Ripple

G D C G G
/ / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / . . .

G C
If my words did glow with the gold of sun-shine

G
And my tunes were played on the harp un-strung

C
Would you hear my voice come thro-ugh the music?

G D C G
Would you hold it near as it were your own?

G C
It's a hand-me-down The tho-ughts are bro-ken

G
Perhaps they're better left un-sung

C
I don't know don't re-a-ly ca-are

G D C G G
Let there be songs to fill the air

A\textsuperscript{m} D
Ripple in still wa-a-ter

G C
When there is no pebble tossed

A D
Nor wind to blow

G C
Reach out your hand if your cup be empty

G
If your cup is full may it be a-gain

C
Let it be known there i-is a foun-tain

G D C G
That was not made by the hands of men.
There is a road no si-im-ple high-way  
Between the dawn and the dark of night  
And if you go no one may fol-low  
That path is for your steps a-lone

Ripple in still wa-a-ter  
When there is no pebble tossed  
Nor wind to blow

You who choose to le-ead must fol-low  
But if you fall you fall a-lone  
If you should stand then who-o’s to guide you?  
If I knew the way I would take you home.

La-da da da da La-da a da da da  
La-da da-da La-da da da da  
La-da da da da La-da a da da da  
Da da da da