

## **Lowlands of Holland**

On the night that I was married  
And on me marriage bed  
There came a bold sea captain  
He stood at my bed head  
Crying arise, arise young married man  
And come along with me  
To the low, low lands of Holland  
To fight the enemy

Oh I held me love all in my arms  
Thinking that he might stay  
But the captain he gave an order  
They were forced to march away  
Crying it's many a blithe young married man  
This night must go with me  
To the low, low lands of Holland  
To fight the enemy

Oh Holland is a wondrous place  
And in it grows much green  
It's a wild inhabitation  
For my true love to be in  
Where the grasses grow and the warm winds blow  
There's fruit on every tree  
But the low, low lands of Holland  
Parted my love and me

Oh they took my love to a lofty ship  
A ship of noble fame  
With four and twenty sailors bold  
To sail across the main  
And it's then the seas begin to roar  
The waves begin to shout  
And it's then my love and his lofty ship  
Is sorely tossed about

Said the mother to the daughter  
What makes you so lament?  
Is there not a lad in all England  
Can heal your discontent?  
There are many men in all England  
But not at all for me  
I only have the one love  
And he's across the sea

No shoes nor stockings I'll put on  
Nor comb run through my hair  
Nor shall no coal or candle light  
Shine in my bower fair  
Nor will I lie with any young man  
Until the day I die  
For the low, low lands of Holland  
Parted my love and I

traditional  
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