

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 ^{1. 2.} A C[♯]5 E D⁵

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

87  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

95  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 children could play What re-

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