

Wind And Spirit
Chris Rice

Good Song here not sure its all together right but its close.

Gm#
I hear a sound and turn to see
D
A new direction on that rusty weathervane
E
Suddenly the dead brown leaves are stirred
Bm **E7**
To scratch their circle dances down the lane
Gm#
And now the sturdy oaks start clappinâ€™™
D
With the last few stubborn leaves that wonâ€™™t let go
E
I can hear Old Glory snappinâ€™™
Bm **E7**
And her tattered rope now clanginâ€™™ against the pole
(CHORUS)
A
And my breath is snatched away
E
And a tear comes to my eye
A
Feels like somethinâ€™™s on the way
D
So I look up to the sky

I look up to the sky and
A **D**
From the corners of creation
E **E7**
Comes the Fatherâ€™™s holy breath
A **D**
Ridinâ€™™ on a storm with tender fierceness
Bm **A** **E** **Gm#**
Stirring my soul to holiness
D **A** **E** **A**
Stirring my soul to holiness
(VERSE2)
I see the lifeless dust now resurrected
Swirling up against my window pane
And carried â€™™cross the distance
Come the long awaited fragrances of earth and rain
And out across the amber field
The slender grasses bend and bow

And kiss the ground
And in them I see the beauty of the souls
Who let the Spirit lay them down

(CHORUS)

And it takes my breath away
And a tear comes to my eye
Feels like somethin'™s on the way
So I look up to the sky
I look up to the sky and

From the corners of creation
Comes the Father™s holy breath
Ridin'™ on a storm with tender fierceness
Stirring my soul to holiness
Stirring my soul to holiness

(BRIDGE)

And like a mighty wind blows with a force I cannot see
I will open wide my wings, I will open wide my wings
I will open wide my wings and let the Spirit carry me

From the corners of creation
Comes the Father™s holy breath
Ridin'™ on a storm with tender fierceness
Stirring my soul to holiness
Stirring my soul to holiness