

The Ash Grove (Llwyn On)

Wales

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Down yon - der green val - ley, where stream-lets me - an - der, when
twi - light is fad - ing, I pen - sive - ly rove, or
at the bright moon - tide in so - li - tude wand - er a -
midst the dark shades of the lone - ly Ash Grove. 'Twas
there while the black - bird was cheer - ful - ly sing - ing, I
first met the 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 doon 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."