

Folk songs of the Visakha Tribes
(Bagatha, Konda dora, Konda Kammari, Valmiki)

The stars are dancing in the sky, (చుక్కలు తేలివో)
But none is there to see and enjoy; (చూసెవారు లేరు)
The stars are smiling in the sky, (వెన్నెల తేలిదో)
But none is there to share their smiles; (ఆడేవారు లేరు)
The star-lit night of Suritipalli (చుక్కల సురిటిపల్లి)
Goes barren and looks desolate, (చూడగల్గ బయలు)
The starry night of Vedurupalli, (వెన్నెల వెదురుపల్లి)
Sans young play-mates and partners (ఆడగల్గ బయలు)

The agriculture in Visakha manyam do not pick up. The soil erosion on the hill slopes is casting down gravel into the field. The harvest is not enough to meet the growing demands. This imbalance is telling upon the artistic talents of the tribes here. Their natural temptation for the letting loose of emotions through fine arts is beginning to dwindle.

The spring season commences in mid April and the first rains fall then in Visakha manyam. It is the month of *itim* and all farm-operations start at that time. In Lanjeti and Baisagi months, the hill tops and the slopes are ploughed, seeds are sown and the wet lands are traus planted with the paddy seedlings. When *aviti* month is near, turmeric and long pepper are sown. From *saviti* and *palakala* till *Sivaratri*, it is all fog and mists everywhere, covering even the house tops. Dearth of logs as fire-wood does not allow friends to light bonfires in the central patch of the village to warm themselves by sitting near. The main occupation of the tribes in February lies in digging for turmeric and pepper longum, collecting hill brooms and wandering far and wide to cut and gather *kopiri* straw for roofing. Never free they are, it is only during *itim*

festival, the tribes enjoy themselves a brief interlude of entertainment. In every village, youth are eager to learn and enact portions on mythological plays of Oriya and Telugu languages. They then wear glittering finery, flashy attire, and coats of beads, flashy crowns and broad swords. Some practice an Orian art-form called *Chodi*. They feel that the native songs are obscene, propagate epic dramas. There is however some hesistancy, an attitude of passing the buck and a kind of child-like excuses in their remarks while being asked to participate in a dance, drama or song. They say in a tone of escapism “let the Malas sing,” “there is no orchestra and I can’t get my dance right.” No wonder, some of their “play” grounds look empty. All the same, one can see groups of growing girls playing the swing on the way side which is supported by a bamboo post against a tree.

A swing we have arranged and worshipped you as god,

(ఓ..... ఉయ్యాలని వేసినాము - దేవుడని మొక్కినాము)

We worshipped you as god of Veeramoru,

(దేవుడని మొక్కినాము - దేవ దుర్గము బీరమూరు)

And raised our voice with litting tones,

(ఓ... ఉండి ఉండిర పాడబోగ - ఉత్తమైన మన ఎలుగు)

Our song resounds in Kicku Sala Lanka,

(కిక్కిసల లంకలోన - కిన్నెరల మన ఎలుగు)

As we sing and dance hand in hand,

(సాలఎత్తి పాడబోగ - సవరమైన మన ఎలుగు)

How beautiful and pleasant it looks;

(అలవేసి పాడబోగ - అందమైన మన ఎలుగు)

Our art in the festival and refrain,

We shall display with festive songs and dance in the beautiful
Nandapuram

(అందమైన నందపురము - నందియాటలెయాడివద్దాం)

We shall perform our dances and return.

(తీయగుమ్మడి తీసివద్దాం - మళ్ళగుమ్మడి మరలివద్దాం)

Nandipuram was the erstwhile capital of Jeypore estate. All dances and songs were dedicated to the rulers of that estate. The songsters clear their throats to commence the song, after they set the swing and pay obeisance to the Almighty.



In the following song, a woman who has come of age laments about her adolescent husband who does not know how to react to her overtures.

How lecherously you behaved in Barupalli plains

(ఎంత తుల్లెవో నూకురు బొట్టెవో - బారుపల్లిర బయలుమీద)

Before a host of girls and libidos youth

(బారుపల్లిర బయలుమీద - బారుతీర్చిర బంతులల్లు)

If you like me so much, my dear young man,

(నామీదర దయలుంతె - దబ్బపూవుల బంతులల్లు)

Make with dabba flowers a garland for me,

(నామీదర చింతలుంటె - చింతపూవుల బంతులల్లు)

If you love me so much, drown me with garlands;

As maidens in tears of joy sweetly talk,

(కన్నెవాడుర ఆడెమాటలు - కళ్ళ నీళ్ళుర ఒలికినట్టులు)

There is not a youth alas! To chop the trunk,

With his sharp-edged axe and subdue their temper;

(కన్నెమామిడి కర్రదాయె - వాడిలేనిర గొడ్డలాయె)

My eyes, my looks, my mind are filled with him,

(వాడి మీదర ప్రేమలాయె - కర్రవిరచిర కన్నుగీటో)

Let him harness me with his furtive looks,

Though dumb as a milk-man, our looks are tied strong;

(గొల్లవాడుర అడేమాటలు - గుళ్ళపేరుర కుదిరినట్టులు)

On withered tree it rained enough to sprout,

(మోరి వారిర గంతవెనుక - మోహమెత్తిర వానగురిసె)

You are drenched in the rain, so am I, my dear,

(నీవు తడియగ నేను తడియ - పయిమీదర బట్టతడిసె)

See how my mantles are wet, how exposed,

(పయిమీదర బట్టతడిసె - పడుచుదానను ఏమి చేతు)

Young as I am how can I hide my bosom?

Look at me, see my plight and tell me what to do;

(చంకకిందర బట్ట తడిసె - చేడెదానర ఏమి సేతు)

How long I can forbear the stings of Cupid?

(బొమ్మ కిందర బొట్టు తడిసె - బొట్టెదానర ఏమి సేతు)

It's just the age of flowering and of fruiting,

(కాసిపూసె కన్నెవయసు, ఓయమ్మలార, కాయలేను కన్నవార)

But how can I dare them, tell me my woman?

My thoughts are flying fast in the vast sky, (అకసాన బండిబరుగు, ఓయమ్మలార)

What can I do to stop them, speak, O, woman, (కాయలేను కన్నవార)

Look at the seven parrots sitting on (చింతాలుర చిగురుల మీద)

The tender leaves of Chintaluru tree; (చిలుకలేడుర కూడుకొను)

As the green parrot has come up in age, (పచ్చచిలుకకు వలపురాగ)

Adorn her will with fragrant, mango leaves, (కప్పుడన్నర మొగలి రేకు)

With the gold flower petals of Salur

(అగినికొండ మొగిలిరేకు - సాలూరిరా సంపెంగ మొగ్గ)

The hot sun bow-beats, so come to the shade,

(సాలూరిరా సంపెంగ మొగ్గ - సావడికిరా ఎదురెండ)

The poor insect in dust narrates her woes,

(దూళినున్న దూలపురుగు - దుఃఖతోవలు చెప్పుపురుగు)

The young boy in the cart shows you the path,

(బండిలోనిర బాలపురుగు - బతుకుతోవలు చెప్పుపురుగు)

The traditional beggars come with heir bedecked bulls, (గంగిరెడ్లవాడురాగ)

I shall go to the front door and give them alms, (గవనితేలి నేనేపోదు)

And see the feats of bulls performed in the street;

(పల్లపమ్మ వీధులలోన, గణగణమని గంటమోత)

The budabukkala man with his little drum comes,

(బూడుబుడుకలవాడురాగ, భూమితేలి నేనేపోదు)

I can't be in my bounds, hear me, dear women;

As you should leave us one day or other, (పోయెదానవు పోదువుగాని)

Forget not, girl, to leave behind, your graces,

(పోయెదానవు పోదువుగాని - పోలికలు ఉంచిపోమ్ము)

Go as you please but leave behind your traces.

(వెళ్ళెదానవు వెళుదువుగాని - వేడుకలు ఉంచిపోమ్ము)

In marriages, men are older and women younger. Some time it is the girl who is older than her spouse. It may be so because they want to continue the relationship. In the above song, a wife who is in her full bloom laments about her innocent husband who is younger.

Many handsome men engage a girl, who is well-versed in dance and song, in sweet intoxicating talk. The sweet fragrance from the screw pine and champak buds makes her neither sit nor stand. The parents hesitate to give her away to anyone in haste. So, negotaus for the

wedding continue for long time. Time passes by with these kinds of oscillations and bargainings.

For hunting tigers they reached their resort,

(పూసపాటన్నలు పుణ్యమంతులు - పులిఉన్నకోనంకు వేటకెళ్లారో)

They killed a tiger and bet for its nails,

(పులిచంపి పులిగోరు జూజమడ్డారు - జూజపుకొమ్మెక్కి రాజమేలేరు)

They won the bet and ruled the country vast,

The prince was crowned and he married Rambha,

(రాజపు కొమ్మెక్కి రంభ పెండ్లాడు - ఆ రంభకడుపున బొమ్మపుట్టిది)

And to Rambha was born a pretty daughter,

To marry her, came the Bobbili princes, (బొమ్మకైవచ్చిరి బొబ్బిలి దొరలు)

But the king on her side refused to give (ఇమ్మంటే ఈయరు ఈ రాచవారు)

The “bride price sixty and voli thirty,” (ఆలి అరవయ్యి ఓలి ముప్పయ్యి)

And for the bride a flower-bordered sari, (బొమ్మకు బొమ్మంచు చీరకావాలి)

And matching the jacket, a diamond necklace,

(చీరకు చిలుకుల్ల రవిక కావాలి - రవికకు తగ్గట్టి రత్నాలపేరు)

Give us cash to get diamond necklace made,

(పేరుకు పెట్టెడి సొమ్ముకావాలి - సొమ్ముకు తగినట్టి శోబెలవళ్ళు)

And equal to each cosmetic item one cosmetic powder,

(వళ్ళుకు వడ్డాది పసుపుకావాలి)

And oil best to mix with turmeric powder. (పసుపుకు పల్లపునూనె కావాలి)

Though one hears this song in the plains, its preamble and the conclusion are definitely tribes in origin. The animosities and rivalries of Poosapati and Bobbili royal families continued for generations together. Using his own native artistic devices, the tribes, who composed the above

song, imagines that a prince lost his kingdom while gambling; staking the claw of a tiger which he had hunted down. The groom's party battles for a girl and the bride's party obstinately insists in not giving her and both fight for prestige. These are usual in royal families. At a certain stage the royal priests mediate. Negotiations come to a conclusion and it will be fixed that the groom's party should pay sixty rupees for the wife and thirty as bridal price.

It is a part of Kalinga cosmetic culture to apply turmeric paste to a girl's face. Vaddadi Madugula is a commercial outlet for all the commodities of manyam and the round-shaped turmeric of the Visakha manyam is a shade yellower, when compared with the turmeric grown elsewhere.

The *dola* oil drawn out of *nepala* bushes, which is used by the tribes of Visakha manyam, is not crystal clear. It is a little bit muddy and smells strong. So they try to bring gingelly oil from the coastal Andhra.

The nauseating odours of these *dola* oils, the sweating bodies, the morsels of tobacco in the mouth, the repulsive smell of toddy-leftovers and the overall-scene thereof has to be set aside to appreciate the natural beauty of the tribal styles. The woman's hair-do made into a cone-shaped bun, the champak flowers that adorn the bun, the fine-boarded and peacock-coloured saree going right beneath her hair – do, the way she wears it round her neck, her dancing curves while she carries a head load, the silk sari that reveals her body shape – all these put together make the scene splendidly artistic. Indeed even diamond necklaces are utterly useless when they are put against the graceful beauty of tribal life.

It is pity indeed to find such tribes women suffering for no fault of them. The fault lies with the elders, their stubbornness, foolhardiness and obstinacy. A maiden who always sings and dances merrily like the

straight beautiful bamboo tree dancing in the wind producing music in the spring season. (వసంత సంగీతమాను) Another dansel is also like a field with ripe crop. (నీటి విరుగుడుమాను) Another virgin looks like Lakshmi who is likened to a tamarind tree. (లచ్చిమి గల చింతమాను) Even such merry girls are fated to suffer and live with a man of two wives. Their fate is described in the following song:

The hut is small but two door-ways it has, (గుత్తంపు గుడిసెకు రెండు గుమ్మాలు)

The man who dwells in that hut has two wives,

(గుణమైన పురుషుడికి ఇద్దరమ్మలు)

He sheltered two wives and outside he slept, (ఇద్దరకు చోటిచ్చి పంచబడురాజు)

The man who slept outside was bitten by snake,

(పంచలో రాజుకు పాము కుట్టెందో)

The man who slept in the backyard, you know,

Was haunted by mosquitoes through out the night

(దొడ్డిలో రాజుకు దోమకుట్టెందో...)

“A hut shall not have two door ways.” So goes a popular saying. The harm, the hut with two door-ways causes, is not to our context. But if a man has two wives, it is well known that he would play one against the other and there are regular squabbles in the house.

To have two wives was to have status great,

And to maintain a concubine, luxurious;

This lord in the meanwhile went to the fair,

(అంతలో ఆరాజు సంతకెళ్ళాడో - సంతలో ఒకసాని తగులుపడ్డాడో)

The lord in the fair came across a prostitute,

To her he bought Nandapuri green sari,

(సంతలో సానికీచీరగొన్నాడో - సానికనికొన్నాడో నందపురిచీర)

To his wife at home he bought a cheap sari,
Gold bangles he bought for the prostitute,
But to his wife he bought lean, black mud-bangles,

(ఇంటి ఇల్లాలిక్కొక్క ఉల్లెగొన్నాడో - సానికని కొన్నాడో సన్నగాజులు)

And to his concubine built he a big house.

(ఇంటి ఇల్లాలికి ఈనెగాజులు - సానితో సరసానికి చక్కని మేడ

(నల్లసామలలంకలకు నెమలి పిట్టలు నెలవుగొను)

(నడిపి వాడూర నైనబాబు - సానివాడలె కొలువులాయె)

(సానిపాపర చక్కనైతే - ఇంటి ఇల్లాలు పులిబాబు)

(ఉల్లిపూవు చెల్లనైతే - మల్లెమొగ్గలు బోలు బాబు)

It is honour for a man to go for cock-fighting, with a barber
carrying his cock and a washer man holding an umbrella over him.

On the festive day of Sankranti, dear,

(సంకురాతిరి పండుగనాడు - సరుబురు చేసుకొని)

I got myself ready to go for cock-fight;

I hid a cock under my armpit safe, (చంకనిండ పెట్టుకొని - తప్పదనుకుంటినే)

And to the place of cock-fight went and bet,

I lost the game to the bold fighter-cock, (ఓడిపోతివే కోడి నాకోడి - పూలకోడి నా కోడి)

The money I got I lost to the other man,

A pudding-like cock too, I lost, I lost;

(బొడ్డునున్న ముల్లెపోయె - అడ్డువంటి కోడిపోయె)

The house I own I lost in the cock-fight,

(కోడిపోయినవాడి యిల్లు - కొల్లపోయె దైవమా)

Akin to death is losing house in betting;

My cock, my cock, my grand cock is defeated.

(కోడినాకోడి ఓడిపోతివే - పూలకోడి నా కోడి)

If the man is defeated in the fight and loses his cock as well as money, he will be thrown out by his paramour. Crest-fallen as he is, he roams about in the streets as a vagabond till time lets him meet his faithful wife.

He spends his days here and there as a vagabond,
But see how he feels clipped off from his wife?

(ఆగాలాయె మేగాలాయె - ఆలిమీద పేమలాయె)

His mind is dragged towards her when it's night,

(ఇంటి ఇల్లాలిమీద పేమపుట్టిందో)

The trees and birds by nature are in sleep, (వృక్షాలు పక్షులు పడుకున్న వేళ)

When it's time for mothers to be in child-bed, (పసిపురుటాలు పిల్లకు పాలిచ్చువేళ)

And to suckle their babes, he goes like a cat (గప్పుగప్పున వెళ్ళి - గడపపైనిలచు)

And stands at the threshold like an accused,

“You aren't a stranger; you're my aunt's daughter,

(అరటిపూవువంటి అత్తకూతుర)

I like you as I like a plantain bud,

I shall bow to you, dear, please open the door, (బెదల మొక్కుదు తలుపుతీయమ్మ)

I shall salute your feet, please open the door.”

“You are a modugu flower, I know it, (మోదుగుపూవువంటి మగవాడవు నీవు)

Don't look at my house, but leave me at once.”

(ముఖము చూపకుండ మళ్ళిపోరాజు - ఇల్లుతూరకుండ వెళ్ళిపోరాజు)

The flowers of a mango or plantain do not look charming and beautiful. But the mango flower becomes a coveted mango fruit. The plantain flower is a good vegetable, renowned as Hanumantha-pagada giving divine seeds to the Pandavas. Union with one's wife is like these flowers. It may lack the passion that a paramour exudes but the life with wife is verily bliss indeed!

The forest flower, *moduga*, is a thing of beauty but it is devoid of scent. So says a wife scornfully, “you are a fool who cannot value the true love of a chaste wife.”

Her parents and brothers do not look her up, after a girl is married. Her husband is occupied with his business affairs and his strange bad habits. As a result, every one is indifferent to the joys of a newly wedded life.

He loaded bags of cereals on his bullocks (ఎద్దుమీదర సజ్జగట్టి)

And started from the village to sell his goods, (ఎక్కడెక్కడి బేరగాడు)

Not near but at distant Dorakonda fair:

(దప్పుకాదోయి దారకొండ - దారకొండర డేరగాడు)

He measured the grain with the bushel brought from east,

(తూరుపున కుంచముతెచ్చి - తూలగొలచిన బేరగాడు)

He sold his grain with bushel brought from west,

(పడమటిదిర కుంచముతెచ్చి - పారగొలిచిన బేరగాడు)

False measures he used in selling his grain,

(చిగురులు చింతకాడ - చిత్తులాటలో పొద్దుపోయె)

He drank and gambled and with vagrant train danced,

Slowly the sun set in and darkness downed,

Let it be night but my bullock is lost

(పొద్దుపోతెర పొయిదిగాని - పొద్దువెంటర ఎద్దుపోయె)

Along with the bullock, the grain is lost,

(ఎద్దుపోతెర పొయిదిగాని - ఎద్దు వెంటర సజ్జపోయె)

Along with grain the cash I got is lost, (డబ్బుపోతెర పొయిదిగాని)

Along with cash my dwelling house is lost, (డబ్బువెంటర ఇల్లెపోయె)

Though all my belongings are one by one lost, (ఇల్లుపోతె పొయిదిగాని)

I wouldn't have cared and minded for the loss,
But pity, it is, I have lost my dear wife. (ఇల్లువెంట ఇల్లాలెపోయె)

Kuncham and *manugu* in the song are some Indian measures, now obsolete. One *Kuncham* in the manyam is equal to one and a half in the plains. The same is the fate of the tribal *manugu*. Thus goes the fraud in measures in the trade with the gullible tribes. The money gained in such transactions is gambled away by our traders of Darakonda. All kinds of gambling and matka have spread even to the remotest roadsides of manyam. Darakonda is the only market-outlet for the sundry producers from Gurtedu, Pathakota, Gummirevula etc villages. A gambler petty merchant who is immersed in the game had lost his ox, his wares, money, home, wife and all in the game.

By selling leaves, nuts, berries, all and sundry, (కూరలమ్మి నారలమ్మి)

He made a little money with great difficulty,

He bought for me a sari but in vain,

(కొండసంత మండువలోన - కొన్నాడయ్యా మొగ్గలచీర)

He didn't allow me to wear the sari, (కట్టనివ్వడు పెట్టనివ్వడు)

So I for safety kept it in a box, (పెట్టలోన పడవేసె)

But rats had nibbled it and moths smacked it,

(చీడెలన్ని కూడుకొని - చీరలంత చెల్లకొరికె)

And left behind no traces of the sari,

If in-laws see, they will rage on me like fire,

(అత్తెచూస్తే నిత్తెపోరు - మామచూస్తే అగ్గినిప్పు)

If my young brother-in-law comes to know, (మందనున్న మరిదిపోరు)

What he would do, I

Fairs and weekly markets are held on the road side in the Godavari districts. In the absence of an efficient transport system, the local tribes

themselves take to retail trading in commodities. There are such fairs in the hills twenty to twenty five kms interior from the main thorough fares. They are held in the remote places like Maddigaruvu enroute Gangarajumadugula and Kilamkota and Bandratiputta, upwards of Kimudupalli and Gomangi in the Seekari region. Prices are sky-high in such markets and an item is to be purchased after hard bargaining. A woman who buys a saree after a lot of bargaining bemoans her misfortune of not being able to wear the saree. Her man is a miser. He stands no fun. He does not like merry-making. The in-laws always torment her. Her husband's younger brother is a nuisance. At last, she succumbs to this younger brother who is of her age.

Come and rescue me O Lachamiah! (లచ్చుమయ్య రచ్చించర మరిద్ - లచ్చుమయ్య)

My dearest younger brother-in-law comes,

Behind the house there stands a green tall tree; (ఇంటినకాల ఒక పచ్చనిమాను)

Cut down its branches two and make two holes,

(పచ్చనిమానుకు రెండురాటలు నరుకు)

Cut and prepare two rafters too, besides, (రాటలచాటు రెండుబడితలు నరుకు)

Erect a scaffold with the poles and rafters,

(ఆ బడితలచాటు రెండుబురుజులువేయొ)

And put up a small canopy o'er it, (ఆ బురుజులపైనా రెండుడేరాలు గట్టు)

For I shall come and join you and share your bed; (ఆ డేరాపైన నేను వస్తా మరిద్)

Then you can spring on and can swing on,

(ఉయ్యాలబండి ఊరెడ్లబండి - లచ్చుమయ్య)

Come on and put your seven bags weight on me,

(వెయ్యరబరువు యేడుబస్తాలబరువు లచ్చుమయ్య)

And drive with force the double bullock cart.

