

Cara Dillon

"She's Like A Swallow"

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She's like a swallow that flies so high,
Like the river that never runs dry,
Like the sunshine on the lee shore,
She loves her love and love is no more.

'Tis out in the meadow this fair maid did go,
Picking the lovely primrose,
The more she plucked the more she pulled,
Until she's got her apron full.

She climbed on yonder hill above,
To give a rose unto her love,
She gave him one, she gave him three,
She gave her heart for company.

And as they sat on yonder hill,
His heart grew hard, so harder still,
He has two hearts instead of one,
She says, young man what have you done.

How foolish, foolish you must be,
To think I loved no one but thee,
This world's not made for one alone,
I take delight in everyone.

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