

Traditional (Child no. 243)

*male*  
 Am C G Am  
 “Well met, well met, my own true love  
 Well met, well met,” cried he  
 G Em  
 “I’ve just returned from the salt, salt sea  
 Am G Am  
 And it’s all for the love of thee  
 “Oh, I could have married a king’s daughter,  
 dear  
 And she would have married me,  
 But I forsook the crown of gold,  
 And it’s all for the love of thee.”

*female*  
 “If you could have married a king’s daughter,  
 dear,  
 I’m sure you are to blame;  
 For I am married to a house carpenter,  
 And I find him a nice young man.”

*male*  
 “Ah, wilt thou forsake thy house carpenter,  
 And come away with me?  
 I’ll take thee to where the white lilies grow  
 On the banks of Italy.”

*female*  
 “But if I forsake my house carpenter  
 And come away with thee,  
 What have you got to maintain me on,  
 And keep me from poverty?”

*male*  
 “Six ships, six ships all on the sea  
 And seven more upon dry land;  
 One hundred and ten bold brave sailor men  
 To be at thy command.”

*female*  
 And she’s picked up her own wee babe,  
 And kisses gave him three,  
 Saying, “Stay right here with my house car-  
 penter,  
 And keep him good company.”

*male*  
 Then she’s putted on her rich attire,  
 So wond’rous to behold,  
 And as she trod along her way,  
 She shone like the glittering gold.

*female*  
 Well they’d not been gone but about two  
 weeks,  
 I’m sure it was not three,  
 When she espied his cloven foot,  
 And wept most bitterly.

*male*  
 “Ah, why do you weep, my own pretty maid,  
 Weep you for your golden store,  
 Or do you weep for your house carpenter,  
 Who never you will see any more?”

*female*  
 “I do not weep for my house carpenter,  
 Nor for my golden store,  
 But I do weep for my own wee babe,  
 Who never I will see any more.”

*female*  
 “What hills, what hills are those, my love  
 That rise so fair and high?”

*male*  
 “Those are the hills of Heaven, my love,  
 But not for you and I.”

*female*  
 “What hills, what hills are those, my love  
 That rise so dark and low?”

*male*  
 “Those are the hills of Hell, my love,  
 Where you and I must go.”

*instrumental break*  
*both*

He took her up to the topmast high,  
 To see what she could see;  
 He sank the ship in a flash of fire  
 Down to the bottom of the sea.

Mostly from the singing of Joan Baez, with a couple of verses replaced by the versions in Child to bring out the demonic nature of the lover a little more. I’ve also changed the pronouns a bit, so that the “lover” uses “thee” consistently, and switches to “you” as the “demon”. The last verse is straight out of Child.