SONGS AND TALES FROM THE DARK CONTINENT

Recorded from the Singing and the Sayings

of

C. KAMBA SIMANGO

Ndau Tribe, Portuguese East Africa

and

MADIKANE ČELE

Zulu Tribe, Natal, Zululand, South Africa

By

NATALIE CURTIS

New York · G. SCHIRMER · Boston

(1920)

SONGS, TALES AND PROVERBS OF THE NDAU TRIBE

C. KA'MBA SIMA'NGO

I

Ba'ntu African words are usually accented on the *penultima*, or syllable before the last. As there are a few exceptions to this general rule, all the accents are here given, for the greater convenience of the reader.

C. Ka'mba Sima'ngo is a full-blooded native of that long strip of Africa's east coast seized for Portugal by those daring navigators of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries who, in seeking a sea-route to the Indies, circled the Dark Continent and landed on its eastern shores.

Portuguese East Africa, lapped by the Indian Ocean, had long been known to Arab traders who had founded settlements upon its coasts. Indeed, the gold and ivory of Africa had traveled eastward and northward to the Orient long before the coming of the European. East Africa is a country around which clings a golden haze of fable and where, some scholars assert, arose in ancient times an indigenous Negroid culture, later overthrown by the migrations of wilder hordes of black Ban'tu[1] tribes swarming southward to the coasts from the Great Lakes. Indeed, the storied "Land of Ophir," whence came gold to Palestine as recorded in Genesis, is supposed, according to some authorities, to have been part of this ancient culture of which traces are seen in the long-abandoned workings of gold and quartz mines and in the ruins of dwellings, fortifications, citadels, or temples, —still the puzzle of the archæologist.

The Shanga'ne[2] or *V*andau',[3] to which tribe Ka'mba Sima'ngo belongs, are a branch of the great Ba'ntu stock of full-blooded black men which increasing population and the stir of the ancient slave-trade had thrust out from the centre of Africa.[4] The villages of the *V*andau' cluster along the low miasmic shores of the Indian Ocean and, stretching out on the rising uplands, sweep through jungles and along river-beds toward the interior. The *V*andau' are not a numerous people and early in the nineteenth century they were bloodlessly conquered by their Ba'ntu kindred,[5] the militant Zulus, at the time when the fiercely disciplined hosts of the imperious King Tsha'ka[6] swept up through South Africa from Zululand like a monsoon of terror.

Though the Portuguese now hold the country from German East Africa on the north to Natal on the south, a distance of some 400 miles, the climate of the natural trading-posts is so deadly to Europeans that colonization never flourished. Missionary enterprises have been few, partly because of the climate and also because Protestant missions were discouraged by the Portuguese. The native population has thus remained comparatively intact. But the trade-

[1]See page xv, also footnote on page vii. [2]See page 28.

[3]Peculiarities of the native language spoken by this people describe the tribe as "Ndau"; the people as "*V*andau"'; the songs and language as "Chindau'."

[4]See pages xiii, xvi. [5]See page 63. [6]Or Chaka.

routes through the jungles connecting British Rhodesia with the coast, and the railroads built by the more enterprising English through Portuguese territory, have kept the stream of gold and other wealth of Africa flowing to the ports, while European commerce unloads and tranships through East Africa its manufactures. How primitive are still many of the routes which link some parts of Rhodesia to the railroads running to the ports and thus to the European world, may be surmised from the fact that mail from the mission station of Mt. Selinda in Rhodesia leaves on the heads of black carriers.

The kraal where Ka'mba Sima'ngo was born lay in a pagan village where life was guided by belief in the all-prevading presence of the spirits of the dead who have power both to help and to harm. The throb of the native drum and the ceremonial chants of the "Diviners," or Spirit-Exorcisers (called by the white men "witch-doctors"), beat upon the ear of the little Sima'ngo from his birth, and the ceremonies for healing the sick by casting out evil spirits are among his earliest recollections. For his grandfather was a *Na'nga*,"[1] a diviner, and his uncle a "Nyamso'lo,"[2] a diviner of another order. So the little boy grew up, close to the inmost soul of the native life, Mother Africa holding him against her pagan heart, the mysteries of spirit-obsession and the terrors of witchcraft forming the background of his childish consciousness. So familiar to him was the sight of the Nyamso'lo exorcising troubling spirits, that he and his little sister used to play at curing one another through the casting out of demons, imitating to the minutest detail the ceremonies of the "witch-doctor." The "Spirit-Songs,"[3] the "Rain-Songs,"[4] the "Dance-Songs,"[5]—all are indelibly graven on Sima'ngo's memory. How could he forget? When the scourge of small-pox swept from the ports to the natives, was not Sima'ngo himself cured by the Nyamso'lo, whose hypnotic singing never ceased until the evil spirit had fled and the boy fell into a normal, healing sleep? When the fields lay parched with drought and famine threatened and the great drums were brought out for the Rain-Songs, did not Sima'ngo's childish voice join the chorus of singers who all night long, and night after night, invoked the rain? And when there was a festival after the brewing of "do'lo" (native beer), and the old people so stingily forgot the young, did he not laugh over the satiric songs of the boys and girls who scoffed with hidden words at the aged long-beard who would not pass the cup?[6] There can be no doubt that the Chindau' songs in this book are pure African, untouched by European influence, for Sima'ngo never went among white men until he was practically full-grown.

Indeed, so far as he knows (for Africans keep no record of their age), the boy must have been fifteen or more years of age before he first left his kraal to work for Portuguese settlers. At Beira, a malarial seaport town, he cooked for natives who were hauling freight. The natives sing as they work, and it was at Beira that Sima'ngo learned the first laboring song in this book.[7]

His next experience was unfortunate: he left Beira and entered the employ of a Portuguese who made the boy work hard, and then did not pay him! So Sima'ngo went back to Beira, and for half a year he served as a "boy" in a hotel—

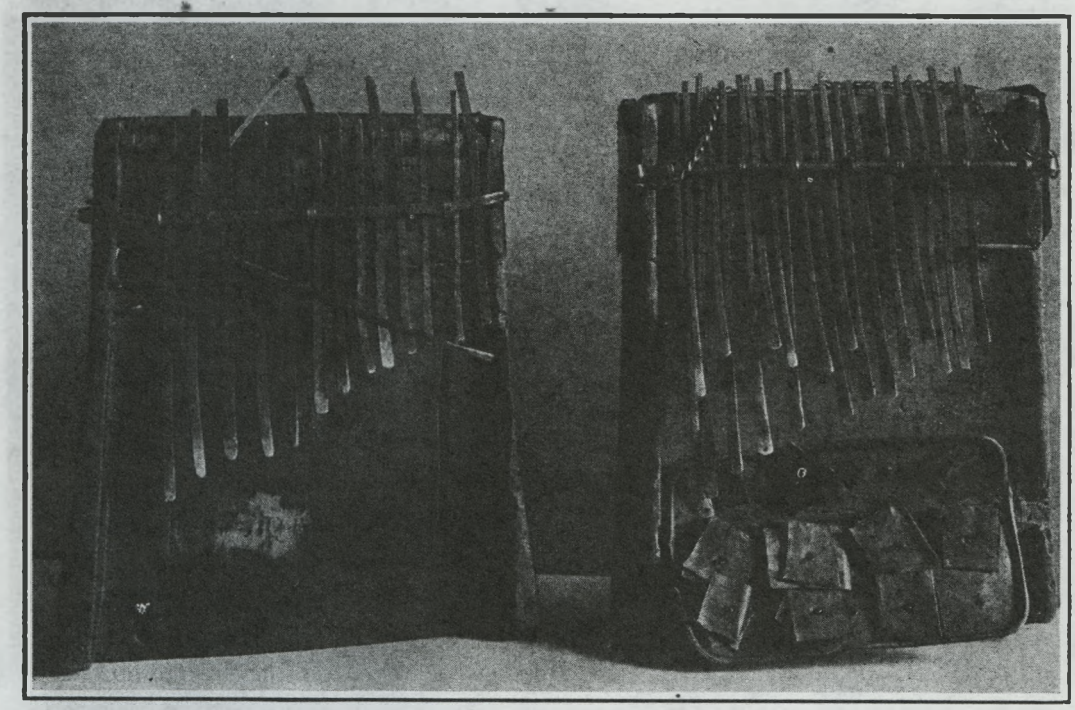
[1]See pages 17, 26. [2]See pages 16, 24, 25. [3]See pages 24, 25, 26, 27, 99. [4]See pages 20, 22, 81, 90.
[5]See pages 35, 37, 38, 110, 114, 118. [6]See pages 37, 114. [7]See pages 32, 107.

for natives who are hired to do any kind of work are called "boy," whether they be ten years old or sixty.

The railroads built by the English through Portuguese East Africa were now in operation, and Sima'ngo next worked as "laundry-boy" for a French conductor, washing the man's linen. It was here that he heard the song of the African laborer on the railroad, also contained in this book.[1]

Native fashion, in the intervals between his chance occupations he went back to his kraal. Next he became house servant to a white woman of whose little children he took charge. The woman treated him harshly and was always very impatient when he could not understand the things that he was required to do, which were all utterly strange to him; yet such was her confidence in the boy that she went on a visit to Victoria Falls for several weeks, leaving the children, including a four months' old baby, in the care of the African. Sima'ngo

[1]See pages 33, 107.



THE MBI'LA

(*A Native Instrument*)

To the left, an instrument in process of construction, showing sounding-board.

To the right, an old "Mbi'la."

tended the little ones faithfully night and day, feeding the baby and caring for it as he had seen the mother do, and when she came back she found all as she had left it. One day, as Sima'ngo was dressing the children, the mother brought out some little boots which she told him to fasten. While he knelt in front of the children in perplexity, wondering how such extraordinary footgear was to be put together, the mother, with her customary impatience, picked up a stick of wood and beat him so cruelly over the head that, though he loved the children, he decided that he could no longer endure such treatment.

He left, and went to work for an Italian who was employed on the railroad by the English; but here again the man's wife scolded so constantly that Sima'ngo and another boy, when their time was up, decided to run away; for they knew that the man would keep them by force if he thought that they wanted to leave. They ran for many miles along the railroad track until they came to a native camp where the other boy had friends. Though these people spoke a dialect which Sima'ngo could not understand, they were kindly and they gave the boys shelter. Here the fugitives slept, but when they awoke in the morning they found that their earnings, which Simango had carried, were gone! Much distressed, the boys sent for a "*N*a'nga," a diviner, to come and detect the thief; but while waiting for him they were overtaken by a native servant of their Italian employer who had been sent to find them and bring them back. The other boy escaped, but Sima'ngo was caught.

"Why must I go back?" he said, "what right has that man to send after me? I have stolen nothing nor harmed him in any way. Am I a slave?" But such was the pressure of circumstances that Sima'ngo returned with the servant. But as soon as he saw another opportunity to escape, he promptly ran away again. Reaching the camp of the people who had befriended him (and stolen his money), he preferred this time to sleep in the open beside the railroad track. In telling the story afterwards he said:

"I could hear the wild beasts prowling about, but I feared them less than to be caught and sent back to that master."

Sima'ngo now made his way southward toward Beira again, where he worked for a Welshman. One day he met a boy who told him of a wonderful new experience: *he had been to school!* For a white man had established in Beira a mission to teach the natives.[1] Sima'ngo asked if the boy could teach him; and then and there they sat down together, and Sima'ngo learned the alphabet. From that moment awoke in him a longing to learn—a hunger which has never since abated—and he started to go to the mission school. The Portuguese, however, were not in sympathy with the mission station and they waylaid the boys on their way to school, arrested them, and brought them before a judge who sentenced them to be beaten. They were cruelly punished and one boy, Mataka'le, was given stripes on his hands and then sent to hard labor. As soon as he was released, he straightway went back to school, was again caught and sentenced this time to fifty stripes, which were administered with such stinging, weltering blows that the blood spurted from under the boy's finger-nails. Then, with swollen, bleeding hands, he was sent again to hard labor.

[1]Work conducted by the American Board of Foreign Missions.

But such was Mataka'le's pluck and his desire to learn, that he again returned to school the moment he was released.

The missionary now decided, however, to abandon the station at Beira owing to the opposition of the Portuguese and to his own ill health. So distressed were the boys at this that the missionary told them that if they indeed wanted so much to learn, he would send them to Rhodesia (British territory adjoining Portuguese East Africa on the west), where they could be received at the mission station and taught.[1] The missionary even gave them railroad fare as far as the train went toward their destination. So Sima'ngo and his friend Mataka'le started out; but the mission station was one hundred and sixty miles from the railroad station, and so on alighting from the train the boys walked the enormous distance. They were hospitably received at the school and staid there two years; then, filled with longing to see their families and friends again, they walked all the way back to their kraal, two hundred and twenty-five miles, part of their way lying through unbroken jungle where they could hear the lions roaring at night. They staid at home only three weeks, but their zeal for their studies was so contagious that a number of the natives decided to follow them on the long backward march to Rhodesia. It was now a party of twenty young people that bravely set out on the dangerous journey from their kraals in search of light and learning. Meanwhile the Portuguese had got wind of this expedition and sent a man to intercept the party, but the natives travelled warily and the Portuguese did not find them.

It was in all six years that Sima'ngo spent at Mount Selinda School in Rhodesia, returning to his kraal at intervals for visits whenever he could, drawn by his love for his mother.[2] He then came to Lovedale Institute in Cape Colony, the oldest school for natives in South Africa, and from there to Natal in Zululand.

Meanwhile one of the teachers at Mount Selinda, a British Colonial born in Africa, had taken keen interest in Sima'ngo, recognizing the boy's steadfastness and ability. She decided that he should have better industrial training than the African schools could give him, for she believed that he could do much to help his people: Sima'ngo was to be a leader! The teacher had been to America, studying the schools in the United States, and had visited Hampton Institute; she was convinced that to Hampton Sima'ngo should go. Money was raised by these brave, unselfish missionaries, and the boy was sent to America, making the long six weeks' journey alone and coming straight to Hampton Institute. When he arrived, he knew not one single human soul on the American continent. In telling the story afterward he said that he would have been overwhelmed with loneliness and homesickness had it not been that on arriving at Hampton he found two letters from the missionary-teacher awaiting him. She had had the rare forethought to send the letters in advance so that the boy should find a warm welcoming word from home in the strange new land. Sima'ngo entered the Trade School at Hampton, where he speedily won the respect and good-will of his companions and instructors. In speaking of him the other students say: "Sima'ngo——he's *good!*"

[1]Mt. Selinda, Rhodesia, S. A.

[2]See "The Mother in Africa," page 66.

II

Though the African boy had enthusiastically agreed to help me in making this collection of the songs of his tribe, yet it was hard for him to find much time at Hampton for such researches, as the school wisely keeps its students busy from dawn until bedtime. So it was agreed that Sima'ngo should spend a month of his summer vacation at my home by the sea, in order that we could work together uninterruptedly. For it is a part of Hampton's "education for life" to place the students during the summer in positions where they can practice in the outside world what they learned in school. Moreover, through "learning by doing" and earning a regular wage, they gain self-reliance and a knowledge of the value of time and money—a most important link in the chain of industrial progress, for it is just here that adjustment often fails backward peoples in the difficult transition from primitive life to the sustained habits of modern industry.

Though Sima'ngo had small opportunity while with me to apply the trade that he was studying at Hampton—carpentry and building, much needed in South Africa—yet everything that he undertook showed the excellence of his general training, that inter-training of hand, head and heart which is the fundamental principle of Hampton instruction. He had a logical way of reasoning things out beforehand; there was method in the planning of his work and there were brains behind his fingers. Before breakfast he cut the grass, raked the paths and swept the steps. Then he put his own room in order (for he kept it scrupulously clean and neat), changed his clothes, and by nine o'clock he was always waiting for me at my desk, smilingly ready for our musical and ethnographical researches. Into this work of African record he threw himself with complete devotion and concentration. For in spite of missionary training he had retained the balanced judgment and the keenness of vision to realize that all was not bad in the native life simply because it was pagan. He heartily shared my hope that this book might help to throw a little light into obscure corners of the Dark Continent and promote a truer estimation of the human side of black Africa. No contact with the white world could ever efface from Sima'ngo's mind the memory of the old days, nor change his deep loyalty and affection for his people. He used to say, "There is not a day nor a night that I do not think of home and of my mother."[1]

The boy's intelligence in answering questions and explaining the songs, his patience in the language work, and his untiring enthusiasm for every phase of this difficult undertaking, were worthy of the highest praise. Nor have I ever seen greater industry. Sima'ngo spent his odd hours over a manuscript dictionary of his own language which he was correcting for a missionary publication, and often the little lamp in his room burned beyond midnight. No diversion drew him aside; in this task, as in the African song-book, his application was intense and continuous, for he was working for the recognition of his race. Indeed, one never forgot that his mere presence in America was for a purpose, the great purpose that burned behind everything that he did—service to his people. He had a keen sense of humor, and his strong teeth, filed in African fashion and

[1]See "The Mother in Africa," page 66.

white as the native ivory, often flashed in a ready smile. Yet I never knew any young man of his age who took life more earnestly or adhered with greater firmness to his own inner standard. He always carried in his breast-pocket a fine-typed New Testament, the gift of the missionary at Mt. Selinda who had sent him to America. This was his most treasured possession and over it he pored each day. I think he knew the teachings of Christ thoroughly by heart; he certainly tried to practice them with that simplicity and directness lost to more sophisticated races, but still the hope of cruder and more primitive men.

Often in the evenings we would call Sima'ngo to join the family group in the drawing-room. There he would tell us stories of his early boyhood and of African life and customs. He described the hippopotamus hunting in old days and told how the natives made their bows of hard, strong wood and tipped their arrows with poison. And we heard too of the crocodiles that so swiftly dashed and snapped at the unsuspecting bather or swallowed the water-carrier who had come to fill her earthen jar at the river's edge. Of the dreaded evils of witchcraft, also, Sima'ngo would tell us at length, and we delighted in the fantastic story of the man who had fabled power over a crocodile which would do his bidding, devouring those whom the man doomed to die; for this witch talked and sang to his crocodile, made offerings to it of "do'lo" (native beer), and decorated it with a necklace. Such stories held a thrill of imaginative appeal. The picture of the tangled and wooded river-bank with its engulfing mystery of shadows, the black witch with charms and fetishes, the basking and bedecked crocodile, itself a fetish—all this and the atmosphere of the fever-breeding jungle seemed mirrored in the strange chants that Sima'ngo sang with such blood-stirring rhythm.

There is usually a powerful dramatic sense in people who have lived as part of the elemental drama of Mother Nature whose passions lie at the root of all being. Primitive man, drawing sustenance from the bosom of the earth and filling his lungs with the breath of the open sky, expresses life in big gesture and in symbols that link human existence with cosmic forces. The offering of prayer through dance, and the invocation and exorcising of spirits with song—all this is essential drama and an important part of pagan African life. Sima'ngo's graphic portrayal of the entranced and sometimes cataleptic "Nyamso'lo," or diviner, made one's flesh creep! In his weird singing of the Spirit-Songs we heard the hoarse, sepulchral tones of the diviner whose Familiar Spirit sings through the lifeless body; and the white, upturned eyeballs, the groans and spasmodic shudderings, made us feel a clutching sense of obsession, as though some loosened force from out the darkness enveloping existence had thrust parasitic claws into normal human life. The whole impersonation was so ghastly, so uncanny, that one realized with a chill at the heart the hold that such a sight, real or feigned, must have upon the minds of the simple, credulous natives. For Sima'ngo made us see too the circle of onlookers, singing and clapping, while through their chanted responses they help the controlling spirit to tear itself loose from the body of the diviner. This was not mimicry only, but an extraordinary visualization, through personality, of that phase of native life which is completely dominated by belief in the presence of unseen spirits. Indeed, like a parasite itself, the controlling idea of witchcraft has fastened on savage Africa a veritable curse of

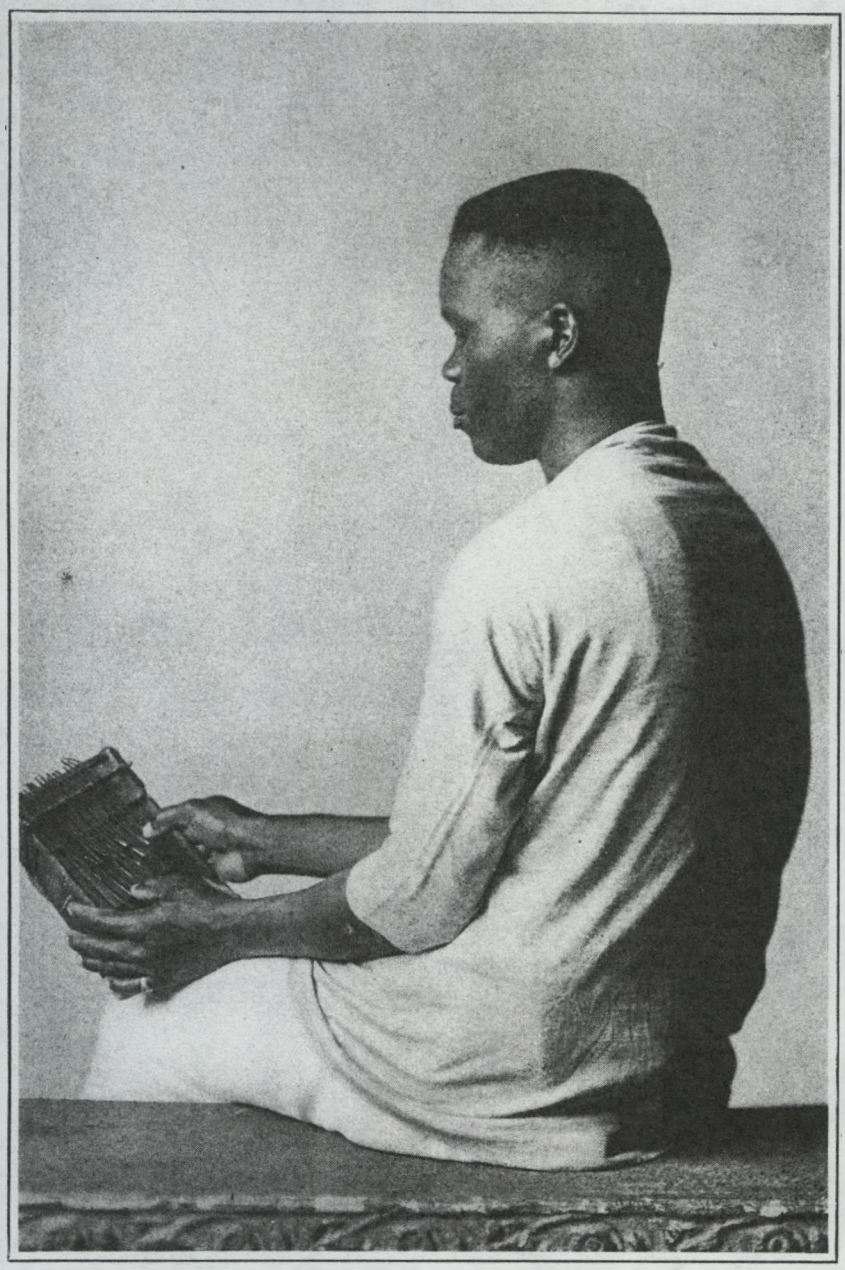
fear and superstition, blocking progress. Yet this is only one of the backward pulls upon the black man in his cultural evolution. Climate, wild beasts, poisonous plant-growth, pests (the hook-worm, the tse-tse fly, the malarial mosquito)—these are but a few of the handicaps which tropical Africa, with heavy hand, has laid upon her children. Yet, as though the struggle for normal human development were not already hard enough in such a land, to nature's burdens have been added the deliberate demoralizations that the coming of the white man so often thrusts upon savage countries. To hear at first hand of the terrible intoxicants sold to ignorant and unsuspecting natives by Europeans and Americans, and of the alcoholic drink distilled from sugarcane with which those who call themselves civilized debauch whole villages—this makes the "white man's burden" seem indeed an ominous load, especially when one realizes how black men are still compelled to toil without pay for white masters through industrial systems that are slavery in all but name. "And," said Sima'ngo, "when we try to learn and rise a little, even those white people who want to be just and kind still like us to feel the weight of their hand upon our head. They wish us to know that we may not rise higher than they allow."

Had it not been for the hope and courage that lay behind Sima'ngo's eyes, there would have been something wistful and at times tragic in the boy's quiet but fully intelligent recognition of the shadow that lay across the pathway of his people. Yet, in the capacity of the black race for deep religious devotion and childlike faith in spiritual teachings, lies a great power for advance, and this Sima'ngo knew; for the converted African, no less than the American Negro, is profoundly a Christian, and he clings with real longing to the ideal of divine love and human brotherhood, however emotional and fantastic may be at times the expression of his belief.

Indeed, the black man is in most things emotional by nature. The love of music with the necessity for self-utterance in song is a fluent evidence of the warm upwelling of feeling in the African people. Sima'ngo had brought with him to our home a "mbi'la," a small native instrument, and this was his constant companion. When he was not working with me, writing his dictionary, or studying his testament, he would sit quietly by himself, playing his mbi'la with a rapt and faraway look—dreaming of home.

The mbi'la was made of a block of wood about a foot long and some three inches thick, the lower end of which was partially hollowed out to give resonance, like a rudimentary sounding-board. Attached to the flat surface were thin tongues of metal, one end fastened to the instrument, the other free to vibrate when snapped downward and outward by the thumbs and fingers. At the lower end of the mbi'la were pinned thin disks of tin, two on each pin, which vibrated when the metal tongues were played upon. The silvery, tinkling tones accompanied by the constant jingling buzz of the vibrating disks sounded like a brook purling over stones amid rustling reeds. It was a most poetic and sylvan music, evoked by the little mbi'la which seemed the very voice of nature. Cried a white musician who overheard Sima'ngo improvising: "How can human touch bring forth such sounds?—When that African boy plays, the forest speaks!"

The tunes for the mbi'la usually consisted in rapid running phrases, always rhythmic, sometimes of even beat and length, sometimes sharply uneven. Though



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no groups of phrases actually matched each other as in more stereotyped civilized music, yet they always made a distinct musical design. They reminded me of the tuneful drip of raindrops tinkling down in different pitch, for however rhythmically the drops may fall, they never twice follow each other in identically the same sound-pattern.

Sima'ngo loved to improvise, making up tunes and forming new combinations of the mbi'la's bell-like intervals. So skilled was he that he could hold the instrument behind his head and play it upside down. One day he surprised me by going to the piano; using his two forefingers stiffly like drum-sticks, he beat out some of the mbi'la melodies on the nearest approximate tones of the keyboard. In this way, too, he played for me tunes of the "mari'mba," another and better known African instrument whose mechanism, although the material is wood with gourd resonators, corresponds somewhat to that of the xylophone. It was immensely interesting to watch these experiments in a totally new manner of manipulating the keyboard, for Sima'ngo never failed to use his fingers as drum-sticks, since he was but transferring to the piano the technique of the mari'mba. But the tones did not always correspond, and the boy would sigh with disappointment and say quietly: "This note is too high and the next one is too low and there is none in between!"—an unconscious commentary on the limitations and crude inflexibility of our European tonal system.

The high development of Sima'ngo's rhythmic sense was amazing. He would sit humming to himself while beating on his chair a syncopated accompaniment that would have baffled many a drummer in our modern orchestras. Indeed, I was more than once reminded of the passage in H. E. Krehbiel's "Afro-American Folksongs," in which he says of a group of Dahomey musicians heard at the Chicago World's Fair: "The players showed the most remarkable rhythmical sense and skill that ever came to my notice. Berlioz in his supremest effort with his army of drummers produced nothing to compare in artistic interest with the harmonious drumming of these savages. . . . . I was forced to the conclusion that in their command of the element which in the musical art of the ancient Greeks stood higher than either melody or harmony, the best composers of the day were the veriest tyros compared with these black savages."

Sima'ngo knew the African dances also—strange and often beautiful steps, some quite simple, slow and solemn; others intricate and bewildering in their rhythmic elaboration. Sometimes in the more rapid dancing it seemed to us as though the boy's body were loosely strung on a wire, like those marionettes whose steps seem to be mere fluttering vibrations, so fast did his feet move. We were particularly impressed with the dignity of many of the native dances and with Sima'ngo's unconscious nobility of mien. No white blood paled the rich purple-black of his skin; he was a true child of the Dark Continent; simple, frank, sincere, affectionate and manly; open of countenance, tall and straight as an *assegai*.

My little nephews he entranced with tales of the Hare (the original African "Br'er Rabbit"[1]) and of the animals of folk-lore. If the children were ever inclined to be naughty or noisy, we had but to call Sima'ngo, and at the first mention of the "Hare and the Baboon," or "How the animals dug their well," quiet reigned in

[1]See page 43.

the household. The African with his mbi'la was a benign Pied Piper; the children trailed after him wide-eyed and open-mouthed, or sat silently before him listening endlessly, never tiring. They loved him dearly, and as Sima'ngo's stay with us drew to a close we overheard their little voices pleading with their mother: "O, *why* can't we have him for always? Why does he have to go back to Hampton? We want him for *ours!*"

When Sima'ngo left there was not a person in the house or neighborhood that did not miss him. Said the Irish gardener: "I wish that African boy could 'a' stayed! If that's what a Negro school turns out, I'd like to send my own boy there!" Sima'ngo's little room that he had so scrupulously cared for himself—even washing and ironing his own bed-linen—now seemed vacant and desolate to us all. His dictionary and papers were gone. But in their place beside the lamp, lay a little letter which with his usual delicacy he had silently left behind. The letter was so characteristic in its alternating humor and deep earnestness and also in its naïve allusion to the Arab (who naturally thought that the woman who made him feel at home was "homely!")—that I give the African boy's parting words in full:

"I want to express to you my deep gratitude. You have been very, very kind in every way to me during my stay here. Your interest was growing each day.

"I think that you know the story of a man from the East who, when thanking Mrs. Smith, said, 'Mrs. Smith, you are the homeliest woman that I ever saw.' So on my part I think in many cases I have showed or said something which would shock people because of not knowing the right thing or word to say, but in your judgment on such a thing you will know that I just began to climb the tree of civilization.

"Please extend my thankfulness to your mother, brother and sister. They have been very kind to me and I got a new lesson about white people.

C. Kamba Simango.

September, 1915."

III

Hampton, April, 1918.

Three years have passed since Sima'ngo and I worked together over the African songs. Inevitable delays held back the publication of this book. And now, I am once more at Hampton for a final revision of the manuscript. As I meet Sima'ngo again, I am not sorry that the book is still "in press"; for the delay has enabled me to see with my own eyes and to here record how high the African boy has climbed on the "tree of civilization." Unchanged in the steadfastness of his purpose (though quietly awaiting the possibilities of being drafted into military service as a subject of Rhodesia), Sima'ngo has remained simple and direct, while deeply matured by his schooling in America. His keen intelligence has sent him to the fore in all his studies. He has greatly improved in English. Though I had always believed in the boy, I confess that I was astonished at the position he had won at Hampton. On parade, when the daily drill on the campus

musters the whole school in uniform, it is the African boy who carries the Institute's colors—a privilege conferred in recognition of high standing in classroom and general conduct. When the prize was awarded to the student who had made out and read the best list of books during vacation, it was Sima'ngo who carried off the honors. Twice the boy from the Dark Continent had taken a prize in speaking contests held by the students—and this in English, to him a foreign tongue![1]

Though Sima'ngo may be exceptionally intelligent, the example of his progress during the three years since first I knew him drives further home the question: Is there proven truth in the white man's assertion that the black man is constitutionally inferior? The boy from the pagan kraal, who never heard of the alphabet until he was sixteen or seventeen years old, is now fitting himself in evening hours for the difficult examinations imposed by the British Government on those who would fill government posts in South Africa. And we white men, with the blood of a world-war on our heads, dare say to Sima'ngo and his people: "Thus far shalt thou go and no further"?—

NATALIE CURTIS.

[1]Sima'ngo is now (1919) at Columbia University, New York.

SIMA'NGO'S LETTER TO THE READER

These are genuine African songs, uninfluenced by European music. I, who sang these songs for this book, was not only born in the country where these songs are sung, but when I was a boy I took part in singing them in different kinds of dances and ceremonies, and took part also in drumming and in playing other African instruments, as "mali'mba," "mbi'la," etc. So, in singing them for this book, I sang what I knew and did before I went to school. In writing these songs, Miss Curtis and I were not satisfied by "almost like it," but by "just like it," which work she succeeded in putting them down just as I sang them, so that when they are played or sung, they undoubtedly carry to ear the real African sound and time.

To everyone into whose hands these songs will fall, should know that they are real African songs, got from an African. I have been in this country one year, and I am at Hampton Institute studying, and I was glad to do this work so as to make known the real African songs to white people and make them see and hear the real African everyday life and movements in their leisure time and in time of distress, which thing has always been misunderstood by travellers. So, by this work it is hoped to open interest on that line. It is a noble work of bringing the weak and unnoticed race to the enlightened people of the civilized world, and I was willing to give every minute that I could spare.

(Signed) C. KAMBA SIMANGO.

September 26, 1915.

NOTES FOR THE PRONUNCIATION OF CHINDAU′ TEXT

The spelling here adopted is that which is in common use among the missionaries of South Africa, who have reduced the Chindau′ language to written form, translated hymn-books and the Bible into the vernacular, and are teaching the natives to read and write their own tongue. A revised scientific and phonetic spelling of this text, very kindly made by Professor Franz Boas of Columbia University, New York, will be found in the Appendix. Both the author and Ka′mba Sima′ngo wish to express their thanks to Dr. Boas for this revision.

Vowels are given the Continental sounds.

G is always hard.

g (in italics) is a soft guttural with hard g sound at the end.

l and *r* (in italics) are interchangeable according to dialect. *l* is usually used in the present transcription, and the sound is between the English l and r.

n (in italics) is pronounced like *ng* in the English word "hang."

v (in italics) is a sound between the English v and w.

nth is *not* like the English th, but is a sound of *nt*, followed by an aspirate *h*.

th alone, is *not* like the English th. It is a sound something like *t*, followed by a slightly guttural *h*, like the ch of German in the word "ich."

For literal interlineal translations of Chindau′ song-words, see Appendix, page 153.

Unless otherwise indicated, all words are accented on the penultima.

The attention of the reader is called to the fact that in the song-words as written in verse-form the accents differ from those of the ordinary spoken words as written in the Appendix. The *V*andau′ accent the words differently in singing from what they do in speaking, a peculiarity also noticed in the syncopated accents of English Negro song-words in America. Therefore, in order that the written verses should scan as sung, retaining their musical rhythm, and that the eye of the reader might catch this rhythm from the printed page, the song-accents have been given in the verses, while the correct accent for the spoken words is offered in the Appendix.

AFRICAN PROVERBS

I

Ka kulili'la mu ha'na che ha'mba. — We weep in our hearts like the tortoise.

Meaning: The tortoise has no means of defence. He can only draw himself into his shell and weep in his own heart where none can see, while he patiently awaits his fate. So under oppression and injustice we are defenceless, nor may we even show our tears, which must not fall down our cheeks, but only backward, silently, into our hearts.

This proverb refers to tyranny in every form, whether that of conquerors over a people, rulers over a tribe, or thoughtless parents over children.

II

Ho'*v*e ji no te*v*e'la mula'mbo wa'jo. — Fish follow their own river.

Meaning: Even as fish follow their own course with their own shoal, so there are people of narrow sympathies who will never help outsiders, but only their own family and friends.

III

A ndi chala'mbi kunu'ma pa cho'to ngo po nda'li. — I do not refuse to yield fat when on the fire.

Meaning: I must yield when caught in the press of circumstances.

IV

A ndi nyi'swi nge chi'lo chichi'na mulo'mo. — I am not vanquished by a thing which has no mouth.

Meaning: Man must persevere. The thing that we are trying to achieve has no mouth to tell us that we shall fail. We must try until we find the way to success, for discouragement lies only in our own faint heart. Failure comes from within.

V

Muli'lo wo mba'va a u ko'twi. — Warm not yourself at the fire of a thief.

Meaning: If a thief steal corn or meat, he builds a fire wherewith to roast it, then eats and goes away. If you, in passing, see the fire and warm yourself thereat, you may be taken for the thief. Avoid bad company, or you may be condemned with them, even though innocent.

VI

Manthe'de a no *v*enga'na pa kur*g*'a na pa mvu'mvu a no besa'na. — Baboons quarrel while eating. In danger they help one another.

Meaning: There are many families who quarrel in times of happiness, peace and plenty; but in sickness or danger they stand together and help one another.

BELIEFS AND CUSTOMS OF THE NDAU TRIBE[1]

(Every statement in this chapter was made by the African, Kam'ba Sima'ngo, except the bracketed phrases, which are interpolations by the author, N. C.).

The *V*andau' believe in a Being, "Mulu'ngu" (Spirit), who created all things and controls everything and who is also sometimes called "Malu'le" (Creator). The same word, "Mulu'ngu," is also used to mean the spirit of the dead.[2]

The *V*andau' do not worship Mulu'ngu, although certain expressions used by the people show that they recognize this Being. For instance, in the Rain Ceremony, knowing that rain comes from Mulu'ngu, they appeal indirectly to Mulu'ngu through the clouds: "Thunder-of-the-East, we are dying!"[3] Also there is prevalent an expression sometimes used by healers: "Mulu'ngu, nga no ziv'a" (Mulu'ngu, he knows), meaning that the healing power is alone from Mulu'ngu, and not a human attribute.[4] Or if a man be unfairly treated and find that nothing can help or justify him, he lifts his hand and says, "Mulu'ngu, nga no ziv'a," to protest his innocence; or "Mulu'ngu, u no vo'na" (Mulu'ngu, he sees!).

But the supernatural beliefs of most African peoples have to do chiefly with spirits. The *V*andau' believe that there is no other world than this, and that the souls of the dead do not leave this world to go elsewhere, but remain here invisible. Spirits can communicate with the living in dreams and by obsession, also they are sent by witches to cause sickness. Some people believe that when a man sleeps, his spirit goes forth so that dreams are an actual experience of his spirit. When he is slow in awakening, it is because his spirit has gone afar.

The all-pervading belief in witchcraft is one of the most important factors of African life. Another powerful influence is the "Nyamso'lo," diviner [commonly called by the whites "witch-doctor"], who detects witches, furnishes charms against witchcraft, reveals the presence of malignant forces, and through his own supernatural power rids the sick of troubling spirits.

The *V*andau' never worship idols or animals, but they ask the spirits of their dead fathers to help and protect them as the fathers did in life. The father of the household has absolute authority and is revered accordingly [as indeed in most forms of tribal life, especially among polygamous peoples].[5] Thus among the *V*andau' the father is master of his household as the king is father and master of the tribe. To the king, or great chief, the sub-chiefs and the people owe absolute allegiance, and to the father of the household the wives, sons and daughters render complete obedience. A young man brings his earnings to his father, and the father will keep them for him, divide them, or return them, as he thinks best.

[1]Peculiarities of the language of this tribe cause the tribe to be called "Ndau," the people "*V*andau'," and the language "Chindau'."

[2]Compare with the name of the Supreme Being among some Indian tribes of North America: "The Great Spirit" or "The Great Mystery."

[3]See Rain Ceremony, pages 22, 90.

[4]This is exactly analogous to the conception of the North American Indian.

[5]See Zulu polygamy, page 72.

When the father is dead, it is believed that he still looks after the welfare of his household. His counsel and his help are asked, and the son will still lay offerings before the vacant place in the hut and talk to his father as in life. This veneration of the father, the head of the House, is one of the strongest sentiments of patriarchial and tribal peoples, and the father is revered in death as in life.[1]

The *V*andau' bury their dead in "sipa," graveyards which are often in the shady forests. Here, of course, there are many snakes; and when these snakes are apparently free from all hostile intent toward man (probably after they have just eaten and are therefore quiet), the people believe it is the spirits of the dead that have made the snakes gentle and harmless. They say that such snakes are "the snakes of the spirits."[2] The spirits can go everywhere; but though they have power over animals, the *V*andau' *do not believe that the spirits actually enter into snakes or any other animals.* The spirits live as they lived before when in bodily form, but invisible.

The normal state of man is healthful life. Sickness and death are abnormal, and when a man dies it is usually because he has been bewitched in some way. Even if he be killed in battle it is because some evil influence has brought him bad luck. Death is never natural. There is always some cause for it.[3] A witch is one who influences others for evil through charms, wicked magic of various kinds, and through power over the spirits of the dead.[4] Even animals that injure man, such as lions, snakes or crocodiles, if found near human habitations, are sometimes thought to have been sent by witches. Witchcraft is a secret practice, for in many tribes witches are killed, and among the *V*andau' they are severely punished. Most African tribes live in constant fear of being bewitched, or of being accused of witchcraft. A witch may kill a man by magic (destroying bits of the victim's nail-parings, scraps of his hair, any intimate belongings, or even an image of the man),[5] or he may send the spirit of a dead person to make the man sick. Any one may be a witch in secret—any man or woman—even a man's own wife might be a witch without the knowledge of the husband. Thus frequent accusations of witchcraft lead to many a rupture of friendly relations, making it difficult for large numbers of people to dwell together in harmony, since any sickness or death may give rise to suspicion and to searching inquiry as to its cause.

Opposing the witch is the "Nyamso'lo," the diviner, who "smells out" witchcraft through supernatural power that is his by virtue of a "Zin*th*i'ki," a familiar spirit or "demon"[6] who controls the diviner [in the sense that the word "con-

[1]Since the Hebrews had this same reverence for the father of the House, who was absolute lord over his children, is it not possible that Jesus' allusion to "the Father" implied that Hebraic veneration for the ruler that made even the human father almost an object of worship? (See inter-relation of Semitic and African cultures, pages xiv, xvi.)

[2]White people have believed that the *V*andau thought that the spirits of their ancestors entered *into* snakes, but this is not true of this tribe.

[3]Compare with Zulu statement, page 76. See also "Mate'ka," Song of the Rain Ceremony No. II, page 23.

[4]Compare with witchcraft in mediæval Europe—Encyclopedia Britannica. Also, see Introduction to this volume, page xvii.

[5]This is almost identical with the beliefs and superstitions of mediæval Europe.

[6]"Demon: A supernatural protector or helper." Century Dictionary. Compare with Witch of Endor in Old Testament.

DIVINERS

Called by the Whites "Witch Doctors"

Note the "maze'mbe" (divining "bones"), on the mat in front of the diviner to the right; also the wand tipped with an antelope's tail in the hand of the diviner to the left.

trol" is used in modern spiritualism], taking possession of his body and speaking through him. This Familiar Spirit is a being whose works are friendly to man; it is a spirit who comes from afar, for it can never be the spirit of any relative or of a friend. When the diviner is obsessed by the Familiar Spirit, his eyes are closed, or else fixed and glassy, the body shudders, trembles and rocks slightly, while the voice is hoarse, guttural and unnatural. The diviner is himself unconscious of what goes on, and after returning to himself has no memory of what has been said or done while the Familiar Spirit obsessed his body. The Familiar Spirit it is who can detect the presence of a spirit which is troubling a sick man and causing the illness, and it is through the agency of the diviner and his Familiar Spirit that the troubling spirit may be communed with, reasoned with, propitiated and finally induced to leave. [The African diviner corresponds, in fact, to what modern spiritualists would call a "medium."] Women as well as men are Nyamso'lo, diviners. They carry a wand tipped with an antelope-tail, and are usually accompanied in their duties by an assistant or attendant; if the diviner be a man, the attendant may be one of his wives; if a woman, she will probably be accompanied by her husband; or the attendant may, in either case, be a friend.

