

Sinead Oconnor

"He moved through the fair"

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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"

It will not be long love
long love
long love
love

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