

Blackburn Fiona, Next Market Day

A maid goin' to Comber, her markets to larn,
To sell for her Mammy three hanks o' fine yarn.
She met with a young man along the highway
Which caused this young damsel to dally and stray.
"Sit ye beside me, I mean ye no harm.
Sit ye beside me this new tune to larn.
Here is three guineas your Mammy to pay,
So lay by your yarn till the next market day."
They sat down together, the grass it was green.
The day was the fairest that ever was seen.
"Oh the look in your eye beats a mornin' o' May,
I could sit by your side till the next market day."
This young maid went home and the words that he said,
And the air that he played her still rang in her head.
She says, "I'll go find him by land or by sea
Till he larns me that tune called The Next Market Day."