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“LALELA ZULU”

100 ZULU LYRICS

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100 ZULU LYRICS

by
HUGH TRACEY

with illustrations by
ERIC BYRD

Foreword by
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FOREWORD

to

“Lalela Zulu”

“Lalela Zulu,” by Mr. Hugh Tracey, the Honorary Secretary of the African Music Society, is the first fruits of the work of this Society, and we are very proud to offer it to the public. Here are 100 Zulu lyrics presented both in the original language and in most delightful translation and with very appropriate and lively illustrations by Eric Byrd.

Though the music and the dancing are missing we have in these lyrics a vivid cross-section of the emotional reactions of the African songmaker to life's joys and sorrows. There is interest here for all, while for the anthropologist or other student of African life and thought the lyrics form most valuable social documents. In these songs the Zulu are expressing for themselves the emotions that the experiences of life bring to them. As such they form a very authentic and first-hand contribution to the study of our African people.

Some of the lyrics go back to the days of independent tribal life, to the days even of Chaka. Here are reflected the wars among the tribes and the homesickness of those who have been forced from their own homelands into other tribal areas. Here too are lyrics connected with incidents in both the great European wars.

There are also more personal songs which yet reflect universal human feelings. There are songs of those who must part, the parent and the child, the lover and the beloved. There is indeed a rich range of emotional response to life and especially to life in the new world opened up by European civilisation.

There is much here that will delight and strike a sympathetic chord. There is much also that should cause the European, especially, to pause and ponder, for there is sorrow here and pain and intimations of much loneliness in the white man's world.

We commend “Lalela Zulu” to the public in the confident assurance that it will please and we hope also lead to a deeper understanding of the Zulu in our midst.

A. W. HOERNLE.

PREFACE

The Zulu songs in this book have all been broadcast from the Durban Studios of the S.A.B.C. in the past five years. The collection is neither complete in itself nor does it by any means represent the full repertoire of the Zulu people. It is, rather, a selection of those songs which had already been recorded commercially and were available for broadcasting, together with a number of others specially recorded by us for the Zulu programmes while I was still in charge of the studios and Masinga was my head Zulu announcer. It is to Masinga that I am largely indebted for literal translations and explanations of Zulu idioms. For expert criticism and corrections I am also indebted both to Mr D. McK. Malcolm and Mr S. Ngubane, both of whom have made valuable amendments.

I have classified them roughly into categories for convenient reference though several songs might well appear in more than one list according to its type or the subject matter of its lyric. Half the songs seem to have their roots in the countryside and half in the town locations. It will be noticed that only very few of the composers are known to us. This is only to be expected as African music is entirely aural and except for the work of students in the European manner, is never committed to paper. Where the music is genuinely of Zulu origin, composed in the tradition of Zulu music, we have classified it as "Country Zulu". But beside this there are many degrees of adulteration by European melodies and harmony, primarily through the teaching of the schools and missions, and, secondly, by the use of European instruments of which the piano and guitar are in the forefront. Harmonising, in the European sense, is limited almost exclusively to the adoption of the three common chords, Tonic, Dominant and Sub-dominant, and little originality has been shown in this direction so far. On the other hand, the natural polyphony of the Zulu, his strong modality, and his characteristic slurs, cries and gestures, are predominant in the country songs and are hardly submerged even in those which we describe as "Euro-African". From the musical point of view, it is only the country songs which have anything substantial to contribute: the remainder are largely the imitations of what foreign teachers have taught them and achieve a dead level of mediocrity.

which, however, earns a certain popularity according to the fashion of the moment, and the circumstances to which they are appropriate. Europeans are naturally inclined towards those songs which demonstrate European tendencies. This has given a wholly false evaluation to the work of their students vis-à-vis the compositions of the country musicians. A certain snobbism has arisen in musical affairs to the advantage of those who are able to imitate the European and to the disadvantage of the original Zulu composer, who is often looked down upon by the student class if his songs maintain the unwritten but clearly recognisable rules of African music. Country musicians do not distort the tone values of the language but closely follow the phonetic structure of the words and sentences. This is not so with the Euro-African compositions which notoriously distort the language both in tone and stress even to the point of extinguishing the sense of the text when it is sung. But this, of course, is an artificial convention and once the Zulu student and his European teacher have grasped the simple fundamentals of Zulu music and its relationship to language, we should see a revival of interest in the more artistic work of the composer who has the sensitivity to grace the tonality of his language rather than distort it. This does not mean a retrogression towards the so-called "primitive" but rather an artistic advance towards musical maturity. To-day the words of those songs set to Euro-African tunes are of far more interest than the music.

HISTORICAL INCIDENTS. Nos. I-11.

Like other races, the Zulus commemorate in song outstanding events in their history. But the story of their people during the last hundred years has been one of almost continuous defeat at the hands of Europeans. It is not surprising, therefore, to find comparatively few historical songs in a happy vein. From the prognostications of Shaka, foreseeing defeat through superior weapons, to their lament at being refused arms in the last two German wars, the story is one in which they have almost invariably come off second best.

Surprisingly enough, the minor incident of the capture of the Prince Imperial has survived as a dance song, whereas the considerable victory over the British at Isandhlwana in the same year has apparently been forgotten in their songs, though perhaps a systematic research in Zululand might yet unearth many more historical references which were not available to us in town.

COUNTRY AFFAIRS. Nos. 12-17.

It has often been said that much of Africa's unwritten literature is to be found in its songs. This is true up to a point. What perhaps is more significant is that the songs reflect those incidents which, for one reason or another, appeared important to the villagers. A single phrase or a half-quoted saying may well recall to those nearby the event which it commemorated. But to the outsider these clues are quite inadequate. In the first two songs of this section the words themselves would have told us little had it not been for the explanation available from the composer himself,

the small herd boy who sang these songs with his little friends and found them very satisfactory. But in spite of the lack of much essential explanation, the range of lyrics in this section gives us a vivid sidelight into their country affairs which re-emphasises the necessity for systematic research into the music of the Zulus.

SONGS OF PRAISE TO THE CHIEF. No. 18.

The *Imbongi*, or Praiser, was one of the characteristic members of the old Zulu chief's retinue. At every public function the *Imbongi* was bound to be there, reciting the praises of the chief, a string of extravagant and largely meaningless epithets in sonorous cadences not unlike the psalms of David. Indeed, David's first recorded public duty was precisely that of "Imbongi" to King Saul.

A good Zulu *Imbongi* would be expected to string off a round of praises lasting five minutes or more without repeating himself, though many individual lines were repeated for poetic reasons. He would punctuate his phrases with gestures, while the assembled men would ring the echoes with encouraging cries. This sycophantic adulation descended in degree from the highest to the lowliest in the land, the great having their great *Imbongi* and the lesser their smaller fry, until we find each insignificant soldier in the ranks of an *impi* with his own special praises which his friends would shout for him when he performed a solo dance. The custom dies hard and is perpetuated in songs, though, for those outside the circle, they are of little interest.

FACTION FIGHTING SONGS. Nos. 19-24.

Without a doubt, the Zulu in their heyday gloried in their ascendancy. They were the coming people and in spite of the misery and the bloodshed they caused to all their neighbours, no Zulu to-day has the slightest sense of shame or regret that his ancestors were the scourge of Southern Africa. Violence was their delight, and they were fully prepared to live and die by violence. Shaka, who lived about the same time as Napoleon, is estimated to have killed in his time as many men as Buonaparte and for precisely the same reasons . . . both the dream of one united people forged from a number of tribes, and a lust for power.

No wonder, then, that individual units of this once blood-thirsty organisation should quarrel violently amongst themselves and settle their differences by raiding each other's territory and burning down their huts. The early history of the Scottish clans seems to have been much the same. Hot blood among Zulu clans still gives rise to faction fights both in the country and in town locations where Zulus go to work. Many such incidents occur each year, and, nowadays, illegally-owned rifles and shotguns figure in their armoury. If the police do not get there in time casualties may be heavy.

But the Zulu genius for fighting was not their only asset in warfare. They fully believed in a form of propaganda. It has been said that the Zulus, as often as not, won their battles before they fought them. Their display of strength, their panoply of

waving plumes, their distinctive uniform for each regiment and above all their chanting and strutting, demoralised their enemies before the battle was joined. This blatant form of musical propaganda has survived to this day, even for the minor faction fights in which they rejoice at the slightest provocation.

Faction fighting is not "warfare" as we know it, but it is to the Zulus a kind of national sport. Bravery is their greatest virtue, cowardice their deepest vice. This is learnt young. Small herd boys leave their cattle to their still smaller brothers while, armed with sticks, they form bands to go and fight neighbour bands, either up on the flat tops of the hills or away in the woods where they will not be disturbed. And so it goes on until they come to years of discretion, if at all. They really enjoy it, and, if someone gets hurt or killed . . . well, that is just unfortunate. We were no better ourselves in the Middle Ages when the houses of our own chiefs had also to be castles to defend ourselves against our neighbours.

OLD MEN, YOUNG MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN. Nos. 25-34.

The songs in this category are not as a rule "shouted from the housetops," but sung in the evenings in the quiet of their huts, or while they are about their family business. They are intimate and friendly and few of them have found their way either onto records or into the repertoires of concert parties. No words could be more moving than those of the song of the old people: "The body perishes, the heart stays young" (No. 25). There must be a wide range of personal songs as yet untouched by students from which to enlarge our list of the more intimate Zulu lyrics.

COUNTRY DANCING SONGS. Nos. 35-39.

The first consideration of a country dance is that the lilt of the song shall contain a rhythm to dance to. What the words may be is not so important, though as a rule the short sentences which a dance measure requires have local significance, a piece of scandal, a local event, a local beauty, a common experience or a common despair. They are all the basis for the latest steps in the new dance. A style of country dancing may persist for many years, but, as a rule, they will devise new steps each year until they tire of the whole dance and adopt a new fashion.

LOVE SONGS. Nos. 40-45.

What could be more brief and to the point than the single sentence, "I walk alone." Or what more poignant than the lyric of disappointed love which begins, "I thought you loved me" (No. 45). Zulu love songs, it will be remembered, are not composed to be sung in a whisper but cheerfully in full blow.

SONGS WITH MORAL PURPOSE. Nos. 46-51.

The songs quoted in this section are composed by men who have had considerable schooling. Their compositions follow the pattern of the school exercise rather than the free flow of their old songs, and, of course, as the work of students they must be

constructed in the Euro-African manner. They are rather self-conscious, but for all that they illustrate their awakening to the new world and the changed economy. Much of the world's art has been achieved with a direct moral purpose and we must expect more of this kind of song with their growing awareness of the handicaps under which they have started in competition with Europeans

HYMNS OF THE CHURCH OF NAZARETH. Nos. 52-56.

The Church of Nazareth is one of the 800 or more separatist Christian Churches found in South Africa. It is larger and more successful than most and was founded by a remarkable man, Isaiah Shembe. His teaching was mainly taken from a literal interpretation of the Old Testament, coupled with a rational acceptance of Zulu custom, dress, singing and dancing. Its headquarters are in a village called Kuphakama, about 15 miles from Durban, in the Inanda District.

The old Prophet Shembe is now dead, and his place has been taken by his son, J. Galilee Shembe, who is a graduate of Fort Hare. In 1940, Galilee Shembe, published a hymn book "IZIHLABELELO zamaNAZARETHA" of 224 hymns used by his Church. Many of the Hymns are taken from old Zulu chants with new verses added, others are borrowed from the Wesleyan and Baptist hymn-books. But on the whole the hymns of this Church are more Zulu in effect than any achieved by the European-guided missions. It is a significant development in Zulu music because they have demonstrated in no uncertain manner how the Zulu can use his own dancing, poetry and music to a Christian end. Not only are the hymns well sung but the choirs appear to retain the Zulu harmonic structure as well as their own melodies. The African radio audience has often expressed its satisfaction with Shembe's hymns, both in their manner and matter.

Their annual convention held at Ekuphakameni culminates on July 25th of each year in mass dances by five or six teams with a hundred or more dancers in each, segregated into age and sex groups after the Zulu custom. It is an impressive spectacle, all the more remarkable when one remembers that one is witnessing an act of Christian worship from the heart of the African.

The hymns quoted here were all taken from their hymn-book, with the permission of Galilee Shembe.

POLICE AND PASSES Nos. 57-63.

The resentment of the Zulu against the restrictions of the Pass Laws and the manner in which they allege the police carry out their duties is clearly shown in their songs. European opinion is already reacting to the signs of the times and the constant string of Zulus who have to serve prison sentences for Pass Law offences is a daily reproach to the public conscience, and it is becoming clear that offences against statutory laws are, if nothing else, a drain upon the economic life of the African community in towns.

The municipal monopoly in the brewing of kaffir beer, made usually from millet or maize, from which much of the revenue of municipal native administration is derived, must necessarily result in boot-legging as it has done in other countries where monopolies exist. Raids by the police looking for illicit beer and stronger concoctions are a weekly occurrence.

SONGS FOR "MBUBE" STRUTTING DANCES. Nos. 64-69.

The coming of the concert platform and the rectangular hall into the town locations set a new and distinctive style upon concerts in town as opposed to the country festivities which are performed in a circle. "Mbube" songs or "yells" are one of these products.

Missions did not encourage indigenous dances but could not eradicate the desire to sway with the music. The result was a compromise, with the evolution of several kinds of stage or strutting dance which attempted to make the best of both sides, being neither a full-blooded dance nor a full-throated song, but somewhere between the two. The appearance of a new style of strutting to the accompaniment of a "Yell" song called "Mbube" set the present fashion which has been imitated ever since in all location concerts. "Mbube" songs, like the country dance songs, are composed upon the slightest of lyrics. But this does not matter. They are designed to show off the immaculate suitings and the fine team-work of the half-dozen or so young men who, like young popinjays, strut archly to and fro across the stage.

TOWN DANCING SONGS Nos. 70-76.

Life in the towns is far from a normal Zulu existence. Nowhere is the African family more disintegrated and more at sea. Stable marriages are rare and illegitimacy the rule rather than the exception. With so much laxity it is not surprising to find that the songs for town dancing reflect the seamy side of life.

For those who live there temporarily, the nostalgic song, longing for their homes in the country, has a special appeal. For those who were born there, there are the songs of the growing society of landless and drifting Zulus who fall into bad ways and live by their wits. They have broken away from the country and the traditions of the past. So now they take to the European style of dances, in pairs; it is, they consider, a symbol of their emancipation from parental and clan authority.

CONCERT PLATFORM SONGS. Nos. 77-100.

The location halls have also bred their location entertainers. Troupes of artistes more associated in our minds with those of the pre-cinema days still flourish in full bloom upon their platforms. Their songs, as one would expect, smack heavily of the days of pierrots and mixed choirs. Their ballads are drawn from the whole gamut of the repertoire, from the saucy to the sentimental. Humorous songs like "Ladies and Gentlemen in this Hall" (No. 95) and "My Money! Oh, my money!" (No. 98) are genuinely funny, while others like "In the Native Reserves of South Africa" (No. 83) are desperately serious. It is a new art form and has yet to find its feet.

In many concerts, members of the audience show their appreciation by showering pennies upon the stage, or by walking up and putting silver in a saucer. The "turn" will oblige just so long as the pennies fall. It is an infallible indication of the degree of popularity. How practical!

Although numerous, concert platform songs must not be taken as the cream or peak of Zulu music.

It is here in the towns one sees the more obvious examples of Zulu imitation of Europeans. Not the least is their adoption of our stage mannerisms some thirty or forty years out of date. A group of male singers will come on to the stage to sing, but before they do so their leader will mutter *sotto voce* to his fellows, and, with hands clasped firmly together and elbows raised sideways, they will perform a slow bow from the waist. The moment of recovery into an erect posture marks the moment for the song to begin. It is part of the song's routine without which it would be difficult, if not wellnigh impossible to start the first line. One is forcibly reminded of the caricatures of the Victorian quartet. The only things missing are the flowing mustachios and the high, stiff collars. It is sobering enough to witness this serious performance upon the concert platform, but still more so when the earnest choir, invited to broadcast, performs the same evolutions, not to a visible audience but to the microphone; and not just once but before each item. An ominous silence after a song had been announced was often caused in this way while the radio listeners waited, wondering what had happened to them. All was well, but temporarily bent in obeisance.

The English word "style" is used by Zulus to indicate a new craze. To play a "style" (*usitayila*) generally means to adopt yet another European idea, and particularly in jazz which they now call *yajiv* or *ujitabakhi* (jive and jitterbug).

Nowhere is their imitative faculty more apparent than in their choice of title for their choirs. Here they follow the American Negro example with names such as "Shooting Stars," "Darktown Strutters," "Evening Birds," or the "Humming Bees," in preference to Zulu names of their own. A choir with a Zulu name is generally more concerned with singing country songs.

