

Jamaica Farewell

Harry Belafonte

Down the bay where the nights are gay
And the sun shines daily on the mountain top
I took a trip on a sailing ship
And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop

But I'm sad to say I'm on my way
Won't be back for many a day
My heart is down, my head is turning around
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town

Down the market you can hear
Ladies cry out while on their heads they bear
'Akey' rice, salt fish are nice
And the rum is fine any time of year

Sounds of laughter everywhere
And the dancing girls sway to and fro
I must declare my heart is there
Though I've been from Maine to Mexico