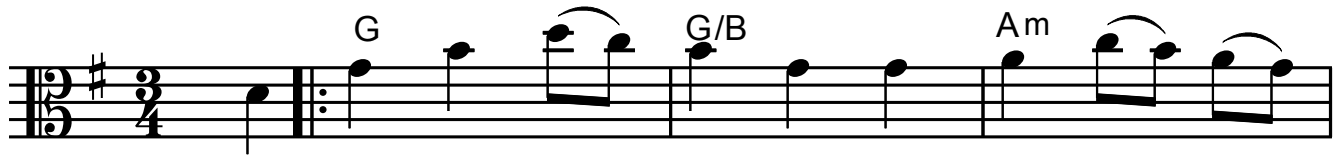


The Ash Grove

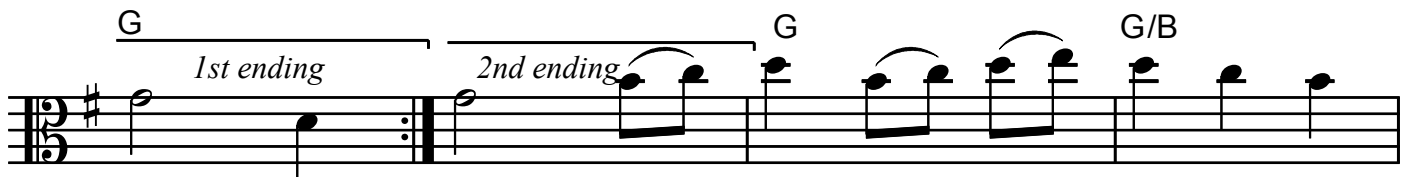
Welsh traditional



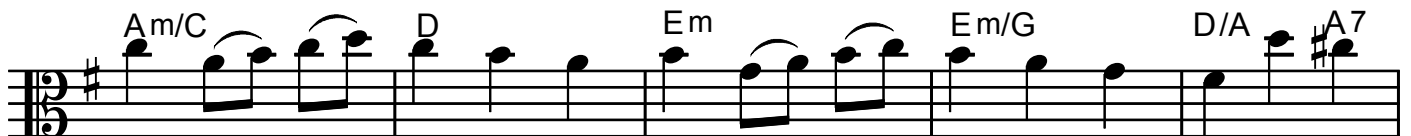
Down yon - der green val - ley where stream - lets me -
at the bright noon - tide in sol - i - tude



an - der, When twi - light is fad - ing, I pen - sive - ly
wan - der, A - mid the dark shades of the lone - ly ash

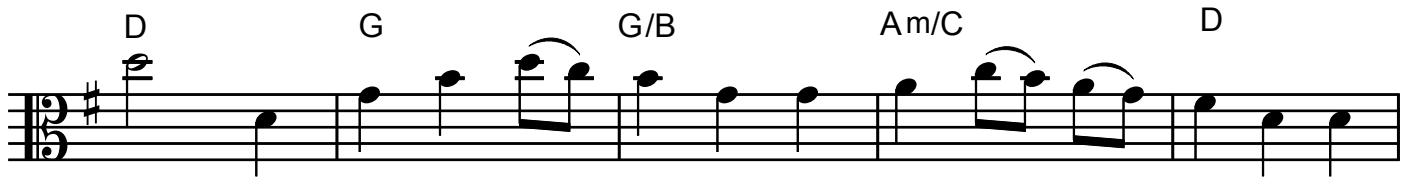


rove. Or grove. 'Twas there while the black - bird was



cheer - ful - ly sing - ing, I first met my dear one, the joy of my

The Ash Grove



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 roam
 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 springing
 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"