

The Ashgrove

Blackmore's Night

The ash grove, how graceful, how plainly 'tis speaking
The harp wind through it playing has language for me
Whenever the light through its branches is breaking
A host of kind faces is gazing on me

The friends of my childhood again are before me
Each step wakes a memory as freely I roam
With soft whispers laden its leaves rustle o'er me
The ash grove, the ash grove again is my home

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander
When twilight is fading I pensively rove
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander
And 'neath the dark shades of the lonely ash grove

'twas there where the blackbird was cheerfully singing
I first met that dear one, the joy of my heart
Around us for gladness the bluebells were springing
The ash grove, the ash grove that sheltered my home

The ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home