

She's Like The Swallow

DAD

Newfoundland Folk Song

Bm D

She's like the swal - low that flies so high. She's

	0	0	2	0
0	1	1	1 2	0
	2	2	2 1 2	0 2

Bm A

like the riv - er that nev - er runs dry. She's

2	5	5	4
3	5	5 5 6+	4 5
5 5	7 6+ 5	5 5 6+	4

Bm F#m Bm

like the sun shine on the lee shore. I

2	5	2	2
3	5	2	1
5 5	7 6+ 5	4 4 4	0 1

D Bm

love my love and love is no more

0	2	0	2
1	3	0 1 2	1
2 5	5 4 2	0	0

T'was out in the garden this fair maid did go
 Picking the beautiful prim-e-rose
 The more she plucked and the more she pulled
 Until she got her whole apron full.

It is out of those roses she made a bed
 A stony pillow for her head
 Now this fair maid she lay down
 no word did she say
 Until this fair maid's heart was broke

There are a man on yonder hill
 He got a heart as hard as stone
 He have two hearts instead of one
 How foolish must that fair girl be
 For to think I love no other but she

For the world was not meant for one alone
 The world was meant for everyone.

These lyrics were collected from John Hunt in 1930 by Maud Karpeles. Look up Fairport Conventions interpretation whose lyrics are more pleasing and tell the story much better.

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