

UPCOMING MUSIC EVENTS

Concert Guild: Marinus Ensemble

Saturday, January 31 at 8 pm

Tickets are required.

Samite in Concert

Saturday, February 7 at 8 pm

No tickets are required.

Concert Guild: King's Singers

Friday, February 13 at 8 pm

Tickets are required.

W&L University Singers Tour Home Concert

Tuesday, March 3 at 8 pm

Tickets are free, but required.

SonoKlect-Autour de la Chanson Francaise-Terry Vosbein Nonet

Saturday, March 7 at 8 pm

No tickets are required.

Bentley Musical: Monty Python's Spamalot

March 12 - 15 at 7:30 pm

Keller Theatre, Lenfest Hall

Tickets are required.

All events take place in Wilson Concert Hall unless otherwise noted. A complete schedule can be found online at lenfest.wlu.edu.

Faculty Voice Recital

Jason Widney, baritone

Timothy Gaylard, piano

Julia Goudimova, cello

Shan Jiang, flute

JANUARY 18, 2015

3:00 PM

WILSON CONCERT HALL

LENFEST CENTER *for the* ARTS

WASHINGTON AND LEE
UNIVERSITY

LENFEST CENTER *for the ARTS*

BOX OFFICE AND TICKET INFORMATION

The Lenfest Box Office is accessible from either the fan parking lot in front of the building on the corner of Nelson and Glasgow Streets or from the W&L parking garage. The Box Office will be open from 9 a.m.–11 a.m. and 2 p.m.–4 p.m. Monday through Friday, and two hours prior to any performance where tickets are required or sold. The Lenfest Box Office follows the University Academic Calendar.

Individual tickets for upcoming events will go on sale approximately six weeks prior to opening night. All sales are final. There are no refunds or exchanges. Seating for events is by general admission. There is no reserved seating; however, patrons may call the Box Office to reserve handicapped seating. Our goal is to start all performances at the time indicated. Latecomers will be seated in the nearest seats available at a suitable pause in the performance.

Patrons are encouraged to call the Box Office for information concerning the suitability of events for children.

*Members of the audience are
requested to turn off all beeping devices
for the duration of the program.*

PARKING

Parking is reserved in the Lenfest Center fan for drop-offs and handicapped parking only. The W&L parking garage is open to all patrons for Lenfest Center event parking.

ASSISTED LISTENING SYSTEM

An assisted listening system has been installed in the Keller Theatre, Johnson Theatre and the Concert Hall. The receivers can be coupled to headphones or neck-loops to accommodate the widest variety of users possible. Receivers and headphones are available for all programs in the Lenfest Hall. Please see the House Managers at least 15 minutes prior to the performance.

TOURS

Tours of the Lenfest Center are available upon request.

LOST AND FOUND

Articles should be reported or turned into the Box Office.

WHEELCHAIRS

Patrons in wheelchairs will find Lenfest Center entrances easily accessible. There is also handicapped parking in the fan.

CONTACT INFORMATION

100 Glasgow Street, Lexington, VA 24450 • (540) 458-8001

At Washington and Lee, Professor Gaylard teaches Introduction to Music, The History of Western Music, Classical Music, Romantic Music, American Music, a Spring Term course on Music in the Films of Stanley Kubrick and applied courses in solo piano. He is also the director of the Washington and Lee Concert Guild.

Timothy Gaylard lives in Lexington with his wife Catharine, and they have three daughters, a son-in-law and two grand-daughters: Elizabeth, Valerie, Angela, Stuart, Alice Louise and Shirley.

Julia Goudimova was born in Moscow. She began studying piano at the age of five and cello at the age of seven. After nine years of music school she studied at Tiraspol College of Music with Prof. G. A. Balykbaev. Julia received her master's degree from Belarus Academy of Music under the instruction of E. L. Ksaveriev, professor of cello, who was a student of M. Rostropovich and N. Gutman. She has performed in recitals and chamber music concerts in Belarus, Moldova, Germany, South Korea, Bahrain and Saudi Arabia. Since moving to the United States, Julia has been actively participating in the music life of Western Virginia and is involved in symphony orchestra and chamber music performances in Lexington, Roanoke, Lynchburg, and Buena Vista, as well as Bath and Rockbridge Counties. Currently Julia is principal cellist of the University-Shenandoah Symphony Orchestra and a cello instructor at Washington and Lee University and Southern Virginia University.

