

At Runnymede the Barons came
To force King John to bend his knee
They made him sign his life away
And so was born Democracy
From Agincourt to Waterloo
Each battle fought to keep us free
With every passing year it grew
The flower of sweet Democracy

Now those words like History will fade
On ancient parchment faint to see
And as we sign our lives away
Then so will die Democracy
From the Meadows to the towns
Flags will all be taken down
And on the horizon we will see
The sunset of Democracy