

JAMAICA MARCH

Chorus to the tune of "It Had Better Be Tonight"
(Henry Mancini)

Verse to the tune of "Recado Bossa Nova"
(Djalma Ferreira)

Jamaican subjects cry out --

Mé-Spé-Ran!!

A frantic drive is born ...
Their goal is win!!

We thrive in sun, like our native shores
Mystical secrets that our island stores
None can escape our Caribbean wrath
Aggressiveness, our flailing staff

The ocean's tides through the clean, white beach
The summit d'ares our foes who cannot reach
Our spirits, joined, form a union that stands
A chain with stolid links, a rope with iron strands.

Jamaican subjects cry out --

Mé-Spé-Ran!!

A frantic drive is born ...
Their goal is win!!

The sunlight gleams off our tools of war
Defeating others with no blood or gore
The voodoo's curse sets us off from the rest
But our skills, alone, raise Jamaica to the crest.

Jamaican subjects cry out!!

Mé-Spé-Ran!!

A frantic drive is born
Their goal is win!!

JAMAICA ALMA MATER

To the tune of "Manha de Carnaval" (Luiz
Bonfá) from the motion picture
Black Orpheus

The two faces it brings
Makes Jamaican hearts sing
As the tropical waves shape the shore

Warm winds shake the fruits on the tree
The tide brings the warmth of the sea;
Tropic desires lie, hurricane breezes cry
Time passes slowly by, dreams fill my heart:
A grain of sand that stands alone
The voice of the kind as it moans,
An island so old, the sky filled with gold,
The cold-- here in my heart.

Though the island so gay,
Shines by sunlight all day,
Sunset changes the mood from within.

A mango that fell to the ground
Calypso dance moves with a sound
Rhythms that syncopate, moonlight so bright, so late,
When all the people's fate, rests by the sea
The voodoo cannot be ignored
The mystical secrets it stores
It governs the soul, the feelings it stole
And doles -- pain, hate, and fear.

The two faces it brings
Makes Jamaican hearts sing
As the tropical waves shape the shore.