

# The Spear Thrusts

Come fellow toilers transfixed in grief and penury  
And bury your woes in this fount of life  
For your burden unsung the spear has known  
And the road to salvation opened

The delightful day for vice has ended  
And all the land in dark is clothed  
No Doubt! This score of years aback  
Portends victory for the down-trodden

Let all the guilty now behold  
The booming waves that fill this night  
The nauseating wail of valiant rocketry  
And this born-fire feeding on oil-from-coal  
Presages doom and oblivion

Tireless and tenacious  
Beyond twenty years of trials and tribulations  
Baptised and tempered in the crucible of front-line  
Forward the spear thrusts  
To the dawn of victory

Let all raise their fists in salute  
Of this long and wary score  
Echoing from Wankie to Rustenburg  
From Sasol to Voortrekkershoogte  
No less where three spears pierced  
Like thirty wounded lions

Let all the fallen rest assured  
There is glory where they lie  
Their spears point towards the final goal  
Shining even brighter in the course of the day

And let to the occasion rise the living  
For in their hands now rest the spear  
And it is on them where history  
Awaits the final prize.

- DILIZA DUMAKUDE