The Circle Game

Author: Julo Cumani

DGDGBD, 'Joni' Tuning: x57543, Capo 4

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<table>
<thead>
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<th>Am7 (4)</th>
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<tbody>
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<tr>
<td>B</td>
<td></td>
<td>-3--------1-----0--</td>
<td>3--------1-----0--</td>
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</tbody>
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End of transcription.

Yes-ter-day a

child come out to won - der
Caught a dra-gon

Fear-ful when the sky was full of thun-der
C
D||-------0----------|-------5----------|
B||-3----------4------|-----5----------5-----|
G||-------4-------4----|---5-----5------5-----|
D||-------4-------4----|---5-----5------5-----|
G||-------4-------4----|---5-----5------5-----|
D||---------------------|---------------------|

|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|

And tearful at the

G       Bm6- Am7(4) G        C(9)
D||-------0----------|-------0---------|
B||-0---0-3-----1----|---0-----0^1---1----|
G||-------0----------|---0----------0-----|
D||---0-------4-----2-----|---0-------0-----2--|
G||---0-------4-----2-----|---0-------0-----0--|
D||---------------------|---------------------|

|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|

falling of a star

G
D||-------0----------|-------0---------|
B||-0---0-0-----0----|---0-------0-----0----|
G||-------0-------0---|---0-------0-----0---|
D||---0-------0-------0-|---0-------0-----0-|
G||---0-------0-------0-|---0-------0-----0-|
D||---------------------|---------------------|

|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|

And the seasons they go

Bm6- Am7(4) G
D||---------------------|---------------------|
B||-3---1------0------0-|---0-------0-----0--|
G||--------------------0--|---0-------0-----0--|
D||-----4-----2------0---|---0-------0-----0---|
G||-----4-----2------0---|---0-------0-----0---|
D||---------------------|---------------------|

|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|___|

round .... (and so on)
G
D|---0---0---0---0-|
B|0---0---0---0---|
G|---0---0---0---0-|
D|---0---0---0---0-|
G|0---0---0---0---|
D|------------------|
   _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ |

Chors:
C(9) :x02010 Am7(4):x22010
D7   :020210   G7+   :004030
Bm6- :x44030   Bm    :x44430
C     :x55555

TEXT:
Yesterday a child came out to wonder,
Caught a dragonfly inside a jar.
Fearful when the sky is full of thunder,
And tearful at the falling of a star.

Chorus:
   And the seasons, they go 'round and 'round,
   And the painted ponies go up and down.
   We're captive on the carousel of time.
   We can't return, we can only look behind
   From where we came,
   And go 'round and 'round and 'round in the circle game.

Then the child moved ten times round the seasons,
Skated over ten clear frozen streams.
Words like "when you're older" must appease him,
And promises of someday make his dreams.

c:Chorus.

Sixteen springs and sixteen summers gone now,
Cartwheels turn to car wheels through the town.
And they tell him, "Take your time, it won't be long now,
'Till you drag your feet to slow the circle down."

c:Chorus.

So the years spin by and now the boy is twenty,
Though his dreams have lost some grandeur coming true.
There'll be new dreams, maybe better dreams, and plenty.
Before the last revolving year is through.

c:Chorus.