

# Sarah Brightman, The Ash Grove

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 joyfully 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.