

wh Gure

A Poetic Appreciation

Jaswinder Singh Chadha



Forward



CONTENTS

Reflections Acknowledgements Comments		
Chapter 1	Guru Nanak Dev	
	Life sketch of the Guru	1
Chapter 2	Guru Nanak Dev	
	(The Parables)	
	Punja Sahib	13
	A Paradox	17
	Guru Nanak in Arabia	19
	Bhai Lalo	21
	Pirs of Multan	24
	Guru Nanak in Hardwar	26
	Duni Chand Banker	29
Chapter 3	Guru Angad Dev	
	Life Sketch of the Guru	31
Chapter 4	Guru Angad Dev	
	(Tales of the Guru)	
	Humayun	37

Tappa

Bibi Jeeva

Guru Amardas

Life Sketch of the Guru



Chapter 5



39

43

45



CONTENTS

Chapter 6	Guru Amardas	
	(Tales of the Guru)	
	Homeless Amaru	51
	Leave it to God	54
	Datu's Wrath	58
	Bibi Bhani	62
Chapter 7	Guru Ramdas	
•	Life Sketch of the Guru	65
Chapter 8	Guru Ramdas	
•	(Tales of the Guru)	
	Dukh Bhanjan	79
	Bhai Bhikhari	85
	Humility	89
	Hardyal Tappa	91
Chapter 9	Guru Arjan Dev	
•	Life Sketch of the Guru	93
Chapter 10	Guru Arjan Dev	
•	(Tales of the Guru)	
	Martyrdom of the Guru	103
Chapter 11	Guru [°] Hargobind	
•	Life Sketch of the Guru	108
Chapter 12	Guru Hargobind	
•	(Tales of the Guru)	
	Horses for the Guru	113
	Bibi Viro's Wedding	120
	Gwalior	124









CONTENTS

	Baba Atal	129
	Chandu	132
	Bibi Kaulaan	136
Chapter 13	Guru Har Rai	
	Life Sketch of the Guru	139
Chapter 14	Guru Har Rai	
	(Tales of the Guru)	
	Ram Rai	142
	Selini	147
Chapter 15	Guru Harkrishan	
	Life Sketch of the Guru	150
Chapter 16	Guru Harkrishan	
	(Tales of the Guru)	
	Pandit Lalo	154
	Testing the Guru	156
	Aurengzeb and the Guru	158
Chapter 17	Guru Teg Bahadur	
	Life Sketch of the Guru	161
Chapter 18	Guru Teg Bahadur	
	(Tales of the Guru)	
	Martyrdom of Guru Teg	
	Bahadur	178
	Guru Ladhoray	184
Chapter 19	Guru Gobind Singh	
	Life Sketch of the Guru	186









CONTENTS

01100	O O a la las al Olas alla	
Chapter 20	Guru Gobind Singh	
	(Tales of the Guru)	
	Birth of the Khalsa	205
	Sanctity of work	210
	Boy Gobind	213
	Bhai Kanhiaya	215
Chapter 21	Guru Granth Sahib	
	The Everlasting Guru	218









Forward

Although more recent in its time of origin than other world religions, Sikhism is uniquely distinguished by the length of historical time occupied by the unbroken succession of its first sacred leaders, the ten Gurus from Guru Nanak to Guru Gobind Singh.

In the present century there has been an increasing movement of Sikhs from their homeland in the Punjab to so many other countries, especially those of the English speaking world, and an increasing need has consequently been felt by younger Sikhs for accessible presentations of the Sikh tradition in English.

Outside the scriptures and the hymns of the Gurus, for which growing number of good English translations are appearing, the most central part of that tradition are the narratives associated with the lives of the Gurus, which have been a core source of inspiration to Sikhs throughout history.

It is Jaswinder Singh Chadha's achievement in this book - about which his following 'Reflections' are so disarmingly humble - to have given new









life to this vital source through his selection of many of the outstanding incidents and achievements associated with the lives of all ten Gurus and through his recasting of these narratives in verse which is characterised both by a straightforward style of expression which should be immediately accessible to the audience at which it is aimed and a charmingly unusual knack of rhyming which should help ensure these inspiring stories fix themselves in the minds of his readers.

Professor Christpher Schackle School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, London. February, 1999.









Reflections

What started as an occasional poem, here and there, has with the grace of the Lord, gradually materialised in a complete set of poems cover-ing the life and times of all the Sikh Gurus, including 'the last, yet everlasting Guru', the holy Guru Granth Sahib.

There are numerous tales or *Sakhis* associated with the Gurus, yet most of the popularly described ones are covered in this collection. It will certainly serve as a mirror of the Sikh tradition for the majority and indeed a starter for the schol-arly.

Several sources have been probed in order to extract the historically correct information but greater and greater discrepancies appeared as a result of this. There is variance here, like else-where in historical perceptions, depending on the faith personal bias of the authors. controversies are raging currently that need clarification. The redeeming feature is that the modern Sikh youth has been stirred into action and is trying to clear the cobwebs in Sikh history. the traditionally Meanwhile 1 have used accepted versions of the Sakhis. The most important part of any Sakhi is the lesson it teaches









or the thought it conveys. I sincerely hope that I have not erred in this.

The presentation of facts and figures in poetry presented its own problems. The poems are just not written to describe a factual story as it leaves no leeway for poetic liberties that allows one to construe and run in any direction. The poetic experts discouraged me to attempt this project. I carried on, remembering, the last set of lines from Guru Gobind Singh's, 'baintee chaupaiee', wherein he prayed for the Lord's help in the completion of the holy Granth.

I have, therefore, been constantly praying for Satguru to help me to complete this work and have been rewarded with divine assistance. I was suffering from 'sleep apnea' and failed to have deep and restful sleep. I used to feel lazy and sleepy during the work day. A timely cure came and the doctors at the Royal National Nose, Throat and Ear Hospital, here in London, provided m e with а mask and a machine. Breathing pressurised air at night, I get deep and restful sleep and nowadays manage with just 5-6 hours of good sleep and feel quite active during the rest of the day. Secondly the use of comput-ers made a tremendous impact on this work. manage to do numerous revisions









rewriting every time and could produce brochures for distribution and appraisal. And most importantly, when the work was distributed as brochures in the Gurdwaras, in the United kingdom and America, it was encouragingly accepted.

There are several books on 'the life and times of the Sikh Gurus' and each author brings his own speciality to the work. Many of these are, by the very nature of prose, rather voluminous. This work, however, is rather economic in words and you should be able to go through the entire volume in a relatively short time. I pray that it is gripping enough for you to do so.

The story of the Sikh Gurus is inspiring enough and does not need a specially talented writer to augment its impact and indeed I have learned more from this work than what I have been able to give it. My poetic skills have benefited immensely by this indulgence.

Finally I feel that no one has a right on anybody else's time unless it is worth their indulgence.

Finally I feel that no one has a right on anybody else's time unless it is worth their indulgence. I have endeavoured with this thought in mind. If









the poetry does not please you, surely you will be rewarded from the inspiring tales of the Gurus.
God bless you.

Jaswinder Singh Chadha

London, January 1999.





Acknowledgements

I wish to thank Sardar Amarjeet Singh of New Delhi, Sardar Rajinder Singh Bhasin and Sardar Bhupinder Singh of London for reading through the poems and making helpful suggestions, to my sons, Dr. Harpreet Singh and Sardar Jaspreet Singh for enhancing my computer literacy and for building me better and faster computers all the time and my wife Amrit Kaur for being so positively inclined towards this activity and finally my grand daughter Diva for keeping me entertained in the midst of my work.

The symbol of 'Ekonkar' on the cover was designed by the late artist, Shanti Dutta and the photograph of the author was taken by the famous photographer, James Cantt.





Comments

Sardar Patwant Singh, Author and Journalist, New Delhi:

With this compilation the author has embarked on another literary voyage which more of us need to undertake as often as possible. Because we lag behind in the field of communications, there is all the more need for Sikhs to reach out and inform people of the egalitarian and humanistic principles on which Sikhism founded. Widespread ignorance of our faith's raison d'être is primarily due to lack of our print and electronic media through which we could have made the stirring events of our history known and enabled the world to better understand Sikh beliefs and traditions. These, after all, have given Sikhs their special brand of confidence, courage and self - esteem.

Sardar Jaswinder Singh Chadha's efforts in this direction deserve the highest praise and will, hopefully, inspire others to turn to poetry and literature for communicating the nobility of our ideals.









Sardar Saran Singh, Editor, Sikh Review, Calcutta: From the advent of Guru Nanak in 1469 upto the realisation of the Khalsa ideal on Vaisakhi of 1699, illustrious Masters of Sikh religion laid the foundations of a humane and dedicated life style, through precept and practice, of the highest moral values. Their biographical account has been preserved in hundred of Sakhis or real life episodes - or parables - which supplement and reinforce the divine message embod-ied in Guru Granth Sahib.

In a remarkably chaste English verse, Jaswinder Singh Chadha has assembled a selection of these Sakhis (lit. tesimony) in one volume: SIKH GURUS - A POETIC APPRECIATION. The handy book provides alimpses into the lives and times of the Guru-prophets and how they responded to the challenges with rare courage and dignity. Those who value ethical conduct and truthful character will benifit from a perusal of the versified Sakhis which link us with our heritage and impart a sense of reverence for the Gurus. making us feel at home in any part of the world. at a time when there is pervasive cynicism, the need to restore faith in the basic unity of human race and collective happiness - SARBAT KA BHALLA - is imperative. The book should appeal to all English knowing people, especially to the new generation who is destined to herald the next millenium.







Dr. Hakam Singh, The Sikh Welfare Association, Los Angeles:

Mr Jaswinder Singh is a scientist, a poet and a devout Sikh. In this book, a pleasant blend of these three attributes of the personality of the author is quite evident. The poetry has the precision of a scientist and, at the same time, is imbued with the devotion of a devout Sikh. Such books can act as beacons for the Sikh youth.

Dr. I. J. Singh, New York University, New York:

The message of Sikhism lies in the writings of the Sikh Gurus which form the corpus of the Guru Granth and also in their lives which are best illustrated through the parables associated with them rather than a dry recital of the history.

SIKH GURUS: A Poetic Appreciation by Jaswinder Singh Chadha celebrates the message of the Sikh Gurus uniquely. It takes the biographical features of the lives of the Sikh Gurus and the essential teachings that emerge from their parables and renders them into English poetry - simple, elegant and effective. It is a remarkable and attractive tribute to the Sikh Gurus and the religion they founded.









Sardar Bhupinder Singh, Inter Faith Network for the U.K, London:

The lives of the Sikh Gurus are an inspiration to all who study them. Jaswinder Singh, through the art of verse, has brought the stories to life and opened up the teachings to a whole new world.





SIKH GURUS

A
Poetic
Appreciation







Guru Nanak Dev (1469-1539)

Life Sketch of the Guru

Early life

A new moral force was needed on earth it came to Punjab in Guru Nanak's birth

In the village Talwandi when he was born he brought in *The Light* the mists were gone

the Pundit attending hailed it a divine birth and the newly arrived His envoy on earth

a beloved brother, a much loved son Nanak was a favourite special to everyone









Nanak went to school when he was seven here he often mused on God and Heaven

while still at school he wrote an acrostic, a thoughtful hymn so beautifully knit

A Pundit taught Nanak Devnagri and Sanskrit and from a Mullah, he learnt the Persian script

Nanak didn't agree for a *Janaeu* to be worn and he won't worship any Gods of stone

with his dad's advice and money for trade he went to the market as his father bade

seeing some sadhus resting under a tree Nanak was excited and fed the lot for free









Nanak's sacha sauda or this true bargain annoyed his father and caused him pain

on one summer day Nanak rested under a tree tired, he fell asleep his cattle grazed nearby

as Nanak slept, a cobra raised itself and stood and like an umbrella shaded him with its hood

The youth

Nanak calmed down and peace descended the change came to him as the teens ascended

his parents got worried on his quiet demeanour they sought advice to help him recover









tasks were suggested to help him to settle like ploughing the fields or tending the cattle

but when his cattle strayed as it grazed neighbours were upset complaints were raised

the complaints lodged with chief of the village had to be dropped they found no damage

Guru Nanak was married at the age of eighteen he settled for a while in the domestic scene

his elder son, Siri Chand was born nine years later another son, Laxmi came two years thereafter

in his sister's town Sultanpur Nanak accepted a job he ran a store of flour in *Modikhana of Nawab*









Nanak will often get lost chanting God's name and flour flowed freely to the folks who came

news of this generosity reached *Nawab's* ear but they found no shortage and accounts were clear

after four and half years Nanak called it a day he abandoned the job in a mysterious way

he plunged in the river and couldn't be found everyone was worried but he wasn't around

three days on, when Nanak did reappear he radiated a glow and an aura gustere

in a world of his own and soaked in His lore he was much different than he was before









evil spirits possess him people began to say Nanak was amused described in this way

Nanak will respond,
"I am mad, I do agree
but am mad for Him
the God Almighty"

the Qaazi didn't like Nanak's repeated stance there are no Hindus there is no Mussalmaan

the *Qaazi* and *Nawab* took Nanak for *Namaz* but Nanak stood quiet without untoward cause

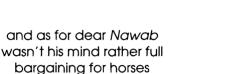
the two were annoyed at Nanak's behaviour why he ignored *Namaz* the reason wasn't clear

but Nanak explained the *Qaaz*i was being silly his mind was elsewhere in the birth of a filly









His mission

in the Bazaars of Kabul

as the time passed Nanak itched for a start he had a message he needed to impart

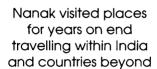
for twenty-four years he travelled the world always on the move spreading His word

and always besides him as he travelled around was a disciple, Mardana providing musical sound

a custom made rebeck was gifted to Nanak by Nanaki, his sister for his divine mission







he taught against rituals both straight and bent that mislead the folks exploited the innocent

folks were lost in these in the name of God Nanak gave them hope and refreshing thought

he had a charisma radiated divine glow Nanak was honoured wherever he will go

in his visit to Hardwar Nanak taught the flock by flinging *Ganga jal* towards his native crop

the crowds understood it was a wasted gesture flinging Ganga waters to the dead ancesters









he met characters who needed reformation he lead them to a path of the true redemption

he reformed Sajjan Thug a confidence trickster who tricked his guests with designs sinister

he met cannibal Kauda who thrived on human flesh Kauda repented to Nanak and started his life afresh

Bhai Lalo

Lalo was a carpenter from a lower caste Nanak shared his food and stayed as his guest

his mixing with Bhai Lalo lead to a confrontation for Nanak had declined Malik Bhago's invitation









