

## The Hexhamshire Lass

Fairport Convention

Away with the buff and the blue  
And away with the cap and feather  
I want to see my lass who lives in Hexhamshire  
Off with the . . . and over the moss and the mire  
I want to see my lass who lives in Hexhamshire  
Her father loves her well, her mother loves her dearer  
I love them better than them both but, man, I can't get near her  
Off with the . . . and over the moss and the mire  
I want to see my lass who lives in Hexhamshire  
If only I could be lying there aside her  
While I must bide here, my arms'll be denied her  
Off with the . . . and over the moss and the mire  
I want to see my lass who lives in Hexhamshire  
Her skin is like the silk and her hair is like the silver  
Her breasts are deep and cool, they'll warm when I get near her  
Off with the . . . and over the moss and the mire  
I want to see my lass who lives in Hexhamshire  
Ah, this love of mine, oh, this love, I am weary  
Sleep I can't get none for thinking of my dearie  
Off with the . . . and over the moss and the mire  
I want to see my lass who lives in Hexhamshire  
Away with the ?gilded? shield and away with the cap and feather  
I want to see my lass who lives in Hexhamshire  
Away with the buff and the blue  
Away with the cap and feather  
I want to see my lass who lives in Hexhamshire  
Off with the . . . and over the moss and the mire  
I want to see my lass who lives in Hexhamshire