

Brenda Fassie

"Black President"

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The year 1963
The people's president
Was taken away by security men
All dressed in a uniform
The brutality, brutality
Oh, no, 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

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, back to freedom
Freedom for our 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

Hmm maa [x3]
Mama
Hmm maa [x3]
Mama

Hmm maa [x3]
Madiba
Hmm maa [x3]
Madiba
Ahh, nyu ye uyee huu

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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