

The Ash Grove

CAPO 5

F(C) Bb(F)

1. The ash grove how grace - ful, how plain - - ly 'tis
 2. Down yon - - der green val - - ley where stream - lets me - -
 3. Still glows the bright sun - - shine o'er val - - ley and
 4. My lips smile no more, my heart los - - es its

C7(G7) F(C) Bb(F)

speaking The harp through its play - - ing has
 - an - - der When twilight is fading I
 moun - - tain Still war - - bles the black - - bird its
 light - - ness; No dream of the fu - - ture my

F(C) C7(G7) F(C)

lang - - uage for me. When - - ev - - er the
 pen - - sive - - ly rove Or at the bright
 note from the tree; Still trem - - bles the
 spir - - it can cheer. I on - - ly can

[F(C)] Bb(F) C7(G7)

light through its branch - - es is break - - ing, A
 noon tide in sol - - i - - tude wan - - der A - -
 moon - - beam on stream - - let and foun - - tain, But
 brood on the past and its bright - - ness The

F(C) Bb(F) F(C) C7(G7)

host of kind fac - - es is gaz - - ing on
 - mid the dark shades of the lone - - ly ash
 what are the beau - - ties of na - - ture to
 dear ones I long for a - - gain ga - - ther

F(C) C7(G7)

me. The friends from my child - - hood a - -
 grove. 'Twas there while the black bird was
 me? With sor - - row, deep sor - - row, my
 here. From ev' - - ry dark nook they press

[C7(G7)] F(C)

- gain are be - - - fore me Each step wakes a
 cheer - - ful - - - ly sing - - ing I first met that
 bo - - som is lad - - en, All day I go
 for - - ward to meet me; I lift up my

Dm(Am) C(G) C7(G7) F(C)

mem - - ory as free - - ly I roam. With soft whis - pers
 dear one the joy of my heart A - - round us for
 mourn - ing in search of my love; Ye e - - choes, oh,
 eyes to the broad leaf - - y dome, And o - - thers are

[F(C)] Bb(F) C7(G7)

lad - - en the leaves rus - - - tle o er me The
 glad - - ness the blue bells were ring - - ing But
 tell me, where is the sweet maid - - en? "She
 there, look - - ing down - - ward to greet me The

F(C) Bb(F) F(C) C7(G7) F(C)

ash grove, the ash grove a - - lone is my home.
 then lit - - tle thought I how soon we should part.
 sleeps, 'neath the green turf down by the ash grove."
 ash grove, the ash grove, a - - gain is my home.