THE ASH GROVE

THE ASH GROVE, HOW GRACEFUL, HOW PLAINLY 'TIS SPEAKING C D7 THE HARP THROUGH IT PLAYING HAS LANGUAGE FOR ME G G С WHEN EVER THE LIGHT THROUGH ITS' BRANCHES IS BREAKING, C D7 A HOST OF KIND FACES IS GAZING ON ME. G Am THE FRIENDS OF MY CHILDHOOD AGAIN ARE BEFORE ME, G Em D A7 D7 EACH STEP WAKES A MEM'RY AS FREELY I ROAM. G C WITH SOFT WHISPERS LADEN, ITS' LEAVES RUSTLE O'ER ME G C D7 G THE ASH GROVE THE ASH GROVE ALONE IS MY HOME.

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SHALOM, from SPIKE and JAMIE