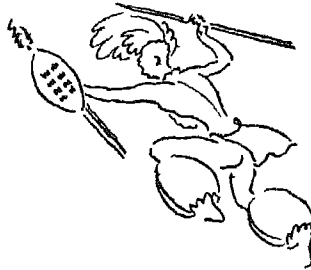
This collection of lyrics, supported by most of the known recordings of their songs at the present time may help to satisfy the constant enquiries of those who have not had the opportunity of discovering for themselves what the Zulus are singing about and, in some degree, to demonstrate what subjects they find sufficiently important or significant to turn into song. I know of no other collection of similar material and I hope, once our research has got into its stride, that this will be but the forerunner of many more books of lyrics, not only of the Zulus, but of every tribe in Bantu Africa.

HUGH TRACEY.

Johannesburg.
November, 1948.

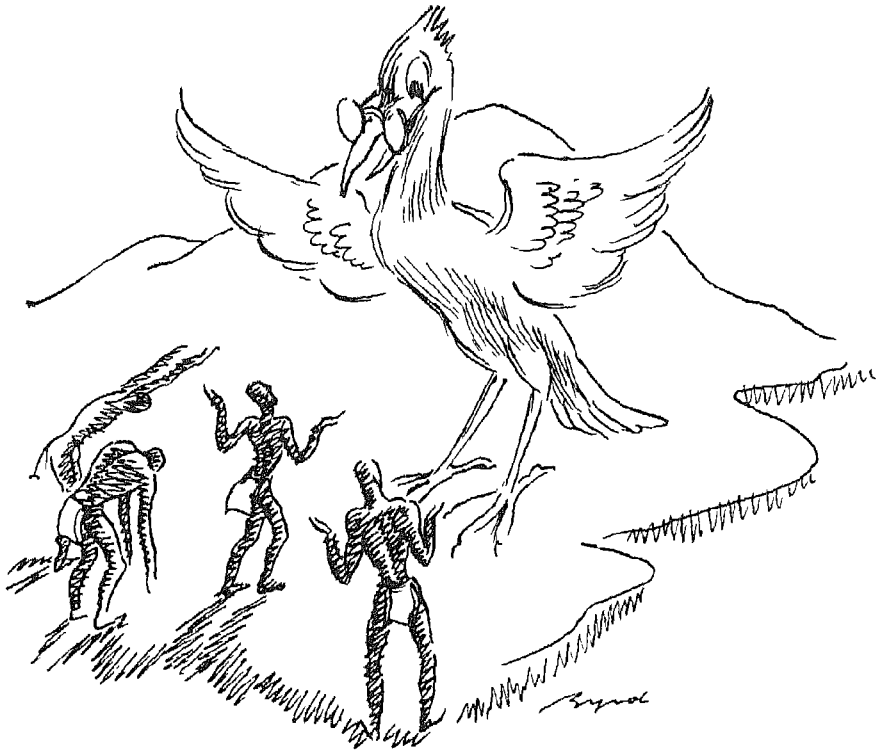
Thus spoke the son of Mgijimi
 As he began to speak he sobbed.
 He said : " Here are the Whites."
 He said : " Here is a gun."
 He said : " Here is greatness !"
 They caught him.
 They drove him to the Plain Mgijimi.
 In confusion he snatched at this and that.

A Zulu song which refers to the tribulations of one Mgijimi—an independent religious leader who was said to have been driven from his ancestral home by the Europeans who accused him of combining religion with sedition. It appears that he encouraged his hearers to die fighting rather than submit to the whites. His resistance was fruitless, we understand, and he was driven away and effectively silenced



One bad day in the land of Bedford
 A white man came to the Xhosa.
 He came there looking for help
 He came before Chief Ngqika.
 He found great grief
 Because of the Chief's reply.
 He went home disappointed
 Disappointed by Ngqika.
 "I do not sit by the fire
 Before first finding the direction of the wind,"
 Said Chief Ngqika.
 "I do not wish to be involved
 In quarrels which do not concern the Blacks.
 There is no help for you, I regret,"
 Said Chief Ngqika.
 Thus spoke the Chief,
 Thus spoke Ngqika
 Addressing the white man.
 "There is no help for you, I regret."
 The white man was grieved that there was no help.

This old song refers to an event, they say, in the early days when the 1820 Settlers in the Eastern Cape first arrived in the country. What concession it was the Englishman asked from Chief Ngqika is not known. Bedford, Cape Province, was named no doubt after the settlers' old home



3

Our country is ruled by the "birds".

Popular legend has it that Shaka prophesied that white men would invade his country, flying like birds and building their houses with earth like the nests of swallows. Europeans are constantly referred to as the "birds," as in the famous song "Lalela Zulu!" (No. 52).

We Bambo come from far away,
From beyond the Tugela.
We were scattered by the "plague".
We came to the Xhosa.
We said : " We are destitutes
Because we beg."
Now we yearn for our home
Beyond the Tugela
With but our hearts,
That country of our forefathers.

The Bambo people were one of the victims of Shaka's scourge. They were driven out of their country north of the Tugela River and fled south into the Cape Colony. There, without goods or food, they arrived amongst the Xhosa, and asked for hospitality. As they came empty-handed they were dubbed "Amamfengu," the "Beggars". They intermarried with the Xhosa who still despise them to this day on this account. So it is not surprising they yearn for their old country which they will never see again.



The cannon was fired.
We caught the white prince ourselves.

An old country song for dancing. It refers to the death of the Prince Imperial in 1879. It seems to be the exception rather than the rule for a song to last as long as this one has done, nearly seventy years, but perhaps the name, Louis Napoleon, rang an echo of the name of the French "Shaka" of whom the Zulus could not have been wholly ignorant.





6

This land of the Baca . . .
 This land of ours . . .
 We were nourished on it,
 We were brought up on it.
 We have grown old upon it, we and our fathers.

Listen to a story of that time . . .
 There came a European
 Wearing trousers and fine clothes.
 He said : " Take off
 All this rubbish."
 So we threw away our skins.

The land of the Baca is in the southern part of Natal where they speak a dialect which is akin to Swazi. The song refers to the time when they first began to wear clothes and lost their independence to the Europeans. It was written, it is said, by a Zulu in the Baca dialect. As a rule this song is preceded and concluded by an exclamation, "Yiya wo!", a sigh of disillusion, "Was it all worth while?"

7

You who know not come and see.
Here are white bones.
Do not make me weep.
The bones are white at Nkandhla.

An old song which refers to the field of battle at the Nkandhla Forest where the forces of Bambatha were finally destroyed bringing to an end his ill-fated rebellion in 1906. Bambatha himself died as he was trying to effect his escape along the bed of the Mome stream.

8

It is very hard and difficult
To face the Germans without arms.
The Government says we must go to France.
No man is bold enough to face the Germans
Without arms.

Nimrod Makanya was too young at the time to join the Zulu labour contingent which went to France in the last war. But his elder brothers did so and he expressed for them in his song their feelings about the refusal of the Government to allow Zulus to carry firearms. The song was revived at the outbreak of the second war in 1939 when the Government again refused firearms to the Zulus, though later some were trained as Artillerymen. Incidentally, a number of Zulus did eventually carry rifles on the North Africa front, but, owing to political pressure, this was not allowed during training in South Africa.



- 9 The Induna ran away before we struck.
 Stand up to us you young men.
 He ran and telephoned.
 Here come the fighters . . .
 You, Phenduka, you ran before we struck.

The incident referred to in this song occurred about the year 1929 in the Ndwedwe District. One of the clans had gathered to attack another when the leader of their rivals, Phenduka, lost his nerve and ran off to telephone the police. The police were soon on the scene and kept the opposing factions apart. But the challengers considered they had won a moral victory as Phenduka had to call in the arm of the law to save himself. This same Phenduka, they say, was in the habit of making trouble and then before his rivals could hit back he would run off to the police or to the Chief for protection.

Phenduka, who is still alive (1946), has often to listen to this song of his "perfidy," as they frequently sing it for his especial benefit whenever he turns up at a party.

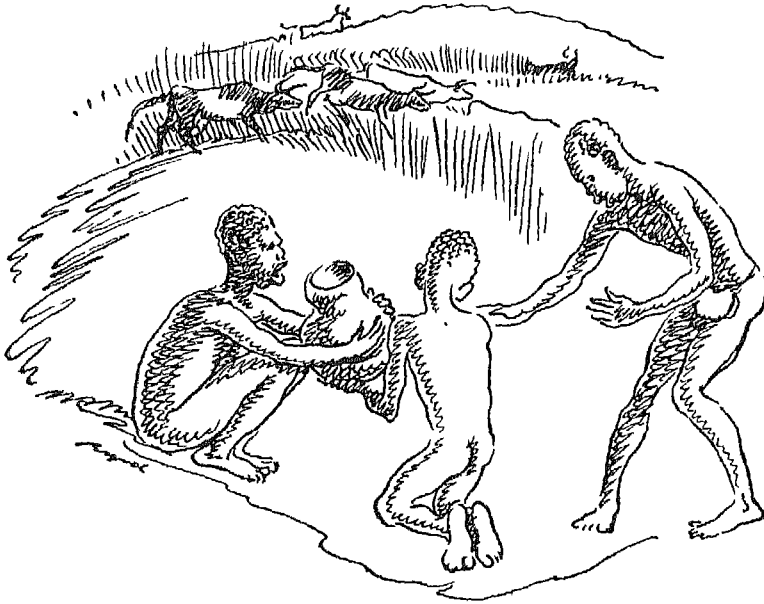
The ship " Mendi " went down at sea
And sank there with the sons of Africa.
Can you picture the sea
Can you picture the ship with people in it ?
Down went the " Mendi "
Down into the sea.
Many were the orphans that were left,
With the sinking of the " Mendi."
We fear you, waters of the sea.
Soften your hearts, you people.
What do you say, Africans ?
Stay not asleep below !

This refers to the sinking of the troopship, the S.S. Mendi, by enemy action in 1917 during the First Great War. It carried the African Labour Battalions on their way to France. Most of them were drowned. Ever since then " Mendi Day " (21st February or the nearest Sunday to it) has been observed by many Africans in the Union with special gatherings, parades and singing.

Whatever shall we do ?
 To-day we are troubled.
 We are made to pay money that does not help us.
 Our leaders strive for honours
 While we do not know where to go.
 Our precious Makhalempongo died.
 He died with his men, son of Bulose !
 They fought against the Special and Registration passes.
 We don't know what to do with ourselves.
 Where shall we go ?

The incident referred to in this song was the native riots in Durban in 1929. It was a popular rising against the Pass Laws. A crowd of Zulus had collected at Cartwright's Flats where they listened to speeches against the Pass Laws and they burnt their passes in protest. When the Police were called out to disperse the crowd they fired on them, killing several, amongst whom was Makhalempongo, one of the chief speakers that afternoon. The Zulus claimed that, on their side, the whole affair was badly organised, largely on account of personal jealousies amongst their leaders.





12

We ate curds at Mbili.
Ah ha !
We ate curds at Mbili.

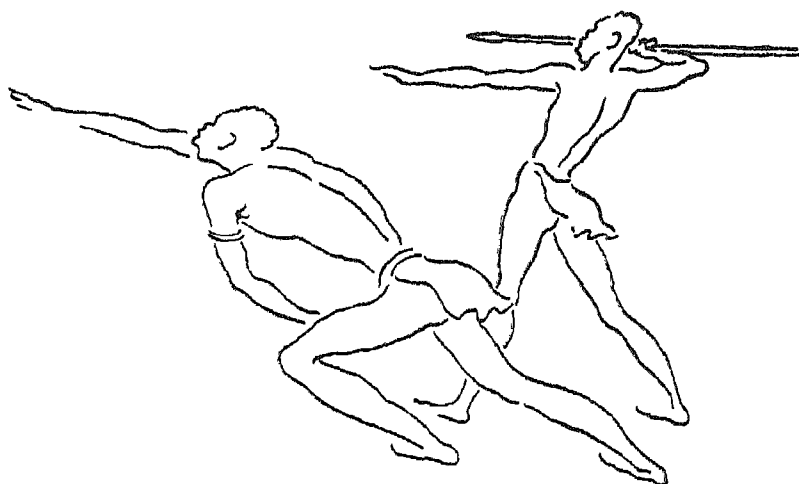
This song was composed by Masinga in 1918 when he was a small herd boy. The story behind it relates to certain misdemeanours of his fellow herd boys of the time. They would take delight in driving their cattle over to Mbili's kraal where the mother of one of his small companions, Bafana, would give them "aması" (curds) to eat. They enjoyed their visits to Mbili very much. But while they were eating they would forget their cattle which would stray into the gram fields, and eat the growing mealies or kaffir corn. The inevitable result for each little herd boy was a beating from his father. But on the whole, they felt their visits to Bafana's hospitable mother were worth while and they sang this song with happy, if mixed, memories.



13

Our boundary line . . .
It runs along the river.
Tell them, big fellow,
It runs along the river.

This was composed by Masinga when he was a small herd boy in the Inanda District. The herd boys stake out their claims to various strips of country where they intend to graze their cattle by sticking in pegs at the corners. They defend their own territories and if the herd boys of another village trespass, the "owners" will give battle with sticks and shields. In this case the large boy across the Umzinyati stream (his name was Sipapa) refused to allow Masinga to graze his cattle on the other side of the stream, but continually trespassed on to Masinga's ground. As he was too big a boy for Masinga to tackle he had to grin and bear it, but tried to get his own back in this song to the bully.



14 Eh ! Eh ! Hehe !
 The sharp blade !
 There . . . there . . . there . . . there . . . there !
 They're off !
 You lazy fellow,
 The hunt is on, you idler !
 Don't let the buck escape
 You men close in.
 There are the buck.
 I give them you.
 The spear . . . right on the target !

A well-known hunting song in Natal that has been sung for many generations.



15

All together now !
Hiya ! Hold together !
Whom do we address ?
We address the policeman
The one who fears the handcuffs !
O ! Heave, hold !
Lift, up together !
If it sticks, try water.

This is a very well-known Zulu work chant. It may be heard any day where Zulus are employed on lifting or moving heavy weights, such as at the docks or on the mines. They have no illusions about the police, who are only human like the rest of us and fear the very handcuffs they themselves employ on others.



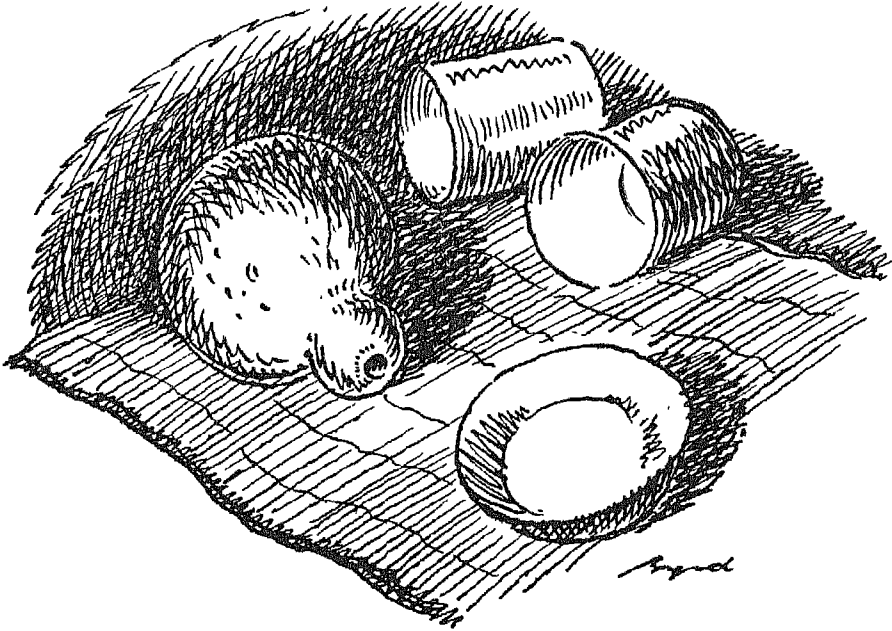
16

Rejoice, soothsayer.

Go to the fortune telling at the diviner's.

Let us go to the fortune telling at the diviner's.

Fortune-telling amongst Africans is as common as it is amongst Europeans. The only real difference is that we excuse Europeans for their tea-cup reading and crystal gazing, but give fancy names to the same phenomenon amongst Africans. The "Mngoma" (soothsayer) is one who tells fortunes only, either by divining bones or in simple guessing games, whereas the "Inyanga" (Diviner) is credited with greater skill both in divination and in herbal remedies.



