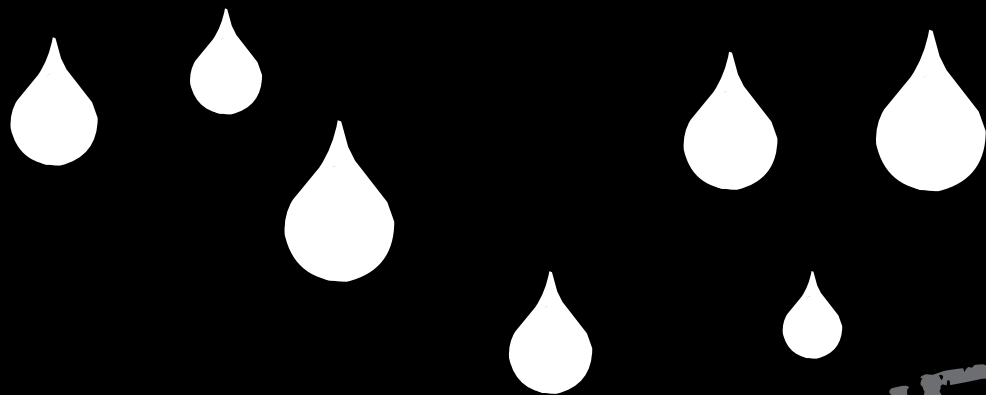


ZIMBABWE IN PICTURES



ZIMBABWE WEEPS

EDITION 18

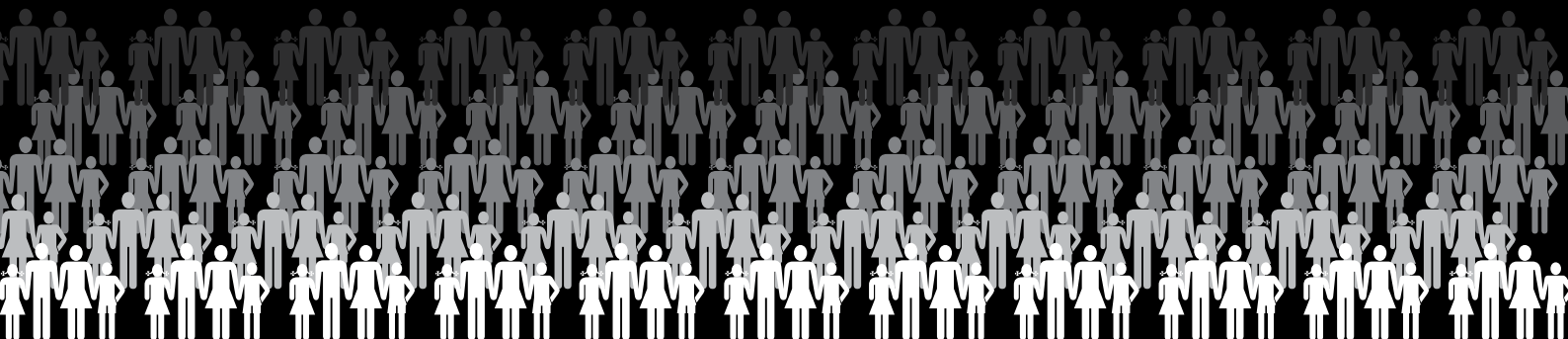


FAREWELL TO:



MAI SUSAN NYARADZO TSVANGIRAI

24/04/1958 TO 06/03/2009





How are the mighty fallen and weapons of war perished









If I could reach the homestead of Death's mother,
I would make a long grass torch;
If I could reach the homestead of Death's mother,
I would destroy everything utterly, utterly,
Like the fire that rages at Layima,
Like the Fire that rages in the valley of River Cumu
From Horn of My Love by Okot p'Bitek









Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal
Sings sorrow into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

Extract from For the Fallen by Laurence Binyon















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