(తోలరబండి - జోడెడ్లబండి లచ్చుమయ్య)

The woman and her husband's younger brother, who set out from home, turn themselves into a cart and its load.

Our Ramanna has gone to plough the dry land, (రామన్న వెళ్లాడు రేవళ్ళ దుక్కు)

And Laxmana has gone for hunting birds, (లకుమన్న వెళ్లాడు పిట్టవేటకు)

A bird is caught in the trap fixed on stones, (రాలను చేపట్టి రాలువడిబోసు)

And one bird standing was shot at in its chest, (కూకున్నపిట్టకు గుండెతగలేసు)

The bird that flew away was shot in its wing; (పారిన పిట్టకు పక్కతగిలేసు)

He picked up the two birds and homeward went, (ఈ పిట్ట ఆ పిట్ట కుదుటేసినాడా)

Bhima went home and called his sister-in-law, (భీముడు అప్పుడు ఇంటికొచ్చాడో)

And gave the birds to her to make good curry; (వదినరో ఓయమ్మ పిట్టలందవా)

“If I receive the birds, your brother scolds me” (నేనందుకుంటేను నీయన్న తిట్టో)

Though she said so, she took the birds from his hands;

(అలాగే యావదిన పిట్టలందిదో)

“You have the birds I brought, my dear vadina, sister in-law

Now I beseech you to give me some water” (పిట్టలందినదాన నీళ్ళియ్యు వదిన)

“I do give you water you want, dear maridi, brother in-law

But I am afraid your brother will scold me; (నీకు నీళ్ళిస్తేను మీయన్న తిట్టో)

Though she said of her fear she gave him water,

(అలాగే యావదిన నీళ్ళు యిచ్చిదో)

“As you have given me water, dear vadina,

Don't you give me some butter milk to drink?

You have no doubt given me butter milk, vadina (నీళ్ళిచ్చినదాన చల్లలీయవా)

Why don't you give me some oil for my head?

Well, my dear vadina, you have given me oil, (చల్లదెచ్చినదానవు నూనెలీయవా)

But, don't you please apply it to my head? (నూనెలిచ్చినదానవు బుర్రకురాయో)

And having applied oil, don't you comb my hair?” (రాసినదానవు నెత్తిదూయవో)

She also combed her hair and tied her long queue,

(సీతమ్మ తలదూసి సిగపాయ వేయు)

And made her queue bedecked with flowers he brought,

(మరిదిర్ లక్ష్మన్న పువ్వు ఎక్కడిదో)

“What more I want now if you come with me?”

(నావెంట వస్తేను పువ్వులేం కరువో)

So says she, Seethamma, to Lakshmana;

Then Sitamma smiled heartily with joy, (అపుడే సీతమ్మ నవ్వుతున్నాదో)

But to the smiling Sita there were many chores, (నవ్వేటి సీతమ్మ తానేటి పనులు)

She gave her young maridi water to bathe, (మరిది లచ్చనుడికి నీల్లెట్టినాది)

And cleansed a thin-bottomed pot on the hearth,

(అడుగుపలచనికుండకడిగి ఎసరెటు)

She cooked rice that looked like gold in colour, (ఉడికిన అన్నము ఉల్లిపూచాయ)

And her smiling lips looked like gold petals, (బంగారు పెదిమలతో బాగానె నవ్వు)

She picked her best clothes and dressed herself, (చీరలు రవకెలు ధరియించుకోని)

Pink coloured sari and pea flowered jacket, (సెనగపూరైకలు తానుకట్టిందా)

She wore and combed her hair and bundled her queue,

(ముడిచిన దానిసిగ ముంతసిగపెట్టు)

Her coiled queue had shone, her face like moon gloomed,

(దిద్దినదానిముఖము చందురుబోలు)

Do you know, Sita, Lakshmana how they look like?

(సీతమ్మ లచ్చనుడు ఏలగున్నారో)

As they were joking in joy along the street, (ఇరుగతా కరుగతా వీధెంబడెల్లు)

The turmeric gardens and the towns passed by, (పసుపుతోటలుదాటి పట్నాలుదాటి)

And Laxmana climbed up the eastern branch, (తూరుపుకొమ్మల లచ్చనుడెక్కాడో)

And Sitamma climbed up the western branch, (పడమటికొమ్మల సీతయెక్కీదో)

Lo, Rama had returned but what could he do?

(రాముడు ఇలుసేరి తానేమి పనులు)

Put the yoke aside (పమిడాల యాపూదు పంచచేరేసు)

Inserting a pearled-goad in the roof he had said,

(ముత్యాల ములుగర్ర ముంజూరువేసా)

“O, mother, give me water, (అమ్మరో ఓలమ్మ నీళ్ళివ్వవమ్మ)

You gave me water but where is your daughter in-law?

(నీవు నీళ్ళిచ్చేవు నీకోడలేది)

What happened to your daughter-in-law, please tell.

She has gone to see her sisters (చెల్లెలుగలదారి చెలువుండబోయె)

As she has brothers, to them she has gone,

Hear me, father-in-law sitting in court” (రచ్చలోకూచున్న మామ ఓ మామ)

“Why are you cooking, let me know, dear aunt, (వంటలు వండేటి అత్త కన్నత్త)

Whether your daughter come here! (మీ కూతురిటువైపు మళ్ళాచ్చినాదో)

“We got her married and she joined her husband”.

He angers on my daughter reddening his eyes, (ఎర్రటికళ్ళకు ఎక్కె కోపాలు)

Unbounded is his wrath and he is wild, (పచ్చటికళ్ళకు పట్టె కోపాలు)

He twisted sharp his moustache with red shot eyes,

(కుడిమీసమెగరేసు గుడ్డెర్రజేసు)

And frowns on his wife and then frowns on us, (శాలకు వెళ్లాడో గుర్రాలాదీసా)

He went to the shed and mounted the horse, (నీలాటి గుర్రము సవ్వరైనాడు)

The horse was blue; he smoothed it with his hand,

By the route my brother has gone, (నాతమ్ముడెళ్ళిన తోవనే వెళ్లు)

The monsoon has arrived by thundering and lightning,

(మల్లెచెట్టులోన తొలకరిమెరుపా - ఇద్దరు ఇర్రుకొని కలిసిఉన్నారో)

But Rama is alone, what can he do? (చెట్టుకిందికి వెళ్ళి రాముడేమి పనులు)

He went to the shade of a near by tree,

“I am a child O, brother! I am afraid,” (ఒల్లనుర, ఓరన్న భయాలువేసు)

“If you are so afraid why have you come”? (భయాలు వేసినవాడ వేలాచ్చినావు)

“Because Laxman is about to come to our land”

(భూమికి లచ్చనుడు దిగుతనున్నాడో)

O, Sitamma you have come down to us, (దిగవలె సీతమ్మ నీవు దిగవాలె)

Killed sita, wiped off her vermilion mark (సీతకునరికాడు సీతబొట్టుదీసు)

He picked up her clothes and tied them and bundled,

(బట్టలుతీశాడు మూటగట్టాడో)

“Take this, dear aunt; it’s your daughter’s sari.” (అత్తగారింటికి పయనమైనాడు)

“What saries, dear son, you have brought to me?” (ఇదిగోర ఓయత్త నీకూతుచీర)

“No, not at all, they are brought for my funeral”. (సమర్తచీరలుకావు, చావుచీరలు)

There is a story among the tribes which is remembered after hearing the above song: A wood cutter was going along a pathway with his carrying-pole hung by the shoulder. Once he frightened some cattle that crossed his path by striking them with the pole. From among the cattle, one was the celestial cow, the Kamadhenu. Inadvertently he tried his pole over the Kamadhenu, when one of the strands of its hair got stuck in that strip of wood. Its miraculous power was such that he did not feel the weight even when he carried a huge quantity of fire wood by that pole. The merchant, who used to buy the fire wood, thought over the wonder and assumed that the miraculous power lay in the carrying pole. So he bought it and got it smoothened neat with a carpenter’s plane. In the process, the hair got lost. From then onward the wood cutter could carry with the pole only such weight as he could carry by himself.

The above song contains the names of Sri Rama, Sita and Lakshmana. Using these names for such accounts of rank adultery is something that our tradition does not relish. We get a sense of revulsion

because we have been correcting our lives for thousands of years with Rama, Sita and Lakshmana as role models. It is nauseating to find their names substituted in such a song. However, it is a solace, if one knows that the tribes know not what they sing and about whom. They hear the Ramayana only once in five or ten years when some puppeteers and street players go that way and present the Ramayana story. The ideals of the Ramayana are still there only to be worshipped from a distance because the inter relationships among men and women in civilized, rural or tribes people are still far behind the ideals of the Ramayana. An ideal which is not within the reach of the society can hardly be digested.

They have won the goddess of wealth, Sita,

(మంచిది మాలచ్చిమని - గెలుచుకున్నారో)

They gave us one-eighth measure of gold coins, (సోలన సోలెడు వరాలిచ్చిరో)

And got our precious Sita and took her, (సోకైన సీతను గెలుచుకున్నారో)

They paid us half a measure of gold coins,

And got our priceless Sita to their family,

They paid us one measure of gold coins, (అడ్డన అడ్డెడు వరాలిచ్చిరో)

And bought our most invaluable young girl,

One measure of gold coins they paid for Sita,

(అందమైన సీతను గెలుచుకున్నారో)

In marriage and for our Kommaragiri bride

The story of Sita has many faces. Each culture looks at Ramayana from its own viewpoint playing with the character of Sita. Can you imagine Sita being bought for a bridal price!

Sri Rama left on white-coloured bullock cart, (వెళ్ళిరి రాములు వెల్లెడ్లతోటి)

And Sita left us with herds of white cows, (వెళ్ళెను సీతమ్మ వెలిమందలతోటి)

Those herds of cows, O Sita, belong to us,

(ముంగటి పోతులు మనవి సీతమ్మ - వెనుకటివెలపోతులు మనవె సీతమ్మ)

Th fields beyond the tamarind trees you see, (చింతలకిందివి సీత మన పొలాలు)

The fields called Ravula Kindavi Rambha (రావులకిందివి రంభ మన పొలాలు)

And Juvvula Kindavi (జువ్వులకిందివి సుదతి మన పొలాలు)

Remember Sita, they belong to us,

Who can hold the big plough touching the sky and till the land?

(ఆకాశమేరట్టి దున్నెవారెవరు)

Is it that Sri Rama who can do it? (ఆకాశమేరట్టి దున్నె శ్రీరామ)

Who is the lady that can sow the seeds?

And sow the seeds along the rugged furrows?

(వడికట్టి విత్తనాల్ చల్లెవారెవరు)

There is our sister Sita who can do it; (వడికట్టి విత్తనాల్ చల్లె సీతమ్మ)

Who will build his house on hill-side and live? (కొండపక్కన యిల్లు కట్టెవారెవరు)

Who will choose to live there, where monkeys live?

(కోతులున్నచోట మసలెవారెవరు)

“Farm not the land infested with monkeys.” (బండలున్న చేను చేయకు)

This is an adage of the hill folk. In the above song, Sri Rama is considered as a tribal farmer. So he should not be separated from his monkeys. But it is not done so.

The tribes as well as the rural folk identified themselves with the Pandavas. King Pandu and Gonthemma are worshipped as deities by them.

There's pop root-banyan tree in the valley, (ఊడండ్ల మర్రికి ఉయ్యాలో)

To which are hanging glittering silver strings, (వెండివి సేకులు ఉయ్యాలో)

And to the silver strings are arranged gold strings;

(వెండివి సేకులు ఉయ్యాలో - పసిడివి బల్లలు ఉయ్యాలో)

Who's there to rock the swing? It's Pandu Raju,

(ఊపేవాడు పాండురాజు ఉయ్యాలో)

Who's she that's sitting in the swing to rock? (ఊపేవాడెవడయ్య ఉయ్యాలో)

She's but Pandava's resort Gonthemma: (ఊగేది గొంతెమ్మ ఉయ్యాలో)

How will she sing while swinging in the air?

(ఇటునుండి ఊగితే ఉయ్యాలో సూర్యచంద్రులమోత

అటునుంచి ఊపితే ఉయ్యాలో - హరిచంద్రులమోత ఉయ్యాలో

పాండవుల గొంతెమ్మ ఉయ్యాలో - పదమెట్ల పాడుతదో ఉయ్యాలో)



In the song, father asks his daughter Parvathi as to whom she would choose for husband.

The little girl has slowly grown up in age, (ఇంతాయె అంతాయె ఈడేరిదాయె)

To whom will this good girl be married?

Whom should I give my daughter in marriage? (ఇంకెవరినిత్తునె ఇలరాచగౌరు)

Shall I give you to blacksmith's family? (కమ్మర్లనిత్తును ఓ బాలగ్గెరు)

"I like it not, dear father, I like it not, (మాలల మన్ననలు నాతరముగాదు)

Because I can't burn charcoal, (కమ్మర్లబొగ్గులు నేకాల్పలేను)

Can I talk to Brahmin Youth?

No, I can't go on taking number of baths like them

(బామ్మర్ల తానాలు నేచేయలేను)

Can fix a match with Reddi

No, I can't carry breakfast pots of Reddis (రెడ్ల చలిముంతలు నేమోయలేను)

O Jangam of Palakonda, young and smart, (పాలకొండనున్న బాలజంగము)

With neck-charmed nuts and beads
A tiger skin round his waist day and night,
(మెడనిండ రుద్రాక్షల్ మొలను పులితోలు)

I prefer him among all others known,
So marry me and he will carry me away.

She has chosen the hermit of Palakonda who has beads of rudraksha around his neck and tiger skin around his waist. There is a strange reason for Parvathi selecting such a husband:

To carry breakfast to the Reddis, engaged in podu farming, a girl has to traverse steep hills and some times even the hill tops that seem to touch the stars. Such a hard task causes pain to the knee-joints. The Malas are wise and courteous. A girl of such a community has to stoop down constantly to pay courtesies to all and sundry. Not being prepared to suffer these ignominies, she prefers a primitive mendicant for a husband. It is better to describe the nature of such people in their own words:

The khond is afraid like a Sambher Deer Kanuju too,
(కోదుబెదురు - కణుబెదురు)

Tell to a blacksmith, tell a he buffaloe. (ఓజులోడికి చెప్పు - ఎనుబోతుకు చెప్పు)
The word of blacksmith a stroke with a hammer,
(ఓజులోడిమాట - ఒడిదుడుదెబ్బ)

The word said to Kapu, a shot against a bison,
(కాపువాడికి చెప్పినమాట - గురకువేసిన అమ్ము)

“Uncooked”, Konda Dora says, when asked to eat banana fruit,
(అరటిపండుతినరా కొండదారా అంటే - ఉడకలేదన్నాడట)

When he is asked to ride a horse, (గుర్రమెక్కరా కొండదారా అంటే)
He calls for ladder to climb up the horse, (నిచ్చెన తెమ్మన్నాడట)

(రెడ్డికి ముడ్డికి రేకలకోటికి)

(టీకడిల్లో మారేడు మద్ది)

(పంపెనపది పంపెనపది)

When the pampena fruit bursts, its white petals burst forth and scatter all around like the rupee notes that are fanned out. It is wealth indeed for the Reddis.



To our brothers on the other side of the hill, (ఆకసానపోయె గరుబెల్ల పక్షి)

I shall put anklets on your silver feet, (నీవెండి కాళ్ళకు అందెలెడతాను)

I shall put a ring to your tin beak, (నీచిన్నిముక్కుకు కన్ని కుడతాను)

On the way you go there are water Kavallu, (నీవెల్లె తోవల్లో నీలకావళ్ళు)

Don't stop on seeing them, bird, I entreat you, (నీలకావడి చూసి నిలచేవు సుమ్మీ)

He may think it is death news and read it, (చావుఉత్తరమని చదివిచూశాడో)

(ఏమిటీనేరాలు చెప్పచెల్లెలా)

(పెళ్ళిఉత్తరమని పెట్టెలో వేసో)

The brothers six mounted on their quick horses,

“Tell us their crimes and wrongs against whom you did,

(ఏమిటితప్పులు చెప్పచెల్లెలా)

You are still labouring hard at the cauldron hot, (కాగులంగటవేసి కడుగుతున్నాడో)

Prove yourself by dipping your hands in boiling oil

(మడ్డున దిగరావో ముద్దుచెల్లెలా)

She put her arm and won the world, (లోచెయి లోదిగిచి లోకంబె గెలిచి)

And she put her hand and won the appreciation of her brothers

(పెడచెయి లోదిగిచి పెద్దన్న గలిచె)

We do admire you sister (మెచ్చితి చెల్లెలా మెచ్చితి నమ్మా...)

In the song there is a reference to *Vosa Pulu* which is nothing but black horse gram sprouts which resemble flowers. Once tender shoots come out of them, the plant is grown by feeding it with turmeric water. The people going to the fair adorn themselves with these flowers. They go about making friends in itim festival, adorning their ears with these flowers.

There is another word in the song, *maddu*, which means “boiled oil.”



The blacksmith's bull is but a mighty one, (కమ్మరోడిపోతు - ఘనమైనపోతు)

The goldsmith's bull is tied with ringing bells, (కంసలోడి పోతు - గంటల్ల పోతు)

As the bulls were indulged in coaxing each other,

(మూడు పోతులుగూడి ముచ్చటాడంగ)

Tempted to see I turned back with my pot, (తిరిగి చూదామని తిప్పుదునె కడవ)

Again and again as I desired to see, (మరలి చూదామని మలుపుదునె కడవ)

I pretended to bend at my pot and turned back, (కుండపోతేపోని)

“You lost the pot but what about its rim?” (అంచుతేవమ్మ)

His brothers are on the watch to ask you, (అంచుకు అన్నలు కాసియున్నారు)

Your mama too is looking for its bottom,

(మట్టుకుమామలు కాసియున్నారు)

(పెదమామ వేసిన పెదగొప్పితాడు)

(చినమామ వేసిన చినగొప్పితాడు)

She lifted up the axe found in the lane,

(గొందిలో గొడ్డలి భుజాననవేసో)

(మూడు తాళ్ళేసిది మూటగట్టిది)

And placed it gently on her shoulder left,

And left the house and walked through rugged mountains,

(నల్లగొండలపైన వెళ్ళిసోమమ్మ - నల్లగొండలలోన వేగినమాను)

And hanged herself with the help of rope, (మూడు తాళ్ళేసిది మూటగట్టిది)

Thus Somamma's life came to an end, (వేగినమానుకు ఉరులు పన్నీది)

And she remained as village diety till date. (ఉరులలో సోమమ్మ ఉండిపోయింది)

Jay – walking Somamma broke her water pot hanged herself to death,
unable to show proofs to her in-laws.



She went to canal and washed her face,

(అక్కటి ఆమగువ - లాలి కాలువాకి వెళ్ళు - ముకమైన కడుగు)

Her teeth were shining and sparkling white,

(దంతాలరాయెక్కి - లాలి - దంతలైన కడుగు)

She washed the pot with flowers of bitter guord,

(కడిగింది - లాలి - కడవ కాకరపూవేరి)

Dipped in water and unable to lift it,

(ముంచింది కడవ - లాలి - ముడుకు పైకిలెగదు)

Looked this side and looked that side at the banks,

(ఇటుచూసటుచూసి - లాలి - గట్టొంక చూసు)

And on the banks she saw a young fisherman

(గట్టున కాముడు - లాలి - గాలపేటవాడు)

“It is a long time since I came here for water,

(నేపచ్చి జామాయే - లాలి - కడవెత్తిపోరా)

Come you, young man and lift the pot and help;”

“What prize you will give me if I help you?”

(కడవెత్తు కాముడికి - లాలి లంచమేమి ఇవ్వో)

“My elder sister, I’ll give if you help me”

(మాయప్పనిత్తును - లాలి - కడవెత్తిపోరా)

“Your sister, I don’t want, you young girl,

Because she becomes my elder sister-in-law,”

(మీయప్ప నావదిన - లాలి - వరుసగాడు నాకు)

“If that is so, I myself come, so come and help.”

(నేనైన వత్తును లాలి కడవెత్తిపోర)

It is but natural for a young girl to adorn herself with finery, so that she will be adored by men of rank. One such girl is trying to get her sari woven by the weaver, giving every detail of design.

