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The Composer of Majulah Singapura

Rohana Zubir

Institute of Southeast Asian Studies
Singapore
This biography is dedicated to my father who taught me everything and expected nothing in return.

To my mother who taught me the meaning of sacrifice and devotion.

To my late husband, Tan Sri Dato’ Dr Hj Abdul Hamid Hj Abdul Rahman, the light of my life.

To my pride and joy, my children, and their families

  Khairil Abdul Hamid
  Dr Suhanna Abdul Hamid and Dr Johan Khong
  Adam and Danial
  Dr Muhammad Akhliil Abdul Hamid and Dr Laura Fender
  Maia, Jakob Isa and Thea
  Yohanna Abdul Hamid and Shaiful Zahrin Subhan
  Fariq and Mikail

To my siblings Zubaidah, Zuraidah and Soeyono
To Salmah Sidin and her entire family
To all friends.

Thank you for being there for me and for the understanding and help you gave me abundantly.
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Majulah Singapura

MAJULAH SINGAPURA
Mari kita rakyat Singapura
Sama-sama menuju bahagia
Cita-cita kita yang mulia
Berjaya Singapura

Marilah kita bersatu
Dengan semangat yang baru
Semua kita berseru
Majulah Singapura

Majulah Singapura

ONWARD SINGAPORE
Come, fellow Singaporeans
Let us progress towards happiness together
May our noble aspiration bring
Singapore success

Come, let us unite
In a new spirit
Let our voices soar as one
Onward Singapore

Onward Singapore

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English translation from the Government of Singapore website
Foreword

A national anthem sings of a country’s soul. It captures what it means to be a citizen, what unites citizens, and what distinguishes them from others. It is also a way of re-dedicating oneself to the Nation and all it stands for. People are urged to rise over passing occasions and be an exalted repository of a nation’s deepest aspirations and profoundest dreams. At the same time, the anthem has to be simple enough for ordinary people to understand and relate to. Most of all, it has to appeal to the young — tomorrow’s leaders and protectors of the nation who are being moulded in today’s world. There are few things more moving than to see and hear peoples and particularly children celebrate their common future around the national flag, which children greet with the national anthem at the beginning of each school day. When abroad on important occasions, the singing of the anthem stirs our emotions even more strongly.

Singapore’s national anthem fulfils all these functions. What is special about it is that it reflects the special nature of Singapore as a country born out of a disrupted flow in history, and yet a country which had to prove that its exceptionalism could survive and succeed. For this, every Singaporean must be grateful to Zubir Said, whose *Majulah Singapura* captures the flowering of the Singapore imagination vividly yet simply.

Our road to Independence began with internal self-government in 1959. That is when the great task of building our Nation awaited us. It was at that time that our national anthem was produced by Zubir Said.

The anthem in the original — that is in the Malay language — is pregnant with exhortations. The wordings are simple, but they evolve a call to our people to look ahead and overcome the challenges ahead, though not specifically stated, in a spirit that is new. The singing of it is a call to all, with a promise of a new dawn. Every pause, every emphasis, every nuance in it is meant to evolve that purpose, with determination. In translation it loses its punch.
It was a great pity that the man who is behind Singapore’s most memorable song remained little known to the public. This gap has been filled admirably in this book by his daughter, Dr Rohana Zubir. The book gives both an account and the flavour of a life of transition — from Sumatra, where he was born, to Singapore — and his passionate engagement with his new home.

It is not easy to write about one’s own father. But the author has maintained a professional distance from her subject. What make her account riveting are her insights into the life and thoughts of a remarkable man.

Both Singaporeans who lived in Zubir Said’s times and those who were born later will benefit immensely from reading this book. It is my hope that younger Singaporeans, in particular, will read it as an account of the Singapore spirit encapsulated in our national anthem and appreciate the depth of its meaning, even if it be not in the English with which we are more familiar.

S. R. NATHAN

Sixth President of the Republic of Singapore
13 July 2012
The author, Puan Sri Dr Rohana Zubir, came to see me at ISEAS about three years ago upon the introduction of a mutual friend, Ramon Navaratnam, a retired senior Malaysian civil servant. In the course of the conversation, Dr Rohana disclosed to me that she had been working on a book about her father for some time and that she was looking for help to find a good publisher. When, in response to my query, she said her father was Zubir Said, my ears pricked up. To my generation, the name was easily recognizable as the person who composed Singapore’s national anthem.

