

Lesley Garrett

"A North Country Lass"

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A north country lass up to London did pass
Although with her nature it did not agree,
She wept and she sighed, and bitterly she cried:
'I wish once again in the north I could be.'

Oh the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country.

Farewell to my daddy and farewell to my mammy
Till I see you again I nothing but mourn,
I'll think of my brothers, my sisters and the others,
In less than a year I hope to return.

Oh the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country.

But if I do please, I'll be married with ease,
I'll find me a husband, to keep me from harm,
But the lad that I wed must be north country bred
Then he'll carry me back to my north country home.

Oh the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country.

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