

THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND

Irish

Whistle




The night that I was mar-ried and I lay in mar-riage bed Up

5



came a bold sea cap-tain and he stood at my - bed head Say - ing "Rise, a-rise, new wed-ed

11



man and come with me To the Low - lands of Hol - land for to face your en-em-y.—

16



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Now Holland is a lovely land
And in it grows fine grain
It is a place of residence
For soldiers to remain
Where the sugar cane is plentiful
And the tea grows on each tree
I never had but the one sweetheart
And he's far away from me

For the stormy winds began to blow
And the seas did loudly roar
And the captain or his gallant ship
Was never seen no more

Says the mother to the daughter
"Leave off your sore lament
There's men enough in Galway
For to be your heart's content"
There's men enough in Galway
But, alas, there's none for me
Since the high winds and rolling seas
Parted my love and me