

CHILDREN OF THE WIND

(Show Version)

Lyrics by

STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Misterioso

Music by

CHARLES STROUSE

2-120

Hid-ing in the wheat-fields from the

8va

tremolo

p

cos - sacks and the screams, flames are on the hill - side, blood is in the

sfp

streams. All the world is burn - ing; that's the way that it seems.

loco

(non. tremolo)

sfp

Children of the Wind - 7 - 1
TSF0071

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Da - vid, did__ they hurt you, dar - ling? Show me where_ they hurt you, dar - ling.

[20] Poco agitato

Ev - 'ry night_ it fills my dreams. I see us

run - ning through_ the for - est and there's for - ty miles_ to go,

sneak - ing past_ the bor - der in the si - lent snow,

sleep - ing un - der hay - stacks, eat - ing roots where they grow,

beg - ging on the pier at Dan - zig. Well, we made it here from Dan - zig;

Risoluto

Calmato

(39) what's an - oth - er mile or so? We're chil - dren

of the wind, blown a - cross the earth,

piec - es of the heart

scat - tered worlds a -

part, so far from those we love,

all the chil - dren of the wind.

51 $\text{♩} = 100$

There's a morn-ing I want some - day to see;

3

3

all the chil-dren of my chil-dren are there. And they're ver - y, ver - y

nois - y, run-ning through my kitch - en. And we've been there for a life - time.

And I'll know then they will nev - er be

cresc.

~~X~~ [66] *a tempo*

chil dren of the wind,

tutti

a tempo

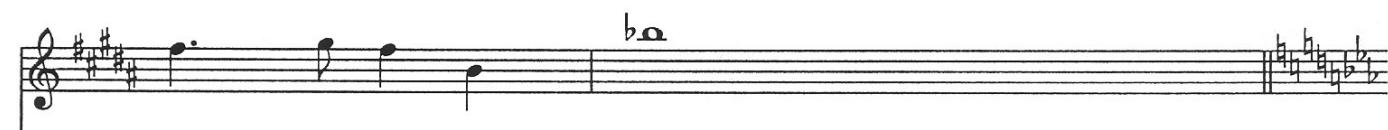
long - ing to be one half a world a -

way. We will make our way. Great

Maestoso

74

ships and i - ron trains cross the seas and plains,



take us to the day.

80

molto rall.

Bring us to the shore, no more the chil - dren of the

molto rall.

a tempo

wind.