

The Chartist Anthem  
By:Chumbawamba  
an English folk song

A hundred years, a thousand years,  
We're marching on the road.  
The going isn't easy yet.  
We've got a heavy load.  
Oh, we've got a heavy load.

The way is blind with blood and sweat,  
And death sings in our ears.  
But time is marching on our side.  
We will defeat the years.  
Oh, we will defeat the years.

We men of bone of shrunken shank,  
Our only treasure death.  
Women who carry at their breast  
Heirs to the hungry earth,  
Oh, heirs to the hungry earth.

Speak with one voice, we march, we rest,  
And march again upon the years.  
Sons of our sons are listening  
To hear the Chartist cheers,  
Oh, to hear the Chartist cheers.