



# Tyndale Choral Society

Conductor: Ian Harrold

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Reg. Charity No. 284840

# Hiawatha

*by*

**Samuel Coleridge-Taylor**

7.30pm Saturday 13th November 2004  
Dursley Parish Church.

Programme £1

# Tyndale Choral Society

Conductor Ian Harrold

*with*

Elizabeth Warriner ~ soprano

Stephen Davis ~ tenor

Christopher Monk ~ bass-baritone

*and*

Tyndale Sinfonia

Conducted by Ian Harrold

## ***Programme***

**Hiawatha's Wedding Feast**

*Interval*

**Hiawatha's Departure**

**by Samuel Coleridge-Taylor**

Rehearsal Accompanist ~ James Corbett

*Programme notes by Ian Harrold*

## SOLOISTS

### **Elizabeth Warriner ~ soprano**

Elizabeth Warriner studied singing with Laura Sarti from the Guildhall School of Music and Morag Noble from Trinity College London. She has performed in many operatic roles including *Madame Butterfly* and *La Traviata*, as well as a variety of other musical styles from chamber music to Edith Piaf. Recent solo performances include the Mozart Requiem and a Gershwin concert.

### **Stephen Davis ~ tenor**

After an initial course of study with Mary Parsons, Stephen studied with Brian Raynor-Cook at the Birmingham Conservatoire, where he was a finalist in the prestigious Canallid Choir Competition, and winner of the English Song Competition. After graduating with distinction, he studied with Jessica Cash, Pamela Cook and Ian Partridge.

Stephen is a regular soloist with many of the leading choirs in the Midlands, most notably Ex Cathedra, the region's foremost chamber choir, and also sings with the Britten Singers, Northern Voices, London Voices, The Academy of Ancient Music and The Schütz Choir. He broadcasts regularly on Radio 4 with BBC Manchester's Daily Service Singers.

He has an extensive repertoire and has sung in many venues both here and abroad including Paris, Salzburg and St Petersburg. In recent months Stephen has performed several major works including the Mozart and Verdi Requiems, Rossini's Petite Messe, as well as Dies Natalis by Finzi and Haydn's Creation with Tyndale Choral Society. Future engagements include Elijah, Britten's St. Nicolas, and the St John and St. Matthew Passions.

As well as a busy solo career, Stephen has been involved in Ex Cathedra's education work since its inception, coaching school choirs and giving support to the teachers. He also runs a thriving private teaching practice and gives individual singing lessons at a number of schools in Birmingham and Solihull.

Stephen is conductor and musical director of two choral societies which give regular performances of oratorios and programmes of lighter music. He is also musical director for the Creation Fund Choir and Orchestra, presenting an annual concert in September to raise funds for Birmingham Children's Hospital, and conducts and organises the St. Leonard's Bach Choir and Orchestra who perform twice a year in support of the Philip Bates Trust.

### **Christopher Monk ~ bass-baritone**

Chris was born in Surrey in 1978 and was a chorister at Reigate, St. Mary's Preparatory and Choir school. With them he recorded several albums and toured much of England, performing in many of the country's major cathedrals. In 1995, while still at Whitgift School, Croydon, he received the prestigious Recital Certificate from the Guildhall School of Music and Drama.

In 1996, he became a bass Choral Scholar at St Mary's Episcopal Cathedral, Edinburgh. With them he toured Switzerland and America, as well as venues closer to home such as Newcastle, Durham, Paisley, Carlisle and Glasgow. The choir recorded albums and broadcasted regularly on BBC Radios 3 and 4 and BBC Radio Scotland. After achieving his music degree in September 2000, he moved back south where he became a Lay Clerk at Gloucester Cathedral. Currently he is a Lay Clerk in the Choir of the Abbey School, Tewkesbury which he combines with an active schedule of performance with many local choirs including Ex-Cathedra, the Tanhouse Singers, the Fitzhardinge Singers and the choir of Bristol Cathedral.

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## **Ian Harrold ~ Conductor and Director of Music**

Ian became the Choir's Musical Director at the beginning of this season. He had taken a number of rehearsals during Michael's time with the Society, so he was known to the Society on his arrival.

Ian developed his interest in music while at King Edward's School, Birmingham in the 1950s, largely through a close friendship with the late David Munrow, that pioneer of early music. This continued through university at Merton College, Oxford where he read Physics. Several of his compositions had their first airing there, including an anthem for the College's 700th anniversary.

