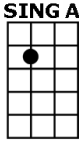
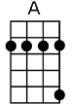
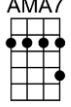
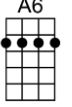
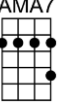
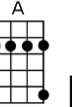
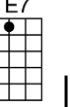
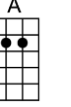


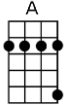
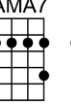
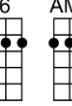

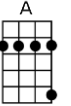
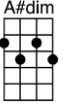
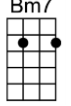
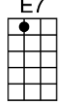
SING A



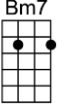
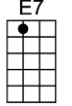
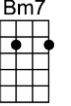
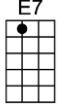
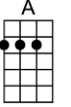
QUE SERA SERA (BAR)-Jay Livingston/Ray Evans

3/4 123

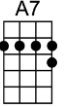
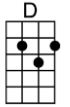
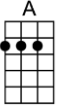
Intro: |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |

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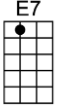
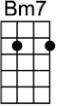
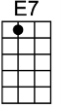
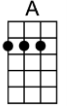
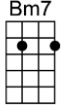
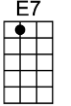
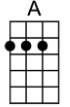
When I was just a little girl, I asked my mother, "What will I be?"

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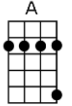
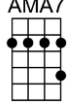
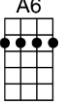
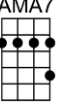
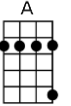
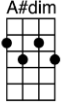
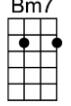
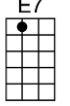
Will I be pretty? Will I be rich?" Here's what she said to me

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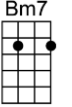
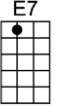
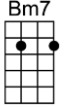
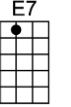
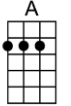
Que se-ra, sera, whatever will be, will be

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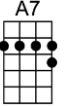
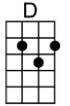
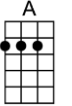
The future's not ours to see, que se-ra, se-ra, what will be, will be

 |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |

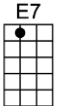
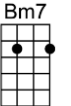
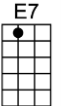
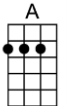
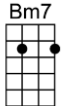
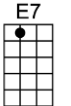
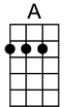
When I grew up and fell in love, I asked my sweetheart, "What lies a-head?"

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Will we have rainbows day after day?" Here's what my sweetheart said

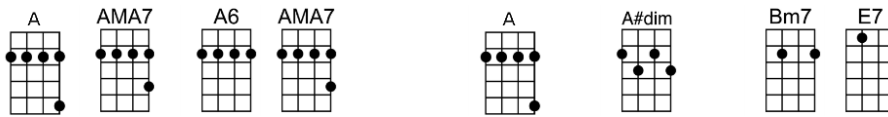
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Que se-ra, sera, whatever will be, will be

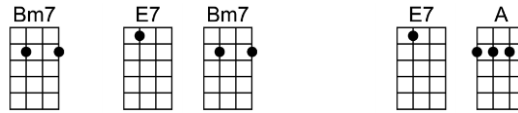
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The future's not ours to see, que se-ra, se-ra, what will be, will be

p.2. Que Sera Sera



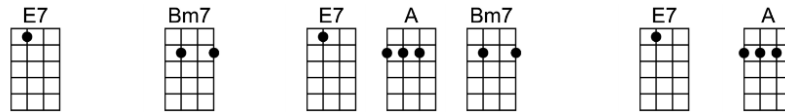
Now I have children of my own. They ask their mother, "What will I be?"



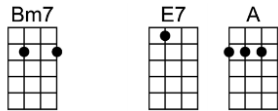
Will I be handsome? Will I be rich?" I tell them, tender - ly



Que se-ra, sera, whatever will be, will be



The future's not ours to see, que se-ra, se-ra, what will be, will be



Que se-ra se-ra

QUE SERA SERA - Jay Livingston/Ray Evans

3/4 123

Intro: | A | AMA7 | A6 | AMA7 | A | E7 | A

A AMA7 A6 AMA7 A A#dim Bm7 E7
When I was just a little girl, I asked my mother, "What will I be?
Bm7 E7 Bm7 E7 A
Will I be pretty? Will I be rich?" Here's what she said to me

A7 D A
Que se-ra, sera, whatever will be, will be
E7 Bm7 E7 A Bm7 E7 A
The future's not ours to see, que se-ra, se-ra, what will be, will be

A AMA7 A6 AMA7 A A#dim Bm7 E7
When I grew up and fell in love, I asked my sweetheart, "What lies a-head?
Bm7 E7 Bm7 E7 A
Will we have rainbows day after day?" Here's what my sweetheart said

A7 D A
Que se-ra, sera, whatever will be, will be
E7 Bm7 E7 A Bm7 E7 A
The future's not ours to see, que se-ra, se-ra, what will be, will be

A AMA7 A6 AMA7 A A#dim Bm7 E7
Now I have children of my own. They ask their mother, "What will I be?
Bm7 E7 Bm7 E7 A
Will I be handsome? Will I be rich?" I tell them, tender-ly

A7 D A
Que se-ra, sera, whatever will be, will be
E7 Bm7 E7 A Bm7 E7 A
The future's not ours to see, que se-ra, se-ra, what will be, will be
Bm7 E7 A
Que se-ra se-ra