Nanak called the two and squeezed their bread milk dripped out of Lalo's Malik's one yielded blood

Nanak established *Manjis* the seats of Sikh thought centres of learning for teacher and the taught

first *Manji* was established by the Guru at Eminabad Lalo was made incharge despite his lower caste

<u>Babar</u>

when Saidapur fell to Baber the invader the Guru and Mardana ended up as prisoners

Mardana lead a horse and Nanak carried a bale they kept singing hymns as they marched to the jail









Babar came to Nanak and made his peace the loot was restored the prisoners released

after years of travel Nanak settled down he founded a place Kartarpur, *His Town*

people from all castes formed a community working and praying in unity and harmony

it was a beginning of a people in the making Sikhism was in the offing its culture was shaping

Nanak the visionary chose from his *Sangat* a guide, a future Guru named him Guru Angad

at the age of seventy Guru Nanak passed away with his successor there Sikhism was here to stay









Hindus loved the Guru so did the Mussalman when he passed away a dispute began

one wanted him buried the other cremated Nanak had left a solution the matter wasn't debated

flowers from the two should besides me lay he takes my body, whose flowers are fresh next day

floral wreaths were laid with the body of the sear on lifting the covers only flowers were there

dojojojojojojojoj

Truth is great but greater still is truthful living Guru Nanak









Chapter 2

Guru Nanak Dev (The Parables)

Punja Sahib

For Guru Nanak and Mardana, the homeward journey began Iran and Iraq were covered and then the length of Afghanistan gradually the miles were swept and Peshawar came in sight they crossed the border and entered Punjab in sheer delight on they trudged the dusty passages of their native terrain stopping here and there, singing hymns and praising His name

enroute home near the famous Taxila, a place well known site of ancient civilisation, before you hit the Rawalpindi town, they reached a village called Hassan Abdal, it was on the way besides a hill, they choose a spot and made and stop to stay









a Muslim fakir, Walli Kandhari by name lived on the hill a man of God, but he was proud and gloated in his will

on the hill gushed a fresh water spring, a divine gift it was a source of water for locals and strangers adrift the water flowed down, the spring was by Walli's cottage the proud fakir kept an eye on it and the use of water arrival of Guru on the scene, made the fakir turn sour it triggered jealousy in him, it was a threat to his power

Walli was annoyed and he diverted the water spring the village reservoir depleted and he felt like a king when Mardana was thirsty, no water could be found he searched everywhere but there was no water around disappointed, he came to the Guru and sought his command









The Guru told him to request Walli, it was a fair demand

Bhai Mardana went up the hill, looking for the drink of water but Walli won't give him a drop, sent him back to his master Mardana came back, gasping for breath, the thirst was killing the Guru sent him back to Walli and see if he was still unwilling Mardana though tired and thirsty made it to the fakir again but Walli won't budge, Mardana was exhausted and in pain

Guru Nanak heard Mardana and pointed to him a spot "go and dig over there and you will get what you want" Mardana started digging, the earth, the roots, the solid matter and as he pulled a rock, gushed out a fountain of water Mardana drank to his fill, the spout kept up its flow and with this flow, the spring on the hill kept going low









Walli was incensed at what he sensed, anger in his eye and enraged, Walli engaged a boulder, swept it down from high hitting the rocks around, it tumbled down, all fury and sound heading for the Guru, the master true, camping on the ground the Guru raised his arm, and stopped the rock against his palm it came to a halt and once again it was calm

Walli came down, you could see him now, humble and weak and from his face had gone, gone forever that arrogant streak he headed straight for the Guru and fell on the masters feet and begged forgiveness, the Guru was kind and sweet impression of the Guru's palm or *Punja* is indented on the stone and Hassan Abdal village has become Punja Sahib town.











A Paradox

Passing through jungles, hilly tracts and water ways the great Guru Nanak and Mardana kept up the pace their trail this time covered India's eastern face

the scenes changed as they passed through different parts lone cottages, hamlets and villages of all sorts here and there they stayed, captivat-ing people's hearts

Mardana played on a rebeck and together they sang immense praises in His glory in music and in song it touched the people and through their hearts it rang

once passing through a village, they were mobbed they were jeered at by the people, abused and nagged they were rudely ruffled, their sprits could have sagged

Yet the Guru smiled as he faced the people in his way and blessed the lot - a long and peaceful stay an unperturbed life in the village for many a day

passing through another village, as they browsed their presence was noticed, much interest was aroused the Guru and Mardana were greeted, fed and housed

the people listened to Nanak and sang his hymns they were happy to hear him talk on morality and sin and they served him as their own kith and kin









when the great Guru and Mardana wanted to go the village folks grew sad, and their spirts went low they wanted him to stay and keep their minds aglow

Guru Nanak was overwhelmed but they must leave having enjoyed their stay, parting was no time to grieve he blessed them with a blessing, you couldn't believe

he wished that they may disperse and scatter away to newer climes in the world, here and there to stay not much unlike the Gypsies, always on their way

Nanak was great and there was wis-dom in his words yet Mardana was puzzled at what he heard but when the Guru explained, his heart was stirred

let the wicket stay contained for they are a source of evil while the good people shall spread goodness wherever they will move or travel









Guru Nanak in Arabia

Mecca in Saudi Arabia where this tale is based was in good old days by Guru Nanak graced

attention stays focused on *Quaba*, house of God a centre of pilgrimage for the followers of Islam

Guru Nanak was here on a divine mission his message was simple and meant for everyone

dressed as a fakir Guru Nanak lay on sand his feet towards *Quaba* in Mecca, the holy land

tired, he slept a while when he was rudely awoken the *Kazi* and his men had angrily spoken









they reprimanded him for pointing his feet towards sacred *Quaba* a sacrilege indeed

the Guru faced the *Kazi* and his band of men told them to shift his feet in another direction

the *Kazi* and his men moved his feet around the *Quaba* moved in unison they stood spell bound

the message was simple and it was very clear that God is not confined He is everywhere

Kaljug, the age we live in is a chariot of fire driven by sheer lies untruth is the charioteer







Bhai Lalo

During his travels
Guru Nanak had met
some shady characters
others from better sets

in this particular tale which is to follow I shall tell you about the good Bhai Lalo

Lalo was a carpenter his caste was low he made his living by the sweat of his brow

Guru Nanak liked him his honest ways he stayed with him for a few days

Lalo's poor house attracted the crowds but it was an eyesore to Malik Bhago the proud







this high caste *Khatri* was really angry at Nanak's attitude his *modus operandi*

Malik invited Nanak to join at his feast Nanak spurned the offer to say the least

Bhago's pride was hurt he could not swallow being advised inferior to the low caste Lalo

Malik Bhago insisted that Nanak retracted that Bhago's wealth was sinfully collected

Nanak asked the two to fetch their bread he then performed this simple act

he simply squeezed Lalo's *kodra* bread milk trickled out of it nothing more was said







when Bhago's bread was likewise squeezed the gathering gasped it was blood that eased

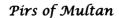
There is one, only one with true identity who does it all He has no fear no enmity an eternal entity, free from rebirths, He is a self existent luminary attainable through the grace of the Guru

Meditate on Him true from eternity He was true in the past is true in the present Nanak, He shall be true in future ages too

Guru Nanak in Japji







The *Pirs* of Multan felt their livelihood at stake Guru Nanak as expected he may share the cake

and on hearing the news of the Guru's arrival the *Pirs* called a meeting and discussed survival

the Guru was greeted with a loaded message the *Pirs* had decided on the rules of passage

they greeted the Guru with a glass full of milk the glass being so full that it was ready to spill

to the great Guru Nanak the message was clear for Nanak, the Guru there was no place here









The wise Guru Nanak took a jasmine flower he placed it on the milk it floated up there

the bird of wisdom on the *Pirs* alighted they understood the Guru and felt very slighted

The Guru was honoured by the *Pirs* of Multan the *Pirs* had undergone a moral transformation

The thoughts won't lead you anywhere
If you thought a million times over
The stillness of a silent trance
Shall not reveal 'His Great Stance'
Nor will this hunger cease
Loaded bays won't help appease
Wisdom and devices, millions and more
Shall fail to get you there, ashore
How shall we make 'The Truth' reveal
And tear apart the falsehood veil
Obey His will, act to His command
Inscribed within you, it stays
Nanak, His will, His demand

Guru Nanak in Japji





Guru Nanak in Hardwar

"Gateway to Heavens", so named, the city of Hardwar a home to saints and ascetics and characters bizarre

it lies on the foothills of the Himalayan scene the sun is hot, waters cool though no longer clean

the city's crowning glory is the sacred river Ganges for a dip in its waters come pilgrims of all ages

Guru Nanak on his mission visited the city of Hardwar and on the bank of the river organised a strange *durbar*

with a bath in the Ganges Hindu pilgrims start the day dip after dip in its waters they wash their sins away



as they bathed, the pilgrims chanted hymns and flung water, fistfuls of water towards the rising sun

like the others in the river, waded in the master and from a patch of his own started flinging water

whilst the Hindus faced east threw water towards the sun the Guru flung it westwards like a reveller playing in fun

the waters thrown by Nanak were not to the sun directed the Guru's strange behaviour was very soon detected

soon a crowd had gathered everyone lashing his tongue who was this weird stranger where was the water being flung

Guru Nanak asked the pilgrims where was their water bound to our thirsty ancestors who are no longer around









Guru Nanak spoke again a divine glint in his eye your waters reach the world across my fields are only here, nearby

True is the Lord, His name is true His language is love, its limitless too We beg of Him to give, we implore And He bestows, the gifts galore What do we offer Him in return To view His durbar, His presence benign What words should we utter To beget His affection, His love divine In the ambrosial hour of the dawn Muse on Him and meditate Sing His praises and concentrate On His virtues, glories of 'The Great' Your body is an award of your actions But salvation is His benediction Says Nanak try to understand this stance Only the true Lord has the true existence Guru Nanak in Japji









Duni Chand Banker

Duni was a banker who lived in Lahore he was loaded with wealth galore

outside his house flew many a flags each one representing millions in his bags

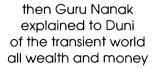
Nanak met Duni left him a deposit for safe keeping a stitching needle

when they meet in the next world Duni has to return it Duni gave his word

Duni and his wife were in a muddle Guru Nanak's deposit was quite a puzzle







no one ever did nor you will take you will go bereft of your worldly stake

give up gloating about this world and build your life around His word

the millionaire Duni gave up his riches Guru Nanak's needle had put moral stitches

Duni's mansion was given away for Duni had come a long long way

Dying is the privilege of the brave if they die for a good cause Guru Nanak

Chapter 3

Guru Angad Dev (1504-1552)

Life Sketch of the Guru

Lehna, your name implies that we owe you a debt Guru Nanak had said the first time they met

and as promised to him Nanak paid his debt he made Lehna the Guru named him Guru Angad

Lehna's ancestral home the place he was born was at Mata di Serai near Ferozpur town

the family moved to Harike by Satluj river for Serai was plundered by the Mughal invader









later on they moved from Harike to Khadoor where he was married and settled for good

a devotee of Durga, every year he will go to the Amarnath shrine the site of eternal glow

one year he stopped at Kartarpur on the way here he met Guru Nanak it was his happiest day

whilst others in his group carried on for the shrine Lehna stayed behind, having found a mint divine

Guru Nanak's commune was absorbing, uplifting it anchored to God the mortals drifting

Lehna will wash dishes, attend to cooking chores serve the meals to sangat scrub and wash the floors









there were more jobs and Lehna did his best he will man the fan and seldom let it rest

he will stay busy all day in chores galore and be singing hymns the lofty lore

wet hay needed shifting Nanak called his sons the lads didn't bother but Lehna got it done

the Guru's wife saw him soaking wet and dripping she complained to Nanak it was not befitting

Guru Nanak smiled pointing to the wet hay this will indeed adorn him like a crown one day

in the rain, one night a temple wall collapsed the Guru's sons were called repairs were needed fast





the lads finished the job but not to satisfaction Nanak wanted it redone the boys took no action

when Lehna was called he rushed into action and completed the task to Guru's satisfaction

the sons were by-passed in choosing a successor Lehna was selected despite the filial pressure

Lehna was like an *ang* a limb of Guru Nanak the name of Angad was therefore chosen

Khadoor

Khadoor was chosen for Angad's new mission the venue was picked on Nanak's suggestion



Guru Angad rose early and meditated for hours at the daybreak hour he will join the prayers

he had a healing touch Angad catered for the sick many lepers will come crowds were always thick

the Sangats sang hymns, at mealtimes ate together food was free for everyone the caste was not a bother

The Guru, and his wife lived on a frugal fringe they earned their living twisting a bark into muni

Guru Angad helped modify old Punjabi script into modern *Gurmukhi Adi Granth* is written in it

he will often spend time with the children teaching them Punjabi playing games for fun









often in the afternoons watching a wrestling bout was a favourite pastime with the Guru's crowd

as for the evening time both *Satta and Balwand* will sing hymns and entertain the s*angat*

when I die, said the Guru look at me no more simply sing His praises and cremate me to His lore

and when he was gone they sang hymns galore His praises rang on earth in Heavens rang His lore

If a hundred moons came through and a thousand suns did rise with so much light to view it is but utter dark in the absence of the Guru

Guru Angad Dev









Chapter 4

Guru Angad Dev Tales of the Guru

Humayun

When Humayun was defeated, he retreated and after this war, he headed for Lahore he felt quaint, sought solace from a saint so he made a detour and came to Khadoor a place well known as Guru Nanak's throne he found Guru Angad and the Sikh sangat

The Guru was busy, Humayun felt uneasy having had to wait, he was getting irate a long wait and Humayun was desperate he pulled out his sword, and angrily roared the Guru opened his eyes, saw him in sight and spoke to the emperor, roaring in anger

Humayun, relax my dear, as you are here where you must bow like a humble fellow your sword was cold against Sher Shah bold you accepted defeat and made a retreat now when you are here with saints and sears you show your strength, it is a foolish attempt









the emperor was humbled as he mumbled for Guru's blessings for battles in the offing the King was blessed but Guru Angad stressed when things are fine, and the kingdom is thine you must rule with care, like an emperor fair and remember your Lord, the Almighty God

SLOK

He evolves, reserves and allocates for the beings He creates He sees them all the way from inception to their final day whom should Nanak call for He is all in all

PAURI

Grandeur of The Great, one can not relate
the benevolent Giver, His deeds
provide for creature's needs
the beings tread the road, He has bestowed
Nanak besides Him, there is no other
He acts to His desire
Guru Angad Dev







