The House Carpenter

Sweeney's Men

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 theeO 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 theeIf 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 manIf 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 slaveryI'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 commandShe picked up her poor wee babe
And kisses gave him three
Saying stay right here with the house carpenter
And keep him good companyThey 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 anymoreI 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 anymoreThey 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 moreWhat 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 meWhat 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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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