

North Country Maid

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A north country maid up to London has strayed
 All though with her nature it did not agree
 And she's wept and she's sighed
 And she's wrung her hands and cried,
 Oh I wish once again in the north I could be.

Chorus:
 For the oak and the ash,
 And the bonny ivy tree
 All flourish and bloom
 In my north country.

How sadly I roamed and lament my dear home,
 Where lads and lasses are making the hay
 Where the bells they do ring
 And the little birds do sing,
 And the maidens and meadows are pleasant and gay.

No doubt if I please, I could marry with ease
 For where bonnie lasses are, lovers will come
 But the lad that I wed,
 Must be North country bred,
 And must carry me back to my North country home.