

Echoes of

1857

“The earthquake of 1857 shook every nook and corner of the country, but its epicentre was that part of India where the people are called by the name of “Purbias” i.e., people speaking the Avadhi or Bhojpuri dialects”, says Rahul Sankrityayana, the famous Hindi scholar.

Indeed such is the strength and force of the tradition of 1857 among the people inhabiting these areas that the mutiny continues to be a very favourite theme for songs by village poets down to the present day. Some of these popular songs by folk-poets from the Avadhi area were collected some time back for the Akadami by Shree Ram Naresh Shukla ‘Rahi’. We have selected five of the best songs from this collection. Their English translation made by Dr. Puranchand Joshi are being given below along with their original Avadhi texts.

Though these songs are relatively modern we have thought it proper to call them folk-songs as they are the compositions of genuine

folk-poets from the villages and they are based on the traditional Avadhi airs such as, *Purabi Kaharawa* and *Kajli*. Besides, they have already acquired wide currency among the people of the particular region.

We are also giving a few songs composed during 1857 from the collection of William Crooke along with translations made by him. These songs were popular in Saharanpur, Fyzabad and Hardoi districts of Uttar Pradesh.

The flames of 1857 had spread far and wide as was evidenced by the mutiny at Ranchi. A song of that mutiny has become a part of the Oraon Folklore. The song was collected by the late F. Hahn of the G.E.L. Mission and edited and translated by A Grinard, of the catholic mission of Chota Nagpur. We are giving the text and translation of this song.

Lastly we give a few verses of Bahadurshah expressing his determination and also his despair following the events of 1857.

RANI LAXMI BAI

(Purabi)

No jewels to adorn her but only patriotism.
That glowed so brightly her only ornament!
The whole world saw Laxmibai in eighteen fifty seven!!
Fate had ordained her to be a fighter in just her adolescence.
No child she had to play in her lap and wipe out her tears.
A son she adopted at last in eighteen fifty seven—
The whole world saw her in her only ornament!
The mandates of the British she poohpoohed with heroic defiance.
And greeted with glee the tidings of revolts and rebellions—
Whispered in her ears by Tantiya in eighteen fifty seven.
The whole world saw her in her only ornament!
Encircled by English battalions was Jhansi, under fire.
When like an enraged lioness for vengeance, in male attire,
Fearless for battle left Laxmibai in fifty seven—
The whole world saw her in her only ornament!
Many she killed single-handed when a fatal shot they fired,
Her horse collapsed, she held on like a heroine inspired.
The ground was studded with corpses in eighteen fifty seven—
The whole world saw her in her only ornament!
Bruised and battered in battle, in Gwalior she died.
Woe betide the Firangis—they usurped her kingdom when she died.
'Ram Abhilash' sings her glory of eighteen fifty seven.
The whole world saw her in her only ornament.

पुरबी

भारत भक्ती क गहनवाँ, लक्ष्मी बाई पहिरे तनवाँ,
कुल जहनवाँ जनले ना, झलका वही सत्तावन सनवा,
कुल जहनवाँ जनले ना ।

बाइस साल की उम्र में विधवा पहिराया रणसारी,
आसू पोंछइ के खातिर बच्चा रहा न गोद मझारी,
कुल जहनवाँ जनले नां, आखिर लिया गोद ललनवाँ ।
कु० ॥१॥

अंग्रेजी आज्ञा का पालन किया नहीं वह रानी,
हुई थी गज भर छाती उसकी सुन-सुन गदर कहानी,
कुल जहनवाँ जनले ना, तँतिया टोपी फुकले कनवा ।
कुल० ॥२॥

गोरी सेना ने घेर लिया था संगीनों से झांसी,
मर्द भेस में निकल पड़ी सिंहिनी खून की प्यासी,
कुल जहनवाँ जनले ना, अपना धरे हथेली जनवा ।

कल्ल किया गोरों को कितने, लगी आंख में गोली,
घाट किया घोड़े ने फिर भी खेली रक्त की होली,
कुल जहनवाँ जनले ना, भर दो गोरन से मैदनवाँ ।

