

Copshawholme Fair

Steeleye Span

on a fine eve'n fair in the month of avril
o'er the hill came the man with the blythe sunny smile
and the folks they were throngin' the roads everywhere
makin' haste to be in at copshawholme fair

i've seen 'em a-comin' in from the mountains and glens
those rosy-faced lasses and strappin' young men
with a joy in their heart and unburdened o' care
a'meetin' old friends at copshawholme fair

there are lads for the lasses, there's toys for the
bairns
there jugglers and tumblers and folks with no arms
there's a balancing act here and a fiddler there
there are nut-men and spice-men at copshawholme fair

there are peddlers and potters and gingerbread stands
there are peepshows and poppin-darts and the green
caravans
there's fruit from all nations exhibited there
with kale plants from orange at copshawholme fair

and now above all the hiring if you want to hear tell
you should ken it as afar i've seen it myself
what wages they adle it's ill to declare
the muckle they vary at copshawholme fair

just the gal i have seen she's a strapping young queen
he asked what her age was and where she had been
what work she'd been doin', how long she'd been there
what wages she wanted at copshawholme fair

just then the bit lass stood a wee while in gloom
and she blushed and she scraped with her feet on the
ground
then she plucked up her heart and did stoutly declare
well, a five pound and turn at copshawholme fair

says he, but me lass, that's a very big wage
then he'd turning about like he been in a rage
says, i'll give ye five pounds but i'll give ye nay
mare
well i think him and tuck it at copshawholme fair

he took out a shilling but to haul the bit wench
in case it might enter her head for to flinch
but she grabbed it muttering i should have had mare
but i think i will tuck it at copshawholme fair

now the hirin's o'er and off they all sprang
into the ballroom for to join in the throng
and "i never will lie with my mammy nae mair"
the fiddles play briskly at copshawholme fair

now this is the fashion they thus passed the day
till the night comin' on they all hurry away
and some are so sick that they'll never join more

with the fighting and dancing at copshawholme fair