

Spiers And Boden, Horn Fair

As I was a-walking one morning in Spring,
So soft blew the wind through the leaves growing green.
I spied a pretty fair maid all on a grey mare,
As she was a-riding on down to Horn Fair.

I asked this pretty fair maid for to let me ride,
"Oh no, oh no, for my mummy would sigh.
And besides my own daddy would beat me for sure,
And never let me ride on the grey mare no more."

"I can see by your looks you're for one game of play,
But you will not ride me nor my grey mare today.
You would crumple my muslin and uncurl my hair,
And I shouldn't be fit to be seen when I get to Horn Fair".

"Oh no, my pretty fair maid, how can you say so?
For it is my intention Horn Fair for to go.
We will join the best of company when we do get there,
With horns on our heads just as fine as our hair".

They were the finest of horns that you ever did behold,
The finest of horns, and all gilded with gold.
And so merrily, so merrily, to Horn Fair we did go,
Like jolly brisk couples and all in one row.