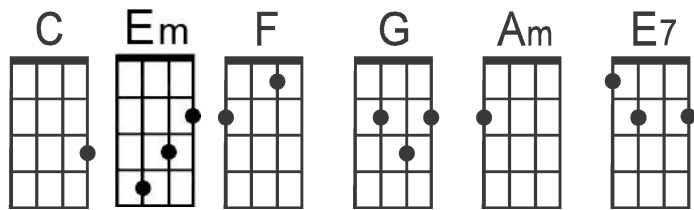


Somewhere Over the Rainbow/What a Wonderful World

(Israel Kamakawi'ole version, but with correct lyrics)



Strum a "double-time" Reggae beat 1-&a 2-& 3-&a 4-&

Intro: C . Em . | Am . F . | C . Em . | Am . Am/g . | F |
 C . . . | Em . . . | F . . . | C . . . |
 Oo— Oo— Oo— Oo—o-o Oo— O-o-Oo—
 F . . . | E7 . . . | Am . . . | F . . . |
 Oo— Oo— Oo—o O-o Oo— O-o Oo—

C . . . | Em . . . | F . . . | C . . . |
 Some— where— o— ver the rain-bow way— up high—
 F . . . | C . . . | G . . . | Am . . . | F . . . |
 There's— a— land that I heard of once in a lull— la— by— y— y— y-y-y—
 C . . . | Em . . . | F . . . | C . . . |
 Some— where— o— ver the rain-bow skies— are blue—
 F . . . | C . . . | G . . . | Am . . . | F . . . |
 And— the— dreams that you dare to dream really do— come true—u-u— u-u-u—

C . . . | G . . . |
 Some-day I'll wish u-pon a star and wake up where the

Am . . . | F . . . |
 Clouds are far be-hind— me—e-e-e—

C . . . | G . . . |
 Where troubles melt like lemon drops, way a-bove the chimney tops

Am . . . | F . . . |
 That's where— you'll fi—i-ind me—

C . . . | Em . . . | F . . . | C . . . |
 Oh, Some— where— o— ver the rain-bow blue— birds fly—

F . . . | C . . . | G . . . | Am . . . | F . . . |
 Birds— fly— o— ver the rain— bow, why then, oh why— can't I— I— I— I— I— I—?

C . Em . | F . C . |
 I see trees of green and red roses to—

F . C . | E7 . Am . |
 I watch them bloom for me and you

F . . . | G . . . | Am . . . | F . . . |
 And I think to my-self— what a won-derful world—

|C . Em . |F . C .
I see skies of blue and clouds of white—

|F . C . |E7 . Am
The bright blessed day— the dark sacred night

|F . . . |G . . . |C . F . |C . .
And I think to my-self— what a won-derful world—

|G . . . |C . . .
The colors of the rainbow— so pretty in the sky—

|G . . . |C . . .
Are also on the faces— of people passing by

|F . C . |F . C . |
I see friends shaking hands, saying “How do you do—?”

F . C . |F/c . . |G . . .
They're really saying— “I— I love you—”

|C . Em . |F . C . |
I hear ba—bies cry—y— I watch them grow—

F . C . |E7 . Am
They'll learn much more— than I'll ever know

|F . . . |G . . . |Am . . . |F . . .
And I think to my-self— what a won-derful wor— or— orld— or— or-- orld—

|C . . . |G . . .
Some-day I'll wish u—pon a star and wake up where the

|Am . . . |F . . .
Clouds are far be—hind— me—e—e—e—

|C . . . |G . . .
Where troubles melt like lemon drops, way a—bove the chimney tops

|Am . . . |F . . .
That's where— you'll fi—i—ind me—

|C . . . |Em . . . |F . . . |C . . . |
Oh, Some— where— o—ver the rain—bow blue—birds fly—

F . . . |C . . . |G . . . |Am . . . |F . . . |
Birds— fly— o—ver the rain—bow, why then, oh why— can't I— I— I— I— I— I—?

Outro: C . . . |Em . . . |F . . . |C . . . |
Oo— Oo— Oo— Oo—o-o Oo— O-o-Oo—

F . . . |E7 . . . |Am . . . |F . . . |C\|
Oo— Oo— Oo—o O-o Oo— O-o Oo—