

Faun

"The Market Song"

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On a fine evening fair in the month of april
Over the hill came the sun with a smile,
And the folks they were throngin' the roads everywhere,
Makin' haste to be in at the Copshawholme Fair.
I've seen 'em a-comin' from 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 the Copshawholme Fair.

Whoever 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 summer's night
and you'll never be the same again

There are lads for the lasses, there's toys for the bairns,
Jugglers and tumblers and folks with no arms,
There's a ballad-singer here and a fiddler there,
Nut-men and spice-men at Copshawholme Fair.
There are peddlers and potters and gingerbread stands,
Peepshows and popping-darts and green caravans,
There's fruit from all nations exhibited there,
With kale plants from Orange at Copshawholme Fair.

Whoever 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 summer's night
and you'll never be the same again

You came a long way, you traveled for so long.
Now rest your head before the summer's gone,
Meet us in the sunny fields and meet us in the greenwood deep

And step in our faerie ring 'cause you'll never ever ever be the same again.

When the hiring is over, off they all sprang
Into the ballroom for to join in the throng,
And "I Never Will Lie With My Mammy Nae Mair"
The fiddles play briskly at Copshawholme Fair.

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