

She Moved Through The Fair

Cara Dillon

My young love said to me
'My mother won't mind
And my father won't slight you
for your lack of kind'
And 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 went through the fair.
And fondly I watched her
move here and move there.
And then she went homeward
with one star awake,
As the swan in the evening
moves over the lake.

The people were saying,
'no two e'er were red'
But one had a sorrow
that never was said
And I smiled as she passed me
with her goods and her gear,
And that was the last
that I saw of my dear.

Last night she came to me,
my true love came in,
And she came in so easy
her feet made no din.
As she laid her hands on me
and this she did say
'It will not be long love,
'till our wedding day'

No, it won't be long my love.