

She Moved Thru' the Fair

Celtic Woman

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

Last night, She came to me, She came softly in
So softly she came that her feet made no din,
And she laid her hand on me and this she did say:
"It will not be long, love, till our wedding day."