

# THE LOW, LOW LANDS OF HOLLAND

Collected and arranged by  
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Moderato

VOICE

1. The ver - y day I was mar - ried, That  
Hol - land is a cold place, A  
build my love a gal - lant ship, A  
moth - er to the daugh - ter: What  
not a swaithe goes round my waist, Nor a

PIANO

night I lay on my bed; A press - gang came to  
place where grows no green, And Hol - land is a  
ship of no - ted fame, With four and twen - ty  
makes you to la - ment? O there are lords and  
comb goes in my hair, Nei-ther fire - light nor

my bed - side These words to me they said: A -  
cold place For my love to wan - der in. Though  
sea - men bold To box her on the main. They'll  
dukes and squires Can ease your heart's con - tent. But  
can - dle - light Can ease my heart's des - pair. And

rise, a - rise, a - rise, young man, And come a - long with  
 mon-ey had been as plen - ti - ful As leaves up - on the  
 rant and roar in spar - kling glee Where - some ev - er they do  
 nev - er will I mar - ried be Un - til the day I  
 nev - er will I mar - ried be Un - til the day I

me, with me, To the low, low lands of Hol - land To  
 tree, the tree, Yet be - fore I'd time to turn my - self My  
 go, do go, To the low, low lands of Hol - land, To  
 die, I die, Since the low, low lands of Hol - land Have  
 die, I die, Since the low, low lands of Hol - land Have

*cresc.* *f*

face your en - e - my.  
 love was stol'n from me.  
 face the dar - ing - foe.  
 part - ed my love and me.  
 part - ed my love and me.

2. But  
 3. I'll  
 4. Says the  
 5. There's

*dim.* *mf* *p*

*Last time*