17 Hey you men, what have I done ?
 They took the pot of beer and drank it,
 Then put the pot back empty !
 “ It’s not us who did it, it’s those out there.”

Somebody has “ swiped ” his beer . . . a tragedy in one act, soon to be followed by the inevitable retribution as you would expect. It’s just the same, it seems, from Timbuctoo to Mandalay !

18

Hail ! Hail ! You Zulu !
Hail, Leopard's Cub.
Offspring of the Elephant !
You Lion !
Offspring of the Elephant !
You Lion !

This Zulu song is sung all over the country and particularly so when the Paramount Chief is in the immediate vicinity. It is in the style of all Izibongo, the familiar Zulu praises to their heroes

19

What is that below the mountain ?
The army turned back halfway.

A faction fighting song. The braves from one district have gathered together to go over the way and give fight to their rivals. But on looking across to the dark mass below the hills where their opponents have taken up their position, singing and dancing in anticipation of the coming fight, they think better of it and decide they will not fight to-day after all. Their enemies are too many for them. In other words, they are afraid and their courage has failed them.



20

The huts are burnt down.

You want the site but the huts are burnt down.

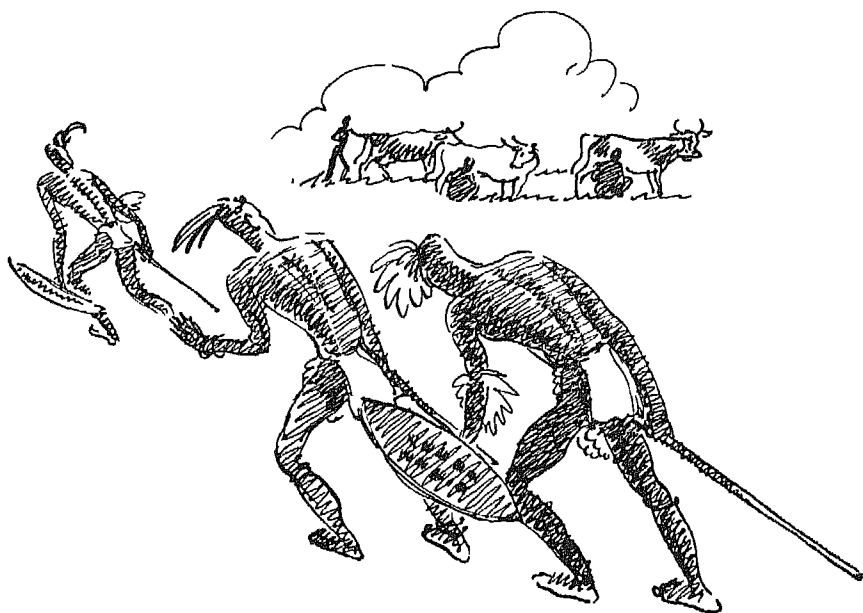
A faction fighting song. In many of these clan raids it is the objective to go over and burn your neighbours' huts, particularly if you think they have encroached upon your tribal ground.

- 21 A bad turn deserves another.
 You will be struck by hailstones.
 These sticks of yours will meet ours stroke for stroke.

This is a typical country song referring to some faction fight between two rival clans. There was nothing the Zulu enjoyed more than a good faction fight. It is incorrect to think of these local scraps as war. They were for the most part brief and lively encounters in which one party would attempt to beat up the other and burn their huts. They would not stoop to thieving in these raids, either cattle or goods, but merely confined themselves to the manly pastime of hand-to-hand fighting, and no quarter on either side.

- 22 We heard the sound of bullets at Mthashana.
 When I asked they replied, they are in at Mthashana.

A faction fighting song. In recent times the Zulus have brought firearms to their faction fights instead of assegais only. The sound of the fighting was heard far off and the "impis" were in at each other over by the hill, Mthashana. This is a hill in northern Natal.



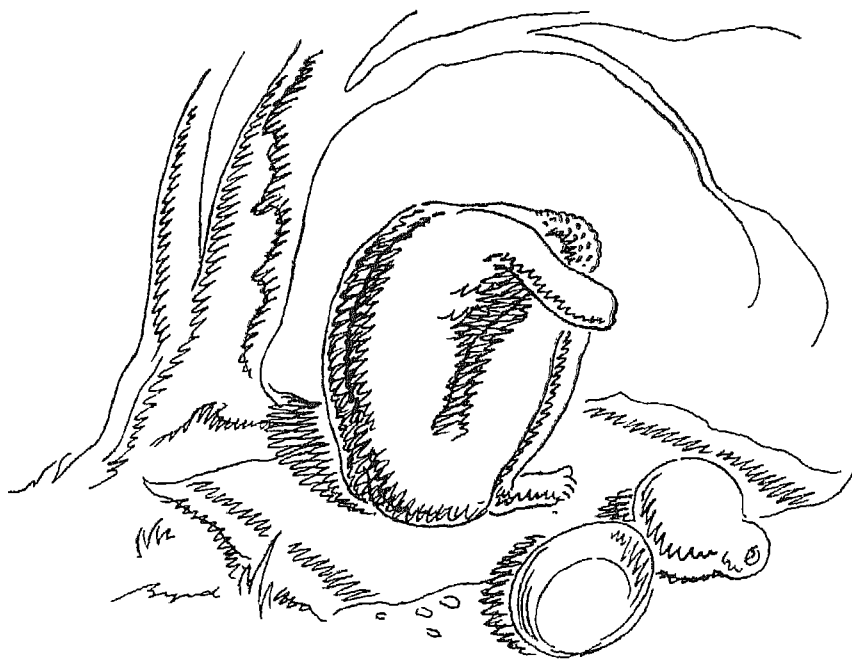
23 We envy you who can milk cows
 While watching us being beaten by our enemies.
 You must have some grudge against us.

This is a song directed against those who did not take part in the faction fighting but stayed at home contentedly milking their cows. When their fellow villagers returned, having had the worst of the encounter, they resented the lack of sufficient manpower which might have tipped the scales in their favour.

Are you asleep Malombo ?
You burn with the hut, Malombo !
We burn with the hut !

A faction fighting song. This song refers to an incident in a faction fight in the Umzinto District between Dumisa's people. One of his friends rushed into Malombo's hut to wake him up as the roof had already caught alight over his head. The incident occurred about 1935.





25 The body perishes, the heart stays young.
 The platter wears away with serving food.
 No log retains its bark when old,
 No lover peaceful while the rival weeps.

This is a famous Zulu poem, sung by the older men and women who have passed their prime. It is said to have been sung even before the time of Shaka.

Ntaba leave me.
Nkosazana leave me.
Who is there will never die ?
We shall meet above in heaven.

This is a Zululand dance song. The meaning of the words is obscure as the circumstances in which it was composed many years ago are unknown, and, in fact, may have been influenced by Rider Haggard's story of "Nada, the Lily". His lover, Nada, was said to have been walled up in a cave through the jealousy of his father. The stones were too large for Mhlophckazi to remove but he could speak to her through the cracks, comforting her with the words, "We shall meet in heaven".





27

Uye, Uye ! Her lover !
They say he will come back, her lover.
I hear them say
That he will return, her lover, from Goli.

This is a song sung in the Ndwedwe District. It is about a man who is courting a girl whose original lover is away working in "Goli" (Johannesburg). The song is supposed to have been sung to the accompaniment of a concertina as the man walked back home to his village after visiting the girl. He does not care where his rival is. He intends to marry the girl himself.



28

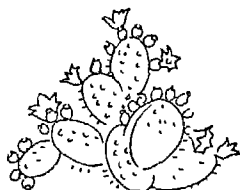
I do not like you, wizard's daughter,
Because you ride a baboon.
You, you wizard's daughter !

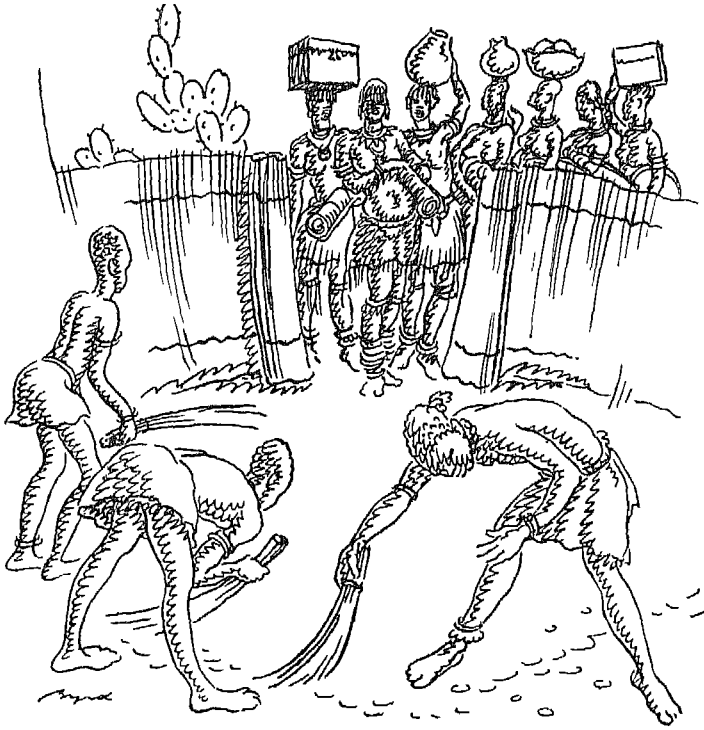
No one would take this little song literally. The fact of the matter is that she has turned him down. It is a humorous song often heard on the concert platforms of town locations.

Incidentally, the correct posture for a lady to adopt upon this unusual mount is not the conventional astride or even side-saddle. She should face backwards, gently grasping the arched curve of the tail.

You, you cry as you go to your wedding.
The leather skirt is painful to wear.

A country song from the Ndwedwe district. It refers to the leather skirt which is worn by women when they get married. At first it is inclined to be stiff and hard and chafe their thighs. But the significance of the song also includes the other adjustments to married life which a girl must make when she leaves home to live in the village of her husband.





30

Sweep the yard, children.
 Here comes the bride.
 She comes with her chattels and her mats.

This is a country wedding song for one of the girls' dances called *Umqhuqumbelo*. It is danced by the bride's party as it enters the village of the groom some days before the wedding.

There appears to be several versions of this song. Another reads .

"Sweep the yard clean, children.
 Here comes the bride
 She comes with her party
 And with oxtails in her hands "

O Nsingizi, O Nsingizi, O Nsingizi!
O you love-lorn bride !
Where is the key of the grain hut ?
O Nsingizi !

This is a familiar song amongst Zulu girls who find that a young bride is forgetting her work in the first raptures of married life.

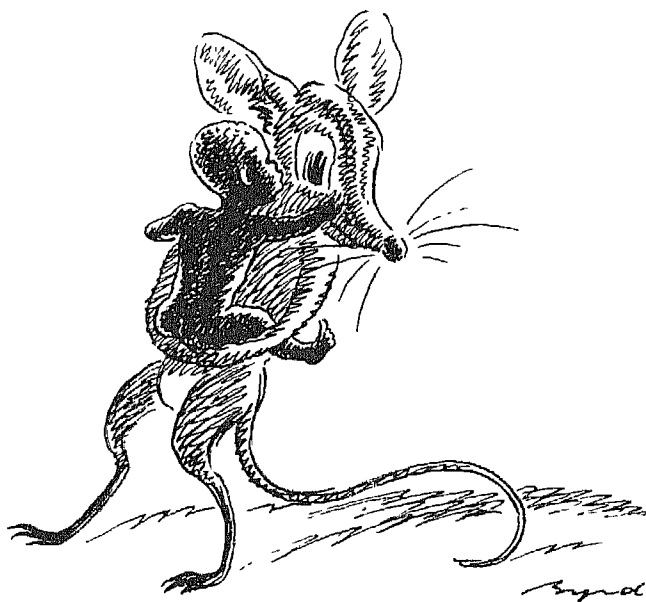




32

Walk as I walk
Young maid.
Walk as I walk
Young maid.

A country girls' dance song. The words are an injunction to young girls to behave circumspectly like their elder sisters. The words "mabel' ejongosi" mean literally "young breasts". "Ejongosi" is from the Afrikaans "jong".



33

“ Oh my ! Oh, Mother !”
Oh I know what it means to be sad.
The Mouse passed by yesterday.
It took the baby away.
What do you have to say for yourselves, you young men,
Since you bolted
Into the bush ?

This is a song taken from an Nganekwane, or Story-Song, which is well known amongst Zulus. There are hundreds of such stories with songs and much of the country's folklore is contained in them. This story concerns a large Mouse which is supposed to come and take away naughty children. Mothers threaten their children in Zululand, not with the Policeman, but with the Mouse. Strangely enough, the Red Indians also have a legend about a Mouse God who took children away.

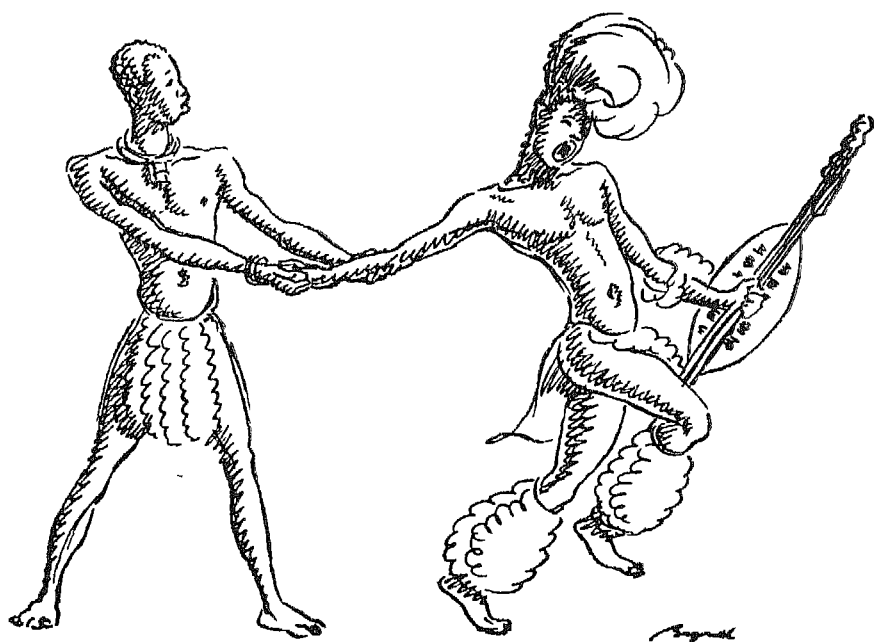


34

You sleep on the hill top
Little one.
What shall I do for you
Little one.

This is a well-known Zulu lullaby. It is sung by a little sister who is acting as nurse to her mother's youngest child, perhaps carrying it on her small back while the mother works

The song is said to be so old that it forms part of the legendary verses whose origin is lost. Some say it was a love song. Like so many old catches and rhymes it has now been adopted by the nursery and is part of the Zulu heritage



35

Let me go, my friend Magula.
Let me go, my friend.

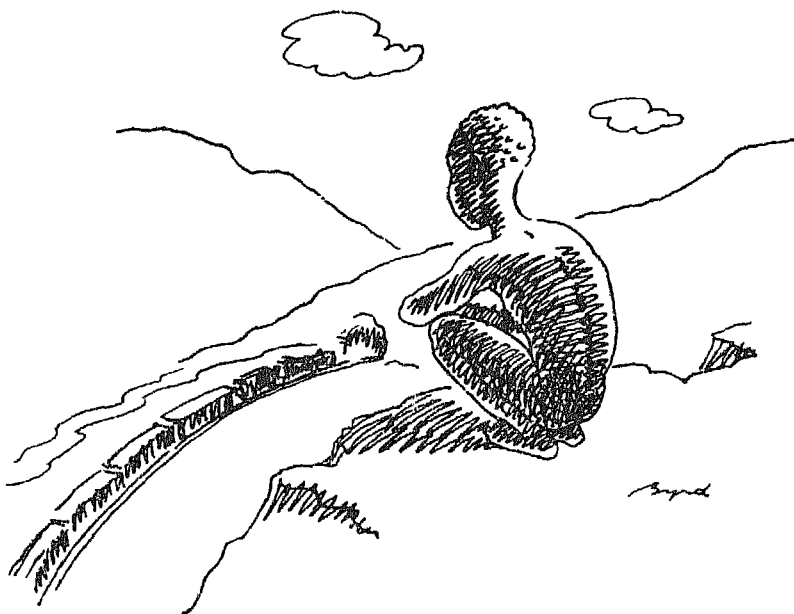
A dance song from the Ndwedwe district. The young man is asking his friend to excuse him while he goes to dance. The call of the dance is a constant theme with Africans.



