

## These Are the Times

Harry Belafonte

When tides at ease on the evening breeze  
And the scarlet moon starts its gentle rise  
The drowsy whale spouts a misty trail,  
And the stars gather slowly in the skies

These are the times when I know  
How alone one can be  
And I yearn to go once again  
Back to my girl down in Port of Spain

On some distant shore as I walk the sand,  
And watch the lovers meet,  
They stand in the moonlight hand in hand,  
With the surf breaking over their feet.

These are the times when I know  
How alone one can be  
And I yearn to go once again  
Back to my girl down in Port of Spain

In Mandalay at a gay cafe  
In the wee little hours of morn,  
When guitars and violins end their play  
With a hymn to the goddess of dawn

These are the times when I know  
How alone one can be  
And I yearn to go once again  
Back to my girl down in Port of Spain