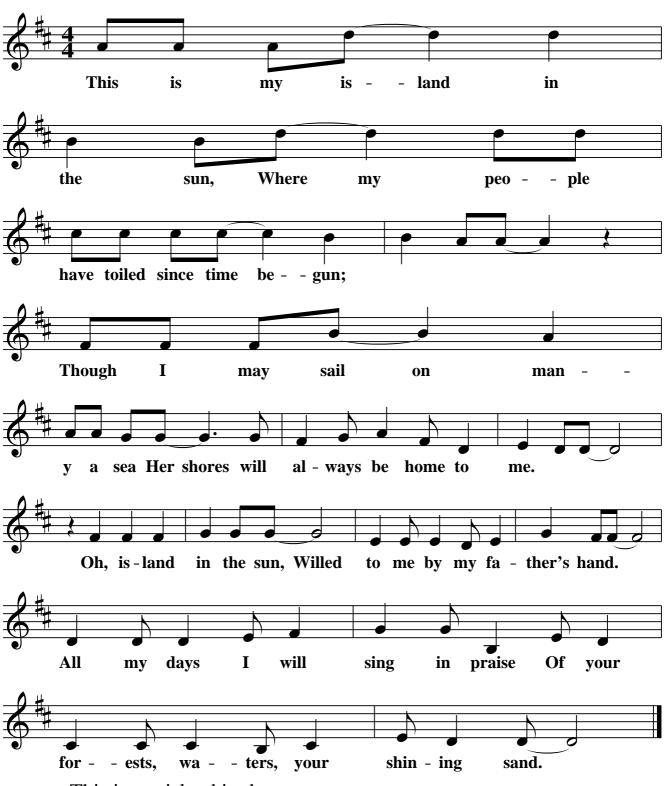
## Island in the Sun



This is my island in the sun,

Where my people have toiled since time begun;

Though I may sail on many a sea

Her shores will always be home to me.

(Chorus)
Oh, island in the sun,
Willed to me by my father's hand.
All my days I will sing in praise
Of your forests, waters, your shining sand.

When morning breaks the heaven on high I lift my heavy load to the sky; Sun comes down with a burning glow That mingles my sweat with the earth below.

I see a woman on bended knee, Cutting cane for her family. I see a man at the waterside, Casting nets at the surging tide.