

Come, Africa!

Come, I have heard the ecstasy of your drum –

Come, the beating of my blood has become mad –

'Come, Africa!'

Come, I have lifted my forehead from the dust –

Come, I have scraped from my eyes the skin of grief –

Come, I have released my arm from pain –

Come, I have clawed through the snare of helplessness –

'Come, Africa!'

In my grasp a link of the manacle has become a mace,

I have broken the iron-collar on my neck and moulded it into a shield –

'Come, Africa!'

The earth is throbbing along with me, Africa,

The river dances and the forest beats time;

I am Africa; I have taken your figure

I am you; my walk is your lion walk:

'Come Africa!'

Come with lion walk –

'Come, Africa!'