

THE ARC OF DESCENT

(www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key C / Am

Time sig 3/4



INTRO

1				G7
2	C >> Cmaj7	C >> Cadd2	Em	Em
6	Fmaj7	Fmaj7	D	D >> Em
10	Fmaj7	Fmaj7	D	D >> Dsus2
14	Am	G	G7	G7

There's a

VERSE 1

18	C >> Cmaj7 place in the	C >> Cadd2 north, wrapped in	Em dark swirling	Em haze, Where the
22	Fmaj7 cliffs and the	Fmaj7 oceans u-	D nite in their	D >> Em ways, And a
26	Fmaj7 hero can	Fmaj7 stand ah but	D once in his	D >> Dsus2 days, And for
30	Am once in his	G days be a	G7 king;	G7
34	Am	G	Am >> Em	Am >> G7 He can

VERSE 2 (as Verse 1)

38	C >> Cmaj7 stand proud and	C >> Cadd2 tall in the	Em darkest etc	Em
V				
50	Am valkyrs are	G starting to	G7 sing;	G7
54	Am	G	Am >> Em	Am >> G7 In that

BRIDGE 1

58	Fmaj7 place to the	Fmaj7 northe where the	Am valkyrs are	Am heard,
62	Am Honour's the	G signal,	Am >> Em honour's the	Am >> G7 word
66	Fmaj7	Fmaj7	Am	Am
70	Am	G	Am >> Em	Am >> G7 Now,

VERSE 3 (as Verse 1)

74	C >> Cmaj7 drawn in the	C >> Cadd2 path of a	Em etc	Em
V				
86	Am knows now not	G once meant a	G7 thing;	G7
90	Am	G	Am >> Em	Am >> G7 Then with

VERSE 4 (as Verse 1)

94	C >> Cmaj7 spray on his	C >> Cadd2 tunic, the	Em wind etc	Em
V				
106	Am future he	G knows they will	G7 bring;	G7
110	Am	G	Am >> Em	Am >> G7 In the

BRIDGE 2 (as Bridge 1)

114	Fmaj7 arc of des-	Fmaj7 cent between	Am bold and ab-	Am surd;
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118	Am Honour's the	G signal,	Am >> Em madness the	Am >> G7 word
122	Fmaj7	Fmaj7	Am	Am
126	Am	G	Am >> Em	Am >> G7

CODA

130	Fmaj7	Fmaj7	Am	Am
134	Am	G	Am >> Em	Am

v1 There's a place to the north, wrapped in dark swirling haze,
Where the cliffs and the ocean unite in their ways,
And a hero can stand ah but once in his days,
And for once in his days be a king;

v2 He can stand proud and tall in the darkest of skies,
Where a cold Northern wind blows the tears from his eyes,
And carries the strains of the soft lullabies
That the valkyrs are starting to sing;

Br1 In that place to the north where the valkyrs are heard,
Honour's the signal, honour's the word.

v3 Now, drawn in the path of a free-falling bird,
In the arc of descent between bold and absurd,
He can beat at his chest and then holler the word
That he knows now not once meant a thing;

v4 Then with spray on his tunic, the wind in his hair,
He can rise up above it and soar through the air,
Over conquests of pettiness dotted down there
And the future he knows they will bring.

Br2 In the arc of descent between bold and absurd,
Honour's the signal, madness the word.