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Down by the weeping willow,  
Where the violet sweetly blooms,  
There lies my dear Floelda, [Note: Possible variation of the more common "Florella"]  
So silent in her tomb. [Note: Murder ballads are a ballad subgenre that describe the circumstances leading to a murder.]

She died not broken hearted,  
Nor sickness caused her death,  
But in one moment parted  
From the one she loved so true.

One night, as the moon shone brightly,  
The stars were shining too,  
Into a lonely cottage,  
A jealous lover came.

Said he, "Now let us ramble  
Into some flowery dell,  
And there we'll sit and chatter,  
To plan our wedding day."

"The road is dark and dreary,  
And I'm afraid to go,  
So let us retrace our footsteps,  
And go by another road."

"No! no! my dear, I've got you,  
From me you cannot fly.  
No mortal hand can save you.  
Floelda, you must die."

Down on her knees she bended  
And pleaded for her life.  
But in her lily bosom  
He plunged a dreadful knife.

"Edward I never deceived you."  
They were her last dying words;  
"But Eddie, I'll forgive you"  
She closed her eyes and died.

'Twas only one month after,  
While he on the gallows high,  
Confessed that he had murdered  
The one he loved so true.

Now all young girls take warning [Note: As the most common iteration of the murder ballad is that of a young girl led astray by a man, this line is typical.]

From this lesson, so I say,  
And never go out walking,  
To plan your wedding day.

*Finis*

