

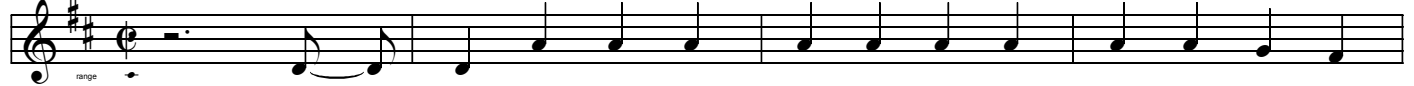


# Our Circle We Must Close



guitar tuning: DAD GBD


Edward L. Stauff

Dno3rd  C/D 





1. In the east the cup stands emp - ty, not a drop is left with -  
 2. The lights u - pon the al - tars we ex - tin - guish one by  
 3. Now in the west the gen - tle winds of au - tumn no more  
 4. In the north with - in the pen - ta - cle the crys - tal now lies

G  Dno3rd 







in, and for the fi - nal time we've passed it round. The  
 one, the blade we now re - ti - re to its sheath. The  
 blow, the fal - len leaves lie still u - pon the ground. In the  
 dark, the salt is gone, all scat - tered to the night. The

C/D 








o - cean waves move slow - ly as the spring tide slips a - way, the  
 sum - mer sun is sto - len by an o - ver - cast a - bove, cas - ting  
 set - ting sun the birds are fly - ing to their win - ter home, months will  
 si - lent grip of win - ter strips the last leaves from the trees and

G  Dno3rd  G 







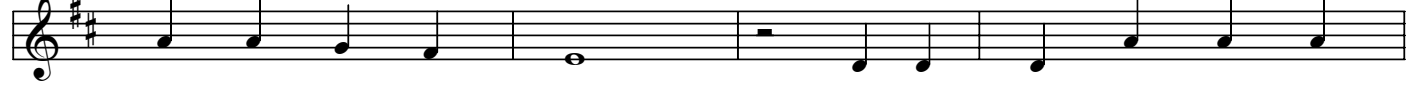
ships have left the har - bor for the sound. Be - neath the wee - ping  
 sha - dow o - ver all that lies be - neath. Our dan - cing now is  
 pass be - fore we hear a - gain their sound. The cen - ser on the  
 so it turns the hills to grey and white. In the ab - sence of a

D/F#  Emin7  Dno3rd  G 



wil - low tree the ri - ver lies so quiet it seems as if that's  
 o - ver and our spells have all been cast, sen - ding heal - ing to our  
 al - tar holds but ash - es grow - ing cold, the sweet dark smoke of  
 loved one who has passed be - yond this life we ga - ther round to

D/F#  Emin7  G/A  Dno3rd 



al - ways where it's been, But be - neath the wa - ter's  
 friends and to our foes. But the pow - er groun - ded  
 in - cense has dis - persed. But the air moves with our  
 com - fort and to mourn. But the air moves with our  
 But though the trees are

sur - face runs a cur - rent deep and strong and we know that soon the  
 here like a vol - ca - no dor - mant sleeps, and in the ash - es,  
 breath, and we will hear the birds a - gain when spring the spell of  
 bare, their roots ex - tend be - low the frost and ev - 'ry - thing that

tide will come back in. *Refrain:* For our cir - cle we must close and on our  
 look: an em - ber glows.  
 win - ter has re - versed.  
 dies will be re - born.

sep - 'rate ways must go, for a while our time to - ge - ther here is done.

But if we part with a tear of sor - row, we will meet with a tear of joy, if not

on this day then on one soon to come.  
 on this month than on one soon to come.  
 on this year then on one soon to come.  
 in this life then in one soon to come.