



# Cambridge IGCSE™

**DRAMA**

**0411/13**

Paper 1

**May/June 2022**

PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL



**Centres should download this material from the School Support Hub and give it to candidates.**

## INSTRUCTIONS

- The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the **two** play extracts provided in this booklet.
- You may do any appropriate preparatory work. It is recommended that you explore both extracts as practical theatre, investigating performance and staging opportunities.
- You will **not** be allowed to take this copy of the material **or** any other notes or preparation into the examination.
- A copy of the pre-release material will be provided with the question paper.

This document has **24** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

**EXTRACT 1: MADAME ZOYKA**

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

Extract 1 is taken from Mikhail Bulgakov's *Madame Zoyka*, translated into English by Michael Glenny. It was first performed at the Vakhtangov Studio in Moscow in 1926. The play is described as 'A Comedy in Four Acts'. The extract consists of a slightly abridged version of Act One.

**CHARACTERS**

ZÓYA DENÍSOVNA	owner of an apartment and a fashion studio
MANYÚSHKA	her maid
BELTOFF	ex-sergeant major, chairman of the House Committee
OBOLÓNSKY, Pavel Fyodorovich	former count
AMETÍSTOV, Alexander Tarasovich	Zoya's cousin

**ACT ONE**

*[The action takes place in Moscow in 1927]*

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'For he's a jolly good fellow ...'

[*Curtain*]

## EXTRACT 2: A WOMAN IN WAITING

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

*A Woman in Waiting* is part of a trilogy of testimonial plays by South African playwright, Yaël Farber. It was created with Thembi Mtshali-Jones, whose story it tells. The play was first performed in South Africa in 1999 and has since been performed internationally.

Yaël Farber describes testimonial theatre as ‘a genre wrought from people bearing witness to their own stories through remembrance and words’. Each play in the trilogy is therefore based on first-hand testimony of those who lived through the harsh laws of Apartheid in South Africa.

The version presented here gives most of the text in English for ease of reading, but the original performance included much use of the Zulu language. Songs are given in English in the text with the original lyrics provided at the end.

### ONE • COUNTING FULL MOONS

*[A woman is singing in the dark. Lights rise slowly on a large, roughly hewn wooden crate lying on its side. The lid is open to lie flat on the floor. As lights grow, we see the woman is inside the crate, on her back. She moves her arms and legs slowly and sensuously – as though suspended in water. The musical phrase she sings is filled with longing, and will be repeated at certain junctures during the show. She sits up slowly and looks out at the audience from the confines of this box.]*

5

THEMBI:

There was a great thunderstorm – lightning was cutting through the trees that were falling from a heavy gale and the rivers were full and overflowing with water.

10

It was the day the heavy rains came – and the wind was blowing so hard, that when my mother came to cross Umkhumbane River to go to the hospital, she knew she would drown if she stepped into the water.

And so she waited ...

*[Curling up into a foetal position.]*

15

CHILD IN WOMB: Tswee Tswee!

I'm cooked!

I'm cooked. I'm ready.

THEMBI

*[Smiling at the memory.]*

Perhaps I should've been a little more patient, and waited for the river to catch its breath. But this was before I had seen the world beyond my mother's womb: a world that would teach me to wait.

20

And yet unborn and fearless, I saw no point in waiting for a better time to arrive.

CHILD IN WOMB *[Desperately.]*

25

Tswee Tswee! I'm cooked!

I'm cooked! I'm ready!

THEMBI

*[Leaping from the box.]*

... And tumbled into my mother's arms.

