Veer Devgan 7th - D The Lawrence School, Sanawar

Power of pen poetic words of freedom

### The struggle of our freedom fighters

Fought for our lives they did,

By putting their own on a bid.

They put their lives down,

Showed a heart greater than many,

But the British made them look like foolish clowns,

Even though we had them on a run for their money.

Foolish we were when we let the Brits come,

For it was Jahangir who let them have the kingdom.

Weak was Bengal to fall to its knees.

Our freedom fighters walked from Pondicherry to Gujarat on foot,

Simply for us to have to food,

But never did they loot.

Then came the rule of the Viceroy,

Who were not nice but rather incredibly coy.

The Kohinoor, the Lion Ruby all gone,

Never to return from where they hailed.

The freedom fighters fought for our glory.

But they never returned to tell the story.

That was when they were the strongest,

For our act of slavery had survived its longest.

We fought and they lost,

But then back they came,

With a grit more than the power of a brick.

Then came the Queen’s reign.

It was sounded good but was worse than Nephelkokkygia’s rain.

A passion to our country to free,

And fill the citizens’ heart with glee.

Then Subhas Chandra Bose made the army,

Put the villain to their knees.

Even when they left they separated our country into three,

Pakistan, Bangladesh and India were one but then we fell down like a tree.

The reign of terror gone,

But the fight still remains,

As our modern people fight with the U.K. for all they took from us.

One day they will be on their knees,

For they left us without knees.