

She Moved Through The Fair

Celtic Thunder

My young love said to me, 'My mother won't mind,
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kine,'
She went away from me and this she did say,
'It will not be long, love, till our wedding day.'

She went away from me and she moved through the fair,
And slowly I watched her move here and move there,
She went his way homeward with one star awake,
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

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

I dreamt last night that my young love came in,
She came in so sweetly, her feet made no din;
She stepped up beside me, and this she did say,
'It will not be long love, till our wedding day.'