

Songs of South Africa

Sung in Afrikaans, English and African by
Shimon Ash,

Guitar with Banjo Accompaniment by Peter Weldon

Folkways Records FW 8710



DIS TE VER OM TE RY
SARIE MARAIS
JANUARY, FEBRUARY
DAAR KOM DIE ALIBAMA
SIEMBAMBA
AAI, AAI, DIE WITBOSKRAAI
N'KOSI SIKULELA
Medley:
UINA MY MA
VAT JOU GOED EN TREK FERRIERA
MOET NIE HUIL NIE
WANDERLIED
POLLIE ONS GAAN PEREL TOE
DAAR KOM DIE WA
SUIKERBOSSIE
WAT MAAK OOM KALIE DAAR?
JAN PIEREWIET
VANAAND GAAN DIE VOLKIES KORING SNY
HOE RY DIE BOERE
SO RY DIE TREIN

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

Songs of South Africa

SONGS OF SOUTH AFRICA



sung in Afrikaans by Shimon Ash (with guitar)

banjo accompaniment by Peter Weldon

Shimon Ash was born in Willowmore, a small sheep farming town in the dry Southern part of South Africa, called the Karroo. He is the youngest of a family of eight, having six older sisters and one brother. His father owned a sheep farm and a small general store. The farming community was a poor one. Shimon's home had no electricity or other city conveniences. Willowmore had no movie or even recreational center. Singing was one of the main recreational activities among the farmers and their children. They sang at picnics, they sang while they worked, and they sang at school. These songs are the songs Shimon grew up with, the songs he sang, and the songs which were sung to him.

There were few English speaking families in Willowmore. The natives spoke dialects of Zulu and Bantu, and the white people spoke Afrikaans. Until Shimon was twelve years old, and the family moved to Johannesburg, the only English he spoke was what he learned in school.

At the age of twenty-three Shimon left South Africa for Europe and then for Israel. In Israel he lived on Kibbutz Barkai, (a collective farming settlement), and here he learned many Israeli folk songs. He later joined the Israeli army and began to sing at various army camps, singing Afrikaans, English and Israeli folk songs, and accompanying himself on the guitar. Before he left Israel, Kol Yisrael, the Israeli radio station, offered him a singing contract.

After five years in Israel he returned to South Africa, where he continued to sing and to perform. From South Africa Shimon came to Montreal Canada, where he has lived for the past two years. In Montreal he has done a great deal of performing, touring children's camps in the summer, and singing, in three languages, for a variety of audiences in the winter.

Notes on songs by Shimon Ash

SIDE I, Band 1: DIS TE VER OM TE RY

A humorous picnic song about a man who finds that it's much too far for him to walk to his destination, and much too near to ride, which creates quite a dilemma for him.

DIS TE VER OM TE RY

Dis te ver om te ry
dis te na om te bly
Hoe sal ek maak om die nooi te kry?
Die pad is swaar en die perde is mæer,
Ook draai ander jonk-mans daar.

CHORUS:

Dis nie myne nie, dis nie joune nie.)
Dis ander man se nooi wat jy om stry.) 2

Daar ver oor die bult
Daar staan 'n blom
Hoe sal ek maak om daar te kom?
My perd is dood en my bene is lam,
Hoe sal 'k maak om daar te kom?

(CHORUS)

Daar bo op die kop daar
Staan 'n roos
Wie sal ek ooit vir my kan troos?
Dis te ver om te loop, dis te na om te ry,
Hoe sal 'k maak om die roos te kry?

(CHORUS)

Daar oorkant die spruit
groei 'n rooi wang blom
Hoe sal ek maak om daar te kom?
Die rivier is vol en die tranerol,
Hoe sal 'k maak om daar te kom?

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 2: SARIE MARAIS

is a song of longing, dating back to the Boer war. It expresses a desire to return to the Transvaal, the singer's native province in South Africa, where his Sarie Marais is waiting for him. The chorus says:
That's where my Sarie lives,
That's where the corn and the green thorn bush grow
That's where by Sarie lives."

SARIE MARAIS

My Sarie Marais is so ver van my hart,
ek hoop om haar weer te sien.
Sy het in die wyk van die Mooi rivier gewoon
Nog voor die oorlog het begin.

CHORUS:

O bring my trug na die ou Transvaal,
Daar waar my Sarie woon,
Daar onder in die mielies by the groen doring boom,
Daar woon my Sarie Marais.
Daar onder in die mielies by die groen doring boom
Daar woon my Sarie Marais.

