“*Afreeqia*,” 1969

Singer: Meriam Makeba

Lyrics: Mustapha El Toumi

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From the victims of the night in the South,

From the zephyr of earth and eternity,

From the South to the African peoples

To the Freedom Builders of the 5th of July,

To the glorious and victorious people of the Revolution,

To the children of November ,

To you my salutations,

The salutations of *Afreeqia*!

Refrain

*Afreeqia*, Afrique, Africa, *Afreeqia*!

*Male chorus*

Mother *Afreeqia* is

A shining star.

Mother *Afreeqia*!

She is my bliss!

Mother *Afreeqia* is

A shining star.

Mother *Afreeqia*!

She is my love!

Refrain

*Afreeqia*, Afrique, Africa, *Afreeqia*!

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So many tears did the dark-haired maiden shed at night and in the dark!

Over our suns behind bars

Over our buried days

Over our forfeited dreams,

In auction bids

And slave markets;

Mother and child.

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*Male chorus*

Do not cry o beautiful one!

I want to give you good news!

May God protect you!

Do not cry o beautiful one!

I want to give you good news!

To you shall your son return!

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The night used to always return

No way! No way! These days are over,

For well-guarded are our tears!

For well-fortified are our hearts!

Woe awaits those who sold us

In auction bids

And slave markets;

Mother and child.

Refrain

*Afreeqia*, Afrique, Africa, *Afreeqia*!

*Male chorus*

Mother *Afreeqia* is

A shining star.

Mother *Afreeqia*!

She is my bliss!

Mother *Afreeqia*!

She is my love!

Refrain

*Afreeqia*, Afrique, Africa, *Afreeqia*!

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Play the drum! Play the drum, o drummer!

The people are ready for the fight!

The people are ready for the struggle!

Rise, o farmer, rise!

Play the drum! Play the drum, o drummer!

The people are ready for the fight!

The people are ready for the struggle!

Rise, o farmer, rise!

*Male Chorus joins in*

More drumming!

Call for the fight!

Call for the struggle!

For the sake of freedom!

Forth the sake of justice!

For the sake of prosperity!

For the sake of peace!

*Ifreeqia*, the fighter, go head!

Fight everywhere!

For freedom!

For justice!

For the good!

For peace!

Tell! Tell, o struggle, all the African umma:

I am free in Algeria

My sacred homeland is soaring

It is righteous even when alone it takes off.

I am free in Algeria,

My little motherland.

I am free in Algeria

My sacred homeland is soaring

It is righteous even when alone it takes off.

I am free in Algeria,

My little motherland.

I am free

I am free

In Algeria!