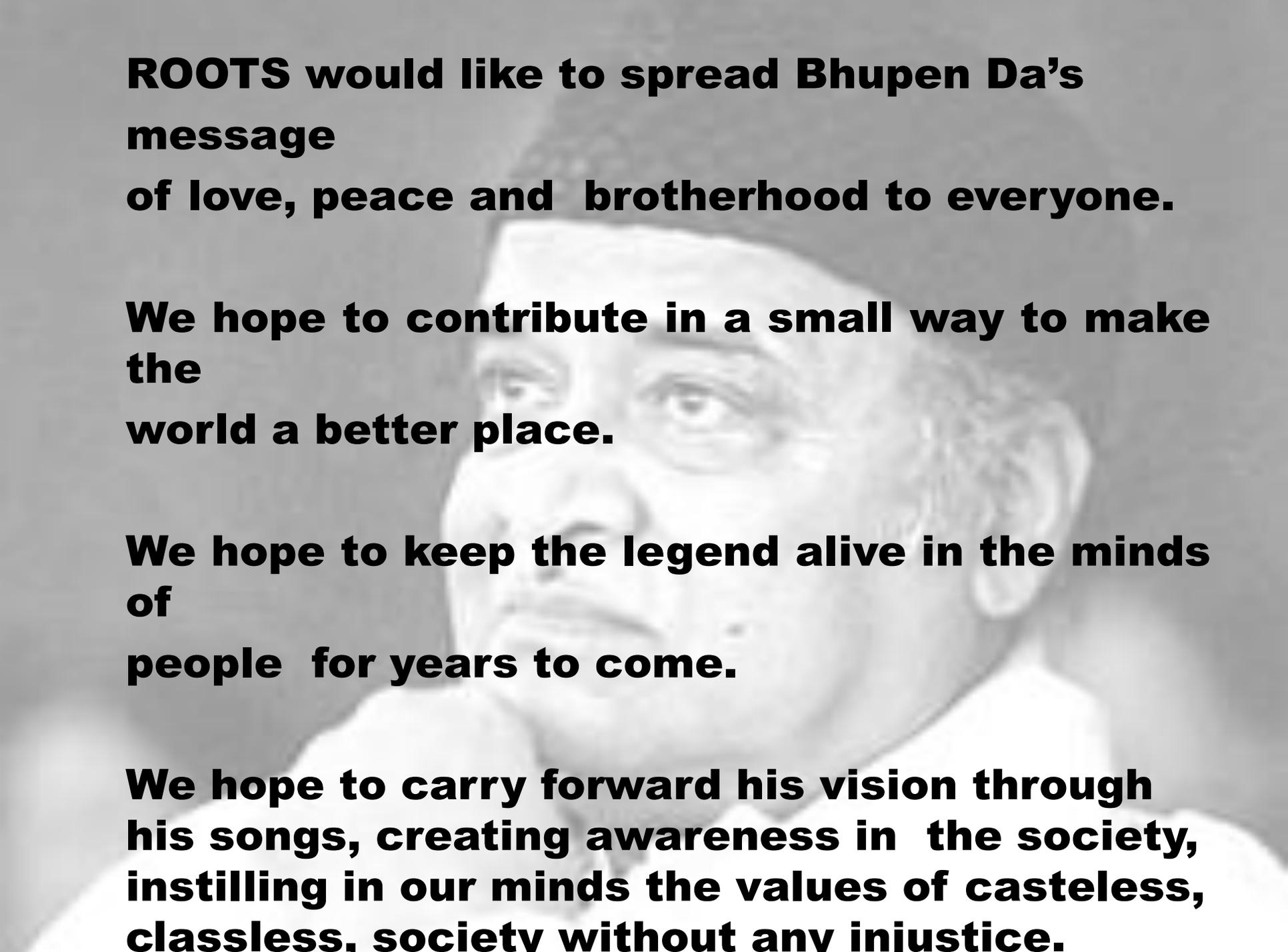


Rendition of the Songs of Dr. Bhupen Hazarika

a **Roots** presentation

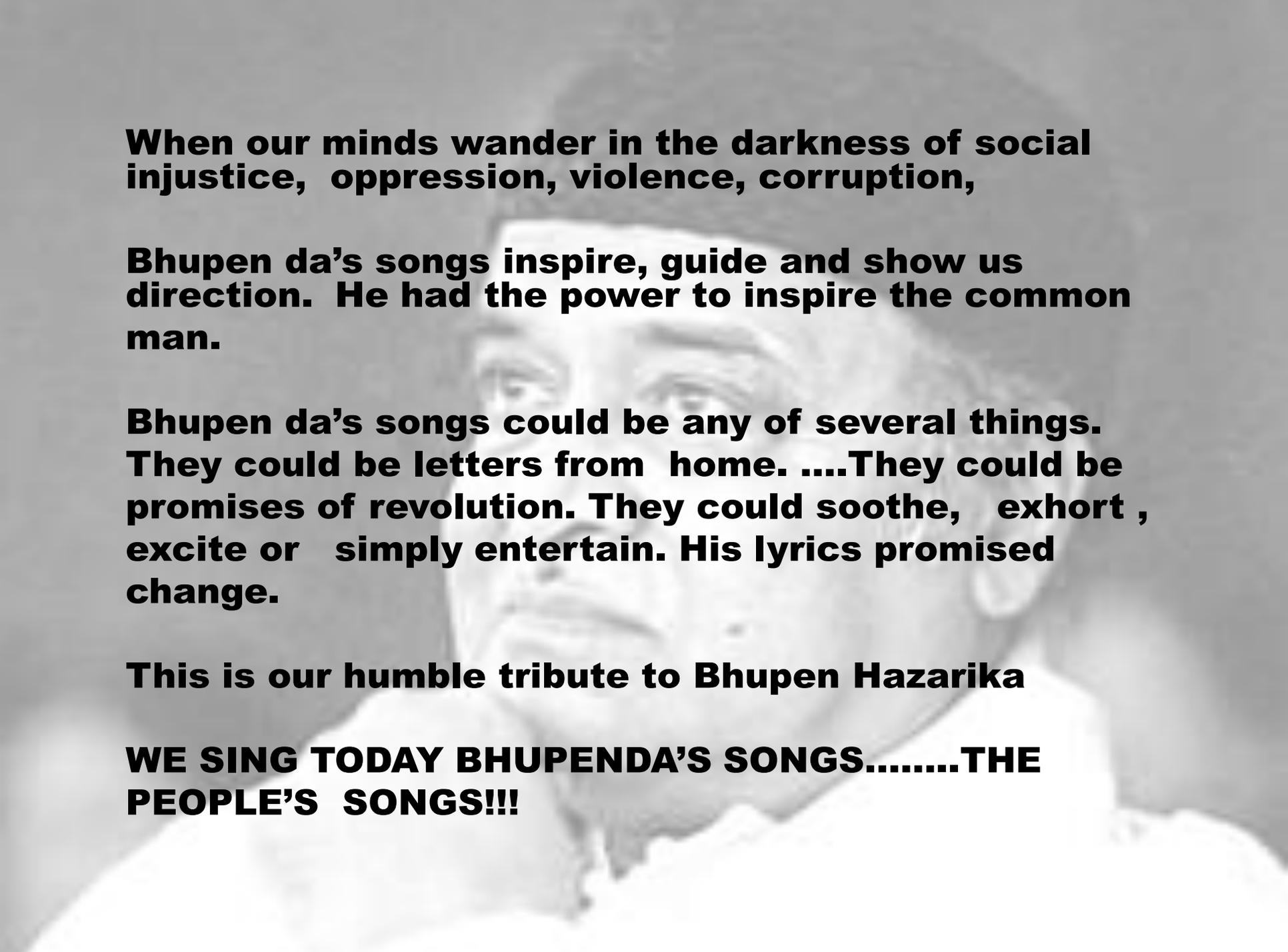


**ROOTS would like to spread Bhupen Da's
message
of love, peace and brotherhood to everyone.**

**We hope to contribute in a small way to make
the
world a better place.**

**We hope to keep the legend alive in the minds
of
