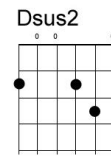


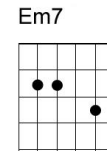
Hymn

by Paul Stookey, Karen Gold, and James Mason (1968)

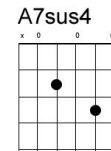
Gm *Dsus2*
 Sunday morning, very bright, I read your book by colored light
Em7(½) *A7sus4(¼)* *A7(¼)* *D*
 That came in through the pretty window picture.



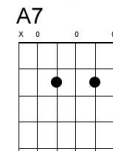
D *Dmaj7*
 I visited some houses where they said that you were living
D7 *G*
 And they talked a lot about you and they spoke about your giving.



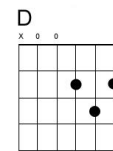
Gm *Dsus2*
 They passed a basket with some envelopes; I just had time to write a
Em7(½) *A7sus4(¼)* *A7(¼)* *D* *Am7* *D*
 note and all it said was "I believe in you."



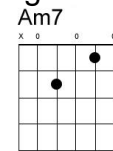
D *Dmaj7*
 Passing conversations where they mentioned your existence
D7 *G*
 And the fact that you had been replaced by your assistants.



Gm *Dsus2*
 The discussion was theology, and when they smiled and turned to me,
Em7(½) *A7sus4(¼)* *A7(¼)* *D* *Am7* *D* *Am7* *D*
 all that I could say was "I believe in you."



D *Dmaj7*
 I visited your house again on Christmas or Thanksgiving
D7 *G*
 And a balded man said you were dead but the house would go on living.



Gm *Dsus2*
 He recited poetry and as he saw me stand to leave he
Em7(½) *A7sus4(¼)* *A7(¼)* *D* *Dma7* *D7*
 Shook his head and said I'd never find you

G(½) *Gm* *D*
 My mother used to dress me up, and while my dad was sleeping,
Em7(½) *A7sus4(¼)* *A7(¼)* *D*
 We would walk down to your house without speaking.

