

## Harry Belafonte "Island In The Sun"

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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

Built 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 earthly low

Oh island in the sun

Built to me by my father's hand  
All my days I will sing in praise

Of your forest waters  
Your shining sand

Solo

I see woman on bended knee

Cutting cane for her family  
I see man at the water-side

Casting nets at the surfing tide

Oh island in the sun

Built 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

Built to me by my father's hand  
All my days I will sing in praise

Of your forest waters  
Your shining sand

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