

THE COLLECTED POEMS

OF

S. E. K. MQHAYI

edited

by

Ntongela Masilela

TABLE OF CONTENTS

yabadela abantu balomzi wacomkulu
yancamisa; yagqiba ngokusuki ifu-
maneyenze, ingabi nanto iyihlonelayo.
Bekusiti xa, kuhlinzwayo ebuhlanti
paya kuti njengokuba abahlinzi bezi-
xhome elutangweni nje inyama ezi,
kunye namaqasho abo, augene u
Mbambushe, akangele iqasho nokuba
yindawo nina efanele yena, aze ke
ayiti hlasi ahambe nayo ukuya ka-
puma esangweni. Ukuba umnini welo
qasho uke walinga nkulihlangula,
Wenna! Wenna!! Ibisuka yonke

induna ka Lwaganda iyingqakaqhe **ERICA PRESSBERG**

IZWI LABANTU NGOWESIBINI, OCTOBER 27, 1908.

**INCWABA LO KUMANI.
(YIMBONGI YAKWA GOMPO).
INTSHAYELELO.**

Uyise mkulu ka Lwaganda, ekube kusa kutiwa:-

Ngu Zamazam' ilizwe lizamazame,
U Singa siya kona, mhla singayi kona,
Ze singo asiyi kona mhla siya kona,

U Sambata zimfutshane kanti zomli-
[ngana,
'Kub' ezinkulu zimfihl' amadolo,
U Sablungulu lapat' isiqwayi,
U Hamham ka Sitsheketshe,
U Ntsinga ka Nomagwayi,
U Sibala-mdaka
U Butsolo bentonga,
Into yase kuneno kuka Palo,
U Rarabe elibizwa zimbongi,
U Rarabe elezikhali zake.

He! Lenkosi yilela ndake ndenza izwana ngayo
mhlamnye apa, endandikankanya "Intaba ka Ndoda,"
ndisiti yagqugqisa kweli lizwe, yawagxota ama Lawo
naba Twa ukuze nje elilizwe libe lilizwe lama Xosa.
Kodwa yona yabubela eba Tenjini, e Xuka, ngalomhla
kaloku ka Ntsusa intombi yayo.

Namhlanje bendingatande kubalisa ngayo, ndizakwenza
amaganyana malunga nenewaba lomzukulwana wayo,
u Lwaganda. Ngayo yonke lentshayelelo bendisi funa
kupela ukucacisa isizatu sokuba nditi u Ngqika ngu
Kumkani, kuba abanye bati waye ngenguye Kumkani,
Waye ngamehlo ka Kauta njekodwa kweli lizwe.

I Xesi lipuma kwi ntaba zakwa Matole, kwanje nge
Tyume liye ku ngena elwandle ngobutshantshatela
Obukulu kwele Ntlalo pakati ko Gompo no Cihoshe.
Ngumlambokazi odume kunene ebalini lama Xosa.

Kulapo zikona izigqubo,

Kulapo ikon' imikondo,
Kulapo zikon' iziganeko,
Igazi lisahleii nanamhla.
Ngumlambo omanzi amnandi,
Ngumlambo omanz' anamandla,
Indonga zizele kucuma;
"No Ngqik' usalele kona."

Ngenxa yalomgea wokugq bela abanye abantu bayali hlonipa ibizo le Xesi, bati "Linewabalo Kumkani," kuba kaluko ute kanti noko wonke lo nhlaba ingoka Ngqika nje; ligama nje kodwa elo, owona mhlaba wake kanye-kanye yinkonxana, nantsi igeinwe ngama Nywabo e Mkubis' apa.

Ngoko ke:-

Mna ke Mbongi yakwa Gompo,
Ndiyayihlabela lengoma,
Yo buhlwempu nobupantsi,
Yosizi nembandezelo,
Yezivu beko nengozi,
Yokupatwa gadalala,
Yengeikivo nentlekisa,
Yokucibwa kobukulu,
Yokubariswa kwelizwe,
Yokudilika kwendonga.

Ndihlabel' izizamva,
Ezova ngokuxelelwa,
Zingabonanga ugamehlo,
Zingavanga nto ngendlebe,
Zingapepanga sikwili,
Zingajojanga ruluwa,

Zingasikanga makaka,
Zingalolanga bukali,
Zingakandanga sinyiti,
Zilale miqolombeni.
Yivumeni ke longoma,
Ebuntwini bokwenane,
Niyityebise ngezango,
Nezagwelo zokucula,
Rilirani nikumbula,
Abanini bezondawo,
Abalwa batincelela,
Netontsi lokugqibela,
Egazini lalomzimba,
Ubukeka ngoluhlobo,

Babesenza ntonina ke,
Magora ndin' atikayo!
Abobantu bangoyihlo,
Ukuzincama kangaka!
Babelwel' inkosi zabo,
Bekusel' ilizwe labo,
Kuze ke nina zizamva,
Wak' indong' eziwileyo,
Niyivune emandleni,
Imbewu yobutataka.
Liyabuya elolizwe.
Lonyaniso yibambeni,
Alimkanga ligciniwe,
Ngulo "Yise we Nkeilama."
Nokunqaba linqabile,
Kulo "Nqaba Yenyaniso,"
Engozini lisindile,

Kulo “Kaka benyaniso,”
Koze kuti nakukula,
Ati: “Nalo litatani.”

Koze kuti nakqkula,
Nakulunga nakuvana,
Nakudinwa zezingxam.
Nakuzolis’ inkumbulo,
Nakubuyel’ ebuntwini,
Nakucinga ngamakaya.
Nakwenz’ izwi lingumqum bi,
’De licande emalini,
Atunye! wo u Mosisi,
Nipume nigqakadula.
Yivumeni ke longoma,
Itsh’ Imbongi yakwa Gompo,
Ngewalisani lawo manzi,
Acishwe ngulo Kumkani,
Sisaya kutanda wona.
Nangapezu kwe Gohile,
Sinezenzo ezikulu,
Esiza kuzenza ngawo,
Umsebenzi ugqityiwe,
U Saudil’ ubingelelwe.

-(ISAQUTYWA).

Translation By: Phyllis Ntantala:

iZWI la BANTU October 27th, 1908

The Grave of the King:-by:-The Gompo Bard

Introduction:-This is about the grandfather of Lwanganda, about whom the people used to say:-

He who stirred the world until it shook,
He who pretended to go, where he had no intention to go,
But went where he never meant to go;
Wearer of the short blanket for it fits him better,
Rejector of the long one, for it hides his knees.
The crow that holds aloft its short stick
Hamham, son of Sitsheketshe,
Whose arms and legs are muscle all through,
Sibala-mdaka,
Sharp point of the fighting stick;
Son of the Right Hand House of Phalo,
Whom as "Rharhabe," all the bards salute
"Rharhabe" a name earned on the battlefield.

