

## Art Garfunkel

### "She Moved Through The Fair"

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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."

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