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S.E.K. Mqhayi

PUBLICATIONS OF THE OPLAND COLLECTION
OF XHOSA LITERATURE

General Editors: Jeff Opland and Pamela Maseko

under the auspices of the NRF SARChI Chair:
Intellectualisation of African Languages,
Multilingualism and Education, Rhodes University

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VOLUME 4

S.E.K Mqhayi

Iziganeko zesizwe
Occasional poems (1900–1943)

edited and translated by

Jeff Opland and Peter T. Mtuze

UNIVERSITY OF KWAZULU-NATAL PRESS

Published in 2017 by University of KwaZulu-Natal Press
Private Bag X01
Scottsville, 3209
Pietermaritzburg
South Africa
Email: books@ukzn.ac.za
Website: www.ukznpress.co.za

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ISBN: 978 1 86914 334 3
e-ISBN: 978 186914 335 0

Managing editor: Sally Hines
Editor: Karen Press
Typesetter: Patricia Comrie
Proofreader: Cathy Munro
Cover design: MDesign
Cover photo: S.E.K. Mqhayi from *Umlindi we nyanga* (15 December 1937: 6)

NATIONAL INSTITUTE
FOR THE HUMANITIES
AND SOCIAL SCIENCES

The financial assistance of the National Institute for the Humanities and Social Sciences (NIHSS) towards this research is hereby acknowledged. Opinions expressed and conclusions arrived at are those of the author and editors and are not necessarily to be attributed to the NIHSS.

Printed and bound in South Africa by Creda Communications

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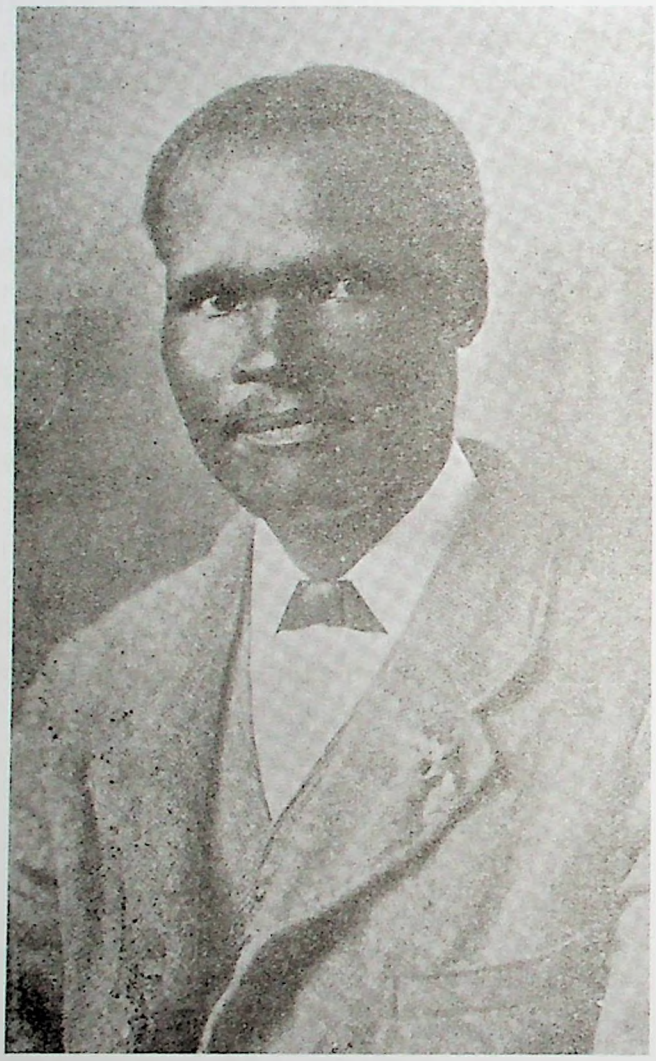

S.E.K. Mqhayi (R.H.W. Shepherd. 1955. *Bantu Literature and Life*. Lovedale: Lovedale Press, frontispiece).

Acknowledgements

It is my pleasure to acknowledge with gratitude agencies that have funded or supported the production of this book: the British Academy, the Mellon Foundation, the National Institute for the Humanities and Social Sciences, the Rhodes University Research Office and the National Research Foundation (NRF) SARChI Chair: Intellectualisation of African Languages, Multilingualism and Education at Rhodes University. In particular, I am grateful to Russell Kaschula, Jaine Roberts and Peter Clayton of Rhodes University.

Apart from financial support, I would like to express my indebtedness to Pumeza Mabusela, who assisted with the typing, and to Stephanie Victor, who helped to track references at the Amathole Museum in King William's Town. On a personal level, this volume and this series could not have appeared at all without the enthusiastic partnership of Pamela Maseko, and the brave commitment and facilitative assistance of officers of the University of KwaZulu-Natal Press, in particular Debra Primo, Sally Hines and Adele Branch, and the keen editorial eye of Karen Press.

As this book developed I enjoyed the hospitality, support and encouragement of friends, prominent among them Neil and Penny Berens, Hazel Crampton, Derek and Norma Fivaz, Tony Gordon-Smith, Chris and Julia Mann, Norman and Jean Mearns, Bryn Morgan, Bulelwa Nosilela, Jeff and Mary-Louise Peires, and Andrew and Heather Tracey. My sons Russell and Daniel, and my daughters Janine and Samantha have remained loyal supporters over all the long years.

This volume is graced by an elegant Foreword by Barney Pityana, for which I am especially grateful.

It is always an honour and a privilege to be associated with Peter Mtuze on any project. I have been fortunate in securing his collaboration on a number of publications, none more challenging than this collection of Mqhayi's poetry. Peter's knowledge and wisdom produced sense out of many a thorny crux. *Ndiyabulisa, Madiba! Madib' owadib' iindonga!!*

Ndinibulela nonke.

J.O.

Words cannot adequately express my heartfelt indebtedness to my former colleagues at Rhodes, Russell Kaschula and Pam Maseko for always remembering me in my retirement. Their confidence in me, even at my fairly advanced age, gives me strength and courage to tackle any task they channel to me. I have worked with Jeff Opland since my university days and he has been my mentor, colleague and icon ever since. I always look back with pride on my association with him. This project has been particularly challenging but his professionalism and commitment have sustained me throughout. It is always an honour and a pleasure to work with him. Last but not least, I wish to extend my appreciation to my loving wife, Kutala, for her support and understanding.

Maz'enethole! to all of you, friends and colleagues.

P.T.M.

We are both deeply indebted to Pamela Maseko, who read through the manuscript with eyes keener than ours, and who offered us the singular benefit of her suggestions and corrections.

Foreword

There was a time in the not too distant past of our country when the production of texts in African languages was tainted with the scandal of apartheid. It was too easy to associate mother tongue with the designs of the apartheid state that were understood to seek to establish the control and hegemony of white Afrikaner thought and ideas. The suspicion then was that any literature in our languages could only be part of the grand plan of political ascendancy. That underlying suspicion combined with the extent to which our languages were generally taught very badly, with very little of the joy and beauty inherent in African literature and the treasures of grammar and the wisdom of the spoken word, idioms, story-telling and the oral tradition.

What was not sufficiently emphasised was the subaltern culture embedded in much African writing, as well as the history and pride that lay in becoming conversant with one's own language and history – the beauty, culture, idiom, pride could hardly be found in any other way – but also the cognitive connection and knowledge that was facilitated by the depth of understanding and love for one's own language.

The truth of the matter is that we were thoroughly colonised to see value in that which was both foreign but also acclaimed to be the symbol of value and learning and erudition: that which came with the colonial ties. Secondly, though, our urge to oppose apartheid in all its forms blinded many of us to exercising our independent minds to know what is good for us independently of the designs of our oppressive systems.

In a nutshell, that explains why it is that after so many years African languages are still not accessible and utilised as languages of science.

Until very recently one even found research studies in *isiXhosa* or any of the African languages written exclusively in the English language. Unlike the Afrikaans language, recognised as such only since 1925, resources were never made available for the development of the African languages as languages of culture and science to the same extent. Add to that the problem that our minds were poisoned, we needed to be liberated enough to discern the possibility of the advancement of the language beyond the mere provision of dictionaries, which, in any event, were intended to make the language accessible to others apart from the speakers of the languages. In addition, such efforts approached the task from the ideological standpoint of those for whom the language, not being mother tongue, did not have the same resonance and emotional appeal it could otherwise have had.

S.E.K. Mqhayi was, as I grew up, a feature of school literature and poetry. However, far too often Mqhayi was but an oral poet of the traditional kind. Not much was done, I recall, to put his ideas and the content of his poetry in the context of the historical, cultural and political evolution of his times. In that way the anti-colonialist nursery rhymes like *Ngubani na lo? NguYeye?* could not be unearthed, or *UMbambushe* and its attack on class society, to give some examples. Likewise, his biographical sketches, many of them about key personalities and events in the society of his time could have no meaning. Even more so, given the ethnic preoccupation of the system, not much was made of Mqhayi's precocious nationalism and his breadth of knowledge and culture well beyond the confines of his own Xhosa society. Likewise, Mqhayi's amazing critical insight into colonial, missionary Christianity, and his refusal to be bound by the dictates of missionary prohibitions, tell something of his rootedness in his own culture and customs, of his quest for education, but always on his own terms.

I am prepared to wager that it was not until the Black Consciousness era associated with Steve Biko that the combination of black pride, cultural and political resistance, as well as a state of mind that prioritised black consciousness, meant that the treasures of African history and culture, as well as the intellectual movement, especially in the nineteenth century Eastern Cape, could be appreciated. In other words, the political value of African languages was made manifest not

simply as a matter of a tribal pride that is exclusive, but as a means to enhance understanding of the African person.

Today we welcome efforts like that of Prof. Jeff Opland and Prof. Peter Mtuze for bringing to us the liberated S.E.K. Mqhayi and other stalwarts of Xhosa literature. This volume, *Iziganeko zesizwe,* a selection of Mqhayi's work as a poet laureate, is called upon to give meaning and significance to events and people of his time, to entertain and share the joy of the Xhosa language that resided deep in his veins, and to popularise ideas and culture that increasingly had receded. Reading Mqhayi's poetry today one cannot be unaware of the joy and excitement, even exhibitionism, with which he indulged in his trade. A poet laureate infects readers and the nation with the joy and beauty of poetry, commemorating significant and historic events, and showing off the love of the poetic craft. S.E.K. Mqhayi succeeds on all those grounds.

Mqhayi, as the compilers of this volume of poetry hint, was never without his own struggles in gaining recognition, or in being taken seriously, struggling with editors and publishers who sought to undermine or suppress his own ideas, or competitors like A.C. Jordan, who were scathing and discouraging. He always found alternative avenues to make his work known. Years later his work became so popular that his detractors had to eat humble pie.

At this point I need to declare that I am biased in this instance. S.E.K. Mqhayi is my grandfather whom I never knew in life. I was born in August 1945, and he had died in April 1945. My father, who was never married to my mother, was a dutiful son who was always keen that I get to know about the family, its story and his father. I confess that I am not as inclined or gifted a writer as my grandfather was, let alone in poetic inspiration as well as in performance. Perhaps because of all this, I have never been confident in my knowledge of the Xhosa language and idiom, though I always enjoyed reading Xhosa literature in my youth. Beyond my school days, I have also never pursued studies in *isiXhosa*, focusing instead on English as my major at university. Understandably then, I am experiencing a deep sense of deprivation as a result. I would not wish others to experience the loss that I feel. The joy of the Opland Series is that this work is now being made available

and accessible to a whole range of new readers – young and old, and from languages other than *isiXhosa*. For that, this series should open a new chapter in the continuous remaking of South Africa.

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Introduction

As a child growing up in Gqumahashe, just east of Alice in the Eastern Cape, Samuel Krune, the son of Ziwani, began attending school in 1882 at the age of seven, walking the six miles to Evergreen and six miles back home. Krune was Samuel's grandfather's name, which he adopted as a surname under the dictates of European practice; on one occasion a teacher at Evergreen accorded him the additional name Edward. In June 1885, he moved with his family eastwards across the Kei River to spend the next six years in rural Centane, years profitably filled with absorbing the speech and customs of his Xhosa people. In April 1891, now adopting his great-grandfather's name as his surname, the sixteen-year-old Samuel Edward Krune Mqhayi[1] travelled with his sister Satyi to Lovedale, where Satyi worked at the prestigious Lovedale Institution, the premier educational establishment for black students, founded by agents of the Glasgow Missionary Society in 1841. Samuel continued his education at Lovedale. His record of progress in Standard 6 for the Second Session of 1894 was undistinguished:

Natural Ability	Fair
Diligence	Only pretty good. He has not shown much zeal or earnestness in his studies
Attention	Calls for improvement

1. The orthography of the Xhosa language was in certain respects unstable in the early years of Mqhayi's literary career, when his surname appeared on the title page of his books as Mqayi or Mqàyi; after the spelling revision that became operative in 1937, he spelt his surname Mqhayi. Bibliographical references in this volume retain the spelling of his surname as it appears on the title pages, although he will be referred to throughout as Mqhayi.

Progress	Fair. He would do better if he would take his studies more seriously
Moral Conduct	Beyond carelessness and inattention he has given no particular cause for complaint

There was some slight improvement in the following year. For the First Session:

Natural Ability	Rather good, but he does not seem to use his powers to their full extent.
Diligence Attention	Fairly good. He does not always do his best however
Progress	Satisfactory
Moral Conduct	Good, as a rule

And for the Second Session of 1895:

> He has done fairly well this Session and might do still better. He shows little settled determination about his studies though his work as a rule is well prepared.[2]

For his part Mqhayi had no high opinion of the quality of education he received at Lovedale: after leaving school in 1897 he taught briefly in East London before returning to the rural Centane district, where he apologised on arrival, "*ndazilandulela apo ukuba andifumananga nto e Dikeni*" (for acquiring nothing at all at Lovedale).[3]

There might well have been cause for his teachers' pallid assessments of Mqhayi's abilities in 1894: earlier in that year Mqhayi's thoughts were inclined more towards the traditional customs of his own people than towards the Christian education offered by his missionary teachers, a principled preoccupation that could quite easily have resulted in his expulsion from Lovedale. In the face of strenuous opposition from his teachers, he absented himself from school and entered an initiation

2. Cory Library for Historical Research MS 16,291(c).
3. Mqhayi (2009: 116–17).

lodge. In March 1894 he was circumcised in the company of his friends in accordance with Xhosa practice. As he later explained,

> *Lo msebenzi ke ndizakungena kuwo, ndiya wazi ukuchaseka kwawo kubafundisi, koko se ndixolele noko kugxothwa, kunokuba ndingabi yiyo le nto ndinga ndingaba yiyo. Ndaye ndinezizathu ngayo loo nto. Engqondweni yam ndedwa, ndandiqonda ukuba ndiya kuba ngumsebenzi kweli lizwe lakowethu lasemaXhoseni—umsebenzi kwizinto zeliZwi; kwezentlalo yasemakhaya; kwezombuso; nakwezemfundo. Kwaamhlophe kum ukuba andiyi kwenza nanye yezi zinto iphumelele, ndingabanga yindoda nje ngabo.*[4]
>
> I know how much the ministers are opposed to this act I am preparing to engage in, but still I am content to be expelled, rather than not being able to be what I would wish to be. I had my reasons for this. To my own way of thinking, I believed I was going to serve this land of ours of the Xhosa people – serve the cause of the Word, local custom, governance and education. It was clear to me that I could not perform these public roles if I were not a man as they were.

In the event, Mqhayi was readmitted to Lovedale, although he was given a torrid time by the ministers, and especially by John Knox Bokwe. Shortly thereafter, Mqhayi attended a revival meeting, professed his Christian faith and was baptised by Pambani Jeremiah Mzimba. His subsequent career established him as the pre-eminent figure in the history of Xhosa literature and in his day one of the outstanding figures in the black community at large.

Mqhayi was a child of conflict and war. The final frontier war between the British and the Xhosa, the War of Ngcayechibi, broke out in 1877, two years after his birth in December 1875. The earliest poems contained in the present volume were written in the context of the Boer War (1899–1902), some of his finest poems refer to the First World War, and the concluding poems in this collection were published during the Second World War, towards the end of which Mqhayi died in July

4. Mqhayi (1939: 62).

1945. Apart from these open conflicts, Mqhayi was involved in, and responded poetically to, the internal political conflicts between black and white in South Africa, the loss of territory, title deeds and the vote, and the ever-constricting vice-like grip of white control over black lives. His loyalty to Britain might have been challenged in the course of the 40 years covered by this volume, but his Christian faith and his profound commitment to the Xhosa nation – and to all black people in South Africa – never wavered: he occasionally signed the preface to his books "*Owenu enkonzweni yesiZwe*" (Yours in the service of the nation).

Mqhayi began his literary career with poetic contributions to the secular newspaper *Izwi labantu* (The Voice of the People), which commenced publication in East London in 1897, and which served as the mouthpiece of the South African Native Congress (SANC). His poems initially appeared under a pseudonym, common practice throughout the history of Xhosa journalism: at first he wrote as *Imbongi yakwaGompo* (The East London poet), but some time prior to 1914 Cleopas Kunene, the Xhosa editor of the Johannesburg newspaper *Abantu-Batho* (People), the organ of the South African Native National Congress (SANNC), remarked that Mqhayi's concerns were not confined to one locality. He was not the poet of East London alone, but the poet of the entire nation:

> *Kuthe kuuphi, ndazuza elinye igama lenkonzo yoɓuzwe. Eli ke igama ndalinikwa yindoda endingazanga ndiyiɓone, umfo wasezintlangeni kwaZulu. Le ndoda yayingumHleli wephepha elithile eRautini; igama lalo ɓe kuthiwa "Abantu." Ndilibalele elo phepha iziɓongo zokuphela komnyaka; phezulu ndibale "ImBongi yakwaGompo." 'Suke iphepha liphume lisithi, "YimBongi yakwaGompo neyesiZwe jikelele." Itʃho yabala indoda leyo isithi, "Akunakho ukuɓa saɓa yimBongi yendawo enye; siɓone thina ukuɓa zonke izizwe uzifikelele."*[5]

In the course of time I acquired another name for my service to nationhood. This name was given to me by a man I had never seen, a fellow from the people of KwaZulu. This man was the

5. Mqhayi (1939: 71–2).

> Editor of a certain Johannesburg newspaper by the name of *Abantu*. I wrote some poems for that paper on the end of the year; at the top I wrote "The Poet of East London." When the paper appeared it said "The Poet of East London and the whole nation." That man wrote, "You cannot be a poet limited to one place; we have noted that you reach out to all peoples."

Thereafter Mqhayi adopted *Imbongi yesizwe jikelele* (The poet of the entire nation) as an alternative pseudonym, a name by which he is still popularly recognised.

Perhaps the most substantial way in which Mqhayi served, and continues to serve, the nation was through his writing – despite the neglect of and textual meddling with his books. He was the author of numerous volumes of poetry, fiction and non-fiction, biography, autobiography and translation, and in the annals of Xhosa literature his contributions to Xhosa-language newspapers is unparalleled in breadth, scope and volume. In addition to his publications, Mqhayi was also the most prominent *imbongi* of his day, an oral poet who declaimed his impromptu poetry on occasions of significance to his people. Mqhayi exploited a variety of media, extending the range and influence of the *imbongi* beyond the audiences present at his performances. In 1932 he released six 78 rpm shellac recordings of his poetry.[6] Those invaluable recordings aside, his eloquent voice as an *imbongi* is now irrecoverable. Many of his major publications are still obtainable but, although some of his contributions to newspapers were subsequently included in his published books, the vast majority of his journalism remains uncollected and difficult of access, and a number of his manuscripts have been lost.[7]

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6. See Opland (1977).
7. The current recovery of his now obscure writings began with Mqhayi (2009); the present volume continues that process, and further volumes by Mqhayi intended for inclusion in the present series of publications are planned or in production. A polemic by Mqhayi on circumcision (*ulwaluko*) and his biographies of Elijah Makiwane and W.B. Rubusana were rejected for publication by the Lovedale Press, and the manuscripts are now lost: see Opland (1998: 269–70) and Peires (1979). On a lost manuscript of Xhosa history, see Mqhayi (2009: 16–18). Three manuscripts, "*Izi-Jungqe*, Book I", "*Ezinye izi-Jungqe*" and "*Izi-Zatu zama-Gama nezi-Ganeko zasema-Xoseni*", sent by Mqhayi to W.G. Bennie in 1931, are also now lost: see Cory MS 16,339 (j) (5).

As an *imbongi*, Mqhayi often produced poetry on important public occasions, at the annual commemorations celebrating the prophet Ntsikana, for example, or during the visit of the Prince of Wales to South Africa in 1925. He was also accustomed to submit to newspapers reflections on a past year in December or January, or Christmas poems that might include allusions to past events or current aspirations. In this book we have assembled a chronological sequence of Mqhayi's occasional poems, poems celebrating significant events in the calendar or events of national or international importance. They constitute *Iziganeko zesizwe*, a chronicle of the nation, between 1900 and 1943, responses to events as seen from the perspective of the greatest Xhosa poet, yet to be acknowledged as one of the greatest poets South Africa has ever produced. Wars feature prominently in these occasional poems – the Boer War, the First World War, the invasion of Abyssinia, the Second World War – as do political deputations to England, visits from British princes and the death of British kings, the appearance of comets and ministers of state. Running through these poems is a proud and fierce determination to maintain an identity rooted in custom and history, despite territorial dispossession and the steady erosion of human rights in a country that rendered its black citizens increasingly alienated and marginalised. The heroes of these poems are not nineteenth-century warriors in battledress engaged in physical combat, but twentieth-century political activists, idealists and intellectuals committed to the struggle for liberty from oppression and exploitation, with the potential to inspire future generations to espouse their cause and persist in their struggle. Throughout these years that cause often experienced setbacks or suffered tragedy, but Mqhayi remained constant in offering praise and encouragement to his people, in celebrating their achievements, in expressing Christian consolation and faith in a future free of foreign control and the victimisation of South Africa's black population.

The young Mqhayi's determination to undergo traditional initiation into manhood despite the opposition of his Christian teachers displays his commitment to an alternative response to the colonial incursion: he rejected the options of both militant confrontation and the wholesale adoption of European values, as the early missionaries demanded. Mqhayi's active acceptance of the white Christian code did not compromise his black identity; he assimilated and absorbed progressive

white cultural innovations into a black world view, becoming a Christian apologist and remaining an African nationalist. Mqhayi came of age in a generation that had laid aside the military response to white settlement and annexation of their land, and that was busy formulating resistance and independence on their own terms through political, educational and religious channels. Mqhayi will accept Christianity only on condition that it does not serve to erode his identity as a Xhosa and as an African; he will question European values, adopting them, absorbing and assimilating them into a perspective that remains, defiantly, assertively, proudly African. In a poem published in 1909, he asks:

Ananin' akupum' amadodana
Akangel' ukuhamba kwe Lizwi
Ukuhamba kwe Lizwi ezikolweni
Alihluze alihlube amahluba
Kub' int' ingeniswe zizizwe zasemzini?
Alilungise ngokwendlel' asekaya.

Why can't the young men go forth
to watch the Word's progress,
the Word's progress in schools,
to refine it and strip off the husk,
introduced to our nations by strangers,
adapt it in keeping with our traditions? (item 14)

Mqhayi embraced the Christian God, but identified him with Qamata, the pre-Christian God of the Xhosa people. In 1927 he wrote:

Nonyaka masibe no Tixo,
Esasinaye kwasemanyangeni;
Simnqule ngesiko lakowetu
Lembeko, lotando, nentlonelo.

This year may we have our God,
whom we had in olden days;
let's worship him in our fashion,
with respect, love and reverence. (item 30)

Explicitly, "*u Krestu masizifumanele, akanqabanga kuti kuba ngu Lowo kwafikwa obawo benqula Yena kakade*" (Let us find Christ for ourselves. He is not inaccessible to us, because he is the One our forefathers were already invoking long ago when the whites arrived – the very same, item 32). The Christian God was introduced by missionaries bearing customs and traditions of their own: Mqhayi urged acceptance of this God, but not necessarily of the missionary codes that initiated so deep a rift within Xhosa society:

> *Nditsho futi ukuti u Krestu akakashunyayelwa kuti njengesizwe,—into esashunyayelweyo zizitete, namasiko, nenkolo yasema Ngesini,—u Krestu yena, hayi. Site ke ngenxa yalomasikosiko abo, sabamba wona, kuba esiza nabantu abate kuti bazisa u Krestu,—kulapo ke esikufumene kona ukufa kwetu.*
>
> I always say that Christ has not yet been preached to us as a nation. What has been preached so far are the traditions, customs and beliefs of the English – and not a word about Christ. Because these customs were different, we seized them, since they were brought by people who repeatedly asserted they were bringing Christ – that was the death of us. (item 32)

This policy of assimilation, acceptance of those white innovations beneficial to the Xhosa way of life without compromising Xhosa values, without the wholesale rejection of Xhosa custom demanded of converts by the missionaries – baptism but also initiation – was a philosophy advocated a century earlier by the revered prophet Ntsikana son of Gabha, who died in 1821. Mqhayi maintained a lifelong reverence for Ntsikana, serving for many years as secretary of the committee that organised the annual Ntsikana Day commemorations, declaiming poems at the celebrations, and honouring Ntsikana in his publications: in the poems that follow, he occasionally quotes lines from Ntsikana's Great Hymn, as in items 8, 16 and 17, for example, or quotes Ntsikana's sayings, as in item 10. The Great Hymn was one of four hymns composed by Ntsikana and sung at services he conducted for his followers; these hymns and many of his sayings circulated and continue to circulate in oral tradition. The Great Hymn itself is a prime

example of Ntsikana's guiding philosophy: it is a Xhosa praise poem (*izibongo*) to Jesus and God the Creator, accommodating Jesus within a typical Xhosa literary form, absorbing him into Xhosa tradition rather than setting aside Xhosa traditions in adopting the foreign creed. Jesus is colonised, Africanised. He wears a skin cloak: "*Ulengub' inkul' esiyambata tina*" (He whose great robe we swathe ourselves in). He is a hunter hunting souls: "*Ulonqin' izingela imipefumlo*". He is depicted in terms of Xhosa battle tactics:

Ulo Tixo omkulu, ngosezulwini;
Ungu Wena-wena Kaka lenyaniso.
Ungu Wena-wena Nqaba yenyaniso.
Ungu Wena-wena Hlati lenyaniso.[8]

He's the great God, who is in heaven.
You are the one who's the shield of truth,
you are the one who's the fortress of truth,
you are the one who's the forest of truth.

The style is characteristic of *izibongo*, with its bewildering switch from a third person mode of address in the first line to the second person in the three succeeding lines. It is a sinuous poetry, almost a Celtic interlace, snaking over itself in an intricate web of contrasts and repetitions, peopled with beasts and ghouls in the foliage.

Characteristic of *izibongo*, too, is the prevalence of names, a marked feature of the poems in this collection. People are identified in terms of their lineage, their clan, their chiefs; nations are identified in terms of the names of the favourite oxen of their chiefs. Chiefs are known by their praise names (*izikhahlelo*), and the poet coins praise names for white dignitaries: Redvers Buller, for example, is Ntsendozimdaka (Grubby Flanks), GolozeluTukela (Patient Watcher at the Tugela) or Bhodlangongadluma (Howitzer Belcher, item 4), the Prince of Wales is Mzimbuyaquma (Steaming Body, item 27) or Zweliyazuza (Land In Labour, item 28). God, of course, is celebrated in a whole litany

8. Bokwe (1914: 26).

of creative praise names, Kawulezisamaxesha (Quickens The Times, item 1), Duma barwaqele (Roar And They Flinch, item 16), Makanda-Matatu (Three Heads, item 9), and so on. People can be referred to by praise names or clan names; they can also be referred to in patronymics, as the son of So-and-So. Before the advent of surnames introduced by colonial administrators, missionaries and educators, individuals were referred to as the son of their father, as Soga kaJotelo, for example, or simply Soga Jotelo (Soga son of Jotelo). The name of a father or paternal ancestor was usually taken as a surname, when necessity demanded. Hence Soga's son Tiyo was known in European circles as Tiyo Soga, according to Xhosa practice, but his sons and descendants from his time on maintained Soga as their surname. Mqhayi frequently retains patronymics in his poems when referring to his contemporaries, even when the surname has become established, as it is with Europeans. Thus, in item 36, for example, we have:

Wavel' oka Mji watyand' umteto,
Wongez oka Koti benoka Sigila;
Langcangc' itol' lo Songcangcashe,
Wavungam'oka Maci pezu komtonyama;
Zay' into zakwa Jili zibambe ngempondo
Lavutuz' ib'aku lama Bongwe,
Lalata pantsi lalat' ezulwini.

Then Mji's son laid down the law,
the sons of Koti and Sigila chipped in,
the Ngcangcashe clansman's son looked on,
Maci's son growled invoking tradition,
Jili's sons grabbed the bull by the horns,
the Bongwe spaniel switched about,
rampaging like a hurricane.

In the same poem we have white individuals named as "*into ka Ode*" (son of Ord) and "*into ka Jansen*" (son of Jansen). This practice lends clumsiness to the translation, but we have retained the locution rather than resorting to the surname alone. Mqhayi's texts are filled with names. As far as possible, we have added notes identifying these names;

where we could not link a name to a person, we have simply left the name unannotated.

Names, often as metaphors, tend to constitute the nodes of lines, which take the form of a name qualified by a phrase; the name can be extended still further into a succession of lines, forming a stanza.[9] Xhosa praise poems consist in essence of a succession of such lines and stanzas, forming discrete units, and these units are not necessarily connected, resulting in limited coherence in the poetry. The topical shifts within a poem can be bewildering, just as bewildering as the poetry's obscurities. The full implication of the praise names, alternative names and metaphors for people are perhaps lost to us now, although they might have been familiar to contemporary audiences. That is in the nature of things, when we are dealing with texts rooted in circumstances confronting the poet. But the *imbongi* also traffics deliberately in obscurities.[10] He deploys irony, understatement, sarcasm, exaggeration or caricature to a degree that demands sensitivity to his tone. References to events are inherently obscure in that *izibongo* are not narrative: the praises are compact and elliptical, they allude to events rather than explicitly narrating them. This source of obscurity can affect the translation. For example, Mqhayi writes of Edward VIII on his accession, "*Watet' ityal' elikul' e Diyala*" (item 50), which we originally translated as "He tried a grave case in De Aar". The literal meaning of the words was clear, but the reference to De Aar, a small town in the Karoo, was quite obscure to us. None of those journalists travelling in the king's party when he visited South Africa as the Prince of Wales in 1925 and who subsequently published books mentions anything of significance about De Aar. But the incident was certainly significant to the Xhosa people: their king had been insulted! When the prince was formally introduced to a South African chief, he presented him with a silver-mounted cane inscribed with the chief's name. In Mthatha, however, it was discovered that no presentation cane had been prepared for Mpisekhaya, known as Ngangomhlaba, the Gcaleka leader and therefore the king of all the Xhosa people. Arrangements were hastily made to compensate for the gaffe: the slighted king met

9. On the structure of *izibongo*, see Opland (1998: chapter 4).
10. See Opland and McAllister (2010).

the prince's train in De Aar, where he received his cane.[11] Tracking down that obscure reference led us to alter the translation to "He dealt with a delicate case in De Aar"[12] and access to the reference in that line led to an understanding of the previous line, alluding to a white wagon negotiating a steep descent: the prince would have been travelling in the White Train, reserved for ranking dignitaries.

Apart from the inherent obscurity of the poetry, another problem complicates translation. Most of the texts are drawn from newspapers, and those newspapers are now increasingly delicate and inaccessible. The runs of newspapers such as *Izwi labantu* and *Abantu-Batho* in archival holdings are incomplete: researchers are often dependent on microfilm or online scans in which the pages are at times fragmented, folded or simply illegible.[13] For example, we considered excluding item 10 because we were unable to recover large parts of the poem, the result of crumbling of the right-hand edge of the page, but decided to include it on the grounds that it cast light on other poems in the collection dealing with Mqhayi's loyalty to Britain, and that some sense could be made of it; and we included the fragmentary text in item 5 even though the left-hand column is now illegible and about half the poem is lost. In his autobiography, as we have seen, Mqhayi refers to poems he submitted to *Abantu-Batho* "on the end of the year" (*izibongo zokuphela komnyaka*); we would dearly wish to have included those poems in this volume, but the issue of the newspaper Mqhayi refers to is missing. Where we cannot actually see letters in scans of newspapers, but can suggest a reconstruction, we have placed the missing letters in square brackets, which unfortunately renders a poem such as item 37 somewhat unsightly on the edited page. Where we cannot hazard a reconstruction, we have placed an ellipsis in square brackets.

In our treatment of the Xhosa texts, we have adopted the principles that guide the production of diplomatic editions. In the main, Xhosa books have always been directed at educational audiences, whether in

11. Brownlee (1925). See Mtuze (1976: 60–1) for a poetic account of the incident, and Yali-Manisi (1952: 39–41) for another poem on Ngangomhlaba.
12. See item 50, note 2.
13. For a valiant attempt to reconstruct the history of *Abantu-Batho*, see Limb (2012).

school or university: there is very little commercial profit to be found in Xhosa books directed at the general reader. As a consequence, Xhosa books have always been bowdlerised, standardised in grammar and normalised in spelling. This practice eliminates the linguistic data evidenced in the texts as originally published in newspapers, which were rather colloquial and directed at an adult audience, data relevant to an understanding of grammar (concords are often less regular than in standardised language, for example) and orthography (which underwent radical alteration in 1937 and 1955).[14] Editors have freely exercised the right to alter Xhosa texts in preparing them for publication, and authors may have done so themselves. Much of the lampooning of the Prince of Wales in the original publication of item 27, for example, was eliminated or toned down in the version subsequently published in Mqhayi's *Inzuzo* (1942). Education officials have on occasion demanded alterations prior to prescription. For example, H.W. Pahl, as chairman of the Xhosa Language Committee, wrote to the Witwatersrand University Press in 1957 requesting the excision of six lines from Mqhayi's poem "*Imibutho yakwaBulayi*" and three lines from "*Ukukatshwa kweSuthu eKholeji*" in *Inzuzo*; the lines are missing from subsequent editions. The policy of this series is to accord greater respect to Xhosa authors and their writings. Accordingly, we reprint the texts as originally published: we do not alter grammar or ameliorate personal criticism. It was, after all, one of the *imbongi*'s privileges to criticise with impunity individuals, even those in high authority. Where we feel there is a typogaphical error in the original, we alter the text, recording the original reading in a footnote, enabling our editorial emendations to be questioned.

Some of the poems in this collection, item 6 for example, make for demanding reading. As John Solilo wrote in the Introduction to his pioneering anthology of poetry, *Izala* (A rubbish heap, 1925), "*Abanolwazi lwemiteto yoluhlobo ngesi. Ngesi baya kukolisa ukuxakama bangayifumani kuyo into abayaziyo naba yiqelileyo*"

14. No newspaper adopted the unpopular revison of 1937: see Opland (1998: 282–300) for an account of orthographies and education departments and the adverse impact they had on the development of Xhosa literature.

(Those familiar with English conventions might be puzzled, unable to find what they know or what they are used to).[15] Nonetheless, there is no doubting the power and the passion of Mqhayi's poems. Taken as a whole, they express Mqhayi's religious devotion as well as his blazing anger at the treatment his people suffered at the hands of an increasingly hostile government. He offers his community encouragement at every turn, even when disaster strikes or their efforts are frustrated. He is ever ready to provide solace and sympathy, to find reason for praise in the midst of setbacks. Mqhayi's poetry expresses an indomitable hope in a future free of discrimination: "*itemb' endinalo yintyunkula*" (my hope is an unplumbed pool, item 25). He fervently anticipates Africa's return:

Siti sonke: "Mayibuye,
Mayibuye i Afrika!"

Mayibuy'ingatingazi,
Sitsho tina baniniyo;
Makupume namakonxwa,
Makujike nama hule;
Inteto yetu ibuye,
Amasiko nezitete:
Impilo nolomelelo
Zonk'indyebo ngokunjalo.
Kumke konk'okwasemzini,—
Kuze konk'okwasekaya.

All of us are saying, "May it return,
Let Africa return!"

Let her return without delay,
we her possessors say so;
let prisoners be freed,
let prostitutes reform;

15. Solilo (2016: 42–3).

restore our language,
our ways and customs:
our health and our strength,
and all our wealth.
Let all things foreign depart,
and all that is ours return. (item 23)

Glossary of Xhosa words

amasi	Fermented milk, drunk as a ritual to bond man and wife.
ichanti	A multi-coloured river snake whose colouring varies constantly. It is a shape-changer with bulging, hypnotic eyes.
imbongi	The poet of a chiefdom, who produces his panegyric poetry in performance, praising or criticising his subject or commenting on current affairs.
impundulu	This red-legged bird causes lightning through various actions; by flapping its wings it causes thunder. Women are said to keep the bird as a malevolent familiar.
inabulele	According to Kropf, "A huge antelope referred to in the *intsomi* [folktales], with a skin large enough to provide karosses for twenty men."[1]
isikhahlelo	The name given to a chief or dignitary, by which he is saluted in the form *A! Zweliyazuza!* (Hail, Land In Labour!) or *A! Jongintaba!* (Hail, Watch The Mountain!).
izibongo	Poetry, such as – but not exclusively so – that produced by an *imbongi*.
iziluthu	Baskets in which witches fly.
ubuntu	The essential quality of being human, which implies living in social harmony.

1. Kropf (1915: 242).

uHili	Also known as *uThikoloshe*, this stunted, muscular creature inhabits riverside reeds but also associates mischievously with humans. It is used as a malevolent agent of witchraft by women.
uMakanda-mahlanu	Five Heads, a royal monster who, in a folktale, becomes human through the devotion of his wife.[2]
uMamlambo	The offspring of *ichanti*, a treacherous river snake that feeds on the blood of animals. It is kept as a familiar by men for various purposes.
umdudo	A ceremonial dance, always held outdoors in the daytime.[3]
umqukumbelo, umtabata, umyeyezelo	Dances. The last of these is a dance accompanied by ululations perfomed by married women at male and female initiation celebrations.
uThikoloshe	See *uHili*.
Great House, Right Hand House, Xhiba House	A Cape Nguni chief could marry any number of wives, who were ranked. The heir to the chiefdom was generally drawn from the Great House, which was senior to the Right Hand House. Both of these had a supporting house, *iqadi* (a rafter). The son of a fifth House, the Xhiba House, would not normally succeed to the chieftainship, but represented the grandfather and would serve as advisor to the chief.
Great Place	The principal residence of a chief, *ikomkhulu*, the seat of government.

2. See Theal (1886: 48–55).
3. For a description, see Theal (1886: 211–12).

Prologue

1

"U Kawulezis' Amaxesha"

U Kawulezis' amaxesha ligama lalo "Vilikazi" inkulu kunene, ndayibonayo,—ijikelezisa i Zulu no Mhlaba no Lwandle, nento zonke ezikwezonto; igoba, igunxula, ipakamisa izikumkani, nentlanga, nabantu, nenteto, nelwimi. Endiyiyaleza kakulu ngalemihla yokungena komnyaka ndisiti, kufanelekile ukuba ijongwe kuba isimo sezinto sitambe kile,—Ngako oko:—

"Vukani kusile, Magwalandini!"
"Vukani kusile, Magwalandini!!"
"Yabinz' inkwenkwezi isixelela,— "
"Latet' ixilongo lisibizela."
"Sibe kuninik' ubukumkani"
    Nabushunqula"
"Sibe kuninik' inteto,
    Nayishunqula"
"Sibe kuninik' umhlaba"
    Nawushunqula"
"Sibe kuninik' imfundo"
    Nayishunqula"
"Sininike ntonin' ezweni apa?"
"Sininike ntonin' emhlabeni apa?"
"Aninike ntonina u Tixo nonyaka nje?"
"Kub' iyegqit' i Vili Yake yamaxesha"
"U Kaulezis-amaxesh' i Gama layo!"
"Azi bantu banin' aba banj' inkani zabo?"
"Azi bantu banin' aba banj' ipike labo?"

"Quickens The Times" (1924)

Quickens The Times is the name of that "great wheel" I once saw, truly massive – it spins the Heavens and the Earth and the Sea, and all therein; it bends, subdues, and elevates kingdoms, nations, people, tongues and languages. I commend it most strongly in these days of the new year's entry, saying, people should take note that the state of affairs is askew – hence I say: –

Wake up, dawn's breaking, you cowards!
Wake up, dawn's breaking, you cowards!
The shooting star informed us,
the sound of the trumpet summoned us.
We gave you the kingdom,
    you smashed it;
we gave you language,
    you smashed it;
we gave you land,
    you smashed it;
we gave you schooling,
    you smashed it.
What should we give you here in this land?
What should we give you here on this earth?
What should God give you this year?
For his Wheel of Time plunges ahead.
Quickens The Times is his Name!
What kind of people are these so stubborn?
What kind of people are these so contentious?

"Ndiyakuhlala[1] ndinani pina ndingumntu nje?"
"Ndingumntu nj' int' ehlal' ihlal' ihambele!"
"Ndingumntu nj' int' ehlal' ihlal ifuduke!"
Ndingumntu nj' int' ehlal' ihlal' igoduke!!!
Ncincilili!!!

1. *Ndiyakuhla.*

How long will I stay with you as a human?
As a human I'm one to come calling!
As a human I'm one to move on!
As a human I'm one inclined to head home.
Here I end!!![1]

1. While the editors have retained the spelling and punctuation of the Xhosa texts, they have felt free to diverge from the Xhosa punctuation in the translations.

Ukufa nokuthwasa komnyaka

The death and dawn of a year

2

Imibuliso yo nyak' omtsha

Kwizihlobo zonke ndiyabulisa,
Kumaziko onke ndiyabulisa,
Nditi Nyak' omtsha Kresimesi Bókisi.
Ayalw' ama Bhulu kunye nama Ngesi,
Nyak' omtsha Kresimesi Bókisi.
Qala kubanini bepep' elibomvu,
Happy New Year, Kresimes' Bókisi.

Uti nditi kwaqal' ukulunga
Ndibuliseleni kumzi wakwa Hintsa,
Kuma Zandi nakwi Tsonyana.
Ndibuliseleni kulo Mbómbó,
Kulomzi mninz' untabalala.
Ndibuliseleni e Mngcangatelweni,
Ku-Ngonyama naku-Tyelinzima,

New Year's greetings (1900)

I offer my greetings to all my friends,
I offer my greetings to every hearth,
I say Happy New Year, Christmas Box.
The Boers are at war with the English,[1]
Happy New Year, Christmas Box.
Start with those holding the bloodied paper.
Happy New Year, Christmas Box.

Say I say things begin to improve.
Give my regards to Hintsa's homestead,
to the Zandi and the Tsonyana.[2]
Give my regards to the Mbombo,
in the land dotted with homesteads.[3]
Give my regards to the Ngcangathelo,
to Ngonyama and Tyelinzima,[4]

---

1. The war was fought from October 1899 to April 1902 between Britain and the Boer republics of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State.
2. Hintsa (1789–1835) son of Khawutha was head of the senior Gcaleka branch of the Xhosa nation.
3. Mbombo was the favourite ox of Ngqika (1779–1829), head of the Right Hand branch of the Xhosa nation, a nation known, after his grandfather, as the Rharhabe. The Rharhabe nation could also be referred to as the Mbombo, after Ngqika's ox. Rharhabe's eldest son Mlawu predeceased him so, on Rharhabe's death, Rharhabe's minor son Ngqika succeeded to the chieftainship.
4. The Ngcangathelo were the people of Tyhali (c. 1800–1842), named after Mlawu's favourite ox. Tyhali was the son of Ngqika and Nonibe in the Xhiba House, and therefore Mlawu's grandson. Ngonyama (1832–1907, also known as Oba) was the son of Tyhali in the junior Right Hand House.

Niti nditi linjanin' ilizwe?
Bulisani kokwetu kulo-Jingqi,
Ku-Tini naku-Ndab' emfene.
Ndibuliseleni kulo-Gaxa,
Kwicib'elibizayo lakulo-Tikazi.
Ndibuliseleni ku Tomsan'[1] imantyi yakwa Ngqika,
Nakowetu kwi lali ka-Nzanzana;
Nakulo Ma kwela-Ntsángani Tyála;
Nakulo Makúlu kweka-Réve;
Nase Gqunqe komkúlu kwa-Kona.
Ndibamb' isandla kuwe Mamba no Pámla,
Kanindiyele ku Aliv' itshawe,
Niti nang' umrajan' ubulisa Dalindyebo.
Ndibuliseleni kwi Ngqungqutela yomz' ontsundu;
Nit' uke weva na ndipupe ipupa,
Ndipup' intomb' ezimbini zindenzisa;
Enkulu yintsundukaz' emikáka,
Enci ngamanz' endonga emhlantla ngati litye lakwa Gompo.

1. Mr. Newton O. Thompson (Rubusana's note; see the list of sources on page 470).

say I say how's the country?
Greet my Jingqi relatives,
Tini and Ndabemfene.[5]
Give my regards to the Gaxa,
to the attractive pool of Tikazi's home.[6]
Give my regards to Thompson, the Ngqika magistrate,
and my people in Nzanzana's district;[7]
and Makwela-Ntsangani-Tyala's homestead;
and my grandma's home in Reve's village;
and in Gqunqe, Kona's great place.[8]
I clasp hands with you, Mamba and Pamla,
please represent me to the Tshawe Oliver
and say here's a tattered blanket greeting you, Dalindyebo.[9]
Give my regards to the Native Congress,
say have they heard I had a dream?
I dreamt of two girls contesting my love;
the elder a dark lass with muscular chest,
the younger a sparkling beauty, gap-toothed like Gompo.[10]

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5. The people of Maqoma (1798–1873), son of Ngqika and Nothonto in the Right Hand House, were known as the Jingqi, after Maqoma's favourite ox. Tini was Maqoma's son in the Great House. Ndademfene was the son of Ndesi son of Maqoma.
6. The Gaxa are the people of Ndlambe (c.1740–1828), eldest son of Rharhabe in the Right Hand House, who acted as regent in his nephew Ngqika's minority.
7. Newton Ogilvie Thompson (1864–1933) was a magistrate at Centane. Nzanzana was a headman in the Centane district, the son of Mqhayi, the poet's great-grandfather. The poet lived in Nzanzana's ward in Centane.
8. Kona was the son of Maqoma in the Right Hand House.
9. Enoch Mamba (1861–1916) was a prominent headman in Idutywa and active member of the South African Native Congress (SANC) and South African Native National Congress (SANNC): see Beinart and Bundy (1987: 78–105). The SANC, formed in 1891, was a forerunner of the SANNC, later the African National Congress (ANC): see Odendaal (2012: 139–44). Charles Pamla (1834–1917) was a Wesleyan minister: see Balia (1992). Dalindyebo was the son of Ngangelizwe and Novili (daughter of Sarhili) in the Thembu royal line; his English name was Oliver. For his *izibongo*, see Rubusana (1911: 295–7).
10. Gompo is Cove Rock on the coast south of East London, which has a cavity in which the waves boom and resound, lending it the onomatopoeic name "Gompo".

Amagama ngu "Nomvo" no "Nozwi."
Ndite ndenza kuni nobabini,
Zite notshe, soya kwabamhlope.
Zekwitshi zandishiya ndiyoba,
Zasinga koka Wiri e-B'isho,
Waxakw' um-Skotshi kwanje ngam;
Kodwa ngelikad' upendule,
"Ndenza ke ku-Nomvo ngentsobi ku-Nozwi."
Zakûpana njalo, pòf' enkul' isarora.
Kautsho Mqondisi-mteto! Sazi wen' e-Qonce!
"Ndenza ku-Nozwi ngalinye." Watsh' u-Inis' engantseli.
"Wena Nomv' unje ngekàla, umhle kok' urara."
Enkul' ite gxada ngaku Malkomese,
Yabuya ngokubhenel' emzini;
Chiti ndavuka, yo lipupa!
Ndibamb' isandla Mhlambiso no Mabandla,
Ndibamb' isandla Bikitsha no Makòhliso,
Bòta Tyòlo[2] nawe Makwekwete.

2. Mr. Matyòlo (Rubusana's note).

Their names are "Nomvo" and "Nozwi".[11]
I said I favoured them both.
"Never," they said, "we'll appeal to the whites."
Off they sped, leaving me tottering.
They went to Weir in Bhisho,[12]
the Scotsman was just as baffled as I was,
but in the end he responded.
"I choose Nomvo, though much the same as Nozwi."
They ousted each other, but the elder still whined.
"Speak, lawyer, we know no one else in King!"[13]
"In fact I chose Nozwi," said Innes frankly.[14]
"You're like an aloe, Nomvo, pretty but bitter."
The elder quickly called on Malcomess,[15]
and returned with a public appeal.
I suddenly woke. It was only a dream!
I clasp hands with Mhlambiso and Mabandla,
I clasp hands with Bikitsha and Makohliso,
greetings, Matyolo, and you, Makwekwete.[16]

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11. Two rival Xhosa-language newspapers, *Imvo zabantsundu* (Black Opinion) and *Izwi labantu* (The Voice of the People), came into being in the Eastern Cape towards the end of the nineteenth century: *Imvo* was first published in King William's Town in 1884, and *Izwi* appeared in East London in 1897. John Tengo Jabavu edited *Imvo*; Allan Kirkland Soga was the principal editor of *Izwi*. The forms *Nomvo* and *Nozwi* feminise the two newspapers.
12. James Wilson Weir (1842–1909) offered financial support for the establishment of *Imvo*.
13. King William's Town, where Weir lived.
14. Richard Rose Innes (1856–1944), a King William's Town lawyer, with James Weir "entered into a joint guarantee for Jabavu at a local bank" to facilitate the publication of *Imvo* (Odendaal 2012: 104).
15. Hermann Wilhelm Malcomess (1848–1921), a prominent East London businessman with Boer clients and sympathies.
16. Although the Mfengu were "under-represented in the organisational structure and among the office-bearers" in the early years of the SANC, the Mfengu chief Ebenezer Mhlambiso of the Amathole Basin was a supporter (Odendaal 2012: 315); Chief Mbovane Mabandla of Middledrift was a "hereditary chief of the Bele Mfengu, a prominent spokesman for decades in eastern Cape affairs" (Odendaal 2012: 41); Veldtman Bikitsha (1829–1912) was a Mfengu leader who supported the British against the Xhosa in the last three frontier wars and earned his commission as captain in 1877; Duncan S. Makohliso; Calvert P. Matyolo was a King William's Town cobbler.

Ndiyabulisa kubahleli be *Mvo Zontsundu,*
Nditi kånitsho "kuxa sipina ke?"
Ndibuliseleni kwi ntombi zase Dikeni.
Kwezifundileyo noti yi "Black Prince,"
Kwezinga fundanga noti yi "Setheru,"
Noti kubuliswa yi "ntsimb' edl' ezinye,"
Zovuma ke ziti siyaduma.
Ndibuliseleni ku Dwashu no Mbėwana,
Nenjenjalo ku Tyekana no Nyikana.
Niti ndobavumel' u "Ndonga ziwelene."
Ndibuliseleni kwi Bůnga lase Glen Grey,
Ngakumbi ku Teka no Mgcodo.
Ndibuliseleni kwi Bůnga lase Transkei,
Ngakumbi kwaba fund' *Izwi Labantu.*
Ndibuliseleni koka Gadudu,[3]
U Gqira wegazi nowompefumlo.
Mpil' ende-ntle *Zwi Labantu,*
Wonk' umzi namhl' utsho ngawe.
Ndenjenjal' ukubulisa,
Kumzi wonke wakowetu! Ncincilili!!

3. Rev. William Girdwood (Rubusana's note).

I greet the *Imvo zontsundu* editors,
I say please tell me, "How far have we come?"
Give my regards to the girls of Alice.
To the learned say "It's the Black Prince,"
to the unschooled say "It's Setheru,"
say "Iron-Eating Iron greets them."
They'll respond and say "We salute you."
Give my regards to Dwashu[17] and Mbewana,
as well as to Tyekana and Nyikana.
Tell them I'll sing for them "*Ndonga ziwelene*".[18]
Give my regards to the Glen Grey Council,
in particular to Teka and Mgcodo.[19]
Give my regards to the Transkei Council,
in particular to readers of *Izwi labantu.*
Give my regards to the son of Girdwood,
doctor of blood and soul.[20]
Long live *Izwi labantu.*
Today that's echoed in every home.
In a similar spirit I greet
my family as a whole! Here I end!!

17. David Dwashu of Zelini was involved in the foundation of the SANC. Chalmers Zazaza Sondishe Mbewana.
18. Literally "The walls have fallen towards each other", i.e. people well suited have fallen in love.
19. Solomon Teka and Benjamin Mgcodo, of Agnes and Zwaartwater respectively, leading spokesmen in the Glen Grey district. The Council was the Transkei General Council, an advisory body established in 1895 for the districts of Butterworth, Idutywa, Nqamakwe and Tsomo, extended to East Griqualand and Tembuland in 1903 as the Transkeian Territories General Council.
20. William Girdwood (1838–1907), a missionary trained in medicine, founded and served in the Fingo Hospital and Dispensary in the Nqamakwe district.

3

Lifile madoda

Asiva ngandaba sibona ngamehlo,
Abantu bayafa kub' izwe lifile.
Latsh' "Izwi" kwanini lat' izwe liyafa,
Bapik' abapiki besiti buxoki.
Wat' umnt' ama Bhul' akasalali ndlwini,
Nomzi e Rautini seuzel' inkanunu.
Wapika wabhena oqel' ukupika,
Kanti nene-nene, "Ilizwe lifile."

Zagqor' ukutet' into zo Tshembaleni,
Ziqekez' amawa into zo Balforo,
Ngelazo ziyal' abase Mabhulwini,
Ngendawo zokuz' ilizwe lingabhubhi.
Nowet' Umhlekazi yena waya ngenqu,

The country's at war, men (1900)

It's not hearsay, we see for ourselves,
people die with the country at war.[1]
Izwi's long said the country's at war.
Disputants dismissed this as nothing but lies.
The Boers, they said, no longer sleep home,
and the country round Joburg is crammed with cannons.
Disputants, as usual, denied this,
yet the country indeed was at war.[2]

Chamberlain's sons hotly contested this,
with Balfour's sons pounding at cliffs,[3]
in so doing thinking to teach the Boers
how to save their land from destruction.
Our own Excellency[4] travelled in person,

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1. The Xhosa expression *izwe lifile*, literally "the country's dead", means that the country is at war.
2. After declaring war on 11 October 1899, the Boer republics besieged Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking and won victories at Stormberg, Magersfontein and Colenso. In the British counter-offensive, the sieges were lifted and the two republics were annexed in 1900. Although that seemed to signal an end to the war, the Boers adopted guerrilla tactics until peace was concluded on 31 May 1902. The fifth line of this poem suggests that it refers to the phase of guerrilla warfare.
3. Joseph Chamberlain (1836–1914) was colonial secretary and Arthur James Balfour (1848–1930) was leader of the Commons in the Unionist government that conducted the war.
4. Alfred Milner (1854–1925), high commissioner for South Africa and governor of the Cape from 1897 to 1899.

Washiya nerola kub' engumxolisi.
Wafana nonqand' iliwa lidilika,
Kuba nanku namhla "Ilizwe lifile."

Bafik' abapez' abavel' e Rautini,
Ndidiba ontsundu ndibala nomhlope;
Kwafik' int' ezingasena milomo,
Zint' eziviweyo nabazibonayo.
Yapangwa imali kwane ngubo zabo,
Yarabax' impato bekungeni kade.
Lakàla ngakumbi i Nges' elikòna,
Layivusa inimba yakuma kowalo.

Aqala aqukwa awakwa Ntsasana,
Efingqi ngakona esahleka pòfu.
Waqal' oka Pauli wacel' umtandazo,
Kumzi wonke wake wase ma Bhulwini.
Nento ka Jabavu yaquk'abafazi,
Itandazel' intsizana zama Bhulu.
Kulemitandazo yonk' asibangako,
Sibona ntonye tina "Izwe lifile."

Waquqa equqa kwa no Rulumente,
Into ka Shaina intlolela yombini;
Nento ka Hofmeya yahamb' e-Pritori,
Ngegqugula lab' elingaziwa bani;
Elingagwetywayo ngeziqamo zalo,
Kuba k' izixhobo zona zatwetwiswa.

and left a peace-keeping mission,
like one who props a collapsing cliff,
because there today: "The country's at war."

Johannesburgers arrived unendingly,
a massive influx of blacks and whites;
people arrived stunned into silence
by what they'd heard and seen,
robbed of their money and blankets.
Conditions proceeded from bad to worse.
The Englishman there complained more bitterly,
arousing concern within his own nation.

The soldiers started assembling,
mustering in high spirits.
Paul's son[5] first called for a prayer
from all his Boer people.
And Jabavu's son summoned the women
to pray for the wretched Boers.[6]
We weren't involved in all those prayers,
seeing this alone: "The country's at war."

The government switched its position,
Schreiner's son[7] playing both sides;
and Hofmeyr's son[8] left Pretoria
after secret discussions known to none
bearing the serious consequence
of having weapons smuggled.

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5. Paul Kruger (1825–1904), president of the Transvaal.
6. As political alliances shifted, Jabavu and *Imvo* found themselves supporting the South African Party and the Afrikaner Bond against the British, who were supported by *Izwi*. For a succinct account of *Imvo*'s fortunes during the war, see Saunders (1997).
7. William Philip Schreiner (1857–1919) served as attorney general of the Cape under Cecil John Rhodes; he became prime minister in 1898, opposing the imperialist faction and the Anglo-Boer War.
8. Jan Hendrik Hofmeyr (1845–1909), president of the Afrikaner Bond.

"Kwanani bo Sawa nixhape igazi,
Kulemityadidi yokufa kwelizwe."

Shu! Hay'int' imbi ukufa kwelizwe,
Life besiteta ngalo Rulumente;
Sisit' akanguye sibek' izizatu.
O Sawa no Soli sasingabafuni,
Nanko ke namhla beye basinikela.
Menemene no Shaina sasinichasile,
Nani makowet' abebatetela.
Pèndulani nitinina namhl' "Izwe lifile."

Yagqojw' i Natala ngama Bhul' amdaka;
Akabi nantloni izwe lixolile.
Abachit' abantu emizini yabo,
Azijac' ingcingo zo Mntan' Omhle wetu,
Izwe lizolile kungek' ubalwayo.
Aqèkez' ibroro nendlela zetreni,
Abulal' abantu atshayel' ilizwe.
Ngezo ziganeko namhl' "Izwe lifile."

Umtyangamp' omkùlu wawela ulwandle.
Kwatetwa ngo Bhula lincencez' igazi,
Wat' efika naye wabona ngamehlo;
Wat' epi wab' epi, sisinxekenxeke.
Sabona ngamehlo nendlebe zisiva,
Ayaw' amagora, izwe selimfusa.

"Sauer,[9] your hands are also smeared with blood
through indifference to the country at war."

Ouch! It's bad for the country to be at war,
dying while we discuss government,
saying it's wrong, advancing reasons.
We didn't want Sauer and Solomon,[10]
they've betrayed us here today.
We stood opposed to Schreiner and Merriman,[11]
as did you, compatriots, who favoured them.
Answer, what do you say now the country's at war?

Natal was humbled by shabby Boers,
undeterred by a country at peace.
They drove the people from their homes,
shredded the fences of our chief
in a land at peace, without provocation.
They blew up bridges and train tracks,
killed, and laid the land waste.
Today those deeds mean the country's at war.

A plaintive whine crossed the ocean
borne by Buller[12] with streaming blood,
he arrived having witnessed this for himself;
he rushed panting from pillar to post.
We saw with our eyes and heard with our ears:
warriors falling, the country blood-sodden.

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9. Jacobus Wilhelmus Sauer (1850–1913), a member of Schreiner's cabinet, opposed the war.
10. Richard Solomon (1850–1913) served as attorney general of the Cape and legal advisor to Lord Kitchener in the Anglo-Boer War, before becoming attorney general of the Transvaal from 1901 to 1902.
11. John Xavier Merriman (1841–1926) opposed British imperialism; he served as treasurer general in Schreiner's cabinet and travelled to London with Sauer in a futile attempt to dissuade the British government from war with the Boer republics.
12. Redvers Henry Buller (1839–1908), initially commander-in-chief of the British forces during the war. He returned to England in November 1900.

Nanamhla nditeta ise ngumtyadidi.
Ilizwe lihleli kodw' "Ilizwe lifile."

Nitinina ngalomhla wase Talana.
Nitinina ngomhla wase Landeslare,
Mhla kwaw' imikutúka macal' omabini,
Mhla bagquzul' igora loka Penn-Simoni?
Nitinina ngalomhla wase Modolo,
Ngalomhla yadal' u Arar' emanzini?
Niti ngalemihla kwakuse mdlalweni?
Yiva ndikutyele "Ilizwe lifile."

Hi, ngomhla wase Stombelere? Ngumbuzo?
Lomhl' u Gadaga weva seyimbóngela.
Wat' et' umis' inkanunu, kant' upezu kweliwa.
Wat' et' uyabhodlisa, suke yaqetuka?
Hi ngomhla wase Graspan? Yayingumdudo?
Yitsho sive ngalomhla wase Colenso.
Yekabanina lontombi yayitómbile?
Mhlob' am yid' undive "Ilizwe lifile."

Camagu zulu camagu nawe mhlaba,
Camagu langa camagu nawe nyanga.
Apo niyenza kona ingxelo yenu,
Nakuyishiyelela lemityadidi.
Hleze siqunjelwe kumzi wase Bótwe,
Hlez' imvul' ingatòtywa ngexesha layo;
Hleze kuz' izibeto zisifise nentsapo,
Hleze kuqunjwe kub' "Ilizwe lifile."

To this point the country's disrupted.
Although it survives, the country's at war.

What do you say of the Talana battle?
What do you say of Elandslaagte
when veterans fell on both sides,
when they snapped off the hero Penn Symons?
What do you say of the Modder River?[13]
That day the water turned bitter.
Do you call those battles sporting fixtures?
Take it from me, the country's at war.

What about Stormberg? That's what I ask.
The day Gatacre heard guns discharging,
he set his cannon on the edge of a cliff.
When he tried to fire it, it toppled over.
What about Graspan, was that a dance?
Tell us of the Colenso battle.[14]
Whose daughter marked her puberty?
My friend, heed my words: the country's at war.

Peace to you, heaven, peace to you, earth,
peace to you, sun, and peace to you, moon.
Wherever you make your report,
if you fail to mention these streams of blood
we might provoke the wrath of the Palace,
regular rain might not be sent down;
pests might waste us and our families,
anger might rage: the country's at war.

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13. The Battle of Talana Hill near Dundee in Natal on 20 October 1899 was the first major engagement of the war. The British claimed the Hill, but suffered heavy casualties, including their general Sir William Penn Symons (1843–99). At Elandslaagte on 28 October and the Modder River on 28 November 1899 the British emerged victorious.
14. These were all initial battles fought in 1899: Graspan on 25 November (British victory); Stormberg on 10 December (British under Lieutenant General William Forbes Gatacre defeated); Colenso on 15 December (Boer victory).

Taruni zinduli zase South Afrika.
Taruni zintlambo nani mageduka,
Taruni mataf' elizwe lakowetu.
Ze niti ngomhla wokunyuswa kwengxelo,
Kub' inin' amagosa kwa namapakati,
Nihlambe nide nilicokis' igazi.
Hleze siqunjelwe ngumzi wase kǎya,
Sotetelelwa nini "Ngelizw' elafayo."

Ilizw' alifile ilizwe lihleli.
Kǎngel' engceni wofik'isahluma
Kǎngel' imitǒmbo yamanz' isatsitsa.
Yonk' into yelizwe imi ngendlel' ayo.
Jong' ebafazini ngabahlolokazi.
Konyana babantu wobon' izidumbu,
Ngezo zidumbu ke sit' "Izwe lifile."
Ew' izwe lifile madoda "Lifile."

Mercy, hills of South Africa,
mercy, valleys and slopes,
mercy, plains of our land.
Say this in reports on high:
you're the officials and the councillors.
Wash away the blood completely
so home and homestead aren't mad at us.
You'll agree with us on the country that died.

The country's at war, men, the country survives,
notice the grass still sprouting,
notice the springs still spouting.
All in the land is in its place.
Look at the women, now widows.
You see only corpses flanking men's sons:
those corpses convince us the country's at war.
Oh yes, the country's at war, men, "It's dead."

4

Singama Britani!

Kudala zinqoza sibona madoda,
Kudala kufiwa sisiva ngendaba;
Nditat' inxaxeba ndema ngaku Kwini,
Ndimi no Bikitsha nento zika Mshweshwe.
Ndimi naba Tembu impi ka Aliva.
Sine "Zwi Labantu" likwa seluhlwini.
Sikúp' umlisela mawuy' emfazweni,
I Bhulu malife, singama Britani.

Ik' into ka Bhula kwihlelo lenene,
Igqogq' e Natala, ibulal' i-Bhulu,
Ibulal' um-Frentshi kunye ne-Jamani.
Ma Jamani ndini sesini robile,
Uxol' aninalo niluze ngenzimba;
Namhla nitinina sise Mnambiti nje?
Kodwa ke ma Frentshi benisiya pina?
Yilwani-ke kambe, singama Britani.

Unyana ka Bhula ngu Ntsendo-zimdaka,
Yinyok' enenqay' eyabonwa linyange.
Ngu Gax' e Keptawun' akwel' eplangeni,
Limkup' e-Tekwini abet' enjinini.
Ngu Golozel' u-Túkela umlamb' ama-Mfengu,

We're British! (1900)

Men, for long we've watched conflict mounting,
for long we've heard that people were dying;
I'm resolved on enlisting on the queen's side,
alongside Bikitsha's and Moshesh's sons,[1]
alongside the Thembu army of Oliver,
Izwi's with us in battle array.
We've committed the youth to war.
Let the Boer die: we're British.

Buller's son holds the right flank,
scouring Natal, killing the Boer,
killing both French and Germans.
You Germans, we've spied on you,
you're no lovers of peace, your actions are callous;
what do you say of us now in Ladysmith?[2]
You French, what are you doing here?
Fight if you choose to: we're British.

Buller's son is Grubby Flanks,
bald-headed snake observed by the sage,
who landed in Cape Town and mounted a plank
which dropped him in Durban to goad the engines.
He's Patient Watcher at the Tugela, the Mfengu river,

1. George Moshesh of Matatiele, a son of the great Sotho king Mshweshwe, like Veldtman Bikitsha fought on the side of the colonial forces.
2. Ladysmith was relieved on 28 February 1900.

Ngu Bhodla ngongadluma kuviw' empelazwe.
Yidani nive zizwe zase Yuropu,
'Soze nasiqeda' singama Britani.

Pélelani kuti sonitshaya ngongadluma,
Bika "Makwekweta" uti ndim otshoyo.
Bagoloz' unyaka besoyik' u *Waiti*,
O *Dyubele* abakúlu, kanti ngama kwéncu,
Zihlangen' izizwe zisoyik' umfazi.
Jelumani ma Russia ma Fulansi,
Ndingen' ehlelweni, ndim low' untyontyayo.
Asika nenzinto, singama Britani.

Unyana ka Waiti ngu Gquma no *Mnambiti*,
Lihod' elimagaqa shenxani ngasemva.
Senihal' umdlezan' eme ngapezulu.
Ligor' umfo ka Waiti yitshoni ma Britani;
Busaz' ama-Bhulu kwihlelo lenene,
Atshaywe ngombódlo ka-Ntsendo-zimdaka
Nditsho ke "Mguquka," singama Britani.

Kwihlelo lokóhlo ayawasadule.
U *Kronty'* ubanjiwe, yahlutw' i-Kimbili.
Valan' izitora niké niqayise.
Unyana ka-Frentsh' uwabete ngempama,
'Ngangekusemiwe ngqangula ka-Frentshi,

he's Howitzer Belcher heard far away.
Heed our call, nations of Europe,
"We'll never be finished": we're British.

Come over to us, our howitzers will hammer you,
spread the news, Makwekweta, say I said so.
The great Joubert and Co. waited a year
in fear of White, but they turned out to be small fry:[3]
the nations massed in fear of a woman.
You Germans, Russians and French,
I'm in the frontline, challenging you.
The worst's yet to come: we're British.

White's son is Roaring at Ladysmith,
he's Lumpy Antbear: stand clear of his back,
fetch the wetnurse to watch over him.
White's son's a hero: say so, you British.
On the right flank the Boers are dispersed,
they've been smashed by the belching of Grubby Flanks,
so I say, Change Your Mind: we're British.

They're dispersed again on the left flank.
Cronjé's been caught, Kimberley captured.[4]
Close the stores, assume a swagger.
French's son has slapped their faces.[5]
French champion, I wish a truce still held good,

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3. Petrus Jacobus Joubert (1831–1900), commandant general of the Transvaal forces, and vice-president of the South African (Transvaal) Republic; he was a rival of Paul Kruger. Lieutenant General George Stuart White (1835–1912) commanded the British forces in Natal at the outbreak of the war. He commanded the garrison through the siege of Ladysmith.
4. General Pieter Arnoldus Cronjé (1836–1911) initiated the sieges of Kimberley and Mafeking. The siege of Kimberley was lifted in February 1900 following Cronjé's defeat. He was imprisoned on St Helena from 1900 until the end of hostilities. Napoleon was imprisoned on the island, as were Dinuzulu, the Zulu king, and over 5 000 Boer captives
5. Lieutenant General John Denton Pinkstone French (1852–1925) won the Battle of Elandslaagte and raised the siege of Kimberley.

Ngendikuhlolela owase kunene;
Ungu Gabul' ukwena zemb' elintshengula,
Ndisatsho zintlanga, singama Britani.

Túman' abafana baxele Pesheya,
Kumiwe mangqangq' apa ngamadodana,
Into zo Bulbente sezitsho kwakánya,
Bikan' ezo ndaba 'de niy' e Bhakubha.
Ankwantyis' intete ngok' ayazisola,
Ayaduk' amaténgwa, ebeba yipudini,
Ebeba yinen' ukutiwa ngumtshato
Ngoku tyó sinalala! singama Britani.

Kunamhl' o Hofmeya bakwény' imisila,
Batshelwe zicheko bebesanxaniwe.
Namhla nje yapúse nolwase kofini,
Into zo Sawala zisawa ngedolo,
Zixel' inyembezi nges'sele sombinza,
Singabatyela ke kokwetu ukwazi:
"Nkonyana yehashe ngumeme,
'Sixam' ukwapus' engekasengwa."
Yazini zintlanga singama Britani.

