

The House Carpenter - Trad. Arr. By Joan Baez

Am G Am G Am
Well met, well met, my own true love, well met, well met, cried he.
Am C G Em Am G Am
I've just returned from the salt, salt sea all for the love of thee.

Am G Am G Am
I could have married the King's daughter dear, she would have married me.
Am C G Em Am G Am
But I have forsaken her crowns of gold, all for the love of thee.

Am G Am G Am
If you could have married the King's daughter dear, I'm sure you ar to blame.
Am C G Em Am G Am
For I am married to a house carpenter, and find him a very nice young man.

Am G Am G Am
Oh will you forsake your house carpenter and go along with me?
Am C G Em Am G Am
I'll take you where the grass grows green, to the banks of the salt, salt sea.

Am G Am G Am
Well if I should forsake my house carpenter, and go a-long with thee,
Am C G Em Am G Am
what have you got to maintain me on, and keep me from poverty?

Am G Am G Am
Six ships, six ships all out on the sea, seven more upon dry land,
Am C G Em Am G Am
One hundred and ten all brave sailor men, will be at your command.

Am G Am G Am
She pick-ed up, her own wee babe, kisses she gave him three.
Am C G Em Am G Am
Said stay right here with my house carpenter, and keep him good company.

Then she putted on her rich attire, so glorious to behold.
And as she trod along her way, she shown like the glittering gold.

well they'd not been gone but about two weeks, I know it was not three.
when this fair lady began to weep, she wept most bitterly.

Ah, why do you weep, my fair young maid, weep it for your golden store?
Or do you weep for your house carpenter, who never you shall see anymore?

I do not weep for my house carpenter, or for any golden store.
I do weep for my own wee babe, who never I shall see anymore.

well they'd not been gone but about three weeks, I'm sure it was not four.
Our gallant ship sprang a leak and sank, never to rise anymore.

One time around spun our gallant ship, two times around spun she,
Three times around spun our gallant ship, and sank to the bottom of the sea.

what hills, what hills are those, my love, that rise so fair and high?
Those are the hills of heaven, my love, but not for you and I.

And what hills, what hills are those, my love, those hills so dark and low?
Those are the hills of hell my love, where you and I must go.