

# Celtic Folk, The Island

Celtic Folk  
Miscellaneous  
The Island  
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.