A rousing collection of poems and artwork inspired by local Chartist history in South-East Wales, produced by members of local community groups and charities.

Casgliad cyffrous o gerddi a gwaith celf wedi'u hysbrydoli gan hanes y Siartwyr yn ne-ddwyrain Cymru. Cynhyrchwyd y casgliad gan aelodau o grwpiau cymunedol ac elusennau lleol.

"Powerful poetry from bright beaming, careful thinking, history knowing young folk and adults.
Welsh voices that remember, pay tribute and celebrate the courage of those that marched before us, for us.
The pens have tickled the page and that changes everything."

Alex Wharton 2025
Children's Laureate Wales

Gwnaed yn bosibl gan | Made possible with
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Voices for the Future | Lleisiau'r Dyfodol

Voices for the Future

An anthology of poetry and art
produced by local community groups

Lleisiau'r Dyfodol

Blodeugerdd o farddoniaeth a gwaith
celf a gynhyrchwyd gan grwpiau
cymunedol lleol

National Literacy Trust

Change your story

In partnership with | Mewn partneriaeth â

Compiled by | Wedi'i gyfansoddi gan **Nyle Bevan-Clark, Siân Chaney-Price, Simon Rees**

The collection preserves the unique voices of its writers, including slang, dialect and stylistic choices. Only clear spelling/grammar mistakes have been edited | Mae'r casgliad yn cadw llais unigryw ei awduron, gan gynnwys slang, dieithren ac opsiynau steil. Dim ond camgymeriadau sillafu ieithyddol clir sydd wedi'u golygu.

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Contents | Cynnwys

Introduction and thank you

This anthology is a celebration of voices from across Torfaen, Newport, and Caerphilly. The poems contained within these pages have been written by participants who have taken part in a creative exploration of Chartism and its profound impact on South Wales.

Chartism, with its spirit of protest, hope, and collective action, has inspired a new generation to reflect on their own experiences, histories, and dreams. Through workshops and discussions, the writers have connected with the past to shape powerful and personal poetry for the present.

We would like to offer our heartfelt thanks to the National Literacy Trust and the National Lottery Heritage Fund for funding this project, and for believing in the power of words to transform and empower.

Special thanks also to the wonderful charities and community groups whose support, space, and encouragement made this project possible: Caerphilly Miners Centre, Menter Iaith Casnewydd, Ethnic Minorities and Youth Support Team (EYST) Torfaen, Eden Gate, Newport Mind, Torfaen and Blaenau Gwent Mind, Roots Newport, Caerphilly Youth Service, and Clwb Barddoni Torfaen.

Cyflwyniad a diolch

Mae'r casgliad o gerddi yma'n ddathliad o leisiau o Dorfaen, Casnewydd a Chaerffili. Ysgrifennwyd y cerddi gan gyfranogwyr a fu'n cymryd rhan mewn astudiaeth creadigol o Siartiaeth a'i heffaith ar Dde Cymru.

Mae Siartiaeth, gyda'i ysbryd o brotest, gobaith a gweithredu ar y cyd, wedi ysbrydoli cenhedlaeth newydd i fyfyrio ar eu profiadau, eu hanesion a'u breuddwydion eu hunain. Trwy weithdai a thrafodaethau, mae'r beirdd wedi cysylltu â'r gorffennol i greu barddoniaeth bwerus a phersonol sy'n siarad â'r presennol.

Hoffem estyn ein diolch i'r National Literacy Trust a'r Heritage Trust am ariannu'r prosiect hwn, ac am gredu yn nerth geiriau i drawsnewid ac i rymuso.

Diolch arbennig hefyd i Ganolfan Glofa Caerffili, Menter Iaith Casnewydd, Tim Cymorth Lleiafrifoedd Ethnig ac Ieuenctid Cymru, Eden Gate, Mind Casnewydd, Mind Torfaen a Blaenau Gwent, Roots Newport, Clwb Barddoni Torfaen, Gwasanaeth Ieuenctid Caerffili, ac eraill niferus am eu cefnogaeth, eu lleoliadau a'u hannog.

Diolch o galon i bawb.

Chartism in South-East Wales

Living and working conditions in early-nineteenth-century South-East Wales were difficult. Although the arrival of heavy industry brought jobs and opportunities, these were unequally distributed, and industrial workers and their families often experienced unhealthy living conditions, overcrowding, disease, and dangerous working conditions. Chartism, a significant social and political movement that promoted democratic reforms in Britain, gained momentum in South-East Wales at this time: industrial workers were keen to improve the harsh working conditions they faced and gain political influence.

Chartists had six key aims: the vote for all men aged 21 and over; equal-sized electoral constituencies; secret ballots to protect voter privacy; no property qualifications for Members of Parliament; salaries for MPs to enable broader participation; and annual parliamentary elections. One flashpoint in the history of Chartism in Wales was the Newport Rising of 1839, in which an estimated 10,000 Chartist sympathisers marched on the Westgate Hotel in Newport, where several Chartists had been imprisoned. They were met by police and a regiment of the British Army. It is unknown which side opened fire first, but a bloody fight ensued in which an estimated 20 Chartists were killed.

Following the battle, over 200 Chartists were arrested, and many of them were charged with high treason.

Chartism in South-East Wales is a story of working-class struggle and the fight for democracy—one that continues to provide vital insights into our lived experiences today and remains an important chapter of our region's history. Although the immediate goals of the Chartists were not achieved in their lifetime, their efforts laid the groundwork for future democratic reforms.

The poems and artwork within this anthology reflect this rich, shared history. Written in both English and Welsh, the poems address themes such as life in the 1800s and the workhouse; consider women's voices in local Chartist history; and draw inspiration from famous Welsh poets. Chartists spread their messages through pamphlets, poems, art, and song, and the artwork in this anthology reflects such enterprising use of multimedia, with pastel painting, lino printing, and charcoal sketches all included. This anthology provides a space for individuals in South-East Wales, of all ages and from all walks of life, to use their voices and express their thoughts on the Chartist movement and current social issues. It reflects and celebrates the resilience and determination of local people, both historically and today.