people for years to come.**

**We hope to carry forward his vision through
his songs, creating awareness in the society,
instilling in our minds the values of casteless,
classless, society without any injustice.**



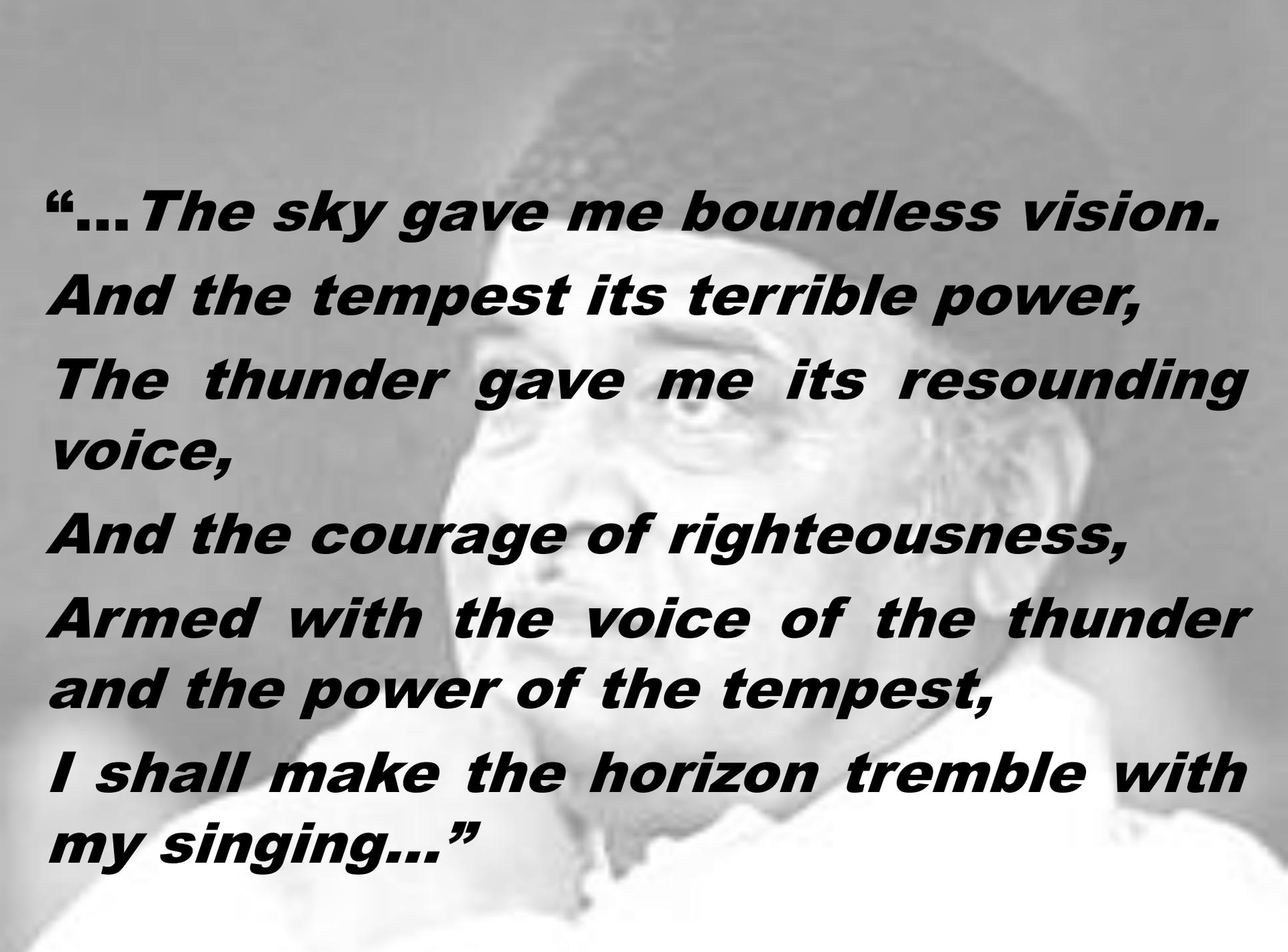
When our minds wander in the darkness of social injustice, oppression, violence, corruption,

