SHE MOVED THROUGH THE FAIR

Traditional, County Donegal



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, till our wedding day."

She stepped away from me and she went through 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.

I dreamt it last night that my young love came 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."

> lyrics adapted from traditional sources and Padraic Colum (1881–1972)².

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¹cattle

²Herbert Hughes: *Irish Country Songs*, volume 1, pp. 46–48. Boosey & Hawkes (1909).