

Blackburn Fiona, She's Like The Swallow

She's like the swallow that flies so high,
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.
'Twas out in the meadow this fair maid did go,
A-picking the beautiful prim'rose;
The more she plucked, the more she pulled
Until she gathered her apron full.
She climbed on yonder hill above,
To give a rose unto her love.
She gave him one, she gave him three;
She gave her heart for company.
And as they sat on yonder hill
His heart grew hard, so harder still.
He has two hearts instead of one.
She says, "Young man, what have you done?"
(she says:) "When I carried my apron low,
My love followed me through frost and snow.
But now my apron is to my chin-
My love passes by and won't call in."
(he says:) "How foolish, foolish you must be
To think I love no-one but thee.
The world's not made for one alone;
I take delight in ev'ry one."
She took her roses and made a bed
A stony pillow for her head.
She lay her down, no more did say,
Just let her roses fall away.
She's like the swallow that flies so high,
She's like the river that never runs dry,
She's like the sunshine on the lee shore,
She lost her love and she'll love no more.