

ALEC - Cushie Butterfield

Words by George Ridley - Tune - "Pretty Polly Perkins"

Intro / Break

C F G7 C G7

Verse

C C G7 C
G7 G7 D7 G7
C C D7 G7
C F G7 C C G7

CHORUS

C C D7 G7
C F G7 C

- 1 **Aa's a brocken hearted keel** man and Aa's ower heed in luv,
Wiv a young lass in Gyetsid and Aa caall hor me duv.
Hor nyem's Cushie Butterfield and she sells yalla clay,
And her cousin is a muckman and they caall him Tom Gray.

CHORUS

*She's a big lass an'a bonnie lass an'she likes hor beer
An'they caall hor Cushie Butterfield an'aa wish she was heor.*

- 2 **Hor eyes is like two** holes, in a blanket bornt throo
An' hor broos iv a mornin' wad spyen a yung coo,
An' when Aa heer hor shootin', "Will ye buy ony clay?"
Like a candyman's trumpet, it steals me young heart away.

CHORUS...

- 3 **Ye'll oft see hor doon** at Sangit when the fresh harrin cums in.
She's like a bagfull o' saadust tied roond wiv a string.
She weers big galoshes tee, an' hor stockins once was white,
An' hor bedgoon it's laelock, an' hor hat's nivver strite.

CHORUS

- 4 **When Aa asked hor te** marry us, she started te laff;
"Noo, nyen o' yor munkey tricks, for Aa like nee sic chaff":
Then she started a' bubblin' an' roared like a bull.
An'the cheps on the Keel ses Aa's nowt but a fyeul.

CHORUS

- 5 **She ses the chep 'et** gets us 'ill heh te work ivvery day.
An'when he comes hyem at neets he'll heh te gan an' seek clay;
An'when he's away seekin't Aa'll myek baals an'sing
O weel may the keel row that ma laddie's in.

CHORUS