The Ash Grove
unknown

Down yon-der green val-ley where streamlets me-

Still glows the bright sun-shine o'er val-ley and

an-der when twi-light is fad-ing I pen-siv-ly

mountain still war Bless the black bird its notes from the

rove, or at the bright moon tide in sol-i-tude

tree, still trem-ble the moon-beam on steam-let and

wan-der a-mid the dark shades of the lone-ly ash

foun-tain, but what are the beau-ties of na-ture to

grove. Twas there wh-il-e the black bird was cheer-ful-ly

me. With sor-row, deep sor-row, my bo-som is

sing-ing, I first met that dear, one the joy of my heart, A-
lad-er, all day I go mourn-ing in search of my love, Ye

round us for glad-ness, the blue bells were spring-ing Ah!
ech-oes Oh tell me, where is the sweet maid-en, She

lit-tle though I how soon we should part.
sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the ash groove.