

ALBUM THREE



ETHNIC FOLKWAYS RECORDS FE 4303

MUSIC OF THE SUDAN
The Role of Song and Dance in Dinka Society

BURIAL HYMNS AND WAR SONGS



ETHNIC FOLKWAYS RECORDS FE 4303

SIDE 1

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SONG NO. 2. THE AGE-SET
SONG NO. 3. THE TRIBE OF BABO
SONG NO. 4. COLLECTION OF HYMNS
SONG NO. 5. (DRUMMING)

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

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MUSIC OF THE SUDAN

Songs Of The Dinka

Sociological Context

Notes by: Dr. Francis M. Deng

I. INTRODUCTION

The Dinka are a Nilotic people in the Democratic Republic of the Sudan who, though better known for their intense devotion to cattle, and to a lesser extent sheep and goats, are also cultivators. Their land of rich savannah, though swampy in parts and occasionally gets flooded or suffers dry spells, is ideally suited for both, in addition to which its numerous rivers and lagoons offer fish in abundance to supplement their diet. Racially, the Dinka are said to have non-Negroid elements, but they are paradoxically among the blackest in the world. Occupying a vast area of 150,000 square miles and numbering about two million in a country of only seventeen million people and over five hundred tribes, they are by far the most numerous people in the Sudan. Thus large in numbers and widespread in settlement, they are a congeries of tribes falling largely under the administration of the Southern Provinces. One branch known as the Ngok are administered as part of Southern Kordofan, a Province in the Northern Sudan. There is another Ngok tribe in Upper Nile, one of the Southern provinces. Both tribes consider themselves one people and were probably among the last to part in the process of migration and segmentation.

Despite their segmentation, the Dinka show striking cultural uniformity. The fact that they have maintained such uniformity notwithstanding centuries of contact with other peoples is evidence of their intense pride in themselves and in their culture. They call themselves *Monyjang*, which for them has the connotation of the people. Their ethnocentricity has often been stressed as a factor behind their conservatism and therefore underdevelopment in modern terms. However, Dinka conservatism has not been altogether one of rejection, but of selection and assimilation of alien elements. A remarkable example is the integration of the concept of the Islamic Messiah, the Mahdi, into their religion. Although the Dinka resisted both Islam and the rule of its nationalist leader, Mohammed Ahmed, the Sudanese Mahdi, his miraculous leadership and victory against the Turko-Egyptian rule impressed them and inspired their recognition of his religious quality. They conceived of him as the son of the divinity Deng and even prayed to him for help in their resistance to Mohammed Ahmed, the Mahdi himself. A hymn with this theme is now a classic in Dinka literature. Again, although it has been argued that male circumcision among some Dinkas came from the Arabs in the North and that the Dinka practice of training the horns of oxen from early calfhood must have been imported from Ancient Egypt, no Dinka would question their authenticity as elements of Dinka culture. These are only examples of a more pervasive process of conservative or selective adoption and assimilation. Indeed, the fact that the Dinka have remained among the least touched by modernization is due less to their resistance to change than to the colonial policy of indirect rule and cultural protectiveness.

With education and increasing exposure to other cultures, they are undergoing a rapid change in which they are demonstrating a degree of adaptability never expected from them even as recently as two decades ago. The Dinka, however, continue to face remarkable challenges in this process. The immediate context is marked by intense

interaction between various traditional African cultures in the Southern region and between those cultures and the predominantly Afro-Arab cultures in the north. The South-North dichotomy, which was aggravated by political, economic, and social discrepancies, had been the root-cause of the bitter civil war that lasted for seventeen years, ending three years ago in a highly acclaimed settlement, giving the Southern peoples regional autonomy within national unity. While this settlement has established peace and unity and enhanced the prospects for national integration, the Sudan has just laid the foundation-stone for a complex network of cross-cultural interaction and diffusion which is bound to affect the country at all levels. Every single subculture is bound to give and take and in the process may lose its external features and possibly become identified with other, more predominant cultural symbols.

It is, of course, as yet too early to speculate on the survival or influence which faces various subcultures in this assimilation or integration process, but it would seem quite apparent that the process cannot be seen within the domestic confines only, for the Sudanese context, as is true of all human contexts, is directly or indirectly affected, if not determined, by events in the wider world context. The relative position of a people or a culture in the stratifical structures of world order is bound to influence the degree to which the group or culture contributes to and influences the process of integration or assimilation. Nonetheless, while certain people or cultures may tend to predominate, all cultures do influence the process to one degree or another, and all representatives of cultures carry along with them certain deep-rooted fundamentals in their culture which they value too much or are too intrinsic for them to abandon.

Judging from their numbers and their deep regard for their cultures, as well as from their dynamic though selective adaptation to change, one would speculate that the Dinka are bound to play a significant role in the shaping of an integrated Sudanese cultural identity. Therefore, while recording their tradition has its own historical value, the material we have collected and now reproduce here is part of a larger reality of yesterday, today, and presumably tomorrow.

The production of these discs is a continuation of many years' work with Dinka materials. So far, I have published five books in which the contents of Dinka songs have been relevant in one way or another. They include "Tradition and Modernization: A Challenge for Law Among the Dinka of the Sudan," Yale University Press, 1971, "The Dinka of the Sudan," Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1972, "The Dinka and Their Songs," Oxford University Press (The Clarendon), "Dynamics of Identification: A Basis for National Integration in the Sudan," Khartoum University Press, 1974, and "Dinka Folktales: African Stories from the Sudan, Africana Publishing Company, 1974. Since these works are on law, anthropology, literature, or related sociological fields, they do not address themselves to the musical aspects of my materials. It is my hope that producing Dinka records will significantly extend the horizons on the Dinka and related peoples beyond already published materials as well as provide material of significant musical value.

Francis Mading Deng was born in 1938 at Noong, near Abyei, the administrative centre of the Ngok Dinka, of which his late father, Deng Majok, was Paramount Chief. He attended elementary and intermediate schools in the South and Khor Taqqat secondary school in the Northern Sudan. He graduated from Khartoum University with LL.B. (Honours) in 1962 and was appointed to the University's Faculty of Law. He holds a Master's Degree and a Doctorate in Law from Yale University and has also studied at London University.

Dr. Deng has travelled extensively and has lived in Europe and the United States, where he was at one time Adjunct Professor of Law and Anthropology at New York University, while occupying a permanent position in the Division of Human Rights of the United Nations Secretariat. He subsequently went on leave from the United Nations as Research Fellow at Yale Law School and was at the same time a Lecturer in Law at Columbia Law School.

In June 1972, Dr. Deng resigned from his position at the United Nations to join his country's Ministry of Foreign Affairs and was Ambassador to Scandinavian countries until the end of 1974 when he became his country's Ambassador to the United States until his recent appointment as Minister of State for Foreign Affairs.

Dr. Deng has written extensively on law, anthropology and folklore.

II. THE ROLE OF SONG AND DANCE IN DINKA SOCIETY

One of the most striking features of singing and dancing among the Dinka is the high sense of dignity they infuse into every Dinka and the functional manner in which they are used to seek, and not infrequently achieve, well-defined objectives of moral, material, social, or spiritual character. Every Dinka sings and dances and starts doing so very early in life. Singing and dancing are both formalized for special occasions and informally practiced in many varied situations. But whatever the occasion or the situation, they give the Dinka a deep-rooted pride which is as externally displayed and socially recognized as it is internalized.

A remarkable feature of Dinka culture is the degree to which it gives every person some means to dignity, honour, and pride. The degree itself varies and the means are diverse. There are sensuous means concerned mostly with appearance, bearing, and sex appeal; there are the qualities of virtue in one's relationships to others in accordance with the ideals of human relationships; and there are the ascribed or achieved material or spiritual resources which help determine one's social standing. Some people distinguish themselves by their sensuous gifts; most people try to win social recognition by adherence to the norms of idealized social relationships subsumed in a concept called *cieng*, which though of multiple meanings, puts "human" values like dignity and integrity, honour and respect, loyalty and piety, and the power of persuasiveness at its core. Yet others depend to some extent on the social class into which they are born or which they achieve on their own. These ways are interrelated and cannot be entirely dichotomized, but only by seeing them as alternatives and by realizing that all ways lead to more or less the same end can we understand why every Dinka has some share in the values of self-respect, inner-pride, and human dignity.

These various strands of human dignity are contained in a concept known as *dheeng*, a word of multiple meanings. As a noun, it means nobility, beauty, handsomeness, elegance, charm, grace, gentleness, hospitality, generosity, good manners, discretion, and kindness. The adjective form of all these is *adheng*. Personal decoration, initiation ceremonies marking maturity, the celebration of marriages, the display of "personality-oxen," indeed, any demonstration of an esthetic value, is considered *dheeng*. The social background of a man, his physical appearance, the way he walks, talks, eats, or dresses, and the way he relates to his fellowmen are all factors in determining his *dheeng*. But although *dheeng* concerns social relations, it should not be confused with *cieng*. *Cieng* provides standards for evaluating conduct, *dheeng* classifies people according to conduct; *cieng* requires that one should behave in a certain way, *dheeng* recognizes one as virtuous for behaving in that way; *cieng* is a normative concept--a means--*dheeng* is a concept of status--an end.

The prominent place of singing and dancing in the determination of dignity, though apparent in the foregoing characteristics of the concept of *dheeng*, requires emphasis. It is quite telling that except in prayer or on certain religious occasions, singing and dancing are designated as *dheeng* and the initiated, who are usually the most engaged in these and related activities, are referred to as *adheng* (sing-*adheng*), which can only be translated as "gentlemen."

Singing and dancing for the Dinka are skills of splendor in which a person finds profound gratification and elation. The vigor and the rhythm with which they stamp the ground, the grace with which they run in war dances, the height to which they jump, the manner of pride and self-esteem with which they bear themselves, and the way in which the high-pitched solo receives the loud unified response of the chorus combine to give the Dinka a euphoria that is hard to describe. As the singing stops, the drums beat even louder, the dance reaches its climax, and every individual, gorged with a feeling of self-fulfillment, begins to chant words of self-exaltation. These lines may illustrate the psychological framework of a Dinka dancer:

I am a gentleman adorned with beads,
I dance to the drums and level my feet,
The girls of the tribe gather before me,
The wealth of the tribe comes for me.

O Kon, O Kon, son of Dau,
I am a gentleman who dances without fearing his bones,
A gentleman as delicate as a delicious food.

When I dance to the drums,
I do not dance with a girl who goes out of step,

The confused girl who disrupts the harmony of the dance,
The inferior (fisherman's) girl who lives on the riverside;
I dance with a polished rising beauty.
I am not simple at dancing to the drums;
I am not simple.
I am never challenged in our tribe;
I cannot be dribbled around in Akot,
I am respected as an officer.

It is usual to see in a dance a line of on-lookers near a young man barely touching his dance-mate (body contact is rare in Dinka dances), chanting in self-praise, his eyes half-closed, his body and head undulating in a self-imposed rhythm, and he himself almost in a state of majestic trance, seemingly unaware or mindless, yet deeply conscious of his audience, which he indeed works to impress.

Dinka dance is essentially a group activity in which coordination and unity of action is of utmost importance. The whole dance group, and not only the partners, should be in full harmony. It is a truly impressive sight to see all the dancers jump up and down or stamp the ground at literally the same time. As the above lines indicate, to be out of step is to degrade one's self as a dancer. But the significance of the individual is not overshadowed by this group orientation. The fact that there are points in the dancing when every individual chants his own exaltations shows the importance of song and dance to the ego of every dancer. In its collective songs, a group refers to itself not as "We" but as "I," which indicates that group identity is fundamentally conceived as an integration of individual egos identified as a collective ego. Since every Dinka dances, except for a few high-ranking individuals and old men (although some old men continue to dance), this balance and mutual support between individual ego and group identity not only gratifies the self-image, but also assures the individual of his identity as a member of the group.

Self-aggrandizement is not confined to the gratifications of the physical activity of dancing; singing alone can also be a source of almost equal psychological satisfaction with all the social recognition it may succeed to win. One of the reasons for this satisfaction is the close association the Dinka make between songs and their most beloved material and spiritual symbol of wealth--cattle--which often form the direct or indirect subject-matter of singing. Implicit in this is the "material" basis to status which such association brings to an otherwise esthetic gratification. This is particularly the case with respect to "Ox songs," a category most closely associated with cattle, and in which the Dinka slave-like devotion to them is best revealed.

The profundity with which the Dinka identify with cattle in general and oxen in particular and the degree to which they find pride and dignity in such identification cannot be overemphasized. Each son in a household is allocated a colour-pattern (*kit*), according to the seniority of his mother and according to a known hierarchy of colour-patterns. For example, the eldest of the first wife gets as one of his colour-patterns *Majok* or *Mijok* which is a black head and shoulders with a white flanking and either black or white hindquarters. When a bull-calf is born from a cow belonging to any member of the family, or when one comes to the family as bride-wealth, the son whose colour-pattern it is will lay claim to it. The colour-patterns are so intricate among the Dinka that frequent litigation centers on their determination. Although the allocation is determined by birth, it is officially effective only when a young man is initiated, when he really identifies and is identified with the ox of his colour. In addition to his personal name, he is known by the name of the colour-pattern of his ox, and also by the metaphorical names derived from it. The following are a few examples of metaphoric ox names: 'The Victim of the Arabs' for a man whose ex-colour-pattern is that of the giraffe often hunted by Nomadic Arabs; 'Pollen Grabber' for a man whose ox-colour is that of bees; 'The Dancing Head' after the colour-pattern of the crested crane which as the Dinka believe will dance when sung to; 'Swimmer Over the Reeds' after the colour-pattern of the Pelican; 'The Shining Stars' for a man whose ox-colour is a dark body spotted white; 'Ambusher of the Animals' after the colour-pattern of the lion; 'Respecter of the Cattle-byre' after the elephant which does not pursue its victims to the cattle-byre as does the lion or the hyena. There is no limit to such ox names, and, as the following collection of songs indicates, they are used in all kinds of songs to refer to man. Thus, the ox stands as a symbol of his owner and his social status. The shaping and shading of his ox, the distinctive sound of its bellowing, the curve of its horns which are trained from the animal's early age are all qualities a Dinka extols, especially in songs.

When singing over his 'personality ox,' a man may be seen strolling with grace and revealed inner pride, his body covered and loaded with objects of beautification, a bundle of decorated and polished spears in his left hand, an ivory bangle on his upper arm, his right hand holding a spear in a pointed throwing position, his head poised high and above, and his ox ahead of him waving the bushy tassels, ringing the bell and echoing with bellows in accompaniment. His relatives delight in his performance; his attractiveness is their pride and his name their fame:

When I rise to sing, gossipers submerge;
 When I rise to sing, gossipers disperse;
 I rise and make their jaws swell with words.
 White bull of my father, my word is never questioned;
 I am like my forefathers.
 I rise to be seen by my father;
 I rise to be seen by my ancestors,
 And also by the passersby.
 I rise to be seen walking with pride,
 As it was in the distant past,
 From the time our clan began.