36

Satan is following me,
Here he is near me.
O, Calf of the Elephant,
Here he is near !

This is a dance song for Ndhlamu dancing in town. It is a skit on the hymns sung by African Christians.



37

I saw the train disappearing.
The train disappearing.
I saw it disappearing.
Be gone ! Disappear, train !

This country dance song was composed by Masinga when he was a small boy about seven years old. His father, he said, was a builder, and he used to be called to go and build houses for various farmers and missionaries. When he went away by train, Masinga and his little sister, with their small friends, would climb up into a hill from where they could see the train disappearing, carrying their father away to his work. They would then sing this song and dance it sadly on their way home.



38

The Committee is at the school.
We are plagued by Christians.

This country dance song is well known in the Ndwedwe District, amongst the Amaqadi clan. The committee in question is the school and church committee which used to meet in the local school buildings and plan campaigns against the "heathen" in the district. This was not always appreciated, hence the song

39

The clerk embezzled our money.
Do you know this clerk ?
He embezzled our money.

A song for Ndlamu, team dancing. It refers to one of the many scandals over money which arose when the Zulus first attempted to start trade unions. Their Union organisers effectively feathered their own nests, many of them retaining considerable sums. Others, however, were caught and made to refund the money by the Magistrates.

40

Wherever I go, I wish to go with you, my beloved.
I can see nothing to keep us apart.
When'er I think,
I think of you.
I can see nothing
To keep us apart my beloved.
My heart is comforted by you, my beloved.

A love song



41

Tell me, friend, where is my love ?
When I remember her I feel an orphan
In this land of ours.
Had I but wings to fly to her—
Where is she, where my love ?—
She would dispel my longing.
Hasten ! It is eternal.
Love is blind.

Even while I long for her
Hope is never lost.
It is eternal.
What has gone before shall come again.
Where shall I go ?
Hey ho ! I die with love of her.
She would dispel my longing.
Help me . . . tell me where she is.
Love is blind.

A concert platform song with a rather old-fashioned ring.

O ' Jojina my love, I always miss you.
I think of those days when we were together.
I am thinking of that day you said :
 "Death alone would part us."
Jojina, the passing days will never return, my love.

A concert platform song for part singing





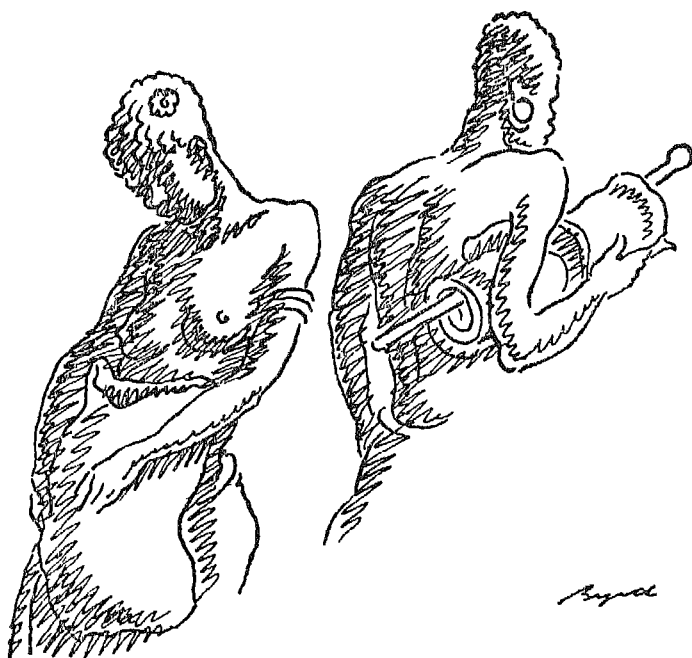
43

The very world makes me need you.
I think about you eternally,
Nunu, my darling.
I am troubled and know not what to do.
Take pity on me and make me your slave.
I feel I cannot stay quiet
My heart is so disturbed by you, Nunu.

With what will I wed her ?
There are no cattle.
With what will I wed her ?

A man's song for singing along the road. The young man who wishes to get married must first find the lobolo, or "bride sum". It represents a kind of social security between the two families involved. In the old days it was usually found in cattle and gifts, but nowadays the young townsman who has no cattle has to find money instead.





45 I thought you loved me,
 Yet I am wasting my time on you.
 I thought we would be parted only by death,
 But to-day you have disappointed me.
 You will never be anything.
 You are a disgrace, worthless and unreliable.
 Bring my things. I will put them in my pillow.
 You take yours and put them under your armpit.
 You deceived me.

This tragic song was composed by a remarkable Zulu woman who is well into her fifties. She lives in Durban and runs her own small group of singers with great success. In private life she is a domestic servant and has a strong personality, leading the choir herself in all their public performances.

46 We have heard the word that comes from our leaders
Saying, " The country is desolate,
Men must unite ".
It invites all the dark people
Who speak different languages.
It says " Meet at Bloemfontein,
Unite and be one ".
The long awaited day has come,
The day of unity.
Fathers, mothers and young people,
Let us pray for this day.

The song refers to one of the meetings of the All-African Convention which takes place at Bloemfontein each year, to discuss political matters affecting the native peoples of the Union

47 Girls and young men, you are needed at your homes.
 You are swallowed up by Durban.
 Some of you left your wives and parents crying at home,
 But hope does not kill.

Once a young man went away from home
He returned and found it in ruins,
He needed somewhere to sleep,
So he bestirred himself and went to his neighbours.
He said : “ But hope does not kill.”
He said : “ But a good-looking fig is bad inside.”
O, the vanity of worshipping drink.
Wood burns but to ashes only,
And a good-looking fig may be full of worms.

A concert platform song with a turn in it



48 Keep your good name, do not be unreliable.
 Be firm in what you do.
 Keep your good name until the world trusts you.
 Stay firm where you are.
 We say to you, brother and sister,
 You are advised by the Rhythm Darkies
 To keep your good name and not to be unreliable.

A concert platform song in which the Rhythm Darkies turn preacher.

Be armed with weapons,
Weapons of learning.
Fight your enemies,
Fight darkness,
Fight disease,
Fight starvation.
Starvation and disease are darkness
Caused by knowing nothing.
Our people ! Nations succeed only through learning.
Send the children to school.
To acquire wisdom
To fight the enemies of the people.
They must be taught handicrafts
And thoughtfulness.
The salvation of the Africans
Depends upon their knowledge.
All sorrow will vanish
And be dispelled by learning alone.

A school song composed for the pupils.

We invite you, our people,
To go abroad with us
To get the wisdom of the whites.
Come, let us go abroad to civilisation and enjoyment.

A concert platform song with an “ uplift ” motive A few years later the composer himself went overseas both to England and the continent The word “ kwelenkan-yiso ” here translated as “ civilisation ” is literally “ enlightenment ”





51

Money is the weapon, these days.
Learn to save money.
Don't waste it.
Start saving money.
Keep it in the bank.
You, our girls,
Learn to save money.
To-morrow you will be home keepers,
Then, if you have money,
You will be happy and live comfortably,
You will have prestige,
You will be respected by all,
You will not be laughed at by the world.
Learn to save money.
So that you will learn trades
To uplift the nation.

Mseleku, the composer of this song, has been one of the leaders of the African Co-operative movement in Natal.

Listen Zulus.
Listen to the people talking
About your country.
We hear the clans are gossiping,
Gossiping about you
Like birds
We mean the weaver birds
Which have destroyed all the fields
Of Dingana and Senzangakhona.
They have destroyed them utterly.
This we hear from Mnyayiza of Nda6uko.

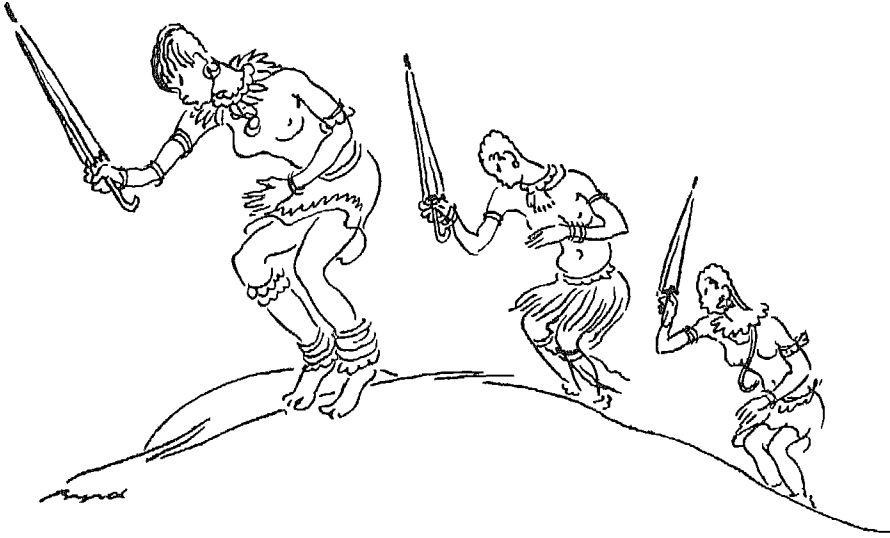
The song was sung, they say, as a warning against those who might be tempted to be disloyal to the house of Dingana. It is now used in a spiritual sense to encourage loyalty to the Church of Nazareth.

The final line appears to have been added recently as Mnyayiza of Ndabuko was one of the councillors of the last Zulu paramount chief, Solomon ka Dinizulu.

It is, perhaps, the most famous of all Zulu songs

All the stubborn
Perish in hell fire.
Refuse to be told and you will see bleeding.
Shun advice and you will not be lamented.
Only the ignorant is lamented.
He who did not know his mistakes.
You who err purposely,
Who will lament you ?
In your sorrow
Who will lament you ?
Eat and leave bare bones for the morrow.
Coming is the Lord.
He shall set you free
From the bare bones.

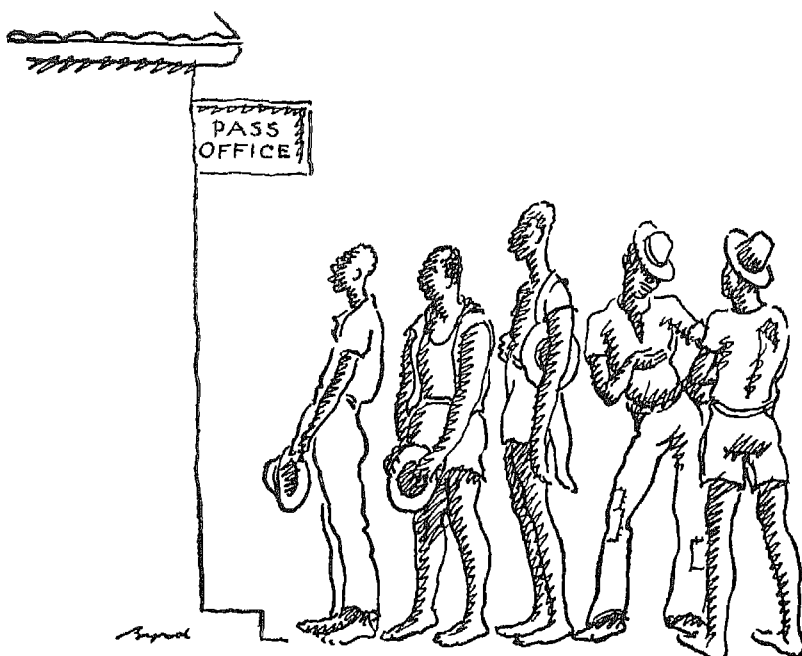
A hymn for the followers of " Umprofeti " Shembe.



56

For shame, Wanderer,
Lass of Nazareth.
Come back, the sun is setting
Come into the stronghold.
Refuse to be warned
And you will see bleeding.
We mourn only the one
Who sins in ignorance.

The theme of the lost sheep who wanders away from the fold is familiar. The warning to those who stray deliberately is repeated in several of Shembe's hymns. All the women of this sect are called Lasses of Nazareth.



57

Take off your hat.
What is your home name ?
Who is your father ?
Who is your chief ?
Where do you pay your tax ?
What river do you drink ?

We mourn for our country.

The scene is any pass office, where all male Africans must go to get their Registration Certificates. There they may wait in queues for hours and sometimes for days before they are attended to. It is a regulation which rankles in their minds and so they sing about it.

58

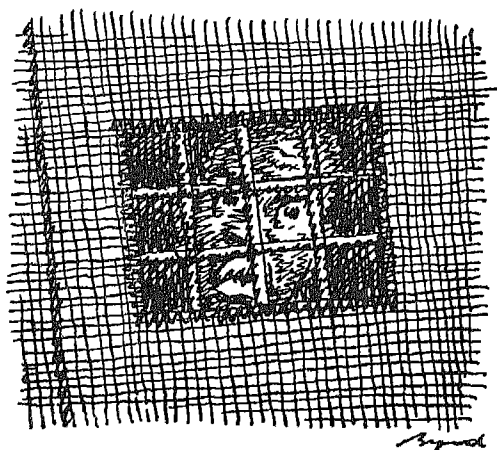
Take a visit to Johannesburg.
You will see big crowds
Of people imprisoned for Special Pass.
Forward . . . Onward . . . to Marshall Square !
“ Produce your Special Pass ! ”
It was a sad sight to see our people like that,
Caught for Special Pass.

Here is a glimpse at the daily scene outside the Magistrates' Courts at Marshall Square, Johannesburg. An African (with a few exceptions) who cannot prove by means of a written permit that he is allowed to travel from any one place to any other within the town boundaries, is liable to be arrested by the police, spend a night in gaol, and be fined by the magistrate in the morning. The “ Special Pass ” is the one which has to be held by any African moving through the town in addition to his two other receipts, Registration and Poll Tax.

59

They caught him !
They caught him and handcuffed him !
They sent him to “ Blue Sky ”.

No one seems to know for certain why the Zulus gave the name “ Blue Sky ” to the gaol at Boksburg, near Johannesburg. It is almost as poetic as the name Sing-Sing, and equally to be avoided. It may be American in origin as they also use the euphemism “ High School ” for the same thing. To have spent a time at High School means that they have served a prison sentence.



60

There comes the big van.
All over the country
They call it the Pick-up Van.
There is the Pick-up.
There, there is the big van.
“Where’s your pass?”
“Where’s your tax?”

This is a very well-known song reflecting an everyday occurrence in the lives of most Africans in towns. The Police vans patrol the native quarters of the towns and may demand on sight that any male native shall produce his registration certificate, usually called the “pass,” and also the receipt for his poll tax for the current year. If they fail to produce either they will be taken into the Pick-up van and charged at Court the following morning. No wonder they run when they see the van.

61 Mother cried out in the night, calling to Father,
 “ I am horrified in this country.”

A concert platform song. The singers' explanation for this song was that a certain Zulu woman visiting her husband in town was awakened by police raiding his room at night. She was horrified at this intrusion into their privacy which would certainly not have happened in their kraal at home.

62 Hurry boy and play a “ style ”
 At your girl's home.
 Here are the police ! Hide the beer !

A song for town dancing. In the country of the Matabele, where the singer Lot Dube comes from, they call an imitation of a European tune a “ style,” *isilayila*, presumably meaning a new style of music.

63 Come out of that hole, Msila.

A concert platform song. While Msila and his friends were having a quiet drink around the corner, they had the misfortune to be raided by the police. Everyone ran for safety. The “ Pickups ” failed to find Msila, who had dived into a hole and lay low. Now his friends come back to tell him the coast is clear again.



64

It sleeps by day !
How blessed it is,
Lion.

A concert platform song This was one of the best known songs of its day and initiated a new style of singing and strutting on the concert platforms notable for falsetto voices singing in rubato against the strict tempo of the others. It is the original from which sprung the "Mbube" type. The song expresses the envy of the Zulu labourer for the Lion, who is able to lie down and sleep all day 'Lucky Lion'

65 We sleep up in the rocks because we fear our king Shaka.
 We fear our king Shaka, we die.

A concert song taken from an old Zulu song of Shaka's days, a hundred years ago. In those days Shaka knew no mercy and if men displeased him he had them killed. Those who escaped slept up in the hills in fear of their lives

66 The two of us, Mother, will pine on the mine dumps.
 But we will meet again at the Ntombela Pass.

A concert platform song. The boy is leaving his mother at home in Zululand, and he says they will both pine while he is away working in Johannesburg. But one day he will come back and they will meet again at the Ntombela Pass, which is the pass through the hills on his way back into Natal.

Another version of this song substitutes the lover for mother. "We two, beloved, shall be lost among the sand-dunes," calling the mine dumps by the Zulu name for the dunes along the coast

Come here my beloved.
 Come, give me a kiss.
 There is a new law
 Which says we must embrace each other.