Siartiaeth yn Ne-ddwyrain Cymru

Roedd amodau byw a gweithio yn ne-ddwyrain Cymru ar ddechrau'r bedwaredd ganrif ar bymtheg yn anodd. Er bod dyfodiad diwydiant trwm wedi dod â swyddi a chyfleoedd, roedden nhw wedi'u dosbarthu'n anghyfartal. Yn aml hefyd, roedd gweithwyr diwydiannol a'u teuluoedd yn profi amodau byw afiach, gorboblogi, clefydau, ac arferion gweithio peryglus.
Fe wnaeth Siartiaeth, sef mudiad cymdeithasol a gwleidyddol arwyddocaol a hyrwyddai ddiwygiadau democrataidd ym Mhrydain, fagu nerth yn ne-ddwyrain Cymru yn y cyfnod hwn. Roedd gweithwyr diwydiannol yn awyddus i wella'r bywyd caled roedden nhw'n gorfod ei ddioddef ac ennill dylanwad gwleidyddol.
Roedd gan y Siartwyr chwe phrif nod: yr hawl i bleidleisio i bob dyn 21 oed a hŷn; etholaethau etholiadol o'r un maint; yr hawl i bleidleisio'n gyfrinachol i amddiffyn preifatrwydd pleidleiswyr; dim cymwysterau eiddo i fod yn Aelod Seneddol; cyflogau i ASau i alluogi mwy i gymryd rhan; ac etholiadau Seneddol bob blwyddyn.
Un cyfnod tanbaid yn hanes Siartiaeth yng Nghymru oedd Gwrthryfel Casnewydd yn 1839. Gorymdeithiodd tua 10,000 o gefnogwyr y Siartwyr i Westy'r Westgate yng Nghasnewydd, lle roedd llawer o Siartwyr wedi'u carcharu. Yn aros amdanyn nhw roedd yr heddlu a

chatrawd o Fyddin Prydain. Dyw hi ddim yn hysbys pa ochr daniodd ei gynnau gyntaf, ond cafwyd brwydro gwaedlyd a lladdwyd oddeutu 20 o Siartwyr. Yn dilyn y frwydr, arestiwyd dros 200 o Siartwyr, a chyhuddwyd llawer ohonyn nhw o uchel frad.

Mae Siartiaeth yn ne-ddwyrain Cymru yn stori am frwydr y dosbarth gweithiol a thros ddemocratiaeth – un sy'n parhau i roi cipolwg hollbwysig ar ein profiadau ni heddiw ac sy'n parhau i fod yn bennod bwysig yn hanes ein hardal. Er na chyflawnwyd amcanion y Siartwyr yn ystod eu hoes, gosododd eu hymdrechion y sylfaen ar gyfer diwygiadau democrataidd yn y dyfodol. Mae'r cerddi a'r gweithiau celf yn y flodeugerdd hon yn adlewyrchu'r hanes cyfoethog hwn. Ysgrifennwyd y cerddi yn Saesneg a Chymraeg, ac maen nhw'n mynd i'r afael â themâu fel bywyd yn yr 1800au a'r tloty, a lleisiau menywod lleol yn hanes y Siartwyr. Maen nhw hefyd yn dwyn ysbrydoliaeth o feirdd enwog Cymru. Lledaenodd Siartwyr eu negeseuon drwy bamffledi, cerddi, celf a chân, ac mae'r gweithiau celf yn y flodeugerdd hon yn adlewyrchu'r agwedd amlgyfryngol a mentrus hon. Ceir darnau paentio pastel, argraffu leino a brasluniau siarcol ymhlith y casgliad.

Mae'r detholiad hwn yn rhoi lle i unigolion yn ne-ddwyrain Cymru, o bob oed ac o bob cefndir, i ddefnyddio eu lleisiau a mynegi eu meddyliau ar fudiad y Siartwyr a materion cymdeithasol cyfoes. Mae'n adlewyrchu ac yn dathlu gwydnwch a phenderfyniad pobl leol, ddoe a heddiw.


UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE
VOTES FOR ALL

C.H.A.R.T.I.S.T.S.

Artwork | Gwaith celf
“Universal Suffrage”
by | gan **Gareth Hughes**

Courageous people standing tall,
Hopeful voices heard by all.
A future fair, where all could vote,
Rights and justice—what they wrote.
Tears and trials they did face,
In Wales they marched for a fairer place.
Stormy skies couldn't stop the fight,
Together they marched for what was right.

Children saw the banners fly,
Holding dreams as they walked by.
All around, the crowds did cheer,
Rights for workers drawing near.
Townsfolk gathered, full of pride,
In the valleys, side by side.
Singing loud with fists held high,
Time for change was drawing nigh.

Bob

Chartists resist
Chartists persist
Transform their towns and their countries
today.
The fight is globalised,
struggles are messy, tangled and intertwined,
People are killed on livestream, starve whilst we
watch on our screens.
Evil persists
Chartists resist
Do we?

Rama Saïdani

Clocks ticked on, but they stayed strong,
Holding signs and singing song.
Anger turned to peaceful cries,
Rights denied brought tearful eyes.
Tides of people marched with care,
In the streets of Newport, there.
Standing firm in pouring rain,
Tired, but still they rose again.

Gwesyn

Chartists' Cry

Hear All Ye People who multitask for a pittance,
Come join us Chartists tonight,
To celebrate our worth and dance.

Mandy Cann

John Frost

Gwelir y llygaid llon gynt — yn awr
Yn wylo'n ddistaw ddawn:
Dre Casnewydd, rhed y llawr,
Llif yw co' sy'n dŵr heb gelyn.

Ni fu'i gam yn ddamwain — ond fe
Gredodd yn un lle:
Cafodd ei glymu a'i dre,
A'i farnu am deithio i'r lle.

Elan B

Group work by | Gwaith grŵp gan EYST Torfaen

Children, child labour and civil rights,

Hope of having a better home and a say.

A call for annual parliaments,

Rights to vote or there will be riots.

Turn around the Government and their ideas,

It is in everyone's interests to make changes to
the country and the ignorant government.

Secret ballots are a must!

Tasking children is unfair, education *not* work.

Show respect!

The EYST People's Charter 2025

1. The government makes sustainability law.
2. Environmental issues and climate change are taken seriously.
3. Bullying is stamped out and everyone is treated equally in society.
4. Votes for everyone worldwide so that everyone can have a say in how their country is run.
5. Stop vaping, drugs and underage drinking.
6. Cheaper houses and cost of living.

Chartists for Change

Change is inevitable, hear us government,
Hope is still thriving, as banners in our hearts.
All we want is what is fair,
Rules must change, we must all share!
Together we will make history,
In every government mind our voice cries.
Sturdy we stand, we won't give up.
The right to vote we must win!

Heddwch yn y Glaw

Mae'r ddinas yn drwm gan hanes — ei chalon
Wedi'i rhwygo'n ddwy:
Un yn cofio'r mudiad byw,
Un arall yn troi ei gwynt.

Ond tua'r croesffordd segur — mae'n sefyll
Cerflun heb lais nac le:
Dan law'r glaw, mae'n wylo fe,
A'r gof yn ei galon de.

Jeff Taylor

Chartist Chants and Acrostics

Children, child labour
and civil rights,
Hope of having a
better home and a
say.
A call for annual
parliaments,
Rights to vote or
there will be riots.
Turn around the
Government and
their ideas,
It is in everyone's
interests to make
changes to the
country and the
ignorant
government.
Secret ballots are a
must! We cannot tell
anyone!
Tasking children is
unfair, we need to be
helping people.
Show respect!

"Come on, get
strong!
Let's go and get the
light."

Nehir, aged 10

Children should vote too.
Hope of everyone having a right to vote.
A call for annual parliaments,
Rights to everyone to vote.
Turn around the government and change their ideas,
It is in everyone's interests to make changes.
Secret ballots stop people talking behind people's backs.

Tasking children is unfair, education not work.
Show respect to people!

"Be strong, come on.
We all have the right to vote!
We can help each other,
Raise our voices."

