

“No pain, No gain”
(by Sahlu Bekele)

There lies an old nation
The cradle of creation
Rich with history and culture
With a glorious past and hazy future

There triumph the heroes and the heroines
In the land of the lions and the lioness
Defenders of the motherland
Pillars of the grand stand

People of deep emotions
Who cry with sorrow and laugh with joy
Humble to humanity; bitter to aggressors
They have valor they have wonders

There live people of tradition
Endowed with mental civilization
Humans of great pride and integrity
Multicolored faces of indigenous beauty

Creatures of ironic life stance
Starving in the land of abundance
Deprived of justice and freedom
From Meles regime through Tefere's kingdom

Dying to taste the fruits of freedom
Suffering to end misery and serfdom
To break away from dictators
From the corrupts and the oppressors
From the tyrants and the renegades

The braves and the bolds
Who scored so much sacrifice
With civility and patience
With wisdom and tolerance
Will finally germinate
The seeds that equate
The formula for Ethiopiawinet

These Ethiopians rising again
Shall put an end to pain
And the stars of democracy would shine
And justice would precipitate and rain
In the land of the righteous
Because there has been so much pain
Goes the cliché, ‘No pain, No Gain!’