

The Crane Wife 3

Marianne Faithfull

And under the boughs unbowed
all clothed in the snowy shroud
She had no heart so hardened
All under the boughs unbowed

Each feather it fell from skin
'Til thread bare while she grew thin
How were my eyes so blinded?
Each feather it fell from skin

And I will hang my head, hang my head low
And I will hang my head, hang my head low

A grey sky, a bitter sting
A rain cloud, a crane on wing
All out beyond horizon
A grey sky, a bitter sting

And I will hang my head, hang my head low
And I will hang my head, hang my head low