

Steely Water / Lowlands Away

Trad. arr. Nancy Kerr

Steely water

Steely water, hard hearted silver grey
Greedy water, stealing my true love away
Oh cruel lover, cold- hearted as the sea
Steely water, stealing my love from me.

Lowlands away

I dreamed a dream the other night
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John.
My love he came all dressed in white
Lowlands away

I knew my love was drowned and dead
Low lands, low lands away, my John.
He stood so still, no word he said.
Lowlands away.

I'll cut away my bonny hair
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John
No other man shall think me fair
Lowlands away

To Portsmouth

To Portsmouth, to Portsmouth, it is a gallant town
And there we will have a quart of wine
with a nutmeg brown, Diddle down!
The gallant ship, the Mermaid, the Lion hanging stout
Did make us to spend there our sixteen pence all out.

