Edward in the Lowlands

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Young Edward came to Emily
His gold all for to show,
That he has made all on the lands,
All on the lowlands low
My father keeps a boarding house
All down by yonder sea;
And you go there this night and until morning be.

Young Emily in her chamber,
She dreamed an awful dream;
She dreamed she saw young Edward's blood
Go flowing like the stream.

She rose so early in the morning
And dressed herself although
To go and see young Edward,
Who ploughed the lowlands low.

O father, where's that stranger
Came here last night to dwell ?
His body's in the ocean
And you no tales must tell;

O father, O father,
You'll die a public show
For the murdering of young Edward
Who ploughed the lowlands low.

Away then to some councilor
To let the deeds be known.
The jury found him guilty
His trial to come on.

On trial they found him guilty
And hanged was to be
For the murdering of young Edward,
Who ploughed the lowlands low.

The fish that's in the ocean
Swims over young Edward's breast
While his body's in the ocean

I hope his soul's at rest,

His coaches are in the mountain,
The rivers they overflow
For his name it was young Edward
Who ploughed the lowlands low.

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