She's Like The Swallow

```
      Dm       A7           Dm
She's like the swallow that flies so high;
      G        A#         Dm         Am
She's like the river that never runs dry.
      A#       Dm       Am         Dm
She's like the sunshine on the lee shore.
                   G       A  Dm
I love my love and love is no more
```

Down to the garden this fair maid did go,
To pluck the beautiful prim-a-rose.
The more she plucked, the more she pulled,
Until she got her apron full.

Then out of these roses she made
A stony pillow for her head;
She laid her down, no word did say,
And then this poor maid's heart did break.