

She moved through the fair

version grave

Chant traditionnel irlandais

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My — young love said to me, ————— «My — moth - er won't
stepped a - way from me, ————— and she moved through the
peo - ple were say - ing, ————— no — two e'ver were
night she came to me, ————— my — dead love came

La^b/si^b Si^b La^b/si^b Si^b

mind. ————— And my fath - er won't slight you for
fair. ————— And — fond - ly I watched her move
wed. ————— But — one had a sor - row that
in. ————— So soft - ly she came that her

Fam

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your lack of kind.» ————— And she stepped a - way
here and move there. ————— Then she turned her way
ne - ver be said. ————— And I smiled as she
feet made no din. ————— As she laid her hand

Fam7 Si^b Fam

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from me, and this she did say: _____ «It _____
 home - ward with one star a - wake, _____ Like _ the
 passed with her goods and her gear, _____ And _____
 on me and this she did say: _____ «It _____

Sib

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will not be long, _ love, _____ till _ our wed - ding _
 swan in the eve _ ning _____ moves _ o - ver the _
 that was the last _ that, _____ I _ saw of my _
 will not be long, _ love, _____ till _ our wed - ding _

La^b/si^b Sib La^b/si^b Sib

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day.» _____ As _ she
 lake. _____ The _____
 dear. _____ Last _____
 day.» _____

Fam

1:2:3 4

My young love said to me,
My mother won't mind
And my father won't slight you
For your lack of kind"
And she stepped away from me
And this she did say:
It will not be long, love,
Till our wedding day"

As she stepped away from me
And she moved through the fair
And fondly I watched her
Move here and move there
Then she turned away
Homeward with one star awake
Like the swan in the evening
Moves over the lake

The people were saying,
No two e'er were wed
But one had a sorrow
That never was said
And I smiled as she passed
With her goods 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
And so softly she came
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.

Mon amour m'a dit,
« Ma mère ne s'opposera pas,
Et mon père ne fera pas affront
Pour votre rang. »
Et elle s'éloigna de moi
Disant vraiment :
« Ce ne sera pas long, amour,
Jusqu'au jour de nos noces. »

Elle s'est éloignée
Et elle s'est faufilée dans la foule du marché
Et alors tendrement je l'ai observée
Se déplaçant ici et là
Et elle s'en est retournée passant
Avec la grâce d'une étoile qui s'éveille
Comme le cygne au couchant
Glisse sur les eaux du lac

Les gens disent que,
Jamais deux personnes ne se marient
Sans que l'une ne garde en elle
Une tristesse inexprimée
Et j'ai souri comme elle passait
Avec ses marchandises,
Et c'est la dernière image
Que j'aie vue de mon amour

La nuit dernière elle m'est venue,
Mon amour mort est entré
Et si doucement elle est venue
Que ses pieds n'ont fait aucun bruit
Elle a posé sa main sur moi
Et m'a dit, a vraiment dit
« Ce ne sera pas long, amour,
Jusqu'au jour de nos noces. »