

The Ash Grove (Benjamin Britten – Welsh Folksong)

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,
[daʊn 'jɒndə gri:n 'væli weə 'stri:mɪts mɪ'ændə]

when twilight is fading, I pensively rove,
wɛn 'twɔɪlət ɪz 'feɪdɪŋ aɪ 'pɛnsɪvli rəʊv

Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander
ɔ:r_æt ðə braɪt 'nu:ntaɪd ɪn 'solɪtju:d 'wəndə

amid the dark shades of the lonely Ash Grove.
ʌ'mɪd ðə da:k ʃeɪdz ɒv ðə 'ləʊnlɪ æʃ groʊv

'Twas there while the blackbird was joyfully singing,
twəz ðeə waił ðə 'blæk'bɜ:d wəz 'dʒɔɪfʊli 'sɪŋɪŋ

I first met my dear one, the joy of my heart;
aɪ fɜ:st met mai dɪə wʌn ðə dʒɔɪ ɒv mai ha:t

around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing,
ʌ'rəʊnd ʌs fo: 'glædnɪs ðə 'blu:bɛlz wɜ: 'rɪŋɪŋ

ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.
a: ðen 'lɪtlə θo:t aɪ hau su:n wi: fəd pə:t

Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,
stɪł gloʊz ðə braɪt 'sʌnʃain ə: 'væli ænd 'maʊntɪn

still warbles the blackbird his note from the tree;
stɪł 'wɔ:bɛlz ðə 'blæk'bɜ:d hɪz nəut frəm ðə tri:

still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain,
stɪł 'trɛmbləz ðə 'mu:nbi:m ɒn 'stri:mɪt ænd 'faʊntɪn

but what are the beauties of nature to me.
bʌt wɒt a: ðə 'bju:tiz ɒv 'neɪtʃə tu: mi:

With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,
wɪθ 'sɒrou̯ di:p 'sɒrou̯ mai 'bu:zəm ɪz 'leɪdən

all day I go mourning in search of my love.
ɔ:l deɪ aɪ goʊ̯ 'mɔ:nɪŋ ɪn sɜ:ʃ ɒv mai lʌv



Ye echoes, oh, tell me, where is the sweet maiden?

ji: 'ekouz ou tel mi: weər_iz ðə swi:t 'meɪdən

She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash Grove.

ʃi: sli:ps ni:θ ðə grɪ:n tɜ:f daʊn bəi ði æʃ groʊv]