Demon Lover

Tim O'Brien

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 sake of theeI've come for the vows that you promised me
To be my partner in life
She said my vows you must forgive
For now I'm a wedded wifeYes I have married a house carpenter
To him I've born two fine sons
For it's seven long years since you sailed to the west
And I took you for dead and goneIf I was to leave my husband dear
And my two babies also
Just what have you to take me to
If with you I should now goI have seven ships out upon the sea
And the eighth one that brought me to land
With four and twenty bold mariners
And music on every handIt was then she went to her two little babes
She kissed them on cheek and on chin
Saying fare thee well my sweet little ones
I'll never see you againThey had not sailed much more than a week
I know that it was not three
When altered grew his countinence
And a raging came over the seaWhen they reached the shore again
On the far side of the sea
It was there she spied his cloven hoof
And wept most bitterlyOh what is that mountain yon she cried
So dreary with ice and with snow
It is the mountain of hell he cried
Where you and I now will go

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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