

Your Children

Poetry by Kahlil Gibran

arranged by Monica Flores

$\text{♩} = 97$

Cm B^b/G Cm B^b/G Cm

Your chil dren are not your chil - dren. They are the sons and daugh ters of

Cm⁷ E^b B^b Gm Cm Cm B^b/G

Life's long ing for it self. They come through you but not

Cm B^b/G Cm Cm⁷ B^b Gm

from you And though they are with you yet they be long not to you.

Cm A^b B^b E^b Cm⁷

You may give them your love but not your thoughts, For

A^b B^b E^b/C A^b B^b

they have their own thoughts You may house their bodies but not their

E^b Cm⁷ D D⁷ G

souls For their souls dwell in the house of to mor row

G A B A^b

which you can-not vis-it not e - ven in your dreams You may

39 Fm Cm Cm/B^b Fm/A^b B^b/G Cm Cm B^b

strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you For life goes not backward nor

47 A^b Gm Cm A^b B^b7 E^b *legato*

tarries wi th yes ter day. You are the bows from which your chil dren

53 Cm A^b B^b E^b/C Cm A^b

As living ar rows are sent forth. The ar cher sees the

59 B^b E^b Cm7 D D7

mark up on the path of the in fi nite, and He bends you with His might that His

64 D D7 Cm B^b/G Cm7 B^b7/G

arrows may go swift and far. Let your bend ing in the arch er's hand be for

70 Cm Gm Cm7 B^b A^b/C B^b A^b

gl ad ness; for ev-en as He loves the ar row that flies so He lo ves al so the bow

77 B^b/G Cm fine

that is sta - ble.