

She's like the swallow

Newfoundland Folk Song
Collected by Dr. Maud Karpeles

Arr. R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS
(1872-1958)

Lento ma non troppo [$\text{♩} = 120$]

1. She's like the swal-low that flies so high, She's
2. 'Twas out in the gar-den this fair maid did go, A -
3. It's out of these ro - ses she made a bed, A
4. She's like the swal-low that flies so high, She's

4
like the riv-er that never runs dry, She's like the sun - shine on the lee shore, I
pick-ing the beau-ti-ful prim - e - rose; The more she plucked the more she pulled Un-
sto - ny pil - low for her head. She laid her down, - no word did say, Un-
like the riv-er that never runs dry, She's like the sun - shine on the lee shore, I

8
love my love_ and love is no more.
til she got_ her a - per-on full.
til this fair_ maid's heart_ did break.
love my love_ and love is no more.

Last time