The very idea of singing implies for the Dinka an important mode of participation in the social process with all that it connotes of competition and stratification. These lines are pertinent:

I, Mithiang, I may rush my songs,
 But even if a man be a famous composer,
 I can still defeat him;
 Those with whom our heads bang in competition,
 Even if a man be a famous composer,
 I can still defeat him.

What makes singing and dancing particularly significant as subjective and even objective avenues to human dignity is the fact that they are engaged in by every Dinka, at least at certain phases of life, and are linked with the realities of everyday life. In Dinka society, songs do not deal with hypothetical constructed situations, they concern known facts, known people, and defined objectives. But though "real" singing and dancing as avenues to dignity or dheeng seem to operate as alternatives or substitutes to the more tangible material avenues to status, to fully appreciate this "compensational" function of songs, it is necessary to have a close view of the nature of Dinka society and its stratifications and to correlate these with the participational dynamics of singing and dancing. Dinka society is a patriarchal lineage-oriented society which stratifies participants according to descent, age and sex. Ancestors rank highest and are subordinated only to God and other divinities, male elders come next and youth follow, with women occupying the lower steps of the ladder. Material and inherited means to dheeng are mostly controlled by the male elders of the lineage, while young men and women tend to gratify themselves with such activities as singing and dancing, often relating these to the control of natural resources.

In praising his personality ox in a song, a young man views his ox as the symbol of his family's cattle wealth, the ownership of which he then claims by derivation. Herding the cattle of the family or even a whole section of the tribe is presented by a young man as caring for his ox and the hardships of herding are seen as a necessary sacrifice for the ox. That way, the fact that ownership and control of the livestock are vested in the patriarch is sociologically and psychologically compensated for.

But singing and dancing are only a few of the main esthetic avenues Dinka society has ingeniously devised for effectively channeling and containing the aggressive impulses of the less privileged which might otherwise be destructive to the system. Dheeng is essentially opposed to obstreperousness and aggressiveness, attributes which Dinka childhood stresses as components of courage and the development of physical strength. At the threshold of adulthood these must be controlled and usefully channeled. Young men are encouraged to engage in activities which require courage, adventure, and endurance without causing destruction or unreasonable risks. They travel far to fell trees for drums about which dance-songs are then composed; they herd in far-off camps for better grass; they hunt wild animals dangerous to livestock and men; they compete in gymnastics and sports; they punish age-mates who disgrace them with moral wrongs; and, of course, they defend the land and the herds from aggression and otherwise sublimate their aggressiveness with war songs and dances.

The sublimation of aggressive dispositions in youth is remarkably evident in the significance young men and women give to cattle, in particular to bulls and oxen. They sharpen their horns and encourage them to fight. Castrated bulls (that is, oxen) symbolize the qualities of gentle-

ness and submissiveness on the one hand and of aggressiveness and physical courage on the other. In their ox songs, young men and women praise their oxen or the oxen of their husbands or boyfriends for their aggressiveness and valor even as they criticize them for the same. The fact that oxen, though castrated and subdued, are pivotal in the esthetics of cattle is symbolic of the fact that young men and women, though subordinated to elders, occupy a high position in the esthetics of Dinka society.

The significance of esthetic values as "compensational" or "alternative" avenues to dheeng is evident in Dinka terminology. A man is said to be alueeth (a liar) though in a less derogatory sense than the word normally indicates--if he is not particularly good at singing or dancing, not essentially handsome or wealthy or otherwise not distinguished as adheng, but puts on an impressive show of being a good singer or dancer, bears himself with such exaggerated style as though strikingly handsome, shows excessive hospitality as though wealthy, or displays pomp in any situation involving dheeng. At the same time, a man who is distinguished in singing, dancing, handsomeness, wealth, or any attribute of dheeng and acts in accordance with his awareness of, and pride in this distinction is also referred to as a "liar." Every young man and woman is considered essentially vain by virtue of preoccupation with esthetic values, and to the Dinka this is not really a criticism; indeed, it is a compliment. It is not without significance that short persons, who, considering the average height of the Dinka, are disadvantaged, have a reputation of being often a alueeth in singing and dancing. And this generally is true of deformed or physically handicapped persons, if at all they can sing or dance.

Singing is indeed conceived of as essentially lueeth. To compose a song is "to create" a song (cak dit); to tell a lie is also "to create" words (cak wel). Cak is also applied to God's work of "creation"; and although it might be pushing the analogy too far to consider such creation as "telling a lie," there is a common denominator of making something that was formerly nonexistent. In the case of songs, "telling a lie" may indicate the usual exaggeration and distortion of songs, but there is also the analogy that they give young men and women positive values where there might otherwise be none in terms of the standard values used by the elders who determine the ideals of the system. This is not to deny reality to the function of songs nor to imply its limitation to youth. Songs mean much to all Dinkas of both sexes and of all ages; otherwise, even their significance to the young would be largely meaningless. It is nonetheless significant that it is this group which is preoccupied with them.

Dheeng is thus a concept of status that may be achieved through esthetic means used by youth and through material means controlled by elders. Youth's ways are seen to a lesser or greater extent as winning an "illusory" dheeng while the elder's way provide the "real" dheeng. But so ritualized, mythified, and glorified are the values of youth, especially singing and dancing, that their forms and their impact on society are more conspicuous and attention-drawing than those of the cool-headed, take-it-for-granted status of their elders. The result is a purposeful, proud, psychologically gratified, and socially integrated youth, delighting in the pleasures of today, yet aspiring to the utilitarian promises of later age. In satisfaction, they conform to the essential norms of the system: the dictates of their elders.

The significance of songs not only as a mirror of Dinka social structure, but also of its dynamics, is obvious from the many categories covered in Dinka classification of songs, the social context in which songs are presented, and the wide range of activities connected with their presentation. Based largely but not exclusively on Ngok terminology, songs are classified into ox songs, 'cathartic' songs, age-set insult songs, war songs, women's songs, songs from bed-time stories, children's play songs, hymns, and finally school songs. The albums in this series do not cover all these categories, nor are they organized in accordance with any classification. My primary intention was to reproduce them as they were presented and recorded.



Album 1: WAR SONGS AND HYMNS

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ALBUM ONE: WAR SONGS AND HYMNS

The selection contained in this album was recorded in August 1972 in Khartoum. My wife and I had just arrived in the Sudan after being married in the United States. It was her first visit to my country. Andrew Wieu, an old friend and a leading Southern politician from the Ngok of Upper Nile, a close kindred group of the Ngok Dinka of Kordofan, organized a traditional singing celebration in our honour.

In transcribing and translating the songs, I have depended heavily on Andrew Wieu who, being a member of that group, was not only better versed in the dialect but also familiar with the details of the fact-situation behind every song.

As the songs in this album comprise mostly war songs and hymns, a closer examination of these categories is necessary for a deeper understanding and appreciation. War songs are usually about the courage and the power of the age-sets. By and large, they concern fights which have actually occurred. Sometimes, this may be indirect. For instance, it is usual for an age-set to hunt an animal bearing the name of the corresponding age-set of the enemy, and then compose songs about an actual war with this enemy under the guise of the hunted animal. Power, courage, and ferocity are primarily symbolized by the bull, but also by the lion, the buffalo, and similar beasts.

The Dinka allege in their songs that they are never the aggressors. The worth of age-sets as warriors lies not in provoking but in halting aggression, though what they consider aggression is often readily conceived.

War songs are used in a war dance, usually attended by members of sub-tribes which are warring units. The dance is a combination of types of dances. A theme which runs through them is that the man represents an aggressive bull and the woman a submissive cow. The man facing the woman forms the horns of a bull with his arms and the woman raises her arms, joining her hands to form a circle over her head. Thus,

while the horns of the man symbolize danger, the horns of the woman appear harmless. This is maintained in another variation in which the man chases the retreating woman and symbolizes the victory of the bull. On the perimeter of the dance, men circling in single file dance the goor, a war ballet, in which they jump and dodge as though fighting with spears. Other men in mimed duels jump up and down, twisting themselves in the air with amazing skill, using spears to imitate an actual fight between them.

The different sub-tribes dance together to each other's songs. During or towards the end of the song of one sub-tribe, another sub-tribe withdraws from the dance singing their dor, and a special type of war song in which a leader, followed by his group chorus, excites peace-or war-demonstrations. The Sub-tribe which has withdrawn then returns singing a dor, and, running into the dance, outsinging the previous chorus and people begin to dance to their songs. This is part of the dance, not simply a demonstration of aggression. It sometimes happens that particularly enjoyable songs are interrupted in this way, or a particularly provocative song is introduced. Then a tension develops in which opposing groups begin deliberately to introduce war songs.

For security, chiefs must watch the dancers to prevent fights if necessary. But the provocation of songs does not have to wait for dances. A sub-tribe may learn of a war song newly composed to defame them, and may take up arms and attack the composing group. The trial that follows, in which the court usually wants to hear the songs sung by the respective groups, is usually well-provided with a police force in anticipation of more trouble.

A war dance may be on a smaller scale and directed towards a particular objective. An example of this is where an age-set has been assigned a job, and, after completing it, seeks a formal discharge by the chief; or where the age-set seeks permission from the chief to move to far-off grazings during the cultivation period --a practice which is nowadays restricted. After such a dance has lasted a while, the chief, assuming that he grants the request, will ritually sprinkle them with blessed water or sacred ashes as a token of discharge or grant of the request.

War dance in all its variants is the main standard dance of the Ngok Dinka and as its name loor (drum) indicates much drumming goes on. There are at least two drums in a dance, a large one about three yards long with a round top about three feet in diameter, and a small one known as leng which is approximately one-third the size of the large drum. The two are beaten simultaneously and their sounds are co-ordinated. Beating the drums is a skill which all Dinka share, but not all perform on such dancing occasions, for a high standard is required.

War songs are owned by the warring unit--the sub-tribe--and are transmitted from generation to generation. Some of them are so old that their origin is unknown. War songs are therefore of historical interest.

Hymns reflect man's reaction to the cruelties of a world he does not understand, his attempt to understand what he cannot understand, his appeal to God, spirits, and ancestors for their assistance and their response to his prayers.

In order to gauge man's failure which has invited evil, or the capriciousness of the spirits which have unjustifiably inflicted harm, hymns embody the ideals of the Dinka as guaranteed by God and by well-meaning spirits and ancestors.

In accordance with Dinka religious expression, in which prayers are not a regular habit but a request for something specific, hymns are sung for the help of God, lesser spirits, and the ancestors. Thus, except for certain regular occasions of offerings and feastings, they are used as prayers during sickness, war, drought, famine, or any such tragedy, and may be sung by individuals or by groups, in public or in private. Divine leaders and other religious functionaries may also sing hymns alone or in company with others as part of their general prayer for the well-being of their people even though there may be no specific threat. Hymns are also sung as part of the inauguration ceremonies for chiefs or as part of the burial rituals of chiefs and certain holy men.

On whatever occasion hymns are presented, they are generally a means of communication between the ancestors and spirits and their representatives in this world, usually the elders. During war, when young warriors sing in prayer for victory, their hymns take the form of war songs.

In so far as they reflect situations of public significance, whether involving the public as such or some pivotal individuals or groups, hymns are of historical value. This is especially so because hymns of such public interest tend to be perpetuated even though they may be re-interpreted and distorted to present the viewpoints of interested groups. Even when they are new, hymns tend to build on ancient legacy and therefore on old hymns. Whether old, interpreted, distorted, or newly composed, by referring to specific clan-divinities, hymns may be of particular help in interpreting mythology and understanding not only the roots of divine leadership, but also current political structure, in so far as it is based on the traditional system.

SIDE A

SONG NO. 1. THE TOL FEARED

Introductory Note

This song is a self-praise by Jok, a major division of the Ngok tribe of Upper Nile comprising six sections. It mostly concerns its victories over Tol, another major opposing division comprising the remaining five of the eleven sections of the Tribe. Jok and Tol represent common Dinka political and military alliances of the component units, usually divided into major opposing blocs.

English Translation

The Tol feared and abandoned their leaders;
Ding d'Akiel is the Central Pole of the Weny Tribe.
Here I am, the Original Ngok of Jok;
The Tol feared and abandoned their leaders.
Wukok Adong and your brothers, the tribe of Akong
O Tribe of Akong,
What the tribe of Amoc once said, do not consider
it a lie.
I see in this the same ancient thing,
The ancient thing from Creation by Deng
Tol feared and abandoned their leaders.

Dinka Text

Ci Tol rioc anyeng banyke piny oo;
Ding d'Akiel e woor e Weny.
Yeen atok yen Ngong de Jok Kidii;
Tol rioc anyieng banyke piny.
Wukok Adong we wanmuth wun Akong,
Wun Akong,
Ghon jeem wun Amoc duokki col lueth.
Ke woi thin acit ke ghon, ke ghon Deng.
Tol rioc anyieng banyke piny.

SONG NO. 2. ABYEI OF LOOC

Introductory Note

Abyei of Looc is a section of the Ngok and the song is a form of a hymn declaring to the people of the section the elders' decision to honour their spiritual chief and to call upon him to make offerings to God and pray to him in order to relieve the people from the sufferings they had long endured.

English Translation

Abyei of Looc, words are finished in the land,
I am hitting the road on my way to the Chief,
I canoed across the river at the home of Achwil
Bong.
I am baffled by the afflictions of spirits,
Tormented with spiritual ills.
Mine is a perpetual sorrow from ancient times.
I do not know who will make offerings on my behalf,
Chief Ayom, please pray to God,
We shall appease Him with divine cattle.

Dinka Text

Abin e Looc, jam aci thok baai,
Yen Lony Kuer La Beny loor,
Yen ger wanh Achwil Bong.
Ca gai wet mar piny,
Ci jok a guut nyin.
Kueny di ghon-ghon.
Yen Kuc raan bi yen teem oo,
Ayom Beny to piny long,
Aba waac e weng aciek.

SONG NO. 3. MABONG DE KIR

Introductory Note

This song is a projection of the desired image of a young warring age-set describing itself as a generation combining military capability with diplomatic skill and thereby enhancing their protection of the people's well-being and prosperity.

English Translation

Mabok of Kir, do not mishandle the Tribe.
I am not frivolous, I Mabok, the age-set of the son
of Dhiendior Clan,
The great warrior is in a rage, the warring bull
of Rai Ker.
Bless the age-set with the sprays of Sacred Ashes,
O Lal Agany,
Put poison on the horns of your warring bull,
The great age-set embracing four sections.
I do not await a second call to leave for the
battle front,
I hear the news and move the camp early in the
Morning.
Magywol, do not disturb the tribe,

Do not break the Central Pole of the Camp,
 Do not let the tribe remain in the wilderness;
 Bless them with the sprays of sacred ashes, O Kur
 of the Sacred Clan, Patuol;
 We are a bull tethered by the clan of Marial of Wor
 of the Black Race;
 Bless them so that they boom with war songs in
 the night,
 Your bull has refused to be tethered.

