

A HYMN TO THE ELITE\*

(1957 ??)

How sweet  
Are the Elite!  
We humble masses  
Kiss their feet  
And also kiss their hands  
Which liberate our captive lands  
And reach to elevate us,  
Ignorant and lower classes.  
Critics irritate us,  
Who probe and query and suspect  
That our Elites oppress us---  
Our answer's candid and direct:  
You gentlemen distress us  
By imputing evil motives to the sweet  
Aristocrats who make up our Elite.  
We common folk may not be schooled  
But we're not long nor often fooled  
Into regarding enemies as friends  
And long before this era ends  
We'll equal our Elite---  
Identically we'll eat,  
And work, and drink, and dress---  
They'll reach us,  
Teach us,  
Preach us new philosophy,  
Enlightenment and health---  
They'll even share the wealth  
And give us trousers---  
For never rabble-rousers,  
The Elite, but rabble-raisers,  
Noblesse-Obligers and trail-blazers,  
O let us sing their praises!  
O Sweet Elite! Don't say it's "No-Go"---  
Help us helpless natives of the Togo!

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\* In Togoland under French Administration