

## She moved through the fair (D Dur) Melodie

Irish folk

Violine

1. Strophe

A 3 D A G A

My \_\_\_ young love said to me my \_\_\_ moth-er won't mind And my

6 A7 G A A7 G

fa-ther won't slight you for your lack of kind And she stepped a-way from me and this she did

13 A 3 D A G A 2. Strophe

say It \_\_\_ will not be long love till our wedding day She \_\_\_

### She moved through the fair

1)

My young love said to me, my Mother won't mind,  
And my Father won't slight you, for your lack of kind,  
And she stepped away from me, and this she did say,  
It will not be long love till our wedding day.

2)

She stepped away from me, and she moved through the fair,  
And sadly I watched her, move here and move there,  
Then she went homeward, with one star awake-  
As the swan in the evening, moves over the lake.

3)

The people were saying, no two were e'er wed,  
But one had a sorrow, that never was said,  
She went away from me, with her goods and her gear,  
And that was the last, that I saw of my dear.

4)

Last night she came to me, my dear love came in,  
So softly she came, that her feet made no din,  
She laid her hand on me, and this she did say:  
"It will not be long, love, till our wedding day.