

Jeremy Taylor, Piece Of Ground

When the white man first came here from over the sea
he looked and he said this is God's own country
he was mighty well pleased with this land that he'd found
and he said I will make here my own piece of ground

Now the land was inhabited so I've heard say
by little men who painted on the rock face by day
they stuck to their land so he hunted them down
and left them to rot on their own piece of ground.

Many's the battle he still had to fight
many's the family that died In the night
for many were the black men that lived all around
and all of them wanting their own piece of ground.

So northwards he trekked and northwards he rode
over veld and tough countryside onwards he strode
in the Free State and the Transvaal his oxen outspanned
and he planted the seed in his own piece of land.

Then one fine day in 1883
gold was discovered in good quantity
the country was rich, much richer than planned
and each digger wanted his own piece of land.

Now the diggers were few and the gold was so deep
that the black man was called 'cos his labour was cheap
with drill and with shovel he toiled underground
Fourpence a day for ten tons of ground.

Now this land is so rich and it seems strange to me
that the black man whose labour has helped it to be
cannot enjoy the fruits that abound
is uprooted and kicked from his own piece of ground

Some people say now don't you worry
we've kept you a nice piece of reserve territory
but how can a life for so many be found
on a miserable thirteen per cent of the ground?

Some people say now don't you worry
you can always find jobs in the white man's city
but don't stay too long and don't stay too deep
or you're bound to disturb the white man in his sleep.

White man don't sleep long and don't sleep too deep
or your life and your possessions how long will you keep?
For I've heard a rumour that's running around
that the black man's demanding his own piece of ground.