

She moved through the fair

(IRISH FOLK SONG)

My young love said to me: "My mo - ther won't mind,
 She stepped a - way from me, and she went through the fair,
 Last night she came to me, she came soft - ly in,

And my fa - ther won't slight you for your lack of kind"
 And fond - ly I watched her move here and move there,
 So soft - ly she came that her feet made no din,

And she stepped away from me, and this she did say:
 And then she went home - ward with one star a - wake,
 And she laid her hand on me, and this she did say,

"It will not be long, love, till our wed - ding day".
 As the swan in the eve - ning moves o - ver the lake.
 "It will not be long, love, till our wed - ding day".