

## She's Like The Swallow

Jane Siberry

She is like the swallow that flies on high  
She is like the river that never runs dry  
She is like the sun a'beaming on the lee shore  
I love my love, but love is no more

A maiden into her garden did go  
For to pluck her some wild primrose  
The more she plucked, the more she did pull  
Until this maiden's apron was full

Then out of these roses she made a bed  
A scarlet pillow for her head  
She laid her down, no word she did speak  
And then this maiden's heart, it did break

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