This monarch is the one I wrote about in the article on iNtaba ka Ndoda, the other day. In that article, I wrote about how for years he fought and drove out the Khoi and the abaThwa from this area and made it a land of the Xhosa. He dies in Thembulald on the banks of the Xuka, the day, his daughter, Ntsusa was born. Today I want to relate a few

incidents about his name, also about his grandson, Lwaganda. In this introduction I want to make clear why I refer to Ngqika as a king, while others say he was no king; he was only the eyes of Khawuta in this part of the country.

The source of the Xesi and the Tyhumi rivers are in the amaThole range of mountains. Both rivers run into the sea after merging at Ntlalo with Gompo and Cihoshe, and as, a mighty stream they leap and gush into the sea. This merger is famous among the Xhosa, for as they say:-

“That is where great events took place,
That is where the national trails are,
That is where things happened,
Here, their blood lives to this very day.
It is a river of sweet waters,
It is a river of mighty waters,
Its banks are full of smiles,
On its banks, Ngqika in death, lies.

Because of what is conveyed in this last line some of our people do not call the iXesi by name; they revere that name and speak of it as “the grave of the king,” for even though the whole area is known as the land of Ngqika, that is only in name. His real area is Mkubiso – (Burns hill) – a small enclave where now live the amaNywabe.

Therefore:-

I, the Bard of Gompo
Am starting this song
Of poverty and degradation
Of sorrow and oppression

Of wounds and exploitation
Of humiliation and deprivation
That led to the destruction of our nation
Like the falling of the banks of a river.

I sing it for the future generation
Who will hear it as a story
Of things they had not seen with their eyes
Of things they had not heard with their ears
For they never had to dodge the bullets
They never had to smell gun powder
They never had to cut war shields
They never had to sharpen any weapons
They never had to smelt iron
They never had to sleep in caves.

Sing this song
To true patriots, Sing it!
Embellish it with all the details
As would a Teller of Tales.
Sing it in memory
Of the people of this land
Who fought trying to save it
Who spilled the last drop of their blood,
From this body, so beautiful.

To what end did they do it
You, of the young generation, we ask,
Those, your forebears
Who gave their all?
They were fighting to save their kings
They were fighting to save their country,

In the hope that you, their future generation
Would build those fallen walls
And out of their strength
Reap not the seeds of weakness

That country is coming back
Hold that dear in your hearts
It is not lost, but kept
By the "Father of Orphans";
It is well protected
In the "Fort of Truth";
Misfortune has passed it by
So, when you are ready
They'll say:- "Here is it; Take it"

And when you are grown and mature,
When you understand and are united,
When you are tired of all the quarrels,
When your minds and hearts at peace,
When you have retrieved your culture,
And gone back to your roots,
When you speak with one voice,
Whose truth will cleave the skies,
Then, your Moses will come,
And in joy, you will come out.

Sing then this song
The Gompo Bard exhorts you
Bless these waters
That this king has chosen;
They are the only waters we will love,
Love even above gold,

Great are the things
We are going to do with them.
Our work is done,
Sandile has been offered as sacrifice.

Translated by:-Phyllis Ntantala

MICHELLE CHRISTIAN

No 22

IZWI LABANTU NGOLWESI-BINI, DECEMBER 8, 1908

INCWABA LO KUMKANI

(YIMBONGI YAKWA GOMPO).

Intsalela kwelomhla wama 27 ku Oct

Kulendawo ingasentla apa ndenze
intshayelelo ngawo lomlambo wako-
wetu, ndaye ndigqwagqwelela ukuba
ndizokuti:-

Sinomlambokaz' omkulu,
Onamandla amakulu,
Owondl'umzi wama Xosa,
Ungazange waposisa..

Umtombo ukwa Matole,
Apo kupil'amatole,
Uyaziwa ngama Ngesi,
Igama lawo li Xesi.

Mhlamnye silwe nama gwangqa,
Asicita ngase Mgwangqa,
Sawangenel' e Mkubiso,
Sawacita anevaso.

Mhlamnye kut'we aliwelwa,
Sati tina saliwela,
Nanamhl' akuko simanga,
Simabandla ka Luhlanga.

Abo Lanke sibondlile,
Ngalomanz'akwa Matole,
Bate no Madelimeni,
Sabafikis' ebhongweni.

Mhlamny'u Kam' ufunqukile,
Bat' abany'ufudukile,

Ucitwe yimi Dushane
Ngalo Tix' uligqushane.

At' ukuba anganqandi,
U Njalantya wama Jingqi,
Ad' u Kam'atik'e Tala,
Kwi zwe lokupambukela,

Sibondlile o Gqadushe.
Ngamauz' akulo Dondashe,
'De kwati nango Mlanjeni,
Sabapepis' emfazweni.

Banyatele o Nyengana,
Kwelipantsi kwe Mbizana,
Baqubhile o Ntsikana,
Batengile o Ngonyama.

Ngwelisani lawo manzi,
Akwa Sifuba Sibanzi,
Bafo basema Nywabeni,
Eloncwaba ligcineni.

Kuz'imihla ayikude,
Esiya kuti sifunde,
Imiqondiso yexesha,
Ubudenge sibuqwesha.

Sitande ibala letu
Sitand' amasiko etu,
Sitande inkosi zetu,
Sitande uhlauga lwetu,

Sizingce ngentombi zetu,
Nangemiti yezwe letu,
Sizidle ngentaba zetu,
Sizidle ngo Tixo wetu.

Pila Mtombo walomlambo,
Ayanqula ama Mbombo,
Lwandle wunyuse umpunga,
Mafu yitobeni 'mvula.

Tetani matambo ndini,
Ka Lwaganda u Kumkani,
Namhla nje kokweminyanya,
Ibize! usap' e Kaya,

Hamba ke mlamb' akowetu,
Cand' ilali zakowetu,
Ulutsha lwetu ulondile,
Us' umnikelo elwandle,

Hamb' ubhala amagama
X' ucanda kulomizana,
Kuk' lzw' esingalaziyo,
Ekutiwa lelizayo,

Apo sodibana kona,
Apo soba bunye kona,
Ap' obawo sebekona,
Ne Nkosi zetu zikona.

Yiba ngewe! mlambo ndini,

Kunye kad' uyikernbi,
Usitunywa so Pezulu,
Usebenza namazulu.