When Guru Angad came to settle at Khadoor the fate of yogi Tappa took a turn for worse

he was being ignored people flocked to Angad Tappa's pride was hurt his income dwindled

Tappa spoke viciously of the revered Guru he advised the people that he wasn't true

it was a hot summer and no rains arrived the land was parched and some cattle died

the impending famine caused panic and fear the *Jats* wanted rain offered many a prayer









Tappa advised the *Jats* to throw the Guru away as he was the cause of the accursed days

the *Jats* asked the Guru to make the rain but the Guru advised them it was God's domain

the *Jats* of Khadoor threw the Guru out asked him to stay away from the neighbourhood

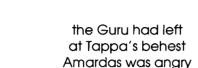
they turned to Tappa and asked him for rain Tappa tried many a trick but were all in vain

Tappa feared for his life he had failed the job the *Jats* were furious like a frenzied mob

Amar came to Khadoor looking for Guru Angad he could find no Guru he found no sangat







Amar told the *Jats* that Tappa was a fake drag him in the fields the draught will break

he was very upset

wherever you take him till the sunset hour shall get the rain the bountiful shower

they dragged the man and covered every field the rain poured forth Tappa's fate was sealed

tired and bedraggled he succumbed to strain it rained in plenty but Tappa was gone

Yet Guru Angad Dev advised Baba Amardas that the rain is upto God one mustn't trespass









for people like Tappa the Sikhs must behave even to the vicious be forgiving and suave

Slok

Air is like the Guru Water, like a father The great respectable earth Is like a mother Two nurses, he and she Are the night and day In the midst of these The world does play Actions, good and bad Are assessed at His door Deeds bring you closer to Him or keep you afar Those who stay Immersed in His meditation Their labour gets rewarded purity of visage, veneration Nanak, many around them Are freed as well, earn liberation

Guru Angad Dev









Bibi Jeeva

Guru Nanak had started it Langar was now a tradition it gathered momentum at Guru Angad's mission

the good Bhai Jeeva lived outside *Khadoor* he used to bring *Khichari* everyday for the *Langar*

after Bhai Jeeva died his daughter, Bibi Jeeva she was equally devoted and kept up the *seva*

one day, she prepared Khichari for the Sangat but as she was leaving she heard a thunder

and in a few moments the weather turned insane the wind started to how there was incessant rain









helpless Jeeva prayed for God to intervene to hold the weather to stop the wind and rain

the weather cleared with a brighter look the Bibi was delighted at the turn it took

she reached Khadoor all in good time the *Sangats* ate together but not the Guru sublime

the great Guru Angad gave the food a miss Jeeva didn't understand what had gone amiss

Guru Angad explained to Bibi Jeeva and all that she had prayed for the weather to stall

she obviously had interfered with His way for whatever He does we must simply obey









Chapter 5

Guru Amardas (1479-1574)

Life Sketch of the Guru

Punjab was blessed again another Guru was born Tej and Sulakhani of Baasarkay were blessed with a son

Amardas was born in Baasarkay and in Baasarkay he grew the years of life in the village rolled on before he knew

he married Mansa Devi when he was twenty four and kept living in Baasarkay for several years more

the couple had four children two sons and two daughters and like everyone around kept busy in worldly matters









Amar was a pious person but had never been on pilgrimage his first visit to Hardwar was at forty two years of age

later he will go every year and one year he met a stranger a friendly type, a holy man who showed annoyance at Amar

the man called him 'Nigurra'
or Guruless who was wasting his life
Amar must find himself a Guru
to end his mental strife

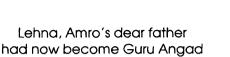
the stranger's word `Nigurra' kept ringing in Amar's ear he looked around for a Guru his goal was getting clear

he had a niece called Amro Amar often heard her sing compositions of Guru Nanak melodious and compelling hymns

the gist of one such hymn stressed the role of a Guru Amardas now saw the light and yearned for a Guru







nad now become Guru Angad Guru Nanak had made him the Guru to guide the sangat

Amar met Guru Angad and saw in him his shining star he had found himself a Guru his search for Guru was over

Amar began a newer life a life of love and devotion there was work here and worship and service was a passion

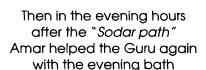
he will bring water for the Guru leaving early in the morn he fetched it from the river and returned before the dawn

he carried it to Khadoor made a bath for Guru Angad later he will join in prayers with the morning Sangat

he will collect firewood help in scrubbing the floors devote the day to learning fitting in endless chores







before finishing his day he helped the Guru to bed he will then walk back home to Goindwaal for rest

in the year fifteen fifty two Amardas was made the Guru the honour came to him when he was seventy two

the Sikh sangats rejoiced but Guru Angad's son Datu was angry and he kicked Amardas, the anointed Guru

Datu named himself the Guru Amar stayed out of his way but the Sikhs didn't accept him till Datu called it a day

Guru Amardas went to Kurkushetra on the festival of solar eclipse where he taught against rituals into which the people slip







the Sikhs were often bothered when they went to wells for water they were pelted with stones for flouting the caste order

the Guru encouraged the Sikhs to dig the wells of their own Baoli Sahib was dug by them in eighty four steps of stone

and it stands to this day a tribute to the Guru and the Sikhs who laboured all the way

the tradition of the *langar*was strengthened in Amardas's time
the Sikh *sangat* dined together
like a brotherhood sublime

Raja of Haripur of Kangra hills even the great Mughal Akbar sat with the common folks and relished *Guru ka langer*

Akbar offered a gift of land but it was politely refused funds must come from Sikhs only Sikh sources were used









when it came to his successor there were two contenders his sons-in-law, Rama the elder and Jetha, the younger

the two sons-in-law of the Guru were assigned to built a stage they began the job and finished it but failed to please the Sage

they had another go at it but were once again rejected Rama gave up after four attempts but Jetha wasn't dejected

after seven attempts of Jetha it was approved by the Guru Jetha had passed the final test his devotion was really true

Guru Amardas honoured him and Jetha was made the Guru the choice pleased everyone it was deserved and due

Guru Amardas died in 1574 at the age of ninety four he had nurtured the tree of Sikhism the tree had blossomed forth









Chapter 6

Guru Amardas Tales of the Guru

Homeless Amaru

Amardas was old he was well over sixty but his love for the Guru was intense and lofty

every morning he brought water for the Guru's bath fresh water from Beas via an accustomed path

rain never deterred him nor did the winter cold rugged path didn't matter no obstacle could hold

it was a pitch dark night the weather was atrocious Amardas lost his way inspite of being cautious









the walkway took him along some weaver's huts strewn around with obstacles their professional butts

in the darkness of night he hit against a boulder he fell down but saved the pitcher on his shoulder

in the stillness of night the sound of a fall was heard by the weaver against his outer wall

the kind man murmured who could be there hurting himself in such dreadful scare

his wife then blurted, she was really vicious it must be mad Amaru that homeless curse

Amardas stood up with his pale of water hearing the woman he happened to utter









Amar serves his Guru happily and glad she must be crazy one who calls him mad

next morning a weaver came to Guru Angad brought his crazy wife to the astonished sangat

the episode of the night was described to the Guru how she had turned mad after cursing Amaru

Guru Angad blessed her she was normal again she begged forgiveness she had gone insane

Guru Angad declared Amardas was blessed as a home for homeless a hope for the distressed







Leave it to God

Guru Amardas's fame scaled still higher but he had to face a jealous empire

khatris were jealous and there were sheikhs they didn't like the Sikhs and resorted to hate

the two groups joined to bother the Sikhs they often tried some hurtful tricks

their boys will taunt pelt the Sikhs with stones as they came for water in the common zone

Sikh pitchers ruptured but they won't retaliate the Guru advised them to stay calm and sedate









the Sikhs switched to using cotton sacks but the attacks continued from khatri and sheikhs

when their cotton sacks were ripped by rowdies the Guru still insisted not to hurt anybody

the Sikhs switched to pitchers of copper but the attacks kept up making life unbearable

a group of sanaiysis travelled to see the Guru sheikh youths pelted stones and blinded a sadhu

the sanyasis were angry and battered the youth killing and maiming some for behaving uncouth

they weren't deterred the seasoned criminals and often snatched the Sikh belongings









a group of *Pathans* sojourned in the town they spent a night as the weather frowned

the night was dark there was howling wind the dust made it worse it was ideal for theft

the sheikh boys stole the visitor's load including a donkey carrying ingots of gold

the theft was detected by the angry Pathans and they threatened to burn the town

as they searched the town they heard their donkey bray the theft was uncovered punishment was on the way

they beat the *sheikh* boys and killed a few the punishment had come straight from the Blue









life became peaceful around this town the Sikhs were safe and no longer frowned

the Sikhs sought advice to tackle such a menace the Guru advised them complete forbearance

Guru Amardas added that if the vicious men sometimes keep on and on three times in succession

then the God Himself sends a punishment that straightens the lot and brings an end

Don't call her Sati if she kills herself in fire burning live in her husband's funeral pyre one who dies from the shock of separation is a Sati in truth, a Sati worth mention

Guru Amardas









Amardas's Guruship caused much concern to the jealous Datu Guru Angad's son

offerings mounted also the Guru's respect Datu found all this difficult to digest

in a fit of annoyance he came to Guru durbar as he saw Guru Amardas he fumed with anger

Datu kicked the Guru hard from behind the Guru was hurt but he didn't mind

the Guru stood up started to massage Datu's leg that had hit and injured the sage









politely the Guru said to his assailant that he was sorry if Datu was hurt

Datu was fretting he taunted the sage "you aren't the master" displaying his rage

Amardas collected offerings to the Guru loaded these on a donkey and gave them to Datu

the Guru thought it better to go away unannounced the Guru left for Baasarkay

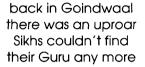
he locked himself in a room, he knew and pasted a notice on the door to view

anyone who will try and open the door shall suffer and has trouble in store









after the search failed they had a thought Guru Amardas's mare was forthwith brought

revered Baba Buddha adorned the mare and they followed it any place, anywhere

the animal led them to village Baasarkay to the Guru's hut with a notice on display

when the Sikhs read the notice on the door the joy and excitement went through the floor

Baba Buddha thought and he gave a call they bored a hole and entered through the wall









he entered the room Guru Amardas was there the Guru was intrigued at the whole affair

the Guru came out he wouldn't reprimand for the door stayed shut as was his command

the Guru met the Sikhs he was overwhelmed at the love displayed by the Sikh sangat

together they returned back to Goindwaal leaving Baasarkay and a hole in the wall

Seeking His confines or His limit many have cried their wits out no one does know the confines of His show

Guru Nanak in Japji







Bibi Bhani

The nice Bibi Bhani,
Guru Amardas's daughter
was married to Jetha,
who became a Guru later

as a devoted Sikh she served all around she looked after the Guru her devotion was sound

she got up every day before the early dawn and helped Guru Amardas with his morning *Ishnan*

one morning, the Guru was sitting on a stool Bhani was helping him with his bath as usual

one leg of the stool appeared to be cracking the Guru was seated there as it was breaking









Bhani acted at once put her foot underneath balancing the seat for the Guru's benefit

there was a bare nail which was showing it plunged into her foot blood started flowing

the Bibi was injured but she kept at it kept on with the bath till it was complete

as she took a towel and the Guru was dried the Guru could see the blood on one side

when she explained what had happened he was overwhelmed as he was saddened

the Guru asked her if Bhani does aspire to an overwhelming wish or desire









she said, she wanted Jetha to become the next Guru this was her prayer to the revered Guru

she also prayed that the Guruship stays within the Sodhi family for the future days

Bibi Bhani's prayers were accepted by the Guru the future did witness her wishes came true

Don't call those two husband and wife, if they merely sit together in life but if a single light guides the two, they are husband and wife right and true

Guru Amardas









Chapter 7

Guru Ramdas (1534-1581)

Life Sketch of the Guru

Childhood

He was the fourth Guru on Guru Nanak's throne they called him "Jetha" a name used for eldest son

besides his parents Jetha had a brother, younger than himself and still younger, a sister

Jetha was merely seven when his parents died leaving three little kids against time and tide

the kids found it hard to make both ends meet but Jetha tried his best to stand on his feet









Jetha started selling a snack of boiled peas but being so young he suffered great unease

his aged granny came to live with them at Lahore but the relatives here made her sick and sore

> she took the children to village Baasarkay their ancestral home to settle and to stay

Baasarkay

Jetha kept up his trade of selling the snack his granny will cook it and he sold the stock

often this generous lad gave the food for free to *sadhus* and the poor the wayside needy









Baasarkay enjoyed a spiritual atmosphere saint Baba Amardas was born over here

Amardas himself arrived here one day he had come home to take his family away

Amardas was planning a new habitation the town of Goindwaal in the Sikh tradition

Jetha met Amardas joined the volunteers leaving for Goindwaal for working over there

Goindwaal

revered Guru Angad had deputised Amardas to build a new town by the river Beas









many Sikhs came forth as they heard the call offering their services for building Goindwaal

soon after the start Amar was made the Guru the work on the town gathered momentum too

Jetha plunged in the task with complete devotion his labours were spread in every direction

he helped in the kitchen brought firewood and water washed the dishes and swept the floors off litter

in building Goindwaal Jetha's labours stood tall he earned many a laurel and admiration from all

Jetha took no time to grasp the Guru's lore he became well versed in the Guru's Word









<u>Baoli</u>

digging a huge *Baoli* to provide water for all was a major project in building Goindwaal

Sikhs came to serve from everywhere Jetha served the guests with utmost fervor

he worked all hours shifting debris and sand his devotion was complete whatever the demand

<u>Marriage</u>

when the Guru's wife saw this handsome man labouring tirelessly her heart was won

she hinted to the Guru who stood beside her that here was a match for Bhani, their daughter









the Guru considered it and he gladily agreed Jetha and Bibi Bhani were happily married

Akbar

Akbar came to Lahore chasing a rebel brother who ran on his arrival was no further bother

But Brahmins of Lahore who were rather jealous used this royal visit against Guru Amardas

they lodged a petition against the revered Guru claiming his teachings belittled the Hindu view

Guru Amardas deputed Jetha to go to Lahore to represent the Guru at the royal durbar









Jetha was brilliant firm in convictions he was fully devoted and ready for action

Jetha's explanations carried the day the Brahmins petition was spurned away

Akbar was pleased with the Sikh approach the Guru durbar was beyond reproach

later while returning to the Delhi durbar Akbar decided to stop at Guru's Goindwaal

he was impressed with the set-up there and dined with others in the *Guru ka langar*







Amritsar

a new site was acquired it was pious and quaint it had hosted in the past many sages and saints

the great Guru Nanak had passed by here envisaging here a town of divine atmosphere

later Guru Amardas found here a magic herb it had helped to cure Guru Angad's thumb

Guru Amardas decided to build a new town on this historic site Jetha completed his plan

Guru Amardas had said, "whilst *Kaljug* is dragging men shall be short lived and their wisdoms flagging"









" this new habitation wll be a spiritual town to enlighten their life in their short sojourn"

revered Guru Amardas laid the foundation for this spiritual home of divine inspiration

the project was started and a housing precinct, called *Guru ka Mahal* was the first to be built

after that they built a shopping parade, called *Guru ka Bazaar* for traders and the trade

the town began as Guru ka Chakk it became Ramdaspur as the work progressed

Guru Amardas recalled Jetha to Goindwaal and bestowed on him greatest honour of all









the aged Guru Amardas made Jetha the Guru he became Guru Ramdas for Sikhs, the fourth Guru

Guru Ramdas stayed on till Amardas passed away then he was back on site for work and to stay

a huge pool was dug at a chosen spot on site its ambrosial water, *Amrit* confers blissfull delight

with the voluntary labour of the devoted Sikhs the pool was strengthened in mortar and bricks

a pier jetting inwards led to the central portion where a platform served for diwans and for kirtan

Amritsar, pool of nectar, is the name of the town the pool and Harmandar are its glory and crown





...

