

Don Quixote-crd

(A) (D/A) (A) (E/A) (A) (D/A) (A) (E/A) (A)

Through the woodland, (D/A) through the (A) valley
 Comes a horseman (E/A) wild and (A) free
 Tilting at the (D/A) windmills (A) passing
 Who can the brave young (E/A) horseman (A) be
 He is wild but (D/A) he is (A) mellow, he is strong but (E/A) he is (A)
 weak
 He is cruel but (D/A) he is (A) gentle, he is wise but (E/A) he is (A) meek

(E) Reaching for his saddlebag, he (D) takes a battered book into his (A)
 hand

(E) Standing like a prophet bold, he (D) shouts across the ocean to the (A)
 shore
 Til he can shout no (E/A) more

I have come o'er moor and mountain, like the hawk upon the wing
 I was once a shining knight, who was the guardian of a king
 I have searched the whole world over, looking for a place to sleep
 I have seen the strong survive and I have seen the lean grown weak

See the children of the earth, who wake to find the table bare
 See the gentry in the country, riding off to take the air

Reaching for his saddlebag, he takes a rusty sword into his hand
 Then striking up a knightly pose, he shouts across the ocean to the shore
 Til he can shout no more

See the jailor with his key, who locks away all trace of sin
 See the judge upon the bench, who tries the case as best he can
 See the wise and wicked ones, who feed upon life's sacred fire
 See the soldier with his gun, who must be dead to be admired

See the man who tips the needle, see the man who buys and sells
 See the man who puts the collar, on the ones who dare not tell
 See the drunkard in the tavern, stemming gold to make ends meet
 See the youth in ghetto black, condemned to life upon the street

Reaching for his saddlebag, he takes a tarnished cross into his hand
 Then standing like a preacher now, he shouts across the ocean to the shore
 Then in a blaze of tangled hooves, he gallops off across the dusty plain
 In vain to search again, where no one will hear

Through the woodland, through the valley, comes a horseman wild and free
 Tilting at the windmills passing, who can the brave young horseman be
 He is wild but he is mellow, he is strong but he is weak
 He is cruel but he is gentle, he is wise but he is meek