

WHO SAYS YOU ARE POOR

Friends

Who says you are poor
And alone?

One day you will be the helmsman
The day is not far away.

Your hard toil
Will show the light to the nation
With the new song of your heart
Light the lamp of the green revolution.

You will sing amidst the rich harvest
Wait no more, wait not
Make the effort now.

To the vast multitude
No longer will you be unknown
And the song of emancipation
You will sing, you will sing
Friend.