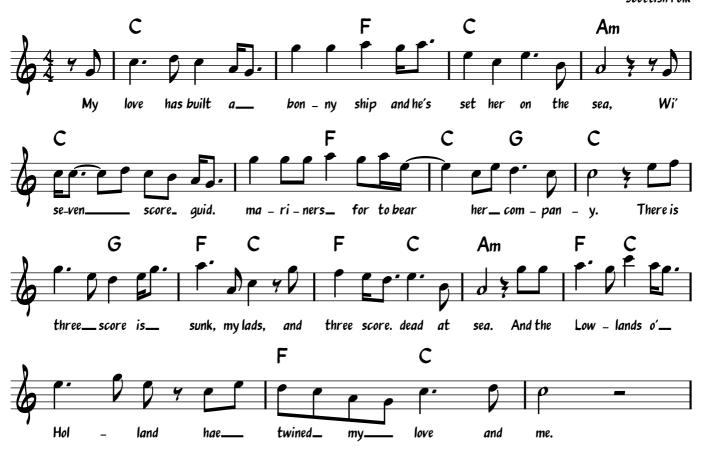
## The Lowlands of Holland

Scottish Folk



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.





