

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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