

## Barnet Fair

Steeleye Span

Once a year when the winter's calling  
Birds fly south and the leaves are falling down  
Just beyond the town, the meadow where a campfire's  
burning,  
wakes in the morning to the music of the big fairground

Coming from the East, coming from the West,  
All the gypsies are gathering  
Just another town on the road for the travelling man

Follow me, boys, won't you follow me to Barnet Fair?  
Follow on, children, won't you follow me to Barnet  
Fair?  
If I show you the way, will you come along today?  
Everyone you know will be there  
Follow me, boys, won't you follow me to Barnet Fair?

Leave the factory, leave the field  
Word is abroad that the fair arrives today  
Come on from the dusty loom and the rusty plough  
Join the procession, I can hear it come this way  
Come and see the juggler, come and see the fiddler,  
See the horses and the dancing bear  
Come and see the pretty lasses with the coloured  
ribbons in their hair

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See the magic lanterns and the bat and hoop-la  
Prizes for the twopenny shy  
"All the fun on the fair" you can hear the showmen cry

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