Zeynep, aged 9, and Maryam, aged 8

Children, child labour
and civil rights, we
should get to have a
vote.
Hope that we can get
a better home
through marching.
A call for annual
parliaments,
Rights for everyone
to vote.
Turn around the
government and
change their
ideas,
It is in everyone's
interests to make
changes.
Secret ballots stop
people talking.
Tasking children is
unfair, education not
work.
Should show respect
and then they will get
respect.

"Voices rise up loud,
Onward we march!
Strong together we
fight,
For what is fair.
Everyone has rights.
We will never
disappear."

Ibrahim, aged 8

Children, child labour
and civil rights,
Hope of having a
better home and say.
A call for annual
parliaments,
Rights for everyone
to vote.
Turn down the
government and
their evil plans,
It is in everyone's
interests to make
changes.
Secret ballots stop
people talking.
Tasking children is
unfair, education not
work.
Show respect and
equality.

"Voices rise up, loud
and everlasting,
Onward we march
with hope and pride.
Together we fight for
what is right,
Everyone's right, we
are everlasting!"

Ehab, aged 12

Child labour is making our children tired, give us our civil rights and hear our voice,

Hope of having a better home and say in votes and fairness for everyone not just rich people.

A call for annual parliaments and for everyone to represent their own city, town or village,

Rights to vote are everyone's, they should not just be for the rich or there will be riots.

Turn around the government and their ways of thinking about us,

It is in everyone's hearts and interests to make a change in this ignorant, bad, terrible government that never cares about us.

Secret ballots are the only way to vote, we should be able to vote freely, give us our rights and we will be alright.

Tasking children is unfair, let our children have education and learning, not tiring our children out with work,

Show respect today, to us and our communities.

Adam, aged 11


DEMOCRACY
FOR
ALL
C. Price

Justice? | Cyfiawnder?

Artwork | Gwaith celf
“Protest”
by | gan **Catherine Price**

Group work | Gwaith grŵp, Caerphilly Youth Service

1. They stood in the rain, cold on their backs,
warm with belief that change would come.
No more silence.
They shouted until the wind listened.
It wasn't just a protest
It was a promise
to the future.

2. In Newport they made a loud plea,
For justice and fair votes, you see.
The Chartists stood strong,
Though the fight was long,
They dreamed of a land that was free.

3. The valleys were filled with their cries,
And dreams reaching up to the skies.
No longer ignored,
They fought with their word,
For justice they aimed for the prize.

Carchar yn Nhrefynwy

Y mae'r nos yn drwm ar ffenestr — barrau
Yn taflu cysgod llwm:
Sêr y cytref heb ddim swn,
Ond breuddwydion yn swnllyd.

Clywir dal y gân yn dawel — drwy'r
Muriau'n methu crin:
"Fe ddaw dydd — pe na ddêl i'n pin,
Fe ddaw o dân y plin."

Neil Morgan

Liberty

My soul is born for liberty,
Not endless toil and sleepless nights,
To profit the faceless rich,
Who possess the land that we are denied.

Mandy Cann

Flame in the Sky

The night was a hammer, the march was a drum,
We thundered through streets where the cold winds hum.
Banners like bonfires, fists raised high,
A great roar in our throats, a flame in the sky.

But the muskets spat fire, the redcoats came,
They shackled my wrists, they buried my name.

Dragged to the prisons where the dark walls groaned,
For daring to dream,
For calling hope home.

Group work, Caerphilly Miners

Stand your ground,
Have no fear.
Claim your right,
Justice is near.

Faghia Mehmood

Depth

The iron doors clanged like a judge's tongue,
As the night ate the light where our banners hung.
We bled on the stones where the soldiers stood,
Their bullets drank deep of our bravest blood.
Still, the echoes of freedom raged in my chest,
The ballot, the right, no king's bequest.
Let them shackle the flesh, let them silence my breath,
But my voice will rise from the depths of death.

Group work | Gwaith grŵp, Caerphilly Miners Centre

Don't stay silent, stand up to the oppressors,
Stay strong in your beliefs.
Don't let them demean you
Silence is not an option.

Mark Haines

I'm stuck and lost and all alone,
Fighting hard for a brand new home.
I have no job so can't make money,
It seems like MPs find it funny.
I need someone that I could lean on,
And help me fight for my freedom.

Fergal Barker

Gadael y Tŷ

Mae goleuni'r bore'n dechrau dawnsio,
Pan adawais fy nghartref braf yn y niwl,
Edrychais ar gwyneb fy wraig, mewn i llygaid fy mab,
Mae'r atgof yn llosgi'n fy meddwl fel tân.

"Paid â mynd," meddai fy mab,
Ond teimlas y tân yn fy nghalon yn llosgi,
Sut gallaf aros? Sut gallaf ddioddef yr anghyfiawnder
Mae'n boddi fy mhobl fel dŵr.

Let Justice Live though I Must Die

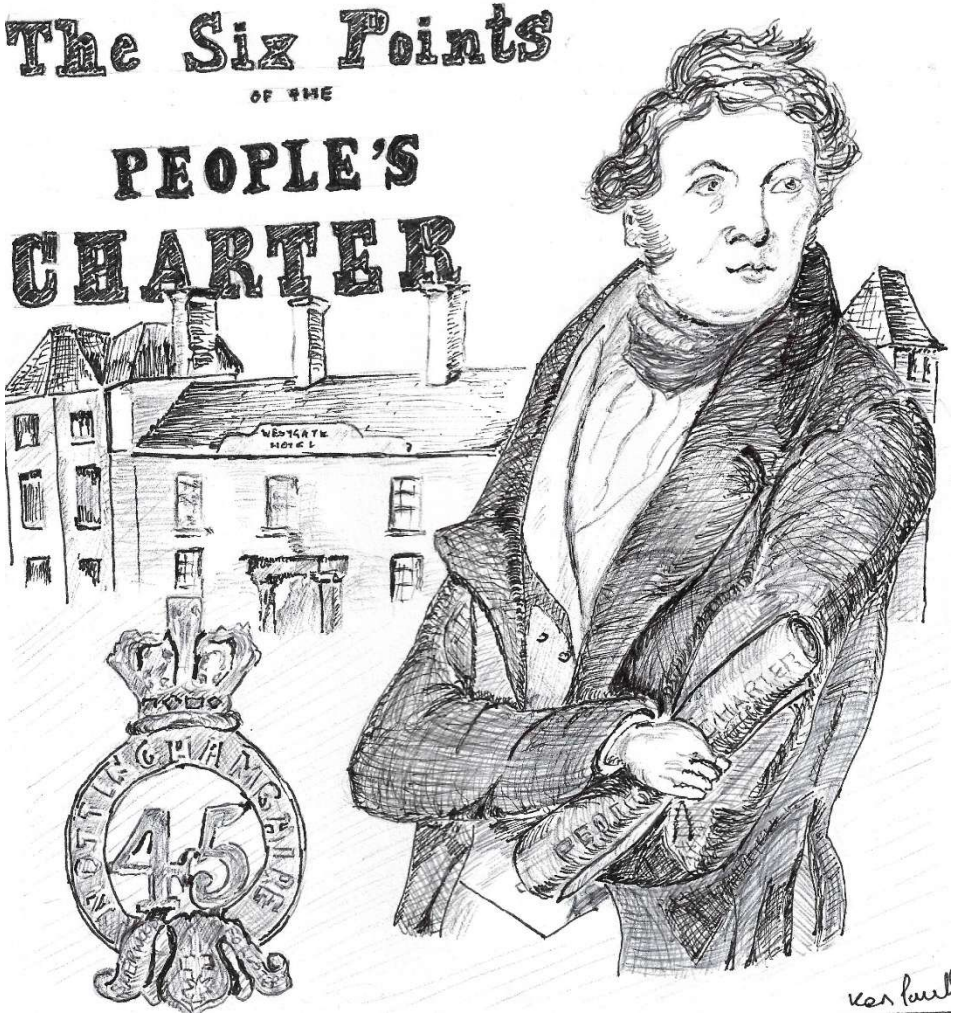
Let justice live, though I must die
I walked with the thousands, hearts alight,
Through smoke-throated streets to the furnace night.
Steel sang on cobbles,
the soldiers stood,
With bayonets bright as the bite of the flood.

