

# Windsong

John Denver

Wind is the whisper of our mother the earth  
Wind is the hand of our father the sky  
Wind watches over our struggles and pleasures  
The wind is the goddess who first learned to fly  
Wind is the bearer of bad and good tidings  
Weaver of darkness, bringer of dawn  
Wind gives the rain, then builds us a rainbow  
The wind is the singer who sang the first song  
Wind is a twister of anger and warning  
The wind brings the fragrance of freshly mown hay  
The wind is a racer and wild stallion running  
And the sweet taste of love on a slow summers day  
The wind knows the songs of cities and canyons  
Thunder of mountains, roar of the sea  
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

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