Waly, Waly

Eva Cassidy

When cockle shells turn into silvery bells,
then will my love return to me.
When roses grow in the wintery snow,
then will my love return to me.
Oh waly, waly, love be bonnie
and bright as a jewel when it's first new...
But love grows old, and waxes cold,
and fades away like morning dew.
There is a ship, it sails the sea,

It's loaded high and deep can be.
But not so deep as my love for thee.
I know not if I sink or swim.
Oh waly, waly, love be bonnie
Bright as a jewel when first new...
But love grows old and waxes cold,
and fades away.....like morning dew.

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