

THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

This touching little rustic ballad appeared in Herd's Collection. It was reproduced in Johnson's *Museum*, with some changes, and with the air, which Mr Stenhouse considers as having afforded a basis for William Marshall's well-known tune, *Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey*, to which Burns composed *Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw*.

My love he's built a bonnie ship, and
set her on the sea, With sev-en score guid mar-in-ers to
bear her eom-pa-nie. There's threc seore is sunk, and
three seore dead at sea; And the low-langs of Hol-land ha'e
twined my love and me.

My love he's built a bonnie ship, and set her on the sea,
With seven score guid mariners to bear her companie.
There's three score is sunk, and three score dead at sea ;
And the lowlands of Holland ha'e twined my love and me.

My love he built another ship, and set her on the main,
And nane but twenty mariners for to bring her hame ;
But the weary wind began to rise, and the sea began to rout ;
My love, then, and his bonnie ship, turn'd withershins¹ about.

There shall neither coif come on my head, nor kame come in
my hair ;

There shall neither coal nor candle-licht come in my bouir mair ;
Nor will I love another man until the day I dee,
For I never loved a love but ane, and he's drown'd in the sea.

O, haud your tongue, my daughter dear, be still and be content ;
There are mair lads in Galloway, ye need na sair lament.

O ! there is nane in Galloway, there's nane at a' for me ;
For I never loved a love but ane, and he's drown'd in the sea.