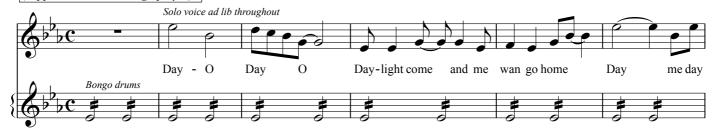# Banana Boat Song

Lord Burgess, William Attaway & Harry Belafonte

S: Singer, rather indignant
C: Commentator, soft, husky, 'cool'
(supposed to be the bongo player)
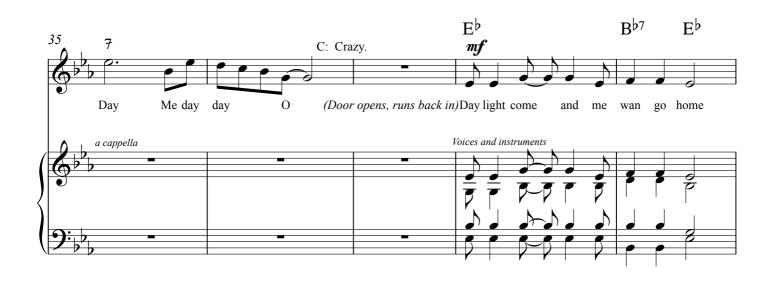
Solo voice ad lib throughout

Day - O   Day   O   Day-light come   and me   wan go home   Day   me day

Bongo drums

C: Wow man, I'll have to ask you not to shout like that. That's like right in my ear man.
S: Well it goes with the song
C: Yeah, but don't holler in my ear man.
S: Well, it's authentic, er, calypso shout.
C: Yeah, but, like, why stand next to me man?
S: Well, the shout go with the bongo drums.
C: Well, not my bongo drums man. I mean, move away.
S: Well, I don't see why.
C: No, no! Stand over next to the guitar man.
S: He sent me over here.
C: Yeah? Well, then sing softly man. You know, I mean like - wow!
S: OK.

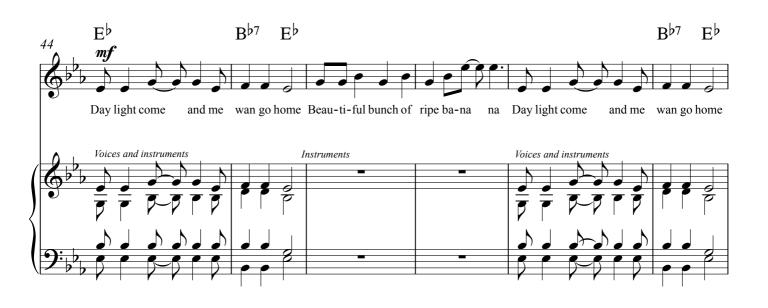C: It's too loud man!   *p*   C: That's better.

Day   Day

Me say day me say day me say   day me say day me say day O_____   Day-light come and me   wan-na go home.

a capella   C: Yeah man.

E♭   B♭7   E♭

Work all   night   on   a   drink of   rum   Day light come   and   me   wan   go   home

Voices and instruments

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Lyrics (vocal line):

Measure 21: Stack ba - na - na till the morn-ing come / Day light come and me wan go home / Lift

Measure 25 (f): C: Hold it man. Hold it man. (p) C: Too loud man. Too loud!
Six foot se - ven foot eight foot bunch / Day light come and me wan go home / lift

Measure 29 (ff): C: Hold it man. Hold it, hold it man. (p) C: My ears. My ears. Like my ears! (ff)
six foot se - ven foot eight foot bunch / Day-light come and me wan go home / Day me day day O
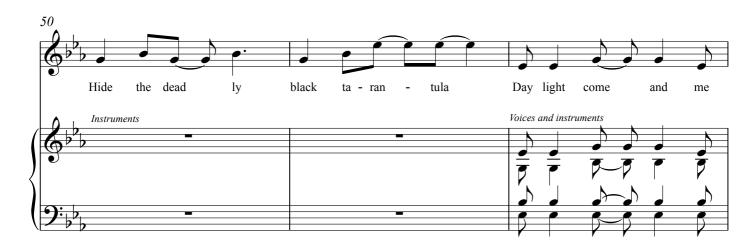
Chords: Eᵇ, Bᵇ7, Eᵇ, Bᵇ7, Eᵇ, Bᵇ7, Eᵇ

C: No hold it man. It's too shrill man. It's too piercing!
S: Well I don't see why . . .
C: No, it's too piercing man. It's too piercing.
S: Well I gotta do the shout.
C: No man, it's too piercing. Like I don't dig loud noises.
S: Well you ruined the whole . . .
C: Piercing
S: . . . record is what you do.
C: Yeh, well tough. I'll take my bongos and go man because like the whole thing is like bugging me anyhow.
S: Yes. Well, wait a minute. I won't shout.
C: No. I'm off man. Like I didn't want to make this gig in the first place!
S: No, no. Wait a minute. I'll be soft.
C: Yeah? Well then back off of me man. It's too piercing.
S: OK *(walks away)* How's this? "Day O"
C: Too loud man.
S: OK *(walks away)* "Day O"
C: Too loud man. I can still hear you. Would you mind leaving the room?
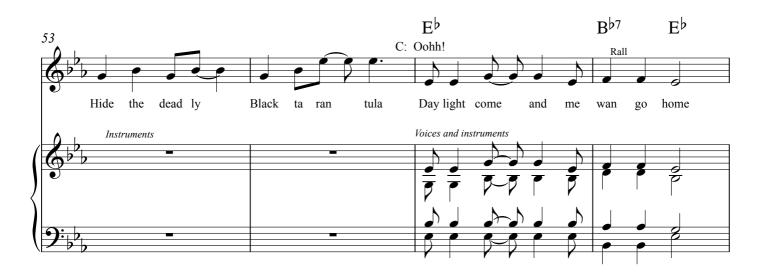S: OK *(leaves the room)*

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C: Oh man. Don't sing about spiders. I mean - ooh - like I don't dig spiders!
S: Well, but that's how the songs goes. See it goes . . .

Hide the dead ly Black ta ran tula Day light come and me wan go home

C: Is that it? Can I leave now?
S: Well, not yet. We gotta big finish.
(Runs out and slams door)

Day me day day me day day me day day me day day me day day O

(Tries to open door. Knocks.)
S: Hey!
C: Yeah man.
S: I locked myself out.
C: Crazy
(Running steps, glass smashes, falls)
S: I come through the window!

Day light come and me wan go home

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