They dragged me down where the gallows creak,
Where the walls have ears but dare not speak.
Yet still,
I whisper,
still, I cry.

Let justice live,

though I must die.

Group work | Gwaith grŵp, Caerphilly Miners


The Six Points
OF THE
PEOPLE'S
CHARTER
WESTGATE HOTEL
CHARTER
PEOPLE'S
NOTTINGHAM
45

Voices and votes | Lleisiau a phleidleisiau

Artwork | Gwaith celf
“Westgate”
by | gan **Ken Paull**

In Newport town the people cried,
"For rights and votes, we must not hide!"

The Chartists marched with banners high,
Their message rose into the sky.

They faced the guns without a fear,
Their voices strong for all to hear.

With pick and pen they made their stand,
For fairness all across the land.

The people walked miles, not for bread,
not for gold, but for a voice.

In the valleys, miners
put down tools and picked up dreams of being heard.

Voice of Joe

My name is Joe, on the march for our rights,
We have our six demands,
That should be law throughout the lands.
Everyone has a right to vote,
Send the rich away in a boat.
Why can't I have the money?
Working seventy hours for nowt,
Even my kids in ropes,
Too many years 'til I get the vote,
God bless John Frost, he gives us hope.

Rob Delahaye

Neges y Gwrthryfel (Message of the Rising)

Fy ngalon sy'n gwasgu'n dynn,
Geiriau tân
Hawliau
Pleidlais
Rhyddid.
Nid I fi'n unig, ond miloedd fel fi,
Yn chwilio am ein llais.

Oceans of Time

1.

Through the Oceans of time the voices will rise
They're calling for freedom, equality, votes
Millions stalwart but result in defeat
Chartism died along with martyrs.

Through the oceans of time the voices will rise
The suffrage of women, the cat and mouse
games
Votes finally granted, enfranchised at last
Equality granted? Let's think again.

Through the oceans of time the voices will rise
From Jarrow to London the many who marched
A living wage and employment for all
Raising awareness. But no real change.

2.

Through the oceans of time the voices will rise
Miners saving a way of life
Violence, bloodshed, family rift
But where are the mining communities now?

Through the oceans of time the voices will rise
The voices of women consistent and true
Through poverty, childcare, sickness and grief
Aspirations for progress. Progress for whom?

Through the oceans of time our voices will rise
Expectations so high, no room to fail
Superwomen – all things at all times
How will history judge our today?

Group work | Gwaith grŵp, Caerphilly Miners

You, Us and Them

I fought for my rights
But my rights I cannot see
You promised so much more, but I see you've tricked me.

You said my voice mattered
Yet you always silence me.
Once I was strong, now I'm weak
I don't recognise me.

Sophie

Y Bardd o Gwm Rhymni

Y bardd trwm dan lo'r dyffryn, — ei law
Yn llawn dail haearn mawr:
Gwrandawodd ar y galwad draw,
Fe aeth, heb droi ei raw.

Drwy niwl y bore llonydd — fe safodd
Wrth gatiau'r dref ddiniwed:
Gweiddodd ei gân fel tan byw,
Yn chwalu'r hen anhegwch.

Meurig J

Llundain a Chymru

Gwelaf y mwg,
Y tŵr,
Y strydoedd,
Cawsom ein danfon i'r cysgodion,
Ond o'r cysgodion daw'r lleisiau mwyaf cryf.
Dyma'r lle i godi'r faner,
I ganu ein gwirionedd heb ofn.

Only the few are listened to, but we will be heard.
Only the few have any say, but we will speak.
Only the few have money, but we will work.
Only the few have property, but we will build.

We will strive to give everyone an equal say,
We will strive to give everyone an equal opportunity,
We will strive to improve everyone's health,
We will strive to increase everyone's living standards.

Paul S.

How many times must we raise our
  voices as much as possible
Don't let them drown out our voices,
Let them be heard.

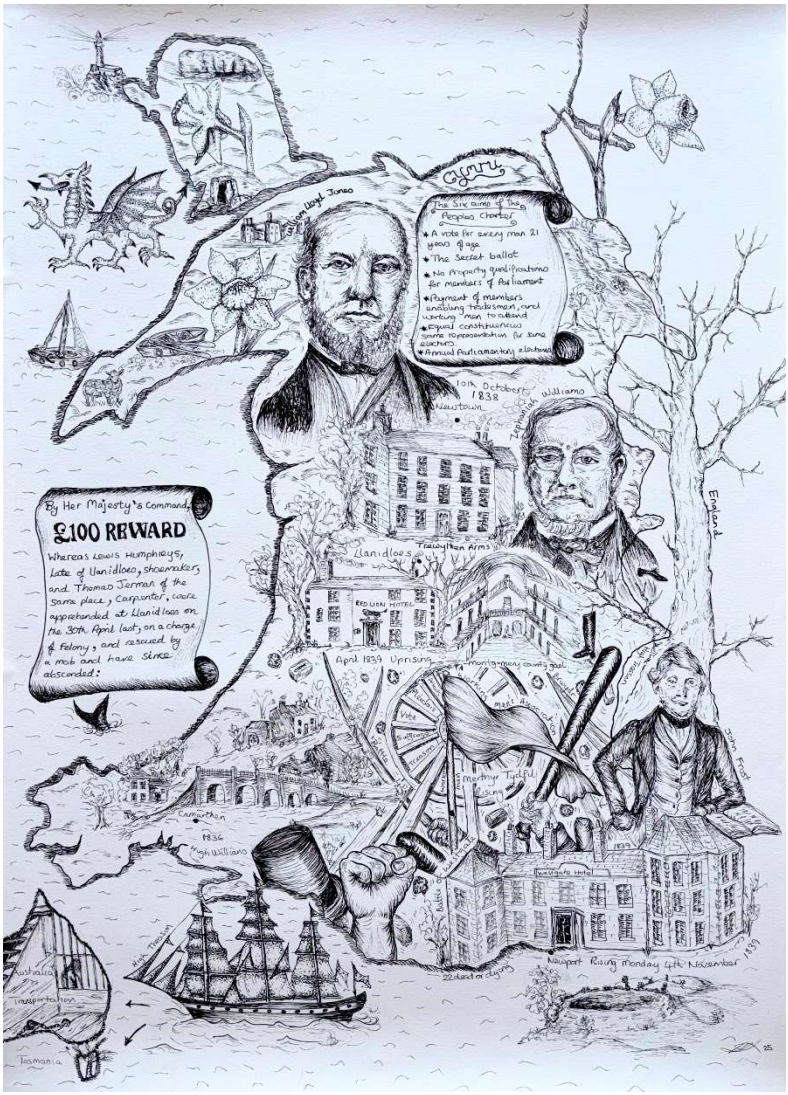
We will be heard.

