

He moved through the Fair

Text und Musik: trad., arr. Morgain

My own love said to me:
"My mother won't mind
And my daughters won't slight you
For your lack of kind."
He went away from me
And this he did say:
"It will not be long, Love,
Till our wedding day."

He went away from me
And he moved through the fair
And slowly I watched him
Move here and move there.
He went his way homeward
With one star awake
As this swan in the evening
Moves over the lake.

I dreamed last night
That my own love came in
He came in so sweetly,
His feet made no din.
He came close beside me
And this he did say:
"It will not be long, Love,
Till our wedding day."