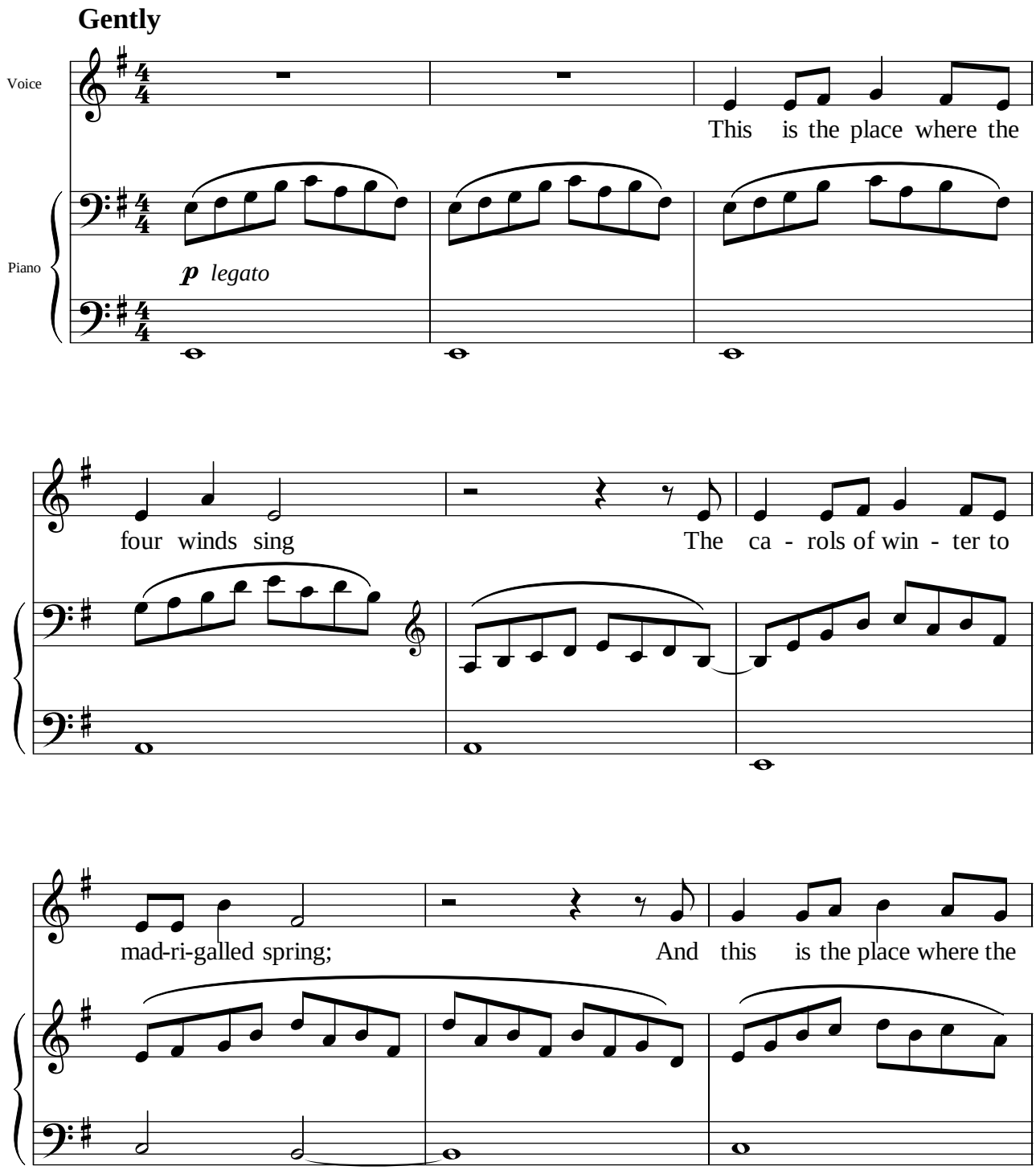
Where the Four Winds Sing

Words: Edward Murch
Music: Jeremy Rawson



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four winds re - call The love songs of sum-mer that die in the

