

Fareweel Regality

Words & tune Terry Conway, **arranged by** Carolyn Robson

1. And now it's time to say fareweel,
And though I hope that we may meet again
And all things may be reet again,
We've lived and spent the day

Chorus

*And so we'll cry fareweel regality,
And cry fareweel the liberty,
To honest friends' civility,
To winter's frost and fire.
And there's naught that I can bid you
But that peace and love gan with you.
Never mind wherever call the fates
A way from Hexhamshire.*

2. And what is time that flies so fleet
But just a bird that flies on merry wings
And lights us doon in happy spring
When winter's neet is past.
3. Aye but the curlew sings her sang
And winds her sorrows doon the Rowley Burn
And drear as winds the hunter's horn
The call is all farewell.
4. And as I set the mossy stones
And do me bits of jobs and gap the dykes
I hear the whisper doon the sykes
Farewell they sigh, farewell.
5. Do I remember? Do I dream?
And did we rightly meet in Viewly Side?
For all this and much more beside
Has got me sore beguiled.
6. But on some golden autumn morn
Or when July is hazing Dipton Slopes
By Whitley Mill or Westburnhope
We'll live and spend the day.

'syke' is Middle English (northern dialect) for a small stream