

# Bob Dylan, Love Henry

"Get down, get down Love Henry," she cried  
"And stay all night with me  
I have gold chains, and the finest I have  
I'll apply them all to thee."

"I can't get down and I shan't get down  
Or stay all night with thee  
Some pretty little girl in Cornersville  
I love far better than thee."

He layed his head on a pillow of down  
Kisses she gave him three  
With a penny knife that she held in her hand  
She murdered mortal he.

"Get well, get well Love Henry," she cried  
"Get well, get well," said she  
"Oh don't you see my own heart's blood  
Come flowin' down so free ?"

She took him by his long yellow hair  
And also by his feet  
She plunged him into well water, where  
It runs both cold and deep.

"Lie there, lie there, Love Henry," she cried  
"'Til the flesh rots off your bones  
Some pretty little girl in Cornersville  
Will mourn for your return."

"Hush up, hush up, my parrot," she cried  
"Don't tell no news on me  
Or these costly beads around my neck  
I'll apply them all to thee."

"Fly down, fly down pretty bird," she cried  
"And light on my right knee  
The doors to your cage shall be decked with gold  
And hung on a willow tree."

"I won't fly down, I can't fly down  
And light on your right knee  
A girl who would murder her own true love  
Would kill a little bird like me."