Copshawholme Fair

Bellowhead

a Friday it fell in the month of April
On a hill came the sun with a blythe sunny smile
And the folks were a thronging the roads everywhere
Making haste to be in at Copshawholme Fair

I've seen them coming in over mountain and glen
Both rosy faced lasses and strapping young men
With a joy in their hearts and unburdened of care
They'll be meeting old friends at Copshawholme Fair

There's lads for the lasses, there's toys for the bairns
There are fiddlers and tumblers and folks with no arms
There's a balancer here and a fiddler there
And a nut man and spice man at Copshawhome Fair

Oh but now about the hiring if you want to hear tell
You should ken it as far as I've seen it mysel'
What wages they adle it's ill to declare
The muckle they vary at Copshawholme Fair

Justielle I have seen, she's a strapping young queen
And he asked what her age was and where she had been
What work she'd been doing – how long she'd been there
What wages she wanted at Copshawholme Fair

Just then the big lass stood a wee while in gloom
Then she turned and she scraped with her feet on the ground
Then she plucked up her heart and did stoutly declare
I'll have five pound and ten at Copshawholme Fair

He says but my lass that's a very big wage
Then he turned him about like he'd been in a rage
Said I'll give you five pound but I'll give you nae mair
But I think you will take it at Copshawholme Fair

He put his hand in his pocket, took a hold of bit wench
In case it might enter her hand for to flinch
But she grabbed at it muttering I should have had mair
But I think I shall take it at Copshawholme Fair

Now the hiring is over and off they all gang
In to the ballroom for to join in the thrang
And I never shall lie with my mammy nae mair
For the fiddlers play briskly at Copshawholne Fair

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