ALEC - Yearning



Yearning fills maa lonely hairt, trimblin'is ma hand,
Thinkin' of maa place of borth, In Northumberland.
Aa hev waandered far and lang, riches were ma aim,
But aa've lost the fame they bowt, aall aa hev's ma name.

BREAK

Mem'ry sees maa bairnish feet lowp the tiny born
Where the deep reed bracken paints the hill at 'arly morn,
Where the stark and lofty crag breests the settin' sun,
These scenes will bide wi' me till maa race is run.

BREAK

INSTRUMENTAL BREAK

When the corlew's pipin'call in fancy aa can hear.

And larks in theor haall of blue woo the Summer air,

When the thrush distorbs the hush of daydreams with his sang,

Langin' fills ma hairt anew for hyem where aa belang.

BREAK

O cud aa but weave a spell, wave a magic waand,
Just to come agyen to dwell in Northumberland,
Nivor mare wi'wayward steps will aa dull the gem,
For Northumberland's the star in Nature's diadem.