

THE BLOOD AND THE SEED

- AGOSTINHO NETO

We

from far flung Africa
and above the treachery of man,
across the majestic and unconquered forests
across the flow of life,
which runs anxious, eager and abundant in the
rivers' roar,

through the melodious sound of muted drums
through the eyes of youthful multitudes,
multitudes of arms, of pain and hope
from far-flung Africa

beneath the claw
we bleed from grief and hope, from sorrows and
from strength,
bleeding on this earth disembowelled by hoes,
bleeding with the sweat of forced labour in the
cotton fields,
bleeding hunger, ignorance, despair and death
in the wounds on the black back of a child, on a
mother, on honesty
the blood and the seed

from far-flung Africa
black
and bright like mornings of friendship
desirous and strong like the steps of liberty.

Our cries
are drums heralding desire
in the tumultuous voices, music of nations,
our cries are hymns of love that hearts
might flourish on the earth like seeds in the sun
the cries of Africa
cries of mornings when the dead grew from the seas
chained
the blood and the seed

- see, here are our hands
open to the brotherhood of man
united in certainty
for the future of man
for right, for peace, for friendship.

From our toes, roses grow,
perfumed with the river Zaire's tenacity
and the grandeur of Maiombe's trees.
In our minds
is the road of friendship for Africa,
for the world,

our eyes the life-blood
are turned towards hands beckoning love in all
the world
hands in future - inspiring faith in the vitality
of Africa, the human land of Africa
of far-flung Africa
regenerating under the sun of hope
creating bonds of brotherhood in freedom from want
from the yearning for peace,
the blood and the seed.

For the future - here are our eyes
for peace - our voices
for peace - our hands

from Africa, united in love.