Weave sparrows on the border, my dear weaver,

(కుచ్చుల చెంగులకు పిచ్చుకలు నెయ్యరా - నారాచగుమ్మడి)

Weave cobras in the mid, my dear good weaver,

(నడిగట్టు చెంగులకు నాగుబాములునెయ్యరా - నారాచగుమ్మడి)

Weave too doves on the edge O weaver, dear,

(కొంగులచెంగులకు గువ్వపిట్టలునెయ్యరా - నారాచగుమ్మడి)

Weave palapittas also on the mantles, weaver,

(పయ్యటచెంగులకు పారుపిట్టలునెయ్యరా - నారాచగుమ్మడి)

Wear such sari and go through bushes

(ఆచీరకట్టుకొని తుప్పలెండెళ్ళరా - నారాచగుమ్మడి)

The young deer there flee from me, stoop and fall,

(తుప్పనున్న దుప్పిపిల్ల తుక్కుతుక్కు తూలెరా - నారాచగుమ్మడీ)

Wear such sari and go along tanks,

(ఆచీరగట్టుకొని చెరువులెంబడెళ్ళరా - నారాచగుమ్మడీ)

The little fish in tanks stare at with black eyes,

(చెరువునున్న చేపపిల్ల తేలితేలి తులైరా)

The queen there will gaze at my sparkling whiteness

(దొడ్డినున్న దొరసాని తెలుపు మెరుపులు చూచెరా - నారాచగుమ్మడీ)

If I wear this sari and go to the gardens,

(ఆచీరకట్టుకొని కంచెలెంబడెళ్ళరా - నారాచగుమ్మడీ)

(కంచెనున్న గరిజముల్లు కాలునాటిపోయెరా - నారాచగుమ్మడీ)

A thorn had pierced through her foot and got lodged,

“Remove the thorn, O’ barber of the village,

For which I shall my elder sister give you,

(మాయప్పనిత్తును ముల్లుతీయర మంగలి - నారాచగుమ్మడీ)

“If so she becomes my elder sister-in-law”.

(నీయప్ప నీవరుసనాకు వదినగారు - నారాచగుమ్మడీ)

“Then I shall give my younger sister pretty,

(మాచెల్లినిత్తును ముల్లుతీయర మంగలి - నారాచగుమ్మడీ)

So come soon barber and remove the thorn”,

“Then she becomes by relation my maradalu,

(మీచెల్లి నీవరుసనాకు మరదలౌను - నారాచగుమ్మడీ)

“If so, I shall myself come, so do it soon”.

(నేనైనవత్తును ముల్లుతీయర మంగలి...)



Thus goes on the courtship: then, life after marriage; dull routine; seasons change.

Camp life in the field along with the cattle

Nerudu blooms, the flowers have fallen; none came for me from my home (నేరెండ్లు పూచివి నేలకొరిగివి - నేలకొరిగినగాని రారుమావారు)

Dadduga flowers fallen to the path my people don't visit.

(దద్దుగులు పూచివి దారికొరిగివి - దారికొరిగినగాని రారుమావారు)

When the induga tree is in full bloom, my people don't visit once in year.

(ఇండుగులు పూచివి యేరుకొరిగివి - ఏడాదికొకసారి రారుమావారు)

Summer comes, silk cotton blooms,

(బూరుగులు పూచివి, భూమికొరిగివి - భూములెరుగని రారుమావారు)

Some excuse or the other – they lead neglected life. Seasons fly by. Time's wheel rolls on. Children are born.

Our baby's eyes looklike two jasmine flowers, (జోజమ్మకన్నులు దొంతిమల్లెలు)

Our kindred son-in-law is Chinni Chittappa, (మనవారి అల్లుడు చిన్నచిట్టెప్ప)

The anklet bells, the bronze waist-thread, the baby wears,

(కాలిన గజ్జెలు కంచుమొలతాడు)

Our young Chittamma is rich man's daughter, (కలవారికోడలోయ్ చిన్నచిట్టెప్ప)

With gold rings on her fingers and silver girdle, (వేలిన ఉంగరాలు వెండొడ్డణాలు)

Her mother is the Velama's daughter-in-law, (వెలుమలికి కోడలోయ్ చిన్నచిట్టెప్ప)

Eat dall, Chitappa, but ask not again, (పప్పుతిను చిట్టెప్ప పప్పుకేడ్వాక)

Because the crops failed and it became scarce, (పంటలు పండక పప్పు దొరకది)

Eat rice, Chittappa, but cry not for more, (కూడుతినుచిట్టెప్ప కూటికేడ్వాక)

Because paddy heaps have not yet been thrashed,

(కుప్పలు నూర్వక కూడుదొరకది)

And rice too has become scarce in market, (పాల్తాగు చిట్టెప్ప పాలకేడ్వక)

The cow we have in the west has gone dry, (పడమటనున్నదా మనపాడియాపు)

In the reclaimed mount dwell our uncles great, (కాలిన కొండన కన్నమామలు)

Your uncles live in Modugula mount, (కన్న మామల ముద్దు ఘనమైన ముద్దు)

They love you most; their kisses are your blessings,
(మేనమామలముద్దు మేలైన ముద్దు)

Come, and eat, you are welcome with your kittens, (పిల్లిరావోయ్ తల్లి పిల్లలతల్లి)

The eyes of cat are like cat-woven saris, (పిల్లెమ్మ కన్ను బీరమొగ్గలు)

Cock, come cock,----- (కోడి రావోయ్ కోడి ...)

The above song is heard at Gurtedu on the Godavari – Visakha border. In the Godavari region, it is the time when no child cries for food. (చలికూటికి బాల ఏడ్వనికాలం) Hunger can be quenched with some premature, odd crop. The time is called *saviti palakam*. But at Visakha, it is different. It is the time when women need sell away their nose rings, when noses and mouths of crops are about to be ripen. (ముక్కనుమకు ముక్కులు మూతులు పండుతుంటే ముక్కుకమ్మలు అమ్ముకుతుంటారు) It is the time of mukkanuma, the fourth day of the Pongal festival. (When the crops re yet to be harvested) The mother in the song forgets herself in joy while feeding her new born baby with her breast milk. At the same time, she cannot but remember her poverty-stricken life.



Hectic domestic chores and the daily necessity of carrying breakfast to her man who is a long way off or some of her duties which she cannot bear with a new born babe to her breast, She has to gather twigs for fire

wood and many other similar works of labour makes her body a festering wound. She knows that sex is forbidden for her with the days-old-baby at her side. She begs her husband to wait till the baby gives up mother's milk. Still the husband torments. She resists. Atlast she pleads with him to get a cowife.

The suckling child still sticks to my breast,

(పచ్చిసామలబోసు - పాలారబోసు - పసి పురుటాలను - పనికి చాలను)

I' am unclean still; I am unfit

On the bank of the river lives a girl, (ఏరింత ఒడ్డున వేరాలితెమ్ము)

Bring her home as co-wife, (బాలింత ఒడ్డున సవతిని తెమ్మో)

“Can you bear with me if I lie with her? (సవతిని తెస్తేను సరులుండగలవ)

“If God is kind, we can both live in peace;”

(సామివారి దయలుంటే సరులుండగలను)

“Can you stay and live on aloof from me?” (యేరాలినితెస్తేను వేరుండగలవ)

“If my kind husband wills, I can live aloof.” (ఏలేవారి దయలుంటే వేరుండగలను)

What a kind of house the senior wife should have?

(మరి పెద్దయమ్మకు ఏమేమి ఇండ్లు)

She should possess a house built on small posts,

(వందనపురాటలు - కుందనపు నేత)

What kind of house the junior wife should have?

(మరి చిన్నయమ్మకు ఏమేమి ఇండ్లు)

A mansion built on a pillar and a beam? (ఒంటికంబంమేడ ఒక్కదూలము)

What ornaments should the senior wife should have?

(మరి పెద్దయమ్మకు ఏమేమి నగలు)

Enough if she has eye-salve casket and threads.

(మెడనిండ కుంటెండ్లు - ముద్దుబరిణెలు)

“An eye-salve casket and yellow-threads on neck”

What kind of clothes the junior wife should wear?

(మరి చిన్నయమ్మకు ఏమేమిచీర)

“Ten cubits-long silk sari and glass jacket” (పదిమూళ్ళు పట్టుచీర - అద్దంపురవిక)

What about the clothes of the senior wife? (మరి పెద్దయమ్మకు ఏమేమిచీర)

A handloom cotton sari and a jacket (చిలుకుచిత్తడిచీర - చిత్రపురవిక)

(There is a word *moora* in the above song which is a measure equal to half a yard.)

The remarriage of the husband is no solution for the problem. Quarrels arise between the wives. The wives resort to abusing each other.

The time you set foot in the house is cursed, (ఆవేశ వచ్చివో ఆలిజగడాలు)

“Take care of children; I will go to fetch fuel, (పుల్లలకెడతాను పిల్లలనుబట్టు)

Ashamed I'm to keep them: leave them there and go.

(నాకు సిగ్గెతుంది నట్టింటబెట్టు)

He hangs on to toddy leaf-cups day and night; (కల్లుడిప్పలకాడ పడిచస్తడమ్మ)

And not a grain of food he leaves behind; (కూడువండినపూట కుండవదలడు)

He eats away a potful food in entirety

The day on which chicken curry is prepared, (కోడినికోసినపూట గొందివదలడు)

He would leave the house and the village:

On the day delicious slate-cakes are prepared, (అరిసెలొండిన పూట)

He would not leave the attic till he ate them: (అట్టుకువదలడు)



Let me bring the cash kept in the golden casket, (నిమ్మబరిణలతోడి - నీళ్లందుకోని)

It is a costly one my parents gave me; (నీళ్ళాశకిచ్చిరి - ననుకన్నవారు)

Let me take the cash kept in the golden casket:

(దబ్బుబరిణలతోడి ధనమందుకోని ధనమాశకిచ్చిరి - ననుకన్నవారు)

In gifting the calf and its time of coming, (దూడవచ్చిన వేళ - ధూలడిగేవేళ)

My parents gave me troubles many, (దుఃఖానికిచ్చిరి - ననుకన్నవారు)

The time of cattle coming home to rest, (పసులు వచ్చేవేళ)

The time of birds returning to their nests, (పక్షురిచేవేళ)

Was bad, and sorrows did my parents send: (పంతానికిచ్చిరి - ననుకన్నవారు)

Before the seven hills my marriage was done, (ఏడుకొండలచాటు - నన్నిచ్చినారు)

But not once in a year they came to see me; (ఏడాదికొకమాటు - రారునావారు)

They did my marriage on the back of ten hills, (పది కొండలచాటు - నన్నిచ్చినారు)

But none of my men came and talked a word; (పల్లికైన చూడరు - ననుకన్నవారు)

The silk-cotton trees, they have heavily blossomed,

(బూరుగులుపూచివి - భూమికొరిగివి)

Yet my kith and kin don't come to see me (భూములెరుగమని - రారునావారు)

On the pretext of not knowing our lands;

Raddugulu blossomed heavily this year, (దద్దుగులు పూచివి - దారికొరిగివి)

Still my kith and kin don't come to see me;

They say, "We never know the route to your lands"

(దారులెరుగమని - రారునావారు)

The jumboo trees have flowered well this year, (నేరేండ్లుపూచివి - నేలకొరిగివి)

My people still do not come to see me; (నెలపులుచాలవని - రారునావారు)

What a ruse of not having good bedding!

The indiga trees have richly flowered, (ఇండుగులుపూచివి - యేరుకొరిగివి)

But not once in a year my people came. (ఏడాది కొకమారు రారునావారు)

The tribes wind their way along the straight ghat roads, the winding tracks through bushes and also along the cattle tracks very speedily and it looks as if they are breaking their feet while walking and also as if they have knives on the underside of their feet. Most of the hamlets are beyond interior hills. Much toddy oozes there out of jeeluga tree between winter and spring, when the *daddhuga* is in full bloom. These Jeeluga trees lay scattered in the forest and so it is like each tree having its own track leading to it. A man who sets out for another village invariably gets stuck at some tree, fully drunk. Then he wanders aimlessly in that drunken state, and returns at last to the shade of another tree for the afternoon drink time. Thus a drunkard brother who sets out to see her sister rums around the tree?



An affectionate brother goes to distant village to visit her dear sister.

Come, bending at the tamarind tree lone, (ఓంటిచింతనడుమ - వంగిరండన్న)

And come into our royal mansion soon; (మారాచపిల్లకు - వంగిరండన్న)

Our house is built with wooden beams and poles, (దూలాల మాయిల్లు)

So bend your head down, brother and come in, (దూరిరండన్న)

She washed their feet and wiped them with tears of joy,

(పారెళ్ళి అన్నల - పాదాలె కడుగు - పయ్యంట చెంగున పాదాలెవత్తు)

Don't touch our feet dear younger sister, (అంటకుచెల్లెల)

Don't touch our feet sister as they are burning, (అగినిమంటలు)

There are spines and thorns that pierced our feet. (ముట్టకుచెల్లెల ముల్లుచీరిది)

The sister greets her brother with lighted camphor in the traditional manner. (నివాళి) She washes his feet with her bear hands. The very touch

of her hands is like the touch of a blazing fire. Brotherly love wells forth, he takes her into his loving embrace. He feels her hands, touches her fingers and gets worried at the festering wounds – the result of her carrying fire wood and cutting it. The sister is less worried about this physical work and the wounds there of. It hurts her more to listen to her in-laws who slight her for her poverty at her paternal home. She does not like them taunting her for not bringing more and more gifts for them from her parent-home. She sheds tears over all this and her brother is grief-stricken.

The calf, the elder brother gave, became old, (పెద్దన్నయిచ్చిన పెయ్యి పెరిగిది)

The sari, the younger brother gave, is torn, (చిన్నన్నయిచ్చినచీర చినిగిది)

My husband's brothers are ridiculing me. (మాబావ మరదులె దెప్పొచ్చిరన్న)



She dreams of an in-law's house to be the very heaven:

What kind of crops on the hill-side village is grown?

(ఆ కొండపల్లెన - ఏమేమి పండో - చందమామ)

All kinds of millets grown, I tell you, moon;

(ఆ కొండపల్లెన - సామలె పండో - చందమామ)

I can't grind them and winnow them, dear moon,

(సామలుపండితే - నేదంచలేను చందమామ)

Don't marry me to men of Dabba land, dear moon,

(దబ్బులదేశము - నన్నీయకమ్మ - చందమామ)

If I'm struck with a thorn, none to help me there,

(దబ్బుములుగుచ్చితే - తీసేవారులేరు)

“My people brought me a match from a hill-side”, ponders her.

Hither lies a hill, thither another hill, (ఇదికొండ అదికొండ అల్లవె - నలకొండల్)

To that place I’ve been in marriage given, (నాలుగుకొండల నడుమ - నన్నిచ్చినారు)

My brother who wished me live hundred years,

(సతమానం చేసేటి ఆకంసలన్నయ్య)

Had passed away within an hour of marriage, (గుంటలోనే చెల్లినాడా)

My in-laws died within an hour I set foot,

(అరుగులో చేరిన - అరగడియలోపలె అత్తమామలు చెల్లినారా)

A burning faggot if threshed with a finger,

(కాలికాలేపుల్ల కాలితో తొక్కిన కన్నవారికి తప్పదమ్మ)

The husband and his kindred live not for long,

(వెలిగివెలిగేపుల్ల - వేలితో తోసినా ఏలేవారికి తప్పదమ్మ)

“Lucky is the girl who has brothers taking care of her even after she is married away.” thinks she.

My father came and gave me a new sari, (బాబొచ్చి కొత్తచీర కట్టిపామ్మనెను)

“Stay with us for six months”, said my elder brother.

(అన్నొచ్చి - ఆరునెలలుండిపామ్మనెను)

When I with hunger struck went to my mother, (ఆకలేసి - నేను అమ్మింటి కెడితే)

She asked me to eat sweet milk-rice and go;

(అమ్మొచ్చి - పాలన్నం తినివెళ్ళమనెను)

Brothers frequently visit their sisters when the dairy and granary are full.

Who is that first man coming with an umbrella?

(ముందువచ్చేగొడుగు - అది యెవరిగొడుగు)

He is none else but my aged elder brother; (ముద్రుడు పెద్దన్న)

To see me he's coming with a pearled umbrella, (ముత్యంపుగొడుగు)

Who is he that is coming in the middle, (నడుమవచ్చెగొడుగు - అది యెవరిగొడుగు)

With peacock plumaged grand-umbrella? (నెమలిపురిగొడుగు)

He is my youngest brother coming to see me; (నాయకుడు నడిపన్న)

Who is he that is coming at the back of all?

(వెనుకవచ్చెగొడుగు - అదియెవరిగొడుగు)

He is my last elder brother, my fondest; (వెడ్డివాడు చిన్నన్న)

He's coming with a silver-headed umbrella. (వెండిపురిగొడుగు)

The umbrellas with cloth- covering. (గుబ్బగొడుగులు), instead of palm-leaf covering can be had at the fairs and they are status symbols.

Who is your people lady, Elaganti-people? (ఎవరమ్మ నీవారు - ఎలగంటి వారు)

Yes, ladies, yes, they are Elaganti-people; (ఎలగంటివారమ్మ - ఎన్నడెరుగము)

For noble hands heroic bracelets gold, (మేలైన చేతులకు - వీరకడియాలు)

For sturdy arms, yellow metal bracelets made, (బాగైనచేతులకు - దండకడియాలు)



On this side stands Pinakota and on that side, (ఇటు పినకోట అటుపెదకోట)

Pedakota and in the midst Nagatithota, (నడుమ నాగలితోట)

Look at them and see my three great friends there!

(మాఉరినాయుడంటె బుగ్గలేరి ముద్దుపెట్టె)

“Look, my friend, our chieftain, Naidu, gently kisses the cheeks, a gentle man is he.”

(చూడు నేస్తంబాబు - చూడు నేస్తంబాబు - చూడుచూడు బాబు)

And made them rice-balls and cooked them well, (కందులు కుడుములు)

She ground the best of ragi and red-gram,

(గంతవెనుకనున్న - ఇంతరేకచోళ్ళు - ఇంతరేకచోళ్ళు)

She gave her husband four score and ten rice-balls,

(ఎత్తి తొలుత మగడికి తొంబయిచ్చె)

And to her paramour gave a hundred and more, (మారుమగడి కన్న పండుమిచ్చి)

But one rice-ball to her young brother-in-law, (ఇంతతోడుగాడికి ఒక్కటియిచ్చె)

And warned him, her watch dog, not to tell his brother;

(అన్నకు చెప్పకురా వదిన పంపకాలు)

Thus were fulfilled the pleasures of all, dear friend.

(అందరిసరదా తీరె వదిన పంపకాలు)

The woman in the song must be a courtesan, who surpasses Madhurvani of “Kanyasulkam” in sexual exploits.

The above song is a Telugu one tuned in the lines of *Sangadi* song of the *samantas*.



A wife could suffer any amount of humiliation as long as she enjoys her husband's confidence. Even so, the tortures by her in-laws play no mean role in the breakup of marriages. The parents from the girl's side go on persuading her in marriage-songs about the importance of saving a marriage.

E'en if you are abused and beaten, dear sister, (తిట్టినా కొట్టినా చెల్లెలా)

Endure them and remain at your in-laws house, (వారియింటనేయుండు చెల్లెలా)

But once you are harassed, come silently back.

(వారేమన్నను చెల్లెలా - దారిపట్టుకురాకు చెల్లెలా)

As ill-luck would have it, things get really bad and the man who tied basikam around her head may breathe his last – then her parents are her refuge.

Our play-mates once and friends now bitterly cried,
The bridegroom on the bridal planks breathed his last,

(సతమానం చేసేటి ఆకంసలన్నయ్య గుంటలోనే చెల్లినాడా)

How bad! How horrible! And what a tragedy?

(అరుగులో చేరిన - అరగడియలోపలె అత్తమామలు చెల్లినారా)

I fondly hoped you would come with your spouse straight,

(కాలికాలేపుల్ల కాలితో తొక్కిన కన్నవారికి తప్పదమ్మ)

Prayed to the kind stars -----

And dreamed of your grand nuptial night;

(వెలిగివెలిగేపుల్ల - వేలితో తోసినా ఏలేవారికి తప్పదమ్మ)

But what is this unbearable fate, this plight?

Life becomes like an earthen vessel overturned. As fog engulfs, things are not visible enough and one should blink to see clearly. At such a time one does not know time. Fog breaks and sun shines bright with excitement all around. But – disappointment sets in.

I prayed to the stars and took their promise too,

(నీకు నేనుర వస్తానని - ఓ రామ ఓరామ రాఘవా)

The dew dissolved, the fog disappeared soon,

(చుక్కలకుర బాసచేసెర - ఓరామ ఓరామ రాఘవా)

The day broke as the whistling smoke-train passed

(పొగలుబండికి పారిపోగ - పడాలు మరిదిని పిలియబోదాం)

What kind of morning star you are? I asked. (ప్రాపకారిర వేగుచుక్కవో)

The dawn has set in strangely without you? (తేలకుండనే తెల్లవారె)

Before the starry night slept, morning came,

(గాంధు గాంధారి వేళలకు ఓ - ఘాటియావలె తెల్లవారె)

The village has not slept but how it dawned?

(మాయదారిర వేగుచుక్కవో - మన్నెమివకడె తెల్లవారె)

You cursed the morning star, how to worship you?

(బుడిబుడిముంత భూమేలుముంత మధ్యమధ్యముంత మాయలదిముంత)

Night after night she longs to meet him, her husband's brother, and anxiously waits. The stars cheat her in the engulfing fog. Her aim is to leave home at the rise of the morning star, but, alas, fog does not permit her to see the stars. Yet, she dares to start one night at Gandhari vela (2.00 a.m.). She sets out in the biting chill of the early morning dew. Her gait and her pace become slow in the fog. The day dawns when she descends the steep hill. Her lover waits in vain all night long, day after day flares up in anger.

I sent her a message through Kanapurenu, (కొర్రపూవేరును కబురులంపేను)

But why she didn't come is not known;

(వంకరముట్టె - వంపులబొట్టెలు - ఆటకైనరారు)

The day is gone; I sent her many signals, (గుమ్మడి పూవేరును - గురుతులంపేను)

How strange! The night set in, yet she came not!

(గుగ్గుడుమక్కల గుల్లెలబొట్టెలు - ఆటకైనరారు)

As she does not come, keeping time, he derides them as "twisted mouth and crooked nose."



