

Folk Celtic

"The Island"

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The Island

Over an Ocean, and Over a Sea

Beyond these great waters, what do I see?

Well... I see the great mountains that climb from the coast,

The Hills of Cape Breton, this new home of mine.

O we come from the countries, all over the world

To hack at the forests, to plough the lands down.

Fishermen, farmers, and sailors all come,

To clear for the future, this pioneer ground.

Chorus:

We are an Island, a Rock in a stream

We are a People, as proud as there's been

In soft summer breeze, or in wild winter winds

The home of our hearts, Cape Breton...

Over the rooftops and over the trees

Within these new townships, O what do I see?

I see the black pit heads, the coal wheels are turning

The smoke stacks are belching and the blast furnace burning.

O and the sweat on the back is no joy to behold

In the heat of the Steel Plant or mining the Coal.

And the foreign owned companies force us to fight

For our survival, and for our rights.

cho.

Over the highways and over the roads

Over the causeway, stories are told.

They tell of the coming and the going away

Cities of America draw me away.

O and the companies come, and the companies go

And the ways of the World we may never know.

We'll follow the footsteps of those on their way,

and still ask for the right to leave or to stay.

cho.

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