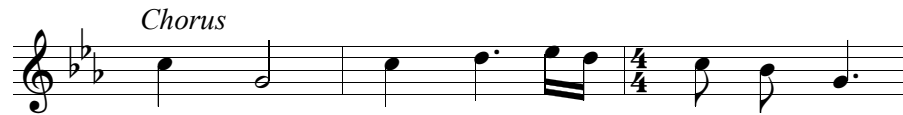


# Lowlands

## Capstan Shanty



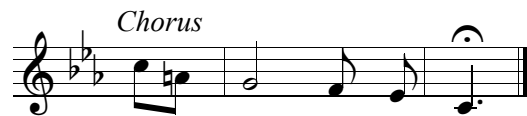
1. I dreamed a dream the o - ther night,
2. She came to me at my bed - side,
3. And brave - ly in her bo - som fair,
4. She made no sound no word she said,



Low - lands, Low - lands a - way my John,



My love she came dressed all in white,  
All dressed in white, like some fair bride.  
A red red rose my love did wear.  
And then I knew my love was dead.



My Low - lands a - way.

## Lowlands

*Capstan*

*Gangspill (Schiffswinde, die durch Hebebäume im horizontalen Kreis gedreht wird, um den Anker zu heben)*

*Shanty*

*Arbeitslied der Matrosen*

*Slowly, with great feeling*

*Langsam, sehr gefühlvoll*

1

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

Ich träumte einen Traum  
in der vorigen Nacht,

auf, [mein] John,  
meine Liebste [sie] kam  
ganz in weiß gekleidet,

2

She came to me  
at my bedside,  
All dressed in white  
like some fair bride.

Sie kam zu mir  
an meine Bettkante,  
ganz in weiß gekleidet  
wie manche hübsche Braut.

3

And bravely  
in her bosom fair,  
A red red rose  
my love did wear.

Und prangend  
an ihrem hübschen Busen  
eine rote, rote Rose  
meine Liebste trug.

4

She made no sound,  
no word she said,  
And then I knew  
my love was dead.

Sie gab keinen Laut (von sich),  
sie sagte kein Wort,  
und da wusste ich,  
(dass) meine Liebste tot war.

\* *Lowlands*, schottisches Tiefland

SO/KH 181105

(1381) II/ Englisch

LOW

# Lowlands

## Capstan Shanty

Low - lands, Low - lands a - way my John My love she  
Low - lands, Low - lands, Low - lands, Ah! \_\_\_  
Low - lands, Low - lands, Low - lands, Ah! \_\_\_  
I dreamed a dream the o - ther night, Low - lands, Low - lands, Low - lands, Ah! \_\_\_

came dressed all in white, My Low - lands a - way.  
My Low-lands a - way  
My Low-lands a - way.  
My Low-lands a - way.

2  
She came to me at my bedside,  
All dressed in white like some fair bride.

3  
And bravely in her bosom fair,  
A red red rose my love did wear.

4  
She made no sound no word she said,  
And then I knew my love was dead.

Harmonisation: Josef VIETH, 1969