She moves through the fair
(What we did on our holidays)
By Marcel Veltman

D, C, G, D,

D
My young love said to me
C D
My mother don't mind

And my father won't sligh you
C D
For your lack of kind
C D
And she laid her hand on me
C Am
And this is she did say
C D
It will not be long love
C D
Till our wedding day

D, C, Am, C, D, C, G, D

And she went away from me
She moves through the fair
And fondly I watched her
Move here and move there
And then she went homeward
Only one star awake
Like a swan in the evening
Moves over the lake

Last night she came to me
My dead 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
Oh, it will not be long love
Till our wedding day