Bhupen da's songs inspire, guide and show us direction. He had the power to inspire the common man.

Bhupen da's songs could be any of several things. They could be letters from home.They could be promises of revolution. They could soothe, exhort, excite or simply entertain. His lyrics promised change.

This is our humble tribute to Bhupen Hazarika

WE SING TODAY BHUPENDA'S SONGS.....THE PEOPLE'S SONGS!!!



***“...The sky gave me boundless vision.
And the tempest its terrible power,
The thunder gave me its resounding
voice,
And the courage of righteousness,
Armed with the voice of the thunder
and the power of the tempest,
I shall make the horizon tremble with
my singing...”***

Objective of the Program

**To show our love and respect for the
Great Singer, Lyricist, Composer,
Director, Writer and Journalist.**

Objective of the Program

**To spread Dr Bhupen Hazarika's
message to the masses.**



Objective of the Program

**To appreciate the richness of the
Folk and Tribal Music of the Northeast.**

Objective of the Program

**To Inspire and Ignite Romance, Pain
and Revolutionary Zeal.**



Objective of the Program



To reflect on ourselves

and

To become better human beings.

Dr. Bhupen Hazarika's Life theme

- **Igniting Social Consciousness and Revolutionary Zeal amongst the masses**
- **Instilling Patriotism and one's responsibilities for his/her Motherland**
- **Spreading Worldly Brotherhood**
- **Fighting against racial conflict, crime, injustice and oppression**
- **Spreading Love, Peace and Harmony in the world**
- **Bringing all people of the Northeast together**
- **Bringing out the pain and sufferings of poor people through songs**
- **Spreading the True Meaning of Love and Romance**
- **Instilling optimism in the people for a better world**



Dola he dola

This is a song of the Assamese palanquin bearers of the past. To travel by palanquin was a popular mode of transport among the rich and the nobility of Assam till the middle of the last century. In this song the lyricist composer is not focussing on the elite class of people sitting inside the palanquin but on the toiling and sweating palanquin bearers carrying the back-breaking burden of the luxury-loving high society over the zigzag path up the hill and down the dale. The pathos of their harsh lives echo in their treading song – *haiya na haiya na*

Dola he dola

This song was written at a time when Dr. Bhupen Hazarika was passing through a period in his life which in his own words “was dreadful and full of crisis.” There was utmost poverty in the family and conflicts in his social life. A section of the society and the Government was against him and his songs because they thought he was a communist. At times he was even prevented from singing in public on orders from the government. But there was no stopping him from writing and singing fiery songs. He was a man of the masses, supporting equality in the society, but never a politician. It was his down-to-earth love for humanity and endeavor for upliftment of the downtrodden that drove him to do what he did. *Dola he dola* was one of many such songs.

Dola he dola

The lyrics draw the picture of the *dola* (palanquin) bearers as the exploited group of people in the feudal system of the past. Even now, long after the palanquin has gone out of use, the exploitation of the poor and the downtrodden by the rich and powerful is still there in society. Dr Bhupen Hazarika says that the palanquin of comfort and happiness of the rich whom he calls the oppressors rests on the shoulders of the oppressed, the palanquin bearers. In the song he has continued to say that the oppressors' luxuries lie precariously on the shoulders of the oppressed. That was in itself the warning sign of a revolution. This song is an open manifestation of Dr. Bhupen Hazarika's democratic and socialist mind.



Handwritten text in blue ink on the right side of the photograph, likely a signature or a note. The text is written in a cursive, somewhat illegible script, possibly in a South Asian language. It appears to be a name followed by a date or a location, but the specific details are difficult to discern due to the cursive style and the angle of the photo.

Dil hoom hoom kare

This song is based on the tune from his Song – *Buku Hom Hom kore* - written in 1962. This is a patriotic song. Much later the tune of this song was adapted beautifully in a song again by the maestro himself for the Hindi film “*Rudaali*” for which he also directed music.

The Original Song “Buku Hom Hom Kore” song was adapted in the famous Assamese film “*Moniran Dewan*” – a story based on the life of Moniran Dewan, a freedom fighter who was hanged by the British. Addressing his motherland as “*Aai*” or mother he says that his heart goes “hom hom” because of anxiety due to the dark future that looms large before the country.



