

Down in the Meadows

O Waly Waly



In yon garden fine an' gay
Picking lilies a' the day
Gath'ring flow'rs of ilka hue,
I wist na then what love cou'd do.

Where love is planted there it grows,
It buds and blows like any rose
It has a sweet and pleasant smell.
No flow'r on earth can it excel.

I put my hand into the bush,
And thought the sweetest rose to find,
But pricked my finger to the bone
And left the sweetest rose behind.