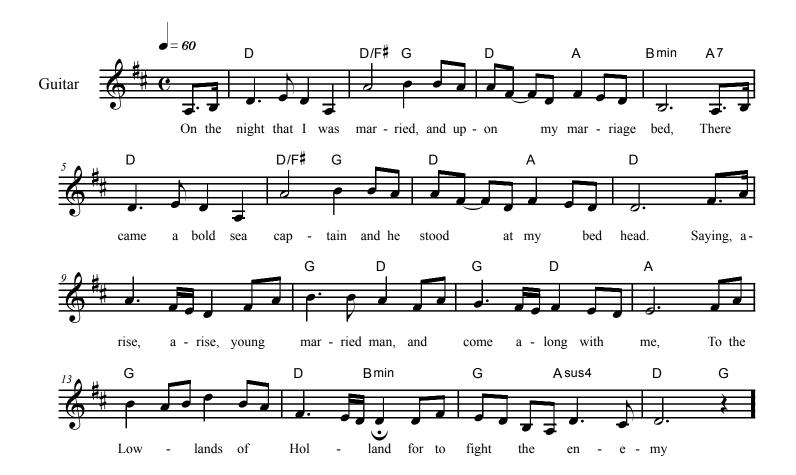
Lowlands of Holland

Traditional



On the night that I was married, and upon my marriage bed, There came a bold sea captain, and he stood at my bed head Saying, "Arise, arise, young married man and come along with me, To the Lowlands of Holland for to fight the enemy."

Now Holland is a lovely place, and upon it grows much grain, It is a place of residence where a soldier might remain. Where the sugarcane is plentiful and the tea grows on each tree, Oh I never had but one true love, and now he's gone far away from me.

I will wear no stays around my waist, nor combs all in my hair, I will wear no scarf around my neck, for to save my beauty fair. And never will I marry, not until the day I die, Since these cold winds and these stormy seas came between my love and I.