Kohua Bon

***Kohua* is the wild grass on river banks. In full bloom with foamy milky flowers during the summer months, spreading across long distances. In this movie song, Bhupen hazarika describes the scene where the lead character is sailing on a boat down the Brahmaputra. His mind is restless and agitated and looking at the *kohua*, his craves for the softness of the wild flowers to embrace his agitated mind and calm him down. He has lots of things to do, miles to go and very little time. The dream of dawn awaits for the sunrise to come true. Happy days are ahead, he will keep his promises.....**



Ek kali do pattiya

This is a song based on the life of the tea garden workers of Assam.

It literally means “One bud and two leaves”.

On Ratanpur tea estate, hundreds of smiling girls with red flowers on their dark hair go plucking for days, weeks and months which give shape to the great tea industry.

The simple saga of the lives of the tea garden laborers is being sung by citing an example of marriage between Jugnu and Lakshmi which is an occasion of collective joy for all. Their baby boy is a symbol of hope for the future. As the mills grow so the people should grow. Any threat to the future of the baby boy shall be thwarted by the collective effort of all the laborers.

Ek kali do pattiya

When changing times inspire new ideas and aspiration in their minds and the drum beat on their mighty Madols (drums) rise high into the sky.

The tea garden workers now called the tribes is a new addition to the population of greater Assam. The tea plantations were started in Assam in 1839 by the British. To help grow tea, for some unknown reasons, the British imported laborers from states of Bengal, Orissa, Bihar and Madhya Pradesh. They settled in Assam permanently and came to be recognized as the tea tribes.

Ek kali do pattiya

Over the years a new language and culture grew up with the amalgamation of some remnants of their old with those of the land they settled into. This actually enriched the cultural heritage of Assam. These workers are a deprived, exploited group of people to some extent even now. They have been a perpetually deprived lot in respect of education, health etc until recently. To shake off fatigue and enliven life they sing and dance to the beats of their traditional drums.

Ek kali do pattiya

Dr. Bhupen Hazarika, a great humanitarian and lover of all forms of folk music and culture was moved greatly by the plight of the tea tribes. He realized the pain and suffering of these people and composed this song in 1955.

Thousands danced to the beats of the mighty 'madols' (drums) rise high into the sky and the demons failed and fled.

The tea tribes are now a considerable and rising social force in Assam. Bhupen Hazarika always loved them and adapted their life and lifestyle to create the story of the movie '*Era bator xur*' which was acclaimed all over.