Ungakóhliseki nawe ka-Mkóbeni.
Silala ngasonye sigade ngelinye.
Kuhlala kwenkul' ukungati imbuna,
Kanti yingonyama mhl' itinjw' amatóle;
Qonda ngabo Tshain' abebeba kulelwe.
"Sitandatu sonke sitshelwe siceko"
"Simaz' ukupunza seyivel' isampaza"
Ngwan' epantsi niyeza, singama Britani.

I'd have sought you a wife from the Right Hand House;
you're Breecher like a keen-edged axe.
Nations, I still say, "We're British".

Send a report overseas with the young men,
here the youth are fully engaged,
Brabant's sons have shown the light,[6]
report that news to the ends of the earth.
They're sulky now and trembling in fear,
mercenaries, sensing it's tough, are deserting.
They thought it was going to be like a wedding,
now they're speechless! We're British.

Hofmeyr and Co. have tails between legs now,
they've lost all hope of slaking their thirst.
Today the cow's withered: there's no milk for coffee.
Sauer and Co. still sink to their knees,
like tears coursing down.
We can tell them from our experience:
"A horse's foal asks to be carried,
like an iguana that yields no more milk."[7]
Take note, you nations: we're British.

Don't be fooled, son of Mkobeni.[8]
We sleep one eye closed while the other one watches.
The firstborn usually seems tame,
yet he's a lion when his young are abducted.
Learn from Schreiner who thought all were sleeping.
"All six have given up hope."
"A cow can't stop halfway through calving."
Ngwane, eat dust: we're British.

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6. Brigadier General Edward Yewd Brabant (1839–1914) led the Cape colonial troops in the war.
7. Kropf (1915: 456) glosses the proverb *uxam wapusile* as "the iguana gives no more milk; the iguana is believed to lose all maternal affection after weaning her young; we don't get good things from our friend as before".
8. J.M. Mkobeni of Breidbach.

Nkonyan' emfen' ikùl' elusizini,
Kuba ngumahlutw' intlak' emlonyeni.
Intak' enamandla ngati sinagogo,
Kuba sibalek' amatùmbu ejinga.
Bat' ixégo lenchuka labinqa lahamba,
Kodw' ixégo lenkawu labinqa lahlala.
Sel' amtyuba uncame wena mfo ka-Krontyi,
Asimpi yakuqedwa, singama Britani.

Vul' ucango ndingene mfo wakowetu.
Ndoteta mabini matatu ndipete.
Ndixel' inkos'am ndixel' u Bikitsha
Yena mfo wakúpa lalinye wagqiba;
Eteta kwikába lasema Mfengwini,
Esiti namhla ke ifikil' imini
Nyukani nipùtum' idyasi zoyihlo,
Siyimpi yomfazi, Singama Britani.

Ndiko ndisahleli vuma khe ndomule,
Ndisaziv' indaba zamabandl' omfazi.
Imp' ezelwe yashiywa kwaselutùlini.
Amankwe ka Ngqik' amasiza mbulala;
Imiximandol' ako Nib' e Ngqakayi.
'Nt' ezilwa ngezulu zenz' ukutàkatá,
'Nt' ezitimb' umhlaba zilishiy' ixhoba,
Yeha ke ma Bhulu! Singama Britani.

Ndikángele mhl' akungen' e Kimbili.
Ndikángele mhl' aluwel' u Tsukela.
Upina ngalomhla wo gqumqere
Simvalel' emqhorwen' oka Krontyi.
Kwarwaqel' u-Oliv' e-Stombeke

The baby baboon grows up in sadness:
the sweet gum is wrenched from its mouth.
The powerful bird's the barbet,
which flees with its guts hanging out.[9]
They say the old wolf dressed up and left,
but the old monkey dressed and sat down.
Think again, son of Cronjé,
we're not easily vanquished: we're British.

Open the door and admit me, clansman.
I'll be brief and then conclude,
like my chief, like Bikitsha,
who uttered one word and finished,
addressing the Mfengu youth,
saying today the day has arrived,
come forward and fetch your fathers' overcoats.
We're a woman's army, we're British.

I'm here, a survivor, allow me to eat,
I still hear news of the lady's cohort,
the group born and left in the dust,
Ngqika's kids who help with one hand and kill with the other,
brutes of Nonibe at Ngqakayi[10]
who fight like wizards with lightning,
who seize the land and abandon the spoil.
Alas, you Boers! We're British.

I watched the day they entered Kimberley,
I watched the day they crossed the Tugela.
Where were you when the guns were blazing
while we cornered Cronjé in a cleft,
with Oliver sitting pretty at Stormberg?

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9. These two lines are included in a poem a colleague composed about Mqhayi when they were children: see Mqhayi (1939: 87).
10. These two lines were stock phrases referring to the whites. Nonibe, a wife of Ngqika, was given charge of the whites when they began settling in Ngqika's territory.

Samtat' oka Krontyi sams' esiqitini.
Sayibamb' intsalela sayilantsha ngopòte,
Lumkel' ingonyama, Singama Britani.

Ndakángel' ukujuba kwento ka Dyubele
Ijulwa sisisu ngokotùk' ingonyama.
Ndakángel' ukuwa kwamabhongo ka Stena
Ewutshikilel' umzi wase Blomfanteni.
Ndev' incwina nemigulo ye Bond' entsundu.
Lat' ixhwele nesanuse kwakwenyel' imisila.
Ev' umgqumo we ngonyama yakulo John Bull,
Etsho pesha kwe Gqili, Singama Britani.

Ndakángel' urozo lwamaBhotwe ka Stena.
Ndomis' e-Krunstadi kwanzim' e Krunstadi.
Ndoxiling' e Ligwa, akwabiko ndlela.
Var' e Betilhem hayi waqamb' amanga.
Sendoxhom' e Rautini, yangen' ingonyama.
Sendofel' e Pitoli, wamampunge ka mampunge.
Ndakángel' ukumka kwengcambá zexhego
Limshiy' enxowen' umfazi, Singama Britani.

Ndakángel' ukuhlepùka kwento ka Tshaina.
Wa mfondini ms' ukuteta ndifung' u-Nohintsho
Wadlubhuk' umfo ka Tshaina akanika tèmba.
Bantywizis' o Njombolwana ngesisele sombinza,
'Xam wapus' engekasengwa hay' u Solomoni.
Ndakángel' inqayi zo Sawa zijub' e Ndenxa,

We jailed Cronjé on the island,
captured the rest and rendered them helpless.
Beware the lion: we're British.

I saw Joubert's son brought low,
flat on his belly in fear of the lion.
I saw the dreams of Steyn's son collapsing[11]
as he turned his back on Bloemfontein.
I heard the Afrikaner Bond's groaning and moaning.[12]
Diviner[13] and herbalist had tails between legs
hearing the roaring of John Bull's lion,
saying beyond the Orange we're British.

I saw a string of Steyn's major towns,
hoping for a halt in Kroonstad, but conditions were unfavourable,
planning to halt at the Vaal, but they couldn't,
to wait in Bethlehem, but reports weren't accurate,
to stop in Joburg, but the lion entered,
I'll die in Pretoria, vanity of vanities.
I watched the old man fleeing from home,
leaving his wife in the ruin. We're British.

I watched Schreiner's son crumpling.
Hi man, keep quiet, I swear by Nohintsho,
Schreiner's son cracking up hopelessly.
Njombolwana[14] and Co. wept at the free-for-all,
"A dry iguana can't be milked," not Solomon.[15]
I watched Sauer's old hands dangling at the Pot River,

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11. Marthinus Theunis Steyn (1857–1916), president of the Orange Free State.
12. The anti-imperialist Afrikaner Bond was formed in 1881 to further Boer interests.
13. This term translates the Xhosa word *igqira*, a functionary who diagnoses the sources of evil or illness in communion with the ancestral spirits.
14. Quick Njombolwana of Kimberley.
15. The proverb refers to someone who withdraws his goodwill. Solomon won't do so: you can trust him.

Nendlazi zo Menemene, Fuludamti nyekile,
Yivani zintlanga, Singama Britani.

Ntombi zama Xhosa zilele ku Nodyogolo,
Lat' ikhaba lenz' imbúto pantsi ko Tship Jeke.
Ndikápe Tunyiswa ndibheke pámbili,
Kunye kade kutiwa ndinokwazi.
Sigqite ku Sprigi sibheke pesheya,
Sine Ngqungqutela no hlang' oluntsundu.
Soze sibe bantu ngu Tshaina no Sprigi.
Ndifung' ama Tato, Singama Britani.

Ndakángel' u Prinslu ndafik' engumbanjwa,
Ndafik' u Oliva esezintanjeni.
Ndawuv' umgqwetesha wento ka Ndivete
Ndakángel' i Ngqungqutela yamagwangqa
Ewez' izidyoli ezis' izicelo;
Ndafuz' oka Mhala onga angak' eve
Atinin' ama Xhosa makad' apéndule?
Bendite mabini, Singama Britani.

Merriman's wing-horned beasts, Viljoen soaked through.[16]
Listen, strangers, we're British.

Xhosa girls spent the night at Nodyogolo,
the youngsters arranged a booze party.
Tunyiswa,[17] keep up with me in my progress,
I've no choice as they always maintained I was skilled.
We'll pass Sprigg[18] by and head overseas,
we have a Native Congress.
We'll never be people with Schreiner and Sprigg,
I swear by the Thatho,[19] we're British.

I looked at Prinsloo[20] and found him a captive,
I found Oliver bound in ropes.
I saw how the son of De Wet[21] behaved,
observed the white people's congress,
sending secret envoys to appeal overseas;
I swore by Mhala,[22] hoping he'd hear.
What do the Xhosa say? Answer at last.
I said there were only two words: "We're British."

16. Benjamin Johannes Viljoen (1869–1917), assistant commandant general of the Transvaal burgers. The identification of *Fuludamti* with Viljoen is tentative.
17. Jonathan Tunyiswa (d. 1913), first secretary of the SANNC.
18. John Gordon Sprigg (1830–1913), four-time prime minister of the Cape, for the fourth time from 1900 to 1904.
19. Thatho was the son of Madiba in the Thembu royal line. The Thatho are his people or the Thembu in general.
20. Hendrik Frederik Prinsloo (1861–1900) led a Boer commando at the battle of Spioen Kop in January 1900.
21. Christiaan Rudolf de Wet (1854–1922), Boer guerrilla general.
22. Mhala (1795–1875) son of Ndlambe in the Rharhabe royal line.

5

Namhla

[. . .][1]

Yindlomafa lont'izayo
Ihamba noyipembelayo!
"Yong'unyana hlez'aqumbe."
Nditsho kuni zidwangube!!
Tuman'abembeko baye
Ku Mhlekazi, batetane;
Mabapole ngazizisu,
Bengumlomo womz'ontsundu
E-Natala Benjenjalo
Masilinge senjenjalo.

Ngale ndaba ka Bhubhani
Ekwi simo sezimini,
Iyindaba yamakaya,
Eyotetwa ngobubuya;
E Bhai inkokel' zomzi
Zenz' into enesizinzi'
Emanzini ukufakwa,
Sisateta nal' i Kapa,
Nomz' okona ubuyile,

1. The first part of this poem, perhaps four stanzas, cannot be read owing to crumbling of the left-hand page edges. The context for this poem seems to be the proposed suspension of the Cape constitution and its substitution by Crown Colony government.

Today (1901)

[. . .]

What's in the offing plunders heritage,
it attracts those who support it!
"Mind the son lest he be enraged."
I say that to you, notables!!
Send distinguished people to go
and negotiate with His Excellency;
let them keep calm and peaceable,
as the voice of black people.
That's what they do in Natal;
let's try to do the same.

On the question of the plague
in our current situation,
it's a domestic issue
to be discussed in tranquillity.
In Port Elizabeth the nation's leaders
acted with firmness
when immersed in the water,
but we're still talking with Cape Town,
and the people there have relented.

Ngako oko sivuyile.
Nge Pesheya ukupata
Umz' ontsundu litabata,
Sisahlalele nina ke?
Wa mz' ontsundu kauvuke!
Amagwangq' apikisene,
Ngalomcimbi abambene.
Koti ke kubeke pina,
Li Peshey' ukufanelwa,
Ngalendawo masixatu
Senz' ilizwi nesizatu.

Yingal' engonyamelayo,
Esicinezelwe ngayo;
U kheto bala lukulu,
Kwabapantsi nabakulu;
Kub' irhafu yet' inzima,
Nemivuzo yet' ilula;
Nange mfundo sichukelwe,
Ngemitamo sidinene;
Siyayibona iluncutu,
Impat' ako e Lusutu.

Indab' engamashishini,
Ipambili ngezimini,
Nge Victoria Sikumbuzo,
Le yinen' engenambuzo,
U Kumkani makapile,
Izizwe mazimtobele;
Ivangeli mayihambe,
Ubuheden' ibuqengqe;
Ukukanya kwe Afrika.
Ngalemihla kuyafika.

Therefore we're delighted
at the liberal treatment
of blacks by those overseas.
What are we still waiting for?
Hey, black nation, wake up!
The whites have quarrelled,
they're in conflict on this issue!
How much more qualified
are those overseas to take charge.
On that matter let's take a bold stand
and speak out in defiance.

It's a despotic arm
that oppresses us:
the colour bar's rampant,
for both high and low:
our tax is harsh
and wages a pittance;
our education prompts pettiness,
discrimination wears us down;
we can see how well
you treat Lesotho.

Industrial considerations
take precedence in these days
of the Victoria Memorial,[1]
that's true without a doubt.
Long live the king,
let all nations obey him;
let the Gospel advance
and fend off heathenism;
these days the light of Africa
is drawing near.

1. See item 8, note 4.

Ngako vukani niqine,
Ubughora niputume;
Ukunkwantya nikunyasha,
Ubunene nixabasha.
N[g]olandyula lwesikhaba,
Ndoxolelwa ngamakhaba!
Ndoka namhla ndinqumame,
Ngal' ibhaxa 'de ndityhalwe,
Yile nguqu yalemihla,
Yenkwenkwezi ebinomsila!!![2]

2. *ebiinomsila*

So rise and stand firm,
reclaim your valour,
and trample cowardice underfoot,
preparing for leadership
and the pain that comes with it.
Youngsters will have to forgive me!
I'll pause there for today,
before I'm pushed off my perch
by the changes of these days
of the star with a tail!!!

6

Imibuliso Yomnyak' Omtsha

Isimo sanamhla No. 4.
Nemibono yobumbongi.

Kaundip' ituba ndingene mgcini-sango,
Xiniwe ndikwelis'elengalengeni.
Ndibon' abanumzana, ndimolozise,
Ndibon isizwe ndibulise,
Nditi Nyak' omtsha Kresmesi Bhokisi,
A! Kumkan' ogweb' isizw' esingabusiyo,
Kwakuwe Kumkani Gweb' inkumbi.
A! Mtanda ka ndaw' efe ngayo
Kwakuwe Mtanda ka Nqata.
A! Kumkani otimb' ixob' e Mlungwini

New Year's greetings (1902)

The current state of affairs No. 4[1]
The poetic perspective

Allow me space to enter, doorman,
Xiniwe,[2] drape me as a curtain
to see the gentry and greet them,
to see the nation and salute it
and say Happy New Year, Christmas Box.
Hail! King who condemns a recalcitrant nation,
including you, King Gwebinkumbi.[3]
Hail! Lover of the flank the beast collapsed on,
including you, Lover of the Fatty Portion.
Hail! King who took spoil in the white man's land,

1. The subtitle "*Isimo sanamhla No. 4*" implies that this is the fourth of a series of poems. The title of item 5 ends with the word "*Namhla*", so it might have formed part of a series, but the first half of the poem is illegible. No further items in a possible series can be located between July 1901, when item 5 was published, and January 1902, when item 6 appeared, although the issues of the newspaper for 8 and 29 October 1901 are missing.
2. Paul Xiniwe (1857–1902) was active in early Eastern Cape African political organisations. In 1894 he opened the Temperance Hotel in Market Square, King William's Town, the first hotel for Africans in the Eastern Cape: this might account for Mqhayi calling him "*mgcini-sango*", doorman or gatekeeper. See http://www.museum.za.net/index.php/imvubu-newsletter/106-the-xiniwe-family-and-the-temperance-hotel, accessed on 30 June 2016.
3. Gwebinkumbi (d. 1921, also known as Salakupathwa) was the son of Sigcawu and Nobede in the Gcaleka royal line.

Kwakuwe Dinizulu ka Sigidi.
A! Sidul' esintusi kwezimdaka,
Sazek' i Gama pezu kwe Gama,
Kwakuwe Dabi ka Njokweni.
Botani mabandl' embumbul' ecim' umulilo.
Kwakuwe Dinizulu nawe Sibebu,
Molweni bantu bakulo Gojela,
Molweni bantu bakulo Ngcweleshe,
Molweni mzi wakulo Ngqungqushe,
Molweni mz' wase Tsonyana,
"Nyak' omtsha Kresmesi Bokisi."
Ndiyamolozisa kuni ma Kuze nama Zotsho,
Ndiyamolozisa ma Zizi nani bakwa Radebe,
Kuni bakwa Kumalo nama Bhel' ako Mbikazi.
Ndicel' indlebe makowetu ndiligeza lase kaya.
Nike naluvan' "Umanyano Ngamashishini,"
'Ke nayivana londaba yo Mhlab' upela?
Ihlatyelwe li Ndungwane pakati ko Ntinde no Mbombo,
Bavutulul' izidaban' abanumzan' ukuya kupulapula,
Bayitelela kwalapo bet' umfan' ukwazil' ukuhlabela,
Kokona soyifundis' intsapo, kokona sobik' ezizweni,
Kokona kopakam' abantu, kokona soqondwa zintlanga.
Yehl' imamo kwesika Mshweshwe,
Yehl' imat' entaba busuku.
Yahlab' e Ndwe e Malahleni.
Yahlab' ku Koman' Ozibele,
Ye Ngxingxilili pesha kwe Nciba,
Ya Zamisa ku Ndwandwa,

including you, Dinuzulu son of Sigidi.[4]
Hail! Pale antheap amongst muddy ones,
we married one Name above another,
including you, Dabi child of Njokweni.[5]
Greetings, tribes of the fire-dowsing bullet,
including you, Dinuzulu, and you, Sibebu,
good morning, Gojela people,
good morning, Ngcweleshe people,
good morning, Ngqungqushe public,
good morning,Tsonyana public.[6]
"Happy New Year, Christmas Box."
I send greetings to the Kuze and Zotsho,
I send greetings to the Zizi and Radebe,
to you Khumalo and Bhele of Mbikazi.[7]
Hear me, my people, I'm the local looney.
Have you heard about "Trades Union",
have you heard of this international movement
promoted by a Ndungwane, Ntinde and Mbombo?
The nobles shook dust from their hoods to listen,
they joined it there, swayed by the young man's call to arms,
so we'll teach our children and report to the public,
so our people will rise and nations will know us.
A strange thing happened in Mshweshwe's land,
a puzzle at Thaba Bosiu.
It struck at the Indwe colliery.
It struck in friendly Queenstown.
It stopped across the Kei,
stirred things up at Ndwandwa,

---

4. Dinuzulu (1868–1913) son of Cetshwayo in the Zulu royal line. Sigidi was one of the praise names of Shaka, Cetshwayo's uncle.
5. Kawa mentions Dabi Maxwayana as a son of Njokweni in the Xhiba House (Kawa 1929: 26).
6. Sibebu (d. 1905) son of Mapitha, a member of the Zulu royal family; the Gojela are the Gcaleka people, named after Khawutha's favourite ox; the Ngcweleshe were the Xhiba House of Maqoma son of Ngqika; Ngqungqushe was the father of Faku of the Mpondo; the Tsonyana were Gcaleka people, named after Bhurhu, Khawutha's son in the Right Hand House.
7. These are all Mfengu groups.

Wat' u Pamla ya Madubela.
Baya bayi Xabanisa nge Ntlok' e Lusaseni,
Yavus' i Mamb' izihlalele,
Yakup' istena sekulu leponti:
Ya Gaba, ya Vamba, wade
Wakhuz' u Dinizulu wakup' injolana!
Wavuk' emin' umz' wakwa Hala kutenina?
Lomzi mkul' ulel' ubutongo obunjanina;
Woyibonana kodw' inamb' icombuluka?
Pakati! Pakati! Mabandl' entombi zalomgquba,
'Ze singabi nakungqwaqwas' izukul' esizayo,
'Ze singahlazeki kumadod' ezw' elipakati!
Kuma Nyasa, kuma Fiji, kuma Sudwane.
Kuma Gala, kuma Abisi, kuma Moroko.
Siyintonin' isikumbuzo se Nkosazana?
Atinin' amalungiselel' okupela kwemfazwe?
Ndiyayibon' intlaning' evel' e Mpuma nase Ntshona.
Ndiyabon' umdak' omnyam' uyimfumbata
Ndiyabon' inani legusha liqingqiwe,
Ndiyabona izifama kwizikundla ze Lali,
Ndiyalubon' ucando lupelelwa lixesha,
Ndiyasiv' isijwili sabawe nganeno.
Zipin' itaitile zomhlaba ka Sigidi?
U Mgibis' ufuna ntonina kwelama Dane nelama Taliyane.
Ufukamele qanda nina kwelama Skotshi?
Ude wacandwan' u mhlab' e Nxaruni ka Mvalo?
Lipin' idlelo ku Mgwali ka Ngqika?
Hay' imihla yezimini! Hayi ububi bokuba ndim!!
Ulele pin' umzi wase Mjadwini?

and Pamla dispatched Madubela.
They stirred them by bashing their heads at Lusaseni,
and roused the sleeping mamba,
which produced a brick worth a hundred pounds:
it swung the pick and scratched the surface[8]
until Dinuzulu exclaimed and sent a young steward!
The Hala house overslept.[9] What's this?
What kind of sleep has this vast clan slept?
Will they see the python uncoiling?[10]
Charge! Charge! sons of this land's daughters,
so the next generation can't fault us,
so we're not put to shame by the men of the north,
the Nyasa, the Fiji and Sudwane,
the Gala, Abyssinians, Moroccans.
What is this Queen's Memorial?
What arrangements for ending the war?
I see hordes from the East and the West,
I see black people tightly clustered,
I see sheep restricted in number,
I see farms supplanting rural settlements.
I see the survey of land declining.
I hear the cries of those worse off.
Where are the title deeds to Sigidi's land?
What's Mgibisa seeking in Denmark and Italy?
What's he hoping to hatch in Scotland?
Has Mvalo's land been surveyed in Nahoon?
Where's the pasture at Ngqika's Mgwali?
The distress of these days! How bad to be me!
Where are the Jadu sleeping?

---

8. In this passage Mqhayi is punning on the personal names Xabanisa, Ntloko, Lusaseni, Mamba, Gaba and Vamba.
9. The Hala are the Thembu royal house.
10. This is an allusion to a passage in the praise poem of Sarhili son of Hintsa of the Gcaleka: "*Yinamb' enkul' ejikel' i-Hohita. / Ovuk' emini akabonanga nto, / Kub' engayibonang' inamb' ocombuluka*" (Rubusana 1911: 231) (Massive python surrounding Hohita, / Whoever woke in the morning saw nothing, / Because he missed the python uncoiling).

"Bede ka Tyara" lomakwenkwe wasikeni!!!
Molweni ma Cir' amahle akulo Mbem,
Molwen' ma Jwar' anomkit' akulo Dololimdaka,
Yizani zizwe sipelek' inyange u 1901.
Kub' ifikil' imihla yokulala kwalo koyise,
O.B.C. 55 bo Kaisele, no B.C. 1 baba Positile.
Lixeg' elisinyel' intambo lifika, ngo Bishop Keys e Mtata,
Landisul' umlomo ngo Queen Victoria,
Lixeg' elidume nge "Nkulungwane" kwezonqulo,
Bet' ukuyiteketisa yi 20th Century Fund;
Lixeg' elidume ngegazi kwimikosi,
Laduma ngendyebo kubalimi.
Nangemfund' enzulu ku Ntsundu,
Izenzo zalo, nobugorha balo
Nako konk' elikwenzileyo
Akubhalwanga na kwimiqolo ye "Zwi Labantu?"
Lala njalo ndod' enkulu, ungasilibal' e Nyangweni.
Molweni bantu bakowetu ndingabakankanyanga.
Sendobulis' isilungu ndiman' ukunqwala,
Kuba ndinibona ndiselengalengeni,
Molweni bantu "bomti ongenagqabi ngu Mhlontlo!
Nani bantu "bomtunzi we Ngwe ne Ngonyama,
Ndibuliseleni ku Ob' e Gxwetera,
Kowetu kwa Roji ningandilibali.
A! Bek' Inkosi, A! Ngangezw' ema kuzeni.
Ndicel' ukusokwa Aliv' i Tshawe e Mqekezweni,
Kuwe mzi ka Bomoi, ka Cedume ka Tembu.
Yitini ku Gonya ndinendawo ngakuye,

Tyarha's Bhede: those boys must be circumcised!!!
Good morning, lovely Cirha of Mbem.
Good morning, comely Jwarha of Dirty Knee.[11]
Come nations, let's escort the shade of 1901:
it's time for him to rest with his fathers,
with Caesar in 55 BC and the Disciples in 1 BC.
He's an old man who paved the way through Bishop Key[12] in Mthatha
and satisfied my hunger through Queen Victoria.
He's an old man known as "Millennium" in religious circles.
They fondly refer to him as the 20th Century Fund.
He's an old man notorious for blood in the military,
famed for rich harvests with farmers,
and trenchant education with blacks.
His actions, his courage,
and all his achievements,
are they not inscribed in *Izwi*'s columns?
Rest, old man, don't forget us on high.
Good morning to our people I failed to mention.
I'll greet like a white man, with a cursory nod,
because I see you suspended in air.
Good morning, people "of the leafless euphorbia"
and you people "of the shadow of Leopard and Lion"!
Give my regards to Oba at Gxweterha.[13]
Don't forget me among my own at Roji's.
Hail, Bekinkosi. Hail, Ngangezwe of the Kuze![14]
Oliver, please give me gifts, Tshawe at Mqhekezweni,
and you, family of Bhomoyi, of Cedume, of Thembu.
Tell Gonya I have a gripe with him.

---

11. Mbem Njikelana of Keiskammahoek, an early supporter of the SANC; Dololimdaka (Dirty Knee – from kneeling in prayer) was the praise name of Tiyo Soga (1829–71).
12. Bransby Lewis Key (1838–1901), second Bishop of St John's in what became Mthatha.
13. Oba, also known as Ngonyama (1832–1907), son of Tyhali.
14. For Mqhayi's obituary poem on Ngangezwe, see *Imvo* (12 September 1936: 12).

U Tunyiswa no Stofile ndiyabakalazela.
Oloyi: Nonke zintombi zase Afrika!!
Oloyi! Bantakama, ndimolozisa,
Ndingumhlali kwa Gompo, ndilind' ukupakanyiswa.
Kub' andizenzanga lundiyobil' utando lwenu.
Bendingabongi bendimolozisa,
Mpilo nde-ntle nonke ngabanye
Nibe nolonwabo namatamsanqa
Kulomnyak' umtsha utwasayo!!!
Nde Ncincilili!! Ndaxel' ukutwasa komnyaka!!!

I'm not happy with Tunyiswa and Stofile.[15]
Oh dear, all you daughters of Africa!!
Oh dear, daughters of my mother, I convey my greetings,
I live in East London, I need picking up.
Through no fault of my own, your love's overwhelmed me.
I was not singing praises, just sending greetings,
Long life to each and every one of you.
I wish you well with every blessing
in this new year that's dawning!!!
Here I end, at the dawn of a new year!!!

15. Gonya (d. 1910) son of Sandile and Nomanti in the Rharhabe Great House.

7

Ilizwe lixolile, Singama Britani!!

"Wayesiti: Luxolo"

Bati ilizwe lixolile,
Izikali zizolile,
Ukujala kudambile,
Kwanomsindo upelile,
Utshaba siloyisile,
Lwada lwawa ludanile;
Namhla zipelil inkani.
    Singama Britani!!

Kad' igazi lincenceza,
Kad' intsimbi zikenceza,
Kad' igqogqa inkanunu,
Kad' ibhodla i Mpundulu,
Kad' ilaula iruluwa
Kad' umpefumlo upuma,
Maliqondw' elilizwi:
    Singama Britani!!

Namhl' u Stena iqikili,
Namhl' u Bhot' umongameli,
Namhl' uDivet' injengele,

The country's at peace: we're British!! (1902)

It's peace, he said.

The country's at peace, they say,
weapons are buried,
passions abated,
anger's subsided.
We vanquished the foe,
and he fell frustrated;
pigheadedness ended today.
    We're British!!

For a long time blood flowed,
for a long time iron clanged,
for a long time the cannon boomed,
for a long time the lightning bird burped,[1]
for a long time gunpowder ruled,
for a long time life was extinguished.
This should be clear:
    We're British!!

Today Steyn the wily,
today Botha the leader,
today General De Wet,

1. The Xhosa word *impundulu* will be translated as "lightning bird" throughout: see the glossary of Xhosa terms following the Introduction.

Namhl' uDilar' itwalandwe;
Emva kweminyakanyaka
Bapume beyakayaka
Bepelelwe ziz' inkani:
    Singama Britani!!

At' umngqingo we Kimbili,
At' indlal' e Mafekeni.
At' imbub' e Ledismiti,
At' ukuwelwa kwe Gqili,
At' umnyhatyo wo Tukela,
At' imfamntu e Stombuka,
Ngokwenen' engenampiti:
    Singama Britani!!

Ndalwa kwa eyama Linde,—
Nango Hintsa ndatwal' indwe,
Ndel' ehlatini nge Zembe.
Ngo Mlanjen' ndarol' inyembe,
Ngo Ngcayecibi ndenz' ilinga,
Na Besutu nama Tshaka,
Sendisitsho ngokwenyani:
    Singama Britani!!

Kamelani amanxeba,
Nimbulis' obe lutshaba,
Hlumisani izwe lenu,
Kutazan' iminwe yenu.
Ncokolani nge zemfazwe,
Nenz' uxolo 'de nangane,

today De la Rey, veteran warrior,[2]
after year upon year
have emerged in tatters,
their pigheadedness ended:
    We're British!!

Oh the siege of Kimberley,
oh the hunger of Mafeking,
oh the carnage at Ladysmith,
oh the breech of the Orange,
oh the Tugela massacre,
oh the Stormberg slaughter;
in plain truth:
    We're British!!

I fought at Amalinde—
I was a hero in Hintsa's War,
I took to the forest in the War of the Axe,
I drew out an arrow in Mlanjeni's War,
gave my all in Ngcayechibi's War[3]
alongside Sotho and Zulu;
in truth I say:
    We're British!!

Tend the wounds,
greet the one-time foe,
nourish your nation,
put your fingers to work,
talk about battle
but make peace and embrace.

---

2. Jacobus Herculaas de la Rey (1847–1914), a formidable Boer guerilla general. *Itwalandwe* was a Xhosa warrior who wore a headdress of plumes of the blue crane (*indwe*) as a sign of military distinction.
3. The internecine Battle of Amalinde was fought between Ngqika and his uncle Ndlambe in 1818. The following four were nineteenth-century frontier wars between the Xhosa and the British: Hintsa (1834–35), the Axe (1846–47), Mlanjeni (1850–53), and Ngcayechibi, the last frontier war (1878–79).

Tina singama Britani:
    Singama Britani!!

Hlabelan' eyoloyiso!
    Singama Britani!!
Hlabelan' eye Ndumiso!
    Singama Britani!!
Le yinyanga ye Jubulu!
    Singama Britani!!
Nemigcobo emikulu!
    Singama Britani!!
        Singama Britani!!!

As for us, we're British:
    We're British!!

Sing a song of triumph!
    We're British!!
Sing a hymn of praise!
    We're British!!
This is the Jubilee[4] month!
    We're British!!
Celebration unsurpassed!
    We're British!!
        We're British!!!

4. The coronation of Edward VII was originally scheduled for 26 June 1902, but was postponed until 9 August.

8

I Kresimesi ka 1906

"Kuba siyibonile inkwenkwezi yake e Mpumalanga, size kuqubuda kuye." Mateyu 2:2

Kambe nkosi Mhleli, sendide ndaqèla ukuti ngelixesha enyakeni ndibe senkundleni, pambi kwezikùlu zakokwetu kwami napambi kwe Nkosi zam. Namhla ke bendifuna ukuke ndenjenje:—

Ta-ta-la-ho-o-te-e-e-e!!!
Yatwas' inyang' endala,
Yatwas' inyang' enamandla,
Yatwas' inyang' enkulu,
Inyang' eyaziwa zintlanga,
Inyang' eyaziwa zizizwe,
Inyang' eyaziwa zilwimi.
Batetile ngay' o Mosisi,
Abakokeli nabaniki-miteto;
Batetile ngay' ababoni,
Atetile ngay' amatola,
Zitetile ngayo nezazi
Zat' iyakuzalw' indodana,
Zatsho zibonga zizinkenkelele,
Zisiti ngu Kwezi-Lomso,
Ngu Kutetela-kuse-Sixantini,
Ngu Mmangalis' igama lake;
Watsh' u Yisay' into ka Hamotse,
Watsh' u Jeremiy' into ka Hilekiya,
Watsh' u Johan' into ka Zekariya.

Christmas 1906 (1906)

"We saw his star in the east and have come to worship him."
Matthew 2:2

By the way, my Lord Editor, I have become accustomed to appearing in the courtyard at this time of the year, before our officers and before my superiors. Today I would just like to say:–

Listen!!!
The old moon's appeared,
the strong moon's appeared,
the great moon's appeared,
moon known to races,
moon known to nations,
moon known to tongues.
Moses and his lot spoke of it,
leaders and law-givers;
seers spoke of it,
soothsayers spoke of it,
wise men spoke of it,
saying a young man will be born,
that's what they said singing lusty praises,
saying he's Morning Star,
he's Command Resting On His Shoulders,
Wonderful his name;
so said Isaiah son of Amoz,
so said Jeremiah son of Hilkiah,
so said John son of Zechariah,

"Incúk' isaya kudla nemvana."
Inkwenkwez' iboniwe zizazi,
Zayiv' intsholo yase ma-Zulwini,
Zakubon' ukukanya kwase Nyangweni,
Ziye zawa ziripuk' imvalo.
Safik' isi Tunywa sashumayela,
Ziqale kaloku zadlan' indlebe,
Ziqale kaloku zafakan' imilomo,
Kuze zitsh' eqol' emaqegwini;
Zijong' inkwenkwezi e Ntshonalanga,
Ziye zaqulek' e Jerusaleme.
Kant' inkos' ayik' e Jerusaleme.
Zipindele kwase nkwenkwezini
Kuze zide zifik' e Betilehem;
Apo zawa ngamadolo nendololwane,
Zawarol' amabhaso zamnikela.
Zaburol' ubuqolo zamnikela,
Zaburol' ubulawu zamtambisa.
Oyi! Nina baswel' ukuqonda!!
Ubebona wupina yen' oka Gaba?
Ukuz' abong' abe kwayinkenkelele:
"Yabinz' inkwenkwez' isixelela,"
Siyibonile sise Mpumalanga,
Siyibonile sise mdudwen' e Gqora,
Silapa nje size kuqubuda—
Gazi limrolo yintonina?
Ngonyam' egob' igungxula,
Mang' angalanyw' engayi kwalanywa,
Sinyuka ngalif' ukusing' ezulwini.
Kangel' amaling' esiwenzayo,
Sitshatshel' esikulu sakulo Mazulu,
Qinis' indong' esizakayo
Ngale Kresmesi ka 1906.
Gxumek' umtunz' oyi Ngqungqutela,

"The wolf will eat with the lamb."
The star was seen by wise men,
they heard the heavenly choir,
they saw the light from heaven,
they sank down with rending consciences.
The angel came and preached,
at first they conferred with each other,
at first they consulted each other,
before mounting their oxen's backs;
they fixed their eyes on the star in the West,
and journeyed perplexed to Jerusalem,
but the Lord was not in Jerusalem.
They continued led by the star
and in the end reached Bethlehem
where they fell on knees and elbows,
drew out their gifts to present to him,
drew out their myrrh and anointed him.
Oh, you lacking perception!!
Which one did Gabha's son see
when he burst out in praise,
"The shooting star informed us"?[1]
We saw it in the East,
we saw it at the dance at Gqorha,
we're here to offer adoration –
why is his blood streaming so?[2]
Lion that crouches and shifts the stone,
they wish to glimpse him but he can't be glimpsed,
who ascended to heaven on a cloud.
Take note of our efforts,
you heavenly hero,
strengthen the walls we build
in this 1906 Christmas.
Steady the impact of Congress,

1. A line from the famous Great Hymn of Ntsikana son of Gabha: see Hodgson (1980).
2. Another line from Ntsikana's hymn, referring to Jesus.

Igogoshel' usapo luka Luhlanga,
Igogoshel' usapo luka Xósa,
Igogoshel' usapo luka Palo.
Oluzi mpanza kulo lonk' elimiweyo
Ngale KRESMESI ka 1906,
Qinis' indong' esizakayo Nkosi,
Siluhlang' oluntshwenyileyo ngenyama,
Singonotwal' impahlana bendlela,
Sizint' ezingenant' esandleni,
Sizint' ezingena ndawo zendyebo,
Kangel' i Sikumbuzo se Nkosazana
Ngalonyaka WAKO ka 1906.
Sinik' ibhaso lako lomhla wokuzalwa,
Nik' abafaz' ukubinq' omfutshanana,
Nik' umtinjan' ukukwaz' ukugwaba,
Nik' umlisel' ukukwaz' ukuputuma,
Nik' amadod' ukukwaz' ukunyanisa;
Sikelel' i Linga le Sikumbuzo,
Sikelela bonk' abapati baso,
Sikelela yonk' injongo yaso,
"Tshawe lo Xolo,"
"Tshawe lo Bom,"
"Tshawe lo Somandla."

UMHOBE:
Yizani sivume
Ingom' u Sidyume,
Namhlanje kuzalwa

so it can keep to itself the world's children,
so it can keep to itself the children of Xhosa,
so it can keep to itself the children of Phalo,
widely scattered on earth.[3]
In this 1906 Christmas,
Lord, strengthen the walls we raise,
as a race of puckered flesh,
ever burdened on the road,
empty-handed things,
things with nothing of value.
Take note of the Queen's Memorial
in this your year of 1906.[4]
Give us your birthday present,
give women various tasks,
give maidens talent to sing,
give young boys skill in searching for strays;
give men understanding to tell the truth;
bless the Memorial effort,
bless all of its directors,
bless all of its objectives.
"Prince of Peace,"
"Prince of Life,"
"Prince of the Almighty".

ANTHEM:
Come let's sing
the song Sidyume,
today is born

3. Xhosa was the eponymous ancestor of the Xhosa royal line. Phalo (d. 1775) son of Tshiwo was the last leader of a united Xhosa nation, before his sons Gcaleka and Rharhabe established separate territories.
4. While Jabavu and *Imvo* lobbied for the creation of a higher education institution for blacks in South Africa, the *Izwi* faction (including Mqhayi) sought support for a bursary scheme in honour of Queen Victoria that would send black students to study in Britain: see the second paragraph of the prose preamble to item 20 below and Odendaal (2012: 317–18).

Imvana ye Mvana.
Zinkosi yizani,
Lomkos' utsho kuni,
Zikulu pangani
Nibiziwe na ni.
Mahlwempu yivani
Le Nkos' ize ngani,
Milwelwe vukani
Le Nkos' ifa ngani,
Namhla nomelele,
Kuba nizalelwe
U Litye Lembombo,
U Tshawe lo Xolo;
U Vul' amatywina,
U Qaq' amaqina,
U Sityumza-ntloko
Yenyoka yo Koko;
Akana butshaba,
Akana buhlanga.
Bonke babiziwe,
Bonke bamenyiwe.
Nanku ke ndizile
Nyana ka Davide;
Ndizise no bawo
Owandizalayo.
Ne Nkosi ndinayo
Endibuse kuyo,
Nezwe lonke layo
Namabusa ayo,
Kwa nabantwanana
Asibashiyanga,
Bombilini wam
Nowe nkosi yam.
Sibeka k' izandla
Usipefumlela,
Usisikelela,
Usitamsanqela

the Lamb of Lambs.
Come, you chiefs,
this host addresses you,
hurry, nobles,
you've also been summoned.
Listen, paupers,
this Lord came for you,
waken, diseased,
for you this Lord died,
today you're strong,
for to you is born
Foundation Stone,
Prince of Peace,
Breaker of Seals,
Puzzle Solver,
Head Crusher
of our forebears' snake;
he displays no hostility,
no racial prejudice.
All are summoned,
all invited,
so I have come,
Son of David;
I've brought my father
who gave birth to me.
I too have a chief
whom I serve
and his whole country
and all his followers
as well as his children,
we've left none behind,
those dear to me
and to my chief.
We lay on hands
to inspire,
to bless,
to grace,

Kwigama lo Yise,
Kwigama lo Nyana,
Kwigama lo Moya,
Kum Triniti Omnye,
    Amen! ewe, Amen.

in the name of the Father,
in the name of the Son,
in the name of the Spirit,
three joined in one.
Amen! Yes, amen.

9

Ukufa ko 1906 nokungena ko 1907

"Izikanyiso esibhakabhakeni samazulu, zezemiqondiso, zezamaxesha amisiweyo, zezemihla neminyaka." Gen. 1:14

Iminyaka ngoku liko elihlabati icingelwa ukuba ingamawaka omahlanu anamakulu ositoba ananci nye, (5910). Ekubeni ke isiteto se Ncwadi Endala sisiti "Iminyaka eliwaka inje ngamini nye," makube ngokuteta kwayo intsuku zintlanu liko ilizwe, kuxa lijikayo ilanga ukuba ngoku intsuku mazizokuba ntandatu.

Kuleminyaka ke, iminyaka u Yesu Krestu i Nkosi yetu enyukile ngelifu ukugoduka ise liwaka linye linamakulu ositoba anesitandatu (1906); oko kukuti ngokwe Ncwadi Endala usuku luselunye, kuxa limkayo ilanga, ukuba masizokuti seyintsuku-mbini i Nkosi inyukile.

Iminyaka yokufika kwe Lizwi apa kweli lizwe, xa sikangele ukufika kuka Nyengana (Dr Venderkemp) ema X'oseni ngoku ikwi kulu linesixenxe (107); oko kukuti ukuba u Nyengana ufike ukupuma kwelanga, azikabuyi nase ntlazaneni efikile u Nyengana.

Iminyaka yomntu iba ngamashumi osibhozo (80), oko kukuti ngokwe Ncwadi Endala umntu unikwa ubom be yure ezimbini qwaba kulomhlaba, abe lowo ngode wax'amla. "Yonke inyama ibutyani, bonke ubuhle bayo bunjengentyatyambo yasendle."

The end of 1906 and the start of 1907 (1907)

"Lights in the firmanent of the heavens, and let them be for signs and for seasons and for days and years." Genesis 1:14

It is estimated that the earth is 5910 years old. Seeing that the Old Book says, "A thousand years are as one day," in terms of that assertion this world is only five days old, and the sun is now passing through the sixth day.

Of these years, the number of years since the ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ in the cloud on his way home is 1906: that means, according to the Old Book, it is but one day, and the sun is approaching the end of the day when we can say the Lord ascended to heaven two days ago.

The number of years since the arrival of the Word in this country, using Nyengana's (Dr van der Kemp's)[1] arrival in Xhosaland as a basis, is now 107; that means if Van der Kemp had arrived at sunrise, the cattle had not even returned at the mid-morning break after the arrival of Van der Kemp.

A person's lifespan is 80 years. That means, according to the Old Book, that a person is given a life of two hours on this earth, no more, to live life to the full. "All flesh is grass, all its beauty like a wild flower."

1. Johannes Theodorus van der Kemp (1747–1811), the first missionary to work among the Xhosa people, from August 1799 to December 1800: see Enklaar (1988).

Abantu abamnyama abakoyo kweli lizwe lise Afrika ese Zantsi abangapezulu kwezihlelwe, okanye izigidi ezine, uma ke kulomhlati welipepa ndizinika ilungelo lokuteta egameni labo ngale mizuzwana ndisapanyazayo, kuba—

Hleze ndibonge ndingabi sabonga,
Hleze ndozele nditabat' umqonga,
Hleze ndilale ndingabi savuka:
Kanti lomini yeyokugoduka.—(HADI.)

Ndiyavuyisana kakulu nabo bate bapumelela kulomnyaka udlulayo, ndaye ndibanqwenelela konke ukulunga; nangapaya koko ndiyahlongoza ukuba beme bemi emsebenzini. Kodwa pambi kokuba senze nayipina intsebenzo, ndinga amawetu angandilandela, sike siye kuvela nasentla komzi welo Bhotwekazi lingapezu kwama Bhotwe, sik'ahlele pambi ko Mdun'-Omkulu lowo sisiti:—

A! Mlil' odlayo!!
Ngokub' i Nkosi yetu ngumlil' odlayo.
Ndlov' inemixag' ezingalweni,
U Sala sinecibi ngapezulu,
Isinungunung' esi Ngcwele sesinunzela.
Ngu Ndinguye ka Ndinguye,
I Afela ne Omega—
Isiqalo nesi Pelo.
A! Mlil' odlayo!!
Wena wadl' u Kora
Nabalandeli bake,
Wena wadl' i Gomora
Wasula nge Sodom.

Black people inhabiting this country of South Africa number no more than four million; if in this article I take the liberty of speaking on their behalf in these few seconds, I'm blinking, because –

Lest as a poet my poetry stops,
lest I grow drowsy and take to my bed,
lest I sleep and wake no more:
yet on that day I must go home. (Hadi)[2]

I congratulate most warmly all those who succeeded in the passing year, and wish them everything of the best; moreover, I urge them to persist in their work. But before we proceed, I wish my compatriots could follow me in paying a short visit to the other side of the settlement of the Great Palace that is greater than all other palaces, to offer salutations in the presence of that Supreme Power, saying:–

Hail, Consuming Flames!
for our Lord is Consuming Flames,
elephant adorned with armbands,
Steadfast with a pool in heaven,
dignified, holy but fearsome.
He's I Am son of I Am,
Alpha and Omega,
the beginning and the end.
Hail! Consuming Flames!
You who consumed Korah[3]
as well as his followers,
you who consumed Gomorrah,
wiped it away with Sodom.

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2. Under the pseudonym *Uhadi waseluhlangeni* (The harp of the nation), Jonas Ntsiko (c. 1860–1918) contributed letters, articles and poetry to *Isigidimi sama-Xosa* and *Imvo* between 1875 and 1916. The four-line stanza Mqhayi quotes appears in the preamble to Hadi's poem "*Unyulo luka 1898*" (The 1898 election) published in *Imvo* on 1 February 1899. For Mqhayi's obituary poem on Ntsiko, see Mqhayi (2009: 144–9).
3. Korah led a rebellion against Moses (Numbers 16).

Duma barwaqele
Nakwi Ntab' e Sinayi,
Mini wabajezula ngemibane,
Wababharamlela ngendudumo.
Mini wapum' imisi ngempumlo
Wabavutezela ngamadangatye.
A! Mlil' odlayo!!
Nyok' enkulu ngu Makanda-Matatu,
Sitshatshel' esikulu sakulo Mazulu,
Makungwa zi Kerubimi ne Serafimi,
Mabongwa zimbovane nenyengelezi,
Mdun' Omkul' ohlala kwelesi Tatu.
Xelelan' aboni babuye—
Abakafuli nabapimisi,
Abaneratshi nabanolunya,
Ngokub' i Nkosi yetu ngu Mlil' odlayo,
Abakukumali naba nenkani,
Abarexezi kwa namaxoki,
Abagculeli boyise nenkosi zabo,
Ngokub' i Nkosi yetu ngu Mlil' odlayo.
Bizan' amanxila nabagqweti benene,
Bizan' amahilihili namadungudwane,
Bizan' amamenemene nama bhedengu,
Ngokuba le Nkosi ngu Mlil' odlayo.
Bizan' amasela nabavukeli-mbuso,
Bizan' abareletyi naba nentlebendwane,
Bizan' bonk' abakonzi bezi tixo
Ngokuba le Nkosi ngu Mlil' odlayo.
Bizani bonk' abakohlisi,
Bizani bonk' o Ntlolela-yombini,
Bizani bonk' abantliziyo zilukuni,
Ngokuba le Nkosi ngu Mlil' odlayo,

Roar And They Flinch,[4]
even on Mount Sinai,
when with lightning you flicked a glance at them,
blasted them with thunder,
when you blew smoke from your nose,
engulfed them in blazing flames.
Hail! Consuming Flames!
Gigantic snake called Three Heads,[5]
Great Champion of the Heavens,
invoked by cherubs and seraphim,
praised by ants and the polecat,
Ultimate Force in the third heaven.
Tell sinners to return –
sorcerers and pimps,
the proud and malicious,
because our Lord is Consuming Flames,
the vain and the stubborn,
adulterers and liars,
deriders of father and chief,
because our Lord is Consuming Flames.
Summon drunkards and twisters of truth,
summon vagabonds and vagrants,
summon the shifty and the villainous,
because this Lord is Consuming Flames.
Summon thieves and rebels,
summon the lascivious and denigrators,
summon all those who worship idols,
because this Lord is Consuming Flames.
Summon all deceivers,
summon all double dealers,
summon all the hard of heart,
because this Lord is Consuming Flames.

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4. A common praise name for God.
5. Makhanda Mahlanu (Five Heads) is a creature popular in folktales (see Theal 1886: 48–55, for example); Mqhayi names God Three Heads in the aspect of the Trinity.

Bizan' abadl'igazi labamsulwa,
Bizan' abatyomf' isidenge,
Bizani bonk' abanamayelenqe,
Yitini le Nkosi ngu Mlil' odlayo.
Bizan' abalahlekis' imfama,
Bizani bonk' abadli bezixhaxha,
Bizani bonk' abaqomfi bezisu,
Bizani bonk' abalala nezilo,
Yitini le Nkosi ngu Mlil' odlayo
Wabizeni onk' amavimba,
Wabizen' onk' amanqener'a
Nabo bonk' abangalukanga ngentliziyo,
Yitini le Nkosi ngu Mlil' odlayo.
"Ngumkulu ngenceba,"
"Ngumakolisa ngoxolo,"
"Ngumasikwa yimfesane,"
"Ilunga lakulo Mazulu,"
"Ilunga lakulo Mazulu."

UMHOBE:

Wapela lonyaka
Sisengabakoyo, abashukumayo,
Sigciniwe nguwe Tshawe lo Somandla,
Menzi wenkwenkwezi kwa nezilimela.
Udlule lonyaka nenxalenye yetu,
No Roji ka Jingqi umfo ka Maqoma.
Wenze nina ngaye, ungelose nina?
Kuko kwi Kerubi, kuko kwi Serafi.
Ndenzel' ukuze ke ndiqashe ucishi
Kwiqela akulo lomfo ka Njalatya

Summon exploiters of the innocent,
summon bullies of the feeble-minded,
summon all the plotters,
tell them this Lord is Consuming Flames.
Summon those who lead the blind astray,
summon all those who eat tobacco tar,
summon all abortionists,
summon all who commit bestiality,
tell them this Lord is Consuming Flames.
Summon all the stingy,
summon all the indolent,
and all uncircumcised at heart,
tell them this Lord is Consuming Flames.
"He is great in mercy,"
"He is pleased with peace,"
"He is compassionate,"
"the righteous of Heaven,"
"the righteous of Heaven."

ANTHEM:
This year's ended,
we're still alive and kicking,
protected by you, the Almighty's Prince,
Creator of stars and the Pleiades.[6]
This year's passed on with some of us,
including Kona, son of Maqoma.[7]
What have you done with him, which angel is he?
He's with the cherubs and seraphim.
I've done this so I can draw lots
within Njalatya's son's folk

6. The Pleiades is a significant constellation for the Xhosa people: the years of manhood after circumcision are counted by appearances of the Pleiades.
7. The Jingqi were Maqoma's people. Kona (1818–1907) son of Maqoma and Noxina in the Right Hand House is named Roji kaJingqi in his praise poem (Rubusana 1911: 262).

Kwa nonyana wake ongu Sodelashe,
Intw' ezinamendu ngapezu kwe nkosi,
Int' ezinamandla nakune ngonyama,
Abashiyananga ekumkeni kwabo,
Bagoduke kunye ukuy' ezulwini.
Usebenze nina ngomfo ka Jotelo?
U Gqira wempahla, umtanan' ongaka?
Ungelose nina, umfo ka Dondashe
Kwa nenkosikazi, unina ka Kondile?
Ndifuna nonyaka ndibe nay' ucishi
Endizicishele ezingelosini.
Sitamsanqele ke tina baseleyo
Empilweni yetu, kwa nase ntlalweni,
Kangela imfuyo, kangela ulimo,
Kangel' ukubila kwa nezivubeko,
Kangel' intsebenzo, Tixo sikelela!
Kangel' amaxego, namaxegokazi.
Kangel' imilwelwe, izicokovane,
Sebenz' impiliso, wenz' imvuselelo.
Imvula yitobe, kamnandi nonyaka,
Ubetis' impepo, esb'ak'ab'akeni.
Kangel' inkedama ezinezidlubu,
Endawo sezise mazants' amaziko
Intwan' ezipile ngamate entamo.
Vusel' u Abraham, onyana nentombi
Kwezo ntsinekana ezine zidlubu,
Kangel' abahlolo, nabahlolokazi

and his son Sodelashe,[8]
men swifter than the chief,
men stronger than a lion.
They left not at sundry times,
but together to journey on high.
What have you done with Jotelo's son,
a veterinarian, so small a child?[9]
Which angel is he, this son of Dondashe
with his wife, Kondile's mother?[10]
This year I want to draw lots
to select one of the angels
to bless us who stay behind
in health as well as in life.
Observe the stock, observe the crops,
observe the sweat, observe old pains,
observe our labours, God bless them all!
Observe the aged men and women,
observe the frail and the destitute,
foster health and revival.
Bring us plentiful rains this year,
raise a gentle breeze in the sky.
Observe the orphans, bellies burnt[11]
from finding places below the hearth,
young ones surviving on nothing but phlegm.
Raise sons and daughters for Abraham
from those children whipped and scarred,
observe the widows and widowers,

8. Njalatya (Warrior) was one of Maqoma's praise names. Sodelashe cannot be identified, but he may be Kona's son Ndamase, also known as Kumkani.
9. Jotelo Festiri Soga (1865–1906) son of Tiyo Soga. Tiyo's father Soga was the son of Jotelo.
10. Dondashe was the son of Ngqika and Suthu. Kondile was Nathaniel Cyril Mhala (1843–1920). According to Mqhayi (2009: 172–3), "*Unina ka Kondile ngu Mtsekazi, intombi ka Matiwana, udade bo Mhlontlo inkosi yama Mpondomise*" (Kondile's mother is a woman of the Tse clan, the daughter of Matiwane and sister of Mhlontlo the Mpondomise chief).
11. Kropf defines *isidlubu* as a "brownish mark of burning on the stomach, got from sitting too much over the fire" (1915: 83).

Abondl' inkedama, bezpete ngamenyo,
Kangel' udederu lonyana bezisu,
Qeqesha Somandla, naso k' isihlwele!
Liyemka ilanga lomhla wesibini!
Yabinz' inkwenkwezi, ikushumayele.
Finyis' imbuxuka ezinemikunyu
Ezidolopini nasezilalini,
Ezitolosheni, ezibhulasini
Ngalonyaka mtsha ka 1907.
Kangel' amalinga etyalike
Ezifuna imbedesho ngokwa lomhlaba.
Kangel' u Kumkani, owase Britani,
Menz' isis' esihle, afum' amatambo
Mnik' ukunyakama kwenkaba yake.
Kulonyaka wako ka 1907.
Kangel' izwe letu,
Usigcinele side sikule,
Lingemkanga nezizwe
Kuba nati asifuni lizwe lamntu.
Kangel' ama Linga esipete wona,
Okwaka ubunye ngapakati kwetu,
Ozi Ngqungqutelela kwa nozi Kumbuzo,
Ama Sebe azo ne Komiti zazo,
Abapati bazo kwa nenjongo zazo.
Dal' imvisiswano, hlaziya ubuntu.
Kukwanqe nentshaba ebezigculela.
Sikelel' ipepa eli "Zwi Labantu,"
Ulinik' umqolo, ulinik' ikhaka,
Ulip' inyaniso, ulongeze ngomdla
Nabapati balo, nabax'asi balo.
A! Sidokodoko!
Sigodokazi somnyamanzi
Esisezants' enzongonzongweni yesiziba,
Ndinguye ka Ndinguye,
Siqalo nesipelo,
Alefa no Omega.
Batsh' onyana balomhlaba,

who feed orphans with none to help them.
Observe the hordes of bastard sons,
there are the crowds, Almighty, control them!
The sun sinks on the second day!
The shooting star preached about you.
Clear snot from overfed bodies
in town and in the country,
in servants' quarters and farm workers' houses
in this new year of 1907.
Observe the efforts of churches,
who need prayers as in the secular life.
Observe the king of Britain,
strengthen his stomach, make his bones sturdy,
keep his navel moist.
In this your year 1907,
observe our country,
keep it for us until we're mature,
safe from other nations:
we lay claim to no one's land.
Observe the efforts we're making
to build accord amongst ourselves,
congresses and memorials,
branches and committees,
their leaders and their aims:
foster harmony, restore compassion.
Stop jeering foes dead in their tracks.
Bless the newspaper *Izwi labantu*,
give it strength, give it a shield,
hand it truth, augment its interest,
its managers and supporters.
Hail! Heavy Block!
Weighty log of the hook-thorn tree
found deep in the river pool,
he's I Am, son of I Am,
Alpha and Omega.
So say the sons of this land,

Bentombi zama Afrika,
Batsho beziyaleza
Kwimfazwe zentlalo,
Kumadab' obu bom,
Kuhambo lweli lizwe,
Nik' amadod' ukum' enyanisweni,
Nik' abafaz' ukubinq' omfutshane.
Nik' umlisel' ukukwaz' ukuputshuka,
Uputshuke kwintambo zo Satasatana.
Nik' umtinjan' ukuba neratshi
Uzidle ngamagam' oyise,
Ukwazi naw' ukupasuluka
Kwintambo-ntambo zakwa Mcengacengi.
Nang' ungena k' unyaka,
Singabasapanyazayo,
Sibulela esinako,
Asikwazi okuzayo.
Mvula Mayine.
Ewe, Mayine.

sons of African daughters,
they say so soliciting help for themselves
in wars between different creeds,
in the battles of this life,
through this country's journeys.
Give the men roots in truth,
give women a state of readiness,
give young boys the skill to elude
the fetters of fripperies,
give the girls cause for pride
to boast of their fathers' names,
so they too have the skill to resist
the many bonds of the Flatterer.
There the new year entered,
and came on us still blinking,
grateful for what we have,
not knowing what's to come.
Let the rain fall.
Yes, let it rain.

10

Sise kwelidala! Singama Britani!!

Eli Tabu lanamhla, ndilisingisa kwigqala, eliminyaka isondeleyo kwikulu elimanci mabini libudla ubom, likwimitombo ye Teko, kulo Tele usoMgauli, into yakwa Togu kwa Ngconde. Njengegqala ke yena, uyakuba namalungu awudluleyo owake um-mizo, enditi ke lawo wowaxhoma elutangweni ukuze kungabiko nto ilahlekayo, ako amadodana.

Izigqibo ze Komfa leyo, ababusuluzelanga bonke ukuziginya kwabo, nabazizihlobo zayo. Kodwa kuko zintshwenyana zitile, zipume ngokwe nkowane, ezingayibonelanga luto nenqu ndibano leyo;—ngonyana bonina ke abo.

Ngako oko ke yitini kulomavezandlebe, kwezompeleru, kulomagqwetanyaniso, kwezonyoka,—mazivale eyazo imilomo ezizihogo, kuke kutete onyana bamadoda, ziti ukuba ilwimi zazo ezinamaxhayi azivumi kuzola, zizihlohle ngotuli ziyakwanela:—

Bota ke wena wasema Nyangeni!
Bhotake wena wemihla yase Tambo!
Ogcinwe yinkosi kwade kwanamhla.
Kuz' ubon' izimbo zonyana bonyana.

As we've always said: we're British!! (1908)

I dedicate today's contribution to a veteran who is nearing 120 years of age. He lives at the Teko Springs at the home of Tele, the father of Mgauli, who lives in the territory of Togu, of Ngconde.[1] As a veteran, many pieces of meat probably bypassed his throat, of which I say he should hang those up on the cattle kraal so that nothing gets lost, there are still some men left.

The resolutions of this Conference[2] were unopposed by all the people and its well-wishers, but there are some disgruntled people who have sprung up like toadstools and who paid no attention at all to the gathering; – those are mothers' babies.

Therefore, tell those immigrants, those deceivers, those truth-twisters, those snakes – they must shut their hellish mouths, so that fathers' sons can talk, then if their forked tongues refuse to be quiet, they should stuff their mouths with dust, that would suffice:–

Greetings to you of the Ancestors!
Greetings to you of the days of Tambo,
who's been spared by the Lord until now
to see your sons' sons' lifestyles.

1. Togu is the son of Sikhomo, and Ngconde is the son of Togu, in the Xhosa royal line.
2. The conference, held in Queenstown on 27 and 28 November 1907, was "a decisive moment in the evolution of a united black front against white domination" (Odendaal 2012: 340). It was promoted by *Izwi* and members of the SANC in response to the perceived threat of a federal union between the four colonies, and was attended by representatives of the (coloured) African Political Organisation, but boycotted by John Tengo Jabavu, editor of *Imvo*, and his largely Mfengu supporters: see Odendaal (2012: 339–43).

Indab' idiliziwe emdeni welaba Tembu
Umz' uhambile wade wagabadela
Namhl' ujikwa zizo kwa Nqanda-ngopondo
Kukalim' umntu kwa Gompo, wat' apel' amahlati!!"
Wat' "Inguqu kunje konke kunkongolo"
Zahlokom' intlanjana zaya zaliwel' i Gqili
Satet' isigodlo kwapendul' owakwa Hintsat
Owakwa Cwama kwa Makabalekile
Latsh' ixilongo kwashukum' umntu kwa Ndaba
Wat' owakwa Hala wahlabel' owakwa Gcina
Owakwa Ndungwana wahlabel' owasemaQwatini
Zazalis' izizwe kwelika Komanisi
Yoz' ibhodle lukul' intaba ka Lukanji min' itetayo.
Sise kwelidala, singama Britani!!

Siye sitingaza singamise ndawo
Sizele zihluku nayimpindezelo
Sizele yinkwitshi inqambi yentlanga
Sizizipitsolo nakukuqunjelwa
Sibhodl' izabongo sitet' intshongoqa.
Yahlanzis' i Komfa, yatsho yagutyula
Yaqengq' iziqosho yagil' izigodo
Yabakup' oquwe, kwagatywa kwarudwa
Yatsho kwagabuka saziv' imizimba
Saqonda kakuhl' ukulahleka kwetu
Taru mfo ka Tele! Taru mfo wakwa Gwali!!
Sise kwelidala, singama Britani!!

The news was divulged at the Thembu borders,
the nation's grown too rapidly.
Today the border's at Nqanda's Kraal.[3]
Someone in Gompo said "The truth is out!
Turn back, there's no other way."
Rivulets roared across the Orange.
The horn sounded; Hinsathi's people replied,
the Khoi living with Makabalekile.[4]
The horn sounded; someone with Ndaba stirred.[5]
With the Hala a Gcina called men to arms,
with the Ndungwana a Qwathi called men to arms.
Nations flocked to Queenstown.
If it could speak, Lukhanji'd burp stories.[6]
As we've always said: we're British!

We came uncertainly, fixed on nothing,
filled with grudges, seeking revenge,
filled with slights, shunned by strangers,
swollen and bloated,
belching bad breath, mouthing abuse.
Conference purged, swept out the dirt,
rolled away logs, shoved blocks aside,
expunged trivialities, probing, cleansing,
expelling, soothing our bodies,
making us see how lost we were.
Peace, son of Thaele! Peace, man of Gwali!!
As we've always said: we're British!!!

3. This is a speculative identification with Nqanda the chief in the Right Hand House of the Tshomane, a Mpondo group, whom William Shaw met in 1829: see Hammond-Tooke (1972: 161). Skead identifies Qanda's Kraal with Ngqeleni (Skead 2001: 572).
4. Hinsathi was a Khoi chief living near Somerset East in the early eighteenth century. Makabalekile was a senior councillor of Ngqika's (Rubusana 1911: 531).
5. Ndaba was the son of Zondwa in the Thembu royal line.
6. Lukhanji is the mountain known as Hangklip near Queenstown.

Az' upin' umtaka Ngangelizwe ka Mtirara?
Az' upin' umtaka Novili wentombi ka Sarili?
Nimtenin' ukumfundisa[1] lomtana mabandla ka Ndaba?
Animxelelanga nu' ukuba lomhlab' umiwa ngobudoda.
Animxelelanga n' ukub' amadod' apa mabini
Amadod' apa ngu Rulumente no Njanya ka Mbulali?
Animxelelanga n' ukuba ama-Mfengu la ngamakwenkwe,
Isidlo sawo ngumncancho nomtinto
Umenza ntonina k' oka Bikitsha pay' e Bhungeni?
Akufun' ukudlalisa ngemidongwe yomhlab' ontlaluntlalu
Buyel' emadodeni Bhexesh' ilanga ka Ngangelizwe
Lowo ka Mabhidhli siyamazi tina base Tsitsikama
Lomhlab' ukuwungena kwake uwungene ngobuntamo.
Lomhlab' ukuwuma kwake uwume ngobuhumba.
Lomhlab' ukuwupuma kwake uyakuwupuma ngokompunzo.
Sise kwelidala, singama Britani!!

Maziyifundisw' intlanga lengom' amadoda
Ngwevu yase Bumbana neyase Lupapasi
Zinikana ngobugqi kobakwa Mshweshwe
Mfene yoka Ntshanga neyoka Xashimba
Ositwenyana nokalelwe zinwele zake
Zidlal' e Msintsileni kude kupum' ilanga
At' umfundis' apume ngokutshayelela
Epet' odolosi nendawule zakwa Matiwana
Encediswa yinto ka Mgcodo yakwa Mpikwana

1. *ukumfandisa*

Where's Ngangelizwe, son of Mthikrakra?
Where's Novili's child, Sarhili's daughter?[7]
How have you treated this child, Ndaba's people?
Didn't you tell her this world's led by men?
Didn't you tell her there're just two men here,
the men here are Government and Mbulali's Njanya?[8]
Didn't you tell her the Mfengu aren't circumcised?
They eat *mncancho* and creamy child's milk.[9]
What are you doing to Bikitsha's son at the Bunga?
You don't want to play with clay that feels gravelly.
Return to other men, Ngangelizwe's Bhexeshilanga,
we know that son of Mabhidli at Tsitsikamma.[10]
His entry into this world was stiff-necked,
his stay in this world was like smut in corn.
He'll leave this world like a beast aborting.
As we've always said: we're British!!!

Let strangers be taught this song, men,
old men of Bumbana and from Lupapasi,
exchange enchantments from Mshweshwe's land.
Baboon of Ntshanga's son and Xashimba's,
stumpy with patchy hair,
who played at Msintsileni till sunrise,
when the priest emerged to offer encouragement,
bearing the Matiwane family's divining bones,
assisted by Mgcodo's son from Mpikwana's territory,

7. The daughter of the Gcaleka chief Sarhili, Nomkafulo (known by the Thembu as Novili), was beaten by her husband Ngangelizwe, the Thembu chief. Ngangelizwe was also held responsible for the murder of Novili's bridesmaid, her sister Nongxokozelo: see Soga (1930: 248–54, 484–6).
8. Njanya is an ancestor of the Zima, a Thembu clan.
9. Kropf defines *umtinto* as "sweet milk which has been put aside to form cream, and which grown up people may not drink" (1915: 412). The noun *mncancho* is unknown.
10. The Zizi leader Veldtman was the son of Bikitsha, the son of Mabhidlili. According to Mqhayi, he was one of a Mfengu group who migrated to the Tsitsikamma forest: see Mqhayi (2009: 52–61).

Int' ezide zagcwayelana ngomgubo ka Pezulu
Zat' ukuyiteta lonto "lulwendiselwano."
Nakulugcin' usapo mtaka Sondlo noka Falati
Lungagqit' imikondo luyakwenzakala.
Ingom' iny' emayifundisw' umlisela nomtinjana:
Singama Britani, Singama Britani!!

Zitaten' iziqwala nizipos' ekungeneni kwemilambo
Kuba ziyawona lomhlaba ka Xosa ka Zwide
Zinanin' ukuba ziwuncunze ngezinti
Zibe ziwongez' imihadi nezigingqi.
Zitaten' imfama nizilahle kwakona
Ziyawon' lomhlaba ka Xosa ka Luhlanga
Zinanin' ukuba ziti zihamba zibe ziwupumputa
Zinanin' ukuba ziti zihamba zibe ziwuvavanya
Azibonin' ukuba siwuqilingel' ukuwuseka ngegazi?
Zitshabalaliseni zonk' izifombo.
Kuba ziwugxekile lomhlaba ka Xosa ka Njanya
Zitenin' ukuz' ukumila zikufumbe ndaweninye
Kanti nje lomhlab' ufun' imiceya nemidondosholo
Yifundiseni ingoma ye Komfa yifundiseni:
Sise kwelidala, singama Britani!!

Impumlo yezizwe ngama Bandla ka Rarabe
Zipulushe ngayo kwimfazwe yenkanunu nesinandile
Zisapulusha ngayo kwimfazwe yomhlalapantsi
Tetani bakwa Ndungwana nabakwa Gcina
Nina bakwa Tshatshu hlabelan' i Ngoji
Nis' ilizw' lingumqumbi kwa Hala
Niti "nonyak' impuml' iyonakala
Kuba kad' intsilwa zingqele nangamazolo."
Maze nilitabate nina bakwa Hala

those who sprinkle each other with Heaven's Powder,[11]
referring to it as "intermarriage".
Look after Sondlo's and Falati's family,[12]
so they don't tread witches' paths and come to harm.
Boys and girls must be taught just one song:
We're British! We're British!!

