

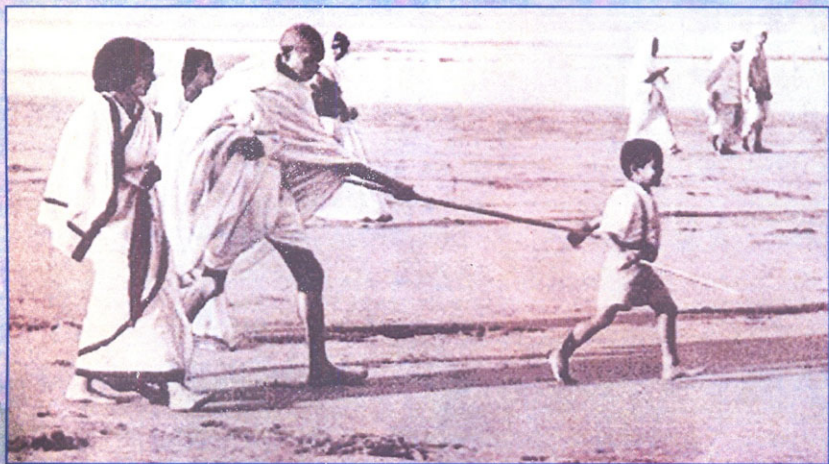
## NON-VIOLENT WARRIOR

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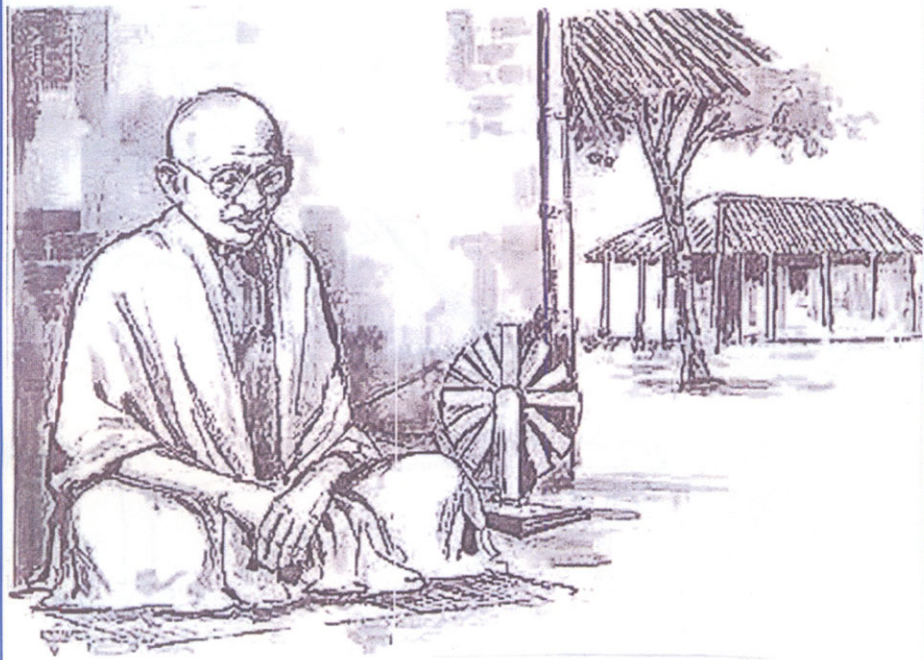


There was a little hut  
With thatched roof  
A thin man sat there  
Silent and aloof.

1

He was worried  
For his people  
Who would not afford  
To buy a thing simple.

2



His country was ruled  
By the distant foreigners  
For his own people  
They would not care

3

The rulers were bad  
No sympathy they had.  
They would hit and scold  
Sparing none the young and old.

4



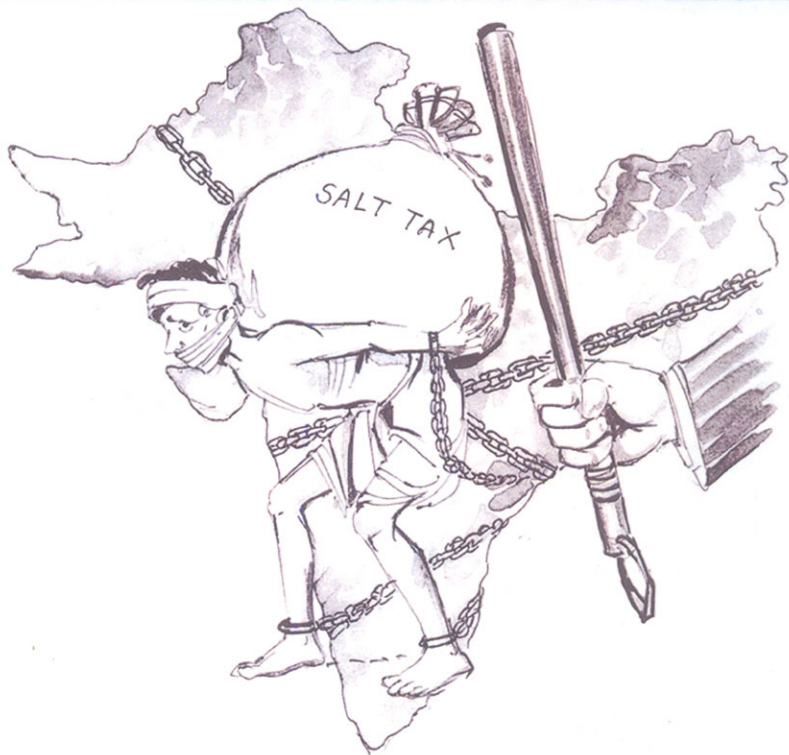


They would not let  
People talk freely,  
Stopped people from work  
They taxed them heavily

5

One day they thought  
Of a tax on salt,  
They would get money  
From people—a lot.

