

WHEN WE ARE ONE

Their Fingers
 Like Winter fig-trees
 Pointed up the sky
 In a useless plea for mercy
 Hippos and Caspirs
 Block our township roads
 Police and soldiers
 March in our dusty streets
 Dogs and rifles (R1's)
 Have dominating sounds
 Teargas and snizzer
 Contaminate the air,
 Crying and shouting
 Amandla Ngawethu!
 Jumping and running
 Is all they can do
 Oo! Yini Bafazi
 Baphel' abantwana
 Nihlel' ezindlwini
 Yayaphi na inimba yabazali benu?
 Awu! Yini madoda
 Nalibala kukutshon'
 Ezinkonkxeni
 Zivuthululwa, ziphela intyatyambo zezwe lenu?
 Makhosikazi!
 Thabathani imibhinqo yenu
 Nilandele
 madoda!
 Qubulani iminqayi yenu
 Nikhusele
 Safa saphela isizwe
 Nikhona
 Worker! This is no students' fight
 For it comes to your factory too
 Parent this is no Youth's struggle
 For bullets strike you too
 Pastor! This is no non-Christian's war
 For your congregation is affected too
 Intellectual! This is no hypothetic battle
 For your intellectual work suffers too
 Liberal! This is no oppressors problem
 For its your future too
 Privileged! this is no time to sympathise
 For we need your strength too
 All of us should be concerned
 This is our Country
 This is our children's future
 Lets strive for lasting peace and harmony
 Lets fight for this noble ideal
 We will certainly win
 When we are one

By: B. J Simmons.

JESUS THE SON OF THE LIVING GOD

They saw the Star that rose above glowing stars
 They marvelled and shouted for joy to come
 Travelling for ages to meet a child of the Universe
 Born in stinking muds reserved for the despised

He came not as God to condemn those in chains
 He came as a uniting glue across colour bar
 Speaking of love and peace to the weary
 Jesus the Son of the living God

They called Him names he never deserved
 When He took a whip to correct evilness
 They called Him a terrorist against money-mongers
 When He used words they should understand
 They laughed at Him and mocked His ways

He proclaimed Himself Life, Light and Love
 Appealing to those in authorities to follow suite
 Yet to this day those who call themselves by His name
 Destroy life of the innocent and the weary

Yes, He shall come in clouds above the skies
 Every knee shall bow before Him
 Every tongue shall confess Him as Lord
 Fascists will cry for mountains to bury them

As days of our salvation from racist brutes approach
 We look upon Him and say Jesus give us more strength
 You were a revolutionary for world peace
 Stand behind those who demand this, your will be done

Listen to cries of orphaned children in our townships
 Listen to shouts of mercy in racist dungeons
 Lift your hand upon those who deny your will in my count

Lift your hand upon those who deny your will in my count
 Let justice flow like a mighty river righteousness its stream.

— PRESTON SELEPE (MK C)