Mark Haines

Cysgodion y Rheilffordd

Wrth deithio ar lwybrau fy nhaid
Yn ysgwyd mewn cerbydau oer,
Edrychaf ar Gymru
Tir fy enaid, tir fy ngwraig a'm merch fach.

Lleisiaau'n sibrwd yn y gwynt,
Ond fy nghalon, er yn drwm,
Yn canu cân ryddid.



by | gan
Kara Hughes

VOTERS

Victory is our goal,
Only together we will achieve.
Together we belong for ever.
Everyone, come let's shine the light.
Remember to be the best guy,
Shouting loud, rising louder.

(Nehir, aged 10)

Victory is our goal,
Only together we will achieve.
Together we will stand,
Everyone has a right,
Remember we are strong,
Shouting we are right.

(Maryam, aged 8)

Victory is our goal,
Only together we will achieve.
Together we will stand,
Everyone has a right to vote,
Remember we are unique,
Shouting we have rights.

(Zeynep, aged 9)

Victory is what we need,
Only equality is what we want.
Together we will change minds,
Everyone should have their own rights,
Remember us, who marched for things you have today,
Shouting as loud as our voices will go.

(Saara, aged 10)

Victory is ours,
Only equality and respect.
Together we fight,
Everyone wants change,
Remember our voice,
Shouting for equality.

(Ehab, aged 12)

Victory to everyone,
Only equality,
Together we belong to each other,
Everyone deserves to be happy,
Remember this,
Shouting out our voices.

(Ibrahim, aged 8)

Victory is ours,
Only change is important,
Together is what we need,
Everyone's rights matter,
Remember our voices,
Shouting what we need.

(Adam, aged 11)


PEOPLES
CHARTER

Women's perspectives | Persbectif menywod

Artwork | Gwaith celf
"Peoples Charter"
by | gan **Kara Hughes**

My heart clenches, beats so fast
I am fearful my love, part of me wishes you
weren't going so far
As you part, a proud glimmer in my eye
We are hopeful, inspired, you are doing justice
carving a scar

Maisha Imran

Home
Family
Food & money
Prosperity
Freedom
I feel stunted and raged.

Mandy Cann

Roots and Voices

In the busy streets of Newport, where sea air
sweeps past stone-built walls,
And skies stretch wide, clear and blue-
My day begins with quiet worry,
Of what may come, of what is due.
I don't yet know what we will face-
The fear of the unknown moves through my soul
too.

I am a wife, a mother-
My family is my joy, my challenge, my reason to
rise each day.
With all that's happening in the world,
My heart is heavy with questions and worries:
What will happen to my partner, to my children?
What do I say?

I see marches for votes, for voices, for bread-
For the justice my people have long bled.
Will families have food? A roof for their heads?
We all want the same:
To be heard, to be free, to rest with hearts fed.

As a woman, I raise my family with dreams stretched wide,
Teaching them each day to be strong,
To stand tall, to walk with pride.

My brothers and sisters once fought for their rights–
Now it is my turn to protect and pass them on.
They once told me my voice didn't matter,
That I should stay silent, feel no shame.
But I know better now–
I carry their fire, I speak their name.

The Chartists dreamed of power in the people's hand–
Now here I stand, hand in hand,
I am a WOMAN, making a stand.

It's time to rise together,
To shape the future for those still growing.
They deserve strong roots, a firm foundation–
We fight for reformation,
To keep the next generation glowing.

Aysha Rajak

Created, or raised, or socialised, to be nurturing,
more of an empath
Feeling for the oppressed, righteous rage,
anxious hope
Yet being made voiceless.
Or rather it's voiceful
And society is earless for her
The world is earless for her
And for all the other "Her"s wherever they may be
Sisterhood. Feeling. Rage. Hope. Action

Rama Saïdani

My Story

Not just for my child do I cry out for right,
After having to leave my daughter on the
childminder's doorstep,
To make sure I got the bus to get me to work on
time.

Mandy Cann

Protest with Presence

Protest with
presence.
I resist.
With truth, I rise in
defiance —
Not just for myself,
But for all:
Our daughters,
Our mothers, and our
sisters,
Who swallow their
dreams
And helpless rage.

How can I make a
change?
For the better —

With and for
Our sons,
Our fathers, and our
brothers.

For all —
For the dignity and
respect
That humanity should
provide,
For justice long
deprived.

This is abomination.

We shall conquer —
With belief,
With compassion,
With determination.

I stamp with my voice.

Fehmina Iqbal

My hands may be calloused, my feet may be sore,
But my heart is ablaze with hope for the future.

I dream of a land where we suffer no more,
Where my children are free from this painful labour.

Faghia Mehmood

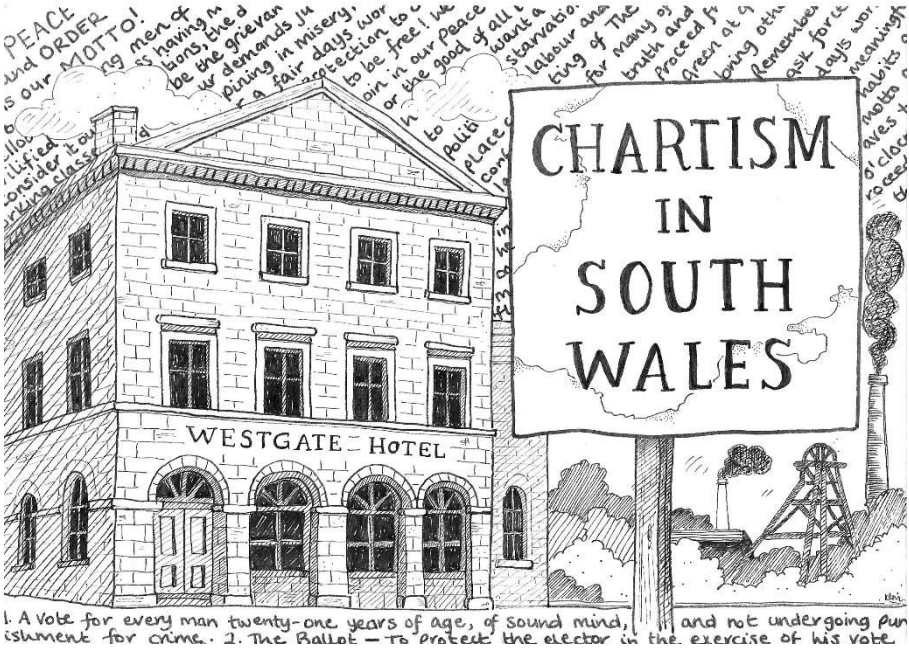
Dancing on Hill

Let him be free
Let the candle lead the way
Breaking free of our chains
Protect our peace, protect our land
The land we used to love

Why do you not hear?

