

Young Edwin in the Lowlands Low

Traditional, **arranged by** Roger Watson

1. Come, all you wild, young people and listen to my song
I will unfold concerning gold, that drives so many wrong.
Young Emma was a serving maid, she loved a sailor bold
Who ploughed the main much gold to gain, for his love, as we've been told.
2. He ploughed the main for seven years and then returned home,
As soon as he set foot on shore to young Emma's house did go.
He went unto young Emma's house his gold all for to show,
That he had gained all on the main down in the lowlands low.
3. 'My father keeps a public house down by the side of the sea,
And you'll go there and spend the night and there you'll wait for me.
I will meet you in the morning, do not let my parents know
That your name it is young Edwin who ploughed the lowlands low.'
4. So, Edwin he sat drinking till time to go to bed.
He little thought a sword that night would part his body and head.
And Emma. she lay sleeping, she dreamed a dreadful dream.
She dreamed she saw young Edwin's blood a-flowing like the stream.
5. Then Edwin, he got into bed and scarcely was asleep
When Emma's cruel parents into his room did creep.
They stabbed him, dragged him out of bed, and to the sea did go.
They sent his body rolling down to the lowlands low.
6. 'O father, where's the stranger came here last night to lay?'
'O, he is dead, no tales can tell,' the father he did say.
'Then father, cruel father, you will die a public show
For the murder of young Edwin, who ploughed the lowlands low.'
7. 'The fishes in the ocean swim o'er my true love's breast.
His body rolls in motion, I hope his soul's at rest.
The shells upon the seashore, that are weaving to and fro,
Remind me of my Edwin who ploughed the lowlands low.'
8. So many a day she pined away and tried to ease her mind,
Dear Emma, broken-hearted, was in Bedlam close confined,
Crying, 'O, my cruel parents you have proved my overthrow.'
Her screams were for young Edwin who ploughed the lowlands low.