CHAPTER-V
WOMAN EMPOWERMENT AND ASSAMESE FOLKSONGS
WOMAN EMPOWERMENT

The term empowerment covers a wide range of meanings and definitions. The discipline ranges from psychology to the highly commercialised self-help industry and motivational sciences as well. The concept of empowerment also focuses on the discrimination based on disability, race, ethnicity, religion and gender. The concept of empowerment as a methodology often associated with the concept of feminism as the women-empowerment is the hot topic of discussion in the present era. The women – empowerment may also be regarded as gender-empowerment. The empowerment of women includes the all round development of women---social, political and financial. The entire nation, business, communities and groups can be benefitted by adopting the concept of women-empowerment and by the implementation of the programme and policies. Through the implementation of the policies, the women themselves will feel empowered who had been in a suffocating state of mind as the ongoing social system has not given them the enough chance to flourish themselves. The human development and capabilities approach, the millennium development goals and other credible approaches has always advocated the concept of empowerment and participation as a necessary step in the all round development of the nation. The empowerment is a procedural concept as well when addressing the human rights. Only through the participation and empowerment, a nation can overcome the obstacles associated with poverty, ignorance, slavery, unemployment, corruption and etc. The empowerment of women refers to the strengthening the social, economic and educational powers of women. It refers to an environment where there is no gender bias, sexist notion and women, like that of men have equal right in community, society and workplace.
Women population is around 50% of the total population of the world. They have every right to be treated equally with men in every sphere of life and society; they should be treated equally in terms of social, political and financial issue. But the scenario in India is slightly different as women have been prescribed to be protected by her father till her marriage, by her husband after marriage and by her son after the death of her husband. For all these social customs, where women have been tried to visualize as a mentally and physically inferior creature as compared to her male counterpart, the males have got certain kind of superiority complex. Because of inherent superiority complex prevailing in the psychology of Indian men, it is often seen that they are not much willing to let their female counterparts to rise as high as them. For this reason, in order to dominate the female, the males use force; objectionable words and other form of domestic violences to prohit them in recognizing their self worth. Violences also goes on in work place like, sexual harassment, molestation etc. Women do bear a high level of domestic responsibility like, giving birth to the child, taking care of the child, cooking, cleaning, dusting, washing, taking care of in-laws, managing financial budget inside the household and many more. Sometimes women get stuck so much in the domestic responsibilities that, they do not get adequate chance of engaging themselves in other works or think of their rights. Hence, they are restricted in participating in social, economic and religious activities. Male child is still preferred in Indian societies over the female child. Female child is so much unacceptable that people do not even hesitate to go for female foeticide. For all these reasons Gender-equality is most important and this can only be achieved through the expansion of education, which will in turn, abolish ignorance in the society. Both women and men should be made aware of their responsibilities to promote and practice gender-equality. The society should be made aware that both boy-child and girl-child are equal, and they both should have equal access to resources.
“Save the Girl Child” is a social initiative in India to fight against the practice of female foeticide. The present Prime Minister of India has requested every section of the society to give wholehearted support to the “Beti Bachao, Beti Padhao” abhiyan (initiative). ‘Beti Bachao’ means ‘save girl child’ and ‘Beti Padhao’ means ‘educate the girl child.’ This is the only solution which will lead the society to accept the daughters as human beings and hence the gender equality can be established. When the girls will be educated, they will be able to earn their bread of themselves and will prove to be the strongest support system of the family, both financial and emotional. The educated section of the women will understand their self worth and hence they will decide whether to get married or not and if yes then to whom. This will play a significant role in the society and this will able to stop the greatest social evil of India, the dowry system. She will be able to give birth to the girl child and educate her as much as she wants her to be educated. Self-dependent women will not be easy victim of domestic violences and if it happens, she has every right to file for a divorce and led her life comfortably without any pressure. Hence, the promotion of women education is the basic pillar of women empowerment. One of the best way to promote the women empowerment is to offer them land rights. Land rights will offer a key to economically empower women who is self-dependent and capable enough to manage her life. This confidence of women is the main power which is pregnant with the potentiality of establishing gender-inequality and removes all the differences prevailing between two sexes. It is indeed a significant move as in many developing countries, women are restricted of property rights, land rights and right of inheritance. That too, on the basis of gender. Having right to property gives women a sort of power that they wouldn’t normally have. This power may be resembled with a kind of bargaining power, which, in turn; will give them the ability to assert
themselves in various aspects of their life, both in and outside of the home, in social circle and in domestic affairs.

Another most important way to make women empowered is to, allocate women those responsibilities which, normally are belong to men. When women have economic empowerment, it is a way for others to see them as equal members of society who do not have to depend upon others to manage their lives. Through this, women can achieve more self-respect and confidence by their contribution to their communities. In this way, the women will consider themselves as the part of the community and society which can have sweeping positive and constructive effects to the society. Another important way of empowering women is to give them fair chance in political activities, like, right to vote, right to get elected, right to public speech, voice their opinion, right to run the public office and etc. the political participation women is a most important criterion for nation in establishing women or gender empowerment. On the other hand the political participation will encourage them to be flourished and it will develop their self-confidence. But this participation should not be kept limited up to political realm, but it should extend up to social and financial realm as well. It can include participation in the household, in schools, in offices, in decision making process and the ability to make choices for her own benefit and shaping her life according to her wish. Now a day, the governments of the developing nations are lending money to the women to make them self dependent. The idea behind the scheme of lending money is to give women fair chance and opportunity to run a business of their own. The sole purpose is to make women economically independent and as economic independence generate self-confidence among the women, for this reason this way of empowering women has widely been accepted and been implemented by the Governments of different nations. The women empowerment is the most important motive of the foundation of
Micro-finance. Now a day, loans with low interest rates are given to women in developing communities in hopes that they can start a small business and provide for her family and women have taken full advantage of it and hence they are earning bread and butter for their respective families.

