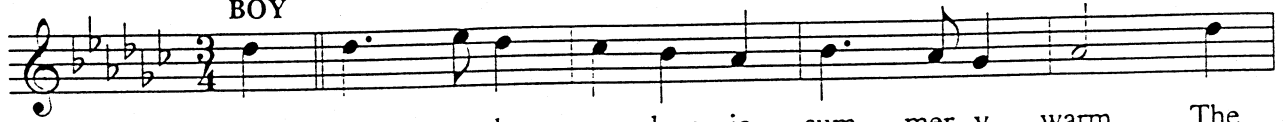
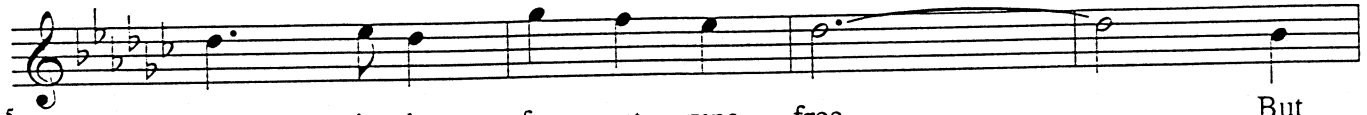


No. 16a Tomorrow Belongs to Me [pre-recorded]

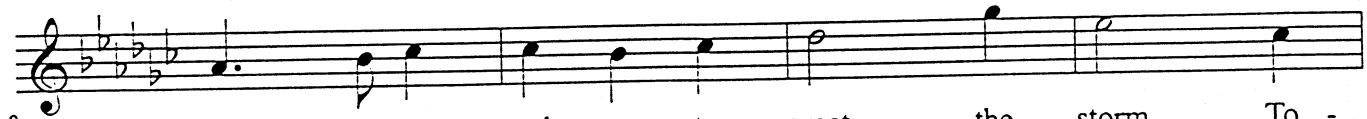
BOY



The sun on the mea-dow is sum - mer-y warm, The



5 stag in the for - est runs free. But



9 gath - er to - geth - er to greet the storm, To -



13 mor - row be - longs to me. The



17 branch of the lin - den is leaf - y and green, The Rhine gives its

[26]



22 gold to the sea. But some - where a glo - ry a -

M.C.



27 waits un - seen. To - mor - row be - longs to me.

Attacca [No.17]