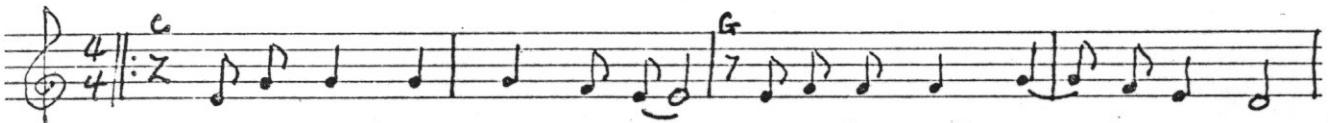
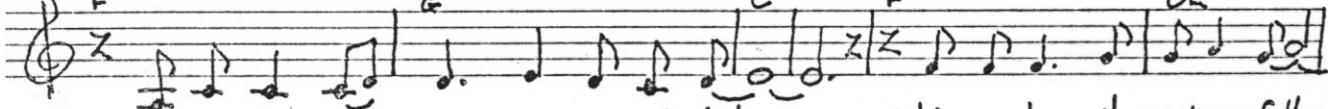


The Wilderness (In Memory of John Muir)

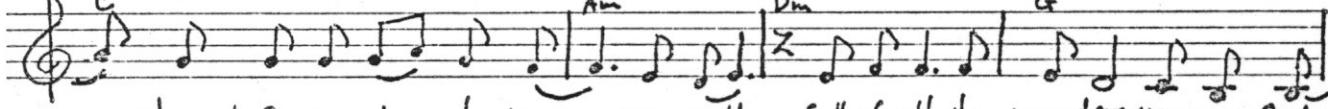
by Tom Shindler



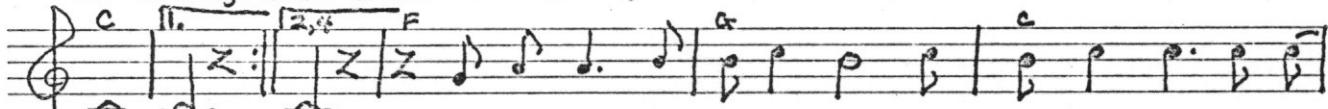
1. This is where my songs are born, upon these trails my — foot steps worn,



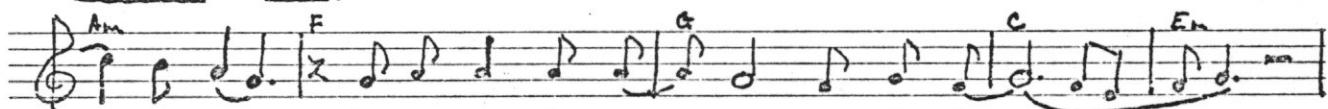
This is where I — learned my peace of mind —. This is where the waters fall —



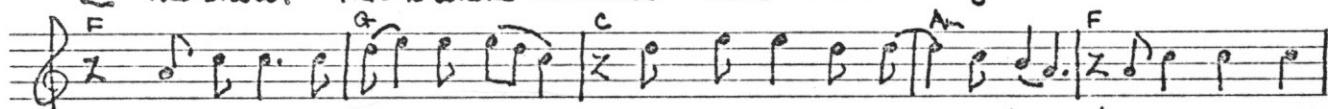
— through forests where the trees — grow tall, full of all the wonders you can find —



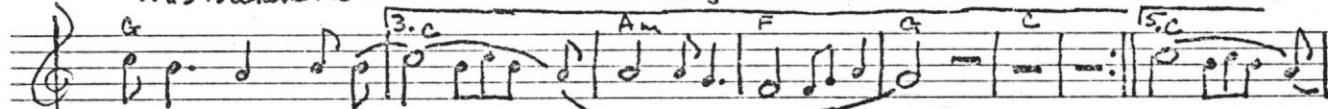
3. This is where the rivers flow when sunshine comes to melt —



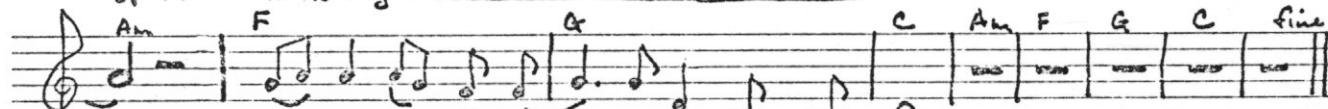
— the snow. This is where the mountains touch the sky —.



This is where the earth is wild —, makes you wonder like — a child, this is where your



spirit learns to fly —. (shake) —



—, grateful for the life — it lets you share —. (fade chords)

2. This is where I learned to see the reason I was meant to be

This is where I know that I'm alive

This is where the mountains ring, and teach a minstrel how to sing

This is where your weary soul revives.

4. I would like to take you there, but then you could not be aware

The wilderness must speak to you alone

And when its had its time with you, the wilderness inside of you

Will touch your mind and let itself be known.

5. To feel at one with all that grows, beneath the loving sun that throws

Its rays of living sunlight everywhere

To feel the earth alive and wild, and know that you are but its child,

Grateful for the life it lets you share ...

Grateful for the life it lets you share.