Colors of The Wind

(uit Pocahontas van Walt Disney)

Muziek: Alan Menicen
Tekst: Stephen Schwartz

koor, Colors of the Wind

You think you own what-e-ver land you land on.

The earth is just a dead thing you can claim; but I know ev’ry rock and tree and crea-ture has a

life, has a spi-rit, has a name. You think the on-ly peo-ple who are peo-ple are the

peo-ple who look and think like you. But if you walk the foot-steps of a stran-ger you’ll learn

peo-ple who look and think like you. But if you walk the foot-steps of a stran-ger you’ll learn

things you ne-ver knew, you ne-ver knew. Have e-ver heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon, or

things you ne-ver knew, you ne-ver knew. Have you e-ver heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon, or

asked the grin-nings bob-cat why he let the ea-gle tell you where he’s grinned? Can you sing with all the voices of the moun-tains? Can you been?

asked the grin-nings bob-cat why he let the ea-gle tell you where he’s grinned? Can you sing with all the voices of the moun-tain? V.S.
koor, Colors of the Wind

paint with all the co-lors of the wind?

Can you paint with all the co-lors of the wind? Come

run the hid-den pine trails of the for-est.

Come taste the sun-sweet ber ries of the

earth.

Come roll in all the rich es all around you and for once, ne-ver won-der what they're

ber ries of the earth. Come roll in all the rich es all around you and for once, ne-ver won-der what they're

worth. The rain-storm and the ri-ver are my bro-thers: the he-ron and the ot-er are my friends; and

worth. The rain-storm and the ri-ver are my bro-thers: the he-ron and the ot-er are my friends; and

we are all con-nec-ted to each o-ther In a cir-cle, in a hoop that ne-ver ends. Have you

we are all con-nec-ted to each o-ther In a cir-cle, in a hoop that ne-ver ends. Have you
koor, Colors of the Wind

CODA

wind

How high will the sy-ca-more grow? If you cut it down, then you'll ne-ver know._

T/B

rit. — . . .

—80 A tempo

ne-ver know. And you'll ne-ver hear the wolf cry to the bluecorn moon. For whe-ther we are white or cop-per

S/A

skinned, we need to sing with all the voi-ces of the moun-tain

We need to paint with all the co-lors of the

T/B

skinned, we need to sing with all the voi-ces of the moun-tain

wind. You can own the earth and still all you'll own is earth un-til you can

T/B

You can own the Earth and still all you'll own is earth un-til you can

—80

A tempo

rit.

S/A

paint with all the co-lors of the wind.

T/B

paint with all the co-lors of the wind.