



A Singhni-at-arms

Pritam Singh (Grewal) Sun Jan 13

How dared you quit the fort,
O forty thankless cowards!
You love your lives more
than the Guru, who ever fights
for your honor and rights.

He put his all at stake
and suffers for your sake
You know the spirit of Guru
whom no one can subdue.
Go, get your error atoned
or forever you will rue.

We are shamed, the forty said,
as from the Guru we had fled
but how can we face him again
who has borne such loss and pain.
O Mai Bhago, take us to him
with regret we are full to brim.

Anon the Singhni rode a steed
the forty galloped in her lead
they sought the Guru in Malwa belt
where with Mughals still he dealt.

As by Khidrana pond they passed
and saw the Mughal army massed
'The Guru must be here', they thought.

*Now for him they fiercely fought
and havoc on Mughals wrought.*

*From atop a knoll nearby
Guru's arrows began to fly
the enemy army in panic ran
tho' forty fell to the last man.*

*Guru blessed the dead and dying
with love divine and grace
seeing Mahan Singh softly sighing
he held him in embrace.*

*Looking in the Guru's eyes
the bleeding Singh did moan-
'Tear the disclaimer, O forgiver,
redeem us as your own.'*

*From a pocket of his robe
the Guru took out a letter
he tore it up with grace
to close the painful matter.
It lit up dying Singh's face
and broke his bodily fetter.*

*The wounded Bhag Kaur survived
and never quit the Guru's camp
heroism of the Singhni-at-arms
glows in history like a lamp.*