

HYMN ON THE DEATH OF MY BROTHER.

1. My friends listen to my song, I cannot relate all my feeling and express my entire sorrow sufficiently on the death of him.

2. With his weapon in his hand, he died for our dear Boerland.

He died for us a hero's death, ah! great were his deeds.

3. You Afrikanders. praise him after death, and follow in his action. Discuss his heroic death and make his memory celebrated.

4. Like a hero he faced the foe,

As heroes always used to go,

His ashes like those of heroes rest, as a hero he has entered the Eternal Kingdom.

5. Think of our justice you friends and relations, for heroic as his death may be, the loss of him was great to us.

6. He fought unto Death for our liberty and rights, his death which we all mourn, turned our grief into joy.

7. Brother, dear brother, who whilst suffering for our freedom you have shed your blood, I praise your heroic valour.

8. For you sacrificed yourself for me and my descendants. God gave you courage, and I will give you long-lived praise.

9. Calmly and courageously he left us to be our hero. No English power could frighten him, until he died the death of a hero.

10. In the veldt near the Tugela he found the grave of a hero and saint, and it was God's will that we should not see him again.

11. Great is his memory, large is his inheritance, and whoever hears of his heroic deeds can never forget him.

12. He has suffered for Africa; through him Africa will be delivered. May the Lord grant us the grace to see Africa united.