Not all sickness is caused by witchcraft or spirits. Much is ordinary sickness which can be cured by drugs. Besides the diviners (the Nyamso'lo, who can always find the cause of sickness), there are other healers called "*N*a'nga," or "Be'ze," men and women who are literally doctors of medicine or apothecaries, and who cure with drugs, herbs, sweat-baths and other natural agencies. They may also induce a troubling spirit to depart from a sick man, though this is not their peculiar function as it is that of the diviner (the Nyamso'lo), because the diviners are the only doctors who have Familiar Spirits. All healers of all kinds, however, make medicine and charms to protect people from witchcraft, to ward off evil, to avert danger, to win love and allegiance, to insure success in hunting, and so on. The *N*a'nga also foresee the future, detect criminals, find lost articles, and soothsay. The doctors and apothecaries as well as the diviners carry pouches containing the "Maze'mbe"—a collection of small bones of different animals, bits of tortoise-shell, crocodile-scales, etc. These are for the purposes of divination. Some doctors and diviners use as many as fifty of these "Maze'mbe"; others do not know how to use more than six. But all must use at least six. The Maze'mbe are shaken in the hands [like dice in a box] and then thrown on the ground. From the position of the different articles, whether they fall with the inside or the outside uppermost, the doctor divines certain truths and reasons out certain conclusions [he reads the Maze'mbe as a white man reads cards in fortune-telling]. Of course, in cases of ordinary sickness, where a simple dose of medicine is the obvious cure, no Maze'mbe are used. Every man, however, seeks for charms of some kind to protect him from witchcraft, or to win him the things he desires. If a man build a new house in a fresh spot he goes to the diviner, who gives him medicine which, sprinkled about, will keep poisonous snakes away and fortify the place against evil influences and bad spirits. When a new king comes into power he seeks from all the diviners and doctors, far and near, charms and medicines to ward off dangers and ills and to make the people give him their affection and loyalty. Often the diviners lie

and trick the people; yet often they tell the truth. The people believe in them, though if sometimes a diviner is proved false he loses favor and is shunned.

A typical case of the diviner's treatment of the sick might be as follows: A man lies grievously ill. He sends for the diviner. Perhaps he suspects some man of having bewitched him; or perhaps if he himself be guilty of having killed another man by witchcraft, he knows that his present sickness is caused by the spirit of the man whom he killed. But he does not tell the diviner; it is for the diviner, if he be a true one, to find out the trouble. The diviner throws his Maze'mbe and reads them. This constitutes one ceremony. If the man be very ill [with epilepsy,[1] perhaps], and the diviner sees at once that a spirit is troubling him and there is no time to lose, he goes to work immediately to take out the spirit, without throwing the Maze'mbe first. If no spirit is troubling the man and ordinary medicine will suffice, the diviner himself doctors the patient quite simply, without spiritual practices. If, however, it be indeed a spirit that is causing the trouble, then follows the ceremony of supernatural intercourse with this spirit. "Man*thi*'ki," spirit-songs, are sung by the diviner and by the people who have gathered, and sometimes there is a dance and the diviner works himself into a state of ecstasy or frenzy, when his Familiar Spirit "wakes" within him and assumes control. Now the spirits who come to injure a man can kill him, but they themselves can never be killed, for they are deathless. They can only be sent away. The spirits of babies or of feeble old people in their second childhood have not power enough to kill when they affect a living person, but if a strong spirit trouble a man, these weaker spirits can lend their aid. So the first duty of the diviner is usually to rid the sick man of the "Nji'mu," or weak spirits; then, after the strong spirit has thus been bereft of all support, the diviner will treat with him alone. He "takes out" the weak spirits by stroking the sick person with his "Mvi'ngo," a wand tipped with an antelope-tail, decorated with beads and filled with "medicine." He sniffs the "Mvi'ngo," and if through this inhaling he catches a spirit, he cries "We'nsia!" like a loud sneeze, which expels the spirit. So he continues, until he is convinced that he has removed all the weak spirits. Now sometimes the strong spirit, finding itself thus alone and unsupported, leaves the sick man. It runs away and hides, fearful of being discovered and revealed. But it must be found. For unless it has been reasoned with and propitiated, it will return when the diviner is gone. The Familiar Spirit controlling the diviner knows how to find the fleeing spirit. He blows a whistle made of the horn of the antelope to call the spirit back. If he has not the power thus to induce the spirit to return, he goes after it on his hands and knees, making strange noises like an animal chasing its quarry. (This statement [to the end of the paragraph] was made to Ka'mba Sima'ngo by a diviner, and is here repeated, though Sima'ngo says that "no one can confirm as true anything concerning things so mysterious as spirits.") When this hiding spirit is finally captured, it may sometimes fall upon the shoulders of the diviner, and if it be very strong, the diviner often drops to the ground as though fainting. The troubling spirit, now in the power of the diviner's Familiar Spirit, *enters also into the diviner*, while the Familiar Spirit sinks down to the breast and

[1] A not uncommon disease among the natives.

abdomen, leaving the upper part of the diviner's body in the control of the captured spirit, so that this latter may now speak through the diviner's mouth and answer questions.

The attendant of the diviner, or perhaps one of the friends of the sick man, now greets the spirit and questions it, asking its name, why it is here, and what its grievance. The spirit may then confess that it has been sent to kill the man, and tells the reason. Then the people ask it, "What do you want?" They offer a gift, that the spirit may go away satisfied and cease troubling the man. The spirit tells what it would like to have—perhaps the gift of a piece of cloth, perhaps food. The family of the sick man therefore bring such an offering and it is placed in a wooden bowl or in a hollow gourd. The diviner then sneezes into the gift, crying "We'nsia!" which expels the spirit, who thus leaves the diviner's body. The Familiar Spirit then again assumes complete control, while the people carry off the bowl of gifts and cast the cloth, or whatever article the spirit may have desired, into the bush, away from the dwellings of people and from passers-by. They are careful to carry with them the wand of the diviner in order that the spirit shall remain afar with the gifts and not return with them.

Sometimes the troubling spirit is not easily appeased and demands far more than a gift of cloth. If the spirit be that of a man who was killed by witchcraft it may take its revenge by making sick the members of the witch's family. And this spirit would be very hard to propitiate; it might cause illness and death among all the household of the witch and come back many, many times. It might require, to be satisfied, that a girl be given free, without pay,[1] as wife to some friend of the spirit, still alive. This friend would fill all a son-in-law's duties, but he would not have to pay the father-in-law for the girl, as is the usual custom. He would have her for nothing as a free gift, to appease the spirit, which would then be satisfied and depart.

Of course, the diviner is paid for his work, which differs with different cases. He usually gives medicine to the sick person besides dealing with the troubling spirit. Nor does the troubling spirit always come to *harm* the sick person. Sometimes, if the illness be slight, it may be caused by a friendly spirit who can find no other way to draw the attention of friends or family to the fact that a spirit wishes to make itself known. In such a case, it might be the father of a household who causes some slight illness, usually to a child—a cough, perhaps, or a headache. The diviner is summoned, and he throws his bones and then announces, "Your father" (or it might be another relative, or a friend) "is asking for something." Then the offering is made, and the sick person is supposed to recover. To make some one ill in order to draw attention to a want, is often the only way that a spirit can communicate.

The sick man can invite people to the healing, or not, as he likes. If the healing take place in the hut with all doors closed, outsiders do not enter. If the healing is not to be private, the neighbors are invited to help in the singing, and others who hear the singing and dancing will gather, knowing that the ceremony is a public one.

[1]See Zulu statement, page 72.

MATE'KA

SONG OF THE RAIN CEREMONY

I

"Mate'ka" means "Ceremony," and when the word is used alone, "Rain Ceremony" is understood; at the death of a chief a somewhat similar ceremony is held which is called "Mate'ka-o-Mali'lo," "Ceremony of Mourning."

These Rain-Songs are old. Many Chindau' songs are ephemeral, but the Rain-Songs are usually traditional. They were composed by the upper classes or men of rank because the rain ceremonies are solemn and important rites which concern the welfare of the whole nation and are held at the command of the king. A rainless year means famine to the *V*andau', so that the prayer for rain is a cry of distress from the heart of the people. When singing this song, the aged men and women weep and wail, remembering the old companions with whom they used to dance and who are now no more.

The order of the ceremony is as follows: Each family brings its own basket of "mapfu'nde" (corn with which to make the "do'lo," native beer), and the people engage in the brewing, which takes usually about seven days. Meanwhile the people sing and dance from evening until midnight. On the last day, when the beer is finished, they dance from sunset till sunset. They make a wooden stand and on this they place the drums, usually four in number, all being of different size to emit different tones. These are special drums used in ceremonial dances for rain or for the spirits. They are known as "Ngo'ma hu'lu," big round drum; "Mbiku'la," middle-sized round drum of different pitch, whose name means "changing" because it is used "when the tone is changed" —in other words as a tonal link between the big drum and the little drums; and "Mitu'mba," the two small round drums.[1] The drums are made of hollowed wood slightly narrowed and rounded at the bottom, where there is a hole to let out the air. Across the open mouth of the upper section is stretched the skin of a calf or antelope. Some drummers are so skilled that they can beat two drums at once, but usually, for religious dances, each man beats only one drum and there are therefore four drummers.

The beer-making for the Rain Ceremony is in itself a ceremonial act. When the beer is finished, the people pour some of it upon the earth as an offering, to indicate the flow of rain. On the last day of the ceremony, they visit the graves of the dead and pour a few drops on the ground or under a tree, wherever they think that the spirits might come to rest. This is a purely symbolic act to show reverence for the dead. The man who pours the beer calls the name of the man who has last died—the youngest man among the spirits—and says: "We offer a sacrifice, take this to————" (mentioning the name of the man who died just before); then he repeats the same formula, asking the spirit of the second dead man to bear the sacrifice to a third, and so on, till the names of those who died long ago are reached. Each time he pronounces the message and speaks the

[1]Singular form, "Mutu'mba."

name of the spirit, the people, after the name is mentioned, solemnly clap their hands three times—two little short hand-claps each time with a pause between, signifying "so be it." The soul of a man does not die, nor can it enter the grave with the body. Therefore, when the people offer food or beer, they place it elsewhere than on the graves, sometimes in the house of those who make the offering (as though the spirit were their guest) and often under a shady tree, which is a lovely resting-place where the spirit might linger; for the spirit never clings to the dead body, but goes everywhere.[1]

This song is a cry of distress. The rain has failed, the crops will fail and the people will perish. The *V*andau' say that when a person dies, he must go alone. In living, people can share all things, and can suffer together; but dying cannot be shared; even when surrounded by children and those we love, each one of us must go alone. Thus the opening words of this song:

"No child can now go with me—aye!"

To the *V*andau' the exclamation "O Mother!" has come to mean a general exclamation of distress, an invocation, even as the white man cries "O Heaven!" or "O God!"; for the very word "Mother" means one who cares for the helpless and is an ever-present succor. "Mother" is one who listens, who is always tender, always faithful. So the people sing in their misery and want, like hungry children crying to their mother.[2]

While performing this ceremony, all the minds of the people are concentrated upon it. Even as when a country is fighting, the people put all their faith in their army, so now when the country is starving, they depend on the Rain Ceremony of which the drumming is the life-pulse. If the ceremony should fail, there would be no hope left and the drum would be as the grave of the nation.

Now among the *V*andau' there are different groups of people: Those who live by the coast; those who live further back, but on lowland; those who are inland dwellers on higher land, and are called the highland people; and those who live in the mountains, and are called the mountain people. Each group prides itself on being better than the others. In this song it is the lowland people who are supposed to be singing, and they ask: "Know ye the way the highland people drum?" meaning that these are lowland people drumming; "do they play as

[1]Some white observers, seeing offerings beneath the trees, have made the superficial mistake (unfortunately characteristic) of supposing that the natives worshipped *trees*.

[2]Miss Mary Kingsley, in her book "West African Studies" (p. 373), makes the following quotation from the Rev. Leighton Wilson:

"Whatever other estimate we may form of the African, we may not doubt his love for his mother. Her name, whether dead or alive, is always on his lips and in his heart. She is the first thing he thinks of when awakening from his slumbers and the last thing he remembers when closing his eyes in sleep; to her he confides secrets which he would reveal to no other human being on the face of the earth. He cares for no one else in time of sickness, she alone must prepare his food, administer his medicine, perform his ablutions, and spread his mat for him. He flies to her in the hour of his distress, for he well knows if all the rest of the world turn against him, she will be steadfast in her love, whether he be right or wrong."

The Rev. Leighton Wilson's "Western Africa" (pp. 116-117) contains the following paragraph:

"If there be any cause which justifies a man using violence toward one of his fellow-men it would be to resent an insult offered to his mother. More fights are occasioned among boys by hearing something said in disparagement of their mothers than all other causes put together. It is a common saying among them, if a man's mother and his wife are both on the point of being drowned, and he can save only one of them, he must save his mother, for the avowed reason if the wife is lost he may marry another, but he will never find a second mother." See also "Mafuve," Dance of Girls, this book, page 29, and Zulu Lullaby, page 66.

well as the people of the lowlands?"—And the indirect answer tells how the lowland people drum, for they reply that the coastpeople do not know this way of playing; it is *they* who are poor drummers.

Though the form of the song, with its refrain, is traditional, the singing is always extemporaneous, and verses are made up by the leader. The opening phrase with words is sung by a leader and the people all join in the refrain, even as in Negro songs in America the leader sings an extemporaneous verse and the people join in the chorus. Of course, if the people already know the words sung by the leader, they may sing them too; the words here noted are traditional and have been long in use. But as this one song is sometimes sung for three hours at a time, new verses are constantly composed. The age of this song was unknown, but the Mundau'[1] singer who sang it for this recording states that it was old before his father was born.

(*Metrical and literal translation*)

A ndi'na mwana' wokwe'nda na ye, *we yo we—* *V*ulo'mbo, mai, we!	No child may journey with me, ne'er a one, *we yo we—* Distress, Mother, woe!
Ngoma' hu'lu-yo ngo gu'va la'ngu, *we yo we—* *V*ulo'mbo, mai, we!	The Big Drum waiteth for me as a grave, *we yo we—* Distress, Mother, woe!
Ndozo' vi'gwa-mwo no nda'fa pano', *we yo we—* *V*ulo'mbo, mai, we!	And dying, I shall be buried therein, *we yo we—* Distress, Mother, woe!
Chimu'kwi'lo mu'no chi'konavo'? *we yo we—* *V*ulo'mbo, mai, we!	The Upland manner of drumming, know ye? *we yo we—* Distress, Mother, woe!
*V*amwe'mba dovo' hava' lu koni'! *we yo we—* *V*ulo'mbo, mai, we!	No Coastland people can drum in this way! *we yo we—* Distress, Mother, woe!

MATE'KA

Song of the Rain Ceremony

II

Nyamakamba'la

Thunder-of-the-East

The sky is made of a hard substance like iron, that makes a noise when struck.[2] From the East we hear Nyakamba'la, "the Thunder-of-the-East," and this means that rain is coming. The thunder is caused by Halakavu'ma, "the

[1] "Mundau'," singular form of *V*andau'.

[2] The iron sky of African mythology surely goes to prove the important part that iron played in the life of prehistoric Africa. (See Introduction, page xv.)

Noisemaker," who dwells in the sky and looks like a great river tortoise. There are many Halakavu'ma, and during a storm they fight in the air and make a great noise as they strike each other, because they are hard. Also they hit against the iron sky, which reverberates, and the terrible sound of the Halakavu'ma in battle is the thunder.

Mbe'ni, "the Outspread-One," is the lightning, and this is a bird whose right wing is tipped with fire.[1] The left wing is dark. There are many lightning-birds and these, too, fight in the air. One can hear the crackling of their fiery wings as they strike each other in battle or against the metal sky; and one can see the flame too as the wing passes through the clouds, brushes an enemy, or knocks against the iron heaven.

If a man is struck by lightning, it is because a wizard has sent Mbe'ni, the lightning-bird, to kill him. No man dies by nature, but only by being bewitched in some way.[2] Sometimes when the Halakavu'ma are fighting, one will fall from the sky. But when found, it looks only like a river toirtoise!

In this song the people call upon Nyamakamba'la, the Thunder-of-the-East, who is the precursor of rain; for without rain, the crops will fail and the people will die of famine. The song continues for an indefinite number of verses, sometimes for two hours, while the singers call to the peoples of different localities, sending abroad on the air their cry of distress. They call in song only, for the appeal is to higher powers for rain, not for the tangible aid of other men. "Mambo'ni," "Masha'nga" and "Nyali'nge" are names of places.

(*Metrical and literal translation*)

Nyamakamba'*la*[3] tape'la.	Thunder-of-the-East, we're dying,
E we iye yo we.	*E we iye yo we.*
Mbu'li yo' 'pela' nyamwa'ka!	And the race will die this season!
E we iye yo we.	*E we iye yo we.*
*V*a'li Mu'kwilo talo'*va*!	O ye Highland folk, we perish!
E we iye yo we.	*E we iye yo we.*
*V*a'li Ku'jombe' tape'la!	O ye Sea-side folk, we're dying!
E we iye yo we.	*E we iye yo we.*
*V*a'li Ma'mboni talo'*va*!	Ye Mambo'ni folk, we perish!
E we iye yo we.	*E we iye yo we.*
*V*a'li Ma'shanga tape'la!	Ye Masha'gna folk, we're dying!
E we iye yo we.	*E we iye yo we.*
*V*a'li Nya'linge talo'*va*!	Ye Nyali'nge folk, we perish!
E we iye yo we.	*E we iye yo we.*
Nyamakamba'*la* tape'la!	Thunder-of-the-East, we're dying!
E we iye yo we.	*E we iye yo we.*

[1]Compare with the North American Indians' belief in the Thunder-Bird.

[2]Compare page 76, Zulu section. Also see page 16.

[3]The accent of this word is changed in singing from the fourth syllable to the third. This rhythmic shifting of accent is found in many of the Ndau songs.

MAN*THI*'KI
SPIRIT-SONG

I

Sa'lanyi, Sa'lanyi
Farewell, Farewell

After the "Nyamso'lo" (diviner) has tended a patient by communicating with the spirit which troubled the sick man, the "Zin*thi*'ki," or Familiar Spirit who controlled the diviner and worked through him, makes known its wish to depart, since its task, for the moment, is ended.[1] So the Familiar Spirit, still obsessing the "Nyamso'lo," sings through him a farewell song, in which it is joined by the people.

While the Familiar Spirit has possession, the body rocks to and fro, and often shudders slightly. During the singing of the farewell song, violent trembling sometimes seizes the form of the "Nyamso'lo," until at last the Familiar Spirit frees itself in long loud cries of "We'nsia! We'nsia!" which is the symbolic "sneeze" by which spirits are expelled from the body.[2] The people finish out the phrase of the song, and then stop singing, for the Familiar Spirit is gone.

The song, accompanied with the clapping of hands and the rhythmic shaking of a gourd rattle, is in two parts, a higher and a lower voice, with two rhythmic accompaniments corresponding to each part. In the words of the song, the voice of the Familiar Spirit sounds out above that of the people; in the refrain, which is a response to the Familiar Spirit's farewell, the people are often heard above the Spirit.

The song usually begins with the words "Sa'lanyi, Sa'lanyi" and ends with "ndo mbulu'ka, ndo mbulu'ka" (I fly, I fly!); but there is no regular order for the other phrases, which are interchangeable and may be sung an indefinite number of times in varying order, until the cry of "We'nsia! We'nsia!"[3] proclaims the Familiar Spirit fled.

	(*Metrical and literal translation.*)
Sa'lanyi, sa'lanyi!	Farewell O, Farewell O,
E we ya yai yo we ye.	*E we ya yai yo we ye.*
Ndo'da kwe'nda, ndo'da kwe'nda,	I would leave you, I would leave you,
E we ya yai yo we ye.	*E we ya yai yo we ye.*
Ka' kwe'nda, ka' kwe'nda,	I'm going, I'm going,
E we ya yai yo we ye.	*E we ya yai yo we ye.*
Sa'lanyi, sa'lanyi!	Farewell O, farewell O,
E we ya yai yo we ye.	*E we ya yai yo we ye.*
Mwo'chisa'le, mwo'chisa'le,	We are parting, we are parting,
E we ya yai yo we ye.	*E we ya yai yo we ye,*
Ndo' mbulu'ka, ndo' mbulu'ka!	I am flying, I am flying,
We'nsia! We'nsia!	*We'nsia! We'nsia!*

[1] See page 18.
[2] Compare with the cataleptic "trances" of mediums in modern spiritualism.
[3] Some Nyamso'lo cry "We'nsia," some "Wo'nsia," others "Wo'chi."

MAN*THI*'KI

Spirit-Song

II

Nyam'nje'nje

The Bird

When the controlling Familiar Spirit or Demon, the "Zin*thi*'ki" of the Nyamso'lo, has done its work and has detected, exorcised and placated the spirit or spirits that troubled the sick man, it is itself ready to depart and to leave the body of the diviner. The people who have been attending the healing ceremony then begin a chant, likening the departing Zin*thi*'ki to a bird ready for its homeward flight. The second and last verses of the song may be variously interpreted. One version likens the Nyamso'lo himself to a water-bird, for as his body rocks to and fro in the throes of the obsessing Zin*thi*'ki he dips up and down, even as the water-bird dips into the sea. The other interpretation compares the Zin*thi*'ki which flies when its work is done, to the water-bird which wings away with the rising tide.

The first two verses are repeated over and over again, accompanying the violent trembling, the stiffening and shuddering of the Nyamso'lo, who groans, catches his breath, sighs or gasps with eyes rolled back in his head, while the controlling Zin*thi*'ki thus tears his body in its efforts to free itself. This may last for some time, the steady, monotonous clapping and singing of the people being broken in upon now and then by the hoarse ejaculations of the Zin*thi*'ki still struggling in the Nyamso'lo's body: "I want to go! I want to go!"—"I am going! I am going!"—"Farewell—farewell!" When the people see that the Spirit is at last nearly free, they stop clapping and chant the last verse, "Now thou fliest—fliest!" which they sing till the sudden cry of "*We'nsia! We'nsia!*" from the Nyamso'lo at last expels the Zin*thi*'ki. There are many of these songs of farewell to the departing Spirit.

The English translation of this song, which is in three distinct sections, corresponds exactly to the original African rhythms.

	(*Metrical and literal translation*)
Nyam'nje'nje we'nda	On homeward pinion
Kumba' kwa'ke,	The bird flies forth,
We'-ye-wo-ye!	*We'-ye-wo-ye!*
Nyam'nje'nje we'nda	On homeward pinion
Kumba' kwa'ke,	The bird flies forth,
We'-ye-wo-ye!	*We'-ye-wo-ye!*
Shilima'jiwe ma'ji,	Water-bird of the ocean,
Shilima'jiwe ma'ji,	Water-bird of the ocean,
Shi*l*i mb'lu'ka, mb'lu'ka,	Now thou fliest, fliest,
Shi*l*i mb'lu'ka, mb'lu'ka!	Now thou fliest, fliest!
We'nsia!	*We'nsia!*

MAN*THI*'KI
Spirit-Song

III

*V*amalo'*v*a nje'che
He who beats the Little Ones

This is a song sung by the "*N*a'nga," a diviner of a different order from the Nyamso'lo, and whose skill in medicine and charms usually surpasses that of the latter, even though the *N*a'nga has no Familiar Spirit, as has the Nyamso'lo, and so does not work in the same way.[1] It is the *N*a'nga, or Do'ta, as he is sometimes called, who is usually summoned to "smell out" witchcraft when settling disputes with regard to the detection of witches still alive or at large.

Suppose a man dies; his family and friends at once try to find out who has bewitched him.[2] Their suspicions fall perhaps on some individual, and they accuse him of witchcraft. This is a very terrible charge, and one that is much dreaded, for in old times among the *V*andau' people, a witch used to be severely dealt with, while among some tribes he was put to death.

The suspected man appeals to the Chief, protesting his innocence. The Chief then summons before him the accuser and the accused and hears both sides. The function of the Chief is to try to find if the charge is based on fact. If the accuser retract his charge, which may have been made in anger, the Chief may end the dispute amicably and send both people home; or he may fine the accuser for having defamed the good name of the accused. But if the accuser persist in his charge, the matter is then beyond the wisdom of natural human agency; the Chief cannot settle the affair, and the accused has the right to petition the Chief to send for a diviner.

The Chief gives his order that a *N*a'nga be summoned from afar; a distant diviner must be chosen, one who lives perhaps three or five days' journey from the village of the dead man and will thus know nothing of the case in question. On arriving at the village, the *N*a'nga and his attendants are prohibited from seeking or gaining information concerning the case, and are supposed to start at their work of divining as soon as possible.

The people gather at the place of trial, an open space under a wide-spreading tree in the kraal of the Chief, where cases of all kinds in the village are usually tried. The accuser and the accused come forward and the people form a circle around them. It is now the task of the "*N*a'nga" to discover through his power of divination what he has been sent for, the nature of the dispute, the death of the man, and the quarrel or the suspicions that gave rise to the accusation of witchcraft. He makes short statements, to each of which the people answer "Yes," no matter if the *N*a'nga be right or wrong. The people are of course anxious that the *N*a'nga shall find the truth, and it is not difficult for him to tell by the tones of their voices whether he is on the right trail. For instance, he will say: "There has been trouble in this village," and

[1]See "Beliefs and Customs of the Ndau Tribe," page 15.
[2]See page 16.

MAN*THI*'KI
Spirit-Song

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[1]See "Beliefs and Customs of the Ndau Tribe," page 15.
[2]See page 16.

the people will respond in chorus, "Yes!" "Some one is sick"—the people will still say, "Yes!" but the *N*a'nga will see at once that he is wrong. "Worse than sick—some one has died," he will continue. "Yes! yes!" the people will answer. So, bit by bit, he unravels the case until he hits upon the truth.[1]

Now the *N*a'nga takes his "maze'mbe"[2] (divining bones), and sometimes gives them first into the hands of the accused. This man shakes the bones, declaring all his wrong-doings, steadily maintaining, however, that whatever may have been his faults in other things, he is not guilty of the crime with which he now is charged. The *N*a'nga then throws the bones, and if they fall in such a way as to mean "innocent," the man is acquitted; if they proclaim "guilty," the accused again searches his heart, names whatever wrong-doing may have yet been unconfessed, but still affirms his innocence of the present accusation. If, after repeated confessions, the bones persist in their condemnation when they have been thrown three times, the "*N*a'nga" touches the victim with his divining wand and pronounces: "Guilty!" Then follows punishment. In old times this used to be very terrible, but owing to the strong opposition of white people, the death-penalty has been abolished and other severe forms of retribution are no longer in use. But the trials for witchcraft are still secretly held.

During the divining ceremony, before the throwing of the bones, the following song of divination is sung by the *N*a'nga. The meaning of the song would seem to be that he who practises witchcraft to destroy a helpless and unknowing person is like a strong man who beats a child. The final phrase, "He is here!" proclaims the *N*a'nga's power to "smell out" the guilty. This song is repeated again and again, and the *N*a'nga dances also. The people are worked up to a high pitch of excitement, and the accused suffers tortures of suspense.

The fear of being bewitched, or of being accused of witchcraft—this is the great shadow over the life of the African.

(*Metrical and literal translation*)

*V*amalo'*v*a nje'che,	Who little ones doth beat,
*V*a pa' no!	He is here!

[The tune of this song is very like some of those heard on high-pitched nasal reed-pipes in the North of Africa. The author has even heard Turkish tunes of something the same character. There is perhaps Arabic influence here.]

MAN*THI*'KI

Spirit-Song

IV

Nyamuzi'*v*a

He who knows

This song, like the preceding one, is sung by the *N*a'nga while divining. It relates to the common human failing of seeing the faults of others quicker than

[1]Sima'ngo said that when the *N*a'nga was wrong in his statement, the people answered in a listless, apathetic way. When he guessed right, they answered "Yes! yes!" with enthusiasm and alacrity. Sima'ngo did not think that this form of divination required a very high order of supernatural power!

[2]See page 17.

one's own, for it is the nature of man to see the evil in another first. So, in the matter of witchcraft, men are quick to suspect each other even when they may be secretly practising witchcraft themselves. It is thought that this song was not originally composed for use in the trial for witchcraft, but it has been adapted to that purpose because of its significant and appropriate words. Its sarcasm should fill with guilty terror the man who falsely accuses, or who charges another with a crime which he may be practising himself.

(*Metrical translation*)

Nyamuzi'va wo'ye,
E'ya, e'ya-ye,
*V*a no zi'va zo va'mwe,
E'ya, e'ya-ye.

He who knowledge boasteth,
Truly, yea, truly,
Yes, he knoweth of others!
Truly, yea, truly.

(*Literal translation*)

He who knows,
Yes, yes, truly,
He knows of others,
Yes, yes, truly.

LUM'BO LGO LU'DO

LOVE-SONG

When Tsha'ka,[1] the great Zulu King and conqueror, overran South Africa early in the nineteenth century, he sent some of his generals to conquer other tribes. News reached Tsha'ka that these generals were suspected of having kept for themselves cattle which they had taken from the enemy, instead of having tendered it to the King. So Tsha'ka sent another army after these generals, to kill them. News reached the generals in advance and they fled, taking with them all their soldiers, till they came to that part of the country now known as Portuguese East Africa. There were among them two men of distinction, Muzi'ya[2] ("Muzi'la," in the Zulu language) and So'shanga'ne. So'shanga'ne remained in Portuguese East Africa, but Muzi'ya went to what is now Rhodesia and there established a kingdom; it was his son, Lobe'ngula, who fought with the British. So'shanga'ne came to the *V*andau' and other people of East Africa, with all his troops, as a friend. The *V*andau' are not a warlike people, as are the Zulu, so that the newcomers remained peaceably among them. So'shanga'ne won their confidence and made himself King, allowing the *V*andau' to keep their own kings also, but inducing them to accept him as King of Kings—the highest King over all. He extended his kingdom to the mouth of the Zambezi river. His subjects called him "Muzi'ya" and "Yama'nde" as well as "So'shanga'ne," and all the people over whom he ruled came to be known as "Shanga'ne."

[1]Or Chaka. See page 63.

[2]Also, according to white writers, "Mosilika'tze" and "Umsilika'tze."

In this song, an unhappy maiden laments that she has "not her own," and calls upon Muzi'ya, the great King over all Kings, even as white people would bewail their misery to God. The song might be interpreted that the lovers who sought her did not include one that she loved; or it might be that no one has yet wooed her; or, again, she might be unhappily betrothed.

(*Metrical translation to fit the rhythm of the African verse and the music*)

A ndi'na wa'ngu, Muzi'ya,
A ndi'na wa'ngu, Muzi'ya,
A ndi'na wa'ngu, Muzi'ya,
Aha!

Give me my own, O Muzi'ya,
Give me my own, O Muzi'ya,
Give me my own, O Muzi'ya,
Aha!

(*Literal translation*)

I have not my own, Muzi'ya,
I have not my own, Muzi'ya,
I have not my own, Muzi'ya,
Aha!

MAFU'*V*E

DANCE OF GIRLS

Eyo'we, Kwa'mai-we!

Alas, my mother's home!

The strongest affection an African can know is the love of a child for its mother.[1] This love endures all through life with the same intensity, the people saying, "If a man's wife die, he may get another wife. But he cannot get a mother. If a woman's husband die, she may find another man. But she can never find another mother."[2]

When a Mundau'[3] marries, he may not take a bride from any family descended from the same ancestor as his own, no matter how remote and faint the relationship. Often he seeks his bride in another village.[4] Then he takes her back with him to his kraal. This song tells of a bride or young wife who, overcome with homesickness, thinks with longing of her mother and of her childhood's home, even though she loves her husband and her new life.

The song is sung for a dance of girls, both unmarried and married (for women marry very young in Africa). No drums are used, the song being accompanied by the clapping of hands. Two girls dance at a time, opposite each other, the dance-steps beginning with two stamps [see accented notes in the music, opening bars], while the other girls stand around the dancers in a circle, clapping and singing, until their turn comes to dance.

[1]See "Song of the Rain Ceremony," page 21.
[2]See "The Mother in Africa," pages xxiii, 66.
[3]Singular form of "*V*andau'."
[4]See Zulu Dance-Song, page 69.

Eyo'we, *we yo'we iye,*
Eyo'we, *we yo'we iye,*
Eyo'we, *we yo'we iye,*
Kwa'mai-we, *we yo'we iye,*
Eyo'we, *we yo'we iye,*
Eyo'we, *we yo'we iye,*
Eyo'we, *we yo'we iye!*

Kwa'mai nda' lega', *yo'we iye,*
Eyo'we, *we yo'we iye,*
Ndo' da kwu'misha, *yo'we iye,*
Eyo'we, *we yo'we iye!*

Eyo'we, *we yo'we iye,*
Kwa'mai-we, *we yo'we iye,*
Kwa'mai nda' lega', eya, eya,
Ewe yo'we,
Ndo'da kwu'misha, eya, eya,
Ewe yo'we!

(*Metrical and literal translation*)

Alas, O *we yo'we iye,*
Alas, O *we yo'we iye,*
Alas, O *we yo'we iye,*
Mother's home, *we yo'we iye,*
Alas, O *we yo'we iye,*
Alas, O *we yo'we iye,*
Alas, O *we yo'we iye!*

I left my mother's home, *yo'we iye,*
O alas, *we yo'we iye,*
I love my husband's home, *yo'we iye,*
O alas, *we yo'we iye!*

Alas, O *we yo'we iye,*
Mother's home, *we yo'we iye,*
I left my mother's home, yes, yes,
O alas,
I love my husband's home, yes, yes,
O alas!

CHILDREN'S SONGS

I

Mu-to-to-li'le

Drip-drop the Rain

This song is sung by children when playing in the rain. They call the raindrops to pour down till all the pools are full. The African boys and girls love to hunt bullfrogs, especially the big ones with red breasts, and they spear them with little sharp-pointed sticks. "*To-to*" is supposed to be the sound of rain, falling in drops.

(*Metrical and literal translation*)

To-to lile',
Mvula' ngaine',
To-to lile',
Maka'ndwa azale',

To-to lile',
Tizo' bumwi'la mwo,
To-to lile,'
Ti ba'ye macheche'.

"To-to," pour down,
Rain, let it rain,
"To-to," pour down,
Let all the pools be full,

"To-to," pour down,
And we will swim therein;
"To-to," pour down,
We spear the red bullfrog.

II

Cha-Ko'mba-Ko'mba

Hopping Song

In the evening the children play this singing-game, while hopping on one leg in time to the music to a given goal in a hopping race. They must always hop on one leg, for to put down the other foot would be to lose the race.

Cha'komba', komba',
Cha' mn*th*alila![1]

Hoppy-hoppy-hop,
Mn*th*alila's hop!

III

Muvi'li, Zu'ma-Zu'ma

Drying Song

After the children have been swimming, they jump up and down in the sun to shake the water off and dry themselves. They sing this little half-spoken song while jumping in time to each beat of the music. They think that the song and the leaping are a kind of charm which helps to make them dry. They do not know that it is the jumping that makes their hearts beat quickly and thus sets their little bodies in a glow.

(*Metrical translation to fit the original African rhythms*)

Muvili', zuma', zuma'!
Muvili', zuma', zuma'!
Kasila', kasila'.

Body, body, dry off quick!
Body, body, dry off quick!
Quickly now, quickly now.

Muvili', zuma', zuma'!
O'mai, O'mai,
Muvili', zuma', zuma'!

Body, body, dry off quick!
You're dry, you're dry,
Body, body, dry off quick!

(*Literal translation*)

Body, dry off, dry off,
Body, dry off, dry off,
Quick, quick,

Body, dry off, dry off,
You're dry, you're dry,
Body, dry off, dry off!

[1]The "th" is pronounced like "t" followed by a slightly aspirate "h." For meaning of "mn*th*alila," see Appendix, page 159.

LABORING-SONGS

I

Kwae'ja no Makashot'
Day Dawns with Freight to Haul
(Song of the Dock-Hands at the shipping-port of Beira)

Beira is a large seaport and much freight destined for the interior and for Rhodesia is there unloaded.[1] The work begins at daylight, and the boxes are carried off the ship and away by the natives. Everything is done by hand, and by black labor. An overseer reads the label on each box and directs the natives, so that every piece of freight must be turned in order that the label may be seen.

This song, sung by the men while at work, sums up the monotonous, day-long task in the simple phrases: "Day dawns with freight to haul"; and "look for the label." The song has also been adopted as a popular dance-song (a transmogrification similar to that of many of the work-songs of the American Negroes). It is usually sung at the dances which take place during the festive drinking of "do'lo," the native beer.

Compare the tune of this chant with the lovely and plaintive little song in the legend of "The Daughter and the Slave" (page 125); the melodies are strikingly alike, though this one shows European influence in the swing of its major phrase and in the three repeated notes which end the cadence.

That a song sung by natives working in Beira might well be tinged with European influence will be seen from the following quotation from R. C. F. Maughan's "*Portuguese East Africa.*"[2]

"In the port of Beira probably every race and tribe of East, Central and South African natives may be daily encountered. At Beira, and in the other principal settlements, moreover, one sees the enormous hold which European manners and customs are obtaining amid a people who, a few years ago, were practically ignorant of them, and how the native, whose needs and horizon were, until recently, bounded by his maize-patch and tobacco-garden, has had needs created for him which only hard work or roguery can enable him to compass."

(*Metrical translation to fit the original African rhythms*)

Kwae'ja no makashot',
Eya, eya,
Kwae'ja no makashot',
Jika mala'ka!

Day dawns with freight to haul,
Eya, eya,
Day dawns with freight to haul,
Look for the label!

(*Literal translation*)

Dawn,—with freight,
Yes, yes!
Dawn,—with freight,
Look for the label!

[1] See "Kamba Simango," pages 2, 3.

[2] "Portuguese East Africa," by R. C. F. Maughan; E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, 1906; pp. 258–259.

II

Ma'le Kambe'n'

Money in Kamben'

"Kambe'ni" is the native name for a spot on the Pungwe River in Portuguese East Africa, known on the map as Fonte Villa. At one time the English, who had obtained railroad concessions from the Portuguese, planned to make a large port at this place, and also to build a railroad station there to facilitate traffic into Rhodesia. But the enterprise had to be abandoned because the spot was so swampy and unhealthy that both natives and whites died of fever. During the opening of the project there was, however, a great demand for native labor, which was well paid, and this news spread quickly among the blacks.

The song dramatically portrays the bringing of the tidings, "Money in Kambe'ni" to a group of men. "Who told you that?" the people ask in chorus of the news-bearer. "Money in Kamben'! Money, money!" repeats the man, his words being taken up by others. Then the people shout "Money in Kambe'ni —then work with a will to earn and go home!" for the natives are usually glad of a job where they may earn a good bit at once so that they may not have to stay away too long from their kraals and from their wives and children. The Africans are only just beginning to learn how to labor in the white man's way. It is therefore perhaps only natural that they should be satisfied to make enough to fill their needs for the immediate future, and then go back to their homes. But this intermittent kind of labor, as exemplified in the words of this song, irritates the white man, and is perhaps a contributing cause of that tyranny by which the natives are not infrequently forced to work without pay. Even private individuals will sometimes hold back payment from a native servant whom they want to keep, fearful that when the "boy" has the money in his hand, he will want to return to his kraal immediately. Yet one cannot rationally expect a primitive folk to acquire European habits of sustained industry all at once, especially if their needs are simple and easily filled; also, home ties are not less strong in the African than in those peoples who are able to combine labor with home-life. This the polygamous native, who has an hereditary social system of his own, cannot now do, in present labor-conditions in Africa. The women and children stay in the native village whose life goes on uninterruptedly, while the sons of the kraal go off to work for days, or weeks, or months, as hired laborers. For, as a rule, the South and East Africans do not allow their women to go into domestic service among the whites, nor to work in the towns—for reasons all too well-founded. They try to keep their women, the mothers of their race, safe from corruption; so all labor of every kind, in relation to Europeans, is done by men, or "boys," as they are called, be they ten years of age or fifty. Therefore, under existing conditions, one should not, perhaps, be impatient with the natural and not altogether unpraiseworthy desire of the native to "earn and go home."

The word "Ma'le" used in this song is a corruption of the English word "Money." In old times the wealth of the Ba'ntu tribes lay in cattle, so that there was no word in the Chindau' language to express coin as a means of exchange.

In form, this song is an antiphonal chorus sung by three groups; though the man, the leader of a gang of workmen, usually starts the song alone with the cry, "Money in Kamben'!" This work-song is used to accompany any kind of labor, whether on the railroads or in the towns. It is an interesting example of how, in folk-music, a live experience can be spontaneously embodied in song. The man who came among his fellows calling out "Money in Kamben'" started a song on its pathway into being. Several men, roused by the experience and all feeling the same song-impulse, responded. Primitive artistic creation occurred on the spot, a song was born, sung, unified into definite form, carried from place to place, and absorbed into that folk-life which it expressed and of which it is a part.

(*Metrical translation to fit the original African rhythms*)

Ma'le Kambe'n'!
Wa izwa' ndiyan'?
Ma'le Kambe'n'!
Ti no'da kusha'nda
Ti e'nde kan'yi.

Ma'le,—ma'le Kambe'n'!
Wa izwa' ndiyan'?
Ma'le Kambe'n'!
Ti no'da kusha'nda
Ti e'nde kan'yi.

Ma'le ————!
Wa izwa' ndiyan'?
Ma'le,—ma'le Kambe'n'!
Ti no'da kusha'nda
Ti e'nde kan'yi.

Ima'lenyi?————
Wa izwa' ndiyan'?
Ma'le Kambe'n'!
Ti no'da kusha'nda
Ti e'nde kan'yi.

Money in Kamben'!
Who told you that?
Money in Kamben'!
Then work with a will
To earn and go home.

Money,—money in Kamben'!
Who told you that?
Money in Kamben'!
Then work with a will
To earn and go home.

Money ————!
Who told you that?
Money,—money in Kamben'!
Then work with a will
To earn and go home.

How much money?
Who told you that?
Money in Kamben'!
Then work with a will
To earn and go home.

(*Literal translation*)

Money in Kamben'!
By whom are you told?
Money in Kamben'!
We want to work,
That we may go home.

Money,—money in Kamben'!
By whom are you told?
Money in Kamben'!
We want to work,
That we may go home.

Money ————!
By whom are you told?
Money,—money in Kamben'!
We want to work,
That we may go home.

How much money?
By whom are you told?
Money in Kamben'!
We want to work,
That we may go home.

PWI'TA

DANCE-SONG

I

Ku muse'ngele

Off with the Hammock

The Pwi'ta is a social dance of men and women, and so called after the name of a peculiar drum used in the music of this dance. The drum consists of a long hollow log, with an antelope-skin or cow-skin stretched across one end. The other end is open to receive the right hand of the player, which is thrust up into the log. The skin of the drum is pierced by two little holes into which are severally inserted the two ends of a piece of string or sinew which are tied to a reed inside the log. The player wets his fingers in a bowl of water near him and plays the "pwi'ta" by pulling on the reed, slipping his moist fingers up and down. His fingers stick to the reed just enough to cause the vibrations which he makes at will, according to the pitch or sound desired. The skin of the drum resounds, and the sides reverberate; to increase this reverberation the body of an ultra-modern drum may be made of a large tin oil-can instead of a log, which makes—for the native—a great deal of pleasurable noise.

Two tones may be made on the Pwi'ta, about a fourth apart. The high tone is produced by pressing the fingers of the left hand on the skin of the drum, thus shortening the vibrations; the low tone is obtained when the left hand is lifted so that the whole surface of the drumskin is free to resound.

The dancers are grouped in an ellipse open at the ends, the men on one side, the women opposite. The drummer sits in the open space at one end, facing the center of the ellipse. The people sing and clap their hands. Two dancers from one side come forward and dance in the center of the ellipse. When they are ready to stop they move toward two dancers standing next to each other on the opposite side—any two—and these, responding, as it were, to the invitation, come forward and dance also while the first two retire to their places. The second pair, when they have finished, in turn advance to two other members of the opposite line, who respond, and enter the ellipse. So it goes. The dance may last several hours.

There are many dance-songs. This one tells of a group of natives who have been summoned to carry a Portuguese traveller to Lunde, a trading-post on the river bearing that name. There were formerly no wagon-roads in this part of Africa, for wagons were unknown to the natives; even to-day, though some roads have been built, no wagons are used for conveying men or heavy burdens over long distances; the natives carry everything on their heads, their backs or their shoulders. Therefore, the customary way for Europeans to travel is to be borne by the blacks in a sort of hammock swung from a horizontal pole, balanced on the shoulders of the carriers. This hammock is called by the Portuguese "machila," and by the *V*andau' "muse'ngele."