Dinka Text

Mabong de Kir, dik wut bi kuoc muk.
 Cien piou aleeng, Bong Wen Dior,
 Gok yieec, mior e Rai Ker.
 Pok nom yin Lal Agany,
 Ba mior du wok tung ee;
 Beeb dit mac wuot nguan.
 Yen cee tuoc areeu
 Pieng ku rial wut.
 Dik wut be liap Manywol ee
 Dik woor bi riok,
 Mik wut to dong keer nom;
 Pok nom kur yath Patuol;
 Amec dhien Marial Wor Achuk;
 Pok nom ago nin ke door,
 Mior du areec mac ee.

SONG NO. 4. THE WHITE EGRET HEADED

Introductory Note

This war song tells of how the singing group unexpectedly lost a battle because of a secret alliance between the opposing Dinka section and a different tribe-- the Nuer--and how in a subsequent battle the loss was avenged against the allies.

English Translation

The White Egret-Headed of the Cloud-Spirit Deng,
 has a feud with a man;
 I do not know the cause of our feud with the Lou
 (Nuer) and their deserting friends;
 The Nuer ran until they lost their moorings;
 The Rising Cloud of the Thundering One continued
 crawling into the battle,
 We will never accept retreat.
 The Egret poured his spears into the marshes,
 The Spear of the Tribe of Nyieth does not miss,
 The Spear of Agany does not hit the ground,
 It is guided by the Spirit Flesh of Pajuac clan.
 The Bull of the Sacred Grass, the Son of the Clan
 of Kerjok,
 The Cloud-One appeared in the camp and the world
 turned into abomination,
 And guns roared in the dawn of the morning.
 I shall revenge, I, the son of Dhien Dior clan,
 I shall revenge my bone, I will never forget;
 Alual will be captured by the government.

Dinka Text

Anom Ken dit de ater ke raan;
 Kuoc Ken eku luel wo Lou Ku la math den akook;
 Nuer Kat abi ye piou baai;
 Tuk luat dit adung amol ke la thin,
 Aci kat gam.
 Ken wai luong e wak nom,
 Wai wun e Nyiel ace daar,
 Wai d'Agang acee loony piny ee,
 Awei Ring de Pajuac.
 Mior e deel menh dhien Kerjok,
 Ba luat wut ago piny a rieeth,
 Ago mac gum ghon miak rial,

Aba cool menh Dior;
 Yom di ka ba col aken bath ya nom;
 Alueel Abi buny peec.

SONG NO. 5. CHIEF KUATH AJOK

Introductory Note

In this song, the tribe mourns the death of their divine leader which had deprived them of spiritual leadership and therefore left them unprotected. They also call upon their dead leader to combine forces with his ancestors and divinities to rid his people of the suffering that had befallen them after his death.

English Translation

Chief Kwoth-Jok left his tribe in orphanage,
 The Wor tribe has remained without a leader who
 can speak.
 I spent the dry season vexing myself,
 And spent the rainy season vexing myself,
 The tribe has remained without a leader who
 can speak.
 Great Spirit above, I pray to you,
 Consult with our ancestor, Lual Jok-Diing,
 And tell your father, Deng,
 Our world has fallen into ruins after you;
 Turn your hearts to the Supreme Truth.

Dinka Text

Ci Kuath-Jok wunde baar,
 Ci Wor dong de cien raandit e bee jam.
 Jai mai ke ya dieer,
 Ku bee ruel ke ya dieer,
 Wut aci cien raan e bee jam.
 Thithiey yin along,
 Lak jam ki wek e kuaar Jok-Diing,
 Ku la wur Deng,
 Piny da aciet ke ci lok riak;
 Lak mat ki yic agok.

SONG NO. 6. DO NOT ABANDON THE LAND

Introductory Note

The song alleges that the land which the enemy attempted to capture is a land the victorious group had bought a long time ago and over which they are entitled to exclusive possession and ownership. The singing group urges its Chief never to let go of the land.

English Translation

Kwoth-Jok, do not abandon the land,
 It is the land of Chief Kwom.
 My ancient land which I captured with spears,
 It is known to the Ngok.
 People ask me, "Where did you find it?"
 "I bought it a long time ago."
 "Minyiel, with whom do you own the land?"
 "It is my land, I alone!"
 "Where did you find it?"
 "I bought it a long time ago."

Dinka Text

Kwoth-Jok, dik baai pal,
 Ke tiom de kwom Bany.
 Piny dien ghon ruom e wai,

Angic Ngok.
Yen ye thiec, "Yok kedu nou oo?"
"Ke ghac ghon theer."
"Minyiel e tiom du we nga?"
"Ke paan di ya tok."
"Yok ke-du nou oo?"
"Ke ghac ghon theer."

SONG NO. 7. THE TRIBE OF ABYEI

Introductory Note

This song was composed in memory of Abiel Maker, the deceased Paramount Chief and spiritual leader of the three opposing sections of the tribe. The song praises him for his coolness of heart, soberness of mind, and the diplomacy with which he kept his people together.

English Translation

The tribe of Abiel is said to fall apart;
It will never fall apart;
Hold your tribe together, O son of the man who
softens words,
The great Chief with a cool heart.
Our chief is called Anyangnyang,
Adak Ayai is called Anyangnyang.
Our Chief is not like the Chiefs of Yom,
The Chiefs of ancient curses.
I have stuffed my horn into the bottom of the
enemy;
Should I pull it out one day,
We shall cross the heights of Pabiec in chase.
Should I lose patience one day,
We shall run as far as our high camp site at
Aluel.

Dinka Text

Wun Abiel alek riak;
Ku ci bee riak;
Muk paandu wen e wel dior,
Benydi alir piou e thuat.
Benydi acol Anyangnyang,
Adak ayai acol Anyangnyang.
Benydi ace beny ye Yom,
Bany ka acien.
Yen ci cuut waath raan thar;
Na la ye niit,
Pabiec diit thony nom abuku reet ic.
La ye maan wadang,
Ke wok bi yir Aluel wun thoonyda.

SIDE B

SONG NO. 1. THE FEUD

Introductory Note

Although no violent confrontation seems to have taken place between the singing group and their neighbours, there seems to have existed a state of "cold war" which forms the subject-matter of the song. The singing group warns its neighbouring section, which is appraised as having failed to live up to the norms of good neighbourliness, not to rely on the protection of the Government's security authorities in their area, for should these authorities move elsewhere, the section might face the dilemma of whether to move with them or face trouble.

English Translation

I have a feud with the man of the house;
Listen to my words and understand;
Will you leave and follow your protectors?
By your vileness, you have failed as a neighbour.
You will have to see and decide,
Whether you will join the other side.
Do not be deceived by the safety of women's fence.
You will be left alone in the wilderness;
That day when the government will leave,
You do not know anyone who will give you refuge,
I, Yom, have refused.

Dinka Text

Ade ku cuk luel wo mony baai;
Cuil e ping;
Non bin rot mat tan?
Ayik yin ci mac thueet.
Ba jo ting ci kedu,
Non bin rot mat tan.
Dik rot to geei rong de diar.
Yin ba nyai wadang;
Te le bunny jal,
Yin kuc raan bi yi kang,
Ci Yom jai ee.

SONG NO. 2. WHAT CONFOUNDS ME

Introductory Note

In this song, the group expresses the agony and lamentation resulting from their long suffering and calls upon the spirits to listen to their prayers and relieve them.

English Translation

What confounds me will be resolved by the Son
from above,
Awol Kerjok, son of Deng, the Ants are praying
to the All-Embracing.
Our Girl-Spirit in the River and Wieu, come and
milk the cows for Deng.
Kokbong and Longar, the Ant-men have been in
misery for eight years.
Awel-Kerjok, come and listen to what I have to say.
I am praying to Abuk and her son, Deng.
The Ant-men you created have fallen into misery.
Let us pray to our Lord.
What confounds me will be resolved by the Son
from above.

Dinka Text

Ke dien dhala abi menh bo nhial beer,
Awol Kerjok, wen e Deng, Acuk alang Apiny-Diing Nom.
Nyanwiir da wek e Wieu bak toku Deng raak.
Kok-Bong wek Longar acuk aci nyin kuany run bet.
Awol Kerjok ku bo ping ke lueel.
Yen lang Abuk ke wen deen Deng.
Acuk wan cak aci lok ngong.
Bak rook ku Benyda wa.
Ke dien dhala abi menh ebo nhial beer.

SONG NO. 3. GARANG ABAK-JANG

Introductory Note

This is a typical hymn, glorifying the spirits and by implication asking for their continued protection. The Spirits Deng, Abuk, and Garang are associated with the sky and the origin of creation and are often confused in their relationship. Abuk is sometimes conceived as the mother of Deng and sometimes his wife. And Garang is said to be the original man created with Abuk as the first woman.

English Translation

Garang, Father of all, son of Deng, the Lord who descended from above,
Our Lord!
Our Lord, our Father, is glorified and has upheld our land.
Rock of Patuol, I do not know what we shall say.
Garang, Father of All, son of Deng, the Lord who descended from above,
Our Lord!
Shining One of Patuol, I do not know what we shall ask for.
Garang, Father of All, son of Deng, the Lord who descended from above,
Our Lord!

Dinka Text

Garang Abak-Jang, wen e Deng, Beny lony nhial,
Beny da wa!
Wa aci war piou miet a dom baai.
Kur Patuol yen kuc ke buk luel.
Garang Abak-Jang, wen e Deng, Beny lony nhial,
Beny da wa!
Abiel Patuol, yen kuc ke buk cool.
Garang Abak-Jang wen Deng, bany lony nhial,
Beny da wa!

SONG NO. 4. JUANY DE YAR

Introductory Note

This song contains a number of short verses about the role of the Chief in containing his warring age-sets and mourns the death of their divine Chief, appealing to the surviving elders not to weaken the tribe with personal grudges and quarrels but to pray for the prosperity of the land in full harmony and unity. The song also alludes to an old practice whereby Chiefs were buried alive when near death so that their power would not be weakened by death and they would be assumed to continue to live and lead in the living memory of their people.

English Translation

Juany de Yai, do not shake the central pole of the camp,
The pole might break;
Great Juac, do not shake the pole,
Tol are the central pole of Ngok;
Great Juac, do not shake the pole.
Malith is sustained by the Ring-Horned and the Black-and-White Striped.
Juac of Yai, keep us well.
The land will be left for the Great One who controls the Hawks.
The Grey One has refused to be subdued with a tethering rope,
But tether him or he will toss the people.
Let it be said to Kwel of the land,
I shall reach home into the dance.
Buyer of Riak, tether the Bull of your father well,
Tether him with a tight rope,
He is a restless bull.
Even when tethered, he will toss the people.
The bull is the bull of your father,
A man cannot abandon that of his father.
The Chief has entered the Byre of God;
I lay and stayed vexing myself,
I am left alone in the wilderness;

The Great Juac left us in the tribe not yet reconciled.

Camp of Kur of Dhiendior clan,
Camp of Abilbil,
Duany has left us in the tribe not yet reconciled.
Chiefs, tap the spirit, Deng,
I heard his voice at the shrine;
Awul of Ajal, come and speak with your ancient voice;
Awul, daughter of Ker-Lieth, come and speak with your ancient voice.
In the ancient land of Deng, chiefs disappeared while still alive,
Chiefs were taken to the sky while still alive;
They went and entered the Byre of the Creator;
Our Chief entered the Byre,
And was placed on the Moon.

Dinka Text

Juany de Yai, dik wor e beng,
Wor abi to riak;
Juany dit dik wor e beng ee,
Tol e wor e Ngok;
Juany dit dik wor e beng ee.
Malith ameec Atung-Kuoc ke Bil Rial.
Juany de Yai aki wor mac.
Gok dit mac lieth ka baki pal baai.
Malieth areec mac,
Yaki mac ka gop koc.
Nang lek Kwel e baai,
Yen dhil rot bei e loor thar.
Ghoc Riak muk thon e wur,
Thon ke mac e win ciek,
Mior ala kuiny-kuiny.
Cek mac ke gop koc.
Thon man e thon e wur,
Aci raan e pal.

Ci beny aling luek oo;
Jo toc ku ja reer ku ja dier,
Aca nyang wei oo;
Juany dit ci wo nyang wut ke wo ken guo mat.
Wun e Kur Dhiendior,
Wun Abilbil,
Ci Duany wo nyang piny ke wo ken guo mat.

Beny ke Deng tong;
Apieng rol e geng ic,
Awun Ajal ee, ba jam rol duon theer;
Awul nyan Ker-Lieth ba jam rol duon theer.
Ghon theer Deng, beny ke piir,
Beny ke to jot ke piir le nhial;
La Lueek aciek Yai;
Beny di lo Lueek,
Ago riek e pei nom.

SONG NO. 5. THE TAWNY AGE-SET

Introductory Note

In this war song, the age-set claim that they not make a show of force even when aware of impending hostilities; but that when provoked, they strike heavy blows at the aggressor. They describe themselves as a brown insect of ruthless and merciless character.

English Translation

The Great Tawny age-set is sharpening his spears,
What I have put into my head, I do well;
What I have decided to face,
I may appear unaware, but I watch.
A battle I won in the evening!
I was provoked by a presumptuous man.
A spear I have pierced into a man in the evening,
A presumptuous man who was provoking me.
Bull of the camp of Gum, I shall chase the man.
Cries of war arose.

Dinka Text

Mabok Areng-dit ayik tong thok,
Ke dien ca wel apiou ceer;
Ke dien ca ngiec a nom,
Jai ku ja ni.
Tong dien e dom theei!
Yen e raan a waai;
Tong dien e wei theei,
Yen e raan a waai.
E mior wun e Gum aba ciec.
Ca awou la mang

SONG NO. 6. TELL CONYOM

Introductory Note

The singing age-set praises an educated elder member of the tribe, who had presented them with trumpets, for his interest in the age-set. They also praise themselves as an age-set whose charm has so won their corresponding girls' age-set to the point where they fully identify themselves with the interests of their male counterparts, no matter what the opposition or threat from their fathers.

English Translation

Word came from Conyom, the trumpets of Ayom were acquired with cash;
The trumpets of Ayom were sent by plane;
And a letter followed;
Our pen is on display in the land.
(The girls) will never surrender;
"Even if you beat us, fathers,
We will never accept;
Stars of the age-set of Yom, we shall engage in playful talk.
The men we have accepted with all our hearts,
We shall both endure."
The trumpets made with copper,
They are blown by Dual Luan,
And the sounds were heard at Rumbek.

