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

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

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

The rulers were bad
No sympathy they had.
They would hit and scold
Sparing none the young and old.
They would not let
People talk freely,
Stopped people from work
They taxed them heavily

One day they thought
Of a tax on salt,
They would get money
From people—a lot.
Our man was silent
Thinking very deep;
All the people around him
Desired him to speak.

With a tax on salt
It would cost a lot;
Their food would be tasteless
Without grains of salt.
How could his people live
With tasteless food;
He decided to fight
Because it was no good.

People around him
Were eager to listen;
How to fight rulers?
What would happen?
At last he spoke
To people one and all;
“We will not pay tax
On salt at all.”

“Salt is God’s gift
Mother nature’s bounty;
We need it in our food
Not to pay any tax or duty”.
Let us fight with rulers
For this unjust action;
Let us all unite
We have new weapons!

He gave to his people
Weapons with novel edge;
They were ahimsaa—non violence
The courage not to harm!
To protect against tax on salt
Satyagraha we perform;
Even if they act brutally
We will do not harm.

Let us go to the seashore
Over to the pans of salt;
We collect it from pans
Till we win we won’t halt.
His people were happy
They knew how to fight;
With weapons of courage and non-violence
Let the whole nation unite.

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

He marched to Dandi village
Walked ahead of many;
In front of him
Walked a tiny kid
Non-Violent Warrior

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

As he marched to the shore
Whole country was on feet
The rulers were very angry
Spared none, to all they hit.
They attacked his people
With weapons and cavalry;
Their long laathis and lances
Piercing wounds deadly.

Many were wounded
Many were dead;
But he and his people
Continued to march ahead.
All over the country
People marched in Satyagraha
Truth on their side
Though the rulers aggrieved.

People marched all over
Holding handful salt firmly;
They would not go back
Faced the army bravely.
Finally the weary rulers
   Had to bow down;
They agreed not to tax
   Salt on any count.

People won the battle
Against the mighty rulers;
Satyagraha they performed
With non-violence and valor.
Among them stood our hero
With grace and wisdom;
He was Mahatma Gandhi
Hero of peace and freedom.