In this song the African carrier, who has received notice of the journey to Lu'nde, calls to his companions named "Le'nda" and "Mandiba'ye," asking if they are going to remain behind, or if they too are coming to carry the hammock; for they will be paid, with the chance of buying in Lu'nde a "Fo'ya." This is a piece of Indian cloth worn as a dress in India and also so worn by the *V*andau', who highly prize the wares of the East Indian and Arab traders, of whom there are many in East Africa.

In his book, "The Essential Kaffir,"[1] the author, Mr. Dudley Kidd, thus describes the "machila."

"A machila is a hammock suspended from a large bamboo pole, in which the traveller lies while two or four 'boys' [see page 3] carry the pole on their shoulders. A machila team generally consists of a dozen boys, four of whom carry the traveller, while the other eight follow at a jog-trot. When one set of boys is tired, they call out to the others, and four fresh boys run in and take the places of the tired boys. The tired boys 'rest' by running along behind, waiting till their next turn to carry comes."

(*Metrical translation to fit the original African rhythms*)

Ewe', ewe'ye!
Ku muse'ngele wa Lu'nde!
We salo'we, Le'nda?—wo!
Ewe', ewe'ye!
Mandiba'ye, we ye,
Mandiba'ye we Le'nda?—wo!
Ewe', ewe'ye!
Ndi'ni wo kwenda' kwa Lu'nde,
We salo'we, Le'nda?—wo!
Ewe', ewe'ye!
Fo'ya ya'nguyo we,
We salo'we, Le'nda?—wo!

Ewe', ewe'ye!
To hammock now for Lu'nde!
Will you tarry, Le'nda?—*wo!*
Ewe', ewe'ye!
Mandiba'ye, you there,
Mandiba'ye, you, and Le'nda!—*wo!*
Ewe', ewe'ye!
I am going off to Lu'nde,
Will you tarry, Le'nda?—*wo!*
Ewe', ewe'ye!
A Fo'ya shall be mine, too,
Will you tarry, Le'nda?—*wo!*

(*Literal translation*)

Ewe', ewe'ye!
To hammock for Lu'nde!
Are you staying behind, Le'nda?—*wo!*

[1] "*The Essential Kaffir*," by Dudley Kidd. A. & C. Black, London, Publishers; page 170.

Ewe', *ewe'ye!*
Mandiba'ye, you there,
Mandiba'ye, you, Le'nda?—*wo!*

Ewe', *ewe'ye!*
I am going to Lu'nde,
Are you staying behind, Le'nda?—*wo!*

Ewe', *ewe'ye!*
A Fo'ya mine, too,
Are you staying behind, Le'nda?—*wo!*

N*TH*OKO'DO

Dance-Song

II

Chamale'bɐu

The Long Beard

When a man brews native beer, which is a very mild fermentation of native corn, he not only invites his friends and neighbors to share his hospitality, but any passers-by may join the group, even if they are strangers or men from another tribe. Both old and young, men and women, attend these gatherings, and the beer is served in pottery bowls, which are passed from hand to hand.

This song was extemporaneously composed during such a beer-drinking festival. The old men are quaffing together. Absorbed in their talk and in their reminiscences of former wars, they have neglected to pass the cup to the young people, overlooking them utterly. "The young people have had enough," they mutter to each other in excuse, "if we give them more, they will only fall to quarreling."

Meanwhile these young people have grown tired of waiting. "What are we going to do about it?" they say, for they dare not complain. Then they begin to make fun of the old men among themselves. "See that one?" they whisper. "His beard is long enough to make a bird-snare!" The native bird-snares are made of loops of horsehair. The old man's straggling beard provokes the laughing comment of the young people, and one of them starts a mocking song in which the meaning is hidden from the elders and understood only by the younger group. (The African cries "Mother!" or, less often, "Father!" as an ejaculation, even as the Frenchman exclaims "Mon Dieu!") "Mother! A bird-snare!" the young people sing. "Mother! See that Long-Beard! Farewell, I am going now—for what can we do?"

Later the song was turned into a dance-song.

	(*Metrical translation to fit the original African rhythms*)
Maman′ 'amina′,[1]	Mother, mother mine,
Chingo′da,	A bird-snare,
Maman′ 'amina′,	Mother, mother mine,
E-we-ye, we-yo-we,	*E-we-ye, we-yo-we,*
Chingo′da,	A bird-snare,
Dadan′ 'amina′,	Father, father mine,
Maman′ 'amina′,	Mother, mother mine,
Chingo′da,	A bird-snare,
Maman′ 'amina′	Mother, mother mine,
E-we-ye, we-yo-we,	*E-we-ye, we-yo-we,*
Chingo′da,	A bird-snare,
Nde′ta zo′kudini,[2]	What, oh what shall we do?
E-we-ye, we-yo-we,	*E-we-ye, we-yo-we,*
Chingo′da,	A bird-snare,
Nde′ta zo′kudini.	What, oh what shall we do?
Sa′lanyi, Sa′lanyi,	Farewell, farewell now,
Chingo′da,	O bird-snare,
Sa′lanyi, mu′chimwa;[3]	Farewell (drink[6]), farewell,
Sa′lanyi, Sa′lanyi,	Farewell, farewell now,
Chingo′da,	O bird-snare,
Ka kwenda′[4] ku′no,	Now I'm going away,
Chamale′bvu′![5]	Long beard, long beard!
Hö—ö, chingo′da,	Hö—ö, a bird-snare,
Hö—ö, chamale′bvu′!	Hö—ö, a long, long beard!
Hö—ö, chingo′da!	Hö—ö, a bird-snare!

This translation is so very nearly literal (all but the repetition of "long" in the line, "a long beard," and the addition of the word "now" in the line "farewell"), that it is unnecessary to offer any other English version.

N*TH*OKO′DO

Dance-Song

III

In this song the father of a polygamous household has taken to wife a scolding woman, of whom the song is sung. Needless to say, the song does not refer to the mother of the singer, but to the new wife.

[1]In ordinary speech the word is accented thus: "*wami′na.*"

[2]Accented thus, in speaking: "*zoku′di-ni.*"

[3]Pronounced in speaking "*muchi′mwa.*"

[4]Pronounced in speaking "*ka kwe′nda.*"

[5]Pronounced in speaking "*chamale′bvu.*"

[6]My African informant assures me that the word "drink" implies "You stay here drinking," and that the farewell is addressed to the company, not to the drink, the meaning being that the young people are going because there is no drink for them. The word "Sa′lanyi," used as the English use "farewell," means literally "You remain here," so that "Sa′lanyi mu′chimwa" has in this case a double meaning.

	(*Metrical translation*)
Baba′ *va* lo*va*′la	My father, he married
Ngwena′ ino luma′[1]	A crocodile wife,
I-ya, I-ya-wo-ye!	That bites, that bites.

(*Literal translation*)
My father, he married
A crocodile that bites.

"KUFA′MBA"

("To Walk")

MOCKING-SONG

This is a mocking, teasing song, which holds up to ridicule a young man or girl who looks conceited or proud. It is sung by young people—usually boys—to taunt or embarrass the youth or maiden who, while passing by or dancing, has innocently called forth this song. "Is it *thus* that a young man should walk!" the boys sing; or, "Is it *thus* that a young girl should dance!" And then the victim, who has perhaps been quite unconscious, becomes most uncomfortable.

The music of the song is also played on the "mari′mba" (see page xxii), and if any one in passing hears it, he wonders at once if it is he whom the boys are thus mocking. For that tune means that somebody is laughing!

The song-words may be changed in order to deride anything that the object of the song's pointing finger may be doing at the moment. "Is it *thus* that a maiden should laugh!" they sing, or, "Is it *thus* that a young man should stand (or sit, or talk)!"

"Kufa′mba," to walk; "Kuta′mba," to dance; "Kuse′ka," to laugh; "Kui′ma," to stand; "Ku′mba," to sing; and "Kuga′la," to sit, are words often used. The purpose of the song is, of course, to mock whatever the unfortunate victim of derision may then be doing.

The following quotation from the work of Mr. H. E. Krehbiel is of interest in connection with this native "Taunt Song" from the Dark Continent.

"On the plantations where Latin influences were dominant, in New Orleans and the urban communities of the Antilles, the satirical song was greatly in vogue. It might be said that the use of song for purposes of satire cannot be said to be peculiar to any one race or people or time; in fact, Professor Henry T. Fowler, of Brown University, in his 'History of the Literature of Ancient Israel' (N. Y., The Macmillan Co., 1912, p. 15), intimates that a parallel may exist between the "taunt songs" of primitive peoples, the Israelitish triumph songs, like that recorded in Numbers XXI, 27–30, the tescennine verses of the early Romans, and the satirical songs of the Negroes of the West Indies. Nevertheless, there is scarcely a doubt in my mind but that the penchant for musical lampooning which is marked among the black creoles of the Antilles is more a survival of primitive practice brought by their ancestors from Africa than the customs borrowed from their masters." (H. E. Krehbiel's "Afro-American Folksongs," G. Schirmer; pp. 140–141.)

[1]These words are accented differently in speaking. See Appendix.

Kufa'mba mu ka'deya[1] mbudu'mbi?	To *walk thus*—are these the ways of manhood?
(Eya! Eya!)	(O yes! O yes!)
Kuta'mba mu ka'deya mbudu'mbi?	To *dance thus*—are these the ways of manhood?
(Eya! Eya!)	(O yes! O yes!)
E we ye ye	*E we ye ye*,[3]
E we ye,	*E we ye*,
Mbudu'mbi?	Of manhood?
E we ye.	*E we ye.*
Kufa'mba mu ka'deya mbudu'mbi?	To *walk thus*—are these the ways of manhood?
(Eya! Eya!)	(O yes! O yes!)
Kuse'ka mu ka'deya mbupu'n*tha*?[2]	To *laugh thus*—are these the ways of maidens?
(Eya! Eya!)	(O yes! O yes!)
Kui'ma mu ka'deya mbupu'n*tha*?	To *stand thus*—are these the ways of maidens?
(Eya! Eya!)	(O yes! O yes!)
E we ye ye,	*E we ye ye*,
E we ye,	*E we ye*,
Mbupu'n*tha*?	Of maidens?
E we ye.	*E we ye.*
Kuse'ka mu ka'deya mbupu'n*tha*?	To *laugh thus*—are these the ways of maidens?
(Eya! Eya!)	(O yes! O yes!)

(*Literal translation*)

This song is so idiomatic that a literal translation is almost impossible. The nearest English equivalent to the satire implied in the African words would perhaps be:

"Is it *thus* that a young man should walk!
Is it *thus* that a maiden should dance!" *etc.*

or, as Ka'mba Sima'ngo stated, an equally correct translation would be:

"Is *this* the way that a young man should walk!"

or again,

"This way that you walk—is that the way of a young man?" *etc.*

[1]The accent on the word "Ka'deya" falls on the first syllable in this song, in order to fit the strutting rhythm of the music. But in common usage the word is "Kade'ya" with the accent on the second syllable. Any verb of the same rhythmic accent may replace this verb.

[2]Pronounced like "*t*" followed by a slightly aspirant "*h*"; *not* pronounced like the English "*th*."

[3]Vowels are given the Continental sounds, so these meaningless refrain-syllables are pronounced "*ay way yay.*"

CHILI'LO

LAMENT

When a person dies, the people notify the chief or governor, and the body is buried the next day. Friends gather, and a procession bears the body to a grove, if possible (not to an open space, where the hot sun beats down, but to some sheltered spot where there are trees and shade), and there the grave is dug. There is no mourning during the burial, for the "Chi*li'lo*," the Ceremony of Lamentations, does not begin until the next day. Those who went to the burial return with the bereaved ones to the kraal, and there they stay till the end of the ceremony.

The next day, at dawn, the sound of wailing is heard in the distance, for more neighbors are now gathering for the "Chi*li'lo*," lamenting as they come. If the dead person be a man, the widow lifts her voice and answers the lamentations of the approaching friends, while those who were with her at the burial now also begin to mourn. With sobs between the different exclamations, the people wail "O Mother!"[1] "What distress!" "We are left alone!" The lamentations last for two or three days, according to circumstances and to the character and standing of the dead person, and during this time all who take part in the wailing receive the hospitality of the family of the dead. On the last day a feast is spread.

This song of lamentation was sung by a woman who lived at the mouth of the Zambesi River, and who was the beloved and only wife of a man named Bala'nku. On her husband's death she poured out her great sorrow in a song so beautiful that it was remembered and sung by others for its lovely melody. So popular has it become that it is also played upon the "mbi'la,"[2] a small native instrument.

(Metrical translation to fit the original rhythm of the African verse, a rhythm which is peculiarly songful and melodious)

I

Ndi'no muwana' pi
I'nga Bala'nku,
Maï!
I'nga Bala'nku,
Maï!

Where shall I find one
Like to Bala'nku,
Mother!
Like to Bala'nku,
Mother!

Ndi'no muwana' pi
I'nga Bala'nku,
Maï!
I'nga Bala'nku,
Maï!

Where shall I find one
Like to Bala'nku,
Mother!
Like to Bala'nku,
Mother!

[1]For explanation of the cry "O Mother!" see page xxiii.
[2]*Mbi'la;* see page 8.

Maï, maï, maï,
Ma—maï—ne',
Maï!
I'nga Bala'nku.

Mother, Mother, Mother!
Ma—maï—ne',
Mother!
Like to Bala'nku.

2

Wa kandi zisa'* ko zakana'ka':

Ze'se izi'* ndaka ziwa'na'*
Wa kandi vone'sa kudaka'la'.*
Maï!

I'nga Bala'nku,
Maï, maï, maï,
Ma—maï—ne',
Maï!
I'nga Bala'nku.

2

He it was who brought me unto goodly things:
All these in very truth I did possess,
Through him, my husband, I beheld great joy,
Mother!

None like Bala'nku.[2]
Mother, Mother, Mother,
Ma—maï—ne',
Mother!
None like Bala'nku.

3

Ze'se izi' zandi gumi'la'[1]
hwa vulombo' hwangu' wha ndoga'
I'nini nda siwa' ndoga'
Maï!

I'nga Bala'nku,
Maï, maï, maï,
Ma—maï—ne',
Maï!
I'nga Bala'nku.

3

Now all these sorrows have befallen me,
And this great misery is mine alone,
By myself thus weeping I am left alone,
Mother!

None like Bala'nku,
Mother, Mother, Mother!
Ma—maï—ne',
Mother!
None like Bala'nku.

(*Literal translation*)

1

Where shall I find one
Like to Bala'nku,
Mother!
Like to Bala'nku,
Mother!

*The accents in these lines follow the poetical rhythm of the musical phrases. In ordinary speech the words marked with an asterisk are accented as follows: zi'sa, i'zi, ka'ziwana, kuda'kala.

[1]In ordinary speech these lines are accented as follows:
Ze'se i'zi za ndi gumi'la
Wha vulo'mbo wha'ngu wha ndo'ga
Ini'ni nda si'wa ndo'ga.

[2]By the refrain "I'nga Bala'nku," meaning literally "Like to Bala'nku," is here understood; "*None* like Bala'nku," the sense being carried over from the first verse.

Where shall I find one
Like to Bala'nku,
Mother!
Like to Bala'nku,
Mother!

Mother, Mother, Mother,
Ma—maï—ne',
Mother!
Like to Bala'nku.

2

He brought me unto goodly things,
All these I did possess;
He showed me joy,
Mother!

None like Bala'nku,
Mother, Mother, Mother,
Ma—maï—ne',
Mother!
None like Bala'nku.

3

All these sorrows have befallen me,
This misery is mine alone,
By myself I am left alone,
Mother!

None like Bala'nku,
Mother, Mother, Mother,
Ma—maï—ne',
Mother!
None like Bala'nku.

FOLK-TALES

I

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

Shu'lo, the Hare, was forever playing tricks on the other animals and getting the best of them. He could almost always outwit them and get what he wanted. But there were two animals, Jo'ngwe, the Rooster, and Ha'mba, the Tortoise, who were a match for him. In this story you will see how the Tortoise outwitted the Hare.

The Hare and the Tortoise went out to steal sweet potatoes. After they had dug all they wanted, they made a fire and roasted enough potatoes to quiet

their hunger, and the rest they put into their sacks to carry home. The Hare said, "Come, let us run off in opposite directions and call out to the people that some one has been stealing their sweet potatoes! Then we will run back and pick up our sacks and scamper home before they can catch us." The Hare thought to himself that the Tortoise would be so slow that the people would reach the potato field before the Tortoise could be off with his sack. So they started in opposite directions to alarm the people, and when the Hare ran swiftly back to get his sack, the Tortoise was as yet nowhere in sight. "He will surely be caught and punished for the thief," said the Hare to himself, as he picked up his sack, threw it over his shoulder, and started home. He found the sack very heavy, but he cheered himself with the thought of the fine dinner he was going to have. As he walked along with the sack over his shoulder, it seemed to him that his burden kept getting lighter and lighter. "How strong I am!" he thought; "the further I walk the lighter it gets."

When he got home he called to his wife, "Ho, wife! Come and see the fine dinner I have brought—and with no work at all. The Tortoise did all the digging, and I've got all his potatoes!"

With that he threw down the sack and opened it. But there was not a potato left in it! And out crawled the Tortoise.

"It *was* a fine dinner," said the Tortoise, "and I enjoyed the sweet potatoes on the journey. For when you called to me that the men and dogs were coming to catch and kill us for stealing the sweet potatoes, I crawled into the sack. You carried me all the way home—I dare say I was a bit heavy—and I never had to walk a step." Then he smiled as he added, "And I ate all the sweet potatoes on the way!"

II

THE HARE AND THE BABOON

Shu'lo, the Hare, thought he would play a trick on Zinhe'de, the Baboon. So he said one day—

"Baboon, I have a fine plan. Let us do something new for fun! Let us kill our mothers!"

Then the Hare went home, and he took an old hide and whacked it with a stick and cried out and made a great noise, as if he were beating some one to death. And the Baboon heard it and said to himself, "Yes, there is the Hare in his kraal, beating his mother to death. I will do the same."

So the Baboon took up a stick and killed his mother.

Then the Hare and the Baboon went out hunting. But when the Baboon came home, there was no one to cook for him nor to tend him in any way—only his mother's body lay dead on the ground. He was very lonely and hungry and sad. And he wept beside his dead mother.

But the Hare came home leaping and chuckling. For his mother was there in the kraal, and soon his supper was cooking. Together they ate and laughed at the stupid Baboon, who had no more sense than to kill his best friend for fun!

III

HOW THE ANIMALS DUG THEIR WELL

Once there was a terrible drought: no rain fell, the lakes dried up and the animals had no water. So Mphon'tholo, the Lion, who was King, called all the animals together and said, "You must dig a well. Each of you must do his share and take his turn."

But Shu'lo, the Hare, said, "I shall not waste my time nor trouble myself with any digging. Let the others do that." So he ran off by himself.

But the other animals all gathered to do their share; they came from many different parts of the country and each one, as he trotted in to the place chosen for the well, sang as he ran:

Chinya' nje-nje'leka nje,	I'm coming joggy-jog trot,
Chinya' nje-nje'leka nje,	I'm coming joggy-jog trot,
Chinya' nje-nje'leka nje.	I'm coming joggy-jog trot.

Then he began to dance, for he thought that by dancing he would kick up the ground. That was his way of digging. And as he danced he sang:

Kupu'tu,[1] kupu'tu, buku'ta mphu'li![2] Kupu'tu, kupu'tu, the dirt is flying!

Then he made way for the next animal, saying,

Ti no lu ka'nda ku'na, *V*a[3] Njou! I give my place to you, Sir Elephant!

Then Njou, the Elephant, would dance and sing,

Chinya' nje-nje'leka nje,	I'm coming joggy-jog trot,
Chinya' nje-nje'leka nje,	I'm coming joggy-jog trot,
Chinya' nje-nje'leka nje.	I'm coming joggy-jog trot.
Kupu'tu, kupu'tu, buku'ta mphu'li!	Kupu'tu, kupu'tu, the dirt is flying!

At the end of his dance Njou would say,

Ti no lu ka'nda ku'na, *V*a Nya'ti! I give my place to you, Sir Buffalo!

Then Nya'ti, the Buffalo, would dance and sing,

Chinya' nje-nje'leka nje,	I'm coming joggy-jog trot,
Chinya' nje-nje'leka nje,	I'm coming joggy-jog trot,
Chinya' nje-nje'leka nje.	I'm coming joggy-jog trot.
Kupu'tu, kupu'tu, buku'ta mphu'li!	Kupu'tu, kupu'tu, the dirt is flying!

At the end of his dance Nya'ti would say,

Ti no lu ka'nda ku'na, *V*a She'len! I give my place to you, Sir Bush-Buck!

So it went on until all had sung and danced and dug, yet no water was in sight.

[1]Kupu'tu has no meaning, but the three-syllable word is always used to imitate the sound of an animal loping.

[2]The "h" is aspirate; "ph" in African is *not* pronounced like the English "f."

[3]The word "*V*a" in the Chindau' language is an honorific, corresponding to the English "Mr." or "Sir." It is often used by the natives in addressing one another.

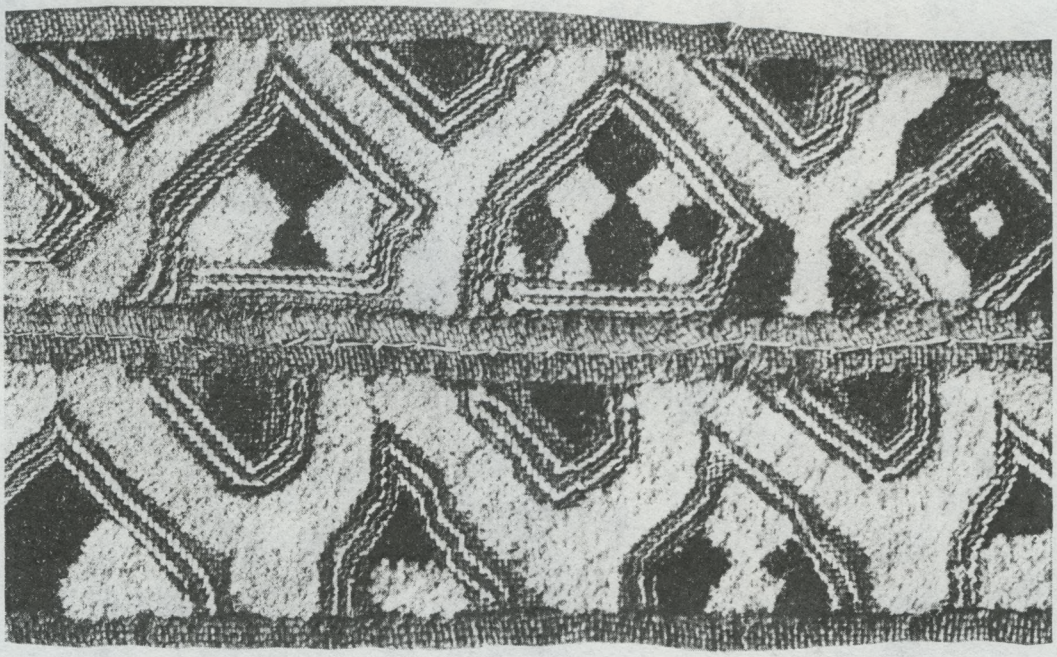
Now, of course, though the animals thought they were digging they were really only packing the earth down harder and harder by dancing in the same place. So they all took counsel together and the King called the Tortoise, Ha'mba; and Ha'mba said, "The water is *under* the earth." And so instead of dancing on top of the earth he dug down 'way underneath, far into the ground, and there he found the water!

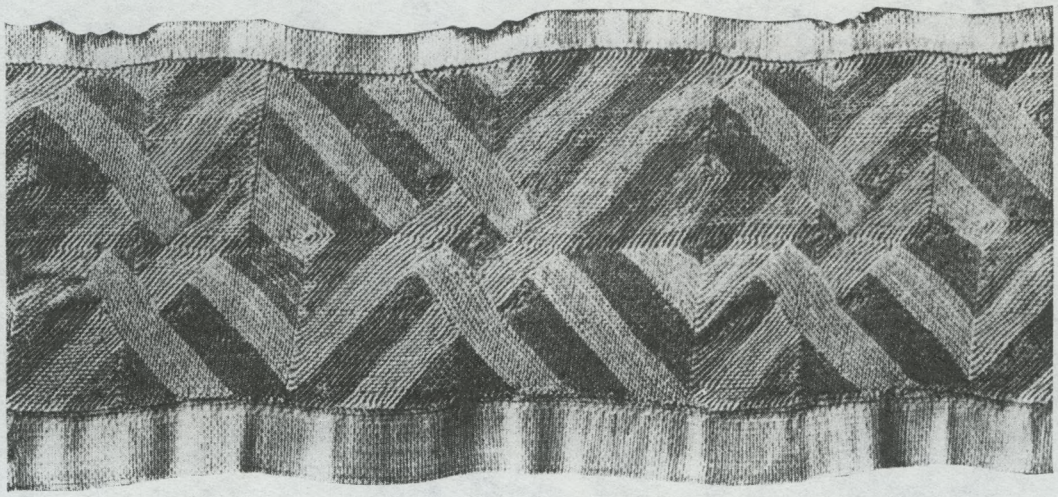
When the well was finished the animals were very happy, for they knew that they would have plenty to drink. But they also knew that they could not trust Shu'lo, the Hare. They said, "Though Shu'lo would not help and has done none of the digging, we know that he will come at night and try to steal our water." And they said, "Each night one of us must watch the well." And Bon'go, the Hyena, said, "I will watch the first night."

Shu'lo, meanwhile, was planning how he could get the water; and he filled his calabash with honey and went to the well. There was Bo'ngo just as he expected. Shu'lo said as though talking to himself, "*I've* got something here so *sweet* that anybody who tastes it would have to be tied up before I'd give him a second taste." Bo'ngo said, "Ho, Shu'lo! Give me some of that sweet stuff." And Shu'lo dipped a stick in the calabash and smeared a little of the honey across Bo'ngo's mouth. Bo'ngo licked his jaws. "More!" he cried. Shu'lo said, "Anybody who tastes this would have to be tied up before I'd give him a second taste." Bo'ngo answered, "Tie me up, Shu'lo, but give me some more." So the Hare tied the Hyena hand and foot, but instead of giving him any honey he went to the well and drank all he wanted and filled his water gourds. Then he jumped into the water and splashed around; then he ran away leaving the well all muddy and dirty.

The next night they set Ka'mba, the Leopard, to watch. And along came Shu'lo again talking to himself and saying, "*I've* got something so *sweet* that anybody who tastes it would have to be tied up before I'd give him a second taste." Ka'mba said, "Let me taste it, Shu'lo!" So Shu'lo smeared the Leopard's mouth with honey and Ka'mba licked his whiskers and said, "More!" But Shu'lo answered, "Anybody who tastes this would have to be tied up before I'd give him a second taste." Ka'mba said, "Tie me up as tight as you like, Shu'lo, but give me another taste." So the Hare tied the Leopard, all four paws, but he never gave him any honey at all. He filled his gourds and then drank at the well; then he jumped into the water and splashed and muddied it. Then he ran away leaving it all dirty.

The next night they set Mpho'fu, the Antelope, to watch; and when the moon was rising along came Shu'lo saying, "*I've* got something so *sweet* that anybody who tastes it would have to be tied up before I'd give him another taste." And Mpho'fu said, "Let me taste it, Shu'lo!" Then Shu'lo smeared the Antelope's mouth with honey. Mpho'fu had never tasted anything like that before and he licked his nose and said, "Give me some more!" But Shu'lo answered, "Anybody who tastes this would have to be tied up before I'd give him a second taste." Mpho'fu too was willing to be tied up for another taste of the honey; so Shu'lo bound him, all four hoofs, and then he not only drank his fill at the well, but bathed in the water and muddied it and ran away home. So it happened every night, and always Shu'lo carried full calabashes home to his kraal and all through the drought his family had plenty to drink.





AFRICAN TEXTILE DESIGNS

(In native plush, woven and cut from palm-fibre)

At last it came the Tortoise's turn to watch by the well, but instead of waiting on the bank, Ha'mba, the wise Tortoise, went down into the water and lay quietly at the bottom. When Shu'lo saw that there was no one at the well he laughed to himself and said, "So they have given it up! And the well is mine without any work and without any digging." So he set his calabashes out on the rim of the well and he jumped into the water. But no sooner was he in than Ha'mba, who was lying quietly on the bottom, opened his mouth and snapped at Shu'lo's foot. He caught Shu'lo and held him tight so that he could not move. When Shu'lo saw the fix that he was in he said, "Is that you, Ha'mba? I've got something so *sweet* that I'll let you have a taste if you want some." He hoped that Ha'mba would open his mouth and let go of the Hare's foot. But Ha'mba never said a word. He held Shu'lo tight and fast till the daylight came; and when the other animals came to the well for their morning drink, there was Shu'lo caught at last.

They bound him and they took him before Mpho'ntholo the Lion to be judged. Mpho'ntholo said, "You would not help to dig the well, but night after night you have stolen the water and made the well all muddy for the other animals. You must die." And the Hare said, "Oh Mpho'ntholo, oh King! If I must die grant me first one little request. Let me sing just one little song, let me dance just one little dance before my death." The King thought, "There can be no harm in that, for all the animals will sit around in a circle and watch Shu'lo so that he can not escape." So the Lion was merciful and granted Shu'lo his wish. Then the Hare began to sing and clap his hands and he danced and sang:

Na'ndi Shu'lo kupe'mbela-u Novi ya' lin'? Mangwa'n'!	Hi, oh Hare, going away, Returning when? To-morrow!
Iwe Shu'lo kupe'mbela-u Novi ya' lin'? Mangwa'n'!	You, O Hare, going away, Returning when? To-morrow!
Kuti' Shu'lo wape'mbela-u Woz'vi ya' lin'? Mangwa'n'!	If, O Hare, going away, Returning when? To-morrow!

Now the other animals, seeing Shu'lo dance, began to beat time to the music and to clap too, and soon they began to sing with Shu'lo, for it was a most irresistible song! And soon their feet began to move because they could not keep still with all the singing and clapping, and in a little while all the animals were dancing. Because of the drought the earth was so dry that a thick cloud of dust arose from all those dancing feet; and when the animals stopped dancing tired out—for it was a fine dance!—they could not see one another for the dust. And when the dust cleared, where was Shu'lo? He had run away!

IV

THE JACKAL AND THE ROOSTER

One day Mu'hwe, the Jackal, found Jo'ngwe, the Rooster, sitting up in a tree.

"Come down, Jo'ngwe," said the Jackal, "to-day is a holiday. Mpho'ntholo, the King, the Lion, has declared that this day all animals shall be at peace and no one shall eat the other. Come down, and let us play together as friends."

But Jo'ngwe, the Rooster, only kept his eyes on the horizon and did not move.

"Come down, Jo'ngwe," said Mu'hwe, the Jackal, "I tell you the King has said that this day shall be a holiday."

Then Jo'ngwe, still looking off afar said, "Yes, I see that to-day must be a holiday because of the cloud of dust that is coming nearer." It was in reality only a mist on the horizon, but the Jackal asked anxiously of Jo'ngwe, up in the tree,

"What do you see in the cloud of dust?"

"Men and dogs," answered Jo'ngwe.

"Then farewell, Jo'ngwe," said Mu'hwe, the Jackal, "I had better be going now, for dogs and I are not friends."

"But you said that to-day is a holiday," said Jo'ngwe, the Rooster, "King Mpho'ntholo, the Lion, has declared that all animals shall be friends and that no one shall eat the other. This you told me. You need not fear the dogs; don't go."

But Mu'hwe, the Jackal, ran away.

"You have proved yourself," called after him Jo'ngwe, the Rooster, "You only wanted to eat me!"

V

DEATH OF THE HARE

One day Shu'lo, the Hare, was visiting the Rooster's home and he saw Jo'ngwe, the Rooster, standing on one leg. His other leg was gone, and his head was gone, too! The Hare was so astonished that he stood stock-still, and then ran home and told his wife.

Next day he went to see the Rooster again. But the Rooster was up in a tree, and his head was there again, and so were both his legs.

The Hare was still more astonished, and he said, "When I saw you yesterday, your head was gone and you had only one leg."

"Oh," said the Rooster, "that's nothing! My head and my leg went visiting. They went off to another kraal, and we had singing and beer-drinking. I often enjoy myself that way without trouble. I tell my wife to cut off my head and my leg, and then my head and leg go visiting and have a good time. It is very easy."

So the Hare thought, "I'm going to try that, too! If Jo'ngwe can do that, why can't I?"

So he ran home and told his wife.

"Wife, take a sharp knife and cut off my head and my leg so that they can go visiting like the Rooster's. I saw Jo'ngwe, the Rooster, again to-day, and his head and leg were on again, and he told me that they had been away to another kraal, dancing and singing and drinking beer. Now, I want my head and leg to do the same, so cut them off!"

"But if I cut off your head," said the wife, "you will die!"

"No, I won't," said Shu'lo, the Hare. "Jo'ngwe is not dead. I saw him one day with his head and leg gone, and I saw him the next day with his head and leg on again. You do what I say."

So the wife took a sharp knife and cut off the Hare's leg and then his head. She waited for the head and leg to fly off visiting, but they never moved. And there lay Shu'lo, the Hare, dead.

So she ran to the Rooster's kraal.

"My husband is dead!" she cried. "What shall I do? His leg and his head have never gone visiting at all! How shall I put them on again and bring him to life?"

Then Jo'ngwe, the Rooster, laughed to himself. For he knew that his own head and leg had never been cut off. He had only drawn his leg up under him to rest it while he went to sleep, and as for his head, he had simply tucked it under his wing. The visits he had had were pleasant dreams of singing and beer-drinking in other kraals.

LEGEND AND SONG OF THE DAUGHTER AND THE SLAVE

A man had three wives, one of whom he loved far more than the other two. She was his favorite, the wife beloved.

One day he went trapping and caught a guinea-fowl which he brought back and gave to the favorite wife, that she might cook it for him. Now such signs of favor often arouse jealousy among the wives; so one of them, ill-humored, stole the guinea-fowl. Next morning, though all searched, no one could find the bird, nor could they discover who had taken it. So it was decided to reveal the guilty one by an ordeal. A cord was suspended over the Buji river like a bridge; the two jealous wives must cross the river, treading upon the cord, and the one who was guilty would fall in.

Now the woman who stole the fowl had two daughters. The elder daughter, who was named Mwa'li, had been married long ago and lived far away; the younger lived at home. The guilty wife knew that with the ordeal she would fall into the river and be drowned. So she called her young daughter and said, "When I am dead, go and live with your married sister and take with you your slave-maid." (Slaves are often war-captives taken from the enemy; young boys and girls were brought home from the wars as booty.)

Next morning, at the trial, each wife, as she crossed the river must sing,

Lusi'nga, lusi'nga,
Da'ndali! Kuti' ndili'ni,
Da'ndali! Nda ka be ga'nga,
Da'ndali! Ganga' la chi'de,
Da'ndali! Lusinga', dacu'ka,
Da'ndali! Ndi wile mwa Buji,
Da'ndali! Ndi zo fila' mwo.

Cord, Cord,
Da'ndali! If I am guilty
Da'ndali! And stole the treasure
Da'ndali! Of the beloved,
Da'ndali! Then, cord, break with me,
Da'ndali! Into the Buji
Da'ndali! I'll fall and perish.

The first of the jealous wives, who was innocent, sang this song and crossed safely. The second, who was guilty, sang the song also, talking to the cord; when she was midway across the stream the cord broke, she fell into the water and was drowned.

The daughter then set out for the home of her married sister, Mwa'li. Now Mwa'li had not seen her younger sister for so many years that it was as if she had never looked upon her. Nor had she ever seen the slave-maid. But the slave knew the way to Mwa'li's home and she led the little sister through the forests and along the narrow paths. As they were nearing the kraal where Mwa'li lived they came to a pond and laid off their clothing and bathed, for they were heated and tired. The little sister was richly dressed and carried no bundles, the slave was scantily clad and bore the basket. When they came out of the water the slave said, "Let us change garments! Let us see how I would look in your clothes, and you take my basket—just for a little while; then we will change back again." So the slave wore her mistress's rich clothing and the little mistress carried the basket. They started walking, but after they had gone a short distance the little sister said, "Let us stop!" for they were nearing Mwa'li's home and could already see the kraal. "Give me my clothes," she said, "for we are almost there!"

But the slave urged, "Let us walk just a *little* further; then we will change back to our own clothes again." And so they went on till the little sister cried again, "O, give me my clothes! We are almost there." But once more the slave persuaded her to go "a little further"; so she kept saying until they were at the very entrance to the kraal. And here was Mwa'li, coming forth to meet them! The little sister wept, for Mwa'li took her to be a slave, and treated the slave like a sister. She tried to explain, but the slave interrupted her proudly, crying, "No! Do not listen to her. She is nothing but a lying slave. I am your sister." And so Mwa'li was deceived.

Now the little sister was sent each day to the gardens to watch the crops and keep the birds from eating them.[1] Early every morning she set out, and late each evening she returned. Thus was she made to work, treated as a slave and poorly fed. But each morning, early, when she came to the gardens, she sang this song:

Mai *v*a-i-le'*v*a, (Linde', linde'!)[2]
Mother, she was saying (O watch,[3] O watch!)

[1]Note 1—"Among all the great groups of the 'natural' races, the Negroes are the best and keenest tillers of the ground. A minority despise agriculture and breed cattle; many combine both occupations. Among the genuine tillers the whole life of the family is taken up in agriculture, and hence the months are by preference called after the operations which they demand. Constant clearings change forests to fields, and the ground is manured with the ashes of the burnt thicket. In the middle of the fields rise the light watch-towers, from which a watchman scares the grain-eating birds and other thieves."

Ratzel: "History of Mankind," II, p. 380 *ff*. Quoted by W. E. B. Du Bois in "The Negro," p. 107.

Note 2.—"In the more thickly populated parts of Africa these fields often stretch for many a mile, and the assiduous care of the Negro women shines in all the brighter light when we consider the insecurity of life, the constant feuds and pillages, in which no one knows whether he will be able, in the end, to harvest what he has sown. Livingstone gives somewhere a graphic description of the devastations wrought by slave hunts; the people were lying about slain, the dwellings were demolished; in the fields, however, the grain was ripening and there was none to harvest it."

Quoted in W. E. B. Du Bois' "The Negro" (page 108), from "Industrial Evolution" (page 47).

[2]The accents in singing differ from the spoken words. See interlinear translations in the Appendix.

[3]This refers to the maiden's watch over the garden.

Ku'fa kwa'ngu pa'no,
(Linde', linde'!)
E'nda ku muku'lu.
(Linde', linde'!)
Mukulu' ndi ya'ni?
(Linde', linde'!)
Mukulu' ndi Mwa'li.
(Linde', linde'!)
Mwa'li wa-ndi la'sha,
(Linde', linde'!)
Ngo kuda' mula'nda.
(Linde', linde'!)

When I die, my daughter,
(O watch, O watch!)
Go to elder sister.
(O watch, O watch!)
Who is elder sister?
(O watch, O watch!)
Elder sister, Mwali.
(O watch, O watch!)
Mwali, she hath spurned me,
(O watch, O watch!)
For to love the slave-girl.
(O watch, O watch!)

Then the spirit of the dead mother would come and brush the dirt from her daughter and clothe her in rich garments—and each night the girl went back dressed as she used to be at home. Then the real slave, when she saw the little sister coming, would cry out and exclaim, "Look how the slave comes so richly clad!" And she would take the clothes from the little sister and beat her. Now this is often the way with poor people: when they suddenly reach a rich estate they are cruel to those beneath them. So this slave in her new-found power beat and abused her former mistress.

But each day in the garden the spirit of the dead mother comforted the girl and cried out in compassion, "How can Mwa'li treat you thus! How wrong this is!" And again the mother would dress the girl in fine garments and give her good food. But every night the slave came and took the clothes away.

At last Mwa'li's husband noticed how the supposed slave came back every evening richly dressed and went forth in the morning again dressed as a slave. He determined to find out where she got those fine garments! So he followed to the garden and hid, and heard the voice of the mother's spirit saying, "Oh! That Mwa'li should treat you thus!" And he saw the girl decked again with beautiful clothes. He was convinced that this was Mwa'li's real sister.

So he came home and told his wife what he had seen. And then they heated a pot of boiling water, and dug a pit and spread a mat over it and called the slave who was pretending to be the sister and bade her sit down. The slave did so, the mat gave way and she fell into the pit. Then they poured boiling water over her and killed her for her lies.

This story proves the constancy of a Mother's love, which even after death will still protect its child.[1]

*V*ASA-GO'RE

LEGEND AND SONG OF THE SKY-MAIDEN

There lived in the sky a powerful chief, and he had a beautiful daughter, the Sky-Maiden. Every day with her maiden attendants she came down to earth to bathe in the lake. Each maid bore in her hands a plume which wafted

[1]See "The Mother in Africa," page 66.

her to the ground and on which she floated up again to the sky. So beautiful was the Sky-Maiden that any man who saw her as she came to earth longed to win her for his wife.

Now, each day when the maid and her attendants flew down to the lake, they laid aside their clothing and left their plumes with their garments on the banks. Often the young men hid in the bush near the lake and tried to steal the plumes, for they well knew that if they could seize these, the maidens could never again fly back to the sky. But the maids, who dreaded to be seen, were quick to hear the approach of any stranger, and at the first faint rustle of a leaf they would rise from the lake, grasp their plumes and vanish into the air. But if a man should succeed in stealing a feather, then the maiden to whom it belonged would shake her "nthu'zwa" (a soft musical-sounding rattle made of reeds) and sing this song:

	(*Literal translation*)
Sam'du'mbi-we'-we', ndekande',*	O youth, I entreat thee, I pray,
(*Nyalala'!*)	(Heed her not!)
Wo chizwa'* nthu'zwa ya'nguyo-we',* ndekande',	Hearken now to my *nthu'zwa*, I pray,
(*Nyalala'!*)	(Heed her not!)
Sam'du'mbi-we'-we', ndekande',	O youth, I entreat thee, I pray,
(*Nyalala'!*)	(Heed her not!)
Tongo li'ngile-we',* ndekande',	Look back, look back, I pray,
(*Nyalala'!*)	(Heed her not!)
Sam'du'mbi-we'-we', ndekande',	O youth, I entreat thee, I pray,
(*Nyalala'!*)	(Heed her not!)
Mwana-we'* ndo'da ku'pinda-we', ndekande',	Dear Child, I would go, I pray,
(*Nyalala'!*)	(Heed her not!)
Sam'du'mbi-we'-we', ndekande',	O youth, I entreat thee, I pray,
(*Nyalala'!*)	(Heed her not!)
Mwana-we' wochi li'ngila-we', ndekande',	Dear Child, look back, I pray,
(*Nyalala'!*)	(Heed her not!)
Sam'dumbi-we'-we', ndekande',	O youth, I entreat thee, I pray,
(*Nyalala'!*)	(Heed her not!)
Ndo'da' kwenda-we', ndekande'.	Let me go, let me go, I pray.
(*Nyalala'!*)	(Heed her not!)

(*Metrical translation to fit the music*)

The Maid: *O youth, I entreat thee, I*
Solo *pray,*
Hearken now,[1]
Chorus: (Heed her not!)

*In ordinary speech the words with an asterisk are accented as follows: ndeka'nde, nyala'la, chiz'wa, tongolingi'lewe, mwana'we, kupi'ndawe.

[1]The maiden and the chorus chant together in the bracketed phrases.

Solo: *Hearken now to my nthu'zwa,*
I pray,
Chorus: (Heed her not!)

Solo: *O youth, I entreat thee, I pray,*
Chorus: (Heed her not!)

Solo: *O look back, O look back now, I pray,*
Chorus: (Heed her not!)

Solo: *O youth, I entreat thee, I pray,*
Lovely child,
Chorus: (Heed her not!)

Solo: *Let me go, I entreat thee, I pray,*
Chorus: (Heed her not!)

Solo: *O youth, I entreat thee, I pray,*
Lovely child,
Chorus: (Heed her not!)

Solo: *O look back, I entreat thee, I pray,*
Chorus: (Heed her not!)

Solo: *O youth, I entreat thee, I pray,*
Chorus: (Heed her not!)

Solo: *Release me, release me, I pray.*
Chorus: (Heed her not!)

If the youth heeds her voice and looks back—then the maiden and *nthu'zwa* are gone, and there is nothing to be seen. For at this first backward glance, the plume returns to the maiden and instantly she mounts to the sky.