On starting work in London, he was fortunate in finding and joining the City of London Choir where he found himself, in time, sitting next to a young tenor called Michael Power. Their friendship remained over the years, though he had no idea it would lead to the fulfillment of a life's dream: to sing in a Cathedral Choir.

Ian later took up the bassoon, and though managing to be Principal Bassoon with the Hertford Symphony Orchestra for a while, singing has remained his first love as a performer. Composition has always been an important part of his musical life and he is currently working on Opus 137 (Three short Introsits). Of these, two orchestral works have been performed at the Royal Festival Hall and the Royal Albert Hall respectively. He wrote the *Jubilate*, which the choir sang in the Summer Concert, for David Briggs but his illness prevented it being taken up by Gloucester Cathedral.

He describes his musical tastes as wide, from early music to jazz and music theatre. This, he suggests, is reflected in his composition, which may be called eclectic or derivative, according to taste! It is underpinned by a knowledge of, and love of, the great choral repertory from Monteverdi, Purcell and Handel to, just about, Britten and Finzi!

# The Music of 'Hiawatha'

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor's short life is chronicled elsewhere, but he grew up and worked in the world of late Victoria and Edward VII with all that suggests musically, the world of Elgar, Stanford and Parry (and Ethel Smyth). Charles Reid in his non-too-enthusiastic essay on choral music of the time grudgingly admits *The Song of Hiawatha* has 'a sturdy warmth and individuality'. Of the three qualities there mentioned, sturdiness and warmth are there in abundance; as to individuality, modern ears may detect a splendid mixture of his great British contemporaries, certainly some French operatic tradition, and formally a hint of Wagner (but then where wasn't there some Wagnerian influence in most music of the time?). The opening fanfare (a) recurs throughout much of the *Wedding Feast* and presumably serves to indicate the noble Hiawatha himself; it returns in a more lyrical modified form (b) in



*Hiawatha's Departure* at the mention of the 'generous' Hiawatha. Perhaps the cleverest use of such leitmotives is to indicate the presence of the boastful Iagoo (c). At the end of *Wedding Feast* it is presented by the chorus ('Very boastful was Iagoo') but snatches recur when he returns with tales of the approaching white man (which is all too true). Here it is alternated with a version of Hiawtha's theme (b). Such use of musical ideas to represent characters or ideas was very much at the heart of Wagner's method.



In *Wedding Feast*, we are introduced to a gallery of characters in the Yenadizee tribe: faithful old Nokomis who prepares everything, handsome - and he knows it! - Paupukeewis (his dance forms the central section of the piece), gentle Chibiabos whose 'Onaway, awake, beloved' is one of the great orchestral love songs of the period, and the great story-teller Iagoo. Actually not much about the bride and groom; Minnehaha gets a small cameo part just before her death in part two (not performed tonight), and Hiawatha dominates part three, but here they are merely onlookers at their nuptials.

In *Hiawatha's Departure*, then, we see the inexorable encroachment of the white man, represented by the 'black-robed priest' who encourages them (rather tactlessly one might feel on first acquaintance) to embrace the 'Peace of Christ and Joy of Mary'. Taylor's setting of this passage may be ironically over- 'religioso'. Hiawatha sees the doomed future for the Native American and chooses to go in search of his ancestors, in music that is, by turn, touching and exultant. All join in a final chorus of farewell.

# 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 story-teller,  
Told his tales of strange adventure,  
That the feast might be more joyous,  
That the time might pass more gayly,  
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 Maskenozha,  
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 gayly,  
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,  
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 doeskin,  
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 moccasins of buck-skin,  
Thick with quills and beads embroidered.

Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,  
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Was it Shingebis the diver?  
Or the pelican, the Shada?  
Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah?  
Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,  
With the water dripping, flashing,  
From its glossy neck and feathers?

It was neither goose nor diver,  
Neither pelican nor heron,  
O'er the water floating, flying,  
Through the shining mist of morning,  
But a birch canoe with paddles,  
Rising, sinking on the water,  
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine;  
And within it came a people  
From the distant land of Wabun,  
From the farthest realms of morning  
Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,  
He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,  
With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha,  
With his hands aloft extended,  
Held aloft in sign of welcome,  
Waited, full of exultation,  
Till the birch canoe with paddles  
Grated on the shining pebbles,  
Stranded on the sandy margin,  
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,  
With the cross upon his bosom,  
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha  
Cried aloud and spake in this wise:  
"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,  
When you come so far to see us!  
All our town in peace awaits you,  
All our doors stand open for you;  
You shall enter all our wigwams,  
For the heart's right hand we give you.

