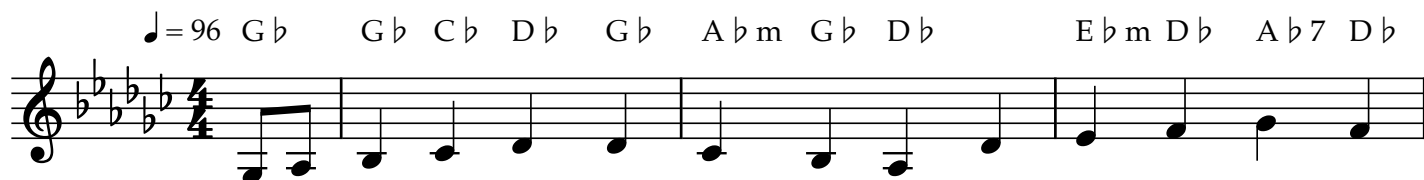
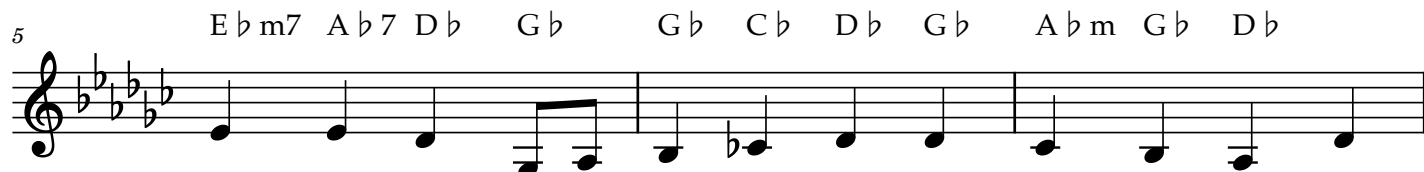


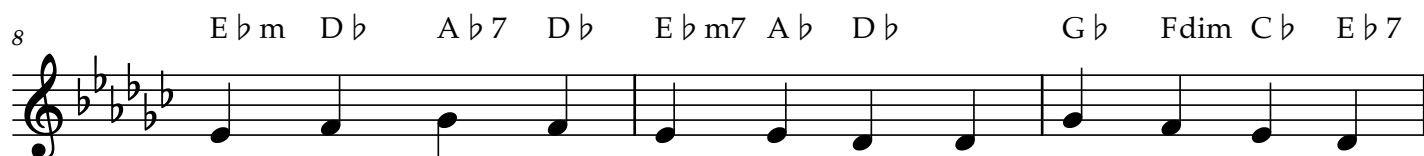
The Wind of Change Forever Blown



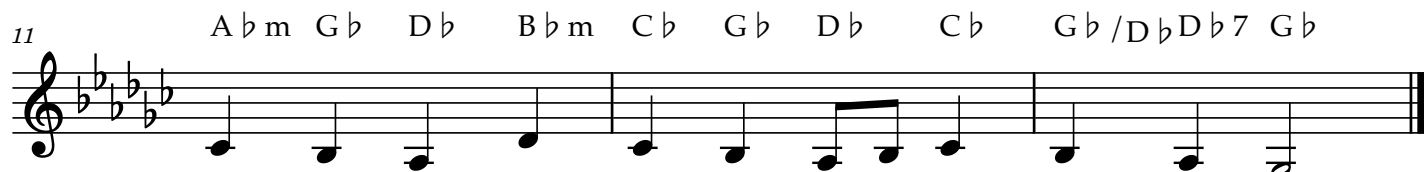
1. The wind of change for - ev - er blown a - cross the tu - mult
 2. For us the la - bor and the heat, the bro - ken se - crets
 3. With fu - tile hands we seek to gain our in - ac - ces - si -
 4. The end, e - lu - sive and a - far, still lures us with its



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



sor - rows of our yes - ter - day. Dream yields to dream, strife
 flower de - ferred, the fruit de - nied, but not the peace, su -
 faith that sinks and feet that tire; but nought shall con - quer
 ses - sion of the in - fi - nite. How shall we reach the



fol - lows strife, and death un - weaves the webs of life.
 -preme - ly won, great Bud - dha, of the lo - tus throne.
 or con - trol the heav'n - ward hun - ger of our soul.
 great, un - known nir - va - na of your lo - tus throne!

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

8.8.8.8.8.8.