As I had always been intrigued by the personality of Pak Zubir and the circumstances under which Majulah Singapura was conceived, I readily agreed to have the book published by ISEAS. After reading the manuscript, I was even more convinced that it would be a book that would shed light on the broader canvas of the region’s post-war history. It was also going to be a story about a teacher who would be instrumental in guiding a whole generation into the world of music.

The story is all the more poignant and moving as it is an account by a daughter, who made the telling of it her lifelong passion. ISEAS Publications Unit, under the redoubtable leadership of Mrs Triena Ong, supported Dr Rohana in her arduous journey to have the book published. The book is accompanied by a CD, produced by Trabye, Raja Mahafaizal Raja Muzaffar, containing some of Zubir Said’s musical compositions.

I am happy to have been a part of this recording of Pak Zubir Said’s life and achievements.

K. KESAVAPANY
Former Director of the Institute of Southeast Asian Studies
(November 2002–February 2012)
6 July 2012
Zubir Said passed away on 16 November 1987 at the age of 80 years. In 1928, at the young age of 21, with only the shirt on his back and a clean towel, he left Sumatra and crossed the seas to make his home in Singapore. For almost 60 years, Singapore was haven for him as he lived and worked by the adage “where the sky above I uphold, the earth beneath I tread”. His dedication and loyalty to his adopted country were unwavering.

From being a violinist in the bangsawan, a form of Malay opera, to being a music icon in Singapore, he traversed through life building milestone after milestone, creating a personal history that leaves trails of achievements and legacies. He was a man who left little else but an unblemished character and reputation. He was a man who died leaving his name like the tiger that died leaving its stripes, as the Malay proverb says. His name is, above all, associated with the stirring national anthem of Singapore. He was well-known as a champion of Malay music, the arts and culture that is unadulterated. He once quoted his sentiment as that of Confucius, saying “I am not one who was born in possession of knowledge; I am one who is fond of antiquity and earnest in seeking it there.” This book is about the life and struggle of a man who was insatiable in his search for knowledge — any knowledge — who loved tradition and had a great respect for time-honoured customs and virtues.

Zubir Said’s life was cloaked in unpretentious modesty. Coming from humble beginnings, totally self-driven all his life, humility and simplicity became second nature to him. He empathized with the less fortunate and the less educated as he himself was. A very significant driving force behind his work was his desire to pass on as much knowledge as he could to these people, especially the young.

This is the story of an extraordinary man charting many facets in his life with total commitment, courage, enthusiasm and candid humour in difficult as well as in good times: a life that was strewn and enriched with his jubilations and his disappointments. He accepted his limits and had gone beyond them.
In 1992, I took early retirement from the Faculty of Education, University of Malaya, with the noble intention of devoting my time to writing my father’s biography. But procrastination took over for many years I’m ashamed to admit, being caught up in the web of my busy life. When my mother passed away in 2007 in Johor Bahru, I had the sad and painful task of sorting out her belongings. Among these were six boxes of my father’s paraphernalia. I brought them to Kuala Lumpur and for the next two years I sifted through the enormous volume of materials that belonged to Papa and organized them in some kind of order: files and files of correspondence, newspaper clippings, music scores, 23 reels of oral history tapes conducted by the National Archives of Singapore, books, old receipts, his log books, his medals and other awards, his favourite pipes and innumerable photographs and some gramophone records. The task was not without its problems because of missing pages in some of his academic papers; some letters were undated, but generally, Papa, being a stickler for discipline, had left enough materials for me to venture to recreate his chequered life into some semblance of his personal history. For example, most of the time he had carbon copies — photocopying was not in vogue then — of letters he received and replied to.

I was very aware that I was duty bound to write my father’s biography. It is an honour and a privilege. I have never written a narration before; only academic papers. I had no inklng where to begin, until one day I happened to mention to Tan Sri Ramon Navaratnam what I was doing and that I wanted to look for a publisher. He instantly and kindly contacted Ambassador K. Kesavapany, then Director of ISEAS (Institute of Southeast Asian Studies) in Singapore. Mr Kesavapany lost no time in e-mailing me and the rest is history.

I felt comfortable that the book would be published by ISEAS of Singapore because Papa had dedicated his entire life to Singapore, and the island state had honoured him in many ways.
Everything in my father’s possessions suggested narrative possibilities. The difficulty for me was to piece them together. My task was doubly hard because he wrote mostly in Malay which I had to carefully translate. Understanding his academic papers was for me a monumental effort and a task beyond me. I tried, but decided it was best to leave them untranslated — except those which were already translated.