A concert platform song Kissing, they say, was a custom almost unknown to the early Zulus. They here use the English word "kiss" though the Zulu word *ukuqabula* is typically descriptive, with a smacking click in the middle of it. The song may also refer to the European style of dancing which would never have been allowed in Zulu society, as men and women do not touch each other in country dances except when they dance in line for certain movements, but never in pairs.

In one of the Izibongo (Praise Poems) of Mpande, Shaka's younger brother, and the second to succeed him, there occurs the line .

" *U Somnandi woza ngang' umlomo* "

" Beloved, come kiss mouths."

which indicates a relatively early acknowledgement of this manner of fond embrace



She accepted me in the morning,
She refused me in the afternoon,
My little jug !

A concert platform song “ Little brown jug, don't I love thee ”



69 Although it is dark we don't care.
 Because we have finished with the son of Mkize
 Who has a better beard than all the young men.
 The beard for mischief—
 Yes, his is the beard for mischief.

A concert platform song. It appears that during a concert in which various choirs of Mbube-type singers were competing, the lights went out. This did not worry the choir led by the bearded son of Mkize because they had already won the competition

70 This is the girl that jilted me,
 The wretch of a girl that jilted me.
 At Durban, the dance leaders are afraid of us !

A dance song for Ndlamu, town dancing, in Johannesburg Teams of Zulu dancers often make boasts in their dance songs that no one can dance as well as they. They suggest that their reputation is well known even in far away Durban. As for the young woman they all sing about . . . that is nobody's business

71 As I went straight to Benoni
 I arrived and saw an old woman who is always drunk.

A song for town dancing. There are many famous, or infamous, "queens" of illicit bails in the Reef native townships, and this particular one at Benoni has a special reputation of her own.



72 I will never again marry a girl who falls in love with me
 deceitfully.
 They say : “ *Cousin*, buy me some sweets,”
 When they really mean “ lover ”.

A song for town dancing The man complains that his wife addresses all her friends
as “ cousin ” when they are not her relatives at all but her other lovers.



We went up and down towards Maimai.
It thunders because the lady is getting married.

A town dance song No wonder it thunders ! One of the more notable ladies of the town is getting married at last. " Married " of all things in a location like Maimai, the bachelor barracks where no one gets married if he can help it.

The correct way of writing " Mai Mai " is " Mayemaye " a cry of grief and pain In the early mining days of Johannesburg there was so much fighting and stabbing in these quarters that it earned for itself the reputation as a place of sorrow. In Zululand the very name was spoken with horror as the distant den of all iniquity.

Lying in the graves,
Lying on the mine dumps
The lover of my child.

A song for town dancing. This song is just another of those which reflect the way in which Zulus who go to town are swallowed up by their new environment and often become lost to their people at home.

The young man who should have come home and married the daughter has disappeared into the vortex of town life and no one knows if he is alive or dead

Constant requests were received from Zulu girls in domestic service for this record to be broadcast

I will be on my way.
Far is Newcastle.
I am going to Ladysmith
To eat fruit there.
The mail leaves me behind

A song for town dancing, with a nostalgic theme. He has been watching the mail train leaving for Natal, the home of the Zulus. Mnambithi is the Zulu name for the Ladysmith district which is well known for its fruit. But what is the use of thinking about it? The train leaves him behind.



Zululand, my home, I love you.
Goodbye, Willic, I like you too.
We are the boys.

A song for town dancing by cheerful Willies



77 Mister Chairman, and your audience
 We greet you all.
 We are happy to see you all so well.
 We are pleased to see our friends.
 We have come to show you “ civilisation,” so don’t interrupt.
 You have heard of us through our reputation,
 But to-day we come in person.
 We are the famous Clermont Township lads and lassies.
 We are known all over the country.
 We come to give you food for the ears.
 Thank you, Mister Chairman,
 We wish you long life.

A song for introducing a concert party. “ Food for the ears,” is one of the Zulu synonyms for “ music ”

78 Greetings to our people. Shake hands brother, shake hands sister.
Shake hands father, shake hands mother.
We are happy to see you,
That's why we say: "Hold hands."

A concert platform song. The words "Bambani ithambo" mean literally "hold the bone," the bones of the hand. With the Zulu the custom of shaking hands in greeting is thought of as a "hold" rather than a "shake".

When they sing this song, the singers come forward and shake the hands of the people in the front rows of the audience in time with the music. It is always a great success and gets the party going





- 79 We have blankets, pillow cases and beds everywhere we go !
 Nolayiza, child of Maduna, I will even stand you threepence-
 worth of bananas !
 “ Kill-me-quick ” and “ Last-a-week ” we drink everywhere !
 Oh Lord, forgive my sins.

Wherever they go, these singers, they get the finest hospitality showered on them. Why, they sleep in beds with real blankets and pillow cases ! They can stand you a couple of bananas and drink only the best

These potent drinks are special concoctions known to the Zulus by the speed of their action. “ Kill-me-quick,” they say will make you drunk in a few minutes, while *Sigedaviki* keeps you drunk for a week, as its name implies. Hot stuff, these fellows !

The last line in reality suggests no repentance, it is only a ribald misquotation from their Christian brethren !

I saw young men and girls in Durban
 Who wanted to go into the "hotels"
 Where there were educated people.
 They come in and say,
 "Come, waiter, give us a cup of tea to warm us.
 Travelling gets me bothered.
 It has brought me to these "hotels".
 Smart places . . . Durban "hotels"!

A concert platform song from the point of view of a hot and bothered countryman, confused by these moderns. This song shows how easily the Zulu borrows English words and turns them into the vernacular. The so-called "hotels" are really tea-rooms where the more educated type of Africans foregather to take their "*ikhaphathi*," cup of tea.

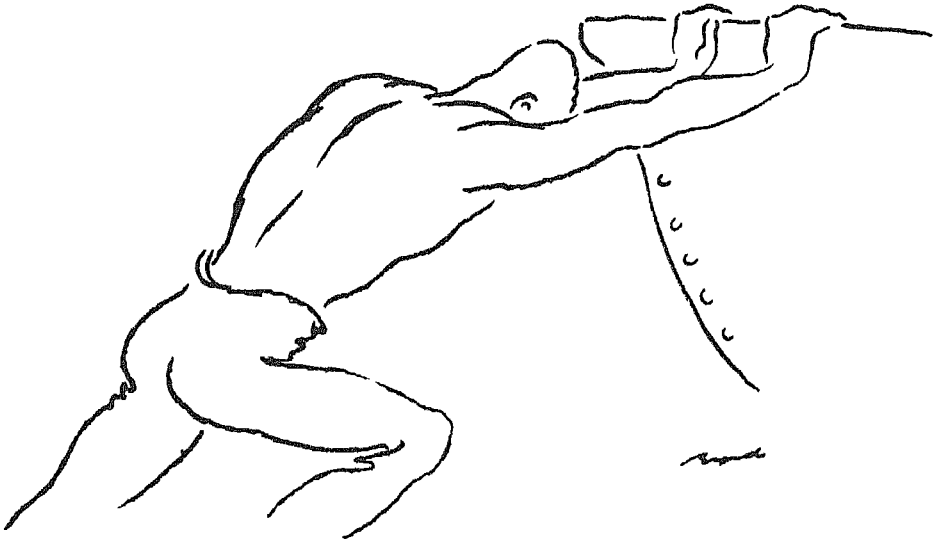
There are several degrees of erudition recognised in Zulu slang. First there come the *Izicwicwici* who pronounce their words like the twittering of birds which speak in English, and imitate foreigners. Next come those who call themselves "the Intelligentsia" or *izifundiswa*, the "taught ones". After them come the small fry, the *izitshudeni*, students still at school, and the mere *abafundi*, the rabble who follow on



Ho ! You, our lads.
Ho ! You, our lasses.
We see things of wonder.
It is hard to count the wonders of the sea.
Which are in the waters and upon the shore.
We see the birds, we see the fish,
And the many different kinds of fish.
There is a mystery in the sea water.
It is salt.
It is a purge for bathing and for drinking.
This water tosses day and night
We see it rise and fall.
This water which is cool and over all the earth
This water called the sea.

A school song which owes its inspiration to similar European songs in praise of nature, a theme which is most unusual amongst Africans. But only God can make the Sea





82 There are the trucks in the mine !
 They are everywhere.
 They are in Kimberley and Vereeniging,
 Yet their real home is Johannesburg.
 They are pushed in the mines by the strong men of Africa.
 There are the trucks.
 We did not sleep last night, we were working.
 There are the trucks.
 There are the trucks.

A Xhosa song which has become popular with Zulus.

The Zulus who go to the mines refuse as a rule to go underground and only work on the surface. Yet like the Xhosa they handle the mine trucks on the surface as the others do. For the mine worker the line of trucks is endless, carrying the refuse of the mills high on to the vast dumps.

83 In the Native Reserves of South Africa
There are things which cause fear and sorrow.
In some of them people live in much happiness.
They own their own things . . . cattle and sheep in their kraals.
Yet this blessing is not for them all.
Others live in poverty.
During ploughing time, when they should have cattle.
They have to hire them from the people who have them.
Cultivation of the soil is the work in the Native Reserve.
Those who are so blessed use their own cattle.
These are the things in the Native Reserves of South Africa.
The things known to those who have been there.

The song is believed to be the work of one of the school teachers at the Ohlange Institute and is set to music typical of the semi-African style of singing fostered in schools

Sister Nomsasa. What is the matter, Nomsasa ?
 How did you fare on the plains of Xera ?
 Did you hear the bird of Serafim ?
 It was heard over there, calling " coo coo ".
 How did you come here ? " Coo coo ?"
 What strange bird is this ?
 Hear it singing across the stream.
 Now it roars like a lion !
 This bird, Nomsasa.
 Ah !
 Do not talk, you there.
 Hush till you leave the forest,
 How it sings ! Oh, listen people !
 Give your ears to it.
 'Tis the bird of Serafim.
 Be still. Yes !
 It is the bird of Serafim.

A concert platform song for part singing



85 Mafukuzela, Rain-giving Clouds,
 Sleep in your grave, Mafukuzela.
 Be still, hero of the African people.
 The earth is not enriched because you are buried,
 The mountains themselves are quiet and still.
 Up above, where you now are, there is no sorrow,
 There are no tears.
 We are bereft, famous Mafukuzela.
 There is Ohlange, it speaks for itself !
 There are the works of this man amongst men !
 Shine for ever, Mafukuzela of fame !
 You have given us light, and given us the path of truth,
 Mafukuzela, son of Dube, hero of heroes !

This was one of the many laments composed when the well-known Zulu educationist, Dr J. L. Dube died in 1946. He was popularly known as Mafukuzela, and will be chiefly remembered as the founder of the Ohlange Institute, near Durban, a school for African boys and girls up to Matriculation standard, which is staffed entirely by Africans



- 86 There were once locusts all over the country
During the year 1933.
Everybody was in trouble.
Locusts ate and destroyed everything all along the coast.
They ate mealies, beans and bananas.
They brought famine.
The English and the Boers went all over the country burning them.
Our mothers and fathers came out and beat tins.

A "rag-time" song of the kind commonly found in schools. It remarks upon the 1933 plague of locusts which was most destructive, particularly in the Natal coastal belt. The men and women beat tins and shout in their attempts to prevent the flying swarms of locusts from settling on their crops.

87 In Shaka's days we lived well.
 In Shaka's days nothing worried us,
 Because we were ruled by that old man, Shaka.
 He walked erect.
 He never stayed behind
 When his regiments went out to fight.
 He was the leader of the Zulus,
 He was the king that ruled over kings, Shaka.
 He was a hero of heroes.
 He was killed by his brothers through jealousy.
 He said when he died : " Never will you rule Zulus !"
 Though our ancestors are dead we still remember them.

The Zulus are very loyal to the memory of Shaka, who, of all their leaders, stands head and shoulders above the rest. The remark Shaka is supposed to have made when he died at the hand of his brothers, Dingana and Mhlangana, was believed to have been prophetic, foretelling the ascendancy of the Europeans over the Zulu race, which indeed began with the fall of Dingana. In point of historical fact, Shaka did not always accompany his regiments, but his leadership was such that his spiritual presence with his soldiers on an expedition must have been undeniable.

88 Go, let us go my friends, go home.
Go, let us go to see our little hills.
We've long been working at the mines,
We long have left our homes for this, the place of gold.

When we get home they will be waiting there,
Our Mothers happy when we come inside,
At Maxandekeni, home, my home.

Return my brother, from the place of gold.
Reject the town.
Cherish your mother, children and your own.
They'll clap their hands for joy
When you come home,
At home where they are waiting. Come, come home.

Another Xhosa song adopted by Zulus.

A song reflecting the sense of loss the family feels when its sons go away to work in Johannesburg.



89

Father and Mother ! I've missed my train.
What shall I do ? I've missed my train.

A concert platform song To those whose sense of time is, to say the least, a trifle
. indefinite, this song must strike a sympathetic chord.

90

I was going to Ndhlamahlahla
To see the beloved of my heart.
So big was Mageba, so big,
I can't think why she has grown so thin.
Oh dear ! I am worried.

A concert platform song. This song and the well-known "Imali yami" (No 98)
were both composed by John Mavimbela while on a visit to England. He had been
asked to sing a couple of Zulu songs and he composed these two on the spur of the
moment, teaching another Zulu who was with him, he says, in a matter of minutes.

The place Ndhlamahlahla, is the name of Chief Solomon ka Dinizulu's kraal

91

So long as you see me walking,
Lost and alone,
So long as I live
You will never get her.

A song for location concerts It is the challenge of a man to his rival So long as he is alive he will see to it that his rival never cheats him of his girl

92

There is a maid in Turffontein
She loves two or three of us.
Her name is Paulina,
She loves all men.

A compound concert song which rings of the old time sea-shanty. The mining towns are full of Paulinas.

93

Beyond the banks of the Vaal
We came to the great city of Goli
As the sun was setting
I saw my child Mary
And thought of her childhood days.

This tragic little song reflects the distress of the parents who go in search of their lost daughter, only to find her in bad company They remember poignantly her innocent childhood days at home in the country Goli, the place of gold, is Johannesburg, and Ligwa or Igwa is the Zulu name for the Vaal River.

94 We were sent by our parents
 To search for our father's child.
 He went and vanished in " Goli ".
 We loved this father's child,
 He left a big gap at home.
 We arrived at the huge station in " Jozi ".
 They said : " If you want him, go to the Malay Camp."
 We went, and when we arrived we were attacked by a mob.
 And there we caught sight of him amongst the attackers.
 The policemen came
 And the mob dispersed.
 Then we said : " We want him."
 We said : " Where is he ? Where has he gone ?"
 They said : " Here he is among the ruffians "
 We found him jiving and jumping
 To the sound of a big banging piano.
 It was said to us : " These are ruffians, these are ruffians."

This concert platform song is based upon a true incident and tells its own distressing story . The boy had become lost to his family and was found in irresponsible company and, at the moment of reunion, was snatched away by the police to goal. " Goli," the place of gold, and " Jozi," short for Johannesburg, are the modern Zulu abbreviations. Malay Camp is one of the well-known African areas, and is the name given to parts of Viededorp, Fordsburg and Ferreira Town, slum areas within a mile or so of the centre of Johannesburg



95

Ladies and Gentlemen in this hall . . .
Boys and Girls everywhere . . .
I can see you don't know me.
From this day on you will know me.
I am George . . . myself !
I am big George, son of Maqanda.
I am like this because I am a drunkard.
Down at Durban they know me.
At Cape Town they know me.
In Basutoland they yearn for George.
In Pondoland they yearn for brother George.
At Eshowe also they yearn for George.
It is I who say so
Because I am drunk.
I am neither a minister nor a teacher.
I am just a " thing that drinks " !!

This music hall song of a cheerful megalomaniac was sung by Nimrod Makanya dressed in old rags as a ne'er-do-well. He is one of the few real comedians amongst the Zulus, who make a point of singing humorous songs. This is one of his early and successful songs, composed while he was still a schoolboy at Ohlange, about the year 1926, and owed as much to his masterly presentation of George as to the words themselves.

96

I feel the wind blowing.
It is cold, Thandi make the fire up.
Don't you feel cold ?
The snow is falling.
Don't you feel the cold ?
We all feel it,
We die of cold.
Thandi, make the fire up.

A concert platform song This song must originate in the western part of Natal among the Drakensberg mountains which are frequently covered with snow in winter

97

*Just look ! There is no bread on Wednesday.
It's Hitler's business there is no bread.
There is no bread, it's Hitler's business.*

A concert platform song This choir is composed of members of Evelyn Goba's own family. As head of the family, she must have been much concerned by the government restriction against the selling of bread on Wednesdays during the shortage of wheat soon after the war ended.

