

# The Hiring Fair

## Fairport Convention

I went down to the hiring fair for to sell my labour,  
And I noticed a maid in the very next row and I hoped  
She'd be my neighbour.  
Imagine then my delight when the farmer picked us both.  
I spoke not a word in the cart to the farm, but my  
Heart beat in my throat.

My lodging was dry and my master fair and I gave him  
Full measure,  
But my envy grew like the corn in the field for in his  
House was my treasure,  
And I'd watch her carry water, or drive cows from the  
Byre,  
And the heat from the sun made the corn grow strong and  
With it my desire.

Well I'd see her in my dreaming and in my dreams caress  
Her eyes, her lips and her dark brown hair, the curves  
Beneath her dress.  
But harvest time it came at last, so heavy was the task  
That the women and the men worked side by side and I  
Had her near at last,

And I swung harder with my scythe, few words between us  
Passed,  
And I cursed my tongue-tied youthfulness and I hoped  
That she'd hear my heart.  
When all was safely gathered in and we sat down to rest  
My trembling fingers touched her arm, and she placed  
Them on her breast.

And then she turned to me as the sun went down and all  
My senses reeled,  
As we lay there on the scented ground and the moon rose  
Over the field.

She was safely gathered in my arms when from the barn  
Drifted the sound of a violin and we hurried back to  
The farm,  
And all were dancing in the lantern light and music  
Filled the air,  
And I thanked my stars for the harvest moon and the  
Girl from the hiring fair.

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