In writing Papa’s biography, I found myself being drawn into a significant part of the book. As I was writing, memories of my life as my father’s daughter kept flooding back to my mind. I was facing the dilemma of deciding whether to write quite extensively about my life that was closely linked to that of my father’s or leave myself completely out. I felt I was very much a part of the scenario of a life that I was unfolding which was my father’s and in which we — my mother, siblings, adoptive relations and for that matter other people who mattered in my father’s life — constitute the rubric of Zubir Said’s life. In fact, I at first hesitated to include too much about myself, but as they say “the past is best confronted”, especially when it served to highlight my relationship with my father.

I have regrets that I did not write sooner, because so many of my father’s contemporaries have passed away. Additional input from them would have afforded a greater source of information that would certainly add colour to the man behind his music.

What did I discover in unravelling my father’s life through the months of reading and re-reading the volumes of letters and mulling over his artefacts? I discovered the true man behind his music; understanding him better — his exemplary attributes: his generosity and kindness to family and friends, strangers and animals even in lean times; his steadfastness, his firmness; his bravery and decisiveness in the face of danger. The more I read of him the less I felt I knew the real Zubir Said. He appeared an enigma. Unravelling his life 23 years after his demise showed me what an unusual and remarkable man Papa was.
I want to remember him as he was. Asma Naim, a journalist from an Indonesian tabloid, *Haluan*, in its 14 August 1972 edition described him as: “With baritone voice, and a tongue fluent in speaking, interspersed with natural unforced humor, I think there isn’t anyone who will not find themselves hanging on his lips.”

And more: even his grammatical slip-ups, especially when he became excited and animated during conversations on his favourite topics: music, the arts and culture. I deliberately did not doctor his English because his English expressions were quaintly understandable. Whenever I had to translate his Malay into English, I also kept close to the original for fear of infusing my own meaning and interpretation into what is intended in his sentences. Hence the structure of my English translations would definitely not pass off as the Queen’s English. Instead, I have translated his words in the Zubir Said English style.

As I have said, it is an honour and a privilege that my siblings have delegated the writing of the biography to me. I only hope I can do our father justice in this endeavour by one who has never before written a life story of any sort. More importantly, I hope the book may be read by one and all, especially the young who always featured very highly in my father’s groups of favourite people. May the unassuming man, Zubir Said, be a role model and an inspiration to them. Last but not least, may his legacies and his quests be useful platforms for future pursuits in research and development in music, the arts and culture.

I thank Allah SWT for His Guidance and Light to finish this book. Any untoward pitfalls and expressions will be entirely of my own doing and may Allah forgive me for these.
For a lone writer such as I, it was a journey of discovery
Ambassador Kesavapany, a gentleman of simplicity
Simply “Pany”, is what he likes to be called; it’s chummy
Confident and decisive; and brevity is his affinity
In discreet — a shadow of affability, kindness and generosity.
A word here, a hint there, you have cushioned my stall
Ever pushing gently to prod me onwards I recall
“Never lose hope”, “Never give up” you seem to say
Thank you Pany for the trust; giving me reason not to sway.

Triena Noeline Ong, what a pretty unusual name,
Prestigious, Managing Editor, Head of Publishing,
The pride of ISEAS and her gender, multitasking her fame,
Prodigious juggling’s her game; behind the brain
Passed through her dainty hands, books in a train
The biography on Zubir Said, yet another
Painstakingly, her patient careful eyes endeavour
Noting details, only the experienced eyes discover
Spotting pitfalls, large and small; making sense of prose
Triena takes it all in her stride, gently and composed
Your name in gold I’ll carve, thanking you my beautiful rose.

When despair sets in
When I knew not where to begin
Making sense of notes galore, pictures thrown in
I cry for help I fear no one could hear
But kind Noor Azlina Yunus, she did heed
You are nur lighting my dark path showing the way
“Even pages on the left, odd pages facing”
In neat piles you rearranged my jumbled pages
Into an array of delightful passages
A master of brevity, you are. This I’m not
Always long-winded twisted in a knot
Deftly unravelling it with a swish of your pen
Indeed as an editor you are ten upon ten
Thank you Azlina.

