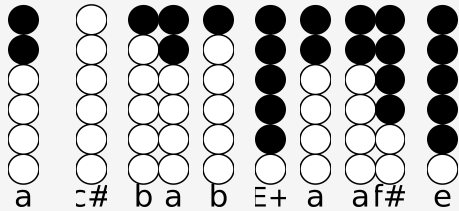
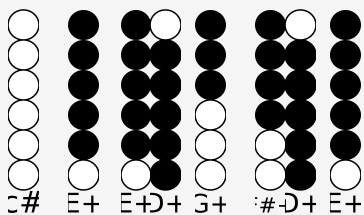


Tin whistle tabs for: The House Carpenter

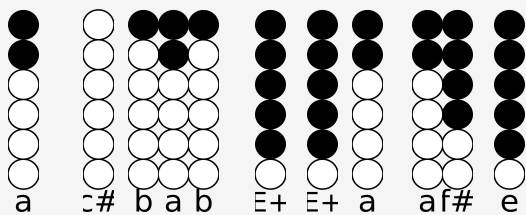
Categories: Folk Traditional



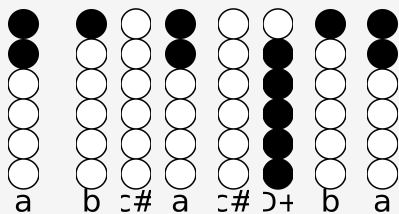
"Well met, well met," my own true love,



"Well met, well met," cried he.



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



And it's all for the sake of thee."

"Come in, come in, my own true love,

And have a sit with me.

It's been three-fourths of a long, long year
Since together we have been."

"I can't come in and I can't sit down,
For I have but a moment's time.

They say you're married to a house carpenter,
And your heart will never be mine."

"I could have married the king's daughter fair,
And she would have married me.
But I have forsaken her crowns of gold,
And it's all for the love of thee."

"Now will you forsake your house carpenter
And go along with me?

I'll take you where the grass grows green
On the banks of Iterree."

She pickéd up her little babe
And kisses gave it three.
Saying, "Stay right here, my darling little babe,
And keep your papa company."
They had not been on the ship two weeks,
I'm sure it was not three,
'Til his true love began to weep and mourn,
And she wept most bitterly.
"Are you weeping for my silver and my gold?
Are you weeping for my store?
Or are you weeping for that house carpenter,
Whose face you'll never see any more?"
"A curse, a curse," to the sailor she cried,
"A curse, a curse," she swore.
"You've robbed me of my sweet little babe,
That I never shall see no more."
They had not been on board three weeks,
I'm sure it was not four,
Until there came a leak in the ship,
And it sunk for to rise no more.

Source: <https://simpletinwhistle.com>