

Lowlands

Anne Briggs

I dreamt a dream the other night
Ch. Lowlands, lowlands, away my John
I dreamt a dream the other night
Ch. My lowlands, away.
I dreamt I saw my own true love,
He stood so still, he did not move,
I knew my love was drowned and dead,
He stood so still, no word he said.
All dank his hair, all dim his eye,
I knew that he had said goodbye.
All green and wet with weeds so cold,
Around his form green weeds had hold.
'I'm drowned in the Lowland Seas,' he said,
'Oh, you an' I will ne'er be wed.'
'I shall never kiss you more,' he said,
'Never kiss you more --- for I am dead.'
'I will cut my breasts until they bleed.'
His form had gone --- in the green weed.
'I will cut away my bonnie hair,
No other man will think me fair.'
I bound the weeper round my head,
For now I knew my love was dead.
My love is drowned in the windy Lowlands,
My love is drowned in the windy Lowlands,
From Hugill, Shanties from the Seven Seas