

My Spirit Belongs to the Sky

(SATB)

Everett W. Howe

G D/F# C/E G/D C C/E

S/A

The moun-tains at night— The bright wheel-ing stars framed by pines cir - cled
The show - ers of spring on the wide West-ern plains— Sun - light breaks through the

T/B

8 D D7 G D/F# C/E G/D

S/A

round. In the boughs high a - bove, the rush of the wind— In the
gray. The_ blus - ter-ing wind whirls 'round me a - gain and_

T/B

14 C D G G/D G Em

S/A

dark I hear no o - ther sound. And the wind in the trees fills the
sweeps me a - long on my way. And the wind at my back fills the

T/B

20 C6/E D G C/G D/F# D

S/A

sails — of my soul, and my heart soars high. For I

T/B

26 G Bm/F# Cadd9/E G/D C D

S/A

come from the earth, and to earth I'll re - turn, but my spi - rit be - longs to the

T/B

32 1. G G D G Bm 2.

S/A

sky. — The sky. For I come from the earth, and to

T/B

38 C G/D C D G

S/A

earth I'll re - turn, but my spi - rit be - longs to the sky.

T/B