

Natalie Merchant, Lowlands Of Holland

On the night that I was married
And upon my marriage bed
There came a bold sea captain
And stood at my bedhead
Saying, "arise, arise, young wedded man
And come along with me
To the lowlands of Holland
To fight the enemy"

Now then, Holland is a lovely land
And upon it grows fine grain
Surely 'tis a place of residence
For a soldier to remain
Where the sugar cane is plentiful
And the tea grows on the tree
Well, I never had but the one sweetheart
And now he's gone far away from me

I will wear no staysail around my waist
Nor combs are in my hair
I will wear no scarf around my neck
for to save my beauty there
And never will I marry
Not until the day I die
Since these four winds and these stormy seas
Came between my love and I