SIDE 1
SONG NO. 1. THE SPEARS OF NYONBOK
SONG NO. 2. THE AGE SET
SONG NO. 3. THE TRIBE OF BACO
SONG NO. 4. COLLECTION OF HYMNS
SONG NO. 5. (DRUMMING)

SIDE 2
SONG NO. 1. I KILLED HIS BACK 3:10
SONG NO. 2. OUR DRUM ONE 1:58
SONG NO. 3. KHED 1:40
SONG NO. 4. THE BEA STAMPED 0:55
SONG NO. 5. FOREST MEN 1:20
SONG NO. 6. I AM LIKE THE GOVERNOR 4:00
SONG NO. 7. ARUMOK, "PIED IRIS" 2:10
SONG NO. 8. I RAN AFTER THE DANCE 2:00
SONG NO. 9. THROWING THE SUN AWAY 1:10
SONG NO. 10. I AM LEFT ALONE 6:20
SONG NO. 11. (COMBINATION OF WAR SONGS) 0:20
SONG NO. 12. MANTANG WENT HIMSELF 1:35
SONG NO. 13. MANTANG BURIED HIMSELF ALIVE 1:00
SONG NO. 14. (UNTITLED) 0:30

This record was produced by the kind courtesy of the
Embassy of the Democratic Republic of the Sudan,
His Excellency Dr. Francis M. Deng Ambassador

WARNING: UNAUTHORIZED REPRODUCTION OF THIS
RECORDING IS PROHIBITED BY FEDERAL LAW AND SUBJECT TO
CRIMINAL PROSECUTION

Library of Congress Catalogue Card No. 76-750-327

© 1976 FOLKWAYS RECORDS AND SERVICE CORP.
43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., U.S.A.

MUSIC OF THE SUDAN
The Role of Song
and Dance in Dinka Society
BURIAL HYMNS
AND WAR SONGS

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET
COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

ETHNIC FOLKWAYS RECORDS FE 4303
interaction between various traditional African cultures in the Southern region and between those cultures and the predominantly 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 it 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 stratificational 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 Folk-lore: 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.

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 Monjang, which for them has the connotation of the people. Their ethnocentrism 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 childhood 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
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 aesthetic 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 fellows 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 adheeng (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 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 exclamations 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, also by the metaphorical names derived from it. The following are a few examples of metaphorical ox names: The Victim of the Arabs' 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 that of 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. The eldest of the first wife gets the most impressive 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 passerby.
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:

1. 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 many aesthetic 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 substitution of passive 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-
TABLE OF CONTENTS

I. INTRODUCTION
II. THE ROLE OF SONG AND DANCE IN DINKA SOCIETY

ALBUM ONE: WAR SONGS AND HYMNS

SIDE A
SONG NO. 1. THE TOL FEARED
SONG NO. 2. ABEYI OF LOOC
SONG NO. 3. MABONG DE KIR
SONG NO. 4. THE WHITE EGRET HEADED
SONG NO. 5. CHIEF KUAUTH AJO
SONG NO. 6. DO NOT ABANDON THE LAND
SONG NO. 7. THE TRIBE OF ABEYI

SIDE B
SONG NO. 1. THE FEUD
SONG NO. 2. WHAT CONFOUNDS ME
SONG NO. 3. GARANG ABAK-JANG
SONG NO. 4. JUANY DE YAR
SONG NO. 5. THE TAWNY AGE-SET
SONG NO. 6. TELL CONYOM

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 concealed.

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 dor, a war ballet, in which they jump and dodge as though fighting with spears. Other men 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, out-singing 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 anyieng banyke piny oo; Ding d' Akikel e woore e Weny, Yeen atok yen Ngong de Jok Kidii; Tol rioc anyieng banyke piny, Wukok Adong we warwmuth wun Akong, Wun Akong, Ghon jeem wun Amon dyukki 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 canne across the river at the home of Achwil Bong. I am buffled 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**

Abyei of Looc, yaam achi thok baal, 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, 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

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.

SONG NO. 4. THE WHITE EAGRET HEADED

Introductory Note

This war song tells of how the singing group un­
expectedly lost a battle because of a secret alliance
between the opposing Dinka section and a differ­net
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

Mabong de Kir, dik wut bi kuoc muk.
Cien piou aleeng, Bong Wen Dior,
Gok yieec, mior e Rai Ker.
Pok nom yin Lai 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,
Hik wut to dong keer nom;
Pok nom yin Lai Patuol;
Amec dhien Marial Wor Achuk;
Pok nom ago nin ke door,
Mior du areec mac ee.