WOMEN EMPOWERMENT AND ASSAMESE FOLKSONGS

The evolution of human civilization has been started from the very birth of the human beings. Education has provided speed to human civilization. In this process of progress of human race, women have contributed to a large extent. Women are the main machinery who keep on running the society through their decision making power. Women hold the esteemed position in the society because they are filled with love, kindness, tolerance and the owners of compassionate hearts. They are enriched with human values. If the pages of history will be turned over, it will be seen that, women have played various roles with changing times. In the Vedic ages, women held a higher position with their intellectual, cultural and spiritual grace and breathtaking beauty and personality. In the Medieval period, the position of women were little bit lowered by the then society. They were deprived of social, political and economic rights. Though the position of women was not satisfactory at that age, still, women of royal and aristocratic families could show the talent of their own. Among those Rani Durgabati, Razia Sultana, Rani Laxmi Bai, Jaymati Konwari, Mula Gabharu, Bor-Raja Phuleswari Konwwari are the most prominent. In this chapter, example of Mula Gabharu, Jaymati Konwari and Kanaklata will be taken who have contributed a lot towards women empowerment through their courage, dedication and sacrifice.

MULA GABHARU
According to historians, the legend of Mula Gabharu belongs to the period 1527-1532AD, which coincides with the 5th and the 6th invasion of Assam by the Muslim rulers from Delhi and Bengal. Mula Gabharu was the sister of Ahom King Suhungmang and her Ahom name was Nang-son-Seng-Khem. She spent her childhood on the banks of river Dihi ng. Education was provided to her as she belonged to royal family. She was able to show extreme luminosity at social customs, warfare, war-tactics and games. When she reached at the age of her marriage, she was married to Phrasenmugng Borgohain who became the chief general of army in the war against the Mohammedans aggressor led by General Turbak. It was a custom in those days that when a man went to war, his wife was to weave overnight a piece of cloth, an amulet called “Kavach” to be worn by her husband, which was believed to protect the man’s life. Unfortunately, Mula was indisposed for a couple of days and was unable to weave the cloth, and Phrasengmung could not wait for another day as the enemy had already launched an attack. Phrasengmung fought heroically, but got killed in the battle even as the Ahom army continued to resist the enemies after his death.

Mula Gabharu was heartbroken when the news of her husband’s death reached her. Driven by a feeling of guilt that her husband died because of her inability to make the “Kavach” for him, she soon overcame her grief and decided to avenge her husband’s death. What she really did was totally unheard. She took up arms against the enemies to save her own country. She trained up a group of courageous women warriors and joined the battlefield. The sight of these valiant women led by Mula Gabharu marching into the battlefield greatly inspired the Ahom army and they fought with renewed vigor and zeal. The enemy soldiers were taken aback by the sight of these courageous women and soon began to lose the ground. After fighting heroically Mula Gabharu and her women soldiers all laid down their lives in the battleground. But the
Ahom Army greatly inspired by her and her companions finally routed the enemies and killed General Tubak. By making her supreme sacrifice, she left behind the highest example of patriotism, dedication and love for her country, which continued to inspire present day generation. There are not many songs to praise this great lady. Poet and historian Hiteswar Barbaruahdev has written a ballad king of song for this great lady in his book “Judhdhoketrot Ahom Romoni”. This will be started with the state of mind of Mula Gabharu when she went to battlefield and came face to face with Turbak, the killer of her beloved husband.

**MULA GABHARU SONG (I)**

*Hēy Tūrbak!*

*Pālō Aāji Bhāāgye Dekhāā Tōk,*

*Pōṭhōntāā Tōi Mōṛ Būlīle Mūḷāāī.*

‘Nāākhim Swāhōntē Aāji, Kāāti Tōr Sīr,Pūrāām Hēpāāh Mōṛ…

*Lāḷōkhāā Jūdhdhōṛ.*

Tūrbāk Bīrkūlē Birbōngkhē Jōnmō Turbōkōr,

Sundōri Bājē Hī Nijōṛ Biratwō Gōūrab.

Nūbūje Hī Nāārēēr Sōtē,

Kī Ghrīnāār Kōthāā,

Jūjībō Pāāthaāān Bēēr Abōlāā Nāārēērē,

Pōshūrāāj Sīghōṛ Sōte,

Kī Aāshpōrdhāā….Jwōle Prāān Nilāāj Turbāk,

Kīyō Īṭō Dōṛpō Tōr??

Lūkāāī Pōlāāī,Rāākhisō Pōrāān Māāṭhō Siyāālor Dōṛē,

Anyāāy Jūdhōt, Pōrīle Ji Rōpe Bāālī,
Aājio Hi Rōpe Pōrile Mulā Gabhōru,

Ahōm-Gōūrāb, Mārtimōti Rōnōdevi Ahōm Phōōl,

Mōdili Pōrile Mulā(Aaita Singhini)

Būkur Tēzērē Bōle Sōnitōr Nōi……..

