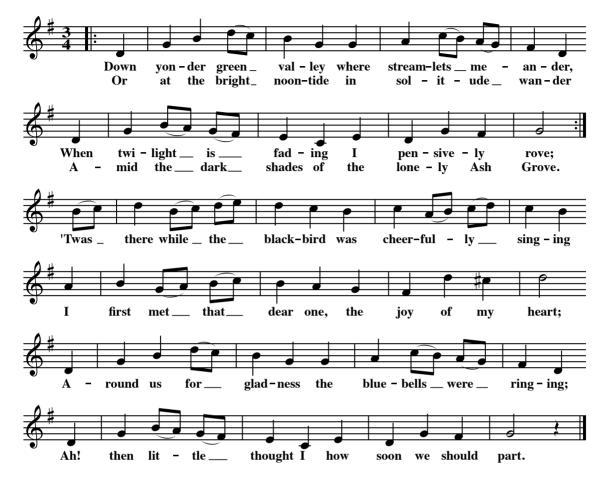
The Ash Grove



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."