*[Switching effortlessly into the roles of her MAMA and FATHER respectively.]*

30

MAMA

*[Holding an imaginary baby girl in her arms.]*

	Baba, it's a girl. Her name is Thembekile. Her name is Thembekile. Thembi Mtshali!	35
THEMBI:	My father gave me the praises of our Ancestors.	
FATHER	<i>[In the traditional rhythmic style of praising.]:</i> You are the child of amaMtshali. Son of Hlabangane – who was a son of Magalela, the one who attacks like a lion! Who was the son of Mantshinga, the great warrior – Who was the son of Hlangabeza – who was the son of Mlambo – who was the son of Nyathi. This is where we come from! And this is who you are!	40
MAMA	<i>[With great deference to her husband.]:</i> Baba, what about her Christian name? You know the world will demand it.	45
FATHER	<i>[Thrown by the request, but trying to hold his authority.]:</i> Er ... yes – ah – Rose? ... um ... Pinky? Gloria? Beauty!	50
THEMBI:	But as the wind continued to roar its praises ...	
FATHER	<i>[Suddenly illuminated.]:</i> Aha! Heavygale! Yes! Thembekile Heavygale Mtshali!	55
THEMBI	<i>[In dismay.]:</i> Heavygale! HEAVYGALE! I always hated the sound of it. It was like I was to blame for something ... Like I had brought the passion of the weather from another world. I thought <i>that</i> was the reason my parents sent me to Zululand to live with my grandparents in the village of Sabhoza. But Gogo, my grandmother, explained to me:	60
GRANNY:	Grandchild, don't cry. Your mama is working in the 'Kitchens' in Durban. But me and Mkhulu, your Grandfather, will take care of you. Your mama will come for you when the time is right ... My baby you must wait ...	65
THEMBI:	<i>[THEMBI sings the opening theme softly, and sits on the open lid of the box on the floor, looking up at the sky.]</i> When I was a little girl, my best friends were the birds. They had the freedom of flying anywhere they wished, and I would give them secret messages to take to my parents in Durban. <i>[She sings.]</i> <div style="text-align: center;">_____ Out there in the fields, The doves are everywhere.</div> <i>[As a small girl of approximately six years old, she watches the sky anxiously – waiting for the Ncedo Bird to appear. She sees him suddenly in a nearby tree.</i> <i>In the below speech, the words in italics indicate that the letter R is, at</i>	70
		75

	<i>times, pronounced as an L – a linguistic trait of rural Zulu speakers.]</i>	80
CHILD THEMBI:	Hei Ncede! I've been waiting for you under this tree for de whole day. I have a <i>velly</i> important message for you to take to Mama and Baba in Durban. Tell them my arm ... she's nearly long enough to touch my ear – so I can start school!	85
	Mama says that when I finish small school here, I will come and live with her in Durban, because the big school is far away!	
	Tell Mama I am waiting for my <i>Chlismas</i> clothes and new shoes. Hey Ncede – this is <i>velly</i> important!	90
	Tell them that my feet <i>glow</i> during the year. They don't stay the same size as when they measured them with a <i>stling</i> last <i>Chlismas</i> . They always forget that. OK, OK, go now!	
	I will wait for you here. <i>Tomorrow</i> and <i>tomorrow</i> and the other <i>tomorrow</i> ...	95
	<u>[She watches with great longing – as the bird flies away. She sings.]</u>	
	Hey there big owl! / What are you carrying with your mouth?	
	I'm carrying my baby's food. / Where are you taking it?	100
	To someone who will help me! / Help you with what?	
	To run faster / Wait next to my brother's house. My brother will let me in / When I'm inside.	105
	There's lots of food! / What is it for? It's for the in-laws	
	When did they come? / They came yesterday / What did you slaughter?	
	A small animal / The in-laws refused it	110
	They want a big animal! / A hippopotamus!	
	<u>That they can all eat with their families.</u>	
THEMBI	<u>[Turning to the audience.]:</u> Could someone explain this thing called 'time' to me? Is the moon moving faster these days than it used to? Why do I feel like just as they're taking the Christmas decorations down in the shopping malls ... before I've turned around ... they're putting them back up again. And that Boney M ... [Singing the title.] 'By the Rivers of Babylon' is back again. But when I was a child, a year took twelve full moons to pass!	115
	<u>[She counts each moon on her ten fingers and two toes.]</u> And many more moons for your arm to grow long enough ... [Reaching over her head to touch the opposite ear.] ... to touch your ear ... So that you can start school!	120
	<u>[She climbs onto the wooden crate, and dangles her legs like a small child.]</u>	125

CHILD THEMBI: Jack and Jill went up the hill ...

[*Mangling the words of the English nursery rhyme.*]

To fitch-a-pala-wata! Jack fell down ...

[*Lost in the incomprehensible rhyme.*]

130

Um – ah – um ...

Aaaaafter!

THEMBI:

We did not understand a word we were saying. This 'Jack and Jill' ...  
What did it have to do with my world? I waited to share my Gogo's rhyme.  
I waited – but no one asked.

135

[*She jumps from the box, into a dynamic rendition of her grandmother's rhyme. The rhythm and vibrancy is markedly different to the banality of 'Jack and Jill'.*]

Hey Dove! / What have you got? / I have some meat!

Where are you going to cook it? / Out in the field! / Why not at home?

140

I'm scared the old men will take it! / Old people, with long beards.

