

O, WALY, WALY

THE WATER IS WIDE, I CANNOT GET O'ER AND NEITHER HAVE I WINGS TO FLY
O, GO AND GET ME SOME LITTLE BOAT TO CARRY O'ER MY TRUE LOVE AND I.
A-DOWN IN THE MEADOW THE OTHER DAY
A-GATHERING FLOWERS BOTH FINE AND GAY
A-GATHERING FLOWERS BOTH RED AND BLUE
I LITTLE THOUGHT WHAT LOVE CAN DO.
I PUT MY HAND INTO SOME SOFT BUSH THINKING THE FAIREST FLOWER TO PLUCK
I PRICKED MY FINGER UNTO THE BONE AND LEFT THE FAIREST FLOWER ALONE
I LEANED MY BACK UP AGAINST SOME OAK THINKING IT WAS A TRUSTY TREE
BUT FIRST HE BENT AND THEN HE BROKE
AND SO MY TRUE LOVE PROVED FALSE TO ME
THERE IS A SHIP SAILING ON THE SEA SHE'S LOADED DEEP AS DEEP CAN BE
BUT NOT SO DEEP AS IN LOVE I AM, I CARE NOT WHETHER I SINK OR SWIM
WHERE LOVE IS PLANTED, OH THERE IT GROWS
IT GROWS AND BLOSSOMS LIKE THE ROSE
IT HAS A SWEET AND PLEASANT SMELL
NO FLOWER ON EARTH CAN IT EXCEL
MUST I BE BOUND, OH, AND SHE GO FREE
MUST I LOVE ONE THAT CANNOT LOVE ME
WHY MUST I PLAY SUCH A CHILDISH PART
AND LOVE A MAN THAT WILL BREAK MY HEART
OH LOVE IS HANDSOME AND LOVE IS FINE
AND LOVE IS CHARMING WHEN IT IS TRUE
AS IT GROWS OLDER, IT GROWETH COLDER
AND FADES AWAY LIKE THE MORNING DEW

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**SHALOM, from
SPIKE and JAMIE**