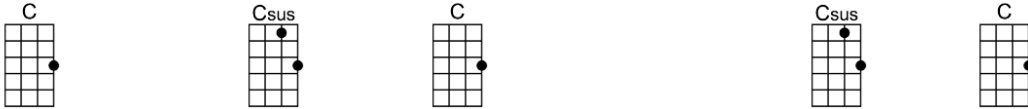
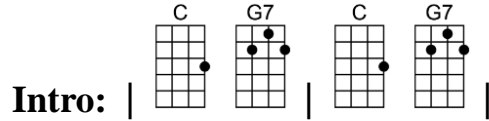


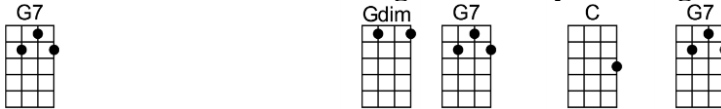
CAMELOT

-Alan Jay Lerner/Frederick Loewe

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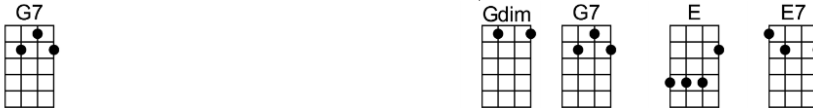
A law was made a distant moon a-go here: July and August cannot be too hot.



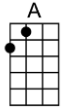
And there's a legal limit to the snow here in Camelot.



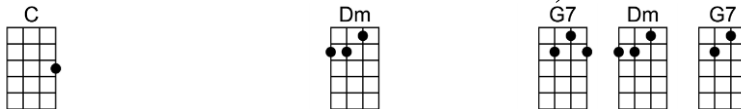
The winter is for-bidden till De-cember, and exits March the second on the dot.



By order, summer lingers through Sep-tem - ber in Camelot.



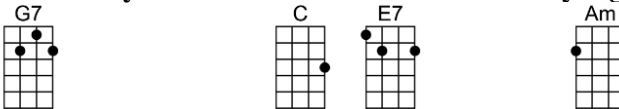
Camelot! Camelot! I know it sounds a bit bizarre,



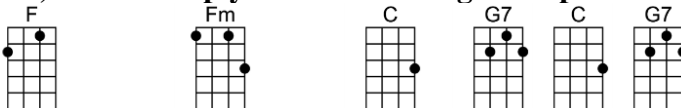
But in Camelot, Camelot, that's how conditions are.



The rain may never fall till after sundown. By eight, the morning fog must disap-pear.



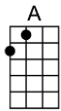
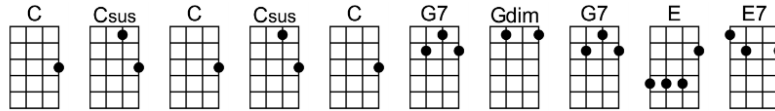
In short, there's simply not a more congenial spot



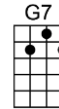
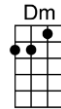
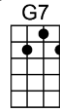
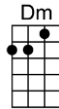
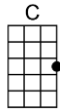
For happily-ever-aftering than here in Came -lot.

p.2. Camelot

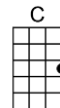
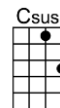
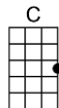
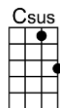
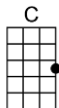
Interlude:



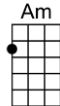
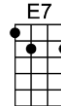
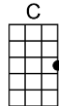
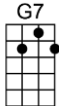
Camelot! Camelot! I know it gives a person pause,



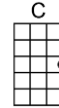
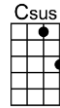
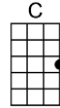
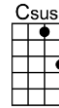
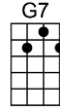
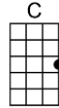
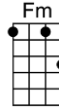
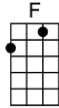
But in Camelot, Camelot, those are the legal laws.



The snow may never slush upon the hillside. By nine p.m. the moonlight must ap-pear.



In short, there's simply not a more congenial spot



For happily-ever-aftering than here in Came -lot.

CAMELOT - Alan Jay Lerner/Frederick Loewe

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: | C G7 | C G7 |

C Csus C Csus C
A law was made a distant moon a-go here: July and August cannot be too hot.
G7 Gdim G7 C G7
And there's a legal limit to the snow here in Camelot.
C Csus C Csus C
The winter is for-bidden till De-cember, and exits March the second on the dot.
G7 Gdim G7 E E7
By order, summer lingers through Sep-tem - ber in Camelot.

A
Camelot! Camelot! I know it sounds a bit bizarre,
C Dm G7 Dm G7
But in Camelot, Camelot, that's how conditions are.

C Csus C Csus C
The rain may never fall till after sundown. By eight, the morning fog must disap-pear.
G7 C E7 Am
In short, there's simply not a more congenial spot
F Fm C G7 C G7
For happily-ever-aftering than here in Came-lot.

Interlude: C Csus C Csus C G7 Gdim G7 E E7

A
Camelot! Camelot! I know it gives a person pause,
C Dm G7 Dm G7
But in Camelot, Camelot, those are the legal laws.

C Csus C Csus C
The snow may never slush upon the hillside. By nine p.m. the moonlight must ap-pear.
G7 C E7 Am
In short, there's simply not a more congenial spot
F Fm C G7 C Csus C Csus C
For happily-ever-aftering than here in Came-lot.