

# SwanMay

Catherine Faber

♩ = 130

Sweet Swan - May, your no - tice I cour - ted at length. I  
To lock up your choi - ces and give me the key, Makes a  
Where - e - ver you go my heart fol - lows your charms, So

5  
asked, and was gi - ven, your sweet - ness and strength. Why  
pris - 'ner of you and a cap - tor of me arms. The  
here is your fea - ther - shirt, set in your arms. For

9  
thrust in my arms, in the first light of dawn, Your  
caged bird could never my \_\_\_\_\_ whole heart com - mand, Like the  
tru - ly what love, would ask more than do I? A

13  
shirt of white fea - thers that makes you a swan? For -  
wild bird that choo - ses to come to my hand.  
sweet - heart who's mis - tress of wa - ter and sky!

17  
ev - er can ne - ver be giv - en a - way. It's

21  
cho - sen and re - cho - sen, day af - ter day. As

25  
foot - step by foot - step a \_\_\_\_\_ moun - tain we climb. We

29  
walk to for - ev - er, one day at a time. We

33  
walk to for - ev - er one day at a time.