Kitchen empty
I sit and watch the flowers bloom

Olivia



"Chartism in South Wales"

by | gan

Katherine Mannell

Women

Group work by | *Gwaith grŵp gan*
Caerphilly Miners

1. She stitched the banners, bold and bright,
Marched with the men in the cold moonlight.
Her voice was thunder, her hands were grace,
History wrote her out of the race.

2. By candle's flicker, she traced each line,
A woman's words, a Chartist sign.
Yet when they spoke of change and fight,
Her name was lost, her hands turned white.

3. She fed the fire, she wrote, she read,
Dreamed of rights where none were said.
Yet history's pen refused her name,
A shadow cast, a silent flame.

4. She stood at the meetings, lips pressed tight,
A mother, a worker, fierce in her right.
The men held the speeches, signed the decree,
Yet freedom was hers, though none could see.


John
Frost – Chartist
1839.

The oppressor's gaze | Golwg y gormeswr

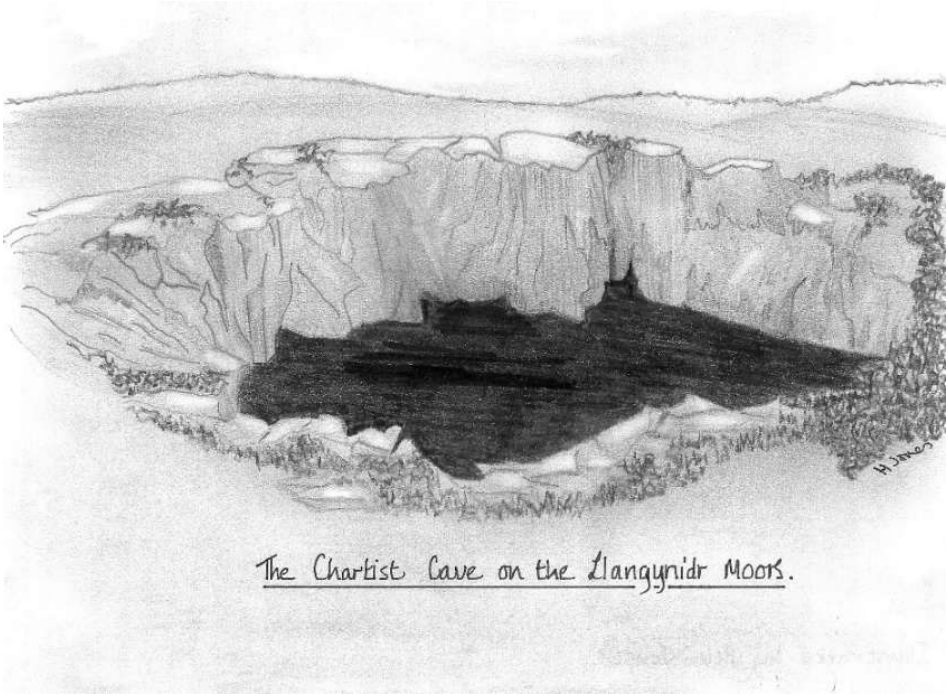
Artwork | Gwaith celf
"John Frost – Chartist 1839"
by | gan **Gareth Hughes**

It was a Monday morning when the eyes of the people appeared.
All with their banners and torches. It's enough to make you sick.
Down the road we could see hundreds of the peasants, angry and mean.
As we sit in our mansion from afar,
Smoking and eating caviar,
While our pockets, full to the brim,
We continue to grin.

Giles Hibberd

People marching for their rights,
Causes chaos and lots of fights,
I've heard their views for the last hour,
I don't care 'cause I have the power.

Fergal Barker



"The Chartist Cave on the Llangynidr Moors"

by | gan

Helen Jones

They talk about their rights,
And freedom's talk they utter,
But we give them homes and feed their families,
And keep them from the gutter.

They find their work because of us,
In our factories and our mills,
Without us they would have no jobs,
But farming on the hills.

Mark H., Josef N. and Paul S

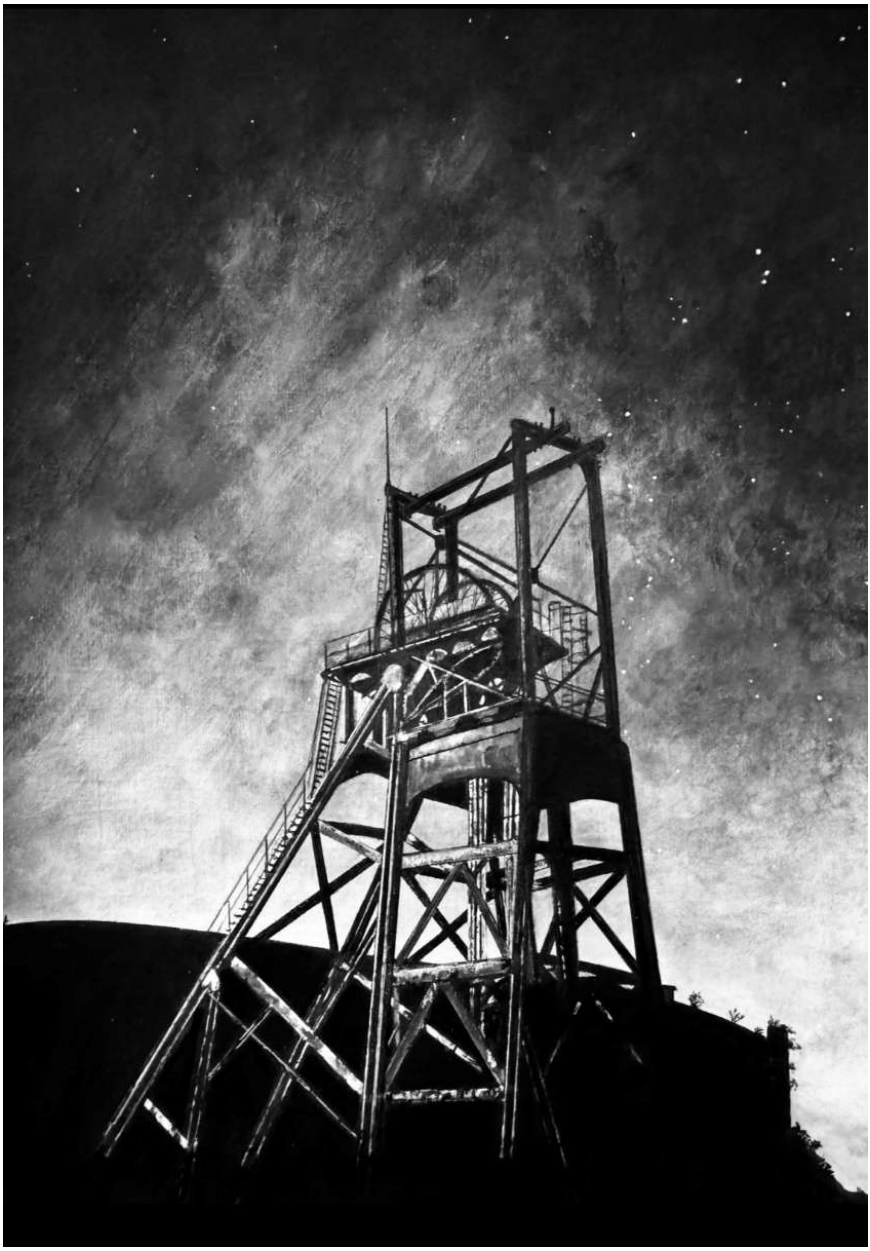
Gaze into the mindset of the elite government
reflecting of the people of the time,
It must be hard,
Be hard for the working class,
As if you had no land,
You had no say,
As they march from Newport to London,
For the right of the people today.

