

## Joan Baez "House Carpenter"

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"Well met, well met, my own true love  
Well met, well met", cried he  
"I've just returned from the salt, salt sea  
All for the love of thee"

I could have married the king's daughter dear  
She would have married me  
But I have forsaken her crowns of gold  
All for the love of thee

Well, if you could have married  
The king's daughter dear  
I'm sure you are to blame  
For I am married to a house carpenter  
And find him a nice young man

Oh, will you forsake your house carpenter  
And go along with me?  
I'll take you to where the grass grows green  
To the banks of the salt, salt sea

Well, if I should forsake my house carpenter  
And go along with thee  
What have you got to maintain me on  
And keep me from poverty?

Six ships, six ships all out on the sea  
Seven more upon dry land  
One hundred and ten all brave sailor men  
Will be at your command

She picked up her own wee babe  
Kisses gave him three  
Said, "Stay right here with my house carpenter  
And keep him good company"

Then she put 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

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