

DEMON LOVER, THE (Child 243) (Songbooks 2008)

They said you were drownéd my old true love,
Were drownéd and lost far from me
Oh it's I have returned from the salt, salt sea
For the promise that you made to me, my love
For the promise that you made to me

Oh I could have married a princess so fair
And she would have married me
But I have forsaken her palace of gold
All for the love I bear thee, my love
All for the love I bear thee

Oh you should have married your princess so fair
If riches and gold were your plan
Seven years I've been wed to a shipwright so bold
And I find him a gallant young man, my love
And I find him a gallant young man

But if you will depart from your shipwright so bold
And journey alongside of me
I will take you to where the trees they grow green
On the Banks of sweet Sicily, my love
On the Banks of sweet Sicily

And if I should depart from my shipwright so bold
And journey alongside of thee
tell me what have you got for to maintain me on
And to keep me in good company, my love
And to keep me in good company

Oh I have ships three that do sail on the sea
And seven that sail on dry land
With a hundred and ten of the best sailormen
To serve you all at your command, my love
To serve you all at your command

Well they had not sailed but above two short weeks
I'm sure that it never was three
When this pretty lass she began to lament
She wept and she cried bitterly, my love
She wept and she cried bitterly

Oh why are you weeping my own true love
Are you weeping for your golden store?
Or do you lament for your shipwright so bold
Whose face you shall never see more, my love
Whose face you shall never see more

I do not weep for my shipwright so bold
Nor weep I for my golden store
But I do lament for my own pretty babe
Whose face I shall never see more, my love
Whose face I shall never see more

Oh what hills and what hills are those I do see
That stand so fair and so high?
Oh those are the Towers of Heaven you do see
But they are not for you nor for I, my love
But they are not for you nor for I

And what hills and what hills are those I do see
Those hills so dark and so low?
Oh those are the Hovels of Hell you do see
And 'tis there you and I must go, my love
And 'tis there you and I must go

Then he's stamped on the deck and he's turned
three times round
And it's three times around turnéd he
And that ship split asunder by stem and by stern
Then she sank in the deep of the sea, my love
Then she sank in the deep of the sea