

# Instrument Of Wind

Phil Mills

Capo 2

Intro: A Amaj7 D

E7 A Amaj7 F#m

The scales a - long the trail - ing edge of my wings  
(There's) drum - ming from the horse hooves far be - low me  
(To the) one who hears a dirge and noth - ing sweet - er:

E F#m D A E

Vib - rate with the pass - ing of the breeze And the  
Pull - ing a black car - riage past the plain Where\_\_  
Your ad - ver - sar - y hon - ours where it's due. Take\_\_

A Amaj7 F#m

song they play's heard faint - ly in the val - ley Where  
once up - on a time I seized a mai - den And  
com - fort in the know - ledge you were chos - en; Take

E F#m D E

all claim it's caused by the cliffs and some of them be - lieve.  
where, to test the strength of love, I brought her home a - gain.  
pride in know - ing that your judge de - crees that you were true.

E7 A Amaj7 F#m

To - - day my flight is slow, the mus - ic soft - er,  
Though long the years that passed, by com - mon count - ing,  
All thoughts, save one, are lost with - in the shriek - ing

E F#m D A E

For danc - ing on the air would make a din. No  
Each seemed a fleet - ing note to such as I. A  
Of wings as I climb, search - ing now for kin: She

A Amaj7 F#m

voice of choir — ev - er breathed so sol - emn As  
 crea - ture of the earth, she would but sel - dom  
 lived her life in - side a tang - led love song

E F#m D E

I, the watch - er in the skies and ins - tru - ment of wind.  
 Stand en - tranced and sway - ing to the mus - ic of the sky.  
 Ser - a - nad - ed al - ways by an in - stru - ment of wind.

1 | 2 |  
 E7 E7 F#m E Amaj7

There's Back on the day she found her-self set free, What

D E F#m E F#m

sound-ed like the pipes of war was me. I set, be - fore I

E Amaj7 D E F#m

let the maid de - part, A chal - lenge to the one who held her heart:

E F#m E Amaj7

"What I de - mand, what I take as your vow Is,

D Amaj7 D E E7 E7  
 3  
 E7

you love her life - long as you claim that you do now." To the

A Amaj7 F#m E D A

History:

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