Richard

Fight

Life is so unfair,
The landowners just don't care:
They have all the rights,
We need the men to fight.
While 'they' grow fat from our labour,
We starve needing a saviour.
Who will free us from our 'prison'?
John Frost leads: Newport Risen!
Let us take our six demands to the 'Big Smoke'
To shake the minds of the governing folk.
Thousands marching at a steady pace,
Liberty and justice for a stifled race.
We'll fight to reach our shared desire,
The bosses won't extinguish our fire.

Peter Breen



Life in the 1800s | Bywyd yn y 1800au

Artwork | Gwaith celf
“Colliery Wheel”
by | gan **Lorraine Bowring**

Inspired by a photograph by | yn ysbrydoli gan ffotograff gan **Jeff Pratley**

I fought for my country at Waterloo
To only end up in a human zoo
I could not find any work:
Labourer, servant or clerk!
I ended up in the dreaded workhouse,
From brave soldier to frightened mouse.
The work was hard, the hours long
No time for talking, dance, or song.
All around was dank, dark despair!
A rock-hard bed and a broken chair.
Always tired, isolated and unwell
Have I died and gone to hell?
I pray to God to end my despair:
To escape and breathe in sweet fresh air!

Peter Breen

Workhouse

Will I ever get out of here?
Or will I die here?
These places need to be abolished, and people
in need to be cared for properly.
I am always hungry and always tired.
This is no way to live.

Why can't I get work in the fields or the factories?
But even then it would be long hours and
poorly paid.
But these workhouses spread disease and illness.
If you get with a half-decent employer, you can
maybe get somewhere much better for your
family
to live? Maybe a cottage or something?

Paul S.

Is this it?
My childhood taken from me.
No more laughter, no more joy.
Will we ever be set free?

People are broken, people are weak,
I can't stand the sight.
People are lost, people are hungry,
I won't be the one who stays quiet when I can fight.

The streets are so quiet, yet so loud.
That uneasy feeling of not knowing how long I've got left.
I want to help but feel lost in the crowd.
Is this it?

Olivia "Barry" Tallamy

Prisoners of a war without an end,
Trenches of labour, an entrapment.
Supply lines of pay, a suffocation.
Cavalry denied, pitted against us,
Yet we are an army of infantry,
Let us stand together, and see how we do not bend.

Gareth

Cofio

Heno, wrth y lamp olew, dwi'n cofio,
Y cariad a adewais, y coflaidf olaf.
Mae eu cysgodion yn byw ynof fi,
Fy mreuddwydion? Nid fi'n unig.

Life in the 1800s | Bywyd yn y 1800au

EYST, Torfaen, aged | yn 7–12 oed

I wake up at dawn to
the sound of a bell,
I put my uniform on
And off I go to work
Ehab

I wake up in a bed at
home,
And then go to
school.
Ibrahim

I wake up at dawn, to
my mother cooking,
I pull on my shoes and
get ready for work,
Off to get some
water from the pump,
Or help my sister with
her illness.
Rameen

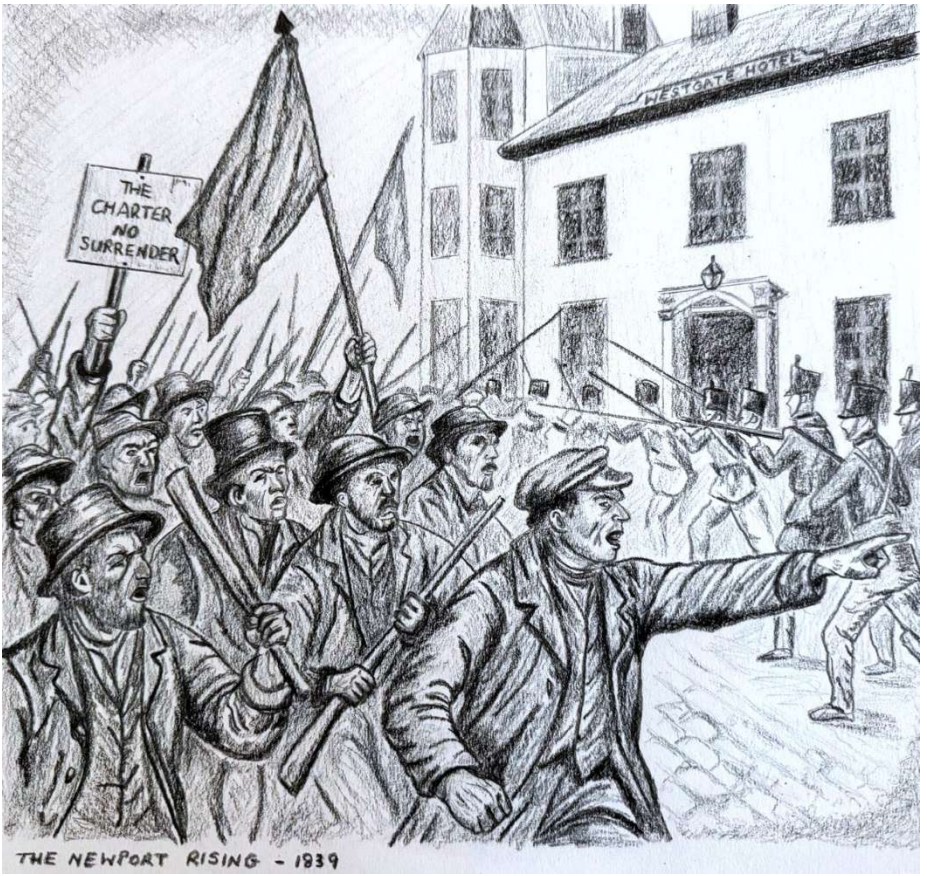
I wake myself up
every single day,
My mum makes me my
breakfast.
I put on my clothes,
I rush and rush.
Nehir

I wake up at dawn,
The sheets and the clothes torn,
I was skibiding,While the clock was ticking.
David

I wake up in the morning
I go to school
And nobody thinks I'm cool in school
I come back from school and go to sleep.
Adam

I wake up in a bad home,
I go to work at the mine,
It was hard work, cold and dark,
I eat bread
Maryam Hamasalih

I wake up in the morning, the clock chimes,
I put on my clothing and get ready for the mines,
Off to put on my sturdy black helmet,
Excited I am to see my nice friend Scarlett.
Saara



THE NEWPORT RISING - 1839

Marching on | Gorymedeithio ymlaen

Artwork | Gwaith celf
“The Newport Rising – 1839”
by | gan **Lorraine Bowring**

March through the cold streets,
Voices rise like morning mist,
Hope burns in their hearts.

