

Edward

Child Ballad 13

Dm

What makes that blood on the point of your knife ?

My son, now tell to me.

F

Dm

It is the blood of my old gray mare

Gm

Dm

Gm

Who plowed the fields for me, me, me,

Dm

Gm

Dm

Who plowed the fields for me.

It is too red for your old gray 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, etc.

It is the blood of my brother John,

Who hoed the corn for me, me, me, etc.

What did you fall out about, my own dear son, etc.

Because he cut yon holly bush

Which might have been a tree, tree, tree, etc.

What will you say when your father comes home ? etc.

I'll set my foot in yonder boat,

And I'll sail the ocean round, round, round, etc.

When will you come back, my own dear son ? etc.

When the sun it sets in yonder sycamore tree,

And that will never be, be, be,

And that will never be.