

The Lancashire Lass - song lyrics

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THE LANCASHIRE LASS.

You may talk of young girls, but none can surpass
My dear little charmer who came from Old-ham:
Fresh and as sweet as the newly mown grass,
Is my little Polly, the Lancashire Lass;
She's eyes so blue, and teeth so white,
Her hair is brown, her step is light,
Her ankle is a perfect mite,
My beautiful Lancashire Lass.

Chorus.

My Lancashire Lass, sure, none can surpass
My Lancashire Lass for style and beauty,
My Lancashire Lass, come, till up your glass
And drink to the Lancashire Lass.

The way that I won her is strange, you will say,
'Twas one afternoon that I went to Bellevue,
A young friend of mine was there for the day,
And took little Polly for whom he'd to pay;
When first we met, I soon could see
That with his chance 'twas all U. P.,
And so I asked her if she'd have me.
This beautiful Lancashire Lass. - Chorus.

She said "she'd be mine " and swore to be true;
We've since been like doves, billing and cooing!
We never fall out as some lovers do,
And she has some money, betwixt me and you;
She bought me this watch which now I wear,
If she don't mind, well I don't care!
She says " that her fortune I shall share,"
My beautiful Lancashire Lass.-Chorus.

She published the banns, we're going to be wed,
I leave those matters for her to settle.
To-morrow, for time so quickly has fled,
The Lancashire Lass to the church will be led;
I need not work whilst there's a purse,
To the idea I'm not averse.
And perhaps one-day. I may have to nurse
A Sweet little Lancashire Lass.-Chorus.