

# Windsong

John Denver

The wind is the whisper of our mother the earth  
The wind is the hand of our father the sky  
The wind watches over our struggles and pleasures  
The wind is the goddess who first learned to fly

The wind is the bearer of bad and good tidings  
The weaver of darkness, the bringer of dawn  
The wind gives the rain, then builds us a rainbow  
The wind is the singer who sang the first song

The wind is a twister of anger and warning  
The wind brings the fragrance of freshly mown hay  
The wind is a racer, a wild stallion running  
The sweet taste of love on a slow summer's day

The wind knows the songs of the cities and canyons  
The thunder of mountains, the roar of the sea  
The wind is the taker and giver of mornings  
The wind is the symbol of all that is free

So welcome the wind and the wisdom she offers  
Follow her summons when she calls again  
In your heart and your spirit let the breezes  
surround you  
Lift up your voice then and sing with the wind