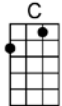

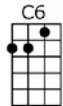
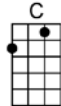
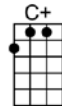
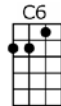
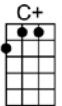
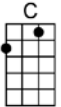
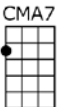
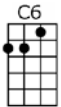
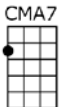
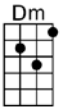
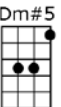
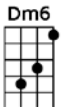
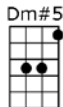
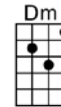


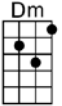

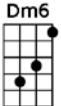
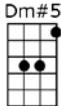
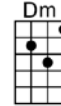
# BRAZIL(BAR)-Ary Barroso

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)


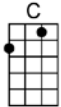
**Intro:** |    |     | (X4)

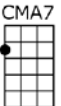
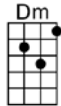
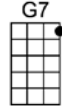
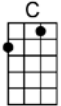
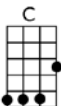
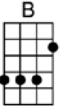
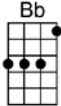
**Bra-zil,** where hearts were entertaining June,

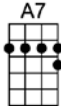
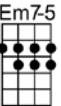
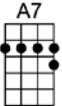
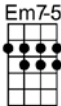
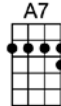
We stood beneath an amber moon

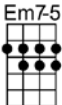
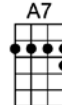
And softly murmured "someday soon."

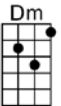
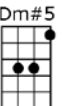
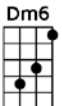
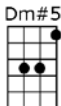
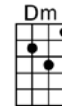
We kissed and clung to - geth - er

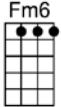
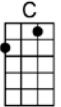
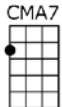
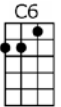
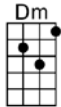
Then, tomorrow was another day,

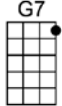
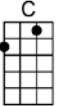

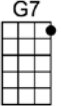
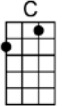
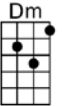
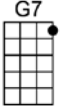
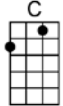
The morning found me miles away

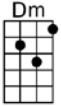
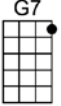
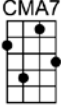
With still a million things to say

Now, when twilight dims the sky a-bove, recalling thrills of our love

There's one thing I'm certain of: re-turn, I will, to old Bra-zil

To old Bra-zil.

**BRAZIL**-Ary Barroso  
4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

**Intro:** | C C#5 C6 | C C#5 C6 C#5 | (X4)

C CMA7 C6 CMA7 Dm Dm#5 Dm6 Dm#5 Dm  
Bra-zil, where hearts were entertaining June,

Dm Dm#5 Dm6 Dm#5 Dm  
We stood beneath an amber moon

G7 C  
And softly murmured "someday soon."

CMA7 Dm G7 C B Bb  
We kissed and clung to-gether

A7 Em7b5 A7 Em7b5 A7  
Then, tomorrow was another day,

Em7b5 A7  
The morning found me miles away

Dm Dm#5 Dm6 Dm#5 Dm  
With still a million things to say

Fm6 C CMA7  
Now, when twilight dims the sky a-bove

C6 Dm  
Recalling thrills of our love

G7 C  
There's one thing I'm certain of:

Dm G7 C Dm G7 C Dm G7 CMA7  
Re-turn, I will, to old Bra-zil, to old Bra-zil.