ISLAND IN THE SUN - Harry Belafonte

4/4  1...2...1234

-Irving Burgie

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 sands

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

CHORUS

I see woman on bended knee, cutting cane for her family

I see man at the water side, casting nets at the surging tide.

CHORUS
p.2. Island In the Sun

I hope the day will never come, when I can't awake to the sound of drum

Never let me miss carnival, with cal-ypso songs philo-sophi-cal

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 sands

All my days I will sing in praise of your forest waters, your shin.....ing sands
ISLAND IN THE SUN - Harry Belafonte

4/4  1...2...1234  - Irving Burgie

C                  F                  G7                  C
This is my island in the sun, where my people have toiled since time begun

Dm                 C                  G7                  C
I may sail on many a sea, her shores will always be home to me

C                  F                  G7                  C
Oh, island in the sun, willed to me by my father's hand

F                  G7                  C
All my days I will sing in praise of your forest waters, your shining sands

F                  G7                  C
As morning breaks the heaven on high, I lift my heavy load to the sky

Dm                 C                  G7                  C
Sun comes down with a burning glow, mingles my sweat with the earth below

CHORUS

C                  F                  G7                  C
I see woman on bended knee, cutting cane for her family

Dm                 C                  G7                  C
I see man at the water side, casting nets at the surging tide.

CHORUS

Db                  Gb                  Ab7                  Db
I hope the day will never come, when I can't awake to the sound of drum

Ebm                 Db                  Ab7                  Db
Never let me miss carnival, with calypso songs philo-sophi-cal

Db                  Gb                  Ab7                  Db
Oh, island in the sun, willed to me by my father's hand

Gb                  Ab7                  Db
All my days I will sing in praise of your forest waters, your shining sands

Gb                  Ab7                  Gb                  Db
All my days I will sing in praise of your forest waters, your shining sands