I tell you clearly, please listen to me,

(వెరచిచెప్పుదునమ్మ - వెరియకచెప్పుదు సువ్వనాల సువ్వి)

I cut the rain tree branch and placed across, (రావికొమ్మనరికి రాజొడ్డినాను)

Your son-in-law comes from a royal family, (రాచవారబ్బాయి నీ అల్లుడమ్మ)

I cut the trunk and put it for good use, (దూలకొమ్మనరికి - దూలాడ్డినాను)

As your son-in-law comes from Duda family (దూడవారబ్బాయి నీ అల్లుడమ్మ)

Their secret romance does not remain secret. Some wags have the cheek to report everything to the elders.

There is the case of another woman, neglected by her husband. She challenges her in-laws, questioning her husband's manhood.

When I prepared curries with ripe pumpkin.

(కొండగుమ్మడికాయ కోమరట్లరస్తు - నీరుల్లి వెల్లుల్లి జలకర్రతోటి)

Why aunt, your son, doesn't eat what I have cooked?

(తొమ్మిదితోయాలతో వండినకూర - ఓయత్త నీకొడుకు కూరలొల్లడు)

He is not in his bed, aunt, where has he gone?

(వంచనలేడమ్మ మంచానలేడు - ఏడత్త నీకొడుకు ఎందుబోయేడు)

He's not at the tamarind tree or on its top, (చింతచెట్టునలేడు శిరసునలేడు)

Will you tell me dear aunt, where he has gone? (ఓలత్త నీకొడుకు ఎందుబోయేడు)

(మంకుగుణమని మగువలొల్లడు - చేటుగుణమని చేడెలొల్లడు)

Afraid of the daughter-in-law's sharp tongue, the husband's parents warn him to be careful and get him examined. When the matter comes to the point of divorce, these points provide evidence for arguments and

counter-arguments. When the husband says “she is my goat, I bought her, it is for me to beat her or cut her into pieces,” the elders admonish him saying “no, you bought no goat, you bought a human.”

The women who seek divorce are much better than those who indulge in adultery behind the husband’s back. But we cannot expect all to be straight-forward.

Look at dear friend; look at the field behind,

(చూడు నేస్తంబాబు - చూడు నేస్తంబాబు - చూడుచూడు బాబు)

The ragi crop therein is ripe for harvest,

(గంతవెనుకనున్న - ఇంతరేకచోళ్ళు - ఇంతరేకచోళ్ళు)

And into the field entered a peacock,

(కుంచె నెమలిపిట్ట - దిగె నేస్తంబాబు - నెమలిపిట్ట దిగె)

A hunter with his bow and arrow, lurking,

(వేటగాడు చూసి - వేగులు పొంచిచూచె - పొంచిచూచె)

A hunter with his silver rimmed gun, watching.

(వెండికట్ల తుపాకి - ఎత్తగ దించగ)

But see how the bird is hit by the arrow! (ఇంటెన కాలపడిపోయె)

Yet see our plight dear friend and pity us,

(చూడు నేస్తంబాబు - చూడు నేస్తంబాబు - అత్త మామరాగ అత్తమామరాగ)

The flesh of peacock near our crushing teeth,

(ఇరుకులో దుమ్ము - నోటికాసి జారిపోయె)

Is lost, for our in-laws came unwelcome, (జారిపోయె చూడు నేస్తంబాబు)

And ate away the whole to their hearts’ content

The in-laws approached and the “meat” slipped off.

What can tribes know the taste of a hen? (కొండవాడికేమెరుక కోడిముక్కలసాయ)

Its flesh and bones and its celestial taste, (ఆరుగుంపులబద్ద అరగమోయ)

Except the beast he hunts and their meat he eats?

What can a Mala know the sandalwood smell?

(మాలవాడికేమెరుక మంచిగంధముసాయ)

Except the taste of carrion, foulest of all? (పడిపోయిన బక్కలకు పారుచుండు)

This is the song composed by Valmiki.

The Pandavas and Sita and Rama are considered one among them by the tribal communities. They are the ideals for the tribes; as such they try their best to observe the nuances of decency and etiquette when men and women mingle at one place. But it is not always possible when they live under the same roof going about attending to the several house-hold chores. They are taught to control their senses, even when they live in proximity; still some unintended omissions and commissions do occur. They try to check themselves and take steps for the prevention of misunderstandings. Be that as it may, somewhere there will be an isolated mischief-monger who does some mischief, as described in the following song:



A lout throws at a garland into (ఓసపూలబంతి ఒడిన పడవైచు)

The lap of a maiden sitting on a pial;

The innocent girl folded it and smoothed it, (అన్నెమెరుగనికాంత అంటిముడిచిదో)

Bedecked her glassy queue, bound it like a bun,

(భావమెరుగని కాంత బంతని ముడుచో)

With the flower garland she got by chance,

Blind to the mischievous act done by the youth,

Overwhelmed with joy on the wind-fall gift,

Hardly had passed six minutes when she wore it,

(ఆ పువ్వు ముడిచిన ఆరుగడియలకు)

Her uncle who went to the forest died; (వారి మామ మన్యాన కొలువువెళ్ళడో)

Her aunt won't from her royal chair come down, (వారత్త సింహాలగద్దెను దిగదు)

No, her co-sister won't for grinding grain come, (తోడికోడలు తోడి దంపులొల్లరు)

The horses refused to eat the grass she gave them, (గుర్రాలు దానిచేతి గడ్డినొల్లవు)

And children won't touch the milk given by her, (పిల్లలు దాని చేతి పాలుతాగరు)

Her husband's brother adamant and rude, (మరుదులు)

Refused to go to the Mallram fair (మల్లారం సంతకెళ్ళరు)



As wife and as mother, a woman has several competing and compelling duties. Many a faithful wife, many a dedicated mother and many a virtuous woman are still there to uphold truth and stick on to duties. The cycle of life goes on without a mishap on account of them. The song below illustrates the point.

She put on bangles to her hands for full length,

(చెయ్యెడేసి గాజులు చెంప రింగులు దిండిదోవడం)

Her frontal hair was drooping to the sides,

(మారిపోతున్నది జాతులు మారుస్తున్నారు కాలంతోపాటు హోలం)

She tied her sari down below her navel, (దిండిదోవడం)

It was a world of fashions with ironed clothes,

The spread of civilization deep into the tribes,

Is changing fast their style of life, good or bad,

Let human fashions run in tune with the times

She developed love for children, having none,

(బాలలు లేకను బ్రమలు పడుతుందో)

Can the sun give me happiness as you give? (సూర్యుడు నీయంత సుఖమీయగలవ)

Can the moon give me pleasure as you give? (చందురుడు నీవంటి చక్కదమీయో)

She crossed the river and soon became pregnant,

(ఏరుదాటకముందు గరిబిడొచ్చిందా)

And delivered Kowsel on the sandy beds: (ఇసికదిబ్బలకాడ పుట్టెకుశలన్న)

To tell her brothers in the field, she felt shy, (చేనిలో అన్నలకు చెప్పసిగ్గాను)

The shyness of co-sisters was much more, (ఇంటిలో ఇదినలకు ఇక సిగ్గులేను)

Her parents might think their prestige gone (తల్లిదండ్రులకు తలవంపులగును)

And her sisters might feel it was a shame, (అప్పచెల్లెండ్రకు దెప్పమడుగును)

The potter and the blacksmith built a shrine, (కమ్మరి కమ్మరి మండపము చేసో)

And threw the child into the burning hearth, (ఉయ్యాల బాలుణ్ణి నిప్పుల వేసో)

The blue sea went up and gently rained, (నీల సంద్రం వెళ్లి నిలిచి జల్లిందో)

The milk-sea went up and rained from above. (పాలసంద్రం వెళ్ళి పార జల్లిందో)



Beyond the mountain slopes, ding dong ding,

(ఒడ్డుఒడ్డు కొండలకాడ జంబయ్జో జోదులంగరు)

Inside, amidst the plains, ding dong ding,

(లోపలి లంకల నట్టనడుమ జంబయ్జో జోదులంగరు)

There stands and stares a lion, ding dong ding,

(పులిరాజ పులిరాజ - జంబయ్జో జోదులంగరు - తోటిపురుటాలనైతినయ్య)

His burning eye-balls round, ding dong ding,

(తొమ్మిదిరోజులనాడు నేను - జంబయ్జో జోదులంగరు)

Went there a milch cow for grass, ding dong ding,

(బుద్దులు జ్ఞానాలు చెప్పివత్తును)

In her neck was hung a log, ding dong ding,

(మేతకు తరలె మేలుగల్గావు - జంబయ్జో జోదులంగరు)

The cow began to graze, ding dong ding,

(కట్టిరయ్య గంటబుడగ - జంబయ్జో జోదులంగరు - బూకుమని కేకవేసె)

The log in her neck, hanging, ding dong ding,

(పుట్టచాటు పోతుమొకము - జంబయ్జో జోదులంగరు)

A ringing bell too on neck, ding dong ding, (గడగడమని గంట బుడగ)

The lion roared, it echoed, ding dong ding, (పుట్టచాటు పోతుమొకము)

Like shooting arrow flung, ding dong ding,

How dangerous, how cursed, ding dong ding,

(వస్తున్నదిర వాయుమొకము - అమ్మదీనిముండమొయ్య)

“You are the king of animals, ding dong ding, (పులిరాజ పులిరాజ)

Entreat you I a favour, ding dong ding, (నయ్యదొకవిన్నపమయ్య)

I’ve a young calf at home, ding dong ding, (తోటిపురుటాలనైతినయ్య)

Believe, he is mine, days old, ding dong ding, (తొమ్మిదిరోజులనాడు నేను)

I go home and tell her, ding dong ding, (బుద్దులు జ్ఞానాలు చెప్పివత్తును)

How she should live without me, ding dong ding,

I give her milk and come back, ding dong ding,

(పాలుపెట్టివత్తునయ్య - జంబయ్జో జోదులంగరు)

I swear by fire, believe me, ding dong ding, (అగ్గిననిలబడి అగ్గిబాసలు)

I swear by waters, I stand in, ding dong ding, (నీటిన నిలబడి నీలబాసలు)

Remain, lion here, remain, ding dong ding,

(ఇందే ఉండవో వాయుమొకం తల్లిలేనిబాలవు కొడుక)

“Henceforth my child, hear me, ding dong ding, (తల్లిలేనిబాలవు కొడుక)

You will not have your “Mother”, ding dong ding,

Graze on the bank of Ganges, ding dong ding,

(గంగ ఒడ్డున గడ్డేమేయు కొడుక)

Graze in the valley near, ding dong ding, (కొండకింద కొనలేమేయు కొడుక)

Drink water fresh and pure, ding dong ding, (మంచిజలల నీరేతాగు)

Don't graze in Basamen's field, ding dong ding,

(బాసవారిచేనుమేయకు కొడుక - జంబయ్జో జోదులంగరు)

Because they will beat you, ding dong ding, (బద్దకర్రతో కొట్టునుకొడుక)

With heavy strikes they beat you, ding dong ding,

Don't graze in Kammaris field, ding dong ding,

(కమ్మరివారి చేనుమేయకు కొడుక - కత్తికర్రతో కొట్టును కొడుక)

For they may stab with knives, ding dong ding, (బాసవారిచేనుమేయకు కొడుక)

And hunt you down, dear, ding dong ding. (బద్దకర్రతో కొట్టునుకొడుక)

Don't graze in Reddy's land, ding dong ding, (రెడ్డివారి చేనుమేయకు కొడుక)

They beat you sure with rudders, ding dong ding, (తెడ్డుకర్రతో కొట్టునుకొడుక)

But graze in Mala's land, ding dong ding. (మాలవారి చేనుమేయుమీ కొడుక)

And come back with the herd, ding dong ding, (మందలోకలిసిరమ్మికొడుక)

If lag behind, my dear, ding dong ding,

You have to save yourself, ding dong ding,

Though you are amidst all, ding dong ding,

(నడుమ ఉన్న ఓనల్లటావో వెనుకనున్న ఓతెల్లటావో బాలకైన నీదేభారం)

You have to save yourself, ding dong ding,

As steel wire springs, as brass pots move,

(ఉక్కుతీగలూగినట్లు, కంచు గరగలు కదిలినట్లు)

As milk pots march. (పాలగరగలు తరలినట్లు)

With ringing bell resounding, ding dong ding, (గణగణమని గంటచప్పుడు)

The cow ran back to the lion, ding dong ding, (వెళ్ళిపోయే గంగబొల్లావు)
“Come, lion, come running, ding dong ding, (పారి పారి రావో మెకం)
Come jumping, come galloping, ding dong ding, (ఉరికిఉరికిరావోమెకం)
Hold my throat and bite deep, ding dong ding, (కంఠంకాడ కాటువేయో)
I have kept my word, lion, ding dong ding, (మాటతప్పకవచ్చితినియ్య)
I came back to you soon” ding dong ding,
“I like your truthfulness, cow, ding dong ding, (సత్యేనికైన మెచ్చితినిమ్మ)
Go back to your young one, ding dong ding, (వెళ్ళిపోవో గంగబొల్లావు)
And take care of your calf, ding dong ding, (బాలకైన చూచుకొమ్మా)
Go happy and live in joy, ding dong ding.



These tales were popularized among the Valmikiis who entered service in the estates of Golugonda Madugula and Kasipuram in Visakhmanyam. With hectic farm-operations and rising social disparities, there is a decline in revelries. There is, however, a rise in the songs, which preach morals, that women sing at work – either while separating tamarind seed, or while smearing floor with cow dung or in the sowing operations.

The above song was sung by the mala’s of Gurthedu. So they “sing” to the calf to graze in a Mala’s field. Baasavaru (బాసవారు people speaking other languages) are rude people. They beat with cudgels. Reddys are good basket-makers – they hit with paddles. Koyas are farmers. They beat with a thorn bush used for fencing. Smiths burn a

knife before wrapping it up in a wooden handle. They will brand you if you rub them on the wrong side.

While *perantalu* (the women who come on auspicious occasions) sing these “elders” songs, young girls attack them with mischievous songs. Even as the man’s *say* in the family and society grows, young women do not part with the traditional freedom, they are entitled to, in the festivities. These mischievous songs are known as “lollosi”, songs.

My brother has come but no plate leaves to serve the food,

(అన్నగారువచ్చిరో ఆకులేలేవో)

Go to the bronze shop and bring one plate home:

(కంచరాడిదికులవెళ్ళి - కంచలడిగితెండో)

My brother-in-law too has come, my dear, (బావగారువచ్చిరో ఆకులేలేవో)

Go to Koyas near and bring one lionscloth,

(కోయవాడిదికులవెళ్ళి - గోచులడిగితెండో)

Lollosay – rannalala; (లోల్లోసైరన్నలాల)

Lolloye lore; (లోల్లోలోయ్లోరో)

Sailore rannalala, (సైలోరే రన్నలాల)

Sailore lore (సైలోరో లోరో)

For those who say Lollore one kid inside (Pregnant)

(లోల్లోసే అన్నవారికి - లోపలోకపిల్ల)

For those who say sailore, a kid on the breast, (సైలోరే అన్నవారికి - సంకనోకపిల్ల)

Respecting others depends upon kinship and the state of mind with which one receives the other.

Respecting others depends upon the relationships.

I serve my husband in the bronze plate, (కంచానబెడుదును - కాముండందును)

I serve my brothers dear in green-leaf plates, (ఆకునబెడుదును - అన్నలందును)

But to the man of my age in the piece of gunny bag used to drain water
from boiled rice. (జబ్బినబెడుదును - జియ్యడందును)

It is a plate with due respect to the husband and a leaf would do for a
brother since he does not take it amiss. A fellow of her age deserves a
gunny cloth because she likes to provoke him.

What curry I shall serve, my dear sister, (మాఅప్ప వచ్చిదో - ఏమేమి కూర)

Go, get the hen in the lane and dress it up,

(గొందినున్న కోడిపిల్ల జియ్యరు బయ్యరు కూర)

My brother-in-law came'long with my sister, (మాబావ వచ్చిడో ఏమేమి కూర)

What curry I should make for him and serve?

(వెలుగునున్న తొండపిల్ల-జియ్యరుబయ్యరుకూర)

The lizard in the fence I shall cook for him,

Because he is of my age and is smart,

My sister's sign on oil applied is shining, (మాయప్ప కొప్పులు నూనెముంతలు)

My brother-in-law's hair is dry and matted, (మాబావ గిట్టలు గొర్రెడెక్కలు)

With silver rings my sister's toes are adorned, (మాఅప్పగిట్టలు అరటిబోదెలు)

My brother-in-law's feet like sheep uncloven, (మాబావ గిట్టలు గొర్రె గొద్దెలు)

The young men of my age in this big village, (మా ఊరి జియ్యలు ఎలాగంటివారు)

Are skeleton-like pale-cheeked and charmless,

(తీసెసిన సారుమట్ట - చావుమెగలవారు)

Our village girls are angel-like enchanting,

The colour of the sheep is of one kind, (గొర్రెగొద్దెలొక్కచాయ - గోవులొక్కచాయ)

The colour of the youngsters is another kind,

All turmeric are of one kind in colour, (అన్ని పసుపులొక్కచాయ - అమ్మలొక్కచాయ)

But of the young girls it is different,

Where from has the timid have come? (ఎక్కడినుండి వచ్చిడో బిత్తరి కండ్లబావ)

While getting down the steps he tumbled and fell.

(గుమ్మము దిగబోయి బుంగదినాడు)

Only the younger sister of a woman could read the fleeting glances of her brother-in-law. And the outcome is clear.

The tribes build homes on hill slopes reserving the low land for wet-cultivation. As a result the hill slopes turn out to be congested. If each hill is like an ant-hill, one can find several hamlets on a single hill, just as there are many hamlets on a single hillock. Thus, in the regions around Paderu, there are three hamlets on a single hill. They are Lochiliputtu, Suntruputtu and Kummariputtu. (ఒక్కగుప్పకు మూడు పుట్టులు) The people there hold a rope hanging by the eave, feel the uneven steps and then go in or get out. The bald-headed brother-in-law fumbles on the steps as he is lost in looking at the charms of his wife's younger sister.

Behind is spread fog and mist all around, (గంతవెనుక గాందువేసె)

Whose house is this, whose house is that, not known, (మిటిక మిద్దెలు వేసె)

Into which hut entered the bald-headed man?

(దూరివచ్చిన డోకిబుర్రకు - జియ్యరుబయ్యరుచేసె)

What house is it where is utter confusion,

And what he did with women of his age,

And how the women had revenged, not known,

There is fog all around. One cannot distinguish one's own house from the others. It is tough time to recognize a house. So there is no way to know which house the bad fellow has entered and what reception he has suffered. The hidden meaning in the song below contains indeed a good literary device.

All songs on sister's husband are presumably sung with some hidden meaning.

The creeper has brought forth basketful peas,

(గంతవెనుక చిక్కుడుచెట్టు - తట్టగాయలుకాసె)

For each one measured, one kick from *bava* came,

(తడివితడివి దేవకు బావ - తాపులుతిందువేమొ)

The body of the black-bird is but black clay, (ఎండ్రికదేవిదో - ఎర్రడెక్కలమన్ను)

For you might receive enough of heavy blows,

(దేవిదేవి తినకుబావ - దెబ్బలుతిందువేమొ)

The young gold-skinned woman with suckling child,

(మేడిపండు రూపుదోయ్ - లేతపిల్లల తల్లి)

As soon as you smell her, you hate her and leave,

(వాసనకొప్పుదగిలి - వదిలె దానికొంగు)

In each lap of those women hangs a child.

The song below imitates the band music at wedding time.

Go this side, go that side, you find good pudding,

(ఇందీడెనా అందీడెనా - పిండికుండలచాటున)

On every side in every nook sweet-smells, (పెంపీడెనా - మెరియా - పెంపీడెనా)

In the next street his dead beast, a cattle, (అద్దరి వీధిన గొడ్డుపడిచచ్చె)

The Malas got the flesh, but no piece we got,

(మాలలకు మాంసమాయె - మాకు మోసమాయె)

I can't dig out sweet yours, I can't cleanse them?

(దుంపాలు తవ్వలేను - దూలి తుడువలేను)

I can't bend a branch and cut or I can live,

(కొమ్మవంచి నరకలేను - నేను బతకలేను)

Cut and remove, cut and remove but what?

(తీయవాలె తీయవాలె - ఏమి తీయవాలె)

You should to Darakonda go and cut dabba grass.

(దారకొండ వెళ్ళవాలె - దబ్బగడ్డ తీయవాలె)

And beat them those who steal it. (దబ్బగడ్డ తీసేవారికి - దెబ్బకొట్టవాలె)

In manyam, any one should sweat and toil, however rich he might be. If a rich man engages labour, the labourer tills the land till such time that his immediate needs are served. Even among them, there are some rogues, lethargic rogues, who do not work even that far. This applies to the women-labourer too.

Remember, you are but the daughter-in-law,

O daughter-in-law of thousand beauties, (కోడల కోడల కోటిసుందరి)

“Eat sweetened rice and plaster the mud pial”

(పాలుకూడు తినవమ్మ - పంచలుకవమ్మ)

“I can't eat sweetened rice, I can't do plastering.”

(పాలుకూడు తినలేను - పంచలుక లేను)

You see this, brother, how defiant your wife! (చూడుర చిన్నన్న వదిన - వాలుకాలు)

She eats away the cakes kept in the pots, (దొంతికుండలచాటు - దొంగరొట్టెలు)

And rice in morsels in quiet secrecy. (కూటికుండలచాటు - కూటిముద్దలు)

Stolen food makes the girl head-strong. The man however does not take her pride for granted. He may give her blows in turn.