Sitting on the grass. / Boastful! / Tell me, hey! Go! / Where will I go?

To my father, in Mgungundlovu. / He will give you a little bit / From  
Masasasa

Masasasa wake up! / How can I wake up? / I have been beaten! / By the  
boys,

145

From Thabede! / Which Thabede? / The one from the north!

Lead the cow – to the Nkeshe's! / And what will Nkeshe say?

He will beat you up with the stick! / A very crooked stick!

This was not the last time I would wait for something I already had ...

150

It was not the last time I would have to learn that there is nothing as rich  
as where you come from.

[*She hums the Ncedo tune to herself, looking at the sky for the appearance  
of the bird.*]

CHILD THEMBI [*Seeing Ncedo in a tree.*]:

155

Hey Ncedo! I wanted to tell you something:

Today I saw umlungu – a white man – for the first  
time ... He was waiting to drive the Nyuluka Bus  
back to Durban. He was kneeling down next to the  
bus and writing something down. And he looked  
very important – but he didn't know his pipi was  
sticking out of his shorts and sleeping on his leg –  
like this. [*She sticks her tongue out to rest on her  
cheek.*]

160

I thought he was an albino, like Ndundundu here in  
our village – but Grandfather says, 'No! uMlungu!'  
Grandfather says he's from another tribe here  
in Africa – but they call themselves *Eulopeans*.

165

[*Shrugging off her confusion.*] Ah, I don't understand  
these grown up things. [*Back to business.*] Anyway  
Ncedo – I have counted all the moons in my hands.  
Go tell Mama and Baba it's two full moons before  
*Chlismas*. Tell them I'm waiting for my presents!  
Go Ncedo! Fly! [*Calling after the bird.*] And tell that  
moon to hurry up! I don't like it when it's half!

170

175

- THEMBI [Wistfully]: Sabhoza: where there was no electricity, but the moon and stars would light our way home.
- CHILD THEMBI [Staring up at the night sky.]: Ah! There's the Woman in the Moon. She's carrying firewood on her head and a baby on her back – with a small dog following her. 180
- Gogo told me she was banished to the moon a long time ago – for working on a Sunday. She's stuck there now forever ... waiting to come home.
- THEMBI: Sabhoza! Where the doves spoke to us in words ... 185
- [She imitates the sounds of the birds chirping which evolve into the imagined conversations of the birds.]
- CHILD THEMBI: The-sorgum-is-ripe-and-ready.  
Come-around-to-eat-and-play.
- THEMBI: Where we sucked morning dew from mfomfo flowers until our little faces were red from the pollen! Izinkele berries were our best! But they used to make us so constipated. 190
- CHILD THEMBI [Whimpering in pain and holding her backside.]:  
Granny, I can't shit! I can't shit!
- [GRANDMOTHER grabs the child and puts her over her knee.] 195
- GRANNY: Come here! I have been telling you children not to eat so many izinkele!
- THEMBI: And she would give us her home made enema – until we would shit it all out – only to run straight back to the forest for more!
- Supoza! Where on a Sunday in our church, people would sing and fall into trances. 200
- [She falls into a fervent trance, speaking 'in tongues', imitating the adults at church gatherings.]
- And Grandfather told us it was the language spoken in Heaven.
- Oh Sabhoza! I remember all your blessings ... But mostly – I remember waiting. 205
- [She sings.]
- Come all ye faithful – joyful and triumphant,  
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.
- [As she sings, she counts the months on her ten fingers – arriving triumphantly at December on her second toe. She stares with anticipation into the distance, looking for MAMA and PAPA on the horizon.] 210
- THEMBI: Christmas was always very special – with my parents coming to visit. I would wish those two weeks would never end ... But they always did.
- [She stares down the dust road, waving to her departing parents.] 215
- MAMA [Calling back to her.]: Don't cry Thembi! We'll be back next Christmas!
- [She waves until they are out of sight. Holding back her tears, she picks up the shoe box at her feet. Inside is a pair of small white shoes. She mimes slipping her feet into them – but finds that they are too tight for her.] 220
- CHILD THEMBI [Hobbling]: These Chlismas shoes are small again! And Mama and Baba have gone back to Durban. Why can't people live together? Why must they go



far away?

*[She comforts herself singing a traditional Zulu lullaby in the absence of her mother.]* 225

Don't cry little one – Mama is not around

She is getting firewood – They say you ate amasi

But you did not – The dog ate it

Granny's dog – with mixed colours 230

THEMBI: Whenever we went down to the river to fetch water, we would gather some clay to make our dolls. Babies made of earth with our little hands, and moulded from our spirits.

