

The Ash Grove

Benjamin Britten

♩ = 110

Down yon-der green val-ley where stream lets me - an-der, When twi light is fa-ding, I pen-sive-ly

9
rove. Or at the bright noon-tide in so - li - tude wan-der, A - mid the dark shades of the lone-ly Ash

17
grove. 'Twas there while the black - bird was joy - ful - ly

21
sing - ing, I first met my dear one, the joy of my heart.