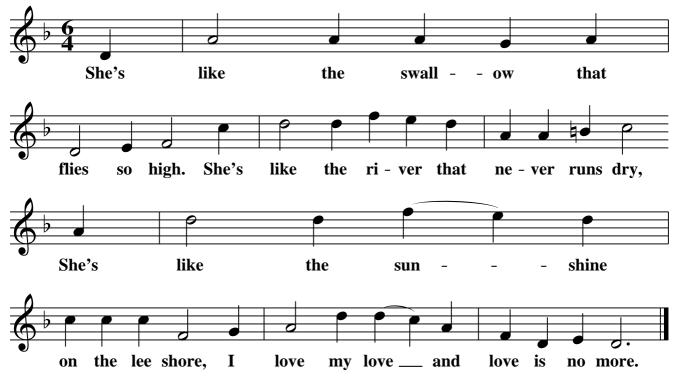
## She's like the Swallow



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 out in the garden this fair maid did go, A picking the beautiful primrose; The more she plucked the more she pulled Until she got her aperon full.

It's out of these roses she made a bed, A stony pillow for her head. She laid her down, no word did say, Until this fair maid's heart did break.

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.