

## The Ash Grove

A man visits the graveyard where his lost love lies buried.

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 it's 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"