Ek was so bang dat die kakies my sou vang,
En ver oor die see wegstuur
Toe vlug ek na die kant van die Upington se sand
Daar on der langs die Groot rivier.

(CHORUS)

Verlossing het gekom en die huis toe gaan was daar,
Trug na die ou Transvaal,
My liefelings persoon sal seker ook daar wees,
Om my met 'n kus te beloon.

(CHORUS)

Die kakies is mos net soos'n krokodille pes,
Hul sleep jou altyd water toe.
Hulle gooi jou op 'n skip vir'n lange,
Lange trip Die jositie weet waarna toe.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 3: JANUARY/FEBRUARY

is a song sung by the "Cape Coloureds".

January February, March, April May June July....
August September October November December.

SIDE I, Band 4: DAAR KOM DIE ALIBAMA

another song by the Cape Coloureds, which tells of the
ship, the Alibama.

"There comes the Alibama
The Alibama is coming over the sea."

DAAR KOM DIE ALIBAMA

Daar Kom die Alibama
Die Alibama hy kom oor die see

Daar kom die Alibama
Die Alibama hy kom oor die see

Die Alibama, die Alibama, die Alibama
Die Alibama hy kom oor die see.

SIDE I, Band 5: SIEMBAMBA

is a lullaby which tells about the growing up of a
baby to manhood, marriage, etc. Yet, the song says,
even though we are grown up, we all remain babies
until our death.

SIEMBAMBA

Siembamba ek is 'n baba,
Siembamba ek is 'n baba
Pas my veilig op in die nood
Sus my liefies op die skoot.
Siembamba ek is 'n seuntjie
Siembamba ek is 'n seuntjie
Maar jy sal sien ek is nou groot,
Slaan maar die orige kerels dood.

Siembamba ek is 'n jonk-man
Siembamba ek is 'n jonk-man
Tel my nou maar af van die skoot
Ek slaan self die derels dood.

Siembamba ek is getroud nou,
Siembamba ek is getroud nou,
Maar sy dink ek is nog op die skoot,
Wil nie glo nie ek is groot.

Siembamba al mal baba's
Siembamba al mal baba's
Al die mans is da nig groot
Almal baba's tot hul dood.

SIDE I, Band 6: AAI, AAI, DIE WITBORSKRAAI

is another picnic song. Each verse describes a differ-
ent incident.

AAI, AAI, DIE WITBORSKRAAI

Aai, aai, die Wit-bors-kraai!
Hiervandaan na Mosselbaai -
Hoog gevlieg en laag geswaai,
By die groot see omgedraai.

Raai, Raai - Jan-piet Kepaai
Het sy riet geweer gelaai,
Tier gaan skiet by Mosselbaai,
Nooit nie weer daar omgedraai.

Fooi, Fooi, Stefaans du Toit
Het gaan kuier by 'n nooi
Met sy rietperd in die Baai,
Daadlik weer daar omgedraai.

AAI, AAI, THE PARSON CROW

Aai, aai, the Parson Crow,
From here to Mosselbay
He flew, and he turned back
At the great sea, beyond.

Raai, Raai, Jan Pietkepaai
Took his shot gun and went
To shoot a tiger at Mosselbay
But he never turned back.

Fooi, fooi Stefaans du Toit
Went to call on a girl
In Mosselbay,
He turned back immediately.

SIDE I, Band 7: N'KOSI SIKULELA

The South African Negro anthem sung in the native
dialect is sung as I remembered it, some of the words
might have now changed or be incorrect.

N'KOSI SIKULELA

N'kosi sikulela i Afrika)
Maliphakamiswe iphondo layo) Repeat
Maliphakamiswe yehethu)

N'kosi silulela
N'kosi sikulela

Wosa manya
Wosa, wosa, wosa manya
Wosa manya, sikulela
Wosa sikulela....

SIDE I, Band 8:

A medley consisting of three Afrikaans songs.

A. UINA MY MA

Uina my ma
Daars 'n doring wat ma pla
Ek le hier op my sy,
Dan steek die doring my
Ek le hier op my rug
Dan steek die doring terug
Daars niemand in transvaal
Wat die doring kan uithaal

A. UINA MY MA

Oh my mother, there's a thorn that pricks me.
I lie on my side and the thorn pricks.
I lie on my back and it still pricks.
There's no one in all of the Transvaal who can remove
that thorn.

