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STEVE EIKO'S ANTHEM
(TRANSLATION FROM ZULU)

by

Mazisi Kunene

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
 Seizing 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.