

The Ash Grove

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The ash grove, how graceful, how plainly 'tis speaking
The harp 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 alone is my home.

My lips smile no more, my heart loses its lightness,
No dream of the future my spirits can cheer.
I only can brood on the past and its brightness.
The dead I have mourned are again living here.
From every 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 alone is my home.