

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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## Edward

Edward

What makes that blood on the point of your knife?

My son, now tell to me

It is the blood of my old grey mare

Who plowed the fields for me, me, me

Who plowed the fields for me.

It is too red for your old grey mare

My son, now tell to me

It is the blood of my old coon dog

Who chased the fox for me, me me

Who chased the fox for me.

It is too red for your old coon dog

My son, now tell to me

It is the blood of my brother John

Who hoed the corn for me, me, me

Who hoed the corn for me.

What did you fall out about?

My son, now tell to me

Because he cut yon holly bush

Which might have been a tree, tree, tree

Which might have been a tree.

What will you say when your father comes back

When he comes home from town?

I'll set my foot in yonder boat

And sail the ocean round, round, round

I'll sail the ocean round.

When will you come back, my own dear son?

My son, now tell to me

When the sun it sets in yonder sycamore tree

And that will never be, be, be

And that will never be.

Child #13

From the Burl Ives Song Book. Collected By Sharp.