

Sarah Brightman

"The Ash Grove"

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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 joyfully singing,
I first met my dear one, the joy of my heart;
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing,
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.

Still grows the bright sunshine o'er valley and
mountain,
Still warbles the blackbird his 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, O tell me, where is the sweet maiden?
She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash grove

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