

Spiers And Boden, Copshawholme Fair

On a Friday it fell in the month of April,
O'er the hill came the sun with a blithe 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 myself,
What wages they addle it's ill to declare,
The muckle they vary at Copshawholme Fair.

Justiellie 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 should enter her hand for to flinch
But she grabbed at it muttering, "I should have had mair
But I think I will take it at Copshawholme Fair".

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