

# Sinead O'Connor, He Moved Through The Fair

My own love said to me,  
&quot;My mother won't mind.  
And my father won't slight you  
For your lack of kind.&quot;  
He went away from me  
And this he did say:  
&quot;It will not be long, Love,  
Till our wedding day&quot;

He went away from me  
And he moved through the fair  
And slowly I watched him  
Move here and move there  
He went his way homeward  
With one star awake  
As the swan in the evening  
Moves over the lake

I dreamed last night  
That my own love came in  
He came in so sweetly  
His feet made no din  
He stepped up beside me  
And this he did say  
&quot;It will not be long, Love,  
Till our wedding day&quot;

It will not be long love  
Long love  
Long love  
Love