Across the Great Divide
by Kate Wolf (1980)


(sing d)
I’ve been walk-ing— in my sleep— countin’ trou-bles— ‘stead of countin’ sheep—
Where the years went— I can’t say— I just turned a-round and they’ve gone a-way—
And I’ve been sift-in’— through the lay—ers— of dusty books— and faded papers—
They tell a story— I used to know— it was one that happened— so long a-go—

Chorus: It’s gone a-way— in yester-day—
. . | Em . . . . . . | C . . .
And I find myself on the mountain-side—
| G . . | Em . . | C \ D | G . .
Where the rivers change di-rection— a-cross the Great Di-vide—
Well I heard— the owl callin’— softly as— the night was fallin’—
With a question— and I re-plied— but he’s gone— a-cross the border-line—

Chorus: He’s gone a-way— in yester-day—
. . | Em . . . . . . | C . . .
And I find myself on the mountain-side—
| G . . | Em . . | C \ D | G . .
Where the rivers change di-rection— a-cross the Great Di-vide—


The finest ho-our— that I have seen— is the one— that comes be-tween—
The edge of night— and the break of day— when the dark-ness rolls a-way—
Chorus: It’s gone a-way—— in yester-day——

And I find myself on the mountain-side——

Where the rivers change di-rection— a-cross the Great Di-vide——

It’s gone a-way—— in yester-day——

And I find myself on the mountain-side——

Where the rivers change di-rection— a-cross the Great Di-vide——

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v1c - 4/2/20)