A North Country Maid

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1. 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.

2. 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.

3. 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.

recorded by Deller Consort, also Watersons
DC