

The Ash Grove

The ash grove how graceful, how plainly 'tis speaking
 The harp through its playing has language for me.
 When-ever the light through its branches is breaking,
 A host of kind faces is gazing on me.
 The friends from my childhood again are before me
 Each step wakes a memory as freely I roam.
 With soft whispers laden the leaves rustle o'er me
 The ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home.
 Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander
 When twilight is fading I pensively rove
 Or at the bright noon tide in solitude wander
 Amid the dark shades of the lonely ash grove.
 'Twas there while the black bird was cheerfully singing
 I first met that dear one the joy of my heart
 Around us for gladness the blue bells were ringing
 But then little thought I how soon we should part.
 My lips smile no more, my heart loses lightness;
 No dream of the future my spirit can cheer.
 I only can brood on the past and its brightness
 The dear ones I long for again gather here.
 From ev'ry dark nook they press forward to meet me;
 I lift up my eyes to the broad leafy dome,
 And others are there, looking downward to greet me
 The ash grove, the ash grove, again is my home.