

# Waly Waly

June Tabor

Oh, waly, waly up the bank and waly, waly down the  
brae,  
And waly, waly up burnside where I and my love used to  
go.

I was a lady of high renown that lived in the North  
country;  
I was a lady of high renown when Jamie Douglas courted  
me.

And when we came to Glasgow town, it was a comely sight  
to see,  
My lord was clad in the velvet green and I myself in  
cramasie.  
And when my eldest son was born and set upon his  
nurse's knee,  
I was the happiest woman born and my good lord, he  
loved me.

There came a man into our house and Jamie Lockhart was  
his name  
And it was told unto my lord that I did lie in bed with  
him.  
There came another to our house and he was no good  
friend to me;  
He put Jamie's shoes beneath my bed and bade my good  
lord come and see.

Oh woe be unto thee, Blackwood, and an ill death may  
you die,  
You were the first and the foremost man that parted my  
good lord and I.  
And when my lord came to my room this great falsehood  
for to see,  
He turned him round all with a scowl and not one word  
would he speak to me.

"Come up, come up, now Jamie Douglas, come up the stair  
and dine with me,  
I'll set you on a chair of gold and court you kindly on  
my knee."  
"When cockleshells turn silver bells and fishes fly  
from tree to tree,  
When frost and snow turn fire to burn it's I'll come up  
and dine with thee."

Oh woe be unto thee, Blackwood, and an ill death may  
you die,  
You were the first and the foremost man that parted my  
good lord and I.  
And when my father he had word my good lord had  
forsaken me,  
He sent fifty of his brisk dragoons to fetch me home to  
my own country.

O had I wist when first I kissed that love should been  
so ill to win,  
I'd locked my heart in a cage of gold and pinned it

with a silver pin.  
You think that I am like yourself and lie with each one  
that I see,  
But I do swear by Heavens high, I never loved a man but  
thee.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell, nor blowing  
snow's inclemency,  
'Tis not such cold that makes me cry, but my love's  
heart grown cold to me.  
O waly, waly, love is bonnie a little while when first  
it's new,  
But love grows old and waxes cold and fades away like  
morning dew.