Waly, Waly

O, waly waly up the bank
And waly, waly down the brae,
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.
I leaned my back unto an aik
And thocht it was a trusty tree
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
But first it bow'd and then it brak
O gentle death when wilt thou come?
Sae my true love did lichtlie me.
O, wherefore should I busk my heid,
And my love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.
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

- 1 - made by the ABCedit music editor