

Guru Arjun Dev Ji & His Supreme Sacrifice

*Principal S. S. Prince**

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When we turn over the pages of world history,
We find many events shrouded in strange mystery,
'Vice and 'Virtue' have always been at a ravaging war,
But only truth triumphs and shines like a star,
When cruel customs of his times, Christ defied,
By opponents of his Faith, he was crucified,
When prophet Mohammad preached oneness of God,
He was forced to leave Mecca struck by an iron rod.

All saints, seer and preachers are made of sterner stuff,
Have courage and conviction to belie tormentor's bluff,
Guru Arjun, the fifth Guru of the Sikhs in line,
Laid down his life to set an example noble and fine,
Against the Guru, Chandu Shah nursed a personal grouse,
His daughter with Guru's son he failed to espouse,
He poisoned Emperor Jehangir against Guru's fathomless fame,
The bigot ruler hopelessly failed to tarnish Guru's name.

Guru's elder brother, Prithia hatched a curious conspiracy,
Being older to the Guru he claimed his own supremacy,
Gurgaddi was not bestowed upon him because of his birth,
It was granted to Guru Arjun because of his worth.
The compilation of Guru Granth was an act of rare bravery,
It gave a serious blow to the traditional religious slavery,
It was falsely rumoured that the Granth ridiculed Islamic belief,
By persecuting the Guru, the Emperor sought some relief.

Imprisoned, the Guru was made to sit on a red hot iron plate,
Guru's fiercest foes fainted to see him in such a state,
Guru's quivering lips only uttered "Sweet is Thy will,
For the gift of Thy Name I beg and yearn still,"
Guru was a man of God, a saint-warrior of noble race,
He bore all torture with a firm but smiling face,
The Guru would bow and bend; it was tormentor's whim,
The Guru did not fear the death, death was afraid of him.

The unique martyrdom of Guru has a message to convey,
When confronted with Truth, no Falsehood can stay,
The supreme sacrifice records today four hundred years,
The followers of the Guru have only 'hopes' but no 'fears',
Guru's body vanished but Granth is forever our spiritual guide,
Its sweet, sacred sermons have stretched their wings far and wide,
On the auspicious day, its memorable words we cherish,
"The righteousness shall rule, the proud shall perish."

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