

Bob Dylan, House Carpenter

Well met, well met, my own true love
Well met, well met, cried she
I've just returned from the salt, salt sea
And it's all for the love of thee

I could have married a King's daughter there
She would have married me
But I have forsaken my King's daughter there
It's all for the love of thee

Well, if you could have married a King's daughter there
I'm sure you're the one to blame
For I am married to a house carpenter
And I'm sure he's a fine young man

Forsake, forsake your house carpenter
And come away with me
I'll take you where the green grass grows
On the shores of sunny Italy

So up she picked her babies three
And gave them kisses, one, two, three
Saying "take good care of your daddy while I'm gone
And keep him good company."

Well, they were sailin' about two weeks
I'm sure it was not three
When the younger of the girls, she came on deck
Sayin' she wants company

"Well, are you weepin' for your house and home?
Or are you weepin' for your babies three?"
"Well, I'm not weepin' for my house carpenter
I'm weepin' for my babies three."

Oh what are those hills yonder, my love
They look as white as snow
Those are the hills of heaven, my love
You and I'll never know

Oh what are those hills yonder, my love
They look as dark as night
Those are the hills of hell-fire my love
Where you and I will unite

Oh twice around went the gallant ship
I'm sure it was not three
When the ship all of a sudden, it sprung a leak
And it drifted to the bottom of the sea