

Roger Whittaker

"She Moves Through Rhe 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 and kind
And 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 went thro' the fair
And fondly I watched her
Move here and move there
And then she went homeward with one star awake.
As a swan in the evening moves over the lake.

Last night came to me
My dead love came in
So softly she came that her feet made no dim.
And she laid her hand on me
And this she did say:
It will not be long, love
Till our wedding day.

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