SONG NO. 5. CHIEF KUAH AJOK

Introductory Note

In this song, the tribe mourns the death of their
divine leader which had deprived them of spiritual lea­
dership 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 su­
ferring 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-Ding,
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 diier,
Ku bee ruel ke ya diier,
Wut aci cien raan e bee jam.
Thithiey yin along,
Lak jam ki wek e kuuar Jok-Ding,
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,
SONG NO. 7. THE TRIBE OF ABEYI

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

Ku ci beel riak;
Muk paandu wen e wel dhor,
Benydi allr piou e thuat.
Benydi acol Anyangnyang,
Adak ayai acol Anyangnyang.
Benydi ace beny ye Yom,
Bany ka acien.
Yen ci cuac waath raan thar;
Na la ye nii,
Pabiec diit thony nom abuku reet ic.
La ye maan wadang,
Ke wok bi yir Aluel wun thoonyda.

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 wak e Wieu bok toku Deng raak.
Kok-Bong wek Longar acuk aci nyin kuany run bet.
Awol Kerjok ku bo ping ke luel.
Yen lang Abuk ke wen deen Deng.
Acuk wan cac aci loku npe.
Bak rook ku Benyda wa.
Ke dien dhala abi menh bo 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, Abak, 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 niet 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 pros­
perity 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 Abibil,
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 ameeck Atung-Kuoc ke Bil Rial.
Juany de Yai akibor mac.
Gok dit mac lieth ka baki pal baai.
Malieth areec mac,
Yaki mac ka gop koc.
Nang lek Kwel e baai,
Yen dhiil 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 Dhiendiior,
Wun Abibil,
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 hos­
tilities; but that when provoked, they strike heavy
brows 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.
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.

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;
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 fiancée, 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.
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 allith,
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'Acok,"
Mony de Jur Ameer kac ting Nainai?
Wen ci wo duot e jo kou,
Ageer kac ting e Nainai?
Thuoj ka mec,
Aci rong ke pir;
Pir yen adit, Makam!
Makam yen aama.
Aca got e rin ke wa,
Malual Bong Ageer,
Yen ci mac e geet;
Yen ci dom jindiir aduot,
Awou de lung cit awou dellee.
Lung atul kieu e liilelii,
Ka cit aradio;
Ku ke lung e karkon.
Awil-jur Malek de Ngol,
Ci bi luc e bombil.
Ku luel, "Awat diet ke luc e luk e bombil,
Baai ke paan e wa,
Diet ke luc 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 apiop,
Yen anek aliir -
Aci ya jok ya guop.
"Aguek aji dom adi dui e waat."
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 yi ghon theei;
Thok aghet Malual ke beeth Deng,
Ru yi Man Alang kek Man Magol,
Duet aken e wa, ka jal dhaia;
"Aguek aji dom adi dui e waat."
Ku waat aji nguen e raan dom bi tem roli?!
Wa duet yen ci wur bi yong
Abat e waat.
Ku ke lueth!
Peei dhethem aji thok ku guo jal,
Yen acit Magol e weu,
Dong tong,
Ageer ce moc.
Ku peel dhethem ke thok cogol.
Aci jur lueel wok ka bi dhok cogol Ajing,
A Ajar-biith, wok bi juk 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 Jokrol 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;
Ajarbhith, 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."
Acot, 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 Vieu remained on
the ground like a bark of a tree;
The daughter of Beek gazed in bewildermint,
Your head is confused by the Creator,
Like a baby in a mother's womb.
The family of Vor 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 o vieu;
I do not know what frightens the men of the country.
Twin of Marial of Vieu, there you are!
The words of the daughters of Jok!
And the wife of the clan, the mother of Mading,
When it awakens, 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 Acol Mijok de Mangar e Rol,
Ci wo mat e wen e Manool Padiar,
Ya ki raan dun la ting e rial nom."
Wa Acol Mijok ka ha ka ket,
"Man Deng ke loi Abyor ci ya ngok?"
Yin ca bi waar ee,
Ku waere Mijar e koor,
Ci yin bi waar?
Ku dit piou e jeth a Marol.
Yenkucke de dit e ca woor.
E rong dan e wun e Col Dorjok,
Ke dit tok yen sweet?
Yen ci thok adol!
Marol e Jok kwol dit e eliel!,
Ku yin ka nek jur,
Ku thijin ka cen raan duon bi yin be le kony yen.
Wen e Col yen gei,
Ci nyan e Marol e vieu dong piny ci paat;
Nyan Beek aja liith,
Yin ci jok llaap nom,
Ci menh to yeeec.
Many de Vor 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 Vieu;
Yen kuc ke dit e baai rioc.
Wa acuen e Marial e Vieu yen ka!
Aweil ke duet ke Jok Acoot eel!
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 kuu guur wo Marial Acail,
Ke w0 kic nyin guo wak.
Buk jal mol e baai,
Wok bi ya jang 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 laa.
Din ci nyanai,
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 pee.
Malual kac e wet di ping?
Malual athiee 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 tuum we e jur Pagaar,
Ago ting a Jur a gai,
"Wa Abu ye, wa Babo,
Eke cuk gooth wo Monjyang!"

