

# The Market Song

Faun

On a fine evening fair in the month of april  
O'er the hill came the sun with a 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.

Who ever joined our gathering and danced  
under the garlands green will never be the same again  
Now rest your head and stay a while and dwell with us the summe  
rs night  
and you'll never be the same again

There are lads for the lasses, there's toys for the bairns,  
There are jugglers and tumblers and folks with no arms,  
There's a ballad-singer 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 popping-darts and the green caravans,  
There's fruit from all nations exhibited there,  
With kale plants from Orange at Copshawholme Fair.

You came a long way, you travelled for so long.  
Now rest your head before the summers gone,  
Meet us in the sunny fields, meet us in the greenwood deep  
step in our faerie ring and you'll never be the same again.

When the hirin's o'er, off they all sprang  
Into the ballroom for to join in the throng,  
And 'I Never Vill Lie With My Mammy Nae Mair'  
The fiddles play briskly at Copshawholme Fair.