Dinka Text

Lekki Conyom, kang Ayom e thil weu;
Lekki Conyom, kany Ayom e tooc thayaar,
Alony awerek taric;
Galam di goor baai.
Aci bi gam:
"Cak dui tor yen wadi,
Ca Gam:
Ceer Yom, wok bi tai luel.
Mony dien waan ngiek a nom,
Gum war ku guom."
Aci riit kang malang,
Aci koth e Dual Luan,
Ale Rumbek.

SONG NO. 7. THE GREAT TRIBE

Introductory Note

In this song, the section exalts itself for their responsible discharge of spiritual duties through prayer and offerings in order to guarantee divine protection of the tribe against such natural disasters as draught or epidemic.

English Translation

The Great Tribe of the Hanging Bees is holding a feast of offerings;

I am going into the Byre.
It is the truth Deng Aguet Awier;
The Great Tribe is entering the Byre.
They have gathered the bulls and sounded the drums.
They took the feast into the Byre because of human suffering;
Deng, the Ngok mourn the suffering from the drought.
Bless the tribe so that it may hold.

Even if the Ngok should all surrender and enter the Byre,
I shall not tire, I shall go.
Because of the whirling wind, I shall release a sacrificial beast.
The Great Tribe has not despaired,
I released a cow to look for blessing.
I asked Deng because of the disasters that had occurred;
I shall seek blessing from Deng.

Dinka Text

Wundit Anok amat yai;
Yen lo luek.
Aca ayic Deng Aguet Awier;
Wun dit alo luek.
Mat Nyiel thon kok ajang.
Le yai luek eka ci rac;
Deng adhieu Ngok wun dit yak.
Loi baai ago baai keer.

Cak Ngok thok luek,
Yen ci pak, yen bi rot dhiel,
Wienwien kar dit ba weng lony.
Wundit Anok angath,
Yen ci weng lony ku yen lo ayiel koor.
Ca Deng thiec kaci rac;
Awier lo ayiel koor Deng nom.



Album 2: WOMEN'S DANCE SONGS

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SONG NO. 1. THE DREAM

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The songs in this album were recorded mostly by my brother, Biong, in July 1969 and July 1971. The songs of the Ngok of Upper Nile were recorded by me in August 1972, during the occasion which I described in relation to the war songs and hymns in the first album—a singing reception for me and my wife after having been newly wed in the United States of America.

Generally, women's songs are in the nature of ox songs centering on the bulls of husbands of dancing-partners. In this respect, the fiction of the unity of the spouses is applied to the extent that the singing woman keeps shifting between referring to her husband as 'I' and as 'he'. Her identity is thus reflected through him.

The singer often praises her husband and through him herself with surprising snobbery. The praises are usually exaggerated and the husband overvalued, so much so that it is only possible in songs.

Women's songs may also concern matters unrelated to cattle. In one case, a girl was betrothed to a man who suddenly decided to 'divorce' her (to use the Dinka terminology), and this for no obvious reason. The bewildered and distressed girl, though perhaps not meaning to influence the future conduct of the former fiancé, composed a song of lamentation which so affected the man that he instantly reinstated the marriage by handing over to her relatives his personality ox as a bride-wealth token.

The presentation of women's songs is done in a women's dance in which the dancers form a circle, and the owner of the song, or someone else, leads. In the centre are usually several who are related to the people praised in the song. While all sing and clap (the only musical accompaniment) those inside the circle jump to the rhythm. Simultaneously, some people, and particularly those whose relations are mentioned, make such loud cries (*kieu*) that it is sometimes impossible to hear the words. These piercing cries are an expression of joy, though to a foreigner they may sound like the cries of a woman in distress. I should add that the songs contained in this album were not necessarily sung by the owners.

SIDE A

SONG NO. 1. NAINAI

Introductory Note

This song, by Amou Nyok, is about the husband's experience with the police and imprisonment.

English Translation

The sun was setting;
We were arrested in the evening at Nainai;
Nainai, the village of the sons of Biong;
We were arrested at Nainai.
The wide-Horned One was driven by a crowd,
Like a sacrificial bull for waging an attack.
Crowds stood watching,
Wondering why the Arabs spent the night running
about;
The Arabs drove us with their guns.
"If you run away, you will be shot with a rifle!"
I exclaimed, "My Wide-Horned One, Pied Bull of
Akol,"
Have you not seen the brown Arab at Nainai?
When we were tied to the horse,
Wide-Horned One, did you not see at Nainai?
Death is far,
It is not like life;
Life is what counts, O court!
And the court is what I hate.
The clerk registered me by my father's name,
Brown ox with Wide-Spread horns,
Writing has committed me into jail;
I am tied by a noisy chain,
The sounds of the chain are those of an enemy.
The chains cried with the sound, *lileliiy*,
Sounding like a radio;
But it was a prison chain.
Dodger of the Arabs (Giraffe), Spotted Brown,
son of Ngol,
You will not try the case with bias.
I said, "Please, people, do not try the case
with bias,
The country is a country of my father,
Do not push my case aside."
The battle is lost!
The battle is lost!
Leave me to enter the prison cell.
Deng, the son of Abiong, talked to me,
"Man, if you are a man like your father,
You will endure and survive.
If you are truly like your father,
Prison term will end, and you will leave;
You will return to your home,
You will even greet the Arabs;
The feud will remain.
Be a man, Bull with wide-spreading horns."
But I now see that morning may not find me alive;
There is a pain in my chest,
I feel cold—
I have a severe illness in my body,
Crying Hyena, Mithiang, son of Col,
Please tell the Arab that I shall not survive
the night.
But the Arab got provoked,
His upper teeth and unremoved lower teeth
All opened up with a screaming anger.
Age-set of Nyok, the Wide-Horned One,
Please tell the Arab that I shall not survive
the night.

Word circulated at night through the village;
 Word went as far as Malual and the home of Deng,
 The Mother of Alang and the Mother of Magol,
 The sisters of my father, cried:
 "Ageuk is arrested and beaten with a whip."
 To be whipped! Is it not better for a man to be
 caught and slaughtered!?

Women, I shall not disgrace your father
 To run away from the whip.
 There is nothing to worry about!
 Six months finished and I left,
 I am like the clan-head who travels collecting
 tax money,
 The feud has remained,
 The Wide-Horned One is a man.
 Six months went into prison labour,
 The Arabs said that our work should be increased,
 Carrier of the Spears, we shall be given more
 work.

In the future, when we fight with the Arabs,
 I shall aim at Ali;
 When we fight with the Arabs,
 I shall be on the left flank,
 And Deng, the Pied One, will be on the right,
 I know how to dodge the gun of the soldiers;
 The shot gun is dodged gently.
 As gently as a vulture dodges a stone.
 Spotted Brown, Dodger of Arab Hunters, we are
 arrested,
 Arrested by the horses of the Arabs at Nainai;
 The horses of the Arabs are committing a mistake,
 A mistake we shall endure like the pain of
 initiation,
 The pain of the knife with which we were initiated;
 Carrier of the Spears, Mangar, son of Awan of Clan
 Payaath,
 Let us endure the pain of the punishment of ini-
 tiation.

Dinka Text

Ca Akol la piny ee;
 Na la theei wok bi dom Nainai;
 Nainai e wet ke Biong;
 Wok bi dom Nainai.
 Ageer ajal kuath e yoom,
 Ci mathon e teeng,
 Jang aliith,
 Na ke ruuw Jur Mathiang geer;
 Na ci jur wo kuath punduk.
 "Na la kat ke yin bi biok thalga!"
 Yen bi ya mioc, "Ageer, Mijong d'Akol,"
 Mony de Jur Ameer kac ting Nainai?
 Wen ci wo duot e jo kou,
 Ageer kac ting e Nainai?
 Thuou ka mec,
 Aci rong ke pir;
 Pir yen adit, Makam!
 Makam yen amaan.
 Aca got e rin ke wa,
 Malual Bong Ageer,
 Yen ci mac e geet;
 Yen ci dom jindiir aduot,
 Awou de lung cit awou delleei.
 Lung atul kieu e lileliiy,
 Ka cit aradio;
 Ku ke lung e karkon.
 Awil-jur Maleng de Ngol,
 Ci bi luk e bombil.
 Ku luel, "Awat diet ke luk e luk e bombil,
 Baai ke paan e wa,
 Diet ke luk e jan ya."
 Ku tong ka duony!
 Tong aduony!
 Pal ki yen, ke ya la juwa.
 Deng d'Abiong Akuen yen,
 "Mony na ci wur yi caal,
 Aba luong,

Na ci wur yi caal mony,
 Thijin ka bi thok ku guo e jal;
 Yen bi la paandun,
 Ku math ki juur;
 Dong tong.
 Ageer ke moc."
 Aca jal ting yen ci bi ruow;
 De ke rem apiou,
 Yen anek aliir -
 Aci ya jok ya guop.
 Jong angui, Mithiang Col,
 Lek e jur yen ci bi ruow.
 Ku go le ngeeny,
 Leny to nhial, leny to piny
 Ci la yop.
 Riny de Nyok Ageer,
 Lek e Jur yen ci bi ruow.
 Thok Akuany baai yic ghon theei;
 Thok aghet Malual ke beeth Deng,
 Ku yi Man Alang kek Man Magol,
 Duet aken e wa, ka jal dhiau;
 "Ageuk aci dom aci dui e waat."
 Ku waat aci ngen e raan dom bi tem roll?
 Wa duet yen ci wur bi yong
 Aba kat e waat.
 Ku ke lueth!
 Peei dhetem aci thok ku guo jal,
 Yen acit Magol e weu,
 Dong tong,
 Ageer ce moc.
 Ku peei dhetem ke thok cogol.
 Aci jur lueel wok ka bi dhok cogol Ajing,
 Wa Ajar-biith, wok bi juak reek dit agok.
 Na wadang ku lok thor e Jur,
 Ca bi ghok Ali;
 Ku lok thor e Jur,
 Ca bi to e tung de cam,
 Ku Deng Jok-rol kek tung de cuec Bongo.
 Yen ngic kol many de deec;
 Many da abik ke kol amaath,
 E kol nyalou ci gon.
 Malek Awil-Jur wok ci dom,
 Wok ci dom Jok de camal Nainai;
 Jok ka Arab ka loi awoc,
 Anguen e wooc e ku guum ci geer,
 Ci nget athan geer e wok;
 Ajarbiith, Mangar Awan Payaath,
 Gum ku wooc e geer.

SONG NO. 2. I SENT MY MESSAGE

Introductory Note

This song was sung by the same person who sung song No. 1. The subject-matter is somewhat obscure but appears to be also a lamentation of a woman whose husband was committed to jail and sent to the North to serve his prison term there.

English Translation

I sent my message with you on your way,
 "Gathering-in-the-Market of the Striped One
 of Bol,
 You are related to the son of Mangol of the
 women's clan,
 Look after your man in the car."
 Acol, daughter of Mijok, came running,
 "Mother of Deng, what is Abyor doing?"
 I cannot redeem you,
 But what about the son of Miyar of the lion,
 Can he not redeem you?
 Do not vex your heart, O Marol.
 I did not know any big wrong I had done!
 In our big camp of Col, the Honored Pied One,
 Why was I abandoned?
 I laughed!

Marol, son of Jok, never mind,
 Let the Arab kill you,
 Nobody will save you from prison.
 Son of Col, I stood bewildered.
 The daughter of Marol, son of Wieu remained on
 the ground like a bark of a tree;
 The daughter of Beek gazed in bewilderment,
 Your head is confused by the Creator,
 Like a baby in a mother's womb.
 The family of Wor has dispersed,
 It has become a family of tragedy, as you can see,
 The family of Nyok Akuei.
 Daughter of Mijok, son of Nyok Akuei, has remained;
 And the daughter of Rol e wieu;
 I do not know what frightens the men of the country.
 Twin of Marial of Wieu, there you are!
 The words of the daughters of Jok!
 And the wife of the clan, the mother of Mading,
 When it dawns, luck will come our way,
 Luck will never abandon us, O daughter of the
 Wide-Horned One.
 We shall put our words in order with Marial Acai,
 We have not yet despaired.
 Shall we give up our country,
 And speak Arabic in the name of Allah?
 This, we shall liken to the ancient struggle over
 the land.

Dinka Text

Jal yi than kuer,
 "Wa Aguer Thuuk de Mangar e Bol,
 Ci wo mat e wen e Mangol Padiar,
 Ya ki raan dun la ting e ri ai nom."
 Wa Acol Mijok ka ba ke kot,
 "Man Deng ke loi Abyor ci ya ngo?"
 Yin ca bi waar ee,
 Ku na wen Miyar e koor,
 Ci yin bi waar?
 Ku dit piou e jeth a Marol.
 Yen kuc ke dit e ca wooc!
 E rong dan e wun e Col Dorjok,
 Ke dit tok yen aweet?
 Yen ci thok adol!
 Marol e Jok kwol dit e elieli,
 Ku yin ka nek jur,
 Ku thijin ka cen raan duon bi yin be le kony yen.
 Wen e Col yen e gai.
 Ci nyan e Marol e wieu dong piny ci paat;
 Nyan Beek aja liith,
 Yin ci jok liap nom,
 Ci menh to yeec.
 Many de Wor ka ci weer,
 Many de riak yen ka ki ting,
 Many de Nyok Akuei.
 Nyan jeek de Mijong de Nyok Akuei, ci dong,
 Ku la nyan e Rol e Wieu;
 Yen kuc ke dit e baai rioc.
 Wa acueng e Marial e Wieu yen ka!
 Awel ke duet ke Jok Acoot ee!
 Ku la ting e dhien panom, man Mading.
 Na piny ruw ke wok nom thithiey,
 Ku thithiey aci wok pal wa Nyan Ageer.
 Lok wel kua guir wo Marial Acai,
 Ke wo kic nyin guo wak.
 Buk jal mol e baai,
 Wok bi ya jam Walai?
 Kena abuk athong ke theer kon e baai luel.

SONG NO. 3. THE AGE-SET OF DENG

Introductory Note

This is a song by a wife of the Paramount Chief about a war between the Ngok and the Baggara Arabs which took place in 1965. As is normally the case with women's songs, she speaks as though she were a member of the age-

set called Cuor, "The Giant Vultures", who had fought in that war, but of course, she is identifying herself with them and with her husband who had fought the political battle of words with the Arab Chiefs in the talks and ultimately the peace treaty that followed the fight.

