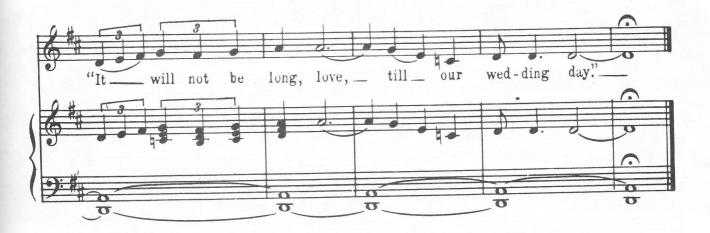
## She Moved through the Fair

PADRAIC COLUM

HERBERT HUGHES

Popular with street singers (and almost everybody else) in Ireland, this song was written by Padraic Colum and the melody adapted from an old Gaelic air by Herbert Hughes.





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 stepp'd away from me and this she did say, "It will not be long, love, till our wedding day."

She stepp'd away from me and went thro' the fair, And fondly I watch'd her move here and move there.

And then she went 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 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, she came softly in, So softly she came that her feet made no din.

And she laid her hand on me and this she did say,
"It will not be long, love, till our wedding day."

