

BYLAAG 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 a string quartet and woodwinds. It consists of ten staves of music, numbered 1 through 40. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes various dynamics such as *f* (forte), *mf* (mezzo-forte), *p* (piano), *ff* (fortissimo), and *pp* (pianissimo). There are also trills marked with 'tr'. The instruments are indicated by text labels: (strings), (flute & clarinet), (violins), (oboe counter melody underneath), (flutes) (pizzicato string accompaniment), (flute & clarinet), (violins & cellos), (violas), and (violins - pizzicato). The score features a variety of note values, including eighth, quarter, and half notes, as well as rests and trills.

**BYLAAG B**

"If I Were a Rich Man" kom uit die musiekvertoning *Fiddler on the Roof* deur Jerry Bock, Sheldon Harnick en Joseph Stein. Die milieu van die verhaal is Keiserlike Rusland in 1905 en die hoofkarakter is Tevye, 'n melkman, wat hierdie lied sing, die 4<sup>de</sup> nommer in die vertoning. Tevye is getroud met Golde en is die vader van vyf dogters. Die verhaal sentreer rondom sy pogings om sy Joodse godsdiens en kulturele tradisies te handhaaf terwyl buite-invloede inbreuk maak op die gesin se lewe.

**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?

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

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

## BYLAAG 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*.

Musiek & Lirieke: Todd Matshikiza uit *King Kong, the Musical*

**BYLAAG D**

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

**Vertaling:**

Nantsi ndodemnyama – Hier is die swart mense,  
Verwoerd pasopa – Pasop, Verwoerd!  
Musiek & Lirieke: Vuyisile Mini

Die lied verwys na Hendrik Verwoerd wat die Eerste Minister van Suid-Afrika was van 1958 tot sy sluipmoord in 1966. Verwoerd word beskou as die "argitek van apartheid\*\*", aangesien hy wette goedgekeur het wat swart Suid-Afrikane van hul burgerregte ontnem het. Hierdie wette het die skeiding van swart en wit onderwys, vervoer en voorstede ingesluit. Onder sy regering in die 50's het verskeie gebeurtenisse, waaronder die Sharpeville-massamoord, die Hoogverraadverhoor en die verbanning van die African National Congress, bygedra tot die vorming van die Apartheidstaat.

\*\*Apartheid: die stelsel van wettige rasseklassifikasie en gedwonge rasseskeiding wat van 1948 tot 1994 in Suid-Afrika bestaan het.

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

## ROFWERK