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 laa.
Din ci nyanai,
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 pee.
Malual kac e wet di ping?
Malual athiee 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 tuum we e jur Pagaar,
Ago ting a Jur a gai,
"Wa Abu ye, wa Babo,
Eke cuk gooth wo Monjyang!"
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 thuiec.
Yen ci la, piou de ke tek.
Ke dit cit ngo?
E ngo e wok la thuvec toor da?
Ke ping kaak nyan cam thok Abyei.
Ghoc e di ee?
Boot ku dhiec.
Wok Abi ya jaam 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 aesthetic 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 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 Payath Awan,
Acai lor ku jeek,
Acai nyan e Deng Angouk lor ku jeek,
Acai riny e dhien e Jok Athurkok,
Mith e kuen e Biong Allor Adenyjok,
Ya we cool wek e dihe;
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 girics,
Baal acieng adheeng;

13
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 Manying, "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 woman'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 dheng ghot akol;
Aba giek blak la Madul,
Kieu ben paan Anyiel;
Aba laar blak la Alal.
Minyiel e weng wit ku mii e nom dhol.
Arob Akol Yom wok glik miroblik la Athai.
Kuath Nyiel ke dhuro gor Col Atem.
Ku dit dier Kuer agoth.
Kuer deen jur ameer ce yen Nyiel piat.
Nyiel ka thik wun ci Gang e Deng miot.
Dut ke thiop,
Dut ke thiop aka ping Ajarbith.
Cek be kat abi ghet Apuk,
Ka not ba biot,
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 contras­t ingly 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 festivous 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 Sacred 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 his spirit to kill me.
Let the word be heard by the daughter of the White and Black Patterned One of Clan Pagjing.
Mother of Adau, 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 Pled 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.

**Introduction 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.
The 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.

**Dinka Text**

Acieng yeng o Ring Acuom,\nLe ku bi ku nuyac ya nom,\nKi e yen a yok, "Myan e Jong Toor,\nku ka cien piou ku ka liu yin!"\nKi piou ka liu yen.\nMa akuen yen akol,\nAkuen yen wakou;\nMa ku akic dhar yen.\nDit yen e kuen nyan e Ring Acuom,\nAcieng e cak yen akic guo dhar.\nAthee-buny an Athak,\nEngo ya Aciek a man?\nJok awel awei baai kou.\nRaan be ya nok yen angueen.\nKi ping Deng da,\nKa nhyar yen jong nak yen.\nTok ki thok aping nyan Rial Pajing,\nYi man Adau ting a ghok ke ploot akit dhieu;\nDit kiu e waai nyan e Rial Pajing,\nYen akic guo thou,\nJong e nak wa, wa Mijong e Toor u ka ci ya maan.\nNang raan e jot ku be la pir,\Malual wen acuk la baai.

**SONG NO. 2. OUR CIRCLE**

**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**

Aci dier kiir e bau;\nAkum aca aqar piat e thilik.\nThel dan e ghok ka Awor e Mou.\nGol e vun Agorot ade lec kwil.\nTieng ki koor nyin;\nTieng ki koor nyin adep.\Akum aca aqar piat e thilik.\Thel e wa;\Thel dan e Biong.\Lik ki paan nyankai Agueng de Yar,\Koor yen aca liim;\Liem ageer dhien Kwol.\Yen ci math yok.\Miyen e Kwol Awor e Mou,\Yen ci dou jot;\Ku liem koor dit,\Koor dit alem dan yath e Ring.\Miyen e dan Luel anyooth wa,\Ku nuyoth 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 e bi ngom 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;\Laung ke yael tueng,\Ci kom agoot ngeny ci xuc,\Tieng ki dhier ku rung ageer riir.\E rol a rut,\Koor yen anek kok.\Tieng ki teet e vun Mijong Pabil,\Aci dier Kir e baun;\Ca Ayan ariauriau ci winh ayok;
SONG NO. 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 are short and in my view beautiful songs from the Nook 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 Cyerdit, 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 exclaimed, "Awor, you will run your home well,
The Dhiendorf 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.
Miyar bellows all night,
He has never rested his tongue,
Belgling 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,
I have therefore decided not to attempt their translation.

