


The Oak and the Ash

Trad (1650)




A north - coun - try maid up to Lon - don had strayed Al -
while sad - ly I roam I re - gret my dear home, where
No doubt, did I please, I could mar - ry with ease, where

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though with her na - ture it did not a - gree, She wept and she sighed, and
lads and young las - ses are ma - king the hay, The bells they do ring, and the
mai - dens are fair ma - ny lo - vers will come, But he that I wed must be

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bit - ter - ly she cried, I wish once a - gain in the north I could be, Oh the
birds they do sing, The fields and the gar - dens are plea - sant and gay,
north coun - try bred, And car - ry me back to my north coun - try home.

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oak and the ash and the bon - ny i - vy tree, they flou - rish at home in my own coun - try.