

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 grove. 'Twas

18



there while the black- bird was joy- ful - ly sing- ing, I first met my dear one, the joy of my heart.