

OUR PEOPLE CRY

by

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We owned the land
We had the seeds
You hired our labour
You paid for it.

Now you have the land;
You own the seeds
We have the hoe
And toil for you.

Give us our land
Take back your hoe,
Leave us our seeds
The gods are angry

Our voice be loud
It must be heard
Our palms are swollen
The soles are baked.

We toil till dawn
You sleep for ever
Our truth is bitter
Our people cry

Now we rise to fight-
To fight a cause
You raise alarm
To trick the world

Give us our right
Our people cry
Trace back your home
Our people cry.