

The Lowlands of Holland

Scottish Folk

My love has built a bon - ny ship and he's set her on the sea, Wi'
se-ven score guid. ma - ri - ners for to bear her com - pan - y. There is
three score is sunk, my lads, and three score dead at sea. And the Low - lands o'
Hol - land hae twined my love and me.

Chords: C, F, C, Am, C, F, C, G, C, G, F, C, F, C, Am, F, C, F, C

*My love has built another ship and he set her on the main
Wi' none but twenty mariners for tae bring her safely hame.
But the weary wind began to rise, the sea began to roull,
My love then and his bonny ship turned withershins about.*

*There'll neither quiff come on my head nor comb come tae my hair,
There shall neither coal nor candlelight shine in my bower nae mair.
Nor will I love another one until the day I dee,
For I never loved a love but ane and he is drowned in the sea.*

Oh, haud yer tongue my daugh - ter dear, be still and be con - tent. There are
mair lads in Gal - lo - wa', ye need - na' sair la - ment. Oh there is nane in

Chords: C



Gal - lo-wa', there's. nane. at a' for me. For I ne - ver loved a — love but ane and.



he is drowned — in the sea.