

Hazel O'Connor, She Moves Through The Fair

Traditional

My young love said to me my mother won't mind
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kind
As he stepped away from me this she did say
- it will not be long love
Till our wedding day

And she stepped away from me and she moved thru the fair
And fondly I watched her go here and go there
She went her way homeward with one star awake
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake

And the people that no two were wed
That one has a sorrow that never was said
And I watched as she went with her goods and her gear
And that was the last time that I saw my dear

I dreamt it last night that my dead love came in
So softly she moved, her feet made no dir
She came close beside me and this she din say
It will not be long love till our wedding day