

Lyrics for the song "Ni Demu"

Original lyrics in Sadri with their English translation

Written, composed and sung by Sunil Baraik. All rights reserved.

Guru guru kon guru/ guru guru asur guru/ asur guru kahan jae/ jangal bon jae/ jae ke kaa kare/
kaathi kaate/ kaathi kaait ke ka kare/ uke podae loha galae/ loha galae ke ka kare/ uke chhuri banae
bainthi banae taangi banae kodi banae/ banae ke ka kare/ jekar se maae chaauiwa khae piye kaate
chhope kalwa biyari banae/ sehe lekhan he mahadev/ haamar lor ke tanik sun aur haamar bikaas me
je chheka chhanda aahe seke kaait ke feik de/ sehe le moen toke gohrathon/ toke bola thon

Supreme supreme, who is supreme?/ Supreme supreme, the Asur are supreme/ Where does the
supreme Asur go?/ He goes to the forest and woods/ What does he do in the forest?/ He chops the
wood/ What does he do after he's chopped wood?/ He burns it and melts it to iron/ What does he
do after he melts iron?/ He makes knives/ He makes bainthi (*an instrument for cutting vegetables or
meat*)/ He makes axes/ He makes ploughs/ Which the whole family uses to eat and drink/ To cut
vegetables/ And to cook lunch and dinner/ Likewise O supreme lord/ The obstacles that stand in the
way of our (*the tribal*) progress/ You cut, chop and throw them away/ This is the only reason why I
am calling you

ni demu ni demu gondwaana des ke, ni demu ni demu khakhrakuchal thaon ke/ ni demu ni demu
madara kar raaij ke/ ni demu ni demu purkha maney ike sambhra/ laen ho purkha maney ike
jhabraalaen/ ni chahi ni chahi moke tor bikaas ho/ isan tor bikaas ho/ chhonda chhondi khade
bechae jaa/ thaen ho hamar chhonda chhondi bechae jaabaen/

Won't give, won't give/ Gondwana country/ Won't give, won't give/ The place where the crab was
crushed (*folk tale*)/ Won't give, won't give/ Reigned place of Madra/ Won't give, won't give/ Our
ancestors managed it/ Our ancestors decorated it/ Don't want, don't want your progress/ This type
of your progress/ Boys and girls are getting sold/ Our boys and girls will be forced to get sold

kon pariya me upre le khedalaen/ kon pariya me tapu raaij legalaen/ nai jabau nai jabau asam bangal
ho/ bhotang chae bagan ho/ nihuri nihuri tuti jaa/ the danda koda raaije kaya jhurae jaathe/ bhala
hune hon to kudae kudae maraen/ nai debau nai debau singi daiyak raaij ke jatra kar raaij ke/ purkha
maney ike sambhra/ laen ho purkha maney ike jhabraalaen

A long long time ago they pushed us from the upper part of the country to the lower part/ A long
long time ago they took us to islands/ Won't go, won't go/ To Assam and Bengal/ To the tea garden
of Bhutan/ Bowing, bowing, my waist is breaking/ In the land of ploughing (*Koda Raaij*)/ My whole
body is shrinking/ And there as well, they chase and beat us/ Won't give, won't give/ Place of Singi
Dai (*freedom fighter, princess of Rohtashgarh*)/ Place of Jatra/ Ancestors managed it/ Ancestors
decorated it

dhangar banae banae london hon lejathaen/ thika bhejek wala odrae ke motathaen/ nai jabau nai
jabau dili punjab ho/ bhatha aur khadhan ho//chhuti kahle muruk bhaan/ dae dogla chhuti puchle
bhuti kaatae/ nai debau nai debau kharsawan raj ke sundar ii kolhaan ke/ purkha maney ike
sambhra/ laen ho purkha maney ike to jhabraalaen

We are being made slaves/ They are even taking us to London/ The *traffickers (agents who forced people out of Jharkhand to do forced labor)*/ They are boasting of their big bellies/ Won't go, won't go/ To Delhi or Punjab/ Brick furnace/ or mines/ If you want to leave, they won't let you/ They will cut your salary/ Won't give, won't give/ The reigned place of Father Birsa (*tribal freedom fighter from the Munda tribe*)/ Karo and Koel (*fight over two dams that are to be built on tribal land*)/ Ancestors managed it/ Ancestors decorated it