

## SOLILOQUY

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(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key G

Time sig 4/4



### INTRO:

2			D7	D7
4	G	G	G	G
8	G	G	D7	D7
12	G	G	Em	Em
16	C	C	D7	D7

### VERSE 1:

20	G	G	Em	Em
	Wipe your	brow, For	all your	yesterdays, in lines of
24	C	C	Em	Em
	age,	Re-	flect, in your brief	candle's fading
28	C	C	D7	D7
	flame,	An	alibi of	all that's gone be-
32	C	C	D7	D7
	fore	With-	in this petty	place of grief and
36	G	G	Em	Em >>> D7
	pain;			

### VERSE 2:

40	G	G	Em	Em
	Take a	bow, You've	strutted and fretted your	hour upon the
44	C	C	Em	Em
	stage,	And	now it's time to	exit whence you
48	C	C	Em	Em
	came.	A	walking shadow,	slipping through the
52	C	C	D7	D7
	door	To	dusty death, an	idiot heard no
56	C	C	D7	D7
	more,	To the	last brief	syllable of time's long
60	G	G	Em	Em
	reign;			

64	C	C	D7	D7
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Within the

# **BRIDGE:**

68	G	G	G	G
	theatre,	The	ghost that cannot	rest prowls endless-

72	Em	Em	C	C
	ly		Acting, through a	long eterni-

76	D7	D7	D7	D7
	ty,	The tragi-	comedy	Of his sol-

80	D7	D7	D7	D7
	iloquy;			I

# **VERSE 3:**

84	G	G	Em	Em
	know, some-	how, You	need to shed the	fury and the

88	C	C	Em	Em
	rage,		cept, perhaps, your	fair share of the

92	C	C	Em	Em
	blame,	And	come to terms with	this, your fatal

96	C	C	D7	D7
	flaw	Which	made foul ghosts of	all the kings you've

100	C	C	Em	Em>>> D7
	slain,	And	summoned Burnham	Wood to Dunsin-

104	C	C	D7	D7
	ane:	For	otherwise, in	all that still re-

108	C	C	D7	D7
	mains,	Is	tomorrow, and tomorrow, and	tomorrow, for ever-

112	G	G	Em	Em
	more.			

# **CODA**

116	C	C	D7	D7
120	G	G	Em	Em
124	C	C	D7	D7
128	G			

v1 Wipe your brow,  
For all your yesterdays, in lines of age,  
Reflect in your brief candle's fading flame,  
An alibi of all that's gone before  
Within this petty place of grief and pain;

v2 Take a bow,  
You've strutted and fretted your hour upon the stage,  
And now it's time to exit whence you came,  
A walking shadow, slipping through the door

To dusty death, an idiot heard no more,  
To the last brief syllable of time`s long reign;

Br 1 Within the theatre,

The ghost that cannot rest prowls endlessly,  
Acting, through a long eternity,  
The tragi-comedy  
Of his soliloquy;

v3 I know, somehow,

You need to shed the fury and the rage,  
Accept, perhaps, your fair share of the blame,  
And come to terms with this, your fatal flaw  
Which made foul ghosts of all the kings you`ve slain,  
And summoned Burnham Wood to Dunsinane:  
For otherwise, in all that still remains,  
Is tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, for evermore.