

Hurungwe

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(The vocalizations **Hiya herende – Hoya haye-e**, repeated throughout, have no proscribed meaning)

Wakaramba murume nokuda hwahwa

You left your husband for the love of beer

Wakatiza musha nokuda kugara kuHarare

You abandoned your home because you wanted to live in Harare

Wakaramba murume ndokuuya Harare

You left your husband and came to Harare

Wakatiza musha nokuda kugara kuKopje

You abandoned your home because you wanted to live in Kopje

Wakaramba murume ndokuuya kugara kuKopje

You left your husband and came to live in Kopje

Hiya herende – Hoya haye-e

Hiya herende – Hoya haye-e

Hiya herende – Hoya haye-e

Guitar solo

Wakatiza kuHurungwe ndokuuya Harare

You ran away from Hurungwe and came to Harare

Wakatiza kuHurungwe ndokuuya Harare

You ran away from Hurungwe and came to Harare

Wakaramba murume nokuda kugara kuKopje

You left your husband and came to live in Kopje

Wakatiza baba ndokuuya kugara kuKopje

You ran away from (the) Father (of your children) and came to live in Kopje

Hiya herende – Hoya haye-e

Guitar solo

Zvinondishamisa ini vakomana

Guys, this really surprises me

Vana vekumusha kwedu vese vezera diki

All the young people of our village

VekuHurungwe

Of Hurungwe

Zvakanzi tiri kuenda kuHarare

They said, "We are going to Harare"
Ndikati ndakuuya kuzotsvaga basa
I said, "I'm coming to look for work,
Ndichanogara kudzimba dzehanzvadzi dzangu
I will stay at my sisters' houses"
Ndosvika kumarocation kunogara vanhu vatema
I arrived at the locations where black people live
Ndikaona hakuna
They (my fellow villagers) were not there
Ndobva ndasvika kuKopje
I then went to Kopje
Ndobva ndaona musikana wandaiziva
And I saw a girl that I knew
Ndikati, "Sisi, ndingawanawo pokurara here?"
I said, "Sister, could I have a place to sleep?"
Zvikanzi, "I don't talk Shona"
She said, "I don't talk Shona"
Zvinondishamisa ini izvozvo
This really surprises me
Vana vekwedu hamufaniri kuita izvozvo
Daughters from our home area, you should not do that

Wakaramba murume ndokuuya kugara kuKopje
You left your husband and came to live in Kopje
Wakaramba murume nokuda kugara kuKopje
You left your husband because you wanted to live in Kopje
Wakatiza musha ndokuuya Harare
You abandoned your home and came to Harare
Wakatiza musha nokuda kugara kuHarare
You abandoned your home because you wanted to live in Harare
Wakaramba murume nokuda kugara kuKopje
You left your husband because you wanted to live in Kopje

Hiya herende – Hoya haye-e
Hiya herende – Hoya haye-e
Hiya herende – Hoya haye-e...

Hurungwe is a district in the Mashonaland West Province in Zimbabwe. It is a rural area. The Kopje is a hill in Harare that is right at the edge of town. It covers about 37 acres and gives the best panoramic view of the city. Back in colonial times, the houses around there were home to prostitutes whose target population was strictly white men.

The song talks about a lady who left her husband and matrimonial home in Hurungwe to go and be a prostitute at Kopje. She was tired of rural living and wanted to experience Harare's bright lights and fast life.

Traditionally, if you come from the same area or village as someone else, you are brothers and sisters to each other. So if you were to go to a place where you had no relatives, you could turn up at someone's doorstep and they would accommodate you simply because you are from the same village. So this

young man in the song went to Harare to look for a job. He went first to the “locations” (high density suburbs where only black people lived) hoping to be put up at his “sisters” place who had left Hurungwe saying they were going to Harare to work. He found no one from his village there. He then went to Kopje, where he met a sister from Hurungwe, and asked for accommodation. The lady pretended to neither know him nor speak his language. He was not welcome at Kopje because the qualification for being there was to be single – she could not have a man living with her, else she would lose clients.

Language(s): Shona

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