

Celtic Folk "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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