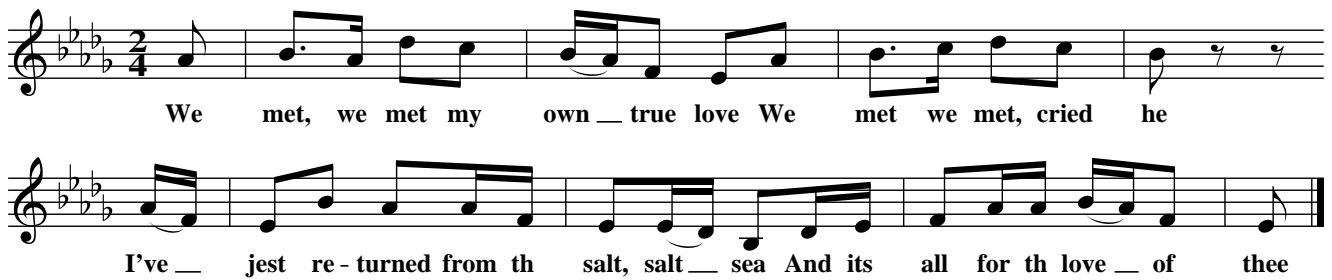


# The House Carpenter

Composer :



The image shows the first two lines of musical notation for the song. The first line is a treble clef staff with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains five measures of music with lyrics underneath. The second line is also a treble clef staff with the same key signature and time signature, containing five measures of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "We met, we met my own true love We met we met, cried he" on the first line, and "I've just re-turned from th salt, salt sea And its all for th love of thee" on the second line.

We met, we met, my own true love  
We met, we met, cried he  
I've just returned from th salt, salt sea  
And it's all for th love of thee

I could have married a kings daughter  
I'm sure she'd a married me  
But strings of gold I did'nt refuse  
And it's all for th love of thee

If you could'a married a kings daughter  
I'm sure you are to blame  
For I'm married to a house carpenter  
And I'm sure he's a nice young man

Won't you forsake your house carpenter  
And go along with me  
I'll take you to where th grass grows green  
On th banks of th sweet lily

If I forsake my house carpenter  
And go along with you  
What have you there to montain me upon  
And to keep me from slavery

O, don't you see them seven ships  
A sailing for dry land  
There's a hundred and ten of th finest waiting men  
And they'll all be at your command

She pick-ed up her precious little babe  
An' kisses gave it three  
Saying, stay here, stay here, my precious little babe  
Keep your papa company

They had not been at sea two weeks  
I'm sure it was not three  
Till this fair damsel began to weep  
And she wept most bitterly

What are you weeping for my gold  
Or is it for my store  
Or is it for your house carpenter  
That you left on old England shore

I'm neither weeping for your gold  
Nor is it for your store  
I'm weeping for my precious little babe  
That I never shall see any more

They had not been on sea three weeks  
I'm sure it was not four  
Till under th decks there sprang a leak  
And she sank to rise no more

O curse, O curse, all seamen, cried she  
O curse, them unto me  
They have robbed me of my house carpenter  
And now they are drowning me

O, don't you see that turtle dove  
A flying from vine to vine  
He's mourning for his own true love  
Jest like I mourn for mine