Akbar came for a visit this time to Amritsar he met Guru Ramdas and joined in the langar

he wanted to donate a stretch of land the offer was declined Guru Ramdas explained

when an institution acquires any property.
it leads to ill will and mutual jealousy

the king understood and was impressed he didn't insist and and let this matter rest

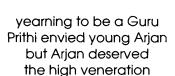
Successor c

the Guru had three sons
Prithi was the eldest
he was a vicious man
his wife was worst









Prithi didn't like Arjan and was really sore he arranged for Arjan to go to Lahore

but Arjan grew weary being away from the Guru he wrote lyrical letters to view the Guru

some of his letters were intercepted by Prithi but one got through and exposed a strategy

Guru Ramdas sent emissaries of Guru durbar to bring home Arjan back to Amritsar

Arjan was made the Guru much to Prithi's annoyance Prithi became an enemy and led a life of defiance









The end

after choosing the Guru Guru Ramdas was ready the time had arrived for his divine journey

from Amritsar durbar he moved to Goindwaal where three days later he bowed to His call

after a bath in the *Baoli*he came to morning *diwan*he sat in the *sangat*and was gradually gone

he advised Guru Arjan to build a spirtual wonder at the centre of the pool the present *Harmandar*

and to the Sikh sangat it was the Guru's advice not to grieve his death when the end arrives









he wanfed the sangat to sing Guru's hymns in praise of God Almighty and abide by His will

He who calls himself a Sikh a Sikh of the Lord, a Sikh of the Guru rises early on, and he contemplates on His Name, the Name of the True exerts himself in the morning, bathes immerses in the pool of 'His Glow' heeds Guru's advice, meditates on Him all sins disappear, all pains and woe then, with the advent of the day he sings Gurbani, the Guru's lore contemplates on Him, whilst standing sitting down, through every chore he who muses every moment on Him contemplates on Him in every breath . endears himself to the Guru the Guru cherishes such a Gursikh Guru's advice comes to that Gursikh who is blessed, whom He does pick Nanak craves for the dust the dust of such a Sikh's feet who keeps repeating His Name and inspires others to repeat

Guru Ramdas





Chapter 8

Guru Ramdas Tales of the Guru

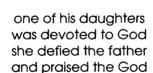
Dukh Bhanjan

Duni Chand of Patti was a wealthy man ruler of the town but he was very vain

gloated in his ego he belittled everyone he boasted of feeding the entire population

if anyone insisted about God above all he will punish the man to submit to his will

even his relations his wife and daughters sang his praises for food and shelter



Duni was annoyed angry beyond reason he must teach her a very special lesson

he married her off to a crippled man who was a leper and always in pain

the girl accepted it as the divine will she was so destined she bore no ill will

the newly married were thrown on road Duni kept saying let us see your God

the girl assisted pulling her husband on a make do trolley on the rugged roads









ousted from Patti they headed for Jhabbal always on the road often in the jungle

she will leave him under some tree and fetch some food mostly by begging

gradually they reached a new habitation it was being built by the Guru's men

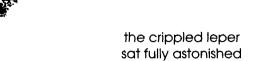
revered Guru Ramdas was building a town with voluntary labour of men and women

the couple rested under a shady tree beside a water pond in the open country

exhausted and tired and full of hunger the girl left her husband to fetch some *langar*







the crippled leper sat fully astonished as he watched the scene in a pool beside him

he saw black crows alight and dip in water then emerge as swans with snow white feathers

a train of thought started in his mind these waters must contain a herb divine

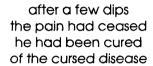
how he wished to bathe in this water he may be cured of crippling disorder

it was difficult but he took a chance he leapt in the water and fell in the pond

luckily the water was not very deep he was astonished he was on his feet







when he emerged he was fully cured of the wretched disease he had long endured

but when his wife came back with *langar* she looked for him to appease his hunger

she saw a healthy and a handsome man she felt very scared for her husband

the man tried his best to assure the girl that he was her husband cured by God's will

they started quarrelling and were in dispute a passer-by suggested to seek Guru's verdict









he took the two to the Guru durbar and presented them to Guru Ramdas

the Guru heard their complete tale and advised the couple of what did prevail

the man's story
was completely true
he was her husband
there in her view

the girl's love for God had revealed the spot of that curative pool 'the Amrit pot'

the grateful couple were blessed by the Guru their life was happy and their happiness true

at the spot revealed a great pool was dug which has come to us as *sarover* at Amritsar









Bhai Bhikari

An admirer of Guru Ramdas came to the Guru durbar he wanted to learn about the Sikh behaviour

the Guru directed him to a *Gursikh*, Bhai Bhikari the life of this man will answer his query

at Bhai Bhikhari's place there were celebrations his son was getting married there were friends and relations

everyone was enjoying no expense was spared there was singing and dancing festivity was in the air

the guest from the Guru was accorded much respect the Bhai honoured him even his feet's dust

after the son's wedding at the brides home the barat came back the bride and the groom









as they arrived at home the groom felt a tummy pain and minutes later he was dead and gone

the occasion turned sour as the relatives cried the couple had hardly met and the groom had died

Bhai Bhikari was calm in this major tragedy he went about calmly adhered to his duty

the funeral arrangements were already made the boy was cremated Bhikhari was sedate

the guest was puzzled as indeed he was sad musing on Bhai Bhikari a most unusual dad

the Bhai was aware of the impending death yet he went ahead and married his lad









he had condiments and a stock of firewood his quiet preparations weren't understood

and he had made a cot for the funeral pyre to carry the corpse to be consumed in fire

the guest asked him why he married the son when he was aware that the death was certain

> the boy were to die after the wedding how I could dare defy God's bidding

the boy was His gift and he took him away I am grateful to Him for his terrestrial stay









the observer came back to the Guru durbar he was much wiser on the Sikh behaviour

If a tongue were to become a hundred thousand, even more multiplied some twenty times to raise this score if each of these tongues did recite a hundred thousand time the name of the Lord sublime this path, this way rungs of this ladder lead and blend you with the Lord indeed listening to the talk of Heavens does stimulate the lowly worms are stirred and wish to emulate Nanak, you reach Him only through His grace all else is false a wayward race

Guru Nanak in Japji









Humility

Guru Nanak's elder son Siri Chand was saintly founder of *Udassy sect*, he thought differently

having lost to be a Guru Siri Chand will not see the revered Guru Angad or later Guru Amardas ji

but as he grew old his anger went cold he arrived for a visit at Guru Ramdas's fold

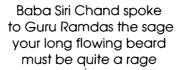
Guru Ramdas was happy he welcomed his guest entertained his entourage gave him much respect

seeing the House of Nanak basking in such glory Siri Chand was overcome with a touch of jealousy









Siri Chand continued that he was intrigued why the Guru's beard was so long indeed

Guru Ramdas's reply shook the man on his seat "with it, I wipe the dust off holy men's feet"

then the revered Guru started wiping his feet Siri was embarrassed the Guru was so sweet

Siri Chand spoke again that only now he knew why he lost the race to become the Guru









Guru Angad was compelled to leave Goindwaal a Tappa was instrumental in this ill advised tale

the man finally suffered a dreadful fate he succumbed to his death through Jats irate

another Tappa, Hardyal a descendant of the old was now condemning Guru Ramdas's fold

when the Baoli at Goindwaal came to completion the event was celebrated in the Sikh traditiopn

Guru Ramdas organised a major langar hoardes were invited also this trouble maker









Tappa was greedy but he won't come to join the celebration though he was welcome

> the Guru declared to give to everyone who participated a gold coin

the temptation
was too much for the man
but he couldn't be seen
so he sent his son

the boy in disguise entered jumping a wall he broke his leg he had a bad fall

the people sitting there recognised the boy they all condemned his father's ploy

Tappa's pretence his overwhelming greed was finally exposed a revealation indeed









Chapter 9

Guru Arjan Dev (1563-1606)

Life sketch of the Guru

Arjan was the youngest of Guru Ramdas's sons a poet and a scholar he wielded a versatile pen

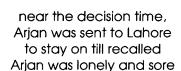
divinity and scholarship endeared him to his father but brought him enmity from Prithi, his brother

Prithi Chand and his wife were full of jealousy they connived against him with all their energy

Prithi was the eldest yet he seemed to know that he shall lose to Arjan race to the next Guru







Arjan couldn't bear the prolonged separation he wrote to the Guru letters in warm narration

the first two of his letters came into Prithi's hands when the third arrived Guru Ramdas was present

young Arjan was recalled Prithi was shattered he was humiliated yet he wasn't bothered

Arjan became the Guru Prithi was surpassed the man couldn't accept his ambitions dashed

Prithi was like an animal who had been mauled his objectives changed to Guru Arjan's fall









Prithi's followers held Prithi Chand as the Guru and kept the Sikhs away from the master true

The revered Guru Arjan patiently kept his poise he went on with his mission without grudge or noise

as the funds from Sikhs were taken by Prithi's men langar became meagre the Guru stayed on ration

the Sikhs came around and accepted Guru Arjan Bhai Gurdas and Baba Budda helped in this direction

Harmandar

a pool of holy water was dug and completed at the centre of the pool a platform was seated









the platform was used as venue for *diwan* a temple was built here later by Guru Arjan

Guru Arjan completed this spiritual wonder a temple in the pool called it Harmandar

the foundation stone was laid by the *Sufi pir* the much admired Musalmaan, Mian Mir

the Harmandar floor was designed to be low for one to step in humility onto the floor below

the Harmandar doors opened on all sides for free access to all Sikhs and others beside

a few miles from here another project was on it was completed and called Taran Tagran









close to the Guru's heart was people's welfare he encouraged self help as in digging for water

Guru Arjan built a baoli a reservoir of water at Lahore this was a welfare project there were several more

Adi Granth

assisted by Bhai Gurdas Guru Arjan collated for view hymns of all the Gurus for reference and review

included with these were hymns of Indian saints Kabir, Farid, and others with thoughts compatible

so compiled the Adi Granth
was respected by all
commiserate with contents
its status stood tall









the Granth was installed in the holy Harmandar surrounded by the pool Amrit pool of Amritsar

the volume was placed high up on a pedestal under a canopy as on a throne celestial

the Guru and the Sikhs sat lower on the floor thus honouring the Granth and the divine lore

a complaint was lodged Granth was derogatory to Islam Akbar had it read to himself he liked the hymns and psalms

the king offered gold and robes of honour too to Bhai Gurdas and Baba Budda who had assisted the Guru

> Sikh faith was doing well Sikhs were all over Punjab but the changed times brought in a vicious mob







Jahangir, unlike Akbar was neither liberal nor kind he was a zealot and a bigot Sikh faith troubled his mind

Jahangir had recorded his determined intent to destroy the Sikh faith and all it meant

Akbar's policy of neutrality was forthwith reversed and the Sikh Guru Arjan was unduly coerced

Jahangir needed an excuse to apprehend the Guru God provided him one through his son Khusroo

the defeated son Khusroo stopped by as Guru's guest he was made welcome and managed some rest









but the King claimed that the Guru had prayed for success to Khusroo and had offered him aid

the Guru was summoned to see the king at Lahore here the Guru was charged by the great emperor

Guru Arjan was fined sum of two *lakh rupees* but if he accepted Islam he could go free

the penalty of death was duly decreed if the Guru didn't comply with either of these

the Sikhs were willing to pay the hefty fine but the Guru won't accept to toe this cowardly line

as for accepting Islam the revered Guru Arjan stood firm on his ground and refused conversion







Chandu was an officer a high up in the Raj he advised the king he will persuade the sage

Jahangir left the Guru to be coerced by Chandu but this man had his own grudge to undo

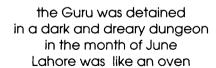
Chandu's daughter was engaged to Guru's son but Chandu misbehaved and the match was undone

Chandu was horrified he pined to harm the Guru with the Guru in his hands it was a dream come true

Chandu failed to persuade the Guru to change his mind he resorted to torture of the meanest kind







the Guru was made to sit on a heated pan shovels of burning sand were poured on his person

the Guru stayed calm through this treatment and as to his torturers he showed no hatred

with the blistered body he was plunged in the river Guru Arjan passed away and the torture was over

Without gathering virtues
Worship can't be done
Glory is in the word of God
It lends a beauteous visage
And always, a joyous heart

Guru Nanak in Japji





Chapter 10

Guru Arjan Dev Tales of the Guru

Martyrdom of the Guru

Much of Guru Arjan's life passed in Akbar's time when worship of a faith was not a crime

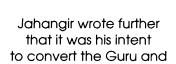
Sikhism was doing well Sikhs were all over Punjab but the enemy appeared and closed in to rob

Jahangir became the king he wasn't liberal or kind but a zealot and a bigot Sikh faith troubled his mind

Jahangir wrote in *Tuzuk*Arjan fascinates them all
Hindus and even Muslims
are heeding to his call







destroy all that he meant

Akbar's policy of neutrality was forthwith reversed the pressure was increased Guru Arjan was coerced

Jahangir needed an excuse and God provided him one Khusroo, the rebel prince came to stay with Guru Arjan

Khusroo was made welcome as anyone would be he stayed there and rested the cooked meals were free

The Guru was summoned to come to Lahore where he was charged on lies and lies galore

The emperor alleged that the Guru had prayed for success to the prince and had offered him aid







Jahangir who had ordered death sentence on Khusroo imposed a hefty fine two *lakh rupees* on the Guru

An option was offered to accept the Islamic way but the Guru won't agree to convert or to pay

Officer Chandu suggested he will persuade the Guru make him see the light and alter his view

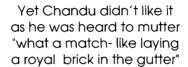
The king agreed he put the Guru in his care the man had sinister plans the king wasn't aware

Chandu Lal was a Hindu serving the *Raj* at Lahore with a grudge against Guru, he irked to settle a score

Chandu's men had sought a match for his daughter it was settled to Guru's son could it be any better?







