

By Jimmy
Cordell

"Jim"

At the twilights dim, I see him,
his name is Jim.

He has looked and he has found,
it's ~~g~~ so great to step on our
communist ground.

He's brought us here to build this
land, working together with
cutlass in hand.

Working, striving day by day,
he is blessing us in every way.

Our land is beautiful, from
beans to the banana, at last
we have made it to a land called
Guyana.

"OUR HOME TO STAY"

Where we live and work today
Vines and huge trees were in the way
Now on this ~~forest~~ fertile land
Our home and farmland stand
Against the trees and soil^{we} fought a battle
And now we produce poultry, pigs and cattle
Hard work both by day and night
Is our way to make production bright.
Through the sun and rain we work fearlessly
To occupy the fertile land productively.

There is so much that can be done
We find no time to idle around
We do provide time for play and fun
Cause these are things that should be done
However we will never forget
There is still room for improvement yet
With hard work -- the days go by
We'll achieve the goals before our eye
Our home would be a great community
Cause we work co-operatively in unity
And without the taunts of going away
This happy place will be our home to stay.

By Christopher Campbell

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