Cast cripples into the meeting of rivers
because they spoil the land of Xhosa, of Zwide.
Why do they eat curds pinched between twigs,
stamping pits and ruts into the ground?
Take the blind there and toss them aside,
they spoil this land of Xhosa, of Luhlanga.
Why do they grope about as they walk?
Why walk about testing the footing?
Don't they see we've bonded it firmly with blood?
Destroy all the hunchbacks
because they've mocked this land of Xhosa, of Njanya.
Why did they heap their all in one pile?
Yet this land needs well-rooted yellowwoods.
Teach this Conference song over and over:
As we've always said, we're British!!

The nations' nose is the Rharhabe people,
they led with it in the war against cannon and snider,
they still lead with it during the clandestine war.
Speak out, Ndungwana and Gcina,
Tshatshu, raise the warsong,
take the country, ready to bud, to Hala's place,[13]
say "this year the nose is smashed,
battered by colds and the dew."
Take it up, you Hala,

---

11. A toxic powder.
12. J.W. Sondlo of Lesseyton; Nkohla Falati of Mgwali.
13. Ndungwana, Gcina and Tshatshu are Thembu clans; the Hala are the Thembu royal family, named after Hala son of Dlomo.

Niliweze liye kwa Matiwana kwa Myeki
Kwi Sibekeb' esisibhebhe sakulo Yokazi
Nit' impumlo yezizwe nomyak' iyonakala
Kuba kade siyiyekele ngengqele nangamazolo.
Maze nina bakwa Velelo niliweze
Nilisingise kuma bandla ka Malangela
Kulomzi mkulu wakulo Ngqungqushe
Ningamshiy' u Nyawuz'okad' akile
Niti "siyibon' igcabile nonyak' impumlo yesizwe
Kuba siyiyeke kakulu zayintlitantlit' intlanga."
Maze ningafiki kwa Senzangakona
Kumabandl' e Mbumbul' ecim' umulilo
Siyakumweza ngenqanawa umtunywa osinga kona.
Maze ningafiki kwa Mshweshwe kwele Nduku.
Siyakubatumela ngencwadi sivumelane
Ngokunjalo kwelaba Hlambeli nelama Ndebele
Ngokunjalo kwelama Swazi nelaba Tshopi
Okwakaloku masiqondisise kulengoma:
Sise kwelidala, Singama Britani!!

Igqibile i Komfa igqibile
Igqibile mzukulwana ka Gciniswa ndiyakuxelela
Ngade kushukum' u Solufefe, i Atshibishopu e Kapa
Ipendul' i Bishopu e Rini kwelika Nxele
Atet' u Mhlekazi i Ruluneli
Ifikis' incwad' ingqanga ka Jemsana
(Ingqanga ngokwenene yona ntaka yasemfazweni)

take it over to Matiwana at Myeki's place,
to Flaps With Flippers of Yokazi's home.[14]
Say the nations' nose is smashed this year
because we exposed it to colds and dew.
You of the Velelo family, take it across,
direct it to Malangela's people,
in the Ngqungqushe Great House
and don't leave Dakile's Nyawuza behind,[15]
say, "This year we see the nations' nose has dried
because we let it be pummelled by strangers."
Don't go as far as Senzangakhona's place,
people whose bullet extinguishes fire.[16]
We'll ferry the messenger there by boat.
Don't go as far as Mshweshwe's land of staves.
We'll send them a letter and reach agreement.
The same applies to the land of the Hlambeli and Ndebele.
The same applies to the land of the Swazi and Tshopi.
As for now let's confirm this with this song:
as we've always said, we're British!!

Conference ended, it's finished,
it's finished, Gciniswa's grandson, I'm telling you,[17]
even if His Grace the Archbishop stirred in Cape Town,
the Bishop of Nxele's Grahamstown replied,[18]
His Honour the Governor commented
after Jameson the Great sent a letter
(the true bateleur, that bird of war)

---

14. Myeki was a Mpondomise leader.
15. Velelo was the son of Gcaleka in the Right Hand House; Malangela was the father of Mpondo in the Great House; Ngqungqushe son of Nyawuza was himself the father of Faku of the Mpondo.
16. Senzangakhona (1762–1816) son of Jama was a Zulu ruler, the father of Shaka.
17. Gciniswa was the father of Noyi, who had eight sons, among them Makaphela. Their family took the surname Balfour after Noyi's baptismal name, Robert Balfour: see Gqoba (2015: 286–9).
18. Nxele (also known as Makhanda) led an attack on Grahamstown in 1819.

Egameni lo Rulumente wase Koloni
Zitetan' i Ntloko zama Bandl' Embedesho
Ngade ziwel' i Ncwadi ziye kuwa ku Lord Elgin
Zit' ukupuma zapuma ngo Hatshisini
Zat' ukubuya zabuya ngo Lord Selbona
Zapamban' incwadi zaxananaza
Wayitat' oka Notolo wayiwez' u Tsukela
Wayitat' oka Heka wayipumez' ulwandle.
Wapendul' oka Hendisini kwelika Gaveni
Way' etelela kwelo mveleli-Ntloko yama Tiyopiya
Lengoma yifundiseni ebantwaneni
    Sise kwelidala. Singama Britani.

Lengqomb'o Nosantso' iyakwaz' ukuhlabela
Az' iyitenina lengom' ixak' amadoda?
Ayiriliz'ama Cwama kwawafanela
Ayingqumshel' ama Tshiwo atsho nge zidili
Eli Gqir u Dulamana liyakwaz' ukuhlaba
Kuba lingen' esizibeni lalirol' icanti
I cant' elipet' *um-mino* ngomlomo
Lafik' e Komfeni laliqangqulula
Bavel' o Menemene no Sawala
Amagqwir' amakul' abulal' uhlanga
Ngokub' esit' ukuhlamb' ahlamb' e Palamenteni

on behalf of the colonial government.[19]
Religious leaders consulted each other,
letters even crossed the sea to Lord Elgin,
dispatched, sent off by Hutchinson,
returned, brought back by Lord Selborne.[20]
Letters crossed and circulated,
Notolo took one across the Tugela,
Heka took one across the sea.
Henderson of Lovedale replied[21]
in support of the Ethiopian Provincial.
Teach this song to the children.
As we've always said, we're British!

This dark-brown one from Nosantso's home[22] knows how to lead a song,
how did he handle this song baffling men?
As usual the Khoi sang it out of tune.
The Tshiwo sang bass with exclamations.
This doctor Abdurahman[23] understands divination:
he entered the pool and tugged *ichanti*,
which holds *um-mino*[24] in its mouth
and, arrived at Conference, it slashed it open
and Merriman and Sauer emerged,
great wizards who've killed the nation
because they clean themselves by washing in Parliament,

---

19. Leander Starr Jameson (1853–1917), prime minister of the Cape Colony from 1904 to 1908.
20. Victor Alexander Bruce, 9th Earl of Elgin (1849–1917), colonial secretary 1905–08; Walter Francis Hely-Hutchinson (1849–1913), governor of the Cape Colony 1901–10; William Waldegrave Palmer, 2nd Earl of Selborne (1859–1942), South African high commissioner 1905–10.
21. James Henderson (1867–1930), third principal of Lovedale from 1906 to 1930.
22. Allan Kirkland Soga (1862–1938), editor of *Izwi*. He and his three brothers (John Henderson, William Anderson and Jotelo Festiri) were the sons of Tiyo Soga and Janet Burnside, whose Xhosa name was Nosantso (Mqhayi 2009: 236). On Tiyo Soga see Chalmers (1878) and Williams (1978, 1983).
23. Abdullah Abdurahman (1872–1940), president of the African Political Organisation 1905–1940: see Raynard (2002).
24. *Ichanti* is a fabulous, hypnotic water-snake. The noun *ummino* is unknown.

Apo sisela kona tina mz' untsundu.
Eli lizwi asilam, lele Komfa:
    Sise kwelezolo singama Britani.

Nangaya! Nangay' amakwenkw' ebizana ngezikoko!
Incum nemvalo zifeziwe ngamadoda.
Inxhaxheba zonke zabiwe zagqitywa
Kwasal' o ngcengcengce inyama zamakwenkwe
Maze niwagcin' angenzakalisani
Ngokubizan' imingeni nangoku culana
Ngamabandl' afuman' alwe ndiyanixelela
Ngalomtinto nalomnchancho wasezi bozi;
Won' afumen' imvaba, ndiniqondisi[le]
Maze tina senze lento ndinike ice[bo]
Maze kuti x'apaka [. . .]
Kwa Nokugca [. . .]
    Situmel' igq[iza]
    Liwaraqe liw[a]pahla,
    Lize ke liwenze[. . .]
    Singama Brit[ani]

Izimbo Ziquluba [. . .]
Ishiyele kuw' i Komfa nto ka Zwedala
Andikushiyi nto ka Mqanda neka Pamla
Ndinifaka ndawonye ukuze nifelane
Ngokupahl' indlu yakwa Radebe
Ngowakwa Mafu nowakwa Bhungane
Ngabakwa Mlotywa kwa Mpangazita
Uvile kambe nto ka Tunyiswa
Tole le Ngwana lili Ngwana nalo

where we black people drink our water.
This voice isn't mine, it's the voice of Conference.
    As we've always said, we're British!

There they are, boys calling each other in order!
The brisket and breast meat were eaten by men.
The portions have all been distributed
leaving only the dripping as meat for the boys.
Make sure they don't hurt one another
by challenging and provoking each other
I tell you they're folk quick to fight
over sweet milk and churned breast milk
found in a milk sack, believe me.
We must follow advice I give you:
just when [. . .]
and [. . .]
    We'll send a troop
    to besiege and ring them
    and make them [. . .]
    We're British!

The styles [. . .]
It's left Conference in your hands, son of Zwedala,
I'm not bypassing you, sons of Mqanda and Pamla,[25]
I've grouped you together to die for each other
in guarding the house of Rhadebe
with a Mafu and some from Bhungane's houses,
with Mlotywa of Mpangazitha's house.[26]
Tunyiswa's son has also heard,
Tole, son of Ngwana also a Ngwana.

---

25. Thomas Mqanda (d. 1915), president of the SANC, was a farmer and headman in Peddie. On Pamla see item 2, note 9.
26. Mlotywa was an alternative name of Bhungane of the Hlubi; Mpangazitha was Bhungane's son in the Right Hand House.

Maze namhl' ulwe ngokwe Mfecane
Maz' uhlab' unin' uhlab' udiza
Yenjenjal' i Mfecane sikuxelele
Lomhobe ngumhobe wohlanga
    Singama Britani. Singama Britani!!

Nivile kambe mafa-nankosi
Nivile kambe zintwala-ndwe zomzi [. . .] Britani
    Anixelelwa ndim senive kade ngaba [. . .] wenu

Ukuxents' okunomkita kokumisa ngaxag[i]
Ingom' enamandla ngumqukumbelo
Ingom' abakweta ngum-Yeyezelo
Eyomdudo yeyokukupisana kwezintlu.
Umtabata ngumpiwano [wez]andla
Yimbumba yamanyam' eli[. . .]
Umzi wezikolo liwuyile k[. . .]
Zapikel' ukuqomfa zilah[. . .]
Namhl' u Tixo zizaku[. . .]

    Wa Mtikala! Wa [. . .]
Wa kwedini yakokwetu [. . .]
Lovoti yako likak[a l]omzi wakowen[u]
Lovoti yak[o li]rele lohlanga lwako
Lovoti yako yinto yako yokubulal[a]
Lovoti yako yinto yako yokudliz'[. . .]
Yiva ke eli lizwi liya kunyana ka [. . .]

Fight today as in the Mfecane,[27]
stab all that stands in your way,
that's how it was in the Mfecane, we're telling you.
This anthem's a national anthem:
We're British! We're British!!

You Die-Hards[28] have heard,
you've heard, crane-crested heroes of Britain.
You haven't been told by me, but by your own people.

The most striking dance mimics a boy's style,
the most powerful song's the *umqukumbelo*,
the initiates' song is *umyeyezelo*,
the *umdudo* opposes lines of singers,
the *umtabata* has people clapping in time.
It's a ball of scrapings[29] [. . .]
The school group's amazed [. . .]
They persist in abortions and [. . .]
Today they [. . .] God.

Hey, Mtikala! Hey, [. . .]
Hey, hometown buddy [. . .]
Your vote's the community's shield.
your vote's your nation's spear,
your vote's an instrument of death.
Your vote's a bludgeon [. . .]
Hear this word directed at [. . .]'s son,

27. The Mfecane usually refers to the marauding Ngwane led by Matiwane (d. 1830) son of Masumpa or the disruption they caused between about 1818 and 1828: on Matiwane and the Ngwane, see Msebenzi (1938).
28. *Amafelandawonye* (literally, those who die together) and *amafanankosi* (those who die with the chief) were veteran warriors who formed the chief's bodyguard.
29. *Imbumba yamanyama* is a phrase coined by Ntsikana referring to the indissoluble unity that comes from compacting the individual scrapings from an animal pelt.

Pulapula ke lengoma iya ku Makapela
Ivela kwi neterhu intsimb' edl' ezinye
Ivela konyana wo Nomenti, umfo ka Qashani
    Sise kwelidala, sise kwelezolo
    Singama Britani! Singama Britan[i]!!

listen to this song going to Makapela,
sent from Iron-Eating Iron,
sent from the son of Nomenti, from Qashani's son.[30]
As we've always said, we stick to our word:
We're British! We're British!!

30. Nomenti was the married name of Mqhayi's mother; she was Qashani, the daughter of Bedle, who married Ziwani, Mqhayi's father. *Intsimb'edl'ezinye*, iron-eating iron, is a praise name for Mqhayi, signifying power: he is tough as iron, but tougher than iron.

11

I Kresmesi 1907

"Wamzala unyana wake wamazibalo." Luke 2:7

Abalesi balomhlati ababanga nakuxola kukungawuboni nonyaka. Ukwenjenje noko sekusemva, kukuhlaula elotyala, kuba kutiwa asinto ibolayo ityala.

Lavel' i-Kwezi, i Kwezi lomso,
'Zwe malixole, 'kolo ludume.
Tatalahote lavela!

Tatalahote! huntsh' e Nyangweni!
Pakam' ukanyo[1] lukufikele,
Tatalahote lavela!

Bongan' u Yise, nimang' u Nyana,
Rolan' ibhaso nenz' umnikelo,
Tatalahote lavela!

Ngumfo wentombi livela tanci
'Ngcambu ka Jese, litye lembombo;
Tatalahote lavela!

1. *ukanye*

Christmas 1907 (1908)

"She gave birth to her first born, a son." Luke 2:7

The readers of this column were disappointed not to see it this year. This belated effort is aimed at repaying that debt, since a debt never rots.

Venus has risen, star of the morning.
Peace to the country, the triumph of faith.
Listen, it's risen!

Listen! Victory in heaven!
Arise, the light's come to you.
Listen, it's risen!

Praise the Father, embrace the Son,
take out the gift and make an offering.
Listen, it's risen!

It's a maiden's son, the first-born,
Jesse's root, the corner-stone.
Listen, it's risen!

Bingelelani, Kuf' izitandwa
Njengakwa Juda ekwaf' intsana,
Tatalahote lavela!

Wakal' umfazi latsaz' igazi,
Lahlab' igqira lapil' ilizwe,
Tatalahote lavela!

Nawe Topiya unenxaxheba,
Tabat' okwako wabel' abako,
Tatalahote lavela!

Tabat' okwako ndiyaqokela,
Tabat' okwako udlis' abako.
Tatalahote lavela!

Tyapil' uzalwe zibulo ndini,
Tyapil' ukaule ntwazana ndini.
Tatalahote lavela!

Magwalandini, marwanqandini.
Zimfama ndini, matambondini,
Tatalahote lavela!

Namhla luxolo, namhla luyolo,
I Nkos' izelwe sinekokwetu,
Tatalahote lavela!

Wa Tiyopiya! wa Tiyopiya!
Ngange ulazi oko lingako
Iqasho lako, iqasho lako.
Tatalahote lavela!

Make a sacrifice:[1] dear ones have died,
as babies died in Judea.
    Listen, it's risen!

The woman cried out as blood spouted,
the doctor stabbed, the world was healed.
    Listen, it's risen!

You've also been honoured, Ethiopia,[2]
take your share to hand to your people.
    Listen, it's risen!

Take your share, I repeat,
take your share and feed your people.
    Listen, it's risen!

It's good you were born, first-born,
it's good you conceived, young maiden.
    Listen, it's risen!

You cowards, you Bushy Beards,
you sightless, you bones,
    listen, it's risen!

Today there's peace, today there's joy,
the Lord's been born, we have a home.
    Listen, it's risen!

Hey, Ethiopia! Hey, Ethiopia!
I hope you know the magnitude
of your chosen share, of your chosen share.
    Listen, it's risen!

---

1. Kropf defines *ukubingelela* as "to slaughter and offer for a child (not for twins) at its birth, on the day the mother ceases lying-in, which is done by the father or a man of the village, not by the priest-doctor" (1915: 36).
2. Kropf defines *inxanxheba* as "the right hindquarter of a slaughtered bullock claimed by the chief or one of his servants for him and eaten in the fields away from the *umzi*; meat sent by a superior chief to one under him" (1915: 298).

12

Umnyak' Omtsha 1908

"Lenyanga yintloko yenyanga." Kes. 12:2

EBINIZALA kude kwalapa
Sisagciniwe pantsi kwe kwapa,
Zatsh' inqwitela kunye nendlala,
Zatsh' izanzwili zisivutela.
Zabhubh' inkomo lagqats' ilanga
Batsha nabantu zavuy' intlanga.

EBINIZALA kude kwalapa
Silondolozwe pantsi kwekwapa,
Bekuyizolo ngomhla weleqe,
Nomhla wemfazwe, owezirweqe.
Nemikalimo "Izwe lifile!"
Pezu kwenduli, namhl' ipelile.

EBINIZALA kude kwalapa
Siqoqoshelwe pantsi kwekwapa,
Nanz' izikali zingamakhuba
Nank' umhedeni namhl' uyahluba

New Year 1908 (1908)

"This month shall be the beginning of months." Exodus 12:2

Ebenezer's[1] been with us up to today,
we've been held safe in his armpit.
Tempest and famines struck us,
deafening roarings tumbled us.
Cattle perished, the sun scorched,
and people flared, while strangers rejoiced.

Ebenezer's been with us up to today,
we've been protected in his armpit.
Yesterday was the day of the dowry ox,
the day of war, of assegais,
of war cries, "The country's at war!"
On the hilltop these cries are heard no more.

Ebenezer's been with us up to today,
we've been secure in his armpit.
Here are the weapons, they're ploughshares,
here's the heathen, moulting today,

1. Ebenezer is the name of a stone Samuel set up to commemorate the Israelite defeat of the Philistines at Mizpah (1 Samuel 7:12).

Izivivane ezakudala
Zihayelelwe ziyonakala

EBINIZALA kude kwalapa
Sisakuselwe pantsi kwekwapa.
Izivivane zaleminyaka
Ziyaguguma ziya zinyuka
Neziqumiso kwa namadini
Ay' e Troneni yase Zulwini.

EBINIZALA kude kwalapa
Sinqatyisiwe pantsi kwe kwapa,
Leyo ngonyama isiposile
Dana Satana sikoyisile,
Apo sikona sesipambili
Zingesifik' ezak' izikwili.

EBINIZALA kude kwalapa
Sisancediwe pantsi kwekwapa
Nangu lomnyaka usifikela
Nantsi nemvula siyitotyelwa
Nali lipuma nalo ilanga,
Kuyo lentloko yazo inyanga.

EBINIZALA kude kwalapa
Sisancediwe pantsi kwekwapa

the cairns[2] of old
crumble disused.

Ebenezer's been with us up to today,
we're still sheltered under his armpit.
The cairns of the years
swell, growing in height,
the incense and the sacrifices
reach up to the heavenly throne.

Ebenezer's been with us up to today,
we're firmly in his armpit.
That lion has missed us.
Confound you, Satan, we've conquered you,
we're way in front where we are:
your lance is unable to touch us.

Ebenezer's been with us up to today,
we're still assisted in his armpit.
Here's this year approaching us,
here's the rain sent down on us,
here's the sun emerging too
in this beginning of the months.

Ebenezer's been with us up to today
we're still assisted in his armpit.

---

2. Pahl (1989: 506–7) offers a detailed exposition in his definition of *isivivane*: "a cairn piled up by travellers alongside the road, especially at certain steep or dangerous places, on difficult, tiring, or important journeys; a small stone is cast onto the heap by every passer-by who utters a little prayer to the ancestral spirits for a safe or successful journey, for strength and blessings; on the return journey the traveller casts another stone onto the cairn, and utters a prayer of gratitude saying: '*Enkosi Mhlekazi, omhle, Mhle omkhulu*' (Soga: *Intlalo*), expressing his gratitude for a safe journey or for a successfully concluded mission; formerly such cairns were a feature of the Xhosa countryside but most of them have disappeared; one is still to be seen on a hill at a place called *eSivivaneni* above the Clarkebury Mission Station, Transkei."

Yizani nonke abakowetu
Sizigutyule ububi betu
Sizibekise ku Mncedi wetu
Sizisingise kwi Kaya letu.

Come, all my people,
to purge our iniquities
and turn ourselves to our Helper
and direct ourselves to our Home.

13

I Kilisimisi ka 1908

"Ndiya kumisa ubutshaba pakati kwako nomfazi, napakati kwenzala yako nenzala yake; yona iyakukutyumza intloko, wena ke uyakuyityumza isitende." Gen. 3:15

I Kilisimisi sisizalisekiso sesisiteto sidala singetla apa, esixela ukuba nangona obawo bamqumbisayo u Tixo, noko kuseko ububuya, kuba sisiti kusaya kubako:

Uxolo emva kobutshaba
Ukuputunywa emva kokugxotwa
Ibuyambo emva kokwaliwa
Ukukanya emva kobumnyama
Ukuzola emva koqwitela
Upumlo emva kokudinwa
Uloyiso emva kokucitwa
Intluta emva kwendlala
Ikaya emva kobumbacu
Inzuzo emva kwelahleko
Uvuko emva kokufa.

Ukufika kwe Kilisimisi ludaba olumnandi ke ngoko kwabo bakolwayo sesisiteto singentla se Ncwadi Endala. Ufanelwe kukuti oluqondayo lumcwayitise, onwabe akululeke ukupa izipo ze Kilisimisi, kuba naye amkele ngesisa, efanelwe ke kukuba ape ngesisa, iti yonke into exalabisayo yelipakade ayifumane ukuba iyimvutuluka engemcukumisi nganto yena:

Christmas 1908 (1908)

"I will put enmity between you and the woman, and between your offspring and hers; he will crush your head, and you will strike his heel." Genesis 3:15

Christmas is the fulfilment of the above old quotation which states that although our forefathers angered God, restoration is still possible, and we put our faith in it.

Peace after enmity
Reclamation after banishment
Restoration after rejection
Light after darkness
Calm after storm
Rest after weariness
Victory after defeat
Abundance after famine
Home after exile
Gain after loss
Resurrection after death.

The arrival of Christmas is good news, therefore, to those who believe in the above quotation from the Old Testament. Those who appreciate that should rejoice and be free to give Christmas presents generously, because they received generously, therefore they ought to give generously; everything of this world that gives rise to concern they should regard as dust that in no way affects them.

Nakutshiswa ngamililo,
Nakumkiswa yimilambo,
Nakubetwa yimibane,
Nakucitwa ngamatyala,
Nakupanziswa lirele,
Nakubulawa zindlala,
Nakhafulo lutetwayo.
Hili bateketiswayo,
Namamlambo batengw ayo,
Nazimfene zikwelwayo,
Nantlanga ziqatshulwayo,
Namacanti alanywayo,
Nazingwenya zibizayo,
Nanyoka ziboloshayo,
Nampundulu zicelayo.

Hayi, yonke lonto ayimcukumisi yena, uqamele kupela ngesi siteto simnandi; saye singayikuze simdanise kuba kaloku:

Sesa Lowo ungu Lowo;
Ovula kungavali bani
Avale kungavuli bani.

Ngako oko ke, Imbongi yakwa Gompo, icwayitile, IYABULISA!

Yabinz' inkwenkwezi iteta kuteta!
Yabinz' inkwenkwezi inqhin' elidala.
Yavakal' intsholo yabase Nyangweni

When you are burnt in flames
When you are borne off by rivers
When lightning strikes you
When debts defeat you
When the sword scatters you
When famines destroy you
And muttered incantations
Coddled *tikoloshes*
And hired *mamlambos*
And baboons ridden on
And blood-letting incisions
And glimpsed *chantis*
And alluring crocodiles
And snakes that bore into children,
And lightning birds in search of victims[1]

No, none of those affects them, they lay their heads only on the appealing quotation above; and they will not be disappointed because

It comes from The One Who Is One;
who opens and none can shut,
who shuts and none can open.

Therefore the Gompo Poet[2] rejoices AND GREETS YOU!

The shooting star has much to tell us!
The shooting star confirms the old saying.
The heavenly chorus sounded,

1. The preceding lines mention fabulous, hostile creatures: the *tikoloshe* is a stunted man, also known as Hili; *mamlambo* is a river snake that brings its owner good or ill fortune; the baboon is a favourite familiar of witches, who ride them; *ichanti* is a multi-coloured, shape-changing, hypnotic river snake; *impundulu* is a bird that causes lightning and, by flapping its red wings, thunder. For detailed descriptions of some of these creatures, see Pahl (1989: 716–20); also the glossary of Xhosa terms following the Introduction.
2. Mqhayi's earliest pseudonym was *Imbongi yakwaGompo* (The Gompo poet, that is, the poet of East London): see item 2, note 10.

Ngendumas' enkulu eviw' emhlabeni,
Kuzelwe namhlanje imbanyar' enkulu
Umpati zitshixo zomhlaba nezulu.

Hoyi bemi bomhlaba! Hoyi bemi bomhlaba!
Nipongome ngani ligwetyiw' ityala?
Ngubanin' ongevang' izwi lesigodlo?
Ngubanin' ongevang' izwi lexilongo?
Utetil' entlang' umfo ka Zekariya:
"Yilungisen' indlel' ahamb' uMesiya.

Ityumkil' intloko yalonyok' inkulu,
Liq'aq'iw' itywin' elatyinwa kwamzuzu;
Kuvulek' indlela kwilwandl' ibomvu,[1]
Bonke otixwana namhla babuvuvu
Walete kumkani! siyidle luhlaza
Inzala yenyoka siyenze impanza.

Sivule kumkani siy' ezilalini,
Ezilokishini, ezitolosheni,
Kulapo bakon' abazalwana betu,
Kulapo ikona imfesane yetu,
Singa ngabavisa baluve ngendlela
Udab' olumnandi silu shumayela.

Izwe ligqibile ngu Belizab'ub'e
Zivusele naw' int' ezingenadumbe
Kuk' imipefumlo emayi sindiswe,
Kuk' imipefumlo emayihlangulwe,
Ezelwe nj' u Nyana namhla masivulwe
Izelwe nj' i Nkosi namhla masifunzwe.

"Bobiza njanina bengakolwanga nje?"
"Bokolwa njanina bengakuvanga nje?"

---

1. *Imihobe* has *ezibomvu*.

with widespread rumbling heard on earth,
today the All-Powerful's been born,
keeper of keys to earth and heaven.

Hey, earthdwellers! Hey, earthdwellers!
What's troubling you when the case has been settled?
Who hasn't heard the horn blast?
Who hasn't heard the blaring trumpet?
Zechariah's son[3] spoke in the wilderness:
"Prepare the way for Messiah to tread."

This great snake's head has been crushed,
the seal briefly sealed has been ripped,
a road's been opened across the Red Sea,
all today's idols are worthless.
Give us leave, king! Let's eat it raw!
Let the snake's offspring be scattered.

Admit us, king, to the districts,
to locations and to farm shacks,
that's where our relatives are,
that's where our birth cord is,
we wish we could make them hear clearly
the good news that we preach.

The world's been destroyed by Beelzebub,
raise for yourself tremble-free structures;
there are souls to be saved,
there are souls to be rescued,
with today's birth of the Son, we should be free,
with today's birth of the Lord we should be roused.

"How would they call as unbelievers?"
"How would they believe without having heard you?"

3. John the Baptist.

"Botinin' ukuva bengaviswanga nje?"
"Botinin' ukulwa bengafunzwanga nje?"
Iding' elidala namhla ligqityiwe
Bayete Kumkani! Walete! Walete![2]

2. The final six stanzas, from "*Yabinz' inkwenkwezi iteta kuteta!*" to the end, were included as a separate poem entitled "*Umbongo weKresimesi*" in Mqhayi's first anthology of poetry, *Imihobe nemibongo* (1927: 20–2).

"How would they hear without explanation?"
"How would they fight without being roused?"
Today the ancient vow's fulfilled.
Hail, King, Give us leave! Give us leave!

14

U 1908 no 1909

"Lenyanga yoba yintloko yenyanga kuni. Yoba yintlahlela yenyanga zomnyaka kuni." Kesod. 12:2.

Kuleminyaka abantu abaninzi bentlanga ngentlanga bamangalisiwe kukunqapela kwe Afrika ese Zantsi, bati inanina ukuba ikule kade kangaka? Inanina ukuba ibe sisidodo esisemva malunga nentsebenzo yezinye izizwe? Inanina ukuba ingabi seyinezenzo zamandla ezingapezulu kwelizwe lase kutini nelase kutini? Kute ke ngenxa yalemibuzo mininzi kangaka, kwade kwavela izipundlapundla, ezite kanti ukucinga kusidibi noko kukuhle zagagamela ozibani nozibani, zaqonda mva ukuba hayi kanti siyirwarwazelela ingekavutwa.

Umtana oke waziziliza ukukula ukolisa ukuti kanti ingqondo akazishiyanga ngasemva, unyuka kunye nayo, ati efika emhleni wake kube kungaseko dedengu.

Imbongi yakwa Gompo ke ngoko IYABULELA!!!

Kuni madoda:

Nina Mosisi bohlanga olumnyama,
Nt' ezikup' umzi ebukobokeni,
Zirwalaxu zinokoyikeka,
Ezabamb' inqwelo yaziziliza.
Nt' ezimabunz' asebuncotsheni,
Zitshetevu zezanxu zamadoda.
Ezayek' o Nyawontle bafundisa.
Zayibuz' imvelapi e Nkumandeni,

1908 and 1909 (1909)

"This month shall be unto you the beginning of months. It shall be the first month of the year to you." Exodus 12:2

In these years many people of different nationalities are concerned about the lack of progress in South Africa. They're saying, "Why is it taking so long to develop? Why is it a slow coach far in the rear compared to the achievements of other countries? Why does it lack the notable achievements of such and such a country?" Because of the multiplicity of such questions, blockheads came to the fore and, shallow in thought, they lorded it over so and so and so and so, and realised later, oh dear, that they'd raised false expectations.

A child who grows at leisure does not usually leave his brains behind, they develop along with him, and when he comes of age he is anything but diffident.

And so the Gompo poet's GRATEFUL!!!

To you, men:

You the black nation's Moses,
leading the people from bondage,
awe-inspiring champions,
whose grip slowed a wagon down,
with foreheads held up high,
sturdy men with bushy beards
who left missionaries to do their teaching,
they asked the commando where they came from,

Ngekhaka no ntlangoti-mbini.
'De kwasuke kwapel' ukunceda,
'Kuz' umzi uzale ngamarundasi,
Irafu zigwaze no Tshaka,
Kuvel' onotwal' impahlana.
Umfazi alaule indoda,
Unyana apate uyise.
Zipel' iziteti nobuntu.
Bungabi nto yant' ubukosi.
Niyabona ke zipakati ndini.
Bekumelw' ukuba kuhlwayelwe
Ukuze kuvunwe uluto.
Bekumelw' ukuba imbewu ife
Ukuze kuvel' iziqamo.
Nihlwayel' igazi nobuntu.
Emnyameni nasebutatakeni
Namhla ziyavel' iziqamo
Uhlanga selusemandleni.
Seluye lwema nge Melika,
Nge Ngilanene Skotilani,
Selunamatye ezishicilelo,
Selunendlukazi zemfundiso.
Selunabafundisi bohlanga
Selunababuzeli bo Mteto,
Selusoma nditet' u navati.
Seluputaputa apo lwavela kona
Seluxoxa kwa isiza sisizwe
Seluzoba kwa inxowa lobuntu.
Ngezindawo NDIYABULELA.
Maze nibe ndlela-ntle kakulu
Mhla nisinga kwase Nyangweni!!

with their shields and double-edged swords.
All help came to an end,
and the homesteads filled with vagrants,
taxes stabbed even Shaka,
and people packed up and left.
Women gave orders to men,
the son controlled his father.
Ubuntu[1] and spokespeople ended.
Chieftainship lost all meaning.
Now you see, you councillors.
It was supposed to sow a seed
so something could be harvested.
The seed was supposed to die
for the fruit to be produced.
You sowed blood and *ubuntu*
in darkness and weakness.
Today the fruits appear:
the nation's regained its strength.
It stands alongside America,
with England and with Scotland,
it possesses printing presses,
it possesses centres of learning,
it possesses priests for the nation,
it possesses advocates of law,
it speaks foreign languages fluently,
it's lost touch with its origins,
it discusses national borders,
it's restoring *ubuntu* as a way of life.
For all these things I'm GRATEFUL.
I wish you the easiest journey
on the day you travel to Heaven!!

1. Kropf glosses *isiteti* as "the orator of an assembly, who speaks to the chief for the people" (1915: 409). *Ubuntu* is the quality of human kindness and compassion that binds a people, a quality essential to communal living.

Kuni Bafazi:

Nina Meriyam bohlang' oluntsundu
Nina Debora besizwe endisiso
Enite wakuhlaty' umkosi
Nabhinqa emifutshanana
Nangena nan' ehlatini,
Olululwandle lwegazi
Nayakupumela ngapesheya
Noko ningapumelanga nonke.
Zaye zijwed' intsan' emihlana.
Kungeko nto zityiswa yona
Baqangqululwa abanye bemiti
Batumel' igaz' egazini
Behlwayel' imbewu efayo
Eyakuvunwa empilweni.
Nate ke nakupumela,
Nayitabata intambula
Napendula kuwo amadoda,
Ngamanyano lwenu bafazi
Natsho ngesiqumisokazi
Esinjengesika Elija.
Nangenzola yomtandazo
Esindise no Petelose
Niyabona ke bafazindini
Ezontsana namhla sezimandleni
Enanizinxulile emahlatini,
Mhla ngemini yosizi,
Nazifundisa ngevasi,
Nangokupehl' ixibiya
Nazipata ngamenyo.
Oyise bef' emfazweni.
Zikulile zahiliza
Nibuye naziyaleza
Ngalonzola yomtandazo,
Eyakup' u Petelose.
Niyabona ke namhla bayabuya

To you, women:

You Miriams of the black nation,
you Deborahs of the nation I am,
when the call to arms was sounded,
you girded yourselves there and then
and entered the forest,
the sea of blood,
to emerge on the far side,
though not all emerged.
On your backs babies wailed,
with nothing to eat,
the pregnant were slit open,
they gave blood to blood,
sowing perishable seed
to be harvested in health.
When you emerged on the far side
you took up tambourines,
answered the men with them,
with your solidarity, women,
with billowing clouds of incense,
just like those of Elijah,
and with incessant prayer,
which secured the release of Peter.
Now you see, you women,
today those children have power,
those you bore on your hips through the forest
on the day of sorrow,
you educated them through doing washing,
through churning buttermilk,
you carried them in your teeth.
Their fathers died in the war.
They grew up and tottered off,
you interceded on their behalf
through your incessant prayer,
which saw to Peter's release.
Today you see them returning,

Amanxil' ayayilahl' ibhotile,
Amadungudwan' akumbul' amakaya,
Izifebe ziyawagxot' amashweshwe,
Bonke bonke bayaputuluza,
Bafun' apo bawa bevela kona.
Ngezindawo ke NDIYABULELA!
Qinisani ningeti amandla.
Akufun' ukutot' amadoda
Vuka Debora hlabel' ingoma!
Zihanjwe nendlel' ebezingasahanjwa,
Ehle namaqongqolo azingangamsha.
Maze nibe ndlela-ntle nani
Mhla niwela lo Jordani
Bema kuy' ababingeleli.
Benomkombe wesinqulelo.
Nakubulisa ke kakulu
Kumadoda lawo selepambili
Kwakona nditi NDIYABULELA.

Kuni Mlisela:

Nina Joshuwa bohlang' endilulo.
Nilalele nina u Mosis' engaseko nje!
Zemk' inkomo Magwalandini!
Nibona kungaseko nto nj' ezintlantini
Nanz' inkomo kun' ebuchotsheni.
Balupele bebatsha onyoko
Ngokupela kwamasi ngenxa yenu.
Hay' int' intl' amadodan' akuputuma
Efuz' amagor' angoyise.
Ulalele ntonina Joshuwa
Ezimin' izimini zako nje?
Ananin' akupum' amadodana
Akangel' ukuhamba kwe Lizwi

drunks have tossed the bottle aside,
tramps remembered their homes,
fornicators expelled their concubines,
all people, all people strain
in the search for where they went wrong.
For all these things I'm GRATEFUL!
Persevere, and maintain your strength
when men are inclined to waver.
Wake up, Deborah, sing the song,
so untrodden ways are travelled!
Let the survivors come back down.
May you also have a safe journey
on the day you cross that Jordan
where all the priests are standing
with the ferry of devotion.
You will offer heartfelt greeting
to the men already there.
Again I say I'm GRATEFUL.

To you, young men:

You Joshuas of the nation I am,
why are you sleeping with Moses dead?
They're making off with your cattle, you cowards![2]
You can see nothing's left in the kraals:
you're imagining the cattle.
Your mothers wore themselves out while still young:
because of you there was no more *amasi*.[3]
It's good that our young men go searching,
resembling those heroes, their fathers.
Why are you sleeping, Joshua?
Are these present days not yours?
Why can't the young men go forth
to watch the Word's progress,

2. A popular war cry, rousing men to interrupt the rustling of their cattle.
3. Thick, curdled milk, a delicacy.

Ukuhamba kwe Lizwi ezikolweni
Alihluze alihlube amahluba
Kub' int' ingeniswe zizizwe zasemzini?
Alilungise ngokwendlel' asekaya.
Ananin' akulisa ezinkosini?
Ananin' akukangela imfundo
Ayihluz' amahluba kwa nayo
Kub' ize nabant' abangasaziyo?
Abangakwaziyo nokuteta kwetu.
Ananin' akukangel' ulimo nemfuyo,
Int' omiswe ngayo lomzi ngu Mosisi?
Kuze nj' usapo lugcinakale
Kuze nj' ubuntu bume bumi.
Ananin' akwayamana ngamacala
Aqweb' ozimali
Ateng' omihlaba
Abuyis' ilizwe loyise?
Enz' omashishini
Ateng' inqanawa
Ateng' inciniba
Ateng' ozinkomo zohlobo?
Atyal' imiyezo
Afundis' intsapo
Bonwabe nabafazi bawo?
Kambe ke noko nditshoyo nto zako wetu,
Noko nditshoyo nje sendivile
Kok' ukuteta ndingayi kukuqabelisa
Kuba ndingabuye nditukе banina ndakwenjenjalo?
Ndiyev' ukuba nipata kweyela
Nibuye nipata kunyolana
Kuba kaloku ledyokw' iyasinda
Ngakumbi nihamb' indlel' enengozi
Kuba kalok' ayihanjwanga ngoyihlo
Ngayo yonke lemigudu NDISABULELA.
Ukutet' okunamandla ndiyakukuteta kamva
Sakukov' ukuqabel' lentab' o Kucenga
Sakukov' ukuqabela lentab' e Nkohliso

the Word's progress in schools,
to refine it and strip off the husk,
introduced to our nations by strangers,
adapt it in keeping with our traditions?
Why can't they promote it among our chiefs?
Why can't they watch education,
strip it clean of its husk,
brought by those who know nothing of us,
who can't even speak our language?
Why can't they watch over crops and livestock,
with which Moses founded this nation,
to keep the family sound,
so *ubuntu* is promoted?
Why can't they stand side by side
and accumulate wealth,
and purchase property,
and bring back the land of their fathers,
and float companies,
and purchase ships,
and purchase ostriches,
and buy prime cattle,
and plant orchards,
and educate their families,
and live happily with their wives?
But having said that, fellow countrymen,
having said I've already heard,
though my talking won't serve any purpose,
but who would I hurt if I did so again?
I hear you lapse from time to time,
and from time to time you point your fingers,
because after all this yoke is heavy,
moreover your road is fraught with danger
because your fathers never trod it.
For all these efforts I'm still GRATEFUL.
Later I'll utter forceful words,
after we've scaled this mountain of Flatteries,
after we've scaled this mount of Delusion,

Sakukov' ukuqabela lentab' o Nyhwalazo
Ndiyakuqala ke nditi: NDIYABULELA.

Kuni Mtinjana:

OLOYI!!!
Nina Mariya bohlanga lwakowetu
Vuyani nina nisikelelweyo pakati kwentombi!
Ngokuba nini eniyakuzala ezonkunqele
Eziza kupakamis' izandla ze Tiyopiya
Seniwuvil' umsebenzi womlisela
Kanti k' umlisela kutetwa nina
Kub' onyoko bapelel' ezindle nje
Babencedisa kwimfazwe zoyihlo,
Bati wakupel' umlilo wobudoda
Wavel' u Debora wapat' irele
Zat' inkwenkwezi zangecala lake.
Ad' ehl' amaqongqolo azingangamsha.
Lembali ke ndiyibalisela nina
"Maqobokazan' angalali mzini
Angalal' emzin' alahlekile"
Hambani niye kubikel' izihlobo zam
Niye kubikel' abazalana nam
Nit' Imbongi yakwa Gompo iyagula
Iguliswa lutando
Ite yakoyiswa yakuxakwa
Yayam' elutandweni
Utando lwentombi zabantu bakowayo
Ziyanditanda, ndiyazitanda nam
Ziyandifunga, ndiyazifunga nam
Zindang' izandla xa ndifikayo
Ndizang' izandla xa ndihambayo
Ziyateta nam nasele kwentaba
Ndiyateta nazo napesha kwenduli

after we've scaled this mount of Hypocrisies.
Then I'll start by saying: I'm GRATEFUL.

To you, young women:

LISTEN!!!
You Marias of our nation,
blessed are you amongst women, rejoice,
for it's you who'll give birth to the champions,
who will raise Ethiopia's hands.
You've heard of the young men's task.
By the way, "young men" includes you,
for your mothers died on the plains,
supporting your fathers' wars.
When the flame of manhood died
Deborah appeared sword in hand.
Then the stars came to her side:
the valiant veterans descended.
I'm telling this story to you,
"Girls who don't sleep in a village,
if they sleep on the way they are lost."[4]
Go and report to my friends,
go and report to my kinfolk,
say the Gompo poet's sick,
he's been infected by love.
Overwhelmed and afflicted,
he chose the path of love,
the love of his people's daughters.
They love me, and I love them;
they swear by me, I swear by them.
They kiss my hands when I arrive;
I kiss their hands when I depart.
They speak to me beyond the mountain;
I speak to them beyond the hill.

4. "This phrase is used to thank girls for going on a message or bringing wood quickly" (Kropf 1915: 356).

Oloyi! bantu batandwa ndim
Izandl' ezinamandla zezenu
Zezo zandla zimbambazel' imvambilini
Izenzo zenu zivakele
Ezitat' ikondo lonyoko
Nok' ukutet' andikukupumeza
Ndiyakwenjenjalo kodwa ngokubuya
Nakukov' ukuqabel' ezontaba
Senditete ngazo ku Mlisela.
Oloyi ke Bantakwetu!
Ngezenzo zenu ezihle NDISABULELA
Noti ke nakuxel' intombi zama Hebere
Nibone ngam ndibuya ndifika
Ndibuya ndifika ndisiti NDIYABULELA

Hamba xego lomnyaka
Usitetelele nati apo Pezulu.
Ngena gcabe lomnyaka
Usip' imfundiso zobubom
Ungas' libali ngezobom obuzayo.

Listen, beloved people!
The hands holding power are yours,
those hands that soothe a newborn babe.
Your deeds ring out loud and clear,
following in your mothers' footsteps.
I'll never cease proclaiming them;
I'll do so when I return,
after you've scaled those mountains
I mentioned to the young men.
Listen then, my people,
for your good deeds I am GRATEFUL
when you take after the Hebrew daughters.
You will see me on my return,
saying on my return that I'm GRATEFUL.

Go, old man of a year,
speak for us up above.
Enter, brand new year,
give us the lessons of life,
not forgetting those of the life to come.

15

Abatunywa Betu base Ngilane

Nkosi Mhleli,—Imfazwe zezikali okunene sizilwile, asalungelwa. Site namhla siyimbumba yomzi ka Ntu, saqala iqalo lemfazwe zempucuko, eziliwa ngokuteta. Andinalo nelincinane itandabuzo lokuba onyana baka Ntu bayawoyisile kwa kwigalelo labo lokuqala eliyi "nyaniso"; suke u Rulumente wa Pesheya waxela u Pilati, waxakwa kukugweba ngokoyika indimbane, wade wafumane wahlamba izandla ukuzigwebela.

Ziseza kutwasa ezona mbongi zeli lizwe, kodwa ke tina bazibambeleyo siyakuke siti ngemihla enje sizamane sityandyuluka sisiti:—

Tyapile niwele
Lusapo luka Ntu;
Tyapile nibuye
Bafo be Afrika;
Kukade sizilwa
Imfazwe zengqanda.
Namhl' olu lugadla
Kumadul' azayo.

Our envoys to Britain (1909)

My Lord Editor, to be sure we've fought the wars of weapons, and we could not win. We said today we are the African Bond, and we made a new beginning with this war of enlightenment, fought by word of mouth. I have not the slightest doubt that the sons of Ntu[1] triumphed in their first bout, which is "the truth"; but the overseas government behaved just like Pilate, reluctant to pronounce judgement for fear of the crowds, to the extent of washing its hands in exculpation.[2]

The finest poets of this country are still learning their craft, but we who act in their stead will, on such days, make an effort and cry out saying:–

You've done well to cross the sea,
family of Ntu;
you've done well to return,
sons of Africa;
for long we've been fighting
wars of the assegai.
Today marks a fresh start[3]
to future battles.

---

1. Ntu is the eponymous ancestor of black South Africans.
2. The Coloured and Native Delegation assembled in London in July 1909 in an unsuccessful effort to oppose the South Africa Act of 1909, which created the Union of South Africa on 31 May 1910. Its members included W.P. Schreiner, Abdullah Abdurahman, Walter Benson Rubusana, Thomas Mapikela, Daniel Dwanya and John Tengo Jabavu, with John Dube in attendance (see Odendaal 2012: 415–34).
3. Kropf defines *ugadla* as "the first thick milk poured out of a new milk-sack" (1915: 113).

Tyapile nitete
Matol' amagora;
Usan' olute tu
Lufela emhlana.
Namhlanj' inkedama
Niye nazibika,
Nabahlolokazi
Nikwababuzele.

Tyapile nibeko
Bafo bakowetu,
Sonituka namhla
Ngomso sobulela;
Sinilahle namhla,
Kuse siputuma;
Ingengqala ngani,
Buza ko Mosisi.

Tyapile arole
Amaza olwandle,
Abek' inyaniso
X' idlula pezulu.
Hay' kodw' inyaniso!
Hay' kamb' inyaniso!
Tyapile nibuye
Nipet' inyaniso!

Tyapile ka Tshaina
Inja ikuvuke,
Sazi kwa uyihlo
Engumvusi wetu.
Tyapile ka Dube
Uye kulunguza,
Nawe Dulamane
Nangomso nangomnye.

You've done well to speak out,
calves of heroes;
a silent baby dies
on its mother's back.
Today you delivered a statement
concerning the orphans,
you've intervened
on behalf of the widows.

You've done well to be there,
you local fellows,
today we'll insult you,
tomorrow we'll thank you;
today we'll discard you,
tomorrow we'll fetch you.
You weren't the first:
ask Moses and his lot.

It's a good thing the sea waves
tugged at the truth
as it passed up above
and placed it in view.
Oh! The truth!
Indeed, the truth!
You've done well to return
with the truth in your hands!

Well done, son of Schreiner,
the dog in you roused,
we know your father,
our motivator.
Well done, son of Dube,
you went to inspect,
and you, Abdurahman,
help someone else tomorrow.

Tyapile Radebe
Nto ka Mapikela,
Epikel' umteto
Eyapuma nipike;
Kwati kuzi Komfa
Kwabe kubatunywa.
Quba seuqalile
Sewambet' ityala.

Tyapile Cisana
Mfo wase Mjadwini.
Izwe liyazuza
Izwe linenimba;
Likaule amava
Lozala amandla.
Nantso k' i Afrika
Isakulindele.

Kutyapile Jili
Ka Njengelenduna,
Kabini katatu
Nakude kufiwe,
"Ngez' ifi Afrika
Izele kangaka."
Bayakutsh' e Mpuma
Nase Ntshonalanga.

Tyapile Qanqolo
Wakwa Nyakanyaka,
Intaba ka Ndoda
Neyakwa Lukanji,
I Nxuba ne Nciba
I Xesi no Mbashe,
Zibeta izandla
Ziti: "Tshotsh' uzalwe."

Well done, Radebe,
Mapikela's son,
who contradicted the law,
came forth to oppose;
conferences were held,
messengers sent.
Continue, you've made a start.
Already you're taking the blame.

Well done, Chisana,
Jadu fellow,
the country's parturient,
the country's in labour;
it conceived experience,
it will give birth to power.
There is Africa
still waiting for you.

Well done, Jili,[4]
Son of Njengelenduna,
twice, thrice,
people died even far off,
"Africa can never die,
having so many children."
So they'll say in the East
and in the West.

Well done, Qanqolo,
of the Nyakanyaka,
Ntaba kaNdoda,
Lukhanji Mountain,
the Fish and the Kei,
Middledrift and Mbhashe,
all clap their hands
saying, "It's good you were born."

4. John Tengo Jabavu.

Andikulityila
Ihlazo lekaya,
Lokuti nilambe
Nibuye ngentambo,
Kodwa benitunywe
Ngumz' ongakanana;
Soqunywa kwanini
Ingqond' inqapele.

Mandenz' umnqakati ngale ivesana,
Uyanibulisa wonke umtinjana,
Wonke umlisela, namaninakazi
Abeninqulela esopa igazi.
Bayabulis' oyihlo, amagqala-mteto
Abebet' inkomo engenzi mfeketo.
Tyapile nifike, tyapile nibuye!
Nitshayel' ekaya nisenze sivuye.

I shall not expose
our domestic disgrace,
being so starved
to the point of death,
but you were sent
by such a vast homestead;
you'll screen our disgrace.
Our brains are stunted.

I add this verse as an uneven number,
all the girls greet you,
all young men and women,
who shed blood invoking the spirits for you.
Your fathers greet you, custodians of law,
who offered cattle in all gravity.
You've done well to arrive, you've done well to return!
You swept the house clean and gave us heart!

16

Yibonen' Injombe Yakomkulu

"Xa nite nalibona isikizi lesipanziso limi endaweni eyingcwele olesayo makaqiqe."

Ema Xhoseni ubusiti umzi onetyala wotuswe kukufika kwenjolana yakomkulu seyipete injombe (umsila wengwe utungelwe elutini), ifike iyitsho gxume enkundleni iti cwaka ke ingateti. Umninimzi lowo ke xa sekude kwalapo, angabuye enze nto yimbi ngapandle kokuhlaula lonke elotyala ati engenako awe pantsi ngedolo azicelele uxolo kwinjolana leyo yakomkulu, ibe yiyo eyakuteta kakuhle ngaye e Bhotwe, kuba ibesazi ukuba ukudungudelisa kuyakuba

Yincitakalo yomzi wake
Nokupanza kosapo lwake.

Ama Xhosa ke ngoko ngabantu abalindwebele kakulu isikizi lesipanziso. Isikova siviwa silila emaxhantini, itole lenkomo lilila[1] pambi konini xa kusengwayo, intsikizi nokuba yinja ibonwe pezu kwendlu emini, neminye imihlola elolohlobo, ibisiti yakubhaqwa itetiswe kabukali, kungapeli apo, kugxagxanyiswe kutatyatwe intonga ukuya kuviwa ko Siyazi ukuba ingaba yintonina eza kuhla.

Kutiwa kuleminyaka eli 1910 emva kokunyukela kwe Nkosi yetu, ndawonye neminyaka ema[2] 240 pambi kokuzalwa kwayo, lo Mgca usabonakele amaxesha ali 14 qa, kube ukubonakala ngakunye kwawo uya ushiye indaba ezingati ngco mxhelo kubani.

---

1. *lilela*
2. *ena*

Note the Great Place summons (1910)

"When you see 'the abomination that causes desolation' standing where it does not belong – let the reader understand."

In Xhosa villages a homestead charged with an infraction would be surprised by the arrival of a steward from the Great Place carrying an *injombe* (a leopard's tail stitched to a pole). He would thrust the stake into the courtyard on arrival without saying a word. Since matters had come to this point, the householder would do nothing but settle the debt in full, failing which he would fall on his knees and beg for clemency from the Great Place steward, who would put in a good word for him at the Great Place, knowing that enforced vagrancy would be

the ruin of his homestead,
the devastation of his family.

And so the Xhosa are people extremely wary of an ominous sign. An owl heard hooting at the kraal gates, a calf crying in front of its mother at milking time, a ground hornbill or dog observed on a hut at daytime and similar jinxes, when suddenly encountered, would be roundly shouted off and, in addition, with staves in hand they'd stride off to learn from sages what the incident foretold.

It is said that in the 1910 years since the ascension of our Lord, as well as in the 240 years before his birth, this Comet[1] has been seen 14 times only and every time it is sighted it leaves unpleasant news in its wake.

1. Halley's Comet was visible on 20 April 1910.

Ute kwa ukutwasa kwawo lo wanamhla Umgca kwehla isigigaba ungekabonwa ngeliso lenyama: Unyana ka Sandile inkosi yetu no Noposi unina sebelele kobandayo; kwano Kumkuni wase Britani u Edward wesi Xenxe, onge ute mfixi yingqelana engepi, yati kanti leyo seyiyi njombe yakomkulu.

Ukwenjenje oku Mhleli, anditeti luto, ndalatisa kupela umzi wakowenu kulanjombe[3] itiwe gxume esibhakabhakeni. Ewe, inxenye yetu ite iseva ukuba kuko inkwenkwezi enomsila ezakuvela igile ezinye, yawa ngamadolo nendololwane yatandaza. Ndiyabancoma abantu abalungisayo abo benjenjalo. Ngako oko ke:—

Yibonen' injombe Yakomkulu!
Luxolo na, lutshabana situnywa sezulu?
Masenze ntonina tina bonyana baka Adam?
Masenze ntonina tina lusapo lwenkohlakalo?
Yavel' inkwenkwez' eyavela ngo Sandile
Yavel' inkwenkwez' yase Mpumalanga.

Yibonen' injombe Yakomkulu!
Batetil' o Hali bayandulela,
Bangqin' o Ntsikana bat' ibinzile,
Bat' ibinzil' ixelela tina;
Az' itinina kuti midak' emnyama?
Zitaten' intonga nising' egqireni.

3. *kulanjolombe*

Weird occurrences were connected with today's appearance of the Comet even before it was visible to the naked eye: our chief Sandile's son and Noposi his mother[2] had gone to the land of the dead, as well as the king of Britain, Edward VII,[3] who seemed to suffer a mild bout of flu, but it turned out to be his summons to the Great Place.

In so doing, Mr Editor, I'm saying nothing at all. I'm merely drawing your homestead's attention to the summons thrust into the sky.[4] Yes, some of us, when we heard that a star with a tail was going to appear, barged others aside, fell to our knees and elbows and prayed. I commend those righteous people for that action. That is why I say:–

Note the Great Place summons!
Is it peace, a foe, a heavenly messenger?
What should we do, we sons of Adam?
What should we do, we sons of godlessness?
There's the star that appeared in Sandile's time.[5]
There's the star of the East.

Note the Great Place summons!
Halley was first to record it,
Ntsikana and others concurred it had flashed,
they said it had flashed to inform us;[6]
what does it say to us black people?
Take your staves and seek the diviner.

---

2. Edmund Sigonyela (Gonya) son of Sandile died at Centane on 13 March 1910 (Hodgson 1987: 183).
3. Edward VII (1841–1910) died on 6 May 1910 in Buckingham Palace.
4. The ideophone defining this action, *ukuthi gxume*, is the same as used in the first paragraph to describe the driving of *injombe* into the courtyard (*inkundla*) as a summons to attend the Great Place. Mqhayi identifies the stake with a leopard's tail attached to it with Halley's Comet and the star visible to the three wise men.
5. Sandile son of Ngqika was born in 1820; the prior appearance of Halley's Comet occurred on 16 November 1835.
6. Ntsikana's Hymn contains the line "*Yabinz' inkwenkwez' isixelela*" (The star flashed informing us).

Yibonen' injombe Yakomkulu!
Ndinenkunqele yegqira endilaziyo:
Laxelwa ngu Yisaya kwabakwa Juda,
Yalixel' inkwenkwezi mini lafika
Walalat' u Johane mini latwasa,
Kuba kutiwa latwas' emlanjeni.

Yibonen' injombe Yakomkulu!
Ugqitil' u Kumkani wase Britani,
Ingangalal' enkul' engatshonelwa langa;
Kunge kumayana kwanje ngamazolo,
'Mva kokupikis' abase Mpumalanga.
Lilani kakulu umkil' umnt' omkulu.

Yibonen' injombe Yakomkulu!
Mabandl' embedesho yiwani ngedolo.
Nani bomnqamlezo yiwani ngedolo;
Nina bomanyano yiwani ngedolo;
Vukani manxila nitandaze nani,
Inkomo negusha mazizile nazo.

Yibonen' injombe Yakomkulu!
Lusapo lwase Mbo zikisan' ingqondo,
Yivani be Sutu, nani bakwa Zulu,
Bafo bakwa Xhosa bo Mteto ka Mteto,
Gqalani lomhlola nitatise kude.
Nal' itshoba enkundleni lize kupanzisa.

Yibonen' injombe Yakomkulu!
Ukutet' okunamandla kusezenzweni,

Note the Great Place summons!
There's an expert diviner I know very well:
Isaiah of the Jews mentioned it,
the star's arrival announced him,
John pointed to it on his day of induction:
it's said his induction took place in a river.[7]

Note the Great Place summons!
The king of Britain's passed on,
grand monarch on whom the sun never sets;
it began as a matter of little concern,
after wrangling with the Easterners.[8]
Raise a loud cry, the great man has gone.

Note the Great Place summons!
You worshippers, fall to your knees;
you of the cross, fall to your knees;
you who unite, fall to your knees;
wake up, drunkards, and join in prayer,
cattle and sheep must also fast.

Note the Great Place summons!
Mfengu peoples, ponder deeply,
listen, you Sotho and Zulu,
men of Xhosaland, of the Law of Laws,
pay heed to this omen and learn from the past.
That tail in the courtyard heralds despair.

Note the Great Place summons!
The strongest talk resides in action.

---

7. The verb used in these two lines to refer to John the Baptist's baptism, *ukuthwasa*, defines the process undergone by a novice in becoming a diviner. As part of this process, the novice enters a river and stays under water for a lengthy period of time: see Hirst (1997).
8. King Edward visited Russia in June 1908 and Germany in February 1909; the tsar paid a return visit in August 1909. The king's terminal illness was not initially thought to be serious.

Namhla silusapo luka Joji wesi Hlanu,
Ubeza kuwela wabuya wanqandeka;
Kutet' i Silamsi emazibukweni,
Lati: Maze lomhla ube ngowenzilo."

Yibonen' injombe Yakomkulu!
Kwa Jay' omkulu wezihlwele,
Kwa Temba-tamsanqa kudliwa kobom
Kwa Duma barwaqele kwi Ntab' e Sinayi;
Unqhin' izingel' imipefumlo,
Uzibel' imihlamb' eyalanayo.

Yibonen' injombe Yakomkulu!
Lomsila wale ngwe wuqondeni,
Libuzen' ityala sitaruzise
Tina siqashe ngecala letamsanqa;
Nditi ndinenkunqele yegqira,
Ngu Makanda-Matatu igama,
Latwasa ngo Moya nanga Manzi,
Le njombe Yakomkulu mayibonwe!!!

Today we're kin to George V.[9]
He was blocked when set to cross the sea;
a Muslim spoke in the harbours,
saying, "This day should be for mourning."

Note the Great Place summons!
From the Great Jayi[10] of the council,
from Hope and Luck, the essence of life,
from Roar And They Flinch on Mount Sinai;
the hunting party hunting souls,
who reconciles squabbling flocks.[11]

Note the Great Place summons!
Know what this leopard's tail means,
learn our offence so we plead forgiveness,
and draw the straw on fortune's side;
I say I know an expert diviner,
who goes by the name of Three Heads,
he learnt his craft through Spirit and Water.
May this Great Place summons be noted!

9. George V (1865–1936), second son of Edward VII, succeeded to the throne on the death of his father in 1910.
10. An alternative name for God.
11. These two lines occur in Ntsikana's Hymn: "*UloNgqin' izingel' imiphefumlo. / UloHlanganis' imihlambi eyalanayo*" (Bennie 1935: 1).

17

Umqondiso

"Inkosi iya Kuninika Umqondiso Ngokwayo." Isaya 7:14[1]

I "Krisimesi" sisiganeko esicingisa kunene; kodwa singayikuze sigqitywe ngumntu womhlaba. Ngoko, Mhleli, kaunike lomidana ingqoto ngelixesha, ukuze kuti xa kudunyiswayo ngabo banako sifononontele senjenjalo nati magwilita; sigasa ngelokuti nokuba umntwana m'bi elila kakubi, uyasikwa yimfesane yena unina.[2]

Sapinda saunikwa tina lomqondiso,
Inkos' itandile ukwenz' usindiso;
Kuba oka Jona wanced' i Niniva
Amagaz' ebhokwe eba ngqivangqiva.
Izelwe i Nkosi puman' ehlatini
Buyani zimpanza kuse luxolweni.

Ongubo ngambini makap' ongenayo,
Opet' isonkana makap' ongenaso,
Amalizo-nqoma nangezogushana,
Kwanyiswanyiswane nangezebokwana;
Batshil' o Yohane ukutshayelela;[3]
Bati lo Mhlekazi utanda londlela.

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1. *vii., 12*
2. *Inzuzo* omits this prose preamble.
3. *ukutshayelelo*

The sign (1910)

"Therefore the Lord himself will give you a sign." Isaiah 7:14

Christmas is an occasion that calls for deep reflection; but no human being of this world can fathom it. Therefore, Editor, please grant me space for these few inconsequential lines at this time so that, when those who can sing praises are doing so, we who are not clever enough can follow suit, priding ourselves in the fact that even if the child is ugly when bawling lustily, the mother still bears compassion for it.

Once more we've been given this sign,
the Lord's been pleased to fashion salvation;
for the son of Jonah assisted Nineveh,
the blood of goats became ineffective.
The Lord's been born, come out of the forest,
come back, you scatterlings, peace is restored.

If you have two robes, give to someone with none,
if you have a breadcrust, give to someone with none,
cows and lambs must be lent as charity,
and kids must share the last drops of milk.
In clearing the way John and others said so;
they said that path pleases this Lord.

Sison' ukuvimba yinyhweba ukupa,
Sison' ukutiya yinyhweba ukutanda,
Sisono umsindo yinyhweba uxolo,
Sisono iratshi yinyhweb' intobeko,
Sison' ukuzidla yinyhweb' ululamo.
Zitsh' izimiselo zale Nkos' izayo.

Iwil' i Babeli kwane Peresiya,
I Grike ne Roma nazo zasishiya
Izizw' ezikulu zibhukuqekile
Zizinxilisile, zipepetekile;
Kuvele ilitye elingange ntaba
Zisekelwe kulo namhlanj' ezintaba.

Ility' elikulu lingange hlabati,
Licumze izizwe zatsho zalutuli;
Ility' elipume lingaziwa bani
Suke layintloko yaz' izikumkani:
"Intombi yomita izale unyana"
"Imtiye igama iti ngu Mesiya!"

Nalo k' elolitye laliwa ngabaki
Namhla liyintloko pesha kwehlabati,
Livele ngemihla ka Kesar Ogosto
Kunge kumayana kunyukelw' ubalo,
Yavel' inkwenkwezi yaxelel' izazi
Zagubuk' izazi zajong' estalini.[4]

Namhl' i Nkos' izisekel' ubukosi,
"Yizani sigobe ku Krestu i Nkosi."
Obu bukosi namhlanje boma-bumi,
Ne Nkos' igama ngu Sonini-nanini,
Kodlula izulu lidlul' ipakade
Obu bukosi namhla bobapakade.

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4. *estaiini*

It's a sin to be stingy, a blessing to give,
it's a sin to hate, a blessing to love;
anger is sinful, peace is a blessing,
pride is sinful, humility's a blessing,
conceit is a sin, meekness a blessing.
So say the coming Lord's precepts.

Babylon and Persia have fallen,
Greece and Rome have also left us,
the foremost nations extinguished.
They overindulged and were whisked away;
a rock the size of a mountain appeared,
these mountains today are founded on it.

A massive rock the size of the world
has pounded nations to dust;
the rock that emerged unknown to all
was suddenly king of kings:
"A virgin will conceive and bear a Son
and give him the name Messiah!"

That stone that builders scorned
today rules beyond the world,
it appeared in the time of Caesar Augustus,
humbly travelling for a census,
a star appeared informing wise men,
they followed the star and saw the stable.

Today the Lord's established his kingdom,
"Come let us bow to Christ the Lord."
This kingdom today will last forever,
and the name of the Lord is Everlasting.
The sky will pass, this world will pass,
this kingdom today is eternal.

Inganga namhla zishwabene ubuso,
Inkosi ize kunika umqondiso.
Imimoy' ibete yadamba elwandle,
Zakwanqa intlanga, nelwimi, nezizwe.
Zonke iziyata kunye nembedlenge
Zityil' imfihlelo zenziwe indedebe.

Gecani indlela ecand' e Afrika,
Nay' iza kukanya u Yes' akufika.
Wagqibela mzuzu eselusanana
Nanamhl' akupinda siya kwamkelana.
Umzi mauvan' osentla nosezantsi
Sibike usapo apo ku Msindisi.

Sobika incindi nezifo zempahla;
Sobika intswelo nonqabo lwemvula;
Sobik' amadoda ukuf' intliziyo;
Sobik' ukuteta okungena zenzo;
Sobik' ama Krestu ukuxoka kwawo.
Anced' u Mhlekazi satsha zezi ndawo.

Namhlanje lomhlaba uze kongululwa,
Ozintsikelelo baza kutululwa,
Omiti nozingca namhla bakululwe,
Ozinambuzane sebesikelelwe.
Yoba litamsanqa yonk'[5] ingqalekiso
Kuba namhl' u Lizwi wenza umqondiso

Lonyoka inkulu ijulwe ngapandle;
Ubuxoki bayo buntywilisw' elwandle;
Nayo ibotshiwe inyawo nezandla
Yajulw' emlilweni ngu Baw' u Somandla
Ngoko siyabonga njengo Sirayeli
Siti "Haleluya kuy' u Manyuweli!!"

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5. *yunk'*

Today the nobles wear pinched faces,
the Lord has come to give a sign.
Storms arose and subsided at sea,
races, tongues, nations were terrified.
Every fool and pauper
solved the mystery: they were set above all.

Pave the way that cuts across Africa,
that too will shine when Jesus arrives.
It last occurred at his birth long ago;
when he returns today we'll welcome each other,
let harmony rule the home, high and low,
so we can tell the Redeemer of the family there.

We'll report on honey and animal sickness;
we'll report on want and lack of rain;
we'll report on men sick at heart;
we'll report empty talk devoid of action;
we'll report on Christians and how they lie.
The king must help us: all these weigh us down.

Today this land's been wiped clean,
blessings will be showered,
trees and grasses are freed today,
insects already blessed.
All cursing will turn to good luck:
the Word has fashioned a sign today.

That massive snake has been hurled outside;
its lies have drowned in the sea;
its feet and hands have been bound,
it was cast in the flames by Father Almighty.
And so we give praise, like Israel,
we say "Hallelujah to Emmanuel!"

'Ngcango zentliziyo namhla vulekani
Ingene le Nkosi ize idle nani;
Ubom obukoyo kwanobo buzayo;
Boba lifa lenu elingabhubhiyo;
I Yerusaleme yoba ngumzi wenu,
Nihlale nihleli nine Nkosi yenu.

You doors of the heart, stand wide today
to let this Lord enter and eat with you;
the present life and the life to come
will be your undying heritage;
Jerusalem will be your city,
where you will abide with your Lord forever.

18

Aba-Tunywa (Nxusa) Betu

"Tengisani ngemfuyo yenu ningene nibe Zicaka."—Dower.

U-Satana angade abe unawo amandla okurwiqiliza abantu be-Nkosi emke nabo, abapambukise emendweni wo Kumkani; kodwa ndiyamdela umshumayeli oma emqongeni ashumayele amandla ka Satana, endaweni yokushumayela amandla ka Krestu. Ngokunjalo Mhleli, angade abe u-Mr. Jabavu unawo amandlana okucuntsula izihityana ezifana naye, aye kutengisa umzi ngazo; kodwa nina zinkokeli, niyakudeleka ngokushumayelana naye, ningabi nishumayela ubukulu bomsebenzi waba-Tunywa betu kunye nabalandeli babo. Bek'incha ke kulondawo.

Kaloku tina zi-Mbongi kutiwa umzi siwubuyisela kwasemva; tina ke siti hayi, (a) umzi siyawubalisela ukuze uhambe ubona; (b) okanye tina:

Silila nabalilayo;
Sihleke nabahlekayo;

Our envoys (advocates)[1] (1914)

"Sell your stock and go into service." – Dower[2]

It may be that Satan has the power to drag the Lord's people away from the king's path, but I despise a preacher who stands in a pulpit to preach the power of Satan rather than preaching the power of Christ. In the same way, Mr Editor, it may be that Mr Jabavu has the petty power to take a pinch of insignificant idiots like himself, and with them go and sell the nation; but you leaders, you will be despised for persisting in preaching about him, and not preaching the significance of the work of our Envoys and their followers. Put that aside.

