

She Moved Through The Fair

Moya Brennan

My young love said to me: "My mother wont mind
And my father wont 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 drew away from me and she moved through the fair
And fondly I watched her move here and move there
And she went away homewards with one star awake
Like the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

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

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