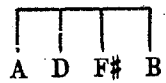


From the M-G-M Picture "THE WIZARD OF OZ"  
**OVER THE RAINBOW**

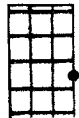
Lyric by  
 E. Y. HARBURG

Music by  
 HAROLD ARLEN

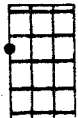
Tune Ukulele



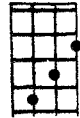
D



Bm



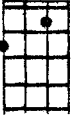
F#m



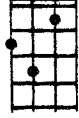
D7



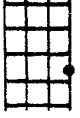
G



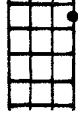
G7



D



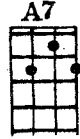
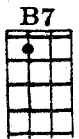
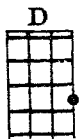
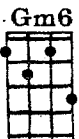
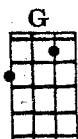
D7



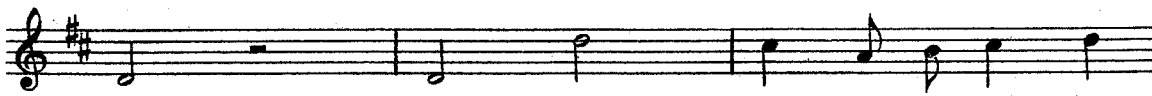
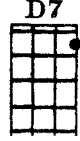
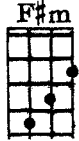
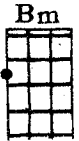
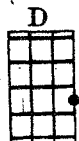
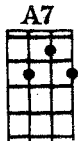
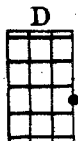
Chorus, Moderately (not fast)



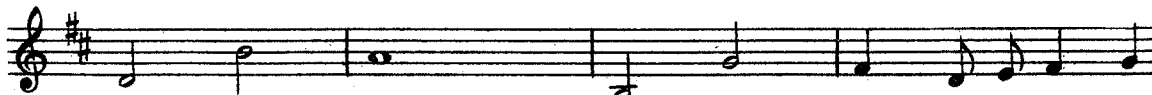
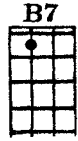
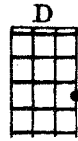
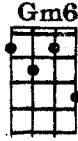
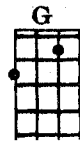
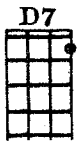
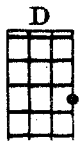
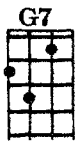
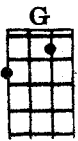
Some - where O - ver The Rain - bow way up high,



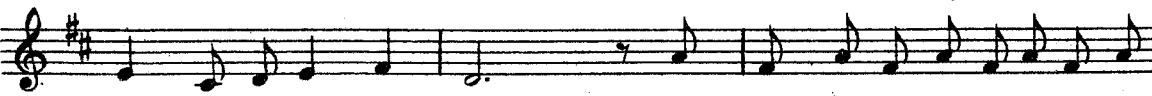
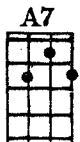
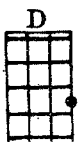
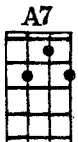
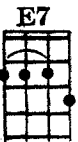
There's a land that I heard of once in a lull - a -



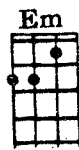
by, Some - where O - ver The Rain - bow



skies are blue, And the dreams that you dare to



dream really do come true. Some - day I'll wish up-on a star and



wake up



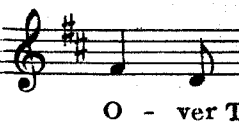
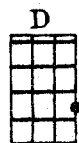
troub - les n



where you



blue -



O - ver T

Music by  
D ARLEN

Em A7 D6 Em A7

wake up where the clouds re far be - hind me - Where

D Bdim

troub-les melt like lem - on drops, a - way, a - bove the chim-ney tops that's

Em6 C#7 Em Aaug. D Bm F#m D7

where you'll find me. Some - where O - ver The Rain-bow

G G7 D D7 G Gm6

blue - birds fly, Birds fly

D B7 E7 A7 D

O - ver The Rain - bow, why then, oh why cant I?

D7

A7

ill - a -

D7

in - bow

B7

u dare to

a star and