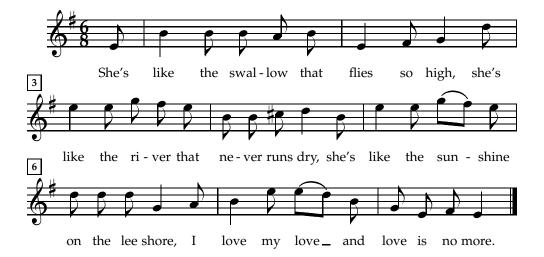
SHE'S LIKE THE SWALLOW

Traditional Newfoundland air, as sung by John Hunt to Maud Karpeles, 1930



'Twas out in the garden this fair maid did go,
Picking the beautiful prim-e-rose;
The more she plucked the more she pulled
Until she got her whole a-per-on full.
It is out of those roses she made a bed,
A stony pillow for her head.
Now this fair maid she lay down, no word did she say
Until this fair maid's heart was broke.