"Never bloomed the earth so gayly,  
Never shone the sun so brightly,  
As to-day they shine and blossom  
When you come so far to see us!

Never was our lake so tranquil,  
Nor so free from rocks, and sand-bars;  
For your birch canoe in passing  
Has removed both rock and sand-bar.

"Never before had our tobacco  
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,  
Never the broad leaves of our cornfields  
Were so beautiful to look on,  
As they seem to us this morning,  
When you come so far to see us!"

And the Black-Robe chief made answer, Stam-  
mered In his speech a little,  
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:  
"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,  
Peace be with you and your people,  
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,  
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!"

Then the generous Hiawatha  
Led the strangers to his wigwam,  
Seated them on skins of bison,  
Seated them on skins of ermine,  
And the careful old Nokomis  
Brought them food in bowls of basswood,  
Water brought in birchen dippers,  
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,  
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village,  
All the warriors of the nation,  
All the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,  
The magicians, the Wabenos,  
And the Medicine-men, the Medas,  
Came to bid the strangers welcome;  
"It is well", they said, "O brothers,  
That you come so far to see us!"

In a circle round the doorway,  
With their pipes they sat In silence,  
Waiting to behold the strangers,  
Waiting to receive their message;  
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,  
From the wigwam came to greet them,  
Stammering in his speech a little,  
Speaking words yet unfamiliar;

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 vermilion,  
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 sound 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 landscape,  
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 gayly,  
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!  
Oh 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 story-teller,  
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 met 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 story-teller!

Thus his name became a by-word  
And a jest among the people;  
And whene'er 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 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 story-teller.

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 gayly,  
And our guests be more contented!"

And Iagoo answered straightway,  
"You shall hear a tale of wonder,  
You shall hear 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 and Minnehaha



## *INTERVAL*



# Hiawatha's Departure

SPRING had come with all its splendour,  
All its birds and all its blossoms,  
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

Sailing on the wind to northward,  
Flying in great flocks, like arrows,  
Like huge arrows shot through heaven,  
Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee,  
Speaking almost as a man speaks;  
And in long lines waving, bending  
Like a bowstring snapped asunder,  
The white goose, the Waw-be-wawa;  
And in pairs, or singly flying,  
Mahng the loon, with clangorous pinions,  
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.

In the thickets and the meadows  
Piped the blue-bird, the Owaissa;  
On the summit of the lodges  
Sang the robin, the Opechee ;  
And the sorrowing Hiawatha,  
Speechless in his infinite sorrow,  
Heard their voices calling to him,  
Went forth from his gloomy doorway,  
Stood and gazed into the heaven,  
Gazed upon the earth and waters.

From his wanderings far to eastward,  
From the regions of the morning,  
From the shining land of Wabun,  
Homeward now returned lagoo,  
The great traveller, the great boaster,  
Full of new and strange adventures,  
Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village  
Listened to him as he told them  
Of his marvellous adventures,  
Laughing answered him in this wise :  
"Ugh ! it is indeed lagoo:  
No one else beholds such wonders !"

He had seen, he said, a water  
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,  
Broader than the Gitche Gumee,  
Bitter so that none could drink it!  
At each other looked the warriors,  
Looked the women at each other,  
Smiled, and said, " It cannot be so !  
Kaw ! " they said, " it cannot be so !"

O'er it, said he, o'er this water  
A canoe with wings came flying,  
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,  
Taller than the tallest tree-tops!  
And the old men and the women  
Looked and tittered at each other.  
" Kaw !" they said, " we don't believe it !"

From its mouth, he said, to greet him,  
Game Waywassimo, the lightning,  
Came the thunder, Annemeekee!  
And the warriors and the women  
Laughed aloud at poor lagoo ;  
" Kaw !" said they, " what tales you tell us !"

In the great canoe with pinions  
Came, he said, a hundred warriors;  
Painted white were all their faces,  
And with hair their chins were covered!  
And the warriors and the women  
Laughed and shouted in derision,  
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,  
Like the crows upon the hemlocks.  
" Kaw !" they said, " what lies you tell us !  
Do not think that we believe them !"

Only Hiawatha laughed not,  
But he gravely spake and answered  
To their jeering and their jesting:  
" True is all lagoo tells us;  
I have seen it in a vision,

Seen the great canoe with piniona,  
Seen the people with white faces,  
Seen the coming of this bearded  
People of the wooden vessel,  
From the regions of the morning,  
From the shining land of Wabun.

