The Hexhamshire Lass

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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

Recorded by Fairport Convention on Nine
JY