

STEVE EIKO'S ANTHEM
(TRANSLATION FROM ZULU)

by

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Where I stand the sun blazes its fire
Its rich rays spread into great columns of night
From here I see the generations to come
They run wild with the wind, they hold the eagle's tail
They sing the anthems of our forefathers
They declaim the epic of the mountain.
There, three hundred years ago,
We vowed to choose the brotherhood of battle.
The crowds follow us with their song
Their lips quiver in anger
They break the neck of the white salamander
They arrive at the festival by the dead of night
They set cities on fire
The madams flee through the streets
And my children are free to praise their father
Not even dawn brings peace.
The stars fall precipitately from the sky
What was once the milky way bows to our sun
We are tall we who are the children of the morning
We who worshipped at the altar
We who made the beast beg for its life.
This age is ours we made it bear the sacred flower
We planted the seed at the mountain-region
To bear fruit for all peoples.
In your name, youngman of the river
You who loved me in my youth
Until I was decrepit with age
In your name let there be rains
Let there be songs in our festivals
Let whoever is there walk proudly
Sizing whatever he desires to make the dance.
You who followed after me, your turn has come!
You must nourish the dream
To make Africa sing from Algeria to the Maluti mountains.