

O Waly Waly



Down in the meadows the other day,
Gathering flowers both fine and gay,
Gathering flowers both red and blue,
I little thought what love can do.

I put my hand into the bush
Thinking the sweetest flower to find
I pricked my finger right to the bone
But left that sweetest flower behind.

I leant my back against some oak
Thinking it was a trusty tree
First he bended then he broke
And so did my false love to me.

There is a ship sailing on the sea
But it's loaded so deep as deep can be
But not so deep as the in love I am
I care not whether I sink or swim.

Since my love's dead and gone to rest
I'll think on her who I love the best
I've secured her up in flannel strong
Have another now she is dead and gone.