B. VAY JOU GOED EIN TREK FERREIRA

Vat jou goed en trek, Ferreira
Vat jou goed en trek
Vat jou goed en trek, Ferreira
Vat jou goed en trek

B. VAT JOU GOED EN TREK FERREIRA

Take your goods and move Ferreira
Take your goods and move.
Carry a heavy load on the one side
Carry a heavy load on the one side
Take your goods and move.

Swaar dra, al aan die eenkant
Swaar dra al aan die eenkant
Swaar dra al aan die eenkant
Vat jou goed en trek.

C. MOET NIE HUIL NIE

Don't cry and don't moan, there's lots of room on
the Ox wagon.

C. MOET NIE HUIL NIE

O moet nie huil nie
O moet nie treur nie
Daars plek op die ossewa
Daars plek, daars plek
Daars plek, daars plek.

SIDE II, Band 1: WANDELLIED

When I get tired of life in the city, I am drawn to
the country. I walk over the hills and through the
valleys and watch the stars and sing my wandering song.

WANDELLIED

As ek moeg word vir die lewe in die stad,
Lok my die wandelpad,
In die veld pluk ek 'n wandelstaf
Van die naaste doring boomie af,
En sing my wandellied, En sing my wandellied.

Of ek luister na my eie voeteval,
Op pad oor berg en dal.
Dan's ek weer die eensaam wandelaar
Na die lekker landstreek wie weet waar,
'N swerwer le wenslank, 'n Swerwer lewens lank.

En die blou blafon wat oor die velde strek
Sal saans my sluimer dek.
En die sterreheer sal kom en gaan
Oor die manverligte hemel baan,
En vrindlik wink van ver, En vrindlik wink van ver.

SIDE II, Band 2: POLLIE ONS GAAN PEREL TOE

Pollie is going to Paarl (a small town in the Cape
Province) She doesn't care what people will say,
she is going there to kiss her lover.

POLLIE ONS GAAN PEREL-TOE

Pollie gaan mos Perel-toe
Pollie gaan mos Perel-toe
Pollie gaan mos Perel-toe
Wat gaan sy daar maak?

Sy sal aan die wereld se
Sy saal an die wereld se
Sy saal an die wereld se
Skeer vir my part heen.

Sy gaan na haar kerel toe
Sy gaan na haar kerel toe
Sy gaan na haar kerel toe
Soos dit nie - mand traak.

Gaan sy regtig Perel-toe
Gaan sy regtig Perel-toe
Gaan sy regtig Perel-toe
Pollie stok alleen.

En wat sal die wereld se
En wat sal die wereld se
En wat sal die wereld se
Pollie gaan alleen.

Stok alleen, ja, stok alleen
Stok alleen, ja, stok alleen
Stok alleen, ja, stok alleen
Ek en sy alleen

En wat sal die wereld se
En wat sal die wereld se
En wat sal die wereld se
Pollie gaan alleen.

Sy gaan om hom af te se
Sy gaan om hom af te se
Sy gaan om hom af te se
Dan bly ons alleen.

Wat gaan jy en sy dan doen
Wat gaan jy en sy dan doen
Wat gaan jy en sy dan doen
Jy en sy alleen.

Ons gaan in die Perel soen
Ons gaan in die Perel soen
Ons gaan in die Perel soen
Ek en sy alleen

Pollie ons gaan Perel-toe
Pollie ons gaan Perel-toe
Pollie ons gaan Perel-toe
Ek en jy alleen.

SIDE II, Band 5: WAT MAAK OOM KALIE DAAR?

A song about Uncle Kalie who is married to the hot-tempered widow, Miekie. Miekie conceals a switch behind her red print dress. Poor uncle Kalie is rubbing fat on his blister. He swears that he has finished with Miekie, but she begs him to come back and he comes.

WAT MAAK OOM KALIE DAAR?

Wat maak Oom Kalie daar?
Wat maak Oom Kalie daar?
Oom Kalie maak hom klaar vir trou
Met Miekie die kwaai jong wedevrou.
En sy is vir hom klaar.

Wat dra nig Miekie daar?
Wat dar nig Miekie daar?
Nig Miekie dra 'n rooi sis rok
En onder die rok 'n hand sambok
Oom Kalie dra 'n blaar.

