

Nana Mouskouri, Waly, Waly, O

Down in the meadows the other day
A-gath-ring flowers both fine and gay
A-gath-ring flowers, both red and blue
I little thought what love could do

I leaned my back against an oak
Thinking it was a trusty tree
But first he bended, then he broke
So did my love prove false to me

Must I be bound, oh, and he go free?
Must I love one that don't love me ?
Why should I act such a childish part?
And love a man that will break my heart ?

There is a ship sailing on the sea
She's loaded deep as deep can be
But not so deep as the love I'm in
I care not if I sink or swim

Oh, love is sweet, and love is fine
And love is charming when it's true
As it grows old, it grows cold
And fades away like the morning dew