

STORIES OF THE DAYS

(www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key Am

Time sig 4/4



INTRO

1			
2	Am	Dm	E
6	Am	Dm	E

VERSE 1

10	Am	Dm	E	Am
	She sits alone, the	curtains wide As	daylight dwindles	fast,
14	Am	Dm	E	Am
	Watching shadows	there outside Draw	patterns from the	past,
18	Am	Dm	E	Am
	Childhood forms that	dance and sing From	Summers long since	gone, Then
22	C	Dm	B7	E
	older years, the	hopes they bring Of	Summers that live	on

CHORUS 1

26	Dm	C	Dm	C >> E
	Memories come and	memories go, A	softly swirling haze	Of
30	Dm	C	Dm	E >> Am
	shapes which merge to	hum and glow In	stories of the	days

INSTRUMENTAL 1

34	Am	Dm	E	Am
38	Am	Dm	E	Am

VERSE 2 (as Verse 1)

42	Am	Dm	E	Am
	Hopes that live in	whispered words etc	etc	etc

V

54	C	Dm	B7	E
	etc	etc	hopes that never	will

CHORUS 2 (as Chorus 1)

58	Dm	C	Dm	C >> E
	Memories form and	memories fade In	soft and subtle	ways, Re-
62	Dm	C	Dm	E >> Am
	stored to life and	then relayed in	stories of the	days

INSTRUMENTAL 2

66	Am	Dm	E	Am
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70	Am	Dm	E	Am
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CHORUS 2 (as Chorus 1)

74	Dm	C	Dm	C >> E
	Memories turned to	Autumn gold Where	faded lustre	stays, their

78	Dm	C	Dm	E >> Am
	half kept truths so	keenly told In	stories of the	days

CODA

82	Am	Dm	E	Am
86	Am	Dm	E	Am

v1 She sits alone, the curtains wide,
 As daylight dwindles fast,
 Watching shadows there outside,
 Draw patterns from the past:
 Childhood forms that dance and sing,
 From Summers long since gone,
 Then older years, the hopes they bring
 Of Summers that live on.

Ch1 Memories come, and memories go,
 A softly swirling haze
 Of shapes which merge, to hum and glow
 In stories of the days.

v2 Hopes that live in whispered words
 Of promised sweet delight,
 Or hopes that leave like feckless birds
 In swift erratic flight:
 Hopes that live, and hopes that die,
 And hopes that burn on still,
 Or hopes that long to touch the sky
 And hopes that never will

ch2 Memories form, and memories fade,
 In soft and subtle ways,
 Restored to life, and then relayed
 In stories of the days.

ch3 Memories turned to Autumn gold
 Where faded lustre stays,
 Their half kept truths still keenly told
 In stories of the days.