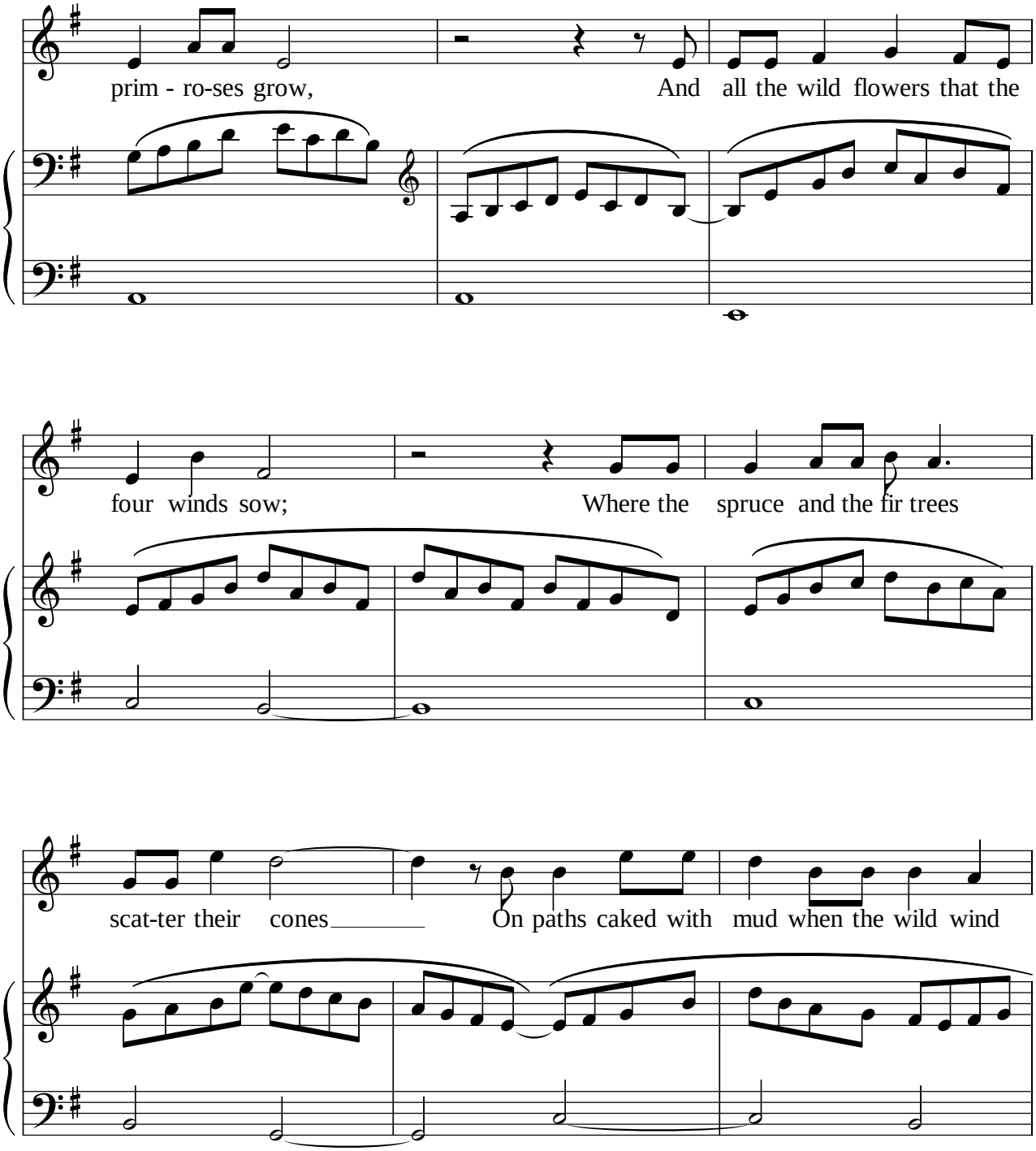
fall. This is the place where the

