She's Like the Swallow

Canadian folk song

She's like the swallow that flies so high,
She's like the river that never runs dry,
She's like the sunshine.

Trad.
arr: Jan Wolters

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On the lee shore, She loves her love but she'll love no more.

And as they sat on yonder hill
And as they sat on yonder hill
More and more
More and more

How foolish, foolish you must be
How foolish, foolish you must be
She took her roses and made a bed,
She took her roses and made a bed,
She's like the swallow that flies so high,
She's like the swallow that flies so high,
A stony pillow for her head.
A stony pillow for her head.
She's like the river that never runs dry.
She's like the river that never runs dry.
She's like the sunshine on the lee shore,
She's like the sunshine on the lee shore,
She loves her love but she'll love no more.
She loves her love but she'll love no more.

'Twas down in the meadow this fair maid bent
'Twas down in the meadow this fair maid bent
A-picking the primrose just as she went.
A-picking the primrose just as she went.
The more she picked and the more she pulled,
The more she picked and the more she pulled,
Until she gathered her apron full.
Until she gathered her apron full.

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