

# She Moved Through the Fair

Peter Hollens

My young love said to me,  
My mother won't mind  
And my father won't slight you  
For your lack of kind.  
And she stepped away from me  
And this she did say:  
It will not be long, Love,  
'Til our wedding day.

She stepped away from me  
And she moved through the fair  
And fondly I watched her  
Move here and move there.  
And then she made her way homeward,  
With one star awake,  
As the swan in the evening  
Moved over the lake.

The people were saying,  
No two e'er were wed  
But one had a sorrow  
That never was said.  
And I smiled as she passed me  
With her goods and her gear,  
And that was the last  
I saw of my dear

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