

Soprano and Alto

The Ashgrove

Words by Thomas Oliphant

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 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 glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,
Still warbles the blackbird its 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, deep sorrow,
All day I go mourning in search of my love;
Ye echoes, oh, tell me, where sweet is the maiden?
She sleeps, 'neath the green turf down by the ash grove."