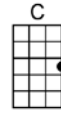
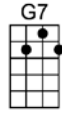
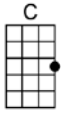


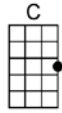
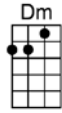
ISLAND IN THE SUN - Harry Belafonte

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

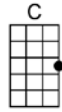
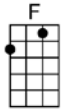
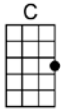
-Irving Burgie



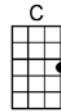
This is my island in the sun, where my people have toiled since time begun



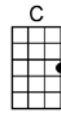
I may sail on many a sea, her shores will always be home to me



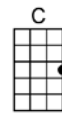
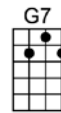
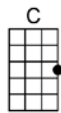
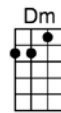
Oh, island in the sun, willed to me by my father's hand



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

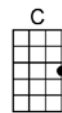
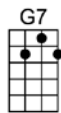
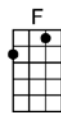
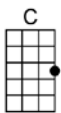


As morning breaks the heaven on high, I lift my heavy load to the sky

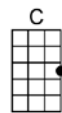
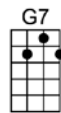
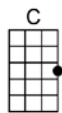
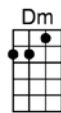


Sun comes down with a burning glow, mingles my sweat with the earth be-low

CHORUS



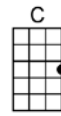
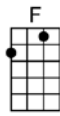
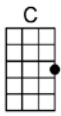
I see woman on bended knee, cutting cane for her family



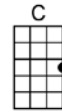
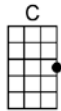
I see man at the water side, casting nets at the surging tide.

CHORUS

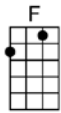
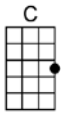
p.2. Island In the Sun



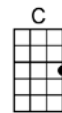
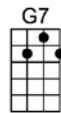
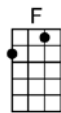
I hope the day will never come, when I can't awake to the sound of drum



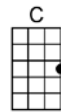
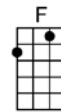
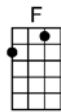
Never let me miss carnival, with cal-ypso songs philo-sophi-cal



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

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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

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

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C F G7 C
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F G7 C
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F G7 F C
All my days I will sing in praise of your forest waters, your shin.....ing sands