

To Helen

40 She moved through the fair

Freely ♩ = 78

Irish folksong
arr. Peter Hunt



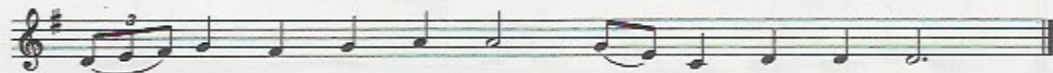
1. My — young love said to me: 'My — moth - er won't mind;



and my fath - er won't slight you for your lack of kine.'



And she stepped a - way from me, and this she did say:



'It — will not be long, love, till — our wed - ding day.'

S. A.

2. She stepped a - way from me and she moved through the fair,
 3. The peo - ple were say - ing no - two were e'er wed,

B.

2. Moved through the fair,
 3. No two e'er wed,

And fond - ly I watched her go here and go there,
 But one has a sor - row that ne - ver was said,

I watched her go there.
 That ne - ver was said.

Then she went her way home - ward with one star a - wake.
 And smiled as she passed with her goods and her gear.

With one star with a - - wake.
 She passed with her gear.

As the swan in the eve - ning moves o - ver the lake.
 And that was the last that I saw of my dear.

O - - ver of the lake.
 Last of my dear.

4. dreamt it last night, that my young love came.

in. So soft - ly she en - tered her feet made no din; din, made no

din; She came close be - side me, and this she did say: 'It

Sops ↓ **Zookal* *prolonge* *tau!*

14 will not be long, love, **rall.**
will not, it will not be long, till our wed - ding day.'

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