

# Hutt Valley Choral Society

Third Concert, December 11, to be Broadcast

(See Programme on Page 18 for Details)

## Hiawatha's Wedding Feast.

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
How the handsome Yenadizze,  
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding;  
How the gentle Chibiabos,  
He the sweetest of musicians,  
Sang his songs of love and longing;  
How Iagoo, the great boaster,  
He the marvellous storyteller,  
Told his tales of strange adventure,  
That the feast might be more joyous,  
That the time might pass more gaily,  
And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis  
Made at Hiawatha's wedding.  
All the bowls were made of bass-wood,  
White and polished very smoothly,  
All the spoons of horn of bison,  
Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the village  
Messengers with wands of willow,  
As a sign of invitation,  
As a token of the feasting;  
And the wedding-guests assembled,  
Clad in all their richest raiment,  
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,  
Splendid with their paint and plumage,  
Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma,  
And the pike, the Maskkenozha,  
Caught and cooked by old Nokomis,  
Then on pemican they feasted,  
Pemican and buffalo marrow,  
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,  
Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,  
And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,  
And the lovely Laughing Water,  
And the careful old Nokomis,  
Tasted not the food before them,  
Only waited on the others,  
Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had finished,

Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,  
From an ample pouch of otter,  
Filled the red stone pipes for smoking  
With tobacco from the South-land,  
Mixed with bark of the red willow,  
And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.

Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Dance for us your merry dances,  
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more gaily,  
And our guests be more contented."

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,

He the idle Yenadizze,  
He the merry mischief-maker,  
Whom the people called the Storm-Fool,  
Rose among the guests assembled.

Skilled was he in sports and pastimes,

In the merry dance of snow-shoes,  
In the play of quoits and ball-play;  
Skilled was he in games of hazard,  
In all games of skill and hazard,  
Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters,  
Koomtassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.

Though the warriors called him  
Faint-Heart,

Called him coward, Shaugodaya,  
Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,

## My Land.

Dear Land, that of all lands to me art the fairest,  
Land where the fern in its loveliness grows,  
Girt with the ocean and crowned with thy snows,  
Richly thy beauty with me thou sharest,  
God-given bounty to me thou bearest.

Fair Land, that of all lands to me art the dearest,  
Great is the joy that thy children may feel,  
Deep the devotion they owe to thy weal;  
While thy sons love thee, nothing thou fearest—  
God make our service bravest, sincerest.

O Land of my home, I will serve thee for ever,  
Live to thine honour and guard thee from wrong,  
Make thee yet fairer through labour and song;  
Loving thee truly, strong my endeavour,  
Onward and upward, failing thee never!

—Anon.

Little heeded he their jesting,  
Little cared he for their insults,  
For the women and the maidens  
Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doe-skin,  
White and soft, and fringed with  
ermine,

All inwrought with beads of wampum;  
He was dressed in deer-skin leggings,  
Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,

And in mocassins of buck-skin  
Thick with quills and beads embroidered.

On his head were plumes of swan's  
down,

On his heels were tails of foxes,  
In one hand a fan of feathers,  
And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and  
yellow,

Streaks of blue and bright vermillion,  
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.

From his forehead fell his tresses,  
Smooth and parted like a woman's,

Shining bright with oil, and plaited,  
Hung with braids of scented grasses,

As among the guests assembled,  
To the sound of flutes and singing,

To the sounds of drums and voices,  
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure,  
Very slow in step and gesture,

In and out among the pine trees,  
Through the shadows and the sunshine,

Treading softly like a panther,  
Then more swiftly and still swifter,

Whirling, spinning round in circles,  
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,

Eddying round and round the wigwam,  
Till the leaves went whirling with him,

Till the dust and wind together  
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin  
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,

On he sped with frenzied gestures,  
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it

Wildly in the air around him:  
Till the wind became a whirlwind,

Till the sand was blown and sifted  
Like great snowdrifts o'er the land-

scape,  
Heaping all the shores with Sand

Dunes,

Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo!

