

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Last Night of November

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One night on last November
When stars were shining bright,
On a bench stood my true lover
Intending to take my life.

"Oh, Alice, my sweet Alice,
Come down with me a walk
Beneath yon weeping willow
Where we can sit and talk."

"Oh, Edward, I'm getting tired,
Wearied and tired am I,
Weary and tired of wandering,
So let us return to our home."

"Oh, Alice, my sweet Alice,
From me you never can fly,
For in this wood I have you,
And here you have got to die."

Down on her knees she bended,
Pleading for her life,
When deep into her bosom
He plunged a dangerous knife.

"Of, Edward, may God forgive you
For what you have done to me,
For I never have deceived you
Upon my dying knees."

This young man's name was Edward,
His name was Edward Blaine;
He was hung for the murder of Rosy,
The rose of bitter wain.

note: I'm working through Eddy's Ballads and Songs from Ohio, and I'm up to no. 104, "The Murdered Girl." This is a MESS. Eddy has eight texts here, and they appear to belong to four different songs. Her A and C texts are "The Knoxville Girl." B is "The Banks of the Ohio." D and E are "The Jealous Lover (Florella)". RW

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RBW

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