

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Brigg Fair

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It was on the fifth of August
The weather fair and mild
Unto Brigg Fair I did repair
For a love I was inclined

I got up with the lark in the morning
And my heart was full of glee
Expecting there to meet my dear
Long time I'd wished to see

I looked over my left shoulder
To see what I might see
And there I spied my own true love
Come a-tripping down to me

I took hold of her lily-white hand
And merrily sang my heart
For now we are together
We never more shall part

For the green leaves, they will wither
And the roots, they shall decay
Before that I prove false to her
The lass that loves me well

Recorded on wax cylinder in Lincolnshire in
1905 by Percy Grainger Sung by Ian Robb &
'Finest Kind' on "Heart's Delight" and by
Martin Carthy on "Byker Hill"

AJS
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