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please  
them,

And, returning, sat down laughing  
There among the guests assembled.  
Sat and fanned himself serenely  
With his fan of turkey-feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos,  
To the friend of Hiawatha,

To the sweetest of all singers,  
To the best of all musicians,

"Sing to us, O Chibiabos!  
Songs of love and songs of longing,  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more gaily,  
And our guests be more contented!"

And the gentle Chibiabos  
Sang in accents sweet and tender,

Sang in tones of deep emotion,  
Songs of love and songs of longing,

Looking still at Hiawatha,  
Looking at fair Laughing Water,

Sang he softly, sang in this wise

"Onaway! Awake, beloved!  
Thou the wild-flower of the forest!  
Thou the wild-bird of the prairie!  
Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like!"

"If thou only lookest at me,  
I am happy, I am happy,  
As the lilies of the prairie,  
When they feel the dew upon them!"

"Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance  
Of the wild-flowers in the morning,  
As their fragrance is at evening,  
In the Moon when leaves are falling.

"Does not all the blood within me  
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,  
As the springs to meet the sunshine,  
In the Moon when nights are brightest?"

"Onaway! my heart sings to thee,  
Sings with joy when thou art near me,  
As the sighing, singing branches  
In the pleasant Moon of Strawberries!"

"When thou art not pleased, beloved,  
Then my heart is sad and darkened,  
As the shining river darkens  
When the clouds drop shadows on it!"

"When thou smilest, my beloved,  
Then my troubled heart is brightened,  
As in sunshine gleam the ripples  
That the cold wind makes in rivers.

"Smiles the earth, and smile the  
waters,

Smile the cloudless skies above us,  
But I lose the way of smiling

When thou art no longer near me!

"I myself, myself! behold me!

Blood of my beating heart, behold me!  
O awake, awake, beloved!

Onaway! awake, beloved!"

Thus the gentle Chibiabos  
Sang his song of love and longing;  
And Iagoo, the great boaster,  
He the marvellous storyteller,  
He the friend of old Nokomis,  
Jealous of the sweet musician,  
Jealous of the applause they gave him,  
Saw in all the eyes around him,  
Saw in all their looks and gestures,  
That the wedding-guests assembled  
Longed to hear his pleasant stories,  
His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo:  
Never heard he an adventure  
But himself had made a greater;  
Never any deed of daring  
But himself had done a bolder;  
Never any marvellous story  
But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting,  
Would you only give him credence,  
No one ever shot an arrow  
Half so far and high as he had;  
Ever caught so many fishes,  
Ever killed so many reindeer,  
Ever trapped so many beaver!

None could run so fast as he could,  
None could dive so deep as he could,  
None could swim so far as he could:  
None had made so many journeys,  
None had seen so many wonders,  
As this wonderful Iagoo,  
As this marvellous storyteller!

Thus his name became a by-word  
And a jest among the people!  
And whenever a boastful hunter  
Praised his own address too highly,  
Or a warrior, home returning,  
Talked too much of his achievements,  
All his hearers cried, "Iagoo!  
Here's Iagoo come among us!"

He it was who carved the cradle  
Of the little Hiawatha,  
Carved its framework out of linden,  
Bound it strong with reindeer's sinews,

He it was who taught him later  
How to make his bows and arrows.  
How to make the bows of ash-tree  
And the arrows of the oak-tree.

So among the guests assembled  
At my Hiawatha's wedding  
Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,  
Sat the marvellous storyteller.

And they said, "O good Iagoo,  
Tell us now a tale of wonder,  
Tell us of some strange adventure,  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more gaily,  
And our guests be more contented!"

And Iagoo answered straightway,  
"You shall hear a tale of wonder.  
You shall hear of strange adventures,  
So he told the strange adventures  
Of Osseo, the Magician,  
From the Evening Star descended.

Such was Hiawatha's Wedding  
Thus the wedding-banquet ended.  
And the wedding-guests departed,  
Leaving Hiawatha happy  
With the night and Minnehaha.

—Longfellow.