

Khwaja Hasan Nizami, Say: God is great (Kanpur ki khuni dastan (Cawnpore's bloody story), Kanpur 1913p. 21-22)

(My speech on the 8 August, after the Friday prayer at the Jama Masjid of Meeruth, in front of 10.000 Muslims)

[Arabic] God is great. God is great. There is no God but God. God is great. God is great. Praise to God
[Urdu] In the name of the gun which works in the same way in the hand of the oppressor and the oppressed. In the name of the stone which hurts the breast of the friend and the enemy in the same way. In the name of the sword which today is seized by the foreigner but which will be ours tomorrow. In the name of the pistols which do their work on the sign of any finger. We have assembled here to lament (*matam*) the martyrs of Cawnpore. We have assembled here to express our compassion for the wounded who have become the aim of the guns and the stones in Cawnpore. In the name of the mosque in which we today confess our faith, brothers standing in close lines. The pain for the mosque of Cawnpore drew us here, the mosque which stood in Macchli Bazar. The mosque, a part of which was martyred through violence and tyranny for the rectification of a street. The mosque which Muslims loved so much, that they died on the 29 Shaban in a ten-minute bullet hail, dust and blood mixing. The mosque, in front of which the corpses of our venerable elders were piled up, their white beards red with their blood.

In the name of the mosque, in front of which the martyrs with their last breath said: greetings to our Sultan of Madina [=Prophet Muhammad], we are giving up our lives for the honor of his religion. Greetings to him, who came down from the high hills of the Hijaz and brought us help. To him, who loves our wounds. His grandsons with long locks of hair, Hasan and Husain, come and spread their clothes over the slain. His daughter Fatima Zohra collected the tears of her father and gave them to the community of believers to drink. The virgins of his paradise will bring them cups from the fountain of eternal life.

In the name of the mosque, inside of which hundreds of innocent people were fettered with the cords of tyranny, and who suffered hunger and thirst in the darkness of the prison.

We came here with the intention of offering a last greeting to the souls of the martyrs of Cawnpore. We are standing here to organize the care for the wounded, the succor for the prisoners and their release, to save the relatives of the martyrs from hunger and thirst.

Muslims of Meeruth! Islam is demanding its right from you. The Muslims of Cawnpore gave their life and their property. They have made the sacrifice and died for the honor of the mosque. Only your property is asked from you, so that the relatives of the martyrs, the wounded and the prisoners receive help.

Listen also to the second request. Say with a loud voice that God is great. There is no God but God. God is great. Praise to him. Our request is that all may be united, and bring their grievance in front of the kind-hearted Viceroy, Lord Hardinge Bahadur, saying that the rulers of Cawnpore have wrongfully made our brothers the aim of their swords and guns. Our mosque has been destroyed by the force of the sword. Innocent Muslims fill the prison. Write to Lord Hardinge, write to the Parliament in London. And write to that man with a compassionate heart, whose name is George V, and who is the King of the oppressing rulers as well as of the oppressed people of Cawnpore. The King who loves the religion of the Muslims. Who came to the Delhi Darbar. The King who has visited the Jama Masjid in Delhi. The King during whose Darbar Islamic flags were raised [arab inscription]. We set our hope on our King who loves justice that he may not forgive the English oppressors of Cawnpore.

Servants of God, don't despair. Gird your loins with firm hope. The eyes see that the time of open speech is approaching. The ears hear that the cloud of God's anger is spreading.

The events of the mosque of Cawnpore are not such that you don't know them, or that don't awaken passion (*josh*) in your heart if you hear them. But in this country, there are Englishmen who say that this is only the excitement (*ghal machar*) of a few Muslims and newspapers. The other Muslims don't even listen. God forbid! The wretch does not know that the profession of faith is such a lightening, which is stronger than all the English electricity. It is a wave which is greater than all the oceans of the world. He should be assured that the whole of India is like one heart and one voice with regard to

Cawnpore. Doesn't he see that when our Muslim brothers are imprisoned in the lands of the Balkan, we in India feel it in our hearts? Do they want to see the passion (*josh*) of the Muslims? Do they wish the Muslims to show their agitation [in English in the text]? Tell them that our passion is neither fashion [in English in the text] nor show. It is not confined to the chair and the table. If we enter passion, the sky rocks and the ocean strikes fear. The mountains crash, and the rivers stop flowing. Once our flag is raised, we won't stop until it is placed on St. Paul's cathedral. Therefore we honestly ask that we may not be provoked. We are faithful and we obey the King and spill our blood for him, because this is what God and the Prophet ordered us to do. Don't oppress us, and quietly do your work. Think of Queen Victoria's promise that there would be no opposition of the government to Indian religions.

