



The ash grove, how graceful, how plainly to 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 spirit 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.