I have an English daughter-in-law, Laura her name
In Latin, a laurel plant, a symbol of kingly honour, but Laura
Pediatrics Radiology is her crowning glory
In sufferance I made her read my maiden draft
With discerning eyes, the doctor pored on errors replete
Not missing symptoms, diagnosis and prognosis complete
With long patience, and TLC, prescribing cure
With her gentle help I healed, feeling cured and doubly sure
To recuperate and write some more.
Thank you my Laura ever more.

Dr Ooi Kee Beng, born, bred and schooled in Malaysia
Traversed farther in search of knowledge and adventure
Acquired a PhD in Sinology, from Stockholm University,
Far away in Sweden a lecturer on Chinese philosophy
A literate so accomplished, prolific author of books aplenty
Handpicked “to hold my hand”
The kindly man with the nimble mind
Malaysian Politics — Kee Beng’s specialty one of a kind
The Reluctant Politician dedicated to Tun Dr Ismail,
A biography, one among many, so well opined
Though the “holding hands” is not sustained,
You did jump-start my writing when under strain,
With kind encouraging words my dwindling effort regain.
Thank you again and again and again.

Penning the biography was a journey of adventure
An arduous passage strewn with silly mishaps — unsaved texts,
Misplaced files, a headache and heartache to trace
Little nitty gritty fundamentals so basic yet complex
For a novice such as I, fuddled-muddled so perplexed
Then came two IT angels to save my soul and heart to console
Constantly at hand at my beck and call, a role you boldly hold
To solve the slightest nightmarish problems I hated to forestall.

With dutiful patience you ushered me out of my misery
Righting small errors, big errors with ease and mastery
Teaching me computer tricks! Behold everything’s easily fixed
Inserting footnotes, “aha” the “miraculous” that did the trick
To them I am indebted and deeply gratified with pride
For one is my daughter Yohanna, affectionately Mayang
A choice pet name from Grandpa Zubir from young.
Sister to Khairil, my first born, the next angel I called
When his mother stumped, and by the computer trumped
An urgent knock on his door to cure an ill so minor I recall
Big or small, thank you both for answering my desperate calls.

190A Joo Chiat Place
Once a humble abode where Zubir Said
For three decades stayed,
Where musical notes floated in the air,
And musical scores everywhere
Now a secreted treasure unveiled
A humble place transformed, given a new face
Zubir Said’s life and work immortalized
Collectibles and memorabilia
Saved for posterity and generations to gaze
Honorable Judge Rahim Jalil unfazed
Did it all — in the annals of time placed
190A Joo Chiat Place judiciously in grace
Our gratitude Hon. Judge, to you all due praise.

Juliana Lim, Arts Enthusiast and Advocate
I have the privilege to meet and befriend
From the 1980s a friendship entrenched
You show me care and support that inspires
When yours truly had much to aspire
You came to my aid and together we conspire.
A book Zubir Said: His Songs you create
In quick time, with Berita Harian, it emanates
In commemoration of Singapore’s 25 years of victory
With foresight and a mission, to mark in history
The gifts of a silent unsung hero, a man of simplicity
A touching tribute to Zubir Said’s memory.
SEKAPUR SIREH

Setitik tinta sebaris bahasa, titisan peluh membasahi usaha Namun, tiada sempurna curahan kata, tiada kelopak dan bunga Tanpa desakan ikhlas mu setulus hati menggapai otak fikiran ku Ke alam emosi; rencana kian mengalir ilham bersemi. Selautan budi jasamu ku kenang, Safiah Osman biduanita bukan calang Mu lahirkan inspirasi nun dari pelusuk hati murni mu

Suntingan di celah celah naskah biografi ayahanda tersayang Osman Rani suami Safiah tercinta, teknologi canggih kepakarannya, Nyata, terpaksa terlibat, sama menabur bakti via komputer sendiri Allah SWT lah memberkati mu berdua; kelu lahid ku berkata Kerana sebak, sesak penuh kasih sayang di dada.

Kesilapan kecil dan besar bertaburan tiada dikesan Dengan empat mata ku pun terpintas lalu Hanya ketelitianmu, mengecam koma dan nokta, Ejaan dan nahu merata bercelaru Dikesan oleh mu Khairiah Ahmad teman intim sejati ku. Perhatian terperinci mu sungguh berharga, Ucapan terima kasih ku tak terhingga.

