



WE AFRICANS

By Wayne Visser

We Africans
We, the spark of creation
We, first nation of nations
Remember us
For you flow from our ancestral streams
And your hopes are what mirror our dreams

We Africans
We, the crossers of high seas
We, the keepers of memories
Remember us
For you pulse with the blood of our veins
And you cry with the fear of our pains

We're born, we rise
We open our eyes
We crawl, we walk
We're learning to talk

We Africans
We, the fathers of hungry hands
We, the mothers of thirsty lands
Join with us
For your toil is sweat on our furrowed brow
And your guilt is shame for our here and now

We Africans
We, the sons of rusty chains
We, the daughters of dried-up rains
Join with us
For your suffering leaves tears in our eyes
And your great escape is our freedom's rise

We plant, we reap
We strive, we weep
We serve, we slave
We hope, we brave





We Africans
We, the farmers of the plains
We, the hunters of the rains
Stand with us
For your food is our planted gorge
And your iron is our fiery forge

We Africans
We, the nomads of the sand
We, the stewards of the land
Stand with us
For your drink is our handpicked beans
And your wealth is our tunnelled seams

We dig, we drill
We bend our will
We melt, we mould
We bleed for gold

We Africans
We, the soldiers of the thorny cross
We, the seekers of the pantheons lost
Rise with us
For your chapels enact our daily sacraments
And your deities fill our starry firmaments

We Africans
We, the pilgrims of the crescent moon
We, the students of our earthly swoon
Rise with us
For your mosques echo our calls to prayer
And your mission is our promise to care

We kneel, we pray
We sing, we slay
We lift our pain
We praise His name

We Africans
We, the singers of life's sorrow
We, the lovers of tomorrow





Reunite us
For your maps are our patterned mosaic
And your home is our ancient namesake

We Africans
We, the dancers of our freedoms
We, the voices of new seasons
Reunite us
For your culture is our rainbow display
And your genes are our twined DNA

We drum, we beat
We stamp our feet
We weave, we thread
We love, we wed

We Africans
We, the refugees of futile fighting
We, the tribes of lands uniting
Welcome us
For as you gain so we have lost
And what we give is without cost

We Africans
We, the migrants of opportunity
We, the leaders of the fair and free
Welcome us
For as we join as fragile friends
So we prosper in the end

We move, we tread
We search, we spread
We fit, we fight
We claim our right

We Africans
We, the archers of the starry sky
We, the askers of the question why
Celebrate with us
For the dawn is strung with morning dew
And our time has come to start anew





We Africans
We, the scatterlings of the rising sun
We, all proud Africans, every one
Celebrate with us
For our future fate is far from done
And we are all Africans, every one

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