But the story tells of one youth who stole the plume and, strong of heart, never looked back. And so the maiden had to stay on earth and the youth won her love and took her for his wife. After that the maid shared with her husband her power to fly to the sky, and she took him with her to the sky-land.

This story means that if a man sets out to do a deed he must persevere till the end and never turn back till he has achieved his aim.

Chindau' Songs

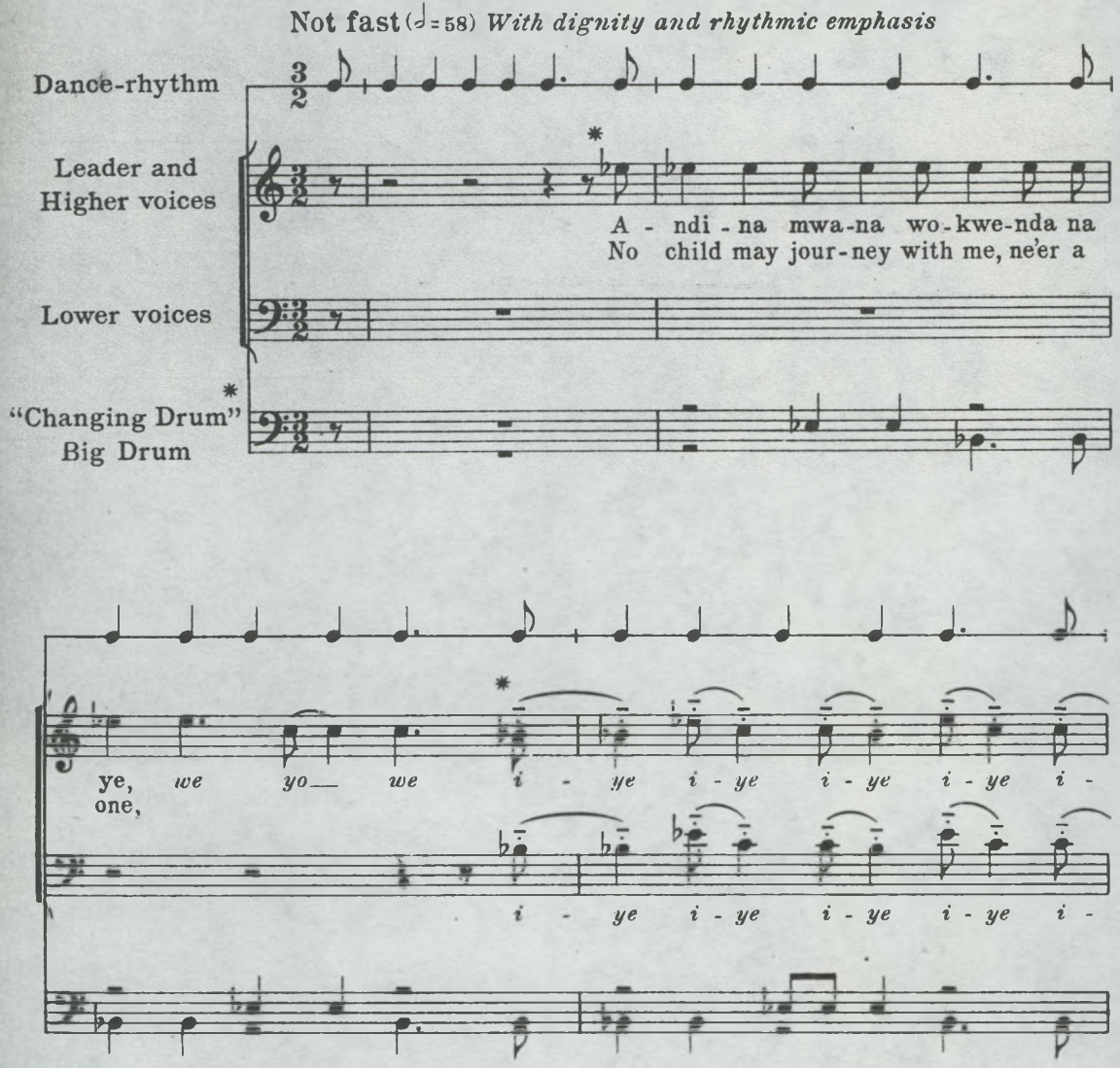
(Portuguese East Africa)

Recorded from the singing of Ka'mba Sima'ngo

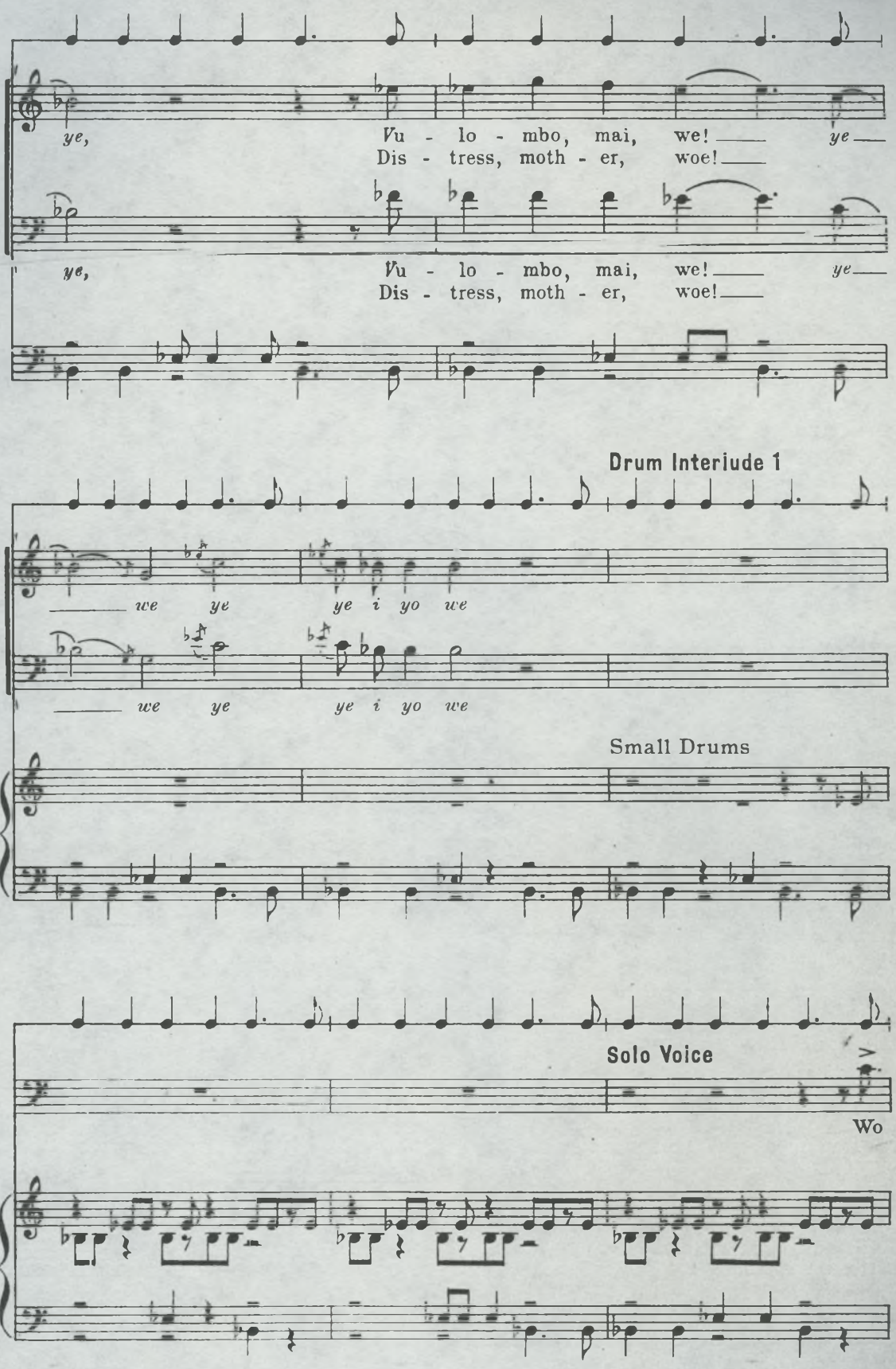
Mate'ka

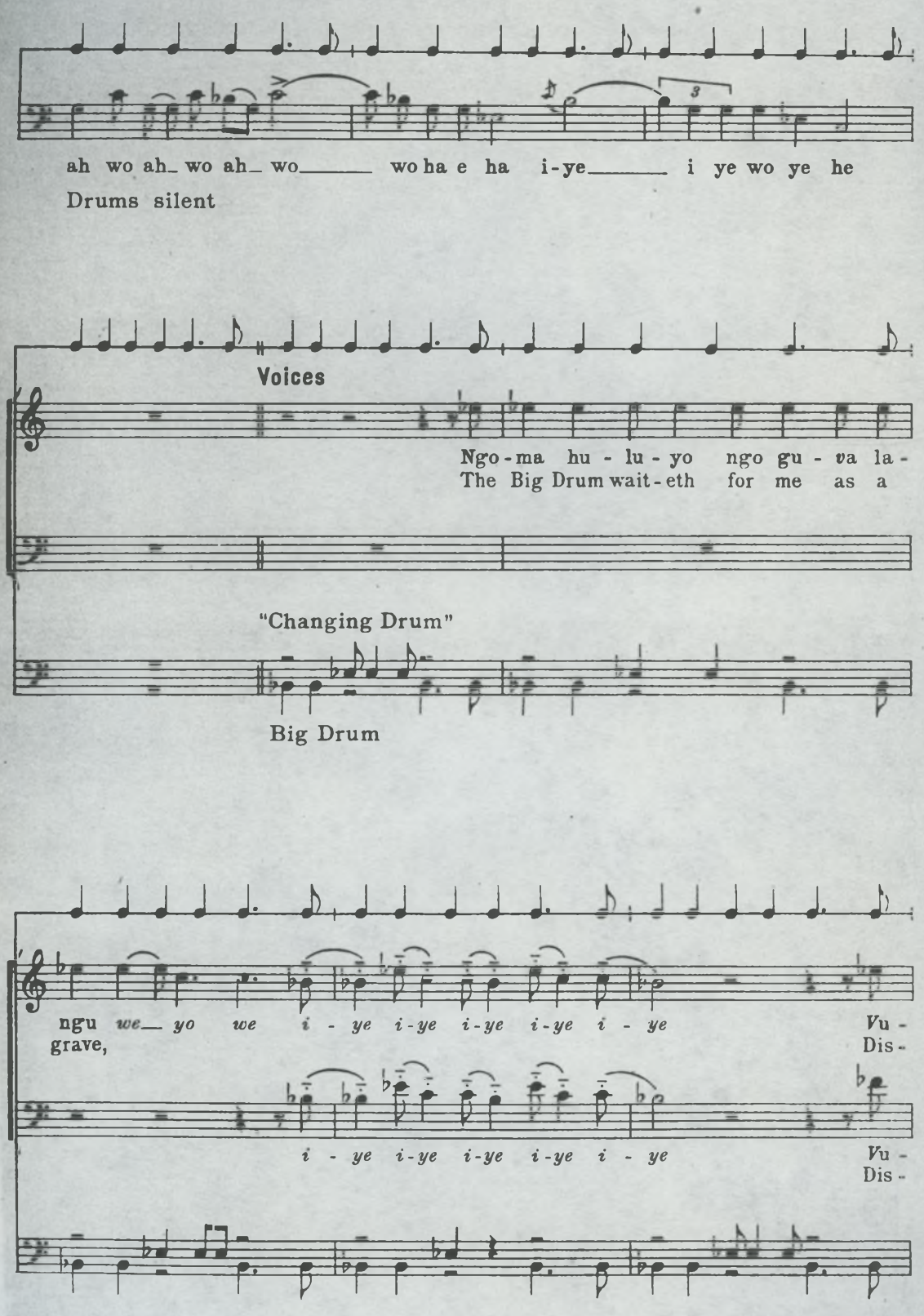
Song of the Rain Ceremony

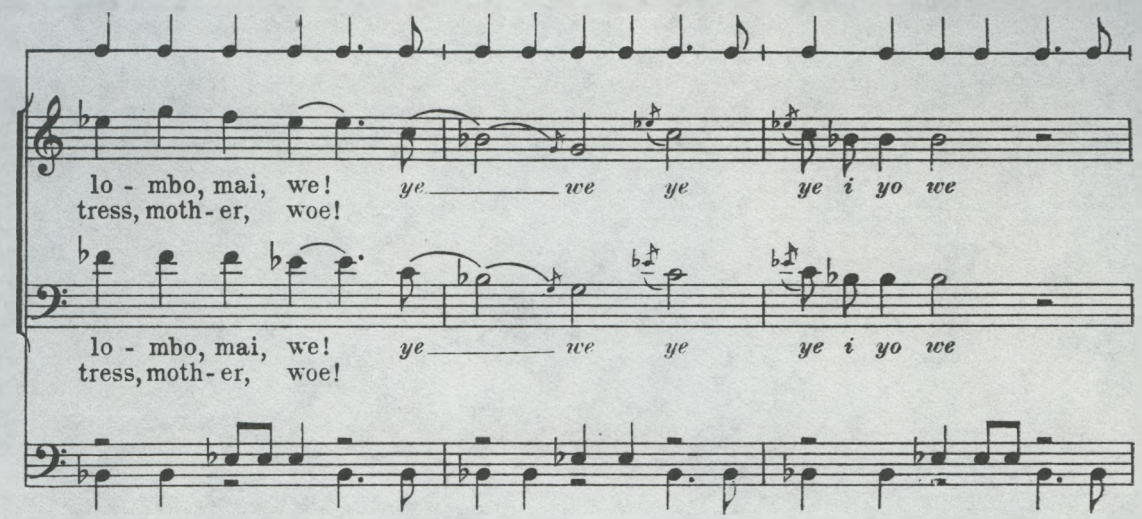
I



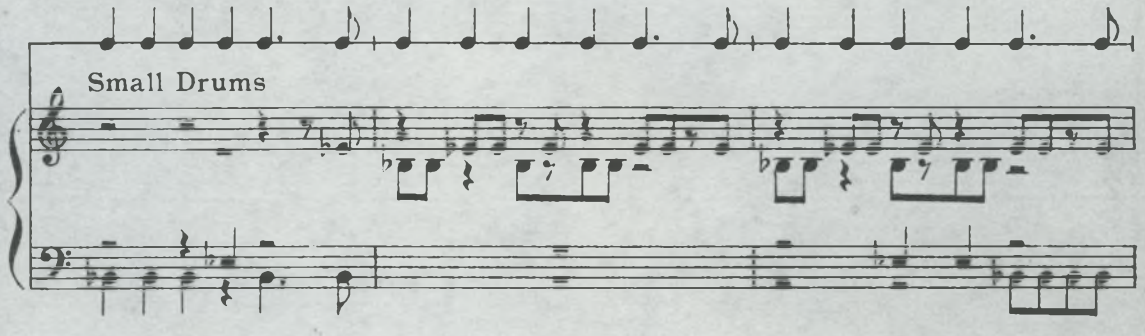
* See Mate'ka I, page 20, for African names of drums. Big drums are tuned a fourth apart; little drums are also tuned in fourths. The drums and the voices of the singers are not necessarily pitched in the same key. The singers pitch their song wherever the intervals lie within easy range of their voices, irrespective of the pitch of the drums.

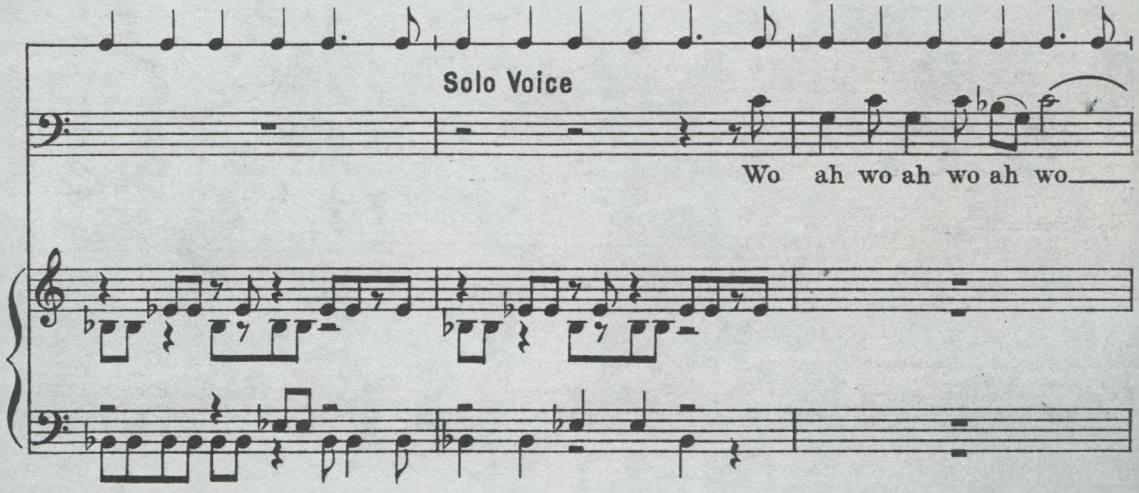

ye,
Vu - lo - mbo, mai, we! ye
Dis - tress, moth - er, woe!
ye,
Vu - lo - mbo, mai, we! ye
Dis - tress, moth - er, woe!
Drum Interiude 1
we ye ye i yo we
we ye ye i yo we
Small Drums
Solo Voice
Wo

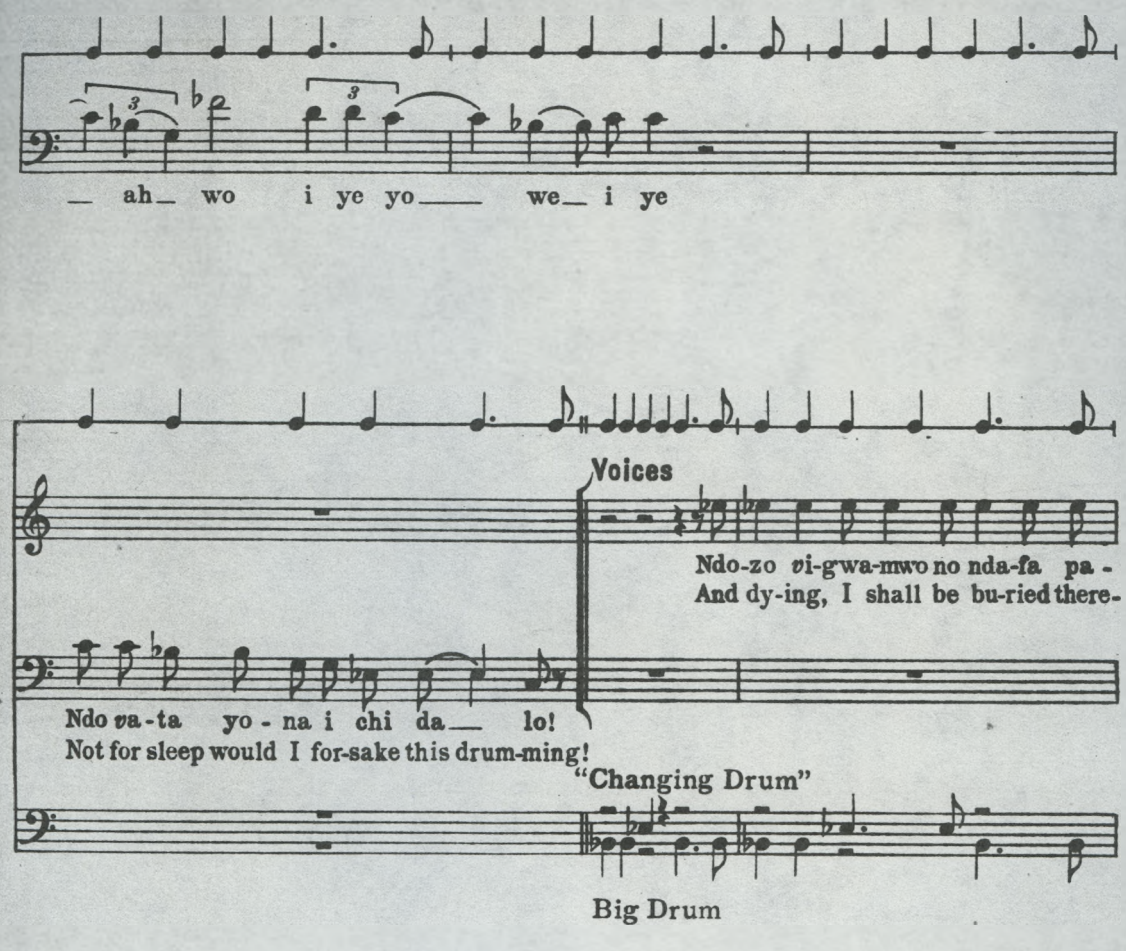

ah wo ah_ wo ah_ wo_____ wo ha e ha i-ye_____ i ye wo ye he
Drums silent
Voices
Ngo-ma hu-lu-yo ngo gu-va la-
The Big Drum wait-eth for me as a
"Changing Drum"
Big Drum
ngu we_ yo we i-ye i-ye i-ye i-ye i-ye Vu-
grave, Dis-
i-ye i-ye i-ye i-ye i-ye Vu-
Dis-

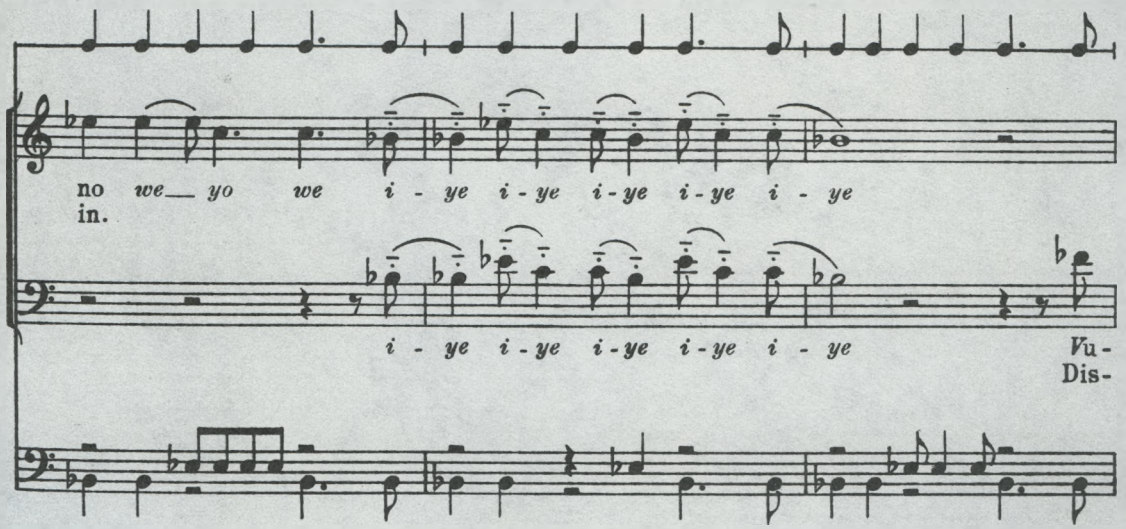


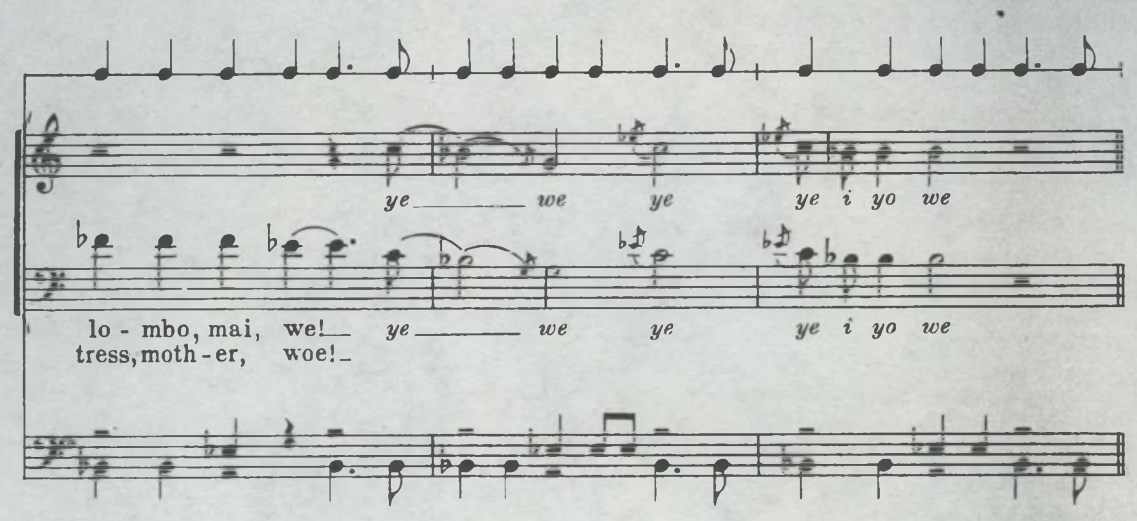
Drum Interlude 2



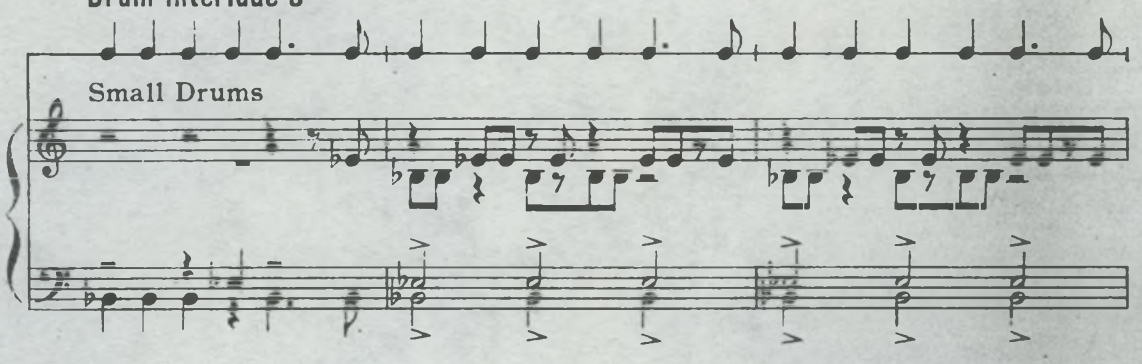


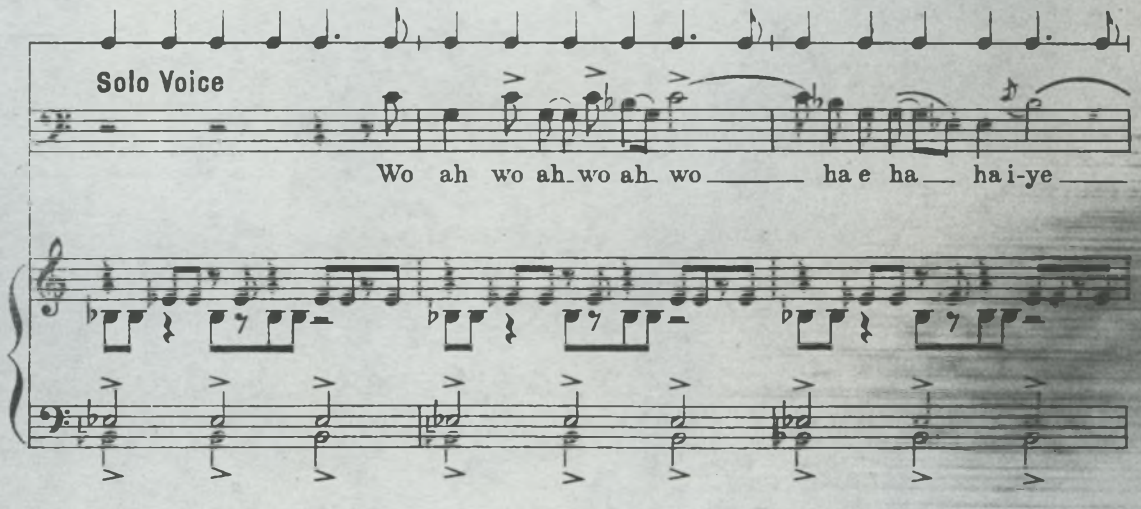

_ ah_ wo i ye yo___ we_ i ye
Voices
Ndo-zo vi-gwa-mwo no nda-fa pa -
And dy-ing, I shall be bu-ried there-
Ndo va-ta yo - na i chi da_ lo!
Not for sleep would I for-sake this drum-ming!
"Changing Drum"
Big Drum

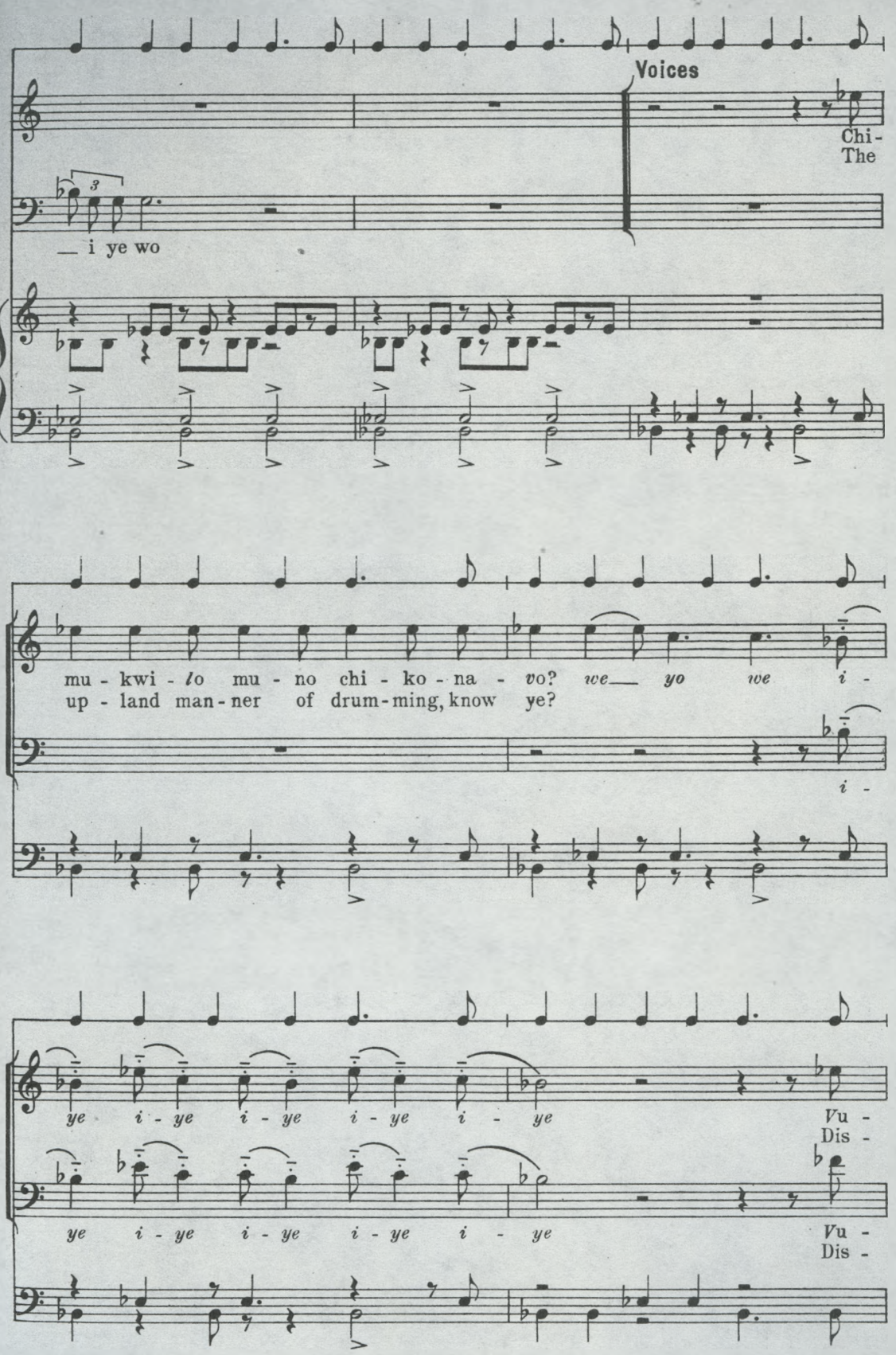

no we_ yo we i - ye i - ye i - ye i - ye i - ye
in.
i - ye i - ye i - ye i - ye i - ye
Vu-
Dis-

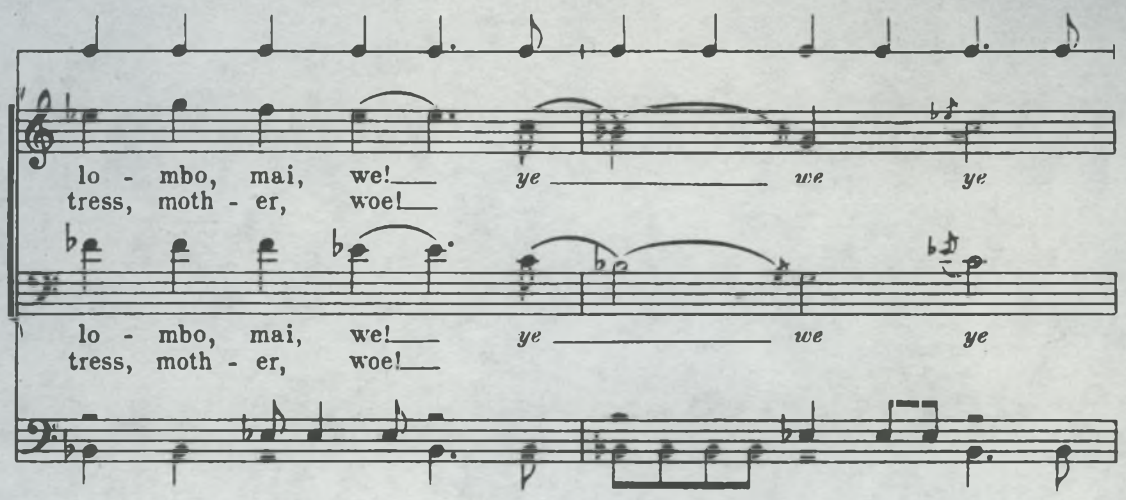


Drum Interlude 3

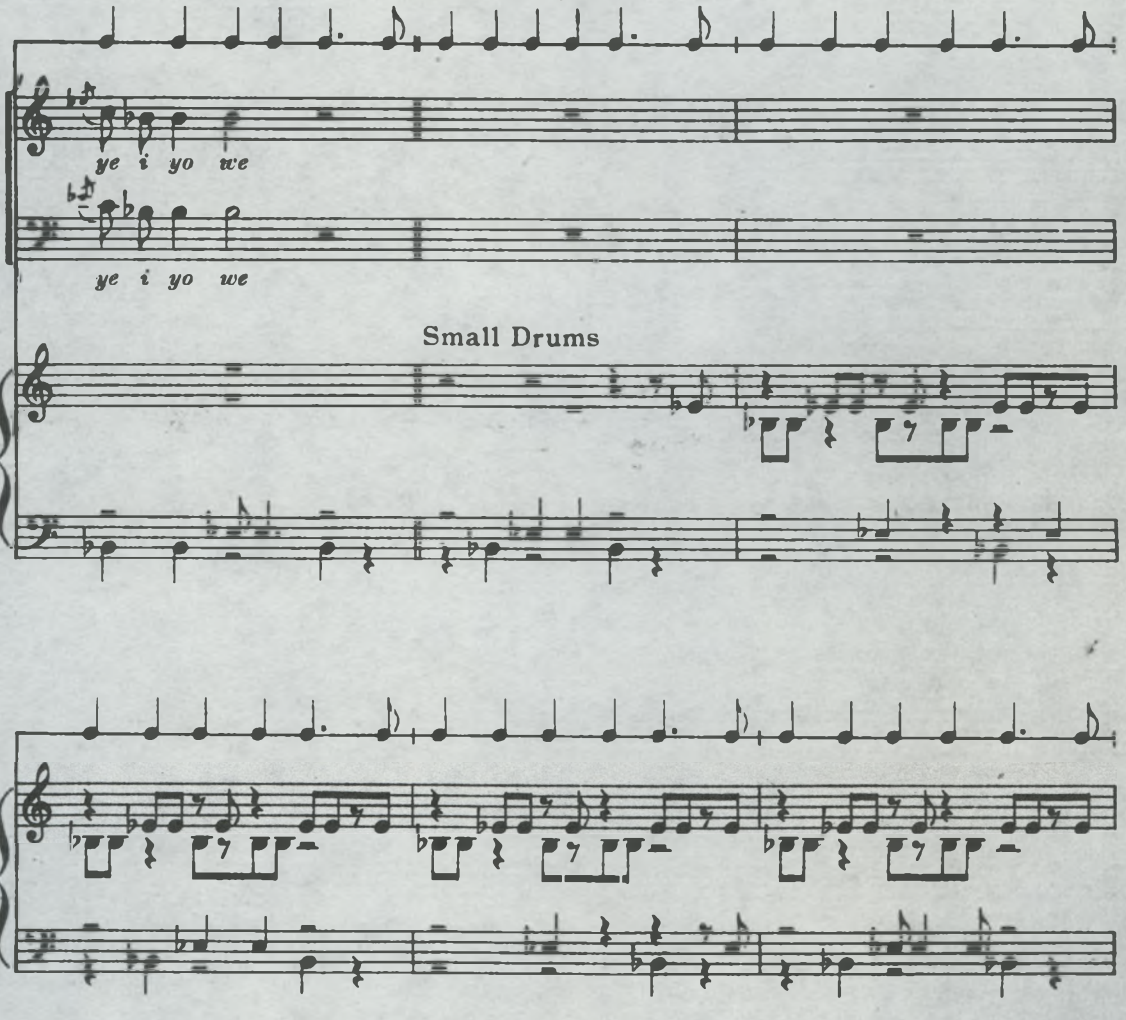


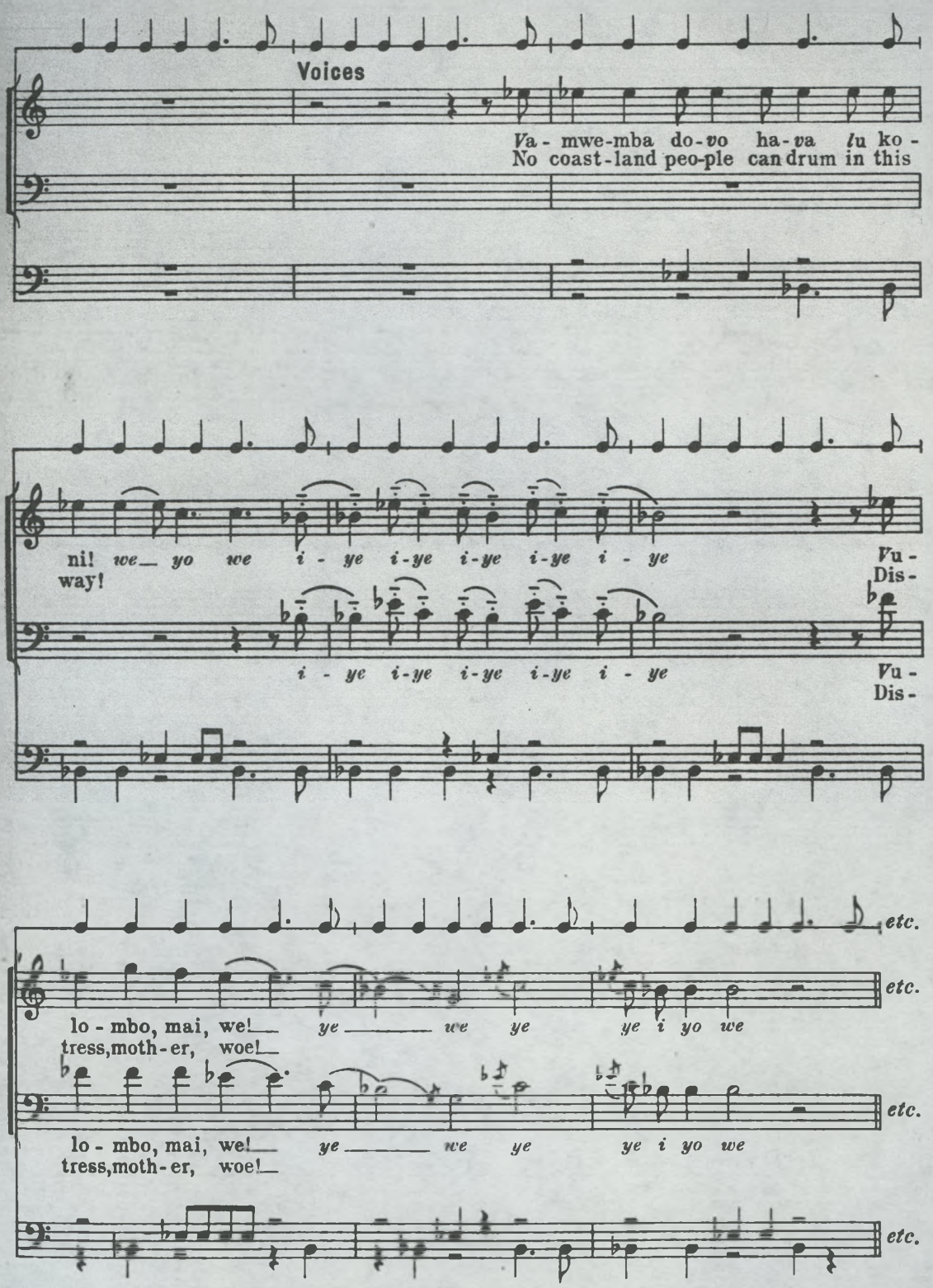



Voices
Chi-
The
— i ye wo
mu - kwi - lo mu - no chi - ko - na - vo? we— yo we i -
up - land man - ner of drum - ming, know ye?
i -
ye i - ye i - ye i - ye i - ye
Vu -
Dis -
ye i - ye i - ye i - ye i - ye
Vu -
Dis -



Drum Interlude 4





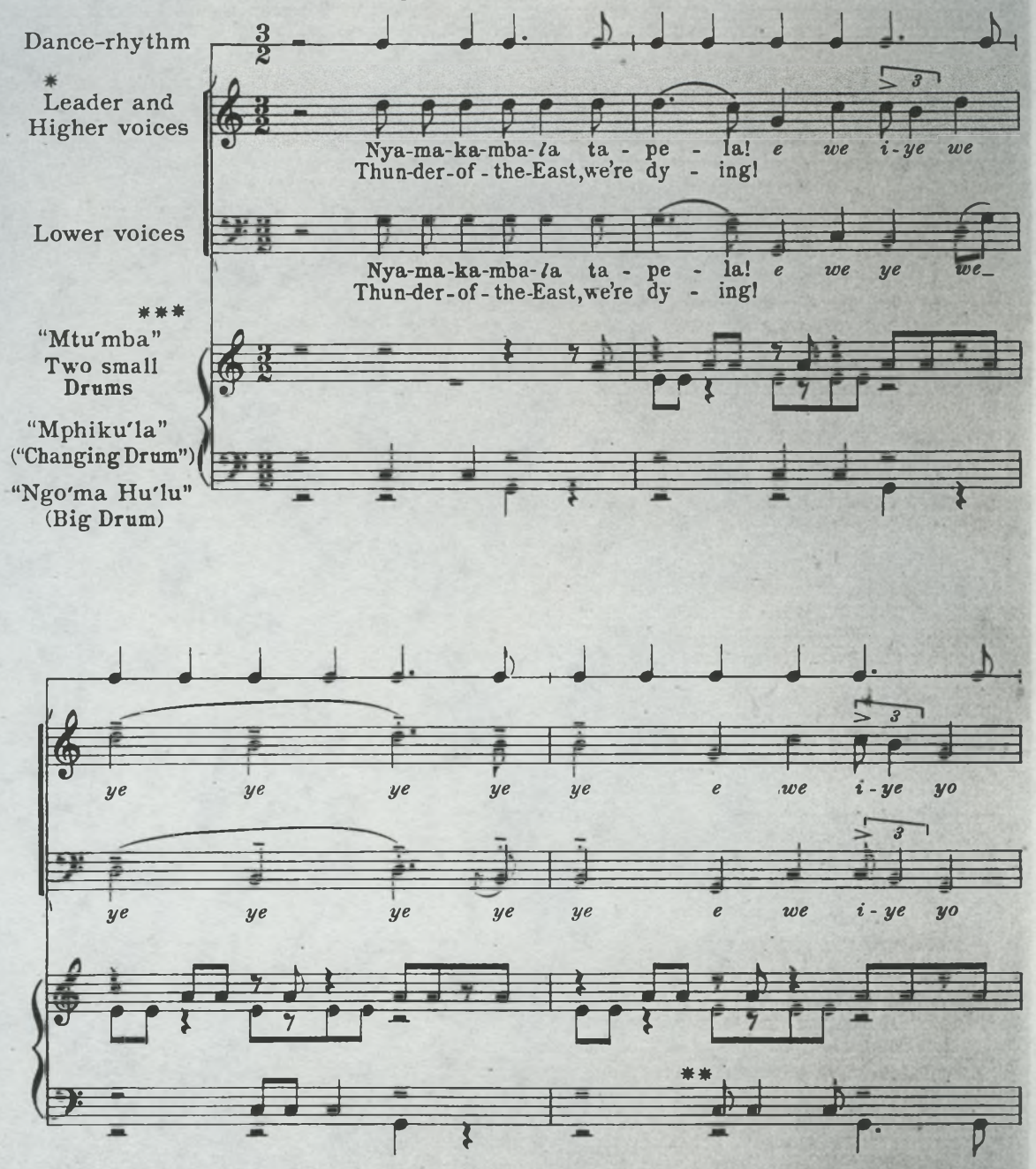
This song may be continued indefinitely. The above transcription simply gives the main substance of the song, though many more verses may be added and improvised upon, and the drum-interludes may be extended and extemporised, *ad libitum*.

