

Bitter Wind March

Open fifth chords, very sparse, piano only

A5 A5 A5 Am

... ..

Verse 1A

A5 C5 D5

Sun barely rising a-bove the hor-izon

A5 G5 D5

Little one, little one, bitter wind blown Little one, little one, bitter wind blown

A5 C5 D5

Flowers are withering, naked bark brittle oh, Flowers are withering, naked bark brittle oh,

A5 G5 A5

Little one, little one, bitter wind blown Little one, little one, bitter wind blown

Verse 1B

enter strings

A5 A5 C5 D5

Good folk are gonna die, sun-god ain't shedding tears

A5 A5 G5 D5

Little one, little one, bitter wind blown

A5 A5 C5 D5

I just stare at the sky, digging the graves each year

A5 A5 G5 A5

Little one, little one, bitter wind blown

Chorus

Dm Dm C C

Sun, sailing a - way I don't know

C C G G

Where... I don't know why...

Dm Dm C C

Sky, darkening grey, wishing there

C C G G

weren't so man-y good - byes...

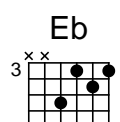
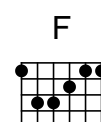
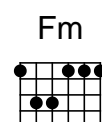
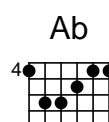
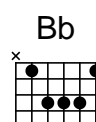
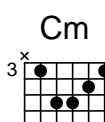
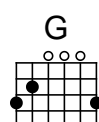
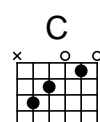
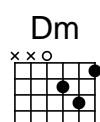
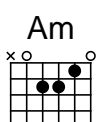
G G Am Am

little one, little one why...

enter drums

Am Am Am Am

l ittl e one why...



Modulation

Cm

...

Cm/A Bb b

... ..

Cm

...

Cm/A Bb b

... ..

Verse 2A

Cm

Maybe if we looked a while and found a stone

Cm/Ab

Little one, little one, bitter wind blown

Cm

Dragged it a hun-der-ed miles and got it home

Cm/Ab

Little one, little one, bitter wind blown

Verse 2B

Cm

Eb/C F/C

dig us a henge, raise those bluestones up high

Cm/Ab Bb/Ab Ab

Little one, little one, bitter wind blown

Cm

Eb/C F/C

two hundred years we could look at the sky

Cm/Ab Bb/Ab Ab

Little one, little one, bitter wind blown

Verse 2C

Cm

Eb/C F/C

children would know when the winter was coming, oh

Cm/Ab Bb Fm

Little one, little one, bitter wind blown

Cm

Eb/C F/C

Looking and laboring, doing what must be done

Cm/Ab Bb F

Little one, little one, bitter wind blown

Chorus

Fm *Eb*
Sun, sailing a - way I don't know
 Bb
Where... I don't know why...
F *Eb*
Sky, darkening grey, wishing there
 Bb
weren't so man-y good - byes...
Bb
...

exit drums

Verse 3A

Cm
maybe some good folk are still going to die
Cm/Ab *Bb/Ab* *Ab*
Little one, little one, bitter wind blown

Cm *Eb/C* *F/c*
mothers shake helpless with rage and denial
Cm/Ab *Bb* *Fm*
Little one, little one, bitter wind blown

Verse 3B

C5 *C5 (hi)* *Bb5/C* *F/C*
maybe it might be less deep of a sorrow
C *C5/F* *F*
Little one, little one, bitter wind blown

C *C5 (hi)* *Eb/C* *F/c*
Not quite so many graves dug up tomorrow
C *C5/F* *C*
Little one, little one, bitter wind blown