

. . . | **C** | **Em** | **F** | **C** |
I see trees— of green— and red ros-es to—

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

. . . | **F** | | **G** | |
And I think— to my—self— what a won—der-ful

Am | | **F** |
World—

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

. | **F** | **C** | **E7** | **Am** .
The bright— bless-ed day— the dark— sa—cred night—

. . . | **F** | | **G** | |
And I think— to my—self— what a won—der-ful

C | **F** | **C** |
World—

. | **G** | | **C** |
The co-lors of the rain-bow— so pret-ty in the sky—

. | **G** | | **C** |
Are al—so on the fa—ces— of peo-ple pass-ing by—

. . . | **F** | **C** | **F** | **C** |
I see friends— shak-ing hands— say-ing “How do you do—?”

F | **C** | **F** | | **G** |
They're real-ly say-ing— “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— ev—er know—

. . . | **F** | | **G** | |
And I think— to my—self— what a won—der-ful

Am | | **F** |
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 troub-les melt like lem—on drops— way a—bove the chim—ney tops

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

C . . . | **Em** . . . |
Oh Some— where— o— ver the rain— bow—

F . . . | **C** . . . |
Blue— birds— fly—

F . . . | **C** . . . |
Birds— fly— o— ver the rain— bow—

G . . . | **Am** . . . | **F** . . . |
Why— then, oh why— can't |—|—|—? |—|—|—?

C . . . | **Em** . . . | **F** . . . | **C** . . . |
Oo— Oo— Oo— Oo— o-o Oo— Oo— Oo—

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