

Girl From The Hiring Fair

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Thanks to Roy Shaw

I went down to the hiring fair, for to sell my labour,
and I noticed a maid in the very next row
and hoped that she'd be my neighbour.
Im-agine then oh 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 de-sire

I'd see her in my dreaming and in my dreams ca-ress.
Her eyes her lips and her dark brown hair,
the curves beneath her dress.
When 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.

So 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 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 the 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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