



Cha: Kirkpatrick Sharpe



Carolan's Irish Tunes.

24 Irish Dances.

The legacy. Mather.

The Irish Fox Hunt.

Irish Tunes by Fitzmaurice.

Mc Donald's Reels.

Reels & Riddells.

Waly Waly. &c.

Kitty Hall. &c.

Neil Gow's Recovery &c.

12 Tunes. Miss Stealing.

Miss Johnstone's Reel &c. Mrs Robertson.

Lady M. Parker's Strathpey &c. Mrs Glasgow.

THE GLEN COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady DOROTHEA RUGGLES-BRISE to  
the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her  
brother, Major LORD GEORGE STEWART MURRAY,  
Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.



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# WALY, WALY,

## A Favourite Old Scots Song

With much Approved of Alterations BY

Rob<sup>t</sup> Riddell Esq<sup>r</sup> of GLENRIDDELL *pr. 6*

Slow

O Waly, Wa...ly, up yon bank, and Waly, Wa...ly,

down yon brae, and Waly by yon ri...ver side, where

I and my love wont to gae. O Waly, Wa...ly,



Love is bonny, a little while when it is new, but

when its auld it waxes cauld, and wears a wa, like morning dew.

2<sup>d</sup>

4<sup>th</sup>

I leant my back unto an aik,  
 I thought it was a trusty tree!  
 But first it bow'd and sine it brak,  
 And sae did my fause love to me.  
 When cockle-shells turn siller bells,  
 And mufsel's grow on ev'ry tree;  
 When frost and snaw shall warm us a',  
 Then shall my love prove true to me.

3<sup>d</sup>

Now Arthur's feat shall be my bed,  
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me;  
 S<sup>t</sup> Anton's well shall be my drink  
 Since my True-love's forsaken me.  
 O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?  
 O gentle Death, when wilt thou come,  
 And tak a life that wearies me?

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
 Nor blawing snow's inclemency,  
 'Tis no sic cauld that makes me cry,  
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.  
 When we came in by Glasgow town,  
 We were a comely sight to see;  
 My love was clad in velvet black,  
 And I my self in cramasie.

5<sup>th</sup>

But had I wist before I kiss'd  
 That love had been sae ill to win,  
 I'd lockt my heart in case of gold,  
 And pin'd it with a silver pin.  
 Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,  
 And set upon the nurse's knee,  
 And I myself were dead and gane,  
 For maid again I'll never be!

For the Guitar







