

O Waly, Waly [o:ʊ 'wa.li 'wa.li]

Text from a Somerset folksong [Br]

Set by (*Edward*) *Benjamin Britten* (1913–1976) [Br]; *Celius Dougherty* (1902–1986) [Am]

The water is wide I cannot get o'er,
[ðʌ 'wa.te ɪz wa:ɪd a:ɪ kæn.'ɑt ɡet əɹ]

And neither have I wings to fly.
[ænd 'na:i.ðe hæv a:ɪ wɪŋz tu fla:i]

Give me a boat that will carry two,
And both shall row, my love and I.

O, down in the meadow(s) the other day,
A-gathering / a-gath'ring flowers / flow'rs both fine and gay,
A-gathering / a-gath'ring flowers / flow'rs both red and blue,
I little thought what love can do.

I leaned my back (breast) up against some oak
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;
But first he bended, and then he broke;
And so did my false love to me.

A ship there is, and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I'm in:
I know not if I sink or swim.

O! love is handsome and love is fine,
And love's a jewel while it is new;
But when it is old, it groweth (bloweth) cold,
And fades away like morning dew.

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

