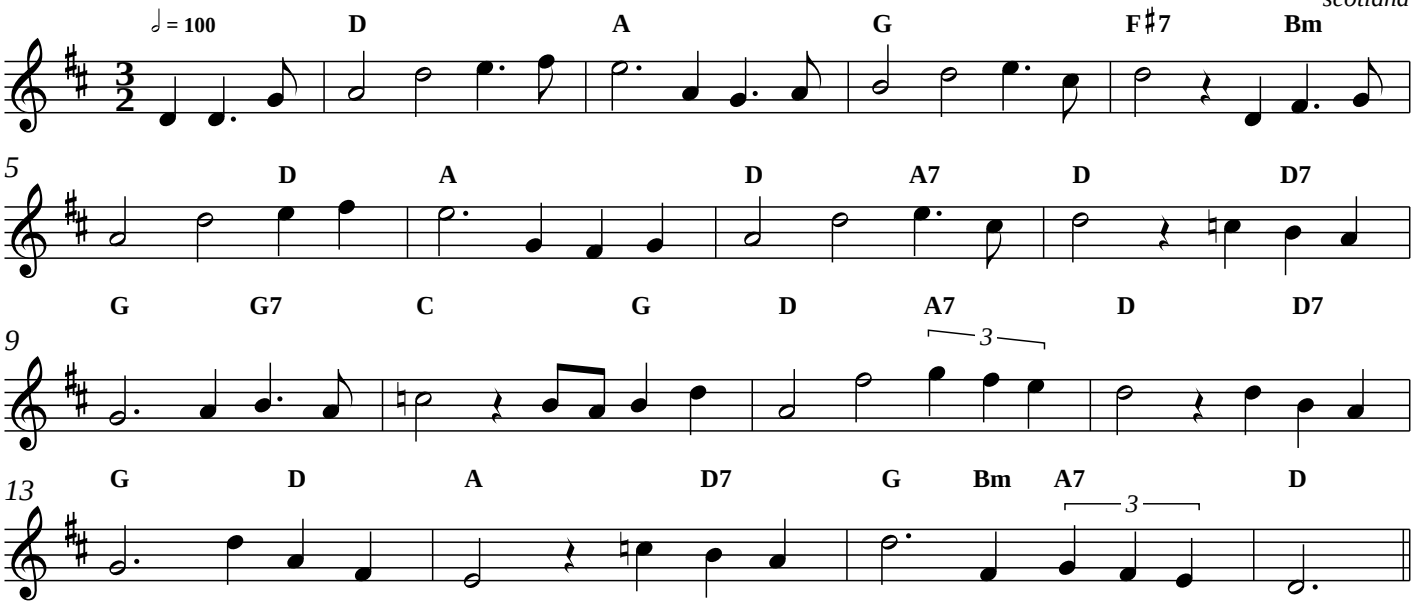
Waly, Waly

scotland



O, waly waly up the bank
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly waly yon burnside
Where I and my love wont to gae
I leaned my back unto an aik
And thocht it was a trusty tree
But first it bow'd and then it brak
Sae my true love did lichtlie me.

O waly, waly but love be bonnie
A little time while it is new,
But when it's auld it waxes cauld
And fades away like morning dew.
O, wherefore should I busk my heid,
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true−love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur's seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be pressed by me,
St. Anton's Well shall be my drink,
Since my true−love has forsaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle death when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that mak's me cry,
But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.
Whm we came in by Glasgow toun,
We were a comely sicht to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kiss't
That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh, if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel' were dead and gone,
And the green grass growin' ower me