

# The Oak and the Ash

(English folk song)

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1. A North County maid up to London had strayed,  
although with her nature it did not agree.  
She wept and she sighed and so 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.

2. While sadly I roam, I regret my dear home  
where young lads and young lasses are making the hay,  
the bells they do ring and the birds sweetly sing,  
the fields and the gardens are pleasant and gay,

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

3. No doubt, did I please, I could marry with ease,  
where maidens are fair, many lovers will come.  
But the one whom I wed must be North Country bred,  
and 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.