

# Johnny Clegg & Savuka, Unkosibomvu

Carry him, carry him, onana  
Carry the spirit of unkosibomvu  
Wema man  
Carry the breath of the nation  
Find it into the summer's winds  
Wema man  
Remember him to his enemies  
Recall to them fair burning land  
Wema man

The swallows are dreaming of an old black bull  
With mist in his eyes and moss on his horns  
When he unsheathes his anger the world is in flames  
Red clouds cover a blood-red moon dripping sorrow from the sky  
Wen'kosibomvu  
Wen'kosibomvu

Awu sithi bo-hum, etc.

Carry him carry him, onana  
Carry the spirit of unkosibomvu  
Wema man  
Carry the spirit of the nation  
Find it into the summer's winds  
Wema man  
Remember him to his enemies  
Recall to them fair burning land  
Wema man

The swallows have heard the bellows of the bull song  
Rinsing and ringing through the valleys and the hills  
It will take many spears to make him kneel  
And just a few more to bring him to rest  
Wen'kosibomvu

Awu sithi bo-hum, etc.