

# 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! but 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.