98 My money ! Oh, my money !
My money, I am afraid !
I changed a pound to shillings ;
I came to the canteen and ate bit by bit.
I changed a pound to shillings ;
I came to the canteen and drank bit by bit.
'Tell my father, tell my mother.
I am afraid.
I left my home with a good reputation.
I came to Johannesburg and disappeared in the mine dumps.

I loved my dear Magumede,
My darling " Studebaker," my hope.
I loved her even when I was hungry.
My darling big fat girl, my hope.
My rival was a bald-headed man like my father.
My darling " Studebaker," my hope.
Let us go then to Durban
Where we shall get a better woman.

A music hall song sung by the comedian Mavimbela. The theme is all too well known these days, that once you " disappear in the mine dumps " of Johannesburg you quickly go to the dogs and are lost to your family.

The Zulu ideal beauty is not exactly slim, but sleek and well covered, with monumental thighs, glistening with oil and showing every " promise of pneumatic bliss," as T. S. Eliot once expressed it. The simile of the opulent car rather than the well-fed cattle shows how far the town African is removed from the country nowadays.





99

What care I if I am rejected ?
I have always been among the students.
“ Go home, you ugly fellow,” they say.
“ Goodbye, teacher, greet them all at school.”

A concert platform song. The happy moron has been expelled from school, but he does not care and cheerfully tells his old school teacher to give them all his kind regards when he gets back to the old school

I had many sins on account of singing.
I had many sins indeed that troubled my soul.
My Lord, bless me.
I had a comforter night and day, comforting my heart.
My Lord, forgive me Father.

A concert platform song It is a skit upon the converted who are always singing about their sins and begging for forgiveness. This heathen confesses he had a charming "comforter" and mockingly begs forgiveness also



THE 100 LYRICS

IN THE ORIGINAL ZULU TEXT

Most of these lyrics are written here for the first time. Other variations may be sung in different parts of the country

1 UMGIJIMI

Walikhipha lelozwi umfo ka Mgiyimi
Wathi ma eqal'ukulikhipha wayohzela
Wathi : Nampabelungu,
Wathi . Nasisibamu,
Wathi : Nafubukhulu
Wathi : Safanamhla nje.
Gamgamba, gamqhuba, eshashalazini lukaMgiyimi.
Wabamba ngalaphanangalapha,
Waze wabamba ngalaphanangalapha

2 NGQIKA

Ngemini enzima, kulolase Bedford,
Kwasuka umlungu wayeMaXhoseni,
Wayeyakufuna uncedo khona
Wafika kuyo inkosi uNgqika
Wafuman' usizi olukhulu
Ngempendul' evela enkosini
Wafuyel' ekhaya edanile,
Edamswe uNgqika.
“ Andize ndihlale emhlweni,
Ndinga kange ndifone umoya
Ndiyonge apho usinga khona ”
Yashi nkosi uNgqika
“ Andinakungena ingxasano
Ezingezizo ezabamnyama
Uncedo alukho ndidanile ”
Yashi nkosi u Ngqika.
Yathetha inkosi,
Wathetha uNgqika,
Yathetha ibekise kumlungu.
“ Uncedo alukho ndidanile ”
Yatshi nkosi uNgqika.

3 I ZWE LAKITHI

Izwe lakhithi libuswa 'zinyoni

4

THINA BAMBO

Thina bambo savela kude,
 Ngaphesheya koThukela.
 Sachitheka yimfecane,
 Safika kwaXhosa
 Sathi singamaMfengu,
 Ngo6a sasikhonza.
 Ngoku sesikhumbula ekhaya
 Phesheya koThukela
 Ngenhliziyo zodwa,
 Kwelawokhokho 6ethu.

5

UMAGAZINI

Kwadufula umbayimbayi,
 Inkosi emhlophe sayibamba thina.

6

LOMHLABA WAKABACA

Lomhla6a wakaBaca,
 Lomhla6a wetsu,
 Sondlwa yiwo tsina,
 Sakhuliswa yiwo ;
 Sesiluphele tsina kanye nawo 6awo,
 Phulaphula lomavi alesosikhatsi.
 Kwathi nce kusenjalo kwafika umlumbi,
 Egqoke tibulukwe netilokwe tnhle,
 Watsi, " Sekam phansi
 6onke ufumfumu "
 Satikhulula tidwa6a zethu, khahla !

7

AMATHAMBO AMHLOPHE

Wena muntu ongazi woza uzo6ona ,
 Nanka amathambo amhlophe.
 Musa ukungibangela izinyembezi,
 Amathambo amhlophe aseNkandla.

Kulukhuni kunqasile
 Ukubekana neJalimani singaphethe lutho.
 UHulumeni uthi asihlome siye eFransi
 Akukhondoda enesifindi sokubekana neJalimani
 Ingaphethe lutho

Yabaleka induna singakashayi,
 Yimani zinsizwa zombango,
 Ugjime wayoshaya utheleloni.
 Nansi impi.
 Wabaleka Phenduka singakashayi !

Inqanawe iMendi yathatheka khona e'wandle
 Yashona iMendi namadodana ase Afrika.
 Kawufanekise ulwandle
 Kawufanekise inqanawe nabantu !
 Washona uMendi, washona uMendi,
 Washona olwandle
 Washiya inkedama
 Washona u Mendi.
 Nawe manzi usifingelele
 Xolani bantu bonke
 Nithinina maAfrika ?
 Musani ukulala ubuthongo.

S'zokwenzenjanina thina ?
 Namhlasiyaphlushwa,
 Sitheliswa imali engasizoyi thina
 Abakhokheli bethu babanga izikhundla.
 Asisaqondi ukuthi sizoshonaphi thina
 Wafa uMakhalempongo obelugugu lethu
 Wafa nempu yakhe umntaka.Bulose bo !
 Salweli spesheli nepasi lomzimba,
 Asisaqondi-ke thina,
 Ukuthi soshonaphi.

12 SADLA AMASI EMAMBILINI

Sadla amasi emaMbilini
Eheni !
Sadla amasi emaMbilini

13 ESAKITHI ISIKHONKWANE

Esakithi isikhonkwane . . .
Sigudle umfula
Gatshela, muntu omkhulu,
Sigudle umfula

14 UBUNZIMA

E ! E ! Hehe !
Yek' ugeja-zembe !
Kla, kla, kla, kla, kla,
Gaphumile !
Mathanda ukwenzelwa !
Gaphumile mngolo ogumbetsheni,
Ungayidedeli inyamazane !
MaSandla aphakathi,
Nazi izinyamazane,
Nguninika zona.
Umkhonto awufike enyameni.

15 NYIKITHI

Oz' uphelele !
Hiya sesimphethe !
Sikhuluma noSani ?
Sikhuluma nephoyisa elesaS'insimbi
O sigubu mSambe !
Simthi - Nyikithi !
Ayivumi yithele amanzi !

16

JABULA MNGOMA

Jabula mngoma,
Asiyobul'enyangeni,
Asambe siyobul'enyangeni

17

MADODA NGENZENI

Wemadoda, ngenzeni ?
Aluthatha aluphuza ukhamba.
Alufeka emsamo ukhanyana aminya
" Kuminye lezo zinsizwa ezingasemnyango ".

18

BAYEDE

Bayede ! Bayede ! UyiZulu !
Bayede zinyane lesilo,
Nkonyane yendlovu,
Uyimbube !
Bayede zinyane lesilo !
Nkonyane yendlovu !
Uyimbube !

19

KUYINI

Kuyini okungaphansi kwentaba ?
Yahloma yabuya endleleni.

20

YASHA IMIZI

Yasha imizi !
Wena ofuna indawo,
Yasha imizi !

21 SOKUSHAYA ISANGQUMA

Imikhombe iyenanana.
Sokushaya isangquma
Lezonduku zonanana.

22 SIKUZWILE

Sikuzwile ukukhala kwembumbulu kaMthashana.
Ngathi umangifuza bathi “Ingene kaMthashana.”

23 WENA ONEGQUEBU

Uyadela osengayo,
Ufukela thina sishaywa oxanavu.
Wena unegqufu.

24 MALOMBO

Ulele we Malombo ?
Washa nendlu we Malombo !
Sasha nendlu !

25 GUGA MZIMBA

Guga mzimba sala nhliziyo,
Guga sithese kade wawudlela,
Akukho sibonda saguga namagxolo aso,
Akukho soka lahlala kahle imbangi ikhala

26

UBANI ONGASEKUFU '

WeNtaba ngiyeke
Nkosazana ngiyeke
Ubani ongasekufa ?
Sobonana phezulu eNkosini

27

ISOKA LAYO

Uye, uye ' soka layo '
Bathi loze libuye isoka layo.
Ngizwa manjena,
Ukuthi loze libuye isoka layo eGoli

28

NTOMBI YOMTHAKATHI

Angisakufuni wena ntombi yomthakathi !
NgoBa ugibela imfene,
Wena ntombi yomthakathi !

29

WENA OKHALA UYOGANA.

Wena okhala uyogana,
Sibuhlungu isidwaba.

30

SHAYELANI AMABALA.

Shayelani amabala zingane,
Nangu umakoti ezongena,
Uzanesimpahla zakhe namacansi akhe.

31

WE NSINGIZI

We Nsingizi, we Nsingizi, we Nsingizi !
We Makoti ogana indoda !
Uph' ukhiye wengagayi ?
We Nsingizi !

32

OHAMBA NJENGAMI.

Ohamba njengami,
Maſel' ejongosi
Ohamba njengami,
Maſel' ejongosi

33

YEK' OKWAMI.

Yek' okwami weſomame,
O, ngiyakwaz' okwami.
Lidlulelapha ihunu ngayizolo,
Layithata ingane
Eyani inkani wezinsizwa,
Ingani naſaleka,
Nangena ehlathini ?

34

INGANE ENCANE.

We ngane ulele eziweni,
Ingane encane,
Uthi angenzenjani,
Ingane encane

35

NGIYEKE !

Ngiyeke mnganamı Magula,
We Magula
Ngiyeke mnganamı !

36 USATHANE UYANGILANDELA

USathane uyangilandela,
Nangu naye eduze !
Ho, Nkonyane yedlovu,
Nangunaye eduze !

37 ISITIMELA

Ngisibone siyoshona isitimela
Siyoshona isitimela.
Ngisibone siyoshona.
Hamba uyoshona sitimela !

38 INKOMIDI ISESIKOLENI.

Inkomidi isesikoleni
Sihlushwa amakholwa

39 U MABALANE OWADLA IMALI

Umabalane wadla imali yethu
Uyamazi lomabalane ?
Wadla imali yethu.

40 KUTHI ANGIZULE.

Kuthi angizule ngihambe nawe sithandwa sami.
Angiboni lutho olungase lungihlukanise nawe.
Ngithi umangicinga,
Ngicabanga ngawe,
Angiboni lutho
Olungase lungihlukanise nawe sithandwa sami
Inhliziyoyami iduduzwa uwe sithandwa sami

Wethu ngilayele laph'ekhona umntakwethu
 Asikhona masengimkhumbule
 Nginjengentandane kulendawo yabakhwetu
 Ngidinga nempiko zokundiza
 Siphi, hau, siyephi isithandwa sami.
 Ngafe singelapha lento
 Phuthumake phela, Into yasendulo :
 Uthando alufoni.

Nomakunjenjenje isizungu somntakwethu
 Ithemba lhleli kalihlwa
 Kunjengasendulo
 Impindampinda yezinto
 Konje nginga shona phina mina ?
 Maye ! ngiyaphela inkumbulo yakhe
 Ngafe singelapha lento
 Ngisizeni, mpela ngokungilayela
 Uthando alufoni

Siphi hau ! siyephi ?
 Isithandwa sami
 Ngafe singelapha lento
 Hau ! phuthumake phela
 Into yasendulo .
 Uthando alufoni.

O ! Jojina mntakwethu ngihlala ngikukhumbula.
 Ngcinga ngalezo zimini sibhele sofaSili
 Ngcinga mhla uthi sokwahlukaniswa ukufa.
 Jojina izinsuku ezadlula azibuyi mntakwethu.

Izwe lenza ngikudinge,
 Ngicabanga ngingaqedi,
 Nunu sithandwa sami.
 Ngiyahlupheka ngizokwenzenjani ?
 Sala usungizwela ungenze isichaka sakho.
 Ngizwa kungavumi ukuba ngingathula.
 Umoya wami uphazamisekile ngawe Nunu

Ngiyoyilobola ngani
 Loku inkomo azikho ?
 Ngoyilobola ngani ?

Ngangithi nyangithanda
 Kanti ngiyazihbazisa ngawe.
 Ngangicinga ukuthi sokwahlukaniswa ukufa nawe,
 Kodwa namhla ungumcamisile
 Awusoze wabalutho !
 Uhlhlazo, ihlamvu, uhvashavasha !
 Zisa okwami ngifake kulephilo yami,
 Nawuthatheokwakho ufake phansi kwekhwapha lakho.
 Wangikhohlisa

Lizwakele izwi liphuma kwinkokhele zethu
 Lithi "Izwe hfile,
 Amadoda makabambane "
 Lumema zonke izizwe ezinsundu
 Ezithetha ilimi ngelimi
 Lithi "Mazibambane e Bloemfontein,
 Zimanyane zenze umfelandawonye."
 Ifikile imini ekade ixelwa,
 Imini yomanyano.
 SaSa, SoMame, zinsizwa,
 Masithandazele lolusuku

47

IKHIWANE ELIHLE

Zintombi, zinsizwa niyakhalelwa emakhaya.
 Linigwinyile iTheku
 Abanye bashiya omakotshana nabazali bekhala
 emakhaya.
 Yeka ithemba ngokufa alibulali
 Kwathi enye insizwa ibungukile,
 Yafika ekhaya sokwasala izindonga zodwa.
 Yaswela ukuthi izolalaphi-na,
 Yasukuma yayakocela indawo komakhelwana
 Yathi : “ Yeka ithemba ngokufa alibulali ”
 Yathi : “ Yeka ikhiwane ehle linomkhuba ”
 Yeka ukukhonza isishimeyane
 Isikhuni sizala umlotha wodwa,
 Ikhiwane elihle ligcwele impethu

48

YIBA NESIMILO

Yibanesimilo musa ukukhwixiza
 Yima uthi-ngo entweni oyenzayo
 YiBa nesimilo uze uthenjwe yizwe
 Hlala uthi-du lapho uhlezi khona
 Sisho kuwe buti nawe sisi,
 Iyakweluleka iRhythm Darkies,
 YiBa nesimilo musa ukukhwixiza

49

HLOMANI IZIKHALI.

Hloman izikhali,
 Izikhali zemfundo
 Nilwe nezitha zenu,
 'Lwani nofumnyama,
 'Lwani nezifo,
 'Lwani nayindlala
 Indlala, nezifo, ufumnyama
 KuBangwa yikhona ukungazi lutho.
 Sakithi izizwe ziphumeleliswa yiyona yodwa imfundo
 Thumelani izingane ziye esikoleni
 Ziyothola mhlakanipho
 Yokulwanazo zonke izitha zesizwe.
 Kuhle zifundiswe okwezandla
 Nakokwengqondo
 Usindiso lwamaAfrika
 Luselwazini abanalo
 Zonk' izinsizi zophela
 Zoqedwa yimfundo kuphela.

Siyanimema bakithi,
 Ukuba siye phesheya,
 Siyolanda ukuhlakanipha kwezizwe zabelungu
 Sukani siye phesheya kwelenkayiso nezinjafulo.

Imali isikhali salezinsuku
 Fundani ukonga imali
 Ningayisaphazi-nye
 Qalani ukonga umali,
 Niyiklweze eBange
 We zintombi zakithi !
 Fundani ukonga umali
 Kusasa niyokuBa yizakhamuzi bo !
 Laphoke la umemali,
 Niyofa nhlale kahle.
 Niyofa nesithunzi,
 Niyohlontshwa ezinye izizwe
 Ningabi yinhlekisa yezwe.
 Fundani ukonga umali.
 Ukuze sifunde imisebenzi,
 Yokukhuphula izizwe.

Lalela Zulu !
 Lalela aSantu bengiphethe,
 Ngezwe lethu.
 Siyazizwa izizwe zivungama,
 Zivungama ngawe
 Njengezinyoni,
 Sisho izinyoni sisho amahloko hloko
 Awacekezele insimu
 Ka Dingana no Senzangakhona
 Ayiqedile Mamo !
 Sizwe ngo Mnyayiza ka Ndafulo,

Amaphikankani onke
 Aphelela e-sihongwenisomhlo.
 Isala kutshelwa siGona ngomopho.
 Uzenzile kakhalelwa.
 Ofengazazi izeduko zakhe.
 Wena owona wazi,
 Wokhalelwa nguBani ?
 Ekudabukeni kwakho
 Uyokhalelwa nguBani ?
 Yidla uziSekela amathambo
 Uyeza uNkulunkulu
 Wokhululwa nguye
 Kulawo mathambo.

