She's Like the Swallow

Cara Dillon

She's like a 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 and love is no moreIt's 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 fullShe 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 companyAnd 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

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