" Gitche Manito, the Mighty,  
The Great Spirit, the Creator,  
Sends them hither on his errand,  
Sends them to us with his message.  
Wheresoe'er they move, before them  
Swarms the stinging-fly, the Ahmo,  
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker ;  
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them  
Springs a flower unknown among us,  
Springs the White-man's Foot in blossom.

" Let us welcome, then, the strangers,  
Hail them as our friends and brothers,  
And the heart's right hand of friendship  
Give them when they come to see us.  
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,  
Said this to me in my vision.

" I beheld, too, in that vision  
All the secrets of the future,  
Of the distant days that shall be.  
I beheld the westward marches  
Of the unknown, crowded nations.  
All the land was full of people,  
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,  
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling  
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.  
In the woodlands rang their axes,  
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,  
Over all the lakes and rivers  
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

" Then a darker, drearier vision  
Passed before me, vague and cloud-like.  
I beheld our nations scattered,  
All forgetful of my counsels,  
Weakened, warring with each other',  
Saw the remnants of our people

Sweeping westward, wild and woful,  
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,  
Like the withered leaves of Autumn!"

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
In the pleasant Summer morning,  
Hiawatha stood and waited.  
All the air was full of freshness,

All the earth was bright and joyous,  
And before him, through the sunshine,  
Westward toward the neighboring forest  
Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,  
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,  
Burning, singing In the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the heavens,  
Level spread the lake before him;  
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,  
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;  
On its margin the great forest  
Stood reflected in the water,  
Every tree-top had its shadow,  
Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha  
Gone was every trace of sorrow,  
As the fog from off the water,  
As the mist from off the meadow.  
With a smile of joy and triumph,  
With a look of exultation,  
As of one who in a vision  
Sees what is to be, but is not,  
Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were lifted,  
Both the palms spread out against it,  
And between the parted fingers  
Fell the sunshine on his features,  
Flecked with light his naked shoulders,  
As it falls and flecks an oak-tree  
Through the rifted leaves and branches.

O'er the water floating, flying,  
Something in the hazy distance,  
Something in the mists of morning,  
Loomed and lifted from the water,

"It Is well," they said, "O brother,  
That you come so far to see us!"

Then the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,  
Told his message to the people,  
Told the purport of his mission,  
Told them of the Virgin Mary,  
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,  
How in distant lands and ages  
He had lived on earth as we do;  
How he fasted, prayed, and labored;  
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,  
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him;  
How he rose from where they laid him,  
Walked again with his disciples,  
And ascended into heaven.

And the chiefs made answer, saying:  
"We have listened to your message,  
We have heard your words of wisdom,  
We will think on what you tell us.  
It is well for us, O brothers,  
That you come so far to see us!"

Then they rose up and departed  
Each one homeward to his wigwam,  
To the young men and the women  
Told the story of the strangers  
Whom the Master of Life had sent them  
From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence  
Grew the afternoon of Summer;  
With a drowsy sound the forest  
Whispered round the sultry wigwam,  
With a sound of sleep the water  
Rippled on the beach below it;  
From the cornfields shrill and ceaseless  
Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena;  
And the guests of Hiawatha,  
Weary with the heat of Summer,  
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape  
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,  
And the long and level sunbeams

Shot their spears into the forest,  
Breaking through its shields of shadow,  
Rushed into each secret ambush,  
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow;  
Still the guests of Hiawatha  
Slumbered In the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,  
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,  
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,  
Did not wake the guests, that slumbered.

"I am going, O Nokomis,  
On a long and distant journey,  
To the portals of the Sunset.  
To the regions of the home-wind,  
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin.  
But these guests I leave behind me,  
In your watch and ward I leave them;  
See that never harm comes near them,  
See that never fear molests them,  
Never danger nor suspicion,  
Never want of food or shelter,  
In the lodge of Hiawatha!"

Forth into the village went he,  
Bade farewell to all the warriors,  
Bade farewell to all the young men,  
Spake persuading, spake in this wise:  
I am going, O my people,  
On a long and distant journey;  
Many moons and many winters  
Will have come, and will have vanished,  
Ere I come again to see you.  
But my guests I leave behind me;  
Listen to their words of wisdom,  
Listen to the truth they tell you,  
For the Master of Life has sent them  
From the land of light and morning!"