अनहद घायल हुई अंत में मरी ग्वालियर जाई,
राज का उसके अधिक भाग अंग्रेजों ने अपनाई,
कुल जहनवाँ जनले ना, राम अभिलाष लिखा यह गनवा ।

कुल ॥५॥

ON 1857 MUTINY

(*Kaharwa*)

Look the Firangi merchants came
and pillaged and plundered our land.
They hoisted here their banner and swallowed up
the wealth and riches of our land.
The kings pitched against each other fought
while the Firangis usurped our land.
Like pests smiting the paddy fields they came
and sucked the blood of our land.
There is left neither work nor living
and terrible poverty stalks our land.
Look, the Firangi.....
At the hands of the English sell their honour
even the big and mighty of our land.
There is neither peace nor security, like orphans
roam about the rulers of our land.
Not a penny left in the pocket
O what curse has befallen our land.
Look, the Firangi.....
The firangi empire was shaken to its roots
in eighteen fifty seven in our land.
What tyranny O what terror
when mutiny seethed our land.
Children torn away from their parents
O what ruin swept our land.
Look, the Firangi.....
In Allahabad, Bithoor and Kanpur
in Lucknow, in other towns of our land.
Wherever went Nana there sprang up
centres of rebellion in our land.
They belong to the heavens, the heroes—
that gave their lives for their land.
Look, the Firangi.....

१८५७ की क्रान्ति के प्रति

कहरवा

आइलें फिरंगिया, कइके बनीजिया, देसवा लूटि खइले ना, ई करमवा देख हो, हयवा नहीं एक ऊ पाई ॥२॥
झंडा लाल फहराई देसवा लूटि खइलें ना ॥ अठारह माँ मत्तावन मन् में तख्त फिरंगी हीना,
देहेनि लड़ाई देस के रजवन, बनि गये इहां क राजा, भई गदर भारत के अन्दर, मची जुल्म की लीला,
खून-मांस सब चूसि लेहेनि, जस धान में गंधी लागी, देसवा गारद भइले हो, छूटले माई, बाप, भाई ॥३॥
आई घोर गरीबिया ना, बची रोजी न कमाई ॥१॥ कानपुर, लखनऊ, इलाहाबाद बिठूर नगरिया,
बड़े-बड़े तक इज्जत बेचलेन अंग्रेजन के हाथ, रहा गदर क केन्द्र जहां पर नाना कइ सरदरिया,
तबऊन मुख कई रोटी खइलेन हरदम रहेनि अनाथ, भारत माता के लिए, गइले देव लोक में जाई ॥४॥

(Purabi)

Brightly burn the lights of the lamp and the moths appear—
 Fired with passion and love the patriots gather,
 Happiness reigned when the residents of Bharat lived in gaiety
 Happiness reigned when there prevailed trust and harmony
 Happiness reigned in Bharat all those years.
 Brightly burn the lights of the lamps and the moths gather.
 The native kings as one man in the same boat were sailing—
 There came Firangis when the kings against each other were thundering—
 Thus withered our golden bird and bad days appeared—
 Brightly burn the lights of the lamps and the moths gather.
 They played what tricks and what feuds inspired.
 Friends turned bitter foes and against each other conspired.
 What shame : that our banner was torn asunder—
 Brightly burn the lights of the lamps and the moths gather.
 Fired with love in fifty seven our soldiers rattled.
 Lacs of them, drew swords; and against Firangis battled.
 What glory, what martyrdom in India's honour—
 Brightly burn the lights of the lamps and the moths gather.

