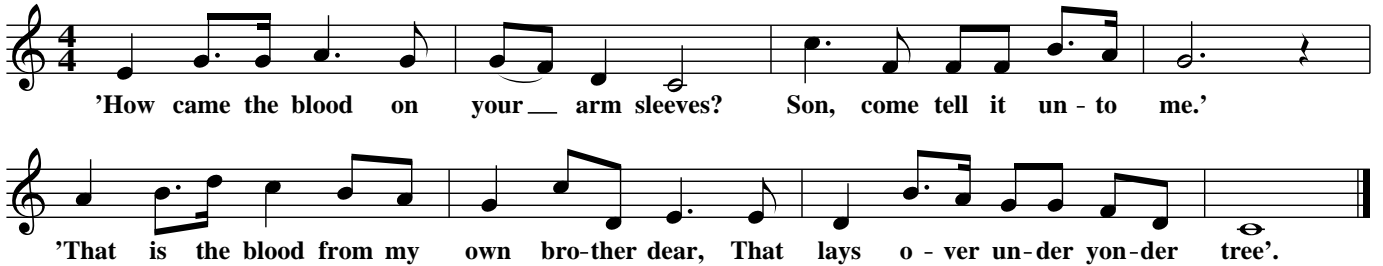


Son, come tell it unto me
(Edward)



'How came the blood on your — arm sleeves? Son, come tell it un - to me.'

'That is the blood from my own bro-ther dear, That lays o - ver un-der yon-der tree'.

2. 'What did you kill your own dear brother for?
Son, come tell it unto me'
'Because that he kill'ed the two turtle doves
That flew from tree to tree'
3. 'What will you do when your father comes to know?
Son, come tell it unto me'
'I'll sail away to another foreign shore
Where my face he'll never, never see.'
4. 'What will you do with your own dear wedded wife?
Son, come tell it unto me'
'I'll dress her up in a jolly sailor suit
And let her come and aboard with me'
5. 'Now, tarry sailor, will you turn this way again?
Son, come tell it unto me'
'When the moon and the sun they do both shine as one
And that's what you'll never, never see'

Source: Danny Brazil at Staverton, 1978, collected by Gwilym Davies and Mike Yates