

Earth Magic

Phillip Mills

Capo 2

Am E7 Am E7 Am Em Am

The roost-er crows the
The dog is fed on
I leave the wind-ow

E7

morn - ing through our bare - ly op - ened win - dow And
meat scraps, earned by help - ing with the hunt - ing. The
op - en, noth - ing great - er than a hand's breadth And

C Em

loud - er roars the call of new - cleared land. I
cat serves as a guard - ian for the grain. The
ward the ledge as my kind did of old. In

Am E7

reach a - cross the bed clothes, touch a per - fumed, faint im -
When I hear a song - bird, it's a mo - ment of dis -
fin - al in - vi - ta - tion, trace a line of rich - est

C Em

pres - sion, Feel noth - ing but the breeze car - ess my hand.
trac - tion Re - - mind - ing me of pleas - ure and of pain
black earth Crowned, web - like, with spun string of fin - est gold.

G E7 Am

Mar - ried, yet a - lone, was nev - er planned.
Un - til I turn to guide the ox a - gain.
For one last night, I'll tol - er - ate the cold.

D Am G

Earth mag - ic: It takes your sweat, it gives back fruit,

Am Em C

Takes your blood, gives back roots. Come the wind to

G E7 Am C

spread the seeds Come the rain to give them birth Come the

G E7 Am C

fire to clear the dead-wood All are serv - ants of the earth Come the

G E7 Am

wind to spread the seeds Come the rain to give them birth

C G E7 Am

Come the fire to clear the dead-wood All are serv - ants of the earth

E7 Am

All are serv - ants _____ of the earth _____

April, 2006