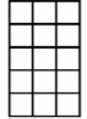


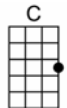
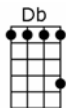
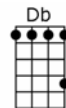
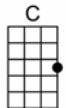
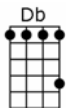
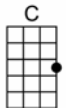
FIDDLER ON THE ROOF-BARRE PRACTICE

4/4 1...2...123

SING G

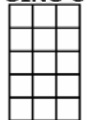


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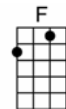
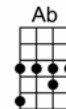
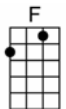
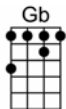
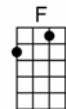


A-way above my head I see the strangest sight, a fiddler on the roof, who's up there day and night.

SING C

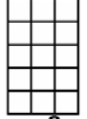


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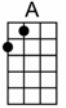
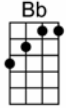
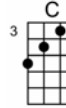
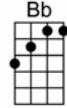
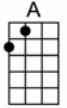
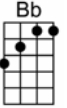
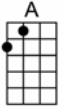


He fiddles when it rains, he fiddles when it snows, I've never seen him rest, yet on and on he goes.

SING E

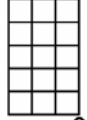


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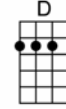
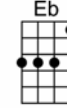
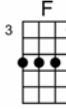
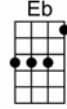
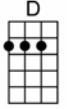
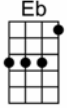
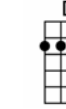


An unexpected breeze could blow him to the ground, yet after every storm, I see he's still a - round.

SING A



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What-ever each day brings, this odd outlandish man; he plays his simple tune, as sweetly as he can.