House Carpenter

(alternate:)

(alternate:)

(alternate:)

House Carpenter

Well met, well met, my own true love
Well met, well met, cried he
I've just returned from the salt, salt sea
And it's all for the love of thee

O I could have married the king's daughter dear
And she would have married me
But I have refused the crown of gold
And it's all for the sake of thee

If you could have married the king's daughter dear
I'm sure you are to blame
For I am married to the house carpenter
And he is a fine young man

If you'll forsake your house carpenter
And come away with me
I'll take you to where the grass grows green
On the banks of the sweet Willie

If I forsake my house carpenter
And come away with thee
What have you got to maintain me upon
And keep me from slavery

I've six ships sailing on the salt, salt sea
A-sailing from dry land
And a hundred and twenty jolly young men
Shall be at thy command

She picked up her poor wee babe
And kisses gave him three
Saying stay right here with the house carpenter
And keep him good company

They had not been at sea two weeks

I'm sure it was not three
When this poor maid began to weep
And she wept most bitterly

O do you weep for your gold, he said
Your houses, your land, or your store?
Or do you weep for your house carpenter
That you never shall see anymore

I do not weep for my gold, she said
My houses, my land or my store
But I do weep for my poor wee babe
That I never shall see anymore

They had not been at sea three weeks
I'm sure it was not four
When in their ship there sprang a leak
And she sank to rise no more

What hills, what hills are those, my love
That are so bright and free
Those are the hill of Heaven, my love
But not for you and me

What hills, what hills, are those, my love
That are so dark and low
Those are the hills of Hell, my love
Where you and I must go

Child #243

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