The news reached the Guru the Sikhs were annoyed the match was annulled Chandu was horrified

With the Guru in his hold Chandu asked him to savour revival of the match and advise in Islam's favour

But Guru Arjan won't agree on one count or the other Chandu was most annoyed and resorted to torture

Guru Arjan was confined in a dark and dingy dungeon the heat was oppressing Lahore was like an oven

The Guru was made to sit on a red hot metal plate a picture of endurance the Guru showed no hate









They poured on the Guru shovels of burning sand calmly abiding in His will he sat through this demand

Then in a pot of water the Guru was made to sit the water was boiled and kept in a boiling fit

he was moved to the river Blistered and barely alive they lowered him in the water but he rose to The High

My heart is longing it pines to see the Guru like a chatrik bird craves for a drop of dew the thirst persists all peace is gone without having seen the holy person what a bliss a blissful vision a view of the Guru the saintly person

Guru Arjan Dev









Chapter 11

Guru Hargobind (1595-1644)

Life Sketch of the Guru

Guru Arjan died a gruesome death tortured at the hands of Mughal Hargobind, a boy of sheer eleven was left to face this vicious devil

Guru Arjan had the foresight and saw the years approaching he trained the son in martial arts to face the times encroaching

Hargobind was born at Wadali and was Guru Arjan's only son he carried arms as a little boy and was riding horses early on

Baba Buddha was his teacher he quickly grasped the Guru's lore archery and swordsmanship Hargobind excelled on every score









before Guru Arjan was arrested he could see the end in view he thus installed the young boy Hargobind as the next Guru

when he was sworn in as Guru Hargobind carried two swords *Miri*, for the temporal authority and *Piri* for the spiritual world

and in planning the future the Guru adopted a martial plan he gradually trained the Sikhs into soldiers of distinction

Lohgarh, a fort was built to defend the city of Amritsar and *Akal Takht* was established just next to Harmandar

Hargobind advised the Sikhs and the Sikhs started to bring offerings of arms and horses a force was in the making

five hundred trained Sikhs formed an armed brigade and from another fifty Sikhs a bodyguard was raised









on a plot devised by Chandu the Guru was held at Fort Gwalior it was a prisoners nest several Rajas were also here

at the time of being released he won't leave till others were free the lot were granted freedom the king did, in the end agree

the Guru had three wives Damodri, Nanaki, and Mahan pillars of his household and he had six children

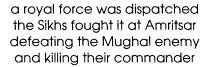
the Guru founded Hargobindpur the times were somewhat better he built here a Sikh centre, a mosque and a baoli - a reservoir of water

he founded Kiratpur as well Kohloor's ruler donated the land the Raja was freed from Gwalior when the Guru took a stand

Shahjehan's men were on a hunt when a hawk fell in the Sikh's way the Sikhs won't part with the bird the angry Mughal showed dismay







an offering of horses for the Guru was waylaid by the Mughal at Lahore Bidhi, a clever Sikh retrieved it leaving the enemy in furore

angry Mughal waged a battle it was fought out at Maharaj the Guru's Sikhs were victorious defeated stood the Mughal Raj

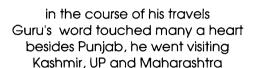
a pool was dug on the battle site to celebrate the Guru's victory this memorial called Gurusar lends glory to Sikh history

yet another battle was won against deserter Painda Khan who came with a Mughal force but got killed, this foolish pathan

The Guru's life style was soldierly yet he was a saint at heart rigorous at his religious calling under him, Sikhism flourished a lot







an indelible impression was left wherever the Guru had gone he was addressed as the true king in Punjabi, Sachay Padshah

towards the last years of his life Guru Hargobind moved to Kiratpur Sikhism was flourishing here his presence made a difference

Hargobind chose his grandson Har Rai, installed him as the Guru later while meditating one day he left for the realm of the True

as Har Rai became the Guru Sikhism differed from before the Sixth Guru had altered it by adding militarism to its core







Guru Hargobind Tales of the Guru

Horses for the Guru

The Mughal regime was running amuck anything but Islam wasn't tolerated

It hated the Hindus and eyed the Sikhs committed atrocities which make one sick

Guru Hargobind visionary as he was Cou17.3Id see the future going even worse

> He started to build an army of Sikhs kind of soldier saints to defend the Truth





Horses were needed for a force in the offing the Sikhs were advised horses were wanted

a horse merchant Karoria from Kabul prepared himself to obey this call

colts from an aquatic or a *daraiyee* breed he had raised from birth with pride indeed

the brother horses grew into a fine pair were ready now to serve under Guru's care

With colts for the Guru Karoria was on his way he took more horses he wanted to sell away

A royal party at Lahore came over to view they liked the horses specially these two







The king's men were most impressed when it came to buying they were distressed

> Karoria won't sell his daraiyee pair those lovely horses couldn't be theirs

The Mughal officials forcibly took those two leaving poor Karoria hurt and subdued

The sad tale
was told to the Guru
where Bidhi Chand
was listening too

Bidhi Chand of Malwa was a Punjabi *jat* a real He-man from the daring lot

On hearing the tale Bidhi volunteered to snatch the horses from the Mughal snare









Knowing his prowess the Guru agreed for Bidhi to undertake such a daunting feat

Bidhi came to Lahore in a hay seller's garb then to the Royal stables he was full of charm

With his glib talk he won the keeper's heart and was allowed inside to inspect the Royal stock

Bidhi offered to ride that handsome colt reluctantly the keeper gave him its hold

Riding the horse
Bidhi gave it a kick
the horse bolted
and was out in a flick

Stunned they stood as he made his escape ending up at Guru's feet in Guru's landscape









Karoria was delighted he thanked Bidhi Chand a task was accomplished of tremendous content

In time this horse sadder grew missing its brother whom it always knew

The Guru and the Sikhs felt rather bad the horse was unhappy it looked very sad

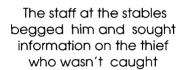
Bidhi was advised to go back to Lahore and return the horse or fetch its brother

Bidhi took a trip in no apprehension to fetch the other horse in Royal detention

The man this time posed as a fortune-teller dressed as a *fakir* he looked quite a feller







Now Bidhi Chand knew and described the tale of the horse and the thief in full detail

They showed him around their confidence was won the doors were locked as a sheer precaution

> Bidhi lovingly stroked that daraiyee colt admiring the animal that loved his hold

He expressed a desire to ride this brother of the stolen horse taken from its tether

His wish was granted he jumped up to ride then moved the animal to the open side









Overlooking the river he halted and stood the lads eyed him no one understood

He kicked the horse it jumped in the river the staff at the stables felt a quiver

After a minor swim they were across now they bolted quick and fast

The brother horses were soon united the Guru and the Sikhs were all delighted

Pilgrimages, fasts and donations rendered to boost one's ego are like an elephant's bath go unrewarded, a wasted show

Guru Teg Bahadur









Bibi Viro's Wedding

Viro's wedding day was finally here Amritsar looked lovely the sky was blue and clear

Guru Hargobind himself in a nearby forest strip was out with his Sikhs on a hunting trip

they saw a beautiful hawk as it winged the skies lending enchantment to the viewing eyes

the Sikhs were excited wanting to catch the bird they released their hawk to this intent

present on this day in this forest wing was an Imperial party hunting for the king









equally enamoured of this precious bird they also chased the hawk combing the forest

Guru Hargobind's hawk leapt higher and higher it caught up with the bird and brought home the flyer

the Imperial officers were hurt and annoyed and confronted the Sikhs with contempt unalloyed

they pressed the Sikhs to handover the hawk it must go to the king and join the royal stock

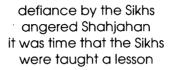
but the Sikhs refused to return the hawk to Shahjahan's officials it came as a shock

it led to a skirmish the two parties clashed two officers were killed and their leader slashed









a detachment of men under Mukhlis Khan was sent to punish the Guru and his men

Viro's marriage party was temporarily halted it was held at Jhabbal till the enemy was thwarted

the Mughal onslaught was halted at Lohgarh Fort by a handful of Sikhs and a wooden canon in support

women and the children were moved to Ramsar but Viro got left behind alone in her chamber

by the nightfall the Mughal laid a siege Bibi Viro was still here and at great unease









finally the help arrived cracking through the siege rescued Bibi Viro securing her release

six Sikh commanders with two hundred men each were ready by the morning within enemy's reach

a severe battle was fought many a brave Sikh died but the enemy suffered worse and lost to the Guru's side

in a hand to hand combat with Guru Hargobind Mukhlis Khan fumbled and got himself killed

after a depressing battle that killed many a friend Guru Hargobind reverted to the duty in hand

Bibi Viro was married gracefully to the groom thus ending in joy two days of gloom





Gwalior

Jahangir was bent on hurting the Guru but face to face he changed his view

some wise advisers advised the king that the complaints were sheer figments

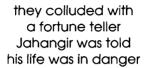
the king requested the Guru's company he was travelling to the Agra city

Guru Hargobind agreed to travel discussed with him religion and morals

Chandu and others of the king's regime contrived a plan against Hargobind







a calamity is seen to be hovering it could be avoided by a fakir's praying

he was advised to request Hargobind to pray for him forty days on end

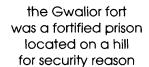
after these days the devils did hope the king shall forget the whole episode

Jahangir begged the Guru to consider praying for him there in Gwalior

Guru Hargobind acceded to the king he knew of course the underlying sting







the Guru entered this new environment the way out was non existent

there were here princes of the states fifty two in all cursing their fates

the group of princes felt very happy finding Guru Hargobind in their company

the arrival of the Guru brought them closer they will join him in prayers together

> the moral lessons were imparted the princes felt richly rewarded









the time passed in service and prayer they hardly noticed they were in Gwalior

the Sikhs in Punjab were restless, unclear as were many others of Guru's admirers

the Sufi fakir revered Mian Mir was much concerned and met Jahangir

orders were issued to release the Guru the Guru declined and refused to leave

the Guru insisted that Rajas there must also be freed from fort Gwalior

the king issued another decree princes holding to Guru shall all go free









Guru Hargobind wore an enormous wear clinging to its hem the princes went clear

All love, all affection is false that is how, I have known the world Everyone here is serving the self their own well being, their own comfort and they cry, its mine, its mine gloated in their own selfish ego there is no one but You in the end strange is the custom of the worldly show the foolish mind hasn't learnt it yet despite the continuous lesson Nanak, those who sing His praises shall swim across the worldly ocean











Baba Atal

Atal was the son of Guru Hargobind he died as a boy in circumstances unkind

playing with Mohan Atal enjoyed the game but on loosing a turn he was not the same

his friend Mohan got bitten by a snake Atal couldn't find him after the break

Mohan was taken back to his home he died of the bite didn't finish the game

Atal went to his house saw Mohan by the door wrapped up in linens prostrate on the floor









verily he thought Mohan was asleep yet he shook him for the errand to keep

the game was pending and Mohan must play he should get up start without delay

the dead boy Mohan was heard to say let us go then Atal and finish the play

Mohan stood up as no one expected there was rejoicing the dead resurrected

the news of the miracle spread through the city the Guru heard it but he wasn't happy

he advised little Atal it was wrong to play miracles, for these were not the Sikh way









he reminded Atal his grandpa Guru Arjan suffered great atrocities but didn't work one

Arjan won't indulge in the occult power he gave up his life, Sikhism's great tower

Atal was thoughtful endowed with talents he realised atonce what his act had meant

Atal stayed calm went to a green pasture laid himself on the grass and pulled on a cover

miraculously the boy as he prayed was recalled to Heavens while Mohan played







Chandu's machinations had finally failed his plot against the Guru had derailed

the emperor Jahangir in fact came around he honoured Hargobind retracted his ground

Chandu's tale made the king very angry he passed the devil to the Guru's custody

the Guru may punish Chandu as he liked but Guru's punishment he may have survived

Chandu's will receive five blows a day with a wretched shoe in a public display







when he was brought to holy Amritsar the crowds gathered to curse the cur

poised on a donkey with a blackened face Chandu was taken from place to place

Chandu was abused stoned and booed folks spitted on him as he was towed

he was brought to Lahore from Amritsar supported on sides by Sikh stalwarts

it was Jetha and the Sikh Bidhi Chand they dragged him on with a crowd behind

people in Lahore turned out in numbers it was free for all as missiles thundered









there was Gurditta popping up his corn the furnace was fired the sand was in the pan

the news reached him Chandu was coming Gurditta was angry the news was stunning

Gurditta recalled how Chandu, this devil had forced him partake in a horrid evil

he was made to pour the burning sand on revered Guru Arjan on Chandu's command

> desperate Gurditta waited his chance to punish this man the devil atonce

he worked his bellows and puffed more air the flames erupted and spattered splinters









he stirred the sand desperate on his seat it turned red hot and radiated heat

the procession of Chandu and crowd turned the corner into Gurditta's road

Gurditta jumped up and shouted Hi Hi leave the wretched devil he is all for me

he poured on Chandu the burning sand and hit his shovel hard on his head

Chandu was old by now very tired one blow killed him the man expired









Daughter of a *Maulvi*Kaulaan was a pretty girl
she learned *Koran*from the *Sufi* Mian Mir

the girl was devoted enjoyed hymns in *Koran* she was also interested in other religions

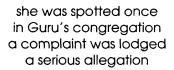
she had read *Gita* and also *Ramayan* and under Mian Mir was now, a *Gurbani* fan

her father was shocked when he heard of this he warned the girl of its consequences

when Guru Hargobind came to Lahore town she will secretly go and attend the *Kirtan*







on the complaint a fatua was issued a punishment of death was duly decreed

when Kaulaan heard of punishment severe she made it to Mian Mir in a secret wear

the Sufi fakir
was gravely concerned
he hastened with her
to Guru Hargobind

the master realised helping the lass meant seeking enmity with the ruling class

yet the girl was sent with a Sikh bodyguard to the holy Amritsar to join Sikh sangat









she was provided with a place to live where she could worship and she was secure

one day Bibi Kaulaan begrudged her fate she was desirous of someone to relate

she wished she had a daughter or a son or her name shall be forever gone

instead the Guru bequeathed the girl a permanent long-lived memorial

a pool was dug and named *Kaulsar* it immortalised the Maulvis daughter











Guru Har Rai (1630-1661)

