

Widcombe Fair

Show Of Hands

It was early dawn when we met out on the hillside
On our way to Widdecombe Fair
To drink ourselves dry make a big noise there
Six Devon lads with a younger boy

Whose mother had said "Promise me now you'll watch for
him.
He's never slept out of home before
And you know too well there'll be trouble in store"
I gave her my word and we crossed the moor

It was growing dark, we stopped at the inn, when we saw
her,
Fair-faced in the candle-light,
Such a fine sight with her long black hair
Young Billy stared and she stared right back

But the landlord said she's spoken for, he said leave
me here alone,
I'll meet you tomorrow , on your way back home,
At the cross-ways, at noon on the Whiddon Down Road
You go and I'll stay, you boys go and I'll stay

I said take my watch and my chain, we all hit the road
again
Four miles to the fairground, we had a fine time there
Next day came, we waited in the rain
At the crossroads, but the boy never came.

I said you go ahead, I returned to the inn
But the landlord said that the last thing seen was a
boy and a girl
Out on the moor that was all he knew , and he showed me
the door
I called and I cried God knows I tried.

Until the long night came, his mother flew at me,
She called me names, scratched my face,
Said I was too blame, and asked would
She ever see her sweet sweet son again

Well a year went by without one sign,
I'm back at the inn to see what I'd find
And the wind whistled cold on the moor that night,
I thought I saw a couple in the pale moonlight,

The landlord said it's you again, from his pocket hung
down my watch and chain.
Tom I sat down on a stone and I cried
Knowing full well that the young lad died.
Tom Tom lend me your grey mare,
I want to go back to Widdecombe fair

With Bill and Jan, Peter and Dan, Harry and Pete, on
the moors we'll meet.
All along down along out along lee
All along down along out along lee