Now then, it is said that we poets take the nation backwards; but we say no, (a) we tell the nation news so that it can walk with eyes open; (b) or:

We cry with those who cry;
we laugh with those who laugh;

1. Kropf (1915: 299) defines *ukunxusa* as "to mention prominently or constantly, to act or speak in an indirect way so as to conceal one's meaning or intention". The messengers are the SANNC delegation to England in 1914 to protest the 1913 Land Act. The members of the delegation were Rev. John Dube, Thomas Mapikela, Saul Msane, Sol Plaatje and Rev. Walter Rubusana: see Hughes (2011: 184–8) and Plaatje (1982).
2. "At a meeting held at Thabanchu on September 12th, 1913, attended by some thousand natives, among whom were several evicted tenants seeking places of refuge, Mr. [Edward] Dower, Secretary for Native Affairs, representing the Government's view [of the Land Act], said inter alia, 'My best advice to you is SELL YOUR STOCK AND GO INTO SERVICE'": "Pillar to post", *The International*, 15 June 1923. I am indebted to Peter Limb for this reference.

Simnik' imbek' umntu wayo,
Simvise mhlop' onxaxhayo.
Bek' incha ke nakuleyo.

He! malunga naba-Tunywa betu ke Mhleli ndibe ndifun' ukuti:

Nqashu:—

Kwanga kumayana kanti ziyanqoza!
Ngobanin' aba bebedel' i-Afrika,
Bebedel' i-Afrika besit' idlolile,
Sisiti tina izele yapul' uluti?
Batinina namhla ngalamadodana?
Baziseni sibancine kufupi;
Ndakûmbul' ese Nkwenkwez' enomsila!

Buyani ba-Tunywa nifezile!
Beningase tyala, benis' injombe,
Benis' umsila we ngwe kupela,
Bekuyimfanel' ukuwugxumeka nibuye,
Besinitume lonto yodwa tina,
Noka Dube ubengasaputume luto;
Ityala lona kudala litetiwe,
Oka Sawa kudala waya kuqanana.

Buyani ma-Nxusa nifezile!
Izizwe zinent' emaziyifundiswe;
Umsila we ngwe zase Afrik' unengozi,
Awufani! nowe zingwe zase Indiya,
Awufani! nowe zingwe zase Nyu Zilanda,
Awufani! nowezingwe zase Kanada,
Awufani! nowezingwe zasezi Qitini
Ndakûmbul' ese Nkwenkwez' enomsila!

we honour the deserving,
we lend firm guidance to those who stray.
Put that aside too.

Heh! with regard to our Envoys, Mr Editor, I want to say:

Well then,

Weak at first, the clash intensified!
Who are these who slight Africa,
slight Africa by calling her barren,
while we say she's given fruitful birth?
What are they saying about these young men?
Bring them in for closer inspection;
I recalled the tale of that star with a tail!

Come back, Envoys, you've done your work!
You weren't there to press charges, just to issue a summons,
just to deliver a leopard's tail,[3]
you were just to stake it and return,
we sent you to do only that,
even Dube's son didn't go to fetch something;
the case has long been debated,
so Sauer's son has long boasted.

Come back, Advocates, you've done your work!
Nations have to be taught;
the tail of African leopards holds danger,
it's not like that of Indian leopards,
it's not like that of New Zealand leopards,
it's not like that of Canadian leopards,
it's not like that of the Island leopards.
I recalled the tale of that star with a tail!

3. The delivery of a stake to which a lion or leopard tail was attached served as a summons to the Great Place of the chief to answer an accusation: see item 16.

Buyani ba-Tunywa nifezile!
Sike sanisusa nge *Kalabâri*,
Sanipatisa lomsila we ngwe zase Afrika,
Niyayazi n'int' enabuya nayo lomini?
Anibuyanga nayo n' i-Nkwenkwez' enomsila?
Mhla zankwanty' izizwe zase Ntshonalanga;[1]
Mhla zajabul' ezase Mpumalanga,
Zati "Yabinz' inkwenkwez' isixelela."

Buyani nto zakowetu nigqibile!
Bat' abadal' "ukuzala kukuzolula."
Namhl' u-Senzangakona nimolule,
Namhl' u-Palo no Tshiwo nimdumisile,
Namhl' u-Bûngane nimvakalisile,
Namhlanj' i-Afrika niyibuzele;
Babesit' abanye ziyanqoza mhla nabuya,
Naleyo tina besingayinqene ngaluto
Ndakûmbul' ese Nkwenkwez' enomsila!

Buyani ma Kwenkw' o-Hlanga nigqibile!
Ndicing' elase Shushane bafondini;
Mhla bandulel' o-Haman' abanini-Mteto,
Mhl' o-Memkani bazinkamamunge;
Bapel' ubugcisa bengcungela,
Watshitsh' umtet' ongazanga watshitsha,
Waguqulwa namhl' u-Mteto wama medi.
Ndakûmbul' ese Nkwenkwez' enomsila!

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1. *Ntshonagala*

Come back, Envoys, you've done your work!
We dispatched you just because of the Colour Bar,
gave you this tail of African leopards.
Do you know what you brought back that day?
Did you not bring back a shooting star?
The day the western nations trembled,
the day the eastern nations rejoiced,
saying, "A star flashed as a sign to us."[4]

Come back, compatriots, you've finished!
The old say, "You can rest after childbirth."
Today you've rested Senzangakhona,
today you've brought fame to Phalo and Tshiwo,
today you've given Bhungane[5] voice,
today you enquired representing Africa;
some claimed your return would bring endless strife:
we were not averse to that.
I recalled the tale of that star with a tail!

Come back, boys of the nation, you've finished!
I think of events in Susa,[6] fellows,
when legislators and Haman lost power,
when Memucan's group were orphaned;
they brought down the skill of the expert,
the unfailing law itself failed,
the law of the Medes was altered that day.
I recalled the tale of that star with a tail!

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4. A line from the hymn composed by the revered prophet Ntsikana.
5. Bhungane son of Ntsele, the great Hlubi leader in the latter half of the eighteenth century.
6. The capital city of Ahasuerus, king of the Medes and Persians. This stanza alludes to events in the Book of Esther, the central event of which is Queen Esther's successful petition on behalf of the Jews: Memucan and Haman were advisors whose power passed to Mordecai, Esther's uncle. The connections that bring the biblical story to Mqhayi's mind are political petition and the reversal of political power.

Buyani bafondini siti buyani!
Ndiyakûmbula mhla zanqoz' e-Rautini;
Ndiyakûmbula mhla zanqoz' e Kimbili;
Ndiyakûmbula mhla zanqoz' e Monti kwa Gompo,
Mhla sandulul' ama Gqir' omabini e-Koloni,
Kuba sasisit' umkuhlane sewungacalanye,
Sat' u-Mhala inkosi yetu nayo mayinyuke,
Kub' u-Mafukuzela yena selepambili.

Buyani ba-Tunywa nigqibile!
Ndiyakûmbula mhla zanqoz' e-Kap' ezibukweni,
Min' amadod' axhum' epetuka,
Yat' into ka Bôta "Ndit' aliwelwa!"
Wat' u Gladstini "Ndiyalival' izibuko!"
At' ama Afrika siti "Liyawelwa!"
Atsh' ayinqik' imivalo yapatyalaka,
Unanamhl' akukabi ndaba zaluto.

Buyani ba-Tunywa nifezile!
Tin' apa zike zanqoz' e-Blomfanteni;
Kub' into ka Seme yasala yabasela,
Yat' into ka Msimanga yaman'ukukwezela,
Yat' into ka Cele yaman' ukucof' imvaba,
Amabandl' e-Mbumbul' ecim' umlilo;
Zavel' inkosi zonke zatsho pakati,
Zalandel' induna zatsho ngosidili.
Suke ndacinga nge Nkwenkwez'enomsila!

Come back, fellows, come back, we say!
I recall the clashes in Joburg;
I recall the clashes in Kimberley;
I recall the clashes at East London's Cove Rock,
when we sent to the Cape two Doctors,
believing the illness was on the mend,
and we sent to Joburg our chief Mhala,
with Mafukuzela[7] already there.

Come back, Envoys, you've finished!
I recall the clash at the Cape Town ford,
when men leapt up and altered course,
and Botha's son said, "I forbid you to cross!"
and Gladstone[8] said, "I'm shutting the ford!"
and Africans said, "We say we're crossing!"
They raised the bars which then shattered,
and to this day no one mentions it.

Come back, Envoys, you've done your work!
There were clashes here in Bloemfontein,
for Seme's son stayed on to start a fire,
and Msimang's son tended the embers,
and Cele's son worked the bellows,[9]
while the armed forces blew out the fire;
and all the chiefs came and joined in,
councillors followed to add to the pile.
I recalled the tale of that star with a tail!

---

7. John Dube (1871–1946), first president of the SANNC.
8. Herbert John Gladstone (1854–1930), governor general of South Africa from 1910 to 1914.
9. On 8 January 1912 Pixley ka Isaka Seme (1881–1951) convened a meeting in Bloemfontein that led to the formation of the SANNC, later renamed the African National Congress (ANC). Richard Msimang (1884–1933) was a founder member of the SANNC. Cele's son is either Madikane or Bryant Cele, both closely associated with Dube.

Buyani mafa nankosi nifezile!
Nganen' apa nina kunyembelekile,
Oka Bôta namhla limkohlile,
Ngeleb' uyatet' uti, "Vuleka mhlaba."
Nenkew' enkulu ngase Qonce paya yeka:
Kutiwa yangenwa sisatsheka ludaka,
Kutiwa ngezimini seyihamba ngezishuba.
Ndakûmbul' ese Nkwenkwez' enomsila!

Buyani mankonyan' o-Hlang' olu Mnyama!
Matol' emaz' ezinomsa nomkita,
Matol' emaz' ezimabele made;
Yishiyeni lo Ndyilikityawe yeyabo,
Yeyonyana bo Gogi no Magogi ke yona,
Ngu-Mbuso wentsimbi nomdongwe ke lowo,
No Mankulumane akakawaz' uhlobo lwawo,
Watsho pezu kwedlaka lenkosi yake.

Buyani midak' emnyam' elal' esingeni!
Namhla nite nakuwela kwehl' eny' ntlekele,
Maze nigqite niye kuwa ku Meneleki,
Ngonyam' ezimehl' amanjombora,
Ngonyam' ezimeny' azingxavula,
Akukud' e-Abisiniya simelwe kufika,
Ziny' ezimatyobozo zase Tiyopiya,
Eziti zakuqumba zibulal' ilizwe 'pela.

Buyani 'nto zakowetu nigoduke!
Namhl' i-Afrik' iyazingca ngani,
Ukwenjenj' oku nati siyatshayelela;
Ndlela-'ntle kwizwe lokuzalwa kwenu,
Ndlela-'ntle kwintsap' enayishiy'-tshisana,

Come back, royal stalwarts,[10] you've done your work!
Here on this side we've lost hope,
today Botha's son has problems,
if he could he'd say, "Swallow me, earth."
Forget that great scoundrel down there in King William's Town:
it's said he began with the shits,
and now walks about in a dirty nappy.
I recalled the tale of that star with a tail!

Come back, calves of black nations!
calves of mothering, comely cows,
calves of long-uddered cows;
leave that wholesale slaughter: it's theirs,
the sons of Gog and Magog,
that's the rule of iron and potclay,
even to Mankulumane[11] that type's strange,
as he said at the grave of his chief.

Come back, black scruffs, who sleep in the bush!
Today when you crossed, a bad thing occurred,
you must pass on to Menelek,
lions with ferocious eyes,
lions with snapping teeth,
Abyssinia's not far, we could get to it,
crushing teeth from Ethiopia,
which, angered, destroy the whole nation.[12]

Come back, compatriots, return to your homes!
Africa's proud of you today,
through our actions we're clearing the way;
travel safely to the land of your birth,
travel safely to kin you left burning each other,

10. *Amafanankosi* are those elite warriors prepared to die with their chief in battle.
11. Councillor and poet to the Zulu kings Cetshwayo, Dinuzulu and Solomon: see Scheub (1996: 22).
12. The Christian ruler of Ethiopia, Menelek II, died in December 1913, and was succeeded by Lij Yasu, a Muslim.

Ndlela-'ntle nasemisebenzini yenu,
'Mvula mayine! 'Mvula mayine Nkosi yam!
Ndakûmbul' ese Nkwenkwez' enomsila!
Ncincilili!!!

The South African Native National Congress delegation to England, June 1914. *Left to right*: Thomas Mapikela, Rev. Walter Rubusana, Rev. John Dube, Saul Msane, Sol Plaatje (unknown photographer, public domain).

travel safely back to your jobs.
Let it rain! Let it rain, my king!
I recalled the tale of that star with a tail!
I end there!!!

19

Umnyaka omtsha, 1915

Tatalahote makwedini!
Tatalahote yathwas' inyanga!!
Yathwas' inyanga mzi kaMthetho kaMthetho.
Bantu belizw' eliphahlwe yimilambo;
Kanti yimilambo yokuntywilis' intshaba.
Nikhe naliva n' iLizwi liphum' emafini:
"UYehov' uya kunilwela
"Ke nina niya kuthi tu."
Bhotani Zinkosi!

Kha nitsho kuxa kuphina 'nto zakowethu!
Lo 1914 udlula nezithi ni na?
Lo 1915 yen' uza naziphi na?
Zithi nin' ukubinz' iinkwenkwezi zezulu?
Zithi nin' iincwadi zamalumko amzuzu?
Kha nisibuzele kooDanyeli neziTyhilelo.
Madodana sikhangeleleni,
Silindel' ilizw' elivela Phezulu.
Bhotani Banumzana!

Le Afrik' inombuzo ma iphendulwe,
Ithi: "Ngubani n' oya kusinceda kobu bunzima?
"Ngubani n' oya kusikhupha kobu bumnyama?
"Kobu buphantsi ngubani n' oya kusiphakamisa?"
Zinkosi phendulani nithini na nina?
Nani manene elenu lenzeni.
Madodana phuthumani kuthiwa "Zimkile!"

New Year 1915 (1915)

Listen, boys!
Listen, it's a new moon!!
It's a new moon, folk of the Law of Laws,
folk of a land ringed by rivers;
yet those are rivers for drowning foes.
Have you heard the Voice from the clouds:
"Jehovah will fight for you,
you need only be still."
Greetings, my chiefs!

Please tell me where we are, compatriots!
What does this 1914 bear off?
What does this 1915 bring?
Why are the stars in the heavens flashing?
What do past sages' books say?
Please check Revelations and Daniel for us.
Young men, look this up for us,
we're waiting for word from Above.
Greetings, gentlemen!

This Africa's question demands an answer:
"Who will assist us through this hardship?
Who will remove us from this darkness?
Who will raise us from this ruin?"
Chiefs, offer an answer. What do you say?
Gentlemen, have your say too.
Give chase, young men: "They're rustling our cattle!"

Zintombi binqan' utsho kuni lo mkhosi!
Bhotani Madodana!

Kha nitsho 'nto zakowethu sithi nina?
Ith' iBritani "nina yithini cwaka;"
Ath' amaGqirha wona ma sithath' iintonga.
Nank' uNyange-lemihla Yen' elamla:
Uthi kunjenje nje niza kubona ngamehlo,
Kub' iminyak' iseSandleni Sakhe.
Ngoko ndithi: Vukani magwalandini!
Hleze zibe ziyazal' iziPorofetho;
Hlez' abe namhl' amatywin' ayavulwa.
Bhotani Maqobokazana!

Vukani kusile magwalandini!
Nants' idlul' int' emagazi u1914.
Nants' ingen' eny' int' esingayaziyo:
Bhotani 'nto zakwaMshweshwe ndiya bulisa;
Nani mabandla kaSenzangakhona kaZulu.
Bhotani nkomo zaseSwazini!
Bhotani mabandl' akuloNgqungqushe;
Ndinganishiyi nganto nkomo zikaTshiwo.
Xa ndilapho ke ndisekutshoneleni:
'Mvula ma ine Nkosi Yam!
Ndee ntsho-ntshobololo!!
Ndaxel' inkwenkwez' enomsila!!!

This army says, "Buckle up, girls!"
Greetings, young men!

Tell me, compatriots, what should we do?
Britain says, "Stay silent";
diviners say we must take up our staves.
Here is the Ancient Of Days, mediating:
he says things are bad but worse is to come,
for he holds the years in His hands.
And so I say, "Wake up, you cowards!
lest the prophecies are being fulfilled;
lest today the seals are broken."
Greetings, ladies!

Wake up, it's daybreak, you cowards!
There's 1914 passing bloodsplattered.
Something's coming, we don't know what:
greetings, you from Mshweshwe's land, I greet you,
you too, tribes of Senzangakhona son of Zulu.
Greetings, cattle of Swaziland!
Greetings, tribes of Ngqungqushe's home,
not overlooking you, cattle of Tshiwo.
At that point I'm ready to vanish.
Let it rain, My Lord!
I vanish from sight!!
Like a shooting star!!!

20

Ukuvulwa kwe Koleji e Fort Hare

"Lemini yimini yendaba ezilungileyo site cwaka nje."
2 Kum. 7:9

Umhla wesibhozo kwinyanga yo Mdumba (8th February), 1916, emva kokuzalwa kwe Nkosi yetu, nangomnyaka wesitandatu wokulaula ko Kumkani wasema Ngesini u George we Sihlanu, ngexesha lokuvelela kuka Lord Buxton oli Liso lo Kumkani lowo, no kongama kuka General Botha kwi Afrika ese Zantsi; kuhle isiganeko esibalulekileyo ema Xoseni, sokuvulwa kwesikolo se Mfundo Enzulu ebikade ililelwa.

Kwasentloko Mhleli, nani bafundi, mandizixele okokuba ngalo lonke ixesha esibe sizanywa esi Sikolo, bendingena luvelwano naso, bendisiti: Lento kwenziwa nje umunyu wokuba zesingaweli siyokufumana i Mfundo etwabulula ingqondo Pesheya ko Lwandle, ndisiti kwenziwa nje iqetsu lokuba sinqotolelwe kwinkohliso yokungati sifundile kanti hayi sikohlisiwe.

Mandilipume nditi: Namhlanje oku senditembele ku Tixo, kuba Yena yi Nkosi ekwaziyo ukujika into ebiyenzelwe ilishwa ibe yeye tamsanqa, aguqule into yokubulala ibe yeyoku pilisa. Kungelo temba nanamhla endinovuyo ukuyenza lemidana.

The opening of Fort Hare University College (1916)

"This day is a day of good news and we are keeping it to ourselves."
2 Kings 7:9

The eighth day of February, 1916, after the birth of our Lord, in the sixth year of the reign of the king of England, George V, at the time of the visit of Lord Buxton, ambassador to the king,[1] and under the rule of General Botha in South Africa,[2] a momentous event took place in Xhosaland, the long-desired opening of a higher education institution.

From the outset, Mr Editor and readers, I must confess that all the time this school was being planned, I was not in favour of it, saying, "This is all just a ploy to hinder us from going overseas for an education to broaden our minds, it is just a stratagem to numb us in the false notion of being educated when we have just been hoodwinked."[3]

Let me be perfectly honest and say: today I am putting my trust in God because He is the Lord who can transform something designed with ill intent into a blessing, and transform an agent of killing into one of healing. It is with that hope today that I take pleasure in writing these lines.

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1. Sydney Charles Buxton (1853–1934), governor general of South Africa from 1914 to 1920.
2. Louis Botha (1862–1919) was prime minister of South Africa from 1910 to 1919.
3. Mqhayi and *Izwi* campaigned unsuccessfully for a bursary in the name of Queen Victoria to send black South Africans to study overseas; J.T. Jabavu and *Imvo* lobbied successfully for an Inter-State Native College. For a history of the Fort Hare University, see Burrows, Kerr and Matthews (1961).

Ndibe nemihlali emikulu ngokwenzeka kwalo msebenzi kumhlaba endizalelwe kuwo, azalelwe kuwo nobawo, endinchwabele kuwo u mawokulu, nomawokulu womawokulu bekwa kuwo. Ukuba bendinesipiwo sokubonga, njengoko ndiva besitsho abaninzi beli lizwe, bendiya kucabanga ndenjenje—

Awu!!! Ewe kaloku kuyavakala!
Kazi bapin' abantu balendawo?
Kuba tina maxegwana ngoku kusinzimele,
Ngokub' ulutsha luti siyashwantshwata,
Luti ukuteta sikuhambisa ze.
Ngoko namhl' andiyi kubhekisa luto kulo,
Kuba ngokwenene lwakundiva kakubi,
Sendiya kut' ukuteta ndiman' ukwalata,
Ndiman' ukwalata kwi Ntaba ka Ndoda;
Ndiman' ukwalata kwi Ntab' e Bukazana;
Ndiman' ukwalata[1] kweye Gqira no Lungcu;
Ndiman' ukwalata kweye Gulukuqawe neka Mnqwazi:
Kant' u Qelekequshe lo ndimgxeleshile,
Zona Ntaba zaz' inteto yamanyange.

Azi bapina abantu balendawo?
Az' upin' oka Mavuso noka Ngwabeni,
Az' upin' oka Vela noka Mabandla?

1. *ukwala*

I was absolutely thrilled at the fruition of this enterprise in the land of my birth,[4] where my father was also born, where I buried my grandfathers, and where my great-grandfathers are too. If I had the gift of singing praises, as I hear many in this country say I have, I would reflect as follows:

Oh yes! It is indeed plain!
Where are the people of this place?
For times are tough for us ancients:
the youngsters say we mumble,
they say we engage in idle talk.
So today I'm ignoring them:
they'll certainly misconstrue me.
I'd rather point to things as I speak,
I'll always point to Ntaba kaNdoda;
I'll always point to Bhukazana;[5]
I'll always point to Gaika's Kop and Lungcu;[6]
I'll always point to Gulukuqawe and Tafelberg:[7]
yet I glance askance at Sandile's Kop,[8]
those mountains that know the ancestors' language.

Where are the people of this place,
the sons of Mavuso and Ngwabeni,
the sons of Vela and Mabandla?

4. Mqhayi was born in the Tyhume valley, in which the University of Fort Hare is located, at Alice.
5. Ntaba kaNdoda lies to the east of Alice. Bhukazana is the southernmost of the three Hogsback peaks (Skead 2001: 60) just north of Alice at the head of the Tyhume valley.
6. "The name Gaika's Kop has nothing to do with Gaika, nor with Ngqika. Local Xhosa know it as iNtaba'egqirha (the doctor's, or diviner's mountain). A Bushman rainmaker used to live there, hence the name" (H.W. Pahl quoted in Skead 2001: 581). Skead lists Lungcwini as Middledrift (2001: 278), between Alice and King William's Town.
7. Skead lists Gulukuqawe as a river in Victoria East (2001: 171); Tafelberg is a mountain at Lilyfontein in the Queenstown district (Skead 2001: 420).
8. A hill on the outskirts of Alice, crowned by a memorial to James Stewart, second principal of Lovedale.

Ngabek' u Nqhaba Ncontso no Tshuka Fiti:
Ngabek' oka Gqoba ubek' oka Koboka;
Siv' ukutetwa kwalento ukub' itiwanina,
Kuba lemini yeyendab' ezilungileyo.
Az' umz' ute cwaka nje kutenina?
Kuba lemini yimini yemibulelo
Kaz' umz' ubona ngaliso linjanina?

Kuseko mpunde na kumzi wama Xosa?
Kuseko qongqolo-jangqela na?
Kuseko ntonina kulomzi ka Ngqika
Engabuyis' amazwi abafo basemzini?
Abebelapa ngomhla wesibhozo kweyo Mdumba,
Beze neminikelo pambi ko Sandile,
Beze namatamsanq' ase Nyangwaneni,
Beze ne ntsikelelo zo Pezu-konke,
Beze nentlobo ngentlobo zamaxoba,
Bazibek' ezinyaweni zo Mhlekaz' u Sandile.

Namhlanj' u Rulumente makabulelwe!
Kub' uzibonisil' ukub' ungu bawo,
Usuke ngesiqu ema Bhotwen' amakulu,
Waza kunik' ilifa konyana bake,

I feel like bringing Nqhaba Ncontso and Tshuka Fiti,
I feel like bringing the sons of Gqoba and Koboka
to hear this issue debated,
because this day's a day of good news.[9]
I wonder why the community's silent,
since this day's a day for thanksgiving.
What's the community's view of this matter?

Is there anyone left in the house of Xhosa?
Are there any survivors or stragglers?
What's still there in this house of Ngqika
to bring back the strangers' words?
Strangers present on the eighth of February
bringing their gifts to Sandile,
bringing good luck from heaven,
bringing blessings from the Almighty,
bringing row upon row of spoils
to place at the feet of King Sandile.[10]

Today give thanks to the government
for demonstrating it's our father!
It came in person from stately mansions
to hand its sons an inheritance

9. This passage refers to persons associated with Lovedale, situated in the proximity of the University of Fort Hare in Alice. Four members of the Mavuso family from Gaga attended Lovedale in the middle of the nineteenth century (Stewart 1887: 193–4); five members of the Vela family from Gqumahashe attended Lovedale in the 1850s and 1860s (Stewart 1887: 374–5). Ngwabeni and Mabandla are both listed in the same stanza of a poem by Mqhayi as Mfengu men from Peddie (Mqhayi 2009: 56–7). Tshuka son of Fiti (d. 1902) worked at Lovedale from its founding: see Wauchope (2008: 96–7) and Young (1902: 40–1). William Wellington Gqoba (1840–88) and Govan Koboka (1842–88) were closely associated with Lovedale, Gqoba as a teacher and editor of *Isigidimi sama-Xosa* and Koboka as a pharmacist; they died within a week of each other. For an obituary notice of both men, see Gqoba (2015: 528–32).
10. The University of Fort Hare stands at the foot of Qelekequshe, Sandile's Kop. Sandile (1820–78) was the son of Ngqika and leader of the Rharhabe; he was killed fighting in the last frontier conflict, Ngcayechibi's War, 1877–78.

Kwingqaqa ze Tyume no Qelekequshe,
Pezu komhlaba wendab' engavaniyo,
Napezu komhlaba wama gazi.
Wabatambisa wabayala,
Wabapos' isidanga sobuhlalu
Wabapos' itamsanqa lo Pezulu.

Namhlanj' ama Bhulu makabulelwe!
Kub' injuze yawo ayitumile,
Ukuza kuteta ngolwimi lwawo,
Ekusungulweni kwent' abekad' eyipika,
Abekad' eyipik' i Mfundo yo Ntsundu.
Yayiwel' imilamb' enamagama.
Yajong' inkwenkwez' enomsila e Mpumalanga,
Yaliwel' i Ligwa ne Gqili,
Yayiwel' i Nxuba ne Nchwenxa;
Ide yafik' ezinyaweni zika Sandile,
Ap' ingabanga sagqita nonyawo.
Namhla sihlamben' induma,
Induma zezabhokwe nezezitropu;
Induma zelote neze ruluwa.

Namhlanj' abe Sutu mabaculelwe!
Kunye na Batshwana nama Swazi:
Kub' intw' esikade siyiteta bayenzile,
Kade sisiti tina siyimpumlo yezi zizwe,
Apo kwagquba kona inkanunu nembumbulu,
Zad'[2] izizwe zabonela zafunda,
Zayifund' eyona ndlela yokulw' umlungu,
Sabe tina mpumlo sesihlekekile,

2. *Zed'*

in the hillocks of Tyhume and Sandile's Kop,
on the land of inveterate clashes,
on land that's drenched in blood.
It anointed and instructed them,
gave them royal insignia,
gave them good luck from On High.

Today give thanks to the Boers
for dispatching their champion[11]
to come speak in their language
at the start of what they'd long opposed:
they've long opposed black education.
He crossed rivers of renown,
he watched the shooting star in the East,
he crossed the Orange and Vaal,
he crossed the Fish and the Kat
until he arrived at Sandile's feet,
and not a single step further.
Today we wash each other's wounds,
wounds from whips and straps,
wounds from gunpowder and lead.

Sing today to the Sotho
as well as the Tswana and Swazi
for doing what we've long advocated.
We've always said we're the nose of these nations,
where cannon and bullet raised dust,[12]
until those nations watched and learnt.
They learnt how best to confront the whites,
while we the nose were mocked

11. Louis Botha travelled from Pretoria to deliver a speech in Afrikaans on the occasion and officially opened the institution: the report in *The Christian Express* (1 March 1916: 36–41) includes an English translation of his speech. Speeches were also delivered, amongst others, by Elijah Makiwane and Veldtman Bikitsha.
12. Kropf defines the verb *ukugquba* as "to raise dust or dry dung, as cattle in a savage mood" (1915: 130).

Sisiti k' izizwe mazirol' amalizo,
Sisiti k' izizwe mazirol' imihlomlo,
Senz' ukutambisa tina sesimpasalala;
Namhla k' amawetu ngat' afun' ukusabela.

Namhlanj' ama Skotshi makabulelwe!
Malubulelw' usapo lo Nozikakana;
Malubulelw' usapo lo Notyalana;
Lubulelw' usapo luka Daglasi no Madondile:
Lubuleleni usapo lwa Lose nezi Tyuwati;
Lubuleleni kakul' olusapo lwe Ntaba;
Kaloku lemini izalwa sisisu solusapo.
Iminyak' imashumi osixenxe luyimiti,
Nakub' i Komishini yaba nelizwi,
Yayiseli lelokwaleka kub' iyinkunzi.
Kumbula kaloku mhla kwandulukw' e Ncera.
Kumbula mini kwesuk'' u Gaveni no Lanke.
Kumbula mini baya ku Tyali ka Nonibe,
(Way' u Nonibe low engunina kuma gwangqa,
Kub' ayenikwe yena ngu Ngqika min' afika,

for saying more nations should contribute,
saying nations should offer a share,[13]
to placate us in dispersion;
today our people seem keen to respond.

Today give thanks to the Scots!
Thank the nation of Men in Skirts,
thank the nation of Men with Sashes,
thank Clan Douglas and Macdonald,
thank the families of Ross[14] and Stewart;
sincerely thank the Highland families:
this day this family's womb's produced.
It was pregnant for seventy years,
though the Commission had its say,
it was merely showing that it was the bull.
Remember the day people moved from Ncerha.
Remember the day Laing and Govan[15] set out,
when they sought Nonibe's son Tyhali
(Nonibe the mother to whites:
Ngqika assigned them to her on arrival,

13. Kropf defines the noun *umhlomlo* as "the portion of game (buck) given to a superior" (1915: 161).
14. John Ross (1799–1878), an agent of the Glasgow Missionary Society, was one of the pioneering missionaries to the Xhosa people. He worked at Tyhume, Old Lovedale (Ncerha; see note 15 below) and Pirie, and produced two sons and a grandson who also worked as missionaries: Bryce (1825–99), Richard (1828–1902) and Richard's son Brownlee John (1865–1944). On the Ross family, see Shepherd (1948). James Stewart was Lovedale's second principal from 1870 until his death in 1905.
15. James Laing (1803–72), missionary at Burnshill from 1831 until his death; William Govan (1804–75), first principal of Lovedale from 1841 to 1870. In 1824 the Scottish missionaries John Bennie and John Ross moved from Tyhume to establish a new station on the Ncerha River, which was later named Lovedale and, later still, was referred to as Old Lovedale. In 1836 this site was abandoned in favour of a new site in Tyhali's territory, also called Lovedale, under Bennie. On this site the Lovedale Institution opened on 21 July 1841. Laing and Bennie traded places between 1843 and 1855 (Shepherd 1971: 1–16).

Alazi ke isango lakokwawo e Mbusweni.
Angena ke ngalo zalunga izinto.)
Kumbula mhla bacel' inxowa lemfundo yosapo,[3]
Wati u Tyali ukwalata wayolul' ingalo,
Walata wakwezis' ugaga,
Walata walitob' i Tyume nganeno,
Walata waqabelis' i Zinqayi,
Walata waqabelis' u Qelekequshe,
Bafile bona kodwa basateta,
Iziqamo zezo zenzo ziyahlafuneka.
Wanduluka sidyaba! wanduluka sidyaba!
Ungaba nawe ezi zinto uzilibele na?

Ma Xosa, bulelan' usapo lwezi Kotshi!
Kumbulan' int' engekuyiyo,—
Ukuba lomhlab' ubuneziny' intlangana
Ngewatengisa kwa famfam:
Kwatiwa sewuyi fama ka Zibanizashe,
Isikhakhamela saseku Tinitini,
Bona bawugcine kwade kwanamhla,
Kumanzitinziti namabonandenzile,
Ngoko tetan' ilizw' elihle kubo,
Babuleleni nibabize ngoyise.

Namhlanj' ama Mfengu makabulelwe!
Ngubanina l' uhlal' esipikisa simxelela?
Sisit' u Tixo kudal' ama Mfengu wawacokisayo;
Ubunqambi bawo kudala bahlanjwayo;
Uyabona ke namhl' azenzil' into zamehlo;
Awu! wazitandekis' umntu ndingamtandi!
Wazititinish' umntu benditi lironorono!
Namhlanj' ama Mfeng' ayidubul' indlovu.
Eza nemixhak' ezinyaweni zika Sandile;
Namhlanj' abulel' inyati nempofu.
Eza no "Lwanga" ka Mhlekazi u Kumkani;

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3. *posapo*

so they knew the kingdom's doorway,
entered through it and flourished),
remember their plea for a site to teach children.
Tyhali stretched out his arm and pointed,
pointed up the banks of the Gaga,
pointed down this side of the Tyhume,
pointed right to the top of Zingqayi,
pointed right up Sandile's Kop.
They're all dead but continue to talk,
still the fruits of those actions are munched.
You left with the job incomplete! You left with the job incomplete!
Have you also forgotten these things?

You Xhosa, thank the Scottish nation!
Imagine what could have happened
if this land were controlled by other factions,
all plots would have been sold:
"It's already Bumblegook's farm,
a bigwig from You Know Where."
But up to today they've preserved it
from ups and downs and all vicissitudes.
So have a good word to say to them,
thank them, greet them with the names of their fathers.

Today give thanks to the Mfengu!
Who's been opposing what we said?
We said God had long since refined the Mfengu;
their infection has long since been cured;
today you can see their impressive actions.
Oh, someone I loved not's made himself lovable!
One I called crude has spruced himself up!
Today the Mfengu have shot an elephant,
laid ivory armbands at Sandile's feet;
today they've killed eland and buffalo,
brought the chest to His Highness the King.

Az' ud' atinin' umntu ukuzitetelela
Kulama Xos' alemihl' antliziyo ngambini?
Mayibulelw' i Mfengu ka Mazwi yakwa Nkomo!
Kub'igugq' e Bhungeni kwavokoteka;
Namhl' asinti xhoba pambi ko Sandile
Mayibulelw' i Mfengu ka Xaba neka Xabanisa!
Lento ma Xosa mayingani xabi ngaluto,
Mayingani xabanisi nganto kanjalo.
Yibulelen' i Mfengu ka Mamba neka Sihlali.
Ningayilibal' i Mfeng' a Komkulu kokwetu;
Inqeber' enkulu esikade siyobula;
Int' eyafela kule Koleji siyibek' amabala
Siyigibisela ngezisihla zodaka kanjalo.

Kawubek' ilizwi nto ka Rubusana sewukupela kweqongqolo lomzi ka Ngqika!

Kawupendule nto ka Pelem yininale!
Sisu singamqungquluza wamvaba,
Lent' igora yint' ewuvumayo umvumbo,
Bel' ilizwi ndit' ama Mfengu makabulelwe,
angenisw' ekaya ati kanti ahlanjiwe;
Nants' ingcwele yexhob' eze nawo.
Ebengatinin' u Tix' ukunikel' okungak' ezinqambini?
Hina kanti waba baptiza ngo Moya nangomlilo?

What must you do to defend yourself
with these modern Xhosa who think so differently?
Thank Mazwi's Mfengu of the Nkomo clan
who pleased all in the Bunga by standing his ground!
Today spoils aplenty confront Sandile.
Thank the Mfengu of Xaba and Xabanisa!
This, my Xhosa, should in no way annoy you,
nor set you against one another at all.
Thank the Mfengu sons of Mamba and Sihlali![16]
Don't forget our Great Place's Mfengu,
a kindly peacemaker we skinned to our profit,
who died in this College much maligned by us,
splotched with mud we slung at him.

Say a few words, son of Rubusana,[17] as the last survivor of Ngqika's village.

Please respond, son of Pelem,[18] please do,
stomach flat as a milksack!
A warrior tolerates weals, residents,
I say give thanks to the Mfengu,
let them be welcomed home and washed.
Here's perfect booty they've brought home:
could God have granted such to crude people?
Did he not baptise them with spirit and fire?

16. Enoch Mamba (1861–1916), a prominent headman and active member of the SANC and SANNC. Simon Peter Sihlali (1849–1919), a teacher and minister, was elected president of one of the earliest political organisations for blacks in the Eastern Cape, Imbumba Yamanyama, at its inaugural meeting in 1882: see Odendaal (2012: 67–75).
17. Walter Benson Rubusana (1858–1936), a leading figure in Eastern Cape politics, the only African elected to the Cape Provincial Council (1910–14): see Ngqongqo (2008) and Mqhayi (2009: 436–41, 496–9).
18. Meshach Siphethwe Pelem (1859–1936) son of Gogotya became president of the Bantu Union in 1919, and served as vice-president of both the SANC and the SANNC.

Ngo moya nangomlilo ka Ndlutshile;
Ngo moya nangomlilo e Tsitsikama;
Ngo moya nangomlilo kwanqanda-ngopondo;
Badliwa zinyok' ukuze bajong' umnqamlezo.
Nditi olusapo malubulelwe,
Lukwazil' ukumlwel' u Sandile.
Kuba lusinxusil' isil' esinamandla.
Isil' esikul' esicit' umzi ka Palo.
Basigwaz' inxeb' emva komkono.
Kungezimini nje sab' amaxhoba,
Lemini yimini yendaba,
Kekaloku site cwaka nganina?

Malibulelw' i Bhunga le Dale Koleji!
No Yuda Sikariyoti tina siyambulela,
Kub' ibe nguy' intambo yokubopa inkomo[4] yedini:
Uyabona ke namhl' ikwekwe ka Ntengo,
Iza seyiyingcibi yokutung' ingubo yo Wayilele;
Iza seyipet' ubuncutshe nobungcungela,
Iza seyiqin' umqolo yapelela;
Nalo Koleji ndit' ingayitwal' emagxeni.
Zeningabi sayikankanyel' ebu Mfengwini,
Oke wenjenjalo maz' anukwe ngamagqira.

Namhlanj' u Tixo makabulelwe
Kubulelw' u Yise no Nyana no Moya.

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4. *inkomo*

With the spirit and fire of Ndlutshile;[19]
with the spirit and fire at Tsitsikamma;
with the spirit and fire of Block With A Horn;
consumed by snakes they confronted the cross.[20]
I say give thanks to these people,
they knew how to fight for Sandile:
they flanked the powerful animal,
the great beast that scattered the house of Phalo.
They inflicted a wound behind its foreleg.
We share the spoils nowadays.
This day's a notable day.
Why then do we keep our mouths shut?

Give thanks to the Dale College Council![21]
We even thank Judas Iscariot
as the thong that bound the sacrificial beast.
Today you see Ntengo's boy,
he comes skilled in stitching the Wiley[22] blanket;
he comes as an expert craftsman,
he comes equipped for all tasks;
I say he could shoulder that College.
Stop branding him with Mfenguness.
Diviners should smell out whoever does so.

Today give thanks to God,
give thanks to the Father, the Son and the Spirit.

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19. Ndlutshile (Burnt House), "the whole area from the mountain range to the sea, and from the Van Stadens River in the east to the Gamtoos River in the west" (Skead 2001: 494–5). Kropf dates the "great fire" at the Van Staden's River to 1869 (1915: 503).
20. Mqhayi records Veldtman Bikitsha's remark that three things forced the Mfengu to withdraw from the Tsitsikamma region: the Boer's whip, hyperactive snakes and the destructive fire (Mqhayi 2009: 278).
21. Dale College is a premier senior school for boys founded in King William's Town in 1861.
22. Ntengo's boy is John Tengo Jabavu, who campaigned for the establishment of the college. Wiley is unknown.

Utenin' u Tixo ukucinga ngati:
Sizint' ezinj' ukudeleka kwazo?
Usivile na sise siswini sentlanzi?
Kambe namhla nto ka Colwepi kungawe,
Nants' into yako nto ka Bokwe yakwa Rila.
Nank' u Somgxad' evele ngengalo,
Evele ngengalo pezu kwentatyana,
"Nanz' inqwelo zokulwa nabamahash ake."
Kambe namhla nto ka Dyoba kukulungele:
Kukulungele Dyoba wodaka Ngcel' eputi
Kukulungele Cizama Bozwa-Buhele,
Kanenz ingoma yombulelo ku Tixo
Kaniyihlabele ngegama letu ma Ngqika.

Awu!!!
Sibolek' indodana sokunika pezolo!
Vityi-liratyi sisila sencanda sirumrum
Kunduluk' oka Dwane akubon' u Sindiso;
"Wati uyasindulula isicaka Sako ngoxolo;
Yabet' imvul' ukugqush' inyawo zabembeko.
Yaxel' ukuti iziqumiso zifikile,
Izicelo ziviwe;
Izigulo zipendulwe;
Mvula mayine, Nkosi yam!
Ncincilili!!!

What did God think of us,
creatures so despised?
Did he hear us in the whale's belly?
Today it's up to you, son of Colwephi,
there's the challenge, Bokwe's son of the Krila.[23]
There's Stewart with arm outstretched,
an arm outstretched on top of a hillock,
"Here are his war chariots and horses."
Today all is ready for you, son of Dyoba:
it's ready for you, Dyoba wodaka, Ngceleputi,
it's ready for you, Chizama, Bozwa Buhele,[24]
sing a song of thanks to God,
strike up the tune with our name, the Ngqika.

Oh!
Lend us a young man, we'll return him last night![25]
Vityi-liratyi[26] the porcupine's tail's unstable.
Dwane's son left on viewing Salvation;
he said, "Let your servant leave in peace";
rain descended on the worthies' feet
proclaiming the coming of incense,
requests have been heard,
ailments treated;
the sacrifice has been accepted;
let it rain, my Lord!
I end here!

---

23. John Knox Bokwe (1855–1922), son of Colwephi of the Krila clan, worked for many years at Lovedale before serving as a minister in Ugie: see Mqhayi's biography (Mqayi 1925).
24. Another campaigner for the college, Isaac Williams Wauchope (1852–1917) of the Chizama clan, eldest son of Dyoba, used Bozwa Buhele as one of his pseudonyms: see Wauchope (2008).
25. Mqhayi often repeats this refrain. It calls for youthful reinforcements in battle, who might not return from the fight. The appeal is for young people to devote themselves to the struggle.
26. This nonsense exclamation suggests an Afrikaans origin, which cannot be identified; it might be "*Weet jy die gatjie?*" (Do you know the little hole?)

21

Umkosi Wemidaka

"Ndim musan' ukoyika."

Lento umntu ayifi kukwenzeka kwento engayitandi. Sendibona sekuleli xha peshu kulilo nje,[1] asikuko nokuba bendingazi ukuba kungaba nje. Kodwa xa ke inkosi zigqibileyo zona, kuba abantu aba ngabenkosi, ngubanina ongabuye ati kwetekwete, kwaze kwati bekuteni, kwatini?

Ndite kanjalo njenge kolwa lika Krestu, ndakumbula ukuba kanene, nokuba lento ibiseyimnyama ngokwetunzi lokufa, Yena uyakuyiguqula ikazimle nangapezu kwelanga.

Ngako oko ke:

Awu! Ewe kambe siyabulela!
Lakut' ikokwetu lisicinge,
Ngokuya kusebenz' emazibukweni,
Ngexesha lalo lokuxakeka.
Besingobanina tina bomtina
Ukuba singanced' ukumkani we Britani?
Ingangalal' engatshonelwa langa;
Int' elaul' umhlaba nolwandle;
Kungoku nesibakabak' isinxhamele.
Niyeva ke madodana nipakamile!

1. *Imihobe* inserts *lokuwela ukuya e-Fransi* (to cross the sea to France).

The dark-skinned army (1916)

"It's me, don't be scared."

No one dies from involvement in unpleasant circumstances. Although I'm suddenly aware of the current rush, it's not that I didn't expect what's happening. But if the chiefs came to a decision, and the people are the chiefs' supporters, who are we to question developments?

Nevertheless, as a believer in Christ, it occurred to me that even if this were as dark as the shadow of death, He will transform it and make it shine brighter than the sun.

Therefore:

Oh yes, of course we're grateful
when our motherland spares us a thought
and sets us to work in the harbours
when it finds itself in trouble.[1]
Who are we as people
to deny aid to the king of Britain –
that sovereign on whom the sun never sets,
who rules both land and ocean
and now has his eye on the heavens?
So listen, young men, you're honoured!

1. The South African Native Labour Contingent consisted of black volunteers who served as non-combatants in France during the First World War: see Clothier (1987), Willan (1978).

Isizwe senu sisemqulwini wezizwe.
Ze niguye ze niqambe;
Nenjenje-nenjenje! Nenjenje-nenjenje!
Nenjenje-nenjenje! Nenjenje-nenje-njeya!

Xa nitul' umtwalo wenqanawa—
Zenicace ningenqeni;
Az' omny' avele ngapa, omny' avele ngapa,
Omny' ati khu ngapa, omnye ngapa,
Ewe man, niyisike iti tyu.
Xa nitul' intsimbi man—
Yibambe ngengal' ezingenamkinqi,
Ume ngemilenz' engenankantsi man,
Niyiti hlasi niyenjenje;
Niti ho-ha heje-e-e !
Lemgo!— —wha-a-a ! ! !

Maze xa nitul' idamanete,
Nokuba yifiyose neruluwa,
Nokuba yigesi nesalfure—
Nokuba yiyipin' int' enomlilo,
Niyiti cu ngobunono,
Ukuz' ingabi nangozi,
It' ukub' ite omnye yamluma
Yamtshekela,[2] yamtinina,
Nisuke nimyaleze koyise,
Ngenkonz' epakame kunene:
Nenjenje-nenjenjeya!
Nenjenje-nenjenjeya!

Maze nimbamb' u Keyizare nize naye,
Ipele lemfazwe ngepanyazo.
Sizokudla no Keyizare indaba,
Simbalisel' umhla wase Sandlwana,
Simbalisel' umhla wase Thaba Ntshu,

2. Changed to *Yampàlalela* (spill over him) in *Imihobe*.

Your nation's joined the roll of nations.
So dance the wardance then come to order:
Like this! Like this!
Like this! And like that!

When you offload a ship
do so with spirit, not sloth,
one from this side, one from that,
one on this side, one on that,
yes, man, snap to it.
When you offload iron, man,
grasp it with arms free of stiffness,
stand on legs free of cramp, man,
and lift it, like this,
shouting "Ho-ha heje-e-e!
Le'm go! – wha-a-a!"

And when you offload explosives,
whether with fuse and dynamite,
whether with gas and sulphur,
whether with any incendiary,
treat it gently with due respect
and so avoid all danger;
but if it should sting anyone,
and stream shit on him like nobody's business,
send him off to his fathers
in a stately ceremony:
Like this, and like that!
Like this, and like that!

Capture the Kaiser and bring him back,
and end this war in a twinkling;
we'll chew the fat with the Kaiser
and tell him of Isandlwana,
and tell him about Thaba Nchu,

Simbalisel' umhla wase Mtontsi;
Simbalisel' umhla wase Gwadana.
Nit' ukuya kumbamba niye ngobulumko,
Niqel' ukubamb' ingonyam' ihleli;
Nenjenje-nenjenje! nenjenje-nenjenje
Nenjenje nenjenje! Nenjenje-nenjenjeya!

Maze nimgcin' u Zepelini pezulu,—
At' akupos' umlilo nimposele ngezulu;
At' akutob' ityefu, nitob' umgubo ka Pezulu;
At' akwenza ngegesi nenze ngenyosi;
At' akuxakeka—akuxakeka!
Akuxakeka—akuxakeka!
Nimvele ngapa, nimvele ngapa!
Nenjenj' ukumqaula—nimraqe
Nenjenje-nenjenje-nenjenjeya!

Maze nibe neliso ku Von Hindonbere:
Yimfene leyo zenize niyikwele.
Kubizwe nina nje kubizw' abokugqibela,
Ihlaz' enilenzileyo zeningezi nalo;
Ubugwal' enibenzileyo ningabuyi nabo;
Zeniyidumis' i Afrik' ezizweni;
Nizidumis' inkosi zenu kanjalo,
Azifananga zanikupa ziyazidla ngani.
Zeniwutobel' umteto nommiselo.
Wakuw' umteto zenenjenje,—
Nenjenje-nenjenje, nenjenjeya!

and tell him about the Waterkloof,
and tell him about Gwadana.[2]
Beware when you go to capture him,
you who once subdued lions alive:
Like this! Like this!
Like this! And like that!

Keep your eye on the skyborne Zeppelin,
if it hurls fire, strike back with lightning;
if it drops poison, rain down Heaven's Powder;[3]
if it brings gas into play, bring bees;
and when it's in trouble, in trouble,
when it's in trouble, in trouble,
come in from this side, come in from that,
snap it like so, surround it
like this! And like that!

Watch out for Von Hindenburg:[4]
he's a baboon, ride home on his back.
You were held to the end to be summoned,
don't return home in disgrace,
don't come with cowardly conduct.
Spread Africa's fame among nations
and likewise the fame of your chiefs,
they didn't release you lightly, you're their pride.
Obey all rules and commands.
Respond to an order like this,
like this, like this, and like that!

---

2. Scenes of conflict between black and white forces in which the whites were defeated or frustrated. In the Battle of Isandlwana (1879) the Zulu overran the British; Thaba Nchu was the mountain stronghold of the Sotho king Mshweshwe, never taken by the British; during the War of Mlanjeni (1850–53) Maqoma's Xhosa troops occupied the Waterkloof, successfully attacking and repelling their British opponents; Gcaleka forces routed the British at Gwadana during the last frontier war, the War of Ngcayechibi (1877–79).
3. A toxic powder.
4. Paul von Hindenburg (1847–1934), chief of the German General Staff from August 1916.

Zeniyidumis' i-Afrika ngoburoti,
Zeniyidumis' i-Afrika ngamandla,
Zeniyidumis' i-Afrika ngokuvisisana,
Niyidumis' i-Afrika ngempilo,
Ngobukáli beliso nobendlebe.
Ngokuzinza kwengqondo nobucópó,—
Ngokutétá, nokuhamba, nokwenza,—
Tyínile! Nisuke nenjenje—nenjenje!
Nenjenje—nenjenjeya!

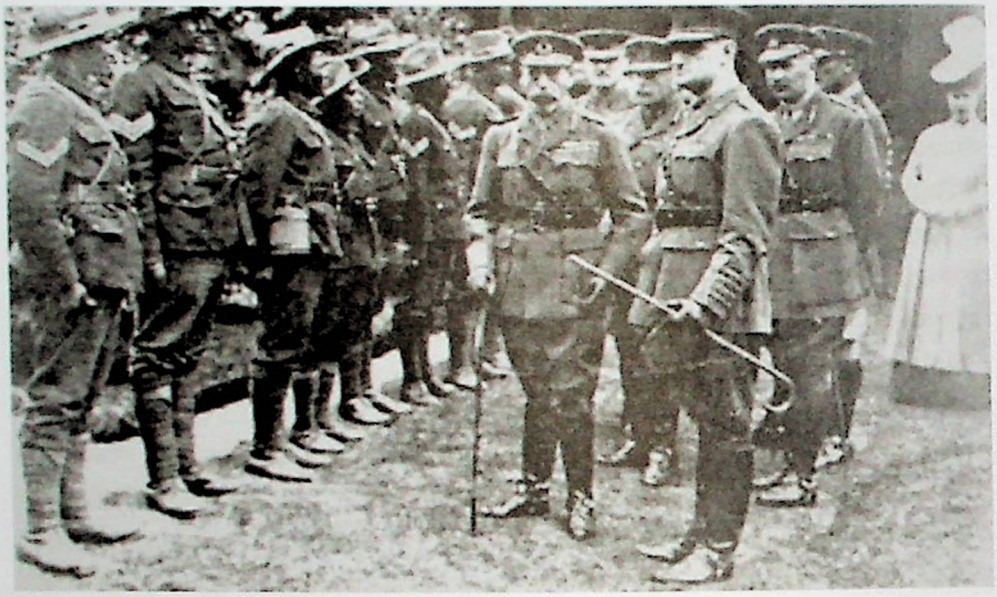
Hambani ke bafondini niy' e Fransi!
Nikhumbul' indlala eniyishiy' emakaya.
Ama Frentshikazi zeningawajongi,—[3]
Kuba nilapo nje namhla nibingiwe;
Sinenz' idini lesizwe sika Ntu.
Hambani matol' emaz' ezimabele made;
Hambani matol' o Nyongande kudlelana;
Hambani kuba lento tina sesiyibonile;
U Tixo wakowetu seleyijikele ngapambili.
Hambani ngemilenz' enganamkinqi;
Hambani ngentliziy' ezingena dyudyu;
Ngomzimb' okapukapu, ngomzimb' ongenantaka;
Niti gxanya, gxanya, gxanya, gxanya!
Niti ngxi, ngxi-ngxi ngxi
Niti ngxi ngxi-ngxi-ngxilili!!!

3. *Imihobe* substitutes for this line *Izihendo zo-Ngendawo zenizoyise* (Resist the temptations of Satan the Shiftless).

Spread Africa's fame through courage,
spread Africa's fame through your strength,
spread Africa's fame through comradeship,
spread Africa's fame through your vigour,
through keenness of eye and ear,
through firmness of mind and thought,
through talk, through marching, through action.
Indeed! Act like this, like this!
Like this, and like that![5]

So go then, fellows, to France!
Remember the hunger you leave back home.
Don't even glance at French women:
you're there today as an offering,
we've made you the blacks' oblation.
go, calves of cows with long teats;
go, calves of cows lean from sharing;
go, we've long seen this coming.
God already invests the vanguard.
Go with legs free of trembling;
go with hearts free of thumping;
with bodies lithe, with bodies sturdy;
Left, right, left, right!
Halt! Halt!
Halt! And stop there![6]

5. This stanza was added in *Imihobe nemibongo*.
6. The conclusion exploits the ideophone *ngxi*, "to stand firm in the ground" (Kropf 1915: 268), to pun on the *imbongi*'s traditional ending *Ncincilili*.



King George V inspecting members of the South African Native Labour Contingent at Abbeville, France, July 1917 (courtesy of the South African National Museum of Military History).

22

Ukutshona kuka Mendi

Akuba ewelile okunene amadodana elilizwe le Afrika ese Zantsi ukuya kuncedisa emsebenzini eFrance, logama amhlope amadodana aye kulwa, akubanga ntsuku ngapi lwavakala udaba olubuhlungu, lokuba inqanawa etile egama lingu Mendi, eyayinemidaka emnyama ye Afrika ese zantsi inqhubene nenye inqanawa, yaza ke i Mendi yenzakala, yezozololo kunye namakulu omatandatu aneshumi linye linesihlanu (615) lemipefumlo, kwasinda bambalwa.

Kukuze ke Imbongi ye Sizwe yenjenje:

Ewe, lento kakade yinto yalonto,—
Tina nto zaziyo asotukanga nto,
Sibona kamhlope siti bekumelwe;
Sitet' engqondweni siti kufanelwe;
Xa bekungenjalo bekungakulunga,[1]
Ngoko ke, "So-Tase!" kwaqal'[2] ukulunga!
Lenqanaw' u Mendi namhlanje yendisile,
Nal' igazi letu lisikonzile!
Asinitumanga ngazo izicengo;
Asinitenganga ngayo imibengo;

1. *Imihobe* has *bekungayi kulunga* with the same meaning.
2. *kwqal'*

The sinking of the *Mendi* (1922)

After the young men of this country of South Africa had actually gone overseas to help as a labour contingent in France, while the young white men had gone to fight, the tragic news came shortly thereafter that a certain ship named *Mendi* carrying black South Africans collided with another ship, the *Mendi* was damaged and sank with six hundred and fifteen (615) souls, leaving very few survivors.[1]

And so the National Poet says:

Yes, that's just how life is –
we in the know felt no surprise,
see clearly it was fated to be;
to our minds we say it was fitting;
without it all would not have been well,
and so, by Maqoma, things start to come right!
Today *Mendi*, this ship, is given in marriage,[2]
this is our blood in our service!
We didn't have to bribe you to go,
we didn't buy you with choice cuts of meat,

1. The *Mendi* sank in the English Channel on 21 February 1917 after being rammed by a cargo ship; there were no black survivors. For Mqhayi's graphic account of the tragedy, see his obituary notice of I.W. Wauchope, who died when the *Mendi* sank (Wauchope 2008: 399–411); for a detailed account of the tragedy and an archaeological report on the wreck, discovered in the 1970s, see Wessex Archaeology (2007); for an account of the way the tragedy is remembered, see Grundlingh (2011).
2. W.G. Bennie glosses this line as "the entry of the Bantu into the comity of nations" (1936: 103).

Bekungenganzuzo zimakwezikwezi
Bekungengadyebo zingangenkwenkwezi
Sikwatsho nakuni bafel' e Afrika
Kwelase Jamani yase Mpumalanga,—
Nelase-Jamani yase-Ntshonalanga.[3]
Bekungembek' eninayo ku Kumkani,
Bekungentobeko yenu kwi Britani.
Mhla nashiy' ikaya sitetile nani,
Mhla nashiy' intsapo salatile kuni,
Mhla sabamb' izandla, mhla kwamanz' amehlo—
Mhla balil' onyoko, banqhurulek' oyihlo,
    Mhla nazishiy' ezintaba zakowenu
Nayinikel' imiv' imilamb' ezwe lenu,
    Asitshongo na kuni midak' akowetu—
Ukuti "Kwelozwe nilidini letu?"
    Ngesibinge ngantonina ke kade.
Idini lomzi liyintonina kade?[4]
Asingamatol' amaduna omzi na?
Asizi zitandwa zesizwe kade na?
Ngoku kuteta ke siyendelisela,
Sibhekis' ezantsi sihlahla indlela.
Asingu Habeli n' idini lomhlaba?
Asingu Mesiya n' elase zulwini?
Tutuzelekani ngoko, zinkedama;
Tutuzelekani ngoku, bafazana;
Kuf'omnye kakade mini kwakiw'omnye;
Kukhonza mnye kade ze kupil' abanye;
Ngalamazwi siti, tutuzelekani,—
Ngokwenjenje kwetu siti, yakhekani.
Litateni eliqalo labadala:
Kuba bati: "Akuhlanga lungehlanga!"
Awu! Zaf' int' ezinkulu ze Afrika

3. This line is taken from *Imihobe*; *Ityala lamawele* omits it.
4. *Imihobe* inserts *ke* (then) before *kade*.

not with promises of glittering gains,
not with riches vast as the stars.
We say the same to you who died in Africa,
in eastern German territory,
in western German territory.
You did it out of respect for the king,
you did it in deference to Britain.
The day you left your home we spoke to you,
the day you left your kin we pointed to you,
the day we clasped hands, the day tears flowed free –
the day mothers wept, and your fathers choked up.
The day you left your home mountains behind,
and turned your backs on your country's rivers,
didn't we say to you black compatriots,
"In that country you'll be our sacrifice?"
What could we have used as an offering,
what's proper for a family sacrifice?
Is it not the male family members?
Is it not the nation's beloved?
In saying so we go to the root,
we plumb the depths to clear the way forward.
Is Abel not the earthly sacrifice?
Is Messiah not the heavenly one?
Take comfort therefore, orphans,
take comfort therefore, maidens:
someone must die to shape another;
someone must serve for others to live.
With those words we say take comfort –
by doing this we say be shaped.
Heed this ancient expression:
"Nothing happens anew!"
Oh! Africa's great personalities perished.

Isindiwe lenqanawe 'de yazika,
Kwaf' amakalipa amafa-nankosi,
Agazi liteta kwi Nkosi ye Nkosi;
Ukufa kwawo kunomvuzo[5] nomvuka,
Ndinga ngema nawo ngomhla wokuvuka,
Ndingqambe njengomnye osebenzileyo,
Ndikanye njengom—So oqaqambileyo.
Makubenjalo.

5. *konomvuzo*

This overloaded ship went down,
heroes who die with their chief all died,
their blood speaks straight to the Lord of Lords;
their death holds reward and promise.[3]
At the resurrection, if I could but stand with them,
and modestly take my place, as if I'd also done something,
and blaze – like the dazzling dawn.
Let it be so.

3. Kropf defines *umvuka* as "that which springs up after ploughing without being sown, or grows again after hoeing" (1915: 455).

23

U 1921 no 1922

"Nisikelelwe ma Yiputa bantu bam." Yisaya 19:25

Iqengqeleka nje iminyaka le tina ma-Afrika ngezimini sijonge enkalweni,—sikangele owona mnyaka uyakuza nokubuya kwe Afrika; kuba asisazi isigwebo setu, samhla sawa, ukuba kwakutiwe siyakuyekelelwa iminyaka emingapina, okanye izizukulwana ezipelengasipina? Saye sifundile ukuba uti umntu ngokuzitoba kwake etolongweni, yapulwe neminyaka yesigwebo sake, kuba usilulamele isohlwayo. Azi ke tina ma-Afrika sinxayipina kwezindawo? Kungako oko:—

Mna ke Mbongi yakwa Gompo,
neyesizwe- jikelele,—
Egameni lenu "Bantu",

Ndamkela lo 1922;
Ndigxota lo 1921;
Ndingamgxoti ngabutshaba,
Kuba ngumtunywa 'Komkulu.
Namhlanj'uya kwenz'ingxelo,
Ku Mhlekazi u Somandla,
Ongu Makanda-Matatu.

1921 and 1922 (1922)

"Blessed be Egypt my people." Isaiah 19:25

The years have rolled by with us Africans gazing beyond the horizon, watching for the year that will bring the return of Africa;[1] because we do not know our sentence as it was imposed at that time. We don't know how long it will be or how many generations it will take. We have learnt that if someone behaves himself in jail he gets remission of sentence. One wonders how far we Africans are in that regard. Therefore:

I the Gompo poet,
and poet of the entire nation,
on behalf of all you people,

I welcome this 1922;
I chase off this 1921;
I bear no malice in chasing it off,
because it's the Great Place's messenger.
Today it's going to make its report
to the Awesome Almighty,
Three-Headed One.

1. The repatriation of Africans in the diaspora was an ideal promoted especially by Marcus Garvey (1887–1940) in the early years of the twentieth century. It gave rise to the slogan "*Mayibuy' iAfrika*" (Let Africa return). On the impact of Garvey's ideas on black South African politics, see Hill and Pirio (1987).

Nditi B'ota Xego-ndini!
Itsho kuw'inzala ka Ntu;
Iyalez'intsikelelo,
Iyalez'utetelelo;
Kwezo ngwevu zipambili,
Lominyaka yayimihle;
Sinombuso sinengqondo,
Sibumbene singumnt'omnye,
Sipatel'u Tix'ilizwe,
Sigosile pantsi kwake.

Siti B'ota Xego-ndini!
Wakuteta neminyanya,—
Abadala abafayo,
Kanti noko basahleli,—
Bajonge ihambo zetu;
Yiti siyaziyaleza,
Leminyaka siyateta,
Ngati sivuk'ekufeni;
Sibuz'isigwebo setu,
Zizukulu zingapina?
Ngena 1922,—
Sikwamkela ngemihlali;
Nemivuyo nemigcobo,
Hlez'ibe kudalwe wena.
Owona nyak'ungowetu;
Siqubana ngamabunzi,
Sitetana sibuzana.
Lisapuma 'de litshone,
Sipike naleminyaka,
Sibuz'isigwebo setu.

Enkundleni yakwa Tixo,
Ku Qamata Opezulu,
Simi ngazo kulo Nkundla,—

I say greetings, old man!
That's what Ntu's children say to you;
they appeal for blessings,
for intervention
from the preceding ancients.
In those glowing years
we had a state, we had intelligence.
We were united as one,
and we ruled this land for God,
as stewards in his service.

We say greetings, old man!
Go talk to the ancestors,
the old ones who've died,
yet they're still alive,
watching our ways;
tell them we commend ourselves
for all these years of talking
as if we'd risen from the dead;
we'd like to know our sentence:
how many generations?
Enter, 1922,
we welcome you with delight,
with joy and celebration,
perhaps you were created
as our very special year;
we touch each other's foreheads,
chat and question each other
from daybreak until sunset,
we deny the years
spent requesting our sentence.

In God's court,
with Qamata[2] on high,
we all stand before that court.

2. Qamata was a pre-Christian Xhosa name for the Supreme Being: see Hodgson (1982).

Sib'enile simangele.
Simangalele igazi,
Lomlisela nomtinjana;
Elamadod'amakulu,
Nelabafaz'abakulu;
Siti kuwe mnyaka-ndini,
Uza nayo n' i Afrika?

Asisakuze sonwabe,
Zinganqina nezi Ntaba
Zelilizwe lakowetu;
Asisakube sipumle,
Ingatsho nalemilambo
Yalomhlaba we Afrika.
Ayarashaz'amatambo,—
Elo liya ngakwelalo,
Iyavakal'intlokoma,
Kwimbombo zone zomhlaba.

Ngoko 1922,—
Gosa-Kulu lako Mkulu,
Ezindaw' uyazazi na?
Ziyatetwa na Pezulu?
Utunywe ntonina wena?
Litinin'ilizwi ngati?
Uyaliva na k'eletu?
Ngezintsukwana ukoyo—
Siti sonke: "Mayibuye,
Mayibuye i Afrika!"

Mayibuy'ingatingazi,
Sitsho tina baniniyo;
Makupume namakonxwa,
Makujike nama hule;
Inteto yetu ibuye,
Amasiko nezitete:
Impilo nolomelelo
Zonk'indyebo ngokunjalo.

We've quibbled and accused,
we've laid a charge of blood,
the blood of young boys and girls,
of aged men,
of aged women;
and, year, we say to you,
do you bring Africa with you?

We will never be content,
these mountains too can testify,
the mountains of our land;
we will never rest,
the rivers too confirm,
rivers of this land of Africa.
The bones are rattling,
each seeking its neighbour,
the noise can be heard
at the earth's corners.

Therefore, 1922,
Chief Steward of the Great Place,
are you aware of all these things?
Are they spoken of on high?
Why have you been sent?
What does the voice say of us?
Do you hear our voice?
In the few days you've been with us
all of us are saying, "May it return,
let Africa return!"

Let her return without delay,
we her possessors say so;
let prisoners be freed,
let prostitutes reform;
restore our language,
our ways and customs:
our health and our strength,
and all our wealth.

Kumke konk'okwasemzini,—
Kuze konk'okwasekaya.

Abantwana mabahlone'
Bahlonele abakulu;
Imbeko makunikwane,
Njengoko kwase ntlandlolo.
Inkosi mazikunjulwe,
Zinikw'izihlalo zazo:
Zize nazo zikumbule,—
Ityal'elipezu kwazo.
Makasixolel'u Dali,
U Menzi, u Mhlekaz'omhle.

Gutyula ke Mtunywa-Mkulu,—
Soling'ukukuncedisa;
Itolong'isidinile;
Ityala silivumile;
Ngalomnyaka silindele,—
Ngalomnyaka sitembile,—
Tob'indleb'upulapule,
Ama Kushe ayalila,
Ezohlwaya eguquka.
Taru Tixo-Nkulunkulu!
Taru Qamata-Ndikoyo!!
Taru Menzi-Mhlekaz'Omhle!!!

Let all things foreign depart,
and all that is ours return.

Children must show respect,
respect for elderly people;
there should be mutual regard,
as it was in days gone by.
Chiefs should be remembered,
accorded their social standing:
and they in turn should remember
the guilt resting on their heads.
May the Maker forgive us,
the Creator, Awesome One.

Sweep away the dirt, Great Messenger,
we'll try to assist you;
we grow weary of jail;
we've admitted our fault;
in this year we're waiting,
in this year we're hoping,
give us ear and listen,
the Cushites cry out,
they repent and reform.
Mercy, God the Great One!
Mercy, Qamata-I-Am!
Mercy, Creator-Awesome-One!

24

I Kresmesi ka '22

"Makabongwe Low' Uzayo Ngegama le Nkosi."

Bota Mhleli!—Kambe sekusisiqelo, nkosi yam, kwesisizukulwana sam, ukuti kwesisituba emnyakeni, siyive inkonzo engu mtyangampo, yokusikonza kwam ngayo lemidana. Ngoko ke bawo, vul' umtyi nanamhlanje, ndizi konze inkosana zam ndisenjenje:

1.

Nank'esiza! Nank'esiza!
Nank'esiz' u Dalibomi,
Kuz' u Sifuba Sibanzi;
Kuz'u Sonini-nanini!
Uza Notando no Xolo,—
Kwa nezilunga zelizwe.
Haleluya! Haleluya!
Hozana Enyangweni!

2.

Mamkeleni! Mamkeleni!
Nank' esiz' u Manyuweli.
Uz' epahlwe zizitunywa,—
Zibubula zimdumisa.
Ngati betu ndiyayiva,—
Neyezulu intlokoma.
Haleluya! Haleluya!
Hozana Enyangweni

Christmas '22 (1922)

"Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord."

Greetings, Editor! My lord, in my generation, at this time of the year, we regularly hear an act of service that is a plaintive cry, these lines as a special service of mine. Therefore, father, grant me space today to serve my princes by saying:

1.

There he comes! There he comes!
There comes Creator Of Life,
Broadbreast is coming,
Eternal is coming!
He comes with Love and Peace,
and the country's rightful share.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Hosanna in the highest!

2.

Welcome him! Welcome him!
There comes Emmanuel,
surrounded by angels,
humming and praising him.
I seem also to hear
the clamour in heaven.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Hosanna in the highest.

3.

Tshotsh' afike! Tshotsh' afike!
Nank' esiz' u Mmangaliso.
Unomtet' entliziyweni.
Ngo Simon wase Kirene,—
Ngesenzo semin' enkulu,
Awamtwalel' u Mnqamlezo.
Haleluya! Haleluya!
Hozana Enyangweni!

4.

Makabongwe. Low' uzayo!
Uyez' u Tshawe lo Xolo,—
Unomteto nge Afrika
Eyamsiza ku Herode.—
Kutwa namhla mayivuzwe
Ngokupindwe ngamawaka.—
Haleluya! Haleluya!
Hozana Enyangweni!

5.

Nank' u Sifuba sibanzi!
Sequle wagqibelela!
Uzokwenz' uxolo lwezizwe,
Alaml' imfazw' ezinkulu,
Abuyisel' abatinjwa.
Haleluya! Haleluya!
Hozana Enyangweni!

6.

Bayete! Ewe, Bayete!
Sezipambil' izizwe,—
Zizigqatsa ku Mhlekazi.
Usemvana nanamhlanje,

3.

