

Key: F

Genre: Folk

Harp Type: Diatonic

Skill: Any

House Carpenter

Traditional American folk song

Joan Baez

Key: Dm

-6 8 8 8-8 9 -8 8 7-7 -6

"Well met, well met, my own true love,

8 8 -10 9 -8 8

well met, well met," cried he.

-6 -6 8 8 8 8 -8 -7-6 6

"I've just re-turned from the salt, salt sea

-6 -6 7 -8 -7 6-6


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."

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"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 putted on her rich attire,
so glorious to behold.
And as she trod along her way,

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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?"


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"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."

Lyrics

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