Ok'izwe lashwatyulelwa,
Labuya latamsanqelwa,
Makombele ngok'amatye
Umti nenchakudumise,

Tetani matambo ndini,
Ka Lwanganda u Kumkani,
Mna ke Mbongi yakwa Gompo,
Ngoku nje nditi gompo – o – o!

iZWI la BANTU December 08th, 1908

The Grave of the King:- by the Gompo Bard
Continuation of October 27th, 1908 Thought:-

My article on the date above, was an introduction to what I want to say about this river – (Xesi) – of our land. Of it I sing:-

“We have a river,
A river of great strength
A river that served the Xhosa nation
Without fail, year after year.

Its mouth is in the amaThole Mountains
Where young calves are bred and raised;
The white people know it
Its name is iXesi.

Here we fought the white man
He routed our forces at Mgwangqa;
Then we pursued him to Burns hill
And in panick his forces ran away.

Burns Hill or Burns'
hill ?
panic

They used to say it was unfordable,
But cross, it we did.
did.

But cross it we

To us that was no miracle
We, the children of the land.

Of its waters Lange has tasted
These waters from the amaThole range
By them Mulderman has been refreshed
His thirst and hunger satisfied.

When, at one time, Kama left
Many said that he had move away **moved**
Driven out by the imiDushane
Over a dispute about which god to embrace

Njalatya of the amaJingqi
Did not intercede
Till Kama reached the Great Place,
A place of exile.

With its waters Ross was nurtured
These waters of the home of Dondashe.
Even in the War of Mlanjeni
They saved them from the ravages of war.

On it, van der Kemp walked
On his way to Mbizana;
In it, Ntsikana swam;
So did Ngonyama and others.

Bless these waters,
A gift from the "Broad Chested One"
You, of the amaNywabe,
This Grave, you must preserve.

These days are not far
When we will learn,
Understand the signs of the times,
When ignorance will be gone.

On that day we will love our color
On that day we will be proud of our culture
On that day we will respect our kings
On that day we will love our people.

On that day we will be proud of our young women
On that day we will admire the trees of our land
On that day we will delight at the sight of our mountains
On that day we will be proud of our religion

Long life to you, source of these waters!
The amaMbombo offer their thanks to you;
Shoreless Sea, lift to your mist, pregnant with water
So that the clouds may, with rain, drench our land.

Speak to us, Dead Bones
Of Lwanganda, the king, Speak!
This is the time for the ancestors
To summon the family home.

Meander along, river of my homeland,
Zig-zag through the villages of our land,
Nurture and replenish our youth
And take their offerings to the sea

As you journey through these tiny villages
Record their names;

We hear, there is a land we know not of
“The World to Come”, they tell us, is its name

Where we will all meet
Where we will all be one
Where our forebears are, already
Where our kings await our arrival.

Be pure and clean, waters of our river
Pure as the Cherubims of whom you are now part
Messengers from God on High
Working with those in Heaven.

Even though the world was cursed
It was also redeemed;
For that, the stones will rejoice
The trees and grasses will sing praises.

Speak, you Dead Bones
Of Lwaganda, the king, Speak!
I, the Gompo Bard can only say:-
Gompo- -o- -o- -o- -o!!

Gompo – o – o!

Translated by:- Phyllis Ntantala

Professor Masilela - some of the end of line punctuation does
not correlate with the original text.

MICHELLE CHRISTIAN

IZWI LABANTU NGOLWESI-BINI, FEBRUARY 11, 1908

U Mbambushe
Induna ka Lwaganda.

—

(YIMBONGI YAKIWA GOMPO.)

“Ninganiki Okungawele Esinjeni”

U Kumkani u Ngqika, ogama loku-
buliswa bekutiwa ngu Lwaganda,
wa'en nduna apa abeyitanda kakula;
igama layo inga Mbambushe.

Katiwa ite lenja ngenxa yokupatwa
nokutyiswa kakuhle ngokugqitileyo
yade yangenwa kukuzilibala into eyiyo:
Yawacekisi manasi, nobisi xa itandayo,

londoda iyidlikidle emgqubeni. Ade
amadoda ngenxa yalento abuya umva,
ayoyika lenja ngapezulu nakune nkosi
le ngokwayo, – pofu kungengakuba
inkosi le akayisoli ngokuwuyekelela
umzi npatwe yinja ngalendlela; kuba
lenja ayizange ize naxoba kulomzi
wakomkula; inkosi le ayizange isuse
nenjolana uknya kucelela usapo lwa-
komkulu amanzi kumzi ka Mbam-
bushe, – kwaye namhla inkosi le ivuke-
lwa zezinye izizwe, kusazeka kakuhle
ukuba ayisayikuze iwuhlabe kulenja
umkosi. Kodwa noko yamyekelela u
Mbambushe wayingqonyela into eyenza
oko iqonde kona ebantwini, pozu kokuba
imikwa ke yona iyeyenji nokuba sekute-
nina. Uzilibele wazilabala u Mbambushe
wade nenkosi le ngokwayo waba
ingapantsi kwake. Imposiso leyo
endilusizi ukuti akazange abo sali-
fumma ituba lokuguquka kuyo; kuba
kute ngenye imini ekwakusambeswa,

yanyalasa inkewu njengesiqelo yasinga elutangweni, yafika yazitela hlasi namhlanje isifuba samadoda. Kasuke inkosi ngokwayo ipete eqoqiweyo. Idanduluze isomsindweni yati “Rha! Ya –” Hayi ayiligqibangu elo inkosi kuba u Mbambushe usilahle isifuba kwa ise suka wakanlelana nayo emtonyameni, wazigibisela epela, yawukafula ngolwimi umgquba inkosi ngepanyazo. Ite ikweseso simo inkosi yakula yati: “ayepin’awakowetu!!!”

Yeka’ke! Azishiye zizinxhobo amnbandla ka Mlawu!! Ayichule ngezinti lont’ ingako yenja ukuyiposa ezantsi konizi apo ingazange ibuye ivuke kona.

Ngenxa yezinja ezipete imizi namhlanje, ayingebi nakuzibamba imbongi ukuba ingati:

Lala njalo ke Mbambushe
Ndun’enkul’ukulo Ntlushe,
Amabhong’ uwafezile
Bonk’ ubunt’ ubugqibile.

Ubuyinja ngokudalwa
Ngokuvela, nokuzulwa;
Ubengumntu ngokondliwa
Ngokonguma nokoyikwa.

Ubennlo itamsanqu,

Neziny' izinja zakamnqa;
Lokunyuswa ngoka Mluwu
Akwenz' nbe sisigenwu.

Akonnoga, wonakele
Lonyants' ibonukele
Kono iziputu-mandla
Zukutyefa zakupandla,

Uposise ngantwumnya
Abawa kuyo nabanye,
Nditsho mna ndakukangela,
Ndingateti ndizivela..