Mate'ka

Song of the Rain Ceremony

II

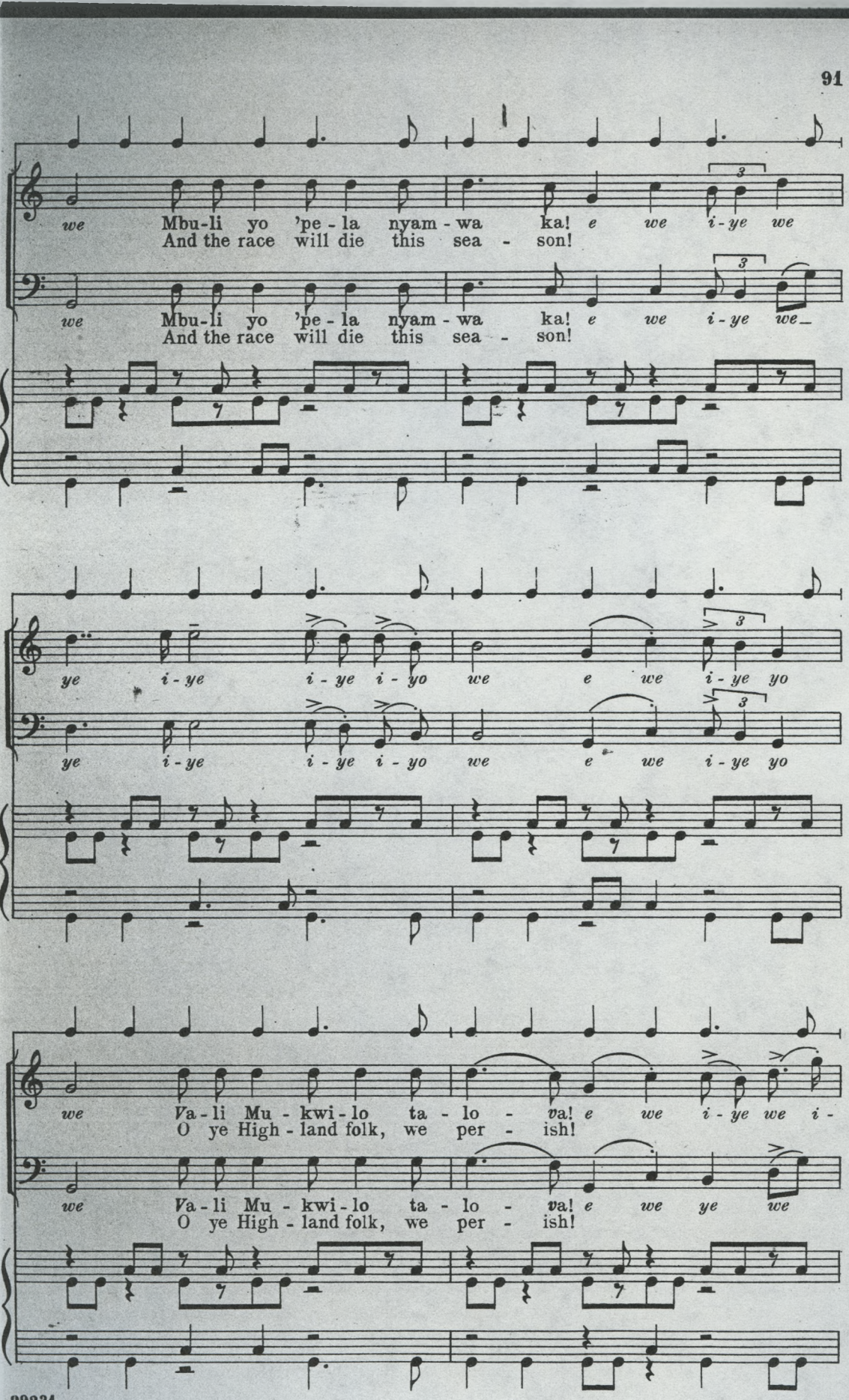
Slow and dignified (♩ = 66) *Rhythm of shuffling steps*

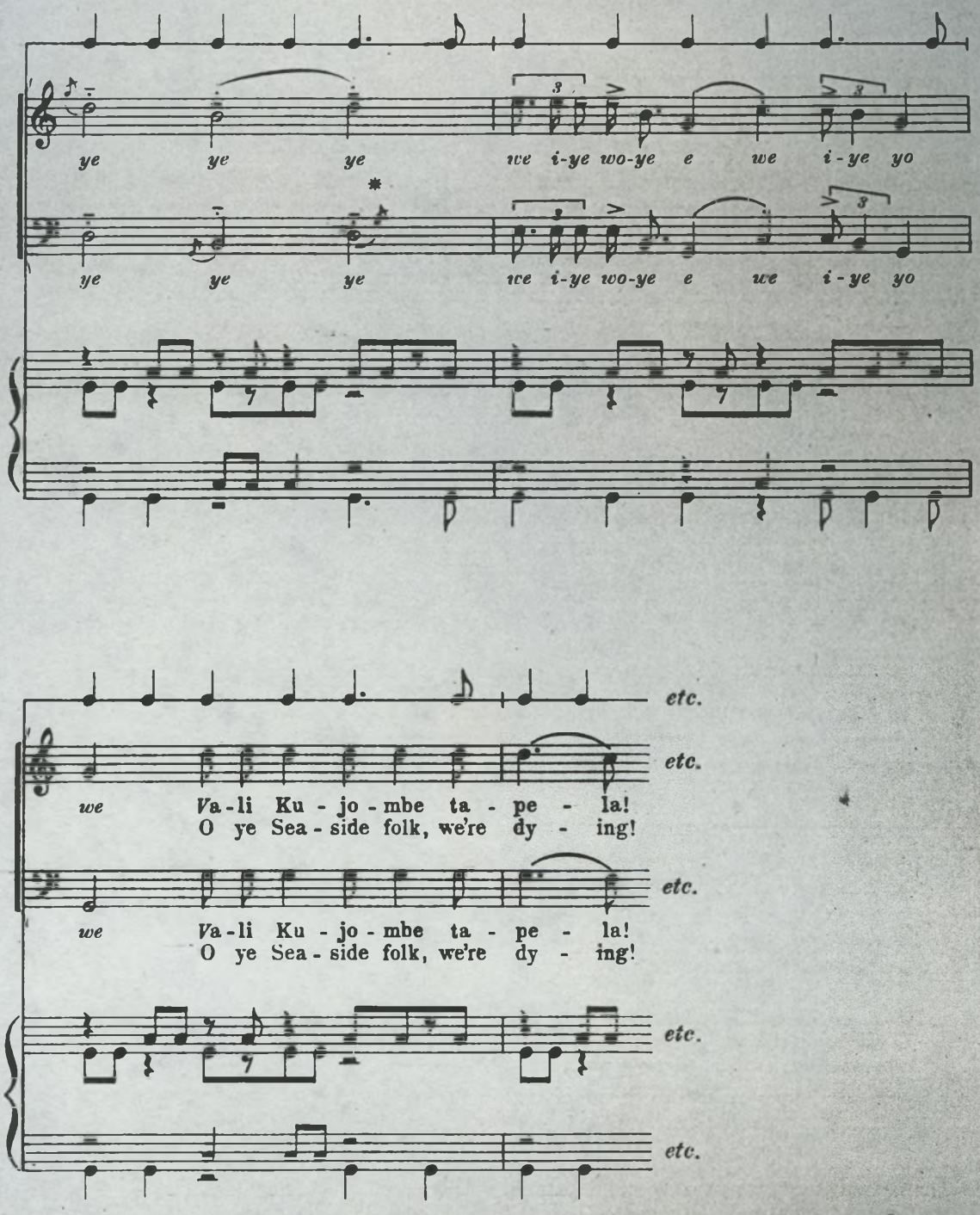


* The leader starts each phrase, or voice, and the people join in on the second or third syllable of the first word, as soon as they catch what the word is to be.

** Bars marked with an asterisk are variants which can be introduced wherever the drummer pleases.

*** For note on tuning of drums, see page 81.


we Mbu-li yo 'pe-la nyam-wa ka! e we i-ye we
And the race will die this sea - son!
we Mbu-li yo 'pe-la nyam-wa ka! e we i-ye we
And the race will die this sea - son!
ye i-ye i-ye i-yo we e we i-ye yo
ye i-ye i-ye i-yo we e we i-ye yo
we Va-li Mu-kwi-lo ta-lo - va! e we i-ye we i-
O ye High-land folk, we per - ish!
we Va-li Mu-kwi-lo ta-lo - va! e we ye we
O ye High-land folk, we per - ish!



* An upward break in the voice, something like a Swiss yodel.

The song continues indefinitely, the vocable refrains being spontaneous variations of the foregoing, while the invocations of the leader are always in the same rhythm.

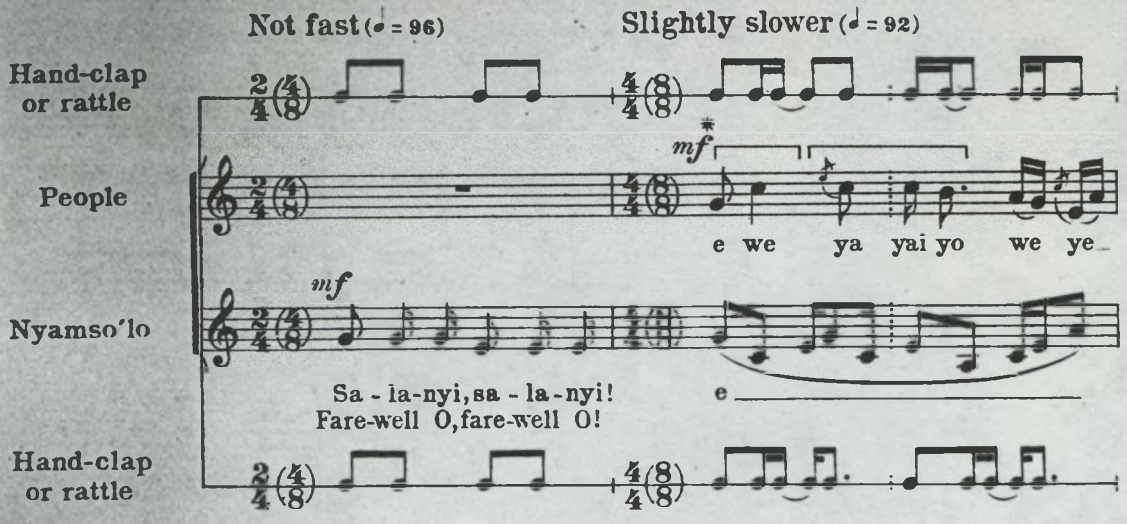
This transcription can offer only a suggestion of the song, which contains elaborate drum-interludes and many improvisations of the vocable refrains. Compare with "Mate'ka," Song of the Rain Ceremony I, page 81.

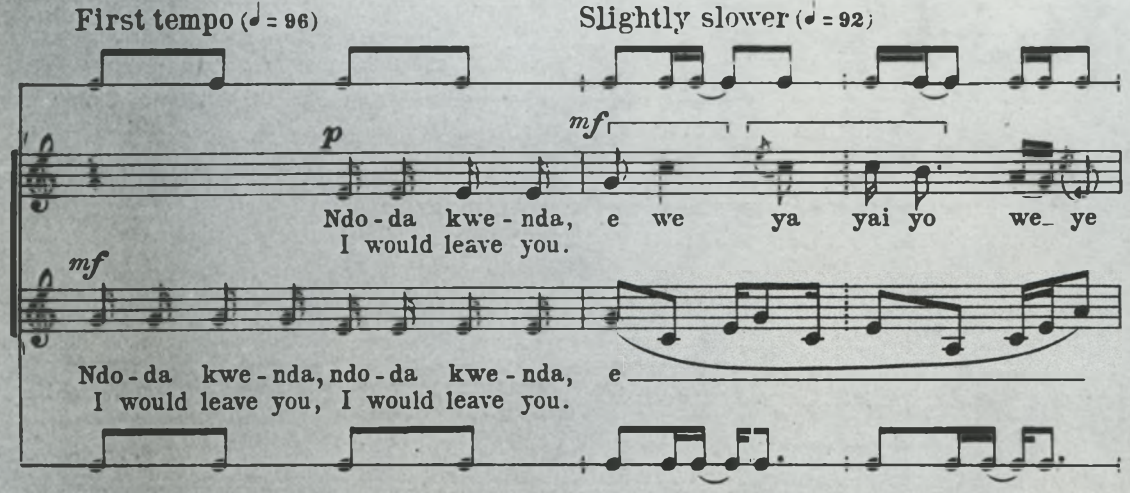
Manthi'ki

Spirit-Song

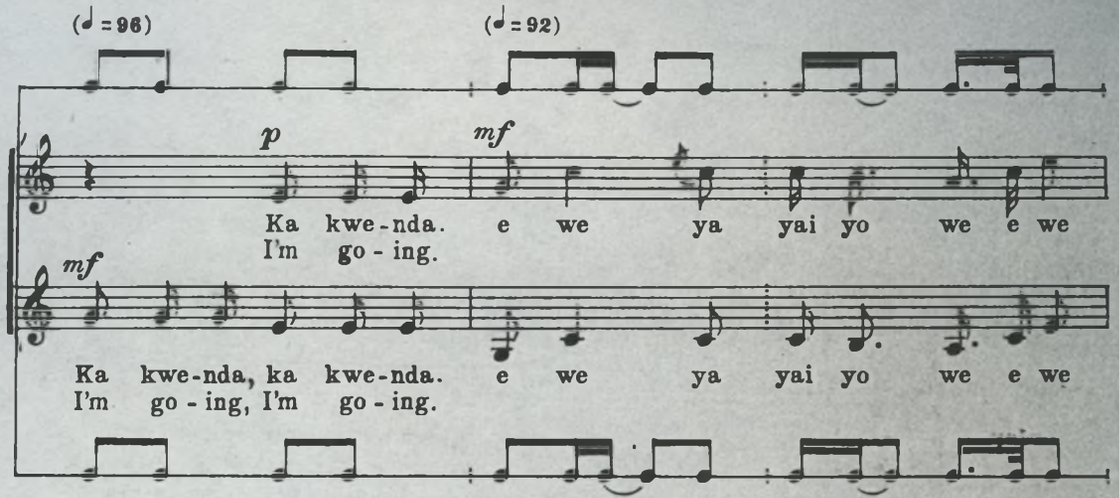
I

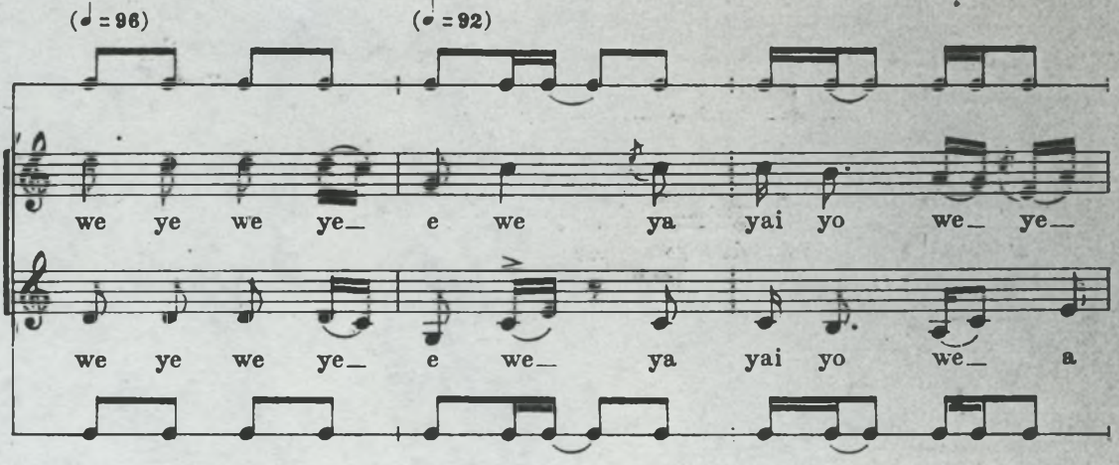
Sa'lanyi, Sa'lanyi
Farewell, Farewell

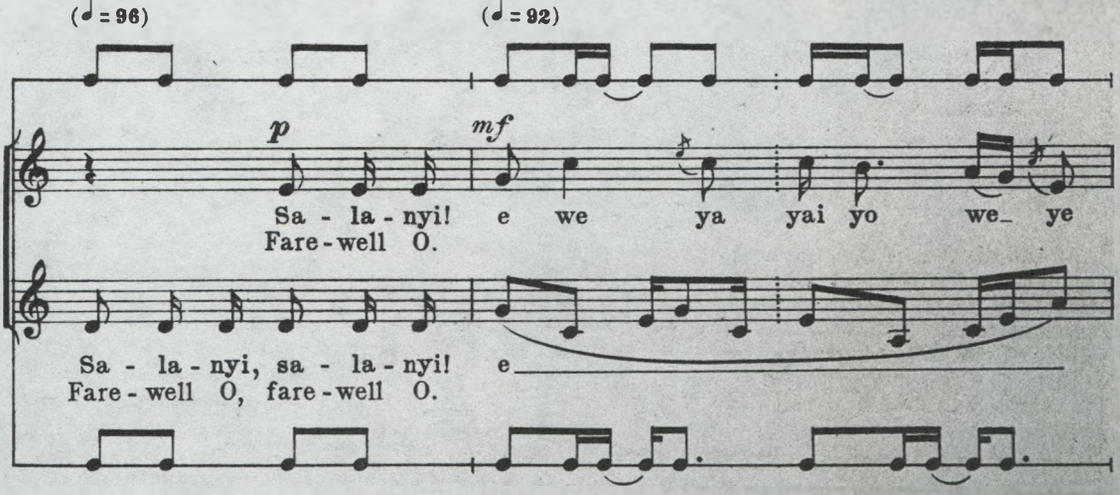


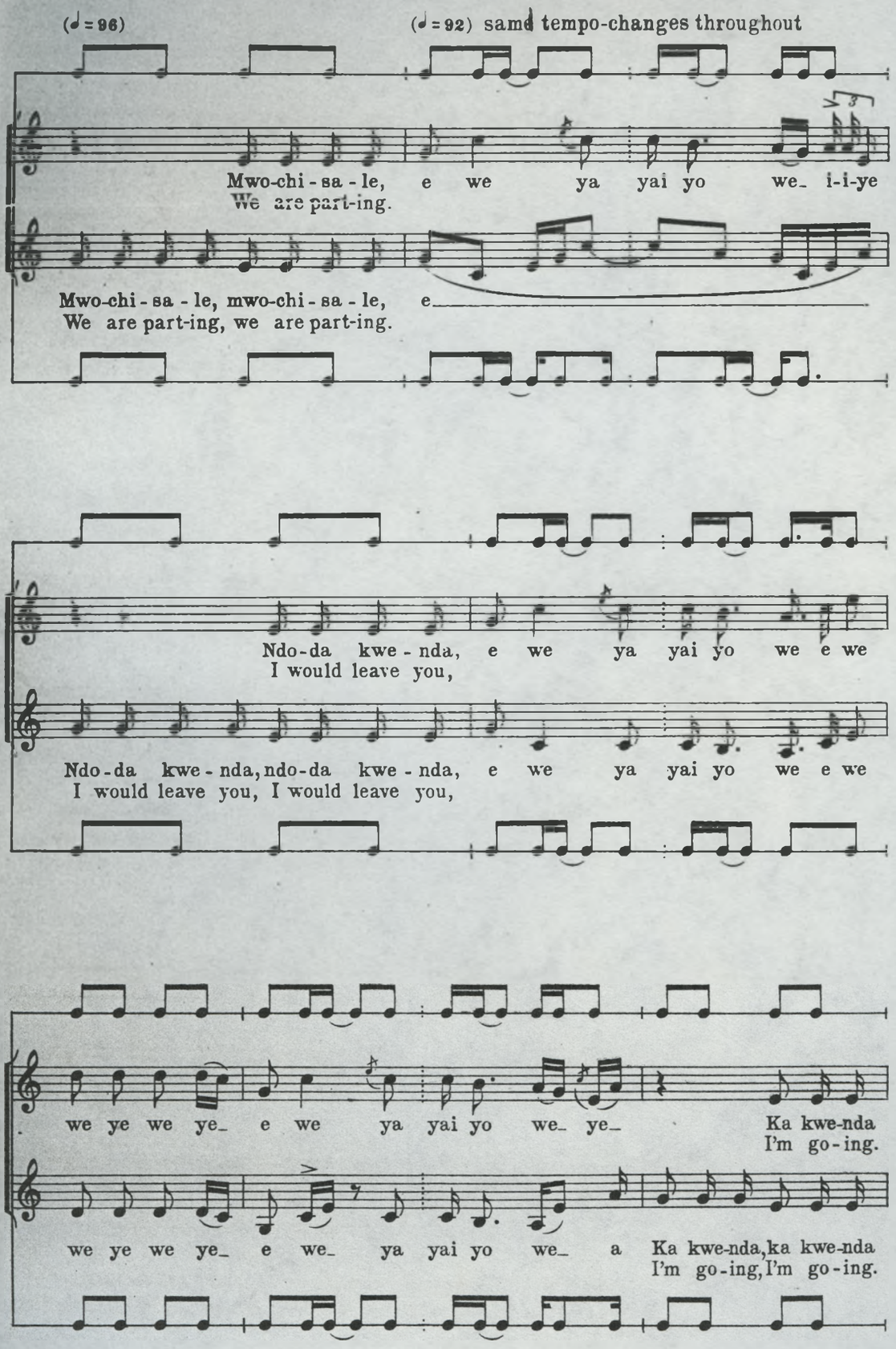


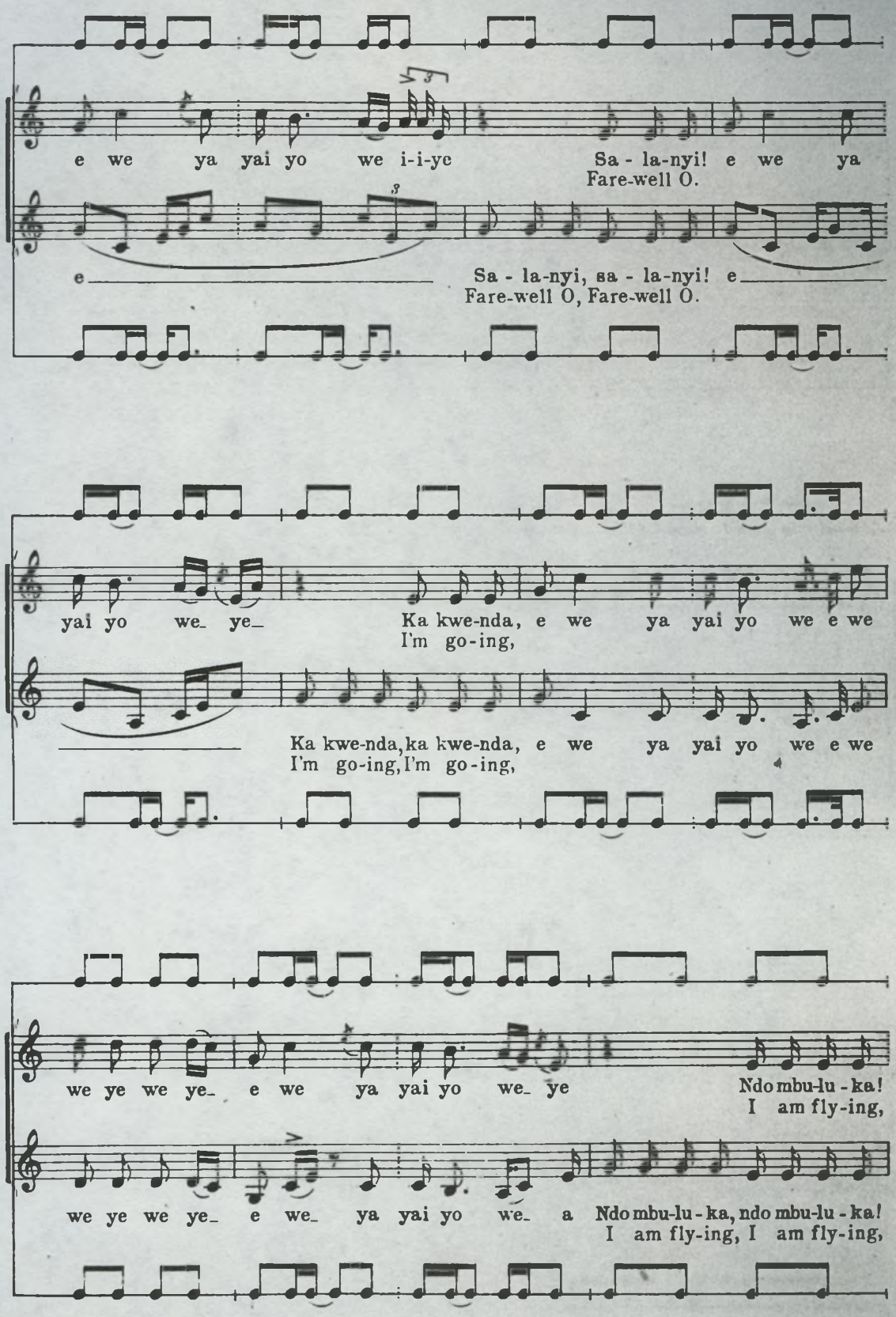
* If the rhythm of these hand-claps is beaten without the voice, the African readily recognizes the song; the rhythm to him perfectly indicates the melody. Indeed, when I was learning this song, my African instructor would make me clap without singing to see if my clapping "made the right tune." I confess that the rhythms were not easy to learn, at first, though after I had reduced them to notation they looked simple enough. The feeling of the beats bracketed in groups of three is distinctly that of a triple rhythm, brought out more clearly by the holding back of the tempo, and creating an interesting effect of cross-rhythms with the lower voice and its corresponding hand-claps.

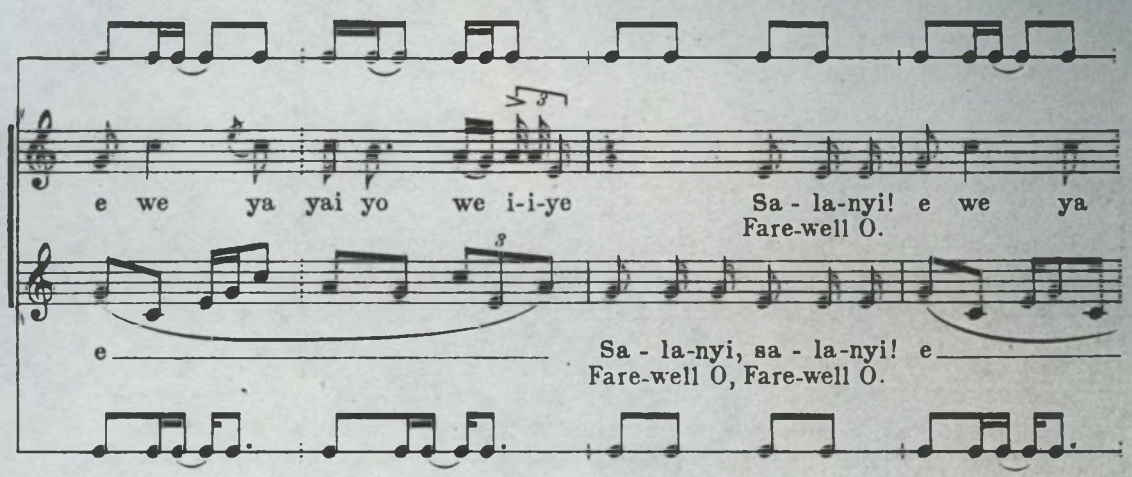

(♩ = 96)
(♩ = 92)
p
mf
Ka kwe-nda. e we ya yai yo we e we
I'm go-ing.
mf
Ka kwe-nda, ka kwe-nda. e we ya yai yo we e we
I'm go-ing, I'm go-ing.

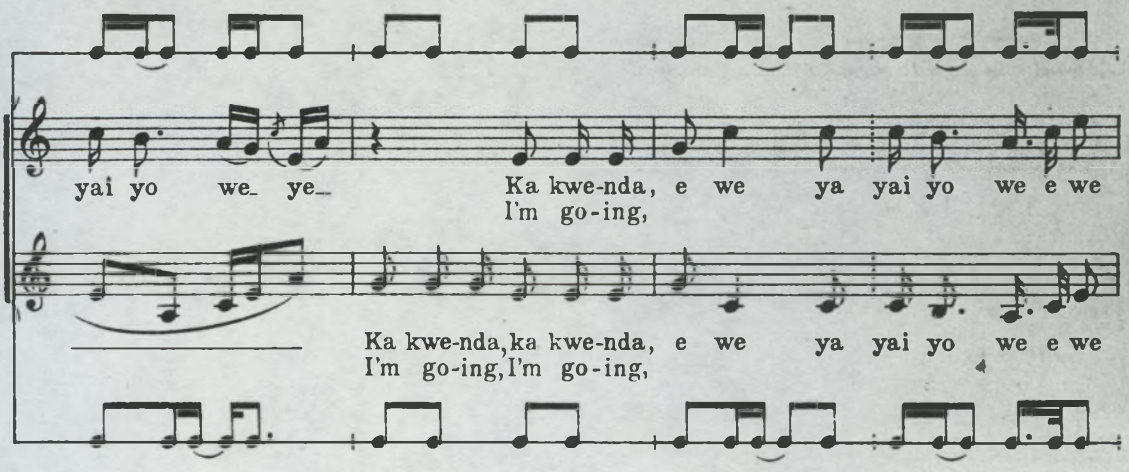

(♩ = 96)
(♩ = 92)
we ye we ye_ e we ya yai yo we_ ye_
we ye we ye_ e we_ ya yai yo we_ a

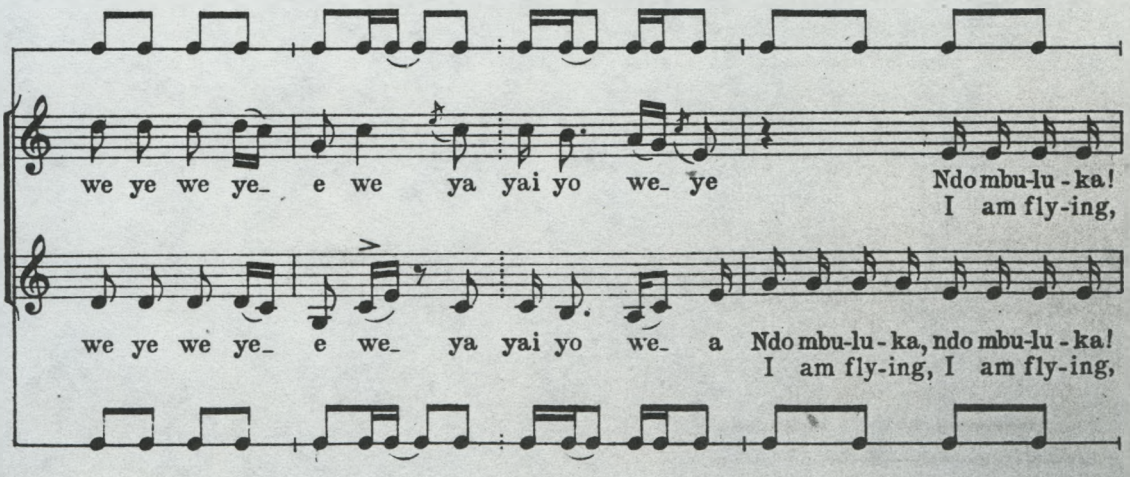

(♩ = 96)
(♩ = 92)
p
mf
Sa-la-nyi! e we ya yai yo we_ ye
Fare-well O.
Sa-la-nyi, sa-la-nyi! e
Fare-well O, fare-well O.

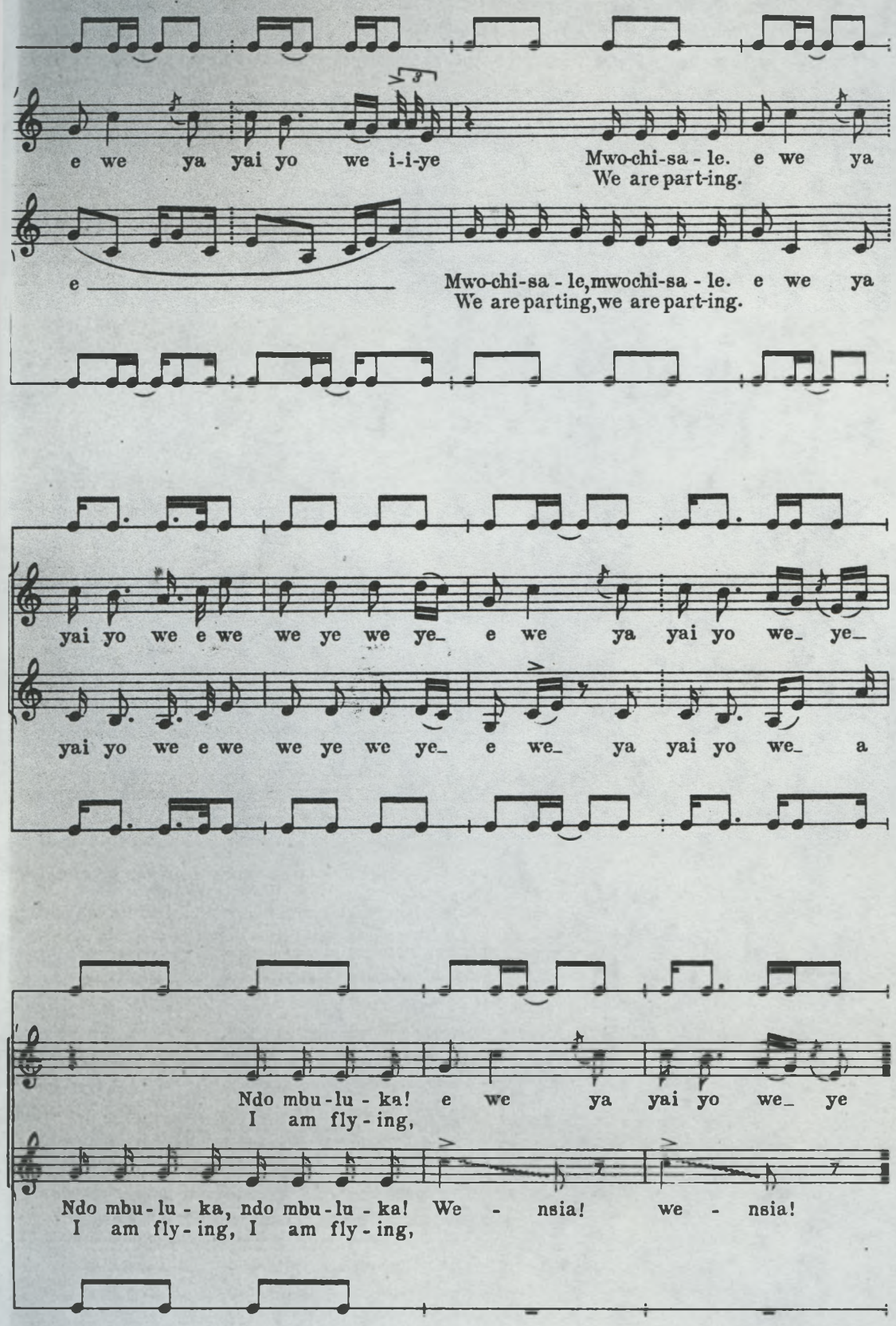

(♩= 96)
(♩= 92) same tempo-changes throughout
Mwo-chi - sa - le, e we ya yai yo we_ i-i-ye
We are part-ing.
Mwo-chi - sa - le, mwo-chi - sa - le, e
We are part-ing, we are part-ing.
Ndo-da kwe - nda, e we ya yai yo we e we
I would leave you,
Ndo-da kwe - nda, ndo-da kwe - nda, e we ya yai yo we e we
I would leave you, I would leave you,
we ye we ye_ e we ya yai yo we_ ye_
Ka kwe-nda
I'm go-ing.
we ye we ye_ e we_ ya yai yo we_ a
Ka kwe-nda, ka kwe-nda
I'm go-ing, I'm go-ing.


e we ya yai yo we i-i-ye Sa - la-nyi! e we ya
Fare-well O.
e Sa - la-nyi, sa - la-nyi! e
Fare-well O, Fare-well O.
yai yo we_ ye_ Ka kwe-nda, e we ya yai yo we e we
I'm go-ing,
Ka kwe-nda, ka kwe-nda, e we ya yai yo we e we
I'm go-ing, I'm go-ing,
we ye we ye_ e we ya yai yo we_ ye Ndo mbu-lu - ka!
I am fly-ing,
we ye we ye_ e we_ ya yai yo we_ a Ndo mbu-lu - ka, ndo mbu-lu - ka!
I am fly-ing, I am fly-ing,


e we ya yai yo we i-i-ye
Sa - la-nyi! e we ya
Fare-well O.
e
Sa - la-nyi, sa - la-nyi! e
Fare-well O, Fare-well O.


yai yo we ye
Ka kwe-nda, e we ya yai yo we e we
I'm go-ing,
Ka kwe-nda, ka kwe-nda, e we ya yai yo we e we
I'm go-ing, I'm go-ing,


we ye we ye e we ya yai yo we ye
Ndo mbu-lu-ka!
I am fly-ing,
we ye we ye e we ya yai yo we a
Ndo mbu-lu-ka, ndo mbu-lu-ka!
I am fly-ing, I am fly-ing,

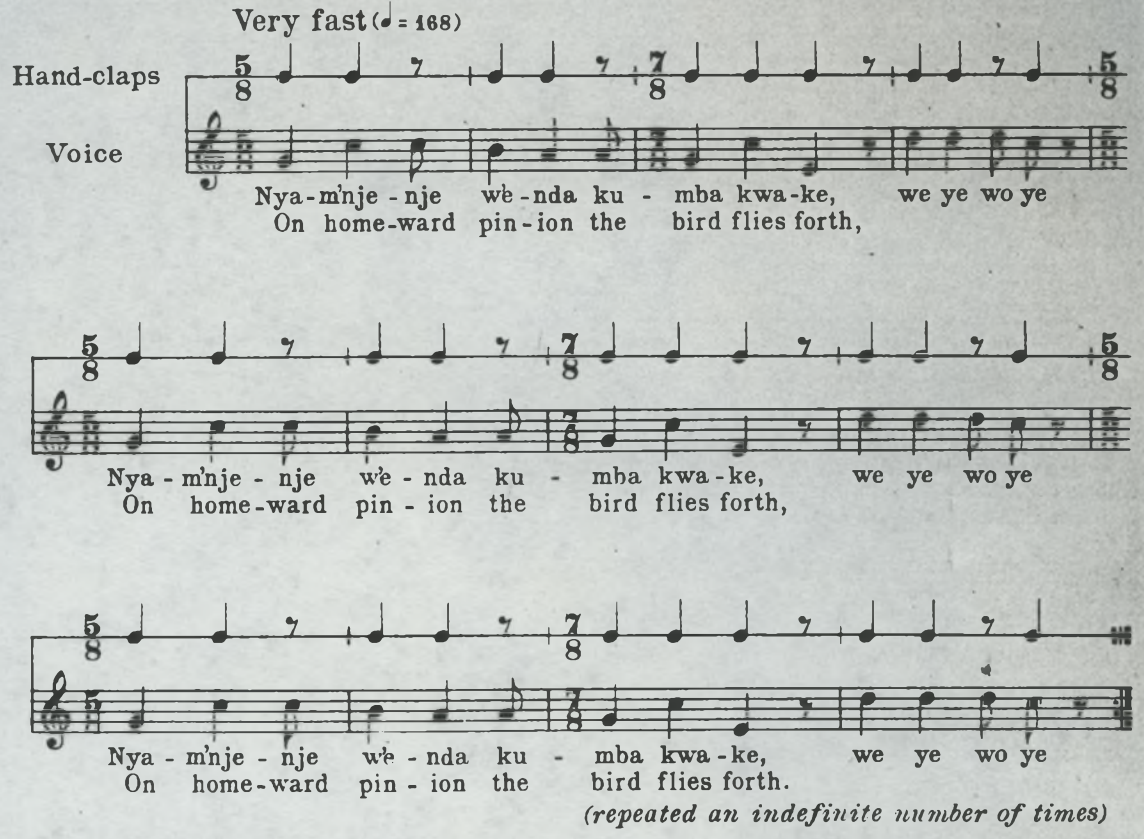

e we ya yai yo we i-i-ye
Mwo-chi-sa - le. e we ya
We are part-ing.
e
Mwo-chi-sa - le, mwochi-sa - le. e we ya
We are parting, we are part-ing.
yai yo we e we we ye we ye_ e we ya yai yo we_ ye_
yai yo we e we we ye we ye_ e we_ ya yai yo we_ a
Ndo mbu-lu - ka! e we ya yai yo we_ ye
I am fly - ing,
Ndo mbu-lu - ka, ndo mbu-lu - ka! We - nsia! we - nsia!
I am fly - ing, I am fly - ing,

Manthi'ki
Spirit-Song
II

The form of this song comprises three distinct sections, each of which can be sung any number of times before the final cry of "Wensia!" announces the flight of the spirit, and thus the end of the song.

