

She's Like the Swallow

*Collected in Canada by Maud Karpeles, though there may well be earlier English versions
arranged by Sarah Morgan*

She's like the swallow that flies so high
She's like the river that never runs dry
She's like the sunshine on the lea shore
I love my love, but love is no more.

Down in the meadow this fair maid goes
To pluck the beautiful prim-e-rose
The more she plucked the more she pulled
Until she had her apron full.

Then of the flowers she made a bed
A snowy pillow for her head
She laid her down and no word did she speak
And there this fair maid's heart did break.

She's like the swallow that flies so high
She's like the river that never runs dry
She's like the sunshine on the lea shore
I love my love, but love is no more.