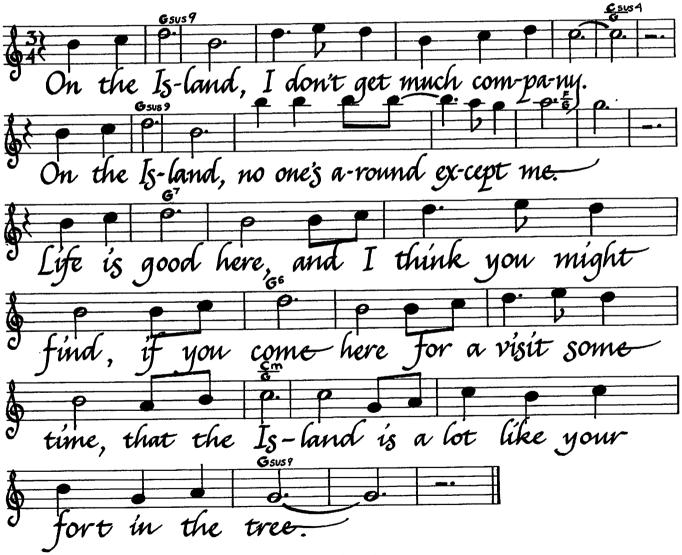
On the Island

words e-music by Karen Reitz Hagen © 1978 Karen Reitz Hagen

The San Juan Islands, just off Washington's coast, have a kind of magic about them. The Indians used to canoe over to the Islands and relax on the warm beaches long before the white settler came. It remains a popular tourist spot - a retreat from the hurried mainland pace.

This song, by Bellingham musician Karen Hagen, seems to capture the magic of the Islands. Play it slowly - with your feet up - and let your mind take you where it will.



On the Island, all of my time is my own, On the Island, with my feelings and fears I can roam. When the sun shines, there's a cool summer breeze, When the rain falls, I can hide under trees. On the Island, if you want me that's where I will be.