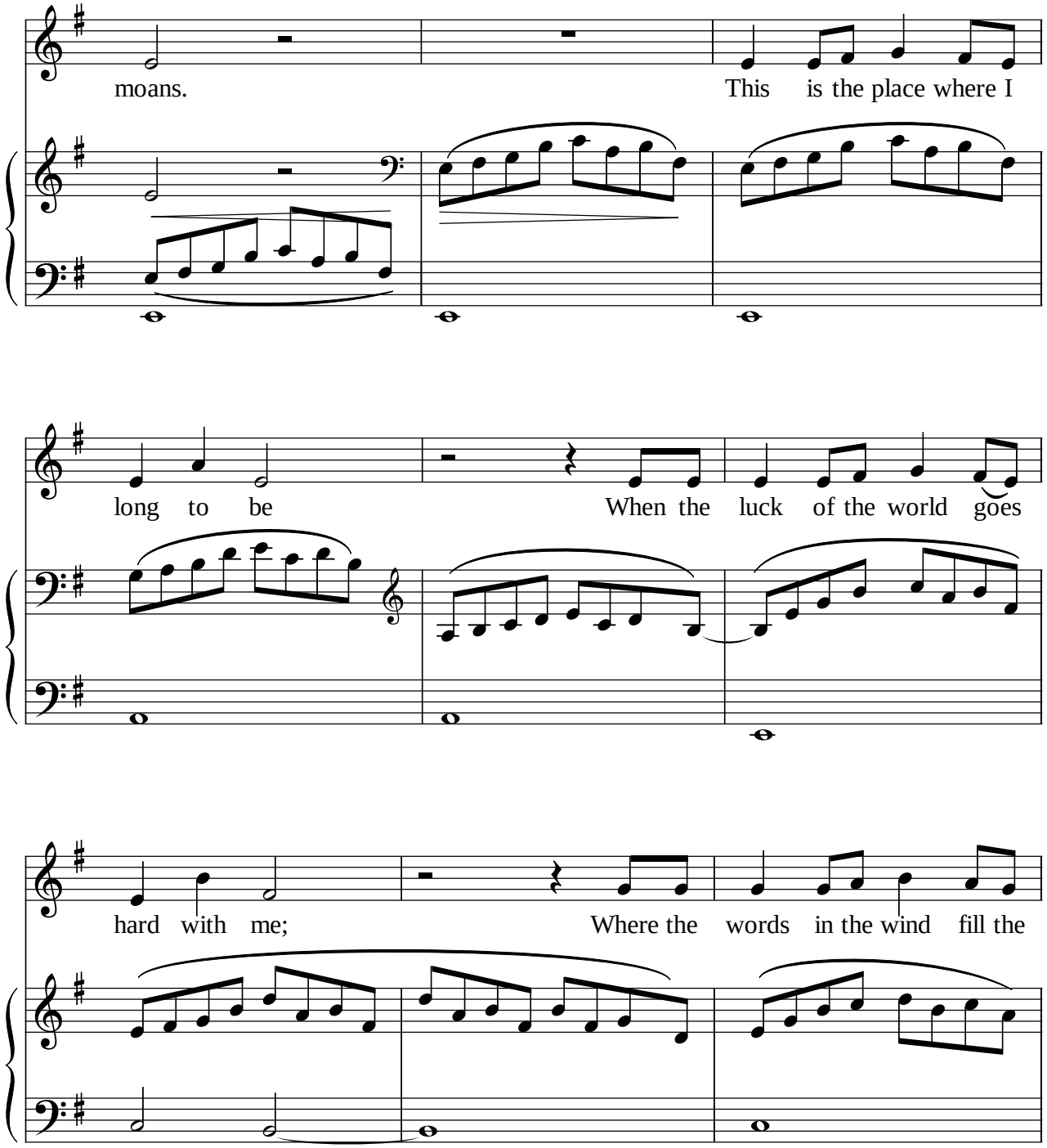
cor-mor-ants dive; Where the duck and the geese and the