Life sketch of the Guru

Har Rai was born at Kiratpur A lovely place to view founded by Guru Hargobind his grandpa, the sixth Guru

even as a little boy, Har Rai had a mind with spirtual traits Guru Hargobind saw and felt the potential of this state

Thus choosing the next Guru honour went to Har Rai he became the seventh Guru aged fourteen, a mere boy

Har Rai had a strong physique but he was tender at heart good at riding a horse, yet saintly in mind and thought









like Guru Hargobind, Har Rai kept an army of Sikhs, fighting fit and had a bodyguard devoted men of martial grit

The Guru ran a vast dispensary , with rare drugs in stock endowed with healing skills he served the needy flock

Shahjehan needed a rare herb when prince Dara Shikoh fell ill as this herb couldn't be found Guru Har Rai was requested

the precious herb was found in Guru Har Rai's collection administered to prince Dara it cured his affliction

to propagate the Sikh faith
Har Rai deployed the new converts
Bhagwangir and Suthereshah
gave the faith further spurts

Aurengzeb annexed the throne defeating prince Dara Shikoh Dara came to Guru Har Rai he was welcomed by the Guru









the visit was misconstrued by Aurengzeb and his men who needed an excuse against rising Sikh religion

the king invited the Gurù but Har Rai will not listen finally he did agree to send Ram, his elder son

when Ram arrived at Delhi he was asked to read a hymn a word in the hymn, thought Ram may cause offence to the king

thus while reading the hymn Ram Rai quickly improvised he read *beimaan* for *musalmaan* the king was satisfied

But Guru Har Rai was annoyed the lad had acted mean Ram was barred from the Guru for tempering with the hymn

Har Rai made his younger son Harkrishan, the next Guru and a day after anointing him he left for the realm of 'The True'





Chapter 14

Guru Har Rai Tales of the Guru

Ram Rai

The fanatic Aurengzeb embodiment of cruelty asked Guru Har Rai to meet him at Delhi

but Guru Har Rai will just not agree Auregzeb tried to hit back He was really angry

he dispatched a force under one Zalam Khan to overcome the Guru by forceful means

but this Zalam Khan was at the end of his days he developed stomach ache and died on the way









Danda Khan Kandhari was next dispatched he was slaughtered enroute as he slept

the third time, it was Nahar Khan Sharanpuri whose troops perished in a cholera fury

finally Aurengzeb sent Shiv Dayal, an officer to persuade the Guru to meet the emperor

Guru Har Rai agreed but sent an ambassador to meet Aurengzeb the bigoted emperor

> Ram Rai was elder of Har Rai's sons an intelligent man an admired person

Ram Rai was sent to see the emperor but he must uphold the Guru durbar









Aurengzeb called him to the Royal durbar Ram presented himself amongst the courtiers

the king wanted him to perform a miracle Ram was well versed expert in this vehicle

he showed the king many astonishing feats the king was amazed at his powers of occult

the king decided to honour this man and use him in future as a political pawn

Ram Rai was asked to quote and review references to Islam in hymns of the Gurus

Ram Rai cited he quoted a hymn from Guru Nanak on the fate of man









Mitti mussalmaan ki pairay paiee kumiar khar bhanday ittan kian jaldi karay pukar

as for a muslim grave its clay is sought the potter moulds it into bricks and pots

the clay laments and it does shriek fired in a furnace you hear it beseech

Ram Rai was scared the word *Mussalmaan* may offend the king so he changed the hymn

he substituted the word beimaan for mussalmaan the king was satisfied so was the Royal clan

when Guru Har Rai heard what he had said the Guru was annoyed and much distressed







Ram Rai was debarred from Guru's presence for he had tempered with Guru Nanak's hymn

Ram left and started a sect of his own the king bequeathed him a site, now Dehradun

If the hands, feet and the body are soiled Water could wash the dirt away For clothes polluted with urine A wash with soap and water will clean Mind corrupted with sins galore Needs 'Nam', contemplation of His lore Virtue or sin are not sheer words Your actions are recorded And are as such rewarded As you sow so shall you reap Nanak, you will come and go as He does seek

Guru Nanak in Japji







In seventeenth century an Italian called Selini travelled through India seeking life's meaning

he visited the country its length and breadth learning Indian thought and probing its depth

he was keen on religion its strength and quality he sought information on religion and morality

after visiting Hardwar he arrived in Punjab to meet Guru Har Rai and see the Guru durbar

he travelled to Kiratpur and saw the Great Guru the charismatic Har Rai his radiant view









Selini sat in the sangat and enjoyed the kirtan he felt uplifted with Guru Nanak's hymns

later he asked the Guru there have been prophets indeed many of them both in the east and west

Christ and Mohammed Ram and then Krishan and here in Punjab the great Guru Nanak

who in the Guru's view ranks the foremost to get you salvation from the difficult world

"prophets are guides who show you the way to redeem yourself on the judgement day

but your final ascent to the divine zone depends only on you your actions alone









in the final analysis it is your own deeds that will determine your end indeed"

He resides in every world
Everywhere are His stores
He filled them in one go
Whatever He liked to pour
He does it all
Sees everything through
Nanak, the creations
Of 'The True' are true
All praise to Him, all glory
Primal and eternal Lord
Untarnished and indestructible
He stays the same, 'The Great'
Age after age
In the same unaltered state

Guru Nanak in Japji









Chapter 15

<u>Guru Harkrishan</u> (1656-1664)

Life Sketch of the Guru

Harkrishan was the eighth Guru the younger son of Guru Har Rai he was born in Punjab at Kiratpur a sweet and handsome boy

he was merely five years old when he ascended the Guru's throne soon afterwards his father died leaving him all alone

the eighth Guru was articulate his tender looks radiated charm he thrilled the Sikhs as he spoke they felt elated and warm

his elder brother Ram Rai, was renounced by Guru Har Rai Ram had became jeglous and wanted to harm the boy







Ram complained to Aurengzeb to have Harkrishan bound the Guru was called to Delhi to be charged on some ground

Harkrishan consulted the elders who said that the Guru knew best the Guru decided to go to Delhi he was prepared for the worst

Sikh sangats were worried as the prospects were adverse at the time of Guru's departure they will just not disperse

they walked with him a long way returned home from Sirsa river the Guru and party carried on meeting admirers everywhere

Lal Chand of one village a Brahmin, who was very proud came and asked the Guru if he will recite the Gita aloud

the Brahmin was ill advised as he was on a testing spree if the Guru could recite Gita he will call it a good memory









the Guru invited the village fool Chhaju, the dullest of the dull after being blessed by the Guru he could recite the Gita in full

when the party reached Delhi they waited for the king they stayed with old admirers Rani and Raja Jai Singh

the emperor sent some items for the Guru to choose a gift the Guru took a saintly robe from a load of riches to sift

the king appeared appeased yet he itched to see a miracle but Guru Harkrishan won't agree to dabble in this vehicle

the king couldn't see the Guru as cholera gripped the city the Guru and the Sikhs got busy nursing the sick and needy

outbreak of small pox followed the Guru contracted it as well he took it as the divine will and was ready for farewell







from Raja Jai Singh residence he was moved to Jamuna bank Sikh sangats all around him were saddened as he sank

the next Guru had to be named Harkrishan just managed to say Baba Bakala, a clue to help To guide them on their way

Guru Harkrishan passed away whilst he wasn't even eight a Guru for twenty-six months a child Guru but really great

> Meditate on Guru Harkrishan let your thoughts in him stay for knowing Guru Harkrishan will sweep your pains away

Guru Gobind Singh









Chapter 16

Guru Harkrishan Tales of the Guru

Pundit Lalo

Taking the Guru for a little boy Pundit Lalo devised a defaming ploy

he came and sat in Guru's sangat later he stood up and coyly muttered

Lalo would like the famous Guru to recite the Gita verses he knew

The Guru knew that the Panditji had come there on a testing spree









he was told to call a dithering fool dullest of the dull who knew no school

the village fool Chhaju was called he was presented to Guru Harkrishan

Guru Harkrishan waived his stick and blessed the man with a gentle flick

the man recited the Gita aloud Panditji's face became a shroud

Lalo apologised for his accesses and was forgiven with Guru's blessings









Testing the Guru

Aurengzeb wished to see if Harkrishan will perform magic and miracles as did his brother Ram

but Guru Harkrishan declined such action as it was contrary to the Sikh tradition

Auregzeb then tried indirectly to assess the Guru's powers his spiritual prowess

Mirza Jai Singh who was Guru's host agreed to the king's ploy To put the Guru to test

wife of Raja Jai Singh the queen, the *Rani* was dressed as a maid and her maid as the *Rani*









Jai Singh then showed up at the Guru's quarters and invited Harkrishan for a get together

the visionary Harkrishan knew of Raja's mission but agreed to his request to visit his mansion

when he was ushered in the stately hall the Guru saw the Rani In a servant's overall

he touched the Rani with a flick of his stick expressed disapproval of her resorting to a trick

the Guru went back quick as he came leaving the Royals aghast and in shame

Recognise ye the whole human race as one Guru Gobind Singh









Aurengzeb and the Guru

Guru Har Rai had advised Harkrishan the child Guru not to see Aurengzeb, even if the king pressurised him to

after his arrival in Delhi Harkrishan made it clear to his host, Mirza Jai Singh he will not see the emperor

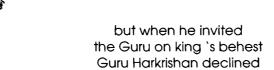
as the king's invitations were simply turned down Aurengzeb desire to see him had grown and grown

Auregzeb arranged to send his son Bahadur Shah to go and meet the Guru and report on what he saw

the little boy, the prince was welcomed by Harkrishan the prince was impressed to see the Guru in person







Guru Harkrishan agreed to send the king a message a letter in his own hand an enlightening passage

to accede to this request

the note contained a hymn, Guru Nanak's thought decrying a life of splendour without the fear of God

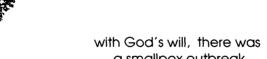
one morning the king dressed himself as a fakir walked to the Guru's quarters and stood outside his door

when Harkrishan was told the king was at his door the gates were ordered shut the king stood sore

the king had to leave disappointed over again his wishes unfulfilled to see Guru Harkrishan







W.

with God's will, there was a smallpox outbreak it made further contact impossible to make

the Providence intervened the Guru passed away Aurengzeb was unfulfilled couldn't have his way

(Guru Harkrishan's message to Aurengzeb)

What good is all the food or the clothing to wear if the True Lord is absent from heart if He is not there fruits, butter, flour variety of sweets and meat garments and comfortable bed a load of pleasurable treat matter not, neither huge armies civil sevants, the servants and Khans nor a royal mode of living in palaces or palatial mansions Nanak, everything but the True Lord will disappear, shall be gone

Guru Nanak Dev







Guru Teg Bahadur (1624-1675)

Life sketch of the Guru

Teg was born at Amritsar a son to Guru Hargobind the times were atrocious Aurengzeb was the king

Hinduism was in trouble Teg listened to its call he sacrificed his life and saved it from a fall

Guru Harkishan died leaving just a clue implying Teg Bahadur as the next Guru

Teg was quite a scholar devoted to classic arts besides he was trained in weapons of all sorts







as an expert horseman, he rode with distinction yet he spent hours on end in divine meditation

at the age of twelve he was married to Gujari his wedding at Amritsar was quite a gathering

during last nine years of Guru Hargobind's life Teg lived at Kiratpur with parents and his wife

<u>Bakala</u>

when his father died Teg, his wife and mother moved to village Bakala where they lived together

twenty years of his life Teg spent in meditation collating his thoughts in divine concentration









as Guru Harkrishan died naming a 'Baba Bakala' this clue to the next Guru produced a Gurus mela

every street in Bakala boasted of having a Guru the Sikhs couldn't tell the false from the true

amongst the pretenders was a man called Dhir a nephew of Teg Bahadur who caused a major stir

Makhan Shah Labana, came looking for the Guru he must find the master to pay him a promised due

he combed Bakala village searched in every street saw the claimants one by one and paid towards their greed

but he wasn't satisfied then he heard of one Teg a recluse, who lived aloof may be, he wasn't a fake









when he went to see him Teg was in meditation Makhan paid his respects and left a small donation

Teg came out of his trance and called after the trader reminded him of his promise when his ship was in danger

Makhan felt all excited for having found the Guru he climbed atop the roof and announced the news

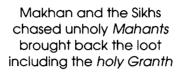
Dhir Mal was annoyed and planned to hit back he and his *Mahants* organised a vicious attack

they robbed Guru durbar attempted to kill the Guru they didn't succeed Dhir and his wicked crew

one Shihan fired a bullet it grazed Teg's shoulder but Teg was unperturbed the wound was only minor







Teg removed himself for quiet meditation to atone himself for the Sikhs's actions

Amritsar

at the invitation of Sikhs Teg travelled to Amritsar but he was denied access couldn't enter Harmandar

a grandson of Prithi Chand Harji Mina was in occupation claiming, he was the Guru and not the late Harkrishan

followers of Harji Mina locked the doors in fear for they dreaded now a fate meted to pretender Dhir





whilst men of Amritsar caused offence to the Guru the women of the town braved it as soldiers true

women of village Walla invited the Guru over Teg moved to their village as darkness took its cover

Harmandar was occupied by these brave women the doors were opened after the Guru had gone

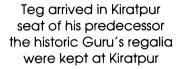
assisted by Makhan Shah they reprimanded the priests and made them feel ashamed at their wretched deed

Kiratpur

at the age of forty three Teg was anointed the Guru he plunged into his mission with a zeal displayed by few







sangats from all around visited him on Vaisakhi including Mahants of Dacca, Patna, Varanasi

Rani Champa of Bilaspur whose husband had died came to pay respects offered the Guru a site

Teg made a payment for the site in question and on mount *Makhowal* started a new habitation

Chakk Nanki, its name, changed to Anandpur or the city of joy Khalsa was created here

Teg left with his family to visit the east Mahants had invited him and Teg had agreed







The East

starting from Anandpur in the month of August he passed through Ropar then camped at Saifabad

the Nawab of Saifabad, an admirer of the Guru entertained him for days before he let him go

the famous Kurkushetra had Sikh shrines to view honouring Guru Nanak, the third and the sixth Guru