Shan Jiang is a double major in Music Performance and Business Administration from Memphis, TN. A member of the Class of 2016, she is a member of Concert Guild, Tri-Beta Honors Society, General Admission a cappella group, Washington and Lee University Singers, National Flute Association, Kathekon, Career Development Educators, WLUR Radio Staff, Production Club, Pi Beta Phi Sorority, and a past member of University Wind Ensemble.

Shan is a current student studying in the studio of Byron Petty. She began studying flute with Ruth Ann McClain at the age of 12. Her past credentials include Winner of the 2011 Mid-South High School Soloist Competition, All-State Band and Orchestra, Oberlin Summer Flute Institute, and Tennessee Governor School for the Arts. She has participated in the master classes conducted by Ian Clark, Matej Zupan, Dr. Jessica Dunnivant, Dr. Deanna R. Little, and Michel Debost.

PROGRAM

Auf der Bruck D. 853
Der Wanderer D. 493
Wanderers Nachtlied D. 768

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Songs of Travel

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

1. The Vagabond
2. Let Beauty Awake
3. The Roadside Fire
4. Youth and Love
5. In Dreams
6. The Infinite Shining Heavens
7. Wither must I Wander
8. Bright is the Ring of Words
9. I Have Trod the Upward and the

Chanson madécasses

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

1. Nahandove
Aoua!
2. Il est doux

Blue Mountain Ballads

Paul Bowles
(1910-1999)

1. Heavenly Grass
2. Lonesome Man
3. Cabin
4. Sugar in the Cane

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Auf der Bruck (At the Brook)

Ernst Konrad Friedrich Schulze
(1789-1817)

Frisch trabe sonder Ruh und Rast,
Mein gutes Roß, durch
Nacht und Regen!
Was scheust du dich vor
Busch und Ast
Und strauchelst auf den
wilden Wegen?
Dehnt auch der Wald
sich tief und dicht,
Doch muß er endlich
sich erschliessen;
Und freundlich wird
ein fernes Licht
Uns aus dem dunkeln
Tale grüßen.

Wohl könnt ich über
Berg und Feld
Auf deinem schlanken
Rücken fliegen
Und mich am bunten
Spiel der Welt,
An holden Bildern
mich vergnügen;
Manch Auge lacht mir traulich zu
Und beut mit Frieden,
Lieb und Freude,
Und dennoch eil ich ohne Ruh,
Zurück zu meinem Leide.

Denn schon drei Tage
war ich fern
Von ihr, die ewig
mich gebunden;

Trot briskly without rest,
my good horse, through
night and through rain!
Why do you shy at bush
and branch
and stumble on the
wild paths?
Though the forest stretches
deep and dense,
it must finally open up;
and a distant light will
greet us kindly
out of the dark valley.

I can fly over
mountain and field
on your slender back
and enjoy the world's
colourful vistas.
Many an eye laughs
intimately at me,
with peace, love and joy;
and yet I hurry without rest,
back to my grief.

For three days now I have
been far away
from her to whom I am
eternally bound;

THE ARTISTS

Jason Widney, baritone, has performed throughout the Mid-Atlantic region and is at home on the opera, concert, and recital stages. His opera credits include Schaunard in Puccini's *La Bohème* and Wagner in Gounod's *Faust* with the Baltimore Concert Opera, Don Inigo in Ravel's *L'heure Espagnole* with the Baltimore Opera Company, and Sir Bertie Bland in the world premiere of *The Alien Corn* by Thomas Benjamin. He is a regular performer with the Lyric Opera of Baltimore and their Opera Education Outreach programs.

As a concert soloist, Mr. Widney has performed with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, Anne Arundel Community College, and The Handel Choir of Baltimore. A specialist in art song, he has given recitals on the Village Music Series of Saint John's in the Village in 2006 and 2007 and was recently invited back to his alma mater, Lebanon Valley College, to perform a program of Brahms, Poulenc, Fauré, and Britten. He holds a Master of Music degree in voice performance from the Peabody Conservatory. Mr. Widney is on the faculties of Washington and Lee University and Anne Arundel Community College. He is a regular member of the choir of men and boys at the Washington Nation Cathedral. He resides in Baltimore, with his wife Lori and their son Avery.

Timothy Gaylard, Professor of Music and former Chairman of the Music Department, joined the faculty at Washington and Lee University in 1984. A native of Ottawa, Canada, he studied at Carleton University where he received his B.A. and B.Mus. degrees. Professor Gaylard also has A.R.C.T. diplomas in both piano performance and piano pedagogy from the Royal Conservatory of Music at the University of Toronto, and an artist diploma from the Mozarteum in Salzburg. He received his Ph.D. in musicology from Columbia University. Timothy Gaylard has won several prizes and awards in music festivals and competitions in Ottawa, Toronto, and Quebec, and has performed on radio and television in both the United States and Canada. He has played as soloist with the Ottawa Civic Symphony, and with the orchestras of Carleton and Columbia University as well as with the University Shenandoah Symphony Orchestra at Washington and Lee.

