

## No. 16a

## Tomorrow Belongs to Me [pre-recorded]

BOY

The sun on the meadow is sum - mer-y warm, The  
 stag in the for - est runs free. But  
 gath - er to - geth - er to greet the storm, To -  
 mor - row be - longs to me. The  
 branch of the lin - den is leaf - y and green, The Rhine gives its  
 gold to the sea. But some - where a glo - ry a -  
 waits un - seen. To - mor - row be - longs to me.

[26]

M.C.

Attacca [No.17]