

# Marianne Faithfull, She Moved Through The Fair

My young love said to me, &quot;My brothers won't mind  
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kind&quot;  
Then she turned her head to me and this she did say  
&quot;It will not be long, love, till our wedding day&quot;

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 lake

Last 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  
&quot;It will not be long, love, till our wedding day&quot;