

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.



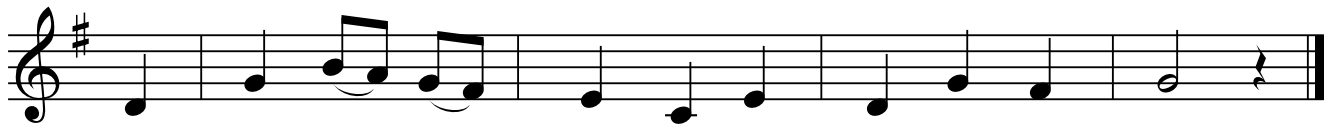
'Twas there while the black-bird was cheer-ful - ly sing - ing



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."