Wat maak Oom Kalie daar?
Wat maak Oom Kalie daar?
Hy's besig om hom vet te smeer
En sweer so nooit as nimmer weer
Hy's met nig Miekie klaar.

WHAT'S UNCLE KALIE DOING, THERE?

What's Uncle Kalie doing, there?
What's Uncle Kalie doing, there?
Uncle Kalie prepares himself for marriage,
Marriage with Miekie the hot-tempered widow.
And she is a match for him.

What's it that Miekie is wearing?
What's it that Miekie is wearing?
Miekie is wearing a red print dress,
She conceals a switch
Uncle Kalie has a blister.

What's Uncle Kalie doing, there?
What's Uncle Kalie doing, there?
He is rubbing fat on the blister,
And he swears it is the end.
He has finished with Miekie.

SIDE II, Band 3: DAAR KOM DIE WA

A wagon full of beautiful and eligible young girls roll up. The young suitor has his choice. After choosing his girl, she becomes the boss for ever after.

DAAR KOM DIE WA

Daar kom die wa,
Die vier-perde-wa!
Hy kan nie hou nie,
Hy's glad te swaar gelaai.
Ho-kaai, ho-kaai, by die draai-
Een om af te laai,
Ho-kaai, ho-kaai,
Briek aan-draai,
Stil-hou by die draai.

Wat dra die wa,
Die vier-perde wa?
Net puur'noodi-en-tjies,
En een moet agterbly.
Hul's ere fraai - wie sal raai
Wie om af te laai?
Laat my maar se, sonder raai,
Watter ek wil he.

Af klim die nooi,
D'uitgesoekte nooi.
Sy het nie baas nie -
Dis tyd dat sy een kry.
Dit pas 'n baas op die plaas
Om 'n nooi te kry:
Ek het 'n nooi,
Goed en mooi,
En sy's baas oor my.

HERE COMES THE WAGON

Here comes the wagon
Drawn by four horses.
It's bound to break.
It's load is too heavy.
Take it easy around the bend in the road.
Stop at the bend for,
One person must get off.

What is on the wagon
Drawn by four horses?
Just beautiful girls.
One must get off.
Which one shall I let off?
Allow me to say
The one who I prefer.

The girl gets off.
The one that is chosen.
She hasn't got a master.
It is time she gets one.
A man on the farm
Should have a girl.
I have a girl,
Beautiful and good,
And now she tells me what to do.

SIDE II, Band 4: SUIKERBOSSIE

A young man sings about his love, Sugarbush. "What will your mother say, Sugarbush, if we walk in the moonlight?" His sugarbush cannot cook or bake, but he loves her and wants her, no matter what her mother says.

SUIKERBOSSIE

Suikerbossie 'k wil jou he
Suikerbossie 'k wil jou he
Suikerbossie 'k wil jou he
Wat sal jou mamma daarvan se.
Daar loop ons so onder deur die maan
Daar loop ons so onder deur die maan
Daar loop ons so onder deur die maan
Ek en my Suikerbossie saam.
Sy kan nie kos kook nie,
Haar kos is rou.
Sy kan nie tee maak nie,
Haar tee is flou.
Sy kan nie brood bak nie,
Dis ais verbrou.
Tog wag ek Suikerbos nog net vir jou.

Sy kan wel woordjies se, wat ek van hou,
Haar ogies fonkel soos die moredou
En praat van lekker lag so aan die tou,
Ai, Suikerbos ek wag, kom word my vrou.

Ja Siena ek is lief vir jou,
Suikerbossie 'k wil jou he
Suikerbossie 'k wil jou he
Al sou jou mamma wat cook se.

SUGARBUSH¹

Sugarbush I want you,
Sugarbush I want you,
Sugarbush I want you,
What will your mother say to this.
Then we'll walk in the moonlight,
Then we'll walk in the moonlight.
Then we'll walk in the moonlight.
My Sugarbush and I.
She cannot cook
Her food is raw
She cannot make tea.
Her tea is weak.
She cannot bake a bread
It's all a mess.
Yet, Sugarbush, I'll wait for only you.

But she can say words, which I like to hear,
And her eyes shine like the morning dew.
And she can laugh so merrily
Yes, Sugarbush I'm waiting, be my wife.

Yes, Siena I love you
Sugarbush I want you
Sugarbush I want you
Never mind what your mother will say.

