

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Die Stem Van Suid-Afrika

Die Stem Van Suid-Afrika
(Cornelius Jacob Langenhoven)

Uit die blou van onse hemel,
Vit die diepte van ons see.
Oor ons ewige gebergtes waar
Die kranse antwoord gee,
Deur ons ver-verlate vlaktes
Met die kreun van ossewa
Ruis die stem van ons geliefde,
Van ons land Suid-Afrika
Ons sal antwoord op jou roepstem,
Ons sal offer wat jy vra:
Ons sal lewe, ons sal sterwe
Ons vir jou, Suid-Afrika.

In die merg van ons gebeente,
In ons hart en siel en gees,
In ons roem op ons verlede,
In ons hoop op wat sal wees,
In ons wil en werk en wandel,
Van on wieg tot aan ons graf
Deel geen ander land ons liefde,
Trek geen ander trou ons af.
Vaderland! ons sal die adel
Van jou naam met ere dra:
Waar en trou as Afrikaners
Kinders van Suid-Afrika.

In die songloed van ons somer,
In ons winternag se kou,
In die lente van ons liefde,
In die lanfer van ons rou.
By die klink van huw'liks-klokkies,
By die kluitklap op die kis
Streel jou stem ons nooit verniet nie,
Weet jy waar jou kinders is.
Op jou roep se ons nooit nee nie,
Se ons altyd, altyd ja:
Om te lewe, om te sterwe
Ja ons kom, Suid-Afrika.

Op U Almag vas vertrouend,
Het ons vadere gebou:

Skenk ook ons die krag, o Here!
Om te handhaaf en te hou
Dat die erwe van ons vaad're
Vir ons kinders wrwe bly:
Knegte van die Allerhoogste,
Teen die hele wereld vry.
Soos ons vadere vertrou het,
Leer ook ons vertrou o Heer
Met ons land en met ons nasie
Sal dit wel wees, God regeer.

(TRANSLATION)

Ringling out from out blue heavens,
From our deep seas breaking round;
Over everlasting mountains
Where the echoing crags resound;
From our plains where creaking wagons
Cut their trails into the earth
Calls the spirit of our Country,
Of the land that gave us birth.
At thy call we shall not falter,
Firm and steadfast we shall stand.
At thy will to live or perish,
O South Africa, dear land.

In our body and our spirit,
In our inmost heart held fast;
In the promise of our future
and the glory of our past;
In our will, our work, our striving,
From the cradle to the grave -
There's no land that shares our loving,
And no bond that can enslave.
Thou hast borne us and we know thee.
May our deeds to all proclaim
Our enduring love and service
To thy honour and thy name.

In the golden warmth of summer,
In the chill of winter's air,
In the surging life of springtime,
In the autumn of despair;
When the wedding bells are chiming,
Or when those we love depart,
Thou dost know us for thy children
And dost take us to thy heart.
Loudly peals the answering chorus;
We are thine, and we shall stand,

Be it life or death, to answer
Thy call, beloved land.

In thy power Almighty, trusting,
Did our fathers build of old;
Strengthen then, O Lord, their children
To defend, to love, to hold
That the heritage they gave us
For our children yet may be:
Bondsmen only to the Highest
And before the whole world free.
As our fathers trusted humbly,
Teach us, Lord, to trust Thee still:
Guard our land and guide our people
In Thy way to do Thy will.

Melody - Marthinus Lourens de Villiers, 1921 [1885-1977]
Adopted as South African National Anthem in 1936; English version
adopted in 1952, revised 1959
Cornelius Jacob Langenhoven, 1918 [1873-1932]

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