Teg stayed here a while preaching Sikh gospel the doubts of Brahmins were harder to dispel

he left Kurukushetra leaving the Brahmins a gift a letter engraved in copper in memory of this visit









in a brief stay at Delhi Teg met the local Sikhs Lakhi Shah, the Rajas Jai Singh and others

passing through Mathura, Agra, Kanpur and Fatehpur he arrived in Allahabad some six months later

next stop was Mirzapur then the holy Benares Teg Bahadur arrived here mounted on a horse

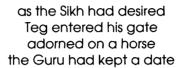
where they camped Ganges materialised it was beneath the camp and emerged from the site

the Sikhs dug the place and the Guru just willed the water gushed out when a hole was drilled

the Guru left Benares and headed for Sarsaram here Phagu had prayed for the Guru to come







being pressed for time Teg carried on his way leaving the family at Patna and arranging for their stay

<u>Bengal</u>

Teg camped at Monghyr by the river Ganges Sangats came everyday for the Guru's blessings

after visiting Bhagalpur, Malda and Gopalpur Teg arrived in Dacca by now it was October

an old lady in Dacca had made for him a dress and she had prayed for his gracious presence









meanwhile at Patna his son, Gobind was born he learnt about it whilst in Dacca town

the Guru kept on moving one place, then another from Sylhet to Chittagong over the period of a year

he established Sangats all along this route in villages and in towns from Chittagong to Sylhet

a Sikh Sangat was started on the island of Sondip he left his influence here the tree was planted deep

Assam

Teg came back to Dacca and planned his next trip places graced by Guru Nanak on the Assamese strip









Mughal officer Ram Rai had orders to release Gauhati from the Kamrup the king of Assamese

scared of Kamrup magic Ram asked for Guru's help Teg accompanied him travelling to Kamrup

at a place called Dhubri where Nanak lit *His lamp* Teg arrived with the Sikhs and pitched his camp

the women magicians camped on top of a hill rolled down a boulder for a major kill

the Guru's camp escaped down by the hillside the rock thundered by and got buried on a side

Teg pulled at his bow released a powerful arrow the magic pitcher ruptured so did the women's ego







the humbled women gave up the magic path the Guru blessed the lot and guided them to truth

the Guru then arranged a peace between the two Aurengzeb's envoy Ram and the king of Kamrup

a monument was built by the Mughal soldiers in honour of Guru Nanak and Guru Teg Bahadur

Puri

Teg Bahadur came back once again to Dacca then he left for Puri passing through Calcutta

Guru Teg Bahadur stayed some two weeks at Puri imparting *The Message* to the people of the city









Return to Punjab

Teg Bahadur abandoned a visit to southern regions as Auregzeb was showing increased fanatic madness

laws were being enacted for terminating infidels Hindus were the target their blood was being spilled

from Puri the Guru travelled back to Patna the family were united after a long separation

Teg and the followers proceeded towards Delhi and the family followed travelling separately

on reaching Chakk Nanki Teg made another round covering this time Malwa villages and towns









Martyrdom

with Aurengzeb's bigotry much blood was spilling he was forcing Islam his methods were chilling

forceful conversion of the Hindus to Islam became official policy of Emperor Aurengzeb

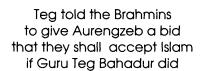
The cruel Iffikar Khan Governor of Kashmir was the chief instrument of the Hindu massacre

A group of Brahmins with Kirpa Dutt as leader came to Chakk Nanaki and met Guru Teg Bahadur

tale of the Hindu purge was revealed to the master how stacks of *Janaeous* were being cast asunder







the Guru left for Agra where the king was expected Teg and his companions were duly arrested

Teg was offered rewards to accept Islamic path or be prepared to face the emperor's wrath

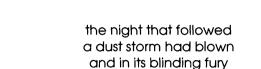
Teg Bahadur was ready determined and steadfast nothing could deter him from his chosen path

they couldn't break him or his companions who were tortured to death by those vicious men

in Chandni Chowk, Delhi Teg Bahadur was beheaded a fate he met with courage a fate he never dreaded







Lakhi Shah hid the body in a cart of hay brought it to his home and burnt the house away

the severed parts were gone

the head was collected by Bhai Jaita of Delhi he took it to Anandpur after a hazardous journey

the young Guru Gobind put flame to the funeral pyre and the *sangats* present offered the prayers

ashes arrived from Delhi with the brave Lakhi Shah he recounted to the Sikhs an account of what he saw









Chapter 18

Guru Teg Bahadur Tales of the Guru

Martyrdom of the Guru

Aurengzeb the Mughal was vicious and cruel a fanatic and a bigot he was fire and the fuel

Hindus were regarded as a hoard of infidels who must be converted or else gotton rid off

death and destruction had become a norm the Hindus wern't safe in this vicious storm

the schools and temples symbols of Hindu culture were particular targets of the wayward Mughal









Vishwanath shrine at Benares was levelled down so was Keshvari temple in the Mathura town

conversion to Islam
was a policy of the state
forced on pain of death
it was a dreaded fate

the cruel Iffikar Khan the Governor of Kashmir started the Hindu purge and swung it into gear

the man's killer instinct needed no further urge enough was his obsession Hindus were a scourage

Brahamins of Kashmir met at Amarnath shrine where a dream revealed a guidance divine

with Kirpa as a leader and in circumstances grim they met Guru Teg Bahadur to state their case to him





sad tale of the Brahamins was heard by the master how *Janeous* in thousands were being torn asunder

the Guru was distressed and troubled in mind when Gobind, barely nine walked in from behind

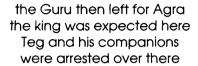
amidst the Brahamins sat his much worried dad Gobind looked at him and said "you do look sad"

" the earth is heavy with tyranny and dread a sacrifice is needed of a great and noble head"

the brave lad responded relieving his dad's tension "who is better than you for a task of this dimension"

Brahamins were advised to give Aurengzeb a bid everyone shall accept Islam If Guru Teg Bahadur did





they were moved to Delhi and kept under house arrest then the torture started it began with caging first

Teg was offered rewardss to accept the Islamic path he should comply or face the king's wrath

Teg Bahadur was solid determined and steadfast nothing could deter him from his chosen path

they couldn't break him as they tortured his Sikhs Bhai Matti Dass was the first who went through this

Matti Dass was sawn he was sliced into two the cruel deed was enacted In front of the Guru







Bhai Dyalla was next he was boiled in a cauldron the Sikh kept his faith and he couldn't be won

Teg was then to bear Bhai Satti Dass's ordeal who was burnt alive defending the Sikh ideal

both carrot and the stick had failed in the end the revered Guru will neither yield nor bend

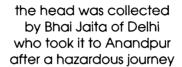
in Chandni Chowk Delhi Teg was beheaded a fate he met with calm a fate he never dreaded

during that night a dust storm had blown in its blinding fury the severed parts were gone

Lakhi Shah hid the body in a cart of hay brought it inside his home and burnt the house away







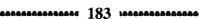
the young Guru Gobind put flame to the funeral pyre and the *sangats* present offered the prayers

ashes arrived from Delhi with the brave Lakhi Shah he recounted to the sangats an account of what he saw

Slok

Nanak, let us understand he who finds no joy in happiness and in sorrow finds no pain finds the friend and foe alike at par, the same regard him then a liberated man

Guru Teg Bahadur







Guru Ladhoray

At Sea

The weather was bad, the ship ran aground it was a weird and eerie neighbourhood a frightening void and no help around stranded in such solitude, he stood Makhan Shah Labana was much worried for his ship and the cargo of goods a devout Sikh, Makhan Shah prayed finding him in distress and so dismayed the great Guru responded and He was swift Labana knew, as the help was rendered the ship rose up and started to drift the grateful Labana prayed and tendered a promise to thank the Guru at His seat with five hundred gold coins at His feet

At Delhi

By royal command, Guru Harkrishan and the Sikhs had come to Delhi town here cholera and then smallpox had set in and everyday saw more people go down









yet all this danger, the Sikhs were defying nursing the sick and those who were dying the Guru himself, Harkrishan His Grace blessed the distressed, provided solace but the Guru himself caught the disease smallpox and was moved to Jamuna bank here the Sikhs saw him at great unease sadness spread around as he gradually sank but before the end the Guru uttered a clue "Baba Bakala" a cue to the next Guru

<u>Bakala</u>

Many a pretender at Bakala who had heard set themselves as the Guru of the Sikhs taking advantage of Harkrishan's words they waited at Bakala with a bag of tricks Makhan Shah came to see the Guru around fakes and pretenders were all he found when not satisfied, he was told of one Teg a loner and a recluse, may be he wasn't a fake Teg was in meditation, Makhan Shah bowed laid two gold coins and he turned to go Teg Bahadur spoke," you had promised more" Labana was excited and jumped on the floor he climbed the roof, and shouted "hooray," I have found the Guru, Guru ladhoray"











Chapter 19

Guru Gobind Singh (1666-1708)

Life Sketch of the Guru

The year 1666 in the Indian calendar brought in a special day the 22nd. of December

on this auspicious day arrived a special person His envoy extraordinary to accomplish His mission

Guru Gobind Singh the tenth Guru was born in the town of Patna, where his mum was sojourned

his dad, Guru Teg Bahudur was touring miles away having left the family at Patna as a child was on the way









the Guru had left advice what to name the boy accordingly the child was named Gobind Rai

on Teg Bahadur's return some four years later the little Gobind Rai was well-nigh a toddler

plans were soon afoot for ending the Guru's tour the Guru and the family went back to Anandpur

Gobind and his mates will play soldiers in war good at riding horses he was a good all rounder

the boy soon mastered both Sanskrit and Persian he was good at writing and wielded a versatile pen

> a born poet, he wrote very moving verse in many languages and subjects diverse









Teg's Martyrdom

with Aurengzeb's bigotry much blood was spilling he was forcing Islam his methods were chilling

forceful conversion of the Hindu race became official policy of Emperor Aurengzeb

the blood was spilling in Kashmir and elsewhere Hindus were targeted almost everywhere

Brahmins of Kashmir met at Amarnath shrine they were revealed here a plan, a plan divine

The group of Brahmins with Kirpa Dutt as leader sought help at Anandpur from Guru Teg Bahadur









the tale of Hindu purge was told to the master how stacks of *Janaeous* were being cast asunder

Teg Bahudur listened he was pensive and sad when Gobind asked him "what ails thee dad."

" the earth is heavy with tyranny and dread; a sacrifice is needed of a great and noble head"

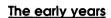
the boy Gobind responded promptly to the Guru "who indeed could be more noble than you"

Teg Bahadur's decision was instantly made The Guru gave his life Hinduism was saved

Gobind was barely nine as he became the Guru yet he proved equal to challenges, old and new







Gobind was married to Bibi Jito *ji* of Lahore the wedding took place in the city of Anandpur

keen on hunting, the Guru will hunt lion or wild boar his skills in these sports were tops, even more

the foothills of Himalayas has a kingdom of Sirmur its king invited the Guru to its capital for a tour

a few miles from there was a beautiful spot where Jamuna flowed and nature ruled the lot

the Guru liked the site it was remote and aloof it is now called "Pointa" named after his horse's hoof









the Guru liked the place the vista of its scenic hills he planned and he built a fortress in this still

this peaceful countryside endeared itself to the Guru he happily spent some years relishing this wondrous view

The Battle of Bhangani

the neighbouring Rajas of surrounding hill states picked quarrels with him showed jealousy and hate

Fateh Shah of Srinagar a neighbour of Simrur organised an attack to crush the rising Guru

the Raja's forces fought the Guru at Bhangani just a handful of Sikhs repulsed a bigger enemy









serving with the Guru were hundreds of Pathans they came from Aurengzeb mostly disgruntled men

most of these Pathans joined the Rajas ranks abandoning Guru's ship a ship that never sank

only a handful of Sikhs fought against all odds killed many a soldier Rajas battle was lost

many a defector Pathan were killed in the field the Guru was victorious the Rajas fate was sealed

The Birth of the Khalsa

Baisakhi of year 1699 was specially awaited Anandpur was ready many Sikhs were invited









large number of Sikhs came on this occasion gathering everywhere in tents and pavilions

the programme began as always, with prayers Mani Dass sang the hymns the Guru himself was there

the Guru stood on stage unsheathed his sword faced the Sikhs assembled and then he roared

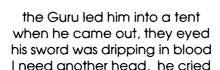
I want a head, he said yes I need a Sikh's head a sacrifice is needed for the cause ahead

the gathering fell silent the Sikhs were stunned the weak got up and left the daring shall not run

Daya of Lahore stood up tall in the gathering's eye take my head my Lord by thy sword, I am glad to die







more Sikhs left the gathering but the brave ones stayed in the ensuing silence Dharm Das of Delhi obeved

they entered the tent and the Guru emerged repeating yet another head is needed heated stood the meeting

Mokam Chand and Himmat volunteered one by one they were taken in the tent and the Guru emerged alone

when Sahib offered himself and they entered the tent then there was a silence and to much astonishment

when the Guru emerged the five emerged as well the gathering was hilarious things were turning well









attired in saffron robes stood the five brave men each one had adorned a blue coloured turban

the five were now baptised with Amrit by the Guru and ushered into the Khalsa a fold of soldiers true

the master cum disciple Guru Gobind on his own was now baptised himself by the five beloved men

many others were baptised and joined the new fold it was the order of Khalsa saintly, brave and bold

Rajas & the Mughal

ascent of the Khalsa with its radical view scared a lot of Hindus whose fears grew







colluding with the *Mughal*Hindu Rajas of the hills, once again
raided Guru's Anandpur
to finish his spiritual reign

it was a severe battle that was bravely fought *Rajas* suffered but did manage a siege at last

Sikhs were in the fort the enemy stood in wait the supplies depleted the Sikhs got desperate

some wanted to leave against the Guru's view and forty men did leave they defied the Guru

later a note arrived from Rajas and the king promising a safe conduct for the Guru and the Singhs

but as the Guru's party abandoned the fort the enemy closed in flouting its written word









they were engaged by the Guru at Chamkaur the enemy was fresh the Sikhs, hungry and sore

most Sikhs were killed including Ajit and Jujhar three of the beloved five also fell at Chamkaur

the Guru himself escaped in overgrowth, he wandered tired but yet determined the Guru was not deterred