6



Our man was silent  
Thinking very deep;  
All the people around him  
Desired him to speak.

7

With a tax on salt  
It would cost a lot;  
Their food would be tasteless  
Without grains of salt.

8

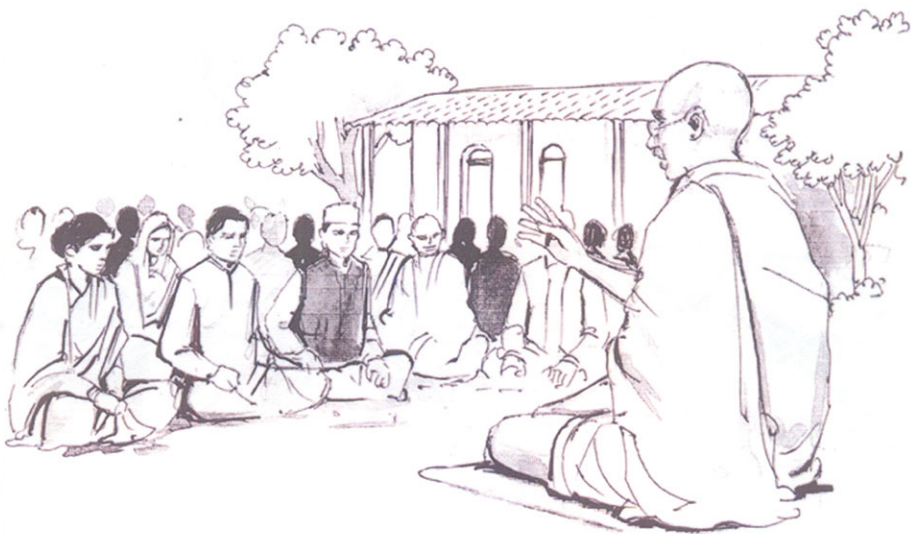


How could his people live  
With tasteless food;  
He decided to fight  
Because it was no good.

9

People around him  
Were eager to listen;  
How to fight rulers?  
What would happen?

10





At last he spoke  
To people one and all;  
"We will not pay tax  
On salt at all.

11

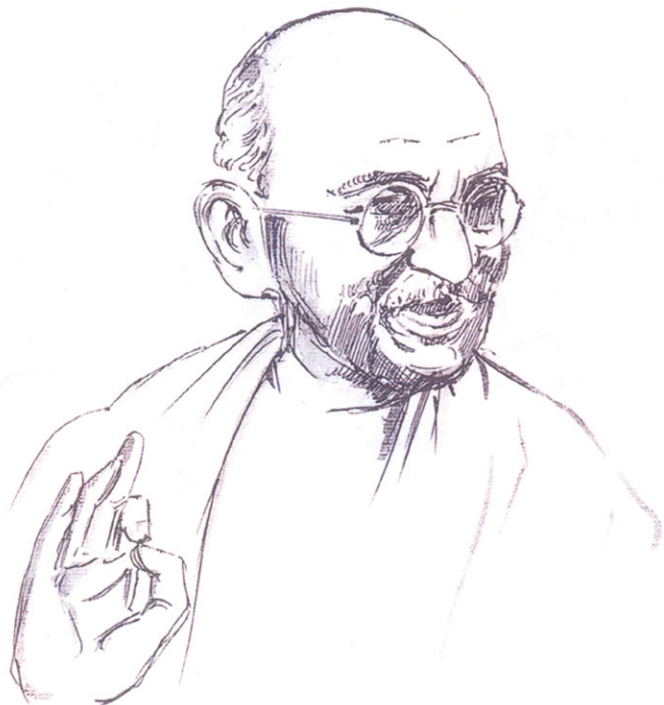
"Salt is God's gift  
Mother nature's bounty;  
We need it in our food  
Not to pay any tax or duty".

12



Let us fight with rulers  
For this unjust action;  
Let us all unite  
We have new weapons!. 13

He gave to his people  
Weapons with novel edge;  
They were ahimsaa—non violence  
The courage not to harm! 14





To protect against tax on salt  
Satyagraha we perform;  
Even if they act brutally  
We will do not harm.

15

Let us go to the seashore  
Over to the pans of salt;  
We collect it from pans  
Till we win we won't halt.

16



His people were happy  
They knew how to fight;  
With weapons of courage and non-violence  
Let the whole nation unite. 17

He told them all  
"Let the truth prevail",  
He started salt Satyagraha  
We all know it well. 18

He marched to Dandi village  
Walked ahead of many;  
In front of him  
Walked a tiny kid 19



As he marched to Dandi  
With a crowd very large;  
Oh! We remember it  
It was the Dandi march.

20

As he marched to the shore  
Whole country was on feet  
The rulers were very angry  
Spared none, to all they hit.

21





They attacked his people  
With weapons and cavalry;  
Their long laathis and lances  
Piercing wounds deadly. 22

Many were wounded  
Many were dead;  
But he and his people  
Continued to march ahead. 23



All over the country  
People marched in Satyagraha  
Truth on their side  
Though the rulers aggrieved. 24

People marched all over  
Holding handful salt firmly;  
They would not go back  
Faced the army bravely. 25



Finally the weary rulers  
Had to bow down;  
They agreed not to tax  
Salt on any count.

26

People won the battle  
Against the mighty rulers;  
Satyagraha they performed  
With non-violence and valor.

27





Among them stood our hero  
With grace and wisdom;  
He was Mahatma Gandhi  
Hero of peace and freedom.

28