English Translation

The Age-Set, Magak of Deng, is ganged up against in
 the sandy land of the North,
 The Giant Vulture, the Grey age-set, is ganged up
 against like a wild beast.
 We are a bird which has covered the sky,
 Brown man, you will fall a prey of the birds.
 The Sprinkled-Grey Bird, the Bird of the clan Pagou
 They met with the Arabs,
 The Sprinkled-Grey Bird challenged the guns,
 crawling towards the enemy;
 The birds whizzed towards Akuong.
 If you do not abandon the land of Allor,
 You will defecate.
 Brown One, have you not heard my word?
 Brown Ones are asking,
 "If it is the Grey Bird of Clan Agou!"
 The Grey Bird of Deng does not listen to words
 said by the Government;
 The Baggara ask about me from the army.
 We are in conflict with the Baggara Arabs,
 And the Arab woman stood bewildered,
 Crying, "Oh Father, O Chief Babo,
 What is the quarrel between us and the Dinka?"
 What the quarrel is,
 You better ask your husband who has emptied his
 intestines,
 You will ask your husband whose head is hanging
 low.
 Oh Woman of Baggara Arab!
 We are disputing the country with the Baggara Arabs,
 Marol, son of Kwol and the father of Adau,
 Makuei, son of Kwol, is piercing with his tongue,
 He spoke with the ancient tongue of his ancestor,
 Jok Allor.
 The land we shall dispute with the force of the arm,
 The man without the arm will watch with his eyes.
 The Grey age-set of Ngol of Pajing Clan is hunting
 the Arab,
 And the birds of prey whizzed in the sky;
 The Grey Bird is flying to the land of sand,
 Going to feed on the flesh of the Brown ones.
 The (uninitiated) boys, the Arabs, ran naked,
 The clothes were left behind.
 Son of the Arab,
 Brown One,
 Why are you running?
 Leaving behind your white horse?
 Son of the Arab,
 Did you not know the Sprinkled-Grey One?

Dinka Text

Magang de Deng aye dhur agothic,
 Cuor Malou aye dhur ci lai.
 Din ci nyaai,
 Malual yin acem dit.
 Nyiel Malou, din e Wun Agou,
 Ka ram e Jur e Magang e yom,
 Ku Nyiel Malou atong mac ke mol;
 Kic diet wuw biak la Akuong.
 Gong Allor ku ci ye pal,
 Ke yin bi peel.
 Malual kac e wet di ping?
 Malual athiec ee,
 "Ku na ye lou din e Wun Agou!"
 Magang de Deng ace ping e wel luel Akum;
 Pagaar ke ya thiec e jeec.
 Wok ka tuom wok e jur Pagaar,
 Ago ting a Jur a gai,
 "Wa Abu ye, wa Babo,
 Eke cuk gooth wo Monyjang?"

Ke cuk gooth,
 Ka bi thiec mony duon ci moc,
 Ci bi thiec mony duon ci nok,
 Ting e Jur Pagaar!
 Wok luel baai wok e Jur Pagaar,
 Marol e Kwol kek e Wun Adau,
 Makuen e Kwol ajal liem de tieng,
 Jel jam e liem theer e Jok Allor.
 Paan danna ka buk luel angok,
 Raan cien angok ke jal liith e nyiin,
 Malou riny e Ngol Pajing ayap jur,
 Ago din to nhial a wuw;
 Malou awuw agoth,
 Ke la ngueth Alueel.
 Ago dhol e jur akat arian,
 Dong luba.
 Wa menh de jur ee,
 Wa Aluel,
 Engun guo kat
 Ku jong yar ka dong?
 Wa menh di jur Arab,
 E yin kuc Cuor Minyiel?

SONG NO. 4. THE YOUTH OF ABYEI

Introductory Note

This is a short but beautiful-sounding song, whose words are not altogether intelligible. It seems to be a lamentation for the fact that youth have left the tribe, here identified by its administrative center, Abyei. A later part of the song seems to reflect on such new trends, as the introduction of money economy and the modern means of communication.

English Translation

Youth of Abyei, let us go to play,
 I am not going, my heart is thinking of something.
 What kind of a thing?
 Why do we go to play in a foreign land?
 My grandmother, the left handed girl will hear it
 back home in Abyei.
 How much did it cost?
 One hundred and five . . .
 We shall talk by telephone;
 Ajok, daughter of Deng
 Daughter of Deng, son of Nyok,
 Awor, daughter of Yai,
 A powerful spirit which carries words,
 It is called the telephone.
 It is sent to the Congo,
 And the response is prompt;
 It is sent to England
 And the response is prompt;
 It is sent to the land of the Abyssinians;
 And to the land of Peoples China.

Dinka Text

Mith Abyei ka wok la thuec.
 Yen ci la, piou de ke tek.
 Ke dit cit ngo?
 E ngo e wok la thuec toor da?
 Ke ping kaak nyan cam thok Abyei.
 Ghoc e di ee?
 Boot ku dhiec.
 Wok Abi ya jam telefun,
 Ajok e Deng
 Nyan e Deng e Nyok,
 Awor e Yai,
 Jong dit e wel dheet,
 Ku yen e telefun.
 Tooc ji Kongo
 Ke bi lac la ben;
 Tooc ji England
 Ke bi lac la ben;
 Ka yup paan Abac.
 Paan thiin e caap.

SONG NO. 5. I HAVE A REQUEST

Introductory Note

This song concerns the institution of "begging", whereby a girl or a boy "begs" another girl or boy, usually, but not necessarily, a member of the opposite sex to give her something he or she particularly admires or needs. These objects of request are often of an esthetic quality, such as tassels for the horns of an ox, a collar for the bell of the ox, or as in this case, beads for personal ornamentation. The object is presented through a formality associated with feasting, singing, and dancing, and marks the beginning of a close, though ritualized, friendship that may end in marriage.

English Translation

I have a request to the clan Payath,
 Acai, let us receive the gift of honor,
 Acai, daughter of Deng, let us receive the gift
 of honor,
 Acai, daughter of clan of Jok, the man who led
 the way of Creation.
 Children of the clan of Biong Allor Adenyjok
 I call upon you all;
 Daughters of my father, Makuei, Deng,
 Even if it is only ivory on a string,
 We shall go to receive it with honor;
 Daughters of my father, Makuei, Deng,
 Let us leave, daughters of my father.
 The beads were made by Malou, son of Col Yak.
 The clan of Yan de Kuac is a clan of honor.
 The clan Pajok has gathered,
 And the daughters of the Striped One,
 And the age-set of the father of Ayan.
 Acai, have the sounds of feast arrived?
 Daughter of my father, have the sounds arrived?
 Mareng d Ajok of Mayom of clan Payath,
 I greet you, "Are you dawned?"
 Clan Payath, I greet you, "Is all well?"
 Nyanwir and your father's son, Bulabek,
 Increase the pay of the composer;
 Give the composer more money,
 The country is a country in which there are nobles.
 There is the (Women's age-set) Spear-Shaft of the
 Giant Vultures.
 And the (male) Striped Age-Set of Deng Abot,
 Bulabek is known to the Determined Crocodile
 (Age-Set).

Dinka Text

Yen ci de lip Payaath Awan,
 Acai lor ku jeek,
 Acai nyan e Deng Anguek lor ku jeek,
 Acai riny e dhien e Jok Athurkok.
 Mith e kuen e Biong Allor Adenyjok,
 Ya we cool wek e dhie;
 Duet ke wa Makuei, Deng,
 Na cak alany ci roob,
 Ku ka buk la neem;
 Duet ke wa Makuei, Deng,
 Wok ka bi jal duet ke wa.
 Aroop Malou wen e Col e Yak.
 Dhin e Yang de Kwac ka duor;
 Kic Pajok e nom mat,
 Ku duet ke Mangar;
 Riny de Wun Ayan.
 Acai ci kieu ben?
 Nyan e wa ci kieu ben?
 Mareng Ajong de Miyom Payath,
 Ya we mooth, "Ci we bak?"
 Nyanwir ku la Bulabek menh e wur.
 Juak ki ket;
 Juak ki ket e giriic,
 Baai acieng adheeng;

Wai e Cuor.
Ku la Peer e Deng riny e Deng Abot,
Nyangateer Angic Bulabek.

SONG NO. 6. OUR AGE-SET IS AN AGE-SET

Introductory Note

This short song contains a few lines about two daughters of the Paramount Chief, Acai Col, "Black Acai" or otherwise known as Acai Manyjing, "The Dinka Acai," and Acai Thith, "Brown Acai" otherwise known as Acai Jur, "The Arab Acai."

English Translation

Ours is an age-set.
Son of Jok Padool,
Striped One of Mijok of the Leopard,
I told the Porcupine, "Porcupine,
O Porcupine,
I have come;
I am with two girls,
The Black Acai, and the Brown Acai."

Dinka Text

Riny dakke ric.
Wen e Jong Padool,
Mangar e Mijong e Kuac,
Lek Ayok, "Mangar Ayok,
Mangar Ayok,
Yen ci ben;
Yen acath wo nyiir karou,
Acai col ku la Acai thith."

SONG NO. 7. I TELL THE SON OF RING

Introductory Note

This is a special type of song known as dip, which may be by a male or a female. Dip is a form of ox song which may concern any subject-matter. Unlike ordinary women's songs, they must be sung by the individual and not a group and are not necessarily associated with women's dance, but with any joyous occasion which calls for individual singing, such as honoring a bull in bride-price or singing in a duet. As in ordinary women's songs, the subject-matter of women's dip is usually their husband's oxen or experiences.

English Translation

The Side-Striped is Egret-White
He broke the peg in the middle of the day;
I shall take him as far as Madul.
Cries of war have come from the direction of
Anyiel;
So, I shall take him to the direction of Alal.
Minyiel throws a cow and heads for the way.
Arob The Sun-White, we will take the bulls to
Athai.
I drove Nyiel with tassels on his head in the clan
of Col Atem.
Do not mind the journey to the sand lands of the
North.
The journey of the Brown Arabs makes Nyiel accept
the peg.
Nyiel remains close to the front where the age-
set of Deng rises in battle.
He thunders with bellows,
Thunders to be heard by the Carrier of Spears,
Even if he runs as far as Apuk,
I shall follow,
Even if he should reach Aguok.

Dinka Text

Maker e Ken
E loc dhong ghon akol;
Aba giek biak la Madul.
Kieu ben paan Anyiel;
Aba laar biak la Alal.
Minyiel e weng wit ku miit e nom dhol.
Arob Akol Yom wok giik miorbiak la Athai.
Kuath Nyiel ke dhuor gol Col Atem.
Ku dit dier Kuer agoth.
Kuer deen jur ameer ce yen Nyiel piat.
Nyiel ka thioek wen ci Gang e Deng miot.
Dut ke thioop,
Dut ke thiop aka ping Ajarbiith.
Cek be kat abi ghet Apuk,
Ka ngot ba bioth,
Cek yen atem Aguok.

SIDE B

SONG NO. 1. THE DREAM

Introductory Note

This song by one of the Paramount Chief's wives begins with a dip, an introductory short song about the singer's husband's ox with the same colour-pattern as the giraffe. It then proceeds with a deeply-moving spiritual theme. The singer or someone else she identifies with had been critically ill and was assumed to be at the brink of death. The scene is described as one of despair as female relatives begin to cry out loud in the face of imminent death. But the dying person continues to have faith in the protective intervention of the ancestors, ancestresses, and clan divinities, and calls upon the mourners not to cry as she was not yet dead. With a welding not unfamiliar in Dinka songs, the song then proceeds with a contrastingly trifling subject of praising a person for a gift of beads and involves a number of co-wives with whom she had participated in some festive celebrations, viewed as expressions of dheeng.

English Translation

Ayom, divinity Garang, is hunted with a hoe,
His horns are pointed like the bow of the Falata;
He is the giraffe, the sacred animal.
The Buck-Tooth Spotted One, we spray him with
sacred ashes,
So that he may promote the cattle-camp of my father.
We shall praise you.
The horns are belated;
The horns are belated, O Grey One of Our Dancing
Crested Crane.
The day I will pierce his horns (for tassels),
People will dance as in initiation.
When a dream came last night,
I called on my father, the Pied One of Toor,
"Dream, what do you say?"
When my mother, the daughter of the Flesh, came,
She came and sat in front of me,
Then said to me, "Daughter of the Pied One of Toor,
There is no lack of heart in you?"
But there was no heart in me.
My mother talked to me during the day,
And talked to me during the night;
My mother never gave up on me.
Daughter of the Flesh, do not soothe me with
words of advice,
The Creator who created me has not yet surrendered.
Splasher of the Shaded Spot, Mother of Athak,
Why does the Creator hate me?
Divinity is turning my back to my home;
It is better that a person kills me.
The word will be heard by our Divinity, Deng,
I would like a spirit to kill me.
Let the word be heard by the daughter of the White
and Black Patterned One of Clan Pajing.
Mother of Adu, the wife of the tethered cows,
began to cry;

Do not shed your tears, daughter of the White and
 Black Patterned One of Clan Pajing.
 I have not yet died.
 The spirit that killed my father, my father, the
 Pied One of Toor, has hated me.
 If a man could be raised from death to live again,
 We would have brought him back from death.

Dinka Text

Ayom, Garang ke yoop e puur,
 Aci tung toot ci dhang e Palath;
 Namiir e jok.
 Angaam Makuac kek ku cuet arop,
 Ke bi gol e wa nyuoth.
 Lok yin leec.
 Tung ka gaau;
 Tung ka gaar Molon dan e Cong Awet.
 Akol ban ye piou tung,
 Ci bi cong loor ci geer.
 Wen bi nyuoth wenakou,
 Ku caal wa Mijong e Toor,
 "A nyuoth yengo ye Lueel?"
 Win bi ma nyan e Ring acuom,
 Le ku bi ku nyuuc ya nom.
 Ku e yen a yook, "Nyan e Jong Toor,
 Ku ka cien piou ku ka liu yin!"
 Ku piou ka liu yen.
 Ma akuen yen akol,
 Akuen yen wakou;
 Ku ma akic dhar yen.
 Dit yen e kuen nyan e Ring Acuom,
 Acieng e cak yen akic guo dhar.
 Athec-buuny man Athak,
 Engo ya Aciek a man?
 Jok awel awei baai kou.
 Raan be ya nok yen angueen.
 Ku ping Deng da,
 Ka nhiair yen jong nak yen.
 Tok ki thok aping nyan Rial Pajing,
 Yi man Adau ting a ghok ke piot akit dhieu;
 Dit kiu e waai nyan e Rial Pajing,
 Yen akic guo thou,
 Jong e nak wa, wa Mijong e Toor u ka ci ya maan.
 Nang raan e jot ku be la pir,
 Malual wen acuk la baai.

SONG NO. 2. OUR CIRCLE

Introductory Note

This is a dip by the Paramount Chief's wife with the characteristic imitation of the bellows of the ox which are supposed to accompany such songs. The song is about her husband, his clan and his ox, here symbolized as a lion.

