

She Moved Through the Fair

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"

She stepped away from me and she moved through the fair
And fondly I watched her move here and move there
And then she turned 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 she 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, she came softly in
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, 'til our wedding day"

