As recorded by Mzatamze Transcribed by Patty Cuyler / Colin Kinlund



Mother would like to die for you, my child. She is destroyed, your own mother.

Where did you go with your pack and shepherd's coat, where did you leave the shepherd's staff that was at your side?

I will throw the black bridle over your horse, let it out into the forest and field.

Mother would like to die for you, my child. She is destroyed, your own mother.