Kulemihla esinnyo
Yimbudalo abawayo.
Bawe kanye kulominango
Opuluka ne Nstimango.

Wotet' umnt' alocelele

From here on the photocopied
text is extremely unclear.

Ad' igli' npendulele
Kozi nyonga nkhupele
Nemlizy'

Alibal' umnt' umuntu ngoye
Angafayo engomye,
Kafit' inqaba youtu ngumuntu
Nenkos' mnkosi ngomutu.

Pakatu'ube ngangentaba

Nt'nk'wetú' Sitabataba
Kodwa hlal' ugelu' umncono
Hlez' ngqabuke komkonyo.

Kuz'implul zokubuzwa
Nokunemwa nokukhuzwa,
Nokuchalwa ngezikalí
Clatshwe kungeko hali.

“Yidla'k usibek' ingubo”
Lyabonwa leyo nqube
Hlal' nbek' umlimandlela
Uqwe..... lokuroxela.

Wa Mbumbulo! wa Mbambushe!!
Ndao' enkul' nkulo Ntlusho
Ulonto' ukullubala
Le leli yokuzihlela!

Akonanga nto ka Mlawu
Ngokuwenza lomzukelo
Ellqina llneugozi
Ziwa kulo zonk' inkosi

Imbali zibalisiwo
Nenewadl ulfundisiwo
Leayaniso iyutyandwa
Inkos' ifa ngizitndwa,

Izitandwa zabumini
.....
.....

Ngokuhlwa

Int'ezipata ngemvuka
Z zimil' ukudmbuka
Izinj' ezikuzindela
Inyok' ezikutandela.

Namhlanje sise Britani
Kuniz' omkulu wo Kumkani
Kant'u Mbambush' umhleli
Usalaula emundleni.

Mhlamny woz' acit'usapo
Kubhadulwe kwenz' w'intambo.
Mhlamnye uku wazigxama
Yat' Inkosi wayongama.

Yakala kwey'izitanga
Zeza zigwala ngengqanga,
Zapuin' apa ndijongile
Ndalupele ndisfuyile.

Mhlamnye woze anyalase
Isifuba shlam'le
Lomini ke yoz'inkosi
Yenzikule yilongozi.

Hinani Mafu-nankosi!
Hinani mafa nankosi!!
Nibuy'umva ngaliphi!
Nenja nje nje yintua

..... Spelling/punctuation errors in translation.
..... Suggested addition/corrections

Izwi laBANTU February 11th, 1908

Mbambushe – Lwaganda's favorite dog.

“Give not to dogs, sacred things”

The monarch Ngqika, whose praise-name was Lwaganda, had a dog named “Mbambushe”, which he dearly loved. It is said, because of the way that this dog was raised, fed and treated, that it forgot that it was a dog. It would not drink milk and amasi when it choosechose. It respected nobody at the Great Place, and did just as it thought fit.

On days when the men in the cattlefold, were skinning, slaughtering a beast, and by custom, each men would cut off a piece to roast and hang it on the rafters. Mbambushe would come in, look around, pick up whatever piece he thought was good for him and walk out. [On days when the men in the cattlefold were skinning and slaughtering a beast, and by custom, each man cutting off a piece to roast and hang it on the rafters, Mbambushe would come in, look around, pick up whatever piece he thought was good for him and walk out.] Woe unto that one who tried to rescue his piece of meat. Mbambushe would jump on him, throw him to the ground and savage him. This made the courtiers fear this dog, feared him more than they feared even the monarch. Not that they did not fault the monarch, for allowing a dog to have so much power; a dog that had never brought any booty to the Great Place; a dog in whose house no one had ever stopped even for a drink of water; a dog on whom the monarch would never call upon to go face the

enemy. But the monarch looked on, allowing Mbambushe to have his way, and bully everybody. Mbambushe became so arrogant, that he had no respect even for the monarch, a mistake he never got a chance to correct.

One day, a wedding day, Mbambushe came in as usual, walked into the cattlefold, and picked for himself the “breast”, – (the share of the notables of the nation). It was the monarch himself, stick in hand, who went after him, calling “Mbambushe!” “Mbambushe!!”, Stop it!!!” He did not finish what he was saying, Mbambushe dropped the piece of meat, came snarling, charged, and threw the monarch to the ground, and savaged him.

Groaning under the dog, the monarch called out:- “And where are the men?” At once the courtiers got up, attacked the dog, and killed it; picked it up, and threw it below the cattlefold. There Mbambushe lay, never to rise again.

Because, of the dogs that are today in power in our country, the Bard could not restrain himself from saying:-

“Lie there, Mbambushe,

Geat favorite at the home of
Ntlushe, **Great**

All your wants have been fulfilled,
You have had the best in life,

By nature you were a dog,
Should be

4 lines

Created a dog, and born a dog,

It was by nurture you became a human being,
This gave you power
And all around you feared you,

Great was your luck,
Luck that amazed other dogs,
That this son of Mlawu elevated you,
And turned you into a poisonous spider,

You did no wrong; but you were all wrong,
That truth must be told,
That is why the courtiers
Manhandled, and killed you,

One mistake you made,
A mistake that others make,
I say this from what I see around me,
No hearsay, but what I hear,

In these days,
Crowds fall by the wayside,
Right on this road,
Where not even a monkey dare to climb,

With eloquence a man will speak,
Opening wide his gizzard,
Spilling out all his bile,
Until even the heart collapses,

Forgetting he depends on others to live,
Alone he cannot make it,
A man's refuge is another human being,

Just as a king is a king through his subjects,

Stand tall as the mountain,

 Gifting is engrained in the
 culture,

ingrained

But always keep something in reserve,

Lest your stomach gets bloated,

The days of reckoning are coming,

Days of inquiries and cross-examinations,

 Of being proded with a
 weapon,

proded

When you can be over-thrown without reserve,

If you must steal, do so with tact,

Such, action is not unexpected,

But make sure there is some distance,

Between you and your actions,

Mbambushe! Mbambushe!!

Great one of the home of Ntlushe,

How could you ever forget,

So that today, you regret your actions?

You made no mistake, son of Mlawu,

In giving us this example,

The road up the hill is full of dangers,

Along it, many a king has fallen,

Stories have been told,

Books have been written and read,

That truth now is being told,
A king falls betrayed by those close to him.

New fresh untried favorites,
Double-faced and Double-tongued,
Who speak until their
mouthes go dry,
mouths

But, by evening, they sing another song,

They are up at sunrise,
Keeping themselves busy, to hide their actions,
Dogs who defacate, near the
houses,
defecate

Snakes ready to twine themselves around you,

Today we are of Britain,
That great house of the king
But, Mbambushe among us still lives,
He still rules the herd.

