

Roger Whittaker

"The Ash Grove"

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The ash grove, how graceful, how plainly tis speaking
The wind through it playing has language for me;
When o'er the light through it's branches is breaking,
A host of kind faces is gazing on me,
The friends of the childhood again are before me.
Fond memories waken as freely I roam.
With soft whispers laden it's leaves rustle o'er me,
The ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home.

My laughter is over, my step loses lightness,
Old countryside measures steal soft on my ears;
I only remember the past and it's brightness,
The dear ones I mourn for again gather here.
From out of the shadows their loving looks greet me,
And wistfully searching the leafy green dome,
I find other faces fond bending to greet me,
The ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home.

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