1

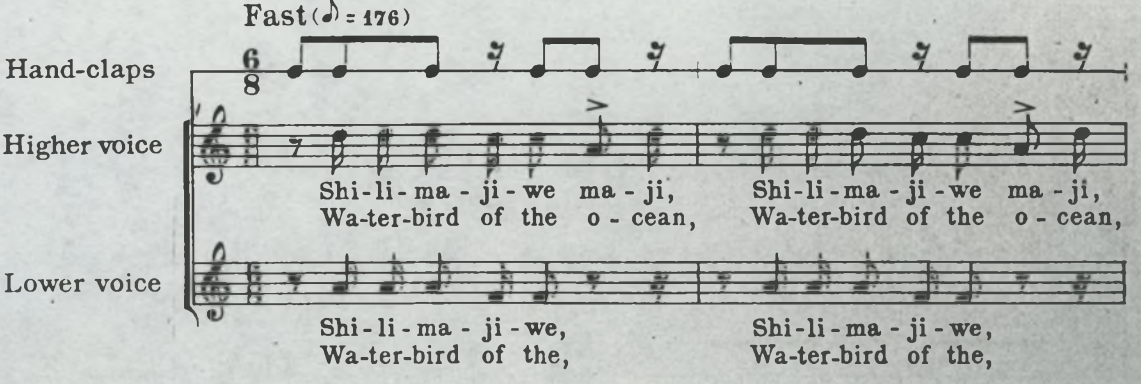
Nyam'nje-nje
The Bird

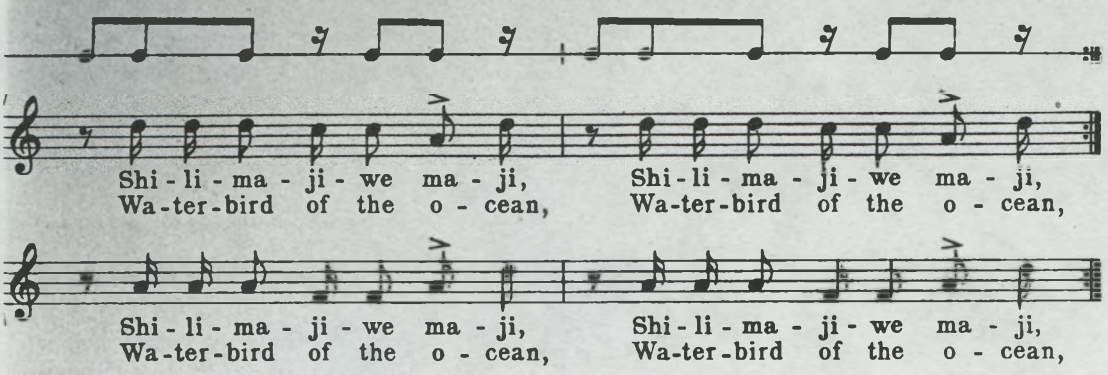


(repeated an indefinite number of times)

Note: The structure of the above song consists in a melody conforming absolutely to the rhythm of the song-words — a rhythm which I have sought to reproduce in the translation.

2



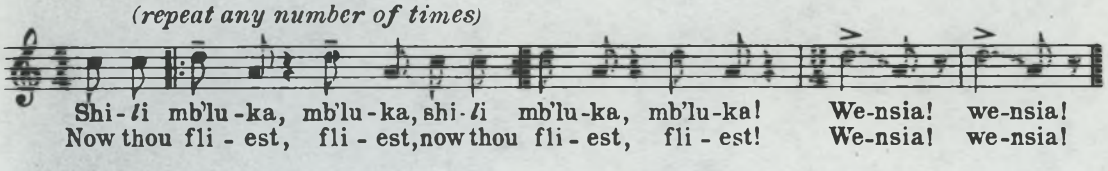


Hand-claps cease

Moderate time (♩ = 132)

(repeat any number of times)

Slow (♩ = 108)

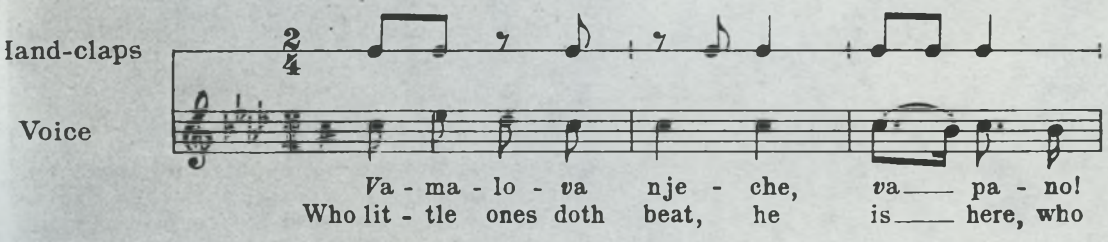


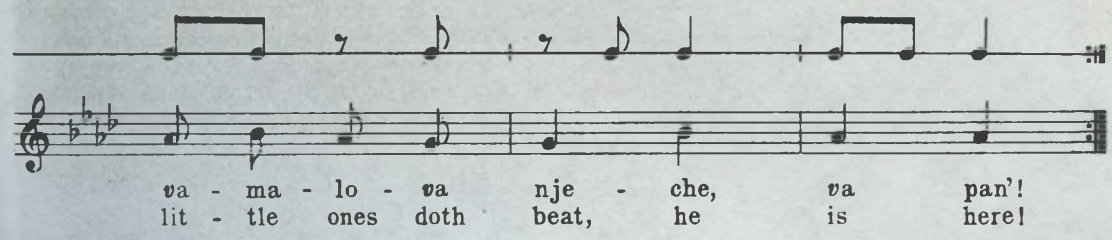
Manthi'ki

Spirit-Song

III

In moderate time (♩ = 104)



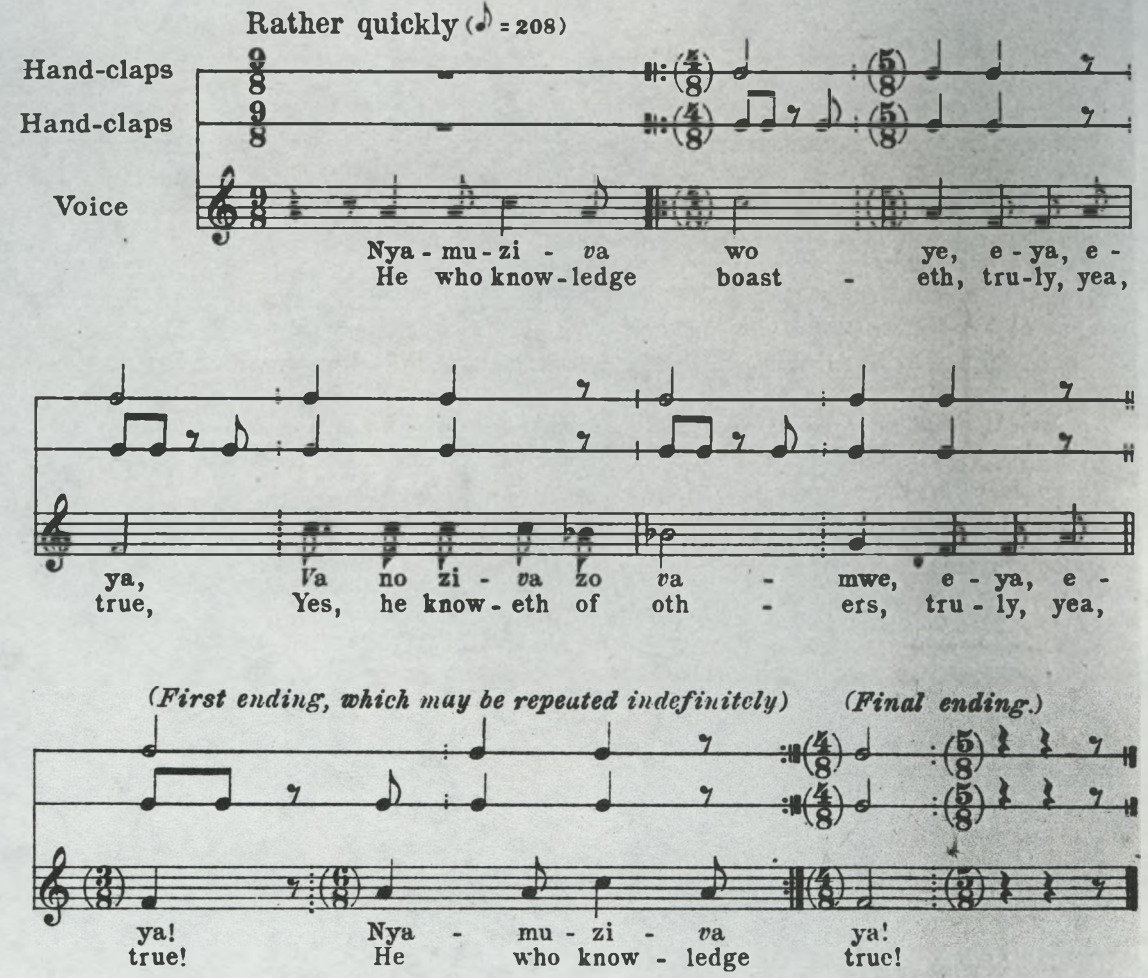


(repeat indefinitely)

Man*thi*'ki

Spirit-Song

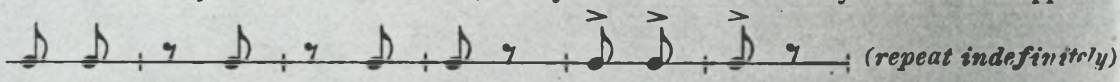
IV



This song is usually accompanied first by only the first hand-clapping. But excitement grows as the song is repeated, the tempo accelerates, and the second hand-clapping is added to the first. During its many repetitions the song increases in dynamic intensity until a climax is reached; then the fervor wanes, the tempo becomes slower, the volume of voices dies down, the second hand-clapping ceases, and the song ends as it began, with single accompaniment of the first hand-clapping.

Most African dances are dynamic in character, beginning softly and in moderate time, then speeding to a climax, and at the end, dying away. During the life of the song different dance-steps correspond to the different hand-clappings.

In the Man*thi*'ki (Spirit-Songs) wonderful contrasting effects of dynamic percussion-sounds are made by striking the hands in different ways, sometimes arching the hands in cup-like formation, which gives a deep hollow sound, again striking the hands flat together with a hard, dry smack. For instance, a very common Man*thi*'ki rhythm is thus clapped.

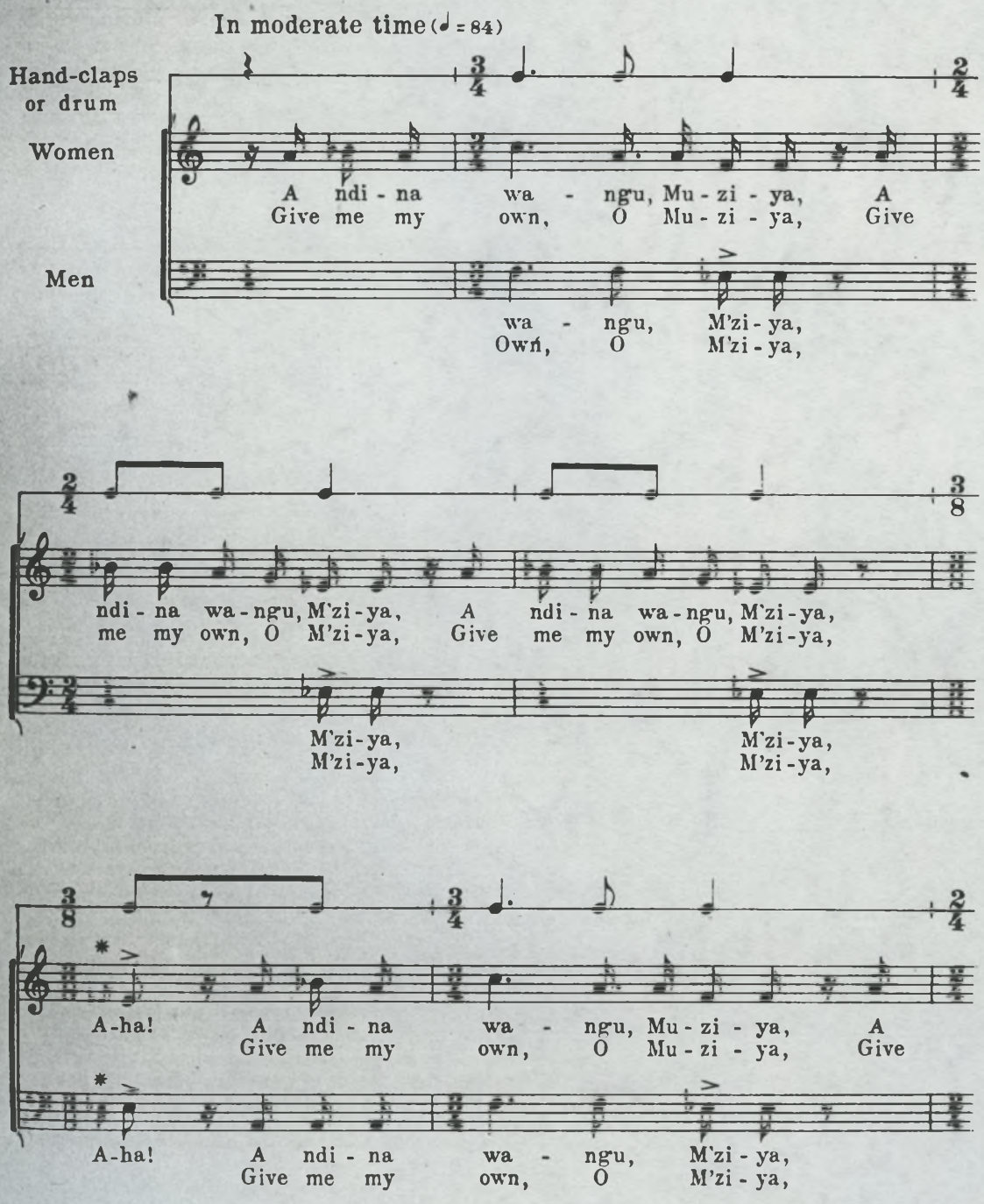


hollow hands *right* hand uppermost. hollow hands *left* hand uppermost. hollow hands *right* hand uppermost. flat slaps

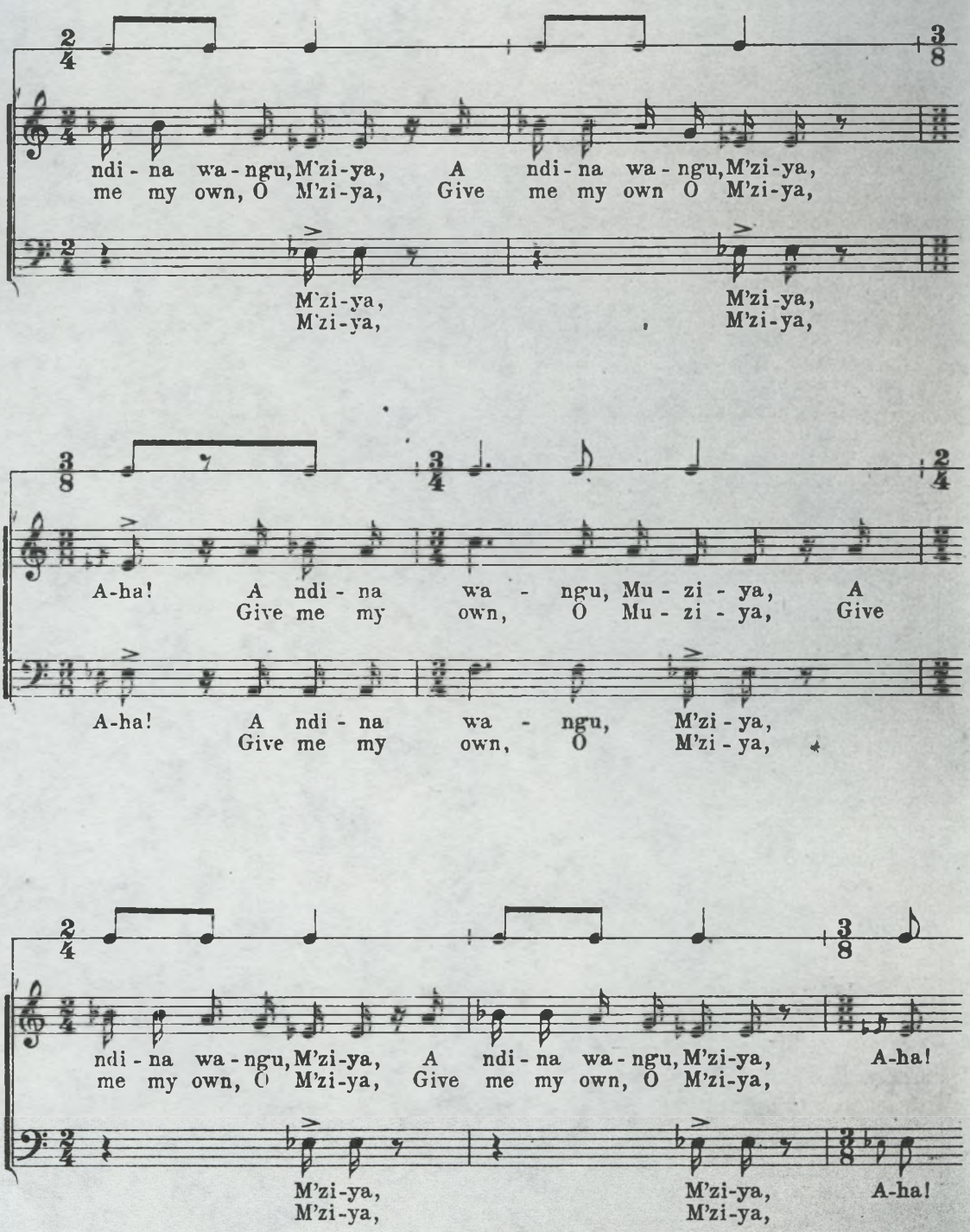
Lu'mbo lgo Lu'do

Song of Love

(Also used as a Dance-Song,
in which case it is usually ac-
companied by hand-clapping.
The dance is slow and dignified.)



* An ejaculation, half-sighed, half-spoken, not really sung on any given note.

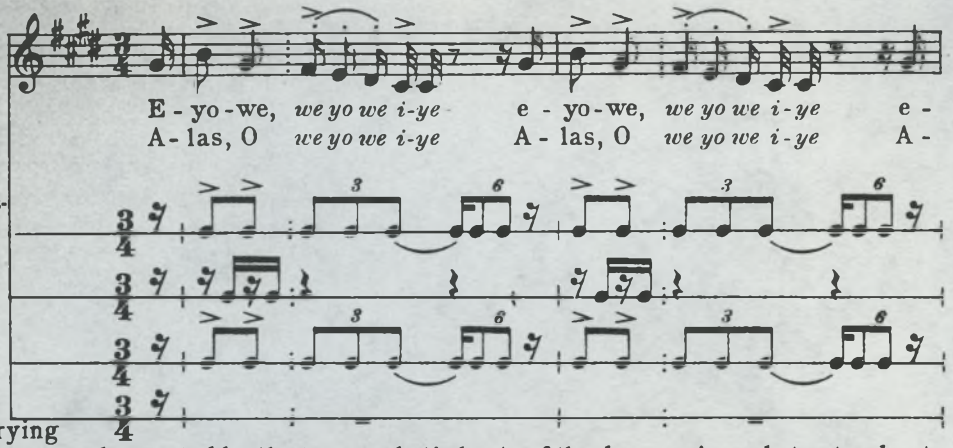


(Repeated an indefinite number of times, ending with the final ejaculation, "A-ha!")

Mafuve

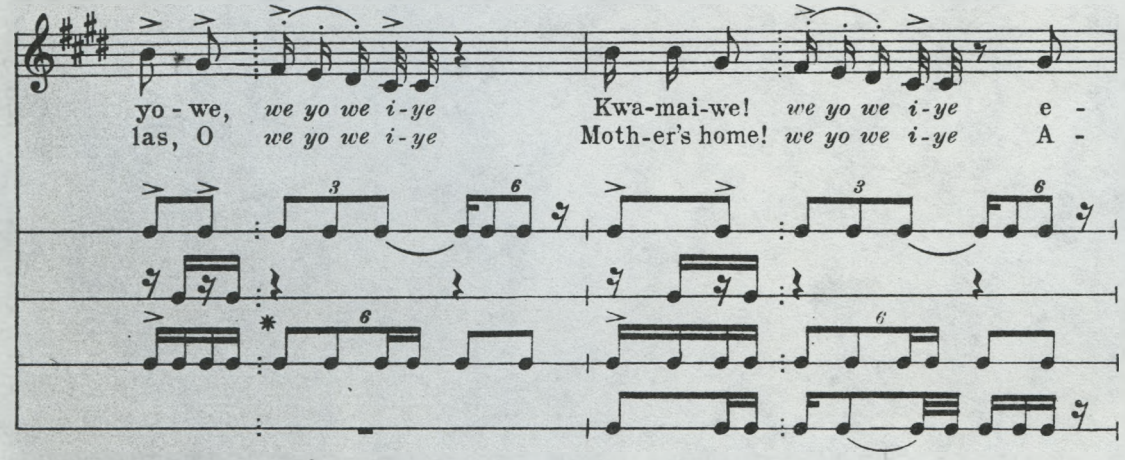
Dance of Girls

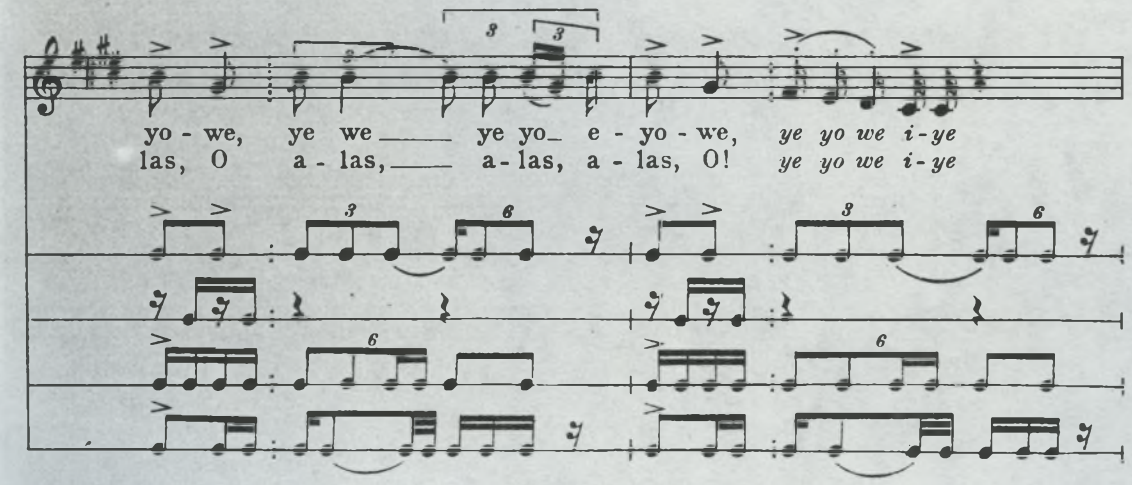
Not fast (♩ = 63)



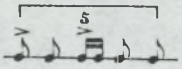
Hand-claps

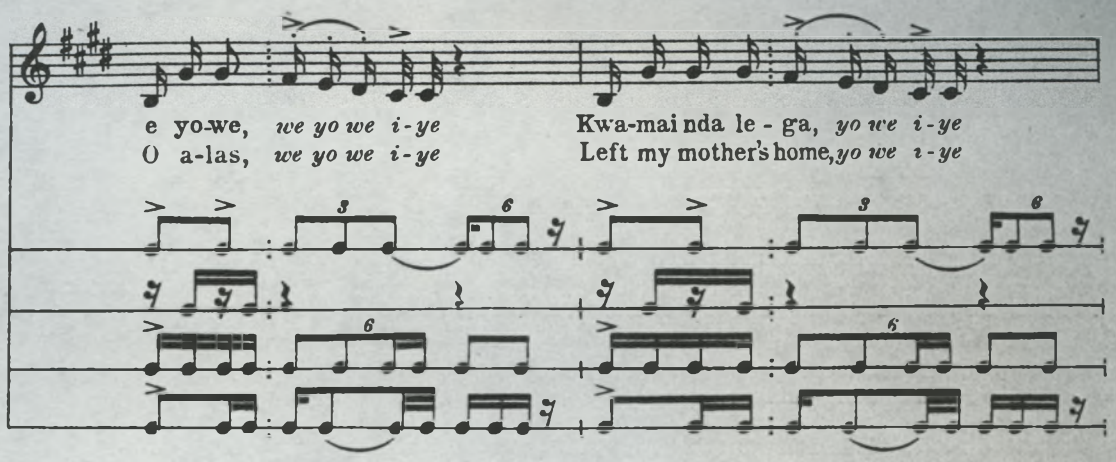
Only the two dancers can clap this clap; though they as well as the onlookers may also clap all the other claps. The first beat of each bar, carrying the words of the song and accented by the two emphatic beats of the dancers, is made to stand out vigorously from the rest of the song; the following syllables, accompanied by the more rapid hand-clapping, sound somewhat parenthetical in character.



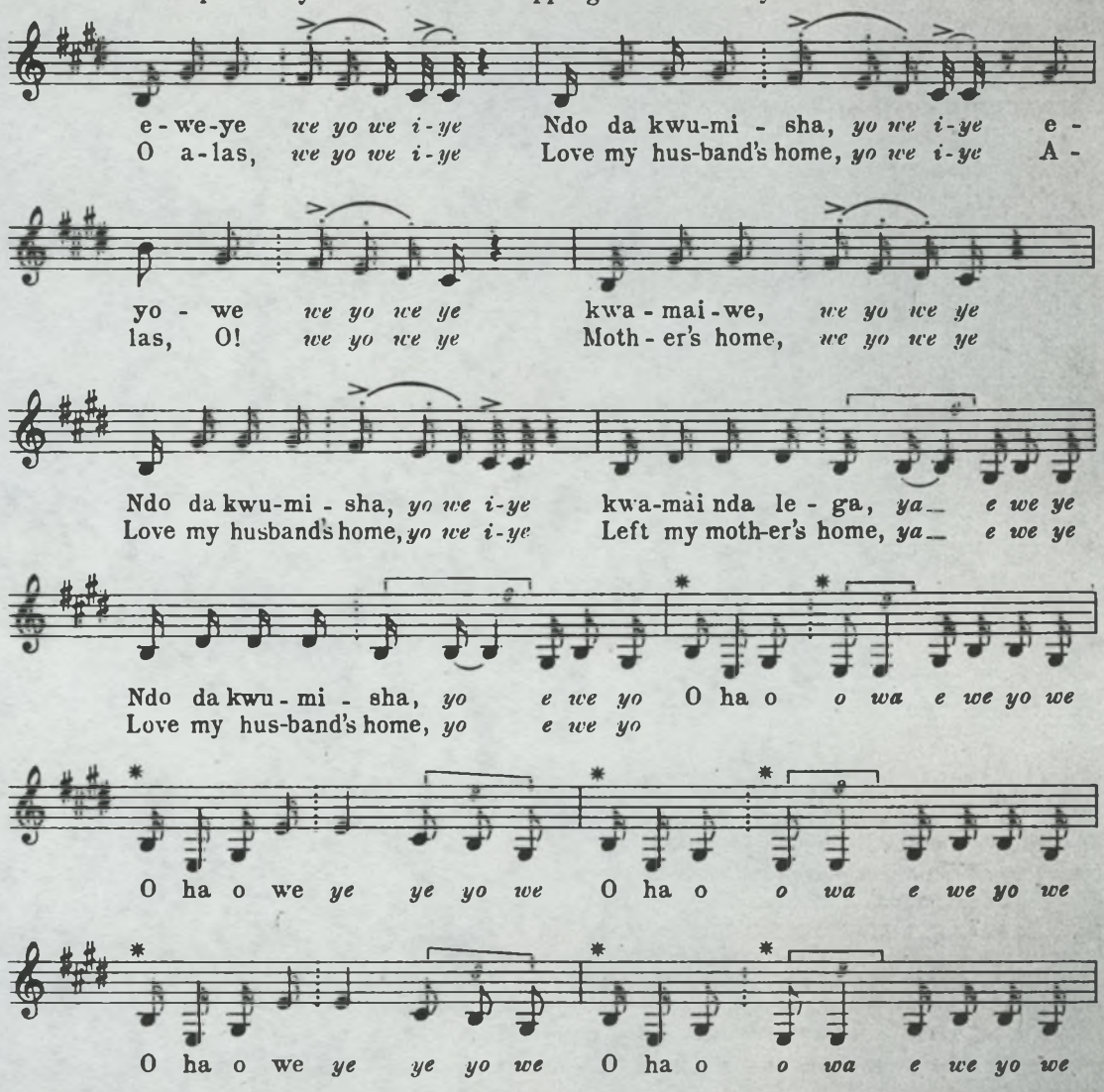


* Sometimes this rhythm is used for beats 2 and 3:

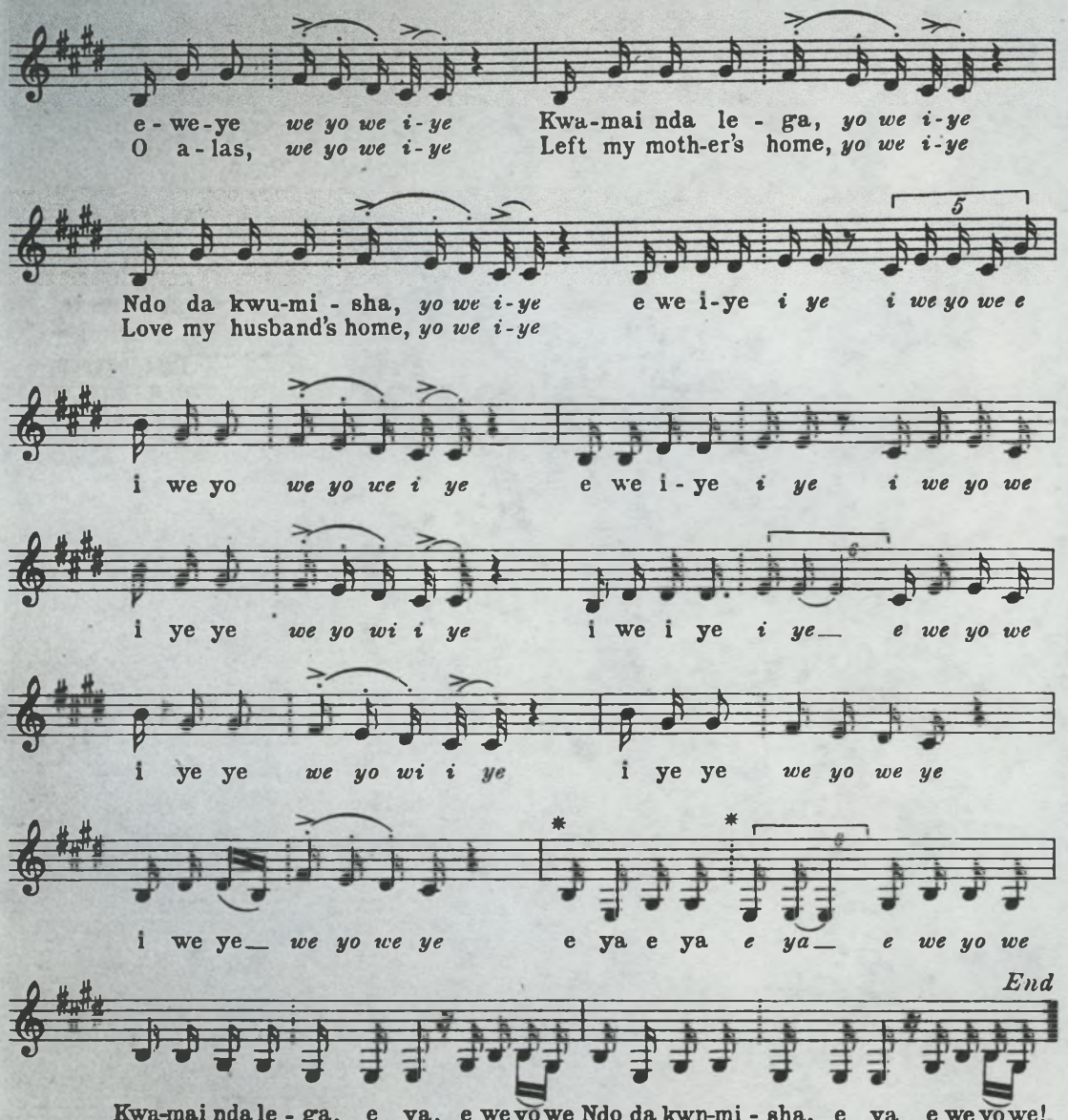




(Accompanied by the same hand-clapping and dance-rhythms.)



* Bars marked with an asterisk are sung with a strange, guttural, grunting noise.



Note. Any phrase or group of phrases of this song may be repeated an indefinite number of times, so the song may be sung for an hour, or an hour and a half, steadily. There is no prescribed order for the sequence of words, or of phrases, though the above gives all the different words and phrases used, and the proper ending.

Though the four different kinds of hand-clapping are here written out *consecutively* (for the sake of clarity), no one person claps the same rhythm throughout the song, but may clap for two or three bars in one way and then for two or three bars another, interchanging at will. A chorus of clapping, composed of all four rhythms sounding at the same time, is always heard, however, as soon as the song is well under way. The second clap: is clapped only by the two dancers, though these may vary this kind of clapping with the other three kinds.

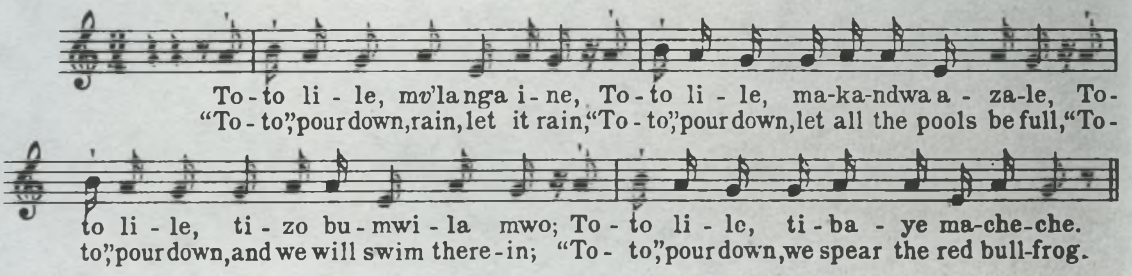
Children's Songs

I

"Mu-to-to-li'le"

"Drip-drop the Rain"

Not fast (♩ = 60)

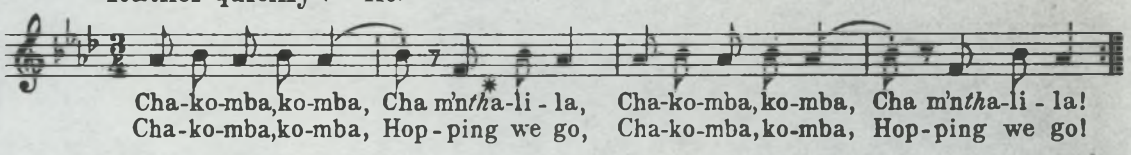


II

"Cha-Ko'mba, Ko'mba"

Hopping Song

Rather quickly (♩ = 116)



* *th* is not pronounced as in English. The t is followed by an aspirate *h*.

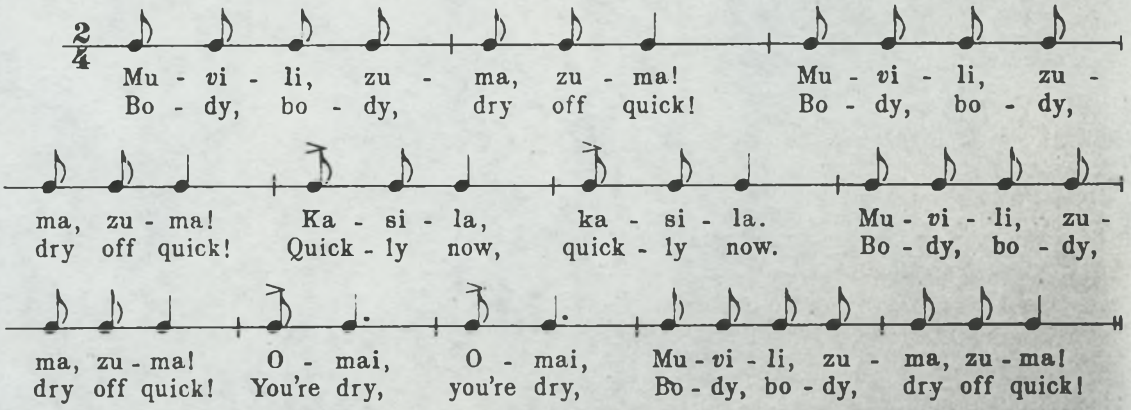
III

Muvi'li Zu'ma, Zu'ma

Drying Song

A rhythmic chant, spoken rather than sung

Rather quickly (♩ = 116)



This little chant offers a striking example of the way in which accents on African words chanted or sung, are different from those given to the same words when used in common speech. This custom of changing the accent (producing in the singer's mind a sort of verbal syncopation) is analogous to the way in which the American Negro changes the accents of the English language when singing. (See foreword to Book II, Negro Folk-songs.)

Laboring Song No. I

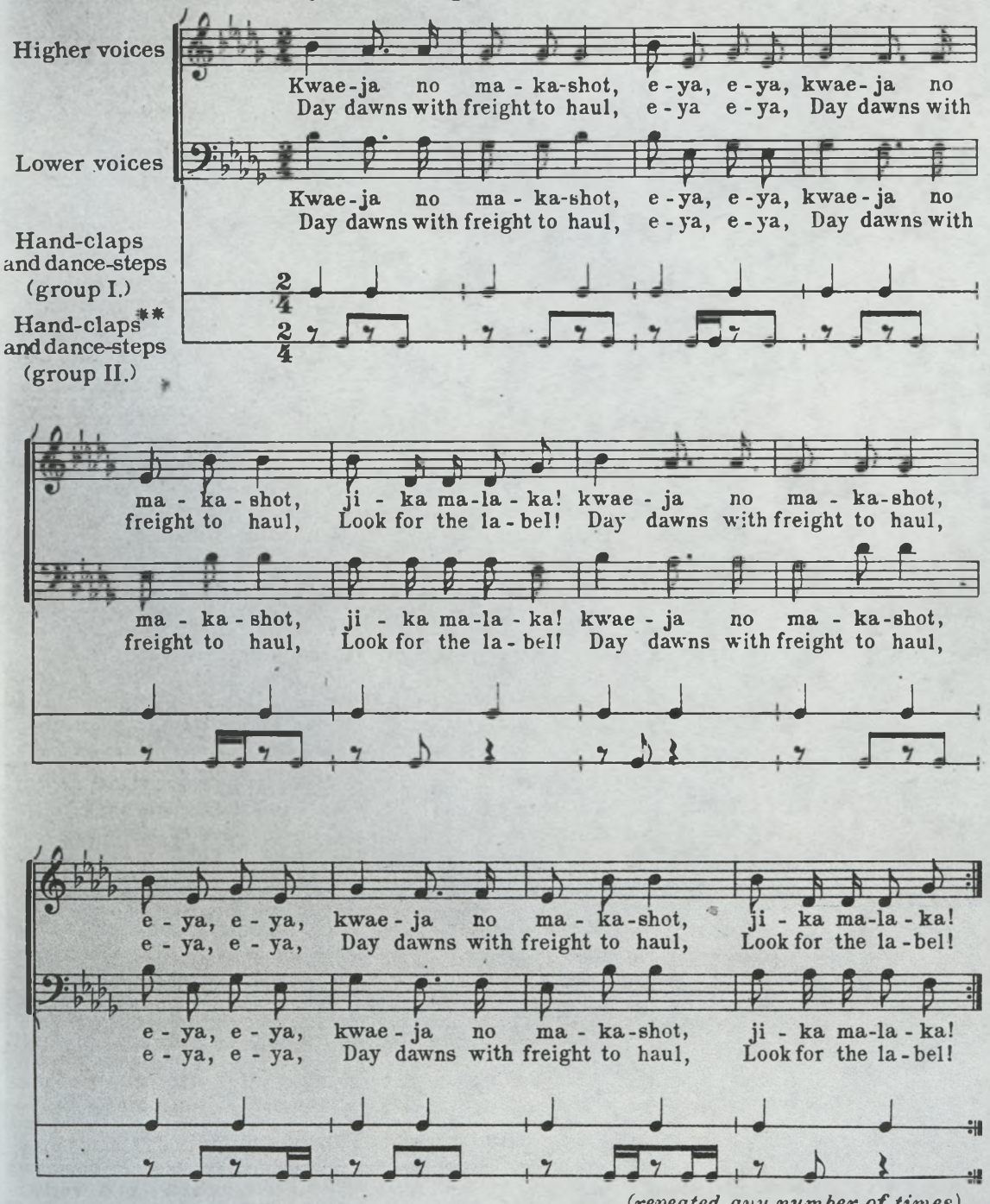
(Also used as a Dance-Song)*

"Kwae'ja no makashot'"

"Day dawns with freight to haul"

Sung on the shipping docks.

Rhythmic and spirited, with broad, swinging movement (♩ = 108)



(repeated any number of times)

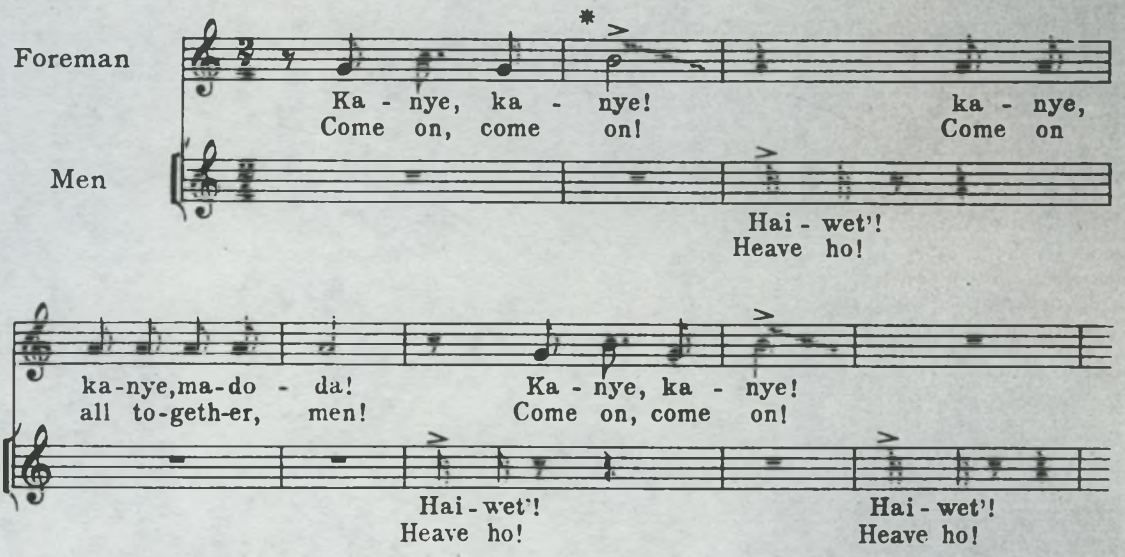
* When used as a dance-song, this song is called "Nthoko'do"("dance"):

** The various rhythms of this second group may be used in any order the dancer wishes.

Laboring Chant

This is a rhythmic chant of a group of laborers pulling or pushing heavy things. The native foreman calls out "Ka'nye, Mado'da!" "All together, men!" Then the men as they push or pull say "Hai-wetu!" syllables which are not real words with a definite meaning, but a rhythmic expression which corresponds to "Heave ho!" The words "Ka'nye mado'da" are Zulu.

Rather slowly and with great emphasis (♩ = 92)

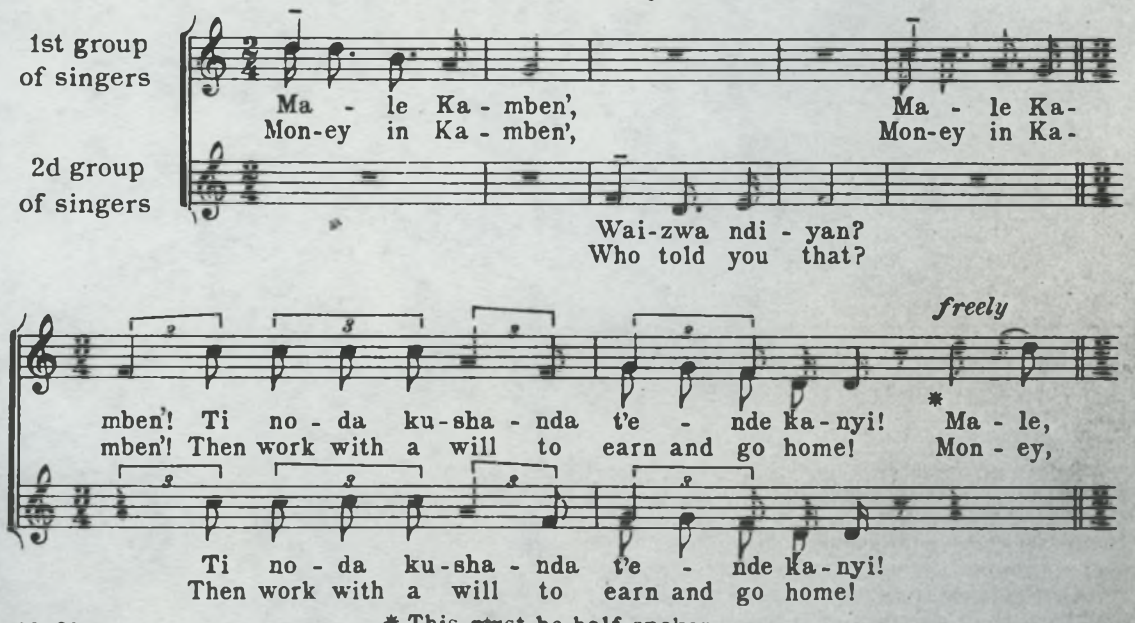


* The foreman's voice drops in a long downward slur. The notes are not always a pure major third, the phrase being merely a rhythmic call to the men rather than a song. The ejaculation "Hai-wet'!" while pulling or pushing is spoken, not sung.

