

Rita Nkamba of Dwelling Places, Kampala, Uganda, wrote this song and sang it for us when she visited Smithton in January 2004. Some of the words are in English and some in Rita's native language, Luganda. Rita has provided a translation in brackets.

A CRY FROM THE STREETS

CHORUS

Ai woowe maama (these are just sounds of crying or agony) munyambe (help me)

It's a cry from the streets

Ai woowe mama munyambe

It's a cry from the streets

VERSE

It's so lonely out here

I am crying for love

Won't you listen to me?

Won't you give me your hand?

I'm abandoned, rejected, resented, Uh

Nze ndi awo nyongobera (Here I am in total despair)

Mazima silina kyendya (Surely I have nothing to eat)

Lwaki ddala temunyamba (Honestly, why don't you rescue me?)

CHORUS

VERSE

The gutter is my bed

In the chill of the night

And the bin is my plate

Byemuyita gasiya byetulya (what you call garbage is our food)

Don't despise me, reject me, don't run from me

Mazima nange ndi muntu (Surely I am also human)

Tulibantu ffe lwakuba tetulina bwogerero (We are real humans it's just that we have no one to speak for us)

Temuneesisiwala (Don't shudder at me)

Nange njagala okwagalibwa (I too want to be loved)

CHORUS

BRIDGE

So many come from near and far and try to give a hand

But then the aid they promise and give it never gets to me

I'll fight all my pains

Fight all my fears

Fight for my rights

I will arise

Give me your hand

Show me the way

Just give me a chance

CHORUS

I'll pray, I will go, I'll sing, I'll arise x2

I'll lift up my hands to the Lord

I'll lift up my eyes to the Lord

Tujja kusobola (We will survive)

Tujja kuwangula twegatte (We will succeed, let's come together)

Amazima ffe abaana baamuno. (surely us children of today)

FADE