

- C. ^{Dm} They were poor men, like you, like me, ^F
^{Bb} they'd been casting their nets in the lake
^F or collecting taxes at the ^{A7} gates of the city.
^{Dm} I remember that out of them all
^F there was not even a learned man
^{Bb} and the one whom they called Master
^F was dead and buried in a tomb.
- A. ^{Dm} IF YOU FEEL A BREEZE FROM HEAVEN ^C
^{Dm} A WIND SHAKING THE DOORS ^A
^{Dm} LISTEN: IT'S A VOICE THAT IS CALLING YOU, ^C
^{Dm} INVITING YOU TO TRAVEL AFAR. ^A
^{Dm} THERE IS A FIRE ARISING ^G
^A IN HIM WHO IS AWAITING ^{Dm}
^F IN HIM WHO NOURISHES HOPE OF LOVE. ^{A7} ^{Dm}
- C. ^{Dm} They had a heart in their breasts like you, like me, ^F
^{Bb} Which an icy hand was grasping;
^F they had eyes full of tears ^{A7}

^{Dm} and faces pale with fever and fear,
^F they surely were thinking
 about their lost friend
^{Bb} about the women left in their homes
^F about the Cross at the top of the hill. ^{A7}

A. IF YOU FEEL A BREEZE ...

- C. ^{Dm} And the wind shook the door of the house, ^F
^{Bb} it entered wildly into the room
^{A7} and they had eyes and voices of fire
^{A7} they rushed out to sing their joy in the street. ^{Dm}
 Man you who listen hidden in shadow
^F the voice that is calling, is calling for you
^{Bb} it brings you joy, it brings you good news:
^{A7} the Kingdom of God has already come.

A. IF YOU FEEL A BREEZE ...