

The Ash Grove

DAd tuning

T.A.

D B_m E_m

1. The Ash Grove how grace - ful, how plain - ly 'Tis
 2. Down yon - der green val - ley where stream - lets me -
 3. My laugh - ter is ov - er, my step los es

Dulcimer

0 0 2 4 3 2 0 0 1 3 2 1 0

4 A₇ D G A₇

4 speak - ing the Harp through it play - ing has lang - uage for
 an - der. When twi - light is dan - cing I pen - sive - ly
 light - ness, old coun - try - side meas - sures still so - ft on my

4 2 0 0 0 2 1 0 2 1 3 1 0 0 2

8 D B_m E_m

8 me, When - ev - er the light through its branch - es is
 roam. Or at the bright noon - tide in sol - i - tude
 ears, I on - ly re - mem - ber the past and its

8 0 0 0 2 4 3 2 0 0 1 3 2 1 0

12 A₇ D G A₇

12 break - ing, a host of kind fac - es is gaz - ing on
 wan - der, a - mid the dark shades of the lone - ly Ash -
 bright - ness, the dear ones I mourn for a - gain ga - ther -

12 2 0 0 0 2 1 0 2 1 3 1 0 0 2

The Ash Grove

16 **D** **A**

me. The friends of my child-hood a - gain are be -
 Grove. 'Twas there where the black-birds were cheer - ful - ly
 here. From out of the shad - ows their lov - ing looks

16

20 **A7** **Bm** **D** **A** **E7**

fore me each step wakes a mem - 'ry as free - ly I
 sing - ing I first met that dear one, the joy of my
 greet me, and wist - fully searching the leaf - y green dome, I

20

24 **A7** **D** **Bm** **Em**

roam. With soft whis - pers la - den its leaves rust - le
 heart. A - round us for glad - ness, the blue bells were
 find oth - er fac - es fond - bend ing to greet me,

24

28 **A7** **D** **G** **A7**

o'er me, the Ash Grove the Ash Grove a lone is my
 ring - ing. the the Ash Grove the Ash Grove that shel - tered my
 the the Ash Grove the Ash Grove a - lone is my

28

32 **D**

home.
 home.
 home.

32