

## She Is Like The Swallow

Solas

she's like the swallow that flies so high  
oh -- 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  
oh --

a maiden into the garden did go  
a-pickin' the beautiful, primitive rose  
all the more she plucked, the more she did pull  
until she got her apron full

and out of the roses  
she made a bed  
a scarlet pillow for her head  
she lay her down, no word did she speak  
and then this fair maiden's heart it did break

she's like the swallow that flies so high  
and 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, no more  
no, no more

she's like the swallow  
she's like the river