

Black President

Brenda Fassie

The year 1963
The people's president
Was taken away by security men
All dressed in a uniform
The brutality, brutality
Oh no, my, my black president Him and his comrades
Were sentenced to isolation
For many painful years
For many painful years
Many painful years
Of hard labor They broke rocks
But the spirit was never broken
Never broken
Oh no, my, my black president Hmm maa, hmm maa, hmm ma mama
Hmm maa, hmm maa, hmm ma mama
Hmm maa, hmm maa, hmm ma Madiba
Hmm maa, hmm maa, hmm ma Madiba
Ahh uyem-yem They broke rocks
But the spirit was never broken
Never broken
Oh my black president Let us rejoice for our president
Let us sing for our president
Let us pray for our president
Let us sing, let us dance
For Madiba, Madiba's freedom Now in 1990
The people's president
Came out from jail
Raised up his hand and said
"Viva, viva, my people" He walked the long road
Back, back to freedom
Back to freedom
Freedom for my black president Let us rejoice for our president
Let us sing for our president
Let us pray for our president
Let us sing, let us dance
For Madiba, Madiba's freedom We thank You Lord,
For listening to our prayers
Oh, my president I will die for my president
I will sing for my president

I will stand and say
Viva, viva, viva, viva, viva, viva my president

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