

She's Like the Swallow

Fairport Convention

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 down in the meadow this fair maid bent
A-picking the primrose just as she went
The more she picked and the more she pulled
Until she gathered 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 love no one but thee
The world's not made for one alone
I take delight in everyone"

She took her roses and made a bed
A stony pillow for her head
She lay her down, no more did say
But let her roses fade away

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
She loves her love but she'll love no more