Somōr Khetrō Hāāy Ahōmōr Senāā,

Ghōr Gōrjōnē Sōbe Uthilē Gōrōji

Dhāēkhāār Kōri Pūnāā;

Lāāgil Pūnōr Judhōhō Pūnū Dūdōlōre,

Hōl Bōhu Nāākh Pāāthan Pōkkhōr Senāā,

Tishtibō Nuwāāri,

Polāāle Sekhōt Sōbe Judhōhō Thāāi Arī??

Pōlāāy Pōrāān Lōī Pāāthānōr Sēnāā,

Pāse Pāse Niyē Khēdi Ahōm Sēnai,Kōri Ghōr Gōrjōn,

Pōlāāy Jēn Pōwāālī Sōhāā………

Aāhile Mūhilāā Kāāndi,

Sāāboti Dingit , Mulāār,

Bulīle Sōke,

“Uthā . Prā .nōōhi KiyōAāi Ai Dōhā ……………

Tēeē Rā .ngōī Dehā . Kiyō…

Jēē Dehāā Bibhūkhītō Nāānā Olōṅkāārē,

Kiyō Sītī Lūnthītō Dḥūlīt? Gāābhōru Hēy Sōkhi Tūmi Sōbhē Ki……………

Tōmāār Bhumi Sōrjyāā Ai Bēkh Hāāy…………

Okāālot, Fōlīle Ki Ai Phōl Aākhāār Gōsōt?

129
Uthāā, Sokhi Phāāte Hiyāā,

Dekhile Tōmāār Ai Bēk, Kāānde Prāān……………

Jāār Bikrōmōt Kōmpītō Pāāthān Sēnāā,

Jāār Sōte Jūji, Tyāājīle Tāāzwē Prāān,

Mōrīl Bāṅgāāl Okālōt,

Dōityō Sobē Chōndikāāre Sōtē,

Jūdhdhō Kōri Jēn Tāāhāni Kāālōt…

Ai Būli Hūrōṛāāwe Kāāndilē Mūhilāā,

Sōkhir Dingit Dhōrī………

Nāākāndibāā Prāānosōkhi Bhōy Sōṅgkhāārōt,

Sōkōlō Ōntityō,Nāāi Kōnō Pōr,Kōnō Nōhōy Apōn, Tōmāār

Ai Biswōrōōpēe Grihō Prāāngōnōt Eke OribĀr Aāmi,

Ahōm, Khō Yōbōn, Sōkōlō Onityō Aāmi,

Sōbōre Bhāgyōt Aāsē Sōk Mrityū Likhāā,

Sōkōlōre Dehāā, Nirmitō Pōnchōbhūṭere Pūnū,

Māāthō Kirti Jōkh Ai Mōrtōt Māṅōbōr Akhkhōy Obōyō.

Birkānyāā, Bīrpōtni, Ahōm Rōmōni,

Tūmī Anē Byākulōtā, Nōkhōbhe Tomāār,

Jōgōṭōr Chirirēēti Jōnōm,

Mōrōn Mughō Māāthō Mūrkhōtāt,

Gyāānī Obichōl Othōsō Pōrbōt Jen,

Tyāājim Nāswāār Dehāā Sōte Prāān,

Sokhi ēetu Swāādeshor!!
Kiyō Sōkhi Kāāndāā Tūmi !

Kiyō Kōrāā Sōk !

Onityō Māānab Prāān,

Jibōnōr Lēēlāā Mulāāre Sōmāpti Aāji !

Muhuntōr Pāāse Jāābō Prāān Ari Dēēhāā,

E Onityō Kāāyāā !

Kiyō Misāā Korāā Sōk?

Āī Rangō Bhūmit Nāānāā Bekh Dhōrī………

Kōre Nāānāā Krirāā Nōr

Krirāā Khekh Hōlē………Pōre Aāhi Jōbōnīkāā……

Pōnchobhīti Dekhāā Hōy Pōnchōbhute Lēēn,

122

Bāāyūr Pūtūli, Nirōle Jī Rūpe Hōy Adrishyō Bāāyūt!!

Nōhyō Māānōb Māāthō.

Gōtēi Jōgōt,(Bibhūr Shrijōt Jōt) Onityō Sōbēī,

Sōūwāā Dōōrāāt Dekhāā Pōrbōtōr Chūrāā,

Khilērē Bōndwāā Gḥōr…………

Dēēbō Mōndir Kīmbāā Rāāj Niketān, Unnātā Sōrir

Chūrnā Hōbō Sōbē……

Ai Jōwāā Prithbi Sōkhi…………

Bāsuķī Sirōt,

Pōrbōt, Sāgār, Pushpā, Tōru, Lōtā Aādi,

Sōkōlōtī Hōbō Dhōṅkḥō,

Nāāthāākībō Sin!!
Okhāār Swāānor Dōre Tōpōni Jāālōt,

Onityō Sokolō Aāmi,

Onityō Mōrōtō, Sokolō Onityō,

Kintu Onityā Māāje Ati Nityō Sōkhi,

Si Kirti, Jōkh Māānōb Jibōnor,

Jōdi Kōrmō Kōri Rāakhī Juwāā Kirti Sōkhi.

Nōhoy Binōsōhtō, Jōkh Tāār,

Hōr Nāākh Götei Prithivi……...

Ahōm Rōmōni Tūmi…………………

Jōnmī Bēerkule,

Nāāi Ki Jōkh Lāālokhaā Hiyāāt,

Hey Sōkhi Tōmāār?

