**HEXHAM TAN:**

A lady fair lives on the hill

I would dearly hold her hand

But the only way I ever will

Is when she wears the Hexham Tans

She favours me with pretty smiles

As she passes by each day

I’ll have her token by and by

And I’ll marry her some day

Oh me, oh my

She is her father’s pride and joy

Her mother’s only child

Oh me, oh my

They’ll never let her wed

A wild and sorry glover boy

So I’ll leave this place until the day

I can meet her on the hill

With a fortune in my pocket

Leave the glovers toiling still

What will the lady do for gloves

And will she wear them still

When she learns that I have gone for love

And to meet her on the hill?

Oh me, oh my

She is her father’s pride and joy

Her mother’s only child

Oh me, oh my

They’ll never let her wed

A wild and sorry glover boy