

She Is Like The Swallow
Karan Casey

[Intro]

Em

[Verse]

She s like the swallow that flies on high
She s like the river that never runs dry
She s like the sun beaming on the lea shore
I love my love, but love is no more

[Verse]

A maiden into her garden did go
For to pluck her some wild primrose
The more she plucked, the more she did pull
Until this maiden s apron was full

[Verse 3]

Then out of these roses she made a bed
A scarlet pillow for her head
She laid her down, no words she did speak
And then this maiden s heart, it did break

[Instrumental]

Em Am D Em
Em Am D Em
Em Am D Em
Em Am D Em

[Verse]

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