Nāākandō, Sōkhi

Jōwāā Sōmōyōt Hengōdāān Dhōrī Hāāte,

Kōrāā Sōtrukhōy Dēkhbōiri Jōtō pāārāā,

Ki Sār Jōūbān, Jibōn Prāān Lāālōkha,

Ki Tuchhō Sōngkhāār,

Māāyāāmōy E Bhōbōt Māāyaāā Sōngkhāār,

Khōntekāā Sūch-Hētū Swāādekh Sewāāt,

Pāābāā Sēī Amōrettō Amōr Bōnchitō,

Ghōkhībō Mōrōtō Jōkh Jūg Jūgāāntōre,

Aāhōtō Singhīnī Mulā Jōdiobā Hāāy,

Ki Rōpe Nōgorji Thāāke,
The above mentioned narrative song may be described as follows:

Mula said………………

“ Hey Turbak……How Fortunate Am I That I Have Been Blessed With A Chance To See You Today!

You Are The Killer Of My Beloved Husband……… I Will Beheaded You Today….

My Desire Of Launch A War With You Will Be Fulfilled Today”

Turbak, Who Was Born In A Courageous Family Said,

“ Oh Beautiful Lady! I Understand And Ptoud Of My Bravery…………

How A Lion Will Be Able To Fight With A Vixen?

Fighting With A Weak Lady Will Proved To Be A Matter Of Shame And Hatred For Me!”

Oh What An Audacity…………

My Heart Burns………………

Oh Shameless Turbak………………

What Makes You Feel So Proud Of Yourself?

You……..The Fugitive! Somehow You Saved Your Life Like A Cunning Fox.

In An Unjust War……….
The Pride Of Ahoms………..
The Idol Of War-Goddess………..
The Ahom-Flower…………… Mula

Roared loudly!!!!!
The River Sonit Was Coloured In Blood Of Hearts.

Oh!!!!!

At The Field Of War………..
The Ahom Soldiers Roared………..

Two War Troops Started Fighting Hard………..
The Pathan Soldiers Were Destroyed By Brave Ahoms………..

They Were Driven Away ……………
The Pathan Soldiers Started Fledding Away………..

Just Like A Baby Hare Who Runs Away When Scared By The Lion Wild………..

Muhila Came Along………………

Embracved Mula On Her Neck…………

She Shouted With The Eyes Full Of Tears…………

“ Wake Up My Best-Friend!!

Why Are You In Such A Condition Today??????????
The Body Which Remains Occuoied With Expensive Jewelleries………..

Now That Precious Body Is Lying On Sand?

Oh Friend!!! It Doesnot Suit You…………

You Are Lying On The Ground??

Oh!!! What Kind Of Fruit Has Grown Up On The Trees Of Hope?
Wake Up My Best Friend……..My Soul-Sister!!!

My Heart Scatters In Pain…………

When I See You In This Condition……

My Soul Cries!!!

Seeing Whose Bravery Pathan Soldiers Tremble…..

Against Whom Tezu Launched War And Lost His Life…

Bengal Died In A Untime Death………..

You Are Just Like Goddess Chandika……

Against Whom Devils Fought!!!

Thus Muhila Started To Cry………..

Then,

Mula Said,

“ Don’t You Cry My Best Friend…………

Oh My Soul-Sister……Don’t You Cry………..

In This World……

Everything Is Temporary………..

No One Is Your Own…..But Keep It In Mind Oh My Best-Friend………..

No One Belongs To Others Also………..

This World Is Our Home……….And We All Are Family Members………..

Let It Be Ahom Or Yaban………..

We all are mortal…………

Listen My Best-Friend………..

We All Are Destined To Die………..
We All Have Bodies Composed Of Five Ingredients.

Just What Is Immortal Is Good-Works And Fame!!

The Fame Cannot Be Abolished!

You Are A Brave-Daughter, Brave-Wife And An Ahom Woman…..

Such Kind Of Weakness Does Not Suit You Dear!!

Birth Is The Rule Of Nature…………

Due To Foolishness We Keep On Craving For Love……

But The Wise Doesnot Get Fluctuated At All……

Today….. I M Going To Leave This Body Along With My Soul……

I Am Sacrificing Myself For My Dear Country……

Oh My Best-Friend!!! Why Do You Cry?

Human Soul Is Always Temporary……

Today This Mula Will Stop Her Drama Of Life……

A Few Moments Later……

My Soul Will Take Off For A New Journey……

This Body Is Temporary……

Oh My Best-Friend……. Why Are You So Shocked?

In This Platform Called World……

People Do Act In Disguise……

After Completion Of Particular Acts………

Everyone Dies…………

We All Are The Dolls Of Wind……

After Death We Are Meant To Be Vanished In Wind.
Not Only The Human Beings……

But Everything In This World Is Temporary!

Look At The Mountain Peak Standing Far…..

Look At The Homes Made Of Stones…………

Let It Be A Temple Or A Royal Palace…….. 

Or A Well-Built Human-Body…..

Everything Will Be Destroyed………..

Oh My Best-Friend……. This World Will Be Destroyed………

Not A Single Mark Of Existence Will remain!

Just Like In A Senseless Trap Of Slumber………..

We All Are Temporary………..

Everything Is Temporary………..

But……….. Among All The Temporaries……..

Just One Thing Is Permanent………..

That Is Nothing But Fame………..

If You Keep On Doing Good Works………..

Your Name And Fame Will Remain Immortal…..

Doesnot Matter The World Gets Vanished.

You Are A Ahom-Lady………..

You Have Taken Birth In A Brave Community………..

Donot You Have Any Greed In Heart?

Oh My Best-Friend………..