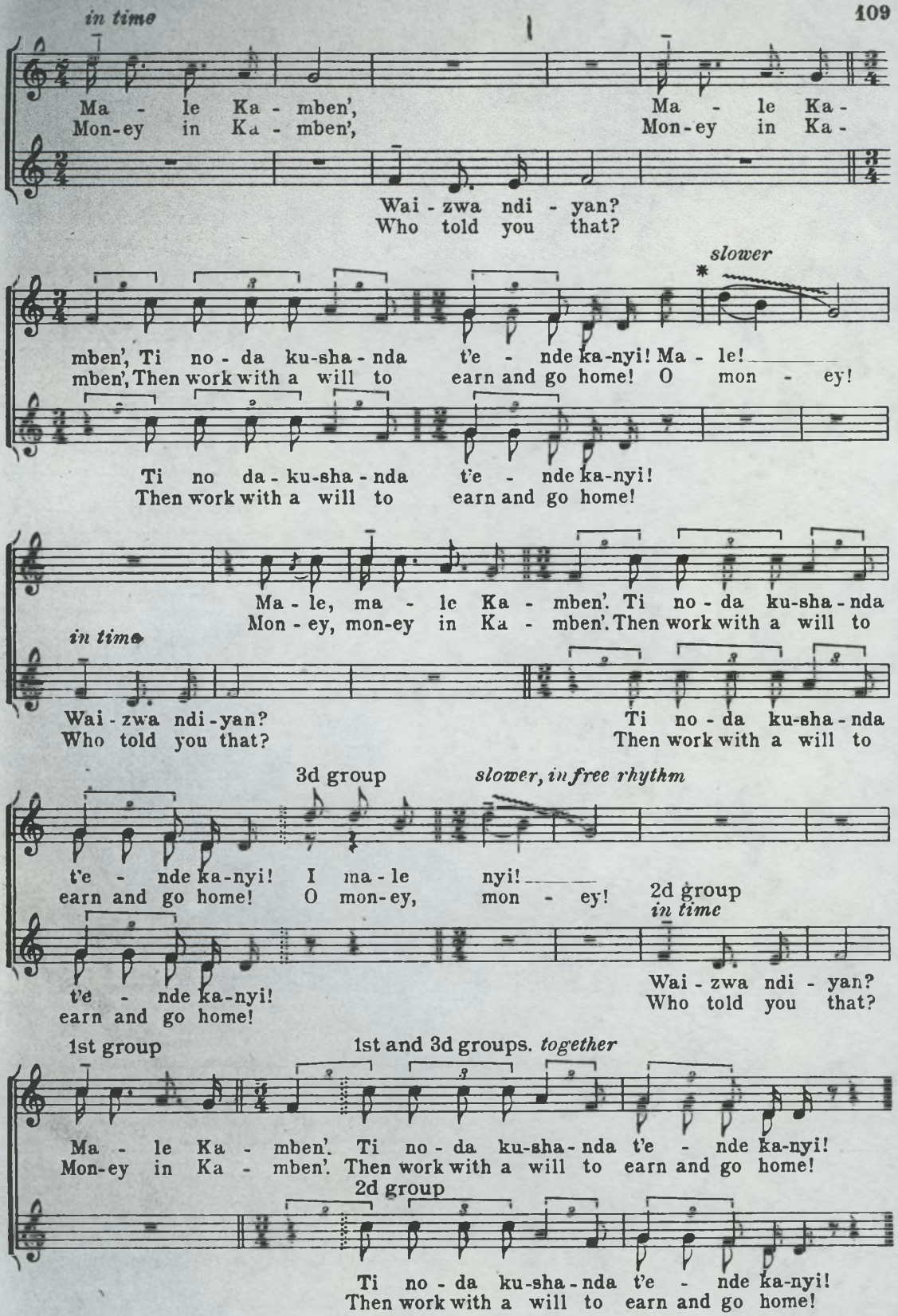
Laboring Song No. II

Ma'le Kambe'n'
Money in Kamben'

Not fast, but with sweeping rhythmic force (♩ = 88)



* This must be half spoken



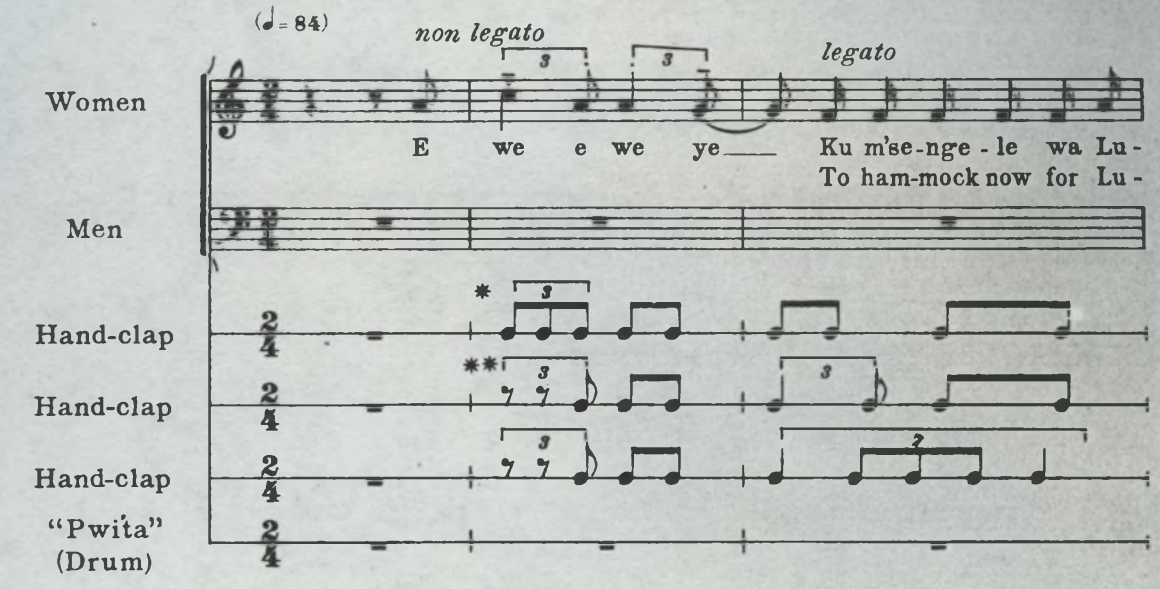
* Long-drawn portamento, no distinct tones heard. It is simply a long call beginning on D, and sliding down.

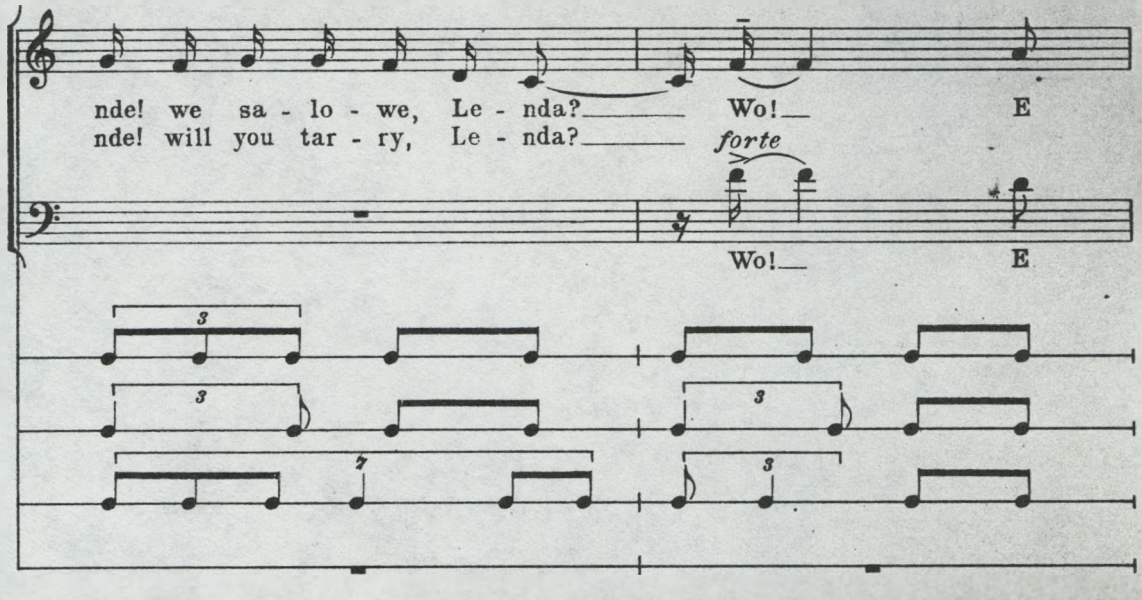
This song may be repeated an indefinite number of times and the word "male" may be sung in any of the ways indicated, varying the order with the different repetitions. The singers usually end with the phrase "ti noda kushanda ti ende kanyi."

Pwi'ta

Dance-Song

Dance-songs accompanied by the "Pwi'ta", a certain kind of drum, are called "Pwi'ta".





* Though these different kinds of hand-clapping are written separately for the sake of clarity, they are interchangeable; the singers clap as they choose, varying the rhythm according to their fancy.

** This rhythm is identical with the rhythm of the Spanish "Habanera," and through the Spaniards is prevalent in Mexico and South America. As the name indicates, the "Habanera" came from Havana. The rhythm may have been learned by the Spaniards from the blacks; it is also found among the Moors and the Arabs and is common in North Africa. See interrelation of Semitic and Negro cultures, page xiv.

(Here the voices of the women sound out loud above those of the men)

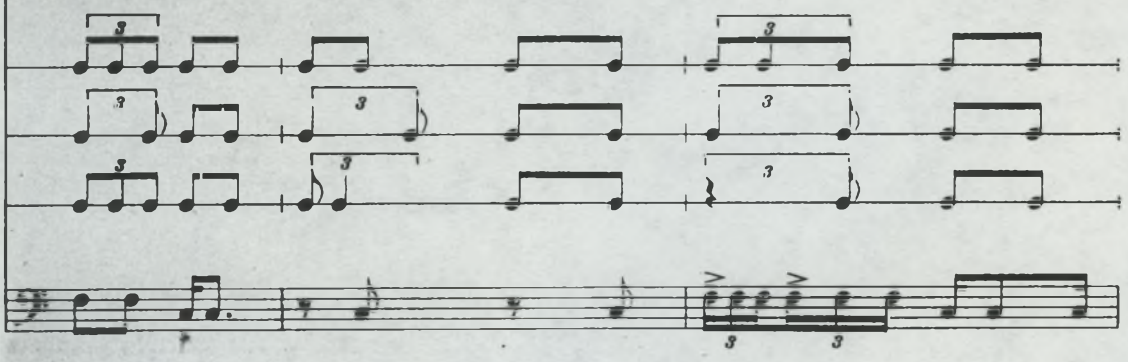
non legato *legato* *legato*

we e we ye— Ma-ndi-ba-ye we ye— Ma-ndi-ba-ye we— Le-nda?
Ma-ndi-ba-ye Ma-ndi-ba-ye you and Le-nda?

(Here the voices of the men sound out loud above those of the women)

legato

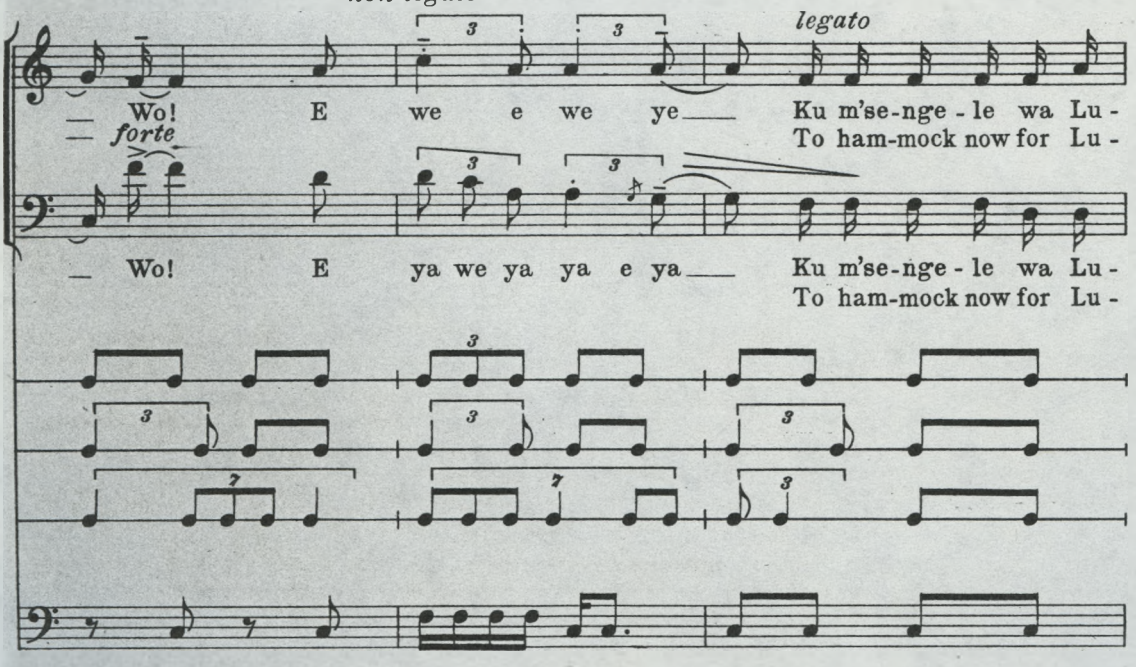
ya we ya ya e ya— Ku m'se-nge-le wa Lu-nde! we sa - lo - we,— Le-nda?
To ham-mock now for Lu-nde! will you tar - ry,— Le-nda?



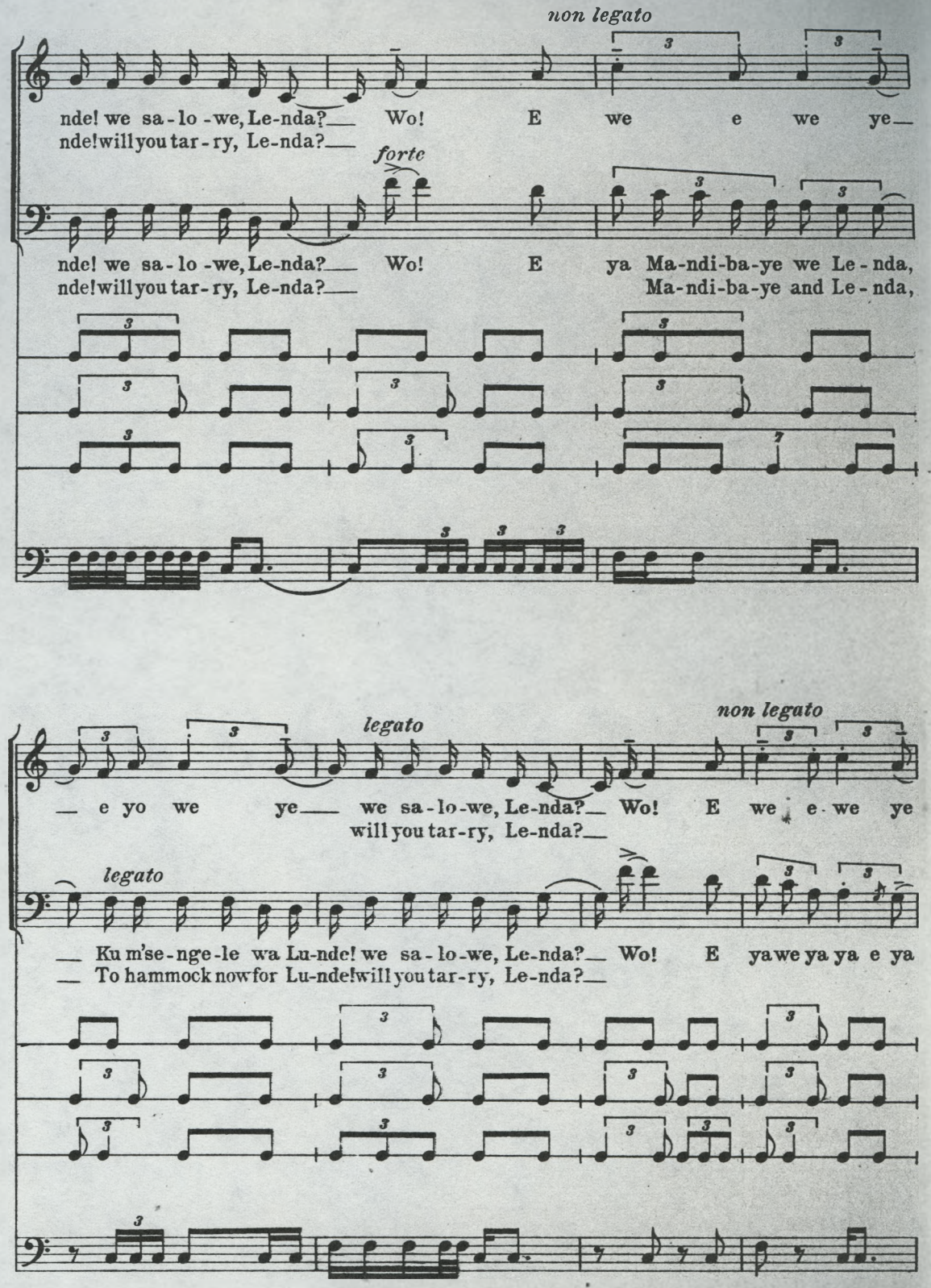
non legato *legato*

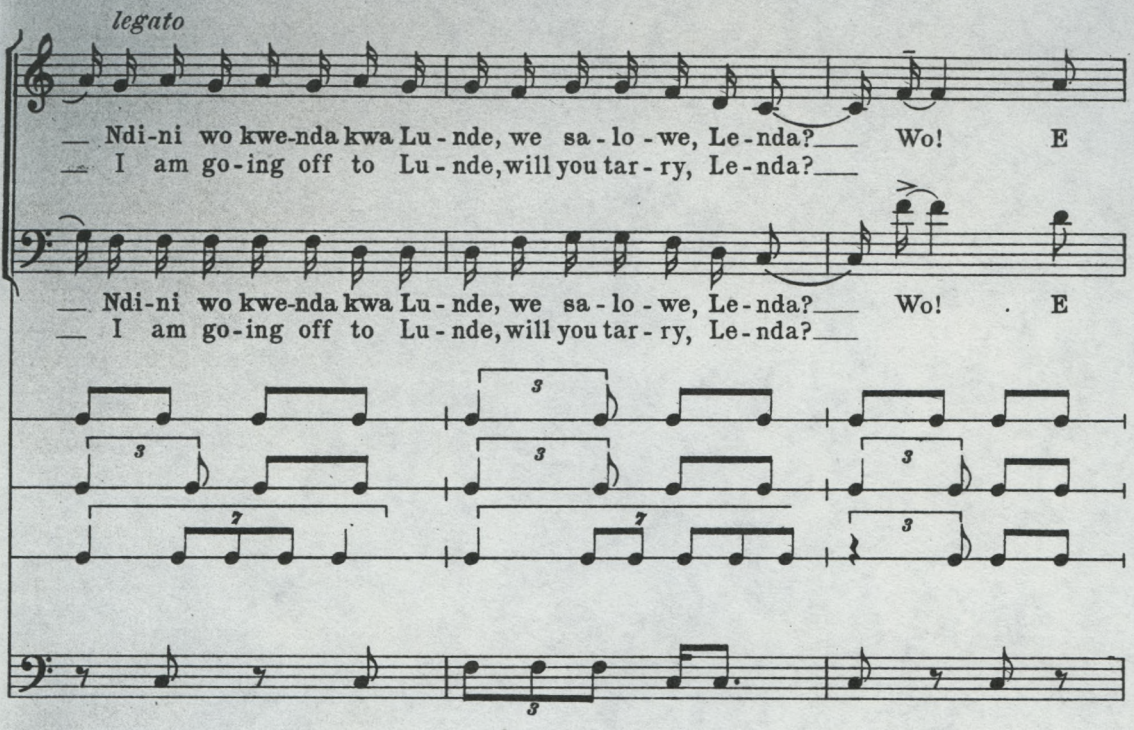
Wo! E we e we ye— Ku m'se-nge-le wa Lu-
forte To ham-mock now for Lu-

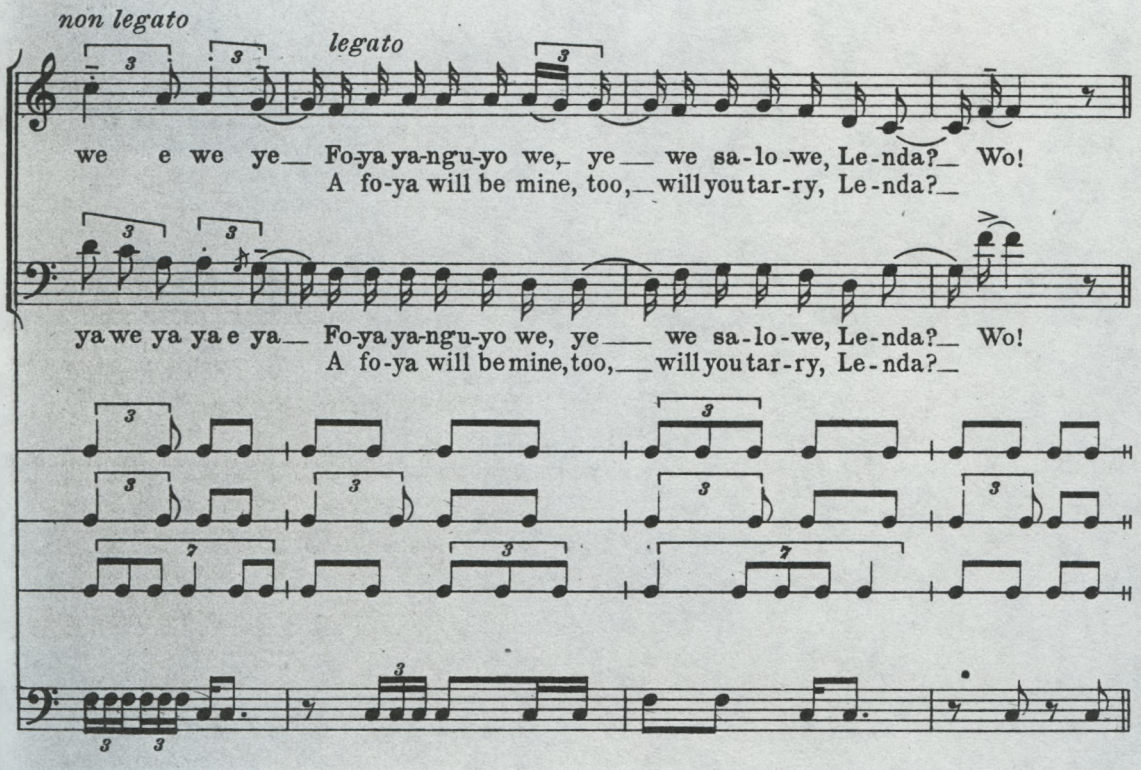
Wo! E ya we ya ya e ya— Ku m'se-nge-le wa Lu-
To ham-mock now for Lu-



The "Pwita" has still other rhythmic variants than those here recorded, the player making them up at his pleasure; sometimes he ceases to play for a bar or two, when the hole in the rhythmic accompaniment made by his pause, and the sudden forceful beginning again, are most effective and dramatic.


non legato
nde! we sa-lo-we, Le-nda?— Wo! E we e we ye—
nde! will you tar-ry, Le-nda?—
forte
nde! we sa-lo-we, Le-nda?— Wo! E ya Ma-ndi-ba-ye we Le-nda,
nde! will you tar-ry, Le-nda?— Ma-ndi-ba-ye and Le-nda,
legato
non legato
— e yo we ye— we sa-lo-we, Le-nda?— Wo! E we e we ye
will you tar-ry, Le-nda?—
legato
— Ku m'se-nge-le wa Lu-nde! we sa-lo-we, Le-nda?— Wo! E yawe ya ya e ya
— To hammock now for Lu-nde! will you tar-ry, Le-nda?—



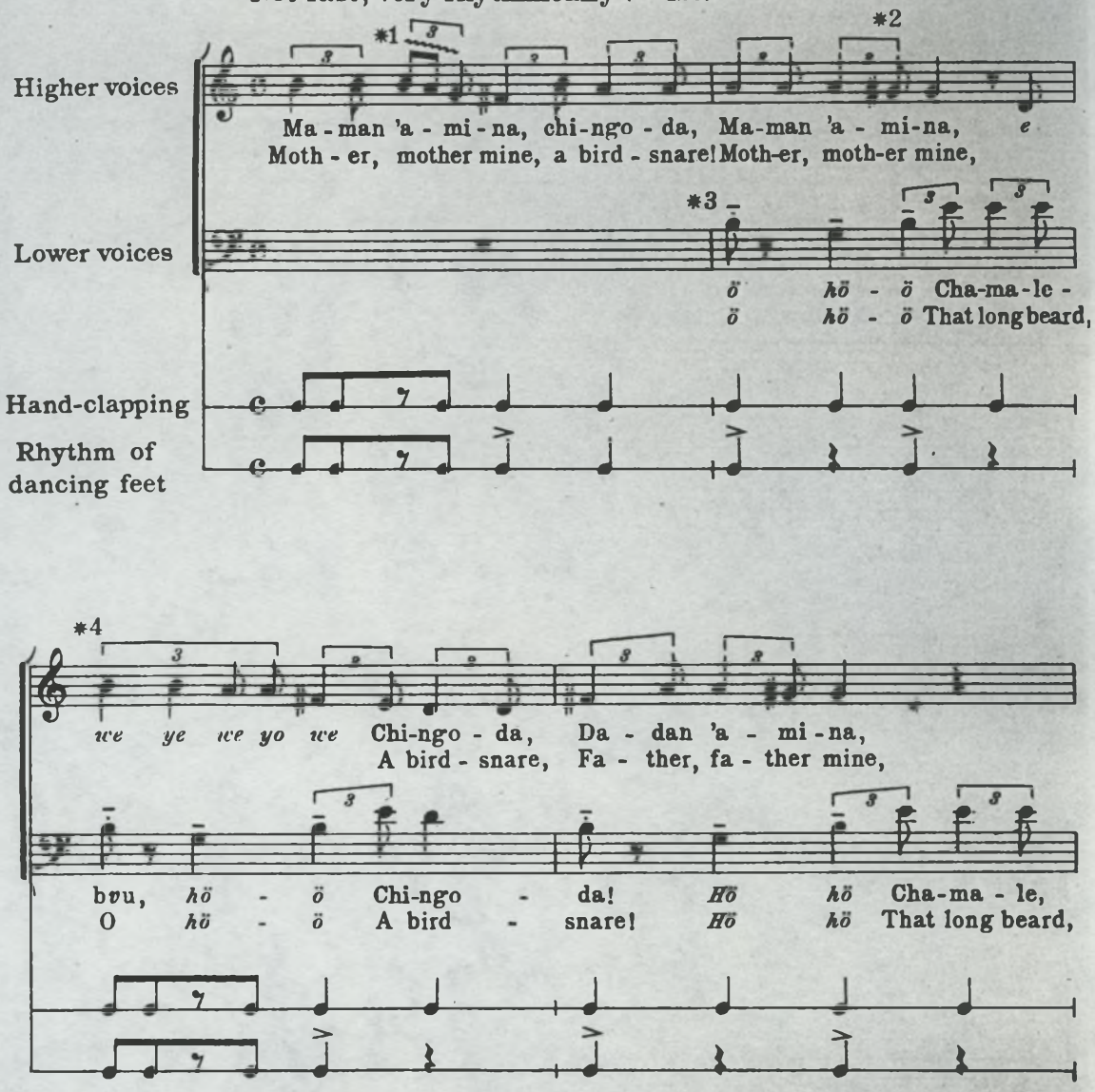


These phrases, repeated *ad libitum* (not necessarily in the order here given), may be sung over and over again as often as the dancers choose. The song may be begun anywhere, and ended anywhere.

Dance Song
II

Chamale'bʊu
The Long Beard

Not fast, very rhythmically (♩ = 126)

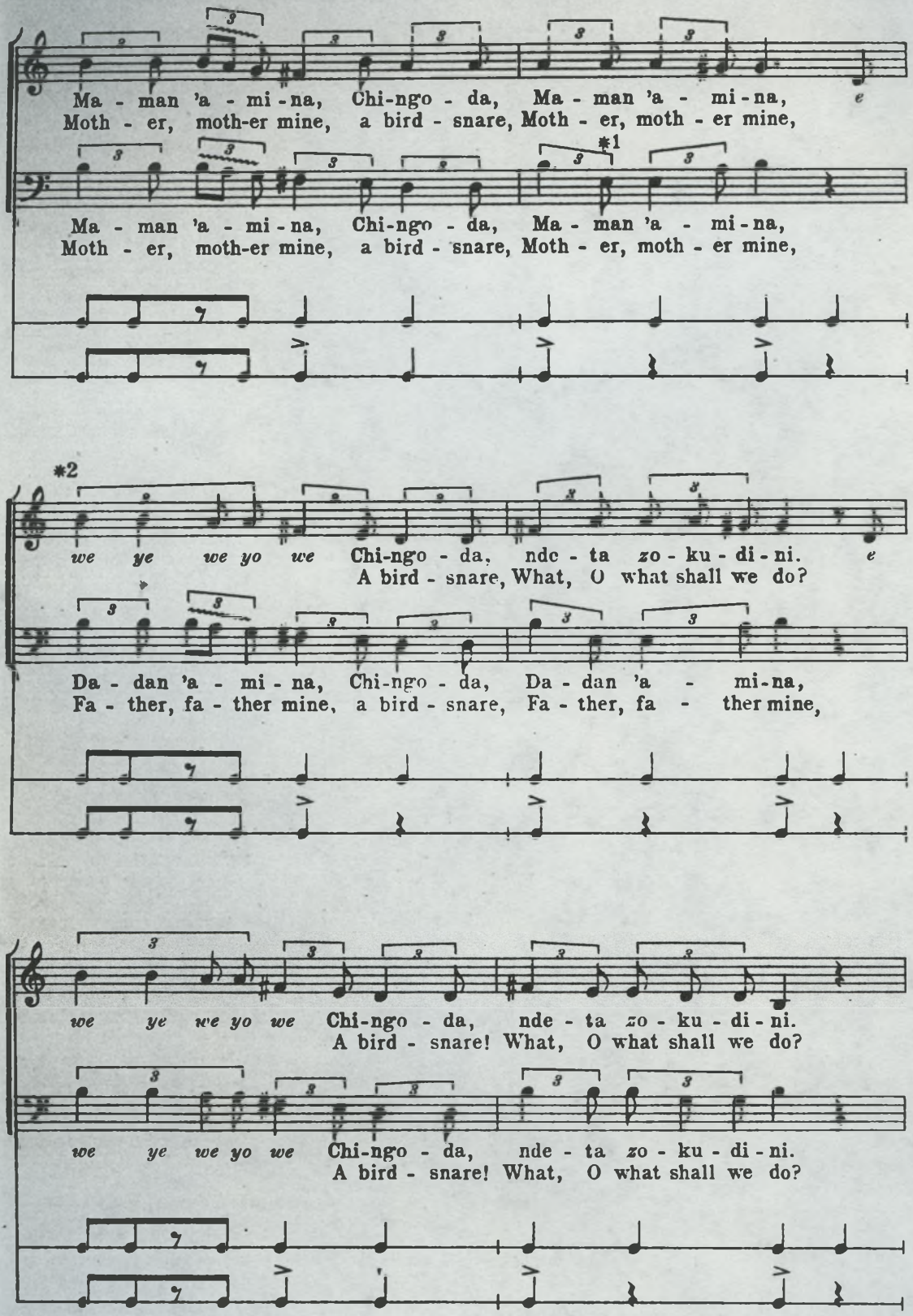


*1 Notes marked ⌒ are sung with a blurred slur, without distinct pitch, though the rhythm of three tones is heard because of the words.

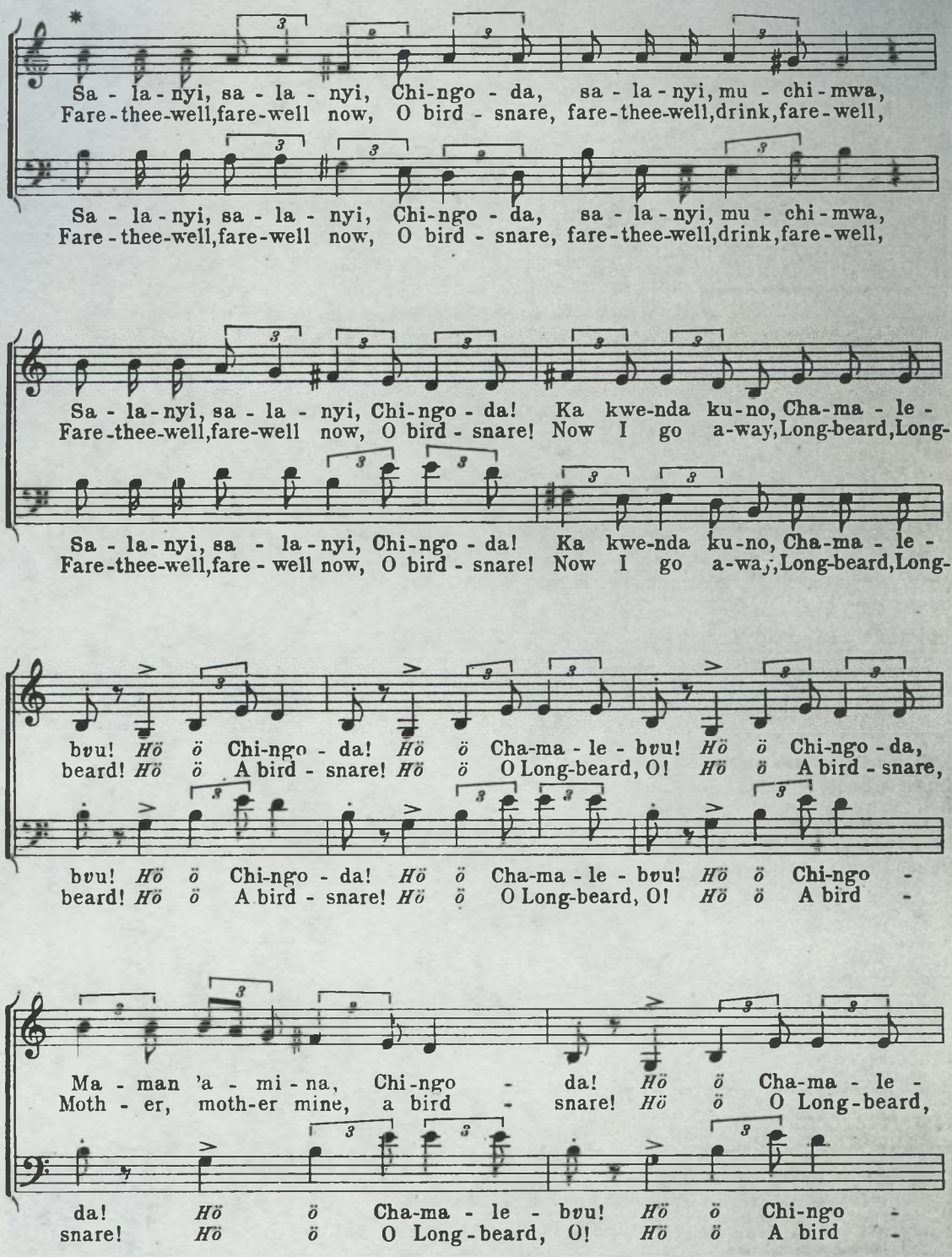
*2 This note is higher than G, though not as high as G♯.

*3 The syllables "ö hö" are pronounced as in the German language. They are sung with a tone of voice called by the Africans "magombe'la", which is a deep guttural sound made by pressing the back of the tongue far down on the larynx.

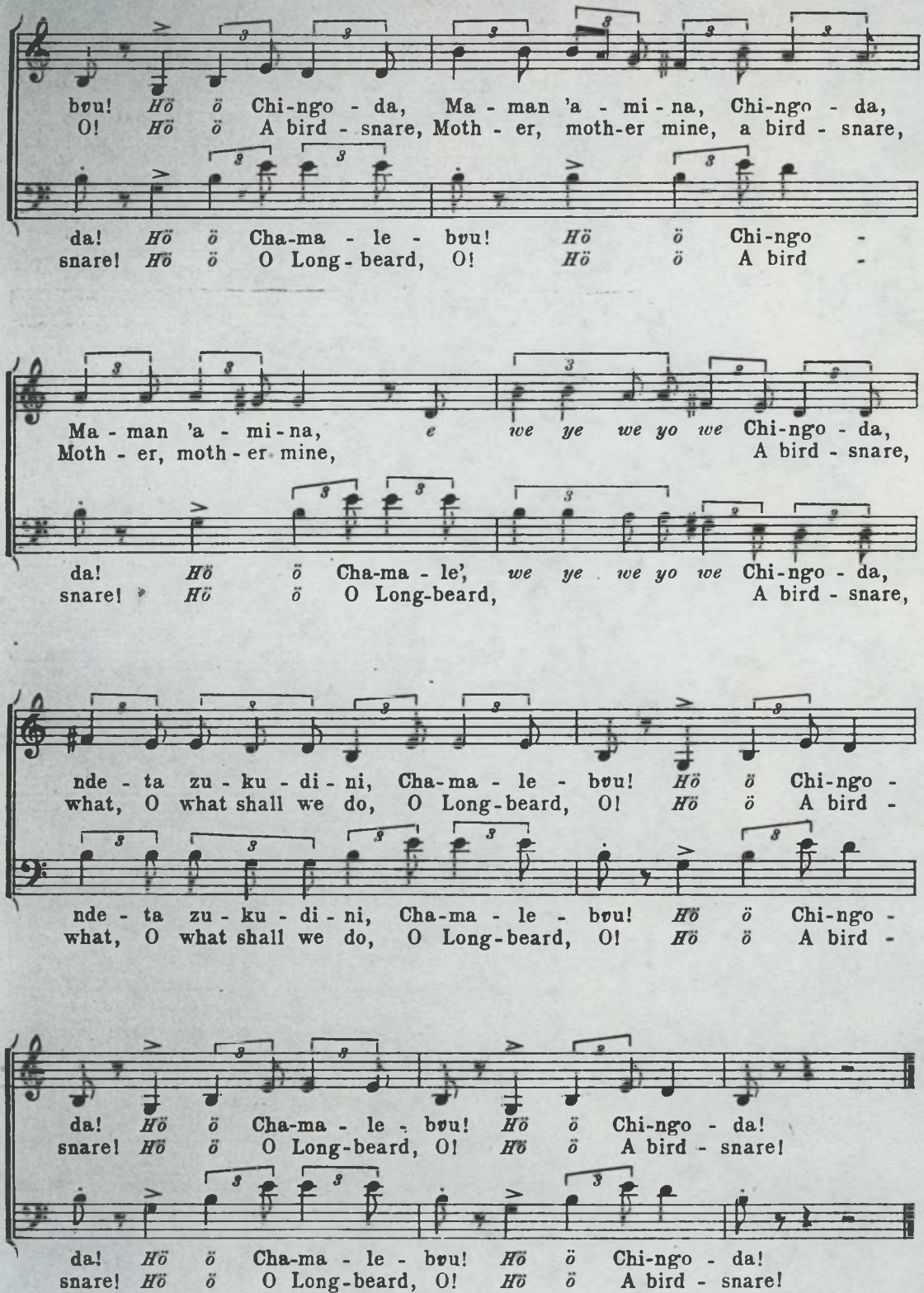
*4 The triplets here are quarters.



*1 Higher than E, but not as high as F.
*2 As before, triplets here are quarters.



* The hand-clapping and dance-rhythms throughout the song continue with interplay of the same rhythmic figures. Sometimes the dancer may take the exact rhythm of the hand-clapping. Again, for the sake of variety, the hand-clapping may take the exact rhythm of the dance; or, dancers and clapping may interchange rhythms. The above rhythmic figures embody the main clapping and dancing rhythms which are employed at will throughout the dance.



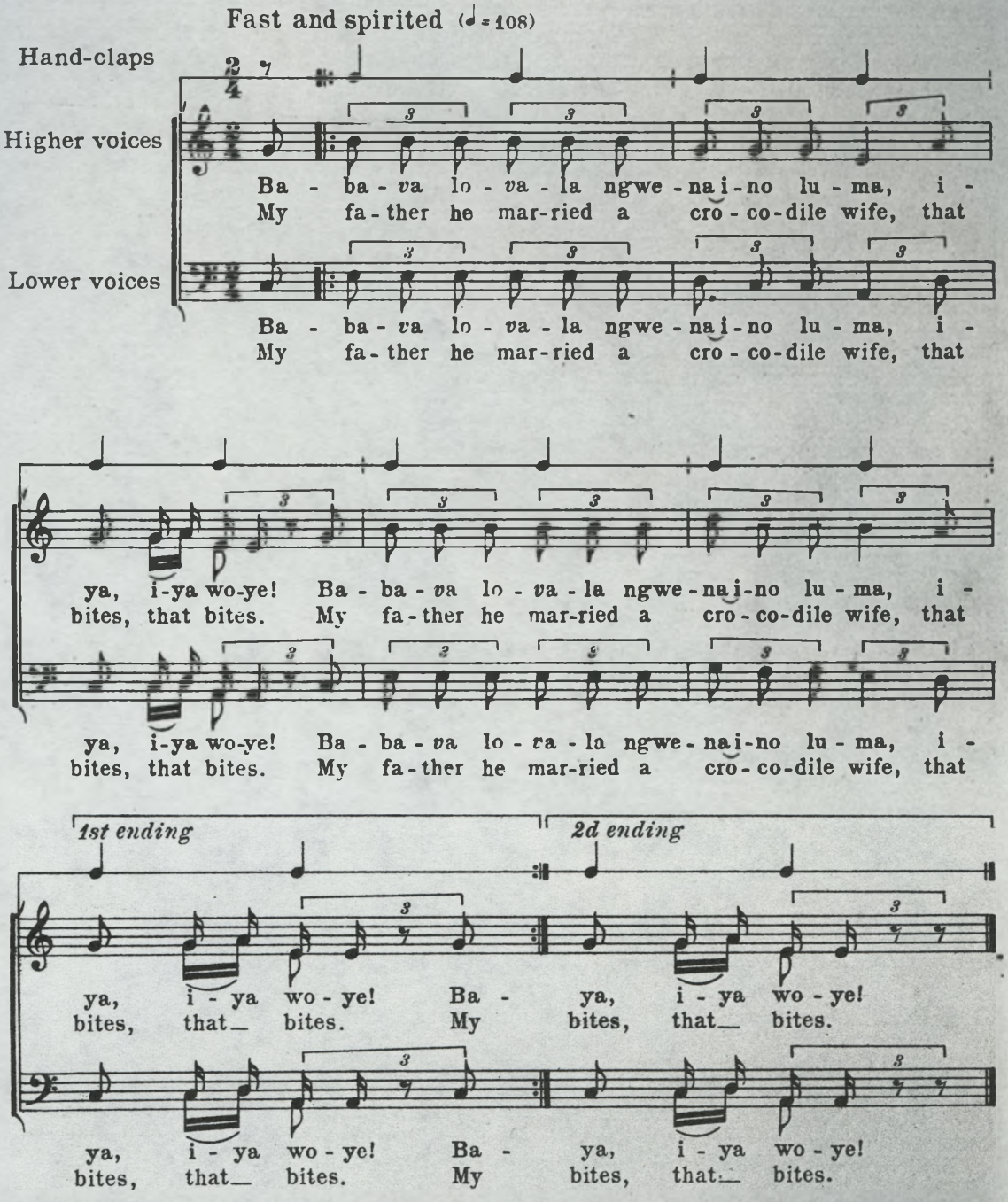
The above notation comprises all the main phrases and rhythms of the song, which can be continued indefinitely, making extemporaneous changes in the order of the phrases and in the putting together of the higher and lower parts.

