

# The windmills of your mind

transposé une 4te aug ↓

*Musique de Michel Legrand sur des paroles d'Alan et Marilyn Bergman, extraite du film « L'affaire Thomas Crown » (1968). Une version traduite en français a été créée ensuite sous le titre : « Les moulins de mon cœur ».*

A musical score for piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves: treble and bass. The vocal part is in soprano clef. The key signature changes from C major to F# major (one sharp) at measure 4. Measures 1-3 show sustained notes and rests. Measure 4 starts with a half note followed by a rest.

5

Round like a cir - cle in a spi - ral, Like a wheel with - in a wheel. Ne - ver en - ding or be -  
Mind ! Like a tun - nel that you fol - low To a tun - nel of its own Down a hol - low to a

A musical score for piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves: treble and bass. The vocal part is in soprano clef. Measures 5-8 show eighth-note patterns. The piano accompaniment includes labels "Lam" and "Mi7".

10

- gin - ning On an e - ver spin ning reel. Like a snow ball down a moun - tain, Or a car - ni - val bal -  
ca - vern Where the sun has nev - er shone Like a door that keeps re - vol - ving In a half for - got - ten

A musical score for piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves: treble and bass. The vocal part is in soprano clef. Measures 9-12 show eighth-note patterns. The piano accompaniment includes labels "Lam" and "La7".

8 - loon. Like a car - ou - sell that's turn - ing Run - ning rings a round the moon. Like a clock whose hands are dream. Or the rip - ples from a peb - ble Some - one tos - ses in a stream. Like a clock whose hands are

Fa/Ré Sol7 DoM7

15

sweeping Past the min - utes of its face, And the world to like an ap - ple Whir - ling si - lent - ly in

FaM7 Sim7<sup>15</sup> Mi7

8 space, Like the cir - cles that you find In the wind - mills of your mind! Keys that jin - gle in your

Mi<sup>1</sup>Dim Mi7 Lam

20

pock - et, Words that jan - gle in your head, Why did sum - mer go so quickly? Was it something that you

Rém7 Sol7

30

song Half re · mem bered names and fa · ces But to whom do they be - long When you knew that it was

Rém Sol7 Mim/Do

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the piano, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It includes a dynamic marking 'ral' (rallentando) over the last measure. The middle staff is for the voice, also in common time, with lyrics: 'o - ver You were sud - den - ly a - ware That the au - tumn leaves were turn - ing To the co - lor of her'. The bottom staff is for the bassoon or cello, with a bass clef and a common time signature. Below the staff, harmonic labels are provided: 'Lam/Fa' for the first measure, 'Sim 7:5' for the second, and 'Mi7' for the third. The vocal line begins on a note with a vertical stem, followed by eighth-note pairs. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords.

35

*a tempo*

hair! Like a cir - cle in a spi - ral, Like a wheel with - in a wheel, Nev - er end - ing or be -

Lam

Mi7

40

- gin ning On a ev - er spin ning reel As the i - ma - ges un - wind Like the cir - cles that you

Mi7

Mi**♭**Dim

Lam

find In the wind - mills of your mind. \_\_\_\_\_

Mi7

Lam

Round, like a circle in a spiral  
Like a wheel within a wheel  
Never ending or beginning  
On an ever spinning reel  
Like a snowball down a mountain  
Or a carnaval balloon  
Like a carousell that's turning  
Running rings around the moon

Like a clock whose hands are sweeping  
Past the minutes on it's face  
And the world is like an apple  
Whirling silently in space  
Like the circles that you find  
In the windmills of your mind

Like a tunnel that you follow  
To a tunnel of it's own  
Down a hollow to a cavern  
Where the sun has never shone  
Like a door that keeps revolving  
In a half forgotten dream  
Or the ripples from a pebble  
Someone tosses in a stream.

Like a clock...

Keys that jingle in your pocket  
Words that jangle in your head  
Why did summer go so quickly ?  
Was it something that you said ?  
Lovers walk along a shore,  
And leave their footprints in the sand  
Is the sound of distant drumming ?  
Just the fingers of your hand ?

Pictures hanging in a hallway  
And a fragment of this song  
Half remembered names and faces  
But to whom do they belong ?  
When you knew that it was over  
You were suddenly aware  
That the autumn leaves were turning  
To the color of her hair

Like a circle in a spiral  
Like a wheel within a wheel  
Never ending or beginning,  
On an ever spinning reel  
As the images unwind  
Like the circle that you find  
In the windmills of your mind

Ronds, comme un cercle dans une spirale  
Comme une roue à l'intérieur d'une autre  
Ne finissant ni ne commençant jamais  
Sur un rouet qui ne cesse de tourner  
Comme une boule de neige au bas d'une montagne  
Ou un ballon de carnaval  
Comme un carrousel qui tourne  
Anneaux courants autour de la lune

Comme une horloge aux mains agiles  
Au delà des minutes de son visage  
Et le monde est comme une pomme  
Tournant silencieusement dans l'espace  
Comme les cercles que tu trouves  
Dans les moulins de ton esprit

Comme un tunnel que tu suis  
Vers un tunnel inconnu  
Descendant d'un creux vers une grotte  
Où le soleil n'a jamais brillé  
Comme une porte qui continue de tourner  
Dans un rêve à moitié oublié  
Ou l'ondulation d'un caillou  
Que quelqu'un a jeté dans un ruisseau

Comme une horloge...

Clefs qui tintent dans ta poche  
Mots qui cliquent dans ta tête  
Pourquoi l'été est-il parti si vite ?  
Était-ce quelque chose que tu as dit ?  
Les amoureux marchent le long du rivage  
Et laissent leurs empreintes dans le sable  
Était-ce le bruit d'un pianotement éloigné ?  
Juste les doigts de ta main ?

Images accrochées dans un couloir  
Et un fragment de cette chanson,  
Noms et visages à moitié oubliés  
Mais à qui appartiennent-ils ?  
Quand tu as su que c'était fini  
T'es-tu soudainement rendu compte  
Que les feuilles d'automne viraient  
À la couleur de ses cheveux ?

Comme un cercle dans une spirale  
Comme une roue à l'intérieur d'une autre  
Ne finissant ni ne commençant jamais  
Sur un rouet qui tourne sans cesse  
Comme les images qui défilent  
Comme les cercles que tu trouves  
Dans les moulins de ton esprit