

The Clouds

Words and Music by
Cynthia Gray

Soprano

4 *mp*

Gen - tly fall - ing rain, fall - ing from the sky,

9

stream - ing down like tear-drops, tear-drops from on high. Clouds, oh won't you

14

tell us what those tears are for? Do you weep for some - thing,

19

mf

some - thing we've ig - nored? Could it be that, from your loft - y post so high a - bove,

23

you have seen how lit - tle we have giv - en of our love? Do you see the lone - ly, wea - ry,

26

f poco rit. e dim. mp a tempo

trou - bled and the poor? Have you seen the fight - ing and the war? Clouds, there must be

30

some - way to make your cry - ing cease. Share with us the se - cret of

35

mf

hap - pi - ness and peace. Do you mean to say that each of us can play a part?

39

f

With each spark of love we light, a flame of love may start reach - ing all a - round us giv - ing

42

mf poco rit. e dim. mp a tempo

hope to those we know; This, you say, may help true peace to grow? Clouds, though you are

46

part - ing, your point, you've made quite clear. Peace will nev - er

50

p *pp*

hap - pen un - less we start it here, un - less we start it here.