She Moved Through The Fair

Simple Minds

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 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.
Then she made her way homeward,

With one star awake,
As the swan in the evening,
Moves over the lake.

I dreamt it last night,
That my dead love came in,
So softly she moved,
That her feet made no din.
Then she came close beside me,
And this she did say:
"It will not be long love,
'Til our wedding day."

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