

# Goddesses

## The Northern Lasse's Lamentation

Music from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Lyrics by Martin Parker

*Gm Gm F Gm*

A North-Coun-try Lass up to Lon - don did pass, Al - though with her na - ture it did not a-gree, Which  
Fain would I be in the North Coun - try, Where the ladds and the lass - es are mak - ing of hay, There  
Since that I came forth of the plea - sant North, Ther's no - thing de-light - ful I see doth a-bound, They  
A maid - en I am, and a maid I'e re-main, Un-til my own Coun-trey a - gain I do see; For

*D*

made her re - pent and so oft - en la-ment, Still wish - ing a - gain in the North for to be.  
should I see what is plea - sant to me A mis - chief light on them hath in - tic'd me a - way.  
nev - er can be half so mer - ry as we, When we are a dan - cing of Sel - lin - ger's round.  
here in this place I shall ne'r see the face Of him that's al - lot - ted my Love for to be.

*Gm Bb F Gm F Gm*

O the Oak, the Ash, and the bon-ny I - vy Tree, Doth flou - rish at home in my own Coun - try.