

ON THE 5th. ANNIVERSARY OF THE PRESS

What is a land without a Press?
And what is a people without a quest?
The Press is a spout where the truth goes out
And this is nothing to guess about.

Yes I am the printing Press,
With one desire never to rest,
Until I have fulfilled my mission,
Trying to better existing conditions.

For I am the educator of the people,
With the Press there is but little.
Give me your support and I will defend,
The general public to the end.

Some will hate, some abuse, some underate,
Still there is always those who appreciate.
No one really hates the truth,
But we all are afraid of what it constitutes.

The reason why the Press is so great,
It is the organ to keep things straight,
It has a mission to fulfill,
The mission of State, and community will.

It was the Press that made France free,
By breaking the yoke of tyranny,
She put the Reign of terror to rest,
With the arms of the Louises across their breast.

She brought Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.
That will reign through out eternity.
She brought back the lost condition of man,
Today, this we all must understand.

Man in every age has hated the Press,
Just because of things expressed
They tried to block the power of Liberty,
The common Justice of humanity.

Oft times its greatest fors, becomes its friends,
It just has to be true unbias to defend.
And everyone will be convince,
Of the power of the Press and its strength.

The press wont die, it will surely live,
For there will be more and more to give,
Public opinion will be the judge,
And the Windward Islands' Opinion will then be loved.

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