Sometime he will come to mislead the people,
And in confusion, they'll never speak with one voice,
Other times, he'll attack the seat of power itself,
Discrediting everything done for the nation.

The monarch cried until the people heard,
Running, they came to his rescue,
I witnessed their concern,
I, the old and toothless one,

Another time he'll come
strutting,

Should be 4
lines

With great pomp, with his chest out,
That day the kingdom will indeed be in danger.

Where are you, you who die with their king?
Where are you, you who die for their country?
How can you retreat, we ask?
Beating a retreat, why?

Translated:- Phyllis Ntantala

Punctuation does not correlate with the original text.

MIRANDA E. PERRY

Izwi Labantu, September 17, 1901

WOLOKOHLO KWELIMNYAMA

Hay' Ukuwa Kwe Gorha!!

(Yimbongi Yakwa Gompo.)

“Imvo Zabantsundu,” lipepa ekwati ngokubonakala ukuba umzi ontsundu awukanyieselwa nto, kwabonakala ukuba mauzixhasele lona kune “Sigidimi,” kuba sona ibilipepa labafundisi nje kodwa. Enziwe amaci, kwati ngoncedo lwezihlobo ezimhlope, yema “Imvo” yawukokela

umzi, iwukupa kubunzulu obukulu bobunyama. Mhla
zanxakama imbongi zisiti :--

Sinika! Tina mz' untsundu siyimbumba.
Tuman' umntu aye kubik' e Skotlani,
At' umz' ontsund' uvu kil. e Afrika ;
Susan' injolana ziy' eNgilane,
Zit' enkos' ungadinwa nangomso.
Kodwa Huntshu kobeshwabulela,
Sibe litamsanq' isishwabulo !
Tina sikokelwe zi "Mvo Zabantsundu!"

Kwanyulwa umfana wakwa Jili, ukuba awupatele umzi
ipepa elo, abe ngumsengeli walomvaba ilunqunqululu ;
ageine izusu zentsapo yamanene, zingangenwa bububi
nabubhuru. Wayepahlwo umfana zingwevu zas ma Xhoseni
; zimtanda ngokungena kumbi, nangokungena lucalule. Sati
isizinziso salonto satsho !—

Zaw' iugqwewe zobumfama ;
Zaw' ingqimba zobudenge ;
Yem' "Imvo" yatetelela,
Wem' umfana wabuzela,
Kwagabuk' e Palamente.
Kwasa ngakwint' eyivoti,
Kwapucukwa emakaya
Zat' intombi zahlambeka,
Yat' imfundo yatandeka
Sabona kwa Rulumente,
Saliqonda nepesheya
Umz' ufundisiwe yi "Mvo."

Yatandwa ngabantu bayo,
Ngumz' ontsundu ngamxhelo mnye ;
Wat' umfana wali Tshawe
Wabuswa wakahlelelwa,
Yatandw' "Imvo" ngabamhlope,
Ne Nkosazan' u Victoria.
Yakalipa yaligorha,
Yabhabha ngamapik' Omso,
Yanamendu kunokozi
Nakunay'inja yomoya ;
Yalupand' uhlanga lwetu,
"Zimvo Zabantsund' igama.

Kuko ixesha eyade impi entsundu yafuna ukumtambisa u Mhleli abe ngu Kumkani. "Imvo ibe ngumlomo wawo.

Ngati ndiyabona ngo Tung'umlomo,
Ngati ndiyaliv' ivumb' elimnandi layo,
Ngatindiyayibon' ifundwa ngamanene.
At' umfan' akaulelwe ngo "Watyap' ufike!"
Beti ngu Sis sinamaqubu
Saye simiti kwa izisongelo zohlanga,
Ngati ndiyayiv' ibharula kwe ngonyama,
Nanjenge Bher' ehlutw' amatole,
Imdlatul' inwale u Sprigi,
Oka Lod' imbambe ngoqoqoqo.

Makuti ngexesha le voti le ka 1898 liqale ipepa lityeke kuluvo lomzi wakowalo. Kwaye bekusekuko ukuririza okupantsi, ngokungati umfana uhamba kakubi. Kute ukuririza oko kwazala "Izwi Labantu" ngo 1897. Bhuxe

umfana wema e Bondini. Wasiluma isandla esamtyisayo e Sheshegu. Saqala tina beva ngendlebe sakamnqa sisiti :--

Awu ! Hay' ukuwa kwegorha,
Hay' ukungenwa zizandla,
Ngomzikiziki woxansi,
Ngomcakacakana womona.

Kuseliweni ke Sihlali,
Side satyumka ke Wokopu.
Ke Brownlee umzi wenzakele,
Ngumzi wama Lose ke lowo.

Pendul' usilahlekisile,
Simke nokukutemba tina,
Ungumtan' omcebisi wetu,
Nantso k' into yako kunamhla.

Wake u Rev D Malgas, wakwa Nondyola, mhla wayencoma ukuma kakuhle kwe "Zwi Labantu" embuswe ni kwi "Zwi" le 18th December, 1900, wati nawe "Mvo" andikugxeki, kuba umfimfita ubulungisana obukoyo basema Bhulwini. Ngekuba elozwi lafaneleka ukuba "Imvo" yayilipuma ilitsho nayo ; koko yona ibitsi ikwinquma elipakati ; into ke leyo eyingozi ngokwayo, kuba zonke injwila zidlule kuyo yade yacanwa. Isifundo ke eso nakubafana abangatandi kuma ngacala embusweni. Kute kuyaliwa nje kule mfazwe yabe "Imvo" ikenceza ngokwengqeqana yase lutshabeni, isenza ingcapukisa ke ngoko kubafo abajelileyo basemikosini :--

Ati ke olo lusizana
Lulahl' imbo ngo Poyiyana ;
Lwalahl' amadado' amakulu,
Lwalahl' abaniki sihomomo ;
Lwemka namatshetutshetwana.

Akoba ngokuka Dimasi.
Ati ke lomzi wakowetu.
Simemeza tina kwa Gompo.

Ngati ndiyamv' umntaka Tyamzashe,
Etswina enz' isimbonono,
Eteta ngezwi lomprofiti,
Lingena kwindleb' esitulu.
Ngati ndiyamv' umfo ka Mhalla,
Ekalima nge "Zwi Labantu."
Wakanyelwa ngabakowabo,
Abake basuke abamazi.
Ndisayiv' ingqongqo yo Nosantso,
Umnqayi womlungo yi Raifile,
Umsengi-bisi lunencasa,
Untliziy' ingangay' u Gompo,
Sininawa somzi ka Jotello,
Lomzi ka Konwan' ubiziwe.
Nditet' u Mhleli "Zwi Labantu,"
Osankentezayo nanamhla.

