

Nkovu Wa Xivavu

A Celebration of Pain

Nyttu Chongo

Interlude played on the *Xingoviya*

Phulani ti Dleve, on Xitende

*Pfulani xipfalu ni ti dleve,
Ndi lawva ku mutxhalela a ti maka
Ta vutomi la afrika.*

Translation

Open your doors and ears,
I want to tell you about
Our African reality.

Xlhokonono, on Inanga

Translation (verse 1)

They say that our birth

Was not from a pregnancy founded in love.

Oh, mother, mother!

Your cries of labor

Echo in my ears.

Do they have ears to hear?

Xlhokonono, on Inanga

Translation (verse 2)

They say that the color of our skin
Is the stamp of poverty and death.
They spit on us with firearms
Spreading seeds that germinate
Disgrace in our lives.

Xlhokonono, on Inanga

Translation (verse 3)

They say that our life is the night that never rises to morning

Flags from the North

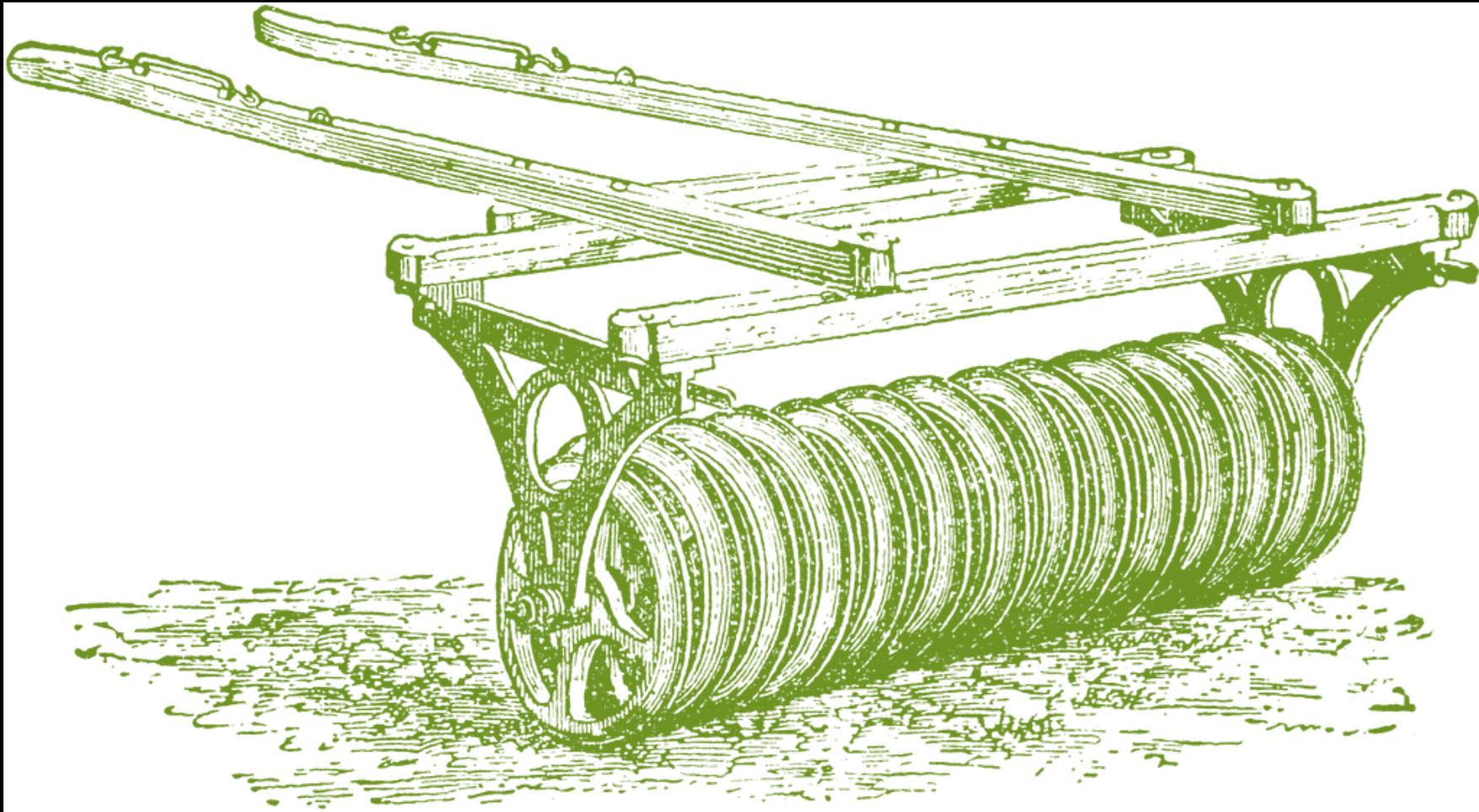
Blocking out our hot sun.

Big man, in your profound dream of freedom

I still live a nightmare.

Kokandindasse, on Inanga

Translation: Dragging the Press-Wheel Roller



Ubuntu, on Kora

Translation (verse 1)

Africa, today you pay

For unknown sins you did not commit

While the guilty hold riches.

My eyes shine with happiness

But my heart is drenched with tears.

They say that in order to conquer poverty

We must walk with knowledge.

But there are many of us, educated,

Who cannot satisfy ourselves

In this land governed by theft, lies, and exploitation

Of men by men.

Ubuntu, on Kora

Translation (verse 2)

On this land where the mute are born
And voice is given to weapons
That give birth to wars
God makes a rain of love fall among us.
What more do we need to respect and accept one another?
Let us rise up and give each other our hands,
Take apart our weapons
And transform them into hoes.
Let us prepare a cool shade
Where we can rest and reflect
For this war will unite us or separate us.
Haiye, haiye, ubuntu!

