

## The Ash Grove

Benjamin Britten

♩ = 110

9  
Down yon-der green val-ley where stream lets me - an-der, When twi light is... fa-ding, I pen-sive-ly

18  
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

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