

She Moved Through the Fair

Art Garfunkel

My young love said to me:
"My father won't mind
And my mother won't cite you
for your lack of kind."
Then she drew closer to me
and this she did say:
"It will not be long, long, love
'till 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 went homeward
with one star awake
As the swan in the evening, the evening
moves over the lake

Last night she came to me
she came softly in,
So softly she came
that her 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."