

North Country Maid

Marianne Faithfull

A North country maid up to London has strayed
Although with her nature it did not agree.
So she wept and she sighed and bitterly she cried,
"Oh, I wish once again in the North I could be."

For the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree
They all grow green in the North country.

While sadly I roam I regret my dear home,
Where the lads and young lasses are making the hay.
Where the birds sweetly sing, and the merry bells do ring
And the maidens and meadows are pleasant and gay.

For the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree
They all grow green in the North country.

No doubt if I please, I could marry with ease,
Where maidens are fair, many lovers will come.
But he that I wed must be North country bred
And carry me back to my own country.

For the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree
They all grow so green in the North country.