



# Virtual Camp Music Packet

(bass)

# Amazing Grace

Traditional

Lyricaly, ♩ = 72

*mf* A - ma - zing grace, how sweet the sound that  
saved a \_\_\_\_\_ wretch like me! \_\_\_\_\_ I once \_\_\_\_\_ was  
lost but now am found, was blind but now I see.

# You Are My Sunshine

Traditional

Joyfully, ♩ = 108

*f* You are my sun - shine, my on - ly sun - shine, you make me  
hap - py \_\_\_\_\_ when skies are gray. You'll ne - ver know dear, \_\_\_\_\_ how much I  
love you. Please don't take my sun - shine a way.

# Oh, Shenandoah

Traditional

With longing,  $\text{♩} = 54$

*mp* Oh Shen - an - doah \_\_\_\_\_ I long to hear you, \_\_\_\_\_ a -

way, \_\_\_\_\_ you rol - ling ri - ver. Oh Shen - an - doah, \_\_\_\_\_

— just to be near you \_\_\_\_\_ a - way, \_\_\_\_\_ we're bound a -

way, \_\_\_\_\_ 'cross the wide Mis - sou - ri.

# Ode to Joy

Beethoven

Joyfully,  $\text{♩} = 120$

*ff*

# Over the Rainbow (E major)

Yip Harburg

Harold Arlen

Lyricaly, ♩ = 80



*mf*  
*mp*

1. Some - where o - ver the rain - bow way up high,  
2. Some - where o - ver the rain - bow skies are blue,

1. \_\_\_\_\_ 2. \_\_\_\_\_ *f*



there's a land that I heard of once in a lul - la - by. true. Some  
and the dreams that you dare to dream real-ly do come



day I'll wish u - pon a star and wake up where the clouds are far be - hind me. \_\_\_\_\_ Where



trou-bles melt like le-mon drops a - way a - bove the chim-ney tops that's where you'll find me. \_\_\_\_\_



*mp* Some where o - ver the rain - bow blue - birds fly.



Birds fly o - ver the rain - bow, why, oh - why can't I?

# Over the Rainbow (D major)

Yip Harburg

Harold Arlen

Lyricaly, ♩ = 80

*mf* 1. Some - where o - ver the rain - bow way up high,  
*mp* 2. Some - where o - ver the rain - bow skies are blue,

1. 2. *f*

there's a land that I heard of once in a lul - la - by. true. Some  
and the dreams that you dare to dream real-ly do come

day I'll wish u - pon a star and wake up where the clouds are far be - hind me. \_\_\_\_\_ Where

trou-bles melt like le - mon drops a - way a - bove the chim-ney tops that's where you'll find me. \_\_\_\_\_


*mp* Some where o - ver the rain - bow blue - birds fly.

Birds fly o - ver the rain - bow, why, oh why can't I?


# Lean on Me

Bill Withers

With syncopation, ♩ = 66



Some - times in our lives \_\_\_ we all have pain, \_\_\_ we all have sor - row,



but if we are wise, \_\_\_ we know that there's al-ways to-mor - row. Lean on me



\_\_\_ when you're not strong, I'll be your friend, I'll help you car - ry on, \_\_\_




for it won't be long \_\_\_ 'til I'm gon-na need \_\_\_ some-bo - dy to lean \_\_\_ on. \_\_\_ You just



call on me, bro - ther, when you need a hand, we all \_\_\_ need some - bo - dy to lean



\_\_\_ on. \_\_\_ I just might have a prob-lem that you'd un - der stand, we all \_\_\_



need some-bo - dy to lean \_\_\_ on. \_\_\_ If there is a load \_\_\_ you have to bear



\_\_\_ that you can't car - ry, \_\_\_ I'm right up the road, \_\_\_ I'll share your load,



\_\_\_ if you just call \_\_\_ me, call me, call me.

# Finlandia (F Major)

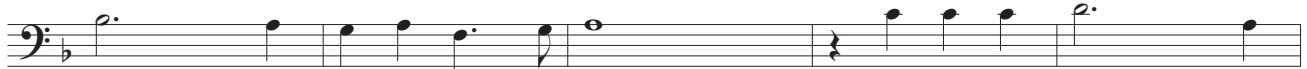
Lloyd Stone

Sibelius

Contemplative, ♩ = 96



*f* 1. This is my song, O God of all the na - tions, \_\_\_\_\_ a song of  
*p* 2. My coun - try's skies are blu - er than the o - cean, \_\_\_\_\_ and sun - light



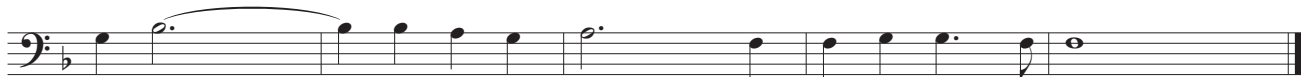
peace, for lands a - far and mine. This is my home, the  
beams on clo - ver leaf and pine, But o - ther lands have



coun - try where my heart is, \_\_\_\_\_ here are my hopes, my dreams and ho - ly  
sun - light too, and clo - ver, \_\_\_\_\_ and skies are e - very where as blue as



shrine.  
mine. *f* But o - ther hearts in o - ther lands are  
O hear my song, O God of all the



beat - ing \_\_\_\_\_ with hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.  
na - tions, \_\_\_\_\_ a song of peace for their land and for mine.

# Finlandia (D Major)

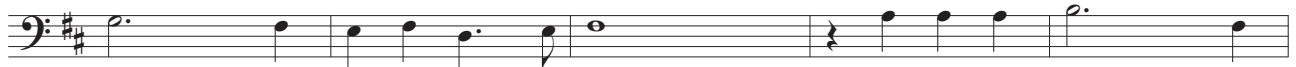
Lloyd Stone

Sibelius

Contemplative,  $\text{♩} = 96$



*f* 1. This is my song, O God of all the na - tions, \_\_\_\_\_ a song of  
*p* 2. My coun - try's skies are blu - er than the o - cean, \_\_\_\_\_ and sun - light



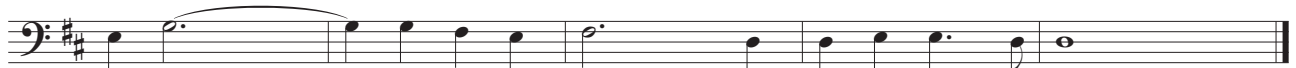
peace, for lands a - far and mine. This is my home, the  
beams on clo - ver leaf and pine, But o - ther lands have



coun - try where my heart is, \_\_\_\_\_ here are my hopes, my dreams and ho - ly  
sun - light too, and clo - ver, \_\_\_\_\_ and skies are e - very where as blue as



shrine. *f* But o - ther hearts in o - ther lands are  
mine. *f* O hear my song, O God of all the



beat - ing \_\_\_\_\_ with hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.  
na - tions, \_\_\_\_\_ a song of peace for their land and for mine.