I Wont Cry………..
Go Away Bt Holding Your Sword In Your Heart………..

Kill All The Enemies Of Your Beloved Nation……

What Is Youth??????????

Just The Greed Of Life And Soul?

What Kind Of Lower-Standard World Is this?

This World Is Full Of Mystery…….

Let The Temporary Soul Remain Engaged In The Welfare Of The Country!

That Is The Only Way Of Attaining Immortality…….

The World Will Keep On Chirping Your Name And Fame!

Let Mula Be A Wounded Lioness…….

But What Can Stop A Wounded Tigress To Roar Loudly

After Seeing The Notoriousness Of The Cunning Foxes?????

Oh My Soul-Sister!

The Mula Brave……..

Born In The Brave Community………..

Mula, The Angry Lioness…………. Finished……..

No Time Left………. She Is Senseless!!!!

The lines indicate that Mula Gabharu was a perfect lady. She was an obedient, loveable and perfect wife with home-making skills as well as expert in war-tactics. She was not afraid of death as she knew it very well that man is mortal. She had a highly intellectual mind and was filled with spiritually. Her women gang was consisted of some brilliantly brave lady soldiers like Muhila, Pomila, Lolita, Jayanti and other courageous ladies among whom Muhila used to be her best friend. At the time of her death she made her best friend understand that
people should not be scared of death because people have to die this was or that was or that way. But only the fortunate people get a chance to sacrifice its life for the nation and it is responsibility of every individual to conduct something worthy which will maintain the bravery and glory of the person after he or she dies. This is a great lesson for every human being do something creative which can make the next generation as well as the independence and inspired to talk lead in women empowerment.

SATI JAYMATI KONWARI

After the death of Ahom king Chakradhaj Singha in the year 1670, there was a period of political tyranny in Assam which led to the killing of large number of royal princess and other potential claimants to the throne. Lalusola Barphukan, who led the tyranny, removed the king and installed a 14 year old child king Culikafa on the throne to himself became the defector ruler. In order to secure his position, during the period from 1679 AD to 1681AD, he went on a rampage picking up and killing princes eligible for the Ahom throne, or maiming them in order to make them ineligible princes went into hiding or run away from the country. Under the rules, any prince who was a direct descendent of previous king through the male link could lay claim to the throne.

Administration of the Ahom Kingdom rested mainly on 5 pillars – Buragohain, Bargohain, Barpatragohain, Borbaruah and Barphukan, who were the ministers and administrators and of certain territories, and who also could light as General during war. Laluksola imprisoned the three Gohains and appointed his own brother as the Barbaruah. He also treacherously handed over Guwahati to the Mughals in return for the later’s promise to proclaim him as the king of Assam. Jaymati Kunwari was the princess wife of Gadadhar Singha, also known as Gadapani, who was the son of an earlier king and was the stongest contender for the
throne by virtue of his physical strength and courage. As Laluksola’s men searched for him, he went into hiding in the Naga hills. The tyranny came upon Jaymati Kunwari and demanded information about her husband. As Jaymati pleaded ignorance, the child king or the Lora-Roja, coming under the influence of Laluksola subjected her to inhuman torture at the place called Jerenga Pathar near Sivasagar in order to extract from her the whereabouts of her husband. Jaymati Kunwori knew it very well that her husband is the only hope of the country to free itself from the evil clutches of Laluksola. So she did not utter a single word about her husband. She was brutally tortured for more than 14 days. She finally succumbed to the physical torture perpetrated on her and breathed her last on 27th March, 1680, leaving behind the immortal tale of her love for her husband and her beloved country.

Horichnadra has composed a beautiful song for this great lady and as the song is dedicated to Sati Jaymati, the song is known as Jaya-Geet.

SATI JAYMATI KONWARI SONG (1)

_Silāāī Thāāpe Māāri Okōni Māārile_

_Kinō Nōhōbōre Hōl!

_Lōrāā Rōjāā Nōrōki Debērāā Pāātōki_

_Aāī Kuwōrir Dhōkāā Hōl!

_Lāāni Pāāti Olāāle Seklōū Porūwāā_

_Lāāni Pāāti Olāāle Bōg!

_Aāino Kūnwāri Gōbōr Rōjāār Bōwāāri_

_Pōriyāāī Dhōrile Lōg!!_

_Lāāf Māāri Aāni Khāām Dhāāpōr Tāāmol Khūki_

_Sō Māāri Singī Khāām Pāān!

140
This song may be analyzed as follows:

The Eagles Have Snatched Away And Killed The Lices,
Oh! What Kind Of Impossible Task Has Been Happened ,
   Lora-Roja Of Hell…. The Sinful Creature…….
What Condition He Has Made Of The Dear Queen!
The Ants Have Started Marching In Line………
The Birds Have Also Come Out,
The Dear Daughter-In-Law Of The Gobor-Roja…….
How Cruely She Has Been Confined By Evil Soldiers!
I Will Snatch And Consume All The Betel Nuts,
   Will Torn And Eat Up All The Betel-Leaf…
Let The Life Of Jayamati Return………
The Dear Daughter Of The Bargohains.

(Source:"Mahasati Jaymati” By: Ashimjyoti Kalita, Page No:11)

The above mentioned narrative song may be described as follows
Another jaya- geet has been taken from Padma Borgohain Dev.

SATI JAYMATI KONWARI SONG (2)

Adinē Khēpilō Jērēngāā Pōthāārōt…………

Kīnō Nōhōbōrē Hōl,

Tirirē Opōrōt Jōmōre Jāātōnāā Rāājyōkhōn Tōlōlōi Gōl!
Dûdinë Khêpîlô Jërëngâà Pôthâärôt ............