This ill-tempered, proud woman went to the yard, (కామన్న దొడ్డి కెళ్ళి న్నెలారి)

And brought a bitter watermelon fresh, (కారుపుచ్చకాయ దెచ్చిందెన్నెలారి)

I asked her to cook it and make good curry, (కోసివండుమంటె న్నెలారి)

The fruit was ripe as was not plucked in time, (కోయక వండిం దెన్నె లారి)

I asked her to add salt to it and cook; (ఉప్పువేయుమంటె న్నెలారి)

But she spit on the ground and stared at me, (తుప్పున ఊసిం దెన్నె లారి)

I asked her to put some strong chilly powder, (వర్ర వేయుమంటె న్నెలారి)

Instead of chillies she put onions many, (ఎర్రగడ్డ వేసిం దెన్నె లారి)

I asked her to press down my back while bathing. (వీపుతోముమంటె న్నెలారి)

But, she instead, pushed me back and left me; (వెనక్కు దొబ్బిం దెన్నె లారి)

I asked her to give me a wet cloth to wipe, (తడిబట్టిమ్మంటె న్నెలారి)

She gave me a thatch and roused my anger; (తాటాకిచ్చిం దెన్నె లారి)

I asked her to apply oil and comb my hair, (జుట్టు వంగదీసె న్నెలారి)

And bent her head down and gave her three blows, (మూడైన లాగా డెన్నె లారి)

The hill-bred sheep fat can't touch the ground and swallow,

(కొండ గొర్రె కొవ్విడోలేదో - కొనవంచి మేయలేదు)

The she-sheep fat can't touch the ground and swallow,

(ఆడబొట్టె కొవ్విడోలేదో - అంటకుండ వారియలేదు)

The fatty man comes to be cut down by sword, (మగవాడు కొవ్విడోలేదో)

The fatty man, a victim of the royal sword (చంద్రహాసం కత్తిపాలు)

There are two types of hill sheep backing deer. One is called *dabba gorre* and the other *konda gorre*. The *konda gorres* are the fat ones. They cannot look down on account of the fat around their necks. They fall an easy prey for the traps cast. They wild life has three mamas (fathers-in-law) to kill them – a spear, a cot and a trap. The word “father-in-law” is used in this context in derogatory sense.

(మరణానికి ముగ్గురు మామలు, ఈ మామ - (ఈటె), మా మామ - (మంచం), ఓ మామ - (ఓదం)

In the above song there is a reference to the sword called *chandrahasam* which can take one back to the culture of militarism of the erstwhile princely estates.

Wild animals do not attack their prey face to face like soldiers. Therefore it requires some courage and trickery to attack them. Bow and arrows are the only weapons in the hands of the tribes. Of late, the forests and with them “the game” is becoming extinct. With no “fair” return in hunting, it has become a mere sport. Unless the tribe is pampered, motivated with songs and forced to go, he won’t go for hunting.

Like termites, in a group they go for hunting,

(చలి చీమలదండుగులాగ - సాగిరి - వేటలవారు)

Like white ants they gathered all that came for hunting,

(కూటి చీమలదండుగులాగ - కూడిరి - వేటవారు)

They walked through hills and rocks and rugged lands,

(వేటవెళ్ళేడి అన్నగారు - ఏమి కొండలె మట్టుదురు)

Had crossed jumboo, neem and all kinds of trees,

(ఏమి కొమ్మలె ఒడ్డుతారు - నీరుడు మారుడు కొమ్మలు)

When thirsty they drank filthy water in a ditch;

And mounted Burugumetta upland, (బురదగుంట నీళ్ళుతాగి - బూరుగు మెట్టలెక్కి)

(ఏమి కణుసులె వేసుతారు)

They shot down doves on trees with arrows sharp, (రివ్వకొమ్ముల బోడకణుసు)

And like garlands they stitched the hunted birds.

(ఏమి దండెలె గుచ్చుతారు - బంగరపు బాలకణుసు)

Now moves Lachumiah for the hunt.

He covered marshy lands and wild ducks he shot down,

(బందలు తిరిగినాడు బాతులు కొట్టినాడు)

He roamed about dry lands and shot some goats,

(మెట్టలు తిరిగినాడు మేకలు కొట్టినాడు)

He went round the hills and shot down Kanujus,

(గుట్టలు తిరిగినాడు గువ్వలు కొట్టినాడు)

They were on return, O' priest, go and receive them!

(వెళ్ళువెళ్ళు - పూజారి బాబు - వేలమెత్తే వేలలాయె)

In Kudukakuru wet lands hid a wild cat,

(కుడుకకూరబందలోన కుగుడియున్నది కురిడిపిల్లి)

The artless hunter shot at him but missed,

(చేతగాని వేటలవారు - చేతికోలలు చెల్లజల్లి)

Look at the dancing girl, her graceful gait,

(సారుకూరబందలోను - సానిదాని నడకజూడు)

Who is passing through Sarukurabanda?

The milk-maids waist-thread is the rope of the cow,

(గొల్లదాని మొలత్రాడు - గోవులకు కట్టుబందం)

The milk-man's under-cloth, the cow's pillow,

(గొల్లదాని గోచిగుడ్డ - గోవులకు తలగుడ్డ)

In the flat lands of Nallasamala, (నల్లసామలంకలకు నెమలి పిట్టలు నెలవుగొను)

Peacocks in flocks as if it's their abode;

Our middle brother camped in harlots' colony,

(నడిపివాడురన్నెనబాబు - సానివాడర కొలువులాయె)

While the herlot looks beautiful his wife at home looks like a tigress,

(సాని పాపర చక్కనైతే - ఇంటి ఇల్లాలు పులిబాబు)

If umbels of onions are white and pleasant, (ఉల్లిపూలు చెల్లనైతే)

They do resemble jasmines in their fragrance; (మల్లెమొగ్గలు బోలుబాబు)

The wife at home with humility remains like onion

The herlot like a jasmine in her house

There is an exodus of black ants coming out of the ant-hills, when they are inundated in the first rains. The tribes set out for hunting like those ants in row.

Except for flirting with women, these men are good-for-nothing. They visit the forest daily only to make merry with the shepherdesses, while eating the tender date-leaf-buds (అండంగులు) with the fat insects (బొడ్డంగులు) and all, living in them.

There are two kinds of sambar deers in the forest. One is *sirlikanusu* and the other *bodakanusu*. The *sirli* is a fat animal with ten or twelve pairs of horns. *Bodakanusu* is lean and it has lean horns. The taunt in the above song is that these men can hunt only the lean ones. Even for that, their boastfulness and preparations know no bounds. They boast of returning from the hunt, vanquishing the king of all angels and bringing him home. Lachmudu, the smith, says that he would get enraged and kill his prey heroically. Buddadu, the potter assures the people at home stating that he would cook the prey in a new pot. All this is just vain-glorious.

With dwindling confidence in one's self, they seek the help of the priest's rituals. In contrast, the Konda Reddis of the Godavari districts go for hunting as if it is a routine affair. Welcome songs and religious rituals before or after hunting are unknown there.

Beyond the hill in Lingaturi village, (లింగెటూరిర గంతవెనుక)

Behold how earth and heaven have become one! (నింగినేలలే ఒక్కటాయె)

If we want to shoot, the forest is thick and dark,

(ఏమితోటిర వేయుదమనగ - కన్ను బూర్లుర గర్రులుకట్లు)

We should set fire to the forest at one end, (కట్టదండలె తగులనేద్దాం)

And with the arrow of Harischandra, (అరిచంద్రుబాణముతోడి)

We shall burn down the seven-hill regions, (అస్తగుండెలె తగులవేద్దాం)

And with the sun and the ray-arrows (సూర్యచంద్ర బాణముతోడి)

Burn the frontal area of the starry sky (చుక్కనుదురె తగులనేద్దాం)

The above song is similar to that in “the hill-fairs” of the Godavari districts. With the life-style deteriorating and the beauties of the original song wearing out, the long ballad of the Godavari districts is condensed into a short stanza in the Visakha region. The last phrase in the original song is substituted by the expression “Suryachandra and Harischandra.”

The welkin above and the world below become one, when there is fog around and also when the forest is ignited. In the forest-fire, the smoke covers the whole space and darkens it. When the huntsmen try to catch bisons, they set fire to the forest from one side, expecting the bisons to flee to the other. So they lay in wait on the other side to trap their prey. This is called chasing “the game” with fire. Sometimes they chase the animals with drums, by casting nets or by laying traps. At other times they chase them towards a hillock, towards a crowd of people or even towards a canal ghat. There are many more hunting-devices among the tribes.

Down the sheet rocks, a buffaloe mango tree,

(బండకిందనేమొ - రామ - బర్రెమామిడేమొ)

Our younger brothers are fond of its flowers

(దాని పువ్వులేమొ - రామ - బాలతమ్ముడేమొ)

The brother who is military is proud of his riches

(దండులోనియేమొ - రామ - బాలతమ్ముడేమొ)

(దస్తుకట్టలేమొ - రామ - విర్రవీగునేమొ)

Behind the screen awaits a new younger pair,

(గంత వెనుకనేమి - రామ - జోడు చుక్కలేమి)

(జోడుచుక్కలేమి - రామ - బయలుదేరివేమి)

The two young stars now started their journey,

(బాలరాజులేమి - రామ - బయలుదేరినేమి)

To see the two young stars the young men started,

(చుక్కలకునేమి - రామ - చూతమని యేమి రామ)

They went to Pothumanne Sobikota, (పోతుమన్నెలేమి - రామ - శోభికోటలేమి రామ)

(పోతునివ్వ కేమి - రామ - అడగరాదటేమి)

Without settling a he-buffalo dispute, the stars can't be won,

Without bride-price the stars can't be married,

(ఆరుమన్నెలేమి - రామ - అరడికోటలేమి రామ)

Our village girl has with your village boy eloped,

(ఆలినివ్వకేమి - రామ - అడుగరాదటేమి)

We don't give our girl in marriage to your boy, (కంచమంతయేమి - రామ)

Unless you go and bring her and give us, (శోభికోటయేమి)

Unless the dispute is settled, don't approach us, (కాలితోనోయేమి)

Till the dispute is settled you shouldn't come. (మట్టుదూమి ఏమి)

With full make-up, our “lords” set out on a stroll to see the girls who are as lovely as parrots. The parents of the girls do not lag behind. They say that they would entertain talks, only when the lords return a he-buffalo with whom they have mental disputes. In the village, Aaradi kota, a similar thing happened. All the villagers collectively gathered to snub these “lords.” They say, “a man of your village eloped with our girl, but none turned up afterwards from your village for arbitration. Unless that affair is settled, no other proposal can be entertained”. This is really a challenge for the lords. Blinded by lust, our lords wanted to make Aaradi

kota-people eat dust. But everything ended in a mock-bravado. These bravados are not of today.

“Pothu Mannem - Lothu gadda” was once the capital for sixty six fortresses. It was earlier the capital of the Yadava kings of Vajragada. To this day, the ruins of the temples of Veerabhadra and Srikrishna there are full of life and lustre. It is reported in visable Dt. manual (1869) that the one of Vajragada kings brought the princes of Madugula kingdom by force. The Madugula king went with army and demolished Vajragada fort.

Every village chains itself as is a fortress. Such fortresses are made by stacking stones and boulders. The munsab of the village is the fortress-chief, too. (దుర్గనాయకుడు) this ant was Anganayaka (అంగనాయక) Owing to the internicent and increasing quarrels the Vaddadi chiefs destroyed Vajragada; bolugonda, may be the capital in later times was taken over by East India Company. There was not single tribe who did not rebel against the take over of this native estate. The Britishers brought forces from far and wide to crush the rebellion of these emaciated tribes. Inspite of all that, the tribes continued to resist them for more than a century (1800 - 1924)

Not only their emotional outbursts, but even the patriotic songs sung by them, were lost in time, with but only a few spared:

Men in the gundam and Madem and in the hamlet met,

(గూడెపుదొరలంత గుడికట్టుకోని - మాడెపుదొరలంత మాటాడుకోని)

And solemnly discussed how to attack (ఏఊరుదోతమని ఆలోచించిరో)

The rule of the British in tribal lands;

When should we assault them and vanquish them?

(పొద్దోయి పొట్టెంగి దోతమన్నరో)

Should we go at noon time Makaram after sunset-pottangi?

(మధ్యాహ్నం మాకారం దోతమన్నారో)

If not at break-fast time Jareli we should go; (చలిదికి జర్రెలిదోతమన్నారో)

The Mallela Battalion of Pullaiah, the best battalion,

(మల్లెల మటుకంబు పుల్లయ్యదండు)

Expects courtesies and hospitalities from us, (మరియాదలు కొన్ని మన్ననలు కొన్ని)

Chicken-fry, toddy and arrack they want, (కోడిపాట్లలు కొన్ని సారకల్లులు)

They were engaged in courtesies exchange with saruvi padalu,

(సాయంకి తలచిడి సరువు పడలు)

When police force with the collector came, (కొట్టుకొట్టుమని కలకటేరురాగ)

The collector ordered the police to charge them,

The native leaders retreated with their gang (మళ్ళేనేయాదండు మన్నెలెంబడ)

Through fields, through plains, through hills and rocks around;

(చెదరెనే యాదండు చెలకలెంబడి)

When golden bullet hit (పమిడిపిక్కివెళ్ళి పక్కదగులంగ)

Chandrayya bell on the vaddems, the land of tribes,

(పడ్డడో చంద్రయ్య ఒడ్డెములమీద)

When silver bullet list, (వెండిపిక్కివెళ్ళి వెన్నుదగులంగ)

He was not a man to retreat or flee, (వెరవడు చంద్రయ్య వెనుకదీయడు)

(వాడి నడుము నట్టెడి లేడికావించు - వాడినడుము సిమ్మాలగద్దె గాలించు - వాడి పండ్లు పగడాలప

ట్టు తోరాలు)

Darabandala Chandraiah was the one among the forerunners of the manyam mutiny. The above song is a tribute of the rural-folk to his valour. Although quite anarchic in nature, these mutineers earned the sympathies of the rural folk through their martyrdom.

It is a general rule that one would turn into a butcher and a barbarian, when once the enemy is caught. So, it happened with Chandraiah whose severed head and trunk were made into his foot-rest by the rivals. The hunter's feel that such mementoes adorn their valour.

They went to the corner where tigers lived, (పులిఉన్నకోనంకు వేటకెళ్ళారో)

Arranged a trap to catch some animals; (తగవున రాచకొడుకులురులొడ్డబోగా)

They caught the tiger, (అతనికి పడ్డది సవరాల మెకము)

Its head was flat as Sitamma's small seat, (దానిశిరసు సీతమ్మ చిరుగద్ది పీట)

The teeth were like the coral chain of Parvathi,

(దానిపండ్లు పార్వతికి పగడాల పేరు - దానిగోర్లు గొంతెమ్మ గొలుసుల పేరు)

Its skin like a mirror-jacket of the queen (దానితొక్క దొరసాని అద్దంపు రవిక...)

With a husband or son dying in the battle, the wife and mother temporarily grieve over their death; but they enjoy everlasting pride in his martyrdom. However, if the mother or wife hears of any danger that befalls him in the battle field, her anxiety for his life is beyond all imagination:

A terrible war at Edellamari on Vuggalla hillock began,

(ఈడెల్ల మర్రికాడ, వుగ్గల్ల పుట్టకాడ)

A fierce fighting hacking with swords was on,

The flowing blood was in vessels collected, (కారేటి రకతమంత కడవల్ల పట్టినారు)

The gushing blood in bottles countless filled,

(చిమ్మేటి రకతమంత సీసాల పట్టినారు)

By what safe route you can come, my dear son?

(ఏదారినొత్తవు కొడుకో నాకన్నతండ్రి గురువులయ్య)

The village chiefs came, pouching the out-skirts,

(పాలెగాళ్ళు వచ్చినారు పొలిమేర కాసినారు)

The village Karanam was at the entrance, stood watching.

“The village headman came and blocked the way,

(కరణాలు వచ్చినారు గడపల కాసినారు)

I’ll come through the cart-track, mother, (బండిదారివత్తనమ్మ కన్నతల్లి నరుసమ్మ)

(ఏదారినొత్తవు కొడుకా బల్లోజి గురువులయ్య)

The men of Ballogi are great warriors,

(బల్లోజి గురువులంటే బలవంతులనుకుంటే)

By what way you would come, my son Guruvulayya?

(ఏదారినొస్తవు కొడుకో బల్లోజి గురువులయ్య)

The above song was collected from near Rajavommangi adjacent to Kondapalli. The Raju here is Sri Rama Raju who had looted the police stations at Rajavommangi, Addateegala and Rampachodavaram. Rajavommangi is called after him since he released one Mottadaru Veraiah Dora rebel leader from the police station of Rajavommangi, Tapasikonda. Tapasikonda is the place where Rama Raju performed penance earlier. It is also the hill where there are *tabisi* trees. The word *Tapasi* eclipsed the word *tabisi* and the name “Tapasikonda” has come into use.

There, in the same hill, is the garden called “Ramaraju garden”, given to Rama Raju by the muttahdar of Ducherti at the instance of the Deputy collector, who was a classmate of Rama Raju. The playfields of Rama Raju were Yarlagadda Ramavaram, Chintapalli via Palakajeedi and Darakonda via Gurthedu.

Many old men and women who were witnesses to these events faintly recount them today as tales.

The first song extolling the martyrdom of Darabandala Chandraiah has become well-known on the Chintapalli – Paderu route. This route was then an impenetrable jungle, a den to the tigers of the freedom movement.

Every place, hereabouts, has earned a name, becoming a part of history through the events and encounters of those days. In later times, the terrorized tribes were subjected to increased servility.

On the other hand, there was the leadership of one Sri Rebala Mandeswara Sarma, who constituted the Andhra Sramika Dharma Rajya Parishad. His aim was to achieve their goal by peaceful means. Their slogan was “Welcome to Minumuluru road and farewell to muthadar’s tyranny.” (మినుములూరు బాటరావాలె - ముఠాదారికట్టు పోవాల) This refers to the ghat road of Paderu laid in 1956. They raised slogans to ban bonded labour against the interest on the wan. (మిత్తికోసం గొత్తిపని మానాలె)

Men like Kodu Marri Kamayya, Mallu Savotha, Rooka Sokkapati, Vubbeti Ranga Rao, Kantha Matsyalu and others organized Satyagraha movements in which khadi campaign and adult education drew towards them men and women from all communities. They filled jails.

Like the rulers of native estates, even the muthadars tried their hand in putting down the rebellion. Still the movements could never be subjugated.

Jail for us is most comfortable and safe, (జైలనగా మిగులసుఖము వీలుగ మనకు)

We will have dal chilly is rationed, (పప్పు పదితులూలు - పైనకారము రేషన్)

Our food-stuffs are in balance weighed and given,

(తక్కెడలోపెట్టి - చక్కగ తూచివ్వవలెను)

We don’t have stinking smell with cement flooring,

(రొచ్చుకంపు ఇకలేదు - గచ్చుచేసిన లోగిళ్ళు)

In time we bathe and eat fresh, hot food, (వేళ వేళకు స్నానాలు - వేడి వేడి భోజనాలు)

The doctors don't leave us and servants stand by,

(వెంటబాయరు డాక్టర్లు - జంటనుందురు నౌకర్లు)

Hence we want not Zamindari's association. (మనకొద్దీ జమీందారు పాండు)

They levy tax on trees and on our ramps,

(చెట్టుకు పన్నేస్తాడు, రాతికి పన్నేస్తాడు, భూమికి పన్నేస్తాడు)

They tax our lands and send us to jail, (చీటీ పాండకపోతే జైలుకు పంపిస్తాడు)

If we don't pay the tax and get receipt;

Hence we don't like the forest rules and law. (మనకొద్దీ ఫారెస్టు కట్టు)

(పంటపోయినగాని పన్నులు విడువక - రెండు చుట్లకు వేసుతాడు - దేవేజెంట్లునుసిగొలుపుతాడు -

కాదంటే మమ్ములను కాల్చి పారేస్తాడు - మనకొద్దీ జమీందారుపాండు)

The manyam has been practising these songs with religious conviction and chanting them as if they were mantras. As the banyan tree expands in its own bed, sending down its aerial roots, these movements have been paving the way to unify communities, setting aside pride and prejudice.

Differences still exist. Some do not eat beef and others do eat it. Some are chiefs and many depend on them. If some are owners, many should serve them. If some feel that they are cultured, the others are looked down as inferior. There are different professions and crafts. Through these differences have become obsolete, the remnants of them did not die. They aspire for progress and prosperity unifying all these classes and castes.

The tribal women sing their hearts out in the wedding song of Malagangu Sanjeeva Raju during the season of transplantation, invoking the gods in heaven and the goddess of the mother-earth. They pray and appeal to them to make the whole universe a single home, demolishing

the steel frame of the caste system, as also the disparities in wealth between the masters and their subjects.

The Reddis are noted for their righteousness. The *bagatas* are well-known for their leadership. The Konda Doras live by working hard. The Malas are tactful and well versed with outside world. The village women sing songs who should to wipe off all differences bringing all the tribes into a single family. This is the sum and substance of the marriage- song of Malagangu Sanjeeva Raju.

