

APPENDIX A

(strings)

f

5 *mf* *p* *mf*

9 (flute & clarinet) *f* *ff*

13 *tr*

17 (violins) *pp*

21 (oboe counter melody underneath) *tr*

25 (flutes) (pizzicato string accompaniment) *pp* *p*

29 (flute & clarinet)

33 (violins & cellos) *pp*

37 (violas) (violins - pizzicato) *pp* *p*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for Appendix A, consisting of ten staves of music. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The score is for various instruments: strings, flute & clarinet, violins, oboe, flutes, and violas. Dynamics range from *pp* (pianissimo) to *ff* (fortissimo). The score includes various musical notations such as accents, trills (*tr*), and slurs. The first staff is for strings, starting with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second staff continues the string part with *mf*, *p*, and *mf* dynamics. The third staff introduces the flute & clarinet with *f* and *ff* dynamics. The fourth staff features a trill (*tr*). The fifth staff is for violins with a *pp* dynamic. The sixth staff shows the oboe counter melody underneath with a trill (*tr*). The seventh staff includes flutes and pizzicato string accompaniment with *pp* and *p* dynamics. The eighth staff is for flute & clarinet. The ninth staff is for violins & cellos with a *pp* dynamic. The tenth staff is for violas and violins - pizzicato with *pp* and *p* dynamics.

APPENDIX B

"If I Were a Rich Man" is from the musical *Fiddler on the Roof* by Jerry Bock, Sheldon Harnick and Joseph Stein. The story is set in Imperial Russia in 1905, and the main character is Tevye, a milkman, who sings this song, the 4th number in the show. Tevye is married to Golde and is the father of five daughters. The story centres on his attempts to maintain his Jewish religious and cultural traditions as outside influences encroach upon the family's lives.

If I Were a Rich Man

Dear God, you made many, many poor people.
 I realize, of course, that it's no shame to be poor
 But it's no great honor, either.
 So what would have been so terrible if I had a small fortune?

If I were a rich man, daidle deedle daidle
 Daidle daidle deedle daidle dumb

All day long I'd biddy-biddy-bum if I were a wealthy man
 I wouldn't have to work hard, daidle deedle daidle
 Daidle daidle deedle daidle dumb.

If I were a biddy-biddy rich; daidle deedle daidle daidle man.

I'd build a big tall house with rooms by the dozen
 Right in the middle of the town,
 A fine tin roof with real wooden floors below.
 There would be one long staircase just going up and one even longer coming down,
 And one more leading nowhere, just for show.

I'd fill my yard with chicks and turkeys and geese and ducks for the town to see and hear,
 Squawking just as noisily as they can,
 And each loud "pa-pa-geeee! pa-pa-gaack! pa-pa-geeee! pa-pa-gaack!"
 Would land like a trumpet on the ear,
 As if to say, "Here lives a wealthy man." Oy!

If I were a rich man, daidle deedle daidle
 Daidle daidle deedle daidle dumb

All day long I'd biddy-biddy-bum if I were a wealthy man
 I wouldn't have to work hard, daidle deedle daidle
 Daidle daidle deedle daidle dumb.

If I were a biddy-biddy rich, daidle deedle daidle daidle man.

I see my wife, my Golde, looking like a rich man's wife, with a proper double chin,
 Supervising meals to her heart's delight. I see her putting on airs and strutting like a peacock,
 Oy! What a happy mood she's in, screaming at the servants day and night.

The most important men in town will come to fawn on me; they will ask me to advise them,
 Like a Solomon the Wise: "If you please, Reb Tevye?"

"Pardon me, Reb Tevye?"

Posing problems that would cross a rabbi's eyes
 Ya va voy, ya va voy voy vum

And it won't make one bit of difference if I answer right or wrong
When you're rich they think you really know.

If I were rich, I'd have the time that I lack to sit in the synagogue and pray,
And maybe have a seat by the Eastern wall,
And I'd discuss the learned books with the holy men seven hours every day:
That would be the sweetest thing of all
Oy!

If I were a rich man, daidle deedle daidle
Daidle daidle deedle daidle dumb

All day long I'd biddy-biddy-bum if I were a wealthy man
I wouldn't have to work hard, daidle deedle daidle
Daidle daidle deedle daidle dumb.

Lord who made the lion and the lamb,
You decreed I should be what I am
Would it spoil some vast, eternal plan,
If I were a wealthy man?

Songwriters: Lewis Bock Jerrold/Sheldon Harnick
If I Were a Rich Man lyrics © Bock Ip LLC, ImaGem Music Inc

[Source: <<https://www.stlyrics.com/lyrics/fiddlerontheroof/ifiwearerichman.htm>>]

APPENDIX C

BACK OF THE MOON

Back of the Moon boys, *Back of the Moon* boys: top shebeen in Jo'burg is the *Back of the Moon*.
Top of the rest boys, *Moon* is the best, boys, right in front is the *Back of the Moon*.

Though buds may bend in driving rain, they spring right up when it's clear again;
Don't snap a cry when you're feeling low, the *Back of the Moon* is where the folks let go.

Back of the Moon boys, *Back of the Moon* boys right in front is the *Back of the Moon*.

Back of the Moon boys, *Back of the Moon* boys: right behind the shanties is the *Back of the Moon*.
Behind all the shacks boys, they built for the Blacks, boys: right behind is the *Back of the Moon*.

Though the floor starts shaking when the place gets packed; chairs are breaking and glasses cracked;
The night is young, the cares left behind, the *Back of the Moon* is where the folks unwind.

Back of the Moon boys, *Back of the Moon* boys; behind the shacks is the *Back of the Moon*.

Back of the Moon boys, *Back of the Moon* boys: top shebeen in Jo'burg is the *Back of the Moon*.
The end of the day boys, out with your pay, boys; spend it at the *Back of the Moon*.

Oh the moon shines bright on the whole tin town; every night is a jamboree.
The time is right when the sun's gone down, the *Back of the Moon* is where the men feel free.

Back of the Moon boys, *Back of the Moon* boys, right in front is the *Back of the Moon*.

Music & Lyrics: Todd Matshikiza from *King Kong, the Musical*

APPENDIX D

Pasopa Nantsi ndodemnyama, Verwoerd!
Nantsi ndodemnyama, Verwoerd!
Pasopa Nantsi ndodemnyama, Verwoerd!

Translation:

Nantsi ndodemnyama – Here are the Black People,
Verwoerd pasopa – Beware, Verwoerd!
Music & Lyrics: Vuyisile Mini

The song refers to Hendrik Verwoerd, who was the Prime Minister of South Africa from 1958 until his assassination in 1966. Verwoerd is considered the "architect of apartheid**", as he passed laws that stripped Black South Africans of their civil rights. These laws included the segregation of Black and White education, transport and suburbs. Under his government in the 50s, several events including the Sharpeville Massacre, the Treason Trial and the banning of the African National Congress contributed to the shaping of the Apartheid State.

**Apartheid: the system of legal race classification and forced racial segregation that existed in South Africa from 1948 to 1994.

[Source: <<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DYwgmOxhUvk>>]

ROUGH WORK

