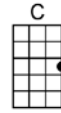
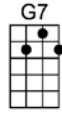
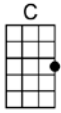


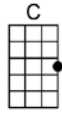
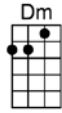
# ISLAND IN THE SUN - Harry Belafonte

4/4 1...2...1234

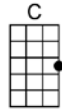
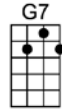
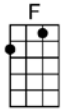
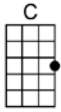
-Irving Burgie



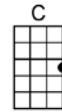
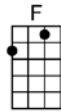
This is my island in the sun, where my people have toiled since time begun



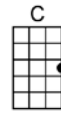
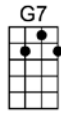
I may sail on many a sea, her shores will always be home to me



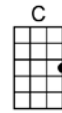
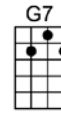
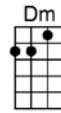
Oh, island in the sun, willed to me by my father's hand



All my days I will sing in praise of your forest waters, your shining sands

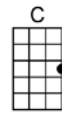
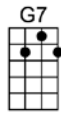
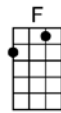
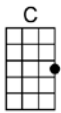


As morning breaks the heaven on high, I lift my heavy load to the sky

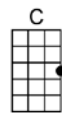
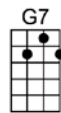
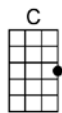
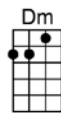


Sun comes down with a burning glow, mingles my sweat with the earth be-low

## CHORUS



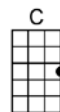
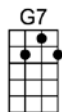
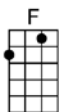
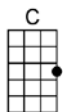
I see woman on bended knee, cutting cane for her family



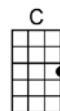
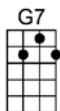
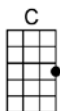
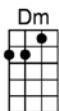
I see man at the water side, casting nets at the surging tide.

## CHORUS

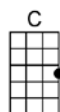
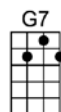
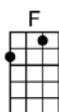
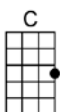
**p.2. Island In the Sun**



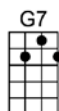
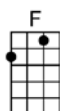
**I hope the day will never come, when I can't awake to the sound of drum**



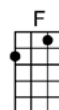
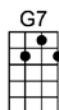
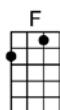
**Never let me miss carnival, with cal-ypso songs philo-sophi-cal**



**Oh, island in the sun, willed to me by my father's hand**



**All my days I will sing in praise of your forest waters, your shining sands**



**All my days I will sing in praise of your forest waters, your shin.....ing sands**

**ISLAND IN THE SUN**-Harry Belafonte  
4/4 1...2...1234 -Irving Burgie

C F G7 C  
This is my island in the sun, where my people have toiled since time begun

Dm C G7 C  
I may sail on many a sea, her shores will always be home to me

C F G7 C  
Oh, island in the sun, willed to me by my father's hand  
F G7 C  
All my days I will sing in praise of your forest waters, your shining sands

F G7 C  
As morning breaks the heaven on high, I lift my heavy load to the sky

Dm C G7 C  
Sun comes down with a burning glow, mingles my sweat with the earth be-low  
CHORUS

C F G7 C  
I see woman on bended knee, cutting cane for her family

Dm C G7 C  
I see man at the water side, casting nets at the surging tide.  
CHORUS

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F G7 F C  
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