Navona records recently released a CD album featuring Professor Gaylard with his colleague Shuko Watanabe playing works of Muzio Clementi on an 1814 Clementi grand fortepiano owned by the music department.



Drei Tage waren Sonn und Stern
Und Erd und Himmel
mir verschwunden.
Von Lust und Leiden,
die mein Herz
Bei ihr bald heilten, bald zerrissen
Fühlt ich drei Tage nur
den Schmerz,
Und ach! die Freude
mußt ich missen!

Weit sehn wir über Land und See
Zur wärmer Flur den
Vogel fliegen;
Wie sollte denn die Liebe je
In ihrem Pfade sich betrügen?
Drum trabe mutig durch
die Nacht!
Und schwinden auch die
dunkeln Bahnen,
Der Sehnsucht helles Auge wacht,
Und sicher führt mich
süßes Ahnen.

For three days sun and star
and earth and heavens
were missing for me.
Of the delight and grief,
that when I was with her, now
healed, now tore my heart,
for three days I have
only felt the pain,
and oh!, the joy
I had to miss!

We see the bird fly far
over land and sea
to warm pastures;
How then should love ever
deceive itself in its path?
So trot bravely through the night!
Although the dark
tracks may fade,
the bright eye of yearning
still watches,
and sweet foreboding
guides me safely.

Der Wanderer (The Wanderer)

Georg Philipp Schmidt von Lübeck
(1766 - 1849)

Ich komme vom Gebirge her,
Es dampft das Tal, es
braust das Meer,
Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der
Seufzer, wo?

I come down from the mountains,
The valley dims, the sea roars.
I wander silently and am
somewhat unhappy,
And my sighs always
ask "Where?"

Die Sonne dünkt mich hier so kalt,
Die Blüte welk, das Leben alt,
Und was sie reden, leerer Schall,
Ich bin ein Fremdling überall.

The sun seems so cold to me here,
The flowers faded, the life old,
And what they say has
an empty sound;
I am a stranger everywhere.

Wo bist du, mein geliebtes Land,
Gesucht, geahnt, und
nie gekannt?
Das Land, das Land
so hoffnungsgrün,
Das Land, wo meine Rosen blühn;

Where are you, my dear land?
Sought and brought to
mind, yet never known,
That land, so hopefully green,
That land, where my roses bloom,

Wo meine Freunde
wandelnd gehen,
Wo meine Toten auferstehen,
Das Land, das meine
Sprache spricht,
Das teure Land -- hier ist es nicht.

Where my friends wander
Where my dead ones rise
from the dead,
That land where they
speak my language,
Oh land, where are you?

Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der
Seufzer, wo?
Im Geisterhauch tönt's
mir zurück,
"Dort, wo du nicht bist,
ist das Glück."

I wander silently and am
somewhat unhappy,
And my sighs always
ask "Where?"
In a ghostly breath it
calls back to me,
"There, where you are not,
there is your happiness."





Wanderers Nachtlied
(The Wanderer's Night Song)

Über allen Gipfeln
ist Ruh,
in allen Wipfeln
spürest du
kaum einen Hauch;
die Vögelein schweigen im Walde,
warte nur, balde
ruhest du auch!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
(1749-1832)

Over all the peaks
it is peaceful,
in all the treetops
you feel
hardly a breath of wind;
the little birds are silent
in the forest...
only wait - soon
you will rest as well.

Songs of Travel

Robert Louis Stevenson
(1850-1894)

1. The Vagabond

Give to me the life I love,
Let the love go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above,
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river -
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above,
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field -

Warm the fireside haven -
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the heaven above,
And the road below me.

2. Let Beauty Awake

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,
Beauty awake from rest!
Let Beauty awake
For Beauty's sake
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,
Awake in the crimson eve!
In the day's dusk end
When the shades ascend,
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,
To render again and receive!

3. The Roadside Fire

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night,
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom;
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

3. Cabin

The cabin was cozy and hollyhocks grew
Bright by the door Till his whisper crept through.
The sun on the sill was yellow and warm
Till she lifted the latch for a man or a storm.
Now the cabin falls to the winter wind
And the walls cave in where they kissed and sinned.
And the long white rain sweeps clean the room
Like a white-haired witch with a long straw broom!

