

Ashokan Farwell

by Jay Ungar



The sun is sin- king low in the sky a- bove A- sho- kan, The pines and the



wil- lows know soon we will part, There's a whis- per in the wind of pro- mi- ses un-



spo- ken And'a love that will al- ways re- main in my heart. My thoughts will re- turn to the



sound of your laugh- ter, The ma- gic of dan- cing, mo- ving as one, And a time we'll re-



mem- er long e- ver af- ter The moon- light and mu- sic and dan- cing are done