GIRL FROM THE HIRING FAIR
Ralph McTell

I went down to the hiring fair for to sell my labour,
And I noticed a maid in the very next row and I hoped she'd be my neighbour.
Imagine then 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 desire.

Well I'd see her in my dreaming and in my dreams caress
Her eyes, her lips and her dark brown hair, the curves beneath her dress.
But 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,

And 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 then 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 a 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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And I thanked my stars for the harvest moon and the girl from the hiring fair.