The Kalinga forests, renowned as the ‘seven madems’, (సప్తమాడెములు) are home to seven mothers. Durga, Vindhya-chala Vasini, Malaya Vasini. Nandapuram, the capital of Jaypore estate (ten miles away from Jaypore) the Chandragupta Vikramaditya of Ujjain gave his daughter Prabhavati to Nandapuram rulers. The local deity over these regions is Makali (Mahamkali). Bhairava was her husband and Venkatesa, her brother. Venkatesa’s wife was Devendralu. She was the sister of Devendra who ruled over Rapalle in the low lands on the Narsipatnam – Vaddadhi route. Rachaganniya, Venkatesa’s sister was Devendra’s wife.

One day when the sons of Venkatesa went out for hunting, they came across the seven daughters of Devendra. The seven princes got secretly married to those seven girls at ‘Kalyanapu lova’, enroute Vaddadi, which is well-known even today. Devendra, who happened to know about it, sent for the boys and punished them for seven *gadiyas* each (one *gadiya* in Indian measure of time is equal to twenty four minutes). Unable to bear the humiliation, the princess stabbed them selves to death.

Later, Venkatesa left on a pilgrimage for divya Tirupati to pray for a son. Devendra followed him. Devendra, who belonged to the low lands, knew many a magic. There is a proverb “the burglar doesn’t forget his knife and the witch doesn’t give up her sorcery,” among the tribes. So, Devendra the magician always looked for mischief. In order to test Venkatesa he created hot sunshine. Venkatesa got thirsty. Sympathising with him, Devendra got the milk of a black cow, to quench Venkatesa’s thirst, by using his magic power.

Going to Divya Tirupati is no joke. It demanded purification of home, body and soul. It required many more preparations and purifications. They should have a bath in the seven seas. They should undergo many rituals and practice many austerities. Venkatesa and Devendra took bath, but they forgot their umbrellas. Venkatesa returned to bring the umbrellas but slipped and drowned in the sea. Devendra came home alone grief stricken.

The eldest of the seven daughters, Modamma, gave birth to Sanjeeva Raju. He was born with a falcon on his shoulder, which flew off when he had gone hunting. Then he went in search of the falcon. On the way he saw the charming girl Mala Gangu. He saw her singing and dancing, talking sweetly and collecting green vegetables. The Mandebu hill in the Kiduganuri region (belonging to dorasi) is her birth-place. Knowing that Sanjeeva Raju was enamoured of her. The smart lady made him carries loads, eats beef and teased him like anything. The falcon was with her and she gave it to him after a lot of pulling. Sanjeeva Raju came home with the falcon.

Knowing that Sanjeeva Raju had eaten from an untouchable girl, his mother did not let him enter home. He was the lone heir to the kingdom and the only son for the seven daughters of Devendra. When the

eldest daughter refused to accept Sanjeeva Raju into the house, the six sisters of her sent word to their grand mother, Makali Sakthi. Afraid, that her grandson might commit suicide, the worried Makali Sakthi rushed on her chariot to see the girl, Mala Gangu. On seeing her, Makali Sakthi realized that the girl was born under extraordinarily auspicious stars. She then approved of her marriage with Sanjeeva Raju, inspite of the fact that she was of Mala parentage.

After the marriage, Modamma, the eldest of the seven sisters, stayed back in the Asiveyula country while the other six moved to the plain dividing among themselves. Gangu and Sanjeeva Rajulu entered Minumuluru. The pond where Gangu took her bath and the flower garden, *poolagandu vanam* where she played and sang, remain and her divine foot prints in Pata Paderu are sacred places to this day. Every year, the locals perform Modamma festival with great gusto, fun and fanfare. It is a pity to hear and see recording songs and dances at such times, instead of listening to the legendary song of their own fore-fathers. This song (an abridged version of it in prose is given above) is given below in detail – parts of it in prose and parts in poetry.

We don't leave your feat, we prostrate before you,

(శరణుశరణు దుర్గాండ్లమ్మలు - మీ చరణాలు తప్పలేను)

We pray to your feet are kind to us for e'er.

(మీచరణాలుతప్పినగాని - తుమ్మెదీరో - మీ కరుణాలు తప్పలేను)

When great ones like you come to rule us,

(మీలాంటి కాలమురాగ - తుమ్మెదీరో - మిమ్ము తలచి పాడుతాము)

We clear our throats and sing in praise of you,

You are but our great family goddess, (ఇంటి ఇలవేలుపులార - తుమ్మెదీరో)

We seek your help as we are your fond children, (మాయందున సాయముండుడు)

You are but our resort O! King of hills, (శరణుబాబు దేశిరాజులు - తుమ్మెదీరో)

Sanjeeva Raja came to our rescue, (శరణుబాబు సంజీవరాజు)

Remind the king of what he has forgotten, (ఓ... మరచిన నుడుగులు బాబు)

What we don't know he should explain to us, (మతియందు గొలుపవాలె)

We may oft falter and at times sing wrong,

(తప్పపాడెము తగులపాడెము - తుమ్మెదీరో - కోపచింతలొద్దుబాబు)

Wearing defiled clothes we worship you,

(మసిరుసి బట్టలతోను - తుమ్మెదీరో - మిమ్ముతలచి పాడుతాము)

Hence be kind to us and lend us your help,

(మామీద దయలుంచుడు - తుమ్మెదీరో - మామీద సాయముంచుడు)

As I'm married, I wear a black-beads chain,

(నల్లపూస కొడివల్లన - తుమ్మెదీరో - నారు నాకు నడియవాలె)

My gait should be graceful as peacock's gait,

(పచ్చపూస కొడివలన - తుమ్మెదీరో - పదము నాకు నడియవాలె)

Like red-feathered cock, I should have a sweet throat,

(ఎర్రపూస కొడివలన - తుమ్మెదీరో - ఎలుగు నాకు నడియవాలె)

O mighty goddess Kali I beseech your help, (శరణుబాబు మాకలిశక్తి - తుమ్మెదీరో)

Because of your grace Nandapuram is grand, (నందపురమున వెలిసియున్నది)

Salutes to you Devulamma, pray, save us (శరణుబాబు దేబాలమ్మలు - తుమ్మెదీరో)

We are rustics; we only know how to hunt, (మీ చరణాలు తప్పలేము)

We are colleagues and are of equal age, (ఎనలవారు జతలవారు - తుమ్మెదీరో)

We bow to you O mother goddess great. (మీకు దండము తల్లాలార తుమ్మెదీరో)

Venkatesudu was Makali Sakthis' brother. Bairavudu was her husband. The wife of Venkatesudu was Devendralu. Devendrudu was the chief of Rapalli, a village between lower Madugula and Narsipatnam. Rachagannika, who was Venkatesa's sister, is Devendra's wife. All these were cousins. Venkatesudu had seven sons who were called Desi Rajulu. Once, they were neatly dressed up and went on a stroll into the hills,

where Devendra's daughters Durgandlu were residing. The song begins with Durgandlu, daughters of Devendrudu.

The daughter of Devendra is Durgamma, (రేపల్లె డేర్జాలకు - విధములేని ఆటలమ్మ)

In Rapelli valley they are rejoicing in (ఆడతానె ఉన్నారమ్మ)

Holding pearl-headed pestle and in singing,

(ముత్యాలది రోకండ్లెము గవ్వలది చేటలమ్మ)

Cowried winnows they are holding in their hands,

(అలవిగాగ పట్టినారు తుమ్మెదీరో - తెగదెబాబు రోకలెము)

As the son of Venkatesa Raja comes,

The maidens go on pounding and singing,

“Why sisters we fail to pound with our pestles?

(ఓ...చెల్లెల ఓ సైదోడ ఓ వెన్నుదోడ)

Then saw they coming, the sons of Venkatesu, (అలివిగాని దుర్గాలమ్మలు)

They lifted their heads and found them as Kondarajas,

(ముఖములు చూసినారు)

The Konda Rajas too lifted their heads and saw,

“Tell us, young men, what countries you rule? (ఏదేశపు గులాపువారు తుమ్మెదీరో)

Why have you come and why you hold our pestles?” (మారోకండ్లు పట్టినారు)

Unmindful, the young girls frowned on the young men;

“Let your eyes be burst and your eye-balls burn,

(మీకండ్లు పెలిపోను తుమ్మెదీరో - మీ గుడ్లు చిదికిపోను)

For which lands you are known to be the goddess?

(ఏ దేశపు దేవతూలుతుమ్మెదీరో)

What is the kingdom to which you are Kings?” (ఏ దేశపు రాజులమ్మ)

Unbounded joy and meaningless anxiety

(అలవిగాని మోదమ్మ తుమ్మెదీరో - కోపములు పడుత ఉన్నది)

You are our lords, so hear us and understand,

(పాపగాద పాపగార తుమ్మెదీరో - ఆలించు అర్థములు)

We are not Malas, we aren't even servants,

(మాలలము మేముకాము తుమ్మెదీరో - దాసులము మేముకాము)

We have come for you and our mother, a great power,

(మీకోసమే వచ్చితిమి - మాయమ్మ మాకలిశక్తి)

She is in fact your aunt by relationship, (మీకు మేనగఅత్త అవుతది)

Our father Byrava is but your uncle,

(మాబాబు బయిరూడు - మీకు మేనగమామ అవుతడు)

Your mother Rachaganniya is our aunt,

(మీ అమ్మ రాచగన్నియ - మాకు మేనగఅత్త అవుతది)

We are your uncles, so we have come to you",

(మేనమరదండ్లు మీరు మాకు - మీకోసమే వచ్చినాము)

The youngest girl understood, so did the mothers,

(ఆలకించిరి మువ్వలమ్మలు - ఆలోచించిరి కన్నతల్లులు)

The head of them all is Durgamma, the goddess,

(అందరికి పెద్దదుర్గ తుమ్మెదీరో - అలవిగాని మోదమ్మవో)

What a great joy and what a great ecstasy!,

No, we have got no father but one real one, (మనకు తండ్రిలేడుబాబు తుమ్మెదీరో)

The cause of our birth is our natural father,

(పదమ (ప్రథమ) తండ్రిగ ఉన్నడు మనకు కారకుడు కన్నతండ్రి తుమ్మెదీరో)

He may if pleased will safeguard us, no doubt, (కాచితె కాచుతాడు)

If he does not safeguard, he will condemn us, (కాయకుంటె ఖండించుతాడు)

Hence sisters, my beloved ones, come down, soon,

(వేగురాన దిగుడుబాబు చెల్లెలా సైదోడ)

They threw away their winnows and stood in court,

(చేటలు జల్లినారు - కొలువులోన నిలిచినారు)

Six of the kings, they went to their kingdom,

(ఆరుగురు దేశిరాజులు - వెంటనైన వెళ్ళిపోయిరి)

The youngest of them with great hope remained,

(అందరికి చిన్నదమ్మ - ఆదెబాబు మువ్వలమ్మ)

But the young girl Muvvamma won't come down, (కొలువైన దిగదుబాబు)

Though pulled with hands, she stirs not an inch,

(చేయులుపట్టి లాగుతూనే ఉన్నదిబాబు కదలదయ్య కన్నతల్లి)

The prince Kottayya, and is the youngest one,

(అలవిగాని కొత్తయ్య ఓ తుమ్మెదీరో - అందరికి చిన్నవాడు)

And on him the eyes of Muvvalamma fixed,

(వానిమీద మువ్వలమ్మకు తుమ్మెదీరో - మనసు నిలిచియున్నది)

The sister in-law's house is of Malas, (మరదలిల్లు మాలయిల్లు తుమ్మెదీరో)

Hence it is difficult to bring her dowry; (మాతరము గాదన్నారు తుమ్మెదీరో)

The young groom gently moved toward the bride,

(అలవిగాని కొత్తయ్య ఓ తుమ్మెదీరో - చేరరాగా)

And smiles of shyness in her face reflected,

(ముఖములోన నిలచిరిబాబు తుమ్మెదీరో - ముసుగునవ్వు నవ్వుకోని)

In the midst of the court-hall the young pair stood, (కొలుపులోన నిలిచిరిబాబు)

As they are married now and made new couple,

(అత్తగారు బావగారు ఇంటికైన వారు పోయి కొత్తపల్లి పోయినారు)

They have to go to the house of the bridegroom;

So to Kottapalli, their village, they went;

“You have by chance six brothers-in-law, great,

(ఆరుగురు దేశిరాజులు ఆరుగురు దుర్గాలమ్మలు)

And six co-sisters that came from high families;

They all have joined now to live in great joy, (వారైన కూడుకొని రతలైన ఎక్కినారు)

But lo, how hawks in the sky hungrily scream!

(ఆకాశ మండలాన పెద్దగెద్దలలాగబాబు)

Thick forests are impenetrable and dark;

(రతాలైన వెడత ఉన్నయి పులులు దూరనట్టి పుల్లలైన సిడగలుబాబు)

They feared much to precede, the chariots too stopped;

(కాకులు దూరనట్టి కారండపడవిలోన రతలైన యాపినారు)

Come, Durgandlu, come and save us from all ills, (శరణు శరణు దుర్గాలమ్మలు)

How have they chanted charms and wedding mantras?

(ఉపజాప మంత్రములు వారేలాగ మంతరించిరి)

In the dark forest they spread and were left afloat.

(కారండపు అడవిలోన వారేలాగ జల్లినారు)

There the daughter-in-law had hunting houses and windy castles all.
Inviting all and sundry, they were performing their marriages in secret.

Smoke rose high and drums were beating loud. Devendrudu who held court in his Rapalle saw the smoke and heard the sounds. The whole affair sounded like an earth-shaking event. The secret wedding of Durgandlu and Desa Rajulu was being celebrated as a grand festival. First, Devendrudu was not able to understand the reason for these unprecedented sounds and all-engulfing smoke. He wondered how his entire kingdom had turned dark with the smoke. Some sixth sense prompted him to suspect that his daughters were getting married to Desa Rajulu behind his back. He himself would have performed their marriage with due honour, but they betrayed him. He was upset and he was angry with both Makali Sakthi and Bairavudu. He sent a letter to them expressing his displeasure over the whole affair. On reading the letter, Modamma came home with all others, abiding by her father's wishes.

All came home and paid respects to Devendrudu, the Rapalle chief.

Our uncle, our own natural uncle, (మామగాద మేనమామ - మామగాద కన్నమామ)

So our salutes to him one thousand and more

(వలపల దిరిగి వందనము - దాపల దిరిగి దండము)

The chief chained them and jailed them; but asked them not to worry. He said that he sentenced them only for a six-months -jail. Unable to bear the ignominy, the men stabbed them to death. The kingdom was once again in the dark during the day. Even before the chief enquired about the cause, his daughters had been widowed. They felt that they were like the birds in a cage. They complained to their mother about what had happened. Rachagannika, the mother, could not bear her daughters being widowed. She stabbed herself to death.

Venkatesudu set out on a pilgrimage after settling his six daughters-in-law in separate mansions. Devendrudu accompanied him getting his permission.

“Stop going and listen to what I say”, (తమ్ముడ ఓ సైదోడ - తమ్ముడ ఓ వెన్నుదోడ)

So he stopped and retraced his steps and heard:

(నీవైన యాలకించు - అడుగులైన నిలిచి నీవు)

“I pray you, don't leave us but remain at home,

(ముందుకు వెళ్ళిన అడుగులమ్మ - వెనుకలైన తగ్గినాడు)

You are our strength, our fort and our resort.

(శరణుశరణు వెంకటేశు - యింటికైన నిలవెనోయి)

Devendrudu said to Venkatesudu that they would have none to look after them or their kingdom, when the daughters established themselves in separate places after their remarriage. So he suggested that they should visit Divya Tirupathulu to invoke the gods there and pray to them to give them a son. Together, they went to Timpallulu.

On the way Devendrudu was somehow tempted to test his brother-in-law. Devendrudu had three-eyes but Venkatesudu had only two. Both had some super natural powers. Using his powers, Devendrudu made the

atmosphere hot and Venkatesudu got thirsty. Thanks to Devendrudu's magic, a herd of cattle and a cow-herd were created. The cow-herd milked a black cow of the herd and Venkatesudu drank the milk to quench his thirst.

It is a known fact that one must be pure of mind and body to enter Divya Tirupathulu. Venkatesudu and Devendrudu went to the seven seas and had bath in them. From there they proceeded onward, forgetting their umbrellas behind. Devendrudu sent Venkatesudu back to fetch them. So Venkatesudu was on his way back, went to the sea, slipped there and drowned in the sea. Devendrudu was much distressed. He abruptly wound up the pilgrimage and returned home.

While it was so with the men there, the women wept long for their men until the tears that fell on their cheeks dried up. Meanwhile, Modamma, the eldest, gave birth to Sanjeeva Raju.

Sanjeeva Raju was born with a falcon on his shoulder. His mother was much disappointed. She prophesied that the fellow would wed an untouchable and eat her defiled food. But the sisters of Modamma willed otherwise. He being the only heir to all of them and to their kingdom, they brought him up with great care and love. However, he grew up to be a man to fall in love with Gangu, an untouchable beauty, born of burning logs.

Modamma's son was one day returning from one of his hunting expeditions. Then came on his way Gangu, the untouchable, singing

Gangu has gone to fetch curries of all kinds,

(కూరలకు కదిలెనమ్మ - బొడ్డుకూర బొరగకూర - కొమ్మతంటెపు కూరలేమొ)

He covered Masiputtu and Mandiputtu,

(మాసిపుట్టు మండిపుటు - కాపురాయి డుమ్మాపుట్టు)

Hukummuru, Bakunuru near Paderu,

(సూకురూరు బాకురూరు - బయలుమీద తేలినారు)

He got the vegetables at Pulagandu, (పాడేరూరిగంతవెనుక తానాలైన చేసినారు)

A forest famous for all kinds of curries

(పూలగండు వనములోన కూరలైన ఏరుతున్నారు)

O younger sister China Gangu, sing a song, (చెల్లెల ఓ చిన్న గంగు - తుమ్మెదీరో)

Sing, dear Chinagangu, a little sweet song, (పాటలైన పాడుగద)

Sing, sisters, a good song and dance and sing,

(ఆడ బొట్టెకు ఆలపదము - ఆలపాట పాడో చెల్లె)

Sing a lullaby while collecting leaves.

(ఆలపాటలు పాడుకొను - అడవి రొడ్డులు ఏరుకొను)

For plucking leaves they gathered at Mandemaru;

(మండెమానుమీద చేరి - కూరలైన యేరుతున్నారు)

A wooden cot was spread with milk-white flowers,

(ఆలపూల అడవిలోన పాలపూలు పట్టెమంచం)

My kindred are deprived of beds and blankets,

(దూది పరుపులు దుప్పటిరేకులు - దూరమైతిరి కన్నవార)

O bird of song, why don't you come and sing?

“O lovely falcon, for pleasure-sake at least comes,

(పాడవీటి పట్టపుడేగ - పాటకైన నావాడరావో)

O hawk of Bakururi, you are welcome,

Our golden village is not new to you,” (బాకురూరి బాలడేగ - బంగరాల నావాడరావో)

The tempted falcon went and settled on her queue,

A falcon or not it came and settled on her queue,

“It won't leave me, why, though beaten and scolded?

And the hawk, soon enough, perched on Gangu's hair. Gangu was surprised to find an eagle-like bird perched on her hair bun. She tried to

get rid of the bird but the bird did not leave her. Then Gangu sang, coaxing the bird:

You little bellied young handsome brother-in-law,

(చిట్టిమువ్వల చిన్నమరిది - నీసిరసుకు దండము)

I kneel down and pray to your golden feet,

(బంగారు మువ్వల బాలమరిది - నీపాదాలకు దండము)

You are my tempting silver-feathered falcon,

(వేనూరిచ్చిన వెండికుచ్చులడేగ - ఏనూరిచ్చిన బంగారుకుచ్చులడేగ)

You are my gold-plumaged young brother-in-law

In the mean while, came Sanjeeva Raju, with a pale face, searching for his falcon. He approached Gangu and begged her to show him the bird.

O sister, tell me where the falcon has gone,

(అప్పగాద - తుమ్మెదీరో - డేగలైన తేలలేద)

Why do you call me “sister”, when I’m not?

(అప్ప అప్ప అంతావు నీవు - నీకు తల్లినొతాను నేను)

Am I your mother by relation! You know,

(అమ్మ అమ్మ అంతావు నీవు - నీకు తల్లినొతాను నేను)

“If not, I call you as my “sister-in-law”

(మరదల ఓ కన్నె మరదల - తుమ్మెదీరో - డేగవచ్చిన జాడచెప్పు)

Now tell me where my falcon has gone, tell soon,

If he comes to her by one side to tell,

She asks him to come by the other side;

If he comes to her by the other side,

She asks him to come by this side to tease him,

Then she descended from the tree branches laying her right foot on Raju’s left shoulder which was golden-coloured and her left foot on his

right shoulder which was of the colour of silver and then got down.
Gangu took him hither and thither on the pretext that she would show him
the bird.

An unwieldy balance on Sanjeevaraju's shoulders,

(ఓ... అలవిగాని సంజీవరాజు కూరకావళ్ళు ఎత్తుకొన్నడు)

One heavy load if hangs on the left side,

A heavy load likewise on the right side,

What kind of walk it is? How hesitant!