Manditi kuba ndipete indaba embi kakulu, ndipete ;
ndaye nam ngalom cimbi ndinezila. Andizimisele kubuye
ndiyipate lendawo ngapandle kwa kwi. Ngqungqutela
zomz'ontsundu, neyi imbi indawo engati izivelise. Ngako
oko mandilipume kwangoku elokuba, abo balahlekisi, babe

zizihlobo ngesheyi kwi “Mvo,” ndibamemela pambi kwe nkundla yamadoda amakulu omzi, ngalinye lomadoda ndiwamangalele. Ndiyagquba enkundleni yomzi ontsundu wase South Afrika, ndisiti :--

Iwile ! Iwil' inzwana yomz' ontsundu,
Ndingu ndimangele, ndibhenel' emzini,
Mfondini ka Lose, mfondini ka Dyoba,
Wena ka Sihlali noka Makohliso,
Mfondini Figlani, mfondini ka Ntoloko,
Wa Mdolomb' e Kapa, upina k' umfana ?
Mfundis' wase Rwarma, mfundisi wase Mnxe,
Mdinimangalele ndingu ndimangele.
Yivani zingwevu zomzi wawowetu,
Nangoke lomadod' alahlekis' umntana
Azis' itunzi lobumnyam' obadlulayo,
Awuhlisel' umzi wakowetu nge shwangusha,
Ndimi ngazo pambi kwenu.
Ndiwamangalele !!!

-- : o : --

iZWI la BANTU: September 17, 1901

“Into the Abyss he fell!!”

How are the Mighty Fallen!!

By The Gompo Bard

The iMvo zaba Ntsundu is a Paper that was born out of a complaint that the African people had no press of their own, in which to express their views; a Paper they could and should support and not isiGidimi, a Paper controlled by the missionaries at Lovedale.

With the help of some white Liberals, the people got together and the iMvo was born and led our people out of darkness. This was an occasion when our iiMbongi in joy sang :-

Give way! Today the people are united!
Dispatch one to go tell them that in Scotland
To tell them that the black nation is awake.
Send messengers to England
With: “Thank You! Don’t be tired even tomorrow!”
“We’ve done it!” To those who wished us ill, we say:
“The black man has left ignorance behind,
We’ve done it!” to the Distractor, we say:

“Your distraction brought us blessing
We have iMvo zaba Ntsundu to lead us”

As the Editor of the paper, the people chose a man from the Jili clan; to be in charge of this skin calabash into which to pour our hopes, wishes and aspirations; a calabash that would give us a beverage that would not sour the stomach of the offspring of the braves and notables of our land, causing wind in their stomachs. Supporting him were the elders of the land who loved him without reserve. As a result :-

“All blindness was gone
The layers of ignorance were removed
The iMvo came and spoke without fear
The Editor’s column the most provocative
News from parliament reached the people
The question of the vote was made clear

There was improvement in the homes
With the women of the nation much involved
Education and learning became a pleasure
What the government was about was made known
Understood too, was the authority overseas
All this, through the columns of the iMvo

It was loved by all the people
With their hearts the black people loved it
The young man was to them like a prince
He was honored and respected by all
The Whites too, loved the iMvo
And so did Victoria, the Queen.

It was brave; it was fearless
With wings spread it soared into the sky
Faster and swifter than the eagle
Outsoaring even the airplane
Diligently, it traced the roots of the black nation
That, was the iMvo zaba Ntsundu.

There was even a time when many people proposed that the Editor be anointed as a prince of the Royal House, with the iMvo as his mouth piece.

I well imagine it being our only voice
Its sweet smell filling the nostrils
Read by all the gentlemen of the nation
Each to the other saying: "Thank you much, for bringing iMvo!"
You, whose stomach is bloated with lumps
Pregnant with the grievances of the people
I hear it roaring like a lion
Snarling like a bear that has lost its young
Holding Sprigg by his hair and angrily shaking him
Its fingers buried deep in Lode's windpipe.

Then it happened during the election of 1898, the Paper ignored most of the issues important to the African people. By then, there was already some grumbling, the people saying the young man seemed no longer committed to their cause. It was because of these complaints that iLizwi la Bantu was launched in 1987. The last straw was when the young man called on the people to support candidates from the Bond, thereby biting the hand that fed him. Then we, whose ear is forever on the ground called out:

“How are the Mighty fallen!!
With self-promotion becoming king
Bringing in corruption and competition
Corruption, the source of petty jealousies.

We are on the brink now Sihlali
Our unity is now over, son of Wauchope
Brownlee, our people have been deeply hurt
And those are the people of Ross

Answer! Please answer!! You led us astray
We followed because we trusted you
For you are the offspring of one of our councillors
What a tragedy in our land!”

At one time, Rev. D. Malgas of Nondyola, commenting on the good that the iZwi la Bantu was doing, in the issue of December 18th, 1900, said: “You, too, iMvo, I don’t blame you, for you are sucking what you can get from the Afrikaaner”. Well and good!!

Better still if such, the iMvo said so openly. But it did not. All along it said it was neutral, something unacceptable in a situation so critical, when each man must declare where he stands on the issues. This is a lesson to our young men.

In this last war, the iMvo like a mongrel from the enemy side and much to the annoyance of our soldiers, was yelping:

“What a pity! What a pity!
To throw away your precious stone for an imitation

To distance yourself from those with power
People whose presence grace what is being done
And follow those who have nothing
Acting just as Demus did

And yet the voice coming from Gompo clearly says:

It is as if I hear the son of Tyamzashe
Wailing in pain
Speaking like a prophet
To a people whose ears are deaf.
As if I hear the son of Mhala
Speaking about iZwi la Bantu
And his people shunned him
Pretending they did not know him
I still hear the drumbeat of Nosanto son
Of whom they say: "a white man's stick is the rifle
The milk man who brings us sweet milk
Whose heart is as big as Gompo
Younger son in the House of Jotelo
This House of Khonwana has been called
By that I mean, the Editor of iZwi la Bantu
Who is speaking out even today"

Because I am dealing with a painful subject, let me stop. I've said enough on the matter. Not again will I raise the matter, except at a conference of the people, where whatever has not been touched, will be touched.

But let me say openly, that those misleaders who are friends of the iMvo, I invite them to a meeting of the old men of the nation. In other words, I am saying: "I am bringing a court

case against these men. I am pawing and stamping in the courtyard of the people of South Africa, saying:

He has fallen! He has fallen!

The Distinguished One of the House of the nation

I am the Plaintiff, appealing to all people

To you, son of Ross; you son of Dyobha

You son of Sihlali and you of Makhohliso

You son of Figlan and you son of Ntloko.

