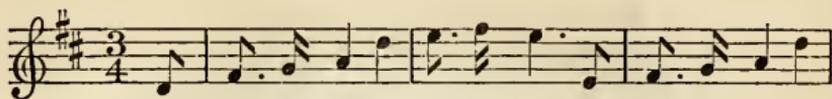
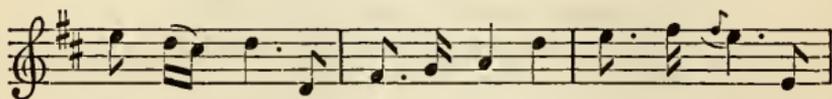


## O WALY, WALY.

The song now to be introduced is one of the most beautiful and affecting in the whole range of the national minstrelsy. There appears no room to doubt that it forms part of a ballad composed upon an unhappy incident in the history of the great family of Douglas. James the second marquis, of the time of Charles II., was no very competent supporter of the credit and dignity of the line. There seems to have been an inclination on his part at one time to wed the daughter of 'Widow Jack, a taverner at Perth;' but he subsequently (September 1670) took to wife the Lady Barbara Erskine, daughter of the ninth Earl of Marr. Owing, there can be little doubt, to his lordship's unworthy conduct, the alliance was productive of misery to the lady. She had even to bewail that her own honour was brought into question, chiefly, it would appear, through the influence of a chamberlain over her husband's mind. At length a separation with a suitable provision left her in the worst kind of widowhood, after she had brought the marquis one son (subsequently first commander of the Cameronian regiment, and who fell at the battle of Steenkirk). The verses are the lament of the unfortunate marchioness after the separation, and seems to have formed part of a ballad reciting her unfortunate case, and which has latterly been recovered.



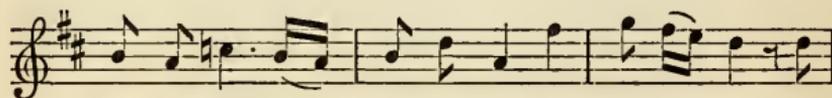
O wa - ly, wa - ly up the bank, And wa - ly, wa - ly



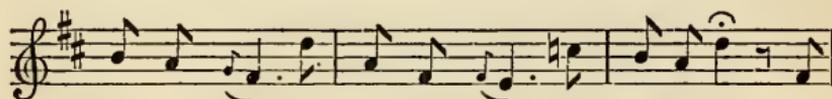
down the brae, And wa - ly, wa - ly yon burn-side, Where



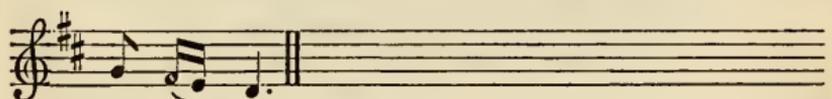
I and my love went to gae! I lean'd my back un-



to an aik, I thought it was a trus - ty tree; But



first it bow'd, and syne it brak: Sae my true love did



licht - ly me.

O waly, waly up the bank,<sup>1</sup>  
 And waly, waly down the brae,  
 And waly, waly yon burn-side,  
 Where I and my love went to gae!  
 I lean'd my back unto an aik,  
 I thought it was a trusty tree;  
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak:  
 Sae my true love did lightly me.

<sup>1</sup> Waly, a Scottish exclamation of distress.

O waly, waly, but love be bonnie  
 A little time while it is new ;  
 But when it 's auld it waxes cauld,  
 And fades away like the morning dew.  
 O wherefore should I busk<sup>1</sup> my heid,  
 Or wherefore should I kame my hair ?  
 For my true love has me forsook,  
 And 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<sup>2</sup> shall be my drink,  
 Since my true love has forsaken me.  
 Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?  
 O, gentle death, when wilt thou come ?  
 For of my life I am wearie ?

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

But had I wist, before I kissed,  
 That love had been sae ill to win,  
 I 'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,  
 And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.

<sup>1</sup> Dress, arrange.

<sup>2</sup> Arthur's Seat is a hill near Edinburgh, forming part of the chase which surrounds the royal palace of Holyrood. St Anton's, or St Anthony's Well, is a small crystal spring proceeding from the side of Arthur's Seat, and taking its name from a hermitage half-way up the hill, which it formerly supplied with water.

BLINK OVER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY.

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Oh, oh ! if my young babe were born,  
And set upon the nurse's knee,  
And I mysel were dead and gane,  
And the green grass growing over me !<sup>1</sup>