

THAINAKY

11 11 D

Em Bm7 Em Bm7 Em

1 She sits like a bird,

brooding on the waters, hovering on the chaos of the world's first day: she

sighs and she sings, mo-ther-ing cre-a-tion, wait-ing to give birth to all the

Word_ will say.

Am B7 , Em Am B7 ,

Am7 D7 Gmaj7 Cmaj7 , Fmaj7 Am7

B7 Em Bm7 Em Bm7 E

Last time

- 1 She sits like a bird, brooding on the waters, hovering on the chaos of the world's first day; she sighs and she sings, mothering creation, waiting to give birth to all the Word will say.
- 2 She wings over earth, resting where she wishes, lighting close at hand or soaring through the skies; she nests in the womb, welcoming each wonder, nourishing potential hidden to our eyes.
- 3 She dances in fire, startling her spectators, waking tongues of ecstasy where dumbness reigned; she weans and inspires all whose hearts are open, nor can she be captured, silenced, or restrained.
- 4 For she is the Spirit, one with God in essence, gifted by the Saviour in eternal love; and she is the key opening the scriptures, enemy of apathy and heavenly dove.

John L. Bell (b.1949)
and Graham Maule (b.1958)