

## **Its Thundering by Alfred T. Qabula**

Its thundering drizzling and slightly raining  
they have disturbed the wasps and army ants  
when the buffalo kunks saying two pounds fifty shillings a day  
The employers, they did not pay attention to it  
They just imposed eight shillings a day  
that was when they disturbed the wasps  
They were scattered in the roads

Ships were flocking into the sea  
the capitalists cried  
saying if it was not you Phungula  
Since he said the dancers must boycott dancing  
so that we should die of hunger

Bad luck came out with you son of Phungula  
The capitalists always think that if you lead the people,  
people do what you tell them to do  
Then the buffaloes roars and stampeded  
even the ships were not off loaded  
Those who did not understand  
they asked from those with knowledge  
As who touched it on its tail ?

It thundered and take away Phungula  
The police ground him swallowing him  
and he was dumped to the cold cells  
saying you are the trouble maker  
As if, its you who said  
they should put down the tools  
Phungula go and tell them  
to go back to work.  
You are in here for your deeds

Are you not a communist gospel preacher ?  
You've influenced those people  
not to listen to their employers  
You spoon fed them with communism  
now they are hard headed

*Alfred T. Qabula*

as if they grew up as the lion's shepherd

We can help you, we sympathize with you

its not good that you are here

you're a respected man

We can send you to persuade them

to forget about what they want,

they must go to work

they'll be paid eight shillings per day

By so doing you'll be a free man.

There comes the van speedily

uncontrollable

with its long aerial

waving like of a farmer whip

driving his ox span

It stopped

the police released the Masapho's son

He stood and greet, Shaka, Bayeeethe Zuuuulu

The Dutch people noticed

that General Botha fought

They started to say

the black people are so kind

Let's fight a life and death struggle

Till we get what we want.

Since they confiscated the land

I don't know what will be the answer to this

Do you see now ?

we are digging gold and diamonds for them

The only thing they do

is to sit on highest chairs

Why don't they give us enough of what we need ?

The whites say I must tell you

to go back to work

So that they can release me

because to stay in jail is not for me

I am prepared to die

to stay in jail

to stand for the truth  
The Buffaloes answered  
the whites must not think  
that this strike is Phungula's strike  
we are engaged in the strike  
because we want to work  
for two pounds five shillings a day  
We've long been exploited  
and oppressed  
now they have come to an end.

The army ants wandered around  
and the wasps were up and down  
shivering  
you'll know the people  
before you get old.  
The ships flocked to the sea  
The employer's hearts  
were filled with blood  
The hospitals were full for them  
Because the strong winds are blowing  
the sailor's knees started to loosen

Hold it there buffaloes  
with scratches in their bodies  
because of oppression and exploitation  
Your effort has been heard  
Even the whole world is echoing  
Stevedoor workers be courageous  
and have strength  
Your struggle is for every worker of South Africa  
They started long ago  
exploiting and oppressing us  
And they are still carrying on.  
Lets fight this war  
in unity Africans so as to conquer.  
Shaka, Zuuulu Bayeeethe  
You are the great.