Mdolomba of Capetown, I want to know where's our young man?

You reverend gentlemtn of Krwakrwa and Mnxe

I charge you; I am the Plaintiff

Listen you, old men of our land

These are the men who misled our child

Who brought dark clouds over our land

Brought disgrace to our people

With these charges I stand before you

I am the plaintiff.

Translated by: Phyllis Ntantala

GENEVIEVE CHENG

Izwi Labantu.

LWESI BINI, JAN. 14, 1908

I Kresmesi 1907.

(Yi Mbongi yakwa Gompo.)

— — — —

“Wamzala unyana wake wamazib ilo Luke 2:7.”

— :o: —

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

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

Tatalahote! huntsh' e Nyangweni!
Pakam ukanye lukutikele,
Tatalahote lavela!

Bongan' u Yise, nimang' u Nyana,
Rolan' Tbhaso nenz' unmikelo,
Tatalahote lavela!

Ngumfe wentombi livela tanei
'Ngeambu ka Jese, litye lembombo;
Tatalahote lavela!

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

Wakal' umfazi latsaz' igaz',
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, marwanqahdini,
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!

— — — —

iZWI laBANTU January 14th, 1908

Christmas 1907

by: The Gompo Bard.

“She brought forth her first born son”

Luke 2:7

The readers of this column were very disappointed that it did not appear this year. By this effort we are, with apologies, correcting that mistake, even after the event, for they say, a “court case” never dies.

There she comes, Venus, the morning star
Peace on earth, Understanding among
men,

Rejoice, He has come!

Rejoice! Glory in heaven
Rise up, for even for you, Dawn has
come,

Rejoice, He has come!

Praise to the Father, kisses to the Son
Bring forth your gifts and contributions
Rejoice, He has come!

Born of a virgin, He is her first born
Of the House of Jesse, the Cornerstone
Rejoice, He has come!

Offer sacrifices for the death of loved
ones

As in Judea, when babies wailed
Rejoice, He has come!

healed

The women wailed, blood flowed
The Seer told us why and the land was

Rejoice, He has come!

people

Even you of Ethiopia, have a share,
Take what is yours; share it with your

Rejoice, He has come!

virgin

Thank you for your birth, first born
Thank you for your pregnancy, you

Rejoice, He has come!

You cowards and you the bearded ones
The blind and the dead
Rejoice, He has come!

Today is peace and Today is rejoicing
The king is born; we have a home
Rejoice, He has come!

is!

And you of Ethiopia,
Would that you knew how big your share

Rejoice, He has come!

Translated by: - Phyllis Ntantala

BRANDON SMITH

IZWI LA BANTU(?), October 6, 1908.

I Nyange Eligoduklleyo

--

[Yimbongi yakwa Gompo.]

--

"Goduka Ncede(?) Wafa Yindlala(?)."

--

Umzi waso Mjadwini ngumzi osabelweyo ngu Qamata ngokuba neqela lamanyange namagqala pakati kwawo. Site(?) ke(?) kodwa kulenyanga idluleyo yo Msintsi, eyeyesitatu emva kweye Silimela, seva ukuba u Tele(?) into ka Seya, umzukulwana ka Gwali, into ka Ngeonde i Tshawe, uyiqekezi-(?) le iqabaka, walusabela ubizo; kuba nguwupina(?) umkonzi ekungatiwa ukolekile, xa iti i Nkosi yake yakuti yiz' apa angavumi ukuya ? Ngoko ke: --

Lagoduk' inyange
Laya kwamaninzi,
Emva kwekulu lezi Limela.
Libiziwe lasabela
Lati " Ndiyeza Nkosi ?"
Layishiya isiuxhobo
Lengutyana yehlabati
Latabat' cwunduzayo
Emhlope ngokweqabaka
Langena kwanapakade.

Lagoduk' inyange
Laya kwamaninzi
Emva kwekulu lezi Limela
Kade lizibona
Izinto ngezinto,
Kade licebisa
Kumagqari ngamagqari
Kade lintliteka.
Kumaza omhlaba,
Namhlapje(?) ke lipumziwe.

Lagoduk' inyange
Laya kwamaninzi
Emva kwekulu lezi Limela.
Inkosi liyikouzile
U Kumkani limbekile ;
Izwe lalo lililwele
Lasikonz isiznknlu(?).
Ilay' imihl' akwa Bldushane(?),
Ilay' imibla(?) yase Tala.
" Goduka ncede(?) wafa yindlala(?)."

Lago ik'(?) inyange
Laya kwamaninzi
Emva kwekulu lezi Limela.
Ngaba wena mfo ka(?) Seya
Oye ko Kama no Gwali,
Ushiy' esis(?) zukulu
Sintliziyo zingambini,
Simaziny' aoutelezi
Zidiliya czimuneu.
Hamba bawo ugqibile.

Goduka ke ndod'(?) enkulu(?)
Uzishiy' ezipamente
Zelilizwe linendlala,
Kumanxow' af' amatole.
Nyukela kwelipezulu
Akukuba nakwaliwa,
Kub' igama libhaliwe,
Latatyatw' usengumfana.
Zilapo nentanga(?) zako,
Inkosi zako zikona.

Yalez' umtaka Kalipa
Kumagor' owazeleyo.
Uzuti ke wakutika(?)
Utete ne Nkosi leyo.
Lomfo wase Nazarete
Naku Tixo ongu Yise
Naku Nina u Nomoya,
Uti sikala ngexesha(?)
Lokuba masikunjulwe(?),
Kudala siyintlekisa

Njengok' umka sewubona.
Bhota, bhota ke mnumzetu
'Zusikangel' e Nyangwen' apo.

MVULA MAYINE! (?)

iZWI la BANTU: October 6th, 1908

The Sage has left: By: The Gompo Bard.

"Go home, Ncede, before you starve!!"

The people of imiJadu, are indeed blessed for among them one can still find old men. But this last month, the third month after June, we heard that Tele, son of Seya, grandson of Gwali, brother of Ngconde, the King, died, answering the Call; for what Christian would refuse to leave when God has said! "Come!"

