

# Colors of the wind

Music by ALAN MENKEN  
Lyrics by STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Deliberately

D(no3rd)



You

mp

C/D

D(no3rd)

C/D

think I'm an ig-no-rant sav- age, and you've been so man-y plac-es, I guess it must be so. But

rall.

Freely

B♭

Am

B♭

Am

Dm

B♭maj7

still I can-not see, if the sav- age one is me, how can there be so much that you don't

Moderately

A(no3rd)



no chord



Bm



know? You don't know...

mf

Bm



You

poco rall.

mp

think you own what-ev - er land you land on;

the earth is just a dead thing you can

*a tempo*

F#m



Bm



G

claim;

but I know ev - 'ry rock and tree and crea - ture

has a

Em7sus      A9sus      Bm      D

life, has a spir - it, has a name.

You think the on - ly peo-ple who are

Bm      D      F#m

peo - ple are the peo-ple who look and think like you, but

Bm      G      Em7(add4)      A9sus

if you walk the foot-steps of a strang - er you'll learn things you nev - er knew you nev - er

D      Bm      F#m      G(add9)      G

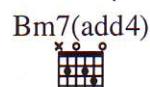
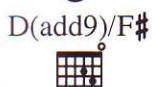
knew. Have you ev - er heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon, or

*f expressively*



asked the grin-ning bob-cat why he grinned?

Can you sing with all the voices of the

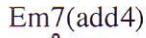


moun - tain?

Can you paint with all the col-ors of the

wind?

Can you



paint with all the col-ors of the wind?

*rit.*

*ff a tempo*

A bit brighter



Come run the hid-den pine trails of the



*mf*

*mp poco accel.*

Bm D F#m

for - est, come taste the sun-sweet ber-ries of the earth; come  
sim.

Bm Bm/A G Em7 A9sus

roll in all the rich-es all a-round you, and for once nev-er won-der what they're  
cresc.

Bm A D Bm

worth. The rain-storm and the riv-er are my broth - ers; the

D F#m Bm

her-on and the ot-ter are my friends; and we are all con-nect-ed to each

f poco a poco cresc.

G Em7 A9sus D

oth - er in a cir - cle, in a hoop that nev - er ends.

F♯m G D(add9)/F♯ Bm C

How high does the syc-a-more grow? If you cut it down, then you'll

G/A A G/A A G/A A Bm

nev - er know. And you'll nev - er hear the wolf cry to the

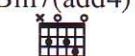
rall. ff a tempo

F♯m G(add9) G Bm F♯m

blue corn moon, for wheth - er we are white or cop-per-skinned, we need to

G                    A                    D(add9)/F#                    Bm                    G6/9  
                

sing with all the voices of the moun - tain, need to paint with all the col - ors of the

Bm7(add4)                    Em                    A  
        

wind. You can own the earth and still all you'll

F#m                    G                    Bm                    Gmaj7                    G/A                    D  
                    

own is earth un - til you can paint with all the col - ors of the wind.

*rit. e. cresc.*                    *f > mp*                    *a tempo*  
            

*rall.*                    *expressively*                    *p*                    *pp*  
            