Siti Zainun, Sulaiman Jeem, Ghani Hamid, Sapiee Ahmad kebangaan negara, merakam madah pujian menjulang Dalam lipatan lipatan madah mu semua tersulam Kata hikmah menjunjung tinggi pakar seni ibu pertiwi Allahyarham Zubir Said bertuah badan, megah berdiri Syabas hai pujangga satria! Anugerahmu ku hormati Kan ku rakam dalam sanubariku hingga akhir hayat menanti

Soeyono, Noryani, Amin, Iskandar Mirza adik anak tersayang, Jauh di seberang jauh lagi Jono di negeri orang Alhamdulillah, mempesahkan warisan koleksi Ilmu Kakek tunjangan abadi terbentang luas dinikmati Paduan musik cekap berlilit dijari, bunyian seni dan seri hati Kepada adinda dan anakanda, Kakek menumpang, belasan kasih berpanjangan Terimalah ungkapan terima kasih nan tak terbilang.

Ayahanda Zubir pencipta lagu, prosa dan seloka Menyumbang ilmu menghiasi wacana bangsa Tertera bagi semua pencinta lagu dan seni Haus ingin mencungkil melayari inspirasi, Sukar oleh yang buta musik, seperti ku, mentafsirnya Tanpa celik akal seorang, Fakhariah, Pye samarannya, anak kedua Datok Lokman Musa, Musikologi kehandalannya, seiring selalu dengan Pak Zubir Musik mereka unggul tanpa cemaran Bersifat tradisi tak luput ditelan zaman Terima kasih Cik Pye, aunty khabarkan Penjelasan mu pembuka hati dan minda Lembaran coretan yang puder di ingatan Kepada intipati catatan Papa yang kian terang.

Adinda Salmah, seluruh keluarga, anak cucu, adik-adik pun jua Berkat keturunan ayah dan bonda, Sidin dan Hawa Keluarga istimewa tiada bandingannya Air dicencang takkan putus, Kasih Ilahi terus menerus Asam di darat, garam di laut dalam belanga sentiasa berpaut Berpaut sesama, budaya kita, susah senang jadikan pahala Sunnah Nabi saw dipelihara, silaturahim di antara kita dijaga. Prihatin dan bakti mu tanpa jemu sumber kebahtian Mama dan Papa Allahummam sali ‘ailaihim; Allahummam salli ‘alaiha, Bak permata intan di mahkota, jatuh sebiji sukar diganti Patah tiada tumbuh, hilang tiada berganti, Jasa mu semua tetap bererti, kasih mu menggunung tinggi, Terima kasih ku, selautan pun takkan mencukupi.

Maryam Andy adiak Minang tulen Sarumpun jo Pak Tuo, gadang di rantau urang Elok rupo manih di caliek sayangnyo alah bapunyo Buku langkok bahaso Minang sangai baguno, Diagiah sarato di tarimo balandas kasiah sayang Mangasah bahaso manjadi kawan sapanjang zaman Syukur Alhamdulillah, tarimo kasiah adinda sayang Ado tampek batanyo, mancukia kapandaian Maryam
Bahaso Minang uni alah lupuik di ingatan
Maalumlah alah lamo indak babahaso Minang.

Zaharah Salleh adiek juo dari Minang
Elok bahaso manih di pandang bacampua riang
Pandai bacarito al kisah lamo Pak Tuo
Baraja piano tiado salero, manangih sajo, cari Mak Tuo
Carito lamo amek lucu membuek uni tagalak sajo
Manggalitiak diri tagalak, ubek sakik kapalo.
Tapi kini panjang langkah jadi guru bahaso
Suko dek murik2 tuo dan mudo.
Danau Singkarak bakuliliang gunuang
Aianyo dalam tampek kapa balabuah,
Indak sampai, uni manyilam
Budi mu badua amek dalam
Bak kato papatah
Nan kuriak lundi
Nan sirah sago
Nan elok budi
Nan indah bahaso — ikolah sипaik tapuji adiek baduo.
Bagitu juo sипaik Ade sekeluargo

Pak Zubir, perwira musik sanjungan tua dan muda pada eranya
Contoh dan teladan bagi mereka yang senada, sealiran, serasa,
Seimpian dan seilham menjiwai hati nurani insan, jauh lebih muda

Raja Mahafaizal. Trabye nama samarannya sama perjuangan
Menadong cita rasa budayawan Melayu sejati di hamparan dunia
Pemusik handalan disukai ramai, penggubah lagu beraneka
Usaha mu berlipat ganda menyediakan CD kumpulan nada
Musik lama dan baru Allahyarham Zubir, perwira bangsa
Budi baik mu menolong ku, tersemat di kalbu tiada luntur oleh masa.