Kuphakama sabela wena !
 Amkela nazi izizwe.
 Zivela emagumbini omane
 Aphansi kwamaZulu
 Kuphakama sabela wena !
 Luzwakele udumo lwakho
 Oluvela emagumbini omane
 Aphansi kwamaZulu.
 Wozani zizwe zonke !
 Niyabizwa Ekuphakameni
 Nani maZulu halalisani,
 Ngokuphansi kwamaZulu.

Sidedele singene simkhonze uJehova.
 Sasivalelwe,
 Avuliwe amasango.
 Mdedele angene
 Wo ! nango uZulu,
 Inzalo kaDingane
 No Senzangakhona

Yini Gebeleweni ?
 Ntombi yoMnazaretha,
 Buya lizoshona ilanga,
 Ungene enqaseni
 Isalakutshelwa,
 SiSona ngomopho.
 Siyamkhalela.
 Uzumekile.

Yethul' isigqoko sakho,
 Igama lakho lasekhaya ungubani ?
 Uyihlo ufani ?
 Inkosi yakho ufani ?
 Uthelaphi wena ?
 Uphuza maphi amanzi ?
 Sikhalela izwe lakithi

Yithi ukuvakashela eGoli,
 Ubone izinhlangothi ezinkulu
 Abantu bebanjelwa iSpecial Pass
 Hambela phaya, bheka phambili eMarshall Square !
 ' Khipha iSpecial Pass.'
 NgaSa nosizi ukubona abantu bakwethu,
 Bebanjelwe iSpecial Pass

BamBamba !
 BamBamba bamfaka izinsimbi
 Bamthumela eBluskayi.

Yavela ivan enkulu.
 Eqede lonke izwe.
 Bathi ukuyibiza uPick Up.
 Nangoke uPick Up
 Nanso, nanso ivan enkulu.
 "Where's your pass?"
 "Where's your tax?"

Wakhala umama ebusuku ememeza ubaba,
 "Ngaze ngayithola inqaba kulelizwe."

Gijima mfana uyodlala "isitayila"
 Kufo kantombi yakho.
 Nanka amaphoyisa, fihlani utshwala!

Phuma eMgodini, Msila!

Yalala emini,
 Yaletha amathamsanqa.
 Mbube . . . !

Silala emaweni ngokwesaba inkosi yethu uShaka.
 Sesaba inkosi uShaka, safa thina.

SobaSili Mama sodliwa zindunduma nawe
 Sohlangana esikhaleni sikaNtombela

Woza lapha sithandwa sami.
 Woza, ngithathe uKiss.
 Kwafika umthethlo omusha,
 Othi masigonane

Yangiqoma ekuseni,
 Ntambama yangala,
 Isiponono ngesami

Noma kumnyama thina asikhathali.
 NgoSa sesiqedile nomfo-kaMkhize
 Ihwanqa seziphelele izinsizwa
 Elemikhufa, ihwanqa lemikhufa 'l

Yiyona intombi eyangalayo, yiyo le
 Isilima sentombi eyangalayo, yiyo le.
 E Thekwini ayasesaba amagoso.

Ngithe ngihamba ngiqonde eBenoni,
 Ngafika ngaSona isalukazi eshlala sidakiwe.

72

NGEKE NGIPINDE.

Ngeke ngiphinde ngiyithathe eyaqalo yangenza ishende.
Zithi "Mzala ongiphathela amaswidi,"
Kanti zisho emasokeni azo.

73

ZULU LIYADUDUMA

Sehla senyuka siqonde kwaMaimai.
Zulu liyaduduma, kushada inkosazana

74

ULELEZINDUNDUMENI

Ulele emangewaseni,
Ulele ezindundumeni
Isoka lomntanani.

75

NGOBE NGIHAMBA

NgoBe ngihamba.
Kukude eNewcastle
Ngiya e-Mnambithi,
Ngiyodla amafuluthi.
Imeyili iyangishiya.

76

ZULU KHAYA LAMI.

Zulu khaya lami uthandiwe yimi,
Hamba Willie uthandiwe yimi
Yithi aBafana

77

MGCINISIHLOLO

Mgcinisihlalo neBandla lakho,
SiyamSingelela.
Siyathokoza ukunibona nonke niphila kahle.
Siyabonga ukunibona izihlobo zethu
Sizonibonisa impucuko ningasiphazamisi
Yithina enanikade nibeza ngendaba,
Sesifikile namhla
Yithina lafa iClermont Lads and Lassies yodumo.
Siyaziwa kulolonke
Nani sizonipha ukudla kwendlebe.
Siyabonga mgcinisihlalo,
Sintisela impilo ende.

Sanibona sakuthi, xhawula buti, xhawula sisi.
 Xhawula sasa, xhawula mama.
 Siyabula nathi ukunibona,
 Ngako sithi, " bambani ithambo."

Sinezibalala nama philokesi nemibede yonke indawo.
 We Nolayiza mntaka Maduna ngizokuthengela ubanana
 ka tiki.
 Isikhilimukhwiki nesiqedaviki sisiphuza yonke indawo.
 Ngithethelela Nkosi izono zami.

Ngabona izinsizwa nezintombi eThekwini,
 Zifuna ukungena emahotela
 Lakukhona izicwiciwici.
 Zingena zithi,
 " Woza weta siphe ikhaphathi efudumalisayo.
 Ukuhamba kuyakhathaza.
 Kusiletha emahotela."
 Ezindaweni eziphambili, emahotela aseThekwini

Ye ! Nani safana sakuthi.
 Yo ! Nani zintombi zakuthi.
 Sibona izinto ezimangalisayo,
 Kunzima ukubala izinto zolwandle
 Ezisemanzini nezisemhlabeni.
 Sibona intaka, sibona inhlanzi,
 Kanye nezinhlanzi inhlosonhloso.
 Ummangaliso phakathi kwamanzi olwandle,
 Ozele ityiwa
 Yilo iyeza lokuhlamba kwa nokusela.
 Lamanzi ayashukuma emini nasebusuku,
 Sibona xa ephakama naxa ewela phansi
 Lamanzi apholileyo akulo lonke izwe,
 Lamanzi kuthiwa lu lwandle

Nazoke ingolovane emgodini !
 Zikhona indawo ngendawo.
 Zikhona eKimberley nase Vereeniging,
 Kanti ikhaya lazo liseHautini.
 Ziyasunduzwa amadoda omeleleyo ase Afrika phakathi
 emgodini.
 Nazoke ingolovane emgodini !
 Asilalanga ebusuku sisebenza
 Nazoke ingolovane, nazoke ingolovane.

Kuzo iNative Reserves zoMzansi Afrika,
 Kukho izinto ezibanga uweyo nosizi,
 Kwezinye iReserves abantu bakhona bahlleh
 ngokonwaba okukhulu.
 Banezinto zabo, izinkomo negusha emizini yabo
 Kanti leli thamsanqa alikho kuBonke abantu
 Abanye saphila phakathi kofuhlwempu.
 Ngalawo maxesha okulima sekufuneka safumene
 inkomo,
 Sekufuneka saziqeshe kwaBo bantu abazifuyileyo.
 Ngumsebenzi kwa nokuhlakula phakathi kwayo iNative
 Reserve
 Kanti kwaBo bantu abanethamsanqa basebenzisa imfuyo
 yabo
 Nazo izinto ezibonwayo abantu abavela khona

Sister Nomsasa, yinina Nomsasa,
 Wahamba njanina, kwindada zexera,
 Ukewayivana intak'eserafim ?
 Ivakele apha ithi " Khukhu "
 Khukhu, uzenanina khukhu
 Khukhu, intakanina ke leyo ?
 Nanso-ke isisho ngapha
 Ngaphesheya komlambo
 Amyivanga seyigquma
 Seyigquma njenge ngonyama
 Lentakama Nomsasa.
 Haa !
 Musa ukuthethathotha wena
 Lumka uzunga phume hlathini
 Yasho phulaphulani ke bantu
 Nibeke indlebe
 Intak' eserafim yeserafim
 Yithini cwaka heke, kulungile
 Intakaninaleyo esho ngapha
 Yintaka yeserafim

85 MAFUKUZELA (DR J. L. DUBE).

Mafukuzela onjenge zulu,
 Lala engewafeni lakho Mafukuzela
 Thula qhawe lesizwe samaAfrika.
 Umhlaba awunoni ngawe,
 Nezintaba zithula zithi nya !
 Phezulu lapho usukhona akukho lusizi,
 Akukho nyembezi.
 Awu, sifelwe Mafukuzela wodumo
 Nanto uOhlange luyakhuluma !
 Nazo izenzo zendoda emadodeni.
 Khanya njalo Mafukuzela wodumo !
 Usikhanyisele wavula indlela yeqiniso,
 Mafukuzela, mfoka-Dube, qhawe lamaqhawe !

86 ISIKHONYANE.

Kwake kwaqakhona isikhonyane lonke izwe,
 Ngawo unyaka ka 1933,
 Kwahlupheka sonke abantu,
 Isikhonyane sadla saqeda konke kulo lonke izwe
 lase zansi,
 Sadla umbula, ubontshusi, ubanana,
 Saletha indlala,
 Abelungu namaBunu bazula ezweni beshisa izinkumbi
 Kwaphuma omame nawobaba bakhaya amathuni.

87 EZINSUKWINI ZAWO SHAKA.

Ezinsukwini zawo Shaka sasihlezi kahle
 Ezinsukwini zawo Shaka sasingahlushwa yilutho,
 Ngoba sasifuswa yindoda endala uShaka.
 Eyayihamba iqholosha.
 Yayingasali emabuthweni
 Uma kuyiwa empini.
 Wayengumholi wamaZulu.
 Kwaku uKing obusa abanye oKing uShaka
 Wayeyiqhawe lamaqhawe.
 Wabulawa abanewaso ngenxa yomhawu.
 Wathi mhla efayo, " Ngeke nalifusa maZulu !"
 Noma sebefile sobakhumbula okhokho sethu.

Hambani sihambe bafondini
 Siye makhaya.
 Hambani sihambe
 SoBona intatshana yeThuku
 Kadesisebenza enzans'emgodini
 Kudala semuk'emakhaya
 Seza 'pha eRautini
 Sofikekhaya sebelindele
 Bavuyomame xasesingena emakhaya
 Emakhayeni ikhaya lam
 Hamba mfondini siyemakhaya
 Buva buti, shiya eRautini
 Shiya buti edolobini
 Kogxuma nabantwana
 Nensapho yobaba
 Babethi zandla ngevuyo
 Xa singena emakhaya
 Balindile emakhayeni
 Sondela nekhaya

Baba noMama sangishiya isitimela.
 Ngizokwenzanjani sangishiya isitimela

Ngangihamba ngiya kwaNdhlamahlahla,
 Ngangiyobona lowo othandwa yinhliziyi.
 Wayengaka uMageba wayengaka,
 Angimazi ukuthi uthathwa yini
 Yek' okwami ngahlupheka.

Ungibona ngihamba,
 Ngizula ngedwa,
 Ngikhona, ngisaphila,
 Ngeke wayithola.

92 PAULINA WASE TURFFONTEIN.

Kukhona intombi eTurffontein,
Isithanda sifabuli, sifathathu.
Igama layo uPaulina,
Ithanda amadoda onke.

93 MARY MNTWANA

Kwathi phesheya kwendonga zeLigwa,
Sangena emzini omkhulu waseGoli
Ekushoneni kwelanga.
Ngabona uMary umntwana wami.
Ngacinga ngezonsuku eselusana

94 SASITHUNYWE ABAZALI.

Sasithunywe abazali
Ukufuna umntakababa
Wayeduke nemihqa, waphela eGoli.
Sasimthanda umntakababa lona.
Washiya isikhala esikhulu ekhaya.
Safikake kwesikhulu isiteshi sase "Jozi."
Bathi abanye, "uma nimfuna, hambani eMaleyikamu."
Sayake, safika sathola impi enkulu.
Sase siyamfonake ephakathi kwesixuku.
Kwaqhamuka onongqayi,
Yachitheka impi leyo
Sase sithi, "siyamfuna."
Sathi, "uphi ? uyephi ?"
Bathi, "nangu kuMarabi."
Safika edushalaza, egxamalaza.
Kukhala ulugumbukazi, olukhulukazi oludumayo
Kusithiwa, "nguMarabi, nguMarabi."

Manene namaLedi alapha kulendlu,
 Zintombi nezinsizwa zendawo ngendawo,
 NgiyaBona ukuBa aningiqondi,
 Kusukela kulemini seningiqonda,
 Ngingu George mina,
 uGeorge omkhulu ka Maqanda.
 Nginjenje ngenziwa ukunxila,
 Phansi eMdubane bayangazi,
 EKapa bayangazi,
 ELusuthu bakhala ngoGeorge,
 EMapondweni, bakhala ngobuti George,
 Eshowe bakhala ngoGeorge,
 Yimi lowo osho njalo,
 Ngenziwa ukunxila,
 Angisi Mfundisi naTishela,
 Ngiyinto ezinxilelayo.

Ngizwa umoya ushwelela,
 KuyaBanda Thandi, Basa umlilo.
 Awuzwa kumakhaza ?
 Kuyakhithika ungqoqwane.
 Awuzwa yini amakhaza ?
 Siyawezwela sonke.
 Thandi Basa umlilo

Akenibeke, isinkwa asikho ngoLwesithathu.
 Imikhuba kaHitler isinkwa asikho,
 Isinkwa asikho, imikhuba kaHitler.

Imali yami O, imali yami, yek' imali yami.
 Ngamshintsha upondo, ngamenza osheleni,
 Ngaqond' eThwathwa, ngaphuza kancane
 Tshelani ubaba O, tshelani umama,
 Ngasuk' ekhaya nginesimilo.
 Ngafika eGoli ngadliwa izindunduma
 Akenithule zingane zawobaba,
 Nginitshela indaba zokuhamba
 Ngasuk' ekhaya ngiqond' omsobenzi,
 Ngafika eGoli ngadliwa ezindunduma
 Ngangimthanda udali umaGumede,
 Esitudubeka ududu themba lami
 Ngangimthanda noma ngilambile,
 Emafehlefehle ududu themba lami
 Ngangimbanga nempandla engangobaba.
 Esitudubeka, ududu themba lami
 Akesihambe siye eThekwini,
 Somthola khona umfazi ongecono.

Angikhathali noma ngaliwa.
 Kade ngihamba nezitshudeni.
 "Hamba lomxhafeyana ugoduke.
 Hamba Tisha, ukhonze esikoleni."

Benginezono ezinngi ngezindaba zokuhlaselela.
 Benginezono ezinngi kangaka ezihlupha umoya wami,
 Nkosi yami, awu, sikelela.
 Benginodudu efusuku nemini, eduduzela umoya wami,
 Nkosi yami, shwele baba.

INDEX OF GRAMOPHONE RECORDS.

I wish to acknowledge my thanks to the gramophone companies and the South African Broadcasting Corporation for their permission to use their gramophone records, the numbers of which are listed in this Index.

To Mr. Eric Gallo for the use of Singer Records and to Messrs H. Pollack & Co. for the Columbia and H M V. Records. All the S A.B.C. Records were cut in the Durban Studios under my direction during my term of office.

LYRIC NO

1. Singer G E. 885 Composer unknown. Sung by Union Express Company (Male voices, unaccompanied. Country Zulu.)
- 2 Not recorded Composer unknown Sung by Loram Government School. (Choir of School Children. Country Zulu)
- 3 H.M V JP 2. Composer unknown. Sung by The Pirate Coons (Male voice choir in Zulu, with piano)
- 4 Not recorded Composer unknown Sung by Humming Bees Male Voice Choir. (Male voice choir in Zulu, unaccompanied. Country Zulu)
- 5 H M V GU 97. Composer unknown. Sung by Mameyiguda and Dancers. (Male voices, with drum. Country Zulu)
- 6 Not recorded Composed by A A. Kumalo Sung by Zulu Male Voice Party (Zulu song, with European harmonies)
7. H M V GU 126 Composer unknown Sung by Bantu Glee Singers. (Male voice choir, unaccompanied Country Zulu.)
8. H M V GU 76. Composed by Nimrod Makanya. Sung by The Bantu Glee Singers (Mixed choir, with piano African Glee, part song, with European harmonies)
9. S.A.B.C Composed by Mnandi Zama. Sung by Mnandi Zama's Choir (Male voices, unaccompanied. Country Zulu.)
- 10 Singer 1622 (not published) Composed by Sidiyiyo Sung by Reitz Bantu Choir (Mixed choir, unaccompanied Euro-African.)
11. Columbia YE 37. Composer unknown Sung by African Male Voice Choir. (Male voices, with piano. Euro-African.)
- 12 S A.B.C. Composed by K. E. Masinga. Sung by The Zulu Radio Choir. (Mixed choir, with drum. Country Zulu.)
13. S.A B C. Composed by K. E. Masinga (about 1918). Sung by The Zulu Radio Choir. (Mixed choir, unaccompanied. Country Zulu)
14. S.A B.C. Composer unknown Sung by G Masinga and Rhythm Darkies. (Male voices, unaccompanied, Country Zulu.)
15. S.A.B.C. Composer unknown. Sung by G Masinga and Rhythm Darkies (Male voices, unaccompanied. Country Zulu)
16. S.A B C Composer unknown. Sung by Nontombi Dhlamini and Party. (Mixed Choir, unaccompanied Country Zulu.)

