SHE MOVED THROUGH THE FAIR

BASS LINE;

OGODAMA A CUMBORAIRA OGODOMA A CUMBORAIR….RPT

My love said to me:

"My mother won't mind

And me father won't slight you

For your lack of kind".

Then she stepped away from me

And this she did say:

"It will not be long, love,

Till our wedding day."

Gather maids of the morning

On the West Hill by dawn

To welcome the sunrise

Upon the May morn\_

And Jack in the Green comes

For the spring of the year

And that was the first time

That I saw my dear

*Ah ah a-ah a/ a-ah ah ah ah*

*Ah ah a-ah a/ a-ah ah ah ah* x 2

She stepped away from me

And she moved through the fair

And fondly I watched her

Move here and move there

And she went her way homeward

With one star awake

As the swans in the evening

Move over the lake.

**Violin solo**

The people were saying

No two e'er were wed

But one has a sorrow

That never was said

And she smiled as she passed me

With her goods and her gear

And that was the last

That I saw of my dear.

*Ah ah a-ah a/ a-ah ah ah ah*

*Ah ah a-ah a/ a-ah ah ah ah* x 2

I dreamed it last night

That my true love came in

So softly she entered

Her feet made no din

She came close beside me

And this she did say:

"It will not be long, love,

Till our wedding day."

**Violin solo segue into next piece**