Asiah Aman biduanita terkenal dicorong mikrofon dan profileman
Isteri tercipta Ismail Kassim, ibu kebanggaan icon musik,
Iskandar Mirza
Kedua ayah serta bonda pelakon veteran dan penyanyi pujaan masa

Nona Asiah nama “glamour” nya, diberi Pak Zubir ketika
rupawan
Suara merdu bak buluh perindu, ayunan burung bulbul berkicaunan
Melagu cinta di ambang bulan mendayui mawar merah menawan
Dari mu, cerita lama Pak Zubir terkupas satu persatu,
Pak Zubir mentor mu dari kecil hingga bintang di langit kecapaian
Kini usia lapan puluh tahun kata mu! Namun wajah mu gah
menyerlah
Syukur, Alhamdulillah, kita dapat bertemu bersembang lama
kisah dulu
Terima kasih bertalu talu sejarah Papa disingkap jadi bahan buku ku
Semoga Kak Nona terus direstui Allah, panjang umur sihat selalu.

No writing is the solitary work of an individual
It’s the culmination of many caring, helpful people.
To many more I owe my deep gratitude for
Making my journey fruitful to its final closure.
Many at ISEAS helped: Rahilah Yusuf, Senior Editor, for her
tireless effort. She spent hours poring over the manuscripts.
Norshahril Saat and Nurbidayahti Md Miharja who
assisted in the research and executed much mundane work and did a
great job at it.

Mrs Y. L. Lee, Head of Administration, and many others.

To all those who care and knew Papa and Mama, and have helped
in the writing of this biography, I thank you all. This book is your
book. I dedicate it to you all. There are persons whose names I have
perhaps inadvertently left out. I do apologize and thank you all.
Majulah Singapura (Onward Singapore) mirrors the patriotic fervour of the composer, who earnestly wished to infuse the future generations of Singapore with a sense of urgency to work towards a progressive and dynamic, post-independent nation. It was his deep conviction and emotional drive which led, more than fifty years ago, to the birth of the country’s national anthem. Such were the prophetic thoughts he documented then.

Although it is said that our country and our people are not as yet independent in the true sense of the word, we will work optimally towards such true independence. We will think forward, of success, so that we can achieve true independence faster. The ways after independence:

Before, straw was discarded, now it becomes paper.
Before, scrap iron was thrown away, now it becomes a commercial commodity.
Before, we throw away chicken fluff, now it becomes mattresses and pillows.
Before, seaweed was only for food, now it becomes film, medicine, etc.
Before, time was wasted, now time becomes very valuable.

My late father, Pak Zubir Said, as he was affectionately known to one and all, was a man in a hurry. He was in great haste to see Singapore emerge as a truly independent country. To him time was the essence of everything and time was such a valuable commodity. He was clear in his thoughts and his vision that the country needed to forge ahead and work with courage and fortitude towards achieving independence in the true sense of the word. To this end, he encapsulated, in the Singapore anthem, aspirations and dreams of a people, calling them to rise and move forward in unity. But in this endeavour, Papa had to traverse a stormy journey. The highs and lows in my father’s life were linked to the national anthem of Singapore, Majulah Singapura. In composing it, he experienced both elation and despair.
NOTES

1. True independence came to Singapore in 1965. *Majulah Singapura* was composed in 1958 and was adapted to become the national anthem in 1959 when Singapore became a self-governing nation.

2. The original Malay version of these prophetic words: “Walaupun bangsa kita dan negeri kita dikatakan orang belum sempurna merdeka, tetapi kita akan berkerja sesuai dengan kemerdekaan yang sempurna. Kita akan berfikir lebih maju supaya kesempurnaan tercapai lekas. Cara sesudah merdeka:
   Dulu jerami dibuang sekarang jadi kertas
   Dulu besi buruk dibuang sekarang jadi bahan perdagangan
   Dulu bulu ayam di buang sekarang jadi tilam, bantal
   Dulu agar-agar hanya untuk dimakan sekarang jadi filem, ubat, kertas dsb
   Dulu waktu dibuang-buang, sekarang waktu amat berharga.”

*Source: Private Collections.*