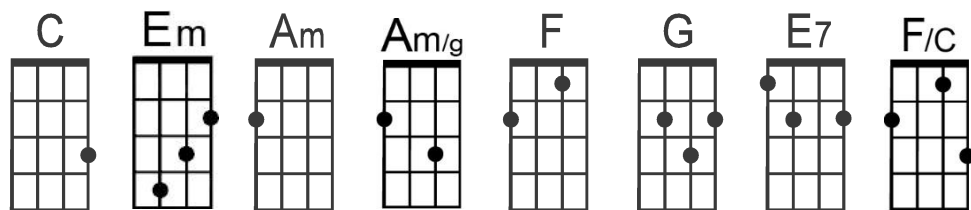


Somewhere Over the Rainbow/What a Wonderful World

(Israel Kamakawiwo'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—?

| 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— Oo—