

The Wind of Change Forever Blown

♩ = 96 C C F G C Dm C G Am G D7 G

1. The wind of change for - ev - er blown a - cross the tu - mult
 2. For us the la - bor and the heat, the bro - ken se - crets
 3. With fu - tile hands we seek to gain our in - ac - ces - si -
 4. The end, e - lu - sive and a - far, still lures us with its

5 Am7 D7 G C C F G C Dm C G Am G D7 G

of our way, to - mor-row's un-born griefs de - pose the sor - rows of our
 of our pride, the stren-uous les-sons of de - feat, the flower de - ferred, the
 -ble de - sire, di - vin - er sum-mits to at - tain, with faith that sinks and
 beck - 'ning flight, and our im - mor-tal mo - ments are a ses - sion of the

9 Am7 D G C Bdim F A7 Dm C G Em

yes - ter - day. Dream yields to dream, strife fol - lows strife, and
 fruit de - nied, but not the peace, su - preme - ly won, great
 feet that tire; but nought shall con - quer or con - trol the
 in - fi - nite. How shall we reach the great, un - known nir -

Words: Sarojini Naidu, 1879-1949

Music: Johann Hermann Schein, 1586-1630, harmony by J.S. Bach, 1685-1750

Singing the Living Tradition #183

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MACH'S MIT MIR, GOTT

8.8.8.8.8.

The Winds of Change Forever Blown - 2

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F C G F C/G G7 C

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. The first measure starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody begins with a quarter note on F4, followed by a quarter note on G4, and a half note on A4. The bass line begins with a quarter note on F3, followed by a quarter note on G3, and a half note on A3. The lyrics are: death un - weaves the webs of life. Bud - dha, of the lo - tus throne. heav'n - ward hun - ger of our soul. -va - na of your lo - tus throne!

death un - weaves the webs of life.
Bud - dha, of the lo - tus throne.
heav'n - ward hun - ger of our soul.
-va - na of your lo - tus throne!