## The Ash Grove

Thomas Oliphant Arr: Gert Uttenthal Jensen



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