

Three Irish Folksong Settings

III. She Moved Through the Fair

My young love said to me, "My mother won't mind and my father won't slight you for your lack of kine."

And she stepped away from me and this she did say, "It will not be long, love, 'til our wedding day."

She stepp'd away from me and she went thro' the fair, And fondly I watched 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.

Last night she came to me, she came softly in, So softly she came that her feet make no din,

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