*[She digs in the mound of river sand – pre-set stage left – and pulls out the parts of a small clay doll, which she begins to assemble.]* 235

CHILD THEMBI *[Pretending to breastfeed the doll.]:*

Do you want some milk?

*[Pointing to her breasts.]*

I thought these were boils, but Gogo says it's natural for them to grow, and that I must push them together so that they don't grow far apart. 240

You have wet yourself!

I am going to beat you! My sister Thandi from the city, her doll is pink with long hair and made of rubber from China. You can throw her on the ground and she never breaks. 245

*[To doll.]* But I have to be careful with you ... Or you will break!

THEMBI: These were dry and fragile babies – never with us for long. And so we learnt how to crumble our little creations each day and return them to the river from whence they came. Return them to the Earth, and walk away. 250

Babies to make, babies to hold, babies to break.

*[She sings the opening theme – as she puts the small Christmas shoes back in the shoe box. She closes the lid of the large crate too – for it will soon become the bus upon which she will ride to Durban.]* 255

And so each new moon brought a new month. Each New Year brought me a little closer to going to live with my parents. And early one morning as I woke, my Gogo said to me:

GRANNY: My Grandchild, ... Mkhulu, your Grandfather has gone to the store to buy the flour for your dumplings. You must catch the chicken for your provisions for the journey. Durban is a long way! 260

*[She jumps up and down, clapping her hands with delight.]*

CHILD THEMBI: I'm going to Durban! I'm going to live with my mama! I'm going to Durban! 265

I'm going to Durban! I'm going to Durban! I'm going to Durban!

*[She climbs onto the crate, which has become the Nyuluka Bus. She bounces and sways, suggesting the movements of the road travel.]*

THEMBI: This was the longest journey I had ever known. I was sick from the movement of the Nyuluka Bus and the petrol fumes. I couldn't even eat 270

my chicken and dumplings! Mostly I was sick with excitement! But when I saw my mama waiting at the station ...

*[A giant suspended dress, accompanied by boisterous township jazz of the 1950s, swings on stage from the wings. THEMBI leaps off the bus and runs to embrace the dress.]* 275

*She is dwarfed by this figure, which represents her mother.]*

I knew my waiting was over, and from now – I would have Mama with me all the time!

CHILD THEMBI      *[With great joy.]:* MAMA! 280

*[The music shifts and becomes more frenetic. She turns and stares at the urban chaos before her. This is Kwamashu Township – an astonishing sight for a 'rural' child.]*

## TWO • CITY OF BEES

THEMBI: Kwamashu Township shocked me: The closeness of houses, the closeness of everything. People here were wild. They walked too fast and talked too loud. 285

*[She enacts a collage of different characters from Kwamashu Township's community.]*

MAN      *[Chasing a taxi.]:*  
Hey you boy! 290  
Stop that taxi for me!

OLD LADY      *[Talking to a child.]:*  
My girl, run to the store for me.  
Get me some paraffin before my primus stove switches off! 295

GANGSTER      *[Propositioning a young woman.]:*  
I say – you!  
Come here, I want you to be my girl!

WOMAN      *[In response.]:*  
Hey you cheap gangster, I don't go out with thugs! 300  
You must watch who you are talking to!  
Sis! Gha!

*[She imitates the sound and movements of a train.]*

THEMBI: My mama took me on the Kuchu-Kuchu Train to the Durban City Indian Market. 305

*[She disappears behind MAMA – the giant suspended dress – and peeps tentatively out, to stare open-mouthed at the scene before her.]*

This was the ugliest beauty I had ever seen.

Indians everywhere, selling anything my little head could think of!

INDIAN TRADER: Come in here! Everything is cheap here! 310  
One and six shillings  
For you Mama – a perfect fit!  
You don't even need to try it on!

THEMBI: I had never seen so many people together in one place, and I could feel them *[Looking down at her feet where she feels the vibrations.]* – 315

zzzzzzzzzzzz – buzzing like bees. Everyone seemed lost in this big city with so many streets, and asking for directions.

INDIAN MAN: OK! You want Curry Road?

You go down, down, down this road – you see a house on your left and a woman hanging clothes. 320  
You say hullo hullo, if you like. If you don't – you pass! You go up, up, up – you see the big Sunday Church with the cross on top ... It's none-of-your-business! You pass! Then you go down, down, down and you see a man standing. You ask where 325  
Curry Road is. He don't know ... Come back to me! I'll show you!

