

Jane Siberry "She's Like The Swallow"

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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 lee shore
I love my love and love is no more

'Twas out in the garden this fair maid did go
A-pickin' the beautiful, primrose
The more she plucked, the more she pulled
Until she got her apron full

It's out of the roses, she made a bed
A stony pillow for her head
She lay her down, no word she spoke
Until this fair maid's heart was broke

She's like the swallow that flies so high
And she's like the river that never runs dry
She's like the sunshine on the lee shore
I love my love and love is no more

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