It's good he's come! It's good he's come!
There comes Miraculous,
bearing a heartfelt commandment
about Simon of Cyrene,
about his act on the critical day,
carrying His cross for him.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Hosanna in the highest!

4.

Blessed be he who comes!
Prince Of Peace is coming
with a commandment about Africa
which rescued him from Herod.
They say Africa should be honoured today[1]
several thousand times over.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Hosanna in the highest!

5.

There is Broadbreast,
ready for action!
He's come to make peace among nations,
and intervene in crucial clashes,
and return those taken captive.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Hosanna in the highest!

6.

Hail! Yes, hail!
Some nations are already ahead,
promoting themselves with the Awesome One.
Do you still lag behind?

---

1. Because of the flight into Egypt.

Afrika, zwe lakowetu?
Usemvana? Usemvana?
O! Afrrika! O! Afrika!
Afrika! Zwe lakowetu!!!

Africa, land of ours?
Are you lagging? Are you lagging?
Oh! Africa! Oh! Africa!
Africa! Land of ours!

25

U-1922 no 1923

Isizukulwana sam endisikonzayo, ndiyazi ukuba ngezintsuku enyakeni, sesijongile, nakulipina ipepa (inkundla), sijonge ukuba ndingaba ndizakutinina namhlanje kuso. Andizi kutetanto nonyaka kwanje ngokuba nanyakenye bendite ndalandula ndade ndabula nezandla, kulo elipepa. Namhla ke ndilandula ndisiti:—

1.

Yalahl' inkew' enkul' u 1922!
Kuba yayinikw' umteto wokub' izilahle,
Zakuba makulu matatu intsuku,
Namhla sijong' enkalweni,—
X' inyat' enkul' ifufutekayo,
Inyuka nomtwal' osemagxeni,
Iyakuwunikela ku 1923,
Esiny' isitunywa sa Komkulu;
Botani ma Afrika!

2.

Mna Mbongi ye Sizwe ndinazwi linye
Kuni ma Kushe kuni ma Tiyopiya,—
Ndike ndalitsh' izol' elinye,—
Liviwa ngomnye namhla liviwe ngomnye ngomso.
Wopela lonyaka sesilishum' elivayo;
Kub' itemb' endinalo yintyunkula;
Nevil' endiyibonayo iyateta,—
Kulok' andinamnt' undibuza luto:
Botani ma Afrika!

1922 and 1923 (1922)

I know that at this time of the year my generation, whom I serve, are searching any newspapers (a forum) to learn what I will say to them this time around. This year I'm not going to say anything because last year too I absolutely declined to say anything in this paper. Today I refuse and say:

1.

That great villain 1922 has quit!
Because he was handed an edict to quit
when his days numbered three hundred.
Today we gaze at the ridge
as the great buffalo totters upward
with a heavy load on his shoulders
to hand to 1923,
the other Great Place messenger:
Greetings, Africans!

2.

As National Poet I have just one word
for you Cushites, for you Ethiopians –
I said so the day before yesterday –
heard by someone today, by someone else tomorrow.
By the end of the year we'll have grown in number;
because my hope is an unplumbed pool
and the wheel I see is speaking
but no one asks me a thing:
Greetings, Africans!

3.

It' Imbongi ye Sizwe makubolishwe,
Makupezw' ingxolo makuqengqw' iqakamba;
Kudala watshoy' umfo ka Tshembaleni,
Qengqan' iqakamba nikup' i Britani;
Qengqani lukuni de nani ningene;
Kudala zisanyana nonina.
Kukaloku makuqauk' imbeleko.
Maziy' inyama ngendawo zazo:
Botani ma Afrika!

4.

Kausibolek' indodana sokunika pezolo!
I-Britani' ino Dyani Smats' injengele,
Ubet' izitywetywe zemitywabulo,
Wala nt' izayo ugxotel' ezweni;
Iyamkwaz' eyakowab' iyamombelela!
Uy'enyukelana ngezimini ngumqange.
Akayang' e Ntab'elang' engayang' e Bayi,—
Unanto zintatu zingamaqikili:
Botani ma Afrika!

5.

Bolishani madoda bolishani!
Kwakutiwe zingapin' izizukulwana,—
Izizukulwana zetu sisedyokweni?
Ndingendiba mna ndibe ndisiti:
Kungekupezwa ngati kube kwanele,

3.

The National Poet says people must bowl,
stop the clamour, let fly with the ball;
Chamberlain's son[1] said so long ago.
Let fly with the ball and bowl Britain out;
bowl your heart out till you get in;[2]
the calves have long been suckling,
now let the birth cord be cut.
Meat must be shared in proportion:
Greetings, Africans!

4.

Please lend us a young man, we'll return him last night!
Britain has Jan Smuts[3] the general,
he smashes everything flat,
he dismisses whatever comes in;
his countrymen cheer him, beat the drum for him!
He's increasingly frantic these days.
He failed to visit Ntabelanga[4] and Port Elizabeth,
he has three things he depends upon:
Greetings, Africans!

5.

Bowl, men, bowl!
How many generations did they say it would take,
with our generation still in the yoke?
What I should have said was this:
this must end with us, it's enough.

---

1. See item 3, note 3.
2. For an account of the game of cricket among black South Africans, see Odendaal (2003).
3. Jan Christiaan Smuts (1870–1950), a leading general in the Boer War and the First World War, served as prime minister of the Union of South Africa from 1919 to 1924.
4. Ntabelanga (Mountain of the Sun) is the site of the Bulhoek massacre on 24 May 1921, when government troops killed nearly 200 Israelites: see Edgar (1988).

Kungoko ndibuzayo kuwe 1923,—
Njengoko ndabuzayo kulo 1922.
Yat' impendulo sekuseduze sekusemnyango:
Botani ma Afrika!

6.

Nakuwabuz' amadod' a Komkulu!
Ayixele kwasentlok' int' atunywe yona:
Lent' umtunywa tina sesiyifundile,—
Asiyo nent' ukujikwa seyipambili.
Kuk' amadod' apikel' ukugaqel' ityala,—
Lempi yase Britani seyinukwe yasakaswa.
Izizwana zonke ziyirobile,—
Zayixilonga zayityityimbisel' umnwe:
Botani ma Afrika!

7.

Bolishani! u Loyid Joji bamkupile!
Azi nonyaka singaqengqa wupina?
Qengqan' u Smatse kungen' u Mkgato;
Qengqan' u Smarti kungen' u Jabavu;
Qengqan' u Malani kungen' oka Ngojo;
Qengqan' u Muhle kungen' oka Dube;
Qengqan' u Bartini kungen' u Msimanga.
Nonyak' izwi liti: "Makuqengqwe madoda!"
Botani ma Afrika!

That's why I ask you, 1923,
just as I asked 1922.
The answer was it won't be long, it's already on the threshold.
Greetings, Africans.

6.

When you asked of men from the Great Place
they said right away what their mission was:
we've learnt to know a messenger –
he won't be deflected from his path.
There are men at pains to suborn the case –
this British group has been held complicit.
All the small nations take a peep at the case,
applying a stethoscope gingerly:
Greetings, Africans.

7.

Bowl! They've bowled out Lord George![5]
Who can we bowl out this year?
Bowl out Smuts to let in Makgatho;
bowl out Smartt to let in Jabavu;
bowl out Malan to let in Ngojo's son;
bowl out Muller to let in Dube's son;
Bowl out Burton to let in Msimang.[6]
This year a voice cries, "Bowl your heart out, men!"
Greetings to you, Africans.

---

5. David Lloyd George (1863–1945), British prime minister from 1916 to 1922.
6. Sefako Mapogo Makgatho (1861–1951), president of the Transvaal Native Congress from 1912 to 1930 and president general of the ANC from 1917 to 1924; Thomas William Smartt (1858–1929), minister of agriculture from 1921 to 1924; Daniel Francois Malan (1874–1959), founder and first editor of the Afrikaans newspaper *Die Burger* from 1915 to 1924; J.D. Ngojo of the Cape Congress; Christiaan Hendrik Muller (1865–1945), Boer War general elected to Parliament in 1920; Henry Burton (1866–1935), attorney general in Merriman's government and minister of finance from 1920 to 1924.

8.

Qengqani madod' akuko ntaba yaluto!
Kade siyingxaki kwizwe lakowetu
Qengqan' ipel' ingxaki kuvel' inyaniso
Qengqan' upel' umbuzo kuvel' impendulo
Qengqani namhla kupel' amapike,—
Lelomhlope lelontsundu n' elilizwe
Iyatet' imilambo neziseko zentaba
Ayarashaz' amatambo' amanyang' akowetu:
Botani ma Afrika!

9.

Kautsh' okwako 1923?
Beta komof' i Afrik' imangele!
Beta kozele simi ngxambasholo!
Kade sijongil' amehl' ayagxwala;
Kukade sibambe sabamba namawa;
Namhla mzi ka Tshiwo sifun' inyaniso
Namhla mzi ka Zulu sifun' inyaniso;
Namhlanj' umzi ka Ntu ufun' inyaniso;
Namhlanj' i Afrika ifun' inyaniso:
Botani ma Afrika!

10.

Sinnika 1923!
Sinnika Lau-ndini!
Satsha yingqanda sesikufup' ukudinwa;
Satsha yiruluwa sesikufup' ukudinwa;
Satsha lizulu lezandla sesikufup' ukudinwa;
Satsha yipasi sesikufup' ukudinwa;
Satsha yirafu sesikufup' ukudinwa;
Akubonanga na side sabena nje?
Sati, hayi tyin' iyaruqula!
Botani ma Afrika!

8.

Bowl, men, you've no mountain to climb!
We've always caused our country problems.
Bowl to dismiss the problem, unveil the truth,
bowl to dismiss the question, reveal the answer,
bowl today to dismiss the disputes –
does this land belong to whites or blacks?
The rivers and mountain roots speak,
the bones of our ancestors shuffle:
Greetings, Africans.

9.

Please come clean, 1923.
Be brief, Africa's laying a charge!
Be brief, we're standing insecure.
For far too long we've been waiting and wailing,
we've been propping up cliffs.[7]
Today, house of Tshiwo, we want the truth;
today, house of Zulu, we want the truth;
today Ntu's village wants the truth;
today Africa wants the truth:
Greetings, Africans.

10.

Salute, 1923!
Salute, you Hottentot!
The assegai sears us, we're near collapse;
gunpowder sears us, we're near collapse;
hand lightning sears us, we're near collapse;
the pass sears us, we're near collapse;
taxes sear us, we're near collapse.
Did you not see persistent pleading?
Saying enough is enough!
Greetings, Africans.

---

7. In a folktale (*intsomi*), the jackal tricked the wolf into holding up a rock while he escaped.

11.

Akuvangan' ukuba zike zanqoza!
Zashiy' imikutuka macal' omabini,—
Yilerafu yentloko, lerafu yek'anda.
Esakwa Bambata sema ngomlenzana;
Wavel' u Letanka samenz' umbingo.
Zatsho shush' e Rautini zanqoza!
Yaya yel' e Pitol' eyotshaba!
Yagqogqwa yaroxel' e Blomfanteni!
Kanti kulap' iyakutyunyuzwa kona:
Botani ma Afrika!

12.

Hoyini! Hoyini! Hoyini bafondini!
Xa kulapo k' iyapez' Imbongi yakwa Gompo;
Buzan' umfo wakomkulu nge Nibidyala!
Aqale ngokut'[1] axel' inyaniso.
Kade begqibela ngati seyingxengiwe;
Kuko madod' aligaqelay' ityala,—
Ayizipambukis' izitunywa zezulu.
Ndingendiba ndit' atsh' amatongo,—
Kulok' akuko ban' undibuza luto!
Botani ma Afrika!!
Hush! Ncincilili! Cwaka!!!

1. *ngakut'*

11.

Haven't you heard occasional rumbling
leaving grazed bodies on either side?
It's this Head Tax, this Poll Tax.
Bambatha's home[8] fought tooth and nail;
Letanka came and we sacrificed him.[9]
Johannesburg saw frenzied rumbling!
The enemy army disappeared in Pretoria,
stormed and retreated to Bloemfontein!
And there it was crushed:
    Greetings, Africans.

12.

Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh yes, my fellows!
And so the Gompo poet ends;
ask the Great Place chap about New Year!
Let him start with us and tell the truth.
They always come last to us with diluted truth;
there are men whose bribes swing a case –
that doesn't deflect heaven's messengers.
I meant to say what our ancestors said
    but no one asks me a thing!
        Greetings, Africans!!
Hush! I end there! Silence!!!

8. In 1906 Bambatha son of Mancinza led a Zulu rebellion against the recently introduced Poll Tax in Natal: see Marks (1970).
9. Daniel Simon Letanka (1874–1932), founding member and vice-president of the SANNC and editor of *Abantu-Batho*, Congress's newspaper, on which see Limb (2012).

26

U-1924 no 1925

Ngubanin' ongevang' ukuba,—
Udlul' u 1924?

Ngubanin' ongevang' ukuba,—
Utwasil' u 1925?

Hamba kamnandi 1924.
Pila kakuhle 1925.

Kanen' utwasela nin' umnyaka lo,—
Kubant' abangazi kwakanto?
Kanen' udlulela nin' umnyaka lo,
Kubant' abangazi kudiliza luto?

Kanitsho ke nto zika Jabavu,
Kwi "Mvo Zabantsundu" kwa Ngqika,
Nivile na ngo 1924?
Nivile na ngo 1925?
Uvile na Langalibalele ka Dube
E Ohlange kwelakwa Zulu?
Uvile na nto ka Mvabaza,
Nawe ka Letanka,

1924 and 1925 (1925)

Who hasn't heard
1924's passed by?

Who hasn't heard
1925's appeared?

Go well, 1924.
Live well, 1925.

Really, why does that year come
to those knowing nothing?
Really, why does that year pass
those reluctant to smash things?

Please say, sons of Jabavu,
at *Imvo zabantsundu* in Ngqikaland,
have you heard of 1924?
Have you heard of 1925?
Have you heard, Langalibalele son of Dube
at Ohlange in KwaZulu?[1]
Have you heard, Mvabaza's son,
and you, son of Letanka

1. In 1901 John Dube founded the Ohlange Native Industrial Institute at Inanda and served as its first principal: see Hughes (2011: 89–96).

Ku "Bantu-Batho" kwele golide?
Uvile na "Mteteli wa Bantu"?
Umzi senike nawuvisa-na?[1]
Sebeke baxelelwa n' abantu?
Bati ke yintonin' ukutwasa komnyaka?
Bati ke yintonina lent' umnyaka ngokwayo
Yint' ap' ehlala pina yakutwasa?
Iz' iti yakufa iye pina?
Azi yintonina lent' ingumnyaka?
Nditsho nje nditsho kuba ndisapila.
Yitshon' emaziko niti ndisapila.

Nivile na nto ka Nyombolo?
Uvile na nto ka Lujiza neka Mzazi?
Uvile na nto ka Dlwati neka Tayile?
Uvile na nto ka Ncwana no Masabalala?
Nawe nto ka Kadali neka Sonjica?
Ndinibiza ngabom ningamadodana
Ndenziwa luyolo lokuzala
Kuba ndilixegwan' elinomlisela,
Umlisel' otetayo namawawo
Umlisel' ozimisel' ukugoduka,
Ugodus' i Afrika kunye namaxoba!
Nam ndisapila.—
Yitshon' emaziko niti ndisapila!

1. *Imihobe* omits this line and the preceding ten lines, substituting the line *Kánitsho ke, zinkokeli* (So, leaders, please say).

at *Abantu-Batho* in Johannesburg?[2]
Have you heard, *Umteteli wa Bantu*?[3]
Have you told the community?
Have the people been told?
What do they say is the New Year?
What do they say is the year itself?
Where does it stay on arrival?
Where does it go when it dies?
What is this thing called a year?
I say so merely because I'm still living.
Tell the homesteads I'm still alive.

Have you heard, Nyombolo's son?
Have you heard, sons of Lujiza and Mzazi?
Have you heard, sons of Dlwati and Thaele?
Have you heard, sons of Ncwana and Masabalala?
And you, sons of Kadalie and Sonjica?[4]
I name you knowingly as young men,
prompted with joy at producing a child,
for I'm a little old man with youths in their prime,
youths who address their own people,
youths set on coming back home,
bringing Africa home with its booty!
    I'm still living –
tell the homesteads I'm still alive.

2. Levi Thomas Mvabaza (1880–1955) and Letanka served as editors of *Abantu-Batho*, Mvabaza as the Xhosa editor from 1916 to 1931 and Letanka as the Sotho and Tswana editor from 1912 to 1931.
3. *Umteteli wa Bantu* was a Johannesburg multilingual newspaper established by the Chamber of Mines in 1920 under the editorship of Marshall Maxeke.
4. All these were involved with the Industrial and Commercial Workers' Union of Africa (ICU): Impey Ben Nyombolo; Theo B. Lujiza; John S. Mzazi of East London; Johnson Dlwati; James S. Thaele; S.M. Bennett Ncwana; Samuel Masabalala; and Clements Kadalie; see Wickins (1978). Sonjica could be John Sonjica, who travelled with Pambani Mzimba in 1901 to study at Lincoln University (Odendaal 2012: 252).

Umnyak' utwasile nto ka Feltimani
Mdak' ompotyo wase Nkondwane!
Yiza nabant' ab' uxel' uyihlo
Uxel' u Ngqondol' enkul' unywebetu ye Mfengu!
Uyeva ke Xabanisa no Lusaseni,
Nawe Mahlasela noka Masiza.
Uvile na nto ka Ndwandwa Tambo-dala.
Xelel' oka Ngcebetsha noka Sopela.
Ungamshiy' oka Dambuza noka Mpondo;
Ngokunjal' oka Ntloko noka Lavisa,
Kwa no Harmanisi no Swartbooi.
Bafondini yizani nomlisela!
Ewe siboleken' indodana,—
Sibolokeni soninika pezolo!
Kautsho nto ka Makgato.
    Kautsho kakulu!
Ndandite mna makubolishwe.
Utinina yen' u Kongolose?
Pendula nto ka Mdolomba
    Korola ndini lase Kapa!
Goduka nabafana kad' ubaqanqisa.
Kumbul' elo Bubani nelakwa Bambisa.
Teta sive nto ka Mahabane.
Teta sive nto ka Platyisi.

The year's arrived, son of Veldtman,
dark-skinned lump from Nkondwane![5]
Attract people as your father did,
like Ngqondolenkulu the Mfengu's mouth blister!
Hear this, Xabanisa and Lusaseni,
and you Mahlasela and Masiza's son.
Have you heard, son of Ndwandwa, Old Bone?
Tell Ngcebetsha's son and Sopela's.
Don't omit sons of Dambuza and Mpondo,
and Ntloko's son and Lavisa's,
including Hermanus and Swartbooi.[6]
Fellows, fetch the young men!
Yes, lend us a young man –
lend him to us: we'll return him last night!
Please speak, son of Makgatho.
    Please speak loud and clear!
I said we must bowl.
What does Congress say?
Answer, son of Mdolomba,
    Tickler from Cape Town![7]
Go home with the young men, you've long been scattered.
Remember Bubani's home and Bambisa's.
Speak so we hear, Mahabane's son.
Speak so we hear, son of Platyisi.[8]

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5. On Veldtman Bikitsha, see item 2, note 16.
6. This group seem to have been involved in the Transkei Teachers' Association. A report on a meeting of the Association at Zazulwana mentions Veldtman Bikitsha; Temlett Ngcebetsha of Butterworth; Theodore Ndwandwa, Veldtman Bikitsha's son-in-law; Hans Swaartbooi of Idutywa; J.P. Hermanus of Idutywa; Martin Mpondo; L. Dambuza; L.W. Masiza of Tsomo; and B.W. Mahlasela (*Imvo*, 31 October 1916: 7).
7. Elijah Mdolomba, a Methodist minister who served at Ndabeni in Cape Town, secretary general of the ANC from 1920 to 1936. For Mqhayi's tribute on Mdolomba's death in 1937, see Mqhayi (2009: 508–15).
8. Rev. Zaccheus Richard Mahabane (1881–1971), president of the ANC from 1924 to 1927; Solomon Tshekiso Plaatje (1876–1932), first general secretary of the SANNC.

Benisiti wenza ntonin' umhlaba?
Sitsho ngokunazi ke Makwedini,—[2]
Sit' utwasil' u 1925
Oludaba luxeleni ebantwini,
Oludaba lubiken' esizweni
Nit' uluntu maluvuke kusile
Kade[3] kutwas' onjanin' umnyaka?
    Mna mkonzi wenu ndisapila,—
Isapilil' Imbongi ye Sizwe!

Uvile na nto ka Madosi neka Njokweni?
Uvile na nto ka Mnyanda neka Myoli?
Uvile na nto ka Matoti neka Kalipa?
Uvile na nto ka Haya neka Skenjana?
Nawe ka Ntsonkota neka Ncapayi?
Uvile no nto ka Ndawo neka Xiniwe?
Nike nabavisa n' aba Fundisi,—
O Mhle ka Nyawo base luhlangeni?
Uvile na nto ka Jora neka Gumede?
Uvile na nto ka Tema neka Sivetye?
Uvile na nto ka Ntshona neka Mapikela
Uvile na Diza-dala ka Rubusana?
Matol' ezilo zase Luhlangeni!
Matol' amakaka nomkonto![4]
Utwasel' ukwenzanina lomnyaka?
Kanti nj' usafana neyadlulayo?
Yitshoni ko Kumkani bomhlaba,—
Nit' Imbongi ye Sizwe isapilile.[5]

---

2. *Imihobe* omits this and the preceding 40 lines, starting with *Nditsho nje nditsho kuba ndisapila.*
3. *Imihobe* has *Kode.*
4. *nomkonkonto*
5. *Imihobe* omits this stanza.

What did you say the earth was up to?
We say this because we know you, boys,
we say 1925's arrived.
Tell this news to the people,
tell this news to the nation,
say mankind must wake: it's dawn.
By the way, what kind of year has arrived?
    I'm still alive, your servant,
The National Poet's still alive!

Have you heard, sons of Madosi and Njokweni?
Have you heard, sons of Mnyanda and Myoli?
Have you heard, sons of Matoti and Kalipa?
Have you heard, sons of Haya and Skenjana?
And you, sons of Ntsonkota and Ncapayi?
And have you heard, sons of Ndawo and Xiniwe?
Did you inform the missionaries,
fine ministers of the nation?
Have you heard, sons of Jorha and Gumede?
Have you heard, sons of Thema and Sivetye?
Have you heard, sons of Ntshona and Mapikela?
Have you heard, Rubusana's Old Corncob?[9]
Animal cubs of the nation,
cubs of shields and spear!
What has this year initiated?
The same as in past years?
Tell the kings of the world
that the National Poet's still living.

---

9. C.C. Madosi, headman at Gaxa under N.C. Mhala; Mnyanda and Myoli of the Gasela; Headman H. Ntsonkota; Henry Masila Ndawo (1883–1949), Xhosa historian, editor of folklore, novelist; Paul Xiniwe (1857–1902), teacher, singer and businessman, who opened the Temperance Hotel in King William's Town, the first hotel for Africans in the Cape; John Jorha; Josiah Tshangana Gumede (1867–1946), founding member of the SANNC; Richard Victor Selope Thema (1886–1955), chairman of the committee that drafted the constitution of the SANNC and later editor of *Bantu World*; Thomas Mtobi Mapikela (1869–1945), active in the formation of the SANNC and Congress politics; Walter Benson Rubusana (1858–1936), prominent Eastern Cape politician.

A! Ngangomhlaba![6]
A, Zilindlovu! A Jongintaba!
A, Mangala! A, Victor P. ka Ndamase!
A, Mnyango! A, Pakamile!
A, Gudlwayinyanda! A, Ndiyalwa!
A, Solomon ka Dinizulu!
A, Sobuza ka Ngwane!
A, Sekgoma ka Kgama!
A, Grifisi ka Ludziya!
Ngangelizwe ka Mani[7]
A, Mpondombini!
A, Songo. A, Ndabemfene!
A, Dabulamanzi ka Zibi!
Bayeteni Bahlekazi!
Nina bagazi lidliwayo!
Bayeteni zindlovu!
Bayeteni zingonyama!
Maramncw' ehlati Bayeteni!
Ayanixelela n' amapakati.
Ziyanixelelan'ezizinto zenu.
Ezi nizityis' umhla nezolo.
Ziyanixelela' n' apo kukona.—
Ziyatsho n'[8] ukuti "izolo bekuyizolo,
Ngoko kungoko ngoku kungoku?"
A, Makosikazi!
Bafazi benkosi nabafundisi!
Hay' int' inzim' ukupat' isizwe!
Hay' int' inzim' ukusitwal' emhlana!

6. *Imihobe* adds *A! Jong' ilizwe!*
7. *Imihobe* has *A! Ngangelizwe ka-Kama.*
8. *Imihobe* has *Ziyatshon'.*

Hail, Ngangomhlaba!
Hail, Zilindlovu! Hail, Jongintaba!
Hail, Mangala! Hail, Victor P. Ndamase!
Hail, Mnyango! Hail, Pakamile!
Hail, Gudlwayinyanda! Hail, Ndiyalwa!
Hail, Solomon Dinuzulu's son!
Hail, Sobhuza, Ngwane's son!
Hail, Sekgoma, Kgama's son!
Hail, Griffiths, Ludziya's son!
    Ngangelizwe, Mani's son!
Hail, Mpondombini!
Hail, Songo! Hail, Ndabemfene!
Hail, Dabulamanzi, Zibi's son![10]
    Hail, Awesome Ones,
    whose blood can be drunk!
    Hail, elephants!
    Hail, lions!
    Wild beasts of the forest, hail!
Do the councillors keep you informed?
Are these blokes of yours informing you,
blokes you feed day after day?
Do they tell you the state of affairs?
Do they say "Yesterday was yesterday,
then was then, now is now"?
Hail, ladies!
Wives of chiefs and clergy!
How hard it is to rule a nation!
How hard to bear it on your back!

---

10. Ngangomhlaba was Mpisekhaya son of Salakupathwa and Nohefile, who ruled the Gcaleka from 1924 until his death in 1933; Jongintaba was David son of Dalindyebo and Nomgqata, Thembu regent from 1928 to 1942; Victor Poto Ndamase (1897–1974) ruled the Western Pondo from 1918 until his death; Benjamin Mnyango (known as Gawushigqili) son of Sandile; Pakamile son of Kona (son of Maqoma); Ndiyalwa son of Tokwe; Solomon (1891–1933) son of Dinuzulu ruled the Zulu from 1913; Sobhuza (1899–1982) ruled the Swazi from 1921; Sekgoma (1869–1925) ruled the Bamangwatho from 1923; Mpondombini (d. 1927) was Msintsi son of Makinana of the Gcaleka.

Botani ndiyabulisa!
Twalani kuza kulunga
Mna Mlindi sendibon' izinto.
Ivili ka Tix' iyaquba.

Oloyi maqobokazana!
Oloyi makosazana!
Oloyi zintwanazana!
Oloyi mahotyazana!
Oloyi bantakama!
Utwasela nin' umnyaka lo,—
Kanti nj' akuzi kwenziwa nto?
Pendula ntombi ka Mgqweto
Wen' usikumbuz' imigqweto.
Mbongikazi Nontsizi pendula
Pendula ntombi yakwa Cizama
Yakwa Ncenceza kwa Ncoko.
Zixelel' intomb' ukuba ndisapila
Ndisapil' umzimba nomxelo,—
Andikuzi tengisa nangegolide
Nange perule nange Kristale
Nange jaspire nange hakinto
Hayi nakanye zinkosi zam![9]

Mayigqibe ngemibuliso
Imbongi yakowenu
Nasakuyilibal' ivili ka Tixo
U "Kaulezis' amaxesh' igama layo,
Nditunyiwe ukuba ndiyiyaleze
Ngokwenjenje ke ndiyayishumayela.

9. *Imihobe* omits this and the preceding ten lines starting with *Pendula ntombi ka Mgqweto*.

Greetings, I offer you greetings!
Bear the load, all will be well.
I, Watcher Who Sees Things.
God's wheel is rotating.

Oh dear, dutiful girls![11]
Oh dear, princesses!
Oh dear, maidens!
Oh dear, young doves!
Oh dear, mother's children!
Why has the year arrived
if nothing's going to be done?
Answer, Mgqwetho's daughter,
you who suggest contrariness.[12]
Respond, Nontsizi, Woman Poet,
respond, Chizama girl
of Ncenceza's place and Ncoko's,
tell the girls that I'm still alive,
I'm still alive body and soul –
I'd never sell myself, not even for gold,
not for a pearl, not for crystal,
not for jasper, not for jacinth,
for nothing at all, my chiefs.

Let your very own praise poet
wind up with greetings.
Please don't forget God's wheel,
Quickens The Times is its name.
I've been sent to remind you of it,
in so doing I preach it.

---

11. The noun is used in a proverbial expression, "*amaqobokazana angalala endleleni alahlekile*" (should maidens sleep along the way they are lost): "an expression of praise for a person or persons who have completed a task efficiently and expeditiously" (Pahl 1989: 73).
12. Mqhayi puns on Mgqwetho's surname and the plural of the noun *umgqwetho*, which Kropf glosses as "perverseness" (1915: 133). On the woman poet, Nontsizi Mgqwetho of the Chizama clan, see Opland (2007).

Nditi "Lindani" inkul' int' ezayo.
Nditi "Vukani" ixesha lenu lifikile.
Lo 1924 udlul' etetile!
Lo 1925 uza nezigigaba!!
Ncincilili!
Ncincilili!!
Ncincilili!!![10]

10. *Imihobe* concludes with only one *Ncincilili!*

I say, "Wait," much lies in store for us.
I say, "Wake," your time has arrived.
    This 1924 has passed having spoken!
    This 1925 arrives with marvels!
        I end here!
            I end here!
            Here I end!!

27

A, Mzimb' Uyaquma!

I-Tshawe lase Bilitani.

"Ngu Mzimb' uyaqúma elokubuliswa!
Ngu Mzimb' uyavuta elomteketiso!
Ngu Zweliyazuz' elibizwa ngasemva.
Ngu Tshawuz' imiban' elibizwa yiMbongi."

Pumani nonke nize kufanisa!
Pumani nonke nize kufanisa![1]
Sisilo sinin' esi singaziwayo?
Singajongekiyo singaqelekiyo?
Pumani nonke nize kufanisa!
Yaz' iti kanti ngulo Gilikanqo
Isil' esikûl' esingaziwa mnxuma.
Yaz' it kanti yile nabulele,
Isilokaz' esikulu seziziba.
Yaz' iti kanti ngu Makanda-mahlanu
Inyok' enkul'eza ngezivutuvutu.
Pumani nonke nize kufanisa!
Lent' umzimb' uyaqúma ngati liziko.
Lent' umzimb' uyavuta ngati lidangatye.

1. *Inzuzo* has *kufanekisa* at the end of these two lines.

Hail, Steaming Body! (1925)

The Prince of Britain[1]

"Steaming Body's his salutation!
Blazing Body's his nickname!
Land In Labour's his private name.
The poet names him Flashes Of Lightning."

Come out, all of you, to draw comparisons!
Come out, all of you, to draw comparisons!
What unfamiliar animal is this?
Unsightly? Unusual?
Come out, all of you, to draw comparisons!
This could be *Gilikanqo*,
monster with lair unknown.
This could be *Nabulele*,
giant that lurks in deep pools.
This could be *Makanda-mahlanu*,
serpent that moves in a hurricane.[2]
Come out, all of you, to draw comparisons!
This thing's body smokes like a fireplace.
This thing's body blazes like flame.

1. The Prince of Wales, later Edward VIII, visited South Africa in 1925: see Deakin (1925), Price (1926) and Turley (1926) for journalistic accounts of the tour. Mqhayi performed a poem before the prince at a gathering in King William's Town.
2. These are all inimical creatures of popular belief and folktale: see the glossary of Xhosa words.

Lent' iququmb' intlantsi ngati ngu Sindiyandiya.
Lent' itshawuz' imibane ngati sisi bâkabâka
Sinnika!

Nank' esiz' u Tshawe le Bilitani!
Inzala yenyatikaz' u Vitoliya,
Inkazan' ebu Tixora kuhlanga luka Ntu.
Ebu moya butolara, bugqirara.
Nants' isiz' ikwe kwa Joji wesi Hlanu,
Azi sakuyitinin' ukuyibonga?
Siyibong' ingenzakali noko;
Kuba sesiyintang' enengozi,
Siyibong' inkos' itsh' intshul' ufundo;
Siyibong' inkos' yapuk' umqolo;
Siyibong' inkos' itsh' ipum' isifombo.[2]
Yez' emadoden' ikwekw' a Komkulu!
Umdak' oliso litshawuz' imibane,
Liti lakukujezul' ung' ungapanyanza,
Umdak' osabupotyo-butyato.
Unganganobom wakuwondela,
Kok' itol' leramncw' alondeleki.
Nabake balinga bajub' isiduli.
Bati kusuke kutwanga-ncilikiti.
Buzunguzane buyengelezane.
Kubek' int' eti yifo' okokupela.
Sabu Bijela sabu Cantira.
Sinnika!

Lez' itol' lomtonyama lobu Kumkani![3]
Yez' ikwekw' omgquba yasebu Kosini.
U Mzimb' uyaqum' elokubuliswa,
U Mzimb' uyavuta elomteketiso,
U Zweliyazuza elibizwa ngasemva,

2. *Inzuzo* omits this and the preceding five lines, from *Azi sakuyitinin' ukuyibonga?*
3. *Inzuzo* omits this and the preceding five lines, from *Bati kusuke.*

This thing crackles and sparks like a potion.
This thing's lightning lights up the firmament.
What do you see?[3]

There comes the Prince of Britain,
calf of Victoria, she-buffalo,
a godlike woman to the black nation,
like a wraith, a wardoctor, diviner.
There comes the son of George V:
how are we to sing his praises,
praising him so he's not hurt,
because he's at a vulnerable stage?
We praise a chief till he feels a hump;
we praise a chief until his back breaks;
we praise a chief until he's a hunchback.
The boy from the Great Place is coming to men!
Tan-coloured chap whose eye flashes lightning,
when he looks askance you feel like blinking,
dusky with long head and backswept horns.
Vaguely handsome when you look at him closely,
but the animal calf isn't easy to stare at,
and those who once tried it started back senseless.
They said they felt dizzy,
as if stunned by disaster,
hoping for death to end it all,
as if wrapped in the coils of a snake like *chanti*.
What do you see?

There comes the calf of kingly roots!
There comes the son of royal soil.
Steaming Body's his salutation.
Blazing Body's his nickname!
Land In Labour's his private name.

---

3. Kropf's gloss on the interjection *sinika!* reads: "Tell us what you have seen! (said by the *impi* [army] to the sentinels or guards)" (1915: 392); Pahl has "to urge people to salute, eg a chief: *salute! A! Ngwesizwe!*" (1989: 204).

U Tshawuz' imibane elibizwa yi Mbongi.[4]
Yez' ixóm' izindwe yaxóm' ngijo!
Yez' ifak' umxaga yafak' iphunga;
Yez' itsho ngezidanga nezidabane;
Yez' itsho ngobumbejewu bobuhlalu.
Yez' inobulawu nobuqolo;
Yez' inetyeleba nezifikane;
Yez' inomto nomtomboti;
Yez' inendili nesidima;[5]
Yeza ngobungwe nangobungonyama.
Yeza bugcoloco bucokocokozo.
Kwelelisan' amaxego namaxegokazi,—
Kwelelisan' abafaz' abamqumqum,—
Hleze baraxwe yimisi yesilo.
Kub' eliramncwa namhla alaziwa.
Aliputshwanga ngo Njajula no Nondiza.
Alibonwanga ngabo Lingela nabo Mnyungula.
Limzimb' unenkantsi limzimb' unentlantsi;
Limzimb' unedosha nentlungunyembe[6]

Taru Bilitan' Enkulu!
Bilitan' Enkulu engatshonelwa langa!!

Mtuleni maz' aselwandle!
Noko tina singasenandawo.
Kwapela nemihlaba,

4. *Inzuzo* omits this and the preceding three lines, from *U Mzimb' uyaqum'*.
5. *Inzuzo* omits this line.
6. *Inzuzo* omits this and the preceding seven lines, from *Kwelelisan' amaxego*.

The poet names him Flashes Of Lightning.
He comes buoyed by crane feathers and manhood wands![4]
He comes wearing armband and grass mask;[5]
he comes adorned with garlands and oribi skin;[6]
he comes adorned with royal insignia.[7]
He comes with his perfume and fragrance;
he comes with mint and scented grass;
he comes with fragrance and sandalwood;
he comes with dignity and gravity;
he comes with the traits of leopard and lion.
He comes with gaudy display.
Move old men and women aside –
move tender ladies aside –
lest they choke on the animal's smoke,
because today this beast's unfamiliar,
undreamt of by Njajula and Nondiza,
unseen by Lingela and Mnyungula.
Its body has cramps, its body has sparks;
its body has tinderbox and poisonbush.

Peace, Great Britain!
Great Britain on whom the sun never sets!

Set him down, ocean waves,
though we no longer have a place!
Our territory's vanished,

---

4. Crane feathers worn as a headdress are the mark of a distinguished warrior; recently circumcised boys, having become men, emerge from seclusion and dance in public holding long, thin sticks.
5. The ivory armband was the mark of a veteran warrior, the *phunga* was a tall grass cone worn over the head by circumcised boys.
6. Kropf says that the skin of the oribi antelope was "used as dress in fighting parties, or in dances at marriage feasts; it is usually fastened round the neck so as to hang loosely down the back, as a kind of hood; it is bound round the loins of fighters" (1915: 70).
7. Kropf defines *ubuhlalu* as "a necklace composed of large reddish beads worn by principal chiefs as a sign of royalty. This necklace is put round the neck of a chief at his inauguration" (1915: 152).

Kwapela kwa nabantu,
Bapela ke nobuntu,
Zapel' intliziyo,
Zanyibilika ngokwamafuta;[7]
Siyakumtinina lo Mtan' o Kumkani?
Siyakumtinina lo Mtan' o Mhlekazi?
Kanipendule zi ntaba zezwe letu!!
Kanipendule mi lambo yakowetu!
Mtuleni maz'aselwandle!
Noko tina singasenandawo.[8]

Mtuleni sike simbone
Simjonge simlozele
Noko singakumxèlela nkomo,
Singakumxélela bókwe nagusha,
Noko singakumbalisela.
Kub' imbali zaya zeyela;[9]
Ibilapa nenkwenkwez' enomsila,
Angaba yen' usekondweni layo.
Ibize kwabakwa Tshiwo,
Kuma Zulu nabe Sutu,
Kuma Swazi naba Tshwana,
Kusapo luka Ntu lonke,
Kub' u Yehov' u Tix' uyalaula,
Uyawakaulezis' amaxesh' Ake.[10]
Sinnika!

Emadodeni Mzimb' uyaquma!
'Nt' etwase no Canzibe mini yavela,
Sose sikwabel' u Canzib' ezinkwenkwezini,—
Kuba singumhlamb' owab' inkwenkwezi;

---

7. *Inzuzo* omits this and the preceding six lines, from *Mtuleni maz'aselwandle.*
8. *Inzuzo* omits this line.
9. *Inzuzo* omits this and the preceding three lines, from *Noko singakumxèlela nkomo.*
10. *Inzuzo* inserts *Uya thetha ngendalo yaKhe* (he speaks about his creation) before this line.

even its people have vanished,
ubuntu has vanished,
hearts have vanished,
melted away like fat.
What shall we do to the son of the king?
What shall we do to the Awesome One's son?
Please answer, peaks of our land!
Please answer, streams of our home!
Set him down, ocean waves,
though we no longer have a place!

Set him down so we can see him,
so we can inspect him closely,
though we won't kill a bull for him,
we'll kill neither goat nor sheep;
though we won't tell him stories:
our stories sank in the sea.
A shooting star was also here,
maybe he follows its footsteps.
It came to Tshiwo's people,
to the Zulu and the Sotho,
to the Swazi and the Tswana,
to black people as a whole,
because God Jehovah rules,
he quickens his times.
What do you see?

Join the men, Steaming Body!
Since at birth he appeared with Canopus,
among the stars we'll allot him Canopus –
because we're a nation that allocates stars;

Ama Roza sowanik' abakulonyoko.
I-kwezi solabel' ubukwe bako.
Sobambana nge Silimela tina ma Afrika,
Yona nkwenkwezi yokubál' iminyaka,
Esibala ngay' iminyaka yobudoda.
Hamba kwedini yase Bilitani!

Tomb' elifingiz' imfingimfingi.
Kwade kwanga kuhlel' inkunz' ecànti.
Bayakwalama, bayakukotelwa,
Bayakubizwa, bayakutwesiswa,
Bayakusolwa, bayakujadulwa.
Tombo liyafixiza liyapanyaza
Lifingz' i Fatyi no Mfundisi;
Lifingiz' u Mfundisi ne Ruluwa;
Lifingiz' i Ruluwa ne Báyibîle;
Lifingiz' i Báyibíle ne Nkanunu;
Lifingiz' i Nkanunu ne Mfundo;
Lifingiz' i Mfundo ne Mbodlela;
Lifingiz' i Mbodlela ne Tempile;
Lifingiz' i Tempile ne Mfakadolo;
Lifingiz' i Mfakadolo ne Ndlamhlaba.
Enamhla siyimfingwane singenandawo.
    Taru Bilitani sive yipina,—
    Taru Bilitan' enkulu!
        Gqitela pambili Mhlekazi!
Nyashaz' ekad' inyashaza.
Wakuhliwa sisis' uzusikabe
Wakuhliwa yintlok' uzuyikabe,
Wakuhlelwa yinton' uzuyoyise.
Ud' ubuyel' esikundleni sakowenu.
Kub'akuw' amehl' ama Bilitan' onke.

Orion's Belt we'll hand to your mother's kin,
Venus we'll allot to your in-laws.
We Africans will share the Pleiades,
the constellation that measures years,
by which we count the years of manhood.[8]
Go, boy from Britain!

Fountain that sweeps away hordes,
as if a male *chanti* lives there.
They'll see what they shouldn't see, they'll be licked,
they'll be sent for, initiated,
they'll develop a rash, eruptions.
Fountain that crowds in and blurs the sight,
that bears off keg and priest;
that bears off priest and gunpowder;
that bears off gunpowder and bible;
that bears off bible and cannon;
that bears off cannon and schooling;
that bears off schooling and the bottle;
that bears off the bottle and abstainers;
that bears off abstainers and breechloader;
that bears off breechloader and pauper.
So today we're vagrants lacking a place.
    Peace, Britain, which must we accept –
    Peace, Great Britain!
        Move on, Awesome One!
Strut as you've always strutted.
When stomachache strikes you, slog it away,
when headache strikes you, slog it away,
whatever assails you, smother it,
until you return to your family seat:
the eyes of all Britons are on you,

8. A man's age is measured by the number of years that have passed since his circumcision, usually between the ages of 16 and 19. The distribution of the stellar constellations was a common trope in Mqhayi's poetry: see, for example, his poem on Silimela Makinana in Opland (1977) and a poem he produced at Healdtown (Mandela 1995: 49).

Nezixeko zayo nezitanga zayo,
Nezizwana zayo nentlangana zayo,—
    Yidl' ubom mtan' e Nkosi!
    Yidl' ubom mtan' o [K]umkani!!
    Yidl' ubom mtan' o Mhlekazi!!!
    Ndlalifa yelakowetu.
Ncincilili! Ncincilili!! Ncincilili!!![11]

11. *Inzuzo* considerably revises and abridges the concluding two stanzas, from *Emadodeni Mzimb'uyaquma!*

its cities and its colonies,
its little states and races –
    Long life to you, royal child!
    Long life to you, child of a king!
    Long life to you, Awesome One!
    Heir to our country.
I end there! I end there! There I end!

28

A! Zweliyazuza!

Unyana wekumkani ude walishiya elakowetu lase Afrika ese Zantsi, yekoko ukusinga kwelase Melika ese Zantsi, apo akona siteta nje. Umke pakati kwetu kumnandi kuti nakuye, yekoko ukugoduka.

Lemigc[a]na yeyokulandelisa[1] imibuliso sisiti:—

Ngubanin' ongevanga,
Ukufika kwenyashaza?
Ngubanin'ongayibonanga
Inqanaw' engwevu mhlope?
Int' emavi[l]' angxavula
Ngati ngawe bokuv[a]?
A,—Zweliyazuza!
A,—Zweliyazuza!

Wakupat' umkonto mtaka Tikoloshe,
Ubonanj' uyazondw' ezilalini!
Nawe mtaka Mpundulu ndiyahleba,
Wasakuluty' ubisi wakulupiwa,
Zinkul' int' ezibungwayo ngawe;
Nasakundidiza ke manen' akowetu,
Kumhla ndingagxotwa kwelako wetu,
Ndingabulawa kwelasema Xoseni!
A,—Zweliyazuza!
A,—Zweliyazuza!

1. *yeyokulaudelisa*

Hail, Land In Labour! (1925)

The king's son has at last left our country, South Africa, on his way to South America, where he is at present. He left us all pleased with each other as he made his way home.

These few lines are additional greetings in which we say:–

Who hasn't heard
of the strutter's arrival?
Who hasn't seen
the pale grey ship
with spoked wheels
like a buckwagon's?
Hail, Land In Labour!
Hail, Land In Labour!

When you carry a spear, Tikoloshe's child,
you're hated in rural villages!
I too speak ill of you, lightning bird's spawn.
Don't drink the milk they offer you,
a grave fate is planned for you;
lords of our land, please don't expose me:
I'll be driven from home as a consequence,
they'd kill me in Xhosa territory!
Hail, Land In Labour!
Hail, Land In Labour!

Mtateni maz' aselwandle!
Mtateni siyamnikela.
Simnikel' epilile;
Kangangokwet' ukuqondana;
Kade sigilana ngezifuba,—
Neziqosho zama Bûlukazi.
Kade sixentsa sijakuja,—
Nama Swazikazi.
Kade sitet' ilwimi ngelwimi,—
Nama Xosakaz'.
A,—Zweliyazuza,
A,—Zweliyazuza.

Ndiyitandil' intet' esi Bûlu
Imnand' ekulweni nasekutukeni;
Ndiyitandil' intet' [e]s[i] Xosa
Imnand' engxoxweni nangoku zatuza.
Kant' eyakowetu yesi Ngesi,
Imnand' erangqeni, nokuncokolisa.
A,—Zweliyazuza!
A,—Zweliyazuza!

Ntak' ezito zilubèlu yapesha kolwandle
Esiva ngay' ukub' ilizwe liyangqunga,
Sive kwangay' uba kuyalunga.
Cikilishe libomvu ngemilenze,
Liyitata pin' imbola liyinyoka nje?
Mpondo zepela ziyapalapala,
Zezomzond' ezinama nqanam.
A,—Zweliyazuza!
A,—Zweliyazuza!

Take him, ocean waves!
Take him, we hand him over.
We hand him over healthy,
in our mutual understanding;
for long we've bashed each other's chests –
with the logs of Boer women.
For long we've engaged in boys' dances[1] –
with Swazi ladies.
For long we've spoken in different tongues –
with Xhosa ladies.
Hail, Land In Labour,
Hail, Land In Labour.

I appreciated Afrikaans,
it suits fighting and swearing;
I appreciated *isiXhosa*,
it suits speeches and logic.
But our language, English,
suits brandy and chatter.
Hail, Land In Labour!
Hail, Land In Labour!

Yellow-legged overseas bird
from whom we hear when the country's on edge,
we hear from him when all is well.
Red-legged lizard,
as a snake, where does it get red clay?
A cockroach's feelers twitch,
the mimosa beetle's are rounded.
Hail, Land In Labour!
Hail, Land In Labour!

1. Kropf defines the verb *ukujakuja* as "to dance as boys do, throwing the upper part of their bodies into contortions, while moving forward on their buttocks" (1915: 168).

Hamb' ugoduke "silo sika Mhlola."
Silo sika Mhlola kweminy' imi Hlola!
Atsh' ama Afrik' ukukugodusa.
Ndlov' edl' igoduka! Ndlov' edl' igoduka!
Ngweny' enga[n]genwa z[e]mbe.
Tol' lo Mtony[a]ma[2]
Tol' le Britani,
Lo Britan' enkul'engatshonelwa langa!
A,—Zweliyazuza!
A,—Zweliyazuza!
Ncincilili.

2. *Mtany ma*

Go to your home, "portentous beast,"
portentous beast among portents!
So say Africans sending you home.
Elephant browsing homeward! Elephant browsing homeward!
Crocodile no axe can pierce.
Calf of the soil,
calf of Britain,
that Great Britain the sun never sets on!
    Hail, Land In Labour!
        Hail, Land In Labour!
            I end there.

29

"Imfazwe!"

"U-Yehova uya kunilwela, ke nina niyakuti cwaka." Kesod. 14:14

Nantso kalok' ingom' amadoda!
Nantso kalok' ingom' amadoda!
Hay' elidlagusha lindikumbuza kude,
Lindikumbuz' imincili namagqasi;
Lindenza ndivukwe ngamanyam' obudodana,
Lindikumbuza xa zitshoyo:
Ziti: Nga-nga-nga-nga nga,—
Ngo-ngo-ngo-ngo-ngo-ngo!
Xa zitsho kwi Ntab' e Sandhlwane,—
Xa zitsho kuma Hlat' akwa Hoho!

Halala! Halala! Halala!
Nantso kaloku, nants' ingom' amadoda!
Nantso nto ka Makgatho neka Thema,
Nto ka Mvabaza neka Letanka;
Nto ka Mahabane nawe ka Ngojo;
Nantso nto zika Msimang;
Kanyela nto ka Mdolomba,—
Gquzu mnqayi ndatabateka!

"War!" (1926)

"The Lord will fight for you; you need only be still." Exodus 14:14

So here's the song of the men!
So here's the song of the men!
Oh this Sheepeater[1] brings to mind days long gone,
he brings to mind joy in the horse's prancing;
arouses in me a young man's verve,
makes me recall them saying
crack-crack-crack-crack-crack!
thud-thud-thud-thud-thud!
when those sounds were heard on Mount Isandlwana,
when those sounds were heard in the Hoho Forests![2]

Well done! Well done! Well done!
There it is, there's the song of the men!
There it is, sons of Makgatho and Thema,
sons of Mvabaza and Letanka;
son of Mahabane and you, son of Ngojo;
there it is, sons of Msimang;
deny it, son of Mdolomba –
my stave's brittle, I'm overpowered!

1. One of many Xhosa names for a white person.
2. The Zulu army defeated the British forces at Isandlwana on 22 January 1879. The Hoho Forests above Pirie provided refuge for the Xhosa forces in times of war.

Yiyo leyo nto ka Dlwati;
Yiyo leyo nto zika Nyombolo.

Nants' eyona mini yogayi,—
Imin' ez' azininz' emadodeni,
Kuba yilemini neyangomso.
Uburot' ob' asinto yamihla,—
Yinto yanamhla nangomso kupela,
Kuyaqal' ukulunga bafondini,
Ndiyaqal' ukubon' imin' ezimnandi;
Hay' imini ze Segrigeshoni;
Hay' imini zomvalo webala;
Hay' imini zokuhlutwa kwe voti.

Pakamisan' imipefumlo yabantu!
Pakamisan' ingqondo zoluntu!
Pakamisan' imix'elo yabawayo!
Yifunzeni pambil' imikosi yenu,
Iyabon' i Mbongi akuko ngozi;
Itsh' imimoya yeli Pezulu;
Zitsh' incopo zentaba zakowetu;
Zitsh' ingxangxasi zemilamb' e Afrika,
Makafik' adlul' amadod' okulwa,—
Makatet' amagwal' ati sikalipile.

Halala! Halala! Halala!
Oyakoyisa ngoya kunyamezela;
Matol' amaduna, matol' amadodana;
Lemfazw' andiyi libal' ubumnandi bayo,—

This is it, son of Dlwati;
this is it, sons of Nyombolo.

This is the best day for showing your mettle –
a day once of frequent occurrence for men,
because it occurred day upon day.
Courage is not for occasional days –
it must be for day upon day.
Things are improving, fellows,
I begin to see days of glory;
not the days of Segregation;
not the days of the Colour Bar;
not the days of revoking the vote.[3]

Raise people's spirits!
Raise the minds of the common man!
Raise the souls of those declining!
Urge your armies onward,
the Poet perceives no danger;
so say the spirits Above;
so say our mountain peaks;
so say the falls of African streams,
let men of war come and go—
let cowards speak and concede we're brave.

Well done! Well done! Well done!
Victory will fall to the perseverer,
bull calves and calves of young men;
I'll never forget this war's splendour—

3. In September 1925 the ICU presented a memorandum and gave oral evidence to the Economic and Wage Commission, which issued its report in 1926. In November 1925 Prime Minister Hertzog outlined his Pact government's Native Policy. On 1 January 1926 the ANC convened a special congress in Bloemfontein to which the ICU was invited: this poem was written within that context (on which see Wickins 1978: 89–93), before the promulgation of the Hertzog Bills in July 1926 enforcing segregation between black and white and removing Cape blacks fom the Common Voters' Roll.

Inevumba lempilo yesizwe;
Inevumba loxolokaz' olukulu;
Inevumba lokubuya kwe Afrika!
Ndatanda madodana ndatanda!
Ndatanda nto ka Kadali ndatanda!
Ndatanda nto ka Tayile ndatanda!
    Halala! Halala! Halala!
    Ncincilili! Ncincilili!!

it bears the whiff of the nation's health;
it bears the whiff of momentous peace;
it bears the whiff of Africa's return!
Bravo, young men, bravo!
Bravo, son of Kadalie, bravo!
Bravo, son of Thaele, bravo!
    Well done! Well done! Well done!
    I end here! Here I end!

30

"1927"

Isifundo nge Ngqungqutela yaba Postile e Yerusaleme. Zenzo XV.
"Pofu nimlingela nina u Tixo ngoku beka idyokwe entanyeni yabafundi, esibe singenamandla okuyitwala tina kwa nobawo betu?"
Zenzo XV:10.

Mhleli nani bafundi,—

Nonyaka nje ndinqwenela ukutsalela ingqondo zenu kwimbambano enkulu ekoyo, pakati kobu Krestu nama Siko obuzwe, nezitete, nemikwa, nenkolelo, nemiteto nezimiselo zobuhlanga.

Ngo 1926 ndibandezele kakulu ekutini: "Yikani iveyini nise kwinjoli! Kekaloku ndiyaqonda noko ukuba anikuba nako ukuya hlula iveyini ebubu Krestu cace, pakati kwezitete, namasiko, nemi kwa nenkolelo zobuhlanga baba fundisi bokuqala abaye betunywa yi London Missionary Society nezinye i Mbuto ze Lizwi zase Yuropu; ezati kanti ziwelawela ilwandle nge lwandle nje, azihambisi Krestu yedwa, zipeta yonke imfungumfungu yakomawazo yobuzwe, zifundisa yona ezintlangeni, nasezizweni.

Izizwe ke, ngakumbi ezi zise Afrika, zihamba zikámfula lomququ uzezo zitete, zibushiye ubu Krestu zinga bucukumisanga nangoc[i] kicane, kuba yeyonanto iveliswe nje ngempondo, kwa kuliswa amasiko la.

Isipumo ke salonto kukusuke abantu bazaliswe yinkolo yokuba ubu Krestu obu bungumtwalo onzima ngokoyikekayo, abe u Krestu eyipikalonto, exela mhlope ukuba: "Idyokwe yam imnandi, nomtwalo wam ulula." Mat. 11. 30.

Namhlanje ke ndinika isifundo nge ngqungqutela yaba Postile eyayimenyelwe e Yerusalem ngaba Postile,—make nditi yi "Jerusalem

"1927" (1927)

A lesson on the Conference of Disciples in Jerusalem.
"Now therefore why do you make trial of God by putting a yoke upon the neck of the disciples which neither we nor our fathers have been able to bear?" Acts 15:10

Editor and readers,

This year I wish to draw your attention to the supreme conflict between Christianity and the country's native traditions, customs, practices, beliefs, precepts and principles.

In 1926 I made a strong point, saying, "Draw wine and take it to the master!" But I understand that you will not be able to make clear distinctions amongst the wine that is Christianity, what with all the native customs, traditions, practices and beliefs of the first ministers who were sent by the London Missionary Society and other European Missionary Societies, who crossed one ocean after another, propagating not just Christ, but digging up all the trash from their home countries, which they taught to other races and nations.

Then the nations, especially those in Africa, go wading through this chaff presented as customs, leaving Christianity lightly touched by the little finger, because it is shoved into the background while the customs are brought to the fore.

The end result was that people were filled with the belief that Christianity was a heavy burden to be feared, whereas Christ explicitly contradicts that in saying, "For my yoke is easy and my burden is light" Matthew 11:30.

Today I give you the lesson of the Conference of the Disciples which was held in Jerusalem by the disciples – let me say by the "Jerusalem

Missionary Society." Yona yabona mhlope okokuba ayinako ukumhambisa u Krestu kunye nezitete, namasiko, nemikwa, nenkolelo, kwe nemiteto nezimiselo zobu Yuda kwezinye intlanga; yaza ke ngoko yakùpa umpókotshela wencwadi eya kuma Bandla azezinye intlanga; incwadi leyo yanikelwa abanye aba Postile, ukuba bayipate, bahambe becacisa nangomlomo, bexelela abezinye intlanga ukuba zona mazimamkele u Krestu zingahetshwa ngamasiko, nezitete zobu Yuda,—"nizile izinto ezibingelelwa kwizitixo, negazi, nento erwitshiweyo, nombulo; enoti nakuzigcina kuzo, nibe niyalungisa." Verse 29.

Ezi Sosayiti nge Sosayiti ke ze Lizwi zase Yuropu, asikaziboni ziwutabata lomzekelo waba Postile; pofu i Lizwi lona lixingile, ziyabona nazo ukuba kubuywa umva, endaweni yokuhambela pambili. Enyanisweni sike safuna ukuzipengelula ezindawo ngemini zamzuzu; koko busuke obu base Yuropu ubu Krestu banyanzelwa ngemikosi, exôbe inkanunu, neruluwa, netolongo,—wati nomfundisi wase Yuropu ehamba wabe apahlwe yimikosi; ati apo amise umzana kona kubeko nebalakisi yamajoni ecaleni. Zihleli ke izizwe zika Ntu, zake umkanya, kungengako ukuba zimtiyile um-Triniti Oyingcwele,—hayi zixakwe zizitete, namasiko nemikwa yase Yuropu yobuzwe. Zaye izikolo zibuye umva ngokulihlazo, kuba zati kanti zibamba imfungumfungu eyonakalayo engebubo ubu Krestu. Nizakubuza ke nina bantu bakokwetu kwami niti, utsho usiti makutinina ke?

Impendulo yam iti,—u Krestu asisayikuze simbone, singatanga kuqala salilumkela eli—gwele lizezi zitete zase Yuropu, sizalisekise izi—Balo esiti: "Kanjalo ubukumkani bamazulu bufana nomnata owaposwa elwandle, wahlanganisa kwintlobo zonke. Abate wakuzala bawurolela elunxwemeni, ke bakuhlala pantsi bazibutela ezintle ezityeni, bazilahla ke ezimbi." Mat. 13: 47-48.

Imposiso yabadala betu eyimposiso yetu nati bezimini kukungazipengululi izi Bâlo, sisuke sijonge kumfundisi sibe sigqibile, silibale ukuba ngumntu, unezitete zakowabo. Ibandla elincomeka ubuntu lase Bereya kutiwa ngalo: "Ezincina izi Bàlo imihla ngemihla, ukub[a] zingaba zinjalo na ezizinto." Zenzo 17: 11. Ngako oko.—

Missionary Society". It realised quite clearly that it could not propagate Christ amidst the native traditions, customs, practices, beliefs, precepts and principles of Judaism and other faiths, and therefore it issued an urgent directive to congregations of other groups. The letter was given to other disciples to carry, to explain orally wherever they went, telling foreign races that they should accept Jesus and not be led astray by Jewish customs and traditions – "you should abstain from what has been sacrificed to idols and from blood and from what has been strangled, and from unchastity. If you keep yourselves from these, you will do well" Acts 15:29.

We have not yet seen these different European Missionary Societies demonstrating their adherence to this apostolic example; in reality the Word is stuck fast, and they too are aware that everything is going backwards instead of moving forward. Indeed we tried to examine these issues closely in the past; but this European Christianity is forced on us by armies sustained by cannons, gunpowder and jails – and when a European missionary travels he is ringed by armed guards, wherever he establishes a little camp there'd be a soldiers' barracks beside it. The African nations watch these developments with eyes screened not because they hate the Holy Trinity – not at all, but because they'r baffled by the European customs, traditions and practices. The school. have regressed disgracefully because it turned out that they embraced trash and not Christianity. We enquire of you, fellow countrymen: what should be done?

This is my answer: we will never see Christ unless we first treat very carefully this yeast that is these European customs, and fulfil the scriptures that say, "Again, the kingdom of heaven is like a net that is thrown into the sea and gathered fish of every kind. When it was full, men drew it ashore and sat down and sorted the good into vessels but threw away the bad" Matthew 13:47–8.

The fault with our old people, which is also our fault these days, is not to examine the scriptures. We just gawk at the priest and that's all, and forget that he's a human being with customs of his own. This is what is said about Berea, the community commended for its *ubuntu*: "They examined the Scriptures daily to see if these things were so" Acts 17:11. Therefore –

Hi—awu!
Ngubanin' ongevanga,
Ngokufa ko 1926?
Nokutwasa ko 1927?
"Ngoko kwakungoko,—
Ngoku ke kungoku!"

Utwasela nin' umnyaka lo
Kanti nje nongoku kusenjalo?
Awushumayezi tina na
Ukuba "ngoko kwakungoko
Ngoku ke kungoku?"
Ingoku ke lifun' okwalo.

Taruni zizwe ze Afrika!
Taruni ma Kush' amahle!
Nina baka Mteto ka Mteto!
Nina bazwe lahlulwe yimilambo!
Taruni midak' emnyama!
Taruni midondosholo!

Ezintenteni zenu zizwe!
Ngexesha lenu bekuk' umanyano;
Bekuk' imvisiswano notando;
Bekuk' imbeko nentlonelwano;
Inkosi zihlonel' u Qamata;
Abantu behlonel' inkosi;
Intsap' ihlonel' abazali.

Namhla kulaul' u Ratshi no Qinga!
Into zika Ntlebendwane ka Mona!
Izikúlu zase Luhanahaniso;
Imikuhlan' emikul' elizweni.
Hay' olunqulo lupelis' ubuntu!

Hey now!
Who hasn't heard
of the death of 1926
and the arrival of 1927?
"Then was then,
now is now!"

Why does a year arrive
if things stay the same?
Doesn't it preach to us
that "then was then,
now is now?"
The present demands its own!

Mercy, African nations!
Mercy, handsome Cushites!
You of the Law of Laws
whose country's divided by rivers!
Mercy, dark-skinned people!
Mercy, Tap Roots!

Back to your tents, nations!
There was unity in your time;
there was harmony and love;
there was honour and reverence;
the chiefs respected Qamata;
the people respected the chiefs;
children respected their parents.

Today Pride and Subterfuge rule,
the sons of Envy's son Slander,
big shots from Hypocrisy,
the country's most lethal disease!
Oh this worship that smothers *ubuntu*!

Hay' olunqulo lukup' intliziyo!
Sifunze kakubi makowetu.

Nonyakanje masibamban' izandla,—
Int' etisitelekisa siyibonelele.
Ba Tshwana nani ma Ndebele,—
Bambanan' izandla bafondini!
Ma Swazi nani be Sutu,—
Bambanan' izandla bafondini!

Ma Zulu nani ma Ngwane
Bambanan' izandla bafondini!
Ma Bäca nani ma Mpondo
Bambanan' izandla bafondini!
Ma Gaza nani Bahlambeli
Bambanan' izandla bafondini!

Ma Xosa nani Mamfengu:
Wayetenina kanen' u Ntsikana?
Wayet' "ama Mfengu' ayakudlula,
Kodw' ekubuyeni kwawo.
Ayakubuya selekwanini."
Kanitsho kuxa kupina—ke?
Ngoko bambanan' izandla bafondini!

Bafondini basema Xôseni,—
Nanz' intombi zetu ma Mfengu!
Bafondini basema Mfengwini,—
Nanz' intombi zetu ma Xôsa!

Oh this worship that discards the heart!
We made a bad start, compatriots.[1]

This year let us clasp hands,
and guard against all that drives us apart.
You Tswana and Ndebele,
clasp hands, fellows!
You Swazi and Sotho,
clasp hands, fellows!

You Zulu and Ngwane,
clasp hands, fellows!
You Bhaca and Mpondo,
clasp hands, fellows!
You Gaza and Bahlambeli,[2]
clasp hands, fellows!

You Xhosa and Mfengu:
what did Ntsikana actually say?
He said, "Mfengu will move on,
but when they return
they'll return in time."[3]
Tell me, how far have we come?
So clasp hands, fellows!

Fellows from Xhosaland,
here are our girls, you Mfengu;
fellows from Mfenguland,
here are our girls, you Xhosa!

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1. *Sifunze kakubi* (we made a bad start) was one of the slogans devised by the moderate Marshall Maxeke, first editor of *Umteteli wa Bantu*, in opposing the radicalisation of the ANC: see Bonner (1982) and Opland (2012).
2. The Gaza are the Shangana peoples of northern South Africa, and southern Zimbabwe and Mozambique.
3. One of Ntsikana's prophecies.

Lomnyaka mawube nenguqulo,
Mawube nezigede neziqungquluza
Bambanan' izandla bafondini!

Nonyaka masibe no Tixo,
Esasinaye kwasemanyangeni;
Simnqule ngesiko lakowetu
Lembeko, lotando, nentlonelo.
Bizanani ngamakwelo madoda,
Namhla makuhlanjwan' induma!

Idyokwe ke Yesu ilula,
Yidyokw' emnandi kanjalo;
Kub' u Mniniy' uhlel' eko
Etwalisana notwele yona;
Kub' eyake naye yamsinda
De kwavel' umtwalisi wayitwala.
Tetanani kakuhle madoda.

May this year initiate change,
may it lie prone leaving much unfinished.
Clasp hands, fellows!

This year may we have our God,
whom we had in olden days;
let's worship him in our fashion,
with respect, love and reverence.
Whistle for each other, fellows,
today we must wash each others' wounds.

Jesus' yoke is light,
it's also an easy yoke,
because its owner is ever present,
sharing the load with the bearer,
because his own taxed him brutally,
until a bearer appeared and bore it.
Speak gently to one another, men.

31

Xmas 1927

"U-Tixo unati." Mat. 1:23
Ingoma L.M.

Tshawe lama Tshawe onke!
Nkulu yezíkùlu zonke!
Wena Sonini-Nanini!
Hlala nati ngalemini!

Iyasilandel' imvelo,
Isibambe ngemixé[l]o;
Amasiko nezitètê,—
Mhlekaz' Omhle asambete.

Ezintshaba zinamandla,
Pezu kwawo ama Bandla;
Sizelwe sakúla kuzo,
Sazala sondlela kuzo.

Izoyiko nenkolelo,
Ezigxota uxolelo;
Nanzi zimi pambi kwetu
Hlala nati Nkosi yetu!

Namhl' ufika nje Mesiya,—
Mtan' e Ntombi ka Mariya!
Kulul' ama kamandela
Siyibon' eyona ndlela!

Xmas 1927 (1928)

"God with us." Matthew 1:23
Song Long Metre

Prince of all the princes,
greater than all the greats,
you, Everlasting,
abide with us this day!

Nature follows us,
grasps us by the seat of life;
customs and traditions
grip us, Awesome One!

These enemies have power
over congregations:
we were born and raised among them,
we gave birth and nursed among them.

Concerns and convictions
that eradicate all mercy,
here they stand before us.
Abide with us, our Lord!

Today as you arrive, Messiah,
child of Mary's daughter,
remove from us the shackles
so we see the only road!

Amagazi atsh[e]tshile,
Nat' asenzakalisile;
Ngok' ajika ayingozi
S[i]ti sisindise Nkosi!

Hlala nati Manyuweli,—
Tixo wakwa S[i]rayeli!
Ezintshab' us[i]gxotele,—
S[i]ti wena sikwamkele!—Amen.

"Nizalelwe namhlanje"
Luke 2:11—C.M.

Zaduma zatsh' izitunywa
Mhl' i Nkosi yazalwa!
Zingumkosikaz' omkulu,—
Mhl' i Nkosi yazalwa!

Zayishumayel' i Mvana,
Mhl' i Nkosi yazalwa;
Ngobuqaqaul' obukulu,—
Mhl' i Nkosi yazalwa.

Zati "Uzuko[1] ku Tixo!"
Mhl' i Nkosi yazalwa;
Zati "Uxol' emhlabeni,—
Mhl' i Nkosi yazalwa.

Zat' "Inkokel' ebantwini!"
Mhl' i Nkosi yazalwa.
Zazisitsho zidumisa,—
Mhl' i Nkosi yazalwa.

Zesuka ngalomhl' izazi,
Mhl' i Nkosi yazalwa;

1. *Uzuka*

Blood has gushed from us,
they've wounded us as well;
now they've returned to threat.
We say Lord save us!

Abide with us, Emmanuel,
God of Israel!
Drive these foes from us,
we say we've welcomed you! – Amen.

"To you is born this day."
Luke 2:11 – Common Metre

The angels roared in triumph
on the birth day of the Lord!
They formed a far-flung host
on the birth day of the Lord.

They announced the Lamb,
on the birth day of the Lord;
in astounding splendour
on the birth day of the Lord.

"Glory be to God!" they said
on the birth day of the Lord;
"Peace on earth," they said
on the birth day of the Lord.

They said, "Goodwill to man!"
on the birth day of the Lord,
said in jubilation
on the birth day of the Lord.

Then went forth the magi,
on the birth day of the Lord;

Zivela e Mpumalanga.
    Mhl' i Nkosi yazalwa,

Zonda e Betileheme,
Mhl' i Nkosi yazalwa;
Zati ngqo esitalini,—
    Mhl' i Nkosi yazalwa.

Zanikel' indyebo zazo;
Mhl' i Nkosi yazalwa;
Ngokuqutywa zintliziyo,
    Mhl' i Nkosi yazalwa.

Nam namhla ndiyanikela,
Mhl' i Nkosi yazalwa;
Nkosi konk' okwam kokwako.
    Mhl' i Nkosi yazalwa.—Amen.

travelling from the East
on the birth day of the Lord.

They journeyed straight to Bethlehem
on the birth day of the Lord;
directly to the stable
on the birth day of the Lord.