CHILD THEMBI: Thank you!

THEMBI: I had never seen so many cars in my life. In our village, there was only one car, and it belonged to the Chief. But here – every umlungu is a Chief. 330  
They are *all* driving cars!

*[The chaos of hooters and aggression reaches a crescendo and then fades.]*

When I came to Durban to live with my parents – I thought the waiting was over, but it had only just begun. My father had abandoned my mother, to raise my brothers and sisters on her own. But Mama was hardly ever home – working day and night in the 'Kitchens'. And so I found myself waiting once again ... for her return in the evenings. 335

*[She stares anxiously down the road, and runs to MAMA when she sees her on the horizon.]* 340

CHILD THEMBI: There's Mama!

*[Talking to the giant suspended dress which conjures her mother.]*

Mama what did you bring for me today?

MAMA: Oh child, I'm tired!

I'm so tired. I'm going straight to bed. 345

CHILD THEMBI *[Calling after her]*: OK Ma – we can talk in the morning.

THEMBI: But each day, when we woke, she was gone – already on her way back to the Kitchens. Waiting for our precious moment on Sunday in church – standing next to her, I would watch her sing her favourite hymn. 350

*[Enacting her mother in church – she sings with a glorious voice, as the giant dress swings from side to side.]*

MAMA: Everywhere I go

He protects me

Someone like Jesus 355

Will never be found

THEMBI: I was so proud I belonged to her. When she told me I could come with her to the Kitchens one day to help her with the washing – I could hardly wait. It meant spending more time with her.

*[Humming, she enacts MAMA, cleaning the home of her white employer.]* 360

MAMA: Thembi, I am going to clean the bedrooms. Wait for me here – and please my child don't touch anything.

CHILD THEMBI: OK Mama.

	<i>[She climbs onto the crate and waits.]</i>	
THEMBI:	I waited in that kitchen the whole afternoon, and felt very uncomfortable wherever I sat. But there are some things in this world that <i>cannot</i> wait!	365
	CHILD THEMBI: I need to pee!	
THEMBI:	I needed to wee!	
	<i>[She waits, but it is unbearable. She climbs off the crate and ventures beyond the kitchen.]</i>	370
	CHILD THEMBI: Ma? Mama? <i>[But there is no response.]</i>	
	<i>[A gleaming white porcelain toilet is revealed centre stage.]</i>	
	<i>[Delighted at her discovery.]</i>	
	Ah! iToilet!	
	<i>[With great relief she hurries to the toilet, mimes hitching up her dress and pulling down her panties. She sits on the toilet.]</i>	375
	<i>[Imitating the sound of her sudden bladder release.]</i>	
	SHWAAH!	
THEMBI:	It felt so good to wee at last!	
	When suddenly ... coming through the door ... I saw a huge belly.	380
	CHILD THEMBI <i>[Pushing the door closed.]</i> : Sorry! Somebody's here!	
THEMBI:	I said! ... Because I thought I was a 'somebody'. But Mr Big Belly did not agree.	
	MR BOSS <i>[Furious.]</i> : Margaret! MAAARGREEEET!	
THEMBI:	My mama dropped whatever she was doing and came running.	385
	MAMA <i>[Out of breath, frightened.]</i> : What is it, Baas?	
	What happened, Master?	
	MR BOSS <i>[Outraged.]</i> : WHO is in my toilet?	
	MAMA <i>[Submissively.]</i> : Oh, it's my daughter Baas.	
	MR BOSS: Your WHO?	390
	MAMA: My daughter, Baas.	
	MR BOSS <i>[Yelling with rage.]</i> : YOUR WHO? You girls – you KNOW you're not supposed to use MY toilet! You must use the toilet OUTSIDE!	
	MAMA <i>[Rhythmically, cowering with submission.]</i> :	395
	Yes Baas. No Baas. She just didn't know Baas!	
	Yes Baas. No Baas. I'll explain it to her now!	
THEMBI:	I had never heard anyone speak to my mother like that before. I had never heard my mama apologising like that.	
	MAMA: Yes Baas. No Baas. She just didn't know Baas!	400
	Yes Baas. No Baas. I'll explain it to her now!	
	<i>[During the above, the large suspended dress starts to droop and slowly crumples to the ground. CHILD THEMBI runs to the dress – now a limp pile on the floor.]</i>	
	CHILD THEMBI: I'm sorry, Mama! I'm sorry!	405
	I didn't know!	
THEMBI:	This toilet was of such great importance. I didn't know. It had swallowed up my mother. Where did she go? <i>[Peering into the toilet.]</i> Where had my mama gone?	

