

She's like the swa-low that flies so high. She's like the ri-ver that ne-ver runs dry. She's

10

like the sun - shine on the lea shore. I love my love_ and love is no more. Twas

18

out in the gar-den this fair maid did go, a pic-king the beau-ti-ful pri - me - rose. The

26

more she plucked the more she pulled, un - til she got_ her a - pron full. Twas

34

out of these ro-ses she made a bed. A sto - ney pil - low for her head. She

42

laid her down, no word she spoke, un - til this fair_ maid's heart was broke. She's

50

like the swa-low that flies so high. She's like the ri-ver that ne-ver runs dry. She's

58

like the sun - shine on the lea shore. I love my love_ and love is no more.