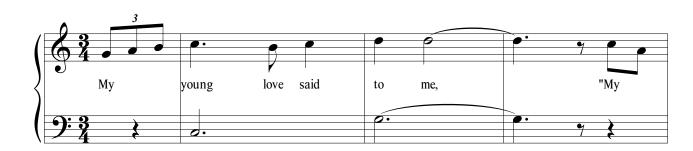
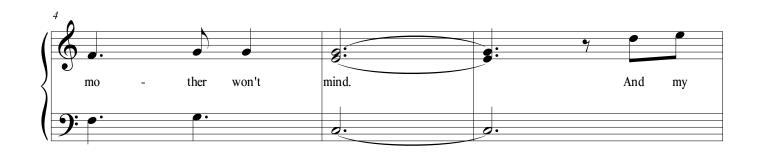
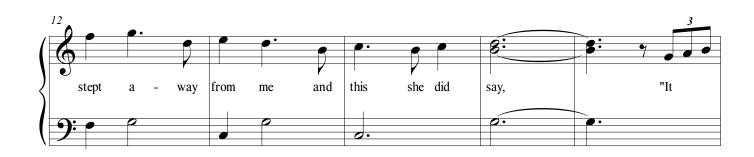
She Moved Through the Fair

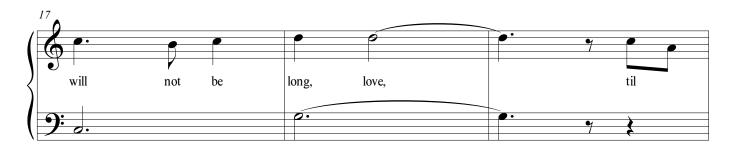
traditional Irish arranged by Eleanor Gow

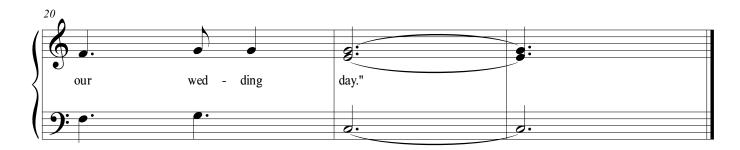












She stept away from me,
And she moved through the fair
And fondly I watch'd her
Move here and move there.
And she made her way homeward
With one star awake
As the swans in the ev'ning
Move over the lake.

The people were saying,
"No two e'er were wed,
But one has a sorrow,
That never was said."
And I smil'd as she past,
With her good and her gear,
And that was the last
That I saw of my dear.

Last night she came to me.
My dead love came in.
So softly she enter'd
Her feet made no din,
As she laid her hand on me,
And this she did say,
"It will not be long, love,
Til our wedding day."