Kinô Nôhôbôre Hôl,Bôrgôhâàir Jiyôri,
Rôjââghôrôr Bôwâari,
Jërëngâàt Nâângôthi Hol............

Tinidin Khêpîlô Jërëngâà pôthâärôt,
Sîyââle Kôre Aârââo,
Sômôtââr Kôwââte Jââtônàâ Bhûgisô......

Tezere Râângôli Gâô

Sââridin Khêpîlô Jërëngâà pôthâärôt
Kââuriye Kôrise Kââ,
Sô Orââ Chhââwdââng E,
Nâânnââ Sââsti Kôre Jërëngâà pôthâärôt
Pâse Khêpîlô Jërëngâà pôthâärôt
Jiliyê Kôrise Jhââ,Sô Orââ Chhââwdâânge,
Dêkhisô Môrônôr Sââ!
Sô Dine Khêpîlô Jërëngâà pôthâärôt
Opôrô Sôgûne Ure,
Sôwhââî Abââr Dââ- Dâângôriyââ,
Dehââ Môr Kênêbââ Kôre!
Sââtîdin Khêpîlô Jërëngâà pôthâärôt,
Jerengat Sotore Baa,
Jomore Jatona,

Kotono Bhûgim Moi Koponi Uthise Gaa!
Aāth Khēpilō Jērēngāā pōthāārōt
Rāāti Khûni Hûdûr Māāt,
Mûkhōr Māāt Hōre,
Gāā Mōr Pōre,Petōt Nāākāā Bhāāt!
Nō Dīn Khēpilō Jērēngāā pōthāārōt
Fēsāāi Kōrise Nīū,
Nishthūr Chhāāwdaāinge,
Sōbe O Tūpōnīt,Bhōyōte Ure Mūr Jīū!
Dōh Dīn Khēpilō Jērēngāā pōthāārōt
Bīrīnāā Ikōrāā Lōre,
Lāāi- Lesāāī Mōr,
Kōte Kinō Kōrise,
Ghōnekōī Mōnōt Pōrē Mōr!
Bāārō Dīn Khēpilō Jērēngāā pōthāārōt
Kinō Abhāāgi Hāāy!
Chhawdangōr Hāātote,Mōribōlōī Arīli,
Bōtorāā Lōwōtāā Nāāi!
Tērō Dīn Khēpilō Jērēngāā pōthāārōt
Māājnikhāā Dāūke Kāānde,
Sōkūt Nāā Tūpōnī,Gāāt Mōr Pōrōnī,
Nibōlōī Mōrōnē Chāānde!
Sōīdhyō Dīn Khēpilō Jērēngāā pōthāārōt
Dekhōr Rāājī Mōr Khēmībāā Jōdī Hōy Dāy,
Kāāl Ajōgōre Gilibō Osier Rāākhota Kōnāā Je Nāāī!

Pōndhrō Din Khēpilō Jērēngāā pōthāārōt………………

Lāāi- Lesāāi Mōr O,Sōrōgōr Tōrāā

Aāhāā Mōr Pōnāāhot Sāāi Lōū Abar…..

Kāāloloī Nūmāām Mōi Ajire Pōrāā!

(Source:”Mahasati-Joymoti” By: Ashimjyoti Kalita, Page No:24-------28)

This Narrative Song May Be Described As Follows

For One Day I Have Been Confined In The Broom…………

What Kind Of Misfortune Has Happened………

The Country Has Become Hell,

Because……….

Women Are Being Tortured Here Like Hell!

For Two Days I Have Been Confined In The Broom…………

What Misfortune Has Happened………

Daughter Of Bargohains And

The Dear Daughter-In-Law Of The Royal Palace,

Has Been Made Naked In The Broom………….

For Three Days I Have Been Confined In The Broom…………

Foxes Hawl Loudly……

I Have Been Beaten Up By Leather Belts,

My Body Has Been Coloured In Red!

For Four Days I Have Been Confined In The Broom…………

Crows Are Cawing…….
Look At The Chawdang……

He Is Torturing Me At His Best,

My Body Is Burning In Pain.

For Five Days I Have Been Confined In The Broom………

Insects Are Chirping

Look At The Chawdang,

In Him, I Am Seeing The Shadow Of Death!

For Six Days I Have Been Confined In The Broom………

Vultures Are Flying Over The Sky,

134

Oh All The Nobleman And High Officials…. 

My Body And Mind Feels Restless!

For Seven Days I Have Been Confined In The Broom………

The Breez Is Contained With The Thorn Of Devil-Nettle…. 

I Am Suffering Like Hell,

How Much Will I Suffer……

Oh My Body Has Started Trembling In Pain!

For Eight Days I Have Been Confined In The Broom………

I Do Hear The Owls Screaming At Night……

I Loss My Voice In Fear……

My Body Has Lost All The Resistance Power,

I Have Not Given Any Food……

My Stomach Is Empty!

For Nine Days I Have Been Confined In The Broom………

145
Owl Is Screaming Loudly,

All Are Sleeping Along With The Heartless Chowdang.....

My Soul Flies Away In Fear!

For Ten Days I Have Been Confined In The Broom.........

The Leaves Are Trembling In Air.......

What Are You Doing Oh My Dear Children.....

I Do Remember You Hard!

For Twelve Days I Have Been Confined In The Broom

What An Unfortunate Am I........

