

The Ash Grove



Down yon - der green_ val - ley where stream-lets_ me - an - der,
Or at the bright_ noon-tide in sol - it - ude_ wan - der

When twi - light_ is_ fad - ing I pen - sive - ly rove;
A - mid the_ dark_ shades of the lone - ly Ash Grove.

'Twas_ there while_ the_ black-bird was cheer-ful - ly_ sing - ing

I first met_ that_ 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 should part.

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,
When twilight is fading I pensively rove;
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander
Amid the dark shades of the lonely Ash Grove.
'Twas there while the blackbird was cheerfully singing
I first met that dear one, the joy of my heart;
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing;
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.

Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,
Still warbles the blackbird its note from the tree;
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain,
But what are the beauties of nature to me?
With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden.
All day I go mourning in search of my love;
Ye echoes! oh tell me, where is the sweet maiden?
"She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash Grove."