English Translation

Our circle, the circle of Beek;
 Our circle, the circle of Kwol;
 Our circle, the Circle of the cattle of Awor,
 daughter of Mou.
 The clan of the father of Agorot has the teeth
 of a lion.
 Watch the eyes of the lion;
 Watch the glowing eyes of the lion.
 The Government has tied the lion with a steel chain.
 The circle of my father;
 Our circle, the circle of Biong.
 Tell the family of my sister, Agueng de Yar,
 I am requesting the gift of a Tawny Lion;
 I am asking for the One with Spreading Horns in
 the clan of Kwol.
 I have found a friend.
 Tawny one of Awor, daughter of Kwol of Mou,
 I have taken the cow-calf away,
 And I am asking for a big lion,
 A big lion I will barter with a brown cow-calf
 of the divinity, Flesh.
 The Tawny One bartered with a cow is displaying
 the honor of our clan,
 And displaying my honor too.

The whole of Ngok,
 Even the Ngok of Lual and the Ngok of Abayak,
 And the Ngok of Athurkok,
 Am I not your Tree?
 Am I not your Tree who provides you with the shade?
 Am I not the wielder of an embracing might?
 The power of the Government and its robe of honor?
 And the divine power of the Flesh?
 In the Ngok of Kwol, son of Yar,
 Am I not your all-encompassing shade?
 The tassels of sheep-wool were glued,
 The sheep-wool glued itself to the tip of the
 horns.
 O Mading-Patterned, father of Allor.
 I string the tassels to the Wide-Spreading horns
 with the string of Adau of Kir;
 The strings of Adau, daughter of Kir and Wor,
 daughter of Mou.
 The Tawny One spent the Summer with mosquitoes;
 Flies swarming in front of him,
 The insects attacked with the valor of a leopard,
 Mosquitoes and giant flies battling with the
 Wide-Horned.
 Thundering with bellows,
 The Tawny lion is starved
 The skill of the daughter of Mijok of clan Pabil,
 She has decorated the bell-collar with metals;
 The Tawny One is glittering like the spines of
 porcupine,
 Patterned with brown and white colours,
 He stands jingling with metals.

Dinka Text

Thel dan e Beek;
 Thel dan e Kwol;
 Thel dan e ghok ka Awor e Mou.
 Gol e wun Agorot ade lec kwil.
 Tieng ki koor nyin;
 Tieng ki koor nyin adep.
 Akum aca agaar piat e thilik.
 Thel e wa;
 Thel dan e Biong.
 Lik ki paan nyankai Agueng de Yar,
 Koor yen aca lim;
 Liem ageer dhien Kwol.
 Yen ci math yok.
 Miyan e Kwol Awor e Mou,
 Yen ci dou jot;
 Ku liem koor dit,
 Koor dit aliem dan yath e Ring.
 Miyan e dan Luel anyooth wa,
 Ku nyooth yen.
 Ngok e ban,
 Agut Ngong e Lual.
 Ku Ngong Abavak,
 Ku Ngong Athurkok,
 Ce yen e tim dun?
 Ce yen e tim atiep?
 Ce yen mec beny nom?
 Beny alath?
 Ku beny de Ring?
 Ngong de Kwol e Yar,
 Ce yen atim dun?
 Amal ka riek,
 Amal ka riek e tung thook.
 Mading Ajok, wun Allor.
 Yen lop Ageer e dan Adan e Kir;
 Dan Adan e Kir ku Awor e Mou.
 Ruel Ayau ke dhier wun e thoor yiek;
 Luang ke yaal tueng,
 Ci kom agoot ngeny ci kuac,
 Tieng ki dhier ku rung ageer riir.
 E rol a rut,
 Koor yen anek cok.
 Tieng ki teet e nyan Mijong Pabil,
 Aci dier kiir e bau;
 Ca Ayan ariauriau ci winh ayok;

Long thith ku long gher,
Agon ghoc thilik ejingjing.

SONG NO. 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 are short and in my view beautiful songs from the Ngok of Upper Nile whose words are not clear enough for me to make full sense from. I have therefore decided not to attempt their translation.

SONG NO. 8. THE SPREADING HORNS

Introductory Note

This song by a Paramount Chief's wife is typical in the way it freely moves between themes, with the husband's ox and the standing of his lineage in society as the pervading links. It ends in the form of a dip, focusing largely on a diplomatic marriage between the Chief's daughter and the son of Cyierdit, a prominent twentieth century religious leader from the Twic of Bahr-el-Ghazal Province, whom the Anthropologist, Godfrey Lienhardt, refers to as a Prophet (Divinity and Experience, the Religion of the Dinka).

English Translation

Ox with spreading horns, my Tawny copper bull!
Chief, Father of Adau,
Deng flies by an aeroplane going to the sun;
He is the Chief who is holding our land.
The Paramount Chief decorated with gold says a
word to be found ahead,
That is why the Government adorns us with decorations.
I said, "Awor, you will run your home well,
The Dhiendior clan have come with Ribs-Striped
Marial with seven tails,
So keep your home well, O Awor,
Daughter of the Crested Crane.
Uncle Achwil, you are encircled by political
gossipers,
I know the people who agitate at Abyei;
The cat-eyed is gossiping;
Man, you will stiffen your neck.
I exclaimed, "O my ox with Spreading Horns!
Ox with spreading horns, your horns are well suited
for tassels."
I view the Tawny One with affection.
Miyán bellows all night,
He has never rested his tongue,
Belging like a child learning to talk.
I told Kur, The Grey One of the Sacred Clan,
"Do not allow him to fight with bulls on the river
of Biong Mabek."
The Side-Spotted white looks as though wearing
ivory bangles,
And when the cattle return to the camp, he chases
cowardly bulls.
In the land of my father, the White One of the
Side-Striped,
I own a huge beast whose horns are praised,
His horns are praised in the camp,
The camp of Abek and Milang sections of the land.
The daughter of Bil Yom said,
"Let the word be heard by the Mother of Nyanjur."
Composers are procured with money,

But it is not beyond our means;
The Great Adenyjok, our ancestor is the Horn of
the land;
In front of the land, my father is like the elephant.
Star-man of the Sun, what has been said,
Have you heard it?
The wedding is being discussed with pens;
A letter is written in the language of the South,
And another by the Crested Crane,
And yet another by Adau;
It is Cyer Awet who wrote the letter.
Our daughter,
A daughter we have decorated with ivory in plenty;

Adau, daughter of the Crested Crane, is carrying a
load of elephant tusks.
Her arms loaded with metal coils,
And her body decorated with designs.
Adau will draw attention to our father
And Cyer will draw attention to his father, The
Flying Hawk.
Adau, daughter of the Crested Crane, spot-light
your grandfather, Kwol The Pied One;
Youngest sister of the daughters of the Crested
Crane.
The country is contested,
The country is contested by the leaders of the
Arabs and the leaders of the South.
The word is with God,
I am feared by all;
I am a bull with awe,
I am a bull with the awe that frightens people,
I am like the Tawny beast called the lion.

Dinka Text

Ageer, Miyán dien cit Milang!
Beny wun Adau,
Deng ke paar e thiera ala akol nyin;
Beny dan muk wo baai.
Beny cieng daab ke jam e wet bi be yok,
Yen ka Akum wo juak alaam.
Luel Awor ee, yin be ngiec cieng,
Kic Dhiendior ben ke Marial ci waac lom yol dhorou,
Jal ngiec cieng Awor,
Wa nyan Awet Mariak.
Walen acwil ee, wek ci lum ke twok,
Yen ngic koc e lom Abyei;
Ku manyin angau aja lom ke than dang;
Yin bi yeth kol.
Aguo jal mioc, "Ageer!
Ageer ca tung kuoc rong ke thuor."
Miyán ka ting anhiar.
Miyán ke ruuw e kiu,
Akic liemde toong,
Ja weng guo jar ci menh pioc e jam.
Kur Mabong yaath adheng ya thon e mior,
"Dit be ala ram ke thon Nyamora kou wer e Biong
Mabek."
Mabil ciet ke cieng alaany;
Na la wengda wut ke cop thon alioor.
Gol wa wen e Miyar Beek,
Amac yen ke dit ci tungke leec,
Tungtke leec wut ic,
Wun mec Abek ku mec Milang.
Ka luel nyan Bil Yom,
"Tok ki thok aping Man Nyanjuur."
Ket ke koor eweu,
Ka buk luong aci wok bi dhal;
Adeny Jok yen e tung baai;
Areer tueng wa ka cit Akoon.
Makuel Akol ke ci bee luel,
Ke ci bee luel cak ping?
Nya ka luel,
Nya ka luel galaam;
Awerek ci got thong e Janub,
Ku get Marial,
Ku get Adau;
Ce Cyer Awet cen gat athor.
Nyan da yee,
Nyan dan cuk kiir alany ke komin;
Adan Marial aba akoon ghac.
Ku kam kek e thiou,
Ku giet e ye you.
Adau anyoth wa
Ku Cyer anyoth wun Gor-Kuei.
Adan Marial nyuoth e Kwol Ajok;
Nyan kun, nyan kun duet ka Awet.
Baai ka luel,
Baai ka luel beny Juur ku beny Janub.
Wet e nhialic,
Yen cit aliir,
Yen e jang rioc;
Ya mior e til ee,
Ya mior e til yen e jang rioc,
Ci lan ayan.

Album 3: BURIAL HYMNS and WAR SONGS

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Side A and Songs 1-7 of side B are Burial Hymns and War Songs from the Ngok Dinka of Kordofan Province. Sung during the burial ceremonies of Paramount Chief Deng Majok and recorded by me in August 1969 at Abyei, the administrative center of the Ngok.

The rest of the songs were sung by Mading de Riak of Atuot Tribe and recorded by me in the United States, December 1965.

My brother, Zakariah Bol, and I heard the news of our father's serious illness about the middle of June 1969. Bol had been practicing medicine while specializing and had been away from home for about nine years. I had also been away for about five years. The news of our father's illness took us back to the Sudan immediately. After meeting in a plane in Rome by an extraordinary coincidence and without prior arrangement, we arrived in Khartoum together to find our father critically ill in a hospital. Although we did not have much hope in his recovery, we took him to Cairo where medical facilities were better. After a week in Cairo, he died.

We flew his body back to Khartoum intending to take it to Abyei, our home and father's administrative center. It was a rainy season; the road home was flooded and closed. Although there was a small airstrip at Abyei, it was rarely used during the rainy season. Through wireless communications, Abyei informed Khartoum first that there was no hope of landing there, then later that it had not rained for some time, so that the airstrip was dry and with some levelling, could be used.

The Government then arranged for a military plane to fly us home. From the day we arrived in Khartoum, Ngok Dinka in the Capital had been carrying out their tribal rites in honor of their deceased Chief. That was my first realization of the degree to which Southern tradition had entered the capital through immigrants.

When the plane came to leave, Khartoum international airport was invaded by the crowds of Dinka that had carried the casket from the hospital, singing funeral hymns. The cabinet ministers who came to pay their respects paved their way through the crowds with little notice from the emotionally involved crowd.

Even before leaving, I had hoped to hire a cameraman to accompany us and make a film of the funeral rites. I knew I was risking criticism, but I also knew that my father would probably be the last Ngok Dinka Chief who would be buried with the elaborate rites of the traditional system. Unless a film was made of that, I thought, we might never eye-witness it again.

The time was too short and too occupied for me to make any arrangements. But I took my tape-recorder with me and was determined to record the ceremony no matter what people said. I was reassured by my father's own appreciation of my earlier research into Dinka culture including recordings I had been making while he was seriously ill and at a time when some people had misgivings.

The people at Abyei had expected the plane to be carrying our father, but they thought he was returning alive and recovered. It was not until a few hours before our arrival that they knew. They also did not expect my brother and me to be in the plane. When we arrived, we saw conflicting emotions on the faces of the people. Our father's absence in a situation fraught with the dangers of the South-North civil war and the tight control by the suspicious security forces from the North had left them with a feeling of deep insecurity. Our brother, who was to succeed our father, was young, inexperienced and without the influence that our father had wielded. Our father's death therefore brought despair for them. But our arrival, being among the senior sons, also gave them some hope for continuity.

As soon as the doors of the plane opened, crowds took the casket and bore it to our home as they boomed with their mixed funeral and war songs. We were separately escorted by a crowd. The casket was placed in the cattle-byre in front of which it was to be buried according to tradition. Some people wanted the casket to be opened so that the body could receive its traditional treatment. The Dinka do not bury people lying straight; the limbs are bent and the body is placed in a circular grave. We objected to the opening of the casket making it clear that it was illegal and dangerous. The matter was very much argued. One woman even asked, "How do we know that it is the body of Chief Deng Majok which is in this box?" But our view ultimately prevailed.

After a while, we retired to our sleeping place. It was decided that the burial rites be performed the following day. In the meantime, the casket was under the care of the women while warriors slept nearby to guard against any exigencies.

The next day, as had been predicted, it rained. In the Dinka view, a burial of a Chief during the rainy season must be blessed with rain. Since the new chief must be installed as the deceased Chief is put into his grave, the assembly of Chiefs and elders met with us in the presence of Government representatives to consider the question of our father's successor before he was buried. My father had been a most prominent Chief. By virtue of our education, some of us had directed our role elsewhere, but even among those who aspired towards

Chieftainship, none of his sons had emerged as an unquestionable successor. Some uncles had their eyes on the vacuum of power created by our father's death, but our presence together with our obvious disinterest in succeeding to Chieftainship (which the Dinka appreciated, considering our participation to be national and international) cleared the way for the succession of our younger brother, Monnyak, otherwise known by his Muslim name, Abdalla.

Once the uncertainties of leadership were removed by the designation of a successor, the funeral rites that followed reflected the usual Dinka combination of sorrow at the death of their Chief and joyous festivities of installing a new Chief.

Among the Dinka, the burial of a chief is not termed "burial" toou, as is that of any other person, but "throning high", thooc. The actual layout of the grave proves the point. Whereas an ordinary person is simply placed in a hole about four feet in diameter and five feet deep, covered with earth, a bed is made for the chief at the bottom of the hole and a shelter is built above him to protect him from the dirt which is then filled in on top of him. When the grave is prepared, the body is lowered onto the bed below, the people all face away, raise their hands to the sky and say, "nguooth," an expression uttered when a man hits an animal in a hunt or an enemy in a fight. Its use in this presumably implies defiance of the powers of death and evil especially by having performed the funeral rites of the Chief correctly and thereby won his protection from the world above. Indeed, until the British abolished the practice, divine Chiefs were not allowed to die. On the verge of death, they were buried alive so that their successors would inherit their authority unweakened by death.

This itself implies optimism, despite the catastrophe of the chief's death. During my father's funeral, as is normally the case with a Chief's funeral, hymns which were specialized to such occasions were sung along side war songs which are normally associated with war dance. Apart from the words of some of the hymns and the obvious fact of burial, it was indeed difficult to tell from the singing and the amount of commotion so apparent in these discs that the occasion was one of death.

As I went into the crowds with my tape recorder, some people would shout that the way be opened for me while others were interested in pushing their way towards the tape-recorder to have their voices recorded. Security forces at times had to push people away from me.

