The Ash Grove

Traditional Welsh Waltz

The ash grove, how grace-ful, how plain-ly 'tis spea-king. The
Down yon-der green mea-dow, where stream-lets mea-n-der, When
My lips smile no more, my heart loo-ses its light-ness, No
wind through it play-ing has lan-guage for me. When-e-ver the
twilight is fa-ding, I pen-sive-ly roam. Or at the bright-
dream of the fu-ture my spi-rit can cheer. I on-ly can-
light through its bran-ches is brea-king. A host of kind fa-ces is
noon-tide in sol-i-tude wan-der, A mid the dark shades of that
brood on the past and its brightness. The dear ones I long for a-
gazing at me. The friends from my child-hood a-
gain gath-er here. From e-v'ry dark nook they press
gain are be-fore me. Each step wakes a mem'ry as free-ly I
cheer-ful-ly sing-ing, I first met my dear one, the joy of my
for-ward to meet me; I lift up my eyes to the broad lea-fy
roam. With soft whi-spers la-den the leaves ru-stle o'er me. The
heart. A-round us for glad-ness the blue-bells were ring-ing, but
dome. And o-thers are there loo-king down-ward to greet me. The
ash grove, the ash grove a lone is my home.
then lit-tle thought I how soon we should part.
ash grove, the ash grove a gain is my home.