

The Oak and the Ash

A North Coun - trie lass up to
Lon - don did pass, Al - - though with her na - ture it
did not a-gree, Which made her re - pent and so
of - - ten la - ment, Still ___ wish - ing a - gain ___ in the
North for to be. O the oak and the ash and the
bon-ny row-an tree Do ___ flour - ish at home ___ in the
North Coun - trie

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Oak and the Ash'. It consists of seven staves of music in a 4/4 time signature, with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of three flats, and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: 'A North Coun - trie lass up to'. The second staff continues: 'Lon - don did pass, Al - - though with her na - ture it'. The third staff: 'did not a-gree, Which made her re - pent and so'. The fourth staff: 'of - - ten la - ment, Still ___ wish - ing a - gain ___ in the'. The fifth staff: 'North for to be. O the oak and the ash and the'. The sixth staff: 'bon-ny row-an tree Do ___ flour - ish at home ___ in the'. The seventh staff: 'North Coun - trie'. The music ends with a double bar line.

A North Countrie lass up to London did pass
Although with her nature it did not agree,
Which made her repent and so often lament
Still wishing again in the North for to be
O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny rowan tree
Do flourish at home in the North Countrie

Fain would I be in the North Countrie
Where the lads and the lasses are making of hay;
There should I see what is pleasant to me
A mischief on them that enticed me away
O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny rowan tree
Do flourish most bravely in our countrie.

Since I came forth of the pleasant North
There's nothing delightful I see doth abound;
They never can be half so merry as we
When we are a-dancing of Sellinger's Round.
O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny rowan tree
Do flourish at home in our own countrie.

But still I percieve I a husband might have
If I to the city my mind could but frame;
But I'll have a lad that is North Countrie bred
Or else I'll not marry, in the mind that I am.
O the oak, and the ash, and the bonny rowan tree
Do flourish most bravely in our countrie.