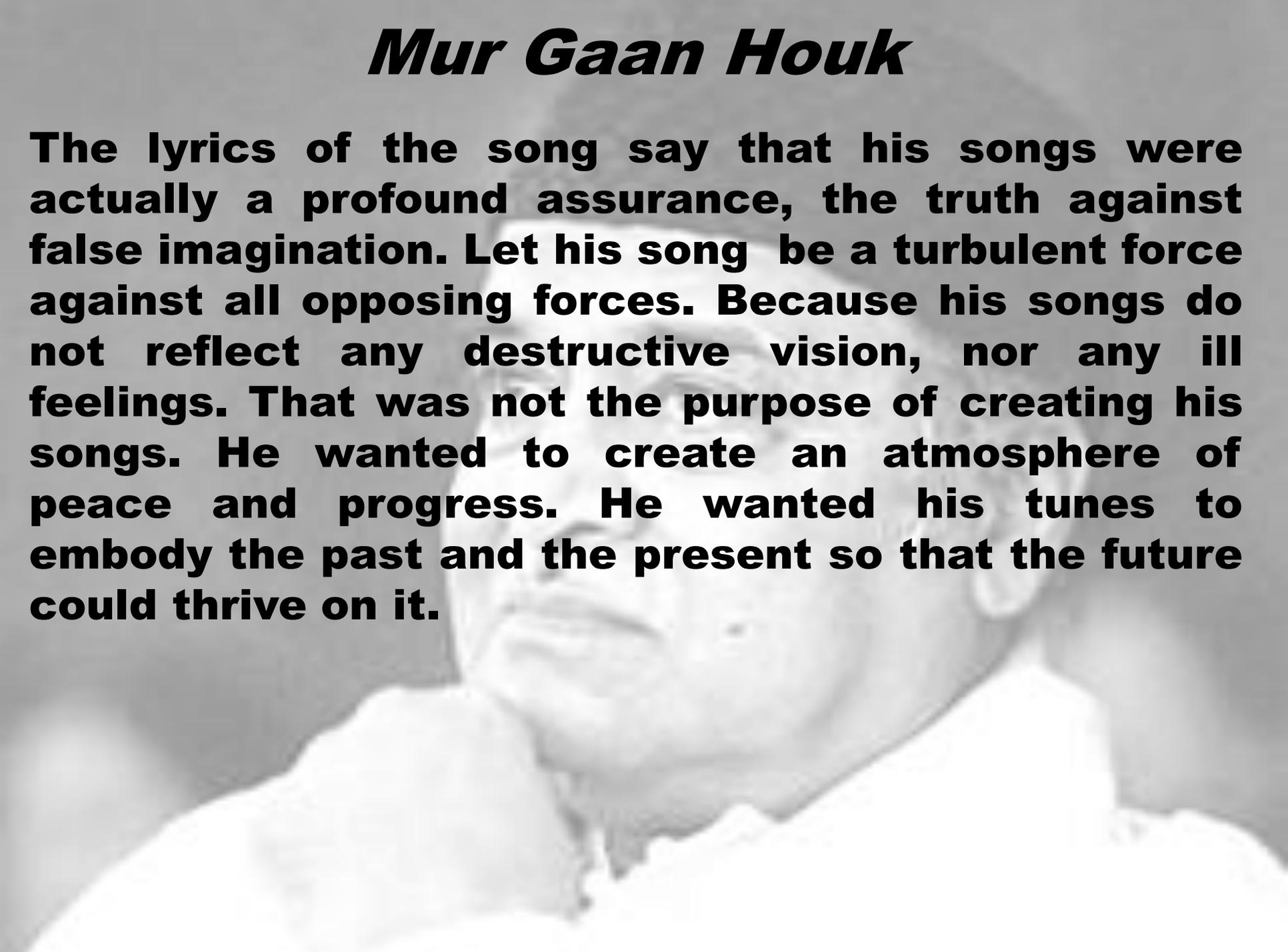


Mur Gaan Houk

At the time when Dr. Bhupen Hazarika wrote the lyrics of this song, one newspaper in Assam had started publishing many negative news criticizing his songs. This was, in his own words, to increase the circulation of the newspaper. The born gentleman artist that he was, he never said or wrote a word against the newspaper. Instead he chose the only way that he was good at to express his feelings – he composed this song. He decided that instead of confronting the self proclaimed leaders of the society, a more cultured and artist like response would be to create new artistic works reflecting brilliance. It would show them that their negative criticism in reality would help the artist in him. The criticism had actually aroused in his literary mind a challenge to create this song, through which he wanted to express clearly what he wanted to say....

Mur Gaan Houk

The lyrics of the song say that his songs were actually a profound assurance, the truth against false imagination. Let his song be a turbulent force against all opposing forces. Because his songs do not reflect any destructive vision, nor any ill feelings. That was not the purpose of creating his songs. He wanted to create an atmosphere of peace and progress. He wanted his tunes to embody the past and the present so that the future could thrive on it.



Mur Gaan Houk

Bhupen da always wanted his songs to become instruments of change for people in all walks of life, at all times. He wanted his songs to be confidence boosters for people who had lost confidence, encourage people to DO and ACT instead of just enjoying the comfort of day-dreaming. He wanted his voice to be the voice of the people singing together, setting aside differences and eliminating the destructive forces. “Let my songs be the symbol of togetherness and bring together the past, present and the bright future to attain tremendous strength against all barriers and give the momentum to move on”



Mor Geetor Hezar strota

- **O my great audience! I salute you; paying tribute to his listener, audience and the masses through his songs, Bhupenda recognises that they are always the main ornaments decorating his musical expanse. He goes on to say that embracing him when he started his musical journey as a child, the people have always remained the greatest inspiration for him. Exposing gratitude that the masses were always warned and criticized him whenever he made any mistakes and that always helped him to improve. He created songs to spread joy and to share their grief; he created in his anger and sang always for the people; and thus his life has blossomed because of these songs. And so masses are his main ornaments**

Ganga Amar Ma

The original lyrics for this song were written by Shivdas Bandopadhyay in 1971. The music alone was Dr. Hazarika's initially. Because of its strong content of integration and amity, in 1972 Dr. Hazarika translated this song to Assamese. He sang this song wherever he went. It has history and humane feelings deeply integrated into the lyrics. Present day Bangladesh and East Bengal of the past were part of India before. Though political compulsions separated the two, the emotional bonding between the people remained. That is why Ganga, Jamuna, Padma, Meghna and Luit have been taken as symbols to express humane feelings.

Ganga Amar Ma

In one sweep of imagination Dr. Hazarika picturises the entire Indian subcontinent. This song has a message that the innate diverseness of culture makes all parts of this vast land inseparable. So Ganga is his mother and Padma is also his mother; the two dear rivers, Meghna and Yamuna are the two streams of tears from his two eyes. He says that the same air is blowing under the same sky through the two hearts. There may be two birds but their song has the same note. If he starts by boat from the Brahmaputra he could reach the Padma. The same swan swims on both the rivers. The same love, the same sorrows and the same pain for all living in this great land.



Bistirno parore oxonkhya jonore

The piteous cries rising from the throats of the suffering millions living on the broad banks of the mighty river Brahmaputra make the singer miserable. He is agonised by the sights of moral degeneration and disrespect shown to humanity in present day society. He finds that the leadership of self-centred individuals is absolutely directionless. The crying need of the hour is to shatter this society into bits and build a new meaningful one. The singer complains to the mighty Brahmaputra because instead of roaring out its protests it is just flowing meekly and quietly by. He calls upon the river ardently to wake up and act in a manner befitting his fair name. He requests him to set an example, as the son of Lord Brahma and wake up the heroes innumerable sleeping like Bhisma on their beds of arrows.

Bistar hai apar

As a child, Dr Bhupen Hazarika had grown up watching the exploitation by the British in the pre-independence era and the ugly state of the nation during the world war. These had made him a revolutionary, and even as a child he had written fiery songs. In independent India he saw that his beloved Assam continued to be neglected and treated badly by the Centre. Personally, in spite of his academic qualifications obtained from America, he could not find any suitable employment in his motherland Assam. Life was bitter.

