

Island In The Sun

Harry Belafonte

This is my island in the sun
Where my people have toiled since time begun
I may sail on many a sea
Her shores will always be home to me

Oh, island in the sun
Willed to me by my father's hand
All my days I will sing in praise
Of your forest, waters,
Your shining sand

As morning breaks
The heaven on high
I lift my heavy load to the sky
Sun comes down with a burning glow
Mingles my sweat with the earth below

Oh, island in the sun
Willed to me by my father's hand
All my days I will sing in praise
Of your forest, waters,
Your shining sand

I see woman on bended knee
Cutting cane for her family
I see man at the waterside
Casting nets at the surging tide

Oh, island in the sun
Willed to me by my father's hand
All my days I will sing in praise
Of your forest, waters,
Your shining sand

I hope the day will never come
That I can't awake to the sound of drum
Never let me miss carnival
With calypso songs philosophical

Oh, island in the sun
Willed to me by my father's hand
All my days I will sing in praise
Of your forest, waters,
Your shining sand