(నిక్కుతాను నిగుడుతాను - నీలంపు నడకలమ్మ)

He swings this side and swings that side to balance,

(తొక్కుతాను తోగుతాను - తోరంపు నడకలమ్మ)

I don't know my own village, you young man,

(మాయూరు నేను ఎరుగను తుమ్మెదీరో)

Show me the way to my village and lead me", (ముందుగుంట నడవో బాబు)

I don't know the route, so go by the way", (దారితోడు నడువోబాబు)

He cursed his fate and prayed to his god, Narayana,

(నారాయణ దేవుడని - కులకులాన దుఃఖాలేమో)

Recalled he to his mind his parents, and sighed,

(తల్లితండ్రితలచి బాబు - దండాలు పెట్టినాడు)

As they belong to upper caste and family,

(బావ బావ అంతివ బొట్టె, - వారు చూస్తే గొప్పేసిరాజులు)

But we are Malas; hence don't call him Bava,

(మనం చూస్తేం మాలబొట్టెలం - బావబావ అనకు సెల్లె)

Don't you know it is a wrong and an offence!

(నేరములుగాదటమ్మ - పాపములు గాదటమ్మ)

The balance is too heavy for him to bear,

The oil pots hanging in the slings on sides,

(ఉట్లపై నూనెలేమొ - మట్లందు దించినాది)

She put them down and placed on pot rests,
Black-gram flour was cooked to make them shine,
(మెరుగుకని చేసిరిబాబు - మినపపిండి మరదనాలు)

Ragi flour was cooked to rub and make it shine,
(చాయకని చేసిరిబాబు - చోడిపిండి మరదనాలు)

The oil pots were removed and placed on ground,
One hand-cup-full oil from the pot was taken,
(చేరేడు నూనెలు - చేతియందు తీసినారు)

Again one litre of oil she took from it,
It was applied to her long black hair,
They combed her hair and gently soothed her queue,
A golden comb was used in dressing her hair,
(బంగారపు దువనిబన్నె - బాగుగ దూసినారు)

A glittering comb was used to comb her hair,
(వన్నెలది దువనిబన్నె - పాయలైన తీసినారు)

They split her hair into tresses and tamed them,
They put in her queue hanging gold-bells,
(జడకు తగునని - జడకుచ్చులు వేసినారు)

And dressed her with a dazzling gold, coloured sari,
(అరపడి సొమ్ములు)

(అద్దపుచీరెలు తుమ్మెదీరో - అందమైన గంగుగారో)

She is our sister, eldest of us all; (అప్పగాద పెద్దయప్ప తుమ్మెదీరో)

A beat of drum was made for playing games,
(అటలకి సాటింపులు తుమ్మెదీరో మన బావ సంజీవరాజు)

Like morning lightning the scorching sun,
(తొలకరి మెరుపులు మెరసినట్లు - తోలెబెండలు గాసినట్లు)

The dazzling mirrors and their shadows blur,

(అద్దపు మెరుగులు నిద్దపునీడలు తుమ్మెదీరో అందమైన గంగుగారు)

Gold ornaments she wore all round her head,

(పాపడిబిళ్ళలు నెలవంకలు - కొప్పులకు కొనగొలుసులు)

And silver rings and chains to toes and ankles,

(మట్టెలకు పిల్లెండ్లు - బాజుబందులు పలకసార్లు)

She was drowned in a sea of pearls and corals,

(ముత్యాలమంజూరులోన తేలినారు గంగుగారు)

Through grassy lands and gardens she passed on,

(దారినున్న దబ్బులుదాటి తుమ్మెదీరో నీడనున్న నిమ్మలుదాటి)

Through onion fields too they all walked along,

(ఉల్లిదొడ్లు దాటినారు - పట్నాలెనుక వేసినారు)

They crossed turmeric fields and the town edge reached,

Six thousand suiters came to marry Gangu,

(ఆరువేయల పూరుబయలు తుమ్మెదీరో అందినారు గంగుగారు)

O king of Mathsa lands, we seek your help,

(శరణుబాబు గొప్పరాజులు - వారేలాగు చూసినారు)

This beautiful girl is of royal brought up,

(రంగైన రాచబొట్టెవ - తుమ్మెదీరో - పట్టయిన పడాలు బొట్టెవో తుమ్మెదీరో)

We marry you but don't allow you to pass through

(మేము మిమ్ము పెండ్లాడతాంగాని మాలబొట్టెలకు దారివ్వం)

Malas we are not but the maidens Manyam

(మేము మాలబొట్టెలంగాదు మన్నెచేడె పడుచులం)

While the senior Gangu was thus hesitating to pass by the houses of high caste people, Gangu, the junior, simply dragged her past them in total unconcern. Sanjeeva Raju was seated on a golden seat under a lattice covered with jasmines amidst his twelve thousand troupes. As Gangu arrived, the whole kingdom swooned, stunned at her beauty. So did even Sanjeeva Raju. After a while he came to senses and decided to send word

to his mother who would save him or slay him. He ordered all of them to go to his mother's place.

Then Sanjeeva Rajulu, wearing his falcon around his neck, set out on a hunt with kith and kin and all the villagers near by.

The peasantry followed Makali sakti;

(అలవిగాని రైతురాణు మారెండు వెడుత ఉన్నది)

Kidaganuru country, (కిడగనూరు దేశమందున అందివచ్చిది కన్నతల్లి)

To us is coming our kind elder sister,

(అప్పగాద పెద్దగంగు - మనఅప్ప బండిమాకలి కదిలైన వస్తున్నాది)

You younger sister Chinagangu, hear me, (చెల్లెలా ఓ చిన్నగంగు తుమ్మెదీరో)

Don't call her "elder sister", "elder sister". (అప్పఅప్ప అనకువమ్మ తుమ్మెదీరో)

She placed all those things and a kitchen knife before her cousin Sanjeeva Raju and advised him thus:

We know they are rich people.

Why do you speak low of them when we are low?

(అలాంటి మాటలంత నీవు - మనం చూస్తే మాలబొట్టెలం)

Why do you utter such words being low?

Our mother has gone to Mutyala people,

(ముత్యాలది ముంగిలి - కన్నతల్లి అంది వెళ్ళింది)

Our eyes do dazzle if we see their house, (లోగిలి చూడగాను లోకండ్లు వెలిగెనమ్మ)

The monster mother when shrieked with nine jems,

(అలవిగాని కన్నతల్లి తుమ్మెదీరో నవరత్నాల రాగమెత్తి)

You don't lose anything, you are quite safe,

(అమ్మగాద గంగుగార నీకున్న భయములేదు నీకున్న కొడువలేదు)

We tell Sanjeeva Raju what's in our mind, (మామనుమ సంజీవరాజుకు)

How much you are a suitable match to him, (ఎనలైన ఎంచుతాను)

Our elder sister does come for talks,

(మనయప్ప బండిమాకలి - మన చూపులకు వస్తున్నది)

They have already come and are at the entrance,

(ఎదురైన అయినారు - ముత్యాల ముంగిలిలోన)

There needs no fear for her to hide herself, (మీకున్న కొడువలేదు)

I say you need not fear, you are quite safe; (మీకున్న భయములేదు)

I bid my grandson to see your Gangu,

(మా మనుమ సంజీవరాజుకు - ఎనలైన చూసుతాను)

These words Gangulu heard from behind,

(ఆ మాటలు ఆలకించి - అలవిగాని గంగుగారు)

And her heart thrilled and new thoughts flashed in her mind,

(అద్దాలు మెరిసినట్లు - గంగుగారి మెరుపులట)

It was hot summer and heat unbearable, (వెసెగి యెండలు వెరియెండలు)

And now Sanjeeva Raju took leave of all,

And left for woods to go to Pulagandu (పూలగండు మేడలకు తరలుతుండగ)

Their residence of Masiputtu, Mandiputtu,

(మసిపుట్టు మండిపుట్టు - కావురాయి డుమ్మపుట్టు)

And also kavurai, Dummaputtu,

Gave a slip to one and all, a surprise, (దొరలైన చెండుతున్నరు)

White men are beef – eaters wherever they live, (ఆరుమేగుల గొడ్డుమాంసం)

O sister, O my elder sister, don't you know this?

(అప్ప ఓపెద్ద గంగు మాంసమైన చెండుతున్నరు)

Dear Bava we are only three in number, (ఉన్నవారము ముగ్గురము)

So let us eat the best of curries made, (కూరలు మంచిగ తిందాము బావ)

If we remove bones and heap them aside, (దుమ్ములు తీసి తేను)

They will ask us to eat the bare bones only; (దుమ్ముపోగులు ఇస్తారు మనకు)

If we squeeze out the intestines from their stomach, (పొట్టలైన పిసికితేను)

They will give us a share in intestines; (పొట్టపేగులు ఇస్తారు మనకు)

The heart and six seers of flesh is enough, (అడ్డిపుట్ట గుండెకాయ)

“For us heart and six stones flesh” she said, (ఆరుమేగుల మాంసము బావ)

“Is quite enough, I say, dear Bava, listen. (మనకైన చాలునన్నది)

Awestruck at the imposing looks of Sanjeeva Raju, the chiefs were about to flee away from him taking him for some king.

But Sanjeeva Raju comforted them assuring them that he would not do any harm to them. Then he gave to Gangu the share of meat received from them. Setting it on the hearth, she kindled the fire. Senior Gangu cooked the whole of it well, added spice and invited all of them to eat, after serving the food in plates. She served the food in three separate lots for the three of them.

Not even a basketful is sufficient for you, (గంపెడైన నీకుచాలదు పెద్దగంగు)

Not even a bundle of food, Pedagangu, (ఒక మూట నీకు చాలదు)

Is sufficient, for you are very greedy,

With delicacy we eat heckling and accusing,

(ముఖముఖాలు చూసుకొని తుమ్మెదీరో - మనమీలాగె తింతెనప్ప)

How fortunate we are, how blessed we are, (మనకెంత పున్నెములు తుమ్మెదీరో)

She was enamoured of Sanjeeva Raya, (సంజీవరాయునికి కొరబోయి)

And morning sickness in her head began, (కక్కులైన కట్టదమ్మ)

She put a winnow on his head and teased him, (తలమీద చేటయిడి)

And on her left leg blowed the kindling hearth, (ఎడమపాదం మోపినాది)

But see how like an ashgourd it became ash! (చేటబుగ్గి ఉదినాది)

A winnowful of dust it just turned into.

(బూర్లగుమ్మడి పండులాగ - బుగ్గెన తేలిపోయిడి

చేబెడు బుగ్గిబాబు - చెల్లెన ఊదినాది)

She brought him to senses with the tubers of *thummi* and *manga* and other medicinal herbs. Coming to senses, he said: “give me back my bird, and let me go.” He was bent upon going to his mother – let her save him or slay him as she wished.

“Some rogue has done this out of ignorance,
Have head-bath, man, before you leave this place,”

Then they put before him seats as shining as lac in the fore-court, adorned in pearls. They washed his feet with the waters of the Ganga, brought in well-washed shining vessels.

They took new brooms and cleaned the house,

(సుద్దికట్టలు యేరుకొని - ఇల్లు ఎల్లర తుడిచిరట)

And Gangulu served food to Sanjeevaraja,

(పాపగాద గంగుగారు - అన్నములె వడ్డనాలు)

As bava he asked her to wash her hands,

(గిలుకులది చెంబులేరి - గలుకునైన గంగముంచి)

He was a great king too who dined with them.

(బాబుగాద గొప్పరాజులు - భోజనాలు చెల్లినావో)

Soon afterwards, Gangu got him his bird hidden in a container in the kitchen. Then Sanjeeva Raju set out for his place wearing the hawk by his neck. He went past Kiduganuru country and the town of Asiveyula heading for Kalyanapu valley. He went on and on past hills, past

mountains, past impenetrable jungles and finally went to the fort of Rampa after ascending several forts of copper.

Meanwhile, Modamma, his mother, was much distressed over her son's plight. She was reluctant to face him. She said to herself: "He has eaten the defiled food of the untouchables and as such, he is an untouchable himself". However her sisters beseeched her thus: "Forgive him, Oh! Sister, we are widowed any way. He is the all for us, be he a son, be he a husband, be he any one else. Daughters do not matter. It is the son who matters and he is ours. Let us not lose him. Let us not be harsh on him" Thus discussing, they decided to send him up. Makali would decide, they thought. So he went there.

He abstained from food, gruel or even its washings. He refused to descend from the mountain.

Mother Makali heard the news and she set out from Nandapuram. She pondered over the whole issue: "Alas, *my sons* married in secret. They were punished and they shed their lives away. Let me, at least, save this boy through an honourable marriage." So she sent her attendant.

O newly wedded daughter-in-law, come, (ఒరోరి కొత్తిలివాడ)

Throw off the broken brass outside the house!

(పంచనున్న కంచురతలు పడవేయు బయటబాబు)

Arrange these parts that are worn out, (మరపోయిన బండులను మరలైన అమరించు)

Put new paint to the cart and make it look nice,

(కీలుపోయిన బండులకు కీలులైన వేయు బాబు)

Put nails and pegs where they are loose or lost,

(సీలపోయిన బండులను సీలలైన వేయుబాబు)

Apply oil to the carts if they went dry,

(నూనెపోయిన బండులకు నూనెలైన రాయుబాబు)

For hundred and one cart-wheels you apply oil.

(నూరొక్క చక్కురానికి నూనెలైన రాసినాడు)

Then pitched tents, red and green, are decorated along with garlands of flowers.

In the mean time, Makali prepared many a sweetmeat, saree, blouse and jewel for Durgandlu and suitable clothing for Sanjeeva Raju. She brought all these clothes from the fair of Kasipuram.

Lemon-size gold they picked up and sent (నిమ్మకాయంత బంగారాలుతీసి)

To the goldsmith of the village and asked him, (కమసలివాడిని పిలనంపి)

To make for her a good number of ornaments

(కుదురు చింతన - కుదురు కొలుములువేసి)

That suits her to make her look fair and pretty.

(మదురు చింతన - మరి కొలుములు)

For seven full days she got jewellery prepared for them. “I don’t know much about others” said she, “but my little daughter-in-law is to my liking. She takes after me. She is Muvvalamma, by name. She shall have the best of the lockets tied with a sacred thread.”

With all these preparations, accompanied by her people, Makali Sakthi set out. Ten thousand men from the plains and a thousand from hills accompanied her.

As the young lady started, music was played,

(అమ్మవారు కదలగానే - డప్పుమేళం కదిలినాది)

A band of musicians went playing songs,

(సానిమేళం సంగీత మేళాలు - వీటిమేళం విజ్ఞాటిమేళం)

A notch party and drums and pipes of music,
 Along with them moved dancing parties,
 Like a band of music for marching soldiers, (రణభేరులు మోగుతున్నవి)
 The beat of drums with noisy march on, (కంచుతుడుములు కాలిగొమ్ములు)
 The drummers and the pipers at high pitch
 (అగదులు ఎగిరెనమ్మ - దగదులు మోగుతున్నవి)
 (అడుగడుగున ఆరదులు - ఎత్తెత్తుకు ఎనుబోతులు)
 And women holding sacred, turmeric rice (అక్షింతాలుపట్టుకొని)
 And vessels small on heads while carrying on,
 (గిలుకులది సిరిచెంబు గలుకుమని గంగతోడి)
 When Gangu had selected plants as light as lac,
 (లక్కవంటి పీటలమ్మ - ఏరెనమ్మ గంగుగారు)
 And seeds in rows were arranged in the pendal,
 (ముత్యాల ముంజూరులోన - పీటలైన వేసినారు)
 The bridal party got down from the carts; (బండ్లయిన దిగినారు)
 They sat in their seats in the big pendal, (పీటలకు కొలువులయి)
 Their feet were washed with water as of custom. (పాదాలైన కడిగినారు)

Mother Makali fainted when she saw the indescribable beauty of Ganga. After regaining consciousness, she began to think:

Though low by caste, she is by birth fortunate,
 (జాతికి తక్కువగాని - జలమరాసు లెక్కువున్నవి)
 By reason of heritage her future is bright,
 (పుట్టుకు తక్కువగాని - పూర్వరాసులెక్కువున్నవి)
 I shall perform their marriage and bless them;
 (ఈడుజోడు తగునమ్మ - తుమ్మెదీరో - నా మనము సంజీవరాజు పెండ్లులైన చేసుతాను)
 Remain you all, therefore, my kith and kin, (ఉండుబోయి బాబుగారు)

I am prepared to go along with you, (నేనైన మళ్ళుతాను)

The cart that brought them here took its return, (బండ్లయిన మళ్ళినాది తుమ్మెదీరో)

Thus brought she great name to her country, (నందవరపు దేశాలందున)

That's known to one and all as Nandamuru. (అందివచ్చిది కన్నతల్లి)

The next day she started for shopping. She selected suitable blouses and jewellery for Gangu in Kasiluri fair.

And for Sanjeeva Raju, Kamalapuri shirt,

(అలవిగాని సంజీవరాజుకు కమలపూలకమీజు ఆదిగాద కొన్నదేమొ)

With full size sleeves was brought and stitched,

With gold-edged straps and mirror-bordered glazing,

(బంగరపు జలతారులు - అంచుఅంచుకు అద్దాలేమొ)

For each finger, two gold and silver rings,

(బంగరపు బటుంగరాలు - వేలివేలికి వెండుంగరాలు)

The bride and the bridegroom with marriage clothes dressed;

She then sent for the goldsmiths and set them to light furnaces for melting gold to make some jewellery.

A sacred thread was brought, (పుస్తైతాళ్ళు చేయించిది)

They gave it to the priest, (బాపన దగ్గరికి పరుగుపరుగున వెళ్ళినారు)

With galloping speed they went,

Some got down on his left, (వెలుపల దిరిగినారు వందనాలు చేసి)

Some got down on his right (దాపల దిరిగినారు)

And offered them salutes, (దండశరణాలు పెట్టినారు)

They brought black cow's dung, (కరియాపు పేడతెచ్చి)

And mixed it with water and sprinkled, (కల్లంపులు చల్లినారు)

With gugullu they made Muddies,

(గరిసెడు గుగ్గిలాలు - తుమ్మెదీరో - పంచాంగాలు చూచినారు)

And the bridegroom without flaw

Uttered the marriage oaths and charms

The almanac was consulted (అక్షరాలు తప్పకుండ ఆకుతప్పకుండగ చూచినారు)

Friday was not a good day, (శుక్రురారమురోజు చుక్కతగులుతది)

Saturday was equally bad, (శనివారము రోజు మంచిదికాదు)

And Thursday with bad omens,

(మంగళారపురోజు అమ్మ దోసములు - బుధవారములు డుంబరోజులు)

But Monday is a good day (లచ్చివారము మంచిదినము - మూర్తాలు చెప్పినారు)

Once the day was fixed for wedding, the mother proclaimed the auspicious hour of wedding, to all and sundry. They set out on their vehicles with numberless followers and loads of eatables. There were six carriers for the mother's palanquin – some ten thousand men and women assembled as the wedding party at the Kalyanapu lova.

The wedding of Lakshmi on auspicious day, (లచ్చుకల్లెనమొ శుభలగ్నెమొ)

The wedding of Sita, a great occasion, (సీత కల్లెనమొ వైభోగమొ)

The wedding of Lacchu a precious time,

The wedding of bride Sita a great event

All elders and ladies have come and sat, (పెద్దలు పెరంటాలు దిగివచ్చినారు)

The god Indra and the goddess came and sat, (దేవేంద్ర దేవతలు సభలుదీర్చిరి)

“Who among you are the elders to the marriage?”

(అందులో పెద్దలు యెవరెవరుబాబు)

The sun and the moon are the elders to it; (సూరుడు చందురుడు పెండ్లిపెద్దలు)

Chukkala Chandrudu fixes auspicious time, (సుక్కలాచార్యుడు గడిమూర్తగాడు)

Who among you are the bride-maids, tell us?

