What a Wonderful World
by Bob Thiele and George Weiss (1968)

I see trees of green, red roses too,
I see them bloom, for me and you
And I think to my-self, what a won-derful world.

I see skies of blue, and clouds of white,
The bright blessed day, the dark sacred night,
and I think to my-self, what a won-derful world.

The colours of the rainbow, so pretty in the sky
Are also on the faces of people going by
I see friends shaking hands, saying “How do you do?”
They’re really saying, “I love you.”

I hear ba-bies cry, I watch them grow.
They’ll learn much more than I’ll ever know.
And I think to my-self, what a won-derful world.
Yes, I think to my-self what a won-derful world.

San Jose Ukulele Club