*Nth*oko'do*

Dance-Song

III

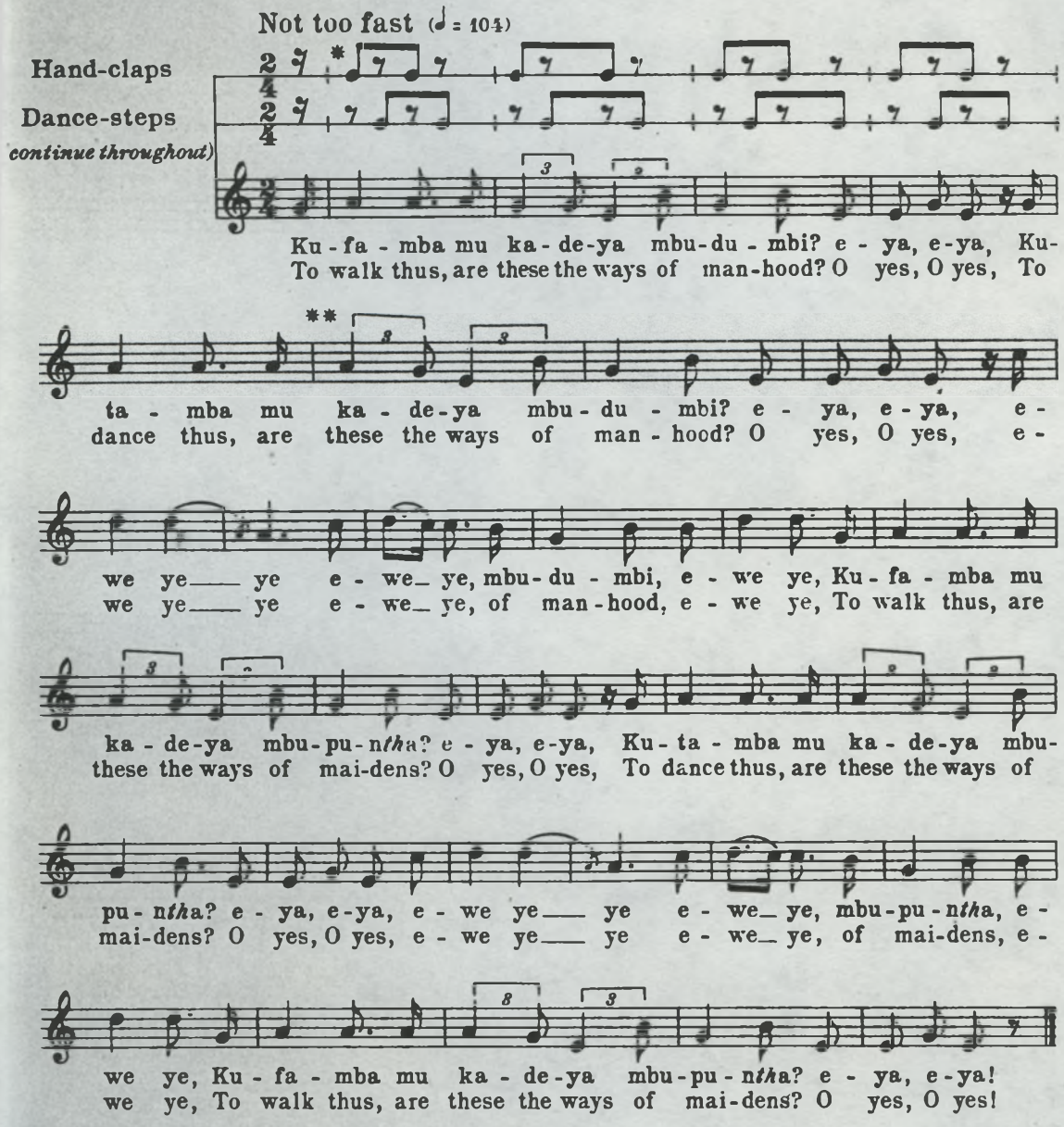
** Sung at Beer-Drinking Festivals when native beer ("Kaffir beer") is quaffed.



* The "h" in this word is aspirate; the th is not sounded as in English, but is pronounced t, followed by an aspirate h.

** All *Nth*oko'do songs (beer-drinking songs) have the same rhythm. These are the only dance-songs with this particular rhythm.

"Kufa'mba"
("To Walk")
Mocking-Song



The above musical phrases may be repeated any number of times, and different verbs may be substituted for "Kufa'mba" and "Kuta'mba" *(to walk* and *to dance)*. If sung to deride a boy only, the word "mbudu'mbi" *(manhood)* would be used throughout the song, omitting the word "mbupu'ntha" *(girlhood)*, which is here inserted in the last part of the song to show where it falls in the music when the song is sung of (or *at*) a girl.

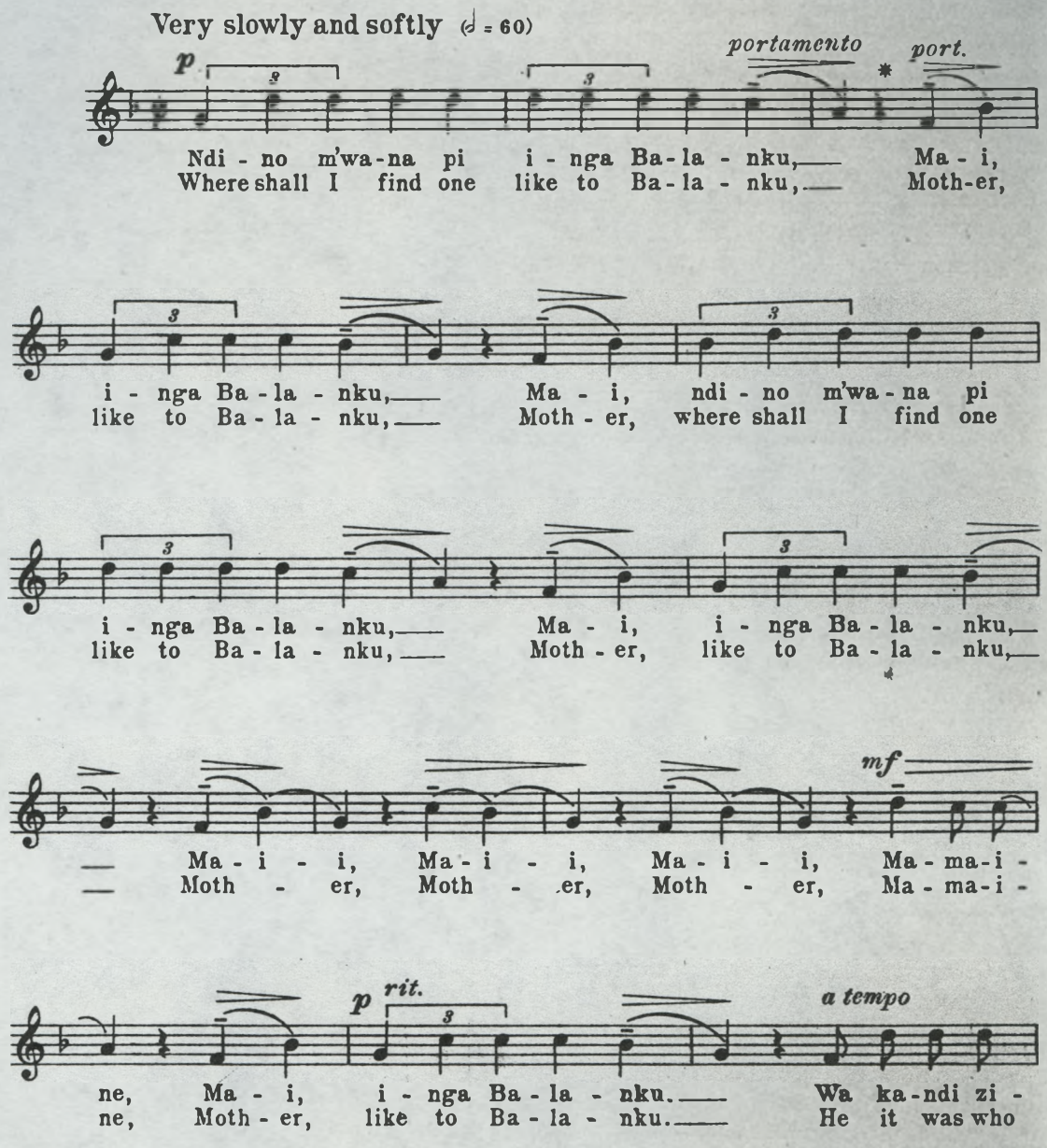
* All "Mocking-Songs" have the same rhythm.

** This variant may be used, in the repetitions of the song, interchangeably with the corresponding bar in the first verse.

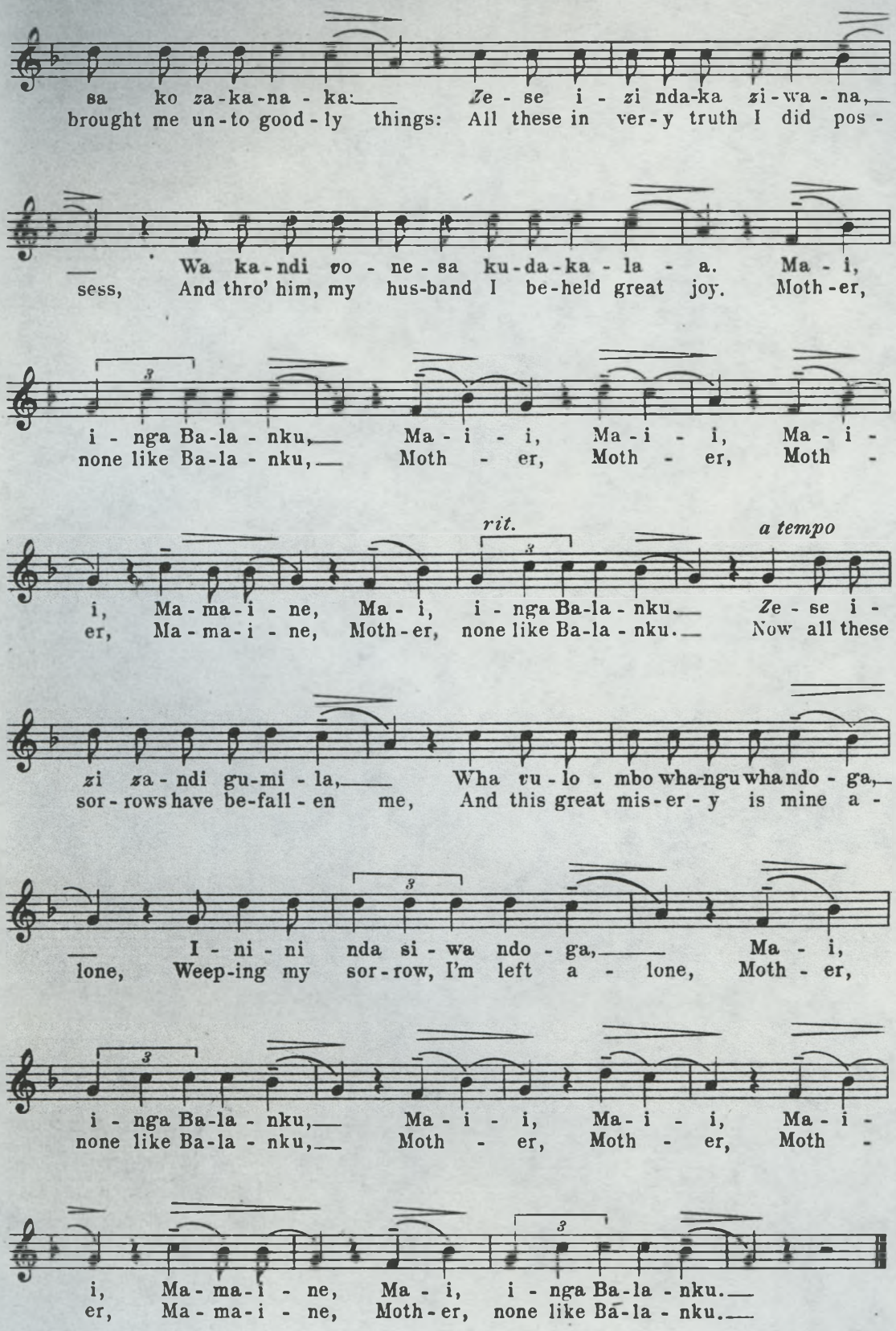
Chili'lo

Lament

Sung with plaintive melancholy and long-drawn portamento



* At the *rests*, the breath is taken audibly, like an indrawn sigh, throughout the song.

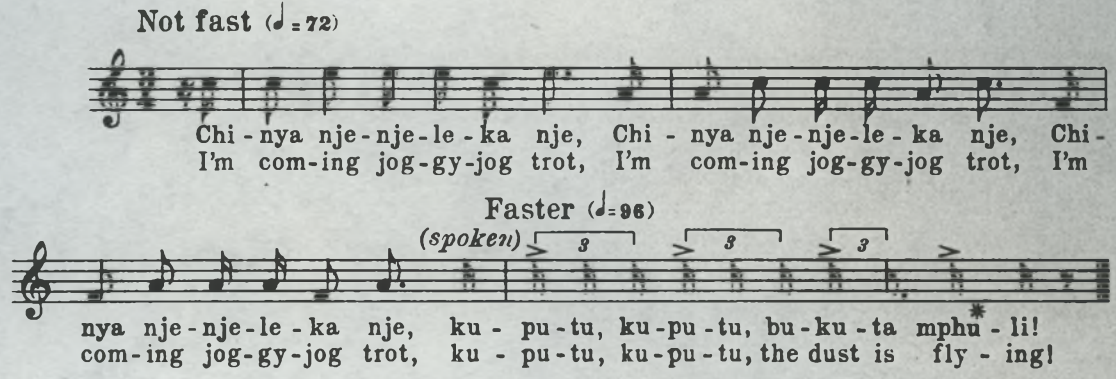

sa ko za-ka-na - ka: Ze - se i - zi nda-ka zi-wa - na,
brought me un-to good-ly things: All these in ver-y truth I did pos -
Wa ka-ndi vo - ne - sa ku-da-ka - la - a. Ma - i,
sess, And thro' him, my hus-band I be-held great joy. Moth-er,
i - nga Ba-la - nku, Ma - i - i, Ma - i - i, Ma - i -
none like Ba-la - nku, Moth - er, Moth - er, Moth -
rit.
a tempo
i, Ma-ma-i - ne, Ma - i, i - nga Ba-la - nku. Ze - se i -
er, Ma-ma-i - ne, Moth-er, none like Ba-la - nku. Now all these
zi za - ndi gu-mi - la, Wha vu - lo - mbo wha-ngu wha ndo - ga,
sor-rows have be-fall-en me, And this great mis-er-y is mine a -
I - ni - ni nda si - wa ndo - ga, Ma - i,
lone, Weep-ing my sor-row, I'm left a - lone, Moth - er,
i - nga Ba-la - nku, Ma - i - i, Ma - i - i, Ma - i -
none like Ba-la - nku, Moth - er, Moth - er, Moth -
i, Ma-ma-i - ne, Ma - i, i - nga Ba-la - nku.
er, Ma-ma-i - ne, Moth-er, none like Ba-la - nku.

From the Folk-Tale

"How the Animals Dug Their Well"

Song I

The Animals' Dance-Song

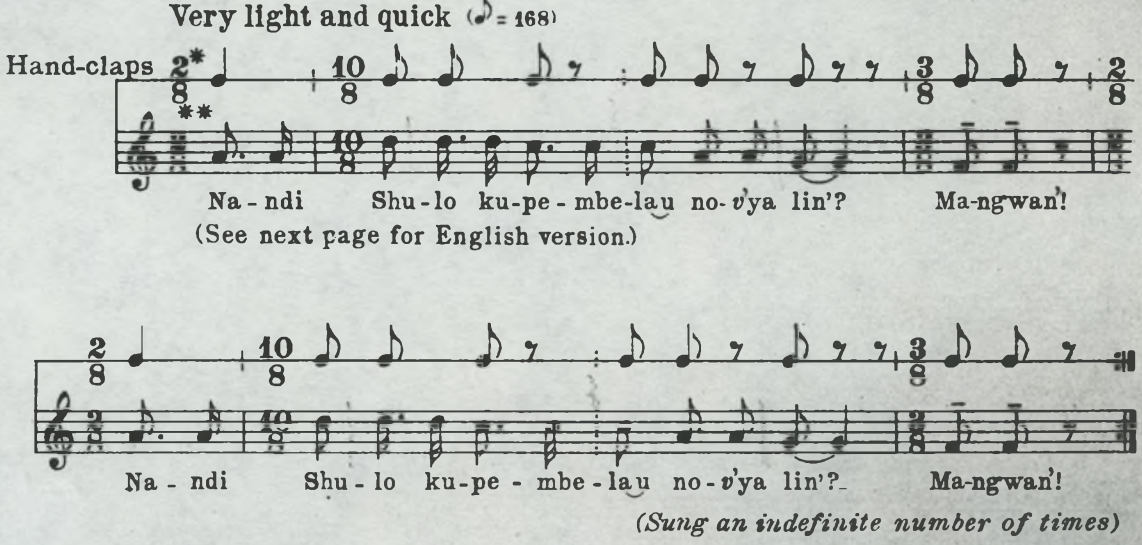


Spoken: Ti no lu ka'nda ku'na, Va Njou!
I give my place to you, Sir Elephant! *etc.*

* The h is an aspirate; "ph" in the African dialect is *not* pronounced "f", as in English, but like p followed by an aspirate h.

Song II

The Hare's Dance-Song



(Sung an indefinite number of times)

* The hand-clapping is only used for dancing, never when the song is sung by a story-teller as part of the narrated tale.

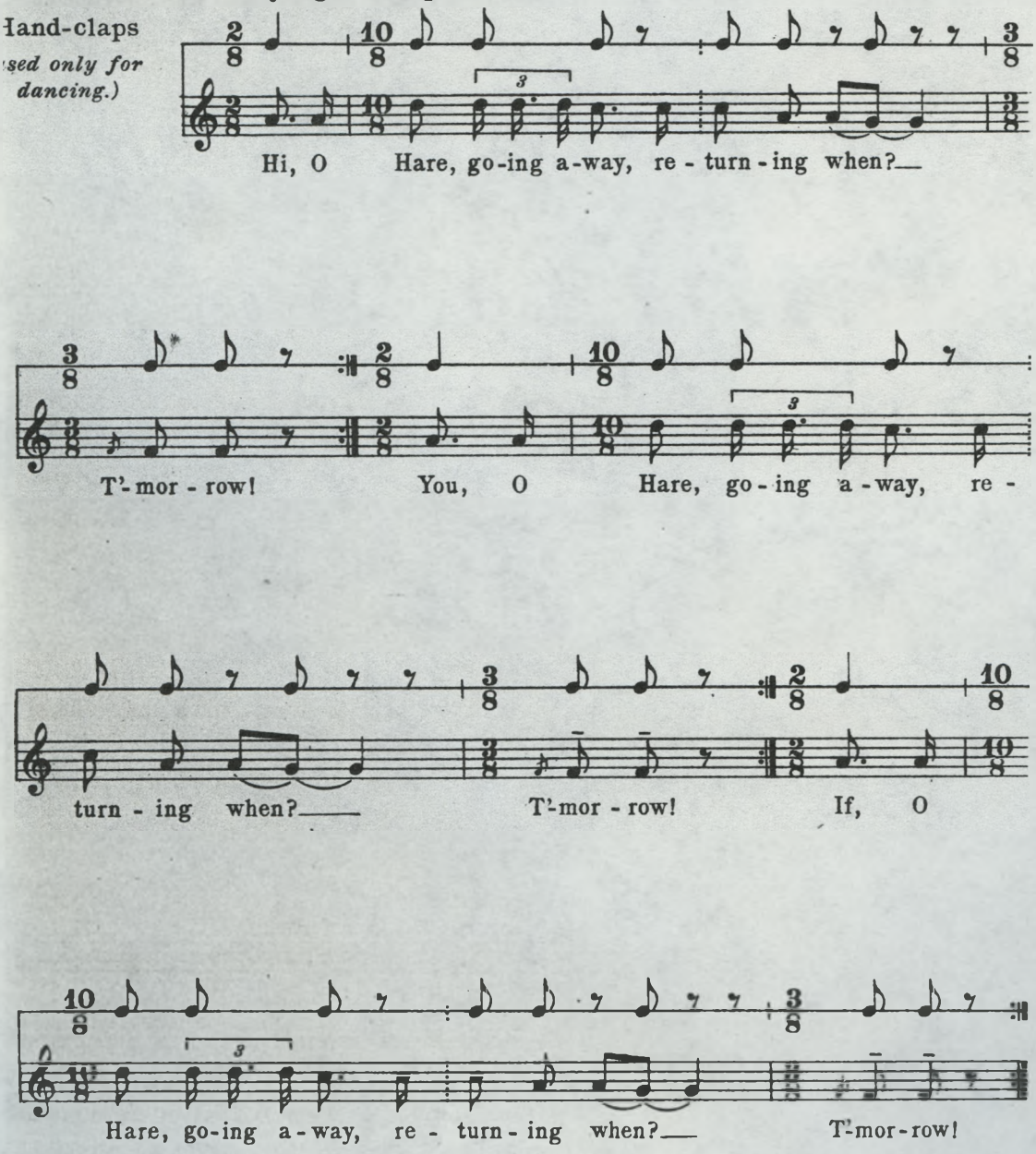
** When sung a second time, substitute for the word "na'ndi" the word "i'we". When sung a third time, substitute the word "ku'ti", and for "nov'ya", substitute "wozv'ya".

The Hare's Dance-Song

(English Paraphrase.)

Very light and quick (♪ = 168)

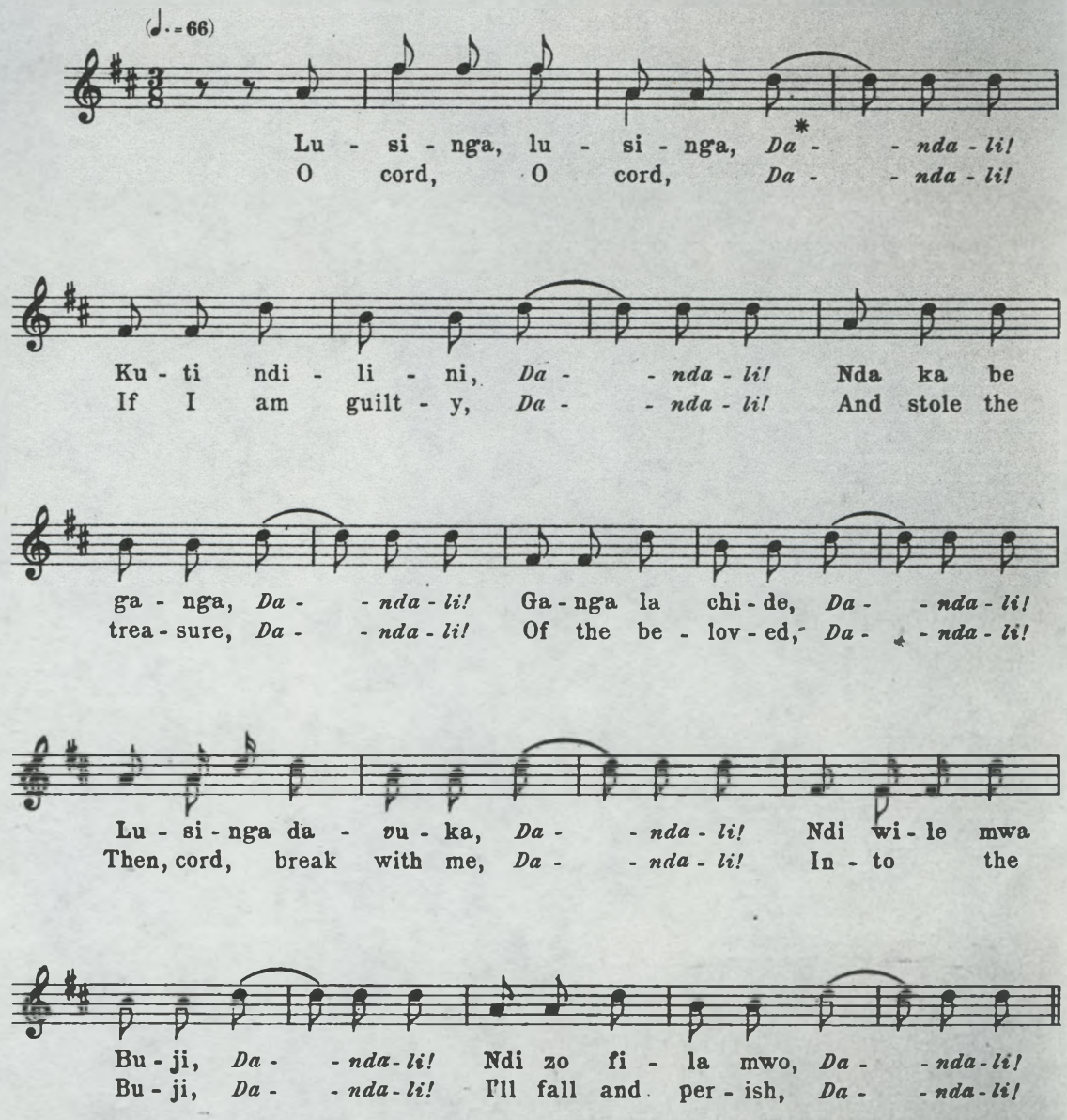
Hand-claps
(*used only for dancing.*)



Legend of the Daughter and the Slave

"Lusi'nga, Lusi'nga"

Song of the Cord



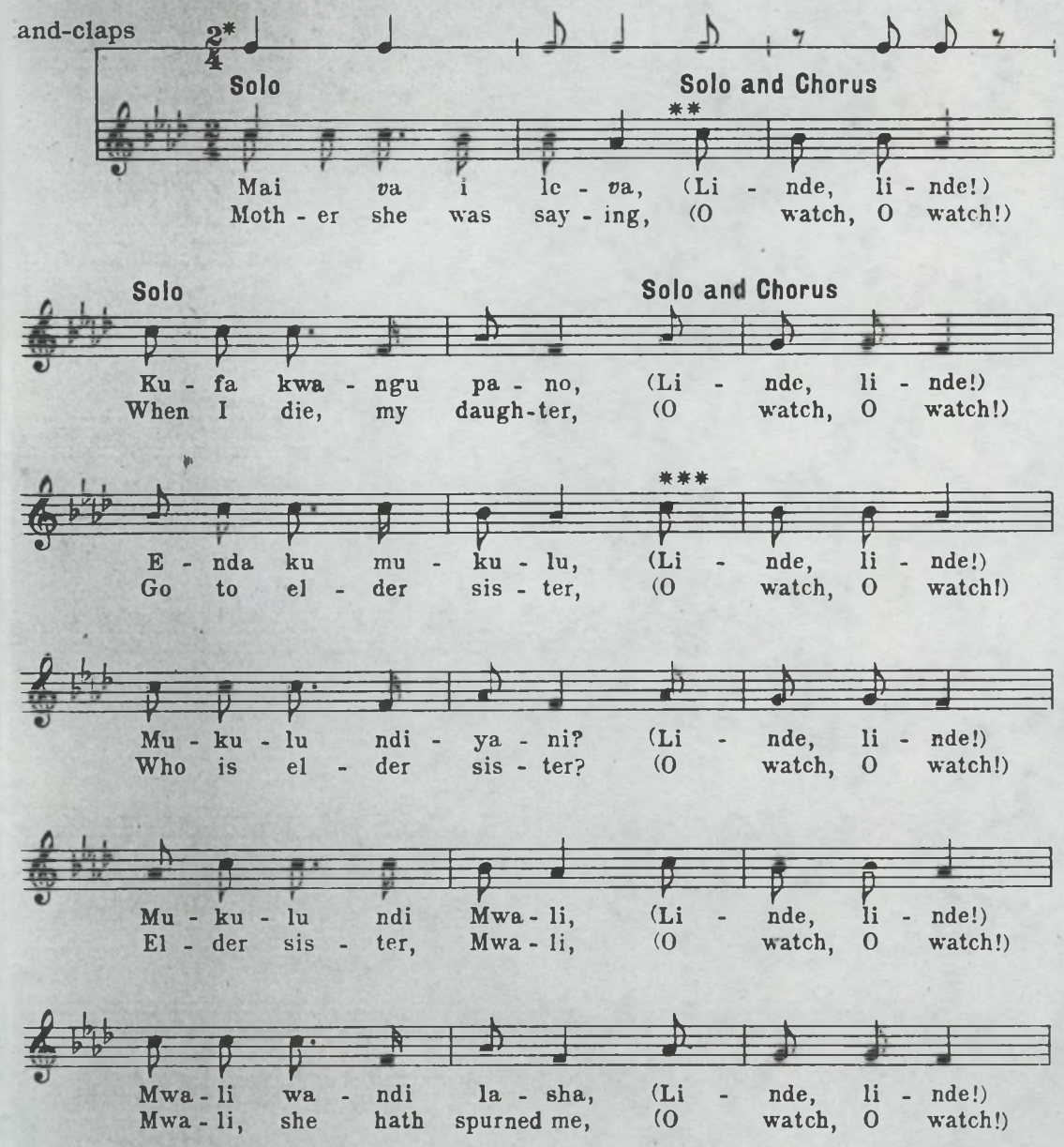
* The *D* is given a slight sound of *dy*, or *di* before the *a*. The word "Da'ndali" is supposed to imitate the twanging whir of the tightly stretched cord, or rope, suspended across the Buji River.

Legend of the Daughter and the Slave

Lungáno

Legend

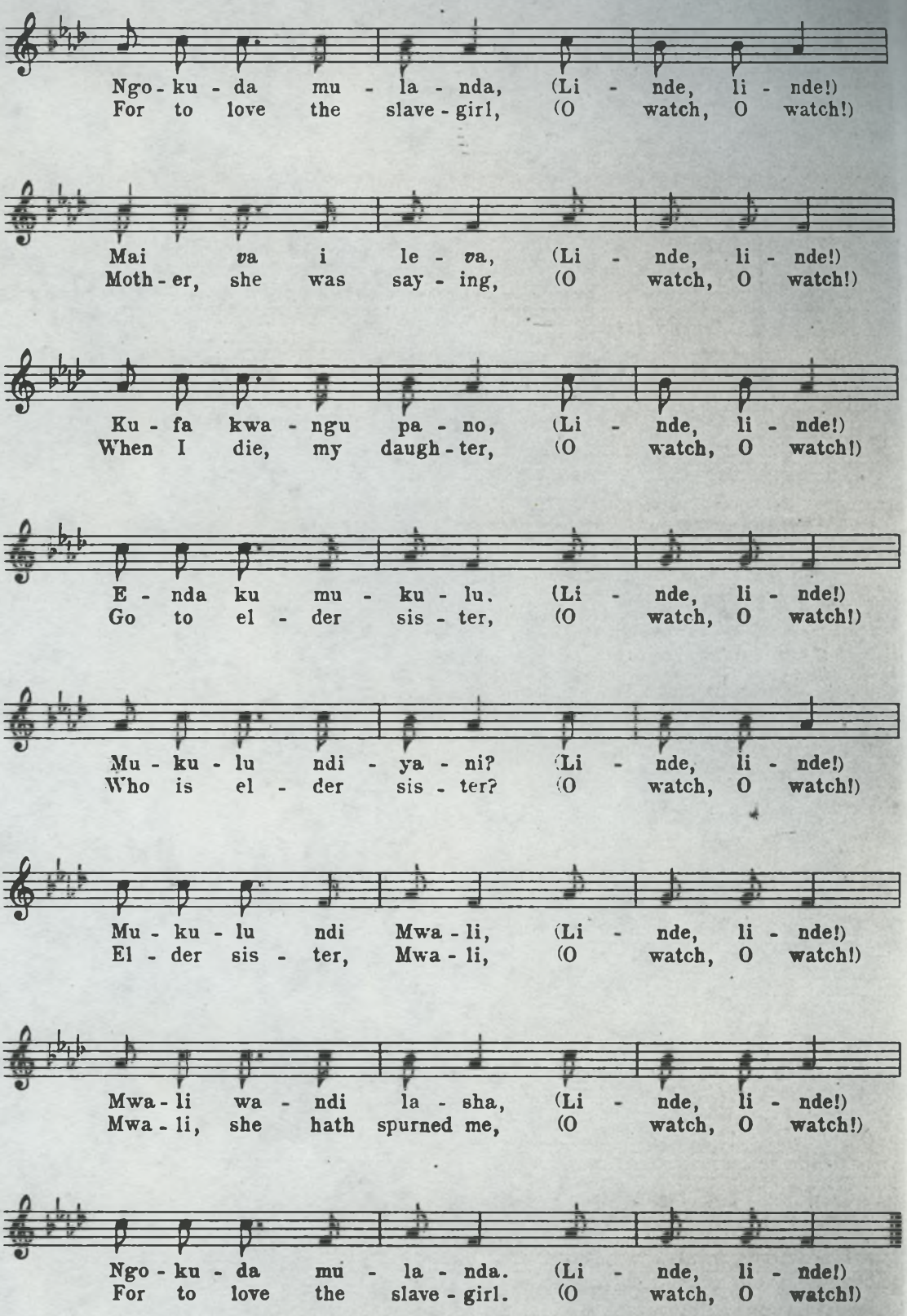
Slowly and very plaintively (♩ = 76)



* Though this is not a dance-song and therefore the rhythmic accompaniment of stamping or clapping is not an intrinsic part of the song, my African informant involuntarily beat this rhythmic figure in singing, carried throughout the song.

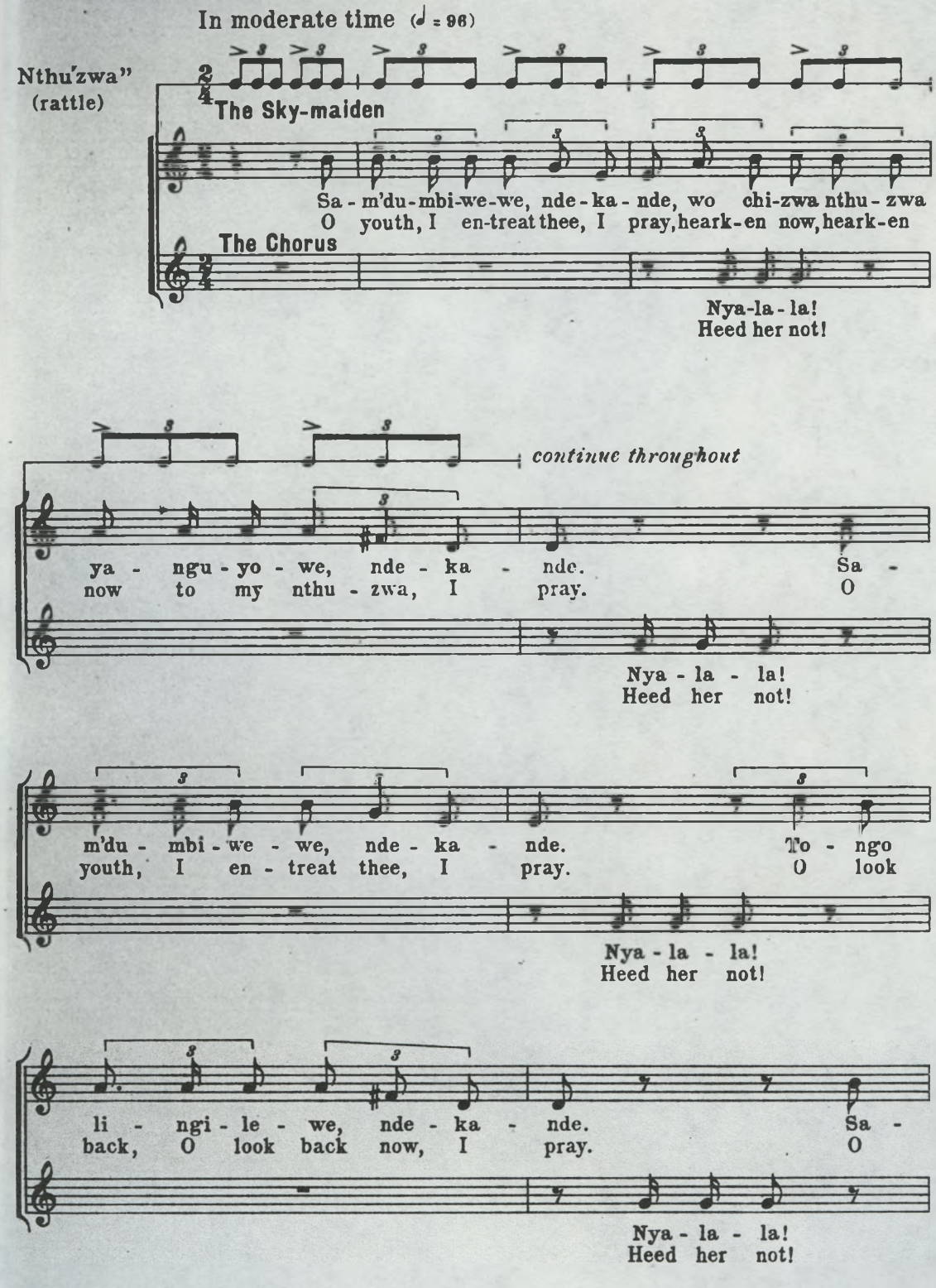
** When the tale, of which this song is a part, is told, the group of listeners join in the refrain "Lí́nde, lí́nde"("O watch, O watch") which ends each line of the verse.

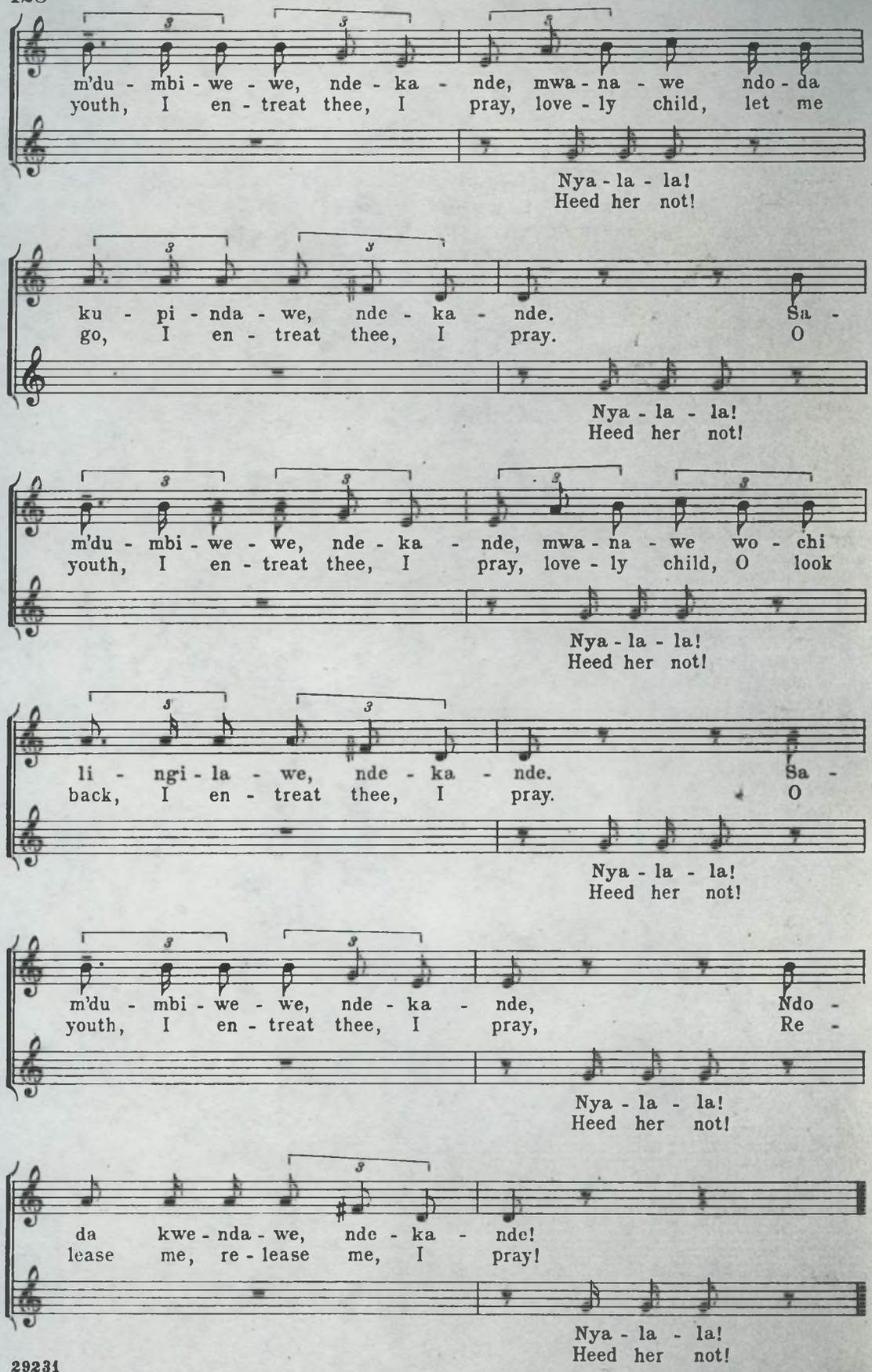
*** Solo and Chorus throughout.


Ngo - ku - da mu - la - nda, (Li - nde, li - nde!)
For to love the slave - girl, (O watch, O watch!)
Mai va i le - va, (Li - nde, li - nde!)
Moth - er, she was say - ing, (O watch, O watch!)
Ku - fa kwa - ngu pa - no, (Li - nde, li - nde!)
When I die, my daugh - ter, (O watch, O watch!)
E - nda ku mu - ku - lu. (Li - nde, li - nde!)
Go to el - der sis - ter, (O watch, O watch!)
Mu - ku - lu ndi - ya - ni? (Li - nde, li - nde!)
Who is el - der sis - ter? (O watch, O watch!)
Mu - ku - lu ndi Mwa - li, (Li - nde, li - nde!)
El - der sis - ter, Mwa - li, (O watch, O watch!)
Mwa - li wa - ndi la - sha, (Li - nde, li - nde!)
Mwa - li, she hath spurned me, (O watch, O watch!)
Ngo - ku - da mu - la - nda. (Li - nde, li - nde!)
For to love the slave - girl. (O watch, O watch!)

Vasa-Go're

Song of the Sky-Maiden




m'du - mbi - we - we, nde - ka - nde, mwa - na - we ndo - da
youth, I en - treat thee, I pray, love - ly child, let me
Nya - la - la!
Heed her not!
ku - pi - nda - we, nde - ka - nde. Sa -
go, I en - treat thee, I pray. O
Nya - la - la!
Heed her not!
m'du - mbi - we - we, nde - ka - nde, mwa - na - we wo - chi
youth, I en - treat thee, I pray, love - ly child, O look
Nya - la - la!
Heed her not!
li - ngi - la - we, nde - ka - nde. Sa -
back, I en - treat thee, I pray. O
Nya - la - la!
Heed her not!
m'du - mbi - we - we, nde - ka - nde, Ndo -
youth, I en - treat thee, I pray, Re -
Nya - la - la!
Heed her not!
da kwe - nda - we, nde - ka - nde!
lease me, re - lease me, I pray!
Nya - la - la!
Heed her not!

Often the foregoing "Song of the Sky-Maiden" is played by black musicians upon the "Mali'mba" (for description of native instruments see page xvi); the song is then lengthened with the following interlude played between repetitions of the main melody.