

DCC 'At Home Session' #6

O Waly Waly

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er,
And neither have, I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that will carry two,
And both shall row, my love and I.

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.

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

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

Pleasant and Delightful

It was pleasant and delightful on a midsummer's morn
When the fields and the meadows were covered in corn;
And the blackbirds and thrushes sang on every green spray
And the larks they sang melodious at the dawning of the day,

And the larks they sang melodious,
And the larks they sang melodious,
And the larks they sang melodious, at the dawning of the day.

Then a sailor and his true love were walking one day.
Says the sailor to his true love, "I'm bound far away.
I'm bound for the East Indies where the loud cannons roar,
I must go and leave you Nancy, you're the girl that I adore,

I must go and leave you Nancy,
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I must go and leave you Nancy, you're the girl that I adore.

Then a ring from off her finger she instantly drew,
Saying, "Take this, me dearest William, and my heart will go too."
And as he stood embracing her, tears from her eyes fell,
Saying, "May I go along with you?" "Oh no, my love, farewell,"

Saying, "May I go along with you?"
Saying, "May I go along with you?"
Saying, "May I go along with you?" "Oh no, my love, farewell."

“So it’s farewell my dearest true love, I no longer can stay,
For the topsail is hoisted, and the anchor is weighed.
And the ship, she lies waiting for the next flowing tide,
And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride.”

And if ever I return again
And if ever I return again
And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride.”

Dacw 'Nghariad

Dacw 'nghariad i lawr yn y berllan,
Tw rym di ro rym di radl didl dal
O na bawn i yno fy hunan,
Tw rym di ro rym di radl didl dal
Dacw'r tŷ, a dacw'r 'sgubor;
Dacw ddrws y beudy'n agor.
Ffaldi radl didl dal, ffaldi radl didl dal,
Tw rym di ro rym di radl didl dal.

There’s my sweetheart in the orchard,
How I wish that I was with her,
There’s the house and there’s the barn,
And there’s the parlour door wide open.