

Edward (Music Recording, English Translation)

Text: Old English Ballad (Anonymous)

Music: Karl Loewe (1796-1869)

:Why does your sword so drip with blood, Edward, Edward
And why are you so sad? O!

:O I have kill-ed my hawk so good, Mother, Mother
And I had none but he. O!

:Your hawk-es blood was never so red, Edward, Edward
My son, I know it well. O!

:O I have kill-ed my red roan steed, Mother, Mother
That was so strong and proud. O!

:Your steed was old and you have more, Edward, Edward
Your heart is sadder still. O!

:O I have kill-ed my father dear, Mother, Mother
Alas, and woe is me. O!

:And what for penance will ye do, Edward Edward,
My son, what will ye do? O!

:I'll set my feet on yonder boat, Mother,
And I'll sail over the sea. O!

:And what will ye do with your towers and your hall, Edward, Edward,
That were so fair to see? O!

:I'll let them stand 'til they down fall, Mother, Mother
I'll never see them more. O!

:And what will ye leave to your wife and your sons, Edward, Edward
When you're gone over the sea? O!

:The world is wide. Let them beg through life, Mother, Mother,
They are lost to me. O!

:And what shall your dear mother do, Edward, Edward,
My son, now tell me? O!

:The curse of hell shall ye bear from me, Mother, Mother.
Since you, you begged me to! O!