

# House Carpenter

Bob Dylan

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 hill 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