

CAPO 1

6/8 TIME

Vixy must count this song in!

Em	Cmaj7	He was exploring South America, to seek adventure there
Em	Cmaj7	In an age of change and reason, new discoveries everywhere
Am	Em	Along the Orinoco, the great river corridor
Am	B7 B7	He heard tell of a people who had fled a tribal war
Em	Cmaj7	It was said they chose seclusion over death or life as slaves
Em	Cmaj7	But in their sheltered grotto, he found only simple graves
Am	Em	And one brightly colored messenger, whom no one understood
Am	B7 B7	Spoke the language of a people who had disappeared for good
C	Em	Tell me, bold explorer, as you wandered through the leaves,
C	B7 B7	Did you ponder unknown losses that the very Cosmos grieves?
Em	C	Was it halting? Was it flowing? Was it lilted and divine?
Am	B7	Was it fearless as your native tongue, or mercurial as mine?
C	Em	Would it pique a linguist's interest? Would it hold a poet's thrall?
Am	B7 B7 Em Cmaj7	Did the words of one strange messenger tell you anything at all?
Em	Cmaj7	He kept a careful chronicle, transcribing what he heard
Em	Cmaj7	Of the tribe's entire language, there remained just forty words
Am	Em	Complexity and structure, how it tastes and how it sings
Am	B7 B7	Time devoured all but scattered words for scattered things
Em	Cmaj7	And can we archaeologists, with bits of sound like runes
Em	Cmaj7	Ever paint a living portrait of a people in their tombs?
Am	Em	Could we somehow come to know them? Will we ever even try?
Am	B7 B7	Sifting through linguistic ruins for the clues to how and why
C	Em	So tell me, bold explorer, as you wandered through the leaves,
C	B7 B7	Did you ponder unknown losses that the very Cosmos grieves?
Em	C	Was it halting? Was it flowing? Was it lilted and divine?
Am	B7	Was it fearless as your native tongue, or mercurial as mine?
C	Em	Would it pique a linguist's interest? Would it hold a poet's thrall?
Am	B7 B7 Em Cmaj7	Do the words of one strange messenger tell us anything at all?
Em	Cmaj7	To those who study history, it seems a bitter curse
Em	Cmaj7	The loss of language terrible, the lost potential worse
Am	Em	Past and future stories multiplied a thousandfold,
Am	B7 B7	Vanished out of history and never to be told
Em	Cmaj7	Were they beautiful and gentle? Would they call us friend or foe?
Em	Cmaj7	What wisdom did they live by? What secrets did they know?
Am	Em	A symphony reduced to what a single bird can sing
Am	B7 B7	The forest lost their language, and they lost everything
C	Em	So tell me, bold explorer, as you wandered through the leaves,
C	B7 B7	Did you ponder unknown losses that the very Cosmos grieves?
Em	C	Was it halting? Was it flowing? Was it lilted and divine?
Am	B7	Was it fearless as your native tongue, or mercurial as mine?
C	Em	Would it pique a linguist's interest? Would it hold a poet's thrall?
Am	B7 B7 Em Cmaj7	Do the words of one strange messenger tell us anything at all?