

# Maggie Reilly, He 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 he laid his hand on me and this he did say:  
"Oh, it will not be long, love, till our wedding day."

And he went away from me and moved through the fair  
And fondly I watched him move here and move there  
And he laid his hand on me and this he did say:  
"Oh, it will not be long, love, till our wedding day."

Last night in sweet slumber I dreamed I did see  
My own darling duo sat smiling by me  
And he laid his hand on me and this he did say:  
"Oh, it will not be long, love, till our wedding day."

Last night he came to me, my dead love came in  
And so softly he came that his feet made no din  
And then he went homeward just one star awake  
Like the swan in the evening moves over the lake

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