

# THE ASH GROVE

Welsh Folk Song, *Llwyn Onn*

1. The ash grove, how graceful, how plainly 'tis speaking, The wind through it play-ing has  
 2. My laugh-ter is o - ver, my step los-es lightness, Old coun-try - side measures steal

language for me; When o-ver its branch-es the sun-light is break-ing, A host of kind  
 soft on my ear; I on-ly re - mem-ber the past and its bright-ness, The dear ones I

fac - es is gaz - ing on me; The friends of my child-hood a - gain are be -  
 mourn for a - gain gath-er here. From out of the shad - ows their lov - ing looks

Friends of\_\_  
 Out of the

fore me, Fond mem-o - ries wak - en, as free-ly I roam; With soft whis-pers  
 greet me, And wist-ful - ly search-ing the leaf-y green dome, I find oth - er

With\_\_  
 I\_\_

laden its leaves rus-tle o'er me, The ash grove, the ash grove that shel-tered my home.  
 fac-es fond bend-ing to greet me, The ash grove, the ash grove a - lone is my home.