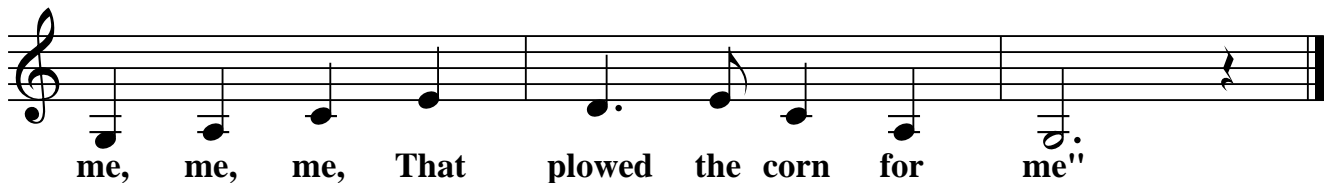
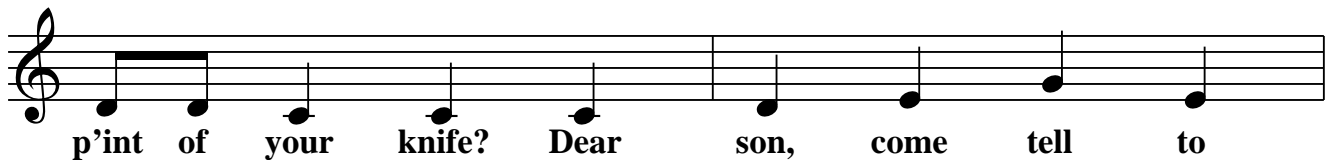


Edward

What Blood on the Point of your Knife?



"What blood? What blood on th' p'int of your knife?
Dear son, come tell to me."

"Its th' blood of my old grey horse
That plowed th' corn for me, me, me
That plowed the corn for me."

"What blood? What blood on th' p'int of your knife?
Dear son, come tell to me."

"Its the blood of my old Guinea sow
That ate the corn for me, me, me,
That ate the corn for me."

"What blood? What blood on th' p'int of your knife?
Dear son, come tell to me."

"Its the blood of my oldest brother
That fought the battle with me, me, me,
That fought the battle with me."

"What did you an' your dear brother fight about?
Dear son, come tell to me."

"We fit about the holly bush
That grows by the mary tree, tree, tree,
That grows by the mary tree."

"What will you do when your father comes home?
Dear son, come tell to me."

"I'll put my foot in a bunkem boat
An' sail across the sea, sea, sea,
An' sail across the sea."

"What will you do with your pretty little wife?
Dear son, come tell to me."

"I'll put her in the bumken boat
To sail along with me, me, me
To sail along with me."

"What will you do with your pretty little babe?
Dear son, come tell to me."

"I'll leave it all along with you
To dandle on your knee, knee, knee
To dandle on your knee."