They offered up their treasures
on the birth day of the Lord;
beholden at heart,
on the birth day of the Lord.

Today I make an offering too
on the birth day of the Lord;
Lord, all I have is yours
on the birth day of the Lord. – Amen.

32

"1928"

"Ngokuba xa ute wamvuma ngo mlomo wako ukuba yi Nkosi u Yesu wakolwa ngentliziyo yako ukuba u Tixo wayivusa kwabafileyo, wosindiswa." Roma 10:9

Nonyaka nje Mhleli ndinqwenela ukubandezela kumazwi endiwatete futi ebuzweni Umzi unxamele ukuzincama, unxamele ukuluncama nolutsha usiti, "Lugqibele ukonakala." Ndifuna ukuma ngapambili kwalonkolo kuwo lomnyaka, ndibonise ukuba amatemba okupila kwesizwe ase maninzi, ngako oko masingangxami ngokuzincama ngokwetu.

Kanjalo akufuneki nganto ukuba isizwe setu sifumane sinyakame sihlale ngakuba sibulawa zizizwe ezisitiyileyo, yindawo yetu ukuzambalaza nati ngokwetu, sijubalaze, singayekeli ekufeni

Kulungile kananjalo ukuba nati ngoku senze "igalelo,"—inkwenkwe epikele ukuhlehla ngomva igalelwa yenye, kude kutetwe ngawokowayo kutiwe,—"kwedini nawe galela, iza kude ikwenzakalise lenkwenkwe."

Nditsho futi ukuti u Krestu akakashunyayelwa kuti njengesizwe,—into esashunyayelweyo zizitete, namasiko, nenkolo yasema Ngesini,—u Krestu yena, hayi. Site ke ngenxa yalomasikosiko abo, sabamba wona, kuba esiza nabantu abate kuti bazisa u Krestu,—kulapo ke esikufumene kona ukufa kwetu.

Ekubenikwenike ngezimini siyibona indima yomntu, siyibona eka Krestu,—sihlalele nina side sife???

Ewe, i Nkosi yona masiyibulele, kuba ebudengeni betu sinentambo esikululeyo kwezo zibe sibotshwe ngazo ngabafundisi, abona babopeleli, betu bokuqala,—ezizezi:

"1928" (1928)

"Because, if you confess with your lips that Jesus is Lord and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead, you will be saved."
Romans 10:9

This year, Editor, I want to emphasise what I've said to the country time and again. The nation's on the point of surrender, it's on the point of giving up on the youth, saying, "They're already lost." I want to oppose that belief this year, and show that there are still reasons aplenty to hope for this nation's well-being, and so let us not be in a hurry to give up on ourselves.

Again, we don't want our nation to be apprehensive and entertain the belief that we're being destroyed by hostile nations. It's our responsibility to make every effort on our own behalf, and not surrender to death.

At the same time, we would do well to strike a blow. When a boy who keeps on retreating in a fight is struck by his opponent, his home team says, "Boy, strike back, otherwise this boy will hurt you."

I always say that Christ has not yet been preached to us as a nation. What has been preached so far are the traditions, customs and beliefs of the English – and not a word about Christ. Because these customs were different, we seized them, since they were brought by people who repeatedly asserted they were bringing Christ – that was the death of us.

Now that we've witnessed the work of people, and the work of Christ – why do we simply wait for each other to act, until we succumb?

Yes, let's be grateful to the Lord because, ignorant as we are, we now have a rope he has loosened for us among the many ropes the missionaries bound us with. They are our first true enshacklers. Here are the ropes:

(1) Iqamesi lokubucekisa ubuhlanga esibubo, kwanenteto yetu, nenkosi zetu.

(2) Iqamesi "lolwaluko;" into leyo ecite kunene imizi yezikolo kuba kwakutiwa sisono esibi; zatsho zanda ityalike ezidolopini.

(3) Iqamesi "lekazi." Isono esasingalityalwa ukuncola kwaso; sacita abantu abaninzi naso, bapalalela kwasezi lokishini zedolopu.

(4) "Iqamesi lesitembu;" ngesisono abafundisi bacitacite imizi emininzi ezukileyo—kwalahlwa abafazi abanesidima, kunye nonyana babo abanengqondo,—bapalazelwa kwimbombo zone zehlabati. Waqala ke um Xosa waka umkanya.

(5) Iqamesi lokubutwa komzi wasema Nantsini, ngumfazazana otshate izolo, yafa indoda yake; emke nalo lonke elo lifa, aye kowabo nalo, okanye aye kwenye indoda nalo, kuba ilelake, ukuba utshatile ngo leveni.

Nditi ke, ebudengeni betu, iNkosi yetu ibe nati, sade sawakulula lamaqamesi, noko angekati wityi kube kanye, noko akasenam[a] ndla. Aye eseko amanye emasiwakulule nawo. Ukuba ke lamaqamesi, i Nkosi isincedile saba nako ukuwatukulula, ayenje ubunzima nokunqaba kwawo,—nala asaseleyo akasenamandla aluto,—u Krestu masizifumanele, akanqabanga kuti kuba ngu Lowo kwafikwa obawo benqula Yena kakade,—Ngabula qalo lakwa Kayakulu

"Zenzele! Zenzele! Zenzele!"

Matol' amawaba,
Amaxesh' ahambile.
Zitetil' inkwenkwezi zagqiba;
Sikufundil' ukubinza kwazo.

(1) The bond of despising our own race, our language and our chiefs.

(2) The bond of "circumcision", which has destroyed many schools because it was branded a grave sin, increasing the number of urban churches.

(3) The bond of "lobola cattle", a sin regarded as most vile. It scattered many people, who made for urban locations.

(4) The bond of "polygamy"; through this sin the missionaries crushed many honourable households – which were forsaken by virtuous wives together with their intelligent sons – they were scattered to the four corners of the earth. The Xhosa began viewing everything askance.

(5) The bond of clearing out So-and-so's home by a young woman recently married whose husband died, and taking all the property to her parents' home or marrying another man with that property because everything belongs to her since she was married in church at eleven o'clock.[1]

I maintain that, ignorant as we are, our Lord has stayed with us until we loosened these bonds, although one or two still remain, albeit reduced in force. There are still others we have to loosen. If the Lord helped us to unshackle them, difficult as they might be to untie, those that still remain would no longer have power. Let us find Christ for ourselves. He is not inaccessible to us, because he is the One our forefathers were already invoking long ago when the whites arrived – the very same. To quote the saying of Our Great Home,

"ACT FOR YOURSELF! ACT FOR YOURSELF! ACT FOR YOURSELF!"

Calves of dignitaries,
the times have moved on.
The stars have spoken and ended;
we learnt from their flashing.

1. The usual time for marriages in mission station churches, when schools had to stop.

Namhl' utwasil' u 1928,—
Makab' utwasela nina ke?
Abafileyo basenonyaka wanina?

Lixesha lokulw' imbopelelo
Imbopelelo zentshaba zetu
Sikulul' amaqin' asemqaleni
Yinin' ukude kuf' isizw' esingaka?
Yinin' ukude lupel' uhlang' olungakanana?
Ngubanina lo wati nifile?
Naza nakolw' ukuba ningabafi?

Pakama mfama ndin' uzenzele!
U Krest' ufunyanwa ngokuzenzela;
Abazenzelayo bayasindiswa;
Bayicukumis' intshinga yengubo;
Nonyaka masisindiswe—bo.
Akuko sizatu sokungabi njalo:
Masisindiswe mawetu, sisinde!

Anikamvumi na nina ma Bèle?
Anikamvumi na nina ma Hlubi?
Hina nina basema Zizini?
Tina kwa Palo kumzuzu sinaye!
Hina nina bakwa Malandela?
Nonyak' u Yesu makavunywe!

Simvume ngokwesoko letu;
Simkonze ngokwendlela yetu;
Sizenzele kolo luwalala,
Ulo Ngub' enkul' esiyambatayo!

Today's the dawn of 1928 –
why has it made its appearance?
What additional year do the dead still have?

It's time to confront the fetters,
the fetters of our enemies,
and untie the knots round our necks.
Why should such a nation perish?
Why should such a race dissolve?
Who said that you are dead?
And you believed that you were dead?

Rise up, farmer, act for yourself!
Christ is attained by individual action;
those who do things themselves are saved;
they lightly touch the garment's tassle;
this year we have to be saved.
There's no reason this shouldn't occur:
let's be saved, my people, redeemed.

Have you Bhele not received him yet?
Have you Hlubi not received him yet?
What about you Zizi?
We've had him a long time in Phalo's land!
What about you at Malandela's home?[2]
This year Jesus must be received!

We received him in our fashion;
we worshipped him in our way;
we did it ourselves in our flapping garments,
He the Great Garment we wrap ourselves in![3]

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2. Malandela was the father of Zulu; both of them were progenitors of the Zulu royal line. The Bhele, Hlubi and Zizi are Mfengu (originally Zulu) nations.
3. A line from Ntsikana's Great Hymn, "*UloNgub' inkul' esiyambatha thina*".

Zenzeleni madoda nani bafazi,—
Esi sisiteb' esingena njoli!
Zenzeleni nikup' ukufa!!

Kade sityisw' oquwe noboqo!
Kade sinyakat' inyovu zenyengelezi!
Kade sihluhluz' imihluzi yemihlwazi!
Kade sinqab' inqudenqu zamaqungequ!
Ngade zipitselan' izisu zitshukule,—
Ngad' ulutsha lube nomnquma,—
Lunzonzoteke, lungcungcuteke,—
Lufumen' ukufa koyise nonina.
Pakamani namhla niyavuswa!
Ngegama le Nkosi mzi manisindiswe!
Pakamani nikup' ukufa!

Nizenzele! Nizenzele! Nizenzele!!

Act for yourselves, ladies and gents –
this eating-mat with no one to dish up!
Act for yourself and drive death off!!

For long we've been forced to eat herbs and roots!
For long we've gorged on polecat hash!
For long we've strained Bushman tea mash!
For long we've nibbled iguana titbits!
Until our bellies bloated uncomfortably,
until the youngsters lost their appetites,
pined away emaciated,
inheriting death from their fathers and mothers.
Stand up today, you're roused!
In the name of the Lord, let our home be saved!
Stand up and drive death off!

Act for yourself! Act for yourself! Act for yourself!!

33

Good Friday

"Kwaza kwabako imfazwe enkulu Ezulwini."

Kubanjwene ngazo! kubanjwene ngazo!
Hlabani umkosi omkulu;
Lifile ilizwe! Lifile ilizwe!
Pumani magor' akomkulu!

Kubamben' u Mtyoli, ulwa no Kumkani,
U Kumkani u Mikayeli;
U Mtyoli[1] u Satana unyukwe liratshi
Wazenz' u kumkani omkulu!

Sel'eyikupile imikosi yake
Yapum' ifunga ngomnxum' ombi!
Ino Abadoni, ino Belzabube
Epambil' u Apoliyoni.

Pumani magora nix'obe nagqiba!
Nirol' izirweqe zenene;
Lomkos' utsho kuni kumafa nankosi,
Uti valani amazibuko!

1. *Myoli*

Good Friday (1928)

"And there was a great war in heaven."

The fight is on! The fight is on!
Sound a clamorous war-cry;
The country's at war! The country's at war!
To arms, Great Place warriors!

The Slanderer comes to grips,
at war with the king, King Michael;[1]
Satan the Slanderer, gripped by pride,
has made himself a mighty king!

He's already sent forth his armies,
they sallied with oaths from the foul pit,
invoking Abaddon and Beelzebub,
with Apollyon above all.[2]

To arms, fortified warriors!
Arm yourselves with appropriate weapons;
this army speaks to you and the die-hards,[3]
saying, "Seal up all the fords!"

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1. In Revelations 12:7–9 the Archangel Michael leads the angels and defeats Satan.
2. Hebrew Abaddon and Greek Apollyon refer in the bible both to the place of the dead and the king of an army of locusts. Beelzebub is the devil.
3. Those who stand by the chief and die with him in battle.

Kutiw' u Kumkani selemagazana,
Usel' ezele ngamanxeba;
Zaqengqwa[2] buk'ali nendwaluto zake
Zak'ala, zancwina, zagula;

Izwi la Komkulu selite Pambili!
Akuko kuroxa nakuma;
Lumelwe kukuba lucitwe utshaba,—
Ngegama le Nkosi ka Nkosi;
Amen.

"Lomfihlelo inkulu,"

Le yimfihlelo enkulu
Ityilelwe iziyata:
Le yimfihlelo enkulu
Ityilelwe kwa nentsana;

Oku kwapuka komzimba
We Nkos' u Nyana ka Tixo,—
Nokupalala kwegazi
Kwakungenxa kabanina?

Bambelelani makolwa
Ningaze nib'ekabeke;
Lumpompoz' ap' usindiso
Lway' imipefumlo yenu.

Tandazani ngoko nani
Nina basafihlelweyo;
Ilitamsanq' elikulu
Lelolizwe elizayo.

2. *Zagengqwa*

The king's said to be blood-splattered already,
already bristling with wounds;
and his nobles, grievously tumbled,
cried out, groaned and puked.

The voice of the Great Place has ordered us on!
There's no retreating and standing still;
the enemy must be repelled –
in the name of the Lord of Lords.
Amen.

"That vital mystery."

This is a vital mystery
revealed to simpletons:
this vital mystery
is revealed to infants as well;

this breaking of the body
of the Lord, the son of God,
and the shedding of the blood:
for whose sake was it done?[4]

Stand steadfast, you faithful,
don't look round about;
salvation streams from that,
the salvation of your souls.

So pray, all of you,
from whom the mystery's screened;
the word that is approaching
is a vital blessing.

4. A reference to two lines from Ntsikana's Great Hymn, "*Ugazi lakho limkrolo yini na? / Ugazi lakho liphalalele thina*".

Tandazani nityilelwe,
Nilubone usindiso;
Nize nimke ninetemba,—
Ukushiya ihlabati,
Amen.

Amaculo e Good Friday

"Wapuma Umpefumlo."

Wakwamkela ukufa u Yesu
Lomhla wafa ngawo;
Wayisel' indeb' erara
Lomhla wafa ngawo.

Zakulilel' intokazi
Lomhla wafa ngawo;
Kwabuhlungu kumakolwa,
Lomhla wafa ngawo.

Wati, ningandilileli
Lomhla wafa ngawo;
Zilileleni okokwenu
Lomhla wafa ngawo.

Wabubonis' ubugora
Lomhla wafa ngawo;
Umhlaba wangcangcazela
Lomhla wafa ngawo.

Kwavuka nabafileyo
Lomhla wafa ngawo;
Kwadaleka izimanga
Lomhla wafa ngawo.

Wayitob'a intloko yake
Lomhla wafa ngawo;

Pray for revelation,
witness salvation:
leave filled with hope
in departing this world.
Amen.

Good Friday Hymns

"And gave up his ghost."

Jesus welcomed death
on the day that he died;
he drank the bitter cup
on the day that he died.

When women cried
on the day that he died
the faithful were pained
on the day that he died.

He said: Don't cry for me
on the day that he died;
cry for yourselves,
on the day that he died.

His courage was plain
on the day that he died;
the earth trembled
on the day that he died.

And the dead arose
on the day that he died;
miracles manifest
on the day that he died.

He bowed his head
on the day that he died;

Wawanikel' umpefumlo
Lomhla wafa ngawo.

Wabaxelel' abafundi
Lomhla wafa ngawo;
Wovuka ngowesitatu
Lomhla wafa ngawo.

Siyawudumisa ngoko
Lomhla wafa ngawo;
Ngamana ngawo sapila,—
Lomhla wafa ngawo.
Amen.

"Lesuka elinye i soldati lamhlaba ngomkonto ecaleni; kwa oko kwapuma igazi namanzi." Joh. 19:34.

Namhlanje ngulomhla
Wafa ngaw' u Yesu;
Wagwetyelw' ukufa
Zizipata mandla;
Emsulwa kwisono
Engenacapaza;
Watwal' umnqamlezo
Umti olihlazo.

Namhlanje ngumhla
Wasitandazela;
Watwalela kuye
Ingcikivo yetu;
Nesono somhlaba
Sabalelwa kuye;
Lahlambek' ilizwe
Ngoko kufa kwake.

Namhlanje ngulomhla
Wax'onywa emtini;

and gave up his ghost
on the day that he died.

He told his disciples
on the day that he died
on the third day he'd rise
on the day that he died.

Therefore we praise
the day that he died;
through it may we live –
on the day that he died.
Amen

"Instead, one of the soldiers pierced Jesus' side with a spear, bringing a sudden flow of blood and water." John 19:34

Today is that day
on which Jesus died,
condemned to death
by those in power;
cleansed of sin,
free of stain,
he carried the cross,
a tree of shame.

Today is the day
he prayed for us;
he took on himself
our reproach;
and the sin of the world
was laid on him;
the world was cleansed
through his death.

Today is that day
he was hung on a tree;

Wakuvum' ukufa
'Zekupile tina;
Ezenza idini
Letyala lelizwe;
Wapalaz' igazi
Lasihlawulela.

Namhlanje ngulomhla
Wateta amazwi:
Amazw' abuhlungu
Ahlab' emxelweni:
Wati, "Ndinxaniwe"
Wati, "Kugqityiwe."
Walila esiti,—
"Ndishiywe nganina?"

Uko na namhlanje
Pakati kwet' apa,—
Ongab' akakolwa
Ku Lowo wafayo?
Ongazihlambiyo
Ngegazi le Mvana,—
Elihlambulula
Kuso sonk' isono?
Amen.

he accepted death
so that we live on;
he surrendered himself
for the guilt of the world;
he shed his blood
and atoned for us.

Today is that day
he spoke the words,
words full of pain
that pierced to the core:
he said, "I am thirsty."
He said, "It is done."
He cried out saying,
"Why am I forsaken?"

Could there be anyone
with us today
who might not believe
in the One who died,
who does not wash
in the blood of the Lamb
that purifies
from every sin?
Amen

34

I-Kresimesi ka-1928

"Ze kungafunyanwa namnye kuni ocandisa unyana wakhe, nentombi yakhe emlilweni, novumisayo, nolitola, nohlaba izihlabo, nokhafulayo, nonemilingo, nobuza koneshologu, nosiyazi, negqwirha, kuba lisikizi kuYehova bonke abenza ezo nto; kungenxa yalo masikizi le nto u Yehova, uThixo, azigqogqayo zingabikho ebusweni bakhe. Uz' ugqibelele ukuba noYehova uThixo wakho, kuba ezi ntlanga uzigqogqayo zaa-phula-phula amatola nabavumisi."
Duter. 18:10–14
"Xa bathe kuni,—Quqelani kwabaneshologu, nakoosiyazi, abalozayo, abadumzelayo, yithini: Abantu ma bangaquqeli kuThixo wabo yini na? Ngenxa yabaphilileyo, ma baquqele kwabafileyo na?" Yesaya 8:19
"Ke bona abantu abangendawo, noosiyazi, kukhona bayakuhambela phambili ebubini, belahlekisa, belahlekiswa." 2 Tim. 3:13

Bek' indlebe nto kabawo!
Bek' indlebe ntokazi kabawo!
Inxhamel' ukuhlab' umkhos' iMbongi,—
IMbongi yeSizwe Jikelele;
Icish' ukungathethi namhlanje,
Icish' ukubek' indlebe ngokwayo,—
Kuba eli lizwi namhla lithethayo,
Lithetha ngegunya nangamandla!
Lithetha ngobunganga nobungangamsha!
Lizw' elinamandla loMenzi;
Lizw' elinegunya loNdikhoyo;
Ingangamsh' enkulu yakuloMazulu!
UDuma barwaqel' iGama layo!
Sinnika!!!

Christmas 1928 (1928)

"Let no one be found among you who sacrifices his son or daughter in the fire, who practises divination or sorcery, interprets omens, engages in witchcraft, or casts spells, or who is a medium or spiritist or who consults the dead. Anyone who does these things is detestable to the Lord, and because of these detestable practices the Lord your God will drive out these nations before you. You must be blameless before the Lord your God. The nations you will dispossess listen to those who practise sorcery or divination." Deuteronomy 18:10–14
"When men tell you to consult mediums and spiritists, who whisper and mutter, should not people inquire of their God? Why consult the dead on behalf of the living?" Isaiah 8:19
"While evil men and impostors will go from bad to worse, deceiving and being deceived." 2 Timothy 3:13

Lend me your ear, brother!
Lend me your ear, sister!
The Poet is eager to sound the war cry –
the Poet of the Whole Nation;
he prefers to stay silent today,
preferring too to lend his ear –
because the voice that speaks today
speaks with strength and authority,
speaks with promise and dignity!
It's the Creator's mighty voice;
it's the powerful voice of I Am;
Great Uttermost of the Heavens!
Roar And They Flinch is his name!
What do you see?

Bek' indlebe kuba ndikubonile!
Ubuyicandis' emlilweni inkwenkw' akho!
Nentombi yakh' ubuyihuntshuzisa,
Uthi iz' ikhanyel' int' eyaziyo.
Ndikubonil' uquqela koosiyazi;
Ndikubonil' utyeth' umnqayazana,
Kuthiwa ungu—"Siyavumisa."
Uthene mbende noneshologu,
Akwahlukani negqwirha,
Kwanonemilingo.

Ndimemez' inguquko!
Inguqukokaz' enkulu!!
Ndimemeza ngomtyangampo,—
Ngelizw' elimpongampo!
Ndithi, namhlanje: "Lahla!"
Ilizwe lakho namhl' asilakho;
Ugqogqwe ngenxa yenkolelo;
Ugqogqwe kulo ngenxa yenkolo;
Ngenxa yezithethe, namasiko, nemikhwa,
Kad' ulahlek' ulahlekiswa,—
Ziint' ezalahlekayo ngokwazo,
Zahambela phambili ebubini.

Lahla ntokazi kabawo, Lahla!
Lahla elo qhina lisembinqweni Lahla!
Lahla nto kabawo yininale!
Lahla loo ntwan' isetasini!
Shiya gxavalala, shiya xaxasholo!
Shiy' onomathotholo nemilozi!
Aniyiva na le ngqumb' ingakanana?
Aniziva n' ezizohlwayo?
Aniwoyiki na lo msind' ungakanana?

Lend me your ear, for I've seen you!
You passed your son through the smoke[1]
and you did the same for your daughter
so they spurn what they know!
I've seen you frequenting sages;
I've seen you going stave in hand;
it's said you're consulting diviners.
You keep close ties with the spirit-inspired,
you never part ways with the witch,
the practitioner of black magic.

I'm proclaiming repentance!
A substantial repentance!!
I proclaim with a prolonged cry,
with a voice that drags on and on!
Today I say, "Reject!"
Your land today's no longer your land;
you're purged through belief;
you're purged through faith;
through traditions, customs and habits,
you've long gone astray, misled
by things that have gone astray themselves
and progressed in the path of iniquity.

Reject, sister, reject!
Reject that knot concealed in your skirt, reject it![2]
Reject, brother, in the name of heaven!
Reject that potion concealed in your bag!
Just dump it all over the place!
Dump witches' agents and divining whistlers!
Don't you know of this untold wrath?
Don't you hear the retributions?
Don't you fear this untold anger?

---

1. On the day of its birth an infant is washed and passed through the smoke of a special fire: see Soga (1931: 293).
2. The knot binds bewitching materials.

Iyatheth' iNkosi yam aniyiva na?
Ith' iyazicekis' ezi zinto,—
Ith' ikuthiyil' ukuvumisa;
Ithi lisikiz' kuy' ukukhafula!
Sinnika!!!

Awu!!!
Hay' ke wen' uzakuthi ngentlaulelo!
Wena Xhwane leXhwane;
Wena Mvana yeeMvana;
Wen' uzis' uxolelo;
Wena Manyuweli, Thix' usebantwini!
Namhl' uzufike ngesithwakumbe!
Sonini-nanini,—
Ngonyama yeza kwaJuda;
Ngesaqhobe sesaqhwithi,—
Atsh' amakholw' awujong' uMnqamlezo,
Azilahl' iincok' ezingendawo;
Awulahl' umona nentlebendwane;
Akulahle konk' ukunukana;
Nezincoko zooHili neeMpundulu;
Neenyoka zabantu nokuthakatha;
Wen' umzimb' ungasonka!
Namhl' ufika nje ma sibenamandla;
Kuba sinommeli phakathi kwethu noThixo;
Silibuyel' izwe leth' elihle;
Lihlanjw' ukunchola;
Ligutyulw' inkunkuma;
Xa sitshoyo ke siyabulisa!
Sikunikela konk' okwethu!

My Lord is speaking, can't you hear him?
He says he detests these things,
he says he hates divination;
he says he abhors the protection of charms![3]
What do you see?

Oh!
Honour to you who brings our redemption!
you, Lamb of the Lamb;
you, Kid of the Kid.
You bring forgiveness;
You, Emmanuel, God among people!
May you come today in our tribulation!
O Eternal,
Lion of Judea,
who comes in raging tempest –
so believers watch the Cross,
and cast loose talk aside,
cast aside envy and slander,
cast aside smelling each other out,
and talk of Hilis and lightning birds,
personal snakes and witchcraft,
you with a body like bread!
Now you've arrived let's be strong:
we and God have a go-between;
we've returned to our beautiful country;
it's been purified of iniquity,
the trash has been taken out.
In saying so we're offering greetings!
We hand to you all that is ours!

3. Kropf defines *ukukhafula* as "to render warriors invulnerable (and thieves undetectable) by making them pass through the smoke of certain herbs and sprinkling them with the gall of certain animals given as offerings to the doctor" (1915: 177).

Ngegama loYise,—
Ngegama loNyana,—
NeloMoy' Oyingcwele!
Haleluya!!
Ha-le-lu-ya!!!

In the name of the Father,
in the name of the Son,
and of the Holy Spirit!
Hallelujah!!
Ha-lle-lu-jah!!!

35

"1929"

"Kuba ndinguYehova igqirha lakho." Eksod. 15:26

Ilizwi leNkosi[1] *liphelelwe sisidima; ngenxa yale nto ke izikolo ziwile,—iindemoni zibuye ngazixhenxe ngazixhenxe; ivuke yema ngenyawo imvelo, nendalo ifuna okwayo, kuba asingenanga egazini, apho sasithe siphuma sisiya khona. Ngako oko:*

Ma ndiphinde ntombi kabawo,—
Ndithi kuwe, "lahla!"
Nakuwe nyana kabawo,
Ndithi kuwe, "lahla!"
Ndinankunqele yegqirh' endiyaziyo.
NguMakhanda-Mathathu igama lalo.
Ndandingumntwana kuqala,
Namhla ndisekwaluphaleni,
Andizange ndilive likhohlisa,
Ndingazange ndive likhohliswa;
Ndiya lazi yingwangqaz' enkulu,
Int' etsho ngesidlokolo samazulu;
Int' ethetha ngemibane nangendudumo;
Kanti xa kulaph' iya vumisa,—
Ingwangqaz' enkulu yaseSebayothi!
"Vumani!" "Siyavuma!"
"Vumani!" "Siyavuma!!"

1. *leeNkosi*

"1929" (1929)

"For I am the Lord who heals you." Exodus 15:26

Respect for the word of the Lord has failed; as a result, schools have collapsed – demons have returned seven times seven; nature has leapt to its feet, and nature demands its due, because we did not enter into the blood, which we said was our objective. Therefore:

Let me say it again, sister –
I say to you,"Reject!"
And also to you, brother,
I say to you," Reject!"
I know of an expert diviner,
Three Heads is his name.
In the beginning I was a child,
today I've reached old age,
I've never heard him deceive,
I've never heard him deceived;
I know him to raise a great clamour
in his heavenly baboon-skin cap
speaking with lightning and thunder;
yet at that point he's being consulted –
the great clamour of Sabaoth!
"Agree!" "We agree!"
"Agree!" "We agree!"[1]

1. In a consultation, the diviner (*igqirha*) makes a statement and commands his clients to agree: they clap their hands and proclaim their agreement, loudly if they do, softly if they don't.

Sikhe sazithath' iintonga sabekelela,
Sabekelela say' emzin' ent' enkulu;
Sifike kumakhazikhaz' angenakujongeka;
Suk' af' amehlo kwavel' angaphakathi;
Sifike kwintshinyela yomzikazi,—
Kumzikaz' onamanzi nemithi,—
Umthi wobom kulaph' ukhona.
Ukwalaph' umthikaz' omagqabi mahle,—
Omagqab' angawokuphiliswa kwentlanga.
Ukhe wawunikw' uMoses eMara,
Kuz' aguqul' amanz' akrakra,
Bathi ubukrakra bayincindi yobusi!
    Siwubon' aph' uMfisi waseGiliyadi!
Siyibon' aph' iMisedare yaseLebanon,
"NdinguYehova igqirha lakho:"
    "Vumani!" "Siyavuma!!"
    "Vumani bo!" "Siyavuma!!"

Ndaza ndabona mabandla kaHam!
Ndaza ndabona lusapho lukaKhushe!
Ndaza ndabona kubanjw' ilishwa,—
Kubanjw' ilishwa kulahlw' ithamsanqa!
Eli Gqirha mna ndaliva ngobawo;
Nobawo waliva ngoyise;
Noyise walixelelwa nguyise;
Nam unyan' am se ndimxelele,—
Ndathi nguMehl' anje ngesibane,
Sisinunza-nunza sesinunzela,
NguThemba-thamsanqa kudliwa kobom,
Nguyeza mhlonyan' ecaleni leziko,
Isitshatshel' esikhulu sakulo mazulu,
Int' ezihlwele zigwaba ngamaphiko.

We once took our staves and set off,
set off for the old fellow's home;
we found radiance too brilliant to view;
then our eyes died and inner eyes came;
we came to a vast, dense homestead –
a large house with water and trees –
where the tree of life is standing,
also a great tree with splendid leaves –
leaves for healing the gentiles.
Once it was given to Moses at Marah,
when he changed the bitter water,
and bitter became honey juice![2]
    There we saw the Balm of Gilead,
there we saw the Cedars of Lebanon,
"I am Jehovah your healer":
    "Agree!" "We agree!"
    "Agree!" "We agree!"

In the end I saw the children of Ham!
In the end I saw the offspring of Cush!
In the end I saw calamity clutched –
calamity clutched and fortune rejected!
My father told me of this healer,
and his father told my father of him,
and his father told his father of him.
I've already told my son about him –
I said he is Eyes Like A Lamp,
he's Dignity With A Dignified Bearing,
he's Hope And Luck, our source of life,
he's the wormwood cure at the hearth,
the valiant champion of heaven,
whose choirs sing with their wings.

2. After crossing the Red Sea, Moses led the Israelites to Marah, where the water was too bitter to drink. God showed Moses a tree, which he threw into the water, and the water became sweet (Exodus 15:22–5).

"NdinguYehova igqirha lakho!"
"Vumani madoda!" "Siyavuma!"
"Vumani zintokazi!" "Siyavuma!"

Simbonil' uNinz' ekhutshw' iidemoni!
Waqalel' eDekapoli walishumayela.
Siyibonil' inkazan' enethombo legazi!
Yabamb' entshingeni kwaba kugqityiwe.
Siyibonil' imfama kwelakwaThunyiwe
Sambon' uNahaman' eYordane.
Silibonil' ishumi lamaqenq' eSamariya
Ngubani n' ongevanga ngomf' onedumbe?
Ngubani n' ongevanga ngomSarofinikazi?
Ibisisifo sini n' obukhala ngaso wena?
Es' uchithe ngas' uyihlo nonyoko?
Es' uchithe ngas' umzi wakho, wakowenu?
Es' ugqibe ngas' izihlobo nabamelwane?
Ubutyatyanjelwa yindawo nina?
Le ungezi nayo kweli gqirha lezizwe neentlanga?
"NdinguYehova igqirha lakho!"
"Vumani mzi kaKhushe!"
"Siyavuma!!"
Iyapheza kule ndaw' iMbongi yeSizwe
Umnqayi mkhul' unga ngenkanunu;
Ubeth' amanz' aselwandle,
Atshiz' abaphesheya kweGqili neLigwa
Ithi nonyaka madoda ma kulahlwe!
Nonyaka ma kuyiw' eGqirheni!
KwiGqirh' elikhulu laseSebayothi,—
UMakhanda Mathathu igama lalo!
Ncincilili!!

"I am Jehovah your healer!"
"Agree, men!" "We agree!"
"Agree, ladies!" "We agree!"

We saw demons driven from Legion![3]
He began his mission in the Decapolis.
We saw the woman gushing blood!
She touched his tassles and she was cured.[4]
We saw the blind man at Sent,
we saw Naaman at the River Jordan.
We saw the ten Samarian lepers.
Who hasn't heard of the paralytic,
not heard of the Syrophoenician woman?[5]
What ailment did you suffer
with which you destroyed your father and mother,
with which you destroyed your home and theirs,
with which you finished your friends and neighbours?
Where does your body ache
that you can't approach this healer of nations and races?
"I am Jehovah your healer!"
"Agree, house of Cush!"
"We agree!"
At this point the National Poet ends.
The stick is as big as the cannon;
it thrashes the ocean's waters,
so they splash those beyond the Orange and Vaal.
It says this year, men, all must reject!
This year all should go to the Healer!
The great Healer Lord of Sabaoth –
Three Heads is his name!
I end here!

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3. In Mark 8:29–30 Jesus drives demons from a man named Legion.
4. Matthew 19:20–2.
5. Jesus commanded a blind man to wash his eyes in the pool of Siloam, which means Sent (John 19:7). Elisha cures the leper Naaman by commanding him to wash seven times in the River Jordan (2 Kings 5:1–14). Jesus cures ten lepers in Luke 17:11–14, heals a paralytic in Matthew 9:2, and exorcises a Syrophoenician woman's daughter in Mark 7:25–30.

36

A! Dumbu-Domboti!!

U Mr. Jansen e Qonce

Ngomhla wolwesi Bini evekini ngosuku lwesib'ozo kwinyanga ye Dwara (8th October) into ka Jansen u Mongameli wezizwe ezintsundu, ubese Qonce ebizwe yimpi entsundu ukuba aze kuyicacisela eyonanto itetwayo ngalomcimbi we Tayitile. Okwenene ke indedebe leyo yakomkulu itumekelele, yafika e Qonce apo ngentsasa yolosuku luxeliweyo. Abanini kubiza babeko nabo kanobom,—zanqoza[1] kulo ofisi ka Dike! Noko ke andenzi ndaba zolosuku kodwa,—

1. *zangoza*

Hail, Dumbu-Domboti! (1929)

Mr Jansen[1] in King William's Town

On Tuesday 8 October Mr Jansen, the Minister for Native Affairs, was in King William's Town at the invitation of the black community to explain to them this issue of Titles.[2] Indeed the Great Place councillor responded willingly, and he arrived there in King William's Town on the morning of the appointed day. Those who had invited him were also there in large numbers – they came to blows at Dick's office![3] I won't provide the day's news, but –

1. Ernest George Jansen (1881–1959), minister of native affairs in the Hertzog government from 1929 to 1933.
2. The report of the meeting in a King William's Town newspaper quotes Jansen's speeches extensively, but mentions none of the black delegates by name. The meeting started at 10.00 and concluded at 21.30. The report opens with these words: "The Minister of Native Affairs and Irrigation (Mr. E.G. Jansen) gave up the whole of yesterday to an 'indaba' with delegates of the individual tenure Native land title holders in the Ciskei, representatives being present from as far north as Herschel." In summary, "The subjects discussed covered a wide field and were by no means confined to the regulations mentioned. The chief grievance voiced by the Native speakers was in connection with the proposed new titles to land. The Natives clearly regard the regulations as a move to rob them of land and other privileges, including the franchise, and though the Minister repeatedly asserted that Government has no intention of taking away any privileges, it was evident at the close of the long day that the Natives were still suspicious." Jansen stated categorically, "I want to give you the assurance that there is no intention of taking away your land or your rights; there is no intention of interfering with your vote in any way whatever" (*Cape Mercury*, 9 October 1929: 3).
3. R.J. Dick, special magistrate, King William's Town.

Awu!
Zanuka ke wena sikuxelele;
Zanuk' intshongoqa zanuk' itshegqini!
Yatozam' inzwan' enkulu,—
Idomboti lakomkulu ngenyaniso;
Int' efanelwe sidanga sonyiwa,
Nangesobuhlalu ingema kakuhle.
Sakal' isinandile ndimamele,
Sati nqa-nqa-nqa-nqa-nqa-nqa!
Apuma' amehlwantsi apandl' abamgama,
Wavel'[2] oka Mji watyand' umteto,
Wongez oka Koti benoka Sigila;
Langcangc' itol' lo Songcangcashe,
Wavungam'oka Maci pezu komtonyama;
Zay' into zakwa Jili zibambe ngempondo
Lavutuz' ib'aku lama Bongwe,
Lalata pantsi, lalat' ezulwini.
Sakal' isinandile ndimamele.
Yalil' imfakadolo itelela;
Yalil' ilefele incedisisa;
Ilefele ngulompu mhle wasemlungwini;
Zafun' ukunuka ngokwakudala
Ndafun' ukuconiseka ndikalime,—
Ndikalime nditi, "Sibolek' indodana!"
Siboleke sokunika pezolo!
Sasikade sinixelela madodana!
Sasikade sinixelela tina!
Sasitet' okukuteta tin' e Mnyameni,
Nase xelexwa nase Rolotena,

2. *Wazel'*

Oh!
It stank, we're telling you;
it stank acridly, it stank to high heaven!
The handsome dignitary sat still –
the truly hefty man of the Great Place,
a necklace of small beads fits him so well,
he'd even look good in a royal necklace.
A snider rang out as I listened,
saying click click click click click!
Splinters struck people's eyes far away.
Then Mji's son laid down the law,
the sons of Koti and Sigila[4] chipped in,
the Ngcangcashe clansman's son looked on,
Maci's son growled invoking tradition,
Jili's sons grabbed the bull by the horns,
the Bongwe spaniel switched about,
rampaging like a hurricane.
A snider rang out as I listened,
a breechloader sounded in chorus,
a rifle sounded in full support.
The rifle's a splendid white man's gun;
it stank as in days long past:
I felt warned off and wished to rebuke them –
rebuke them by saying, "Lend us a young man!
Lend him to us, we'll return him last night!"
We've been telling you, young men!
We've been telling you!
That's what we said at Alexandria,
at Xelexwa and Rholotana.[5]

4. C.A.W. Sigila, who served as secretary of the Cape Native Voters' Convention, was a prolific contributor to *isiXhosa* newspapers between 1913 and 1951, and author of the humorous travelogue *Ndalikhenketha elasentla* (A long journey upcountry, 1954).
5. *EMnyameni* is Alexandria (Skead 2001: 442); *iXelexwa* is the Gamtoos River on the boundary between Port Elizabeth and Humansdorp (Skead 2001: 803–4); *iRholotana* is the Groot River at Steytlerville (Skead 2001: 683).

Yagqush' inkanunu e Nxuba,—
Yabodl' imililo yavungama;
Yakup' amalahle ngempumlo,
Kwakal' inzwinini ngendlebe!
Avutelw' amahlati alitafa;
Zat' intsunguzi[3] zazinqantosi;
Zat indada zayimicangalabe;
Hayi ke bet' umfo wapesheya!
Hayi ke bet' umfo wasemlungwini!
Umfo wasemlungwini!
Zatsho, zatsho zagolozelana,—
Wat' umntu kautshaye Laundini!
Yay' ikul' ikwekw' akwa Ndungwana,
Itol' lantomb' akwa Cisana,
Yakwa Ndebe yakwa Helele;
Wadwanguz' umkweta kanene,
U Dlamin' ovelel' i Bolo;
"Sisandlulube Dlamini!"
Sasiteta lonto ke bawo ngeka Hintsa,
Kok' indlebe zazibetabetana;
Sasiteta lonto ngeye Zembe,
Kok' inyanis' ibingekazalwa.
Namhla kugungqwa nje kuyazuza,—
Ngati kum iza kuzalw' inyaniso,
Inyaniso ke litole lika Tixo
Sasikade sinixelela madodana,—
Yiyo lonto kade sinixelela[4] yona.
Taru mfondini wasemlungwini
Taru mfo wakomkulu ndikuvumile
Besizi ntanyongo sibatatu,—
Kub' ute kanti naw' ukwa yintanyongo;

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3. *intsungazi*
4. *sinizelela*

The cannon stamped its feet at the Fish –
belched flames and bared its teeth;
it spewed coals from its nose,
making a deafening din in the ear!
Forests were blown into open veld;
dense forests turned to sunbaked ground;
thickets changed into open plains;
oh, the fellow from overseas!
Oh, the white fellow,
the white fellow!
They fought and fought to a standstill.
Someone called out, "Let's take a break, fellows."
And the Ndungwana boy grew in stature,
the calf of that Chisana girl,
of the Ndebe Helele families;
the initiate flung wide his blankets,[6]
Dlamini towering above Stutterheim;
"It's the Sandlulube mountain, Dlamini!"
That's what we said in Hintsa's War, fellow,
but the ears heard conflicting sounds;
that's what we said in the War of the Axe,
but the truth had not yet been born.[7]
Today as we frolic tragedy looms –
it strikes me that truth's about to be born,
truth is the calf of God,
we've always told you, young men –
that's what we've always told you.
Peace, white man,
peace, Great Place fellow, I've come to accept you.
Three of us were maize cobs begrimed by time
and it turned out that you're also one –

---

6. Initiates are expected to keep themselves wrapped in blankets and out of sight of the community; flinging his blankets open would be an act of defiance for an initiate.
7. Hintsa's War (1834–35); the War of the Axe (1846–47). On the latter, see Le Cordeur and Saunders (1981). For an account of all the frontier wars, see Milton (1983).

Untsap'[5] iluhlanini lugqib' ilizwe,
Iqalele kozi ndlovu yesa kozinyekevu.
Ubufanel' ubuntanyongo mfanandini!
Akusagungqi ngakugungqiswa;
Akusaqumbi ngakuqunjiswa;
Akusakatazeki ngakukatazwa.
Yozela yalal' into ka Hebese,
Yang' iti azi koti kupi kube kupina?
Yangqung' into ka Ode yagungqa!
Yang' iti, Yintonin' umsebenzi wenkanunu?
Kuba namhl' umsebenzi way' ufikile!
Yatozam'into ka Jansen inzwan' enkulu,
U Dumbu-Dombot' igama layo!
Hay' ke bet' izwe lakulo Mfetsho!
Lisibonis' obawo bebengeka sikumbuli ngaluto.
Lomhlaba ka Tshatsh' usaza kubalisa,
Kanjal' ubalis' izint' ezinkulu,—
Ad' akamis' umlom' opulapulayo.
Ndiyanibulela bafana ngokukwaz' ukuteta,
Nitete kakuhle noyihlo, u Baba wenu!
Ndiyakubulela bawo ngokukwaz' ukuteta,
Ukwaz' ukuteta kwa nokupendula;
Nok' abantwana bapetwe luzindlo;
Ubabonanje sebefile ke wena,—
Abasamaz' uyise noyisekazi;
Bazalwa bashiywa mpangampanga!
Ngoko ke bafun' unina!
Ngoko ke sifuna Mha-a-a-a!
Sifuna Ma-a-a-a-a! Ncincilili!!

5. *Untsapi*

with family scattered world wide,
ranging from elephants right down to snails.
You're fit to be a grimy maize cob, chum!
You no longer shake when shaken;
you're no longer angry when angered;
you're no longer vexed when vexed.
Herbst's son dozed and dropped off
as if to say where's all this leading?
Ord's son[8] fiddled restlessly
as if to say what's the use of a cannon?
Because we need it today!
The striking dignitary sat still, Jansen's son,
Dumbu-Domboti's his name!
Oh the Mfetsho family land,
which shows us our fathers before they summon us.[9]
This land of Tshatshu will still tell us stories,
in so doing raising serious issues –
the listener's jaw will drop.
Thanks, fellows, for being able to talk,
and speak well to your father, your Dad!
Thanks, father, for being able to talk,
to talk as well as respond;
although the children are giving it thought
they're just as good as dead –
they no longer know their father or uncles;
they were born and discarded, as in the fable![10]
And so they want their mummy!
And so we want our M-a-a-a!
We want our M-a-a-a! I end there.

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8. Major J.F. Herbst, secretary for native affairs, accompanied Jansen to the meeting. J.W. Ord, additional native commissioner, presided over the evening session of the meeting.
9. The ancestors are believed to summon those who die; if they are shown the ancestors before the ancestors summon them, they die prematurely. In other words, the world is perplexing: the old order has changed.
10. In a folktale, children who were left by their mother on an antheap went in search of her.

37

"1930"

Ke ukuhlala konyana baka Sirayeli abakuhlalayo e Yiputa yimi nyaka emakulu mane an[e]minyaka emanci matatu. E[k]upeleni kwe[m]inyaka em[a]kulu mane aneminyaka emanci matatu, kwati kanye ngayo lomini, yapuma yonke imi[k]osi ka Yehova ezweni las[e] Yiputa . . . Bubusuku buka Yehova obo. Kesodosi 12:40–42

Wavel' umnyak' omtsha! Wavel' umnyak' omtsha!
Yivani zintlanga,—wavel' umnyak' omtsha!
Udlul' odl[u]le[y]o,—udlul' odluleyo!
Noko besiwutanda,—udlul' odluleyo!

B[e]siwut[a]nda na lomnyak'[1] ufileyo?
Ubusitanda na lomnyak' udluleyo?
Ningadl' amaxesha ngokupikisana,—
Lomnyak' unit[a]nde ngokwabantwana.

[N]d[i]tsho ngokupila enipile kona;
Nditsho nangenzuzo eniz[u]ze yona;
Nibe netamsanqa ngemp[i]lo y[e]m[i]hla;
Nanentsikelelo zemihla ngemihla.

Nize[n]' abantwana bonwabis' ikaya;
Niz[i] z' izivuno z[i]z[a]lis' ekaya;

1. *lomuyak'*

"1930" (1930)

Now the time the people of Israel dwelt in Egypt was 430 years.
At the end of the 430 years, on that very day, all the hosts
of the Lord went out from the land of Egypt . . .
This is Jehovah's night.[1] Exodus 12:40–2

There comes the new year! There comes the new year!
Listen, nations – there comes the new year!
The past year has gone – the past year has gone!
Although we loved it – the past year has gone!

Did we love this year that's just died?
Did this past year love us?
Don't waste time in contention –
this year loved you as children.

I say that because of how you lived;
I say so based on what you gained;
you were lucky in your daily health;
you were blessed from day to day.

You brought children to gladden the home;
you are the harvests that fill the home;

1. Mqhayi abbreviates the last sentence, which in the Revised Standard Version reads "so this same night is a night of watching kept to the Lord by all the people of Israel throughout their generations".

Nendisa intombi nazekel' onyana;
N[i]cumile nanda ngabazukulwana.

Wubongen' umnyaka, umnyak' odluleyo!
Beninaz' intshaba kumnyak' ofileyo;
Zininqwenelela amashwa ngamashwa,
Kodwa bonani ke! [A]nibanga nashwa.

Fundani kakulu nifund' umbulelo!
Ziza ngawo zonke, zonk' intsikelelo.
Fundan' umbulelo mazi zakowetu!
Fundan' umbule[l]o bafo bakowetu!

Tetani ilizwi ngomnyak' odluleyo,—
[L]iz[w]' e[l]imnandi ngandod' emkileyo.
I[z]' iti fi[k]a indod' efik[a]yo,
[I]h[l]a[l]' ilindele nayo mhla imkayo.

Tetani ilizwi kwi Nkos' eminyaka,
Eno[n]dle nakula kumnyaka ngomnyaka!
Napetshiswa futi kwintshaba ngentshaba,
Namhla senih[a]mba kwintaba ngentaba.

Namhlanje nibona nibone nakude;
Nihamba ngengangqu nityud' amatyude;
Nibon' imigongxo enasinda kuyo;
Kwanamacwebeshu enap[e]pa ngawo.

Ngoko bulelani bafo bakowetu,—
Lomnyak' udlulanje akungamandl' etu;
Lomnyak' ungenanje akungangqond' etu,—
Nabunt[o]ni betu, nabulumko betu.

Zinkokeli zetu fundisan' a[b]antu,
Xelelan' abantu, tund[e]zan' abantu.
Mabazuze kuni okupindiweyo,
Nibanqake; ngalomnyak' ung[e]nileyo.

you wedded your girls, your sons married;
you flourished, increased by your grandchildren.

Praise the year, the year that's past!
You had enemies in the year that's just died;
they wished you misfortune every which way,
but note! You suffered no ill.

Acquire learning and learn to be grateful!
All sorts of blessings flow from it.
Learn to be grateful, my home's women!
Learn to be grateful, my home's fellows!

Utter a word on the year that's past –
a good word about the man who's left.
When the incoming man arrives
he can expect the same on the day he departs.

Utter a word to the Lord of years,
who year after year nurtured your growth!
You were ever defended from hordes of foes,
today you still journey through mountain ranges.

You see today and see long distances;
you leave gaps as you go, battling through;
you see the sinkholes you avoided,
how narrowly you survived.

Therefore give thanks, fellow countrymen –
we had no control over this year that's past.
we have no design for this year coming in –
it's beyond us, exceeding our wisdom.

Leaders of ours, teach the people,
inform the people, guide them gently.
Let them gain twice as much from you;
feed the helpless this coming year.

Fundisan' ukuwa ng[a]z' indololwane,
Kumpati ndudumo kunye nemibane;
Komtwasisi kwezi kwa nozilimela,—
Fundisan' abantu konk' ukumlilela.

Nango namhl' utwasa omny' umnyaka omtsha!
As[a]zi nto ngawo, usapet' ubutsha;
Use njengosana olusazalwayo;
Bizan' owaziyo, ongu Mnini wayo.

Bizan' u Mkanyisi akanyis' indlela;
Bizan' u Moy[i]si ahamb' enilwela;[2]
Bizan' u Mkululi wamakamandela;—
Bizan' u Somandla nguy' u mninindlela.

Twas[a] mnyaka ndini! Twasa mnyaka ndini!
Ulindwe ngamandla ngabase [l]u[n]dini.
Ulindwe ngamandla siti makoboka,—
Silind' ukúlulo lwetu makoboka,

Asilaz' ityala kunye nesigwebo,
Latetwa kobawo, ababene[n]dyebo;
Banikw' iminyaka esingayaziyo,—
Ngo[k]o twasa mnyaka z[i]temb' intliziyo

Sisajong' usuku, umhla wetembiso,
Umhl' oza nenene, oza nenyaniso;
Ngoko twasa mnyaka ude lomhl' ufike!
Sixel' imixelo ilishwa lijike.

S[i]kangele Bawo! Sikangele Bawo!
S[i]yakulilela sikwanga nenyawo.

---

2. *ebiiwela*

Teach them to fall on elbows and knees
before the ruler of thunder and lightning,
who brings into view the Pleiades and Venus –
teach all the people to cry out for him.

A new year comes into view today!
We know nothing about it, it brings with it novelty;
it's still like a baby being born;
call its Owner, the one who knows.

Call the Lighter to light up the way;
call the Victor to come fight for you;
call the Redeemer from every shackle –
call the Almighty who owns the road.

Come into view, year, come into view!
You're keenly awaited by marginal people.
You're keenly awaited by us, the slaves –
we wait for freedom from slavery.

We don't know our crime and punishment,
pronounced on our fathers when they had plenty;
they were sentenced to untold years –
so come into view, year, and lend our hearts hope.

We still anticipate the day of hope,
the day that brings truth and sanction;
so, year, come into view so that day arrives!
We butcher our hearts to drive off misfortune.

Look at us, Father! Look at us, Father!
We appeal to you clasping your feet.

Namhla yima nati, ung[e]cala letu,—
Wutume lomnyaka ube ngomnye wetu.

Wutume lomnyaka unobo busuku,
Kanye ke lomini ibe kwezontsuku;
Lip[e]le ityala ipum' imikosi,—
Ipahl' izihlwele[3] ze Nkosi ka Nkosi.

3. *ixihlwele*

Stand with us today, on our side –
send this year to become one of us.

Send this year and with it that night,
so that day should fall within those days;
so the case be settled and hosts emerge –
to encircle the aides of the Lord of Lords.

38

U Jansen ema Xoseni

"Kwavela indoda efuna undiko"

Wavel' u bawo,
Wavel' umfo ka Jansen.
u-Dumbu le Domboti,
Igwangq' elimhlope lase Ligwa,
Int' ezel' imidaka yodwa,
Imidondosholo yase Afrika.
Kuvel' ibhunga ku Tsalitoro
Wat' olusapo malufe,—
Kuba lunamandla nengqondo,
Lunempilo nobugora,
Mhlamnye luyakusiwela,
[L]uval' indlela yezizukulwana;
Cutan' umsebenzi nandis' irafu.
Hlutan' umhlaba nandis' ugxoto.
Dipan' inkomo nigwenx' umteto.
Yatsho ngojwebevu lomjikelo
Indod' efun' undiko,—

Jansen in Xhosaland (1930)

"There came a man confronting all."

Our father appeared,
Jansen's son appeared.
Dumbu of Domboti,
lightskinned white man of the Vaal,
who gave birth to blacks alone,
gigantic African hulks.
So Hertzog called a meeting
and said, "This race must die –
because they're strong and clever,
they're robust and courageous,
one day they will attack us,
and block the path for generations,
decrease employment and increase tax,
take the land, increase division,
dip the cattle, pervert the law."[1]
The man who confronted all
travelled widely throughout the country,

1. The 1920s witnessed continuing legislative inroads unfavourable to blacks. Walshe observes that when Rev. Mahabane "explained African agitation to the Minister of Native Affairs (Jansen) in 1930, he claimed it was the outcome of the Government's policy of exclusion. The Bantu had 'been excluded from the rights, duties and privileges as citizens of this country . . . from certain forms of employment, from the benefits of the Old Age Pensions Act and from the land by the Natives Land Act of 1913'" (Walshe 1970: 153). On land and franchise policies as they affected black people, see Tatz (1962).

Yat' ise Mbo yasema Mpondweni,
Yacancata kumajora,
Yawel' imixauka namageduka,
Yawel' imilamb' enamagama;
Kute kupi yajonga kwasemva,
Yajong' e Bu-Nguni!
Kwelenkanunu lasema Xoseni,
Kwelezirwalaxu lo nyonga nde,
Int' ezifa zibuye zivuke,
Zivuke z[e]zibuye zife;
Yajong' e Bungun' into ka Jansen!
Itol' lo Vrartara le Bhulu,
Int' esuswe ngokwaziwa,
Yaziw' uk[u]suka nokuhlala.
Nanko-nanko Kofoti ka Sishuba!
Ndod' eno Tixo no Manyano.
Nanko nanko nto ka Sigila!
Njengele ngamapapu nezibindi!
Nanko-nanko nto zika Jabavu!
Ngaz' agqum' abābâm' u Pakamisa.
Enyuk' u Dontsa no Nontongwane,
Etwel' izibèn' ezibènel' umhlaba,
Zihlaul' ityala lika yise;
Ityala lesizwe nohlanga.
Nanko-nanko Qinashe ka Koti!
Ityala lincinci lino Ndobe,—
Akavumi nomhlaba ka Kanyangwa,
Wagweb' oka Ode wapula neliso,
Sayiwel' iNxuba sikanyela,
Sisit' uyazika ke bawo.
Wat' ose Rini ndikwakwelo nam.
Sat' uyazika ke bawo,—

right up to eastern Pondoland,
pussy-footing among the touchy,
traversing screes and hillsides,
traversing famous rivers;
at one stage he looked behind,
cast his eyes on Nguniland,
at the cannons in Xhosaland,
the land of the brave and compassionate[2]
who die but rise again,
who rise but die again;
Jansen's son looked at Nguniland!
Calf of a *wragtige*[3] Boer,
dispatched because he was known,
known inside and out.
There! There, Sishuba's Crowbar!
Man, you hold God and unity.
There! There, Sigila's son!
A general in pluck and spleen!
There! There, the sons of Jabavu!
Pakamisa should exercise restraint,
as he scales the Katberg and Dacre's Hill,
bearing appeals, appeals over land,
attempting to settle his daddy's debt,
debt borne by clan and nation.
There! There, Qinashe, son of Koti!
Ndobe's debt is small,
he refuses to surrender Kanyangwa's land,
Ord's son passed judgement and winked.
We crossed the Fish in protest,
saying, "You're drowning, father."
The Grahamstown chap said, "I'm in agreement."
We said, "You're drowning, father."

---

2. *Nyonga nde*: literally, with long hip bones. The expression "*Mathol' anyongande kukudlelana*" (the calves are emaciated because they share with others) suggests compassionate conduct.
3. Afrikaans for genuine, true.

Saliwel' i Gqili sivutelene,
Sixobe sema nangomqala;
Wat' ose Blomfanteni ndikwatelela.
Hlutan' umhlaba nandis' ingxoto,
Zebafe ngamaqwa nangamazolo.
Mhlamnye bosihlisel' intlekele.
Wat' u Tsalitor' aliwelwa,
Wat' um-Afrika liyawelwa,
Yanduluk' injengele noka Havenga,
Bepet' ubugqi bobuti,
Bezam' ukuval' amazibuko.
Kok' um-Afrika seletyobozile;
Ekonyel' inkunz' ezingapesheya,
Pesha kwelwandl' ezinkulu.
Taru Zikali Mazembe!
Umlandu ngowanina nto ka Maci,
Azikabuyi n' ifam' ezimbini?
Zesitembiso sama Ntinde!
Vela Mkweta lixesha vela.
Rol' umgubo ka Pezulu, vela.
Rol' u Malingatshoni vela.
Posela ngezulu nango Sindiyandiya.
Yimpahl' ed' isebenze ninina le?
Lixesha ngoku rolan' imfihlo,
Zemk' inkomo Magwala ndini!
    Pakati ma Lau-ndini pakati!
Mna Xegwana ndiyabukela,
Iyanyashaz' injobende ka Jansen.
Ifunzel' emakaya pakati kosapo,
Pakati matol' ezilo kuf' ayayo,
Kuf' ayayo madela kufa.
Emakaya sekuvalwa ngentloko zamadoda.
Ngentloko zo Ndobe no Maci;

We crossed the Orange enraged,
armed to the hilt.
The bloke in Bloemfontein said, "I'm in agreement.
Take the land, increase division,
so they perish from frost and ice.
One day they'll bring us ruin."
Hertzog said no one must cross,
the African said it must be crossed.
The general departed with Havenga,[4]
bearing a magic potion,
trying to block the fords.
But the African had already barged through,
bellowing to bulls on the other side,
beyond the boundless oceans.
Peace, Zikali Mazembe!
What's the payment for, son of Maci?
Have the two farms not yet been returned,
farms promised to the Ntinde?
Come out, young men, come out, now's the time.
Take out Heaven's Powder, come out.
Take out Instant Killer, come.
Cast a spell with lightning and potion.
When will these tools ever take effect?
Now's the time, take out what you've hidden.
They're making away with your cattle, you cowards!
    Onward, fellows, onward!
As a little old man, I look on with pleasure,
Jansen's tall strip is pawing the ground.
He's charging at family homes.
Onward, calves of wild beasts, there's no turning back.
There's no turning back, despisers of death.
The homes are barred with the skulls of men,
with the skulls of Ndobe and Maci;

4. Nicolaas Christiaan Havenga (1882–1957), minister of finance in General Hertzog's government from 1924 to 1939.

Oka Sicin' uligwele pambili!
Ayarashaz' amatamb' entilini!
Rolani nime ngamakul' amahlati;
I Afrik' iyazuz' iyalunywa;
Iza kuzal' u Gilikanqo;
Isil' esingaziwa mnxhuma.
Zitsho kamnand' izitonga zemfazwe,—
Ziti: Gidli-gidli,—Gi-dli-gidli!!!
Beniba koba njanina?
Ncincilili!!!

the son of Sicina fumes in the lead!
In the meadow the bones are stirring!
Form a chain around the huge forests:
expectant, Africa feels the onset of labour;
it's going to give birth to Gilikanqo,
monster with lair unknown.
The sound of war appeals to us,
saying, "There's always much more! Always much more!"
What result did you expect?
I end there!

39

U 1931 no 1932

Ukuqoshelisa unyaka omdala nokwandulela omtsha i Mbongi ye Sizwe oka Mqayi uti:—[1]

"Kute ngosuku lokuqala kuyo lenyanga yokugqibela emnyakeni ka 1931, (1st Dec.) ekutiwa ngesi Xosa yeyomNga, kwavakala ilizwi elingaziwayo, nelingaqondwanga mntu, kuba lize ngendudumo. Lite kanti elolizwi livela kwa Ndikoyo kwa Menzi ko Pezu Konke lisiza ku 1931 lisiti. "Yolela ngokuba uza kufa." Liqokele ilizwi elo lisiti,— njengoko waziyo ukuba ngokwesiko lakowenu, nina nipila inyanga ezilishumi elinambini qa, akuko nenceba netaru kuyo lonto, nokukwazisa oku senza nje imvuselelo yokuba utete nonyana wako u 1932.

Okunene ke indoda leyo inkulu u 1931 ivakele inqùruleka ngesinqàla esikulu, kuba ukufa asinto yake[2] yamnandi naku sipina isidalwa. Ihle kodwa yazicenga yazixolisa yavakala imbiza unyana wayo u 1932 yenza esisiyalo:

"Nyana wam, uyazi wena ngokwesiko lakowetu lendalo, ukuba imini zam zokulaula ilizwe sezipelile, sekusele intsuku zimashumi matatu kupela ndigoduke, ndiwushiye nawe umsebenzi omkulu nonzima kunene wokupatela onyana baka Adam ixesha; andikushiyi nalifa nyana wam, ndikushiya nomsebenzi obuhlungu wokulaula ilizwe,— lonto iyakufuna unyamezelo olukulu, kuba onyana baka Adam abafunani, bamonelene, bafuna ukulwa izolo nomhla bapalazane amagazi; ize

1. *Imibengo* omits this introductory sentence, and depersonalises the years, substituting *emnyakeni we-1931* for *emnyakeni ka 1931*, for example, and *owe-1931* for *u 1931* throughout.
2. *Imibengo* has *yakha* with the same meaning.

1931 and 1932 (1931)

To wind up the old year and be first in line for the new year, the Poet of the Nation, son of Mqhayi, says:

On the first day of this last month in the year 1931 (1 December), which is known as the Acacia Month in *isiXhosa*, a strange voice was heard, understood by no one, because it came in thunder. It turned out that the voice came from I Am, Maker Of All, approaching 1931 and saying, "Set your affairs in order: you're close to death." The voice continued, saying, "As you are well aware, according to your procedure you live for twelve months only, and there is no mercy or sympathy beyond that. By letting you know, we're prompting you to talk to your son, 1932."

Indeed, this old man, 1931, was heard gulping and sighing heavily because death is pleasant for no creature. Nonetheless, he pulled himself together and was heard calling his son 1932 and he made the following death wish:

"My son, you know that according to our natural procedure, my days of ruling this land are over; there are only thirty days left before I go home, and leave to you the truly grave and difficult task of managing time for the sons of Adam; I leave you no legacy, my son, I leave you the painful task of ruling the country – a task that will demand considerable patience, because the sons of Adam are at loggerheads with one another, they envy each other, they want to scrap on a daily

lonto ibalelwe kuwe, inge nguwe owenza ukuba kupalale lawo magazi, abalelwe kuwe ngonanini. Unyaka nyana wam uncomeka ngokuti ube nemvula, nesivuno esihle, nakuba naleyo into ikwa nengxaki yayo; kuba onyana nabantu kokona bafuna imfazwe bakuhluta, baze babe negxeke bakubalelelwa ngamalanga; lonto benze obunye ububovubovu, nezipitipiti. Ngoko ke nyana wam uze uqine, womelele, ume njengendoda. Onyana baka Adam bayakwazi ukuyidumisa kakuhle indoda eyenze ubuhle."

"Kuni bantu bomhlaba, indoda leyo ingu 1931 ishiye elilizwi: "Ndiyayibulela zinkosi zam, nyana baka Adam, imihlali nemivuyo enandamkela ngayo mhla ndafika; ndibulela nezenzo ezihle esite senzelana zona kwisituba esi somnyaka. Abazelwe kwesi situba solaulo lwam ndiyavuyisana nabo, ndibanqwenelela impilo entle, bangamana bangaba ngamadoda namankazana ayakuba yityuwa yomhlaba. Abo bate baxwaleka, balahlekelwa zizihlobo zabo, namakaya abo kwesisituba, ndilila kunye nabo; nabate babanjwa zizikuhlane ezinzima, bafakwa nasezi tolongweni bengena tyala ndivelana nabo. Ndibayalezile kunyana wam u 1932 ukuba maze azikangele indwadunge ezinjalo, nzame ukutotobisana nazo, njengokuba nam ndandiyaliwe ngu bawo u 930[3] ukuba nditantamise kwabaxakekileyo, okunene oko ndikuzamile ko ndingafezanganto.

"Nditsho ke lusapo luka Adam,—nani ndiyaniyaleza ukuba maze igcinane,— ndiyamyaleza kuni unyana wam u 1932, nditi maze nizame ukusebenzisana kakuhle naye, nipatane ngobubele—yena ke imini zake ziyakuba mfutshane kunezam; kuba noko nina niyakuti lusukwana lunye amfutshane[4] ngalo, tina kowetu usuku olunye lungangonyaka ukuxabiseka kwalo nomsebenzi walo. Ayandipelela ke amazwi kweso situba zinkosi zam!

Awu!!!
Ewe kaloku kuyavakala,—
Kuyavakal' ukuteta kwendoda.
Isepin' indod' esayolelayo?
Esalubizay' usapo lwayo?

---

3. *ngu bawo u u 1930*
4. *Imibengo* substitutes *qha amde* for *amfutshane*.

basis and draw blood; and you will be blamed for that as if you were responsible for the bloodshed, they'll blame you constantly. A year is praised, my son, for rain, and bountiful harvest, though even that has its own problems, because the sons of humans become bent on war when their stomachs are full, they tend to criticise and complain in times of drought, and that impels them to further violence and uproar. And so, my son, you must be strong and steadfast, and stand firm like a man. The sons of Adam can speak highly of a man who has done well.

"To you inhabitants of the land, this man 1931 leaves the following word: I thank you, my lords, sons of Adam, for the delight and joy with which you welcomed me when I arrived; I thank you too for the goodness you showed to one another in the course of this year. I congratulate those who were born in my term of office and I wish them good health; may they become men and women who will be the salt of the earth. I sympathise with those who suffered misfortune and lost their friends and their homes in this period; and I feel for those who suffered severe flu, and were tossed into jail though innocent. I have charged my son 1932 to look after such destitutes, and strive to support them just as I was charged by my father 1930 to tread gently with those in difficulty; indeed I've tried to do so, but with little success.

"To the children of Adam I say: I also charge you to care for each other – I commit to you my son 1932, and ask you to strive to work harmoniously with him, and to treat one another with kindness – his days will be more than mine; because although you'll say he'll be longer[1] by one day, for us at home one day is as important and valuable as a year. I'm running short of words at this point, my lords!"

Oh!
Yes indeed it's remarkable –
the speech of a man is remarkable.
Where does a man still make a death wish?
Who still assembles his family?

1. Mqhayi errs in suggesting the leap year 1932 will be shorter by a day; Bennie's emendation in *Imibengo* corrects this, as we do.

Basepin' onyan' abasavumayo,
Ukuzitwal' inzima zoyise?
Nakal' izolo namhla nisiti,
Iminyaka mib' ibukuqekile.
Yay' iminyak' ilila isiti,—
"Onyana baka Adam babukuqekile"

Zilungisen' indlela zenu bantu;
Upel' umona nentlebendwane,—
Lipel'iratshi nokutand'amawonga.
Ngubanin' ozakupat' ihlabati?
Alipate ngezandl' ezimsulwa
Kuba zipelelw' izikumkani
Zingenelwe ngumhlwa nempehla
Nango kamb' ungen' umnyaka,—
Taruni nto zakowetu!
Ncincilili!!!

Where can you still find sons who agree
to bear their fathers' burdens?
You cried today and yesterday, saying,
"These are bad years, they're topsy-turvy."
Yet the years in turn cry out, saying,
"The sons of Adam are topsy-turvy."

People, mend your ways;
end envy and backbiting,
end pride and lust for status.
Who will rule the world,
rule it with blameless hands?
Because kingdoms have been obliterated,
destroyed by rust and rot.
A year makes its entrance there, to be sure.
Peace to you, my people!
    I end there!

40

I-Kilisimesi

"Wamzala unyana wake wamazibulo, wamsongela eziqiyeni wamlalisa emkumbini wesitali, ngenx' enokuba bebengena-ndawo endlwini yabahambi." Luka 2:7

Yizani mawetu!
Yizani mawetu!
Yizani samkele,
Samkel' u Kumkani.
Yizani nivuya,
Nisenz' imihlali;
Lo Yesu uzelwe.—
Lo Yes' ufikile!

Kufik' ingqonyela!
Ayingo Herode,
Ayingo Pilati,
Ayingo Kesare;
Ngu Mangangalanywa,
Yint' eyalatwayo;
Yint' eyaxelwayo.
Yinto eyabikwayo.

Kufik' u-Magama;
U-Mangangalanywa,
I Tole le Ntombi,—
Yase Nazarete.
Kufik' u-Ngonyama!

Christmas (1931)

"And she gave birth to her first-born, a son, and wrapped him in swaddling cloths, and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn." Luke 2:7

Come, my people!
Come, my people!
Come let's welcome,
let's welcome the king.
Come rejoicing,
creating merriment;
this Jesus is born –
this Jesus has come!

The One Above All has come!
He isn't Herod,
he isn't Pilate,
he isn't Caesar;
He's Anticipated,
the one indicated,
the one foretold,
the one announced.

Many Names has come;
Anticipated,
Calf of a Maiden
of Nazareth.
Lion has come!

U-Ngcambu ka Jese;
Int' ebiko kade,—
Ngapambi kwe ntlanga.[1]

Ufik' elusana,—
Ezalwa, yintombi;
Etabat' ubuntu,—
Inyama negazi;
Ufike walala.—
Esongwe nge qiya;
Walal' estalini,—
Kub' engenandawo.

Mawetu yizani!
Kufik' indab' enkulu;
Izizwe zomhlaba;
Mazime nge nyawo;
Intlanga mazive,
Mazishunyayezwe;
Kuz' ingangalala,
U-Mangangezulu!

Be-Sutu yivani,
Nixelel' abanye;
Yivani Ma-Zulu
Lomtet' utsho kuni,
Xelelan' abanye
Kufike Ongaka;
Ongu Manyuweli
U-Tixo unati.

