

She Moved Through The Fair

Odetta

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,
'It will not be long, love,
till our wedding day'

He went away from me,
And he moved through the fair
And fondly I watched her
Move here and move there
And then he went homeward
With one star awake
As the swan in the evening,
Moves over the lake

Last night he came to me
My young love came in
So softly he came
That his feet made no din
And she laid her hand on me,
And this she did say"
"It will not be long, long, love
'Till our wedding day."