

Drowned Mariner;

OR, THE

Low-lands of Holland has
twin'd my Love and me.

To which are added,

The Jolly Sailor's Wedding,

A N D

The Sporting Hay-Makers.



Entered according to Order



The LOW-LANDS of HOLLAND
hath twin'd my LOVE and ME.

THE love that I have chosen,
I'll therewith be content,
The salt sea shall be frozen,
before that I repent ;
Repent it shall I 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'm upon the side,
Nough 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,
nor comb go in my hair,
Neither shall coal nor candle light,
shine in my bower mair,
Nor shall I choose another love,
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 set her on the sea,
 With sevenfcore brave mariners,
 to bear her company:

There's threescore of them were sunk,
 and threescore di'd at sea,
 And the lowlands of Holland,
 hath twin'd my love and me.

Their main-mast was hewn down,
 their yards and riggen's gone,
 Their ropes and their anchors
 out o'er ship-board are thrown,
 Out o'er the ship-board were blown,
 by tempest in the sea,
 And the lowlands of Holland,
 hath twin'd my love and me.

My love hath built another ship,
 and set her on the main,
 Yet hath not twenty mariners,
 now for to bring her hame;
 The weary wind did rise again,
 the seas began to rout;
 My love then and his pretty ship,
 turn'd widdershins about.

New Holiand is a barren place,
 in it there grows no grain,
 Nor yet no habitation,
 within it to remain,
 The sugar canes are plenty,
 the wine drops from the tree,

And the lowlands of Holland,
hath twin'd my love and me.

New Holland is a bonny place,
but it is scant of men,

Yet to conquer New-England,
is what they intend:

For there is none can win them,
so well they know the sea,

And the lowlands of Holland;
hath twin'd my love and me.

Be still; be still my daughter,
be still and be content:

There 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 my comely proper youth;
I lov'd him as my heart,

But death has ta'en him from me,
which sore affects 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,
and guide me while I'm here.

I'll still lament in brinish tears,
 until the day I die,
 Since the lowlands of Holland,
 hath twin'd my love and me.



The JOLLY SAILOR'S WEDDING.

To its own proper Tune.

Give my service to the young man,
 That lives in yon town below,
 Tell him that I will go with him,
 Whether my mother will or no,

With young Jamie I'll go wander,
 Through the nations far abroad,
 I've made a vow I'll be married,
 If my mother should go mad.

O dear Jenny, O pray Jenny,
 Let thy foolish talking be,
 For young Jamie he's a sailor,
 And must serve his Majesty.

If with Jamie you do marry,
 And in wars he should be slain,
 Then you're left a mournfoul widow,
 Thus in sorrow to complain.

Ripest apples, soonest rotten,
 Hottest love is soonest cold,
 Too fond maids are easy cozen'd,
 But they're slighted when they're old.

O dear Katy you seem witty,
 But your counsel is in vain,
 For with Jamie I will marry,
 Though my parents me disdain.

A fig for gold, a fig for treasure,
 He's the riches I adore,
 My delight's in a jovial sailer,
 And shall be for evermore.

Some delight for to be marry'd,
 Other lasses to be free,
 But my delight's in a jovial sailer,
 For I know that he loves me.

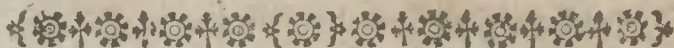
Now brisk Jenny she is married,
 And is made a sailer's wife,
 This young sailer brisk and jovial,
 Vows he loves her as his life.

When her mother she beheld him,
 This young sailer stout and bold,
 To her daughter for a portion,
 Freely did resign her gold.

Two hundred pounds upon the table,
 Willingly to them she gave,
 Saying you shall have my blessing,
 While I have a day to live.

Trumpets founding, colours flying,
 While the cannons they do roar,
 Jovial sailers loud huzzaing,
 That had lately come on shore.

There was drinking, dancing, kissing,
 While the music it did play,
 At the noble sailor's wedding,
 For to crown the jovial day.



The SPORTING HAY-MAKERS.

To its own proper Tune.

IN the merry month of June,
 In the prime time of the year,
 Down in yonder Meadow
 there runs a river clear ;
 And many a little fish,
 doth in that river play,
 And many a lad and many a lass,
 went abroad a making hay,

In came a jolly scythe man,
 to mow the meadow down,
 With budget and with bottle
 of ale that's stout and brown :
 All labouring men of courage bold,
 came there their skill to try,
 Let's whet and blow, and stoutly mow,
 for the grass cuts very dry.

There's nimble Tib and Tom,
 with pitchfork and with rake,
 There's Molly, Nell and Susan,
 came here their hay to make :

Sweet jug, jug, jug, jug, sweet jug,
 the Nightingale doth sing,
 From morning until evening,
 as they were a hay-making.

But when that bright Phœbus,
 the sun, was going down,
 A merry disposed piper,
 approaching from the town,
 Pull'd out his pipe and tabor,
 disposing for to play,
 Which madethem all lay downtheir rakes,
 and leave off making hay.

So joining with the dance,
 we jig it on the green ;
 Though tir'd with our labour,
 no weariness was seen ;
 All tripping like to fairies,
 our dance we did pursue,
 With leading up, and casting off,
 till the morning it's in view.

Then each lad he takes his lass,
 the morning being come,
 And lays her down on the hay-cock,
 till the rising of the sun :
 There sporting all the time,
 while the harmless birds do sing,
 Each lad doth rise, and take his lass,
 and away to hay-making.