



## I KNOW A PLACE IN AFRICA

By Wayne Visser

I know a place in Africa  
Where I can feel the sun on my back  
And the sand between my barefoot toes  
Where I can hear the gulls on the breeze  
And the waves crash on the endless shore

I know a place in Africa  
Where the mountains touch the skies of blue  
And the valleys shelter vines of green  
Where the trees spread out a cloth of mauve  
And the bushveld wears a coat of beige

I know a place in Africa  
Where I can hear the voice of thunder gods  
And watch their lightning spears thrown to earth  
Where I can breathe the scent of rain clouds  
And taste the sweet dew of dusty drops

This is the place of wildness  
Of evolution and dinosaurs  
Where life began and mankind first stood  
Of living fossils and elephants  
Where lions roar and springbok herds leap

This is the place of struggle  
Of desert plains and thorn trees  
Where pathways end and hunters track game  
Of horizons and frontiers  
Where journeys start and sunsets bleed red

This is the place of freedom  
Of exploration and pioneers  
Where darkness loomed and light saw us through  
Of living legends and miracles  
Where daybreak came and hope now shines bright





My heart is at home in Africa  
Where the sound of drums beat in my chest  
And the songs of time ring in my ears  
Where the rainbow mist glows in my eyes  
And the smiles of friends make me welcome

My mind is at ease in Africa  
Where the people still live close to the soil  
And the seasons mark my changing moods  
Where the markets hustle with trading  
And creation keeps its own slow time

My soul is at peace in Africa  
For her streams bring lifeblood to my veins  
And her winds bring healing to my dreams  
For when the tale of this land is told  
Her destiny and mine are as one

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