	The woman who stood so strong! And who ...	410
	<i>[She pulls a tiny version of the dress from the toilet bowl.]</i>	
	... was this small woman ... singing this strange song:	
	<i>[On her knees – she holds the small dress in front of her. The effect dwarfs her.]</i>	
	MAMA: Yes Baas. No Baas. She just didn't know Baas!	415
	Yes Baas. No Baas. I'll explain it to her now!	
THEMBI	<i>[Rising to her feet to address the audience.]:</i> For all of us, the day comes when we must look our mother in the eye, and realise that she is human after all. But that day, I looked my mama in the eye too soon. Not because I had grown tall ... But because, in that house – she had been made small.	420
	<i>[She sings slowly and softly.]</i>	
	Every where I go	
	He protects me	
	Someone like Jesus	
	<u>Will never be found</u>	425
	<i>[She walks to the crumpled dress, kneels beside it and tenderly spreads it out before her.]</i>	
	All the excitement I came to Durban with died in me that summer. I began to understand the reality of what my mama had to go through to buy me that little pair of shoes that never fitted ... The reality of what life held for me. As my high school years passed – I became shy and silent. My spirit was still searching for a place to settle in this city. I had no friends except for a young man who showed some interest in me. And before I knew it, they told me I was carrying a child!	430
	I did not even know where it came from. No one had explained these things to me. No one had time. She was too busy trying to feed seven hungry mouths.	435
	<i>[She sings.]</i>	
	Everywhere I go	
	He protects me	440
	Someone like Jesus	
	<u>Will never be found</u>	
	<i>[She sings softly as she moves away from the dress to centre stage.]</i>	
	Durban! Thekwini! Manz'eTeko! <sup>1</sup>	
	Where on a hot summer night, you could taste the salt and blood on the air;	445
	Where white beaches are marked with black oil stains that no one could clean;	
	Houses with toilets of such big importance ... that they could swallow a woman ...	450
	City of Bees ... You stung me.	

<sup>1</sup> Vernacular names for the city of Durban.

Zulu lyrics to songs given in English in the text.

Lines 74–75

Wen'usematholeni,  
Ijuba ijahelikhulu.

Lines 98–112

Khele Khele Nkoviyo! / Uphetheni ngomlomo?  
Ngipheth'amas'omtwana. / Uwasaphi na?  
Ngiwasa konzong'nceda! / Ancedeni na?  
Athi qgi qgi qgi! / Ame ngeguma lakwa mnewabo.  
Ath'umnewabo ngena laph'endlini / Ngiyabe ngiyangene.  
Ngafica izajeje! / Ngezani naphela? / Ngezabayeni  
Bafik'enini? / Bafik'izolo, / Wabahlabisani?  
Ngabahlabis' ucilo. / Kodwa ucilo bayamala!  
Baqond'imvubu! / Yona nyam'enkulu!  
Badle baphelele nezithembu zabo.  
Wo-yeye, ha-wu! Wo-yeye!

Lines 139–149

Yebuya hobhe! / Uyob'uphetheni? / Ngiyobe ngipheth'inja  
Uyob'uyosaphi? / Ngiyobe ngiyoyosa endle! / Ekhaya Kunani?  
Ngesab'obaba! / Bazo ngephuca, basul'izindevu zomtmdala.  
Ehleze' efusini. / Eqhobonyeka! / Ethi maye! Maye! / Kazi ngoshonaphi?  
Ngoshona kobaba, eMgungundlovu. / Bagiph'ucwephe / lwakwaMasasasa  
Masasasa vuka! / Ngivuke njani? / Ngibulewe nje! / Abafana nje,  
Bakwa Thabede! / Thabede muphi? / Yena losenhla!  
Shay'inkomo le - Inundubale kwezikaNkeshe! / uNkesh'athini?  
Angakushayi ngenduku yakhe! / Emazomb'uzombana!

Lines 188–189

Amdokwe-amabele-avuthiwe.  
Sondelani-sizodlala-sizosutha

Lines 227–230

Thula mntwana - Umam'akekho  
Uyothez' amalongwe - Bath'udl'amasi  
Engadliwe uwe - Edliweinja  
Inja ka gogo - Emabalabala

Lines 353–356

Endleleni yami  
Wongiphumelelisa  
Ofana noJesu  
Ngomtholaphi

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