

O WALY, WALY!

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

Musical score for the first system of the song. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in 3/4 time and begins with a whole rest, followed by the lyrics "O wa - ly, wa - ly,". The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part and a left-hand part, both in 3/4 time. The right-hand part starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a first ending bracket. The tempo markings "ANDANTE" and "MESTO." are placed to the left of the piano part.

ANDANTE
MESTO.

O wa - ly, wa - ly,

Musical score for the second system of the song. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "up the bank, And wa - ly, wa - ly down the brae, And wa - ly, wa - ly yon burn - side, Where I and my love went to gae!". The piano accompaniment continues with the right-hand and left-hand parts.

up the bank, And wa - ly, wa - ly down the brae, And wa - ly, wa - ly yon burn - side, Where I and my love went to gae!

I lean'd my back un - to an aik, I thought it was a trus - ty tree; But first it bow'd, an'

syne it brak: An' sae did my true love to me.

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

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

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawin' snaw's inclemencie;
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry;
 But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.
 When we cam' in by Glasgow toun,
 We were a comely sight to see;
 My love was clad in the black velvet,
 An' I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kiss'd,
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I'd lock'd my heart in a case o' gold,
 An' pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
 Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
 An' set upon the nurse's knee,
 An' I mysel' were dead an' gane,
 An' the green grass growin' over me.