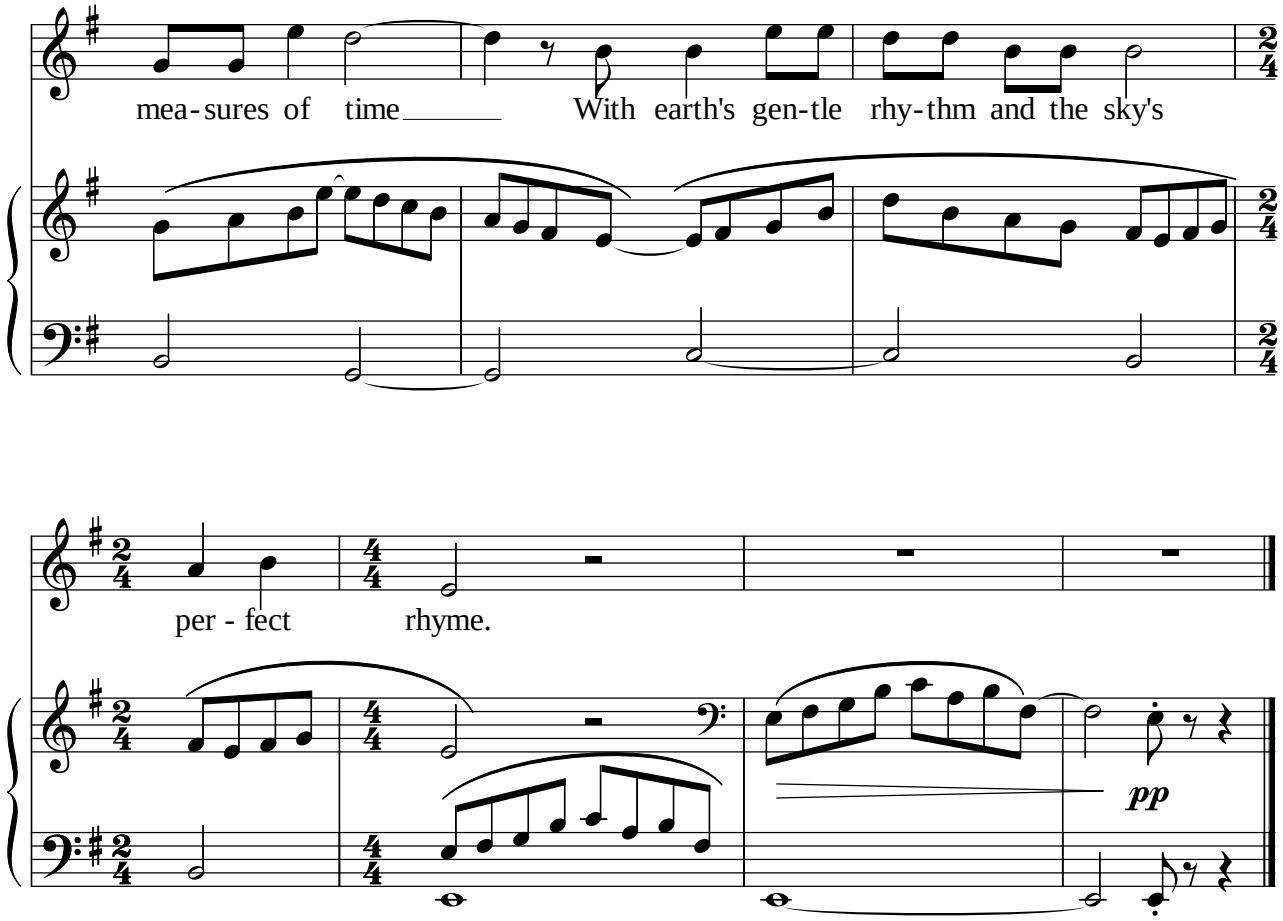
small birds thrive; Where the ang-u-lar he-ron beats

slow to the sky And where, on a blue day, king - fish-ers

fly. This is the place where the


prim - ro-ses grow, And all the wild flowers that the
four winds sow; Where the spruce and the fir trees
scat-ter their cones On paths caked with mud when the wild wind


moans.
This is the place where I
long to be
When the luck of the world goes
hard with me;
Where the words in the wind fill the


mea-sures of time
With earth's gen-tle rhy-thm and the sky's
per - fect rhyme.
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