

# Holy Now

♩ = 75      (A) F

When I was a boy, each week, on Sun-day we would  
(When I was in) Sun - day school we would learn a -

3 C B♭  
go to church and pay at - ten - tion to the priest, and he would read the  
-bout the time Mo-ses split the sea in two, and Je - sus made the

5 F F  
ho - ly word. And con - se - crate the ho - ly bread, and ev - ery - one would  
wa - ter wine. And I re - mem - ber feel - ing sad, mi - ra - cles don't

7 C B♭  
kneel and bow. To - day, the on - ly dif - ference is ev - ery - thing is  
hap - pen still. But, now I can't keep track, 'cause ev - ery - thing's a

9 F Dm C  
ho - ly now. Ev - ery - thing, ev - ery - thing, ev - ery - thing is  
mi - ra - cle. ev - ery - thing's a

11 B♭ 1 F 2 F  
ho - ly, now. When I was in  
mi - ra - cle.

## Arrangement Permissions

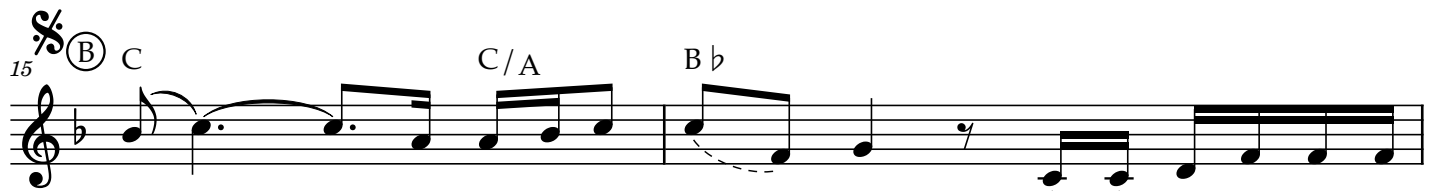
👉 One-time Adaptation

👍 New Arrangement OK

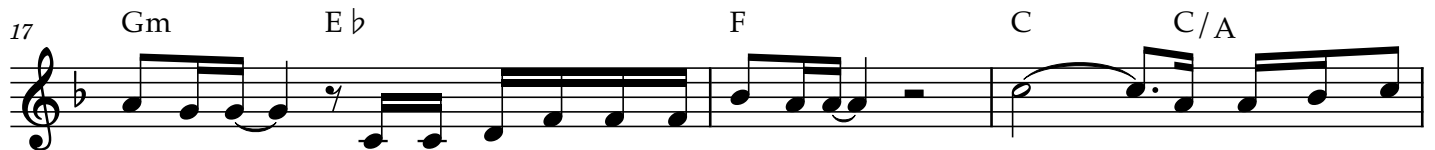
🚫 Seek permission to arrange

Look at the *Sing Out Love* "Permissions" section for further explanation

Holy Now - 2

15 

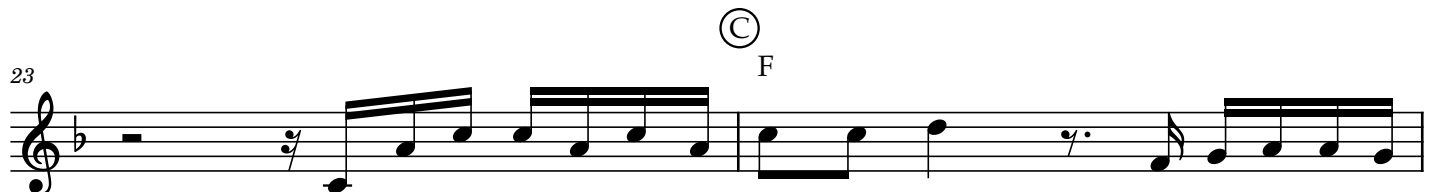
Wine\_\_\_\_\_ from wa - ter is not so small. But an ev - en bet - ter  
Read\_\_\_\_\_ a ques-tion-ing child's\_\_\_\_\_ face and\_\_ say it's not a

17 

mag-ic trick is that an - y-thing is here at all. So,\_\_\_\_\_ the chal-leng-ing  
tes - ta - ment. That'dbe ve - ry hard to say. See\_\_\_\_\_ a - no - ther new

20 


thing be - comes not to look for mi-ra-cles, but, find-ing where there is-n't one...  
mor-ning come and say it's not a sa-cra-ment. I tell ya that it

23 

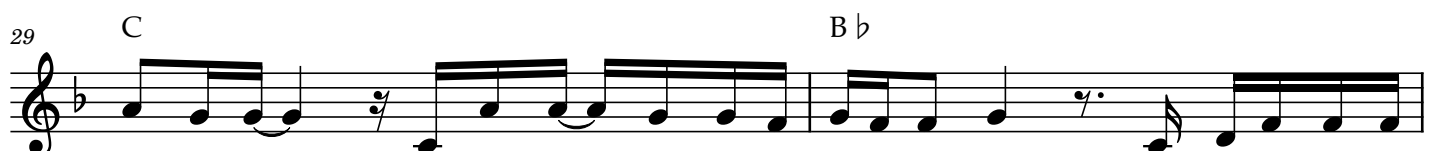
When ho - ly wa - ter was - n't rare, at best, it bare-ly wet my

25 

fin - ger tips. But, now, I have to hold my breath, like I'm swim-min' in a

27 

sea of it.\_\_\_\_ It used to be a world half there, hea-ven's se-cond rate

29 

hand-me - down. But I walk it with a re-ver-ent air, 'cause ev-ery-thing is

# Holy Now - 3

31 F D.S. al Coda \* C F  
 ho-ly, now. can't be done. — This mor-nig out-side, I stood. I saw a lit-tle

35 C B ♭  
 red-wing bird, shin - ing like a bur-ning bush, and sing-ing like a

37 F F  
 scrip-ture verse. It made me wan-na bow my head. I re-mem-ber when

39 C B ♭  
 church let out. How things have changed since then, ev-ery-thing is

41 F F  
 ho - ly now. It used to be a world half there, hea-ven's se-cond rate

43 C B ♭  
 hand - me - downs. But I walk it with a rev-er-ent air, 'cause ev-ery-thing is

45 F B ♭ / F F C B ♭ F C B ♭ F  
 ho - ly, now.

*\*Original recording includes  
 an instrument break here*