

The Ash Grove

Traditional

Men: The ash grove, how graceful, how plainly 'tis speaking;
The harp through it playing has language for me,
When over its branches the sunlight is breaking,
A host of kind faces is gazing on me.

Women: The friends of my childhood again are before me;
Each step wakes a memory as freely I roam.
With soft whispers laden the leaves rustle o'er me;
The ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home.

<Next 4 lines optional piano instrumental - or Men>

Men: 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.

All: '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,
But then little thought I how soon we should part.

Men: My lips smile no more, my step loses its lightness;
Old countryside measures tread soft on my ear.

Women: I only remember the past and its brightness;
The dear ones I mourn for again gather near.

All: From out of the shadows their memories greet me;
And wistfully searching the broad leafy dome,
I find other faces fond bending to greet me;
The ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home.