

The Lowlands of Holland

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Lowlands of Holland'. It consists of four staves of music in a 3/4 time signature, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with 'Last East - er I was mar - ried, That night I ___ went to bed. There'. The second staff continues with 'came a bold sea cap - tain and stood at my bed - head. Say - ing, "A -'. The third staff has 'rise, a-rise, you mar-ried man, and come a - long with me, To the'. The fourth staff concludes with 'low, low-lands of Hol - land to ___ face your en - e - my.'

She clasped her arms about me imploring me to stay,
But still this bold sea captain said, "Arise and come away.
Arise, arise, you married man, and come along with me
To the low lowlands of Holland to face your enemy.

"Oh, daughter dear, oh daughter dear, why do you thus lament?
There are men enough in our town to make your heart content."
"There are men enough in our town, but there's not one for me,
For I have never had but one true love and he has gone from me.

"No sash shall go about my waist, nor comb come in my hair,
And neither wood nor candlelight shine in my chamber more,
And never will I married be until the day I die.
Since cruel waves and angry winds parted my love and me."

A Memory of Childhood

When I was about ten years old, we were all eagerly looking forward to a "frolic" at my cousin Frank Spinney's house. He had been clearing a piece of land, and in those days they burned the trees not fit for firewood as well as the underbrush, as there was not sale for anything but cord wood at that time and wood was plentiful. After the wood was burned, the ashes fertilized the land. So, Frank invited the neighbors to a "piling" where the wood was piled up for burning. "Many hands make light work," and after the piling the men were invited to supper and after that there was dancing and song singing in the evening.

Much to my disgust, I had to stay at home with mother that afternoon, though my Father and young brother went to the piling and my older sister went to help my cousin and her daughters to prepare the supper. As mother and I were busy out of doors, tidying up the yard, she sang parts of two songs I had never heard before. I liked the tunes, and I can remember the event as though it had happened yesterday. I can see just how she looked as she stood fixing up a rose bush, and just how she sounded as she sang a verse of "Farewell and Adieu" and a few verses of "The Lowland of Holland."

At the party, at a lull in the dancing, she sang "The Silk Weaver's Daughter." Young and old joined in the dancing, which consisted of plain reels, and in between times two people would face each other on the floor for a "step dance." My father was not a graceful dancer but he knew many intricate steps, and I remember how my mother's brother, my Uncle Jim, so tall and straight, called out to father, "Come on, George," and how they did hoe it down, while my cousin Frank whistled the tune. They were both over fifty years old then, I think, but how they could handle their feet!

Part of the time I had to sit on a box and sing for the dancers, cousin Frank telling me which tunes to sing.