

# QUE SERA SERA (WHATEVER WILL BE, WILL BE)

#111

Music Jay Livingstone and Lyrics Ray Evans

When I was just a little girl,  
I asked my mother, "What will I be?  
Will I be pretty? Will I be rich?"  
Here's what she said to me:

"Que sera, sera  
Whatever will be, will be  
The future's not ours to see  
Que sera, sera  
What will be, will be."

When I grew up and fell in love  
I asked my sweetheart, "What lies ahead?  
Will we have rainbows day after day?"  
Here's what my sweetheart said:

"Que sera, sera  
Whatever will be, will be  
The future's not ours to see  
Que sera, sera  
What will be, will be."

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 tenderly:

"Que sera, sera  
Whatever will be, will be  
The future's not ours to see  
Que sera, sera

**What will be, will be.**

**Que Sera, Sera"**