Rebuild our mosque in Cawnpore. Release our prisoners. Consign the wounded to our care, and give us the chance to pray to our Lord of Lords in peace, and give thanks to the one who called us into life. Muslims! Remember that today, while you are sitting quietly in your houses, the relatives of the martyrs and the wounded in Cawnpore are suffering. Reach into your pockets, and give something to help them.

**Songs and poems by Hindus and Muslims before and during the riot of 1931
Evidence taken before the Commission of Enquiry into the Communal Outbreak at Cawnpore, 1931
(British Library, V/26/262/13)**

(1)

When the warmth of Monotheism was present in our Faith, we were setting fire, O Infidelity, to thy houses.

We fought for God, we died for God. With sword in hand, we moved about in the mountain chains, in the plains.

(But now) We hear what is said and endure the high-handedness that overtakes us. The fanatics of Islam, O Anwar, have not now their old Zeal.

Wake up now, Sleeping Muslim: Get ready to support Islam. Time is coming for you to sacrifice yourself....

Even the Sceptics (deniers) acknowledge your sensitiveness and courage. It is a mere trifle for you to get ready for fighting.

Those who ridicule your Shariat and worship, such unpious persons should be consigned to flames. We shall wake up the world; we shall shake the world, when, united, we shall raise the monotheistic cry. With the light of Monotheism, we shall light a fire and shall obliterate, o infidelity, they existence out of the world.

We shall place our throats on swords, on spear heads. Where religion is involved, we shall get beheaded.

On your Guard, O Time; be not vain of thy majorities.

We too know how to fight and die on a religious issue.

When united, we raise the monotheistic cry, the world will shake, the Temple of Idols will quake.

Start, Get up, Do some work, and show it to the World.

How long will you (merely) repeat the story of your past?

(2)

<p>Musalmano utho ub khwab se bedar ho jao Bahut din so chuke ub to zara hoshiar ho jao</p>	<p>Muslims, rise and awaken from your sleep For many days you have slept, now become conscious</p>
<p>Jhagarna marna aur tootna kafir ka jaiz hai Zara se bat per amadye takrar ha jao</p>	<p>To fight, beat and kill the unbeliever is legitimate ...</p>
<p>Ham hastiye kafir ko yek roz mita denge Gandhi tojhe ham Kalma Kuran ka parha denge.</p>	<p>We will kill the unbeliever in a single day, Gandhi, we will make you recite the Kalima of the Quran</p>

(3)

Arya Bachche ka jangi git Kabul o Kandhar par Basra o Tatar par Kabe ke Minar par Sahil-e Zanjibar par Har Jagah Lahrae Jhanda Om ka	A War Song of the Sons of the Aryans Over Kabul and Kandahar Over Basra and Tataristan Over the minaret of the Kaaba Over Zanzibar's Over every place the flag of Om will fly
Mashhad o Taharan par aur Blochistan par Najdi Registan par Misr par Sodan par Har Jagah Lahrae Jhanda Om ka	Over Mashhad and Teheran Over Baluchistan Over the desert of Najd Over Egypt and Sudan Over every place the flag of Om will fly

(4)

Ham hastia Muslim ko dunya se mita denge aur Om ke jhande ko Kabe men laga denge	We will eliminate the life of the Muslims from this world And the flag of Om, we will rise over the Kaaba
Islam ki thokar se mandir ko gira denge ham hastiye kafir ko dunyan se mita denge.	From the blows of Islam, the temple will crumble We will eliminate the life of the unbelievers from the world