

She's like the swallow



<https://riverofsong.uk/>



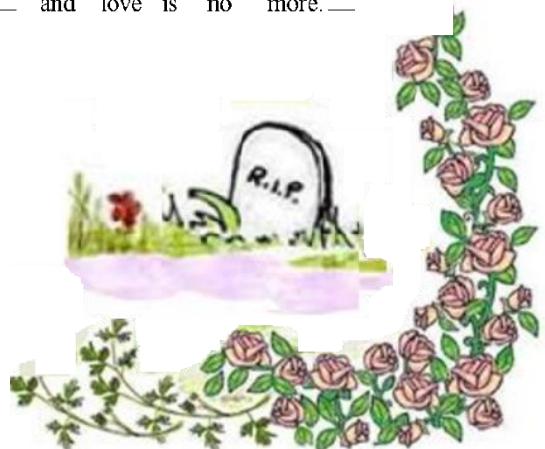
A classic folk song of love that could never be.

An old Canadian / Newfoundland song of English origins.

[View of "She's Like the Swallow": Folksong as Cultural Icon | Newfoundland & Labrador Studies](#)

Featured in the BBC Schools "Singing Together" series, it appears in the Spring 1976 booklet. Arrangement here by Dany Rosevear.

She's like the swallow that flies so high, She's like the river that never runs dry, She's like the sun — shine on the lee shore, I love my love — and love is no more.



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 prim-e-rose;
The more she plucked the more she pulled
Until she got her a-per-on full.

It's out of those roses she made a bed,
A stony pillow for her head.
She laid her down, no word she spoke,
Until this fair maid's heart was broke.

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.

