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Title: [Reynard the fox in South Africa; or, Hottentot fables and tales.](#)

Internet Archive: [Always available.](#)

Description: Bleek notes: The original, in the Hottentot language, is in Sir Gr. Grey's Library, Gr. Kronlein's Manuscript, p. 17. You can read more about the kirrie (knobkerrie) at [Wikipedia](#). About the "ari" shrub in the final song, Bleek notes: ari shrub - tough shrub, Dutch critdorn. (I have not been able to find a spelling that lets me identify the specific shrub; the references all seem to be from Bleek.)

The Zebra Stallion

Thou who art thrown at by the great shepherd boys,
Thou whose head the kirrie's throw misses!
Thou dappled fly,
Thou party-coloured one,
Who spiest for those,
That spy for thee!
Thou who, womanlike,
Art full of jealousy.

The Baboons, it is said, used to disturb the Zebra Mares in drinking. But one of the Mares became the mother of a foal. The others then helped her to suckle the young stallion that he might soon grow up.

When he was grown up, and they were in want of water, they brought him to the water. The Baboons, seeing this, came, as they formerly were used to do, into their way, and kept them from the water.

While the Mares stood thus, the Stallion stepped forward, and spoke to one of the Baboons, "Thou gum-eater's child!"

The Baboon said to the Stallion, "Please open thy mouth that I may see what thou livest on."

The Stallion opened his mouth, and it was milky.

Then the Stallion said to the Baboon, "Please open thy mouth also, that I may see."

The Baboon did so, and there was some gum in it. But the Baboon quickly licked some milk off the Stallion's tongue.

The Stallion on this became angry, took the Baboon by his shoulders, and pressed him upon a hot, flat rock. Since that day the Baboon has a bald place on his back.

The Baboon said, lamenting, "I, my mother's child, I, the gum-eater, am outdone by this milk-eater!"

Thou *ari* shrub,
Thou who art of strong smell,
Thou who rollest always in soft ground,
Whose body retains the dust,
Thou split kirrie of the shepherd boys,
Thou split knob of a kirrie.
Thou who drivest away by thy neighing
The hunter who seeketh thee.
Thou who
Crossest all rivers
As if they were but one.