

She moved thro' the Fair

Trad.

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

She stepp'd away from me
And she went thro the fair,
And fondly I watch'd 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.

Last night she came to me,
She came softly within,
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."

A-Rovin'

Trad.

In Plymouth Town there lived a maid
Bless you young women.
In Plymouth Town there lived a maid
O mind what I do say.
In Plymouth Town there lived a maid
And she was mistress of her trade.

I'll go no more a rovin' with you false maid.
A rovin' a rovin'. Since roving's been my ruin
I'll go no more a rovin' with you false maid.

I took this fair maid for a walk
Bless you young women.
I took this fair maid for a walk
O mind what I do say.
I took this fair maid for a walk
And we had such a loving talk.

I'll go no more a rovin' with you false maid.
A rovin' a rovin' since roving's been my ruin
I'll go no more a rovin' with you false maid.

I took her hand within my own
Bless you young women.
I took her hand within my own
O mind what I do say.
I took her hand within my own
And said "I'm bound for my old home".

I'll go no more a rovin' with you false maid.
A rovin' a rovin'. Since roving's been my ruin
I'll go no more a rovin' with you false maid.