

Hayley Westenra, She Moves 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

She stepped away from me
And she moved through the fair
And fondly I watched her
Move here and move there
And then she went onwards
Just one star awake
Like the 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
It will not be long now