

15.
THREE EXCELLENT POPULAR

NEW SONGS.

VIZ.

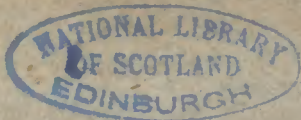
THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

THE COBBLER'S MARRIAGE.

SAUCY TIBBY.



B, TAYLOR, PRINTER, FALKIRK.



LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

The love that I have chosen,
 I'll therewith be content,
 The salt sea shall be frozen,
 Before that I repent :
 Repent it I shall never,
 until the day I die,
 But the Lowlands of Holland,
 hath twin'd my love and me.

My love is on the salt sea,
 and I am on the side,
 Enough to break a young thing's heart
 who lately was a bride.
 Who lately was a bonny bride,
 most pleasant for to see,
 But the Lowlands of Holland,
 hath twin'd my love and me.

There shall no shirt go on my back,
 no comb go in my hair,
 nor shall coal nor candle light
 in my bower mair.
 I chuse another love,



3

until the day I die,
Since the Lowlands of Holland,
hath twin'd my love and me.

My love he built a bonny ship,
and sent her to the sea,
With seven score brave mariners,
to bear her company.
Three score were in a storm sunk,
and three score died at sea ;
And the Lowlands of Holland,
hath twin'd my love and me.

Their main-mast was hewn down,
their yards and riggings gone,
Their ropes and their anchors,
were over shipboard blown,
Out over shipboard they were blown
by a tempest in the sea ;
And the Lowlands of Holland,
hath twin'd my love and me.

My love he built another ship,
and sent her to the main,
Now hath not twenty mariners,
to bring her safely hame,
The weary winds did roar again,
which rais'd the raging sea,

4
And the Lowlands of Holland
hath twin'd my love and me.

New Holland is a bonoy place,
but in it grows no grain,
Nor yet no habitation,
within for to remain.
The sugar canes are plenty,
the wine drops from the tree,
But the Lowlands of Holland,
hath twin'd my love and me.

New Holland it is very large,
but it is scant of men,
Yet to conquer New England,
is what they do intend,
And there is none can win them,
so well they know the sea,
O the Lowlands of Holland,
hath twin'd my love and me.

O hold your tounge my daughter,
be still and rest content,
These are more lads in Galloway,
thou needs not so lament.
O there are none in Galloway,
not one that longs for me,

For I lov'd ne'er a love but one,
who's drowned in the sea.

He was a comely proper youth,
I lov'd him for my part,
But death has taken him from me,
which sore afflicts my heart.
And since that he's departed,
I'll mourn and weep always,
That e'er he went to Holland,
that was my earthly joys.

Unto the grave that he has gone,
who was my comely dear,
May heav'n receive my soul to rest,
I'll still lament in brinish tears,
until the day I die,
Since the Lowlands of Holland
bath twin'd my love and me.



THE COBLER'S MARRIAGE.

Last week I got a wife,
and when I first did woo her,
I vow'd to stick through life,
like cobbler's was unto her.

But soon we went by some mishap,
 to loggerheads together,
 and when my wife began to strap,
 why I began to leather.

My wife without her shoes,
 is hardly three feet seven,
 And I to all men's views,
 am full five feet eleven.
 So when to take her down some pegs,
 I drubb'd her neat and clever,
 She made h bolt righ my legs,
 and ran away for ever.

When she was gone good lack,
 my hair like hogs-hair bristled,
 I thought she'd neer come back,
 so went to work and whistled.
 Then let her go I've got my stall,
 which may no robber rifle,
 'Twould break my heart to lose my awl,
 to lose my wife's a trifle.

Tibbie wi her Fifty Mark.

○ Tibbie I ha'e seen the day,
 ye wadna been sas shy;

For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
but yet I carena by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
Ye spakena but gaed by like stour,
Ye geek at me because I'm poor,
But ne'er a hair care I.

I doubtna lass but ye may think,
Beause ye ha'e the name o' clink,
That ye can please me wi' a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.

He's silly that would be sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean,
That looks sae proud and high.
O Tibbie, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If he want gowd that yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho hardly he for sence and lear,

Be better than the ky.
O Tibbie. &c.

O Tibbie ye're o'er fu' o' spice,
Your daddie's gear makes you o'er nice,
But ne'er a ane wad spier your price-
Were ye as poor as I.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I wadna gie her in her sark,
For you and a' your fifty mark,
That gars ye look sae shy.
O Tibbie, &c.
