IN THE EMBERS

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(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key Am Time sig 4/4

66 Am

VERSE 1 Am C grieves me on these cc G G G kneel in contem- pl Em C Calling out to m	cold and frosted G7 Dilation of the C me be-	G7 Am >>> G/G7 nights Em >>> D/C lights, Dm yond the silver	G7 It Em To Em7	
VERSE 1 Am C grieves me on these cc B G G kneel in contem- pl E Em C Calling out to m S Am C some strange secret m	Cold and frosted G7 Dlation of the Come be-	Am >>> G/G7 nights Em >>> D/C lights, Dm	It Em To Em7	
Am C grieves me on these cc G G G kneel in contem- pl Em C Calling out to m Am C some strange secret m	cold and frosted 37 Plation of the me be-	nights Em >>> D/C lights, Dm	To Em7 G7	
grieves me on these CC G G G F F F F F F F F F F F F F F F F	cold and frosted 37 Plation of the me be-	nights Em >>> D/C lights, Dm	To Em7 G7	
grieves me on these CC G G G kneel in contem- pl Em C Calling out to m Am C some strange secret m	cold and frosted 37 Plation of the me be-	nights Em >>> D/C lights, Dm	To Em7 G7	
kneel in contem- pl Em	olation of the	lights,	G7	
kneel in contem- pl Em	olation of the	lights,	G7	
Calling out to m Am C some strange secret m	ne be-			
Calling out to m Calling out to m Calling out to m Calling out to m	ne be-			
some strange secret m			tree From	
some strange secret m		c	G7	\neg
	•	cem-	ber; Or	_
O Am C else etc		Am >>> G/G7	Em	
V				
		С	G7	G7
2 Am C			bers	•
	wisted in the	em-	bers	
		em-	Ders	
INSTRUMENTAL	wisted in the			\neg
tv INSTRUMENTAL 7 Am C	wisted in the	em- Am >>> G/G7 Em >>> D/C	Em Em7	\exists
INSTRUMENTAL 7 Am C	wisted in the	Am >>> G/G7	Em	

G7

what I can't re- mem- ber

CODA

70 G7 G7 Am

v1 It grieves me on these cold and frosted nights
To kneel in contemplation of the lights,
Calling out to me
Beyond the silver tree
From some strange secret memory of December;

v2 Or else to guard the fire and watch it glow And flicker in a blaze of long ago, A reminder of the past, Until it dies at last, The elusive memory twisted in the embers;

v3 I sigh, and think, and pause awhile and stare Once more for those illusions deep in there, Sifting through my mind For what I'm trying to find, Then sigh again for what I can't remember.