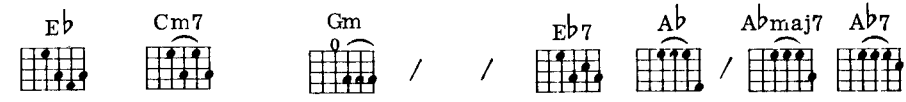
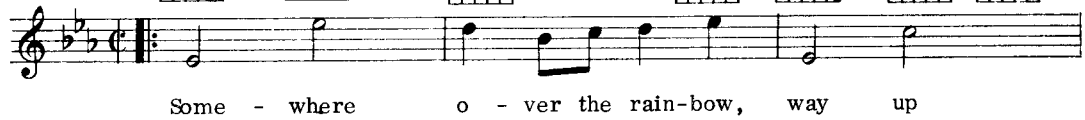
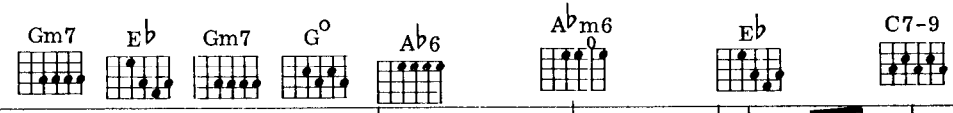


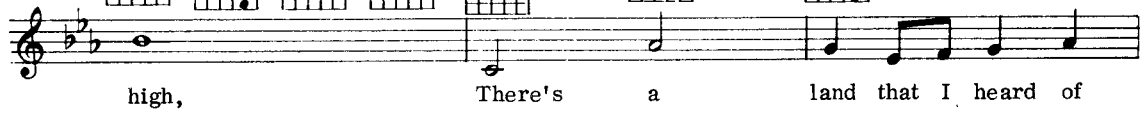
OVER THE RAINBOW

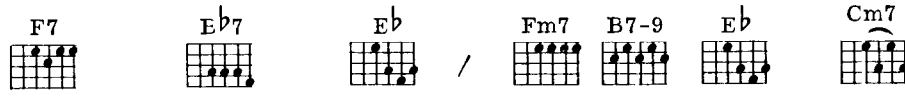
Words: E. Y. Harburg. Music: Harold Arlen

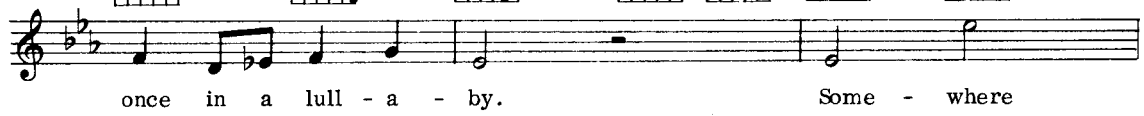


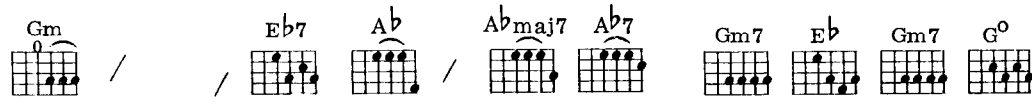


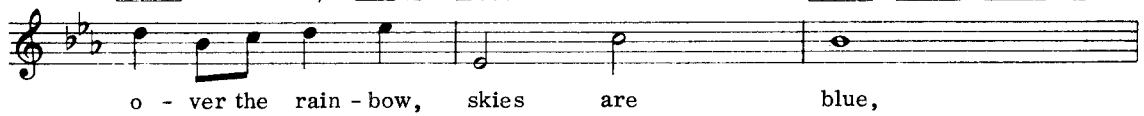
















true. Some-day I'll wish up- on a star and wake up where the clouds are far be-

- hind me. Where trou- bles melt like lem- on drops, a -

- way a - bove the chim-ney tops that's where you'll find me.

Some - where, o - ver the rain - bow, blue - birds

fly, Birds fly o - ver the rain - bow,

Why then, oh why can't I? I? I?