

She Is Like The Swallow

Solas

she's like the swallow that flies so high
oh -- 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
oh --

a maiden into the garden did go
a-pickin' the beautiful, primitive rose
all the more she plucked, the more she did pull
until she got her apron full

and out of the roses
she made a bed
a scarlet pillow for her head
she lay her down, no word did she speak
and then this fair maiden's heart it did break

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, no more
no, no more

she's like the swallow
she's like the river