

# The Ash Grove

<https://riverofsong.uk/>



*Where love and the natural world come together.  
A Welsh traditional tune with words by Thomas Oliphant 1862.  
I remember this song with affection from my schooldays.  
Find in 'Singing Together' Summer 1951*

**Capo: 5th fret**



Down yon - der green — val - ley where stream - lets — me — an - der, When twi - light — is —

fa - ding, I pen - sive - ly rove; Or at the bright — noon - tide in sol - i - tude — wan - der A -

mid the — dark — shades of the lone - ly Ash Grove. 'Twas — there while — the — black - bird was

cheer - ful — - ly — sing - ing, I first met — my — dear one the joy of my heart! A - round us for —

glad - ness the blue - bells — were — ring - ing; Ah! then lit - tle — thought I how soon we should part.



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 cheerfully 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.