

Where the Swallows Gather

Ros Thomas

Tops:

Meet me half-way, Where the swallows gather
Stand by my side, As we watch them swoop and climb
They'll find their way to an un-known land together
Meet me half-way, I will take your hand in mine.
They are soaring o'er the hills, Calling 'fare-well' to the heather
They'll be leaving in the dawn, For the Summer's turning Fall
If you meet me half-way, We can walk the colder weather,
Sure to return when we hear the swallows call

Middle/bottoms

Meet me half-way, Where they gather
Stand by my side, watch them climb
They'll find their way to land together
Meet me half-way, Your hand in mine
Soar - ing
Call - ing
Leaving - ing
Turning - ing Fall
If you meet me half-way, We'll walk the weather
Sure to return when swallows call