

The Hexhamshire Lass

$\text{♩} = 92$



Hey for the buff and the blue — Hey for the cap and the feath-er



Hey for the bon-ny lass — true That — lives in — Hex-ham - shire —



Through by the Sai - by — Syke — An o - ver the moss and the mire —



I'll go to see my — lass, Who — lives in — Hex-ham - shire

Hey for the buff and the blue
Hey for the cap and the feather
Hey for the bonny lass true
That lives in Hexhamshire

Through by the Saiby Syke
An over the moss and the mire
I'll go to see my lass,
Who lives in Hexhamshire

Her faither lov'd her well
Her mother lov'd her better;
I love the lass mysel',
But alas! I cannot get her.

Oh, this love, this love;
Of this love I'm weary!
Sleep, I can get none
For thinking on my deary!

My heart is like to break,
My bosom is on fire,
So well I love the lass
That lives in Hexhamshire.

Her petticoat is silk
And plaited round with siller,
Her shoes are tied with tape
She'll wait till I go till her.

Were I where I would be
I would be beside her
But here a while I must be
Whatever may betide her.

Hey for the thick and the thin
Hey for the mud and the mire
And hey for the bonny lass
That lives in Hexhamshire.