

# Holding up the Sky

## A Song of Morning

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$\text{♩} = 130$

G Dm G C G B<sup>o</sup> G C B<sup>o</sup> C G C

8 This game: it used to be fun To watch the

13 Dm Em G Em Dm C G C Dm Em G

8 clouds in the sky And see in each fluffy one The bunny or fortress passed by To

24 C Dm C G Em/B Dm Em G Am F

8 name for each castle and whale The cobblers and kings living there To tell a whimsical

34 C Am<sup>7</sup> C B<sup>o</sup> G G Am B<sup>o</sup> F G

8 tale Of people who dwell in the air But as those same tales take their wings The

44 G<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> G G Em C G

8 pow-er of names stretches forth And soon all those cobblers and kings Have their

52 Am C G Em Am C D G

8 own lives of meaning and worth So there's on - ly... Holding up the

62 D G Em D Am F<sup>#o</sup> Em Bm G F<sup>#o</sup>

8 sky Still holding up the sky To crawl so men may fly Each step to ve-ri - fy

75 D C Am G Em D G<sup>1-2</sup> B<sup>5</sup> D


8 Though decades may pass by Always holding up the sky To yearn for rest and  
To hold like kin those


86 C<sup>5</sup> Em D B<sup>5</sup> D G Bm Am Em

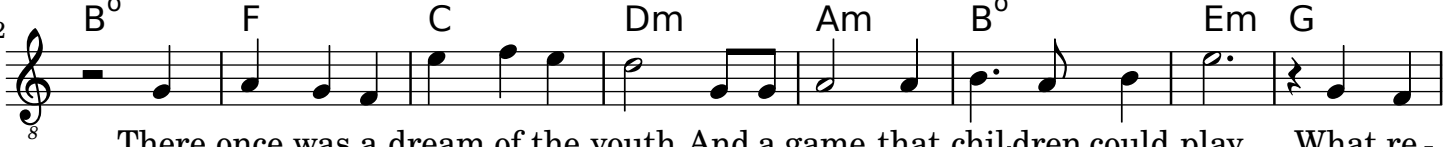
8 still ask why To heed what toil and pain have found: Who'd build a castle in the  
too who bear A fel - low cloud or so - lar ray. To leave the fu-ture warnings


95 F<sup>#o</sup> Em F<sup>#o</sup> D G G C Am D

8 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

104  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

112  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...

122  There once was a dream of the youth And a game that chil-dren could play What re -

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