

Traditional Irish Music

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She Moved Through The Fair

^G My ^D young love said to Me
^C My ^D mother won't mind
^C And my ^D father won't slight you
^G For ^D your lack of kind
^C And she ^D stepped away from me
^G And ^D this she did say
^G It ^D will not be long love
^C Till ^D our wedding day

She stepp'd away from me and she moved through the fair,
And fondly I watched her go here and go there,
Then she went her way homeward with one star awake,
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

The people were saying no two were e'er wed,
But one has a sorrow that never was said,
And I smiled as she passed with her goods and her gear,
And that was the last that I saw of my dear.

I dreamt it last night that my young love came in,
So softly she entered, her feet made no din,
She came close beside me and this she did say,
"It will not be long, love, till our wedding day."