**Jamaica Farewell  
Lord Burgess (Irving Burgie) & Trad. Jamaican folk song, ca. 1957**

**Jamaica Farewell (C)  
(Lord Burgess [Irving Burgie] & Trad. Jamaican folk song, ca. 1957)**

[**Jamaica Farewell**](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KFFlWtlDRqk) **by Harry Belefonte (1957)**

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| **Intro (Last two lines of Chorus)**  **C F**  Down the way where the nights are gay,  **G F C**  And the sun shines brightly on the mountain top,  **C F**  I took a trip on a sailing ship,  **G F C**  And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop.  **Chorus**  **C F**  But, I’m sad to say, I’m on my way,  **G C**  Won’t be back for many a day.  **C F**  My heart is down, my head is turning around,  **G F C**  I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town.  **C F**  Sounds of laughter everywhere,  **G F C**  And the dancers swinging to and fro,  **C F**  I must declare that my heart is there,  **G F C**  Though I’ve been from Maine to Mexico. **Chorus**  **C F**  Down at the market you can hear,  **G F C**  Ladies cry out while on their heads they bear,  **C F**  Ackie rice, salt fish are nice,  **G F C**  And the rum is fine any time of year. **Chorus** |  |
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**Jamaica Farewell (G)  
(Lord Burgess [Irving Burgie] & Trad. Jamaican folk song, ca. 1957)**

[**Jamaica Farewell**](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KFFlWtlDRqk) **by Harry Belefonte (1957)**

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| **Intro (Last two lines of Chorus)**  G C  Down the way where the nights are gay,  D C G  And the sun shines brightly on the mountain top,  G C  I took a trip on a sailing ship,  D C G  And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop.  **Chorus**  G C  But, I’m sad to say, I’m on my way,  D G  Won’t be back for many a day.  G C  My heart is down, my head is turning around,  D C G  I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town.  G C  Sounds of laughter everywhere,  D C G  And the dancers swinging to and fro,  G C  I must declare that my heart is there,  D C G  Though I’ve been from Maine to Mexico. **Chorus**  G C  Down at the market you can hear,  D C G  Ladies cry out while on their heads they bear,  G C  Ackie rice, salt fish are nice,  D C G  And the rum is fine any time of year. **Chorus** |  |
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**Jamaica Farewell (F)  
(Lord Burgess [Irving Burgie] & Trad. Jamaican folk song, ca. 1957)**

[**Jamaica Farewell**](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KFFlWtlDRqk) **by Harry Belefonte (1957)**

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| **Intro (Last two lines of Chorus)**  F B♭  Down the way where the nights are gay,  C B♭ F  And the sun shines brightly on the mountain top,  F B♭  I took a trip on a sailing ship,  C B♭ F  And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop.  **Chorus**  F B♭  But, I’m sad to say, I’m on my way,  C F  Won’t be back for many a day.  F B♭  My heart is down, my head is turning around,  C B♭ F  I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town.  F B♭  Sounds of laughter everywhere,  C B♭ F  And the dancers swinging to and fro,  F B♭  I must declare that my heart is there,  C B♭ F  Though I’ve been from Maine to Mexico. **Chorus**  F B♭  Down at the market you can hear,  C B♭ F  Ladies cry out while on their heads they bear,  F B♭  Ackie rice, salt fish are nice,  C B♭ F  And the rum is fine any time of year. **Chorus** |  |
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**Jamaica Farewell (C)  
(Lord Burgess [Irving Burgie] & Trad. Jamaican folk song, ca. 1957)**

[**Jamaica Farewell**](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KFFlWtlDRqk) **by Harry Belefonte (1957)**

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| **Intro (Last two lines of Chorus)**  **C F**  Down the way where the nights are gay,  **G F C**  And the sun shines brightly on the mountain top,  **C F**  I took a trip on a sailing ship,  **G F C**  And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop.  **Chorus**  **C F**  But, I’m sad to say, I’m on my way,  **G C**  Won’t be back for many a day.  **C F**  My heart is down, my head is turning around,  **G F C**  I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town.  **C F**  Sounds of laughter everywhere,  **G F C**  And the dancers swinging to and fro,  **C F**  I must declare that my heart is there,  **G F C**  Though I’ve been from Maine to Mexico. **Chorus**  **C F**  Down at the market you can hear,  **G F C**  Ladies cry out while on their heads they bear,  **C F**  Ackie rice, salt fish are nice,  **G F C**  And the rum is fine any time of year. **Chorus** |  |
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