

# Sting, Cushie Butterfield

I'm a broken-hearted keelman  
and I'm o'er head in love  
With a young lass from Gyetsid  
And I call 'er my dove

Her name's Cushie Butterfield  
And she sells yellow clay  
And 'er cousins a muckman  
And they call him Tom Gray

## CHORUS

She's a big lass  
She's a bonny lass  
And she likes her beer  
And I call her Cushie Butterfield  
And I wish she was here

Her eyes is like two holes  
In a blanket burnt through  
And her breath in the mornin'  
Would scare a young coo

She wears big galoshes  
And her stockings once was white  
And her bed gown it's lilac  
And her hat's never straight

## CHORUS

Cushie Butterfield

Aa's a broken haired keel man and Aa's ower heed in luv  
Wiv a young lass in Gyetsid an Aa caal hor me duv  
Hor nyem's Cushie Butterfield and she sells Yalla clay  
And her cousin is a muckman and they caall im 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 war heor

Her eyes are like two holes in a blanket bornt throo,  
An' her brows in a mornin wad spyen a young coo;  
An' when aw heer her shootin &quot; will ye buy ony clay,&quot;  
Like a candy man's trumpet, it steels ma young hart away.

Ye'll oft see hor doon at Sangit when the fresh harrin cims 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, but hor hat's nivver strite.

Chorus

Whan Aa axed hor te marry us, she started te laff;  
&quot;Noo, nyen o'yor munkey tricks, for Aa like nee such chaff&quot;  
Then she started a' blubblin' an' roared like a bull,  
An' the cheps on the Keel ses As's nowt but a fyeul.

Chorus

She sez &quot;The chep that gets me'll heh to work ivry day,  
An when he cums hyem at neets hell heh te gan an' seek clay;  
An' when he's away seekin't aal myek balls an' sing'  
Weel may the keel row that my laddies in !&quot;

Chorus

Noo, aw heer she hes anuther chep, an' he hews at Shipcote'  
If aw thowt she wad deceive me, ah'd sure cut me throat;  
Aal doon the river sailin, ansing "Aam afloat,"  
Biddin addo te Cushy Butterfield an the chep at Shipcote.

Chorus