Voices would shout advocating that certain songs be introduced or that a certain person be allowed to lead a certain song. Bol Bulabek, an uncle of the late Chief and a renowned warrior, was so vehement about introducing the songs that his voice dominates many of the funeral hymns. Whenever a hymn or war song was suggested, his response was, "I shall introduce it," and in deference to him, younger singers surrendered. In view of his prominent, almost jubilant role at the funeral, it was ironic to hear a month or two after our return from the Sudan that he had suddenly died.

Once, I suggested a song which was in praise of my grandfather, Kwol Arob. Crowds echoed my request with "He wants his grandfather's song," "Introduce Kwol Dorjok." As in ordinary war dances, sub-tribal groups competed, each group introducing its songs at a time. Sometimes, voices would be heard pleading the right of a sub-tribe to have its turn. The ecstasy of singing would overcome some people, especially women, to shout certain cries which are usually associated with the joy of singing and dancing.

Later, representatives of some sub-tribes came to me to complain that I had recorded the war songs of their adversaries and not theirs. I assured them that it was sheer oversight and that I would be pleased to record their songs. But my responsibilities and the security situation made it impractical to arrange other massive singing.

As is apparent from the foregoing, I was quite surprised to find a general interest in what I was doing. Never did anyone indicate disapproval of my recording under those circumstances. Indeed, members of the family as well as strangers later clustered around my tape-recorder to listen to my recordings and although I discreetly avoided playing the hymns that were exclusively for funeral rites, I played for them the war songs that had been sung during the funeral.

SIDE A

SONG NO. 1. THE SPEARS OF NYONBOK

Introductory Note

This is a standard Ngok dor, a short war song arousing group spirit and action.

English Translation

Our tribe planned the battle alone,
Then appeared and baffled the Arabs.
Ours is the spear of the Sacred Tribe of Nyonbok;
Our divinity Deng will bring victory.
We are the tribe which kills a man bringing tears
to the enemy's eyes;
And if touched, I will kill another fat man.

Dinka Text

Thior da acam yai ye tok,
Yen ci la jeeblang, wun dit Jur Thokloi.
Wai dan e wun Nyonbok;
Ka bi Deng da baai.
Wun nak raan la yuoi nhial;
Na jak yen be nak raan dit cuai.

SONG NO. 2. THE AGE-SET

Introductory Note

Like the previous song, this is also a typical war dor.

English Translation

The age-set ran shouting a war cry;
Our age-set has deflected the spear of the coward.
An age-set under the glaring evil eyes of the
enemy tribes.
Booming away with the herds I captured.
Lions went wild with the craving for meat,
While the vultures descended from the sky.
A tribe that subdues the tribes.
You who speaks vile of me,
Do you not know me?
You who provokes me,
Do you not know me?

Dinka Text

Ric miot woi woi, miot ric ku tul kieu;
Miyan da ka wac tong da rioc.
Meth dan Malual ci woi e riec.
Ghoboo, gheiwaa, weng kuath dhiot dhiot.

Agua ajuong wath
Ago gon eyii.
Riny ngeeny;
Ya woot riam.
Raam ya ciera,
Yin ngut a kuc?
Raam jol yen,
Yin Ngut a kuc?

I am taking my Chief onto the Sun;
He is taking himself to the spirits above,
He remains our Chief.
Father, son of the Chief,
You are going to the spirits above;
Our Chief will sit in the center of the spirits
above.

SONG NO. 3. THE TRIBE OF BABO

Introductory Note

This song concerns a war which broke out in 1965 between the Ngok Dinka and the Baggara Arabs of Chief Babo Nimr. As it had the ethnic, cultural and political undertones of the then intensified South-North civil war this fight was exceptionally brutal and many lives were lost. It is the subject-matter of many songs by the Ngok.

English Translation

The Tribe of Babo slept with my spear.
I chased the Brown ones into the river.
Let my spear be carried to the land of the Arabs.
Tell the rulers in Khartoum that I have destroyed
the country.
The telephone goes carrying words,
And returns with words.
I have infiltrated the cattle-camp of the Arabs
with my spears.
Arabs, I have captured your cows!
The guns of the (uninitiated) boys remain behind;
They turned their backs, they turned their backs;
He is better who faces me.
The machine-guns of the Arabs covered me with
dust,
But I despise the guns and the rising smoke,
And the kicking legs of the horses.

Dinka Text

Wun Babo anin wei kek wai mok.
Yen cop ameer wir.
Tong diena na leer juur.
Lek bany Khartoum baal ci Anyar riok.
Telefun ke jal e jam,
Ku le rot dok.
Ya wut riop ic e toong,
Majak e jur yen ci weng peec!
Ago many dhol dong;
Ka wel e kou wel e kou;
Anguen raan wel e you.
Makan e jur ke ya kum e toor,
Ku yany tol e many ci riet,
Ku cok ajuath.

SONG NO. 4. COLLECTION OF HYMNS

Introductory Note

The following is an illustrative collection of short hymns which are specialized to the burial rites of the Chief. The first, Yen leer bany di Akol nyin, "I am taking my Chief onto the Sun," shows the Dinka view of the Chief's immortality.

English Translation

Some people say, "Our Chief is no longer the
Chief."
The man who has no chief may leave the country,

Dinka Text

Luel koc e ben, "Allor bany da kace beny."
Raam cien banyde ke pal baai;
Yen leer beny di akol nyin;
Aleer rot jook,
Ke beny.
Wa wen e Dhang,
Yin ala jook,
Bany da ka kaac nhial.

The next, Kiec bir ka, "Kiec, this is a flash of light," was first sung on the installation of Kwoldit, an ancestor of the ruling lineage, Pajok, about thirteen generations ago in circumstances that did not include burial. When the younger generation was leading the migration of the Ngok to the area they now occupy, Kiec, the age-set of Kwoldit, asked the Chief, Dongbek, to give them his son, Kwoldit, to lead them as their Chief after they had lost their leader, Kwoldit's brother. Dongbek first refused, arguing that Kwoldit was too hot-tempered. He suggested another of his sons. When the age-set persistently begged for Kwoldit, Dongbek, after counselling his son, gave him his sacred spears and allowed him to lead the tribe. Kiec carried Kwoldit on a bed all the way to their new settlement singing:

English Translation

"Kiec, this is a flash of light to light your way."
Dongbek thus honored us with Kwol,
"May Kwol give you the life of my father, Bulabek."
We had no chief, no Chief to guide our way;
No chief to arrange our words,
In the land of Bulabek.
Kiec, this is a flash of light to brighten your
way.

Dinka Text

"Kiec bir ka waya."
Dongbek aye Kwol toc ee,
"Lek e Kwol na yik we wei wa BulaBek."
Ka cen bany, bany e ceeth ku,
Bany e loong dok,
Tony de Bulabek.
Kiec bir ka waya.

And another, Wa yen aci kook yor, "Father, I have satisfied the craving," is rather unclear, but it probably relates to the large amount of sacrifices of bulls that is associated with the burial of a Chief. The meat of the sacrificial beasts is supposed to satisfy the craving of the powers of death and thereby redeem man from death.

English Translation

Father, I have satisfied the craving;
The animal of Allor has satisfied the craving.
Bull, forgive us, the cow has accepted to be
milked (for sacrifice).
Holder of other people's rights,
The cow has accepted to be milked.
Forgive and bring the breeze of health,
The cow has accepted to be milked.

Dinka Text

Wa yen aci kook yor;
Weng d'Allor aci kooc yor.
Mala mathon weng ka ci rak cal ee.
Raan mac kelei,
Weng ca ci rak cal ee.
Mala wa ca alier baai,
Weng ka ci rak cal ee.

Yet another one goes:

English Translation

I am lying down tormented in front of my father,
My father, the man who came from the origins of
creation,
I am lying down tormented in front of my father.

Dinka Text

Yen ci la dal dal wa nom,
Wa menh ba cien ee,
Ca la dal dal wa nom.

No. 5 is drumming that normally accompanies a war dance. There are two drums, a large one about 5 feet long and two feet wide narrowing to a foot at the bottom. The other one is a small, two feet drum of about one foot width at the top. To beat the large drum, one stick is used and assisted with the left hand. For the small one, two sticks are used without the assistance of the free hand. When the drums beat as shown here, there is usually a great deal of accompanying sounds from the chanting dancers, quite apart from the actual sounds of the dancing. The musical compound is therefore a lot more than what is heard here.

SIDE B

SONG NO. 1. I QUILLED HIS BACK

Introductory Note

This song concerns a hippopotamus which was hunted and killed by the singing group, Cuor, literally, The Hawk, age-set of the Abyor sub-tribe of the Ngok Dinka:

English Translation

I quilled his back in the evening,
And held the end of the shaft;
I have an animal in the river;
He will not leave,
He is kept by the Flesh of Jiel,
And manhood showed itself.
Age-set of Deng, the animal is capturing the land.
I have skewered him!
The animal with a hollow bottom.
We are competing with the quunners over the beast,
The animal with the hollow bottom.
I have turned into a lion,
I am tangled with spear shafts,
My thrusts are painning the beast!
My spears do not fall on a ball fish.
The Hawk is going into the river,
The Grey One is going into the river,
The Grey One is attacking the river at dawn,
The river of divinities.
I saw something last night,

I will attack.
My shaft,
My shaft is blessed with sacred cows.
The animal is taking the shafts away,
The animal is taking the spears away.
I am not an imbecile,
I am not like the imbecile tribes,
The people who hunt small animals at home;
I will pierce the anus of the animal in the river.

Dinka Text

Aca kiir kou ghon theei,
Ku dam wai nom;
Ade lan dien to wiir;
Aci jel,
Amuk Ring de Jiel,
Ago mooc thiab.
Riny de Deng baai aguem lai.
Aca guot ee!
Raan ghob amok.
Yen teer lai wok e mac wiir,
Raan ghob amok.
Yen ci rot puk aye koor,
Yen ci la daldal wo wai,
Wai di ka rem thok!
Wai di ka ce kuung e gueth.
Cuor ka la wiir e eyee,
Malou ka la wiir e eyee,
Malou aben wer e nyaany,
E wer e yieth ee.
Ade ke ca dak ghon theei,
Angoot ke ba yi ye.
Ye wai di,
Wai di ke guir weng yaath ee.
Aye lai ka nyei wai waa,
Lai ka nyei toong.
Yen ca acithang,
Yen ca acithang ariau e woot,
Raan e yap luony baai;
Ka ba liic amook.

The following is a translation of a song presented as part of the first song, but it is a separate war song in which the age-set Nyangateer, literally, "The Determined Crocodile," tell about having repelled Arab aggression, saving Dinka cattle, here represented by the "Tawny Cow," while capturing Arab cattle in the fight referred to above:

English Translation

The Tawny, the Tawny Sacred Cow of my father,
Will not remain in a foreign land,
While I run with containers of grain;
The white cow of my father to remain away,
While I carry a basket of grain?
I captured the cattle,
And the right hand of the Crocodile did not miss,
And the Chief of the (uninitiated) boys ran back
to his country.
I will not fear the alliance of the two boys (the
army and the Baggara).
We are the age-set which captures cattle from a
child-man with unextracted teeth.
The vultures fly in the sky because of my spear,
The spear of the tribe of Longar,
The spear of Chief Maker.
The age-set is in a turmoil,
Shelled by the massive gunning of the army;
The Crocodile is shelled by the army guns.
They battled into Abyei of Kwol Dorjok.
The Great Section does not engage in trifling talk,
Abyor Section is the Governor of the land.
The spears I carried are drenched in blood;
My spears are carried away from the tribe of Biong
Allor.

Vultures descended and engulfed the earth,
 They engulfed the earth with wings;
 Descending upon the fallen Red-Brown;
 A brown man as big as a hippo has fallen dead.
 The hawks went for the delicate parts,
 While the vultures had the remains;
 A big fat brown man!

Dinka Text

Ayan, Ayan weng yaath,
 Ci dong e yol ic,
 Ku jal wo diany.
 Dong Yar e wa,
 Ku mok diany!?
 Ca weng peec,
 Tung cuec enyong akic wac;
 Ago beny e dhol kat ke la paan de.
 Yen ci rioc dhol kareeu.
 Meth dan e weng peec raan ceng lec.
 Din col acuil ke goor wai mok, wai wun Longar.
 Wai wun e bany Maker.
 Kic ric awelwel,
 Anak ke many de jeec.
 Nyang anak ke many de jeec.
 Ke gaat ku bi ring Abyen Kwol Dorjok.
 Wundit ace jam e jac,
 Abyor yen mindir.
 Wai mok aci dool e riem;
 Aleer wai di wei wun Biong d'Allor;
 Gaak ben ke gol piny ee,
 Aguer Adol Malual;
 Adol dit thong ke rou aci naak giek,
 Ago gaak dee nyum,
 Ku cuor kek e kau;
 Adol dit Cuai!

SONG NO. 2. OUR GREY ONE

Introductory Note

Malinh Dan, "Our Grey One" is another song by Cuor, The Hawk, about a fight with the Malual Dinka over grazing rights:

English Translation

Our Great Grey Age-set who does not heed the words
 of submission,
 He is as thick-skinned as the elephant;
 The mighty grey beast.
 Our Bird of the tribe of Jiel,
 Our Great Grey Age-set who does not heed the words
 of submission,
 He is fighting over cattle with foreign foes,
 And the sounds of guns filled the air.
 We have refused to retreat,
 We have refused to retreat because of a word said
 by Acwil,
 "The River Kir is forbidden.
 The River Kir of the Swimming Duck,
 O Grey Bird, it is forbidden."
 Any tribe who will cross it,
 Even if it be the tribe of the Mahdi,
 We shall fight with the Rezeigat.
 Our youth who cloud the earth with dust,
 And make the police rise in a turmoil.
 The Grey One has descended upon Ajuong;
 I ran in the afternoon before dark carrying gli-
 ttering spears,
 Will the Arab police catch up with us!?
 The Arabs found us before dawn,
 But with dawn, I destroyed hundreds while it was
 still dark;
 The Arabs of the town came running with swords,
 The club-carrying police came with swords.
 They gathered from as far as Khartoum,
 And El Obeid,

And Mahud.
 The Nuba among them were numberless,
 And another tribe called Jangajor
 All pacing up and down with guns.
 I despise the warring heart of the Dor;
 The cannibals almost hit my arm.