I Have Been Left To Be Killed By The Chawdang,

No One Is There To Ask About My Condition All Along!!

For Thirteen Days I Have Been Confined In The Broom.........

Dauks Do Cty In The Midnight,

My Eyes Have Lost The Slumber,

My Body Burns In Pain....

Death Wants To Take Me Away!

For Fourteen Days I Have Been Confined In The Broom

Oh The Dear Public Pof My Nation......

Please Forgive Me If I Have Done Anything Wrong!

For Fifteen Days I Have Been Confined In The Broom.........

Oh My Beloved Children.......

You Are The Apple Of Eyes...

My Stars From The Skies.......
Come To Once Oh My Babies……

Let Me See You Once……….

Because, I Will Start Dying From Today Onwards!

This song is clear description of the pain and suffering of jaymati kanwari. She was tortured brutally in the Jerenga Pothar. She was the daughter of Barihain and daughter- inlow of Gabar Roja. She was supposed to get royal treatment but the lora-roja made her almost naked. In this song, the cruelty of the then royal family clearly comes out from the very first day to the last day of her death. She was brutally bitten up which made her body bleed, she was not even given anything to eat. Her physical pain did not even allow her to sleep. Hungry, sleepless Jaaymati craved for her husband and children and at the time of death probably she was praying to sere her relative once.

Joymati Konwari’s resilience, courage and sacrifice inspired several ministers to launch a war against Laluksola. They assassinated him and Gadapani ascended the throne which made the country became prosperous and peaceful. Jaymati was the proud mother of the greatest king of Ahom dynasty, Rudra Singha. Jaymati Konwari’s son Rudra Singha made Joysagar lake and a temple on the bank of Jaysagar lake in the memory of his brave and courageous mother. The Government of Assam, in recognition of the valour and patriotism of Jaymati Konwari, has instituted an annual award in the name of Jaymati presenting it to women who have excelled in their chosen field of work.

KANAKLATA BARUA

Kanaklata Baruah is also known as Birbala Baruah was born on December 22, 1924 to Shri Kanta and Kaneswari Baruah of Barangabari Village, Gohpur. She was a leader and a martyr of the independent movement of India. Her life was packed with flamboyant political
activities as such, though eventually politics enveloped her life. Towards the end of her brief earthly existence, she plunged into the political whirlpool that was ranging in the country. She was a rare example of courage and conviction which amazed her countrymen. Kanaklata made the supreme sacrifice at the altar of her very own Motherland. She was a freedom fighter who was shot dead while leading a procession with the tricolor during the Quite India Movement.

Kanaklata Baruah lost her mother when she was just 5 years old. Her father remarried but unfortunately her step-mother too died when she was just 13 year old. The poor girl had to leave her schooling to look after her younger siblings. She joined “Mrityu-Bahini” or “Death-Squad” of women volunteers when she was just 17 years old. She wanted to join Azad Hind Fauz but her age did not permit her to join such brave group. As Gandhiji lanced Quit India Movement, it was resolved to hoist the National Flag at all the district headquarters or Police Stations, which were seen as symbols of British oppression. Under the leadership of revolutionary Jyotiprasad Agarwala, Kanaklata Baruah took the lead in hoisting the National flag at Gohpur Police station.

So, on 20th September, 1942, she led a group of village masses towards the police station to hoist the prestigious tricolor. She was warned by the police to move back but she fell holding the tricolor and breathed her last along with her compatriot Mukunda Kakti. Thus the great woman achieved martyrdom and her selfless sacrifice fills the heart of every Assamese with pride and gratitude.

Jyotiprasad Agarwala Deb has dedicated a beautiful song to Kanaklata which has been widely appreciated and accepted by Assamese people.

**KANAKLATA BARUA SONG (1)**

*Biyāllisōr Pūwāā Jōlīlē Tēzōr Jūi,*

*Khūbdhō Jōnōdebōtā Jāāgile, Jāāgile Dhōkhitō Aātmāā*
Jibā Aāsil Xāī !Bijūli Plāābhōne Biyōpi Pōrile……

Senāānir Ahābbāān,

Pūrōbe-Pōshchime Rōnjōnāālē, Agnikōbir Gāān……

“ Tōī Kōribō Lāāgibō Agnīsnaān,
Sāāju Hō, Sāāju Hō Nābā-Jōwāān,
Hūnkāāri Uthile Mūkṭi-Jujāāru,
Olāāī Aāhil Asōmi Gāābhōū,
Mrityubijōyi Gāōr Jiyōri Dēēpto Kōṅklatāā!
Lūūt Pāārōr Rōṅ-Rōṅgini!
Swōōdēkh Muktibrāō !
Mūkti-Bisōrā Bhārōte Āāji, Dhorise Notun Gaan……

Biswaṃelot Thai Bisarise Jāāgīse Dēēkt Prāān!
Tēzpūrōr Kōlōngpur Thāāī……

Man Khuwāāī Nāāī,
Bhāāxa Sāāhityō Punyō……………
Pitāāmōhāā Hōribilāsōr……
Aāīya Opjāā Thāāī……
Tēō Jōhōte Pōṅ-Prōthome……
Mōḥapurukhōr Dhōrmōputhiye
Sōūpāāt Prōkāākh Pāāy!
Tāāte Jōṅmō Chāāndrō Kūmāār,

Anandāchandra Aru Lāmbōdor Bōrāāi,
Sāāhityōr Akshāy Kiritēē Rākhī, Būrānjīt Thōle Nāām Jolāāī!
This narrative song may be described as follows:

In The Morning Of 1942………The Fire Of Blood Emerged!

