

# She Moved Through the Fair

Dad true Mixolydian

Traditional

My own love said to me my mother won't

mind And my father won't slight you for your lack of

kind. And she laid her hand on me and this she did

say It will not be long

un - til our wed - ding day.

As she stepped away from me and she moved through the fair  
 And fondly I watched her move here and move there  
 And then she turned homeward with one star awake  
 Like the swan in the evening moves over the lake

The people were saying, no two e'er were wed  
 But one had 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.

Last night she came to me, my dead love came in  
 So softly she came that her feet made no din  
 As she laid her hand on me and this she did say  
 "It will not be long, love, 'til our wedding day"

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