D G A
This is my island in the sun, where my people have
D
toiled since time begun.
G A
Though I may sail on many a sea, her shores will always
D
be a home to me.
D G A D
Oh island in the sun, willed to me by my father's hand
G A
All my day I will sing in praise of your forests waters
D
your shining sand.

When 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 a woman on bended knee, cutting cane for her family
I see a man at the waters side, casting nets at the surging tide. - Chorus:

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.