

## She Moves Through the Fair

Anne Briggs

My young love said to me, "My mother won't mind,  
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kind."  
Then she laid her hand on me and this she did say,  
"Oh, it will not be long, love, till our wedding-day."

She laid her hand on me and she moved through the fair,  
And fondly I watched her move here and move there.  
Then she laid her hand on me and this she did say,  
"Oh, it will not be long, love, till our wedding-day."

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