

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.
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 went her way homeward
With one star awake,
As the swan in the evening
Moves over the lake.

So the people were saying
That no two e'er were wed
But one has a secret
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
My dead love came in
So softly she came,
That her feet made no din.
She laid her hand on me
And this she did say,
"It will not be long love
'Till our wedding day".