Welsh winds loudly blow,
Banners wave like dragon wings,
Justice walks with them.

Soldiers stand ahead,
Still, the people do not stop—
Freedom warms their bones.

Newport skies turn grey,
Shouts echo through cobbled roads,
Truth cannot be chained.

Seren

They met with a hope and a cheer,
Though soldiers with guns stood near.
They shouted aloud,
A proud Welsh crowd,
Refusing to march back in fear.

Group work | Gwaith grŵp, Caerphilly Youth Service

The path has been formed,
Beaten down by thousands of footsteps.
The streets are silent, empty.
But my heartbeat is deafening.

Faghia Mehmood

Onward men as we march,
Our cause is set to charge
The victory will be ours,
As we come to the final hours.
The passing of the torch,
As we approach the end
And liberty and freedom will define us.
Justice for all.

Giles Hibberd

Echoes of the Past

The steady beat of footsteps pound the floor,
As they follow a path, one made long ago.
Their voices carried further by the wind,
To a future where justice will bloom and grow...

Join them and become a person of truth.
Know that your struggle is nothing new.
Seek comfort, seek strength
In the example of those who stood here before you.

Walk with them and hold your head up high.
The morals you stand for are not twisted and wrong.
In your resolution are echoes of the past.
When people rise up, change must follow along.

The streets turn silent, the footsteps move on.
They follow a path, one made long ago.
I feel my heart beat again with hope,
For a future where justice will bloom and grow...

Faghia Mehmood

Stand up for your rights,
Don't let the fat cats take your money,
From the lands of milk and honey.
In the workhouse every day,
For no food and no pay.
March on the parliament
Stand and march,
March, march, march!
Not going to take it, not going to take it.
Join the march, join the march.

Rob Delahaye

As we march from Newport to London,
For the right of freedom of speech,
As we march with thousands of petitions,
They walk there many times, three in all.
Thomas Llewelyn was in prison in Merthyr Tydfil in 1831,
We are doing all this for the future of our country.

Richard

The Torch in the Valleys
In the style of John Keats

O Muse of mournful lyres and iron moors,
Where black hills and ribcage rise,
Attend the valleys where the furnace roars,
And tears are stoked as coal dust clouds the skies.
Here, in Monmouth's clasp and Newport's flame,
The voices of the weak sought a name.

Beneath the moon's pale shine, with boots unshod,
The colliers marched on fern and slumberous glen,
Each breath a vow, each footfall sharp as God
When wrath is kindled in the breasts of men.
O pained Britannia! Didst, thou hear their cry
Or mute, did law draw steel 'neath sullen sky?

Group work | Gwaith grŵp, Caerphilly Miners Centre

Rhyddid

Nid yw rhyddid yn rhodd, ond hawl,
Wedi'i ennill mewn gwaed ac ymrwymiad.
Ac er bod fy mreichiau'n flinedig,
Fy nghalon yn canu gyda'r bore newydd.

Y Tair Arwyddair

Rhyddid, hedd, a chydraddoldeb — y geiriau
Ar faner ddu heb flewyn:
Tua'r Neuadd, dan gwmwl llwyd,
Aethant, mil a mwy i'w mwyn.

Ni ddaeth dawn i'w croesawu — yn hytrach
Tân o'r torfeydd fu:
A'r enwau'n syrthio'n fud, du,
Yn lleddf fel eira'n chwalu.

Sioned Evans

MARCH

Marching together,
walk together.
All of us hope to be
together.
Rising voices, come
on let's do this
together.
Chanting loud, rising
loud.
Hope this is the best
day of my life.

Nehir, aged 10

Marching together
we all help each
other,
All of us hope we will
win together.
Rising voices, shining
our voices.
Chanting loud to get
our rights,
Hope is in our hearts.

Maryam, aged 8

Marching together
we all help each
other,
All of us hope we be
together.
Rising voices,
chanting together,
Chanting loud we are
unique!
Hope is in our heart.

Zeynep, aged 9

Marching together
standing side by side,
All of us hoping to
have our own rights.
Rising voices over
one another,
Chanting loud as we
stomp together.
Hope is what we all
count on.

Saara, aged 10

Marching together
we all have a right to
be children,
All of us hope we get
help!
Rising voices, our
hearts get bigger,
Chanting loud, we
have a right to speak
out!
Hope is in our hearts.

Nehir, aged 10

Marching together,
unstoppable.
All of us, hope is
alongside us,
Rising voices, never
silent,
Chanting loud,
always with pride,
Hope is everlasting.

Ehab, aged 12

Marching together,
no one can stop us.
All there is, is hope.
Rising voices, no one
is calm.
Chanting loud,
Hope is us.

Ibrahim, aged 8

March for fairness,
All of us hope in
improvement.
Rising voices ascend.
Chanting loud what
we want,
Hope is still in our
hearts.

Adam, aged 11

I can’t shout anymore,
Silenced like a shut door,
I’m tired, holding my own,
My voice seems so heavy, buried deep beneath
this hefty weight.

Yet still I march,
My heart just making up a number,
Yes I march, boots echoing across a cold
promised marble.

I’m losing, but choosing to gain everything.
I’m ready to act,
I’m weak,
But strong is this heart.

Glen

As we march. Chartists march!
Marching on; marching on through.
On through Newport.
John Frost and thousands of people marching on!
Chanting on through Newport.

Wesley Hill

Chaos!
I'm tired of marching,
Will it make any difference?
Rich men make the decisions,
When will I be free?
Free us from the darkness!

Becky & Lindsay

Come my friends we can't stand still.
The unsettling vibes give me a chill.

Olivia Tallamy

Chartists Chant

We're here on the march for people's rights,
Because this is the time,
To stand for justice and freedom too,
For every man in line.

We have a right to have our say,
For each of us involved,
The only way to prevail,
Is to be strong and bold.

Mark H. Josef N. and Paul S.

Traed Blin

Cam ar ôl cam,
Llwch ar fy esgidiau,
Ond bob cam ymlaen yw cam tuag at obaith,
Ac nid yw gobaith byth yn gwanhau.

Chartist Man

by | gan Leanne Bevan-Clark

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