- 17 S.A B.C. Composer unknown. Sung by Abavumi bakaMapumulo. (Male voices, unaccompanied. Country Zulu.)
18. S A B.C. Composer unknown. Sung by G Masinga and Party (Mixed choir, unaccompanied Country Zulu)
19. S.A.B.C. Composer unknown. Sung by Mapumulo Choir (Male voices, unaccompanied Country Zulu.)
- 20 S.A.B.C. Composed by Mnandi Zama Sung by Mnandi Zama's Choir. (Male voices, unaccompanied.)
- 21 S.A.B.C. Composer unknown. Sung by Inkumba Emfece, led by Mnandi Zama. (Male voices, unaccompanied Country Zulu.)
- 22 Singer 2015. (Not published) Composer unknown. Sung by Blue Hams Choir (Male voices, unaccompanied. Country Zulu.)
- 23 S.A B.C. Composer unknown. Sung by Inkumba Emfece, led by Mnandi Zama. (Male voices, unaccompanied. Country Zulu)
24. Singer G.E. 86 Composer unknown. Sung by Twala and Company. (Male voices, unaccompanied Country Zulu.)
- 25 Not recorded Composer unknown. Sung by Nedlu's Zulu Choir (Mixed choir, piano. Euro-African.)
- 26 S.A.B.C. Composer unknown Sung by Zulu Radio Choir (Mixed choir, with drum Country Zulu)
27. S.A B.C. Composer unknown Sung by Zulu Radio Choir (Mixed choir, unaccompanied Country Zulu.)
- 28 Not recorded Composer unknown Sung by Crocodiles Male Voice Choir. (Male voices, unaccompanied. Country Zulu)
- 29 S A B.C. Composer unknown Sung by The Zulu Radio Choir. (Mixed choir, with drum Country Zulu)
30. H.M.V. GU 76 Composer unknown Sung by Bantu Glec Singers (Mixed choir, with piano Euro-African)
31. S A B.C. Composer unknown Sung by The Masinga Sisters. (Girls' voices, unaccompanied. Country Zulu)
- 32 S.A.B.C. Composer unknown Sung by Nontombi Dhlamini and Party (Mixed choir, unaccompanied. Country Zulu)
33. S A B.C. Composer unknown. Sung by Nontombi Dhlamini and Party. (Mixed choir, unaccompanied. Country Zulu.)
- 34 S.A.B.C. Composer unknown Sung by The Masinga Sisters (Girls' voices, unaccompanied Country Zulu)
- 35 S.A.B.C. Composer unknown. Sung by Zulu Radio Choir. (Mixed choir, with drum Country Zulu.)
36. H.M.V. JP 12. Composer unknown. Sung by Mamoyiguda and Dancers (Male voices, with drum and handclapping Country Zulu.)
- 37 S.A.B.C. Composer K. E Masinga. Sung by The Zulu Radio Choir (Mixed choir, with drum Country Zulu.)
38. S.A.B.C. Composer unknown. Sung by Rhythm Darkies Choir. (Mixed choir, unaccompanied. Country Zulu.)

- 39 S.A.B.C. Composer unknown. Sung by Vimbela and Company (Male voice choir, unaccompanied. Country Zulu.)
- 40 Not recorded. Composer unknown. Sung by Ndelu's Zulu Choir (Mixed choir, with piano. Euro-African.)
41. Not recorded. Composer A. A. Kumalo. Sung by A. T. Sihlo's Choir. (Mixed choir, unaccompanied. Euro-African.)
- 42 Not recorded. Composer unknown. Sung by A. T. Sililo's Choir (Mixed choir, unaccompanied. Euro-African.)
43. Not recorded. Composer unknown. Sung by Enoch Ndelu and Company. (Mixed choir, with piano. Euro-African.)
44. H.M.V. GU 84. Composer unknown. Sung by Nomatheni's (Male solo, with concertina. African, with European harmonies.)
- 45 S.A.B.C. Composed by Nontombi Dhlamini. Sung by Nontombi Dhlamini's Choir. (Mixed choir, unaccompanied. Euro-African.)
46. Not recorded. Composer unknown. Sung by Reuben's Nxele's Clermont Township Choir. (Mixed choir. Euro-African.)
47. Not recorded. Composer H. W. Mdhlozi. Sung by The Clermont Township Lads and Lasses. (Mixed choir, with piano. Euro-African.)
48. Not recorded. Composer unknown. Sung by Rhythm Darkies. (Mixed choir, with piano. Euro-African.)
49. Not recorded. Composed by D. Mkize. Sung by Marianhill Institute Choir (Mixed choir, unaccompanied. Euro-African.)
50. H.M.V. JP 16. Composer William Mseleku. Sung by Mseleku's Amanzimtoti Choir. (Mixed choir, with piano, guitars and drum. Euro-African.)
51. Not recorded. Composed by William Mseleku. Sung by Mseleku's Co-operative Choir. (Mixed choir, unaccompanied. Euro-African.)
- 52 S.A.B.C. Hymn No. 183. National Song of Mpande's time. Sung by Shembe's Choir (Mixed choir, unaccompanied. Hymn. Country Zulu.)
- 53 Not recorded. Hymn No. 97. Composed by Isaiah Shembe. Sung by Shembe's Choir. (Mixed choir, unaccompanied. Hymn. Country Zulu.)
54. S.A.B.C. Hymn No. 126. Composed by Isaiah Shembe. Sung by Shembe's Choir. (Mixed choir, unaccompanied. Hymn. Country Zulu.)
- 55 S.A.B.C. Hymn No. 173. Composed by Isaiah Shembe. Sung by Shembe's Choir (Mixed choir, unaccompanied. Hymn. Country Zulu.)
56. S.A.B.C. Hymn No. 226. Composed by Isaiah Shembe. Sung by Shembe's Choir. (Mixed choir, unaccompanied. Hymn. Country Zulu.)
57. Singer GE 887. Composer unknown. Sung by Solomon Linda's Evening Birds. (Male voice choir, unaccompanied. Hymn. Country Zulu.)
- 58 Singer 1616. (Not published). Composer Sidiyo. Sung by Reitz Bantu Choir. (Mixed choir, unaccompanied. Euro-African.)
- 59 Columbia YE 37. Composer unknown. Sung by African Male Voice. (Male voices, with piano. Euro-African.)
- 60 Not recorded. Composer unknown. Sung by Flying Birds Choir. (Mixed choir, unaccompanied. Euro-African.)

61. Columbia YE 43. Composer unknown. Sung by E. Mkize and His Singing Birds. (Male voice choir, with piano. African, Mbube type.)
62. Singer 2002 (Not published). Composer unknown. Sung by Lot Dube (Male solo, with autoharp. African, with European harmonies.)
63. Columbia YE 42. Composer unknown. Sung by E. Mkize and His Singing Birds. (Male voice choir, with piano. Euro-African.)
64. Singer GE 829. Composer unknown. Sung by Solomon Linda's Evening Birds. (Male voice choir, with piano and vocal effects. African, Mbube type.)
65. Singer 2011 (Not published). Composer unknown. Sung by Blue Hums Choir. (Male voice choir, unaccompanied. African, Mbube type.)
66. Singer GE 877. Composer unknown. Sung by Solomon Linda's Evening Birds. (Male voice choir, unaccompanied. African, Mbube type.)
67. Singer 1995. (Not published). Composer unknown. Sung by Tiny Boys Choir. (Male voice choir, unaccompanied. African, Mbube type.)
68. Singer 2000 (Not published). Composer unknown. Sung by The White Mountains. (Male voice choir, unaccompanied. African, Mbube type.)
69. Singer GE 883. Composer unknown. Sung by Dundee Wandering Singers. (Male voice, with piano. African, Mbube type.)
70. Singer GE 849. Composer unknown. Sung by Sons of Zululand. (Male voices, unaccompanied. Country Zulu.)
71. Singer GE 103. Composer unknown. Sung by Stirtonville Sweet Melodians. (Male voices choir, with guitars. Euro-African.)
72. Singer 1819 (Not published). Composer unknown. Sung by Snowy Radebe and Company. (Mixed voice choir, with piano and guitars. Euro-African.)
73. Singer 1953 (Not published). Composer unknown. Sung by Snowy Radebe and Company. (Mixed choir, with piano and guitars. Euro-African.)
74. Singer 1789. Composer unknown. Sung by Orlando Trained Singers. (Mixed choir, with guitars. Euro-African.)
75. H.M.V. JP 10. Composer unknown. Sung by Kuzwayo's Band. (Male voice choir, with guitars. Euro-African.)
76. Columbia YE 15. Composer unknown. Sung by Darktown Strutters. (Male voice choir, with piano. Euro-African.)
77. Not recorded. Composer H.W. Mdholzini. Sung by The Clermont Township Lads and Lasses. (Mixed choir, with piano. Euro-African.)
78. Not recorded. Composer unknown. Sung by Rhythm Darkies. (Mixed choir, with piano accompaniment. Euro-African.)
79. Columbia YE 101. Composer unknown. Sung by African Minstrels. (Male voices, with piano. Euro-African.)
80. H.M.V. GU 123. Composer William Mseleku. Sung by Mseleku's Amanzintotli Zulu Choir. (Mixed choir, unaccompanied. Euro-African.)
81. S.A.B.C. Composer unknown. Sung by Ohlange Institute Choir. (Mixed choir, unaccompanied. Euro-African.)

82. S.A.B.C. Composer Sidiyo. Sung by Sidiyo's Choir (Mixed choir, unaccompanied. Euro-African)
83. S.A.B.C. Composer unknown. Sung by Ohlange Institute Choir (Mixed choir, unaccompanied Euro-African)
84. S.A.B.C. Composed by Max Mji. Sung by The McCord Zulu Hospital Choir. (Mixed choir of Nurses and Students, unaccompanied. In a mixture of Xhosa and Zulu Euro-African)
85. Not recorded Composed by G. D. Mkize. Sung by The Marianhill Institute Choir. (Mixed choir, unaccompanied. Euro-African)
86. H.M.V. JP 17 Composed by William Mseleku. Sung by Mseleku's Merry-makers (Mixed choir, with piano, guitar and saxophone. Euro-African.)
87. Columbia YE 12. Composer unknown. Sung by African Minstrels (Male voices, with piano Euro-African.)
88. S.A.B.C. Composer unknown. Sung by Ohlange Institute Choir (Mixed voices, unaccompanied Euro-African)
89. Singer 1823. (Not published). Composer unknown. Sung by Snowy Radebe and Company (Mixed choir, with piano Euro-African.)
90. Singer GE 34. Composer John Mavimbela. Sung by Mavimbela's Choir. (Male voice choir, with piano. Euro-African)
91. Singer 2020. (Not published). Composer unknown Sung by the Dundee Wandering Singers. (Male voice choir, unaccompanied African, Mbube type)
92. Singer 1989. (Not published) Composer unknown. Sung by Tiny Boys Choir. (Male voice choir, unaccompanied African, Mbube type)
93. Singer 1618 (Not published) Composer unknown Sung by the Reitz Bantu Choir (Mixed choir, unaccompanied Euro-African)
94. Not recorded. Composer unknown. Sung by The Flying Birds. (Mixed choir, unaccompanied. Euro-African.)
95. H.M.V. GU 78 Composed by Nimrod Makanya. Sung by Bantu Glee Singers, with Nimrod Makanya (Solo, accompanied with piano. Euro-African.)
96. Not recorded Composer unknown. Sung by Ndelu and Company. (Mixed choir, with piano Euro-African)
97. Not recorded Composer unknown Sung by E Goba's Choir. (Mixed choir, unaccompanied. Euro-African)
98. Singer GE 34 Composed by John Mavimbela. Sung by John Mavimbela. (Solo with chorus, with guitar accompaniment. Euro-African.)
99. H.M.V. GU 79. Composed by Nimrod Makanya Sung by Bantu Glee Singers (Mixed choir, with piano. Euro-African)
100. Columbia YE 12 Composer unknown. Sung by African Minstrels. (Male voice choir, with piano Euro-African)

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	LIRIC No
A bad turn deserves another	21
All the stubborn	53
All together now	15
Although it is dark we don't care	69
Are you asleep Malombo '	24
As I went straight to Benoni	71
Be armed with weapons	49
Beyond the banks of the Vaal	93
Come here, my beloved	67
Come out of that hole, Msila	63
Eh ! Eh ! Hehe !	14
Father and Mother ! I've missed my train	89
For shame, Wanderer	56
Girls and young men, you are needed at your home	47
Go, let us go my friends, go home	88
Greetings to our people. Shake hands brother, shake hands sister	78
Hail ! Hail ! You Zulu !	18
Hey you men, what have I done ?	17
Hurry boy and play a ' style '	62
Ho ! You, our lads	81
I do not like you, wizard's daughter	28
I feel the wind blowing	96
I had many sins on account of singing	100
In Shaka's days we lived well	87
In the Native Reserves of South Africa	83
I saw the train disappearing	37
I saw young men and girls in Durban	80
I thought you loved me	45
It is very hard and difficult	8
It sleeps by day	64
I was going to Ndhlamahlaha	90
I will be on my way	75
I will never again marry a girl who falls in love with me deceitfully	72
Just look ! There is no bread on Wednesday	97

	LYRIC No
Keep your good name, do not be unreliable	48
Kuphakama, answer the call !	54
Ladies and gentlemen in this hall	95
Let me go, my friend Magula	35
Let us come in to worship Jehovah	55
Listen Zulus !	52
Lying in the graves	74
Mafukuzela, Rain-giving Clouds	85
Mister Chairman, and your audience	77
Money is the weapon, these days	51
Mother cried out in the night, calling to Father	61
My money ! Oh, my money !	98
Ntaba leave me	26
O ! Jovina my love, I always miss you	42
Oh my ! Oh, Mother !	33
One bad day in the land of Bedford	2
O Nsingizi, O Nsingizi, O Nsingizi !	31
Our boundary line	13
Our country is ruled by the " birds "	3
Rejoice, Soothsayer	16
Satan is following me	36
She accepted me in the morning	68
Sister Nomsasa, What is the matter, Nomsasa ?	84
So long as you see me walking	91
Sweep the yard, children	30
Take a visit to Johannesburg	58
Take off your hat	57
Tell me, friend, where is my love	41
The body perishes, the heart stays young	25
The cannon was fired	5
The clerk embezzled our money	39
The Committee is at the school	38
The huts are burnt down	20
The Induna ran away before we struck	9
There are the trucks in the mine !	82
There comes the big van	60
There is a maid in Turffontein	92
There were once locusts all over the country	86

	LYRIC No.
The ship "Mendi" went down at sea . .	10
The two of us, Mother, will pine on the mine dumps	66
The very world makes me need you	43
They caught him . .	59
This is the girl that jilted me . .	70
This land of the Baca . .	6
Thus spoke the son of Mgiyimu . .	1
Uye, Uye! Her lover!	27
Walk as I walk	32
We ate curds at Mbili	12
We Bambo come from far away . .	4
We envy you who can milk cows . .	23
We have blankets, pillow cases and beds everywhere we go!	79
We have heard the word that comes from our leaders . .	46
We heard the sound of bullets at Mthashana . .	22
We invite you, our people . .	50
We sleep up in the rocks because we fear our king Shaka	65
We went up and down towards Mamai . .	73
We were sent by our parents . .	94
What care I if I am rejected?	99
Whatever shall we do?	11
What is that below the mountain?	19
Wherever I go, I wish to go with you, my beloved	40
With what will I wed her?	44
You sleep on the hill top	34
You who know not come and see . .	7
You, you cry as you go to your wedding . .	29
Zululand, my home, I love you . .	76