

[Page 1]

'Tis six years and better,
Since Edmund² he came home;
Edmund came to Emily's house
When she was all alone.

Edmund came to Emily's house
His gold all for to show,
The gold that he had gained,
Along the Lowlands low.

"My father keeps a public house
Down by the sea,
Where strangers go at night
And in the morning be.

"I'll meet you there in the morning,
Don't let my father know
That your name it is young Edmund
That plowed the Lowlands low."

[Page 2]

Edmund he sat smoking
Till time to go to bed,
Little thought he had what sorrow
Crowned his head.

Says Emily's cruel father
"Your gold I'll make you show,
Or I'll send your body floating
All on the Lowlands low.

Young Edmund scarce was into bed
When he fell fast asleep
And Emily's cruel father
Its into the room did creep.

[Page 3]

He pierced his breast with a dagger,
His blood in streams did flow;
And he sent his body floating
All on the Lowlands low.

Young Emily on her pillow
She dreamed a dreadful dream,
She dreamed she saw young Edmund's
Blood running in a stream.

She rose early in the morning
To seek her love did go,
Because she loved him dearly
Who had plowed the Lowlands low.

[Page 4]

"O where is the young man
Who last night came here to dwell!"
"He's dead and gone" her father says,
"And for your life don't tell."

"O father, cruel old father!

² In other versions of this ballad, the name "Edmund" is replaced with "Edwin" or "Edward." (According to *Mackenzie's "The Quest of the Ballad," 1919: Oxford University Press.*)

I'll make you public show,
 For the murdering of young Edmund
 Who plowed the Lowlands low."

"O father, cruel old father!
 You'll die a public show,
 For the murdering of young Edmund
 Who plowed the Lowlands low."

[Page 5]

She went unto a councillor,
 Her story for to tell;
 Her father he was taken,
 His trial soon came on.

The jury found him guilty,
 All hangèd he must be
 For the murdering of young Edmund,
 Who plowed the raging sea.

Now the ships that's on the ocean,
 That tosseth to and fro,
 Remind me of young Edmund,
 Who plowed the Lowlands low.

[Page 6]

"O mother, dearest mother,
 I have no more to tell.
 I'm now about to leave you
 And go where angels dwell."

Quite faint and broken hearted
 To Bedlam she did go,
 And all her cry was Edmund,
 That plowed the Lowlands low.³

Finis



³ In Canada, this ballad is most commonly associated with the Northern Avalon Peninsula area of Newfoundland. However, records of these versions of Young Edmund differ fairly significantly from this version. Most notably, they include several verses at the beginning which provide some light background information for the story (Edmund is a sailor who has returned to his love, Emily, after seven years at sea where he was seeking his riches). They include a verse at the end about Emily and "the shells in the ocean," which replaces this final Bedlam verse. (According to *Waltz and Engle's "The Ballad Index,"* retrieved from: <http://www.fresnostate.edu/folklore/ballads/LM34.html>.)