SIDE II, Band 6: JAN PIEREWIET

Jan Pierewiet borrows his grandmother's glasses to look for a wife. He asks for Lettie or Nettie or Bettie, or anyone at all. However, the girls all think he is a fool.

JAN PIEREWIET

Jan Pierewiet, Jan Pierewiet, Jan Pierewiet staan stil
Jan Pierewiet; Jan Pierewiet, Jan Pierewiet draai om.
Hy draai om en hy leen van sy ouma 'n bril,
En hy soek met die bril na 'n vroujie vir hom.

Tant Hettie, se Pierewiet,
Gee Lettie vir my,
Of Bettie, of Nettie, of wie ek kan kry.
Alhoewel is ek arm,
En so lelik daarby,
Gee vir my tog 'n Skapie dan troos dit vir my.

Jan Pierewiet,
Se Hettie, Jan Pierewiet, loop slaap,
En droom jy't 'n skapie gesoek by 'n skaap,
En tog darem 'n apie gekry by 'n aap -
Maar die apie se ma het gesien jy's 'n swaap.

JAN PIEREWIET

Jan Pierewiet, Jan Pierewiet, Jan Pierewiet
stand still.
Jan Pierewiet, Jan Pierewiet, Jan Pierewiet
turn around.

He turns around and borrows his grandmother's
glasses.
And with the glasses on he looks for a wife.

Aunt Hettie, says Pierewiet
Give Lettie to me.
Or Bettie or Nettie or anyone I want.
I am poor,
And also ugly,
But give me a little lamb to cheer me up.

Jan Pierewiet,
Says Hettie, Jan Pierewiet go to sleep.
And dream you looked for a lamb from a sheep
And you got a little monkey from a big one --
But the monkey's mother saw that you were a fool.

SIDE II, Band 7: VANAAND GAAN DIE VOLKIES KORING SNY

A young girl sends all her suitors to pick her a
special flower in the "wait a little bit bush". In
the end she has two lovers waiting in the bush, and
a third lover waiting to wait in the "wait a little
bit bush"

VANAAND GAAN DIE VOLKIES KORING SNY

Daar onder groei 'n aand blom in die vlei, in die vlei,
En wie sal hom tog kry vir my, kry vir my?
My gelief de, lat my los
Gaan eers soek daar in die bos,
Waar die aand blom daar groei in die wag 'n bietjie
bos.

In die wag 'n biet jie bos daar in die vlei, in die
vlei,
In die donker soek 'n seun 'n blom vir my, blom vir
my
My geliefde hang in die bos,
Nooit as nimmer kom hy los
Wag 'n biet jie, wag 'n biet jie in die wag 'n biet jie
bos.

Toe kom 'n ander seun en hy wil vry, hy wil vry,
En ek se vir hom: "Jy kan my kry, kan my kry
Maar dan eers moet jy gaan los,
My gelief de in die bos,
My geliefde daar in die wag 'n bietjie bos."

Wag 'n biet jie wag 'n biet jie in die vlei
In die vlei Daar is twee wat same wag vir my,
wag vir my.
Twee gelief des hand in die bos;
Maar 'n derde is nog los
Wat nog wag om te gaan wag daar in die wag 'n bietjie
bos.

SIDE II, Band 8: HOE RY DIE BOERE?

Hoe ry die Boere? Sit sit so, sit sit so, sit sit so,
Hoe ry die Boere? Sit sit so, sit sit so, hoera!
Die Kaapse nooi se: tingelingeling, tingelingeling,
hoera,
Die Kaapse nooi se: tingelingeling, tingelingeling,
hoera.
Hoe ry die Boere? Sit sit so, sit sit so, hoera!

Hoe fluit die Boere? Fluit fluit so, fluit so, fluit
fluit so
Hoe fluit die Boere? Fluit fluit so, fluit fluit so,
hoera!
Die Kaapse nooi se: tingelingeling, tingelingeling,
hoera.
Die Kaapse nooi se: tingelingeling, tingelingeling,
hoera.
Hoe fluit die Boere? Fluit fluit so, fluit fluit so,
hoera!

Hoe dans die Boere? Polkadraai, Tiekiedraai,
Tiekiedraai,
Hoe dans die Boere? Polkadraai, Tiekiedraai, Ou perd!
Die Kaapse nooi se: tingelingeling, tingelingeling,
ou haan!
Die Kaapse nooi se: tingelingeling, tingelingeling,
ou haan!
Hoe dans die Boere? Polkadraai, Tiekiedraai,
ou perd!