4. Sugar in the Cane

I'm red pepper in the shaker,
Bread that's waitin' for the baker.
I'm sweet sugar in the cane,
Never touched except by rain.
If you touched me God save you,
These summer days are hot and blue.

I'm potatoes not yet mashed
I'm a check that ain't been cashed.
I'm a window with a blind,
Can't see what goes on behind.
If you did, God save your soul!
These winter nights are blue and cold!

Blue Mountain Ballads

Words by Tennessee Williams
(1911 - 1983)

1. Heavenly Grass

My feet took a walk in heavenly grass
All day while the sky shone clear as glass,
My feet took a walk in heavenly grass.
All night while the lonesome stars rolled past,

Then my feet come down to walk on earth
And my mother cried
When she give me birth

Now my feet walk far
And my feet walk fast,
But they still got an itch for heavenly grass.
But they still got an itch for heavenly grass.

2. Lonesome Man

My chair rock-rocks by the door all day
But nobody ever stops my way,
Nobody ever stops by my way.

My teef chaw-chaw on an old ham bone
an' I do the dishes all alone,
I do the dishes all by my lone.

My feet clop-clop on the hardwood floor
'cause I won't buy love at the hardware store.
I don't want love from the mercantile store.

Now the clock tick-tocks by my single bed
while the moon looks down at my sleepless head,
While the moon grins down at an ole fool's head.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

4. Youth and Love

To the heart of youth the world is a highway side.
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

5. In Dreams

In dreams unhappy, I behold you stand
As heretofore:
The unremember'd tokens in your hand
Avail no more.

No more the morning glow, no more the grace,
Enshrines, endears.
Cold beats the light of time upon your face
And shows your tears.

He came and went. Perchance you wept awhile
And then forgot.
Ah me! but he that left you with a smile
Forgets you not.

6. The Infinite Shining Heavens

The infinite shining heavens
Rose, and I saw in the night
Uncountable angel stars
Showering sorrow and light.

I saw them distant as heaven,
Dumb and shining and dead,
And the idle stars of the night
Were dearer to me than bread.

Night after night in my sorrow
The stars stood over the sea,
Till lo! I looked in the dusk
And a star had come down to me.

7. Wither must I Wander

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?
Hunger my driver, I go where I must.
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather:
Thick drives the rain and my roof is in the dust.
Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree,
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door -
Dear days of old with the faces in the firelight,
Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.
Now when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.
Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl,
Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and flowers;
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,
Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours.
Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood -
Fair shine the day on the house with open door;
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney -
But I go for ever and come again no more.

3. Il est doux

Il est doux de se coucher,
durant la chaleur, sous
un arbre touffu, et
d'attendre que le vent du
soir amène la fraîcheur.

Femmes, approchez. Tandis
que je me repose ici sous
un arbre touffu, occupez
mon oreille par vos accents
prolongés. Répétez
la chanson
de la jeune fille, lorsque
ses doigts tressent la
natte ou lorsqu'assise
auprès du riz, elle chasse
les oiseaux avides.

Le chant plaît à mon âme. La
danse est pour moi presque
aussi douce qu'un baiser.
Que vos pas soient lents;
qu'ils imitent les
attitudes du plaisir et
l'abandon de la volupté.

Le vent du soir se lève; la lune
commence à briller au travers
des arbres de la montagne.
Allez, et préparez le repas.

3. It is sweet

It is sweet in the hot afternoon to
lie under a leafy tree and wait
for the evening breeze
to bring coolness.

Come, women! While I
rest here under a leafy
tree, fill my ears with
your sustained tones. Sing
again the song of the
girl plaiting her hair,
or the girl sitting near the
ricefield chasing away
the greedy birds.

Singing pleases my soul;
and dancing is nearly
as sweet as a kiss.

Tread slowly, and make
your steps suggest the
postures of pleasure and
ecstatic abandonment.

The breeze is starting to
blow; the moon glistens
through the mountain
trees. Go and prepare
the evening meal.

leurs prêtres voulurent
nous donner
un Dieu que nous ne
connaissons pas ;
ils parlèrent enfin
d'obéissance et d'esclavage:
Plutôt la mort !
Le carnage fut long et terrible ;
mais, malgré la foudre
qu'ils vomissaient,
et qui écrasait des
armées entières,
ils furent tous exterminés.
[Méfiez-vous]¹ des blancs!

