



Colors Of The Wind

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 MUSIC BY **Alan Menken**

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Firmly
 C (no 3rd)

mp L.H. R.H.

8vb

You

Bb/C C (no 3rd)

think I'm an ig - nor - ant sav - age, and you've been so man - y pla - ces. I

Bb/C Ab Gm Ab Gm

guess it must be so. But still I can - not see, if the sav - age one is me. how

Cm Abmaj7 G no chord C Am

R.H. L.H. L.H. *mf*

can there be so much that you don't know? You don't know...

C Am C

You think you own what - ev - er land you

cantabile e a tempo

Am C Em

land on; the earth is just a dead thing you can claim; but

Am F Dm7sus G9sus

I know ev - 'ry rock and tree and crea - ture has a life, has a spir - it, has a

Am C Am

name. You think the on - ly peo - ple who are peo - ple are the

C Em Am

peo - ple who look and think like you, but if you walk the foot-steps of a

F Dm7(add4) G9sus C

strang - er you'll learn things you nev - er knew you nev - er knew. Have you

Am Em F Am

ev - er heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon, or asked the grin - ning bob - cat why he

Em F(add9) G C(add9)/E Am7

grinned? Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain? Can you

F6 Am7 Dm7 G9sus

paint with all the colors of the wind? Can you paint with all the colors of the

C Am C

wind?

L.H.
p dolce

Am C Am

L.H.
mp

Come run the hidden pine trails of the forest, come

C Em Am

taste the sun sweet ber - ries of the earth; come roll in all the rich - es all a -

F Dm7 G9sus Am

round you, and for once nev - er won - der what they're worth. The

C Am C

rain-storm and the riv - er are my broth - ers; the her - on and the ot - ter are my

Em Am F

friends; and we are all con - nect - ed to each oth - er in a

Dm7 G9sus C Em F

cir cle, in a hoop that nev - er ends. How high does the

C(add9)/E Am B \flat F/G G

syc - a - more grow? If you cut it down, then you'll nev - er know.

F/G--G--F/G--G Am Em F

And you'll nev - er hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon, for

Am Em F G

wheth - er we are white or cop - per - skinned, we need to sing with all the voic - es of the