Xelelan' izizwe,—
Nani ma-Tshangana!
Aviwe u-Yesu
Kwela ma-Ndebele.

---

1. *ntlange*

Jesse's Root;
who's always been there –
before every race.

He came as a baby,
born of a virgin;
he took on humanity,
flesh and blood;
he came and slept,
wrapped in a cloth;
he slept in a stable:
there was no other place.

Come, my people!
The great news has come;
the world's nations
must stand on their feet;
the races must listen,
they must be preached to;
the mighty one's coming,
Vast As Heaven!

You Sotho, listen,
tell the others;
you Zulu, listen,
this commandment's for you,
tell the others,
His Majesty's come,
who's Emmanuel,
God With Us.

Tell the nations –
you too, Tshangana!
Let Jesus be heard
in Ndebeleland.

Nanko k' u Kumkani.
Makev' ama-Swazi
Udabol' olumnandi.

Nanko k' u-Sonini,
Sonini nanini!
Kumzuzu nikala
Niti "Sikelela"!
Nibik' i-Afrika,—
Kwa nopondo lwayo.
Namhl' iza nge siqu,—
Namhl' iza ngo qobo.

Namhla kuz' u-Yesu!
Weziq' ezitatu;
Ix'wane le Xwane,
I Mvana ye Mvana;
Namhla kuz' u-Jayi!
U Jay' wezihlwele;
U-Nyan' oyintanda,
Intanda ku Yise.

Yizan' abuliswe
Siti ma-Afrika;
Simk'up' estalini
Kwa nase mkumbini;
Emk' emahashini
Nase zinkomeni;
Ajizw' isitsaba,
Atwesw' ubukosi.

Makanikw' indawo
Afanelwe yiyo;

There then's the king.
The Swazi must hear
the good news.

There then's Eternal,
Everlasting!
You've long been complaining
saying, "Bless"!
Proclaim Africa –
and her horn.[1]
Today it comes in person –
today the true Africa comes.

Today Jesus comes!
He of the Three Godheads;
Lamb of the Lamb,
Kid of the Kid.
Today Jayi comes!
Jayi of the hosts;
the beloved Son,
his Father's favourite.

Come have him adored
by us Africans;
we'll take him from the stable
and from the manger,
leaving the horses
and the cattle,
to have a crown placed on his head,
invested with royalty.

Let him be given a place
befitting him

1. The reference is to "*Nkosi sikelel' iAfrika*", the lyrics of which (apart from the first stanza) Mqhayi composed and which have been incorporated into the current national anthem: see Mqâyi, "*Umhobe ka-Ntu*" (1927: 30–2).

Ezintliziyweni
Zetu ma-Afrika.
Yivani ma-Mpondo!
Nama-Mpondomise.
Yivani ma-Baca!
Nani ma Xesibe.

Uza no butyebi,
Obungenambali;
Uza no buncwane
No bukazi-kazi;
Uza no bulumko
No bumb'eje-mb'eje;
Uza no bugora;
Uza no loyiso.

Uza no loyiso
Lwe ntonga ye ntsimbi!
Uhlekez' izizwe
'Kwezitya zomdongwe
Uza enamandla
Egob' egungxula;
Ek'usel' abake,
Ecit' abom Tyoli.

Hozan' Enyangweni
Ozayo ngenxa yam:
Yizani ma wetu,
Yizani ma-Xosa;
Nantso namhla' i-Nkosi,
Nank' u-Mesiyasi;
Lo Yesu uzelwe,
Lo Yes' ufikile.

Ncincilili!!!

in the hearts
of us Africans.
Listen, Mpondo!
And you Mpondomise.
Listen, Bhaca!
And you Xesibe.

He comes with riches
immeasurable;
he brings prosperity
and glory;
he brings wisdom
of varied hues;
he comes with courage;
he comes with victory.

He comes with victory
from a rod of iron!
He sunders nations
like earthen vessels.
He comes with power
to bend and demolish,
protecting his own,
while scattering the Slanderer's.

Hosanna in the highest.
He who comes because of me:
come, my people,
come, you Xhosa.
There today is the Lord,
there's the Messiah.
This Jesus has been born,
this Jesus has arrived.

I end there!

41

U 1931 no 1932

"Nisikelelwe maAfrika Bantu Bam."

Wadlul' omdala wangen' omtsha!
Wafik' omtsha wegqit' omdala.—
Uz' ufumbet' amashwa namashwangusha;
Uz' ufumbet' intsikelelo namatamsanqa;
Uz' ufumbet' impilo nezikuhlane;
Uz' ufumbet' ubumnandi nosizi;
Uz' ufumbet' ubutyebi nobuhlwempu;
Uz' ufumbet' ukuwa nokupakama;
Uz'ufumbet' int' ezininzi,—
"Nisikelelwe maAfrika bantu bam!"

Umnyak' omdal' ubukwanjalo nawe;
Noyise noyisemkulu wayenjalo naye;
Ngokwesiko lakokwabo beminyaka,
Ukususel' emapakaden' amzuzu,—
Kude kuye kwezay'[1] amapakade!
Wangen' omdala sinamatemb' amakulu;
Savuya sagcoba senza nemihlali;
Sax'ela nempahla sapalaz' igazi,—
Sihlamba ilizwe ngenxa yomnyak' omtsha,—
"Nisikelelwe maAfrika bantu bam!"

1. *Inzuzo* has *kwazayw'*.

1931 and 1932 (1932)

"Blessed be my people, Africans."[1]

The old one's gone, the new one's entered!
The new one's arrived, the old one's passed by –
it comes clutching doom and misfortune;
it comes clutching blessings and fortune;
it comes clutching health and illness;
it comes clutching joy and grief;
it comes clutching wealth and poverty;
it comes clutching falling and rising;
it comes clutching many things –
"Blessed be my people, Africans!"

The old year was just the same;
its father and grandfather just the same,
according to annual family custom,
from time immemorial, antiquity –
on to impending eternity!
The old year entered with great hope for us;
we rejoiced, feasted, made merry;
we slaughtered oxen, spilling blood –
purging the land for the New Year –
"Blessed be my people, Africans!"

1. Isaiah 19:25 has "Blessed be Egypt my people".

Sangena kambe kulonyaka we 1932
Sangen'ingxokolo yomnyaka' oyingxaki;
Sangen' uninzi lwabantu luzibija;
Sangen' izizwe zinkwantya zisoyika;
Sangen' izikumkani zimi lumere;
Sangen' indlal' izambatisil' izizwe;
Sangena ngemfazwe namare emfazwe.
"Nisikelelwe maAfrika bantu bam!"

Akuko ngozi yake[2] yeza nomnyaka,
Umnyaka sicak' esitunywe Pezulu,
Ukuza kugcinel' abantu ixesha;
Ingozi ikuwe, ikuw'esiqwini,—
Ngokohlobo lwako, ozipata ngalo,
Umnyak' ukupata ngokohlobo lwako.
Ngokohlobo lwako lwesimilo sako.
Ngoko yizamen' indili nesimilo,—
Ngazo nenz' umnyak' amaziny' abutuntu.
"Nisikelelwe maAfrika bantu bam!"

Wungeneni nidumisa umnyak' omtsha!
Wungeneni nitandaza umnyak' omtsha!
Ngobugora, ngoburoti, ngamatemba,—
Wungeneni ngenkolo nangokalipo,
Ongen' emsingen' ujonga ngapesheya;
Ongen' edabini ujong' ukoyisa,—
Aqize alahle zonk imbambezela,
Kwa nezirintyel' ezompitizelisa.
Lahlani ngoko zonk' izivukampunzi
"Nisikelelwe maAfrika bantu bam!"

Lahlan' imijojo nent' ezinamavumba,—
Inkos' eminyak' icasene nezonto.
Imilingo kuyo lisikiz' elibi;
Inkolo nenkolelo zizihlambezo.

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2. *Inzuzo* has *yakha*.

We've surely entered 1932,
we entered a year with manifold problems;
we entered on masses contorted;
we entered on nations trembling in fear;
we entered on quivering kingdoms;
we entered on hunger swathing the nation;
we entered on war and rumours of war.
"Blessed be my people, Africans!"

No year brought danger with it,
a year's a servant sent from Above
to come keep time for people;
danger lies within you, in you yourself –
in how you behave yourself,
the year will treat you as you treat yourself
in accordance with your conduct.
Therefore strive for a sober character –
with it you blunt a year's teeth.
"Blessed be my people, Africans!"

Bring in the new year with praise!
Bring in the new year with prayer!
With courage, valour and hope –
bring it in with active belief.
When you enter a stream you look ahead;
when you enter a battle you're set on victory –
you discard and shed impediments,
and the snares that occasion panic.
Discard, therefore, all stumbling blocks!
"Blessed be my people, Africans!"

Discard all ill fortune and stenches,
the Lord of years is opposed to such things.
Witchcraft's a foul repugnance to him;
belief and goodwill are cleansers.

Lahlan' amatola kwa nabavumisi.
Lahlan' osiyazi nabakafulayo,
Lahlan' izib'unqa zomti wokukwitsa,—
Balahleni bonk' otixo basemzini;
Nikumbul' ekaya ngemvo nangomx'elo,—
"Nisikelelwe maAfrika bantu bam!"

Ngenan' umnyak' omtsha!
Ngenan' umnyak' omtsha!
Ngenani ngombongo nezango zomoya;
Ngenani ngo Tixo nangelizwi Lake;
Ngenani ngetemba nizel' umbulelo;
Ngenani kamnandi sinomnyaka' omnandi.
Wandulelwe kade ligazi le Mvana,—
Wandulelwe kade li Tshaw' estaleni,—
Ufik' uluntu lonke seluno Tixo,—
Seluno Mhlekazi onguManyuweli.
"Nisikelelwe maAfrika bantu bam!"

Kamnandi zinkosi zesizwe, zohlanga!
Kamnandi zinkokeli nonke ngabanye!
Kamnandi zintsapo, nonke bantwanana!
Kamnandi mlisela! Kamnandi Mtinjana!
Kamnandi manene namanenekazi
Kamnandi madoda bafaz' abakulu!
Kamnandi mawetu! Kukude pambili!
Kamnandi ngendyebo nangentsikelelo,—
Nipile kamnandi ngawo lonyaka mtsha!
"Nisikelelwe maAfrika bantu bam!"

Discard rain makers and fortune tellers.
Discard the seers and doctors of troops,
discard the squirting potions[2] –
discard all foreign gods;
think of home with sincere devotion –
"Blessed be my people, Africans!"

Enter upon the new year!
Enter upon the new year!
Enter with praise and a liberal spirit;
enter through God and his word;
enter in hope full of gratitude;
enter with joy, we've a joyful year.
The blood of the Lamb has preceded it,
the Lord in the stable's preceded it;
he's already found all mankind with God –
already with Awesome Emmanuel.
"Blessed be my people, Africans!"

Happiness, chiefs of my nation and race!
Happiness, leaders one and all!
Happiness, families and all the children!
Happiness, maidens! Happiness, youths!
Happiness, ladies and gentlemen!
Happiness, men and senior women!
Happiness, my people! A long road lies ahead!
Happiness in abundance and blessings –
be happy in this new year!
"Blessed be my people, Africans!"

2. Kropf defines the verb *ukukwitsa* as "to blow or squirt out fluid, e.g. on an army to make it invulnerable, or to ban or drive away bad spirits" (1915: 209).

42

I Kresimesi ka 1934

"Hambani niye kumbikela u Johane izinto enizivileyo nenizibonileyo . . . Unoyolo ote akakhutyekiswa Ndim." Luka 7:22–23

Bhinqan' izikhaka ma Afrikakazi!
Lufikil' uhambo lwase Betilheme.[1]
Yenzan'um Rululu nenz' i Ngongobala,
Nivile n'intombi bath' ipheth' umtwana!
Bath' ipheth' unyana, uSfuba Sibanzi,—
Ingangamsh' Enkulu yakulo Mazulu.
Wathethwa phambili kwatwa ngu Manyweli,—
Oko ke kukuthi u Thixo unathi.

Bhinqan' izikhaka ma Afrikakazi!
Lufikil' uhambo lwase Betilheme.
Zintombi zabafo ezinomva nomsa.
Zanyul' u Mosisi ezingcongolweni.
Phathan' izibhembe niya kwa Mdlezana;
Phathan' amalizo niyakufukamisa;
Phathan' imibingo[2] niyakubingelela;
Phathan' iint' ezintle niya ku Mtan' Omhle.

Bhinqan' izikhaka ma Afrikakazi!
Lufikil' uhambo lwase Betilheme.
Mayivakal' intsholo icand'izixeko,

1. *Betilhme*
2. *Inzuzo* has *imibongo* (praises).

Christmas 1934 (1934)

"Go and tell John what you have seen and heard. . . Blessed is he who takes no offence at me." Luke 7:22–3

African women, bind on your leather skirts!
The journey to Bethlehem's come.
Perform the *Rululu* and *Ngongobala*,[1]
you've heard the virgin's bearing a child!
They say she's bearing a son, Broadbreast –
Great Ultimate of the Heavens,
announced in advance as Emmanuel –
in other words, God is with us.

African women, bind on your leather skirts!
The journey to Bethlehem's come.
Girls of fellows with status and tenderness.
They rescued Moses from the rushes.
Take baby food to the suckling woman;
take alms to the lady lying in;
take offerings to make a sacrifice;
take fine things to the Awesome One.

African women, bind on your leather skirts!
The journey to Bethlehem's come.
Let rejoicing resound through the villages

1. Kropf defines *ingongobala* as "a song at a drinking bout, accompanied with dancing in a nude state" (Kropf 1915: 123).

Ngendumas' enkulu yendiri nendili;[3]
Kothuk' abalali nabathandabuzi.
Iphel' imbhuzwano kwanempikiswano,
Ibeny' i Ngangamsha ne Nkosi yee Nkosi,—
Ibe lolo Sana lwase Betilheme.

Nani zirwalaxu fakan' imixhaga,
Nifak' ama Hobe kwa nezidabane,
U Mtheth' ufikile u Mthetho ka Mthetho;
Kufik' u Mqondiso nok' uphikiswayo.
Zithwalen' izindwe kukho nobutshaba,
Zingasal' iintonga 'bunzima bendoda;
Livumen' i Gwatyu niqul' amakhaka,—
Nimtsho no Sidyume nijong' int'ehlayo.

Xhoban' izirweq' i Nkos' ibe nomkhosi!
Ikrwana, ingcola, nengqanda, nentshuntshe.
Xhoban' i Nyaniso kwa nemvisiswano.
Yixhoben' i Nkolo no Thando ne Themba.
Bizan' obedlula omkiley' abuye,—
I Nkos' ifikile umzi mawuvane.
Jamhlanj' iindwalutho mazishumayele,
enyang' ithwasa nje ithwasa nolutho.

Xhobani mlisela nilandel' ooyihlo!
Lomkhos'uhlatywayo uhlatyelwa nina,
Le Nkos' ifikayo yokhungwa kwanini;
Ibongw' idunyiswe, ikhuselwe nini.
Yenzelen' umhobe nezango zeengoma,
Yenzelen' umbongo niyinik' iintliziyo.
Ifike kokwayo, ifik' e Afrika,—
Yenzelen' izidlo niyimemel' iimbutho.

Rolan' izihombo nani mlisazana!
Zifaken' iingcaca nibinq' ama Ula,

3. *Inzuzo* has *yendili ngendili*, probably with the same meaning.

with hubbub and commotion,
scaring sleepers and doubters,
ending the quizzing and bickering,
with just one Utmost and Lord of Lords left –
and that the Babe of Bethlehem.

And you, veterans, slip on your arm bands,
put on your war gear and decorations,
the Law has come, the Law of Laws;
the Sign has come though controversial.
Don your headdress, there's opposition.
Remember your clubs, the honour of men;
sing the *Gwatyu*[2] in hefting your shields –
sound *Sidyume* while keeping alert.

Join the chief's army fully armed
with assegais short, stabbing, pointed and long!
Armed with Truth and goodwill for each other,
armed with Faith, Hope and Charity.
Call back the bypasser and defector –
the Lord has come, let's live in harmony.
Let the illustrious preach today,
this month has appeared with something in hand.

Arm yourselves, boys, and follow your fathers!
This war cry that's sounded is sounded for you,
this Lord who's arrived will be worshipped by you,
praised, glorified and sheltered by you.
Make him a hymn and improvise songs,
make him a poem and give him your hearts.
He's come to his home, he's come home to Africa –
hold feasts for him, send out invitations.

You too, girls, take out your ornaments!
Put on shell headbands and oribi skins,

2. Kropf defines *iGwatyu* as a national song: "It came from the East before the war of 1846, and was first used by boys in reference to war; it was adapted in that war to fighting purposes" (Kropf 1915: 139).

Rolan' i Tyeleba no Mtho nom Tombothi;
Zip' izifikane! Bupin' ubulawu?
Nank' esiz' u Myeni u Makhanda Mathathu!
Phatan' izibane nigalel' i oli;
Afike zivutha afik' elindelwe;
Kuphela kwe Nkosi, kuphela kwe Tshawe;
Sixhaso se Zulu no Mhlaba no Lwandle.

Vukani bantwana namhla yimfuduka![4]
Yimfuduk'enkulu yesizwe siphela,
Kushiyw' amanxowa kusingw' e Ziyoni;
Kushiyw' ozinkolo kunye nezithethe;
Kushiyw' ama siko kunye neminyanya;
Kushiyw' ozintlondi kushiyw' imigidi,
Kushiyw' amanxowa agqib' imigqeku;
Namhla kuyahanjwa! Namhla kuyahanjwa!

Yizani ke sizwe nimbone nikholwe!
Yizani nizive izint' ezinkulu.
Nobika njanina ningabonanga nje!
Nibike ntonina ningakholwanga nje?
Nobona lusana lusesitalini,—
Maze nilucofe lungumntu kwayekwa;
Kanti ke kulapo kwaqhinelwa kona;
Zilaph' izigqibo zoThixo nabantu!

Hambani ke sizwe, mabandl' a Komkulu!
Magorha, maroti, namadela kufa!
Bikelan' abanye ababanjiweyo,—
Kuphil' imilwelwe kuhamb' iziqwala;
Ziyabon' iimfama kuve nezithulu.
Kuhlanjw' amaqhenqa kuvuswe nabafi;
Bikelan' u Yohan' aphez' intandabuzo.
Ufikil' Ozayo okad' elindelwe,—
"Unoyol' ongakhutyekiswanga[5] ku Yesu."

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4. *Inzuzo* has *yimfunduka.*
5. *Inzuzo* has *ongakhutyejiswanga.*

take out lavendar, mint and sandalwood.
Where's fragrant grass? Where's the family charm?
There comes Three Heads, the bridegroom!
Take out your lamps and fill them with oil
so he'll find them burning, with all expecting him;
he's the one Lord, the only Prince,
food of heaven, earth and ocean.

Wake up, children, it's exodus day,
the mass exodus of the whole nation!
Leaving homes bare as we journey to Zion;
leaving customs and beliefs;
leaving rites and the ancestors;
leaving ceremonies, initiation feasts;
leaving homesteads empty, a danger to children.
We're moving today! We're moving today!

Come, nation, see and believe in him!
Come hear these vital tidings.
How could you report if you'd not seen a thing?
What would you report if you didn't believe?
You'll see a babe in a stable –
touch him to see he's wholly human;
yet it's there that the pact was sealed for you,
there's the covenant between man and God!

Go then, nation, throngs of the Great Place!
Heroes, stalwarts, daredevils!
Tell others who suffer restraints –
the lame are healed and cripples walk;
the blind can see, the deaf can hear,
lepers are cleansed, the dead brought to life.
Tell John to stop his doubting.
The One Long Awaited has come –
"Blessed is he who takes no offence at Jesus."

43

U 1934 no 1935

Indoda enkulu engu "1934" kusekuvakele ukuba ilele ngandletyana nye; umkhuhlane uke wamayana awandule uqondwe yathi nayo yamana ukuzibika ihambhakuthe kuphi wayikhulela umkuhlane, yabonakala ivana nomandlalo wayo naphantsi kwelanga. Kubonakele kubikwa kubamelwane abakufuphi abathe nabo bakuba befikile bakhuza besithi, "Seyingu mkhuhlane wokuba ubikwe lo, ayisemkhuhlanana." Okwenene iweliwe imilambho enamagama, zahambha neencwadi, neengcingo kubikwa lo mkhuhlane. Waye umgulilo yena ngokwakhe esithi akeva ndawo ihlabileyo, nto nje ekhoyo isuke yalutyhafo, nesiyezi. Lento ke uthi uyive ukuthi nti kwayo kokuqala kwangenyanga yesi Limela; ithwasa nje eye Ntlaba selenento ayivayo; ithwasa nje le yom Sintsi selenqena ukuzibika ngobuntu obukhulu; ithwasa nje le ye Dwarha, sekukho abamana ukubuza ukuthi, "kuthenina So-35 lento ngathi akuziva mnandi?" Ithe kekaloku yakuthwasa le yeNkanga kwabonakala ukuba hayi yona ayisethwasele nto yimbhi. Ibe lulwandile olunjalo ke ezweni, ngenxa yokugula kwalowo mpakathi we Komkhulu eli Phezulu.

Into athe umguli lo wayinqwenela kakhulu ibe ngunyana wakhe omkulu, u "1935" igama lakhe; yakuba ke indodana leyo isondeziwe ngase mandlalweni woyise, uyamkele ngobubelekazi obungahlale busihla, wade wayisondeza intamo yayo wayanga; kwabonakala kaloku ukuba indoda enkulu le ixolisekile bubukho bonyana wayo. Inge ingathi nqumama umzuzu icinga, yathi mayihlaliswe kakuhle inamazwi efuna ukuwasingisa ku nyana wayo, imshiye nawo; kuba akusabonakali kuphila kuphi kuyo. Yakuba okunene lento yenziwe, ehleli unyana wayo ethiwe qabavu phambi kwayo; itshotozelisile indoda enkulu, kuba nelizwi lalise linendawo ebusilela, yathetha ngamandla, loomandlana

1934 and 1935 (1934)

Rumour has it that the old man 1934 is confined to bed; the sickness first appeared to be mild at one stage and it was not apparent. He constantly mentioned being unwell but kept up and going. As time went by the sickness worsened and he tended to rest in bed quite often even during the day. This state of affairs was reported to the neighbours who came and expressed their shock, saying, "This sickness must be made public, it's serious." Indeed people crossed famous rivers, letters were dispatched and telephone messages went out, announcing this sickness The patient insisted he felt no pain, only fatigue and dizziness. He sai he first felt these symptoms at the beginning of June, as July began he had started to feel unwell, by the beginning of September, like an adult, he was suppressing his sickness; by the beginning of October there were already some people who quietly inquired, "What's wrong, Father of 35, you don't look well?" By the beginning of November it became clear that it was nothing else but the start of the end of his life. The shock waves swept the whole country because of the illness of the counsellor of the Great Place in Heaven.

The invalid had a strong desire to be with his eldest son, 1935 by name. When the young man was brought closer to his father's bed, he welcomed him with kindness rarely seen. He even tugged his neck closer and hugged him, it was obvious that the old man was reconciled through his son's presence. He paused for a moment in contemplation, and said he should be seated comfortably because he had some words to impart to his son, to leave with him; because he seemed unlikely to live much longer. When this was duly done, with only his son seated before him, the old man spoke in a hoarse voice, because his voice was growing ever fainter, he spoke aloud, with the little strength he had.

abesekho, yawafincelela onke, umbono obuhlungu, olusizi, ithinte kuhle isikhohlela indoda enkulu, yatyhudisa ingaselilo nalo iphika yenjenje:

"Ndivuyile kakhulu nyana wam ukukubona kuse yile ntsuku nje, kuba ngathi ukuthetha kum kuya silela kanti ndinamaganyana amabini namathathu ebendinga ndingawa shiya kuwe. Thina lusapho lwase maxesheni asifaniswanga nosapho luka Adam indalo yethu. Thina ngokwesiko lakowethu, ithuba lethu lokuhlala elizweni siyalaziswa, siyalixelelwa asifani noonyana baka Adam bona baqutyulwa ngokwesela. Siphila tina intsuku ezimakhulu mathathu anamanci amathandatu anesihlanu, athi othe waphila kakhulu ongezelelwe umhla, into ke leyo thina kowethu, engangomnyaka wonke, ngohlobo lokubala komntu, lowo ke abe mihla ima 366.

Ndinga ungabaqonda nyana wam oonyana baka Adam endizakukushiya nabo ukuba bakhulu kwabo, okoba bangaphantsi kancinane kwizi thunywa zamazulu baye bedalwe ngemfano ka Thixo, eneneni[1] bangoo Thixo kuba benziwe ngomphefulo ka Thixo umphefumlo onobomi, baza ke bona baba ngumphefumlo ophilileyo. Koko bona abazazi ezondawo.

Ngenxa yokungazazi kwabo ke bangena kwiinkathazo ngeenkathazo, neenxwaleko ngeenxwaleko; nama tyala, neentlungu, namashwa nezifo, kanti enyanisweni balusapho lwa Komkhulu, bazindlamafa zabo bonke ubu Kumkani. Bazingenisa kumashwa eemfazwe, ekuphalazeni ama gazi omnye elowabo, bawenze unuke ube lisikizi nomhlaba ngenxa yalamagazi.

Indawo yesine; Apho kulusizi khona ke nyana wam uluntu, onyana neentombhi zika Adam, luzakuthi ke lwakubetwa ngezo zenzo zalo, uluve lusithi,— "lo mnyaka mbi,— unamalanga unezi fo, unendlala, uneemfazwe, uneenkumbi, xa batshoyo ke nyana wam wasakuphi ke [n]abo,—yenza kuphela wena oko ukuthunyiweyo.

Maze wenze kangangoko unakho mfo wam, ukuba ubahlalise kamnandi oonyana neentombhi zika Adam. Udumo lomnyaka lusekubeni iimvula zibekho, ilizwe libe lihle libe luhlaza, zingabikho izifo, neentlontlobo zezibetho, kubekho indyebo elizweni, iimfazwe ziphele,—kuthethwe ke, kubhalwe kude kushicilelwe kusithiwa, "Ubemhle lo mnyaka!"

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1. *eneni*

This was utterly exhausting, a painful and grievous sight. The old man cleared his throat and, straining against shortness of breath, he said:

"I'm very pleased, my son, to see you with just this one day left, because it seems my speech is fading from me, yet I have two or three little words I would dearly wish to leave with you. We the family of time have not been created in the same fashion as the family of Adam. According to our custom, we are told how long we are to live on earth, we are informed, unlike the sons of Adam, who are caught by surprise like a thief. We live for three hundred and sixty-five days, and anyone who lives longer has an extra day, which is like a whole year to us; in the calculation of people, that person would be 366 days old.

"I wish you would understand, my son, that Adam's offspring, with whom I am going to leave you, are very high in status, that they stand just below the heavens' angels, and that they have been created in the image of God. In reality, they are Gods because they have been created by the spirit of God, the spirit that has life, and therefore they became a living spirit. But they themselves do not know that.

"Because they do not know that, they get involved in crisis after crisis, one misfortune after another, in court cases, sufferings, calamities and sicknesses, yet they are actually children of the Great Place, heirs of the entire kingdom. They involve themselves in the tragedies of wars, spilling the blood of all their own people. They make the earth stink, polluted with blood.

"The fourth point: the sadness in this, my son, is that when mankind, the sons and daughters of Adam, are punished for those actions, they can be heard to say, 'This is a bad year – it's brought periods of disease, famine, war and locusts.' When they say that, my son, don't argue with them – just do what you've been sent to do.

"Do your best, my son, to keep the sons and daughters of Adam happy. The good reputation of each year derives from rainfall, when the country grows lovely and verdant, diseases and all variety of plagues are absent, the land yields abundance, and wars are no more – then people will speak, write and publish, saying, 'This year has been good!'

Udumo oluhle lomnyaka nyana wam lusekubeni bukhule ubulumko, nolwazi, nengqondo ngawo. Kuzalwe abafo neentokazi ezibuthandayo ubuzwe bazo, ezisifelayo isizukulwana saso—ezithanda inyaniso, ezithiya ubuxoki. Ziphephetheke ziphele izihange, nezigebenga, namasela, namaxoki, namavimbha, namamenemene, namaratshi.

Indawo yokugqibela: umhla wakho wokuya kwenza ingxelo yakho Komkhulu, nyana wam, mawukufikele ulungile; oko kukuthi,—uyawazi owona msebenzi sikholo wona thina ezweni,—umsebenzi wokubala amaxesha ka Thixo, nokushumayela ubukumkani bakhe kwizizwe, neelwimi, neentlanga ezingoonyana baka Adam. Ngoko ke lendawo ungaze uyiyekelele ukuze ube nengxelo entle phambhili,—i Nkosi ibe nawe ndodana! Uzifumane zonke iintsikelelo zooyihlo kwa noonyokokhulu! Ziphelile ezam iimini; ndiya kwabakowethu!!"

Ithe yakukhova ukutsho inzwan'enkulu, yazisongela kwase mandlalweni wayo, yalindela umhla wayo, neyure eyimiselweyo. Zaye intsimbhi zokuyamkela sezimana zivakala zikhenceza izinqam ngaphesheya, zibe ezokuyindulula sezimana ukuphukaneka zisitsho nang[a]phonoshono,—ezokwamkela unyana wayo ongu "1935" zazimana ukunqanuka nazo zi[s]itsho,—yonke lonto isemihlalini, nasekonwabeni.

Zibethen'iintsimbhi
Niyenz'imihlali!
Kugoduk'iNyange
Limka lichwaitile;
Limka ngemivuyo
Libulisa shushu!

Lide layolela,
Latheth'iz[i]xwexwe;
Limangil'unyana
Lambhula l[a]mgonya;
Zibethen'iintsimbhi.
Niyenz'imihlali!

Uyeza unyana,—
Iracaracana;

"The good reputation of a year, my son, derives from the extension in it of wisdom, knowledge and understanding. It should produce men and women who love their nation, who would die for its race – who love truth and hate lies. Murderers would be swept aside and eliminated, rogues and thieves, liars, misers, the crooks and the proud.

"The final point: your day for presenting your report to the Great Place, my son, must find you prepared; in other words – you know the task we are set in the country – the task of numbering God's times, and of proclaiming his kingdom to the nations, languages and races that are Adam's sons. So never lose sight of that if you want to present a good report in time to come – may the Lord be with you, young man! May you receive all the blessings from your fathers and grandfathers! My days are over; I am going to join my kin!"

After the handsome fellow had said this, he wrapped himself in his bedding and waited for the arrival of his day and appointed hour. The funeral bells welcoming him started tolling intermittently on the other side, and those for dismissing the congregation were heard ringing out of turn on this side – welcoming his son 1935. They rang intermittently – all of this in excitement and joy.

Ring the bells!
Arouse celebration!
The Ancestor's on his way home.
He leaves happily;
he leaves with joy,
offering warm greetings!

In the end he uttered his death wishes,
he spoke earnestly;
he embraced his son,
probed and fortified him;
Ring the bells!
Arouse celebration!

The son is coming –
brand new;

Intwan'engenani
Intwan'enga[t]hini;
Ithunywe lukhulu,
Ngum Zi wa Komkhulu!

Hamba ke kamnandi!
"1934."
Ungasilibali,—
Ap'eNyangwaneni!
Ngena ke! Ngena ke!
"1935."
Sithemb'intlal'entle
Nawe, njeng[o]yihlo.
Kholoko nqo! Khonqa—Khonqo!!

a youth without possessions,
a youth without any standing;
sent with a vital message
by the people of the Great Place.

Go well then,
        1934!
Don't forget us –
there in the heavens!
Come in then! Come in then,
        1935!
We hope for a good life with you,
as with your fathers.
Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!

44

I Jubhulu Yo Kumkani

"Makadl'ubom ukumkani"

Bikelan'izizwe zomhlaba,
Esinye sihlabe kwesinye,
Nenz' umrugwane ngumxokelelwane,
Nenz'intunta ka Ntuntanja;
Niwel'imilamb'enamagama.
Namhla sinesizath' esikhulu.
Sinendibanisela yezizwe.
Sinomanyano lwentlangantlanga.
Singama Britani.
    Singama Britani!

Namhla sibekiw'isitsaba,
Kwingangalal'enkulu yelizwe,
Ingangalala yeengangalala,—
Int'engatshonelwa nalilanga.
Sibekwe sayifanela,
Kuba siza sivela kude;
Sivela koo Joji boo Joji,
Nakw'iLungakaz'u Fitoli.
Singama Britani thina!
    Singama Britani ngenene!

The king's jubilee[1] (1935)

"Long live the king!"

Tell the nations on earth,
one linked to the next,
make a chain of links,
make an endless movement,
crossing famous rivers.
Today we have ample justification.
We have a union of nations,
a community of races.
We're British.
    We're British!

Today the crown's been placed
on the nation's highest authority,
authority of authorities –
on whom the sun never sets.
It was placed and it fitted him,
because it travelled a great distance;
it travelled from George son of Georges,
and from the just lady Victoria.
We're British, we are!
    We're British for sure!

1. George V celebrated the 25th year of his reign in May 1935 – and died in January 1936.

Kufikwe siduda sixhentsa;
Kufikwe sileq'amaleqe;
Kufikwe sityhatyhis' iingubo;
Kufikwe sigqolod'ingqaqu;
Kufikwe siphum'amaphulo,
Kufikwe sihamb'ozinqhina;
Kufikwe sikwel'amaqegu,—
Etwele macal'omabini.
Singama Britani kabawo!
    Singama Britani ngenene!

Kufikwe simem'imisitho;
Kufikwe sinuk'amagqwirha;
Kufikwe sikhonz'amagqirha;
Kufikwe sinqul'iminyanya;
Kufikwe sisiv'amatola
Kufikw' amagog'eligugu;
Kufikwe kumnyama ngo Yesu;
Kufikwe kumnyama ngemfundo;
Singama Britani madoda!
    Singama Britani ngenene!

Namhlanje senz'isikhumbuzo,
Sokubekwa kwe Nkos'isitsaba;
Iminyak' imashumi mabini,—
Iya ngesihlanu seminwe,
Kokhona sibhek' ebuntwini;
Kokhona sifuman' ukhanyo;
Kokhona sibon'u Qamata,—
Esabe simbona luzizi.
Singama Britani lusapho!
    Singama Britani ngenene!

Namhlanje sibona phi naphi!
Pesheya kweelwandle ngeelwandle,
Sibona phesheya kwamafu.
Kwinzongonzongo ye Zulu.

They found us dancing our dances;
they found us racing dowry oxen;
they found us shaking our robes in the dance;
they found us cavorting in the dance;
they found us setting forth to hunt,
they found us on hunting expeditions;
they found us riding oxen –
burdened on both sides.
We're British, my brother!
    We're British for sure!

They found us mounting festivals;
they found us smelling out witches;
they found us consulting diviners;
they found us invoking our ancestors;
they found us in thrall to war doctors,
they found us fond of soothsayers,
they found us unaware of Jesus;
they found us unaware of schooling.
We're British, men!
    We're British for sure!

Today we commemorate
the king's coronation;
twenty years –
increased by five.
Only now we're held to be human;
only now we receive the light;
only now do we see Qamata –
whom we once saw only vaguely.
We're British, kinfolk!
    We're British for sure!

Today we see everywhere,
across oceans of oceans!
We see beyond the clouds,
the very depths of heaven.

Sibona no Mlamb' ongu Mkence,
Norozo lwemithi yo Bomi.
Emagqab' aphilis' iintlanga.
Sibon' u Mzikazi ka Thixo,
"Makadl' ubom u Kumkani."
Ukumkan' u Joj'wesi Hlanu.
Singama Britani mawethu!
    Singama Britani ngenene!

We also see the River of Ice,
and a row of the trees of life,
whose leaves restore the races.
We see God's royal palace.
"Long live the king,"
King George V.
We're British, my friends!
    We're British for sure!

45

U Thung' umlomo II

"Wema." 2 Sam. 23:12

Kwiminyaka ekufuphi kumashumi amahlanu (50) eyadlulayo abavoti base Koloni badibana ngomsindokazi omkhulu kulo eli Qonce, beze kulwa idabikazi levoti yabo eyayihluthwa, bethungwe imilomo emthethweni. Lowo ke yayingu Thung' umlomo I. Idabikazi elo laphuma nemikhuthuka macal' omabini.

Namhla ke, ngosuku lwe 18, nolwe 19 kuyo le Nyanga yom Sintsi (18th and 19th Sept.), sifikelwe lelinye idungamzi, lokuhluthwa kwevoti ngu Rulumente,—kwayawa gileka imikhuthuka macal' omabini; kuloko indab' otyelo ayikholi ma Laundini!!

Mna ke ngoko Mbongi ye Sizwe,—
Ndivile ngeendlebe ndabona ngamehlo;
Ndaziv' izithonga zenkanunu nesinandile;
Yasebez' imbumbulu yathi,—
Mpi na mpi—nampi nampi-i-i-i,
Kwaw' umkhuthuka ngapha nangapha,
Phakathi kwentshinyela yomsi.

The Gag No. 2 (1935)

"He took his stand." 2 Samuel 23:12

Almost fifty years ago the voters of the Cape Colony gathered in a furious rage in King William's Town to fight the great battle for their vote which had been removed, and their mouths were stitched by legislation. That was The Gag No. 1.[1] That great battle resulted in fatalities on both sides.

Today, on 18 and 19 September, we have been visited by a second domestic disrupter – the removal of our votes by the government – which once again inflicted casualties on both sides, but news that's transmitted doesn't satisfy, my fellows!

Therefore I, the Poet of the Nation –
I've heard with my ears and seen with my eyes;
I heard the reports of cannon and snider;
the bullet swished past and said,
Mpi na mpi – nampi nampi-i-i,
bodies fell on this side and that,
in the midst of a dense pall of smoke.

1. The Parliamentary Voters Registration Act was passed in September 1887. "Known by Africans as *Tung'umlomo* (The sewing up of the mouth), this Act extended the franchise to the newly acquired Transkeian Territories, but changed the rules by invalidating tribal tenure as a basis for the property qualification . . . *Tung'umlomo* was the culmination of several years of efforts on the part of the colonists to have African voting rights restricted" (Odendaal 2012: 114).

Yayibambhene ngezihlwitha ndakujonga,—
Yatsho, yatsho yatsho, yakhangelana
Siboleken' indodana,
Soninika phezolo!
Wez' umfo wasemlungwin' equle wagqiba,
Zajamelan' inkunz' emnyama nemhlophe;
Yeza ngobungwe kub' iyiqethul' eyakwa Zulu;
Saye sisit' akukho nkunzi kwa Zulu,
Nkunzan' ikhoyo sisaphuselana.
Ubuthenin' ukuz' uyokuqala kuma nkonyana?
Lihlazo lanin' eli kwinkunz' engaka?
Ukufuman' udyobhel' abantwan' iswekile,
Ut' as[i]liboni n' iqer' elo ngaphaya kwayo?
Uyabona ke mfo wase mlungwini,
Thina sihlala sikuxelela,
Sisithi lomzi ka Rharab' uyalumaluma;
Uno Noncangeziduli no Ncamigubasini.
Uno Nomeva noo Nomanxedlana;
Mhlamnye bayasuzel' ezindlebeni;
Umke phambi kwexesh' obulicingile.
Maz' emnyam' isalele,—
Yiyeken' ivuk' i[s]e liwasakazi;
Kant' ukuzal' iya kuzal' ilungakazi;
Ndathanda ma Laundini ndathanda!
Uya kuthethwa ngeka Hintsa wena,
Ayidluli kubamb' inkunzi ngempondo.
Uya kuthethwa ngemfazw' eZembhe wena!
Kant' ayidlule kuma phambhi kwenyathi,
Inyath' emathyobozo seyifun' emntwini.
Uva wena kunconyw' eka Mlanjeni,
Kant' ayidlule kubambana nengwenya,
Ingweny' enjombor' isesizibeni
Ndathanda mathol' amadoda, ndathanda!

As I see it, they'd grabbed each others' hair –
they slugged it out, eyeball to eyeball!
Lend us a young man,
we'll return him last night!
The white man came armed to the hilt,
the black and the white bull glared at each other;
the white bull pounced like a leopard to topple the Zulu,
and we said there's no bull in KwaZulu;
the bullock there's denied mother's milk:
why start the fight with feeble calves?
What a disgrace for a bull like you,
enticing the children with sugar!
Do you think we don't see the hidden hook?
You see, white fellow,
we've always told you
this Rharhabe house has a nasty bite;
it has forces concealed behind antheaps and doorframes.
It has wasps and vicious hornets;
on occasion they sting you about the ears,
dispatching you before you expected.
The black cow's still asleep –
let it wake still black and white-bellied,
yet it gives birth to a black-and-white flecked calf;
I rejoiced, my mates, I rejoiced!
You'll be linked to the War of Hintsa
as one who took the bull by the horns.
You'll be linked to the War of the Axe,
as one who stood in the path of a buffalo,
a buffalo charging a man.
You hear praise for Mlanjeni's War,[2]
but no higher than someone who grapples a crocodile,
a ferocious crocodile in a deep river pool.
I rejoiced, calves of men, I rejoiced!

2. On the century of frontier wars, see Milton (1983) and Mostert (1992).

Mathol' ezirwalaxu, zo Nyongande kudlelana;
Imin' enamandla yeyanamhla neyangomso,
Eyezolo seyiphantsi kweenyawo.
Iyaluma lenja! Iyaluma lenja-a-a!
Lama Hlath' akwa Hoho, ndinamanwele.
Sikhe sev' int' int' isithi, "Haarfu-u-u!"
Suk' ayabi ngonyam' ayabi ngulube,
Sithe sakuya ko Siyazi,—
Bathi ngabanini baloomahlathi,
Bayaphefumla bev' ukuxinzeleleka.
Kwamnandi mfondini ka Sishuba,
Kwamnandi sibonel' amadodan' edlala.
Kautsho ka Sikit' ubone njanina wena?
Uyibonile na x' ihlab' udiz' ihlab' impakatha?
Umbonile n' umSuthu wase Gqili,—
Int' ebhule yatsho waphel' uMbete.
Uyikhangele n' ikwe ka Dippa kwa Majola,
Int' ebinz' ipholile ngokom Ngqika kanye;
Int' ebinz' ithandaz' itaruzisa.
Umbonile n' umTembu wakwa Dlomo;
Int' edubul' int' ewayo ngezi Godlo.
Ndathanda nto zika Jabavu zakwa Jili zakwa Masengwa kuma Singawothi;
Lento kuni seyisisicakathi.
Linijongil' ilizwe, unijongil' uMgcawezulu,
Ndimbonile x' aman' ukujiwul' edlisela.

Calves of compassionate nobles, Lean Hip from sharing all;[3]
the day of power's today and tomorrow,
yesterday's already done and gone.
This dog bites! This do-o-og bites!
My hair stands on end for the Hoho forests.[4]
We once heard something, something say *"Haarfu-u-u!"*
It was neither a lion nor bush pig.
When we consulted the seers
they said it was the forest owners,
breathing, feeling the pressure.
It was pleasant, son of Sishuba,[5]
it was pleasant watching the young men at play.
Son of Sikiti, tell us what you saw.[6]
Did you see it stabbing left and right?
Did you see the Sotho man from the Orange,
who thrashed the dew till it disappeared?
Have you watched Dippa's boy, a Majola clansman,[7]
who strikes coolly like a true Ngqika,
who strikes while praying and begging forgiveness?[8]
Did you see the Thembu, a Dlomo clansman,[9]
who shoots and drops his mark with his horns?
I rejoiced, sons of Jabavu, Jili, Masengwa of Masingawothi;
this to you's like a baby's herb drink.
The country's observing you all, Mgcawezulu's observing you all,
I saw him, bragging with arms always swinging.

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3. The noun *isirwalaxu* is unknown, but Mqhayi used a similar phrase in an article on *Amagora e-Vangeli* (Heroes of the Gospel), "*Matol' ezirwalaxu, matol' o-Nyongande*" (Mqhayi 2009: 437). On *nyonga nde* see item 38, note 2.
4. The forested flanks of the mountain that rises above the Pirie mission station, the site of many battles.
5. Isaiah Goda Sishuba (1865–1914) helped to form the Ethiopian Church of the United South Africa in 1912.
6. Perhaps Alfred Sikiti, headman of Donnington from 1922 to 1954 (Hammond-Tooke 1958: 127); or Jeremiah Sikiti (Solilo 2016: 370–3).
7. James Dippa was ICU provincial secretary of the Eastern Cape (Wickins 1978: 85).
8. Hunters apologise to the prey while killing it.
9. Dlomo was an ancestor of the Thembu royal line.

Phath' int' etsolo mtaka Thikoloshe,
Likubhungile lonk' elasema Xhoseni,
Kuthiw' unento yokwenza nabafazi bamadoda!
Siyabulela Ngqondela ngokusamkela!
Int' ejong' inzwane zamany' amadoda,
Kant' iyazibon' intshiyi zombhini.
Maqobokazana! Maqobokazana!!
Ndathanda nakukhwezel' eziko,
Mfaz' onesidim' uphang' eziko ngondwendwe,
Ntshontsho lembhiza ngu Nopotyi,—
Kant' imbhiz' enkulu ngu Gqibithole.
Nkonyan' ebhekile ngu Nomenteshe,
Ngunina ka Nomentesh' iBhuje.
U Fephiwe lo ngumkhuluwa wakhe.
Ndathanda nakuwathand' amadod' omkhosi!
Nakuwanqak' amadela kuf' ohlanga.
Bantwana basekhaya, ma Hotyazana!
Hay' ukuswel' iinkomo,—
Zintl' iintombi zesixeko!
Mfo ka Mqhomo noka Magobiyane,
Bafundisi besizwe nohlanga.
Ndathanda nakulwa bafondini!
Itsh' iMbhongi ye Sizwe no Hlanga.
Sihlala sinixelela ke ma Africa!
Lusapho luka Ham u So Kushe;
Sisithi, nasakulahla konk' okwenu.
Kusek' iimin' ezimbh' ekuhlaleni!
Wabizen' amagqwira sihlamban' iinduma!
Makeze kufundis' intsebenzo yemithi;
Imithi yakowethu mayinced' uhlanga;
Mayijale sakujala, mayilwe sakulwa;
Bizan' amagqwira sithetathetane,—
Apez' ukubulal' ekhay' intshaba zihleli,
Hinje Thontsi? Hi-nje Kalpenisi?

Carry a lance, Tikoloshe's child,
all Xhosaland conspires against you,
they say you have business with other men's wives!
We thank you for your welcome, Ngqondela,
who looks at other men's toes,
seeing both of the eyebrows.
Maidens! Maidens!
I rejoiced to see you fan the flames,
a dutiful wife flies to the hearth for a visitor.
The little pot's name is *Nopotyi,*–
but the big pot's name is *Gqibithole.*
The calf pot's name is *Nomenteshe,*
Nomenteshe's mother is *Bhuje*,
Fephiwe's its elder brother.[10]
I rejoiced at your love for the warriors
when you feed the nation's daredevils!
Children of my home, young doves!
How bad it is to lack cattle –
the local girls are so pretty![11]
Sons of Mqhomo and Magobiyane,
teachers of nation and people:
I rejoiced to see you fight, fellows!
So says the Poet of Nation and People.
We've constantly told you, Africans,
offspring of Ham the father of Cush:
don't discard your possessions,
bad days are still in the offing!
Summon witches so we wash each others' wounds!
Let them come teach us how potions work:
let our home cures serve the nation.
Let them sulk when we sulk, fight when we fight.
Summon witches for us to consult –
so they stop killing us instead of our enemies.
Not so, Thontsi? Not so, Kalpenisi?

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10. These name the various sizes of pots.
11. Without cattle as dowry a marriage cannot be concluded.

Wadl' uSindiyandiya, yadl' intsihlo;
Wadl' uMavumbuka, wadl' uMalingatshoni;
Sadl' isikhwili, sadl' isikhali;
Zadl' iinyosi, badl' oNomanxedlane;
Wadl' umDlebe, sadl' isaphompolo;
Wadl' umbane, wadl' umgubo kaPhezulu
Yekan' amagqwir' afundis' ubulumko
Zatsh' izithonga! Zatsh' izithonga!
Zathi, Ndhi! Ndhi! Ndhi i-i-i!
Zathi, gudlu-gidli-gulukudlu-u-u!
Yalwa, yalwa, yalwa, yajongana!
Betha ngebhunguza nto ka Tyamzashe!
Ka Mejana, ka Oya ka Tshangisa.
Lento kuwe seyikukutyiwa kwenkobe.
Sewuvel' elezindawen' eziphambhili.
Ndathanda Bomoyi ka Cedume!
Basuka be Tyobeka be Tyobeka!
Wath' oko bekungoko, ngoku kungoku;
Watsh' utheth' int' esithetha yona.

Sindiyandiya bit, the caper bush bit;[12]
the *mavumbuka* bit, the *malingatshoni* bit;[13]
the lance bit, the spear bit;
bees bit, wasps bit;
ironwood bit, black ants bit;[14]
lightning bit, Heaven's Powder bit.
Let the witches propound their wisdom.
Shots rang out! Shots rang out!
Ndhi! Ndhi! Ndhi-i-i!
Gudlu-gidli-gulukudlu-u-u!
They fought and fought, eyeball to eyeball!
Strike with your knobkerrie, son of Tyamzashe,
of Mejane, Oya, Tshangisa![15]
This to you is like eating cooked mielies.
You've been to more significant places.
I rejoiced, Bhomoyi son of Cedume![16]
They Fumbled About, Fumbled About!
You said that was then, now is now,
saying exactly what we were saying;

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12. *Bersama lucens* (Dold and Cocks 1999: 16); Giles Mbambezeli of Kirstenbosch Botanical Garden notes that "the Zulus use the bark as medicine to relieve menstrual pain and to treat cases of impotency and barrenness. The leaves and the roots have been reported to have caused death. This tree is also regarded as a magical protector against evil spirits" (http://www.plantzafrica.com/plantab/bersamluc.htm, accessed on 8 January 2016). *Intsihlo* is *Capparis sepiaria* or *tomentosa*, according to Dold and Cocks (1999: 19), medicinal plants.
13. *Mavumbuka* is *Sarcophyte sanguinea* (Dold and Cocks 1999: 118). These are plants used as diuretics.
14. Kropf glosses *umdlebe* as white ironwood, and notes that "when made into powder and sprinkled it is believed to drive away the enemy" (1915: 81). *Isapompolo* is glossed as a species of black ant; the definition includes the statement: "The body of a person accused of witchcraft is sprinkled with water and then covered with these vicious ants, so that the person may be driven by his suffering to make confession" (1915: 336).
15. Tyamzashe is probably Henry Daniel Tyamzashe (1880–1951), the journalist son of Gwayi Tyamzashe (1844–96). Tyamzashe, Mejane, Oya and Tshangisa are his ancestors, members of the Rhudulu clan of the Mpondomise.
16. Bhomoyi son of Cedume was a member of the Zima clan of the Thembu, from whom Mqhayi's ancestors derived: see Mqhayi (2009: 166–7).

Ewe, nto kaPhendla, tol' lakomkhulu
Nawe ka Mama mathol' amaramncwa;
Ewe nto ka Phaphu neka Mphuthing
Singakushiyi nganto mfo ka Mvambo,
Nawe ka Sigila, nawe ka Mzazi;
Lingaphel' ixesha mfo ka Jorha ka Mehlala,
Xa kuvuke nabasema Tsitsikama,—
Kuvakuvuk' iinyoka nemililo yo Ndlutshile.
Kwakubi Mfene, kwakubi!
Yakugudl' ingadl' enyameni;
Mfondini ka Jingiso wakwa Hlathi,
Wemi Thwaku yo Nonyinkobe;
Asi Mfen' ukuthi "Hirti" kweziny' iimfene!
Siyayidel' indinyana ka Thikoloshe.
Aqal' amadod' aman' ukopisa,—
Siwaqaphula nge ngadla yakwa Rharabe.
Ngengadla yakomkhulu kwa Butsolo bentonga
Valan' amazibuko ba Temb' eMthatha!
Seyisiza ngobunchuka wosel' uyosela.
Nathi siyibambhe ngeswili negazi;
Ubusandul' ukosel' iNjengele ngezolo
Yemka ngemixawuka namageduka;
Yemka ngokuthobela nokunyubela;
Kube kabini kathathu ma Laundini!
Taru mzi wenkosi ngalamachapaza,
Yint' ekubona kub' iMbhongi!
Taruni ndiyataruzisa!!
    Ntsho, Ntshobololo,—
Ngokwe nkwenkwez' ingen' efini!!

yes, son of Phendla, calf of the Great Place,
and you, Mama, calves of wild beasts;
yes, sons of Phaphu and Mphuthing,
not omitting you, son of Mvambo,
and you of Sigila, and you of Mzazi;
I could talk forever, son of Jorha, of Mehlala,
when even those from Tsitsikamma have risen –
the snakes and fires of Ndlutshile will rise.[17]
Things turned out badly, Mfene, really badly,
when the lancet rubbed against flesh!
Jingiso's fellow of the Hlathi clan,[18]
of Nonyinkobe's St Matthews,
baboon that calls "*Hirti*" to other baboons!
We scorn Tikoloshe's small contribution.
Men began to bleed –
we bleed them with a Rharhabe blade,
the blade of the Rharhabe's Great Place.
Block the fords at Mthatha, Thembu!
Like a hyena it comes: strike the fatal blow.
We too have grabbed it by guts and by blood;
you fatally wounded a general just yesterday,
who fled up screes and hillsides;
who accordingly fled, sneaking away.
It happened two or three times, my friends!
Thanks, home of my chief, for these few lines,
A poet always sees unpleasant things!
Peace, peace, I beg you!
    I disappear! I vanish
like a star penetrating a cloud!

17. On Ndlutshile, see item 20, note 19. Mvambo might be Samuel Mvambo, a teacher who served as secretary at the inaugural meeting of *Imbumba yamanyama*, an early African political organisation, in 1882: see Wauchope (2008: 172–5).
18. Canon Arthur E. Jingiso.

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Umbongo Nge Abyssinia

Amazwi amakhulu e Mbongi-Yesizwe Jikelele

Awu!!!
Kwakha kwanje phina nkomo zo Noqazo?
Nang'amadela kuf'akwa Kushe!
Izidla-mlilo zase Topiya.
Izirhanini-zezirhanini!
Ndathanda ma NoNgqika,—
Ndathanda nkomo zika Phalo.
Zatsho ndikude,—
Zatsho phezulu kweleentaba:
Kwelama Kafa nama Gala;
Zatsho ngaphaya kwelama Jiji;
Nganeno kwelama Somali,—
Ngasentla kwe Sikhalimanjalo!
Sathanda simabandla ka Phalo!
Koko zitsho sise Zangcibeni;
Ekungeneni kwemilamb'elwandle.
Lanuk' igazi[1] lotshaba,—
Sayisezel'imfazwe ngevumba,
Ngokwamahash'emfazwe kanye.
Kanisibolek'indodana soninika phezolo!
Amadodan'okudl'imityekezo yomlilo
Zatsho kamnandi!
Zatsho kamnandi matol'ase Sheba:

1. *Lank'igazi*

A poem on Abyssinia (1935)

Ringing words from the Poet of the Whole Nation

Oh!
Where else did this ever occur, Noqazo's children?
Here are the House of Cush daredevils,
the fire-eaters of Ethiopia![1]
Proper disrupters of order!
I rejoice, mother of Ngqika,
I rejoice, sons of Phalo.
It started when I was far away –
high up in mountain ranges
in the land of the Kafa and Gala,
beyond the land of the Jiji;
it started this side of Somaliland –
on the other side of Kilimanjaro!
We rejoiced as people of Phalo!
But we were at Zangcibeni when it started,
where rivers join to enter the sea.
The blood of the enemy stank –
we smelt war by its stench,
just as war horses do.
Lend us a young man, we'll return him last night,
young men to devour what fire casts up.
They commenced with confidence!
They fought fiercely, calves of Sheba,

1. On 3 October 1935 Italy invaded Ethiopia, also known as Abyssinia.

Emaz'ephet'amaqhalo namaqhina!
Emaz'ephat'ubulawu nezifikane:
Ephat'ityeleba negusawe:
Nathi besihlala siyiva ngezi Bhalo.
Koko bezingaxeli nesiqingatha.
Kuba bezingathethi nto ngesondo.
Kanti isondo litheth'int'ezinkulu:
Kuba sibone kuphum'ingonyama.
U Kwalukwalu ngokwe Xhalanga:
U Ngalusiba lwa Ngqanga:
U Ngxavula ngokwasilonyana:
Ngokwe Mpemb'enkulu nesinyobolokondwane.
Ndathanda Ras Seyome!
Ndathanda zingqadaza zase Afrika!
Makwedin'aKomkhulu kwa Kushe.
Ndathanda nakurhol'int'etsolo.
Nakuyidlis'inyama-gazi lendoda.
Ayephin'amagqwir'asekhay'apa?
Singakhe sikwele ngabusukwazana.
Sihambh' emafini ngaphezulu:
Simxak' u Masolini limkhohle
Siyibet' igesi ngomgubo ka Phezulu:
Ii Eropleni sizithule ngezilutu.
Simtyhaphaz' amehlo ngengcongolo zohili:
Simke nezidumbu sidlis' ingonyama.
Senze namayez' entelezi nezibindi.
Taruni magqwirha[2] nani magqwirhakazi!
Makube luxolo phakathi kwekhaya,—
Umz' usafa nganina kulendyebo,
Kulendyebo yendyikitya yokubulalana!
Masiy' e Bhasiniya ngabusukwazana:
Senz' iziged' ema Taliyaneni:

2. *magawirha*

the lady who came with proverbs and riddles,
the lady who wafted scent and perfumes,
the lady bearing fragrant tea and mint.[2]
We also heard it from the scriptures,
but they weren't revealing half of it:
they didn't mention sex.
Yet sex suggests grave concerns:
we saw the lion emerge,
a bustard like a vulture,
with feathers like a bateleur,
splayed teeth like a massive beast:
like Mpembenkulu and Sinyobolokondwane.[3]
I rejoice, Ras Seyome![4]
I rejoice, mobile African forces,
boys of the Great Place of Cush!
I rejoiced when you drew your lance
to feed on a man's blood and flesh.
Where are our local witches?
Why can't we fly out one evening
and ride in the clouds high above,
and surprise and confuse Mussolini,
and thrash the gas with Heaven's Powder,
and down planes with *iziluthu*?[5]
We'll blind his eyes with Hili's reeds.
We'll gather the corpses and feed the lions.
We'll fashion charms for protection and courage.
Peace, witches and wizards!
Let there be peace in the homestead –
in this rich harvest why should the village perish,
this rich harvest of rampant killing?
Let's go to Abyssinia one evening,
raise mounds of Italian corpses

2. The visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon is recounted in 1 Kings 10:1–13.
3. Grotesque characters in a folktale.
4. Ras Seyoum Mengesha (1886–1960), a member of the Ethiopian royal family, commanded the army of Tigre when Italy invaded Abyssinia.
5. Witches are said to fly around at night in baskets, *iziluthu*.

Ngo Wayiwayi no Malingaphumi:
Sofik' emakay' ekuzeni kokusa:
Ngezifingo no Mpondo zankomo.
Betha Selasi Mhlekazi,—
Betha kaloku kukulungele!
Thum' iinyoka nonomadudwane:
Thum' iinyosi nonomanxedlane:
Thumel' izibawu nezigcawu:
Thumel' ooqebeyi noonqinishe;
Thumel' imihlwazi namaqungequ:
Siyambon' u Masolini uyabhekabheka:
Selezizond' ubuyata nobudenge;
Tshisa mfo wakwa Kushe Komkhulu!
Sikhe satetana ngawe noQamatha
U Qamatha o Phezu konke kulomazulu;
Ingwangqaz' emaphik' alunanabezi;
U Jehova wezihlwelehlwele,—
U Jehov' uThixo wemikhosi!
Sishiyene kumazw' amahl' athembhisayo,
Esithi zekungabiko Thixo bambhi:
Kuba Yena ngu Thix' onekhwele.
Taruni ma Zants' e Afrika taruni!
Tarhuni ngemfobe nangemfesane:
Taruni be Sutu nani ma Zulu:
Simabandla ka Phalo ka Butsolobentonga.—
Siyayilwa lemfazwe ngezigulo,—
Ngencwina nangemixhelo.
Kuf' ayayo! Kuf' ayayo madela kufa!
Simzi ka Phalo ka Nojoli,—
Siyaninqulela mabandlandini!
Hai ke bet' imfazw'ase Bhasiniya!
Ncincilili!!!

with Kill Me Quick and Kill by Night:[6]
we'll reach home before the break of day,
at dawn, when cattle horns become visible.
Press on, Selassie, Awesome One –
press on while you're doing so well!
Send in snakes and scorpions,
send in bees and wasps,
send the gadflies and spiders,
send serpents and poisonous lizards;
send water snakes and monitors:
we see Mussolini casting about,
regretting his folly and recklessness;
set fire, lad of the Cushite Great Place!
We conferred with Qamata about you,
Qamata supreme in the heavens;
the loud-voiced bird with widespread wings;
Jehovah of the multitudes –
Jehovah, God of hosts!
We parted with splendid, encouraging words
saying there'll be no other gods:
for he is a jealous God.
Peace, South Africa, peace!
Peace for your mercy and sympathy:
peace to you, Sotho, and to you, Zulu:
we're the peoples of Phalo and Rharhabe –
we fight this war with our indispositions –
with our groaning and our conscience.
War's for the brave! It's for the brave, daredevils!
We're the nation of Nojoli and Phalo –[7]
we say invocations on your behalf, fellows!
Alas! The Abyssinian war!
I end there!

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6. Deadly concoctions.
7. Nojoli was the wife of Rharhabe and mother of his sons Mlawu, Ndlambe and Nukwa and his daughters Ntsusa and Khinzeka (Mqhayi 2009: 262). Phalo was the Xhosa king, son of Tshiwo and father of Gcaleka and Rharhabe.

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U "1935" Neenkosi zakwa Xhosa

"Ucela ntonina . . . woyinikwa."

U Mn. S.E.R. Mqhayi i Mbongi ye Sizwe uthumele itheko lakowabo i "Mvo," lama nqaku ane mfundiso enkulu:—"Kuyo lenyanga yokugqibela yawo lo mnyaka, kubekho ndaweni ithile, ingqungquthelakazi enge nganganto yosapho lwama Xhosa kunye neenkosi zawo zonke, ezinkulu nezincinane. Ummemi wentlanganiso leyo uthe ibizwa ngu "1935" lo waye ke ebengathandayo ukuba kusimelele nesiqwala, kukhokhobo nexego, kuba uthanda ukudibana naso sonke esisizwe sika Xhosa phambi kokuba asishiye aye kwabaninzi; kuba ke imini zakhe apa kweli lizwe uyeva ukuba sezimbalwa.

Okunene usapho luka Xhosa lufunquke ngendlu ukusisabela eso simemo. Amakhosikazi, nabo bonke abantu base tyhini ababangakho, kuba isimemo sithe bangakhe basale bona ngokwa namhla, ukwenzela ukuzalisa "isiko" lawo lomzi lokokuba intlangano yamadoda mayibe yeyamadoda.

Imini yaba yentle kunene; lazola kwa ukuphuma kwalo kwade kwaya ekutshoneni kwalo, ixesha ke elo ichithakele ngayo ingqungquthela leyo.

Zifike ngokufika izizwe nezizwana zosapho luka Phalo luka Tshiwo luka Ngconde, luka Togu luka Sikhomo, luka Xhosa, kunye nazo zonke izizwana ezi ngamangenelela phakathi kwalo. Iseso isizwe, iyileyo inkosi ne nkosana ifika nesayo isihlwele, itsho tinte kwindawo yayo, ihamba kuhle, icwashula ukunyathela, ngobuhomba nobunono, kuba bonke ezi ntliziyweni babe noloyiko nohloni, ingulowo nalowo ezibuza entliziyweni ukuba, azi yintonina ke le namhlanje? Yakhe yakhona

1935 and the Xhosa chiefs (1935)

"Ask for anything . . . and it will be given."

Mr S.E.R. Mqhayi, the National Poet, has sent his forum, *Imvo*, the following instructive remarks:– In this final month of this year, in one venue or another, a massive convention was held, attended by sections of the Xhosa people and all their chiefs, both junior and senior. The convenor of this meeting was 1935, who also wanted the lame walking with sticks and the old bent with age to attend, because he wanted to meet the entire nation of Xhosa before leaving us to join the throng, because he senses his days here in this world are numbered.

Indeed Xhosa's family arrived in large numbers in response to this invitation. Ladies, none of the women were there, because the invitation said they should stay at home this time, in accordance with the "custom" of the community that a meeting of men should be for men alone.

The weather was ideal; it was a calm day from sunrise to sunset, when this convention ended.

The groups and sub-groups of the family of Phalo, Tshiwo, Ngconde, Togu, Sikhomo and Xhosa[1] arrived at various times, together with other lesser groups who had amalgamated with them. The chief and petty chief of every group arrived with his entourage, and they sat in their allocated places, tiptoeing silently in orderly files, with great care and dignity, because all their hearts were filled with apprehension and caution, each one wondering at heart why he had been invited.

1. This is the abbreviated lineage of the descendants of Xhosa, the eponymous founder of the Xhosa people.

khona embalini yama[1] nyange. Kuthe nokuphakama kwabantu ukuyiza lembizo, kothukeka, koyikeka, kwamhlophe ukuba asisiso simemo nje kodwa le,—yinto inento yayo; ibe noku kubizwa ibizwe ngomphanga othile onegunya elenze ukuba kungabiko namnye olimangalayo, nonesixakeko, nonesizathu, ngegama elinye kusuke kwaakho umoya apha ovuma ukuya, phofu lukho ufuba, novalo, nongcangcazelo, olungaqondakaliyo nalo ukuba lubangelwa yintonina. Ite kanjalo lento ukwenza kwayo yenza ukuba ixesha lokufika linge beliqingqiwe, yantle yonke lonto.

Bathe bakubon' ukuba bonke bahleli ezindaweni zabo; baakhe isakhombekazi esikhulu ukuhlala kwabo; bete cwaka, zole, bengaphakamisi ukuthetha, bengena zinqawa emilonyeni; besoyika nokujongana; bebonakala ukuba ngabantu abalindele nto ithile bangayaziyo. Kwalile kweso sithuba ke kanye,—savakala isandi esilulwandile ngokungathi liyazongoma, kunye neso sandi kushume ilizwi elicacileyo lisithi: "Bhotani lusapho luka Xhosa!" Ibe kwa lulwandile olukwanjalo ukuphendula ngelithi: "Bhota wena Mhlekazi!"

Lihambisile ilizwi elo, ngemvakalo emnandi, necacileyo, nenendili enkulu nokuzola lisenjenje: "Nimenywa ndim, noko ningandiboniyo; njengoko isimemo ke besisitsho, mna ndingulomnyaka we "1935." Niyazi ke ukuba le nyanga seyiyi nyanga yomNga, seyiyi nyanga ye Kilisimesi, nje ngoko senisitsho ngoku ukuyibiza; lonto ke ithetha ukuthi iintsuku zam zokuphila kweli hlabathi sezimbalwa kakhulu, ngokwesoko lommiselo wesako wethu isizwe. Thina iintsuku zethu zokuhlala elizweni siyazazi; kodwa yimbhekokazi enkulu kuni ukulifihlelwa oku ixesha lenu; umntu omkhulu akaxelelwa yonke into le ngakumbi intwana ephantsana njengomhla wokumka elizweni.

"Indawo endininqwenela ngayo ke yile, ndiya kooyihlo, nooyihlo booyihlo, kwanje ngokuba ndisiya nam kwabam ookhokho bookhokho. Ndithe lento mandi nganifihleli, njengoko oobawo begqithe badlula benga bhekisanga zwi kuni, amaxesha oobawo nooyihlo yayingalawo ezinto ezi fihliweyo; namhla awethu nga wezi Tyilelo, nokukhanya.

"Yenzani ke ilizwi lomyalezo, ningathanda ukuba ndifike ndi thinina kumawenu lawo? Maniphawule kanjalo ukuba anditsho ukuthi

1. *ama*

They wondered if a similar meeting had ever been held in ancestral history. The way people responded to the invitation gave rise to concern and consternation, it was clearly not just an ordinary invitation – there was some serious purpose; no one could refuse the invitation which was distributed officially by someone with the authority to command everyone's attendance, without excuse, none having a reason for absence, in short, everyone felt an eagerness to attend, although with some anxiety, palpitation, trembling. Everything happened on time as if they had fixed their arrival time in advance. All went well.

When everyone had taken his place, seated in a large semicircle, silent and still, no one raising his voice, no one with a pipe in his mouth, afraid to look at one another, they appeared as people anticipating the unknown. Right at that moment – a sound rumbled like thunder, and at that noise a voice was heard saying clearly, "Greetings, family of Xhosa!" An equal chorus responded, saying, "Greetings to you, Sir."

That voice continued in a pleasant tone, clear, very calm and polite, saying, "You have been invited by me although you can't see me; as the invitation stated, I am the year 1935. You know that this month is the Mimosa Month, the Christmas Month, as you call it now; that means that my days of living in this world are extremely limited in terms of our nation's established code. We know our days of living in this world; but out of deep respect for you that period is concealed from you; one does not tell an old person everything, especially something as insignificant as one's day of departure from the world.

"What I wished for you is this: I am going to your fathers and forefathers, as I am also going to my fathers and forefathers. I decided not to hide this from you as my fathers in the end left without a word to you. The times of my and your fathers were times when things were concealed; today our times are of revelation and light.

"So convey your commission: what would you all like me to say to your people when I arrive? Note that I am not saying that your people,

amawenu lawo, nooyihlo booyihlo banagunya lanto lokunenzela iminqweno yenu,—nto banayo yiminqweno yokuninqwenelela okuhle xa nithe nahamba ngeendlela ezifanelekileyo. Kuze kuthi ke ngayo loominqweno yabo kukholise ukuba kubekho ubuhle kuni, nako nyana benu, nakwimizi yenu.

"Ndipheni ke ilizwi lusapho luka Xhosa, nithanda ukuba ndi niphathele myalezo mnina oya kwabadala benu asebehleli e Nyangwaneni?"

Uthe esitsho u "1935" wabe esitsho wum eshenxa, ukuba umzi lo ukhe udlane indlebe, eza kubuya kwa kamsinya phofu.

