

The Island

David Collins

8 $\text{♩} = 67$

Voice

Pe - tals fa - lling at the feet of old oak trees By the star-light of the

Accordion

Guitar

6

night sky do the lo - nely figures leave Let us go let us ride to the

Guitar

11

plains where rivers run wide rivers run wide

Accordion

Guitar

16

Wake now rise child for a strange thing stirs near-

Accordion

Guitar

22

by From the darkness of these chambers we have heard the angels cry So come

Accordion

Guitar

with me I will take thee to the is-land out at sea Where the gulls cry at the

high tide With the rocks and herring nigh

Let us go let us ride to the streets where spirits run

high spirits run high Pe-tals fa-lling at the feet of old oak

trees By the star-light of the night sky do the lo-nely figures leave