

Staff Scribe Musical Notation Transcription: Example 3

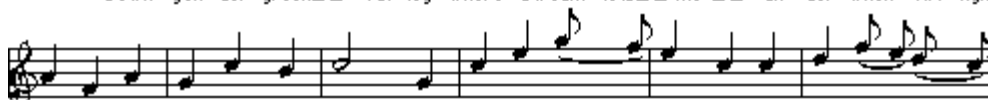
Original Document requiring transcription.

Transcribed twice: 1 time for one instrument, or voice; 2nd time for two hands, or voice and instrument.

The Ashgrove



Down yon-der green__ val-ley where stream-lets__ me__ an- der 'When twi- light__ is__



fa- ding I pen- sive- ly roam. Or at the bright__ noon- tide in sol- i- tude__



wan- der, A- midst the__ dark__ shades of the lone- ly ash- grove. 'Twas__



there where__ the__ black- birds were cheer- ful__ ly__ sing- ing I first met__ my__



dear one, the joy of my heart. A- round us, for__ glad- ness, the blue- bells__ were__



ring- ing. Ah then, lit__ tle__ thought I how soon we would part

The Ash Grove

page 2 of 4

Traditional Welsh Song

Arranged by Colleen Kobe

Andante (♩ = 90)

Dolce

1 The ash grove, how grace_ful, how plain_ly__'tis__ speak_ing, The wind through it

7 play_ing has lang_uage for me. When-ev__er the_ light through its branch_es is__

13 break_ing, A host of__kind fa_ces is ga_zing on me. The__ friends of_ my__

19 child_hood a__ gain are__be__ fore me, Each step wakes a__ mem_ry as free_ly I

25 roam. With soft whis_pers la_den, its leaves rust_tle o'er me, The ash grove the

31 ash grove a- lone is my home.

I created the above score using the score on page "Original" as a guide. It is a simple transcription that a one-note instrument could play, or a voice could sing. But I decided to see what I could do to make the piece more complex. So I created a two-handed version. See the next page.

Colleen Kobe
Aurora, Illinois

cmk@colleenkobestudios.com; (630) 701-2282
Staff Scribe Example 3--The Ash Grove.vsd: Staff Scribe--1st Pass

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The Ash Grove

Andante (♩ = 90)

Traditional Welsh Song

Arranged by Colleen Kobe

Dolce

1 2 3 3 2 1 2 3 4 5 4 2 1 2 3 4 3 2 1

5 1 3 1 3 4 1 2 1 2 5 1 3 1 3 5 1

The

ash grove, how grace_ful, how plain_ly 'tis speak_ing, The wind through It
ev_er the light through its branch_es 'tis is break_ing, A host of kind
Soft whis_pers la_den, its leaves rust_tle o'er me, The ash grove the

11 3 1 3 2 To Coda 1.4 1 2.4 1 2 3 1 2 3 4

play_ing has lang_uage for me. When- me. The friends of my
fa_ces is ga_zing on my me. The friends of my
Ash grove lone is my

16 2. 3 2 1 3 1 2 3 4 3 2 1 3 1 2 3 4 3 2 1

child_hood a gain are be fore me, Each step wakes a mem_ry as

21

2. 5 4 5 DS al Coda

free ly I roam. With

ho me.

Verse 2:

My lips smile no more, my heart loses its lightness
 No dream of my future my spirit can cheer;
 I only can brood on the past and its brightness,
 The dead I have mourned are again living here.
 From ev'ry dark nook they press forward to meet me;
 I lift up my eyes to the broad leafy dome,
 And others are there looking downward to greet me;
 The ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home.