

The windmills of your mind

transposé une 3^e min ↓

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 ».

The first system of the score shows the piano introduction. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is composed of a series of chords, including a B-flat major triad, an E-flat major triad, and an A-flat major triad. The bass clef staff features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes, starting with a B-flat note and moving through a sequence of notes: B-flat, A-flat, G, F, E-flat, D, C, B-flat.

5

8

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

Dom Sol7

The second system begins with a square box containing the number '5'. The vocal line starts on a treble clef staff with a key signature of three flats and a common time signature. The melody begins with a B-flat note and moves through a sequence of notes: B-flat, A-flat, G, F, E-flat, D, C, B-flat. The piano accompaniment is shown in two staves. The treble clef staff contains chords, with the first chord labeled 'Dom' and the second chord labeled 'Sol7'. The bass clef staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.

10

8

- 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

Dom Do7

The third system begins with a square box containing the number '10'. The vocal line continues on a treble clef staff with a key signature of three flats and a common time signature. The melody continues with notes: B-flat, A-flat, G, F, E-flat, D, C, B-flat. The piano accompaniment is shown in two staves. The treble clef staff contains chords, with the first chord labeled 'Dom' and the second chord labeled 'Do7'. The bass clef staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.

8

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

La^b/Fa Ré^b7 SolM7

15

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

La^bM7 Ré^m7^b5 Sol7

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

Fa[#]Dim Sol7 Dom

20

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

Fa^m7 Si^b7

25

said? Lov - ers walk a - long a shore And leave their foot - prints in the sand. Is the sound of dis - tant

Mi \flat M7 La \flat M7

drumming Just the fin - gers of your hand? Pic - tures han - ging in a hall - way And the frag - ment of a

Ré7 Solm Do7

30

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

Fam Si \flat 7 Solm/Mi \flat

ral

o - ver You were sud - den - ly a - ware That the au - tumn leaves were turn - ing To the co - lor of her

Dom/La \flat Ré7 \sharp 5 Sol7

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 -

Dom Sol7

40

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

Sol7 Sol^bDim Dom

find In the wind - mills of your mind. _____

Sol7 Dom

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 carnival balloon
Like a carousel 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 caverne
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 cliquettent 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'est-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