

“The Hirin’ Fair”

*I couldn’t look behind me
As I left the cottage door —
It was partin’ with wee ones
That left my heart so sore.*

*My mother took my bundle,
We were for the Hirin’ Fair
An’ the crowd was bravely gathered
Agin’ we landed there.*

*We heard a lot of bargainin’
As we stood about till late
‘Twas for some a ready market
While others be to wait.*

*Then a man spoke up fornenest us
As he eyed me up an’ down —
“Is the wee lass out for hirin’
Or just to see the Town?”*

*“A widow’s chile,” says mother,
“Sure she be to go an earn
An’ the more she’s wee, she’s willin’
An won’t be hard to learn.”*

*An’ soon the wage was settled
An’ the earnest in my han’
Says the master “Now it’s home time,
We’ll make it as we can.”*

*My mother was beside me
As we journied through the throng,
Then she says “I be to leave you,
An’ don’t be thinkin’ long.”*

*Her shawl my eye could follie’
On the journey as before
Then with turnin’ for the station
Sure I seen her plaid no more.*

*There’s many a change since them times
For it’s three score years come May,
But I never feeled as lonesome
As on that Hirin’ day.*

SARAH SAVAGE