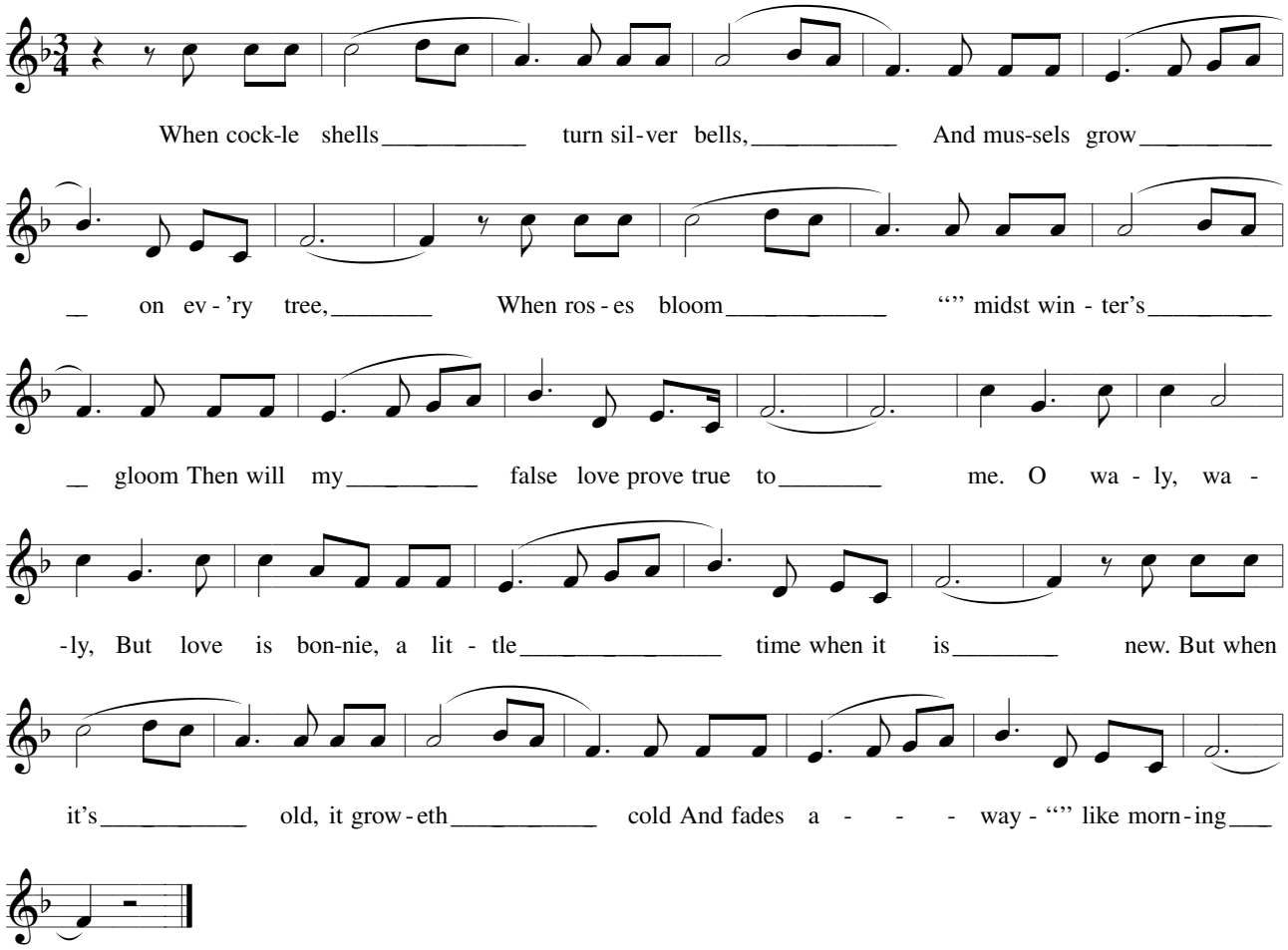
When cock-le shells turn sil-ver bells, And mus-sels grow
on ev-'ry tree, When ros-es bloom "" midst win-ter's
gloom Then will my false love prove true to me. O wa-ly, wa-
-ly, But love is bon-nie, a lit-tle time when it is new. But when
it's old, it grow-eth cold And fades a-way-"" like morn-ing