

Weather Report Suite (Let it Grow)

Instrumental Intro = ||: E /// | % | A /// | % :||

Verse 1 | E /// | % | C[#]m /// | % | % | D /// | % |

| C[#]m⁷ /// | % | F[#]m /// | % | A /// | E /// | A /// | E /// |

Winter rain, now tell me why, Summers fade, and roses die.
The answer came; the wind and rain.

Verse 2 Golden hills, now veiled in gray, Summer leaves have blown away
Now what remains? The wind and rain.

Chorus | E⁷ /// | C[#] /// | A /// | G /// | D /// | % |

And like a desert spring, My lover comes and spreads her wings, (*Knowing*),

| G /// | % | D /// | % |

Like a song that's born to soar the sky, (*Flowing*),

| G /// | % | D /// | % | C /// | % | E /// | A /// | E /// | A /// |

'til the waters all are dry, (*Growing*), the loving in her eyes.

Verse 3 Circle songs and sands of time, and seasons will end in tumbled rhyme,
And little change, the wind and rain.

Chorus

6x

|| : B /// | % | E /// | % :||

| A /// | % | D /// | % | C /// | % | % | % | E /// | = **ending**

Winter gray and falling rain, we'll see summer come again,
Darkness falls and seasons change (*gonna happen every time*).
Same old friends the wind and rain, (*we'll see summer bye and bye*)
Winter gray and falling rain (*Summers fade and roses die*),
see summer come again, (*like a song that's born to soar the sky.*)

Let It Grow

Am⁷ ///	%	G[#]o⁷ ///	%	Am⁷ ///	%	G[#]o⁷ ///			
Am ///	C ///	Am ///	C ///	Bm /	D ///	%			
D ///	%	A⁷ ///	%	%	%	D ///	%	%	%
Bm ///	Am ///	%	C⁶ ///	%	C⁶ /	E^{sus2} ///	%		

Verse 1 Morning comes, she follows the path to the river shore.
 Lightly sung, her song is the latch on the morning's door
 See the sun sparkle in the reeds, silver beads, pass into the sea.
 She comes from a town where they call her the woodcutter's daughter.
 She's brown as the bank where she kneels down to gather her water,
 She bears it away with a love that the river has taught her.
 Let it flow, greatly grow, wide and clear.

Verse 2 Round and round, the cut of the plow in the furrowed field.
 Seasons round, the bushels of corn and the barley meal
 Broken ground, open and beckoning to the spring, Black dirt live again.
 The plowman is broad as the back of the land he is sowing,
 As he dances the circular track of the plow ever knowing
 That the work of his day measures more than the planting and growing.
 Let it grow, Let it grow, Greatly yield.

Break | Em / B / | G / | Em /// | C / G / | Bm⁷ /// |
Em / B /	G /	Em ///	D ///	A / / /		
G / Bm⁷ /	Em / G /	C G D Em				
Am ///	%	C / / /	%	C /	E^{sus2} ///	%

What shall we say shall we call it by a name, As well to count the angels dancing on a pin.
 Water bright as the sky from which it came, And the name is on the earth that takes it in.
 We will not speak but stand inside the rain,
 And listen to the thunder shouting "I am! I am! I am! I am"

Lead = Verse

Verse 3 So it goes we make what we made since the world began.
 Nothing' more then love of the women work of men
 Seasons round, creatures great and small, Up and down as we rise and fall.

Part 1 of Jam ||: F Em D⁷ / | D⁷ / / / | D⁷ / - - : ||

Part 2 of Jam ||: Am⁷ /// | /// G[#]o⁷ / : ||

Part 3 of Jam ||: E F[#] G / | E F[#] G F | E F[#] G E | E^{sus2} /// : ||

Mellow Step Down

Break

Part 3 of Jam ||: E F[#] G / | E F[#] G F | E F[#] G E | E^{sus2} /// : ||

Mellow Step Down