

Holding up the Sky

A Song of Morning

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$\text{♩} = 130$

A Em A D A C[♯]° A D C[♯]° D

This game: it used to be fun

11 A D Em F[♯]m A F[♯]m Em D A D

To watch the clouds in the sky And see in each fluffy one The bunny or

21 Em F[♯]m A D Em D A F[♯]m/C[♯]

for-tress passed by To name for each cas-tle and whale The cob-blers and

29 Em F[♯]m A Bm G D Bm⁷ D C[♯]°

kings living there To tell a whim-si-cal tale Of people who dwell in the

38 A A Bm C[♯]° G A A⁷ Bm⁷

air But as those same tales take their wings The pow-er of names stretches

46 F[♯]m⁷ A A F[♯]m D A Bm D

forth And soon all those cobblers and kings Have their own lives of meaning and

54 A F[♯]m Bm D E A E A

worth So there's on - ly... Holding up the sky Still holding

65 F[♯]m E Bm G[♯]° F[♯]m C[♯]m A G[♯]° E

up the sky To crawl so men may fly Each step to ve-ri - fy Though decades

77 D Bm A F[♯]m E E A C[♯]5 E D⁵

may pass by Always holding up the sky To yearn for rest and still ask
To hold like kin those too who

88  why To heed what toil and pain have found: Who'd build a ca-stle in the
bear A fel - low cloud or so - lar ray. To leave the fu-ture war-nings

96  sky Must plant the feet on so - lid ground. To test and test each strand and
clear Of all you wish you'd known to - day.. To keen-ly spot and stout-ly

105  curl, An - ti - ci - pate how wind may blow, To know with fear the wide strange
face The worms that lurk be - neath the deep. To know and choose when to let

113  world, And lit - tle trust what lore you know. So you can be...
fall A flake of snow you can-not keep. And you will be...

123  There once was a dream of the youth And a game that children could play What re-

131  mains is a glo-rious truth Is that such a high price to pay?