

## 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