The daughter of Nagendra, please hear us,

(దేవేంద్రకూతురు దేవగన్నిక - నాగేంద్రకూతురు నాగగన్నిక)

Their three bride-maids have come and taken their seats,

(వారు ముగ్గురప్పచెల్లెలుపేరటమ్మలు - పేరటమ్మలు వచ్చిరి కల్లెనపులోవ)

Great men, great elders and the eight goddesses,

(ఘనులు మునులు ఘనమైన పెద్దలు)

Have come and stood outside, awaiting our call, (అష్టాదిపాలకులు అందివచ్చిరి)

The servants came and plastered the walls with mud,

(పెద్దలువచ్చిరి మిద్దెలున్నారు)

Young girls came and plastered the sides, (గోవులువచ్చిరి గోడలలికిరి)

The parrots came and beautified the pendal, (చిలుకలువచ్చివి చిత్తరించివి)

The crows were called and got water fetched,

(కాకులు పిలిపించి కావళ్ళుగట్టి - కావళ్ళుగట్టించి గంగతెప్పించి)

Mynas were called and got mud plaster made, (మైనాలచేతను మన్నుకలిపించి)

Sparrows were called and pials were plastered, (పిచ్చుకలచేతను పీనెపోయించి)

The wind-god came and blew off din and dust, (గాలిదేవుడువచ్చి ధూళులు తుడిచి)

The rain god came and sprinkled water around, (వానదేవుడువచ్చి కల్లెంపిజల్లి)

The elders who broke their word are Ayodhya people,

(ఆడి తప్పనివారు అయోధ్యపెద్దలు)

Our king Harichandra stood by his word, (హరిచంద్రమారాజు అతికిన పెట్టె)

Palluchandra men are true to their word,

The sun and the moon are but lasting witnesses, (సూర్యచంద్రవారు సేకిప్పవాలె)

Sri Rama has sent a pondara box, (శ్రీరాముడంపిడి చిక్కులపెట్టె)

A great unwieldy procession to go on,

(అలవిగాని కాతలవారు - కదులుతూనే ఉన్నరమ్మ)

They reached Kidiganooru country at last

(కిడుగనూరి దేశమందు - అందైన వెళ్ళినారు)

They sat under the pendal and took rest,

(చూసినారు గంగుగారు - ఇల్లుజల్లు శుద్ధి చేసి)

And next exchanged their pleasantries and courtesies,

And came out like a flash the bride, Gangulu, (తేలెనమ్మ గంగుగారు తుమ్మెదీరో)

And as she flung the mantle off her sari,

(కొంగువిసిరి నడువబోగ - కాళింగ వెలుగులాయె)

The hills around were filled with dazzling light;

(కాలువేసి నడువబోగ కొండలే వెలుగులాయె)

As she put a step forward to walk,

The whole Kalinga got illuminated,

The pendal with festoons sewed with jasmines fresh, (మల్లెలాదివారిపందిరి)

They were men that belonged to marriage party, (వారేబాబు పెండులవారు)

The bride well applied the paste of musk,

(కస్తూరిగంధాలేమొ - కాటుకలు పెడుతున్నారు)

The paste of musk as eye-salve applied, (అలవిగాని సంజీవరాజు)

To make her look like a new, pretty bride,

(సూర్యుడు మెచ్చునట్లు - చుక్కబొట్లు పెట్టినారు)

For the bride were put marks of eyes salve black,

The same to the bride-groom, Sanjeeva Rayudu too,

He wore serpent-printed dhoti round his waist,

(నాగేంద్ర పంచలది - నడుమెల్ల గట్టుకొను)

And silver and gold rings, two on each finger, (వేలివేలికి వెండుంగరాలు)

Saluted he the earth and the sky, high, (ధరణి ఆకాశము దండమన్నారు)

And prayed to the sun and the moon (సూరుడు చందురుడు నీదె భారము)

He trampled her foot and performed (కాలు తొక్కియేమొ)

The ritual of Kankanam and tying, (కంకణాలుకట్టు)

A ceremonial tie to her neck, (అర్రుపంచియేమొ)

The younger Gangu received Pusthelu, (అందెపుస్తెలు)

She showered flowers on the bride-groom's head,

“You are a whore; you are a wretched woman,

(ఇట్టెదానవు నీవుముండ - అట్టెదానవు నీవు గాద)

You married three men but you have no shame,

(ముగ్గురు మొగుళ్ళున్నదానవు - కళ్ళుపోయిన పెద్దగంగు)

You laughed before caste elders with no modesty,

(పదిమంది జనముదగ్గర - పల్లెత్తి నవ్వితీవి)

You created a lot of nuisance and talked bad, (గోలలైన చేసుతున్నది)

On hearing this mother frowned on you, (కాని కంగారి మాటలేమొ)

She tied Pustulu as any other man, (పుస్తెలైన కట్టించిది అలవిగాని కన్నతల్లి)

A marriage for twelve long days quite uncommon,

(పన్నెండురోజుల పెళ్ళులైన - ఎక్కటివారు బాబు)

The elders and the ladies slowly left, (పెద్దలు పేరంటాండ్లు మరలయినపోయినారు)

A woman of respect Modamma is, (అందరికి పెద్దదమ్మ అలవిగాని మోదమ్మ)

The next to her was Pedda Durga born,

(దాని తరువాత పుట్టినది అలవిగాని పెద్దదుర్గ)

And after her was born Kanaka Durga,

(పెద్దదుర్గ తరువాతేమొ - అదె బాబు కనకదుర్గ)

And to her was born Adi Babu, Bose Donda,

(దానితరువాత పుట్టినది - అదె బాబు బోశుకొండ)

And next to him Adi Babu, Bosudonda

The youngest of them was Adi Babu, Muvvalamma,

(అందరికి చిన్నదమ్మ - అదెబాబు మువ్వలమ్మ)

She like her mother-in-law now became (అత్తతీరు పుట్టినది)

The daughter-in-law of Kothapalli, (కొత్తపల్లి కొలువైనది)

The brothers six got their lands partitioned,

(ఆరుగురు దుర్గాండ్లమొ - పల్లన పదివేయులు పంచుకొని పోయినారో)

Their mother had gone to her place,

(మోదమ్మ పాదాలలో అలవిగాని - కన్నతల్లి అక్కడైన ప్రవేశించు)

Gangu garu & Sanjeeva Raju entered Minimuluru,

(గంగుగారు సంజీవరాజు మినుములూరు ప్రవేశించు)

(ఆరుగుడు దుర్గాండ్లు పల్లనపదివేయులు - తుమ్మోదీరో - పంచుకొనిపోయినారు)

The mother Kanaka Durga chose Vijayawada,

(అమ్మగారు కనకదుర్గ - బెజ్జవాడ యున్నదిబాబు)

The mother Malika Chakti came to Nandapuram,

(అమ్మగారు మాకలిశక్తి - నందపురము యున్నదిబాబు)

Please hear my prayer and be kind to me,

(నా మనవి చిత్తగించుడు - నా మీద దయలుంచుడు)

In every village you are there O Durgamma,

(ఊరు ఊరున దుర్గాలమ్మలు - శరణుతల్లులు మీకు దండము)

You are our goddess and we seek your blessings,

You are seven crores goddesses of worship, (ఏడుకోటిదేవతలు)

We are at your mercy, we don't leave your feet,

(మీ చరణాలుతప్పలేను మీ శరణాలు తప్పినగాని)

When your day of festival comes, O gods,

(మీలాంటి కాలమురాగ - మిమ్ముతలచి పాడుతాము)

We sing with joy, dance with devotion and pray.



As the song of Nandi festival is related to agriculture. The song of Sanjeeva Raju is related to marriages. At a wedding, economic status,

caste constitutes the basis for alliances. In the two marriages of the above song, the first one refers to the marriage of Durgas, the daughters of Devendra. Devendra belonged to the low lands. Devendra's daughters were married to Desa Rajulu of Nandapuram estate. The alliance between them was an alliance between the kingdoms. It was performed irrespective of caste differences. Normally the caste structure explicitly demands alliances in the same caste. Yet the marriage between Desa Rajulu and Durgandlu was in accordance with status, which is an open fact. However, there is a divergence in the way how the marriage was performed. Elopement or secret marriage (Gandharva type of marriage) is no sin among Desi Rajulu of manyam. This type of marriage was not in practice with Devendra and his people who belonged to low lands. Durgandlu were blissfully unaware of the ways of the elders. They only knew that marriage between cousins was permissible and Desi Rajulu was their cousins (*menabavalu*).

After coming to know of the marriage between his daughters and Desi Rajulu, Devendra imposed a token punishment to his sons-in-law just to honour the customs of his land, lest this case of stealth should become an example for others to follow. Strangely, the tribes community has an all together different outlook towards crime and punishment. As regards punishment, they implement collective decisions. The government runs on "carrot and stick" principle (reward and punishment). The tribal society runs like a family. Elopement is not a crime for them, but marriage outside the caste is definitely not allowed. Those who transgress this rule are aware of the punishment and it is excommunication. Therefore the man, who transgresses, voluntarily withdraws from his people and place. If, however, the woman transgresses and she is of a lower caste she readily accepts to marry a higher caste man and this defiance is a defiance against gods and

customs, which is compensated with atonements and vows; therefore in the tribes societies there are neither the punished nor the punisher. If at all there is any punishment, it is self-inflicted.

In the earlier pages, there was a reference to Sadala Ramanna's reluctance to try an accused as a thief. Therefore, the tribes consider a person being chained as a demeaning episode. It is common place in civilized communities to find people being put in chains. A stint in jail is not necessarily a disgrace in cities. It is sometimes even a matter of honour to go to jail. Not so in a village. The villagers consider it beneath their dignity even if the police visit them or send for them. The less said about it the better, if it comes to handcuffs. One should understand Desirajus' committing suicide, in this perspective.

The second marriage, that of Sanjeeva Raju and Gangu is a supplement to the first one, in so far as to make us understand the tribal law in full. In this case Sanjeeva Raju felt snubbed at his excommunication for having eaten at the hands of the "untouchables". Aware of the tragic precedents, Makali Sakthi intervened in time and blessed the couple to prevent the happening of a tragic event.

Did not this intercaste union outcaste him? No, it didn't. If a higher caste man is allied to a lower caste woman, it does not excommunicate the couple. This exception was not there during the times when there were no property rights and estate-building. Society began to turn a Nelson's eye at inter caste relations with the emergence of property rights, to secure property from being alienated. The progeny grew up in the caste of the mother. Only those who are prepared for such place would come forward to wed.

Sanjeeva Raju's marriage is an exception. Makali Sakthi performed Gangu's wedding with Sanjeeva Raju very honorably and then she made

Gangu a queen. With Gangu entering the royal home, the dividing lines have disappeared and the caste barriers are very well erased.

People are at liberty to think, “why not others do it?” The society that sings these ideals in their epic-like songs would some day put these ideals into practice.

Only man’s weakness may allow the bad practice for some time longer. There are people among the aged, who still have faith in caste-barriers. “Why marry, when one can as well have her for a mistress, pedababu?” asked me the aged Suntru Ramireddy at Gonduru near Kolluru on the Godavari banks. It is not Ramireddy alone who remarked thus. Even others resort to keeping mistresses along with a wife. They take it as an ordinary thing and they consider it as a status to have a “keep”. One need not bring her into one’s house and she does not have a share in his property. Then why should one court punishment by marrying her? But this kind of double standards and equivocation is dangerous to society. The story of Sanjeeva Rajulu does not give scope for such double dealing. Just like the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, the story of Sanjeeva Rajulu preaches a gospel in maintaining smooth relations in society. Even if one person among many lakhs of people dare show this kind of wisdom, there will come out another “Mala Gangu” story in the tribal literature.

From this story, one can infer another very important aspect. This is about the relationship between the tribes of the uplands and the people of the low lands. Actually there are no differences between them at the level of the individuals. But there are many differences at the political level and social level. There are also differences between them as far as their trade-relations are concerned. Venkatesudu felt that Devendrudu had much magic and much cunning. It is typical of the people of the low

lands. So came, the phrase “Pallana Padiveyulu.” It does not refer merely to some general issues. It mostly refers to the thousands of magic tricks of the low-land people. Devendra, the low-land chief, was a person with three eyes.

Even in the “Nandi” festival these differences are picturised more clearly. The vegetarians and non-vegetarians live together harmoniously. But the vegetarian animals are the food for the non-vegetarian beasts. Therefore the cruel wild beasts should allow the grass-eating animals to grow. Otherwise they do not have food to eat. The balance between the vegetable and the non-vegetable kingdoms should be maintained.

The manyam cannot flourish without being in contact with the low-lands. At the same time, if the low-land tricksters go on freely exploiting the manyam people, staking all human values, both communities perish.

Devendra lost his sons-in-law because of his ignorance and foolishness. He lost his wife too. By his trickery and magic, he lost his brother-in-law Venkatesu, most unfortunately. This incident serves as an illustration for the immoral exploitation going on in the trade-relations of the manyam people and the low-landers. If the cultured and educated people of the low lands stop resorting to this kind of exploitation and trickery, all can be happy -- both the low landers and the high landers. This is civility, culture and also prudence.

The names of the characters in the story, Venkatesudu, Devendrudu and Divya Tirupathulu are contemporary in nature. The tribes Venkatesudu was afraid that Durgandlu would remarry and walk out of their house after they grew up. But they did not. This idea never crossed their minds. This is one of the reasons of their greatness, complying with the lowland value systems.

In tribal societies, they *do* like a male child to be born in a family, but they do not lament, if it happens otherwise. This craze for a male child is a marked characteristic of patriarchial societies which are strengthened by this kind of ownership-right and political authority.

Gangu's retort to the Rajus is significant: "We are not untouchables – we are virgins of the manyam." (మాలలం కాము - మన్నెచేడె పడుచులం) She was born to an untouchable mother, but her "honourable" marriage with Sanjeeva Raju made her stand out as some one deserving elevation.

Curiously enough, some sing that Gangu has her origin in the Indian parliament. That way, our parliament occupies a unique place in the tribal minds. The Valmikis who were tax-collectors described themselves as of Delhi.

The songs of the maidens, however, did never go beyond "our charming Nandapuram." Riding a chariot is a matter of status. Only Makali has this prerogative. Hence she is called Bandi Makali.

Sanjeeva Raju the lover Gangu in this song is teased by her in many ways. After making him eat beef deliberately, she bluffs that it was given to him by some stupid fellow. In the Nandi song, the Pandavas are intent upon eating beef but dissuade them on seeing Sri Krishna. Some among these tribes do still vacillate between eating beef and obeying age-old beliefs in not eating it.

During transplantation season, the song is sung by one, the other joining in chorus, changing the rhythm and tune from time to time. Burning incense, the Valmikis and potters sing this song with utmost devotion.

The song was sung by Gullelamma of Nittamamidi enroute Paderu-Ganga Raju Madugula.



As drops of rain from the eaves fall, (చూరు జల్లుజల్లుమనగా కిన్నెరమోత)

Some musical notes of flute are heard,

In the island of Kikkisala too, (కిక్కిసల లంకలో కిన్నెరల ఎలుంగులు)

We hear the melodious notes of flute,

Let us perform a musical concert, (ఆటగల్ల మానికవేసి ఆటలాడుక కొల్వుడన్న)

To our best we do and collect, (వేగినంత పాడవలె)

As many silver coins as we can, (వెండిరూక లేరవాలె)

On the edges of the hills clouds are formed, (ఒడ్డుఒడ్డు కొండలకాడ)

It has rained for us liquid silver, (పట్టిదయ్య నీలమేఘం)

It has rained and the seeds of maize were sown, (కురిసిదయ్య పాలవర్షం)

Hence we reap the best of crop we want.

(వత్తిరయ్య వీరజొన్న పండిదయ్య పాలజొన్న)

A pial as wide as the earth, (భూదేవి అంత పీనె)

A pendal as huge as the sky, (ఆకాశమంత పందిరి)

The stars as turmeric sacred rice, (చుక్కబొట్టు)

The sun as the Basikam tied (సూర్యుడు బాసికము)

A starlit night and the bright sun, (చుక్కలున్న సూరెపుదేవి)

The hot rays of the sun on head, (సూర్యుడు బాణం - చుక్కబొట్టు దెబ్బ)

The moon rays on the cheek, a stroke. (చంద్రుడు బాణం - చెంపమీద దెబ్బ)

In Telugu sanskrithi Girijana's Bhumika

In the near by Thamileti sacred lands (పావనంబైన తమిలేటి పరిసరమున)

There is the land of Vigi/Kuravati, (వేగి కురువాటికా దేశ విపిన భూమి)

The men among Chenchus are called cows,

(గోవులను పేర చెంచుల కులమునందు)

A country's land for its economic growth counts;

(దేశవైశాల్యము అర్థసిద్ధికి మూలము)

The economic growth of any country depends

Upon the total land it has for use,

Hence should a tank be dug here and canals too,

(ఇల ఒకింతైన గుంటకాల్వలు రచించి)

And to the poor be given first, (నయము పేదకు అరిగోరు ననువొసంగి)

By that they will have economic soundness, (ప్రబలచేసిన అర్థధర్మములు పెరుగు)

(Rajaneethi Amuktha Malyada)

Poem:

And Madhumathi would in the future

Be born in their caste as Chenchu girl,

Nothing is impossible on earth if understood,

People are put to hardships by the king,

The king will never live

Unless he takes them to his fold one day,

While in peace

While in peace

Belief, unbelief, love, anger, bitter enmity,

And matters that help to arrive at truth,

Or to call one man weak and another strong,
Were views on account of ignorant tribalmen?
As they are hostile to truth and righteousness,
The rule and his minister are but equal,
Love for the poor is food for them indeed,
Then they will give their earnings to the royal treasury,

Amuktha Malyada Fourth Canto

223+225

(గురితేటి కన్నపురెడ్డి - పుణ్యమంతులండీ - అయ్యోధర్మముగల ప్రభువులు)

Under your rule are people very happy,
They have soft beds made of fine cotton ginned,

(దూదిపరుపులు జాజమేడలు చేదబావులండీ)

Their houses have compound walls plastered well,

(మదురుగోడలు సున్నపుగచ్చులు కుదురుసావటిండ్లు)

They have got good pials and Verandahs,

They own chairs to sit on, flat floors with their boss,

(చదునుచేసి కంపెనీదొర్లతో ఎదురు కుర్చులండీ)

The Reddy lords in the Visakha region, (అసలింటి పట్టుపు రెడ్లని దెసలు పొగడగాను)

Are worth the praise for ever, and for ever,

In the court hall of city they are praised,

(విశాఖపట్టుపు కచేరిలో తమ వశపు మాటలండీ)

As treasure boxes are brought to the market,

(బజారెంబడి ఖజాన పెట్టెలు హాజరుండగాను)

In government office charity in their name,

(రాజమందిరం బజారులో తమ పేర ధర్మమండీ)

They are powerful lords with fearful mustaches,

(కొర మీసము ఓరకోభిలి సారముగల ప్రభులు)

The lord Kannama Reddy has two wives, (నాధుడైన కన్నమరెడ్డికి భార్యలిద్దరండీ)

The younger and the elder are kind-hearted,

(చిన్నమ్మి పెద్దమ్మి ఇద్దరు పద్ధతిగల స్త్రీలు)

They never cross their limits their lord fixes,

(హద్దుతప్పక నాధుని సేవకు బుద్ధికలిగి ఉండీ)

But serve him faithfully and win his love,

They have three gardens with a fort to roam,

(వాటమైన లోకోట లోపల కొమిరెతోటలండీ)

Besides coconut trees and gouva trees,

(కొమిరెతోటలు కొబ్బరిఫలములు జామిఫలములండీ)

Kannama Reddy has granaries big, (నాధుడైన కన్నమరెడ్డికి ధాన్యగాదెలండీ)

And owns he many cattle, horses countless,

(చాలపశువులు వేలగుర్రాల్ మేల్పల్లకీలు)

Besides a valuable palanquin, so rare,

On what ever side you see there are milch buffaloes

(ఎటుచూసిన మందగేదెలు వందలెక్కలండీ)

They are hundreds of milch cows too for him,

For milk, would come from distant towns,

So open the doors of Maharaja ever,

(పాలకి వచ్చిది పాపవచ్చిది - పట్టపు మారాజ తలుపుతీయించు)

The mirrored wall and pials big, (అద్దంపు గోడలు మిద్దెటరుగులు)

The big pials of the lord are attractive, (అతి వెలుగుతున్నదోయ్ రాజదివాణం)

The Royal palace with bronze nails is shiny, (ఇత్తడి గుబ్బలు దిడ్డి తలుపులు)

We worship your god with mangrove leaf-buds,

(సిరి వెలుగుతున్నదోయ్ రాజదివాణం)

Their teak-wood cots with silver tapes drawn found,

(పట్టెమంచంనేత కలవెండి నేత - వారిదిగ కలవెండిరేకుల్ల నేత)

Their pillows are with silver embroidery, (బొడ్డున పొన్నపూవన్నెల్ల నేత)

A carpet was put on which jasmynes were spread, (ఒల్లెలమీదనే మల్లెలు పేర్చి)

The great lord walked over the flowers and came, (మల్లెలమీదనే మారాజు వచ్చె)

For king Harischandra umbrellas were held on,

(హరిశ్చంద్ర మారాజు గొడుగులు పట్టె)

And hand-fans were used to comfort the king, (సురకోటిదేవతలు సురటి వేసిరి)

The king of Ayodhya at the feet of Hari (అయోధ్య మారాజు హరిపాదలోత్త)

Bows his head and with reverence salutes,

The bending salute looked like a country bowing,

(వంగి మొక్కిన నడుము సింగిడీవిల్లు)

To keep up his state he gave a bull as gift, (మొక్కంగ మారాజు ఏమిచ్చినారు)

And to keep up his name he gifted calves, (కీర్తి ఉండెనని గిత్తలిచ్చిరి)



Byanna fell down and on him a cart fell, (బయన్న కిందాయె - బండిమీదాయె)

The ropes of cart entangled the bullocks, (బండిమోకులు తగుల - బహుధారమాయె)

Rise up Byanna from your deep, deep slumber, (లెగరో బయన్న)

Because your seven wives beloved are weeping.

(నీ ఏడుగురు పెళ్ళాలు ఏడ్చుతున్నారు)

LYRICAL BALLADS OF GIRIJANS

BACK PAGE

Song is ours dance is ours, (ఆటమనదే పాటమనదే)
As learned we are in all arts: (అన్ని విద్యలుగల్గవారము)
We can, hunt, (వేటమనదే వెట్టిమనదే)
We can serve,
As learned we are in thousand arts: (వేయివిద్యలుగల్గవారము)
Ours is the court (కొలుపుమనదే)
We are here servants too, (కొలతమనదే)
As learned we are in countless arts: (కోటి విద్యలుగల్గవారము)
Not priests we are, not ascetics we are, (జంగంకాము జోగుకాము)
We are pretty young peer groups (జోటలుండే బాలలము)
Not acrobats we are, nor magicians (వీట్లంకాము విద్వేలంకాము)
But we are many making youth: (వేడుకల బాలలము)
We are singers and dancers of our goddess,
(అమ్మవారుయున్నప్పుడు ఆడేపాడే బాలలము)
we are good at heart (మనసుకు మంచివారము)
Mischeous by night (మాపటికి దొంగవారమా)
(సపిరెలు తొక్కవాలె - చాపచుట్టు చుట్టవాలెయా
గుంపెనలాడవాలె - గుళ్ళచుట్టు చుట్టవాలెయా
ఆడవాలె పాడవాలె - వేడికీలు సేయవాలెయా
అచ్చుకోడ లయ్యోకోడ లాలచ్చీరి బాలకోడలా)