Nous avons vu de
nouveaux tyrans,
plus forts et plus nombreux,
planter leur pavillon sur le rivage:
le ciel a combattu pour nous;
il a fait tomber sur eux les pluies,
les tempêtes et les
vents empoisonnés.
Ils ne sont plus, et nous
vivons libres.
Méfiez-vous des blancs,
habitants du rivage.

in brass cannon;
their priests tried to give us
a God we did not know;
and later they spoke
of obedience and slavery.
Death would be preferable!
The carnage was long
and terrible;
but despite their
vomiting thunder
which crushed whole armies,
they were all wiped out.
Awa! Awa! Do not trust
the white men!

We saw new tyrants,
stronger and more numerous,
pitching tents on the shore.
Heaven fought for us.
It caused rain, tempests
and poison winds to fall on them.
They are dead, and we live free!
Awa! Awa! Do not trust
the white men,
you shore-dwellers!

8. Bright is the Ring of Words

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them,
Still [they are]¹ carolled and said -
On wings they are carried -
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.
And when the west is red
With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings
And the maid remembers.

9. I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope

I have trod the upward and the downward slope;
I have endured and done in days before;
I have longed for all, and bid farewell to hope;
And I have lived and loved, and closed the door.

Chanson madécasse

Evariste de Parny
(1753-1814)

1. Nahandove

Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!
L'oiseau nocturne a
commencé ses cris,
la pleine lune brille sur ma tête,
et la rosée naissante
humecte mes cheveux.
Voici l'heure: qui peut t'arrêter,
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Le lit de feuilles est préparé;
je l'ai parsemé de fleurs et
d'herbes odoriférantes;
il est digne de tes charmes.
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Elle vient. J'ai reconnu
la respiration
précipitée que donne une
marche rapide;
j'entends le froissement de la
pagne qui l'enveloppe;
c'est elle, c'est Nahandove,
la belle Nahandove!

Reprends haleine, ma jeune amie;
repose-toi sur mes genoux.
Que ton regard est enchanteur!
Que le mouvement de ton
sein est vif et délicieux
sous la main qui le presse!
Tu souris, Nahandove, ô
belle Nahandove!

Tes baisers pénètrent
jusqu'à l'âme;

1. Nahandove

Nahandove, oh
beautiful Nahandove!
The night bird has begun to sing,
the full moon shines overhead,
and the first dew is
moistening my hair.
Now is the time: who can
be delaying you?
Oh beautiful Nahandove!

The bed of leaves is ready;
I have strewn flowers and
aromatic herbs;
it is worthy of your charms,
oh beautiful Nahandove!

She is coming. I recognise
the rapid breathing
of someone walking quickly;
I hear the rustle of her skirt.
It is she, it is the
beautiful Nahandove!

Catch your breath, my
young sweetheart;
rest on my lap.
How enchanting your gaze is,
how lively and delightful the
motion of your breast
as my hand presses it!
You smile, oh
beautiful Nahandove!

Your kisses reach into my soul;
your caresses burn all my senses.

tes caresses brûlent
tous mes sens;
arrête, ou je vais mourir.
Meurt-on de volupté,
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove?

Le plaisir passe comme un éclair.
Ta douce haleine s'affaiblit,
tes yeux humides se referment,
ta tête se penche mollement,
et tes transports s'éteignent
dans la langueur.
Jamais tu ne fus si belle,
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Tu pars, et je vais languir dans
les regrets et les désirs.
Je languirai jusqu'au soir.
Tu reviendras ce soir,
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

2. Aoua!

Méfiez-vous des blancs,
habitants du rivage.
Du temps de nos pères,
des blancs descendirent
dans cette île ;
on leur dit: Voilà des terres,
que vos femmes les cultivent.
Soyez justes, soyez bons,
et devenez nos frères.

Les blancs promirent,
et cependant
ils firent des retranchements.
Un fort menaçant s'éleva ;
le tonnerre fut renfermé
dans des bouches d'airain ;

Stop or I will die!
Can one die of ecstasy?
Oh beautiful Nahandove!

Pleasure passes like lightning;
your sweet breathing
becomes calmer,
your moist eyes close again,
your head droops,
and your raptures fade
into weariness.
Never were you so beautiful,
oh beautiful Nahandove!

Now you are leaving,
and I will languish in
sadness and desires.
I will languish until sunset.
You will return this evening,
oh beautiful Nahandove!

2. Aoua!

Awa! Awa! Do not trust
the white men,
you shore-dwellers!
In our fathers' day,
white men came to this island.
"Here is some land,"
they were told,
"your women may cultivate it.
Be just, be kind,
and become our brothers."

The whites promised, and
all the while
they were making entrenchments.
They built a menacing fort,
and they held thunder captive