

# Across The Great Divide

Kate Wolf/Nanci Griffith

metronome ~88

<sup>A</sup> I've been walking <sup>D</sup> in my <sup>A</sup> sleep  
<sup>F#m</sup> Counting troubles 'stead of counting <sup>D</sup> sheep  
<sup>A</sup> Where the years went I can't <sup>F#m</sup> say  
<sup>D</sup> I just turned and they've <sup>E7</sup> gone <sup>A</sup> away

<sup>A</sup> I've been sifting <sup>D</sup> through the <sup>A</sup> layers  
<sup>F#m</sup> Of dusty books and faded <sup>D</sup> papers  
<sup>A</sup> They tell a story I used to <sup>F#m</sup> know  
<sup>D</sup> It was one that happened <sup>E7</sup> long <sup>A</sup> ago

## Chorus:

<sup>A</sup> It's gone away in <sup>D</sup> yesterday  
<sup>F#m</sup> Now I find myself on the <sup>D</sup> mountainside  
<sup>A</sup> Where the rivers <sup>D</sup> change <sup>A</sup> direction  
<sup>D</sup> Across the <sup>E7</sup> Great <sup>A</sup> Divide

<sup>A</sup> Now, I heard the owl a-callin'  
<sup>F#m</sup> Softly as the night was <sup>D</sup> fallin'  
<sup>A</sup> With a question and I <sup>F#m</sup> replied  
<sup>D</sup> But he's gone <sup>E7</sup> across the <sup>A</sup> borderline

## Chorus

<sup>A</sup> The finest hour that I have <sup>D</sup> seen  
<sup>F#m</sup> Is the one that comes <sup>D</sup> between  
<sup>A</sup> The edge of night and the <sup>F#m</sup> break of day  
<sup>D</sup> It's when the darkness <sup>E7</sup> rolls <sup>A</sup> away

## Chorus Twice