

A SONG OF THE BRAVE

We are the children of courage
We are courage
The courage of millions
Not cowed by centuries
Of destitution under the claw

We are the children of hope
We are hope
The hope that keep multitudes
Charging fearless against the rabid beast
That spreads decay and death in our land

We are the current of a roaring river
Sweeping away all the rot
With the force of accumulated anger
Releasing all our pent-up fury
In a concerted drive against the tormentor

We are the heirs of a glorious resistance
The custodians that bridge across time
To give meaning to the past in future
Sustaining the fire kindled in torturous pain
Of generations martyred in barbarous slavery

This then is what we are
The anguish of a nation in labour
Which crowns the pain in beauty
Of ridding mother Africa of the scourge
So that peace may again reign in her skies
Drawn from our breasts and blood
We the children of courage

— NATHANIEL MTSHALI