Offended Public Woke Up…….. All The Sad People Woke Up……..

The Souls Woke Up,
Which Were Sleeping Since Long…………

The Invitation Of The Offended Army,

Expanded Like The Wavwe Of Thunder,

East To West Was Occupied By The Songs Written By……..

Agnikobi!

“ You To Be Bathed In Fire!

Get Ready….. Get Ready…..Oh My New-Comers!”

The Freedom Fighters Roared…… Young Ladies Even Did Not Deprive Themselves Of
Coming Out……………

The Death-Winner Bright Kanaklata Did Come Out!

She Was The Soldier Who Belonged To Bank Of Luit River…..

She Was A Freedom –Seeker In The World Fair!

Kongpur of Tezpur Did Not Lost It’s Prolonged Reputation! This Auspicious Place Has Given Birth To Haribilas…..

The Grandfather Who Enriched The Literature!

It Was His Efforts Which Made The World Familiar With The Holy Books Of Pious People!

Chandrakumar, Anandachandra And Lambodor Borah……

Got The Blessing Of Being Borning In This Auspicious Land!

Thus They Got The Chance To Register Their Names In The History Of Assam!

This Is The Auspicious Land Where First Assamese Movie Jayamati Was Made…..

At The Chitrbon Of Kalongpur!

The Fountain Of Laughter Only Flows Here……...

In This Holy Place Again……...

Kanaklata Got A Chance To Write Her Name Through Her Blood!

She Wrote,” Jai Bharotor Jai”

In The Cradle Of Kolongpur……….. There Is A Village Called Borongabari……

In This Place……...

The Ancient Dolakakhoriya Remains……...

At One Residence Of Family-Line Of Baruahs………. Kanaklata Took Birth!

She Was A Young Lady………. Bloomed In Dreams On Her Eyes……
She Dreampt Of A New-Life!!!

Kanaklata Baruah’s unflinching courage and patriotism inspired awe and caught the imagination of the entire country which continues till today. The selfless sacrifice of the lady fills the heart of every Assamese with pride and gratitude. As a mark to the martyr, the Fast Partol Vessel ICGS Kanaklata Baruah of Indian Coast Guard, commissioned in 1997, was named after her.

KHAHULI NATH, KUMALI NEOG AND BHOGESWARI PHUKANANI:

Khahuli Nath was born to light the lamp of Independence through her own blood. Khahuli Nath belonged to Dumdumiya village, Dhing, Nagaon. She engaged herself in the procession of flag hoisting with her husband Ponaram Nath and breathed her last after police bullet pierced her chest. She went to occupy Dhekiajuli police station. In another part of Dhekiajuli one “Death Squad” was also marching to hoist the National Flag in police station. Golok Chandra Neog, a freedom fighter was playing an important role in that procession. He was ready to sacrifice his life at any time to sacrifice his life for this motherland and was pregnant with the possibilities of bringing independence of the Motherland. When the police force pointed barrel at his chest, his mother Kumali Neog come in-front him and took the bullet on her body on the behalf of her son so that her son can contribute more in the battle of independence.

Bhogeswari Phukanani was born in 1885. The mother of six sons and two daughters was married to Bhogeswar Phukan and sacrificed her life her motherland. During the quite India movement the Congress office at Brahmaputra was put under siege by the British as police atrocities increased in the districts. The revolutionaries succeed in reclaiming the Congress office
on September 20, 1942, the British army sent a military under Captain Finch Cries of Vande Mataram ranted the air as the Congress office turned into the air as the congress office turned into a battlefield. Nearby villagers armed with the tricolor joined the fight. Bhogeswari Phukanani too came out along with her companions. She came face to face with Finch who in turn snatched the Flag and brought it down to ground. Bhogeswari phukanani could not tolerate the extreme insult and disrespect shown to her beloved national flag and hit out Finch with the flagpole. Angry Finch pulled out his revolver and shot straight into her body. Phukanai, thus kept the honor of nation by her blood. For all these great ladies, Jyotiprasad Agarwala composed the song mentioned bellow:

_Lûîtor Aâkhõlõt Tõrâār Tõrõwââli,

Pâârõr Dipâwõlí Têzere Mõr,

Aâî Nêkâândibi.............

Thâápõnâât Têzere Bõnti Dââhî

Lorââ-Sõwââliye Tõr........

This song indicates, that the Country is crying because Her beloved children have sacrificed their lives for attaining freedom for her. So the holy souls of the children of the nation is asking her not to cry. Because sacrificing lives for the cause of nation is a matter of honour and pride. But, if the country cries, the sacrifices of the people will be counted as vein. The song may be translated as follows

_In The Courtyard Of River Luit,

The Festival Of Lights Is Being Celebrated By The Stars........

The Clay –Lamps Have Been Lightened Up By The Blood Of My Chest._
Oh Dear Mother!

Donot You Cry…………

Your Children Have Lightened Up Your Mandap…..

With The Lamps Of Blood!

Researchers have come upon an interesting fact that among all provinces of India, Assam had the highest number of women martyrs during the Quit India Movement of 1942. Kanaklata Baruha, Bhogeswari Phukanai, Khabuli Nath, Kumali Neog, Daraki Devi, Dwariki Das Barah, Tileswari Barua are some of the martyrs whose names are taken by the people of Assam with great pride. Scores of other freedom fighters led the struggle for independence and continued to contribute towards various socio-political movements after independence also which has lead towards women empowerment in Assam.