

The Ash Grove

Welsh Traditional

1st Verse

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.
Tis there where the blackbird is cheerfully singing,
Each warbler enchants with his notes from the tree;
Ah, then little think I of sorrow or sadness,
The Ash Grove entrancing spells beauty for me.

2nd Verse

The Ash Grove how graceful how plainly 'tis speaking.
The harp though its playing has language for me.
Whenever the light through its branches is breaking,
A host of kind faces is gazing at me.
The friends of my childhood again are before me,
Each step wakes a memory as freely I roam.
With soft whispers laden, its leaves rustle o're me.
The Ash Grove, the Ash Grove alone is my home.