

# The Ash Grove

Alt-tenor-bas

Thomas Oliphant  
Arr: Gert Uttenthal Jensen

Down yon der green val - ley, where - stream lets mae - an - der When  
at the bright - noon tide, in sol - i - tude wan - der A -

twi light is fad ling, I pen - sive ly rove; Or Grove 'Twas there, while the  
mid the dark shades of the lone - ly Ash

-black bird was cheer - ful - ly sing - ing I first met that 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.

2. vers: Still glows the bright sunshine  
o'er valley and mountain,  
still warbles the blackbird it's 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! Oh tell me,  
where is the sweet maiden?  
"She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash Grove