

## The Girl Who Killed to Save



## Scene I

*1857. Interior of a hut, Native mats, corn and mealie seeds above fire place, calabashes; grass vessels and clay plots; Fire (in centre) over which two Xosa girls roast meat; another girl grinds corn on stone; two other girls, standing, stamp mealies (using the customary stamping sticks); an aged woman plaits Nongqawuse's hair.*

*The girls, pretty faces and lovely of form—dressed in tribal style, their bodies largely bare. Nongqawuse is the loveliest of them all.*

*Scene opens. They sing a dancing song and work (swinging their bodies) rhythmically to music. One of the two girls preparing meat stands and dances. This goes on for some moments. Suddenly one of the girls breaks into Nongqawuse's song, the others join in. As the girls begin second verse, Nongqawuse interrupts them.*

### NONGQAWUSE

Stop! I am tired of that song. I hate it. I have to sing it each time father and Kreli bring people to hear of my vision.

### NOZIZWE

But I like to sing while I work. Music lightens work and gives strength.

### TANDEKA

But we must obey Nongqawuse, Nozizwe, and not sing. She is our leader—and is Queen of Xosaland to-day.

### NONGQAWUSE

I am not against your singing. I like it. Only sing any other song but that.

### NOZIZWE

Never mind, Nongqawuse. We shall talk instead. We women love to talk and gossip. It keeps us away from trouble and from the madness that would surely result from our dull routine of single life.

### NONSIZE

Ha, ha! I know Nolzizwe wants to tell us that Mlunguze is mad in love with Nongqawuse.

### TANDEKA

But many others—chiefs, headmen and councillors—are in love with her.

### NONSIZI

I wish I were in Nongqawuse's place! To love and live; To sway men!

### NOLIZWE

Yes! Love weakens men and makes them foolish. Several chiefs and councillors have killed their cattle and destroyed grain merely to please Mhlakazi and capture Nongqawuse. They do not believe in the prophecy. Woman leads man to great, as well as to beastly things.

## CHIEF COUNCILLOR

Here, you all get to one side and leave this space for the warriors.

*(The people go to one side of the stage. The singing of the warriors is now loud as they draw near. Presently they enter in full war dress, and file up)*

## KRELI

*(Convulsed with emotion, stands up. Singing stops.)*

Here, Baba, Mlunguzi, and Dondas. Go and tell Sandile, the chiefs and headmen who share their treacherous, stupid views that they all must return to Xosaland before sunset to-morrow. They must kill all cattle and destroy all grain. If not—see my warriors who will fall on them and eat them up with the spear. Those who may escape the warriors will perish with the European on the day of the fulfilment of the prophecies of Umhlakaza. Our race cannot suffer because of individuals. Individuals must lose themselves in the race. Krelu will kill the defaulters. Krelu will triumph over the European. Krelu will rule over all the country. Go!

*(Krelu stands with legs apart, right hand clasping spear and left hand pointing out in front. The soldiers burst into the warrior's song.*

*The Seer sprinkles the warriors with medicine. The Chief's bard repeats the praises of Krelu—music, poetical praises and medicinal treatment all done together giving grandeur and emotion to scene—Everyone is war mad and wild)*

## CURTAIN



## Valley of a Thousand Hills



For Shaka, now our Jove, more than  
Sung classic names achieved. His name  
More than vain demagogue boasts can,  
Or ever will, has brought us fame.

And those whom we in pride adore,  
Moshoeshoe, Hintsa, Khama's strain...  
Hannibal, Aggrey—these and many more  
With gleaming names, deck Shaka's train.

Out of the living past they haunt me still!  
And voices mute forever speak to me!  
My eyes with tears, my thoughts with visions, fill!  
I see them all, but see not where they be!

These men and places call to me!  
They speak out of Eternity!  
I see, I feel, I live it all!  
I rise! and yield before the call!





### III.

O Pain! Is this the place where I saw light?  
Where mother—angel—romped and laughed a girl  
Both young and free, who knew warm love and glee?  
Was mother once a childlike, childless girl?

Did she who now must serve in tears and toil,  
Unsuffering, wild and free, grind corn, till soil,  
Bring wood, sing songs, love love, make laughter peal!  
And jump all naughty midst these covert charms?

O mockery of change, and of the past!  
Delusions harsh of gods and things mundane!

Sweet mother, love, to see you young again,  
Blithe, bead-bedecked, a roe, a flower, your lips  
In writhes of mirth not pain, all would I give!

The beauty of these vendured peeping crests,  
The rapture of these beast-mouthed honeyed crags,  
These verdant tawny vales and fragrant glades,  
The turning sleepy paths, the curves and deeps,  
The ever-changing, never-ceasing charm  
Which is the Valley of a Thousand Hills,  
Where voice and face you hear and see distinct,  
Rise miles away, made near and far by abyss—  
These tasselled miracles of Thousand Land,