

ISLAND IN THE SUN

Words & Music by Irving Burgie and Harry Belafonte

(1) This is my is-land in the sun,
where my peo-ple have toiled since time be-gun.
I may sail on man-y a sea;
her shores al-ways be home to me.

Chorus:

O, Is-land in the sun,
willed to me by my fa-ther's hand.
All my days I will sing in praise
of your for-ests, wa-ters, your shin-ing sand.

(2) When morn-ing breaks the heav'n on high,
I lift my hea-vy load to the sky.
Sun comes down with a burn-ing glow
that min-gles my sweat with the earth be-low.

(3) I see a wo-man on bend-ed knee,
cut-ting cane for her fam-ily.
I see a man at the water-side
cast-ing nets at the surg-ing tide.

(4) I hope the day will ne-ver come
that I can't a-wake to the sound of drum.
Nev-er let me miss Car-ni-val
with cal-yo-so songs phil-o-soph-ical.