

SONG FOR '76 (10TH ANNIVERSARY OF INDEPENDENCE)

Barolong Seboni

May be it is the song that I will hear
Perhaps it will come through
The patter and rustle of the Pula
Or I may discern its force in the exploding
Staccato of the Botswana Defence Force

Perhaps it will not even be a song
But a beautiful noise resounding
From the golden echo of the Thebe:
Shield of the nation

As the bass of the bulldozer
Replies the humming of the shaft
While picks and shovels keep the metronomic beat
Pitch black sinews twang in time
Energy burning fiercely like furnace full
Of Morupule coal;
A concerto conducted from London - Johannesburg - New York

A song can be soundly composed and heard
In a soothing symphony to insulate
The ear - drum in cotton wool comfort
Against the needling insult of a castrated
High pitched shrill:
His Masters Voice