

Haiti

Christy Moore

Haiti was born, The Calabash was broken
The waters of the world flowed down the mountain
From the sacred caves came the Mestizo
Island people of the Arawak Taino

In Port-Au-Prince the city has fallen
From rubble and dust a voice is calling
Hear the fearful cry of a frightened nation
Carried on the wind from the Carribean Ocean

O Haiti when I heard your cry I knew that you were broken
O Haiti you will rise again, one day you'll smile again
My Creole sister

Way back in the time when Skibbereen lay mourning
There came a message of love from the Choctaw nation