

Maggie Reilly

"He Moved Through The Fair"

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My young love said to me: "My mother won't mind.
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kind."
And he laid his hand on me and this he did say:
"Oh, it will not be long, love, till our wedding day."
And he went away from me and moved through the fair
And fondly I watched him move here and move there
And he laid his hand on me and this he did say:
"Oh, it will not be long, love, till our wedding day."
Last night in sweet slumber I dreamed I did see
My own darling duo sat smiling by me
And he laid his hand on me and this he did say:
"Oh, it will not be long, love, till our wedding day."
Last night he came to me, my dead love came in
And so softly he came that his feet made no din
And then he went homeward just one star awake
Like the swan in the evening moves over the lake
My young love said to me: "My mother won't mind.
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kind."
And he laid his hand on me and this he did say:
"Oh, it will not be long, love, till our wedding day."
And he laid his hand on me and this he did say:
"Oh, it will not be long, love, till our wedding day."

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