

The Ash Grove

Traditional (I know that this isn't perfect, but it's pretty close)

Strumming

C Am Dm G7
The ash grove how graceful, how plainly 'tis speaking

C F G7 C
The harp through its playing has language for me.

C Am Dm G7
When-ever the light through its branches is breaking,

C F G C
A host of kind faces is gazing on me.

C Dm G C
The friends from my childhood again are before me

Am Dm G D7 G
Each step wakes a memory as freely I roam.

C Am Dm G7
With soft whispers laden the leaves rustle o'er me

C F G7 C
The ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home.

C Am Dm G7
Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander

C F G7 C
When twilight is fading I pensively rove

C Am Dm G7
Or at the bright noon tide in solitude wander

C F G C
Amid the dark shades of the lonely ash grove.

C Dm G C
'Twas there while the black bird was cheerfully singing

Am Dm G D7 G
I first met that dear one the joy of my heart

C Am Dm G7
Around us for gladness the blue bells were ringing

C F G7 C

But then little thought I how soon we should part.

C Am Dm G7
My lips smile no more, my heart loses lightness;

C F G7 C
No dream of the future my spirit can cheer.

C Am Dm G7
I only can brood on the past and its brightness

C F G C
The dear ones I long for again gather here.

C Dm G C
From ev'ry dark nook they press forward to meet me;

Am Dm G D7 G
I lift up my eyes to the broad leafy dome,

C Am Dm G7
And others are there, looking downward to greet me

C F G7 C
The ash grove, the ash grove, again is my home.

Camp Wightman Song

(Tune: Ashgrove) Paul Libby 1960

C Am Dm G7
Apart from loud cities and out in the wildwood
C F G7 C
There is a blest campsite so dear to our hearts.
C Am Dm G7
Where campers and leaders are joined in the Christhood
C F G C
By actions to worship the God of their hearts.
Dm G C
Up out of the waters Infinity towers
Am Dm G D7 G
And leaving the finite, it looks to the sky.
C Am Dm G7
Across the clear waters, in white laurel Bowers
C F G7 C
The chapel is linked by a spiritual tie.

C Am Dm G7
Fond memories golden the council Ring harbors
C F G7 C
Where campfires did brighten the night with their flame
C Am Dm G7
And singing did lighten our hearts with glad strains
C F G C
While friendships, long-lasting, cemented became.
C Dm G C
We through woods go hiking on trails intertwining
Am Dm G D7 G
And when we are touched by the sorrowful thought
C Am Dm G7
We soon must be leaving, those trails are reminding
C F G7 C
That tho our paths differ, they'll be severed not.

C Am Dm G7
The nature around us of God to us speaking
C F G7 C
Does show us God's way and God's purpose for us
C Am Dm G7
So finding our mission, no longer we're seeking.
C F G C
We know God's example; we follow His plan
C Dm G C
So onward we'll travel but always remember
Am Dm G D G
The lessons we learned there, wherever we roam
C Am Dm G7
'Till under its arbors again we are gathered
C F G7 C
Camp Wightman, Camp Wightman our dear summer home!