

She Moves Through The Fair

Richard Thompson

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 laid her hand on me and this she did say
"Oh, it will not be long, lord, till our wedding day"

And she went away from me and moved through the fair
And fondly I watched her move here and move there
And then she went onward, just one star awake
Like the swan in the evening moves over the lake

Last night she came to me, my dead love came in
So softly she came that her feet made no din
And she laid her hand on me and this she did say
"Oh, it will not be long, lord, till our wedding day"