

The House Carpenter / Jolene

Runa

“Well met, well met, said an old true love.

“Well met, well met, said he.

“I have just returned from the salt, salt sea.

“And it’s all for the love of thee.”

“I can’t come in and I can’t sit down,

“For I’ve only a moment’s time.

“They say you’re married to a house carpenter,

“And your heart will never be mine.

“I could have married a King’s daughter, fair,

“And she would have married me,

“But I have forsaken her crowns of gold,

“And it’s all for the love of thee.”

“Now you forsake your house carpenter,

“And go along with me.

“I’ll take you where the grass grows green.

“On the banks of the deep blue sea.”

Then she picked up a darlin’ little babe,

And kisses, she gave it three.

Saying “Stay right here, my darlin’ little babe,

“And keep your pappa company.”

Jolene, jolene, jolene, jolene

Iâ€™m begging of you please donâ€™t take my man

Jolene, jolene, jolene, jolene

Please donâ€™t take him just because you can

Your smile is like a breath of spring

Your voice is soft like summer rain

And I cannot compete with you, jolene

And I can easily understand

How you could easily take my man

But you donâ€™t know what he means to me, jolene

Jolene, jolene, jolene, jolene

Iâ€™m begging of you please donâ€™t take my man

Jolene, jolene, jolene, jolene

Please donâ€™t take him just because you can

You could have your choice of men

But I could never love again

Heâ€™s the only one for me, jolene

I had to have this talk with you

My happiness depends on you

And whatever you decide to do, jolene

Jolene, jolene, jolene, jolene

Iâ€™m begging of you please donâ€™t take my man

Jolene, jolene, jolene, jolene

Please don't take him even though you can

They had not been on the ship two weeks,

I'm sure it was not three,

Till his true love began to weep and to mourn,

And she wept most bitterly.

Saying: "Are you weeping for my silver and my gold?"

Saying: "Are you weeping for my store?"

"Or are you weeping for your house carpenter,

"Whose face you'll never see no more?"

"A curse, a curse to the sailor," she cried.

"A curse, a curse," she swore.

"You robbed me of my darling little babe,

"That I shall never see no more."

They were not three days out at sea

And I'm sure they were not four

When this fair maid disappeared from the deck

And she sank to rise no more, my love

Sank to rise no more

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