On the shore stood Hiawatha,  
Turned and waved his hand at parting;  
On the clear and luminous water  
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,  
From the pebbles of the margin  
Shoved it forth into the water;

Whispered to it, "Westward! westward!"  
And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending  
Set the clouds on fire with redness,  
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,  
Left upon the level water

One long track and trail of splendour,  
Down whose stream, as down a river,  
Westward, westward

Hiawatha Sailed into the fiery sunset,  
Sailed into the purple vapors,  
Sailed into the dusk of evening:

And the people from the margin  
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,  
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted  
High into that sea of splendor,  
Till it sank into the vapors  
Like the new moon slowly, slowly  
Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, "Farewell forever!"  
"Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"  
And the forests, dark and lonely,

Moved through all their depths of  
darkness,  
Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"  
And the waves upon the margin  
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,  
Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From her haunts among the fen-lands,  
Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

Thus departed Hiawatha,  
Hiawatha the Beloved,  
In the glory of the sunset,  
In the purple mists of evening,  
To the regions of the home-wind,  
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the Land of the Hereafter!



# VOCABULARY

Chibia'bos, *a musician; friend of Hiawatha;*  
*ruler of the Land of Spirits*  
Gitche Gu'mee, *The Big-Sea-Water, Lake Superior*  
Hiawa'tha, *the Prophet, the Teacher, son of*  
*Mudjekeewis, the West-Wind and Wenonah, daughter of Nokomis*  
Ia'goo, *a great boaster and story-teller*  
Joss'akeed, *a prophet*  
Kaw, *no*  
Keeway'din, *the Northwest wind, the Home-wind*  
Koomtassoo, *the game of plum stones*  
Me'da, *a medicine-man*  
Minneha'ha, *Laughing Water; wife of Hiawatha; a water-fall in a stream running*  
*into the Mississippi between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St. Anthony*  
Monda'min, *Indian corn*  
Moon of Bright Nights, *April*  
Moon of Leaves, *May*  
Moon of Strawberries, *June*  
Moon of the Falling Leaves, *September*

Moon of Snow-shoes, *November*  
Mudjekee'wis, *the West-Wind; father of Hiawatha*  
Nah'ma, *the sturgeon*  
Na'gow Wudj'oo, *the Sand Dunes of Lake Superior*  
Noko'mis, *a grandmother, mother of Wenonah*  
Onaway, *awake*  
Osseo, *Son of the Evening Star*  
Pau-Puk-Kee'wis, *the handsome*  
Yenadizze, *the son of Storm Fool*  
Pem'ican, *meat of the deer or buffalo dried and pounded*  
Pone'mah, *hereafter*  
Pugasaing, *the game of bowl and counters*  
Shaugoda'ya, *a coward*  
Shuh-shuh-gah', *the blue heron*  
Ugh, *yes*  
Wabe'no, *a magician, a juggler*  
Wa'bun, *the East-Wind*  
Waw-be-wa'wa, *the white goose*  
Weno'nah, *the eldest daughter; Hiawatha's mother, daughter of Nokomis*  
Yenadizze, *an idler and gambler; an Indian dandy.*



## *Christmas Concert*

There will be a fund-raising concert on Thursday 9th December at 7.30pm in Amberley Parish Church: Tickets will be £6.00 including a glass of wine and a mince pie. Proceeds will be divided between Amberley Parish Church and the Society. All will be welcome - please do come and join us.

# Tyndale Choral Society

Founder --- Mrs M Neale  
President --- James Bowman CBE



## Friends

Mr M Bell	Mrs P Bozworth	Mr K Burgess
Mr & Mrs P T Coles	Mr R Coles	Mrs Y E M Dyball
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Cdr. A G Temple-Carrington	Mr & Mrs A Thornton	Rev Canon Dr M Tucker
Miss D Wren		

The Society is most grateful to its Friends for their generous support and continuing interest. If you too would like to become a Friend, please give your name and address to the Chairman, Anne Shipton, or any member of the Society.



The Society is indebted to Renishaw plc and British Nuclear Group and others those who have supported the Society with donations.

# Concert Programme for 2005

## *Summer Concert*

**Saturday 16th July**  
**St Mary's Wotton-under-Edge**

*including*

***Partsongs ~ Percy Grainger***  
***Birthday Madrigals ~ Rutter***  
***'A Grand Night for Singing'***  
***~ the songs of Richard Rodgers***

## *Winter Concert*

**Saturday 12th November**

***Bliss : Pastoral***

***(Lie strewn the white flocks)***

***Haydn : Nelson Mass***

*and*

**Tyndale Sinfonia**

**Conducted by Ian Harrold**

Rehearsals for this programme begin on Monday 21st March 2005 at 7.30pm in  
Dursley Methodist Church. New members in all parts will be most welcome.

If you are interested in joining, please contact the Chairman:

*Anne Shipton*

21 Shakespeare Road, Whiteway, Dursley