

# The Forgiven Forty@

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It only took a few drops of ink  
To break from the Guru, our link.  
We left him when He needed us most  
In the battle, we withdrew our support.  
We didn't care for all His love  
Forgot that He placed us on a pedestal above.  
He loved us more than His sons.  
Praised us as 'His Great Ones'.  
For us, He let his sons die  
Never allowed His eyes to cry.  
He smiled to make our lives glow  
We 'thanked' Him with a sad blow.  
We left Him in the hour of need.  
Unforgivable and ferocious was our deed.  
More than our Guru, we preferred home.  
This act left our families to moan.  
Our families made us realize our mistake  
We decided to mend before it was too late.  
Hearts crying and heads bent...  
with heavy guilt, back we went.  
But as destiny had planned.  
the fire of war was already fanned.  
We were to face the battlefield's heat  
before we could reach our Lord's feet.  
Our vigor and strength, enemy felt  
with each blow, many did melt.  
Enemies were many, we were few...  
we were to die, in our hearts we knew  
Still desire to see our Guru,  
kept carrying us through.  
As destiny by thee,  
our brothers fell one, two and three.  
Soon fell all... all the forty...  
in great pain we gave an SOS call.

@ *This refers to a poignant episode in the life of the Tenth Master, Guru Gobind Singh Ji. Forty of his faithful followers deserted him under stress, only to be shamed into returning by their womenfolk, to die in battle.*

Please forgive us, O Beloved One,  
we are sorry for what we have done  
He blessed us, granted us eternal peace.  
in his feet, we took our last breath, with ease.