Sikhs who defied the Guru couldn't face their women chided by their woman folk returned to fight again

they engaged the enemy at the site of Khidrana everyone was killed but for one named Mahan

the Guru was aggrieved as he passed by these Mahan, who was dying asked pardon for deceased









the Guru felt relieved, as he blessed the fallen lads he promised Mahan Singh they shall be remembered

meanwhile at Sirhand Guru's younger sons met a gruesome fate through the Mughal demon

Zorawar and Fateh merely nine and seven were bricked alive in a wall by the cruel Wazir Khan

the Guru condemned king Aurengzeb in a letter how he had connived immorally in some matters

the letter written in Persian was venomous to the king after reading through it Aurengzeb felt a sting

the king issued the orders to make peace with the Guru the Guru was around Sirhand and he was being pursued





after thoughtful wandering in the lakhi jungle maze the Guru prepared himself to begin the next phase

Adi Granth

stationed at Damdama he worked on Adi Granth to authenticate a copy for the future Sikh sangat

the Granth was originally compiled by Guru Arjan he had dictated the text Bhai Gurdas took dictation

Now Guru Gobind Singh dictated it to Mani Dass and the two together accomplished the task

hymns of the ninth Guru were now incorporated and the Granth today stays, as was then dictated



The Final Trip

the Guru was ready to move and the holy Granth was read complete from cover to cover from the beginning to end

Karah Parsad was disbursed and the Guru then left he headed towards Nander with a party of Sikh sangat

in Rajisthan, he learnt Aurengzeb had died he revised his plans and returned to Delhi side

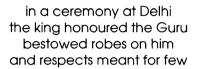
he came to Delhi to help prince Muazzam as among the king's sons he deserved the kingdom

the Sikhs fought with him in the battle of Jajmau the prince was victorious and crowned Bahadur Shah









Deccan

soon the king was called to quell a brother's rebellion the Guru agreed to join him whilst travelling to Deccan

for framing a religious policy the king consulted the Guru the two met enroute to reach a common view

but the Guru soon felt the king was under pressure the Mullahs of Islam won't let him manoeuvre

On reaching Decann they parted company the Guru went to Nander on the river Godavri





Banda Bahudur

A bairagi called Madho known for powers of occult lived in the village Nander and enjoyed his powers felt

face to face with the Guru Madho simply cowed down he fell on Guru's feet, pledged to serve his righteous crown

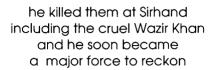
Madho was baptised brought into the Khalsa fold he was named Banda Singh now called, Banda the Bold

Banda was assigned to cleanse Punjab five Sikhs accompanied him for this colossal job

Banda moved through at the speed of hell storming his way through mowing down the Mughal







The End

during his stay at Nander whilst the Guru lay for rest the enemy moved in and stabbed him in the chest

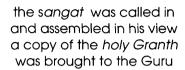
with a lightening stroke the Guru killed the man there was an accomplice Sikhs killed him as he ran

The king was not afar he learned of this affair he sent his own physician to attend to Guru's care

the wound was fresh the Guru stretched a bow it yielded at the stitches the blood began to flow







before the sacred Sangat the Guru proclaimed his view that the holy Granth shall be henceforth the Sikh's Guru

the year was 1708 and he was ready to go he said good bye and departed leaving behind his glow

'waheguru ji ka khalsa waheguru ki fateh', his bye stays resounding here on earth and up there in sky

A game of love - is what you wish to play with your head in hand, then come my way step onto this road, on this Highway laying your head, you should not sway

Guru Nanak Dev









Chapter 20

Guru Gobind Singh Tales of the Guru

Birth of the Khalsa

Turn of the century, 1699 Vaisakhi festival was coming it was a special occasion Anandpur was humming

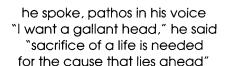
Sikhs were invited from afar to join a special occasion and many thousands arrived filling the tents and pavilions

Huge crowds had gathered something was in the air the meeting began with prayers the Guru himself was there

the Guru stepped on the dais and from where he stood he pulled his sword and raised it causing a stir, no one understood







Silence fell on those assembled the Sikh *sangat* was stunned the weak were scared and left Guru's voice rose above everyone

Daya of Lahore made a move he stood tall in the gathering's eye "take my head, my Lord", he said "by thy sword, I am glad to die"

The Guru led Daya to a tent a sound was heard inside, a thud and when the Guru emerged his sword was steeped in blood

the Guru was back on the dais his sword was raised, they eyed he looked at them and then "I need another head", he cried

more Sikhs left the gathering only the brave ones stayed the lot were in a state of shock as Dharam Das obeyed









Once again, they entered the tent and the Guru emerged repeating "yet another head is needed" it was hotting up in the meeting

Mokkam, Himmat and Sahib offered themselves for the cause each in turn was led to the tent but then there came a pause

the Guru emerged this time with those five, all neatly attired the gathering jumped in joy thrilled at what transpired

the men were clad in saffron and their turbans were blue the assembled looked admiringly and relished the precious view

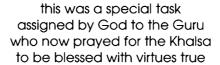
the Guru praised the five their courage and devotion the men bowed in humility charged with much emotion

these five beloved men with death defying genes were the first of the *Khalsa Panj Pyaras* on the scene









the Guru prepared a nectar Amrit to baptise these men to impart valour, caring love Guru's grace and true religion

it was made in an iron urn wherein water was poured some sugar was stirred in with a double edged sword

sugar was specially added to comply with Jeeto ji's view thus blending in this nectar sweet feminine virtues too

divine hymns were chanted and these were repeated till the Amrit ceremony was finally completed

with swords in the hands and on the left knee poised as soldiers in a combat pose the five were now baptised









Palmful of the holy Amrit was passed to each in turn they sipped it as they uttered these holy words in unison

"Waheguru ji ka Khalsa, Waheguru ji ki Fateh" both Khalsa and the victory come from God Almighty

they were anointed, Amrit was sprinkled on their face on their eyes and their hair and in the final act of grace

Amrit was sipped by the five from the same common urn a brotherhood was fostered and new values were won

Guru himsef was baptised the five assisted in this act others were invited to join they did, with much respect

many thousands on that day came into the *Khalsa* fold the order of *Khalsa* was ready an order of the kind and the bold









Sanctity of Work

Gobind was enthroned in the Guru durbar and many a Sikh was gathered there

the Guru felt thirsty and made a request for a drink of water to the Sikh *sangat*

a *khatri* youth was rather fast he stood up quickly and paid respects

may he be allowed to fetch the water he shall be honoured by this favour

the Guru looked saw a young lad he seemed tender rather well bred









your hands are soft and seem rather tender have these been used for work, I wonder

the youth replied very seldom before for we have servants for every chore

when the youth brought the water the Guru refused it the boy was shattered

the Guru declared the water was impure though the youth insisted it was pure

the master explained the water wasn't pure for it was handled by the hands impure

then he addressed the whole Sikh sangat on the sanctity of work in the Sikh context









hands and body are purified by honest work service unqualified

the *khatri* youth had learned the purity of body has to be earned

he got busy now in the *langar* working and serving for endless hours

whenever now he served the water the Guru drank it with much pleasure

When I shall make sparrows fight the hawks and just one Sikh fight myriads, sawa lakh then alone, am worth my name, Gobind Singh

Guru Gobind Singh









Boy Gobind

Gobind and his mates often enjoyed a treat boat ride in the Ganges respite from summer heat

together they will play nothing else did matter but the soothing wind the cold Himalayan water

as they rowed one day the boat sort of tripped Gobind hardly noticed his bangle had slipped

it was a bangle of gold that fell in muddy water the mates were scared to him, it didn't matter

and his darling mother showed much concern how did the bangle slip or was it thrown in fun







as she wanted to see the place it was lost the kids were excited took her to the spot

the mum looked around and asked her little one where did it fall 'Gobind, my darling son'

tossing the other bangle in the swirling river shouted the boy Gobind "dear Mum, over there"

All those who shall call me God
shall enter dark pit of hell
For have no doubt on what I tell
merely a servant of The Primal Lord
am here to see this wondrous world
Guru Gobind Singh in Bachitar Natak









Bhai Kanhiaya

Yet another battle was fought in high spirts like the rest the Sikhs, the soldier-saints swung into action, full of zest

The dazzle dazed the men deployed the weapons glared in the sun the battle cries were deafening angel of death, hovered on everyone

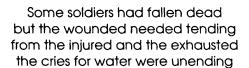
The swipes of swinging swords swept swiftly, inflicting fatal blows the arrows aimed at the enemy tore through the wanted foes

Dead and the wounded had fallen as muskets fired the rounds smoke and dust obscured the vision heat and blood fouled the ground

Hours later, as the horror settled the nature was rendered mute when the peace and quiet returned the demand for water was acute







There moved a lonesome figure amidst the injured and the dead Bhai Kanhiaya, a Guru's soldier served water, in this dread

Deftly, the man drifted around nursing the wounded he was tending you could see him serve them water watch him, his tall frame bending

Lost in the love of his Guru
Bhai Kanhiaya served everyone
he served the enemy injured
as he would serve the Sikh brethren

Kanhiaya's strange behaviour was brought to the Guru's attention when the Guru summoned the man he showed no fear or apprehension

"I did serve them all," he said
"as I didn't see any Sikh or enemy
all I could see in those faces, Lord
were you, a picture of thee"









The Guru smiled for he was pleased the burden on his mind had eased Bhai Kanhiaya had understood whatever is bad and what is good

Shiva, God Almighty pray do confer a blessing on me not to deter or flee from pious deeds and in a battle there shouldn't occur any fear in me determined, I may spur myself to victory and pray Almighty let my mind gather a gift from Thee a craving to utter praises of Your majesty when the end is nigh Let me then enter the battle heat in a fit of frenzy ecstatic, I may die

Guru Gobind Singh







<u>Guru</u> Granth Sahib

The everlasting Guru

Guru Gobind Singh declared Adi Granth as the Guru for all times to come for every Sikh to follow

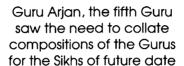
a treasury of Guru's word a perpetual light to view the revered Guru Granth Sahib is the last but ever lasting Guru

Guru Nanak in his travels was known to carry a book an anthology of his hymns a diary or *pothi* of his trips

it was passed to Guru Angad as he became the Guru the hymns in it were sung by Sikh sangats as they grew







messages were sent around to all Sikhs, everywhere to deposit the Guru's hymns in Guru Arjan's care

Guru Amardas's son Mohan inherited *pothis* from the sage but he refused to part with his precious heritage

Baba Budda and Bhai Gurdas were specially sent they had no luck with Mohan who will just not relent

finally Guru Arjan himself went to Goindwaal to try he serenaded his *tambura* sang hymns of The High

Baba Mohan melted away in the magic of the hymns and parted with the *pothis* his prized possession









the pothis were accorded respect and veneration and were brought to Amritsar in a holy procession

the bedecked pothis
were placed in a palanquin
it was carried by the Sikhs,
followed by Guru Arjan

the cavalcade moved on and headed for Amritsar paying homage at Khandoor to the great Guru Angad

Sikhs waited outside Amritsar along with young Hargobind they all welcomed the party rejoicing was in the wind

Bhai Gurdas and Baba Budda were carrying the palanquin as the party entered Amritsar everyone was singing hymns

thanksgiving ceremony was conducted by Guru Arjan who, with all this material was ready now for action









besides the Guru's writings there was a collection hymns from Indian saints of varied castes and regions

hymns of lower caste saints Saini, Ravidas and Kabir together with Sheikh Farid and the Sufi Muslim fakir

for completing the task Guru Arjan picked a spot right in the midst of nature in the nearby forest lot

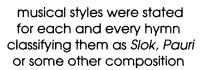
in the peaceful surrounding he had a tent erected and with Bhai Gurdas to help a model was perfected

Bhai Gurdas wrote in hand as Guru Arjan dictated the script used was Gurmukhi and the *Granth* was collated

each hymn of the Guru's was uniquely assigned so were the hymns of saints allocated and defined







the Adi Granth produced was two thousand pages many were left blank to be filled by future sages

venue for the holy Granth
was chosen to be Harmandar
Baba Budda was assigned
to look after this wonder

from the Ramsar site they moved to Harmandar Baba Budda carried the Granth followed by Guru Arjan

musicians sang the hymns on the way to Harmandar where the Baba laid it down and read it as hereunder

"God Himself accedes to His followers need He has Himself arrived to accomplish the deed









the place is enchanting and beautiful is the pool the waters are ambrosial the Amrit pool is full"

at day time, the holy Granth was enthroned and read it was laid to rest at night after the prayers were said

a room was provided for resting the holy *Granth* it was wrapped up in silks and laid on a palanquin

the much cherished *Granth* became central to Sikh life the Guru and the Granth were guides in every strife

the original holy Granth served the Sikhs at Amtritsar later Guru Hargobind moved it to Kartarpur

from Guru Hargobind the copy went to Dhir Mal and descendants of Dhir Mal possess it now as well









the Granth was updated later and brought to completion Guru Gobind Singh himself accomplished this mission

Bhai Mani Das recorded Guru Gobind Singh's dictation gradually the colossal task was brought to completion

Guru Teg Bahadur's hymns were added to the Granth but Guru Gobind Singh's *Bani* is conspicously absent





Sikhism is the most recent of the major religions in the world. It was founded by Guru Nanak in the fifteenth century and has flourished to a point that there are more Sikhs now than the Jews in the world.

The basic postulates of the Sikh faith were laid down by Guru Nanak and were consolidated and augmented by nine further Gurus over a period of two centuries. The Gurus created the ethos of the religion and established an array of institutions. *Gurdwaras*, the Sikh temples are not only the hub of spiritual activity but are community centres that run a free kitchen, serving hot meals (*Langars*) to the Sikh and non-Sikhs alike, provide other amenities like free temporary stay, nursery education and medical help. Besides a moral and spiritual life, the Sikh Gurus taught their followers to resist evil and evil doers. **A Sikh is expected to be a saint as well as a soldier**.

The lives of Sikh Gurus, a rich story of devotion and sacrifices is a revealing reflection to the tenets of the Sikh faith. This book relates this story in a series of compelling tales, written specially for the Sikh youth and the uninitiated.



Jaswinder Singh Chadha was educated at St. Stephen's College, Delhi in India and was a research scientist with Unilever at Welwyn, Herts in England. After a successful career in Science and thereafter in his own business, he has devoted much of the last fifteen years to the study of the Sikh religion and Sikh Gurus. A renowned Sikh poet, Jaswinder, subsequent to this book, first published in 1999, has also a translation of Japji Sahib (1999) and a third book on the life and teachings of Guru Tegh Bahadur, co-authored with Dr Hakam Singh, all written in English.

ISBN 81-7695-003-3



Rs. 350.00