She Moved Through the Fair

Marianne Faithfull

My young love said to me, "My brothers won't mind
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kind"
Then she turned her head to me and this she did say
"It will not be long, love, till our wedding day"She turned away from me and she moved through the fair
And I watched her so swiftly move here and move there
Then she turned away homeward with one star awake
Like a swan in the evening moves over the lakeLast night, I did dream that my dead love come in
So softly she entered that her feet made no din
And she turned her head to me and this she did say
"It will not be long, love, till our wedding day"Thank you

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