Dinka Text

Malinh dan dit ci wel kuc ee,
 Adit guop ca akon,
 Anyang malou ee.
 Din wun e Jiel ee,
 Malinh dan dit ci wel kuc ee,
 Ater weng kek Jangajor,
 Ago mac buw.
 Areec kat ee,
 Areec kat e wet luel Achwil,
 "Kir kou ke nomnow.
 Kir Wakbek,
 Malou ke nomnow."
 Wun bi yen teem,
 Agut wun e Maadibok,
 Abuk luel wok Dhergaat.
 Meth dan e piny riit nyin ee
 Ya go bolith awelwel.
 Malou aca Ajuong mat;
 Kat theei akic piny cuol wok wai rial.
 Nan bi jur wo yok!?
 Jur wo yok ke piny kic ruw,
 Wak e piny yen kan boot riok ke piny col;
 Ago jur e deem guar ke muk theep,
 Mather atuel ka muk theep.
 Ka ci guar Karthum,
 Alabeth,
 Ku Nuuth ee,
 Akuc e Dhong thok,
 Ku jur col Jangajor,
 Aleek awenween ke mac.
 Yany pion e Dor.
 Nyamnyam aduet akeeth kok.

SONG NO. 3. KWOL

"Kwol" is a song in praise of Chief Kwol Arob, the father of Chief Deng Majok. As the words are not clear enough for transcription and translation, I quote only these two lines for illustration:

He sat with the son of the English,
 Kwol, the Honoured Pied One sat with the Governor-
 General.

SONG NO. 4. THE REK STAMPEDED

Ago Rek miot, "The Rek Stampeded" is another song by the age-set, Nyangateer, from which I quote only illustrative lines.

And the Rek stampeded away,
 Like an animal of the forest.
 The Head-Spotted White, Deng, sent word to Chief
 Giir Thiik,
 His tribe came as near as Mayan of Tuic,
 Their country was spoiled;
 But the crocodile angrily guarded his land,
 And the vultures whirled in the sky over Ngokland.
 The vultures descended on the dead in the grass.

SONG NO. 5. FOREST-MEN

Introductory Note

"Forest-men" is an old short but beautiful war-song which I have heard sung very often in dances but whose original context of composition seems so removed that I am not sure about the political or military realities it reflects.

English Translation

Tribe of the Forest-men,
I will no longer accept your word;
I, Malual, I am the husband of the tribes.
The day I accepted the challenge of war,
I drove my herds,
And even rested in the byre of the Chief.
I kept the cattle tethered to the pegs all day
without fire (and went to battle);
I despise the valor I hear spoken of in this land,
Even a coward is capable of killing a man.
Do not pretend that I have not remained with your
bulls,
Our age-set has scratched the bottom of the tribes.

Dinka Text

Wun e noon ee,
Yen ci kedu be gam;
Yen Malual ee, yen e mony da Awiel.
Wa Akol tak tong oo,
Yen bi kueth rial,
Yen la cool luang de bany ee.
Tok weng acol gaak loc ke yen cien mac;
Ku yany ngeeny ye luel Awiel e wun daana.
Aye na cak arioc, ke nak raan.
Dit luel e kac dong wo mior,
Kic ric Awiel goony thor.

SONG NO. 6. I AM LIKE THE GOVERNOR

Introductory Note

"I am like the Governor," is another song by the Ngok about the 1965 fight with the Bagarra Arabs. In the latter part, the singers revert to song no. 3, "The Tribe of Babo," not reproduced here.

English Translation

I am never subdued,
I left a dead man in the river,
And cries filled the sky.
I shall chase the Arab even if he goes as far as
Aluadi;
My spear is carried away by the Arab.
The Chief refused saying,
"Micar, you are not fighting the Arab,
Don'tt you see the Arab has a gun and a horse,
Young bull of the Buffalo, you better leave the
force of the arm."

Dinka Text

Yen ci giik,
Ca wer nyang ic raan,
Ago kieu non.
Jur aba ceec cak ghet Aluadi;
Wai mok yen aci jur nyaai.
Anadher ka jai,
"Yin ci thar we Jur baai,
Kac jur ting acath ke mac ku jong de Jur,
Kuny da Anyar jal angok pol."

SONG NO. 7. ARUMJOK, "PIED IBIS"

Introductory Note

This is a secret hymn which only the Paramount Chief of the Ngok of Kordofan is supposed to sing in times of his greatest need for divine help. As the successor to the Chief is usually known in advance, he is supposed to

learn the hymn from his father. I tape-recorded the hymn from one of the younger sons of Chief Kwol who had heard his father sing it and had memorized it. The death of our father, Deng Majok, brought into chieftainship a generation that had not been adequately instructed in tradition. His successor did not know the hymn. This was a disqualification that had to be remedied secretly. So I taped the song for the successor to memorize at night, using earphones. The hymn is in such ancient Dinka that it is hardly intelligible. After listening over and over and asking for explanations, sometimes in vain, I was able to come out with some sense for translation. Some of the names mentioned here are of spirits or possibly of ancestors dating beyond the traceable genealogy of the ruling family. The Dinka do not worry about the coherence of the hymn. Its anti-unity gives it a deep logic that does not require understanding.

English Translation

Pied Ibis, you are the maternal uncle of all
peoples;
Pied One, I have sent you to the bottom of the sun;
From ancient times, I am stroked into peace, saved
from dangers I do not see.
What about the word of Kwol, son of Bulabek?
Do not dodge me; our country will collapse,
Let another word right the wrongs of the past;
Hold the eel by the eyes and hand it to Kwol.
Even if it should destroy the Chief,
There is an embracing light:
There is the sun,
There is the moon,
There is the rock,
There is Deng.
Garang, original father,
Bring peace,
And you Duper,
And you Ajwol in the Nile,
And you Kur,
And you Ayiik,
I do not know the cyclone Chief,
Like the son of God and mother.
I come to appease my Lord,
He is spoken.
Father, do not cry,
Ours is a country maintained by the Nile,
And by Ayiik.
A Chief is sent,
The Great Chief Ayueldit.
The children of Garang will always mourn.

Dinka Text

Arumjok yin e naar e wien e ban;
Jok ca yi tuoc akol thar ee;
Aye lar ruel ke theer waar yen e yuai ke kuoc.
Na ke luel kwol e Bulabek?
Dit awiil; la paanda rup piny,
Col long dang agor katheer;
Dam nyin ke luth ku gam ki Kwol ee.
Na cok beny riok,
Ke pamun Yar:
Ku Akol,
Ku Peei,
Ku Kur,
Ku Deng.
Garang Paduom,
Baai e yuai,
Ku la Duper,
Ku Ajwol ki,
Ku Kur,
Ku Ayiik,
Aye de beny cit kor,
Wen dior akuoc.
La beny door,
Kelei aye lueel.
Lar ker wa yee duk e dhiau,

Wa ye wun mec kir,
Ku Ayiik.
Aye na beny ci tuoc,
Beny Ayueldit,
Garang ke dhiau atheer.

SONG NO. 8. I RAN AFTER A DANCE

Introductory Note

"I Ran After a Dance" is a war song about a fight that had erupted during a funeral dance in which the warring Atuot units were honouring the wife of a Divine Leader.

English Translation

I ran after the funeral dance of the wife of the Chief;
I ran after the funeral dance of Yar of Aguer;
I unpegged my white cow in the early morning;
I killed a man.
Kacuol wailed: "A fight which has killed my only brother!"
I unpegged my cow,
And the enemy ambushed me.
Kwol's face is as though mutilated by a leopard;
My war with Kwol,
He pushed it to Awen;
He pushed it to Aper.
I ran after the dance of the daughter of the Chief.

Dinka Text

Cuop loor e ting de beny;
Cuop loor e Yar Aguer;
Luony Yar e bak ee;
Nak raan ba la woi woi.
Kacuol ajam gawei, "Tong nak juor e ma!"
Weng dien la luony e kweth,
Yen bi ya buuth.
Kwol aci kuac kac nyin;
Tong da ke Kwol,
Le wony Awer ee,
Le wony Apar ee.
Luop loor e nyan e bany.

SONG NO. 9. THROWING THE GUN AWAY

Introductory Note

The facts of this song date back to the time when the Dinka resisted foreign domination. The foreigners are not specified, but presumably, it was during the Turko-Egyptian period. In the face of superior weapons, they met with a desolation far beyond their comprehension and which they attributed to the anger of their ancestors. Atuot, the singing tribal group, unlike the Ngok of Kordofan and the Western Dinka of Bahr-el-Ghazal do not circumcise and despise circumcision as much as others despise non-circumcision.

English Translation

The circumcised is throwing his gun away,
The circumcised is throwing his gun away;
Things are bad on the hill.
I am tired of the words,
The words of foreigners.
Malual, our tribe is cursed,
The land is cursed by the youngest son of Gherjok,
our father;
Let us unite the land that our words be one.

Arol too have their claim,
Eat your grain;
I will remain.
Where has the Creator gone?
Save our land.
From where is the enemy?
The one with strange eyes whom I do not know.
If it is me,
Move your teeth away from me.
Cries of war were heard at Agher.
I killed the foreigners,
And I killed their slaves,
That people may sleep in peace;
The circumcised has troubled us.
One with multiple teeth, rise,
And return to your land;
The evil-eyed has troubled us,
One with multiple teeth, rise,
Return to your land.

Dinka Text

Athoony abok dhang wei ee,
Anguala abok dhang wei,
Kang aci reec kur nhiim.
Jam aca kueth ee,
Jam e tueny ee.
Malual panda ci cien,
Baai aci cien kun Gherjok aba;
Ba mat ic e bi jam di ya tok.
Waye Arol ala jam de,
Cam awuw ku;
Ku ghen abi mol pei.
Ca Aciek la no?
Kuony wok baai.
Le ben teno?
Anyinyeer kuoc guop.
Na ye yen ee,
Nyaii yi lec e gha guop.
Agheet Kuoi Agheer.
Nak tueny,
Ku nak alabiith ee,
Bi koc anin e lei ee;
Yee athony koc laang.
Anyim lec jot rot,
Ba bee dhuk pandu;
Aye wunh e koc laang,
Anyim lee jot rot,
Ba be dhuk paandu.

SONG NO. 10. I AM LEFT ALONE

Introductory Note

During the Turko-Egyptian period, Thany, the riverine Dinka who own no cattle and who must live on fish along the Nile, were often exposed to the enemy whose only throughway to the South was the Nile. According to the story, another cattle-owning tribe called Awan would begin a fight with the government troops and then disappear with their cattle into the hinterland, leaving the Thany to fight the war alone. In this song, they mourn their fate.

English Translation

I am left alone,
The words find me alone.
I am the poor man without herds,
I find myself amidst the enemy.
O, foreigners again!
Ancient hatreds are falling on me.
The enemy whose mother's vagina is pink.
I have a word with my father.
The enemy is coming again,
And I am left alone;
The words find me alone.

Dinka Text

Aye yen e nyang wei ee,
 Ye wet aghol ee.
 Col yen abur cien weng,
 Ba rot wooc e tueny nyin.
 Gawei ke tueny ee!
 Katheer ghon ka guer a piny.
 Man mur aci ya lual.
 Ku jam da wok e wa.
 Tueny ka be ben,
 Yen e nyang wei;
 Ye wet a ghol ee.

SONG NO. 11.

Song number 11 is a combination of war songs, partly in Dinka and partly in Atuot, a dialect distinct from Dinka, though bridging between Dinka and Nuer languages. The Atuot themselves, though generally classified as Dinka, are an anomalous combination of Dinka and Nuer elements.

SONG NO. 12. MANYANG WET HIMSELF

Introductory Note

The subject matter of the song was a fight between the Atuot and the Kiec. In the trial that followed, Manyang, a member of the Kiec, was reputed by the Atuot to have cowardly defecated on the announcement of the death sentence. "Kiec killed our people," said an Atuot informant, "but despite the fact that they killed our people, our people did their best to compose very insulting songs about the Kiec." This illustrates the Dinka conception of war-songs as a form of warring.

English Translation

The tribe of Kuer has reached Ajak;
 O Cier;
 A man who was once a Victor cannot be accused of cowardice.
 Who says I am a coward?
 The tribe of Ajak never fears;
 I do not fear.
 Have you forgotten the war of Yem Ajou,
 Where I held the end of the bamboo shaft?
 I will release my herds into the meadows,
 Where I shall meet with the tribe of Kuer.
 Son of a witch, do not cry when you began it all!
 Things have turned bad;
 Manyang has wet himself,
 Defecating near our cattle-camp;
 The sorcerer with four eyes,
 The inside of the man is falling out;
 He defecated with a red bottom,
 Defecating like the young of a locust.
 People died without making wills.
 Riak sent word to town,
 "Send me back the things of my father."
 But there was no one left to bring them,
 The possessions of the man were left alone.
 People who did not know the meaning of feud!
 Manyang has wet himself,
 The man has defecated;
 The sorcerer is frightened.
 Where has your magic gone?
 I am asked to abandon my land,
 The land of my forefathers.
 I will never leave this land,
 Better dead!
 Let the people meet with me;
 If you have forgotten Yem d'Ajou,
 I shall wait.

Dinka Text

Wun e Kuer aci ghet Ajak;
 Cier e waa,
 Mony ci kan tiem ace luel ye rioc.
 Raan ya lek rioc?
 Wun Apak ace rioc;
 Ca e rioc.
 Cak niim maar Yem d'Ajou,
 Ku dam lou nom?
 Weng dien ba luony boor,
 Wun Kuer aba yok ee waa.
 Manh aghol duk ben dhiau!
 Kang aci riak;
 Ghon ci Manyang guo laac,
 Engo ben peel arom da toor;
 Apenh e nyin nguan,
 Ye guur yic juer piny;
 Pel e ke ya amok lual,
 Ci dan e koryom.
 Thook e Monyjang ke kic cien.
 Ye Riak thon bai geu ee,
 "Yiek ki ya kak e wa."
 Ku cien raan biyy ke,
 Dong kak e raan wei.
 Wet e wa Jieng ake kuc ater!
 Manyang guo laac,
 Raan pel ee;
 Co ghooth yic ngeer.
 Kec waar ci la de?
 Aben ya ayook apal toc,
 Paan e wa.
 Ka ce tony kan pol,
 Anguen ci thou!
 Ca ki koc aram ke ya;
 Cak niim maar e Yem da Ajou,
 Kang tiit.

SONG NO. 13. MANYANG BURIED HIMSELF ALIVE

Introductory Note

This song is also about the war in Song no. 12 above with Manyang as the symbol of the enemy's defeat.

English Translation

I have shafted my spear with bamboo,
 Manyang nearly buried himself alive.
 People do not consider the feud with Awen a simple matter,
 A feud in which Kwer cried,
 "O Anyang (Manyang), brother, why have you brought shame on us!?"
 Manyang buried himself alive.

Dinka Text

Tong dien ca wor e lou,
 Manyang rot guo thiok ke pir.
 Wet wa duok ki tong Awen col ke piol e,
 Ater ye Kwer jam,
 "Anyang wanmath e ngo bin koc yor guop!?"
 Manyang rot guo thiok ke pir.

SONG NO. 14.

Song No. 14 is jointly sung by Mading de Riak and Ambrose Ahang in Dinka-Atuot language. I am unable to translate it, but I include it because it is short and beautiful.