

She Moved Through the Fair

♩ = 100

Irish Traditional
18th or 19th Century

My true love said to me: My mother won't mind. And my
As she stepped a-way from me, and she moved through the fair. And

fath-er won't slight you for your lack of kind." And she
fond-ly I watched her move here and move there. And

stepped a-way from me and with this she did say. It
then she turned home-ward with one star a-wake. Like the

will not be long love, til our wed- ing day.
swan in the eve- ning moves o- ver the lake.

"She Moved Through the Fair" is somewhat wistful and sad, with two more verses. In verse three, she goes on homeward, and "that was the last that I saw of my love." In verse four, she comes to him while he is sleeping, and again says: "It will not be long, love, til our wedding day." Vanished without a trace, and apparently now a ghost. The other verses are on the Internet.

Feel free to play with the melody and the timing as you will, to add expression.