Akubanga mzuzu uphi umzi usengxoxweni kuphunywe kamsinya nesigqibo esithi:—

"Hamba Bawo, Mhlekaz' omhle usicelele apho kuma Nyange akowethu, asinqulele apho ku Qamatha wakowet' omhle, sizuze intlalo yethu yamandulo, siphume ekuphathweni naseku lawulweni zizizwe ezisiphetheyo ngokunje, ezisilawula ngentonga yentsimbi."

Emveni koku kubekho imibuzo neempendulo eziloluhlobo:

Intlalo yenu yamandulo naniyithanda na?

Kakhulu Mhlekazi.

"Yathinina ukuze yonakale nje?"

"Hayi Bawo, kwafika ezi zizwe zisilaulayo zalwa nathi zasoyisa; zasiphatha ke ngayo lendlela imbi zisiphethe ngayo ngoku?"

"Akukho lizwi na lalikhe lafika linikhalimela ukuba nibuye ezindleleni zenu ezingakholisiyo?"

"Likho bawo ilizwi elafikayo no Nxele no Ntsikana no Mlanjeni."

"Nawaphulaphula na ke loomazwi?"

your fathers and grandfathers, have authority to grant your wishes – all they have is the desire to wish you well if you pursue the proper path. Because of their strong desires, sometimes some good accrues to you and your sons and your households.

"Family of Xhosa, give me a word that you would like me to convey on your behalf to your elders who are now seated Above."

With those words, 1935 suddenly withdrew so that the crowd could confer, promising to return soon.

The crowd debated for a short while and soon arrived at the following decision:

"Take leave, Father, Sir, and intercede on our behalf with our ancestors there to invoke our glorious Qamata to give back to us our ancient way of life so that we might emerge from the rule and government of the nations who treat us thus, ruling us with a rod of iron."

After this there was an exchange of questions and answers as follows:

"Did you like the ancient way of life?"

"Very much so, Sir."

"Why was it destroyed then?"

"Well, Father, these nations ruling us came and fought with us and defeated us; then they treated us in the cruel manner in which they handle us now."

"Did you ever receive a word of rebuke to turn you back from your unsatisfactory ways?"

"There was such, Father; it came through Nxele, Ntsikana and Mlanjeni."[2]

"Did you heed those words?"

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2. Three Xhosa prophets: Nxele (or Makhanda) and Mlanjeni favoured military resistance to the encroaching whites; Ntsikana preached accommodation on Xhosa terms. Nxele and Ntsikana were active in the first two decades of the nineteenth century: Nxele participated in an attack on Grahamstown in 1819 for which he was imprisoned on Robben Island, and drowned in an escape attempt in December of that year; Ntsikana died in May 1821. The teenage Mlanjeni doctored the troops in preparation for hostilities in the War of Mlanjeni (1850–53). On Nxele see Wells (2012); on Ntsikana see Bokwe (1914); for an epic poem on Mlanjeni's War, see Yali-Manisi (2015: 60–203).

"Hayi Bawo, Mhlekazi, ubudenge babusasi bambe ngamandla omakhulu ngaloomihla, singakwazi ukunene kwethu kwikhohlo lethu."

"Avulekile na ke amehlo enu namhla?"

"Kakhulu Bawo, Mhlekazi."

Ubuzile kwesi sithuba u 1935 ukuba "kodwa ke ningathi niyinikwa ngomso lo ntlalo yenu yamandulo, kunganixolisa kangakananina ukuhlala ngapandle kweendywala, nokuhamba ze, nokungafundi, nokungabi namihla yee Sabatha? Ningaba sakuthanda kangakananina ukuhlala ningalimi, okanye ningabi nazinto zakulima? Igolide le ningaba sakuthanda na ukuhlala nayo ningayimbhi niyazi ukuba iphantsi kwenyawo zenu? Xa nje nithi nanibanjwe ngamandla obudenge baleyo mihla, niyithandela nina imihla yobudenge obungako?

Kuthe kulembizo ngoku yamana ukuwa ngokuwa impendulo. Kwade kwacaca ukuba umzi ka Xhosa awumnye, awunqweneli nto inye, nezomini zamandulo kwamhlophe ukuba awusazifuni.

Usuke ke ngoko u "1935" wagqiba ngeli lithi: "Anindinikanga ke mzi ka Xhosa elona lizwi lingumnqweno nesicelo senu ku Qamatha lowo wakowenu. Kumhlophe[2] ukuba nisahamba emnyameni, anikayazi into emaniyithandazele nibe nayo, nemaningabi nayo. Ndiyakufika ndithethe loomazwi kooyihlo booyihlo, baninqulele ukuba nizazi nina iziqu, nizikhumbule nina ngokwenu, nikuqonde ukuhamba kwe "Vili" yamaxesha ka Qamatha.

"Ndiya kuniyaleza kakhulu kunyana wam u 1936 ukuba maze abe nenceba phezu kwenu; kodwa anganiyeki nithandane nentlalo yobudenge naxa afikileyo amaxesha entyilelo nawokukhanya."

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2. *Kuhlophe*

"No, Father, Sir, we were still held firmly in the bonds of ignorance in those days, unable to distinguish between left and right."

"Have your eyes been opened now?"

"Very much so, Father, Sir."

At this point 1935 asked, "But if tomorrow that ancient way of life could be restored to you, how happy would you be to live without home brew, going naked, not going to school, not having Sabbath days? How happy would you be with a life without planting, or the means to plough? Would you like to live with gold and not dig it, knowing it was under your feet? If then you say you were shackled in the bonds of the ignorance of those days, why do you hanker after such days of ignorance?"

Now in this meeting various responses started coming forth until it became clear that the house of Xhosa is not of one mind, it does not desire the same thing. It was obvious they did not favour those days of old.

1935 finished by saying, "House of Xhosa, you have not precisely expressed to me what you most dearly wish from that Qamata of yours. It is clear that you are still walking in darkness, you don't yet realise what you should pray for, what to have or what not to have. When I arrive, I'll convey that message to your fathers and forefathers, then they will utter invocations for you so that you come to terms with yourselves, and bear yourselves in mind, so that you can understand the motion of the 'Wheel' of Qamata's times.

"I will commend you strongly to my son, 1936, so that he may have mercy on you; but you should not allow yourselves to hanker after the ignorant way of life when the times of revelation and light have arrived."

48

U-"1936"

U Mnumzana u S.E. Krune Mqhayi, wase Ntabozuko, Berlin, uphindile ukusithumela lemigca, ngawo lomnyaka utwasayo ka 1936,—esithi nathi bephepha afanelwe kukukhe akhangelwe:

Kuthe ekuthwaseni kwawo lomnyaka zamenywa zonke izizwe ezintsundu ezikwi Afrika ese Zantsi,—oko kukuthi kude kwaya kuma ngomlambokazi ongum Zambezi; zamenyelwa ndaweni ithile isisazulu selizwe. Ummemi kuthiwe ngu "1936." Iintlanga ezibe lapho azinakubalwa ngobaninzi bazo,—baye abantu befikile kwizigidi ezihlanu (5,000,000) amadoda odwa; intetho icace kumntu wonke, kungekho kh[u]msha.

Livakele esikhinindini sendimbane ilizwi lisenjenje:—Taruni lusapho luka Adam, luka Kushe, luka Ntu! Ndiyataruzisa ngokunidlela amaxesha enu anqabe kunene, ngakumbi kuba nina ngokwesoko lakowenu, ndise lusana mna 1936, ndise yimveku, untemekana ongekabi nangqondo, nakuva nakubona, nakuthetha. Kanti ke ngokwelakowetu isoko, lakwa "Mnyaka" ukuba ezizinto niyazipaula,—

(1) Umtana akazange avele esekho uyise.

(2) Evelile ke umtwana, akusekho buncinci kuye selesendaweni kayise ngokuzeleyo. Makathethe aqanane agqibe, kuba nengqondo seyingako.

(3) Eyethu iminyaka yokumka elizweni iqingqiwe; sihleli siyazi; ima 365 nakuba mna nabathile sinetamsanqa elikhulu kunene lokuba nomnyaka omnye ngaphezu kwale Siyibulela nzulu londawo.

1936 (1936)

Mr S.E. Krune Mqhayi from Ntabozuko, Berlin, has once again sent us the following remarks on this incoming year of 1936 – and those of us at the newspaper say they are worthy of consideration:

At the beginning of this year, all the black races in South Africa – that is, those in the region that extends to the great Zambezi River – were invited to a certain venue in the centre of the country. The one who invited them was 1936. The groups who attended were so many they were beyond measure – about five million turned up, men only; the language was clear to everyone, there were no English speakers present.

A voice was heard in the middle of the gathering, saying: Peace to you, family of Adam, of Cush, of Ntu! I beg your indulgence for taking up your scarce time, especially because, according to your custom, I, 1936, am still a baby, an infant, a little child who lacks understanding, hearing or sight and the ability to speak. But you should note the following in accordance with the custom of the "Year" family:

(1) A child is never born while the father is still alive.

(2) When a child has been born, there is no youth in him because he succeeds his father at birth. He should therefore speak out boldly because his brain is fully developed.

(3) Our years of departure from this world are fixed; we know our year is always 365 days long, although I and some others were lucky to have one day[1] in addition to that. For that we are most grateful.

1. The original has *nomnyaka omnye* (one year).

Ukutsho ke ma Afrika amahle ndithi,—maningabudeli ubuncinane bam.

Apho sivela khona thina minyaka siphuma kwa Nyange Lemihla, Komkhulu lama Komkhulu onke apho yonke indalo iphuma khona, amazulu awo amazulu, inzonzobila zehlabathi nezeelwandle, amalanga, iinyanga neenkwenkwezi,—zaye zonke ezonto kwa nathi minyaka sinqula u Menzi lowo u Ndikhoyo, u Qamatha wezizwe. Ngakho oko ke zonke izizwe neentlanga ezilunqulo luchaseneyo nolu lwethu thina minyaka, ezo zizwe zimelwe kukuba zisingiselwe emva. Qondani thina minyaka sikhonza u Menzi—ngoko ke sisikelela izizwe neentlanga ezikunye nathi elunqulweni,—mayicace lendawo kuni lusapho luka Ntu.

Kwakhona iminyaka ngoku iyalelwe apho kwa Menzi ukuba mayizityhile eziya zinto bezifudula ziyimfihlelo; kuthiwa ngoku masithethathethane nani lusapho luka Adam, nizokuhamba nibona, mayiphele into yoobawo nooyihlo benu, bona bebengathethi, bengazani, bengathini,—awethu nani amaxesha ngawokhanyo, nokwandisa kobulumko nolwazi.

Kuvakele Komkhulu kwa Menzi ukuba nina ninesikhalo sokulilela imihla yenu yamandulo,—niyabona ke imihla le isesandleni sika Menzi, sika Ndingokhoyo, ngakho oko Khonzani u Menzi, nixele ezinye izizwe ezi zinilawulayo, kuba i Gunya lazo lokunilaula, liphuma Kuye. Lonto ke ingathi niyenzile, ningawubona ummangaliso elizweni; kuba mna lo 1936, untsukwana nizaziyo ubufutshane bazo, ndingathi ndisiya kwabakokwethu, ndiye seniyifumene imihla yenu yamandulo, nayifumana ihonjiswe ngohlobo eningeze nikholwe ukuba ise yiyo. Injalonje leyo mihla yona ayiyanga ndawo, nantso kwaphakathi kwenu; ilindele kwanina, kuba ibanjwe kwanini.

Ndicela ukuyeka lusapho lwa Komkhulu ukuze ndinganikruquli ngentetho ende, eninzi. Ngakumbi kuba ke ndisavela nokuvela, sisaza kululekana, siphathe kukhathazana,—sincomane sidela[n]e kwezinye izinto: kodwa mna ngelam, mna 1936, ngumnqweno wam omkhulu ukuba sihlalisane kamnandi, sisebenzisane kakuhle, nivuleke amehlo nibubone ubukhulu benu; kuba ngokwangoku anikabi nalo nofifi lokuzazi into eniyiyo.

In short, handsome Africans, I say – don't condemn my youth.

We years emanate from the Ancient Of Days, the Great Place Of All Great Places, the source of all creation, the vast heavens, the depths of the earth and the oceans, the suns, moons and stars – all those things, and we the years invoke the Creator who is I Am, Qamata of the nations. Therefore all nations and races whose faith is opposed to ours, the years, should be held at bay. Note that we years worship the Creator. And so we years bless all nations and races who share our faith with us – let that be clear to you children of Ntu.

Second, the years have now been instructed by the Creator to reveal all those things that once were mysteries; it is now said we must hold discussions with you, family of Adam, so that you journey with open eyes; you must end the practice of our fathers and yours, who did not talk to each other, who did not know each other, who had no relations with one another – your times and ours are times of enlightenment, the spread of wisdom and knowledge.

The Great Place of the Creator has received word that you regret and lament the loss of your olden days – but, you see, days are all in the hands of the Creator, of I Am Present, therefore worship the Creator like other nations that rule you, because the authority to rule you comes from Him. If you could do that, you would see wonders in the land, because my days, as 1936, are few, as you know, but before I return to my people I could acquire your olden days for you, and you could have them decorated in such a way that you would not believe they were the same. In actual fact, your olden days have not disappeared, they are still there in your midst; they await your embrace.

I beg leave to end there, children of the Great Place, so as not to bore you with a long and wordy speech, especially since I have only just been born. We have still to set each other straight, annoy one another – praise and dismiss each other from time to time; but as for me, 1936, my strong desire is for us to live together in harmony, in full co-operation, and for your eyes to be opened to perceive your greatness, because, as of this moment, you haven't the faintest idea what you are.

Hambani ke nigoduke,—
Mzi ka Mthetho wakwa Mthetho!
Ninekamva elingcwele,—
Eningekalityhilelwa.
Linqwenelwa ngamazulu
Nazinzulu zaz' iilwandle;
Linqwenelwa ngamalanga
Nazunzuthela zentlanga.
Nilibekelwe ilifa,—
Guqukelani nganeno!!!
1936.

Return home then,
people of the Law of Laws!
You have a sacred future
that's not yet revealed to you.
It's desired by the heavens
and the depths of the oceans;
it's desired by the suns
and the hosts of nations.
Your heritage is reserved for you –
just cross over to this side!
1936.

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U Kumkani u Joji wesi Hlanu

Umhla we 14 kuyo lenyanga yom Qungu, eyinyanga yokuqala, kuwo lomnyakana ka 1936, ngumhla oyakusoloko unebala, ngenxa yesiganeko sawo sokususa elizweni iNgangalal' Enkulu—uGeorge V wase Britani Enkulu kwa nezi Thanga zayo.

Sawabon' amaf' efingiza,—
Ed' abethane nangamabunzi;
Sazibon' inkwenkwezi ziwasazela,
Zizizantanta ngokwamantshontsho,
Ngokwamantshontsh' ebon' ukhozi;
Sawabon' amaroz' ehexa,
Emi mangqangq' eyek' ukuroza.
Wafipal' uCanzibe;
Lamnchumev' iKwezi,
Iyemk' Ingangalal' Enkul' engatshonelwa Langa!

Mhla kwagilek' ilanga
Ladend' ukuphuma;
Lisaz' isiganekokazi;
Sokulila kwenkuku zokupinda.
Yangcangcazel' inyanga ngokoyika,
Yoyik' umbuzo wonyana babantu;
Xa bati "Nyanga Phendula,—
"Bekwenzeke ngokuthinina
"Kwimikhosi yonke yezulu?
Iyemk' ingangalal' Enkul' Engatshonelwa Langa!

King George V (1936)

14 January, the first month of the year, in this young year 1936, is a day that will always be blemished because it is the memorable day of the departure from this world of the Great Sovereign George V of Great Britain and her Commonwealth.

We saw the clouds clustering –
at times clashing heads;
we saw stars scattering in all directions,
rushing to and fro like chickens,
like chickens who've spotted an eagle;
we saw Orion's Belt flapping in the wind,
disrupted, out of line.
The month of May faded;
the Morning Star darkened,
Great Sovereign the sun never sets on is leaving!

The day the sun stumbled
and withheld its emergence
it knew the historic news
at the second cockcrow.
The moon trembled in terror,
fearing questions from the sons of men,
saying, "Moon, reply:
what actually happened
to all the heavenly hosts?"
Great Sovereign the sun never sets on is leaving!

Mhla lahex' ihlabathi,—
Kwakhal' imiqadi neentsika.
Zagoqoz' iziseko zalo,
Zaw' izixhaso zehlabathi;
Warhabax' umgqumo wolwandle.
Zaqhekezan' induli zamaza;
Axengaxeng' amandl' eNyanga,—
Ayabi nakuzibumb' iinduli zamaza;
Yanguqukulubod' indalo ka Thixo,
Ukumka kwe Ngangalal' Enkul' Engatshonelwa Langa!

Mhla kwahlab' umban' osimanga,—
Wathi ngxi kuzo zon' imbhombho zelizwe
Zaquban' izikumkani zomhlaba,
Zawohlok'[1] iiterone zangamavithi.
Zantywilantywilek' iziqiti zeelwandle
Mhl' iindlovu zasezilwandle,
Yat' iminenga yasemahlathini;
Iintlanzi zaty' incha ngokweenkomo,
Imivundla neembila zasezizibeni;
Ukumka kwe Ngangalal' Enkul' Engatshonelwa Langa!

Yiyeken' ingabaliswa ndim
Mayibaliswe zizukulu zezizukulu;
Imbhali yokumka kuka Joj' wesi Hlanu.
Umzukulwana ka Fitol' iLungakazi,
Lingelunga ngokwenkomo,
Lilungakazi kuba lalilungile.
Ndiyekeni bantu bomhlaba,
Kuk' iint' ezingathethekiy' elizweni;
Lontemekana womnyakana,—
Sewumke ne Ngangalal' Enkul' Engatshonelwa Langa!

1. *Zawohlok*

The day the earth flapped in the wind
its rafters and pillars creaked.
Its foundations clattered,
the earth's props collapsed;
the roar of the sea intensified.
The wave crests shredded each other;
the moon's strength waned,
unable to shape the wave crests;
God's nature flipped on its head,
at the death of Great Sovereign the sun never sets on!

The day a strange lightning struck –
it fell on all the earth's corners.
All kings of the world assembled,
thrones collapsed and shattered.
The oceans' islands sank
the day whales and sea elephants
were found in the forests;
fish ate grass like cattle,
dassies and hares were found in pools
at the death of Great Sovereign the sun never sets on!

Leave it be, I can't tell this story,
great-great-grandchildren will tell it,
the tale of George V's parting,
grandchild of Victoria the just,
not "just" as applied to cattle,[1]
but "a just lady" because she shows justice.
Leave me alone, earth dwellers,
some worldly things exceed reason;
this babe of a year has already taken
Great Sovereign the sun never sets on!

1. The noun *ilunga* can mean a just person as well as an ox with black and white spots.

Awu!!!
Ndiyekeni zi Ntaba nani zi Nduli;
Ndiyekeni milambo yelizwe;
Namhl' iintaba zizakuba yimilambo,
Imilamb' izakuba zintaba.
Namhl' iinduli zizakuba ngamathafa,
Ama thaf' azakuba zinduli.
Ilitye liwubethil' umfanekiso,—
Zingqondi yizani sifanekise.
Imkil' Ingangalal' Enkul' Engatshonelwa Langa!

Hamba Soganga noko sitshoyo!
Hamba Magob' egungxula,
Mbhambhalal' ephezu kweziziba,
Eyoyikwa nazi Mpundulu.
Usaya kulaul' izizwe ngezizwe,—
Kwizw' elizayo lemimoya.
Bafikil' abafo bakho kwi Afrik' ese Zantsi
Barobile, beva, babona,—
Nal' usapho luka Ntu ludwelile,—
Ludwelel' ukumangal' eBritani
Namhl' isigwebo basilindele:
    Makadl' Ubom uKumkani.
    A,—Zweliyazuza!!!

Oh!
Leave me alone, hills and mountains;
leave me alone, streams of the land;
today mountains will turn into rivers,
and rivers will turn into mountains.
Today hills will turn into plains,
and plains will turn into hills.
A stone has struck the portrait –
come, sages, let's set an example.
Great Sovereign the sun never sets on has left!

Go, Barrel Chest, despite what we said!
Go, Stoop And Crush,
Block Of A Man above pools,
feared even by lightning birds.
You'll yet reign over many nations –
in the future world of the spirit.
Your sons arrived in South Africa,
they peeped, listened and saw –
there in a line stands Ntu's family –
lined up to protest in Britain.
Today they await the outcome:
    Long live the king!
    Hail, Land In Labour!

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"A, Zweliyazuza!" King Edward VIII

ASIN' EDEDELANA kakade!
    Asin' ededelana.
Yinto yalonto lonto,—
Yint' ifana nezinye.
A, Zweliyazuza! A, Zweliyazuza!!

Mtwesen' ubukulu bakokwabo,—
Mtweseni ngendyebo ngendyebo;
Mtweseni ngelanga nangenyanga;
Zingaze zimtshonel' ezonto;
A, Zweliyazuza! A, Zweliyazuza!!

Mtweseni ngezithethe zoyise;
Mtweseni ngokuzola noxolo;
Mtweseni ngentabalala yezizwe,—
Abe nentlang' ezingenakubalwa.
A, Zweliyazuza! A, Zweliyazuza!!

Ufike xa kanye lizuzayo,
Lizibhija ngokomfaz' ozalayo;
Ufike kanye ngexesha lake,
Ngu Zweliyazuz' igama lake.
A, Zweliyazuza! A, Zweliyazuza!!

Asin' ededelana mfo kabawo,
Ahlutan' intlak' emilonyeni.
Zizingqi nezagwelo kupela,

"Hail, Land In Labour!" King Edward VIII (1936)

Of course one yields to another!
    One yields to another.
That's common practice –
everyone does it.
Hail, Land In Labour! Hail, Land In Labour!

Crown him with his home's greatness –
crown him with bountiful harvests;
crown him with sun and moon,
so those things never set on him.
Hail, Land In Labour! Hail, Land In Labour!

Crown him with ancestral ways;
crown him with calm and peace;
crown him with hosts of nations,
to possess countless races.
Hail, Land In Labour! Hail, Land In Labour!

He came with the country expectant,
a woman writhing in labour;
he came when she was due.
His name is Land In Labour.
Hail, Land In Labour! Hail, Land In Labour!

Brother, one yields to another,
they rob the sweet gum from each other's mouths.
You hear only chomping and mumbled snatches.

Ihlabathi liyazungulezwa.
A, Zweliyazuza! A, Zweliyazuza!!

Yadlul' i Ngangalala yezizwe,
Yakwelel' eny' i Ngangamsha yentlanga
Ke sayipakel' inkobe nemipotulo,—
Yayingumf' omnandi kakulu ke wena.
A, Zweliyazuza! A, Zweliyazuza!!

Mbongen' u Langa Liyakanya;
Nkab' ezinqhukuva zaba Tembu;
Nqwel' Emhlope yehlummang' onkone,
Watet' ityal' elikul' e Diyala.
A, Zweliyazuza! A, Zweliyazuza!!

Makube luxol' e Bilitani,—
Eli lizwi maliqeleke.
Makube licamag' elihle,
Kube cosi kube hele.
Hamba kamnandi nkosi yam!
A, Zweliyazuza! A, Zweliyazuza!!

The world is rendered giddy.
Hail, Land In Labour! Hail, Land In Labour!

Sovereign of nations has passed away,
yielding to the next Sovereign of races.
We once gave him mielies and corn mash –
he was indeed an affable fellow.[1]
Hail, Land In Labour! Hail, Land In Labour!

Give praises to Shining Sun,
cropped oxen of the Thembu,
White Wagon descending a steep incline;
he dealt with a delicate case in De Aar.[2]
Hail, Land In Labour! Hail, Land In Labour!

Let there be peace in Britain –
let all get used to this word.
May the mediator be kind,
so there's mercy, so there's relief.[3]
Journey well, my lord!
Hail, Land In Labour! Hail, Land In Labour!

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1. As Prince of Wales, Edward VIII visited South Africa in 1925: see items 27 and 28.
2. As Mqhayi explained in an article published in 1933, "*Ngomnyaka we 1925, oko i Prince of Wales ibikweli lizwe, imantyi zase Transkei zamlibala u Chief Ngomhlaba ukumvelisa ukuba aziwe, azuze imfanelo zake njenge nkosi enkulu. U Busobengwe wenza ukuba u Mhlekazi lowo aye e De Aar apo wazifumana kona zonke imfanelo kwa nentonga eyayinikwa yi Prince kwezinye inkosi. Esisenzo sasindisa ingxwabangxwaba eninzi yenteto nokunyolana*" (In 1925, when the Prince of Wales was in this country, the Transkeian magistrates forgot to present Chief Ngangomhlaba [with a commemorative cane] so that he could be recognised and receive credit as a senior chief. Busobengwe [W.T. Brownlee] arranged for the chief to travel to De Aar where he received all credit and the stick the prince handed to the other chiefs. This action stifled heated verbal exchanges and recriminations, Mqhayi 2009: 456–7). Ngangomhlaba was Mpisekhaya son of Salakupathwa, the Gcaleka king.
3. *Icamagu* is "the witch-doctor officiating at a propitiatory sacrifice"; patients commencing a consultation exclaim "*Makube hele! Makube cosi!*" (Kropf 1915: 55).

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I Kresmesi "1936"

"Uxolo emhlabeni." Luka 2:14

Uzuko, uzuko ku Thix' e Nyangweni,
Uxolo, uxolo, uxol' emhlabeni!
Inkol' ebantwini nasebantwaneni,
Uxol' ezizweni nasezintlangeni.

Nanko kamb' efika uMnini Luxolo!
Ufika lungekho luphelil' uxolo.
Ufika izizwe zizijahahela,
Ziqumbe, zisilwa zilahla nendlela.

Ufika kakubi kukhandw' izixobo,
Ikrele lihamba phandle kwesinxhobo;
Ufika kukubi kuncencez' igazi,—
Igazi lendoda nomntwana, nomfazi.

Ufik' amagosa abepheth' ilizwe,
Evukelen' onke kwizizwe ngezizwe;
Kungekho sizathu ngaphandle ko mona.
Kwa nokunyoluka, okuzal' umnqweno.[1]

Taru ke, tarhu ke Sonini naniini!
Tarhu ke, tarhu ke, tarhu Gorha ndini!

1. *umnqwena*

Christmas 1936 (1936)

"Peace on earth." Luke 2:14

Glory, glory to God in the highest,
peace, peace, peace on earth!
Faith to men and children,
peace to all nations and races.

There comes Owner Of Peace!
He finds peace absent and gone.
He found the nations in disarray,
fighting furiously, losing their way.

He arrives at a bad time with weapons forged,
with the sword unsheathed;
he arrives at a bad time with blood discharging –
the blood of man, child and wife.

He arrives when officials ruling the land
rise in contention in nation on nation
for no cause other than envy
and greed that spawns cupidity.

Peace then, peace then, Everlasting!
Peace then, peace then, peace, you Warrior!

Kobona kwa Wena sizeyelisele.
Sibambene ngazo sizixakisile!

Sibik' i Afrika izwe lobumnyama,
Kawuyiph' intsuku ing' iyaphaphama.
Ayazi nokhohlo nokunene kwayo,
Ayazi na Thixo ungum Dali wayo.

Ufika nje namhla Njengel' a'Komkhulu,
Sithemb' iziqwenga zezintw' ezinkulu!
Sithembe ubuntu, sithembe uxolo,
Sithembe uxolo, uxolo, uxolo!

Uxol' emhlabeni uxol' ezulwini,
Ezingelosini, uxol' ezizweni,
'BuKumkani Bakho buza bunoxolo,
Ngoko ke Mhlekazi, uxolo, uxolo.

You'll find out yourself we've drowned ourselves.
We're at loggerheads, in a tangle!

We report on Africa, land of shadow,
please give her time to awaken.
She doesn't know left from right,
she doesn't know God her Creator.

Today you arrive, Great Place General.
We trust in the tatters of great ideals!
We trust in *ubuntu*, we trust in peace,
we trust in peace, peace, peace!

Peace on earth, peace in heaven
among the angels, peace among nations,
your kingdom comes in peace,
and so, Awesome One, peace, peace.

52

I-Kresimesi ka 1937

"Lo ngunyana wam oyintanda endikholiweyo nguye; mveni yena."
Mat. 17:5

Ngu Lizwi igama ka Khe!
Izinto zonke zizeza Khe;
Zaadalwa ngelizwi la Khe,
Nathi sikwa zinto za Khe.

Izul' eli lile la Khe;
Umhlaba lo ungowa Khe;
Ulwandl' olu lulolwa Khe;
Yonk' indalo iye ya Khe.

Umzi wa Khe wonakele,
Utshaba luwuvukele;
Imfazwe k'iphathelele,
Um Tyholi uchithakele!

Kwabakh' imfazw' ezulwini!
Ka lusifa no So Niini;
U Lusif' une nzwinini,
Yekratshi e-Nyangwaneni.

Uchitw' akabi nandawo;
Namawaka akhe lawo;
Balahlelwa kulondawo;
Esimise kuy' inyawo.

Christmas 1937 (1937)

"This is my beloved son with whom I am well pleased; listen to him!"
Matthew 17:5

His name is The Word!
All things are his,
brought into being through his name.
We too are his possessions.

The heavens are his;
the earth is his;
the sea is his;
creation is his.

His homestead's shattered,
the foe contested it;
war persists,
the Slanderer's vanquished!

There was war in heaven
between Lucifer and Everlasting;
Lucifer raised a clamour
of arrogance in the heavens.

He's cast out dispossessed
with his thousands of minions,
hurled down to that place
where we were set on our feet.

Bayigqogqa bayidyoba!
Bayithutha bayithimba!
Bayibopha bayibamba!
Yazaliswa ngama vumba.

Kuphum' u-Lizwi ngokwa Khe,
Walwa kwa imfazwe ya Khe;
Kwakuwo lomhlaba wa Khe,
Kanti' uloyiso lolwa Khe.

Namhlanje K'iyaphuthunywa;
Phezulu kuyashukunywa;
Kuluvuyo kwizithunywa,
Lon'utshaba luyalunywa.

Masivume amaculo!
Silumemeze uxolo!
Abantu babe nenkolo,—
Benze imini yophumlo.

Makabongw' ose Nyangweni,
Osikhup' etolongweni;
Wasibeka endleleni,
Esingisa ebomini.

They stormed and sullied it,
robbed and plundered it,
bound and imprisoned it!
It reeked with odours.

The Word emerged in person,
and fought his own battle
in this land of his,
and the fight fell to him.

Today he is fetched;
there are tremors above;
there's joy midst the angels:
that foe has been savaged.

Let us sing hymns
and proclaim peace!
Let people have faith,
declare a day of rest.

Praise to the One on high
who's released us from confinement
and placed us on the path
leading to life.

53

U 1937 No 1938

"Khumbula imini zasemaphakadeni,
Qonda iminyaka yezizukulwana ngezizukulwana;
Buza kooyihlo bakubalisele
Kumadoda amakhulu okowenu akuxelele."
Dut. 32:7

Uphoswe lukhulu lowo ungabangakho mhlana ixhego elingu 1937 lalisenza amazwi omyolelo, liwabhekisa kunyana walo u 1938.

Andikulibali ukufa, igosa elimagunya angummangaliso, igosa elimagwevuzo othusayo nakobehleli kakade ezazi iimini zakhe ezixelelwe. Kuthi kwakufika ukufa kufike namaqwebiso, nezothuso, nezoyikiso.

Indoda leyo inkulu ibize unyana wayo ongu 1938, yatsho isithi ke uvumelekile nabanina onqwenayo ukuza emkhuhlaneni. Kuthontelene inkungu nelanga, kuba bonke abakuvileyo oko bebekunqwenela ukuzivela ngokwabo ukuthetha kokugqibela kwenyange elo.

Ucele umf' omkhulu ukuba aphakanyiswe kancinane, aguqulwe, ajongiswe ngase bantwini. Uthe ukuba athi ntla ngonyana wakhe u 1938, owaye ngasemva kwakhe mganyana waqala wavakala! Lithe nelizwi beliqale libutshotho, laya livukela ngakumbi Esenjenje:—

Nyana wam! Kwekw' akokwethu.
Njengesoko nommiselo,—
Wemveli ka Mveli,—
Njengomtheth' ongaphulwayo;
Wendalo ka ndalo,—

1937 and 1938 (1938)

"Remember the days of old;
consider the years of many generations;
ask your father and he will show you;
your elders, and they will tell you."
Deuteronomy 32:7

Whoever was not present when the old man, 1937, expressed his death wishes, directing them to his son, 1938, really missed a great deal.

I can't forget death, the officer with exceptional authority, the officer with uppercuts terrifying even to one prepared, who knew his days and had been informed of them. When death strikes it strikes with menace, alarms and terrors.

This old man summoned his son, 1938, saying anyone with a strong desire to visit the invalid was welcome. People arrived in droves because everyone who heard that wished to hear the elder's last words in person.

The old fellow asked to be raised slightly, and turned to face the people. When his eyes fell on his son, 1938, who stood a little behind him, his voice became audible! Although his voice was hoarse at first, it grew more distinct, saying:

My son! Boy of ours,
according to custom and statute –
ancient of the Ancient –
like the law inviolable
of Nature's nature –

Uyemk' uyihlo.
Uya kwelizay' iphakade;
Uyakwenz' ingxel' eminyaka;
Kwiimini zase phakadeni.

Ndikushiya noluntu lomhlaba;
Ndikushiya noonyana baka Adam;
Ndikushiya neentombi zika Efa;
Abeva kanene mntanam!
Baxake no Mdal' owabadalayo;
Uyazizonda ngabo aph' akhona;
Phof' ubathanda ngokobom baKhe.

Zizikhulu ngamanene;
Ngamanenekazi okudalwa.—
Banenkani kanene mntanam!
Banokhanda bazizilumko!
O-Mntanam Abantu!
    Abantu,—abantu bomhlaba!
Hay' usapho luka Adam!
    Hay' abantwana baka Efa!!

Andikushiyi nanto ke phezu koko,—
Khuph' ilanga lihambe;
Lijike libuye kusasa;
Gcin' ubusika nehlobo;
Ugcin' iimvula zokulima:
Inyang' ingayek' ukutwasa;
Inkwenkwezi zivatis' iZulu;
Ugcin' umNyam' elifini;
Umnqophiso kam Nqophiso.
Ihlum' incha nemithi;
Batye baphil' abantu bomhlaba;
Ziphil' iinkomo neegusha;
Akuyi kubulelwa noko,
Lusapho luka Adam no Efa.

your father's departing.
He goes to the world to come
to make his annual report
to the days of eternity.

I leave you with this world's people;
I leave you with the sons of Adam;
I leave you with the daughters of Eve;
they're boisterous, my child!
They baffle even the Creator who made them.
Where he is, he must bear regrets over them
but he loves them as his own life.

They're important, they're gentlemen;
they're ladies through creation –
but they're exceedingly stubborn, my child!
They're headstrong, they're wise!
Oh, my child – humans!
    Humans – the people of earth!
Oh, the family of Adam!
    Oh, the children of Eve!

That apart, I leave you with nothing –
bring out the sun and set it in motion;
turn it back home in the morning;
guard the winter and summer;
guard the rains for ploughing;
the moon should always appear;
the stars should embellish the heavens;
guard the cloud-swept rainbow,
the covenant of Covenant.
The grass and trees will grow;
country folk will eat and thrive;
cattle and sheep will thrive;
nonetheless you won't be thanked
by the family of Adam and Eve.

Ndikushiya nokuhloma kwezulu,—
Iingqimba zamaf' amabi;
Iinyikima nemibane;
Imityadidi yamagazi;
Incwina nezigulo;
Izililo nezijwili;
Bayawa vukelene;
Kukuhlala kwab' oko;
Baavukelana bebabini;
Bengabandoda namfazi mnye;
Namhla bezizigidi nj'emhlabeni,
Babengafezwa ngantonina?
Wozam' onakho. Wozam' okuhle!
Ndlela ntle! Ndlela ntle!
Umntu mtanam!
Umntu! Umntu!!
Umntu Nyana wam!!!

I leave you with storms menacing heaven –
a hostile concourse of clouds;
with earthquakes and with lightning;
everything splattered with blood;
moaning and infestations;
wailing and lamentation;
they rise against one another;
that's the way they live;
the pair rose against each other,
born of one husband and wife.
So many multitudes live on earth:
who could ever control them?
Whoever can should try!
Have a good journey! Have a good journey!
A human, my child!
    A human! A human!!
        A human, my Son!

54

"1939"

"Zizale izi trate zomzi ngama kwenkwe neentombazana bedlala ezi trateni zawo." Zek 8:5

"UKUZIGCOBISA"

Kuwo lomnyaka ungenayo we 1939, kuthe qatha kum ukuba kutyilelwe umlisela nomthinjana, amakwenkwe neentombazana, isifundo ekuzigcobiseni. Kuyo lemihla inzima, imigcobo nayo ithabathe unyawo oluzeleyo, yade yafuna ukuthimba nezindlu zesikhungo!

Kuvunyelwene zizizwe ukuba ukuzigcobisa oku kuyimpilo emzimbeni, ngawo ke lamachaphazana angewakoni ndizama ukutyila imfundo yempilo nangokwase moyeni. Akwaba ubufutshane bawo bunganika ithuba lokuzandisela kwabadlali nabangengabo.

Umdlali we qakamba (krikithi), uzelwa sisivuthevuthe selitye eliya kuthi ukuba uliphosile okanye waliyekelela kuthiwe "ufile;" okanye elocala lityefezileyo kuthiwe "loyisiwe." Elilitye ke alizi kakuhle, lithunyelwe ukuba malize linobuqokolo,—libijabije, lifutha, lingena ndlela inye liza ngayo. Wena ke yima kakuhle, ujonge, ugxothele phaya olotshaba; kanti naxa sewuyigxothele phaya leyo "demoni," lonto yenze ngobulumko, akukasindi, amakowayo nangaya ethe nqhenqhelele, aza kukubulala nawo kwanje ngale uyigxothileyo, bazintshaba zakho boshumi. U Sathana uza engathi uyedwa, kanti izibatha zakhe zikujikelezile. Funda ulutho apho ngokwase mphefumlweni!

Umdlali we footbola naye maka khabele kude, agxagxamise, iintshaba zakhe zininzi, zinjalonje zimrawule, makabe nenjongo yendawo apho le "demoni" aya kuyikhupha khona, isango; kuba ayizi

1939 (1938)

"The streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in its streets." Zechariah 8:5

"Sport"

It occurred to me that maidens and youths, boys and girls, should be taught the lesson of sport in this coming year of 1939. In these troublesome times, amusements have developed to the point of devastating even the houses of worship!

Nations are in agreement that leisure makes for healthy bodies. With these insignificant comments I'm trying to publicise health education and emotional health. It's hoped that their brevity will lend players and non-players the opportunity to expand on them.

A cricket player is at the receiving end of a raging stone which, if he misses it or ignores it, could put him "out", or the sluggish side could be "beaten". This stone doesn't arrive gently, it's delivered with skill – it spins, it's chalked and it has no single mode of approach. You must assume a proper stance, be alert, and repel this enemy; yet, even if you've repelled the "demon", you must do so intelligently, you're not yet safe, its kin on the opposite side are loitering, ready to kill you as you have done to the one you repelled. They are your ten enemies. Satan pretends to be alone, yet his snares are all around you. Learn a spiritual lesson from that!

The football player, too, must kick a fair distance and take long strides; he has many enemies, making it similarly hot for him. He must have a clear image of the gate through which he must drive the

kufumane iphume nokuba kuphina. Makaqonde ukuba ayiyodwa, inamakowayo, aza kukwenzakalisa nomzimba.

Umdlali we ntenetya (tennis) kufuneka naye echwethele phaya! Ewe, ngathi kuhle, kumnandi, akukho ngozi yalutho,—kukuhlala komkohlisi omkulu oko,—chwethela phaya ngeso sithetyana usiphetheyo, usindise icala lakowenu!

Abe Pathfinders, Wayfarers njalonjalo nabo basemkhosini omkhulu womzimbha nomphefumlo, ngakho oko kuyo lonto uyiphetheyo, funda ukugxotha utshaba lomphefumlo wakho!

Ngakho oko ngaye lo 1939,—
Gxoth' u Sathan' asuke;
Beth' idemon' ihambe;
Khaba ngonyawo,
Betha ngephini,
Cwethela kude.
Gxoth' uSatan' asuke!

Abanye bayamfukamela,
Abe maqanda;
Abe mantshontsho;
Atsho ngenzala kanzala,—
Ibe ngumkhosi;
Id' imgxothe nasekhaya.

Fund' ukudlala,
Udlal' ufunda;
Indlalo ngumsindo,
Umsindo kukulwa;
Qina k' ekulweni;
Kodw' u Sathana makemke!

"demon"; because it is not going to go any which way. He must know that it is not alone, it has its kin who are going to hurt him physically.

The tennis player must also drive something away! Yes, all seems well and good, there's no danger at all – but that's the great deceiver's trap – drive it away from you with the little serving platter that you hold, and save your home side!

Pathfinders, Wayfarers,[1] and such like, are also in a great army of body and soul, which is why, with whatever you hold in your hand, learn to repel the enemy of your soul!

And so, in this year 1939 –
drive Satan off;
slam the demon away;
kick with your foot,
strike with your bat,
repel him far away.
Drive Satan off!

Some incubate him,
like eggs,
like chickens,
till he spawns so great an offspring,
a whole army,
that they then drive him from home.

Learn to play,
play to learn;
sport is anger,
anger's fighting;
be firm in the fight;
but the devil must go!

1. In the early 1920s segregated organisations were founded for African boys (Pathfinders) and girls (Wayfarers) modeled on the white Scout and Girl Guide movements: see Parsons (2004: 84–91).

Dlalani makhwenkwe!
Zintombi dlalani;
Dlalani mlisela!
Mthinjana dlalani;
Nigcobe nonwabe,
Nigxoth' idemoni.

Igora licwayit' emfazweni,
Kupalal' igazi kuphum' umphefumlo;
Lonwabe lihleke, lidlale,—
Libethe kakhulu,—
Lusasak' utshaba
Lidunyiswe ngaba kowalo!

Bethani ke ngoko bethani!
U Mtyhol' ukhululwe bethani!
Gxothani khabani bethani!
Sithembele ngani bethani!
Ixesha lelenu bethani!
Malisind' ilizwe bethani!
Kwa nabemi balo bethani!
Gxothani! Gqothani!
Ncincilili!!!

Play up, boys!
Girls, play up.
Play up, youngsters!
Young girls, play up!
Be happy and carefree,
and drive the demon off.

The warrior rejoices in war,
with blood streaming and souls lost;
he's happy, he laughs and plays –
he strikes hard,
scattering the enemy,
and he's praised by his own!

So strike, strike!
The Slanderer's free, strike!
Repel, kick, strike!
We trust in you, strike!
The time is yours, strike!
Save the land, strike!
As well as its citizens, strike!
Repel him! Hunt him out!
    I end there!

55

Umkhosi wemi daka II

"Igwala malithi: Ndiligorha!" Joweli 3:10

Amagorha eMendi athi kanti akafanga avale izibuko ukuze kungaze kungene nasiphi na isigebenga eNgilane, siye kwenzakalisa uKumkani weBritani.

Izigebenga ezibini, kutsha nje, zenze ngamandla azo onke, ukuba ziwele iEnglish Channel ziye kuhlasela umthombo weBritani Enkulu,— avala apho amaAfrika, uHitler nempi yakhe batsho badla uthuli ngokwenyoka. Namhla bazama ukuphenukela ngase Afrika yethu,— ngoko ke:—

Ayephi na! Ayephi na!!
Ayephin' awakowethu?
Zemk' iinkomo magwala ndini!
Sipheth' iintong' ezibugqi!
Zitsho shushu ezasemoyeni,
Zinemililo nemibane,
Ziduduma zigqekreza;
Midondosholo yeAfrika,—
SingamaBritani thina.
Singama Britani!!

Phindela kwakhona!
Phindela kwakhona!!
Biz'amagorh'ezilalini;

The dark-skinned army II (1940)

Let the weak say, "I am a warrior!" Joel 3:10

It appears the *Mendi* warriors were not dead,[1] they were blocking the shallows so no giant could enter England and harm the king of Britain.

Recently, two giants pooled their forces and crossed the English Channel to attack the very foundations of Great Britain – then the Africans blocked it there, and Hitler and his army ate dust like a snake. Now they're trying to veer towards our Africa, therefore:

Where are they! Where are they!
Where are our people?
Your cattle have gone, you cowards!
We bear magic wands in our hands!
The aircraft create havoc
with fire and lightning,
they thunder and babble;
African hulks,
we're British, we are.
We're British!

Go back again!
Go back again!
Call warriors from the villages;

1. See item 22.

Biz'amagorh'ezilokishini;
Bangasali ngemv'abeBhulasi;
Ingom'amadod'ifikile,—
Ivunywa ngekrwana nentshuntshe
Ivunywa ngekhaka negazi;
SingamaBritani thina,—
Ngenene SingamaBritani!

Wayekela! Wayekela!
Wayekela Lau ndini!!
Mdak'omnyam'olal'esingeni;
Mdak'omnyam'onezinja zawo;
Gqirha lendlela nguQongqothwane.
Sowel' iGqili siwel' iLigwa,
Siwel' iLimpompo nomZambezi,
Simdle luhlaz'umSoleni:
SingamaBritani thina,—
SingamaBritani okwenene!

Phakathi phambili!
Phambili phakhathi!!
Mathol'ezala kulandelwa,
Nokhulul'amaFiji,
Nihlangul'amaGala;
Ninced'amaBasiniya;
Niwajij'amaUjiji,—
SingamaBritani man,—
SingamaBritan' ephelele!

Ifikil'ingom'amadoda
Soyivuma ngemihlali
Siqabel'iintaba zeMatopo

call warriors from locations;
don't leave those from farms behind;
the song of men is here –
sung with spear and assegai,
sung with shield and blood;
we're British, we are –
we're British for sure!

Charge at them! Charge at them!
Charge at them, cowards!
Dark-skinned black man who sleeps in the forest;
dark-skinned black man who has his own dogs;
the road diviner's the toktokkie.[2]
We'll cross the Orange, we cross the Vaal,
we cross the Limpopo and Zambezi,
we ripped Mussolini to shreds:
we're British, we are –
we're British for sure!

Charge and forward!
Forward and charge!
Calves of those who hate being stalked,
free the Fijians,
save the Gala;
help Abyssinians;
wring the Ujiji –
we're British, man –
fully fledged British!

The song of the men is here,
we'll sound it out with joy,
scaling the Matopos,[3]

2. The title and first line of a popular song. The toktokkie is a black beetle whose name derives from its habit of tapping the ground, suggesting a diviner in search of a solution.
3. The Matopos are granite hills south of Bulawayo in Zimbabwe.

Siqabel'iintaba zamaKhenya
NezeSikhalima njalo
Siyivuma ngemincili
Ingom'ebhombo nogandaganda
Ingom' esinandile nerhuluwa.

Hambani makwedini!
Zenibuye kamsinya!
Kuba nasekhaya kukh' ama Gqubusha.
Nibuye nexhoba lomhlaba;
Ningalishiy' elee nkomo;
Nibuye nodumo nozuko;
Nibuye noloyis' oluhle;
SingamaBritani thina,
'Mabandl' angatshonelwa langa.
Ndencincilili!
Ndentshobololo!!!

scaling the mountains of Kenya,
and Mount Kilimanjaro,
we'll sound it out with cheer,
the song of bomb and pom-pom,
the song of snider and gunpowder.

Onward, boys!
Please come back soon:
there're puffback shrikes[4] back home.
Return with the spoil of the land;
don't leave oxen behind;
return with fame and glory;
return with fragrant victory;
we're British, we are,
the land the sun never sets on!
I end there!
    I'm a flashing meteor!

4. *Gqubusha* is the Greater Puffback shrike, a bird of prey.

56

"U 1940 No 1941"

"Ngelo xesha uya kusuka eme u Mikayeli, umthetheli omkhulu, omela oonyana babantu bakowenu." Dan. 12:1

Umyolelo owenziwa ngumnyaka ngamnye kunyana wawo,—loo nto ke kwa kooyise booyise bayo iminyaka,—umyolelo ngulo: "Nibagcine oonyana baka Adam, bangalwi; kuba ngabantu abathanda iimfazwe, baze bathi zakubakho iimfazwe ezo bazityholele ngathi minyaka, njengokungathi sithi abadali beemfazwe! Kanti iimfazwe ezi zivela koomona, nasekunxileni, nasekungathandanini kwabo oonyana baka Adam!"

Le mbubhiso ikhoyo kaloku nje yemfazwe, asikukho nokuba iyintlungu enkulu ku 1940 no 1941; kuba baza kudyojwa namhla ngencotshela, elilishwa[1] kubo, yokuba bona bayiminyaka yemfazw' embi. Isikizi elikhulu ke elo kokwabo beminyaka elithoba nozuko komnyaka, nendili, nesidima sawo!

Ngoko ke masivelane kabuhlungu nayo leminyaka ngeli lishwa ingeniswe kulo; siphawule kakuhle ukuba asikukho ukuthanda kwayo ukuba kubenje, sisoono soonyana neentombi zika Adam esabangela ukuba no Somandla ade "azohlwaye ngokuba emenzile umntu, kwabuhlungu kuye entliziyweni."

Tarh' amevanyana baka Adam!
Yini na kaloku nina nizalana nje?
Tarh' ameva nyana baka Adam!
Inzala yale mihla yoyisile;

1. *elilisha*

1940 and 1941 (1941)

"At that time shall arise Michael, the great prince who has charge of your people." Daniel 12:1

The death wish made by each year to its son – from the times of their fathers and forefathers – is: "Make sure the sons of Adam don't fight; because they're people fond of wars, and when wars break out they blame us, the years, as if we are the causes of wars! On the contrary, wars emanate from jealousy and drunkenness, and from an absence of mutual love, on the part of the sons of Adam!"

The current devastation of war inflicts severe pain on 1940 and 1941, because they will be stigmatised, which is unfortunate for them, and branded as bad years of war. That's a total disaster for a nine-year period, and glory, dignity and honour for one year!

Therefore we need to feel particular sympathy for these years for their misfortune they've been immersed in; and note very well that it is not their wish that things should be so: the sin of Adam's sons and daughters has led to the Almighty's "regretting that he created the human being, and it was painful in his heart".[1]

Peace, sons of Adam!
Oh, how can it be you're related?
Peace, sons of Adam!
The current generation's had its way;

1. Genesis 6:6.

Oonyana neentombi zika Adam,
Bagqugqusile ngokungeva.
Nenzala yenu minyaka,—
Ivelel' emashweni.
Ngoko masililelane;
Sibek' ithemba phambili;
Leminyaka yoxolo;
Nokuzola koluntu;
Nothando lobuzalwana:
Nokugxothwa komtyholi;
Nolaulo luka Mikayeli,—
U Nkosi ka Nkosi;
U Kumkani ka Kumkani;
Olulaulo lungenasiphelo!!!

the sons and daughters of Adam,
notorious for disobedience.
And your offspring, years –
born into misfortune.
So let's commiserate,
put hope in the forefront
for years of peace
and calm in communities
and brotherly love
and the Slanderer's expulsion
and the reign of Michael –
Chief of chiefs
King of kings
whose reign has no end!!!

57

I Xmas ka 1941

"Laba yintonina isiko lale nkwenkwe nokwenza kwayo?"
Gwebi 13:12

Sifanelwe kukuba simane ukuzibuza yonke imihla, nayo yonke iminyaka nemizuzu, wona lo mbuzo ungasentla apha, kuba le nkwenkwe yazalwa ngawo lo mhla we Kresimesi:—

Ngu Tshawe lo Xolo.
NgumXolelanisi.
Womhlaba nezulu.
Nezizwe ngezizwe.

Kekaloku imana ukufika iminyaka ngeminyaka uxolo ebisishiye nalo lungekho. Asazi ukuba ayikude itsho na ukuthi:—

Lo mthi kade ndiwuzama;
    Wugawule!
Wod' uphuthise nomhlaba;
    Wugawule!
Lonakal' uxolo lwami;
    Wugawule!

Izizwe ke zomhlaba maziphindaphindwe ukuxelelwa zishunyayezwa ukuba isiko lale nkwenkwe lithi:

Zonk' iintlanga zalo mhlaba,
Mazizuze usindiso.

Xmas 1941 (1942)

"What is to be the boy's manner of life, and what is he to do?"
Judges 13:12

We need constantly to ask ourselves, every day and every year and minute, the above question, because this boy was born on Christmas day:

He's the Prince of Peace.
He's the Reconciler
of heaven and earth
and nations on nations.

But then year after year kept arriving without the peace left to us. We do not know whether ultimately it will be possible to say:

I've long been tending this tree;
    cut it down!
In the end it will spoil the soil;
    cut it down!
My peace will be impaired;
    cut it down!

The nations of the earth must be told repeatedly and informed through sermons that this boy's mode of life says:

All the nations of this earth
must receive salvation,

Kulaul' uthando noxolo.
Kuphathwane ngobubele.

Mazishunyayezwe kanjalo iintlanga nezizwe ukuba le nkwenkwe ke:—

Ngu Kumkani ka Kumkani;
Ngu Nkosi kankosi;
Onolaulo lwaphakade.
Sekude kwadlul' izulu.
Kwanomhlaba wagqithiwa.

NguLizwi obekho kade.—
Kwi phakade laphakade;
Ngoko phezan' iimbambano.
Zilahleni neengxabano;
Makulaul' uxolo lodwa.

'Ze singabi nakwaliwa.
Mhla ya[p]hinda ukufika;
Sihlangane ngelimnandi,
Ngomhla wayo wokugweba.

with love and peace in control
and people treating each other with kindness.

Let sermons inform the races and nations that this boy

is the King of Kings,
Lord of lords,
who reigns for eternity.
Heaven's passed by
and earth's been passed over.

He's the Word ever present
in everlasting eternity;
therefore stop quarrelling,
set contentions aside,
let peace alone reign

so you're not rejected
when he comes again
and we meet in delight
on his judgement day.

58

"1942"

"Phakathi kobusuku ke kwabakho umemezo oluthi Naanko umyeni esiza, phumani niye kumkhaulela!" Mat. 25:6

Kobu bukumkani sikubo, umnyaka ungena ezinzulwini zobusuku. Abantu bomhlaba bazindindi,—ezimbini iingqondi neziyatha. Umyeni ngumnyaka; kuba iintambo zexesha zinikelwe kuwo okwelo thuba.

Ukuzalwa nokufa;
Imfazwe noxolo;
Indlala nendyebo;
Ubulumko nobuyatha;
Uphakamo nobuphantsi;
Kwa nezenzo ngezenzo.

Iintsimbi zeenkonzo zomlind[e] wonyaka zilumemezo:

Zithi Naank' esiz' umyeni,—

Phumani nimkhaulele!
Kukh' abane oli,—
Elukholo nethemba;

Phumani nimkhaulele!
Kukh' abaziyatha,—
Impula zika Lujaca;
Phumani nimkhaulele!

1942 (1942)

"At midnight there was a cry, 'Behold, the bridegroom! Come out to meet him!'" Matthew 25:6

In the kingdom in which we live, the year enters at midnight.

People on earth are of two kinds – the wise and the stupid. The bridegroom is the year, because he has been given the reins of time for that period.

Birth and death;
war and peace;
famine and plenty;
wisdom and folly;
elevation and depression;
and action upon action.

The church bells for the night vigil for the year toll

saying, Behold, the bridegroom –

Come out to meet him!
Here are those who bear the oil
of faith and hope;

come out to meet him!
Here are the fools,
the destitute;
come out to meet him!

Kukho abaya kunyuswa;
Kukho nabaya kuthotywa;
Abanye baya kwaziwa;
Abany' abayi kwaziwa;
Ngulo 1942! Ngulo 1942!

Yizani njengokweziqu;
Yizani ngokwemizalwane;
Yizani nangokobuzwe;
Yizani ngokobuhlanga;
Ngokweentetho neelwimi!
Nank' engen' u 1942!
Phumani nimkhaulele!!
Phumani nimkhaulele!!!
Ncincilili!!!

Here are those who'll be raised;
here are those who'll be lowered;
some will be known,
some won't be known
by this 1942! By this 1942!

Come on your own;
come as kin;
come as a nation;
come as a race;
as speeches and tongues!
There's 1942 entering!
Come out to meet him!
Come out to meet him!
I end there!

59

Xms 1942

Kresimesi! Kresimesi!
Uza ngobukhwezikhwezi;
Kwa namandla nobuganga,
Nezwi lokuvus' iintlanga,
Nditsho ndifun' ukurhana,—
Inyanis' iyahluzana.

I Komkhul' eliPhezulu,
Linezitheth' ezinzulu;
Ezathethwayo zizazi.
Zatshitilelwa ngegazi!
Ndithi ndifun' ukurhana,—
Ndinethemb' elindodana.

Lathi, sizalelw'[1] uNyana,
Injombor' ebungonyama;
EbuXhwane ngolulamo.
U Zwelonke ngeziqhamo.
Zizwe ndifun' ukurhana,—
Singesithethathethana.

Ndithi ndifun' ukurhana,—
Xa ndijonge neminyama.
Ngathi kum Siyavulelwa;
Ngathi kum Siya khululwa;

1. *sezilelw'*

Xmas 1942 (1942)

Christmas! Christmas!
You come in splendour,
with might and daring,
with the word to rouse races.
I tend to be suspicious:
the truth sorts itself out.

The Great Place above
has deep-rooted customs
mentioned by sages.
They were sprinkled with blood!
I tend to be suspicious –
I have a young man's hope.

He said unto us a Son is born,
ferocious as a lion,
meek as a lamb.
Omnipresent through his fruits.
Nations, I tend to be suspicious –
we'd best confer amongst ourselves.

I tend to be suspicious –
when I look at rainbows.
It seems to me gates are flung wide;
it seems to me we're freed.

Ngathi kum Siya hlaulelwa;
Ngathi kum Siya xolelwa.

Ngoko zizwe dibanani!
Phaphamani phakamani;
Thandanani thandazani;
Thembanani ncedanani;
Thethanani bambanani;
Funanani xolelanani;
Ngelam ndifun' ukurhana;
Kuya phela nokudana.

Kresimesi! Kresimesi!
Mabaso angangenkwenkwezi!
Kuz' uNyan'[2] wophezulu
KwiKomkhulu leKomkhulu;
Noko ndifun' ukurhana
Kukh' ibhaso lona-lona;
El' liKhaya lamazulu;
Indlu kaBawo wezulu.

2. *uNnyan'*

it seems to me we're redeemed.
It seems to me we're pardoned.

Therefore, nations, assemble!
Stand straight and be alert;
love one another, pray;
trust and help one another;
consult each other, hold hands;
like and forgive one another.
As for me, I tend to be suspicious:
disappointment comes to an end.

Christmas! Christmas!
Whose distant fires are as stars!
The Son of the One Above is coming
to the Great Place of Great Places;
yet I tend to be suspicious.
There's a real gift somewhere around:
the heavenly home,
the house of our Father in heaven.

60

Kuni 1942 no 1943

Naang' udlul' umnyak' omdala!
Naang' uqabela ngenkalo!
Kufik' ixa lokudlula,—
Ngokwesiko lakowalo;
Uneenzondo nezihluku,
Omka namhla' uthwele zona;
Ezemini nobusuku,—
Kwa nabenzi bazo bona:

Dlula dlula ke foti-thu!
Dlula nyath' ematyobozo!
Thin' usishiya nothuthu,
Sifane sayimibozo.
Dlul' uye kunkqang' ityala!
Maninz' amatyal' omnyaka;
Angangencha yiwangala,
Ndithi mn' ayinyakanyaka.

Dlula nobudenge bethu!
Singabant' abazidenge;
Qonda ngaboyisi bethu,
Batsho nabo bazidenge;
Baphelelwa bubulumko.
Eli gada linezanga,—
Nditsho ndingadli buncoko,
Sikwilizwe lezimanga.

To you, 1942 and 1943 (1943)

There's the old year passing by!
There it goes over the ridge!
The time has come for its passing –
according to family custom.
It carries grudges and spite.
Whoever leaves now carries them too,
in the day or in the night –
as do those who roused them:

Go, go past, Forty-Two!
go past, stamping buffalo!
You leave us standing in ashes,
like deserted villages.
Pass on with your constant complaining:
there are many trials in a year,
scattered about like grass,
I'd say there are myriads.

Go past with our stupidity!
We are a stupid people;
learn that from our conquerors,
they've become stupid too,
all wisdom's lost to them.
This clod is packed with mirages –
I say that without joking,
we live in a world of wonders.

Dlula nomona nolunya!
Dlula kwa neentlebendwane!
Dlula nonqulo-minyanya!
Dlula kwa neengcikivane!
Dlula namabib' ekratshi!
Dlula nonqulo zigodo!
Dlula namandla eenkanti!
Dlula nengqond' obudodo!

Siya kwamkela nyak' omtsha;
Ngeengal' ezolukileyo;
Abadala kwa nabatsha,—
Ngethemb' eliqinileyo.
Yiza neemvula neendyebo;
Gxoth' ubuxoki nolwimi;
Yiza nenzuzo neengqwebo,—
Inyaniso ime imi.

Yiza nendwe yothandwano;
Kwa negunya lobukroti;
Yiz' ukhol' uhesha ngalo,—
Yiz' ugasa nangeesonti!
Sithi fika ke foti-thri,—
Uz' upheth' iintsikelelo;
Yaz' ukub' uza kubafi,—
Zis' impilo ngomhelelo.

Go past with envy and malice!
Go past with back-biting!
Go past with invoking ancestors!
Go past with reprimanding!
Go past with blackened pride!
Go past with invoking blockheads!
Go past with the lure of canteens!
Go past with a sluggish mind!

We welcome you, new year,
with arms outstretched,
old and young,
with steadfast hope.
Come with rains and harvests;
drive out lies and deceit;
come with profit and earnings –
let truth abide forever.

Bring the blue crane[1] of mutual love,
and the authority of courage;
bring the gestures expressive of faith,
bring pride in workmanship!
We say come, then, Forty-Three –
come bearing blessings;
know that you come to the devastated –
bring us abundant healing.

1. The blue crane (*indwe*) is a respected bird whose tail feathers served as a headdress for military veterans. Here it seems to serve as a symbol of attainment.

Sources

Abbreviations

Imvo: Imvo zabantsundu
Izwi: Izwi labantu
Umlindi: Umlindi we nyanga
Umteteli: Umteteli wa Bantu

1 Imbongi ye Sizwe Jikelele, "*U Kawulezis' Amaxesha*", *Imvo* (22 January 1924: 7).
Reprinted in Mqáyi (1927: 15–16) without the prose preamble.

2 Imbongi yakwa Gompo, "*Imibuliso yo nyak' omtsha*", Rubusana (1911: 488–90).

3 Imbongi yakwa Gompo, "*Lifile madoda*", Rubusana (1911: 491–5).

4 Imbongi yakwa Gompo, "*Singama Britani!*" Rubusana (1911: 495–500).
Rubusana gives the date of publication as 13 March 1900.

5 Imbongi yakwa Gompo, "*Namhla*", *Izwi* (2 July 1901: 3).
The title is probably incomplete.

6 Imbongi yakwa Gompo, "*Imibuliso Yomnyak' Omtsha*", *Izwi* (7 January 1902: 3).

7 Imbongi yakwa Gompo, "*Ilizwe lixolile, Singama Britani!!*", *Izwi* (17 June 1902: 2).

8 Imbongi yakwa Gompo, "*I Kresimesi ka 1906*", *Izwi* (11 December 1906: 3).

9 Imbongi yakwa Gompo, "*Ukufa ko 1906 nokungena ko 1907*", *Izwi* (8 January 1907: 3).

10 Anon, "*Sise kwelidala! Singama Britani!!*", *Izwi* (7 January 1908: 4).

11 I Mbongi yakwa Gompo, "*I Kresmesi 1907*", *Izwi* (14 January 1908: 4).
12 Anon, "*Umnyak' Omtsha 1908*", *Izwi* (14 January 1908: 4).
13 Imbongi yakwa Gompo, "*I Kilisimisi ka 1908*", *Izwi* (22 December 1908: 3).
14 Imbongi yakwa Gompo, "*U 1908 no 1909*", *Izwi* (6 January 1909: 3).
15 S.E. Mqayi, "*Abatunywa Betu base Ngilane*", *Imvo* (26 Oct 1909: 2).
16 S.E. Mqayi, "*Yibonen' Injombe Yakomkulu*", *Imvo* (25 May 1910: 2).
17 S.S.R.M., "*Umqondiso*", *Imvo* (20 December 1910: 3).
Reprinted in Mqhayi (1942: 20–2).
18 Imbongi ye Sizwe-Jikelele, "*Aba-Tunywa (Nxusa) Betu*", *Abantu-Batho* (18 September 1914).
19 S.E.K. Mqhayi, "*Umnyaka omtsha, 1915*" in Mqhayi (1942: 23–4).
20 S.E.M., "*Ukuvulwa kwe Koleji e Fort Hare*", *Imvo* (29 February 1916: 4).
21 S.E.M., "*Umkosi Wemidaka*", *Imvo* (31 October 1916: 5).
Reprinted in Mqayi (1922: 76–9); the poem does not appear in the first edition of 1914, but might have appeared in editions of the novel prior to 1922, although none of those editions has been located. Reprinted also in Mqàyi (1927: 32–7).
22 S.E. Rune Mqayi, "*Ukutshona kuka Mendi*", in *Ityala lama wele* 5th edition ([1914] 1922: 79–81).
Reprinted in Mqàyi (1927: 38–40).
23 Imbongi ye Sizwe Jikelele, "*U 1921 no 1922*", *Umteteli* (7 January 1922: 7).
24 I Mbongi Yesizwe Jikelele, "*I Kresmesi ka '22*", *Imvo* (26 December 1922: 2).
25 Imbongi yakwa Gompo kwane Sizwe-Jikelele, "*U-1922 no 1923*", *Umteteli* (30 December 1922: 6).
26 Imbongi ye Sizwe-Jikelele, "*U-1924 no 1925*", *Imvo* (13 January 1925: 4).
Reprinted in Mqàyi (1927: 16–20).
27 I-Mbongi ye Sizwe Jikelele, "*A, Mzimb' Uyaquma!*", *Imvo* (31 March 1925: 3).

Reprinted in a much altered version in Mqhayi (1942: 59–61) under the title "*Aa, Zweliyazuza!*".

28 Imbongi ye Sizwe-Jikelele, "*A! Zweliyazuza!*", *Imvo* (1 September 1925: 4).

29 I-Mbongi ye Sizwe Jikelele, "*Imfazwe!*", *Umteteli* (27 March 1926: 6).

30 I Mbongi ye Sizwe-jikelele, "1927", *Imvo* (22 February 1927: 3).

31 Imbongi ye Sizwe Jikelele, "Xmas 1927", *Imvo* (24 January 1928: 3).

32 I Mbongi Ye Sizwe Jikelele, "1928", *Imvo* (24 January 1928: 4).

33 Nzulu Lwazi, "Good Friday", *Umteteli* (17 March 1928: 7).

34 S.E.K. Mqhayi, "*I-Kresimesi ka-1928*", in Mqhayi (1942: 12–15). The non-standard symbols have been normalised.

35 S.E.K. Mqhayi, "1929", in Mqhayi (1942: 24–7). The non-standard symbols have been normalised.

36 I Mbongi ye Sizwe Jikelele, "*A! Dumbu-Domboti!! U Mr. Jansen e Qonce*", *Umteteli* (26 October 1929: 9).

37 I Mbongi ye Sizwe Jikelele, "1930", *Imvo* (14 January 1930: 8).

38 I Mbongi ye Sizwe Jikelele, "*U Jansen ema Xoseni*", *Imvo* (23 September 1930: 8).

39 I Mbongi ye Sizwe oka Mqayi, "*U 1931 no 1932*", *Imvo* (15 December 1931: 4).
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40 Imbongi ye Sizwe Jikelele, "*I-Kilisimesi*", *Umteteli* (26 December 1931: 6).

41 Imbongi ye Sizwe Jikelele, "*U 1931 no 1932*", *Umteteli* (2 January 1932: 5).
Reprinted in Mqhayi (1942: 27–9).

42 I Mbongi ye Sizwe Jikelele, "*I Kresimesi ka 1934*", *Imvo* (11 December 1934: 4).
Reprinted in Mqhayi (1942: 15–18).

43 S.E. Krune Mqhayi, "*U 1934 no 1935*", *Bantu World* (22 December 1934: 3).

44 I Mbongi ye Sizwe Jikelele, "*I Jubhulu Yo Kumkani*", *Bantu World* (18 May 1935: 2).

45 I Mbongi ye Sizwe Jikelele, "*U Thung'umlomo II*", *Imvo* (8 October 1935: 6).

46 S.E.K. Mqhayi, "*Umbongo Nge Abyssinia*", *Bantu World* (7 December 1935: 6).
47 S.E.R. Mqhayi, "*U '1935' Neenkosi zakwa Xhosa*", *Imvo* (17 December 1935: 4).
48 S.E. Krune Mqhayi "*U-'1936'*", *Imvo* (11 January 1936: 2).
49 I Mbongi ye Sizwe Jikelele, "*U Kumkani u Joji wesi Hlanu*", *Imvo* (1 February 1936: 3).
50 I Mbongi yesizwe jikelele, "*A, Zweliyazuza*", *Umteteli* (15 February 1936: 14).
51 S.E.K.M., "*I Kresmesi '1936'*", *Imvo* (19 December 1936: 4).
52 I mbongi ye sizwe jikelele, "*I-Kresimesi ka 1937*", *Umlindi* (15 December 1937: 6).
53 S.E.K. Mqhayi, "*U 1937 No 1938*", *Imvo* (1 January 1938: 3).
54 Imbongi ye sizwe jikelele, "1939", *Imvo* (31 December 1938: 4).
55 I Mbongi YeSizwe Jikelele, "*Umkhosi wemi daka II*", *Imvo* (7 December 1940: 5).
Reprinted in Mqhayi (1942: 83–5).
56 I mbongi ye sizwe jikelele, "*U 1940 No 1941*", *Imvo* (4 January 1941: 2).
57 I mbongi yesizwe jikelele, "*I Xmas ka 1941*", *Imvo* (3 January 1942: 5).
58 I mbongi yesizwe jikelele, "1942", *Imvo* (3 January 1942: 6).
59 Imbongi jikelele, "*Xms 1942*", *Imvo* (12 December 1942: 6).
60 Imbongi yeSizwe Jikelele, "*Kuni 1942 no 1943*", *Imvo* (2 January 1943: 7).

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