Dinka Text

Ageer, Miyan dien cit Milang!
Bony wun Adau,
Deng ke paar e thiera ala akol nyin; Beny dan muk wo baal.
Bony cieng daab Ke jam e wet bi be yok,
Yen ka Akum wo juk alaam.
Luel Awor ee, yen be ngiec cieng,
Kic Dhiendorf ben ke Marial ci waac lom yol dhorou,
Jal ngiec cieng Awor,
Wa nyen Awet Mariak.
Walen acwil ee, wak ci lum ke twok,
Yen ngiec koc e lom Abyei;
Ku manyin angau aja lom ke than dang;
Yin bi yeth kol.
Aguor jal mioc, "Ageer!
Ageer ca tung kuoc rong ke thuor."
Miyar ka ting anhia,
Miyar ke ruuw e klu,
Akic liende toong,
Ja weng guo jar ci mihn pioc ejam.
Kur Mabong yaath adheng ya thon e mior,
"Dit be ala ram ke thon Nyamora kou wer e Biong Mabek."
Mabil ciel ci cieng alaany;
Na la wengda wut ke kop 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 nyen Bil Yom,
"Tok ki thok aping Man Nyanjuur."
Ket ke koor ewei,
Ka buk luong aci wok bi dhal;
Adeny Jok yen e tung baal;
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 ah acoon gach.
Ku kam kek e thiou,
Ku giet e ye you.
Adau anyoth wa
Ku Cyer anyoth wun Gor-Kuei.
Adan Marial nyouth e Kwoj Ajok;
Nyan kun, nyen kun duet ka Awet.
Baal ka luel,
Baal ka luel beny Juur ku beny Janub.
Wet e nhalic,
Yen cit allir,
Yen e jang roic;
Ya mior e til ee,
Ya mior e til yen e jang roic,
Ci lan ayan.
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 opened 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" 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 sound like placers of 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 jeeblea, wun dit Jur Thokloi. Wai dan e wun Nyonbok; Ka bi Deng da baal. 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 reflected 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. Who speaks vile of me, who provokes me, who do not know me?

Dinka Text

Ric miot woi woi, miot rie ku tul kieu; Miyan da ka wac tong da rioc. Meth dan Malual ci woi e riee. Ghiboo, gheiwaa, weng kuath dhiot dhiot.
**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 baai 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 vany tol e many ci riet,
Ku kok ajuth.

**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, "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, 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.

**Dinka Text**

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

The next, "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.
There are two drums, a large one about 5 feet long and about a foot wide at the top. To beat the large drum, one stick is usually a great deal of accompanying sounds. No. 5 is drumming that normally accompanies a war dance.

Yet another one goes:

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.

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 long and 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 Tawny Cow, age-set of the Abyor sub-tribe of the Ngok Dinka:

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 gunners over the beast, The animal with the hollow bottom. I have turned into a lion, I am tangled with spear shafts, My thrusts are paining 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.

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!

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 glittering 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 Khartoun,  
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.

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

Agro 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 Gii Thil,  
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 no,
Yen bi kueth rial,
Yen la cool luang de bany ee.
Tok weng acol gaak loc ke yen cien mac;
Ku yamy ngeeny ye luel Awiel e wun daama.
Aye na cak arine, 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't 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 nyai.
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 antiquity 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 maar e wien e ban;
Jok ca yi tuoc akol thar ee;
Aye lar ruek ke theer waar yen e yuai ke kuoc.
Na ke luel kwol e Bulabek?
Dit awiil; la paanda rup piny,
Col long dang agor kathheer;
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,
Baal 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,
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 Awer; 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 huth. Kwol aci kuac kac nyin; Tong da ke Kwol, Le wony Awer ee, Le wony Apar ee. Luop loor e nyin 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.

Dinka Text

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.

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.
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.

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 wamath 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.