

Old Tree © 1977 Cynthia R. Crossen

I climbed a very old tree, **A9 - E7**
She whispered she was mother to me, **A9 - E7**
Old as the earth, she keeps on growing, **F#m - C#m7**
Being of God, she is ever knowing, **F#m - C#m7**
She reaches up to the sky, **Bm7 - Cm7 - C#m7**
Spreading her wings so wide, **D - E7**
 She is holding me, she is holding me, **A9 - E7**
 She is holding me, she is holding me, **A9 - E7**
 She is loving me. **Dmaj7 - Dm7 - A9**

I climb a tree in my dreams, **A9 - E7**
High up in her beautiful green, **A9 - E7**
I sway in her arms with the wind in my hair, **F#m - C#m7**
Rocked in her heart, I am just a prayer, **F#m - C#m7**
I'm feelin' so peaceful and high, **Bm7 - Cm7 - C#m7**
Living inside the sky, **D - E7**
 She is holding me, she is holding me, **A9 - E7**
 She is holding me, she is holding me, **A9 - E7**
 She is loving me. **Dmaj7 - Dm7 - A9**

Old tree, old woman wise, **A9 - E7**
You know the truth of the skies, **A9 - E7**
You feel the rain that falls so sweetly, **F#m - C#m7**
Rooted in love, you grow so deeply, **F#m - C#m7**
Changing from green to gold, **Bm7 - Cm7 - C#m7**
Gracefully growing old, **D - E7**
 You are showing me the way to be, **A9 - E7**
 You are showing me the way to be, **A9 - E7**
 You are loving me. **Dmaj7 - Dm7 - A9**