Therefore we say:-

The Sage has gone home
Joining those before him
Left after a hundred years
He was called and he answered
"Yes, Lord, I am coming"

He left it empty
This his earthly garment
Put on a long flowing one
One, as white as snow
And entered heaven

The Sage has gone home
Joining those others before him
Gone after a hundred years
Many things he did see
Many things he experienced
Many an advice he gave
To many a young men
Many years he has been tossed
On wave upon wave in this life
Today, he is called to rest

The Sage has gone home
Joining many before him
Gone after a hundred years
His Lord he served well
His King he honored well
For his country he fought
Serving the generations to come

Joy to those of the House of Mdushane
In memory of the days of Tala
"Go home, Ncedo, before you starve to death"

He is gone, the Sage
Joining the many before him
Gone after a hundred years
Glad you are son of Seya
For today you are joining Kama and Gwali
Leaving behind this new generation
A generation with two hearts
Whose teeth are blunt
For sucking sour grapes
Go, father, you have done your job

Go home then, our Sage
Leave behind the sweet nothings
Of this world of hunger and starvation
Of homesteads where young calves die
Enter the great beyond
No one can turn you away
For your name is in the register
Entered while still a young man
Others of your age are already there
So also are your Kings
To your sons, entrust your wife
The daughter of Khalipha

And when you get there
Plead our case before the King
The Young Man from Nazareth
Even to God, his Father

Forgetting not Mary, his mother
Tell them we are sorely pressed
May they please remember us
Long have we been suffering
As you very well know
Farewell!, Farewell!, great Sage!!
Look out for us when we arrive!!!
May the rains fall!!

Translated by: Phyllis Ntantala

DAVID SAENTANG

UMFIKAZI U
FRANCES NONHI MKENCELE

(Yimbongi yakwa (iompo)).

“SILILA NABALILAYO.”

Usapo lwalemihla lonakele. Kodwa noko i Nkosi ayiyekanga ukuvelisa abantwana abafuze abasendulo. Loke ebengomnye wabanjalo. Kute kwakwinyanga yesibini yalomnyaka, xa lentombazana ibikwisi Xeko se Ngewele, yafikelwa yinewadi epuma kwi Kaya laba Ngewele, eli Pezulu ibhalwa ngamagama egolide umbalo oti:

“Cula ntombi yase Ziyone! Vuya ugeobe ngentliziyo yonke ntombi yase Yerusalem U Yehova uyisusile imigwebo yako; uludedisile utshaba lwako; u Kumkani wo Sirayeli, u Yehova, upakti kwako, akuyi kuba sabona lishwa.”

Ile inewadi le ayafihlakala kwa oko, zati indaba zayo zawupitizelisa kakulu umz; wamenywa unina e Bolotwa, banitizela abafundisi namagqira, efunda ukuba lombalo ungaba uteta ukutinina. Kude kwati kwiveki yesibini ye Nzilo, yamenywa. Pezulu, ukuba yona ize ingazili; kuba: “Bengehako abantwana begumbi loMtshakazi ukuzila xa Umyeni anabo.”

Ukwenjenje oku andilili; kuba asiselulo usapo lokwenjenjalo; noko ke siyakufa ngamsi, kuba kaloku u Franny:

Eyintombi yama Mpandla
Engumtshana kwa Ndarala;
Ecokisiw' ukudalwa
Waqulunqwa ukondliwa.

Ufundiswe ngamabhongo
Watsho wezabu ngezongo,
Wabanced' abafundisi
Wamkolisa u Msindisi.

Waneratshi clingewele
Wazitoba kwizihlwele.
Ntombi ndini ka Mkencele,
Ufile na akulele?

Akofang' ugodakile
Waya kwasel' egquibile;
Nale Mbongi wayishiya
Kub' ucisbe u Mesiya.

Idini ke ulenzile
Indlel' ak' ibingelelwe.
Ma-Ndungwana zungalili
Sewenzelwe isilili.

Ubizwe kunye ne Lente
Ye Pezulu i Ramente,
Ewe Franny 'butandeka
Wafunwa ke, sakuyeka.

Sewofundisa usapo

Olungewele pezul' apo
Olupantsi lushiyiwe
Inzwakazi itshatiwe.

Ma-Tshatshi uina pilani
Lilani, ewe, vuyani l,
Olundwendwe luzukile
Lomsebenz' upakamile.

Ramente ndin' e Pezulu,
Bandia ndini Lama Zulu!
Siyayibona noko lonto,
Nokosizint' ezingento!

Abayityuwa yomhlaba
Banyunywa ngokwamaxoba.
Singalili singatini?
Masixole sifuze ni?

Hamba ngoko ntombazana
Uyekuvum' n Hozana
Nesihlwel' esinozuko.
Esigwaba ngamapiko.

Oloyi ke Mtakokwetu!
Litsh' elokugqiba letu
Oloyi ke mtaka mama!
Ngen' e Kay' undlisw' i Manna.

iZWI la BANTU: April 7th, 1908

The Late Frances Nonhi Mkencele

By: The Gompo Bard.

“We mourn with those who are mourning”

The young of today are a problem. But the Lord God has never stopped giving the nation children who are like those of yester-year. Our subject today, was one such.

In the second month of the year, when this young woman was in Grahamstown, she received a message from heaven, written in gold:-

“Sing you daughter of Zion!!
With heart rejoice, you daughter of Jerusalem!!
The Lord God has forgiven your sins,
Held back those who would harm you,
The God Israel, Jehova, is with you

And no harm will ever befall you.”

The message was quite clear and its content agitated the people. Her mother from Bholothwa was summoned; the minister and the doctors were all busy; all wondering what this could mean.

On the second week of Lent, she was called; called so that for her there would be no fasting, for how could the women of the bride’s chamber fast when the groom is with them.

My words about her are not a mourning for the likes of her are not to be mourned. They are a wiping of our smoke-filled eyes.

“She was the House of amaMpandla
The daughters of the daughters of Ndarhala
Beautiful and comely
Well groomed and well nurtured
Of education she had the best
With dignity she carried herself
A great help to the school managers
For that, she pleased the Lord

She was proud, but gracious
Dignified, humble and respectful.
Oh! Daughter of Mkencele
Are you really dead, not just sleeping?

You are not dead, but just gone home
Gone because your work here is done
Left even the Bard behind
To choose Jesus as your groom

You made the sacrificial offering
For that your path has been blessed
You of the House of Ndungwana, weep not
She has made a home for you

During Lent you were called
To join the heavenly congregation
Yes, Franny you were loved
You, they chose; we had to let go.

You will now teach the youth
Of the heavenly school above
Left behind are the youth of the world
For now, this beauty, is married

Take courage, you of the House of Tshatshu
Weep, yes weep, but also rejoice
For honorable is your Visitor
And the service fits the occasion

To you, congregation, in heaven
The thousands at the heavenly gates
We understand and appreciate all
Even though we be nothing

Those who are the salt of the earth
Are, as precious gifts, picked up
How then can we not mourn?
How can we find comfort?

Go well young lady!

Go sing Hosanna
With those graceful crowds
Who clap with their wings!

Farewell, Farewell, my sister
That is our "Good-bye"
Farewell, my mother's child
Enter and enjoy manna in heaven