ी की कोई उम्मीद नाही,
 हाड़ी-सावनी का फिर यह रोना है क्या ?
 बैठ साथ सब पंच यह बात करते,
 फ़िरंगी राज में अब सोना है क्या ?
 शाह मुहम्मद ! नहीं मालूम हमको,
 घटे क्या ? करिशमा होना है क्या ?

੧੦੫

ਸੰਮਤ ਉੱਨ੍ਹੀ ਸੈ ਦੂਸਰਾ ਉਤਰਿਆ ਸੀ,
ਜਦੋਂ ਹੋਇਆ ਫ਼ਰੰਗੀ ਦਾ ਜੰਗ ਮੀਆਂ।
ਹੈਸੀ ਖ਼ੂਨ ਦੀ ਉਹ ਜ਼ਮੀਨ ਪਿਆਸੀ,
ਹੋਇਆ ਸੁਰਖ ਸ਼ਰਾਬ ਦੇ ਰੰਗ ਮੀਆਂ।
ਧਰਤੀ ਵੱਢ ਕੇ ਧੂੜ ਦੇ ਬਣੇ ਬੱਦਲ,
ਜੈਸੇ ਚੜ੍ਹੇ ਅਕਾਸ਼ ਪਤੰਗ ਮੀਆਂ।
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਸਿਰਾਂ ਦੀ ਲਾਇ ਬਾਜ਼ੀ,
ਨਹੀਂ ਮੋੜਦੇ ਸੂਰਮੇ ਅੰਗ ਮੀਆਂ।

੧੦੬

ਸੰਮਤ ਅੰਨ੍ਹੀ ਸੈ ਦੂਸਰਾ ਅਤਰਿਆ ਸੀ,
ਜਦੋਂ ਹੋਇਆ ਫ਼ਰੰਗੀ ਦਾ ਜੰਗ ਮੀਆਂ।
ਹੈਸੀ ਖ਼ੂਨ ਦੀ ਉਹ ਜ਼ਮੀਨ ਪਿਆਸੀ,
ਹੋਇਆ ਸੁਰਖ ਸ਼ਰਾਬ ਦੇ ਰੰਗ ਮੀਆਂ।
ਧਰਤੀ ਵੱਢ ਕੇ ਧੂੜ ਦੇ ਬਣੇ ਬੱਦਲ,
ਜੈਸੇ ਚੜ੍ਹੇ ਅਕਾਸ਼ ਪਤੰਗ ਮੀਆਂ।
ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦਾ ਸਿਰਾਂ ਦੀ ਲਾਇ ਬਾਜ਼ੀ,
ਨਹੀਂ ਮੋੜਦੇ ਸੂਰਮੇ ਅੰਗ ਮੀਆਂ।

'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.

१०५

संवत उन्नीस सौ दो की बात है यह,
 जब हुआ फिरंगी से था जंग मीयां;
 ऐसी खून की बनी थी धरती प्यासी,
 जैसे लाल शराब का रंग मीयां;
 गरद धरती की बदल गई बादलों में,
 जैसी चढ़ती आकाश पतंग मीयां;
 शाह मुहम्मद ! सिरों की बांध बाजी,
 नहीं मोड़ते सूरमे अंग मीयां।

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.
- Ajmer—Seat of Chauhan Rajput Rajas and the Dargah of Khwaja Muin-ud-Din Chishti in the Indian State of Rajasthan.

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 Pradesh. 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.
- Ali Akbar—Son of Dost Mohd. Khan, the Amir Shah of Kabul whose gun-shot mortally wounded Hari Singh Nalwa.
- Attari—A mufasil 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—Popularly 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).

Gurmata—Lit. Advice of the Guru. Resolution adopted by the collective body of the Khalsa.

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.

N

Namrud—A legendary Jewish 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.

Pharaohs—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

Sandhwalias—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.

Sham Singh Attariwala—A Sikh general. Father-in-law of Kanwar Nau Nihal Singh.

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.

T

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

U

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

Y

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