

## **Norma Waterson**

# **"Lowlands Of Holland"**

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On the night that I was married and laid in my marriage  
bed

Up stepped a bold sea-captain and he stood at my  
bedhead

Saying "Rise up, rise up, Riley, and come along with me  
To the lowlands of Holland, to fight and never flee."

Ar the ship she lies in harbour with her anchor at her  
prow

There's a gale blows down the Humber, I can hear it  
roaring now

And I cannot wait for other men to come along with me  
To the lowlands of Holland, for to fight and never flee.

Now Holland is a pretty place for my love to live in  
But there's no deep sea harbour where a sailor can  
remain

But the sugarcane was plentiful and tea grows on every  
tree

And the lowlands of Holland parted my love and me.  
I will build my lover a bonny boat, a boat with silver  
sails

With four and twenty young mariners for to rock her  
through the gales

Come all you ranting roaring lads come on boys pull  
away

For I never had but one true love and he is far away

No shawl goes around my shoulder and no comb goes  
through my hair

No candlelight nor firelight will shine in my bower fair

And never will I married by until the day I die

Since the raging seas and stormy winds parted my love  
and I

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