

Stina Nordenstam, Like A Swallow

He's like the swallow that flies so high,
He's like the river that never runs dry.
He's like the sunshine on the lee shore,
He was my love, my love is no more.

Out in the garden,
I'm picking roses, how could he not
The more he picked and the more he pulled,
Until I gathered an 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?"

"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 everyone."

Out of these roses he made a bed,
A stony pillow for his head.
He lay his head down, no word he spoke