

# Lowlands of Holland

Scottish – British – Irish 1750



Now **I** when that I was marri **IV** ed  
And **I** in my marriage **vi** bed  
There **I** came a bold sea cap **IV** tain  
And he **I** stood at **V** my bed **I** head  
Saying, 'A- **I** rise, A- **V** rise, young **IV** wedded **I** man  
And **IV** come **I** along with **iv** me  
To the **I** lowlands of Holland  
For to **iv** fight **IV** the **I** enemy'

Now Holland is a lovely land  
And in it there grows fine grain  
It is a place of residence  
For soldiers to remain  
Now the sugarcane grows plentiful  
The tea grows on each tree  
I only had the one to love  
And now he's gone far away from me

I	I	I	IV
I	I	vi	vi
I	I	I	IV
I	V	I	I
I	V	IV	I
IV	I	vi	vi
I	I	I	I
vi	IV	I	I

Said the mother to her daughter  
'Give up your soil and bed  
Is there ne'er a man in Ireland?  
That will be your heart content  
Way there's men enough in Ireland  
But alas there is none for me  
Since high wind and stormy sea's  
Have parted me love and me

I'll wear no shoes all on my feet  
No comb all in my hair  
I'll wear no handkerchief around my neck  
For to shade my beauty fair  
And neither will I marry  
Until the day I die  
Since high wind and stormy sea's  
Have parted me love and I