Hoe skiet die Boere? Boem boem boem, boem boem
boem, boem boem boem,

Hoe skiet die Boere? Boem boem boem, boem boem
boem, dis raak!
Die Kaapse nooi se: skiet nog een, skiet nog een,
dis raak
Die Kaapse nooi se: skiet nog een, skiet nog een,
dis raak!
Hoe skiet die Boere? Boem boem boem, boem boem
boem, skiet raak!

HOW DO THE BOERS¹ RIDE (Marching Song)

How do the Boers ride? Sit, sit, so, sit, sit so,
sit, sit, so
How do the Boers ride? They sit, sit, so, sit,
sit, so Hurrah!
The Capetown girl says: Tingelingeling, tingelingeling
Hurrah!
The Capetown girl says: Tingelingeling, tingelingeling
Hurrah!
The Capetown girl says: Tingelingeling, tingelingeling
Hurrah!
How do the Boers ride? They sit like this, sit like
this, sit like this, this, Hurrah!
How do the Boers whistle? They whistle like this,
they whistle like this, they whistle
like this.
How do the Boers whistle? They whistle like this,
they whistle like this, Hurrah.
The Capetown girl says: Tingelingeling, tingelingeling,
Hurrah!
The Capetown girl says: Tingelingeling, tingelingeling,
Hurrah.
How do the Boers whistle? They whistle so, they
whistle so, hurrah.

How do the Boers dance? Polkadraai, Tiekiedraai,
Tiekiedraai
How do the Boers dance? Polkadraai, Tiekiedraai,
old chap!
The Capetown girl says: Tingelingeling, tingelingeling,
Hurrah!
The Capetown girl says: Tingelingeling, tingelingeling,
Hurrah!
How do the Boers dance? Polkadraai, Tiekiedraai,
Tiekiedraai,
How do the Boers dance? Polkadraai, Tiekiedraai
old chap!
How do the Boers shoot? Boom boom boom, boom
boom boom, boom boom boom.
How do the Boers shoot? Boom boom boom, boom
boom boom, it's a hit.
The Capetown girl says: Shot another, shoot another
it's a hit.
The Capetown girl says: Shoot another, shoot another
it's a hit.

SIDE II, Band 9: SO RY DIE TREIN

A song about the train which goes to Kimberley. The
song maintains the rhythm of the train as it steams
uphill and downhill.

SO RY DIE TREIN

So ry die trein
So ry die trein
Kimberley se trein.
So ry die trein
So ry die trein
Kimberley se trein.
Hoor daar hoe stoom hy,
Stoom hy,
Stoom hy, opdraand en afdraand,
Kimberley se trein.

SO GOES THE TRAIN

So goes the train
So goes the train
Kimberley's train
So goes the train,
So goes the train,
Kimberley's train.
Listen how he steams,
Steams, Steams,
Uphill and downhill,
Kimberley's train.

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sung in Afrikaans by
SHIMON ASH (with guitar)
banjo accompaniment by Peter Weldon

SIDE I

FW 8710 A

- Band 1: DIS TE VER OM TE RY
- Band 2: SARIE MARAIS
- Band 3: JANUARY, FEBRUARY
- Band 4: DAAR KOM DIE ALIBAMA
- Band 5: SIEMBAMBA
- Band 6: AAI, AAI, DIE WITBOSKRAAI
- Band 7: N'KOSI SIKULELA
- Band 8: MEDLEY
 - a. UINA MY MA
 - b. VAT JOU GOED EN TREK FFRIERA
 - c. MOET NIE HUIL NIE

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AND SERVICE CORP., 117 W. 46 ST., N. Y. C.

Long Playing Non-Breakable Micro Groove 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ RPM
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SONGS OF SOUTH AFRICA

sung in Afrikaans by
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banjo accompaniment by Peter Weldon

SIDE II

FW 8710 B

Band 1: WANDERLIED
Band 2: POLLIE ONS GAAN PEREL TOE
Band 3: DAAR KOM DIE WA
Band 4: SUIKERBOSSIE
Band 5: WAT MAAK OOM KALIE DAAR?
Band 6: JAN PIEREWIET
Band 7: VANAAND GAAN DIE VOLKIES
KORING SUI
Band 8: HOE RY DIE BOERE
Band 9: SO RY DIE TREIN