Bistirno parore axonkhya jonore

The Luit (Brahmaputra) was very dear to him and he revered it. He knew that the great Brahmaputra valley civilization had grown on the banks of this mighty river. The same Brahmaputra had inspired great people who were heroes of the past, who had taught lessons of morality and humanity. But later on, he grew up on its banks to see that peace had vanished and there was indiscipline everywhere. Killings, oppression, injustice, corruption, kidnappings had become the norm. As an artist, poet and musician he was deeply anguished. Driven by these feelings and inspired by Paul Robeson's song 'ole man river', he created this song. 'Ole man river' was based on the world famous African folk song 'Kafri' sung fighting for equality and blaming the Mississippi for their fate.

Bistar hai apar

The lyrics of this song is symbolic. The old Brahmaputra is the symbol of people's power. And the power of the people is invincible. But even when witnessing the distressed cries of hunger and misfortune of the poor, the degrading morals and the fallen humanity – Why is the Brahmaputra unmoved and unconcerned?

If the Brahmaputra is really the son of the creator Brahma then why is he just flowing by? Why doesn't he wash away the degraded society and create a world of truth and justice; a peaceful, healthy and equal society. The poet and lyricist emotionally appeals to the Brahmaputra not to be a passive onlooker.

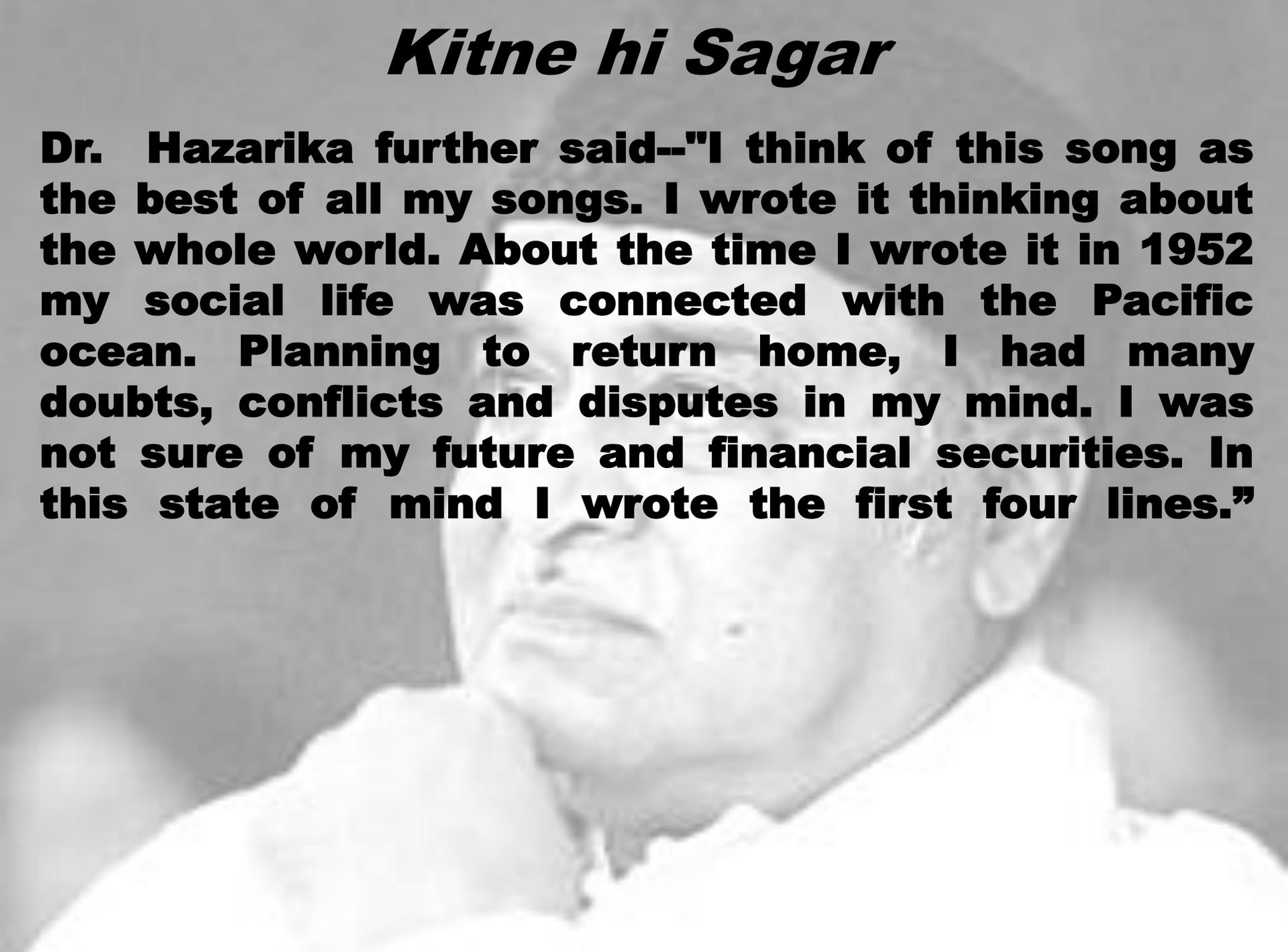


Kitne hi Sagar

Dr. Bhupen Hazarika wrote this song while aboard "Queen Elizabeth" when he was sailing on the Atlantic from New York to Southampton. In his autobiography he has said--"When I saw the Atlantic from the ship I thought the ocean was like a lake. There were no waves. Quite unlike the Pacific ocean. I had seen the Pacific in America from the western shores of Hollywood-- the blue of the Pacific and its waves. Here, I was surprised to see that in the first two days of my journey the Atlantic ocean was quiet like a lake. At that time, sitting on the ship I started writing this song. The first stanza was on the ship, the rest I wrote after I returned to Assam".