पुरबी

जोतिया लागल हो दियनवां,	तब पतिगंवा अइले ना ।	तब फिरंगिया अइले ना,	कइलेन देसवा के गरदवा । ॥२॥
नेहिया देस प्रेम कई लागल,	तब मरदनवां अइले ना ॥	चाल दुरंगी खेलि-खेलि क	ऐसन चक्र चलाई,
रहत रहें सुख चैन से मिलकर	जब तक भारत वासी,	माई-बाप-मित्र आपस में	कइलेन खूब लड़ाई,
तब तक कवनऊ रहा न संकट	जब तक थे विश्वासी,	तब कुदिनवां आइले ना,	टूटल भारत क निसनवा । ॥३॥
सुख के दिनवा अइले ना,	ये ही भारत के मझरवां ॥१॥	देस प्रेम के पहिरि गहनवां	सत्तावन में जाई,
एक नाव पर देस के रजये	बनल रहें खिवैया,	लाखों ने हथियार गहा,	गोरों से किया लड़ाई,
जब आपस में फूट भयल तब	मरि गई सोन चिरैया,	तब बलिदनवां अइले ना,	ये ही भारत के करनवां । ॥४॥

THE MUTINY

(*Kajri*)

Our countrymen are in revolt, O Sanwaria.
Dark clouds have gathered, O Sanwaria.
In fifty seven they rose against their thralldom.
Men and women, everyone stirred for freedom.
Soaked with blood are their garments, O Sanwaria.
Deserted are their chambers, O Sanwaria.
Our countrymen are in revolt, O Sanwaria.
The first spark was kindled by the Bengal battalion,
Like wild fire it rolled from region to region.
The vault of tyranny broke down, O Sanwaria.
The skulls of Firangis rolled on, O Sanwaria.
In old Bahadur Shah, once more youth was resurgent.
Old Kunwar Singh, Nana and Tantiya valiant.
Leaders of bloodiest battles, O Sanwaria.
Tearing their enemies to smithereens, O Sanwaria.
Lacs of heads rolled on yet their hearts knew no mercy.
O who could describe it what naked brutality.
Where lies deliverance from this plight, O Sanwaria.
O Lord, when shall you appear to undo this wrong, O Sanwaria.

कजरी (दोहा चाल)

आयल देस में गदरिया अरे साँवलिया ।
छायल काल कइ बदरिया अरे साँवलिया ॥
सत्तावन में गदर भइल आजादी लावइ खातिर,
नर-नारी सब जंग में कूदेनि रहेनि जे भीतर बाहिर,—
भीजल खून से चदरिया अरे साँवलिया ।
छूटल मुखमी सेजरिया अरे साँवरिया ॥ (१)
बंगाला के फौज बीच पहिले चिटकी चिनगारी,
पाछे देस भरे में फइली कइलेस राज उजारी,—
टूटल जुल्मी छतरिया अरे साँवलिया ।

फूटल गोरन कइ खोपरिया अरे साँवलिया ॥ (२)
साठि साल के साह बहादुर फेरि होई गये जवाना.
नाना साहब, टोपी, बूढ़े कुंवरसिंह बलवाना,—
कइलेन खूनी सरदरिया अरे साँवरिया ।
कइलेन दुरमन कइ अंतरिया अरे साँवलिया ॥ (३)
लाखन मूंड पड़े घरती पर तबऊ न पमुता डोली,
लेखन हारी कलम टूटि गइ देखि जुलुम कइ होली,—
लेख कतहूं सूभेना उगरिया अरे साँवरिया ।
भगवान कब लेइहो खवरिया अरे साँवलिया ॥

A Widow's Patriotism

Kajri

Since the days of the mutiny, my chamber is lonely.
In fifty seven left, my soldier for the army.
He laid down his life, for the sake of his country.
Since the time he left, my chamber is lonely.
Gone is my vermillion, my sari, and my Tikli.
Gone are my bangles forever, and sawan's festivity.
Since the days of the mutiny, my chamber is lonely.
Empty is my house, my courtyard and my balcony.
My mother-in-law's sanctum—and the town is empty.
Since the days of the mutiny, my chamber is lonely.
In my grief-stricken heart, there is but one expectancy—
Let the day come soon, when we drive out the Firangi.
Since the days of the mutiny, my chamber is lonely.

