

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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The Lowlands Low (7)

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There was a ship sailed from th' northern country
Cryin' o'er th' lowlands low;
There was a ship sailed from th' northern country
An' th' name that she went under was th' Turkish Shivaree
Where she went sailin' on th' lowlands lonesome low
Where she went sailin' on th' lowlands low.

They had not sailed more than weeks two or three
Till they come in sight of the Green Willow Tree
Where she lay anchored etc.

"I'll give you gold an' I'll give you fee,"
An' my oldest daughter your wedded bride shall be,
If you'll sink 'em etc.

He bowed upon his breast an' off swum he,
An' he come in sight of the Green Willow Tree,
Where she lay anchored etc.

Some was at hats an' some was at caps,
An' some was a' stoppin the salt water gaps
Where she lay anchored etc.

This laddie had a instrument just fit for the use,
For to put agin the cabin an' eleven holes to push,
To sink 'em in etc.

(An important stanza is missing here, but Mr. Kelley assures me
that he sunk 'em, all right. VR)

He bowed upon his breast an' back swum he,
Till he come in sight of the Turkey Shivaree,
Where she was sailin' etc.

"Oh captain, oh captain, come take me on board,"
An' be unto me as good as your word,
For I sunk 'em etc.

"Oh no, oh no, I cain't take you on board
An' be unto you as good as my word,
Though you sunk 'em etc.

"Now, if it warn't for the virtue of your crew,
I'd do unto you as I done unto them,
I'd sink you etc.

He bowed upon his breast an' off swum he,
An' bid an everlastin' 'dieu to the Turkey Shivarree,
An' he left her sailin' etc.

From Ozark Folk Songs, Randolph
Collected from Lewis Kelley, MO 1931
Child #286

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