Kitne hi Sagar

Dr. Hazarika further said--"I think of this song as the best of all my songs. I wrote it thinking about the whole world. About the time I wrote it in 1952 my social life was connected with the Pacific ocean. Planning to return home, I had many doubts, conflicts and disputes in my mind. I was not sure of my future and financial securities. In this state of mind I wrote the first four lines."



Kitne hi Sagar

While sailing on the ocean he wrote this song comparing the state of his mind with the Pacific ocean.

After seeing Africa, Europe, when he was coming came back to India (his home, Guwahati); going against the conventional values of society. He wrote the remaining paras after quite some time.

He said that he could possibly impart all the aspects of his life's philosophy in depth into this song.

When he sang this song he felt encouraged because he could reflect on everything in this song. His life's philosophy was inbuilt into it.

Kitne hi Sagar

“I have expressed my qualities of creation and the basic principle of my creation. While swimming at the ocean's confluence....

- I am trying to express the untiring struggle of my life;

- The boundless hope generated by the restless waves of my mind's Pacific ocean;

- Those conflicts which create the restless waves in my mind and also

- That these conflicts give me a new direction of progress..

With my life's truth, beauties and the quiet , astute and arduous practice infused into it, this song is the one that I love the best”

(Translated from his autobiography *“Moi Eti Jajabor”*)

Kitne hi Sagar

So much did I swim about in the confluence of seas, yet not tired am I! In the pacific of my mind there is no end to the roar of the rolling tidal waves which point to newer horizons raising new hopes. The mighty waves are in reality the unending efforts of the ocean to effect a victory over the destructive forces.

In the pacific ocean of his struggling mind also is the same cry for baffling the forces antagonistic, for peace and progress of humanity.



Disang Mukhor Dekati

Disangmukh, the place where the mighty Brahmaputra is joined by another historically famous river, the Disang, is known mainly because of the *Mising* tribe, a very large and culturally significant segment of the Assamese population. They have carefully protected their cultural traditions in all aspects of life in spite of being merged with the greater Assamese culture. Bhupen da participated in one of their festivals and composed and sang this song impromptu within few hours of his arrival. A popular artist from Disangmukh, Bikram Singh was closely associated with Bhupen da for this. In his song the traditional *Mising* words like the MIBUGALUK(the Jawahar coat), EGAY

.....Disang Mukhor Dekati

MEKHELA, RIBIGASENG were amazingly amalgamated with Assamese words and one of his life's greatest creations was born. Bhupen da concludes the song by referring to the legend of love of two young *Mising* lovers created by the great Assamese novelist Rajanikanta Bordoloi. *Jonki* and *Panei* have helped in integrating the *Mising* people with the Assamese mainstream. Creating a common platform for Assam through integration of the unique cultures of different groups of people was Bhupen da's life's dream.

.....Disang Mukhor Dekati

The lyrics create a picture of a Mising young boy and girl, dressed in their best traditional attires, the boy playing his flute and the girl blowing at the *gung-gong (GOGONA - a musical device made of bamboo)*. Their tunes vibrating in the air during a romantic and beautiful night in Disangmukh. The whole situation has been described poetically with exquisite verbal painting.





Aalasi Sawan

This song was composed by Dr Bhupen Hazarika in 1972. Though the date and time has not been recorded specifically, he must have written this during a day in autumn – on one of those days when the summer has just ended and the winter is yet to set in.

For Bhupen da, this period of the year – the autumn – was always his own. Someone has aptly termed him “the Man of the Autumn”. The season autumn and the flower *xewali* were his all time favorites. He has written quite a few songs describing the beauties of autumn. As the editor of some Assamese journals like the *Amar Pratinidhi*, *Bindu*, he had written quite a few editorial columns describing the beauties of autumn.

Aalasi Sawan

Intoxicated by the softness, the cool surroundings and the whiteness of autumn, he has compared the beauties of his beloved in a purely abstract form.

Sitting by the window on an autumn day, he is looking at a piece of fluffy, soft and tender cloud drifting away and his feelings drift away and wait for someone of his heart's longing. The dew drops clinging to the electric wires as if they are wrapped in a chat – in love.

And he as a *Yaksha* and a captive of his memories is waiting. Evening sets in, the neon lights of the city are winking to light the autumn evening, and he in his imagination, is drifting like the same fluffy piece of cloud with a message of love for his beloved.





Bimurto mur nishati

The boundless night is like a dark blue spread woven in threads of silence. In one of its sweet soft curves, I feel the warmth of breath and the lively, loving touch. In the abyss of desire, and the summer torrents, I feel the warmth of silent breathing and caresses. And leisurely her voice, the trembling voice comes closer from the lips. There are no rules, no barriers because I am lost in the embraces, in the curves and the warmth.

This is an abstract situation, which only imagination can fathom. Expressions, we believe, only possible from Bhupen Hazarika.



Shillongore Monalisa

- **Memories of a Sunday morning. At the shillong peak in a light dizzle. A beautiful Khasi girl with a guitar playing random tunes, playing along with the times of the traditionbal flute. For him she looks like Monalisa, Leonardo's Monalisa. Happy, romantic times. Her young man is separated from her by shifting the capital from shillong. She is left behind somewhere in *Laban* (in shillong) and he is in Dispur (Guwahati). Thet craving to meet her again is great. "can we meet again? Can you come down to Nongpoh (mid way between Shillong & Guwahati) with her guitar? He asks her.. On a beautiful morning, if he gets leave he would also go to Nongpoh and would sing along with her guitar**



We are in same boat Brother

We are in the same boat brother

We are in the same boat brother

If you tip one end you gonna rock the other

It's the same boat brother .