कजरी (मिर्जापुरी)

एक विधवा स्त्री का कथन

जब से गदर भई भारत में, तब से मून सेजरिया ना।
सत्तावन में मोर सिपहिया, लइ बन्दुकिया ना,
भारत मैया के करनवा तजि के गए सरीरिया ना। ॥१॥
सेन्दुर छोड़ा, टिकली छोड़ा, छोड़ा सरिया ना,
छोड़ी हाथे कई चूड़ियावा, सखन कइ कजरिया ना। ॥२॥

घर सूना और आंगन सूना, सूनी अँटरिया ना,
सूनी साजन कइ नगरिया, सामु कइ ओसरिया ना। ॥३॥
मइ दुखिया के हिय में लागी एक इ जलनिया ना,
जहिया लगिहीं सब फिरगिया तबइजुड़ाये छतियाना। ॥४॥

Songs of the Mutiny

लोगों ने लूटे शाल दोशाले, मेरे प्यारे ने लूटे रूमाल ।
 मेरठ का सदर बाज़ार है, मेरे संझ्यां लूटे ना जाने ।
 लोगों ने लूटे थाली कटोरे, मेरे प्यारे ने लूटे गिलास ।
 मेरठ का सदर बाज़ार है,
 लोगों ने लूटे गोले छुहारे, मेरे प्यारे ने लूटे बादाम ।
 मेरठ का सदर बाज़ार है,
 लोगों ने लूटे मुहर अशर्फी, मेरे प्यारे ने लूटे छदाम ।
 मेरठ का सदर बाज़ार है,

People got shawls, large and small; my love got a kerchief. There is a great bazar at Meerut; my love did not know to plunder.

People got dishes and cups; my love got a glass. There is a great bazar at Meerut; People got coconuts and dates; my love got an almond. There is a great bazar at Meerut,

People got coins of gold; my love got a half penny. There is a great bazar at Meerut.

राणा बहादुर सिपाही अवध में,
 धूम मचाई भोरे राम रे ।
 लिख लिख चिठिया, लाट ने भेजा,
 आन मिलो, राणाभाई रे ।
 जंगी खिलअत लन्दन से मंगादूँ,
 अवध में सूवा बनाई रे ।
 जबाब सवाल लिखा राणा ने,
 हमसे करो चतुराई रे ।
 जब तक प्राण रहें तन भीतर,
 तुम कन खोद बहाई रे ।

The soldiers of Rana raised trouble in Oudh my Ram. The lord sent a letter: "Come and join us, Brother Rana, I will get military honours from London, and make you a governor in Oudh". The Rana wrote an answer "Dont play with me. As long as there is life in my body, I will dig you up and throw you away."

राजा गुलाब सिंह, रहिया तोरी हेरू,
 इक बार दरस दिखलावो रे ।
 अपमी गढ़ी से यों बोले गुलाबसिंह,
 सुन, रे साहवा मेरी बात रे ।
 पैदल भाई मरे, सावार भी मरे,
 मरी फौज बेहिसाब रे ।
 बाँके गुलाब सिंह, रहिया तोरी हेरू,
 इक बार दरस दिखलावो रे ।
 पहली लड़ाई लखमनगढ़ जीते,
 दूसरी लड़ाई रहीमाबाद,
 तीसरी लड़ाई सन्दिलवा में जीते,
 जम्मू में कीन्हा मुकाम रे ।
 "राजा गुलाब सिंह, रहिया तोरी हेरू,
 इक बार दरस दिखलावो रे ।

The story is that Gulab Singh, the Thakur of Barwa Batora, tahsil Sandila, District Hardoi, was a bachelor who had adopted his sister's son. She was a brave woman, who inspired him to further deeds of darings.

Sung by Qumasuddin of Sandila and recorded by Ram Gharib Chaube.

"Raja Gulab Singh, I am a little tired of waiting: show yourself for once".

From his fort spake thus Gulab Singh: "Here my words lady. I have slain the foot-soldiers, I have slain horsemen, I have slain a countless army".

"Brave Gulab Singh, I am a little tired of waiting: show yourself for once".

The first fight I won at Lakmanagarh; the second camp at Rahimabad. The third fight I won in Sandila, and made my camp at Jamu.

Refrain

"Raja Gulab Singh I am a little tired of waiting: show yourself for once".