

Heather Alexander, The Hexhamshire Lass

Away with the buff and the blue, and away with the cap and feather
I want to see my lass who lives in Hexhamshire.

Over the Sabie Syke and over the moss and the mire
I want to see my lass who lives in Hexhamshire

Her father loves her well, and her mother loves her better
I love the lass mesel' but, man, I cannot get her.

Over the Sabie Syke and over the moss and the mire
I want to see my lass who lives in Hexhamshire

If only I could be lying there beside her
While I must bide here, my arms will be denied her.

Over the Sabie Syke and over the moss and the mire
I want to see my lass who lives in Hexhamshire

Of this love of mine, of this love I am weary
Sleep I can't get none for thinking of my dearie

Over the Sabie Syke and over the moss and the mire
I want to see my lass who lives in Hexhamshire

My heart is like to break, and my bosom is on fire
So well I love that lass who lives in Hexhamshire

Her skin is soft as silk and her hair is fine as silver
Her breasts are deep and cool, they'll warm when I get near her

Over the Sabie Syke and over the moss and the mire
I want to see my lass who lives in Hexhamshire

Away with the parson's shilling and away with the cap and feather
I want to see my lass who lives in Hexhamshire

Over the Sabie Syke and over the moss and the mire
I want to see my lass who lives in Hexhamshire