We are in the same boat brother

We are in the same boat brother

If you tip one end you gonna rock the other

It's the same boat brother

O lord look down from your holy place

O Lawd me what a sea of space

What a place to launch this human race

**So he built him a boat with a mixed up crew,with eyes of black
and brown and blue.**

**And that's the reason you and I have just one world and just
one sky**

We are in the same boat brother.....

ROOTS

Voices to the essence of Bhupen Da



- **Shyamanta Khaund**
- **Rituparna Banerjee**
- **Nozrul Islam**
- **Juhi Kumari**
- **Sumit Joshi**
- **Debojit Das**

Music to the essence of Bhupen Da

- **Keyboard** : **Debojit Das**
- **Guitar** : **Ripple Baruah**
- **Guitar(bass)** : **Ankit**
- **Mandolin** : **Kishore Das**
- **Tabla** : **Shankarjyoti Saikia**
- **Drums** : **Rahul Sengupta**
- **Percussion** : **Bivash Sharma**

Our Support

English Synopsis of the songs

- Mr. Pradip Saikia**
- Dr Bikash Saikia**

- Visuals**

- Sona Joshi**

- Script**

- Sangeeta Saikia & Sona Joshi**

- Anchoring**

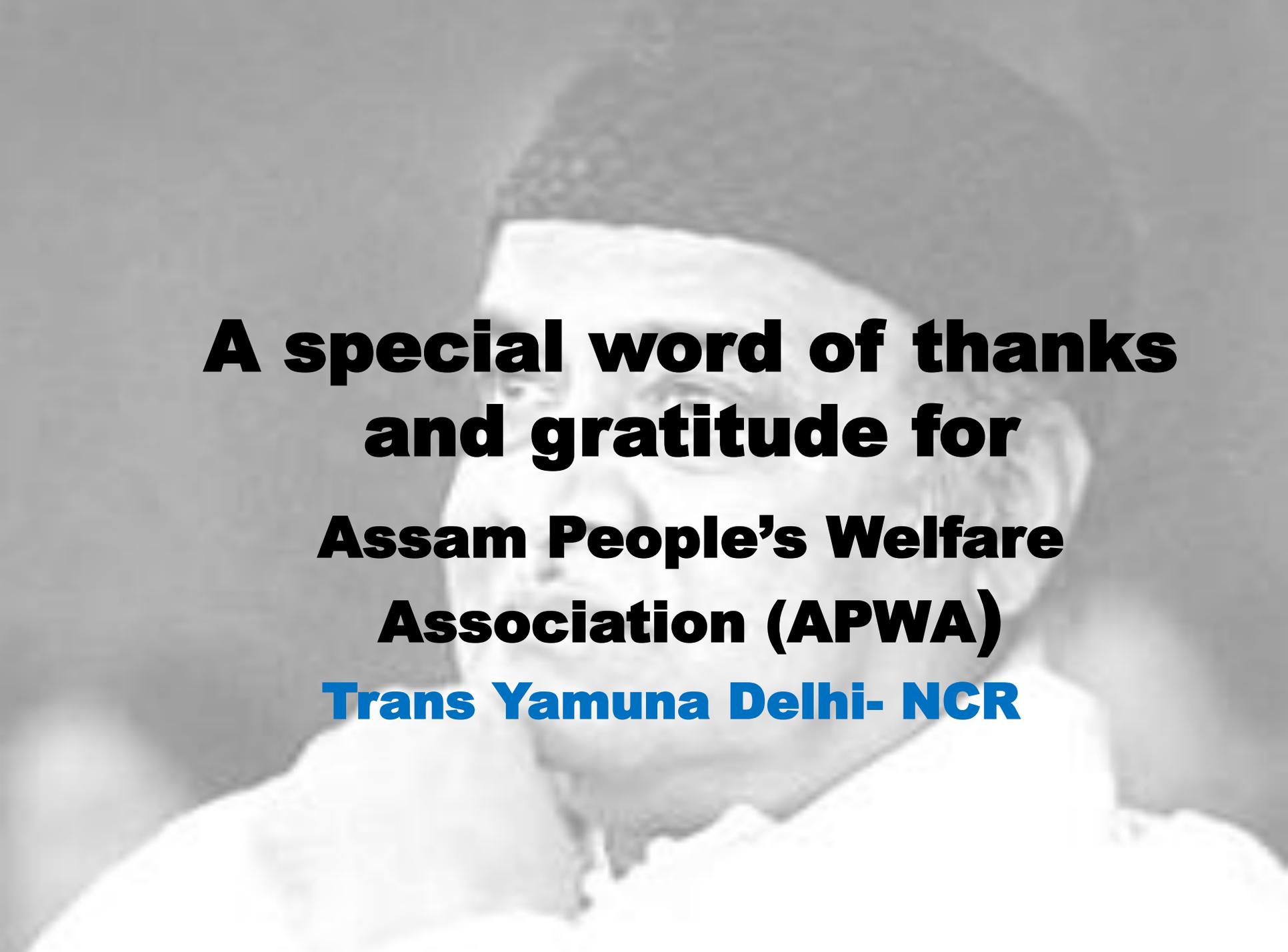
- Vitti Joshi**





Design and Conceptualization

Kishore Das



**A special word of thanks
and gratitude for
Assam People's Welfare
Association (APWA)
Trans Yamuna Delhi- NCR**

Thank You...

